



SHOWTIME

Saturday, May 19th, 2018 from American Legion Hall Post #308 in Reseda, California

Hour Two

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

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

A voiceover.]

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

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

With a blackened screen only lit by a white spotlight, a song begins to play.

It is Panic At The Disco's new single "Say Amen (Saturday Night)"

And that black screen changes to show past highlights of AWA superstars in action - starting with a shot of Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara delivering a sandwich lariat on a helpless foe...

...and we cut to a studio shot of Bailey, Fujiwara, and Molly Bell posing for the camera, Bell clawing at the air as Bailey strikes a double bicep pose and Fujiwara crosses her arms confidently.]

#And every mornin' when I wake up
I wanna be who I couldn't say I'd ever been#

[Cut to Omega being hurled off the top rope by Polemos in an assisted splash...

...and cut to a studio shot of Omega striking his signature pose as Polemos towers behind him, tugging a glove into place.]

#But it's so much more than I ever was
If every night I go to sleep knowin' #

[Cut to Harley Hamilton and Cinder hoisting the Women's World Tag Team Titles overhead as Kelly Kowalski and Casey Cash celebrate in the background...

...and then to a studio shot of the foursome, smirks all around as Cash gleefully polishes the belts upon Seductive and Destructive's shoulders.]

#That I gave everything that I had to give
Then it's all I could've asked for#

[Shadøe Rage comes soaring off the top rope, dropping a Death From Above double axehandle on a victim...

...and then a studio shot of Rage decked out to the nines, pointing to the camera, nodding his head confidently.]

#I've been standing up beside everything I've ever said, but
Oh, it's Saturday night, yeah#

[Cut to a quick montage of shots of AWA superstars in action: Atlas Armstrong applying the torture rack backbreaker... Odysseus Allah winning the Battle Royal at SuperClash... Sid Osborne diving off the apron into a cannonball... Trey Carson delivering a big boot to the mouth.]

#I pray for the wicked on the weekend
Mama, can I get another amen?#

[Victoria June lifting an opponent in the Scorpion Crosslock as Kayla Cristol soars off the top rope with a leg drop... Ricki Toughill driving her hind quarters into someone's face with a running hip attack... Laura Davis, Carolina Colton, and Trish Wallace standing over a fallen foe...]

#Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, it's Saturday night, yeah#

[Derrick Williams delivering a Future Shock... Odin Gunn planting a foe with a Death Valley Driver... Jackson Hunter waffling someone with a shovel... Jack Lynch locking the Iron Claw on an opponent.]

#Swear to God, I ain't ever gonna repent
Mama, can I get another amen?#

[The American Idols throwing a double superkick... Masks For Money mauling a victim in the corner... Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan using their assisted CattleBuster DDT... the Soldiers of Fortune cutting a promo as Meekly wildly waves the flag.]

#Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, it's Saturday night, yeah#

[Michelle Bailey flattens someone with a Britney Spear... Hannibal Carver drops someone with the Mind Eraser...]

#If I had one more day to wish
If I had one more day#

[Lauryn Rage unleashes a Perfect Punch... the Peach Pits pose at the top of the aisle... Kerry Kendrick drives home a running kneelift as Miss Sandra Hayes looks on... Raphael Rhodes smashes in a cheekbone with a forearm crossface.]

#To be better than I could have ever been
If I had one more day to wish#

[Jordan Ohara sails off the top with a Phoenix Flame... Next Gen drop someone with the Generation Gap... Julie Somers uncorks a top rope moonsault.]

#If I had one more day
I could be better, but, baby#

[James Lynch smashes someone with a steel chair... Ryan Martinez spikes someone with a Brainbuster...]

#Oh, it's Saturday night, yeah#

[...and as the final lyric echoes out, Supernova holds the World Title over his head...

...and we fade through black out into what must be a city street judging by the shot of a relatively nondescript building sitting back off the street beyond the sidewalk. A flagpole with Ol' Glory is standing tall in front of the sign marking this famous pro wrestling landmark as the American Legion Hall Post #308 in Reseda, California.

A voiceover begins - the voice of Todd Michaelson for those with "sharp" ears.]

"Reseda, California... for the residents of this city, some might say if there's a bright center of the universe, Reseda's the place that it's farthest from.

But for us... the people who eat, drink, sleep, breathe, and BLEED the world of professional wrestling... it's... everything"

[We fade to the interior of the building... but from the footage, it looks to be old... lower quality video. We can see two pro wrestlers who we'd recognize trading blows in the ring.]

"The American Legion Hall saw its first pro wrestling action in the late 90s with Freddy Patrick's Championship Wrestling from Hollywood. Of course, it wasn't Hollywood but the people from outside Southern California didn't know that. The

roster was made up of the best names that Patrick - a former B-movie star - could buy. And if you look closely... you just might recognize some of them."

[A leaping dropkick from the smaller man sends his opponent to the floor a moment before he dives through the ropes, knocking his bloodied opponent into the crowd.

It's Jackson Hunter and former AWA competitor Vernon Riley.

The footage cuts to Hunter raising a title belt over his head...

...when a completely unknown masked competitor comes charging into the ring, a live Komodo dragon in his arms, sending Hunter scurrying out of the ring.]

"Freddy liked his wrestling very wild and quite colorful - that's for sure."

[We get a few quick poor quality clips of a Japanese competitor tossing his opponent into barbed wire ropes that EXPLODE on impact... crashing down on a pile of light bulbs... and attempting to drive a baseball bat with a burning rag on the end into his opponent's face.]

"But as the 2000s arrived, the action took on a more hard-hitting, athletic style..."

[The footage gets better we see EMWC luchador legend and AWA trainer Juvenil Inferno moonsaulting off the ropes onto an opponent, sending both men spilling into the crowd...]

"Gone was the barbed wire... the alligators... the thumbtacks... and in its place were competitors inspired by the Japanese style. Fighting spirit was everywhere you looked."

[...and a spirited exchange of strikes center-ring from two unknown competitors.]

"The American Legion Hall quickly became THE place for independent wrestling in Southern California. A Who's Who of people who were on the indy scene competed there for a number of different promotions... and after a while, it was hallowed ground for pro wrestling fans many of which would consider it a pilgrimage to come from near and far to see wrestling within these walls.

It was the place every promoter wanted to run..."

[Michaelson chuckles.]

"Even me."

[We cut to a printed flyer promoting Pro Wrestling Revolution's "You Say You Want A Revolution... Again" at the Legion Hall...

...and then fade to a shot of Todd Michaelson standing in the ring, greeting the fans at the start of the same show.]

"And again, if you squinted... you just might see some familiar faces."

[And indeed we do, getting a quick montage of shots from that night...

"Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson confronting Michaelson moments after the footage we just saw, introducing his charge and future AWA National Champion - Kolya Sudakov - to the American audience...

...to a trio of quick shots of Mark Stegglet serving as interviewer... and Melissa Cannon doing the ring announcing... and Bucky Wilde on color commentary...

...onto Morgan Dane taking a steel chair blow over his skull... and Kenta Kitzukawa hitting Waterson with a lariat that flips him inside out!]

"And so it went for this hallowed hall of pro wrestling action - the best in the world coming to town to compete - from all over the globe to say that they too did battle inside the American Legion Hall."

[A series of quick stills of familiar faces competing in the Legion Hall... former AWA competitors like Mark Shaw and MAMMOTH Mizusawa... international superstars like Riley Hunter and MISTER... indy star and future AWA competitors like "Cannonball" Lee Connors and the American Idols... and green as goose crap rookies standing on the middle rope begging for the love of the fans like a certain tanned and muscular young man who would go on to become your current AWA World Champion, Supernova.]

"The Mecca of Independent Wrestling. The Holy Grail for competitors around the world. For some, this IS their Madison Square Garden. It's where you would see the elite... the top of the card... the best in the world.

For so many men and women, when they stepped into this building..."

[We get a current day shot, panning around the room familiar on DVD and Blu Ray to so many pro wrestling fans around the world.]

"...it was time to show the business - the promoters, the wrestlers, the fans - exactly what they were capable of. That they belonged. That it was THEIR time.

But tonight..."

[As we're looking at the squared circle, we see AWA branding appear on the ring apron, a banner hanging near the entrance...]

"...it's not just their time...

...It's Showtime."

[...and we fade to black.

Before fading back up into one of the most wild battlefields for professional wrestling in all of the world, the American Legion Hall Post #308 in Reseda, California.

It's the stuff of legend - seen countless times in viral videos of the business' newest and hottest talents performing breathtaking maneuvers and being a part of some powerful moments.

It is as basic as it gets for a pro wrestling show setup.

The ring sits in the middle of the room as we pan across it - white canvas, red and black ring aprons that read "SHOWTIME SUMMER TOUR," and black ropes from top to bottom.

As usual, there are no barricades surrounding the ringside area... but on this night, it's because the front row of plastic ringside chairs are only a few feet from the ring apron, creating a chaotic environment as "Guerrilla Radio" by Rage Against The Machine BLASTS over the PA system installed for the evening's event. The fans in the front are on their feet, banging their hands down on the ring canvas itself, adding to the crazed din.

A quick cut shows the sold out American Legion Hall filled with rowdy fans, screaming and shouting, hoisting plastic pitchers of beer in the air, already drenched in a mix of the same beer and sweat from the evening's heat. The bar can be seen in the background with a surly looking employee looking on with disdain.

Another cut shows the "entrance aisle" if we can possibly call it that. There's a small split between two sections of chairs with a black curtain hanging in the background to block the entrance to the backstage area. An AWA banner hangs over it with vertical Showtime banners hanging on either side of the entrance.

A panning shot sweeps over the stage on one end of the building, elevated several feet off the ground where we can see production has been set up. There are cameraman, sound and lighting people - we can spot Lori Dane and Ben Waterson sitting at a small table to call the action as well.

And when we cut back to the ring, we are greeted with Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams standing in the middle of all of this. Williams has a huge grin on his face, poured into an old SoCal Strong Style t-shirt that is fighting off the laws of physics to contain the big man's girth. He waves his arms at the fans, calling for them to somehow get even louder and rowdier as Mariah Wolfe laughs, dressed down for the occasion in a pair of black jeans, Doc Martins, and a t-shirt with the sleeves cut out promoting Todd Michaelson and Lori Dane's old promotion, Pro Wrestling Revolution. She pumps a fist at the crowd, nodding enthusiastically at their response as she raises the other hand with a mic.]

MW: RESEDA, CALIFORNIA!

[The crowd ROARS!]

MW: IT'S...

[She holds the mic out to the boisterous crowd.]

"SHOOOOOOOOOWTIIIIIIIIIIIIIME!"

[The crowd cheers for themselves as Wolfe nods with a grin, accepting a big high five from Sweet Daddy Williams.]

MW: The American Wrestling Alliance is...

[She holds the mic out again.]

"ON! THE! AIR!"

[Wolfe laughs.]

MW: Are you guys gonna do that all night?!

[The crowd ROARS with a positive reply as Wolfe shakes her head.]

MW: They told me it was going to be a wild night and I'm starting to think they lowballed that. We are LIVE and in all sorts of living color as you can see right here in the historic American Legion Hall Post #308 in Reseda, California for the newest edition to ESPN's stable of shows... SHOWTIME!

[Another big cheer!]

MW: I'm Mariah Wolfe... and right here by my side as always for all this chaos... an AWA Original who fits right in with all of you here tonight LIVE in person... SWEET! DADDY! WILLIAMS!

[An excited Williams rushes to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope, cupping a hand to his ear as he gets overwhelmed with raucous cheers from the crazily-excited crowd.]

SDW: LET'S HEAR IT! COME ON!

[He waves an arm, getting even louder cheers.]

SDW: I ain't said it in a long, long while but when you got a crowd this hot, it seems only appropriate to ask the magic question, Miss Mariah...

MW: What's that, my friend?

[Williams shouts it out.]

SDW: WHO WANNA SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TAAANIIIIIIIGHT?!

[A thunderous roar rings out for the question as Williams gives a thumbs up, hopping down off the ropes.]

MW: Well, that might be the only seat we HAVEN'T sold, Sweet Daddy, because as the people at home can see, we have SOLD THIS PLACE OUT!

[Another big cheer goes up!]

MW: There's not an empty seat in the house for the kickoff to the Showtime Summer Tour... AND the kickoff for what promises to be one of the biggest weeks in AWA history, all leading up to Monday - May 28th - in Dodger Stadium... right down the 101 off Sunset... and Memorial Day Mayhem!

[The crowd ROARS for that big event as well!]

MW: But that's later this week... right now... we're here, Sweet Daddy. We've all heard the legend of this place... we know the kind of action that goes down here... and we know that we're comin' to the party to deliver all that action and THEN SOME... right here in one of pro wrestling's most famous buildings.

SDW: That's right, babydoll... we've got title matches... we've got grudge matches... and judging by who I saw backstage tonight, we got more than a few surprises here tonight too. It's the kickoff to our summer tour and we're kicking it off in style!

MW: You mentioned the matches we've got in store, we're going to get to that in just a little bit but right now, let's get Los Angeles' own Rebecca Ortiz in here right now because I think this crowd can't wait one minute more!

[Wolfe hands off the mic to a grinning Rebecca Ortiz who has also dressed down for the night in a casual-looking royal blue dress with a wide white belt cinched around the waist.]

RO: Tonight's opening tag team contest is set for one fall-

[The crowd shouts back.]

"ONE FALL!"

[Ortiz raises an eyebrow at that.]

RO: -with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The crowd starts cheering as two colorfully-attired masked men climb up onto the apron, ducking through the ropes...]

RO: ...at a total combined weight of 382 pounds... the team of SUNSET STAR and the BLUE ANGEL..

...they are the HOLLLLLLYWOOOOOD STAAAAAARRRRS!

[...and the masked men get a good cheer from the crowd as the voice of Lori Dane breaks through.]

LD: The Hollywood Stars, a couple of locals looking for a big break here tonight in Reseda, fans. Welcome to Showtime and the kickoff to this Showtime Summer Tour. I'm Lori Dane and by my side for the next two hours is Ben Waterson as we're on the call for what promises to be a big night... and Ben, it's good to be home!

BW: Speak for yourself, Dane... you might be right at home at a smelly, sweaty pile of patheticness like what's jammed inside this place but I'd rather be down the road at the Staples Center where stars like me belong!

LD: Oh, come on, Ben! You're no stranger to the American Legion Hall!

BW: You're right about that... but the last time I was here, I was introducing the world to Kolya Sudakov as he was smacking your husband around the ring. Hey, you're right, Dane! I've got some good memories of this place after all!

LD: I see. Well, we're hoping to create some good-

[The crowd's cheers for the Hollywood Stars turn into a mix of boos and gasps as the towering figure of AJ Martinez suddenly storms through the front doors of the American Legion Hall, his near seven-foot frame towering over the packed audience. Behind him, Cain Jackson follows, dressed casually in a short-sleeved, green floral Hawaiian shirt with a pattern of yellow pineapples and pink flowers, khaki pants, and displayed prominently on his left-wrist is a gold Rolex with a green dial. Paris Crawford saunters behind with a sly smirk, wearing a loose-fitting, short-sleeved, green shirt with yellow stripes and distressed denim shorts. They carry a large brown leather tote bag draped over one shoulder with a long strap.]

LD: Now what in the world is THIS about?! It's... well, I was about to say it's the new World Tag Team Champions but I'm not sure about that situation. But it's KAMS! AJ Martinez, Cain Jackson, and Paris Crawford are here!

BW: Ha! I love it, Dane! KAMS is here to remind everyone who runs this place! The Hollywood Stars might as well pack up and head back to the audition line!

[AJ Martinez doesn't bother with the steps - he grabs the top rope and pulls himself onto the apron in one fluid motion, stepping over the ropes with ease. The Hollywood Stars, Sunset Star and Blue Angel, barely have time to react before AJ charges forward. With a vicious clothesline, he sends Sunset Star spinning through the air and crashing to the mat, the impact echoing through the American Legion Hall.]

"OOOOOHHHHHHH!"

[Blue Angel tries to fight back, throwing desperate forearms, but AJ stops him cold with a knee to the midsection. Grabbing him in a double choke, AJ lifts Blue Angel high into the air...]

"THHHHHHHUUUUUUUUUUUDDDDDDDDDD!!!"
"OOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and plants him into the canvas with a devastating Firebomb chokeslam! The crowd boos loudly as AJ grabs Blue Angel by the mask, yanking it off in one swift motion, revealing the wrestler's shocked and humiliated face underneath.]

LD: He's done it again! AJ Martinez just unmasked Blue Angel! He did the same thing to Tizona last month, and now he's humiliating another masked wrestler! This is disgusting!

BW: AJ Martinez doesn't care about your traditions or your little masked heroes. He's here to dominate, and he's sending a message!

[With a shout of "Oh man, you're ugly too!", AJ hastily places the mask back on Blue Angel's face sideways, before unceremoniously throwing him through the ropes and to the outside. He pulls Sunset Star off the mat and places him into a standing headscissors, before easily muscling him up into the air for a powerbomb. With little regard for the fans or Sunset Star, he walks over to the ropes...]

"OOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and tosses Sunset Star over the top rope and onto Blue Angel!]

LD: AJ POWERBOMBED HIM OUT OF THE RING!

BW: And right on top of his partner! That's some impressive aim!

[The crowd roars with boos, as Cain Jackson and Paris Crawford then step into the ring. Paris, with a theatrical flair, hops up onto the top turnbuckle, taking a seat and crossing their legs, watching the chaos with an amused grin. Cain, on the other hand, stands in the center of the ring, his massive frame looming as he grabs a microphone from the ring announcer, who quickly scurries out of the way.]

CJ: I heard that this place is supposed to be the "Mecca of West Coast Professional Wrestling."

[Jackson looks around dismissively at the cheering crowd.]

CJ: It doesn't look that special to me.

[A smirking AJ Martinez joins in.]

AJM: Special? Ain't nothin' special about this place. It looks like every other garbage dump!

[He holds his nose and points an accusing finger at the crowd.]

AJM: Though it does smell worse than most garbage dumps... I guess that's special!

[Jackson turns to the corner.]

CJ: Paris?

[Crawford gives it two big thumbs down.]

CJ: But I'm not about to judge a book by its cover. This is still a place that people in this sport that I respect hold in high esteem. And if that's the case, then these two pathetic jokes...

[He motions to The Hollywood Stars, laid out on the outside of the ring.]

CJ: ...don't deserve to step foot in this ring.

[The crowd erupts in boos, as a very un-PG chant breaks out.]

"SU-PREME'S BIIIIII-ITCH!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"SU-PREME'S BIIIIII-ITCH!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"SU-PREME'S BIIIIII-ITCH!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[Jackson wisely ignores the chant, not flinching as his steely gaze sweeps over the hot crowd.]

CJ: You people didn't come here to watch wannabes play dress-up. You came here to see REAL stars... and they've arrived just in the nick of time to spare you from witnessing unnecessary mediocrity inside these hallowed grounds.

[From their perch on the turnbuckle, Paris Crawford reaches into their tote bag and produces one of the Tag Team title belts. They proudly hold it high into the air for all to see.]

CJ: Introducing one-half of your new AWA World Tag Team Champions... The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad!

[Cain holds out his arms, as the crowd's boos intensify, some fans throwing trash toward the ring. AJ Martinez stands tall beside Cain, striking a model's pose, while Paris claps mockingly.]

LD: "One-half"? Are you kidding me!? KAMS and the rest of Team Supreme abused a contract loophole to claim they're ALL the tag team champions — that's six people holding the belts meant for two! And now they have the gall to come out here, interrupt this match, and judge who's worthy to step into the ring? The arrogance is off the charts!

BW: Oh, lighten up, Dane! They're the champions, whether you like it or not! And let's be real - the Hollywood Stars aren't exactly main event material.

LD: You don't even know that! KAMS took away their chance!

[The crowd's boos grow louder, but Cain remains unfazed, his eyes burning with determination as he points to the AWA World Tag Team Championship belt that Paris is holding aloft.]

CJ: With each passing day, Team Supreme's vision for a wrestling utopia becomes sharper, clearer... a world where only the strongest, the most dominant, the most worthy stand at the top.

[AJ turns to Paris and excitedly yells, "He's talking about us!" as many in the crowd scream for AJ to shut up.]

CJ: But even now, there are still those who resist the inevitable. Those who think they can stand in the way of progress.

[He pauses for a moment, letting the tension build as the crowd murmurs in anticipation.]

CJ: I'm talking about Jackson Hunter, Shadoe Rage, and Brian James.

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers at the mention of the three. Cain smirks and shakes his head as if the cheers amuse him.]

CJ: Those three had the audacity to lay down a challenge to KAMS. They want to face us at Memorial Day Mayhem. And you know what? We accept.

After all, what are Hunter, Rage, and James compared to the greatest three-person unit in all of wrestling?

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AJM: They ain't nothin'!

[Martinez sneers as he points to the camera.]

AJM: BJ... every time you try and start a group, you make scraping the bottom of the barrel seem like the better choice! First, you had Donovan and Taylor, and you did such a good job of leading them that they begged Johnny Detson to take over the first chance they got...

And now? Now you've really gone and taken the cake, haven't you? You found the worst Hunter from that whole broken down, talentless family and got him a day pass from the old folk's home.

And then you went and took advantage of old man Rage too!

You may not have taken out Detson, but elder abuse is a crime you are guilty of!

Of course... its about to be a crime that KAMS is guilty of too!

[AJ Martinez lets out a deep, menacing laugh. The crowd's boos reach a fever pitch, but suddenly, they break out into a frenzy!]

LD: HERE WE GO!

[The crowd's reaction comes as Jackson Hunter, Shadoe Rage, and Brian James come storming down the small aisleway from the back.]

LD: That's Jackson Hunter, Shadoe Rage, and Brian James! They're not waiting for Memorial Day Mayhem - they're here now!

[The crowd roars as the trio heads towards the ring, their faces set with determination. Paris Crawford hops off the turnbuckle, landing gracefully and tossing the title belt over their shoulder with a dramatic flourish, sighing "I hate when my date shows up early."]

LD: It's breaking down here in Reseda!

BW: This could get really ugly, really fast!

[Hunter leads the charge, followed by Rage and Brian James. The trio slides into the ring, and the tension explodes into chaos.]

Brian James immediately goes after Cain Jackson, unloading a flurry of punches that catch the big man off guard. Shadoe Rage charges at AJ Martinez, ducking a wild clothesline from the seven-footer and hitting him with a series of stiff knees to the midsection and upper thighs of the big man, trying to chop the giant down. Jackson Hunter, meanwhile, grabs Paris Crawford by the arm as they try to slip out of the ring, pulling them back and delivering a massive leaping knee strike that sends Paris crashing to the mat!]

LD: It's absolute pandemonium in the ring! Hunter, Rage, and James are taking the fight right to KAMS! They're not letting this disrespect stand!

BW: KAMS are as tough as they come, but they've got a real fight on their hands now!

[The brawl intensifies as James and Cain trade heavy blows in the center of the ring, neither man backing down. Shadoe Rage manages to stagger AJ Martinez with a leaping elbow smash, sending the big man stumbling into the ropes. Hunter lifts Paris Crawford into the air for a suplex, but Paris slips out, landing on their feet and rolling out of the ring to escape further punishment. Sensing the tide turning, Cain shoves James back and barks an order to his teammates.]

"Let's go! We'll finish this at Mayhem!"

[AJ Martinez, still reeling from Rage's strikes, grabs the ropes and pulls himself out of the ring, joining Paris on the outside. Cain Jackson glares at Hunter, Rage, and James one last time before rolling out himself, regrouping with his KAMS teammates. The trio backs up the aisle, with Paris mockingly waving at the crowd while AJ and Cain exchange heated words with their foes in the ring.]

LD: KAMS has been cleared from the ring! Jackson Hunter, Shadoe Rage, and Brian James just sent a message loud and clear - they're not going to let KAMS or Team Supreme run roughshod over the AWA!

BW: They might've won this battle, Dane, but Memorial Day Mayhem is going to be a war! KAMS isn't going to take this lying down!

[The camera focuses on Hunter, Rage, and James standing tall in the ring, raising their fists to the cheering crowd as KAMS disappears through the doors. The American Legion Hall buzzes with energy as Hunter, Rage and James take command of the ring as Hunter grabs a dropped mic.]

JH: Did you see that? Did you?! No one ruins a special AWA celebration except for me! And maybe Shadoe's brother Derek!

But not you, Team Supreme! Not you, KAMS! And...

[He wedges Mifune's fedora he claimed in Las Vegas back onto his stubbled scalp.]

JH: ...you needn't think you're getting Mifune's hat back, either!

They say when a bully punches you, you punch back. I say, when a bully punches you, you don't punch back... you burn down their house, then their parents' house.

[The crowd surprisingly cheers Hunter's pyromaniac tendencies as he nods aggressively...]

...and Rage snatches the fedora from Hunter's head and throws it to the ground.]

SR: Take that nastiness off your head! You don't know where that's been.

[Rage stomps the hat flat and kicks it away.]

SR: Didn't your mother ever teach you if you lie down with dogs you wake up with fleas? Wow, how unhygienic! Unbelievably nasty!

[Rage turns his attention back to KAMS.]

SR: AJ, Jackson, Crawford... you bunch of pathetic lickspittles. You can make a mockery of your careers but I'm not letting you make a mockery of the AWA World Tag Team Titles! I'm not letting you make a mockery of the American Legion Hall!

[The crowd ROARS for that.]

SR: No, looks like I got a job to do! Looks like WE have a job to do! YEAH!!!

[The crowd "YEAHS!" along with Rage, when suddenly a familiar, piercing whistle echoes throughout the building.]

FFFFFFFFFFWWWWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTT!!
FFFFFFFFFFWWWWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTT!!
FFFFFFFFFFWWWWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTT!!
FFFFFFFFFFWWWWWWWWWWWEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETTTTTTTT!!

[The crowd immediately boos, as that whistle can only mean one thing. Sure enough, Marty Meekly steps onto the scene, waving the American flag as he's flanked by Charlie Stephens and Mister Stars and Stripes. S&S stands still, with his arms crossed as Stephens has a microphone and wastes no time getting started in addressing everyone in the building.]

CS: HEY! HEY!

[Stephens tries to speak, but is quickly drowned out by boos.]

CS: You think I wanna be here in this... this...

[Meekly turns towards Stephens and whispers in his ear. Stephens nods his head, and glares at the hostile crowd.]

CS: You're all lucky I'm not willin' to get us thrown off the air by sayin' how I really feel... But that doesn't mean that I don't feel insulted that the AWA would cheap out on such a special show by stickin' us here in this little craphole called Reseda.

[The boos get louder as Stephens flashes a smirk.]

CS: But... I guess if we're gonna get OUR World Tag Team titles back, we gotta start at the bottom... And boy, this place is indeed the bottom of the barrel.

[Stephens glares at the audience, who won't let up on the boos. Before long, Stephens gestures towards the ring, pointing in Shadoe Rage's direction]

CS: Shadoe Rage... man, you are right for once. KAMS is makin' a mockery of the World Tag Team titles. Last week, I sat at home, watchin' Team Supreme and was thinkin'... What the hell is this crap?

[Stephens shakes his head.]

CS: Garbage, if you ask me. So we got together and decided that we needed to come out this week an' make a statement. That what KAMS... what Team Supreme

as a whole is doin' is unacceptable. We were gonna use those two colorful goofballs to send that statement! Some statement...

Suddenly, we have no opponents! KAMS came out and ruined our opportunity!

[Stephens throws up his hands in frustration.]

CS: And they needed to pay for getting in OUR way. We were ready to come out and teach them a lesson. Right when we were gonna put some boots in asses, these rabid animals in Reseda started hootin' and hollerin' because YOU came out and ruined that opportunity too! Ain't that right, big man?

[Mr. Stars & Stripes reaches out to grab a surprised Stephens' wrist, steering the mic towards him.]

MSS: That's... right.

[Stephens looks alarmed at the masked man speaking, jerking the microphone away from him.]

CS: So now, we have NO match, we have NO chance at revenge on KAMS, but, hey, we're lookin' for a fight. We didn't come out here and start our journey back to the tag team championships just to go home because the folks in the back shrugged their shoulders and said "sorry, there ain't anything we can do for ya." That's not goin' down like that.

[Stephens points towards Rage, James, and Hunter.]

CS: I look at the three of you, an' I see you jonesin' for a fight as well. You got a problem with KAMS... with Team Supreme? Fine, there's a time and a place to deal with that, but not during OUR time.

Since you chased 'em off before we could, you now have a problem with us! So why don't the three of you get that one brain cell amongst you workin' and figure out which two of you are going to step into the ring tonight with the Soldiers of Fortune!

[Brian James, who until now has been silent, steps forward.]

BJ: Two?

[The Engine of Destruction glances around.]

BJ: There's three of us in the ring right now. And... there used to be three of you.

So why don't you go turn over whatever rock Joe Flint is hiding under, drag him out here, and take on all three of us?

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of that.]

BJ: And that way, KAMS can get a glimpse of what's coming for them.

[The camera pans back to Stephens, who has a scowl on his face as those words hit home. He appears to be muttering to himself. After a few moments, he steps towards the ring.]

CS: ...look, he's not here!

[Stephens growls.]

CS: He's gone AWOL since the night he lost in the Royal Crown finals. He didn't even leave us a message apologizin' for his performance that night. So don't ask me where he went. He's got a lot of explaining to do when he turns up again... IF he ever turns up again..

[Stephens' face gets more and more red at the thought of not having Flint there. Meekly whispers in Stephens' ear to try to get him calmed down a little bit.]

CS: But you know what, maybe we don't need him here tonight. If you want a three on three match with us, too bad. You're not getting one. You're getting me...

[Stephens jerks a thumb towards himself.]

CS: ...and the big man...

[Stephens points to Mister Stars and Stripes.]

CS: ...and that's it!

I will prove that we're not a rudderless ship without Joe. At the end of the day, we're still the Soldiers of Fortune.

Brian James, you talk about KAMS gettin' a glimpse of what's comin' to them.. We'll be the ones showing 'em, not you.

[Stephens gestures back to the ring.]

CS: So... What do you say?

[Shadoe Rage steps forward, slipping past Brian James.]

SR: Charlie Stephens, are you still suffering from that Eclipse I gave you? You want to deal with us? Okay, I have no problem. I have a receipt to give you from Saskatchewan anyway...

[Rage pauses, turning to look at Jackson Hunter.]

SR: And speaking of Saskatchewan...

I think my partner is going to be a Saskatchewanian who wanted me to be part of this.

[Hunter shakes his head, pointing to a smirking Brian James as Rage turns towards James as well.]

SR: No offense, big man... but this is about Canadians right now and we're about to have a war!

[The crowd explodes in cheers at Rage's answer. The camera pans back to Stephens, who grins.]

CS: At least that memory in that broken down husk of a body still works, Rage. I'm satisfied, how 'bout you, big man?

[No response from Mr. Stars and Stripes.]

CS: I'll take that as a yes.

[Stephens tosses the mic aside, heading towards the ring with Marty Meekly and Mr. Stars And Strips trailing behind him. Inside the ring, James huddles up with Rage and Hunter.]

LD: Well, this is unexpected but not unwelcome. A surprise tag team match with the Soldiers of Fortune - the NEW Soldiers of Fortune - taking on Jackson Hunter and Shadoe Rage.

BW: I got a feeling this isn't the last surprise we'll be getting tonight, Dane.

LD: The Soldiers reaching ringside... we've got a referee still out here from what was apparently supposed to be the duo known as the Hollywood Stars-

BW: Who just went back to their gig posing for pictures on the sidewalk at Hollywood And Highland.

LD: -taking on the Soldiers of Fortune... but the Stars are out and the duo of Rage and Hunter are in and this should be an interesting showdown to see if Rage and Hunter can be on the same page against a top flight tag team.

BW: It's a good test to see what they can do at Memorial Day Mayhem.

LD: It sure is... but that night it'll be Rage, Hunter, and James against all three members of KAMS. Tonight, it's straight up tag team action and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Charlie Stephens steps out of his corner, eyeballing the former World Television Champion Shadoe Rage across the ring...]

LD: Looks like it'll be Corporal Punishment himself starting things off with Shadoe Rage... and Ben, what do you know about Joe Flint being AWOL?

BW: Oh, I know stuff... but it's Codeword Classified from the likes of you, Dane.

LD: I see... what's going on here now?

[Stephens points at Rage, shaking his head... and then points to Hunter instead.]

BW: Looks like Charlie Stephens wants to take his best shot at Jackson Hunter instead.

LD: Well, that's an interesting clash for sure. Two of the best... how do I put this nicely...

BW: Technicians? Strategists?

LD: ...cheaters. They're cheaters, Ben.

BW: Slander.

[Hunter smirks at the brash Stephens, extending his arm to tag in Rage who looks agitated already...]

LD: It looks like Jackson Hunter is okay to oblige but... his partner may not be.

[Rage points at Stephens, balling up his fists, shouting "COME ON!"]

BW: Shadoe Rage doesn't back down from a fight... and right now, he wants a fight with Charlie Stephens.

LD: The Soldiers of Fortune looking to get themselves a shot at... well, it's Team Supreme, I suppose, after seeing that recent video from AWA Legal.

BW: What a coup by Supreme Wright, Dane. Now THAT'S a master strategist.

[Rage finally shrugs, throwing a dismissive gesture at Stephens, turning his back on him as he walks towards the corner towards a waiting Hunter...]

LD: Speaking of strategy, it looks like Charlie Stephens' plan is-

[...and then pivots, sprinting hard...]

"OHHHHH!"

[...connecting with a running overhead elbow that crowns Stephens, knocking him off his feet...]

LD: Down goes Stephens from the elbow!

[...and then spins around, running right back in on the rising Stephens, dropping him a second time with a clothesline!]

LD: The clothesline finds the mark as well and Stephens is down a second time!

[This time - as Stephens tries to get off the mat - Rage leans in, lifting him into the air...]

LD: Big scoop!

[...and slams him down in the middle of the ring. With a grin, Rage plants his foot on the chest, posing for the crowd as James shouts "COUNT HIM, REF!" from his spot on the floor.]

LD: One! Two!

[Stephens escapes with ease, promptly rolling under the ropes to the outside as Rage watches.]

LD: Shadoe Rage looking on... Brian James certainly seems pleased with the early moments of this one, glad that his allies can work together without tearing each other's heads off.

BW: They'd better, Dane. They're on a collision course with Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford at Memorial Day Mayhem and if they're not one hundred percent in lockstep, they're going to find themselves in a LA hospital when it's all over.

[Rage paces the ring a moment, watching Stephens trying to regroup at ringside huddled up with Marty Meekly...]

...neither of whom notice as Rage subtly slaps the hand of Jackson Hunter. The referee signals for the tag.]

LD: We've got our first tag there and... uh oh.

BW: Hey, Charlie didn't see it! Somebody oughta warn him! HEY CHARLIE!

LD: Would you sit down!?

[With Stephens' focus elsewhere, Jackson Hunter drops down off the apron and starts creeping around the ring, holding a finger up to his lips as the crowd loudly shushes to go along with it...]

LD: Be vewwy vewwy quiet, Ben. Jackson Hunter is hunting.

[...and as Meekly yelps, bailing out, Stephens gets swung around into a Hunter haymaker... and another... and another...]

...and then with a handful of hair, Hunter SMASHES Stephens' face into the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter shoves Stephens under the ropes, the crowd going wild for him, just feet away as Hunter smirks, reaching out to accept a big high five from a fan... AND a beer that Hunter tosses back before pouring the rest of the pitcher over the fan's head.]

LD: It's a spirited crowd welcoming Jackson Hunter back to Reseda!

[Hunter grabs the fan who he just drenched by the shoulders, shouting "YOU PEOPLE ARE [BLEEPING] NUTS!" to a HUGE ROAR!]

LD: Yikes. Apparently the wild atmosphere got into Mr. Seven Second Delay right there too, Ben.

BW: I'd be surprised if that's the last time tonight we give our censors a workout, Dane.

[Lori chuckles as Hunter rolls back under the ropes into the ring, coming to his feet as Stephens does the same, backpedaling into the neutral corner...]

LD: Both men on their feet, Stephens trying to get some distance and-

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Hunter lighting up Stephens with a knife edge chop in the corner!]

LD: -Hunter splashes down across the chest with that big chop!

[With Stephens trapped against the buckles, Hunter winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The series of chops gets a brief "MAR-TI-NEZ!" chant from the feisty crowd... who get a middle finger from Hunter to another big cheer as he shakes his head at them.]

LD: Don't look now, Ben... but I think Jackson Hunter might actually be having some fun in there with these fans in Reseda.

BW: The last time Hunter was here, it was back in his junior heavyweight days... that wild highflying Bird of Prey style. This is a very different Jackson Hunter but maybe these people have a soft spot for the man he is as much as the man he used to be.

LD: Time heals all wounds, I suppose, as Hunter grabs the wrist - big whip acr- no, reversed!

[Hunter crashes hard into the corner, staggering out towards Stephens who winds up...

...and snatches a side headlock!]

LD: What in the...?

[The crowd angrily boos the headlock being applied as Stephens smirks at the reaction.]

LD: Charlie Stephens trying to slow this match down, I suppose.

[Stephens cranks the headlock a couple of times, shouting "ASK HIM, REF!" to the official who looks surprised... and then leans in but nearly gets knocked flat as Hunter smashes a pair of forearms to the ribs of Stephens, pushing him back to the ropes for some bounce...]

LD: Shoves him of- no! Stephens hangs on!

[An agitated Hunter goes to the ropes again, trying a second time...]

LD: He still can't get loose, that hold being cranked tight by Corporal Punishment...

[They stagger towards the middle of the ring together, Stephens shaking his head as he sneers at the jeering crowd...]

LD: The fans here in Reseda certainly won't be signing up with the Soldiers anytime soon and- HEY!

[...and the fans ROAR as Hunter grabs a handful of hair, yanking his way right out of the headlock and throwing Stephens down to the mat!]

LD: The referee asking Hunter if he pulled the hair and... well, I don't know if I've EVER seen someone admit it before. Yes he did... and he's proud of it!

BW: He's not the only one, Dane! Listen to these fans!

[Hunter is indeed listening to the fans, shaking his head in disbelief as the camera catches a smirking Brian James shouting "they love you, man!" to a shrug from Hunter who drags Stephens into a side headlock of his own...]

LD: And now it's Hunter with the headlock... and I have to admit, I didn't expect to see this at this point of the match...

[...steering him so their backs are turned to the referee who urgently tries to get around to check as Hunter reaches out and JAMS an extended thumb into the throat of Stephens, sending him down to the mat coughing and gasping for air as Marty Meekly shouts at the official.]

LD: ...and the referee didn't see it but we saw the thumb to the throat there, Ben.

BW: This guy's been cheating for decades and nobody loved him for it until these lunatics!

LD: The fans of Reseda certainly operate in their own world - that's for sure.

[Snatching a blatant handful of hair, Hunter drags Stephens to the corner, slapping the hand of Shadoe Rage who also gets a large ovation for his first official time in the match, scaling the ropes as Hunter holds the arms in a loose double chickenwing...]

LD: The tag is made and the Sensational One is climbing! All the way up!

[...and Rage leaps off, dropping an overhead elbow down between the eyes of Stephens, who staggers to mid-ring before falling to the mat!]

LD: And all the way downwwwn! Right across the crown of the skull and Rage makes the cover!

[A two count follows before Mr. Stars And Stripes makes his first appearance in the match, taking a few steps in to potentially make the save before Stephens kicks out.]

LD: Mr. Stars And Stripes not wasting any time getting involved.

BW: He wasn't about to see the Soldiers drop a fall to this brand new tag team, Dane. The Soldiers - led by Charlie Stephens at the moment - have visions of winning the World Tag Team Titles again in 2018... and a loss to this new team would be a body blow to that campaign.

[The referee warns the masked man about his illegal save efforts... and Rage does the same, shouting angrily at Stars and Stripes as he comes off the mat, pointing an accusatory finger at him.]w

LD: The masked man hearing it from the official AND the opponent...

BW: Rage better keep his attention on Stephens, Dane. Charlie Stephens is one of the most opportunistic men on the roster and-

[As Rage pulls a recovering Stephens off the mat, Corporal Punishment lowers his shoulder, wrapping his arms around the body of the former TV Champion, driving him back into the Soldiers' corner!]

BW: See! Right there! These people need to learn to listen to me more - that includes you, Dane!

[Stephens quickly goes to work, throwing a barrage of ugly rights and lefts, lacing his boot into the midsection a few times.]

LD: Stephens now mauling Rage in the corner, really working him over- ohh! He rakes the eyes for good measure!

[With Rage now blinded against the buckles, Stephens slaps the masked man's hand.]

LD: There's the tag for the Soldiers and in comes Mr. Stars And Stripes... look at the arms on him, Ben.

BW: A tremendous physique. A lot of power in those limbs.

[In a sleeveless top designed to look like the flag, Stars and Stripes joins Stephens in a double whip across the ring...]

LD: Shoots him across... ohhh! Double clothesline by the Soldiers!

BW: They're former World Tag Team Champions and Stampede Cup winners for a reason, Dane.

LD: Well, THIS particular team isn't either of those things. Charlie Stephens is however and he's directing traffic in there as he orders the masked man to make a cover... and gets a two count. We're off to a hot start here in Reseda.

BW: I'll say... it's gotta be about 104 in here, doesn't it?

LD: It's a hot one in Southern California tonight for sure as Stars and Stripes is up... and really going to work on him now, stomping and kicking Shadoe Rage and- come on, ref!

[The official finally breaks it up, causing the masked man to step back, arms raised defensively...]

LD: Any luck in figuring out this masked man's identity, Ben?

BW: That's classified.

LD: I see.

[...and as Rage tries to come to his feet, the masked man intercepts him with a front facelock, slowly turning him over so that Rage's neck is pushed against Mr. Stars and Stripes' shoulder...]

...and then suddenly drops down, jolting the neck of the Sensational One!]

"OHHHHH!"

LD: Excellent execution on that neckbreaker... and there's another cover! He's got one! He's got two! Rage slips out at two again!

[The crowd cheers the kickout as Rage struggles to get away from Stars and Stripes who shoves three fingers in the face of the official who waves him off, backpedaling as he proclaims it was just a two count.]

LD: Stars and Stripes whips Rage into the corner... in he comes! OHH! Clothesline connects in the corner!

[And as Rage staggers forward, the masked man puts a boot into the midsection, doubling him over as the muscular arms get wrapped around his torso...]

LD: And a gutwrench suplex as well, tossing him halfway across the ring! There's that power we talked about, Ben!

BW: This guy's got the power. He's got the physique. I just wish I could figure out...

LD: I thought you knew and it's classified.

BW: I do! Of course I do! I know everything there is to know in the AWA!

[The masked man crawls into another pin attempt, picking up another two count before Rage escapes...]

LD: Out at two again - Shadoe Rage refusing to stay down...

[...and a loud smashing sound rings out as Brian James - who is in their corner - slams his arms down on the apron, shouting "COME ON, RAGE! GET IT GOING!"]

LD: ...and Brian James trying to rally his new allies to victory. Jackson Hunter and Shadoe Rage teaming together for the first time after weeks - months really - of Hunter appealing to Rage, trying to get him on his side... well, it finally happened last weekend in Las Vegas and now this trio is set to do battle with the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad in just nine days. What a fight that's going to be, Ben.

BW: I'm looking forward to it. KAMS thrives on chaos... and you can't forget that Brian James has had his own share of success working as a trio. It should be a good one.

[A shout from Charlie Stephens brings his masked ally to his feet, slapping Stephens' hand.]

LD: Stephens back in on the exchange...

[The two competitors measure the downed Rage, dropping a pair of elbows down across his lower back before he can push to his feet!]

LD: ...and the Soldiers are working well together so far, Ben.

BW: With Stephens calling the shots, it's like they haven't skipped a beat, Dane.

LD: I'm not sure Joe Flint would agree with that but Charlie Stephens is in control here, pulling Rage back up...

[Corporal Punishment tugs Rage off the mat, dragging him into a front facelock...]

LD: ...and looking for a suplex here.

[Stephens struggles to get him up but Rage slips a leg through, blocking the lift...]

LD: Rage trying to block it, trying to stay down on the mat...

[...and Stephens goes for it again but Rage blocks it again!]

LD: ...still not going up for it! Looking to counter!

[But as Rage goes for a suplex of his own, Stephens slips out, smashing an elbow down across the back of Rage's neck!]

LD: Stephens drives that elbow down, keeping control...

[Grabbing the arm, Stephens whips him into a neutral corner, charging in behind him...]

LD: ...on the move annnnnd... OHH! Rage catches him under the chin with a back elbow!

[Stephens staggers backwards, ending up towards the middle of the ring as Rage steadies himself, charging out of the corner...]

LD: BULLDOG CLOTHESLINE! DRAGGING HIM DOWN TO THE MAT! Both men down!

[And with both Rage and Stephens down on the mat, the Reseda crowd gets louder as they start crawling towards their respective corners.]

LD: The fans cheering them on - well, Rage mostly... not too many fans are ever behind Charlie Stephens after some of his actions... but I'm sure someone somewhere is cheering for Stephens as he tries to get to Mr. Stars And Stripes and make that tag!

[The cheers pick up as Rage gets closer.... but Stephens tags first!]

LD: And there's the tag to the masked man!

[Mr. Stars And Stripes comes in quickly, charging across to drop an elbow down across the lower back of Rage again before he can get to a waiting Jackson Hunter!]

LD: Stars and Stripes prevents that tag with the big elbow!

[Brian James grimaces on the outside, shaking his head as he pounds the mat - "COME ON!"]

LD: Brian James trying to cheer on Shadoe Rage, get him to make that tag and get Jackson Hunter back into the mix.

[Dragging Rage off the mat, Mr. Stars and Stripes pulls him a few steps away from Hunter, wrapping his arms around the torso...]

LD: Back suplex perhaps?

[...and lifts Rage off the mat for a suplex...]

LD: He's got him up!

[...but Rage flips backwards, landing on a bent knee on the canvas...]

LD: Rage slips out and-

[...and with a crawl between the legs of a surprised Mr. Stars and Stripes, Rage slaps the extended hand!]

LD: -TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Jackson Hunter comes through the ropes, exploding into a flurry of fists to the masked man...]

LD: Right and lefts, battering him back...

[...and then switches to chops, lighting up the masked man, driving him back towards the ropes...]

LD: ...look at these chops! Hunter doing a number on the masked man and- HEY!

[...and Hunter rakes the eyes of Mr. Stars And Stripes, sending him stumbling blindly backwards to cheers from the crowd!]

BW: He raked the eyes, Dane!

LD: And these people loved it! Go figure!

[Hunter swoops in, snatching a loose bearhug on the masked man, muscling him off the mat to drop him gutfirst across the top rope, sending Mr. Stars and Stripes falling down to the mat, grabbing at his midsection!]

LD: Hunter hangs him out to dry, right down across the stomach, knocking the wind out of the masked man's sails!

[With Stars and Stripes down on the mat, Hunter points to him... a twisted grin on his face suddenly as he mimes pulling off the mask to BIG CHEERS!]

LD: Wait a second!

BW: He can't do that!

LD: Is he... is he going to UNMASK him?!

[He turns to another side of the ring, making the same gesture to big cheers!]

LD: The fans want to see it!

BW: What a show of disrespect to this luchador!

LD: Luchador?! What are you talking about?!

[Hunter yanks the masked man into a seated position, reaching down to hook his fingers under the mask, pulling up to a HUGE ROAR!]

LD: HE'S GOING FOR IT! HE'S GOING TO TAKE THE MASK OFF!

[The mask comes up enough to see the bare chin of the masked man who starts flailing his arms and legs, trying to protect his identity...]

LD: We're gonna see it! The mask is coming off in Reseda!

[...but to thunderous boos, Charlie Stephens comes rushing into the frame, diving into a double axehandle on the back of Hunter's head, knocking him off-balance where Stephens snatches him and HURLS him through the ropes to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

LD: STEPHENS ROCKETS HIM TO THE FLOOR!

[Stephens stands near the ropes, running his mouth at Hunter who is sprawled out on the very narrow piece of floor between the ring and the front row...

...and the fans in that front row are more than happy to trade words with Stephens, earning a few moments of silence from our helpful censors!]

LD: Stephens is shouting at Hunter... at the fans... at everyone in-

[The crowd ROARS as Shadoe Rage comes rushing in, connecting with a clothesline that sends Stephens toppling over the ropes to join Hunter out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD -RAGE SENDS STEPHENS TO THE OUTSIDE!

[And with Stephens on the outside, a fired-up Rage points to the corner, ignoring the protesting official as the Savior of the AWA steps to the buckles and starts climbing...]

LD: And don't look now, Ben, but Shadoe Rage is headed up top!

BW: Grab some lightbulbs and he can change them while he's up there.

LD: The roof of this building is within reach for the Sensational One for sure!

[Rage steps to the top, arms raised over his head as we spot Brian James in a similar pose at ringside...]

LD: OFF THE TOP!

[...and leaps off, dropping a double axehandle across the skull of Stephens to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

LD: DEATH! FROM! ABOVE!

[Rage lands on his feet, shooting an arm into the air, twirling that extended finger around to even louder cheers as he gets slaps on the back from the too-close-for-comfort ringside fans!]

LD: Shadoe Rage takes out Charlie Stephens... and helping Jackson Hunter up off the floor now. Remember, it's Hunter and Mr. Stars And Stripes who are legal as Hunter tries to get back into the ring.

[But the masked man is waiting for him, snatching a front facelock...]

LD: Stars and Stripes looking to bring him in the hard way with that suplex... gets him up!

[...but Hunter slips out at the peak of the lift, landing on his feet behind the masked man...]

LD: Hunter gets loose!

[...and as Mr. Stars and Stripes turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...Hunter ROCKS him with a bicycle knee strike!]

LD: INSTAAAAANNNT KARRRRMAAAAAA!

[Mr. Stars And Stripes staggers backwards, falling into the ropes where he bounces back off...]

...and gets rolled right into an inside cradle!]

LD: ROLLS HIM UP!

[But before the official can move to count, he finds Charlie Stephens up on the apron with one of the white plastic chairs in hand!]

LD: HUNTER'S GOT HIM DOWN!

BW: But the referee's trying to get Stephens down instead!

[Stephens is ranting and raving at the official, swinging the chair around as the crowd counts the pin they can see...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEE!"

LD: He's got him pinned, Ben!

BW: These idiots can count to a hundred - it only counts if the man in the stripes does it!

[Suddenly, Shadoe Rage grabs Stephens by the ankle from the outside, causing Corporal Punishment to be alarmed...

...and he tosses the chair over the official's head, sending it clattering to the canvas as Rage yanks Stephens off the apron to the floor!]

LD: We've got a fight on the outside again and-

[With the official shouting at the two men to get back to their corners, Stars and Stripes smashes a fist between the eyes of Hunter as both get up...

...and the masked man makes a move for the chair.]

LD: He's going for the chair, fans! Stars and Stripes is going for-

[But as he ducks down to grab it, Hunter rushes forward, snatching a front facelock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: DDT ON THE CHAAAAAAAIR!

[Hunter shoves the chair hard, sending it sliding under the ropes to the outside as Hunter dives across the laid out masked man. The referee spins around, diving down to count...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS for the victory as Brian James pumps a celebratory fist on the outside. Shadoe Rage rolls under the ropes, mounting the midbuckle to salute the cheering fans as a smirking Jackson Hunter comes to his feet, allowing the official to raise his hand in victory as the hometown girl takes the mic.]

RO: Here are your winners - the team of JACKSON HUNTER and SHADOE RAAAAAGE!

[Rage hops down, moving over to share a high five with a grinning Hunter who nods his head at his partner. Brian James climbs in to join them.]

LD: What a way to start off this special night in Reseda, fans! Jackson Hunter and Shadoe Rage pick up their first victory as a tag team... and they beat the former World Tag Team Champions to do it!

BW: Well, not exactly.

LD: Oh, NOW you want to agree that these two aren't former champions together? Nevertheless, it's a big win for Hunter and Rage... and they just have to hope the momentum is enough to carry them into Dodger Stadium in what is sure to be a chaotic and brutal trios showdown! And speaking of Dodger Stadium, earlier today we caught up with yet another AWA superstar who will be in action on Memorial Day that's here tonight and that's the AWA National Champion, Jordan Ohara! Take a look!

[We fade from the ring as the telltale chyron reads "EARLIER TODAY."

It is daytime outside the American Legion Hall in Reseda. Fans have gathered outside the building in the parking lot, prepared to wait for hours if necessary to get into the building. They chant for the camera, breaking into a "SHOW-TIME!" roar. A few have already started to "pre-game" before the show. Many imitate their favorite wrestlers' signature poses and catchphrases as the camera sweeps over them.

A white Lincoln Navigator pulls up in front of the crowd - many of whom rush the vehicle. The audio system is blaring Nas' "Hero." The sunroof slides open and AWA National Champion Jordan Ohara pops up through the rooftop to the cheers of the fans.

Ohara is dressed in his latest merch. A sleeveless Carolina blue T-shirt with the word "HERO" emblazoned across the chest to the Phoenix symbol in a white to yellow to orange ombre. He raises his hands to the crowd and flaps his arms in time with the chorus as if he had wings.

#HERO
I GUESS THAT MAKES ME A
HERO!

The crowd yells the chorus along with the young Blasian wrestler as he turns towards the camera.]

JO: Hey, AWA, we got something to say! See, tonight is the last show before Memorial Day Mayhem and the Showtime fans deserve something special.

So tonight, I'm throwing one last Phoenix Rises Open Challenge before Memorial Day Mayhem. So somebody out there has one last chance to play spoiler and disrupt Memorial Day Mayhem. Do you want to see that?!

[The crowd goes wild, screaming "Yes! Yes! Yes!" as Ohara grins.]

JO: Hey, now that could catch on...

If somebody doesn't beat me tonight for the AWA National title, I'm going to Memorial Day Mayhem and I'm going to kick Sid Osborne's ass all around the diamond at Dodger Stadium!

I will kick his ass from first base all the way around the field and all the way back to home plate. And i promise you, I will never get tired kicking Sid Osborne's ass because he deserves every last bit of it!

[The crowd cheers that!]

JO: For months now, he's made a mockery of the National Title claiming to be the real champion. Well, Sid, just because you smashed my title belt doesn't mean you took my title. It means you earned my wrath!

[Ohara breathes hard.]

JO: So somebody come try to save Sid Osborne tonight because if you don't take my title away from me tonight... at Memorial Day Mayhem in Dodger Stadium, Los Angeles, California, Jordan Ohara will NOT have any mercy.

"The Phoenix" Jordan Ohara is going to end Sid Osborne's fictitious National Title claims in the most painful way possible and I really don't want to be that cruel.

I just want to be a...

[Ohara cups his hand to his ear, allowing the Reseda fans to chant his next word.]

"HE-RO!"

"HE-RO!"

"HE-RO!"

"HE-RO!"

"HE-RO!"

[And with Ohara grinning at their response, 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 with "EARLIER TODAY" on the screen, we fade up to the parking lot where "Her Majesty's Might" Rory Smythe and Xenia Sonova have just arrived. They are each

maneuvering small black wheeled suitcases. Smythe has on a white button-down shirt, black trousers and plain black Oxfords. He has slung the jacket of his black suit over his shoulder. Sonova is dressed in a short, black dress, with off-shoulder cap sleeves, and a pair of plain black kitten heels. They both have on matching black Aviators.

Obviously, the camera crew has been informed in advance of their arrival and Smythe and Sonova are well aware of them, as the duo approach the camera. Smythe removes his sunglasses before he speaks.]

RS: Did you see what I did to the World Champion? Didn't even have to jump him from behind...

Sure, Supernova beat me, but I showed the world that I could hold my own and even overpower the AWA World Champion!

Now, imagine what I could do to little Jordan Ohara...

[Smythe strokes his chin.]

RS: Maybe, Xenia, maybe tonight is the night we answer the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge... Or maybe we wait for after Memorial Day Mayhem...

Whoever walks out with the National Title – Ohara or Osborne – I want a shot at that championship, and I'm sure you'll find a way to make it happen.

[Sonova nods with a smirk.]

RS: Or maybe I should be gunning - pun unintended - for whoever walks out of tonight the AWA World Television champion. I might even go out there and give Juan Vasquez a run for his mucho dinero in that Infinity Gauntlet thing he's doing!

My point is this: after last week, go ahead and overlook me at your own peril!

Last week, I showed what I could do just as I do EVERY time I step into the ring. And when I'm not showing off what I can do, we'll be watching.

It's only a matter of time... Just a question of possibility... Let's see what tonight has in store, shall we?

[He puts his sunglasses back on and the duo continues on their way as we fade from the pre-taped footage to the ring where it is LOADED to the brim.]

RO: The following contest is an EIGHT MAN TAG TEAM MATCH set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is a BRASS RING SHOWCASE match!

[The crowd ROARS for that as they spot several of their favorites inside the ring!]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... they are the team of...

..."KIWI KINGPIN" BODHI LI, "THE CRUSHERWEIGHT" ADRIAN KIRK, WILL "THE THRILL" ROBINSON, and ELIJAH WIIIIIIILDE!

[There's a big response for that team as each man salutes the crowd in their own way.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents... the team of...

DANNY KING, "THE IRON KRAKEN" RODRIK STORM, ARMANI AVERY, AND GABRIEL COOOOORDOOOOVAAAA!

[Another big response goes up for the opposing quartet as the referee wades into the mass of humanity, trying to do his best Offspring impression and keep 'em separated.]

LD: Welcome back, fans, as we are just about set for this special Brass Ring Showcase match! An eight man tag between the men we'll be seeing compete in this tournament starting in the very near future.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as it becomes apparent that two of their favorites will be starting this one out.]

LD: Reseda, welcome home Gabriel Cordova and Elijah Wilde!

[The fans get louder as the two competitors glare at each other from across the ring.]

LD: The crowd is quite pleased to see both of these two again, Ben.

BW: This place has been the home of a lot of indie promotions over the years and these two were headliners for a couple of them. So, yeah... they're definitely going to be local favorites.

[And as the two men start to circle one another, the crowd gets notably louder...]

"THIS IS AWE-SOME!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"THIS IS AWE-SOME!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"THIS IS AWE-SOME!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[Wilde pauses, glaring at the fans...]

LD: Maybe we were understating how popular these two are here in Reseda, Ben.

[The chant shifts as Wilde puts his hands on his hips.]

"BOTH THESE GUYS!"
"BOTH THESE GUYS!"
"BOTH THESE GUYS!"

[Wilde looks out on the fans with disgust, shouting "REALLY?!" as the fans shift their chant again...]

"MATCH OF THE YEAR!"
"MATCH OF THE YEAR!"
"MATCH OF THE YEAR!"

[...and Wilde throws up his hands in annoyance, shouting "these people are as annoying as I remember!" to a smirking Cordova...]

...and then rushes forward, locking up with the Southern California native!]

LD: Elijah Wilde has heard enough... and here we go!

[Wilde promptly shifts from the tieup into a side headlock, sneering at the crowd as he cranks down on the head and neck...]

LD: Into the side headlock... Wilde gaining control of the pace of this one in the opening moments and...

[The crowd waits for something else to happen but Wilde holds his ground, keeping the headlock applied.]

LD: ...still hanging on...

[Cordova tries to back Wilde to the ropes but Wilde shakes his head, not budging...]

LD: ...and... still...

[Waterson can be heard chuckling as Wilde shakes his head at the now-jeering crowd.]

LD: ...and it sounds like these fans were hoping for a little more action from the outset of this one. These Reseda fans are used to a certain... pace of play... and they are NOT getting it right now.

BW: Elijah Wilde's showing these people EXACTLY where they can stick their cheers... and I love it!

[Cordova wraps his arms around the torso of Wilde, finally dragging him back towards the ropes, trying to bounce Wilde off...

...but Wilde hangs on, dragging Cordova back to the middle of the ring to more jeers from the Reseda fans.]

LD: Gabriel Cordova looked for an exit there but couldn't get one. The man formerly known as the "best kept secret in professional wrestling"... a former Brass Ring tournament competitor back in 2016... and now a CCW regular, looking to break through to the main roster once and for all. He'll be looking at a first round matchup with Rodrick Storm in the weeks ahead but tonight, he's looking to make a big first impression to all our fans watching tonight on ESPN.

BW: But first, he's gotta get out of this headlock.

[Cordova pulls Wilde back to the ropes again, trying to shove him off...

...but this time, Wilde grabs a handful of hair to prevent the escape to even louder jeers!]

LD: Still no way out for Cordova.

[But a fired up Cordova drags him to the ropes again, looking to shove him off but Wilde hangs on again in blatant view of the official.]

LD: Uh oh! Wilde got caught!

[Referee Koji Sakai gets up in Wilde's face, shouting and asking him if he pulled the hair...

...and to the surprise of all, Elijah Wilde nods.]

LD: Did he just admit that he pulled the hair? You don't see that very often.

BW: We saw it in the opening match, Dane!

[Wilde turns towards the nearest camera - "DON'T STEAL MY [BLEEP!], HUNTER!" before promptly breaks the headlock...

...but yanks the hair, pulling Cordova down to the mat!]

LD: OH!

[A sneering Wilde flashes a double middle finger at the referee to cheers from the crowd!]

LD: Well... that happened.

BW: Elijah Wilde's bloodline alone should've made him an AWA superstar a long time ago. So, you gotta ask yourself why it hasn't happened yet. That right there? That's the perfect example of it. He's got a bad attitude... and while I might admire it, there are a lot of people in the offices in Dallas that don't, Dane - likely your husband among them.

[Cordova kips up off the mat while Wilde is arguing with the referee. The crowd's reaction to Cordova causes Wilde to whip around to spot a fired-up Cordova looking to do damage.]

LD: ROUNDHOUSE!

[A big high kick aimed at the head of Wilde sends him scrambling backwards, slapping the shoulder of Adrian Kirk...

...and then aggressively points Kirk in the direction of Cordova, shouting "BREAK EVERY ONE OF HIS FINGERS!" Cordova makes a lunge at Wilde who dives through the ropes, stepping towards the crowd...]

LD: Where the heck is he going?

[...and Wilde gently shoves a fan out of a front row seat, planting himself in a chair before he starts chugging out of another fan's beer pitcher, leaving the first fan to wander the ringside area looking for a seat.]

LD: Well... that might be the best place for him, Ben.

BW: He's probably not much of a team player either.

LD: Well, as Wilde has a seat, Adrian Kirk - the man known as the Crusherweight - is legally in the ring now.

[Kirk shakes his head at Wilde who shrugs, flashing another middle finger at him to laughter from the Reseda crowd...

...and then the Brit quickly ducks through the ropes, charging in on a fired-up Cordova, colliding in an intense lockup, shoving one another around the ring for a few moments...]

LD: If you were going to use one word to describe Adrian Kirk, Ben - what would it be?

BW: Intense.

LD: Sounds like a winner to me.

BW: If I get more-

LD: That's not really how that-

BW: I'd go with cruel, vicious, brutal, focused, cold-blooded...

[Kirk slips out of the tieup, twisting the arm and shoving Cordova down to a knee in an overhand wristlock...]

LD: Right into the submission hold - one of Kirk's specialties... Adrian Kirk was a top flight competitor on the European independent scene for years before finally coming stateside to compete for CCW... and this is his chance to break through to the main roster.

BW: But to get past the first round even, he's gotta be a multi-time GFC Heavyweight Champion in Danny King. That's a tall order for even the toughest of competitors.

[Cordova gets up off the mat, backpedaling towards the ropes while still in the hold.]

LD: Kirk trying to hang onto the arm and-

[Reaching the ropes, Cordova reaches out to grab the top rope, snapping off a backflip to escape the pressure, using an armdrag to take Kirk down to the canvas!]

LD: Nice armdrag by Cordova, the crowd appreciated that one!

[Both competitors quickly come off the mat, coming together again...]

LD: Another armdr- no!

[...but as Cordova attempts a second armdrag, Kirk somehow shifts his grip, blocking the armdrag and pulling Cordova into a chickenwing, exposing his torso as the Crusherweight lays in some fierce downward elbows to the neck region!]

LD: OH! OH! OHHH! KIRK PUTTING A BEATING ON CORDOVA!

[Armani Avery has some words for Kirk from the outside...

...and the British brute has a haymaker for Avery, smashing him in the jaw and knocking him right off the apron!]

LD: Down goes Armani Avery off the right hand!

[Kirk pivots, locking eyes on Danny King as the crowd buzzes.]

LD: Oh ho, check this out, Ben!

BW: Kirk's inviting Danny King into the ring - his first round opponent!

[King shows no hesitation, starting to come through the ropes but referee Koji Sakai cuts him off, blocking his path to jeers from the crowd.]

LD: The fans here in Reseda looking forward to seeing what Danny King can do inside a PRO WRESTLING ring here in the good ol' US of A. We know what he's capable of inside the Hexagon... but inside the squared circle can be a totally different beast.

BW: A whole lot of people have tried to make that transition, Dane, and not many have succeeded.

LD: You resemble that remark, Ben.

BW: Indeed I do.

[Kirk turns away from King, disgusted that the former GFC Champion didn't get to him...

...and turns right into another Cordova armdrag that snaps him over!]

LD: Oho, and Gabriel Cordova was ready for him! Armdrag takes him down... Kirk's right back up though... and right back down with ANOTHER armdrag by the uber-athletic Cordova!

[As Kirk scrambles up again, he catches a dropkick under the chin, knocking him to the mat where he rolls to the outside where the Reseda fans are happy to have him...]

LD: Kirk rolls out... uh oh! Look at Cordova! He's fired up and ready to put on a show for these fans who adore him!

[Cordova pumps his arms a few times before dashing to the ropes, rebounding back towards the Crusherweight who is recovering on the outside...]

LD: CORDOVA ON THE MOOOOOVE!

[...and HURLS himself between the top and middle ropes, only to have Kirk LEAP off the floor, catching him with a jaw-jacking European uppercut that freezes him in his tracks!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[We cut to the floor where Elijah Wilde has moved on to a box of popcorn, shoveling it into his mouth as he slaps his knee with his free hand, laughing loudly as Cordova hanging over the middle rope...]

LD: The fans in Reseda - even Elijah Wilde - are having a good time seeing these eight compete.

BW: This is an Internet fan's dream come true, Dane... and that describes all these smelly weirdos to perfection.

LD: Nice. Quite the way to treat these diehard fans in Southern California... you know we'll likely be seeing some of these people in a couple of weeks in Boyle Heights as well, right?

BW: Come at me, bros.

[Kirk scrambles up on the apron, snatching a handful of Cordova's hair before unloading with short kicks to the face, the crowd groaning with each blow landed as Cordova slips even further between the ropes, his face just barely hanging above the ring apron now...]

LD: Cordova's in a bad way there, hanging over-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Kirk connects with a leaping stomp to the back of Cordova's head, jamming his face into the ring apron!]

LD: WHAAAAM! Facefirst down into the mat!

BW: If he'd jumped a little higher with that, he might've knocked him out, Dane.

LD: I'm not sure sure he didn't already knock him out, Ben! Cordova hit the apron and fell right out of the ring to the floor.

[Kirk steps into the ring, marching across to slap the offered hand of Will "The Thrill" Robinson.]

LD: I'm a little surprised Kirk decided to tag out there instead of inflicting more damage on the outside but...

[As Robinson steps into the ring, Kirk gets right up in his face with a "DO SOMETHING FLIPPY, WILL YA?!" to cheers from the crowd as a smirking Robinson steps out to middle ring, eyeballing the downed but struggling-to-rise Cordova.]

LD: ...Will Robinson doesn't take to the sky with the regularity that he once did but maybe tonight - for this special debut in front of AWA fans watching around the world - he might make an exception!

[Robinson points both hands out at the slowly-rising Cordova as the crowd gets loud with anticipation...]

LD: Robinson was once named "the most viral person in wrestling" from the number of times his highflying highlights raged all over the Internet. His style has changed a lot due to injury but he's still got the ability to throw out something breathtaking from time to time, Ben.

BW: If he's gonna do it, he'd better do it before Kirk gets up!

[Robinson dashes to the ropes in front of him, building up speed to sprint back across into the ropes that were behind him...]

LD: Robinson building up momentum and-

[...and with one final sprint, he HURLS himself between the top and middle ropes, flipping through the air as he crashes into the stunned Gabriel Cordova before flying SEVERAL rows deep into the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: A HEARTSTOPPING DIVE TO THE OUTSIDE BY WILL ROBINSON! Did you see the distance he got with that thing?! Incredible!

BW: A few feet further, he woulda hit the wall! This place isn't exactly built for distance diving!

[Robinson drags himself to his feet in the midst of roaring fans patting him on the back and flattened chairs that Robinson's own body took down.]

LD: Will Robinson showing out for these fans in Reseda!

[He pulls Cordova off the floor, landing a pair of short forearms before dragging him back towards the ring, tossing him under the ropes...]

LD: Robinson puts him back in, climbing up on the apron...

[...and the much-adored Brass Ring competitor slaps his forearm a few times, drawing a cheer of anticipation from the fans!]

LD: He's calling for that springboard forearm of his, Ben!

BW: Stop talking about it and do it!

LD: He's gotta wait for Cordova to get up... but by the looks of things, I'd say Will Robinson is looking for DANGER!

[But as Cordova gets to a knee in the ring, he spies Robinson measuring him for a potential match-ending blow, and with a tuck of his head, he front rolls the distance to his corner, slapping a hand.]

BW: And I'd say he just found it!

[Without warning, Rodrick Storm barrels down the ring apron to CRUSH a surprised Robinson with a leaping forearm shot to the jaw, sending Robinson falling down on the apron!]

LD: The Iron Kraken takes the tag - famed in all of Japan for his athleticism, toughness, and brutality... Rodrick Storm is looking to import all of that right here to the AWA.

[Storm pulls Robinson off the apron, lifting him up under his arm while he too stands on the apron...]

LD: What in the world is...?

[...and then STEPS OFF, DRIVING Robinson's spine into the edge of the ring apron with a crushing side slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: RODRICK STORM - THE BRUTALITY OF RODRICK STORM IS ON DISPLAY ON SHOWTIME!

BW: Dane, this is gonna be one HELL of a tournament!

LD: I gotta agree with you there. The Brass Ring has brought together some of the best in the world to do battle and only one man and one woman can walk out of it with a guaranteed AWA contract.

[With Robinson writhing in pain on the floor, Storm looks out coldly on the rabid Reseda crowd.]

LD: These fans in Reseda are among the most learned of our fandom... they KNOW Rodrick Storm's exploits in Japan. They know how revered he was over there. And they know what he's capable of here in the States. This is a big moment for many fans who've been BEGGING for this man to get an opportunity here in the AWA for a long, long while.

[Storm leans down, dragging Robinson off the floor and tosses him back into the ring before coming in after him...]

LD: Both men back inside - thankfully for Robinson, Storm opted not to pursue some action on the outside.

BW: I'm a little surprised by that. We all know Storm did some time in the hardcore promotions of Japan too. He's been bled by barbed wire, lit up by light tubes, and tortured by thumbtacks.

LD: None of which is legally sanctioned here in the AWA... thankfully.

[Robinson is fighting to get up off the mat, grabbing his lower back in pain as Storm comes to his feet, reaching out with both hands to throttle the throat of the Englishman.]

LD: Storm's got him by the throat and... DOUBLE CHOKE!

[The crowd grasps as Storm lifts Robinson into the air, strangling the life out of him for a few moments before tossing him into the corner, immediately crashing in with a thunderous clothesline!]

"OHHHH!"

[Storm moves out, shoving a staggered Robinson forward out of the corner..

...and then Storm BLASTS him with a running lariat to the back of the head as well!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HE LARIATS HIM COMING AND GOING... AND THAT MIGHT DO IT, FANS!

[Storm drops to his knees, pressing his palms down onto the chest of Robinson.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[But the resilient warrior Robinson kicks out right there, breaking up the pin as Storm smashes a fist down into the mat.]

LD: Rodrick Storm not exactly a patient man by the looks of him, Ben.

BW: He thought he had it won and he's not accepting that he didn't. So now it's Robinson who has got to pay the price for it.

[Storm climbs to his feet, glaring down at Robinson who has rolled to his chest, crawling across the ring towards his corner...]

LD: Robinson looking for an exit. He's had enough of the Iron Kraken for now.

[Slowly stalking past him, glaring into the eyes of Bodhi Li, Storm leans down to hoist up Robinson by the hair..

...and yanks him into a standing headscissors.]

LD: Uh oh. Robinson's in some SERIOUS trouble now as Storm sets for that powerbomb... perhaps that elevated powerbomb he's put away so many opponents in Japan with.

[Storm lifts him up with a mighty roar...]

LD: POWER...

[...but at the peak of the lift, Robinson flips out of it, landing on his feet behind a surprised Storm who whips around to strike...]

LD: ...NO! BACK KICK TO THE GUT!

[...and with Storm stunned, Robinson sets his feet, snapping off a backflip, his foot CRACKING Storm between the eyes!]

LD: OHHHH!

BW: Pele ain't got nothin' on that!

[Storm slumps to a knee as Robinson stumbles the rest of the way to his corner, slapping the offered hand...

...and the crowd "oooooohs" at the realization that the "Kiwi Kingpin" Bodhi Li is coming through the ropes.]

BW: Oh, now THIS just got interesting, Dane!

LD: The two biggest men in the match set to square off!

[Bodhi Li doesn't hesitate a second to get right up in the face of the Iron Kraken, his mouth running a mile a minute as Storm returns verbal fire, bumping chest to chest with one another as the crowd goes NUTS!]

LD: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO! LET'S TURN THIS UP A NOTCH!

[Storm points aggressively at the ropes, giving a shout at Bodhi Li to "DO IT!" The Kiwi Kingpin breaks to the ropes, rebounding back like a man on a mission...]

LD: BIG TAAAACKLE!

[...but despite all of Li's 310 pounds, he is unable to budge the Iron Kraken to an "ooooooooo" from the crowd!]

BW: BUT NO EFFECT! RODRICK STORM SAYS "WHAT ELSE YOU GOT, SON?!"

[Li arrogantly "dusts his shoulders off," waving for Storm to give it his shot.]

LD: And now it's Storm who is gonna try - the big six foot nine, 285 pounder to the ropes, coming on strong!

[But Li doesn't wait for the tackle, going into a spin and burying his foot into the midsection of Storm...]

LD: Oh! Some might call that a cheap shot but-

[Snatching a clinch, Li lights up the Iron Kraken, throwing knees with both the right and left leg, battering Storm back with blows to the body... then switches to shots to the head, staggering the Iron Kraken to a surge of cheering from the SoCal crowd!]

LD: Bodhi Li showing that street fighting style!

[The Kiwi Kingpin lets go of the clinch, throwing a rapidfire flurry of slaps to the face...]

"SLAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAP!"

[...and then one more, with some STANK on it!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The final blow sends Storm staggering back, falling into the ropes as Li moves seamlessly, throwing his massive body into a tumbling flip, his heel STRIKING Storm in the chest, sending him falling through the ropes to the outside!]

LD: KOPPO KICK CONNECTS! Bodhi Li is a madman with that striking prowess!

BW: The man made a serious name for himself fighting all over the globe before he got into pro wrestling, Dane. You do NOT want to stand toe to toe with him for sure.

[And with Storm on the outside, Bodhi Li breaks to the ropes, rebounding back with some shocking speed...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS, leaping out of their seats to salute the Kiwi Kingpin who HURLS himself between the ropes, wiping out Storm and sending both of their big bodies down on the concrete floor!]

LD: WHAAAAAAT A DIIIIIIIVE! BODHI LI TAKES OUT RODRICK STORM ON THE OUTSIIIIIIIDE!

[A few moments of roaring crowd pass before Bodhi Li climbs off the mat, throwing his hand up in the "shaka" salute to the cheering crowd.]

LD: Bodhi Li shocked us all with that big dive to the floor... most of all, he shocked Rodrick Storm and left the big man laying on the outside!

[Bodhi Li pulls Storm off the floor, tossing him back inside where Storm flops towards his corner, slapping the only hand he can get to...]

LD: Did he...? I think he just tagged Armani Avery!

BW: And I don't think Bodhi Li knows it!

[Li climbs up on the apron, his back to the ring as he salutes the fans again...

...and as he turns back, he sees Armani Avery leaps to the top rope, stepping across from one side of the ring to the other...]

LD: WHAT THE-?!

[...and springs off into a headscissors before SNAPPING Bodhi Li off the apron to the floor with a rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ARMANI AVERY IS A CROWD DELIGHT EACH AND EVERY TIME HE STEPS INTO THE RING AND YOU JUST SAW WHY!

[The uber-athletic Avery pops up to his feet on the floor, a big grin on his face as the crowd ROARS for his unique offense they just saw...]

"AR-MA-NI!"

"AR-MA-NI!"

"AR-MA-NI!"

[Avery nods his head emphatically, waving his arms up to encourage the fans to get louder before he pulls himself up on the apron, sweeping his arm across to encourage the fans to get clear...]

LD: Avery already dazzled us with one move... what's he got in mind now?

[...but just as Avery is about to turn away from his opponent, a rising Bodhi Li makes a lunge at him, grabbing at his legs...

...but Avery hooks his arms over the top rope, leaning back to use them to flip himself over the ropes, landing on his feet inside the ring!]

LD: WHOA!

[But Li will not be denied, reaching under the ropes to hook the ankle, yanking the popular Avery off his feet, dragging him under the ropes to the outside...]

LD: Avery thought he'd gotten away but Bodhi Li keeps coming like something out of a horror movie and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and SMASHES an overhand chop down into the chest, knocking Avery back against the ring apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and with Avery reeling from the high impact striking, Li yanks him off the apron, grabbing him under the armpits, shoving him up into the air...]

LD: POP UP...

[...and THROWS him down with the back hitting the edge of the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Avery falls off the apron, Li wraps him up in his arms, lifting... twisting...

...and THROWING a shocked and hurting Armani Avery into the crowd, knocking down a few unsuspecting fans in the process!]

LD: HOLY...

[Bodhi Li stands over the downed Avery, laying some trash talk down on him as the crowd reacts to the wild scene at ringside.]

LD: Bodhi Li just LAID OUT Armani Avery outside the ring here in Reseda... and you notice this referee is giving these two teams a LOT of leeway in the action. Fighting in the crowd, fighting at ringside...

[Li snatches up Avery, tossing him back under the ropes, rolling in after him...]

LD: ...but now we're back in the ring, ready to continue this wild eight man tag - a sneak preview of the men's Brass Ring Tournament.

[...and with a grip on the arm of the rising Avery, Li whips him across into the turnbuckles, sending him crashing into the corner where he staggers out...]

LD: OOH! Uppercut thrust by Li!

[...and Armani Avery goes sailing up into the air off the blow, crashing down hard in a heap on the canvas... and Li quickly hits the ropes, charging back, leaping up...]

LD: KNEEDROP! 300 PLUS POUNDS DOWN ACROSS THE CHEST!

[Li wraps the leg, hooking a lateral press...]

“ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!”

“TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

[...but the popular Armani Avery kicks out, breaking the pin attempt in time.]

LD: Out at two!

[Bodhi Li pops up off the mat, looking out on the crowd...]

...which is when Elijah Wilde springs up from his ringside seat, reaching under the ropes to grab the legs and drag Li to the outside!]

LD: That’s his partner!

[Wilde throws Li aside, rolling in to dive on top of Armani Avery, pounding him with short right hands to the head as the fans react!]

LD: He’s not the legal man, Koji!

[Wilde yanks Avery off the mat, whipping him into the ropes...]

...and then steamrolls right over him with a full sprint lariat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Wilde shouts down at Avery, turning with his arms spread to soak up a solidly mixed reaction from the Reseda crowd...]

...and turns right around into a pissed off Bodhi Li.]

LD: UH OH!

[Li storms forward, getting right up in Wilde’s face, jabbing a finger into his chest.]

BW: These two are partners in this one... but does Elijah Wilde have any TRUE partners?!

[An equally irritated Wilde piefaces Bodhi back...]

...which sets off the Kiwi Kingpin who lunges forward, throwing blows to the head of his own partner as Koji Sakai throws up his hands helplessly!]

LD: We’ve got tag team partners fighting with each other now!

[Wilde tries to respond with some blows of his own but Li catches him with a lunging headbutt, sending Wilde staggering back into a corner where Li immediately rushes in, twisting to land a back elbow!]

LD: OH! Bodhi Li’s explosiveness is just so sudden! So impactful!

BW: He shifts from park to fifth gear in no time flat!

[But as Bodhi Li struts out of the corner, slamming a beefy arm across his chest, he turns back around towards the corner...

....where a bellowing Elijah Wilde RUNS HIM DOWN with a clothesline!]

LD: OHHHH! This is out of control, Ben!

[Wilde throws his arms apart, the crowd giving him his flowers for his particular brand of chaos...

...but as he turns around, he finds Armani Avery leaping into the air, springing off the top rope!]

LD: SPRINGBOARD CROSSBODY TAKES HIM DOWWWWWWN!

[Avery pumps his fists as he comes off the mat, nodding his head to the cheering crowd...]

BW: He almost hit the ceiling, Dane!

LD: Armani Avery flying higher than Delta here tonight!

[Wilde pops up off the mat, rushing at Avery who grins as he leaps up...]

LD: LEG LARIAT! Avery showing off that leaping power, that crazy athleticism!

[Avery is celebrating, doing a little bump and grind as Wilde comes off the mat again, rushing forward...

...but this time, Avery sidesteps, shoving Wilde into the turnbuckles to great impact!]

LD: Wilde hits the corner.. he's stunned!

[And as Wilde staggers out in a circle, Avery boosts him up into a fireman's carry...]

LD: He's got him up and-

[...and shows off some surprising strength, shoving Wilde from the fireman's carry to hang him over the shoulder...]

LD: Oho! A little love being shown to Juan Vasquez - our special host here tonight!

[...and with the head cradled, he DRIVES Wilde down on the back of the head!]

BW: That wasn't a tribute to Juan Vasquez! That was a SLAP in the face to Elijah Wilde, Dane! That was one of his own moves - the Appetite For Destruction!

LD: That IS one of the things Avery is best known for in CCW, Ben - that crazy athleticism allowing him to show up an opponent by using one of their own moves!

[We see Wilde roll under the ropes to the outside.]

BW: It looks like Wilde's had enough of Armani Avery for the moment, Dane...

LD: It sure does but-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: -Bodhi Li hasn't! What a headbutt!

[With Avery out on his feet, the powerful Li lifts him up, pressing him overhead!]

LD: GORILLA PRESS!

[The crowd is ROARING as Li steps to the middle of the ring...

...and then steps out from under him, causing Avery to crash down on the mat on his chest, bouncing over onto his back as Li hits the ropes on the run...]

LD: SHIPWRECK SENNNNTONNNNN!

[Li reaches back, snaring the leg...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THR-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: CORDOVA MAKES THE DIVING SAAAAAVE! Gabriel Cordova out of nowhere to save this match for his team, looking to gain the much-needed momentum headed into the Brass Ring tournament!

[Cordova is ordered out of the ring but the SoCal native isn't listening as he pulls Li right up out of the failed pin attempt, throwing a big roundhouse kick to the chest...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

[...and then leaps into a knee strike...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and then up into a step-up enzuigiri...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

[...the latter of which brings Li down to a knee as Cordova scrambles up, striking a pose to the ROAR of HIS people, going into a spin...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and connects with the discus roundhouse kick to the skull!]

LD: BIG! FAT! KILL!

[Li rolls under the ropes to the outside before Cordova can strike again...

...which clears a path of Will "The Thrill" Robinson who comes flying across the ring at high velocity towards Cordova, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a clothesline that sends Cordova flipping inside out before crashing down on the mat, rolling to the outside...]

LD: The referee is losing control of this one, fans!

[Robinson gets up, throwing his arms up with a "COME ON!" that gets the crowd going even more...]

...and Robinson points to the outside where Cordova is recovering, breaking into a dash to the ropes behind him for speed...]

LD: ROBINSON ON THE MOOOOO-

[...but the rebounding Robinson runs right into an intercepting Rodrick Storm...]

LD: STORM CAUGHT HIM! STORM CAUGHT HIM!

[...lifting him under the arm, going into a spin with Robinson's momentum, and DRIVES him down with a thunderous side slam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: DRIVES HIM DOWWWWWN!

[Robinson rolls under the ropes as well, getting clear as Rodrick Storm gets up, pumping his arms, shouting to the cheering fans that are giving these eight men all sorts of crazy energy at this point...]

LD: And now... are you kidding me?! Rodrick Storm's gonna dive?!

BW: The big man's gonna fly, baby!

[Storm blindly drops backwards into the ropes...]

...which is when Adrian Kirk leaps up, snaring a dragon sleeper from the outside of the ring, wrapping his legs around Storm's torso and bending him backwards over the ropes!]

LD: Adrian Kirk from out of nowhere! Hooks that dragon sleeper and Rodrick Storm didn't see it coming!

BW: He didn't see it coming one bit!

[Storm raises one of his powerful arms, trying to pry his way free from Kirk's airtight grip...]

...which is when Kirk grabs the grasping hand, dragging it towards his face...]

LD: NO, NO - AHHHH!

[...and SINKS HIS TEETH into the fingers!]

LD: HE'S BITING HIM! KIRK'S BITING HIM!

[As Storm cries out in pain, Kirk shoves him away, spitting on the canvas before sliding through the ropes into the behind him. He steps forward, snatching Storm by the hair...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a STUNNING European uppercut to the back of the neck, sending Storm stumbling forward, falling into the far ropes.]

LD: What a shot by Adrian Kirk! Already gaining a reputation as one of the hardest hitters in Combat Corner Wrestling, he's hoping to translate that to the main roster here starting with the Brass Ring!

[With Storm on the ropes, Kirk lowers his head and stampedes across the ring towards him...]

...which is where Storm ducks down, muscling him up and over the ropes, landing on the ring apron safely!]

LD: Kirk on the outside...

[The Crusherweight throws a high kick, sailing over the ropes, connecting on the jaw of Storm as he staggers backwards...]

...and then suddenly barrels forward, BLASTING Kirk with a forearm that sends him flying off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Rodrick Storm sends him to the outside - this match is WAY out of control at this point! All Koji Sakai can do is stand there and-

BW: Storm's gonna dive!

[The six foot nine, 285 pounder charges across the ring to the ropes, building up steam as he barrels across towards the rising Kirk...]

...but gets intercepted!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SUPERKICK! RIGHT ON THE CHIN!

[Having dealt a thunderous thrust kick, a sneering Elijah Wilde waits as Storm falls back into the ropes from the impact, staggering forward...]

LD: Fireman's carry, right into position... hey, it's deja vu!

[...and DROPS Storm down on the mat with the Air Raid Crash known as Appetite For Destruction! He pops right up off the mat, turning towards Armani Avery who is on the outside, shouting "THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE, ASSH-" as the rest is swallowed by a censor with a quick trigger.]

LD: We apologize for the language but apparently Elijah Wilde's mouth is as out of control as the rest of him! And Ben, do you have ANY idea who are the legal men at this point?

BW: Who cares?!

[With Storm down, Will Robinson looks to take advantage, climbing to the top rope as Wilde stands by, pointing at him excitedly...]

LD: Will Robinson looking to end this as Wilde looks on! Can he do it?!

[...and then suddenly breaks across the ring, shoving Robinson off the top rope, sending him flying all the way down to the unforgiving floor of the American Legion Hall!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Well, I guess we should've seen that coming.

BW: They may be partners tonight, Dane, but they're opponents in the first round so yeah, I'd say we should've seen that coming.

[Wilde steps up on the middle rope, laying the badmouth on the laid out Robinson as the crowd starts to buzz...]

LD: Uh oh! Elijah Wilde's got NO idea what's waiting behind him!

[...and as former GFC Champion Danny King climbs into the ring, he takes aim, crouching low as Wilde hops down, turning around!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: KING SPEARS HIM OFF HIS FEET!

[King's big time double leg takedown makes Wilde easy prey as King takes the mount on him, smashing fists down on him!]

LD: Danny King's trying to knock Elijah Wilde into the middle of next week! Wilde's got his arms up, trying to defend himself!

BW: The referee's right there too, checking to see if Wilde wants to give it up.

LD: I can't imagine-

BW: He may not have a choice! I don't know how King will do in a pro wrestling ring long term but right now, he thinks he's in a GFC fight and he's acting like it! The fists are flying and if Wilde can't get out of this soon, his night is over, Dane! Take it from someone who knows!

[With Wilde protecting the head, King spins out of the mount, making a grab for Wilde who rolls over onto his stomach...]

"OHHHH!"

LD: Big knee to the body!

[King hangs onto Wilde, pinning him down as he swings big knees up into the body...]

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHH!"

"OHHHH!"

[...and Wilde is getting rocked over and over with those knees as Wilde grimaces, trying to fight his way through it!]

LD: Wilde's trying to hang on!

[But as King extends his body over Wilde's for extra impact, Adrian Kirk slides back in, leaping up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and STOMPS King's face into the mat to break up the attack!]

LD: KIRK MAY HAVE JUST SAVED THE MATCH FOR HIS TEAM!

BW: This is wild, Dane! The Brass Ring kids have come to show the entire AWA locker room that they are a FORCE to be reckoned with!

[Snatching King by the wrist, Kirk drags him off the mat, twisting him around to wrap his arms around the head and neck...]

LD: One of the wrestling's most famous submission holds - the Kata Ha Jime! The Judo Choke! Made famous in pro wrestling by former World Champion and Hall of Famer Tiger Claw!

BW: But this might be a mistake, Dane. Kirk locked in the hold - in MMA circles known as the Rear Naked Choke... and this is a hold that King should know how to defend!

[The former GFC Champion plants his feet, driving backwards to SMASH Kirk into the turnbuckles!]

LD: You're absolutely right, Ben! Good call!

[King swings around, changing levels to throw brutal body-rockin' blows to both the right and left side of Kirk's torso as the Crusherweight uselessly tries to defend himself with strikes of his own...]

LD: You don't want to trade hands with a former GFC Champion! Kirk's in trouble!

[But Elijah Wilde returns the favor from moments ago, saving Adrian Kirk by hooking his arms around King's body and LAUNCHING him into a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: RIGHT! ON! HIS! HEAD!

[King rolls under the ropes, seeking the safety of the floor but Kirk and Wilde aren't done with him, exiting the ring in hot pursuit...]

LD: Kirk and Wilde are... to the shock of all... working TOGETHER on the outside, taking some shots on Danny King...

[...and as the fans ROAR for the action in front of them, Gabriel Cordova rolls back inside the ring and prepares to make them ROAR even MORE!]

LD: Cordova's back in - the last man standing inside this ring in Reseda and... oh... MY... GOOOOOOOD!

[Dane's reaction comes from Cordova sprinting across the ring, leaping into the air, flipping over the turnbuckles, the ringpost, the full smash...

...and WIPING OUT Kirk, Wilde, and King with a somersault plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Reseda crowd is going WILD now, screaming and shouting... and a chant breaks out amongst them...]

"BRASS! RING!"

"BRASS! RING!"

"BRASS! RING!"

LD: You heard it, fans! The people of Reseda are showing the love to ALL EIGHT of these competitors here tonight! Gabriel Cordova with a tremendous dive-

BW: One HELL of a dive!

LD: -to take out three men!

[Cordova rolls back inside the ring, pumping his fist, pointing to the roaring crowd...]

LD: Cordova's celebrating, the people are going wild, this is tremendous action and-

[With Cordova celebrating, Robinson rolls in and promptly charges towards Cordova who ducks...]

...and Robinson runs RIGHT into a waiting Armani Avery who hooks him in a uranage position...]

LD: Wait a second! It's gonna be...

[...and LEAPS backwards, flipping through the air to DRIVE Robinson down with a slam!]

LD: ...NATURAL SELECTIONNNNNNNN!

[Avery pops up, pointing to the corner where Cordova is rapidly climbing, reaching the perch...]

LD: Cordova's up top!

[...and leaps backwards, twisting through the air!]

LD: PHOENIX SPLAAAAAASH!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: IT'S AN ODE TO EL CHOLO!

[Cordova stays down on him as Avery stands guard...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: They got it!

[The crowd ROARS for the hometown hero in Cordova as he climbs to his feet, moving to embrace Armani Avery...]

LD: And these two CCW stars celebrating their big victory here tonight.

BW: Enjoy it while you can, boys, because soon enough it'll be every man for himself in this tournament.

LD: It sure will. And we'll have more to share about the tournament later tonight but right now... listen to these fans! On their feet saluting this match they just saw here in the American Legion Hall.

[Avery mounts the middle rope, pointing to the cheering fans as Cordova leans against the ropes, grinning at the fans' support for him. He pushes off the ropes, walking out towards the middle of the ring...]

...which is when Elijah Wilde slides back into the ring, swinging Cordova around by the arm...]

LD: Wilde from behind!

[...but Cordova is ready for him, coming up swinging himself, throwing a roundhouse kick...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and bounces his foot off Wilde's skull, sending him down to the mat where he promptly rolls from the ring to even more cheers from the Reseda crowd!]

LD: And Gabriel Cordova is standing tall at the end of this one alongside Armani Avery, Danny King, and Rodrick Storm! What a match! And what a tournament this is going to be, fans! We'll be right back with more Showtime action right after this!

[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 we fade up to a cramped hallway somewhere backstage in the American Legion Hall. There is barely enough room for one person to stand sideways but we can see "Sweet" Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Showtime is live and livin' large in Reseda tonight! It's a huge night for the AWA as it's the kickoff to Memorial Day Mayhem week... it's the kickoff of the Showtime Summer Tour... and it's Juan Vasquez Appreciation Night! This night is all about Juan Vasquez... he's got the pencil for the evening... but we've been on the air for a while now and there's no sign of him.

[A door behind Blackwell opens as Interim President Zharkov steps into view. We briefly can see "JUAN VASQUEZ" written on that door before Zharkov quickly closes it.]

SLB: Interim President Zharkov! We were hoping to get a word with Juan Vasquez but-

[Zharkov raises a hand.]

MZ: Mr. Vasquez is preparing for his Infinity Gauntlet and has requested to not be disturbed until that time.

SLB: Ah, I see... well, Mr. Zharkov, we were just talking about what a big night this is... we've already seen the World Tag Team Champions here...

[Blackwell trails off on the change of expression on Zharkov.]

SLB: Mr. Zharkov... by the look on your face, I have to wonder what your thoughts are on the actions of Supreme Wright, Team Supreme, and their legal representatives.

[Zharkov grimaces.]

MZ: On the advice of AWA Legal, I have no comment.

[Blackwell frowns.]

SLB: None? Not even on the people on the Internet who are saying that with this chess move by Supreme Wright, he has established himself as the TRUE power of the AWA... that he has shown that he has more power than...

[Zharkov raises an eyebrow.]

SLB: ...well... you.

[Zharkov's expression shifts further, fury in his eyes, a tremor in his voice as he speaks.]

MZ: There is NO power in the AWA greater than mine, Blackwell.

[And with that, a steely-eyed Zharkov strides off, leaving a nervous-looking Blackwell behind...

...and we fade to a pre-taped piece of footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK" when the camera rounds a corner to what looks like a utility room in a hotel. The seven-foot Polemos is wedged behind a school desk that looks like it was salvaged from a

grade school; from behind his dragon-skull shaped mask and cloak of animal hides, he seems to be almost pouting. The God of War is seated just across the room from his tag team partner Omega, who looks to be in mid-lecture. He's in front of an easel on which rests a whiteboard. On the whiteboard are a few scrawled words (as well as a 'cool S'), but most prominently the word 'MURDER' has several lines striking it out.]

O: ...so with cold-blooded murder off the table as far as options go, Polemos, what do we resort to when our match against The Desperadoes comes this Saturday?

[Polemos remains taciturn for a few seconds. Omega responds anyway.]

O: That's right! Chokeslams!

[Omega erases the word 'MURDER' and writes 'CHOKESLAMs' in big, friendly letters on the whiteboard. Polemos raises his gloved hand.]

O: Yes! You had a question?

[Polemos picks up a metallic pail from the floor, stacked to the brim with rocks.]

O: No rocks, either.

[Polemos growls petulantly.]

O: It doesn't matter that they're smaller rocks. Rocks are rocks and you can't use them in a wrestling match.

[Polemos pouts and looks morosely at his pail of rocks.]

O: If we used them, they'd get all over the place, and the AWA would come to us and say, 'hey, this is a wrestling show! Why are there rocks all over the ring?'

[Polemos shrugs, starting to understand.]

O: 'We have to stop the show to clean up these rocks! What kind of guests would we be in this legendary venue if we left a bunch of rocks for them to clean up?'

[Polemos puts the pail of rocks back down on the ground beside him. The Neptunian has a point, it seems.]

O: Besides, we want to help out Wade Walker, don't we?

[Polemos folds his arms, then slouches truculently in his too-small school desk.]

O: I know! You think I'm being a 'brown-noser' by helping him out after what the Dogs of War did to us at Fright Night. The High Council of Justice don't get to pick and choose the way it gets doled out. 'Cuz then, if we pick winners and losers, we'd be monsters just like them.

[Polemos shrugs. Again, Omega seems to have a point.]

O: And remember, preparation is key to an 'A plus,' am I right?

[Omega gives Polemos a cheesy 'thumbs up.' Polemos glares up at him for a couple of seconds, then abruptly stands upright, ripping the desk apart casually as he does so, and promptly exits the room.]

O: Or... we could... go with your plan to just unwind a bit and hit up a movie...

[Omega straightens his cape and tries to follow dramatically as we fade through black back to the interior of the American Legion Hall, our shot squeezed onto the stage where Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams are standing.]

MW: Omega and Polemos are prepared for action a little later tonight against the Desperadoes, Sweet Daddy, but what a night it's been ALREADY here in Reseda!

SDW: How 'bout those Brass Ring kids, huh?! Let 'em hear it, Reseda!

[The crowd ROARS for what they saw a little earlier in the show as Williams nods and Wolfe smiles.]

MW: We've been looking forward to this night for months now, fans, and it hasn't disappointed so far... but we've got a whole lot more still to come. The World Television Title on the line! The big tag match with Seductive and Destructive against Bailey and Somers! Allah and Connors! The Brass Ring Battle Royal and a whole lot more and-

"GONNA BE A BLACKOUT!"

[The crowd EXPLODES with cheers as soon as "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys is heard to obvious shock on the faces of Wolfe and Williams as we cut to a shot of the aisleway. The fans' reaction only increases in volume as he walks out, dressed in black boots, black jeans and a black t-shirt with "THE NIGHTMARE CONTINUES..." across the chest in a white splatter. In his right hand he holds the remains of a six pack, and bites down on the plastic ring to have both hands free to slap hands with the rabid fans at both sides of the makeshift aisle.]

LD: Looks like we've got another surprise appearance by the Boston Brawler, Ben!

BW: After the way they last one ended up for him, maybe he should think twice about that.

#"CUZ MY TOWN IS BIG & MY TOWN IS BRIGHT#
#MY TOWN CAN WORK & MY TOWN CAN FIGHT#

[The music continues as Carver continues to slap hands as he makes his way to the ring, the plastic ring of the six pack clenched in his teeth, making him look like a snarling pitbull even more than usual. When he finally gets to ringside, he gets up on the ring apron and pulls a can free of the plastic ring. He pops the top and pours the beer down his throat, with countless members of the crowd following suit.]

BW: As if these people needed an excuse to damage their livers.

LD: Like it or not, Carver has the full support of everyone here in Reseda!

[Carver tosses the empty can to the crowd, with fans scrambling to be the one to grab hold of this souvenir. He steps through the ropes and is handed the microphone by Rebecca. He lets out a loud belch before speaking.]

HC: That hit the spot.

[Cut to the crowd where even more fans are now forgoing plastic cups and drinking straight from their beer pitchers.]

HC: I meant the beer, but I also mean this.

[Carver points at the crowd at all four sides of the ring to big cheers.]

HC: Yeh see, I said I wasn't done yet. I took Generation Lost on myself and took my licks... but I ain't had enough yet.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: But as it turns out... they have. See, they aren't here tonight. They refused to be here tonight. Because they think they're too big to appear in a building like this.

[Carver nods at the loud boos from the crowd.]

HC: They think because they all took turns putting the boots to me... they're all big stars now. They're all about the big money and prizes... but not the work.

They looked at my history. The titles I've won, the men I've fought, and maybe they think I was always on the marquee.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: I did those things. But they happened because of what I did in buildings like this one.

[The fans ROAR for Carver who nods his head.]

HC: Whether it was Japan or Boston. Places like THIS is where I got started...

[Carver nods.]

HC: ...and where I feel most at home.

[Big cheers for that.]

HC: Places like this is where I fought for years, shed my own blood and everyone else's.

[Carver nods.]

HC: And that's exactly what I'm gonna do... right here and right now.

[Carver nods at the crowd volume starts getting turned up even louder in anticipation. He holds up the remaining two beers from his six pack.]

HC: I'm gonna share these with whoever in the back comes out to this ring. No rules, just-

[And Carver is cut off by the opening chords of "Controversy" by Prince, causing the crowd to fall into voice-weakening boos!]

LD: Oh, brother.

[We can hear a canned voiceover.]

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... THE AWA'S NUMBER ONE RATED SEGMENT...

...THE FRONNNNNNNNNNT PAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!"

[Cue some also-canned applause as the crowd is visibly seen jeering and giving big ol' thumbs down.]

"AND NOW... HERE'S YOUR HOST OF THE FRONT PAGE...

...BRYYYYYYSONNNNNN PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!"

[Hannibal Carver has a puzzled expression on his face as the brash blowhard the AWA Galaxy has grown to hate, Bryson Page, comes hobbling from the back on crutches and a walking boot. He has quite the brief battle with the entrance curtain as he gets tangled up, struggling into view... and then breaks into a huge smile, shouting "THANK YOU! THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH!" to the booing crowd. He lets the boos rain down as he hobbles a little further into view.]

LD: What's this guy doing out here, Ben?

BW: Dane, you oughta get your ears checked. It's the Front Page! Didn't you hear the announcement?

LD: I heard it... but from the looks of Hannibal Carver, I'd say he had no part of this.

BW: Oh, I'm sure he just forgot. Bryson's always got the hot guests!

[Page limps the rest of the way to the ring, still showing ill effects from his time trapped in Gabriel Whitecross' legendary anklelock back at The Battle of London. Reaching ringside, Page gives the ring a once over, looking agitated. He twists around, waving towards the back...]

"WHERE ARE MY STOOLS?! WHERE'S MY DESK?!"

[...and with a heavy sigh, Page rolls under the ropes, clinging to his crutch as he forces himself back up to his feet with a wince. Carver continues to glare at him as Page steadies himself, producing a mic from his jacket pocket and begins to speak.]

BP: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls... it is I...

[He spreads his arms wide to more boos.]

BP: ...your Voice of the Voiceless, your Paragon of Truth, your ENGAGEMENT GOD... THE... Bryson Page.

And sadly... even without my set... this is... THE FRONT PAGE!

[The crowd boos relentlessly as Carver looks on curious.]

BP: Now, the dozen or so of you who actually fit inside this hellhole of a building will have to forgive me...

[The fans do NOT like that.]

BP: ...but I'm guessing they couldn't fit even ONE stool in this ring for my set.

[He shakes his head with disgust.]

BP: But that's fine, I can stand here. And stand here for you people I will.

As painful as it is - between by Sports Hernia and the ligament damage that British INGRATE who I won't sully myself to name gave me with that unprovoked attac - I will stand here and drive up the numbers, because the numbers in this building can't get any smaller!

[More boos as Page trashes the beloved building... and an employee by the bar gives Page an earful from a distance.]

BP: Now now, I know the finer things like... I don't know... maybe showering... escape most of you here... but that's no reason to make a stink about things.

Just because it looks like the AWA put out an ad looking for the smallest, most run-down building with the dirtiest, smelliest, most annoying fans in Southern California...

[He stage whispers.]

BP: ...and that's saying something... that doesn't mean you'll be denied my making this the most Insta'd, Tweeted, Facebooked, and Snapped segment of the week.

After all...

[He finally acknowledges the other man standing in the ring with him.]

BP: Just look at the guest I have this week!

[The crowd reacts with cheers for Carver who continues to glare at Page who finally hobbles forward, extending his hand...]

LD: This might go poorly for young Bryson.

[...and as Carver refuses to shake his head, Page's smile flickers for a moment before he hobbles backwards, taking an offered mic through the ropes. He taps it a few times before turning towards the hard camera.]

BP: THANK YOU, LOS ANGELES!

[The boos pour down once more as the music cuts out.]

BP: This is one of those times that you have to say you're in Los Angeles because you don't want ANYONE to know you lowered yourself to running your show in a place like...

[He stage whispers.]

BP: ...Reseda.

[The crowd boos their town being insulted.]

BP: But that's okay because I'm here now and the highlight of your night is set to begin... and...

[He looks across the ring.]

BP: Hannibal... Hannibal, old pal... you kinda... heh heh, you kinda stole my thunder a bit. Remember, I'm supposed to come out first... then I introduce you, THEN you come out. But here you are... forgetting your cue... and I'm not sure if your memory lapses come from the booze or the steel chairs to the head.

[The crowd starts stirring, realizing that Page might be making a miscalculation as Carver shifts his footing a bit causing Page to throw up a hand.]

BP: That's alright though. I forgive ya. Because these people...

[He swings a hand from Carver to him and back again.]

BP: ...this is what they paid to see. Not Juan Vasquez' Vanity Gauntlet - am I right?

[The crowd jeers loudly again as Page smirks.]

BP: Tough crowd, Hannibal.

[He tugs at his collar.]

BP: But I digress. See, you already came out here and said all you wanted to say apparently... but I'm here now... so let's just start this from the top and do this right, okay?

[Carver shakes his head slightly as Page grimaces.]

BP: Sure, sure... I get it... you're out here for a fight... and I'm out here for a chat... and I think because I'm me and you're you, we should just do what I say, right? Right!

So, Hannibal... tell me how it feels to go from being in the Main Event of SuperClash to fighting Ronnie D's offspring in a few months' time!

[Page extends the mic towards Carver who doesn't say a word as the crowd continues to boo.]

BP: Hmm. Sore subject? Tell me how it feels to get your ass kicked TWICE by Generation Lost! Hmm?

[Page extends the mic again to more Carver silence.]

BP: Alright, alright... here's a softball for you, Brawler. Tell me how it feels to be shoved onto the sidelines like an afterthought while the rest of your old pals are lining up to headline shows against Team Supreme.

[You know the drill at this point.]

BP: Wow, Hannibal. If I didn't know any better... I'd say you just didn't want to talk to me. Me. Bryson Page. Me. The hottest flamethrower in the business. Me. The straw that stirs everyone's drink... the man whose milkshake brings EVERYONE to the yard... the man too hot for the San Fernando Valley's favorite industry... the man who has come to steal the show from Juan Vasquez' final attempt to make every show all about him...

Me, Hannibal. Me.

[Carver still has no response as he listens to Page rant...

...and then Page slowly lifts his crutch, the "foot" of it pushing into Carver's chest to an "oooooooo" from the crowd.]

BP: Hey, we're right down the road from Universal Studios so...

[He raises the crutch a little higher...]

BP: HELLO, MCFLY!

[...and tries to rap it against Carver's forehead before the Boston Brawler's hand snaps up to grab it to a BIG CHEER! Page tries vainly to pull it back but Carver hangs on as Page struggles with his balance. Carver, who has been glaring at Page this entire time, finally speaks.]

HC: Well hell, that was really cute. And I hope yer savoring yer big moment in the spotlight. Because this no rules brawl I'm about to have?

[Carver nods, pulling on the crutch, drawing Page closer to him... and closer... and closer...]

HC: Unless someone from the back comes out in the next five seconds...

[...and pulls it even closer so an anxious-looking Page is within reach...]

HC: ...I'm having it with yeh.

[...and with a hard pull, Carver tosses the crutch aside and reaches out to grab Page by the collar of his t-shirt.]

BP: Hey, hey now, I'm not cleared to compete! I've got injuries, I don't have medical clearance! Doc hasn't OK'd me yet. POPOVICH!! COME TELL HIM! FIERRO! ROGERS! SLATER! SOMEONE TELL HIM I'M NOT CLEA-

[Carver slaps the mic out of his hand, sending a shiver of pure terror through the loudmouth.]

LD: It looks like Bryson Page's big mouth finally wrote a check his body can't cash, Ben!

BW: Would Carver really hit an injured man?!

LD: In a heartbeat!

[Page is pleading off-mic for mercy now, pointing at his injured ankle as Carver shakes his head, seemingly not caring one bit about Page's maladies...]

...when suddenly the crowd ROARS as the sounds of Metallica's cover of "Turn The Page" begins to play over the PA.]

LD: Uh oh!

[Carver grins, nodding approvingly while still holding Page by the shirt, his grip starting to loosen as the seven foot giant, Robert Donovan, appears in the aisle.]

LD: It looks like Hannibal Carver has found himself a dance partner!

[The seven foot veteran slowly moves down the aisle, walking towards the ring where Carver tosses Page aside who scurries clear, ducking through the ropes.]

LD: It also looks like The Front Page is over, Ben.

BW: That's a shame. I think Bryson Page was really getting under the surface of Carver's drinking problem. You think it has something to do with his mother?

LD: I think that you might need your jaw wired shut if the Boston Brawler hears you say something about his mother.

[Reaching the ring, Donovan gives Carver a nod before climbing up on the apron, stepping over the ropes into the ring...]

LD: Carver wanted a fight... and you better believe he's about to get one!

[Donovan points across the ring at Carver who tosses his beer aside, throwing up his fists and shouting "COME ON!" at his sudden opponent...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and at the sound of the bell, the veteran brawlers charge one another, throwing big bombs to the joy of the Reseda crowd!]

LD: And just like that, we've got an impromptu fight on our hands!

BW: Just for fun too! This is Carver and Donovan trying to relive the glory of youth when they used to spill blood in the smallest venues in America for a hot dog and a handshake!

LD: You can bet they're getting paid a little bit more tonight!

[The crowd continues to cheer as Carver and Donovan dive into a sloppy looking collar and elbow, the seven footer pushing Carver back against the ropes where the bounce provides enough for Carver to turn it, shoving Donovan back against another set of ropes...]

LD: Trying to get the e- oh! Carver caught him with an elbow!

[Grabbing Donovan by the head, Carver lays in a second of his signature elbowstrikes, leaving Donovan a little stunned near the ropes before the Boston Brawler turns to dash to the ropes, bouncing back with momentum...]

LD: Carver on the run and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: -HE GETS WIPED OUT WITH A BIG BOOT FROM THE SEVEN FOOT DONOVAAAAAN!

[Donovan gives his head and neck a quick crack before stalking about his floored opponent, pulling him off the mat...]

LD: The crazy thing about this one, Ben, is that there's no bad blood between these two that I'm aware of... but because the love of the fight is so ingrained in them from all their years in this sport, you better believe they'll tear into one another with great ferocity tonight.

BW: Spilling blood and breaking bones is just another night at the office for these two.

[...and ROCKETS him over the top rope, causing Carver to crash down on the floor outside as the fans begin to buzz at the action coming their way.]

LD: Donovan sends Carver to the outside and now it's the giant on his way out after him, stepping over the top rope... and these fans better scatter in a hurry...

[Donovan is standing on the apron, the seven footer surveying the wild crowd with a smile and a shake of his head as Carver stirs on the outside...]

BW: What's Carver trying to do with-

[...and FIRES a white plastic ringside chair up at a surprised Donovan!]

LD: OHH! He THREW a chair at the big man!

[The chair goes bouncing off the head of Donovan, not doing as much damage as your traditional steel chair would but...]

LD: Donovan's a little stunned by that - that chair coming at high velocity and... oh no! NO, NO, NO, NOOOOOO!

[...and Dane's panicked reaction comes as Carver reaches up, throwing the big man off the apron in a slam into the first couple rows of seats, sending people scattering as plastic chairs COLLAPSE under the giant's size!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: THE FANS IN RESEDA ARE ON THEIR FEET AND RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES!

BW: I guess that row just became standing room only, Dane!

LD: I guess it did! Several chairs just got PANCAKED under the tremendous size of Robert Donovan... and Hannibal Carver just turned the intensity level in this fight up to 11!

[With the crowd going crazy for Carver, the Boston Brawler picks up a fallen chair, folding it up as he looks down on Donovan who is struggling to recover from the hard fall...]

BW: Oh, I think I'd be staying down right now if I were Donovan. Carver looks like a man with a plan tonight and that plan is PAAAAAIN!

[...but as Donovan struggles up, shoving another chair over in the process...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: YOU COULD HEAR THAT ONE OUT ON VENTURA BOULEVARD!

[The big blow across the back sends Donovan staggering... deeper into the crowd...]

LD: And don't look now, Ben - but these two brawling brutes are coming through the crowd towards us!

[Like a scene out of a Godzilla movie, bodies are fleeing and scattering as Donovan shoves his way forward, plowing through chairs that are just getting leveled left and right...]

BW: If they get much closer, I'm out of here, Dane! You can find me at Chasen's with Suzanne Pleshette!

[...and we continue to see Donovan shoving his way through the crowd, sending both chairs and fans out of his way as Carver pursues, stepping up onto a row of chairs...]

LD: Carver standing on those chairs and...

[...and a nearby rowdy fans hands Carver what appears to be an almost full pitcher of beer. A grateful Carver grins... and you can imagine what happens next.]

LD: ...well, it looks like we're getting a mid-match break for refreshments from the former National Champion.

[Carver chugs the entire pitcher to the surprise of no one before RIFLING the empty plastic pitcher at Donovan's head, stopping him in his path. The Boston Brawler reaches out, tousling the hair of the young man who gave him the pitcher..]

...and then THROWS himself off the chairs, diving onto Donovan, knocking the big man AND more rows of seats down!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: Somebody better get Legal on the phone! We’ve got a drunken Carver diving into the crowd and - he’s turning this place into a damned mosh pit, Dane!

LD: The party is ON in Reseda for Hannibal Carver!

[Carver crawls back to his feet, throwing up his arms to salute the raucous San Fernando Valley crowd.]

LD: These people in Los Angeles love them some Boston Brawler, Ben!

BW: Which is unusual because people from LA usually hate all things Boston... it’s born and bred into them.

[Dane chuckles as Carver watches Donovan stir off the floor, turning slowly to face him...]

LD: Carver’s got a little Kevin McHale in him, I think... and here we go again!

[...and the crowd ROARS again as Carver and Donovan start throwing bombs anew deep in the crowd near the stage where a wide show shows our announce team surrounded by other production equipment and personnel!]

BW: The last time LA saw a fight like this is when OJ was found not guilty!

LD: BEN!

[With Carver throwing haymakers, Donovan slams a knee up into the midsection, cutting him off...]

LD: Oh, Donovan goes downstairs and... what is he...?

[...and to the thrill of the Reseda crowd, Donovan presses Carver overhead...]

LD: Oh no! Oh- LOOK OUT!

[...and HURLS the former National Champion up onto the stage, sending our camera shot abruptly to black!]

BW: HE JUST TOOK OUT A CAMERAMAN, DANE!

LD: He sure did. Fans, we apologize for the technical issues but-

[A different camera shot is quickly cut to, showing Donovan surrounded by roaring fans as Carver lies on the wooden stage.]

LD: Ah, there we go. Sorry about that but all bets are off tonight in the American Legion Hall!

BW: This is out of control. I’m outta here, Dane - see you in a couple of weeks.

LD: You stay right there, Ben Waterson. You knew what you signed on for.

[Donovan snatches up a fallen plastic chair, swinging it over his head to a roar from the crowd, turning to face out on the majority of the building and getting a huge cheer from the fans!]

LD: Robert Donovan has had a rough go of things at times in 2018 so far after failing to win the National Title... but a moment like this has to feel good for him, Ben.

BW: He's throwing bodies up here, taking out cameramen... he's swinging chairs in the crowd... and I'm supposed to give a damn he's having a feel good moment?!

[Donovan slowly turns back towards the stage...

...when Carver surges up, charging forward, and DIVES off the elevated stage into a sloppy Fierro Press that wipes out Donovan on the floor to another HUGE ROAR!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: We talked about Carver turning this place into a mosh pit earlier... well, we just got a stage dive, Ben! This no DQ match that Carver requested is COMPLETELY off the rails and just a sneak preview of what we're likely to see later tonight between Odin Gunn and Wade Walker with the World Television Title on the line!

[Carver lands a few sloppy punches on the floor before climbing to his feet, soaking up the cheers of the adoring crowd again before dragging Donovan up to join him and drilling him with a heavy right hand that sends Donovan staggering the other direction, finally heading back towards the ring.]

LD: Carver and Donovan working their way back towards the squared circle, Ben.

BW: Finally! The referee's had time to do his daily Crossword puzzle since these two left the ring!

LD: The two veterans finally back down here and... listen to these fans! Pounding on the apron, saluting these two warriors! What a moment for these two men!

[Carver grabs the stunned and staggering Donovan, ramming him chestfirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan pushes off, slipping to press his back against the steel, breathing heavily as Carver takes aim, rushing in...]

LD: CLOTHESLI-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but the seven footer has enough left to shift slightly, causing Carver to ram himself into the post!]

LD: Hannibal Carver's aggression might've gotten the better of him right there! Donovan got clear, Carver hits the steel, and that might've totally turned this one around, Ben!

BW: Carver's the kind of guy who would run through a damn wall to get at someone... turns out he can't run through a post.

[Donovan lifts Carver off the floor, slinging him over his shoulder...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SHOULDERFIRST INTO THE STEEL A SECOND TIME!

[The crowd grumbles a little at that as Donovan shoves Carver under the ropes back inside the ring...

...and then snatches up a plastic chair from ringside, slinging it over the ropes before moving in after the former National Champion.]

LD: Finally, both competitors are back inside the ring... but Donovan's got that chair so Carver may be in some danger.

[Donovan taps the chair on the mat a few times, shouting "GET UP!" at Carver who is struggling to do exactly that, grabbing his shoulder as he comes off the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: RIGHT ACROSS THE SHOULDER!

[Carver collapses down onto the mat again, grunting in pain as he grabs at the shoulder. The seven footer moves closer, lifting the chair overhead with the top of the seat back aimed down...]

LD: Donovan's looking to REALLY go to work with that chair now!

[...and JAMS the edge into the shoulder joint, causing Carver to cry out!]

LD: Robert Donovan shifting into a new gear, looking to finish off the former National Champion and perhaps put himself into position to challenge the winner of Ohara and Osborne at Memorial Day Mayhem, Ben.

BW: You know Ohara's still gotta defend that title tonight - we could have a new champion right here in Reseda!

LD: Someone's going to get the chance to shake up Memorial Day Mayhem just over a week away!

[With Carver down on the mat in pain, Donovan unfolds the chair, setting it down on the canvas as he looks out on the crowd...]

LD: Robert Donovan looking to take advantage of these No Disqualification rules here in this one... setting up that chair... pulling Carver off the mat...

[The seven footer drags Carver into a gutwrench position...]

LD: ...and he's looking for that gutwrench powerbomb! The former Longhorn Heritage Champion is looking to put the Boston Brawler THROUGH that chair!

[...but as the crowd anxiously buzzes, Carver surges forward, ramming Donovan back into the turnbuckles!]

LD: Ohhh! Carver fighting out of it! Saving his skin on Showtime!

[Carver straightens up, letting loose a bellow as he starts throwing elbowstrikes, landing a barrage of blows from both the right and left arm, hammering the big man in the corner!]

LD: CARVER'S ALL OVER HIM!

[With Donovan reeling from the big explosion of battering, Carver twists around, snatching a three-quarter nelson...]

LD: BLACKOUT!

[...and takes two steps from the corner towards the open chair, leaping up...]

LD: UP! AND!

[...but Donovan holds his footing, shoving Carver off into the air...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sends Carver CRASHING down onto the plastic chair, completely imploding it under his falling body!]

LD: SWEET MERCY! WHAT A FALL FOR CARVER!

[Donovan stands over him, the crowd ROARING as Carver lies atop the wreckage of the chair..

...and as the big man raises his right hand over his head, the crowd gets even louder!]

LD: Donovan's calling for Vengeance! Robert Donovan looking to put Hannibal Carver THROUGH this ring in Reseda and walk out with a HUGE victory over the former SuperClash Main Eventer!

[Donovan nods his head as he steps forward, dragging Carver's battered body off the mat..

...and sinks his fingers into the mouth!]

LD: HE HOOKS HIM!

BW: VENGEANCE IS MINE SAYETH ROB DONOVAN!

[And the seven foot giant hoists Carver into the air, setting for his legendary mandible claw slam...

...which is when Carver slips out in mid-lift, snatching a three-quarter nelson!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!

[Carver dives across, the crowd counting along with the count!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: CARVER GETS THE WIN!

[The crowd is on their feet, showing all their appreciation for the impromptu war they just witnessed. Carver gets to his feet, and rolls out of the ring. But instead of heading to the back or slapping the hand of a single fan...]

BW: Oh give me a break.

[... he grabs his two last beers. He rolls back into the ring and heads over towards Donovan. He shakes him until Donovan shows signs of life. Carver calls for the microphone.]

HC: I'm a man of my word. Thanks for the fight, big man. Cheers.

[Donovan slowly sits up, shaking his head incredulously at the can of beer being offered by Carver. He stares at the can and then at Carver.]

LD: Unbelievable for me to even be saying this... but is Donovan ready for more?!

[Huge cheers as Donovan grabs the beer and gets to his feet with a helping hand from Carver. The two hit cans together and chug beers to an unbelievable ovation from the crowd.]

BW: Well, ready for another round at the bar at least.

[Carver raises Donovan's hand, pointing at him. The crowd gives a show of respect to both men. Chanting "CAR-VER!" before Carver's insistence inspires chanting of Donovan's name. Carver points out at the crowd.]

HC: Now that REALLY hit the spot. That's exactly what I needed. No more bee ess, just beating the hell out of a gnarly bastid while they beat the hell out of me.

But like I said before... I ain't done yet.

[Carver scowls.]

HC: Generation Lost, if yeh think last time was the end of it... if yeh think yeh got a reputation from ganging up on me and yeh can just walk off... then yer daddies never taught yeh a damn thing.

[Carver nods.]

HC: Don't wait for me to call yer asses out again. That part is over.

[Carver points directly at the camera.]

HC: That part is over and the hunt is on. I'll be seeing all of yeh soon. The thing is, by the time yeh see me?

[Carver nods grimly.]

HC: It'll already be too late.

[Chants of "CAR-VER!" continue as Carver turns to Donovan.]

HC: Hey big man, seems like there's a bar still standing. Next round's on me.

[Donovan considers this for a second before nodding and high fiving Carver. The crowd alternately chants the name of both men as they exit the ring with their sights set directly on the bar as we fade to black...]

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

#When you wish..#

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

#...upon a star#

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

#Makes no difference who you are...#

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

#Anything your...#

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

#...heart desires will...#

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

#...come to you.#

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

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

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

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

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

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

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

...and we fade back up on footage marked with "EARLIER TODAY", as "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash is alone, a rare sight for the E-Girl MAX member. She is dressed in an oversized peach-colored T-shirt bearing a distressed and faded 1970s-era Baltimore Orioles logo, along with denim cutoffs just barely visible under the shirt's hemline. She is rifling through an Under Armour duffle bag, a frown on her face, before finally looking over at her camera.]

CC: It's never enough. That's been the story throughout my whole life. Not like YOU care.

[Casey finds what she's looking for - a pair of her customary heart-shaped sunglasses, these ones with orange frames - and places them on the crown of her head.]

CC: I'm not going to bother wasting your time with sad stories about my childhood, about how I didn't have a place I belonged. Charity Rockwell can dish those to you, since she seems fine spilling all my past out to Betty Chang. She can tell you how I was the mixed race kid who got shunned for years because I wasn't Black enough to be friends with her fellow Black kids, or Albanian enough for her fellow Albanians.

[She frowns again, leaning over, elbows on her knees, as though she's struggling to tell us this.]

CC: I fell in love with wrestling when I was 13 years old because it fit all shapes, sizes, races. I went with my daddy to Texas on Under Armour business and saw Juan Vasquez beat Stevie Scott for the National Title. Every two weeks, I'd wait for the mail carrier to bring my DVD of Saturday Night Wrestling, and I'd watch it over and over until the next DVD came. I cried when Juan Vasquez got hurt at WrestleRock. I cheered when he came back. I loved Ryan Martinez when he stood up for what was right.

[Casey bites her bottom lip.]

CC: I said that someday, that could be me.

[A sigh.]

CC: I believed in friendship, in helping others, in taking a stand for what I believed in. But you know, some people just didn't think I was genuine, because of this.

[Casey points to the Under Armour logo on her bag.]

CC: Because of what my daddy does, and because I got to go on planes to the World Series, and because Lindsey Jacobellis taught me how to snowboard, that meant I couldn't be a good person. Somehow that invalidated all my beliefs. Somehow that made me a liar. Somehow that meant that I must have ulterior motives.

[She shakes her head.]

CC: I got to the AWA quicker than most. It took me nine months, from that first training session with Misaki Ishikawa to when I put pen to paper and signed my contract. I was thankful when I signed that contract, because I knew the names of people who were sweating and fighting and begging for the chance that I got. I just got here quicker. And of course, the moment I debuted, the moment I officially showed up as part of the roster, the moment I joined up with Harley Hamilton and Cinder, what happened?

[Casey glares at the camera.]

CC: You started this, Betty Chang. Go back and watch. I was down there at Fright Night last year for moral support, to stand up for my friend, and YOU attacked ME. Harley warned me that the AWA was full of people jealous and angry that friends were succeeding on their own terms, but I couldn't believe it. Not my AWA. Not the AWA I loved. And on my first day as part of the roster, YOU attacked ME for being Harley Hamilton's friend, for being Cinder's friend.

[She rolls her eyes.]

CC: And what has it been since then? A wave of jealousy, crashing down on us. And for what? For what?!

[Casey clears her throat and mimes crying.]

CC: "Wahhhh, you didn't think about us when you planned to win a match! Wahhhh, you didn't put the best interests of some random person ahead of your own!"

[She rolls her eyes again.]

CC: Do you think Tom Brady - that's Under Armour athlete Tom Brady, by the way - thinks about how the Atlanta Falcons feel when he's down 28 to 3 and he engineers the greatest comeback in football history to win the Super Bowl? Do you think he cares that it makes the New York Jets look bad for not winning when he puts another championship ring on his finger?

[Another sigh.]

CC: What lessons did I learn in all my years of watching the AWA? Be good to your friends? Check, we do that. Win matches? Check, we do that. Follow the rules? Check, we do that. And what does it get us? It gets us commentators saying how awful we are because we won't fight ourselves for their pleasure, and insisting we're not actually friends. It gets us Interim Presidents setting us up so lunatics can try to stab us. It gets interviewers gleefully saying we should have our heads stomped in. It gets us illegal karate!

[She points her finger at the camera, a cold look in her eyes.]

CC: It gets us jealousy. Jealousy because we're friends, and we stick up for each other. Jealousy because we're successful, but not in a way they want us to be. Jealousy because we have the things they crave. Jealousy because no matter how much they complain, it'll never be theirs. And I know how they feel, honestly.

[Her look softens.]

CC: Because the things I was jealous over, the things I craved, I can't have. I want the AWA I fell in love with when I was 13 years old, when Juan Vasquez became one of my heroes. An AWA that stood up for what was right, that didn't try to say friendship was bad, or that tactics like illegal karate were sanctioned.

[She sniffles.]

CC: But I can't have that. So instead, I'll have the next best thing. I'll help Harley and Cinder build an AWA for the next little girl who needs something to believe in. And it starts, Betty Chang, by stopping you, and ending your reign of karate terror. I'm not walking out tonight, because there's no law and order to stand up for me, for what's right.

[She straightens her posture.]

CC: I'm going to have to do it for myself.

[We cut back to a flabbergasted Lori Dane, with Ben Waterson slowly clapping.]

BW: Bra-vo! Bra-vo!

[The tempo of Waterson's clapping speeds up, as he stands.]

BW: It's about time someone said the truth around here!

LD: Will you sit down!

[Waterson sits down as Dane shakes her head.]

LD: I can't believe the gall of Casey Cash to... to insinuate the things she said!

BW: I've been saying for years that this place is corrupt! Look at the facts, Dane! She said that karate is illegal based on that old Southern Championship Wrestling rulebook that is the basis of the AWA rulebook, and that the rule was never repealed, but Zharkov just ignored her! He's let Betty Chang get away with attempted murder for three matches now!

LD: And what about this junk about stabbing?

BW: Victoria June did try to cut Cash up with that piece of the Empress Cup prior to getting her skull busted by Hamilton and Cinder, and that was set up by Zharkov, so she's right there.

LD: And this nonsense about interviewers wanting E-Girl MAX to get hurt?

BW: Don't you remember your pal Mark Stegglet saying he hoped the Country Punks caved in Hamilton and Cinder's heads?

[Dane shakes her head, clears her throat, and tries to move on.]

LD: Well, I still think she's taking things a bit too far, Ben. Betty Chang is the furthest thing from what Casey Cash is accusing her of being. We'll see that match later tonight... but right now, we're headed back to the ring and hometown girl Rebecca Ortiz for tag team action!

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

RO: The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. The losers of the match will be BARRED FROM THE BUILDING for the rest of the night!

[The crowd cheers!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The sounds of "Tough Justice" by Blues Saraceno creeps over the PA system like something out of a dirty, grimy Western.]

RO: ...being led down the aisle by "Curly" Bill Webb... the team of THE TEXAS RANGER and PEDRO PEREZ...

...THE DESSSSPERAAAAADOOOOOOES!!!

[With Webb leading the way, the dastardly Pedro Perez slithers into view behind him, smirking at the crowd's angry reaction at seeing him. The Texas Ranger brings up the rear, his Texas bullrope hanging around his neck as he shows the dirty, rusted cowbell to the camera.]

LD: The Desperadoes headed to the ring for tag team action... and there's a lot on their shoulders here tonight, Ben. They want to make sure that they're available to Odin Gunn in tonight's Main Event if they're needed.

BW: You think Gunn needs them? I don't... but I know Curly Bill... and I know Curly Bill is ALWAYS prepared!

LD: Plus, with new tag team champions, every team on the roster is on notice, Ben. They're all in position to get their shot at the gold!

[Reaching ringside, Perez rolls under the ropes, sliding to a knee and looking disdainfully at the jeering crowd as his partner joins him inside the squared circle and Rebecca Ortiz raises the mic.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

[Accompanied by John Barry's majestic "Overture" from "The Black Hole," a caped figure in black, royal blue, and gold emerges from the entrance curtain. He crooks his elbows, places his wrists just above his hips, and turns his palms upward.]

RO: From Neptune... THIS. IS. OMEGAAAAAA!

[Then John Barry foreboding "Main Theme" from "The Black Hole" plays.]

RO: And his partner... from The Darkness... he is the God of War...

...POOOOLEEEEMOOOOS!

[The towering demigod sweeps his way into view, joining his much-smaller partner. Omega offers up a high five... and perhaps surprisingly, gets one before the duo heads towards the ring. The weedy Omega charges down the aisle, his cape billowing behind him, occasionally outstretching his hands to slap palms with the adjacent fans.

Polemos goes stomping down the aisle, his cloak made of animal skins draped across his broad shoulders. He tugs on the cuff of his gloved hand as he approaches ringside, before reaching up to grab the top rope the floor to pull his giant frame onto the ring apron.

Omega slides into the ring, leaving his cape on the floor. He climbs onto the middle rope and cuts another of his trademark "Omega poses," before nodding and giving a cool "thumbs up" to the fans.]

LD: Already one of the most popular duos in the AWA... and Ben, I'd LOVE to see these two get a crack at Jackson and Martinez... or Mifune and Grayson... or whoever the heck else Team Supreme sticks out there to defend the titles!

BW: You've said that before, Dane, and I just gotta wonder what these two did to tick you off so much you'd like to see them destroyed like that.

LD: Underestimate them all your want, Ben, but I think that with the right opportunity, these two men are future World Tag Team Champions.

BW: I never knew they used this place for Open Mic Standup Comedy Night too.

[Polemos unclasps his cloak, which he lets fall to the floor. His ring attire looks to be stitched together from a variety of hides, dyed assorted shades of a dark, putrefied red, and his horned mask appears more stylized, resembling a dragon skull, open at the jaw to show a whiskered chin.

As Omega hops off the middle rope to land in the ring - Polemos still on the outside - Pedro Perez and the Texas Ranger rush him, attacking the masked man to big jeers from the Reseda crowd!]

LD: The Desperadoes attacking before the bell!

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: Just barely!

LD: I’m not sure I agree with the decision to ring the bell right there and- OHH! Perez throws Omega over the top to the outside!

[Hearing the fans react and the bell ring, Polemos whips around, pulling himself up on the apron and coming over the ropes as Omega hits the floor...

...which is when the masked Ranger and the former Dog of War rush the God O’ War!]

LD: And now it’s a two on one on Polemos too!

[The swarming offense puts Polemos on his heels, pushing him back against the ropes he just came over with a storm of flailing punches and forearms!]

LD: “Curly” Bill sure likes what he’s seeing, cheering his men on...

[Perez nudges the Ranger, pointing to the stunned Polemos as the duo backs to mid-ring, joining hands...]

LD: ...DOUBLE CLOTHESLI-

[The crowd ROARS as Polemos steps forward, wrapping a hand around the throats of both men to block the clothesline attempt!]

LD: He’s got ‘em hooked! Polemos dragging them out to the middle of the ring!

BW: Miscalculation on the part of the Desperadoes, Dane. They thought they had Polemos in a more vulnerable state than they did and now it’s costing them!

[But before the chokeslam can happen, Perez and the Ranger kick Polemos in the midsection, breaking the grip...]

LD: The Desperadoes escape!

[...and switch to a double front facelock...]

LD: Uh oh! They’re looking for the suplex now! Can they get the big man up and over?

[...and with great effort, the Desperadoes certainly give it their all...]

LD: They can’t do it! They can’t get him up!

[...and to the thrill of the Valley fans, Polemos lifts BOTH men into the air, taking them over with a spine-rattling suplex!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

LD: DOUBLE SUPLEX BY THE BIG MAN!

[After hitting the mat, Pedro Perez seeks higher ground, rolling from the ring as the Texas Ranger climbs off the canvas...

...and gets caught in the chest with a running shotgun dropkick by Omega, knocking him through the ropes and sending him falling to the outside!]

LD: WHAT A DROPKICK!

[Omega climbs off the mat, pumping a fist to big cheers from the partisan crowd as Polemos comes to his feet, giving his partner a sweeping gesture...]

LD: Polemos is up and... SO! IS! OMEGA!

[...and the crowd ROARS as Omega runs at Polemos who lifts and presses him overhead, holding him up!]

LD: HIGH IN THE SKY!

[Polemos takes a step towards the ropes, HURLING Omega from his very high perch down onto a surprised Ranger and Perez on the outside, narrowly missing Curly Bill who whips off his hat, fussing and flabbergasted by the early offense from their opponents!]

LD: Omega and Polemos shocking the Desperadoes early on in this tag team showdown, looking to get Wade Walker a fair shot in tonight's Main Event for the World Television Title! The Ranger's down! Perez is down! And these fans are UP!

[A quick panning shot of the rabid Reseda crowd proves Lori's comment as Polemos nods his head approvingly while Omega struggles to get off the unprotected floor at ringside...]

LD: And with no mats out there at ringside, Ben, that's a harder jolt than usual for Omega to take.

BW: Kickin' it old school, Dane. Just the way things used to be.

LD: Omega off the floor, tossing the Texas Ranger back inside the ring - and Ben, enough's enough - just who is this masked man?!

BW: There's not enough money in your bank account for me to get on Odin Gunn's bad side, Dane... besides, why aren't you asking me who is under the Polemos hood? Huh?

[Polemos pulls his fellow masked man to his feet, immediately taking a right hand on the jaw...]

LD: Oh! The Ranger snuck one in there on him and-

[Polemos reaches out, grabbing the masked man under the armpits and HURLS him into the nearest corner, advancing him on with some heavy right hands that gets the crowd going again!]

LD: Look at the power and ferocity of Polemos!

[As Omega climbs up on the apron, Polemos slaps his hand...]

LD: The tag is made... double team on the way...

[A double whip sends the Ranger into the ropes as Polemos swiftly lifts up a surprised Omega into back suplex position...

...and HURLS him into a seated senton on the rebounding Ranger!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: Polemos turning Omega into a human missile right there, completely wiping out the Ranger... and Ben, I gotta think these two are making some waves with the front office. They gotta be in line for a shot at the titles, right?

BW: We heard last week on Saturday Night Wrestling that Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, the former World Tag Team Champions - they got next!

LD: A whole lot of teams lining up to take their shot at the new champions. We don't know the full extent of the injuries to Howie Somers right now so we're unsure of Next Gen is at the top of that list or not at the moment.

[Omega earns a two count, sitting on the chest of the Ranger before he escapes.]

LD: Omega's the legal man now... Ben, if Next Gen ISN'T ready to challenge any time soon, who do you think are the top challengers for those titles?

BW: I won't bet against Taylor and Donovan... especially if Tiger Claw's in their corner. The Soldiers - any version of them - have to be considered a top threat. The Idols, the Aces In The Hole, the Blackjacks... any of them could be next and any of them could take those titles on any given night.

LD: What about these two teams?

[Omega works over the Ranger with some forearm shots up against the ropes as the announcers discuss and debate...]

BW: The Desperadoes? You know Curly Bill would love nothing more than to add some more gold to their ranks. But these other two goofs...

[...and the Neptunian drops back to the ropes, looking for momentum...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...but Pedro Perez pulls down the top rope, sending Omega toppling over the ropes to the outside to HUGE JEERS!]

BW: ...I don't think so, Dane! That's the perfect example of why they're just too dumb to ever get gold!

[With the referee shouting at Perez who is still on the floor, an enraged Polemos drops off the apron, stomping towards Perez as the ringside fans clear a path to give him room...]

LD: Polemos is coming for Perez!

[The referee is shouting at BOTH men now, trying to stop Polemos' stalking as Perez backpedals, begging off..]

...which allows Curly Bill to pull Omega off the floor by the hair...]

LD: Curly Bill on the outside!

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and SLAMS him down on the unforgiving Legion Hall floor!]

LD: Oh, come on, referee! Curly Bill getting involved on the floor after Perez gave the illegal assist from the outside too! Disqualify these guys!

BW: Well, the ref didn't see Curly Bill get involved, Dane.

LD: He saw Perez do it! Clear as day!

BW: The referee's got discretion what to call and when to call it and they've decided to let it go, Dane!

[With Polemos and Perez tied up on the far side of the ring, the Texas Ranger slides to the outside, pulling up Omega and laying him some heavy haymakers. He turns to the crowd, sweeping an arm at a section...]

LD: Uh oh - look out out there!

[...and as the Ranger is about to toss Omega into the rows of seats, the fans scrambling to get clear..

...he slams on the brakes, turning to toss Omega back inside the ring before flashing a middle finger at the ringside fans.]

LD: The Ranger having some fun out there at ringside...

[With the fans letting the Ranger have it, the masked man rolls back in, putting the boots to Omega as he gets to his feet.]

LD: ...and Omega is NOT having fun inside the ring right now, Ben.

BW: That's what I'm talking about, Dane. You're talking about this intergalactic goof like he and his buddy stand a chance against the likes of Jackson and Martinez... or Jackson and Mifune... or Grayson and Crawford!

LD: We get it, Ben. Team Supreme legally able to switch out which two of their members defend those titles for whichever match they're in... which gives them an incredible advantage.

[Dragging Omega off the mat, the Ranger hooks him up, taking him over with a suplex before floating into a pin attempt.]

LD: Two count after that suplex, the Ranger couldn't quite keep him down. It's going to take more than that to keep Omega down. And Ben, you take this guy too lightly if you ask me. You remember he ran the rankings earlier this year, right?

BW: And I remember Odin Gunn almost ending his career for it.

[Omega gets put into the corner where the Ranger slaps Pedro Perez' offered hand, Polemos being forced back to his own corner by the official finally.]

LD: There's a tag on the Desperadoes' side...

[The Ranger hooks a front facelock, holding tight as Perez steps in, hopping up on the middle rope...]

LD: ...off the ropes...

[...and the crowd groans as Perez drops a double axehandle down across the back of Omega, sending him down onto his hands and knees on the mat.]

LD: ...puts him down with that flying hammer!

[With Omega down, Perez taunts the jeering fans, cupping a hand to his ear as the boos pick up again.]

LD: Pedro Perez is NOT a favorite of the fans here in Reseda... or anywhere else the AWA travels for that matter... after his actions when the Dogs of War splintered earlier this year. Perez is a scheming, conniving, vicious individual and Omega does NOT want to be in there with him for long.

[Pulling Omega up, Perez promptly lifts him up, twists...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and THROWS Omega into a makeshift slam into the turnbuckles!]

LD: OH! That's a way to do SERIOUS damage to the back of your opponent! A bodyslam into the turnbuckles... and Omega's grabbing at that lower back, in tremendous pain right now...

[Perez snatches the wrist of Omega, dragging his limp form out of the corner, facefirst on the canvas...]

...and leaps up, dropping a knee into the back... and again... and again... and again to the deafening jeers of the crowd!]

LD: ...and Perez is completely destroying the back of Omega right now!

BW: Omega is going to live to regret getting involved with Desperadoes business, Dane. He's got no stake in this game. Whether or not Wade Walker wins the TV Title tonight has no impact on Omega and Polemos. They shouldn't be putting their bodies at stake to help him.

LD: Hey, Omega and Polemos have their fair share of issues with the Desperadoes as well, Ben.

[The Puerto Rican dashes to the ropes, rebounding off, leaping into the air...]

LD: Ohhh! Big senton! Drops all his weight down on the back!

[Perez flips Omega onto his back, diving across his chest...]

LD: The Desperadoes trying to be legally in the building for the Main Event... noooo... just a two count there... but Pedro Perez is doing a whole lot of damage to the back of Omega right now and it could be just a matter of time before the Desperadoes score the big win.

[Dragging Omega off the mat, Perez lowers his shoulder to RAM Omega back into the buckles!]

LD: Again, Omega's spine hits the corner...

[Twisting Omega around, Perez leans in, driving his knee up into the lower back...]

...and then SLAMS a big forearm shank into the kidneys, causing Omega to cry out in pain, hanging onto the ropes to stay on his feet!]

LD: The referee trying to get Perez out of the corner... oh!

[As the official turns his back on the corner, the Texas Ranger hooks his hands around the back of Omega's neck, pulling down to choke him over the top rope!]

LD: The official was trying to get Pedro Perez to back off and it costs Omega!

BW: Now THAT'S teamwork, Dane. Let's talk about the Desperadoes fighting for the World Tag Team Titles!

LD: Pedro Perez is no stranger to battling it out for championship gold... and as you said earlier, I'm sure Curly Bill would love to see more titles coming to the Desperadoes.

BW: That's right. Championships equal money and cash rules everything around Curly Bill!

[Polemos swings a leg over the ropes, trying to get in and stop the rulebreaking going on across the ring...]

...which allows Perez to sweep in, lifting Omega's legs off the mat to increase the effect of the chokehold!]

LD: Come on, referee! Now they're BOTH choking Omega!

[Polemos is angrily protesting, gesticulating wildly but getting nowhere as Perez and the Ranger doubleteam to their heart's desire!]

LD: Perez lets go of the legs... and another tag for the Desperadoes, bringing the Ranger back in...

[With Omega hurting, Perez and the Ranger whip him across the ring...]

LD: ...BACKDROOOOP!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Right down on the injured lower back... and a cover! The Ranger's got one! He's got two! He's... noooo... out at two again. Omega showing tremendous fighting heart here tonight, Ben.

BW: We'll see if that gets him anywhere.

[Omega - fresh off his kickout - starts crawling across the ring towards his corner where the mighty Polemos awaits, gloved hand outstretched...]

LD: Right now, it's getting him closer to his corner as he's looking to make a tag and get the God O' War back in there!

[But as the Ranger gets up, he spots Omega about halfway across the ring, promptly walking towards him and dropping an elbow into the lower back, causing Omega to cry out!]

LD: The Texas Ranger cuts off that attempt to make the tag, dropping that elbow down into the spine!

[Curly Bill pounds his fists into the mat, shouting for the Ranger to "HURT HIM AND MAKE THE BIG MAN WATCH!"]

LD: What's that supposed to mean?

[The Ranger nods, sinking down into a Camel Clutch, pulling back on the chin, and torquing the body of Omega as he stares right up at the anxiously-waiting Polemos...]

BW: There's your answer, Dane.

LD: I suppose it is. The Texas Ranger applying that submission hold, cranking the neck and the back of Omega... and yes, making Polemos watch as he waits on the apron, trying to reach his partner...

[The crowd urges Polemos on as the big man tries to stretch further but is still nowhere close to Omega who is being tormented by the Desperadoes.]

LD: Omega's gotta find a way out of this hold in a hurry, Ben, or I'd say his night is over.

BW: More than his night be over, Dane. These two - three if you count Curly Bill - will have no problem with seriously injuring this kid if it means they've got the numbers advantage going into the Main Event tonight against Wade Walker.

LD: A lot at stake in that one - of course, the World Television Title currently held by Odin Gunn... but also Gunn's undefeated streak. Having Perez and the Ranger in the building for a No Disqualification match definitely puts Odin Gunn in the driver's seat later tonight.

[The camera shot shows Polemos pacing back and forth on the apron, the crowd getting behind Omega, trying to root him out of the submission hold.]

LD: This crowd starting to rally Omega!

[The cheers and stomps turn to chants.]

"O-ME-GA!"

"O-ME-GA!"

"O-ME-GA!"

[And as the crowd gets behind him, Omega's fighting spirit grows stronger, pushing up off the mat to all fours, the Ranger anxiously hanging on as Webb slams his hand down on the apron again shouting "DON'T LET HIM GO!"]

LD: Curly Bill bellowing instructions to his man... Omega trying to fight up though, still trying to get up off the mat and-

[The Ranger abruptly lets go of the chinlock, leaping into the air and bringing his tailbone crashing down on the lower back of Omega, flattening him out on the mat again.]

LD: Ohhhh... and right back into that Camel Clutch!

[The Ranger cinches it in again, cranking back as Omega cries out and Curly Bill grins, nodding approvingly as Pedro Perez claps from the corner, cheering his partner on...]

LD: Pedro Perez likes what he sees as well - you know he'd love to be in the building tonight to help prevent his former partner from striking singles gold here in Reseda.

BW: Any time there's a bad split with a team, you always want to be the first to show that you can do it on your own... so yeah, I'm sure Perez has a little extra motivation here tonight on Showtime.

LD: The Ranger cranking back on that hold, wrenching the neck and the back of Omega... and Pemos again trying to get this crowd going.

[Pemos starts slapping the top turnbuckle, getting the fans louder, stomping his foot to get the chant going...]

"O-ME-GA!"

"O-ME-GA!"

"O-ME-GA!"

[...and again, Omega pushes up onto all fours, looking for an exit. The Ranger shakes his masked head, leaping up again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which is when Omega flips onto his back, raising his knees for an awkward landing for the masked man!]

LD: THE RANGER'S SINGING SOPRANO TONIGHT!

[The Ranger staggers backwards, the crowd roaring as Omega flips back over, crawling on his knees towards a waiting Pemos...]

LD: ALMOOOOOOOOST...

[...and makes a lunge!]

LD: ...THERE!

[The crowd ROARS as Pemos comes over the top rope, legally back in the match as he barrels across the ring...]

LD: CLOTHESLINE ON THE RANGER!

[He whips around, ready for action as Pedro Perez comes charging in. The God O' War sidesteps, lifting him under his arm on the way past, spinning around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

LD: AND A BIG SLAM ON PEREZ AS WELL!

[The crowd ROARS for Pemos as he climbs off the canvas, tugging his glove into place as the Ranger climbs off the canvas in a daze. Pemos grabs him under the arms again, lifting and tossing back into the neutral corner...]

LD: OHH! Tossed him like a small child and...

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Pemos rushes forward, smashing into the Ranger with a heavy clothesline that lifts the Ranger's feet off the mat momentarily!]

LD: THE THREE HUNDRED POUNDER IN THE CORNER!

[Polemos steps back, snapping the Ranger's head back with a big uppercut before whipping him across into the far turnbuckles...]

LD: Into the corner, staggers out...

[...and as the Ranger draws near, Polemos swings a mighty leg up, booting him right under the masked chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...BIIIIIIG BOOOOOT!

[Polemos gives a sweeping look across the entirety of the American Legion Hall before lifting his gloved hand into the air..]

...and we see a whole lot of other people do it in the crowd, shouting "AHHHHH THE CHOKESLAM!" before Polemos reaches out, hooking the rising Ranger by the throat!]

LD: THE CROWD IN RESEDA THINKS THIS LOOKS FAMILIAR, BEN!

BW: Touch grass, losers.

[Polemos jerks around, bringing the throttled Ranger with him, as Pedro Perez leaps off the top rope to intervene...]

LD: CAUGHT! HE'S GOT PEREZ AS WELL!

[...and now with both Desperadoes at his mercy, Polemos LIFTS the two men into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: DOUBLE CHOOOOOKESLAAAAAAAAM!

[Polemos stomps across the ring, slapping his staggered partner's hand...]

LD: Tag to Omega!

[...and with a second wind, Omega starts to climb the turnbuckles, the fans getting louder as he does.]

LD: He's headed up top! We've seen this before!

[And as Omega reaches the top rope, Polemos reaches up to grab him...

...and HURLS him through the air...]

LD: ROCKET LAUNCHER!

[...and DOWN into a big splash onto BOTH prone Desperadoes!]

LD: HE GOT 'EM BOTH! OMEGA COVERS THE RANGER! HOOKS THE LEG!

[The crowd counts loudly along with the count.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: OMEGA AND POLEMOS SCORE THE "W!"

[Omega pops up, throwing himself into an awkward embrace with Polemos who keeps his arms at his sides, shaking his head as the crowd cheers!]

LD: And that means that the Desperadoes are OUT, Ben! They're out of the building for tonight's Main Event!

BW: Yeah, but Wade Walker's still got a pissed off Odin Gunn waiting for him and even one-on-one, my money's on the champ!

LD: You could be right but at least now Wade Walker's got a fair shot at the gold!

[Omega and Polemos raise their arms in victory to more cheers as Perez and the Ranger exit the ring.]

LD: This night keeps getting better - isn't that right, Mariah?

[We cut over to the cramped stage where Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams are camped out.]

MW: That's right, Lori! A big win for Omega and Polemos, continuing to make their way up that ladder of contention perhaps with their eyes on the new World Tag Team Champions, Team Supreme. But it might be an even bigger win for Wade Walker tonight, Sweet Daddy.

SDW: All the Desperadoes dirty tricks are out the window! No time limit! No disqualifications! The jackals banned from the buildin' - GET 'EM OUT OF HERE!

[Williams is pointing emphatically towards the exit to the building as AWA officials mill around ringside, trying to immediately escort the Texas Ranger and a protesting Pedro Perez to the parking lot.]

MW: Not even allowing these two a chance to change into street clothes. The stipulation said they gotta leave and they gotta leave now!

SDW: They gonna be out on the streets of Los Angeles, baby!

[Wolfe chuckles.]

MW: Well, they're not the only ones, buddy... because one week from tonight, Saturday Night Wrestling will be on the streets of Los Angeles! The streets of Hollywood to be exact! We're hitting Hollywood Boulevard - right outside the El Capitan Theatre - for a special edition of the AWA's flagship show. It's going down just TWO days before Memorial Day Mayhem! It's going down on Unfinished Business Eve! It's going down on the same night that ESPN's 30 For 30 on The Birth of the AWA Women's Division premieres for one and all! And if all that hype wasn't enough, we've got two big matches already locked in for it - it'll be tag team action when Travis Lynch and Larry Wallace take on The Blackjacks with Bobby O'Connor!

[A graphic comes up promoting that matchup.]

MW: And in a three way under sudden death rules - we've got the Rhodes Dynasty taking on the teams of Charity Rockwell with Moxy Hart and Kelly Taylor and Molly

Bell with the final two spots in Monday's Rumble at stake. The streets of Hollywood with be alive with AWA action and I can't wait to see it!

[As we watch Perez and the Ranger being forced through the crowd towards the exit to the building, we cut to pre-recorded footage - the footage is from a cellphone recording. We get a landscape image of Dirt Dog Unique Allah, driving a Jeep. He's got one eye on the road and one eye on the GPS and struggling with both.]

DDUA: (muttering) I don't why these muhfus got you out here in this wasteland. Like my seed ain't ish. What... got a muhfuh drivin through hours of traffic to this little box? And yo... that Larry muhfuh bet not say nuthin. Naw mean?

[The camera phone image flips and rotates to show a laughing Odysseus Allah in the passenger seat of the Jeep.]

OA: See, y'all already made my pops mad having to come out here to this backwards ass sweat box, but "Cannonball" Lee Connors, I'd have driven to Hell to get my hands on you.

You been pissing me off ever since I laid eyes on you. Because in what world should someone like you be matched up with a man like me? I been putting myself through the crucible, pretending to be lovable ol' O.D. Brown. Shaking hands and shaking my tail to get all the intel I could on every major wrestler in the AWA.

[We can hear Dirt Dog chipping in his thoughts.]

DDUA: Yeah yeah yeah ... we finally showed him who the real geniuses be, nawmean?

[Odysseus nods.]

OA: For sure. And honestly, knowing what I know, you can't see me from as low as you be. You been here and what do people remember about you? Betty damn Chang.

That don't embarrass you?

It should.

We're wrestlers, man. We're meant to be remembered for our actions in the ring not girls who wanted nothing to do with us. I'm out here studying every last one of Supreme Wright's moves and his strategies. You're scrolling through Snapchat screenshots.

[Allah sighs.]

OA: Straight disrespect putting you in the ring with me. So I'm going to twist you and break you down and show you all the holes in your game.

[We can hear Dirt Dog off-camera chipping in again.]

DDUA: And once we done with you, we going to the championship! My boy is the best thing to walk this Earth and that's truth!

[Odysseus shows a gold-toothed smile.]

OA: He ain't lie. Tonight, Cannonball, you get put in your place.

[And we cut from the Allahs to a small hallway presumably in the back of the Legion Hall. "Cannonball" Lee Connors appears to be in the middle of a workout, driving his fists into the wall repeatedly... but lightly, working on speed and precision and not any kind of power that might damage Legion Larry's walls. Connors is wearing karate pants but is shirtless, revealing he's got quite the sweat going on a slender physique. A flurry of fists hit the wall before he turns aggressively towards the camera.]

LC: ALLAHS! You two are the symptom of a bigger problem for me when it comes to the AWA. Since the day I got here messing with Derek Rage, I've had a problem... and it's that I keep allowing myself to get dragged into things I shouldn't be a part of. I keep allowing myself to get pulled out of fighting for a shot at a title because I have to deal with the likes of you.

[He shakes his head.]

LC: No more. After tonight... I'm putting the Allahs in the rearview and I'm setting my eyes on the big fish in this pond. They say Odin Gunn can't be beat. I say he hasn't faced me yet.

[Connors waves a dismissive hand.]

LC: But don't get it twisted, Odysseus. I'm not looking past you. It's the exact opposite. I'm looking RIGHT... AT... YOU. Because I know what you're capable of. I know how talented you are.

Do you?

[Connors chuckles.]

LC: Because I see you hanging off your old man's coattails... I see you hanging around with Bryson Page and letting him do your heatseeking for you... I see you clinging to a guaranteed shot at the World Television Title that you've had in your hands for about SIX months now and STILL haven't shot your shot on.

So, that makes me wonder, Odysseus.

Not about here...

[He gestures at his body.]

LC: ...but here.

[He points to his head.]

LC: It makes me wonder if you believe in yourself... if you've really got the confidence that the words coming out of your mouth claim... it makes me wonder if you think you can't do this - any of this - on your own.

I hope I'm wrong, Odysseus. I hope you bring everything you've got and then some tonight.

Because this... right here...

[He slaps a hand on the wall, sliding his hand across it.]

LC: ...this is sacred ground. This is a blessed battlefield. And it deserves the best. It deserves a fight that'll go down in the history books of this building.

I'm ready for the fight, Odysseus.

[Connors raises an eyebrow.]

LC: Are you?

[Connors lets loose a shout, going into a spin and smashing a back roundhouse into the wall... grimacing as he sees a slight dent left behind as we abruptly cut to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall...

"ONE FALL!"

RO: ...with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

["Snakes" by Ol' Dirty Bastard begins to play over the PA system to jeers from the sold out Valley crowd.]

RO: Being accompanied to the ring by his father, Dirt Dog Unique Allah... he hails from Brooklyn, New York and weighs in at 225 pounds...

...ODYSSEUSSSSS ALLLLLLLAAAAAAAH!

[The jeers pick up as the Allahs step into view. From the looks of ol' Dirt Dog, he might've had a few in the parking lot before the show, a definite wobble to his get-along as he leads his son towards the ring. There's a flash of disapproval on Odysseus' face as his father stumbles into the aisleside seats, reaching for a fan's pitcher of beer. The son puts a firm hand on his father's shoulder, steering him towards the ring in camo pants and boots.]

LD: There he is, fans... the man we once knew as O.D. Brown... the man who wore that name and won the Battle Royal last year at SuperClash before revealing his true identity.

BW: The fruit of the filthiest loins in wrestling.

LD: I... I think I'll choose not to dignify that with a comment.

[Reaching the ring, Odysseus leaves his father at ringside, rolling under the ropes to take a knee on the mat. He sneers at the jeering crowd, before flashing a manic smile, rubbing his hands together before slashing a finger across his throat.]

LD: The antics of his father aside, Ben, there's no doubting that Odysseus Allah is a dangerous competitor.

BW: Absolutely not... but it's getting real hard to set the antics of his father aside. Look, back in the late 90s, Dirt Dog Unique Allah was a household name. Everyone STILL talks about Seven Tables in Skydome. But it's 2018. This is Odysseus' time to shine.

[As Allah climbs to his feet, Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The opening notes to "You're The Best" by Joe "Bean" Esposito rings out over the PA system to a HUGE CHEER!]

RO: From Winnipeg, Canada... weighing in at 177 pounds...

..."CANNONBALL"... LEEEEEEEEEEEEEE... CONNNNNNNORRRRRS!

[The crowd ROARS as Connors BURSTS through the curtain on cue, a huge grin on his face as he walks into the American Legion Hall. He's wearing a traditional white karate gi with a logo on the back of a cannonball breaking through a burning sun. A headband with the same logo is tied around his head as heads towards the ring, slapping all of the offered hands.]

LD: "Cannonball" Lee Connors is in the house! And listen to these fans, Ben!

BW: They love this guy for some reason. Maybe Odysseus can show 'em why they shouldn't waste their time on this punk kid.

LD: The eternal underdog. He's undersized at five foot seven and 177 pounds... he's a young man trying to break through to the next level... and he's fighting his way back from a leg injury suffered last year. And despite all of that, the people love him! Maybe because of all that, Ben!

[Connors reaches ringside, tugging off the headband and tossing it to a young fan. He shrugs out of the gi, revealing a bare torso along with a pair of black full-length tights with the same logo on the rump and red and orange "sunbeam" lines running down the legs to his red boots. He points up at Allah with a nod before scrambling up on the apron, slingshotting over the ropes, and striking a karate stance that has Allah visibly backpedal a few steps as the fans cheer.]

LD: And this should be a good one. Two young and hungry talent ready to collide here in Reseda with the whole world watching on ESPN.

[The referee checks on both competitors, making sure they're ready to compete annnnd...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, "Cannonball" Lee Connors steps from his corner..

...and immediately looks annoyed as Odysseus Allah proudly stomps out into a makeshift karate stance. The fans jeer as Dirt Dog Unique Allah cackles madly.]

LD: Seriously?

BW: Hey, Odysseus Allah might not be cosplay Daniel LaRusso but the kid's got educated feet. He can strike with the best of them.

LD: I highly doubt he can outstrike "Cannonball" Lee Connors who is a black belt in his discipline.

[Connors shakes his head at Allah who challenges him to get into the same stance and "do the ish!"]

LD: Lee Connors not allowing himself to be dragged down to this level.

[Allah suddenly surges forward, swinging his leg out for a thrusting side kick...

...which Connors easily catches in his hands, smiling as the crowd cheers the suddenly vulnerable state of Odysseus Allah.]

LD: The former OD Brown finds himself in a bad state of affairs here on Showtime as-

[Connors suddenly spins away from Allah, swinging his own leg up slightly as he does, catching Allah in the back of the knee with force, knocking him down to the mat to big cheers and a oh-so-Reseda chant.]

"SWEEP! THE! LEG!"

"SWEEP! THE! LEG!"

"SWEEP! THE! LEG!"

[Connors chuckles, dropping into a bow of respect to the rowdy fans.]

LD: Well, Ben... we ARE in Reseda, home of the original Karate Kid.

BW: That LaRusso punk? I was always more of a Johnny Lawrence fan.

LD: That figures. You know they're making a TV show about him?

BW: That'll never work.

[Allah rolls to the floor, grabbing at the back of his knee as his father takes a step towards him...

...and then suddenly scrambles up on the apron, pointing and shouting at Connors.]

LD: It looks like the elder Allah might want another piece of Cannonball, Ben.

[Connors shakes his head at Allah...

...and then suddenly throws a high kick, pulling up short of connecting but throwing it with enough force to cause Allah to try to avoid it, falling off the apron to the floor alongside his son to laughter from the crowd!]

LD: Ohh! Down goes the Dirt Dog as well!

[Connors drops back to mid-ring, looking out at the fans... pointing out to the Allahs...]

LD: Uh oh! Someone call LAX because we need to clear a runway!

[...and then sprints into the rear ropes, rebounding back towards where the Allahs are huddled...]

LD: TO THE-

[...but the Allahs see him coming, breaking apart as Connors leaps forward...

...throwing himself into a handspring where his legs hit the ropes, rebounding him back the other way into a backflip, and then landing on a knee in center ring to big cheers as the Allahs protest loudly on the outside!]

LD: Well... looks like he fooled me too, Ben!

BW: Connors is out here messing with the Allahs and if I were a betting man-

LD: And you are.

BW -my money would be on him regretting that before this one's over. He's trying to embarrass the Allahs and these are two REAL proud men that aren't gonna take that lightly.

[Ben's quickly proved right as an emotional Odysseus Allah dives under the bottom rope, coming to his feet in a hurry, rushing in on Connors who looks a little surprised when Allah rears back with a right hand...

...and as Connors lifts his own arms to block, Allah changes levels, dropping into a double leg takedown, pulling the high flying martial artist off his feet to jeers from the crowd!]

LD: Oh! Nice takedown by Allah!

[Allah swiftly and aggressively takes a mount, landing a pair of high impact forearm shots before Connors can get his arms up to defend... and then shifts into a side headlock, swinging his fist quickly and angrily into the face of Connors as the referee reprimands him for the closed fists!]

BW: And that's the dangerous part of Odysseus Allah's game to me, Dane. He's incredibly well-rounded in there and comes at you from so many different directions. Maybe it's the striking, maybe it's the mat wrestling, maybe it's the submissions... he's got a little bit of everything and he'll use it all in a match like this.

[Still in the headlock, Connors manages to get his legs under him, driving back to his feet where he promptly shoves Allah off into the ropes...]

LD: Connors with the quick escape...

[...and throws himself at the feet of the rebounding Allah who hurdles over on his way across the ring...]

LD: Drop down by Connors, right back up...

[...and the crowd "ooooohs" as Connors snaps off a blind leapfrog, avoiding Allah again and sending him off the ropes a third time...]

LD: ...wow! Connors' incredible athleticism on that leapfrog... Allah off the ropes again...

[...and as Allah rebounds, Connors sets his feet, swinging for the fences with a high and hard roundhouse kick...]

LD: ...BIG KICK... MISSED!

[...but Allah slides under it, popping up behind him as Connors whips around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: PALM! STRIKE! UPPERCUT BY ALLAH!

[Connors staggers backwards from the blow, allowing Allah to grab the wrist, whipping him in...]

BW: And we're off to the races again, Dane.

[...and steps towards him, swinging for a big clothesline that it's Connors' turn to avoid, sliding underneath, coming up to his feet...]

LD: Both these men are SO fast in there!

[...and leaps into the air, snatching Allah's head between his legs...]

LD: RANA TAKE-

[...but Allah cartwheels his way out of the leaping headscissors to an impressed "oooooh" from the crowd, landing on his feet and flashing a few words at Connors before charging in on him...]

LD: HIPTOSS!

[...but Allah flips again, landing on his feet before he keeps on running to the ropes. Connors leans over, setting for a backdrop...]

LD: WHOA!

[...but Allah twists around, using Connors' back to propel him into a backflip, landing on his feet behind Connors. He quickly reaches out, snatching a rear waistlock...]

LD: A quick exchange there for both men!

[...and Connors doubles over, reaching between his own legs to grab Allah by the ankle, yanking his leg out from under him and putting him on his back on the canvas...]

LD: Connors takes him down and-

[...Connors quickly straightens up, pressing his fist into his open palm before backflipping into a double kneedrop down onto Allah's chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HOLY...

[Waterson's exclamation trails off under the HUGE ROAR from the crowd as Connors climbs to his feet, watching as his foe rolls under the ropes to the outside, his father rushing to his side to check on him after the devastating attack!]

LD: Lee Connors just absolutely CRUSHED Odysseus Allah under that double kneedrop... a MOONSAULT double kneedrop I should add... and "Cannonball" Lee Connors has things going his way early on in this one in front of a RED HOT crowd here in Reseda!

[Feeling the energy from the crowd, Connors grabs the ropes, slingshotting out to the apron. He measures a slow-to-rise Odysseus...

...who suddenly has a loudly protesting Dirt Dog shielding him!]

LD: Oh, come on! That's interference!

BW: He hasn't touched a hair on Connors' pretty little head, Dane... just like Betty Chang.

LD: Oh, that's a low blow. I suppose we can thank the Allahs for that little remark. I'll have you know that Lee and Betty are good friends to this day without one drop of animosity that I've seen.

BW: That's for public consumption. I'm sure Connors is crying himself to sleep at night like the emo kid he is.

[Out on the apron, Connors measures his man as Odysseus gets off the floor, his father still shielding him...

...and the Canadian kid goes charging down the apron...]

LD: What is he...?

[...and leaps OVER a surprised Dirt Dog, wiping out Odysseus with a somersault dive to the floor to another ROAR from the Reseda crowd!]

LD: WHOOOOOA MY! LEE CONNORS TAKES TO THE SKY!

BW: The kid's filled with energy tonight, feeding off these fans for sure. Odysseus has gotta find a way to slow this match down, to ground this kid and keep him on the mat.

LD: Connors tosses him back in...

[As Odysseus hits the canvas, he rolls to a knee, grabbing the nearby official...]

LD: ...what's this about now?

[...which means that as soon as Connors is up on the apron, Dirt Dog is on the move, hooking his leg and preventing him from getting back into the ring.]

LD: Oh, come on!

BW: The ref can't call it if he can't see it!

LD: Turn around, Scotty!

[Referee Scott Ezra has a few more words for Odysseus Allah before Allah lets him go a moment after Connors kicks his leg hard enough to shake off Dirt Dog on the outside...]

LD: Connors with some words for the Dirt Dog but-

BW: He turned his back on his opponent!

[Allah comes off the mat, rushing forward, leaping into the air to SMASH a forearm into the back of the distracted Connors' head, sending him FLYING off the apron into the first couple of rows of surprised ringside fans, most of which couldn't get clear before a flying Canadian ended up in their laps!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: This show might be AWA Legal's worst nightmare, fans! No railings to keep the fans at bay and Connors just went flying into the front row!

[The cameraman struggles to keep a good shot as fans start milling about ringside, clearing some room, picking up fallen chairs...]

LD: One of the most unique venues in all of pro wrestling showing some of that charm right about now, fans.

BW: Good thing we got these people to sign a waiver, right? We did get them to sign a waiver?!

LD: I'm... sure we did.

BW: You still got Blue's number? We all might be looking for jobs after this one.

[Odysseus Allah steps up on the middle rope from the inside, laying down some trash talk on Connors as a couple of fans try to help him off the floor...]

LD: Audience participation night here on Showtime, the fans working to get Connors back to his feet...

[...and Allah has a few words for those fans too as he puts one foot on the top rope, steadying himself as he stands in the middle of the ropes...]

LD: What in the...?

[...and as Connors gets up and the fans get clear, Allah throws himself into the air with a messy looking seated senton off the top rope onto Connors, sending both he and Connors falling deeper into the crowd with the crazy leap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: FLYING SEATED SENTON INTO THE CROWD! Allah taking a page out of his dad's playbook out there and taking it to the Extreme a little bit in an area that used to be KNOWN for the Extreme!

BW: If it's so extreme, Dane, call that move by its name!

LD: I don't think so.

BW: We can't even call that move by name when we're in the land of porn?! You know they're probably shooting down the street right now, don't you?

[Lori sighs as we see Odysseus Allah struggling to his feet in the middle of some fallen chairs, the crowd encircling them as we try to get an elevated shot off the apron to see what's going on. Using a handful of hair, Allah drags Connors to his knees, pushing his throat down over the back of a plastic chair, pushing down hard for a few seconds before the chair falls over, freeing Connors from the makeshift choke.]

LD: Allah's right up in the face of these fans now. They were giving him a hard time and he's giving it right back to them!

[The camera zooms in on Allah trading angry (and very close) words with a red-faced fan holding a near empty pitcher of beer while screaming "CONNORS IS GONNA [BLEEP] YOU UP!"]

LD: We might need to get some security out here. This is a dangerous situation for all...

BW: The office may be regretting the decision to book this place right about now, Dane.

LD: I wouldn't go that far but-

BW: Come out to the coast, we'll get together, have a few laughs...

[Dirt Dog ushers his son away from the rowdy fans as Odysseus drags Connors back towards the ring, tossing him under. He pulls himself up on the apron, throwing himself into a slingshot to drop a leg down across the back of Connors' head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Allah flips Connors over onto his back, covering for a two count...]

LD: Two count right there for Allah who has completely turned this thing around with that action on the outside...

[Allah drags Connors off the mat, fire in his eyes as he tosses him back into the nearest corner...]

LD: ...and Allah throws him into the corner, trying to take advantage...

[...and promptly charges from coast to coast, throwing a dropkick into the chest, knocking Connors down into a seated position against the turnbuckles!]

LD: Allah right back up, right back to the same corner...

[Allah sprints across again, leaping high for what appears to be a mid-air hesitation...

...before DRIVING his feet into the face of the seated Connors!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[As Connors collapses in a heap in the corner, Allah comes off the mat, putting his body through a bizarre looking shake and shimmy...]

BW: Haha! He calls that The Shiver, Dane!

LD: Well... it's hot in this building tonight but apparently Odysseus Allah is ice cold!

[His pops slaps the mat on the outside, clapping and carrying on with a “LOOK AT MY BOY! LOOK AT ‘IM!” to the jeering ringside fans.]

LD: The proud father on the outside-

BW: You say that with some attitude, Dane, but why SHOULDN'T he be proud?! His son walked right in this place on his own merit, got into that Battle Royal last year at SuperClash, WON the Battle Royal... and nobody's been able to stop him since. He's STILL got that shot at the TV Title in his pocket.

LD: He sure does. And when does he plan to use that title shot? Connors mentioned it in his interview but you've gotta wonder what's going through Allah's mind that he hasn't done it yet.

BW: Hell, I wouldn't be in any hurry to take on Odin Gunn either. Maybe Allah's waiting for someone to knock off Gunn and then he'll take his shot at that guy.

LD: He may be waiting a while... or he could be waiting just another hour or so.

[Odysseus circles back around towards his opponent, taunting the crowd as he watches Connors try to drag himself off the mat...]

LD: Connors trying to get to his feet after that pair of dropkicks...

[...and Allah grabs Connors by the arm, twisting it around in an armwringer before a swift kick to the back of the right knee takes Connors down onto one knee...]

LD: ...kicks BOTH legs out from under him...

BW: Oh, I know what this is, Dane - he's using that A-L-L-A-H attack.

LD: He's gotten one arm and both legs...

[With Connors on his knees, Allah hooks the other arm, flipping forward into a bridging double armbar...]

LD: OH! Submission hold applied!

BW: And I love this hold right here, Dane. You don't see many people use it because of the neck strength you need to hold that bridge but look at the pressure on the arms and shoulders... and it's tough to get out of as well. It's not the kind of thing that there's a lot of known counters for because it's not used that often.

LD: Lee Connors hanging in there, Scott Ezra right there to check for a submission.

BW: This is the kind of hold that could get a quick submission too.

[Ezra shakes it off, signaling no submission... yet.]

LD: How DO you get out of this, Ben? You're the submission hold expert at the table.

BW: If you have the strength, you can pull your arms apart... that's the easiest way to do it but from this position, it takes a lot of upper body strength.

LD: Connors looks like he's trying to get his legs under him.

BW: If he can break down the bridge, it'll make it easier to find a way out too.

[Connors slips a knee under him, pushing up off the mat, forcing Allah's bridge to come tumbling down...]

LD: The bridge is out!

[...and then rolls to his side, breaking the grip!]

LD: And Connors is loose! Trying to get off the mat!

BW: We got the A-L-L-A... but what happened to the-

[Connors tries to get up but Allah is a step closer, lashing out...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HEAD KICK! I told you those feet had smarts!

[Connors collapses back down as Allah pounces on him, wrapping up the legs!]

LD: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! T-

[But Connors breaks out of the cradle, stopping the count cold.]

LD: OUT AT TWO!

[Allah pounds a fist down into the mat, shaking his head in annoyance as Dirt Dog gives the referee an earful from the floor.]

LD: Scott Ezra having to deal with Dirt Dog Unique Allah now as Odysseus drags Connors to his feet...

[Allah drops back into the martial arts stance again to jeers before throwing a roundhouse kick to the chest, sending Connors staggering back into the ropes...]

LD: Connors is out on his feet right now and Odysseus Allah is looking to take advantage of it...

[...where he goes for a whip...]

LD: ...shoots him acro- no, reversed!

[...but ends up getting tossed into the ropes, Connors holding his ground as Allah rebounds back towards him. Connors looks a little dazed as Allah comes back ho, leaping up...]

LD: HEADSCISSORS!

[...and scissors the head of Connors, swinging around and around in a satellite headscissors with Allah's hands behind his back...]

LD: WHOOOOOA MY!

[...and SNAPS Connors back down to the mat, the martial artist promptly rolling to the outside as Allah kips up off the mat, doing some trash talking to the Reseda crowd.]

LD: Did he just call himself the next World Television Champion?

BW: He sure did, Dane.

LD: Well, he oughta prove it then! Make the challenge! Take the match!

BW: All in good time.

[Allah stands center ring, watching as Connors struggles to get off the floor, the rabid Reseda fans all around him...]

LD: HERE! COMES!

[...and a running Allah DRIVES his feet into Connors' face with a baseball slide, knocking him into the crowd again!]

LD: ALLAAAAAHHHH!

[The crowd groans as Connors spills into the seats, sitting down in a cheap plastic chair as Allah sits up on the apron, using the ropes to pull himself to his feet. He looks out on the seated Connors, taking aim...]

LD: Don't look now if you're a Lee Connors fan but it looks like Odysseus Allah is again about to take this match to...

[...and LEAPS into the air, bringing his knee up into the skull of Connors, sending him flipping backwards, spilling out of the chair onto the floor as Allah crashes down in a heap of his own!]

LD: ...THE EXTREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Odysseus Allah WIPES OUT both himself and Lee Connors with that flying knee - maybe showing his father a little love by taking to the sky more tonight than usual!

BW: Anybody check under this tablecloth? This isn't the damn Bulldog Brown table, is it?

[Dane chuckles as Allah drags himself out of the pile of fallen chairs and scattered fans, looking to finish off his opponent.]

LD: Allah dragging Connors back towards the ring, tossing him back in... fans, we're about ten minutes into this thing - about five minutes left in the time limit for this one and Odysseus Allah might be aware of that. He looks like he's picking up the pace a little bit.

[Allah climbs up on the apron, throwing a look inside at his fallen foe...

...and just as he's about to step through the ropes, Dirt Dog Unique Allah gives his leg a tug, pointing to the top rope.]

LD: What's this now?

BW: He's trying to get his son to go up top again!

LD: Dirt Dog Unique Allah was one of the most famed cruiserweight competitors of the late 90s... maybe trying to get his son to channel those high flying feelings here tonight...

[Odysseus gives his father a stern look... and then nods, turning towards the corner and starts climbing...]

LD: ...and whatever Dirt Dog told him, it worked because he's heading up to the top rope here on Showtime!

[...and as Allah gets one foot on the top rope, he waves an arm aggressively upwards, shouting at Connors to "GET YOUR ASS UP!"]

LD: Allah's waiting for him! Connors starting to stir...

[And Dirt Dog - who was already cheerleading from the floor - gets up on the apron to urge his son on even more!]

LD: Get him down from there!

[The referee moves to do exactly that as a puzzled Odysseus shouts at his father to get down...

...which gives just enough of a distraction for a rising Connors to come running into the corner, leaping to the middle rope, springing into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ENNNNZUUUUIGIRIIIIIIII!

[With Allah visibly stunned on the top rope, Connors leaps onto the ropes again, springing into the air a second time, hooking his legs around Allah's head...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: TOP ROOOOOPE RAAAAANAAAAA!

[Connors flips over, crawling across, diving over Allah, wrapping up the legs!]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: And this time, it's Allah who kicks out! Incredible! Dane, he had this match won, I believe! He had this match won and his father got him off his game and Connors took advantage of it!

LD: You could be right, Ben!

[A frustrated Connors claps his hands together, climbing off the mat and giving the ring a quick survey to check on Allah who is still down on the mat. Connors looks towards the corner when a lone voice cries out loud enough for all to hear...]

"GET HIM A BODYBAAAAAG! YEAAAAAAAH!"

[...and Connors freezes in his tracks, a grin crossing his face.]

BW: You've... you've gotta be kidding me!

LD: It's Reseda, baby! Wax on, wax off!

[Connors steps a little closer to Allah, watching as he struggles to get off the mat...

...and Connors raises his arms, lifting one leg to strike perhaps the most iconic pose in any karate movie ever!]

LD: "Cannonball" Lee Connors is channeling his inner Daniel LaRusso!

[Allah struggles up off the mat, the crowd cheering madly as they wait eagerly to see what happens next...]

LD: Allah trying to get up but he's not gonna like what's waiting for him!

[...and as Allah regains his feet, a grinning Connors leaps into the air as Allah lunges at him, swinging his other leg up to SNAP his foot off the chin of Allah, snapping his head back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Allah's eyes roll back in his head as he flops backwards on the canvas! Connors pumps a fist, pointing to the corner...]

LD: Allah goes down... and Connors is going up... UP... UP!

[...and quickly starts climbing from the outside...]

LD: DIRT DOG ON THE APRON!

[...but as he makes his move towards Connors, the Canadian lashes out with a stiff thrust kick to the chest, sending Dirt Dog toppling off the apron to the floor, freeing Connors to climb!]

LD: NOT ANYMORE! CONNORS WITH A CLEAR PATH! HEADING TO THE TOP! THE FANS ARE ON THEIR FEET!

[Connors reaches the top rope, his fist pressed into his open palm in front of him as Allah is motionless on the mat...]

LD: CONNORS ON THE TOP!

[...and the high flyer leaps into the air, flipping forward at high velocity!]

LD: CANNNNNNNONBALLLLLLLLLLL!

[The Atomic Cannonball - his 450 senton - finds the mark, his back SLAMMING into Allah's chest with high impact that sends the crowd into a frenzy!]

LD: CONNORS FLIPS OVER! CONNORS HOOKS THE LEG!

[The referee dives to the mat, the crowd counting along...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: CONNORS SCORES THE WIN!

BW: Ahhhh... that's a crime if you ask me, Dane.

LD: Why?!

BW: Because I think Odysseus Allah had this match won... he had Connors beat... and he made a mistake taking strategy from his old man and it cost him the match!

LD: Well, that's just like... your opinion, man.

BW: Don't you Lebowski me, Dane! My opinion is right! Odysseus Allah joins a long line of people who have suffered in this company because of their fathers.

[Connors is on his feet, celebrating his win with the roaring crowd as Dirt Dog Unique Allah rolls in to check on his son...]

LD: Lee Connors with a big victory here on Showtime, kicking off what he hopes will be a very successful summer for him on this tour.

[Allah brings his son to his feet, leaning him against the turnbuckles as Connors stands on the middle rope, saluting the cheering fans...]

LD: And that's definitely a setback for Odysseus Allah who you have to believe was hoping to build some momentum before cashing in his-

[Shoving his father aside, Odysseus winces, grabbing at his chest...]

LD: Oh! What's that all about? What's he-

[...and then barrels across the ring, looking to attack Connors from behind but before he can Connors hops over the ropes, landing safely on the floor to cheers. Allah ends up standing by the ropes, shouting angrily at Connors as he kicks the bottom rope in frustration!]

LD: He tried to attack Connors from behind but... I don't even think Connors knew he was there, Ben.

BW: Connors escaped without knowing he needed to.

[Connors starts back up the aisle as Odysseus Allah stomps back to the middle of the ring, hands on his hips, shaking his head as his father stumbles out towards him, putting a comforting hand on his son's shoulder..

...and gets shoved away from him a second time as Allah shouts down the aisle after the departing Connors.]

LD: Odysseus Allah seems like perhaps he's not done with Lee Connors quite yet, fans. That'll be something to keep an eye on...but right now, we're going to put our eyes on some footage from earlier today when Mariah Wolfe managed to catch The Lariatos as they arrived here in Reseda!

[We cut to footage marked with "EARLIER TODAY", as Mariah Wolfe is standing in between the Lariatos, Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey.

Ayako is dressed in an ethereal, pastel pink chiffon Japanese summer dress with tiny roses in shades of blush and ivory, with tiny white polka dots all over. It has short, puffed sleeves with ruffled edges and fits snug around the waist, flaring out into a flirty skirt that stops just above the knees. The high collar is tied with a satin ribbon into a bow and most prominently, there is a cutout across the chest, framed by scalloped lace. Standing behind Ayako, a suspicious look on her face, is Molly Bell.

Kimmy Bailey looks different for her, wearing a red short-sleeve maxi dress with a white floral pattern, along with several strings of turquoise and white beaded necklaces and long turquoise earrings, and well-worn brown cowgirl boots.]

MW: I'm here with Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey, the...

[Mariah motions to the fans standing off to the side, waiting to be let into the building, who scream out "LARIATOS!" as Kimmy pumps her fist.]

MW: What they said.

KB: They like us, Mariah!

MW: They sure do!

[Kimmy does a twirl, showing off her dress.]

KB: Honestly, fancied up like this, who wouldn't?

[Uncharacteristically, Ayako also strikes a pose in her dress, drawing some hoots and hollers from the crowd, along with a round of-ahem... appaws from Molly.]

KB: Well, dang.

Ayako [smirking]: I guess everyone approves.

MW: Kimmy, Ayako... you had quite the confrontation last week against the Slam Sorority, which also turned into a confrontation with your own partner, Lauryn Rage.

[Ayako frowns at the mention, and Kimmy rolls her eyes.]

MW: Now that a week has passed, have your feelings on that situation changed?

[Kimmy looks at Ayako, who motions for Kimmy to go ahead. Kimmy gives a little nod, then steps closer to Mariah.]

KB: I thought about it an awful long time, Mariah. When I was sittin' at brunch with my mama on Mother's Day, I told her everything that happened, and how awful I felt that it all fell apart. I just wanted to stop someone from gettin' hit with that Screwdriver that Laura Davis uses, just like she did to me, and well...

[Kimmy motions in front of her.]

KB: It turned into THAT. And my mama told me she was proud of me for doin' the right thing, and I should be happy I had someone like Ayako who came to help me when I needed her, because I was in one heck of a situation with the Slam Sorority.

[We see Ayako blush at the indirect praise from Michelle Bailey.]

KB: And it made me realize somethin'. Ayako's been givin' a lot to me out of the kindness of her heart, and all I've done is get her into fights I stuck my nose into. It's about time I repaid that kindness and gave her what she wanted. She picked me to be her partner, and I'm goin' to do what I can to get us those Tag Team Titles!

[The fans cheer off-screen, with shouts of "LARIATOS!", as Ayako smiles.]

Ayako: It won't be easy, Bailey. We'll have to train harder than ever before and we can't hold back the way we have been. It's finally time for The Lariatos–

"LARIATOS!"

Ayako: –to go full throttle.

MW: You mean you've been holding back?

Ayako: Not exactly, but I didn't want to overwhelm Bailey right from the start. For someone at her level of experience, it might have been too much if we went all-out, all the time, without properly establishing our chemistry as a team first. But now? Now we are ready to give it our full 100% going forward! And what better place is there to do that, than in the Rumble?

KB: We could toss Catalina around too... for practice! Nobody's as big as her.

Ayako: We don't want to hurt your cousin's chances at winning the Brass Ring, though, do we?

[Kimmy frowns.]

KB: Aw, you're right. Sorry Ayako.

Ayako: It was a good idea.

MW: So just to make sure I understand, the two of you are going to treat the Rumble as a training session for future tag team matches?

Ayako: It would be nice to Main Event Girls To The Front and have an opportunity to win the World Title, but there is no finer way to sharpen our skills in tag team competition than in a match filled with highly motivated and highly skilled opponents, like the Rumble.

KB: We could see who can throw people the furthest!

[Ayako nods with a slight smirk on her face.]

Ayako: Exactly. Another good idea, Bailey. You are beginning to understand what we need to do to challenge for the World Tag Team titles at full strength!

[Kimmy bashfully grins.]

MW: I certainly hope the other tag teams in the Women's Division are ready for what an actual, focused Lariatos-

"LARIATOS!"

MW: -can do. Ayako, Kimmy-

[Molly reaches out from behind Ayako and swipes at Mariah's microphone cable.]

MW: -and Molly, best of luck!

[And we fade to black...

We fade up on a dark but starlit Los Angeles sky, our focus on the stars themselves before slowly panning down to reveal we're in the middle of a completely empty Dodger Stadium... almost. The camera shot shows row upon row of empty seats with the stadium lights glowing down on them...

...and then slowly zooms in on the top deck, the cheapest seats in the ballpark to where someone is seated.

We cut to that "someone" to reveal the man once known as El Cholo... Los Angeles' native son, Juan Vasquez, sitting in a seat with a wistful smile on his face.]

"This... this is where it all began."

[Vasquez looks out on the field as the camera follows his gaze.]

"Right here. So many nights as a kid. Watching Gods walk among men."

[We can hear an echo of the immortal voice of Vin Scully on the call - "High fly ball into right field... sheeeee isssss GONE!" Vasquez smiles, nodding his head.]

"This is where it started for me. The rush. The roar of the crowd."

[He points down towards the field.]

"I knew I would never be like them. I wouldn't be Hershiser or Fernando..."

[The voice again - "if you have a sombrero, throw it to the sky!"]

"...Gibson or Guerrero... that wasn't my destiny. But this is where I heard the cheers of the fans for those men and knew my destiny was to one day hear them for me."

[Vasquez nods, closing his eyes, leaning back in his seat...]

"Can't think of any place I'd rather be when it ends."

[...and as we hold on Vasquez' face, serene... at peace... happy...

...the shot fades back up to the night sky where the Memorial Day Mayhem graphic appears with all the show info and the words "9 DAYS REMAIN."

Fade to black...

...and then fade back up on footage marked "Sunday, May 13 - Las Vegas", in a small hotel conference room, with a table that can seat no more than a few chairs. At the table sits Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov, facing the camera with a slight frown on his face. To his left, a hood from his sweatshirt over his head as he sits in a slumped posture, sipping from a paper cup of coffee, sits Raphael Rhodes. To Rhodes' left, on the edge of her seat, is Dana Kaiser. Directly across from them...

... an empty seat. Directly behind the empty seat, a closed door. A closed door that Rhodes' eyes remain fixed on.]

MZ: It is not like him to be this late.

[Rhodes puts the cup of coffee down on the table, his eyes remaining unmoved from the door.]

RR: Time.

[Kaiser looks at her watch.]

DK: 9:21.

[Rhodes exhales through his nose, long and frustrated.]

DK: We have plenty of time. The car is waiting right outside. We're already checked in for our flight.

[Rhodes slightly shakes his head.]

RR: I ain't worried about the flight. This is just how he acts. It's a power move. He loves this stuff.

[Kaiser frowns.]

RR: Makin' me wait here for him so we can sign this bloody paperwork. He's got me in control.

[Rhodes pulls his hood back, casting a weary eye at Zharkov.]

RR: Don't he, mate? You know him real bleedin' well.

[Kaiser sits back in her chair, pinching the bridge of her nose with her thumb and forefinger as Zharkov raises an eyebrow.]

RR: Would you let just anyone be twenty minutes late to a contract signin', or is this a special occasion? A gift from Axis to Axis?

[Kaiser's eyes go wide.]

DK: Raph!

[Rhodes ignores her.]

RR: Just curious, is all.

[Rhodes picks up his cup of coffee.]

RR: I'd be fined for it, is all.

[Zharkov bristles at Rhodes' comments as Rhodes sips his coffee.]

MZ: You are out of line, comrade.

[Rhodes finishes his sip, then puts his hood back over his head after placing the cup back on the table. As he does so, we see Kaiser make eye contact with Zharkov and mouth an apology, which is met with a slight nod. Kaiser turns her attention to Rhodes, but then we hear the jostle of a doorknob, and the creaking of a door.]

"I'm here! I'm here!"

[And in walks Juan Vasquez. Vasquez is dressed in a white t-shirt paired with a black bomber leather jacket. Kaiser and Zharkov both stand to meet him, although Rhodes remains seated and slumped in the chair, arms folded. Removing his sunglasses, Vasquez looks surprised to see an offered hand from Kaiser, and he accepts it, followed by a handshake with the Interim President.]

JV: Sorry. I know I'm late. You know how kids are.

[Kaiser arches an eyebrow as Rhodes remains unmoved. Vasquez flinches.]

JV: Oh... right. You're not there yet. Moving on.

[Zharkov opens a briefcase and produces paperwork.]

MZ: If we could, comrade, they are anxious about a flight they need to catch.

[Vasquez thinks for a moment.]

JV: That's right. Mr. Grumpy Face over there doesn't like private planes after everyone got stranded in Mexico last year.

[Kaiser shakes her head.]

DK: I think we'd all like to forget that trip.

[Vasquez cracks a grin.]

JV: Hell, I'm sure we'd all love to forget the entire year happened, if we could.

[The grin falters.]

JV: Actually, I pretty much did. That's how we ended up here in the first place.

[Zharkov taps the paperwork.]

MZ: May we proceed?

[Zharkov clears his throat as both Vasquez and Kaiser look over, and Rhodes remains stationary.]

MZ: We are here today to officially sign the contract for your match at Memorial Day Mayhem. We had planned on doing this at Showtime, but as we agreed previously, Mr. Rhodes will not be permitted to attend that event.

[Zharkov looks over the paperwork as Rhodes shifts in his seat. Kaiser reaches down to retrieve her purse, taking out a pair of glasses.]

MZ: I believe we have everything that was negotiated in this contract. We just need the signatures of both parties.

[As Kaiser puts on her glasses, she holds out her hand.]

DK: If you don't mind, I'd like one last look at the contract?

[Vasquez gives Zharkov a side glance as Zharkov hands Kaiser the contract.]

MZ: Of course.

[Kaiser looks over the contract, taking the edge of an uncapped pen and tracing line by line as she reads through. Rhodes glares a hole through Vasquez, who whispers in the ear of Zharkov. Zharkov stifles a smirk as Vasquez chuckles, and Rhodes can be seen trembling in his seat. This does not go unnoticed by Vasquez, who winks at his Memorial Day Mayhem opponent as he leans back against his chair, hands casually against his head. The two stare at each other in this posture for several seconds, the ticking of a clock in the background, when the silence is pierced by a question.]

DK: Who is the referee?

[Zharkov frowns. Vasquez's smile remains as Rhodes stays glaring at his nemesis.]

MZ: I was hoping you would tell me. You agreed to a mutual selection for the official.

[Kaiser stabs at the contract with her pen.]

DK: It says "to be determined by mutual agreement" here. We submitted our list of satisfactory choices on Wednesday.

[Vasquez leans forward.]

JV: I thought we'd go with someone a little more exciting.

DK: Who?

[Vasquez motions Kaiser over, and Kaiser looks to Rhodes. Rhodes flicks his hand dismissively at Vasquez, and Kaiser leans across the table. Vasquez whispers in her ear, and Kaiser's eyes widen once again.]

DK: Seriously? He's in?

[Vasquez nods.]

JV: He will be. At least, once I talk to him, he will.

[Kaiser returns to her seat, biting her bottom lip. She puts her hand into the hood of Rhodes' sweatshirt, pulling it back so she can whisper in his ear as he stares at Vasquez. The smile is gone from Vasquez's face now, his eyes locked with his rival's. Kaiser pulls away from Rhodes, his eyes never leaving Vasquez, his shoulders slouched, as though the news delivered by Kaiser was a verbal gut punch. Zharkov's eyes volley between the two, who remain unmoving.]

MZ: Is...

[He motions to the paperwork.]

MZ: ...is that satisfactory?

[The two continue their glare, when suddenly, like a bolt of lightning...]

"WHAMMMMMMM!"

[Rhodes slams his left hand on the table, grabbing the pen with his right, furiously signing his name to the contract. He throws the pen at the wall, where the point sticks into the drywall. He then bolts to his feet, ripping the door open, and storms out. Kaiser, eyes panicked and never leaving the door that her husband just left through, grabs her purse and quickly follows.]

MZ: Never a dull moment when you are around, comrade.

[Zharkov gets up, pulling the pen from the wall with a sigh, as Vasquez remains unmoved. Shrugging, he reaches into his pocket and produces his own pen.]

JV: I guess that was a yes.

[And then, with a flourish, he signs the contract...

...and we fade through black back to Mariah and Sweet Daddy.]

SDW: Who is it?! Who is it?!

[Wolfe chuckles.]

MW: Never let it be said that Juan Vasquez doesn't know how to juice the ratings when he's involved. I asked the same question, pal, and was told that the reveal as to who will be the Special Guest Referee for the Retirement Match of Juan Vasquez to be held at Memorial Day Mayhem LIVE from Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, California nine nights from tonight...

[Wolfe smirks.]

MW: ...will be revealed EIGHT nights from tonight when - right here on ESPN - we present an AWA special that is quite familiar to our long-time fans...

Unfinished Business.

[Williams shakes his head with a chuckle.]

SDW: You mean...?

MW: You gotta tune in to find out. Fans, let's go to the ring.

[We fade from Williams and Wolfe to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is waiting.]

RO: The following match is set for one fall...

"ONE FALL!"

RO: ...with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, she is from "the greatest city in the world", Baltimore, Maryland... weighing 141 pounds, she is a member of E-Girl MAX and the "Charm City Cutie"...

CAAAAAAAAAAAAAASEYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
CAAAAAAAAAAAAAASHHHHHHHHHHHH!

WOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd gives a surprising mixed reaction as Casey Cash walks out from the entrance, and then the reaction turns more sour as Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and the Thompson Sisters follow behind her.]

LD: Of course. Of course! We should have seen this coming when she issued this challenge, Ben. We should have known it was going to be a gang fight when Casey Cash said she wanted Betty Chang in one last match!

BW: This is exactly what Casey Cash was complaining about with her comments earlier, Dane! She can't bring her friends with her for moral support without some wicked accusations from you and your ilk.

LD: History has shown that when E-Girl MAX is fully present, bad things happen, and it is very, very bad that they are all here.

[Casey is dressed in a bright pink halter crop top with cherries printed on it, a pair of pink hot pants with the same cherry motif, and black kneepads and wrestling boots. She is listening closely to Harley Hamilton as she walks to the ring, and as she steps in, she removes her pink-framed heart-shaped sunglasses and places them onto Harley's head for safe keeping.]

LD: Isn't that just precious.

BW: You really have a problem with them, don't you?

LD [sighing]: No comment.

[As one piece of music fades, another begins - "Blue Water Blue Sky" by Daisuke Ishiwatari, from the Guilty Gear X2 soundtrack, begins to play over as Betty Chang makes her way to the ring.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent... from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 112 pounds...

...BETTTYYYYYY CHAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNGGG!

[The young martial artist is dressed in a white martial arts gi jacket over her wrestling attire bright pink transparent shirt with multi-colored neon triangle designs, a black sport bra underneath, a black mini skirt with pink trim, black shorts underneath and black and pink wrestling sneakers with matching laces. Her hair is styled in two high pigtails that cascade down slightly past her shoulders. She is accompanied to the ring by Charity Rockwell, who wears a short, form-fitting, red fringe dress adorned with sparkling beads and sequins. A feather boa hangs around her neck, along with several glass bead necklaces. Around her head, she wears a red, sequined headband with a red plume sticking straight into the air. As they pose at the front of the entrance, Charity removes her headband and places it on Betty's head, much to the young martial artist's amusement.]

LD: Well, Betty Chang's not coming alone at least... but I have to wonder how much help Charity Rockwell will be with ALL of E-Girl MAX out here as well.

BW: Can we at least give them the benefit of the doubt?

LD: No, not really. They haven't earned that.

[Chang reaches ringside, smiling and waving at the cheering fans as she jogs up the ring steps to the apron, grabbing the top rope and slingshots over in a somersault, landing on her feet with a loud "YAAAAAA!" as she strikes a martial arts pose!]

LD: Betty Chang looking as confident as ever, and you can feel the energy from this crowd - they're ready for her to finally put an end to this saga with Casey Cash tonight!

BW: Oh, come on, Dane, don't count Casey out so fast! Betty's got a lot of flash, but I think Casey's got something to prove, and Betty Chang's in for a rude awakening!

LD: We'll see about that. Betty's got the skills, the heart, and - let's not forget - two wins over Casey already. If anyone's in for a rude awakening, it's the "Charm City Cutie"!

[Betty Chang stands with a microphone in hand, her usual positive energy now simmering with a sharper edge of annoyance. Across from Betty stands Casey Cash, flanked by her posse: Harley Hamilton, Cinder, the Thompson sisters, and Riley Campbell, who's busily snapping pictures. Casey's youthful naivety shines through her pouty frown and wide, indignant eyes. The crowd buzzes as Betty paces, then stops, glaring at Casey with the mic raised.]

BC: Okay, before we do this, I have something to say-

[Before Betty can finish what she's saying, the crowd begins to loudly chant at Casey.]

"BETTY'S GONNA KILLLLLLL YOU!"

"BETTY'S GONNA KILLLLLLL YOU!"

"BETTY'S GONNA KILLLLLLL YOU!"

[Harley Hamilton covers Casey's ears as Betty shakes her head and wags her finger.]

BC: Noooo. No! Stop that! I'm not k-wording anybody! Don't say that. Bad! Very bad! I mean, I might kick Casey's head in...

[A cheer! Betty holds up a fist.]

BC: ...I might crack a few bones with these fists of fury...

[Another cheer! Casey gasps.]

BC: ...and I'm definitely going to kick her butt!

[The loudest cheer yet! Charity, waves her boa at Betty and yells, "Get her, doll!" as Casey, yells, "Hey! Shut up!" at her former classmate.]

BC: But none of that other stuff... that's going way too far. The thing is, Casey... we've been fighting for months now and I'm still trying to figure out what is wrong with you. Half the time, I'm standing here like, what are you even TALKING about?

[Casey shouts, "You know exactly what I'm talking about, Betty!"]

BC: You're out here crying, "Oh, Betty's jealous!" Jealous of WHAT, Casey?! Your friends? I've got Charity right here and she's like the coolest friend a girl could ever ask for!

[Casey's eyes widen at the mention of Charity, and she lets out a shrill, "WHAT?! Charity Rockwell? Cool?! She's never been cool!" Charity smirks at ringside, unfazed, and blows a mock kiss at Casey.]

BC: I'm not mad or jealous at you because you've got friends or that you had a fancy upbringing - pfft, big deal... my family has a Dippin' Dots kiosk empire!

[Someone in the crowd yells, "The ice cream of the future!" as Betty knowingly nods.]

BC: I'm mad at you because you KEEP RUNNING AWAY! I've beaten you twice, fair and square - okay, maybe I haven't pinned you, but I've whooped you GOOD and every time, you just find some cheap way to weasel out of the match! I just wanna fight you, fair and square! No running this time, got it?

[Casey puffs out her cheeks, muttering "I'm not running this time!" while kicking the mat like a sulky kid. Harley whispers something encouraging to her as Cinder nods.]

BC: And this "illegal karate" garbage? You've been calling my martial arts "illegal" for months like it's some huge crime, but maybe you're just mad that my kicks can reach your head faster than your legs can get your butt out of the ring!

[Betty huffs, stepping closer to Casey.]

BC: Look, Casey, I'm over this! You're here, I'm here, Charity's here - still cooler than you'll ever be - and your whole fan club's here! I'm not jealous of you or Harley or Cinder or...

[She stammers.]

BC: ...or even Tom Brady! If he interferes in this match...

[Betty hesitates for a moment, but finds her resolve.]

BC: ...I'll kick his head in too!

[Casey's jaw drops as she turns to Harley with a whiny, "She's so mean!" Meanwhile, Riley keeps snapping pictures...

...and a new chant starts up...]

"TOM BRADY'S GONNA GET HIS HEAD KICKED IN!"

"TOM BRADY'S GONNA GET HIS HEAD KICKED IN!"

"TOM BRADY'S GONNA GET HIS HEAD KICKED IN!"

[...and yeah, it's not the most rhythmic thing in the world but it brings a chuckle to Betty Chang who gets serious again fast!]

BC: Forget all the other noise. Tonight, it's just YOU and ME! So let's go, Casey Cash! No more drama, no more whining - just a fight to the finish! I'm kicking your butt again, and this time, I'm kicking it so hard, you won't have anywhere left to run!

[The crowd erupts as Betty drops the mic with a flourish, bouncing on her toes and shadowboxing.]

LD: Wow, listen to this crowd, Ben! Betty Chang just laid it all out there - she's fed up, she's focused, and she's ready to put Casey Cash in her place once and for all!

BW: That's all fine and good, but I'd say Casey has the psychological edge. Betty's over here yelling about "no running," but Casey's not looking like she's planning to

run - she's got Harley Hamilton whispering in her ear, and that's a game plan forming!

LD: A game plan? More like a gang strategy! I don't care how you spin it, Ben - five people at ringside isn't moral support, it's a distraction! And Betty's got every right to be distracted with that circus out there!

BW: Oh, cry me a river! Charity Rockwell's out here too, struttin' around like she's ready to star in Charlie Chaplin's next silent movie. Casey's just got more friends, and Betty's gotta deal with it.

LD: Are you kidding me? She shouldn't have to deal with a five-on-one disadvantage!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds, as fans start clapping and cheering and Betty Chang takes on a tensed stance, while Casey Cash remains in the corner, staring across the ring while Harley Hamilton can be seen giving advice in the corner.]

LD: The bell has gone, and this one is officially underway, although both competitors are taking a slow start to this.

BW: It hasn't actually even started, Dane.

LD: It doesn't look like either wants a quick start to this. You can see Chang talking to referee Andy Dawson too.

[Chang keeps focused on Cash, who remains in the corner listening to Hamilton, and she can be seen saying "Keep an eye on them!" while vaguely motioning to Hamilton, Cinder, the Thompsons, and Riley Campbell on the floor.]

BW: Maybe she should be more focused on the person who's in the ring instead of the people who aren't.

LD: The entirety of E-Girl MAX is out here, and I have no idea why Andy hasn't thrown them out.

BW: For what? They haven't done anything yet.

LD: They're not managers, Ben. They have no business out here.

BW: How about Rockwell, then? Should she be allowed?

LD: In the interest of fairness, no, she shouldn't, but even you have to admit that a gang of five people isn't the same thing as one person in Charity Rockwell.

BW: Then Chang should've brought Rockwell's sisters with her. She's a quadruplet, after all. Could've evened the odds some, especially since Riley Campbell is Under Armour staff, not a member of E-Girl MAX.

[Campbell's camera shutter clicks as Cash starts to move forward, and the crowd continues clapping to cheer both on.]

LD: Cash now approaching Chang, and folks, remember... Casey Cash had practically no offense against Betty Chang in either of their prior singles encounters. She got herself disqualified in one, and ran away from the ring in the other, so if she does literally anything here, she's already ahead of their prior bouts.

[Cash and Chang lock up, and Cash uses her size to push Chang back into the corner as referee Andy Dawson asks for a clean break. Cash slowly backs away as Chang covers up, and the fans applaud as Cash backs away cleanly.]

BW: How about that, Dane? A clean break by Casey Cash!

LD: I have to admit, I'm surprised to see it.

BW: I think you're awfully mean to this kid. She's exactly the kind of person you and Albano and Gordon Myers would love to see, you just don't like the people she's friends with.

LD: That's part of the problem, yeah. Harley Hamilton and Cinder, and yes, Casey Cash too, they try to pass themselves off as these bastions of fair play, but their actions tell a much different story.

[Cash and Chang lock back up in the middle of the ring, and Cash quickly pulls Chang down with an armdrag. Chang quickly spins around and bounces to her feet, as the look of sheer glee on Cash's face is met by a cheer from Hamilton, Cinder, and the Thompsons, along with more shutter clicks from Campbell's camera.]

LD: An armdrag by Casey Cash, and a disproportionate response by her associates.

BW: They're happy for her! Weren't you happy when your protégés did armdrags?

LD: Maybe in training, but Casey Cash has been a professional for a year now. She really shouldn't be this excited over an armdrag.

[Cash and Chang lock up once again, and this time it's Chang taking Cash over with an armdrag, and Cash quickly scrambles to the ropes, sitting against them with Hamilton whispering in her ear as Chang stares and points.]

LD: Very different reaction to that armdrag by Betty Chang.

BW: And look at her reaction, Dane. Instead of pressing the advantage and going after Cash, she's pointing at Harley Hamilton.

LD: I don't blame her one bit, Ben. There's a nest of vipers outside of the ring, and for all we know, they're just waiting for the right moment to distract referee Andy Dawson and attack Betty.

[Chang can be heard saying "you need to watch them!", and Dawson saying "I am! They haven't done anything!" back to her, as Cash returns to her feet.]

LD: I don't like the way Chang is reacting here. This isn't like her at all.

BW: The last few matches, she's gotten in Cash's head with her karate tactics. Maybe now the tables have turned and Cash is in her head?

LD: That's not good if it's true.

[Cash goes to lock up again, but Chang dives at Cash's leg, going for a single-leg takedown. Cash sprawls, putting her weight on Chang's back, and stalls the takedown attempt.]

LD: Cash able to stop the takedown, Ben, and I'm sure you like to see that.

BW: I do! Casey Cash has a 29 pound weight advantage, and if Betty Chang is going to try and outwrestle her, then Cash should make Chang carry that weight.

[Chang can't get the takedown, but laces her leg around Cash's ankle, then works towards standing back up, tethering their legs together as both hop, each on one leg, Chang grinning at Cash!]

LD: Look at this, Ben! Do you remember this happening in their second match? Chang took Cash down and got her to walk out due to this!

[Cash gets a panicked look in her eyes as Hamilton shouts "DON'T LET HER TAKE YOU DOWN! HIT HER!" from ringside. Chang looks over at Hamilton, and Cash uses that momentary loss of focus from Chang...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[... to slap Chang as hard as she can, causing Chang to stagger and release Cash's leg!]

BW: I guess she's not going to make Cash walk out this time because of that leg capture!

LD: Come on, Andy! Now's a great time to get Harley Hamilton out of here! She's deliberately interfered!

BW: How? By giving Casey Cash instructions?! You can't toss someone for giving instructions!

[Chang holds her jaw from the unexpected slap from Cash, as Cash follows up with a boot to the jaw as the Thompsons cheer excitedly at ringside, with Cinder taunting the rattled Chang.]

LD: And Cash with the peanut gallery rooting her on for a slap and a boot.

BW: She said a lot of people were jealous of what she has, and you're doing a pretty miserable job of disproving that, Dane.

LD: This is supposed to be a one-on-one wrestling match, Ben, and she has five - count 'em, five! - people at ringside cheering her on and distracting Betty!

BW: And most of your favorite wrestlers have the entire crowd cheering them on, should we throw out all the fans and wrestle in front of an empty arena?

[We hear Lori sigh as Cash pulls Chang to her feet, sending her off the ropes running north, but then taking off running east.]

LD: What is Cash doing-

[As the two meet towards the center, Cash catches the confused Chang with a dropkick on the side of the shoulder, sending Chang flying down to the mat with a resounding thud!]

BW: Now that was a unique take on the dropkick, Dane!

LD: I'll give her credit, she got Chang off her game with that! Cash dragging Chang to the center of the ring, and there's the cover-

[The fans cheer as Chang kicks out right away.]

LD: But there's the problem with that kind of dropkick, Ben, Cash knocked Chang so close to the ropes that she couldn't get a good cover without having to drag her back to the middle, and so it didn't take advantage of the misdirection.

BW: So it needs some refinement. She's a rookie. The pieces are definitely coming together for her.

LD: Cash getting Chang back up to her feet-

"WHAAAAAAP!"

LD: Oh! And there's that karate skill coming into play! An open handed strike right into the stomach!

[Cash gasps for breath as Chang takes a step back, sizing Cash up, as we see Hamilton, Cinder, and the Thompsons huddling at ringside. Chang nods her head, thrusting her right leg at Cash...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

[... and DRILLS Cash with a side kick that sends her flying out of the ring, onto the huddle of Hamilton, Cinder, and the Thompsons! Fortunately for Cash, though, the combined E-Girl MAX force is able to catch her, preventing her from taking a spill to the concrete. Unfortunately, though...]

LD: AIR CHANG, CLEARED FOR TAKEOFF!

[...as Betty Chang flies over the top rope, diving onto the E-Girl MAX pile, causing everyone to take a spill to the floor! On the other side of the ring, Charity Rockwell can be seen cheering in support, and fans on the surrounding sides slap the ring apron with excitement. Riley Campbell, meanwhile, can be seen taking pictures and kneeling with a look of concern on her face just feet away from the pile of humanity.]

LD: Betty Chang just wiped out all of E-Girl MAX, and that'll show them for getting involved!

BW: "Getting involved"?! Harley Hamilton just shouted encouragement! They didn't even plan to catch Casey Cash, Betty Chang deliberately kicked Cash onto them!

LD: Let's be real, Ben, it was just a matter of time. And we saw that side kick before, it was what made Casey Cash give up the last time. She pushed Shari Miranda shortly after we saw that kick, so keep on the lookout, because I bet we see her start looking for a way out of this one!

[Chang climbs back into the ring as Andy Dawson's count reaches four, and she asks him to stop counting, but he shakes his head and says he has to keep going. On the floor, with Campbell continuing to document via her camera, Hamilton and Cinder help Cash to her feet as the Thompsons pout and demand that Chang be disqualified for jumping onto them.]

LD: Casey Cash taking as much of the count as she can here, if she's not just going to take all of it.

BW: Do you seriously think that she's going to take the countout?

LD: History indicates she wants no part of this match, Ben, and all other aspects have been repeating themselves.

[Cash climbs back onto the ring apron, stepping through the ropes, as a camera shot catches Hamilton saying "stick with it, you're still in this" and Cinder slamming her hands on the mat in encouragement.]

BW: History might get rewritten here tonight if Seductive and Destructive have anything to say about it.

LD: I'm surprised to see them out here, Ben. They have Julie Somers and Michelle Bailey in a short while, and they're out here instead of getting prepared.

BW: The last couple of times Cash wrestled Chang in a singles match, Hamilton and Cinder had other things going on. This time, it seems like they understand that Casey needs the moral support.

[Dawson steps back after Cash fully climbs in, and as Cash steps forward, Chang twists around and catches Cash in the ribs with a rolling savate kick. Chang gets into a stance, her eyes glaring at Cash, then shouts...]

"KI-YAAAAAH!!!"

[... and throws a wall-breaking punch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: She missed!

BW: No, Cash dodged!

[Indeed, Cash manages to dodge the punch that has gone through walls and logos, stepping around and catching Chang in a waistlock, quickly lifting and twisting Chang through the air..]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[... and SLAMMING Chang onto her knee!]

LD: Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker?!

BW: That's a new one out of the playbook!

LD: And Cash with the cover! She's got one, two... and Chang is able to kick out!

BW: Dane, that's a brilliant move by Cash. The primary thing that her Baltimore Crab targets is the back, and she loves burying a knee right into the lower back when she does it. If she's going to throw backbreakers into the mix to work over her opponents, that's going to make the Baltimore Crab even more deadly.

LD: Cash now lifting Chang up... and DRIVING Chang into the turnbuckles!

[Cash pushes against Chang's face, then quickly ducks low to drive her shoulder into Chang's midsection, causing Chang to double over in agony. Suddenly, one of the Thompsons points at Casey's boot, shouting "your laces!"]

LD: Oh come on, what's this about?

BW: The Thompsons are being helpful about potential equipment malfunctions! You don't want to see Casey Cash break an ankle due to a loose boot, do you?

[Cash looks down at her boot, then asks Dawson to come with her to the opposite corner, grabbing him by the collarbone and making him walk with her. The crowd, smelling a trap, starts booing as Harley Hamilton and Cinder climb up in the corner with Chang.]

LD: See?! It was just a matter of time!

BW: Maybe they want to check Betty Chang over too! Just for equal equipment verification!

[The boos quickly turn to cheers, as Charity Rockwell rushes over, pulling Cinder off the apron! Hamilton, surprised by the sudden disappearance of her bestie and tag partner, doesn't see Chang throw a punch at her to knock her off the apron as well, sending her careening into the Thompsons, who catch her. Cinder starts to chase Rockwell around ringside, as Cash notices that the plan failed, and charges into the corner!]

LD: Here comes Cash!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

[But Chang moves, causing Cash to run chest-first into the buckles!]

LD: Betty Chang got out of the way!

[Cash staggers out, right as Chang waits for her, and Chang leaps...]

LD: RANA!

[... but Chang's not done!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: DOUBLE STOMP! A RANA, AND SHE GOT RIGHT UP TO HER FEET, JUMPED INTO THE AIR, AND CRASHED DOWN ON CASEY CASH WITH A DOUBLE STOMP!

BW: Right in the sternum, Dane! Look at Cash gasping for breath!

LD: Chang with the cover! That's one! That's two! That's thr-

[The crowd gasps in surprise, as Cash rockets a shoulder out from Chang's cover. Cinder stops chasing after Rockwell, returning to the EGM corner, and Rockwell gets back to the opposite side of the ring.]

LD: That's not three! Casey Cash is able to kick out of that double stomp!

BW: You've got to give her credit now, Dane! You were writing her off a few moments ago, and now she's kicking out of stuff that would put down most of the roster!

LD: I have to admit, I'm seeing a lot of growth out of Casey Cash tonight, but I still don't think she's got the heart to pull this out!

[Chang's eyes grow wide, and as she sees Hamilton on her feet on the floor, she looks at Cash on her knees beside her. She shouts "I'LL SHOW YOU SOME ILLEGAL KARATE!", then quickly whips her foot around, and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Oh my heavens! A buzzsaw kick!

[Cash's eyes flutter for a moment as she crumbles to the mat on her face, the crowd gasping and a shriek from both of the Thompsons being heard at ringside. She stands over Cash, who is stirring, but slowly.]

BW: No cover here by Chang, Dane.

LD: I'm a bit surprised here. That buzzsaw kick has got to be enough.

[Cash pulls herself to her knees once again, only for Chang to step back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[... and connect with another buzzsaw kick, this time generating another shriek from the Thompsons, and Harley Hamilton partially climbing onto the apron, being held back by Cinder!]

LD: A second buzzsaw kick!

BW: Yeah, but Dane, look at this! She's not covering!

[As Cash lays motionless on the mat, Chang stands in front of her, motioning with her hand and shouting "GET UP!"]

LD: What has gotten into Betty Chang?! She has this match won!

BW: I think Betty Chang has found a mean streak, Dane.

LD: At the worst possible time, Ben! She could end this all now, but she's choosing to punish Casey Cash instead of pinning her!

[Charity Rockwell slams the mat on the other side of the ring, shouting "YOU'VE GOT TO PIN HER, DOLL!", but Chang stares down at the now-moving Cash, who pulls herself up by Chang's legs. Chang waits until Cash is standing, then...]

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

[... uses a series of palm strikes to back Cash into the corner, with Cash just barely getting her hands up to try and defend herself and satisfy Dawson's requests to fight back!]

LD: What a rush of palm strikes by Betty Chang!

BW: Yeah, but she backed her into the corner! She can't pin her or slap on a submission hold here, she's got the ropes right there!

LD: ...you're right, Ben. She's going to have to get her out of that corner or hope Andy Dawson wants to stop this!

[Chang grabs Cash's leg, trying to lift her up onto the turnbuckle.]

BW: Yeah, Dane, I think the anger got the better of her. This is a major tactical error. She's outweighed by almost 30 pounds, that backbreaker from earlier can't be doing her any favors, and she wants to put her on the turnbuckles?

[Cash, woozy, leans back to try and kick Chang away, and that gives Chang the leverage she needs to lift Cash onto the turnbuckles. With Cash seated on the top turnbuckle, Chang climbs up after her, standing on the top rope.]

LD: Going up to the high rent district!

[Chang grabs a fistful of Cash's hair to steady herself, then leaps into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: CAUGHT!

LD: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

BW: I KNEW THIS WAS A MISTAKE!

[With her arms waving frantically, Chang hangs upside down as Cash holds onto her legs for dear life. The Thompsons, Cinder, and Hamilton let out a cheer, as Rockwell looks positively in shock at Cash's strength. Cash manages to adjust her grip, stepping down from the turnbuckles and taking a couple of steps towards the center of the ring, then planting Chang sternum-first onto the mat, into the...]

BW: BALTIMORE CRAB!

LD: How on earth did Casey Cash pull this out?!

[Cash kneels onto Chang's lower back as she repositions her arms, using them to press down on Chang's legs as she is stacked vertically onto her sternum in an elevated crab hold. As Cash digs the knee into Chang's back, Chang screams out in pain, reaching out for the ropes.]

LD: Betty Chang let her anger at Casey Cash blind her! She had her beat with those two buzzsaw kicks, but she wanted to punish her further with a rana off the top, and now she's trapped in the Baltimore Crab!

BW: Yeah, and Dane, nobody's gotten out of this yet! Nobody's found a way to wriggle free or get the ropes!

LD: Betty Chang has lasted longer than the previous victims of the Baltimore Crab, Katrina Coleman and Misty Fowler, but Ben, she's sunk in deep!

[Chang continues to scream out, her fingertips reaching for the ropes, but unable to move from her own weight stacked on top of itself as well as having to bear Cash's weight.]

BW: I don't think there's a way out! Not as deep as she's got it hooked!

[Rockwell goes to meet her friend's eyes, as Chang, desperately trying to reach the ropes, shakes her head. Cash takes her knee off of Chang's back, and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAM!"

LD: Come on!

BW: This is vicious! I love it!

LD: A stomp to the back of Chang's head! Completely unnecessary!

[After the stomp, Cash returns her knee into Chang's lower back, and Chang weakly taps the mat, as Dawson calls for the bell. Cash releases the hold immediately instead of holding it up to the five count, collapsing to the mat in exhaustion beside the defeated Chang.]

"DING DING DING!"

MS: Your winner of the match... CASEY CAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSHHHHHHHHH!!!

[The crowd jeers that proclamation.]

LD: What a show of heart by Betty Chang-

BW: You mean a show of resilience by Casey Cash! You wrote her off multiple times during this match! You even said she'd walk out, or get herself disqualified! And now look at this, not only did she win, she made Betty Chang tap out!

LD: I'll admit it, I'm impressed with her resilience, but you have to admit that having the entirety of E-Girl MAX and their hangers-on changed the complexion of this match. Betty Chang had to keep an eye on five additional people!

BW: Quit making excuses for Chang! When it came down to it, Casey Cash beat her fair and square! Even if Cinder and Hamilton got involved in the corner, they never actually hit Chang! Rockwell and Chang hit them!

[The crowd murmurs as Hamilton and Cinder roll into the ring, Hamilton lifting Cash to her feet and enveloping her friend with a hug as Charity Rockwell slides in beside Chang, placing her hand on Chang's shoulder and shielding her.]

BW: And I'm sure you're going to complain about this, too! The celebration is on in Reseda!

LD: We better get some officials here in case Harley Hamilton and Cinder decide to make this physical. We know they're not above hitting people when they're down.

BW: You're so negative, Dane. You're always looking for the worst in people.

[There is even more of a rumble from the crowd as Riley Campbell steps in, taking pictures of the celebratory E-Girl MAX, as the Thompson Sisters can be seen in the background carrying a huge trophy that they are having trouble moving down the aisle way.]

LD: What on earth is this about? Why do the Thompson Sisters have a trophy?

BW: You didn't celebrate your accomplishments with some hardware?

LD: I have no idea what's going on right now, and I don't get what Riley Campbell is trying to set up in the ring. Did Under Armour set this up too?

[There is a pause, and a sigh from Dane.]

LD: Apparently we had a special presentation from Under Armour in case Casey Cash won.

[The rumble gets even louder as Campbell, still taking pictures but directing traffic in between shots, shouts for people to clear the way for the Thompsons and the trophy, as well as to make room down the aisle. There is also a familiar figure walking down the aisle, handheld microphone along with her, wearing a pink blazer

with a white shirt underneath, black slacks, and pink Under Armour sneakers. Basketball fans will identify her immediately, but for those unaware, well... Lori, fill 'em in.]

LD: Folks, that's Holly Rowe! The predominant sideline reporter for the WNBA and all of women's basketball, volleyball, college football, and more!

BW: Isn't she a bit busy?

LD: I know it's WNBA tip-off weekend, and I know she's going to be in Minnesota for tomorrow's matchup between the Los Angeles Sparks and Minnesota Lynx that will be airing on our sister station ESPN2...

BW: Under Armour's sparing no expense for one of their athletes when they have a major accomplishment! You know you've made it in women's sports when you've been interviewed by Holly Rowe!

[The Thompsons, having delivered the trophy - at least six feet tall, featuring a figure of a woman standing triumphant and having her hand raised by an official, while standing inside of a wrestling ring, all with Under Armour livery - hold the ropes open for Rowe, where she is greeted by a round of applause from the Reseda fans. Cash looks surprised as Cinder can be seen whispering in Hamilton's ear, as Campbell's shutter continues clicking away. In the background, being consoled in the corner by Charity Rockwell, is Betty Chang, still unable to stand due to the effects of the Baltimore Crab. Rowe holds the microphone up and greets the audience.]

HR: Friends, it is great to be here in Reseda after witnessing such a marvelous display of professional wrestling!

[The crowd politely applauds, unsure of where this is going. Rowe looks at Hamilton.]

HR: And Harley, it's good to see you again. That St. Bonaventure team you led a few years ago was incredible.

[Hamilton nods at Rowe, as Rowe turns her attention to Cash.]

HR: Tonight's matchup was sponsored by Under Armour, and I am here because Under Armour asked me to make a special presentation to one Casey Cash.

[Rowe reaches into her blazer, pulling out a set of index cards to read from.]

HR: "For months, Ms. Cash has bravely faced a harsh and brutal foe. In spite of objections about the legalities of this foe unheeded by those in command, tonight, she has overcome and shown the true spirit of an Under Armour athlete in defeating the enemy plaguing her for those months. Under Armour - She Will."

[Rowe discards the index cards as the Thompsons move the trophy towards her, clearly struggling to lift it.]

HR: Tonight, Casey Cash, Under Armour is pleased to present you with this award for Excellence in Overcoming and Defeating Illegal Karate!

[There is a loud "SQUEEEEEEEEE!" from the Thompsons, who rush Cash, along with Hamilton and Cinder, in a big group hug. Campbell shouts "APPLAUSE!" at the crowd, and the crowd responds by applauding on cue, playing along. Rowe claps as well, seemingly unsure of the meaning of what she just said.]

LD: I can't believe this display here. How did we allow this?

BW: Cash Money, in more ways than one.

LD: I have to say, I'm really disappointed that Holly Rowe is participating in this farce.

BW: Like you haven't participated in your share of farces for a quick buck.

[The applause turns into a murmur as Betty Chang can be seen on her feet, walking into the center of the celebration. The group hug parts as Chang and Cash glare at each other, the rest of EGM and Charity Rockwell surrounding the staredown, and Holly Rowe quickly steps away from the tense scene.]

LD: This could get ugly quick, Ben. There's six members of E-Girl MAX here, counting that amazon Riley Campbell, and just Betty Chang and Charity Rockwell on the other side.

BW: It'd be suicidal if Chang wants to try something, Dane.

[Cash and Chang can be seen whispering to each other, when suddenly...

...Chang sticks out a hand!]

BW: A handshake?!

LD: That's the Betty Chang we all know and love! We may not like that Casey Cash beat her, but Betty Chang is a good sport!

[Cash looks confused at the handshake, taking a quick look at Hamilton as the crowd shouts "SHAKE HER HAND!". Hamilton says something to Cash that the camera's microphones don't pick up, then Cash turns back to Chang. The two look at each other for a moment...]

LD: What's going to happen here...

[... and Cash shakes Chang's hand! As the crowd cheers the good display of sportswomanship, and Campbell takes pictures around her, we can hear Cash say "You're alright, Chang!" before breaking the handshake and turning to admire her trophy. Chang turns around and gets a hug from Charity Rockwell, who guides her Flapper Doodles partner out of the ring.]

LD: That's a relief! I'm really glad to see that, Ben.

BW: What good does that do anyone? Betty Chang just lost a huge match, this is going to knock her down the ladder of contention, and she's just going to go shake Cash's hand? She's going to have to do some major regrouping after losing this one, and Casey Cash isn't going to get a bonus or anything for shaking her hand. She should've waffled her and E-Girl MAX should've beaten Chang down. After all, Chang is still in the Rumble... they could've taken out an opponent right now!

LD: You're a wonderful example for the children, Ben.

[As we see Campbell easily lift the trophy by herself that the Thompsons struggled to carry as a tandem and hand it down to Cash and Hamilton on the floor, we cut to Mark Steggle, standing just outside of the building beside "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey. Michelle stands with her hands on her hips, dressed out in a purple Los Angeles Sparks hoodie over what we presume to be her ring gear for the evening, carrying a similar basketball-themed motif with her split-color kneepads and shinpads, purple on the left leg and gold on the right.]

MS: Hello Reseda! And hello Showtime fans! I'm standing by with half of the team that will go against the AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions Seductive and Destructive in a non-title bout tonight, the "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey, although she made an unusual request in asking for this interview time alone. Would you care to tell us why that is?

[Michelle nods.]

MB: I'm sure everyone will have their assumption about why I didn't want to be interviewed with Julie Somers, especially since we face each other in nine days at Memorial Day Mayhem. I will say... that's not the reason.

MS: It's not?

[Michelle shakes her head.]

MB: When Julie and I talked earlier today, she said she needed to tell the world about what happened to her brother last week, when Team Supreme injured him. From the way she was talking, she had a lot of feelings that she needed to process, and, well...

[A hesitation.]

MB: I have an obligation, both personally as a friend and ethically as a therapist to give her the space to work out those feelings in her own way.

[Mark raises an eyebrow.]

MS: I have to ask, Michelle... are you sure it has nothing to do with your impending challenge to her Women's World Title?

MB: Positive.

[The two look at each other, as a moment of hesitation passes.]

MS: I get the feeling there's something you're not telling me.

[Michelle sighs, looking down at the pavement.]

MB: I don't know why people keep trying to make things more complicated than it is. We're teaming today, we'll fight each other in nine days. When I wrestled in Japan, I did this all the time. Team with someone one night, fight them the next. It's no big deal. I'll put my boots on and go to work, same as I always do.w

MS: But you have to admit, the stakes have never been this high for you. It is, after all, your first shot at a World Title.

[Michelle frowns, her eyes remaining fixed on the ground. She doesn't speak, seeming lost in thought. The post of her tongue piercing emerges from the corner of her mouth, sliding across the length of her lips before disappearing back into her mouth on the other side. Another moment passes before Mark gets a bit impatient.]

MS: Michelle?

[Michelle snaps out of her thoughts, putting her hand up to her head in a bit of visible frustration.]

MB: I am thinking about what I want to say, because I need to choose my words carefully. Everything I say, it's being analyzed, scrutinized at levels I've never seen

before, and I don't want my words or my actions to be twisted into something they aren't.

[She nods her head, looking back up at Mark.]

MB: When I got a phone call from Ricki Toughill asking me if I'd team with Julie tonight against Harley Hamilton and Cinder, yeah, I was a little concerned about it. Team with the woman who will be my opponent in the biggest match of my life? Give her an up close look at what I have to do to keep my head above water against two of the best wrestlers in the world? Sure, there's plenty of tape she can watch on me, but to be right there, in a match with her? Even as my partner? It's not exactly an ideal situation.

[Michelle clears her throat.]

MB: And being honest, it's not like I owe Ricki any additional favors after that stunt she pulled a few months back against the Peach Pits, when we had to team with Harley and she walked out of the match.

[She frowns at the memory.]

MB: But looking at the other side of things, Julie is in the same boat I am. She has to deal with the same conditions, with her opponent in a huge defense of her title getting to see everything she has against those same two fantastic wrestlers on the other side. I can't stand here and tell you that I'm getting a raw deal, Mark. So why not use this moment to prepare myself for the biggest match of my career against those two? Seductive and Destructive are certainly going to test us to the utmost of our limits.

[Mark looks a little stunned.]

MS: And it has nothing to do with wanting to get your hands on Harley Hamilton and Cinder? To teach them a lesson?

[Michelle puts her hands on her hips and gives Mark a smirk, her motherly side showing up.]

MB: What exactly makes you think they'd listen to me?

[The question catches Mark off-guard, so Michelle continues on.]

MB: Something I learned long ago, Mark, is that I can't get wrapped up in someone else's behavior. How Harley Hamilton and Cinder act isn't how I'd act, but you can't really argue with their results. They're the Tag Team Champions, Cinder still has that Steal the Spotlight contract waiting in the wings, and with the Rumble coming up, who knows what they have cooked up with Casey Cash and Melody Thompson in the mix.

[She shrugs.]

MB: If I stood here and got mad about everyone who didn't do things the way I'd do them, I'd never get anything done.

[Mark raises a hand in protest.]

MS: But Harley Hamilton has also been taking potshots at you for close to a year!

[Another shrug from the "Platinum Princess".]

MB: Do you remember when you were younger, about 15 years ago, how Luke Kinsey and I used to be at each other's throats? And how we fought in that cage match and beat each other to a bloody pulp?

[Mark nods.]

MB: He's coming to my house for Sunday dinner tomorrow.

[Mark looks shocked, as Michelle nudges him with her elbow.]

MB: It's not worth the energy to hold onto grudges like that, and throw myself off of my plan, or try to force myself somewhere that the winds aren't taking me. So what, Harley Hamilton said a couple of things about me, with Cinder backing her up. Who hasn't? And so what, Ricki Toughill walked out of a match because she was frustrated with Harley. I can still do her a favor, right? And so what, I fight Julie Somers in nine days, with her World Title on the line... I can team with her tonight, and take on the best tag team in the world.

[She grins.]

MB: And we can win, too, if we put our minds to it. Just like I can win at Dodger Stadium, I can be the World Champion if I put my mind to it, because that's where I choose to put my energy rather than trying to teach someone a lesson that they're not ready - or for that matter, willing - to learn yet anyway.

[Michelle looks at Mark and gives him a wink.]

MB: And if it's meant to be, it'll be.

[She walks out of frame, leaving Mark in thought, unable to respond. After a moment, he motions with his hand off-camera, and we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!]

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up as the ACCESS 365 logo appears on the screen and we cut to a parked black SUV. The passenger side door opens, and we see Rey Fuerza, recognizable by the red mask, with gold trim around the eye holes and mouth, the image of a four-pointed gold crown in the middle of his brow, and a war hammer smashing a lightning bolt airbrushed in gold on both sides of the mask, step out of the vehicle. He also has on a black button-down shirt and black pants. Rey Fuerza acknowledges the camera with a nod, but goes to the back of the SUV, presumably to unload their gear.

Instead, it is his cousin, Guerrero Oscuro, in a plain black mask, with a smoke gray trim around the eye holes and mouth, who approaches the camera crew. He is dressed similarly to his cousin, in black pants and a black button-down shirt.]

GO: And just like that, we have new AWA World Tag Team champions... and somehow, all of Team Supreme are the champions?

That's fine... Nueva Generación Oscura are no strangers to tag team chaos... Multi-men chaos seems to be a fairly regular occurrence where we've competed. Whether it is the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad, or the Gold Standard, or any other combination of members of Team Supreme?

We've got our eyes on a shot at the World Tag Team titles.

[Oscuro looks back at the American Legion Hall behind him.]

GO: Unfortunately, tonight, that's not on the cards. Pity, since we love this place... Oh, yeah, we've competed in this hot box before, several times on our many excursions north. We love the energy and we love the chaos that this place brings. Which is why, even though we have not been scheduled to compete, we had to be here, especially as we kick off the Showtime Summer Tour.

And we plan to be there at The Temple in Boyle Heights, too. But since the numbers game seems to be the thing here in the AWA these days...

[Rey Fuerza approaches his cousin, pulling two black wheeled suitcases behind him, but he doesn't approach. With him is another masked man, dressed in a white dress shirt and black pants, a black jacket draped over his right shoulder. His mask is silver, with black trim around the eye holes and mouth. The opening around the mouth is large, exposing his chin. Devotees of lucha libre may recognize the mask as that of "El Niño" Vengador V. Without acknowledging the camera, he addresses his cousins.]

VV: Hermanos, I've heard your stories of being here in the AWA. I guess tonight I get to see for myself what the big deal is. ¡Vámonos! Show me what this company has to offer.

[Vengador V leads the trio on their way, with Guerrero Oscuro giving a parting nod to the camera...

...and with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we fade to a live shot backstage at the American Legion Hall in Reseda. The cramped, dimly lit space is cluttered with folding chairs, a battered vending machine, and a few flickering fluorescent lights. Mariah Wolfe stands with a microphone, her expression a mix of professionalism and barely concealed disdain. She's flanked by E-Girl MAX: Harley Hamilton stands front and center, arms crossed, a smirk of superiority on her face; Cinder leans against a wall, with a manic grin; Casey Cash is slumped against Harley, sweaty and exhausted from her match; and the Thompson Sisters fidget nearby, whispering and giggling to each other. Every so often, a camera's flashbulb goes off, indicating the presence of Riley Campbell somewhere in the shadows.]

MW: Well, I suppose congratulations are in order. Casey Cash, we just saw you manage to scrape by with one heck of an upset win over Betty Chang out there in the ring.

HH: Excuse you. "Scrape by"? "Upset"!? Are you kidding me, Mariah? Casey didn't just win - she made Betty Chang tap out! You call that a congratulations?

C: Puh-furr-muh-tive nonsense!

MT: None of the professionalism of Holly Rowe.

HT: Not to mention the class or grace!

HH: This is just blatant disrespect towards you, isn't it, Casey?

[Casey lifts her head weakly from Harley's shoulder, her breathing heavy. She gives a faint nod of agreement before letting her head drop back down, too tired to speak.]

MW: Let's move on, please?

C: Coward!

[Mariah ignores her.]

MW: You and Cinder have a big match coming up against Michelle Bailey and the World Champion, Julie Somers. Any thoughts on-

[Hamilton interrupts.]

HH: Yeah, I've got a lot of thoughts. Look, Michelle Bailey... I thought she was different. She's always got all these lovely things to say about us. But lately? I keep seeing her standing across the ring from us as our enemy. For someone who claims to be sooo understanding and supportive, it's awfully convenient that she's always standing in our way, isn't it?

C: They're all wolves in sheep's clothing, Harley. Ye cannae trust'em as far as ye can throw'em. Like m'wicked step-mummy Ricki, they distract ye by whisperin' sweet words in ye ear so they stab ye in the back!

HH: Actions speak louder than words and Michelle's are screaming at me loud and clear.

C: Aye, lass. Ignore her lies. She's playin' nice now, but she's just another snake in the grass, waiting to sink its fangs into us when we least expect it!

HH: And don't even get me started on Julie Somers. Let me tell you something, Julie-

[Mariah holds up a hand in Hamilton's face as she places the other hand to her ear, listening to something on her earpiece.]

MW: Hold that thought, Harley! We've got to cut to the ring - Julie Somers has some comments of her own right now.

[The air freezes. Harley's face twists into a mask of fury, her fists clenching. Cinder's grin is replaced by a scowl. Casey lifts her head up from Harley's shoulder again, confused, while Melody and Harmony gasp dramatically.]

HH: Cut to the ring? Again? You've got to be kidding me, Mariah! How many times are you going to do this to us?

C: It cannae be a mere coincidence. You'd think they'd learn dae lesson after what happened to that poor cheerleader the last time this happened.

HH: Every damn time we're out here, you pull this crap! I'm getting real tired of being treated like an afterthought around here. We are your WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! Yet, every single time we try to say something important, you cut us off to hear from one of the AWA's chosen ones.

[Casey lifts her head from Harley's shoulder, slightly more alert now.]

CC: It's pathetic!

[And she drops her head back down to rest once more.]

MW: It's not my call, Harley. Take it up with the producers or, you know, Julie herself.

HH: Oh, we will! You wanna give her the spotlight? Fine! We'll take it right back! Come on, girls!

[Harley shoves past Mariah and storms off camera, Cinder skipping behind her. Casey stumbles after Harley, still catching her breath, but is lifted up into Riley Campbell's arms and carried off screen as Melody and Harmony follow behind, chattering excitedly. Mariah watches them go, shaking her head with a smirk.]

MW: Well, folks, looks like we're in for a showdown. Back to the ring!

[The camera lingers for a beat on the empty, cramped backstage area before cutting away to the ring where we see "The Spitfire" Julie Somers is standing there, mic in hand, observing the cheering crowd. Somers is already dressed in her wrestling attire, consisting of a red halter top and matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Her wavy brown hair is pulled behind her head. The AWA Women's World Title belt is strapped around her waist.

And the crowd is already getting fired up before she can even speak.]

"SPIT-FIRE!"
clapclapclap

"SPIT-FIRE!"
clapclapclap

"SPIT-FIRE!"

clapclapclap

"SPIT-FIRE!"

clapclapclap

[Somers can't help but grin, even raising her hand for a moment and gesturing to keep that chant going. But after having her fun, she lowers her hand, then raises it back up, signaling for the fans to settle down. She then raises the mic to her lips.]

JS: Thank you... you know I love you all and appreciate you. It's great to be here in Reseda for the first time ever but...

[That gets some cheers going up again, but before the crowd can get another chant going, Somers holds up her hand again.]

JS: I know, I know, but as I was about to say... I only wish it came under better circumstances. After all, I'm just days away from defending my title against one of the greatest wrestlers of all time, somebody I consider a good friend and...

[Her grin is gone and now she has a somber look on her face.]

JS: Unfortunately, it was a week ago when my brother Howie was injured at the hands of Team Supreme.

[She presses her free hand against her forehead and it looks like she's trying to keep her composure.]

JS: Yeah, my brother and my best friend lost the tag team titles, but that's the last thing on my mind right now. What's on my mind, first and foremost, is my brother is going to be out of action for a while.

[She takes a deep breath.]

JS: He has a broken kneecap and he's going to be out for at least a few months and...

[She raises her head, pushes back a loose strand of hair from her face and then takes another breath.]

JS: And even though, one might say, that my brother and I travel down different paths, I still want to be there for him. Because he's a part of my family. I mean, I've grown up alongside him and we've been through so much together. A part of me just wants to be by his side, making sure he's gonna be OK, making sure he's doing fine with his recovery.

[The crowd remains silent as Somers continues.]

JS: But when I was there in that hospital room with him, my brother reminded me about something... about how important it was to be here in Reseda tonight, to be by the side of Michelle Bailey for our match tonight.

[And the crowd is silent no more, because they are cheering for that.]

JS: And he reminded me about how important it was to be there at Memorial Day Mayhem, to be ready for my biggest title defense yet, against one of the all-time greats... to be ready to face somebody who you personally offered to defend the title against because you respected, loved and believed in that woman.

[She nods and manages a smile.]

JS: And that's when I realized that he was right... that I can't disappoint anyone. Not Michelle Bailey, not all the fans who are here tonight, watching at home or coming to Dodger Stadium, and certainly not myself, for not getting into the ring to defend this title belt right here.

[She gestures to the title belt around her waist.]

JS: And tonight, Michelle and I going to face two women who have gotten under my skin and are still getting under it to this day.

[Now her somber look is gone, replaced by a more serious look.]

JS: I imagine some people may wonder if I can focus on teaming with the woman I'm going to face in Los Angeles in just a few days, especially after what happened to my brother. But I can promise you this...

[But before she can finish that sentence...]

"WHO CARES ABOUT YOUR STUPID BROTHER???"

[Before Julie can finish, the crowd erupts as E-Girl MAX storms out from behind the curtain. Harley Hamilton leads the way, fury etched on her face from being cut off backstage. Cinder follows, her manic grin now replaced by a scowl. The Thompson Sisters skip out, sneering in sync. Riley Campbell lumbers behind, cradling an exhausted Casey Cash in her arms - barely conscious after her grueling upset win over Betty Chang. Harley snatches a mic from a ringside tech, her voice filled with anger.]

HH: Oh, boo-hoo, Julie Somers has a sob story! Cry me a river, you attention-starved baby!

[The Reseda crowd splits, boos clashing with cheers as some of the more unsavory characters in the audience revel in Harley's inflammatory remarks. Harley stomps halfway down the aisle, pointing at Julie with venom.]

HH: You know what, you whiny little princess? We were just backstage, trying to talk about OUR victories - Casey tapping out Betty Chang, me and Cindy as your WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS - and what happens? They cut us off for YOU! Because you're the AWA's precious golden child, spoon-fed every damn opportunity on a silver platter and shoved down everybody's throats, while we're treated like dirt!

[Casey, limp in Riley's arms, lifts her head weakly.]

CC: Pathetic... golden child!

[Her head drops back, exhausted. Harmony and Melody giggle, chanting mockingly as they twirl their hair.]

HT and MT: Golden child, golden child, worthless golden child!

[Sure enough, some of the more hostile fans in the crowd follow suit with a small but vocal chant.]

"GOLD-EN CHIIILD!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"GOLD-EN CHIIILD!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"GOLD-EN CHIIILD!"
clapclap clapclapclap

[Harley steps closer, her voice dripping with anger.]

HH: You always walk around here thinking you're so high and mighty, acting like people are afraid to face you, but you're nothing but a fraud!

[The crowd roars with boos at that one.]

C: Always takin' the path of least resistance! Was m'evil step-mummy Ricki even a ranked contender, or just a soft touch to pad yer record? And now ye're pickin' fights with the likes of Michelle Bailey, the big tournament queen who only won 'cause the AWA rigged it, bytheway! Keepin' us sidelined after we rightfully smashed Vekki Joon to bits! She crossed us, and we sorted her, fair's fair!

[Hamilton nods.]

HH: You duck real contenders like me and Cindy, who have been atop the rankings for months, hiding behind your corporate shield. Your AWA puppet masters keep propping up their obedient little stooge, but just like your bro and his doofus friend found out... they can't protect their puppets forever!

[Cinder takes the mic from Harley, storming toward the ring, leaping up on the ring apron and leaning over the ropes with a menacing grin at Julie.]

C: Aye, and ye think ye're so noble, bleatin' about yer brother? We were tryin' to tell the world somethin' important back there, but ye stole our spotlight again, ye selfish cow!

Maybe after we smash ye and that snake Michelle Bailey tonight, we'll make a trip to the hospital. Finish off yer precious Howie; crack that other kneecap and put the pathetic mutt out of his misery!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Somers abruptly rushes forward, throwing a right hand into the mouth of Cinder, knocking her flat to a huge cheer from the Reseda crowd...]

LD: And I think the champion has heard enough, Ben!

BW: She may have heard enough but that temper of hers may have just got her into a situation she can't control! She just rushed into a two on one!

[Harley Hamilton slides into the ring to aide Cinder, but Somers wheels around to catch her with a right hand as well, sending her staggering back towards the corner.]

LD: She's doing pretty well on her own right now!

[Somers hops to the middle rope, balling up her fist...]

LD: Here we go!

[...and the Reseda crowd counts along with the blows to Hamilton's skull!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EI-"

[But as Cinder comes in from behind, Somers leaps off the middle rope, twisting into a crossbody that takes the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner off her feet!]

LD: Down goes Cinder AGAIN!

[Somers stays down on top of Cinder, battering her with right hands to even more cheers...

...until a running boot to the head from Hamilton cuts her off!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HAMILTON LAYS HER OUT!

[A sneering Hamilton ignores the jeering crowd to lay the boots to the AWA Women's World Champion as Cinder slowly gets up off the mat, shaking her head to clear her thoughts...

...and then adds her own shoe leather to the mix, stomping Somers repeatedly to big jeers!]

LD: And NOW we've got the two on one you were talking about, Ben.

BW: With no sign of Michelle Bailey, Somers' opponent in nine days! We know she's here, we just saw her talking to Mark Steglet! Where's she at, Dane? Huh?!

LD: I'm sure she'll-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Bailey comes busting through the parking lot doors!]

LD: HERE SHE COMES! HERE SHE COMES!

[Bailey wades through the raucous crowd towards the ring where Hamilton and Cinder have noticed her arrival and are preparing to meet her...]

LD: Bailey on her way to help her partner tonight - her opponent in nine days at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[...and Bailey rolls under the ropes, rolling right into a series of kicks from the World Tag Team Champions!]

LD: And the champions were waiting on her!

[The referee, noting all competitors in the ring, signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: We're officially underway here in Reseda - one fall, 45 minute time limit, a Main Event anywhere in the world as the 2018 Royal Crown winner Michelle Bailey teams with the Women's World Champion Julie Somers to take on the Women's World Tag Team Champions, Seductive and Destructive!

[Bailey absorbs the kicks and stomps, coming to her feet swinging...]

LD: Right hand on Hamilton! Cinder gets one as well!

[Grabbing the two attackers by the head, Bailey SMASHES their skulls together!]

LD: Ohhh! Michelle going old school with the meeting of the minds - the old double noggin knocker - and out to the floor goes the champions!

[Falling to the outside, Hamilton grabs at her head as Cinder wails in pain leaning against the ring apron...]

LD: And just like that, Michelle Bailey turns this thing around, helping her partner to her feet now and-

[...the crowd "ooooohs" as a rising Somers SHOVES Bailey backwards!]

LD: -uh oh... a little early trouble between these future opponents...

[Somers can be heard shouting "WHERE WERE YOU?!" as Bailey tries to plead her case with a "YOU ATTACKED THEM BEFORE THE BELL!" as the champions regroup on the outside.]

LD: This is a non-title match of course but you know the stakes are high for both teams as they get ready to compete at Memorial Day Mayhem in nine days. On that night in Dodger Stadium, we know the show's going to kick off with Michelle Bailey finally... FINALLY... challenging for the World Title when she takes on Julie Somers, the Spitfire. We also know whoever loses that one will be competing in the Rumble later in the night. Harley Hamilton and Cinder will be putting the gold on the line against Victoria June and Kayla Cristol, the Country Punks... and all four of those women will be in the Rumble as well. So, it'll be a busy night for all of these women in Los Angeles a week from Monday.

[With Hamilton and Cinder huddled up on the outside, Somers shouts for them to get inside the ring... and Bailey can be seen trying to calm her partner down as the official gestures for one in and one out.]

LD: Michelle Bailey perhaps having to use some of her outside-the-ring skills here, trying to get Julie Somers in a better place to compete here... a better place mentally, I should say. Somers is living up to her name right now, Ben - a true Spitfire.

BW: She is... but the better question is - why isn't Bailey? Why is it that every time we see Michelle Bailey interact with E-Girl MAX, she seems like she'd be just as happy teaming WITH them than against them?

LD: I don't agree with the premise of the question at all, Ben. Look, I think Michelle Bailey has some respect for these women... perhaps more than a lot of people in the AWA do. Yes, that's true. Perhaps there's even some MUTUAL respect there as Harley Hamilton doesn't seem anywhere near as obnoxious towards Bailey as she does towards most competitors she faces.

BW: Or Bailey's secretly joined E-Girl MAX and they're just waiting for the right time - say nine days from now - to pull the rug out from under Somers and add more gold to the group.

LD: I don't think so, Ben... and we've got both teams getting in there now. Bailey's somehow convinced Somers to let her start this match while Somers tries to regain her composure...

[On the other side of the ring, we see Harley Hamilton taking her spot in the ring as Cinder steps to the apron, giving her partner an aggressive and rough shoulder

massage that causes Hamilton to wince, smirking as she pulls away, and finds herself in the ring with Michelle Bailey.]

BW: We may be about to find out... what if Bailey just whips around and buries the hatchet right between Somers' eyes, Dane?

LD: That's NOT going to happen, Ben. I know Michelle Bailey too well to believe that this is all a setup of some kind.

BW: We'll see.

[Bailey and Hamilton step into a tieup, jockeying for position...]

LD: Back and forth they go, pushing their way around the ring, pretty evenly matched up in the size and strength department... maybe Bailey with a slight power edge...

[...and Bailey shoves her back a few steps to some applause as Hamilton gives a nod, sizing her up for a moment before lunging back into another tieup.]

LD: ...and the second generation superstar is right back in it, pushing Bailey back across the ring...

[They bounce off the ropes, giving Bailey a little extra "oomph" to shove Hamilton away a second time...

...and this time, Hamilton comes up complaining, telling Shari Miranda that Bailey pulled her long blonde locks!]

LD: Well, Harley Hamilton is complaining about a hairpull, fans, but I saw no such thing.

BW: I think I did. Bailey's always looking for a way to cheat the game.

LD: That's not accurate at all, Ben.

[Bailey denies the hairpull as Hamilton smirks in her direction...

...and the crowd lets Hamilton hear it.]

"MEN-TI-RO-SA!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"MEN-TI-RO-SA!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"MEN-TI-RO-SA!"

clap clap clapclapclap

[Dane chuckles.]

LD: Harley Hamilton apparently not up on her Spanish Duolingo classes to know that our Reseda crowd is calling her a liar.

[Hamilton puts her pout on, stomping towards her crowd shouting "WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?!" to Cinder who cups a hand to her ear to hear better..

...and an angry Hamilton jumps back into a tieup, blatantly using a hairpull to drag Bailey into a side headlock.]

LD: Well, THERE'S a pull of the hair. Shari letting her hear it for that but Hamilton - as usual - pays no attention to anyone with authority.

[Bailey uses her strength to shove Hamilton off, sending her across the ring...]

LD: Into the ropes goes Hamilton and... ohhh! Look out! Harley Hamilton ran her RIGHT down with a big tackle!

[The crowd jeers that as Hamilton smirks, flashing a quick double bicep pose before dashing to the ropes...]

LD: Hamilton looking to take advantage... up and over Bailey... to the far side... leapfrog by Bailey now...

[And as Hamilton rebounds, she runs right into a lift and a slam by Bailey to cheers!]

LD: ...and a scoop slam puts Hamilton down! Nicely done by Bailey!

[It's time for a grinning Bailey to strike her own double bicep pose to louder cheers as Hamilton scoots towards the ropes, eyeballing Bailey as Cinder shouts "SHE'S GOT NOTHIN' ON YA!" to her ally and tag team champion partner. Bailey stands at the ready but doesn't press the advantage - despite some shouts from her partner to do exactly that. Bailey turns her head towards the corner, throwing a glance at Somers who slaps the turnbuckle shouting "STAY ON HER!"]

LD: Julie Somers trying to get Michelle Bailey to press the situation but Bailey's not about to rush into the Seductive and Destructive corner which I think is a smart move, Ben.

BW: You just fall all over yourself trying to defend her, don't you? Okay, Defense Attorney Dane... if Michelle Bailey hasn't joined E-Girl MAX, why is she so chummy with them?

LD: Again, I don't think that's true at all! She might not have the same vitriol towards them that a lot of our locker room has but that doesn't mean she's about to join up with them, Ben. Besides, you're the one who thinks you've got all the answers, you tell me!

[With Hamilton on her feet in the corner, Bailey waves her out to the middle of the ring to continue the battle as Hamilton slowly edges forward, arms extended...]

LD: Back to the tieup... and this time, it's Bailey with the side headlock, cranking that head and neck on Hamilton...

[Hamilton grabs the hair, dragging Bailey back into the ropes where she promptly shoves her off. Bailey rebounds back, hurdling a diving Hamilton... coming off again to duck under a Hamilton leapfrog...]

LD: ...Harley on the move and... ohhh! This time, it's Bailey who runs her right down!

[Bailey dives on top of Hamilton, earning a one count before one-half of the tag team champions escapes...]

BW: Too early for that, Dane.

LD: It is... but it also sends a clear message to the champions. Michelle Bailey's not out for blood. She's out to win. This match may be on behalf of Ricki Toughill who was taken out of action by E-Girl MAX... but Bailey - at least - isn't trying to return the favor to put Hamilton on the shelf.

BW: Alright, Dane... let's assume for a second that she hasn't joined E-Girl MAX...

LD: A safe assumption.

BW: You want other answers why she might be going soft on them?

LD: Well, I wouldn't say-

BW: Maybe... just maybe... it's because she can see the light at the end of the tunnel and she doesn't want to spend the last days of her career in a blood war with E-Girl MAX.

[Dane pauses as Hamilton again regains her feet, leaning in the buckles in her corner as Cinder tries to give her a peptalk.]

LD: What do you mean by that?

BW: Look, Bailey's 40 years old... and her bestie Vasquez is hanging up those boots in nine days. You think that doesn't make someone like Bailey assess how much time she's got left in HER career?

LD: I'm sure it does, Ben.

BW: Exactly. And if I was Michelle Bailey - 40 years old, not knowing how much time in the ring I had left, on the verge of her first World Title match - I'd be wondering if I wanted to spend that time - however long it is - in a war with E-Girl MAX! They're dangerous! Look what they did to Victoria June - took MONTHS off her career! Margarita Flores hasn't been the same since tangling with them last year. They could drag her down into a nasty, dirty blood feud and THAT'S the way she'd go out.

LD: That's a valid point, Ben... you may have something there.

BW: How old were you when you retired?

LD: Who said I'm retired?

[Dane chuckles as Hamilton secures another side headlock, using it to drag Bailey into the corner where she makes the tag.]

LD: And here comes Cinder, the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner, into the match for the first time.

[But as Cinder's coming in, looking to strike, Bailey yanks clear of the headlock, backing off to avoid any doubleteam... and Cinder looks less than thrilled about it.]

LD: Cinder was obviously looking to try and sneak in a doubleteam but Bailey gets clear... for now at least.

[Cinder angrily rushes forward, snatching a tieup, shoving Bailey back into the neutral corner...]

LD: You talk about someone with a hot temper, check out Cinder here...

[...and as Cinder pulls out of the tieup, she comes up swinging with a right hand that Bailey blocks... and returns in kind!]

LD: OH!

[The haymaker sends Cinder tumbling backwards, toppling biscuits over gravy across the ring. Cinder scrambles up, steaming mad as Bailey steps up, fists raised, and Cinder falls a second time, scrambling backwards to cheers from the crowd!]

LD: Hah! Cinder wanting to get rough with Michelle Bailey but maybe she forgot that Bailey gained worldwide fame competing in the E, Ben. She can fight with the best of 'em if that's what it takes!

[Cinder scrambles up off the mat, ducking through the ropes to cause the referee to prevent Bailey from advancing on her...]

LD: Cinder trying to keep away from Bailey and-

[A smirking Bailey plants a boot on the butt of Cinder, sending her falling through the ropes to the outside to big cheers from the Reseda crowd! Cinder is promptly on her feet on the floor, grabbing at her rear end as Hamilton shouts at Bailey, pointing a finger at her...]

LD: -Michelle's having a good time in there, Ben.

BW: She did her time in places like this, Dane. After the E shut down, when she wasn't competing in Japan, this is the kind of spot that she competed in all over the United States... and hey, maybe THAT'S why she isn't trying to rip their heads off. There's gotta be some serious emotions for her to be back in a place like this... and she's just thinking about how easily she could end up back in these places if she doesn't keep her focus on Somers next week.

LD: Ben, no matter how her title challenge goes, I don't think there's ANY chance Michelle ends up back on the indy scene.

BW: That's what everyone thinks until they end up working their merch table at intermission hoping the promoter doesn't skip out on paying them.

[Cinder takes a quick lap around the ring, ignoring the jeering crowd that's so close to her, keeping her eyes on the ring where Bailey awaits her...]

LD: Cinder back up on the apron, coming back into the ring... fire in her eyes now after being embarrassed right there by Bailey. Cinder's always been the hothead of the group... Hamilton's the plotter... Casey Cash is the flunkie...

BW: Flunkie?! She just beat Betty Chang in a big match! She deserves more respect than that, Dane.

LD: It was a big win for her for sure... but let me know when she isn't following Hamilton and Cinder's orders.

[Cinder rushes in, feigning a tieup but coming out with an armwringer on Bailey, cranking the limb...]

LD: Cinder wrenching that arm and... she's too close to the wrong corner...

[...and stretching backwards, Bailey slaps the offered hand of her partner, bringing the champion in to a huge cheer!]

LD: Somers makes the tag... in she comes... boom! Big right hand to the ribs on Cinder!

[And the fists keep coming, raining down on Cinder, driving her back through the ropes to the outside to another big cheer!]

LD: SOMERS IS ALL OVER HER!

[The hot-headed Spitfire sends Cinder falling through the ropes to the floor...

...and then goes through the ropes after her to a wild cheer from the crowd who sees the World Champion and the Steal The Spotlight winner spilling out towards them!]

LD: Look out - the fight is out at ringside now... and there ain't a lot of room out there for a fight!

[Cinder promptly slips a right hand in before making a run for it, sprinting around the ring with Somers in pursuit...]

LD: We've got a footrace on the floor!

[...and the fiesty Scot rolls under the ropes, Somers still on her heels as Cinder dashes to the ropes...]

LD: Cinder to the ropes... Somers drops down, Cinder up and over...

[...and as Cinder comes back, Somers takes flight!]

LD: ...OHHH, WHATTA DROPKICK!

[As Cinder hits the deck, Hamilton comes in from behind Somers, running right into a haymaker from the World Champion!]

LD: OH! HAMILTON GETS CAUGHT!

[Cinder scrambles up, getting caught with another right hand, staggering into the wrong part of town where Bailey spreads her arms...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and SMASHES them together on the ears of Cinder to cheers, sending her stumbling back towards a waiting Somers...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who chops Cinder off her feet, putting her down on the canvas where Somers stands over her before leaping high, dropping down with a legdrop on Cinder!]

LD: LEGDROP CONNECTS! Somers and Bailey have the champions reeling...

[Grabbing the leg, Somers drags Cinder towards the corner, making a quick tag to Bailey who grabs the top rope, nodding at the Spitfire...]

LD: ...what's this now?

[...and Somers gives the top rope a yank, sending Bailey up and over, crashing down on the chest of Cinder with a flying splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Showing a little love to Next Gen right there, to her injured brother Howie...

[Bailey stays on Cinder, earning a two count before she escapes as Somers ducks back out to the apron...]

LD: ...and that was a nice show of teamwork by Bailey and Somers, Ben.

BW: It was... and it's the kind of thing they're going to need if they're gonna beat the World Tag Team Champions. You know my belief, Dane - two great singles wrestlers will never beat a great tag team.

LD: Anything can happen in the AWA on any given night, Ben... and I hadn't really thought about it until you just said that but what if they DO get the win tonight? Does that put Julie and Michelle in line for a future World Tag Team Title shot against these two or the Country Punks?

BW: It definitely could. Non-title tonight but it doesn't have to stay that way down the road.

[Climbing off the mat, Bailey grabs a leg on Cinder, giving it a yank before dropping an elbow down on the knee once... twice... three times... all to big cheers from the Reseda crowd...]

LD: Cinder's trapped on the wrong half of the ring and Michelle Bailey's going to work on that leg, targeting the knee of the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner.

BW: I'm surprised you're even willing to call her that.

LD: I may not like how she did it but I have to go by what the record books say, Ben.

[Bailey pins the ankle down, slapping Somers' hand...]

LD: Another tag... and OOOOOVER the top down onto the leg comes Somers!

[...and Cinder kicks and flails on the mat, having had Somers drop all her weight down across the leg in a somersault senton!]

LD: Somers and Bailey showing some skill together as a tag team - maybe Ricki Toughill made the right choice in picking them to face the champions here tonight in Reseda... what a night it's already been, fans... and we've still got the Infinity Gauntlet to come... we've still got that massive World Television Title Main Event still to come...

[Somers folds up the legs on Cinder who is on her stomach, dropping down to crank back on them...]

LD: ...you might call this a modified Crab of some kind, stretching out all those leg muscles and ligaments, putting pressure on the hamstrings... on the ankles and knees...

BW: It's similar to a grounded version of Supernova's Solar Flare and is a very effective way to wear down the legs of your opponent.

LD: Putting the pressure on... Cinder clawing at the mat...

[Somers takes a knee behind her, pushing down on that ankle to increase the pressure on the folded legs as Cinder cries out, burying her face into the mat.]

LD: Somers REALLY working her over now...

[A shouted "ASK HER, REF!" gets a screamed "NOOOOOOO!" from Cinder who twists her body, looking back at Somers...

...and then reaches back at Somers, digging her fingers into the eyes!]

LD: Oh!

BW: That's one way out of it!

[Cinder scrambles off the mat, ignoring the referee's shouts as she turns towards the temporarily blinded Somers...

...who uses a drop toehold to BOUNCE Cinder's face off the mat to more cheers as Hamilton throws up her arms in frustration.]

LD: Down goes Cinder again... and we've got another tag...

[Somers slaps the hand of Bailey, snatching up a leg as Bailey comes in to grab the other...]

LD: What's this now?

[...and the duo tumble forward, snapping the hamstrings of Cinder who wails in pain. Both women roll right to their feet, Bailey grinning... and Somers storming forward to DRILL Hamilton with a right hand, knocking her off the apron to loud cheers as Bailey gives her partner a quick glance...]

LD: Haha! The crowd is loving it here in Reseda!

BW: I'm not sure Bailey's loving it. She looked less than thrilled at that cheap shot on Hamilton.

[But Bailey stays on Cinder, extending the leg and cranking on the ankle as Hamilton glares up at her from the floor...]

LD: Bailey right back to work on the leg... showing the hallmarks of a good tag team. Cutting the ring in half, keeping one competitor in, working a body part...

[Bailey's steps on the other ankle, pinning it down after Cinder tried to upkick at her...]

LD: ...look at the wishbone stretch there, both legs getting bent in an uncomfortable way now...

[...and Bailey moves into a spinning toehold, cranking the knee...]

LD: ...oh, and now into the submission hold! Bailey's a ring technician in there - she knows how to put a hurting on someone down on the mat like this...

[...and spins around a second time, Cinder crying out...]

LD: ...working on that leg and- OH!

[...but as she goes for a third time, Cinder reaches up and BLASTS her with a right hand, knocking her back towards her corner...]

LD: Cinder slips free but Bailey makes the tag!

[Somers comes through the ropes...

...and again charges across the ring, SMASHING a right hand into Harley Hamilton, knocking her off the apron to cheers!]

BW: Again, Dane... the crowd liked it but Bailey didn't. Bailey's telling her right now that she should've stayed on Cinder and not gone after Hamilton!

[Somers shakes her head at Bailey, grabbing Cinder's leg...]

LD: Even though they're in control right now, you get the feeling that all is not well with Somers and Bailey here tonight, Ben.

BW: How could it be? They've gotta meet for the biggest prize in women's wrestling in nine days. How could ANYONE expect they'd be sunshine and rainbows teaming together? Dane, you've been in title matches before... you know the preparation they're going through. Hours and hours of video, analyzing every little weakness... and then to put that aside and try to work together... it's a big ask.

[Somers flips Cinder over into a half Crab, cranking on the leg...]

LD: And now it's Somers looking for a submission!

[...but she barely has time to settle into it before Harley Hamilton comes barnstorming in, drilling her in the back of the head with a forearm smash, knocking her down on the mat!]

LD: OHH! HAMILTON FROM BEHIND!

[The referee lets Hamilton hear it as she backs her out of the ring, the fans joining in as Michelle Bailey looks on exasperated from her corner, shouting "COME ON, JULIE!"]

BW: "Come on, Julie?!" Your partner just got ramshackled by Hamilton and that's the best you can do?!

LD: Somers on her feet now...

[She steps towards Hamilton who waves her forward...]

LD: Julie Somers wants her a piece of Harley Hamilton!

[...the referee trying to prevent it, shouting at her to stay with Cinder as Bailey shouts the same thing from the outside...]

LD: Somers trying to get at Hamilton and... LOOK OUT!

[...and Cinder THROWS herself into a running knee to the back, driving Somers forward to crash into the turnbuckles!]

LD: Cinder from the blind side, putting her own body on the line by jamming that injured knee into the back... and there's the tag to Harley Hamilton!

BW: You wanted her, Spitfire?! Now you got her!

[Hamilton comes in hot, battering Somers with short forearms, driving her back into the ropes as Cinder rolls to the outside.]

LD: Hamilton all over the World Champion, working her ov-

[But the fired-up Somers starts swinging...]

LD: Wait a second! The Spitfire firing back!

[...and with the crowd ROARING, Somers UNLOADS with a heavy chop that sends Hamilton flipping over the ropes, crashing down to the outside!]

LD: OUT TO THE FLOOR GOES HAMILTON! She thought she had Somers right where she wanted her after the tag but Julie Somers is on a different level here tonight! She's nine days away from the biggest title defense of her reign in front of a sold out crowd in Los Angeles and-

[Somers dashes across the ring...]

LD: -OHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes that as Somers HURLS herself through the ropes, diving out onto a shocked Hamilton to a ROAR from the Reseda crowd!]

LD: SOMERS DIVES TO THE OUTSIDE - A HEAT-SEEKING MISSILE THAT JUST WIPED OUT HARLEY HAMILTON!

BW: AND THE FIRST TWO ROWS!

[With chairs and fans spilling about, Somers stays on Hamilton, battering her with right hands to the thrill of the up close and personal crowd!]

LD: SOMERS ISN'T DONE ON THE OUTSIDE EITHER!

[The Spitfire climbs to her feet, hauling Harley up by her hair...

...and SMASHES her face down into the apron before shoving her back inside the ring. Michelle Bailey looks on from the corner, watching as Somers climbs back up on the apron.]

LD: The Women's World Champion may be looking to finish the job here...

[Somers runs down the length of the apron, climbing up the ropes...]

LD: ...the Spitfire looking to take flight again!

[...but as she climbs, Hamilton rolls to her knee, reaching out to grab Shari Miranda...]

LD: What is she...?

[...which allows Cinder to scramble up off the apron, stepping up onto the bottom rope...]

LD: OHHH!

[...and BLAST Somers with a European uppercut, sending her flying backwards off the ropes, crashing backfirst down on the canvas!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SOMERS HITS HARD!

[Cinder collapses on the ropes, shaking out her leg as she waves at Hamilton to finish off Somers...]

LD: Hamilton pushing aside Miranda... ohhh! LEAPING KNEEDROP TO THE SPINE!

[With Somers down on her chest, Hamilton UNLOADS on her, burying forearm after forearm into the lower back before climbing to her feet and stomping the kidney area on the World Champion...]

BW: All those cheap shot chickens are coming home to roost!

[...and drags Somers up by the arm, whipping her into the turnbuckles!]

LD: Hard whip into the corner... Somers is in trouble, fans.

[Staggering out, Somers walks into a boot to the midsection, doubling her over for a snap suplex!]

LD: Again, right down onto the back!

[Hamilton pulls Somers up off the mat, shaking her head at the crowd as she shoves her facefirst into the corner, swinging a knee up into the lower back once... twice... three times...]

LD: Hamilton working her over in the corner, dragging her out now... back suplex UP!

[...but in mid-lift, Somers manages to flip out of it, falling to her knee behind Hamilton who wheels around...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and BOOTS her in the face, wiping her out!]

LD: My oh my... what a kick to the mouth by Hamilton and- she covers!

[A two count follows before Somers slips free and Hamilton throws a look to the corner where an anxious Michelle Bailey looks on, clapping her hands for her partner.]

LD: Michelle Bailey giving her support to Julie Somers...

BW: Sure she is.

LD: What’s that supposed to mean?

BW: Do you honestly think that Michelle Bailey is SAD that Somers is getting physically dissected by the World Tag Team Champions right now? Or do you think she’s realizing that Hamilton and Cinder may be doing her the biggest favor in the world by making sure Somers walks into Dodger Stadium not at her best?

[Hamilton pulls Somers off the mat, shoving her back into the corner again...]

“OHHHHH!”

[...and drills her with a forearm shot to the jaw...]

“WHAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and then straightens her up with a stiff chop...]

“WHAAAAAAAACK!”

[...but the crowd ROARS as Somers returns fire with a chop of her own... staggering Hamilton for an instant before she reaches out and sticks a thumb into the eye!]

LD: OH! COME ON!

[As a blinded Somers stumbles down the ropes, Hamilton takes aim and delivers a rushing clothesline that flips the champion over the top, dumping them on the outside!]

LD: OHHH! And a long, hard fall to the floor for the World Champion!

[A look of concern crosses Michelle Bailey's face as Hamilton steps through the ropes, taking aim on Somers who is struggling to get off the floor...]

LD: Hamilton measuring her on the outside...

[...and as Somers reaches her feet, Hamilton goes tumbling off the apron in a somersault, wiping her out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...somersault dive on the concrete here in the American Legion Hall! A dangerous move for Hamilton but it pays off right there, leaving Julie Somers in a bad way here on Showtime...

BW: We talk about Somers and Bailey... but what about the Country Punks? I know we're going to see them in action later tonight but they've gotta be happy at the champions facing such a tough matchup nine days before they get their shot at the Women's World Tag Team Titles, Dane.

LD: Victoria June, fresh off of injury, and the ever-feisty Kayla Cristol will be looking to make history of their own in Dodger Stadium by becoming the second team to hold those titles...

[Out on the floor, Hamilton regains her feet, extending her arms overhead as the fans bellow their disdain in her direction...

...and a chant breaks out.]

"YOU'RE NO HAM-MY!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"YOU'RE NO HAM-MY!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"YOU'RE NO HAM-MY!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[Hamilton glares at the fans angrily before snatching the rising Somers off the mat, yanking her into position for a back suplex...]

LD: Uh oh!

[Hamilton hoists Somers into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS her spine down on the ring apron!]

LD: LORD HAVE MERCY! SPINEFIRST ON THE RING APRON!

BW: You want to taunt Harley Hamilton, Reseda?! There you go!

[A pain-racked Somers rolls under the ropes into the ring as Hamilton glares at the ringside fans, gesturing at the World Champion before rolling back inside the ring to join her. With Bailey's arm outstretched, Somers is crawling towards her partner as Hamilton strides across the ring...]

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

LD: We've reached the fifteen minute mark of this forty-five minute time limit...

[Hamilton takes her time in walking, allowing Somers to use a lot of energy to drag herself across the ring...]

...but makes sure to cut her off cold with a hard stomp to the lower back, shaking her head at Bailey.]

LD: No tag for Somers... she's dangerously close to the corner though... well, not for long.

[The crowd jeers as Hamilton drags Somers several feet back before winding up her elbow, leaping high into the air to drop an elbow down into the lower back, causing Somers to cry out.]

LD: Big elbow connects! Hamilton flips her over, makes the cover!

[A two count follows before Somers escapes to cheers...]

...at which point Hamilton yanks Somers up by the hair, DRILLS her with a headbutt, and then shoves her back down, grinding her forearm into the cheekbone as she attempts another lateral press!]

LD: Another cover... and another two count! Somers hanging on in this one!

[Hamilton kneels on the mat, an irritated look on her face as she looks across the ring at Michelle Bailey, still stretching her arm out towards her partner.]

LD: Harley Hamilton climbing off the mat, bringing Somers up with her...

[A big overhead elbow smash sends Somers falling back into the neutral corner.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

LD: ...big chop in the corner, lighting up the Spitfire...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Somers hangs onto the ropes, trying to stay on her feet as Hamilton measures her up again...]

...and Somers pops her with a forearm on the jaw!]

"OHHH!"

[But Hamilton grabs Somers by the face, shoving her back into the corner, smashing a forearm into the chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and then uncorks a series of hard chops into the chest, leaving Somers reeling before grabbing the arm...]

LD: Hamilton whips her across...

[...but Somers leaps to the middle rope, twisting through the air...]

LD: ...CROSS BODY...

...CAUGHT!

[A struggling Somers tries to get loose from Hamilton's grasp as Harley turns back to the middle of the ring...]

...and DROPS Somers down across a bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: What a backbreaker by one-half of the World Tag Team Champions!

[Hamilton shoves Somers off the knee, applying another lateral press...]

LD: Onnnnnne! Twoooooo!

[...but Somers kicks out again, breaking free!]

LD: Out at two.

[Hamilton climbs to her feet, stomping to the corner to slap the offered hand.]

LD: In comes Cinder off the tag as the champions look to do even more damage to the Spitfire.

[Cinder drags Somers off the mat, yanking her into a double front facelock alongside Hamilton...]

LD: Doubleteam on the waaaaay...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and they bring Somers down HARD with a double suplex!]

LD: Nice suplex - Cinder makes the cover!

[Another two count follows before Somers kicks out.]

LD: Two count again... and Julie Somers is showing this Reseda crowd that she's got the fighting heart of a lion here tonight, Ben.

BW: As Michelle Bailey giggles like a schoolgirl.

LD: She is not! She's trying to tag in!

[Cinder has a few words directed at Shari Miranda as she gets Somers off the mat by the hair, doubling over to wrap her arms around the body...

...and with a loud shriek, she DRIVES Somers' back into the S&D corner with authority!]

LD: Ohhh! Hard into the corner!

[Hanging on the middle rope, Cinder drives her shoulder repeatedly into the body, smashing Somers' back into the corner over and over as Hamilton cheers her on.]

BW: Somers is in the wrong part of town, Dane.

LD: She needs to get out of there for sure.

[Cinder backs off at the referee's orders, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and CRACKS an overhand chop down across the chest of the already-reeling Spitfire!]

LD: Get her out of the corner, Shari!

[Cinder finally backs off, watching as Somers hangs onto the ropes...]

"Oh, did that hurt?"

[...and rubs at her eyes in a mocking fashion.]

LD: Cinder never one to pass up adding insult to injury...

[Cinder goes rushing back in...

...and runs right into a pair of raised boots from Somers!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cinder staggers backwards, grabbing at her jaw as the referee checks on her. Somers hops up on the middle rope, taking aim...

...and as Cinder wraps her arms around Miranda, Harley Hamilton reaches up to grab Somers by the leg!]

LD: Oh, come on! Hamilton grabs the leg from the outside!

[The Spitfire throws a flurry of fists at Hamilton's head, knocking her clear...

...which is when Cinder rushes the corner, grabbing two hands full of hair...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and with a yank of the hair, Somers goes flipping off the middle rope, crashing down on the canvas!]

LD: CINDER PULLS HER DOWN!

[Cinder quickly slaps the hand, bringing in Harley Hamilton...]

LD: Hamilton back in...

[Together, the champions grab Somers, pulling her into position for a double back suplex, lifting her into the air...]

LD: ...up she goes annnnnnnnd...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and they DUMP her down across both knees!]

LD: DOUBLE BACKBREAAAAAAKERRRRR!

BW: WRECK THE SPINE OF THE SPITFIRE!

[Cinder rolls out as Hamilton dives across, snatching a leg...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEE-"

[...but a charging Michelle Bailey dives onto the pile, breaking up the pin in time!]

LD: AND BAILEY SAVES HER PARTNER!

BW: Or sentences her to being punished even LONGER!

LD: Oh, come on, Ben!

[Hamilton angrily gets to her feet, shouting at Bailey who departs the ring as Hamilton yanks Somers into a double underhook, taking her up and over with a butterfly suplex...]

...and then kicks up off the mat, flipping back over onto her feet, hauling Somers up again...]

LD: ROLLING BUTTERFLIES!

[...and as she brings her up a third time...]

LD: MAKE IT THREE!

[...and as Somers hits the canvas again, Hamilton floats into a lateral press, snatching the leg!]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[Bailey's about to come through the ropes to save again when Somers kicks out!]

LD: Somers slips out the back door one more time! Julie Somers hanging on, fighting with all she's got to stay in this tag team showdown just nine days away from putting her title on the line!

BW: And maybe ending up in the Rumble too with a literal Who's Who of women's wrestling! Thirty of the best in the world are gonna be in Los Angeles to see who will move on to Main Event Girls To The Front for the World Title in August.

[Hamilton lets loose a frustrated roar as she gets to her feet, glaring across at Bailey who claps her hands in rhythm, getting the crowd going...]

"LET'S GO SPIT-FIRE!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO SPIT-FIRE!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO SPIT-FIRE!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[...and as Hamilton drags a stunned Somers to her feet, Somers tucks her head under Hamilton's chin, dropping down into a jawbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: And there it is! There's her opening! Julie Somers creates her own chance to make the tag and get Michelle Bailey back into this one!

[Somers is on the move, crawling across the ring towards an anxious Bailey, stomping the mat, trying to get the Spitfire to the corner...]

LD: Somers trying to get there! Hamilton got rocked with that jawbreaker!

[Hamilton flops backwards, throwing herself into a blind tag...]

LD: Tag on one side!

[Cinder comes through the ropes, moving swiftly across towards a crawling Somers...]

LD: SOMERRRRRRRRSSSSSSSS...

[...but Cinder runs right past Somers, SMASHING a forearm into the jaw of Bailey, knocking her off the apron to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...OHHH! CINDER SENDS BAILEY TO THE FLOOR!

[Cinder grabs Somers by the hair, dragging her backwards...

...which is when the crowd ROARS at Michelle Bailey coming under the ropes into the ring, ready to throw fists!]

LD: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[But Shari Miranda throws herself at Bailey, shielding Cinder from the attack by Bailey, pushing her back towards the corner...

...which is when Harley Hamilton comes in to join Cinder in dragging Somers back across the ring.

LD: Seductive and Destructive pulling Somers back to their side of the ring...

[Dragging Somers to her feet, they throw her back into the turnbuckles before Hamilton ducks back out to the floor...]

LD: Out goes Hamilton and Cinder's got Somers right back where she wants her!

[Cinder swings a few knees up into the body, cutting down any fire in the belly of the Spitfire before dragging her out by the hair...]

LD: SCOOPS HER... NO!

[...and as Cinder goes for a scoop, Somers slips out over the top, leaping up...]

LD: DROPKICK TO THE BACK!

[...and lands a dropkick that knocks Cinder into Hamilton, sending Hamilton to the floor!]

LD: SOMERS WITH A CHANCE! SOMERS WITH A-

[And as Cinder pushes out of the corner, Somers dives into a front somersault...]

LD: -TAAAAAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Michelle Bailey tags into the match, rushing through the ropes to meet Cinder with a right forearm... a left forearm... a right forearm... a left forearm... and then lands a hard forearm to the sternum that freezes Cinder in her tracks as Bailey turns, rushing to the ropes...]

LD: Bailey on the move... CARTWHEEL!

[...and then uses a cartwheel to avoid a backdrop attempt by Cinder who whips around to find her...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a jumping knee strike on the button!]

LD: WHAT A SHOT!

[Cinder staggers in a circle as Bailey hooks a rear waistlock, lifting...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: GERMAN! WITH A BRIDGE! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

[This time, it's Cinder kicks out, breaking down the bridge and escaping in time!]

LD: NOOOOO! OUT AT TWO!

[Bailey comes to her feet just as Harley Hamilton slides in, charging at her...

...and gets WIPED OUT with a spinning heel kick, knocking Hamilton down to the mat!]

LD: Michelle Bailey is taking them BOTH on!

[Grabbing the rising Cinder, Bailey whips her into the neutral corner, smashing her into the buckles before charging in after...]

LD: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[...and as Cinder staggers out, Bailey hooks her around the torso, taking her up and over with a Northern Lights suplex!]

LD: ANOTHER SUPLEX! ANOTHER BRIDGE!

[The crowd counts along!]

“ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!”

“TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

“THR-”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: HAMILTON BREAKS UP THE PIN!

[Hamilton pulls Bailey off the mat, throwing a pair of forearms...

...and then Bailey starts firing back to a ROAR from the crowd!]

LD: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The barrage of forearms from Bailey backs Hamilton halfway across the ring before she shuffles backwards...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and CONNECTS with a superkick that sends Hamilton spilling through the ropes to the floor!]

LD: This is it! Bailey clears out Hamilton and this is her shot to end this! Can she take advantage?!

[Bailey turns her attention back to Cinder, bringing her off her knees...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: GLAS!GOW!KISS!

[Bailey staggers backwards from the impactful headbutt, giving Cinder room as she dashes to the ropes...]

LD: Off the far siiiii-

[...but Bailey leaps up, pumping her leg...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: -BICYCLE KICK CONNECTS!

[...and the big kick to the face sends Cinder flying through the ropes, joining Harley Hamilton out on the American Legion Hall floor as the crowd goes wild!]

LD: The tag champions are on the floor and...

[A fired up Bailey pumps her arms and shouts “LET’S GOOOOO!” to the already-loud crowd, getting them even louder...]

LD: ...LOOK OUT!

[...and she grabs the top rope, catapulting herself over into a crossbody on both Hamilton and Cinder on the outside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: WE’VE GOT A BIG TIME SIG ALERT ON THE FLOOR! THE 101 AT RUSH HOUR’S GOT NOTHIN’ ON US!

[With three bodies on the floor, Julie Somers decides to turn it up a notch, marching down the apron to the corner...]

BW: Now where the hell is SHE going?!

LD: You know EXACTLY where she’s going, Ben! She’s going up top! Julie Somers heading to the top rope, looking out on these ROARING fans here in Reseda!

[Somers turns her back on the rising bodies on the floor...]

LD: SHE’S GONNA...

[...and LEAPS into the air, flipping backwards!]

LD: ...FLYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[Somers CRASHES down on the pile with a moonsault off the top!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: SOMERS TAKES ‘EM ALL DOWN!

BW: Even her own partner!

LD: Bailey and Somers are down! Harley and Cinder are down! We’ve got bodies spilled all over ringside!

[Somers slowly climbs out of the pile, saluting the roaring fans...]

LD: The Spitfire - the Women’s World Champion - pulling Cinder up... Cinder IS the legal competitor in this one...

BW: But Somers isn’t! Come on, Miranda - do your job!

[Somers shoves Cinder under the ropes into the ring, rolling her across the mat before pulling herself up on the apron...]

LD: Somers is heading to the corner again! She’s gonna end it!

BW: She is NOT! She’s not legal!

[...and starts climbing the corner, the fans getting louder and louder as she does...]

LD: Julie Somers is climbing to the top rope - legal competitor or not - and the Spitfire is looking to fly!

[Reaching the top rope, Somers turns away from the ring again, pointing to the crowd...]

LD: SOMERS UP TOP! SOMERS... LEAAAAAAAPS!

[...and flips through the air, CRASHING down onto Cinder with a moonsault!]

LD: MOONSAULT! MOONSAULT! SHE HITS IT! HOOKS THE LEG!

[But Shari Miranda throws up her arms, waving off the pin...]

LD: NO! The referee says she's not legal, Ben! Just like we were saying!

BW: Tremendous call by Miranda! She made the right call, Dane!

LD: She absolutely did... and Julie Somers is arguing with her about it but it's the right call!

[Somers angrily kicks the bottom rope as she exits the ring, watching as Michelle Bailey rolls back in.]

LD: Cinder's down... but Bailey's in!

[Bailey climbs off the mat, grabbing Cinder and dragging her up as Somers screams for her to finish them off...]

LD: Bailey's got Cinder hooked! She's got her set!

[...and Bailey hoists Cinder into the air...]

LD: POWERBOMMMMMB!

[...and DRIVES her down with a ring-shaking powerbomb!]

LD: SHE GOT IT! AND THAT'S USUALLY THE SETUP FOR...

[And shoving the legs down, Bailey steps forward into the alligator clutch!]

LD: TOTAL BUMMER! TOTAL BUMMER!

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd GROANS as Harley Hamilton YANKS Shari Miranda under the ropes to the outside, stopping her from finishing the count!]

LD: WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: Easy, Dane! You're not in Los Angeles anymore! Well... you are but... you know what I mean!

LD: Shari Miranda can't believe it! She's SCREAMING at Harley Hamilton for that! Hamilton just saved the match for her and Cinder and-

[As Hamilton shouts at the official, she suddenly has her hair grabbed with both hands by Michelle Bailey...]

LD: -OH! BAILEY'S GOT HER! BAILEY'S GOT HER!

[...but Hamilton whips around, swinging for the fences!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: WHAT A FOREARM SHOT!

[The impact of the blow sends Bailey staggering backwards, falling into her corner...]

LD: TAG! SOMERS IS LEGAL NOW!

[Cinder slowly gets up off the mat, looking up...]

LD: SOMERS OFF THE TOP!

[...and gets FLATTENED by a Julie Somers missile dropkick that sends Cinder flying head over heels across the ring!]

LD: SOMERS KNOCKS HER FLAT!

[Somers throws a glance at her corner where Bailey is down on a knee, rubbing her jaw in pain...]

...and that allows Harley Hamilton to get up on the apron, grabbing at the Spitfire!]

LD: What the-?! HAMILTON IS ALL OVER THE PLACE!

[Hamilton yanks Somers by the hair into the ropes, Shari Miranda trying to keep them separate as Cinder struggles to get back to her feet...]

LD: Cinder's trying to get up and-

[...and as Cinder gets back up, Michelle Bailey comes barreling across the ring...]

LD: SPEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEA-

[...but Hamilton SHOVES Somers backwards, sending her falling...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...RIGHT into Bailey's path, causing the blindly-charging Bailey to WRECK her own partner with the Britney Spear!]

LD: OH NO!

[Bailey recoils backwards, grabbing at her neck!]

LD: I think she jammed her neck too! She might've driven her own head into Somers' chest and-

BW: The skull is the hardest part of the body!

[With Bailey stunned, Hamilton - who dropped to the floor - reaches under the ropes to grab Bailey's ankle, yanking her legs out from under her and dragging her to the outside...]

...just as Cinder dives on top of a laid out Somers, wrapping up the legs!]

LD: NOT LIKE THIS!

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd deflates at the bell as Cinder rolls off of Somers, throwing her arms triumphantly into the air...]

LD: You gotta be kidding me! Cinder and Hamilton pick up the victory, Ben, but...

BW: But nothing! Open the record book and stamp that W!

LD: Oh, come on, Ben! Michelle Bailey accidentally speared her own partner and...

BW: Or did she?

LD: What?! Of course she did!

BW: Or did she want to know - did she want the world to know - that if she hits the Britney Spear at Memorial Day Mayhem, we're going to have a new World Champion?!

LD: Ben, that's ridiculous! Harley Hamilton shoved Somers right into Michelle Bailey's path and...

[We cut to the floor where Bailey is down on a knee, holding her neck as Hamilton rolls in to celebrate the victory...]

LD: ...you can see that Michelle Bailey is ALSO shaken up from that Spear. Like you said, Ben, I think she jammed her neck... I think she might've smashed her own head into Somers' body and... what a terrible way for this match to end. I think Bailey and Somers had the champs beat, Ben! I do!

BW: Of course you do... and these Reseda rejects might agree with you... but the record book says make it another win for Seductive and Destructive as they head into defending their titles in Dodger Stadium against the Pistol and the Punk.

[The crowd gets louder, jeering lustily as Casey Cash, the Thompsons, and Riley Campbell make their way down the aisle to join the party as Hamilton and Cinder embrace in the middle of the ring...]

RO: Here are your winners... the team of Harley Hamilton and Cinder...

...SEDUCTIVE ANNNNNNND DEEEEEESTRUCTIVVVVVE!

[Hamilton and Cinder throw their arms in the air as Casey Cash hits the ring first, throwing herself into an embrace with the duo...]

LD: And here comes the rest of E-Girl MAX out here... celebrating this big victory and...

[Hamilton throws a glance at the downed Somers... then to Cinder... then to Somers...

...and with a hard nudge, she points to Somers.]

LD: ...we've got the Thompsons on the floor, gloating with the tag titles that definitely don't belong to them... and Riley Campbell out here taking a whole lot of photos. Who could possibly ever need that many photos, Ben?

BW: Something... something's going on here, Dane.

[Hamilton points to Somers again, shaking Cinder by the shoulders...]

LD: What are you talking about? What are...?

[Dane trails off as Casey Cash gleefully runs to the corner where one of the Thompsons hands her something...]

LD: What does she have there? What is...?

[The crowd has begin to buzz, knowing exactly what's in the binder that was just handed to Cinder...]

LD: Is that...? It's the Steal The Spotlight contract?!

BW: It is! It totally is! Are they going to cash it in?!

LD: What?! That's not the way this works! They can't do that!

[Hamilton suddenly steps towards Rebecca Ortiz. With one swift motion, she snatches the microphone from her hands, turning her attention to the crowd.]

HH: You know, tonight has already been such a beautiful night, but RIGHT NOW... it feels like the perfect damn time for my girl Cindy, to get her Hollywood ending...

[She slings an arm around Cinder, grinning wide as the crowd starts to buzz.]

HH: ...and become the AWA WOMEN'S WORLD CHAMPION!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[American Legion Hall explodes with noise as Hamilton tosses the mic back at Ortiz and Cinder excitedly rushes over to Shari Miranda, shoving the binder into her hands, pointing at the downed Somers, doing the belt gesture as the crowd ROARS at possibly witnessing history...]

LD: Wait a second! Wait a damn second! That is NOT the way this contract works, Ben!

[Miranda seems to be saying exactly that, talking to Cinder and Hamilton as Casey Cash shrieks "RING THE BELL!" over and over...]

LD: Cinder is telling the referee she wants to "cash the damn thing in!" but she can't do that! Under Steal The Spotlight rules, this needs to be a match announced IN ADVANCE! She cannot just use this contract whenever and wherever she wants!

BW: That's a dumb rule! Ring the bell!

LD: She can't-

[And suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov in the aisle, mic in hand...]

MZ: Now, I know that the three of you...

[He looks puzzled.]

MZ: ...four? Five? Whatever. I know you're not used to the rules applying to you.

[Hamilton stands on the second rope facing Zharkov, screaming "START THE DAMN MATCH, MAXIE!" as Zharkov glares at her.]

MZ: But the rules WILL apply tonight!

[The crowd has a mixed reaction to that as Zharkov holds up a hand,]

MZ: The rules of the Steal The Spotlight contract CLEARLY state that to use it, you must give advance notice of your title chance to the champion you will be challenging...

[Across the ring, we see Julie Somers - cradling her injured ribs - slowly getting up with the aid of Shari Miranda...]

MZ: ...and since Ms. Somers is clearly in no state to-

[Somers steps forward, wincing with each movement...]

"RING THE DAMN BELL!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS!]

LD: WHAT?! WHAT?!

BW: She's a damn fool but I can't wait to see it!

LD: Julie Somers is telling everyone she'll take the match! She'll defend the title! What a fighting champion!

BW: What a damn fool like I said! This is the worst idea she's ever had, Dane!

LD: I gotta agree with you there. This is NOT a good idea for the World Champion! She just lost the match for her team. Her ribs are banged up.

[From the outside of the ring, Michelle Bailey looks up questioning at her partner as Hamilton screams across the ring - "Thanks for the assist, Michelle! We always knew we could count on you!"]

LD: The referee's trying to talk her down... Zharkov's down here at ringside now, he's trying to talk her down... Michelle Bailey's trying to talk her down too!

BW: Bailey's just afraid she's going to lose her title shot!

[The crowd is buzzing as all of these people try to get Somers to back down but E-Girl MAX is in a big huddle on the other side of the ring, quickly plotting as Cinder and Hamilton wave for them all to get out...]

LD: Cinder wants this match started right now!

BW: She's one good shot to the ribs away from being the World Champion!

LD: Cinder's getting them all out of there... Somers is telling Zharkov and Bailey to back off... she WANTS this match!

[Somers shouts at them - "I'LL DO IT! LET'S GO! RING THE BELL!" as she waves one arm at Cinder while cradling her ribs with the other arm...]

LD: She can't even... this is a BAD idea, fans! Julie Somers may be in the final moments of her title reign right here in Reseda as the referee gets the ring clear... the binder in hand...

[The voice of Rebecca Ortiz rings out.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... Cinder is CASHING IN her Steal The Spotlight contract!

[The crowd ROARS!]

RO: Julie Somers has agreed to the match... it has been sanctioned by Maxim Zharkov...

[A reluctant Zharkov looks up at the ring, shaking his head in disgust as Cinder is practically boiling over now, screaming "RING THE BELL! RING THE BELL! RING THE BELL!" over and over...]

RO: ...and it is for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLD TITLE!

[Another HUGE ROAR goes up from the excited Reseda crowd as Ortiz bails out, leaving Miranda to check on both competitors...]

LD: It's gonna happen! Apparently, this is gonna happen! What heart on the part of Julie Somers! What a fighting champion - not backing down from this impromptu challenge! Shari Miranda in the middle...

[Miranda checks on Somers again, making sure she still wants to do this as Cinder yanks on the ropes, fit to be tied...]

LD: Somers says she's gonna go! Julie Somers is gonna fight!

[The referee backs off, taking a deep breath, raising her hand to signal for the bell...
...when the lights go out!]

LD: WHAT THE-?!

BW: I knew we shoulda got a backup generator! A dump like doesn't have enough power for our shows!

[The crowd is ROARING now with anticipation as we sit in darkness for several moments...]

...and when the lights flicker back on...]

LD: ...

BW: WHO IN THE HELL LET _HER_ IN THE BUILDING?!

[...the crowd EXPLODES at the sight of an AWA Original standing guard over Julie Somers, having planted herself directly between Somers and a shocked Cinder...]

LD: IT'S MELISSA CANNON! MELISSA CANNON IS IN THE... ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[Cannon grins at the DEAFENING response of the Reseda crowd as Somers collapses in the corner at the sight of her best friend putting herself in front of her potential challenger...]

...and then SPRINTS across the ring, diving between the top and middle ropes with a high speed tope onto the assembled E-Girl MAX at ringside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: BOOOOOOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[Inside the ring, a stunned Cinder turns to move to help her friends...

...and gets spun by the shoulder back towards the Spitfire who lights her up, throwing big haymakers!]

LD: SOMERS HAMMERING CINDER!

[Cannon pulls Harley Hamilton out of the pile, tossing her back inside the ring as the referee backs off, waving her arms...]

LD: So much for the title match!

[...and as Cannon shoves Hamilton into the corner, she opens fire, rocking her with right forearms to the head as Somers lights up Cinder with chops in the opposite corner!]

LD: The Superfriends are reunited and it feels so good in Reseda!

[With Hamilton and Cinder reeling, Somers and Cannon whip them out of the corner, sending them CRASHING into one another in the middle of the ring!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Cannon grabs Hamilton by the hair, yanking her forward into a standing headscissors as Somers goes after Cinder...

...who VICIOUSLY rakes the eyes of the Spitfire before kicking her RIGHT in the injured ribs, knocking the champion down to the mat as Cannon lifts Hamilton into the air in a double underhook!]

LD: BILLION! DOLLAR! BOMMMMMMMMB!

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Hamilton rolls from the ring to a thunderous ROAR from the Reseda crowd as Cannon gets to her feet, pumping a fist...

...and on the other side of the ring, we see Michelle Bailey send Cinder diving from the ring before she can get her hands on her!]

LD: Bailey clears out Cinder on the other side...

[Bailey angrily points at Cinder before turning back to Somers, standing over her with her hands on her hips...]

LD: Bailey checking on Somers and-

[...but as Melissa Cannon turns and sees her friend down on the mat, a pissed-off Cannon sprints across the ring, leaping up...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRIVES a forearm smash into the jaw of Bailey, knocking her flat to the shock of the SoCal crowd!]

LD: OH!

BW: Hah! I love it, Dane! Cannon just wiped out Bailey with one shot!

[Bailey is down on the mat, holding her jaw with confusion as Cannon shouts down at her from her feet...]

LD: I think... Melissa must've thought that it was Michelle Bailey who knocked down Julie Somers but... but it wasn't!

BW: Try telling her that! Or maybe you don't have to! I'm sure Melissa Cannon saw EXACTLY what Bailey did to Somers out here earlier... and who knows, maybe Bailey was looking to finish the job right there!

LD: Stop it, Ben! Just stop it! The exiled Melissa Cannon is back in the building! Back in the ring at an AWA event and...

BW: "The exiled Melissa Cannon"... like she's facing political persecution or something.

LD: Well... in a way, yes. It's been a long damn time since my friend has been here, Ben, and I will NOT let you take this moment away from me, from her, or from these fans who've been dying to see her back inside an AWA ring for a long, long time!

[Cannon helps Somers off the mat, leaning her against the ropes as Somers holds onto her ribs, totally unaware of what just happened between Cannon and Bailey who has rolled to the floor, shaking her head at Cannon, and shouting "I WAS TRYING TO HELP HER!" as Cannon points angrily in her direction.]

LD: A whole lot of confusion out here... let's... alright, let's go to break and when we come back, we'll try to get to the bottom of what's going on!

[Cannon and Somers share an embrace to the cheers of the crowd as Bailey backs down the aisle, still shaking her head as we fade to black...

...and fade back up as the quintessential American family of four walks up and down the snack aisle of Anyplace grocery store in Anytown USA. The father wears khaki dockers and a golf shirt that would make him look like a State Farm agent if it weren't navy. The wife is in jeans and a quilted jacket. Her curly hair drops a little bit. The kids, a daughter and a son, trudge along behind them, seemingly on the verge of a meltdown tantrum. The mother searches the snack aisles, picking up chips, candies, candy bars. She sighs in exasperation.]

M: Kids, I know you're hungry. But none of this stuff is right. It so bland. It isn't

[Suddenly, the racks of candies fly apart and Shadoe Rage bursts onto the scene dressed in fuchsia and gold. He holds up two handful of jerky sticks.]

SR: Wanna feel Sensational? Tired of bland cured meats? Tear into Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky!

[Rage tears a chunk of jerky from the pack in his hand. The sound reverberates through the screen. The family is suddenly transformed and energized into hip looking versions of themselves.]

SR: The signature herbs and spices! The smoky flavor! The lean turkey jerky! It's the perfect snack!

[Rage hands out the packs of jerky.]

SR: Ohhhh man, that's good. When I get my hands on Mr. Berkeley's Turkey Jerky, I feel SENSATIONAL!

[Rage tears into another bite along with the family. Everybody seems even more amped as Rage turns towards the camera.]

SR: And so will you.

So will you!

SO WILL YOU!

TEAR INTO IT!

MR. BERKELEY'S TURKEY JERKY... IT'S SENSATIONAL!

[Rage savages the remaining piece of jerky before he stares straight into the camera, smiling as we fade to black...

...and as we come back up to live action, we're in a small hallway backstage at the American Legion Hall where we can see Julie Somers being escorted through a doorway by two medics, leaving one person in the hall as they close the door. She lowers her head, pressing her forehead up against the door as she places her hand on it.]

"Melissa... can we...?"

[Cannon slowly pushes off the wall, turning towards the cameraman.]

MC: You've got questions.

[She exhales sharply.]

MC: Me too. This isn't how this was supposed to go down. I've dreamed of this night since the day I got kicked to the curb... the big return, the fireworks, thousands of people screaming my name... it wasn't supposed to go down like...

[She raps her knuckles on the wall, shaking her head.]

MC: ...this. Hell, I haven't even signed a contract. Yeah, I've been in negotiations for months now... ever since we started taping the 30 For 30 stuff, I've been in talks to come back in the Rumble... but I wasn't there yet. I was just... here.

[She laughs - a humorless choke of a laughter.]

MC: I was in town for the 30 For 30 premiere and wanted to come see my friends and...

[The AWA Original trails off.]

MC: But I saw what they were trying to do. Hamilton, Cinder... the rest of them. They were trying to STEAL my friend's title... just like they STOLE that damn contract last year at SuperClash... and I wasn't about to let that happen.

[She nods slowly... and then erratically throws an arm to the side.]

MC: And then that's stuff with Bailey? I barely know Michelle Bailey! I... I... I had NO issue with her.. until tonight.

[Cannon points at the camera.]

MC: But if she wants to take a cheapshot at my friend, then I've got a BIG issue with her.

[She pauses... as if she's got more to say... and then chokes it off, shaking her head, turning back towards the door. She puts a hand on the handle and then stops, turning to the camera.]

MC: Tell Stegglet I'll sign his damn contract...

[She nods her head at the decision.]

MC: ...and tell the rest of them I'll see them in the Rumble.

[She swings the door open, stepping through as we cut to the parking lot, where we see the masked luchador Tizona leaning against the wall of the American Legion Hall, holding up an iPhone in landscape mode towards a woman maneuvering a longboard several yards away. Standing beside him, looking a little annoyed, is Yoshi Fujiwara.]

YF: I don't know why you needed me for this... I'm just standing here doing nothing.

T: Like you had something more important to do? I already told you... we don't have a permit for filming this, so you gotta keep a lookout in case the heat show up and try to bust us. That's a real problem out here in Tinseltown.

[Yoshi looks at Tizona, confused.]

YF: Reseda isn't anywhere close to Hollywood.

[He looks around at his barely lit surroundings.]

YF: This place doesn't look like it's close to anywhere, honestly.

[Tizona shakes his head.]

T: Yo-man, you're from the mean streets of Tokyo...

YF: Fujinomiya.

T: Whatever! The point is, you're from Japan, so you just don't get how it works around here. You can be 50 miles out of the city and people'll still call it L.A.

YF: Wait, I thought you were talking about Hollywood.

T: They're the same thing.

YF: I'm so confused.

T: Of course you are. But, I'm expectin' a call any minute, so you gotta take over when that happens.

[Yoshi sighs.]

YF: Right. And who is this girl, anyway? How do I know you're not just randomly filming some random woman you just met for some lascivious purpose?

T: Pfft. Those are some pretty heavy accusations you're throwing around. I know the mask makes me look trustworthy, but a random woman's not just gonna hand me her phone and say "Hey there, tall, dark and handsome..."

YF [Under his breath]: You're none of those things.

T: "...I want you to film me and-"

[Suddenly, we hear a familiar tune from Tizona's pocket.]

I don't daaaaaance now, I make money mooooooves!

[Tizona perks up, shoving the phone in Yoshi's hand and pointing frantically at the woman longboarding. Yoshi fumbles with the phone as Tizona grabs his own phone.]

T: Talk to me, baby!

[Yoshi frowns, as Tizona nods, muttering "uh huh" a few times.]

T: Aw heck yeah. That's great! We'll be in shortly!

[Tizona hangs up his phone and reaches over to take back the other phone from Yoshi.]

YF: What was that all about?

T: That was a business deal. Hope you brought your gear.

YF: I always bring my ge- wait, what for?

[A panicked look appears on Yoshi's face.]

YF: We're not wrestling KAMS again, are we!?

[Tizona points the phone back at the woman, who looks over at the two and puts her hands on her hips as she steps off the longboard.]

T: No, this is even better. We're in the Infinity Gauntlet.

YF: We're WHAT?!

[As the woman picks up her longboard and walks over to Yoshi and Tizona, Yoshi looks at Tizona in a state of exasperation.]

T: Don't sweat it! We're not in it separately! We're entering together!

YF: Wait, like... two on one? We're wrestling Juan Vasquez in a handicap match?

T: Yeah! You almost beat Vasquez by yourself, so imagine what the combined forces of Fujizona can do!

[Yoshi mouths "Fujizona?" in utter bafflement.]

T: There's no way he can stand up to us!

YF: Every blow he landed on me felt like it was sending me one step closer to death.

T: You're always so dramatic. Besides, when we win, this'll skyrocket us straight to the top of the AWA! And if he thinks his Right Cross is gonna save him, I got a surprise for him!

[Tizona reaches into his other pocket and pulls out the brass knuckles that Raphael Rhodes threw to him a few weeks ago, causing Yoshi to put his hands to his head in shock, just as the woman, tanned and blonde with a disappointed look on her face, reaches the pair.]

YF: You kept those?!

T: Of course, Yo-man! How else am I gonna knock Juan Vasquez out cold? With my bare hands? What am I, "Fists of Steel" Tizona? I'm a luchador, not a brawler!

[The woman pokes Tizona in the ribs with the longboard.]

T: Ow! The heck was that for?

[Yoshi, still befuddled, comes to a realization once he gets a closer look at the woman.]

YF: Hey, I think I know you. Didn't my sister wrestle you a few weeks ago?

[The woman smiles bashfully, rubbing the back of her head with her free hand.]

???: Yeah, she beat me up real good too. Nice to meet you... I'm Katrina Coleman.

[Katrina pokes Tizona in the ribs with the longboard again, causing him to wince and recoil before slapping the longboard with his hand.]

T: Knock it off, I've got a retiree to pummel!

KC: Sure thing, T. How much footage did we get?

[Tizona hands Katrina the phone, and she looks at the footage with a sigh.]

KC: Well, it's upside down. Nothing I can't fix in editing, though.

YF: How do you two know each other?

[Tizona elbows Yoshi.]

T: Remember that surfer girl I told you I trained?

[He motions to Katrina with his hand, and she strikes a brief pose as though she were catching a wave.]

T: Ta-daaaaaaa.

[Yoshi immediately looks concerned. He motions to Tizona.]

YF: HE...

[And then points to Katrina.]

YF: ...trained you?

[She nods.]

YF: I'm sorry, Coleman-san, I thought it was just another one of his stories that he makes up to impress me.

[Katrina stands back up, confused, as Tizona looks disappointed.]

T: Hey, I keep telling you, not everything I say is a total fabrication!

[Before Yoshi can ask anything else or Tizona can defend his integrity further, we hear a shriek from off-screen, as well as the rustling of some bags.]

"I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY WERE OUT OF CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIE DOUGH!"

[Betty Chang and Charity Rockwell walk into the frame, carrying several bags from CVS, with Betty looking disappointed and eating straight from a pint of ice cream. Yoshi immediately gets flushed in the face as Tizona grins, leaving Katrina totally confused but willing to speak up anyway.]

KC: Aw maaaaaan, that's the worst.

BC [mouth full of ice cream]: I know, right?!

[Betty sighs.]

BC: At least they had white chocolate raspberry truffle. But it all tastes like bitter ashes in my mouth right now.

CR: It's just one loss, doll. You'll get over it.

BC: Yeah, but-

[Suddenly, Betty gets a look of realization on her face as she looks at Katrina, then turns to Charity.]

BC: Oh my gosh! Remember that video I showed you? With that girl at Six Flags? And Great America? And Knott's Berry Farm?

[Betty frantically points at Katrina, who shyly waves. Charity thinks for a moment.]

CR: You mean this is the air-tight barlow that constantly blouses over to dream land?

KC: Huh?

BC: She's asking if you're the pretty blonde girl that goes to amusement parks.

[Katrina grins and shrugs.]

KC: Guilty as charged!

BC: And she's a wrestler, too!

[Katrina keeps smiling, albeit uncomfortably.]

KC: I mean, not with any success. Casey Cash made me give up to that dang Baltimore Crab of hers.

BC: Oh that move is just the absolute worst, isn't it?

[Betty frowns, rubbing the back of her head, where Casey stomped her. Meanwhile, Tizona clears his throat.]

T: Ahem. If you'll excuse us, we don't have time for your little ice cream pity party... we have a Hall of Famer to knock out!

[Tizona turns on his heel and walks away, as Betty and Charity tilt their heads in confusion and Katrina rolls her eyes.]

CR: Why's that mustard plastered sap being such a stuck-up ritzy burg all of a sudden?

YF: He signed up the both of us to wrestle Juan Vasquez. And he's extremely confident we're going to win.

[Betty's jaw drops.]

BC: He did what!? You have to wrestle Juan Vasquez AGAIN??? Didn't you say when you wrestled him that every blow he landed-

YF: ...felt like it left me one step closer to death? Yeah. It wasn't pleasant. I'm not really looking forward to it, but I guess we'll see what happens.

[Yoshi turns around to leave, but before he goes back inside...]

YF: Oh, Betty?

BC: Yeah?

[He hesitates as Betty and Charity look on in anticipation, Katrina in confusion.]

YF: That was really cool of you to shake Casey's hand.

[And Yoshi goes back inside. Betty can be heard slightly squealing in delight.]

BC: Ohmygoshdidhejustsaythat?

CR: Take a dip in the applesauce, Bets. He's absolutely goofy over you!

[Katrina leans in to whisper to Charity.]

KC: I know I'm new around here, but... they have a thing going on, don't they?

[Charity shushes her.]

CR: She ain't his doll yet.

[Katrina mouths "Ohhhh", and we cut to a smiling Lori Dane, and Ben Waterson with his head in his hands.]

LD: Looks like we have an addition to Juan Vasquez's Infinity Gauntlet tonight!

BW: I hate to say anything benefitting Vasquez, but if that's the caliber of competition entering the Infinity Gauntlet, I don't think he's going to have any trouble.

LD: There's two of them, though.

BW: One's a cream puff, the other's a masked goof. Vasquez will eat them for lunch before the goof thinks about using those knucks.

[Lori sighs.]

LD: Fans, you may have noticed Katrina Coleman there, and boy, did you notice her in her past two AWA appearances, when she wrestled in matches against Casey Cash as well as the Lariatos.

[We cut to footage of an iPhone's screen, and videos of Katrina Coleman riding a rollercoaster and looking over food trucks.]

LD: To Ms. Coleman's credit when she took those matches, we knew that she was a theme park and travel influencer. She didn't want to say anything about that, she just wanted to wrestle and learn. When she showed up here on Showtime, her fans went utterly wild!

BW: People actually watch other people ride rollercoasters?

LD: Ben, she's got something like two million subscribers on YouTube.

[Ben's jaw drops.]

BW: There's no accounting for taste these days.

LD: Well, we here in the AWA were impressed with her willingness to learn and her humble attitude. We also heard from all of you out there who said you wanted to see more of her as part of the AWA, so we're pleased to confirm that we have offered her a contract! It's too late for her to qualify for the Rumble, but keep an eye out for her after Memorial Day Mayhem, because I'm sure we'll see more of her in the weeks to come but speaking of Memorial Day Mayhem... and speaking of the Rumble... how about that OTHER piece of breaking news we just heard? The AWA Original, Melissa Cannon, is BACK! She's signing a new contract and she's IN the Rumble as well!

BW: Nepotism run amok once again. First, you got your real daughter a job and now you get your fake daughter re-hired too? Unbelievable.

LD: Melissa Cannon is one of the best in the world and deserves everything she gets, Ben! And when she climbs into that Rumble next week, she could be one of the favorites to win the whole thing! But that's not the last piece of Rumble news we've got because...

[As we cut to the ring, we see it full of hungry competitors ready to feast on their first opportunity to take on their fellow Brass Ring field...]

LD: ...this Battle Royal is just about set to being and the women of the Brass Ring Tournament got extra stakes slammed down on their heads when this was announced, Ben.

BW: If you ask me, the women of the Brass Ring just got a double shot at stardom. Yeah, they can win the tournament and earn themselves an AWA contract... but if they win this Battle Royal, they jump to the front of the line because they'll get one of the final spots in this year's Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem... and if you win that, all bets are off, Dane.

LD: The winner of this year's Rumble - of course - will move on to Girls To The Front coming up in Madison Square Garden this August to face the Women's World Champion - whomever it may be... so the stakes are as high as you can count here tonight in Reseda for these eight competitors.

[The eight competitors in question are: JoJo Washington, Felicia Love, Big Boss Shinza, Riley Bennett, Catalina Lopez, Isabella Liriano, Lily Driscoll, and the mysterious AKANE all now milling about the ring, ready to be unleashed on one another.]

LD: Eight of the toughest in the world waiting for the bell to sound and-

[A chant breaks out to interrupt, the Reseda fans saluting their favorites.]

"CAT-A-LI-NA!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"CAT-A-LI-NA!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"CAT-A-LI-NA!"

clap clap clapclapclap

[Lopez cracks a smirk, raising an arm to salute the cheering crowd...

...and then another chant breaks out.]

"LET'S GO LI-LY!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO LI-LY!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO LI-LY!"

clap clap clapclapclap

[And this time, it's Driscoll who salutes the crowd.]

"SHIN-ZA!"

clapclapclap

"SHIN-ZA!"

clapclapclap

"SHIN-ZA!"

clapclapclap

[Big Boss Shinza does NOT acknowledge the crowd, earning jeers for her as the fans shift gears.]

"A-KA-NE!"

"A-KA-NE!"

"A-KA-NE!"

[No reaction there either as AKANE glares at the opposition. The fans boo again and then...]

"JO! JO!"

clapclapclap

"JO! JO!"

clapclapclap

“JO! JO!”
clapclapclap

[...and Washington hops on the middle rope, shifting her cargo, dearie as the crowd cheers loudly!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[And the diminutive Felicia Love rushes forward, looking to shove Washington over the top rope...

...but before she even gets there, Washington seems to get a foot tangled in the ropes, tumbling over the top...]

LD: OH!

[Love looks surprised at first as Washington tumbles over, landing on the apron...]

BW: They say bad things happen to people around Felicia Love and we may have just seen that!

LD: You don't actually believe that, do you?

BW: I'd say the proof is in the pudding and the pudding is all over Jo Jo Washington's face right about now!

[Love tries to kick Washington off the apron, grabbing the top rope and pushing through the ropes with both feet, using all of her size to try and force Washington to the floor!]

LD: Felicia Love looking for a shocker of an elimination mere moments in this match and...

BW: Here comes Shinza over to help!

LD: Big Boss Shinza has been one of the hottest commodities on the Japanese independent scene for a few years now, putting together Match of the Year contenders all over Japan.

[Shinza sports a strong, athletic build despite all of her five feet, joining Love in stomping and kicking Washington, trying to score the early elimination.]

LD: We've got a two on one as most of the other competitors start throwing down all over the ring. It's every woman for herself in this one with very high stakes like we said.

BW: Shinza's trying to send her first round opponent to the floor!

[Each woman holds the top rope, trying to drive Washington off the apron...]

BW: Remember, Dane... Washington went over the top rope so if she gets shoved off the apron, she's eliminated!

LD: That's why she's hanging for dear life... and she could use some help in there but I'm not sure-

[On cue, the fiery Puerto Rican - Isabella Liriano - moves towards the trio, swinging Love around into a big right hand... and then one for Shinza... and then one for Love... and then one for Shinza as the crowd rallies behind the second generation competitor!]

LD: The young lady from San Juan, Puerto Rico taking the fight to BOTH of these women now...

[A flurry of fists from Liriano has Love backpedaling towards the ropes... which is when Shinza buries a knee into the kidneys...]

...and then FLINGS her violently to the mat by the arm with a martial arts throw!]

“OHHHHH!”

[With Liriano down on the mat, the camera cuts to show Riley Bennett tangled up with AKANE...]

LD: A country girl tryin' to survive in there, Riley Bennett trying to get AKANE over the top...

BW: The woman from Japan taking on a woman who probably hasn't even Japanese food before!

LD: Oh, come on, Ben! Riley Bennett may be a country girl but she's competed all over the place as well.

[Bennett tries to muscle AKANE over the ropes as Lily Driscoll slips in alongside her to try to tip the Japanese superstar to the floor...]

LD: “Diamond” Lily Driscoll trying to take advantage of the opportunity to get an elimination... reminds me a bit of something her brother might do, Ben.

BW: Are we allowed to talk about him?

LD: Maybe not... but the whole world will be talking about Lily Driscoll if she wins this Battle Royal tonight. Her Round One opponent in this tournament will be Felicia Love... and we'll see if Driscoll's luck can hold up when she gets in there with Love.

[Driscoll's efforts to help don't seem to be appreciated by Bennett who flings Driscoll backwards to a surprised reaction from the crowd!]

BW: Hey, it's every woman for herself but if someone tries to help, take the help.

LD: I have to agree there. Perhaps Bennett getting a little too fired up early in this one.

[Driscoll pulls herself off the mat, glaring at Bennett's exposed back for a moment before leaping high to throw herself into a forearm to the back of the head!]

LD: OH! Driscoll hits her from behind...

[And with two hands full of hair, Driscoll YANKS Bennett off her feet, throwing her down to the mat to a mixed response from the AWA faithful...]

LD: ...and she drags Bennett down to the mat!

BW: The fans didn't seem to mind that too much, Dane.

LD: Lily Driscoll's got quite the resume, Ben, so I'm not surprised these very knowledgeable fans in Reseda would appreciate her talents.

[Driscoll looks to the fans, her arms out from her sides, sneering at the mixed response...

...and turns RIGHT into a palm strike from AKANE that snaps her head around!]

LD: WHATTA SHOT!

[Driscoll spins away from AKANE on the impact, staggering in a circle into a pair of kicks, one bouncing off the thigh... one off the ribcage, sending Driscoll hobbling towards the ropes...

...and as the camera cuts to a wide shot, we get the lay of the land. Driscoll and AKANE on one side of the ring, Isabella Liriano still trading blows with Felicia Love in a corner, Big Boss Shinza hammering away at Jo Jo Washington in another corner, Riley Bennett still down on the mat...

...and Catalina Lopez leaning against the turnbuckles in the corner, a curious look on her face as she rests her arms on the top rope with a shrug.]

LD: Catalina Lopez is just watching - she hasn't done a thing yet, Ben!

BW: She hasn't had to. Instead of teaming up to get rid of the biggest woman in the match, these goofs are too busy worrying about everyone ELSE in this thing!

[And as the fans watch Lopez, they start to chant at someone VERY familiar to them.]

"GET YOUR [BLEEP!] IN!"

"GET YOUR [BLEEP!] IN!"

"GET YOUR [BLEEP!] IN!"

[Lopez straightens up in the corner, shaking her head at the fans.]

LD: Well, these fans in Reseda love Catalina Lopez and they love her. Her father, Edwin, a pro wrestler in his own right ran a promotion here - EPW - many years ago and during that time, Catalina was a regular in the crowd from what I'm told. She's one of them... and they love her for it.

[Lopez shrugs, turning back towards the ring...

...which is when Big Boss Shinza comes charging in, leaping into a front kick that connects solidly with the chest of Lopez, putting her back into the buckles!]

LD: Big Boss Shinza showing no fear, going right after a MUCH bigger opponent!

[Shinza drops back, giving herself room to run, charging back in...]

LD: HIGH KNE-

[...but as she leaps up to deliver a knee to the mush, Lopez snatches her from the sky...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Shinza laid out on the mat, AKANE comes tearing in, leaping up to uncork a spinning leg lariat in the corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Lopez comes staggering out of the corner as AKANE goes rushing to the ropes, building up speed, leaping into the air...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Lopez SWATS her out of the sky with a loud, thunderous, arching full swing open hand slap to the chest!]

LD: WHAAAAAAAAAAT?!

BW: KING KONG AIN'T GOT A DAMN THING ON HER!

[Lopez glares down at AKANE who is rolling around in pain on the canvas as the fans ROAR for Lopez...]

...who gets swung around by Jo Jo Washington who pops her with a jab... and another... and another...]

LD: Jo Jo Washington lighting her up! The crowd in Reseda rockin' and rollin' now!

[...but as Washington goes a big swinging hook, Lopez steps back to cause the swing and miss as Lopez snatches a full nelson...]

LD: Lopez hooks her!

[...and showing off her power game, Lopez LIFTS Washington up into the air before THROWING her down with a massive slam!]

LD: WHAT POWER! CATALINA LOPEZ IS CLEANING HOUSE!

[Sizing up the powerhouse, "Diamond" Lily Driscoll is on the move, leaping into the air...]

LD: CROSSBODY...

[The crowd reacts as Lopez snatches her from the sky!]

LD: ...CAUGHT!

[With a struggling Driscoll trapped in Lopez' powerful grasp, odd bedfellows come together as Felicia Love and Isabella Liriano throw a double dropkick at the back of Driscoll, finally knocking Lopez off her feet!]

LD: It took THREE of them but DOWN! GOES! LOPEZ!

[Love gets to her feet first, pulling Liriano up to join her, offering a high five...]

LD: Uh oh. Don't do it, Isabella.

[...and as Liriano hesitates, Love POPS her with a roundhouse right!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing Liriano by the hair, Love storms towards the ropes, looking to toss her out of the ring...]

LD: OVER THE TOP!

[...but Liriano hooks the rope with one hand, hanging on tight as the fans cheer, urging her to avoid elimination!]

LD: Liriano hanging on, trying to stay on the apron to save herself!

[But as Love gets close, Liriano's grip gives way and she topples the rest of the way down to the floor to jeers from the Reseda crowd!]

LD: Out goes Liriano and we're down to seven!

[A grinning Love looks down from the ring the eliminated Liriano, smirking and waving at her as the ringside officials order the Puerto Rican back to the locker room.]

LD: Isabella Liriano's gotta be disheartened by that, Ben.

BW: Of course she is. It's a big loss... but now she's gotta bear down, go back to the gym, and get ready for her first round match with Riley Bennett... whenever that goes down.

LD: We're being told that the first scheduled matchups' date will be announced in the days following Memorial Day Mayhem on another edition of the Brass Ring Roundup. But that's not what tonight is about... tonight is about the remaining seven competitors battling it out to see who gets a spot in the Rumble next week and... man, that's a big prize to grab, Ben.

BW: Going from... you know, wherever they're coming from... Japan, the indies, the Combat Corner... to having a chance to walk into the Rumble... and once you're there? Anything can happen. You got a one in thirty shot of walking out of Los Angeles with a shot at the Women's World Title in your pocket... just like everyone else in that thing.

LD: The pressure will get harder on these girls with each elimination and-

[As Love continues to mock Liriano who has some fiery words for her, Jo Jo Washington swoops in from behind, tossing Love over..

...but the athletic Love hangs onto the ropes, preventing her elimination as well!]

LD: -LOVE GOES OVER BUT LOVE HANGS ON!

[Washington opens fire, rearing back and throwing big haymakers at Love, rocking the much-smaller competitor who is bouncing all over the place on the apron, frantically locking her arms around the top rope as Washington tries to knock her to the floor and into elimination!]

LD: Jo Jo Washington, straight outta the Motor City, taking aim and lettin' 'em fly here in Reseda! The youngest of FOURTEEN children!

BW: That exhausts me just hearing it.

[Lori chuckles as Washington grabs Love by the hair, shaking her wildly back and forth to try and pull her loose...

...when Catalina Lopez suddenly approaches from the blindside, grabbing hold of Washington's arm and FLINGING her 196 pound frame back halfway across the ring!]

LD: WHOA!

[Lopez reaches out with both hands, wrapping them around the throat of the tiny Felicia Love...]

LD: Uh oh! Look out here!

[...and not only does Lopez lift Love right up off the apron, she HURLS her overhead, tossing her halfway across the ring!]

LD: She calls that a Firebomb Suplex, Ben!

BW: I can definitely see the resemblance to another LA legend!

LD: Lopez' power is becoming a serious issue for these other women to deal with... and you may be right, Ben. They may need to look at teaming up to get her out of there before it gets any worse.

BW: The less people in that ring, the more chance Lopez just overpowers everyone else and wins this thing.

LD: And I'd imagine there are some people already in the Rumble who are a little anxious at the idea of this giant running roughshod in Dodger Stadium.

[But as Lopez gets to a knee, climbing off the mat, AKANE comes rushing in, throwing herself into a flying kneestrike that lands between the shoulderblades, knocking her down on her chest!]

LD: OHH! AKANE from behind! One of the smaller competitors in this match taking her best shot at one of the biggest... and that's actually a matchup we'll see in the first round, Ben. AKANE vs Lopez.

BW: It'll be a battle for sure from what we've seen out of these two.

[AKANE rains down stomps on Lopez' giant frame... and after a moment, Big Boss Shinza comes over to help her...]

LD: These two Japanese competitors coming together, working on Lopez, battering her down on the mat...

[Lopez pushes up to a knee as AKANE and Shinza keep on clubberin', smashing overhead forearms down... snapping off kicks to the arms and back as Lopez covers up...]

LD: ...Lopez is trying to get up but these two are trying to keep her down...

[...and with a massive ROAR, Lopez surges to her feet, flinging both AKANE and Shinza away as she gets to her feet, arms thrown back to the side to an equally-loud ROAR from the Reseda crowd!]

LD: ...AND LOPEZ SENDS 'EM FLYING!

[Catalina Lopez looks around the ring at a few women having second thoughts of getting entangled with that kind of size and power..

...and the Reseda crowd has something to say about it.]

"NE-PO BA-BY!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"NE-PO BA-BY!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"NE-PO BA-BY!"

clap clap clapclapclap

[Lopez' angry face breaks into a chuckle, shaking her head with a smirk as she shouts to the fans...]

"HE DOESN'T EVEN WORK FOR AWA!"

[...and the crowd laughs along with her...

...but the laughter turns to jeers as Riley Bennett tries to sneak in behind her, grabbing the back of the tights, rushing her towards the ropes...]

LD: BENNETT FROM BEHIND!

[But Lopez turns it around, pushing Bennett towards the ropes instead...]

LD: OH! Now it's Bennett who is in trouble!

["Diamond" Lily Driscoll rushes in, trying to help Lopez upend Bennett over the ropes...]

LD: We've got Driscoll in there as well... and here comes Love too!

[Felicia Love joins Lopez and Driscoll in trying to get Bennett out of the ring...]

LD: Three women trying to get Riley Bennett up and over and-

[...and an irate Lopez HURLS Love halfway across the ring again, tossing her away!]

LD: -my my my! Love goes flying!

[The much-smaller Love pops up, hands on her hips, glaring at Lopez' mighty back... and points angrily at her.]

BW: I'm not sure this is the best idea.

[Love stomps across the ring towards Lopez...

...and then peels off, snatching Lily Driscoll by the hair and tossing her into the corner instead!]

LD: I think Felicia Love agreed with you there, Ben. No need to tangle with Catalina Lopez on her own... not at their respective sizes.

[Love is lacing boots into the ribs of Driscoll in the corner...]

BW: A little first round preview there, Love and Driscoll will be going at it in what should be another interesting matchup. Driscoll from a well-known wrestling family, looking to make her first big impression on a national level... Felicia Love has been kicking around CCW for a while now... and we all know the story. She's a substitute for someone who had to withdraw due to injury.

LD: Felicia Love has gotta be considered a major underdog in this tournament, Ben... and I think that makes her dangerous.

BW: I KNOW it makes her dangerous.

[Love turns Driscoll around, choking her over the top rope as we pull back to see where everyone else is - Big Boss Shinza trying to flip Washington over the ropes... Lopez still working on Bennett alone... AKANE down on the mat, watching the action unfold...]

LD: There you can see our seven competitors remaining - Isabella Liriano already eliminated and back in the locker room and- AKANE FROM BEHIND!

[AKANE rushes forward, grabbing her fellow star from Japan, trying to get over the ropes...]

LD: We saw them working together just a few moments ago but it really is every woman for herself...

[Shinza hangs on, battling to free herself from AKANE's grip as Washington slips down to the mat. Across the ring, we see Lily Driscoll turn things around on Love, which causes Love to slip away as Driscoll ends up getting involved with Shinza and AKANE...]

LD: Driscoll was going after Felicia Love but Love got away from her, somehow got around Big Boss Shinza and AKANE and now Driscoll is trading right hands with Shinza!

[AKANE gets back in the mix too, a triangle of striking between the trio as Love ducks under the ropes to the apron...]

LD: Wait a second! Where is Felicia Love going?!

[The Reseda crowd starts to buzz as Love quickly scales the ropes on the outside...]

BW: Not your usual Battle Royal gameplan but-

[...and HURLS herself off the top rope in a cannonball, toppling Shinza, AKANE, and Driscoll to a ROAR from the AWA faithful!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: FELICIA LOVE WIPES THEM ALL OUT! OH MY!

[Love scrambles up, smirking at the cheering crowd before dragging Driscoll out of the pile by the hair before rushing at the ropes...]

LD: Love on the move annnnnnd...

[...but Driscoll grabs the top rope, preventing the toss over which puts Love in the awkward position of trying to power or leverage her over, neither of which is in her wheelhouse.]

LD: ...Driscoll stays in, Love trying to wrangle her over and I'm not sure that's likely, Ben.

BW: Definitely not. Love's going to need to gain some weight... or height... or both probably.

[Love is showing frustration as she clubs away at Driscoll, unable to get the elimination on her first round opponent as she spins away, dashing to the far ropes...]

LD: Off the far SIIIIIIIIIDE!

[...and Lori's voice goes up as Driscoll backdrops Love over the top rope, sending her down to the floor!]

LD: SHE'S GONE! FELICIA LOVE IS GONE!

[Love looks up at the ring wide-eyed and enraged. She lets loose a horrible scream, flopping onto her back and kicking her legs madly!]

LD: And now she's gone wild! Felicia Love throwing a tantrum on the outside after being eliminated by Lily Driscoll!

[While the ringside officials try to get Love on her feet, we cut back to the ring where...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: LOPEZ RUNS THE PAIR FROM JAPAN RIGHT DOWN WITH A DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

[Catalina Lopez whips around, looking to see who else might be coming for...]

LD: Driscoll coming... OHH! BIG DAMN BOOT! WIPES HER OUT!

[Lopez turns again, getting swarmed by the duo of Jo Jo Washington and Riley Bennett...]

BW: Lopez getting attacked by the two biggest women in this match whose name isn't Catalina Lopez!

[A flurry of fists from both the brawling belles have Lopez backpedaling a bit as they try to overwhelm her...]

LD: Lopez getting picked on by two women... closer to her size.

[Waterson snorts.]

BW: Ain't no one in this match her size, Dane.

[The crowd is rocking as the duo snap off jabs at a stunned Lopez...

...and then bust out a little shimmy and shake.]

LD: Listen to these fans!

BW: Reseda don't see nothin' wrong with a little bump and grind!

LD: Big Sal would be proud!

[And with Lopez staggered, the duo grab her by the hair, rushing the ropes...]

LD: UP... ANNNNNNNND...

[...and TOSS Lopez over the top rope!]

LD: ...OOOOOVERRRRRRRR!

[But as the crowd starts to jeer the departure of their favorite, they realize it's not over yet as Lopez snatches the top rope, pulling up her legs so that her feet remain shy of touching the floor...]

LD: Lopez hanging on! Catalina Lopez isn't done yet!

[And with a mighty pull, Lopez drags herself back up, powering herself back over the ropes and into the ring in a superhuman show of strength!]

LD: In the words of our old friend... OH! MY! STARS!

BW: Did she REALLY just do that?!

LD: She sure did!

BW: HOW?!

[Back inside the ring, Lopez lets loose a roar as a shocked Bennett and Washington turn around...

...and then runs them down with a massive double clothesline that knocks them flat!]

LD: LOPEZ PICKS UP THE SPARE!

[A fired-up Lopez lifts her hand up into the air...]

LD: She's calling for the chokeslam... and listen to these fans!

[All through the American Legion Hall, we see fans mimicking the same gesture, shouting out "AHHHHHHH THE CHOKESLAM!""]

BW: Who's she gonna do THAT to?!

LD: Bennett and Washington are starting to stir... whoever gets up first may have a BIG surprise waiting for her!

[And it's Bennett who is the first to her feet, promptly getting a massive paw wrapped around her throat...]

LD: Uh oh! Lopez has got her hooked! She's got her hooked!

[...and the blue collar babe starts fighting for her life, throwing sweeping rights and lefts down at the grasping arm, battling her way out...]

LD: BENNETT BREAKS LOOSE!

[With a shocked Lopez in front of her, Bennett drops back into the ropes...

...and goes TOPPLING over the top rope, crashing down unceremoniously on the hard American Legion Hall floor!]

LD: What the...?!

[With Bennett down on the ground, we spot Felicia Love standing nearby, a smirk upon her face as the crowd jeers loudly!]

LD: Was that... did Felicia Love do that?!

BW: She sure did!

LD: Why the heck is she even still out here?!

BW: We're down to five! Washington, Shinza, Lopez, Driscoll, and AKANE - one of these five is headed to Dodger Stadium in nine nights for the biggest match of her life!

[Bennett looks up in shock at the gloating Love as AWA officials try to get between them, anticipating a problem as the crowd continues to berate Love for the cheap elimination...]

...which is when a pissed-off Bennett comes off the floor swinging for the fences to the delight of the Reseda crowd!]

LD: AND NOW THEY'RE FIGHTING ON THE FLOOR!

[Bennett and Love are trading wild haymakers as AWA officials herd them up the aisle, trying to push them from the ringside area as the crowd ROARS for the brawl!]

BW: They may fight themselves all the way out to Ventura Boulevard, baby!

[Jo Jo Washington is on her feet as well now, looking out on the brawling action as Catalina Lopez stalks her from behind...]

LD: Washington's watching the action like the rest of us but she doesn't know that-

[...and Lopez rushes forward, connecting with a running forearm to the back of the head that knocks Washington over the ropes, sending her tumbling down onto the ring apron!]

LD: Washington goes over but not out! Hanging onto the ropes!

[Washington comes off the mat swinging, throwing big bombs at Lopez who is trying to send her to the floor...]

LD: Lopez and Washington trading heavy shots, Washington fighting to survive!

[...and a handful of fans edge closer to the ring, smashing their hands down on the apron to salute the action going on...]

LD: Washington trying to hang on with all she's got!

[Lopez backs off to mid-ring, sizing up Washington before rushing forward...]

LD: TACKLE!

[...and delivers a running tackle that connects solidly, knocking Washington into the air off the apron...]

...and into the upwardly outstretched arms of the Reseda fans!]

LD: WHAAAAAAT?!

BW: Washington should be eliminated!

LD: You're absolutely right! She should be but these fans so close to the ring apron just caught her!

BW: Put her down!

[And with Jo Jo Washington held overhead, the fans start passing her from hand to hand...]

LD: Victoria June is somewhere backstage eating her heart out, Ben, because Jo Jo Washington is being crowdsurfed around the American Legion Hall! Oh yeah!

[The fans are pouring from their seats to take part, continuing to carry Washington off the canvas as Catalina Lopez looks on in disbelief!]

LD: The Reseda fans made the save! Jo Jo Washington was eliminated but these fans are having none of it, carrying her to safety as Catalina Lopez can only look on and watch!

[A few more moments pass before the fans deposit a shocked and jubilant Washington back on the apron with a ROAR. She quickly comes back through the ropes, throwing up her arms in an exaggerated shrug...

...and as Big Boss Shinza rushes towards her, Washington sidesteps, tossing her backfirst into the corner!]

LD: OH!

[AKANE comes charging in after her Japanese counterpart but Washington again sidesteps with a shuffle and a jig, tossing the masked woman into the corner, sending her crashing backfirst into Shinza...]

LD: Keep on movin', Jo Jo!

[...and with a roar, Catalina Lopez comes rumbling in towards Washington who does a full 360 this time, spinning clear and sending Lopez crashing into both Shinza and AKANE!]

BW: She's got a whole pile-up going on in the corner, Dane!

[Washington does a little dance, ending up in the corner across from the cornered trio, jogging in place, pumping her arms dramatically...]

LD: The train is gettin' ready to roll out of the station!

[...and then goes running across, twisting around to throw herself into a running hip attack into the midsection of Lopez, sending the giant toppling out of the corner to the mat, rolling clear as Washington jogs back to the opposite corner again...]

LD: Next stop... CU... CAMONGA!

[...and comes barreling in a second time, this time with a LEAPING hip attack to the mush of AKANE, sending her stumbling out to join Lopez on the canvas...]

LD: One more for the road!

[Washington's got the fist spinning and pumping as she approaches the far corner again as a chant goes up...]

"RIDE THE TRAIN!"

"RIDE THE TRAIN!"

"RIDE THE TRAIN!"

[...and with a huge grin on the face of American Soul, Jo Jo Washington goes tearing across one more time, leaping into the air for a flying avalanche splash on Shinza, clashing her arms together on Shinza's head, sending her down to join the

others on the mat as Washington highsteps to mid-ring, pumping her arms in the air, raising the roof of the American Legion Hall as the crowd goes NUTS!]

LD: Jo Jo Washington is a crowd favorite everywhere she goes and it's no different here tonight in Reseda, fans!

[But as Washington mounts the middle rope to salute the fans, Lily Driscoll slips in behind her, flipping her over the ropes!]

LD: OHH! WASHINGTON TO THE APRON!

[Driscoll hits the far ropes, twisting into a handspring...]

LD: HANDSPRING...

[...flipping to a flying elbow...]

LD: ...ELBOW!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: AND WASHINGTON IS ELIMINATED!

[The fans jeer loudly as Lily Driscoll gets up, a huge smirk on her face as she points to the eliminated Washington!]

LD: We're down to four, Ben!

BW: Big Boss Shinza, AKANE, Catalina Lopez, and Lily Driscoll battling it out for a shot to be in the Rumble!

[Driscoll is still madly talking trash at the fallen fan favorite as the crowd starts to cheer loudly. Driscoll looks confused, shaking her head...]

LD: Uh oh! Don't look behind you!

[...and as she turns around, she gets a massive hand wrapped around her throat!]

LD: LOPEZ HOOKS HER!

[The mighty Lopez lifts her high into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! THE CHOOOOOKESLAAAAAAM!"

[Lopez pumps her mighty arms as she gets back to her feet, turning back towards the middle of the ring...]

...where again AKANE and Shinza come together, battering Lopez with kicks to the legs and torso, battering her backwards...]

LD: Lopez is getting LIT UP by AKANE and Shinza, driving her back across the ring...

[...and they keep on coming, hammering Lopez back into the ropes...]

LD: Lopez is on the ropes! The biggest woman in the match getting rocked by both AKANE AND Big Boss Shinza!

[The crowd jeers as Shinza and AKANE are throwing strikes fast and fierce - landing palm strikes and piston-like punches, roundhouse kicks and right hooks, knees to

the head and kicks to the legs - all as Lopez lifts her arms in front of her face, trying to shield herself from the onslaught...

...and then just reaches out with both arms, shoving them both away...]

LD: THE POWER OF LO-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as Lily Driscoll gets a running start, leaping into a crossbody that knocks Lopez backwards, flipping her over the top rope as she hangs onto Driscoll...]

LD: OHH! THEY'RE GONE! THEY'RE BOTH GONE!

[As Driscoll and Lopez hit the floor and are eliminated, Shinza and AKANE peel off from one another for a moment, engaging in a little staredown...]

LD: We're down to two, Ben - and that means that either Big Boss Shinza or AKANE will be the last woman standing and move into the Rumble

[A few more moments pass before AKANE storms forward, throwing a pair of leg kicks before snapping off a roundhouse to the ribcage of Big Boss Shinza, sending her stumbling back a step...

...but then she rushes forward herself, landing a leaping elbowstrike to the jaw, snatching AKANE by the mask...]

LD: We've got a fight on our hands!

[...and starts hammering forearm shots into the skull of AKANE!]

LD: THE FIGHT IS ON!

[Shinza uses the grip on the mask to toss AKANE into the corner, rushing in after..]

LD: LEAPING KNEE!

[...but AKANE front rolls out of the corner, causing Shinza to step up on the middle rope and whiff on the kneestrike...

...and AKANE rolls in right behind her, leaping to the middle rope, snatching a waistlock...]

LD: WHAT THE-?!

[...and HURLS Shinza into the air, taking her down with a middle rope German Suplex that shakes the ring and brings the Reseda crowd to their feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: AKANE TOSSES HER ACROSS THE RIIIIING!

[AKANE comes off the mat, rushing to pull Shinza up, rushing towards the ropes...

...but Shinza reverses it, shoving AKANE into the ropes before she bounces back, coming on fast...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: RUNNING PALM STRIKE!

[With Shinza dazed, AKANE tosses her to the corner, charging in again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ANOTHER ONE!

[Grabbing the arm on Shinza, AKANE goes to whip her out of the corner...

...but just before following through, she YANKS her backwards, throwing her back into the same corner!]

LD: Shinza's staggered! AKANE's got her in serious trouble!

[AKANE gives Shinza a nudge, knocking her into a stagger out of the corner as AKANE steps out to the apron, grabbing the top rope...]

LD: What is she...?

[...and springs off the top rope, sailing through the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SPRINGBOARD DROPKIIIIICK!

[AKANE pulls Shinza off the mat, pointing out of the ring...]

LD: She's gonna toss her!

[...but as they near the ropes, Shinza reverses it, tossing AKANE over the ropes where she lands on the apron!]

LD: NO! AKANE ON THE APRON!

[Shinza throws a pair of elbowstrikes... and then uncorks a spinning back elbow, leaving AKANE staggered...]

LD: BIG BOSS SHINZA FIRING BACK!

[...and as Shinza looks to do more damage, AKANE leaps up with the aid of the ropes, scissoring Shinza's head with her legs...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SHE'S GONE! SHE'S OUT!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and the crowd ROARS as the athleticism of AKANE pays dividends, eliminating Big Boss Shinza to secure the victory!]

LD: AKANE takes the win here in Reseda... and she's heading to Dodger Stadium for the biggest night of her life!

BW: That was a heck of a match, Dane. The rookies came to play and now the door is wide open for AKANE to have a huge impact in a short, short period of time.

LD: AKANE back in the ring, arms raised in victory...

[The fans pay tribute to the Japanese superstar, breaking out into the "A-KA-NE!" chant again as she bows in their direction...]

LD: ...and we'll be right back with more action on this HUGE edition of Showtime!

[...and we fade to black.

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

CC: People say Cinder is crazy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and as we fade back up with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we see Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan dressed in street clothes approaching Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov inside the American Legion Hall. It appears to be early in the day as we can see production staff scurrying about to get set up for the night's broadcast.]

TD: Hey boss man... got a minute?

[Zharkov takes a look at his ever-present clipboard before nodding.]

MZ: Just a minute.

[Donovan nods.]

TD: Look, we were in the area doing some press work and we thought we'd stop by and ask about our World Tag Team Title shot.

[Zharkov raises an eyebrow.]

MZ: Oh?

[Taylor nods.]

WT: That's right. We know Tiger Claw talked to you and got us a shot at the titles... Jackson and Martinez or... I guess whoever else Team Supreme wants to put in there with us. So, we were hoping to find out when it's going down.

[Zharkov grimaces.]

MZ: I would've thought Mr. Claw would have informed you but-

[Donovan interrupts.]

TD: Informed us what?

[Zharkov shrugs.]

MZ: He informed my office that after further consideration, he was... delaying his request for your title match.

[Donovan shakes his head, getting agitated.]

TD: Wait a second! He did what? Why would he do that? Why would he take away our shot at the gold?

[Zharkov's gaze slowly drifts to Taylor.]

MZ: Perhaps it was Mr. Taylor seeking out Brian James.

[Donovan's head whips towards his partner, a cold glare in his eyes as a surprised Taylor throws up a hand.]

WT: Wait, wait.. did he say that or are you just...?

[Zharkov shrugs.]

MZ: I do not wish to get in the middle of your situation. If you wish to reinstate your request for a title match, you can...

[Taylor excitedly nods.]

WT: Great, that's exactly what we-

[But Zharkov raises a hand.]

MZ: But you must inform my office that you no longer wish to have ANY business relationship with Tiger Claw and that he does not represent you when dealing with AWA management.

[Donovan's still glaring at Taylor who again looks surprised.]

TD: Just HAD to go to Brian, didn't you? Just HAD to go ask him what we... what YOU should do.

WT: Look, Tony... I understand why you're upset but we had to make a decision and-

[Donovan shakes his head.]

TD: I made a decision, Wes. And MY decision got us a shot at the tag titles.

[Donovan glares at his partner.]

TD: Just what in the hell did yours do?!

[Donovan angrily turns, stalking off as Taylor is left behind with Maxim Zharkov.]

WT: Tony! HEY! TONY, COME BACK!

[Taylor rushes off out of view, chasing after his partner as we fade to black...

...and we come back up to live action on the production stage where we see Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams wedged into a small spot next to a camera position.]

MW: Reseda, California - Showtime is in the house!

[The crowd ROARS as Wolfe grins.]

MW: What a night this has been, Sweet Daddy Williams.

SDW: Miss Mariah, this is the kind of night... in front of these kind of people... that makes you wanna lace 'em up again and get up in that ring and throw them soupbones, ya know?

[Wolfe shrugs.]

MW: I really, really don't... but I get the sentiment for sure. Of course, this is a special night here on Showtime because it's our first Showtime on the road... it's the first night of our Showtime summer tour... AND it's the kickoff to Memorial Day Mayhem week here in Los Angeles!

[The crowd ROARS again!]

MW: There's a lot of big matches that'll be going down in Los Angeles nine days away - a lot of personal matches... but perhaps none more personal than the battle between former friends Supreme Wright and Jack Lynch in a rematch of one of the most famous matches in AWA history... the Towel Match. Of course, the bad blood in that one was reignited back in March at the Tenth Anniversary Show during what was supposed to be a joyous night for everyone.

SDW: And that bad blood got spilled all over New Orleans at the Red Wedding, Mariah.

MW: It sure did. And in the months that have followed, we've heard from the Lynches... we've heard from Team Supreme... but there's someone we have NOT heard a single word from... and that's Theresa Lynch. Fans, earlier this week, Theresa did me the honor of sitting down with me to discuss what happened that night... and what's happened since. Let's take a look...

[We fade into a dimly lit studio where we see Mariah Wolfe and Theresa Lynch seated, facing each other. Wolfe sits on one side, looking professional and composed in a navy blue blazer over a soft white blouse and tailored trousers. Theresa Lynch sits across from her, looking visibly worn but resolute. Theresa's outfit is more relaxed yet still professional: a black, fitted jacket with rolled-up sleeves over a simple gray t-shirt, dark jeans, and boots. Her hair is loosely tied back into a messy bun, and despite the exhaustion in her eyes, she still radiates a quiet strength.]

MW: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm Mariah Wolfe, and I'm here to present an exclusive sitdown interview with someone the wrestling world hasn't seen or heard from in months now - Theresa Lynch. Theresa, thank you for being here. I know this can't be easy for you.

TL: Thanks for having me, Mariah. Easy doesn't even begin to cover it, but I'm here. Let's do this.

[Mariah nods.]

MW: Theresa, the last time the world saw you was at your wedding - or what was supposed to be your wedding - to Supreme Wright. It turned into chaos when Brian James interrupted the proceedings and it came out that Supreme was the one who orchestrated the attack on Johnny Detson. A riot broke out, your family was hurt, and then you vanished. Can you tell us where you've been since that day?

[Theresa Lynch takes a deep breath.]

TL: I've been with my family, Mariah. After everything went down... after the truth came out and Mifune-gun...

[She shakes her head and spits out her next words with dismissive venom.]

TL: Sorry, "Team Supreme"... after they turned my wedding into a war zone - I couldn't stay. I went back home. Dad's got a busted arm, mom's been a mess, I have cousins still in physical therapy, and Diego... he's lucky he's even walking. I've been there, trying to help them pick up the pieces. Trying to make sense of how the man I was about to marry could do this.

[She pauses, voice cracking slightly.]

TL: I still don't have an answer.

MW: It must've been overwhelming. How are you holding up through all of this? What's going through your mind?

[Theresa laughs bitterly, shaking her head.]

TL: "Holding up"? Honestly, I don't even know what that means anymore. I feel... numb, most days. Like I'm just going through the motions.

[She clenches her fists.]

TL: And then there's the anger. God, the anger! I trusted him, Mariah. I loved him. And he stood there, smirking, while his friends beat my family bloody. I'm confused, too - how did I not see it? How did I miss who he really was? Especially after what he put my family through before. And then I feel terrible, because I keep thinking maybe I should've known. Maybe there was a way I could've stopped it. It's a mess.

[She drops her head.]

TL: I'm a mess.

[Mariah nods, letting the silence hang for a moment.]

MW: Supreme's been vocal since you left. He's been calling you out, saying you belong with him, that you need to come back to his side. What do you say to that?

TL: He can call me out all he wants, but I don't belong to anybody, least of all him. He doesn't get to dictate my life after what he did. He thinks he's still got some kind of hold over me? That's done. Over. He made his choice when he stabbed me in the back - and my family in the front.

[Mariah nods solemnly.]

MW: Speaking of your family... your brother, Jack Lynch, has challenged Supreme to a Towel Match at Memorial Day Mayhem. A rematch from the infamous Towel Match they had at SuperClash in 2015. For those who don't know, that's a brutal match where you win by forcing your opponent to throw in the towel - or have it thrown in for them. What are your thoughts on Jack stepping into the ring with Supreme again?

[Theresa's expression softens, a look of pride washing over her.]

TL: Jack's my big brother. He's always had my back. When Supreme hurt our family, Jack didn't hesitate. He's not just fighting for me - he's fighting for all of us. And a Towel Match? That's perfect.

[Wolfe seems slightly surprised by the answer.]

MW: Will you be there? Memorial Day Mayhem is coming up fast. Are you planning to show up?

[Theresa leans forward, a fire igniting in her voice.]

TL: Oh, I'll be there, Mariah. I wouldn't miss it for the world. I'll be in Los Angeles, and not just in the crowd.

[She pauses, a sly grin creeping across her face.]

TL: See Mariah, Jack wanted our dad, Blackjack, to hold the towel for him - you know, keep it in the family, let the old man have a front-row seat to Supreme's reckoning. But I told Jack no.

[A beat.]

TL: I'm taking that spot. I'm gonna be the one holding the towel.

[Mariah's eyes widen, the look on her face showing that she's been caught off guard by this revelation.]

MW: Wait... you're holding the towel??? That's huge, Theresa! You'll be right there at ringside, in the thick of it. Why did you insist on that?

TL: Because I need to see it up close, Mariah. I need to look Supreme in the eye when Jack tears him apart. I want to be the one to decide when it's over - if it's ever over. The match he lost to Jack, the same one that sent him spiraling down years ago? I'll be there to watch him spiral straight to hell all over again.

[Mariah shakes her head in disbelief.]

MW: That's a heck of a statement, Theresa. The wrestling world's going to be buzzing about this. Thank you for sitting down with me tonight.

[Mariah and Theresa rise from their chairs, shaking hands.]

TL: Thanks, Mariah. I'm done hiding. I'll see you in LA.

[With that, Theresa walks off, head held high, as Mariah watches her go. The camera lingers for a moment before fading to black...

...and then back to live action where we find Lori Dane and Ben Waterson as a "THE-RE-SA!" chant breaks out from the Reseda crowd!]

LD: Well... I think that says it all, Ben. That young woman was torn to pieces emotionally at the hands of Supreme Wright and Team Supreme... and now she gets to be ringside to watch him torn to piece PHYSICALLY by the Iron Cowboy at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: Sure, sure... that might happen. Or she may see her big brother physically dissected by the man who is arguably the greatest mat wrestler... the greatest submission wrestler on the planet. And if that happens, Dane - I don't want hear a damn word out of her mouth about how many tears she shed for Jackie Boy.

LD: You're too much. Fans, let's-

[Lori is cut off by the haunting strains of Byrd's "Mass for 4 Voices: Kyrie" echoing throughout the American Legion Hall. The already (mostly) inebriated and rowdy crowd erupts in boos as Lady Rebecca Falkingham, dressed in a navy blue jersey jumpsuit, pearl necklace, white Chelsea boots with a sphere-shaped heels and her ever present pristine white gloves, strides into view.]

LD: Lady Rebecca Falkingham has arrived in Reseda... and by the look on her face, I'm guessing she'd rather be just about anywhere else in the world.

[Falkingham has utter disdain on her face as she walks down the aisle, jerking her arms backwards to make sure none of the fans can lay a finger on her.]

BW: What's with these people, Dane?! Lady Rebecca Falkingham graces the people of Reseda with her presence and THIS is how they treat her?!

LD: It's not like she's the Queen of England!

BW: She's BETTER than that old bat! Lady Rebecca is beauty, charm, and class rolled into the perfect package... and these people are drunk, rude, and... and... GROSS!

[Falkingham reaches the ring, gracefully moving up the steps onto the ring apron where she slips through the ropes to move to center ring. She holds her gloved hands aloft, uselessly at her sides, looking around expectantly.]

LD: What is she...?

[The fans are wondering the same thing, letting her know it.]

"WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?!"

clap clap clapclapclap

[Lady Falkingham's dark eyes open wide in horror as the crowd chants at her. She gestures in flipper-like fashion to the ring attendant who realizes that she needs a microphone. An awkward moment ensues as a ring attendant rushes in to hold the microphone for her, as Lady Falkingham refuses to touch it.]

LD: Oh, take the mic, will ya?

[Falkingham looks aghast at the very idea of touching the offered mic.]

"GRAB THE MIC!"

"GRAB THE MIC!"

"GRAB THE MIC!"

[Falkingham shakes her head as she speaks into the mic being held by the attendant.]

LRF: Oh, dearest me... is this what passes for civilization on this wretched side of the pond?

[The crowd JEERS loudly.]

LRF: The heat, the dust, the...

[She sniffs the air with great exaggeration, grimacing as she does.]

LRF: ...distinct aroma of desperation and, dare I say, illicit activities.

Truly, Reseda, you are the very bowels of American decadence.

[The crowd boos and hurls insults as Falkingham tilts her head back and chuckles condescendingly.]

LRF: Is it any wonder the endless British Empire once sought to tame this barbaric land?

And now, I, Lady Rebecca Falkingham, the epitome of elegance, grace, and superiority, shall bring class and dignity to your tawdry wrestling league.

For you see, at Memorial Day Mayhem, I shall outshine every common brute and uncouth harlot in the Rumble at Dodger Stadium.

[More jeers come raining down on her but she simply raises the volume of her voice to speak over them.]

LRF: And when I stand victorious, you shall bow before me as the true First Lady of the AWA.

[The jeers get even louder as some of the fans start to bang empty plastic pitchers together... some even nearing the ring to smash them on the ring apron to the horror of Falkingham who raises her gloved hands daintily, as if shielding herself from the commoners' filth.]

LRF: SQUI! We are not amused! Your roused rabble does nothing but reinforce your inferiority. For I am a true English Rose, and I shall not wilt in the face of-

[And the crowd ROARS at the horrific sound of a chainsaw roaring to life!]

LD: UH OH!

[Falkingham's eyes go wide as she spins to look at the entrance aisle...

...and the small concern turns into full blown panic as Harper Hannigan steps through the curtain, holding their chainsaw aloft!]

LD: HARPER HANNIGAN HAS HEARD ENOUGH OF THE ENGLISH ROSE!

[Falkingham backpedals as far as she can, bumping up against the ropes as the ring attendant bails out, leaving Hannigan to set down the chainsaw before they bull rush their way up the aisle, diving under the ropes into the ring, popping up with a ROAR!]

LD: Falkingham can't believe her eyes!

BW: This is NOT a civilized moment!

[Falkingham seems to be claiming exactly that, pleading her case to the wild-eyed Hannigan...

...which is when Falkingham suddenly FACEPLANTS on the canvas before being dragged under the ropes to the outside!]

LD: That's Margarita Flores out on the floor! She said she'd be here tonight, just days before the Rumble, and she's lived up to that word!

[The crowd is ROARING as Flores rocks and fires on a shocked Falkingham, Hannigan looking on from the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...until they get WHACKED across the back with a chairshot!]

LD: Is that...?!

[A big pink bubblegum bubble is popped by the hoodie wearing attacker before the hood is pulled back to reveal...]

LD: IT IS! RICKI TOUGHILL IS HERE IN RESEDA!

BW: Well, this is definitely HER kind of town!

[Toughill scrambles up into the ring, grabbing Hannigan by the back of the head, smashing them with repeated right hands to the ROAR of the AWA Faithful!]

LD: It was Hannigan who put Toughill on the shelf to begin with, Ben, and it looks like Ricki's come for some payback just days before Memorial Day Mayhem when all FOUR of these competitors will be there!

[Falkingham starts to fight back on the outside, throwing some pretty stiff looking forearm strikes to the jaw of Flores who is trading haymakers in response...]

LD: We've got a fight on our hands and it's just a taste of what it's gonna be in nine days in Dodger Stadium, fans!

[As the fight roars on, we slowly fade to black...]

After a moment, the ESPN 30 For 30 logo comes up on the screen with the words "COMING MAY 27th, 2018."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Back to Dane.]

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

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

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

...and then come back up on what passes for backstage at the American Legion Hall, in Reseda, California - a cramped hallway full of crates and equipment for the broadcast. Dirt Dog Unique Allah is slumped on one of the crates, downing a pitcher of beer. He chugs it in impressive fashion. Three other pitchers are stood next to him.]

DDUA: Hey! Somebody! Can I get a beer? One more beer? Huh? Yo, can I get some more beer in this muhfuh?

[You can still hear the crowd just outside the hallway buzzing as production assistants, backstage AWA producers, agents and officials squeeze through the space. One more figure squeezes through the hallway to stop right in front of Unique Allah. It is Odysseus Allah. The young Allah is still sweaty and garbed in his wrestling pants from earlier in the night. His eyes are wild and you can see his venom is directed directly at his father.]

OA: (voice sharp, pacing) Yo, you out here drinking ... You know you cost me that match against Cannonball Connors, right? You know I should've won that match easy. But no, pops, you had to go stick your ass in my business and play to the crowd. This is my time. Not yours. You do remember that, right?

[When Dirt Dog doesn't respond fast enough but starts swilling another pitcher of beer, Odysseus's anger boils over as he smacks the pitcher out of Dirt Dog's hand, sending beer splashing everywhere and people running and dodging the mess.]

OA: Yo, you're out here playing the fool instead of having my back!

[Dirt Dog wobbles slightly but grins, unfazed. He wipes his chin with the sleeve of his shirt and leans back in his chair, eyes half-lidded but mischievous. He picks up another pitcher and starts to drink.]

DDUA: I ain't pay for that muhfuh, no how. C'mon, son. Why you mad at me? I ain't get pinned by that little ass Canadian boy.

[Allah burps loudly.]

DDUA: You gotta get meaner if you wanna win. Back in my day I wouldn'a lost that fight. No matter what.

[He chuckles to himself.]

DDUA: I'm talkin' mean, boy. Like your mama.

[Veins pop in Odysseus' neck as he glares at his father incredulously. The younger Allah yanks Dirt Dog up by the collar, almost knocking him over.]

OA: You watch what you say about mom. You hear me? She was the one holding things down while you were on the road pretending you wasn't a married father.

[Dirt Dog slumps sheepishly in his son's grip.]

DDUA: You know I ain't mean it. You know that was liquor talkin'.

[Odysseus grits his teeth.]

OA: That liquor has been doing too much talking. It's been talking for twenty years now. It's been making a fool out of you and now it's making a fool out of me out there. Like I'm some kinda joke. You better fix this. FIX IT. You owe me that much, Old Man.

[Dirt Dog's eyes flash with a brief moment of clarity, but it's quickly drowned by the sloshing beer in his brain. He stumbles backward, sitting down hard on the crate and nearly spilling the pitchers of beer beside him. He starts chuckling, then suddenly smacks the crate with both hands and leans forward with a crooked grin.]

DDUA: (slurring) HAH! You want respect? You want people talkin' 'bout Odysseus Allah? Okay, tonight, we'll get you in the Infinity Gauntlet.

[Dirt Dog grins widely.]

DDUA: Yeah! You versus Juan Vasquez. You win and BOOM! You the man! Beat Vasquez and everybody gon' know how big a star you is.

[Odysseus's nostrils flare. He clenches his fists, still seething, but he can't hide the glimmer of intrigue behind his eyes. The Infinity Gauntlet match is the kind of fight that makes a career and he knows it. But he grabs Dirt Dog by the face, squeezing his cheeks with one hand.]

OA: (low, menacing) Make this right... or I swear to God, I'll leave you drunk and busted in this dump forever.

DDUA: Yo, that might be all right. I saw them doing a movie down the street and the beer here is cheap.

[Dirt Dog just chuckles again, raising a wobbly finger as he calls out to somebody.]

DDUA: Hey! Another pitcher for me and my boy! We celebratin'!"

[Odysseus shakes his head in disgust before he storms off toward the locker room, his jaw clenched so tight it could crack. Dirt Dog pushes to his feet, stumbling as he grabs another pitcher of beer and downs it.]

DDUA: (slurring to the cameraman) These kids, man. They just don't understand how to be great.

[The camera lingers on Dirt Dog's wild, unpredictable grin before fading out...

...and we cut to the parking lot, where Michelle Bailey has put her hoodie back on and is leaning on the trunk of a car, holding a bottle of Harmless Harvest coconut water, looking at the pavement with a frown on her face. She unscrews the cap on the bottle and takes a sip, and as she does so, a familiar voice calls out to her.]

"Mind if I join you?"

[Michelle looks up with a wince, reaching up to feel her neck, as she motions with the bottle beside her. After a few moments, Julie Somers appears in frame, similarly wincing as she leans against the car.]

JS: Rough night, huh?

MB: Yeah.

[A moment passes as Michelle puts the cap back onto her coconut water.]

JS: I've been trying to find you. I wanted to talk about what happened.

MB: Sorry. I've been out here. It's so packed in there, it's hard to breathe.

[Michelle sighs.]

MB: Besides, Bailey was so mad after what happened with Melissa that I had to send her down to CVS to go get a couple of things for Juan so she can cool down, and it's better for me to be out here to make sure she actually cooled down before both of us go back in. She's way more mad than I am.

[Julie gets a look of concern on her face.]

JS: It's not gonna be a rougher night, is it?

[A slight shrug from Michelle.]

MB: Probably not. As quickly as my daughter gets mad, she calms down just as fast. Besides, Ayako went with her, so I'm sure that will help. And I just need to see what the heck happened before I can process how I feel. Maybe try to talk to Melissa. I don't know. My head's not exactly clear right now and that shot from her didn't help.

[Michelle casts a glance at Julie out of the side of her eye.]

MB: All things being equal, though, you might want to tell Melissa to give my daughter some space, just to be safe.

[Julie nods.]

JS: And you? A lot of things went wrong tonight.

[Michelle unscrews the cap on her coconut water again, taking a sip as Julie keeps talking.]

JS: I mean, yeah, the match itself, then what went down with EGM... and I was ready to settle it with Cinder right then. And I didn't even know Melissa was going to show up. I mean... it just felt like a bad night all around, and at the worst possible time. Right before we fight each other. I just want to make sure we're okay. I don't want the title – or anything else – to get between us. I can't say enough about what your friendship has meant to me and I don't want to lose that.

[Michelle arches her eyebrow as she puts the cap back onto her coconut water. Julie looks at Michelle, waiting for a response, when another voice rings out before Michelle can respond.]

"Hey! I was hoping I could talk to you two!"

[And into the frame walks Ricki Toughill, a concerned look on her face.]

RT: So... uh... heh. I guess, my bad... that was my idea. You're not... you're not too beat up, are ya?

[Michelle frowns as Julie nods her head.]

JS: I'll manage.

[Michelle stays silent, sipping again from her coconut water, as Ricki looks at the two.]

RT: Didn't you say you had a massage scheduled for tomorrow, Michelle?

[Michelle lets out a deep breath as she puts the cap back onto her coconut water.]

MB: Yeah.

[Ricki flinches at Michelle's terseness.]

RT: Okay. Look, I'll just cut to the chase. I saw what happened out there, and I know when you've got a lot of dominant personalities in play, there's gonna be friction. I know Harley and Cinder can really get under people's skins, but Julie and I have been there. They're just trying to get in your heads and sow chaos in all directions.

[Michelle gives Ricki a glare, as Julie looks at the two in concern.]

RT: All I'm saying is, don't rise to 'em like I did.

[Michelle deeply frowns.]

MB: Really, Erica? You too?

RT: What do you mean, "me too"?

[Michelle reaches into the kangaroo pocket of her hoodie and pulls out her phone.]

MB: After the match, I have dozens of texts from people asking me if I joined E-Girl MAX because of something apparently Ben Waterson said, and now you're coming here and acting like I can't take care of this in my own way? What, because I don't want to rip Harley and Cinder apart, I threw away my ideals to join them?

RT: That's not what I meant!

JS: Hold on, Michelle, nobody's accusing you of-

[Michelle holds up her hand.]

MB: Julie, I gave you time and space to process how you felt about your brother, right?

JS: You did.

[Michelle gives Julie a hard look.]

MB: Give me the time and space here.

[Michelle stares at Julie, who seems to be having trouble processing what Michelle is saying and just stares back. Ricki looks at the two, then taps Julie on the shoulder, but Julie does not break her stare with Michelle.]

RT: This is exactly what they did to us, Julie! They're playin' us like puppets! Michelle, you're better than that! I know you are!

[This doesn't break the staredown, as Ricki throws up her hands in frustration.]

RT: Alright. Alright! I'll tell you what, whoever wins at Dodger Stadium?

[Ricki tries to break the staredown by getting in between the two, jutting her thumb at her chest.]

RT: I got a Rumble that's mine to win, so I'm next in line.

[Julie frowns, grabbing Ricki by the arm.]

JS: No, Ricki, let's give her what she asked for. We'll talk about title shots later.

[As Julie pulls Ricki out of frame, Michelle finally breaks her silence.]

MB: Yeah. We will.

[And we cut back inside the American Legion Hall where we can hear Nas' "Hero" playing as the AWA National Champion Jordan Ohara is standing on the middle rope, saluting the cheering fans...]

LD: Welcome back to Showtime in Reseda where we've got some tense scenes backstage... but out here, we got nothin' but love as the fans let the Phoenix know how they feel about him just moments before the final Phoenix Rises Open Challenge before Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: If he wins, he gets a chance to win his title back from Sid Osborne at-

LD: That's not true at all! No matter what Sid Osborne says, the only title he can claim is the Royal Crown!

BW: We'll see about that.

LD: Ohara making a bold choice here, giving someone the chance to completely upset the apple cart at Dodger Stadium by taking the National Title here tonight but that's been Ohara since he regained the title at SuperClash, constantly looking for the next challenge to the oldest prize in the AWA - the National Title belt.

BW: A lot of great names have held that title, Dane - from Scott and Dufresne to Vasquez and Broussard to modern champions like Zharkov, Lynch, and Hunter.

LD: Who is going to get the chance to add their name to that prestigious roll call of champions here tonight?

[As the music fades, Ohara sets his sights on the entrance way, a big smile on his face as he awaits his opponent for the evening...]

BW: Who's it gonna be?

[And then...]

#Woahhhhhhh, ohhh, ohhhhh#

[The crowd ROARS as Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive" starts up.]

BW: WHAT?!

[Ohara's eyes go wide with surprise as stepping into view in his usual Azure Blue and white gear but with a regular blue zip up hooded sweat shirt and not his full entrance gear, is "The Future" Derrick Williams.]

LD: Derrick Williams is taking the Phoenix Rises challenge?!

[Williams is all grins as he walks down the small entrance aisle towards his former friend-turned-rival.]

LD: Jordan Ohara looks as surprised as anyone!

BW: I didn't even know Williams was in the building tonight, Dane.

LD: Neither did I... and I'm guessing neither did Jordan Ohara from the look on his face.

[Williams pops up into the ring, pulling out a microphone as he does.]

DW: So... how ya doing, J?

[Ohara gives Williams a smirk before Williams continues.]

DW: So, you got this little challenge here. And yeah, we kinda let each other do our own things, but sometimes we gotta circle back. Although lately, it always seems to be around the National Title.

And last year, shortly before SuperClash, we had a little back and forth chasing the National Title, and you got it.

Now... you're putting it up, and while I know you got a bit of a big match next week, so do I.

[The crowd cheers their upcoming matches as Ohara nods.]

DW: So I figure, while I'm getting my big match, what could make it BIGGER? And if I get the National Title, then I go to Memorial Day Mayhem and my match with Martinez is now for the National Title, and that's a-ok with me. And I know, I know, you got business with Osborne, and that's fine. And I'm not trying to screw that up, but, one thing we've missed is facing each other in such an... intimate setting.

[Williams looks around at the rabid crowd with a nod.]

DW: So, we get that out of our system, and, well, we see where things fall.

What do ya say?

[Williams tosses the mic to his former tag team partner who snatches it deftly from the air.]

JO: What do I say?

[Ohara looks out at the crowd ruefully.]

JO: i guess I say what they love to say around here...

D, you're my brother and sometimes brothers fight! Let's do this!

[Ohara tosses the mic to the outside as the crowd ROARS and Williams sheds his hoodie to get ready for battle!]

LD: Wow! How about that, Ben?!

BW: I'm all in favor of Ohara being a fighting champion... but this might be too far for him. He may have signed his own death warrant right here tonight in Reseda.

LD: We've got our referee in there, checking both men over and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: Well, we did NOT walk into the American Legion Hall in Reseda, California tonight expecting to see a rematch for a match from SuperClash past but I guess

when you're in a spot as famous as this, EVERYBODY wants to be a part of the show! We've seen so many AWA superstars tonight - we've even seen returning superstars - but Derrick Williams challenging Jordan Ohara for the AWA National Title? That was NOT on my Bingo Card, Ben.

BW: You're not gonna tell me "anything can happen in the AWA," are you?

LD: Well, no... but... it can!

[The two former friends-turned-rivals come together in the middle, locking up and shoving each other around the ring in search of an advantage...]

LD: Ohara and Williams were tag team partners and friends in the summer of 2016 when it all came crashing down when Williams made the decision to betray his partner and join up with The Axis. Later that year, they'd collide at SuperClash in a match that Williams actually won. But Ohara struck gold first... something Williams has yet to do but is certainly hoping to do here tonight.

BW: And what happens if he does, Dane? Do we get Williams versus Ryan Martinez for the National Title?

LD: I'd have to assume so, Ben... and what a match that would be for the only men's singles title that Ryan Martinez has never won here in the AWA.

[Ohara's back hits the ropes, giving him a little extra bounce as he pushes off, shoving Williams back across the ring...]

LD: Neither man with a clear advantage here... Ohara, the two-time National Champion, has gotta be a little surprised he's in this situation, Ben.

BW: Hey, you make an Open Challenge... and especially when you make as many of them as Ohara has... sooner or later, it's gonna come back to bite ya. And that may be Williams sharpening his teeth as we speak.

[Ohara finally shoves "The Future" back against the ropes, holding him there as referee Andy Dawson steps in, calling for a clean break...]

LD: Referee's looking for the break annnnnd...

[...and Ohara, of course, obliges, stepping back with his hands raised to some applause from the Reseda crowd.]

LD: ...he gets it. The Phoenix steps back, showing that sportsmanship that's made him a true hero to AWA fans... just like his entrance music says.

[Williams eyeballs Ohara, nodding as they come together again...]

LD: Right back to the lockup, trying to find an edge... a little bit bigger than his old friend-turned-enemy...

[...and this time, Williams drives Ohara straight back into the ropes, showing a little aggression as he shoves him back hard as the referee gets in there again.]

LD: ...calling for the break again... let's see if Williams goes for it...

[Dawson starts a count on Williams who waits a few moments and then comes up suddenly, swinging his right arm back...

...but as Ohara lifts his own arms to defend, a smirking Williams slides the right hand back, smoothing out his hair to some laughs from the AWA faithful.]

LD: ...and Williams breaks too... although with a little bit more flash than the Phoenix. Jordan Ohara is on his 178th day of this second National Title reign - Juan Vasquez' second reign of 222 days in his sights now.

BW: But right now, he better not be thinking about Juan Vasquez... he can't even be thinking about Sid Osborne next week in Los Angeles. He better be thinking about keeping the title against Derrick Williams or Memorial Day Mayhem is gonna get a king-sized shakeup here tonight on ESPN!

[Williams backs off chuckling as Ohara shakes his head with a smirk of his own, nodding at the Future as he waves him back in again...]

LD: Ohara looking to tie up again, this feeling out process between two old rivals who have not squared off in quite a while and-

[...and as Williams engages, Ohara jerks him down to the mat with a deep armdrag to cheers!]

LD: One of those signature armdrags out of the National Champion! Both men back up...

[The crowd cheers as it happens again...]

LD: ...and Williams back down with another armdrag!

[They come back up again - but this time, Williams feigns a lunge, allowing Ohara to come to him...]

LD: Oho! And it's Williams with the armdrag this time! Nice counter by the Future!

[...and this time, as they get up, Williams snatches a side headlock but barely gets it on before Ohara uses the ropes to shove him off...]

BW: Picking up the pace now, Dane.

LD: Into the ropes goes Williams... drop down by Ohara...

[Williams hurdles over and keeps on going.]

LD: ...leapfrog by Ohara...

[And when Williams comes back, Ohara gets up and lays him out with a standing dropkick!]

LD: ...and RIGHT on the button with that dropkick! Ohara gets high and lays it in hard with that standing dropkick, Ben.

BW: Oh, there's no doubting the talent of the National Champion. The agility, the high flying, the athleticism... you don't get to be the National Champion through luck and hype. The kid's got the goods... but the question is does he have the goods to get past Derrick Williams AND Sid Osborne to survive the next two weeks with his title still on his shoulder.

[Williams rolls to the outside, grimacing as he takes a little walk on the floor, running a hand across his mouth...]

LD: Looks like Williams is checking for blood there. That dropkick might've caught him in the mouth.

[...Williams comes away with a smear of blood on his hand and an annoyed look on his face for a moment as Ohara waves him back inside.]

BW: It sure did, Dane. Williams is wiping the blood off his mouth... he might need to get some dental work checked in the near future.

[Climbing up on the apron, Williams throws a hard look at Ohara before ducking through the ropes.]

LD: Back inside the ring now...

[Williams aggressively locks up again but almost immediately swings a knee up into the midsection...]

BW: So much for that tieup.

[...and with Ohara doubled up, Williams SMASHES a double axehandle down across the back, putting Ohara down on his hands and knees.]

BW: I'd say the feeling out process is over, Dane.

LD: I'd say you're right... Williams sends him to the corner... right on the move after him... ohhh! Big back elbow, right up under the chin!

[Williams steps out, pivots, and SLAMS a standing clothesline into the collarbone, lifting Ohara's legs off the mat before he settles back onto his feet.]

LD: A combination of big strikes in the corner, leaving him reeling...

[Grabbing the arm, the Future shoots him across in, sending Ohara towards the corner where he shows off that athleticism, leaping up onto the middle rope...

...and as Williams comes charging in, the Phoenix leaps off, twisting around...]

LD: CROSSBODY!

[But Ohara rolls right off Williams, trying to beat his former partner to his feet and does, crouching down to measure Williams as the Future regains his feet...]

LD: OHARA WITH THE SPIN!

[...and Ohara comes in spinning, throwing his leg out...]

LD: PHOENIX KICK!

[...but Williams has it well-scouted, ducking low to avoid it as Ohara whips past him. Williams coils and springs, snatching a three-quarter nelson..]

LD: FUTURE SHOCK!

[...but Ohara SHOVES him off, sending him sliding down to a defensive knee, the two former friends-turned-rivals squaring off to BIG cheers from the Reseda crowd who just loves that sort of thing.]

LD: And we've got ourselves a standoff, Ben!

BW: And listen to these sheep cheer. A standoff - give me a break, I'd rather see Williams pop up and smash that punk right in the mouth than stand there and let these people cheer for 'em.

LD: So far, both of these men are showing off some sportsmanship.

BW: I know - makes me sick.

[Ohara waits until Williams is up on his feet and comes in quick, locking up and shoving him back into the corner. The referee steps in, calling for another break...]

LD: Ohara with another clean bre- OH!

[...but this time as Ohara steps back, Williams POPS him with a right hand!]

BW: You were saying, Dane?

LD: Well, you said the feeling out process is over and it looks like the sportsmanship might've gone right out the window with it.

[The fans are pretty evenly split on that move, a good chunk giving Williams an earful for the cheap shot but the Future smirks, shrugs, and goes on about his business as he grabs Ohara by the hair...]

LD: I suppose it's a good time to recall that while Williams has been on good terms with the fans as of late, he hasn't exactly changed his methods from the man who ran with The Axis, has he?

[...and SMASHES the National Champion headfirst into the corner, turning him so his back is against the buckles. The referee calls for the break but Williams has other ideas.]

BW: And this is what I want to see, Dane. Lay it in there, Williams!

[Williams uncorks a trio of stiff forearm strikes to the jaw before pulling Ohara out, dragging him into a front facelock...]

LD: Snaps him over! Nice suplex by the challenger... and he floats into a cover, doesn't bother with a leg... and gets one and change for it. It's gonna take more than that to put the National Champion down.

[...and Williams immediately climbs to his feet, bringing Ohara up with him and takes him over with a second suplex, floating into another cover.]

LD: Gets the full two count this time but that's all... and is Williams going for it again?

[Back on their feet, Williams hooks him, looking to bring him over a third time...]

LD: Up he goe- no! Blocked! He kicks and Williams put him dow- SMALL PACKAGE! DRAGS HIM DOWN! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO!

[But Williams kicks out, breaking free as the two competitors try to scramble up again...]

LD: Both men up... BIG SWING!

[...and Williams comes up swinging, throwing one of his big elbowstrikes put Ohara sees it coming and avoid it, ducking under, and snatching him on the way by...]

LD: Ohara ducks and hooks and... DRAGS HIM DOWN! BACKSLIIIIIDE!

[The crowd counts along with the official.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"TH- OHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Ohara couldn't quite keep him down! Close call there for both champion and challenger!

[Ohara scrambles up, rushing at Williams who throws a wild clothesline as Ohara easily ducks it, leaping to the middle rope, springing back as he twists around...]

LD: CROSSBODY!

[...and this time, Williams is ready for it, flattening out on the mat as Ohara sails over him, crashing down on the canvas, and promptly rolls under the ropes to the outside, staying on the apron!]

LD: Quite the exchange there by these former SuperClash opponents, fans!

BW: Ohara went for that crossbody for the second time in the match - the proverbial going to the well once too often - and he pays the price as Williams avoids it and Ohara lands in the empty pool!

LD: But the champion wisely rolls to the outside... making sure Williams can't take immediate advantage of the miscue...

BW: I don't know about that. He shoulda gone all the way to the floor, Dane - on the apron like that, he's vulnerable to Williams taking control.

LD: And it looks like you're right, Ben... Williams leaning over the ropes, bringing him up to his feet...

[Holding onto the hair, Williams tees off with a trio of stiff elbowstrikes to the ear, leaving Ohara clinging to the ropes to stay on the apron...]

LD: ...and Williams has got Ohara in some trouble here. The National Title at stake in this one and the fate of Memorial Day Mayhem for these two men AND their opponents on May 28th in Dodger Stadium.

[...and as Williams looks for more, Ohara comes up swinging with a backhand chop that misses everything...]

LD: Chop comes up empty...

[Williams tucks the arms behind the top rope, exposing the chest of Ohara as he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

[...and lands a heavy half dozen clubbing forearms to the sternum of Ohara!]

LD: ...but those forearms do not! Derrick Williams hammering the chest of Ohara, taking one step closer to winning the National Title and shaking up Memorial Day Mayhem in big time fashion!

[Freeing the arms, Williams turns Ohara around, grabbing a front facelock again...]

LD: Looking to bring him in the hard way!

[...but as Williams lifts Ohara into the air again, the kicking and flailing National Champion forces his former friend to set him back down on the apron...]

LD: No! Ohara blocks it again!

[...and as Williams and Ohara come apart, Ohara takes his turn to swing...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and lights him up with a chop to the chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and a handful more, leaving Williams reeling as Ohara turns to the corner, moving quickly up the ropes...]

LD: The Phoenix breaks away and he's looking to fly!

[...to the second... to the top...]

LD: Ohara on the top but Williams is waiting for him!

[...and Williams reaches up, swinging hard to drive a right hand into the midsection, catching the National Champion before he can leap.]

LD: Williams firing away, knocking Ohara down a step... one foot on the second, one foot on the top... and now it's Williams who is climbing up there to join him!

[The Future steps to the middle rope, pulling the Phoenix into a front facelock...]

LD: And it looks like he's looking for a superplex!

[...and slings Ohara's arm over his neck, struggling to get him into position as the Reseda crowd buzzes to see what's going to happen...]

LD: Ohara trying to hang on! Williams trying to bring him down and win his first piece of championship gold in his promising young career!

[...but Ohara swings a right into the ribs... and another...]

LD: And now Ohara's trying to fight his way out of this!

[...and another... and another, Williams allowing the arm to slip off his neck as he reaches down to protect himself...]

LD: The Phoenix breaks loose... big right hand... overhand chop... forearm shot!

[The crowd ROARS as Ohara lets loose a flurry of strikes, trying to fight his way to freedom...]

...and CLAPS his arms together on Williams' ears, knocking the Future backwards and sending him sprawling down on the mat!]

LD: DOWN GOES WILLIAMS! UP GOES OHARA!

[And with his arms over his head, taking aim on the prone Williams, Ohara seems to give an instant of a second thought, throwing a glance down at the mat...

...and then LEAPS into the air, pumping his arms and legs!]

LD: PHOENIX FLAAAAAAAAAAAAAME!

[But as Ohara soars down, down, down... Williams starts to roll, roll, roll...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the National Champion slams VIOLENTLY into the canvas with a missed frog splash off the top rope!]

LD: OHARA MISSED! HE WENT FOR IT ALL AND HE MISSED!

BW: That's why they call it high risk, Dane! Ohara may be about to kiss his title goodbye!

LD: Williams rolls back, throws the arm across!

[The referee dives to the mat to count, the crowd counting along with him...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEE- OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Ohara's shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas at the last moment, just barely breaking loose in time!]

LD: OHARA KICKS OUT! OHARA BREAKS FREE TO SAVE THE TITLE!

[Williams slowly sits up off the mat, shaking his head as he looks over at his resilient former partner.]

LD: Derrick Williams was a hair's breadth away from winning the National Title right here in Reseda! And... what's this now?!

[The crowd begins to buzz as the familiar face of the Sin City Savior and 2018 Royal Crown winner Sid Osborne comes strolling into view, his eyes on the ring burning a hole through the competitors.]

LD: Sid Osborne's out here now, Ben.

BW: He can't be happy about what he's seeing. If Ohara loses the title, Osborne's out of luck! He won't get to show the world one more time why he's the REAL National Champion.

LD: He's the Royal Crown winner, I'll give him that... but he is NOT the National Champion and no matter how many times he says it, it's not true... and if the Phoenix has his way in that No Disqualification Match a week from Monday, it'll NEVER be true!

BW: He may not have say in that at all, Dane! He barely escaped that pin right there with the title... and Williams ain't done yet.

[As Osborne looks on from the aisle, Williams pulls the National Champion off the mat, throwing big elbowstrikes to the head, backing the Phoenix down into the buckles where Williams balls up his fists, throwing rights and lefts to the body as the referee complains and a chunk of fans jeer!]

LD: You can hear the support for Jordan Ohara in this building!

BW: Oh, let's not gaslight the people at home who have ears, Dane - there are people in here cheering for Derrick Williams too! And I bet if we took a poll, there are people cheering for Sid Osborne too! Ohara wants to call himself a hero but he ain't alone in feeling the love here in Reseda.

LD: Williams whips him in, charging in after!

[As Ohara collapses against the corner, Williams steams across the ring with bad intentions...

...and runs RIGHT into a raised boot from Ohara that catches him under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: How in the...?! Jordan Ohara looked to be out on his feet but the Phoenix continues to fight!

[Williams staggers backwards, his eyelids fluttering as Ohara lets loose a shout, stepping forward to lean over and slap the canvas before measuring his man, going into a spin again...]

LD: PHOENIX KICK!

[...but a stunned Williams ducks down, causing the spinning back roundhouse to sail over his head untouched...

...and then springs up, snatching the three-quarter nelson, leaping into the air...]

LD: FUTURE SH-

[...but Ohara shows off incredible strength, lifting, spinning, and DRIVING Williams down with a sitout powerbomb!]

LD: -BOLT BUSSSSSTERRRRRR! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!

[The referee dives down, slapping the mat...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEE- OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as this time, it's Williams' shoulder that comes flying up off the mat in the nick of time!]

LD: We're just shy of ten minutes into this battle and both of these men are trading near falls and escaping defeat by the skin of their teeth, Ben!

BW: The champion got close there just like the challenger did a little bit ago... and Sid Osborne looks as mad as Ohara does!

LD: He's obviously rooting for Ohara here... no matter what he says about already being the National Champion, you know he's hoping to take that title away from him on May 28th with the entire world watching at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[A weary Williams rolls under the ropes, flopping down on the American Legion Hall floor in a heap as Ohara kneels on the mat, shaking his head at the near fall that just went down.]

LD: Ohara questioning the official but it was definitely a two count. Williams definitely got that shoulder up. The final Phoenix Rises Open Challenge before MDM continues here on Showtime... but now Ohara's got a bigger problem because Williams is on the outside.

BW: If he was a smart champion with a good manager, he'd take the countout and leave Williams in a pile.

LD: You offering the champ your services?

[Waterson snorts.]

BW: Too much baby kissing and not enough killer instinct for me, Dane.

[Ohara gets to his feet, stepping towards the ropes but the referee intervenes, blocking his path. The Phoenix complains as he watches Williams try to pull himself off the floor..

...and then complains louder when Sid Osborne suddenly rushes the distance to the ring and HAMMERS Derrick Williams from behind with a blow to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ohara throws up his hands as the referee wheels around in time to see Osborne SMASH Williams' face into the ring apron as the crowd groans with disappointment.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: Oh, come on!

BW: Osborne was taking any chances, Dane!

LD: He's out here to save his damn title shot! A sneak attack on Derrick Williams! Williams is going to get the win by disqualification but- OHH! Facefirst into the ring apron again! Osborne's putting a mugging on Williams on the-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Ohara hurls himself between the ropes in a suicide dive, knocking Osborne back into the entrance aisle as the champion sprawls out on top of him!]

LD: OHARA TAKES OUT OSBORNE ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Ohara grabs a handful of hair, raining down blows on his future challenger's skull as the crowd goes wild!]

LD: The Phoenix is doing a number on the Sin City Savior on the outside!

[Ohara climbs off Osborne, pulling him up by the hair, sweeping an arm at the ringside fans...

...and HURLS Osborne into the air with a biel throw, wiping out a section of folding chairs to a HUGE ROAR!]

LD: We're getting a sneak preview of what it's gonna be like in nine days! No Disqualification in Dodger Stadium with the whole world watching these two throw down - I can't wait to see it!

[Ohara wades into the crowd to get at Osborne, grabbing a plastic folding chair and snapping it together as he does...

...and JAMS the edge of it down into the ribcage of Osborne as he struggles to get off the floor!]

LD: And now Ohara's got the chair! So much for no killer instinct, huh?

BW: He's showing some fire lately. We'll see if it burns Osborne alive in LA or if the Sin City Savior can put it out and take the title!

[Osborne struggles to crawl out of the crowd, ending up in a small gap between two sections of chairs...

...which is when Ohara runs down the seats of several chairs before DIVING ONTO Osborne a second time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: The champion is all over him! Ohara pounding Osborne into the floor of the American Legion Hall!

[Osborne finally struggles out from under Ohara with a well-placed rake of the eyes, crawling to his feet. He shouts something at the champion that earns him a muting from the censors, rolling under the ropes into the ring...]

LD: Osborne's looking to escape and-

[...and turns RIGHT into a Future Shock from a waiting (and pissed-off) Derrick Williams!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Osborne rolls limply under the ropes as Williams pops up, all full of fire as he pumps a fist, watching the Sin City Savior escape just before Ohara comes under the ropes, clinging to one of the white plastic chairs for a moment before he sees Osborne on the outside, spiking the chair down in reaction.]

LD: Williams chases Osborne out and Ohara wants another piece of him! He wants more!

BW: He's gonna get all he can handle at Memorial Day Mayhem - I promise you that.

[The camera zooms in on the former friends inside the ring as Williams stops Ohara from going after Osborne again on the outside. Ohara glares at his former partner as The Future signals for a mic.]

LD: Looks like Williams has something to say.

[Williams grabs the mic with Osborne in retreat. He does the small venue mic check of hitting the cover with his hand to hear the pop, then speaks]

DW: Ohhh Osborne, I'm not done with you yet. BUT... next week Jordan has you first.

[He turns towards the Phoenix.]

DW: J, we've been friends for a while now... do me a favor?

[Ohara looks curious.]

DW: You KICK that guy's ass next week!

[He points to Osborne, earning a big cheer.]

DW: ...and you make him pay out of his pocket for a shiny new National Title belt after he trashed the last one...

[Ohara nods, shouting something off-mic at Osborne.]

DW: ...but that's not the favor. The favor is you need to some of him left.

Because when you're done, I'm gonna need a little bit myself.

[The crowd cheers the idea of that as Osborne sneers at Williams.]

DW: Good?

[He hands the mic to the National Champion.]

JO: D, I'll try to leave something for you... but when I get my hands on Osborne once and for all...

....I can't make any promises.

[Ohara extends his hand to a smirking Williams who accepts the handshake, slapping his former friend on the shoulder before Ohara pulls Williams into a quick embrace.

We fade from the ring over to the production platform area where Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams are standing.]

MW: An incredible night of action already here in Reseda, Sweet Daddy... and what a way to kick off the Showtime Summer Tour!

[Williams nods excitedly.]

SDW: Without a doubt, Miss Mariah, it's this whole damn AWA that's on fiyah!

MW: And the train keeps on a-rollin'... two weeks from tonight with Memorial Day Mayhem in the rear view mirror, the Showtime Summer Tour will roll right down the road to Boyle Heights - the mysterious Temple of Boyle Heights for another sure-to-be-jam-packed edition of Showtime! Sweet Daddy, tell 'em what they're gonna see!

SDW: We've been talkin' about it, they've been talkin' about it, the whole world's been talkin' about it... but two weeks from tonight, it's gonna be here. I'm talkin' Brass Ring, baby - the tournament begins in the Temple!

MW: Earlier tonight, we heard from Nueva Generación Oscura and what better place for them to make their Showtime Summer Tour debut than the hottest home for lucha libre in all of the West Coast - The Temple - when they take on Generation Lost's American Idols in tag team action!

[Mariah pauses, looking off-camera.]

MW: And speaking of tag team action, ladies... you know you're not scheduled to be out here right now.

[The camera pulls back a little to reveal the pretty in peach-colored matching satin-esque windbreakers duo making their way over towards Wolfe and Williams - Shannon Walsh and Kelly Taylor aka The Peach Pits.]

SW: We know we're not scheduled to be out here, Wolfe... in fact, we're not scheduled AT ALL... but we have something on our minds so we thought we'd make it public. Tell 'em, Kelly.

[The usually bubbly Kelly Taylor seems to have something serious to say as she steers the mic towards her.]

KT: From the day we lost in the finals of the Women's Tag Team Title tournament, we've been shoved to the side.

"Oh, Donna's hurt... so you can't be the Number One Contenders without her... back of the line!"

"Oh, you won some matches without her... but we think the crowd wants to see the Country Punks get the next shot... back of the line!"

[Taylor swipes a hand across the shot.]

KT: Well, no more! Because guess what?

[Taylor puts on a pretty awful singing voice.]

KT: #Our sister's back and there's gonna be trouble... hey now... hey now...#

[Taylor pushes the mic towards a stoic Shannon with her arms crossed, shaking her head. Taylor looks disappointed.]

KT: Oh, come on! That's your line!

[Walsh glares at Taylor for several awkward moments before sighing.]

SW: Our sister's back.

[A giddy Taylor hops up and down, clapping her hands.]

KT: In nine days, our sister is back here with us - fully healed and back to one hundred percent - and that means trouble for the entire Women's Division - right, Shannon?

[Walsh nods her head.]

SW: It means trouble for everyone in our way of getting to those tag team titles... and while we've got a busy night set out for us at Memorial Day Mayhem in winning the Rumble, don't think for a single second that we won't be watching the tag title match too. Because whether it's Hamilton and Cinder or June and Cristol, the Peach Pits are coming for those tag team titles.

[Taylor gleefully agrees.]

KT: That's right! And in two weeks in Boyle Heights, we're gonna get 'em. So, consider this a challenge... whoever walks out of Chavez Ravine with the gold around their waists... we're waiting for you in the Temple.

[Taylor grins and waves.]

KT: Toodles!

[Walsh rolls her neck, looking menacingly into the camera as they depart the scene.]

MW: Wow! That's a tag team title challenge, Sweet Daddy! And we can only hope that President Zharkov puts pen to paper on that one - the Peach Pits looking to take on the winner of the Country Punks and Seductive and Destructive with the titles on the line! And speaking of the Country Punks, let's head back to the ring for more action! Rebecca, it's all yours!

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

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for ONE FALL...

"ONE FALL!"

RO: ...with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a combined weight of 340 pounds... the team of Codie Streets and Maude!

[Streets is a thin-lipped peroxide blonde dressed in red, white and blue boy shorts and halter top. She has a large tattoo of an iguana on her thigh. Maude is a big beefy woman with broad hips and bluntly cut black hair and an all-black ensemble of singlet, pads, and boots.]

MS: And their opponents...

["Blood on the Bluegrass" pumps through the Legion Hall post 308 as the crowd cheers.]

MS: ...at a total combined weight of 310 pounds... they are Kayla Cristol and Victoria June...

...the COUNTRYYYYYYYY PUNNNNNNNNNNKS!

[Kayla Cristol comes out first, energetic and firing her finger pistols at the crowd and then the Afro Punk follows behind, dressed in her new black gear that exposes the new spider-themed tattoos on her chest and right arm.]

"THE SPIDER MAN IS HAVING YOU FOR DINNER TONIGHT!"

LD: The Country Punks are in the house, fans! And Ben, what in the world is all this spider stuff about?

BW: Well, we can see how cool you were in the 90s, Dane. Every wannabe emo in existence today owes their very existence to the Cure and their creepy hit "Lullaby."

LD: I was more of a Madonna fan.

BW: Of course you were. Whatever is popular, am I right?

LD: ...

[As the Punks hit the ring, Victoria June has to be stopped from assaulting the opposition by the official and by her own partner...]

LD: It looks like the Afro Punk is wasting no time tonight, looking to get her a piece of the opposition as the Country Punks get in one final tune-up match before the World Tag Team Title challenge in nine days in Dodger Stadium!

[The official manages to get the Afro Punk to back off to the corner and Kayla Cristol to step out to the apron before...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

LD: And here we go!

[June goes charging out of the corner, running full speed into a tieup with Codie Streets, quickly slamming her skull into Streets’ sending her staggering backwards...]

LD: June coming out hot, very aggressive as she gets her first official action since returning from that injury at the hands of Harley Hamilton and Cinder.

[...and unloads with hard forearm shots, knocking Streets back into the ropes.]

BW: She's been on the shelf for months thanks to Seductive and Destructive. Given that she is about to go back into that crucible again at Memorial Day Mayhem I would think being extra aggressive would be to her credit.

LD: The Country Punks have a golden opportunity to win the Women's World Tag team titles...OOH... big European uppercut by the Afro Punk!

BW: It is also an opportunity for Seductive and Destructive to continue their dominance over the division by eliminating a potential threat to their reign before that threat can get into a groove.

[Inside the ring, a series of June forearms sends a reeling Streets diving to her corner for a tag...]

LD: June drove her right out of the ring... and then came Maude!

BW: You were just dying to do that, weren't you?

[Lori chuckles as Maude steps through the ropes, getting a massive forearm laid in across her chest... but surprisingly, the impact barely moves her.]

LD: Big shot on target... but the target doesn't care!

[June lands a second... and a third... and Maude just takes it all, letting loose a roar and begging for more...]

LD: The Afro Punk on the move!

[Hitting the ropes for momentum, June rebounds back...]

LD: Did Cristol make the tag there?

[...and hits Maude high with a running clothesline a moment before the incoming Kayla Cristol lands a low dropkick to the knee!]

LD: Nice doubleteam there by the Punks...

BW: Maude looks like a woman you don't want to trade blows with. Let's see if Cristol can outwrestle this Valkyrie of a woman.

[Cristol scrambles up, landing a second dropkick to the knee, leaving Maude hobbling now...]

LD: Cristol's got that speed working for her, striking suddenly...

[...and as Cristol comes up, she throws a pair of looping right hands before leaping up to catch her on the chin with a kneestrike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: CRISTOL ROCKS HER!

[Maude's eyelids flutter as she barely catches her balance. "The Pistol" is right back on the move, hitting the ropes for momentum...

...and Maude lets loose a big shout, rushing forward to FLATTEN Cristol with a running tackle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And then promptly winds up a big arm, dropping a thunderous elbow down across the sternum!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: MAUDE CRUSHES CRISTOL UNDER HER!

[She stays down on her, shouting "COUNT!" at the official.]

LD: Two count there... and there's a quick tag on the other side, bringing Codie Streets back in... and this duo is looking to be working together well at this point of the match.

[With Cristol down on the mat, Streets and Maude lay a stomping on her to jeers from the crowd and shouts from the official...]

BW: And this is what happens to a team who hasn't been in action for a while. These two are going to be challenging for the World Tag Team Titles in nine days and they better shake the ring rust off in a hurry if they're going to stand a chance against Hamilton and Cinder.

[Maude steps out... and then steps back in as Streets tags her back in.]

LD: Maude right back into the fray...

[The duo whip Cristol across, joining hands...]

LD: ...OHHH! Double clothesline takes her down!

[...and Cristol goes flying into the air, crashing down hard on the canvas!]

LD: Victoria June visibly cringing at that heavy shot taken by her partner... and Ben, taking a match like this so close to a title match definitely carries some risk, doesn't it?

BW: Absolutely. You take a match like this to sharpen your skills... to gain some momentum... but if you lose? That momentum is down to zero. And what if you get hurt? So there's definitely some risk involved.

LD: Maude laying in some more of those heavy stomps... and another quick tag...

BW: Maybe it's Maude and Streets who should get the tag title shot.

LD: I wouldn't go that far but... here we go again, double whip across...

[But as Cristol comes off the ropes, she ducks down to avoid the double clothesline, hitting the far ropes to build more speed...]

LD: ...ducks and runs...

[...and Cristol LEAPS into the air, catching both competitors with a crossbody that wipes them off their feet, bringing the fans to their feet!]

LD: THE PISTOL PICKS UP THE SPARE!

[Cristol is promptly on the move, crawling across the ring towards her waiting tag team partner...]

LD: TAG!

[...and the Afro Punk comes storming in, hitting the ropes for momentum once... then twice...]

LD: PURE SPEED ANNNNNNNND...

[...and DRILLS the rising Maude with a running clothesline that sends her toppling over the ropes to the floor where she lands on her feet!]

LD: ...IMPAAAAAACT! JUNE SENDS HER TO THE OUTSIDE!

[But the Afro Punk sprints away, hitting the far ropes again...]

LD: What's she doing NOOOOOOOOOW?!

[...and Lori's exclamation comes as June HURLS herself through the ropes, connecting with a high impact tope finishing with an elbow driven into the jaw, sending Maude flying backwards into the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: INTO THE FRONT ROW GOES THE AFRO PUNK ON THAT MISSILE DIVE!

[June drags the staggered Maude out of the fans, tossing her under the ropes before stepping up on the plastic chair seats, banging her head with the crowd who let her hear their support!]

"AF-RO PUNK!"

"AF-RO PUNK!"

"AF-RO PUNK!"

[June hops down off the chairs, nodding her head as she heads back towards the ring.]

LD: Victoria June's got this crowd solidly behind here tonight in Reseda, Ben.

BW: They're a bunch of freaks just like her... so that tracks, Dane.

[Maude crawls towards the corner before June can get in, slapping the hand...]

LD: Maude makes the tag... Streets coming in fast!

[...and the charging and reckless Streets gets shoved skyward...]

LD: POP UP...

[...and she comes down into a skull-splitting headbutt from June!]

LD: ...HEADBUTT CONNECTS!

[June catches her before she can go down, using a grip on the arm to yank Streets into a second headbutt...]

LD: Goodness - the impact of that headbutt!

BW: Not only does the headbutt hurt you but by hanging onto the arm your shoulder takes a beating as well. June isn't about technique, she simply throws you around like a sack of cement and that hurts.

[After the third short arm headbutt, June hurls Streets into the nearside corner. With a roar, she launches herself airborne and crushes Streets with a Mosh Splash.]

LD: Big Mosh Splash by Victoria June. Streets is on Dream Street right now.

[With a shove from June, Streets stumbles out of the corner, falling flat on her face on the canvas as June throws her arms out to the sides...]

"IT'S OVER!"

BW: June shrieking with the pent-up frustration of an athlete that has been on the shelf. Dane, you'd know that feeling very very well, no?

LD: I do indeed, Ben. And I am going to ignore you, so I don't put hands on you.

BW: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! I'm just saying you can relate.

LD: Let's just focus on the ring.

[June reaches out, slapping the hand of the Pistol...]

LD: The Punks looking to finish this one in impressive fashion...

[...Cristol gets a running start, leaping into her partner's arms as June stomps across the ring towards the prone Streets...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS down in a powerslam, smashing her own partner into Streets!]

LD: What a slam! What a doubleteam! Annnnnnnnd...

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice... and three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: ...and what a win for the Country Punks!

[Climbing to her feet, a grinning Cristol embraces a still-fired up June who gestures for a microphone from the outside. They oblige and the Afro Punk lets loose.]

VJ: Hamilton! Cinder! All y'all in EGirl Max!

Ah hope y'all was watchin' close because it's gonna be just like that at Memorial Day Mayhem! Ah watched you try to show Betty Chang some respect out here. You ain't foolin' me. Ah know y'all the same girls that embarrassed the entire division at SuperClash with that stunt you pulled.

So don't expect us to be shakin' hands after we whup you on Memorial Day!

[June tosses the mic to Cristol.]

KC: You can't keep us down! Now that we're healthy and we've knocked the rust off in this ring? Well, me and my best friend here, we're taking those titles from you!

[June throws an arm over her partner's shoulders, grinning as she leans into the mic

VJ: And there ain't a damn thing you can do about it!

[Cristol and June trade a high five as the crowd ROARS its salute for the duo.]

LD: In nine days, those two are going for the World Tag Team Titles against Harley Hamilton and Cinder... and I can't wait to see it! Fans, the only way YOU can see it is to join us on Pay Per View! We're going to take a quick break and when we come back, we're in the home stretch right here on Showtime!

[June and Cristol mount adjacent turnbuckles, saluting the roaring fans as we fade to black...

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

#When you wish..#

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

#...upon a star#

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

#Makes no difference who you are...#

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

#Anything your...#

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

#...heart desires will...#

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

#...come to you.#

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

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

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

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

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

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

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

And then coming back on the backstage area courtesy of a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo where we find Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov... and he appears to be absolutely steaming as he waits for someone to walk through the curtain...

...and that "someone" is the 2018 Royal Crown winner, Sid Osborne, who quickly finds himself confronted by the former National Champion, bumped back against the wall.]

SO: What the hell, Zharkov?!

[Zharkov raises a threatening finger.]

MZ: I grow tired of you getting involved in Mr. Ohara's business.

[Osborne shrugs.]

SO: What's that to you? Ohara's mommy's not around to protect him so now you're going to pick up the apron and bottle for little baby Phoenix? Huh?

[Zharkov grimaces, jabbing a finger into the chest.]

MZ: I grow tired of you... period.

[Osborne angrily shoves Zharkov backwards a step.]

SO: You can be tired of me all you want, Max... but when I win at Memorial Day Mayhem and officially in the eyes of all authority become the National Champion, you'll have to learn to live with me.

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: You do not deserve to hold the same title I once held with honor.

[Osborne sneers.]

SO: Deserve's got nothing to do with it. Because I WILL beat Ohara in Dodger Stadium... and YOU will pay for my new title belt... and when I'm champion, I'll have

ALL the stroke. So, I'd watch your tone, Max... because if you keep this up, I just might have to talk to a higher authority and send you packing.

[Zharkov's eyes flash.]

MZ: There is NO higher authority than me.

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: We'll see about that.

[He turns, starting to walk away before slowly turning back, pointing a finger at Zharkov.]

SO: If you get in my face again, you and I will have a problem.

[Zharkov frowns, shaking his head as Osborne exits the area...

...and we fade out to Lori and Ben on the production stage.]

LD: Wow! A very intense scene backstage earlier between the AWA President and Sid Osborne and-

BW: Who the HELL does Zharkov think he is getting up in the face of a wrestler?!

LD: Maxim Zharkov is a wrestler too, Ben!

BW: Not right now he isn't. He got dropped on that stack of dimes by Jackson Hunter who made change and turned it into nickels. He's out of action. He's not a wrestler... he's a suit. And suits don't get to do what he just did.

LD: Shifting gears now... nine days from now, we're going to see the end of an era in the history of professional wrestling as Juan Vasquez... former AWA National Champion, former AWA World Champion, Hall of Famer... choose your accolades... hangs up the boots for the final time when he takes on Raphael Rhodes in front of his hometown crowd here in Los Angeles. It's going to be an epic night... a very emotional night... but before we get there, we're here.

[Dane gestures to the American Legion Hall surroundings.]

LD: it's Juan Vasquez Appreciation Night here on Showtime... and a lot of the action we've seen here tonight has had Vasquez' fingerprints on it. Now, we've still got our Main Event - the war for the World Television Title to come - but before we get there, it's the Juan Vasquez Show Starring Juan Vasquez one more time. It's just about time for the Juan Vasquez Infinity Gauntlet brought to you by Marvel Studios' "Avengers: Infinity War" in theaters now. Ben, what do you expect to see out of this mysterious matchup?

BW: I expect to see Juan Vasquez shoving himself into the spotlight for all to see one more time... and I expect to see some hangers-on jump in there for a minute to try and get themselves noticed by being on the edge of Vasquez' spotlight.

LD: Always a fan of the former World Champion, aren't you?

BW: I'll slip someone a sawbuck if they break his leg tonight and don't make me sit through Memorial Day Mayhem with everyone falling all over themselves saying how great he is.

LD: And with that... let's go to the ring!

[We cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz steps in with a microphone in hand.]

RO: The following match is scheduled for an undetermined amount of falls, with each match set for a one minute time limit...

It is the JUAN VASQUEZ INFINITYYYYY GAUNNNNTLEEEEEET!

[A big roar of cheers comes from the crowd as the opening horns of "They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth blast through the speakers and the crowd erupts into a chant of "JUAN! JUAN! JUAN!"]

RO: Introducing first, he is the sensation sweepin' the nation, People's sexiest man nine years running and Los Angeles' favorite son... hailing from the City of Angels... weighing in at 238 pounds...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNN

VAAAAAAAAASSSSSSQUUUUUEEEEZZZZZ!!!

[The curtain of the entrance parts open as another loud roar announces the arrival of Juan Vasquez. The former AWA World Champion is dressed in black tights with blue flames running up the legs and black boots. He makes the short walk down the aisle, but proceeds to make a full circle around the ring, slapping as many outstretched hands as he can. He climbs the ring steps, pausing to soak in the cheers, and then slips through the ropes with a focused glare. The music fades as the crowd continues chanting. Rebecca raises the mic again.]

RO: And his first opponents...

LD: Wait, did she say "opponents"?

RO: ...weighing in at a total combined weight of 378 pounds, from Fujinomiya, Japan and Savannah, Georgia respectively...

YOSHI FUJIWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA AND TIIIIIIIIIZOOOOOOONAAAAAAAAA!

[The gritty riffs of "Shaping the Southern Sky" by Kylesa kick in as Tizona bursts out, a cocky grin plastered across his masked face. He struts down the aisle, flexing and pointing at the crowd like he's already won. Behind him, Yoshi Fujiwara shuffles along, hands in his pockets, looking mortified and like he'd rather be anywhere else. Tizona hops onto the apron with a flourish while Fujiwara leans against a ring post, trying to draw as little attention to himself as possible.]

LD: Here we go, folks! The first match out of we have no idea how many, in the Juan Vasquez Infinity Gauntlet is a handicap match!

BW: Are you sure about that, Dane? Yoshi Fujiwara won't even step into the ring.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Tizona wastes no time. He smirks, subtly slipping a pair of brass knuckles from his tights onto his right hand while circling Vasquez. The crowd boos as they catch the glint of metal. Tizona charges forward, rearing back for a loaded punch...]

LD: Wait a minute! Are those brass knuckles?! Tizona's looking to end this early and dirty!

BW: That's actually a genius move! That's how you take out a fraud like Vasquez!

[But before Tizona can even complete his swing, Vasquez steps forward and unleashes his patented Right Cross, catching Tizona square on the jaw! The American-born luchador hovers in the air for a moment, before collapsing on the canvas like a sack of potatoes.]

LD: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS! Tizona ran right into it!

BW: No! This can't be happening! That was a fluke!

[Vasquez drops down and places a hand on Tizona's chest for the cover. The referee slaps the mat as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Vasquez stands tall, raising a fist to the fans. Tizona lies motionless, out cold. Yoshi Fujiwara sighs, stepping into the ring and dragging his friend's limp body out by the arm, shaking his head as they disappear behind the curtain.]

LD: What a statement by Juan Vasquez! Tizona tried to cheat with those brass knuckles, but that Right Cross was lights out! The Infinity Gauntlet is off to a thunderous start!

BW: He got lucky. Let's see how long he lasts when a real wrestler steps up.

[Vasquez paces the ring, motioning for the next challenger as the crowd chants "JUAN! JUAN! JUAN!".

Suddenly, "Narco" by Blasterjaxx and Timmy Trumpet explodes through the hall's speakers as the crowd erupts into a deafening roar, as Gabriel Cordova strides out from behind the curtain. He marches to the ring with purpose, the crowd's love palpable. Asking for and being handed a microphone from a ring technician, he addresses Vasquez.]

GC: Cholo...

[Juan cracks a smile and shouts, "No one's called me that in years!"]

GC: Hey, you'll always be "El Cholo" to me, amigo.

[Now it's Cordova's turn to smile.]

GC: I grew up idolizing you and I'm sure I'm not the only one here that did. You're the reason why I'm here and why I wrestle.

And to be able to do it here, in front of the fans that were there watching me from the very start? In the building that gave me my first opportunity in this business?

I HAD to step into this ring with you before you're gone. Even if it's for one minute, I'm gonna show you that your faith in me wasn't wrong. Ring the bell!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation for the one minute match as the two lock up, the veteran quickly and easily securing a side headlock... but it doesn't last long before Cordova breaks free, shoving him off into the ropes...]

LD: Into the ropes... armdrag by Cordova! Picture perfect move to take the former World Champion down!

[But Vasquez is quickly back up, Right Cross drawn back again...

...but Cordova is ready for it, lashing out with a dropkick that catches him right on the jaw, sending him spilling out to the floor!]

LD: Cordova showing he's still got spring in those legs even after wrestling earlier in the night!

[As Vasquez starts to rise, the crowd starts to scatter in anticipation as Cordova hits the ropes, charging across at full speed...]

LD: CORDOVA'S GONNA FLY!

[...and DIVES through the ropes, sending Vasquez about three rows deep into a sea of empty chairs!]

"CRRRRRAAAAAAASSSSSSSSHHHHHHH!!!"
"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

LD: Thank goodness all the fans vacated that area! Juan Vasquez just took out that entire row of chairs!

BW: Well, Gabriel Cordova pushed him into it... let's give him the credit for it.

LD: Regardless, we've got early action on the outside...

[The fans lose their minds, as Cordova feeds off the crowd's energy and grabs Vasquez, rolling him back into the ring. He dives back in himself, hooking the leg as the fans count along.]

"ONE! TWO!—OH!"

LD: Vasquez is out at two!

BW: If the kid has a silver bullet in his arsenal, he better use it now... time's almost up!

[Cordova pulls Juan's arm, yanking to his feet and setting him up for a suplex. He points into the air as the Reseda crowd chants in unison...]

"SKYFALL!!!"

LD: Gabriel Cordova is going for Skyfall, that brainbuster drop onto his knee!

BW: If he hits this, he might get a PIN on that egomaniac!

[Cordova lifts Juan into the air...

...but Vasquez blocks it, dropping back down to the canvas before digging in his heels, flipping Cordova over with a suplex reversal! The mat shakes as both men land hard.]

LD: Vasquez turns it around and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell rings as both men rise to their feet and the crowd groans in disappointment.]

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

"LET THEM FIGHT!"

[The referee waves his arms, signaling the end of the minute as Cordova offers Vasquez a hand and he shakes it, before pulling Cordova in for a short embrace. He then raises Cordova's arm into the air as the crowd applauds.]

BW: Ugh, spare me the feel-good nonsense. Cordova got his little moment - now let's move on before I retch!

LD: The Infinity Gauntlet marches on. Who's stepping up next?

BW: Hopefully someone who can actually finish the job.

[As Cordova exits, "Snakes" by Ol' Dirty Bastard begins to play as Odysseus Allah bursts through the curtains. The young Allah marches down towards the ring, still in his ring gear and still sweaty from his previous match against "Cannonball" Lee Connors.

His father, Dirt Dog Unique Allah, comes behind him, swaying and stumbling a little bit. The Dog grabs a pitcher of beer from a fan and chugs it, drawing cheers from the crazed fans. Odysseus stares at his father and shakes his head. The younger Allah shouts at the ring for the aisle without a mic.]

"Yo, Vasquez, I got next! Connors got lucky and I'm gonna take it out on your ass, old man!"

[Inside the ring, Juan cracks a smile and holds out his arm, motioning for Allah to bring it on.]

LD: Here we go, folks! Odysseus Allah, full of fire, is stepping up to challenge Juan Vasquez - who looks like he's really enjoying this.

BW: Enjoying it? He won't be enjoying it after Allah wipes that grin off his face! This kid took out Jeff Matthews and he won't hesitate to take out another Hall of Famer!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell rings, and Allah charges straight at Vasquez, unloading a barrage of jabs and hooks. Vasquez is up to the challenge, matching Allah strike for strike, as the crowd roars at the furious exchange!]

LD: Allah's coming out hot - look at that intensity! But Vasquez isn't giving up a single inch! He's firing right back!

[Allah finally breaks Juan's defenses, catching Vasquez with a beauty of a left hook that sends him stumbling back.]

LD: OH! What a left hook!

BW: Vasquez may not be smiling anymore!

[However, Vasquez immediately gets in Allah's face, daring him to hit him again, this time getting hit with a one-two combination that he takes with a smile!]

LD: You were saying?

BW: I stand corrected.

LD: What the heck is Juan Vasquez doing!? He's LETTING Odysseus Allah hit him!

BW: It's a classic Vasquez mind game. He's trying to intimidate him. He's trying to make the kid doubt himself. He did it to my men when I was a manager... plenty of times!

[With an encouraging, "Whup his ass, boy!" from his father on the outside, Allah hits a brutal uppercut that rocks Vasquez's head back!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The kid struts out to mid-ring, yelling, "HE AIN'T THAT GREAT!"]

LD: Allah stuns Juan Vasquez with that big palm strike uppercut!

BW: Don't waste any time, kid... you only have a minute in there to make yourself famous!

[Allah keeps the pressure on, slamming a sharp kick into Vasquez's ribs, staggering the Hall of Famer...]

...and then measures up Vasquez, swinging a wild head kick that the former World Champion ducks under.]

LD: Vasquez ducks the high kick and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez plants his feet and spins around, firing off one of his trademark headbutts that cracks Allah right in the forehead!]

LD: A BIG HEADBUTT FROM VASQUEZ! How many people has he put on Dream Street with one of those over the years?

[The headbutt sends Allah stumbling backwards and into the ropes. The youngster looks to charge in again, just as the bell rings.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: I'm not sure if Odysseus Allah got out all the pent-up frustration he had from his match earlier tonight, but that was a fast and furious sixty seconds of non-stop action.

BW: If you ask me, Allah looked like he had his number. Juan Vasquez is lucky this wasn't a normal match.

[Odysseus Allah, still catching his breath, glares across the ring at Juan Vasquez, who wipes a trickle of blood from his lip and nods in a gesture of respect. Vasquez steps forward, picking up Allah's microphone from the mat.]

JV: Amigo, you got spirit - I'll give you that. You came at me with no mercy and no hesitation, and not many as young in the sport as you have the courage to do that. You keep that fire, Allah. You got real potential to be a great in this sport-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wham! Dirt Dog Unique Allah suddenly rushes forward and kicks Vasquez square between the legs!]

LD: Why did Dirt Dog do that!?

BW: I don't know, but I think he should do it again!

[Vasquez crumples to the mat, clutching himself as the Reseda crowd erupts in boos. Odysseus Allah's eyes pop wide, and he screams at his father, "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING!" Dirt Dog snatches the microphone from where Vasquez dropped it.]

DDUA: Hey, I got this! Vasquez, you don't say nuthin' about my boy! We know he great! We know he the future! You don't try to make yourself look good sayin' what everybody already know, muhfuh! My boy is a champion!

Hell, he gone prove it! June 2nd.

[Odysseus looks confused, throwing up his hands at his father with a "wait... what?" off-mic...]

DDUA: JUNE SECOND! NEXT SHOWTIME, MY BOY CASHING IN HIS CONTRACT FOR THE TV TITLE CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The crowd goes WILD as Odysseus Allah flips out at the surprise announcement. Dirt Dog ignores his son, still shouting at the downed Vasquez.]

DDUA: Yeah, you ain't got nuthin to say now, amigo muhfuh. Huh!

[Odysseus grabs his father and shoves him from the ring. The crowd jeers as he shoves his father up the aisle, shouting at him all the way to the back while Vasquez, still on his knees in the ring, shakes his head with a pained but wry chuckle.]

LD: What a turn of events! Juan Vasquez was showing respect, and Dirt Dog just poured gasoline and lit a match on this whole situation!

BW: Respect? Vasquez was patronizing the kid! Dirt Dog did what I've wanted to do for years... shut him up!

LD: You're unbelievable, Ben.

BW: Heh. I know.

[As Vasquez is trying to recover from the low blow, the PA system comes to life again...]

LD: Oh... my!

[...and as "Hero" by Nas plays over the PA system, the Reseda fans ERUPT at the sight of the National Champion, Jordan Ohara, striding into view for the second time of the night. The Phoenix pauses at the top of the ramp, eyeing Vasquez with a mix of confidence and curiosity, then marches down to the ring for the next leg of the gauntlet match.]

LD: And here comes Jordan Ohara, the AWA National Champion, stepping into this gauntlet! He's got Juan Vasquez in his sights and folks, these two have history. Ohara spent a huge chunk of his rookie year going toe-to-toe with Vasquez!

BW: Yeah, and Vasquez made that kid's life hell back then! I bet Ohara's been waiting to pay him back and Dirt Dog just handed him a golden opportunity to finish the old man off!

[Ohara slides into the ring, picking the microphone off the mat. The ref checks on Vasquez, who brushes him off, as the bell rings. Ohara circles the kneeling Vasquez, his smirk widening as he measures up the wounded legend, looking ready to reignite their old rivalry in the gauntlet.]

JO: Look at you, amigo. Is this how you want the people to remember you? Get up, Vasquez.

[Ohara extends a hand and pulls Juan to his feet. Vasquez chuckles as he leans over the mic.]

JV: I had a feeling you'd show up.

[Ohara shakes his head.]

JO: Naw, don't get it twisted. You need to hear this. You doing this Infinity Gauntlet on the same night I throw an Open Challenge? Well, that's just pure you, isn't it? You always have to upstage someone, don't you?

[Juan smirks and gives a little shrug.]

JO: Let me tell you something. Everybody knows how much of a wrestling nerd I am. Everybody knows how much I love this business. And all the boys in the back would make fun of me for it.

Hell, you would make fun of me for it.

But that love for the game made me the National Champion. Just like your love for the game made you THE Juan Vasquez. You're the guy who's been it all and done it all. They even say you once cured a dying man with your Right Cross, don't they?

[The crowd laughs as Vasquez shakes his head.]

JV: Kid, don't you go spreading that story, too. This right hand has done some miraculous things, but eradicating disease ain't one of 'em.

[Ohara grins and shakes his head.]

JO: Pinning you clean in the middle of the ring... that put me on the map.

I owe my career to you.

[Ohara pauses, nodding as the crowd cheers.]

JO: Everybody started getting behind the Phoenix after he stood toe-to-toe with the Axis' leader and won! You beat me up in the ring. You beat me up on the mic. You beat me up in the locker room. But...

[The Phoenix looks Vasquez right in the eyes.]

JO: You made me tougher. You made me better. And now, amigo, this is my chance to show you what I've become. We got a little bit of time left, right? You good to go?

[Vasquez nods, balling up his fists defensively.]

JOL: Well, watch this move!

[And with that, Ohara slowly extends his hand to Vasquez!]

LD: Well, how about that?

[Vasquez lowers his clenched fists, looking at the offered hand as the fans let them hear it...]

"SHAKE HIS HAND!"

"SHAKE HIS HAND!"

"SHAKE HIS HAND!"

[...and Vasquez takes it! The crowd ROARS with approval as the two former rivals shake hands.]

JO: Make us proud at Mayhem, Juan.

[The crowd applauds as the bell sounds and Ohara makes his exit.]

LD: What a moment! From rivals to respect - Ohara just turned this gauntlet into a tribute to Vasquez's legacy!

BW: Tribute? Spare me! Ohara's just too soft to finish him off! Vasquez doesn't deserve that handshake after all he put him through!

[The crowd is still buzzing from Ohara's exit as "Back in Black" by AC/DC rips through the speakers. A figure in a familiar black-and-gold mask and Ribera Steakhouse jacket appears.]

LD: IT'S THE RIBERA KID!

BW: Are you kidding me?

[Yes, The Ribera Kid, Michelle Bailey and Juan Vasquez's old masked persona, bursts through the curtains, sprinting to the ring. Vasquez, narrows his eyes but cracks a small grin. The figure slides into the ring, bouncing energetically as the bell rings.]

LD: Oh my goodness, it's The Ribera Kid! I- I haven't seen that mask in years! Who could this possibly be, Ben?

BW: It's obviously Kimmy Bailey, Dane! Vasquez's daughter! She's not fooling anyone with that cheap costume!

LD: I don't know, Ben. It could be anybody!

BW: Sigh.

[The match begins with The Ribera Kid dramatically raising their muscular arms into the air and locking up with Vasquez. They struggle for a moment, each going back and forth in movements that closer resemble a waltz than a grappling struggle, before The Ribera Kid fires up and shoves Juan down, sending him tumbling back with several superfluous rolls. The Kid then does a double bicep pose as Vasquez hams it up, actually screaming in terror as the crowd chuckles.]

LD: The Ribera Kid has Juan Vasquez shaken to his core! What power! What aura!

BW: Are you just doing this to annoy me?

[The Ribera Kid then charges Vasquez, leaping into his arms, as he catches them in mid-air and twists them around into a gentle slam onto the mat complete with The Ribera Kid holding their back and screaming "AHHHH MY BACK!"]

LD: Whatta counter from Juan Vasquez!

BW: You're ridiculous.

[Juan then sits up The Ribera Kid and yanks off the mask to reveal...]

"HOLY [bleep]!"

"HOLY [bleep]!"

"HOLY [bleep]!"

LD: OH MY GOSH! IT'S KIMMY BAILEY! Ben! Juan's daughter was The Ribera Kid all along!

[Trying to contain her laughter, Kimmy runs out of the ring and to the back as Juan shakes his head and laughs.]

LD: Who would have ever thought, Ben... Juan Vasquez's daughter was under the Ribera Kid mask this whole time! Wow!

BW: Who else could it have been!?

LD: Tommy Stephens?

BW: You're insufferable! At least we got that clown show out of the way. Back to the real wrestlers.

[The crowd is still buzzing from Kimmy's reveal "A Fistful of Dollars" by Ennio Morricone plays over the speakers. A tall figure in a long black trenchcoat and a wide-brimmed hat, unmistakably mimicking Juan Vasquez's other masked persona, The West Memphis Assassin, shuffles out. It's comically obvious that it's two kids stacked atop each other, wobbling slightly as they make their way to ringside. The disguise is flimsy, the coat dragging behind them, and the crowd starts laughing.]

LD: Oh my, it's The West Memphis Assassin! Another blast from Juan's past! What a night! Who could this mysterious figure be, Ben?

BW: Mysterious? Are you blind, Dane? It's Lorena and Mari, Vasquez's other little gremlins!

[At ringside, the "Assassin" pauses. The top half - clearly a smaller girl - climbs down from the shoulders of the bottom one. They scramble, sliding into the ring separately, then hastily stack back up, the trenchcoat barely holding together. Vasquez, leaning on the ropes, covers his mouth to hide a laugh as the bell rings.]

LD: Look at that teamwork - what a clever disguise! The West Memphis Assassin is back in action!

BW: Can you not?

[The "Assassin" wobbles forward, arms flailing for balance. Juan steps up, giving a gentle shove with one hand, and the "Assassin" topples over as both girls tumble to the mat in a heap. Vasquez drops down, pinning them effortlessly with a single arm holding them down and the referee counts the three!]

LD: Wow! I thought Juan Vasquez defeated Tizona quickly, but he just pinned The West Memphis Assassin in record time!

[Juan reaches over, pulling off the mask from the top girl, revealing Mari's grinning face, while Lorena squirms out from underneath, laughing hysterically.]

LD: Woah! It's Mari Vasquez! And Lorena too! I'm absolutely stunned, Ben, Juan's daughters had us all fooled!

BW: Stunned? This is a travesty! Vasquez pinning his own kids - what's next, his cat in a mask? I'm done!

[Juan helps Mari and Lorena to their feet. They hug him, still giggling, before scampering out of the ring, leaving Vasquez shaking his head with a proud smirk, ready for whatever's next in the gauntlet as the aggressive riff of "Killing in the Name" by Rage Against the Machine plays.]

LD: Uh oh... so much for the fun and games, Ben. It's Elijah Wilde and I bet he's here to inflict pain and misery!

BW: Finally, some real action from a real wrestler! Wilde's gonna smash Vasquez into next week! I love this guy!

[The mood shifts hard, as Elijah Wilde, stomps out to excited cheers from the bloodthirsty sickos in the crowd familiar with his brand of violence. He snatches a microphone from ringside, glaring at Juan Vasquez.]

EW: What a joke. You turned your own retirement gauntlet into a damn daycare center, Vasquez! Well, playtime's over. Everyone's been out here to pay tribute, but I'm here to collect what's owed to me after being shut out from the AWA for so many years... my pound of flesh!

[Juan looks at Wilde with a confused expression on his face, throwing up his hands. He shouts "what did I ever do to you?" off-mic, something that seems to only infuriate Wilde even more.]

EW: Exist! I'm here to break you in half, old man... and I hope your dumb kids are watching, 'cause I wanna see 'em bawling at what I did to their daddy, when I'm done!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell rings, and Wilde charges into the rings like a freight train, stepping through the ropes and immediately slamming Vasquez with a brutal clothesline that flips him inside out!]

LD: WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!

BW: Now this is what I like to see!

[Vasquez hits the mat hard, but scrambles up- only to eat a series of vicious clubbing blows that send him back down to the canvas.]

LD: Wilde is relentless!

[Wilde wastes no time, pulling Vasquez up into a standing headscissors. He hoists him up, planting him with a thunderous powerbomb that shakes the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: An absolutely disgusting powerbomb from Elijah Wilde!

BW: Dear lord, have mercy... well, not on Vasquez.

[Lori sighs and the crowd gasps as Vasquez writhes in pain, but Wilde isn't done. He drags Juan up for a second, grinning wickedly.]

LD: Wilde is relentless... this is brutal! That first powerbomb nearly broke Vasquez in two and he's going for a second!

BW: Break him? Wilde's gonna bury him! Finish it, Elijah!

[As Wilde lifts for the second powerbomb, but Vasquez twists mid-air, desperation fueling him. He lands on his feet, ducks a wild swing, and...]

"CRACK!"

[...unleashes his trademark Right Cross! The punch connects flush, sending all 300 pounds of Wilde sailing through the ropes, crashing to the floor in a heap. The bell rings, as the crowd erupts, stunned.]

LD: Unbelievable! Vasquez with that Right Cross out of nowhere! Wilde got knocked completely out of the ring!

BW: No! That was a fluke... he got lucky! Get back in there, Wilde!

[Wilde, dazed and furious, staggers to his feet, roaring as he tries to climb back in. Security swarms, dragging him away as he thrashes and spits, shouting threats at Vasquez. Juan leans on the ropes, panting, but smirking, waving goodbye to Wilde as the gauntlet rolls on.

Suddenly, a voice booms over the crowd.]

"OI OI OI!"

[The crowd starts to boo at the shouts coming from just outside the narrow aisle, as Sophie Rhodes makes her way into the American Legion Hall, followed closely behind by her mother Cassie Rhodes.]

BW: Oh, now THIS is going to be interesting!

LD: The Rhodes Dynasty?! I thought the Rhodes family was barred from the building tonight!

BW: You tell them they can't be anywhere they want to be!

[Security seems to be telling them just that, getting between them and the ring, as Juan Vasquez looks at the mother-daughter duo with a bemused smirk. Sophie shouts from ringside.]

"What's the matter, yeah? Scared of a little chinwag? Out here faffin' around and scared of hearin' a little truth?!"

[Vasquez motions for security to give them the microphone so we can get this over with, and Rebecca Ortiz hurries over to give the microphone to Sophie. Sophie snatches the microphone away and immediately takes off on a tangent as her mother grins at security.]

SR: Ain't this a treat? Havin' a right knees up, and we ain't invited!

[We hear Lorena Vasquez, now seated in the crowd, respond on her megaphone.]

"THAT'S BECAUSE NOBODY WANTED YOU HERE, YOU OLD HAG!"

[The crowd bursts into laughter as Sophie rolls her eyes. Cassie turns her attention to Lorena, as security shifts their attention towards getting between the wild-eyed Wiganer and the teenager.]

LD: This could get ugly, and fast.

BW: You're not kidding, Dane. Where does Lorena Vasquez get off calling Sophie Rhodes an "old hag"? She's only 18! And if you don't think Cassie Rhodes will slap a child, you're dead wrong.

[Sophie puts her hand on her mother's shoulder, pulling her attention back towards Juan Vasquez in the ring.]

SR: We was out there moochin' about because you ain't keepin' us away from a party. Not when our families have had so much history between us, yeah?

[Cassie shouts, loud enough to be heard without a microphone - or a megaphone, for that matter.]

"STILL GOT A BOUNTY ON OUR HEADS, HE DOES!"

[Sophie nods at her enraged mother.]

SR: It's been eight years since you tried to get rid of our family, but guess what? We're still here, mate. Ain't nobody riskin' their health for whatever bits and bobs you can throw at 'em. And in nine days? In nine days, you think you're walkin' away for good, but my uncle's throwin' a spanner in your works.

[Sophie smirks.]

SR: And I can't wait to see your life's work go up the spout when he finally puts you down for good!

[Sophie throws the microphone back towards the ring as the fans boo loudly, which causes Cassie to turn her glare towards the fans. The microphone reaches Juan in the ring, and he picks it up.]

JV: You're still mad about the bounty? I forgot about it, honestly.

[More laughter from the crowd.]

JV: And if you're that concerned about it...

[Juan waves his hand dramatically.]

JV: There. It's rescinded. No more bounty on the Rhodes family. Are you happy now?

[The crowd cheers at Juan's show of benevolence. Guess who isn't happy?]

"YOU THINK THAT JUST MAKES IT ALL BETTER, YOU TOERAG?!"

[Cassie Rhodes, who is being led away by security. Sophie Rhodes follows, trying to encourage her mother to save her energy for next week, and the qualifying match for the Rumble.]

LD: I suppose that wasn't an official entry in the Infinity Gauntlet, was it?

BW: It just gave Juan Vasquez time to rest! What were the Rhodes Dynasty thinking?!

[As we wait for the next competitor in the Infinity Gauntlet, the familiar riff of "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers rips through the American Legion Hall.]

LD: What in the world?!

[The crowd roars as Gunnar Gaines, stomps out. He's got a battered briefcase in one meaty hand, swinging it like a weapon as he lumbers to the ring. Juan Vasquez is leaning on the ropes, eyeing him warily.]

LD: Oh, here we go! The former World Champion... the Hall of Famer in his own right... Gunnar Gaines, the bearded beast from yesteryear, and he's brought... a briefcase?

BW: Knowing Gunnar, that thing's either full of alcohol or dynamite. Either way, Vasquez is in trouble!

[Gaines sets the briefcase on the apron with a loud thunk, then ducks under the ring, rummaging like a bear digging through trash. He pulls out a rickety table and two folding chairs, sliding them into the ring with a clang.]

LD: We may be about to get Extreme in a city that's seen more than it's fair share of that style!

[The crowd buzzes as he sets up the table, plops the chairs across from each other, and gestures at Juan to sit.]

BW: Or maybe not.

[Juan, curious but cautious, shrugs and takes a seat. Gunnar grabs the briefcase, sets it on the table, and pops it open. Inside? A full bar setup - glasses, a cocktail shaker, stirrers, the works. He yanks them out one by one, tossing the shaker and stirrers over his shoulder carelessly.]

LD: Wait a minute... is that a bar in a briefcase?

BW: Of course it is. This is Gunnar Gaines we're talking about!

[Gunnar sits, reaches into his vest pocket, and pulls out a bottle of clear liquid, slamming it dead center on the table. He points at Juan, then makes a "drinky drinky" motion with his hand. Juan smirks and nods.]

LD: Oh no... I think I know what's in that bottle, Ben. That has to be wood grain alcohol!

BW: Moonshine strong enough to strip paint! These two are about to get lit... literally!

[Gunnar pours two generous shots into the glasses. They clink them together and down the hatch it goes.]

"DRINK!"
"DRINK!"
"DRINK!"

[The crowd chants as they pour and slam another round. Juan stands up, wobbly, pointing at Gunnar, then himself, grinning like a fool. Gunnar nods, then kicks the

table aside with a crash. The bell rings to start the match, but Juan's too drunk to notice, swaying like a palm tree in a storm.]

LD: Juan's three sheets to the wind already!

BW: And Gunnar's loving it - look at that grin!

[Gunnar takes a massive swig straight from the bottle, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand, and reaches into his other pocket. He pulls out a Zippo lighter, flicking it open with a click.]

LD: Oh no!

[He pantomimes to the crowd, holding the bottle to his lips, then pointing the lighter forward - signaling he's about to blow a fireball right in Juan's face. The fans lose their minds, screaming in anticipation.]

LD: He's gonna torch him! Gunnar's setting up the fireball!

BW: Burn, Vasquez, burn! Do it, Gunnar!

[Gunnar stalks Juan, who's staggering around, oblivious. Gunnar takes one more gulp, lighter at the ready, and charges. But just as he's about to unleash hell, Juan spins, instinct kicking in, and blasts Gunnar with his patented Right Cross!]

LD: JUAN VASQUEZ OUT OF NOWHERE! The Right Cross saves the day!

BW: No! NO! How does he keep doing this!? Gunnar Gaines had him dead to rights!

[The punch lands flush on Gunnar's jaw, and the big man spits the alcohol in a wild spray, dropping like a felled oak. Juan collapses too, half from the punch, half from the booze, but he lands on top for the pin.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

[The crowd erupts, laughing and cheering as Juan rolls off Gunnar, barely conscious, while Gunnar lays spread-eagle, out cold, the Zippo still clutched in his hand. The bottle's spilled across the mat, soaking the wreckage of the table. Juan raises a shaky fist, victorious despite being plastered.]

LD: What a match! Gunnar Gaines brought the fire, but Juan brought the thunder!

BW: I hate this guy so much. Someone get me some of that wood grain...I need to forget this ever happened!

[As the ring attendants clean up, a still inebriated Juan stumbles around and then we hear four words over the PA.]

"Gunter lieben glauchen globen"

[Yes, it's Def Leppard's "Rock of Ages" and the fans cheer as John Shock walks out through the curtains. He's dressed in a white button-down shirt, blue jeans, cowboy boots and a white cowboy hat. Shock is also carrying a mic in one hand and something else in his other hand.]

LD: It's John Shock! Today's viewers might know him by his work backstage with the AWA, but before he took a step back from in-ring action, he was one of the top high flyers in all of professional wrestling!

BW: He ditched the squared circle for a cushy corporate gig. Not that I blame him.

[Shock heads to the ring, then up the steps, then ducks between the ropes. We can now see what he has in his other hands... two bottles of beer.]

BW: Is this the portion of the show being sponsored by all the alcohol companies that always want to sponsor us?

LD: Vasquez can barely stand after the wood grain alcohol... now Shock's out here with a beer?

[As Shock approaches Vasquez...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...Shock smirks in the direction of the timekeeper.]

JS: Ya really don't have to ring that! I ain't out here for a match!

[Shock shakes his head.]

JS: So, Juan, I just wanted to tell ya congrats on a helluva career.

[A plastered Vasquez nods and smiles.]

JV: Amigo, I appreciate the sentiment, but I gotta be honest... right now, I see three of you.

[Shock smirks.]

JS: If yer wonderin', I'm the one in the middle.

[The crowd laughs, as Shock smiles and shakes his head.]

JS: Well, maybe this is a bad idea then, but there is one othah thing I wanted to do...

[He then gestures with his hand which holds the beer bottles.]

JS: How about one last beer togethah?

[Vasquez grins.]

JV: What the hell, you only live once!

[Shock extends a beer to him, which Vasquez takes...]

...and as soon as he does, the Reseda crowd makes its feelings known.]

"CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!"

"CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!"

"CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!"

[That causes both Shock and Vasquez to look around at the crowd, then to each other.]

JV: That what you want to do?

[Shock shakes his head.]

JS: What, ya think we're The Fraternity Boys or somethin'?

[There's laughter from the crowd as Shock extends his beer towards Juan, and then the two clink bottles and each take a sip.]

JS: So Juan, ya got anythin' special planned with the wife and kids once this thing's done?

[Vasquez shrugs.]

JV: Marisol's probably gonna' be busy filming some TV show or some movie...

[In the crowd, someone yells, "The Marvelous Mrs. Maisel!!! Woooooo!!!"]

JV: ...but the girls...

[From her seat in the crowd, Mari has taken control of Lorena's megaphone.]

"HIT HIM WITH A PILEDRIIVER, PAPI!"

JV: ...I think I'd like to get them away from the wrestling world for a little bit.

[They both laugh.]

JV: What about your family, John?

[Shock nods.]

JS: Wife's doin' fine... she raises the three kids, two sons with a daughter in b'tween. Keeps her busy... 'course, when I git to go home, they keep me busy, too.

[Vasquez smiles.]

JV: Kids will do that to you. These two are a couple of hellraisers... two perfectly spoiled brats!

[Lorena has regained control of the megaphone.]

"STOP BADMOUTHING US IN FRONT OF YOUR BOSS!"

[Juan spins around to Lorena and snaps at her.]

JV: HE AIN'T MY BOSS!

[Shock chuckles.]

JS: Indeed.

[Another pull from each beer, then Vasquez gestures to Shock.]

JV: Think you got one more run in you?

[Oh, the crowd likes that idea... and Shock just grins.]

JS: Depends if somebody promises me a key to a city.

JV: Hey, they only promise those to former World Champions!

JS: What, ya think bein' the J-Crown champ in Are-Cee-Dubya wasn't enough?

JV: It was one championship, though.

[Shock holds up three fingers.]

JS: But three belts.

[Juan laughs.]

JV: I think that minute's about to be up.

[The two glance at each other for a moment, then look at their beers, then back at each other.]

JS: Ya game?

JV: You have to ask?

[The two then nod, then take the beers and... well, we'll let the fans tell you the rest.]

"CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!"

"CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!"

"CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!"

[And when they have finished, they clink the bottles. Shock sets his aside, then the two shake hands.]

JS: Don't be a stranger, all right?

JV: Why would I be?

JS: Well, you know what they say... just when ya think yer out...

[The Reseda crowd finishes the sentence.]

"THEY PULL YOU BACK IN!"

[Shock grins and shrugs. He picks up his bottle, takes the other from Juan, then ducks between the ropes and returns to the back.]

LD: What a moment. John Shock and Juan Vasquez, sharing one last beer before Juan calls it quits.

BW: Shock was able to walk away... but at this rate, Vasquez'll be face down by the next match!

[The opening riff of "The Man" by The Killers blares over the PA system. Juan Vasquez, still reeling from beers and beatings, snaps to attention, sobering up fast as "The Professional" Dave Cooper emerges from the back.]

LD: Well, we've often spoken of Juan Vasquez as a pillar that this company was built upon... and if he was a pillar, this guy right here was a wrecking ball trying to bring him down for a long, long time.

[There's no sign of his protege, "The Big Man on Campus" Trey Carson - just Cooper, striding solo to the ring. He's dressed in a black button-down shirt and

brown slacks, with microphone in hand. Juan doesn't budge, as Cooper heads down the aisle, climbs the steps, and ducks between the ropes. They lock eyes, tension crackling through the air as it looks like they're about to throw down, but Cooper raises the mic instead.]

DC: You're the guy that cost me six months of my AWA career, you know?

[Vasquez nods.]

JV: And you're the guy that tore up my rotator cuff in that same match and cost me the exact same amount of time.

[Cooper smirks, a flicker of nostalgia in his eyes at the memory.]

DC: See, there's a lot of things I could talk about right now. I could talk about the time when we teamed up... once. I could talk about the time when I took out your eye. I could even talk about how it's a shame you never crossed paths with Royalty or how I almost considered you for the Lion's Den.

[Juan's eyebrow raises at that last admission, but he shakes it off.]

JV: Yeah? Well, I could talk about how you cried like a baby when I sent you packing or how your hairline's been running faster than you ever did from a fight... but I'm guessing you've got a point to make, so spit it out, Dave.

[Cooper nods.]

DC: I just wanted to know one thing. I just had to see for myself that it was true... that you really were leaving. I needed to see it for myself and...

[He snickers, a smug edge creeping in.]

DC: It turns out it is true, isn't it? After Memorial Day, your career's dead and buried!

[Juan nods confidently.]

JV: Yep, it's true. I'm hanging 'em up for good. But don't get too excited - I've still got enough left in me to knock that stupid smirk off your face one last time if you push me.

[Cooper chuckles, raising a defensive hand.]

DC: That won't be necessary. So, goodbye, good luck, good for you and, most of all...

... good riddance and don't come back!

[The Reseda fans boo loudly, filling the hall with jeers as Vasquez shakes his head, half-amused, half-annoyed. Cooper turns, ducks between the ropes, and prepares to leave...

...when we get more music playing! One that should be familiar to Cooper: Deep Purple's "Knocking at Your Back Door."

Cooper stops about halfway up the aisle as none other than his former tag team partner, Eric Somers comes out from the back, mic in his hand.]

LD: Eric Somers is here! The other half of the former AWA National Tag Team Champions, the team featuring him and Dave Cooper... Rough N Ready!

BW: Not this clown! I thought Rob Donovan already filled our quota for goofy seven-footers!

[Somers stops just in front of Cooper, the fans cheering loudly, perhaps wondering if the former Rough N Ready are about to go at it here.]

Instead, Somers raises the mic in his hand and points to the back.]

ES: Dave... go to your room.

[Cooper puts his hands on his hips. Meanwhile, the Reseda crowd must like what Eric said because...]

"GO TO YOUR ROOM!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"GO TO YOUR ROOM!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"GO TO YOUR ROOM!"
clapclap clapclapclap

[Yeah, it's like that. Cooper waves a dismissive hand at Somers, then the crowd, and heads to the back. Meanwhile, Somers heads to the ring, up the steps, ducks between the ropes and turns to Vasquez.]

JV: What, you want to make sure I'm retiring, too?

[Somers gives a look as if to say "who me?" He then raises the mic again.]

ES: Nah, I just figured if Davey's allowed to be out here, then how could I possibly not be out here?

[He grins... not a grin to suggest he's got something planned. Just a simple grin.]

JV: I thought you were done with this place.

[Somers nods.]

ES: I thought that, too, and then they brought me back for the Tenth Anniversary... and now, it looks like they brought me to Reseda, too.

[He chuckles.]

ES: See, that's the thing, Juan. None of us are really done with this place. Somebody in that front office, some time in the future, is gonna call you up and say "Hey, what do you think of this? Wanna guest announce? Wanna be a referee? Wanna just show up and talk for no reason at all? Wanna make a pointless cameo?"

[He pauses after that final remark.]

ES: Hey, that's what I'm doing right now!

[The Reseda crowd laughs at that one. Vasquez is about to say something, but Somers beats him to the punch.]

ES: Either that or it's your kids getting into the ring themselves... hell, we already saw your daughters kick Kendrick's ass!

[Vasquez can't help but grin at that... and Lorena can't help but respond on her megaphone.]

"KENDRICK WAS LIGHT WORK!"

[More laughter. Somers and Vasquez look out to the crowd for a moment and simply shake their heads.]

ES: Anyway... we won't call this goodbye. We'll just call it see you later, OK?

[Somers then extends his hand to Juan and the two shake. Vasquez then raises his mic.]

JV: Like they say, Eric... never say never.

But I don't want to get on Marisol's bad side, so right now, I'm just going to have to say... never.

[The crowd playfully boos Juan, as a grinning Somers just shrugs and pats Juan on the shoulder. He then ducks between the ropes, dropping to the apron and heads to the back.]

LD: I wonder who could be up next for this.

BW: At this rate, it could be anyone.

WOOOOOOOOOOO!

[As "1 of 1" by SHINee plays, the crowd responds with shock and surprise, as even those amassed around ringside seem stunned.]

BW: Okay, I'll admit, I wasn't expecting this one.

LD: Are you serious? Casey Cash, the "Charm City Cutie"? I thought E-Girl MAX hit the road after Melissa Cannon showed back up!

[Much to Lori Dane's amazement, sure enough, Casey Cash walks out, wearing an oversized Under Armour hoodie and still in her ring gear from her match with Betty Chang. Her eyes are watery and she bites her bottom lip as she approaches the ring, as Vasquez looks confused as to what she's doing here.]

BW: Is... is she crying, Dane?

LD: She said it earlier tonight, Ben, she was in the building as a fan the night Juan Vasquez won his first National Title from Stevie Scott. She said it was the night that made her fall in love with wrestling. But as is the case with E-Girl MAX, you have to take everything they say with a grain of salt.

[As Casey approaches the ring, she wipes her eyes with her sleeve, then climbs into the ring, motioning for the microphone. As she receives it, we hear her sniffle before she speaks.]

CC: I don't...

[There is a gasp for breath, as she seems to be struggling to find the right words.]

CC: Oh my gosh, I'm in the ring with Juan Vasquez!

[The crowd applauds as Casey seems to freak out a little, shaking her hands wildly and her bottom lip quivering. Juan seems a little surprised by the admiration.]

JV: Uh... I get that a lot.

[The crowd laughs as Casey finally calms down enough to speak again, pointing to the exit.]

CC: So uh, we all actually left after Harley and Cinder's match, but I made them turn around because I had to be there for this. And um...

[Casey looks around.]

CC: Kimmy, wherever you are, thanks for putting my name in on this!

[The fans seem surprised at the reference to Kimmy Bailey.]

LD: Really? Kimmy Bailey got Casey Cash in this?

BW: Weren't they training partners when they first started, Dane?

LD: I didn't think they still got along.

BW: Maybe if Michelle Bailey joined E-Girl M-

LD: Knock it off.

[Casey finally looks back at Juan, finding the resolve to actually talk to one of her heroes face to face.]

CC: I didn't know if I'd ever get the chance to tell you...

[Casey motions to the audience, as well as the cameras.]

CC: In front of all these people... just how much you meant to me growing up. I wouldn't be a wrestler if it wasn't for you. And I wanted to come back here and tell you...

[Casey struggles with her words again, as Juan looks somewhat touched by her emotion.]

CC: Thank you!

[Casey rushes over to Juan, tackling him with a hug and bursting into tears, having dropped the microphone. She wails "PLEASE DON'T GO!" through her sobs, as Juan looks confused and unsure of what to do, his arms out to the side. Mari, having witnessed this scene on tape, between Juan and a certain muse of his, grabs her big sis' megaphone...]

"HANDS ABOVE THE EQUATOR, PAPI!"

[The crowd roars with laughter, before they tell Juan what he should actually do...]

"HUG HER BACK!"

"HUG HER BACK!"

"HUG HER BACK!"

"HUG HER BACK!"

"HUG HER BACK!"

[And Juan acquiesces, putting his arms around Casey, giving the young EGM member a hug through her tears. The crowd cheers, and after a few moments,

Casey breaks the hug, quickly leaving the ring and running away, back through the exit.]

LD: That was... surprising. And touching.

BW: I'm shoc-

[However, before Ben can finish that thought, the roof damn near explodes as a hypnotic tapping of the snare begins, followed by the famous riff from the guitar of Dusty Hill.]

LD: WAIT A SECOND! CAN IT BE???

BW: Don't tell me The Legend Killer's here!

LD: At this point, I thought we'd NEVER see him in the AWA!

[The crowd begins to rise to its feet, in recognition of the Bad Ass from Texas. As the guitar maintains a steady speed, we begin to hear the rough, yet eloquent voice of Billy Gibbons...]

#Rumor spreadin' around in that Texas town#
'bout that shack outside La Grange#
#and you know what I'm talkin' about.#
#Just let me know if you wanna go#
#to that home out on the range.#

[A slight pause, followed by the kicker...]

#They gotta lotta nice girls.#

[The drums roar in, as does the bass of "La Grange" by ZZ Top, as finally, stepping out of the back, comes the "Legend Killer"...

...Molly Bell!?!]

LD: It's Molly Bell! She fooled us all!

BW: Oh, come on! This is ridiculous! I was ready for a real fight, not some cat-girl cosplay nonsense!

[Molly is decked out in a poorly fitting Courtade costume: a too-big black t-shirt reading "Legend Killer", faded jeans, and cat ears poking through a battered cowboy hat. She's got a mic in one hand and struts to the ring with exaggerated swagger. As she reaches the ring, a confused Vasquez raises his own mic.]

JV: What is this?

[Bell responds.]

MB: Well, don't 'cha recognize me? It's me, Hiss Courtade!

[The crowd groans and laughs.]

MB: Tell me, Vasquez... do ya feel it?

JV: Feel what?

MB: Chills, pawh! The chills of facin' meow one last time!

[Juan blinks, rubbing his temples as the crowd chuckles. Molly hisses for effect.]

LD: "Chills, pawh"? She's really committing to this! I can't tell if it's brilliant or bonkers!

BW: It's bonkers, Dane. This is what happens when you let weirdos loose in a wrestling ring. Vasquez looks like he's about to call animal control!

[Molly drops the mic, puffs out her chest, and lays down the challenge in her faux-Texan growl.]

MB: I reckon it's time, Juan! One more showdown with Hiss Courtade! Yee-haw!

[She charges at Juan with a wild Laricat that he sidesteps easily, grabs her mid-stumble, and scratches her behind the ear. Molly freezes, purring involuntarily, then collapses into a happy heap on the mat, totally subdued.]

LD: And down goes Hiss Courtade with... a scratch behind the ear?

BW: What a disgrace! Courtade's legacy just got scratched to death by a cat impersonator! I'm embarrassed for everyone here!

[Suddenly, Ayako Fujiwara steps out from the back, shaking her head. She marches to the ring, grabs Molly, and pulls her up as the crowd laughs. She leans over Juan's mic...]

Ayako: Juan, I'm so sorry about this. Molly got into the catnip again. She's a little enthusiastic at the moment.

[Juan waves it off, still smirking, as Ayako starts leading Molly away. But then Ayako pauses, turns back to Juan.]

Ayako: Oh, one more thing. I did have a message from Miyuki for you. She's sorry she couldn't make it to the States in time to see you off and...

[Before Juan can react, Ayako suddenly grabs him, hoists him up, and nails him with a belly-to-belly suplex, planting him flat on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd gasps, then cheers wildly. Ayako stands, bows politely, and exits the ring, dragging a still-purring Molly behind her.]

LD: WHOA! Ayako Fujiwara with the sneak attack! A belly-to-belly suplex out of nowhere! Although, I guess that's exactly the sort of message Miyuki Ozaki would send.

BW: Ha! Finally, something worth watching!

[Juan rolls to his side, groaning but grinning faintly as the crowd buzzes, thrilled by the absurdity and the sudden violence.

Just then, the crowd roars with shock as through the front doors strides Louis Matsui and the towering seven-foot two inch behemoth, MAMMOTH Mizusawa! Mizusawa's still a wall of muscle, clad in a black singlet that strains against his frame. Matsui, oddly, isn't in his usual slick suit - he's rocking a black tracksuit, a rare sight. The crowd instantly remembers MAMMOTH and erupts into a raucous chant...]

"GIANT A[bleep]-HOLE!"

clapclap clapclapclap

"GIANT A[bleep]-HOLE!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"GIANT A[bleep]-HOLE!"
clapclap clapclapclap

[Juan Vasquez, battered but defiant, stands in the ring, watching them approach.]

LD: Oh, here comes trouble! Louis Matsui and MAMMOTH Mizusawa - Juan's old nemeses! Those two have history with Vasquez that's written in blood!

BW: History? More like a horror story! Mizusawa's left Vasquez in pieces more times than I can count - those chaotic brawls were brutal. I almost feel bad for him... almost!

[Matsui and Mizusawa reach ringside. Mizusawa looms large, arms crossed, while Matsui pulls a mic from his tracksuit pocket, pacing with purpose as the crowd keeps chanting.]

LM: All those years, Juan. All those years! I might've wasted a couple of prime years of this man's career chasing you down. We wanted to be the ones to bury the legend... to grind you into dust!

And me? I've been windshielded, piledriven, run outta this company more than once because of you.

Now, as we hit the end of your career, you're damn right we're taking one last shot!

[He pauses, smirking darkly, then jabs a finger at Juan.]

LM: Only this time, I'm not letting my MAMMOTH handle it for me.

This time... I'll do it myself!

[The crowd boos as Matsui yanks off his glasses, handing them to Mizusawa with a flourish. He strips off the tracksuit, revealing a black singlet underneath, matching his monster's gear. Mizusawa blinks, startled, and grabs Matsui's arm to stop him, but Matsui shakes him off. With a shrug, Mizusawa steps back, letting his boss go. Matsui slides into the ring, chest puffed out, marching straight at Juan.]

LD: Wait, what!? Louis Matsui's stepping up himself!? This is unprecedented!

BW: Ha! The little weasel's finally grown a spine - or lost his mind! Vasquez is gonna eat him alive!

[Matsui charges forward, bravado in full swing, but Juan's ready. He snaps a sharp kick to Matsui's gut, doubling him over. Juan hooks him, lifts...]

LD: Uh oh! He's got Matsui up annnnnnnnd...

[...and plants him HARD with the City of Angels, flattening Matsui. The crowd explodes, cheering wildly as Matsui lies motionless.]

LD: ...DOWWWWWN WITH THE CITY OF ANGELS! Juan Vasquez just crushed Louis Matsui like a bug!

BW: Oh, that was beautiful! Stupid, but beautiful!

[Mizusawa, watching from ringside, sighs heavily. He climbs into the ring, shaking his head, and scoops Matsui's limp body up like a ragdoll, slinging him over one massive shoulder. The crowd keeps roaring as Mizusawa trudges back up the aisle, Matsui dangling helplessly, glasses still clutched in the giant's hand. Juan leans on the ropes, catching his breath, a faint smirk on his face.]

LD: MAMMOTH's carrying his boss out! Juan's still standing tall in this gauntlet!

BW: Standing? Barely!

[Juan raises a fist to the crowd, battered but unbowed, as the gauntlet rolls on.]

LD: What's left for the Hall of Famer in this one?

[And the pulsing beat of Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive" thumps through the American Legion Hall, igniting the crowd as Derrick Williams, steps out from the back. He's in sleek silver-and-gold tights, "The Future" emblazoned across the back. The fans cheer as he strides to the ring, mic in hand. Juan, weathered from the gauntlet but still upright, watches him approach with a proud nod.]

LD: It's Derrick Williams! "The Future" himself - Juan's hand-picked successor! Fresh off coming close to winning the National Title earlier tonight and... this is a special moment, folks!

BW: Special? Spare me. In my opinion, the kid's been riding Vasquez's coattails for years. Let's see if he's got any real guts tonight!

[Derrick slides into the ring, standing tall across from Juan. He raises the mic, his voice steady and earnest.]

DW: Juan. I'm pretty sure you know what I'm going to say, but I'm going to say it anyway. I just want say... thank you. For everything you've done for me, everything you've taught me. I promise you, I'm gonna make you proud out there.

[Vasquez smiles with a nod.]

JV: Derrick, there's no doubt in my mind you will. You're the future of the AWA, amigo - and the future's gonna' be bright as hell with you in it.

[The crowd "aww"s and claps warmly. Derrick extends a hand, and Juan shakes it firmly. But in mid-shake, Williams suddenly yanks Juan forward, rolling him into a tight small package pin! The ref drops to count as the crowd gasps.]

LD: Wait- what!? A small package out of nowhere! Derrick's going for it! One... Two...

[Juan twists his body at the last second, reversing the hold, and grabs the ropes for leverage. The referee doesn't see it as he counts...]

LD: No! A reversal! Juan turns it around!

BW: He's grabbing the bottom rope!

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell rings, and Juan pops up, victorious, as Derrick tumbles back, caught off guard.]

LD: Juan Vasquez steals the win! Derrick Williams tried to pull a fast one on Vasquez, but Vasquez took it one step further! What a veteran move!

BW: No! NO! Williams had him dead to rights... what a choke job!

[Derrick sits up, shaking his head in disbelief at what just happened, and climbs to his feet. Juan, catching his breath, laughs it off and pats Williams on the back. The crowd cheers the reconciliation as Derrick and Juan share a few more words before Williams ducks out of the ring, heading to the back.]

LD: Look at that sportsmanship! That respect! A little trickery, but they're still family.

BW: Respect!? Are you kidding me, Dane? Williams had the chance to end Vasquez right there - put him down for good and make a name for himself! He's "The Future"? The future should be now, not kissing up to some old relic! What a waste!

LD: Oh, come on, Ben! That's disgusting! You can't expect him to betray Juan like that!

BW: It's wrestling, Dane, not a hug-fest! Williams'll never be a star with that attitude!

[Juan leans on the ropes, still grinning as his protege departs...

...when the haunting synths of "Vale of Shadows" by Gunship, pulse through the American Legion Hall.]

LD: It's a reunion of old friends here tonight in Reseda!

[Jackson Hunter emerges from the back, as the crowd roars, understanding the significance of this reunion. The crowd rises, chanting "AX-IS! AX-IS!" as Hunter strides to the ring, mic in hand. Juan, bruised and weary from the gauntlet, stands waiting, leaning on the ropes.]

LD: It's Jackson Hunter! A blast from the past - Juan's old running mate from The Axis days! Listen to this crowd! Did you ever think you'd hear a crowd chanting for The Axis?

"AX-IS! AX-IS! AX-IS!"

"AX-IS! AX-IS! AX-IS!"

"AX-IS! AX-IS! AX-IS!"

BW: Oh, great, another sentimental sap. Remember when Jackson Hunter was a shovel-wielding maniac? Now there was a man with killer instinct!

LD: You mean last week?

BW: You know what I mean! He should be bouncing one off Juan's dome right about now!

[Hunter slides into the ring, pacing as he looks Juan up and down. The "AX-IS!" chants keep rolling as he raises the mic.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JH: Well, well, well, Juan Vasquez... I can't believe it, man. You're really retiring?

[Vasquez smirks, reaching around to grab at his back.]

JV: Jack, come on. You know the deal. Going through the announcer's table after jumping off the top of the Woodshed? That was pretty much the end of everything. That's the kinda thing tells your body that you're not long for the world of wrestling.

[Hunter's jaw tightens, a bitter edge creeping into his voice.]

JH: Oh, I know all about it, Juan. You don't have to remind me...

...because you landed on ME that night! I still feel that crash in my damn bones!

[The crowd laughs and cheers, remembering the chaos of their Axis days. Hunter softens, his tone turning wistful.]

JH: But seriously... I'm actually sad to see you go. When we were working together in The Axis? That was magic. Pure, chaotic magic. You and me, tearing it up, running the show, making the AWA...

[The crowd finishes the line for Hunter, nostalgia taking a hold of everyone.]

"GREAT AGAIN!"

[Hunter pauses, a bit shocked at the positive reaction he's getting for waxing nostalgic about one of the most despised groups in AWA history. He looks at Juan, who shrugs.]

JV: I guess we were more popular than we thought?

JH: Hey, if you ever get the itch again, we can always run it back-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Mid-sentence, the bell clangs sharply, cutting him off. Hunter freezes, incredulous, then spins toward the timekeeper, mic still in hand.]

JH: No way! No way that was a minute! You've gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd boos the abrupt end, wanting more, as Hunter throws his hands up in frustration. Juan smirks, shrugging, while Hunter reluctantly ducks between the ropes, still muttering to himself as he heads back up the aisle.]

LD: Oh, come on! The bell already? Hunter didn't even get a chance to throw a punch!

BW: Ha! Tough luck, Hunter! Time waits for no one - not even your little Axis reunion. What a letdown... he should've jumped Vasquez while he had the chance!

[Juan waves to Hunter as he disappears through the curtains, then turns to the crowd, soaking in the "AX-IS!" chants that linger.

The gauntlet presses on, as the next arrival has no music to announce their entry... just the quiet parting of the curtains as Edwin Lopez, the towering seven-footer in a Hawaiian shirt, steps into the American Legion Hall. Beside him is his daughter, the Brass Ring participant and giantess, Catalina Lopez. The crowd erupts in cheers for a man very familiar to them.

Vasquez, still in the ring, battered, intoxicated but still smiling and breathing, straightens up as his oldest friend approaches with his daughter in tow.]

LD: Oh my goodness, it's Edwin Lopez! This place is his stomping ground... he's run shows here for years! And look, he's brought Catalina with him!

BW: I guess it's too much to hope that Edwin will give Juan one of his trademark choke slams?

[Edwin and Catalina climb into the ring, no mic needed at first - the crowd's love carries the moment.]

"THANK YOU ED-WIN!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"THANK YOU ED-WIN!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"THANK YOU ED-WIN!"
clapclap clapclapclap

[Edwin finally grabs one from the apron, his deep voice rumbling through the hall.]

EL: Juan... I never thought I'd see this day, man. You, hanging 'em up? Me and you, we started this crazy ride together back in '98. Two dumb kids with big dreams, scrapping in places just like this one. I never imagined this is how it'd all unfold.

[Vasquez chuckles, shaking his head.]

JV: Insane, right? And now look at us; now our daughters are carrying the torch.

[Lorena is quick to respond to that one.]

"I'M NOT GONNA BE A WRESTLER, I'M GONNA BE A MANAGER, PAPI!"

JV: I ain't talking about you!

[He turns his attention to Mari before she can speak.]

JV: I ain't talking about you either!

[The crowd laughs, as Juan turns his attention back to Edwin.]

JV: Kimmy's out there wrestling, and Cat here... it's wild to think they're our legacy, Edwin.

[Juan turns to Catalina.]

JV: Cat, good luck out there, kid. You're gonna kill it.

CL: Thanks, tío. I really appreciate that.

[Catalina looks away, blushing.]

CL: And, uh, I hope you can forgive me.

[Vasquez looks confused.]

JV: Forgive you for what?

[Before Juan can blink, Catalina lunges forward and grabs him by the throat with both hands, and hoists him up high...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then slams him down with a thunderous chokeslam! The ring shakes as Juan hits the mat hard, the crowd gasping and then roaring in shock. Edwin's jaw drops, and he spins toward his daughter.]

EL: Cat! Why the hell did you do that!?

CL: Sorry, Daddy... the intrusive thoughts won again.

[Catalina shrugs sheepishly, playing with her hair as a mischievous grin creeps across her face as the crowd laughs. Edwin shakes his head, exasperated, while Juan rolls to his side, clutching his back but chuckling through the pain.]

LD: OH MY! Catalina Lopez with a chokeslam out of nowhere! She just flattened Juan Vasquez!

BW: Ha! I love it - intrusive thoughts or not, she's got killer instinct! Too bad Edwin didn't teach her to finish the job!

LD: That was insane! Edwin's stunned, Juan's down, and Catalina's just standing there like it's no big deal! What a way to make a statement!

[Edwin kneels to check on Juan, who waves him off with a pained grin. Catalina hops out of the ring, still smirking, as Edwin follows, muttering apologies under his breath. The crowd buzzes, chanting "CAT! CAT!" as Juan pulls himself up on the ropes, shaking his head in amusement as the gauntlet marches on and the audience suddenly gives way to by far the biggest reaction of the night.]

#I just said up yours, baby#

[White Zombie's "Electric Head part 2, the Ecstasy" begins to play as Luke Kinsey calmly steps through the doors of American Legion Hall, drawing the loudest cheers of the night so far.

The middle-aged Kinsey now sports a shaggy, shoulder-length mop of light brown hair, a scruffy beard and mustache and skin that has a nice lived-in quality to it, hinting at years of fun in the sun in his post-retirement life. He's dressed in a pair of loose-fitting, slightly faded plaid pajama pants, a purple V-neck shirt and a thick, cozy cardigan with a bold Native American geometric pattern.]

LD: IT'S LUKE KINSEY! LUKE KINSEY IS HERE! Juan Vasquez's best friend and a Hall Of Fame wrestler in his own right!

BW: I know Juan Vasquez called him out last week on Saturday Night Wrestling, but I didn't think Kinsey would actually show up!

[Luke calmly makes his way to the ring. No strutting, no posing, just walking. Luke walks up the ring steps and stops, turning to raise his hands and acknowledge the crowd, before stepping through the ropes.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JV: You know you've only got a minute, right?

[Kinsey puts on a look of disappointment.]

LK: Who do you think you're talking to? You think a wrestling mastermind like myself didn't meticulously plan this down to the very last second? Anyway, what kind of friend would I be if I couldn't be here for my heterosexual life mate, El Cholo? You've always been there for me, brother.

JV: And you were always there to stab me in the back when it was convenient.

[The crowd laughs, as Luke grins and shakes his head.]

LK: Survival of the fittest, compadre. You're not actually still sore about it, are you? It wasn't ever personal.

JV: Of course not. I still wound up with the better bank account, career, and marriage!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Luke laughs it off.]

LK: Hey, two things. First off... ouch. Second... rude. But you know what they say about marriage... fifth time's the charm.

[Some more laughter in the crowd.]

LK: I just hope these people appreciate what they're about to see... the last time we ran this match, we sold out Jerry World.

[From way in the back, through the curtains, we can hear Kimmy Bailey yelling, "Uncle Luke, what are you doin' here? You ain't a wrestler!" as some in the audience snicker.]

LK: Quiet, brat. Not only was your Uncle Luke a wrestler, but he was the greatest wrestler! In fact, I handed your muh-mah the most devastating defeat of her career. I was even greater than your dear old daddy!

JV: That ain't how I remember it.

LK: Hey, shut up! That's just like... your opinion, man. Anyway, I'm trying to set the mood here.

[Juan zips it up and throws away the key.]

LK: 19 wins, 19 losses, Juan. We traveled the world together for over a decade and that's the score between us. The series is tied, but I'm here to change that.

[Juan shrugs.]

JV: Eh.

[Luke gets an annoyed look on his face.]

LK: What do you mean, "Eh"? Did you think you could just throw out a challenge to moi and it wouldn't get answered?

JV: I mean, you do sleep fifteen hours a day.

LK: That doesn't matter! You called down the thunder, brochacho, well now you've got it!

JV: You think you can take me down in under a minute? After all the wars we've had? You're sorely mistaken, amig-

"THUUUNK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Luke suddenly cracks Juan across the head with the microphone in his hand! Juan staggers, clutching his forehead, and falls over, as the crowd erupts in cheers and gasps.]

LD: OH MY GOODNESS! A cheap shot from Kinsey!

BW: That's the Luke Kinsey I remember - dirty as they come!

[Luke smirks, tossing the mic aside. He steps out onto the apron and climbs up the ropes slowly, putting muscles to work that he hasn't worked in quite some time. Carefully rising to his full height on the top rope, Kinsey then leaps off, turning back the clock one last time as he pumps his arms and legs and he crashes down onto Vasquez with...]

LD: THE MAGIC CARPET RIDE! Kinsey lands all of that frog splash!

[However, just as he lands on Juan, the bell rings, signaling the end of the "one-minute" match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: Oh! What bad luck for Luke Kinsey, he missed out on victory by a few seconds - wait, did that feel like a minute to you, Ben?

BW: What am I, a stopwatch? The bell rang, didn't it?

[Luke rolls off Juan, panting, and immediately starts stomping around the ring, throwing a tantrum at the bell. He kicks the ropes and yells at the ref.]

"What!? That's it!? I had him! I HAD HIM!"

[From the canvas, Juan crawls over to the microphone, grinning through the pain, and taunts Luke.]

JV: Your plan would've worked if you were still 25, amigo. Too bad those middle-aged knees can't keep up anymore!

[The crowd roars with laughter and cheers. Luke spins around, pointing a finger at Juan.]

LK: Age ain't nothing but a number, homie.

JV: Bye, Felicia.

[Luke freezes, then storms over to Juan, leaning down.]

LK: Who the hell are you calling Felicia!? You're Felicia!

[Juan chuckles weakly as Luke exits the ring, still fuming. The crowd is absolutely electric from witnessing the two legends play off each other.]

"FIGHT FOR-EVER!"

clapclap clapclapclap

"FIGHT FOR-EVER!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"FIGHT FOR-EVER!"
clapclap clapclapclap

The camera briefly catches Mari holding up a sign that reads "Uncle Luke vs Papi (One minute draw. 3:53 ****1/2)" and quickly pans to the announcers.]

LD: These two never fail to entertain! What a night!

BW: Entertain? Sure. Follow a time limit? Never. I need a drink.

[As the last echoes of Luke Kinsey's tantrum fade, the opening chords of "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys blast through the American Legion Hall. The crowd explodes, as a tidal wave of cheers fill the room. All eyes snap to the bar in the corner, where Hannibal Carver sits perched on a stool, drinking his umpteenth beer of the night. He grabs two beers from the bar and makes the short walk to the ring. Vasquez, still reeling from Luke's Magic Carpet Ride, drags himself to his feet, leaning on the ropes.]

LD: It's Hannibal Carver! The Boston Brawler's... uhh... STILL in the house, and this gauntlet just got a whole lot rowdier!

BW: Oh, great. He's been drinking all night... he's probably in even worse shape than Vasquez currently is. It's a wonder he's still able to stand!

[Carver slides into the ring, beers in hand, and snatches the microphone off the canvas where Luke dropped it. He paces for a second, staring at Juan, then raises the mic to his lips.]

HC: Juan Vasquez.

Fifteen years. Fifteen damn years we been tearin' each other apart. Smashin' chairs, spillin' blood - my blood, your blood, hell, probably the ref's blood too. And the most annoyin' thing? Yeh beat me every [BLEEP]damn time!

[The crowd laughs and cheers. Juan smirks, wiping sweat from his brow, still catching his breath.]

HC: But I ain't here to fight yeh tonight, Vasquez. I'm here to say... happy retirement, ya old warhorse. Here, have a cold one on me.

[Carver hands Juan a beer. The crowd roars in approval as the two clink bottles and take long, theatrical swigs. For a moment, it's all camaraderie...

...that is, until Carver's grin turns wicked. Without warning, he boots Juan hard in the stomach. Juan doubles over, beer spraying everywhere, and Carver hooks him in a three-quarter nelson, before dropping him face-first with The Blackout!]

LD: OH! The Blackout out of nowhere! Hannibal Carver just planted Juan Vasquez!

[The crowd loses it as Carver hooks the leg.]

"ONE!"
"TWO!"
"THREE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: YES! Finally! Someone finally got Vasquez!

[Carver pops to his feet, arms raised, soaking in the deafening cheers. The crowd chants "CAR-VER! CAR-VER!" as he chugs the rest of his beer, tossing the empty bottle into the air, and rolls out of the ring. He doesn't look back, heading straight back to the bar with a wave as Juan lays flat on the canvas, still out cold from The Blackout.]

LD: After fifteen years, Hannibal Carver gets his win over Juan Vasquez - and what a way to do it!

BW: Took him long enough.

[The crowd's still buzzing when the dreamy, distorted chords of "Only Shallow" by My Bloody Valentine play, announcing the re-arrival of Kimmy Bailey. The fans cheer as she sprints to the ring, sliding in beside her unconscious father.]

LD: It's Kimmy Bailey!

BW: Oh, fantastic. She's back... but at least she left the dumb mask and costume behind this time.

[Kimmy pokes Juan with her boot as he lies motionless.]

KB: Are you okay, daddy?

[The crowd chuckles at her casual tone. Suddenly, a megaphone blares from the audience as Mari yells into Lorena's megaphone.]

"FINISH HIM, BILLIE!"

[Kimmy grins, wasting no time. She scrambles up the turnbuckle, perching like a predator, and leaps off with a frog splash, crashing onto Juan, but her aim's off, and she bounces awkwardly to the side!]

LD: I think Kimmy Bailey just did her version of the Magic Carpet Ride!

BW: But she didn't stick the landing!

[Scrambling, she hooks his leg for the pin...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"TH-OHHHH!!!"

LD: Juan kicks out! He's still in this!

[Kimmy pops up, frustrated, and hauls Juan to his feet, still groggy. She lifts him into position for a crucifix powerbomb, arms straining. But mid-move, she spots Luke Kinsey hanging around at ringside. She pauses, glaring at him.]

"Your dumb move didn't work, Uncle Luke!"

"Focus on the damn match, kid! Quit yelling at me"

[From the crowd, the megaphone cuts through the noise again.]

"FINISH HIM!"

[Kimmy snaps her head toward Mari, then back to Juan, still hoisted up. Before she can drop him...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd groans as Kimmy freezes, then gently lowers Juan back to the mat, setting him down like a fragile package. She wraps him in a tight hug, squeezing hard as he stirs, dazed but smiling faintly.]

LD: Time’s up! Kimmy didn’t get the finish, but look at that - pure love between father and daughter!

BW: Love!? She had him up for the powerbomb and chickened out! What a waste - she could’ve ended him right there!

LD: Oh, hush, Ben! She’s not here to destroy him!

BW: Well, someone should be!

[Kimmy releases Juan, gives him a quick peck on the forehead, and hops out of the ring. However, the mood shifts abruptly as “Power Slam” by Paradelous thunders through the American Legion Hall.]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: Oh no... it’s Supreme Wright! This is bad news, folks!

BW: Bad news? This is great news! This is someone who can actually end Vasquez in under a minute!

[And for the first time in this gauntlet, a unanimous chorus of hateful boos echo from the crowd as Supreme Wright steps through the front door, dressed in a single-breasted navy blue blazer, a crisp white dress shirt worn with an open collar and a pair of slim-fitting olive-green trousers.

Beside him stalks Takashi Mifune, dressed casually in a black t-shirt that reads “JAPANESE STRANGLEHOLD” across the chest, jeans and a newsboy cap. The crowd’s hatred is palpable as they chant “SU-PREME SUCKS! SU-PREME SUCKS!” Juan, still dazed, struggles to his feet in the ring.

Kimmy, halfway up the aisle, freezes as she spots Supreme and Mifune. Panic flashes across her face - she knows the danger. She spins around, sprinting back to stand between Supreme and the ring, planting herself in front of the apron. Her eyes dart between Wright and Mifune, fear evident, but she squares her shoulders defiantly. The crowd shouts, “KIMMY, MOVE!” and “GET OUTTA THERE!”]

“I’m not letting him near my daddy!”

LD: Look at Kimmy! She’s terrified, but she’s standing her ground to protect Juan!

BW: Are you kidding me!? She was just trying to crush him a minute ago, and now she’s playing hero against Mifune and Supreme Wright!? This girl’s got more issues than People Magazine!

[Juan, now upright, spots the standoff. He leans over the ropes, waving Kimmy off with a hoarse shout.]

JV: Kimmy, stand down! Let him through!

[Kimmy hesitates, then reluctantly steps aside, glaring at Supreme as he brushes past her without a glance. Mifune smirks, cracking his knuckles, but stays at ringside as Supreme steps into the ring.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[There are no words, no fanfare... Supreme’s all business. He charges Juan, hoisting him onto his shoulders in a fireman’s carry with effortless precision...]

LD: No, no, NOOOOO!

[...and then drops him gut-first across both knees with Fat Tuesday. Juan crumples, gasping, as the crowd boos louder.]

LD: FAT TUESDAY! Supreme’s not wasting a second... he’s dismantling Juan!

BW: That’s what I’m talking about! Ruthless, efficient... this is going to be the longest minute of Juan Vasquez's life!

[Supreme doesn’t stop. He yanks Juan up, lifting him up into a torture rack...]

LD: This has been a great moment - a great night for Juan Vasquez until...

[...before he drops Vasquez down into a devastating backbreaker across both knees, laying him out with Reign Supreme. Juan collapses, clutching his spine, the crowd wincing in unison.]

LD: ...REIGN SUPREME! Oh, that’s brutal... Juan’s in pieces out there!

BW: Yes! Finish him! Put this old dog down for good!

[Supreme looms over Juan, who’s barely moving. He grabs him by the head, setting up for a brainbuster.]

LD: I don't know how much more Juan Vasquez can withstand! If Supreme Wright hits this brainbuster, he might not even make it to Memorial Day Mayhem!

[But Juan, summoning one last burst of defiance, slips out mid-lift. He staggers back, winds up, and throws his patented Right Cross. The punch connects with a weak thud - Juan’s so drained it barely rocks Supreme, who stumbles back but stays on his feet. The crowd holds its breath.]

LD: The Right Cross! But it’s not enough! Juan’s got nothing left!

BW: Ha! That was pathetic!

[Supreme steadies himself, staring at Juan and rubbing his jaw. A flicker of recognition crosses his face, almost as if he realizes what would have happened if Vasquez connected with that punch at full strength...]

LD: Juan Vasquez needs to get out of there, Ben. I know this is important to him but so is Monday night in Dodger Stadium and I’m afraid if he stays in there much longer-

[Wright gives Juan a slow, respectful nod and without a word, he turns, ducks between the ropes, and exits, Mifune trailing behind with a scowl. The boos follow them out as Juan slumps to his knees, exhausted but alive.]

LD: Wait... Supreme Wright’s leaving!? Was that a nod of respect after that Right Cross!?

BW: Respect!? He should've finished him! Wright had Vasquez dead and walked away!

LD: Oh, give it a rest, Ben!

[Kimmy rushes back to the ring, sliding in to check on Juan as he pulls himself up on the ropes, breathing hard. The crowd then ROARS with cheers as "Stronger" by Britney Spears plays and Michelle Bailey appears. She makes her way to the ring, motioning for Kimmy to exit as she steps into the ring, shaking her head with a smile on her face. She asks for a microphone and receives it.]

MB: Congratulations, corazon... you've made it to the end.

[The crowd roars!]

MB: This has been quite a night for you, huh? Was it everything you hoped for?

[Juan, laying on his back, wavers his hand as though to say it was so-so.]

MB: I know. We tried to get Katie Holmes, but she couldn't make it.

[Juan snaps his fingers as the crowd laughs.]

MB: C'mon. Let's get you up.

[Michelle walks over and offers her hand to her weary friend. He slowly takes it, and she helps pull him up to his feet. He struggles to stand, so she laces his arm around her shoulders so she can hold him up.]

MB: Do you remember how we used to have to walk like this into Waffle Houses or Denny's back in the day, after you and Luke had a little too much?

[Juan gets a smile on his face.]

JV: I don't remember any of that.

[The crowd laughs, as Michelle shakes her head again, her smile growing.]

JV: If you said it happened, though...

[He gives an unsteady thumbs up.]

JV: It probably did.

[Michelle looks flattered.]

MB: Well, thank you. You know, we've been in each other's lives for close to 20 years now.

[She motions to Kimmy Bailey.]

MB: You helped me raise a great young woman when she needed a father, and for that, I'll be eternally grateful.

[She then motions to Lorena and Mari Vasquez.]

MB: And you and Marisol are raising two fine young ladies, who I'm sure are looking forward to having you around more and more.

[Gravity starts to interfere a little, so Michelle hoists Juan back up.]

MB: I think of how great it is that we're in each others' lives, and how I've moved out here and we're just a ten minute drive away from each other after all those years of using computers and cell phones to keep in touch. How we didn't actually see each other for years, but we knew we cared because we could hear it in the other's voice.

[Michelle looks at Juan, knees barely keeping him up.]

MB: You called me your muse, and it was the greatest compliment anyone ever gave me... until earlier this year, when you called me your guardian angel. So that means I should be responsible for making sure you get home safely.

[She nods.]

MB: So of course, that means I'm the last entrant tonight. And I get to be the one to tell you how much people love you, cherish you, and will miss you.

[The crowd applauds as Michelle again gets Juan up to his feet, a bashful smile on his face.]

MB: Of course, it also means I need to help you move on to your next chapter in life. It's not going to be easy, you know, but I'll do the best I can.

[Juan nods in confusion, as Michelle's smile turns just a little bit mischievous.]

MB: So corazon... I love you.

[She kisses him on the cheek, then looks him in the eyes.]

MB: And I'm sorry.

[Then suddenly, she breaks from holding him up, running towards the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

[...and drives herself into his ribs with a Britney Spear!]

BW: HA!

LD: WHAT?! A BRITNEY SPEAR FROM MICHELLE BAILEY TO JUAN VASQUEZ?!

[Michelle waves to the back, where Kimmy Bailey has ran, and suddenly the crowd's gasps of shock and murmurs have turned into cheers of surprise as "Desire" by Meg Myers begins to play over the speakers...

...and Marisol Vasquez steps through the curtains!]

LD: IT'S MARISOL VASQUEZ! The world-famous actress, Juan's wife, is here in the flesh! Look at this place - it's electric!

[The beautiful Latina with just past the shoulders dark hair glows, kissed by the sun with high cheekbones, an air of youthful charm, and a wide, infectious smile. She's wearing a form-fitting, sleeveless red dress with thin straps and she stands confidently with one hand on her hip, not afraid to show off her fit physique.

The American Legion Hall erupts into a deafening roar, fans leaping to their feet, chanting "MA-RI-SOL! MA-RI-SOL!" as she sashays down to the ring. Kimmy Bailey

and Michelle, already at ringside, hold the ropes open for her. Michelle leans in, a grin on her face, and says...]

"He's all yours."

BW: Are you kidding me!? Marisol!? I thought she was off filming some Oscar bait - she's actually here to see her washed-up has-been of a husband!?

[Marisol steps into the ring with effortless grace, her red dress catching the light as she stands over Juan, who's sprawled on the canvas, utterly spent from the gauntlet. He manages to sit up, propped on his elbows, staring up at her with a mix of exhaustion and adoration. Marisol grabs a mic from the apron, her voice warm but commanding as she looks down at him.]

MV: Juan... you're out here saying goodbye to this life, to this ring, to these fans. But the woman you're going to be spending the rest of your life with? She's right here to say hello.

[The crowd "aww"s, some fans visibly emotional as the words sink in. Juan, battered and bruised, cracks a faint smile, his voice a hoarse murmur as he speaks into the mic.]

JV: That... that doesn't sound so bad.

[Marisol smirks, a playful glint in her eye. She steps closer, nudging his forehead with the toe of her stiletto sandal, gently but firmly pushing him back down to the mat. Juan flops back with as the crowd laughs and cheers.]

MV: Down, boy.

[Marisol then lowers herself gracefully, sitting on Juan's chest in a mock pin, her red dress fanning out around her. The referee, caught up in the moment, slides in and counts...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

[The bell rings, and the crowd explodes in a mix of laughter and applause!]

LD: SHE DID IT! Marisol Vasquez just pinned her husband! Juan's own wife ends the gauntlet!

BW: I can't believe this! Vasquez survived all that just to get taken out in the end by his wife in a red dress!? I... I kinda love it!

[With a smile, Marisol climbs to her feet, looking down at an also-smiling Juan... and then they're soon joined by the rest of the family, climbing in to help drag the Hall of Famer first to a seated position where we hear him off-mic.]

"I'm too old for this [BLEEP!]"

[Marisol nods in agreement as she offers him her hand, helping to pull him into a standing position where he embraces his daughters and his wife as the AWA faithful stand around the ring, smacking their hands down on the apron to pay tribute to one of the men who made this all possible...]

"THAAAAANK YOU JUAAAAAN!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"THAAAAANK YOU JUAAAAAN!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"THAAAAANK YOU JUAAAAAN!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"THAAAAANK YOU JUAAAAAN!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"THAAAAANK YOU JUAAAAAN!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"THAAAAANK YOU JUAAAAAN!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"THAAAAANK YOU JUAAAAAN!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"THAAAAANK YOU JUAAAAAN!"
clapclap clapclapclap

"THAAAAANK YOU JUAAAAAN!"
clapclap clapclapclap

[...and with a tear in his eye, Juan Vasquez can be seen mouthing "thank you all" as we fade to black.

We fade up on a dark but starlit Los Angeles sky, our focus on the stars themselves before slowly panning down to reveal we're in the middle of a completely empty Dodger Stadium... almost. The camera shot shows row upon row of empty seats with the stadium lights glowing down on them...

...and then slowly zooms in on the top deck, the cheapest seats in the ballpark to where someone is seated.

We cut to that "someone" to reveal the man once known as El Cholo... Los Angeles' native son, Juan Vasquez, sitting in a seat with a wistful smile on his face.]

"This... this is where it all began."

[Vasquez looks out on the field as the camera follows his gaze.]

"Right here. So many nights as a kid. Watching Gods walk among men."

[We can hear an echo of the immortal voice of Vin Scully on the call - "High fly ball into right field... sheeeee isssss GONE!" Vasquez smiles, nodding his head.]

"This is where it started for me. The rush. The roar of the crowd."

[He points down towards the field.]

"I knew I would never be like them. I wouldn't be Hershiser or Fernando..."

[The voice again - "if you have a sombrero, throw it to the sky!"]

"...Gibson or Guerrero... that wasn't my destiny. But this is where I heard the cheers of the fans for those men and knew my destiny was to one day hear them for me."

[Vasquez nods, closing his eyes, leaning back in his seat...]

"Can't think of any place I'd rather be when it ends."

[...and as we hold on Vasquez' face, serene... at peace... happy...

...the shot fades back up to the night sky where the Memorial Day Mayhem graphic appears with all the show info and the words "9 DAYS REMAIN."

Fade to black...

...and we fade back up on what's obviously a scene shot on a cell phone camera with the chyron marking it as "EARLIER THIS WEEK" where we see "Cowboy Casanova" Billy Givens and David Layton - The Aces In The Hole - standing in what appears to be a hotel room.]

BG: Hey AWA fans, it's your Aces In The Hole here... and...

[Givens grins.]

BG: It's funny how everything changes in an instant. For months now, ever since Davey Boy and I came to the AWA, we've been looking for a shot at the World Tag Team Titles... and that meant beating Next Gen. So, Davey Boy and I have been watching video of Harper and Somers til our eyes bled. We could see 'em beatin' the best in the world in our sleep.

And like that...

[He snaps his fingers.]

BG: Everything changes. Now it's Jackson and Martinez with the belts and-

[Layton puts a hand on his partner's shoulder, shaking his head.]

BG: You're right, you're right. Now it's Team Supreme with the belts and I don't know a damn lick of nothin' about how that works. But we'll leave it to the lawyers, I guess. Or maybe... just maybe... they can get us a shot at the titles and when Davey Boy and I are done with Jackson, Martinez, Crawford... heck, Mifune or Supreme Wright himself! And when we get that shot, we're going to show the wrestling world why they shouldn't underestimate us! We're going to show 'em why the Aces In The Hole are gonna shock the world... and we're gonna show 'em why we can't be stopped. Ain't that right, Davey Boy?

[Layton leans in, a menacing look on his face.]

DL: 100%.

[Givens grins.]

BG: And that's all we got to say about that!

[The cell phone footage cuts out as we cut back out to Mariah and Sweet Daddy.]

MW: Aces In The Hole looking to work their way into title contention to get a shot at the new World Tag Team Champions... whatever that means. Sweet Daddy, in your estimation, how does this work? Does Team Supreme have to announce who will be defending in advance? Can they put ANY two members in there at any point?

[Williams shrugs.]

SDW: Like Givens said, we're gonna have to leave that to the lawyers, Miss Mariah... but what I do know is after the chicanery they pulled in Vegas and after what they did to Howie Somers, there's gonna be a whole lot of teams lining up to take their shot.

MW: But speaking of titles, we're just a few moments now from our World Television Title match and-

[Mariah is abruptly cut off by the sounds of horns over the PA system... horns quickly recognized as the intro to Van Halen's "Runnin' With the Devil."]

Then, somewhere in the building, a red light flashes in time with the guitar strumming, then as we hear the keyboard and the drums leading into the song...

...and, lo and behold, the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Supernova, is standing at the top of the aisle, the Reseda fans going nuts. Supernova is dressed in a black shirt and blue jeans, a black trenchcoat over them, and the AWA World title belt around his waist. He also wears a pair of shades and has a mic in his right hand.

Supernova walks down the aisle toward the ring, where he ascends the ringsteps and ducks between the ropes. He walks to the center of the ring, then spreads his arms to the sides, allowing everyone to see the World Title belt around his waist.

The music dies down, but before the champ has a chance to speak, the Reseda crowd is already off and running.]

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

"WEL-COME BACK!"

[This goes on for a while... then Supernova raises the mic and smiles.]

S: It's good to be back, Reseda!

[The Reseda fans approve!]

S: How long has it been... eight, nine years since I stepped into a ring here at the American Legion Hall? Back then, I was just getting started, learning about where the best places were to go to get any experience, and then somebody in Venice Beach told me I better check out Reseda!

[The Reseda fans approve again!]

S: I can't say enough about what this place meant to me... it may have been just one stop along the way, but just getting to experience the Legion Hall, not just to learn more about the world of wrestling, but to learn more about how passionate the Reseda fans are... it's something I will never forget!

[Do the Reseda fans approve? Of course they do!]

S: Meanwhile, we're just a little more than a week out from Memorial Day Mayhem and I'll be defending this title right here, in front of what may as well be a home crowd... a lot like this one, except instead of being a few hundred fans, it'll be tens of thousands!

[The crowd ROARS for the upcoming Memorial Day Mayhem event as Nova nods his approval.]

S: And we won't be done with California yet... because then it's Showtime in The Temple in Boyle Heights... then SNW in San Jose... but right now, I just wanted to enjoy this moment with all you fans here, in a place where I got my start.

[He then pulls his shades off, revealing the face paint resembling flames around his eyes.]

S: But once Memorial Day Mayhem arrives, I'll say this...

James Lynch... I'm gonna kick your ass!

[The Reseda fans definitely approve of that one as a grinning Supernova puts his shades back on and is about to leave the ring...]

LD: Well, short and to the point for sure but the World Champion has-

[...when a familiar sound hits the loudspeakers and cuts off Lori.

A sound every fan knows.

The light tinkling of synth music.

Followed by the stomping of feet, and we know that too...

...and if you didn't know, the Reseda fans sure do as they ROAR the opening lyric to the song you're about to hear.]

#This is a call to arms.#

[Every fan in Reseda is on their feet ROARING the lyrics as loud as their throats can manage as "Vox Populi" plays for the first time in this legendary place.]

#Gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

[Cut to a pair of particularly rabid (and possibly drunk) fans with their arms around each others' shoulders, pumping their fists in the air as they sing along...]

#This is a battle song
Brothers and sisters
Time to go... to war!

[And with the crowd ROARING that last line at the top of their lungs, from behind the curtain steps the two time World Champion, the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez.]

LD: THE WHITE KNIGHT IS HERE ON SHOOOOOWTIIIIIME!

[Martinez is dressed simply, wearing a black "AWA" t-shirt with the company's logo done in gold letters and a pair of black jeans. Martinez is in a good mood that's made better by the adulation from the crowd, a loud chant erupting as one side of the crowd is chanting...]

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"

[And the other side answers with...]

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

[Over and over, the fans duel]

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"
"MAR-TI-NEZ!"
"LET'S GO RY-AN!"
"MAR-TI-NEZ!"
"LET'S GO RY-AN!"
"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

[Finally, the White Knight makes his way into the ring and moves to stand in front of Supernova who is watching with a curious expression on his face...]

LD: The World Champion came out to address these fans and seemed to be headed out of here... but the two-time World Champion's got something to apparently say as well!

[Martinez takes a mic offered from ringside as he turns back to the World Champion, eyeballing him for a moment. The two AWA icons look at each other from across the ring...]

...and then the White Knight steps forward, extending his hand to a HUGE ROAR!]

LD: Oh yeah!

[Supernova readily takes the offer, the two shaking hands to the delight of the Reseda crowd. As the music fades, Martinez raises the mic.]

RM: I'm sorry for cutting into your time, 'Nova. But there's just a few things I need to say...

[Martinez looks out to the crowd... and then turns back.]

RM: ...and one of them is to you, champ.

[The crowd buzzes at that as Martinez nods.]

RM: But first... I want to say something to everyone here.

Now I know all about the American Legion Hall.

[The Reseda fans ROAR with pride!]

RM: And I know all about all the great things that have happened here. And of all the places I've been, I've never wrestled here.

[Martinez grins.]

RM: But I sure wish I had!

[The crowd roars their approval.]

RM: And maybe one day I will.

But before I can even think about that, we need to talk about Memorial Day Mayhem.

[The AWA's White Knight nods.]

RM: Many of you probably know this, but for those who don't... Memorial Day Mayhem is an important event for the Martinez family.

It was at Memorial Day Mayhem that I defeated the Devil himself in a match whose scars I still wear. A match that still occasionally causes me to wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat.

And it was at Memorial Day Mayhem that my father held the line, and took on Juan Vasquez in one of the most hellacious matches of his career.

And this year? Well, this is the year that a whole lot of family business is settled.

It begins with my baby brother...

[The crowd boos loudly at the mention of the youngest Martinez in the AWA.]

RM: Junior...

[Martinez smirks.]

RM: You've bitten off more than you can chew this time.

I wrestled Brian James years ago, when he'd just started out. When he was a tiger cub and I came out of that match with a black eye, a busted lip, and a month on a liquid diet because he'd loosened every tooth in my mouth.

And now the tiger's grown.

You and your friends, Jackson and Crawford, you're about to be in for the worst night of your life.

[The crowd cheers, agreeing with Martinez.]

RM: And what about my best friend? A man who is like a brother to me, Jack Lynch.

[A huge ovation for the Iron Cowboy.]

RM: Jack Lynch is going to put an end to Supreme Wright. He's going to take the revenge that's owed to a lot of people. Including Brian James.

And including me.

But let's not forget yours truly...

[Martinez looks into the camera.]

RM: Derrick Williams, we're finally going to settle this.

And settle it the right way – in the ring, face to face and one on one. I told you before, Williams, that you need to be careful what you wish for. Because Memorial Day Mayhem is a special event for me. And you're about to understand why.

[The crowd claps as Martinez turns away from the camera, looking at the World Champion again...]

RM: Which brings me, at last, to you, Nova.

I know you've got business of your own. You're taking on James Lynch. You're finally getting that man in the ring after all that he did to you.

And I know, without a shadow of a doubt, that you're settling that score as well.

Which is why, Supernova, I'm here to tell you something.

After you beat James Lynch, and after I beat Derrick Williams...

[Martinez pauses a moment.]

RM: ...I want you...

...and I want MY title back!

[The crowd ROARS at the surprise challenge as Supernova smiles, nodding.]

RM: What do you say?

[But before the World Champion can reply, the sleazy tones of 7Horse's "Methlab Zoso Sticker" blare over the loudspeakers...

...and out comes the Westerly Dynasty.]

LD: Of course these people are here to RUIN this moment!

[Out in front is Veronica Westerly, dressed in a little black dress. Behind her and on the right is the Demon Cowboy, James Lynch. Lynch wears a long black leather duster, open to show his bare chest beneath. As he strides past the camera, we see that on the back of the duster is a white skull wearing a black cowboy hat and a red bandana. Both of Lynch's hands are covered in black gloves, while the lower half of his face is covered in a black bandana with a white skull design. Lynch's long, dirty blond hair is pulled back into a tight ponytail.

Next to him on the left is Atlas Armstrong. The 6'8, 300 pound uberman marches behind Lynch wearing a white shirt open to the navel and black leather pants and black loafers without socks. The half-English, half-Samoan strongman has his wavy black hair tucked behind his ears and sports an arrogant attitude.

Armstrong and Lynch both hold the top and middle rope open for Westerly, who strides forward, accompanied by her charges. Westerly produces a mic of her own as she stares with an amused expression at Supernova and Martinez before speaking.]

VW: It's really cute, listening to you two out here making plans.

But what seems to have missed the two brain cells that you two collectively possess is that NONE of that is going to happen!

[The fans jeer that proclamation!]

VW: You...

[Westerly's poisonous stare shoots daggers in Martinez' direction.]

VW: ...aren't getting past Derrick Williams.

And when James Lynch is World Champion, you mark my words... I will make sure that you NEVER get anywhere near that title!

And speaking of the World Title...

[Westerly hands the microphone to James Lynch. The Demon Cowboy pulls his bandana down and stares a hole into Supernova.]

JL: Supernova... you do have a date with destiny. But it's not with Ryan Martinez.

[Lynch jerks a thumb at himself.]

JL: It's with James Lynch.

You've spent SO long thinking that you're some kind of icon that you've forgotten that I know you better than you know yourself.

[Supernova glares at Lynch with disgust.]

JL: And at Memorial Day Mayhem, I am going to show the entire world who you are... empty, hollow, and a fake.

I've already taken your face, taken your name, and on that night? I take the last thing you have left. And I become World Champion.

[The fans jeer the idea of that as Supernova shakes his head defiantly.]

JL: And that won't be the only myth shattered that night.

Will it, Atlas?

[The Black Sheep of the Lynch clan turns to his ally, handing Armstrong the mic.]

AA: While James here is winning the title from you, Supernova... don't forget that I will be proving that I am the uberman of the AWA.

At Memorial Day Mayhem, I make history by shattering Max Magnum's undefeated streak.

There will be only one and that will be me.

[He jerks his massive arms towards himself, his thumbs bumping into his large chest as the fans jeer...]

...and Ryan Martinez steps forward, raising the mic again...]

RM: Earlier, I said that maybe someday I could wrestle here.

[The crowd starts to buzz at the implication as Martinez grins.]

RM: Well, what better time than now?

[The crowd ROARS at the suggestion!]

RM: I see two of you, and I see two of us... why don't we make this happen?

[As the crowd celebrates in anticipation, Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: I don't think so.

[The boos rain down at the rain on their parade.]

JL: As much as I'd love to kick your asses right now... Memorial Day Mayhem is too important.

And I'm not risking getting hurt in front of these freaks and misfits...

[Loud boos from the crowd who may or may not resemble that remark.]

JL: And I certainly am not going to give you an excuse to skip out of your reckoning, Supernova...

[Supernova shakes his head at Lynch, stepping closer...

...and then lashes out with a right hand, knocking his challenger in nine days off his feet, sending him down on the mat!]

LD: OH! IT'S ON IN RESEDA!

[Atlas Armstrong rushes the World Champion, connecting with a heavy forearm to the side of the head, sending him falling back into the corner...]

LD: What a shot from Armstrong!

[Armstrong follows him in, swinging his mighty arm like a club across the sternum of Supernova once... twice...

...but before a third blow can land, the AWA's White Knight catches the arm, swinging Armstrong around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

LD: BIG CHOP BY MARTINEZ!

[...and as Supernova steps out of the way, Martinez pushes Armstrong back into the buckles, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And the fans catch their cue.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – "

[But Armstrong reaches out, raking the eyes of Martinez before he can continue the onslaught in the corner, sending Martinez staggering away...

...which clears a path for a rapidly-incoming Supernova!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HEEEEAT WAAAAAVE IN THE CORNER!

[Supernova pumps his arms as Armstrong stumbles out, falling to the canvas as a frantic Veronica Westerly starts waving her arms towards the locker room area...]

LD: Westerly's waving towards the back... what's she...?

[Dane trails off as the hulking masked men known as Masks For Money emerge from the back, jogging down the aisle towards the ring...]

LD: ...and it looks like Westerly's got PAID reinforcements, Ben!

BW: Brilliant move by Westerly, making sure her men had their backs covered before they came out here to get jumped by Martinez and Supernova! The World Champion threw the first punch so whatever they get from here, they had coming to 'em if you ask me!

[The Golden Grappler is the first one in, promptly eating a knife edge chop from Martinez that sends him staggering backwards towards the corner..

...but before the White Knight can follow him in, Ultra Commando 3 is in the ring, lowering the boom on the White Knight with a big double axehandle to the back of the head, sending him down to his knees!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: And it's the Commando from the blind side, knocking Martinez down!

[Supernova rushes to confront the Commando but James Lynch is back up, burying a knee into the small of his back before he can get there!]

LD: And just like that, we've got Supernova down... we've got Martinez down... and the Westerly Dynasty and Masks For Money are standing tall, fans!

[The boots are dropping, leather meeting skull all over the ring as the foursome stomps down the White Knight and the World Champion to big jeers from the AWA faithful!]

LD: The champion and the White Knight are in trouble, fans, and-

[The crowd ROARS as Hannibal Carver pushes himself away from the bar, wading through the fans towards the ring!]

LD: Here comes the Boston Brawler!

BW: He was STILL at the bar?!

LD: Apparently so!

[Carver dives under the bottom rope, looking to aid his friend. He comes to his feet swinging, drilling the Grappler... and the Commando... before James Lynch dives at him, wrapping up his legs...]

LD: Oh! Lynch hooks him up and-

[...which leaves him defenseless as Atlas Armstrong runs him down with a mighty clothesline!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: Down goes Carver... and even with his help, they're still at a numbers disadvantage! They're still facing bad odds here in Reseda and... ohhh! Big kneedrop down across the chest by James Lynch! We're going to need some help out here... we're going to need-

[Dane is cut off by one of the loudest reactions of the night by far as VERY familiar music kicks in over the PA system...]

LD: Are you...?

[...and while the opening lyrics are enough to get the crowd going, it's a lyric a few lines in that really gets the crowd...]

#A LITTLE CRAAAAZY#

LD: THE LAST AMERICAN BADASS IS HOME IN LOS ANGELES!

[The seven foot Alex Martinez comes striding into view in blue jeans, motorcycle boots, and a leather jacket. The crowd is absolutely BESIDE ITSELF at the sight of the Hall of Famer, former World Champion, and pro wrestling legend as he stomps down the aisle towards the ring where Veronica Westerly is in utter shock at the arrival of her ex-husband!]

LD: The numbers are ALL EVEN NOW, Ben!

[Martinez climbs the ringsteps, stepping over the ropes as James Lynch promptly bails out of the ring, leaving everyone else behind...]

LD: Wow! Lynch is out of there! He's gone!

[...and a shout from Westerly sends a very reluctant Masks For Money forward as Martinez reaches out...]

LD: HE'S GOT 'EM BOTH! THE SEVEN FOOTER'S GOT 'EM HOOKED!

[...and strides out to the middle of the ring, looking Westerly dead in the eye before hoisting them both skyward!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With the crowd ROARING for seeing the legend in action, Atlas Armstrong shows no fear of the Last American Badass, swinging him around by the shoulder for a haymaker...]

...but Martinez blocks it, slapping the blow away before reaching up to hook both hands around the Almighty's throat!]

LD: DOUBLE CHOKE! LOS ANGELES HAS SEEN THIS MANY TIMES BEFORE!

[But as Martinez attempts his signature Firebomb chokeslam, Armstrong's hands shoot up, grasping the wrists of the seven footer...]

LD: What in the...?

[...and slowly, Armstrong starts pulling outward, attempting to pry the hands off his throat!]

BW: HE'S POWERING OUT OF IT! MY GOD!

[The crowd is buzzing with surprise as Armstrong continues to pull... and pull... and pull until finally...]

LD: HE BREAKS THE CHOKE!

"YOU'RE ANCIENT HISTORY, OLD MAN!"

[Armstrong's shouted insult causes Martinez to deliver a two-handed shove, sending him falling backwards...]

...which is when Supernova storms back into the frame, throwing right hands as quickly as he can, battering Armstrong back across the ring as James Lynch and Veronica Westerly look on from the outside!]

LD: The Westerly Dynasty has left Atlas Armstrong to fend for himself!

[Grabbing the arm, Supernova whips him across, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles before sprinting across himself, leaping into the air...]

LD: ANOTHER HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!

[...and as Supernova gets clear, the White Knight sprints across the ring from corner to corner as well, driving his foot up under the chin!]

LD: YAAAAAKUUUUZAAAAAA!

[And as Armstrong stumbles out, the bigger Martinez surges forward, swinging his own leg up to drive his foot under the chin again, flipping Armstrong over the ropes where he crashes down on the American Legion Hall floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[And as Lynch and Westerly move to aid their ally, Armstrong angrily jerks his arms away, kneeling on the floor as he glares up at the celebrating trio, the sounds of “Little Crazy” playing once more as the Martinez family trades a quick embrace and Supernova gives both men a high five...]

LD: The ring has been cleared and... wow! The fans in Reseda are losing it! And we’re still not done, Ben!

BW: Get this old man out of the ring, we’ve got a title match to see!

LD: Another special moment for House Martinez here in Los Angeles as well as all these fans here tonight who’ve seen one heck of an evening that they’re never going to forget.

[Armstrong shoots up to his feet, threatening and pointing even as Lynch and Westerly and the masked duo back him down the aisle...]

LD: We’re nine days away from Memorial Day Mayhem... and that means this is the last time I can say this but... let’s go to the Control Center!

[As Supernova stands between the Martinez family, raising their arms in the air, we fade to black...]

...and as we fade up, we find ourselves looking at the bank of television monitors that can only mean...]

“And now, here with the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center... Mark Stegglet!”

[...and we fade to another shot of a different set of monitors, all showing AWA action as Mark Stegglet stands beside them with a big grin on his face.]

MS: Nine days and counting! Hello, AWA fans, I’m Mark Stegglet here in the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center and to paraphrase the great Vin Scully, it’s ALMOST time for AWA wrestling! It’s been a chaotic couple of weeks here in the AWA between last weekend in Las Vegas and tonight in Reseda but as we near the end of tonight’s show - we are just nine days away from our big summer spectacular! The date is May 28th. The place is Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, California. Now, don’t you bother heading down to Vin Scully Avenue in a couple of

weeks because this place is SOLD OUT! The only way you can still get in on the action is LIVE on Pay Per View!

[A graphic comes up promoting the show... and then changes to one showing Supernova on one side and James Lynch with Veronica Westerly on the other.]

MS: The AWA World Title will be on the line when the champion, the hometown kid, Supernova, takes on one of the top challengers, James Lynch of the Westerly Dynasty. There's a lot of history between these two... a whole lot of bad blood going into this one... and of course, you've got the Westerly Dynasty looking to make this a very good night for them.

[The graphic changes to show Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes with Dana Kaiser.]

MS: History in the making! It's been nearly nine years since these two men met in the very first AWA steel cage showdown at No Escape... and their rivalry will be revisited in this... the final match in the in-ring career of the legendary Juan Vasquez. Former World Champion. Hall of Famer. One of the pillars that this company was built on. Going out in front of the city that has loved him so much over the years. One more match. One last time. Can Vasquez write the storybook ending to an unforgettable career or will Raphael Rhodes be able to spoil it all in nine days?

[The graphic changes again.]

MS: The Women's World Title will be on the line when "The Spitfire" Julie Somers takes on Michelle Bailey in a dream match to fans of women's wrestling all over the world. In addition, we learned that this will be the opening match in Los Angeles because whoever comes up short in this one will automatically be given a spot in the annual Rumble match later in the show. Speaking of which...

[The graphic shifts.]

MS: ...for only the second time, the AWA's annual Rumble belongs to the women. The first time, there were twenty women battling it out to become the very first Women's World Champion... this time, we've got the full thirty and to the winner goes the prize of the World Title challenger position in the Main Event of the AWA's first all women's Pay Per View - Girls To The Front - August 8th in the mecca of sports and entertainment, Madison Square Garden!

[The graphic changes to show the full compliment of announced competitors for the Rumble.]

MS: The field is packed and stacked as the best in the world descend on Dodger Stadium to battle it out... and don't forget, we've got that three way tag team match next weekend on Saturday Night Wrestling out on the streets of Hollywood to fill two of the remaining spots in this big clash.

[The graphic changes.]

MS: You may have noticed both the Country Punks and Seductive and Destructive on that graphic which means they will be doing double duty in Los Angeles as both teams will ALSO meet for the Women's World Tag Team Titles that night as well after Victoria June's surprising return from injury last weekend in Las Vegas!

[And again.]

MS: The AWA National Title will be on the line in a NO DISQUALIFICATIONS match when "The Phoenix" Jordan Ohara meets the stiff challenge of the Sin City Savior, Sid Osborne! This one is red hot and spilled over yet again earlier tonight in the

American Legion Hall... but in nine days, we'll be tossing the rules out the window as they meet one more time with the National Title at stake... AND the bill for a new National Title belt after Osborne destroyed the last one.

[And again.]

MS: How about this one, fans? The AWA's White Knight - former World Champion Ryan Martinez will take on "The Future" Derrick Williams in a match that's been brewing for quite some time. Is it the Future's time to shine in Los Angeles or will yet another hometown kid make good in front of his friends and family in the City of Angels?

[And again.]

MS: It'll be a clash for the ages when two of the AWA's undefeated monsters collide in a match where one of those streaks will come to a crashing conclusion. The Westerly Dynasty's Atlas Armstrong goes one on one with Max Magnum in a clash of titans you will NOT want to miss!

[And again.]

MS: Six man tag team action that you can almost be assured will devolve into chaos will go down with the Team Supreme trio of Cain Jackson, AJ Martinez, and Paris Crawford taking on the group of Brian James, Shadoe Rage, and Jackson Hunter. Batten down the hatches for this one in the City of Angels!

[And again.]

MS: And in a match that is SO personal and SO dangerous with SO much history, it'll be Jack Lynch - the Iron Cowboy - taking on his former friend - the leader of Team Supreme, Supreme Wright in a Towel Match! The last time these two met in a Towel Match, it was one of the most brutal matches I've ever witnessed and after what's gone down this year, I expect this one to be just as brutal. And now we know that Theresa Lynch - the woman in the middle of this one - will be carrying the towel for her big brother as he attempts to beat Supreme Wright's cornerman - whoever it will be - into throwing in the towel. This is gonna be something special, fans.

[And back to a full screen shot of Mark.]

MS: Ten big matches! One big night! Titles on the line! Undefeated streaks on the line! Careers coming to an end! It's the AWA's annual kickoff to summer - one of the biggest events of the year! It's Memorial Day Mayhem and believe me when I say, you do NOT want to miss this one, fans! Nine days and counting, we'll see you at Dodger Stadium! From the Control Center, I'm Mark Stegglet and I'll see you in Los Angeles!

[We cut from the Control Center..

...and open once more to the dimly lit, cluttered backstage area of the American Legion Hall in Reseda. There, we see the AWA World Television Champion, Odin Gunn, standing silently with the title belt clutched in his right hand, his massive frame draped in a black pancho with Bohemian designs, a wide-brimmed cowboy hat casting a shadow over his eyes, and a black bandana covering his face. Beside him, is Curly Bill Webb, pacing back and forth, a grin on his face. Bill stops and turns to the camera, as his voice booms loud enough for everyone to hear.]

CBW: Here we are, folks! Right here in Reseda's finest rathole, the American Legion Hall! And tonight oh, tonight's the night we've all been waitin' for! The FINAL battle between Odin Gunn and Wade Walker!

[He holds up three fingers.]

CBW: Three times, I said... THREE TIMES that snake Wade Walker's slithered into the ring against my man Odin Gunn, and three times he's managed to crawl outta' there like a cockroach scurryin' from the light! No winner, no loser—just a whole lotta' blood and unfinished business! But tonight? Tonight's different, ain't it, Odin?

[He turns to Gunn with a smile. The Samoan Cowboy doesn't move and doesn't blink. His silence is deafening, his very presence overwhelming to all who know of the destruction he is capable of. Curly Bill chuckles, twirling the end of his mustache.]

CBW: Now, Wade Walker, I gotta' hand it to ya... you're a survivor. Time and time again, you've dodged that bullet, slipped the noose, and danced away from the reaper! And I admire that, I really do! And Odin? He's really impressed. After all, it takes real skill to stay breathin' against a man like Odin Gunn not once, but THREE times. But here's the thing, Wade... the point ain't to survive!

[He sneers.]

CBW: The point... is to win.

[Bill shakes his head slowly.]

CBW: And you, boy? You ain't never won a damn thing against Odin Gunn and you never will! Ain't that right?

[Bill turns to Gunn who doesn't so much as flinch or move. The champion's eyes are locked somewhere beyond the camera, a thousand yard stare focused on images of the chaos, destruction and mayhem yet to come.]

CBW: Tonight, there ain't gonna' be no clock tickin' down to save you. No time limits to hide behind. No rules to keep this monster on a leash! Tonight, it's no holds barred, no mercy given, and no way out!

[He chuckles at the thought.]

CBW: There ain't nowhere to run. Ain't nowhere to hide. Tonight, it's kill or be killed, and lemme remind ya of somethin', boy! Odin Gunn is the best damn killer this business has ever seen! He don't need to talk, he don't need to boast... he just DOES. And what he's gonna do to you tonight is carve his name in your hide so deep, we'll be buryin' what's left of you in a thimble!

[Bill's grin widens as he leans into the camera.]

CBW: But y'know what, Wade? We ain't gotta' wait for that bell to ring. If they're gonna' throw out the rules tonight, then I think the fight starts when we say it starts.

[He turns to Gunn with a glint in his eye.]

CBW: Whatta' ya say? You up for some huntin'?

[Slowly, horrifically, Gunn turns to Webb and gives him the slightest of nods.]

CBW: Then let's find Walker and put an end to this!

[Bill lets out a wild, cackling laugh as the two stride off into the shadows of the backstage area, in search of Wade Walker.]

Cut to the parking lot outside the venue, where the sun sets in an orange haze over Southern California. Wade Walker, in his blue urban camo ring gear, stands between the production truck and the giant AWA-branded 18-wheeler. He looks up to the trailer and sees the faces staring out from it... Brian James... Hannibal Carver... Juan Vasquez... all foes he has shared the ring with. He cracks his knuckles pensively.]

WW: How did it feel, after fifteen minutes in the ring with a big bad boy like Odin Gunn... when the big man picked me up like I was a dishrag and put me on his shoulders... and pounded my neck and shoulders and back of my head into the mat like a fencepost?

[He rubs his stubbled, blonde beard.]

WW: Didn't feel great. In fact, for a few seconds, I thought my heart stopped. So next question: how in the hell did I kick out of that?

[He smirks.]

WW: Short answer: I didn't. Long answer: while the rest of my brain was trying to figure out what the hell I was hit with, that little bit at the back that tells me, "breathe, eat, blink, sleep..." that bit hit the switch at two-point-nine and told my body to "kick out."

[Walker looks back up at Brian James' face on the trailer.]

WW: Saved by the bell, saved by my brain stem kicking in. Another draw in a series of them. But this time, Odin...

[A bitter chuckle.]

WW: ...YOU had ME dead to rights. How's it feel, homie? How's it feel to have victory in your grasp only for the clock to run out? So now the man of the hour—

[He points up to the image of Juan Vasquez on the truck.]

WW: —He's one of the people who knows how it goes when the gloves come off. I'm sure Pedro's told you. This time, we're fighting until the sun comes up. This time we could...

[Walker trails off as something catches his eye. He chuckles to himself, and the camera pans over...

...to reveal Odin Gunn a few dozen paces away, sauntering closer and closer, a bullrope in his hand. You hear a bit of nervous chatter from the crew manning the camera.]

WW: ...We could end up anywhere, and start any time.

[Walker starts walking towards Gunn, the two big men staring each other down from a distance as Curly Bill nods approvingly...]

LD: Are we...? Can anyone hear us?

[There's a moment's pause as Walker and Gunn get closer to one another and Lori apparently gets the answer she's looking for.]

LD: Okay, we're back on apparently... fans, as you can see... we were scheduled to have our World Television Title Main Event next but... well, we thought it would be IN the ring, Ben.

BW: How silly of us. There's no DQ! There's no countout! Anything goes so why the hell WOULDN'T it start in the parking lot?!

LD: Our referee - Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller is hauling tail from the ring to the...

BW: He's running right out the front door, Dane!

[And indeed he is as we see the official charging into view, running to step between champion and challenger, arms fully extended...]

"COME ON, GUYS! LET'S DO THIS IN THE RING! LET'S-"

[...and without warning, Odin Gunn grabs Miller by the head and CHUCKS him into the side of a nearby van, causing the referee to collapse to the asphalt parking lot!]

LD: OH! He's going to get fined! He might even get a suspension for that, Ben! You can't put your hands on an AWA official like that!

[Wade Walker suddenly rushes forward, rearing back and throwing a big bomb at the World Television Champion!]

LD: And... I guess we're underway? There's no referee but...

BW: The fans are going outside! Can they even do that?!

[Our shot of Walker and Gunn trading heavy shots is suddenly backdropped by every fan jammed inside the American Legion Hall flooding out into the parking lot just outside the front door, rushing and crowding around Walker and Gunn to see the action go down!]

LD: We've got fans out there! We've got the wrestlers out there! So yeah, I guess this IS underway!

[Walker's fists are flying a bit faster than his counterpart's, rocking and firing and backing the champion up against a sedan parked in the lot...]

LD: Hopefully that's not your car, Ben.

BW: Does that piece of junk look like something I'd drive, Dane?!

LD: Maybe I shouldn't answer that one... look at Walker!

[The fists are coming even faster now, ferociously bouncing off the skull of Gunn, driving him down to a knee as the fists keep on coming... and coming... and coming!]

LD: WALKER BEATING GUNN DOWN TO HIS KNEES!

[As Gunn slumps down onto all fours, Walker switches to clubbing double axehandles, battering him all the way down to rest chestfirst on the hard asphalt as Walker lets loose a roar!]

BW: There's nobody left in the building but us, Dane! It's a sell out in the parking lot though!

LD: Every single fan in this building has gone outside to watch this war take place and right now, they're watching a frustrated Wade Walker - who has come oh-so-close time and time again to winning that World Television Title - battering Odin Gunn down to the concrete!

[Reaching down, the challenger draws the champion back up to his feet, dragging him back towards the car, pulling his head back...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES his face down on the hood of the car!]

LD: Walker PUTS HIM INTO the car! Facefirst off the hood of that car.. and these fans are going crazy for this!

BW: It's like when a fight breaks out on the street and everyone circles around to watch it go down! That's what these people are seeing out in the parking lot of this joint!

[Walker pulls Gunn off the hood, ducking down...]

LD: SCOOP AND...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...A SLAAAAAAM DOWN ON THE HOOD OF THE CAAAAAAR!

[The crowd is ROARING for Wade Walker as he steps back from the car, looking at Odin Gunn laid out across the badly-dented metal hood...]

BW: 335 POUNDS THROWN DOWN ON THE HOOD OF A CAR! Somebody's gonna be in DESPERATE need of a trip to the body shop, Dane... and it might be Odin Gunn in addition to whoever owns that junker.

[Walker is still looking down on the laid out Gunn...]

...when suddenly Pedro Perez and the Texas Ranger break into view, jumping him from behind to jeers from the assembled crowd in the parking lot!]

LD: Oh, come on! They're banned from the-

BW: BUILDING! That's right, Dane - they're banned from the building but they're not IN the building! Totally legal! Another brilliant masterstroke by Curly Bill and the Desperadoes!

[Perez and the Ranger quickly rough up Walker, taking him down to his knees with a flurry of fists to the back of the head and neck. Curly Bill is shouting at the duo, directing traffic as they pull Walker into position...]

LD: What's this now? A double suplex?! On the asphalt?!

[The fans are buzzing as Perez and the Ranger get Walker set to go over onto the unforgiving concrete...]

LD: This could end the match before it even gets started! Just how afraid of Wade Walker IS Curly Bill?!

BW: He's the biggest threat to the title that Odin Gunn has faced, I promise you that.

LD: Walker has come so close time and time again and I know many believe that tonight is the night for him but not if he gets hit with-

[But Walker suddenly breaks free, throwing fists at both men to the thrill of the Reseda crowd...]

LD: -NO! Walker's fighting back! He's not about to go out like-

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Walker grabs the masked Ranger and HURLS him sideways into the side of the car, smashing into the rear door before flopping over onto the asphalt!]

LD: Walker takes out the Texas Ranger!

BW: Isn't it ironic...? Don'tcha think?

[Walker turns his focus onto his former ally, rocking and firing right hands into the jaw, sending Perez stumbling backwards to the joy of the AWA faithful...]

...and then - scooping up the fallen bullrope, he loops it around the throat of Pedro Perez and starts choking him with it!]

LD: And Pedro Perez may be regretting getting involved with this now, Ben!

BW: He may be regretting ever turning on Walker... he may be regretting ever answering Percy Childes' phone call... Pedro Perez may be regretting a whole lot of things right now!

[With Perez' back to Walker, there's rage in the eyes of the former Dogs of War powerhouse as he strangles the air out of the man who betrayed him months ago...]

...who desperately swings his leg back, catching Walker south of the border with a mule kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: PEREZ KICKS HIM LOW!

[Pulling the rope off his throat, Perez gasps for air as he throws the rope down, looking at the kneeling Walker before grabbing him by the head, smashing his fist down between the eyes!]

BW: Now it's payback time for Perez!

[The fists pound down on Walker, driving him down into the fetal position on the asphalt where Perez starts laying the boots in on him...]

LD: Walker's in trouble now, fans. He's been kicked low and now he's getting the heck kicked out of him in a Reseda parking lot!

[...and the surrounding fans ROAR as the spunky Omega and the massive Polemos storm into sight, sending Perez backpedaling away!]

LD: The heroes are on the scene and Pedro Perez is making a run for it!

[The crowd continues to cheer as Polemos and Omega have Perez fleeing the scene in Reseda as Walker works his way back to his feet, still grimacing from the low blow landed by his former ally...]

...and as he slowly turns in a circle, he sees the thing that nightmares are made of as the 335 pound Samoan Cowboy comes running across the hood of the car, HURLING his mighty frame into the air to WIPE OUT Walker onto the asphalt of the American Legion Hall parking lot!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: ODIN GUNN TAKES TO THE SKY?!

BW: He ran through Walker like he was trying to rip his body straight in half, Dane!

LD: And if momentum was on the side of Wade Walker, Ben, it's not anymore! Odin Gunn just laid him out and if there was a referee out here... and if this was Falls Count Anywhere... we might get our first pin attempt of the match. We DO need another official though! Pete Miller is still laid out on the ground and-

BW: Yeah, I'm sure they're lined up at Chimpanzee to get out here and stand between these two murderous monsters of the mat!

LD: Well, somebody's gotta do it!

[Gunn climbs off the asphalt, glaring out on the assembled masses as he slowly opens the car door...]

LD: What is he...?

[...and drags Walker over, placing his head within the car...]

LD: Oh no... oh, come on...

BW: There's no referee to stop him!

LD: They couldn't stop him if there were - it's No Disqualification!

[...and slowly closes the car door on Walker's head, pushing the metal into his flesh!]

LD: AHHHH!

[Gunn leans on the metal door, pushing his 335 pounds into it, driving the steel into Walker's skull as Walker howls in pain...]

LD: ODIN GUNN IS TRYING TO TAKE HIS HEAD OFF!

[Gunn leans back, pushing on the door with his foot instead as the crowd cries for someone to help Wade Walker...]

...and the undefeated World Television Champion opts to just let go, stepping back as Walker slumps to the asphalt!]

LD: This is getting dangerous out here, Ben.

BW: It's BEEN dangerous since they signed the contract! And I'd remind you, this is ALL Vasquez' fault! He made this match so whatever happens to them is on his head!

LD: He was just trying to give the fans a clear winner and loser in this rivalry that's been raging for months now... and I give him credit for that. There's no way he could've known that this would end up in the parking lot like this... that it would START in the parking lot like this.

BW: He should've known that these two can't be contained!

[Gunn slowly leans down, dragging Walker to his feet. He holds him up, staring coldly into his rival's eyes before lifting him into the air...]

LD: Looking for a slam of his own...?

[...and then PRESSING him into the air...]

LD: SHEER STRENGTH!

[...and DROPPING him throatfirst on the top of the open car door!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Walker collapses in a heap on the asphalt, flailing about, coughing violently as he kicks his legs and Gunn stares mercilessly down at him.]

BW: We were talking about regrets, Dane - Wade Walker may be regretting the day he ever HEARD Odin Gunn's name. The Samoan Cowboy is looking to END this man here tonight. Not end his title challenge. Not end the match. END! HIM!

LD: An absolutely vicious attack there by Gunn - a chance to do serious damage to Wade Walker's throat as it came crashing down onto that solid steel door! He's grabbing at his throat and... this one might be over right now, Ben.

BW: If it's gonna be over, it's gonna have to have someone come out here and stop it because Odin Gunn is NOT stopping.

LD: Certainly not.

[Gunn grabs the fallen bullrope, slowly looping it around the throat of Wade Walker...]

LD: Gunn getting a little bit of payback for Pedro Perez perhaps and...

[...and starts walking across the asphalt, dragging Walker across it!]

LD: AHHHHH!

BW: He's ripping the skin right off him!

LD: Giving Wade Walker a serious case of road rash, the asphalt ripping into the flesh of Wade Walker here tonight on Showtime! And this is getting into the "parental discretion is advised" territory, fans. If you've got little ones watching at home, this might be a good time to remind them not to try this at home!

[Gunn pauses, pulling Walker off the ground, revealing a nasty scrape across the back of the powerhouse. The champion turns his back to the challenger, the bullrope still in place...]

...and then stands tall, leaning forward to lift Walker off the ground!]

LD: HE'S HANGING HIM! HE'S HANGING WADE WALKER ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE BUILDING!

[The crowd is uncomfortable at this, watching as Walker's eyes bulge out as he tries to get his fingers between the bullrope and his throat to create some distance to breathe...]

...and as he kicks out his legs, he manages to get his feet on the damaged car, pushing off as hard as he can, flipping over the head of Gunn to land awkwardly on his feet...

...and YANKS the bullrope, pulling Gunn into a clothesline!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: Wow! What a counter by Wade Walker to save himself here on Showtime!

[Walker leans hard against the car, trying to catch his breath from the Hangman as Gunn lies on the asphalt, a concerned Curly Bill looking at his champion.]

LD: We’ve spent the first five minutes of this match in the parking lot... and remember, fans... no time limit tonight either! In their other matches, it seemed like the time limit was as much of an opponent for Wade Walker as Odin Gunn was. We’ve seen time limit draw after time limit draw for these two as Walker comes so close to striking gold. With the time limit out of the picture, this is his best shot to win the title, Ben.

BW: It’s definitely his best shot... but I think Odin Gunn has shown us that the no countout and no disqualification rules might benefit him more than it does Walker!

LD: It certainly seems that way so far but right now, it’s Walker who has regained control... and now HE’S got the bullrope!

[Walker slowly loops the bullrope around his hand, forming a rope-covered fist as Gunn pushes up to his knees on the asphalt...

...and Walker opens fire, smashing the fist down into the forehead over and over and over to the thrill of the Reseda crowd!]

LD: One of the greatest nights in AWA history going down here in Reseda tonight as we kick off this Showtime Summer Tour... and this is the kind of action you can expect in two weeks in the Temple in Boyle Heights... and in Portland... and in Seattle and Regina and Winnipeg and everywhere else we’re headed over the next few months, all leading to the Hammerstein Ballroom in New York City for the final Showtime of the summer! On that night, it’ll be One More For The Road but tonight, we’re just getting on the highway!

BW: And for these two guys, it might be a highway to hell here tonight, Dane... they’re beating the hell out of each other and we’re just getting started! What ELSE are they going to do to each other tonight?

LD: I shudder at the thought of it.

[Walker turns away from the still-kneeling Gunn, holding his fist over his head to big cheers from the Reseda crowd before untangling the rope, tossing it aside. He turns back to Gunn...]

LD: Walker looking to finish him off perhaps!

[...but as Walker pulls Gunn off the ground, Gunn THROWS himself into a skull-cracking headbutt, stopping Walker in his tracks!]

LD: OH!

[And with a boot to the gut, Gunn doubles over Walker, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

LD: What the hell?! What the hell?! On the asphalt?!

[...and lifts him into the air for a powerbomb but a panicked Walker starts raining down right hands mid-lift!]

LD: WALKER'S FIGHTING IT! TRYING TO SAVE HIMSELF! TRYING TO-

[Walker slips free, landing on his feet in front of Gunn, burying a boot of his own into the midsection. Walker grabs a front facelock...]

LD: Walker's loose and...

[...and lifting Gunn into the air, Walker steps forward and DUMPS Gunn facefirst across the dented car hood!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Walker staggers backwards as Gunn lays out on the even MORE dented car hood now...]

LD: Not to age myself here, Ben, but this car looks like E. Honda got his rapidly-moving hand on it at this point! Wade Walker DUMPING Odin Gunn on the hood of the car to save himself after that powerbomb attempt!

[Walker shouts "MOVE!" to some fans in the parking lot, clearing a path as he strides away from Gunn, looking in on the champion, his head dangling off the car...]

BW: Wade Walker is showing the same kind of Wade Walker that helped lead the Dogs of War to become the most dominant trio in AWA history... maybe pro wrestling history! This is a more focused, more vicious, more violent Wade Walker here tonight, Dane, and I like it! This is the kind of Wade Walker that we all expected when the Dogs of War broke apart and I love to see it!

LD: Walker giving himself some room, moving the fans around and...

[Walker suddenly sprints forward, showing that former potential NFL draft pick speed...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...RUNNING KNEE CONNECTS!

[Gunn's head SNAPS to the side from the impact, causing him to roll off the dented hood onto the asphalt as Walker leans on the car again, taking a breather as the AWA fans go wild for the impactful blow!]

LD: Wade Walker's... well, I was going to say he's got the crowd on their feet but...

BW: It's standing room only in the Legion Hall parking lot!

[Dane chuckles as Walker pulls Gunn off the concrete, dragging him towards the entrance to the building...]

LD: And we may FINALLY be about to get someone back in the building with us, Ben.

BW: Except for that bartender guy glaring at us.

[...but before they reach the door, Curly Bill jumps in the path, shouting and waving his arms at a puzzled Walker.]

LD: Curly Bill involving himself in this now - we've seen the Ranger and Perez involved so I supposed it's only fitting for Curly Bill to get in the mix now too.

[Curly Bill is still shouting at Walker as he shoves Gunn aside, reaching out...]

LD: OH! HE'S GOT WEBB BY THE THROAT!

[Curly Bill swats at the muscular arm as Walker shoves him by the throat across the parking lot several steps...

...and then grabs him with the other hand as well!]

LD: He's choking Curly Bill and-

[But Gunn doesn't let his manager suffer for long before swinging a knee up into the kidneys, causing Walker to let go as Webb goes coughing away, successful in his attempt to turn things back in his client's favor...]

LD: Gunn scoops him up, over the shoulders...

BW: Maybe a powerslam on the asphalt! That'll do some damage!

[But the malevolent champion has other ideas, rushing forward towards the American Legion Hall...

...and TOSSING Walker like a javelin so his face SMASHES into the side of the building!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Walker bounces off the wall, crashing down in a heap on the ground as the AWA fans react appropriately...]

BW: Don't bother bringing him in now, Mr. Gunn! The ambulance will need to pick his carcass up right there!

LD: Wade Walker HURLED into the wall... into the side of the building! Sheer impact on his face... on his head and neck... a brutal blow struck of the undefeated World Television Champion leaves Wade Walker in a bad, bad way in the parking lot of the American Legion Hall here on Showtime!

BW: I knew this one would be brutal, Dane, but I don't think even I anticipated this.

LD: Absolutely not... this match might be over right now.

BW: IF we had a ref.

LD: IF we were even inside the building! This fight's been going on for almost ten minutes and we're STILL in the parking lot!

[Webb gestures angrily at Walker, throwing an arm back towards the parking lot as Gunn nods, lifting a limp Walker off the ground...]

LD: What in the world is Curly Bill telling him, Ben?

BW: Hey, Walker laid his hands on him - I'm not surprised that Bill wants his pound of flesh too!

[Webb walks over towards the banged up car, gesturing madly at it, fire in his belly and rage in his eyes...]

LD: What's he want him to do?

[...and Gunn lifts Walker up, slinging him over his shoulder...]

LD: Is he gonna do it again?!

[Webb points to the driver's side window, shouting "PUT HIS ASS RIGHT HERE!"]

LD: Oh... oh no... come on now! There's no call for that!

BW: They're gonna REALLY do him in now, Dane!

LD: Curly Bill's telling Odin Gunn to do that same javelin toss but to toss him THROUGH that window?!

[The crowd is buzzing as Gunn stampedes across the parking lot, building up speed...]

LD: NO!

[...but Walker slips out of the grasp, dropping to his feet behind Gunn.]

LD: WALKER ESCAPES!

[With his survival instincts kicking in, Walker opens fire, throwing big bombs at the head of a surprised Gunn, driving him back across the parking lot. A well-placed shot has Gunn staggering backwards towards the car, creating enough space for Walker to charge...]

LD: Walker LEAAAAPS!

[...leap, and SMASH his right hand into the jaw, knocking Gunn back against the car!]

LD: GUNN GOT ROCKED! GUNN IS SEEING STARS!

[A fired-up Walker backs off, glaring a hole through the stunned Odin Gunn as Curly Bill waves his arms wildly, begging Walker to stop!]

LD: And now it's Wade Walker looking for HIS pound of flesh after what they just tried to do to him!

[Walker looks out on the crowd, urging him on, and lowers his head in a charge...]

LD: HERE! COMES! WALKER!

[...but as Walker prepares to spear Gunn THROUGH the automobile, Curly Bill grabs his charge by the wrist and PULLS with all of his might, falling over on the ground as Gunn gets clear...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Walker's head SLAMS violently into the driver's side window, shattering the glass from the impact!]

LD: OHHH! Oh... oh my god... get some help out there NOW!

[Walker collapses backwards, falling facefirst to the asphalt with his arms over his head...]

LD: We need... if anyone can hear me, we need medical help out in the parking lot right now, damn it!

[We cut to Curly Bill, looking shocked, awed, and yeah... a little bit pleased by what he just saw.]

LD: Wade Walker... my god... he was trying to... he was going for that Spear of his and... that damned Curly Bill pulled Gunn out of the way and... Ben, I can't believe it.

BW: Walker's head went THROUGH that glass window! Just shattered the damn thing! It's done. This is done... it's over... it's... ring the bell, stop the match, call the meat wagon. Wade Walker's night is done.

[Suddenly, we've got medical personnel dashing into view... we've got a second referee in sight... we've got Tommy Fierro and Adam Rogers as well...]

LD: We've got doctors, officials... we finally get a second referee but...

[The officials plant themselves in front of a rising Gunn, refusing to let him past as the doctors and referee kneel to check on Walker.]

LD: They're trying to turn him... oh god...

[The crowd in the parking lot groans as Walker's head is revealed, blood pouring from wounds on the hairline, quickly turning his face into the proverbial crimson mask.]

LD: Wade Walker has been badly lacerated. The blood is... it's just absolutely pouring from that wound... or wounds... on his head. The glass shattered and...

BW: Who knows how many cuts he's got, Dane.

LD: The referee is there talking to Walker... the medics are talking to him as well... and... I gotta think this match is over, Ben.

BW: Walker's speaking to them... we can see that... so that's a good sign. He didn't get knocked out at least.

LD: I'm a little surprised by that considering the impact of his head hitting the glass. For the sake of our fans at home, we will NOT be showing that replay due to the graphic nature but... suffice to say, that was a brutal blow to the head. He may have a concussion in addition to the bleeding.

BW: The medics are likely checking for that too. They'd need to know that before they let the match continue.

LD: AWA referees, officials, and medics are all well-trained in concussion protocols. The safety of our competitors is one of the highest priorities for the American Wrestling Alliance and if there's a chance he's been concussed, this match WILL unfortunately be stopped, fans.

[The referee gets up, getting up into Gunn's area, waving his arms and telling him to stay back as Adam Rogers goes to check on the challenger...]

LD: Former World Champion Adam Rogers checking on Walker now as well... consulting with the medical team...

[Gunn snatches the referee by the collar, glaring at him but Ricky Longfellow wriggles free, quickly backing away with a threatening shout aimed at Gunn who Webb is restraining slightly now.]

LD: Odin Gunn tried to put him through the window... he failed... but Wade Walker in his desire to do serious damage put HIMSELF through the glass. An absolutely horrifying scene here in Reseda... we're still waiting to hear what's going to...

[Lori trails off as Walker reaches up, grabbing Adam Rogers by the shoulder...]

"Don't... don't stop it!"

LD: Are you...? Wade Walker just told Adam Rogers not to stop the match, Ben!

BW: Gutsy but stupid. Call it a night and hit the showers, kid.

[Rogers shakes his head at Walker, waving Longfellow back over...]

LD: Now they're BOTH talking to the medical team...

[Walker grabs Longfellow as well, shaking his head again...]

LD: Wade Walker's gonna fight?!

[...and the badly-bleeding Walker hauls himself to his feet, staring through bloodstung eyes at a visibly shocked Curly Bill and his stoic champion.]

LD: WADE WALKER'S GONNA FIGHT!

[Gunn shoves his way past the human obstacles in his path, storming towards the defiant Walker who throws a big right hand...

...that Gunn easily blocks, smashing his skull into Walker's!]

LD: OHHH! WHAT A HEADBUTT!

BW: If Walker wasn't already busted open, that might've done the trick!

[Walker goes limp on impact but Gunn catches him before he goes down, slinging him over his shoulder as he starts to carry him towards the building...]

LD: Odin Gunn is carrying Wade Walker back inside the American Legion Hall... and I guess that means this match is going to continue, Ben!

BW: Wade Walker made a HUGE mistake if you ask me in getting up. He should've stayed down. He's a young guy with a promising career ahead of him. Risking all of that to keep on fighting a killer like the Samoan Cowboy is a critical error in my book.

LD: The fans making room for Odin Gunn... and wisely so, I might add... as he heads back towards the entrance...

[We cut back inside the building, showing barely any fans remaining inside. There are plastic chairs knocked off, scattered everywhere as we see Gunn emerge into

view, Walker's bloodied and limp form dangling over his shoulder as he stalks back towards the squared circle.]

LD: ...and there they are! The dominant, undefeated champion Odin Gunn and the perhaps-unbreakable challenger Wade Walker...

BW: Unbreakable?! Not if the Desperadoes have anything to say about it.

LD: Gunn... look at that, Ben... just dumping Walker on the apron like a sack of trash, shoving him into the ring...

[Gunn starts to turn from the ring but Webb points him in, saying to "finish it."]

LD: ...and Gunn looks like he was going for more... more blood, more violence... but Curly Bill wants the win. He wants to win this before Wade Walker has ANY chance to fight his way back into this... before Wade Walker can form any more of a threat to both Gunn's undefeated streak and his TV Title crown.

[Gunn gives Webb a look before rolling in, crawling into a lateral press as Ricky Longfellow hits the ring at a run, diving under the ropes to slap the canvas as the crowd - still filing back into the building as quickly as they can to not miss the action - counts along.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEE-OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Walker's shoulder just barely clears the canvas before the three count as Curly Bill throws up his arms in disbelief on the outside and the partisan AWA faithful cheer madly!]

LD: Incredible! Wade Walker kicks out! I repeat - Wade Walker kicks out in the nick of time to save his chance at the title here tonight in Reseda!

BW: It wasn't the strongest cover by Odin Gunn, Dane... he didn't hook a leg... he didn't have all of his weight across the chest and shoulders... it's almost like he didn't WANT to beat him... not yet at least.

LD: Why? Why is that? Why does he not want to ensure that undefeated streak lives on? Why does he not want to make sure he walks out of Reseda as the World Television Champion?

BW: Oh, he wants all of that... but in this moment, Odin Gunn might want one thing a little bit more, Dane. He may want to make sure the entire locker room... hell, the entire wrestling world... knows that the biggest threat to his championship was no threat at all... and will never be a threat again.

[Gunn climbs to his feet, glaring at the official who rapidly backs away, holding up two fingers...]

LD: Ricky Longfellow letting him know it's a two count... not that I think he believes him...

[...and then the World Television Champion drags Walker to his feet, tossing the bloodied and weakened challenger back into the corner where he starts clubbing him with downward forearms aimed at the head and neck...]

LD: ...big clubbing blows in the corner, battering Wade Walker down to the mat as the crowd continues to get back inside this building after spilling into the parking lot to watch that brutal battle that kicked this one off...

[With Gunn driving Walker down to his knees, we spot Curly Bill sliding one of the plastic chairs into the ring...]

LD: Webb putting in a chair...

BW: Totally legal in this one!

LD: Absolutely. With no countouts, no disqualifications, and no time limit.... there's not much that ISN'T legal in this one as Gunn unfolds the chair, setting it up in the middle of the ring...

BW: Dane, have I mentioned how much I love it that we stuck the proletariat in the crowd in plastic chairs while we're up here in the cushy seats?

LD: And I'm sure someone in the office would've greatly preferred that you NOT point that out...

[Gunn grabs Walker by the hair, dragging him to his feet near the set-up plastic chair...

...and Walker throws a big right hand!]

LD: Walker fighting back! Bloodied but not broken!

[And a second... and a third...]

BW: There's just not that much on them, Dane. Walker's is a bloody mess and he just might not have much left.

LD: Ohh! Gunn cuts him off, big kick downstairs!

[And with Walker doubled over, Gunn yanks him into a standing headscissors, the crowd immediately breaking into a loud buzz!]

LD: Wait, wait! What is he... what does he think he's...

[The powerful Gunn hoists Walker effortlessly into the air, turning...]

LD: ...DOIIIIIIINNNNNNNNG?!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES Walker THROUGH the plastic chair with a ring-shaking powerbomb!]

LD: POWERBOMMMMMMMMMMMB!

BW: That's it! The chair is in pieces and so might be the spine of Wade Walker! The champion covers... sort of...

[The crowd jeers loudly as Gunn sinks to a knee, planting an open hand on the chest of the laid out and bloodied Walker...]

LD: HE'S GOT ONE! HE'S GOT TWO! HE'S GOT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: -KIIIIICK OUT BY THE CHALLENGERRRRRR!

BW: And just like there wasn't much behind those punches a moment ago, there wasn't much behind that kickout either! Wade Walker's title challenge is still alive... but for how long?

[Gunn glares at the official, a murderous look on his face as Ricky Longfellow quickly - and wisely - backpedals out of his reach. The champion pops up off the mat, stalking towards him as Longfellow bails out of the ring.]

LD: Odin Gunn's chasing the referee out of the ring... no disqualifications so unfortunately that goes for what he does to the referee too as we already saw earlier in this one.

[The referee is on the outside, pleading his case for the near fall as Curly Bill gets in his face on the floor, shouting at him...]

LD: Curly Bill giving him an earful as well...

[Odin Gunn glares at the official before turning back towards the motionless Walker.]

LD: ...and Walker hasn't even budged since that kickout, Ben. You could be right. He just may not have anything left.

BW: We may be about to find out if Odin Gunn has his way.

[The undefeated champion steps back in on Walker, reaching down to haul a limp Wade Walker to his feet...]

LD: What do the rules say about stopping this match? The referee can do that, right? Wade Walker can't even stand! He's lost a lot of blood after going headfirst through that glass window in the parking lot and...

[Grabbing the arm, Gunn tries to whip Walker across the ring but the challenger stumbles, falling to the canvas...]

LD: ...oh no.

BW: You said it, Dane. He can't even stand!

[Walker is on all fours as Gunn stands over him, reaching down again...]

LD: What is he...?

[...and yanks a piece of metal from the mangled chair off the mat.]

LD: What did he just pick up?!

BW: That's a piece of the chair! The leg of the chair maybe? Part of the frame? Whatever it is, it's totally legal!

LD: You're loving this!

[Gunn straddles the on-all-fours Walker, placing the metal bar against the face of Walker, yanking backwards into a makeshift camel clutch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: It's rare that you hear the fans react like that to a submission hold but... this is no ordinary submission hold! Gunn's got that metal chair leg, trying to wrench Walker's damn head off!

[Wade Walker shows the first sign of consciousness since going through the chair, screaming in pain as Gunn wrenches his head and neck back, the bar pressed against Walker's open mouth, blood continuing to drip down the face of the challenger creating quite the gory imagery...]

LD: Walker won't quit though! The referee got back in and asked but the challenger won't give up!

[Gunn lets go, allowing Walker to slump back down to the mat as the dominant champion throws the piece of metal aside, sending it bouncing off the canvas before he starts stomping his challenger repeatedly, sending him rolling across the ring...]

LD: Gunn's giving him a taste of boot leather, sending the former Dog of War to the outside...

[Walker stumbles away from the ring, trying to create some recovery time as the champion steps out to the apron...]

LD: ...and now it looks like this match is going to spill to the outside again. Remember, no countouts as well.

[On the outside, Gunn pursues after Walker who turns to confront and gets SMASHED with a right hand to the jaw... and another... and another, sending the fans scattering as Gunn hammers Walker back through the crowd...]

LD: They're right back in amongst these fans...

BW: As AWA Legal closes their eyes in terror.

[...and soon, Gunn has hammered Walker all the way back towards the bar area where a disgruntled looking employee is tending bar, shouting something off-mic at both competitors.]

LD: We've got a fight in the bar area!

BW: Probably not the first one tonight with Carver spending so much time over there earlier.

[Lori chuckles as Gunn grabs Walker by the bloodied hair and SMASHES his face down onto the bar as they earn another angry shout from the employee!]

LD: Can someone tell Larry to take a chill pill, for crying out loud?!

[Still holding the hair, Gunn gives "Larry" a glare before turning towards the wall of the building...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the bloodied face of Walker into the wall as well!]

LD: Walker BOUNCES off the wall... and he tried to fall to the floor but Gunn won't let it happen, dragging him back towards the entrance aisle, giving them some room...

[Stepping into the aisle for all to see, the merciless World Television Champion lifts and presses Walker overhead!]

LD: ...WOW! WOW! LOOK AT THE POWER OF GUNN!

[But before he can do anything with Walker, the former Dog of War slips out, landing on a knee behind Gunn who jerks around angrily...

...and Walker surges upwards, lifting Gunn up onto his shoulder...]

LD: WALKER LIFTS HIM UP AND-

[...and with a short run, Walker THROWS himself and Gunn into the crowd, knocking down plastic chairs, sending fans that are unable to get clear falling to the floor...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: -OH MY GOD!

[There’s several moments of silence from the announcers as we see AWA officials and security charging into view, wading into the crowd to help tend to fallen fans as both Walker and Gunn lie motionless on the floor amongst a wrecked mess of plastic chairs...

We can see John Shock helping a fan up, checking to see if they need medical help... Kevin Slater doing likewise a few feet away as Walker tries to crawl out of the pile towards the open entrance aisle...]

LD: We’ve got bodies everywhere out here... Wade Walker trying to get out of the wreckage-

BW: That he caused! If we get sued for this, he oughta get fired for that!

LD: The AWA knew the risks of running in a building like this without room for protective barricades... just as we do in most episodes of Showtime, Ben.

BW: The crowd in Center Stage ain’t like these freaks!

[Indeed, the Reseda fans seem quite into the idea of becoming part of the show, fans screaming and roaring for the action unfolding literally in their laps as we see AWA official Adam Rogers getting a pair of unruly (and likely drunk) fans back a few steps from Odin Gunn who is struggling to get off the floor...]

LD: Wade Walker is somehow on his feet thanks to these fans surrounding the ring... they’re cheering on the challenger, desperate to see the World Television Title reign of Odin Gunn come to an end here tonight on this summer tour kickoff on Showtime!

[Walker nods his bloody head at the cheering fans as he steps back into the fray, sweeping an arm towards the rowdy crowd, trying to get them to clear a path as he snatches up a vacated plastic chair, folding it up...]

LD: Walker’s got one of those chairs now and-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and HURLS it down onto Gunn before he can off the floor!]

LD: OH! One of these ringside chairs WHIPPED at Odin Gunn like he’s throwing out the first pitch down the road at Chavez Ravine!

[Walker grabs a second one, folding it up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and SMASHES it down across the back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and again...]

LD: Wade Walker's wearing out the champion with that chair!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the last time is a flung chair right at the head of Gunn, leaving him laid out on the floor with roaring fans all around him!]

LD: Wade Walker has put the undefeated champion in serious jeopardy here... look at Curly Bill! Obvious concern on the face of that man who sees his meal ticket in the biggest trouble he's been in since arriving in the AWA by far.

BW: The title is at risk - you know it, I know it, Curly Bill knows it... but does Odin Gunn know it?

[Walker grabs Gunn off the floor, walking him back towards the ring where he RAMS him shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: INTO THE STEEL GOES GUNN!

[A bloodied but fired up Walker turns Gunn around, his back against the post as Walker unloads with hooking right hands to the ribcage!]

LD: We've seen plenty of people with their inner Daniel LaRusso here tonight... maybe even a Johnny Lawrence or two as well... but this is Wade Walker and his inner Oscar De La Hoya, putting his pugilistic skills on display as he hammers the body of Gunn, looking to break down the champion!

[With Gunn wincing and trying to protect the ribs, Walker UNLOADS with a standing clothesline - earning a "LARIATOOOOOS!" shout from some fans - that smashes the back of Gunn's head into the steel, sending him slumping down into a seated position against the steel post...]

LD: And just like that, fans - Wade Walker has taken control of this match! The bloodied Wade Walker! The battered Wade Walker! But the UNBROKEN Wade Walker who senses that the World Television Title may be within his reach!

[Walker backs away, throwing a look at a nearby Curly Bill that keeps Webb's feet pinned to the floor and staying away from his charge as Walker measures him up...]

LD: Walker on the move!

[...and races across the American Legion Hall floor before leaping up...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES two feet into the face of Gunn with a seated dropkick that DRIVES the back of his head into the steel ringpost again!]

LD: GUNN GOT ROCKED! WALKER WITH THE BASEMENT DROPKICK AND GUNN GOT ROCKED!

[Gunn reaches back to grab the back of his head, grimacing as Walker takes a knee on the floor, seeing how much damage he did as Gunn pulls his hand back, revealing some crimson on his fingertips.]

BW: And it looks like now it's Odin Gunn who is busted open!

LD: The back of Odin Gunn's head has been lacerated on that steel post, fans! Gunn BLEEDS! He is man! He is mortal after all!

[Walker climbs to his feet, swiping a hand across his face to clear his own blood from his eyes before dragging the now-bleeding Gunn off the floor, tossing him back inside the ring...]

LD: Walker puts him back in, perhaps sensing the end is near and... what's he doing now? Pulling up the apron, looking under the ring and...

[The crowd ROARS as Walker pulls a steel chair out from under the ring, tossing it over the ropes where it clatters dangerously off the mat as the referee dances clear from the flung weapon.]

BW: Hey! We DO have steel chairs here tonight as well! Not for the proletariat though!

LD: Always the instigator... and Walker's got another chair! Putting it into the ring as well - all totally legal as he looks for a way to shatter the undefeated streak of Odin Gunn and take that World Television Title off his waist! Odin Gunn has stood atop the mountain for 232 days! He's passed former World Champions like Ryan Martinez and Johnny Detson! He's 16 days away from passing the CURRENT World Champion Supernova! And if he does that, he'll only have Dave Bryant and Shadoc Rage standing between him and immortality!

[Walker puts a hand on the ropes, ready to re-enter the ring when a chant starts up from the violence-loving sickos in the Reseda crowd...]

"WE WANT TA-BLES!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"WE WANT TA-BLES!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"WE WANT TA-BLES!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[...and Walker pauses, looking through blood-stung eyes at the bloodthirsty crowd...]

LD: Uh oh.

[...and obliges, digging under the ring once more before dragging a wooden table into view to a THUNDEROUS ROAR from the American Legion Hall crowd!]

LD: You want tables, Reseda?! You got 'em!

[Walker muscles the table up, shoving it under the ropes as Curly Bill Webb looks on in absolute horror...]

LD: Curly Bill watching with wide eyes, Ben - he may be seeing the end of his champion's reign tonight!

BW: Not if he's got anything to say about it!

[Walker again starts to climb in when he notices that upon pulling the table out, he also dragged a metal toolbox out from under the ring, sending its contents spilling over the floor...]

LD: Now what is he...?

[...and the crowd begins to buzz loudly as Walker lifts a screwdriver into the air for all to see.]

BW: You gotta be kidding me, Dane!

LD: Anything goes in this one and while Odin Gunn took advantage of that earlier tonight, now it's Wade Walker's turn to do the same!

[Walker rolls into the ring, screwdriver in hand as Odin Gunn pushes off the mat to his knees, looking up at his advancing challenger...]

LD: And if you didn't take our advice about parental discretion earlier, you might want to do that... NOOOOOOOW!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Walker yanks Gunn's head back and then DIGS the end of the screwdriver into the forehead to a mix of elation and revulsion from the Showtime crowd!]

LD: AHHHHH! THIS IS TERRIBLE! THIS IS HORRIBLE TO WITNESS!

[Gunn tries to push Walker away but the former Dog of War is really digging the screwdriver in, covering the metal stem with his free hand to steady it as he applies more and more pressure...

...and then breaks away as Gunn falls facefirst to the canvas, his arms up over his head as a vengeful Walker tosses the screwdriver aside!]

LD: Wade Walker going medieval on Odin Gunn here in Reseda, trying to carve him up with that screwdriver, Ben!

BW: What do you mean TRYING to carve him up?! He butchered him like a pig, Dane!

LD: This is not the Wade Walker we're used to seeing... this man has been driven into a bloodthirsty rage by the actions of the Desperadoes in recent months and the actions of Odin Gunn here tonight!

BW: Let's not try to whitewash Wade Walker into some kind of saint, Dane... this is the same guy who came into his company by smashing people's heads through car windshields! This is the guy who took blood money from Percy Childes and the Wise Men! The guy who took blood money from Javier Castillo and Korugun until the Dogs of War had no more value to that dictator!

LD: He has been a different man since... oh my god...

[The crowd reacts with horror as Gunn pushes off the mat to his knees, revealing his own healthy flow of blood streaming down his forehead...]

LD: Odin Gunn has been BADLY busted open at the hands of his challenger, fans... and Wade Walker's grabbing one of those steel chairs he tossed in. The referee can't stop this! No one can but Odin Gunn and Wade Walker!

[...and Walker draws back the chair, taking aim on the bloodied, kneeling, and defenseless World Television Champion!]

BW: He's gonna cave his damn skull in, Dane!

[And there's just the slightest of hesitations in the brutality of Wade Walker... a hesitation that proves to be all Odin Gunn needs...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...as he swings his arm up into the groin of Walker, causing the challenger to drop the chair and crumple down to his knees right by Gunn!]

LD: GUNN GOES LOW ON WALKER! HE SAVED HIMSELF FOR SURE RIGHT THERE!

BW: And Dane, I gotta say... we've NEVER seen Odin Gunn with such a blatant sign of desperation! He realizes how much danger his title AND his undefeated streak is in right now!

LD: Both men are down on their knees! Bloodied but not beaten... not yet at least. What a war we're witnessing, fans! What a way to kick off this Showtime summer tour! And what a way to kick off Memorial Day Mayhem week here in Los Angeles!

[With the crowd ROARING for the battle they've seen so far, Gunn reaches out to grab Walker by the back of the head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HEADBUTT!

[The skull-splitting blow stuns Walker as the champion comes off the mat, standing with a wobble as Curly Bill bellows for him to "end it!"]

LD: Curly Bill Webb ordering his man to put an end to this...

[Gunn grabs the fallen steel chair, throwing it down on the mat before pulling a dazed Walker off his knees, dragging him up and into a fireman's carry...]

LD: Here it comes! The Death Valley Driver that he calls the Samoan Cattlebuster!

BW: If he hits it, the undefeated streak AND the title reign goes on!

[...and as Gunn slides into position over the chair...]

LD: He's gonna do it on that steel chair for good measure!

[...Walker manages to slip out, landing on his feet behind him, diving back into the ropes for momentum as Gunn spins to face him...]

LD: WALKER ON THE LOOSE ANNNNNND...

[...and LEAPS into the air, lashing out with a flying punch to the jaw!]

LD: ...SUPERMAN PUNNNNCH!

[Gunn staggers under the blow but does not fall!]

LD: Big shot by the challenger but Odin Gunn stays standing!

[Walker drops back to the ropes again, coming back with speed, leaping again...]

LD: HE GOT HIM AGAIN!

[This one has Gunn staggering backwards a pair of steps, sinking to a knee for a moment before getting right back up...]

BW: He still can't bring him down! What a monster of a man Odin Gunn is!

[...but Wade Walker will not be denied, lifting the clenched fist over his head again before rushing to the ropes, bouncing off with momentum...]

LD: ONE! MORE! TIME!

[...but as Walker leaps this time, Gunn catches him in mid-air, twisting around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SPINEBUSTER ON THE CHAAAAAAAIR!

[Gunn pushes the legs down, stacking Walker into a cradle, the crowd counting along with the referee...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEE- OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP IN TIIIME!

[With the crowd ROARING for the near fall, Odin Gunn pushes back to his knees, glaring a burning hole through Ricky Longfellow!]

LD: Odin Gunn thought he had him... and again, turning his attention on the official who he thinks-

BW: This is a big mistake! Finish him! He's in trouble so you gotta finish him!

LD: Curly Bill is saying the same...

[Webb slaps his hands on the apron, getting his charge's attention... "TABLE! USE THE DAMN TABLE!"]

LD: ...in fact, he's telling Odin Gunn to use that table that Wade Walker brought into the ring!

[Gunn rises off the mat, still glaring at the anxious official who backs off to the far corner, watching as the World Television Champion yanks the table off the canvas, pushing it back to lean against the turnbuckles...]

LD: It looks like Gunn's taking that advice now, setting up the table...

[As Gunn turns around, he finds the bloodied Walker on his knees. The champion leans in to grab him...

...and EATS a right hand from the challenger's knees!]

LD: OH! Big shot!

[Walker rises off the mat, throwing a second... and a third, backing Gunn towards the leaning table!]

LD: Walker's got Gunn right up on that table!

[But as Walker clasps his hands together...]

LD: OH! Gunn kicks him downstairs! Walker looks like he was setting up for Mjolnir but Gunn caught him!

[Gunn spins around to face the table, pulling Walker into a standing headscissors...]

LD: Uh oh! And now it's Walker in HUGE trouble, fans! Gunn's got him in position... LIFTS...

[...but at the peak of the lift, Walker slips out, landing on his feet behind the surprised Gunn!]

LD: ...NO! WALKER'S OUT!

[Walker moves quickly, getting some space, running back in...]

LD: SPEAAAAAAA-

[...but as he attempts to spear Gunn through the table, Gunn busts out a spin move better seen down the freeway at the Staples Center, causing Walker to go flying past, smashing his face into the table but not breaking through!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: That was almost a replay of what happened out in the parking lot! Wade Walker gets a faceful of wooden table there... he's dazed...

[Gunn backs away, creating some space of his own...]

LD: ...and HERE COMES GUNNNNNN!

[...but as Gunn looks to put Walker through the table with a spear of his own, Walker lashes out with a front kick the face, snapping Gunn's head back!]

"OHHHHH!"

[And then leaps up, SMASHING another Superman Punch into the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Gunn on wobbly legs, Walker rushes to the ropes, rebounding back with speed and bad intentions...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS his clasped hands into the sternum of the World Television Champion, sending him spilling through the ropes, landing outside the ring on the apron!]

LD: THE HAMMER CONNECTS! MJOLNIR DRIVEN RIGHT INTO THE STONE COLD HEART OF ODIN GUNN!

[Walker backs off to mid-ring, staring at Gunn as he tries to get to his feet...]

LD: The World Television Champion out on the apron, blood streaming down his face... we've got a couple of crimson masks in this one for sure...

[And as Gunn pulls himself to a dazed but standing position on the apron, Walker dashes to the ropes again, building up a head of steam...]

LD: WALKER ON THE MOOOOOVE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS himself into a spear tackle, diving through the ropes to CRASH into the torso of the World Television Champion, a blow that sends both champion and challenger spilling off the apron and crashing down in a heap on the exposed floor of the American Legion Hall!]

BW: HOLYYYYYYYYYYYYYY...

LD: HOLD YOUR TONGUE, BEN WATERSON! WADE WALKER JUST DESTROYED THE RIBCAGE OF ODIN GUNN WITH A SPEAR TO THE FLOOR AND... MY GOD, CAN EITHER OF THEM GET UP AFTER THAT?!

BW: There's no countouts! They can fight out there all night!

[And the wild roars of the Reseda crowd soon turn into a chant...]

"FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"FIGHT FOR-EV-ER!"
clap clap clapclapclap

LD: Fight forever indeed! These two might do exactly that, Ben!

BW: Right now, they might need to take a nap before they can fight some more but I appreciate the sentiment! Repeatedly, we saw these two fight to a time limit draw and with the time limit out the window, they're going to WAR!

LD: I don't know when this match officially started with the fight in the parking lot but... well, we're somewhere around a half hour into this war of attrition for the World Television Title and Reseda, you're getting a show!

BW: When you think about everything we've seen tonight, Dane, for one night only, Reseda, California turned into North Dakota, baby!

LD: That'll cause some head scratching at home for sure... but I get what you mean and a whole lot of others will too... and don't look now, AWA fans, but if you were chanting "FIGHT FOREVER!" at home along with these fans, you're about to get your wish because Wade Walker is getting up! Blood pouring down his face, his body put through hell, but he will not be denied! He will not be stopped in his quest to become the World Television Champion!

[The bloodied Walker staggers as he reaches his feet, the crowd continuing to ROAR for him as he does. He points to the rabid crowd, nodding his head as he leans down to drag Gunn up to his knees...]

LD: Walker bring Gunn up and... what's he...?

[...and as Gunn sweeps a hand across the floor, he comes up swinging, jamming something into the head of Walker!]

LD: OH! What did he...? Did he hit him with a HAMMER from that toolbox?!

BW: Walker used Mjolnir on him so Gunn thought turnabout was only fair!

[On his feet, Gunn grabs Walker by the back of the head, smashing his face down into the ring apron...]

BW: Odin Gunn... I don't know if the man is indestructible but Dane, you gotta be impressed about how he just keeps getting back into this. When all looks bleakest for him and his undefeated streak and his title reign, he finds a way right back into the match.

LD: The same could be said for Wade Walker, Ben. We thought Walker's night was over out in the parking lot earlier but the man is still standing, still fighting, and has been a heartbeat away from the title! This is the very epitome of the phrase "Main Event!"

[Gunn surprisingly waves the fans clear, striding through them to give himself some room to work, his back to the ring as he walks through the rapidly-parting crowd...]

BW: They gotta move or he's gonna run 'em right down!

LD: Where the heck is he even going, Ben?!

BW: I have no idea but whatever he's got planned, it ain't good news for Wade Walker! It's-

[The crowd starts to ROAR and as Gunn quickly turns to look why...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...Wade Walker comes tearing through the open space, leaving his feet, and SPEARING a surprised Odin Gunn!]

BW: HE BROKE HIM IN HALF!

LD: If they were in the ring, we'd have a new champion!

BW: But they're not, Dane! Not yet at least!

LD: Wade Walker grabbing him by the foot, dragging him through the crowd, trying to change that quickly... pulling him towards the ring as quickly as his battered body will allow...

[But several more moments pass before Walker can pull Gunn off the floor, tossing him back in...]

LD: Walker crawls in... COVERS!

[Ricky Longfellow dives down, the crowd counting along...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in surprise as Odin Gunn's shoulder SQUEAKS up off the canvas in the nick of time!]

LD: OUT! IN! TIME! Odin Gunn SAVES the title right there!

BW: Odin Gunn - AND Curly Bill's - world just came crashing down around them! Wade Walker almost burned it all to the ground and made history of his own here tonight!

[Walker pushes off the mat to his knees, burying his face in his hands...]

BW: No time to be mad about it, Walker! You gotta go, you gotta go! Finish this thing! Make yourself a champion!

LD: The Dogs of War are one of the most successful trios in AWA history but NONE of them have held AWA championship gold. Wade Walker looks to end that piece of trivia here tonight!

[Walker pushes up off the mat, shaking his head in disbelief as he drags Gunn off the canvas, walking him across the ring, shoving him into the leaning table...]

LD: The table back in play as Walker leans Gunn on it... backing off... maybe one more spear! One more spear to put Gunn through the table and capture the World Television Title!

[...and as Walker reaches the far corner, he eyeballs Gunn, measuring his man as Curly Bill can be heard SCREAMING at Odin Gunn to move!]

LD: Curly Bill pleading with his man and-

[Walker lowers his head, tearing across the ring towards a still-unmoving Gunn...]

LD: -SPEAAAAAAA-

[...but Gunn shoves off the table, ducking down, scooping the rampaging Walker up in a fireman's carry...]

LD: CAUGHT HIM! LIFTS HIM! ANNNNNNNND...

[...but before he can deliver the Death Valley Driver through the table, Gunn loses his grip on the fighting Walker who slips out again, landing on his feet, dropping back into the ropes, charging back in again...]

LD: ONE MORE TRY!

[...but as Walker comes rampaging in, doubled over, Gunn catches him coming, lifts him up over his head...]

LD: GUNN'S GOT HIM UP ANNNNNNNND...

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

LD: ...POWERBOMMMMMMMMMMB THROUGH THE TABLE!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the table EXPLODING under the body of Wade Walker as Odin Gunn drives him through with a thunderous powerbomb!]

LD: THAT'S IT!

[Gunn grabs the legs, dragging Walker out of the splintered wreckage, collapsing down to cover...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT!

BW: WADE WALKER... REFUSES... TO LOSE!

[The camera cuts to Curly Bill at ringside who looks absolutely stunned at this turn of events!]

LD: WADE WALKER KICKED OUT JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THIS SHOT AT THE TITLE! PERHAPS HIS LAST SHOT AT THE TITLE!

BW: I'd say there's no doubt about it, Dane! There are no excuses tonight - no time limit, no countout, no DQ, no Desperadoes - if Walker fails tonight, he's not getting another shot at the gold!

LD: Which might explain even more why Wade Walker has been able to survive the absolute carnage that his body has been through tonight! He's gone through a glass car window! He's gone through a chair! He's gone through a table now as well! And like you said, Wade Walker REFUSES to lose!

[Curly Bill throws his hands in the air, stomping around the ringside area in disbelief as Gunn rolls back to his knees...

...and then makes a gesture to his manager.]

LD: What's that about?

[Webb raises an eyebrow at Gunn... and then excitedly nods, moving swiftly to jerk the apron up...]

LD: What in the...? What is Webb looking for now?

[...and pulls a steel chair into view.]

LD: A chair? What's another chair going to do for Odin Gunn that...?

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

"HO-LY SH-!"

[Our very helpful censors keep the AWA on ESPN as the crowd's fecal chant gets repeatedly silenced as Curly Bill looks on, a sadistic grin on his face at the sight of Odin Gunn crashing through a pyramid of steel chairs, driving Wade Walker's skull through them first, leaving both men in a twisted and mangled pile of scattered steel.]

LD: SHEER UNADULTERATED VIOLENCE! ODIN GUNN UNLEASHES HELL ON WADE WALKER!

BW: Stop the damn match! Stop it now!

[The referee is on the outside, checking to see if either man can continue after the brutal move to the floor. He's quickly joined by Kevin Slater and Adam Rogers as well as Dr. Ponavitch as they huddle around the laid out Gunn and Walker, checking to see if any permanent damage has been suffered.]

LD: They're looking at that right now...

[But Curly Bill storms the scene, shoving Slater aside... pushing past Rogers...]

LD: What in the...?

[...and bellows "WE END THIS OUR WAY!" at Ponavitch as he grabs his charge, grunting and straining as the former wrestler drags a stunned and bloodied Odin Gunn to his knees.]

LD: Curly Bill doesn't want them to stop the match?!

BW: Of course not! The Desperadoes are sending a message to the rest of the locker room - you come for their king, you get sent to the abattoir!

[Gunn uses Webb's support to get the rest of the way to his feet, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs before turning to kick a pair of chairs aside, dragging Wade Walker out of the wreckage...]

LD: Gunn's dragging Walker back towards the ring! Odin Gunn wants to end this on his terms!

[He drags the limp form of Wade Walker off the floor, tossing him under the ropes into the ring, still filled with dented chairs and shattered table wreckage. The Samoan Cowboy rolls under, dragging himself towards Walker...

...and dives forward, throwing an arm across the chest!]

LD: COVER!

[The referee slides back in, diving to count...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: KIIIIIIICKOUUUUUUUUUUT!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the knockout!]

BW: I... I...

LD: The shoulder just kinda slipped off the mat... nothing behind that knockout at all! Sheer instinct! Sheer guts and determination!

[Gunn's eyes go wide as he sits up off the mat, edging backwards slightly...]

LD: Look at Odin Gunn! He's in SHOCK!

BW: More than that, he's SHOOK, Dane! Odin Gunn is SHOOK to his core at the sight of Wade Walker somehow... I won't even call it a knockout... like you said, he just kinda flinched his shoulder off the mat in time!

LD: Curly Bill looks like someone just walked over his grave!

[Bill is grabbing at his own hair in disbelief, shaking his head back and forth with an open mouth and wide eyes as Gunn looks to him for guidance...]

LD: Odin Gunn... what else can he do?! What can he do to this man?!

[Gunn pushes to his feet, backing into the corner...]

LD: He can't believe his own eyes! Odin Gunn, the unbeaten, unbroken, undefeated World Television Champion has not shown fear... no intimidation... nothing like this at all. But Wade Walker has made Odin Gunn go beyond anything he thought he'd need! He's dug deep... he's gotten desperate... he's used chairs and tables and... and STILL Wade Walker fights!

BW: Or does he?

LD: What do you mean?

BW: Look at him, Dane! He's not moving at all! He's in the exact same spot he's been in since he kicked out! Not budged an inch!

[Webb points at him, shouting "DROP HIM!" to his man as Odin Gunn edges forward slowly... cautiously...]

BW: Walker's got nothing left, Dane! The knockout was ALL he had left!

[Webb shouts something similar, "HE'S DONE! FINISH IT!" as Gunn slowly nods... and then moves forward a little quicker, dragging the limp Walker up, boosting him up onto his shoulders...]

...and without a moment's hesitation this time - not a split second for Walker to counter - Gunn pitches to the side and DRIVES Walker's skull down onto the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ONE MORE TIME!

[Gunn flips a motionless Walker onto his back, diving across, hooking a leg...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: HE GOT HIM!

[Gunn rolls off of Walker, Curly Bill leaping into the air with a triumphant whoop as the AWA faithful deflates at being oh-so-close to seeing the World Television Title change hands... but oh-so-far-away as well. The referee reaches out, grabbing the title belt from a ringside attendant as the hometown girl, Rebecca Ortiz, makes it official...]

RO: Here is your winner... and STILL the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNNN...

...OOOOOOODINNNNNN GUNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The bloodied and battered Gunn snatches the title belt out of the referee's hands, clutching it to his chest as some of the AWA faithful reluctantly give him his flowers as he rises off the mat, defiantly looking down on the motionless Wade Walker as he raises the title belt over his head...]

BW: At Memorial Day Mayhem, Dane, we're going to see one undefeated streak come to a crashing halt in either Magnum or Armstrong... but tonight, this streak lives on!

LD: Still undefeated. Still on top of the world. The World Television Title will stay with Odin Gunn, Curly Bill, and the Desperadoes despite an incredible challenge by Wade Walker in one of the most brutal - and thrilling - matches that I can recall.

[Curly Bill rolls in, helping steady his man as he throws a fist in the air, shouting "WE DID IT! WE DID IT!" over and over.]

LD: Curly Bill is loving life right now, Ben.

BW: Of course he is! Wade Walker dragged Odin Gunn into the depths of hell in this one... we saw tables and chairs and glass and... and still Odin Gunn stands tall at the end, still undefeated... still the champion!

LD: Wade Walker being rolled from the ring by AWA medical personnel now... he's going to need some help in that department for sure. He came so close... oh-so-close to winning that title tonight but in the end, he falls short... and like we said, it's likely to be the last time in the foreseeable future that he gets a shot at that gold.

BW: And if that's the case, Dane, I gotta wonder - who the hell can stop this man?!

[Webb raises his champion's hand, gesturing proudly to him...]

"NO ONE CAN STOP US NOW! NO ONE!"

[...and in true American Legion Hall fashion, the lights go out.]

LD: What in the...?!

BW: The show's almost over! Can we really not keep the power on for another thirty seconds?!

[The lights are out for a few moments before flickering back to life...

...and on my mark, unleash hell.]

LD: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[The crowd is ROARING, literally leaping up and down at the arrival of an indy and international wrestling legend - a man who has shed blood and spilled blood in this very building on many occasions...

...and a man who just rushed across the ring and FLATTENED the World Television Champion with a running bare foot to the mouth!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: KING! KONG! HOGAN! IS HEEEEEEEEEEERE!

[The wild eyed, wild haired badass with a thirst for blood and money throws his arms out, screaming madly as the Reseda faithful shows him the love... temporarily forgetting his actions of a year prior.

Curly Bill's eyes go wide as Hogan turns to face him, pointing a finger at his old rival...]

LD: And these two are NO strangers at all, Ben!

BW: A lot of fans forget that Curly Bill Webb used to be one hell of a wrestler... but Hogan hasn't forgotten!

[...and as Webb shakes his head at Hogan, shouting "I'M RETIRED!" at his former rival, Hogan simply grins...

...and then charges him, SMASHING him across the collarbone with a running lariat that sends Hogan to his knees and sends Webb spilling through the ropes to the floor!]

LD: OHHHHH! THERE GOES CURLY BILL!

[Hogan slowly turns around, his gaze back on Odin Gunn who is struggling to get off the mat, looking to defend himself and his manager from further attack as Hogan looks around the ring...

...and snatches up a fallen steel chair...]

LD: Oh no... oh... oh my word... HE'S GONNA-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Hogan SMASHES the chair down over the skull of the kneeling Gunn with reckless abandon as Gunn just barely gets an arm up to absorb part of the potential skull-crushing blow! Gunn collapses in a heap on the mat, the crowd still roaring as Hogan SPIKES the chair down on the canvas!]

BW: HE JUST LAID OUT ODIN GUNN!

[Hogan snatches up the fallen World Television Title with one hand...

...and grabs a handful of Gunn's hair with the other, pulling his head back to pose next to the bloodied and unconscious champion...]

LD: Ben, you asked who can stop Odin Gunn? We just might have our answer.

[A sneering and maniacal Hogan cackles at the scene...]

LD: So long everybody.

BW: What a night!

[...and we fade to black.]