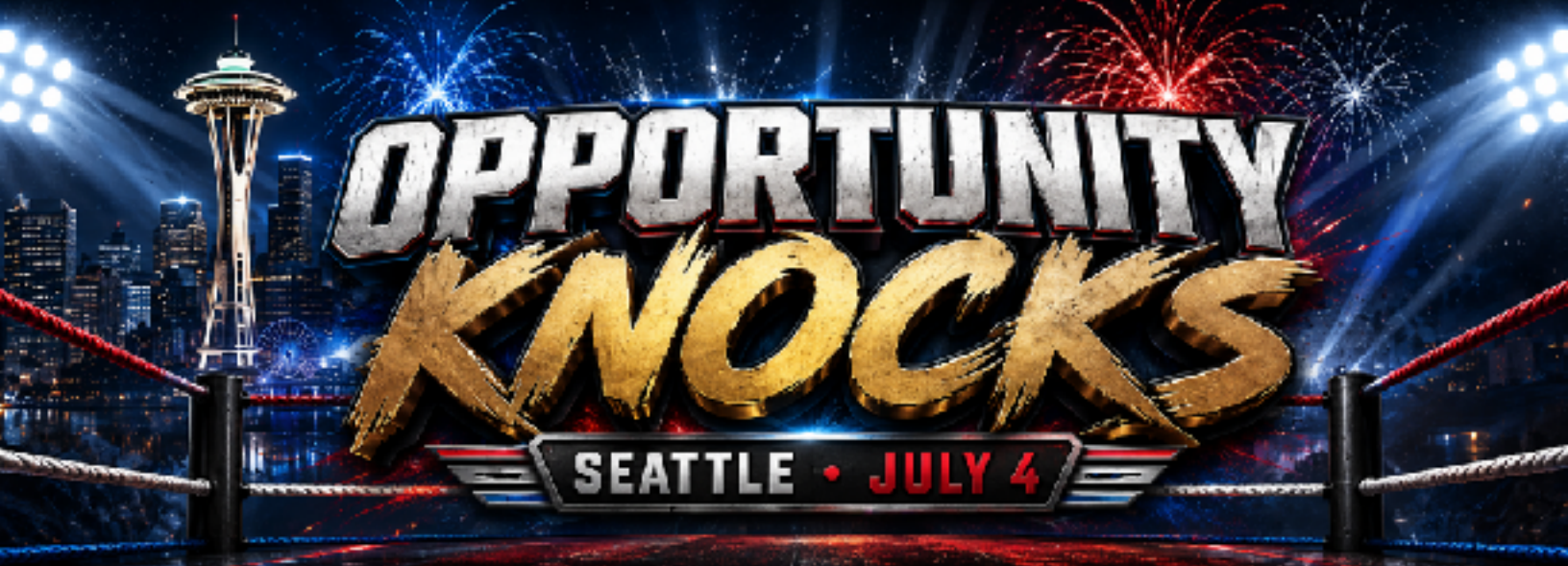




HOUR TWO

HOUR THREE

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

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

A voiceover.]

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

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

A single metallic knock echoes.

Then another.

A third knock rings out. Louder and harder before the scene fades through white to show the Seattle skyline at dusk - the Space Needle lit against the night, fireworks bursting over the water.

A shot of earlier in the night with fans pouring into the KeyArena, many decked out in the t-shirts of their favorite AWA superstars while others have gone for more patriotic wear in the red, white, and blue.

A pair of young fans pointing out something from their seats.

A teenage girl waving a homemade sign that reads "SPITFIRE FTW!"

Ringside fans gripping the metal barricade surrounding the ring.

A voiceover begins.]

"Some nights are about settling scores."

[Cut to a shot of Lauryn Rage tackling Laura Davis through a wall.]

"Some nights are about holding on... to what you've already got."

[A barely-victorious Harley Hamilton and Cinder clutch the Women's World Tag Team Titles to their chests.]

"And some nights... some nights are about the moments that change...

...everything."

[Cut to a series of shots of AWA competitors getting in some final preparation for the night to come:

Ryan Martinez, sweat pouring off of him, is running the arena steps.

Atlas Armstrong is powering his way through a workout with a tension bar, bending it at will with a loud silent shout clear as day.

Michelle and Kimmy Bailey in a collar and elbow tieup backstage, the elder switching smoothly into a rear waistlock.

"Curly" Bill Webb slapping his open palm down HARD on the chest of the World Television Champion, Odin Gunn, while giving him a fired-up pep talk.]

"Because tonight, the American Wrestling Alliance comes to Seattle, Washington on the Fourth of July for the one event where the promise is simple..."

[The orchestral music in the background swells, revealing that it's "Journey To The Line" by Hans Zimmer.]

"Opportunity."

[We cut to a montage of AWA action as the voiceover continues.]

"Opportunity for glory.
Opportunity for redemption.
Opportunity to step up.
Opportunity to break through.
Opportunity to shock the world."

[The montage continues... growing in pace and rhythm...]

"On this night... surprises can walk through the curtain.

Rivals can collide.

Champions can fall.

And one chance... one opening... one decision...

...can change a career forever."

[Cut to black.]

"Anything can happen."

[The metallic knock again.]

"Because tonight..."

[Another knock. Loud and final, ringing out as it lands.]

"Opportunity Knocks."

[And with that, we cut inside the KeyArena with "Spoonman" from Seattle's own Soundgarden rocking over the PA system.

We get a huge sweeping shot of the arena - the sold out crowd, the red-white-blue lighting package, the squared circle in the middle of it all with matching red-white-blue ropes from top to bottom.

We can see blue ringside mats, white ring aprons, and red corner posts to round out the July 4th color scheme.

Two ringside tables are evident... but we'll get to those...

But first, tell 'em something, Big Sal.]

SA: Happy Birthday, America! We are LIVE on the 4th of July from a SOLD OUT KeyArena in Seattle, Washington right here on ESPN for one of the most exciting and unpredictable nights on the AWA calendar - it is OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS!

[We cut to the entrance stage which is a large metal stage as expected. A large video wall that matches the width of the stage hangs over it.

As does one unexpected item...

A very large metal fist hanging directly over the entrance portal, clenched and ready to start knocking.

And with that, we cut to ringside where we find our announce team waiting.

On the left stands "Big Sal" himself, Salvatore Albano. Albano stands in a black tux with white dress shirt - with buttons hanging on for dear life - and a tie that violates the Flag code for sure.]

SA: This is the kind of event where you do NOT get comfortable the whole night. One surprise, one upset, one chance - and the whole landscape changes! Championships, grudges, breakthrough moments, and a city that's ready for a

HUGE night of wrestling! And we're right there with them - ain't that right, Colt Patterson?

[And speaking of Flag code violations, who in the world thought it was a good idea to put the former World Champion in a sports coat that looks like it was tailored by Betsy Ross? A red/white/blue tiedyed tanktop underneath seals the deal. Classy. He's wearing a hat that looks straight out of Abe Lincoln's closet as well as he points dramatically at the camera.]

CP: UNCLE COLT WANTS YOU!

[Sal visibly cringes, shaking his head.]

CP: Seattle's ready. The ring is ready. The locker room is ready. And Colt Patterson was BORN ready, Albano! Let's do this! I'm pumped!

SA: I know you are - somewhere in that locker room, Colt, someone's about to have the biggest night of their career and it's likely going to be someone we didn't even expect!

[Another sweeping crowd shot lights up the night with red, white, and blue pyro as Soundgarden continues to grunge it up for the people of the Pacific Northwest!]

SA: The atmosphere is electric! The stakes are enormous! And I think we're ALL ready to find out who answers when opportunity knocks!

CP: Oh yeah!

[The shot cuts one more time, revealing an empty set of seats in the front row... which brings big jeers from the AWA faithful.]

SA: And there you see it... Supreme Wright made headlines all over the sport earlier this week when he announced that AWA management made it clear that he was NOT welcome at this event. After what went down on Showtime between he and Ryan Martinez, the AWA decided to make Wright persona non grata to try to prevent that from happening again... and in response, he bought himself and his crew front row seats for tonight's show... and obviously can't be bothered to be here at bell time!

CP: Supreme Wright does things his way... always has... and tonight's not gonna be any different. He'll be at ringside when he's ready.

SA: In the meantime, he's robbing some of our dedicated fans of the best seats in the house but-

[We then hear something fans may not have expected to hear to open the show... the voice of Shakira.]

"Oh oh oh oh oh"

[Indeed, that's the start of her song "Try Everything," which draws a loud response from the Seattle fanbase.]

SA: Are you kidding me?!

[One word then flashes up on the video screen, red lettering on a white background.

"SPITFIRE"

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

"LIVE THE DREAM"]

SA: The AWA Women's World Champion is coming to the ring!

CP: Are you serious? Is she going to come out here to issue a challenge?

[Indeed, "The Spitfire" Julie Somers emerges from the entranceway. She wears a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Somers also wears a red cape. The AWA Women's World Title belt is strapped around her waist.

She stands at the top of the ramp, a big smile on her face, then spreads her arms diagonally upward, motioning with her hands to encourage the cheering fans.]

SA: It appears she might be!

CP: Well, that's definitely a surprise! I could see a lot of wrestlers in the back wanting to issue a challenge to a champion, but the champion issuing one?

SA: If Julie is issuing one, who do you suppose it could be for?

[After a moment, the Spitfire heads down the ramp and aisle, reaching out to slap hands with fans. She then notices one young girl in particular, holding up a sign that says "SPITFIRE FOREVER" and she approaches the girl. Somers then takes a pen from the girl and puts her autograph on the sign.]

CP: There are a lot of women, I'm sure, who would love to face Julie Somers, particularly for that title! Cinder, for example, might have to give advance notice for Steal The Spotlight, but tonight, she could have just issued a challenge!

SA: That's a good point, Colt, and who knows... Julie could use this moment to call somebody like Cinder out here right now! She might be tired of waiting with that weight hanging over her head!

[Somers then reaches the ring, slides underneath the ropes, rolling to her feet and heading to the corner. She climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms, once more motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers.]

CP: Big Sal, I gotta wonder though - is this a wise decision on her part? We're just over a month away from Girls To The Front and she's risking her Main Event spot right here tonight!

SA: Colt, we know that Julie Somers wants to be a fighting champion, so it would stand to reason she would want to defend her title tonight just like she wants to defend it every night... but you raise a good point. Somers is slated to defend her title against the 2018 Rumble winner, Harley Hamilton, in Madison Square Garden on August 18th. Let's find out what she has in mind here tonight in Seattle!

[Somers then hops down from the turnbuckles, strides toward the side of the ring and motions for the mic. Once she gets it, she observes the cheering crowd as "Try Everything" fades.]

JS: Seattle, Washington, how great does it feel to be here tonight?!

[The fans' loud cheers would suggest it feels really great.]

JS: I can't tell you how much I'm looking forward to seeing one of the all-time greats in women's wrestling... one of the women who paved the way for so many of

us who are on the roster now... and a woman I consider a good friend and a mentor... Stephanie Harper, being recognized later tonight!

[That gets a loud positive response from the Seattle crowd.]

JS: And I remember what she once did when she became UWF Women's World Champion... she made it a point to go out and find her own challengers, arrange title defenses and show the world what it meant to be a fighting champion!

And I will do no less than be a fighting champion as well... especially given some of the circumstances that have gone down in recent weeks!

[She then unstraps the title belt from around her waist.]

JS: Ever since I won this title, I have worn it with pride and I have done everything possible to make people proud of me, to make them understand the importance of living your dream!

But as far as what's happened as of late, I have talked to a few people to clear the air and make sure they understand that, while I will always appreciate somebody having my back, being a fighting champion means I need to show I can handle things in the ring on my own!

[She gives a quick nod.]

JS: With that said, there is one matter I need to address... one situation I need to rectify to give the fans what they've wanted... to see me defend this title without any controversy lingering over the match!

[She then holds the title belt up above her head.]

JS: Seattle, Washington, how many of you want to see me defend my title tonight?

[And that gets a loud response from the Seattle crowd.]

JS: And how many of you want to see it defended against somebody who deserves to have the match end without controversy?

[Another positive response and Somers nods her head again and lowers the title belt.]

JS: I'd say that settle things... and with that said...

[She turns toward the aisle.]

JS: Michelle Bailey... let's do this... for this!

[She raises the belt above her head once more, a huge roar going up from the crowd!]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! Julie wants to face Michelle Bailey again!

CP: I can't believe it! She nearly lost her title to Bailey the first time around... does she really want to face her again?

SA: Colt, we saw what happened at Memorial Day Mayhem and Julie has made it no secret that she didn't feel right about what went down with that controversial conclusion to that match...

[As the crowd murmurs and the announcers debate, we hear the distorted riff from "Stronger" by Britney Spears, but it quickly fades away, replaced by "Bury Our Friends" by Sleater-Kinney. The crowd gasps in surprise as Michelle Bailey walks from the entrance, wearing a pink and white checkered warmup jacket and her black-framed cat-eye glasses, tilting her head as she looks down to the ring at Julie Somers.]

SA: And it appears the champ caught the "Platinum Princess" off-guard, Colt!

CP: She had music planned, Albano, don't you give me this "off-guard" stuff.

SA: It's well-known that Michelle Bailey finds a lot of inspiration in music, but she grew up idolizing the movement that started just an hour or so away in Olympia, Washington in the early-1990s. Look at how she's dressed today!

[As Michelle walks down the aisle, she puts her glasses in her jacket pocket and removes it, revealing her ring gear for the evening. She is dressed in a well-worn cropped white babydoll T-shirt featuring Ariel from the Little Mermaid, along with a black miniskirt. Her mismatched kneepads and shinpads are teal and white checks down the left leg, with purple and white checks down the right. Down the left leg, in white sans serif font printed with a thick black border, is the word "GRRRL", along with the word "POWER" on the right leg, the hole of the O replaced with a negative space heart. She has bold red lipstick on her lips, and a smeared black liner on her two-toned eyes.]

CP: I just thought she couldn't spell the word "girl".

SA: It's the riot grrrl movement that Michelle Bailey adored, started by the bands Bratmobile and Bikini Kill, spearheaded by Kathleen Hanna. That ethos that women can do anything is something Michelle Bailey believed in all these years, and it's a spirit that runs throughout the entire Women's Division! The spirit that will take us to Madison Square Garden on August 17, to what was the mantra of that moment, the phrase popularized by Kathleen Hanna herself... Girls To The Front!

[As the music fades in the background, and a referee stands at ringside as Michelle steps into the ring, the crowd roars as champion and potential challenger stand in the center of the ring.]

SA: Look at these two, Colt! This crowd wanted to see a rematch between these two, and Julie Somers is going to give the crowd what they want!

CP: Yeah, if Michelle Bailey accepts!

SA: It's Opportunity Knocks, Colt! If you're called out, you have to fight!

[A camera zooms into the ring as Michelle can be seen saying "are you sure?" Julie nods her head, as Michelle offers a fist bump. The crowd's cheers get louder as Julie accepts, a smile on her face...

SA: Oh yeah! It's official! The Women's World Title on the line! The KeyArena can barely hold these fans right now and by the time this one is done, they just might blow the roof right off! This is a rematch the people have waited over a month for now...

CP: Look, there's no doubt there were unanswered questions after Memorial Day Mayhem. Love her or hate her, Michelle Bailey pushed the World Champion to the absolutely brink that night in Dodger Stadium and tonight, she gets one more chance to finish the job.

SA: Julie Somers herself demanded this match here tonight... and I think that tells you all you need to know about the champion. And on the other side, Michelle Bailey did not beg, cry, or politic herself into this match. But on a night like this, she's more than ready for the challenge! What a way to kick off Opportunity Knocks, Colt!

CP: The Women's World Title on the line and Michelle Bailey here with a chance to flip Girls To The Front right over!

[The two women are in their respective corners, shedding their entrance attire to get down to their ring gear as referee Shari Miranda reaches the ring, joining the duo...]

SA: At Memorial Day Mayhem, Julie Somers retained the title under circumstances that left everybody wanting a clearer answer. Tonight, she has the chance to give one.

CP: Or lose the title trying.

SA: Speaking of the title...

[Miranda retrieves the title from the Spitfire who plants a kiss on the gold plate before handing it over..]

...and the official holds it high overhead to cheers!]

SA: ...there it is, the richest prize in women's wrestling. For 224 days, Julie Somers has worn the crown - the longest reigning AWA Women's World Champion in its short history.

[Miranda lowers the belt, showing it to both competitors before handing it off to the timekeeper..]

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd CHEERS at the opening bell...]

...and then gets louder as Julie Somers comes tearing unexpectedly out of her corner, rushing in on her surprised challenger and connecting with a running dropkick up against the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Somers scrambles up, using a whip to send Bailey right back across the ring to the opposite corner, charging in behind her...]

SA: The Spitfire starting things off in a hurry!

[...and connects with a second running dropkick, driving her feet into the chest before using a snapmare to flip Bailey into a seated position!]

SA: What's she...? OHHH! Big dropkick to the back of the challenger's head!

[And just like that, Bailey is down and hurting, promptly rolling under the ropes to the outside, grabbing the back of her head with a wince and an obvious look of surprise on her face...]

SA: This is NOT how Michelle Bailey wanted this match to start, Colt...

CP: For that matter, it's not how she expected it to start either! Knowing Bailey, she was looking for some good ol' sportsmanlike mat wrestling and Somers lived up to her nickname, burning up the ring in the opening moments...

[With Bailey on the outside, Somers points at her to the ROAR of the Seattle crowd, rushing to the ropes to rebound off...]

SA: HERE SHE COMES!

[...but Bailey isn't THAT out of it, spotting Somers' approach and scampering clear, shaking her head as Somers slams on the brakes to disappointment from the AWA faithful.]

SA: Ohhhh... and Michelle Bailey might not have seen the early offense coming from the World Champion but she saw THAT coming and got out of the way before Somers could take flight.

[Bailey circles around the ring, still trying to regroup from the early flurry by the Spitfire...

...who rushes forward again, dropping into a baseball slide...]

SA: What's she...?!

[...and goes under the ropes, hooking her legs around Bailey's head and neck, flipping her over on the outside with a rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A little lucha libre shining through on the part of Julie Somers who we know has been looking to incorporate more of that in her style since wrestling in Mexico last year. She's got Michelle Bailey on the run early in this one - we're being told this one is being given a sixty minute time limit with the Women's World Title on the line.

[Back on her feet, Somers pulls Bailey up and tosses her back inside the ring before climbing up on the ring apron. She points to the cheering crowd before starting to climb the ropes in the middle of the ring, watching as Bailey struggles up to her feet on the inside...]

SA: The speed and quickness, the aerial aptitude of the champion on display so far and she's looking to go- OH!

[Sal reacts as Somers leaps off the top rope, clearing Bailey in a very bouncy leapfrog before rushing to the ropes again, leaping to the middle, springing back high into the air and reaching out for an off-balance Bailey...]

SA: OHHH! ARMDRAG BY THE CHAMPION!

[The springboard armdrag tosses Bailey halfway across the ring as Somers and Bailey both scramble up off the mat, the latter rushing the champion who uses another armdrag to toss her aside!]

SA: Somers keeps the attack quick, throwing Bailey off her game early on...

[Somers is still on the move, rushing to the ropes, rebounding back on the rising Bailey, leaping up...]

SA: RANA SENDS HER FLYING!

[...and uses the headscissors to toss her towards the corner where Bailey crashes into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Somers came ready to fly from the opening bell!

CP: She's trying to turn this into her kind of fight before Bailey can ever get out of the gate!

[Showing no sign of fatigue... yet... Somers charges the corner, leaping up to drive an elbow back under the chin!]

SA: Constant movement and constant offense on the part of the World Champion, shoves the challenger out of the corner...

[Somers hops to the middle rope, giving a shout to the fans as she takes aim on the stunned Bailey, leaping high into the air..

...but Bailey charges the short distance forward to HAMMER the torso of Somers with a leaping spear!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A MODIFIED VERSION OF THE BRITNEY SPEAR JUST FLATTENED THE WORLD CHAMPION!

CP: The great Equalizer, Big Sal! The Britney Spear has laid out Julie Somers before and even that short... what? Two step version there... even that version of it has done SERIOUS damage to the torso of the champion! She's in tremendous pain - just look at her!

[As Bailey kneels on the canvas, recovering from the non-stop early offense, Somers cradles her ribs, writhing in pain with groans of agony coming from her as she rolls from the ring to the apron...]

SA: She might have a busted rib there... maybe even some internal damage. That was a hard shot - an unexpected shot she had no chance to brace herself for - and it laid her out HARD on the canvas as Bailey just swats her out of the sky, Colt!

CP: And that's the danger! You fly at Michelle Bailey, you better not miss!

SA: Bailey struggling a little to get up. The advantage of the size difference is obvious but this is the disadvantage. Somers using her speed and quickness to take a little wind out of Bailey's sails, put her on her heels from the bell.

[Bailey climbs to her feet, hands on her hips as she takes a few more breaths, looking out on Somers as the champion tries to get up. A shake of the head from the challenger comes as she starts to move towards the ropes, reaching over the top to drag her up...]

SA: Somers went out under the ropes but it looks like she's going back in over them, Colt!

CP: Setting her for a suplex here, hooking her up...

[...but before she can get her into position, Bailey's throat is SNAPPED DOWN across the top rope by the Spitfire, sending her staggering backwards!]

SA: OH! Somers caught her... and she creates an opening for more!

[Somers scrambles up the ropes, climbing onto the second, putting one foot on the top as Bailey turns back towards her..]

...and she springs off, leaping high into the air!]

SA: CROSSBODY!

[The flying crossbody connects...

...but the power of Bailey is on display!]

SA: CAUGHT!

CP: We've seen that before, Big Sal!

SA: We sure have!

[But much like at Memorial Day Mayhem, Somers tries to turn the catch into a small package...

...but Bailey holds her footing, shaking her head defiantly...]

SA: Bailey's got her - now what's she gonna do with her?!

[...and then drops backwards, HURLING Somers across the ring with a fallaway slam, sending her BOUNCING off the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Somers keeps on rolling after impact, ending up scooting under the ropes to the floor as Bailey regains her feet, nodding at the cheering Seattle crowd!]

SA: Tossed her like a sack of garbage across the ring! And these fans are showing their support for both champion AND challenger here tonight just like they did in Los Angeles!

[Bailey gives it a moment's pause before electing to go outside the ring in pursuit of the World Champion...]

SA: The slightest of hesitation there, perhaps tempting to keep this in the ring but knowing what's at stake, who can blame her for going to the outside, Colt?

CP: Not me. It took twenty years for Bailey to get a crack at a World Title. She's lucky she got a second chance but if she fails again here tonight, who knows when the next chance will come? She's gotta pull out all the stops here tonight, Big Sal, and I do mean ALL the stops!

[The challenger circles around the ringpost, grabbing Somers from behind...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the Spitfire wheels around into a knife edge chop across the chest of Bailey, stunning the challenger!]

SA: She caught her good there and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With a hint of anger, Bailey absolutely PASTES Somers with a stiff forearm shot, buckling her knees before Bailey shoves her back under the ropes.]

SA: What a shot that was! Somers might need to get a tooth or two looked at after that forearm!

[Bailey rolls herself back in as well, climbing to her feet rather than attempting to cover...]

SA: Both women back inside the ring... and both women back on their feet now.

[Moving swiftly, Bailey hooks a side waistlock, lifting her high and dropping her HARD across the back of the head and neck with a suplex that PLANTS Julie on the canvas as the crowd groans at the impact!]

SA: Sweet Santa Maria! Michelle Bailey is not wasting a second trying to make this as physical as it gets, Colt!

CP: She's gotta make Somers uncomfortable in there. Bailey's got the striking edge over the champion. She's got the high impact suplexes and slams. She needs to keep hitting hard and slamming harder and see if she can break the champion.

SA: Somers back out on the apron again, absolutely reeling from the impact of that suplex... Bailey moving in though - no rest for the weary in this one.

[Reaching over the ropes, Bailey goes to pull the champion off the apron to her feet...]

...but Somers uses the middle rope to propel herself shoulder-first into the gut of Bailey, doubling her over with her head between the ropes...]

SA: Somers goes downstairs though and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The champion scores with a HUGE kneelift, snapping Bailey's head back, sending her staggering in a circle away from the ropes as Somers scrambles up them, stepping off the top right onto the shoulders of Bailey in an electric chair...]

...and then leans through into a Victory Roll!]

SA: SHE ROLLS HER UP!

[Somers scores a two count before Bailey kicks hard, breaking free in time as the crowd buzzes over the action they've seen so far...]

SA: What a start! Just over five minutes into this one and the action is red hot already, Colt!

CP: This is what I'm talking about! Big fight feel right out of the gate!

[Somers pulls herself off the mat, moving in to make a grab at Bailey before she's back on her feet...]

...but Bailey wraps her arms around Somers' torso, driving her backwards, smashing her into the turnbuckles to groans from the AWA faithful!]

SA: INTO THE CORNER THEY GOOOOO!

[Bailey steps back, pulling Somers into a bodylock with her...]

...and LAUNCHES her three-quarters of the way across the ring, bouncing her off the mat with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: And a mighty toss by Bailey sends the Spitfire flying!

CP: Bailey threw her up, over, and down to the mat with that released belly-to-belly and Somers’ offense gets cut short right there, Big Sal.

SA: The pace is brought to a sudden halt by the challenger...

[Bailey slowly regains her feet, watching as Somers tries to crawl across the ring towards the ropes...]

SA: Somers trying to create some space, give herself some breathing room but Bailey is going to press her... looking to take advantage of what she’s done over the past minute or two...

[...and pulls Somers off the mat, the Spitfire throwing a weak right hand in response!]

SA: Somers tries to fight back!

[Bailey again drills her with a forearm shot - this time an uppercut - in response, knocking the champion back into the corner where Bailey stays on her...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and lands a big overhand chop across the chest!]

SA: Wow! You could hear that one down the block!

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With Somers reeling in the corner, Bailey grabs her by the head, holding on tight as she unloads three big forearms to the ear..

...and then finally steps back as the referee warns her!]

SA: Michelle Bailey showing some aggression again, trying to find a way to... live the dream, so to speak, for herself and become the AWA Women’s World Champion - to lock a World Title around her waist for the first time in her career!

[Bailey acknowledges the warning, stepping back into the corner to grab Somers by the wrist, whipping her across the ring where the Spitfire hits the buckles and bounces right out, rushing towards a waiting Bailey...]

SA: HEADSCISSORS!

[...leaping up, scissoring the head and neck, twisting around and around...]

SA: AROUND THE WORLD SHE GOES ANNNNNND-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the crowd reacts as Bailey brings her CRASHING down across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

SA: Another big time counter by Michelle Bailey, turning this thing around in an instant! Just when Somers thought she was getting back into... what in the world?

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Bailey stands up, lifting Somers up across her chest...

...and then pivots, DRIVING her down with a ring-shaking powerslam!]

SA: LOOK! AT! THE POWERRRRR! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Somers kicks out in time, breaking free of the lateral press as Bailey kneels on the mat, nodding her head respectfully...]

SA: Michelle Bailey strings together two devastating moves and... you think back to Memorial Day Mayhem, Colt... and the damage done to the torso of Somers that night - the assault on the ribs that was so effective. Could we be seeing that again?

CP: It was a sound strategy then... and it's a sound strategy now if that's what she opts to do.

SA: Bailey is changing the terms here - completely changing the pace, the style, stalling the momentum cold...

CP: That's right. No track meet. No highlight reel. This is a fight in a phone booth now.

[Bailey climbs off the mat, waiting as Somers attempts to get to her feet, grabbing at her back as she does...

...and the challenger grabs the arm, whipping Somers in again...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BIIIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY THE CHALLENGER!

[Somers grimaces, rolling to her hip, grabbing at her lower back as Bailey stands over her...]

SA: Somers is in some trouble now, Colt.

CP: She is... and she's gotta be in her own head at this point, thinking about how she got herself into this... and she got herself into a situation where her grip on that title is slowly slipping.

[Somers wriggles backwards from Bailey, trying to get towards the ropes... but Bailey reaches down to grab the legs, shaking her head...]

SA: I think Somers was looking to get out to the floor to catch a breather but Bailey's not letting that happen and-

[...but Somers pulls her legs back, kicking off and sending Bailey flying down onto the canvas to cheers!]

SA: Somers breaks loose! Somers on the move!

[Scrambling up, Somers looks to go on offense but grabs at her back, leaning against the ropes as Bailey gets off the mat, a determined look on her face as she bulldozes in on her...]

SA: Bailey on the... MOOOOOOVE!

[Sal's reaction comes as Somers slumps down, lifting her up and over, dropping her in a backdrop... sort of... as Bailey hangs onto the ropes, landing on her feet on the apron...]

SA: Oh! I thought Bailey was going all the way out there! She hangs on and-

[Somers runs to the parallel ropes, leaping to the middle rope, springing back with a twist...]

SA: -OHHH! DROPKICK ON THE BUTTON! DOWN GOES BAILEY TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Somers kneels on the mat, grimacing again as she grabs at her lower back.]

SA: A big moment for Somers, turning the momentum around again... but she cannot capitalize!

CP: You can rest when you're dead! Right now, you got a title to save, Somers!

[Bailey is down on the outside as Somers slips between the ropes to the apron...]

SA: Perhaps the Spitfire agreeing with you there, Colt.

[Somers gets to her feet, leaning against the ropes, waiting for Bailey to get back to her feet on the outside...]

SA: Bailey slow to stir, feeling the effects of the fast pace of this one over the first ten minutes of this sixty minute time limit battle for the AWA Women's World Title! What a way to kick off Opportunity Knocks, Colt!

CP: It's a night all about unpredictability... about surprises... about stepping up to the plate and taking your best shot... and that's what Michelle Bailey is trying to do right now, take her best shot and win a World Title - something that's eluded her for twenty years!

SA: Bailey getting to her feet but she's not gonna like what's waiting for her!

[A well-aimed back kick catches a stunned Bailey in the face, sending her staggering backwards...]

...and Somers leaps into the air, springing off the middle rope...]

SA: MOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLLLLT!

[...and backflips onto the standing Bailey, wiping both women out on the floor to a HUGE ROAR from the KeyArena crowd!]

SA: Julie Somers takes the sky with her death-defying high flying tactics and just like that, she turns this one around again! Back and forth they go in this battle to be the greatest women's wrestler on the planet, Colt

CP: Only to have Harley Hamilton waiting in the wings... AND Cinder!

SA: E-Girl MAX looms large over this one in many ways... it wasn't that long ago that there was tension between Somers and Bailey with accusations being lobbed by many that one of them was considering joining up with the AWA's Mean Girls.

[Pulling herself off the floor, Somers tosses Bailey back in, climbing up on the apron and pointing to the corner...]

SA: Wait, wait, wait! Julie Somers is looking to end this, Colt!

CP: She better move faster than that! No time to play to these grungehead burnouts! Get there and do whatcha came to do, Spitfire!

SA: Somers starting to climb from the outside... perhaps looking for her greatest weapon, that top rope moonsault! If she hits it, Colt...

CP: If she hits it, Bailey goes to the back of the line and may never get this close again!

SA: Somers climbing... scaling the ropes... heading to the top...

[She reaches her perch, back turned to the ring as she tries to steady herself on an injured core...]

...which gives a rising Bailey enough time to get to the corner, smashing a forearm into the back of the Spitfire!]

SA: ...ohhh! Big clubbing forearm to the lower back!

[Somers grabs hold of the top rope, awkwardly leaning over to try to keep her balance as Bailey unloads with two more big shots to the back...]

SA: Somers trying to hang on! Bailey trying to break her down!

[Somers desperately lashes out backwards, flailing a kick towards the face of Bailey who slaps it away...]

...and then YANKS the leg, sending Somers plummeting downwards, her face SMASHING off the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: What a counter by Bailey!

[Somers spins and slumps towards Bailey who catches her, lifting her up with a twist...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS her facefirst on the canvas with a layout suplex!]

SA: Going right back to work on the torso and-

[With Somers flat on her face on the mat, Bailey gets a running start annnnnd...]

SA: DOWN ACROSS THE BACK WITH A SENTON! DROPS HER WEIGHT ON THE BACK OF THE CHAMPION!

[Bailey shoves Somers over onto her back, diving across and hooking a leg snugly...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[...but Somers kicks out in time, breaking up the pin! Bailey kneels on the mat again, looking down at Somers with respect on her face. She nods again, climbing to her feet as Somers rolls onto her chest, breathing heavily.]

SA: Bailey setting up something here...

[Kneeling down with both knees in the back, Bailey slides one hand in each direction before rolling onto her back, stretching Somers over the bent and raised knees...]

SA: ...BOW AND ARROW APPLIED!

[Somers cries out at the new pressure being put on her ribs and back...]

CP: And you gotta be impressed with this, Albano. Somers has been nursing that back for a few minutes now... we know the ribs took a beating at Memorial Day Mayhem and that doesn't exactly heal immediately either.. and now she's being stretched by the challenger...

SA: A submission hold locked in... and Bailey gets to not only do some damage to the core of the Spitfire but she gets a chance to get in some recovery time for herself as well after a very fast-paced matchup so far tonight at Opportunity Knocks.

CP: And somewhere in the locker room, Harley Hamilton is loving what she's seeing because these two are beating the hell out of each other and the winner gets Hamilton at Girls To The Front.

SA: Somewhere in the locker room, Harley Hamilton better be worried about her own situation here tonight and not these two. She's got a title of her own she could end up defending here tonight if the Country Punks get their way.

[Somers is struggling to find a way out of the hold, shouting "NO!" repeatedly as Shari Miranda checks to see if she's giving up...]

SA: Somers fighting this hold... it's a tough one to find a way out of.

CP: You talk about expertly applied - this is it. Bailey's got that hand cupped under the chin and around the upper leg, stretching Somers across her knees... trying to keep her own shoulders off the mat at the same time...

[Somers again bellows "NOOOOO!" which is Bailey's cue to shift her weight, rolling Somers down onto her shoulders...]

SA: Pinning predicament!

[...but Somers is able to escape at two, breaking loose of the pin to cheers. The Spitfire is quickly on the move, trying to get back to her feet before Bailey does...]

SA: Somers trying to get up... no!

[...but she fails as Bailey gets up, grabbing the arms of Somers, cranking back as she plants a foot between the shoulders in a standing surfboard!]

SA: Transitions from one submission hold to another! Bailey wrenching back on those arms, stretching out that core...

[But before the hold can be fully applied, Somers manages to get her feet under her, throwing Bailey off balance...

...so she breaks the hold, burying a short forearm into the kidneys!]

SA: ...ohhh! Big shot to the lower back and-

[Grabbing the back of Somers' gear, Bailey YANKS her backwards into a rear waistlock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and THROWS her down on the back of her head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

SA: A MIGHTY, MIGHTY SUPLEX BY MICHELLE BAILEY!

CP: There's the joshi power from Bailey - reliving her days in Japan with a beautiful throw... a mean throw too, right down on the back of the head and neck. Ayako Fujiwara herself couldn't have done it any better... but you better believe she'd try.

[Bailey sits up on the mat, looking out on the cheering fans with a confident nod - unaware that Julie Somers is crawling across the ring, trying to get some much-needed space between her and her challenger...]

SA: Bailey absolutely flattened the World Champion with that suplex and Colt, Julie Somers' has been almost completely stifled since the opening minutes of this match.

CP: The speed advantage has been shut down. The high flying has been grounded. Julie Somers' heart might have her in it still... but that's only for now.

SA: Fifteen minutes into this battle for the Women's World Title and Michelle Bailey has gotta be liking her chances right now.

CP: The gold is within reach. It's close enough to feel it, smell it, taste it... but she's gotta find a way to put Julie Somers down for a three count or make her submit... and knowing the Spitfire, she'd rather die than give up that title she worked so long and hard to put around her waist.

[Bailey climbs to her feet, watching as Somers reaches the corner, using the ropes to try and drag herself off the mat...]

SA: Bailey moving in on her, not giving Somers time to recover...

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...or is she?!

[Somers lands a quick defensive chop but Bailey absorbs it with a wince before SMASHING a headbutt into the skull of Somers, causing her to hook an arm over the top rope to stay on her feet...

...and a short forearm rattles her teeth...

...and an overhead chop to the chest leaves a red welt...]

CP: That chop just made her mad!

[Bailey grabs the wrist, whipping Somers across the ring HARD into the opposite corner, smashing into the turnbuckles and staggering out...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: LARIAAAAAATOOOOOOOOO!

[Having taken a page out of her daughter's playbook, Michelle turns Julie inside out with a thunderous lariat, dumping her motionless on the canvas as Bailey dives across, hooking a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Somers got shook from toenails to hair ties with that massive lariat that had to have made Kimmy Bailey proud!

CP: You gotta be impressed that Somers kicked out... but at the same time, the World Champion is in SERIOUS trouble!

SA: She certainly is... she's gotta find a way to pick up the pace, to change the style, to get Michelle Bailey to wrestle HER type of match... or this one's going to be ending with a "and new...". Julie Somers has not been able to get into any sustained rhythm since the opening burst.

CP: Every time she tries, Bailey catches her and folds her up like the morning paper.

[Bailey nods to herself, realizing she's in full control and could be close to gold as she drags Somers off the mat to her feet...]

...and right into a standing headscissors in the middle of the ring, reaching down to wrap her arms around Somers' punished torso...]

SA: She's setting up a powerbomb! Right in the middle!

[...and lifts Somers into the air, prepared to drive her down into the mat...]

SA: GETS HER UP!

[...but at the peak of the lift, Somers fires back, raining down right hands on the skull of the challenger...]

SA: SOMERS FIGHTING FOR HER LIFE! FOR HER TITLE!

[...and the flurry of fists sends Bailey staggering backwards towards the ropes...]

SA: OH! OH! OHHHHHHH!

[...where Somers uses the rana to bring both her AND Bailey tumbling over the ropes, crashing awkwardly down on the floor to a big reaction from the AWA faithful in KeyArena!]

SA: SOMERS TAKES OUT BAILEY... AND HERSELF!

CP: She saved herself with that counter... but she might've taken herself out of the picture at the same time! A big, hard fall to the outside!

[The camera cuts to the outside where both women are sprawled across the ringside protective mats, trying to recover from the fall to the floor.]

SA: Shari Miranda taking a long look from the inside there, Colt.

CP: Do NOT let this end in a double countout, Miranda!

SA: She's going to do what she can to protect these two... from themselves if necessary. We're over fifteen minutes in this sixty minute time limit but the action has been fast AND furious here in Seattle in a way that would make Dominic Toretto jealous. They may have already burned through their entire gas tanks in this one.

[Slowly, we see Julie Somers start to stir on the outside, wincing as she grabs at her lower back before leaning over to bring Bailey up alongside her. The official calls for the action to get back inside the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Big chop from the Spitfire on the outside!

[Bailey grimaces from the blow, staggering back a step...

...and then POPS Somers with a stiff forearm that buckles her knees, taking her down to a knee for a moment...

...but she gets right back up, letting loose a shout...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and then unleashes a series of knife edge chops that has Bailey reeling and the crowd ROARING!]

SA: LOOK AT THE SPITFIRE!

[But as she draws back to deliver another, Bailey catches her with a knee driven into the midsection, doubling her over...]

SA: Oh! And Bailey cuts her off!

[With red welts forming on her chest, Bailey grabs Somers by the wrist...]

SA: Big whip coming up... TO THE BARRICADE!

[...but as Somers approaches the barricade, she leaps into the air, somehow managing to land on top of it!]

SA: WHOA!

[The crowd ROARS the show of athleticism as Somers tries to hold her balance, a shocked Bailey advancing on her..

...and then UNCORKS a moonsault on the approaching Bailey, wiping her out on the floor again!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SOMERS WITH A MOONSAULT OFF THE RAILING!

CP: Incredible!

SA: Both women down on the floor again... but this time, the Spitfire is getting up!

[The World Champion gets a big cheer as Somers drags Bailey off the floor, tossing her under the ropes into the ring...]

SA: And now the champion might be looking to end this, Colt!

[...and with Somers on the apron, clinging to the top rope, nodding her head as Bailey starts to rise...]

SA: Bailey trying to get up but Julie Somers is waiting for her!

[...and as Bailey turns towards her, Somers steps to the second rope before springing off the top...]

SA: CROSSBODY!

[...and TAKES DOWN the challenger with an impressive high cross body off the top, hanging onto a leg tightly!]

SA: DEEP HOOK! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: BAILEY GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIIIIIIIME!

CP: Another close call! Julie Somers just keep finding a way to get back into this, Albano. She can't dominate her physically... but she CAN hit her in waves. A flurry here, a big move there, and she's got her eyes LOCKED on retaining the greatest prize in women's wrestling!

[Somers rolls off Bailey, a disappointed look on her face for a moment before she gets up, clapping her hands together hard...]

SA: Perhaps some frustration setting in for the champ, trying to find a way to finish off the toughest challenge of her title reign to date!

[Dragging Bailey off the mat again, Somers suddenly finds herself ducking as Bailey throws a desperation clothesline...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and the Spitfire lands a pair of blistering chops, knocking Bailey back against the ropes...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and with a shout to punctuate the blow, Somers strikes hard, landing another chop. This time, Bailey flips over the top rope, crashing down on the floor below!]

SA: WOW! SHE CHOPPED HER RIGHT OUT OF THE RING!

[Somers pushes off the ropes, eyes wide as she looks out on the cheering crowd, urging her on as the Spitfire nods...]

...and then breaks into a dash, hitting the far ropes for momentum, rebounding back strong...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and launches herself into a tope suicida, crashing into the challenger and driving her all the way back into the steel barricade!]

SA: A SUICIDE DIVE BY THE SPITFIRE PAYS OFF BIG!

[Somers quickly recovers on the outside, feeling off the sold out crowd cheering her on as she grabs Bailey, rocketing her back under the ropes. She slaps the apron twice, giving a shout to the fans who get even louder as she gets up on the apron, pointing to the corner...]

SA: Somers is heading up top! Really looking to finish it now! She got close on the crossbody... could she have something else in mind here to end the title challenge of Michelle Bailey?

CP: She's taking a chance here, putting it all on the line!

SA: So much at stake in this one... to the second rope... now to the top, looking down on Bailey as she comes off the canvas...

[And as soon as Bailey turns towards her, Somers HURLS herself into the air with another crossbody, striking hard across the chest of the challenger, knocking her down to the canvas...]

SA: ...CROSSBODY OFF THE... WHOOOOOOOA!

[...but Bailey rolls through the impact, rolling right up to her feet, holding a struggling Somers across her chest in a front powerslam position!]

SA: BAILEY ROLLS THROUGH! SHE'S GOT HER UP!

[And with a ROAR of exertion, Bailey tosses Somers up over her shoulder, leaving her dangling across her back...]

...and then reaches back, hooking the head and neck!]

CP: WHAT?! WHAT?!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

SA: CITY OF ANGELS! AN HOMAGE TO HER FRIEND!

[Bailey spins out of the slam, hooking a leg deep, nodding along as the crowd counts with Shari Miranda...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THRE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KIIIIICKOUUUUUT! SOMERS SLIPS FREEEEEEEE!

[Bailey simply collapses to the side, rolling onto her back, her face buried in her hands...]

SA: Michelle Bailey thought she'd finally accomplished her goal... finally lived her dream so to speak... and won the Women's World Title but Julie Somers - the Spitfire herself - would NOT go down! She would NOT stay down! The Spitfire's got these fans behind her as much as Bailey does and for every fan in this building and around the world cheering on Bailey to capture the title, there is another one rooting for Julie Somers to overcome yet another tough obstacle and continue the longest reign in AWA Women's World Title history!

CP: Look at 'em, Big Sal... they're both laid out after that.

SA: Bailey down... Somers down... just over twenty minutes into our opening match here at Opportunity Knocks as two of the best in the world battle it out for the AWA Women's World Title!

CP: The pace has been high, the impact strong in this one and they're both feeling it for sure...

[With the crowd cheering both women on, we see both show signs of life that gets the crowd going even louder...]

SA: Bailey on her hands and knees, trying to push up to her feet... Somers using the ropes, trying to pull herself up as well... who is going to get there first and will that be enough of an advantage to get the win and walk out of Seattle as the World Champion?

[...and it's Bailey who manages to get up first, on wobbly legs as she moves towards the rising Somers...]

SA: Somers is on her feet with Bailey there to meet her!

[...and she BLASTS the champion with a forearm shot on the jaw!]

"OHHHHH!"

[And keeps on firing!]

"OHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHH!"

[With Somers barely on her feet still, Bailey twists away, dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back as quick as her weary legs will carry her...]

SA: BRITNEY SPEAR!

[...which turns out to not be quite quick enough as Somers leaps high into the air, her feet DRIVING down onto the upper back of Bailey, driving her facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DOUBLE STOMMMMMMP!

[An exhausted Somers flips Bailey over onto her back, diving across, hooking the leg deep...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KIIIIICK OUUUUUUT! BAILEY ESCAPES JUST IN TIIIIIME!

[Somers slumps out of the lateral press, lying on her back on the canvas, chest heaving as the crowd cheers both women on!]

SA: What a battle we're seeing here tonight! Somers and Bailey giving it all they've got in one incredible effort to be the Women's World Champion!

CP: The end's gotta be near, Big Sal. They can barely stand!

SA: But stand they do! Somers on her feet, pulling Bailey- OH!

[The crowd reacts as well as Bailey lands a stiff forearm, knocking Somers back a step...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but the World Champion responds with a knife edge chop!]

SA: What a battle!

[The duo trade shots in the middle of the ring now - one Bailey forearm...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...for every Somers chop...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bailey fires back.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But Somers keep coming.]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And again.]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And again.]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SOMERS HAS HER REELING!

[The Spitfire lets loose a roar!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with Bailey barely able to stay on her feet, it's Somers who turns away, hitting the ropes for more momentum behind her next blow...]

SA: Somers off the far side and-

[...but Bailey sidesteps the charge, hooking a side waistlock as Somers goes by, cradling the leg up high and tight...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DUMPS her on the back of her head and neck with a bridging back suplex!]

SA: LOVELY BACKDROP! HANGING ON!

[The referee dives down to the mat to count, the crowd counting along with her for the possible title change...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Somers' sudden shift of her torso gets her shoulder off the mat, breaking down the bridge and putting Bailey down on her back. The determined challenger rolls to her knees, slapping an angry hand down on the canvas with a frustrated shout!]

CP: That was closer than Memorial Day Mayhem.

SA: Michelle Bailey is making adjustments tonight, no doubt about it... getting closer and closer to her dream of the AWA Women's World Title! But Julie Somers is REFUSING to stay down! REFUSING to give in! REFUSING to walk out of Seattle without HER World Title around her waist!

[Bailey pushes up off the mat, shaking her head in disbelief as she moves in on Somers, dragging the champion to her feet, snatching a rear waistlock...]

SA: Uh oh! She's got her hooked!

[...but Somers POPS her on the jaw with a back elbow!]

SA: Somers trying to fight her way out of it!

[A second elbow lands, breaking Bailey's grip...]

SA: Ohh! Somers breaks free and-

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -SUPERKIIIIICK!

[With Bailey stunned, Somers dashes to the ropes again... but Bailey charges right in after her...]

SA: SPEAAAAAAAAAAR!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Bailey connects with the Britney Spear but she's too close to the ropes, driving Somers through the ropes as they both go falling to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ALL THE WAY TO THE FLOOR!

CP: Bailey's got to get her back in, Big Sal! She hit the Spear, she's got her where she wants her... now she's GOT to get her back in and finish her off and win that damn title!

SA: Bailey is the first one up, shaking off the fall... trying to do exactly that... pulling Somers off the floor, shoving her back in...

[Bailey rolls back into the ring, a fresh spring in her step as she goes to pull Somers off the mat...

...but Somers lunges forward, grabbing the ropes as Bailey tries to secure the rear waistlock...]

SA: ...Somers trying to save herself! She felt that waistlock coming and she's hanging onto the ropes for dear life!

[Somers grits her teeth, clinging to the ropes as Bailey tries to yank her free...]

SA: Bailey's looking for that German Suplex but-

[...and Bailey abruptly breaks her hold, taking aim at the back of Somers!]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

SA: Bailey UNLOADS on the champion!

[She grabs the waistlock again, yanking Somers away from the ropes, setting her feet...]

SA: She's got it hooked annnnnnnnd...

[...but as Bailey attempts the German Suplex, Somers somehow manages to overrotate, landing on her feet behind the challenger!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...WHAAAAAAT?!

[Bailey scrambles up to her feet, getting greeting with a thrust kick to the stomach, stopping her in her tracks as Somers steadies herself before leaping up...]

“WHAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: EN-ZU-GIIIIIRIIIIIII!

[Bailey goes stumbling forward, twisting as she falls back into the turnbuckles as Somers pulls herself off the mat, taking aim...]

SA: OHHH! DROPKICK IN THE CORNER!

[The running dropkick SNAPS Bailey’s head back, causing her to slump down into a seated position against the turnbuckles as Somers backs off to the far corner, nodding her head as the crowd gets louder...]

SA: IN COMES SOMERRRRRS!

[Somers leaps high into the air, almost hanging in the sky...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ANOTHER DROPKICK TO THE MUSH!

[With Bailey motionless in the corner, Somers grabs her by the ankle, dragging her out of the corner...]

SA: Wait, wait! Somers putting her into position! Somers looking to finish this!

[The Spitfire starts climbing the ropes from the inside, slowly stepping to the bottom rope... then to the second...]

SA: She’s climbing! Climbing the ropes! Climbing to her favorite perch!

CP: She’s taking too long!

SA: She’s been through HELL in this one here tonight! Who can blame her for not having her usual pep in the step?! Over twenty-five minutes into this fast-paced, hard-hitting WAR for the Women’s World Title!

[Somers’ slow trek to the top pays dividends for Michelle Bailey who manages to get off the mat, coming to her feet...]

SA: FROM BEHIND!

“WHAAAAAACK!”

[...and SMASHES a forearm into Somers’ back as she gets to the top rope!]

CP: I told ya, Albano! Somers couldn’t get there in time and Bailey caught her!

“WHAAAAAACK!”

"WHAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAACK!"

[Three more heavy shots land, Somers barely hanging on as Bailey nods her head at the cheering crowd, stepping to the second rope...]

SA: Bailey on the middle rope!

[...and wraps her arms around the torso of Somers!]

SA: What is she...?!

[Bailey is hanging on to Somers, putting one foot up top...]

SA: WHAT IS SHE...?!

[...and then steps the other foot up as well, standing on the top rope alongside her opponent!]

SA: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[With the crowd on their feet, roaring with anticipation, Bailey MUSCLES Somers up into the air...]

SA: FROM THE TOOOOOOOOP!

[...and DUMPS her on the back of her head with a ring-shaking belly-to-back superplex!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE GOT IT! SHE GOT IT!

CP: She's gotta cover!

[A weary Bailey tries to roll herself into position, dragging her body across the mat towards the prone Spitfire...]

...and THROWS an arm across the chest!]

SA: COOOOOOVERRRRR!

[Miranda dives to the canvas, ready to count as the fans count along!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE'S OUT! SHE'S OUT! JULIE SOMERS SAVES HER TITLE!

CP: Unbelievable, Albano! I thought we had a new champion!

SA: I think the WHOLE WORLD thought we had a new champion right there... including Michelle Bailey! Look at her! Just look at her!

[Bailey is kneeling on the canvas, face buried in her hands, shaking her head back and forth...]

CP: This ain't no time for a meltdown, Bailey! Get your stuff together and finish this thing! Do what you came to do!

[Almost as if she heard Colt Patterson's encouragement, Bailey balls up her fists, smashing them down into the mat once and then comes to her feet, fire in her eyes as she stomps across the ring, throwing herself back against the turnbuckles, waving an arm for Somers to get up as the crowd is going NUTS!]

SA: She's calling for it! She's looking for it! Can she get it?! Can she hit the Britney Spear and make her dream come true?!

[Somers struggles HARD to get off the mat, several moments of anticipation hanging in the air as Bailey stands ready at the wait...]

SA: Somers trying to get up!

CP: But she has no idea what's waiting for her!

SA: Absolutely not! Somers is on her feet, staggering, stumbling...

[Bailey comes TEARING across the ring as Somers turns to face her, bearing down on the Spitfire at high velocity...]

SA: BRITNEYYYYYYYYY...

[...but Somers LEAPFROGS at the last moment, Bailey FLYING past her and CRASHING facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED!

[Bailey staggers backwards, her knees buckling as Somers steadies herself for one more effort...]

SA: Bailey's out on her feet!

CP: She can barely stand!

SA: Somers... FROM BEHIND!

[...and LEAPS into the air, scissoring Bailey's head between her legs, flipping backwards...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: POISON RANNNNNNNAAAAAAA!

[...and SPIKES Bailey headfirst into the canvas!]

CP: COVER HER!

SA: No cover for Somers! Somers now with a second wind... one shot... one chance to end this!

[She points to the corner, the crowd getting somehow louder as the Spitfire tries to climb from inside the ring...]

SA: SOMERS HEADING UP TOP! SOMERS CLIMBING! SHE'S GOT A SHOT! SHE'S GOT HER TITLE WITHIN REACH!

[...and steps to the top rope, looking out on the ROARING crowd. She points at them in salute...]

SA: SOMERS... OFF THE TOOOOOOOOP!

[...and snaps off the backflip for her signature Moonsault!]

SA: MOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLLLLLT!

[Somers CRASHES down across the torso of Bailey, smashing her down into the canvas as Somers lunges to hook the leg tightly!]

CP: That's it!

[Shari Miranda dives down to count!]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...

[The crowd in Seattle's KeyArena absolutely EXPLODES as Bailey barely - just barely - somehow finds a way to weakly lift her shoulder off the canvas before the hand comes down!]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! A KICKOUT! A KICKOUT!

CP: She kicked out of the moonsault?!

[Somers looks up at the referee in total shock as a keyed-up Miranda bounces on her feet, holding up two fingers...]

CP: SHE KICKED OUT OF THE MOONSAULT!

SA: And look at Julie Somers! Going through the gambit of emotions here - shock, disbelief, frustration... she's gotta be wondering now, Colt.

CP: What's it gonna take? Can she even do it?!

SA: Is Michelle Bailey on a date with destiny right now and Julie Somers cannot beat back the hands of fate from ripping that title from around her waist?! She hit the moonsault that has beaten COUNTLESS opponents for her! She hit it dead center and Michelle Bailey still survives!

CP: That's championship heart from a challenger!

SA: The champion is on her feet, still looking at the official... now at Bailey... she's in shock. That was her killshot! That was the one move she KNEW could keep Michelle Bailey down.

[The crowd senses the shift in the mood - the champion may be out of answers for her determined challenger...]

SA: Bailey's crawling for it! Using Somers' shock to try and get to the ropes! She needs a chance to recover after that moonsault - three count or not.

CP: She does... and that means Somers needs to snap out of this and figure SOMETHING out!

SA: What?! What can she do, Colt?!

CP: Hit the moonsault again! Hit her with a chair! Waffle the referee and take the DQ! I don't know but she's gotta figure it out and she's gotta figure it out FAST or Opportunity Knocks - the most unpredictable show on the AWA schedule - is going to kick off with a title changing hands!

[Somers watches as Bailey uses the ropes to drag herself off the mat...

...and then surges forward, wrapping her arms around Bailey's head and neck!]

SA: What in the...?! A SLEEPER! SHE HOOKS A SLEEPER!

CP: I don't think I've EVER seen this out of Somers, Big Sal!

SA: She's not a submission wrestler! This is out of her usual gameplan but perhaps that's what it's gonna take! She needs to dig deep and find something that Bailey isn't ready for - and maybe this is it!

[Pulling Bailey out of reach from the ropes, Somers CLINGS to her challenger, trying to crimp the neck and send her to sleep...]

SA: She's got it locked in! Nicely executed! Center of the ring!

[Bailey reaches out her arms, trying to get back to the ropes but Somers is relentless, dragging her backwards...

...so Bailey goes with the momentum, pushing herself backwards to DRIVE Somers back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: INTO THE CORNER!

[The crash into the corner stuns Somers but does not free Bailey from her grasp, the duo staggering back towards the middle of the ring...

...where Bailey drives her backwards again!]

SA: AGAIN TO THE CORNER!

CP: But Somers is still hanging on - living up to that nickname!

[Bailey staggers out again...

...and the crowd ROARS as Somers leaps onto her back!]

SA: Julie Somers changing tactics entirely at a pivotal point in this title clash!

CP: She's desperate now, Big Sal! She knows Bailey won't stay down and she's trying to choke the fight out of her! And right now, it seems to be working!

[Somers is hanging on tight, legs wrapped around the waist as Bailey's arms start to dip down...]

SA: She's fading! The challenger is fading!

[With Somers clinging to her back, Bailey staggers across the ring, arms outstretched towards the corner as she drags her and her foe towards one more chance at potential freedom...]

SA: The fans are split as they've been all night! Half cheering for Somers to bring her down... half cheering for Bailey to get to those ropes, get to that corner and break the hold and keep this instant classic going!

[...closer... and closer...]

SA: Somers-

[Somers lets loose a scream, trying to hang on as Bailey stretches out...]

SA: Bailey's almost there! ALLLLMOOOOOST THERE!

[...but Somers jerks her backwards, feet coming back down on the mat as she struggles to keep the hold locked in!]

SA: NO! NO!

[Bailey's arms are down at her side now as Somers clings to the hold, shaking her back and forth as Miranda steps in, grabbing the wrist...]

SA: Miranda lifts the arm... and it drops down once...

CP: Three times and she's out, Big Sal!

SA: The official lifts the arm again...

[Bailey's arm limply falls a second time, the crowd buzzing with anticipation as Somers lets loose another scream of effort...]

SA: One more! One more time and it's over! She lifts!

[...but as the arm starts to fall, Bailey leaps up, her feet pushing off the top turnbuckle...

...driving Somers down onto the mat as Bailey rolls through, still trapped in the hold as her body weight ends up on the shoulders of Somers!]

SA: COUNTER! COUNTER!

[Miranda dives to the canvas!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: SHE DID IT! SHE DID IT! WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION! WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

[Bailey slips out of the sleeper as Somers lets it go, both women down on the canvas, their arms still intertwined on the mat as the crowd ROARS for the closing moments!]

SA: BAILEY WITH THE PERFECT COUNTER AT THE PERFECT MOMENT!

[Bailey rolls to the side, flat on her back as Shari Miranda takes the title belt from ringside, stepping across the ring as a stunned Bailey props herself up on an elbow, staring into space as Rebecca Ortiz' voice rings out...]

RO: HERE IS YOUR WINNER...

...AND NEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLD
CHAMPIONNNNNNNNN...

...MICHELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLE BAAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYY!

[A shocked Bailey covers her mouth with both hands, her eyes drifting towards a smiling Shari Miranda who steps forward, bowing her head as she offers up the title to the new champion with both hands...

...and with tears in her eyes already, Bailey puts her hands out to receive it, staring at the golden plate for several moments, the crowd ROARING for the scene they're seeing...

...and then PULLS the title into a tight embrace, tears streaking down her cheeks as the crowd - the entire crowd this time - pays her tribute!]

SA: What... what an emotional moment this is here in Seattle, Colt.

CP: Take it all in, kid. You don't get moments like this too often in this business.

[Julie Somers finally sits up off the mat, looking out on the cheering fans, disappointment washing over her in slow motion...]

SA: AWA fans... little girls around the world... women who have looked up to this trailblazer... this history-maker... for so long... congratulations. This moment belongs to all of you as well. No controversy. No chaos. Clean as a whistle in the center of the ring. We have a new Women's World Champion... and her name... is Michelle Bailey.

[Bailey uses the aid of Shari Miranda to get to her feet, a huge smile on her face as she falls back against the ropes, lifting the title belt over her head as Julie Somers turns to watch...

...and the locker room empties.]

SA: Look at this!

[Kimmy Bailey is the first one into view, in a full-on sprint down the aisle towards the ring. Melissa Cannon comes jogging out after her... and then the rest of the locker room follows. Betty Chang. Charity Rockwell. Katrina Coleman. Kayla Cristol. Victoria June. Kelly Woods. Pink Cashmere and Moxy Hart. Ricki Toughill. Skylar Swift. Even the Peach Pits... well, two of them at least.

All arriving en masse to celebrate the crowning of the new World Champion.]

SA: The locker room coming out to honor the new champ as well. The fans are on their feet... look at Kimmy Bailey, the big embrace there for her mother. Such a bond we've seen between them... a great mother-daughter relationship for the world to see.

[Kimmy is practically ragdolling her mother around as Michelle lightly pats her shoulder, trying to get her to realize her own strength. Kimmy puts her down apologetically, her forehead pressed to her mother's tear-stained cheek as Michelle smiles at the reaction of all.

Melissa Cannon takes a knee next to Julie Somers, pulling the Spitfire into a comforting embrace as the rest of the locker room moves to congratulate Michelle Bailey, recognizing the weight of the moment.

Michelle clings to the title, holding on tight like she's afraid it might disappear if she lets go.]

SA: The dream has come true. Michelle Bailey received her first World Title match in twenty years just over a month ago. Tonight, she gets her second and tonight, she makes it count.

[With Cannon's aid, Somers climbs to her feet slowly, looking across at the mob of well-wishers around Michelle Bailey who all seem to know they should part in this moment to give the former champion a clear path.]

SA: The look of a broken heart on the face of Julie Somers who fought to keep that title like few would be capable of. But on this night, Michelle Bailey was the better woman, Colt.

CP: She sure was. But Somers has NOTHING to be ashamed of... other than being a big loser.

SA: COLT!

[Somers takes a cautious step towards Bailey... who clears the distance herself, diving into an embrace with Somers... who smiles. Somers pats her on the back, whispering something to the new champion who nods, giving back a few quiet words of her own. The crowd ROARS for the show of respect as the women in the ring all take a knee, allowing the former and new champions to have this moment.

And as Somers breaks the hug to lift Bailey's hand in the air, pointing to the newly-crowned (and still emotional) champion, the crowd ROARS even louder!]

SA: That is class from a fallen champion... and a career-defining moment for Michelle Bailey!

CP: Twenty years, Big Sal. Twenty years. And tonight it paid off.

[As Somers lets go of the hand, a few of the others in the ring come to pay their respects to the former champion as Melissa Cannon steps closer to the new champion...

...and with a smile, offers her hand as well. Bailey gladly accepts, shaking the veteran's hand as the crowd continues to cheer.

And then Bailey takes center ring, ushered to the middle by Cannon and Somers as the rest of the wrestlers back off and then exit the squared circle, leaving the ring to the new champion who looks around in gratitude...

...and then raises the title belt overhead again, the shock gone as pure joy takes over for the new champion.]

SA: There she is, fans. The new AWA Women's World Champion... and I couldn't be prouder to say that.

[On the outside, Julie Somers looks on, exhausted but composed, clapping for her friend as Bailey celebrates the huge moment...

...and then back to the ring, Bailey smiling with the title raised high as she feels the love from her fans and from her friends and family.]

SA: Michelle Bailey has climbed the mountain, fans! And what a way to kick off Opportunity Knocks here on ESPN tonight! I hate to turn away from this moment for a single second but...

CP: The show must go on.

SA: So they say. Fans, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell!

[We fade to the backstage area where we find the AWA's resident scoopster with a huge smile on his face.]

SLB: Thanks, Sal! What a moment for AWA fans all around the world! And what a moment for Michelle Bailey... our NEW AWA Women's World Champion... and Sal, you're right, I couldn't be prouder to say that! I think we're all proud to say-

[A voice interjects.]

"Speak for yourself, Lou."

[Blackwell sighs as the camera shots pulls back slightly to reveal the AWA National Champion, Kerry Kendrick, looking freshly doused with a bottle of water. Beside him, his business and personal partner, Miss Sandra Hayes, paws the National Title belt across her chest possessively. And despite what he indicated on Showtime last week, he looks dressed to wrestle.]

MSH: I know I don't give a damn about Michelle Bailey and I know I'm hardly alone in that... so why don't we skip the melodramatic emotions...

[She feigns wiping tears from her eyes.]

MSH: ...and focus on a REAL champion like my man here.

[She puts a hand on his wet chest... and then casually pulls it away, grimacing as she wipes it on Blackwell's jacket who fails to notice as he starts to do his job.]

SLB: Well, as you all can see, joining me down is the reigning and defending National Champion, Kerry Kendrick who, two weeks ago, was successful in your first National Title defense against Damian DeVille, but he left you with a parting gift, shall we say.

[Kendrick snorts and smirks.]

SLB: Now, indications were that you'd either challenge DeVille for a rematch... or that you'd skip Opportunity Knocks 2 entirely. Obviously, I can see that's not the case.

[Hayes interjects again.]

MSH: Lou, when you're the National Champion, there's no such thing as nights off. Damian DeVille had his shot, and thanks to some politics that are none of our concern, is unable to answer the door.

[Kendrick shrugs.]

KK: The sad fact of life is not that he was blinded by Nenshou – it's that he choked against me.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Well, be that as it may, you have to be wary that the contender's list for your title is as long as... well, it's long. And "The Future" Derrick Williams, and the former champion Jordan Ohara are both gunning for you tonight.

[Kendrick smirks.]

KK: They may not be able to measure up to the Self Made Man as National Champion, but they're smart and good enough to be on the contender's list. I think they both know that if they do make that all-important challenge tonight, I'm ready for both of them, and I can beat either of them. And off they come off the rankings if that happens, because losing to me you blew it as a challenger.

I'm betting that both they - and the rest of the top contenders for this belt - are laying out tonight, all thinking, "let someone else try." Besides...

[Kendrick puts his arm over Miss Hayes' shoulders, shooting her a flirty grin.]

KK: I got a little challenge of my own to make later tonight that I think Miss Hayes might enjoy.

[Hayes outstretches her manicured fingers and wiggles them.]

MSH: Ooooh. Might it involve a little gold and jewels of my own to wear?

KK: You'll just have to wait and see when we get out there, Gumdrops.

[A voice calls in from off-camera again.]

"Wow, who doesn't like surprises?"

[That's when "Diamond" Lily Driscoll appears. Driscoll is already dressed in her wrestling attire. She and Hayes coo, obviously excited to see one another. Kendrick seems a little off-put by Hayes and Driscoll's camaraderie.]

MSH: Lil-eeeeeee!

LD: San-draaaa!

MSH: Oh my god, we have so much catching up to do!

[The two share a quick hug.]

LD: It has been a while! Rob says hi by the way... and he sends his love!

[Driscoll throws a smirking glance at Kerry Kendrick.]

LD: And that title belt... it's a lot bigger than the one you were carrying for Rob.

[There's a bit of iciness in the air as Kendrick glowers. He seems almost hurt at the mention of Hayes' former charge. Driscoll simply gets that smug smile on her face.]

LD: I see why Sandra likes you... you are cute when you're mad.

[Hayes pats Kendrick comfortingly on the shoulder.]

MSH: Come on, Bubblegum. Rob and I are just friends. Lily and I were too a couple of years back. We're just catching up. You're still my Man-tastic Self Made Man.

KK: I'll bet.

[Driscoll places a hand on Hayes' shoulder.]

LD: Actually, I only need a minute of your time, Sandra.

[Blackwell speaks up.]

SLB: Do I need to be here for this?

[Yes, we've forgotten about Blackwell... and his remark draws a cross look from Driscoll.]

LD: Did any of us say you could talk?

SLB: I'm just here to do my job, Lily Driscoll.

LD: I'll bet... but the minute of time is for Sandra, not for you.

[She waves a dismissive hand in Blackwell's direction... yes, we're going to forget about him again. Driscoll then turns back to Hayes.]

LD: I'm sorry about that, Sandra... but, not only do I consider you a friend... I consider you to be the greatest manager in AWA.

You led a tag team to gold and two men to the National title... my brother and this man right here [gestures to Kendrick]... and yet it seems certain people still don't appreciate what you've done.

[She again gestures to Kendrick.]

LD: Though you certainly do... and, yes, that belt looks good on you.

[She then puts a hand on Sandra's shoulder.]

LD: But as I said on Showtime... I came here for Opportunity Knocks... I intend to make a challenge... and more importantly, I intend to do you a favor.

[Hayes arches an eyebrow.]

MSH: A favor? For me?

[Driscoll grins.]

LD: For now, that one is MY little secret... after all, I don't want to spoil everything. But I'm sure you'll understand once I make my challenge.

[Hayes looks a little confused but smiles with a shrug.]

LD: Now, Sandra, I do consider you a friend... but I hope you understand that when I do you this favor tonight, all I ask is that you remember...

...and when the time comes, that you will be happy to do a favor for me.

[Kendrick arches a suspicious eyebrow as Driscoll waves a dismissive hand at him.]

LD: Girls stuff. Don't you worry your pretty little head about it, Kerry.

[Kendrick is still pretty cold in his glance at Driscoll who turns back to Hayes.]

LD: Good luck to you and Kerry tonight... we'll talk more later.

[Driscoll then turns on her heels and walks off, leaving a puzzled Hayes and fuming Kendrick behind...]

...and we fade to black...

And then back up to a shot of a darkened room, a filtered spotlight shining down in the middle of it. We can hear footsteps in the background.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

And they come to a stop revealing the face of Ryan Martinez, still battle-weathered from his bloody war at SuperClash IX.]

“They call me the White Knight.”

[A quick shot of Martinez delivering brutal chops to the chest of the King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.]

“The son of a Hall of Famer.”

[A shot of House Martinez - father and son - standing in the ring with Gunnar Gaines.]

“The former two-time World Champion.”

[A shot of Martinez standing over Juan Vasquez with the World Title in his grasp.]

“And I am AWA.”

[We get an almost identical shot in the darkened room but this time with Supreme Wright standing center stage.]

“The greatest professional wrestler on the planet.”

[Cut to footage of Wright cranking on the arm of Casey James.]

“A two-time World Champion”

[Wright holds the title overhead with a defeated Dave Bryant in the background.]

“I am AWA.”

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

“The Spitfire.”

[A shot of Somers flipping off the top rope, crashing down on top of Kurayami with the moonsault.]

“The Women’s World Champion.”

[To SuperClash IX and Somers holding the title over her head.]

"The heart and soul of the Women's Division."

[Somers trading blows with Lauryn Rage inside a steel cage.]

"And I am AWA."

[Somers is replaced by Jordan Ohara, the National Title slung over his shoulder.]

"The Phoenix."

[Ohara dives off the top rope, smashing down with a Phoenix Flame splash.]

"The National Champion."

[Ohara stands on the midbuckle, holding the title up over his head.]

"A once in a millennium talent."

[A series of quick chops lighting up Juan Vasquez.]

"I am AWA."

[The champion is replaced by a grinning Michelle Bailey.]

"The Platinum Princess."

[Bailey tears across the ring, smashing home a Britney Spear on Laura Davis.]

"Former EMWC champion."

[A quick still photo comes up of Bailey holding a championship title aloft.]

"The heart and soul of the- Julie said that?! Grr!

[A playful Bailey plants her fists on her hips, striking a pose.]

"And I am AWA."

[Bailey is replaced by the face-painted Supernova, the World Title secured around his waist.]

"The icon."

[We get footage of Supernova way back in the day, trading blows with Mark Langseth.]

"The franchise player."

[Supernova using the Heat Wave splash on Shadoe Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

"And I... AM... AWA."

[We get quick shots now, individual shots...

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoe Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

[They come quicker and quicker, all repeating the tagline - James Lynch, Victoria June, Cinder, Kerry Kendrick, Ayako Fujiwara...

...and this time, each time they say it, they stay on screen, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. Ricki Toughill. And on. And on. And on.

And the photos all disappear, leaving just the tagline behind...]

"I am AWA."

[The graphic fades and is replaced with more text - "The American Wrestling Alliance. Every Saturday Night. ESPN."

Fade to black.

And we fade back up on a live shot of the KeyArena from the outside, the fans inside cheering as we do...]

SA: Seattle, Washington is the home of one of the most unpredictable nights on the AWA calendar - Opportunity Knocks - and if you didn't believe the hype before, believe it now as we've already seen a new Women's World Champion crowned in Michelle Bailey here tonight!

CP: It's gonna be one hell of a night, Big Sal.

[The camera cuts to the front row where the empty row of ringside seats are, when suddenly a loud, unified roar of MASSIVE BOOS fill the KeyArena.]

SA: Wait a minute... what's this?

[The arena erupts as Team Supreme emerges from the tunnel and begins walking down the aisle with purpose. Every member is dressed in matching silver and red Team Supreme tracksuits. The group moves in formation: Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez leading the way, Paris Crawford gliding alongside them, Takeshi Mifune and Bret Grayson following behind them, and bringing up the rear are Supreme Wright and Theresa Lynch, with their arms linked.]

CP: Well, well, well! Look who decided to show up! The AWA tried to keep Supreme Wright away, but it looks like you can't keep excellence out of the building!

SA: It's Team Supreme! Supreme Wright wasn't supposed to be here tonight, but it looks like he's forced his way in.

[Cain Jackson is in his trackpants and a white tanktop, his track jacket missing. Eagle-eyed viewers would see that Paris Crawford is wearing Cain Jackson's oversized tracksuit jacket, the sleeves dangling well past their hands as they smile and wave mockingly at the booing fans. Right beside Supreme Wright, Theresa Lynch looks elegant in a white sundress but has Paris Crawford's tracksuit jacket draped over her shoulders like a shawl. The group reaches the empty front row and begins filing into the seats.]

Supreme Wright is the last to sit, taking the center seat that sits directly across from the hard camera. As soon as he's seated, Supreme looks directly at the camera with a smug look on his face. He holds the stare for several seconds, before finally turning his attention back to Theresa Lynch, who is seated beside him.]

SA: I don't like this one bit, Colt. Supreme Wright was told he wasn't allowed to appear tonight, and here he is front and center with his entire crew. This situation is a powder keg!

CP: Powder keg? This is the best thing that could've happened to Opportunity Knocks! Team Supreme is sitting ringside, and every single person in that locker room better be on high alert. You know Supreme didn't come here just to watch politely!

SA: This could ruin the entire night. You've got Ryan Martinez and others with a grudge against Team Supreme here tonight... and now Team Supreme is literally sitting ten feet away from the action. I've got a bad feeling about this.

[The camera lingers on the front row as the Team Supreme members settle in, the crowd continuing to roar with a mix of boos and excitement.]

SA: With Team Supreme out here at ringside in the front row, I'd say this already-unpredictable night just took on a whole new level of potential chaos, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. If you didn't know what was gonna happen before, all bets are off now.

SA: Let's go up to the ring for our next challenge!

[We crossfade from the shot of Team Supreme in the front row to an empty ring...

...that only stays open for a moment as someone who appears to be JUST above the fashion look of a drunken bum comes flipping over the railing, stumbling across the ringside area before rolling into the ring.]

CP: Is that...?

[A loud, horrific noise occurs as a live mic gets pulled out of a pocket as the man stands mid-ring. He raps his knuckles on the mic a few times, creating a booming echo before clearing his throat... yes, into the mic... before finally speaking.]

"For the boy who don't seem to know me, let me tell you who I be!"

[It is Dirt Dog Unique Allah. Wild-eyed and quite possibly (probably?) intoxicated. He lifts a hand high, letting a heavy leather belt dangle from it with a manic look on his face.]

DDUA: Gimme the mic and let me take it away! Odysseus!

[He slaps the belt down on the mat with a loud "CRACK!"]

DDUA: Boy!

[Leather meets canvas a second time as Allah glares out over the sold out Seattle crowd.]

DDUA: You put your daddy through a table in Portland and now you think you're the man, huh?

Lemme tell you sumthin', you ain't no man... you'se a snake, muhfuh.

[Colt's voice interjects.]

CP: Can he say "muhfuh" on the air?

SA: I'm not...

CP: Can I?

[Allah continues.]

DDUA: And snakes?

Well, snakes been getting' it since the biblical days.

These people know... Dirt Dog is for the children, but this belt?

[He holds it up again.]

DDUA: This belt is just for you! I'mma whup your butt like I shoulda when you was a baby. See, see, see... you forgot who the daddy is. You forgot who taught you how to breathe in this ring.

So it's time for a reminder.

It's time you learned a lesson.

[He wraps the belt ominously around his clenched fist.]

DDUA: I'm gonna wear this leather out across your backside until you remember the name! Chop, chop, chop. Class is in session, muhfuh!

[Dirt Dog cackles hysterically, snaps the belt hard against the mat again...

DDUA: Sorry, Shakeemah, but it has to be done!

[He tosses the mic recklessly in the direction of the crowd, causing a frenzy as fans fight for the pricey souvenir, security wading into the fans to try and retrieve it as Allah sweeps a wild arm towards the back...]

SA: The words might've been a haze of Old English and Wild Turkey but I think the message was clear as day - Dirt Dog Unique Allah is calling his son Odysseus out!

CP: And on any other night, Odysseus could tell the old man to kick rocks but tonight's Opportunity Knocks and if someone calls your number, it's time to check in!

[There's a momentary delay as all eyes turn towards the entrance, waiting to see if the younger Allah will answer his elder's challenge...

...and answer it he does, striding through the entrance curtain to no music, just attitude. The crowd instantly launches into jeers towards the younger Allah who stands like a man who did not intend to wrestle at this moment, dressed in an expensive tan linen suit and chocolate brown linen dress shirt. He wears gold-rimmed glasses. Gold flashes at the corners of his mouth as he sneers at the camera. This is not his father's son. There's no dancing. No laughing. No nonsense at all.]

OA: Old man... go home. I got bigger business than the likes of you tonight.

[The jeers get louder as Allah looks out on the fans thoughtfully.]

OA: Oh, you want to see this?

[The cheers come back! The younger Allan shakes his head, spitting on the ramp dismissively.]

OA: You want to see THIS.

[He gestures at the ring where his dad nearly falls down leaning on the ropes.]

OA: My father's already trying to turn this match into something funny. He thinks everything's a damn joke.

That's HIS problem.

[Allah stabs his finger at the ring.]

OA: Everything has always been funny to Dirt Dog Unique Allah.

Every opportunity. Every championship. Every Main Event.

[His eyes are wild.]

OA: Every ounce of talent God gave him has been a damn joke.

A punchline.

[Odysseus Allah adjusts his ties, slowly starting to pull it off. He sneers, showing the gold fangs on his incisors.]

OA: You could have been one of the greatest wrestlers of your generation, old man, but instead you chose to be a clown. You chose to be a lackey. And for years, I had to carry the burden of that shame.

I had to go into school and hear all the jokes.

[His voice cuts hard, the emotion coming through.]

OA: 'You're Dirt Dog's kid. Why's he always drunk?'"

"He gets beat up a lot!"

"He's cheatin' on yo mamma with Medusa Rage!"

[You can see that hurt the younger Allah.]

OA: And I would fight on your name. I spent my whole life cleaning up messes you left behind. You made a joke out of your career.

You will NOT make a joke out of mine.

[The jacket comes next, Allah shedding it as he walks towards the ring with purpose.]

OA: You stand there talking about whuppin my ass with a belt. You still think I'm a little boy.

[Odysseus is seething.]

OA: That's why I put your ass through a table in Portland, Pops. I needed you to understand. And you still don't get it. The son surpassed the father.

[The crowd jeers at that one as Allah pulls off his dress shirt, spiking it down on the concrete floor as he points at his father inside the ring...]

OA: I'm SMARTER than you.

I'm FASTER than you.

And unlike you, I don't waste my gifts... I maximize them.

[He pulls up at ringside, standing in dress pants and shoes but otherwise ready for a fight.]

OA: So, bring the belt, Pops. Bring the jokes. Bring every trick you've got left.

Because when that bell rings, I'm going to beat the clown out of you.

[The fans let him have it for that as Dirt Dog backs across the ring, eyeballing his son...]

OA: The Dirt Dog had his era - this is MY world now!

[Odysseus slides under the ropes, waving an arm at the timekeeper as Ricky Longfellow does the same...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and the charging Odysseus comes barreling in on his father who slumps down, hanging onto the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the over-eager Odysseus goes SAILING over the top rope, crashing down on the floor below to cheers!]

SA: Now THAT'S how you get it started!

[Dirt Dog almost looks surprised as he straightens up, looking around at the cheering fans, urging him on like it's 1997 all over again...]

SA: Dirt Dog's got the people of the Pacific Northwest on their feet... and he's gotta feel like he's twenty years younger right now, Colt!

CP: He got lucky... and now he's wasting time to the shock of absolutely no one!

[Dirt Dog stomps across the ring, leaning hard against the far ropes as his son drags himself off the floor..

...and the former cruiserweight star barrels across the ring, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES both feet into the chest of his son, sending him flying backwards, crashing into the ringside barricade!]

SA: WHAT A DROPKICK! A little of Dirt Dog '97 coming our way!

CP: The old man hasn't moved like that in years, Albano.

SA: Don't I know it! He's pulling his son up off the floor, dragging him back towards - no!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And an Irish whip sends Odysseus crashing into the ringside railing a second time!]

SA: It's blood on blood at Opportunity Knocks as father and son collide... and right now, it's all going the way of the father!

[With his son sprawled out against the steel, Dirt Dog turns to the fans, playing to their cheers...]

CP: Wasting valuable time AGAIN, Albano! What is WITH this guy?!

SA: Can you blame him? He's twenty years removed from his peak in this business... and honestly, Colt, he might not have heard a reaction like this since around Ring Wars 3 and the legendary Seven Tables of Fear match. If YOU were in there and the crowd was poppin' like it was 1994, tell me you wouldn't be livin' it up!

CP: They still cheer for me, damn it!

SA: Sure they do, old timer.

CP: Watch your mouth, Albano, or you'll be suckin' spaghetti through a tube.

[Dirt Dog is leaning into the crowd, slapping hands with the masses as Odysseus drags himself off the floor, a furious expression on his face...]

SA: FROM BEHIND!

[...but a charging Odysseus soon finds himself lifted into the air, driven down with a Samoan Drop on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Odysseus just can't get out of the gates in this one! He underestimated his father BADLY and right now, he's paying for it in a big, big way!

[With the referee counting both men, Dirt Dog rolls under the ropes with a “nonononono!” at the official, dragging himself to his feet in a stumble...]

SA: Dirt Dog breaks the count, showing presence of mind that I didn’t think he was capable of... and what’s this now?

CP: You’ve gotta be kidding me!

[Dirt Dog grabs the top rope with both hands, looking out on the cheering fans urging him on...]

...and catapults himself into a slingshot, sailing over the ropes into a somersault senton onto his own son of the outside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: This is CRAZY, Colt! Dirt Dog Unique Allah is pushing back the hands of time and he’s a regular human highlight reel in there right now! This is insanity!

CP: Insanity is EXACTLY how I’d describe it. I don’t know what’s gotten into the old man... and I don’t know what’s gotten into Odysseus. He looks completely overwhelmed out there right now and that is NOT how he rolls.

[The fans are going wild as Dirt Dog pulls his son up, finally putting him back inside the ring for the first time since the opening bell...]

SA: The action finally coming back in... but Dirt Dog Unique Allah is NOT! He’s... Colt, he’s headed up top!

CP: Well, at least if he goes to the hospital, he’s got Medicare to take care of him.

[Sal chuckles as Allah steps one foot on top, waving a hand at his rising son...]

SA: Odysseus struggling to his feet... where his father is waiting for him!

[...and takes flight, launching himself into a missile dropkick that connects firmly on the chest of Odysseus, sending him tumbling ass over teakettle across the ring.]

SA: DROPKICK CONNECTS! He’s gotta cover!

[But as Dirt Dog attempts to scramble into a lateral press, Odysseus wisely rolls right of the ring to the safety of the floor to big jeers from the AWA faithful!]

SA: Odysseus bails out!

CP: Smart move by the kid.

SA: Smart move but a decidedly unpopular one! The fans letting him have it for not staying in there and fighting his father... and Dirt Dog’s going out after him AGAIN!

[The jeers turn to cheers as Dirt Dog comes to the outside under the ropes, moving to get at his boy who gets off the floor and starts moving quickly away from him...]

SA: Odysseus is running for it! His old man’s got a mind to teach him a lesson and this kid’s lookin’ for mama!

CP: Say that to his face, Albano!

SA: I might but he’s running away from his daddy too fast!

[With the Allahs chasing each other down on the outside, Odysseus swings around the ringpost, rolling under the ropes as Dirt Dog pursues...]

SA: Odysseus back in...

[Dirt Dog scrambles up on the apron, pointing at his fleeing son before ducking through the ropes...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and Odysseus lashes out with a foot, kicking the middle rope right up into the Allah family jewels!]

SA: LOW BLOW!

CP: Accidental!

SA: What?!

CP: Odysseus stumbled! He didn't mean to kick the rope - he was just trying to get up off the mat!

SA: What a load of hogwash!

[Odysseus is making the same argument to the questioning official as the fans jeer loudly. Dirt Dog is down on his knees on the mat as the referee turns away from a crawling Odysseus, checking to see if Dirt Dog can continue...]

SA: Longfellow is checking on- HEY!

[The crowd has a similar exclamation as Dirt Dog grabs at the waist of the official, pulling him closer...]

SA: What in the world is he...?

[Allah starts tugging at the leather belt around the waist of the referee as realization washes over everyone...]

SA: He's going for the belt! He's going for the belt! He said he was gonna take that belt to his boy and-

[The crowd starts to chant as Dirt Dog tries to pull the belt from around Longfellow's waist...]

“WHOOOP THAT KID!”

“WHOOOP THAT KID!”

“WHOOOP THAT KID!”

CP: These people are cheering for CHILD ABUSE, Albano!

SA: I wouldn't exactly call it that.

CP: What would you call it then?!

SA: He's a grown man who put his FATHER through a table, Colt! Yeah, I want to see Dirt Dog WHOOOP THAT KID too!

[And as Allah pulls the belt out successfully, the crowd ROARS!]

SA: He's got it! He's got it now!

[Odysseus has crawled to the opposite corner, eyes wide as he begs off. His father stands over him, belt in hand, ready to strike...]

CP: He's gonna be disqualified!

SA: You think he cares?!

[...and as he rears back with the belt...]

SA: OH! COME ON!

[...the fans EXPLODE in jeers as Ricky Longfellow grabs the arm, preventing the blow from landing!]

CP: Wow! Bold move by Longfellow, saving the match!

[Longfellow wrests the belt away from Dirt Dog to jeers, turning to put it on the outside as Dirt Dog glares at him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Odysseus strikes with a second low blow from his kneeling spot behind his father, driving his arm up into the groin behind his father and the official's back!]

SA: HE GOES LOW AGAIN!

[With his arm up between the legs, Odysseus uses it to drag his father down into a schoolboy as the referee turns, diving quickly to count...]

SA: NO! NO!

[...and Odysseus plants his feet on the middle rope for extra leverage, securing the three count!]

SA: Ahhhhhh! What a crock!

[Odysseus is all smiles as he comes off the mat, arms raised over his head to huge jeers from the fans!]

SA: Odysseus Allah picks up the win and... I don't think anyone BUT Odysseus Allah is happy with how this one went down, Colt.

CP: I'm pretty happy! He said it before the match, Big Sal. He's faster than his old man. He's damn sure SMARTER than his old man. And he just proved it right here at Opportunity Knocks!

[Odysseus nods at the jeering fans, the referee joining him to raise his hand, pointing to the winner...]

...which is when the jeers start to turn slightly.]

SA: Odysseus seems perfectly pleased with how this happened, Colt.

CP: Can you blame him? He's finally out of his father's shadow! Now the world is... wait a second!

[The cheers get louder as Dirt Dog gets up off the mat, pulling the belt he brought to the ring with him into view...]

CP: Don't you-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRACKS the leather belt across his son's hindquarters!]

SA: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM GOOD!

[Odysseus falls to all fours on the mat, shocked by the blow...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where he gets whooped again!]

SA: HE'S WHIPPING HIS SON WITH THAT BELT!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A third blow lands as Odysseus flails about on the mat, rolling out of the ring as a final blow misses the mark, cracking against the canvas!]

SA: And just like that, Odysseus' big moment turns into one of embarrassment!

CP: Humiliation! That's a grown man in there and Dirt Dog just whipped him like he spilled the milk at dinner!

[Odysseus is fuming on the outside as Dirt Dog points a threatening finger at him, cracking the belt on the mat again causing Odysseus to jump backwards...]

SA: He's humiliated - you called it, Colt!

[Dirt Dog lifts the belt overhead as the chant picks up again.]

"WHOOOP THAT KID!"

"WHOOOP THAT KID!"

"WHOOOP THAT KID!"

SA: The people are loving it!

CP: Not THIS people!

[Dirt Dog is playing to the fans...

...which is when the humiliated Odysseus strikes again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A running forearm to the back of the head sends Dirt Dog down on the mat!]

SA: Ohhh! Big shot from behind!

[Grabbing the belt off the mat, Odysseus glares down at his father as he yells at the fans...]

"YOU THINK IT'S FUNNY?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE'S WHIPPING HIS FATHER!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A pissed off Odysseus stands over his father...

...and then loops the belt around his throat, pulling back with a boot in the back!]

SA: HE'S CHOKING HIM NOW! HE'S CHOKING THE LIFE OUT OF HIM!

[Odysseus is screaming at his father...]

"QUIT! QUIT, OLD MAN! SAY I'M THE BETTER MAN! SAY THIS IS MY FAMILY NOW!"

[...and as Dirt Dog struggles for breath...]

SA: We gotta get some help out here! This kid is UNHINGED!

[...the crowd breaks into sudden cheers!]

SA: It's Lee Connors!

[Connors comes rushing into view, diving under the bottom rope where Odysseus lets go of the belt to confront...

...and gets a running bicycle kick to the chest, sending him flying backwards through the ropes to the outside to big cheers!]

SA: Oh yeah! Connors has had his share of issues with Odysseus Allah as of late... and when Dirt Dog needed desperate help, it was "Cannonball" Lee Connors on the scene to give it to him.

[Connors shakes his head with disgust at Odysseus, taking a knee next to Dirt Dog to check on him. Allah sits on the mat, saliva hanging from his mouth as he coughs and gasps. Connors puts a hand on his shoulder, nodding as he gets to his feet, gesturing to the outside...]

SA: It looks like Lee Connors wants a mic. He's got something to say.

[Connors takes the offered mic, walking over towards the ropes, looking down on Odysseus who is on his feet, backing up the aisle with his arms in the air.]

LC: Lemme get this straight...

[He points to Dirt Dog.]

LC: You beat this guy - your father - with a low blow... then get your ASS WHOOPED...

[The crowd ROARS, some more chanting starting up as Connors nods.]

LC: ...after the match... and you're the guy walking out of here with his arms raised? Make it make sense, Seattle.

[The fans cheer for Connors.]

LC: Odysseus, until you hit that low blow, I think all of these people would agree with me, your dad was on fire and you were well on your way to counting the lights here in the KeyArena.

And I don't know about you all, but I'd like to see a rematch!

[The crowd cheers again!]

LC: But this time, I think I want to be a little bit closer to the action to make sure you don't pull any of your dirty tricks. So, let's do this... in a few weeks, we're going to be in MY hometown of Winnipeg... and I've got some scores of my own to settle so... Dirt Dog, if you're up for it... let's go into my hometown and make it a tag match...

It'll be the two of us...

[He points to the rising Dirt Dog who is rubbing at his throat.]

LC: ...against you... and that no good scoundrel Smasher Salazar!

[The crowd cheers that challenge.]

LC: And if you can get Bryson Page out from behind his desk, put him out there too because I want him to see firsthand that money can't buy him a win against me and the Dirt Dog when we come to Winnipeg to...

[He points to Allah, holding the mic in front of him. When Allah speaks, it's in a hoarse, grating voice from the strangle...]

DDUA: WHOOP! THAT! KID!

[The crowd ROARS, joining in on the chant again as Odysseus looks around at the chanting crowd in a rage, shaking his head as he stomps back up the ramp!]

SA: Now THAT'S a challenge! Tag team action, July 21st in Winnipeg... Lee Connors and the Dirt Dog want to get their hands on Odysseus and Smasher Salazar and I wanna see it! We'll be right back with more of Opportunity Knocks, fans!

[With the crowd chanting, Connors and the Dirt Dog acknowledge their cheers...

...and we fade through black to a shot of retired AWA wrestler Eric Somers, who is dressed in a three-piece suit and wears eyeglasses. He is walking down a well-lit hallway and we can see what appear to be framed painting lining it.]

ES: In order to truly appreciate this world, you have to learn to respect your heritage... that is, what those before you have left to be appreciated by ongoing generations.

[He then stops and gestures to a painting over his shoulder.]

ES: For instance, why we should remember the Alamo.

[Indeed, the painting is of The Alamo. He then walks over to the next framed item.]

ES: Or why we should remember the importance of the men who led our great nation.

[He gestures to said item, a painting of Mount Rushmore. Somers continues to walk to the next framed item.]

ES: Or why we should appreciate the wonders of nature.

[He gestures to yet another painting, this one featuring the Grand Canyon.]

ES: Or even why we should not forget those who came before us.

[He then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a packet, which he then opens.]

ES: Especially those who have graced the rings of the AWA.

[He then pulls out trading cards from the pack and fans them. We then hear a voiceover as we cut to a sample of the cards.]

VO: It's the inaugural release of Topps Heritage AWA trading cards... cards that use the design of the 1952 Topps baseball set.

[The sample of cards does, indeed, feature that style, with the subjects including Supernova, Ryan Martinez, Supreme Wright, Michelle Bailey and Ricki Toughill.]

VO: Collect the AWA stars of today...

[The next sample of cards includes Julie Somers, James Lynch, Cinder and Atlas Armstrong.]

VO: ...and the AWA stars of the past.

[The next sample of cards includes Adam Rogers, Marcus Broussard, Mark Shaw and Ron Houston.]

VO: Plus, look for special parallels, event-used relic cards and autographed cards!

[We then get a gold parallel featuring Harley Hamilton, a black-bordered parallel featuring Sid Osborne, a relic card featuring Raphael Rhodes and an autographed card featuring Shadoe Rage.]

We cut back to Somers as he displays the trading cards in his hand.]

ES: Because nothing could be finer than a way to remember your heritage... without having to step inside an art gallery.

[He raises his eyebrows and grins as we cut to a shot of a box of Topps Heritage AWA trading cards and hear that voiceover again.]

VO: Topps Heritage AWA trading cards are available wherever trading cards are sold or you can find them at AWAShop.com!

[We fade to black...]

...and then back up to live action where we find - standing in front of an Opportunity Knocks interview backdrop - our very own "Sweet" Lou Blackwell who is flanked by the two large masked men currently ranked Number 5 in the Tag Division, Golden Grappler and Ultra Commando 3, the Masks for Money. They're wearing their Gold/Black gear.]

SLB: Welcome back to Seattle for Opportunity Knocks right here LIVE on ESPN... and one of tonight's featured attractions is the match we've been building towards for a few weeks now - the Run The Rankings gauntlet match - where the winning team will move on to face the World Tag Team Champions in about a week and a half when Saturday Night Wrestling comes to you from Calgary... Alberta, Canada! And joining me right now is the first team into that gauntlet tonight... Masks For Money... and gentlemen, you've had a busy couple of weeks leading up to tonight.

[The younger UC3 steps up to Lou to start]

UC3: That's right, Lou. Tonight we go through a gauntlet of four other teams. And we start with Tizona and Fujiwara. Boys, you're out of your league and we've been waiting for this for a while. There's not a team ahead of us that we can't beat, and we prove that WE are the dominant team in the AWA TONIGHT!

[Golden Grappler steps over to Lou]

GG: Simple math, Lou... we have been the fastest rising team in the division. We would have the momentum were it not for some unfortunate interference, and unfortunate timing. We should be ranked higher, but it's no matter, we'll go through all 4 other teams... just extra money for us.

[Grappler chuckles as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: And speaking of extra money, it sure looks as if you two earned some last week. I can only assume your attack on Jackson Hunter and Shadoe Rage was bought and paid for by Team Supreme.

[Ultra Commando 3's hulking form steps back in, raising a hand.]

UC3: Hey, careful now, Lou. We've told you before... we don't reveal who paid for what so don't you go insinuating anything!

[The Grappler steers the mic back towards him.]

GG: Always the man with the scoop, huh? Well, you're right about one thing. Hunter and Rage WERE a contract. Just business for us. We were paid, we executed, and nothing more than that.

But if they decide they don't want to leave it at that, that's their funeral.

[Grappler plants a hand on Blackwell's shoulder, causing a grimace.]

GG: But none of that matters for us tonight 'cause they're banned from the building! Which means that's a given tonight, Lou, that we're going to prove ourselves as the true and rightful Number One Contenders... and then my mask won't be the only thing gold comin' home with us.

[The masked men laugh as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: They may be ready to Run The Rankings... but I don't think they quite realize how deep over their masks they are with this Rage and Hunter situation. Sal, Colt, back to you!

[We fade back up to a panning shot of the KeyArea, Sal and Colt's voices cutting over the live shot.]

SA: Thanks, Lou... of course, Run The Rankings is coming up later tonight where Masks For Money will get their chance to walk out of Seattle as the top contender with a title shot in their pockets... and luckily for them, as they mentioned, Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter are BANNED from the building here tonight.

CP: You know, for a night where everyone is in the house waiting to get their name called out, the AWA sure did ban a lot of people from showing up.

[Sal chuckles...

...and as the unexpected tinkling synth that signals the arrival of the AWA's greatest hero kicks in, sending the AWA faithful into a THUNDEROUS ROAR!]

CP: Uh oh!

SA: Including this man right here, Colt! Fans, in the months that Colt and I have been calling the action for this company, it's rare that I felt anxiety at hearing that music... but on this night, it's in the air. Anxiety. Trepidation. Nervousness. Call it what you will but that music means the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez, is heading for the ring and on this night... that means trouble.

[We cut to the top of the ramp where Ryan Martinez has appeared and he's dressed for action. On this night, he's not paying a single bit of attention to the AWA fans as he marches down the aisle in a pair of white full-length tights with a golden sword running down the leg and a black t-shirt that reads "MAKE THE MATCH" in bold white font.]

SA: And if you needed any hint why Ryan Martinez is out here... I think the message on his t-shirt says it all.

CP: Albano, there's not a single soul in this building that doesn't know EXACTLY why the former two-time World Champion is on his way out here...

[Cut to a shot of Supreme Wright, still seated in his front row seat with the rest of Team Supreme. The expression on his face is unreadable, as he runs a hand down Theresa Lynch's arm. There's a slight look of concern on Lynch's face, but Wright whispers something into her ear, drawing a soft chuckle and putting her at ease.]

CP: ...including that man right there.

[Martinez pauses at ringside for a pair of moments - first to lock eyes with his former friend seated in the front row as the assembled Team Supreme members hurl insults at him... and then to snatch up a mic from Rebecca Ortiz before rolling under the ropes into the ring. He stands center ring, waving a hand for the music to be turned off.]

RM: Let's make this short and sweet before someone in the back gets the idea to cut my mic.

SUPREME WRIGHT!

[Martinez marches towards the ropes as the crowd cheers him on. He glares down at his former friend, pointing a finger at him...]

RM: I'M CALLING YOU OUT!

[The crowd has been thrown into a fervor by Martinez's words, as all eyes turn to Supreme Wright, waiting for his reaction. Wright sits motionless for a moment, before turning his head towards Theresa Lynch and giving her a reassuring glance, and then turning his full attention back to Ryan Martinez in the ring. There's a short pause, before Wright dramatically rises from his seat to a THUNDEROUS ROAR!]

SA: I think we have our answer! Supreme Wright is out of his chair!

CP: No way, Big Sal! There's no way the office is letting this match is happening. Supreme Wright isn't even supposed to be here tonight!

SA: This ain't the Quick Stop in the little town of Jersey, Colt! This is Opportunity Knocks and if you get called out, you gotta fight! That's how this WHOLE NIGHT goes down!

[As Wright stands, the KeyArena erupts into a DEAFENING reaction that shakes the entire building! A fired up Martinez motions for Wright to climb over the guardrail and to get into the ring.

However, before anything else can happen...]

"NO! NO MORE!"

[The Seattle crowd then ERUPTS in jeers at the sight of Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov hustling down to ringside, his clipboard in hand as he's trailed by members of AWA security and other backstage officials including Adam Rogers, Tommy Fierro, and John Shock. Zharkov wastes no time in climbing the ring steps while the officials and security fan out to put a human wall in the ringside area between Martinez and Wright.]

MZ: That is enough, Martinez.

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: You knew this was not going to happen... and yet you persist. You get these people's hopes up but you knew... you KNEW... this would not happen. Not tonight!

[He stabs a finger angrily at Martinez who isn't backing down from Zharkov's words.]

MZ: And if you keep this up... it shall never happen.

[The fans boos loudly as Martinez shakes his head in disgust.]

RM: You know, Zharkov... when you got this gig after a year of us dealing with Castillo and all his garbage, I had high hopes for you. You're a professional wrestler. You're one of us. I thought you would be able to feel how we feel... and I thought most importantly, that everything you'd do would be for THEM!

[He points to the fans who cheer loudly.]

RM: The sign out front tonight doesn't just say "professional wrestling."

It says Opportunity Knocks!

And the rules of this night are pretty damn simple.

[Martinez glares hard at Zharkov.]

RM: If you call someone out, they gotta get in here and FIGHT!

[The crowd ROARS again!]

RM: And in case you weren't listening back there... I JUST CALLED THAT SON OF A BITCH OUT!

[The crowd ROARS again as Wright looks up at the ring, Theresa lightly placing a hand on his forearm.]

RM: And you... of all people... should know that when a Martinez wants a fight...

[He steps closer to Zharkov, eye to eye with him now.]

RM: ...he damn sure gets one.

[The crowd buzzes at the proximity of the White Knight to the Tsar, old wounds potentially being reopened.]

RM: We're reaching a tipping point, Zharkov. I've been patient. I've been the good employee. But we're getting to the point where I'm not going to let a single soul stand between me...

[He gestures at Wright again.]

RM: ...and him. Not even you.

[Zharkov's eyes flash, boring down on Martinez. Suddenly, Martinez takes a step back, his expression changing with a shake of his head.]

RM: You know something, Zharkov... maybe I was wrong about you all along.

Maybe the reason you're out here like a good corporate officer, standing in my way, is because you CAN'T understand where I'm coming from.

And maybe the reason you can't relate to me and the rest of the boys is because you're NOT one of us...

[The crowd buzzes at that.]

RM: ...not anymore... suit.

[Zharkov glares HARD at the White Knight for that remark as the crowd "ooooohs."]

MZ: I am not yet beyond 100% of where I was last year, Martinez. That was my vow, that I would only return to the ring when I could surpass what I did when I left.

[Zharkov pauses.]

MZ: However...

[He steps closer, getting nose to nose with the White Knight.]

MZ: ...I would oblige you and show you a fraction of what I am capable of now. Recall the Battle of Boston, if you will!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Zharkov starts to remove his suit jacket, Martinez' gaze locked on him.]

SA: Wait a second! Is this gonna happen?!

CP: Martinez might've crossed a line he can't step back over, Big Sal!

SA: The Tsar has had a burr under his saddle for a few weeks now and it looks to me like he's a man looking for a fight! Well, if he wants one, Ryan Martinez is gonna give him all he's got and THEN some!

[Zharkov pulls off his jacket, tossing it aside as he stands in dress slacks and a dress shirt. He holds up his clipboard for a second, preparing to put it down as well...

...when a voice rings out from off camera.]

"THE TWO OF YOU BETTER KNOCK THIS CRAP OFF RIGHT NOW!"

[And we cut to the top of the aisle again where someone else has emerged - one of the owners of the AWA itself, Jon Stegglet. Stegglet is dressed in a well-tailored black suit and is walking quickly to the ring, trailed by even more security... as well as Kevin Slater, Bobby Taylor, and Todd Michaelson.]

SA: The whole front office just emptied out! Jon Stegglet, Bobby Taylor, Todd Michaelson... they've ALL come to Seattle to try to put a stop to this!

[Stegglet reaches the ring, quickly joining Zharkov and a stunned Ryan Martinez in there. Martinez says something off-mic to Stegglet who shakes his head and then steps between the two, putting a hand on each man's chest and forcefully shoving them a step apart.]

JS: We are NOT doing this. I'll tell you that damn much.

[Stegglet sighs, throwing a hard look at Supreme Wright who smirks and waves at the man that signs his checks.]

JS: The amount of garbage you cause...

[He shakes his head in disgust... and then turns back to Zharkov and Martinez.]

JS: I get it. You're both frustrated. You...

[He puts a hand on Zharkov's shoulder, the Interim President looking like he's about to slap it away.]

JS: You're upset because you can't get cleared and you want nothing more at this point than to get back in this ring and face someone like this again.

[Zharkov's gaze lowers.]

JS: And you...

[He shakes his head again as he looks at Martinez.]

JS: You want to kick that guy's ass so badly, you don't care what happens to yourself.

[He gestures at Wright.]

JS: Well, I DO! I do care. And these people care. And as much as every single one of us wants to see you beat the hell out of Supreme Wright for everything he's pulled over the past nine months, I'm not gonna let it happen if it means you're

added to the growing list of people on the injured list because of him and those jackals he runs with. You hear me?

[Martinez turns his fury on his employer.]

RM: Oh, I hear you, Jon. I hear you clear as a bell... but I'm just not sure you hear me. Look, I get it... I do. Years ago, you made some solemn vow to my father to watch out for me.

[Stegglet nods with a "that's right."]

RM: Well, I'm not a kid anymore, Jon. I'm a grown man. And I'm a two-time AWA World Champion. I've fought armies... I've fought legends... I've fought the most dangerous men to ever lace 'em up.

And I'm still standing, Jon! I didn't need you to protect me from ANY of them... and I don't need you to protect me from HIM!

[He points to Wright again as the crowd roars!]

RM: So, I'm asking you, Jon... hell, I'm out here BEGGING you. Get all these people out of here... get 'em all back to the locker room and clear a path from him to get in this ring and get what he's been begging for since Toronto.

Come on, Jon... come on...

[He jerks a thumb at his chest.]

RM: Make the match.

[He nods again.]

RM: Make the match.

[And again.]

RM: Make the match.

[And predictably, the AWA faithful joins in on the chant which soon echoes throughout the KeyArena...]

"MAKE! THE! MATCH!"

"MAKE! THE! MATCH!"

"MAKE! THE! MATCH!"

[Martinez points to the crowd, nodding his head...

...and Stegglet turns to walk away, shaking his head to HUGE JEERS!]

RM: Damn it! Come on! I'll do ANYTHING for the match! I'll sign any contract you've got... any waiver... any "hold harmless" agreement... you can pick the stipulation... hell, HE can pick the stipulation...

[Stegglet keeps walking.]

RM: Cage match. Woodshed. Texas Death. No Man's Land! ANY OF IT!

[Stegglet doesn't respond.]

RM: DAMN IT, JON! MAKE IT UNSANCTIONED!

[Stegglet pauses on his exit from the ring... his gaze drifting as the crowd goes NUTS!]

CP: Did he say... Unsanctioned?!

SA: Ryan Martinez has a history in this company with that word! He battled the legendary Hall of Famer Caleb Temple in an Unsanctioned Match which was one of the most dangerous, most violent matches this company has ever seen, Colt... can you imagine turning him and Wright loose in that sort of environment?!

CP: I sure can... and from the looks of things, I'd say Jon Stegglet can too!

[Stegglet is still unmoving for a moment longer... and then keeps walking, ducking out of the ring, gesturing for all of the AWA front office to follow him... including Maxim Zharkov who begrudgingly obliges, walking behind the ownership group as they head back up the aisle to BIG JEERS from the Seattle crowd...]

SA: Temptation reared its head there, I think, but Jon Stegglet's standing firm, Colt.

CP: I think most of assumed that this decision to keep these two apart was more of a corporate thing... trying to protect one of the company's top stars after Team Supreme has taken out so many... but now I think it's far more personal. Is Jon Stegglet trying to protect Ryan Martinez not for the sake of the company... but for Martinez himself?

[...as Ryan Martinez stands fuming in the middle of the ring. He stares a hole through Supreme Wright, as the leader of Team Supreme taunts him from behind the safety of the wall of security that separates the two. Martinez points to the shirt again, getting the crowd going once more...]

"MAKE! THE! MATCH!"

"MAKE! THE! MATCH!"

"MAKE! THE! MATCH!"

"MAKE! THE! MATCH!"

"MAKE! THE! MATCH!"

[...and with that, we fade backstage to a grinning Mark Stegglet.]

MS: A tense scene out in the KeyArena tonight as Ryan Martinez tries to make the one match here at Opportunity Knocks that the company won't allow. The one match that's too controversial for a night when all bets are off.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Some tough decisions being made by the front office here tonight, fans. But in just a few moments, we've been told that Lily Driscoll will be headed out there - excuse me, "DIAMOND" Lily Driscoll - to make her own challenge here tonight. We do NOT know who she will be challenging other than she says it's a favor to Miss Sandra Hayes...

[Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: ...which tells me absolutely nothing. But what I DO know is that Lily Driscoll is taking full advantage of the AWA's offer for ALL Brass Ring competitors to continue taking part in AWA events until the tournament concludes - whether they've been eliminated or not. Driscoll is still a part of the tournament... for now... in fact, let's take a second here to run down where things stand with the Brass Ring Tournament which has been running exclusively on Showtime all summer long...

[We get a graphic that comes up, showing six competitors. On one side of the screen, we see Catalina Lopez, Amber Gold, and Jo Jo Washington. On the other, Armani Avery, Gabriel Cordova, and Elijah Wilde.]

MS: Six competitors have made it through to the Semifinals. Two more matches remain and those will be coming up THIS WEEKEND on Showtime as the first round of this tournament wraps up. On July 7th right here on ESPN, you'll be seeing "Diamond" Lily Driscoll herself taking on Felicia Love... and on the other side of the tournament, we've got the former GFC fighter Danny King taking on the Crusherweight himself, Adrian Kirk.

[The graphic fades to leave Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Remember, fans... every match matters as these final ten competitors look to grab that Brass Ring, grab that AWA contract, and grab that future title opportunity! And speaking of opportunity... let's head back down to ringside to Big Sal and Colt as we get ready for our next matchup!

[We fade back into the KeyArena where the lights fade, replaced by purple lighting, as "Illumielle" by Jo Blankenburg starts to play over the PA system. On the video wall, a single, rotating 3D diamond appears. There is no movement from the curtain for the first ten seconds.]

SA: Thanks, Mark, and I guess it's not a secret who is up next to issue a challenge.

[And that's when "Diamond" Lily Driscoll steps through the curtain. She stands still at the top of the ramp, silhouetted by the purple light. Her head is bowed, her hands clasped behind her back. Lily wears a gold and purple singlet with a diamond across the chest, white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

SA: As we just were reminded by Mark Stegglet, Lily Driscoll is set to face Felicia Love in the final first round match of the women's Brass Ring tournament, but I have to ask myself if she might be aiming for too much, too soon by appearing on Opportunity Knocks tonight.

CP: Hey, there's nothing wrong with showing initiative. After all, the Brass Ring participants were allowed to appear on any AWA show for the duration of the tournament. I like seeing somebody like Lily Driscoll taking advantage of that.

[As the percussion and the main rhythmic string melody kick in, the purple light on the stage switches to a single spotlight. Driscoll snaps her head up, a smug smile on her face. She raises her arms and points upward, then begins to strut down to the ring in time to the music, the spotlight following her. Driscoll ignores the fans, looking over their heads as if they aren't worth eye contact.]

SA: We saw Lily earlier on meeting up with Miss Sandra Hayes, saying she was not only going to issue a challenge, but do a favor for Hayes. What do you suppose that's all about?

CP: Perhaps Lily's thinking that Sandra might manage her someday. After all, she did recognize Sandra as the greatest manager in the AWA... and I think you can make a great case for that.

SA: She DOES manage the AWA National Champion and played her fair share in the chicanery that went down to make that happen. Lily Driscoll could pick worse representation if that's what she's looking for.

[Driscoll reaches the ring and pulls herself onto the apron. She stands there, looking out to the crowd, that smug smile ever present. As the music reaches its peak, she hooks the top rope and executes a backflip, landing on her feet. Driscoll then pauses for a moment, spins on her heels and throws her arms wide as the purple lights and spotlight fade and the main arena lights come back up.]

SA: Before Lily Driscoll can think about that, though, she has to beat Felicia Love in a week's time, and that's far from a given.

CP: I take nothing away from Felicia Love, but I'm not going to bet against a Driscoll, Big Sal - especially after what I've seen from Lily in the ring... she's caught my attention with her talents and it's not easy to catch my attention like that!

SA: Lily Driscoll is a member of the Driscoll wrestling family - the third Driscoll to compete here in the AWA after her brother Rob who is a former National Champion and her uncle Paul as well. Of course, the Driscolls are also known for their promoting background, running a territory based in El Paso that covered New Mexico and parts of Texas.

CP: That's all in the past though, Albano - this young lady right here is all about the future.

[Driscoll then struts over to the side of the ring to get the mic. Her music fades and she surveys the crowd, the smug smile still on her face, then she chuckles.]

LD: I heard some people say that I shouldn't be out here tonight... that I should be preparing for the Brass Ring, that I need to sit back and watch what happens tonight, rather than look ahead and assume I've already won it all.

But those people lack initiative... they lack the desire to go out and show everyone exactly how you EARN your place. Instead, they sit back and accept whatever it is they are told to do, thus showing everyone they are willing to accept mediocrity... like a lot of these people here in Seattle!

[That doesn't go over well with the Seattle crowd, but Driscoll just laughs it off.]

LD: But Driscolls never accept mediocrity! We are always about excellence!

Just as my friend Miss Sandra Hayes is about excellence!

[The crowd jeers the mention of the unpopular manager.]

LD: And just as some people don't appreciate what the Driscolls have done, there are some people who don't appreciate what Sandra Hayes has done! She's led wrestlers to singles titles, she's led them to tag team titles, she always finds the best talent in wrestling today and leads them to greatness... and let's not forget she was the real driving force behind the Wise Men!

[Bringing up that isn't going to win Driscoll any fans, as evidenced by the crowd's boos. Driscoll just chuckles.]

LD: Oh, I'm sorry, did I touch a nerve with a lot of you? I'll bet I really touched a nerve with one person in particular... and that brings me to Lori Dane, who has a daughter who has proven herself to be not just a great manager, but who I would call the greatest manager of all time in the AWA!

And all I've seen from Lori is how she's so disappointed in the daughter that she has and would rather sing the praises of the daughter that she WISHED she had!

[That statement draws some boos, but a few "ooohs" as well from fans who have an idea about who Driscoll is talking about.]

LD: So what I want to do right now is show the world that I'm not afraid to go after the favorites of the front office here in the AWA, especially when it's somebody who wants to think of that favorite as her daughter.

And that is why I am calling her out into the ring right now!

[She gestures toward the back.]

LD: I'm waiting for you... MELISSA CANNON!

[And now a lot of fans react with a shocked reaction, as Driscoll leans against the ropes, staring up the aisle and still motioning with her hand, that smug smile still on her face.]

SA: Well, that's a bold statement right there, Colt. Opportunity Knocks is all about chances, and tonight this young woman decided not to wait for hers - she took it.

CP: You got that right. Lily Driscoll walked into the AWA, looked around, and decided she wanted an AWA Original. That takes guts... or a complete lack of self-preservation.

SA: We may find out which one it is here in just a few moments as I can't imagine-

[The opening notes of "The Lonely Shepherd" cut off Big Sal as they drift over the arena and the reaction swells as Melissa Cannon emerges onto the entrance stage. An amused smile on her face, Cannon nods at Driscoll's bravado as she stands in her ring gear on the ramp, looking out on the cheering crowd.]

SA: Exiled no more, Melissa Cannon has come to Opportunity Knocks and you better believe she answered the call when her name was dropped. An AWA Original, one of the birth mothers of the Women's Division itself... Colt, this is a woman whose name still means something everywhere this company goes.

CP: Big Sal, Melissa Cannon was happy in Japan... a dream come true for her last year to work there full-time... but she was unfulfilled because she's got another dream... and that dream is to wear AWA championship gold. She wants to be on top of the division she helped birth and build and who can blame her for that.

SA: Melissa looks ready for a fight... but I have to wonder about her emotional state after seeing her good friend, Julie Somers, drop the Women's World Title earlier tonight to Michelle Bailey.

CP: She hasn't got time for the pain, Albano... she's gotta choke it down and get to business because she's got a rookie trying to use her as a stepping stone here tonight in Seattle.

[Cannon reaches ringside, pausing to give a look over at Theresa Lynch and the rest of Team Supreme with a shake of her head before climbing the ringsteps. She eyeballs Driscoll as she comes through the ropes, a hard look at the Brass Ring tournament competitor.]

SA: Win, lose, or draw, Lily Driscoll still has a date next weekend with Felicia Love... but that means nothing to Melissa Cannon who is working her way back up the ladder of contention since her return a little over a month ago.

[Referee Rebecca Daniels gives a quick check to both competitors before...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Cannon turns, putting her boot on the middle buckle to adjust a lace...

...and Driscoll seizes the day, jumping her from behind with a clubbing forearm to the back of the head. Twisting her around in the corner, she plants two firm boots into the midsection...]

SA: Driscoll with the sneak attack, taking an early edge...

[...and pulls her out of the corner, looking for a scoop slam, lifting her up...]

SA: ...scoops her up, Cannon slips out...

[...and Cannon hooks a waistlock, bringing her up and over with a crisp German Suplex, bridge standing tall as the official dives down to count!]

SA: This one could be over in a hurry!

[A two count falls before Driscoll kicks out, promptly rolling towards the ropes as Cannon gets to her feet, a smirk in place as the fans cheer her on.]

SA: Well, Lily Driscoll was out here to do a lot of talking... about her good friend Sandra Hayes... about Lori Dane... and of course, about Melissa Cannon who just answered all that talking with a textbook German Suplex.

CP: Driscoll's smart enough not to stick around though, already out on the apron trying to regroup...

[But as she goes to the outside, she gets an earful from the ringside fans, something that motivates her to return verbal fire, letting her tongue wag in their direction...]

SA: Driscoll with some words for the fans...

[The official is talking to Driscoll, inviting her back inside the ring as Cannon advances towards her...

...and Driscoll slingshots over the ropes, snatching an arm to toss Cannon down with an armdrag!]

SA: Oh! Nice athletic move out of “Diamond” Lily Driscoll... and there's a certain poetry to a Driscoll with that moniker being in the Brass Ring Tournament, Colt.

CP: In Seattle, a legendary man once said it's better to burn out than to fade away... well, the last Driscoll around these parts did exactly that and now his sister is here trying to pick up where he left off.

[Driscoll secures an armbar on Cannon, cranking the limb, but Cannon rolls through, getting back to her feet...

...and Driscoll responds with a dropkick to the knee, knocking Cannon back down onto a knee, grimacing just before a second dropkick to the chest knocks her flat on the canvas!]

SA: Driscoll showing off some of her aerial skills, putting the AWA Original down early in this one...

[Driscoll gets back to her feet, talking some trash to Cannon... then to the fans as she struts around the ring...]

CP: I like this girl already, Albano.

SA: She definitely seems like your kind of competitor.

[Cannon gets off the mat, advancing on Driscoll, shoving her back into the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for a break...]

SA: Cannon backs off and- OH! Driscoll goes right to the eyes!

CP: The Greco Roman eyegouge!

[Driscoll takes advantage, whipping Cannon into the turnbuckles while she's blinded...

...and then charges in after her, tumbling into a handspring...]

SA: HANDSPRIIIING... ELBOW CONNECTS!

[Grabbing Cannon by the back of the head, Driscoll charges out and DRIVES her facefirst into the canvas!]

SA: What a combination by "Diamond" Lily Driscoll... and now she's making HER first cover of the match!

[A two count follows before Cannon kicks out.]

SA: Lily Driscoll looking good so far in this one, Colt.

CP: She's not just mouth, Big Sal. She can move.

[Driscoll stays on her opponent, pulling Cannon up and into a stiff forearm on the jaw, sending Cannon spiraling away to the turnbuckles...]

SA: OH! Hard shot by Driscoll...

[A running forearm follows, stunning Cannon as Driscoll drags her out by the hair, looking out on the jeering crowd...

...and then charges across the ring, leaping into the air, and using the handhold to SNAP Cannon's throat down across the top rope!]

SA: We've seen that move before, fans... and Driscoll executed it quite well, leaving the veteran in a bad, bad way early on in this one.

[Grabbing the ropes, Driscoll pulls herself back up on the apron, ducking inside to start climbing...]

SA: Driscoll heading up now, taking a chance!

[...and launches herself off the top rope, diving down onto Cannon on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BIG DIVE TO THE FLOOOOOOR! Lily Driscoll is putting on a show in her debut!

CP: More importantly, she's putting Melissa Cannon in trouble.

[Driscoll is the first one up, smug as can be as she struts a few steps before pulling the veteran off the ringside mats, rolling her back inside...]

SA: Driscoll puts Cannon back in, perhaps looking to finish her off...

[Driscoll steps in as well, ducking back inside and heading over to the corner. She hops up onto the middle rope, arms spread wide to the jeers of the AWA faithful...]

SA: She's looking for the Ace of Diamonds early! She's looking to finish this!

[...and as Cannon slowly recovers on the mat, Driscoll sets for a flipping neckbreaker...]

SA: Cannon getting to her-

[...and the veteran sees what's coming, rushing forward to catch the standing Driscoll with a forearm to the chest!]

SA: OH!

[Cannon steps up on the middle rope, using it as a boost to POP Driscoll under the chin with a kneestrike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Driscoll slumps forward, allowing Cannon to hook a front facelock, using the boosted position to easily take Driscoll over in a spine-shaking suplex!]

SA: What a counter by the veteran!

[Cannon rolls off the mat to a knee, nodding to the cheering crowd, inspiring her to get back to her feet where she slaps her palms down on the mat with a loud shout!]

SA: Cannon's fired up! And just like that, she's the one who might be about to finish this thing!

[As Driscoll staggers up to her feet, Cannon goes into a spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd collectively gasps as Cannon LAYS OUT the Brass Ring rookie with a ferocious spinning backfist!]

SA: THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Cannon drops to her knees, diving across Driscoll's prone torso.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DRISCOLL KICKS OUT! Just barely in time! Cannon almost knocked her into the middle of next week... and somehow Driscoll gets the shoulder up!

[Cannon looks a little surprised, smiling down at Driscoll with a nod.]

SA: Perhaps a little surprise... and a little respect on the part of the AWA Original there as Driscoll kicks out of the spinning backfist that has won many a match for Cannon.

[Climbing to her feet, bringing Driscoll up with her, Cannon goes to work in a methodical fashion, grabbing the leg...]

SA: Up she goes... SHINBREAKER!

[...and hangs on, lifting again...]

SA: ANOTHER ONE!

[Twisting her body, Cannon hooks Driscoll's foot on the middle rope, leaving her vulnerable as Cannon leaps up and STOMPS the back of the knee, causing Driscoll to cry out in pain as she collapses to the mat, grabbing her now-injured leg...]

SA: And Melissa Cannon has her target, the knee of Lily Driscoll!

CP: Smart. You take the legs, you take the flying.

[Cannon grabs the leg, extending it out to drive a few swift kicks into the knee area...]

SA: Continuing to go for the knee...

[...and then flips Driscoll over onto her stomach in a half Boston Crab.]

SA: ...and into the submission hold! Cranking back on that leg!

[Driscoll cries out, stretching for the ropes as the crowd cheers Cannon on.]

SA: Melissa Cannon looking to teach this young rookie a lesson.

CP: She got called out and she wants Driscoll to know why that was a bad idea.

[Driscoll refuses to give in as Cannon leans back, wrenching the targeted leg...]

SA: Driscoll hanging on...

CP: She's gotta be careful here. She wants to stay in this, keep trying to score the upset on Cannon... but she's also days away from her first round match in the tournament that could lock her in to an AWA contract! That's gotta be the priority, Big Sal.

SA: She's still fighting though - you gotta give her credit annnnd... she gets to the ropes!

[Cannon breaks clean, stepping across the ring as Driscoll writhes on the mat, grabbing at her lower back in pain...]

SA: Cannon's gone after the leg, now to the back as well... and Lily Driscoll's gotta figure something out fast or this one's gonna be over.

[Cannon turns back towards Driscoll, approaching the ropes to pull her up...

...and gets POPPED with a forearm to the jaw!]

SA: OH! Driscoll caught her with one and-

[Cannon shakes it off defiantly, grabbing Driscoll by the hair, laying in one... two... three brutal forearms that rock the dental work of the Brass Ring competitor before a European uppercut puts her back into the ropes, staggering out...]

SA: Cannon hooks her... OVERHEAD THROW!

[...and launches her with an overhead belly to belly, sending Driscoll bouncing off the canvas!]

SA: She sends Driscoll flying! Melissa Cannon showing the entire world that she still is among the elite in this division... and she's showing Lily Driscoll that maybe she's not quite ready to face the top stars yet.

[Cannon settles into another lateral press, getting another two count before Driscoll desperately kicks out!]

SA: Another two count... and while she's on the defensive, Lily Driscoll is showing the fans she's got what it takes to be a part of this division. Continuing to stay in the fight...

CP: She's trying to create some distance, trying to get away from Cannon but the leg is slowing her down. Cannon's worked the leg... worked the back... and that might be the undoing for "Diamond" Lily Driscoll...

[With Driscoll grabbing the ropes, Cannon swoops in behind her, snatching a rear waistlock...]

SA: Another German on the way!

[...but Driscoll won't let go, hanging onto the ropes!]

SA: Cannon's too strong for her! Rips her off the ropes!

[But Driscoll hammers her fists down on the clasped hands, trying to break free of the waistlock...]

...which causes Cannon to rush her forward towards the corner!]

SA: Cannon drives her- OHHH!

[The crowd reacts as well as Driscoll ducks down, causing Cannon to smash her own face and torso into the turnbuckles, staggering backwards!]

SA: Driscoll with a timely counter!

[Driscoll hops up on the middle rope, grimacing as she does, standing perched as Cannon staggers towards her...]

SA: ACE OF DIAMONDS!

[...but Cannon flattens out, causing Driscoll to CRASH down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: She had a shot right there! If she'd hit that, it might be over right now! But instead, the veteran sees it coming, gets clear, and causes Driscoll to knock herself silly on that hard fall!

CP: It looked like she hit the back of her head on the mat! She might be seeing stars right now...

SA: And if she wasn't before...

[Cannon pulls the dazed Driscoll off the mat, tugging her into a standing headscissors, leaning down to hook one arm... then the other...]

SA: ...she might be...

[...and then lifts her into the air, flipping her over, and sitting out in a thunderous powerbomb!]

SA: ...NOOOOOOOOW!

[Holding onto the legs, Cannon stays in position as the referee drops down to count one... two.. and three!]

SA: She got it!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[As Rebecca Ortiz makes it official, Cannon slowly gets to her feet, breathing hard but composed as she gives another nod to the downed Driscoll.]

SA: Lily Driscoll came in here with all the confidence in the world, and to her credit, she showed us a lot tonight.

CP: Yeah, she did. She also found out that asking for Melissa Cannon is not the same as beating Melissa Cannon.

[Driscoll rolls to a hip, stunned from the powerbomb as Cannon allows the official to raise her hand. Driscoll scoots away from her, a disappointed and angry look on her face before she rolls to the outside...]

SA: The Seattle fans showing Melissa Cannon the love here tonight at Opportunity Knocks... but bad attitude or not, that young woman there outside the ring can go. I don't think this will be the last we hear from “Diamond” Lily Driscoll. Opportunity knocked tonight... and while Lily Driscoll didn't seize the victory, she may have made believers out of a few people.

CP: Sure. Right before Melissa Cannon reminded her there are levels to this game, Big Sal, and while she's got a bright future ahead of her... Lily Driscoll isn't quite on Melissa Cannon's level... not yet.

SA: You gotta love the action in the AWA Women's Division, fans. We've got a new Women's World Champion in Michelle Bailey. We've got Melissa Cannon re-staking her claim to the top of this division. We've got the Brass Ring rookies fighting for their spot in this roster. And just a few days ago at Showtime, Kimmy Bailey joined Mariah Wolfe and said she was going to call out Kurayami tonight.

CP: Yeah, and I still think she's crazy. We saw her barely survive when she went to Japan a couple of weeks ago, and now she wants a second bite of that rotten apple?

SA: I have to admit, it's a big challenge for the rookie sensation as she approaches her first anniversary as a wrestler, but we've known Kimmy Bailey to be nothing but bold since she came to the AWA. Mark Stegglet caught up with Kimmy earlier tonight to get her thoughts on what is sure to be a titanic struggle.

[We cut backstage to footage marked “EARLIER TONIGHT,” where Mark Stegglet stands next to Kimmy Bailey. The younger Bailey has her hands on her hips, her biceps pumped up and bulging, as she has her eyes fixed to the floor.]

MS: AWA fans, I have Kimmy Bailey with me as she's mentally psyching herself up for a second chance against Kurayami. Kimmy, a lot of us in the AWA were impressed by your showing against the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo at Korakuen Hall, but many of those same people are asking... why take the risk in a second match?

[Kimmy looks up, a frown on her face as she gives some two-toned side-eye.]

KB: 'Cause the job ain't done.

[There is an uncomfortable moment between the two, as Kimmy arches an eyebrow.]

KB: You want more than that?

[Mark nods as Kimmy licks her teeth under her lips.]

KB: It ain't easy goin' up against someone like Kurayami. She's bigger, meaner, more experienced. She ain't someone I'm supposed to beat. Y'all are laudin' me since I got close, 'cause she ran away.

[A shake of the head.]

KB: That ain't enough. It ain't enough for me to get "just enough". I woke up in my hotel the next mornin', my body was sore, my head was screamin' for ibuprofen, and I asked myself a question...

"Is Kurayami still walkin'?"

[Kimmy raises her eyebrows.]

KB: Tell me, Mark. Is she walkin'?

[Mark nods.]

MS: She is.

[A slight shrug.]

KB: So until I hear Molly Bell purrin', until I see Ayako Fujiwara reachin' for a tag, until that whole crowd is screamin' at the top of their lungs...

"LARIATOS!"

...then I gotta do what I gotta do.

[Kimmy turns to walk away, but she is stopped by a friendly hand.]

MS: Wait!

[Mark frowns, Kimmy turning around to meet him. The two share a look, one of determination, one of concern, before the interviewer nods.]

MS: You gotta do what you gotta do.

[Kimmy punches her palm.]

KB: And Kurayami's gonna wish I don't.

[And as Kimmy walks out of frame, we fade to black.]

Cut to ringside at an unknown AWA event. Ricki Toughill is flung over the ropes by an unknown opponent and crashes into the ringside barricade. She stands upright, looking a bit frustrated, and looks at something off-camera.]

RT: Oh hey.

[The something off-camera is a fully stocked Dunkin' shop counter at ringside, complete with a friendly-looking barista.]

B: Looks like a pretty tough opponent tonight. Medium cold brew?

"ONE!"

[Ricki looks up at the ring, which is off-camera, then back at the barista.]

RT: You can make it a large. This ref always counts slow.

[The barista hands Ricki her tall, frosty cold brew. She takes a sip. Another customer seated at a ringside table with a laptop computer in front of him takes notice.]

C: Wow, she knows your order?

RT: Yeah, I spend a lot of time out here.

[Ricki is about to sit down, when she notices the empty chair beside the other customer. She picks up the folding chair and snaps it shut.]

RT: Mind if I take a seat?

[Ricki looks up into the ring with a mischievous, crooked grin—a cold brew in one hand and a steel chair in the other.]

V/O: Where there's wrestling, there's Dunkin'.

[Cut to a close-up shot of a cold brew. Another cold brew rebounds off a set of three ropes and slides into position beside it. The AWA and Dunkin' logo flash on screen.]

V/O: Cold brew for bell time. America runs on Dunkin'!

[And we fade back to the backstage area of the KeyArena where we find the Soldiers of Fortune flanking a smug-looking Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Welcome back to Opportunity Knocks right HERE on ESPN... and as you can see, I've been joined by the Soldiers of Fortune-

[Charlie Stephens interrupts.]

CS: The former World Tag Team Champions and Stampede Cup winners!

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Ah, ah... therein lies the problem, right? This version...

[He gestures sloppily at the masked and lurking Mr. Stars and Stripes.]

SLB: ...of the Soldiers of Fortune are NOT the former champions... are NOT the former Stampede Cup winners! You won those honors alongside "Captain" Joe Flint and...

[Blackwell makes a show of looking around.]

SLB: ...he's nowhere to be seen even though you PROMISED Interim President Zharkov that you could produce him here tonight! What gives, Charlie Stephens?!

[Stephens angrily responds.]

CS: Don't you worry your vacant little skull about it, Blackwell. I promised Joe Flint would be here... and I'm a man of my word...

[Blackwell rolls his eyes.]

CS: ...so HE'LL BE HERE! And when he gets here, he and I are gonna walk that aisle with Marty here waving Ol' Glory high overhead on the 4th of July... with Mr. Stars and Stripes showing what a REAL American is supposed to look like...

[The masked man flexes his very defined biceps.]

CS: ...and the Soldiers of Fortune are going to do the AWA a favor! The wrestlers! The fans! The office! We're going to put down Team Supreme with the whole world watching and don't you worry, Blackwell... I'm going to leave you a spot first in line to show up and say, "Thank you, Charlie Stephens! Thank you!"

SLB: Seems like a long shot to me, Stephens. You don't even know who you're facing tonight!

[Stephens smirks.]

CS: That's true, that's true. We DON'T know... but we've got a gameplan for all of 'em! You want to send your weapon, Supreme... we're ready. You want to send Japan's finest export since...

[Stephens shrugs.]

CS: I've never had a use for anything but the best AMERICAN-made products so I got nothin' there... but if you want to send KAMS, we're ready for 'em. We're ready for all of 'em, Supreme, so choose wisely who you want to send to their utter embarrassment here in Seattle when the Soldiers of Fortune have the biggest comeback of all time. Charlie Stephens. Joe Flint. TWO-time World Tag Team Champions. Oh, it's gonna be one hell of a victory party, Blackwell.

SLB: I'm sure it is. IF he shows up.

[Stephens glares at Blackwell.]

CS: He'll be here, Blackwell! He'll be here! In fact, I'm gonna go find him... RIGHT NOW!

[Stephens storms off, leaving Blackwell smirking. Marty Meekly throws a glance at Mr. Stars and Stripes who gives a nod before Meekly leads the masked man out of view.]

SLB: The Soldiers of Fortune ready to challenge for the World Tag Team Titles right here tonight at Opportunity Knocks... or so they claim. We'll see. We'll see. Let's go back down to ringside!

[We crossfade from the backstage area to a panning shot of the sold out crowd jammed into the KeyArena...]

...and suddenly, the PA comes to life with the sound of an audience chanting.]

"B-T-R!
B-T-R!
B-T-R!
B-T-R!
B-T-R!"

[Interrupted by a needle scratch. And the voice of Justin Gaines.]

"Slates are never clean. And respect is never assumed."

[The palm muted intro of "All My Life" by Foo Fighters plays.]

All my life, I've been searchin' for somethin'
Somethin' never comes, never leads to nothin'
Nothin' satisfies, but I'm gettin' close
Closer to the prize at the end of the rope
All night long, I dream of the day
When it comes around, then it's taken away
Leaves me with the feelin' that I feel the most
Feel it come to life when I see your ghost

[A heavy E major flat kicks the song into overdrive... as out steps an intent-looking "Baddest Thang Running," Justin Gaines. He's clad this time in street clothes with a slate blue puffy vest over a tight-fitting black Under Armour T-shirt customized with giant italicized numerals that say 6'7", faded athletic fit jeans and Adidas Ultra Boost sneakers - black with royal blue laces.]

SA: Sounds like someone tuned up his sounder. BTR must stand for... Baddest Thang Running?

CP: You know it!

SA: And that's what Justin Gaines now calls himself. In recent weeks, he's been promising to call someone out - but we still don't know who that is.

CP: I've heard guesses. None stated on the air. Few I bet were accurate.

[Justin's long, dirty blond hair and two days of stubble complete the look as he paces to the ring. He ignores the many who boo and the few who cheer.]

SA: One thing we do know. Justin Gaines is not here to mess around. He's got a lot on his mind.

CP: His facial expression says it all. And while we don't know WHO this is about, we have a pretty good idea WHAT this is about. Respect.

[Justin reaches the ring and rolls directly in, standing in one motion. He walks across the ring towards the ropes, his eyes drifting over onto the Team Supreme section of the front row where AJ Martinez is standing tall, shouting "SIT DOWN, LITTLE MAN!" to the laughter of his comrades. Justin Gaines chooses to ignore him, turning away.]

SA: You said it. Justin Gaines feels he deserves respect - respect he's not getting from the fans, office, talent or anyone else.

CP: But he is starting to get it from me. Look what he's been doing. He hasn't just been winning matches, but doing things to people that they feel the next month. Things that might end up on their MyHealth chart. You have to respect the ability,

not to mention the lack of hesitation. It's about making a name at the expense of others.

SA: Well, yes, but he's also been demanding that people call him The Baddest Thang Running. That seems like a stretch. Mariah Wolfe is in the ring to ask questions, let's go to her.

[Mariah Wolfe steps to mid-ring where Gaines is waiting for her.]

MW: Justin Gaines, you requested this time to address someone who's in the back tonight. I...

[Justin cuts her off.]

JG [peevd]: Aren't you forgetting something?

[He points to a spot in the ring, opposite the hard camera, a few feet from the back rope and a few feet from the ringpost. And nods. So she stands on that spot, as Justin stands back to watch, and winds up her vocal delivery...]

MW: Ladies and gentlemen ...

[Justin makes a "move it along" motion...]

MW: It is my pleasure to introduce at this time...

[Justin glares at her...]

MW: Representing the future legends in Generation Lost... hailing from Fairbanks, Alaska...

[Justin nods, as if to say: "You know what to say"...]

MW: "THE BADDEST THANG RUNNING"....

[Boos rain down as Wolfe takes a deep breath...]

MW: JUSTINNNNNNNNNNNN GAAAAAAAAINES!

[The boos crescendo. Mariah approaches Justin with the mic up - but he puts up the stop sign with his palm, then makes a "gimme" motion with his fingers. She hands the mic over.]

JG: Sorry, babe. That's all I needed you for. I'll take it from here.

[He points to the outside. She hesitates, then departs the ring between the ropes as the crowd jeers the bullying Gaines.]

SA: Justin Gaines is six foot seven, and casts an imposing shadow at 20 years of age. Was it really necessary to humiliate the announcing talent?

[Justin is dusting off his hands in the ring...]

JG: Bye bye. All you had to do was show respect the first time. It's not hard to show that... but evidently, it's hard to show it to ME.

[The crowd boos, only validating what Justin is saying.]

JG: Yep. That's my takeaway after weeks of destroying everyone in my path. People watch me do this, yet they still treat me like some wide-eyed kid. And that WAS me. Once.

But it's not now.

Which brings me to why I'm here... and who I'm here to call out.

Anyway... you know who you are. It's now time to stop reliving your glory days in the back, or stuffing your face in catering. It's time to come on down, and make it fast. I ain't got all day.

[A pause. Silence. Crickets.]

SA: Well, we knew he had someone in mind, Colt.

CP: Yeah, but who is it going to be?

[More waiting.]

SA: No sign of anyone yet.

CP: Maybe they're not here?

SA: He seemed pretty sure they are but I don't-

[The PA crackles to life... with the sound of an animal's roar. Followed by a voice.]

"Slates are never clean. And respect is never assumed."

[Yes, the same words we just heard, but the voice is different. Older.]

SA: Wait a minute.

CP: That's not...

SA: It couldn't be... could it?

[Silence. The arena goes dark. Then, a bluesy rock riff hits.

Yes. That one.

And then the slide guitar lead comes in. "Bad To The Bone." A spotlight shines on the entrance portal. And standing there is Gunnar Gaines.]

SA: It's him!

CP: Justin's dear old dad is here to try and steal the focus off him! What a guy!

SA: Some old grudges never die, huh?

[Gunnar struts out into the aisle. His smile slowly widens into a grin. A Grizzly Grin. He's got his standard outfit. A sleeveless white thermal shirt, under an unbuttoned flannel with the sleeves cut off. Denim cutoffs. Black boots.]

SA: Gunnar Gaines, coming out to answer the call! And I have one question to ask. Is this really who Justin Gaines was calling out? Accusing his own father of a lack of respect?

CP: Well, I have to think yes! And I can't wait for the tongue-lashing he's going to give his old man! This absent dad who never supported his son! Who was always more concerned with himself!

SA: Come on, Colt, that's a load of bull. Gunnar's the one who got Justin into this company! He got him into a big SuperClash match with Alex and Ryan Martinez! The big spotlight! The big payday!

CP: Yeah, where Gunnar lost them the match and got pinned. And since then he's been a bitter old has-been hanging out at home collecting residuals... leaving Justin to figure things out for himself. On the indies, in the prelims... but Justin Gaines is better than that, and now he's here to collect the respect he is owed.

[As Gunnar proceeds down the aisle, he's slapping hands with members of the crowd. He's pinching cheeks, tousling hair, hugging people - the whole bit.]

SA: Funny, when I look at Gunnar Gaines, I don't see someone selfish. Maybe back in the day... well, definitely back in the day... but not now. I see someone carefree and at peace. He's enjoying being right here in one of his favorite old haunts, that being the Emerald City, the gem of the Northwest, Seattle, Washington! And these fans remember him well!

[Gunnar reaches ringside, glaring with disdain at Bret Grayson who bellows "YOUR DAY IS DONE, OLD MAN!", before he walks up the steps, ducks between the ropes, and steps into the ring. He raises both arms to cheers from the crowd!]

CP: I have to say, Gunnar Gaines wasn't exactly cheered everywhere, but here he is among his own people. Seattle, the gateway to the Alaska Gold Rush! And Gunnar, from Alaska, gathered more than his share of gold in professional wrestling, starting right here! But he did all this while Justin was watching at home, hoping to get as much of his time as the fans did.

[The music winds down as Justin is standing holding the mic. Gunnar has his own, as Justin affects a double-take.]

JG: Holy hell. You actually came out here, Dad. You showed your face.

[Gunnar smirks.]

GG: Well, I figured if you could, I could! Takes you more guts than it does me!

[Crowd cheers for the slight burn as a slight look of shock crosses Justin's face, but he recovers.]

JG: Never mind. You're probably wondering why I asked you out here.

It's simple.

It's because of my new nickname, "The Baddest Thang Running."

[Gunnar slowly nods as the crowd jeers Justin's proclamation.]

JG: Now, famously, that used to belong to you.

Used to.

[Gunnar glowers at his defiant son.]

JG: But now it's mine.

I've earned it.

I've earned the respect that comes with it, which people aren't giving me. Which you haven't given me yet. But if you do, maybe others will.

[Justin eyeballs his father appraisingly.]

JG: And so, that's why I want you to make it official.

I imagine you've seen what I've been doing. And I'm dead certain you know what I CAN do.

You know it fits. We're here in Seattle. One of the towns where you made your name. It's the perfect place.

[Justin gestures at the jeering crowd all around him with a shake of his head.]

JG: I need you to do it. Call me... The Baddest Thang Running.

[Dead air. Gunnar holds his mic in one hand. Raises his other to his bearded chin. Strokes the beard. Tilts his head slightly before speaking.]

GG: Son... and I mean this with the utmost respect...

[Dramatic pause.]

GG: ...no.

[The Seattle crowd ROARS for the Hall of Famer as Justin's face recoils slightly, his brow furrowing. He leans in slightly, squinting at his father.]

JG: No? As in you're not gonna do this for me? Your son? Your heir? Your legacy?

[Gunnar affirms his decision with a shake of the head.]

JG: What, you want to keep it for yourself? You think you can still go?

[Gunnar again shakes his head — "No."]

JG: Well, what then?

[Gunnar takes a breath. He shakes his head ever so slightly.]

GG: I don't know if I can make you understand, but I'll try. You see, I'm not going to give you that name for a simple reason.

[Justin narrows his eyes, as if to say, "which is?"]

JG: It's because it's not best for you.

[Gunnar lets that answer hang in the air. Then he puts his hand on Justin's shoulder, with a sympathetic look.

Justin looks at the hand, like he can't believe it's there. Annoyedly, he brushes the hand off his shoulder.]

JG: Not best for me? How's that?

[Gunnar shrugs.]

GG: Simple. It's because you haven't done enough to earn it.

[Justin is apoplectic. He can hardly believe what his Dad is telling him.]

JG: Haven't earned it? Did I hear that right? Is my hearing getting as bad as Grandpa Larry's? Surely that wasn't what you said. It couldn't have been! I mean look... I've been wrecking people. I'm undefeated in singles competition! I'm the tallest guy on this roster and not only that, I'm also the youngest! No one has kicked out of my Denali Death Drop, and no one will!

The fact is, I've accomplished more in less time than anyone else here, and I'm only just getting started! They are learning to respect me! But it looks like you need to learn that lesson, too!

[The crowd boos loudly, suggesting maybe they haven't "learned" that lesson.]

JG: Or maybe you've been day drinking again and don't understand what I'm asking you.

[The boos explode!]

JG: Oh shut up! I'm not asking anything unreasonable here! I'm asking you to admit facts!

I AM THE BADDEST THANG RUNNING!

EVERYONE CAN SEE IT, AND NO ONE WANTS TO SAY IT! NOT EVEN YOU!

[Justin comes closer to his dad, glaring down his nose into Gunnar's face. The crowd rains down boos now, but Gunnar, with a wave of his hand, quiets them - and his son.]

GG: Listen, son. People are gonna say it's my ego talking again - but I have that name precisely because I EARNED that name. And once I did, that name got used AND abused by some of the best and the worst in this business.

Because the fact is, that name put a target on my back. People came after me. People resented me. I'd dare even say people hated me, which was no surprise and a price I willingly paid. I was never in this game to make any friends.

But because my ability EARNED that name, my ability allowed me to KEEP that name. Against all comers. In fact, people still use it today. Even you. If it's not for me, that name ain't worth nothing at all.

[The crowd murmurs.]

SA: He has a point.

CP: Right on top of his arrogant, self-centered, selfish-as-they-come, delusional head of his!

[Gunnar looks his son right in the face.]

GG: You know how I always told you, "Slates are never clean, and respect is never assumed?" Those words you use in your sounder? That's what that's about. Respect ISN'T assumed. The fact is, you're so far out over your skis, you're gonna end up with your ass in the air... and your face in the snow, finish line nowhere in sight.

[Justin shakes his head.]

GG: Yeah, you might have survived some preliminary bouts against the Todd Brocketts of the world.

But listen, son. I survived WARS.

[The crowd cheers in memory of some of those wars.]

GG: You wanna be promoted to general out of basic training? Good luck with that. Sincerely. Good luck with it! Yeah, you're big. And yeah, you're strong. And yeah, you're sure as hell hungry. These are all reasons maybe it will work for you. If'n it does, I'll be the first to say so.

[Justin nods, smiling.]

GG: But here's the thing. I ain't gonna be a party to it, and you know why.

It's 'cause I don't see it yet.

[Justin shakes his head angrily.]

JG: I'm gonna prove I'm the Baddest Thang Running, and you're gonna eat your words.

[Gunnar nods.]

GG: Eat my words? I'd love to. You're my son. I'll wash 'em down with wood grain and ask for seconds. There's nothing I'd like to see more. But when I look in the future right now, that's not what I see. Mostly because of what I see in the present. It don't line up with what I hear.

I HEAR a guy who wants to be his own man. And I SEE a guy who hangs around with a snotty pack of jackals.

I HEAR a guy who says he's tough. I SEE a guy who proves it by beating up the likes of Jerry Joblonsky, an old friend of mine and one who should stay retired.

I HEAR a guy who wants to live outside his old man's shadow. But then I SEE a guy out here trying to steal my name, and my endorsement, without earning it.

You wanna be The Baddest Thang Running? Then actually BE... The Baddest Thang Running.

Be your own man. Stand on your own two feet.

[He shakes his head.]

GG: But those two things ain't never gonna happen as long as you're part of something called Generation Lost, a name that is in fact perfect, because "lost" is right. And son, you need to find yourself, because right now, all I find you with are a bunch of sad losers.

So Justin... my son... it's your choice who you want to be.

But seems to me...

You got some thinking to do.

[Gunnar goes to drop the mic... but then hands it to a fuming Justin Gaines as Gunnar's music, "Bad to the Bone," then plays. Gunnar leaves, as Justin stays in the ring watching his dad walk away ...]

SA: It seems the cat has got Justin Gaines' tongue... or maybe the bear. The Grizz left his own son speechless, something I didn't think anyone could do.

CP: Yeah, but was that really necessary? A father is supposed to support his child. Gunnar Gaines is out here trashing his. That's not what I consider a good father.

SA: We'll have to check in with Piper to see how she feels about your parenting skills... and I certainly understand what you're saying but you gotta look at who called out whom, Colt. It was Justin who called out his legendary father and asked... no... DEMANDED... that he calls him "The Baddest Thang Running"... and whatever you think about Justin and his future in this business, I don't blame Gunnar Gaines one bit for holding back that blessing.

CP: He embarrassed him! He humiliated him! I'm surprised he didn't take off his belt and "whoop that kid" like that other father/son duo we saw out here earlier tonight!

SA: There may be no love tougher than Gaines love... and of all people, Justin should know that. If he's embarrassed... if he's humiliated... he has only one person to blame for it. Himself.

CP: I don't agree at all. I think Gunnar, like many members of our fanbase and our roster - not to mention our announce team - is overlooking what I can see with my own two eyes. That this kid ain't no one to mess around with.

SA: On that we agree... but you also have to agree that he's yet to really be tested, right?

CP: Yeah, and there's a reason for that. Do you see a line of men eager to take on... this? No. You don't. Because they aren't stupid. They see what happens to the competitors who do. But I think an encounter like this is fuel. I think that Justin Gaines, along with the rest of Generation Lost, is going to go looking for people to wreck. They are building something special. And "The Baddest Thang Running" Justin Gaines is right at the center of it.

SA: That remains to be seen. Fans, we'll be right back with more Opportunity Knocks action right here on ESPN - don't you dare go away!

[We fade to black.

We fade up from black onto black and white footage of an empty arena - likely the Crockett Coliseum from the looks of things - with deserted chairs and a wrestling ring with no one in it.

We see Karl O'Connor walking up a set of steps with the aid of a cane, moving slowly and deliberately, putting much of his weight on the cane. He slowly takes a seat, looking down onto the ring as the camera cuts to a closeup of him and we hear his voice.]

"I can still hear the echoes chanting my name."

[A closeup on his eyes, wrinkles showing the years and the mileage on his body.

Cut to a shot of "Big" Jim Watkins standing in a locker room dressed in an old brown ring jacket, running his finger down the trim as we hear his recognizable voice.]

"Time has not silenced the crowd."

[We get a trio of old pieces of footage - Brett Bryant in his younger days with his arms raised over his head, Cameron O'Connor applying a spinning toe-hold on an unknown foe, and Blackjack Lynch raising his black glove-covered hand into the air as his gravelly voice is heard.]

"I never did a moonsault..."

[Cut to a modern day closeup shot of Blackjack Lynch's eyes, a notable scar over one of them...

...and then a shot of Terry Shane Jr. in a suit looking out over the empty arena with his voiceover.]

"...or walked the top rope."

[Oliver Strickland sits on a locker room bench, his eyes drifting across the vacant room as he speaks.]

"There were no pyrotechnics..."

[And onto Ivan Kostovich who runs a hand over the links of his old Russian chain now hanging from a hook on a door as we hear his heavy accented words.]

"...no fancy, flashing lights."

[Cut to a series of modern shots of current day AWA superstars in action - Jordan Ohara diving off the top rope with a crossbody to the floor... Julie Somers using a moonsault from the top onto a standing opponent on the outside... and we hear Karl O'Connor's voice again.]

"We never flew through the air."

[Cut to O'Connor sitting in the Crockett, cane in hand as he looks at the empty ring...

...and then old footage of a defiant Blackjack Patterson shaking his head, refusing to submit to a painful hold as we hear Jim Watkins.]

"We were men of courage..."

[Closeup on Watkins' eyes in present day before cutting to Blackjack Lynch wrapping his hand around a foe's head as his voice is heard.]

"...men of steel."

[And then back to modern day shots of Juan Vasquez leaping off the top of the Woodshed, plummeting down... to Shadoc Rage hurling himself off the top of a super-sized steel cage... to a blood-covered Hannibal Carver wielding a steel chair as we hear Terry Shane Jr's voice.]

"They were men without fear."

[Cut to a shot of Blackjack Lynch standing in the ring, raising a hand in the air as if saluting the crowd as we hear his voice. We can actually see a ghost-like vision of cheering fans around him...]

"I can still hear the echoes cheering my name."

[...but when we cut to the opposite angle, we can see he's all alone in the ring.

And we cut again, this time showing the legendary Hamilton Graham standing outside the ring, a hand draped over the rope, a hungry look upon his face, wishing for one more moment of glory as we hear his familiar voice.]

"Today... I cheer for them."

[And as we fade to black, a graphic comes up promoting "AWA LEGACY" before we fade all the way out...

We fade back on the ringside area, where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: Well, fans... as the AWA's intrepid reporter, I often find myself in situations that I'd rather not be in... and I believe you can say this is definitely one of them.

[He gestures to the side, the camera panning to reveal the front row of the KeyArena where the members of Team Supreme are seated.]

SLB: Team Supreme... you've been a disturbance here all night and I gotta wonder what this is all about.

[Blackwell edges closer, extending the microphone towards Supreme Wright who looks silently up at the interviewer. After a moment, Theresa Lynch grabs Blackwell's wrist, moving the mic towards her.]

TL: Lou, I'm sure you have much better things to do than to harass passionate fans who paid for their seats with their hard earned money. Very unprofessional.

SLB: "Passionate fans"...

[Blackwell sighs.]

SLB: I had such high hopes for you, kid. Now, here you are with...

TL: ...my loving husband and friends? Enjoying a night out watching the great athletes of the AWA?

[He shakes his head and gestures with disdain at the assembled masses, which prompts AJ Martinez to cackle loudly, throwing his long legs up to rest his boots on the barricade, shifting the whole thing slightly towards a jumpy Blackwell. The fans behind Martinez are letting him have it as a nearby beer vendor hocks "ICE COLD BUDWEISER!" to the fans.]

SLB: Hey! Cut that out! Well, it's obvious I'm not getting anything out of these...

[He searches for the appropriate word when...]

SLB: HEY!

[The crowd GASPS as a shower of beer comes pouring down all over Supreme Wright!]

SA: What the-?!

[A moment later, Wright is grabbed around the head and neck by the beer vendor, dragged out of his seat into the second row where the vendor begins pummeling the former World Champion with overhand rights as the crowd goes absolutely wild!]

SA: THAT'S HANNIBAL CARVER!

[Carver is all over Wright before Team Supreme can even react...

...but when they do, Carver comes up swinging - a right hand for Jackson, one for Mifune, one for Crawford...

...and then Carver dives back on top of Wright, hammering his fists down as a shocked Wright tries to defend himself!]

SA: HANNIBAL CARVER'S ALL OVER WRIGHT IN THE CROWD!

[AWA security comes pouring over the railing, swarming Carver and Wright, trying to get between the other members of Team Supreme before they can get at Carver and retaliate. AJ Martinez is on his feet, acting as a protective wall for Theresa Lynch, who is shrieking and shouting at Carver, as the crowd roars in delight at the chaos!]

SA: We've got a fight on our hands! Lou, get the heck out of there!

[Blackwell urgently backs away, making room for more security who ties up Team Supreme. Paris Crawford is held around the waist by a member of security and two more help pull them away, as they flail, throwing kicks in Carver's general direction. Cain Jackson has his hands in the air, motioning that he won't make any trouble, as a wall of security stand in front of him. Several others grab Takeshi Mifune and Bret Grayson, preventing them from getting at Carver, who is back on his feet, getting pushed away from Wright...]

SA: It's a wild scene out here at ringside!

[Carver throws himself over the railing, promptly rolling under the bottom rope, getting to his feet and snatching up a mic off the canvas.]

HC: Yeh know, I was gonna be perfectly happy to jump the whole lot of yeh in the parking lot after the show. Hell, maybe run a few of yeh sorry bastids down with my truck.

[Carver shrugs as if to say "one of my better ideas" as the crowd roars its approval.]

HC: That is, until I saw all of yeh lined up in the crowd. So pleased with yerselves after suckering the suits into forcing Boy Scout Martinez off the premises. And since he is the boy scout that he is...

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: ...he did what they told him to. But that ain't me. I outlasted the last suit that told me how to act and I sure as hell will outlast any other pencil pusher that tries to do the same.

[Carver nods as the crowd slowly increases in volume.]

HC: But since I just couldn't wait to bust some heads... why don't yeh choose one of yer flunkies to get in this ring? Hell, why don't YEH come in here, Wright?

[No one steps up to the challenge, as Supreme Wright motions for Team Supreme to remain seated. The crowd boos loudly at them.]

HC: None of yeh?

[Wright again gestures for his allies to keep their seats as Carver paces the ring angrily...]

SA: Hannibal Carver wants some more of Team Supreme but it looks like the feeling isn't mutual!

CP: Say what you want here, Big Sal... but they've got a World Tag Team Title match later tonight!

SA: Not ALL of them!

CP: Yes, ALL of them! Until Supreme Wright reveals who will be defending the titles, they're all potentially defending the gold... and revealing even ONE member of the group as not a potential competitor weakens their defense strategy. Supreme IS right!

[Carver has a few off-mic words aimed at Team Supreme before the agitated Boston Brawler drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes to stand in front of the barricade where Team Supreme is seated. AJ Martinez gets out of his chair, bellowing at Carver who shakes his head, waving Martinez forward but Wright orders Martinez to back down.]

SA: Let's get security over there again. Carver's within reach of Team Supreme and you talk about a combustible situation?

CP: All we need is a spark.

[Carver walks towards an adjacent section of the ringside area, gesturing at Team Supreme with a few derogatory (and likely explicit by the sudden silent audio track) words in their direction. He smirks as a fired-up (and likely drunk) young man offers up a cup of beer to Carver.]

CP: Look at this delinquent, drinking on the job.

SA: Hey, he's not wrestling... thanks to Team Supreme.

CP: You can thank the front office! They're the ones who told Supreme Wright he wasn't needed here tonight!

[Carver saunters back over by Team Supreme, taking a big chug out of his cup of beer, looking down the row...

...and then SPEWS a mouthful of beer right in the face of Bret Grayson to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: OH!

[The Olympic gold medalist is on his feet and over the railing before Wright can react, throwing haymakers at Carver who returns them with gusto!]

SA: THE FIGHT IS ON IN SEATTLE!

[Security gets between them quickly, shoving Grayson and Carver apart from each other as Grayson and Carver are screaming at one another. Tommy Fierro is between them as well, trying to get them apart as Carver rolls back into the ring, picking up the mic.]

HC: I don't feel like wrestling right now but I sure as hell can fight! Get yer ass in here, I never caved in an Olympian's head before!

[He tosses the mic aside as a pissed-off Grayson ignores the call from the Team Supreme leader, diving under the ropes, coming aggressively to his feet as he rushes towards Carver...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[...and lunges right into a double leg, lifting Carver off the mat and taking him down with ease!]

SA: OH! Big takedown!

[Grayson stays in the mount, hammering his fist with fury down into the Boston Brawler...]

CP: Maybe Grayson “sure as hell can fight” too!

SA: The Olympic gold medalist takes him down with ease, working him over and-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Carver gets Grayson flipped over onto his back, hammering his fist down on him in response!]

SA: -AND NOW IT’S CARVER TAKING THE FIGHT TO HIM!

[Grayson grabs hold of the nearby ropes, shouting “BREAK! BREAK!” at the official who obliges, ordering Carver to get off the mat. The Boston Brawler lands a few more blows before getting to his feet, shouting something quickly muted at the official who scampers backwards, not wanting to deal with a pissed-off Carver.]

SA: Look out! Carver’s got some fire in his belly in this one!

CP: What we need are some referees that aren’t afraid of this bully, who will get right up in his face and tell him to follow the rules or hit the bricks.

SA: You volunteering?

CP: Wouldn’t want you to work solo, Albano.

SA: Well, I appreciate that.

CP: I mean I wouldn’t want the people to be subjected to that.

SA: Nice.

[Carver turns back to the rapidly-rising Grayson, looking to make a grab for him...

...but Grayson grabs him, lifting him into a quick torture rack, swinging him around as he does and DRIVES him down in a slam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: GOLD MEDAL SLAAAAAAAAM!

CP: IT’S OVER! PIN HIM! PIN HIM NOW!

[Grayson pops up off the mat, all grins as he throws his arms out to his side, taunting the jeering Seattle crowd!]

SA: He hit the Gold Medal Slam and he just couldn’t resist letting these people hear about it, Colt!

CP: I can't blame him... but he needs to cover him!

[The gold medalist turns to the front row where Supreme Wright is glaring appraisingly at him as Martinez excitedly pumps his fists, stomping his feet!]

SA: Grayson looking to his allies for their approval now too! Wasting valuable time, allowing Carver to recover down on the mat!

CP: I'm not sure ANYONE recovers from the Gold Medal Slam, Albano.

SA: No cover at all though. The referee trying to get Grayson's focus back on the mat but...

[Grayson mounts the middle rope, shouting at the jeering fans again!]

SA: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Grayson is berating the fans, taunting them, pointing at the laid out Carver who has rolled to his knees, head pressed down against the mat...]

SA: Bret Grayson hit the Gold Medal Slam but... well, now he's FINALLY going back after his opponent.

CP: You know what? He should pick him right up and do it again!

SA: That may be exactly what he's got in mind, Colt.

[Grayson leans over, still talking as he grabs Carver by the head, pulling him to his feet...

...where Carver slaps the hand away, hooking a three-quarter nelson!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!

[Unlike his opponent, Carver dives atop Grayson, wrapping up the leg, the crowd counting along with the official...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Carver leaps to his feet, arms in the air..

...and then quickly bails out to the outside as AJ Martinez, Cain Jackson, and Takeshi Mifune flood the ring looking for blood!]

SA: Carver strikes quick, hard, and to great effect here in Seattle as he picks up the win over Bret Grayson with the Blackout!

[Grayson is propped up on the mat by Cain Jackson, stars in his eyes as Mifune absolutely BERATES him in Japanese...]

SA: And the Olympic gold medalist just got served up a cold dish of humiliation by the Boston Brawler!

[...and Wright's hard glares at the Olympian just might be scarier than the fury of the Shadow Wolf as we fade to the backstage area to where Mark Stegget is standing, stifling a chuckle.]

MS: Ah, it's a good day when bad things happen to bad people.

[He smirks... and then quickly stiffens as his guest steps into view, Interim President Zharkov whose glower is immediately evident.]

MS: Interim President Zharkov... this is a big night for the AWA.

[Zharkov nods solemnly.]

MS: But I gotta ask... is this night going as planned?

[Zharkov shrugs, shaking his head.]

MZ: In many ways, yes. Listen to the people I serve...

[The crowd inside the arena ROARS, drawing a nod from Zharkov.]

MZ: They have seen a new World Champion crowned! They have seen surprises. They have seen the future of this industry step up to try to break through. They have seen much to be happy about...

[Zharkov pauses, trailing off.]

MS: I sense a "but" in there.

[The Interim President nods.]

MZ: BUT... they have seen Supreme Wright disobey an order from the highest authority in this company. They have seen Ryan Martinez defy management's wishes again.

[Zharkov throws up his hands.]

MZ: I have been entrusted with running this company on the wrestling side and... my superiors had to come here to Seattle to try to do what I... what I...

[He pauses, grimacing.]

MZ: ...have been unable to execute. I have NOT been able to control Martinez. I have NOT been able to control Wright.

[His glower grows dark.]

MZ: I am the Tsar. I am a National Champion. I am the man who retired the legendary Last American Badass.

[His hand slowly comes up, gripping his ever-present clipboard.]

MZ: And now I hold this... and tell people to go to the same ring that once trembled beneath my boots.

[His free hand drifts up, rubbing at the neck that has taken him out of the ring for a year to the day.]

MZ: Bozhe moi...

[And with that, he takes the pencil from behind his ear, grips it in his fist, and snaps it in two with his thumb, leaving a surprised Stegglet behind...

...and we crossfade back out to the interior of the KeyArena, buzzing over the exciting night they've already seen.]

SA: The Tsar is having a rough night already, Colt.

CP: Physically unable to do his old job... and now maybe unable to effectively do his new job too? That's a tough road to walk.

SA: Look, I don't think anyone would truly question the job that he's done this year as the Interim President. I don't think ANYONE could control Martinez and Wright right now. That's a collision course waiting to-

[Sal is interrupted with a roaring, distorted F chord as the lights in the arena dim, then cycle through blue, green, and red hues...]

SA: Oh sure... not like I was talking or anything...

CP: Here comes the Champ, Albano.

["Juno" by Tesseract blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges in a pool of light, lit from beneath. He has a toned, muscular physique with stringy dirty blonde hair to just past his shoulders and a stubble beard. He wears black and midnight green trunks with a silver, mirrored "double K" logo in gothic font on the front and back, thick black kneepads (one of which is allegedly loaded,) and white boots. The man who calls himself "The Foundation" sips from a plastic water bottle. Beside him, Miss Sandra Hayes looks smugly at her man, hand on her hip.]

SA: All day - all week in fact - there has been scuttlebutt backstage about who is going to challenge Kerry Kendrick for that AWA National Championship. Or is Kerry Kendrick here to issue his own challenge? After getting his bell rung two weeks ago by Damian DeVille, rumors were that Kendrick would be challenging DeVille tonight, but obviously, that's not going to happen after the assault on DeVille by the Westerly Dynasty on Showtime.

CP: The Champ made a great point. Opportunity Knocks, but the answer at the door ain't always pleasant. If someone who's already ranked takes his shot tonight and Kendrick fends off the challenge that kind of puts them at the back of the line, doesn't it?

SA: There are a lot of people in that locker room who could make a case as a challenger for that National Title. The former champion, Jordan Ohara. Derrick Williams, The Future, has called his shot at his first singles AWA gold as well.

CP: Hannibal Carver, former champ... maybe waiting in the wings after picking up that win over Bret Grayson. Sid Osborne, you gotta think is contemplating what went down at Memorial Day Mayhem and how close the Royal Crown winner came to winning his first AWA gold.

SA: Nenshou too, just cracked the Top 5 National Title contenders in the manner of the Terran empire by taking out Damian DeVille. Colt, we could make a case for a DOZEN challengers here tonight.

CP: But there can be only one! See, you're not the only one who can make a geeky reference.

[Sal chuckles as Kerry Kendrick reaches the end of the aisle and looks on into the ring, a serious look on his face. He turns to Hayes, and they softly plant a kiss on each other's lips. Kendrick hoists Miss Hayes onto the ring apron, where she steps over the bottom rope. Kendrick circles around to the front of the ring, dumping the contents of the water bottle over his head.]

The Self Made Man turns to face the fans from the ring apron. He faces out to the audience, and spreads his arms overhead, glistening in the high-angled stage lighting before stepping through the ropes.]

CP: But at the end of the day, that's the champ right there, and I think the belt looks great on him. Miss Hayes always has a plan, and I think we're going to see it here.

[As the general lighting resumes, Kendrick has the microphone. He unbuckles the belt and hands it to Miss Sandra Hayes.]

KK: Since, as I gather, the point of this exercise is to lay down your challenge... I'm sure you heard that I was going to challenge Damian DeVille to come out here and let me beat him like a tetherball again... only this time bad enough to make sure he didn't get up.

And since neither my amazing manager nor myself care about the internal politics of the Westerly Dynasty, let's get to it.

Damian DeVille, get on out here so you can get what's coming to you after that cheap shot!

[Pan up to the entranceway. He couldn't actually...?]

SA: Are you kidding me right now? We KNOW that Damian DeVille hasn't been cleared to wrestle and probably won't be for MONTHS! His vision was severely damaged by Nenshou and-

CP: He can HEAR the Self Made Man's challenge, can't he?

SA: Oh, come on, Colt! The kid's career is in jeopardy and-

[The boos for Kendrick grow louder after his callow challenge.]

KK: C'mon, DeVille! This is your big chance! I'm giving you a shot at the National Championship! I had to work ten years to get to this point. You got ten seconds to answer or I'm going to say you forfeit! Ten! Nine!

[The boos are intense as Hayes smirks, counting along with her man.]

SA: That's not how "Opportunity Knocks" works, fans...

[Kendrick keeps counting.]

KK: ...Eight! Seven! Six!

[Colt interjects.]

CP: Says who? Who wrote these rules down? We already had the suits shut down one challenge!

[Kendrick starts counting faster.]

KK: Five four threetwoone! That counts as a forfeit!

[Sandra Hayes begins barking at the referee at ringside off-microphone.]

“Ring the bell! Announce him as the winner!”

[The referee just shakes their head, hands in the air.]

SA: I... just know it doesn't count.

CP: I think it's another strategic masterstroke from Miss Hayes. She's a master at 3D chess.

[Kendrick chuckles while Miss Hayes berates the ringside staff.]

KK: Although... on a serious note... I do have a challenge for someone in this very ring with me right now.

[Miss Hayes turns around and looks at the Self Made Man, a sly grin crossing her face.]

CP: Oh, I heard a rumor about this tonight, Big Sal! We might be about to get something even BETTER than a title match!

SA: Oh, I'm gonna be sick!

[Kendrick smirks at the jeering crowd.]

KK: It's not a challenge for a wrestling match in front of tens of thousands of people who don't appreciate what wrestling royalty like you and I bring to the table.

[Another chorus of fresh boos as Kendrick fishes into his tights for what looks to be a small box.]

KK: ...but I figured it's about time that you got to wear a little gold and jewels of your own, since you gave me that National Championship...

[Colt interjects.]

CP: I hear he's got a rock the size of an M&M in that box for her.

SA: He's gotta have rocks in his head if he's going to do what I think he's about to do.

CP: You think he asked Lori for her blessing?

SA: Highly unlike-

CP: Shhh! Here comes the good part!

[Kendrick lowers to one knee in front of Sandra Hayes to jeers. She presses her fingertips to her lips, pretending she totally wasn't expecting this.]

KK: ...Sandra... Bubblegum... W-

[Kendrick's proposal is completely derailed by the referee at ringside, who is waving his arms trying to get his attention. Hayes looks aghast as the official is RUINING this moment.]

KK: NOT NOW!

[Kendrick glares at the official, listening...]

KK: What do you mean "there's a challenger?!"

[Kendrick is still kneeling on the mat, his face twisted in confusion...]

...when suddenly, an eerily familiar piano and drumline kicks in to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

CP: What the HELL is this about, Albano?!

SA: Could it really be...?

[And as the catchy little ditty known as "Can't Hold Us" kicks in, a sprinting Cody Mertz comes rushing into view on the entrance stage to a THUNDEROUS ROAR from the AWA Faithful!]

SA: IT IS! IT IS! IT ISSSSSSSSSSS!

[The crowd BURSTS into cheers as a grinning Mertz paces the entrance stage, pointing out to the welcoming crowd. He taps a closed fist against his heart, smiling at the reaction. He points to the ring, yelling something that can't quite be picked up over the decibel level in the KeyArena... and then points to himself!]

SA: CODY MERTZ IS GOING TO CHALLENGE KERRY KENDRICK!?

CP: WHAAAAT?! I CAN'T EVEN HEAR YOU, ALBANO! I THINK MERTZ IS GONNA CHALLENGE KERRY KENDRICK FOR THE NATIONAL TITLE! HE DOESN'T EVEN WORK HERE!

[Mertz comes walking down the ramp, absolutely boiling over with enthusiasm bolstered by the reaction of the sold out crowd...]

SA: Over a year ago at Memorial Day Mayhem, Cody Mertz wrestled his FINAL match in the AWA... until RIGHT NOW! He's back... and he's back in a big way as he's coming for Kerry Kendrick!

[Kendrick is off his knees now, absolutely ranting and raving at everyone in sight as the referee gets into the ring, trying to explain the situation to him. Sandra Hayes has her hands clasped over her mouth, stunned at her dream-come-true being ruined by the return.]

SA: Kerry Kendrick is BESIDE HIMSELF! He's in a total rage right now!

CP: This wasn't supposed to happen, Albano! Get that through your head!

SA: That's what this night is all about!

[The former tag team champion stops about halfway down the aisle, registering the cheers and response from the crowd. He looks around taking it all in. The big fan favorite is wearing long tights, the left half are white with a solid green stripe going

down; the right half are black with a solid gold stripe going down and he wears black boots.]

SA: Look at Kendrick, Colt! He doesn't know what to do!

CP: I know what to do! Cancel the match, Sandra! Zharkov and Stegglet are out here just making up rules on the fly as they go anyways! Tell 'em this can't happen! Tell 'em they ruined your special, wonderful, beautiful-

SA: Oh, brother!

CP: Albano, this CAN'T happen! This challenge was... it's not for...

SA: You're speechless!

CP: Somebody's gotta stop this before-

[Mertz reaches ringside, tapping his chest again as he looks out on the fans, pointing to them...

...and then dives under the ropes into the ring as the referee signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Kendrick seizes the day, diving to his knees with a double axehandle to the back of Mertz before he gets off the mat. He pops up, stomping and kicking Mertz as the crowd buzzes at the unexpected title defense they're seeing.]

SA: Kendrick kicks him when he's down, off to a quick start...

[He pulls Mertz off the mat, winging him towards the ropes.]

SA: Off the far side...

[Kendrick doubles over for a backdrop but Mertz twists around, using Kendrick's back to propel himself into a backflip, landing on his feet behind the National Champion!]

SA: OH!

[Kendrick swings around, right into a dropkick to the mouth!]

SA: DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[Kendrick scrambles up to strike again and gets met again!]

SA: Make it a pair!

[Kendrick comes up again... and then slams on the brakes before Mertz can land a third one, scrambling back towards the ropes, falling to his knees with his head between them. Sandra Hayes rushes to him, reaching up to try to comfort her man as Mertz takes aim...]

SA: What is he...?!

[...and Mertz dashes across the ring, leaping up to swing his legs through the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Hayes just barely gets clear before the feint kick lands, both feet sending Kendrick flipping backwards across the ring!]

SA: KENDRICK GOES FLYING!

CP: He tried to assault Sandra Hayes! Ring the bell! Disqualify him!

SA: He did NOT try to assault Sandra Hayes! She got herself in the way!

[Mertz stays on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands, waving Kendrick back to his feet with the crowd buzzing expectantly...]

SA: What's he looking for here?!

[...but as a kneeling Kerry Kendrick pulls the referee towards him, Sandra Hayes goes to work, grabbing Mertz around the leg, preventing him from leaping to the top rope! Huge jeers rain down on the illegal actions!]

SA: Oh, come on! Hayes getting involved AGAIN!

CP: It's only fair! Kerry Kendrick could NOT be expected to know Cody Mertz of all people would challenge him here tonight... he deserves a little something to even the odds!

SA: That's ridiculous, Colt! The whole night is about not knowing who your opponent will be! Cody Mertz taking advantage of it and...

[With Hayes hanging on for dear life, Kendrick rushes forward, smashing a fist into the ear of Mertz, knocking him down to a knee on the apron as a smirking Hayes backs off, her hands raised as the referee accuses her of getting involved...]

SA: Kendrick with the cheap shot, right on the ear!

[...and grabs Mertz by the hair, hauling him up into a front facelock...]

SA: Bringing him in the hard way!

[...but at the top of the lift, Mertz twists out of the suplex, landing on his feet behind Kendrick!]

SA: OH! THE SWEET ESCAPE!

[Kendrick angrily twists around...

...and Mertz leaps into the air, snatching his head between the legs, dragging him over in a rana, tightly hooking both legs!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

[But a desperate Kendrick KICKS just before three, propelling Mertz out of the cradle, flopping over the middle rope...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: THAT'S RIGHT! UPSIDE THAT MAN'S HEAD!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers for Hayes slapping Mertz across the face...

...right in front of the referee.]

CP: Wait... no... she didn't do ANYTHING!

SA: You were just CELEBRATING it!

CP: I... my eyes are deceiving me! I saw what I wanted to see! I...

[Referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller shakes his head at the pleading Hayes...]

"YOU!"

[...and then points to the back!]

"YOU'RE OUTTA HERE!"

[The crowd ERUPTS again as Hayes screams "NOOOOO!" and starts backing down the aisle as Kendrick shouts angrily at the referee, backing him across the ring into the corner...]

SA: Kendrick all up in Blue Shoes' face! The referee did his job and did it WELL! Get away from him, you bully!

[...and Kendrick angrily turns away from the referee, moving in on Mertz who is down on the mat. Kendrick grabs him by the hair, lifting up off the mat...]

SA: CRADLE! CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The referee dives down to count, the crowd counting along!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KENDRICK BARELY ESCAPES AGAIN!

[Kendrick springs up, holding up two fingers at the official who nods, holding up two of his own. The champion clutches at his chest, shaking his head in disbelief as he looks around the ring...]

...and marches to the corner, grabbing his title belt off the mat!]

CP: That's it! Get out of here, Kerry. You're better than this nonsense!

SA: Where's he going?!

[The referee steps in front of him, shaking his head...]

SA: I think Kendrick was bailing out! He was gonna take a walk, Colt!

CP: AS HE SHOULD!

SA: The referee telling him to stay and fight!

CP: What business it that of HIS?!

[Kendrick angrily turns away, spotting Mertz coming back to his feet...

...and then winds up, ready to "belt" him!]

SA: NO!

[A quick-thinking "Blue Shoes" grabs the belt with both hands, yanking it out of Kendrick's hands!]

CP: HE CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S A DAMN HANDICAP MATCH OUT HERE!

[Kendrick shouts at the official again, twisting around to charge Mertz with a clothesline...

...but Mertz ducks under it, rushing to the ropes, rebounding back as Kendrick tries to lift him up...]

SA: HEADSCISSORS!

[The crowd ROARS as Mertz goes round and round with the satellite headscissors, disorienting the champion...

...and then ends up in the Fujiwara Armbar!]

SA: BROUSSARD SPECIAL! BROUSSARD SPECIAL! HE'S HOOKED IT IN!

CP: NO!

SA: THEY'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING! THERE'S NO WAY OUT!

[The arm is CRANKED at a sickening angle as Kendrick cries out in pain, clawing at the mat, looking for an escape, looking for help...]

SA: NO SANDRA HAYES! NO ESCAPE!

[...and finds no other option but...]

SA: HE TAPPED! HE TAPPED!

[...to slap the canvas repeatedly, saving his arm from being broken as the crowd EXPLOOOODES in CHEERS!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cody Mertz breaks the hold at the bell, leaping to his feet, his eyes wide with disbelief as the referee walks across the ring...]

SA: WE'VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

CP: NO WE DON'T!

[...picks up the belt...]

SA: YES! WE! DO!

[...and hands the belt to a joyous Mertz who lifts it overhead as the crowd gets even louder!]

SA: CODY MERTZ - FROM EXILED TO EXTRAORDINARY! THE NEW AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION HAS BEEN CROWNED HERE TONIGHT IN SEATTLE, WASHINGTON!

[Mertz rushes the corner, leaping to the middle rope, the title belt high overhead as the AWA faithful show their love for the longtime fan favorite and Rebecca Ortiz makes it all official...]

RO: Here is your winner... ANNNNNNNND NEEEEEEEEEEW AWA NATIONAL CHAMPIONNNNNNNNNNN...

...COOOOOOOOODYYYYYYYY MERRRRRRRRRRRTZZZZZZZZ!

[Mertz HAMMERS his fist into his chest three times, pointing out at the roaring Seattle crowd again!]

SA: What a moment! What a night it's been already! We're only an hour into this show and we've got TWO new champions, Colt!

CP: It's not fair. It's just not fair!

SA: Colt Patterson is just about as heartbroken as Kerry Kendrick! As Sandra Hayes who has to be in absolute TEARS backstage!

CP: It was supposed to be the happiest night of her life... and it was ruined... by CODY MERTZ?!

[Sal laughs loudly.]

SA: The fans in Seattle are loving every second of this! We've got a new National Champion! Cody Mertz has struck gold in his return to the AWA here tonight!

[Kendrick is on the floor, sitting on the ramp, clutching his arm in pain as he stares up in shock at the celebrating Mertz...]

...and we fade to black.

And then back up to a shot of a darkened room, a filtered spotlight shining down in the middle of it. We can hear footsteps in the background.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

And they come to a stop revealing the face of Ryan Martinez, still battle-weathered from his bloody war at SuperClash IX.]

"They call me the White Knight."

[A quick shot of Martinez delivering brutal chops to the chest of the King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.]

"The son of a Hall of Famer."

[A shot of House Martinez - father and son - standing in the ring with Gunnar Gaines.]

"The former two-time World Champion."

[A shot of Martinez standing over Juan Vasquez with the World Title in his grasp.]

"And I am AWA."

[We get an almost identical shot in the darkened room but this time with Supreme Wright standing center stage.]

"The greatest professional wrestler on the planet."

[Cut to footage of Wright cranking on the arm of Casey James.]

"A two-time World Champion"

[Wright holds the title overhead with a defeated Dave Bryant in the background.]

"I am AWA."

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

"The Spitfire."

[A shot of Somers flipping off the top rope, crashing down on top of Kurayami with the moonsault.]

"The Women's World Champion."

[To SuperClash IX and Somers holding the title over her head.]

"The heart and soul of the Women's Division."

[Somers trading blows with Lauryn Rage inside a steel cage.]

"And I am AWA."

[Somers is replaced by Jordan Ohara, the National Title slung over his shoulder.]

"The Phoenix."

[Ohara dives off the top rope, smashing down with a Phoenix Flame splash.]

"The National Champion."

[Ohara stands on the midbuckle, holding the title up over his head.]

"A once in a millennium talent."

[A series of quick chops lighting up Juan Vasquez.]

"I am AWA."

[The champion is replaced by a grinning Michelle Bailey.]

"The Platinum Princess."

[Bailey tears across the ring, smashing home a Britney Spear on Laura Davis.]

"Former EMWC champion."

[A quick still photo comes up of Bailey holding a championship title aloft.]

"The heart and soul of the- Julie said that?! Grr!

[A playful Bailey plants her fists on her hips, striking a pose.]

"And I am AWA."

[Bailey is replaced by the face-painted Supernova, the World Title secured around his waist.]

"The icon."

[We get footage of Supernova way back in the day, trading blows with Mark Langseth.]

"The franchise player."

[Supernova using the Heat Wave splash on Shadoe Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

"And I... AM... AWA."

[We get quick shots now, individual shots...

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoe Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

[They come quicker and quicker, all repeating the tagline - James Lynch, Victoria June, Cinder, Kerry Kendrick, Ayako Fujiwara...

...and this time, each time they say it, they stay on screen, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. Ricki Toughill. And on. And on. And on.

And the photos all disappear, leaving just the tagline behind...]

"I am AWA."

[The graphic fades and is replaced with more text - "The American Wrestling Alliance. Every Saturday Night. ESPN."

Fade to black.

In front of the "Opportunity Knocks" special AWA backdrop, the masked High Council of Justice steps (or Omega's case, "whooshes") into view.]

O: This is it, Polemos! Running the Rankings!

[Polemos nods gravely behind his horned, dragon skull inspired mask, flexing his gloved hand into his palm.]

O: We might have lucked out last week when we beat those young rookies Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter at Showtime, but this time, we can't count on luck to be on the side of justice against evil, can we Polemos?

[Polemos nods again, his exposed, whiskered chin scowling in determination.]

O: Because, even though we're ranked second, we still have to win two matches in a row, back-to-back!

[Omega turns to face away from Polemos and leans backward, against Polemos's mighty bicep. Polemos shoots the Neptunian a "what the heck are you doing?" look.]

O: [stage whisper] Back-to-back. C'mon, man! Work with me!

[Polemos grunts and turns his back, mirroring Omega's pose while crossing his arms begrudgingly, while Omega adopts the classic "Bad Dudes" pose.]

O: That's right, but we're empowered by the High Council of Justice, and can overpower any obstacle. See, Polemos and I... we may have just started teaming last year, but we've been around a while. Y'see, when the people of Earth were just learning to create the sport of wrestling, I had already begun training in Venusian Aikido for my first Mimas Street Fight match!

[With Omega's back turned, Polemos mimes a flapping jaw with his gloved hand; he's heard this story before.]

O: And Polemos... dude... he's the God of War! Ball up your fist in a completely different way and hope he hasn't been punched before? Like... for real?

[Polemos briefly snickers darkly.]

O: We have momentum on our side! We have justice! Experience! Righteousness! Omega and Polemos...OU-

[Polemos lightly jabs his elbow into Omega, which is enough to make the weedy Omega wince significantly.]

O: ...OUUUwwwwwww... Oh... right... W-We have lots of chokeslams to give out too.

[Polemos straightens up proudly. That's his contribution to the promo made. Omega turns to him, rubbing his own ribcage when Polemos lightly elbowed him as they walk away from the promo area.]

O: Dude, you don't have to keep mentioning chokeslams... It's kinda a given with you...

[And with that, we fade from the backstage area to ringside where Big Sal is obviously chuckling at what we all just saw as Colt shakes his head in disgust.]

SA: Omega and Polemos are ready for battle in Run The Rankings later tonight. Fans, it's already been a SHOCKING night of action here in Seattle at Opportunity Knocks. If you're just tuning in, how dare you because we've got TWO new champions crowned! We have a brand new AWA Women's World Champion in Michelle Bailey and a new AWA National Champion in Cody Mertz... yes, that's right, the returning Cody Mertz strikes singles gold for the first time here in the AWA! Congratulations to both of them, Colt, and what else is gonna happen here tonight?

CP: We've still got the World Tag Team Titles on the line. We've still got Run The Rankings. Plus who knows what else is gonna go down!

SA: And we also still have Team Supreme sitting front row and that's a powder keg set to explode at any moment. Opportunity Knocks is certainly living up to its billing as the most unpredictable night of the year for AWA fans and wrestlers alike with shocking title changes... surprising returns... and speaking of returns, Colt, the Main Event of Memorial Day Mayhem saw Juan Vasquez wrestle his final match, walking into retirement in his hometown... but as he called before the match, Raphael Rhodes played spoiler to the Hollywood ending. Colt, he's been out of action since then due to the damage he suffered in that match, but tonight, he returns to the AWA after over a month on the sidelines. How do you think these fans will take to him?

CP: I don't give a damn how the fans take to him, think about how the locker room's going to take to him. It's pretty bold to show up at an event like Opportunity Knocks, where anyone can call you out to a match, and basically dare people to take you on, much less after you just knocked off one of the biggest names in wrestling history in his retirement match.

SA: So you're saying of all the targets on the backs of competitors here tonight, the one on Rhodes' back is one of the biggest?

CP: Albano, it may be THE biggest. There's a lot to be said for being a World Champion, but if you put a notch on your belt like retiring a legend, that makes you one of one.

SA: Folks, no sense in waiting any further, let's go down to the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by.

[We cut to the middle of the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands, nodding his head.]

SLB: That's right, Big Sal, and I've got the news we've been waiting for since five weeks ago at Memorial Day Mayhem... what's next for my guest tonight? Without further ado, accompanied by his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser, please welcome the one and only... RAPHAEL RHODES!

[The crowd lets out a cheer so loud that even the veteran scoopster looks stunned. Then suddenly, the voice of Ronnie James Dio shouts out...]

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH COME ON!

[And to the sounds of "The Mob Rules" by Black Sabbath pouring through KeyArena, Raphael Rhodes walks through the entrance, walking side by side with Dana Kaiser. Rhodes smirks as he looks out to the crowd, not believing the crowd's response, as Kaiser motions with her hand towards the ring.]

Rhodes is dressed for combat, sporting royal blue leg-length blue tights with a white stripe vertically down each leg, and the words "Lux ex tenebris" written in red cursive writing across each stripe. He also has red kneepads, as well as red leather shinpads over red wrestling boots. Kaiser wears a royal blue sleeveless crop top hoodie, along with a pair of matching leggings and Nike sneakers.]

SA: Rhodes certainly looks like he's ready to compete here tonight, Colt.

CP: Like I said, he'd better be. You know there's got to be dozens of people ready to knock down walls to get their hands on him.

SA: Some people don't even have to want his status as the man who beat Juan Vasquez, Colt. You've got guys like Sid Osborne who would probably want to fight Rhodes just because.

CP: That's a good point, Albano. There was a lot of bad blood between those two.

SA: What a classic they had at SuperClash last year, which you can watch for yourself on the ESPN a- wait a second, hold on...

[Rhodes stops at the front row, where Team Supreme sits, stopping to look right at Supreme Wright.]

CP: You want to talk about a classic, take a look at this one.

SA: That's not just a classic, Colt, that's a dream match! There aren't many men on the planet who could go hold for hold on the mat with Supreme Wright, but Raphael Rhodes on reputation alone would be one of them!

[Wright stares at Rhodes with an icy stare, as Rhodes calmly looks back. Bret Grayson can be seen in the background nursing a beer after his loss to Hannibal Carver. Paris Crawford stands at the ready, in front of Theresa Lynch who peers over Team Supreme's weapon with a hand on their shoulder. Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez struggle to hold back a suddenly-rabid Takeshi Mifune, shouting in Japanese.]

SA: And you can't forget the battle Rhodes had with Takeshi Mifune in London, in that rounds rules match.

CP: The match where Mifune has told the press in Japan that Rhodes came off like a coward for submitting away a fall to get out of a hold instead of fighting his way out, and he still contests that he wasn't knocked out.

SA: That match is also available on the ESPN app, fans, but...

[Rhodes holds up one finger on his left hand, then points at Wright. He holds up two fingers on his right hand, then points at himself. The camera's microphone picks up Rhodes saying to Wright...]

"Someday."

[As well as Wright's response...]

"It would be my pleasure."

SA: Wouldn't we love to see that, Colt? Supreme Wright, currently ranked the Number One Contender for the World Title, against Raphael Rhodes, the current Number Two Contender?

CP: Seems like they'd love to go at it too.

[Rhodes breaks his look with Wright, nodding his head at Mifune, which only serves to make the Japanese madman even more infuriated. Rhodes helps Kaiser onto the apron, then holds the ropes open for her as she climbs into the ring. He follows her through, as Blackwell awaits.]

SLB: Raphael Rhodes, Dana Kaiser, welcome to Seattle, and if I may break from decorum, I see you've already started to overturn some apple carts.

[The crowd cheers as Jackson and Martinez finally get help at ringside trying to restrain Mifune from Crawford, who convinces him to return to his seat. Rhodes shrugs as Kaiser leans towards Blackwell.]

DK: We are making up for the last month of absences, Mr. Blackwell.

[Kaiser smirks as Blackwell clears his throat.]

SLB: It seems the fans have missed you both as Mr. Rhodes has recovered from his match at Memorial Day Mayhem against Juan Vasquez.

[Rhodes holds up his hand, as Blackwell brings the microphone in front of him.]

RR: When I last talked to you, mate, I said I wanted to apologize to the fans for sayin' they didn't believe in me against Juan Vasquez. While I was recoverin' from Memorial Day Mayhem, I got sacks of post sent to me from the AWA offices. Letters from fans out there, just like you lot here in Seattle.

[Rhodes points out to the audience, which generates an eyeroll from the gold medalist sitting at ringside holding the cold beer bottle to his head. Rhodes then turns his attention back to Blackwell.]

RR: I learned a lot while I was out, mate. Really, I learned it over these last few months, with the help of Dana and these fans. I've learned to appreciate what I got, instead of takin' it for granted like the last time I was in the AWA.

[Blackwell rubs his chin.]

SLB: That's a good thought, Mr. Rhodes, but one thing puzzles me. After his match against you at Memorial Day Mayhem, Juan Vasquez said he was leaving the AWA to you. What exactly did he mean by that?

[Rhodes frowns.]

RR: It's hard for me to say. The man had a legacy here, and it ain't like we're tradin' phone calls so I can ask him. I thought about it, though, and I think it's got a lot to do with how many folks would come into the AWA, gunnin' for Juan Vasquez. Tryin' to take him down because he was the benchmark, yeah? I know I certainly had that on my mind when I was comin' back after all those years. I wanted to beat him, for my own satisfaction, but I-

[Suddenly, the sound of drumsticks hitting together and a deep bass chord can be heard playing over the KeyArena's sound system. The crowd buzzes as the view of the Hawaiian islands shows up on the video screen, and The Surfrajettes' surf cover of Britney Spears' "Toxic" floods the KeyArena.]

The lights shift to deep ocean blue and gold as the crowd erupts at the sight of Jay Alana emerging on the stage.]

SA: Wait a second... is that... THAT'S JAY ALANA!

CP: Well, I'll be damned. We knew this guy was showing up at Opportunity Knocks, but I didn't expect him to crash Rhodes' homecoming party like this!

SA: Jay Alana is making his long-awaited return to the AWA right now! This is NOT what Raphael Rhodes was expecting tonight!

CP: Rhodes just got back and he already has the biggest shark in the water circling him.

[Alana wears white chinos and a short-sleeved, Hawaiian print shirt in a deep sunset palette of red, orange, yellow and black, with palm trees, tropical islands, setting suns and waves, left unbuttoned to show off his shredded physique and traditional Hawaiian kakau tattoos gleaming under the lights. A pair of gold-framed aviator sunglasses with gradient lenses hide his handsome face. His long, flowing black locks sway as he strolls to the ring leisurely with a detached coolness about him, ignoring the decidedly mixed crowd reaction.]

SA: Look at him! Six foot three, two hundred and fifty pounds of pure Polynesian power.

CP: He's a magnificent specimen, isn't he?

SA: He's sure taking his sweet time getting down here.

CP: In this sport, guys like him get to do things at their own speed. I should know... I was once a guy like him!

[As Alana walks past the front row, Team Supreme comes into view and he slows his pace as Supreme Wright stands up straight, arms crossed. The two commanding figures lock eyes and after a brief pause, Supreme gives a slow, respectful nod. Alana returns it with an equal nod of his own - two wrestling gods acknowledging one another. Alana's gaze then shifts slightly to the side. Paris Crawford steps forward, and for a moment the two lock eyes. The usually icy and detached Paris has a visible spark in their expression... a rare, subtle excitement mixed with something deeper. Alana's smirk deepens just a touch and the tension lingers for a second before Alana continues walking.]

CP: Did you see that? Supreme Wright and Jay Alana just showed the whole world what mutual respect between two alphas looks like. But that look with Paris Crawford? That was... interesting.

SA: That... felt personal.

[Alana steps through the ropes, walking up to Raphael Rhodes and straightens up to his full height, raising his chin, trying exaggerate the height difference between them. He accepts the mic from Sweet Lou Blackwell, and paces slowly around the ring, stopping dead center, and staring directly at Rhodes with a calm, arrogant smirk.]

JA: Aloha, li'i kāne.

[Rhodes doesn't react.]

JA: It means "little man" and for someone that sent Juan Vasquez off into the sunset, I gotta admit, you looked a lot taller on TV.

[Boos begin to rumble throughout the crowd, although Alana hasn't earned the crowd's full ire... yet.]

JA: Oh sorry 'bout that, I haven't even introduced myself. My name...

[He removes his sunglasses and gives us a glimpse at those beautiful and exceedingly rare native Hawaiian grey eyes.]

JA: ...is Jay Alana. The Sun God. The Tide. And the reason I'm here, li'i kāne...

[He grins.]

JA: ...is to take your head.

[THAT earns the crowd's full ire as a loud roar of boos fills the KeyArena.]

JA: Juan Vasquez used to be the man around here. The measuring stick. The king. But now it looks like that crown's sitting on your head, li'i kāne. Congratulations.

[Alana gives a slow, mocking golf clap.]

JA: But what is a man... compared to the Sun God?

[Rhodes is quick to shoot back.]

RR: And what is a god to a non-believer?

[The crowd "oooooo"s at that one. An annoyed expression briefly flashes across Alana's face, before he laughs softly and steps in closer to once again emphasize the massive size difference between him and Rhodes.]

JA: Cute. You've got spine, li'i kāne, I'll give you that. I respect the heart, but it's just too bad the rest of you isn't as big.

[He looks down at Rhodes with a condescending smile.]

JA: But I didn't come out here to chase an opportunity. People like me don't need it. I came here to make a statement.

And tonight feels like the perfect night to do it... by burying you in the sand, li'i kāne.

[Rhodes smirks, as Kaiser nervously looks at Alana, seeming like she wants to tell Rhodes something but knowing that she shouldn't interrupt this verbal spar.]

RR: I heard it already.

[Rhodes shakes his head.]

RR: I heard all the talk about you, mate. Heard all the talk about how you're special, and how you don't got to wait unless you want to. You was on a six month suspension that was up a month ago, and you're just now showin' up. Stylishly late, yeah?

[Alana gives a simple shrug, unbothered by the comment.]

RR: The AWA's different though, different from everywhere you've ever been.

[Rhodes points to the ring ropes.]

RR: Step through those, and the hype don't mean nothin'. Heard a lot of hype when I came back last year... lad named Max Magnum.

[The crowd gasps at the mention of the fallen phenom.]

RR: He stepped through these ropes, and thanks to that man and the person he calls his "weapon"? There's a reason ain't nobody goin' to hear the name "Max Magnum" for a long time.

[We get a camera shot of Team Supreme in the front row, Wright sitting emotionless as Crawford tilts their head and bites their bottom lip, almost as though they were trying to hide a smile. Rhodes just remains fixed on Alana, who almost seems amused at this point.]

RR: And if the AWA belongs to me like Vasquez says, then it's up to me to welcome you to the fold officially. Let's go, boyo.

[Rhodes reaches into his pocket as Alana grins from across the ring, seeing Rhodes taking out his mouthguard case. As Rhodes takes his mouthguard out of the case, popping it into his mouth and shoving the case back into the warmup jacket's pocket, we can hear Kaiser loudly and adamantly saying "We don't have any prep on him!" before Rhodes mutters "It'll be fine, love".]

SA: This match is happening whether they were ready or not! Two of the AWA's absolute top stars - heck, two of the SPORT'S top stars - colliding right here at Opportunity Knocks!

CP: You can hear Dana Kaiser, she sounds concerned. They clearly weren't expecting Jay Alana to come out here tonight.

SA: Raphael Rhodes just went through hell with Juan Vasquez and now he's got The Sun God standing across the ring!

CP: Rhodes says it'll be fine... but I'm not so sure, Big Sal. Alana looks like he's been waiting for this moment. This could be a very rude welcome back to the ring for Raphael Rhodes.

SA: The tension in the KeyArena is through the roof right now!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation as the bell rings.]

SA: And here we go! Can you believe this match is happening, Colt?

CP: This is two of the best in the world standing in that ring. Let's see who wants it more. Man, I love Opportunity Knocks!

[Rhodes immediately steps forward and CRACKS Jay Alana with one of his trademark open-hand slap across the face. The crowd ROARS!]

"SMAAAAAACCK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Oh! Rhodes strikes first! That open-handed slap has put down so many men before!

[But Alana is a name that will not be added to that list. In fact, he is barely moved from the impact of the blow. He slowly turns his head back toward Rhodes with a smirk.]

SA: Alana didn't even flinch! Look at that look on his face!

CP: That's not a good sign for Rhodes...

[Without warning, Alana unleashes a vicious, thunderous slap of his own that snaps Rhodes' head violently to the side and drops him down to one knee!]

"SMAAAAAACCK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO! What a slap by Jay Alana! Rhodes got rocked!

CP: That one had some serious heat behind it!

[Alana immediately grabs Rhodes by the back of the head and delivers a stiff, brutal headbutt that sends Rhodes sprawling onto the mat. Rhodes clutches his forehead, clearly stunned.]

SA: Headbutt! Alana with the headbutt and Rhodes is down! Colt, I've never seen Raphael Rhodes react to a headbutt like that!

CP: Never, Big Sal. Rhodes has one of the hardest heads in this entire business. For him to be laid out like that after one headbutt? That's not normal.

SA: You have to wonder if he's still feeling the effects of that war with Juan Vasquez at Memorial Day Mayhem. He's not one hundred percent, Colt. He can't be.

CP: There's no way he is. Look at him. Jay Alana walked through Rhodes' best shot and dropped him with two of his own. This is a horrible start for him.

SA: Rhodes is trying to shake the cobwebs out, but The Sun God is in full control early!

[Alana stalks Rhodes with a casual, unconcerned swagger about him. He fires a series of stiff forearm strikes, knocking the rising Rhodes into the corner while laying the badmouth on him.]

"This is all you got, li'i kāne? I thought the AWA belonged to you now! This is pathetic."

SA: Heavy forearm shots by Alana! He's just bullying Raphael Rhodes right now!

[Alana whips Rhodes across the ring, then catches him on the rebound with his arm around his chest and neck. He lists Rhodes into the air, slamming him down with a standing Uranage slam, throwing him down hard into the mat.]

"THHHUUUUUDD!"

SA: Big Uranage! Alana just tossed him like a ragdoll!

[Alana stands over Rhodes, not rushing, casually circling him while trash-talking.]

"You retired Vasquez! I know you got more fight than this in you!"

[Rhodes fights back with a sudden burst, landing a few sharp strikes to Alana's midsection, trying to create distance.]

SA: Rhodes firing back! He's not going down without a fight!

CP: I know Rhodes is as tough as they come, but he looks a half-step slow tonight, Big Sal. That Vasquez match clearly took more out of him than we thought.

[Alana absorbs the blows with a smirk, then cuts Rhodes off with a big open-handed strike right to the throat.]

SA: OH! Right to the windpipe! Rhodes is gasping for air! Jay Alana is dismantling Raphael Rhodes piece by piece. This is a very different Rhodes than the one we saw five weeks ago.

CP: Alana is toying with him. It would've been a tough fight even if Rhodes was at peak physical condition, but he's clearly compromised.

[Rhodes slowly crawls toward the ropes, using them to pull himself up. The crowd starts to rally behind him with claps and chants.]

SA: Listen to this Seattle crowd! They're trying to will Raphael Rhodes back into this thing!

CP: They can cheer all they want. Heart only gets you so far when you're going up against someone like Jay Alana.

[Rhodes finally makes it to his feet, looking worse for wear, but his eyes show defiance. He turns to face Alana, who stands across the ring grinning arrogantly.]

SA: Rhodes is back up! Desperate but determined! You can see the fire still burning in him!

CP: Fire's one thing. Beating Jay Alana is another.

[Rhodes suddenly explodes forward. He ducks a big swing from Alana and lands a sharp kick to the midsection, then another to the thigh. He backs Alana up with a stiff European uppercut that stuns the bigger man.]

SA: Rhodes fighting back with everything he has! Uppercut! Another kick!

CP: This is pure desperation offense right here.

[Rhodes bounces off the ropes, building speed, and charges across the ring.]

SA: Here comes Rhodes...

"SMAAAAAACCK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rhodes cracks Alana square in the face with a running big boot, knocking him through the ropes and down to the floor as the crowd erupts.]

SA: He got him! Rhodes knocks Jay Alana all the way to the outside!

CP: I'll give him credit, that was a hell of a kick. But now we'll see if he has anything left to follow up with.

SA: Raphael Rhodes has created an opening! Can he capitalize?!

[Rhodes bounces off the far ropes and sprints across the ring, launching himself through the ropes with a high-risk tope suicida.]

SA: Here comes Rhodes! Tope suicida- SWEET SAN ANGELO!!!

[Alana catches Rhodes in mid-air, driven backwards, but unharmed. The crowd gasps in disbelief.]

CP: He caught him! He actually caught him!

SA: What strength by Jay Alana! Rhodes was stopped dead in his tracks!

[Alana spins sharply and drills Rhodes with a devastating overhead belly-to-belly suplex onto the hard floor. The impact echoes through the arena. Rhodes writhes in pain, clutching his back.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Overhead belly-to-belly on the floor! Rhodes just got planted!

CP: That's going to leave a mark.

[Alana slowly stands up over Rhodes, towering above him. He turns his head toward the front row and looks directly at Team Supreme. Supreme Wright gives a single, respectful nod of approval. Paris Crawford is visibly smiling with intrigue. Theresa Lynch leans forward excitedly for a better view, only for Supreme to reach over and gently cover her eyes with his hand. Alana smirks at the interaction before rolling Rhodes back into the ring.]

SA: Did you see that? Team Supreme watching this match very closely.

CP: Supreme Wright just nodded at Alana. He likes what he sees out of Alana so far. Hell, I think we're all impressed.

SA: Shocked is more like it. I would never have in a million years, thought Raphael Rhodes would be dominated like this.

[Back in the ring, Alana runs the ropes and catches a rising Rhodes with a swinging neckbreaker, over-rotating and floating over into a lazy, cocky pin. He drapes himself casually across Rhodes' chest.]

SA: HE CALLS THAT THE WIPEOUT! Alana with the neckbreaker and the pin!

[Alana raises a hand into the air, counting along with the referee but Rhodes kicks out at two and a half. Alana sits up quickly, his smirk gone, clearly frustrated for the first time.]

SA: Rhodes kicks out! He barely got the shoulder up!

CP: Alana doesn't like that one bit. You can see the switch flip in his eyes. The Sun God just got annoyed.

SA: Jay Alana has been in total control, but Raphael Rhodes refuses to stay down!

[An angry Alana roughly grabs Rhodes and pulls him off the canvas. He lifts him for a suplex, but the crowd reacts loudly as Rhodes fights it.]

SA: Alana going for a suplex - Rhodes is fighting it!

[Rhodes slips behind Alana mid-lift, landing on his feet. He quickly runs the ropes and tries to set up a move from behind.]

SA: He slipped out! Rhodes is behind him!

[Before Rhodes can counter-attack, Alana fires a lightning-fast superkick behind him without even turning around, catching Rhodes flush in the jaw with perfect accuracy. The smack echoes through the arena.]

“SMMAAAAACCK!”

SA: SUPERKICK! OUT OF NOWHERE! Alana just kicked him with his back turned!

CP: He didn’t even look! How the hell did he do that?!

[The crowd gasps loudly. Rhodes collapses to the mat, holding his jaw. Alana stands still for a moment, then slowly shrugs with a cocky, nonchalant expression, almost saying “Yeah, of course I did that”, without even bothering to look back at Rhodes.]

SA: Listen to this crowd! They’re stunned! Jay Alana just hit a blind superkick like it was the easiest thing in the world!

CP: Some wrestlers are just born blessed, Big Sal. To hit that superkick with that level of accuracy, you’d need eyes in the back of their head. Jay Alana? He just acts like he already has them.

SA: Rhodes is down again and Alana is in total control. I would even say, he’s toying with him now!

[Alana turns his attention back to Rhodes. He reaches down and lifts Rhodes high into the air with a double choke lift, holding the smaller man up effortlessly. Rhodes struggles, legs kicking in mid-air as Alana bellows out.]

“This is what fighting a god feels like, li’i kāne!”

SA: The power! Alana’s holding Raphael Rhodes up like he weighs nothing!

CP: Listen to him! He is straight-up humiliating him right now.

[Alana walks forward and plants Rhodes on the top turnbuckle. He climbs up after him.]

SA: He’s got him on the top rope... this is dangerous territory!

[Alana places Rhodes on his shoulders and leaps off with a massive Samoan Drop, driving him violently into the canvas with authority.]

“THHHUUUUUUUDDDD!!!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

[The ring shakes on impact. Dana Kaiser looks on from ringside with visible concern, hands covering her mouth.]

SA: AN AVALANCHE SAMOAN DROP! Rhodes just got planted! And Dana Kaiser does not like what she’s seeing!

CP: She knows her man is in deep water right now. This is not the Raphael Rhodes we saw against Vasquez.

[Alana doesn't waste any time. He heads straight to the top rope, stands tall, and places two fingers to his lips before blowing a cocky kiss into the air.]

SA: Alana taking his time... he's savoring this moment!

CP: He's showing off now. He knows he's got him.

[Alana leaps off the top rope with a picture-perfect, high-arching splash that crashes down onto Rhodes with devastating force.]

SA: TIDAL CRUSH!!! From the top rope! What impact!

CP: That's it. It's over.

[Instead of a normal cover, Alana simply drops to one knee and arrogantly places just one hand on Rhodes' chest. The referee slides in and counts the one... two... three.]

SA: It could be... it might be... it is? It is! I can't believe it! Jay Alana just pinned Raphael Rhodes!

CP: In under five minutes! Sal, this is shocking. Raphael Rhodes took Juan Vasquez to the absolute limit at Memorial Day Mayhem... and Jay Alana just destroyed him tonight!

SA: A dominant, statement-making performance by The Sun God. Raphael Rhodes has never looked this vulnerable before. Jay Alana has arrived in a huge way!

[There's a stunned silence in the KeyArena as Alana rises to his feet, staring down at the fallen Rhodes with a satisfied smirk as "Toxic" begins to play.]

SA: On a night all about surprises... all about shocking moments... we may have just witnessed the most shocking of them all.

[Alana mounts the midbuckle, loving the shocked response from the AWA faithful...

...and we fade through black to a pitch black screen.

A soft piano note.

Then another.

[A voiceover begins - calm and soothing.]

"There was a time... when this night was only a dream."

[Fade to a clip of Julie Somers walking through the curtain with the Women's World Title draped over her shoulder.]

"A dream carried by women who fought for space... for respect... for the chance to be seen."

[Fade to a clip of Harley Hamilton hard at work training, running on a treadmill with weights hanging off her, sweat pouring off of her.]

"Now that night is near."

[String underneath piano are heard, building stronger as we see Julie Somers in the ring, diving from her perch with a moonsault...]

"Julie Somers has carried this division with heart... with pride... with the weight of a championship that means everything."

[...to a clip of Harley Hamilton wrenching a knee in her grasp, her eyes cold... focused... dangerous.]

"Harley Hamilton has never asked for permission.

She was born for this stage... and she intends to take her place at the top."

[Cut to a shot of Somers and Hamilton staring one another down in a promotional photo.]

"Champion.
Challenger.

Legacy...
...and ambition."

[Title card hits.]

GIRLS TO THE FRONT

The women of the AWA. Their night.

[And with that, we fade from the hype piece to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where we find Bobby O'Connor standing between his Blackjacks - Sanderson on his right, Whittaker on his left.]

BOC: Gentlemen, tonight is the night we've been waiting for. The night you've been WORKING for.

Tonight is our deliverance.

[O'Connor throws his arms out to his sides.]

BOC: Tonight, we cement our claim to being the BEST tag team in this division by beating four other teams to win Run The Rankings and earn our shot at the World Tag Team Titles.

[He bows his head.]

BOC: Let us pray.

Oh Lord, we ask that you bless these men in their quest for gold. We ask that you lift them in your gracious hands to stand high and above the likes of...

[He twitches.]

BOC: ...that heathen Omega and his false idol Polemos. We ask that you strengthen the arms of these soldiers of yours as they smite the likes of Legado de Lucha and Masks For Money who hide their faces in shame for what they have become.

[He pauses... and Sanderson leans over to whisper in his ear. O'Connor listens, then waves a dismissive hand.]

BOC: Nobody cares about them.

[O'Connor lifts his head, smirking as he looks into the camera.]

BOC: Moses said "Please show me your glory" and so we ask the same. Show us your glory... and let it shine on these men who stand alone amongst a locker room of sinners, worthy of your love, strength, and guidance as they fight all the odds.

They have been your soldiers in darkness.

Now make them your champions in light.

[O'Connor's smile grows into an uncomfortable grin.]

BOC: Amen.

[We fade from the pre-taped footage to a live shot backstage of Mark Stegglet standing in front of the Opportunity Knocks backdrop.]

MS: The Blackjacks gearing up for one heck of a fight later tonight in Run The Rankings... but I don't want to talk about later tonight. Right now, I want to talk about EARLIER tonight because - if you missed it, make sure you catch the replay on demand on the ESPN app, because spoilers! The Main Event of Girls To The Front has changed! Harley Hamilton will still be redeeming her title opportunity from winning the Rumble, but she will be going against my guest at this time...

[Stegglet straightens up his posture a little, a smile forming on his face.]

MS: ...the brand new AWA Women's World Champion, the "Platinum Princess", Michelle Bailey!

[There is applause from off-camera as the new champion walks into the frame, blushing and looking a little overwhelmed by the moment. She has the Women's World Title belt strapped around her waist, and a towel - stained with watery makeup - over her shoulder. She looks off-screen.]

MB: I hope you folks aren't going to get in trouble for cheering from behind the cameras.

[Michelle smiles warmly, shaking her head.]

MS: I think there are a lot of people who are very happy for you, Michelle. It's tough to see Julie Somers lose the title, but if anyone was going to take up the mantle from her, I think it's safe to say that from the fans to the cable runners are happy to see you finally live out your dreams.

[Michelle bites her bottom lip, nodding slightly.]

MB: I'm really glad you mentioned Julie, Mark. I don't want her to become forgotten in all of this. She didn't have to put the title against me tonight, or she could have accepted the way she beat me at Memorial Day Mayhem and moved onto the next contender. It says a lot about who she is as a person that she chose to give me another shot, and as far as I'm concerned, belt or no belt, she's a true champion.

[The crowd, watching on the video screen in the arena, loudly cheers Michelle's words.]

MS: Now Michelle, for those who knew you back in your EMWC days, when you were the Junior Heavyweight Champion and the Television Champion back then, you had a reputation for being a fighting champion. Do you want to carry that same reputation with you now that you're the AWA Women's World Champion?

[Michelle rubs the back of her head.]

MB: You're right, Mark. It's my instinct to be a fighting champion, because a title is only worth what it means to defend it. I haven't had a chance to speak to Interim President Zharkov about a potential slate of defenses yet. I do know that there was a lot of planning put into the promotional packages surrounding Girls To The Front, and I've kind of thrown a wrench into that planning by getting the Main Event changed after the commercials have already started.

[A shrug.]

MB: All I can do is make my feelings known to the office, and we'll see what's arranged for me.

[Mark hesitates, trying to think through his words.]

MS: Of course, the other half of that Main Event is Harley Hamilton, who can't be too pleased that you've changed her plans for Girls To The Front. You've also had a tumultuous relationship with her in the past, and the two of you were last in the Rumble. Unfortunately for you, Harley went off on you after you eliminated Cinder.

[Michelle nods.]

MB: Harley and I have run hot and cold with our emotions, for sure. There are times where it feels like I've broken through with her, and times where I feel like I'll never understand her. I've said it before, but I respect her, even though I know a lot of people don't.

[Michelle sighs, putting her hand on the main plate of the title belt.]

MB: But this is on the line now, and we have to put emotions aside. The biggest prize in women's wrestling is on the line, at the biggest event that there has ever been for women's wrestling. I happen to be lucky and blessed to have earned the opportunity to be there, and Harley Hamilton will be on the other side. Whether she likes me or hates me, we're going to be fighting for the right to say we're the best.

[Michelle looks down at the belt around her waist.]

MB: No matter how alien it is for me to feel I could actually be the best, this belt says it's me. And it's up to you, Harley Hamilton, to prove me wrong at Madison Square Garden.

MS: Girls To The Front, August 18th, Madison Square Garden... the NEW Women's World Champion Michelle Bailey puts the gold on the line against the winner of the 2018 Rumble Harley Hamilton in the Main Event and you do NOT want to miss it! Now, let's go back to the ring right here on Opportunity Knocks LIVE on ESPN!

[We crossfade back to a panning shot of the sold out KeyArena crowd, the fans still buzzing over the upset victory they just witnessed.]

After a moment, the sounds of Repartee's "Dukes" fills the air, giving the Seattle fans something to scream about as the Canadian Dream Girl, Skylar Swift, makes her appearance at the top of the ramp.]

SA: Oh yeah! One of the most popular superstars in the AWA, Skylar Swift, has arrived at Opportunity Knocks!

CP: And I'll give you one guess who she plans on challenging tonight, Big Sal.

[Swift starts making her way down the aisle, slapping the outstretched hands on either side of the aisle as she heads towards the ring.]

SA: When Skylar Swift returned to action at Memorial Day Mayhem a little over a month ago, she went right after Trish Wallace - her old friend and partner - and the rest of the Slam Sorority. I'd say it's a good bet that she's got her eyes on them tonight as well.

CP: Winner, winner, chicken dinner!

[Swift reaches ringside, pulling herself up on the apron and accepting an offered microphone before climbing through the ropes. She grins at the cheering crowd as her music fades.]

SS: Thank you, Seattle!

[The cheers pick up again as she nods and smiles.]

SS: Ever since the day I came back in Los Angeles, I've had this date - July 4th - circled on my calendar... and it's not just because I love hamburgers and hot dogs!

[There's laughter for the Canadian Dream Girl.]

SS: It's because I knew that on this night... of all nights... at Opportunity Knocks, I could come out here and challenge ANYONE I want and get the match. No more ducking. No more dodging. Whoever's name I call... they gotta come right down here and fight me.

[Swift nods as the crowd cheers.]

SS: And it might surprise you to know that I've got a few names on my list here tonight sooooo... who to choose, who to choose. It's a tough call, you see, because... even though she's already wrestled a heck of a match here tonight, I'd really LOVE another shot at the World Title after I came so close last summer.

[The crowd buzzes at that idea but Swift waves a hand.]

SS: Relax, Michelle... I've got all the respect in the world for you and I wouldn't do that to you on your big night. Congratulations... and I'll see you down the road.

[She winks at the camera.]

SS: Who else? What about the gals in E-Girl MAX?

[The crowd jeers that unit... mostly.]

SS: Yeah, they really get on my nerves too. Maybe I should call one of them out. Maybe the fans here in Seattle would LOVE to see me take on Casey Cash...

[Cheers!]

SS: ...Cinder...

[More cheers!]

SS: ...or the 2018 Rumble winner, Harley Hamilton?

[Most cheers! Swift nods appraisingly.]

SS: Interesting, interesting... and of course, everyone knows how badly I want to get my hands on my ol' pal Trish Wallace and get a little payback for the months I spent on the shelf thanks to her, right?

[Another big cheer!]

SS: That's the most tempting of all... but as it turns out, Seattle, there's someone else who has been a thorn in my side recently that I just can't get my mind off showing her why the Canadian Dream Girl ain't one to mess with.... and it seems to me like it's as good a time as any to settle that issue.

So... Lauryn Rage...

[The crowd ROARS in surprise at that name being dropped.]

SS: ...come on down here and let's give these people something to talk about!

[She tosses the mic aside and waits to see if her challenge will be answered.]

SA: Wow! Now THAT'S a surprising callout, Colt!

CP: I never would've guessed that. Of all the people that Swift just mentioned, she wants a piece of the first AWA Women's World Champion?

SA: Apparently, the recent activity between-

[The crowd reacts as Lauryn Rage storms onto the stage before her music even has a chance to hit. Dressed in a scandalous long-sleeved black onesie, a single fingerless fuchsia glove, knee brace and short black boots, she marches to the ring without taking her eyes off Skylar Swift.]

SA: The crowd here in Seattle is happy to see the former champion... but Lauryn Rage does NOT look happy to see Skylar Swift with her name on her lips, Colt.

CP: Well, we thought we knew who Swift would be looking for tonight... but we DEFINITELY knew who Lauryn Rage had her mind set on facing and it's not the Canadian Dream Girl.

SA: Absolutely not.

[Rage climbs up the steps, ducking through the ropes as she wipes her boots with angry swipes. Inside the ring, she stomps right across straight up into Skylar's face, snatching the microphone angrily from Swift's hand.]

LR: What the hell are you doing?! You picked the WRONG damn night to pick Lauryn Rage.

[The crowd buzzes over the unexpected faceoff as Swift doesn't back down.]

LR: Tonight was supposed to be about me getting my hands on Laura Davis and kickin' her ass once and for all! Everybody heard me say that last Saturday Night's Wrestling. Everybody but you.

[The Seattle fans "oooooh" as Rage glares at Swift.]

LR: For weeks, I've been huntin' that coward. And every week it's been the same schtick. She runs. She hides. She jumps me with her Slam Sorority sycophants.

This week, there was nowhere she could run. There was nowhere she could hide. And the Slam Sorority couldn't help her.

Tonight is Opportunity Knocks.

[Big cheer for the event hype!]

LR: No duckin'. No dodgin'. No excuses.

[She bumps up even tighter into Skylar's face. Her forehead is pressed against Swift's.]

LR: And you decide to knock on _MY_ door.

[She takes a step back, stabbing a finger into the Dream Girl's chest.]

LR: So Laura gets away one more time. And now I'm really pissed off and I want to fight. And the only person standing in front of me is you.

Skylar Swift, I respect you.

[Rage nods.]

LR: I even kind of respect you challenging me tonight. But when I'm pissed off, I can't be satisfied until I slap the taste out of somebody's mouth. So your mouth's as good as any.

[She stabs her finger into Swift's chest with the finger of her fuchsia glove again.]

LR: So get a damn referee in here because I'm gonna wear your ass out!

[The crowd cheers again as Lauryn never breaks eye contact.]

LR: Because it's like that...

[Beat.]

LR: ...and that's the way it is.

[The fans ERUPT in cheers again as Rage backs off, keeping her eyes on a determined Swift. Lauryn is already on ten and climbing as she throws the microphone down with a loud CLACK and the referee rushes into the ring.]

SA: Referee Rebecca Daniels quickly making her way out here to call this one...

[As Daniels slides into the ring, she gets a barked "RING THE BELL!" from the former champion and obliges...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...which is Rage's cue to come barreling out of the corner, rushing a surprised Skylar Swift with a flurry of fists on the ear that send Swift falling back into the turnbuckles, arms up to try to defend herself!]

SA: Rage off to the quick start and the fists are flying!

CP: The highly illegal fists! This ain't boxing, Albano.

SA: I know it's not... but you try telling Lauryn Rage that as she continues to fire away, ignoring the referee just seconds into this one! The red-hot temper of Lauryn Rage is on full display here already!

[Rage is teeing off with rights and left hooks to the body, battering the torso of the Canadian Dream Girl who is outgunned in the fisticuffs, crumpling down to sit against the buckles...]

...but Rage isn't done yet, grabbing the top rope and viciously stomping her shoulder, ribs, hands, anything she can reach as the referee is already shouting at her!]

SA: Rebecca Daniels is struggling to keep control of Lauryn Rage who seems like she might not actually be in her right mind right now, Colt.

CP: She might actually be SEEING Laura Davis in there against her! She's out of control and Daniels better do something quick or this one's going to get out of hand!

[Rage gets backed off by Daniels, the two trading words as Daniels gets her away from the corner, reprimanding her as Swift struggle to get up to a knee, wincing in pain as she grabs at her ribcage...]

SA: Rage mighta cracked a rib or something with one of those big hooks shots because Swift is in some pain there, Colt.

CP: She might be-

[But as Rage steps back in, Swift comes off the knee with a shout, wrapping her arms around the body, driving the first AWA Women's Champion all the way back across the ring, crushing her body into the turnbuckles!]

SA: OHH! Swift showing she's not done yet!

[Swift snaps off three big roundhouse kicks to the ribcage of Rage before leaping up, twisting back around to catch her with a spin kick up under the chin, snapping Rage's head back!]

SA: And the Canadian Dream Girl came to fight!

[She grabs Rage by the wrist, whipping her across the ring...]

SA: Da Kid hits the corner hard... here comes Swift!

[...and with a running start, Swift leaps into the air...]

SA: BIG SPLASH!

[...but Rage straightens up, catching her over the shoulder!]

SA: OH! CAUGHT!

[And this time, it's Rage's turn to stampede all the way back across the ring, driving Swift's back into the corner!]

SA: Rage returns the favor! What a start to this one!

[Grabbing the arm of Swift who is gasping for air, Rage whips her across, sending her crashing into the opposite corner. She follows her methodically, judging her target before snapping off a hooking right hand to the ribcage!]

SA: OH! What a shot to the ribs!

[A second one lands as well, leaving Swift hunched over slightly before Rage POPS her with an uppercut under the chin, causing Swift to grab hold of the top rope to stay on her feet!]

SA: She might be seeing stars after that one! Going for the ride again!

[The whip sends Swift into the corner again before Rage rushes across, leaping up...]

SA: OHHH! HIP ATTACK IN THE CORNER!

[Swift again grabs the ropes to stay on her feet, causing an irate Rage to tee off again, rocking her with right hands to the ribcage that causes the official to step in again, demanding she back off!]

SA: Come on, ref! Get her out of the corner!

[Daniels has to physically interject herself between the two, forcing her back a few steps as Rage lets her have it verbally...]

SA: Lauryn Rage has GOT to calm down, Colt!

CP: You wanna tell her that?

[Rage brushes angrily past Daniels, trying to go back on offense...

...which is when Swift leans back in the buckles, swinging her legs up and catching the former Women's Champion with two feet in the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage stumbles backwards as Swift hops to the middle rope, taking aim...]

SA: DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[The big flying dropkick knocks Rage down on the canvas, Swift grabbing at her ribs as she forces herself back on her feet, trying to ride the momentum...]

CP: Swift's gotta stay on her here.

SA: She's got an opening and-

[As Rage gets up, fists balled up and ready, Swift lashes out with a short kick to the side of the knee, hobbling Rage for a moment...

...just long enough to pair the kick with a discus back elbow that ROCKS the former champion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage stumbles backwards as Swift dashes to the ropes, rebounding back, leaping up to snare Rage's head between her legs...]

SA: Around and around she goes!

[...and the whirly bird headscissors sends Rage flying through the ropes, falling to the ringside area in the KeyArena!]

SA: There we go! Skylar Swift finally creates some separation!

CP: She'd better do more than separate. She'd better stay moving.

[Swift does exactly that as she dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back at high speed for a baseball slide dropkick...]

SA: And she's... saaaaaaaaf-

[...but Rage wisely tugs up the ring apron, trapping the incoming Swift!]

CP: OUT AT THE PLATE!

[The trapped Swift is mugged at ringside with a flurry of fists and forearms from Rage, knocking her down to the floor where Rage tugs her out from under the apron, dragging her to her feet...]

SA: Back up and... OHHH! Facefirst down into the ring apron! My word!

[Swift staggers alongside the apron with Rage in pursuit, yanking her back by the hair...]

SA: Look out here!

[...and an attempted whip into the barricade sends Swift rushing toward steel until the very athletic Canadian Dream Girl leaps over it, landing on her feet beyond the railing in the Seattle crowd who quickly mob her to show their support!]

SA: Wow! Swift goes up and over to safety and-

[She smirks at Rage whose eyes flash with... well, rage... and then rushes towards the barricade looking to do more damage...]

SA: Here comes Rage and- OH! High kick by Swift over the railing!

[The boot to the temple sends Rage stumbling backwards as Swift backs away herself...]

...and then leaps up to the barricade, delicately balancing for a moment before HURLING herself into the air!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FLYING CLOTHESLINE OFF THE RAILING! SHE WIPES OUT RAGE AT RINGSIDE!

CP: And Big Sal, I gotta think Lauryn Rage's emotions are getting the better of her right now. This isn't the match she wanted. This isn't the opponent she wanted. She's mad... hell, she's been mad for months now... and that lack of self-control is costing her in this one so far.

SA: Can't argue with a thing you said right there.

[Swift grabs Rage off the mat, tossing her back inside the ring. She pulls herself up on the apron, nodding to the cheering fans as she waits for Rage to get up, again staggering aggressively towards her...]

...and then slingshots over the top rope into a crossbody!]

SA: CROSSBODY BRINGS HER DOWN! HOOKS THE LEG!

[A two count follows before Rage kicks out!]

SA: Rage escapes... and look at Swift, using that speed to her advantage...

[The Canadian is quickly off the ropes, rebounding back towards the rising Rage, leaping over and taking her down...]

SA: SUNSET FLIP! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[...but Rage kicks out again, breaking the pin attempt!]

SA: Out at two! Rage is right back up, Swift as well!

[But as Rage comes at her, cocking back a fist to throw, Swift goes downstairs, yanking the legs out from under her...]

SA: DOUBLE LEG CRADLE! SHE'S GOT ONE! SHE'S GOT TWO! SHE'S GOT-

[The crowd "oooooohs" as Rage escapes again, fury in her eyes as she gets off the mat again, throwing a big right hand that Swift ducks under, reaching back to hook the arm...]

SA: Wait, wait, wait! BACKSLIIIIIDE!

[Swift drags her down, running in place as the referee dives to count again!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... NOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd ROARS at the near fall, some cheering the knockout, some jeering the near fall!]

SA: Wow! What an exchange by these two, the top of the Women's Division on display here tonight!

CP: Skylar Swift said before the match that she's looking to earn another shot at the gold... and with a new champion, all bets are off on who's next in line. If Swift pulls out a win tonight, who knows? It could be her, Albano!

SA: It certainly could... and look at Rage! She's smiling, Colt!

CP: Smiling like a woman clinging to her sanity.

[Swift is on the move again as Rage gets up, ducking one attempt at a Rage clothesline... then a second attempt at a Rage haymaker...]

SA: Swift avoids the big right hand and- BULLDOG!

[...and leaps up to DRIVE Rage's face into the canvas! She pops up off the mat, many of the crowd cheering her on as she points to the corner!]

SA: The Canadian Dream Girl is pointing to the corner! She's heading up top!

[Swift is scaling the turnbuckles, the crowd cheering her on as Rage struggles back to her feet off the mat...]

...and then rushes forward!]

SA: Wait, wait! No!

[Rage gives Swift's leg a yank, causing her to go falling from the ropes awkwardly. The former champion catches her on the way down, shoving her into position where she's wedged between the ropes.]

SA: What is she...?

[The former Women's Champion steps up on the middle rope, springing into the air to bring her ample rear end down onto the already-damaged midsection of the Canadian Dream Girl!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHHH! Sweet San Angelo! What a brutal assault by Lauryn Rage!

[Da Kid is all piss and vinegar, trashtalking the downed Swift as she stomps out of the corner aggressively, earning an earful from the referee for the attack in the corner..]

...which only seems to make Rage madder as she spins around, charging back in as Swift tries to get off the mat...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES a running hip attack into the face and torso, crushing her back against the turnbuckles!]

SA: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[With Swift laid out in the corner, Rage shouts back at the referee who shakes her head in annoyance, waving for the match to continue as Rage plays to the crowd - mostly still on her side after the aggressive actions...]

SA: Lauryn Rage turns this match completely around right there. Swift seemed to be in control but just like that, it's Da Kid who is standing tall!

[Rage continues to run her mouth, the fans reacting as she walks back towards a stunned Swift, dragging her off the mat into a single underhook, taking her over with a suplex before rolling through...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Hah! There's the Lauryn Rage I know!

SA: She is taking this challenge as a personal insult and Skylar Swift is paying for it!

[Rage's wild-eyed expression is highlighted by the AWA's expert camerawork, leaving an unsettling feeling rippling across the arena as the referee again gives a warning...]

SA: Rebecca Daniels has been struggling to keep this one from breaking completely down since the opening moments and that has yet to change.

[Rage STOMPS down on Swift, eyeballing Daniels - almost daring her to say something.]

SA: Oh, come on. There's no need for that now.

[A few more stomps land before Daniels finally intervenes, telling Rage to back off and let Swift off the mat... but Rage will do no such thing, lifting her off the mat and tossing her into the nearest corner...]

SA: Back into the corner... Rage going after those ribs again...

[Holding the middle rope, Rage hammers home several shoulders to the ribcage. The referee again steps in, calling for a break...]

SA: Well, at least she broke it up this time...

[But just for a moment before leaning over to do it again, leaning back really far for extra oomph...

...and pulls herself RIGHT into a kneelift from Swift!]

“OHHHHHHH!”

SA: Swift caught her! She caught her good!

[Swift hops to the middle rope as Rage stumbles backwards, saluting the crowd...]

SA: She’s gonna fly again!

[...but as she leaps off, Rage leaps as well, tucking her knees up into the torso of Swift as they both come down!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: WHAT A COUNTER! RAGE TURNS THE CROSSBODY INTO A LUNGBLOWER!

[Rage flips her over, wrapping up a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...but Swift lifts a shoulder to escape in time.]

SA: She kicks out! Out in time!

CP: There wasn’t a lot behind that kickout, Big Sal. Swift’s in trouble.

SA: She certainly is.

[Rage pulls her off the mat, shoving her back against the ropes where she again goes to work with rights and lefts to the body, Swift struggling to defend herself against the onslaught...]

SA: Skylar Swift called down the thunder and now she’s got it, Colt! Rage going to work with those rights and lefts... and Rebecca Daniels is trying to get her to back away but-

[As Swift lowers her arms to cover up, Rage POPS her with a hook shot to the temple that SNAPS Swift’s head around, falling backwards through the ropes to the apron as Daniels angrily shoves Rage backwards, sticking a warning finger in her face...]

SA: And now it’s Rebecca Daniels who might be losing her cool!

CP: She can’t put her hands on a competitor. She’s gotta know that.

SA: Lauryn Rage won’t listen to a thing she says!

CP: Then count. Or ring the bell. Getting the loser’s side of the purse might teach her to listen.

[Rage shouts at Daniels who returns the favor as Rage steps towards the ropes, reaching over the top...

...and hears a few shouts from the ringside fans, angry at her overly-aggressive attacks on a fellow fan favorite. Rage pauses a moment, looking out at the crowd...]

SA: What's going on here?

[...and then backs off a second, shaking her head, looking down at her own hands.]

SA: I think... it's almost like she just realized what she's doing. She just realized she's been taking out all her aggression about Laura Davis on Skylar Swift, Colt.

CP: And that's a problem?

SA: Well... as this match has gone on, she's definitely been hearing more of a negative reaction from some of the fans here in Seattle.

CP: Who cares?! Do what you gotta do to win the match!

[Rage grimaces, burying her face in her hands for a moment...

...and then walks back towards the ropes where Skylar Swift is standing on the apron, holding the ropes...]

SA: Rage is heading back over there...

[But she doesn't appear to be looking to attack as she gets close, reaching out a hand...

...but Swift yanks the middle rope, propelling herself into a shoulder into the midsection!]

SA: OH! Swift caught her coming in and... SLINGSHOT SUNSET FLIP!

[Dragging Rage down, Swift hangs on for dear life...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[Swift rolls to her back, burying her face in her hands at the near fall!]

SA: How close was that?! Skylar Swift almost snatched this one away!

[Rage gets up off the mat, fire in her eyes once again, laughing wildly...]

SA: What in the...?

[...and she goes rushing at the rising Swift in the corner, twisting around!]

SA: HIP ATTACK!

[But Swift dives clear and Rage throws HERSELF into the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWIFT GETS OUT OF THE WAY!

[Rage stumbles forward, falling to her knees...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...where Swift POPS her with a superkick!]

SA: SWIFT KICK!

[Swift dives on top, wrapping up the legs!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: RAGE KIIIIIIICKS OUUUUUUT!

[The crowd buzzes over the near fall as Swift slumps over on the mat, smashing a hand down into the canvas.]

SA: Skylar Swift almost had her right there, Colt!

CP: And if this match has shown us anything, it’s that a nearfall like that will probably just make Rage even NASTIER!

[Swift slowly drags herself up, leaning over to slap her hands down on the mat...]

SA: And now Skylar Swift is looking to end this! Looking for her big moment here at Opportunity Knocks to put down the former World Champion and stake her own claim as a top contender to the new champion!

[...and as Rage slowly gets to her feet, Swift goes into a spin...]

SA: BEAUTIFUL DREAMER!

[...but Rage grabs the leg...]

SA: OH!

[...and YANKS Swift in, throwing one heck of a Perfect Punch to the jaw that sends Swift falling backwards, collapsing to the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: PERFECT PUNCH! PERFECT PUNCH CONNECTS!

CP: She’s gotta cover!

[Falling to her knees, Rage crawls across the ring towards the downed Swift who is still moving...]

...and manages to roll right out of the ring, falling off the apron as Rage makes a diving attempt to cover!]

SA: She couldn’t get there in time! Skylar Swift still had the presence of mind to roll for her life and Rage couldn’t cover her before Swift got out of the ring!

[Rage pushes up to her knees with an anguished howl. She is beside herself now as she pushes to her feet, trying to go out after Swift...

...and gets blocked by Rebecca Daniels who waves her off, wanting to start her count.]

SA: Uh oh.

[Rage starts bellowing at Daniels... at Swift... at the whole world as Daniels tries to start her count.]

SA: Rage ignoring the official AGAIN! Heading to the outside!

[She pulls Swift off the floor by the hair, smashing her into the ring apron again!]

SA: OH!

[Swift staggers towards the ringsteps, trying to stay on her feet...]

"CLAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHH!"

[...and then gets her face SLAMMED into the steel steps as well!]

SA: COME ON!

[Rage shoves her back under the ropes, rolling herself back in as Swift crawls to the corner, using the ropes to try and get back to her feet...

...and Rage, chest heaving, charges in one more time with a full head of steam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ANOTHER HIP ATTACK!

[The force of Rage's body weight slamming into Swift causes the Canadian Dream Girl to slump down, collapsing in a heap against the turnbuckles as Rage looks down on her... and STOMPS the cover girl face...]

SA: COME ON! DO SOMETHING, REF!

[...and again... and again.

The official is right there, shouting at Rage to back off so she can check on Skylar Swift's condition.]

SA: Daniels is right there, demanding Rage to get back...

[Daniels physically inserts herself again, wedging her way between the attacking Rage and the motionless Swift, forcing her back with another heated warning...

...but Rage shoves past her, STOMPING again... and again... and again!]

SA: Enough is enough, Rebecca!

[Rebecca Daniels makes another attempt to get some control, grabbing Rage by the arm, twisting her away from Swift...

...and gets SHOVED down to the canvas by Da Kid!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd is shocked by Rage's fury as Daniels looks up... and does what has to be done.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd deflates, many jeering at the sound of the bell.]

SA: Oh... oh no.

[Daniels moves over for a meeting of the Rebeccas as Ortiz nods before raising the mic.]

RO: AWA fans, referee Rebecca Daniels has DISQUALIFIED Lauryn Rage!

[The boos get louder!]

RO: Therefore, your winner is... SKYLARRRRR SWIIIIIIIFT!

[Some cheers for that as Rage looks at Daniels, her face covered in disbelief.]

SA: Skylar Swift picks up the win... but this can't be how she wanted that to go down, Colt.

CP: And we KNOW it's not how Lauryn Rage wanted it to go down. She got herself disqualified! She's lost it, Albano!

SA: Some might say she won the fight... but she lost the match - and that's the kind of thing that keeps you out of title contention.

[Rage glowers at the official... then turns to look at a rising Skylar Swift who is dazed and leaning hard on the ropes for support. Rage's eyes are burning into the Canadian Dream Girl and for a moment, it looks like she might go for more...

...and then does, rushing at Swift with a hard right hand that sends her spinning through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: OH! COME ON, LAURYN - IT'S OVER!

CP: Not to her, it's not!

[Rage goes through the ropes after her, ignoring the official as she pulls Swift off the mat and...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...ROCKETS her into the steel steps, knocking the top off the base!]

SA: SWIFT MEETS STEEL!

[Rage grabs at her own hair, giving it a hard yank with both hands before stomping across the ringside area after Swift...]

SA: She's STILL not done, Colt!

CP: I told you, she's lost it! This business with her list... with Laura Davis and the Slam Sorority... it's driven her over the edge!

SA: She's on top of Swift now, hammering away, big right hands and-

[At a frantic urging from Rebecca Daniels, we see a handful of AWA officials including John Shock, Lori Wilson, and Shari Miranda come tearing down the aisle to try to intervene...]

SA: We've got help coming finally! Get her away from here!

[Rage HAMMERS another fist down, shouting "YOU ASKED FOR THIS!" before another... and another...]

...and finally, Lori Wilson grabs that swinging arm in a half nelson, holding her long enough for a half dozen more officials to work their way in, pushing and shoving Rage back!]

SA: Look at this - it's taking a whole squad to get her off the Dream Girl!

CP: Lauryn Rage letting her anger get the better of her... and I gotta think this is going to torpedo her chance of getting a shot at the new World Champion any time soon, Big Sal.

SA: I'd have to agree. This is one former champion that WON'T be a problem for Michelle Bailey in the immediate near future.

[Rage rips away from the officials, making another lunge before being cut off. She spins away to kick at the railing, causing the ringside fans to jump back.]

SA: Skylar Swift is your winner... but at what cost? She's laid out on the floor here at ringside and...

[A weary Swift is boosted into a seated position by Shari Miranda. She can be overheard by the ringside camera mic asking what happened as Miranda tries to explain the situation.]

SA: Lauryn Rage stalking out of here, Colt, and I suppose she proved a point but she's further away from where she wants to be than ever.

CP: She not only lost the match... but I'd say she just lost an important mental battle with Laura Davis too.

[Rage turns back towards the ring, again burying her face in her hands. When her face reappears, there's a different expression - remorse? Sadness? Or just like she's sick to her stomach over what just happened. She shakes her head in disgust before walking back up the aisle as the ringside activity around Swift continues...]

...and we cut to footage marked with "EARLIER TONIGHT", as we see Yoshi Fujiwara and Tizona mid-conversation with Betty Chang and Charity Rockwell. The Southern-fried luchador leans forward against a chair that Charity is sitting in, as Yoshi and Betty sit on a light case while maintaining a respectful distance. Behind them, we see a production hands with the hood of their sweatshirt on their head running lengths of XLR cables for tonight's broadcast. The audio picks up as Betty looks concerned.]

BC: ...but it's four teams you have to beat in one night!

CR: Hon, that's four tough teams they're facing. Sounds like a real impossible hill to climb, doll.

BC: I'm...

[Betty boldly places a hand on Yoshi's shoulder, staring him directly in the eyes. A look of shock forms on Charity's face as she snaps open her fan and she begins fanning herself, watching the action with interest.]

BC: ...just worried about you, that's all.

[Yoshi's face reddens with a blush, but the moment is lost when Tizona blurts out in frustration, causing Charity to roll her eyes.]

T: FORGET ABOUT ALL THAT! Do you know what this could mean for us?! We could get a shot at the Tag Team Titles if we get through these guys!

[Yoshi regains his composure after Tizona ruined the moment.]

YF: Team Supreme has already thrashed us twice. It's not exactly a reward I'm looking forward to collect.

[Tizona stands up straight, putting his hands on his hips.]

T: An apple will eventually be a core, but that doesn't mean you skip eating the apple, Yo-man.

[The analogy seems to puzzle the rest of the group.]

YF: ...what?

BC: Huh?

CR: That metaphor was about as fresh as last week's milk.

[Tizona ignores their confusion and keeps going.]

T: Look, I know I'm about lining my pockets, right? Forget the money.

YF: Forget the what???

T: The whole reason fate brought us together is because they beat us up. You know what's in my bag back in the locker room?

CR: All the hooch from the mini-bar?

T: Besides that! In my bag, I have the mask that AJ Martinez pulled off my face. That man humiliated me on national television, called me ugly... he disrespected me, y'all. And I'm going to eventually punch that ugly goon right in the nose and take the belts away from Team Supreme.

[Everyone looks nervous as the production hand finishes their cable run and disappears from the background.]

CR: But how do you know they'll even pick AJ? There's six of them they can choose from.

BC: At least six of them. They might have even more members we don't even know about. Nobody had a clue what Flag-chan...

T: Who?

YF: Paris Crawford.

T: Ah.

BC: ...could do until they took out Johnny Detson, and who knows who else Mifune and Supreme might have waiting in the shadows.

[Everyone thinks for a moment before Yoshi pipes up.]

YF: And is it okay to point out that AJ Martinez isn't all that ugly?

T: Are you kidding me?! That guy's grotesque! A straight-up goblin!

CR: I wouldn't go that far. From certain angles, he's quite the looker.

BC: He's... not bad looking at all.

[Tizona throws up his hands in frustration.]

T: Then I'll punch that handsome goon right in the nose! I don't care! The important thing is that we whittle them down to nothing. We beat Masks For Money before, and I bet we can do it again. Then it's Legado del Lucha, Omega and Polemos, and the Blackjacks. They're all different, but we've got the one thing we don't have, Yo-man.

[Tizona walks over to Yoshi and puts his arm around the younger Fujiwara's shoulder.]

T: Heart! Courage! Dedication! Pizzazz!

CR: That's four things.

[Tizona places his arm around Charity's shoulder.]

T: And we have beautiful women by our side! Any man can conquer the world with the support of a good woman!

[Charity removes Tizona's arm from her shoulder, a look of revulsion on her face.]

YF: It's just a lot, Tizona. I want to win those titles as much as you do, but we have to admit that it's a steep hill to climb.

[Tizona sighs.]

T: I know. I know it's a lot.

[Tizona turns Yoshi towards him, extending a hand.]

T: But I can climb Mount Everest if I've got my best friend with me.

[Yoshi instinctively answers.]

YF: I'm not-

[Then pauses, a look of realization coming over his face.]

YF: ...am I really your best friend?

[Tizona firmly nods, and reaffirms the offer of his hand. Yoshi smiles, and the two clasp hands at the thumb, shouting "YEAH!" at the same time, then walking off together. Betty and Charity look at each other as Katrina Coleman walks into the scene, looking confused.]

KC: What'd I miss?

CR: Boys being boys.

BC: You know, for a second there... I thought they were going to kiss.

KC: Oh my gosh, were they!?

BC: I know, right!? My heart wouldn't have been able to handle it!

[Charity fans herself, shaking her head.]

CR: T-M-I, dolls. Keep the workplace professional.

[And with that, we fade back to the ring where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside "Flawless" Larry Wallace who is dressed in long purple tights with "FLAWLESS" in white script down the legs.]

MS: Seattle, lemme hear ya!

[The Seattle fans cheer as they should!]

MS: As you can see, I'm out here at this time in the ring with "Flawless" Larry Wallace and... well, Larry... I'm not exactly sure why.

[Wallace chuckles with a nod.]

FLW: Mark, we're out here together because I have a confession to make in front of this sold out crowd tonight at Opportunity Knocks.

[Stegglet raises an eyebrow.]

MS: Oh? Well, I suppose the floor... and the mic... is yours.

[Wallace nods in thanks.]

FLW: It's been a few years now since I started calling myself "Flawless"... and I think the fans of the AWA... and the folks on the Internet... have long since established that I'm anything but. Whether it's with my actions outside the ring... or my actions inside the ring lately... I've been looking pretty damned flawed actually. I came back to the AWA and had big dreams. I wanted to win the tag titles with my friend, Travis Lynch...

[The crowd cheers for Travis!]

FLW: That's right. And not only did I fail to do that... but I also failed in keeping him from getting hurt... putting another Lynch on the shelf at a time this company needs all the heroes it can get.

[Wallace shakes his head.]

FLW: I just can't seem to get things on track... but I'm hoping all of that changes here tonight. Because this night is all about opportunity... and I think if I can get the right opportunity, I can turn this whole thing around, Mark.

[The Seattle fans cheer Wallace who smiles, nodding.]

MS: Sounds like these people think you can too, Larry. And frankly-

[“The Devil In I” by Slipknot begins to rage across the PA system, pounding the eardrums of the AWA faithful as a whole lot of confused faces turn towards the entrance stage...]

SA: What is this is about?

[...only to find former AWA announcer Jason Dane standing there in a deep crimson suit from head to toe, his hair slicked straight back as he carries a golden cane with a jagged crystal top. He sneers at the crowd before turning on what looks like a used car salesman’s best smile as he walks down the ramp towards the ring.]

SA: Jason Dane is here... and Colt, what is going on with this guy?

CP: I’m not sure I have an answer for that, Big Sal.

SA: He’s one of your best friends, isn’t he? Your former announce partner in the E!

CP: This is NOT the same Jason Dane. He’s been broken for a while now. I’m not sure who we’re seeing these days.

SA: Recently, we saw him make his AWA return in a few backstage encounters. We saw him receive what we’d have to assume was a briefcase full of money from Veronica Westerly, implying that he brokered the deal to bring Nenshou back to the AWA and into the Westerly Dynasty.

CP: While implying he’s got a... friendly... relationship with Veronica’s sister, Angelica, one of the AWA’s international talent scouts.

SA: We’ve seen him bully announcers... people he used to call friends... and then on Showtime a few days ago, he promised some answers tonight. Maybe it’s finally time for us to get some.

[Dane reaches ringside, climbing the steps and ducking through the ropes with a mic in hand as he confronts a puzzled Larry Wallace.]

MS: Jason, I’m not sure what-

[Dane turns a hard gaze on his friend.]

JD: Mark, for the years of friendship between us, I’ll give you one warning to keep your mouth shut and let me handle my business.

[Stegglet’s jaw drops, stepping back in surprise as a ripple of uneasiness crosses over the crowd.]

JD: Larry Wallace, you’re right. Tonight IS about opportunity. And I’m here to give you one.

[Dane looks Wallace up and down appraisingly.]

JD: You and I have some things in common. First off, our family connections have meant NOTHING when it comes to steady employment here. Secondly, you and I both came back to this company with high expectations for what we wanted to accomplish.

Now, you may feel as though you’ve failed... and maybe you have...

[Dane jerks a thumb at himself.]

JD: But my return is just beginning... here tonight. For weeks now, people have asked why I'm back... what I planned on doing with the money from Veronica Westerly... what was next.

My days holding this...

[He waves the mic around.]

JD: ...for someone else to speak are over.

[Dane throws a look at the announce table.]

JD: Keep your unearned headset, Albano.

[The shot cuts to ringside where Big Sal looks stunned.]

JD: Sit there with my... "friend"... Colt Patterson who couldn't be bothered to say one word on my behalf when they came to ask him to replace Bucky Wilde on this show.

[Dane is fuming mad.]

JD: I was the play by play announcer for the EMWC! I REPLACED YOUR UNCLE!

[He stabs a finger at Stegglet.]

JD: And when the AWA starts, my sister... my brother-in-law... some of my alleged best friends in this business told me that they were "going in a different direction." They put me backstage. They stuck a mic in my hand while a couple of old men sat at the desk that should've been mine!

And over and over, they pushed me further and further out of the picture until I got shown the door.

And still my friends... my family... said nothing.

[Dane glares at Stegglet.]

JD: But this...

[He waves a hand at Albano and Colt.]

JD: ...this was the last straw. See, when Gordon Myers decided to step aside, I knew... I KNEW this was my moment. I knew my phone would ring. I knew I would get what I deserved.

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: I got nothing. And on the day that my good friend Colt Patterson sat down with that overinflated fool out there...

[The fans start to jeer now.]

JD: ...I knew that I would NEVER sit in that chair. And that if I wanted to make a living in the sport that I've LOVED for my entire life, I knew I had to make a change.

So, I waited until the time was right. I made my connections. I talked to the right people.

And when Veronica Westerly couldn't close the deal to get Nenshou to leave Japan to work with someone he didn't know or trust... I built the bridge to make that happen.

For a tidy sum of course.

[Dane grins.]

JD: A tidy sum that I knew I could use to get people who felt like me... who were tossed aside... who were shown the door... who were kept hidden off-camera... I could get them an opportunity. I could get them THEIR chance.

[Dane turns back to an impatient Wallace.]

JD: Which brings me to you, Larry Wallace.

I have to admit. This wasn't my original plan.

My original plan was to wait for some poor schmoe to come out here and make some grandstand challenge and then to show the world exactly what I've been up to.

[Dane pauses, stroking his chin.]

JD: But hearing you out here...

[He snaps his fingers.]

JD: I think this isn't just YOUR opportunity, Larry. This is OUR opportunity.

OUR opportunity to come together and show these people just what WE can do... together.

[Dane grins that greasy smile again, sticking out his hand towards Wallace. The fans immediately start jeering.]

JD: Larry...

[Wallace looks around at the jeering fans.]

JD: Those people have never given a DAMN about you. Not as a member of Team Supreme. Not as a part of the Wallace family. Your sister. Your brothers. They watch them. They post on the Internet about them. Not you.

Don't let them make a decision like this for you.

[Wallace looks at Dane again... then again at the fans.]

JD: Larry, I've been waiting far too long to get what I want out of this business. Don't make me wait any longer.

[Dane sticks his hand out insistently as Wallace looks at it.]

SA: A turning point perhaps in the career of "Flawless" Larry Wallace as he has a big decision to make right here, Colt.

CP: I'm not even sure what the offer is - is Jason Dane a MANAGER now?!

SA: I'd have to assume so and-

[Wallace gets a ROAR from the crowd as he shakes his head, waving a dismissive hand at Dane whose smile never leaves his face...]

JD: A man of principle, eh? Well... we'll beat that out of you.

[...and as Wallace looks puzzled at Dane's response, the crowd starts to rumble in reaction!]

SA: What was that supposed to- HEY!

[A large... scratch that... HUGE man comes lumbering up the ringsteps, dressed in black canvas pants with an equally huge tanktop revealing some massive arms, a wide as the Grand Canyon back, and a rounded chest that teases a 400 pound+ frame as he ducks through the ropes, getting a running start...

...and as Wallace twists around in alarm, the attacker leaps up, clashing his arms together on the head of Wallace as his massive frame topples the Flawless One to the canvas!]

SA: OH! Down he goes! Who the heck is that, Colt?!

CP: Wait a second... I think I DO know who that is!

[Dane backs off, gesturing with his jagged crystal-topped cane as the big man backs off, nodding his head...]

SA: Larry Wallace has just been ambushed by... you say you know who that is?!

CP: I do! And so do you! The bald head threw me for a second but take a closer look, Big Sal!

SA: A closer... OH! OH, MAMA MIA! That's Gino Typhoon! The grandson of the legendary Chimpanzee Typhoon... and a superheavyweight in EVERY sense of the word!

CP: You talk about opportunity knocking, Big Sal! This guy's been trying to kick in the door to this company for a long time now! His grandfather... you said it, he's a LEGEND! He's the man the backstage area just behind the curtain is named for - a legend in EVERY locker room in this business from the good ol' days all the way to the AWA!

[As Wallace struggles off the mat, Gino Typhoon plucks him off the mat with ease, slinging him over his shoulders in a fireman's carry. He shows off the agility that goes with his superheavyweight size, spinning around in an airplane spin...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then SPLATTERS Wallace under his 400 pound frame with a Samoan Drop!]

SA: JUST CRUSHED UNDERNEATH THE BODY OF GINO TYPHOON!

[Typhoon pops up, enthusiasm in every movement and fire in his eyes as Dane steps forward, smiling as he pokes at the unmoving Wallace with his cane...]

SA: I think you've proved your point, Jason! You're done here!

[...and Dane pivots on Albano, eyes flashing!]

JD: I DON'T THINK SO, ALBANO! I THINK I'M JUST GETTING STARTED!

GINO...

[Typhoon inclines his head at his apparent new manager.]

JD: ...put him in misery.

[It's Gino Typhoon's turn to smile as he slowly backs up, bouncing off the ropes...]

SA: NO!

[...and LEAPS into the air, dropping all 400+ pounds on the motionless Larry Wallace!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Good god, Albano!

SA: We're gonna need a SPATULA to get Larry Wallace off this mat!

CP: A spatula?! I think we're going to need a garden hose!

[Typhoon stays on the still Wallace for several more seconds, letting his weight rest on the torso before Dane gestures at him, ordering him to his feet. Dane is all smiles as he slaps the back of Typhoon, the crowd raining down boos on the duo for their actions.]

SA: Put him in misery... you got that right. Larry Wallace is laid out, completely motionless on the mat... and we may need some medical help out here for him, fans. We... goodness. Jason Dane and Gino Typhoon heading back up the aisle... and they have certainly announced their presence with authority right here in Seattle tonight. We'll be right back, fans.

[A pair of officials slide in to check on Wallace, Mark Stegglet waving for medical help as we fade to black...]

The shot opens on Jordan Ohara standing to the left of the screen. He wears a white ringer T-shirt with the words "BE A HERO" printed on it in orange lettering. On his right is a graphic of the same orange words: "BE A HERO!" In the background, Ohara's theme song plays, Nas' "Hero."]

JO: To all my fans, don't be a bully. Be a hero. Stand up for everyone and be respectful of everyone's feelings. You don't have to like everyone you meet, but you should always try to be kind and think about where they are coming from.

We all want to laugh and joke. We all like to point out each other's differences. But sometimes words hurt as much as being hit. Sometimes they make someone feel like an "other." And that isn't fair. You wouldn't like to feel left out. So why would anyone else?

Bullying can feel overwhelming, relentless and make people go to desperate lengths for it to stop. You don't want to hurt somebody for the sake of a joke, do you? I didn't think so.

So don't be a bully. Be a hero. Please.

Only together can we stop bullying in all its forms. Join me and the AWA in the 2018 Be a Hero campaign because we need heroes. Like you.

[The camera fades out on Ohara giving the viewers and encouraging nod and little clasped hand bow before he fades from view as "Hero" fades out, leaving only the orange words:

BE
A
HERO.

And with that, we fade to the backstage area at the KeyArena with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo. There we find former Women's World Champion Lauryn Rage as she storms through the hallway, still breathing hard from the fallout of her assault on Skylar Swift. Her scandalous white onesie is streaked with sweat. She flexes her fuchsia-gloved right hand in and out of a fist as production assistants, referees, and crew quickly step out of her path...

All except one person who doesn't budge.

Rage stops cold, chest heaving, eyes narrowed.]

LR: What? You got somethin' to say?

[She steps closer, getting right into the space of Ricki Toughill who doesn't back down.]

LR: 'Cause everybody backstage been runnin' their mouth tonight.

Everybody got an opinion. And you know what opinions are like. So go ahead and judge me...

Then get outta my damn way.

[Ricki doesn't flinch.]

RT: That's all I've ever been to you? An obstacle? Everything is in Lauryn's way. Everyone lives in Lauryn's world. Lauryn's coming. How many months has that been the refrain? Lauryn's coming.

[Rage glowers at her perhaps former friend.]

LR: I said, "outta the way," Erica.

[Toughill shakes her head.]

RT: Or what? Add me to your list? The ever growing list that you haven't made any progress on? As happy as I'd be to watch you coldcock Laura Davis and her gym bunnies-

[Rage interrupts.]

LR: I don't need-

[Ricki interrupts right back.]

RT: -it shoulda been over by now! I've raised the arm of three of the last four World Champions, including you, the first champion. Say what you will about me and my passive aggressive tendencies... about being the messiest woman in the locker room... but I give people their flowers when they've earned them.

[Rage's eyes flash as she fires up.]

LR: Yeah, and where's your belt, Ricki? You shut your mouth!

[Toughill glares at her.]

RT: You're supposed to be a World Champion, Lauryn, from a family of them. They're the ones who took me in and gave me my first shot in wrestling! Where are they right now?

[Rage angrily shouts at her.]

LR: You shut it!

[Toughill ignores the response.]

RT: ...but were you ever my friend? I don't remember you being too happy with the idea of me facing Julie Somers for the title at the 10th Anniversary show. You seemed almost annoyed that Mr. and Mrs. Toughill's Little Princess was reinstated to the AWA and turned out to be more than a scowl and baseball bat! I guess that's why you liked me back when we were still friends: I stood in your shadow and watched your back like I did Kendrick.

Well, at least Kendrick gave me a percentage of his action for being his henchwoman.

So if you want to pop me across the jaw, I'm sure e-Girl MAX and Theresa Lynch would love for you to do that.

[Awkward silence.]

RT: What I thought.

[Ricki turns on her sneakered heel.]

RT: Go spend some time with your real friends, Lauryn: you can install a bunch of full-length mirrors back in your dressing room.

[Toughill exits, leaving Rage to glower, looking down at the floor..

...and we fade back to live action to a panning shot of the KeyArena crowd... many of whom are booing already. The reason for those unexpected jeers come as the shot cuts to the middle of the ring where we find the namesake of the Westerly Dynasty, Veronica Westerly, standing in the center of the ring.]

SA: We've got company.

CP: Can someone get these Seattle sweatogs to show some respect for a successful businesswoman?

SA: After some of the garbage she's engineered as of late? Highly unlikely, Colt!

[Westerly smirks at the reaction, standing in a bright red form-fitting vinyl dress that matches her hair. She's got a mic in hand, raising it slowly, her eyes twinkling as she speaks.]

VW: Seattle, Washington... the word of the night is "opportunity."

And I am here to give all of you the greatest opportunity of all.

[She waits, soaking up the jeers from a suspicious crowd.]

VW: I am giving you an opportunity to do what you came here tonight to do. You did NOT come here to see Jordan Ohara.

[The boos say differently.]

VW: You did NOT come here to see Julie Somers or Michelle Bailey.

[Again, the jeers are loud and proud.]

VW: Thankfully, you did NOT come here to see Damian DeVille...

[She smirks as the crowd lets her have it.]

VW: ...and he can't see you either.

[She laughs at her own punchline before continuing.]

VW: You did NOT come here to see Supreme Wright!

[She points at ringside where Wright... smiles?]

VW: And you DEFINITELY did not come here to see Ryan Martinez!

[The cheers are loud for the White Knight as Westerly steams.]

SA: I beg to differ.

[She takes a moment to compose herself before continuing.]

VW: I know why you're here. Every single one of you.

You came here to witness greatness!

You came here to witness physical perfection!

You came here to witness a God walking among men!

[The boos pick up as the Seattle fans sense where this is going.]

VW: But before your every dream comes true, you must pay homage... you MUST show the Almighty the proper respect... let HIM hear YOU!

[She raises one hand like the conductor of a choir.]

VW: O come let us adore him!

[Westerly's voice is not meant for singing... especially Christmas songs in July... and the fans let her hear it!]

VW: O COME let us adore him!

[The boos are pouring down like a Seattle rain storm now.]

VW: O COME LET US ADORE... HIM!

[She points down the aisle as "Superstar" by Andrew Lloyd Webber fills the arena, heralding the arrival of the Almighty himself - Atlas Armstrong.

The California Colossus. The Superman from San Simeon.

He is lifted from below the entrance stage on a platform as smoke pours from the hole, filling the air as the physical specimen is raised into view for all to see, soaking in the crowd's jeers. He slowly turns in a full circle for all to see, displaying his silver cape, white boots, and matching kneepads.]

SA: The man who-

CP: SHHH!

[Sal is stunned silent as Armstrong spreads his arms, showing off the broad and powerful back before turning back towards the ring, showing off his long black hair hanging loosely around his shoulders and his neatly-trimmed full beard. He holds his chin high, the music still blaring as silver pyro erupts across the stage.]

SA: Well, that's quite the entrance for-

CP: Albano, do you need a moment to clean out your ears?! Were you even singing along with Veronica?!

[Atlas finally begins his slow walk to the ring - every step deliberate, every movement calculated as he walks to where Veronica awaits, clapping proudly.]

SA: I gotta ask, Colt... what has Atlas Armstrong done to deserve an entrance like this?!

CP: Are you kidding me, Albano? You're looking at the World Champion right there!

SA: I am NOT! I don't care what he or Westerly claim - Atlas Armstrong is NOT the World Champion! Supernova is still the World Champion and-

CP: Oh yeah? Where is he? Where's he at?!

SA: You know as well as I do that Supernova is home nursing an injury-

CP: An injury suffered at the hands of the Almighty One! And to me - and a whole lot of other people - that makes him the champ, Big Sal.

[Armstrong pauses in the aisle, admiring himself in the camera man's lens. He can't see himself but he knows what the viewers see at home - impossible, incredible, astounding, Almighty.]

SA: It does NOT make him the champ. In anyone's eyes except you, Armstrong, and Westerly maybe. It certainly doesn't make him the champ in the eyes of these fans who are letting BOTH of these two hear it!

[Armstrong circles the ring slowly before climbing on the apron, wiping his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes like he's entering sacred ground. He moves to mid-ring before making a show of removing his cape to reveal perhaps wrestling's most amazing physique.]

CP: Look at that man, Albano. Just look at him.

SA: I see him, I see him.

CP: The biceps, the lats, the pecs... this guy is put together like something out of a bodybuilding magazine but he's not just muscles. He's quick, he's agile, he's strong... those muscles ain't just for looks, Big Sal.

[Armstrong strikes some poses to show off the muscles, giving the crowd time to take some photos before ending with the most muscular crunch...

...and then accepts the microphone from a beaming Westerly.]

AA: Seattle, Washington... your champion...

[He pauses.]

AA: ...is here.

[He lowers the mic, closing his eyes as he feels the visceral reaction from the sold out crowd. He begins nodding as he raises the mic again.]

AA: ADORE ME!

[The boos are just as loud, a slight smirk on his face now as Westerly applauds.]

AA: Every time you boo me, you're tellin' the whole world that you can't handle the truth. And the truth is standing right here in front of you.

All six-feet-eight inches and two hundred ninety-four pounds of physical perfection!

The strongest man in the world.

The BIGGEST star in this company.

The REAL World champion.

[The jeers intensify as Armstrong lowers the mic again, taking it all in as Westerly does the belt gesture at her man. A flurry of "YOU SUCK!" shouts and chants take to the air as Armstrong shakes his head and Westerly gives a "don't listen to them!" off-mic.]

AA: You don't really believe that.

Let me explain something to you - physically holding a belt doesn't make you a champion.

When I broke Supernova, I broke his grip on that championship.

[Armstrong nods at the boos.]

AA: He is just holding the belt now. But I took the title!

[Westerly claps again as Armstrong lifts his free arm into a bicep flex.]

AA: With one mighty squeeze...

[He mockingly imitates the bear hug.]

AA: ...I made that championship matter more than it ever had before.

I didn't steal his spotlight - I became it.

I didn't ride his legacy - I ended it.

[Armstrong points at the camera.]

AA: I put him on the shelf.

I broke his back.

I broke his body.

And I broke the illusion that he was ever on my level.

[The boos are boisterous... but if you listen hard, you might hear a few cheers for the Almighty. Atlas nods, energized.]

AA: Seattle, now you're starting to get it. Now you're starting to understand.

The AWA doesn't want this. But they can't stop it!

Backstage, they're whispering...

"Atlas went too far."

"Atlas is dangerous."

"Atlas should've shown mercy."

Mercy?

[The big man twists his face. He laughs softly.]

AA: They are all but admitting that Supernova is helpless. They want to call me a bully backstage.

[Atlas becomes stern.]

AA: I am NOT a bully. I hate bullies. I've hated bullies my whole life. And when I see one... I put 'em down.

That's exactly what I did to Supernova.

Supernova WAS a terrific wrestler. He was not some common man. He entered that ring thinking he was a superstar. And maybe he is... but he is not ALMIGHTY!

I AM!

[Armstrong raises the mic, ready to speak again...

...when suddenly, the PA system ERUPTS with the sounds of Van Halen's "Runnin' With The Devil" as the lights go black and the video wall lights up with what looks like a burning sun!]

SA: Wait a second!

[As the guitar kicks in and a red lighting package starts blinking in time with the strums, illuminating the whole of the KeyArena with crimson and a slowly growing sun on the big screen...]

SA: It's gotta be!

[...and the sun BURSTS into a sea of red as one word in black letting appears on the video wall:

"SUPERNOVA"

And the crowd goes wild as the arena lights up to show Supernova TEAR through the entrance curtain, walking with purpose down the aisle towards the ring where a shocked Atlas Armstrong is waiting!]

SA: IT IS! THE CHAMP... IS... HEEEEEEERE!

[There is no trenchcoat. There is no ring gear. There is Supernova in blue jeans and a "SuperClash III" t-shirt pointing a threatening finger as he stomps down the ramp towards the ring...]

SA: And from the look on his face, I'd say he's looking for a fight, Colt!

CP: I can't believe he's here! Is he even cleared to be here?!

[...and as Supernova gets about halfway down the ramp towards the ring, the entrance curtain is yanked open again as we see Tommy Fierro, Kevin Slater, Adam Rogers, John Shock, and a flood of unnamed officials rush into view, getting themselves between the World Champion and the ring where Armstrong is eagerly waving him forward!]

SA: Supernova wants a piece of Armstrong!

CP: Don't look now, Big Sal, but the feeling is mutual! Armstrong ain't backing down from the guy he put on the shelf!

SA: That "guy" is the rightful World Champion who has been sitting on the shelf watching this pretender to the throne for weeks! No wonder he wants a fight tonight!

[Supernova keeps walking, forcing the officials to backpedal to try to get between them. A nearby mic picks up Adam Rogers saying "Champ, you're not cleared! You're not cleared yet!" but Supernova doesn't seem to care as he keeps walking towards the ring where Armstrong is standing in the middle of the squared circle, fists balled up and at the ready...]

SA: Armstrong's ready! Supernova's on the way and-

[Reaching ringside, Nova shoves Tommy Fierro aside and dives under the bottom rope, coming to his feet in a hurry as Armstrong rushes at him...]

SA: HEEEEEEERE WEEEEEE GOOOOOOO!

[...and the two Californians come together in a fist fight, trading big haymakers as the crowd ERUPTS at the throwdown!]

SA: THE FIGHT IS ON IN SEATTLE!

[Supernova's fists are faster than Armstrong's battering him back across the ring into the far corner!]

SA: The champion's tearing into him!

[Nova steps up to the middle rope, battering Armstrong repeatedly with the clenched fist as the crowd goes manic!]

SA: GET HIM GOOD, CHAMP!

[Tommy Fierro rolls in, joined by Adam Rogers who try to get to the corner as Nova jumps down...

...but the World Champion ignores them, whipping the Big Sur powerhouse from corner to corner...]

SA: HERE WE GO!

[...and then Supernova tears across the ring, running right through Fierro and Rogers, leaping into the air!]

SA: THE HEAT WAVE CONNECTS! And what a sight for sore eyes that is!

CP: This is an ambush! The champion wasn't ready for this!

SA: Stop calling Armstrong the champion! He is NOT! He's NOT!

[Nova gets shoved backwards by a trio of officials, Rogers and Fierro grabbing Supernova from behind, trying to drag him away from Armstrong who hangs onto the ropes to stay on his feet...]

SA: We've got officials in the ring, trying to keep these two-

[...and with a roar, Armstrong runs across the ring, leaping into the air, cocking his fist back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKS the World Champion with a Superman Punch over and through the officials, popping Supernova on the jaw and sending him falling back into the turnbuckles, grabbing the ropes to stay on his feet!]

SA: ATLAS RETURNS FIRE!

[Armstrong makes a grab at Nova, trying to do more damage...

...but finds an official right up in his face which he remedies by SHOVING them down to the mat to a surprisingly big cheer!]

SA: WHOA!

[Another official grabs Armstrong by the powerful arm...

...and a big swing of the same arm sends that official FLYING backwards!]

SA: ARMSTRONG IS TOSSING BODIES IN THERE!

[But as he does, he opens himself up as Supernova fights through the other officials, leaping into the air, and throwing himself into a tackle on Armstrong, knocking the big man down on the canvas!]

SA: NOVA'S GOT HIM DOWN!

[Supernova opens up on the mat, hammering his fist down into Armstrong again!]

SA: AND HE'S TRYING TO KEEP HIM THERE!

[A few more blows land before Armstrong reaches up, using his strength to flip Supernova over onto his back...]

SA: Flips him over and now it's Atlas opening up on him! Right hands, over and over!

[Veronica Westerly roots her man on from the floor as Rogers grabs Supernova again, Fierro joining him by grabbing Armstrong, pulling the two apart again as more officials flood the ring!]

CP: I hope someone checked the weight limit on the ring... we've got more bodies in there than a mosh pit!

[Supernova struggles to get to his feet, Rogers hanging on with a waistlock, dragging Nova back away from the middle, a few more officials stepping in front to form a wall...]

SA: The ring is overflowing with bodies! Armstrong is-

[Atlas breaks away from Fierro, rushing in to try to make a grab at Supernova but there are too many bodies between them now...]

SA: THE FIGHT IS ON! WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

[We fade to black...

We open to a plain white room, and a smiling Michelle Bailey, who has changed out her glasses for safety goggles. She is identified with a graphic, reading "Michelle Bailey - Expert Consultant".]

MB: Hello, and welcome to the AWA Technologies testing lab! When the team here, in collaboration with 2K Games, asked me to tell you at home about the upcoming AWA 2K18, I was faced with a dilemma. I hardly know anything about video games!

[We cut to Michelle holding a Sega Genesis controller, surrounded by smart-looking people in labcoats, with the sounds of Toejam and Earl playing in the background. She looks up with a shrug, saying "this is the only game I know how to play". We then cut back to Michelle in the white room with a slight frown.]

MB: So obviously, we needed to call in a pro to help me.

[We pan back to see Kimmy Bailey holding a controller. She is identified with a graphic as well, reading "Kimmy Bailey - Video Game Genius".]

KB: Mama, you ain't gonna believe what they've done with this game! I thought last year's was somethin'...

[Kimmy lets out a low whistle.]

KB: But take a look at this!

[Kimmy presses a button, and the room transforms into a digital representation of the Saturday Night Wrestling arena packed with fans, with the mother and daughter standing inside of a ring, Michelle looking around in confusion.]

KB: Have you ever wanted to play through the storied career of Juan Vasquez?

[Michelle tilts her head.]

MB: But I was there for most of it...

[Kimmy ignores her mother.]

KB: With the new Showcase mode, you can!

[Kimmy presses a button, and her outfit changes to a replica of Juan Vasquez's, along with an AWA 2K18 T-shirt. Michelle looks on in surprise as Kimmy flexes.]

KB: You can take on practically everyone my daddy's faced! You can even play as the West Memphis Assassin!

[Kimmy presses another button, and the West Memphis Assassin's mask covers her face. We hear snarling in the background, as the camera pans to see digital representations of all the big opponents in Juan Vasquez's past - among them, Stevie Scott, Calisto Dufresne, Luke Kinsey, Shane Destiny, and Ryan Martinez - with a digital version of Raphael Rhodes standing in front of them. Michelle gets a worried look in her eyes.]

MB: You have to face all of them?!

[Suddenly, from the side, Juan Vasquez steps beside Kimmy, shaking his head.]

JV: I think you better let me handle this one. Hold down the left trigger and hit X.

KB: Sure thing, Daddy!

[Kimmy does so and Juan transforms into a digital version of himself, charging into a fight against all his famed foes. Michelle looks on in amazement as Kimmy holds up the controller.]

KB: That ain't all! If you want to be in control of the AWA, just put yourself in Maxim Zharkov's shoes with the new Galaxy Mode!

[Kimmy presses another button, and her outfit turns into a button down and slacks, pencil behind her ear, holding a clipboard in one hand and the controller in the other. The arena also repeatedly transforms, from Showtime, to Memorial Day Mayhem, to Power Hour, to the Crockett Coliseum, to SuperClash.]

MB: You mean I can make the matches?

KB: Of course, Mama! There's over 150 stars from the AWA's past and present, plus more than 25 different arenas to choose from, with over 20 different match types from your basic singles match to War Games! You can even make E-Girl MAX fight themselves!

[We pan to the other side, where Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and Casey Cash stand, glaring.]

HH: That'll never happen!

KB: Oh yeah?

[Kimmy holds down the right trigger and presses B, and all three turn into digital representations of themselves, with digital Casey wearing a referee shirt.]

KB: Oh, and there's a new special referee mode, too! Now get to work, you three!

[As the digital versions of EGM loudly complain, we see Maxim Zharkov himself enter the frame.]

MZ: I think you might want to let me handle this.

KB: Oh! Sure, Interim Boss!

[Kimmy hands Zharkov the pencil and clipboard, and he turns into a digital representation of himself, walking towards the fussing digital EGM as we close back in to Michelle and Kimmy.]

KB: And if that many stars ain't enough for you, they beefed up the creation suite to make as many as your hard drive can hold, or even modify the existing roster!

MB: Baby, don't...

[Kimmy holds down the left and right bumpers, pressing A, and turns Michelle into a digital version of herself. The camera whips around to see a seven foot tall version of Ayako Fujiwara, eyes glowing with a heavenly light, as Molly Bell happily purrs beside her. The digital Michelle looks across the ring in horror.]

MB: Reset the game right now, young lady!

[Kimmy pouts.]

KB: All right, fine. Sheesh. She was on your side.

[Kimmy presses the home button, as Michelle turns back to normal, and we're back in the white room. Michelle puts her hand to her chest, gasping.]

KB: And you can even take AWA action with you on the go!

[A Nintendo Switch is thrown into the frame, as Kimmy catches it without looking.]

KB: We got a version of AWA 2K18 on the Switch!

[And an iPhone gets thrown into the frame, again with Kimmy catching the device without effort.]

KB: Plus exclusive iOS and iPadOS versions!

[Michelle puts her hands on her hips with a sigh.]

MB: I'm really glad I asked you.

KB: Sure thing, Mama! That's AWA 2K18, coming this fall to practically everywhere! PlayStation, Xbox, Switch, Apple mobile devices, Windows, and Mac!

[Kimmy narrows her eyes.]

KB: But not Android, bless their hearts.

[We cut to the AWA 2K18 logo, and logos of the platforms underneath...

...and as we cut to the backstage area, we hear LOUD VOICES! There's a general sense of an out of control situation as there is shouting seemingly coming from every direction.

And in the middle of it all, Mariah Wolfe is standing with a mic in hand. A particularly loud "CLANG!" causes her to jump before speaking.]

MW: Fans, welcome backstage here at Opportunity Knocks where what we just witnessed has turned the scene into anarchy! I can tell you we've got officials... we've got referees... we've got production staff and security and... all trying to keep this powder keg from exploding and-

[Suddenly, the AWA Interim President Maxim Zharkov appears, a frustrated look on his face as he bellows off-mic at someone...]

MW: Mr. Zharkov! Mr. Zharkov, a quick word?

[Zharkov glowers at Wolfe.]

MZ: No time for-

[Wolfe boldly interrupts.]

MW: Tell us what's going on with the World Champion! Tell us what's going on with Supernova!

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: He's cleared! He's cleared!

[The crowd inside the arena ROARS at that proclamation!]

MZ: But the doctors say no match... they "advise"...

[Yes, he finger quotes.]

MZ: ...no match. There's enough going on here tonight with Martinez and Wright and-

[Zharkov is cut off as a pissed-off Supernova appears, looking off-camera as he steps into frame before turning to the Interim President.]

S: ZHARKOV!

[The Tsar steps closer, his eyes flashing at being addressed like that.]

S: The doctors may be advising against it, but if I'm medically cleared, that's enough for me, especially when I want to get my hands on Atlas Armstrong!

[The crowd cheers again as Supernova gestures off-camera, looking out of sight again.]

S: He wants to talk about how he's the real champion, about how he beat me before, about how he'll beat me again... let him have another shot at me and I'll show him why I am the World Champion!

[With a shout, Atlas Armstrong bursts into the scene from where Nova was gesturing, bellowing at him...]

AA: World Champion? You're NO World Champion. This is the Atlas Era! You're finished, Supernova! YOU'RE DONE! HAND OVER MY BELT!

[Zharkov shouts off-camera as well.]

MZ: GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

[We get a flood of officials, all trying to push Armstrong back out of sight... and they succeed... for now.]

S: You hear this? Come on, Zharkov... make him back up his words.

[Zharkov defiantly shakes his head.]

MZ: You need to think more carefully about-

[The champion angrily interrupts.]

S: YOU need to stop treating me with kid gloves! I'm the World Champion and I'm gonna fight tonight whether you like it or not!

[Nova makes a lunge at where Armstrong likely is only to have Zharkov shove him HARD backwards, sending him bumping into a nearby production case. Wolfe dives sideways to avoid a collision. Zharkov puts up a hand to try to slow Supernova's response.]

MZ: You need to listen to-

[Nova interrupts again.]

S: You can listen to whoever you want. You think because the doctors are telling YOU to take it slow, I have to do the same?!

[And that causes Zharkov's gaze to snap into a glare... and causes Supernova to pause, then hold up his hand.]

S: All right, that was uncalled for... I apologize. But you know I'm cleared and you know I don't want to stand by and watch somebody trash talk me!

Let me face Atlas Armstrong tonight!

[Zharkov lets loose a breath.]

MZ: You want Armstrong?

You will face him tonight!

[The arena crowd ERUPTS! Zharkov holds up a finger.]

MZ: BUT... the title is NOT on the line.

[Supernova seems about to protest when Zharkov shuts him down.]

MZ: NO MORE!

[Supernova pauses... then nods.]

S: Fine. But after tonight, I'm going right back to being a fighting champion. Understood? I made a promise to these fans and I'm damn sure going to live up to it.

[Zharkov nods.]

S: And I'm going to keep a promise to somebody else too.

[And with that, Nova turns and walks away, leaving the chaotic scene behind as Mariah Wolfe slowly creeps back in...]

MW: What promise is he referring to?

[Zharkov slowly exhales.]

MZ: I believe I know.

[And with that, the Interim President walks off-camera as well, heading towards where Atlas Armstrong was shoved...]

...and with a flash of a "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" graphic, we fade to another piece of footage backstage where the members of Legado de Lucha are standing by in front of an Opportunity Knocks 2 backdrop. "El Niño" Vengador V, recognizable by

his silver mask, with black trim around the eye holes and mouth, stands in the centre. He has on a black button down shirt, the long sleeves rolled up. Vengador V might not be scheduled to compete tonight, but he is ready to get to work nonetheless.

He is flanked by Rey Fuerza to his right and Guerrero Oscuro to his left. Both luchadors look ready to compete. The former has on a red mask, with gold trim around the eye holes and mouth. The image of a four-pointed gold crown sits in the middle of his brow. On both sides of the mask, airbrushed in gold, are the symbols that have become synonymous with the name Rey Fuerza: a war hammer smashing a lightning bolt.

The latter has on a plain black mask, with smoke gray trim around the eye holes and mouth, giving it a bit of texture. They are both wearing black T-shirts, with the words "LEGADO DE LUCHA" in green, white and red block lettering across the front (now available on AWAShop.com). Guerrero Oscuro is the first to speak.]

GO: Tonight mi hermano and I run the gauntlet... The Run the Rankings Gauntlet... Against four other teams we could potentially be facing tonight. Four talented, determined teams whom we have the greatest respect for...

Even the one we have already beaten. Masks for Money, should you survive the first match, we will be happy to educate you again on what OUR MASKS stand for. On the other hand, Tizona, you might be a little strange, but we respect you as a fellow luchador and we look forward to what your young team with Fujiwara has to show a well-oiled unit like Legado de Lucha.

VV: And then we have Omega and Polemos... Tell me, again, why you wear your masks? Never mind. I'm sure Neptune's favorite son has all the heart in the universe to keep him going when he steps into the ring against Legado de Lucha... I'm sure the God of War will prove himself a force of nature against Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro...

Or maybe my brothers will cut Polemos down and reveal him to be mortal like the rest of us and Masks for Funny will prove themselves to be as much of a challenge as Masks for Money ever did!

[He exchanges a look with his Legado de Lucha stable mates, who nod determinedly back.]

VV: Which brings me to the current number one ranked challengers for the World Tag Team titles... Whittaker... Sanderson... It should have been you against us right from the very beginning. Two teams with a whole lot of legacy to live up to... The legacy of lucha libre! And...

The legacy of coattail riding on the Blackjacks' name and the prayer of Bobby O'Connor to get you through it. And if that's what's put you two in the Number One spot, chicos, then the outcome of this Run the Rankings Gauntlet is clear. Team Supreme deserve Number One Contenders of our calibre about as much as they deserve to hold the World Tag Team Championship in the first place.

Yet there they are... And here WE are... And everything between now and the fourteenth of July is a matter of formality. Gentlemen, WE are NOT running a gauntlet. No. Legado de Lucha is simply letting DESTINY play itself out!

[And with that, we fade to a panning shot of the KeyArena crowd, fans straining and struggling to get on camera with their favorite sign or t-shirt. A trio of young ladies with their "HONORARY E-GIRLS MAX!" bedazzled poster squeal as the camera goes past them. A young son and father in matching Jordan Ohara t-shirts show them off to the camera with big smiles. An elderly grandma with her grandkids sit

along the railing as grandma shows off her Michelle Bailey headband and the kids wave a homemade "LARIATOS!" poster complete with a silhouette covered in glitter swinging an arm.]

SA: The fans are out in force here in Seattle, a sold out crowd here inside the KeyArena with millions more watching at home on ESPN tonight to check out the most unpredictable night of the year here for the AWA. We've already seen so much, Colt, it's hard to believe we've still got a lot more to go!

CP: We sure do. Titles have changed hands. People have returned. People have debuted. It's been pure chaotic energy all night long and I love it, Big Sal!

SA: I know you do... and coming up right now-

[The lights dim to a sultry rose-gold hue as "Hot Head" by Gunhild Carling begins to play. Out struts Charity Rockwell, dressed in a chocolate-brown pinstripe jumpsuit with wide-leg trousers. Over the jumpsuit she wears a sheer maroon polka dot blouse with puffed short sleeves and a large bow at her neckline. Her lipstick is blood-red and her blonde finger wave curls are silent film era movie star quality. She carries a closed paper fan and twirls it as she sashays down the ramp.]

SA: Here comes Charity Rockwell! Who could she possibly be calling out tonight?

CP: She looks like she's here for a cocktail party, not a fight.

[Charity slides into the ring with a microphone in hand, looking unusually flustered. She looks towards the dressing room.]

CR: Sophie Rhodes! Yeah, you fresh off the vine tomato, I'm talking to you, hon! You and mummy dearest robbed me blind of a spot in the Memorial Day Rumble! You got some nerve, gal!

[Charity paces the ring, pointing dramatically at the ring entrance with her paper fan.]

CR: You think you can just waltz in here and get away with all this phonus balonus monkey business? Not on my watch, sister! I've got more class in my pinky finger than you Rhodes dames have in your whole family tree! You're all wet, see? Nothing but a couple of flat tires trying to crash my joyride!

[She stops in the center of the ring, hand on her hip, chin tilted high.]

CR: So here's the deal, you dumdora boob tickler...

[The crowd "Oooo's" at that one, although it's not what they think it means.]

CR: ...you step in this ring with me, one-on-one. No funny business, no shenanigans from that Trotsky you call a mother. We'll see who the real Sheba is and who's just a low lid gimlet!

[Charity snaps her paper fan open, fanning herself lightly.]

CR: What do you say, Sophie? Do you got the guts to dance with this Brooksy orchid or are you just a walk-in weasel too balled up to fight on the level?

[The crowd murmurs as Charity continues to fan herself.]

SA: How about this, Colt? Charity Rockwell of the Flapperdoodles wants a piece of Sophie Rhodes, half of the Rhodes Dynasty!

CP: Does she? Is THAT what she was saying? I felt like someone re-hired The Rave there for a second.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: Oh, come on, Colt. You know what she was saying!

CP: Okay, maybe I do... but I wonder if she does.

SA: What do you mean?

CP: Has she been watching what Sophie and Cassie Rhodes have been doing lately? They've been mauling people left and right on Showtime!

SA: I have a feeling that, aside from the Rhodeses costing Charity a spot in the Rumble a month ago, that's something else sticking in the bombshell's paw.

[Suddenly, the voice of Ren Aldridge blasts from KeyArena's sound system.]

WE WILL DISTURB THE FALSE PEACE!

[And with "False Peace" by Petrol Girls playing, Sophie Rhodes walks from the entrance, followed closely behind by her mother and tag team partner Cassie Rhodes. The Rhodes Dynasty are wearing matching red tracksuits, with Cassie having her sleeves rolled up. As she walks to the ring, Sophie slinkily takes her tracksuit top off, revealing the red away kit of the Lionesses.

As Cassie makes a sudden move to the ring, Sophie puts her hand on her mother's shoulder, shaking her head with a smirk as if to say she has this. A scowl forms on Cassie's face as daughter Sophie climbs into the ring, receiving a microphone as she fluffs her wavy brown hair with her free hand.]

SR: That's right bold talk, that is, yeah? Tryin' to get me up about class?

[The crowd boos as Sophie rolls her eyes.]

SR: Love, we're from Wigan. Y'think we care about class?

[Sophie scoffs as Charity looks unamused.]

SR: The thing we care about's a thick pay packet and some sore knuckles. And fightin' on the level? Ain't you got a partner that can't fight without some illegal tactics of her own? Heard karate's illegal around these parts.

[The crowd boos even louder, as Sophie shakes her head.]

SR: But you want to fight a Rhodes? You ain't gotta ask one of us twice, love.

[Sophie casually tosses the microphone aside, smirking as she gets herself into a fighting stance.]

SA: Sophie Rhodes has accepted the challenge! We're getting Charity Rockwell versus Sophie Rhodes!

CP: Charity's all flash and sass, but Sophie's a cold-blooded striker. I'm taking the Snakepit Sweetheart on this one, Big Sal. Cassie Rhodes is here at ringside too and that can't be good news for Charity.

SA: The tension between these two has been building for weeks, and it looks like it's finally going to explode!

[Referee Shari Miranda slides into the ring and calls for the bell, signaling the beginning of the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Charity immediately closes the distance and unleashes a blistering series of lightning fast kicks. A side kick cracks into Sophie's thigh, followed by a quick roundhouse to the ribs, then a sharp front kick to the chest that staggers the British teenager backwards.]

SA: Wow! Look at the speed and precision of Charity Rockwell! That black belt in Tae Kwon Do is paying dividends early!

[Sophie's eyes widen in surprise. She backs up toward the ropes, clearly not expecting this level of kicking ability. She points at Charity, shouting at referee Shari Miranda.]

"Oi! That's illegal karate! Stop her, you daft cow! She can't do that!"

[Shari Miranda waves it off, saying "That's just a kick, Sophie. Keep wrestling!" as Sophie kicks the ropes angrily.]

SA: Illegal karate? Come on, Sophie! This isn't a tea party in Wigan. You're in a wrestling ring... of course she can kick you!

CP: Within the rules, of course.

SA: Is there a way to illegally kick?

CP: I'm sure Casey Cash could tell you.

[Charity grins wide, clearly enjoying herself. She circles Sophie with a theatrical twirl and makes jazz hands, playing to the crowd.]

SA: Charity Rockwell is feeling it tonight!

CP: She better be careful. Sophie's a striker too.

[Sophie shakes out her leg, glaring daggers at Charity. Charity laughs brightly, clearly enjoying Sophie's frustration. Charity and Sophie circle each other before locking up in the center of the ring. After a short struggle, Sophie powers Charity back before shooting her across the ring.]

SA: Charity shot off into the ropes...

[Rockwell hits the ropes, with Sophie looking to meet her with a back elbow on the return, but Charity ducks under it and handsprings forward into the ropes, rebounding into a sharp elbow strike that snaps Sophie's head back and off her feet!]

SA: What athleticism! That handspring elbow catches Sophie Rhodes by surprise!

CP: That was flashy, I'll give her that. But lets see if she can follow it up with anything of substance.

[The handspring elbow sends Sophie rolling under the ropes and to the floor. Charity slides under the bottom rope to go after Sophie, but the young Brit rolls back in quickly. As Charity climbs onto the apron, Sophie strikes, cracking a vicious kick into Charity's ribs.]

SA: Sophie Rhodes catches Charity Rockwell coming in! She led her right into that trap!

CP: Now we're seeing the real Sophie Rhodes! Crafty! Cunning! Vicious!

[Sophie immediately capitalizes, yanking Charity through the ropes and unloading with a crisp strike combination: a stiff left jab, a right jab, another left jab, and then a rolling savate kick that doubles Charity over. Sophie follows with a hard pump kick to the face that snaps Charity's head back.]

SA: Sweet Santa Maria! That kick was stiff!

CP: Beautifully chained blows from Sophie Rhodes. That's precision striking right there.

[Sophie grabs Charity in a tight cravate and drives repeated knee strikes into her midsection before transitioning into arrogant soccer-tap kicks, using the sole of her boot to slap Charity's face from side to side as the boos begin to grow.]

SA: Sophie Rhodes is being downright disrespectful now! Those kicks to the face are completely unnecessary!

CP: They're effective though, Big Sal. Charity's speed is being neutralized. Sophie's starting to impose her will on her.

[Sophie maintains her control, circling the downed flapper with a smug grin. She grabs Charity by the wrist and whips her hard into the far corner. Sophie proceeds to unload a rapid-fire barrage of strikes, firing three sharp body shots that dig into Rockwell's ribs, then transitions into stinging open-hand slaps to the ear, each one landing with a loud crack.]

SA: Sophie Rhodes is just teeing off on Charity right now! Those ear slaps are vicious!

CP: This is smart. She's not just hitting her, she's humiliating her. Exactly what Charity deserves for running her mouth earlier!

[Cassie Rhodes paces excitedly at ringside, banging her fist on the apron and shouting encouragement.]

"That's it, Soph! Take her apart, love! Break her down!"

[Sophie stands over her, laughing arrogantly before dropping down and locking in a tight cravate on the mat, wrenching Charity's neck and shoulder while grinding her forearm across the blonde's jaw.]

SR: "Thought you were gonna embarrass me, did ya? How's it feel now, princess?"

[The crowd begins to rally behind Charity with rhythmic clapping and chants of "LET'S GO CHARITY!" as Sophie continues to grind her down, methodically draining the energy from the flapper.]

CP: This is smart wrestling by Sophie. She's slowing down the match and taking away Charity's explosiveness. The longer she keeps her in this hold, the weaker those high-flying legs are gonna get.

[Showing impressive resilience, Charity fights her way to her feet. She fires several sharp elbows to Sophie's midsection, each one landing with a solid thud. On the third elbow, Sophie's grip loosens enough for Charity to break free.]

SA: She broke out of it!

[Charity immediately runs toward the ropes for momentum. As she rebounds off the ropes, Cassie Rhodes reaches in from the outside and trips Charity's ankle with a sneaky swipe, causing Charity to stumble forward awkwardly.]

SA: Oh come on! How did the referee not see that?

CP: Sophie caught Shari Miranda's attention for a split second and Cassie immediately took advantage. That's just smart wrestling.

SA: That's cheating!

CP: Potato, po-tah-toe.

[Sophie capitalizes instantly, catching Charity with a sharp knee to the midsection, doubling her over. She then takes the Flapper over with a quick snap suplex. With a cocky smile, Sophie climbs to her feet and runs to the ropes. She launches herself gracefully into the air, twisting in mid-air and landing a corkscrew elbow Drop. The move connects beautifully as her elbow drives deep into Charity's chest!]

SA: The Tip-Top Elbow Drop! Rhodes hit all of that!

CP: Picture perfect! That's why they call it Tip-Top!

[Instead of covering right away, Sophie pops up to her feet, hands on her hips, and strikes a dramatic arrogant pose.]

"THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE, YOU YANKS! TOP OF THE CLASS!

SA: Sophie's wasting valuable time playing to crowd!

CP: Big mistake. You've gotta make the cover, kid!

[While Sophie celebrates, Charity recovers faster than expected, lifting her head and seeing Rhodes showboating, before quickly dropping her head back down to the canvas. The moment Sophie turns around, Charity grabs her and rolls her up into a tight cradle pin!]

SA: Charity Rockwell was playing possum! She's got the pin!

[Sophie kicks out violently at the last second, eyes wide with shock and anger.]

SA: Charity Rockwell nearly stole one with that roll-up! Sophie Rhodes' arrogance almost cost her the match right there!

CP: Classic rookie mistake. I've been saying it for years: finish the job first, celebrate later!

[Furious, Sophie charges in, but Charity meets her head-on. The two trade strikes in the center of the ring until Charity ducks a wild swing and lands a spinning crescent kick that flattens Sophie!]

SA: WHAT A KICK! Charity almost took her head off with that one!

[Charity pulls Sophie to her feet and hits a butterfly suplex, planting the young Brit with authority. The crowd cheers loudly as Charity kips up to her feet and shimmies.]

SA: Charity Rockwell is firing up this KeyArena crowd!

[Charity climbs the turnbuckles quickly, positioning herself on the second rope with her back to Sophie, setting up for her signature Hotsy-Totsy corkscrew splash.]

SA: Here comes the Hotsy-Totsy!

[As Charity balances on the top rope, Cassie Rhodes suddenly slides into the ring on the blind side. With Sophie still down and the referee focused on checking on her, Cassie moves quickly. She rushes over and shoves Charity hard, knocking her into the ropes and causing her to land awkwardly on her back as the crowd explodes with boos.]

SA: OH NO! Cassie Rhodes with the cheap shot from the outside!

CP: That's what I'm talking about!

[Charity writhes in pain on the mat, clutching her lower back. Sophie slowly starts to stir, a nasty smile forming on her face as she sees her mother's handiwork. Almost immediately, Betty Chang sprints down the ramp at full speed. She goes straight after Cassie and the two begin brawling fiercely at ringside.]

SA: Betty Chang is here! She's seen enough and she's taking Cassie Rhodes out of the equation!

[They continue their fight up the aisle, trading blows all the way through the curtain until both women disappear to the back. An angered Sophie yells after them, but turns her attention back to the match, realizing she has to deal with the business at hand.]

SA: And now it's one-on-one!

CP: Damn, there goes the insurance policy. Now Sophie's gotta do this herself.

SA: As she should!

[Sophie stalks Charity, firing off a hard kick into Charity's left thigh. She quickly follows up with a second one to the same spot, causing Charity to wince in pain.]

SA: Sophie's softening up those legs.

[Sophie goes for a third kick, but this time she feints low, before swinging her leg upward, looking to end the match with her signature Conundrum question mark kick. However, Charity reads the setup perfectly, ducking at the last possible second and dropping low, sweeping Sophie's plant leg out from under her, causing the Brit teen to fall hard to the canvas!]

SA: Charity countered the Conundrum!

CP: How could she have possibly seen that coming!?

SA: Betty Chang! Betty uses that same exact kick all the time! If anyone in this building was going to see it coming, it was Charity Rockwell!

[Charity pops up, feeding off the crowd and hits the ropes for momentum as she leaps high into the air, kicking her leg upwards in an axe-kick motion, but instead of swinging down her heel, she slams the bottom of her foot between a rising Sophie's shoulder blades with tremendous impact.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THE BLACK BOTTOM STOMP!

[Charity drops down and hooks Sophie's legs tightly as Shari Miranda slides into position and counts to three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: She did it! Charity Rockwell wins!

CP: After everything Sophie and Cassie threw at her, the flapper still found a way. I've got to give her credit.

[Charity slowly pushes herself up, as Shari Miranda raises her hand in victory. Feeling a little feisty, Charity begins to do a few steps of the Charleston, before quickly exiting the ring, as a groggy Sophie Rhodes takes a swipe at her legs.]

SA: Another exciting match here tonight in Seattle at Opportunity Knocks LIVE on ESPN... fans, we'll be right back with even more of this unpredictable evening after this!

CP: Who knows what else is gonna happen? What an upset!

[As Rockwell walks the aisle, saluting the fans, we fade to black...

The shot opens to the interior of an empty Hot Topic store at night. The store lights flicker to life. Victoria breaks the silence, walking down the aisle in a custom punk jacket with chains and patches. She throws on a hoodie that reads "Hell in High Tops."]

VJ:
My clothes don't ask for approval.
They issue a threat.

[Cut to images of fans dressed like Victoria June in the crowd. There are quick shots of fans adorned with safety pins, fishnet stockings, combat boots.]

VJ:
Hot Topic knows what I came from.
And they know what I'm becoming.

TEXT ON SCREEN:
HOT TOPIC x AWA x VICTORIA JUNE "RIOTWEAR"

VJ:
What you wear should scream too.

[We fade through black to a backstage shot of Mark Stegglet who is standing in front of an Opportunity Knocks backdrop, smiling broadly...]

MS: AWA fans, it is my esteemed honor and pleasure to reintroduce a person who... well, needs no introduction but he's gonna get one anyways... your NEW AWA National Champion... CODY MERTZ!

[Into the shot strides Cody Mertz fresh off his sudden return. He is still wearing his gear which consists of long tights, the left half are white with a solid green stripe going down; the right half are black with a solid gold stripe going down and the AWA National Title is clutched in his left hand.

He quickly comes in and extends his right hand to shake hands and quickly bring it in to dap each other. Mertz says something in close to Stegglet who nods and says something back to the champ. The two then bring themselves back to a normal interview position.]

CM: Mark, I...

[Overcome with emotions], Mertz quickly turns away from facing the camera. Rubbing his eyes with his index finger and thumb. He turns back around, lifting the title up and looking at it as he speaks.]

CM: Even an optimistic person like myself might lose faith, might start to question, might start to doubt.

[Mertz looks up at the camera now, shaking his head.]

CM: But not me. This is where I've always wanted to be. This is where I call home, and you always come back home. And with every tweet, with every post, with every letter I received, I knew that you all felt the same way!

[Mertz points right at the camera.]

CM: The hows and whys for my absence might be for a different time, but AWA... I want you to know that regardless of all that; I never stopped fighting, I never stopped believing, I never stopping knowing that one day I would be back here, BACK HOME!

The AWA is my home, and every person out there is my family.

And I am never leaving my family again!

[Mertz looks down at the title again.]

CM: But I'd be lying if I thought my return would go quite like this. Opportunity for me has been few and far between for quite some time. So when opportunity came knocking, I made sure I was there to answer. And now?

I get to hold this title, a title with so much legacy and lineage, prestige and honor; it might take a moment to process it all...

[A voice cuts in from off-camera.]

"Mr. Mertz..."

[The camera swings around to spotlight former National Champion, Jordan Ohara. The Phoenix is dressed in a pale orange ringer T-shirt, skinny jeans and Abloh x Air Jordan powder blue Jordan 1s. He steps forward, hand out, to dap the current National Champion.]

JO: Mr. Mertz, congratulations on winning the AWA National Championship. We haven't met. My name is Jordan Ohara. Promise me you'll defend that belt with honor.

[Mertz nods.]

CM: Mr. Ohara, I know who you are, and I know why you're here... and that's a promise.

[Ohara stares at the National Title with a nod.]

JO: Whenever you're ready, Mr. Mertz, I'd like a fair shot to win that title for the third time.

[Another voice cuts in.]

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa..."

[Now stepping into frame is one "The Future" Derrick Williams, looking none too pleased]

DW: Back up J! You're not the only one that's chasing that title. And if you think I'm just gonna stand back and reset just because Cody Mertz came back and took it off Kendrick you're mistaken.

Kendrick, Mertz, Ohara, doesn't matter who has it... I'm not satisfied until I'm the one holding it, and I'm not gonna sit back this time as you jump the line aga-

[Ohara cuts him off, a hint of anger in his voice.]

JO: Jump the line? I am the-

[Mertz interrupts.]

CM: HEY!!

[Ohara and Williams stop and look at Mertz.]

CM: Look, I know how things went before, and I know this title still says Kendrick until I can find a screwdriver around here... but Cody Mertz is the AWA National Champion!

[Mertz hoists the title over his left shoulder, giving the faceplate a slap.]

CM: And the legacy of this title might not mean something to some but it means something to me! So whatever games were being played before are OVER!

You want a shot at this? Well, like I said before, I'm not going anywhere...

[Mertz grabs the title and holds it up high with a smile on his face.]

CM: ...and all you have to do is ask!

[With that, Mertz puts the belt over his shoulder again and walks out, walking right in between Ohara and Williams.]

DW: And that's just what I intend to do...

[Ohara watches Williams leave, nodding his head before he turns to walk the opposite direction...]

...and we fade back to ringside where Colt and Sal are seated.]

SA: A tense scene backstage between the new National Champion Cody Mertz and two of his top prospective challengers in former champ Jordan Ohara and "The Future" Derrick Williams.

CP: I'm betting Kerry Kendrick will have something to say about all that too, Big Sal.

SA: I'm guessing you'd win that wager. But up ahead-

[Sal is cut off as "Ten Ton Hammer" by Machine Head comes ripping across the PA system, the crowd ROARING with boos knowing that this signals the arrival of Tiger Claw to the KeyArena.]

SA: Uh oh. Here comes trouble.

[Claw appears at the top of the entrance stage, dressed in a black suit with a black shirt and tie. He stops a moment and looks behind him, motioning for someone to come out.]

SA: We're joined by Tiger Claw here tonight...

CP: Surely he's not planning on challenging someone? He's retired, right?

SA: I'm guessing he just might have a challenge for that for that massive individual we saw him unleash on the world recently on Saturday Night Wrestling.

CP: You mean that giant viking psychopath? Is that who he's got coming out behind him?

[To answer that question: No. Following Claw are two men that, to be honest, don't seem to belong on an episode of Saturday Night Wrestling. They look nervous. Their gear is a bit plain. If you had to guess, you might not think they're full-time wrestlers so much as guys who answer the phone when it rings at the local pizza place. Claw motions for both men to head down the aisle before him, and both men comply.]

SA: I'm not sure I'm familiar with these two men Claw is bringing out. Clearly, they're dressed to compete here tonight, but I can say confidently that they're NOT regular AWA talent.

CP: Tiger Claw does have a resource in Claw Academy to draw on. Maybe he's brought in these guys for... something?

SA: Do these guys look like they're the usual caliber of competitor Claw associates with?

CP: Well... Danny Dynamite WAS technically in the Syndicate for a cup of coffee, so...

[Claw ushers the two men down the aisle and into the ring. He makes his way along ringside toward the timekeeper's table, pausing briefly as he passes Supreme Wright in the audience. He gives the slightest of nods after a brief moment. Supreme doesn't appear to react at all, not even looking at Claw.]

SA: That was... What was that?

CP: Claw's got a history of showing respect to people he's had huge battles with... and the Syndicate Street Fight a couple of years ago definitely qualifies... I don't think Supreme is having any of it, though.

[Unfazed, Claw moves on, grabbing a microphone from the timekeeper's table and using the ring steps to get into the ring. He approaches one of the wrestlers and hands the mic over.]

TC: Go ahead, say it...

D1 [nervous]: We, uh... Hi! My name is Hammond Edgar, and this is my tag partner, Stu Gotch! We want to make a challenge! We challenge BJORN!

[Claw puts a hand to his ear and motions for Edgar to say the challenge again, but louder.]

HE: We challenge... BJORN!

TC: Who?!

[Both Edgar and Gotch start to speak into the mic in tandem when they're interrupted by a roar over the PA]

"BJOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!"

["Twilight of the Thunder God" by Amon Amarth starts to play, and just as the intro riff hits a crescendo and the rest of the band kicks in, out from behind the curtain bursts the viking giant, roaring his name over the lead vocals...]

"BJOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!!"

[BJORN doesn't pause for accolades or cheers, but instead starts to walk down the aisle with purpose, eyes locked on the two preliminary level talents who right now appear to be questioning their life choices.]

SA: I just can't get over the sheer size of this guy. Can you imagine ASKING to be across the ring from this guy?

CP: It's not just the size either. Look at him. The tattoos all over him, the fur pants, that look in his eyes. This guy is unhinged, clear as day. I wouldn't want to face him even if he was five foot five.

[BJORN continues down the aisle, beating a fist against his chest periodically and barking at the two standing in the ring. He steps up on the ring apron in one motion and starts to step over the ring ropes with ease. By this point, Claw, a smile on his face, has exited the ring.]

SA: BJORN now in the ring against these two men in what I guess will be a handicap match? Will they be tagging in and out, or..

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Edgar and Gotch look at one another, nod, and charge across the ring at BJORN who patiently waits for them...]

SA: Okay, I guess it'll be tornado rules for the challengers here!

[To their credit, Edgar and Gotch team up, and charge the giant with a double clothesline. The move hits BJORN low on his chest and appears to have no effect.]

CP: Great idea, but I think they just angered the viking...

[BJORN briefly looks at the spot the double clothesline hit him while the pair of challengers stand there with terrified looks on their faces. BJORN looks at them in turn... and smiles.]

SA: Oh, I think that's even worse. Look at that maniacal grin!

[BJORN motions both men forward as if to say, "Please sir, may I have another?"]

CP: You should never do what a giant crazy viking wants...

[Edgar and Gotch lunge forward with a flurry of overhead forearm strikes which land mostly on BJORN's torso. Again, BJORN doesn't show much of a reaction.]

SA: Our challengers here trying to put up a good fight, but I don't think this giant really cares!

[Edgar and Gotch give up trying to just strike at random and start to team up again. They time their shots so both men hit double chops against BJORN's chest. The sound of the slap echoes through the arena to a crowd roar!]

SA: Stereo double chops! Did you HEAR that impact?

CP: And look at BJORN! He's nodding at both men as if to congratulate them on the strikes!

[The reaction makes Edgar and Gotch pause for a moment, and that's when BJORN strikes back. He brings his arm up and swings it down with a clubbing forearm across Edgar's shoulder and neck, dropping him immediately. He does the same with Gotch, who turns and staggers away.]

SA: HUGE forearms to both men!

CP: Those weren't pretty, but what impact! It's like watching a bear maul someone!

SA: And look at Tiger Claw at ringside. He's very much enjoying this.

[BJORN follows up and runs at Gotch with a big clothesline, knocking him down to the mat. He turns back to Edgar, picks him up off the mat, and throws him in the corner.]

SA: BJORN with Edgar in the corner... Hits him with another one of those clubbing blows!

CP: The only reason that kid isn't down on the mat right now is because the corner is holding him up!

[As this is happening, Gotch has crawled over to the opposite corner. BJORN seems to sense this and abruptly turns and runs full tilt toward him...]

SA: HUGE clothesline to Gotch! Oh my god, he's not done!

[BJORN immediately turns and runs back to the corner with Edgar]

SA: Another clothesline to Hammond Edgar!

CP: And another for Gotch! And back again! He's just doing laps now, hitting these guys on each one!

[Some of the more vocal fans in the crowd start chanting "BJORN!" each time he hits a clothesline. He runs back and forth across the ring, hitting each man with a few more clotheslines...]

SA: This is truly frightening. For him to move that much mass around the ring with this offense, it's just...

CP: It's berserk, is what it is! That's what he is! A berserker!

[BJORN hits one last clothesline on Edgar, and then uses an Irish Whip to send him into the opposite corner into his partner. Both men slump in the corner as BJORN starts running toward them...]

SA: Here he comes! SWEET SAN ANGELO! BJORN charges in and splashes both men in the corner!

CP: It's like they just got hit by a train! Look, BJORN is holding them there in the corner!

[BJORN barks at the crowd, holding the two men in place. He climbs up on the second turnbuckle and starts raining hammer fists on both men's heads. Many of the crowd count along, but a significant portion are yelling "BJORN!" on each hit. Upon reaching 10, BJORN drops down and gives a roar of his own...]

"BJOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRNNNNNN!"

SA: BJORN is pretty much setting the pace here, and now he's... He's not going to... Wait, yes he is! Yes he is! He's PICKING UP BOTH MEN!

[BJORN has indeed picked up both men with a scoop slam, and walks around the ring with both of them across his chest.]

CP: This guy isn't human. Look at this! He's carrying around both men and he's not even breaking a sweat!

[BJORN turns to the hard camera, making eye contact...]

"BJOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRNNNNNNN!!!!!"

SA: FALLING POWERSLAM ON TWO MEN! What power! This is insane!

CP: Yeah, I don't think BJORN is in any danger here...

SA: BJORN covering both men now, and I think it's academic at this point... one.... two... OH, COME ON!

[With a cruel smile on his face, BJORN lifts both men's shoulders off the canvas.]

SA: He's just playing with his food now!

CP: I guess he hasn't had his fun yet, which is more than I can say for Tiger Claw. Look.

[The camera cuts to Claw who is actually smiling and applauding.]

SA: You can't blame him. He stands to make a lot of money off this man. Oh dear, BJORN has Edgar up on his feet... Throws him into the ropes... BIG BOOT ON THE REBOUND! I think Edgar might have had some teeth loosened there!

[BJORN looks back to Gotch, who's still laying on the mat...]

SA: BJORN heads back over to Stu Gotch. He's... Is that a claw he's going for? Good lord, that huge hand basically covers Gotch's face! We have a claw hold here... wait. No! BJORN has pulled Gotch back to his feet BY HIS FACE!

CP: He did this to Donovan!

SA: BJORN lifts the man up! OOOOH, and drives him back down!

CP: Like a chokeslam but by grabbing his opponent's face! He just drove the back of the man's head into the mat, but he still looks like he's not done! Wait, what's this?

[Outside the ring, Claw interrupts his celebration to slam a hand down on the apron a few times. This gets BJORN'S attention, and Claw draws a thumb across his throat...]

SA: Looks like Claw is giving the sign for BJORN to finish this...

[BJORN picks up Edgar as if going for a back body drop but keeps him up on his shoulder. He spins... Once, twice, three times, and then launches Edgar into the air...]

SA: OHHHHHH! Look at him spin through the air! And he DROPS down on the canvas!

CP: We saw him do this against Wes Taylor! We're told that he calls that move Ragnarok!

SA: It sure is for Edgar, but BJORN isn't finished! Look, he's going after Gotch now!

[BJORN picks up Gotch and sets him up in the exact same way...]

SA: ANOTHER RAGNAROK ON Gotch, and he landed right on top of Edgar! It's like we're watching a car accident here! The ref needs to do something about this carnage!

[With the two men stacked on each other, BJORN walks over and places a foot on Gotch's chest effectively pinning both men...]

SA: That's an easy three... and for the sake of these two challengers, I'm glad that's ov- Wait, no it isn't!

[BJORN lifts both men off the canvas by their hair. The ref appears to consider getting in the big man's face and then thinks better of it.]

CP: I don't blame the ref for being hesitant here, but the match is over!

SA: Uh oh, now Claw is in the ring...

[Claw strides up to BJORN and shouts "BJORN! ENOUGH!" which seems to flick a switch in BJORN's head. Almost calmly he drops both men and heads for a nearby corner, glaring at the audience. Meanwhile, Claw reaches into the inside pocket of his suit jacket...]

SA: What's Claw got in mind here? Is that... Is that money?

[Claw pulls out two small stacks of bills and gently places one on each of the two challengers' chests. He pats both on the shoulder, as if congratulating a job well done...]

CP: Looks like you're right, these guys are contractors. Claw paid them to make the challenge?

SA: A page right out of his former manager's playbook. Claw probably considers this money well spent. He just gave everyone a quick demo of what his man is capable of!

CP: I hope it was worth it for Hammond Edgar and Stu Gotch. That's a beating they're going to feel their whole careers.

SA: Tiger Claw and BJORN triumphant here at Opportunity Knocks... and that's one heck of an in-ring debut. Fans, let's head down to ringside to our own Sweet Lou Blackwell who is standing by with Team Supreme just moments before we Run The Rankings!

[The camera cuts to Sweet Lou Blackwell standing at ringside with a microphone. Supreme Wright is seated front and center, flanked by Theresa Lynch on one side and Paris Crawford beside her. The rest of the group watches on with varying levels of disinterest.]

SLB: An impressive victory for BJORN right there in his debut... but I don't know if anyone impresses my guests at this time. As you can see, I'm once again at ringside with Team Supreme and let's hope this time it goes a little better.

[A yell of "We oughta sue!" from Cain Jackson makes Blackwell wince.]

SLB: Supreme Wright, we're just moments away from the Run The Rankings gauntlet match, where five teams will battle it out, with the winners earning a future shot at the AWA World Tag Team Titles currently held by Team Supreme. Is there any particular team out there tonight that you're rooting for?

[Supreme Wright stares directly at Sweet Lou, his expression cold and unreadable. He slowly leans forward in his seat.]

SW: "Rooting for"?

[Supreme narrows his eyes at Sweet Lou.]

SW: I don't play favorites, Mr. Blackwell. The weak will fall, the strong will rise, and whichever team survives that gauntlet will simply be the next worthy opponent for The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad or The Gold Standard to conquer. We welcome the challenge.

SLB: Strong words as always. So how have you been enjoying the show so far tonight?

[Supreme Wright pauses, a faint, dangerous smile creeping across his face. He glances sideways toward Paris Crawford before answering.]

SW: Until now, Team Supreme held very little interest in the AWA National Championship. It is a title rich with history but not one that aligned with our ambitions. But with the return of my old friend Cody Mertz... our interest has been thoroughly piqued. That title may very well be worth pursuing.

[Supreme turns his head slightly toward Paris Crawford.]

SW: Isn't that right, Mx. Crawford?

[Paris Crawford, still draped in Cain Jackson's oversized silver and red tracksuit jacket, gives a slow, sly smirk. Their eyes gleam with quiet menace as they offer a single, elegant nod without saying a word.]

SLB: Well... there you have it, folks. Back to the ring!

[The camera lingers for a moment on Supreme Wright's cold, satisfied expression before we crossfade from ringside to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is the RUN THE RANKINGS GAUNTLET MATCH!

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

RO: In just a moment, two teams will enter the ring. Those two teams will compete until one team is eliminated by pinfall, submission, countout, or disqualification. The losing team will return to the locker room while the winner will stay and meet the next team entered!

The final team standing will earn a shot at the AWA WORRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIIIIIIIPS!

[The crowd cheers again as we cut to ringside where Supreme Wright and his army look on with interest.]

SA: The five top contenders... one title shot to win... we've been waiting for this for a few weeks now, Colt.

CP: The entire tag team division has been at war leading to this night... and tonight, we see who comes out on top with a shot at Team Supreme on the horizon.

SA: Or the Soldiers of Fortune. That match is still to come tonight as well.

CP: You know the beauty of a gauntlet match, Big Sal?

SA: What's that?

CP: The rules don't care if you're fresh or tired, honest or underhanded... it's simple. Survive and move on. Don't and you're headed home and to the back of the line!

[Ortiz raises the mic.]

RO: And now... the Number Five ranked contenders for the World Tag Team Titles!

[Ortiz waits...

...and then the crowd starts to boo as "Money" by KMFDM starts blaring in the arena, the video screen blinks to white, with pictures of the Gold and Black mask of Golden Grappler and the Gold, grey, and black camouflaged mask of Ultra Commando 3, with "Money" in a painted font behind them.]

RO: From an Undisclosed Location... at Weight Unknown...

They are the GOLDEN GRAPPLER... and ULTRA COMMANDO 3...

...MASKS! FOR! MONEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[The boos rain down as the two looming figures step into view - first, The Golden Grappler, wearing his gold mask with black trim around the holes for his eyes, nose, and mouth. He's wearing a gold ring robe, adorned in black dollar signs with "Grappler" scripted across the back, along with black trim along all the edges. His gear underneath are long gold tights with black stripes up the side, along with gold boots with "GG" in black on the sides.

His partner beside him - the hulking Ultra Commando 3, his balaclava styled mask is in a digital camo pattern of gold, black, and grey. He's wearing a military jacket in the same pattern, as well as cargo pants matching both, along with black tactical boots. The two stand on the stage, arms raised before beginning to walk toward the ring.]

SA: And these two bruisers are going to be starting us off here in this one... and when you talk about "honest or underhanded," these two fit solidly in the latter

category. There is no depth they won't sink to to try and win this match tonight, Colt.

CP: These two have the same philosophy as one of wrestling's forgotten tag duos - it's all about the Benjamins, baby... and if they can win the World Tag Team Titles, the money will be rolling in for these two masked men.

SA: They've got their work cut out for them though, a tall mountain to climb... but one thing that goes their way is that in this gauntlet match, the order of entry is broadly known. No surprises tonight on who is coming through the curtain next.

[Commando jaws at the camera as the two walk down the aisle, pausing just before the ring to taunt the fans in tandem...]

SA: And Fujizona is going to have a tough first match in this one against these two.

CP: You talk about efficient - one big bruiser, one filthy old snake, and both of them known every dirty trick in the book and might invent a few while they're at it.

[Once inside the ring, the masked men do a quick lap, antagonizing the Seattle crowd as they await their opponents...]

RO: And now... the Number Four Ranked Contenders... at a total combined weight of 378 pounds, from Fujinomiya, Japan and Savannah, Georgia...

...FUUUUUJIIIIIZOOOOONAAAAAAA!

[A metal cover of "Bloody Tears" from the Castlevania video game series begins to play, as the crowd erupts with applause and cheers. Yoshi Fujiwara steps out from behind the curtains, pumping his fists in the air as the crowd's cheers grow louder. Fujiwara is dressed in a sukajan bomber jacket embroidered with golden dragons over his wrestling gear. He wears a pair of wrestling tights with one red leg and one white leg, with matching boots. He has a chiseled physique with well-defined muscles. Despite his impressive physique, Yoshi is still growing into his body, giving him a thin, almost lanky look.

Alongside Fujiwara is Tizona, the Southern-fried luchador, wearing faded jean shorts frayed at the hem, black kneepads, and black boots. His mask is half his usual black mask with a white faceplate and blue and purple kabuki-esque swirls, and the other half is now red with a white faceplate and a golden dragon roaring along his head.]

SA: And here comes one of the most exciting young teams in the game today!

CP: They may be exciting... but they're also plainly physically overmatched, Big Sal.

SA: They might've been overmatched on Showtime too but that didn't stop them from getting the win.

CP: Thanks to Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter... and they're not here tonight! They're banned from the building!

SA: Which is good news for Masks For Money because after Rage and Hunter got robbed of a chance to get their hands on Team Supreme and those World Tag Team Titles, I'm guessing Rage and Hunter will be out for blood at their first shot at these two. I hope the payday from Team Supreme was worth it!

CP: That's slander, Albano. You better have proof of that!

[Upon reaching the ring, Fujizona huddles up on the outside, a final strategy session as the Golden Grappler calls them into the ring...]

SA: Fujizona getting in there now...

[A quick conversation sees Tizona give his partner a slap on the back before exiting as UC3 ducks out on the other side, encouraging his partner to "wreck this runt!" before he does...]

SA: ...and it's going to be Yoshi Fujiwara starting things off against the Golden Grappler... and the young man may have his hands full with this wily veteran.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, the Grappler makes a dash at Fujiwara who is ready for him, using an armdrag to toss the masked man down to the mat to cheers!]

SA: Armdrag right out of the gate!

[Fujiwara is right back up, the Grappler a step behind him but the veteran runs right into another armdrag!]

SA: Fujiwara tossing him back and forth across the ring in the opening seconds of this one and-

[The Grappler comes up again, swinging for the fences, but a drop toehold takes him off his feet, bouncing him facefirst off the mat where Fujiwara quickly comes up, grabbing an arm, twisting and rolling him into a La Majistral!]

SA: Whoa! Whoa!

[A near fall follows, the Grappler barely escaping before Fujiwara gets the shocking three count!]

SA: That was CLOSE, Colt!

CP: Too close if you ask me. Masks For Money need to slow this down and need to do it fast!

[The Grappler comes up, kicking the ropes in frustration...

...and slaps the offered hand of his partner.]

SA: A quick tag for the masked men.

CP: It's going to be even more important than usual to keep a fresh man in. You can NOT allow a member of your team to be taken out... to be physically punished for an extended period... it can cost you everything.

[Ultra Commando 3 steps in, glaring across at Fujiwara who beckons him forward. The big man surges into a tieup, shoving Fujiwara back into the ropes with ease, burying a knee into the midsection...]

SA: Oh! UC3 goes downstairs on him, right into the breadbasket...

[A whip sends Fujiwara across, bouncing him off the ropes where he slides between the legs of an attacking Commando. He pops up, grabbing an arm, running to the ropes...]

SA: Where is he...?

[...and leaps to the middle rope, springing into the air, bouncing off the top rope...]

SA: SPRINGBOARD!

[...and armdrags UC3 down to the mat to cheers!]

SA: We've got Yoshi Fujiwara a literal BLUR in there! Non-stop motion!

[The Commando is a little slower to come off the mat with his size as Fujiwara makes his own exchange, bringing in Tizona who slingshots over the top rope before leaning into a question mark kick that POPS the masked man!]

SA: OH! What a shot by Tizona!

[Tizona steps off the thigh, snapping a foot to the back of the head!]

SA: ENNNN-ZUUUU-GIRIIIII!

[With the Commando in a stagger, Tizona slaps the hand of his partner who leaps into the air, springing off the top rope!]

SA: SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK BY FUJIWARA FLATTENS THE COMMANDO!

CP: Right now, Masks For Money are simply being overwhelmed with the pace of Fujizona, Big Sal. I said they need to slow it down and they need to do it fast... well, now it's become urgent because if they can slow it down, the whole match changes.

[Fujiwara turns to salute the crowd before going to grab the rising Commando, looking for a whip...]

SA: Irish whi- reversed!

[The reversal sends Fujiwara into the ropes, ducking a clothesline attempt by the masked man, rebounding off the far side...]

SA: CROSSBOD-

[...but the Commando swings a leg up, booting the flying Fujiwara in the torso, spinning him out of the sky and down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: On cue, Colt Patterson, Ultra Commando 3 lowers the boom on Yoshi Fujiwara and stops him cold in his tracks.

[The Commando stands over a writhing Fujiwara, looking down on him... and then DROPS a heavy elbow into the ribcage.]

SA: Ohhh... right down, all the weight into the torso!

[UC3 slowly gets to a knee, looking out on the jeering fans.]

SA: The fans of Seattle are letting him hear it and-

CP: And he couldn't care less, Albano. He wants the win and the money and if the people don't like it, even better... 'cause now they're going to pay money to see if someone can beat him.

[The Commando drags a struggling Fujiwara up to his feet, lifting him into the air... holding... holding...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Delayed back suplex! Rocking Fujiwara from head to toe!

[The Commando comes to his feet, leaving Fujiwara down on the mat before slapping his partner's hand...]

SA: The Golden Grappler coming in... no stranger to the Pacific Northwest fans giving him a hard time...

[This particularly masked man doesn't bother with subtlety, stomping the ribs... and then drops to his knees, blatantly choking Fujiwara to the shouts of referee Koji Sakai!]

SA: He's choking the man!

[At four, he breaks... stares defiantly at Sakai... and then chokes again!]

SA: Oh, come on!

CP: He broke at four!

SA: And then reapplied it!

CP: Totally legal!

[The Grappler lets go at four a second time, watching as Fujiwara crawls across the ring, looking for his partner...]

SA: Yoshi Fujiwara needs a tag, needs to get Tizona back into this...

[...but the Grappler cuts him off with a boot between the eyes, knocking him right back down to the mat. He measures his man for a moment before leaping up, landing a kneedrop across the sternum!]

"OHHHHH!"

SA: The flying attack of Fujizona has been grounded for the moment as Masks For Money go with a methodical, punishing offensive attack...

[As Fujiwara gets near the ropes, the Grappler boosts him up, leaning him over the middle rope before planting his shin on the back of the neck!]

SA: He's choking him again! All his weight on the neck!

[Tizona shouts at the official, the fans joining him in that as the Grappler holds until four again...]

SA: Fujiwara down on the mat, gasping for air and...

[With a running start, the Grappler DRIVES his knee into the back of the neck, snapping Fujiwara backwards off the ropes!]

SA: ...ohhh! Simple but effective.

CP: That's the motto behind everything Masks For Money do in there. They're not looking to dive off the ropes, they're not looking for some fancy submission hold. They're here to maul you until you can't get up anymore.

[The Golden Grappler does a loop around the downed Fujiwara, throwing a look at Tizona who is slapping the top turnbuckle to encourage his partner..

...and then pulls Fujiwara off the mat, up under his arm...]

SA: OHHH! BACKBREAKER DOWN ACROSS THE KNEEEEEEE!

[He leans backwards, sliding Fujiwara into a pinning position, earning a two count before Fujiwara escapes!]

SA: Two count only right there... Fujiwara finding a way to stay in this so far.

CP: But much like Masks For Money needed to change the pace earlier, now it's Fujiwara and Tizona who need to change the pace. They can NOT survive a match fought like this with two beefy beasts like Masks For Money.

[The Grappler complains about the count before slowly moving to step in front of a crawling Fujiwara, again blocking his path to the corner where Tizona awaits him...]

SA: The Grappler impeding the attempt by Fujiwara to get to his corner..

[The Grappler hauls Fujiwara off the mat again, lifting him up before slamming him down...]

SA: Big slam by the Grappler..

[He pulls Fujiwara up again...]

SA: Make it two!

[...and again.]

SA: And a trifecta of bodyslams by the Golden Grappler, leaving Fujiwara in a quivering heap on the canvas!

[A lateral press follows, getting another two count before Fujiwara kicks out.]

SA: Two count again! Yoshi Fujiwara showing the same kind of heart and fighting spirit we've seen out of his sister so often!

[The Grappler angrily claps his hands together three times with a "COME ON, REFEREE!"]

SA: The Golden Grappler seems not-too-pleased with the pace of the count but it looked good to me, Colt.

CP: Looked a little slow to me too, Albano. We sure this Sakai has his officiating license.

SA: I'm sure he does.

[The Grappler pulls Fujiwara off the mat, tossing him back into the corner before making the tag...]

SA: Ultra Commando 3 heading back in... and with his size, that makes things even harder for Fujiwara.

[Fujiwara tries to get clear but the Grappler buries a pair of boots in the midsection before the Commando follows up with a lunging back elbow, snapping Fujiwara's head backwards!]

SA: Just a bruising combination from this hulking duo...

[Dragging Fujiwara out towards the middle of the ring, the Commando shoves him into the ropes where Fujiwara hits chest-first, falling backwards into a windup punch to the kidney on the rebound!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: He calls that the Surgical Strike and it certainly accomplished its goal! Completely bringing Fujiwara to his knees as the Commando and the Grappler are standing tall in the first leg of this gauntlet match. Can they Run The Rankings and walk out of Seattle as the Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles?

[The Commando stands over a struggling Fujiwara who again is crawling towards his corner and his partner's outstretched hand...

...and then the Commando rushes the corner, connecting with a big shot between the masked eyes, sending Tizona falling off the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CHEAP SHOT BY THE COMMANDO!

[The crowd is all over UC3 as he nods his head, looking down at Fujiwara before dropping another punishing elbow, this one into the lower back!]

SA: Fujiwara is in trouble, fans. In there all alone for some time now against much-larger opponents... and now his partner is down on the floor and-

[The camera cuts to Tizona... or tries to.]

SA: Where did... where did he go, Colt?

CP: Huh?

SA: Where is Tizona?

CP: How should I know?

SA: He got knocked to the floor and-

[Sal is cut off by UC3 hauling Fujiwara off the mat, yanking him into a side waistlock...]

SA: He's looking for the Bunker Buster! He's gonna finish him off while his partner is MIA! Seriously though... where did...?

[...but as UC3 lifts Fujiwara up for his version of the Blue Thunder Bomb, spinning Fujiwara around, Fujiwara spins right out of the lift, catching UC3's head between his legs...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FUJIWARA ESCAPES!

[...and snaps him over and down with a hurricanrana!]

SA: FUJIWARA WITH A TIMELY ESCAPE RIGHT THERE! LOOKING TO HIS CORNER! LOOKING FOR THAT TAG!

[And suddenly, Tizona appears once more!]

SA: There he is! Tizona is there! Was he under the ring?!

CP: Sure looked like it. Trying to find some courage maybe.

SA: Tizona up on the apron! Tizona waiting for the... did he change masks?

CP: What are you going on about now?!

SA: That mask! That wasn't what he was wearing, was it?

[Tizona is slapping the buckle, urging his partner forward...]

SA: He... Colt, I'm not sure that's Tizona!

CP: What the hell are you talking about, Albano?! Of course that's Tizona!

SA: He looks... bigger!

[...and with a lunge...]

SA: TAG! The tag is made to...

CP: To Tizona!

SA: I'm not sure it-

[Tizona comes in, lighting up an incoming UC3 with rights and lefts...

...and in comes the Grappler at high speed...]

SA: The Golden Grappler is-

[...and Tizona leaps up, pumping his knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WAIT A SECOND!

CP: That's a bicycle knee! That's...

[Tizona whips around, grabbing a stunned UC3 behind the head, tucking his skull under the chin...]

SA: JAWBREAKER!

[...and UC3 takes a big fall, flying backwards and landing on the canvas with a splat!]

CP: What just happened?! UC3 looks like he got hit with a boulder! He's out!

[Tizona seizes the moment with both men down, rapidly scaling the ropes...]

SA: Tizona's up top annnnnnd...

[...and LEAPS into the air, soaring high...]

SA: ...HEADBUUUUUUUUTT!

[Tizona bounces off, grabbing at his skull in pain... and then crawls forward, throwing himself across the motionless Commando!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT ISSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

“DING! DING! DING!”

CP: No, no, no, no! Something’s wrong here! Something’s wrong, Albano!

[Tizona rolls from the ring, ducking down...]

SA: Where’s he going now?!

[Fujiwara stumbles into the ring, arms raised over his head as the referee points to him while looking around for Tizona...]

RO: Masks For Money have been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd ROARS for the upset victory as Fujiwara throws his arms in the air again, pumping his fists excitedly...]

CP: This whole thing STINKS!

[Suddenly, Fujiwara is joined in the ring, a big embrace from behind as the crowd cheers...]

SA: Tizona back in and... look at him, Colt!

CP: What?!

SA: That’s a different mask again! And that... that’s the REAL Tizona!

CP: Are you telling me...?

SA: I don’t know what’s going on here but... somehow, I think the wily veterans who know all the dirty tricks just got ELIMINATED by a dirty trick!

CP: They pulled a switch?!

SA: I don’t-

[The referee raises Tizona and a puzzled Fujiwara’s hands...

...and in the background, we see ANOTHER Tizona pop up at ringside, leaping over the barricade behind the referee’s back and running through the cheering crowd!]

CP: There! There! Albano, I think there were TWO Tizonas!

SA: Gee, do you think so?!

CP: I knew it! These two pulled a fast one and... this is ridiculous, Albano! Fujizona just STOLE this win! Masks For Money were ROBBED!

[As one Tizona bails through the crowd, Fujiwara turns towards the other and starts questioning what just happened...]

SA: And I think Yoshi Fujiwara smells a rat as well! Tizona’s always had a... casual relationship with the rulebook if it meant victory but that is NOT how Yoshi Fujiwara plays things!

[With Fujizona in deep discussion, the sounds of Los Lobos' "Cumbia Raza" starts to play.]

SA: Well, this controversy will have to be addressed another day because right now, we've got our next team on their way to the ring...

[Rebecca Ortiz' voice rings out.]

RO: Next... the Number Three Contenders... hailing from Lagos de Moreno, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing in at a total combined weight of 412 pounds... they are accompanied to the ring by "El Niño" Vengador V...

The team of... REY FUERZA and GUERRERO OSCURO...

EL LEGADO DE LUCHAAAAAA!!!!!!

[The crowd ROARS for the luchadors' arrival as the first to step through the entranceway is "El Niño" Vengador V. He has on his silver mask with black trim, a black button-down shirt, with the sleeves folded midway up his forearms, black pants, and black dress shoes.

Vengador V pauses there, watching as his allies Rey Fuerza in his black tights and black mask and Guerrero Oscuro in the same go rushing by.]

SA: The luchadors are heading to the ring and they're not wasting any time, Colt!

[With Fujiwara and Tizona still engaged, Fuerza hops up on the ring apron, grabbing the top rope, leaping into the air...]

SA: OFF THE TOP!

[...and CRASHES into both Fujizona members with a crossbody that wipes them both out!]

SA: REY FUERZA KICKING THINGS OFF IN A BIG WAY RIGHT THERE!

CP: Hey, Fujizona had that coming for their blatant chicanery!

[Guerrero Oscuro joins his partner in the ring, continuing the hot start to the second leg of the match with a pair of thrust kicks on Tizona, sending him falling to the outside as they turn their focus on the still-weary Fujiwara...]

SA: Fuerza lifts him up... SAMOAN DROP!

[He kicks off the mat, backrolling over Fujiwara to his feet as Oscuro goes into a front roll...]

SA: SENTON!

[...and CRASHES down on top of Fujiwara as Fuerza dashes to the ropes, leaping to the second...]

SA: AND A MOONSAULT AS WELL!

[Fuerza hooks a leg on Fujiwara, Oscuro standing guard as the referee counts one... two...]

SA: FUJIWARA OUT AT TWOOOOOO!

[Fuerza scrambles up, ducking out of the ring to the apron as Oscuro lands a baseball slide dropkick to keep Tizona on the outside!]

SA: They've isolated Fujiwara and-

[As Fujiwara stirs, Fuerza leaps high in the air, springing off the top...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CONNECTS with a somersault dropkick that sends Fujiwara flying across the ring, sailing through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?!

[Fuerza comes up with a pump of his fist, the crowd on their feet as he takes aim on the outside...]

SA: Fuerza on the move! To the ropes!

[...but as he rebounds back across, Tizona SLINGSHOTS over the top rope into a rana on Fuerza!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WOW! These two teams are flying ALL OVER the place!

[Tizona comes to his feet where Oscuro greets him with a pair of knife edge chops, knocking him back into the ropes.]

SA: Irish whip...

CP: Do we even HAVE legal men in this one?!

SA: Not yet!

[Oscuro catches him on the rebound with a spinning back kick to the midsection, doubling Tizona over..]

SA: Oscuro ducks behind, lifts him up!

[...but the shove up into an electric chair turns out to be a mistake as Tizona uses the momentum to SPIKE Oscuro with a reverse rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: POISON RANA ON OSCUROOOOOOOO!

[Tizona comes up onto his feet, ducking under an incoming Fuerza, throwing himself into a handspring, rebounding off the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HANDSPRING HEAD KICK!

[With Fuerza in a daze this time, Tizona slingshots out to the apron, waiting...]

SA: Fuerza to his feet...

[...and then slingshots, springing off the top!]

SA: OHHHHHHHH! SWEET MAMA MIA! HE NEARLY TOOK HIS HEAD OFF!

[The springboard spinning heel kick to the back of the head does indeed “nearly decapitate” the luchador in the words of the legendary Chimpanzee Typhoon!]

SA: Tizona just WIPED OUT Legado de Lucha!

[But as Tizona celebrates, Guerrero Oscuro regains his feet behind him, approaching quickly...

...but an incoming Yoshi Fujiwara - hands clasped like he’s going for a double axehandle - CRACKS Oscuro under the chin with an uppercut that resembles a baseball swing!]

SA: OHHHHHTANNNNNIIIIIII!

CP: We’re in Seattle! Call it the Ichiro!

[The crowd is ROARING for the high impact and high paced offense as Fujiwara turns to Tizona, pointing to Fuerza who is trying to stir off the canvas...

...and the duo score with a double superkick of their own, sending Fuerza flying backwards, hitting the ropes where he rebounds back off into a double sitout hiptoss slam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With Fuerza down, Tizona feeds a leg to Fujiwara who catches it, lifting Tizona upwards into a backflip...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: THE FANS ARE LOVING THIS! TIZONA HANGS ON!

[The crowd is counting along!]

“ONNNNNNNNNE!”

“TWOOOOOOOO!”

“THRE-”

[But a diving save from Guerrero Oscuro knocks Fujiwara backwards onto his own partner, breaking up the pin!]

SA: Oscuro makes the saaaaaave!

[Fujiwara pulls Oscuro off the mat, lashing out with a pair of short forearms before a spinning back elbow leaves the luchador staggers as Tizona gets to his feet, rushing the ropes...

...where Fujiwara pops him up and over, landing in a high rana on Oscuro, flipping him over and sending him sliding out to the floor!]

SA: Guerrero Oscuro to the outside!

[With Oscuro on the floor, Tizona tries to keep him there, rushing the far ropes for momentum...]

SA: TO THE OUTSIDE!

[...and HURLS himself into a bullet tope, driving the luchador back into the ringside railing with a crash!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: TIZONA GOES FLYING TO THE FLOOOOOOR!

[With Tizona and Guerrero Oscuro laid out on the floor, Fujiwara turns his focus onto Rey Fuerza who is back on and his feet, staggering into the Japanese competitor...]

SA: Fujiwara blocks the right hand...

“WHAAAAAAAAP!”

SA: ...and lands a big overhand chop, right across the chest!

[A side kick to the ribs doubles over Fuerza as Fujiwara snatches a front facelock, looking for a suplex...]

...but on the lift, Fuerza flips out, landing on his feet behind Fujiwara. He promptly leaps up, hooking his feet under Fujiwara’s armpits, pulling him back into a cradle, pinning the shoulders down!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Fujiwara kicks out, breaking loose. He scrambles up, rushing to the ropes as Fuerza gets up to meet him...]

SA: SUNSET FLIP!

[...and drags the luchador down into a pinning predicament!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Rey Fuerza manages to reverse it, rolling Fujiwara back onto his shoulders with both legs hooked!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Fujiwara kicks hard, rolling Fuerza back into the sunset flip!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Fuerza slams the legs together on Fujiwara’s ears, breaking the hold!]

SA: The action’s so fast, I can barely keep up with it!

[Fuerza gets to his feet, landing a knife edge chop before grabbing Fujiwara by the head, ramming his head into the turnbuckle.]

SA: Ohhh! Hard shot in the corner!

[Fuerza boosts Fujiwara up, sitting him down on the top turnbuckle!]

SA: Rey Fuerza’s got Fujiwara in a bad spot here... climbing up there with him...

[Fujiwara fires off a short forearm... and another... and another...]

SA: Fujiwara trying to fight him off!

[...and a hard shove sends Fuerza backflipping off the ropes, landing on his feet to a big cheer!]

SA: Wow!

[Fujiwara promptly hops to the top turnbuckle, leaping off for a crossbody!]

SA: OFF THE TOP!

[But Fuerza elevates immediately, catching the falling Fujiwara with a dropkick to the torso!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: That might do it! Fuerza grabs the legs, double leg cradle! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd ROARS as a diving Tizona crashes down on the pin, breaking it up in the nick of time!]

SA: TIZONA MAKES THE SAAAAAVE!

[For a moment, the three men are down and the crowd is up, roaring for the high octane action they’re seeing...]

SA: This is lucha libre chaos and I am here for it, Colt!

CP: It’s chaos for sure... I don’t even think we’ve got a legal man yet!

[Sal chuckles as Fuerza is pulled up by Tizona, tossed into the corner. He leans down, boosting the luchador to sit on the top turnbuckle... and then starts climbing after him...]

SA: Now it’s Tizona on the climb! Looking to score another win and send Fujizona into the third leg of this Run The Rankings gauntlet match! They got the surprising win over Run The Rankings-

CP: Thanks to shenanigans!

[Sal laughs again as Tizona steps to the top rope, sizing up the moment...

...and then leaps up, snaring Fuerza’s head between his legs!]

SA: HURRICAN- NO!

[But Fuerza hangs onto the top rope, blocking the move!]

SA: Fuerza blocks it! Fuerza blocks it!

[With a shout of exertion, Rey Fuerza lifts Tizona back up, holding him on his shoulders...

...and leaps off the top rope, DRIVING Tizona down in a superbomb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: SUUUUUUPERBOMMMMMMB!

CP: THAT'S IT!

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Yoshi Fujiwara SNAPS a superkick into the face of the pinning Fuerza, breaking up the pin!]

SA: FUJIWARA MAKES THE SAAAAAAVE!

[Fujiwara grabs the dazed Fuerza, looking to lift him up.]

SA: Going right back at it, looking for the suplex...

[But as he lifts Fuerza, the luchador flips over the top again, landing on his feet behind Fujiwara, giving him a two-handed shove to the back...

...which sends Fujiwara towards a waiting Guerrero Oscuro!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Oscuro leaps up, snapping a kick off the head of Fujiwara, sending him staggering back towards Fuerza who snatches a waistlock...]

SA: GERMAN! WITH A BRIDGE!

[The referee dives down, slapping the mat once... twice... and Tizona HURLS himself at the pin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HOW?! HOW DID TIZONA GET THERE IN TIME?!

[Tizona may have made the save but is unable to get to his feet as Oscuro comes in, pulling the masked man up. He drags Tizona back into the corner, hooking an inverted facelock as he steps up on the middle rope...]

SA: Wait a second! He's got him set for Black Diamond and-

[...and Fujiwara comes charging in, stepping up on the middle rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RUNNING KNEE! HE JACKS THE JAW OF OSCURO!

[With Fujiwara stepping up to the top rope, Fuerza slips in behind him, yanking him down into an electric chair, moving backwards as Oscuro leaps up to the top rope, sizing up Fujiwara...]

SA: Wait, wait!

[...and Tizona spins, leaping to the bottom rope, springing to the top where he grabs hold of Guerrero Oscuro!]

SA: WHAAAAAT?!

[Tizona LEAPS backwards in a backflip, dragging Oscuro with him for the ride!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Tizona DRIVES the luchador down into the canvas with a moonsault uranage slam... smashing him like a Southern fly into the mat!]

SA: THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!

[Fujiwara leans over, pulling the surprised Fuerza down into a Victory Roll!]

SA: DOUBLE COVER! DOUBLE COUNT!

[The crowd counts along!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KIIIIIIICK OUT! YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

[The crowd is ROARING for the near fall as all four men lie on the canvas, breathing heavily!]

SA: What a battle we're seeing, Colt! These two teams putting it ALL on the line, trying to find a way to advance to the next leg of this gauntlet match where Omega and Pemos are waiting for them!

CP: And those two goofs gotta be over the moon at what they're seeing, Big Sal. Neither one of these teams is gonna have anything left after this!

SA: They've barely got anything left right NOW! All four men laid out on the canvas! All four men unable to get up after that!

CP: Not so fast!

SA: It's Fuerza! Rey Fuerza is the first one on his feet!

[Fuerza pulls a weary Fujiwara off the mat, whipping him into the corner, charging in after with a dropkick that snaps the head back!]

SA: Fuerza's got him in a daze!

[Fuerza grabs the arm, whipping him back across the ring!]

SA: Another whip... here comes Fuerza!

[Fujiwara ducks down, elevating Fuerza up!]

SA: OH! Fuerza lands on the middle rope!

[Rey Fuerza blindly lashes out with a back kick, snapping a boot into the jaw of Fujiwara, sending him staggering backwards as Fuerza spins around...]

...but Fujiwara leaps on the middle rope, springing up to snap a boot off the chin of the luchador!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Fujiwara quickly climbs again, setting up Fuerza...

...and across the ring, we see Tizona pulling Guerrero Oscuro to his feet, backing him towards the ropes!]

SA: All four men back up and fighting and boy, I have no idea how that’s happening!

[Tizona backs off, making a charge...]

SA: OH! BACKDROPS HIM OVER!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and Oscuro snaps off a superkick to the jaw, sending Tizona flying off the apron to the floor!]

SA: OH!

[Across the ring, we see Fujiwara and Fuerza trading right hands up top...

...and Fuerza SLAMS his arms together in a bellringer, stunning Fujiwara!]

SA: OH!

[The luchador dives a palm strike uppercut on the chin, sending Fujiwara flipping backwards off the top...]

SA: OHHHH! CAUGHT IN MID-AIR!

[...where he lands on the shoulders of Guerrero Oscuro!]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[With Fujiwara on his shoulders, Oscuro steps back as Fuerza steps to the top rope, measuring his man...

...and then LEAPS into the air, catching Fujiwara’s head between his legs, and SNAPS him from way up high down to the canvas with a rana!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Fuerza scrambles into a cover, hooking the legs as Oscuro stands guard...

...and THROWS himself into a final dive through the ropes, wiping out Tizona on the outside!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: Wow! What a battle!

[The crowd is still roaring over the conclusion of the match as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Fujizona has been ELIMINATED!

[The Seattle fans are on their feet though, giving both teams a big ovation.]

SA: Legado de Lucha advances to continue to Run The Rankings... but what an effort put forth by Fujizona, Colt.

CP: Close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades... but yeah, they gave it all they had and then some.

[Guerrero Oscuro rolls back into the ring, joining Rey Fuerza in a big hug as Vengador applauds from the outside...]

SA: Legado de Lucha moving on in the gauntlet... and look at this now...

[The cheers somehow get louder as Fuerza pulls Fujiwara off the mat, raising his hand overhead and pointing to him...]

SA: Great sportmanship here... a big moment for Yoshi Fujiwara here at Opportunity Knocks as he and his partner certainly made the most of their opportunity.

CP: Just ask Masks For Money who they ROBBED of the win.

[Tizona slowly rolls back in, dejected as he grabs his partner in an embrace. Guerrero Oscuro pats his fellow masked man on the back, pointing to him and giving some applause of his own.]

SA: A hard fought loss for Fujizona... but a loss nonetheless as Legado de Lucha moves on to face-

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

[With a flash of light and the majestic strains of John Barry's Overture from The Black Hole, Omega emerges from the back in royal blue, black, and gold, cape flowing behind him.]

RO: The Number Two Contenders... heading down the aisle... the team of POLEMOS ANNNNNND OOOOOOMEETEEEGAAAAAA!

[Omega slaps hands with fans, points skyward, and strikes the Omega Pose on the apron as Polemos stalks out behind his partner, animal-skin cloak over his broad shoulders, horned skull-like mask gleaming under the lights. He steps over the top rope and glares toward Omega, who gives him a thumbs up. Polemos does not respond as the music dies down.]

SA: Well, this one not off to the blitzkrieg start that we saw a little earlier... and it looks like Koji Sakai is actually going to be able to get this back under control to start at least.

CP: It CAN'T be at that pace if you ask me. For either team. Polemos totally changes this matchup. Omega can probably keep up with Legado de Lucha... but Polemos is a walking steamroller in there ready to be unleashed at any moment... a steamroller that the luchadors need to keep on the sidelines as much as possible if they want to advance to the final leg of Run The Rankings.

SA: Omega and Polemos definitely make for unique opponents.

CP: Unique? One of these delusional freaks thinks he's from Neptune and the other looks like he ate a Minotaur for breakfast this morning.

[Omega pats his partner on the shoulder, sending Polemos stepping over the ropes to the apron...

...which is Rey Fuerza's cue to get things started, the bell sounding as he lunges into a tieup!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Here we go!

CP: Legado de Lucha against Omega and Polemos - the winner meets the Blackjacks with the shot at the gold on the line and the loser hits the bricks, Big Sal!

[Fuerza's bullying surge sends Omega backwards but the also-masked man turns it into an armdrag, tossing the luchador down to the canvas!]

SA: Nicely done there by Omega, using Fuerza's aggression against him!

[The luchador is right back up, advancing quickly as Omega uses a hiptoss to take him up and over before leaping up to catch him with a dropkick to the face!]

SA: Ohhh! Omega stringing together offense... and Fuerza's looking for the exit already, rolling to the apron...

[Omega isn't backing off though, pressing the advantage with a second dropkick, this one right between the shoulderblades, sending Fuerza off the apron to the floor in a heap!]

SA: Omega keeping the offense on... look out!

[As Fuerza comes off the ringside mats, Omega slingshots over the top!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He wipes out the luchador with a crossbody before climbing to his feet, striking his Omega pose on the outside to big cheers!]

SA: Two fan favorite duos squaring off in this one... and you know these fans would love to see EITHER of these teams against Team Supreme or the Soldiers of Fortune in ten nights in Calgary when whoever wins this gauntlet match meets the champions with the gold on the line!

[We cut to ringside where Supreme Wright is leaning over, whispering to Cain Jackson, pointing out something in the ring as Jackson nods...]

CP: Look out there. Supreme Wright plotting a strategy just in case it's one of these teams taking them on in a week and a half's time.

[Back to action, Omega shoves Fuerza under the ropes into the ring before climbing up on the apron himself. He poses for the cheering Seattle crowd before heading to the corner, scaling the turnbuckles...]

SA: Omega looking to go to the sky, looking to use the luchadors' tactics against them!

[...and with one foot on the top rope, Omega leaps from the top, taking Fuerza over with the Triton-set flip!]

SA: TRITON-SET FLIP! COULD HE HAVE HIM HERE?! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... NOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd deflates as Fuerza kicks out of the pinning predicament. Omega is quickly back up, dashing to the ropes again...]

SA: Omega on the move, off the far side!

[...and connects with a spinning leg lariat that sends Fuerza flying, bouncing off the canvas near the corner where Polemos is waiting.]

SA: Fuerza's down and... TAG!

[The crowd cheers loudly as Polemos steps over the top rope, watching as Fuerza struggles up to his feet before getting POPPED with a gloved thrust to the throat, sending Fuerza stumbling backwards across the ring.]

SA: Oh! What a shot by the God O' War!

[Fuerza reaches out towards his corner where Guerrero Oscuro stretches towards him...

...and ends up with Polemos' hands wrapped around his throat, lifting him into the air with ease, and flinging him into the neutral corner!]

SA: Polemos powering him around the ring, tossing him every which way...

[Polemos steps to the corner, swinging for the fences with a mighty uppercut, lifting Fuerza into the air, draping him across the top rope...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Polemos HAMMERS an overhand chop down across the torso of the luchador, leaving a red welt behind!]

SA: Sweet San Angelo! What a shot by Polemos!

[Grabbing an arm, Polemos whips Fuerza across the ring, sending him crashing into the corner turnbuckles. The big man lumbers across the ring, twisting around to drive a back elbow into the sternum of the luchador!]

SA: Ohhh!

[And as Fuerza staggers out, Polemos winds up...]

SA: HE HOOKS HIM!

[Polemos grabs him by the throat, dragging him kicking to the middle of the ring...]

SA: Polemos looking for the chokeslam and-

[Trying to save his partner, Guerrero Oscuro springs off the top rope, sailing through the air...]

SA: -CAUGHT!

[Polemos stands center ring, a luchador's throat in each hand, looking out on the cheering crowd...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DOUBLE CHOKESLAAAAAAM!

[With the luchadors PLANTED on the canvas, Polemos goes to his knees, covering the downed Rey Fuerza!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[Guerrero Oscuro throws himself on top of Polemos, breaking up the pin!]

SA: Guerrero Oscuro makes the saaaaaave!

[Oscuro is forced out of the ring by the referee as Polemos regains his feet, turning to look after Oscuro...

...and Omega calls for the tag. Polemos keeps his eyes on Oscuro as he walks reluctantly to the corner, slapping Omega's hand!]

SA: There's the tag, bringing Omega back in...

[Omega pulls Fuerza up immediately, landing a pair of knife edge chops before dashing to the ropes, rebounding back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs right into a Fuerza superkick!]

SA: OH! Fuerza caught him on the way in!

[With Omega dazed, Fuerza scoops him up for a slam, leaping up with him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DRIIIIVAAAAAH!

[Fuerza throws him down in a split-legged bodyslam with the back of Omega's hit smashing into the canvas, holding onto a leg...]

SA: Is it enough?!

[...but Omega escapes at the two count!]

SA: No, no! Omega's out at two!

[Fuerza rolls away from Omega, focusing on his corner as Guerrero Oscuro reaches out, looking for a tag... and gets one!]

SA: The tag is made for Legado de Lucha, Vengador looking on approvingly from the outside...

[Fuerza joins Oscuro on his feet, using a double whip to send Omega across the ring...

...and the duo press Omega waaaay up high, sending him CRASHING facefirst to the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: What a doubleteam by Legado de Lucha!

[Fuerza vacates the ring as Oscuro hits the ropes, dropping a senton down across the small of Omega’s back before flipping him into a lateral press!]

SA: Oscuro with the cover for one! For two!

[But again, Omega lifts the shoulder off the mat in time to avoid elimination.]

SA: Guerrero Oscuro can’t hold him down but he’s staying right on him...

[Oscuro pulls Omega off the mat, whipping him into the neutral corner, charging right in after with a running leg lariat that causes Omega’s knees to buckle, slumping into a seated position in the corner as Oscuro lands on the apron...

...and then slingshots over the top, swinging back to DRIVE his feet into Omega’s chest with a dropkick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Oscuro rushes to his corner, making the tag...]

SA: Another tag for Legado de Lucha...

[...and then charges back into the neutral corner with a running double knees!]

SA: METEORA IN THE CORNER!

[Fuerza brings up the rear with a cannonball senton, crushing Omega against the turnbuckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Legado de Lucha turning up the heat, increasing the pace!

CP: They’re trying to run Omega and Pemos ragged in there but they’re wearing themselves down at the same time. They just gotta keep Omega in there though because if Pemos gets the tag, the mood - and pace - will change in a hurry.

[Fuerza pulls Omega out of the corner into a front facelock, dragging him out towards the middle of the ring before using a suplex to take him over.. and then promptly rolls to his corner, making the tag...]

SA: Legado de Lucha, constant movement - quick tags... the encouragement of Vengador on the outside, watching their backs...

[...and Oscuro leaps to the top rope, springing off!]

SA: GUILLOTINE LEGDROP!

[Oscuro stays seated, pulling a leg towards him!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[But Omega kicks out in time, breaking up the pin.]

SA: No, no... Omega survives staying in this one...

[Oscurο claps his hands together as he gets up, shaking his head as he goes to pull Omega off the mat...]

...and Omega crawls between his legs, making a dash for the corner!]

SA: Omega on the move! Omega on the move!

[But Guerrero Oscuro grabs the ankle, shaking his head as he pulls him back...]

SA: But Oscuro cuts him off, pulling him back across...

[A quick tag to Rey Fuerza sees Fuerza grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the ropes into a splash as Oscuro holds the legs!]

SA: ...ohhhh! Omega's going nowhere after that!

[Fuerza grabs the legs, staying on top as Oscuro ducks out, earning another two count!]

SA: Omega continuing to fight, continuing to stay in this...

[And slowly, the Seattle fans rally to Omega's cause, a chant filling the air...]

"O-ME-GA!"

"O-ME-GA!"

"O-ME-GA!"

[Polemos looks around at the chanting crowd, nodding his head, pumping his fist, slapping the top turnbuckle as Omega struggles to get to all fours, looking towards his corner again...]

SA: Omega trying to get to his corner! Omega trying to make that tag!

[Back on his feet, Fuerza grabs Omega off his hands and knees, pulling him up into a standing headscissors...]

SA: POWERBOMB!

[...but as Fuerza lifts Omega up, Omega flips over the top into a sunset flip!]

SA: TRITON-SET FLIP! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO!

[But Fuerza clashes his legs together on Omega's ears, breaking up the pin attempt!]

SA: Omega tried to steal it right there but Rey Fuerza kicks out!

[Fuerza gets up again, grabbing the back of Omega's tights, hauling him to his feet for a back suplex...]

SA: He lifts!

[...but in mid-lift, Omega twists his body, crashing down on top of Fuerza with a crossbody of his own!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: What a reversal! Omega can't cover but he just created an opening!

CP: Fuerza landed HARD on the back of his head and he may be seeing stars after that, Albano!

[With Fuerza writhing on the mat, Omega takes aim at the corner again, crawling on his hands and knees as Polemos stretches out his long arm as far as he inhumanly can...]

SA: Omega crawling! He's got his partner in sight!

[Fuerza slowly sits up on the mat, grabbing at his sternum as he looks towards his own corner where Guerrero Oscuro is eagerly waiting...]

SA: Oscuro's waiting! Polemos is waiting! Who is going to get there first?!

[...and with the crowd cheering on their favorite, there's a lunge...]

SA: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Polemos steps over the top rope...

...and Guerrero Oscuro makes a tag as well!]

SA: Both men make the tag! HERE! WE! GO!

[Oscuro comes in hot but runs right into a big boot by Polemos that WIPES him out!]

SA: OHHH!

[Polemos swings around, grabbing the rising Fuerza under his arm, walking him out to mid-ring for a crushing side slam!]

SA: Polemos DUMPS him down...

[Climbing to his feet, the God O' War gives Oscuro an appraising look and then leaps up, dropping a leg on Fuerza!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Over 300 pounds DOWN on the chest of Rey Fuerza!

CP: I told you the mood would change if this guy got the tag!

[Polemos rises, tugging his glove in place as Oscuro comes back to his feet in a daze, staggering towards the big man...]

SA: HE HOOKS HIM!

[...and Polemos grabs him by the throat, walking out to center ring where Rey Fuerza is trying to get to his knees...]

SA: HE GRABS FUERZA AS WELL! DOUBLE CHOKE!

[Polemos stands center ring, ready to deliver a double chokeslam...

...but the luchadors slap his clutching hands away, breaking free!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SUPERKIIIIIICK!

[A double superkick sends Polemos staggering backwards several steps from the luchadors but does not take him off his feet...

...which is useful as he barrels forward to OBLITERATE Legado de Lucha with a double clothesline that turns them both inside out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: POLEMOS WIPES 'EM OUT!

[The big man throws back his arms with a roar, circling back around as Omega regains his feet...

...and Polemos lifts him into the air, pressing him overhead!]

SA: WHAT IS...?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And drops him facefirst across both luchadors, joining the dogpile as the puzzled referee shrugs and drops down to count!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: LEGADO DE LUCHA IS STILL IN IT!

[Polemos drags Omega off the pile, tossing him aside as he grabs Rey Fuerza off the mat, chucking him through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: Rey Fuerza sent to the outside! Polemos has the legal man in there with him, dragging him up to his feet...

[He grabs the throat again, looking to end it...]

SA: ...he's got him hooked...

[...and lifts him high, driving him down!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CHOOOOOKESLAAAAAAM!

CP: Look at Fuerza! From the top!

[Trying to intervene, Rey Fuerza scrambles to the top rope, leaping off...]

SA: OH!

[...and Polemos ROCKS him out of the sky with a massive uppercut!]

SA: We've got bodies all over the place, Colt!

CP: Looks like a wreck on the Interstate right now but Polemos is the big rig standing tall!

[Fuerza rolls across the ring to the apron as Polemos circles back around on Guerrero Oscuro who is laid out on the canvas...

...and slaps the hand of Omega!]

SA: Tag!

[The fired-up Omega starts to climb, his team's trip to the final leg of Run The Rankings in his sights...]

SA: Omega heading up top! He's gonna fly!

[...and Polemos walks to the same corner, reaching up!]

SA: We've seen this before! Oscuro down, Omega up annnnnnd...

[Polemos HURLS Omega from the top rope with an assisted splash!]

SA: ...ROCKET LAUNCHER!

[But at the last possible moment, Guerrero Oscuro desperately rolls to the side, causing Omega to CRASH and BURN on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Oscuro pushes up off the mat, staggering to the corner...]

SA: TAG!

[Rey Fuerza ducks into the ring, quickly pulling Omega to his feet, driving a boot into the gut before looping his leg over the back of the head, leaping up...]

SA: OHHH! KING'S DECREE!

[Fuerza flips him over, hooking a leg!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: POLEMOS MAKES THE SAVE! JUST IN TIME!

[The referee shouts at Polemos, backing him across the ring...

...which is when Guerrero Oscuro goes rushing across as well, ducking a Polemos right hand, leaping to the middle rope, springing back!]

SA: WHAT?!

[He hooks Polemos' masked head between his legs, throwing his weight backwards...]

SA: What's he...?!

[...and TAKES Polemos over the top rope with a rana to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OSCURO PUTS HIS BODY ON THE LINE TO GET POLEMOS OUT OF THERE!

[Fuerza pulls Omega off the mat, looking to whip him into the corner but Omega pulls off a reversal!]

SA: OH! Fuerza hits the corner hard!

[With his partner out of the picture for the moment, Omega bumps Fuerza up, sitting him on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: Fuerza's up top now, Omega going up to join him there!

[Omega steps to the middle rope, landing a pair of forearms to the side of the head...]

SA: Wait, wait! Oscuro's up and Oscuro's in!

[Guerrero Oscuro stumbles across the ring, smashing a forearm into the back of Omega. He turns, reaching up and back to grab Omega under the arms...]

SA: He's... he's looking for the crucifix!

[...and steps out of the corner, pulling Omega into crucifix powerbomb position!]

SA: He's got him up! Fuerza steps to the top!

[Rey Fuerza takes flight, scoring with a missile dropkick to the torso of Omega before Oscuro DRIVES him down with a sitout powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DARKNESS! REIGNS!

[Fuerza scrambles into a cover, Oscuro rushing across...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and uses a somersault dive to WIPE OUT Polemos on the outside!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd reacts positively but there's definitely some surprise rippling through that reaction for what many would call an upset win.]

SA: Wow! Legado de Lucha picks up their second win of this gauntlet match, Colt, and they're moving on to the final leg!

CP: And this is where their coach turns back into a pumpkin, Big Sal! Look at them. Sucking wind in there after two fast-paced matches... and now they've gotta face The Blackjacks? This is going to be a walk in the park for Bobby's bruisers!

SA: We'll see about that... and Oscuro joining his partner in there... you're right, Colt. You can see the wear and tear... the fatigue...

CP: And now the bill comes due.

[Polemos is slowly to his feet, hands on his hips as he looks up at Legado de Lucha celebrating their win. He gives a shake of his head, reaching under the ropes to drag Omega to the outside, slinging him over his shoulder as he walks back up the aisle...]

SA: Guerrero Oscuro and Rey Fuerza with one heck of an effort so far here tonight. They beat Fujizona. They beat Omega and Polemos. And then there was one mountain left to climb.

CP: That mountain's gotta look like Everest to them right now though, Big Sal.

SA: You may be right about-

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Omega and Polemos have been ELIMINATED!

[Polemos trudges back up the aisle, his partner draped over his shoulder as the opening guitar riff to "The Fall" by Place Of Skulls begins to play...]

RO: And finally, the current Number One Contenders... from Dallas, Texas... weighing at a combined 509 pounds... being accompanied by Bobby O'Connor...

...JASON WHITTAKER... DUSTIN SANDERSON...

...THE BLAAAAAAACKJACKSSSSSSSS!

[The drums kick in, the curtains fly open, and out walk the black clad cowboys themselves. They each hold a side of the curtains open as out walks Bobby O'Connor. O'Connor walks slightly ahead, only to turn around and point at both men.]

#The father of lies, the tempter's crown#
#Unrighteous souls will keep us bound#
#But innocent blood shed from thee#
#The stripes you wore were for me#

[The trio walk down the aisle, O'Connor clasping his hands together as if in prayer as the two Blackjacks bookend him with scowls on their faces. Sanderson holds a hand up, making the sign of the Claw to a ton of boos as Whittaker cuts his thumb across his throat.]

#I long to understand#
#What the creator has done for man#
#Can our feeble minds comprehend?#
#We started to die when we began#

[O'Connor is the first to climb up onto the ring apron and enter the ring as the Blackjacks climb up onto opposing corners of the apron, stepping through the ropes.]

SA: The Blackjacks have entered the fray...

CP: Fresh, huge, mean, and focused thanks to the man at ringside, their spiritual leader Bobby O'Connor.

SA: Oh, brother.

CP: Legado de Lucha's in there sucking wind... and this should be a matter of time now.

SA: Come on, Colt! You're treating this like a foregone conclusion and we've seen Legado de Lucha pull off two thrilling wins in this gauntlet match already!

CP: It IS a foregone conclusion. Look, anything can happen in the AWA... we've seen that already tonight... but these two were physically overmatched even if they were fresh as daisies and they're definitely NOT right now. They've been through two fast-paced, hard-hitting matchups... and now they've got the hardest hitters in the batch.

[O'Connor lingers at ringside, looking across Team Supreme.]

SA: No love lost there. Bobby O'Connor's got a lingering arm injury if you believe him... and that's at least in part thanks to that man right there, Supreme Wright.

CP: "If you believe him." You really think a man of faith would lie about something like that.

SA: I'm pretty sure Bobby O'Connor - THIS Bobby O'Connor - would lie just about anything if he thought it would help him... including being a "man of faith."

[O'Connor turns back to the ring and with an unspoken signal, Dustin Sanderson and Jason Whittaker burst into action, assaulting Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro without warning to jeers from the Seattle crowd!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: We've over thirty minutes into this gauntlet match and this is the final leg, fans. Whoever wins this one has a date in ten nights with the World Tag Team Champions... whoever they are that night in Calgary.

[Whittaker is drilling Oscuro with big looping uppercuts to the body as Sanderson mauls Fuerza in the corner with forearms, elbows, and headbutts, leaving him clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet...]

...and the bully bruisers send the luchadors crashing together with a double whip out of their opposite corners!]

SA: Ohhh! Big crash and down goes Legado de Lucha!

[Vengador V slaps the apron, cheering on his partners as Sanderson puts the boots to Oscuro while Whittaker drops to his knees with a fistdrop before choking Fuerza in front of the official.]

SA: The referee's going to need to restore order in this one, get one of these Blackjacks out of the ring to the outside...

[The official is trying to do exactly than when Whittaker raises his hands, nodding...]

...and then pulls Fuerza off the mat, ROCKETING him over the top rope to the outside to big jeers!]

SA: OH, COME ON!

[A sneering Whittaker then dusts off his hands, stepping to the apron and leaving Dustin Sanderson inside with Guerrero Oscuro, dragging him to his feet...]

SA: Scoop and a slam puts Oscuro down and- ohh! Kneedrop down across the sternum!

[Sanderson promptly gets back up, moving to the neutral corner and stepping up to the middle rope...]

SA: On the second rope now annnnnnd... DOWN across the chest with a flying kneedrop!

[Sanderson stays on him, hooking a leg...]

SA: We've got one! We've got two! But Guerrero Oscuro escapes!

[Vengador claps again, waving an arm to keep the crowd supporting his allies!]

SA: Vengador V on the outside... maybe that'll keep Bobby O'Connor from asserting his usual influence on a match.

CP: I wouldn't bet on that.

[Sanderson grabs Oscuro by the mask, shoving him back into the corner where he rams the masked face into the top turnbuckle...]

...and then leans on him, ripping and tearing at the mask!]

SA: OH! OH!

[The referee shouts at Sanderson, Vengador joining in as he jumps on the apron to point out what's happening...]

SA: A vicious assault... a DISRESPECTFUL assault when you consider the legacy of those masks and how much they mean in the lucha libre culture!

[The official gets Sanderson to back off... then gets Vengador down off the apron as Oscuro staggers down the ropes, the eyehole of his mask slightly torn now...]

...which is when Bobby O'Connor jerks the ankle out from under Oscuro, putting him down on his back!]

SA: And there it is, Colt! Sooner or later - and it turns out sooner in this case - you knew this guy would get involved!

[Oscuro flails about as O'Connor uses the leg to swing Oscuro's torso under the ropes, clubbing his forearm down across the chest once... twice... three times before Vengador comes jogging over, chasing O'Connor away...]

SA: The referee missed all of that? This is ridiculous.

[...and as Guerrero Oscuro works his way to his feet, Sanderson approaches with a snap kick to the midsection, SPIKING him down with a DDT delivering with dizzying speed!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Could that be enough?! The DDT delivered with great speed and high impact gets one... gets two... gets- noooo! Oscuro kicks out again! The luchadors continue to show great heart in this one, trying to keep their title dreams alive here in Seattle!

[Kneeling on the mat, Sanderson pulls the dazed Oscurο up off the mat slightly and DRIVES his fist into the gap in the mask that he created, hammering the skull of the masked man!]

SA: And now the fists are flying once more, Dustin Sanderson working over Oscurο down on the canvas...

[The referee starts a count on the closed fists, warning Sanderson as he gets back to his feet, slowly walking across to make the tag.]

SA: There's the tag to Jason Whittaker - six foot six and 272 pounds of mean and nasty.

[Sanderson and Whittaker drag Oscurο off the mat, a double whip sending him across. Sanderson dives at his feet on the rebound, forcing Oscurο to hurdle him...

...where he gets KNOCKED out of the sky by a thunderous Whittaker lariat!]

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!

CP: Nah, nah, nah... he's a Texan. Call it right! THAT is a lariat, Albano!

[Whittaker dives into a lateral press as Sanderson departs the ring.]

SA: It's one! It's two! It's-

[The crowd cheers as Oscurο squeaks a shoulder off the mat weakly, breaking the pin attempt. Whittaker turns to glare at the referee, shaking his head as O'Connor berates the official from the outside and Vengador and Rey Fuerza applaud their partner's heart!]

SA: Whittaker didn't like that count but Guerrero Oscurο stays in this one...

[Whittaker drives a heavy boot into the ribs once... twice... three times, forcing Oscurο to roll towards the Blackjacks' corner...]

SA: Oscurο's in the wrong part of town here!

[Whittaker hauls him to his feet, shoving him back into the turnbuckles where three big kicks to the body leave him gasping for wind. The referee steps in, forcing Whittaker to back off...

...which is Sanderson's cue to loop the tag rope around the throat of Oscurο, choking him while also clubbing him across the masked face with forearms!]

SA: COME ON! It's a mugging in the corner!

[Whittaker smirks as he steps back in, tagging Sanderson again.]

SA: Another tag for the Blackjacks... and this is the prototypical tag team strategy, right, Colt?

CP: Absolutely. Keep the fresh man in, cut the ring in half, keep working your opponent... Bobby O'Connor's gotta love what he's seeing out of his men right now.

[Sanderson comes back in, joining his partner in absolutely mauling the luchador in the corner, earning another warning from the official as Rey Fuerza protests loudly from his own corner...]

SA: Sanderson hauling him out of there... what's this now?

[Setting for a standing headscissors near the ropes, the six foot six Sanderson lifts Guerrero Oscuro into the air, twisting to drive him down onto the top rope for extra bounce before DRIVING him down to the mat with a ring-shaking powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Sanderson with that slingshot powerbomb and-

[Sanderson promptly leaps up, getting big lift on a legdrop down across the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: LEGDROP CONNECTS!

[Sanderson spins into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A near fall right there for the Blackjacks! The slingshot powerbomb was not QUITE enough to get the three count but they got close, Colt!

CP: Close doesn't cash the winner's side of the purse at the pay window, jack! They gotta get the job done!

SA: Oscuro down... rolling to the apron now... trying to catch a breather and-

[Sanderson grabs the top rope, stomping the ribs a few times, driving Oscuro off the apron to the floor before the referee steps in, forcing him back...]

...which is Bobby O'Connor's cue to pull Oscuro off the floor, swinging him around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: There's your man of faith right there! Putting Oscuro into the railing! Come on, Colt!

CP: You shoulda heard the vile things he was saying about Bobby's family!

SA: Vile... what?! What are you even talking about?!

[Vengador V comes running around the ring as O'Connor scampers off again, the boos raining down on the once-beloved fan favorite.]

SA: This is ridiculous! Legado de Lucha has been through two hard-fought wins already... and now they're struggling to survive against this brutal battle with the Blackjacks... AND they have to deal with Bobby O'Connor?! Ridiculous!

[Vengador helps his partner to his feet... which is when Sanderson reaches over the top rope, grabbing the rip in the mask to haul Oscuro up on the apron...]

SA: On the apron... maybe trying to bring him over with a suplex...

[...but Oscuro jams a few right hands to the ribcage...]

SA: Guerrero Oscuro living up his name, fighting back with all he's got!

[...and with his hands around the back of the head, Oscuro DROPS to his knees, snapping Sanderson's throat down over the top rope!]

SA: OH! Signs of life and hope for Legado de Lucha!

[Sanderson staggers backwards, coughing and gasping, grabbing the official to complain...]

SA: What is he...?!

[...and O'Connor grabs the ankle just as Oscuro was looking to leap over the ropes!]

SA: AGAIN! O'CONNOR AGAIN!

[But O'Connor's interference doesn't last long this time as Vengador comes rushing in, springing off the ringsteps...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WIPES OUT O'Connor with a diving attack!]

SA: OH YEAH!

CP: What?! That's an injured man out here and you're cheering someone attacking him?!

SA: Injured man, my left foot! He's been milking that injury for MONTHS to avoid what's coming to him inside that ring!

[With O'Connor down and backpedaling away from a furious Vengador, Sanderson storms back in, connecting with a running haymaker that sends Oscuro off the apron to the floor!]

SA: OH! Down goes Oscuro again... and this time, Dustin Sanderson is going out after him!

[Sanderson drops down to the floor, pointing a threatening finger at Vengador V as he shields his manager from further assault...]

...and then pulls Oscuro off the ringside mats, throwing some looping shots into the midsection before putting his shoulder into the gut, DRIVING the back of Oscuro into the edge of the ring apron!]

SA: Sanderson shoves Oscuro under the bottom ropes, putting him back inside...

[Sanderson rolls himself in, checking on O'Connor before he does. He comes to his feet, dropping an elbow into the back of Oscuro's head to stop him cold.]

SA: Dustin Sanderson making sure Guerrero Oscuro can't get back across the ring...

[Dragging Oscuro up, throwing him into the Blackjacks' corner before slapping his partner's hand...]

SA: In comes Jason Whittaker...

[A double whip sends Oscuro across before the Blackjacks send him FLYING through the air with a double backdrop, crashing down HARD on the canvas!]

SA: The Blackjacks are just brutalizing Legado de Lucha right now... Whittaker and Sanderson have Guerrero Oscuro right where they want him right now.

[Whittaker stalks around the downed Oscuro as he glares at Rey Fuerza who is stretching out for a tag. The big Texan feigns a right hand, forcing Fuerza to straighten up with a complaint. Whittaker smirks as he settles back in, lifting Oscuro off the mat, backing him to the ropes...]

SA: Big whip across...

[...and as he rebounds, Oscuro ducks under a back elbow attempt, bouncing back the other way...]

SA: CROSSBODY... CAUGHT!

[Whittaker stands center ring, holding the luchador across his chest...

...and then HURLS him backwards, bouncing off the canvas courtesy of a fallaway slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: That might do it! That might be enough!

CP: This is what fresh heavyweights do to smaller teams that have already emptied the tank twice!

[Whittaker throws his arms apart, signaling it's over as he drops to his knees, applying a cover...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...but Rey Fuerza makes a diving save, breaking it up!]

SA: FUERZA SAVES THE MATCH FOR HIS TEEEEEEAM!

[Whittaker glares at the luchador as he kneels on the mat, watching Fuerza on the outside alongside Vengador V...]

SA: Whittaker looks fit to be tied right now, Colt.

CP: I wouldn't want to be in there with that ticked off Texan right now.

[Whittaker brings Oscuro off the mat again, tossing him back into the corner, and then runs in with a big back elbow... then a standing clothesline... and then a tag to Dustin Sanderson...]

SA: Another tag brings Sanderson back in... the Blackjacks working so well together...

[Sanderson drags him out of the corner, tossing him into the ropes...

...and as Oscuro staggers back, Sanderson wraps his hand around the masked head!]

SA: Oh, come on!

CP: Hah! The greatest Iron Claw in the business!

SA: Oh, give me a break, Colt! This is a joke!

[Sanderson squeezes the skull, nodding as O'Connor starts hyping it up, turning to face the crowd, taunting them in the front row...]

CP: O'Connor's telling these people all about it too! Tell 'em, Bobby!

[With O'Connor's back to the ring, Oscuro throws a right hand at the chin of Sanderson... and another... and another...]

...and then pushes towards the ropes, leaping to the middle rope, grabbing the wrist...]

SA: OHHH! HE ARMDRAGS HIS WAY OUT OF IT!

[Sanderson is up quickly, grabbing the rising Oscuro...]

SA: Irish whip...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS O'Connor on the outside with the baseball slide, sending him flopping facefirst down on the floor!]

SA: OSCURO TAKES OUT O'CONNOR!

[An enraged Sanderson makes a run at Oscuro as he tries to get off the mat...]

...and Oscuro ducks down, pulling the top rope with him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SANDERSON GOES TO THE FLOOR!

[Guerrero Oscuro comes up, suddenly with a clear path to his corner as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: He's got a shot! He's got a chance!

[Oscuro rushes forward, Whittaker coming in to intercept...]

SA: WHITTAKER!

[...and Oscuro front rolls, popping up to make a lunge!]

SA: TAAAAAG!

[Rey Fuerza slingshots over the top rope, landing on the middle rope, springing off with a twist to wipe out Whittaker!]

SA: FUERZA TAKES HIM DOWWWWWN!

[Fuerza comes off the mat, looking around as Sanderson struggles to get up off the floor...]

...and Fuerza sprints across the ring, taking his shot!]

SA: BULLET TOPE TO THE OUTSIDE!

[Fuerza pulls Sanderson, the legal man, to his feet, tossing him back under the ropes as O'Connor looks around anxiously...]

SA: You can see the concern! You can see O'Connor worried!

[Fuerza is on the apron...

...and leaps up to avoid an O'Connor grab of his feet!]

SA: MISSED!

[And then leaps back up, springing off the top rope...]

SA: CROSSBODY ON SANDERSON! HOOKS THE LEG!

[The referee dives down!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[Whittaker goes for an elbow drop to break it up but Fuerza rolls clear, causing Whittaker to crash down on Sanderson!]

SA: OHHH! Malfunction at the junction!

[Whittaker gets up, disbelief on his face as Fuerza buries a thrust kick in the midsection before snatching a front facelock...

...and runs up the buckles with him, kicking off, twisting around!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: TORNAAAADOOOO DDT!

[Whittaker gets SPIKED with the DDT, rolling under the ropes to the outside...]

SA: Whittaker's out! Fuerza's got a shot, Colt!

CP: He's gotta take it now!

[Fuerza drags Sanderson off the mat, hooking him for a front facelock...]

SA: Fuerza's got him hooked!

[...and lifts him up for a suplex halfway, twisting into a cutter!]

SA: KING'S HAMMER!

[Sanderson hits the mat, flipping over onto his back as Fuerza points to the corner...]

SA: He's going for it! He's looking to end it here!

[...and then approaches the buckles, climbing from the inside!]

SA: REY FUERZA UP TOP! REY FUERZA WITH VICTORY IN HIS SIGHTS!

[The luchador leaps from the top, twisting into a corkscrew 450...]

SA: FINAL! IMPACT!

[...and the crowd ROARS on that impact, Fuerza BOUNCING off of Sanderson before diving back across, wrapping up the legs!]

SA: O'CONNOR ON THE APRON!

[But before he can get involved, Vengador is on the apron and running...

...as O'Connor turns, alarm in his eyes...]

SA: SPEEEEEEEEEEAR!

[...and gets SPEARED off the apron, falling to the floor to a ROAR as the referee dives down to count!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! LEGADO DE LUCHA WINS IT!

[Ortiz bellows over the crowd noise!]

RO: Here are your winners... and NEWWWW NUMBER ONE CONTENDERS TO THE WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES...

...LEGAAAAAADOOOOOOO DEEEEEEEEE LUUUUUUCHAAAAAAA!

[The KeyArena crowd comes UNGLUED at the proclamation from the ring announcer as Fuerza rolls off onto his knees, his arms in the air as Oscuro crawls in to join him, diving into an embrace!]

SA: WHAT A VICTORY!

[Vengador rolls in, clutching his ribs as he falls to join his allies!]

SA: Legado de Lucha fights their way through not one... not two... but THREE tag teams to climb to the top of the mountain! They battled through outside interference! They battled all the odds! What a huge victory for this duo... and now a shot at the World Tag Team Titles awaits them!

[Vengador pulls his allies to their feet, joining in one more embrace before they break apart with their arms raised!]

SA: Will it be Team Supreme? Will it be the Soldiers of Fortune? That's an answer still to come, Colt, but after this tremendous performance and triumph, we DO know it'll be Legado de Lucha fighting for the titles in ten days!

CP: Absolutely unbelievable.

SA: Fans, we'll be right back... and when we come back, it'll be anyone's guess what happens next here on Opportunity Knocks!

[As the luchadors point to the sky, the crowd roaring all around them, we fade to black...

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

#When you wish..#

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

#...upon a star#

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

#Makes no difference who you are...#

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

#Anything your...#

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

#...heart desires will...#

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

#...come to you.#

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

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

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

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

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

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

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

...and then back up with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo where the chyron below reads: "Earlier Tonight."

The camera fades up outside the employee entrance of the arena. Production trucks unload equipment while security checks credentials at the loading dock. Shadoe Rage and Hunter approach together. Rage wears slim fit torn black jeans, a black leather vest over a fuchsia tank top and mirrored sunglasses. His long dreadlocks fly as he tries to gain access to the Key Arena. Jackson Hunter looks more dad-coded in camo cargo shorts and a hoodie. He's carrying a bundle of cables for some reason, as well. Shadoe marches right toward the entrance.]

SECURITY: I CAN'T LET YOU IN! PRESIDENT ZHARKOV'S ORDERS!

SR: Orders? ORDERS? We're not followin' no STINKIN' ORDERS!!!

[Shadoe slowly lowers his sunglasses.]

SR: Brother... step aside if you know what's good for you! OH YEAH!

JH: It's not like I threatened to violently assault BOTH Ultra Commando and the Golden Grappler.

SECURITY: Sorry. Neither one of you is getting in tonight.

[Shadoe clutches his chest.]

SR: That's what you think! That's what YOU think! Get out the way. I'm giving you one last chance!

SECURITY: Leave the property.

[Hunter quietly steps between them.]

JH: Shadoe...

[Shadoe keeps glaring.]

SR: This cat's got jokes, Hunter. He thinks he's keepin' me outta my own house.

JH: We need to have a talk... That secret weapon I mentioned a couple weeks back? C'mon... time to use it.

[Hunter pulls him a few steps away.]

JH: Buy me two minutes.

SR: What are you up to, Hunter? Two minutes?

JH: Two.

SR: That's all?

JH: That's all.

[Hunter whispers into his ear. Shadoe's eyes grow wider.]

SR: OHHHH... I dig it. I DIG IT!

[He spins back toward security.]

SR: HEY! Y'ALL GOT A PROBLEM!!

[The guards immediately tense.]

SECURITY: What's the problem?

SR: THAT GUY-

[Shadoe points wildly toward the parking lot.]

SR: JUST STOLE MY... uh...

[He looks around.]

SR: BERKELEY'S TURKEY!!!

[Everyone turns.]

SR: HE TORE INTO IT!!!

[The guards instinctively look toward the crowd. At that exact moment, Hunter quietly slips through the unattended employee entrance, pulling his hood up. Shadoe continues pointing dramatically.]

SR: HE'S FAST!!

LOOK AT HIM RUN!!

OHHH... HE GONE!!

[One guard finally realizes there's no one there.]

SECURITY: Wait a second...

[Shadoe shrugs.]

SR: Must've got away.

[He smiles innocently...

...and as we fade to a graphic mentioning "A Few Moments Later..." we come back up on the same parking lot where the employee door suddenly swings open. Hunter hurries outside, almost wheezing, head on a swivel. Shadoe is waiting against the hood of his rental car.]

SR: OHHH YEAH! How'd it go, Jack?

[Hunter reaches him, laughing mirthlessly.]

JH: Ha ha ha ha.

[Then his expression turns deathly grave.]

JH: We have to leave.

SR: That's it?

JH: Yeah. Now. As in... if we "don't want our photos in the morning paper" have-to-leave... C'MON!

[Shadoe studies him for a moment. They start walking quickly toward the parking lot.]

VOICE: Hey!

[Hunter freezes.]

VOICE: Hey, buddy! You dropped something!

[A production assistant jogs toward them holding a distinctive Tizona mask.]

PA: This yours?

[Hunter doesn't even look at it.]

JH: Not the time for an autograph kid... get lost.

PA: Pretty sure it fell near you.

JH: Well, it's not mine... I'm actually LION Tetsuo... Follow the product.

[Shadoe stops walking.]

SR: OHHH...

That's a mighty interestin' mask right there...

[Hunter immediately grabs Shadoe by the arm.]

JH: NOPE. Forget you saw it. I already have.

[Shadoe looks from Hunter... to the mask... then back to Hunter.]

SR: OHHH YEAH... Time to go!

[Hunter ushers him toward the car before anyone else can connect the dots. The production assistant watches them leave, then looks back down at the mask in his hand.]

PA: Huh...

[With a flash of the ACCESS logo, we find ourselves outside to a live shot of the exterior of the KeyArena...]

SA: I think I smell shenanigans, Colt!

CP: You think?! YOU THINK?! Masks For Money were ROBBED... and now we know who the thieves were! It was Jackson Hunter underneath that Tizona mask, Albano!

SA: I... well, it certainly COULD have been.

CP: Oh, you're a real riot, Albano. This is completely over the line and Zharkov better pick himself up by his bootstraps and fix this!

[Sal is still chuckling at Colt's reaction when we fade back into the arena...

...and we hear guitar feedback screech over the PA, soon joined by a mid-tempo bassline from "Straight Edge Revenge" by Project X. The boos are plentiful... and somehow grow in size and volume as two red slashes appear on the video screen, forming an X. The guitar riff kicks in as on either side of the X, in collegiate block letters "SID OSBORNE" flashes on the screen to loud boos from the crowd.]

#I'M AS STRAIGHT AS THE LINE#
THAT YOU SNIFF UP YOUR NOSE#
AND I'M AS HARD AS THE BOOZE
THAT YOU SWILL DOWN YOUR THROAT#

[After a moment, the Sin City Savior himself, Sid Osborne, appears on the entrance stage in his wrestling gear with a black hoodie over it. The hood is pulled up over his head as he stomps down the ramp towards the ring, ignoring the jeering Seattle fans surrounding him.]

SA: He said he'd be here and it looks like he's lived up to that... the 2018 Royal Crown winner, Sid Osborne, has arrived here at Opportunity Knocks and with this guy on the mic, I think you just never know what's coming next.

CP: Oh, I think it's crystal clear what's coming next, Big Sal. For a couple of weeks now, we've been seeing these propaganda pieces about Wade Walker's return from injury coming here tonight... and we've heard plenty from Sin City Sid that would imply he's not happy about the amount of hype for that.

SA: Do you really think Sid Osborne is crazy enough to challenge Wade Walker?!

CP: No, but I think he's CONFIDENT enough to challenge Wade Walker. In fact, I think there's not a soul in this or any other locker room that Sid Osborne doesn't believe he can beat. That's why he won the Royal Crown... that's why he's the uncrowned National Champion in the eyes of a whole lot of people.

[Osborne rolls into the ring, taking a knee in the middle of the squared circle for a few moments before bursting to his feet, jerking his hood back to jeers. He smirks at the booing crowd before gesturing for a mic.]

SO: Seattle, Washington...

[The crowd cheers!]

SO: The only city with a higher popular of burned out failed musicians than the AWA locker room.

[The crowd jeers! Osborne shrugs with an off-mic "hey, I'm one of them..." before raising the mic again.]

SO: The truth hurts, I hear, as it so often does. It hurts the people of Seattle to know that they've never won a World Series and likely never will.

[More boos!]

SO: It hurts to know that your basketball team hated this place so much... they thought it was better to be in Oklahoma City.

[And REALLY loud jeers for that one.]

SO: The truth hurts for other people too though. It hurts for Ryan Martinez to sit in his ivory tower and know that the powers that be won't let him fight because they're afraid Supreme Wright and the rest of Team Supreme will kill the golden goose.

[He smirks, turning his gaze onto Wright.]

SO: Just like it hurts you to know that no matter what you do... no matter how much ass you kick... no matter how many belts you win, this company will STILL never treat you like the ace. You'll always be a Todd Michaelson reject at your core.

[Wright... for a moment... seems like he might rise to the bait but a comforting hand on the shoulder from his blushing bride seems to settle him.]

SO: It hurts the AWA to know that the nostalgia acts don't draw anymore... and having the "best Rolodex in the business" can't keep Jon Stegglet's pockets overflowing forever. Nobody wants to see John Wesley Hardin out here struggling to pull on his boots and sully any memories people might have of him. Nobody wants to see if Tiger Claw's got "one more match" in him. Nobody REALLY wants to see Robert Donovan's final stand.

But yet, the powers that be shove that garbage down your throats over and over and over until you jump to your feet to retch it back up and they pat each other on the back over the standing ovation.

[Osborne seems particularly mad on this night, pacing as he speaks.]

SO: It hurts the AWA to know that no matter whose ass they strap a rocket to, the people get to decide if they buy it. No matter how many Brass Rings get grabbed, the people get to decide if they want it. No matter how many times we see someone with more muscles than Main Events shoved up to the top of the card, the people will decide if they want to flex their wallets.

[He pauses, choosing his next words carefully.]

SO: It hurts the AWA to know that Wade Walker is a fraud.

[The boos come down hard as Osborne nods.]

SO: See, they've made you believe you care too. They've made you believe they care about a guy who was a surefire NFL first round draft pick who FAILED because he's a cheater!

A guy who was brought into this company to be nothing more than a jacked up thug, shoving the AWA's heroes through car windshields at the orders of one of the AWA's most hated men. And he's your hero?

A guy who was part of the "most successful trio in wrestling history"... when judged against... who? Zokugun Sangai?

[He smirks, shaking his head.]

SO: They tell you he's the future... I say he's another hyped up never-will-be who can get all the commercials he wants but will still be just the muscle from the Dogs of War and not the talent.

[The mood in the building starts to change though as Osborne nods.]

SO: That's right! And here he is again... he TOLD you he'd be here. He TOLD you he'd make his grand return! But where is he?! Where is he when you want him so desperately to come in here and SHUT... ME... UP?!

[The fans... cheer this?!]

SO: He's nowhere! He's hiding in the locker room somewhere looking for a weaker prey because he knows this...

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

SO: ...is a bite he can't chew!

[The fans are cheering because over Sid's shoulder, Wade Walker has appeared in the ring behind Sid Osborne.]

SO: He's probably sitting in the back, dreaming of NFL Draft Day... showing up in his dad's suit... nah, nah... scratch that. Some university donor probably lined his pocket like the CHEAT... like the FRAUD... that he is.

[Walker calmly unbuttons the cuffs of his pewter grey button down dress shirt.]

SO: He'd look so stupid out there in his little dress shirt... his chalk-striped slacks...

[Solid burgundy, actually.]

SO: I can just picture him with that nasty, stringy hair of his done up in a man-bun!

[Walker's eyes look upward, realizing his wild undercut mane is indeed styled that way. 'Guilty as charged,' his shrug seems to say.]

SO: You know, it's funny that guy enters to Rollins Band, rather than Ian MacKaye. Because everything about Wade Walker says 'fugazi' to me.

[Walker snickers. He actually found that pretty clever.]

SO: I know this guy so well... this made-for-Disney corporate stooge...

[Osborne gives a knowing smirk.]

SO: ...that I know he's right behind me.

[Walker smirks right back as Sid turns around to face him.]

SO: What's up, Walker? Did you expect me to turn around and run when I saw you face-to-face?

I'm the Sin City Savior... I don't run!

[He shakes his head.]

SO: You thought I was going to be like one of these guys who talk trash and then hide behind the barricade in the front row when the time comes to put up like a man?

I'm the Sin City Savior... I don't hide!

[Walker nods as he listens.]

SO: I'm the Sin City Savior... and I'm standing right here, looking you right in your weak little eyes to tell you-

[Whatever Sid was about to say next is instantly cut off by Wade Walker lowering down and launching himself into Sid's midsection. The microphone he was holding goes flying out of his hand and sails over the top rope.]

SA: Wade Walker was not going to wait for Sid Osborne to get to the point!

CP: How was that not a cheap shot, Albano? Sid was not done saying his piece!

[The Royal Crown winner is staring blankly up at the lights with Wade Walker kneeling beside him. The former Dog of War gives him a couple condescending pats on Sid's stunned cheek.]

"Good challenge, Sid."

[Walker rolls out of the ring to cheers, his statement already made.]

CP: How's Sid in any condition to make a statement now? He's been allowed to say his piece before?

SA: I don't know if Sid's been in the ring with an all-league Big 12 tight end. But the last Dog of War is back and he looks dangerous.

[Walker crosses in front of where Team Supreme is seated and gives them a mock friendly wave.]

"Enjoyin' the show, kids? Want an autograph?"

[As Walker steps past Supreme, he adds,]

"That's how an ADULT does business."

[Walker makes his exit, leaving a stunned Sid Osborne in the ring and a ticked-off Team Supreme at ringside...]

...and we fade to a backstage shot of the AWA's intrepid scoopster Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Sid Osborne gets his mouth shut... now THAT'S breaking news.

[Blackwell chuckles at his own joke.]

SLB: And speaking of breaking news, I've positioned myself right here, right now, because I've heard that Curly Bill Webb is somewhere around these parts and I wanna know just who Odin Gunn thinks will be challenging him tonight. As crazy as it sounds for someone to WANT to tangle with the undefeated World Television Champion, gold makes a man do crazy things... and some women too... but Curly Bill says he doesn't want to talk to me.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Honestly, the feeling is mutual but I won't let my disdain for that man's personal hygiene keep me from doing my job if you know what I mean...

[He waves a hand in front of his nose.]

SLB: Sorry, gents... I was hoping to give you a scoop but... better luck next time!

[And as we fade back out into the arena where the ring has been cleared, the arena lights dim to a dusty amber glow as a harmonica begins to wail hauntingly over the speakers. Ennio Morricone's "Man With A Harmonica" begins to play as the video wall lights up with sweeping shots of a desert at sunset, tumbleweeds blowing across the screen and then cutting to the silhouette of a cowboy standing motionless amid the chaos.]

A roar of boos then fills the KeyArena as Odin Gunn steps onto the stage, the AWA World Television Title held tight in the grasp of his right hand. He wears his cowboy hat low, a weathered poncho over his gear, and walks with deliberate, heavy steps down the ramp. Curly Bill Webb follows closely behind, with a sadistic grin.]

SA: Listen to that music and look at this man. Odin Gunn has carved a path of absolute destruction through the AWA ever since he arrived. He doesn't say much, but everything he does speaks volumes.

CP: Yeah, Sal, I'll give the big mute this much: he's been a one-man wrecking crew. King Kong Hogan, Wade Walker, and half the locker room have felt the wrath of that Samoan cowboy.

[Gunn reaches the ring and throws the Television Title belt over the top and into the ring, before stepping through the ropes. Curly Bill follows, mic already in hand. Gunn stands dead center and stares stoically into the hard camera. Bill paces around Gunn, before raising the mic and beginning to speak.]

CBW: This manright here... this is the greatest AWA World Television Champion this stinkin' promotion has ever seen! Bar none! Odin Gunn has taken this title and turned it into a symbol of dominance and destruction!

[The crowd boos, as Bill cackles and twists his mustache.]

CBW: So here's what we're doin' tonight at Opportunity Knocks. Any man back there with the guts - and I do mean guts, 'cause anyone dumb enough to step up to Odin Gunn clearly ain't got any brains...

[The boos grow louder.]

CBW: ...ANY MAN! with the guts to walk down that ramp and get in this ring, will get a shot at the most prestigious, untouchable, unobtainable title in professional wrestling today!

[Bill bends down and picks the AWA Television Title belt off the canvas, holding it up high for everyone to see.]

CBW: THIS! The AWA World Television title!

[He chuckles.]

CBW: So if you have the guts, we have the glory! Come on out here and welcome yourself to an early retirement, courtesy of the UNSTOPPABLE! THE RELENTLESS! THE INEVITABLE INEVITABILITY...

...ODIN GUNN!

[Bill drops the mic with a loud thud as Odin Gunn continues to stand motionless in the center of the ring, staring up the ramp with cold, unblinking intensity.]

SA: Odin Gunn has defended that Television Title against some of the best this company has to offer, and tonight at Opportunity Knocks, he's putting the entire roster on notice.

CP: Dominant is one word for it. Terrifying is another. Gunn's run through everyone they've thrown at him. I don't know who's dumb enough to answer this open challenge, but whoever it is... they better have their affairs in order.

[The KeyArena crowd is buzzing loudly, on their feet, wondering who will answer the challenge...

...and as the sounds of Metallica's cover of Bob Seger's classic rock jam "Turn The Page" kicks in, the crowd cheers!]

SA: Oh ho ho... how about that, fans?

[The music continues as the seven footer strides out onto the stage, mic in hand as Curly Bill arches an eyebrow in his direction. The big man gestures for the music to be cut off before Robert Donovan speaks.]

RD: There's gold in them there hills.

[He gestures towards the ring as the crowd laughs.]

RD: And that's just what I like about 'em. See, I knew I wanted to fight tonight... I knew I wanted a chance to lace 'em up and show some young pup that just because Carson got the better of me on Showtime... that don't mean I'm done, hear me?

[Donovan grimaces, shaking his head.]

RD: The whole world seems to think that Robert Donovan's days are numbered... hell, even one of my best friends seems to agree that I'm done. But I don't agree. I don't believe it for a single stinkin' second.

But what I DO believe, Curly Bill... is that you're holding the title that is the direct descendent of the one and only title I've held in the AWA since comin' here all those years ago.

And what I also believe is that when you stand there with your big, undefeated monster holding the title... I'm the one who can break the streak. I'm the one who can put him down. And I'm the one who can take that title from off his shoulder and put it right around this waist!

[He does a one-handed belt gesture and starts walkin' that aisle.]

RD: So, consider your challenge accepted, boys... and get ready for one hell of a fight.

[Donovan tosses the mic down as he heads down the aisle to the cheers of the Seattle fans.]

SA: And believe it or not, it's gonna happen here, Colt! Robert Donovan taking on Odin Gunn for the World Television Title! We've already seen two titles change hands here tonight in Seattle - could we about to see a third?

CP: As you'd say, Big Sal... highly unlikely.

SA: Why? Why is that? Why can't Robert Donovan do the unthinkable here tonight and knock off the undefeated champion on the most unpredictable night of the year for AWA fans?

CP: Because it's unthinkable! Because it's unpredictable! This man is a monster! An UNDEFEATED monster... and he's got Curly Bill in his corner... and most of all, because it's not the late 90s and the only one who thinks Robert Donovan's still got something left in the tank to compete at this level is Robert Donovan, Big Sal. Even his best friend, Bobby Taylor, has tried to talk him into retirement but he's as stubborn as he is big.

[Referee Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller is speaking to Donovan in the corner, making sure the giant wants to truly do this. Donovan runs a hand through his all-gray bearded, slowly nodding his head as he looks like feels all the years and miles on his body in one moment but carries himself as a man who refuses to die quietly as he stares across at the murderous champion who Curly Bill Webb is speaking quickly to, a big smile on his face.]

CP: Look at Curly Bill! That's a man who knows when his guy's in for an easy night at the office.

SA: I think ALL of you are greatly underestimating a former champion in this company... not even mentioning all his accomplishments around this great sport of ours, Colt.

CP: He held that AWA title in 2012, Albano. Six years ago and nothing since. This business is all about what have you done for me lately.

SA: Miss Jackson if you're nasty... but we're just about set to go. And while I DO have more faith in Robert Donovan than my broadcast partner does, fans, I do

recognize that with the way Odin Gunn has been destroying people for nearly a year now, he's going to have to dig up something extraordinary to do it.

CP: Odin Gunn has been the World Television Champion for 278 days... the third longest in history... and has been an UNDEFEATED champion at that. "Extraordinary" isn't a strong enough word.

[The official goes over to speak to Gunn and Webb and gets shooed away... they know what's coming...]

SA: Undeclared and unrelenting, the champion is about to be unleashed!

CP: And in a bad mood, if that's even possible for a guy who's always in a bad mood. King Kong Hogan got himself suspended a week ago during a match with Gunn, and I have a feeling Robert Donovan is about to pay for somebody else's sins.

[...and Blue Shoes signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Gunn comes aggressively from his corner, meeting the seven footer in the middle of the ring where he immediately lunges into a headbutt that stuns Donovan, causing him to stumble backwards!]

SA: OH! Quick shot out of the gate by Gunn, one of the hardest heads in the business on display at the opening bell as Curly Bill looks on. Leader of the Desperados and generally one of the dirtiest players in the game.

[A second lunging headbutt lands as well, causing Donovan to fall back into the ropes...]

SA: Donovan in trouble early, Gunn's got him pinned back against the ropes... ohhh! Big clubbing forearm, right down across the sternum... another one... another!

[The referee steps closer, warning Gunn to back off... and gets a deadly glare for his efforts, quickly backing out of reach as Gunn grabs Donovan by the arm...]

SA: Shoots the big man across, off the far side...

[...but Donovan hooks his arm on the top rope, blocking the rebound into what appeared to be an early spinebuster attempt!]

SA: ...Donovan hangs on, the veteran instinct doing him a favor there...

[Gunn seems agitated by this, charging in hard as Donovan pushes off the ropes himself, two big men heading for a big crash in the middle...]

SA: OH! Donovan goes downstairs, catching him with a knee!

[The running knee to the gut stuns Gunn, stumbling back a step as Donovan pursues, grabbing the arm himself...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and YANKS the undefeated champion into a short-arm clothesline!]

SA: What a shot!

CP: He didn't take him down but he rocked him, Big Sal!

SA: He sure did... and it's a rare sight but Odin Gunn is staggered, falling back into the ropes himself now... and that cocky grin on the face of Curly Bill is gone early in this one. Remember, fans... a ten minute time limit in the World Television Title match as there always is... so both men will need to keep up the pace to try to wear the other down in that allotted time. Donovan not backing down, staying on him...

CP: He'd better... if he gives up ground to Gunn, it'll be over in a hurry.

[Donovan leans his seven foot two inch frame on the champion, grinding him backwards into the corner...]

SA: Odin Gunn in the wrong part of town against a man who spent much of his career on the wrong side of the rulebook...

[Donovan lands a trio of looping right hands to the body, channeling his inner Rocky Balboa pounding a side of beef...]

SA: To the body goes Donovan, trying to do damage early...

[...and as Gunn shoves him back, staggering down the ropes, Donovan snatches a side headlock, pushing Gunn's face down against the top rope and dragging him from one corner to another!]

SA: Oh! That'll leave a mark!

[Gunn recoils back, grabbing at his face as Curly Bill lets the referee hear it about the ropeburn...]

...and Donovan unloads with a heavy forearm across the shoulderblades, sending Gunn pitching forwards into the corner!]

SA: Donovan with that big clubbing blow... putting all of his body weight behind it...

[The referee steps in before he can follow Gunn in, earning some crowd jeers as Blue Shoes forces Donovan to back off a few steps...]

SA: Trying to keep the action out of the corner...

[Gunn surges out of the buckles himself, looking to strike... but catches a defensive knee to the midsection!]

SA: Donovan continuing to work the body, maybe trying to chop down this mighty tree...

[Webb smashes his fist into the canvas, showing genuine concern as he shouts instructions to his champion...]

SA: Curly Bill looking on, perhaps showing some fear of that title going away...

CP: Don't get ahead of yourself, Albano. This one's got plenty of time left in it.

[...and with Gunn doubled over, Donovan sweeps in alongside him, muscling him waaaaay up high, dropping him down with a back suplex!]

SA: Ohhh! That one shook the ring... and Donovan makes a quick cover, looking to shock the world in Seattle!

[A one count follows - and only a one count - before Gunn powers out with ease, shoving the big man off him...]

SA: Wow! A one count?!

CP: This guy ain't human, Big Sal.

SA: Odin Gunn is certainly a monster in there... something straight out of a horror movie that just keep coming no matter what you throw at him.

[But Donovan seems unfazed by the quick kickout, dragging Gunn off the mat and whipping him into the turnbuckles...]

SA: ALMOST 350 POUNDS!

[...and CRUSHES Gunn in the corner with a running avalanche that brings the crowd to their feet!]

SA: Donovan hits the avalanche... waiting for Gunn!

[He steps back, beckoning Gunn forward but as the champion staggers out, Donovan is waiting to lift, pivot...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SPINEBUSTER! HE PLANTS HIM DOWN! ANOTHER COVER!

[This time, a two count follows before Gunn kicks out, breaking free to save his title!]

SA: Two count off the spinebuster... and Colt, can you feel the magic in the air? Could we be witnessing a-

CP: Nope. Donovan's doing well, an impressive showing so far... but he ain't shown me he's got enough to finish off Odin Gunn. Not yet.

SA: Donovan seems to have come into this match with the right strategy though, Colt - hit him hard, keep him down, and don't let him settle in.

CP: Absolutely because if this turns into Gunn's kind of match, the wheels come off this big rig.

SA: Look at the energy though... look at the drive... he LOOKS like a man ten years younger for the moment, Colt!

CP: Looks can be deceiving.

[As Gunn comes off the mat, the seven footer is there to greet him with a kick to the body, doubling him over...]

SA: Looking for the GUTWRENCH-

[But before he can lift for his signature gutwrench powerbomb, Donovan is tossed into the air, dumped to the mat with a mighty backdrop by the champion!]

CP: And that, my friend, is that.

SA: Not yet! Not yet it's not!

[Gunn takes a moment on a knee, listening to Curly Bill who is practically in the ring at this point, having to be forced back down to the floor by Blue Shoes.]

SA: Keep him outside the ring, ref. Gunn back up now and-

[Grabbing the kneeling Donovan by the head, Gunn ROCKS him with a big drawn-back headbutt!]

SA: OHHH!

CP: It's like getting hit with a wrecking ball!

[He drags the stunned Donovan to his feet, using a second headbutt, this one to the chest to send Donovan staggering backwards into the ropes where Gunn quickly shoots him across, hitting the ropes himself for momentum...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKS the seven footer with a running crossbody with devilish intentions!]

SA: HE NEARLY CUTS THE MAN IN HALF! HOLY...

CP: Did you hear this sold out KeyArena crowd GASP at that, Big Sal?! It's like all the air got yanked right out of the building! That'll rearrange your ORGANS - a move like that!

[Gunn rises without expression, simply surveying the scene as Donovan writhes in pain on the canvas, clutching at his ribcage...]

SA: And that might've ended Donovan's chances right there. He's down, he's hurt... and he appears to be hurt bad, Colt.

[The champion nods at Webb's instructions, pulling Donovan off the mat and bullrushing him back into the corner...]

SA: OH! Shoves him back into the turnbuckles...

[Gunn stalks across the ring, not stopping until he hits the far corner, before turning around and charging back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...AND GUNN WITH AN AVALANCHE OF HIS OWN!

[Donovan starts to sink down to a knee again as Gunn unloads with a series of brutal clubbing forearms to the head and neck, battering him down...]

SA: This is getting ugly in a hurry... and I think we've just about reached the five minute mark of this ten minute time limit.

CP: Plenty of time for Odin Gunn to remind Robert Donovan of who is the alpha in this one.

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

SA: There it is... the official halfway point as Gunn pulls Donovan off his knees... what's this now? Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[Gunn drags Donovan into a waistlock, pulling him away from the corner..

...and then with great effort, he hoists the 350 pounder into the air!]

SA: ARMS-TRAPPED GERMAN! SWEET SAN ANGELO!

[Donovan is BOUNCED viciously off the canvas with that one as Gunn maintains contact, rolling the big man back to his feet...]

SA: You've REALLY gotta be kidding me! The man is seven foot two inches tall!

[...and DESTROYS his neck with a Tiger Suplex...]

SA: INCREDIBLE!

CP: And then there was one!

[...and rolls him up one more time, the crowd buzzing as he does...]

SA: The Holy Spirit for the win!

[...and Gunn secures a half and half grip...]

SA: HE'S THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY...

[...and somehow gets Donovan airborne, violently DUMPING him incredibly close to on top of his head with a half-and-half suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...POUNDSSSSSSSS! THE HOLY TRINITY OF SUPLEXES LEAVES ROBERT DONOVAN DOWN AND...

[The seven foot veteran is wisely rolling even after the awkward landing, trying to get to the outside...]

SA: Gunn with the cover!

[...but doesn't get there as the champion dives into a lateral press, the referee diving down after him!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE- NO! NO! DONOVAN GETS THE FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[The crowd ROARS for the escape as Donovan's lengthy legs allow him to slip a boot over the bottom rope JUST before the three count lands!]

SA: Donovan saves himself and his shot at the gold, Colt.

CP: Yeah, he saved himself... for now.... but we're now all seeing the difference between "still dangerous" and "undefeated champion." He's just delaying the inevitable at this point, Big Sal.

SA: Perhaps... perhaps not. That's why they fight the matches, right? Anything can happen on any given night!

[The fans in Seattle are showing their support for the veteran challenger, urging him to get back to his feet and get back in this... but Odin Gunn has no reaction to the fans' cheers, staying on Donovan as he drags the 350 pounder back up to his feet, ignoring the official as he doubles Donovan over with a boot downstairs...]

SA: What is he... ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...and the crowd ROARS with impressed shock as Gunn somehow lifts Donovan up over his shoulder in a Canadian backbreaker hold!]

SA: THIS IS INCREDIBLE! WHAT POWER!

[He DUMPS Donovan down into an inverted shouldebreaker...

...and then somehow manages to MUSCLE HIM BACK UP!]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[Gunn lumbers forward with the 350 pounder over his shoulder, SMASHING him gutfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

SA: DRIVES HIM INTO THE CORNER! This is a sight to see, Colt!

CP: Forget the Space Needle - give me Odin Gunn manhandling 350 pounds like he's a small friggin' child!

[With Donovan deposited on the top rope, Gunn starts to climb up alongside him...]

SA: Oh... oh no...

[...and standing on the second rope, he hooks up Donovan for a suplex...]

CP: This might break the ring, Big Sal!

SA: Odin Gunn is looking for the biggest superplex of his life on a big, big man - a GIANT!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES"

SA: Three minutes left! And if Odin Gunn hits this, he'll only need three SECONDS to end this!

[Gunn is struggling though with the body weight for the first time, showing difficulty in getting the giant up where he wants him...

...which allows the defiant big man to DRIVE a fist into the ribs!]

SA: Donovan fighting back!

[A second blow lands... then a third!]

SA: Donovan trying to break free!

[And then a lift does happen... but it's Donovan lifting Gunn into the air off the turnbuckles...

...and DUMPING him facefirst off the second rope to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DONOVAN WITH A COUNTER! DONOVAN SAVES HIMSELF... AND HE'S GOT AN OPENING, COLT!

CP: I hate to say it, Big Sal, but you might be right! Gunn is stunned after that... staring up at the lights and-

SA: What in the world is Donovan thinking?!

[Donovan swings his legs over, standing on the middle rope, looking down on Gunn...]

SA: Don't do it, Rob! Don't do it! Think about your-

[...and LEAPS OFF, CRASHING DOWN across Gunn's torso with a massive flying (or falling) legdrop off the midbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE TAKES A PAGE OUT OF HIS BEST FRIEND'S PLAYBOOK! THE LEGDROP CONNECTS!

CP: But how much damage did he do to HIMSELF?!

[Donovan immediately rolls to a hip, one hand on his lower back and the other one his braced knee. His face is etched in a pain-filled grimace as the crowd urges him to make the cover!]

SA: He's hurting badly, Colt, but he's gotta try to seize this moment! The time is ticking and-

"TWO MINUTES! TWO MINUTES!"

SA: Two minutes to go! Donovan's gotta move and he knows it!

[Donovan comes off the mat, breathing heavily as he leans over to grab Gunn by the wrist, dragging him bodily to his feet...]

SA: Gunn's in trouble and Robert Donovan's got a chance to do the unthinkable tonight in Seattle!

[Webb is SCREAMING at his man as Donovan whips him to the buckles, sending a jolt down his spine as the undefeated champion staggers out...]

SA: BIG BOOT!

[Gunn doesn't go down off the boot, just spinning and falling into the ropes where he bounces back out into a very slow rebound...]

SA: For Robert Donovan, it must feel like it's 1998 and he's in the South Laredo Rodeoground fighting Tex and Bishop!

[...and he lifts Gunn off the mat, twisting through the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: POWERSLAAAAAAM! GET HIM, ROB! GET HIM, BIG ROB!

[Donovan falls across Gunn like a man with his last burst of strength, hooking a leg with all he can...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! FOR THE TITLE!!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: NOOOOOOOO! GUNN KICKS OUT IN TIIIIIIIME! HE SURVIVES!

[Curly Bill looks a near fall away from collapse as he fans himself, tugging at his collar as he looks frantic at what he's seeing inside the ring. He pounds the mat with his fists, looking at a pocket watch nervously as Donovan POUNDS his own fists into the canvas in frustration...]

SA: The veteran is summoning something here, Colt! We're witnessing something special! It may not be pretty... but it's somehow heroic and desperate all at once!

CP: We are seeing a version of Robert Donovan that looks like it came from when _I_ first met him! But can he keep it up long enough?!

SA: We've gotta be close to a minute! One more minute, big man! One more minute to get the job done!

[Donovan drags Gunn off the mat into the gutwrench again...]

"ONE MINUTE! ONE MINUTE REMAINS!"

SA: Sixty seconds on the clock! Donovan's got him hooked annnnnnd...

[The giant lifts Gunn into the air, flipping him over for the powerbomb...

...but loses his weary grip, Gunn slipping out to land behind him!]

SA: OH! GUNN'S OUT!

[Donovan quickly turns...

...and is POWERED UP onto Gunn's broad shoulders!]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM UP! DONOVAN'S UP FOR THE SAMOAN CATTLEBUSTER!

[A desperate Donovan knows it.

A desperate Donovan fights it.

Elbows, forearms, knees - battering the hard skull of the undefeated champion.]

SA: DONOVAN FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE!

[To the thunderous, earsplitting ROAR of the Seattle crowd, Donovan escapes to his feet behind the champion who turns...]

SA: MANDIBLE CLAW! MANDIBLE CLAW!

CP: You've gotta be...

[Donovan hangs on, shoving the hand deep, wrenching Gunn upwards by the face like a man trying to drag the fight out of his opponent...

With Curly Bill losing his damn mind, Gunn flails - stunned by the nervehold as Donovan drags him helplessly out to the middle of the ring...]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM RIGHT WHERE HE WANTS HIM!

[...and LIFTS him into the air!]

SA: VENGEANCE IS HIS, SAYETH ROB DONOVAN!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE GOT IT! HE GOT IT!

[The building ERUPTS in a ROAR as Donovan collapses across the champion, sweeping an arm at the official who dives down...]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: ...NOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd goes crazy at the sound of the bell - a whole lot of them at least deceived by their own eyes into thinking Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller's count landed before the bell sounded...]

SA: He ran out of time, Colt.

CP: In more ways than one, Big Sal.

[Donovan rolls off. Stunned, exhausted, looking up at the official who delivers the bad news as Gunn is still flat on his back unmoving. The referee peels off to speak to Rebecca Ortiz who makes the bad news official...]

RO: AWA fans, the time limit has EXPIRED...

[The crowd jeers loudly!]

RO: ...and this match is declared a DRAAAAAAW!

[And louder still as Donovan buries his face in his arms, still sitting on the mat with his knees now tucked up to lean on. Curly Bill slides in, waving his arms apart with relief, shouting that it's over as the crowd starts to clamor for the match continue...]

"FIVE MORE MINUTES!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"FIVE MORE MINUTES!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"FIVE MORE MINUTES!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[Webb shakes his head defiantly, swinging his arms apart again and shouting off-mic - "NO MORE MINUTES! NONE! IT'S OVER!"]

SA: The crowd wants to see more... but Curly Bill says no.

CP: As he should! The fans don't make the rules around here, Big Sal. Entitled little...

SA: Easy there. Fans, from my experienced eyes, I say Robert Donovan had him beat. Robert Donovan, the veteran, had the World Television Title within his grasp but time... Mick Jagger is wrong on this night... time is NOT on the side of Robert Donovan here in Seattle.

[Webb snatches the title belt out of the referee's hands, clutching to his chest as he realizes how close they came to losing it. Gunn is still down, barely starting to

recover as Donovan drags his tired body to the corner, sitting against the turnbuckles as Webb holds the title in the air, getting some jeers for it.]

SA: The champion survives... but for one night, Robert Donovan rolled back the clock and took Odin Gunn to the absolute limit.

CP: But he didn't win the title. Everything else is some kind of ego boost win maybe... but it's not the win that matters.

SA: Maybe, maybe not... but maybe now the world will believe that Robert Donovan has still got one heck of a fight left in him.

[Donovan slowly rises to his feet, hurting all over, but smiling as the crowd gives him a standing ovation...

...something that seems to draw the ire of Curly Bill as Odin Gunn struggles to get off the canvas. Webb turns to glare at Donovan.]

"They're cheering you?! They're clappin' for YOU?!"

[Webb advances on Donovan.]

"You did NOTHING! You didn't beat my man! You didn't win the match! Ya damn sure didn't win THIS belt!"

[He holds the belt up in Donovan's face, getting closer now...]

SA: I'm not sure this is Curly Bill's best idea, Colt.

[Webb continues to berate Donovan.]

"YOU. ARE. NOTHIN'! YOU'RE DONE! FINISHED! OVER!"

[And Donovan finally decides he's heard enough, his arm shooting forward to snatch a mandible claw!]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[Donovan drags Webb out to the middle of the ring, the manager's face turning red as Donovan jerks him around...

...and then lifts him into the air, DRIVING him down with a thunderous Vengeance slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan swings at the air, shouting down at Webb before turning to make his exit just before Odin Gunn regains his feet, looking down at his fallen manager...]

SA: Well, Robert Donovan had heard enough and he shut up Curly Bill the hard way.

CP: You think the Desperadoes are going to sit still for what just happened to their leader? Donovan's a dead man walkin', Big Sal.

SA: Fans, we'll be right back.

[As Donovan strides up the aisle, the fans still cheering, we fade to black.]

Fade up on a shot of AWA fans at ringside for an event, cheering on whoever happens to be in the ring.

Then cut to a shot of a close-up on AWA fans, who are pumping their fists, clearly enjoying the action.

Then these words flash on the screen.]

"MAKE IT HOT"

[Then we cut to a shot of a wrestler in the ring... and this would be "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis. She is shown taking over an opponent with a quick snap suplex.

Then cut to another shot of Davis in the ring, hooking her thumbs toward herself, a smirk on her face.

Then these words flash on the screen.]

"MAKE IT GREAT"

[Then we cut to a shot of Davis walking up the aisle, her hands raised in victory.

And then to what would be her private dressing room, in which she enters, and wouldn't you know it, there happens to be a footlong Black Forest ham sandwich and a drink in a Subway cup sitting on a table there.

Davis approaches the table, looks at the camera and grins.]

LD: Make it mine!

[We then cut to a shot of the Black Forest ham sandwich on a counter and then we hear Davis' voiceover.]

LD: The Black Forest ham footlong at Subway... it's a sandwich made for greatness!

[We then cut back to Davis, who is sitting down with the sandwich in her hand.]

LD: But they'll still make it for anyone... even Michael Phelps.

[She chuckles, and then we cut to a few more words on the screen.]

"MAKE IT WHAT YOU WANT"

[And then we cut to the Subway logo, with the helpful reminder that they deliver.

We fade back up from black on the ring where we can see the (sort of) former World Tag Team Champions and Stampede Cup winners - the Soldiers of Fortune - are in the ring. Marty Meekly is front and center, waving the flag back and forth on a wooden flagpole as Mr. Stars and Stripes stares HARD at Team Supreme in the front row. Charlie Stephens is pacing and appears to have been taunting the crowd before we came back on the air...]

CS: -and you can all just sit down and shut up because I've got something to say!

[The boos are strong for the Soldiers as Stephens notices the red light on.]

CS: About time! These burnouts in Seattle don't appreciate what I've got to say but I know the people around the world watching will! Because we're about to make history here tonight. We've seen two title changes... and you're about to get

a third because the Soldiers of Fortune are about to become one of the most decorated tag teams in the history of this company! Former Stampede Cup winners! Two-time World Tag Team Titles coming our way...

[He turns to sneer at Team Supreme.]

CS: ...and it don't matter one bit which two of you steps up to the plate because it's a special night for the Soldiers of Fortune. A big night because at long last - after months of you people asking for it - we're getting the gang back together!

[The crowd cheers that, eager to see Joe Flint back in action. Stephens grimaces a little but nods along with them.]

SA: We've been waiting for this one since he announced it, Colt. The return of Joe Flint, looking to get their shot at the tag titles tonight... but is he here?

CP: Last I heard, no one's seen The Duke... but would he dare no show on the 4th of July? And if he doesn't... what happens?

SA: The title match was contingent on it being Flint and Stephens... NOT Stephens and Stars and Stripes. So if Flint's not here, at the minimum, I'd say this becomes a non-title match if the match isn't tossed altogether.

[Stephens paces more aggressively, Meekly craning his neck to look down the aisle as Mr. Stars and Stripes takes shouted insults from Bret Grayson and AJ Martinez.]

SA: Could that be the duo they face? The unusual pairing of AJ Martinez and Bret Grayson... the Gold Medal Maniac Squad, I suppose?

CP: It just adds an extra layer of unpredictability as it really could any of the-

[Suddenly, the old crackle hits.

"My Country 'Tis of Thee" distorts through the speakers.]

SA: Wait a second!

[But on this night, it's not Damn Yankees that comes across the PA system...

...it's the traditional version of "The Marine's Hymn," blasting out loud and proud for red-blooded Americans nationwide! The Seattle fans spring to their feet as the video wall is overtaken by an American flag fluttering in the breeze.]

SA: From the Halls of Montezuma to the shorts of Tripoli, an American hero has arrived in Seattle!

[Joe Flint steps through the curtain for all to see. Old school "Captain" Joe Flint in the fatigue, waving Ol' Glory on a flagpole of his own, and a huge smile on his face as the Seattle fans let him hear it! He looks every bit like a man who has stripped away the poison and the darkness in his heart... perhaps for one final fight!]

SA: Here he comes, Colt!

CP: And this is NOT the Joe Flint we're used to seeing over the past year or so... this is the original American hero for pro wrestling, "Captain" Joe Flint! The man I met in Texas so many years ago!

SA: There have been plenty of rumors that Joe Flint is calling it a career soon, Colt, and this is one heck of a way to go out! Going out like the people remember! Like the people loved for so long!

[Charlie Stephens looks relieved at his partner's arrival... but also more than a little confused. Marty Meekly has stopped waving the flag, looking around puzzled at what he's seeing. Mr. Stars and Stripes even seems a little surprised, doing a double take towards the aisle as Flint is now marching towards the ring, the fans' support evident with each marching step...]

SA: The people of Seattle are going crazy for The Duke, Colt! And what a moment for Joe Flint!

CP: It really seemed like he started to win the fans back over earlier this year during the Royal Crown tournament, Big Sal... and I'd say they're solidly on his side here tonight.

SA: And what does that emotional lift mean for the Soldiers and their chances of regaining the gold here tonight?

CP: I'm not sure about that... but I wonder if it impacts Team Supreme's plans at all. They thought they were getting to a down and dirty brawl with two like-minded individuals... but from the looks on the faces of Stephens and Meekly, this transformation caught them by surprise too!

[Flint climbs the apron, ducking through the ropes, flag planted on his shoulder as he grins at his comrades. He steps all the way in, pulling Stephens into a one-sided embrace. Flint gives Meekly and the masked man a nod too before grabbing Stephens' microphone.]

JF: Sorry for the late arrival, boys... but I really didn't know if I wanted to be here tonight.

[The crowd boos that as Flint shrugs, grinning.]

JF: I'm sorry, I'm sorry... but it's true! See, I've been sitting at home since London, feeling sorry for myself.

[The crowd quiets a little.]

JF: I've been feeling angry. Feeling embarrassed. Feeling like I might've blown the last chance to stand in front of all you people and show you what Joe Flint... the REAL Joe Flint... is capable of.

Because, to be honest, folks... I just didn't know if I had any more fight left in me.

[The Seattle fans boo that assessment.]

JF: I appreciate that. I do. But I've led a physically-demanding life for a long time. From the Marine Corps to the ring... my body's been through a lot... and keeping with that honesty theme, my family's been through a lot. Some of it on camera and a whole lot of it off... and if that time home taught me anything, it's that I missed a lot of time with my wife... with my kids... and maybe... maybe that was selfish of me because I loved being here with all of you... I loved being here with Charlie... and Marty... and I loved being in this ring.

[He nods as the fans cheer.]

JF: This business is in my blood... and I've been watching each and every week since Royal Crown because this is the best damn show on Earth!

[Big cheer!]

JF: And last week, my ol' buddy Charlie Stephens said something that stuck with me... dug in deep like an ol' Texas thorn bush... and made me really think about my past in this business... my present... and my future.

I had made the decision to retire.

[The crowd boos loudly as Flint chuckles.]

JF: Hell, I appreciate that too... more than you'll ever know. But that decision... that one's stickin', y'all.

[He nods confidently.]

JF: But last week, Charlie said that if the Soldiers were going down... we oughta go down swinging. That I oughta go out fighting. And he's right.

So, if I'm going out...

[He looks around at the sell out crowd.]

JF: ...I can't think of a better way to do it than fighting for the RED... WHITE... AND BLUE...

[BIG CHEER!]

JF: ...ON AMERICA'S BIRTHDAY...

[BIGGER CHEER!]

JF: ...AGAINST YOU SCUM...

[He points aggressively at Team Supreme.]

JF: ...YOU WORMS...

[He points again!]

JF: ...YOU MAGGOTS!

[Flint SPIKES the mic into the mat, backing up and waving Team Supreme into the ring as the crowd ROARS!]

SA: Listen to this crowd! They wanna see Joe Flint go out fighting... and by the sound of that reaction, I'd say they want to see him go out as a champion, Colt!

CP: Who woulda thought?

[With the crowd is roaring at a fever pitch, the camera quickly cuts to the front row where Supreme Wright sits unmoved, his expression cold and unfazed. Theresa Lynch looks at him with quiet anticipation while the rest of Team Supreme watches with varying degrees of interest. The noise from the crowd shifts into a tense, buzzing anticipation as he takes an offered mic from Theresa Lynch.]

SA: They're bringing their own mics now?!

CP: Shhh!

[Wright speaks.]

SW: Congratulations on your retirement, Captain Flint.

[Supreme's voice is flat, with zero emotion, his well wishes failing to be convincing.]

SW: Those were some strong words. Bold words. BRAVE words...

[His lips curl into a dark, faint smile.]

SW: ...from a ghost that already decided to be left in the past.

[He pauses briefly, scanning the four men in the ring with clinical detachment.]

SW: I suppose everyone expects me to make a speech now. An ominous speech with dark implications and sinister intentions. But speeches... are for persuasion. And no one here needs to be persuaded about what Team Supreme is. Now...

[Supreme dramatically rises to his full height and removes his track jacket as the crowd reacts with a mix of gasps and rising boos.]

SW: ...is the time for action.

[The noise in the KeyArena begins to crescendo into a roar.]

SW: Tonight, The Soldiers of Fortune will face Takeshi Mifune...

[He lets the name hang as the crowd stirs.]

SW: ...and Supreme Wright.

[The faintest of smirks appears on Wright's lips as a massive, horrified gasp sweeps through the KeyArena, followed by chaotic noise as the implications sink in: Supreme Wright will step in to defend the AWA World Tag Team Titles on this night.]

SW: Enjoy retirement, Captain Flint.

[And in what wasn't meant to be a speech with dark implications and sinister intentions... Supreme Wright drops the microphone with the darkest and most sinister implication of them all, as he and Takeshi Mifune retrieve the tag team titles from their allies and then climb over the barricade, ready for battle.]

SA: Listen to this place! They're losing their minds! Supreme Wright himself?! Nobody saw that coming! The man wasn't even supposed to be on the card tonight!

CP: Not just Supreme Wright, Big Sal... Supreme Wright teaming with Takeshi Mifune! That's not just a tag team, that's a walking nightmare!

SA: Team Supreme has some great options when it comes to a two man team to put on the field - KAMS... the Gold Standard... but this might just be the most dangerous two man combo of them all.

CP: They know each other so well. All those years of familiarity adds something extra to a team who... to the best of my knowledge, has never teamed inside the AWA before, Big Sal.

SA: An almost father-son level bond between these two... if that's not the most terrifying thing you can imagine.

[Mifune and Wright are in the ring now, staring across as they hand the belts over to referee Ricky Longfellow...]

SA: We're just about set for tag team title action here in Seattle where the Soldiers of Fortune are looking to become two-time champions... which I'd say just got a whole lot harder...

CP: The last night of Joe Flint's career may be the WORST night of Joe Flint's career.

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And here we go! The Soldiers of Fortune versus Team Supreme... let's do this!

[Joe Flint insists on starting for his squad, ushering Charlie Stephens out to the apron as Meekly and the masked muscle, Mr. Stars and Stripes, take their spots out on the floor..

...and as Flint turns around, he finds Takeshi Mifune waiting for him in the center of the ring.]

SA: Wow! And what a showdown this is already, Colt.

CP: The Duke versus the Shadow Wolf. Two veterans of the ring. The old warrior and the mad monk!

SA: The Mad Monk? Not sure he'd appreciated that new nickname.

[The veterans slowly circle once, building the moment...

...and then Mifune lashes out, lightning quick, striking like a cobra!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A slap across the face comes with so much impact from one of the sport's hardest - and most sadistic - hitters, the sound carries to every square inch of the KeyArena!]

SA: Mifune strikes first, strikes hard, and has no mercy, sir!

[Mifune is almost gleeful... if such a thing exists for him as Flint reaches up to rub a hand across his face...

...and then ANSWERS with a right hand to the jaw, knocking Mifune back half a step to a ROAR from the crowd!]

SA: JOE FLINT WILL NOT BE INTIMIDATED! JOE FLINT CAME TO FIGHT ON THE 4TH OF JULY!

[The big haymaker is followed by another... and another... and another, battering Mifune back against the ropes early on. He switches tactics, throwing a pair of knees to the midsection before whipping him across the ring...]

SA: Shoots him in...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BIIIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP BY CAPTAIN JOE FLINT!

[Flint cocks an arm, pumping it a few times as Mifune regains his feet...

...and as Flint lumbers forward, Mifune backpedals, falling back into his corner as the crowd jeers!]

SA: Takeshi Mifune is a master of the mat, Colt... he had that move well-scouted and he wanted absolutely no part of the Howitzer clothesline!

[Supreme Wright glowers across the ring at Flint before slapping Mifune's shoulder, ordering him out to the apron...]

SA: Well, if you need a job done well, I suppose...

[The former two-time World Champion steps in, his gaze burning through Joe Flint who grins at the showdown, getting the crowd pumped up for what's to come. Wright surges forward for a tieup...

...but pulls up short, jamming a short forearm into the jaw of Flint!]

SA: OH! He caught him good there!

[Flint stumbles backwards, surprised by the sudden impact, and Wright stays on him, peppering the outside of his thigh with a pair of kicks that slows him down. He grabs Flint by the back of the head, SMASHING home a European uppercut for good measure, sending him falling back into the turnbuckles...]

SA: Wright taking control with those deadly strikes and-

[With Flint's arm stretched out, grabbing the ropes for support, Wright uncorks a NASTY kick right into the elbow area...]

SA: OH!

[Flint recoils in pain, staggering down the ropes as Wright methodically follows after him...]

SA: A hard kick right into the arm... and does that mean they'll be targeting the limb?

CP: Who knows? That might have just been Supreme's idea of fun. Hurting a guy at will.

SA: Mean and nasty could be a heck of a way to describe this sadistic Team Supreme duo for sure.

[Supreme doesn't even stop Flint as he stumbles into his corner, shaking out his arm as he makes a tag to a seemingly-reluctant Charlie Stephens.]

SA: There's tag... in comes Corporal Punishment himself, Charlie Stephens...

[Stephens gets an earful from the jeering crowd as he steps in.]

SA: Not a fan favorite by any stretch of the imagination.

CP: He can't worry about that - he's got bigger fish to fry.

SA: A couple of sharks perhaps?

[Stephens circles quickly, trying to avoid Wright putting him into a corner. There's a twinkle in Wright's eye as he recognizes that, nodding in acknowledgment as Stephens gets towards the middle of the ring, waving him forward...]

SA: Wright coming in- OH!

[The crowd reacts as Stephens stabs a finger out, catching Wright in the eye with a thumb!]

SA: Charlie Stephens IMMEDIATELY goes to the eyes on Supreme Wright, trying to regain an early edge for his squad...

[As Wright staggers blinded, Stephens swoops in alongside him, snapping him back with a side leg sweep!]

CP: AMERICAN leg sweep! Sorry to cut you off, Albano, but I could feel you about to insult the patriotism of Charlie Stephens!

SA: Oh brother.

[Stephens hops up with great enthusiasm, stomping Wright down as Mifune shouts in Japanese from the corner...]

"I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOU!"

SA: Ugh.

[Stephens smirks at the crowd's reaction, turning back towards Wright...]

SA: OH! Big forearm on the jaw! Make it two!

[Stephens stumbles backwards but desperately lashes out with a boot to the midsection, cutting off Wright's attack.]

SA: Caught him downstairs and... hooking him up here...

[Stephens snaps off a gutwrench suplex on the former World Champion, tossing him halfway across the ring, bouncing him off the canvas towards the Soldiers' corner. He comes back to his feet again, turning his attention towards Team Supreme in the crowd...]

"How ya like that one, ladies?"

[Stephens smirks at Lynch and Crawford, giving a wink as he turns back towards his corner, slapping Joe Flint's hand...]

SA: Charlie Stephens being his usual charming self, an equal opportunity offender... some casual nationalism... a little harassment...

[...and in comes big Joe Flint, tossing Wright back into the Soldiers' corner where Flint unloads on him...]

SA: UNLOADING WITH THE HEAVY ARTILLERY!

[...and lands a big running clothesline from halfway across the ring, shaking Wright from head to toe!]

CP: He usually likes to go corner to corner on these but he's wisely keeping Wright in their half of the ring, even though that'll reduce the effectiveness of these clotheslines.

SA: A second one connects! Backing up... one more for the road perhaps...

[A third clothesline lands, Wright lifting off the canvas before slumping down in a seated position in the corner...]

SA: Quick tag brings Stephens back in... this is the teamwork we saw that led the Soldiers to not just the tag team titles but also the Stampede Cup last summer..

[Flint grabs his partner in center ring, tossing him in a biel throw into a cannonball, smashing Wright against the buckles!]

SA: Wow! You know, Colt... some people say that a great tag team will usually beat two singles wrestlers, no matter how good they are.

CP: Who says that?

SA: Some people.

CP: Mm-hmm... well, I'm guessing those people never had a nightmare that involved Supreme Wright and Takeshi Mifune teaming. They may be down but they ain't out and this isn't over yet!

[Stephens drags Wright off the mat to his feet, pulling him out of the corner..

...and then drags him down into a small package, looking to steal the win!]

SA: CRADLES HIM DOWN! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

[But Wright kicks out to escape as Stephens angrily complains about the count to the official... but stays on Wright, stomping and kicking him before he climbs back to his feet...]

SA: Stephens with something to say about the count but-

CP: But I LOVE how he didn't let it take his focus off his opponent. Wright's dangerous enough against a focused foe... lose your focus and he'll take you apart.

[Stephens pulls Wright off the mat, twisting the arm around in an armwringer... and then YANKS Wright into a shoulder tackle to the arm once... twice... three times...]

SA: And now it's Stephens targeting the arm, maybe he'll-

[...but Wright reverses, twisting the arm around and giving it such a vicious yank, he pulls Stephens right off his feet, sending him down hard on the mat as Team Supreme cheers at ringside and Wright makes a tag to Mifune.]

SA: And just like that, Wright turns it around with one single move... and look at Mifune now... like a buzzard circling his prey...

[Mifune dives to his knees, pinning Stephens' arm behind him in a hammerlock before driving his knee down onto the trapped arm a few times...]

SA: The Shadow Wolf all over that arm... just violent and vicious with every move.

[Proving Sal right, Mifune hauls Stephens up, shoving him back with a pieface to the Team Supreme corner where the referee starts counting...]

CP: This isn't an insistent attack, Big Sal... this is smothering... this is pressure... this is Team Supreme making the ring smaller and the air thinner with every second they're in there.

[Ignoring the official, Mifune winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES an overhand chop in the corner!]

CP: Absolutely filthy.

SA: One of the hardest hitters in the sport to be sure.

[Mifune continues to ignore the official, winding up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And a knife edge chop as well...

CP: Look at the welts already forming on the chest of Stephens! He looks like he's been in a damn strap match, Big Sal!

[Mifune turns to shout at the counting referee, bullying him back a step before turning back to Stephens...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who throws a chop of his own, trying to get clear of the corner...]

SA: Oh no.

[...but Mifune seems to not feel it at all, grinning at Corporal Punishment...]

SA: Takeshi Mifune still on his feet and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and responds with a knife edge chop to THE FACE that sends Stephens right back into the Team Supreme corner!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELO!

CP: You could FEEL that one! And Charlie Stephens just learned one of the sport's oldest lessons - don't play games with Takeshi Mifune unless you're ready to lose some teeth!

SA: He may indeed need a trip to the dentist after that one...

[Mifune unloads with a pair of kicks to the ribcage, keeping Stephens in the corner before making the exchange...]

SA: Supreme Wright heading back in... and Charlie Stephens is in the absolute WORST part of town!

[Wright and Mifune stand side by side for a moment, the referee protesting as they wind up in tandem...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STEREO CHOPS!

[Both men let the momentum of their strike carry them through into position to come back across Stephens' face with a pair of vicious elbow strikes to the side of the head!]

CP: No, no, no! It's a Violence Party for Two!

[The chops and elbows continue to rain down, the referee loudly complaining...

...and then having to spin around to cut off an incoming Joe Flint who angrily tries to break up the limitless doubleteam!]

SA: Joe Flint wants in there but the referee is holding him back... which just lets Wright and Mifune tee off even LONGER!

[The fans are jeering loudly - except for Team Supreme who are on their feet for the show of brutality!]

SA: Come on, ref!

[Flint suddenly breaks past the official, rushing in to hammer a forearm across the back of Mifune... and land a haymaker on Wright to cheers!]

SA: Joe Flint breaking it up himself!

[Flint backs off, allowing the official to put him out as Mifune glares him down, being forced out by Wright...]

SA: Mifune looks like he wants to tear Flint apart but Wright's not letting him... not yet at least.

CP: Key phrase there if you ask me.

[Wright snapmares a dazed Stephens out of the corner before BURYING a soccer kick in the spine!]

SA: Ohhhh! And this is the trademark of these two, Colt. Just violence. Sadism. Brutality. They're not looking to work a body part... they're barely even trying to cut the ring in half. They just want to hurt people... and in the process, I'd imagine they're sending a message to the entire locker room that Team Supreme is here to win matches, hold gold, and do damage.

CP: They're definitely doing damage. Stephens is laid out on the mat... and there's another tag, Mifune back in...

[Mifune is like a wild animal unleashed, stomping and kicking Stephens viciously, forcing him to roll towards the ropes before he turns and lets loose a stream of angry Japanese at Joe Flint who grimaces, shaking his head before he slaps the top turnbuckle a few times, shouting at his partner...]

SA: Joe Flint trying to keep his cool in there, trying to stay under control as he watches his partner get brutalized by this uber-dangerous duo from Team Supreme. Remember, fans... it was Takeshi Mifune who actually sacrificed his leadership of his own Mifune-gun group to hand the keys to the kingdom over to Supreme Wright, the center of this new Team Supreme.

CP: It's been said that Supreme Wright considers Takeshi Mifune the closest thing he has to a father... and that he's the closest thing Mifune has to a son.

SA: Some family tree, huh?

[Mifune pulls Stephens to his knees, pushing his face down against the ropes, using a fish hook to pry the mouth open...]

SA: Is he... he's making Stephens BITE the middle rope!

CP: I don't know if I've ever seen that, Big Sal.

[...and then KICKS the rope hard, causing Stephens to fall back to the mat, grabbing at his mouth as he kicks his legs into the air!]

SA: Absolutely vile... and that'll earn him a warning from the official.

CP: Oooh... a warning. I'm sure that'll scare Mifune straight.

[Mifune smirks at the referee as he slaps the hand of Supreme Wright.]

SA: Another tag... an almost instinctual knowledge of when to leave, when to bring the other man in... they've done an excellent job with this so far, Colt.

[Wright is in and quickly pounces on Stephens, securing the mount before he unloads elbowstrikes down on a cowering Stephens who tries to cover up as Flint bellows his support from the apron. Meekly continues to wave the flag on the outside as Mr. Stars and Stripes just looks on, watching intently...]

SA: Wright switches to palm strikes now, battering the ears of Stephens as he covers his face to block the elbows!

[Flint is pacing madly on the apron now as Stephens tries to defend himself to very little effect...]

...and then Wright gets up, slapping the hand.]

SA: Another tag!

[Mifune is right back in, diving on top of Stephens in a smothering attack, his body weight on Stephens' face, obstructing the airflow as he delivers knee after punishing grounded knee to the ribcage of the former tag champion!]

SA: This is incredible, Colt! No double teams... just sheer dominance at this point!

CP: Very little communication as well - this is all instinct... the kind of thing that twenty-plus years of trust and bond will do for you.

[Mifune pulls Stephens off the mat, wrapping his arms around the torso as Stephens makes a lunge to try to get to his corner. But the Shadow Wolf easily controls him, driving him back into the turnbuckles before smashing a headbutt to the bridge of the nose that probably has Stephens seeing stars...]

SA: And still ANOTHER tag! Wright back in... Stephens is barely standing at this point...

[Squaring up in the corner, Wright shoves Stephens back with a pieface, exposing the torso...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

SA: Big knife edge chop!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Another!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Hammering the torso of Stephens and...

[Wright turns to look at Team Supreme who notice the cue, hopping to their feet as Wright winds up again as the Team Supreme members smash the barricade in rhythm...]

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

"SU [CHOP!] – PREME [CHOP!] – WRIGHT [CHOP!]"

SA: Supreme Wright mocking his former friend in Ryan Martinez with these chops... and listen to these fans! They hate every second of this, Colt!

CP: Absolutely devastating blows by the two-time champion... and I'd say those chops were the best the TRUE White Knight has ever done!

SA: The "true" White Knight... give me a break, Colt.

[Wright backs off, Stephens staggering along the ropes, clinging to them to stay on his feet as he wobbles from one corner to the next, collapsing against the neutral corner as Wright slaps the offered hand...]

SA: The Shadow Wolf tagging back in... and Charlie Stephens needs to find a way out of this ring in the worst possible way right now, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. At this point, it's only a matter of time for him if he can't. Wright and Mifune are so dominant right now, they're putting a lot of what people have said about tag team wrestling over the years into question.

[Mifune comes in, moving to the opposite corner...

...and with a hellacious bellow, he charges from corner to corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUZAAAAAA!

[Mifune backs off, shoving Stephens into a stagger towards Supreme Wright who is waiting in the middle of the ring to boot him downstairs, pulling him into a front facelock...]

SA: Come on, ref!

CP: They've got a five count, Albano!

SA: Wright's got him hooked annnnnnd...

[Wright's got him straight up and down, holding him aloft for all to see...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...BRAAAAAAIBUSSSTAAAAAAH!

[But even with a potentially match-ending blow delivered, Wright's not done, hanging on and rolling through...]

SA: GUILLOTINE! HE HOOKS A CHOKE!

[...and Wright is hanging on, clinging to the choke...]

SA: He's not even the legal man! They're WAY past a five count now, Colt!

[The referee is shouting at Mifune... shouting at Wright...

...but is helpless as Mifune dashes past...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SOCCER KICK TO THE SPIIIIIIIINE!

[Wright lets go of the hold, watching Stephens slump in a heap down on the canvas as the crowd ROARS their disdain for this Team Supreme duo's actions!]

SA: That's disgusting! An absolutely savage series of attacks by Team Supreme... blatantly illegal as well!

CP: Also brilliant... you can add "incredibly effective" in there too.

SA: The fans in Seattle are totally irate at what they're seeing out of this duo and who can blame them!

[Marty Meekly jumps up on the apron, shouting at the official as Wright steps back out of the ring... and calmly points Meekly down as Mr. Stars and Stripes lurks on the outside, glaring up at the ring where Charlie Stephens has managed to roll to the floor during the ruckus...]

SA: Stephens escapes the ring...

CP: For now.

[The crowd grumbles as Takeshi Mifune steps out to the apron, barking angrily down at the fleeing Stephens...]

SA: My Japanese isn't what it used to be... but I believe he just called Charlie Stephens a coward.

CP: Stephens bailed out so that sounds... sorta accurate.

SA: Mifune coming out to the floor... and as dangerous as Charlie Stephens is on the outside at times, this time I gotta think this is NOT where he wants to be.

[Mifune hauls Stephens off the floor by the hair, dragging him over towards the Team Supreme area...]

SA: Uh oh... I can't say I like the looks of this.

[...and flings Stephens so that his torso drapes over the railing into the front row. Bret Grayson is the first to his feet, shouting at Stephens, getting in his face as Mifune stalks him.]

SA: Charlie Stephens is in the WRONG part of town here!

[Stephens can be heard weakly calling for help from Mr. Stars and Stripes who is slowly moving in his direction...]

SA: We gotta be careful here. This could go sideways in a hurry!

[...and Mifune turns to confront the masked man, daring him to strike as the referee shouts down, trying to break up the confrontation!]

SA: He certainly took his time getting there but Mr. Stars and Stripes has broken this up for the moment... Stephens crawling away from the railing...

[The official slides to the outside, stepping bravely between Mifune and the masked man, ordering them apart...]

SA: Mifune surprisingly listening to the referee there...

CP: I'm not sure EITHER of those guys really wanted to fight each other.

SA: ...and now he rolls Charlie Stephens back in, maybe sensing the end is near for this title challenge from the former champions.

[Mifune is back in now as well, moving to cut off a crawling Stephens with a stomp down between the eyes as Flint grimaces, shaking his head as he stretches an arm out towards his partner...]

SA: Mifune keeps Stephens from making a tag... and we've gotta be getting close to the end for Charlie Stephens, Colt.

CP: I'd say he can't take much more of this for sure.

[Mifune reaches down, hooking his fingers in the nostrils of Stephens, using them to drag him off the mat to even more jeers and cries of disgust...]

...and then Mifune tosses him back towards the Team Supreme corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

SA: Another tag brings Supreme Wright back in... arguably the greatest in-ring competitor in the world right now...

[Wright steps in, dragging Stephens from the corner to the middle of the ring where he boosts him up into a fireman's carry...]

SA: He's got him up! The end could be near for Charlie Stephens! The center of the ring... looking for... FAT TUES-

[But in the middle of being pressed up and over, Stephens is able to shift his body slightly, snatching a front facelock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DDT! DDT! STEPHENS WITH THE COUNTER OF HIS LIFE SAVES THE MATCH RIGHT THERE FOR THE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE!

[Having SPIKED and laid out Supreme Wright a DDT, Charlie Stephens seizes the day, rolling onto his hands and knees, dragging his body across the canvas towards his waiting partner as the crowd gets louder... and louder... and louder...]

SA: Stephens on the move! Stephens crawling on his hands and knees! Stephens dragging himself with all he's got!

[A dazed Wright rolls towards his corner as well, reaching a hand up...]

SA: Tag to Mifune! The Shadow Wolf back inside and-

[...and as Mifune comes in fast, Stephens makes a DIVE!]

SA: TAAAAAAAAG!

[The KeyArena crowd goes NUTS as Joe Flint makes the tag, climbing back into the ropes, pumping his arms madly as the fans salute the real American hero!]

SA: FLINT MAKES THE TAG! RIGHT HAND ON MIFUNE!

[The big hambone right hands drive Mifune backwards across the ring before Flint grabs him with the off hand, winding up for all to see...]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

[...and the crowd provides the sound effect for the big haymaker, sending Mifune flying across the ring like he's been hit by a freight train!]

SA: FLINT DROPS MIFUNE LIKE A BAD HABIT!

[A dazed Wright stumbles in, looking to help his partner...

...and walks right into a scoop, a spin, and a big SLAM down on the canvas that shakes the spine of the former World Champion!]

SA: BODYSLAM ON WRIGHT!

[Flint spins back towards a rising Mifune, lifting him up under his arm...]

SA: BRINGS HIM DOWN WITH A BACKBREAKER! OH MY!

[Flint comes back up, cocking his arm as Wright struggles up to his feet...

...and Flint comes ROARING in, connecting with a Howitzer lariat that flips Wright OVER the top rope, dumping him on the outside to loud protests from Team Supreme as Marty Meekly waves the flag back and forth, blowing his whistle like an old gym coach!]

SA: FLINT SENDS WRIGHT TO THE OUTSIDE!

[And as Mifune comes up to his feet in the corner, the rampaging Flint runs right on in!]

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! BIG CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[He grabs the arm, whipping Mifune across to the opposite corner...]

SA: ANOTHER ONE! HE'S UNLOADING THE HEAVY ARTILLERY!

[...and as he whips him across one more time, Flint gives a big salute to the sold out crowd, tearing across the ring!]

SA: MAKE IT THREE!

[Flint backs off, throwing his arms back in a roar that crowd echoes as Mifune staggers out towards him...]

SA: Boot to the gut... hooks him up!

[...and with a mighty lift, he sends Mifune skyward before DUMPING him facefirst on the canvas!]

SA: THE BUNKER BUSTER!

[Flint flips Mifune over, diving across his torso, reaching back to hook a leg!]

SA: THE TITLES IN SIGHT!

[The referee dives to count, the crowd counting along with him...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THRE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd GASPS as Wright grabs the ankle of Flint, yanking him under the ropes to the outside!]

SA: SUPREME SAVES THE TITLES!

[But as Wright prepares to do damage on the outside, Stephens gets a running start on the apron...

...and leaps off, dragging Wright down with a necktie clothesline, wiping them BOTH out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Flint grins at his protege, turning back to the ring, rolling in as Mifune is starting to get back to his feet...]

SA: Mifune getting up! Flint's behind him! He's got no idea! He's got no-

[...and the crowd EXPLODES as Flint wraps up Mifune in a cobra clutch!]

CP: THE PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE IS LOCKED IN!

SA: On this night, Colt... I dare say... THAT'S THE LIBERTY LOCK ONCE MORE!

[The KeyArena crowd is on their feet, rocking and rolling as Flint uses his longtime signature hold to try to put an end to Team Supreme's reign of terror over the tag team division!]

SA: Flint cranking the hold! Trying to send the Shadow Wolf to Dream Land!

[Out on the floor, Marty Meekly has drifted close to the Team Supreme area and is BERATING them with a shrill repeated whistle blow right up in the face of Theresa Lynch...

...which brings Paris Crawford out of their seat, grabbing hold of Meekly...]

SA: We've got trouble on the outside! It's breaking down on the outside!

[The referee turns, sliding to the floor to try and cut off the powderkeg's explosion...]

SA: Longfellow out to the floor, trying to-

[...and with the action and attention elsewhere, Mr. Stars and Stripes slides in, steel chair in hand...]

SA: Stars and Stripes is in! He's in and he's got a chair! It's good night for-

[...and as he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...he UNLOADS with a vile chairshot across the back of Joe Flint, crashing the steel on spine which causes Flint to instantly release the hold, slumping down to the canvas as the masked man makes his exit!]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[The crowd ROARS in outrage as Mifune weakly turns over, collapsing on top of the motionless Joe Flint...

...just as Marty Meekly shoves the referee back, sending him into the ring.]

SA: Wait... what just-

[The referee sees Mifune on top, slapping the canvas...]

SA: You've gotta be...

[...and delivers the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: ...aaahhhh!

CP: What the hell just happened, Big Sal?!

SA: I don't know... I honestly don't know!

[The boos are POURING down on the ring like a torrential Seattle rainstorm as Mifune rolls off of Flint, heading to the floor to join Supreme Wright. He stops at the ringside timekeeper's table to retrieve the titles as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winners of the match... and STILL AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... the team of Supreme Wright and Takeshi Mifune... TEAAAAAAM SUUUUUPREEEEEEME!

[From the floor, Charlie Stephens has regained his feet, looking on in shock as Marty Meekly stands nearby with Mr. Stars and Stripes. Joe Flint lies face down on the mat now, broken by the blow and the ensuing defeat...

...and with the title back over his shoulder, Wright looks back up into the ring and raises a hand in a crisp, deliberate farewell salute.]

SA: Oh, come on! He's mocking the man now! Just mocking him!

CP: Hey, that could've been a show of respect for the fight that Flint put up. With Supreme Wright, you just never know.

SA: Oh, I know... and I think all of us - except you - know too! On a night where Joe Flint came back and gave us all one last glimpse of the man we all once believed in... who was our hero... it ends in a shocking betrayal and all I'm left is is why, Colt. Why did this happen?

CP: I got a better question... who is that masked man?! Because I suddenly think there's more behind the mask than we ever knew.

[Mr. Stars and Stripes climbs back into the ring, picking up the steel chair once more...]

SA: No, no... somebody stop this! Somebody put a stop to this, please! Not on the 4th of July, damn it!

[...but before the masked man can strike, Charlie Stephens is back inside the ring, standing directly in his path.]

SA: Yeah! That's right! Put a stop to this, Charlie - that's your friend in there!

[Stephens looks shocked as well at the masked man's actions. He steps forward, giving a shove to the chair-wielding masked man...]

"What the HELL are you doing?! We had this won! We had the titles!"

[...and the masked man looks away...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...before unleashing a HELLACIOUS CHAIR SHOT, smashing Stephens over the head with the weapon, causing the crowd to ROAR in shock!]

SA: WHAT THE-?! HE TOOK OUT CHARLIE STEPHENS TOO!

[From the aisle, Supreme Wright almost looks amused as Mifune points at the dysfunction in the ring as the masked man rears back and SMASHES the chair down once across the back of Joe Flint... and once across the back of Charlie Stephens before flinging the chair aside!]

SA: Mr. Stars and Stripes has taken out BOTH of his partners, Colt!

CP: This is crazy, Big Sal! This night really HAS had everything!

[The masked man reaches down, rolling Stephens onto his back to reveal a nasty gash, blood streaming down the face of the former tag team champion.]

SA: Oh... oh no, he's been busted open, fans. Charlie Stephens has been busted wide open and... is that not enough?!

[The masked man rears back, smashing his fist down between the eyes once... twice... three times... four times... five times...]

SA: Come on!

[...and then finally gets up, leaving Stephens a bloody mess on the canvas. He slowly turns, his attention now on Joe Flint...]

SA: This guy is out of control... and what's Meekly doing out here? Meekly's pointing at Flint! Was he IN on this?! Was this all him?!

[...and drags Flint to his feet, tugging him into a double underhook!]

SA: What is he...?

[The masked man SPIKES Flint's skull into the canvas with a double underhook DDT, leaving him motionless on the mat!]

CP: Oh... oh, wait a second... I always thought he looked familiar, Big Sal!

SA: Huh? What are you talking about?

[Marty Meekly steps in, applauding as the masked man gets to his feet, reaching up slowly to grab at his own mask...]

SA: He's taking the mask off! We're going to find out who IS Mr. Stars and Stripes!

[...and with a tug, his identity is revealed to SHOCKED jeers from the sold out crowd!]

SA: IT'S REX SUMMERS! IT'S "RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

CP: Of course it is! He just delivered the Heat Check to one of his most hated rivals too!

SA: Summers and Flint... that war goes back... what? A decade?

CP: At least!

SA: It was in Blackjack Lynch's PCW when these two first crossed paths... when Rex Summers and Joe Flint feuded over the Heavyweight Title AND Joe Flint's wife, Jessie, who shocked her husband as well as the fans when she turned on Joe and went with Summers instead. They had a brutal, bloody feud after, trading the title back and forth... is that what this is about, Colt?

CP: It was one of the ugliest feuds in Texas history, Big Sal... and you know old rivalries die hard in this business.

[Meekly pats the smirking Summers on the back, both men soaking up the jeers from the Seattle crowd. The former referee gets agitated at the crowd, pointing to Flint and egging Summers on. The ripped and cut Summers drags the motionless Flint off the mat, pushing him back into the ropes...]

SA: What is he...? He's tying Joe Flint up in the ropes!

CP: This is exactly what he did to Flint to make him watch as Summers made out with Flint's own wife back in the day!

SA: Are you saying he's going to make out with Marty Meekly?! That treacherous snake!

[With Flint secured in place, Summers grabs the bloodied Stephens off the mat, tugging him up into a double underhook as Meekly moves the dented steel chair into position...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HEAT CHECK ON THE CHAIRRRRRRR!

[Summers rolls to a knee, sneering at a barely-conscious Flint who drops his head after seeing his friend and partner laid out as Meekly cheers it on.]

SA: Rex Summers is destroying the Soldiers of Fortune before our very eyes, fans... and Marty Meekly was in on it!

[Summers climbs to his feet, allowing Meekly to embrace him as he keeps his eyes on Flint...]

SA: I still can't believe this. Rex Summers is back in action and... what a way to make a comeback!

[Summers grabs Flint again, dragging him out of the ropes into the double underhook again...]

SA: Come on!

[...and SPIKES him a second time with the Heat Check, flipping him over onto his back as the crowd rains down boos on "Red Hot" Rex Summers and his apparent new manager...]

SA: Joe Flint is out. Charlie Stephens is out. And Rex Summers is standing tall, fans.

[Summers looks out on the jeering fans... and then signals to Meekly who gleefully goes over to the corner, grabbing something from off the floor...]

SA: What is he... he's grabbing the flagpole! The Soldiers' flagbearer has the American flag on that pole and... oh, come on! Not on the 4th of July!

[Summers mockingly waves the flag back and forth a few times...

...and then buries Flint underneath the flag for some of the biggest jeers of the night!]

SA: He's burying an American hero under Ol' Glory on the 4th of July! Damn him! Damn Rex Summers and Marty Meekly! Damn 'em both, Colt!

[And finally, AWA officials hit the ring, trying to regain control of the situation as a smirking Summers and a celebrating Meekly stand over the laid out Soldiers of Fortune as we fade to black...

And then back up to a shot of a darkened room, a filtered spotlight shining down in the middle of it. We can hear footsteps in the background.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

And they come to a stop revealing the face of Ryan Martinez, still battle-weathered from his bloody war at SuperClash IX.]

"They call me the White Knight."

[A quick shot of Martinez delivering brutal chops to the chest of the King of the Death Match, Caleb Temple.]

"The son of a Hall of Famer."

[A shot of House Martinez - father and son - standing in the ring with Gunnar Gaines.]

"The former two-time World Champion."

[A shot of Martinez standing over Juan Vasquez with the World Title in his grasp.]

"And I am AWA."

[We get an almost identical shot in the darkened room but this time with Supreme Wright standing center stage.]

"The greatest professional wrestler on the planet."

[Cut to footage of Wright cranking on the arm of Casey James.]

"A two-time World Champion"

[Wright holds the title overhead with a defeated Dave Bryant in the background.]

"I am AWA."

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

"The Spitfire."

[A shot of Somers flipping off the top rope, crashing down on top of Kurayami with the moonsault.]

"The Women's World Champion."

[To SuperClash IX and Somers holding the title over her head.]

"The heart and soul of the Women's Division."

[Somers trading blows with Lauryn Rage inside a steel cage.]

"And I am AWA."

[Somers is replaced by Jordan Ohara, the National Title slung over his shoulder.]

"The Phoenix."

[Ohara dives off the top rope, smashing down with a Phoenix Flame splash.]

"The National Champion."

[Ohara stands on the midbuckle, holding the title up over his head.]

"A once in a millennium talent."

[A series of quick chops lighting up Juan Vasquez.]

"I am AWA."

[The champion is replaced by a grinning Michelle Bailey.]

"The Platinum Princess."

[Bailey tears across the ring, smashing home a Britney Spear on Laura Davis.]

"Former EMWC champion."

[A quick still photo comes up of Bailey holding a championship title aloft.]

"The heart and soul of the- Julie said that?! Grr!"

[A playful Bailey plants her fists on her hips, striking a pose.]

"And I am AWA."

[Bailey is replaced by the face-painted Supernova, the World Title secured around his waist.]

"The icon."

[We get footage of Supernova way back in the day, trading blows with Mark Langseth.]

"The franchise player."

[Supernova using the Heat Wave splash on Shadoe Rage.]

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

"And I... AM... AWA."

[We get quick shots now, individual shots...

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoe Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

[They come quicker and quicker, all repeating the tagline - James Lynch, Victoria June, Cinder, Kerry Kendrick, Ayako Fujiwara...

...and this time, each time they say it, they stay on screen, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. Ricki Toughill. And on. And on. And on.

And the photos all disappear, leaving just the tagline behind...]

"I am AWA."

[The graphic fades and is replaced with more text - "The American Wrestling Alliance. Every Saturday Night. ESPN."

Fade to black.

And as we come back up on a panning shot of the KeyArena crowd, it isn't long before "Killing In The Name" by Rage Against the Machine blasts through the arena as the crowd immediately erupts with loud boos. We then see Elijah Wilde - dressed in his black cut-off "DEATH, DESTRUCTION, ELIJAH F'N WILDE" shirt and wrestling singlet - emerging from the back as he marches to the ring, microphone in hand.]

SA: Oh boy... here comes Elijah Wilde. And on a night where anyone can come out and challenge anyone, this is a recipe for disaster.

CP: After the heat he's already getting from the front office, you'd think he'd be on his best behavior. But this is Elijah Wilde we're talking about.

[Wilde steps into the ring and stomps around like a caged animal as the boos continue to shower down on him.]

EW: Shut up! All of you shut your damn mouths! Every single one of you! You idiots don't deserve to breathe the same air I breathe, let alone boo me!

[He sneers at the crowd.]

EW: While the rest of these clowns are out here begging for opportunities, I'm the only one here who actually deserves one. So since it's Opportunity Knocks, I'm exercising my right to call out a former World Champion!

[The crowd buzzes at this announcement, curious at who it could be.]

SA: A former World Champion? This is getting interesting.

CP: Heck, we have one sitting at ringside!

[Wilde grins, seeing that he caught the audience's interest.]

EW: Aw, you like that, huh? Well, lets not waste any more time.

[He pauses, letting the anticipation build just a little.]

EW: Todd Michaelson... get your old ass out here!

[The crowd immediately begins to boo. Meanwhile, predictably, there is no response from Michaelson.]

SA: Todd Michaelson? Really? He's been retired for years.

CP: He's also one of the guys signing everybody's checks around here. There's no way he's getting back in the ring. This is ridiculous.

[Wilde snorts and continues.]

EW: Figures. He's scared. No problem. We've got plenty of former World Champions in the building tonight. Alright then, how about...

[A beat.]

EW: ...Juan Vasquez! That's right El Cholo, come on out here!

[The crowd begins to get fed up with Wilde's games, booing him loudly.]

SA: Juan Vasquez? He just retired last month! What's Wilde trying to do here?

CP: He's just out here to waste everybody's time, Big Sal. He has no respect for any of us.

[Wilde waves a dismissive hand.]

EW: Pathetic. Seems like everyone's rightfully terrified to get into the ring with me. Still, it's disappointing to see. But I've got it this time! This is a guy I know who's never backed down from a fight!

Tommy Fierro!

Get your old, washed-up carcass out here right now!

[Shockingly, this time Wilde's challenge is answered, as we see Tommy Fierro stepping through the curtains. Fierro walks out in dress pants and an AWA polo shirt to a respectful reaction from the crowd.]

SA: Tommy Fierro is out here, but he doesn't look ready for a match. In fact, he hasn't been an active wrestler for years.

CP: He's taken a backstage role in the AWA and I think he's fine and happy doing just that these days. I don't think he's out here to wrestle.

[Fierro enters the ring and stares Wilde down, before shaking his head.]

TF: Elijah, what are you doing, kid? When you finally made it here, your uncle asked me to look out for you. Do you think any of this is doing Bucky Wilde proud? This isn't the way. The office was already on edge about bringing you in and now you're out here burning every bridge you cross.

[Wilde immediately gets in Fierro's face.]

EW: I don't need advice from you, old man! If you're not gonna fight me, then get the hell out of the ring!

[Fierro shakes his head in disappointment and turns to leave.]

TF: I hate to say it, but you might be a lost cause, Elijah.

[The moment Fierro turns his back, a furious Wilde drops the mic and blasts him with a cheap forearm to the back of the head, dropping him as the crowd erupts with boos!]

SA: Come on! That was completely uncalled for!

CP: Tommy wasn't even here to fight! Elijah Wilde is out of control!

[Wilde starts pulling Fierro up, setting him up for a powerbomb.]

SA: He's going for the powerbomb! Somebody stop this!

[L'il Duval's "Smile" hits. The young star, Armani Avery, sprints down the ramp and slides into the ring.]

SA: Here comes Armani Avery! Tommy Fierro was the man that discovered him and gave him this opportunity to wrestle in the AWA!

[Avery rocks Wilde with a flurry of punches. As a big right hand stuns Wilde, Armani hits the Ali shuffle and the Sugar Ray Leonard wind up for an uppercut that snaps Wilde up straight, sending a spray of water, sweat and saliva in the air.]

SA: What a right hand! Avery's going to work on Wilde and-

[As Wilde stumbles backward, he turns straight into a massive roundhouse right hand from Tommy Fierro! The crowd explodes as Wilde crashes to the mat, holding his jaw.]

SA: What a shot by Tommy Fierro!

CP: Wilde's eyes are crossed! He's bailing out!

[Wilde scrambles out of the ring and backs up the ramp, shouting threats while clutching his face. Avery and Fierro stand tall in the ring as the crowd cheers. Avery leans into the nearest camera, speaking his mind...]

"Touch Fierro and you got to go!"

[Avery hits the camera with the million dollar smile. "DING!"]

SA: Elijah Wilde just got exactly what he deserved! Humbled by a retired veteran and the young lion he helped bring into this company!

CP: He came out here trying to make a statement and got sent running with his tail between his legs!

SA: Both of those men though are still a part of the Brass Ring Tournament... and speaking of the Brass Ring Tournament, let's go now to Mark Stegglet backstage with an update on that big event! Mark?

[We crossfade to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Thanks, Sal. A wild scene out there in the ring involving two of the remaining competitors in this year's Brass Ring Tournament that has been rolling on Showtime all summer long. The winners of both the men and women's tournaments will have the epitome of "opportunity" in official AWA contracts as well as future title shots and we are now just days away from the first round coming to an end.

[A graphic appears on screen.]

MS: Take a look first at the men's side of the tournament. The two men you just saw out in the ring - Elijah Wilde and Armani Avery... they're already through to the Semifinals. In addition to that, Gabriel Cordova has made it through... which leaves us with one final match to go down next weekend on Showtime with former MMA champion Danny King set to go one on one against the British Crusherweight, Adrian Kirk.

[The graphic shifts to show the current five remaining male competitors.]

MS: Now, from there... the bracket shuffles with two new Semifinal matches being announced. Those matches will go down on Showtime all leading up to September 1st in the Hammerstein Ballroom at the end of our Showtime Summer Tour at One More For The Road!

[The graphic changes again.]

MS: Over on the women's side, we've got Amber Gold through... we've got Jo Jo Washington through... and we've got Catalina Lopez through. We saw Lily Drisc- my apologies, "Diamond" Lily Driscoll in action earlier... she'll meet Felicia Love this week in the final match on the women's side of the tournament...

[We see the five remaining female competitors.]

MS: ...and after this weekend in the Globe Theatre in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, we'll be down to the final eight - the Elite Eight if you will - in our quest to find out just who will walk out of NYC as the winners of this year's Brass Ring Tournament. Opportunity Knocks may be done here later tonight but for those final eight, the opportunity is just begin-

[Stegglet's demeanor abruptly shifts, his face curling into a look of concern as he grips at his earpiece, listening intently...]

MS: We've got... okay, let's go to the ring, fans... let's go now!

[We abruptly cut to the ring where we find Atlas Armstrong angrily stalking around the squared circle, shouting at anyone in earshot. Veronica Westerly is standing at ringside, looking on with a concerned look of her own as Armstrong smashes his muscular arms down on the top rope.]

"I'M TIRED OF WAITING! WE'RE DOIN' THIS NOW!"

[The crowd cheers that idea as referee Andy Dawson joins Armstrong in the ring, trying to talk him down...]

SA: As you can see, fans, Atlas Armstrong commandeered the ring while we were backstage with our colleague Mark Stegglet... and that does NOT look like a man who intends to let the show go on until he gets what he's been waiting for all night, Colt.

CP: He wants to show the world that when he's been calling himself the rightful World Champion lately, he was a hundred percent right. That Russkie coward Zharkov might not have wanted the title on the line tonight... but that don't mean Atlas can't beat the champ and prove a point.

SA: The "rightful World Champion"... what a joke that is. Fans, this one is deeply personal. Atlas Armstrong put Supernova on the shelf with injured ribs weeks ago... and then spent that time parading around calling himself the champ while the ACTUAL champion healed up. Supernova returned earlier tonight and it was on sight for these two!

["Runnin' With The Devil" kicks the PA but there is no grand entrance this time around as the champion comes barreling out of the backstage area, sprinting towards the ring. He is here to fight!]

SA: HERE WE GO!

[Nova drops the title belt on the apron as he dives under the ropes, Armstrong coming to greet him as...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and Supernova comes to his feet swinging, rights and lefts as the crowd goes WILD!]

SA: The champion's wasting no time here in Seattle!

[Armstrong tries to respond in kind but Supernova's intensity is too much for him, backing the powerhouse into the corner before Armstrong can settle into the match...

...and he keeps on firing, raining down blows on him as the crowd goes NUTS!]

CP: Get him out of the corner, ref!

SA: Supernova will NOT be denied his pound of flesh here tonight!

[Grabbing the arm, Nova shoots Armstrong across, sending him crashing into a stagger out of the corner...

...and runs him right down with a clothesline!]

SA: Down goes the Almighty One!

[Armstrong struggles up to his feet and finds Nova waiting for him, leaving his own feet with a standing dropkick that catches the Westerly Dynasty member flush, crashing into the turnbuckles a second time as Veronica Westerly looks on with concern...]

SA: A hot start by the champion... and he's got him in the corner again! Right hands! Left hands! Just pummeling Atlas Armstrong for every little thing he's done and said over the past few-

[...but the powerhouse shows those muscles aren't just for looks as he reaches up, shoving Nova a few steps backwards!]

SA: Armstrong shoves him off!

[Supernova goes to move back in but the slight separation is all Armstrong needs to swing a mighty arm, CRACKING Supernova across the ribcage with a right hand!]

SA: OH!

[The blow instantly fells Supernova who falls to all fours, clutching at his injured ribs as the crowd deflates and buzzes with concern...]

CP: Hah! And it only took ONE shot for Armstrong to completely turn this in his favor! And here's where the fun begins, Albano...

SA: Fun?! For who?!

[He lifts Supernova into the air with ease, dropping him down with a nasty over-the-knee backbreaker...]

SA: OHHH!

[...and then gets right back up, still holding Supernova for all to see...]

SA: Look at the power... the strength... the explosiveness...

[...and then flings Supernova upwards out of the lift, the champion's body rotating in mid-air...]

SA: OH! BEARHUG!

[...and snatches him out of the sky in a crushing bearhug!]

CP: We've seen this before, Big Sal! This is all it takes right here - he doesn't have to outwrestle the champion, he just needs to CRUSH him!

SA: Supernova can't stay in this hold for long or he's going to end up right back on the shelf!

[The champion seems to know exactly that, smashing his fist repeatedly into Armstrong's head, trying to break free...]

SA: Armstrong's hanging on, absorbing all those- OH! A headbutt between the eyes! That'll get him loose!

[...and with Armstrong stunned, Supernova grabs the arm, whipping him into the turnbuckles, throwing himself back into the far corner...]

SA: Wait a second! He's gonna-

[...and he barrels across the ring, leaping into the air!]

SA: HEAAAAAAT WAAAAAAVE!

[The flying body splash CRUSHES Armstrong in the corner as Supernova steps out, moving excitedly around the ring as the crowd goes wild. Armstrong staggers out of the buckles, hanging onto the ropes for support...]

SA: Supernova's got him hurt and he needs to finish him off!

CP: Quit playing to these idiot fans and hit him again!

[...and the World Champion wheels around, rushing towards the stunned Armstrong...]

SA: On the move and...

[...but as Nova draws near, Armstrong lifts him up and THROWS him down in a violent ring-shaking standing spinebuster!]

SA: OHHH! SURF'S UP IN SEATTLE!

[Armstrong stands over Supernova, letting loose a shout as he yanks his arms down into a most muscular pose - the crowd torn between jeers for the big man and an awed respect for his power!]

SA: And that incredible power pays big dividends there as Atlas Armstrong PLANTS the World Champion on the canvas!

[A grinning Veronica Westerly claps enthusiastically outside the ring, gesturing for her man to take it to the champion now...]

SA: Armstrong going to work... those stomps are RIGHT in the ribs, Colt!

CP: Of course they are. Why wouldn't they be? Atlas Armstrong is out to prove he's the real World Champion and if he can beat Supernova... if he can put him back on the shelf with those busted ribs... then in my eyes, he's done it and we should put the strap on his shoulder.

[Armstrong leaps up, dropping an elbow into the ribs...]

SA: Ohhh! All that weight down into the ribcage of the champion... and you can see from the pain on his face that perhaps those ribs weren't fully healed just yet, Colt.

CP: We heard Zharkov say that while he was cleared, the docs said Nova shouldn't compete tonight. He's out here against the advice of the medical team... and Atlas Armstrong is making him pay for it.

[Armstrong peels him up off the mat, setting Nova on his feet as he measures him up...]

SA: He's going for the bearhug again!

[...but as he tries it, Nova buries a boot in the gut!]

SA: Nova fighting back!

[And another! And another!]

SA: Kicking away at the abs of Armstrong!

[With a break between them, Nova turns and rushes to the ropes, rebounding back with momentum on his side...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs RIGHT into a shoulder tackle from the bigger Armstrong, wiping him out on the canvas!]

SA: So much for that plan! Supernova gets FLATTENED with a simple shoulder block from Atlas Armstrong and right now, he's being physically overwhelmed by his opponent.

[We cut to ringside where we see Supreme Wright is looking on with interest, eyes locked on the action in the ring...]

SA: The former two time World Champion watching... he knows that he may have a future date with one of these two competitors, Colt.

CP: If he does, he'll be ready.

[Armstrong is walking around the ring, smirking at the crowd, shaking his head in disbelief at his own power. He comes to a halt, looking down on Team Supreme...]

"You like that, little man?! The Almighty is comin' for the gold!"

[He does the belt gesture as the Team Supreme members glower in his direction...

...and then he turns his focus back onto a rising Supernova, swooping in from behind as he gets to his feet...]

SA: What's he... HE RACKS HIM! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

CP: And this oughta REALLY punish those ribs!

[...but before he can settle into the hold, Armstrong finds his balance shifting backwards as Supernova pulls and tugs and yanks and ultimately drags Armstrong down into a crucifix rollup!]

SA: GETS HIM DOWN! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd deflates again at the near fall as Armstrong narrowly escapes the pinning predicament...]

SA: Supernova almost had him there, fans... refusing to give up... refusing to back down... this man is a champion in every sense of the word!

[...but Armstrong is quickly back up and even more angry than before, coming up swinging as Supernova rises!]

SA: Ducks the right hand and hits one of his own!

[Grabbing Armstrong by the hair, Nova uncorks a quick series of forearms to the jaw before a backhand blow sends him stumbling backwards towards the corner...]

SA: Armstrong backs away but Supernova's right on him!

[...and the champion steps up on the second rope, holding up a clenched fist as he looks out on the cheering crowd!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The crowd ROARS for the champion as he twists around on the middle rope, grabbing Armstrong by the hair...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FACEFIRST TO THE CANVAS! LATERAL PRESS BY THE CHAMPION GETS ONE! HE GETS TWO!

[...but the powerful Armstrong SHOVES him skyward, flinging him out of the lateral press like a sack of garbage!]

SA: WOW! What a kickout!

[Supernova peels off to a knee, looking shocked at Armstrong's power AND resilience. Armstrong is already on his way back to his feet as Nova greets him with a right hand to the jaw, sending him falling back to the corner..

...where Nova grabs the top rope, lacing big boots into the midsection of Armstrong!]

SA: Supernova DESPERATELY trying to cut the big man down to size!

[With Armstrong reeling, Supernova grabs the arm, whipping him from corner to corner again...]

SA: He's looking for the Heat Wave again! Trying to find a way to put Armstrong down!

[...and races across the ring, leaping into the air...]

SA: OH! OHHH!

[The crowd has a similar reaction as Armstrong steps from the corner, plucking the flying Supernova from the sky to deposit him on his broad shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

SA: HOW DID HE DO THAT?!

[...and then walks purposefully to the center of the ring, locking eyes with Team Supreme at ringside...]

SA: What is...?

[...and goes into an airplane spin with the champion draped across his shoulders, spinning faster and faster...]

SA: Is that a...?

[...and then LAUNCHES Supernova into the air, sending him spinning out of control through the sky before CRASHING facefirst to the canvas!]

SA: ...BOMBSHELL! BOMBSHELL! OUT OF THE PLAYBOOK OF THE MAN WHOSE UNDEFEATED STREAK HE SHATTERED AT MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM, MAX MAGNUM!

CP: That's gotta be it!

[Armstrong thinks so, waving his arms across his chest as he shouts "IT'S OVER!" and dives into a lateral press!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Supernova SQUEAKS the shoulder off the canvas JUST in time to save the match!]

SA: He got the shoulder up! I don't know how but he got the shoulder up! Atlas Armstrong delivered the Bombshell and STILL didn't get the three count!

CP: Supernova's working at a different level here tonight, desperate to prove he's still the top guy around here after Armstrong put him on the shelf! But I got a bone to pick with Dawson about that count, Albano!

[Armstrong is almost instantly on his feet - disbelief quickly turning to uncontrolled rage on his face as he shouts at the referee, advancing quickly on him as the official backpedals away, holding up two fingers...]

SA: Colt, I'd say you're not the only one who thought it was over right there! Atlas Armstrong is BESIDE himself, berating the referee, insisting it was three!

CP: It was! It was a three count! Plain as day!

SA: Andy Dawson disagrees and right now, his is the only opinion that matters!

[With the referee bullied back into the corner, Armstrong is still letting him have it verbally as Veronica Westerly adds her voice to the disapproving chorus.]

SA: Let him out of the corner, you big bully! He's out here saying he's not a bully, Colt, but what is THIS?!

CP: This is him letting the referee know he's wrong!

[Slowly, Supernova has managed to drag himself to the opposite corner, barely able to stand as he uses the ropes to get to his feet...]

SA: Supernova's up... but barely! He's out on his feet, Colt!

CP: I'm not even sure he knows he's in Seattle, Albano.

SA: Supernova's in tremendous pain, holding onto the ribs... and you're right, Colt. He looks like he doesn't have a clue what's going on right now...

[Turning slightly, he spots Atlas Armstrong's exposed back...

...and then sprints across the ring, totally unaware of who is being eclipsed by Armstrong's massive form...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws himself into a Heat Wave splash, crunching Andy Dawson between Armstrong's massive body and the buckles where he collapses in the corner!]

SA: SUPERNOVA DRIVES ARMSTRONG INTO THE REFEREE AND THE REFEREE IS DOWN AND POSSIBLY OUT!

[Armstrong stumbles backwards, collapsing on the mat as Nova, running on pain and adrenaline, completely misses the downed official as he steps to the apron, running down towards the corner and starts climbing...]

SA: Supernova's heading up top but we've got no referee! We've got no-

[...and LEAPS from the top rope, bringing the crowd to their feet!]

SA: BIG SPLASH CONNECTS!

[With the big man down, Supernova reaches out to wrap up a tree trunk of a leg, the crowd counting along...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

[...but only the crowd as the referee is still laid out motionless on the canvas.]

SA: We've got no referee! He's got Armstrong beat but the official is down!

CP: Thanks to Supernova! He did it to himself, Albano!

[Nova slaps the mat in frustration, making his own count of three as the crowd cheers...]

SA: The crowd counts three! Supernova counts three! But the only count that matters is the referee's and he's not counting anything right now but the stars spinning around his head!

[The World Champion scrambles off the downed Armstrong, moving over to try and revive the official...]

SA: Supernova had this match won, Colt!

CP: A likely story! How do you know Armstrong didn't stay down to catch a breather knowing the referee is out cold?!

SA: I don't think so! I don't think-

[The crowd's enthusiasm is quickly dampened by the arrival of two more individuals coming through the curtain and jogging down the aisle...]

SA: Oh, come on!

[The Westerly Dynasty has arrived en force with James Lynch and Nenshou quickly making their way to the ring. Lynch is in first, charging across and SMASHING a forearm into the back of Supernova's head, knocking him down to the canvas to jeers!]

SA: James Lynch hits Supernova from behind... to the surprise of absolutely no one!

[Nenshou joins in on the attack, stomping and kicking the World Champion as Lynch points to the fallen champion, berating the crowd...]

SA: The Westerly Dynasty is all over Supernova!

CP: They're going to put him right back on the shelf, Big Sal!

SA: Come on! Not like this!

[Supernova is now in the middle of the ring, Nenshou holding his arms as Lynch drives big boots into the ribcage over and over and over...]

CP: And here comes the big man... and now Nova's REALLY in trouble!

[...and slowly, Atlas Armstrong regains his feet, watching his allies do damage to his opponent as the crowd continues to jeer!]

SA: It's gonna be a three on one and-

[But the crowd instead reacts with SHOCK as Atlas Armstrong strides across the ring and delivers a two-handed shove to the chest of James Lynch, lifting him off the mat and dumping him down on the mat!]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[Armstrong stands over a shocked Lynch, shouting down at him...]

"I don't WANT your help! I don't NEED your help! I had him beat myself!"

SA: Atlas Armstrong is FURIOUS, fans! He's screaming at James Lynch and...

[With Armstrong berating Lynch and Nenshou standing at the ready as Veronica Westerly bellows from the floor, trying to settle the situation...

...a second referee slides into the ring, takes one look at the scene and...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd groans at the sound of the bell, knowing what's coming.]

SA: The referee calls for the bell and...

[The official talks to Rebecca Ortiz as Armstrong glares at the discussion...]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... referee Scott Ezra has stopped this match... and declared the winner... as a result of a disqualification...

...SUUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOAAAAAAA!

[The crowd lightly cheers, happy for the result but upset at how it went down...

...and they're not the only one.]

SA: Atlas Armstrong is FURIOUS! Fire in the eyes of the Almighty!

[James Lynch scrambles up off the mat, anger in his face as well as he shouts at Armstrong...

...and Veronica Westerly finally climbs in, trying to keep the situation from boiling over as Nenshou stands at the ready!]

SA: There is SERIOUS trouble in the Westerly Dynasty! Armstrong and Lynch are nose to nose in here, bellowing at each other!

[As Westerly pleads with her men to keep it cool...]

SA: And in the middle of it all, the situation between Atlas Armstrong and Supernova is FAR from over!

[...we fade to black.

We fade in to a snowy mountain, as we see a woman skiing down the slopes. As she does so, we hear the voice of AWA wrestler - and E-Girl MAX member - "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash.]

CC: Whether it's conquering the most dangerous of terrains...

[The woman comes to a stop in front of the camera, removing her protective helmet. A name graphic identifies her... 2010 Olympic Gold Medalist, and Under Armour Athlete Lindsay Vonn.]

LV: I will.

[We cut to a man dodging through much larger competitors on the basketball court, before pulling up behind the three-point line.]

CC: Going up against the fiercest rivals on the hardwood...

[The man first off a shot, which swishes through the net. He turns around, and his name graphic identifies him... it's 2015 and 2017 NBA Champion, and Under Armour Athlete Stephen Curry!]

SC: I will.

[Now we cut to a football field as a man avoids a tackle, scrambling out of the pocket.]

CC: When the game is on the line, and the pressure is on?

[He throws a pass, hitting his teammate in the end zone. In celebration, he takes off his helmet, looking at the camera. His name graphic shows that it's multi-time Super Bowl Champion, and of course, Under Armour Athlete Tom Brady.]

TB: I will.

[We now cut to a wrestling ring, where two women can be seen dominating their opponents.]

CC: When you need to prove that you are a champion?

[We see the women holding up their glittering gold belts, showing them off to the camera, and their name graphic identifies them... AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions and Under Armour Athletes Harley Hamilton and Cinder!]

HH/C [together]: I will!

[We cut to all five performing incredible feats of athleticism in rapid succession.]

CC: There's only one brand you can trust to have your back.

[And now, all five are facing the camera at their location, with their voices in sync.]

"Under Armour - I Will."

[The screen displays an Under Armour logo, then fades...

...and when we come back, we're in the backstage area where Mariah Wolfe is standing. She's looking around anxiously as we can hear quite the ruckus developing.]

MW: We are back LIVE in Seattle on ESPN for Opportunity Knocks where we just saw a-

[With an anguished bellow, Atlas Armstrong comes stomping into view, freshly back from the ring. Wolfe swings the mic over nervously as Armstrong steers the mic in front of him...]

AA: No. No. No. No. NO! That is NOT how this ends!

[Armstrong glowers at the camera.]

AA: Look at me.

[Armstrong steps directly into the camera so that he fills the screen for the television viewers.]

AA: LOOK AT ME!

[Atlas points to himself.]

AA: I had Supernova beat. Everybody here in Seattle saw it. All of you watching at home saw it. Everybody watching around the world saw it. Plain as day.

The ALMIGHTY had Supernova beat!

[Armstrong buries his face in her hands, shaking his head.]

AA: His back was BROKEN! His body GAVE out!

[Armstrong grimaces.]

AA: And then... THEY happened!

I don't need interference. I don't need anybody fighting my battles. All I need is my two hands.

[A loud voice is coming from off camera, getting closer as closer as Armstrong glares towards it...]

AA: You STOLE my victory!

[...and then we see James Lynch storm into view, Nenshou and Veronica Westerly in tow.]

JL: You got a serious problem, man! A serious lack of gratitude!

[Armstrong looks stunned.]

AA: Gratitude?! YOU stole my moment! YOU stole my victory!

[He shakes his head.]

AA: I don't need help beating Supernova. Supernova needs help surviving me.

[Armstrong glowers at Lynch... then at Nenshou...]

AA: So congratulations... you just robbed this whole company of watching Supernova finally admit that Atlas Armstrong's the better man.

[Lynch throws up his hands.]

JL: You're out of control, Armstrong! Remember when this group came together? Remember the pecking order? I'm the guy who is gunning for the World Title... you? Go track down Cody Mertz or Odin Gunn! That gold is mine not yours!

[Armstrong shakes his head.]

AA: Every camera in this building... Every headline tomorrow morning... Every conversation these people are gonna have...

They're all about ME.

Not you. Never you.

ME.

[Armstrong jerks a thumb at himself.]

JL: Just imagine what the headlines would be if I...

[Lynch smirks.]

JL: ...beat YOU!

[Atlas slowly smiles.]

AA: You wanna make this about you?

You wanna step into my spotlight?

Be careful what you wish for.

[Armstrong stabs a finger into Lynch's chest.]

AA: Because standing across the ring from Atlas Armstrong isn't an opportunity. It's a career-ending mistake.

[Lynch snorts in derision.]

JL: The only mistake I've made... is letting HER...

[He points to Veronica.]

JL: ...bring you into MY Dynasty.

[Lynch smirks as Armstrong glares at Veronica.]

JL: It seems like there's a difference of opinion about who runs this thing.

[Lynch glares hard at Armstrong.]

JL: I vote we settle it... now.

[He smirks.]

JL: I'll see you in the ring.

[Lynch turns to walk away, leaving a fuming Armstrong behind as Veronica runs after Lynch, trying to calm him down. Nenshou waits, sharing a hard look with Armstrong before he exits as well...]

MW: Atlas Armstrong, does that mean-

[Armstrong interrupts.]

AA: It means that he's right about one thing. We're going to settle this... now.

[Armstrong stomps off after the Westerly Dynasty as a shocked Mariah Wolfe looks on...]

...and we fade back to the interior of the KeyArena where we find James Lynch angrily marching down the aisle to the ring with Veronica Westerly trailing after him, trying to calm things down.]

SA: Wow! James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong have certainly seemed to be at odds at times over the past few weeks and... it looks like that tension is going to come to a head right here and now... no matter if Veronica Westerly likes it or not, Colt.

CP: She definitely doesn't like it... she's trying to get Lynch to back down right now.

[Lynch is ignoring his manager, hitting the ring and rolling under the ropes. He comes to his feet, shouting "WHERE ARE YOU, ATLAS?!" and waving him towards the ring as Veronica climbs the ring apron, trying to talk him out of this as Nenshou lurks nearby, ready to do what needs to be done...]

SA: James Lynch in the ring and he doesn't look like he's backing down at all. He wants Armstrong and-

[The crowd reacts a bit more positively as Atlas Armstrong comes storming out from backstage, following his allies to the ring where Veronica Westerly throws up her hands in dismay, turning her attention to the aisle to try and prevent Armstrong from getting in the ring...]

SA: -and he's gonna GET Atlas Armstrong! The Westerly Dynasty is boiling over here at Opportunity Knocks and we're going to see two of the chefs in the kitchen fight it out here tonight!

[Armstrong reaches the ring, taking a quick look to make sure he knows where the always-dangerous Nenshou is...]

...and then climbs the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes, ignoring the pleas of Veronica Westerly!]

SA: Here we go! We're going to do this! We're going to-

[Lynch and Armstrong are staring one another down, trading angry words, ready to throw down at the first sound of a bell...]

...when suddenly, Lynch finds himself swung around by the arm and DROPPED with a big right hand!]

SA: SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA! THE CHAMPION IS ALL OVER JAMES LYNCH!

[Dropping to his knees, the champion is hammering fists down into the man who ended his match moments earlier...]

SA: Supernova is battering James Lynch down on the mat!

[Armstrong watches for a few moments...

...and then moves in, grabbing Supernova and pulling him off of the downed Lynch, swinging him around...]

SA: And now it's Supernova and Armstrong Round Two!

[The two Californians are trading big haymakers as the crowd ROARS for the continuation of the earlier match...]

SA: Trading right hands! And these people are LOVING it!

[The cheers are plentiful for the exchange...

...until James Lynch gets back to his feet, again attacking Supernova from behind, knocking him flat!]

SA: OH! James Lynch with the sneak attack again!

[He stomps the World Champion several times as Armstrong looks on...

...and then with a smirk, Lynch invites Armstrong to join the assault on the World Champion.]

SA: Lynch extending an olive branch...

CP: ...and hoping to beat Supernova with it!

[Armstrong eyeballs his ally warily as Westerly screams her encouragement from the outside...

...and Nenshou rolls in on her order, joining Lynch in stomping and kicking Supernova as Armstrong watches!]

SA: We're back to a two on one on Supernova... and is Atlas going to make three?

[Armstrong looks around at the crowd imploring him to do something about the attack...

...but whether he would have made that decision, we'll never know as...]

SA: RYAN MARTINEZ! THE WHITE KNIGHT IS HERE!

[The two time World Champion hits the ring full sprint, diving under the bottom rope, coming to his feet swinging...]

SA: BIG CHOP ON NENSHOU!

[The blow takes Nenshou off his feet, causing Lynch to peel off Supernova to come after Martinez as Supernova rolls to the safety of the floor...]

SA: Supernova bails out... we've got Lynch and Martinez throwing down!

[...and that seems to be enough for Atlas Armstrong to join in, rushing Martinez from behind with a clubbing forearm!]

SA: Ohhh! Come on!

[The crowd's jeers pick up as a three on one breaks loose on Ryan Martinez, all three members of the Westerly Dynasty stomping the White Knight as Veronica Westerly looks on approvingly...

...and Team Supreme watches, many of them cheering on the Dynasty!]

SA: We've got a three on one out here now... Martinez at the mercy of the Westerly Dynasty and spoiler alert, they've got NO mercy!

[Lynch and Nenshou pull Martinez' arms out, holding him up for Armstrong who sizes him up before dropping back into the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where Supernova CRASHES a steel chair across the back of Armstrong!]

SA: WHAT A SHOT!

[A stunned Lynch looks on as Armstrong slumps to a knee. Supernova tosses the chair into the ring, sending Nenshou sliding away from it, freeing Martinez as Lynch makes a charge at Supernova...

...who pulls the top rope down, sending Lynch CRASHING down hard on the outside!]

SA: Supernova's coming back in! Trying to save the White Knight!

[Martinez is firing away at Nenshou now, hammering him with big right hands... and then a big chop sends him flying through the ropes to the floor!]

SA: Nenshou to the outside as well... look out here!

[And as Armstrong battles back to his feet, Martinez charges him, leaping into the air...]

SA: EXCALLLLLIBURRRRR!

[...and connects with the flying Yakuza on the jaw, sending Armstrong tumbling over the ropes to the outside!]

SA: OH YEAH! THERE GOES ARMSTRONG!

[Supernova joins Martinez in the ring, picking up the steel chair and smashing it down on the mat to dissuade the Dynasty from getting back into the ring!]

SA: Supernova and the White Knight have cleared the ring and they're standing tall in Seattle!

[The champion gives Martinez a pat on the back followed by a high five as they keep an eye on the Dynasty who are FUMING at ringside...]

CP: We haven't seen the last of this, Big Sal... any of it.

SA: I have a feeling you're right about that, Colt. Fans, we'll be right back!

[With the standoff at a standstill, we fade to black.

We fade up from black onto black and white footage of an empty arena - likely the Crockett Coliseum from the looks of things - with deserted chairs and a wrestling ring with no one in it.

We see Karl O'Connor walking up a set of steps with the aid of a cane, moving slowly and deliberately, putting much of his weight on the cane. He slowly takes a seat, looking down onto the ring as the camera cuts to a closeup of him and we hear his voice.]

"I can still hear the echoes chanting my name."

[A closeup on his eyes, wrinkles showing the years and the mileage on his body.

Cut to a shot of "Big" Jim Watkins standing in a locker room dressed in an old brown ring jacket, running his finger down the trim as we hear his recognizable voice.]

"Time has not silenced the crowd."

[We get a trio of old pieces of footage - Brett Bryant in his younger days with his arms raised over his head, Cameron O'Connor applying a spinning toe hold on an unknown foe, and Blackjack Lynch raising his black glove-covered hand into the air as his gravelly voice is heard.]

"I never did a moonsault..."

[Cut to a modern day closeup shot of Blackjack Lynch's eyes, a notable scar over one of them...

...and then a shot of Terry Shane Jr. in a suit looking out over the empty arena with his voiceover.]

"...or walked the top rope."

[Oliver Strickland sits on a locker room bench, his eyes drifting across the vacant room as he speaks.]

"There were no pyrotechnics..."

[And onto Ivan Kostovich who runs a hand over the links of his old Russian chain now hanging from a hook on a door as we hear his heavy accented words.]

"...no fancy, flashing lights."

[Cut to a series of modern shots of current day AWA superstars in action - Jordan Ohara diving off the top rope with a crossbody to the floor... Julie Somers using a moonsault from the top onto a standing opponent on the outside... and we hear Karl O'Connor's voice again.]

"We never flew through the air."

[Cut to O'Connor sitting in the Crockett, cane in hand as he looks at the empty ring...

...and then old footage of a defiant Blackjack Patterson shaking his head, refusing to submit to a painful hold as we hear Jim Watkins.]

"We were men of courage..."

[Closeup on Watkins' eyes in present day before cutting to Blackjack Lynch wrapping his hand around a foe's head as his voice is heard.]

"...men of steel."

[And then back to modern day shots of Juan Vasquez leaping off the top of the Woodshed, plummeting down... to Shadoe Rage hurling himself off the top of a super-sized steel cage... to a blood-covered Hannibal Carver wielding a steel chair as we hear Terry Shane Jr's voice.]

"They were men without fear."

[Cut to a shot of Blackjack Lynch standing in the ring, raising a hand in the air as if saluting the crowd as we hear his voice. We can actually see a ghost-like vision of cheering fans around him...]

"I can still hear the echoes cheering my name."

[...but when we cut to the opposite angle, we can see he's all alone in the ring.

And we cut again, this time showing the legendary Hamilton Graham standing outside the ring, a hand draped over the rope, a hungry look upon his face, wishing for one more moment of glory as we hear his familiar voice.]

"Today... I cheer for them."

[And as we fade to black, a graphic comes up promoting "AWA LEGACY" before we fade all the way out...

...and then fade back to a live shot of the ring at Seattle's KeyArena.]

SA: Welcome back to Opportunity Knocks right here on ESPN, fans... and Colt, this next one is gonna be a doozy.

CP: That's putting it lightly, I think. It ain't every day a former champion comes back to town and if Kurayami is here to answer Kimmy Bailey's challenge - after what we saw in that footage from Japan recently - it's got the potential to tear the house down.

SA: Kimmy Bailey's been out to get her hands on Kurayami for over a month now since Kurayami returned during the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem and brutally attacked and injured Kimmy's friend and partner, Ayako Fujiwara. She's wanted this match so badly, she actually went to Japan to get it... and we recently saw how that went down with a no contest. Will tonight be any different? Let's find out together! Rebecca, take it away!

[The next thing we see and hear is Rebecca Ortiz standing center ring, mic in hand.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen...

KIMMMMMMYYYYYYYYYYYY BAAAAAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[The crowd waits in eager anticipation, until...]

Stand on the bar, stomp your feet, start clappin' #
Got a real good feelin' somethin' bad about to happen

["Somethin' Bad" by Miranda Lambert & Carrie Underwood plays as the KeyArena fans roar their approval, stomping and clapping with the beat of the song as Kimmy

Bailey walks from the entrance. The rookie wears an open black Adidas track jacket with the famous three stripes down the sleeves in white. Underneath the track jacket is a singlet in a print of a brick wall painted in rainbow colors, with black graffiti of her name on the right thigh, with a black Adidas sports bra worn underneath. She also has on black kneepads and black boots with white laces.]

CP: This ain't good, Albano.

SA: What's not good?

CP: Kimmy Bailey showed up.

SA: Will you stop?

CP: I'm serious. Take a look at the history Kurayami's had in pro wrestling. Kimmy Bailey survived the last match. Good for you, kid, you didn't become a number. Why on earth would you take another shot at it?

SA: She said it herself, Colt, the job's not done.

CP: I'll say it ain't done, if she wants to end up in the hospital like her buddy Ayako Fujiwara has been for the last month plus, just keep picking at Kurayami. They'll find a bed for Kimmy Bailey.

[As the 21 year old rookie sensation gets to the ring steps, she stops for a moment and closes her eyes, demonstrating the sign of the cross and saying a quick prayer. After she can be heard saying "amen", her eyes burst open and she removes her track jacket, stomping up the ring steps, a loud "CLANK!" with each boot to hit steel.]

CP: See, she knows it too. She knows she's in a world of trouble.

SA: If there's one thing we've come to know about this kid, Colt, it's that she'll take any challenge head on, even if it's someone the stature of Kurayami.

CP: Don't get too used to havin' her around then. Careers are awfully short when you're chasin' down someone to end yours.

[As Bailey climbs into the ring, she glares down the entrance aisle, crouching into a ready position...]

SA: And now, all eyes turn towards the entrance for the arrival of the former Women's World Champion...

[The crowd is on their feet, watching and waiting... and waiting... and waiting.]

SA: Where is she, Colt?

CP: Be careful what you ask for, Big Sal. Kimmy Bailey should remember that too.

[Kimmy Bailey stands tall in the center of the ring as the crowd continues to buzz. After a moment, the video wall flickers to life with a crackle of static. The scene opens to a dimly lit room somewhere far away, where Kurayami appears on screen, wearing a black haori over a "Cannibal Corpse 1993 European tour" t-shirt. Her scarred face stares directly into the camera, with her mismatched colored eyes.]

K: Greetings, little one.

[The arena erupts as Kimmy Bailey's face twists in anger, shouting off-mic.]

"Only my daddy can call me that!"

[Kurayami continues, ignoring Bailey's protest.]

K: You survived Korakuen Hall. Many do not. You should be proud of that small victory... it is more than enough for the likes of you.

[She taps her bokken against the wooden floor, sending a sharp crack echoing through the speakers.]

K: You fought well enough to still be standing. Yet you still do not understand; the lesson was never to survive. The lesson was to win. And in that...

...you failed completely.

[A smirk.]

K: Just another soft American girl who mistook endurance for strength.

[She steps closer to the camera, her massive frame filling the video wall.]

K: I have no interest in continuing to indulge in your childish revenge fantasy. Chasing me across oceans like a lost puppy... it bores me. Our paths may cross again one day, but it will be on my terms. When the mood strikes me. When I feel like reminding the world what real strength looks like.

[She pauses a half-beat for dramatic effect.]

K: Still... I am not cruel enough to leave you with nothing. The AWA paid good money to bring me back to your shores. It would be wasteful.

[She turns her head slightly and gestures with her bokken.]

K: So I have sent someone else.

[Kimmy Bailey's face is a mix of rage and confusion.]

K: Someone who remembers what you did to her in Korakuen Hall and who is eager to reacquaint herself with you. She will make you suffer in ways your soft little world has never prepared you for. Consider it... a reward for surviving.

[She makes two violent swings with her bokken into the empty air, before bringing it back up and resting the wooden sword on her shoulder.]

K: Try not to break too quickly, kusogaki. At least pretend you learned something in Tokyo.

[The video wall cuts to black as the arena lights return to normal as the classical stylings of "Danse Macabre" by Camille Saint-Saëns comes to life over the PA system...]

SA: I don't like the sound of this one bit.

CP: Nor should you.

[...as spinning gracefully through the curtain in white lacy formal wear comes the Queen of Jisatsu herself, Miss Akuji.]

SA: Oh dear god.

[The mood in the arena darkens at her arrival... not because she runs wild at once but because she doesn't. Emerging in formal wear like a woman arriving for a ball, not a fight... there is something inherently wrong with the way she carries herself.

Calm. Still. Head tilted slightly. Eyes fixed on the ring but with no sign of expression in those same eyes.

It feels as if though something elegant... but soulless has been unleashed in Seattle. The crowd is obviously discomforted by her presence. Those who are familiar with Miss Akuji's work are obviously uneasy with her arrival.

The assigned official, Rebecca Daniels, steps back from the ropes on instinct, preparing herself for what she knows is now coming.]

SA: This... this cannot be what Kimmy Bailey was hoping for, Colt.

CP: You ask for one nightmare and you wake up in another.

[Kimmy looks down at Akuji, grimacing as she crosses herself a second time.]

CP: There! Even Kimmy Bailey knows this is trouble!

SA: Does that look like fear to you, Colt?

[With the unsettled crowd still buzzing over Akuji's arrival and appearance, Kimmy Bailey shows no such concern...

...and goes SPRINTING across the ring before HURLING herself between the ropes in a missile dive that WIPES OUT Akuji on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: WHAT?! WHAT?!

SA: The match hasn't even STARTED yet and Kimmy Bailey is taking the fight right to the Queen of Jisatsu herself, Miss Akuji! Akuji's reputation is well-known... and well-earned... and Kimmy Bailey no doubt knows exactly what to expect if she allows Akuji to drag things down to her level... and believe me she'll drag it WAY down!

CP: Referee Rebecca Daniels knows both of these competitors pretty well, Big Sal, but even SHE looks shocked by what just happened!

SA: She didn't even get the competitors in there for pre-match instructions or her search or anything and... Kimmy Bailey's all over Akuji in the aisle, hammering those fists down... and she's GOT to be frustrated, Colt.

CP: She came to Seattle looking for Kurayami and what she got is a whole different nightmare!

[Bailey's barrage of blows is halted as Akuji snakes an arm up, digging her fingernails into the eyes of Bailey, clawing at her face as Bailey recoils in pain, wiping at her eyes as the fans are still buzzing at the chaotic scene!]

SA: Akuji goes to the eyes but the match hasn't even officially started yet. There's been no bell so...

CP: Anything goes right now.

SA: Exactly.

[Miss Akuji climbs to her feet, smiling prettily at the blinded Bailey...

...and then snatches her by the hair, dragging her around the ring...]

SA: OHHH! FACEFIRST OFF THE APRON!

[Bailey's face BOUNCES off the mat, staggering away as Akuji wanders the other direction...

...and then SHRIEKS in the face of the timekeeper, sending both he and Rebecca Ortiz scattering away!]

SA: What in the...?

CP: She better not come over here and do that.

SA: What are you gonna do about it?

CP: Run probably.

[Akuji recklessly grabs the edge of the timekeeper's table, flipping it over, tossing it towards the ringside railing where it bounces (thankfully) off the metal barricade before landing legs up on the floor...

...and then snatches up a chair, tossing it blindly overhead towards the ring where it goes bouncing off the mat, Rebecca Daniels dancing away from it.]

SA: What the... this is NOT a No Disqualification match, Colt! She can't put a chair in there!

CP: Sure, sure... you wanna tell her that?

[Akuji curtsies in front of the front row fans before shrieking again - a wild, bloodcurdling yell that sends small children fleeing...

...and she reaches over the railing, grabbing more chairs and tossing them towards the ring where Rebecca Daniels is dodging them like baseball-sized hail!]

SA: More chairs in the ring! She's destroying the ringside area - and terrorizing everyone out here - before the bell even rings!

CP: To her credit though, Rebecca Daniels isn't throwing it out. She knows the fans paid to see Kimmy Bailey and... well, she's going to try to make that happen.

SA: She did her time in Japan both as a wrestler and as a official... so she knows this brand of chaos better than most. And if she can keep it BARELY under control, maybe at least we can see...

[Akuji turns back towards her opponent who pushes off the apron with a big forearm blow to the chest that Akuji simply smiles at, dusting herself off with a giggles...]

SA: No effect at all and that forearm woulda moved YOU, Colt!

[Bailey reaches out, wrapping her up, driving her back into the edge of the ring apron for a moment before snatching the hair, repeatedly slamming a forearm into the side of the head!]

SA: Bailey's teeing off in close quarters!

[Akuji absorbs the blows, leaning backwards against the apron as the referee shouts at Bailey to get the action inside the ring. The youngster looks up to respond...

...which allows Akuji to lash out with a stiff-fingered blow to the throat, leaving Bailey coughing and gasping, falling to her knees on the floor!]

SA: Another illegal blow... which is legal until the bell rings!

[Akuji steps in behind the kneeling Bailey, snatching her hair to yank her head back hard...

...and then leans over to sink her teeth into the forehead!]

SA: AHH! AHH! SHE'S BITING HER, COLT! SHE'S BITING HER!

[And with that, Rebecca Daniels has seen enough, exiting the ring and wedging herself boldly between Akuji and her victim, forcing the Maiden of Monsters backwards...]

SA: Look at Rebecca Daniels! A brave move on her part, Colt.

CP: A crazy move if you ask me. Just toss the match, Daniels. Save yourself the headache.

SA: Daniels is ordering Akuji to put the action in the ring but Akuji's not even looking at her... never breaking her stare on Bailey.

[Kimmy is down on all fours, breathing heavily already as Akuji finally takes note of the official, leaning back and rolling under the ropes. She takes a cross-legged seat on the mat, rocking back and forth with a wicked smile as she watches Daniels help Bailey to her feet, asking if the second generation powerhouse can go. Bailey gives her a nod as she wobbles towards the ring...]

SA: Bailey back in as well and-

[Daniels immediately signals for the bell, knowing she might not get a second chance to do so...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The match is under-

[Bailey SURGES off her knees into a big tackle on the still-seated Akuji, toppling her over on the mat where Bailey grabs a side headlock and starts hammering her fist into the head...]

SA: Bailey trying to take control!

CP: She knows if she lets Akuji dictate the pace and style of this match, she may never get it back, Big Sal.

[...and Bailey rolls back to her feet, taking a big swing at the rising Akuji to BLAST her with a heavy forearm strike that sends Akuji falling backwards towards the ropes. Bailey presses the moment...]

SA: What a shot that was! Kimmy Bailey digging down deep for that one and this has become a struggle to survive, Colt!

[...and tees off again, throwing rapid-fire forearms to the jaw of Akuji!]

CP: Looking for the early knockout! Can you knock out a Michael Myers? A Leatherface? Jason?

[Bailey muscles her up into a double leg lift off the ropes, marching her out to the middle of the ring where she throws her down in a ring-shaking slam, diving into the mount where the fists take over...]

SA: A big slam and some big, big blows from the top!

[The fists are flying, landing at will on Akuji who barely bothers to lift her arms to cover up...]

SA: Miss Akuji, if you've seen any of her... I hesitate to even call them matches, Colt... but if you've seen them, you know she's a damage sponge in there. She can absorb so much punishment!

CP: She has to when she regularly gets in rings surrounded by barbed wire, filled with thumbtacks, and that just might explode!

[Bailey again looks at the official as a four count lands, pleading her case...

...which is when Akuji grabs a wrist, yanking a hand towards her where she bites down on the fingers!]

SA: AHH! AHH!

[Bailey again recoils in a mix of pain and shock, somehow ripping her hand away but that gives Akuji a chance to get off the mat, kicking aside one of her tossed-in chairs as she lunges at Bailey from behind, clubbing her with a hammerfist to the back of the head, knocking her down to her knees where she falls over the middle rope...]

SA: Akuji lands a hard shot from the blind side and...

[Akuji leans on her back, pushing her throat against the ropes...

...and then digs her fingers into the mouth, yanking back to rip at the flesh!]

SA: OH! A choke AND a fish hook!

CP: This woman hasn't met a rule she won't happily break, Big Sal.

[The referee's count reaches four and change but Akuji shows no sign of stopping... and Daniels, reluctant for the early DQ, starts threatening her with that penalty...

...which sees Akuji suddenly break the choke, throwing a brutal elbowstrike down on the back of Bailey's neck to punctuate the attack!]

SA: Goodness. This is... this is a little difficult to watch. Miss Akuji's like a savage in there, Colt.

CP: She definitely is that. This is Ebola Zaire if Zaire wore a formal gown.

SA: A horrifying image... but maybe not as horrifying as Akuji in that gown. All silk and lace... torn and burnt...

[Akuji teeters away from the ropes, ignoring Daniels' protests for her actions. She stretches out her arms towards Daniels who recoils backwards...]

"DAAAANNNNNNNNCE!"

[...and Daniels again backpedals away as Akuji advances on her, trying to force her into the most terrifying waltz of all time.]

CP: What in the...? Did she just ask Daniels to dance?

SA: I don't know if "ask" is the word I'd use.

[Akuji twitches at the sight of a gasping Bailey coming off the mat, twisting to confront her but Bailey's a step quicker, lifting her off the mat over her shoulder, and DRIVING her back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Ohhh! Hard into the corner!

[Holding the middle rope, Bailey brings the tackles to the torso, driving her shoulder in once... twice...

...and as she leans back for EXTRA oomph on the third, Akuji digs her sharpened-nails into the back, scraping down the flesh with evil intent!]

SA: AHHH!

[The crowd groans as Bailey staggers away, back arched in pain as Akuji blows on her fingers, ignoring Rebecca Daniels' pleas for civility...

...and RAKES the back a second time, sending Bailey staggering across the ring to the far corner!]

SA: Absolutely vicious... sadistic... choose your own adjective.

CP: I don't know if I've ever seen somebody make a ring... make an area this uncomfortable. Akuji just ripped at her flesh... oh, she drew blood, Big Sal!

SA: She certainly did.

[Grabbing the hair again, Akuji yanks her head back again, swinging a nasty-looking crossface forearm across the cheek and nose... and again... and again...]

SA: Trying to break the face of Kimmy Bailey!

[...and then with one hand tangled in hair, she grinds the forearm back and forth across the face of Bailey!]

SA: Look at this!

[Bailey is fighting for her life, trying to get loose, reaching down and grabbing a chair leg in one hand... and the referee kicks the chair away, waving a warning finger at Bailey...

...who LUNGES backwards in desperation, smashing Akuji between her and the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bailey angrily SNAPS an elbow back into the jaw of Akuji... and again.. and again...]

SA: Bailey's got her trapped in the corner! Bailey fighting with desperation! Bailey's survival instincts are kicking in!

[...and twists around, delivering a stunned lariat in the corner!]

SA: LARIAAAATOOOO!

[Bailey snatches Akuji before she can respond, promptly pulling, lifting, and tossing her across the ring with an overhead belly to belly!]

SA: OHHH! Bailey striking hard and quick! Trying to use her youth and speed on her side! Showing off that athleticism that once made her an elite level volleyball player...

CP: Gotta stay on her. Don't give her room. Don't give her space.

[Bailey gets to her feet, coming right back in as Akuji struggles to get off the mat, and Bailey rushes her straight back into the ropes, shooting her across...]

SA: Off the far side...

[...and Bailey powers her up before throwing her down in a massive spinebuster!]

SA: ...SPINEBUSTER SLAAAAAM! BAILEY WITH THE FIRST COVER OF THE MATCH!

[But before a single count lands, Akuji snakes a hand up and RAKES the eyes again, sending Bailey rolling off, grabbing at her face, swiping her hand and arm across her blinded eyes...]

SA: Akuji goes RIGHT back to the eyes!

[Akuji rolls to the outside, keeping a hand on Bailey's wrist to haul her to the floor again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WHIPS her into the steel steps, causing the top half of the steps to become dislodged as Bailey's shoulder SLAMS into the staircase!]

SA: Into the steel steps goes Kimmy Bailey!

CP: And this is exactly where Akuji wants her, Big Sal,

SA: It certainly is... and it's the last place that Kimmy Bailey should want to be!

[Akuji grabs Bailey by the hair, pressing her face down towards the edge of the steps that are on their side...]

SA: Wait, wait, wait!

[...and it becomes apparently she's trying to drive Bailey's eye into the corner of the staircase with a sadistic grin on her face!]

SA: STOP HER! SOMEBODY STOP-

[Bailey's powerful arms come up to grab the stairs, blocking Akuji's horrific plan!]

SA: Bailey's blocking it! Bailey's fighting it!

[...and she swings an elbow back into the gut, breaking the attack for the moment!]

SA: Bailey breaks free... over here by us now...

[Grabbing Akuji by her messy, tangled hair, Bailey pulls her towards the ring apron...

...and gets SHOVED off by Akuji, falling backwards

SA: OH!

[Albano and Patterson bail out, clearing space as Akuji dives on top of her, flailing madly, smashing open hands down on her face and torso with that wild shriek filling the air...

...and then snatches up a nearby camera cable off the floor, pressing the heavy cable down across Bailey's throat!]

SA: I... can anyone even hear me right now?!

[Bailey flails about, trying to find something to defend herself with as Rebecca Daniels warns Akuji from inside the ring...

...and Bailey manages to scoop up a handful of Colt's chair, swinging it by the seat to smash it across Akuji's back! Daniels winces inside the ring... pausing for a moment... and then waves for the match to continue.

Suddenly loose, Bailey flops off the table to her knees, kicking Sal's chair away as she reaches under the table...

...and comes up with a drink tub filled with ice and water, lifting it over her head...

...but Akuji lashes out with a cross-armed thrust to the throat, causing Bailey to lose control of the tub, tipping it over and sending the contents splattering every where... including onto a nearby Colt Patterson who recoils away from it!]

CP: AH! Come on! Now I'm soaked!

SA: Of all the things happening right now, THAT'S your concern?!

[Akuji grabs a bottled water off the ground, flinging it at Albano who takes it off the chest.]

SA: OH!

[Akuji stares menacingly at Albano who backs off, hands raised as Colt backs FAR away from Akuji as she pulls Bailey off the floor, walking her around the ringside area over to the fallen timekeeper's table...]

CP: Well, at least they're away from us, Big Sal.

SA: For now at least... and this is rapidly getting out of control. Rebecca Daniels needs to think long and hard about stopping this, I believe.

[Akuji steps towards one of the upraised table legs, grabbing Bailey by the hair with both hands...]

SA: AHHHHHHHHH!

[...and tries to drive her eye into a table leg, Bailey again desperately grabbing the leg to save her sight!]

SA: REBECCA, COME ON!

[We can see Kimmy's wet hands slipping in her defense, getting her eye closer and closer to the pointed metal...

...when she suddenly twists her torso, wrapping her arms around Akuji, surging forward...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES Akuji's lower back into the ring apron!]

SA: Bailey... she rolls back in. She wants NO more of this outside-the-ring chaos with Akuji...

[The referee starts a ten count on Akuji who grabs at her lower back, glaring up at Bailey...

...and then snatches up another chair, flinging it over the ropes at Bailey who bats it away, shaking her head, her eyes wide as Daniels reprimands Akuji again...]

SA: Look out in there!

CP: Look out out HERE! It's not like she's showing King Felix levels of control in there with those throws.

[Another chair goes flying through the air, nearly hitting the official who is desperately trying to get the flying weapons out of the ring with Kimmy Bailey's help...

...which gives Akuji a window to shove the timekeeper's table into the ring!]

SA: Wait, wait, wait! She's got a TABLE in there now! This is TOO far! TOO FAR!

CP: Daniels is giving them a lot of rope and I'm thinking she may be regretting that right about now.

[Daniels turns, spotting the table. She throws up her arms in disbelief, marching across the ring, waving her hands at Akuji as she tries to get the table in position in the corner...]

SA: Akuji trying to get that table positioned in the corner...

[...and as the referee draws near, she grabs Akuji by the arm!]

SA: Uh oh!

CP: That's not a good idea!

[Akuji FLINGS Daniels backwards, throwing her down on the canvas with dismissive contempt, as if swatting away a nagging insect...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and as Akuji finishes getting the table in position, she turns...]

SA: BAILEY!

[...right into a rampaging Kimmy Bailey who comes on strong, striking hard...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BRITNEY SPEAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRR! THROUGH THE TABLE!

[Bailey yanks Akuji out of the wreckage, diving across his chest...

...and a frantic Rebecca Daniels dives to the canvas, slapping the mat with urgency... and maybe a little too much speed as someone trying to end this before it gets worse!]

SA: ONNNNNE! TWOOOO! THREEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: She did it! Kimmy Bailey wins! What a Britney Spear through that table!

CP: That was a fast count, Big Sal! Rebecca Daniels rushed that three-count like she had money on Bailey!

SA: Can you blame her?! This thing HAD to be over!

CP: So you don't even deny it?!

[Kimmy Bailey pops up, roaring in triumph. She climbs the nearest turnbuckle and throws both arms up, soaking in the cheers as the table wreckage lies scattered around a motionless Miss Akuji.]

SA: The rookie strongwoman has defeated Miss Akuji! Kurayami's lieutenant was as violent as her reputation, but Kimmy finally gains a measure of revenge!

CP: Well, fast count or not, I guess... you gotta be impressed that Kimmy Bailey managed to pull this off.

SA: She took on a monster... and she slayed the monster here in Seattle!

CP: I don't know if "slayed" is the word I'd use... Buffy Bailey she is not. But she did get the three count and you can't take that away from her.

SA: Miss Akuji... I can't even believe she's moving after that impact. Kimmy Bailey DROVE her through that table when she least expected it... and... jeez, Akuji is already on all fours. She truly is a monster, Colt

CP: Rising from the depth of hell, Akuji is... what is she doing?

[On all fours, Akuji reaches up her dress, pulling something from a belt around her leg...]

SA: She's got a... what is that?

[...with Bailey still on the buckles, Akuji throws her head back, taking a big swig out of a small metal flash, staggering to her feet with a deranged look as Bailey hops down, Daniels rushing to intervene.

And with a flick of a finger, she ignites the flame on a small lighter...]

CP: WHAT THE HELL IS SHE-?!

"WOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHH!!!"
"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SA: DANGEROOOOOOOUUUUUUUUSSSSSSSSS!!!

[...and SPEWS a huge blazing fireball towards Kimmy Bailey who barely ducks at the last second, flames sailing past her..

...DIRECTLY into the face of referee Rebecca Daniels!]

SA: OH MY GOD!

[Daniels screams, wailing in pain as she drops to the canvas, rolling back and forth as officials immediately come rushing over as she covers her face...]

SA: My god in heaven, Rebecca Daniels got fire SPEWED in her face! This is horrific!

CP: That went way too far! Akuji's lost her damn mind!

[Bailey's eyes go wide with horror, immediately dropping to her knees besides Daniels, trying to help pat out the flames and shield her from further harm.]

SA: Get some help! Get some damn help out here now!

[We can see officials and medics POURING OUT from the backstage, rushing to the ring as Kimmy Bailey screams for help for the fallen official...

...until a large piece of the broken table is SMASHED across the back of her head, knocking her down on the mat alongside Daniels!]

SA: AKUJI IS NOT DONE! SHE'S NOT DONE! SOMEBODY STOP HER!

[Akuji BOOTS an official climbing through the ropes in the face, knocking her to the floor!]

SA: GOOD LORD!

[The Queen of Jisatsu pivots, slamming an overhand blow across another official trying to crawl in...]

SA: Akuji's taking out everyone in sight... what is she...?

[She snatches up a broken table leg, the jagged metal on display as Akuji snatches Bailey back up to her knees by the hair...]

SA: NO! NO! SHE DOESN'T EVEN CARE SHE JUST BURNED REBECCA DANIELS!

CP: That's beyond cold-blooded... she's a maniac!

[Bailey is fighting for her life again, grabbing the jagged leg and trying to defend herself from having it gouged into her face or eye...

...and the desperate survival instinct kicks in as she lets loose a ROAR, overpowering Akuji as she surges to her feet, ripping the table leg away from her...

...and starts swinging wildly with it, forcing Akuji to backpedal away!]

SA: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whooooooa!

[As Akuji nears the ropes, Bailey tosses the table leg aside, tackling Akuji through the ropes and sending her out to the floor!]

SA: The match is over but the FIGHT is still raging here in Seattle!

[Bailey may not have the table leg anymore but she's still swinging, throwing stiff forearms and elbows, battering back down the aisle to the entrance ramp where Akuji returns fire with wild haymakers!]

SA: They're fighting up the aisle! Fighting all the way up that ramp! We've got officials... but they're all over here with Rebecca! They're checking on the referee and... these two are loose to do whatever they want, Colt!

CP: They may tear this whole place to the ground!

[Akuji rakes the eyes of Bailey, driving home a headbutt to the eye socket before she drags her with two hands of hair up the ramp, physically pulling her across the metal ramp...]

SA: She's dragging her like... like... I don't even know! This is beyond words!

CP: Where the heck are they going, Big Sal?

SA: Who knows? Portland?!

[Up towards the top of the ramp on the entrance stage, Akuji pulls Bailey back to her feet, setting for a whip...]

...but Bailey is able to reverse it!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE WHIPS HER INTO THE STAGE STRUCTURE!

[Bouncing off some curtained-off piece of metal, Akuji goes stumbling back towards Bailey whose face is red with rage as she tries to lift Akuji over her head...]

SA: PRESSES HER UP!

[...but Akuji AGAIN goes to the eyes, dropping down behind the now-blinded Bailey, twisting her around so that she is blindly teetering dangerously close to the edge of the stage, clearly looking to throw her off to the concrete floor below.]

SA: NO! Miss Akuji's trying to throw Kimmy off the stage!

CP: This could end her career, Big Sal!

SA: She's got her by the tights and-

CP: Somebody needs to stop this! Even I don't want it to go this far!

[But as Akuji looks to commit mass bodily injury, the crowd's roar suddenly reaches a fever pitch...]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[The crowd EXPLODES as it gets its first glimpse of Ayako Fujiwara for the first time since Memorial Day Mayhem!]

SA: IT'S AYAKO FUJIWARA! SHE'S BACK! SHE'S BACK!

[Ayako's appearance has changed, her body looking stronger and harder than ever before. She is dressed in a deep red corset top with black lace-up detailing, a sleeveless blue denim vest with frayed, ripped edges and tight black leather pants. Her hair is now two-toned, with silver-gray on top and the longer side, contrasted against black on the undercut and opposite side. The right side of her head is sharply buzzed, while the longer silver-and-black hair falls stylishly across her face.]

And with Akuji still trying to get Kimmy upended, Fujiwara rushes over to grab a shocked Akuji around the waist...]

SA: WAIT A SECOND!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GERMAN! GERMAN ON THE STAGE! SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[Akuji is writhing in pain on the metal stage as the crowd is damn near losing their minds as Fujiwara slowly rises, looking down on her...]

CP: Akuji just got ragdolled! She never saw it coming!

[Fujiwara turns around, taking a look at her partner who is kneeling on the ramp, still trying to clear her vision from the repeated eyerakes throughout the match. We can see Akuji crawling out of sight in the background...]

SA: What a return! Ayako Fujiwara just cleaned house!

CP: Kurayami's attack dog just got sent packing!

[Kimmy, battered but overjoyed, rises and sees Ayako. She lets out a happy shout and LEAPS into her arms. Ayako catches her cleanly as the roar from the crowd shakes the arena!]

SA: Listen to this ovation! The Lariatos are back together!

CP: Well, I'll be damned... the kid got her partner back.

[Kimmy hugs Ayako tightly, both women emotional as the crowd chants "AYAKO! AYAKO!" They stand tall on the stage as we see more officials and medical crew rushing to attend to Rebecca Daniels at ringside.]

SA: What a night! Ayako Fujiwara is back, and the Lariatos just sent a message to Kurayami and her forces here in Seattle! We'll be right back, fans!

[With Bailey and Fujiwara still embracing, we fade to black...

...and we fade through black to a pitch black screen.

A soft piano note.

Then another.

[A voiceover begins - calm and soothing.]

"There was a time... when this night was only a dream."

[Fade to a clip of Julie Somers walking through the curtain with the Women's World Title draped over her shoulder.]

"A dream carried by women who fought for space... for respect... for the chance to be seen."

[Fade to a clip of Harley Hamilton hard at work training, running on a treadmill with weights hanging off her, sweat pouring off of her.]

"Now that night is near."

[String underneath piano are heard, building stronger as we see Julie Somers in the ring, diving from her perch with a moonsault...]

"Julie Somers has carried this division with heart... with pride... with the weight of a championship that means everything."

[...to a clip of Harley Hamilton wrenching a knee in her grasp, her eyes cold... focused... dangerous.]

"Harley Hamilton has never asked for permission.

She was born for this stage... and she intends to take her place at the top."

[Cut to a shot of Somers and Hamilton staring one another down in a promotional photo.]

"Champion.
Challenger.

Legacy...
...and ambition."

[Title card hits.]

GIRLS TO THE FRONT

The women of the AWA. Their night.

[And with that, we fade from the hype piece to backstage where a giddy Molly Bell jumps towards a worn out Kimmy Bailey, giving out loud chirrups and rubbing her head excitedly. A few steps away, Ayako Fujiwara looks at her cat and her teammate, a mixture of concern and content on her face. Kimmy gives the AWA's favorite cat a vigorous scratch behind the ear, causing Molly to hug Kimmy.]

KB: I missed you, kitty cat.

[Kimmy looks at Ayako, sighing with relief.]

KB: And I missed you too, baby girl.

Ayako: I'm going to ignore that. You're excited and you don't know what you're saying.

[Ayako's eyes narrow at Kimmy's term of endearment, as we hear the voice of an angered Maxim Zharkov off-screen.]

MZ: Do you know what you have caused?!

[Kimmy looks towards Zharkov, who walks into the shot looking exhausted and infuriated. Kimmy's eyes widen, and she blurts out a question in response.]

KB: Is Rebecca okay?! I'm so sorry, boss man. I didn't mean for her to get hurt.

[The anger seems to drain from Zharkov's face at Kimmy's earnest concern for his injured official. He pinches the bridge of his nose, trying to regain his composure.]

MZ: She's going to hospital. Second, maybe third degree burns.

[Both of the Lariatos frown at the news, but don't get time to reflect as Zharkov points a finger at the rookie.]

MZ: You promised me you would settle this when I gave you this chance. Now you have gotten someone else injured, an innocent.

[He sighs.]

MZ: We cannot have another Lauryn Rage here, causing problems and refusing to listen. One is already too much.

Ayako: That is a disgusting and unnecessary comparison.

[Zharkov points to Ayako.]

MZ: Ayako Fujiwara is back. You have what you want, Bailey - this business with Kurayami is over. And you, Ms. Fujiwara...

[Ayako's attention sharpens, her posture becoming more rigid.]

Ayako: Yes?

MZ: I expect you to keep the child in line.

[Ayako meets Zharkov's gaze, her expression cool and unflinching, her voice calm yet firm.]

Ayako: Bailey is not a child. And I am not her babysitter. I am her tag team partner.

[She pauses briefly, measuring her words carefully.]

Ayako: However, you are right. This ends here. We will not pursue Kurayami any longer.

KB: But-

[Ayako raises her hand, motioning Kimmy to stand down.]

Ayako: Revenge is a road neither of us wishes to travel. Continuing to pursue Kurayami can only drag everyone into ruin and I do not wish to see what happened to Rebecca tonight happen to anyone else.

[In the background, we can see Kimmy lowering her head at the mention of referee Rebecca Daniels.]

Ayako: This matter is closed.

[She gives a single, decisive nod.]

MZ: For both your sakes, it better be.

[Zharkov and Ayako stare at each other for a moment before the interim president immediately turns on a heel and storms away, as Kimmy's jaw drops a bit. Ayako looks at her protege.]

Ayako: You did all this for me?

[Kimmy, looking bashful as she tousles Molly's hair, turns her eyes away from Ayako.]

KB: I ain't the type that lets folks I care about get hurt, not without tryin' to correct the record.

[Ayako gently places a hand on Kimmy's shoulder, causing Kimmy to look at her eye to eye.]

Ayako: I appreciate it, but...

[She hesitates.]

KB: ...but?

[Ayako sighs.]

Ayako: From now on, we plan these things together, okay? We're a team.

[Kimmy's grin widens, her eyes sparkling.]

KB: You bet we are.

[The two slap hands, clasping at the thumb, shouting at the same time...]

"LARIATOS!"

[And then Molly's head pops up between the two.]

MB: LariCATos...?

[Ayako and Kimmy both instinctively give Molly a scratch behind an ear, as Ayako motions off-screen.]

Ayako: Let's go plan on how to get back in the Tag Team Title rankings, hmm?

[And from there, we cut to a live shot back inside the ring where we find AWA talent relations executive Sarah Sharpe in the ring with two older gentlemen, both who appear to be approaching 70 years old. One of the men is bald, wears glasses and is dressed in a navy blue suit over a white shirt and a red tie and the other man has whitish-gray hair and goatee and is dressed in a gray suit over a white shirt with a blue tie. Sharpe is dressed in a red long-sleeved women's shirt and black pants.]

SS: First of all, I can't tell you how great it is for the AWA to come back to my hometown of Seattle, Washington!

[That, of course, will get a lot of cheers.]

SS: I am so proud not only to have grown up here, but to have gotten my start in the wrestling business right here, in a promotion that had its roots here in Seattle, the NWCI!

[The fans cheer again.]

SS: And with me at this time are two people who were integral parts of the NWCI for many years who made the time to be here tonight... please welcome former NWCI commentator James Williams!

[She gestures to the bald man, who waves to the crowd.]

SS: And please welcome former NWCI referee and commissioner Turner Dalton!

[She then gestures to the man with the goatee, who smiles and waves.]

SS: We are here tonight to honor a woman who was not only one of the best to ever perform in NWCI, but then continued her career in multiple promotions and became one of the all-time greats in women's wrestling, during an era in which women's wrestling didn't always get respect, but women such as herself paved the way to ensure that future generations would get that respect and show they could be an integral part of any promotion just like the AWA's Women's Division is today!

[That draws more cheers and Sharpe smiles for a moment.]

SS: I won't keep you waiting any longer, Seattle... allow me to introduce the woman you've been waiting to see all night!

[The fans cheer again and Sharpe is about to raise the mic when a voice rings out over the sound system.]

"And that woman is brought to you by Under Armour!"

WOOOOOOOOOOO!

[And then "1 of 1" by SHINee plays, resulting in a high-pitched scream from the teenage girls in the audience, soon drowned out by the rest of the audience's boos. "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash walks from the entrance, a glare in her eyes and a microphone in her hand as Riley Campbell leads the way, walking backwards and taking pictures with her digital SLR.

Cash is wearing an Orioles third jersey of Cal Ripken Jr., black with orange letters and numbers, worn open so we can see that she's wearing her halter/shorts set in a Maryland flag print, modified with the Orioles colors of black, orange, and white. She also has black Under Armour kneepads, black wrestling boots, and two Under Armour sweatbands on each wrist. Her lips are painted a cherry red, and she has orange heart-shaped sunglasses on the crown of her head.]

SA: Aw come on, do we really need to have Casey Cash out here ruining this?

CP: Hey, think about it, Albano. Casey warned them about what would happen if this went on as scheduled. Is it her fault that they chose to ignore her?

SA: That's not the point, Colt. The point is that Casey can't stand someone else being recognized unless it's a member of E-Girl MAX.

[As Cash steps into the ring, she's met by Sharpe.]

SS: Hold on, Casey-

[Cash holds up her hand.]

CC: No, you hold on.

[Cash waves her hand between the ropes, where Campbell hands her an Under Armour hat. As Sharpe is speaking, Cash quickly puts the hat onto Sharpe's head as Sharpe rolls her eyes.]

CC: There. Under Armour is happy with this segment now.

[Sharpe reaches up, ripping the hat off of her head and whipping it into the crowd. As Cash's eyes follow the hat, her lips mouthing the word "cute, real cute", Sharpe points a finger at Cash.]

SS: I thought we talked about this a few days ago. I asked you not to be involved here tonight.

[Cash sighs, giving a hand motion as if she's saying "can you believe this?"]

CC: And I thought I made it explicitly clear that I don't care. Just like nobody here wants to see you get some lame award for your BFF, and to dig up a couple of fossils to justify it.

[The crowd boos as Dalton and Williams look taken aback by the disrespect from the "Charm City Cutie". From where Team Supreme sits, though, Theresa Lynch and Paris Crawford sit close to each other, whispering, with a broad smile on Lynch's face.]

CC: For weeks now, I've offered the only thing these people want to see. This is a night of action, isn't it? This is a night where anything can happen, right? If you're called out, you have to fight, right?

[Cash motions to her attire as we see flashes from Riley Campbell's camera.]

CC: I'm dressed for a fight, and Stephanie Harper, I choose you!

Get down here and fight me!

[The crowd's reaction is split - some shocked by the disrespect from Cash, some hoping for Harper to follow through on Cash's challenge. As Cash takes the sunglasses from the crown of her head and takes off her Orioles jersey, Sharpe is shaking her head. The murmurs grow louder as Interim President Maxim Zharkov walks with speed in his step and annoyance on his face towards the ring.]

SA: Folks, we've got a big problem out here. This was supposed to be a ceremony to recognize the accomplishments of Stephanie Harper-

CP: And even you've gotta admit, Albano, Cash has got a point! If you're called out, you have to fight! Stephanie Harper's been called out by Casey Cash!

SA: Colt, Stephanie Harper is retired!

CP: She sure didn't look like it at the Rumble.

SA: Be that as it may...

[Zharkov is conferring with Sharpe, and as Cash watches the tenor of Zharkov's body language, she gets increasingly frustrated.]

SA: Folks, I'm being told in my headset that Interim President Zharkov made this ruling backstage, and he's relaying it to everyone in the ring now. The rules of Opportunity Knocks are that if you get called out, you have to fight, but Stephanie Harper is NOT on the roster, and is exempt from those rules.

CP: What kind of bogus call is that by the Ruskie, Albano?!

SA: I-

CP: He's just making up the rules as he goes along!

[As Sharpe tries to explain the ruling to Cash, Cash shouts "NO WAY! GET HER OUT HERE!" and kicks the bottom rope in anger. Just then, the fans start buzzing and turning to look up the aisle.]

SA: Wait a minute... look who's here!

[The Hall of Famer, "Superstar" Stephanie Harper comes out from the entranceway and heads down the aisle. Harper is dressed in a pair of white dress slacks and a dark blue women's polo shirt. Her arrival draws loud cheers from the Seattle crowd.]

SA: Stephanie Harper is on her way to the ring!

CP: Is she gonna respond to Casey's challenge?

SA: Who can say, Colt, but it looks like the Hall of Famer has heard enough!

CP: Well, if she's taking up the challenge, she didn't come dressed for it!

[Harper is about halfway down the aisle when AWA agent Kevin Slater comes out, hurrying down the aisle to catch up with her.]

SA: Kevin Slater out here trying to get Harper to stay away but she doesn't seem to be paying attention.

CP: Maybe this is what she wants, Sal! Maybe she DOES want to accept Casey's challenge!

[Slater tries to talk to Harper, and then Zharkov and Sharpe meet her at the end of the aisle, the three AWA officials in an animated discussion with the Hall of Famer. Meanwhile, Cash stands in the center of the ring and motions toward Harper.]

SA: Casey Cash is beside herself, wanting this match with Harper to take place!

CP: And Harper seems to want to go into the ring!

[The camera now moves closer to the four in the aisle, with Harper holding up her hand, as if trying to calm everyone down. We can hear her voice.]

"Just let me talk... just let me talk. All right?"

[Zharkov lets loose a heavy breath, then exchanges glances with Sharpe and Slater.]

"All right... you can talk... but that's it!"

[Harper nods with an "Understood" before moving past the three AWA officials and then around the ring, and when she passes Team Supreme, she does what might be the worst insult to them – she ignores them. Harper heads over to the timekeeper's table, retrieves a mic, then turns toward the ring, where Cash impatiently awaits.]

SA: It sounds like we're going to hear from the Hall of Famer!

CP: Well, if it's anything but accepting Casey's challenge, she's just wasting her breath.

[Harper ascends the ring steps, then stares at Cash for a moment and sighs. By this point, Dalton and Williams have left the ring, though Campbell is still there, until Cash motions to Campbell to leave. Harper then steps between the ropes and sizes up the E-Girl MAX member before raising the mic.]

SH: You're one who doesn't want to take "no" for an answer, aren't you?

[Cash now has her arms folded and is tapping her foot. Harper sighs again.]

SH: First of all, I wasn't planning to be here tonight...

[That generates some boos from the crowd, but Harper holds up her hand.]

SH: Hold on... hear me out.

I'll stand by what I said before: What happened at Memorial Day Mayhem was enough. One night for me to let my daughter see what it was like when her mother stepped inside the ring... one night where she could see it without having to pull up something on YouTube.

Then I was asked about coming to Seattle to be recognized and at first I thought about saying no. I got what I needed in the Rumble and I didn't need any more accolades.

But then I realized that being recognized in the city where I got my start in this business wasn't about me.

[She then gestures out to the crowd.]

SH: It was about this city...

[The "city" cheers for themselves. Harper nods.]

SH: It was about all these fans who, when I've come here for meet and greets, tell me that they remembered NWCi, that they remembered me, or they heard the stories about me here, but saw me later in my career, and just wanted to say how much they loved watching me in the ring and how excited they were when I achieved so much.

I'm not here tonight for myself... I'm here tonight because of all of you!

[Now that gets cheers from the crowd. Harper then turns her attention to Cash, who remains impatient.]

SH: And here you are, calling me out to the ring. And a part of me says that nothing could be better than letting the Seattle fans see me wrestle one more time.

And that's especially true when one of the first things I learned about this business is, any time you come to the shows, you better bring your gear.

[And now those cheers get louder. Harper pauses for a moment, glancing over her shoulder toward Zharkov, who is shaking his head, then turning back to Cash.]

SH: But I've also learned that, in this business, those who are in charge sometimes have to make tough decisions that aren't popular – but there's a reason for that.

[She turns back to Zharkov, locking eyes with the AWA Interim President, who raises his eyebrows at the look from the Hall of Famer... a look that's almost like a mother who is unhappy about something.]

SH: So regardless of what I think about your ruling... I'm going to respect it.

[Zharkov's brow relaxes and he nods, but some of the fans express disappointment. Harper then turns back to Cash.]

SH: As for you, there is one thing I want to address: You've been acting like you are the self-appointed spokesperson for a lot of women in that locker room.

[Now she locks eyes with Cash, giving her that same "mother" look she just gave Zharkov.]

SH: But when I was backstage, I was approached by plenty of those women who you spoke for, saying that I denied them an opportunity in the Memorial Day Rumble by taking a spot from them, and did any of them bring that up when I visited with them?

[She shakes her head.]

SH: No, they did not. Why they didn't, I won't speak to that.

But you, on the other hand, decided that you were going to speak for those women in question.

Therefore, I'm going to leave you with something to think about... is everything you've talked about really about me? Is everything you bring up really about the women you try to speak for?

Or is everything you keeping talking about... only about you?

[She stares at Cash for a moment, then turns to leave. Cash watches, shoulders rising and falling with seething anger, as Harper goes to leave the ring. As Harper steps through the ropes, the "Charm City Cutie" explodes with frustration.]

CC: You think I don't know what this is, Stephanie? You think I can't see exactly what's going on here?

[Harper stops in her tracks, standing on the ring apron but facing away from Cash.]

CC: You got into the Rumble because you were jealous of everything that women's wrestling was becoming, and it was becoming it without you. You put on your fake smile and you sat down for the 30 For 30, and you tried to act like you were okay with how everything had turned out, but deep down, you were upset because it didn't involve you.

[Harper stands, unmoved but rolling her eyes.]

CC: I've been around athletes all my life, babe. I've seen what happens when athletes try to build something special, they don't get to carry it across the finish line, and bitterness sits in their heart and eats away until they have no heart left. Then it moves onto their soul... just like a cancer, spreading throughout the body, only it's resentment because your legacy is fading and there's nothing you can do to stop it from happening but watch time forget you.

[The crowd boos as Cash walks closer to Harper, making sure she can't be ignored.]

CC: And you don't have the guts to earn it the hard way, to work your way back up the ladder. The bitterness ate away at that, so all you have left are shortcuts. You traded what's left of your legacy to get a spot in the Rumble that should have belonged to someone else.

[Cash looks down the aisle at Zharkov.]

CC: Someone on the roster!

[And her eyes return back to Harper, who still hasn't moved and is now biting her lip.]

CC: And you thought it was no big deal. People would be happy just to be in the ring with you. A legend. A Hall of Famer. The great, magical Stephanie Harper, hoping to wash away that resentment with one last performance. Hoping to seal her legacy with one last appearance, to show she's still a big deal. To get her heart back, her soul. One problem, hon.

[Cash sneers.]

CC: You chose to eliminate me. You ruined the plans of E-Girl MAX.

[Cash's voice drips with malice.]

CC: And you think you can just walk away?

[Cash turns around, waving a dismissive hand.]

CC: Fine. Walk away. The last thing on your legacy won't be the Rumble, but that you walked away from a rising star that will shine brighter than you could have ever dreamed.

You chose to walk away from Casey Cash, a surefire superstar, who was offering you a chance to prove who you are!

[Harper doesn't seem to be persuaded yet as Cash keeps on going.]

CC: You're going to go back to your daughter and say, "sorry kiddo, turns out mommy's a coward!"

[The crowd reacts to the verbal low blow as Cash smirks... but as Cash still has her back turned, she doesn't notice that Harper has now turned around. And the look on her face suggests a different look from a mother – a look that says she's pissed off.

Harper steps back between the ropes, the crowd starting to emit a low rumble.]

CC: And by the way, give a message to your precious daughter for me, will you? The one you used as an excuse for why it was okay to try and overshadow everyone?

[As Cash turns around...]

CC: Tell her I said- OOF!

[...and gets tackled by Harper as the crowd roars!]

SA: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO, COLT!

CP: What kind of backjumping nonsense is this?

SA: Weren't you the one wanting Harper to accept the match?

CP: Don't you get smart with me, Albano! Harper attacked Casey from behind!

[Harper delivers a series of shots to Cash, who tries to cover up, but this doesn't last long as Kevin Slater has entered the ring and drags the Hall of Famer off the E-Girl MAX member, the crowd booing.]

SA: And Kevin Slater not wasting any time to break this up!

CP: Is this what you call a woman who those in the locker room should look up to, Big Sal? A coward who won't accept a challenge when called out, then attacks from behind?

SA: I'd say you are leaving out a lot of details, Colt!

[Harper then jerks away from Slater and starts to argue with him. But as the two exchange words, Cash gets back to her feet.]

SA: Now what is Cash doing?

[Cash waits for Harper to turn around and, when she does, Cash swings her arm and...]

"THUNNNNNNK!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! CASH HIT HARPER WITH THE MIC!

CP: Serves her right for ducking a challenge!

[Slater shouts at Cash to stop but to no avail, as Cash is now stomping away at the downed Harper, then she drops to her knees for a moment and swats Harper a couple more times with the mic.]

SA: Casey Cash has lost it! We need to get more help out here!

CP: Why? Weren't you the one saying Harper accepted the match?

[Cash rises to her feet and immediately snares Harper by the legs, then turns her over so Harper is on her stomach, with Cash arching back.]

SA: BALTIMORE CRAB! Cash locks her submission hold on the Hall of Famer!

CP: I love it! Casey Cash showing everyone in Seattle she can take down a Hall of Fame wrestler!

[Zharkov and Sharpe have entered the ring by this point, along with AWA agents Tommy Fierro and John Shock, who join Slater in trying to pull Cash off Harper, who can be heard screaming in pain. After several moments, Zharkov then can be heard shouting "SUSPENSION!" after which Cash lets go, but stomps Harper in the back for good measure.]

SA: Cash finally lets go of the Baltimore Crab but the damage may be done!

CP: I'll say... I chalk this up as a win for Casey Cash! What a moment for her!

SA: Are you kidding me? What a disgraceful act by Cash!

CP: Hey, don't ruin the moment, Big Sal!

[Cash then ducks between the ropes and stands on the apron for a moment, raising her arms and smiling for the first time – or smirking may be more like it. Riley Campbell takes a picture of Cash as she raises her arms, the fans booing...

...and we to the backstage area where we find the AWA's resident scoopster looking on with a shake of his head.]

SLB: What a disgraceful act out there by Casey Cash on a Hall of Famer in Stephanie Harper! This E-Girl MAX... I tell ya, fans... they continue to push the envelope, they continue to step over the line, and someday they're going to get their just desserts and I hope I'm there to see it. Who knows? Maybe it'll happen this coming weekend in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada at the Globe Theatre for another edition of Showtime on Tour! We were in Regina last summer for the epic Battle of Saskatchewan event and now we're back for another big show. Let's take a look at what's already been announced for this big, big night of AWA action!

[We cut to a graphic promoting "THE FRONT PAGE" with Bryson Page right in the middle. On one side, we see Smasher Salazar and Odysseus Allah... on the other, we see "Cannonball" Lee Connors and Dirt Dog Unique Allah.]

SLB: The Front Page with Bryson Page returns and what a combustible scene this is with the two teams set to do battle coming up in a few weeks squaring off. And if I know Page, this has the potential to get ugly in a hurry!

[Another graphic comes up promoting tag team action.]

SLB: How about this one? You talk about getting right back on the horse. After dropping the Women's World Title earlier tonight, Julie Somers will be right back in action this weekend when she teams with her good friend Melissa Cannon! I can't wait for that one!

[The graphic changes.]

SLB: We've got the long-awaited clash between two former friends and partners when Skylar Swift meets Trish Wallace in one-on-one action! Although after Skylar Swift's tussle with Lauryn Rage earlier tonight, you have to wonder what condition she'll be in for this much-anticipated matchup.

[And again.]

SLB: And how about this, fans? Both of our new champions will be in the house - Michelle Bailey and Cody Mertz - to address our live audience for the very first time. Maybe we'll get some idea on what comes next for those two champions as well. We'll have all of that PLUS... the final matches of the first round of the Brass Ring Tournament! Take a look!

[We fade to a black screen.

A single note hums.

We get quick cuts of taped fists, a water bottle being poured over someone's head, entrance curtains being shoved aside.

A voiceover begins.]

"In the American Wrestling Alliance, your big break is never guaranteed."

[An instrumental version of Run The Jewels' "Legend Has It" begins to play.]

"Sixteen competitors. Eight men. Eight women. One prize.

An AWA contract."

[We get more quick cuts - so fast you can't even process who is on the shot: a powerbomb, a spinning backflst, a massive clothesline.]

"Six have advanced."

[Quick cuts of Catalina Lopez, Armani Avery, Amber Gold, Gabriel Cordova, Jo Jo Washington, and Elijah Wilde with their hands raised in triumph.]

"Four more remain.

And now... there is nowhere to hide.

July 7th

"Diamond" Lily Driscoll vs Felicia Love"

[Driscoll posing on the midbuckle, Love using a hairpull to drag someone down to size.]

"Danny King vs Adrian Kirk."

[King mowing down an opponent with a running double leg takedown, Kirk wrapping up a foe in an airtight submission hold.

Cut to crowd shots. Near falls. Exhausted faces. Sweat dripping in slow motion from someone's head to the mat.]

"Every match matters."

[Lopez hammers her fists into a heavy bag... Amber Gold smirking at the camera...]

"Every win changes a career."

[...Avery snaps off a kip up into a standing backflip... Cordova smashes forearm after forearm down on a faceless foe.]

"And on September 1st at the Hammerstein Ballroom... the final Showtime of the summer...

One More For The Road"

[The shots get quicker - just images of faces - defiance, pain, determination.]

"This isn't just a tournament.

It's the moment... you grab the Brass Ring."

[The tournament logo slams down:

BRASS RING TOURNAMENT

Every Showtime. Every chance matters.

And fade to black...

...and when we fade back up, we are back inside the KeyArena as the video screen flickers with a neon glitch effect, pink and black static crackling across the giant

screen, before the opening beats of "E.V.O.L" by Marina and the Diamonds blast through the speakers.

The KeyArena erupts as spotlights in shades of neon pink, electric blue, and violet swirl across the entrance ramp, illuminating a haze of smoke that billows from the stage. The familiar wave of high-pitched cheers from the scattered clusters of teenage girls in the audience echo throughout the arena as they Harley Hamilton and Cinder emerging from the entranceway, but are quickly drowned out by a thunderous wave of boos from the rest of the crowd. The boos reverberate through the KeyArena, as the screens continue to flash with distorted images of Harley and Cinder's past victories and triumphs.

Harley Hamilton is dressed in a deep plum-colored, floral-embellished corset bodysuit adorned with cascading burgundy flowers, vines and beadwork that drape over her left shoulder. She has sheer arm sleeves with matching floral embellishments, looking like an ethereal dream. Cinder has gone with something similar in color and style but just a little more... Cinder.

With the AWA Women's World Tag Team Championships around their waists and their customized World Tag Team Champions of the Universe title belts on their shoulders, the duo pauses at the top of the entrance ramp, the spotlights converging on them as the crowd's boos intensify, though the teenage girls' cheers pierce through like a screech of loyalty.

Harley and Cinder turn to face each other, their expressions softening for a brief moment amidst the chaos. They link pinkies - a ritual symbol of their "unbreakable" bond - Harley's confident smirk meeting Cinder's manic grin as they raise their joined hands high. The gesture draws a fresh wave of cheers from their young fans, while the boos from the wider crowd grow even louder, a cacophony of love and hate.]

SA: Well, we've been waiting all night for this, Colt.

CP: I know I have but I'm surprised to hear you say that.

SA: Oh, don't get me wrong - most nights I would LOVE for Seductive and Destructive to take the night off and not subject us to their nonsense... but while it's not official, I think we know who it's in the cards for Harley Hamilton and Cinder to face here tonight and THAT... that I want to see.

[Harley and Cinder break their pinkie link, and Harley takes the lead, strutting down the ramp with a swagger that dares the crowd to keep booing. She points to a group of teenage girls in the front row, blowing them a kiss that sends them into a frenzy, before making the shape of an L on her forehead at a section of booing fans, her defiance on full display. Cinder follows, her movements more erratic, suddenly lunging towards the barricade and startling the fans with a wild laugh.

As they reach ringside, Harley's eyes scan the front row and lock onto a massive female. Her confidence wanes for a second as we see WNBA star, Breanna Stewart, give Harley a small wave before Harley turns away angrily and stomps towards the ring.]

SA: Did you see that? Harley Hamilton just spotted the Seattle Storm's own Breanna Stewart in the front row and she didn't look happy at all!

CP: There's a lot of history there, Big Sal.

SA: That's right, Colt. Harley and St. Bonaventure took on UConn in the Final Four a few years back. And they lost by 38 points.

CP: Actually, it was 39.

SA: Ouch.

[Both women enter the ring as Harley grabs a microphone, paces once, then puts on her game face, ready to address the crowd. Cinder stands beside her, titles raised to the crowd.]

HH: Opportunity Knocks. What an adorable little concept. Anyone can walk down here and call anyone out. Real innovative stuff.

[Her face twists into an angry scowl.]

HH: Except Cindy and I have been living that nightmare for months! Last minute impromptu matches, ambushes and thrown into the fire constantly, while everyone else got to plan and prepare. But tonight, we're turning the tables.

Tonight... the champions are doing the calling out.

But before we get to that, let's address the elephant in the room...

[A visible look of frustration flashes across Harley's face.]

HH: Michelle Bailey. Congrats on becoming the new AWA Women's World Champion.

[Cinder shakes her head back and forth, muttering "HOW?! HOW?!" off-mic.]

HH: Somehow. Even after she blew her shot at Memorial Day Mayhem. I thought all along, it was going to be me and Julie Somers at "Girls To The Front" but I guess you've thrown a wrench into my plans, Michi-chan.

[She narrows her eyes.]

HH: You're really good at doing that.

[Cinder leans over the mic to interject.]

C: Aye. Too good if ye ask me.

[Harley nods.]

HH: And how about Julie Somers? We could've made history, but you couldn't keep up your end of the bargain. Too bad, so sad. See ya later, alligator.

[A soft chuckle.]

HH: Hey Cindy, did you see how after the match, the entire locker room emptied out to celebrate Michelle's win?

[Cinder nods.]

C: 'Twas a beautiful sight. All the girlies happy and united.

[Harley smirks.]

HH: But of course the locker room emptied out. All of us couldn't wait to see that chump, Julie Somers get knocked off her high horse and lose that title!

[A massive roar of boos as the crowd doesn't appreciate Harley's twisting the facts.]

HH: It's just too bad one of us wasn't the one who did it.

[Hamilton lowers the mic as the fans boo.]

SA: Oh come on! That's not why! Those women were celebrating Michelle's huge moment, not denigrating Julie Somers!

CP: I think Harley has a point, Big Sal. If my sources have it right, Julie's been rubbing a lot of people the wrong way. A lot of people were ready for that title change and the locker room spoke with their feet.

SA: Unbelievable. Your sources don't happen to be Casey Cash and the Thompson Sisters, do they?

CP: A good reporter never reveals their sources.

[Giggling at the crowd's reaction, Harley absentmindedly pets Cinder on the head as she continues on.]

HH: Enjoy your victory while it lasts, champ. I'll see you at Girls To The Front. But back to the business at hand.

[Cinder interjects again.]

C: Aye, tonight's about the tag titles. We've been the tag team champions before there were even tag team champions! Without us this tag division wouldnae even exist. We've dragged the entire Women's Division up by the bootstraps. Undefeated. Unchallenged.

[Harley and Cinder yell in unison...]

"UNSTOPPABLE!"

[The thrust their title belts high into the air to even louder jeers.]

HH: And tonight, we take care of one final piece of unfinished business.

We're calling out the Country Punks.

[The crowd erupts in a loud roar of cheers for the Number One Contenders to the Women's Tag Team titles.]

HH: We've beaten the Country Punks every single time we've faced them. Every. Single. Time. Kayla Cristol, I'll admit it... you're tough. And I'll be honest. You've probably earned a sliver of respect from me recently. But I only shake the hands of winners.

[Harley glances towards Breanna Stewart in the crowd, her eyes narrowing. Breanna once again gives Harley a little wave, visibly annoying her.]

HH: Ask Breanna Stewart, a four-time NCAA champion and Olympic Gold medalist how that works. She kicked my ass. I shook her hand. There are no participation trophies here. You're just an also-ran until you prove different.

[Cinder nods aggressively, leaning in.]

C: An' Vecky June... ye fake, delusional, manipulative wee psycho. You're a genuinely bad person!

HH: Undeserving of anything good in your life!

C: Tryin' tae maim Casey Cash? Yer always crossin' lines naebody forgives!

HH: Your persecuted victim act doesn't fool anyone, you pathetic weirdo.

C: Yer unstable, an' tonight we're gonnae send ye back home broken.

[Harley nods in approval as the crowd roars with boos.]

HH: This is the final chapter in this footnote of our forever reign. Opportunity has been knocking for the Country Punks for months, and every single time we've slammed the door in your faces. Tonight we shut it forever. When we beat you again- and we WILL beat you again - understand that you will NEVER get another shot at these titles as long as we're carrying them.

[Harley drops her mic to the mat with a thud. Cinder raises her title high and roars. The crowd is buzzing loudly as the champions stand tall, daring the Country Punks to answer the challenge...

...and the video wall flickers to life once more as we get a shot backstage. An enormous American flag hangs on the wall next to the video monitors in honor of Independence Day.

The Country Punks stand side-by-side, watching Seductive and Destructive's challenge fade from the screen. Victoria June is dressed in her black gothic leather wrestling gear, Liberty-spiked blonde hair standing tall, her green eyes burning with anger. Beside her, Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol wears special red, white and blue American-themed wrestling gear for the Fourth of July, her brunette hair flowing over her shoulders. She looks calm, but there's unmistakable determination in her eyes.]

VJ: Well now, Harley, Cinder.. y'all done opened y'all mouths again. Ah reckon y'all thought that yer little Opportunity Knocks challenge was gonna embarrass us.

[Victoria lets out a sharp laugh.]

VJ: Honeys, all y'all did was make us mad.

[She points straight into the camera with black-painted fingernails.]

VJ: Ah don't like either one o' you.

Never have. Never will.

And tonight, ah get ta stomp mah Docs all over y'all's arrogance.

[Kayla steps forward, her voice soft but unwavering.]

KC: Harley... you've always found a way to beat me every time the stakes got high and the moment mattered most.

I've carried that doubt with me.

[She smiles gently.]

KC: You issued this challenge because you thought you have the edge on us, you cowards. But today's the Fourth of July.

A day worth celebrating. A day of liberty and freedom!

And tonight, we're gonna celebrate by liberating those championships from your tyranny!

[Her expression hardens.]

KP: And Harley, I'm gonna be free of your stain. I'm gonna MAKE you respect me.

[Victoria throws an arm over Kayla's shoulder, grinning.]

VJ: Happy Fourth o' July, y'all. Now let's go win us some gold!

[The Country Punks head toward the curtain together as the crowd inside the arena can be heard roaring in anticipation.

As the backstage footage fades, we cut back into the interior of the KeyArena where the crowd is ROCKING over the Main Event they know is coming their way, knowing the history between these women and what's at stake for them in a long-awaited collision between two teams who very much do not like one another..

...and a moment later, we hear the telltale song of "Blood on the Bluegrass" by Legendary Shack Shakers exploding from the PA, all stomping bass, slide guitar, and manic hillbilly menace. The crowd ROARS in response as they know what comes next - the arrival of the challengers for the World Tag Team Titles - as Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol and Victoria June trot out on stage, full of energy and fire as they look out on the sold out crowd... and then down the aisle at their opponents who await them.]

SA: There they are, Colt! The top contenders to the Women's World Tag Team Titles and while one set of tag team champions may have survived this night with the gold intact, I wonder if Harley Hamilton and Cinder will be so lucky.

CP: Luck's got absolutely nothing to do with it, Albano. The fact is that Hamilton and Cinder are a better team than June and Cristol... period. And get your hanky ready to wipe up those bitter tears when that title reign keeps rolling on here in Seattle.

SA: We'll see about that.

[June and Cristol start their way down the aisle, the energy in the building already at a fever pitch for not just a title match but a grudge match... a Main Event in every sense of the word.

They get about halfway down the aisle, huddling up in one final discussion...]

SA: June and Cristol with some final pre-match words for one another.. it may have been the champions who made the challenge but there is no doubt that this is the match the Country Punks wanted tonight and I do believe the match they prepared for, Colt.

CP: It's been no secret that these two were on a crash course to meet tonight so while a lot of tonight's matches have been a surprise... I feel like these two teams are ready for one another.

SA: I've gotta agree with that and- HERE WE GO!

[Suddenly, Cristol and June break into a tandem sprint down the rest of the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes with urgency and heart. Victoria June is a whirling punk rock storm as she comes to her feet alongside her partner Kayla Cristol who is carrying the burden of the biggest match of her life with grit and determination...]

SA: THE MATCH! IS! ON!

[Referee Shari Miranda twists to signal for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[June and Cristol storm forward to engage with a surprised Hamilton and Cinder who were perhaps expecting a slower start...]

SA: Big fight feel! Bad blood for days! Championships on the line! It doesn't get any better than this as the Country Punks get their chance to finally complete the long climb to the top!

CP: Easier said than done. Seductive and Destructive have spent months proving that they can beat anybody at anytime!

[There is no feeling out process in this one - caution flung headlong into the wind as June and Cristol hit the champs before they can settle in, throwing fists and forearms, driving the E-Girl MAX duo backwards...]

...and a pair of dropkicks send Hamilton and Cinder spilling to the outside to cheers as the crowd celebrates the challengers owning the ring in the opening moments!]

SA: Oh yeah! The challengers came out like they were fired from a cannon!

CP: It's a smart strategy, Big Sal. Don't let the champs dictate the tempo for as long as you can.

SA: And immediately, we see Harley and Cinder trying to regroup on the outside as Shari Miranda struggles to keep the challengers back... she saw what happened earlier with Miss Akuji and Kimmy Bailey and she wants to maintain some semblance of order for as long as possible.

CP: She's not off to the best start!

[With Miranda doing her best to keep the Country Punks backed away, Hamilton leans in and whispers into Cinder's ear who listens and then gives a grim nod, climbing back up on the apron as Hamilton moves swiftly to their corner...]

SA: And... it looks like it'll be Cinder - the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner - starting things off against Kayla Cristol. The Pistol has come to Seattle and she's lookin' to strike gold!

[...and Cinder ducks through the ropes, giving Cristol an earful as she moves towards her.]

SA: Cinder is never lacking for something to say to an opponent and-

[The crowd CHEERS as Cristol has heard enough, rushing back into the mix with a quick forearm on the jaw!]

SA: -and we're right back to it! No rest for either side as Kayla Cristol pushes the tempo for the challengers!

[A trio of forearms land before a boot to the gut doubles Cinder over and a big kneelift sends her staggering backwards, falling back against the ropes!]

SA: OH! What a shot that was!

[Cinder shakes her head, trying to clear the cobwebs as she pushes past Shari Miranda, winding up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and POPS Cristol upside the ear with a loud slap!]

SA: OH! And Cinder returns the favor!

[But Cristol isn't backing down, not intimidated on this night by Seductive and Destructive's bullying tactics. She snaps off a pair of right hands that has Cinder on her heels again...]

SA: Kayla Cristol won't be pushed around!

[...and Cinder throws a big haymaker, sloppy but potentially effective...]

SA: Big swing, big miss!

[...and Cristol catches her going by, wrapping her up, and snapping her back into a side Russian legsweep, putting Cinder down as Cristol scrambles into the first pin attempt of the match!]

SA: ONNNNE! TWOOOOO!

[Cinder escapes with ease... and then promptly rolls out to the apron as Cristol kips up with a grin, firing off her finger pistols to the approval of the sold out KeyArena crowd!]

CP: Kayla Cristol showing that the Country Punks are here for one reason - the straps! They're not here for payback... they're not here for some sort of revenge - they want the gold!

SA: Only a two count there but the message is received loud and clear as Cinder rolls to the apron, looking for a breather..

[Cinder is on her feet on the apron right away, shouting at the referee... shouting at Cristol... shouting at the fans...]

SA: Cinder may be losing her cool here, Colt, after the fast start by The Pistol.

CP: Cristol better enjoy it while it lasts, Albano.

[Cristol stays in the ring on her side, watching and waiting as Cinder milks the referee's count...]

SA: The count is on... but nobody wants a countout in this one, Colt.

CP: Damn straight. The lights are bright, the Main Event is on, the gold is on the line... we want to see a winner no matter how the chips fall!

[...and then finally has seen enough, swooping in to make a grab at Cinder who grabs the incoming Pistol, smashing her with a quick elbowstrike to the temple!]

SA: OHH! Cinder caught her coming in and made her pay for that aggression we've seen early on in this one...

[With a handful of hair and a bellow, Cinder runs down the apron, smashing Cristol's head into the turnbuckles. She hangs on, pushing her face down on the top rope and drags it back and forth a few times!]

SA: ...and now Cinder with the dirty tricks, raking Kayla Cristol's face on the top rope!

[Stepping through the ropes, a headbutt puts Cristol back into the neutral corner as Cinder grabs the middle rope, laying in kick after kick to chop her down to a seated spot in the corner...]

SA: Cinder's all over her! That Scottish fire on display!

[...and with a bellow of "LET'S DAAAANCE!", she unleashes an ugly flurry of stomps in the corner until the referee forces her back!]

SA: Shari Miranda, trying to keep this one from breaking down in the early moments... she's got her work cut out for her with this rivalry though, Colt.

CP: She does. Cinder and Hamilton know how to bend - if not break - the rules and Victoria June in one heck of a hothead too. Kayla Cristol's showing some fire tonight as well. The emotions are running high and that spells trouble for the law and order lady in the middle.

[Cinder and Miranda exchange words in the middle of the ring before Cinder brushes past her to attack again...

...but Cristol comes charging out, wrapping up Cinder in a messy tieup, the duo spinning and twisting like a mad dance before Cristol ends up pushed back into the corner of the champions where Harley Hamilton slaps the shoulder of her partner, tagging herself in...]

SA: Hamilton in off the tag... behind the back of-

[...and immediately goes to work, DIVING at the back of Cristol's knee, clipping it from behind!]

SA: And Harley Hamilton doesn't waste a single second, Colt, in going after the knee she softened up during the recent singles match between her and the Pistol.

CP: Did you expect anything less from a brilliant tactician like Harley Hamilton? The daughter of the legendary Hamilton Graham and one of the best women's wrestlers in the world? The 2018 Rumble winner and the woman who will challenge Michelle Bailey for the World Title next month at Girls To The Front?

SA: How much did she slip you to be her publicist tonight?

[As Cinder steps out, Hamilton drags a wincing Cristol to her feet, pulling the leg up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DRAGON SCREW TAKES HER DOWN!

CP: One of the most dangerous moves in the business, Big Sal. There's just so much damage that can be done with that one move - torn ligaments, tendon damage, displaced patellas. Cristol's down and she's hurting and Harley Hamilton

may have just shown us the strategy that ends with Seductive and Destructive walking out of here as the retaining champs.

[Hamilton drags Cristol to her feet again, the Pistol hopping on one foot to try to keep weight off the leg...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: A SECOND DRAGON SCREW LEG WHIP!

[Cristol cries out in pain as Victoria June looks on on her friend and partner with great concern, somehow mustering up a “COME ON, KAYLA!” and some clapping as Hamilton regains her feet, smirking at June...]

“LET’S GO, KAYLA! COME ON, GIRRRRRRL!”

[Hamilton throws in a mocking clap to boot... which brings June in illegally, Miranda rushing to cut her off...]

SA: And you spoke of Victoria June’s hot temper, there it is...

CP: Here comes Cinder to take advantage of it.

[Cinder is quickly (and illegally) in the ring to join Hamilton as Harley grabs the ankle, holding the leg as Cinder leaps up to drop her weight across the knee, Cristol crying out again!]

SA: Colt, we’re barely five minutes into this sixty minute time limit and the mission is clear: torment the knee of Kayla Cristol until she just can’t take it anymore.

CP: It’s a brilliant strategy that everyone - including Kayla Cristol - should’ve seen coming.

[Cinder stomps the knee a few times before ducking out before Shari Miranda turns around, having put June back out on the apron.]

SA: The referee saw none of that?! Come on!

CP: That was all on Victoria June too, Big Sal. She distracted the referee and caused her partner to take even more punishment.

[Hamilton grabs the ankle of Cristol, pulling her to the center of the ring where she leaps over Cristol’s body, violently stretching out the knee and hamstring!]

SA: OHHH! A hamstring stretcher right there, doing even more damage to the challenger... hanging onto the leg, coming back up...

[She goes right into the setup for one of her submission holds, dropping down to the mat and cranking it on...]

SA: ...and there it is! The Indigenous People’s Leglock!

[...and Cristol cries out, clawing the canvas as she stretches out towards the ropes!]

SA: Harley’s got it locked in and cranked up! She’s looking for the early submission!

[Hamilton berates Cristol while trapped in the hold.]

“GIVE IT UP, CRISTOL!”

[And then turns up the pressure as Cristol buries her face in her hands!]

SA: Cristol's trying to hang on but... the pain may be too much, Colt.

CP: I'd never tell someone to risk their career for the sake of one match...

SA: But?

CP: But if she gives up, it'll be a long, long wait before the Country Punks get another shot at these titles.

[Cinder paces back and forth on the apron, shouting her own insults down at the struggling Cristol who is trying to drag Hamilton's form across the canvas...]

SA: She's fighting it, Colt! She doesn't want to give it up! She wants to walk out of Seattle with the gold!

CP: Right now, she might have to settle for WALKING out of Seattle period.

SA: Cristol's getting closer! Cristol's pulling hard! Seductive and Destructive found the target and now they are absolutely merciless.

CP: You show them a weakness and they move in like sharks.

[...and finally, Cristol is able to get to the ropes, shouting "BREAK IT! BREAK IT!" to which Harley bellows "I'M TRYYYYYYING!" before finally letting go as Shari Miranda's count reaches four and change.]

SA: Finally... finally she breaks the hold... and Kayla Cristol's in a VERY bad way at this point...

[Cristol manages to use the ropes to pull herself under them, rolling off the apron as Hamilton looks on with a shake of the head...]

"You can't run from me, Pistol!"

[...and ignoring the official, Hamilton steps through the ropes, dropping off the apron to the floor where she stands over Cristol for a moment, trading words with a few ringside fans.]

SA: Harley Hamilton's got negative comments for EVERYONE tonight it seems, Colt.

CP: What'd she say about you?

SA: Nothing yet.

CP: She should come talk to me. I got a whole book of 'em.

SA: I'm sure you do... and Harley Hamilton pulls Cristol off the floor now, looking to do more damage...

[With a handful of hair, Hamilton takes aim as she swings Cristol around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets her airborne, tossing her sideways into the barricade!]

SA: She hits the STEEL!

[Hamilton smirks at the jeering crowd, taking a moment to high five a pair of teenage girls in E-Girl MAX t-shirts...]

"Now THAT'S real taste!"

[She chuckles as she moves towards a crawling Cristol who is desperate to create space...]

SA: Harley Hamilton staying on her, not giving Kayla Cristol a moment's respite as she... what's this now?

[...and Hamilton pulls her into a front facelock, slinging an arm over her neck...]

SA: No, no! Not on the floor!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SUPLEX ON THE FLOOOOOOOOR!

[The crowd groans as Cristol hits the unforgiving slightly-padded concrete floor. Hamilton sits up, nodding in satisfaction as Cinder applauds from her corner and Victoria June complains to the official...]

SA: Harley back on her feet... rolls in to break the count...

[The referee moves over to Hamilton, warning her for the attack on the outside...]

...which is Cinder's cue to jump off the apron, rushing over to grab the downed Cristol. She lifts the leg, tucking it up as she lifts her in the air...]

SA: What is...?

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHINBREAKER ON THE STEPS! SWEET SAN ANGELO!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Cristol lies on her back, wincing in pain, clutching her knee as Victoria June rushes over to help her partner.. but Cinder escapes without issue, running back towards her corner as Cristol writhes in agony on the ringside mats.]

SA: Shari missed that too...

CP: Thanks to Victoria June.

SA: Well, I don't know about that but whatever the reason, June is now being sent back to her corner... and that puts Hamilton back in control...

[As Cristol uses the steps and then the apron to pull herself to her feet at the referee's count, Hamilton uses a handful of hair to boost her the rest of the way onto the apron...]

SA: Another suplex coming up.... and DOWWWWN onto the canvas!

[This time, it's Hamilton who immediately goes into the cover, hooking the leg and getting a two count before Cristol slips out...]

SA: Kayla Cristol managing to hang on so far... but Hamilton is still firmly in control.

[Grabbing the leg, Hamilton turns her towards the ropes, draping the ankle on the middle rope...]

SA: Uh oh... I don't like the looks of this...

[...and then springs off the middle rope, dropping her weight down on the knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cristol sits up, gripping her knee in pain...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and Hamilton SLAPS her hard across the face, knocking her right back down. The crowd jeers the slap as Hamilton mockingly shakes out her hand in "pain," grinning all the while.]

SA: Harley Hamilton may be young, Colt, but she wrestles like a veteran who enjoys every nasty little second of a match like this.

CP: Like father like daughter in that case.

[With Victoria June pacing anxiously in the corner, Hamilton grabs the foot, dragging Cristol out towards the center of the ring again...]

SA: Here we go! Figure four on the-

[...but as Hamilton reaches down for the other leg, Cristol plucks her into an inside cradle!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SHE KICKS OUT! JUST BARELY! The kind of space my nonna would call a gnat's rear end!

CP: Huh. Maybe she'd like your job.

SA: You'd last about three minutes before she'd take a wooden spoon to you. But look at this! Look at this! Cristol on the move, trying to seize the day! Kayla crawling for the corner, June with the hand outstretched and-

[Hamilton makes a dive from her knees, grabbing Cristol's ankle, preventing the tag... for now!]

SA: HAMILTON HANGING ON! Hamilton trying to keep her in the ring!

[Cristol rolls to her back, lashing out with the free leg...]

SA: OH! BOOT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[...and again...]

SA: Trying DESPERATELY to kick off Harley Hamilton! Victoria June is waiting for her! Ready to get in there and-

[...and as a third kick seems to loosen Hamilton's grip, Cinder comes rushing through the ropes to intervene!]

SA: Cinder's in and- NO! Shari Miranda cuts her off! Not letting her in!

[Cinder shouts, protesting loudly as Cristol raises the free leg again...]

SA: OH! That one rolls back Harley's eyes annnnnnnnd... TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the Afro Punk comes through the ropes, rushing in at the rising Hamilton with a barrage of big right hands!]

SA: Victoria June is in and she's ALL OVER Harley Hamilton!

[But as Hamilton falls back towards her corner, Shari Miranda steps in, waving her arms...]

SA: What is...?

[...and the crowd ROARS down boos as the official points back to the Country Punks' corner!]

CP: She's putting out Victoria June! She didn't see the tag!

[June throws up her hands in frustration, shouting at the referee who points to her eyes a few times, ordering the Afro Punk back into the corner...]

SA: Victoria June is being ordered OUT of the ring after Kayla Cristol fought so long to make that tag! A heartbreaking - and potentially match-altering - decision by the referee!

[...and with June arguing with the official, Cinder DOES come in, joining Hamilton in dragging Cristol all the way across the ring back to the champions' corner!]

SA: The crowd in Seattle is fit to be tied! They can't believe what they're seeing here and...

[The crowd groans as each champion takes an Afro Punk arm in hand, using them to toss her back into the turnbuckles at high impact!]

SA: ...ohhh! Hard back into the corner... Cinder ducks out now, leaving Hamilton in there but... what a turn of events that was, fans!

[Hamilton wraps the injured leg around the middle rope, kicking the knee several times as Cristol cries out on each blow...]

SA: Come on! Get her out of the corner, ref!

[Shari Miranda is trying to do just that as June finally settles back into her corner in a dark rage...

...which only gets worse as Hamilton executes a dragon screw around the middle rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MAMMA MIA! That might do it right there!

[Cristol collapses on the mat, clutching her knee as Hamilton slaps the offered hand...]

SA: The tag is on, Cinder is coming back in... and Colt, we just passed the ten minute mark in this one and Victoria June STILL hasn't been legally in the ring since the opening bell.

CP: It's the tag team wrestling strategy guide executed to a T, Big Sal. Cut the ring in half. Work a body part. Keep the weaker half of the other team in.

[Cinder steps in, taking aim before dropping her own knee down on the injured leg once... twice... three times...]

SA: Hang on, quick tag there...

CP: And now the quick tags too? The doubleteams?

[Hamilton steps to the middle rope as Cinder pins the ankle down on the mat, giving room for Hamilton to leap off, stomping the knee down in vile fashion!]

SA: Kayla Cristol's GOT to find a way out of this... one the referee SEES this time apparently! She DESPERATELY needs to get Victoria June in the ring and into this match legally.

[Hamilton hauls Cristol off the mat, snatching a front facelock...]

SA: CRADLE SUPLEX! THE BRIDGE GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS-

[But a full body shift from Cristol gets the shoulder up, causing Hamilton's bridge to break down. She sits up on the mat, glaring at Shari Miranda who holds up two fingers... and Hamilton calmly nods in response.]

SA: Harley Hamilton couldn't get the three count... but maybe looking for the submission now instead. Going for that figure four leglock a second time and-

[But this time, when Hamilton turns her back on Cristol, Cristol raises the good leg, planting the cowboy boot on Hamilton's rear end and SHOVES her off, sending her crashing into Victoria June, knocking her off the apron to the floor!]

SA: OH!

CP: Cristol took her own partner out!

SA: She certainly didn't mean to... but that's besides the point right now. Colt, you gotta be impressed with the fight of Kayla Cristol. She is taking a beating but she will not stay down!

CP: She may not know how to give up, and tonight that's probably helping her.

[Cristol struggles off the mat, seeing June on the floor, and stumbles into the closest ropes, walking along them to the neutral corner as Hamilton turns her focus back on her...]

SA: HARLEY ON THE MOVE!

[...and runs RIGHT into a Cristol back elbow to the chin!]

SA: OHH! Cristol with the elbow!

CP: Harley might be seeing stars after that!

[After a few moments of recovery, she charges back in...]

SA: OHH! CRISTOL CAUGHT HER AGAIN!

[Hamilton staggers in a circle, her back to Cristol several feet from the corner as Cristol grimaces, forcing herself to the middle rope...]

SA: Second rope... June's still down so Cristol...

[...and LEAPS OFF, snatching a side headlock and riding it down!]

SA: BULLDOG! SHE PLANTS HER FACEFIRST DOWN INTO THE CANVAS!

[With the crowd roaring, Hamilton is facefirst on the mat as Cristol is on her back, staring up at the lights...]

SA: Both women are down and that bulldog stunned Harley Hamilton and opened a window of opportunity for The Pistol!

CP: If she can even walk!

[The crowd gets louder with both women laid out on the mat. The chants are ringing out loud, led by a fired up Victoria June...]

"PIS-TOL!"

"PIS-TOL!"

"PIS-TOL!"

[...and a smaller but vocal contingent of fans cheering on her opponent.]

"HAR-LEY!"

"HAR-LEY!"

"HAR-LEY!"

SA: Kayla Cristol dragging herself on the mat, not even wanting to put weight on that injured knee! Hamilton on all fours, crawling towards Cinder!

[The crowd gets louder and louder, trying to urge their favorite to their corner as June and Cinder wait eagerly, the former's fingers trembling with anxiety as she waits... and waits... and waits..]

SA: AL-MOST THERE!

[As Cristol reaches up, looking into her friend's eyes...

...Cinder gives up on Harley getting there first, sprinting through the ropes, moving past a protesting Shari Miranda!]

SA: CINDER COMING ON STRONG!

[But the crowd ERUPTS as Cristol makes one final lunge...]

SA: TAAAAAAAAG!

[The Afro Punk comes through the ropes, causing Cinder to halt dead in her tracks in a backpedal, begging off as June highsteps it into the ring, all sorts of fired up as the roof nearly comes off the KeyArena!]

SA: INTO THE PIT GOES VICTORIA JUNE!

[June launches into a haymaker, blasting Cinder right off her feet with a single blow! Cinder scrambles up, walking right into a second one!]

SA: The Afro Punk dishing out knuckle sandwiches on the wild Scot!

[Cinder comes up swinging this time as June ducks under, lifting her up in the air and bringing her down in an atomic drop! Cinder grabs at her tailbone, bouncing up and down as June gets a running start and uses a one-legged dropkick to send Cinder flying through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: OUT GOES CINDER!

[Harley Hamilton is back on her feet, stumbling towards June with her hands clasped over her head...]

SA: From behind!

[...but June senses her coming, wheeling around to bury a right hand into the midsection!]

SA: OHHH! June does downstairs!

[Grabbing Hamilton by the wrist, June YANKS her into a short-arm clothesline!]

SA: And Hamilton goes down!

CP: June's not done though, hanging on, pulling her back up...

[A second short-arm clothesline takes Hamilton off her feet... as does a third that dumps her like a sack of trash as June lets loose a roar, throwing back her arms, stomping around the ring running on sheer adrenaline...]

SA: The emotions are POURING out of the Afro Punk, trying to seize the moment here in Seattle!

[As Hamilton tries to crawl away, June pulls her back in, shaking her head as she drags the Rumble winner to her feet, scooping her up across her chest...]

SA: She's got her up! She's got her up! The whole world knows what's coming next!

[June turns a full 360, showing her off for all to see...

...and DRIVES her down in the front powerslam!]

SA: SHE PLANTS HER DOWN! IS THAT ENOUGH?!

[Shari Miranda dives down to count, rearing back to slap the mat...]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ROARS in shock as Cinder YANKS June out of the lateral press, pulling her right out under the ropes to the outside!]

SA: OHHH! CINDER SAVES THE TITLES!

[June hits the floor swinging, her and Cinder trading heated rights and lefts as the ringside fans go wild!]

SA: THE FIGHT IS ON!

CP: THERE'S NO LOVE LOST THERE, BIG SAL!

[June lands a surprising headbutt that stuns Cinder as June grabs a handful of hair, looping big right hands into the head of her longtime rival as Harley Hamilton sizes up the scene from inside the ring...]

SA: Hamilton's on her feet and-

CP: She's legal! Her and June!

[Shari Miranda seems to be trying to remind Victoria June of that as Hamilton hits the ropes, dashing across...]

SA: BASEBALL SLI-

[...but June grabs hold of Cinder, yanking her towards her...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and causes Hamilton to DRIVE her feet into her own partner's head, sending Cinder crashing to the floor as the crowd goes nuts!]

SA: A rare malfunction at the junction for the Women's World Tag Team Champions!

[With Cinder set aside and Hamilton climbing to her feet back inside the ring, June climbs up on the apron, looking to duck through but Hamilton catches her coming through with a kneelift to the chest, knocking her back the other way to the apron...]

SA: Oh! Hamilton with a knee, keeps her on the outside for now...

CP: Not for long - she's gonna bring her in the hard way!

[...and as Hamilton loops the arm over her neck for a suplex, she lifts June up...]

SA: SUPLEX!

[...but a kicking and fighting June forces Hamilton to put her back down on the apron!]

SA: Blocked by June!

[Hamilton tries a second time but June again manages to avoid it as we can see Cinder getting back to her feet on the floor..

...which is when June shockingly reverses the lift!]

SA: OH MY! OH MY! OH MYYYYYYYYY!

[And June suplexes Hamilton over the top rope, bringing them both crashing down on top of the approaching Cinder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?! WHAT JUST HAPPENED?!

[With June, Cinder, and Hamilton laid out on the floor, the referee starts a double count as the crowd is still ROCKING over what they just, some of whom start letting loose an highly inappropriate for families chant...]

SA: The Seattle fans letting loose with a little hardcore verbiage, Colt.

CP: Class went out of fashion in this city around the time flannel came INTO fashion.

SA: These fans are on their feet hoping - in the immortal words of Eddie Vedder of Pearl Jam - that the title dreams of the Country Punks are still alive after that shocking reversal by Victoria June!

[As the count continues, June slowly pushes up off the floor to a seated position, a smile on her face as she looks out on the roaring crowd. Kayla Cristol has managed to get back on the apron and is also cheering on her partner, imploring her to get the action back in the ring...]

SA: June to her feet, listening to this crowd... what a moment for the young woman who has spoken so many times about being the outcast, being bullied, being treated like something weird and different... she is here, she is accepted and loved by the people of Seattle here tonight!

[June hauls Hamilton off the floor by the hair, tossing her back in and rolling in after her...]

SA: The legal competitors for both champions and challengers are back in the ring...

[...and June uses a whip to shoot Hamilton into the corner, charging in after her...]

SA: MOSH SPLASH!

CP: Cinder's still down! If she hits the front powerslam again, it's over, Albano!

[June is on fire, pumping her arms, playing to the crowd as Hamilton staggers out towards her, getting scooped up again...]

SA: She's got her up! She's got her in position! She-

[The crowd screams BLOODY MURDER as Cinder drags herself to her knees on the floor using the apron, lunging to grab the ankle of June!]

SA: OH! CINDER! CINDER!

[June is forced to let Hamilton down, putting her on her feet where...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...Hamilton DRIVES a clenched fist down onto the eyebrow, sending June spinning away, falling over the middle rope to be draped there!]

SA: WHAT A SHOT! WHAT A RIGHT HAND!

[Hamilton falls backwards, wincing and shaking out her hand as June covers up her head from her prone position...]

SA: Victoria June had the titles within reach but-

CP: But you never count out Harley Hamilton and Cinder until the bell has rung! A timely assist from the outside and one HELL of a right hand from Hamilton and now it's June whose bell is rung!

[Hamilton steps back in, ignoring Shari Miranda as she pulls June up with two hands full of spiked hair..

...and reveals a split eyebrow spurting blood into the eye of the Afro Punk, the crowd reacting in horror!]

SA: Oh... oh my goodness, Colt

CP: Just like her old man so many times, Harley Hamilton just split that eyebrow wide open, Big Sal!

[Even Hamilton seems surprised, freezing in her tracks and taking a step back as June runs a hand across her face...

...and looks down on her bloody hand.]

SA: June is busted wide open and-

[The sight of her bleeding her own blood seems to send the Afro Punk into a berzerker rage as she LUNGES at Hamilton with a headbutt, stunning the 2018 Rumble winner... but June doesn't stop there, wailing away on her with rights and lefts... and as Hamilton turns, the blows land on the back of the head and neck instead as the referee tries to get her to cease the attack...

...but June just runs right past Hamilton, hitting the ropes...]

SA: FIERRO PRESS!

[...and bowls a stunned Hamilton over, grabbing her long hair and repeatedly SLAMMING the back of her head in to the mat as the crowd ROARS! Outside the ring, Cinder shrieks at her partner's dilemma, urgently coming up on the apron trying to get in...

...and June surges to her feet, rushing forward!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[June connects with a running knee, knocking Cinder back down on the floor!]

SA: JUNE CUTS OFF CINDER!

[Hamilton stirs off the mat, shaking her head, trying to clear her thoughts as she lumbers towards June from behind...

...but June ducks down, elevating Hamilton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: JUNE SENDS HAMILTON UP AND OOOOOVERRRRR!

[June SLAMS her arms down on the top rope, nodding her head as blood continues to run into her stinging eyes...

...and then she points to the corner!]

SA: What in the...?

[June marches to the corner and starts climbing, the crowd BUZZING with every step up until it turns into a roar!]

SA: JUNE'S UP TOP! VICTORIA JUNE IS UP TOP!

[And as Cinder and Hamilton stir to their feet, hanging onto one another to steady themselves on the outside...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Like a bloody angel, June HURLS herself off the top rope, soaring through the air...]

SA: STAAAAAGE DIIIIIIIVE!

[...and WIPES OUT both Hamilton and Cinder with a sloppy-as-hell flying crossbody to the floor!]

CP: This is one HELL of a fight, Big Sal!

SA: Twenty minutes of action gone! We've got bodies all over! We've got injured limbs... we've got a bloodied Afro Punk... and yet all four of these remarkable athletes just keep fighting! Refusing to stay down! Refusing to relent on even the slightest grip on that championship gold!

CP: This crowd has LOST IT! I can barely hear you right now, Big Sal!

SA: That's alright. If it was any good, someone will repost it on Twitter soon enough.

[June drags herself off the floor, looking out through bloodstung eyes on the roaring crowd. She nods to them as she leans down, grabbing a handful of Hamilton's hair... and then doing the same to Cinder, dragging them both to their feet, staring into their faces...]

SA: A meeting of the minds perhaps?!

[...but before the presumed double noggin knocker comes, the E-Girl MAX duo lashes out with simultaneous boots to the gut, doubling June over...]

SA: Oh! Wait... NO! NOOOOO!

[...and they quickly snatch a double front facelock before SPIKING June's bloodied skull into the barely-padded KeyArena floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The sudden exclamation from the Seattle fans is short-lived as the crowd realizes they've seen that before... and fall silent as they remember the damage it did the last time!]

SA: We've seen that before, Colt!

CP: They remembered exactly what put her down before!

SA: The last time they did that, they took Victoria June out of action for WEEKS... but at least this time, it wasn't exposed concrete.

CP: I think you're overrating the effectiveness of this padding around ringside. It's almost more of a protective cover for the concrete than to cushion any falls, Big Sal. June's in trouble. Big trouble.

SA: The Country Punks may have just had their title dreams extinguished with one brutal blow... and now the champions shove her back in... Hamilton crawling in as well and-

[She lunges into a cover, wrapping up the leg...]

SA: -this might be academic, Colt.

[...where the referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

SA: They got her!

[...and at the last possible moment, June's body... twitches. More than else, it's an involuntary jerk... and is JUST enough to squeak a shoulder off the canvas!]

SA: NO! NO! SHE KICKED OUT!

CP: Did she?!

SA: SHE DID! SHARI SAYS IT WAS TWO! It was the damndest closest near fall I think I've ever seen but it was two! It was two!

CP: Settle down, Albano. The way you're acting, I'd think you've got money on this match!

[Harley Hamilton sits up with a stunned expression on her face, one mirrored by Cinder who stands at ringside shaking her head in disbelief...]

SA: The champions can't believe it either! They thought that was the killshot! They thought that was enough to get the three count!

[Cinder is SCREAMING now at ringside, demanding that Harley Hamilton finish off Victoria June. Hamilton nods angrily, springing to her feet, dragging a limp June up to her knees...]

SA: That frustration may have just turned into bloody intentions!

[...and HAMMERS the split eyebrow with heavy right hands before SMASHING an overhead elbow down onto it, leaving June slumped over on all fours. A sneering Hamilton looks at a pleading Kayla Cristol who is begging for a tag before firing off a pair of mocking finger guns to jeers from the crowd and an angry shout from the Pistol!]

SA: Tensions running high after that dastardly double DDT on the outside, Colt.

CP: They tried to take her out again. They knew the chance they were taking with her physical wellbeing... with her career... you know the odds of ending a career with too many concussions in short order? It's high, Albano... damn high... but that was the chance they were willing to take to keep those titles.

[Hamilton drags June off the mat, burying a boot into the midsection, twisting away to snatch her around the head and neck...]

CP: DON'T LOOK NOW BUT IT'S A HOT GIRL STUNNER, ALBANO!

[Hamilton swings her arms apart, gesturing that it's over as she wraps up the leg, nodding along with Miranda's count of one... two...]

SA: AND CRISTOL WITH A DIVING SAAAAAAVE!

[A pissed off Cinder SLAMS her arms down on the apron, rolling in and snatching Cristol on the way back to her feet...

...and LAUNCHES her over the top rope, throwing her all the way to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: A hard fall to the outside as Cinder ROCKETS Cristol to the floor.. and now it's a two on one on the bloodied, battered, but not yet beaten Victoria June!

[Cinder pulls her longtime rival off the mat, using her sharp elbows to hammer at the cut eyebrow, worsening the blood flow before whipping June into the corner, ignoring the protesting Shari Miranda. Cinder turns back to her partner, pulling her up by the arm, pointing at June and gets a weary nod...]

SA: The champions with the doubleteam and right now, it looks like Shari Miranda is powerless to stop them!

CP: She can always disqualify them!

SA: No! A disqualification keeps the titles on the champions! The Country Punks - they DESERVE this chance to take the titles, Colt! You can't argue that!

CP: I can not. But there's a reason the champion's advantage exists too.

[Pulling June off the mat, the champions whip her into a corner and then back off to the opposite corner...]

SA: We've seen this before!

[...and Cinder comes storming in first, leaving her feet with a high impact crossbody in the corner, rocking the ribcage of the Afro Punk!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact sends Cinder falling back out, dropping to her hands and knees...

...perfectly setting the table as Harley Hamilton comes rushing in as well, springing off her partner's back...]

SA: SUPERMAAAAAAAN...

[...but as Hamilton goes soaring through the air, June steps out of the corner, catching her in defiant arms...]

SA: ...CAUGHT! CAUGHT!

[...and then steps forward, pushing Hamilton up as high as she can...]

SA: WHAT IS SHE...?!

[...and THROWING her down onto her own partner's back as HARD as she can!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIIIIIIAAAAAAAA! A SPINEBUSTER ON THE BACK OF CINDER, BREAKING HER DOWN!

CP: She's out! She rolled IMMEDIATELY to the floor! She's hurt and she's hurt bad, Big Sal!

SA: An incredible and absolutely DEVASTATING counter by Victoria June completely may have flipped this match on its damn head! Unbelievable!

[The bloodied June looks down at the laid out Hamilton... giving a satisfied nod before stumbling towards her own corner, collapsing forward...]

SA: TAG!

[...and as June slumps against the turnbuckles, the hobbled Pistol comes in as quickly as she can, dragging Harley Hamilton off the mat by the arm and whipping her into the corner where she CRASHES into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Hamilton SLAMS into the corner... and... wait a second! Wait a second!

[The crowd is absolutely ROARING now as Kayla Cristol gives a nod before stepping to the outside, climbing the buckles excruciatingly one by one...]

SA: CRISTOL TO THE SECOND ROPE! TRYING TO GET UP TOP! TRYING TO GET HAMILTON SET FOR THE BOGGY CREEK BUSTER! THE TITLES ARE ONCE AGAIN WITHIN REACH!

[Cristol reaches the top, grimacing and shaking out her leg as she gets there. She reaches down, trying to position Hamilton...

...who reaches up and YANKS the leg out from under Cristol who comes falling awkwardly off the buckles!]

SA: OH!

[Hamilton grabs the off-balance Cristol, flinging her by the hair down to the mat with an ugly throw...

...and then grabs the legs, wrapping them up!]

SA: We've seen this before too! This is how she won the singles match!

[The figure four cradle puts the shoulders down as Hamilton twists into it, bridging back...]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT...

[...and the crowd EXPLODES as Cristol somehow finds the strength to kick out, escaping certain defeat!]

SA: ...NO! NO! CRISTOL STAYS ALIIIIIVE!

[Hamilton SLAMS a hand into the mat in frustration, complaining about the count to Shari Miranda for perhaps the first time all match. Miranda waves it off, holding up two fingers as Hamilton angrily pulls Cristol up and SMASHES her with a forearm shot on the jaw, shoving her back into the turnbuckles...]

SA: She's got Cristol in the corner!

[...and absolutely MAULS her with a barrage of chops, forearms, elbows, and even some good ol' fashioned haymakers that has Cristol clinging to the top rope to stay on her feet!]

SA: Cristol's up but barely! Hamilton is out of control!

[The referee interjects, trying to break it up but a feigned backhand from Hamilton in the heat of the moment sends Miranda scurrying away, threatening a DQ if Hamilton lets the fist fly...]

...and for a moment, we can see Hamilton relent, lifting an apologetic hand towards the official before turning back to Cristol...

...who grabs her by the hair and YANKS her into the corner!]

SA: OH! CRISTOL TURNS IT AROUND!

[Cristol slams her back into Hamilton's chest, pinning her in the corner, throwing her elbow back over and over and over, connecting at will with the exposed temple of Hamilton!]

SA: CRISTOL TAKING OVER!

[And with Hamilton in a daze, a fired up Cristol steps up to the middle rope, raising her right hand for all of Seattle to see and cheer...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

[...but as Cristol rains down blows, Hamilton slumps down enough to duck under, sliding out of the corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Hamilton strikes out, smashing her foot into the back of Cristol's knee as she stands on the middle rope! Cristol falls backwards and lands right in torture rack position...]

SA: OH! OH! LOOK OUT...

[...and Hamilton staggers out to the middle of the ring, looking for Chainsaw Breakfast!]

SA: SHE'S GOT HER! SHE'S GOT HER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE-

[But a struggling Kayla Cristol is fighting for her life, smashing her elbow down onto Hamilton's head and neck...

...and shakes her way clear, falling to the mat behind Hamilton, wrapping her arms around the waist...]

SA: ROLLING CRADLE! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

[...but Hamilton KICKS hard at the last moment, rocketing Cristol out of the cradle across the ring...]

SA: TAAAAAAAAG!

[The bloodied Victoria June is surprised by the sudden tag but the fighting spirit is strong in this one, coming through the ropes as Hamilton springs up and comes hard at her...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...but June catches her coming in, flinging her bodily into the turnbuckles with a released Northern Lights Suplex, wrecking Hamilton’s body against the corner!]

SA: AHHHHHH!

[June comes up, swiping blood from her eyes...

...and spots an enraged Cinder rushing at her at full speed... which June uses against her, lifting, twisting, and DRIVING her down with a swinging side slam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The Afro Punk drags herself off the mat, a fired up look on her face as she grabs the wrecked Hamilton, tossing her to one corner... and then grabs Cinder, tossing her back the other way into the opposite corner...]

SA: Seductive and Destructive sent to the corner!

[...and June rushes to one side, leaping up...]

SA: MOSH SPLASH ON HAMILTON!

[...and then sprints the other way, leaping again...]

SA: ONE ON CINDER AS WELL!

[Cinder staggers out of the corner... and June lunges at her, connecting with a big clothesline that flips Cinder over the ropes to the outside!]

SA: JUNE TAKES OUT CINDER! IT’S HER AND HARLEY ONE MORE TIME!

[June turns back around, waving her hands, calling Hamilton out...]

SA: And listen to the fans! The crowd can feel it, Colt! The titles change hands tonight!

[Harley goes stumbling out of the corner, throwing a big right hand that June ducks under, reaching down to yank the legs out from under her...

...lifting her up with a loud roar of effort...]

SA: WHEELBARROW SLAAAAAAM!

[...and keeping her grasp on the legs, she wraps them up, the crowd EXPLODING in recognition!]

SA: SCORPION CROSSLOOOOOOCK! IT’S LOCKED IN! IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

[And the few fans who WEREN’T already on their feet are there now!]

SA: SHE’S GOT IT IN DEEP! HAMILTON’S IN TROUBLE! THE TITLES ARE IN TROUBLE!

[Hamilton SCREAMS in pain, clawing at the canvas...]

SA: She's trying to hang on! She's trying to hang onto the titles!

[June is screaming as well, a ferocious grunt of a roar as she tries to fight through it all to finally put gold around her waist...]

SA: Hamilton trying to fight through it!

CP: She can't get to the ropes!

SA: She's nowhere NEAR the ropes! This is it! This is-

[But as Hamilton's hand goes up, teasing the tapout...

...a desperate Cinder THROWS herself at June's back, breaking the hold to the thunderous ROARING JEERS of the sold out crowd!]

SA: OHHHH! CINDER SAVES THE TITLES!

[Cinder is furious, crashing out HARD as she stomps and kicks June over and over and over...

...until the referee steps in, physically shoving Cinder back across the ring as the crowd ROARS at the show of strength!]

SA: Yeah! Get her out of there, Shari!

[Miranda orders Cinder out of the ring, pointing her out to the apron as Victoria June struggles to her feet, falling back against the ropes near her corner...

...and Kayla Cristol reaches up, slapping her partner's shoulder as Shari Miranda turns around...]

SA: Was that a tag? Did Kayla just tag herself back in?

[But before we can find out, Victoria June goes TEARING across the ring, grabbing hold of Cinder and hammering a fist into her head over and over!]

SA: June's all over Cinder! All those months of frustration shining through here in Seattle!

[The Afro Punk staggers Cinder with a headbutt, ducking through the ropes to stand on the apron alongside her...

...and Cinder throws a stunned haymaker but June avoids it, scooping Cinder up across her chest!]

SA: WAIT! WAIT! WAIIIIIIIIT!

[June LEAPS off the apron, DRIVING Cinder down on the thinly-padded concrete floor with a thunderous front powerslam!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[As the crowd ROARS for the drop off the apron, we cut back inside the ring where Harley Hamilton gets up, clutching at her lower back, standing on spaghetti legs, still shaken from nearly being forced to submit...

...and then turns to find Kayla Cristol staring dead in her eyes. Cristol holds up a lone finger, nodding at Hamilton...]

"One more time."

[Hamilton nods in response, rushing forward at the woman with the bad knee, the big heart, and one more shot...]

SA: HERE WE GO! LET'S DO THE DAMN THING!

[...and as Cristol throws right hands and Hamilton throws forearms, the crowd RISES once more, ROARING for the showdown!]

SA: Swing for swing, blow for blow, battling their way all over this ring!

[A wild Hamilton swing with extra oomph comes up empty as Cristol ducks under, landing a forearm on the jaw that staggers Hamilton...

...and a second one causes Hamilton's knees to shake under her...

...and a third sends her falling back into the turnbuckles!]

SA: They're in the corner!

CP: Look at Hamilton! Look at the eyes!

[Glassy-eyed and in perfect position, Hamilton is struggling to stand as Cristol grabs her by the tights...

...and hobbles across the ring as quick as she can...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKETS Hamilton shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

SA: CRISTOL PUTS HER INTO THE POST!

[Cristol slaps the top turnbuckle three times, letting loose a roar of her own as she steps out to the apron, slowly climbing up the turnbuckles...]

SA: She's got her right where she wants her! Heading to the top rope!

[...and Cristol steps to the top rope, pulling Hamilton into position...]

SA: RIGHT WHERE SHE WANTS HER!

[...and LEAPS OFF, riding Hamilton down, driving her knee into the back of Hamilton's head, SMASHING her face into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOGGY! CREEK! BUSSSSTERRRRRRRR!

[Cristol collapses on top of Hamilton, wrapping up the legs with all the strength she has left...]

SA: IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT... ISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The arena ERUPTS at the sound of the bell, fans literally jumping for joy throughout the KeyArea as Cristol lets go of Hamilton, slumping back on the mat...

...where she suddenly is yanked into an embrace by Victoria June!]

SA: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! THE COUNTRY PUNKS ARE CHAMPIONS OF THE WORRRRRRRRLD!

[June and Cristol are sitting on the mat, wrapped in a tight - and emotional - embrace as the tears start to come. Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winners of the match...

...and NEWWWWWWWWWWWWW WOMEN'S WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONNNNNNNNNSSSSSSSS...

...THE COUNTRYYYYYYYYYYYY PUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNKS!

[Cristol's eyes go wide at the proclamation, shouting "WE DID IT! WE DID IT!" at a laughing Victoria June who pulls her into an embrace again!]

SA: What a match! What a moment, Colt!

CP: Love 'em or hate 'em, you can't deny they earned every second of this, Big Sal. That was one HELL of a match!

[June climbs to her feet, dragging her partner up with her. Cristol is limping badly, leaning her weight on her partner, but seems to have a permanent smile on her face now.]

SA: The joy on the faces of these two women is infectious! The emotions are running strong for them both and... wow. When you think about where these two started... to see them standing here like this in this moment... incredible. Simply incredible.

[June is practically giddy at this point - half yelling, half laughing, and half crying in the perfect Afro Punk way as Shari Miranda grabs the title belts, walking them towards the new champions...]

SA: There it is! The gold they fought so hard for!

[...but as Harley Hamilton slowly gets to her feet, shaking her head, grabbing at the side of her head...

...she SNATCHES the title belts away from Miranda to boos!]

SA: Oh, come on! They earned it, damn it! They earned those belts!

[Hamilton looks long and hard at her title belt... and then hands the other one over to Cinder who just rolled into the ring, a mix of fury and humiliation on her face as she glares at Victoria June who waits expectantly with her fists balled up...]

SA: Surely these two teams don't have in in them for another round, Colt.

CP: I don't know if _I_ have enough in me for another round. This night's been exhausting!

[Hamilton looks at Cinder, nodding her head...

...and then steps towards Kayla Cristol who instinctively steps back, ready to defend herself on her bad leg.]

SA: Don't do this, Harley.

[Hamilton takes another long look at her title belt...

...and then extends her hand, offering the belt over to Cristol.]

SA: Uhhhh.

[Cristol looks shocked... and then takes the title belt, slinging it over her shoulder as she looks down at Hamilton's now-extended hand...]

SA: Are you kidding me? Is this actually happening?

[...and then Cristol accepts the handshake generously, nodding with respect as the fans cheer.]

SA: I never thought I'd see this, fans.

CP: Harley Hamilton doesn't hand out respect unless it's real, Big Sal. That means something right here.

[Cinder on the other hand looks like she hates every second of this situation as Hamilton leans over, saying something quietly to her...]

"She earned it."

[After another long pause, Cinder steps forward and gives Cristol a reluctant and aggressive handshake of her own. Brief. Unhappy. But real.]

SA: Wow.

[Which brings us to the Afro Punk who steps forward, staring dead in the eyes of her longtime rival Cinder...]

SA: Now, if this happens, ANYTHING can happen...

CP: Maybe...?

[...who FLINGS the title belt at June like an Ohtani fastball, drilling her square in the chest!]

SA: OH, COME ON!

[June recoils from the belt but then instantly surges forward, ready to throw down...

...but Cinder has already bailed out and is now taunting June from the floor. Hamilton gives the duo an apologetic look and shrug before ducking through the ropes to console her partner on their way up the aisle.]

SA: Some things never change.

CP: As it should be.

SA: But one thing has changed, Colt... one thing has changed above all others. We've got new Women's World Tag Team Champions!

[Cristol convinces June to blow off the Cinder situation, waving a dismissive hand as they raise the title belts overhead to big cheers...]

SA: We've got a new National Champion! We've got a new Women's World Champion! And after this night in Seattle at Opportunity Knocks, I think I can safely say the American Wrestling Alliance will NEVER be the same!

[The spotlight is solidly on the new champions as they stand center ring - hurting, exhausted, emotional, and holding the Women's World Tag Team Titles high overhead as the crowd roars its approval...

...and we fade to black.]