

SHOWTIME

Saturday, June 30th, 2018 from the Historic Washington Hall in Seattle, Washington

Hour Two Hour Three

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

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

A voiceover.]

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

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

"Previously... on Saturday Night Wrestling"

[A slow cinematic score builds underneath.

Crowd noise slowly fades in.

Then...

A wide aerial shot: Providence Park under the night sky.]

"Under the open sky in Portland..."

[Pyro erupts into the darkness as the crowd roars.]

"...more than twenty-five thousand fans witnessed a night where tensions across the AWA reached a breaking point."

[Ryan Martinez' Corvette pulls into the parking lot of Providence Park.]

"Ryan Martinez arrived looking for a fight."

[Martinez steps out of the sports car.]

"One man in particular.

Supreme Wright."

[Martinez encounters President Zharkov in a tense scene.]

"But when the AWA front office refused to give him that match..."

[Martinez points towards the stadium.]

"...Martinez made it clear.

If he couldn't fight Wright...

...he'd settle for any member of Team Supreme."

[The music drops - darker and more intense as we see footage of Martinez angrily stalking through the parking lot, waiting for his longtime rival.]

"But before Martinez could make good on that promise..."

[Martinez is suddenly assaulted in the parking lot by Team Supreme.]

"...Team Supreme struck first."

[A series of quick cuts - Martinez attacked, punches landing, Team Supreme members standing over him as he's sprawled out on the ground...

...and the music rises as we see Mariah Wolfe backstage with an index card in hand, revealing tag team rankings.]

"Meanwhile, the AWA Tag Team Division began a race towards opportunity."

[We see the graphic of the tag title contenders - changing throughout the night...]

"Teams fighting for position ahead of the Run The Rankings gauntlet."

[We get fast flashes of some of the teams in action - Omega and Polemos, the American Idols, Masks For Money, The Blackjacks, and Fujizona.]

"Every team in the division.

One ladder to scale.

And only five will survive the climb."

[The musical vibe shifts again, a more aggressive tone as we get a shot from Nenshou and James Lynch issuing a challenge...]

"The Westerly Dynasty called for a fight..."

[...and then Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter responding by heading towards the ring.]

"...and these two veterans answered the call."

[We get quick clips of the match.]

"What followed was a war of momentum... where one mistake changed everything."

[Cut to Jackson Hunter as he clubbed Atlas Armstrong across the back with a steel chair...]

"Jackson Hunter struck first..."

[...and then Armstrong returning the favor inside the ring.]

"...and the Dynasty's most dangerous weapon was unleashed.

The match ended in chaos."

[The music slows as we see silent slow motion footage of Lynch getting in Armstrong's face.]

"Rage and Hunter escaped with the win but inside the Westerly Dynasty... unity began to fracture..."

...and tonight, the consequences continue.

The road to Opportunity Knocks grows more dangerous."

[Cut to shots of various AWA tag teams getting ready for action.]

"Rivalries intensify."

[A studio shot of the Westerly Dynasty with Lynch and Armstrong on opposite sides of the frame...]

"Power struggles escalate."

[...and Ryan Martinez standing in the parking lot, staring off at nothing.]

"And Ryan Martinez is still searching for Team Supreme."

[Cut to a wide shot of the interior of an empty Historic Washington Hall.]

"The stakes are rising.

The fights are getting bigger.

And the road to Opportunity Knocks... continues tonight."

[Fade to black and a graphic with the Showtime logo and the words:

AWA SHOWTIME - STARTS NOW!"]

[We fade to black...

...and then out immediately on footage marked "MOMENTS AGO" where we see what we can assume is the parking lot of Historic Washington Hall where we see a beat-up looking pickup truck arriving to the building. The voice of Mariah Wolfe breaks through.]

MW: The city of Seattle has been waiting for the AWA for weeks and at last we've arrived for a double shot of action that begins here tonight... but as you're about to see, some competitors just couldn't wait for a bell to turn them loose. This footage is from just moments ago where... this is King Kong Hogan who will take on the undefeated World Television Champion Odin Gunn in half of tonight's Double Main Event arriving at the building...

[Hogan gets out of the truck, dressed in nasty stained overalls with a permanent brownish yellow tint to them. One side is unbuckled, revealing Hogan's badly-scarred torso as he looks out on the crowd who shower him with a mix of cheers and boos on his arrival. He smirks, running a hand through his tangled mess of a beard...

...when suddenly someone comes rushing into view, driving all their weight into the truck door, smashing it into Hogan and sending him falling backwards towards the truck bed!]

MW: ...and the champion was waiting for him!

[Gunn grabs Hogan by his tangled mess of hair, smashing his head down once... twice into the side of the truck...]

MW: An attack in the parking lot before we could even get the show started... these two picking right up where they left off in Boyle Heights when they nearly brought the entire building down around them.

[Gunn swings Hogan around by the beard, putting his back against the side of the truck where he smashes a standing clothesline into the chest, trying to tip Hogan over the side into the bed of the truck...]

MW: Security was immediately summoned and quickly on the scene...

[AWA security guards come rushing into view, trying to separate the two brawlers as Gunn throws one aside and smashes a second with a headbutt...]

MW: ...for what good it did them.

[But the distraction is enough for Hogan who throws himself at Gunn, knocking him down on the asphalt of the parking lot...

...and promptly tries to stab both thumbs into the eyes of Gunn!]

MW: My goodness... a vile attempt to PERMANENTLY injure his rival...

[Tommy Fierro and John Shock are on the scene now, the former grabbing Hogan in a chinlock and pulling upwards as Shock yanks on the arms, trying to prevent the thumbs from doing any damage...

...when a hootin' and hollerin' "Curly" Bill Webb rushes into the frame, shouting at everyone within range of his voice!]

MW: ...and for once, it seemed like Curly Bill had NO clue what his client was up to in the parking lot.

[The Texas Ranger and Pedro Perez appear as well, the Desperadoes pulling hard to help Fierro drag Hogan off...]

MW: Gunn with a little help from his friends...

[...and despite Hogan's screams of "I'M GONNA POP HIS DAMN EYEBALLS OUT!" the Desperadoes are able to pull him away as more AWA Security and more AWA officials flood the scene!]

MW: ...and finally... finally... with enough bodies between them, the AWA was able to restore order for the moment.

[But only for the moment as Hogan breaks away, rushing at Gunn as more fists are flying...]

MW: But they got right back to it!

[...and with an ubercloseup of the brawl, we see Hogan drive Gunn's back into the side of a nearby car, the sound of metal getting crushed under their combined weight present. Hogan ignores the pleas of those all around him, throwing a big right hand... and another... and another... rocking the jaw of the undefeated World Television Champion with a fast fury, blow after blow landing as security struggles to keep Gunn's fellow Desperadoes at bay, preventing this chaotic brawl from getting any worse...]

MW: Hogan was relentless out there, just hammering Gunn with everything he's got until...

[...and Hogan dips back a little further for a final shot determined to crack the cheekbone of Gunn... and that slight hesitation is enough for Gunn to pull himself clear...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[...and Hogan's white-knuckled fist and swinging arm go crashing through the window of the car, sending a shockwave of horror through those assembled in the parking lot and likely through everyone watching the footage now.]

MW: ...a desperation dive out of the way by Gunn causes Hogan to make a massive... a potentially career-ending mistake by driving his own fist and arm through that glass window!

[Gunn grabs Hogan by the nasty-looking hair, smashing his face at close range into the side of the car once... twice... three times... four times as we see the blood start to flow on the arm...]

MW: And even with Hogan wounded, Gunn was relentless in his own rights, hammering his face into the side of the car until...

[...and finally, we get enough bodies to drag the murderous Gunn off of Hogan, pulling him bodily backwards with the air of Perez, Webb, and the Ranger, leaving Hogan leaning heavily against the vehicle, his bloody arm still inside the vehicle, dripping crimson on the seats as we can hear desperate cries for "MEDICAL! GET THE DOCTOR!"

The camera whips around, showing concerned faces all across the parking lot including that of Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov...

...and we cut from the pre-taped footage to the very small entrance and aisleway of the Historic Washington Hall where we see Mariah Wolfe standing next to Sweet Daddy Williams blocking the entrance. The building is small - your typical independent wrestling type setup of a narrow entranceway with a horseshoe shaped AWA Showtime on ESPN structure surrounding the black curtain. The aisle is floor level, no elevation in this place with a narrow entrance lined by barricades holding back the sea of fans in the sold out building.]

MW: And that brings us here... to Historic Washington Hall in Seattle, Washington right here on ESPN... right here on Showtime!

[The crowd inside the smaller venue is ROARING for this introduction.

As the show pulls back, we see fans standing in front of their general admission folding chairs all over the floor. A small balcony is present as well, rabid fans hanging over it to shout their support for the AWA coming to town.

The lights are low, stage smoke swirling to create a "smoky" vibe to the building as we spot the ring... and wooden floors all around it. No padding on this night as the AWA struggles to fit their massive operation inside a building meant for the local indy. Barricades have been assembled to keep the masses back but there's very little space between those railings in the ring which should bring the action right up into the personal space of those lucky enough to score front row seats.

We cut back to Wolfe and Williams.]

MW: And Sweet Daddy, the fight in the parking lot has completely turned this show upside down because... we saw the injuries to the arm of King Kong Hogan and we've been hearing a non-stop stream of commentary over our headsets but as of right now, I just don't think this match is-

[Mariah is cut off by the curtain being shoved open as a pissed-off looking "Curly" Bill Webb comes stomping out from backstage, flanked by Pedro Perez and The Texas Ranger - ever-present bullrope draped over his neck and shoulders.]

MW: Curly Bill, what are you-

[Webb snatches the mic right out of her hand.]

CBW: Not a word, Mariah Wolfe, not a word out of ya! I got somethin' to say to all these people and I got somethin' to say that no good piece of hillbilly redneck trash, Hogan!

[Webb stomps right down the aisle to the ring, the Desperadoes keeping their positions as all three climb inside the squared circle.]

CBW: It's like a damn crime scene back there!

[He gestures towards the curtain.]

CBW: We got bodies everywhere! We got blood everywhere! And we got a pissed off Samoan that's wrecking everything in sight! That man... that man is out of control right now...

[He turns to point to the curtain.]

CBW: ...and that's on YOU, Zharkov! You booked this match! You let that maniac Hogan back in the door of this company!

[Webb throws up his hands.]

CBW: Just what the HELL did you think was gonna happen?! Huh?! The man's a known mercenary! He came here last year with money on his mind and a willingness to shed blood, break bones, and end careers to make it. It ain't no different now just 'cause he ain't takin' orders from a used car salesman on an ego trip, ya hear?!

[Webb stomps around the ring angrily.]

CBW: Hogan's back there right now bleedin' out and I say GOOD! Let him die in a hole somewhere just like he deserves!

[The crowd "ooooohs" at that as Webb wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. Webb turns towards referee Koji Sakai in the ring alongside him.]

CBW: Sakai, you stay right here. Zharkov says the match is off...

[The crowd boos loudly at that.]

CBW: Look at these bloodthirsty bastards in Seattle wanting to see Hogan bleed out in front of their damn eyes! I don't blame ya! I want to see it too! I want to see... and I want ALL of ya to see... just what an out of control Odin Gunn is capable of! But Zharkov says Hogan ain't comin'... but I tell ya what... ODIN GUNN IS! ODIN GUNN IS COMIN'! ODIN GUNN IS GONNA FIGHT! AND EVEN IF THAT NO GOOD YELLA SON OF A BITCH HOGAN IS GONNA SIT BACK THERE AND LICK HIS DAMN...

[And as Webb continues to rant, the crowd noise starts to elevate and Lori Dane's voice - unheard until now - kicks in.]

LD: Wait a second! Wait a damn second!

[With Webb and his soldiers facing the stationary camera, none of them seem to notice a wild-eyed maniac wading through the crowd!]

CBW: ...WOUNDS AND CRY TO HIS MAMA AND...

[The wild-eyed maniac hurdles the railing, diving under the ropes, coming to his feet to reveal that he's wrapped his bloody arm in a white t-shirt, taping it at both ends to stay in place even though there's already streaks of crimson coming through as he raises his other arm in the air...

...to reveal he's come armed with a 2x4 that's been wrapped in barbed wire!]

LD: WHAT THE HELL HAS HE...?!

[Hogan comes under the ropes, climbing to his feet with the board in hand, winding up...]

CBW: ...HE'LL WISH HE NEVER HEARD THE NAME OF O- OHHHHHHHH!

[...and Webb cries out as Hogan SMASHES the barbed wire board down across his back, the barbs sticking angrily into his clothing, having to be ripped free by Hogan as Webb goes flying forward, falling through the ropes to the outside to a HUUUUUGE ROAR from the Seattle crowd!]

LD: KING KONG HOGAN IS ARMED FOR WAR!

[As the referee rushes to get clear, Hogan turns his focus onto Pedro Perez, swinging it lower as Perez comes for him, catching him across the midsection with the board. Perez collapses down on all fours as Hogan jerks around, catching an incoming masked Texas Ranger with a barefoot under the chin!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Hogan snatches the Ranger’s bullrope off the mat, holding it in the air for a moment...

...and then loops the rope around the throat of the masked man, dragging him around the ring to another HUGE ROAR! Ben Waterson makes his own voice heard now!]

BW: THAT SADISTIC SON OF A...

[With the Ranger coughing, gasping, and flailing on the mat, Hogan lets go of the rope, dragging the masked man to his feet in a standing headscissors...]

LD: What is he...?

[...and lifts him into the air, twisting...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and POWERBOMBS the Ranger down on top of Perez, leaving them both laid out in a pile on the canvas!]

LD: HOGAN TAKES OUT THE DESPERADOES!

[He snatches the Ranger off the mat, tossing him from the ring over the top rope before turning his attention to Perez, dragging him to his knees...

...and then picks up the barbed wire board again!]

LD: No, no... DON’T DO IT!

[Hogan DRIVES the barbs into the forehead of Perez as the camera quickly cuts away!]

LD: AHFFF! HE’S CARVING HIM UP! CARVING UP THE FOREHEAD OF PEDRO PEREZ!

[When the camera cuts back, Perez is down facefirst on the mat, blood streaming from his forehead onto the canvas as Hogan holds the barbed wire board aloft, nodding his head at the bloodthirsty crowd!]

LD: This is... what a way to kick off Showtime here in Seattle, Ben!

BW: What in the hell is happening right now, Dane?!

LD: We know we were scheduled to-

[Hogan snatches up Webb's fallen mic.]

KKH: GUNN! GUNNNNNNNNNN! GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE, YOU SON OF A BITCH!

[Hogan flings the mic away as the crowd ROARS again...

...and within mere moments, a pissed-off Odin Gunn storms through the curtain, shoving aside a production assistant who happened to be in the aisle, sending him flying out of view. A homicidal glare is on the face of the undefeated World Television Champion as he storms down the aisle towards a now-smiling Hogan who is beckoning him forward!]

LD: Well, we heard from Curly Bill that President Zharkov had thrown out this match but...

BW: Someone forgot to tell the Samoan Cowboy!

[Gunn hits the ring on a run, sliding under the ropes, coming quickly to his feet where Hogan takes a big overhead swing with the barbed wire board like he's chopping wood...

...but Gunn manages to somehow avoid the wild swing...

...and the crowd ROARS at the barbed wire getting hooked in the turnbuckles, the board freezing there as Gunn swings around and CLUBS Hogan with a standing clothesline, knocking Hogan off his feet!]

LD: HOLY-

BW: Swinging his damn arm like a baseball bat!

LD: Hogan goes down and-

[Referee Koji Sakai boldly approaches Gunn, waving his hands at him, trying to stop the brawl...

...and Gunn SNATCHES Sakai with two handfuls of shirt, bullying him across the ring as a panicked Sakai begs off!]

LD: Let him go!

[Gunn shoves Sakai backwards into the turnbuckles, pointing to the outside timekeeper's table...

...and Sakai reluctantly signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: WHAT?! We were told this match wasn't happening, Ben!

BW: Like I said, someone forgot to tell Odin Gunn... and Koji Sakai wasn't about to be the first to do it!

LD: You can hardly blame him for that. Odin Gunn seems like a madman on a warpath right about now...

[Gunn turns his attention back towards Hogan who is on his feet, laughing like a madman as he rushes at Gunn with a running headbutt that lands STRONG on the face of Gunn, sending him falling backwards towards the turnbuckles...]

LD: WHOA! Hogan turning his damn skull into a missile!

[...and with the champion trapped in the corner, Hogan starts to unload on him - a knife edge chop... into a right handed haymaker... chop... punch... chop... punch... chop... punch...]

BW: It's a Violence Party in Historic Washington Hall and right now, the only name on the guest list is Odin freakin' Gunn, Dane!

[...chop... punch... chop... punch... chop... punch... chop... punch...]

...and then punches one after another, rocking the champion until he slumps down to a knee in the corner. Hogan madly backs off, carnage in his every expression as he comes charging back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and scores with a running knee that snaps Gunn's head back, sending the champion falling between the ropes to the outside!]

LD: Sweet mother of God! What a running knee! Hogan might have knocked him out right then and there!

[Hogan spins in a circle mid-ring, arms raised to his sides at full extension, some telltale blood on the makeshift bandage...]

...which is when the Seattle fans start to boo as President Zharkov makes his way down the aisle, trailed by Dr. Bob Ponavitch and a host of other AWA officials including Kevin Slater and John Shock.]

BW: Here comes the law!

LD: Zharkov, Slater... I see Shock as well... and the doctor looks quite concerned at what he's seeing out here...

BW: If Zharkov tries to stop this thing, these two may burn the damn building down, Dane.

[Zharkov looks up at the ring, a furious expression on his face as he glares at Hogan who smirks in response...]

"You want to stop this one, Ivan?! Come stop it yourself!"

[The crowd "ooooohs" at that as Hogan waves Zharkov into the ring. The AWA's Interim President looks around at the cheering crowd imploring him to accept the challenge...]

...and then shakes his head, waving for Dr. Ponavitch to get in the ring to check out the injured arm. Ponavitch looks reluctant at Zharkov, sparking a heated conversation at ringside as Hogan looks across the ring, rushing across...]

LD: What is he... OHHHHHHH!

[...and then HURLS himself between the ropes like a misfired missile, smashing sloppily into the rising Hogan, knocking him backwards into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

LD: KING KONG HOGAN TO THE OUTSIDE IN A SUICIDE DIVE!

[Zharkov grimaces... then signals at the referee to start a ten count as Hogan peels himself off the floor, wincing as he shakes out his injured arm...]

LD: Koji Sakai starting a ten count... Zharkov may be looking for a way to end this match without stopping it cold...

BW: A sneaky move by the boss. I kinda like it.

[Dane chuckles as Hogan pulls Gunn off the railing, wrapping him up...]

LD: What in the...?!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SNAPS him back with sickening impact with a side Russian legsweep on the exposed wooden floors!]

LD: SKULL MEETS WOOD HERE IN SEATTLE!

BW: No padding on the floors tonight! That was solid wood that the back of Gunn's head just SLAMMED down onto!

[Hogan gets up off the floor, a sadistic smile on his face as he looks out on the front row fans, fully invested in this bloody battle as Hogan turns towards the ring...]

LD: The referee's count is up to five... to six now...

[Hogan slides the upper part of his torso under the ropes to break the count...

...and then backslides to the outside, wagging a finger at Sakai as Zharkov looks on in frustration.]

BW: Looks like if Zharkov wants to stop this thing, he's gonna have to call an end to it and deal with what comes next... or he can do it Hogan's way and get over there and stop it physically!

LD: He's not gonna do that and you know it. Despite all of Maxim Zharkov's attempts to get physically cleared to compete, he has been unable to so far... unlike that snake O'Connor who is just happy as can be to sit on the sidelines... so Zharkov can NOT get physically involved in this thing!

[Hogan peels Gunn off the floor, looking to inflict more damage...

...which is when Gunn wraps his massive arms around the torso...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and THROWS him in an overhead toss, clearing the ringside barricade and sending him crashing into the front row, narrowly missing some fans who are going WILD over the up close action!]

LD: INTO THE CROWD! INTO THE FRONT ROW!

[That one puts Zharkov and Slater both on the move, rushing over to the railing, checking on the paying customers as Gunn THROWS Slater aside, climbing in after Hogan!]

LD: And now they're BOTH in the crowd, Ben!

[We've got fans torn in their instincts in the crowd - some running for their lives while others fight to get closer to the action as Gunn stomps Hogan's chest over and over on the floor!]

LD: Zharkov's screaming at Gunn to get out of the crowd... Slater's right there too...

[Gunn pulls Hogan off the floor, glaring at Zharkov as he does...

...and then DROPS Hogan with a standing clothesline, putting him right back down on the floor as Zharkov throws up his hands angrily!]

BW: No power - not even Zharkov's - is gonna stop this one!

[Snatching up an empty chair, Gunn folds it up before pressing the edge of the chairback into the throat, pushing down...]

LD: AHHH! He's choking him with the chair out in the crowd!

[The camera is right there in the crowd for the action, catching it all as the fans shout at the competitors, cheering on the monster of their choosing...

...and as Gunn stops the choke, he recklessly tosses the chair over his head towards the ring, narrowly missing Koji Sakai as it bounces across the canvas!]

LD: Look out! Of all the nights for us to have our table here at ringside, Ben.

BW: Makes you miss Center Stage, huh?

LD: It sure does.

[Gunn picks Hogan up off the floor again, lifting him up over his shoulder for a slam...

...and then approaches the railing, shoving Hogan into the air, dropping him stomach-first across the top of the barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hogan bounces off the railing, flipping over the barricade into the ringside area, grimacing as he grabs at his ribcage!]

BW: That's an easy way to crack some ribs. Hogan might be in bad shape after that one... he could be looking at some internal injuries for sure.

LD: Gunn coming back over the railing... again, Zharkov is trying to get Doc Ponavitch to take a look at Hogan but-

[This time, Ponavitch is backed off by a deadly glare from the World Television Champion as he comes over the railing. The undefeated monster pulls Hogan off the wooden floor, tossing him back inside the ring...]

LD: Back in they go... first Hogan and now Gunn... and Gunn's got the chair!

[Gunn folds up the chair again, slapping it against the mat a few times as Hogan battles back to a knee... then to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the chair across the back, sending Hogan falling facefirst into the corner where his barbed wire board is still stuck in the turnbuckles!]

LD: Uh oh. Gunn's got Hogan in the wrong part of town, Ben.

BW: The scene's a little bit sharp over there.

LD: Very funny.

[Gunn unfolds the chair, putting it down so someone could sit in it as he marches in behind Hogan's grabbing him by the hair...]

LD: No, no!

[...and tries to force his face into the barbed wire as the crowd ROARS in shock!]

LD: I mean... that's gotta be a disqualification, right?! The chair?! The barbed wire?!

BW: Sakai looks scared to death in there! He might not even realize he still has the power to disqualify someone! Or maybe he just realizes what happens next if he actually does it!

[From the floor, Zharkov is shouting at Sakai, telling him the same thing as Hogan struggles to keep his face out of the barbed wire. Sakai's back is fully turned on them now...

...which allows Hogan to find an easy way out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: MULE KICK! RIGHT IN THE COCONUTS!

[Gunn staggers backwards, clutching his groin as Hogan pulls away from the barbed wire... and grabs a side headlock...]

BW: A wrestling move?! Did he lose a bet?!

[...and then rushes forward, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRUSHES the chair under him with a leaping bulldog on the open chair!]

LD: THAT'S IT! THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!

[Hogan is writhing in pain on the mat though, his arm having smashed into the chair as well. With both men down and Sakai holding his own head in shocked horror, Dr. Ponavitch makes his move, leaning through the ropes to grab Hogan's wrapped arm... the t-shirt "bandage" rapidly becoming more and more red by the moment... but Hogan jerks it away with a shout that gets silenced by a quick-triggered censor.]

LD: We apologize for the language there, fans... two very intense and dangerous men inside that ring...

[Grimacing in pain, Hogan pushes to his knees... then to his feet as Gunn struggles to crawl across the ring away from him. Hogan kicks the mangled chair across the mat with his bare foot, sending it bouncing off the ropes where Ponavitch has to

jump back to avoid being hit. Zharkov is glaring, hands on his hips, watching the carnage unfold as Hogan turns back towards Gunn, looking to finish him off...

...which is when Curly Bill Webb climbs up on the apron, a noticeable streak of crimson across the back of his shirt as he shouts in at Hogan!]

LD: What the hell is Webb thinking?! He's already taken a barbed wire board across the back! What more does he want?!

[Webb is red-faced, the spittle flying as he curses Hogan for all he's worth, earning himself a few moments of silence from the ESPN network censor as well...]

LD: Webb is reading Hogan the riot act, perhaps buying his man some time to recover but at what cost? Look at Hogan! Look at that sadistic, savage smile! Look at-

[Hogan suddenly lunges at Webb, grabbing him by the ears before yanking him into a front facelock...]

LD: Wait a second! He can't do this with that bloodied arm - CAN HE?!

[...and he lifts Webb into the air, bringing the struggling manager crashing down with a vertical suplex!]

LD: OHHHHH!

[But JUST as he lands, Hogan is absolutely CRUSHED underneath Odin Gunn's hulking 335 pound frame in a big splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Gunn stays on top as Sakai dives to the mat, slapping the canvas fast...]

LD: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

[...but the count is not quick enough as Hogan's shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas at about 2.9!]

LD: OHHH! HOGAN KICKS OUT!

[Zharkov throws up his hands again before smashing them down on the apron, glaring at Sakai who holds up two fingers...]

LD: It looks like Zharkov wanted a quicker count there... he wanted this thing to be over but Hogan lives! Hogan lives to keep on fighting and-

[On his feet now, Gunn is glaring a hole through Sakai who turns from Zharkov...

...and realizes just how much trouble he's in.]

LD: Uh oh.

[Gunn points an accusing finger at Sakai who begs off, shaking his head...]

LD: Is Gunn mad that he didn't get the three count or is he mad that Sakai made a fast count?!

BW: He's just MAD!

[...and as Gunn stalks towards Sakai, Hogan struggles to get off the mat behind him, forcing himself to his feet!]

LD: Hogan's up and Gunn has no idea! He's up and-

[Hogan surges forward, swinging his leg up for a big "boot" to the back of Gunn's head...]

LD: BIG KICK!

[...but a shout from Curly Bill warns Gunn at the last moment and Gunn spins clear...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and absolutely FLATTENS Koji Sakai with a running foot to the mouth!]

LD: THE REFEREE GOES DOWN! KOJI SAKAI GETS LAID OUT!

BW: He's out! He's completely out cold after that!

[And that's the only thing he needs to act as Zharkov nods in satisfaction as he signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: What... what was that?!

[Zharkov swings his arms apart as the crowd jeers!]

LD: Zharkov... President Zharkov has called for an end to this match and... he's over there talking to Megumi Sato now...

[With a nod, Sato raises the mic.]

MS: President Zharkov has called for a stop to this match for an intentional attack on the referee by King Kong Hogan!

[The crowd jeers louder!]

LD: Intentional?! It wasn't intentional!

[Sato continues.]

MS: Therefore, your winner as a result of a disqualification...

...OOOOOODINNNNN GUNNNNNNNNN!

[The boos get even louder as Curly Bill pumps his fists, raising his arms in the air as Odin Gunn glares down fire at the outside...]

...and then rushes at Hogan, the fists flying from both men as Zharkov waves his associates into the ring!

Slater goes first, rushing in to grab Gunn around the neck...

Shock is next, throwing himself between Gunn and Hogan...

...but the fists keep flying despite the interference!]

LD: The match is over but the war's just begun!

[Zharkov throws his arms up, waving to the back...]

LD: And here we go! We've got more officials! We've got security now as well, trying to put a stop to this fight!

[The ring quickly fills up with bodies, forming a human ocean between the two men...

...who simply start swinging at the other bodies now, Gunn clashing the heads together of two security guys before driving backwards to CRUSH Slater against the turnbuckles!]

LD: This one's not over yet!

[Hogan is swinging hard, punching everyone in the face within arm's reach. He headbutts a nearby official, sending them falling through the ropes to the outside before he reaches back and SLINGS John Shock over his shoulder and down onto the mat in front of him...

...where he NUKES Shock with a stiff knee to the head, flattening the official!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: This is insanity, Dane!

LD: I hope the National Guard is on standby! Hell, call in the Army at this point to stop these two!

BW: Forget that - let's let 'em fight all night, baby!

[Finally, there is enough security and official intervention to force Odin Gunn to the outside where Curly Bill is able to keep him somewhat in check, trying to talk him out of his murderous rage...

...and inside the ring, President Zharkov has planted himself in front of King Kong Hogan, loudly shouting at him to stay in the ring before he finds himself suspended. Hogan's eyes are locked on Gunn though as he tries to get past him...]

LD: OH!

[...and gets SHOVED back into the corner by Zharkov!]

LD: Uh oh... he can't do that, Ben!

BW: He sure can't! He can't put his hands on an active wrestler like that! You're a suit now, Zharkov!

[Zharkov grimaces, quickly trying to apologize for his instinct, waving for Dr. Ponavitch to finally check Hogan's arm which has now almost completely soaked his makeshift field dressing. Hogan's eyes are wide with rage... and now firmly locked on the AWA President who dared to touch him...]

LD: Ponavitch look at the arm and-

[...and without warning, Hogan wheels and DRILLS Ponavitch with a standing lariat that DROPS the AWA's head trainer like a stone!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Zharkov is sent into a rage, again shoving Hogan back, his forearm pressed against the sternum, pinning the suddenly non-fighting Hogan in place. Hogan laughs in Zharkov's face...]

"That was on you, Ivan. That was all on you."

[The crowd is stunned into shock at the blow delivered to the AWA's head doctor, leaving him motionless on the mat as Zharkov pins a submissive Hogan in the corner, holding him there as officials rush to tend to Ponavitch...]

...and up the aisle, we see Gunn leaning heavily on both Pedro Perez and Curly Bill, staring back up the aisle at Hogan whose gaze has drifted back onto the World Television Champion. The camera is right up in Hogan's face, catching his words before we fade to black...]

"This ain't over. This ain't over."

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.

We fade back up to where we are staring at a blazing ball of fire in the sky as the words "EARLIER TONIGHT" are seen.]

"Card Subject to Change!" That's the quote they give!"

[Pan down from the afternoon sun and fire escapes on the back side of Historic Washington Hall to the parking lot. Shadoe Rage, is carrying his gear, looking quite unimpressed with his erstwhile tag team partner, Jackson Hunter, who is trying to make a point while following a few feet behind him.]

JH: So I pitched to Zharkov that we make one last push to really solidify our place on Run the Rankings.

SR: Zharkov hates you.

JH: Oh, Zharkov hates a lot of people.

SR: I gave Ryan Martinez my word. And I'm not breaking it. I don't care what's going on.

JH: We're really doing that? It didn't work when we teamed with Brian against these guys at Memorial Day Mayhem - you think Martinez is an upgrade?

[Rage shrugs.]

SR: Don't know a thing about that... but I know we made a promise and we're not backing out of it. Period. Plus we get to beat up Team Supreme again. That's gotta be worth it!

[Hunter throws up his hands in frustration.]

JH: Worth losing out on a shot at the tag titles?! Look at this rationally... we're Number Four in the rankings. If we don't have a tag match tonight, it's going to be almost a lock that someone's going to knock us out of the Top Five. And that means no Run The Rankings...

[He ticks these off on his fingers.]

JH: ...no shot at the tag titles... and no shot at Team Supreme.

[Rage pauses, staring at his partner for a moment, nodding his head.]

SR: You're right.

[Hunter again throws up his hands.]

JH: Of course I am! Great, I'm glad we agree. I'll go talk to Zharkov... you go break the bad news to Martinez, okay?

[Rage shakes his head.]

SR: You're right about us needing a tag team match. I'm right about us standing by Ryan.

[Hunter furrows his brow and then realizes what's about to happen, shaking his head.]

JH: No, no, no!

[Rage nods.]

SR: Ohhhh yeah! You go tell Zharkov we're ready to pull double duty again! We'll stay in the Main Event but we need a tag match too!

JH: This is a BAD idea.

SR: Why? It worked last Saturday.

[Hunter grumbles.]

JH: Only because of my brilliance.

[Rage says nothing, staring at Hunter...]

JH: Alright... fine. We'll do it your way... but we gotta do the match MY way.

[Rage arches an eyebrow questioningly.]

JH: We can do both matches.

[Hunter pauses, tapping his chin with a finger.]

JH: Omega and Polemos are easy pickings. I have a plan, of course.

[Rage rolls his eyes.]

SR: Hit them with your shovel. All your plans are hit them with a shovel.

JH: Not ALL of them! And Omega and Polemos aren't invincible, obviously. You saw last week-

[Suddenly, the reason for the camera following Jackson Hunter and Shadoe Rage's conversation upon arriving at Showtime has become clear. Sebastian McIntyre, the AWA's weedy cub reporter cuts them off at the building's entrance.]

SMc: Wwwwwwwwhat's up, guys! Sebastian McIntyre here, live and on tour as Showtime rolls into Seattle, the home and birthplace and namesake of the United States' first president!

JH: No, it's Washington St-

[McIntyre quickly interrupts.]

SMc: Jackson Hunter, Shadoe Rage... breaking news on this fine Saturday as you're set to pull double duty tonight, not only facing Team Supreme, but you've also laid down the challenge to Omega and Polemos in an effort to secure a spot in the Top Five as you attempt to Run The Rankings next week at Opportunity Knocks 2.

JH: Yeah, I'm looking forward to smacking that dumb grin off your-

[The cub reporter interrupts again.]

SMc: Shadoe Rage, let me ask you: are you prepared for the challenge of the Neptunian and the God of War?

[Rage nods.]

SR: i'm ready for any challenge anytime anyplace anywhere. It doesn't matter what part of the galaxy you come from...I am the King of Rage Country, the center of this universe! McIntyre, I have stood on the shoulders of Gods and gazed across the cosmos. I take meteor showers. Polemos and Omega, I am ready for every any and everything.. My third eye is bright as a... supernova.

[Sebastian McIntyre looks suitably impressed, nodding a little trepidatiously.]

SMc: Oh-kay, well... uh... I can tell Polemos and Omega are going to be in for quite a battle later tonight here on Showtime in Seattle!

[Hunter glares at McIntyre.]

JH: Yeah, Omega and Polemos: I'm sure. I know what the point of all these questions are... this cutesy act of yours. You're trying to get under the rightful number one contenders' skin.

SR: Hunter, just let the kid have this...

JH: No, no, no. "Seb," why don't you ask me some questions, and then we'll see if-
ahem- Omega and Polemos even make it to their match tonight.

[Sebastian looks like he's wilting under Hunter's irascible gaze.]

SMc: Well, actually a lot of my questions were outsourced to my intern, but...

JH: Your intern? Well, let's get your intern in here.

SMc: Ummm... okay. Guillermo?

[McIntyre calls off-camera.]

JH: Guillermo. Guillermo the Intern. I'm sure he's just like you: he's-

[Hunter tails off as Guillermo partially enters the shot.

JH: ...really... big....

[Guillermo is dressed in a short-sleeved white dress shirt and crimson neck-tie. He's tall enough that his face is cut off by the top of the frame. Hunter cranes his neck looking up at him and gulps hard. Sebastian McIntyre takes a phone from his intern and looks at the screen.]

SMc: Okay, Guillermo's questions. Um...

[McIntyre looks at the phone with a bemused expression.]

SMc: Okay... um... "What's your strategy?" Sorry, Guillermo, that's not really an open-ended question, and it's a bit blunt. You ask that off the top and they'll just shut down.

[Guillermo the Intern grunts. McIntyre has a point.]

SMc: Let's see... this one is about Washington Hall's hazardous goods clean-up policy I presume... yeah, that one gets a little graphic - remember we're on ESPN, Guillermo.

[McIntyre scrolls further and emits an exasperated sigh.]

SMc: This one isn't even about Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter. It's about Bobby O'Connor! And Catalina Lopez's flamethrower!

[Sebastian McIntyre tosses the phone back to Guillermo the Intern, who catches it against his massive chest.]

SMc: Sorry fellas. I... I guess this interview is going to have to wait for another time.

[Rage eyeballs the massive Guillermo and the much-smaller McIntyre.]

SR: I'm sure we'll be seeing you real soon.

[Rage heads for the building entrance, dragging Hunter – still petrified by the sight of Guillermo the Intern – along with him. Pan back to McIntyre and Guillermo, his face still above the top of the frame.]

SMc: Dude, you must've written "CHOKESLAM" in your Notes app like two hundred times. You can use the Reminders app, ya know.

GtI: MY THUMB IS TOO BIG FOR THE CHECKBOXES.

[And with that, we fade to the backstage area where we find the AWA's newest backstage reporter Lucy St. Clair standing with a smile upon her face.]

LSC: AWA fans, it's an exciting night to be sure here in Seattle as we expect another night filled with tag team matches as the AWA's top teams battle it out to see who will land in the Top Five contenders and who will make it to next week in the KeyArena to Run The Rankings at Opportunity Knocks... and that's a bit of breaking news we just saw because Shadoc Rage and Jackson Hunter are going to work double duty here tonight in their attempt to stay in the Top 5 when they take on Polemos and Omega... and just as a reminder, let's take a look at the current Top 10 as we take to the airwaves tonight...

[A graphic replaces St. Clair's face, showing the Top 10 again.]

"1. The Blackjacks
2. Omega and Polemos
3. Masks For Money
4. Shadoc Rage/Jackson Hunter
5. Nueva Generación Oscura
6. The Soldiers of Fortune
7. The American Idols
8. Nenshou/James Lynch
9. Fujizona
10. The Desperadoes"

LSC: We expect most - if not all - of these teams to be in action here tonight in the home stretch of this race to Run The Rankings... and don't forget. Before we go off the air tonight, we'll be making the final announcement. Will this Top 5 hold? Will this be the field that we see at Opportunity Knocks or will someone else break into the pack? We'll find out by the end of the night! And right now, in fact, we're heading down to the ring for tag team action!

[We cut from the grinning St. Clair to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing, a pair of competitors already in the ring with her as Florida Georgia Line's "This Is How We Roll" plays over the PA system.]

MS: The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 522 pounds... from the great state of Texas...

DAVID LAYTON... THE "COWBOY CASANOVA" BILLY GIVENS...

...THE ACES IN THE HOLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLE!

[The Seattle crowd cheers the popular young duo as Givens hops up on the middle rope, giving a loud whoop as he throws the "hook 'em horns" up into the air, a huge

smile on his face as he stands in violent trunks with gold trim and a matching cowboy hat. A golden glittering vest is over his well-tanned and oiled torso. He turns to show the rump of his trunks with a pair of lips stitched on one cheek... and then shifts his cargo from side to side to a high-pitched pop from some appreciative fans.

David Layton is standing quietly in the corner with a hand raised, barely acknowledging the crowd in a black singlet with short boots. The singlet is only broken up by the word "ACES" written across the midsection in white block text.]

LD: Fans, we're all a little shaken up by what we saw to kick off the show... and I know we're going to have an update on that entire situation before we go off the air here tonight... but right now, we're going to do our very best to remain professional and give the rest of the AWA's tremendous talent our full focus. Sound good, Ben?

BW: Sounds like a plan.

LD: Fresh off a partner tour in the UK with our good friends at Battle Knights Wrestling, the Aces In The Hole have almost completely missed the race to be a part of Run The Rankings so I'm told that when the opportunity to face the currently ranked top seed presented itself, Givens and Layton were quick to accept.

BW: As they should be. You wanna be the best, you gotta beat the best... and right now, the Blackjacks are the best. They're the team to beat.

[And as the Aces' music fades out, the opening guitar riff to "The Fall" by Place Of Skulls begins to play...]

MS: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... from Dallas, Texas... weighing at a combined 509 pounds... being accompanied by Bobby O'Connor...

...JASON WHITTAKER... DUSTIN SANDERSON...

...THE BLAAAAAAACKJACKSSSSSSSS!

[The drums kick in, the curtains fly open, and out walk the black clad cowboys themselves. They each hold a side of the curtains open as out walks Bobby O'Connor. O'Connor walks slightly ahead, only to turn around and point at both men.]

#The father of lies, the tempter's crown#
#Unrighteous souls will keep us bound#
#But innocent blood shed from thee#
#The stripes you wore were for me#

[The trio walk down the aisle, O'Connor clasping his hands together as if in prayer as the two Blackjacks bookend him with scowls on their faces. Sanderson holds a hand up, making the sign of the Claw to a ton of boos as Whittaker cuts his thumb across his throat.]

#I long to understand#
#What the creator has done for man#
#Can our feeble minds comprehend?#
#We started to die when we began#

[O'Connor is the first to climb up onto the ring apron and enter the ring as the Blackjacks climb up onto opposing corners of the apron. O'Connor points to both corners as the two men climb up to the second turnbuckles, raising their arms.]

LD: The Blackjacks come into this one knowing exactly what's at stake. They're in the field right now for Run The Rankings - the top spot, in fact... and they do NOT want to give an opening to anyone behind them.

BW: That's what smart teams do, Dane. You don't just climb the ladder - you kick at the hands of the teams trying to climb up after you. And if you ask me, this is a brilliant move by the brains behind the brawn, Bobby O'Connor.

LD: How so?

BW: He got his team a match so they stay active, they stay sharp... but he got it against an unranked competitor that is fresh off a nice case of jet lag that might not be the stiffest test to his team.

[Givens is all sparkle and swagger, bright gear and brighter confidence as he talks to the ringside fans before draping an around his oh-so-serious tag team partner who keeps his eyes on the trio across the ring from them.]

LD: If the Blackjacks and Bobby O'Connor are taking these two lightly, they may be in for a rude awakening, Ben. The Aces did quite well for themselves over in the UK.

BW: But unfortunately for them, those wins don't matter one bit here.

[Givens pats his partner on the back as Layton exits the ring, leaving the Cowboy Casanova in the squared circle.]

LD: And Dustin Sanderson will start this one off with the quite-charismatic Billy Givens - the Cowboy Casanova in the house!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Givens' energy is at a high level, bouncing on his toes and quickly circling Dustin Sanderson, making the occasional lunge in before dipping back out...]

LD: Givens is so quick in there, so explosive!

[...and the annoyed expression on Sanderson grows before the two competitors even touch...]

LD: Sanderson might be losing his cool mere seconds into this one...

[...and as a frustrated Sanderson makes a lunge at him, Givens ducks under, spinning behind to grab a waistlock. Sanderson quickly elbows out though, dashing to the ropes...]

LD: Sanderson breaks free, headed to the ropes...

[...and rebounds back into a Givens armdrag that snatches him off his feet, tossing him down on the canvas to cheers!]

LD: Nice armdrag by Givens and- ohh! Dropkick on the money sends Sanderson right back down!

[Givens is back up and ready as Sanderson gets to a knee, checking his mouth for blood as he glares at the Cowboy Casanova who beckons him up to his feet.]

LD: Fast start by Billy Givens...

BW: He better keep on runnin', Dane... because if one of these big cowboys catches him, they're going to mess up his pretty little face and make all the girls cry.

[Givens waves again for Sanderson to get up and the big Texan obliges, charging hard at the Cowboy Casanova who spins clear, watching Sanderson stumble into the corner as Givens slaps his partner's hand...]

LD: Our first tag of the match... and in comes rough and tough David Layton.

BW: David Layton is dryer than a desert but you can't ignore his skills in the ring. The power, the explosiveness, the intensity... this guy's got a lot going his way... if only he can get in touch with his dark side.

LD: What makes you think he's got a dark side?

BW: I'm quite familiar with his father. This kid didn't fall THAT far from that rotten ol' tree.

[Layton doesn't waste a single second as he gets in, locking up with Sanderson and immediately muscling him back into the neutral corner...]

LD: Referee right there, calling for a clean break...

[Referee Scott Ezra's count reaches two before Layton steps back, hands raised...]

LD: ...and he gets one...

[...which allows Sanderson to slip a haymaker in on the jaw to jeers!]

BW: Or not.

[The boobirds are in the air as Layton reels at the punch to the jaw, glaring at a smirking Sanderson, his expression hardening...

...and then lunges back in, smashing a forearm into the jaw... and another.. and another...]

LD: Layton's all over him!

[...and Layton snatches a side headlock, powering him up and over with a big takedown to cheers!]

LD: OH! What a takedown by Layton!

[Layton cranks the head, causing Sanderson to grimace as he tries to roll Layton over onto his shoulders...

...but Layton spins out of the headlock, snatching a front facelock, powering Sanderson up and over with ease!]

LD: Layton tosses him over like he weighs nothing at all! This kid's got a whole lot of deceptive power.

BW: Not a big showy physique so you might not expect the strength but he's got it for sure.

[Layton snatches a lateral press, getting a one count before Sanderson kicks out and quickly rolls to his own corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

LD: And there's the tag to the big man of the Blackjacks... big Jason Whittaker.

[Whittaker steps in, glaring hard at Layton who doesn't back down an inch, matching the gaze as the two men circle a bit...

...and then collide in a crash of bodies!]

LD: Lockin' horns again... Layton gives up height and weight but not leverage at all... holding his ground...

[But Whittaker proves to be too big, leaning through and shoving him back into the ropes before slipping a knee up into the gut before the referee can even call for a break.]

LD: Texas-sized whip sends him across...

[A wild clothesline is swung from the cheap seats but Layton ducks under it, snatching a waistlock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws him down with a released German Suplex!]

LD: PURE POWER!

[Layton is as close as he gets to fired up, swinging his arm around as he gets to his feet, hitting the ropes for speed as Whittaker rises off the mat...]

LD: OHH! Clothesline meets clothesline!

BW: Sounded like a slab of meat being shoved off the kitchen counter!

[Layton drops back again...

...and Sanderson slips a knee into the back, causing Layton to stumble forward as Givens shouts a complaint..]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: REAL! BIG! BOOT!

[Layton goes flopping backwards, crashing down on the canvas as Jason Whittaker stands over him...]

LD: He nearly took his head off right there, Ben!

BW: Decapitation is the word of the day in this one after that big boot to the mush!

[As Givens complains about the outside interference and Bobby O'Connor cheers his team on, Whittaker drags Layton off the mat, putting a shoulder into the midsection to drive him back into the corner. He stays there for a moment, driving shoulder after shoulder into the body before making a tag...]

LD: The Blackjacks make the exchange right there...

[The duo take turns driving big cowboy boots into the midsection as Layton hangs onto the ropes to stay on his feet. Whittaker exits at the order of the referee as Sanderson grabs a side headlock, dragging Layton away from the corner as he twists around to shield the referee...

...and then JABS his extended thumb into the throat of Layton, sending him coughing and gasping down onto all fours.]

LD: ...oh! Was that a thumb to the throat?!

BW: Couldn't see it from here.

LD: I'm sure.

[The referee is asking Sanderson the same thing but Sanderson pleads his innocence before taking aim to drive a knee into the ribcage, putting Layton flat on his stomach on the canvas.]

LD: Hard shot to the ribs there...

[With his hands pinning Layton down, Sanderson swings a knee into the ribs again and again before flipping him over into a lateral press for a two count.]

LD: ...two count off the knees... and the Blackjacks are slowing this match down, working a more methodical pace against the quicker Aces In The Hole duo...

[Sanderson grabs a handful of hair, smashing his fist down into the temple once... twice... three times... four times... five times... and finally breaks it off as the referee threatens him with a disqualification.]

LD: Sanderson back on his feet now, dragging Layton towards the Blackjacks' corner...

[Sanderson leaps into the air, stomping the sternum of Layton!]

LD: ...ohhh! That'll knock some of the wind out of you.

[Suddenly, Sanderson dives onto Layton, hand wrapped around the throat, choking him in broad daylight as O'Connor grins at his team's vicious nature. The referee again starts counting, getting to four before Sanderson breaks, rolling off of Layton!]

LD: These Blackjacks don't give one bit of care about the rulebook, Ben.

BW: Only knowing how much they can get away with.

[Layton rolls onto his stomach, dragging himself towards his corner before Sanderson shakes his head, dropping an elbow down across the back of the head to cut off his attempt!]

BW: Perfect! Cut that ring in half. Show the world why you're currently the top seed for Run The Rankings!

[Sanderson grabs the ankle of Layton, dragging him back across the ring towards the Blackjacks' corner as Givens slaps the top turnbuckle in frustration...]

LD: Sanderson drags him up...

[...but as he does, Layton comes up swinging!]

LD: Big right hand! Another!

[A third one sends Sanderson staggering backwards as Layton makes a move to get past him...]

...but Sanderson snatches him as he goes by, lifting him up and dropping him down on the back of the head with a back suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: You know... the Blackjacks are not a popular team because of the tactics they employ both in AND out of the ring, Ben... but you can't take away from their skill level as a unit.

BW: Bobby O'Connor has these two tuned up into a well-oiled tag team machine... a team that could be just a few short weeks away from becoming the World Tag Team Champions. That was a great way to cut off the tag, keep the guy in your corner, keep the fresh guy on the apron... and now he tags in Whittaker to keep his OWN fresh guy in the ring.

[Whittaker comes through as Sanderson pulls Layton to his knees and Whittaker drives home another big kick to the side of the head, knocking Layton right back down.]

LD: Big slab of shoe leather, right to the ear of Layton...

[From the outside, O'Connor can be heard talking to Whittaker who gives a nod, dragging Layton off the mat, scooping him up to swing him over a shoulder...]

LD: ...and this can't be good news for Layton, Ben!

[...and Whittaker goes charging out of the corner, DRIVING Layton down with a big running powerslam in the middle of the ring!]

LD: BIG SLAAAAAM! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[Layton kicks out, powering out of the pin attempt to cheers from the Seattle crowd.]

LD: David Layton hangin' tough here in Seattle as the Blackjacks try to use their power and size strength to get the big win and perhaps lock in their Number One position going into Run The Rankings next week in the KeyArena!

[Whittaker comes off the mat, dragging Layton up with him, shaking his head at the referee as he lifts him across his body...]

BW: You talk about power and strength, check this out!

[...and to the awe of the crowd, Whittaker curls the body of David Layton once... twice...

...and then HURLS high and far across the ring, tossing him down with a fallaway slam as the crowd reacts to the height that Layton got on the throw!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: THAT'S A BIG, BIG MAN HE JUST TOSSED LIKE HE WAS NOTHING!

LD: Jason Whittaker is NOT lacking in the power department... and look at Bobby O'Connor! He looks like he's over the moon at what he's seeing right now!

BW: Can you blame him? He's got his team primed for major success and we may be just days away from seeing them make headlines all around the wrestling world if they can pull it off in Run The Rankings!

[O'Connor's mood shifts as Whittaker wastes some time playing to the fans, the former fan favorite shouting at Whittaker to stay on his man and Whittaker obliges, lifting Layton up and tossing him into the wrong corner...]

LD: Another tag by the Blackjacks, bringing Dustin Sanderson back in...

[Pulling him from the corner, the Blackjacks fire Layton across, dropping him with a double backdrop that sends Layton crashing down hard, his partner cringing in sympathy pain in the corner...]

LD: ...and as Layton smashes down again, you can see Billy Givens living and dying with every hard shot his partner takes. He NEEDS to make a tag.

BW: He does... but look at the Blackjacks in there. Disciplined. No wasted movement. No panic. They know exactly what they're doing... AND what their partner is doing... at all times.

[Sanderson pulls Layton up in a side headlock, hammering a few short right hands into the skull before letting go, smirking as Layton falls back against the ropes.]

LD: Another whip on the way... no, reversed!

[Layton fires Sanderson into the rope, tiredly dropping his head for a backdrop of his own almost immediately but as Sanderson rebounds back, he runs right into a front facelock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SNAPS HIM DOWN WITH A DDT! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Sanderson flips him over, diving across as Givens shouts encouragement to his partner from the corner...]

LD: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- nooooo! Layton slips the shoulder up in time!

[Sanderson angrily slams his hand down into the canvas three times, showing three fingers to the official who responds with two... and then Sanderson responds with one to jeers from the crowd.]

LD: Well, that wasn't a very nice gesture by Dustin Sanderson towards Scott Ezra.

BW: Scott Ezra. Number One Referee in Dustin Sanderson's book.

LD: Yes, I'm sure that's what he meant.

[Back on his feet, Sanderson measures his man before dropping a big knee across the sternum...]

LD: These kneedrops usually come in pairs from him... backing to the corner now... on the second rope!

[...and a flying kneedrop connects, Sanderson gesturing that it's over before applying another press!]

LD: Can he keep him down?!

[A two count lands before Layton's shoulder pops up off the mat again!]

LD: NO, HE CAN NOT! David Layton is takin' a lickin' in this one but he keeps on tickin'... and the Blackjacks are showing some signs of frustration here. You gotta believe they thought this was going to be an easy night at the office.

BW: No such thing in the AWA Tag Team Division - especially right now when everyone's fighting so hard to get into Run The Rankings!

[With Layton down on his chest, Sanderson again implores the referee to count faster, slapping his hands together rapidly.]

LD: Dustin Sanderson's got a problem with the count... and now Bobby O'Connor's joining in on that from the outside. This is just a smokescreen if you ask me, Ben.

BW: Nobody asked you, Dane. If the Blackjacks say it was a slow count, it was a slow count.

LD: O'Connor's propaganda works on you every time, huh? By the way, when is HE going to get cleared to get back in that ring? He's out here running his mouth, getting physically involved - he looks like he can wrestle to me!

BW: Oh, and with all your medical expertise, we should take your word for it? The man is battling serious injuries and thank the stars that Dr. Dane says he should be good to go!

[With the ongoing beratement of the official by Bobby O'Connor and the aggressive bullying by Sanderson, everyone seems to miss David Layton crawling across the ring towards his waiting partner...]

LD: Speaking of good to go, look at David Layton! He's good to go get that tag right about now!

[The crowd noise increases as Layton draws near his partner who is stretching out into the ring...]

...and the noise seems to catch the attention of Sanderson who wheels around, sprints to the corner to SMASH a fist between the eyes of Givens, sending him falling to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: So much for that plan.

[Sanderson then grabs Layton by the ankle, dragging him back across the ring towards the Blackjacks' corner...]

LD: Sanderson brings him all the way back as we're approaching the ten minute mark of this fifteen minute time limit. The Aces In The Hole really pushing the Blackjacks to the limit here tonight in Seattle just a few days away from Opportunity Knocks.

BW: The Blackjacks are doing exactly what they wanted here - slowing this down, keeping the Aces from building momentum. This is what they have to do to win this thing.

[Sanderson pulls Layton up to his knees, raining down some short right hands before crowning him with an overhead elbow, causing Layton to slump down to all fours again. Sanderson sneers at the crowd as O'Connor claps, shouting for his charge to "finish him off!"]

LD: Sanderson drags him up again... Irish whip on the way...

[As Layton rebounds back, Sanderson swings for the fences with a Texas-sized lariat that Layton ducks under, hitting the far ropes at high speed...]

LD: ...OHHHH, WHATTA TACKLE BY LAYTON!

[...and connects with a flying shoulderblock as he EXPLODES off the canvas, hitting Sanderson with high impact, sending him flying backwards and down to the canvas!]

LD: And that cracks a window for David Layton! That creates an opportunity!

[The crowd is cheering louder now as Layton tries to crawl again. Givens is back on the corner, slapping the buckle, stomping his feet, cheering on his partner as Layton draws closer... and closer...]

LD: Layton looking for that tag!

[A voice calls out over the PA system.]

“TEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!”

[...and with Sanderson trying to roll to his own corner, Layton makes a lunge!]

LD: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Givens gives a whoop, running down the apron as Sanderson regains his feet, leaping to the top rope...]

LD: GIVENS IS GONNA FLY!

[...and SOARS high through the sky to connect with a flying forearm smash!]

LD: GIVENS TAKES HIM DOWWWWWWN!

[Givens pops up, pumping both arms excitedly...

...but then bursts back into motion as the big man from the Blackjacks comes through the ropes, steaming right towards the much-smaller man...]

LD: Duck and... FIRES!

[Givens snaps off a standing dropkick, sending Whittaker stumbling backwards towards the ropes. The Cowboy Casanova bursts to his feet, throwing rights and lefts at the torso of Whittaker...

...and then ducks down to avoid a swinging right and left by the big man!]

LD: So quick!

[Givens leaves his feet again for a second dropkick, this one sending Whittaker falling backwards into the ropes, his arms getting tied up between the top and middle strands!]

BW: He's caught! He's caught in the ropes!

[The crowd cheers as Givens goes to work with rapid-fire right hands to the skull of the trapped Whittaker...]

...and then rolls out of the way of an ambush by Sanderson, sending Sanderson crashing into Whittaker who the referee is trying to free from the ropes!]

LD: Malfunction at the junction for the Blackjacks!

[Givens rushes towards the opposite ropes, ducking Sanderson's clothesline as he comes back, bouncing off the ropes as the referee frees Whittaker's arms, snapping a kick off the temple of Whittaker before spinning into a leaping kick on Sanderson as well, bringing the crowd to their feet!]

LD: Here we go! This is where Billy Givens can change a match in a heartbeat!

[With Whittaker stunned and Sanderson down, Givens backs off as his partner comes lumbering in, sprinting across...]

LD: And now Layton's back in with...

[...and BLASTS Whittaker with a running clothesline of his own, toppling the big man over the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...BIIIIIG CLOTHESLINE!

[Layton claps his hands together in a rare show of emotion, dropping down on all fours as Givens gets a running start, leaping off his partner's own back...]

LD: SOMERSAULT DIIIIIIIVE!

[...and wipes out Whittaker with a somersault plancha on the floor, causing O'Connor to throw his arms in the air in alarm! Givens lands on his feet, diving towards the barricade to the embracing arms of the ringside fans!]

LD: Givens feeling the love from the people of Seattle but he's running out of time, Ben!

BW: The clock is ticking. Down to just over three minutes left!

[Givens turns away from the crowd, diving under the ropes back into the ring as he turns his focus back on the rising Sanderson...]

LD: Sanderson's on his feet again but Givens is waiting for him!

[With the fans cheering, Givens snaps off a jab... and another.. and another.. and then busts out a little Texas two-step to the ROAR of the crowd before leaping high, twisting around, and flattening Sanderson again with a spinning leg lariat!]

LD: The Cowboy Casanova has got the fans solidly behind the Aces! Layton on the outside, Givens pulls Sanderson up...

[Givens grabs a side headlock, swinging an arm around...]

LD: ...looking for a bulldog of some sort... we've seen him use a swinging bulldog on the live events and if he hits that-

[But before he can get too much of a running start, Givens gets shoved out of the headlock into the ropes...

...where Layton slaps the shoulder as Givens rebounding back, not noticed by Sanderson who FLATTENS Givens with a rough back elbow up under the chin!]

LD: OOF! Down goes Givens but-

BW: Layton's the legal man!

[O'Connor shouts a warning to Sanderson but too it comes too late as Layton hooks Sanderson from behind...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and LAUNCHES him with a Tiger Suplex, sending him BOUNCING off the canvas!]

LD: RIGHT DOWN ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD! LAYTON MAKES THE COVER!
ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd jeers as the big man dives on top of Layton's exposed back, breaking up the pin attempt!]

LD: WHITTAKER MAKES THE SAAAAAVE!

[Givens comes back in, greeting the rising Whittaker with a big swinging haymaker that POPS the jaw of the big man!]

LD: All four men in the ring! It's breaking down in Seattle!

BW: Just over two minutes left! They gotta go and they gotta go now!

[The rapid-fire punches by Givens has Whittaker wobbly until the big man kicks him in the gut, cutting off the flurry...

...and then steps into a standing headscissors, lifting him into the air!]

LD: Powerbomb on the way!

[Whittaker holds him high as the PA rings out...]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

LD: OR IS IT?!

BW: Two minutes to go!

[...and Givens hammers, hammers, hammers a fist to the skull!]

LD: GIVENS FIGHTING IT!

[The blow stuns Whittaker sending him stumbling back a pair of steps towards the ropes where Givens turns the momentum around, twisting into a rana...

...and BOTH men go tumbling over the ropes to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Givens and Whittaker now on the outside, Sanderson and Layton are back on their feet exchanging blows in the middle of the ring...]

LD: Those are the legal competitors in a throwdown with under two minutes left in the time limit of this match! The Aces In The Hole looking for an upset to perhaps cash their ticket to Run The Rankings... the Blackjacks trying to hold their ground and stay in the Number One spot!

[...and Sanderson RIPS his fingers across the eyes of Layton, gouging at them as Scott Ezra reprimands him!]

LD: Sanderson goes to the eyes! About ninety seconds left!

[Sanderson spits on a closed fist, winding waaaaaaay back before swinging a big right hand...

...that a somewhat-blinded Layton somehow avoids, catching the arm and leg!]

LD: EXPLOOOOOOOOOOD-

[But before Layton can fling Sanderson across the ring, Bobby O'Connor is up on the apron, shouting and waving his arms at Layton who pauses...]

BW: Brilliant move! Buy your guy a second.

[...just a beat too long as Sanderson plants his feet, pushing forward towards the referee's back as Ezra shouts at O'Connor. There's a big collision as Sanderson shoves Layton into the referee's back from a short distance, sending him down to a knee...]

LD: OH!

[...and allowing O'Connor to CONNECT on a big swinging elbowsmash to the forehead of Layton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A blow that sends Layton falling backwards in a dead man's flop, dropping motionless to the canvas!]

LD: WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

[O'Connor sneers as he hops off the apron, waving urgently at Sanderson...]

LD: SANDERSON COVERS!

[The stunned official wheels around on a knee, throwing himself down to count...]

LD: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: The Blackjacks steal this one away from the Aces In The Hole!

[As Megumi Sato makes it official, O'Connor climbs into the ring, clapping and shouting praise as the Blackjacks stand tall.]

LD: A hard-fought win for the Blackjacks, but the Aces In The Hole absolutely pushed them tonight.

BW: Yeah, and that's the lesson. "Almost" doesn't get you into Run The Rankings. Beating teams like that does.

[Back in the ring, Givens helps Layton sit up. They're disappointed, but not broken.]

LD: The Blackjacks - you'd have to believe - will keep their top ranking in the Run The Rankings after this win. And that puts them in prime position to walk into the KeyArena next week for Opportunity Knocks as the odds-on-favorite to be the new Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles.

[The crowd cheers Givens and Layton as the latter gets to his feet, rubbing his head as the Blackjacks and O'Connor back down the aisle...]

LD: That may not have been the upset the Aces were looking for... but if they keep wrestling like that, they may not stay unranked for long. We've got-

[A loud "THUMP!" is heard just before we cut to the top of the aisle where we see Bobby O'Connor has hijacked a microphone. A sneering O'Connor looks out on the jeering crowd. Sanderson and Whittaker give each other a high five as their manager begins to speak.]

BOC: What you just saw is what every team in the AWA has coming. And not even attempting to put your hands on me, a defenseless man with a career ending injury, will change that.

[Dane's disgusted voice cuts through.]

LD: Oh, give me a break! He just proved that any damage that was done... well, he's fully recovered from it.

BW: I'm going to need to see your MD before I believe that diagnosis.

[Whittaker and Sanderson nod, walking closer to their manager as Sanderson speaks into the microphone as he points at the recovering Aces In The Hole at ringside.]

DS: You both better think long and hard before you think about pulling anything like that again! I don't care how frustrating it is that you can't keep up with me and Whittaker... nobody lays a hand on our manager. If you want a fight...

[Sanderson slaps a scowling Whittaker on the arm.]

DS: ...we're more than happy to oblige. But trying to attack Bobby just because he was pointing out to the ref how damn much you were cheating, that's just disgusting!

[O'Connor nods as the crowd responds with a loud chorus of boos.]

BOC: That's right, and pray all you want but you'll never be forgiven. And as you two serpents slink back into your hole, one thing is as sure as the good word of the heavenly host.

[O'Connor extends two fingers in the air.]

BOC: The Blackjacks remain Number One.

[Big boos for that.]

BOC: And that means that we are walking out of Seattle with one thing.

A shot at the tag team champions of the world.

[The negative volume of the crowd increases as O'Connor looks at the crowd with disdain. He drops the microphone to the floor as he motions for his team to head out...

...and with that, we fade up to the backstage area where we find "Cannonball" Lee Connors standing and talking. Who he is talking to is a bit of a surprise as we also see wrestling veteran Dirt Dog Unique Allah leaning against a rolling production equipment case, pretending not to listen.]

LC: Look, I know you and I don't have the best history here... but you need to know that I think what happened two weeks ago between you and your son was terrible... and not just because it deprived me of a huge match that everyone wanted to see.

[Dirt Dog has no response.]

LC: What your son did was... it was unthinkable, man. It was awful. I can't imagine a son doing that to his father.

[Dirt Dog nods... slightly. I knew he was listening!]

LC: And I totally understand you wanting payback... blood or no blood. But you gotta understand where management is coming from, right?

[Suddenly, Allah jerks his head towards Connors, a puzzled look on his face.]

DDUA: Whatchu talkin' bout, muhfuh? Who been talking? What was they saying?

[Connors looks a little anxious now.]

LC: Nobody told you? Well, uhh... I think there's some concern over the idea of you competing in a match against Odysseus.

DDUA: Some concern? Whatcha mean some concern now? My boy... my boy done got outta line and as a daddy... as a man I gotta put him straight. That's just how it's gotta be.

[Connors lifts his hands, trying to settle him down.]

LC: Hang on... hang on, I think we can-

[A voice calls out from off-camera, cutting Connors off.]

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Connors?"

[And the crowd watching inside the building cheers at the arrival of the Interim AWA President, Maxim Zharkov, ever-present clipboard in hand and showing some fatigue from the night's action so far.]

LC: I... did. Well, sort of. I actually wanted to see you because...

[He gestures towards Allah.]

LC: ...he NEEDS to see you.

[Zharkov exhales slowly, a tense look on his face. He is obviously displeased over being misled.]

MZ: I see. And you, Mr. Allah... what do you NEED to tell me?

DDUA: That I gotta beat my boy's ass, muhfuh!

[Zharkov nods slowly.]

MZ: I thought so. Mr. Allah, I spoke to AWA medical... I spoke to AWA legal... I spoke to AWA ownership... all are in agreement... we do not believe you should be put in such a situation. It is not best for your mental OR physical state. Your son is... very dangerous.

DDUA: Dangerous? Who he is... Michael Jackson? Muhfuh, where you think he got it from? I'm dangerous too!

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: I understand. I know your history very well. I know what you were capable of back in your glory days. But that doesn't mean you're capable of the same thing now.

[Allah angrily slaps his hand on a production crate.]

DDUA: Give me a damn match! Lemme prove it!

[Zharkov looks thoughtful.]

MZ: A match? Tonight? To prove you can still manage to defend yourself?

[A voice calls out from off camera.]

"Hold up, do my ears deceive me? If this boomer wants to dust off the mothballs and get exposed on a global scale, it's lit. We don't have to look any further."

[The arrival of a smirking Jayden Jericho and a glowering Justin Gaines pours cold water on the scene.]

JJ: I'm an expert on these washed veterans trying to chase clout through their kids. You're out here gatekeeping, but the game passed you by - and that's facts. You want a match? Say less, I'm right here.

[Allah turns his attention on Jericho, his eyes flashing with anger.]

DDUA: Oh, muhfu, you done did it now! You wanna battle? We can battle. I'mma bring you down like the walls of Jericho!

[Connors shakes his head, interrupting.]

LC: Jericho, you little worm. If you want a challenge, I'm standing right here.

[Jericho waves a dismissive hand at Connors.]

JJ: Connors? You're still here? Yikes. Didn't we already cancel you? It's over, I'm moving on to the bag. Generation Lost is moving on.

[He slaps a hand on Gaines' shoulder as the big man glares down at Connors and Allah.]

JJ: The big man here has business to take care of later and the Idols are about to secure the spot and then the dub in Run The Rankings.

Me? If he wants to be extra, I'll give him a match. I'm doing his kid a favor by putting him out to pasture. Yo, Zharkov... we doing this for the culture or what?

[Zharkov looks thoughtful.]

MZ: We are. Tonight on Showtime, Jayden Jericho vs Dirt Dog Unique Allah in a five minute exhibition match...

...and Mr. Allah, if you can show me what I need to see, I will take your challenge to your son under consideration.

[He jots something down on his clipboard before walking out of sight, leaving Connors to try and steer Allah away as Jericho grins at his newly-scheduled match...

...and we fade to another part of the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing alongside one-third of the trio known as the Peach Pits - Shannon Walsh. On this night, Walsh looks no part of her trio, foregoing the brighter colors for a solid black sports bra style top and a pair of MMA fighting shorts. Her dark black hair is tied back in a tight ponytail/braid combination and she looks quite intimidating as she shadowboxes in front of an anxious Stegglet's face.]

MS: Shannon Walsh, you appear to be ready for a fight... but I would expect nothing less.

[Walsh abruptly stops throwing punches, turning aggressively towards the camera, grabbing Stegglet by the wrist.]

SW: Tonight means business, Stegglet. Serious business. No joking around. No quoting movies or songs or whatever else. No glitter and sparkles.

[Walsh gestures at herself.]

SW: This is me. A fighter at heart. And if Ricki Toughill thinks I'm someone that's going to be intimidated by her background, she's dead wrong. Ricki Toughill toiled in the indies for years swinging chairs and breaking tables while I was in cages fighting for my damn life. Your path to get here was no harder than mine!

And while you might be satisfied these days with the fans chanting your name, I'm not satisfied with popularity. I'm here for success. I'm here to get paid. I'm here to win gold. And if I can't do it with my partners...

[She grimaces.]

SW: ...then I'll do it without 'em. Julie Somers - to her credit - has been a fighting champion... well, if she's looking for a fight, she doesn't have to look any further than right here. And unlike Michelle Bailey, I'm not about to hide from a chance to be a champion.

But that comes next.

What comes first is me whoopin' Ricki Toughill's ass all over Seattle and showing the powers that be that Shannon Walsh isn't just a tag team wrestler.

[Walsh stomps out of view, leaving Stegglet behind...

...and we cut to another backstage shot, this one in yet another different area backstage where we find Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams. Between them is Ricki Toughill in her tattered plaid skirt and sleeveless t-shirt.]

MW: Shannon Walsh appears to be ready for action here tonight... and in just a few moments, we'll be seeing Ms. Walsh taking on what might be her toughest encounter yet. That would be you, Ricki. But before we get to that, we're about a

month removed from Memorial Day Mayhem, and that night seemed to rattle you in particular.

Before we talk about tonight's match, now that you've... had some sober second thoughts, so to speak... do you have any comments for Theresa Lynch and Team Supreme?

RT: I enthusiastically decline, Mariah.

[Ricki smiles, her eyes cold. A couple of seconds pass before Mariah accepts the brevity of her answer.]

MW: Moving on then to the other reason why Memorial Day Mayhem was a tough night at the office for you. Sweet Daddy and I were talking to you earlier, and you sounded pretty down on yourself about your performance in the Rumble.

[Toughill nods.]

RT: Well, like I told Sweet Daddy earlier, Rumbles are usually fun for me: lots of bodies, lots of targets, lots of ways to channel my more destructive tendencies. I've even won one or two in my day. But this year, I felt like I stunk up the ring, while some of my peers went for endurance, and yet again Harley Hamilton and Cinder got one over on me. And I've spent the better part of the weeks afterward punching walls, and flailing around in rage like an inflatable wavy armed man at a used car lot.

Point being, I've never been one to be coy about my true feelings. I wear my emotions on my sleeve, and I'm left wondering if maybe I never should have come back to the AWA last year because maybe my time finally did pass. I don't want to be like one of those people in the back who overstay their welcome.

[Toughill smiles.]

RT: Then I saw a photo of myself from about twelve years ago - younger, thinner, fitter, but way more insecure Erica Toughill - and I asked her, "have I done enough for you?" If she could see me, and all my scars and all the pain in my eyes, would she say, "you've accomplished all you could accomplish."

And then I put on my glasses, and realized that wasn't Erica Toughill in 2006 I was looking at. It was Shannon Walsh last week. The pretty face, the dark raven hair, the defiant attitude of someone who thinks the wrestling world looks down on her. And the eyes... those insecure eyes.

It never leaves you, Shannon... take it from me, because the climb doesn't get easier. The path doesn't get any less icy. I remember trying to make a name for myself off the biggest and baddest women that I could find. And it didn't make me any younger And it didn't make me any prettier.

[Toughill claps her hands together.]

RT: So the stakes are clear: if you win, Shannon, you'll be able to say you were the turning point that started the downhill slide for Ricki Toughill's career. But if you lose to me, Shannon, then-

[Toughill suddenly stops cold as Shannon Walsh steps into the frame. She has apparently heard enough, delivering a two-handed shove to the chest of Toughill who flashes a smirk at what's coming next...

...and then POPS Walsh with a stiff right hand to the jaw, knocking her back into the ropes as Mariah Wolfe scampers clear!

Walsh returns fire, swinging wildly at Toughill who returns the favor, the two women disappearing in a tornado of swirling limbs as they desperately try to land a blow!]

LD: It's breaking down backstage before these two could even get to the ring, Ben!

BW: Are you surprised by that?! These two both have a mean streak a mile wide and love a good fight!

[Walsh snatches Toughill by the hair, yanking her backwards, twisting towards the wall where they crash into the drywall...]

LD: Oh! Look out back there!

[Sweet Daddy Williams throws a protective arm in front of Mariah Wolfe as Toughill somehow gets free of the hair grab, wrapping her arms around Walsh's body and DRIVING her backwards into a production crate, sending it rolling across the backstage area as they battle their way off-camera, the cameraman rapidly adjusting to keep them in view...]

LD: It's... they're in the interview area but-

[Toughill straightens up and uses a fistful of hair to SMASH Walsh's face down into the crate, sending it rolling away again. Walsh staggers after it as Toughill pursues...]

LD: They might be... I can't quite tell from this shot but I think they're heading our way, Ben.

BW: I hope so. I'd hate to see this match thrown out before it even gets started.

LD: The match may not be started but the fight is ON!

[Walsh slips a knee into the gut of Toughill as she approaches, twisting around with a shout to SMASH Ricki's face into the nearby wall!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Toughill slumps forward, staggering down the wall, leaving a mark in the drywall as Walsh follows after her. A pair of production stagehands make a run for it as Walsh shouts off-mic at Toughill who stumbles from one room into another, collapsing over another crate...]

LD: They're in the Chimpanzee Position right behind the curtain! Right behind the-

[Walsh grabs the hair, twisting her over towards the entryway, moving past Maxim Zharkov and Tommy Fierro towards the black curtain...

...but Toughill slips a HARD haymaker into the jaw...]

LD: What a shot! Right in the mouth!

[...and Walsh lowers the shoulder, rushing forward, and TACKLES Toughill through the curtain in a big double leg lift...

...and as the camera cuts onto the entrance area, Walsh SLAMS her down, taking the mount as the crowd ROARS at their sudden appearance!]

LD: Walsh gets her down! Getting closer to the ring! They're right out here now and Walsh is all over her!

[Walsh hammers several blows down as AWA officials pour out from behind the curtain, encircling the duo as they try to get them apart and down to the ring. Walsh angrily gets up, shouting at John Shock as Shock tries to gesture her towards the squared circle...

...and when Walsh turns back to Toughill, Ricki is coming up swinging with a big haymaker to the side of the head that sends Walsh staggering back down the aisle towards the ring!]

LD: Here they come, Ben! No entrances, no music, nothing but a fight in this one!

[Walsh and Toughill are trading blows again, working their way down the aisle towards the ring as the crowd goes crazy...

...and Walsh DRIVES a knee up into the ribs of Toughill as they enter the ringside area, grabbing the veteran by the arm...]

LD: They're on the outside and...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Toughill reverses the whip, sending Walsh CRASHING into the ringside barricade to cheers!]

LD: ...this one's out of control already! We've got referee Rebecca Daniels in the ring waiting for them... but it may be too late for that! This one may be over before it even begins!

[Toughill gets a steam built behind her, charging in...]

"OHHHHHH!"

[...and Walsh catches her coming in with a big swinging elbow strike to the jaw!]

LD: WHAT A SHOT!

[The blow stuns Toughill, putting her down on a knee as Walsh winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAP!"

[...and repeatedly clubs down across the back of Toughill's neck!]

BW: This is Walsh's kind of fight, Dane! Ugly! Mean! No wasted motion!

[Pulling Toughill off a knee, Walsh grabs her by the hair and steers her towards the metal ringpost...]

LD: LOOK OUT!

[...and tries to RAM Toughill's skull into the steel but Ricki brings the hands up, grabbing the post and blocking the slam!]

LD: BLOCKED!

[Toughill swings her own arm back, driving an elbow into the midsection, doubling Walsh over...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Toughill ROCKETS her shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

LD: Right into the steel goes Shannon Walsh! And Toughill finally puts her into the ring, rolling in after her...

[And with both competitors finally inside the ring, Daniels quickly signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: I guess this match is officially underway!

[Toughill is on her feet approaching Walsh who gets to a knee, grabbing her shoulder as Ricki grabs her by the hair, aggressively yanking her head back to smash a pair of fists into the jaw before hauling her up, tossing her bodily into the buckles...]

LD: This is the kind of fight that BOTH of these competitors like, Ben.

BW: Bare knuckles brawling at the core. I love to see it!

[Toughill grabs the top rope for support as she rains down stomps on Walsh, driving her from a sitting position to a prone position before the referee forces her to back off!]

LD: Rebecca Daniels gets Toughill to break it up and back it off...

[The referee and Ricki are trading words as Walsh struggles to get up off the mat. Toughill moves past the official at the sight of Walsh's recovery, looking to do more damage...

...and gets ROCKED with a straight right hand!]

LD: ...OHH! TOUGHILL GETS SHOOK!

[Toughill's knees go rubbery underneath her as Walsh grabs her by the hair with one hand and absolutely CREAMS her with a brutal standing lariat that folds her up on the canvas with the other!]

LD: My word! What a clothesline out of Walsh!

BW: The kind of lariat that would make a certain tag team stand up and take notice, huh? A shot like that would slow ANYBODY down.

LD: No cover out of Walsh though. She's looking to do more damage...

[Dragging Toughill off the mat by the arm, Walsh CRACKS the dazed brawler with another forearm... and another before swinging a knee up into the body. Toughill doubles over as Walsh holds her up...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

“WHAAAAAAP!”
“WHAAAAAAP!”

[...and batters her with clubbing blows between the shoulders, driving her down to all fours!]

LD: Shannon Walsh showing the people of Seattle what she’s all about here tonight.

BW: If you’re used to only seeing her with the Peach Pits, you may not have seen all that Shannon Walsh brings to the table.

[Walsh backs off, sizing up her opponent, swinging her leg up...]

LD: AXE KICK!

[...but with her heel aimed at the spine of Toughill, Ricki surges to her feet to catch the leg, holding it high as Walsh struggles to keep her balance for just a moment. Toughill tees off with a SMASHING elbow to the temple, sending Walsh spinning out of the leg trap towards the corner!]

LD: What a physical, hard-hitting contest we’re seeing out of these two tonight!

[A second elbow catches Walsh flush, causing her to collapse against the turnbuckles, arms hanging over the top rope to stay standing...]

LD: Walsh might be seeing stars after that!

[...but Toughill yanks her right out into a side waistlock before absolutely DUMPING her on the back of the head and neck with a high-angled backdrop suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: MOTHER MERCY! SHE GOT DROPPED!

BW: Right down on the head and neck... and Walsh might be out!

[Toughill sits on the canvas, rolling her head, reaching up to crack her own neck as Walsh lies motionless on the canvas behind her.]

LD: Still no cover by EITHER woman though. This is a fight and they’re not done with each other quite yet!

[Toughill climbs to her feet, ignoring Rebecca Daniels checking to see if Walsh can continue as she pulls Walsh off the mat and into a boot to the midsection before tossing her into the corner...]

LD: In the corner annnnnnd...

[The crowd reacts as Toughill lands a running hip attack in the corner, crushing Walsh’s body against the turnbuckles!]

LD: One of Toughill’s signature moves there, hitting that hip attack... and she’s looking to do it again!

[Toughill backs off, pausing to slap her ample posterior once... twice... three times...]

LD: HERE! SHE! COMESSSSSSSS!

[...but as Toughill charges, Walsh pushes out of the corner, going into a spin as she does for added momentum!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ROLLING ELBOW! SHE STAGGERS TOUGHILL!

[The blow knocks Toughill backwards into the ropes...

...where she bounces off and SMASHES Walsh with a lunging lariat, knocking both women down to the canvas from the impact! The crowd is on their feet, roaring for the brutal exchange!]

LD: These two are swingin' for the fences like Nelson Cruz down the road at Safeco Field!

BW: This is less of a wrestling match and more of a car crash on the Interstate right about now! Lord have mercy 'cause these two sure won't!

[Both women are slow to rise after their recent exchange but after a few more moments, both are on their feet - wobbly but standing. Walsh throws a forearm to the jaw... and Toughill responds in kind with a clenched fist!]

LD: The people of Seattle are on their feet, chanting for Toughill!

[Indeed the "RIC-KI!" chants are in the air in the Historic Washington Hall as Walsh and Toughill trade brutal blows in the center of the ring!]

LD: Blow for blow, punch for punch!

[Walsh lashes out with a nasty kick to the thigh that hobbles Toughill long enough for Walsh to BURY a right hand into the midsection!]

LD: Oh! Hard shot there!

[Walsh grabs Toughill by the hair, landing a trio of knees to the head before the referee orders a break on the hairpull, Toughill straightening up and falling backwards into the ropes...]

LD: Toughill looks like she's out on her feet, Ben.

BW: She might be but I learned a long time ago to never count Ricki Toughill out of a fight!

[A trio of kicks to the midsection leaves Toughill gasping for air as Walsh drags her out, muscling her up into a fireman's carry...]

LD: Walsh gets her up and- no, Toughill slips out!

[...and as she does, she CRUSHES the turning Walsh with a brutal headbutt, throwing her whole body into it with enough force that Toughill drops to a knee as well, immediately grabbing at her forehead!]

LD: Toughill does damage to her opponent AND herself there!

BW: That was one of the nastiest headbutts I've ever seen, Dane... she might've busted her melon wide open right there.

[As Walsh struggles to go back on the attack, Toughill surges upwards off a knee, lifting Walsh up into a fireman's carry... and gets a few step run in before leaping up to DRIVE her down with a Samoan Drop!]

LD: Ohhh! Toughill stays on her, hooking the leg! She's got one! She's got two!

[But Walsh escapes at two, breaking free with a kickout!]

LD: Couldn't keep her down for three... but she's not done, staying on her... big right hands! One after another! Beating her down into the canvas!

[Toughill regains her feet, dragging Walsh up with her into a knee to the midsection. She steps forward, snatching the standing headscissors before grabbing the torso of Walsh...]

LD: LIFTS HER UP!

[...and DRIVES her down with a thunderous powerbomb, hanging on to the waistlock as she falls to the canvas with her, stacking up the legs!]

LD: THE POWERBOMB CONNECTS! IS IT ENOUGH?!

[The referee dives down, counting once... twice... thr-]

LD: Kickout in ti- WHAAAAAT?!

BW: THE KICKOUT INTO THE TRIANGLE CHOKE! WALSH HOOKS IT!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the big-time counter by Walsh as she tries to choke the life out of Toughill and earn the big upset singles win...]

LD: She's got it in deep! Toughill's looking for a way out!

BW: She can't get to the ropes! Walsh has it sunk in! This might be over!

LD: If Ricki doesn't find a way out and FAST, it will be!

[As Toughill struggles to escape, she settles on what might be her only way out as she gets her feet underneath her...]

LD: Toughill up and standing, still looking for- oh! Hard kick to the lower back of Walsh! A second one!

[...but Walsh hangs on, defiantly shaking her head as she keeps her hold locked in... which leaves Toughill with no other option!]

LD: LOOK! LOOK AT THE POWER!

[With a horrific grunt of exertion, Toughill somehow POWERS Walsh up into the air, still trapped in the hold!]

LD: SHE'S GOT HER UP! SHE'S GOT HER UP!

[Toughill struggles... staggers... and then shifts her torso, DRIVING Walsh's spine into the corner with a powerbomb into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Toughill, free of the submission hold, staggers out of the corner, trying to clear the cobwebs as Walsh stumbles forward...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: WHAT A RIGHT HAND!

[...and gets CRACKED with a haymaker that sends her spinning back into the corner, collapsing facefirst into the turnbuckles before wobbling back out in her direction... slowly turning...]

LD: BOOT DOWNSTAIRS!

[...and with the Seattle crowd ROARING with recognition, Toughill hooks one arm... then hooks the other...]

LD: EVG DRIVER!

[...and PLANTS Walsh facefirst on the canvas with the double underhook facedriver!]

LD: SHE GOT ALL OF THAT! MR. MAPLE LEAF WOULD BE PROUD!

[Toughill flips Walsh over, diving on top...]

LD: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

“DING! DING! DING!”

LD: Toughill takes it in Seattle!

[Ricki registers that she just won as she sits up on the mat, and she grins her incredulous, crooked grin as her arm is raised by the referee.]

BW: And she’s pretending like she’s flabbergasted by that.

LD: Ricki Toughill may have thought she was on the downhill slide before the first bell. But she just proved her experience and her gutsiness – her two greatest weapons – are still keeping her going! The fans love it and so does Ricki, dusting off the old EVG Driver to get that three count over a very game Shannon Walsh who took Ricki to her limit here tonight in this one, Ben.

BW: It was a hard-fought fight... and yeah, Walsh “almost” won but “almost” don’t get you to the pay window, Dane.

LD: Always one to look on the bright side, aren’t you?

[Toughill steps across the ring to stand above Walsh who is propped up on one elbow, reaching down to offer her hand. Walsh looks up at her - angry, sweating, and seething at the defeat...]

BW: OFFERING A HANDSHAKE?! That proves my point! Toughill has lost a step, Dane! The old Erica Toughill would have kept the gas on through the bell and given Shannon Walsh a powerbomb against the apron to remember her by!

[To Walsh’s credit (?), she swats Ricki’s taped hand away and storms out the ring, heading back through the entryway.]

LD: And Peach Pit Walsh isn’t having it.

BW: How exactly does that benefit her, shaking Toughill’s hand? I’m willing to bet if that coin flipped the other way, and it was Walsh who got her hand raised, Toughill would not offer some condescending handshake.

[Ricki Toughill seems unperturbed, and echoes what she said last week on Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"Well, I gotta shake somebody's hand!"

[She then rolls to the floor to the front row, which surges forward as she slaps palms with all the fans at ringside.]

LD: And the party is on in Seattle as Ricki Toughill celebrates with the people here on Showtime! Fans, we'll be right back with more action right here on ESPN - don't go away!

[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.]

'we're not who we are'

[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."

[Wait. That's not Jordan Ohara. Who... is that...?]

"A once in a millennium talent."

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

'we're not who we are.'

[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."

...and suddenly it becomes a cacophony - dozens of voices talking chaotically over each other, the framed shot getting smaller as more people are added to it...

Laura Davis. Jackson Hunter. Bret Grayson. An alligator unhinging its jaw. 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 back to live action, where the camera catches up with Ricki Toughill, deep into the modest, but enthusiastic crowd at Washington Hall.]

LD: Welcome back to Showtime on ESPN, and Ricki Toughill... I think, has finally finished greeting every single fan here in Seattle, Washington. We still have tonight's Main Event to come with that six-man tag with Team Supreme facing against Ryan Martinez-

[As Ricki is about to retreat in the entryway...]

#I GOT/ I GOT/ I GOT LOYALTY GOT ROYALTY INSIDE MY DNA#

[The crowd erupts at Kendrick Lamar's iconic opening line as the first Women's World Champion Lauryn Rage steps out from behind the curtain. Ricki Toughill's expression suddenly changes as she bites her bottom lip and puts her hands on her hips.]

LD: And now we're about to be joined by Da Kid, Lauryn Rage, who has been under siege over the past several weeks at the hands of Laura Davis and Slam Sorority.

BW: Dane... look. We saw these two looking at each other like this back at the Rumble...

[Lauryn Rage pauses her usual entrance bluster as she and Ricki Toughill pass by each other going opposite directions. They stop and regard each other..

...with an unsettling coldness.]

BW: These two used to be pretty close allies, Dane. But to use the parlance... they're "beefing."

LD: I... don't feel it's my place to air their dirty laundry, because what's going on between them is none of my business-

BW: I'm sure you thought different back at Homecoming 2016!

LD: I have to maintain professional detachment.

BW: Well, I don't. I know women, and these two have all the reasons in the world to hate one another.

[Finally it's Ricki that blinks first, slowly making her way through the curtain, but still glaring over her tattooed shoulder at Lauryn Rage, who rolls into the ring. She's impossible to ignore in a scandalous white onesie cut high at the hips that displays her powerful build and infamous curves. A single fuchsia glove grips the microphone while short black boots stomp against the canvas. She looks relaxed and dangerous, commanding the ring like she owns the arena as the fans cheer. Lauryn slowly paces the ring, rolling her shoulders, letting the crowd noise build before she speaks.]

LR: Lemme tell y'all somethin'.

[She pauses, smirking.]

LR: I stood right here... and I said I was ready to END things with Laura Davis.

Turns out?

Laura Davis is an even BIGGER coward than I thought.

[The crowd boos Davis' recent actions.]

LR: Oh yeah... I been watchin'.

Everybody's been watchin'.

Every week it's the same story.

Duckin'.

Dodgin'.

Hidin' behind the Slam Sorority every time things start gettin' real.

[Rage pauses, walking the ring.]

LR: See that's the funny thing about you, Laura. You talk real tough when you got your little friends standin' next to you.

But when it's just you and me?

[Lauryn slowly taps her chest with the fuchsia glove.]

LR: You start lookin' real nervous. You looked so nervous when I slapped the taste out of your mouth.

[The crowd ROARS at the memory of that!]

LR: And let me clear somethin' up right now...

Laura?

You ain't been waitin' for the right time to have a match.

[She leans toward the hard camera.]

LR: You been avoidin' Lauryn Rage.

[The crowd agrees with big cheers.]

LR: See, you can run from a fight. You can run from a challenge. But the one thing you can't run from...

[She steps toward the ropes, pointing up the entrance ramp.]

LR: ...is the most dangerous woman in this whole damn company.

[There's another big ROAR at that description.]

LR: Girl, the last time we stood face to face... I slapped the taste clean outta your mouth. And the next time?

[Lauryn slowly raises the fuchsia glove high in the air.]

LR: I'm gonna do it AGAIN.

Because when you step in the ring with me... You ain't steppin' in there with just another name on the roster.

You steppin' in there with the woman who runs this place when the bell rings.

[Rage glares into the camera.]

LR: I don't ask permission.

I don't wait my turn.

And I damn sure don't chase nobody.

[She points straight up the entrance ramp again.]

LR: But if a coward keeps runnin'...

I'll drag her into the spotlight myself.

[A slight smile crosses the first AWA Women's World Champion's face.]

LR: And lucky for you, Laura...

We about to roll into a night called Opportunity Knocks.

[The crowd ROARS at the mention of the upcoming show! Lauryn grins, nodding at the reaction.]

LR: And when Opportunity Knocks? Lauryn Rage answers the door.

[Another big cheer rings out!]

LR: So get ready, Davis. Because the next time you see me walkin' down that ramp, there ain't gonna be no Slam Sorority. There ain't gonna be no excuses. There's just gonna be YOU...

And the BEATIN' you been runnin' from.

[As the crowd cheers, Lauryn steps to the center of the ring. Her voice drops into cold authority.]

LR: And when that bell rings at Opportunity Knocks

Laura Davis...

You ain't walkin' out the same woman who walked in.

[Lauryn slowly lifts the microphone one last time, knocking her fist across its mesh. The hard rapping echoes throughout the arena.]

LR: Hear that?

"KNOCK!" "KNOCK!" "KNOCK!"

That's opportunity knockin', Laura Davis... You better pray you don't answer the door.

[The crowd "ooooohs" at the implied threat.]

LR: Because it's like that... And that's the way it is.

[The Seattle fans ROAR at that as Lauryn drops the microphone with a loud CLACK and raises the fuchsia glove high...

...and we fade back to the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell walking down the hallway.]

SLB: Hello, fans! I am backstage here at the Historic Washington Hall as I... well, I'm in search of an update on the condition of everyone who was involved with our opening moments here tonight... but who the heck do you get a medical update from when the doctor is one of the guys you need an update on?!

[Blackwell rounds a corner and comes face to face abruptly with Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov who seems to be in a bit of a hurry.]

SLB: Mr. Zharkov! Maybe you can help!

[Zharkov throws a look at Blackwell...]

MZ: Very busy, Blackwell. Later, later.

[...and then spots the camera.]

SLB: A question for our fans at home?

[Zharkov exhales slowly... then nods in resignation.]

MZ: Quickly please.

[Blackwell nods, getting into interviewer position.]

SLB: After all the madness of the opening minutes of tonight's show, I was hoping to get an update on... everyone! Odin Gunn! Hogan! The Desperadoes! Of course, Koji Sakai and Doc Ponavitch too!

[Zharkov glowers coldly.]

MZ: Koji Sakai will be okay. He is shaken up and has been sent to the local hospital to check for concussion but... okay.

SLB: And Ponavitch?

MZ: Broken collarbone.

[Blackwell's eyes go wide.]

SLB: Oh my god. From the clothesline by-

[Zharkov nods silently.]

SLB: What about his arm?

[Zharkov grimaces, almost as if he's pained to talk about this.]

MZ: Badly cut as expected. He's also in the hospital with the others. But unlike them, he's not welcome back.

[The crowd inside the building delivers a shocked reaction.]

SLB: Are you saying-

[Zharkov interrupts.]

MZ: Effective immediately, King Kong Hogan is SUSPENDED for thirty days.

[The fans give another shocked response inside the building as Blackwell slowly nods.]

SLB: Mr. Zharkov, thank you for your time.

[And with that, the Interim President storms off, leaving a stunned Blackwell behind...

...and we fade to the entrance aisle backdrop where we find Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams, standing alongside two women we saw earlier this year... the women who serve as trainers at the AWA Combat Corner. "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson is standing next to Mariah and is dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a black AWA Combat Corner T-shirt with white lettering. "The Blonde Bomber" Jennifer Rowe is dressed in a pair of white shorts and a baby blue AWA Combat Corner T-shirt with white lettering.]

MW: Some surprising news delivered there by our Interim President. AWA fans, I'm happy to have two people with us who have become an integral part of the AWA... the women who serve as trainers down in the Combat Corner, Lori Wilson and Jennifer Rowe! Ladies, I'm so excited you're both here tonight!

JR: [waving to the crowd] How are you all doing, Seattle? It's great to be here!

[The fans politely cheer as Wilson smiles at her fellow trainer.]

LW: Like my friend said, it's great to be here tonight. We actually do some work behind the scenes here, along with our work at the Combat Corner, but it's always a pleasure to visit with you and Sweet Daddy, Mariah.

SDW: I'll tell you what, Lori, you and Jenn have been workin' with a lot of up and coming talent who is looking for that big break... and there may be no better place to get that big break than the Brass Ring tournament.

I gotta ask you both... talk to me about that tournament!

[Wilson shakes her head.]

LW: Sweet Daddy, I've got to be honest... I'm a little disappointed in what went down with Amber Gold. I worked with her at the Combat Corner and she was always willing to learn, always easy to teach... but what she did to Riley Bennett, taking that young woman's opportunity in the Brass Ring...

[She shakes her head.]

LW: That's not what I taught her. I'm not happy with what happened.

MW: Jenn, any thoughts about what Lori had to say?

JR: Honestly, I don't understand what Amber's problem is... the couple of times I worked with her, she was always enthusiastic about everything. But not to dismiss what happened there, because there's still some women in the Brass Ring who I'm looking forward to seeing in action and who could be looking for their chance to teach Gold a lesson. I mean, tonight, we're gonna see Jo Jo Washington in action and I'm really excited about what she can do!

LW: [nodding] Jenn, that's a good point... but you can't look past Big Boss Shinza. She's had a lot of success in Japan and she brings a lot of experience. I think we're going to have a great matchup tonight... though I will say, whoever advances is going to have a challenge if she has to go against Catalina Lopez.

[Williams nods.]

SDW: I gotta say, Lori, that Catalina Lopez looked quite impressive against AKANE and it's gonna be tough for any of the gals remaining in the Brass Ring to get past her.

[Rowe has been listening to this exchange, but before Wilson can respond to Williams, she chimes in.]

JR: Now hold on a minute, both of you... I don't think either one of you can look past Lily Driscoll or Felicia Love. They may be two of the smaller women in the tournament, but you look at the way Lily has taken the initiative... you look at Felicia's eyes and you don't see any fear in them! I'm not gonna look past either one of them!

[Mariah grins.]

MW: Certainly you can't do that - not just with Driscoll or Love - but with any of the competitors who are still in the women's Brass Ring! But I do want to talk about something else... the two of you got your start in Seattle in the NWCI and...

[There's a cheer of recognition going up for that, which catches Wolfe off guard for a moment.]

MW: ...and clearly there are some fans who grew up watching NWCI here in Historic Washington Hall tonight! But that brings me to this... another woman who got her start in NWCI is going to be recognized at Opportunity Knocks next week... I'm talking about the Hall of Famer, Stephanie Harper!

[And that gets a LOUD response from the fans on hand.]

SDW: That's right, one of the lady legends... one of the ladies who got the ball rolling, if you will, for the ladies of today! Jenn and Lori, what can you tell me about Stephanie Harper coming back for another night in AWA?

[Rowe has a big smile on her face as she speaks.]

JR: Sweet Daddy, I couldn't be happier for her! Now, I know she's not the type that wants to get recognized like this, but nobody deserves it more than her! She was such a good friend, such an influence on me and Lori, even as we were all starting out in wrestling together. I can't wait to see her in a few days' time!

[Wilson returns the smile with a nod.]

LW: Yes, Stephanie was one of the best to ever compete in NWCI... she comes from a wrestling family, so many members who were part of NWCI as well. But who would have thought that she would go on to the career she had, get named to the

Hall of Fame... I'm just so proud of what she's accomplished and it's only fitting that the people of Seattle get to thank her.

[The people of Seattle echo that with a big cheer!]

MW: I can tell the two of you have a lot to look forward to, tonight and next week, but there was something else I wanted...

[Her voice trails off and she stares off camera, Wilson now turning to look in that direction. Rowe does the same and at that point, the Thompson Sisters giddily break onto the scene as Mariah Wolfe can barely hide her eyeroll. Melody produces an Under Armour hat as Harmony works with the off-camera Riley Campbell to make sure that everyone is in frame, then Melody places the hat on Sweet Daddy Williams' head before we hear a click from Riley's SLR.]

MT: Excuse us!

HT: We have an announcement!

MT: This segment is now brought to you by Under Armour!

HT: That fine Maryland-based athleticwear manufacturer!

[As Rowe and Wilson look at the twins, confused, they are greeted by the "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash, dressed in an oversized orange Under Armour hoodie and black Under Armour leggings. She has heart-shaped sunglasses with orange frames resting on the crown of her head, and she looks intensely annoyed. Before she can even speak, though, Lori Wilson pulls the microphone in Mariah Wolfe's hand towards herself.]

LW: Casey, you know full well this isn't your time. Take your E-Girl MAX pets and get out of here.

[The Thompsons boo and give double thumbs downs to "Lady Lightning", who glares at the twins. Cash just shakes her head and motions for the microphone.]

CC: Lori, anywhere I go is MY time, so stop wasting MY time and let the people here see an actual star.

[As Wilson shakes her head at the disrespect shown by the "Charm City Cutie", Rowe chimes in.]

JR: Hey, surely we can be better than this, right? Casey, I know you've been frustrated lately, but can we talk about it?

[Cash frowns at the "Blonde Bomber", pointing a finger.]

CC: I'm going to talk, and you're going to listen. You two are out here going "Amber Gold, how could she"...

Mariah, why didn't you tell them what happened to Amber Gold?

[Wolfe clears her throat.]

MW: E-Girl MAX jumped her in the parking lot and put her out of action.

[The Thompsons shout "LIES!" from the background as Cash shakes her head.]

CC: Conveniently retold, hmm? What you left out - what EVERYONE leaves out - is that you came to us for an interview and tried to cut away from us to go get an

interview with Amber Gold. You only wanted Harley, Cindy, and myself to suit your purposes, then you ran away for what you thought the new thing was, and we took it away from Amber Gold because she was being handed something she hadn't earned.

[Cash smirks at the seething Wilson, keeping the bodies of Rowe, Wolfe, Williams, and the Thompsons between the two as Riley Campbell clicks away on her camera.]

CC: You said that wasn't what you taught her, and you were right. She learned after that beating in the parking lot that nobody cares about her like she'll care about herself, because this company cut her from the roster the moment they heard "three months on the shelf".

[Rowe, eyes wide, protests as Wilson continues to seethe.]

JR: Casey, that's not what it's like at all!

CC: Isn't it? Look at what you two are out here trying to get this crowd to swallow.

[There is a chorus of boos from the crowd that Cash just referenced.]

CC: "Stephanie Harper is so good! Stephanie Harper would never want to be recognized but we just have to do it for her! For... reasons! Because she had coffee in Seattle, I think!"

[Cash rolls her eyes as Rowe's jaw drops.]

JR: Is that what this is about?

CC: Of course that's what this is about! You've got a locker room of hungry people desperate for a chance, but here we are talking about Stephanie Harper again! Stephanie Harper, who refuses to get back in the ring! Stephanie Harper, who refuses to fight me!

[Wilson angrily points a finger at Cash.]

LW: Sounds to me like you're jealous, Casey. You know what she's accomplished, and you know you and your little gang of friends will never do the same!

[Cash leans in close to Wilson, a sickeningly sweet smile on her face.]

CC: You're right. We're not ever going to be Stephanie Harper. E-Girl MAX is going to be so big that we'll overshadow everyone that came before us, and you can't stand that because you think you and your sad little friends are going to be erased. Banished to the darkness of being forgotten by history, eclipsed by the giant stars that are E-Girl MAX.

[Cash looks over to Rowe, shaking her head.]

CC: And the more you prop up Stephanie Harper, the more Amber Golds you'll create who realize that E-Girl MAX is right, and our way is the right way.

[The Thompsons drop Under Armour hats onto Rowe and Wilson's heads, as Wilson instinctively yanks the hat off and throws it off-camera. Cash waves with her fingers as the Thompsons follow behind, leaving the frame.]

MW: Lori... Jenn... I'm sorry you had to deal with that.

LW: [sighing] All I'm going to say is Casey may want to think twice about what she's asking for.

[Rowe, by this point, has removed the hat from her head, though she isn't as quick to toss it aside.]

JR: Where did she learn manners?

SDW: [removing his hat] I'm not sure she's even concerned with manners, Jenn.

MW: Ladies, I want to thank you for your time... and Casey Cash's opinions or not, I personally can't wait to see Stephanie Harper back in the KeyArena next week for her tribute! Right now though, we're going over a women's wrestling legend in her own right - Lori Dane - as we get ready for more one-on-one action! Lori?

[We cut back down to ringside where Lori Dane and Ben Waterson are seated.]

LD: Thanks, Mariah... an awkward scene there with Lori Wilson and Jennifer Rowe on hand to talk about the Brass Ring Tournament and-

BW: Bah!

LD: What's that supposed to mean?

BW: It means that Rowe and Wilson were here as Stephanie Harper's personal hype agents! The Brass Ring thing was a cover - they just wanted to gush over how great Harper is and then try to put down E-Girl MAX!

LD: That's not how I saw it!

BW: Then you should get your ears cleaned out 'cause that's what just went down!

LD: We'll have to agree to disagree there... but right now, Ben, I want to talk about Generation Lost... and more specifically, I want to talk about Justin Gaines. Generation Lost has had their struggles recently, going back to Memorial Day Mayhem... the American Idols are out of the Run The Rankings field at the moment...

BW: But they've got a chance to turn all that around tonight and get the world talking about them again. The Idols are looking for a match later tonight... Jayden Jericho's gonna get a chance to retire Dirt Dog Unique Allah once and for all... and Justin Gaines has been absolutely wrecking folks left and right since Memorial Day.

LD: He has... and we all saw what he did to poor Jerry Joblonsky on Saturday Night Wrestling. But I expect a stiffer challenge for him tonight when he meets "Golden" Grant Carter!

BW: It'll be a tougher challenge than Joblonsky... but at this stage of his career, I think a stiff breeze might put up more of a fight than that guy. He should be taking tickets at the door, not trying to sell 'em in the ring.

[Lori chuckles.]

LD: Well, Grant Carter can sell a few tickets... and here tonight on Showtime, he's no doubt looking to teach Justin Gaines a little bit of respect for the veterans of this sport.

BW: Carter's the oldest "young guy" in the business. He was a rookie at 35... and he's just the kind of guy standing in the way of Gaines and the rest of Generation Lost as they take over this entire industry.

LD: Gaines is going to have his work cut out for him though... and he's always one Gold Strike away from the one-two-three win for GGC! Fans, let's go up to Megumi!

[We cut to the ring where the Japanese export is standing.]

MS: The following contest here on Showtime is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The opening notes to Bon Jovi's "It's My Life" starts up to a cheer from the crowd.]

MS: From Asbury Park, New Jersey... weighing in at 262 pounds...

[Sato pauses just as the lyrics begin and "Golden" Grant Carter bursts through the curtain into view to a bigger cheer, throwing his arms up in a "V" with his left fist clenched and pressed into his fully-extended right palm.]

MS: ..."GOLLLLLLLDEN" GRAAAAAAANT CAAAAAARRRRRTERRR!

[Carter throws his arms apart, a big grin on his face at the crowd's reaction. He hops a couple of times, pointing out at the cheering fans before he starts striding down the aisle, quickly making his way down towards the ring.]

LD: "Golden" Grant Carter, certainly in a confident mood as he makes his way down to ringside, slapping hands with people and acknowledging a sign or two.

BW: Someone brought a Carter sign? How long has that been in their garage?

LD: In fact, a few did... look at that one... "Strike Gold With GGC!"

BW: How much did Carter pay that kid?

[About thirty seconds into the song, he pulls himself up on the apron, turning towards the crowd, cupping his hand to his ear as he "listens" to the lyrics.]

#I ain't gonna be just a face in the crowd
You're gonna hear my voice
When I shout it out loud#

[The music pauses for a second as Carter reaches over his head, clapping his hands together twice in rhythm with the beat and then points out to the crowd, encouraging them to sing along with the chorus.]

#It's my life
It's now or never
I ain't gonna live forever
I just want to live while I'm alive

It's... my... life#

[A grinning Carter ducks through the ropes, throwing his arms up into the same gesture we saw earlier as he faces his opponent and the music continues to play, ending with the very symbolic lyric.]

LD: Jersey born... barroom raised... "Golden" Grant Carter. Hailing from the land of Springsteen and damn proud of it. Age never stopped him either.

BW: Nor has it stopped Jon Bon Jovi. That guy looks like Bea Arthur now but he's still out there, pleasing older women. Still a real inspiration in that sense.

LD: Will you stop!?

[Sato continues.]

MS: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The PA crackles to life with a voice.]

"Slates are never clean. And respect is never assumed."

[The staccato rhythm of "All My Life" by Foo Fighters plays.]

All my life, I've been searchin' for somethin'
Somethin' never comes, never leads to nothin'
Nothin' satisfies, but I'm gettin' close
Closer to the prize at the end of the rope
All night long, I dream of the day
When it comes around, then it's taken away
Leaves me with the feelin' that I feel the most
Feel it come to life when I see your ghost

[The music kicks into overdrive as out steps a sneering Justin Gaines, clad in a black hat, his ring gear of black brief tights, black knee pads, a black leather vest personalized with his name, and black boots personalized with his initials near the ankle.]

LD: And joining Justin Gaines this week is the returning Jayden Jericho. You don't suppose shenanigans will be afoot here?

BW: Oh sure, they could have Jericho interfere if they wanted but they won't. You see, as good as Grant Carter is, I don't think Justin Gaines needs any help to take care of business. I just think Jayden Jericho is here to make sure the match is called fairly, down the middle.

LD: Of course! And if there's anything that Jayden Jericho is known for, like his infamous dad, it's "fair and down the middle."

BW: Do I detect sarcasm?

[Gaines climbs in, followed by Jericho, as the announcer says ...]

MS: Representing Generation Lost... accompanied by Jayden Jericho... from Fairbanks, Alaska... weighing in at 283 pounds...

...JUSTINNNNNNNNNN GAAAAAIAAIAINES!

[Gaines spreads his arms at center ring to absorb the boos as if they were cheers, with Jericho patting him on the back quite resoundingly, yelling encouragement.]

LD: Confidence on the part of these two, Gaines and Jericho. Jericho of course has his own business later. Both out to prove, like all of Generation Lost, they are underestimated and under-appreciated.

BW: Right, and I'm beginning to agree with them, Dane.

LD: I'm not surprised one bit by that news.

[Jericho drops down and rolls out to the floor as Gaines turns his attention to Carter. The referee shouts instructions to them both, then points to the timekeeper...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, the two competitors begin to circle in center ring...]

LD: This should be an interesting matchup from two guys with relative inexperience but solid credentials.

BW: Indeed. Gaines grew up with wrestling as we all know. He studied the tapes and learned from four ring masters. His great grandfather Walter Gaines, his grandfather Larry Gaines, his uncle George Gaines, and of course his dad.

LD: You mean when his dad wasn't on the road.

[Gaines and Carter tie up to see who can get the advantage.]

BW: Right, but Gunnar makes an immediate impression as we all know. Carter, on the other hand, came to it later in life. A veteran-aged talent without that many road miles, but the benefit of street-smart life experience.

LD: Gaines is interesting in that he came from a family of brawlers, but he has that amateur background his father and grandfather lacked.

[Gaines has the power advantage, grabbing a reverse waistlock.]

BW: Indeed, a high school champion in a place where there's nothing to do but wrestle and hunt moose. There's no protein supplement out there that puts on more muscle than moose meat.

[Carter tries to elbow his way out of the waistlock...]

BW: But in the end, he just tries to bulldoze people.

[Gaines, maintaining the waistlock, tries to lift Carter, maybe into a belly-to-back. But Carter wriggles and then blocks it with his leg. Gaines attempts again. Same result.]

LD: Justin Gaines truly wants to show he can not just beat you, but beat you up. It's about respect.

[Carter catches Gaines in a snap mare to get out of the waistlock. He measures the seated Gaines...]

LD: Basement dropkick by Carter, to the back!

[Gaines recoils back to a prone position, only to be stomped in the face by Carter. Annoyed, he blocks a second attempt with both hands, grabs the foot, and manages to take down Carter from that prone position, so both are to the mat.]

BW: These guys are both students of the counter move. They are always looking for a clever reversal.

[They both rise at the same time. Carter goes to tie up again, only to get double pie-faced and shoved to the mat. Gaines steps backwards to the ropes, then rebounds...]

LD: Knee to the face! Carter is absolutely leveled on that one!

BW: We saw this last week when Gaines fought Jerry Joblonsky. When people can trade hold for hold - and "Golden" Grant Carter can certainly do that - quickness and athleticism become the difference makers.

LD: And the guy who calls himself "The Baddest Thang Running" certainly has that in spades. He's big, he's built, and he's getting more athletic by the day.

BW: Indeed, but you never saw this from his Dad. His dad inflicted maximum damage, but no one ever called him fast. He didn't need to be.

[Gaines grabs the dazed Carter and hefts him two-handed, back-first into the corner turnbuckle where he lands with a thud - one arm over each top rope.]

LD: "Golden" Grant Carter is in a very vulnerable position here...

[The referee admonishes Gaines as he works Carter over with a left jab, a right hook, a knee... a driving shoulder...]

LD: ...as Justin Gaines unloads with the works! Carter is not able to defend himself!

[Gaines rears back with a LOUD reverse knife edge chop that connects!]

LD: The ref counting to five here ...

[Gaines stops punching and simply presses Carter in the face with his right hand, yelling abuse that's picked up even without a mic.]

"You think you're competition?"

[Gaines rears back and nails Carter with a huge right hook!]

"I'm not seeing it, buddy!"

[Gaines steps back, then comes in with a big knee... but Carter ducks away and Gaines gets all turnbuckle!]

LD: Nobody home!

[Gaines turns around and attempts a kick to Carter's midsection. Carter grabs the boot, pulls it in under his armpit, and turns...]

LD: Dragon Screw legwhip!

[Gaines gets back up... only for Carter to grab the knee again!]

LD: Another Dragon Screw legwhip! More punishment for the knee! Justin Gaines needs to be careful here.

BW: If he can't stand up, he can't deliver the Denali Death Drop. And this is where we see "Golden" Grant Carter's street-smart seasoning. He's used to dealing with people who think they're badder than everyone else!

LD: There's always a way to cut someone down to size. You just have to pick your spot - which against an opponent like Justin Gaines, when you get it, you better take it.

[Carter throws Gaines to the ropes, then backs to the opposite ones and runs forward... only to find Gaines has slid out under the bottom rope on the other side.]

LD: Justin Gaines, deciding he's had enough for now. But Grant Carer hasn't had enough!

[Gaines stands dazed outside, appearing to catch his breath...]

LD: Here he comes...

[But as Carter dives through the ropes, Gaines un-possums and nails Carter with a right hook!]

LD: You were saying about street smarts?

BW: I think Gaines clearly has some too. When your dad is famous and hated, childhood is rarely easy.

LD: You said it. "Respect is never assumed."

[Gaines pounds away at Carter on the outside, as Jayden Jericho looks on while keeping a performative distance with palms raised. Gaines shoves Carter back-first into the ring apron as the referee starts counting. Carter comes back with a shot to the chin!]

LD: That had some pepper on it!

[Carter grabs Gaines by the hair and slams him face first to the diamond-plated ring steps!]

LD: And so did that!

BW: Pepper and blood! Gaines may be busted open!

[As Gaines begins to wipe at his forehead, Carter grabs one of Gaines' legs from behind, turning him around. Then he delivers another Dragon Screw legwhip on Gaines, sending him flying into the ringside barrier, where Jericho quickly gets out of the way!]

LD: Grant Carter, making Justin Gaines regret ever going outside!

BW: I don't think regret is in this youngster's vocabulary, but you may be right.

[Carter hears six and rolls into the ring. Gaines is left to recover.]

LD: Gaines could be counted out here...

[The ref reaches nine and Gaines quickly bolts up, and into the ring, at nine and a half, only to be greeted...]

LD: Kick to the face by Carter! He's not letting up!

BW: I have to say, Justin Gaines wanted competition. "Golden" Grant Carter is giving him that. He's a vet, but by no means is he Jerry Joblonsky sputtering around like a car with four bald tires. He's trying to get traction on his career, and what better chance could there be than beating the son of a legend in Justin Gaines?

LD: Grant Carter can smell this opportunity.

BW: You mean, like a bear?

[After two more kicks to the face, Carter puts Gaines in a double underhook.]

LD: Butterfly suplex coming up!

[It lands with a big smack!]

LD: The cover...

[One, and a kick out.]

BW: Only good for one.

[Carter greets the rising Gaines by grabbing a Russian legsweep, delivered with impact! He floats over into a cover...]

LD: Another cover by Carter...

[One! And a kickout.]

BW: Justin Gaines keeps powering out in short order! "Golden" Grant Carter has to wonder. What is it going to take?

[Carter grabs a reverse waistlock on Gaines, lifting him up...]

LD: And down into an atomic drop! Into the corner!

BW: A patented move for Carter!

[Carter closes in and mounts up. Standing on the second rope, he punches away...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

[Carter rears back, undulating his shoulders in a little bit of a dance...]

"TEN!"

[Carter throws the dazed Gaines down to the mat at center ring, where he collapses in a heap.]

LD: The crowd is certainly loving how Grant Carter is making a fight of this! Now cover again!

[Carter doesn't. Instead, he waves both palms up a few times and the crowd responds!]

LD: Oh... oh boy. You don't suppose he's going to try his "slam dunk" elbow drop?

BW: It looks that way. And that could get this one in the books.

[Carter carefully notes Gaines' position prone at center ring, takes three running steps like a drive to the hoop, leaps as high as he possibly can...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...and hits nothing but mat.]

BW: REJECTED!

LD: Justin Gaines rolls out of the way!

[Carter rolls through the impact and rises quickly, only to be greeted by a...]

LD: KICK BY GAINES! Right to the face! He got all, and I mean ALL, of that!

[And by the time Carter can rise again, he's down again!]

LD: ACCELERATING LARIAT BY GAINES! High impact! He caught him good!

[Gaines paces back and grabs the crumpled Carter by the hair, pulling him up to level height. He grabs the neck, crouches slightly, then lifts him up high...

...and down!]

LD: GRIZZLY SLAM!

[The chokeslam/uranage hybrid drives Carter right into the mat!]

LD: The count.... ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Carter kicks out at two and change!]

BW: You know, Gaines normally pulls people out of the pin there. Not this time.

LD: Maybe he respects this opponent? Doesn't want to take a chance?

[Gaines grabs Carter by the neck again.]

LD: Gaines has him up - and another GRIZZLY SLAM!

[One ...two... and this time, Gaines does pull Carter out of the pin.]

BW: Did he hear you or something?

LD: Justin Gaines sending a message again, as he is wont to do. I don't think he liked being kicked out on. That, plus...

[Gaines now pulls Carter into a standing headscissors.]

LD: ...well, plus this. We know what's next.

[Gaines extends both fists straight out to the side, making a giant "T." He then hoists Carter into an elevated standing crucifix position as his legs kick a little, offering only symbolic resistance. He drops him down into a reverse hangman's neckbreaker!]

LD: DENALI DEATH DROP!

[The ref counts one... two... three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The referee raises Gaines' hand as he gets to his feet... only to have Jayden Jericho bump him aside so he can raise his ally's hand, pointing to him with a big grin as Megumi Sato makes it official and Carter lies motionless on the mat.]

LD: The so-called "Baddest Thang Running" with another resounding win!

BW: I think it's another great win for Justin Gaines, still undefeated in singles competition. What he's showing is he can trade people maneuver for maneuver, then beat them with speed, power and a little bit of smarts. An opponent even as good as "Golden" Grant Carter had very little room for error in this one.

LD: The Generation Lost big man collects another win as he continues to campaign for the respect that he feels he is owed. Mariah Wolfe is in the ring to get comments.

[Indeed she is, holding the mic as Carter has rolled out and is being tended to by personnel. Jayden Jericho is alongside Gaines.]

MW: Justin Gaines, congratulations on another win this week on Showtime. That was a strong performance.

[Gaines sneers at the interviewer.]

JG: Your congratulations rings a little hollow, Mariah. You see, you should have been on the Gaines Train before I absolutely destroyed "Golden" Grant Carter... a name that describes the trickle running down his leg after I beat him senseless. Are you beginning to see it yet?

MW: See what? I mean, that's-

JG: No, I'm asking if you're beginning to see our dominance. Today's competition is tomorrow's toilet paper under our boots. We walk away standing tall, and they are left crumpled, dirty and messy. I'm showing it every single week why Generation Lost is someone to watch out for, not to mention why I'm called the "Baddest Thing Running."

[Wolfe cringes at the nickname being dropped on her.]

MW: But, Justin... there are people who still refuse to call you by that name. Old fans of your dad, among others. They're saying you haven't earned it.

JG: Who are you, the freaking Smiths? "Just haven't earned it yet, baby?" Get out of here. Go back to the 80s. History moves forward to the future, and I am the future. WE are the future.

[Jericho slaps him on the back and yells "YEAHHHH!"]

JG: And speaking of people who won't call me what I am... well, I'm going to have a little message for one particular person this coming July 4th in Seattle at Opportunity Knocks. It's going to be my own personal Independence Day from all the forces who won't give me the credit and the respect.

You wouldn't get on the Gaines train, Mariah?

Well, I'm gonna give someone a chance to redeem themselves while they still can - and I think you're going to want to be watching this!

July 4th. Opportunity Knocks. Watch what happens.

[He pushes the mic back to Mariah as "All My Life" plays again, and Gaines and Jericho then flex, pose, and rant while the crowd rains down boos.]

BW: He seemed to be calling out someone in particular there. I wonder who he means.

LD: I wouldn't want to even hazard a guess. The people who don't give Justin Gaines credit? That's a long list. Could be anyone.

BW: I think I know.

LD: Do you? Well, spill it!

BW: I really am not at liberty to share my guess.

LD: Not at liberty? What does that mean?

BW: It means I don't feel like it.

LD: It means you have a total dart throw of a guess and don't want to be proven wrong. Folks, let's-

BW: I don't play darts! Not since I got busted open that one time at the pub...

[Lori sighs.]

LD: We'll be right back with more Showtime action right here on ESPN!

[We fade to black...

Cut to ringside at an unknown AWA event. Ricki Toughill is flung over the ropes by an unknown opponent and crashes into the ringside barricade. She stands upright, looking a bit frustrated, and looks at something off-camera.]

RT: Oh hey.

[The something off-camera is a fully stocked Dunkin' shop counter at ringside, complete with a friendly-looking barista.]

B: Looks like a pretty tough opponent tonight. Medium cold brew?

"ONE!"

[Ricki looks up at the ring, which is off-camera, then back at the barista.]

RT: You can make it a large. This ref always counts slow.

[The barista hands Ricki her tall, frosty cold brew. She takes a sip. Another customer seated at a ringside table with a laptop computer in front of him takes notice.]

C: Wow, she knows your order?

RT: Yeah, I spend a lot of time out here.

[Ricki is about to sit down, when she notices the empty chair beside the other customer. She picks up the folding chair and snaps it shut.]

RT: Mind if I take a seat?

[Ricki looks up into the ring with a mischievous, crooked grin—a cold brew in one hand and a steel chair in the other.]

V/O: Where there's wrestling, there's Dunkin'.

[Cut to a close-up shot of a cold brew. Another cold brew rebounds off a set of three ropes and slides into position beside it. The AWA and Dunkin' logo flash on screen.]

V/O: Cold brew for bell time. America runs on Dunkin'!

[And we fade back to a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, ending up in a locker room somewhere in the backstage area where we find the Westerly Dynasty deep in a strategy session. Veronica Westerly is standing in front of her soldiers who notably have divided up with Atlas Armstrong on one side and the duo of Nenshou and James Lynch on the other. Lynch cups a hand to Nenshou's ear, speaking to him as Westerly clears her throat.]

VW: Alright, that covers Opportunity Knocks... let's talk about tonight. Let's start with At-

[Lynch interrupts.]

JL: Veronica, after what went down last weekend, I think we've got a serious problem. Nenshou and I are currently ranked Number 8... and that's not gonna get it done. We gotta get a match tonight and it's gotta be against someone ranked higher than us if we're going to get into the Top 5 before the end of the night.

[Veronica nods.]

VW: Agreed. I'll go speak to Zharkov about getting you two a match.

[Lynch nods confidently.]

JL: Good. And this time...

[Lynch steps forward, pointing a finger at Atlas Armstrong.]

JL: ...you stay out of our business!

[Armstrong smirks, stepping closer to Lynch as Westerly looks on nervously.]

AA: Your business is MY business, bro. This is a unit.. and when one of us wins, we all win. Right, Veronica?

[Veronica eagerly nods.]

VW: Absolutely. And Atlas has a great point, James. If you two had been on the same page in Portland, we might have a clear path to Run The Rankings for you and Nenshou so I need you two to figure it out for tonight.

[Armstrong raises a massive hand.]

AA: While you're talking to Zharkov, find out who I'm defending my title against tonight.

[Veronica visibly stifles a sigh before shaking her head.]

VW: I will not. I want you focused on two things, Atlas - helping James and Nenshou get into Run The Rankings... and what you're going to do at Opportunity Knocks. Understood?

[Armstrong pauses, looking at his manager for several silent moments.]

AA: Fine. Go get these two a match and we'll figure out how to make sure they don't screw it up again.

[Lynch looks like he's about to take a swing at Armstrong as Westerly steps in between them...]

...and we fade through black to a pitch black screen.

A soft piano note.

Then another.

[A voiceover begins - calm and soothing.]

"There was a time... when this night was only a dream."

[Fade to a clip of Julie Somers walking through the curtain with the Women's World Title draped over her shoulder.]

"A dream carried by women who fought for space... for respect... for the chance to be seen."

[Fade to a clip of Harley Hamilton hard at work training, running on a treadmill with weights hanging off her, sweat pouring off of her.]

"Now that night is near."

[String underneath piano are heard, building stronger as we see Julie Somers in the ring, diving from her perch with a moonsault...]

"Julie Somers has carried this division with heart... with pride... with the weight of a championship that means everything."

[...to a clip of Harley Hamilton wrenching a knee in her grasp, her eyes cold... focused... dangerous.]

"Harley Hamilton has never asked for permission.

She was born for this stage... and she intends to take her place at the top."

[Cut to a shot of Somers and Hamilton staring one another down in a promotional photo.]

"Champion.
Challenger.

Legacy...
...and ambition."

[Title card hits.]

GIRLS TO THE FRONT

The women of the AWA. Their night.

[And with that, we fade from the hype piece to the ring where Megumi Sato is ready for the introductions.]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall in the AWA Women's Division with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Boise, Idaho, and weighing at 125 pounds... Shania Brown!

[A short woman with a lean build and brown hair tied in a pigtail, dressed in a blue halter top and matching hot pants, raises her arms to the crowd, a sneer on her face.]

"You're Going Down" by Sick Puppies starts up over the PA system. Up on the video wall, you see a quick succession of black-and-white camera shots, the camera panning over somebody's eyes, then taped-up fists, mixed in with a silhouette of somebody in a boxer's pose. This continues as the guitar picks up, and when the drums and lyrics kick in, the video wall flickers and you see one word.

"KNOCKOUT"]

MS: Annnnnnnnd her opponent... fighting out of the Bronx in NYC... weighing in at 140 pounds...

...she is "THE KNOCKOUT"... KELLYYYYYYYY WOOOOOOOOODSSSSSS!

["The Knockout" Kelly Woods emerges from the entranceway. She is dressed in women's boxing gear, consisting of a black top that leaves her midriff bare and white shorts. Woods also wears white kneepads and black wrestling boots. Her dirty blonde hair is pulled back behind her head and she has her fists taped up.]

The fans cheer as Woods stands at the top of the aisle and does some shadow boxing.]

LD: "The Knockout" Kelly Woods back in action here tonight after her singles debut two weeks ago... and Ben, I have to say I was impressed by what we saw last time out on Showtime.

BW: If you wanted to see a boxing match, I would probably agree, but what I saw was a woman who just wants to throw punches and thinks that's how she's going to get ahead in the hottest division of all of wrestling!

LD: Kelly certainly loves to fight, but if that's what works for her, then who are we to argue, Ben?

BW: I'll remember that when she's breaking every rule in the book throwing those hamhocks, Dane.

[Woods then jogs down to the ring, climbs onto the ring apron and ducks between the ropes. There, she takes her position in a corner, where she sizes up her opponent and balls up her fists, like she's ready for a fight.]

LD: And you can see that Kelly is ready to go... earlier today, we caught up with Kelly Woods, who had a few things to say about the rest of the competition in AWA.

[Cut to a split screen with an inset of Woods standing before the camera, a hard stare on her face. She speaks with an obvious New York accent.]

KW: People talk about the school of hard knocks. Some might say that's where I got to learn all about life. And now that I'm here in the AWA, I'm seeing a lot of gals who think they know all there is to know about life.

[A slight pause, then she raises her right hand and clinches her fist.]

KW: And I'm aiming to teach 'em what life is really all about it, doing it - ya might say - through my own school of hard knocks.

[She gives a quick nod and a slight smile.]

KW: Ya get me?

[Cut back to the ring where Woods comes out of the corner, ready to face off with Brown.]

BW: Kelly Woods wants to talk about hard knocks... she may find out it's not that simple against women who have shown they know how to do more than throw a punch!

LD: I'm sure we'll find out in the future how Kelly handles herself against those women, but tonight, let's see what she does against this young lady from Idaho, Shania Brown.

[As Woods looks to lock up, Brown immediately fires off a kick to the midsection.]

LD: And Brown goes downstairs right away!

BW: She caught her pretty hard with that kick! And now another one!

LD: She keeps on kickin' and Brown has backed Kelly Woods into the corner... look at this!

[Brown fires off a hard chop to the chest, then glances to the crowd, a sneer again on her face, and says "I got this!"]

LD: Brown in control early on... I don't know if Woods expected her to come after her like this.

BW: She better find a way to get into this match or it may be Woods who goes down for the count!

[Brown drags Woods out of the corner by the hair, then fires off a forearm shot between the eyes.]

LD: Brown continues to work over Kelly... now sends her into the ropes...

[Brown tries for a clothesline but Woods ducks it.]

LD: Kelly avoids the clothesline!

BW: Brown tries again... but Woods ducks it!

[And now Woods comes back off the ropes on the rebound, charging fast and extending her arm.]

LD: MY GOODNESS! HARD CLOTHESLINE BY THE KNOCKOUT!

[Brown goes down in a heap on the canvas, stunned.]

BW: Now that's one way to take control, but can she stay in control?

LD: Brown slowly sitting up... she's trying to catch her breath!

[Brown holds her chest in pain and takes a couple of deep breaths, as Woods stands behind her, shuffling her feet.]

LD: And Kelly Woods just waiting for Brown to make a move at this point...

[Brown staggers to her feet as Woods now gets a slight smile on her face, as she cocks back her right arm.]

LD: Brown turns and... ROUNDHOUSE RIGHT!

[Woods connects with a solid punch to the jaw and Brown falls flat on her back to the canvas.]

LD: BROWN MAY BE OUT COLD!

BW: Woods should be disqualified for throwing a closed fist!

[Woods stands over her opponent, not showing much emotion...

...then raises her right hand above her head and curls it into a fist, drawing cheers.]

LD: It's the referee's discretion, Ben, but right now, Kelly Woods could easily get the win!

BW: But she's not bothering to cover! She's just standing there, acting impressed by her cheap shot!

[Not for long, as Woods backs up into the corner as Brown rolls on the mat, trying to get to her feet.]

LD: Kelly Woods not done yet... she's bending her knees, measuring up...

[Brown starts to stand up as Woods shuffles her feet again for a moment...

...and as Brown turns around, Woods comes charging forward and drives her right shoulder into Brown's chest, taking her to the mat once again.]

LD: SPEAR! WOODS HAS FLATTENED BROWN AGAIN!

BW: That was impressive, but why won't she cover her now?

[Woods has rolled to her feet, the crowd cheering at the impact of the spear, and the lady from the Bronx looks out to the crowd for a moment...

...then raises her right hand, balls it into a fist, and slaps it a couple of times.]

LD: It looks like The Knockout has one more thing in mind, Ben!

BW: Another illegal fist, it looks like!

[Brown slowly gets to her feet as Woods now runs into the ropes...

...then as Brown turns, Woods leaps into the air, snapping her left leg back and extending her right arm, connecting with a fist right to the jaw!]

LD: T-K-O! And Brown goes down!

[This time, Woods drops across Brown and hooks the leg, as the referee delivers the three count.]

LD: And this one is over! What a win for The Knockout!

BW: Yeah, if you like getting it by throwing an illegal fist all the time!

LD: And you are the expert on the rulebook, I imagine. Let's get the official word.

[Woods rises to her feet as the official raises her arm.]

MS: Here is your winner... "THE KNOCKOUT" KELLY WOODS!

[After the referee lowers Woods' arm, she stands for a moment to soak in the cheers, then she walks toward the corner, a hard stare into the camera and she speaks.]

"Whoever wants ta step up ta me next, there's just one thing waiting for ya."

[She raises her right hand and curls it into a fist.]

"TKO."

[And a slight smile forms on her face.]

"Ya get me?"

[She then looks out to the crowd once more to acknowledge the cheers, before ducking between the ropes and climbing down to the floor.]

LD: Girls To The Front is rapidly approaching... just about two months away in Madison Square Garden in New York City... and you know that Kelly Woods is looking to be a part of it!

[Woods exits up the aisle, slapping some hands as she makes her exit...

...and we fade up from the ring to the locker room area where we find the massive form of Robert Donovan sitting on a wooden bench, slowly taping his fists for the fight to come.]

RD: It's a young person's sport. Always has been.

[Donovan leans back with a thoughtful expression.]

RD: Was it really that long ago that I was the hungry... arrogant... and very young punk who thought all the oldtimers should step aside and give up their spot?

[Donovan chuckles.]

RD: Yeah, I guess it was. Doesn't seem like it though. This... all of this...

[He gestures around himself at the empty locker room.]

RD: It all goes by in a flash. One moment, you're the hot rookie with your whole future ahead of you and before you know it, you're the old man that everyone thinks should step off the stage before he embarrasses himself.

[The big veteran shakes his head.]

RD: It ain't that easy though. Anyone who has ever laced up boots... put on spikes... slipped on that jersey... grabbed the mic... heard a director call "action!"... took a painkiller to get through the arthritis so they can turn screws on an assembly line and put food on their kitchen table for another week... this isn't new to any of those people. Father Time comes for us all...

[Donovan stands... slowly... a grimace on his face as he does.]

RD: There ain't much on this old body that doesn't hurt these days. You wake up in the morning and count 'em up. What hurts. What's not so bad. What might stop you from doing what needs to be done.

That's the part you need to be worried about, Trey Carson.

[Donovan nods.]

RD: Because yeah... I hurt. Yeah, I worry about tomorrow every time I get in that ring these days. I'm not some head in the clouds dreamer, Carson... I know I've got far fewer days ahead of me in that ring than I've got behind me. And I know what kind of feather in the cap you get if you're the one to take me out.

And maybe that's what we're headed towards.

[He sighs.]

RD: Maybe this IS the last time I lace these boots. The last time I tug on this singlet. The last time I hear Metallica hit the PA system as I walk through that curtain and hear those cheers. Maybe this is it...

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: ...but I don't think so. Because no matter how much it hurts, there ain't a damn thing about to stop this old man from doing what needs to be done. And tonight, what needs to be done is shutting Dave Cooper's mouth for the first time in years... and what needs to be done is showing you that for all your hype, I've been there before.

I've been there in the ring against the next big thing... the guy comin' for MY spot. You want to be the Big Man On Campus?

Well, I've been walkin' the halls of this old school for a long, long time, Carson... and if you want MY spot... you gotta put me down and keep me down.

[Donovan shakes his head with a chuckle.]

RD: A whole lot of guys have tried and failed, Trey Carson.

Someday, someone will succeed...

[Donovan starts to walk towards the exit.]

RD: ...but not today.

[And we fade back out to ringside where Lori Dane and Ben Waterson are seated.]

LD: Robert Donovan with a very introspective look at tonight's Hour One Main Event, this looming battle with the undefeated Trey Carson that we've been waiting to see for a while now, Ben.

BW: Robert Donovan is doing a lot of talking about Father Time... about his days being numbered... it's obviously on his mind. What he should be talking about is the future that is Trey Carson and what the Big Man On Campus is going to do tonight to make sure that undefeated streak keeps on rollin' on.

LD: Coming up next, we have tag team action in the Women's Division here on Showtime on ESPN, and I understand there is some news hot off the presses about one of the participating teams.

BW: News? I didn't hear any news?

LD: Like I said, it's hot off the presses, straight from Interim President Zharkov's office. Every match with Cassie and Sophie Rhodes, better known as the Rhodes Dynasty, has devolved into chaos either from the start or in some cases, before the start. There have been complaints from their opponents about the Rhodes Dynasty's failure to allow for a fair start to their matches.

BW: Tough, you should know by now what you're getting into with them. If you're not prepared, that's your fault.

[Dane takes a moment to read the note she has been passed.]

LD: It says here on this memo that the Rhodes Dynasty has been officially warned for their pre-match conduct, as well as their flagrant brawling around the ring. If they do not follow pre-match orders, at the referee's discretion, they may be disqualified or the match may be thrown out going forward.

BW: Whaaaaaat?!

LD: Further, the officiating team has been given strict instructions that if Cassie Rhodes does not stay on the apron in her corner, she is to be given a warning to return to her corner, and if she fails to heed that warning, her team is to be disqualified.

BW: That's ludicrous, Dane! Name one rule that the Rhodes Dynasty has actually broken!

LD: Well, for one, you're not supposed to be in the ring for more than five seconds together. By the time it gets to a one-on-one situation with either Cassie or Sophie Rhodes, in most cases, they've already double-teamed their opponents into a state of helplessness.

BW: The matches haven't even started, though. How can they be disqualified if the match hasn't started?

LD: That's the clarification from Interim President Zharkov, Ben. They have been bending that rule to the utmost breaking point. You can't argue that the way the Rhodes Dynasty has gotten their early success here in the AWA has been due to taking out one opponent before their matches even start.

[Waterson shakes his head.]

BW: I've known that family for close to a decade, and this is just going to make them even more difficult to handle.

LD: I think the AWA will gladly take their chances to promote the integrity of our sport. Let's go up to the ring and see how the Rhodes Dynasty handles this new wrinkle in their plans.

[We cut to the inside of the ring, where the sternfaced Rebecca Daniels stands in a neutral corner behind Megumi Sato, two opponents waiting to Megumi's right.]

MS: Our next match is in the Women's Division, a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, at a total combined weight of

254 pounds, from Seattle, Washington and Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, respectively, the team of...

LONDONNNNNN BREWERRRRRR AND JESSICAAAAAAA BAXTERRRRRRRR!

[The two couldn't look any more different, with the tall and trim London Brewer sporting a head of long brown hair and a simple black singlet with black kneepads and boots. The Seattle fans give a recognition cheer to the bouncy Jessica Baxter, bopping in place with two fingers pressed to her neck. She has grown out the top part of her hair out of the mullet it was in before, now sporting a shaggy multi-length purple bob, and wears a dayglo green singlet with pink and white leopard spots. She has dayglo green kneepads and white wrestling boots.]

LD: Good to see Jessica Baxter back in an AWA ring. We saw her a few times last year, with the last outing being a couple of weeks before SuperClash where she went up against Kurayami.

BW: Got mauled by Kurayami, you mean. And I see she's still making sure she has a pulse, I guess Kurayami didn't stop her heart last year.

LD: Young London Brewer has just a year's worth of experience, and has been slowly climbing the ranks in the Pacific Northwest.

BW: I bet she's regretting signing an open contract to be here today though, considering who she's about to face.

[As Baxter gives a thumbs up to referee Rebecca Daniels about her pulse, she starts to talk to her nervous partner, putting a hand on her shoulder as Megumi Sato introduces their opponents.]

MS: And their opponents, at a total combined weight of 271 pounds, both from Ashton-in-Makerfield in the borough of Wigan, England...

"THE WIGAN WILDCAT" CASSIE RHODES!

"THE SNAKEPIT SWEETHEART" SOPHIE RHODES!

They are... THE RHOOOOOOOOOOODES DYYYYYYYYYYNASTY!

[The crowd boos as the voice of Ren Aldridge screams out over the sound system, and Sato leaves the ring as Baxter continues to calm Brewer, Daniels in front of the pair to serve as a barrier.]

WE WILL DISTURB THE FALSE PEACE!

[As "False Peace" by Petrol Girls plays, Sophie Rhodes bursts through the entrance, arms spread wide and basking in the spotlight as mother Cassie Rhodes scowls standing behind her, eyes fixed on the ring. Cassie sports a royal blue leg-length racerback singlet with a white stripe down the legs, along with well-worn black boots. Sophie, meanwhile, has a royal blue halter top and tight shorts with a white stripe on each hip, along with black kneepads and black leather shinpads over her boots.]

LD: These two are not making any friends here in the AWA, as they have Betty Chang and Charity Rockwell petitioning for a match against them.

BW: They also have you trying to antagonize them from your bully pulpit behind the microphone.

LD: I'm not doing anything like that, Ben. I called it like I saw it last week, these two are cowardly bullies. They're masters of double-teaming and cheap shots, and some day they're going to have people catch up to them.

BW: Considering their family lineage, it's not as easy as you make it sound. They both grew up in this sport, and Cassie's brother, Raphael Rhodes, is one of the top wrestlers here in the AWA now. I may not like that guy personally, but you have to admit, they have a pedigree.

LD: Too bad they never want to use it, Ben. They'd rather cheat.

[The duo reach the ring, where the referee greets them with instructions about starting the match with one wrestler in the ring. Sophie rolls her eyes and can be heard saying "you goin' to make us?", as Cassie gives a thousand yard stare across the ring. Cassie snaps out of the stare, stepping out wordlessly, as Sophie looks somewhat surprised by her mother's reticence. Across the ring, Baxter reassures her young teammate once more, encouraging Brewer to step out of the ring so Baxter can start.]

LD: I have to admit, I'm surprised by this turn of events, Ben. I was fully expecting the Rhodes Dynasty to be upset by the decision made by Interim President Zharkov to prohibit their chaotic tactics.

BW: That also means they make less money, Dane. Professionals don't fight for free, and they don't risk the biggest chunk of cash they can get... make sure you teach that to those punks down in the Combat Corner when you do your Guest Trainer stint this week.

LD: Some more breaking news, I suppose... thanks for sharing that.

BW: I'm here to speak the truth to the people... even if it makes you uncomfortable that your husband and his best friend got you an extra payday.

LD: I'll have you know the request to come down and help out this week at the Corner came directly from Head Trainer Marcus Broussard and the two women we saw out here earlier, Jennifer Rowe and Lori Wilson.

BW: After Michaelson leaned on 'em?

[Dane sighs as the bell sounds. Baxter looks at Sophie Rhodes, who mockingly puts a finger to her neck and tilts her head at the fitness enthusiast.]

LD: It's going to be Jessica Baxter and the fifth generation of the Rhodes family, Sophie Rhodes, to start this one off, and even if there's no chaotic start to this, already Sophie Rhodes is trying to get under the skin of her opponent.

[Baxter shakes her head and approaches Sophie, looking for a single leg takedown, but Sophie quickly feints a shin kick that causes the Canadian to back off.]

BW: I think that's the question a lot of teams still need to ask. Even if the Rhodes Dynasty can't get you at the bell, you still gotta figure out how to attack them. You have to break through Sophie's strikes, and even though she hasn't shown much of it in her AWA tenure, you have to break through Cassie's grappling defense. They're a very strong defensive team.

LD: Baxter now going in for another takedown, but has to back off to avoid a kick from Rhodes. Ben, you have a good point here. Sophie's kickboxing skills are so strong that it's hard to take a risk and get in close to her, but you have to find an opening. The problem is that she doesn't leave many openings.

[Sophie deflects a third takedown attempt, slapping the back of Baxter's head, giggling and laughing at Baxter as Baxter retreats to a standing position several feet away with a concerned look on her face.]

LD: And that can't help emotionally either, seeing Sophie making so much fun of her.

BW: If you're a professional, you have to learn to shut that sort of thing out. You can't let that sort of chirping annoy you, but too many let it get to them and that's why people don't remember their names.

[Baxter steps back towards Sophie, dropping down for a takedown again, but as Sophie raises a knee for another protective kick, Baxter drops to a knee and rises back up around Sophie, grabbing her in a rear waistlock. Baxter then immediately uses an inside trip on Sophie's standing leg to push her towards the mat, then switches to a north-south back mount, looking for a front facelock as the crowd cheers!]

LD: A strong show of grappling there by Jessica Baxter! She got Sophie Rhodes overconfident and caught her with that rear waist trip!

BW: And notice the positioning of the head, how she's put it right between Sophie Rhodes' shoulders. Sophie's not going to be able to back elbow Baxter, or reach back and grab a headlock with that sort of positioning.

LD: Baxter trying to keep control of Rhodes, she wants to move into a better position...

[Rhodes tries to grab at Baxter's wrist and duck underneath Baxter's arm, but Baxter turns Sophie over and towards her team's corner.]

BW: A good gator roll by Baxter, and now she's got Sophie Rhodes as far away from the Rhodes Dynasty corner as she can get.

LD: Baxter quickly reaches up the hand, and there's the tag to London Brewer!

BW: I don't know if I agree with that tag just yet, Dane. Jessica Baxter had pretty solid control on Sophie Rhodes.

LD: At the same time though, Ben, quick tags are a good way to frustrate someone who's come into a match cocky like Rhodes has.

[As Baxter maintains the facelock, Brewer enters the ring, stomping at Sophie's knee and then taking over the facelock.]

BW: I suppose you think that form of double-teaming is okay.

LD: It's within the guidelines of the rules, Ben. Five seconds to switch within the ring. That's nowhere near what the Rhodes Dynasty has done.

[As Baxter shouts encouragement to her young partner, Cassie Rhodes glares at her daughter. Sophie meets eyes across the ring, and gives a thumbs up. As Baxter starts to warn Brewer, Sophie suddenly grabs Brewer by the wrist and jerks her to the mat, then uses a gator roll of her own to roll Brewer towards her corner. As Sophie gets to approximately a third of the ring from her mother, she stands...]

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and drives a kick right into Brewer's ribs!]

BW: See? Too early.

LD: London Brewer gasping for breath as Sophie Rhodes with a brutal kick to the ribs, Ben.

BW: And the positioning here is incredible, she's keeping control of Brewer's head as she reaches out to Cassie Rhodes for the tag. Where the head goes, the body will follow.

[As the referee signals a tag, Sophie quite literally holds Brewer at an arm's length, getting Brewer to her feet and in a prone position as Cassie enters the ring and DRIVES a knee into the ribs!]

BW: And there goes Sophie out of the ring with Cassie Rhodes in firm control, Dane.

LD: Not even stretching the length of the five count, either. Sophie got out of that ring as soon as her mother was in and Rebecca Daniels' count got to three.

BW: If your team's been given a warning about the rules like the Rhodes Dynasty was, it's always good to re-check the ref's cadence, make sure you're not giving them any chance to jump from four to five any quicker than usual.

LD: Please stop giving the kids out there watching this show more steps on how to break the rules.

[Cassie throws a mean European uppercut that sends Brewer crumbling to the mat, then tags Sophie back in as she steps out of the ring, with Sophie immediately stepping in, "accidentally" stepping on Brewer's hand and causing the Washingtonian to yelp in pain.]

LD: That was intentional, Ben, stepping on this kid's hand.

BW: But it wasn't illegal, Lori.

[Sophie grabs at Brewer's chin, sitting on the small of the rookie's back and pulling back. As she does so, Cassie walks around the ringpost, and Sophie reaches back with her right hand to tag Cassie right back in.]

LD: Another tag by the Rhodes Dynasty, as Cassie Rhodes stepping back in and taking over this chinlock- no no no! Digging the fingers of her left hand into the corner of London Brewer's mouth!

[As the referee counts the fishhook, Cassie reaches back with her right hand to tag Sophie back in, and once the count hits four, Cassie lets go of the fishhook as Sophie takes over the chinlock...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and smashes a crossface shot across the bridge of Brewer's nose!]

BW: Look at these lightning fast tags, Dane! The AWA didn't want the chaotic brawling, but look what they're getting instead! Jessica Baxter's in the corner protesting, but the Rhodes Dynasty hasn't done a thing wrong!

LD: They're exploiting the rules, Ben! They're tagging as soon as they get in the ring to get a double-team!

[As Sophie sits back down, she tags her mother, who greets Brewer this time with a boot to the side of the face. As Sophie exits the ring and walks around the ringpost,

Cassie grabs a fistful of Brewer's hair, then reaches back to tag her daughter once more. As Sophie walks into the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Good grief! What a buzzsaw kick by Sophie Rhodes to the jaw of London Brewer!

BW: And they're still not done, Dane!

[Sophie pulls the semi-conscious Brewer to her feet as she tags Cassie once more, pushing the rookie towards her mother. Sophie steps out as Cassie laces Brewer's arm around her neck, grabbing her leg. Cassie looks out of the corner of her eye, then tags Sophie once more, and lifts Brewer as her daughter climbs the buckles.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

LD: TOPSY-TURVY!

BW: Here comes Sophie Rhodes!

"THUDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!"

LD: A49! Cassie Rhodes with the fisherwoman's buster, Sophie Rhodes with the double stomp off the top, and Cassie is already out of the ring in the corner! Sophie Rhodes with the cover!

BW: Look at Cassie Rhodes, leaning into the ring and looking at Jessica Baxter! Baxter's not taking the risk!

LD: Rebecca Daniels with the count, and that's one, two, and three! The moment the Rhodes Dynasty took control, Ben, they never let go!

BW: And they did it the way the suits wanted them to do it, without the chaotic brawling. These two have a hive mind, Dane, you have to find a way to separate them if you want to beat them.

[Replays start to roll.]

LD: Look at this buzzsaw kick, and look at the eyes of London Brewer. The moment that kick connects with her chin, she's out.

BW: Yeah, and watch how they set up this combination of the Topsy-Turvy and the A49. They tagged so many times I lost count, but you could tell they had a plan for every single tag they made. They were so fluid.

LD: I hate to give them credit but they did a good job proving the critics wrong who said they could only brawl. Against our better judgment, though, I understand that Sophie Rhodes has been given a microphone, so I guess we'll have to hear the Rhodes Dynasty brag about this.

[We cut back to the ring, where Jessica Baxter helps London Brewer leave the ring with the help of the referee. Sophie sweeps her hand, palm up, pointing towards the defeated team.]

SR: Now I'm not bein' funny, but was this supposed to challenge us?

[The crowd boos as Sophie poses, fluffing her hair, while Cassie snarls with her eyes fixed towards Baxter and Brewer.]

SR: What it is, right, the AWA thought we'd be out of luck by givin' us that little memo, remindin' us of the rules and sayin' not to hit people outside the ring. They thought that was all we was.

[Sophie points to her mother.]

SR: Do we look like the best tag team in the world by only knowin' kickin' and punchin'?

[Sophie now looks around the room, then stands on the middle rope and points at Lori Dane.]

SR: No matter how much you don't like it, love, we're stoppin' anyone who walks in front of us. Call us cowardly if you want, call us bullies if you want, but you ain't stoppin' us!

[Sophie drops the microphone as the Rhodes Dynasty starts to leave the ring. We cut back to the announcers desk, where a frustrated Lori Dane sits next to an amused Ben Waterson.]

BW: Nothing to say, Lori?

LD: I don't know why they keep aiming their grievances with the AWA at me. I have nothing to do with how they're being managed.

BW: Sure you don't.

LD: Honestly, Ben, I don't, and I resent that implication.

BW: You got the crowd to chant "cowards" at them last week.

LD: That was Betty Chang and Charity Rockwell. If the Rhodes Dynasty has such a problem with the Flapper Doodles, then sign the damn match and stop taking their problems out on me.

[Lori's face becomes more annoyed as she is listening to something on her headset.]

LD: Then cut to something else, then, I don't want to talk about this anymo-

[And we smash cut to a flash of the ACCESS logo as we find ourselves backstage in the building where the Soldiers of Fortune are standing. Charlie Stephens and Mr. Stars and Stripes appear to be deep in conversation but it's only Stephens talking when our audio comes up.]

CS: Where is Marty anyways? He wanted us to meet him here but he can't be bothered to show up? That guy. Sometimes, I just wanna...

[Stephens lifts a closed fist... when suddenly the locker room bursts open and Marty Meekly rushes into sight.]

MM: There you are! I been lookin' all over for you two! All over! I got big news... BIG news!

CS: What's up, Marty?

[Meekly can barely contain himself.]

MM: The way I look at it... we dropped to Number Six in the rankings after last weekend...

CS: Don't remind me.

MM: Sorry, baby... but the way I see it, we gotta make a big splash tonight to get back into the Top 5... to get back into Run The Rankings... to get back into a spot where we can earn another shot at the tag titles...

[Stephens holds up a hand.]

CS: I've got an idea there though, Marty.

[Meekly keeps on going.]

MM: I know! Me too! That's why I went to Zharkov!

[Stephens arches an eyebrow.]

CS: Why?

[Meekly beams.]

MM: 'Cause I got us a match with the Westerly Dynasty!

[Stephens' jaw drops.]

CS: You did WHAT?!

[Meekly is oblivious to Stephens' reaction.]

MM: I got us a match with the Westerly Dynasty! Lynch and Nenshou wanted a match, I got it made... it's the Soldiers versus Lynch and Nensou... Number Six versus Number Eight and if we win, baby... no, no... WHEN we win, there ain't a doubt in my mind we're getting back in that Top 5!

[Stephens throws up his hands.]

CS: I HAD A PLAN!

[Stephens storms out of view angrily as Meekly is left with Mr. Stars and Stripes who gives the manager a look... and Meekly nods his head as we fade to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

LD: Well, it sure doesn't sound like Charlie Stephens is happy about this match. Marty Meekly went behind his charge's back to make this matchup... and it seems like a sound strategy to me, Ben.

BW: He had a plan!

LD: So I hear. Let's go to Megumi.

[The ring announcer raises the mic.]

MS: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[A loud crackling noise is heard, slowly fading into a piercing buzz, as a distorted voice is heard shouting out partial lyrics to "My Country 'Tis of Thee"]

Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

[The 'ring' starts echoing, and it starts resembling an actual ringing sound. Suddenly, the ringing sound fades perfectly into the opening guitar riff by Ted Nugent of the Damn Yankees, as "Don't Tread on Me" by the early 90s super group Nugent played guitar for starts playing over the PA to a loud chorus of boos.]

MS: Accompanied to the ring by their manager Marty Meekly... the team of Mr. Stars and Stripes and Charlie Stephens...

...the SOLDIERS... OF FORRRRRRTUNNNNNNNNE!

[The curtain parts as Stephens stomps into view, storming towards the ring with Mr. Stars and Stripes and Marty Meekly trailing several steps behind.]

LD: Stephens STILL seems hot under the collar, Ben!

BW: Well, whatever plan Stephens had is out the window now... so he needs to get over it and get focused because taking on Nenshou and James Lynch is a tall order when you're in the best of mindsets... and right now, he is not!

[Stephens rolls into the ring, glaring hard at Meekly as Mr. Stars and Stripes joins Stephens inside the ring and the music fades...]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[We can hear the sounds of the steady drumbeat and twangy guitars of 7Horse's "Meth Lab Zoso Sticker" heralding their arrival as the fans jeer...]

MS: ...representing the Westerly Dynasty and accompanied to the ring by Veronica Westerly... the team of JAMES LYNCH... and NENNNNSHOUUUUU!

[Westerly takes the lead, bringing her duo down the aisle towards the ring. Lynch seems to be in a surly mood, shouting down several fans lining the entrance aisle barricade while the Silent Assassin trails behind, surveying the scene.]

LD: Notable by his absence, Ben, is Atlas Armstrong.

BW: Well, there was a little misunderstanding last weekend with the Westerly Dynasty and maybe Veronica is just trying to keep the peace this week.

LD: By "little misunderstanding," you mean Armstrong blowing his top and getting his allies disqualified against Jackson Hunter and Shadoe Rage?

BW: I'd rather not talk about it.

[Reaching ringside, Westerly stays on the floor as Lynch rolls into the ring and Nenshou slingshots over the top rope, striking a martial arts stance and ready to fight if the situation presents itself.]

LD: Nenshou recently returned to the AWA after a several year absence, Ben, and really had picked up right where he left off.

BW: He's become a key part of the Westerly Dynasty... and if all goes well for them, he could be a few weeks away from becoming one-half of the AWA World Tag Team Champions.

LD: They gotta win tonight though to get themselves back into that Run The Rankings mix!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Charlie Stephens is still loudly arguing with Marty Meekly who urgently is pointing behind him...

...and Stephens whips around in time to catch a thrust kick up and under the chin, snapping his head back and putting him down on the canvas!]

LD: OH! NENSHOU GOES HIGH AND STEPHENS GOES DOWN!

[Stephens promptly rolls out to the floor, rubbing his chin vigorously as Meekly rushes to his side, trying to talk him down off the ledge...

...and then bails out with a yelp as Nenshou slingshots over the top rope, wiping out Stephens on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: NENSHOU TAKES DOWN STEPHENS!

[The Silent Assassin pulls Stephens off the floor, throwing a hard glare at Meekly who drifts too close. The manager beats a retreat as Nenshou rolls Stephens under the ropes into the ring...]

LD: Nenshou puts him back in... and he's right back on him!

[Pulling Stephens off the mat, Nenshou peppers him with knife edge chops, sending him back into the corner where he switches to kicks - three rounding kicks to the body before leaping high, twisting around and BURYING a back kick under the chin, snapping Stephens' head back...]

BW: Stephens has gotta get the hell out of there, Dane! Nenshou's all over him and Stephens can't put up one lick of a fight yet!

[...and then grabs Stephens by the arm, whipping him across the ring into the far corner...]

LD: Into the turnbuckles!

[...and then leaps into the air before charging across the ring, dropping into a graceful handspring...]

LD: ELBOOOOOOOOOW!

[...and connects with the handspring elbow, rocking Stephens who falls to the mat!]

LD: Nenshou's got Stephens on the ropes!

[Stephens again rolls from the ring to the outside. Nenshou starts to go after him but the referee cuts him off as Stephens tries to recover on the outside...

...and then angrily waves his arms at the ring, turning to walk back up the aisle.]

LD: What is he...? Is he walking OUT on this match?!

BW: It sure looks like it!

LD: But then the Soldiers are OUT on Run The Rankings! There's no way they make the Top 5 if they lose this match, Ben!

BW: I'm sure Charlie Stephens knows that... but maybe he doesn't care! He's heading for the back and...

[Running down the aisle, Marty Meekly catches up to Stephens, jabbering quickly at him, pointing back at the ring where the referee has started his ten count. Stephens turns to shout at Meekly.]

"I TOLD YOU I HAD A PLAN! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO LET ME HANDLE THIS!"

LD: Stephens is leaving! He's done!

[The referee shrugs, finishing his ten count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: The Soldiers just got counted out and the Westerly Dynasty picks up a HUGE win here tonight in Seattle, taking one step closer to the Top 5 and a spot in Run The Rankings next week at Opportunity Knocks.

[Stephens is still stomping up the aisle, leaving a shocked Mr. Stars and Stripes and Marty Meekly behind...]

LD: Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it's time for our Hour One Main Event with Robert Donovan taking on the undefeated Big Man On Campus, Trey Carson! Don't you dare go away!

[...and with James Lynch celebrating his team's victory in the ring, we fade to black.

We fade up from black onto black and white footage of an empty arena - likely the Crockett Coliseum from the looks of things - with deserted chairs and a wrestling ring with no one in it.

We see Karl O'Connor walking up a set of steps with the aid of a cane, moving slowly and deliberately, putting much of his weight on the cane. He slowly takes a seat, looking down onto the ring as the camera cuts to a closeup of him and we hear his voice.]

"I can still hear the echoes chanting my name."

[A closeup on his eyes, wrinkles showing the years and the mileage on his body.

Cut to a shot of "Big" Jim Watkins standing in a locker room dressed in an old brown ring jacket, running his finger down the trim as we hear his recognizable voice.]

"Time has not silenced the crowd."

[We get a trio of old pieces of footage - Brett Bryant in his younger days with his arms raised over his head, Cameron O'Connor applying a spinning toe hold on an unknown foe, and Blackjack Lynch raising his black glove-covered hand into the air as his gravelly voice is heard.]

"I never did a moonsault..."

[Cut to a modern day closeup shot of Blackjack Lynch's eyes, a notable scar over one of them...

...and then a shot of Terry Shane Jr. in a suit looking out over the empty arena with his voiceover.]

"...or walked the top rope."

[Oliver Strickland sits on a locker room bench, his eyes drifting across the vacant room as he speaks.]

"There were no pyrotechnics..."

[And onto Ivan Kostovich who runs a hand over the links of his old Russian chain now hanging from a hook on a door as we hear his heavy accented words.]

"...no fancy, flashing lights."

[Cut to a series of modern shots of current day AWA superstars in action - Jordan Ohara diving off the top rope with a crossbody to the floor... Julie Somers using a moonsault from the top onto a standing opponent on the outside... and we hear Karl O'Connor's voice again.]

"We never flew through the air."

[Cut to O'Connor sitting in the Crockett, cane in hand as he looks at the empty ring...

...and then old footage of a defiant Blackjack Patterson shaking his head, refusing to submit to a painful hold as we hear Jim Watkins.]

"We were men of courage.."

[Closeup on Watkins' eyes in present day before cutting to Blackjack Lynch wrapping his hand around a foe's head as his voice is heard.]

"...men of steel."

[And then back to modern day shots of Juan Vasquez leaping off the top of the Woodshed, plummeting down... to Shadoe Rage hurling himself off the top of a super-sized steel cage... to a blood-covered Hannibal Carver wielding a steel chair as we hear Terry Shane Jr's voice.]

"They were men without fear."

[Cut to a shot of Blackjack Lynch standing in the ring, raising a hand in the air as if saluting the crowd as we hear his voice. We can actually see a ghost-like vision of cheering fans around him...]

"I can still hear the echoes cheering my name."

[...but when we cut to the opposite angle, we can see he's all alone in the ring.

And we cut again, this time showing the legendary Hamilton Graham standing outside the ring, a hand draped over the rope, a hungry look upon his face, wishing for one more moment of glory as we hear his familiar voice.]

"Today... I cheer for them."

[And as we fade to black, a graphic comes up promoting "AWA LEGACY" before we fade all the way out...

...and then back up backstage where we find Lucy St. Clair standing with "The Professional" Dave Cooper and "The Big Man On Campus" Trey Carson. Cooper is dressed in a white button-down shirt and a pair of brown slacks. Carson is already dressed in his wrestling attire: a black singlet with the words "BIG MAN ON CAMPUS" in white lettering, black tights and wrestling boots, black, fingerless gloves on both hands and sunglasses.]

LSC: Tonight, fans, we get to see the man who is standing beside me, Trey Carson, take on none other than Robert Donovan, one of the all-time greats in pro wrestling and a man with a storied career in AWA. But on the last Showtime, it was you, Dave Cooper, who came out and distracted Robert Donovan for an ambush by Carson. Dave, I can only imagine that's going to serve as motivation for Donovan to show that he's got at least one fight left in him.

[Cooper chuckles in response.]

DC: If Robert Donovan wants to show he's still got a fight left in him, he picked the wrong man to show it against. Everyone has witnessed The Big Man On Campus dominate all who have dared to challenge him! And now, The Big Man gets to take on someone that, as you say, has had a storied career in AWA... one in which he and I crossed paths more than once... but tonight, this isn't about the past as it is about the future.

[He then gestures to Carson, who adjusts his gloves.]

DC: Take a look at The Big Man, Lucy, and ask yourself this: Have you ever seen a more impressive individual? Have you ever seen a big man who can not only overpower anyone he faces, but can move around the ring the way he does? Robert Donovan can talk all he wants about how he's still got some fight in him, how he's got nothing left without his wrestling career and how all he's got left is his son, but you know what, Lucy?

[Cooper then chuckles again, a twisted grin on his face.]

DC: It looks like his son's on the shelf for a while... and make no mistake, Robert, your son made his choices and he should be man enough to accept those were his choices and that there are consequences that come from them. Now it's your turn to face the consequences for the choices that you have made... namely the one to keep on going when you should have probably quit while you were ahead.

[St. Clair protests.]

LSC: But this has to be the biggest test yet for Carson... Donovan may have been around for a lot of years, but with that comes experience and wisdom. And to date, Carson has yet to face a man the size of Robert Donovan.

[Carson removes his sunglasses with his right hand at this point, then nudges St. Clair.]

TC: Let me answer that for you, miss.

[He glares at the camera.]

TC: Robert Donovan, you say your son is the only thing you have left? Well, tonight, you better be thinking less about your son and thinking more about me. Because I'm gonna be focused on one thing... and that's beating you down.

[He takes his left hand and curls it into a fist.]

TC: Grant Carter thought he could take me on, and while he put up a fight, he found out the hard way what makes me The Big Man. And I do hope you bring the fight tonight, Donovan, because it will be that much sweeter when I prove, once again, what makes me The Big Man.

[He pauses for a moment.]

TC: But don't feel bad, Donovan, because you'll still have your son... you'll have him lying right beside you in hospital beds, side by side.

[Carson then puts his sunglasses back on, his expression never changing, as Cooper laughs.]

DC: Robert Donovan, tonight The Big Man On Campus will put you down... and that is the end of the discussion!

[He gestures for Carson to leave. Carson glances at St. Clair for a moment, then departs along with his manager.]

LSC: Carson with some strong words, but will he back them up? We'll find out... right now! Lori, Ben... back to you!

[We fade back to Lori and Ben sitting at the ringside announce table.]

LD: Thanks, Lucy... and Ben, we've both known Robert Donovan and Dave Cooper for a very long time. We know their history... but right now, as Cooper says, it's not about their history - it's about the future and is that future Trey Carson?

BW: Trey Carson is a freak of nature. He's got the size, the strength, the athleticism, the killer instinct... AND he's got Dave Cooper guiding him. Is it any wonder that he's undefeated? He's undefeated walking into tonight and my money is on him being undefeated walking OUT of tonight.

LD: It's time to find out and if you like big men throwing bombs, you're about to have a very good time.

BW: One of these guys is the future, Dane. The other one's trying to convince himself he still has one.

LD: Let's go up to Megumi!

[We cut to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The Hour One Main Event is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

["The Man" by The Killers hits, drawing boos from the Seattle crowd as the big screen flashes the frozen shot of the Mustang and the words BIG MAN ON CAMPUS.]

MS: ...heading down the aisle... he is accompanied by his manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper...

Hailing from Ann Arbor, Michigan... weighing in at 325 pounds... he calls himself the BIG MAN ON CAMPUS...

...TREEEEEEEEY CARRRRRRSONNNNNN!

[Cooper leads Carson at a measured pace down the aisle - all confidence and calculation.]

LD: Trey Carson has all the physical tools in the world, and he knows it.

BW: Of course he does. He's six-ten, three-twenty-five, and mean. I'd be cocky too.

LD: You are... and you're none of those things.

[You can almost hear Waterson grumbling as Carson steps over the ropes, joining Cooper in the ring for a double fistbump before removing his sunglasses and staring down the aisle in anticipation...

...and the crowd ROARS at the opening notes of "Turn the Page" by Metallica.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent... on his way to the ring... he hails from Pensacola, Florida... standing seven feet two inches... and weighing in at 332 pounds...

...ROBERRRRRRRRRT DONNNNNNNNOVANNNNNNNN!

[Donovan steps into the aisle, slow, grim, and focused. No wasted energy. No showmanship. Just a mountain of scar tissue and bad intentions. He adjusts the heavy brace on his left elbow halfway down, then climbs the steps and steps over the top rope.]

LD: Robert Donovan has been around forever, but there's something different about him lately.

BW: Yeah. He's angry. Old-man angry. Legacy angry. That's dangerous.

[Donovan gives the referee a nod, his eyes locked on Carson...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell doesn't unleash anyone... no rush across, no surge of offense... but a measured pace, slowly circling, giving the crowd a chance to take in what they're witnessing...

Carson at six foot ten and 325 pounds, a confident expression on his face...

The massive Donovan at seven foot two and 332 pounds, his face and body showing the years and miles on his aging body...

...and with the crowd buzzing in anticipation, they collide center ring in a collar-and-elbow tieup!]

LD: Here we go!

[The struggle is real... and intense, shoving back and forth but neither of the big, big men giving ground...]

LD: Like two big bulls in there, fighting for the slightest edge...

[...and with a grunt of effort, Carson shoves Donovan out of the tieup, sending him back a step or two. Carson smirks as the fans jeer, raising that one finger in the air as Donovan just glares at him in response.]

LD: Well, not much there but a psychological victory maybe. He'll take it for sure.

[The tieup goes down again, both men struggling to get position...]

LD: So close in size, so close in strength...

[...and with a ROAR, Donovan lowers his head and keeps on shoving, driving Carson all the way back, bumping him into the turnbuckles!]

LD: Donovan's not here to be measured!

BW: Carson and Cooper thought they were getting a faded giant. They might've found a problem instead.

[But the veteran backs off on the referee's orders, raising his hands to signal a clean break...

...and a smirking Carson reaches out and ruffles Donovan's hair mockingly.]

LD: Oh, come on.

[Bad idea.]

LD: OH!

[Donovan responds with a big right hand on the jaw... and another... and another...]

LD: This is the Robert Donovan we've known for decades! This is the Robert Donovan who does NOT back down from any fight that comes his way!

[With the referee loudly protesting, Donovan pauses to respond...

...which gives Carson the chance to answer with a knee to the gut and a driving elbowsmash down across the back of the head!]

LD: Carson turns things around now... putting Donovan into the corner...

[Carson snaps off a pair of back elbows, leaning on the bigger competitor to keep him in the corner...

...and then pivots to lay in a brutal standing clothesline that rocks the veteran but doesn't drop him!]

BW: Carson's teeing off on him, Dane!

LD: Yeah, but Donovan won't go down!

BW: Yet. The key word is "yet."

[Carson lands a second standing clothesline, causing Donovan to grab the ropes to stay standing as the referee steps in, forcing Carson to back up out of the corner. The Big Man On Campus obliges as Cooper applauds from ringside, shouting encouragement as Carson plays to the crowd to jeers...

...and then Donovan rushes forward out of the corner, smashing Carson with a clothesline of his own, a blow that sends Carson staggering backwards...

...but he too won't go down!]

LD: Wow! A hellacious shot across the bow by Robert Donovan but Trey Carson is able to stay on his feet! We said you were in for a treat if you like big men throwing bombs and that's exactly what we're getting right now!

[Donovan grabs Carson, looking to throw another clothesline but Carson catches him with a knee to the midsection...]

LD: Oh! Carson goes downstairs, into the body of the big man...

[...and swings a second knee up...]

BW: When this one's all over, you're gonna be calling Trey Carson the only true "big man" in these parts, Dane!

LD: That remains to be seen... ohhh! Big elbow, right across the jaw... and that sends Donovan back into the corner...

[Carson approaches, spreading his arms wide...]

"You wanna mess with the Big Man On Campus? Huh?!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Carson SLAPPED him right in the mouth! Total disrespect!

[And it seems to snap Donovan back into the zone, his eyes narrowing as Carson backs away, taking aim...]

LD: HERE HE COMES!

[...but Carson runs right into a big boot to the mouth, staggering him backwards to big cheers!]

LD: RIGHT IN THE MOUTH! DONOVAN CAUGHT HIM GOOD!

[Donovan slides in alongside the stunned Carson, wrapping his arms around his torso...]

LD: You gotta be kidding me!

[...and brings 300+ pounds up into the air for a moment before SHAKING the entire ring with a backdrop suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Someone check Mt. St. Helens 'cause I just felt the earth shake, baby!

LD: Robert Donovan showing off the size and the strength and showing the likes of Dave Cooper and Trey Carson that he's not done yet! He's not done yet, Ben!

BW: Cover!

[But only a one count lands before Carson powers out with ease...

...and then rolls to the outside where Dave Cooper rushes to his size, advising his client on what comes next for him.]

BW: Smart move by Carson. Donovan was building momentum in there and this is a great way to cut that off and make Donovan think about some stuff. He's gotta figure out how to keep this younger, quicker, and perhaps stronger kid off his game and right now, it's Donovan who is off his game as he wanted to keep on going but Carson got to the outside...

LD: But don't look now 'cause Donovan is going to bring him back!

[Reaching over the ropes, Donovan grabs Carson by the hair, hauling him all the way back up onto the apron...]

LD: He's got him up there and... LOOK AT THIS!

[...and somehow muscles Carson up into the air, taking two big steps towards the middle before throwing him down in a ring-shaking body slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: THAT'S 325 POUNDS BEING SLAMMED DOWN!

[Cooper is looking anxious on the outside, grabbing onto the ropes as he shouts in to Carson...

...and then decides to act, climbing up on the apron, shouting at Donovan who turns to glare at his former rival.]

LD: Get him down from there! Haven't we seen enough of managers getting involved here tonight?!

[Donovan points a threatening finger at Cooper who beckons him to "bring it on"...

...but before Donovan can act, Carson regains his feet, sliding in beside his opponent...]

LD: OH! OH!

[...lifting him up into a side slam...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: And now it's Carson who is SHAKING the ring, Dane!

[Carson pops up off the mat, standing over Donovan with his arms raised, Cooper smirking as he hops down to the floor...]

BW: That was ALL thanks to Dave Cooper! The Professional is a true ring general out there and knows all the right moves to get things done!

LD: Carson pulling Donovan up, whips him to the corner.. and there's a big running elbow - all his weight coming into the corner!

[Carson stretches a long leg up, planting his boot on the throat of Donovan!]

LD: That's a choke, ref! Get in there!

[Carson grinds his boot a little on the windpipe, Donovan gasping for the air as the referee lays down a count...]

BW: There you go. Make the old man miserable.

[Carson lets go in time, watching as Donovan coughs and gasps his way down the ropes, slumping to a knee...

...where Carson PASTES him with a right hand, sending Donovan pitching over the middle rope!]

LD: Goodness! What a shot right there on the ear of the veteran!

[With Donovan over the middle rope, Carson plants his shin across the back of the neck, forcing his throat down...]

LD: He's choking him AGAIN, Ben! This is ridiculous!

BW: Hey, you were all about the five count earlier with the Rhodes Dynasty... Carson's doing the same thing here. Using every bit of that five count to inflict major damage on Old Man Donovan.

[At the four count, Carson breaks the choke, dashing to the far ropes, building up steam on the way back across...]

...and then leaps up slightly, dropping his weight down across the back of the seven footer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Every single move from BOTH of these men has such added impact because of their size, Ben.

BW: Something like that right there can really do a number on your opponent.

[With Donovan down on his knees, Carson hauls him up, throwing a look at Cooper who nods approvingly...]

LD: Look at Carson! He's gonna-

[...and the Seattle crowd ROARS in response as Carson powers the 335 pounder up into the air, slinging him over a shoulder into powerslam position!]

LD: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[Carson struggles under the weight, moving slowly across the ring with him for all to see his prize...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: POWERSLAAAAAAAAM!

[Kneeling on the mat, a smirking Carson raises that lone finger in the air again before slumping forward into a North-South pin!]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But the big man kicks and kicks hard, breaking free of Carson's pin cover!]

LD: Out at two! Donovan stays in this one and keeps on fighting!

BW: Trey Carson is finding out something important here - Robert Donovan is not going away easily. This is gonna take everything the kid's got and then some... just look at his face right now...

[Carson looks a little surprised at the kickout, glancing over at Cooper who encourages him to keep going...]

LD: Dave Cooper trying to keep Carson on track.

BW: The kid might be a little rattled after that kickout but he's gotta stay on target. He's got Donovan in big, big trouble and one kickout doesn't change that.

[Back on his feet, Carson pulls Donovan to his knees... then up a little more for a boot into the midsection to double him over...]

LD: Carson is... what's he...?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Carson tries to wrap his arms around Donovan's large torso...]

LD: He's looking for a gutwrench of some sort here, Ben!

BW: The gutwrench powerbomb is one of Donovan's signature moves but I don't know if-

[But the struggle cannot be overcome as Donovan straightens up...]

LD: OH! BACKDROPS OUT OF IT!

[...and as Carson hits the canvas hard, the Seattle crowd ROARS once more!]

LD: A big, big backdrop by a big, big man and Robert Donovan may have just turned this thing around here on Showtime!

[Donovan clubs the rising Carson across the back with a thudding forearm smash before grabbing the arm...]

LD: Whips him in...

[...and as Carson rebounds, Donovan powers him up, spinning slowly...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...SPINEBUSTER SLAAAAAAM!

[But Donovan is unable to cover, slumping down onto all fours as both men look to regroup after the big slam...]

BW: If this was Robert Donovan five or ten years ago, he'd be on his feet looking for Vengeance right about now, Dane... but he just doesn't have it in him anymore. The spinebuster took too much out of him... and with every move he throws, it seems like he's closer to writing his own obituary in this one.

[With the crowd on their feet cheering the big man on, Donovan starts to stir, nodding to the fans as he watches Carson struggle to all fours... then to his knees where Donovan pulls him the rest of the way up, whipping him across into the corner...]

LD: Into the buckles... HERE HE COMES!

[The 345 pounder puts his weight to his advantage, smashing into Carson and crushing him against the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: AVALANCHE CONNECTS!

[Donovan shoots him across again, lumbering in after him...]

LD: MAKE IT TWO!

[The seven footer backs off as Carson staggers out towards him...]

LD: AND NOW IT'S DONOVAN WITH CARSON OVER HIS SHOULDER!

[Donovan holds Carson aloft, sizing up his next move... and lumbers towards the corner, the near 700 pounds CRASHING into the turnbuckles!]

LD: OHHH! INTO THE CORNER!

BW: A little Oklahoma Stampede action!

[The veteran twists around, stomping out of the corner to the middle of the ring before...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: POWERSLAM! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE!

[Donovan slumps on top, hooking a leg...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: AND CARSON _BARELY_ GETS THE SHOULDER UP! BARELY, BEN!

BW: We were a heartbeat away from the undefeated streak being SHATTERED by Robert Donovan! Trey Carson just barely got that shoulder up in time... it was so close... a little too close for Dave Cooper's tastes as he's pacing like a madman over here by us now!

[Donovan pushes up to his knees, looking up with weary eyes at the official who holds up two fingers...]

LD: Robert Donovan is on the verge of victory! On the verge of breaking the streak! On the verge of showing the world that he's not done... not yet!

[...and slowly climbs to his feet, looking out on the cheering Seattle crowd. He reaches down towards the barely-moving Carson...]

LD: No! Get him down from there! Cooper on the apron again and-

[...and Donovan shows the speed of his youth this time, making a lunge at Cooper, grabbing him by the throat with both hands to a ROAR!]

LD: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[The crowd is rocking in a way Seattle hasn't rocked since the mid-90s with Donovan shaking Cooper back and forth...]

...but all this gives Trey Carson time to get on his feet, coming towards Donovan with his hands clasped overhead!]

LD: FROM BEHIND!

[But the veteran sees it coming, swinging around to boot Carson in the midsection, doubling him up as Cooper coughs violently on the apron, down on a knee as Donovan wraps his arms around Carson's large torso...]

LD: DONOVAN HOOKS HIM!

[...but a desperate Carson surges towards Donovan, knocking the big man off-balance...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and they collide with Dave Cooper, sending him falling off the apron!]

LD: Down goes Cooper!

[Carson - free of Donovan's grasp - reaches out with both hands, grabbing Donovan by the throat...]

LD: Carson goes for the kill! Looking for the Bottom Line!

[...but Donovan's hands shoot up before Carson can lift him off the mat, grabbing hold of the wrists!]

LD: Wait a second! Donovan's fighting it! Donovan's fighting it!

[With Carson's eyes going wide in disbelief, Donovan pries the hands from around his throat to another ROAR!]

LD: Donovan's loose and-

[Freed, Donovan's hand stabs out, sinking his fingers into the mouth of a shocked Trey Carson!]

LD: Donovan broke out of the Bottom Line and now he's looking for...

[Donovan doesn't waste any time, lifting the Big Man On Campus into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...VENGEANNNNNNNNCE!

[Donovan excitedly pumps a fist before kneeling down to cover, the crowd counting along with the referee's count of one...]

LD: THE STREAK IS...

[...two...]

LD: ...OV-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: DAVE COOPER! THAT SNAKE, DAVE COOPER PUT HIS FOOT ON THE ROPES!

BW: What?! I didn't see that at all! My monitor went out for a second and-

LD: Oh, knock it off, Ben! Cooper got blatantly involved there and-

[Donovan, spotting a jubilant Cooper at ringside, rolls under the ropes...]

LD: OH! HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[The crowd reacts as Donovan grabs Cooper by the throat on the outside!]

LD: DONOVAN'S GOT COOPER!

[Cooper slaps at the grasping hand, freeing himself for the moment as he makes a run for it...]

LD: Cooper's looking to break the land speed record right about now! But Robert Donovan is coming right after him!

[The seven footer lumbers behind in pursuit of Cooper, looking to do damage as the Professional begs off...]

...and then rolls into the ring for shelter!]

LD: Cooper's in the ring now! Get him out of there!

[Donovan crawls in after him, coming to his feet...]

...and walking right into a double choke by Trey Carson!]

LD: WHAT?!

[Carson doesn't waist a moment, promptly lifting Donovan into the air...]

...and DRIVING him down in a spinebuster slam!]

LD: THE BOTTOM LINE!

[Carson stacks up the legs, putting all his weight on both legs, pinning Donovan down as the referee dives down to count!]

LD: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: THE BIG MAN ON CAMPUS TAKES THE W IN SEATTLE!

[Carson climbs off of Donovan, throwing his arms in the air as Cooper rolls back in, diving towards his charge to grab an arm, holding it aloft and pointing to the Big Man On Campus as Megumi makes it official.]

LD: A big win... a HUGE win in fact for Trey Carson, Ben.

BW: What a win!

[Cooper is clapping madly, barking his approval as Carson leaves the number one finger up in the air again as the fans jeer in disappointment.]

LD: Trey Carson survives the toughest test of his young AWA career.

BW: That's what undefeated guys do, Dane. They survive, they adapt, and they win.

[Carson lowers his hand, looking at Cooper who looks down at Donovan...]

...and then the Professional surges towards him, stomping the downed veteran!]

LD: Oh, come on! You got the win! What more do you want?!

BW: Trey Carson wants to write his name in the history books of this business right now, Dane! They want to finish Donovan off and be the man who put Donovan out of this sport for good!

[Cooper grabs Donovan, pulling him to his knees and holding back the arms as Carson lays in heavy blows from above...]

LD: It's a two on one now, working over Robert Donovan! This is ridiculous!

[Carson lands a pair of overhead elbow smashes down between the eyes of Donovan before hauling him up with a "you ready?" to Cooper who gives a nod. A whip sends Donovan across the ring...]

LD: What in the...?!

[...and as he rebounds back, Cooper lifts the seven footer into the air, twisting around with him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: COOPER WITH A SPINEBUSTER OF HIS OWN!

[Cooper pops up, throwing his arms apart, dragging a thumb across his throat excitedly as Donovan lies motionless on the canvas...]

...and Carson goes back to work, stomping the downed Donovan for a few more moments before...]

LD: Help is on the way for Robert Donovan!

[The crowd cheers at the sight of Yoshi Fujiwara, Tizona, Lee Connors, Larry Wallace, and a handful of others running towards the ring. Cooper nudges Carson, urging his exit from the ring in the face of a numbers problem.]

LD: And there goes Cooper and Carson, getting the heck out of town!

[The fans are jeering Cooper as he raises Carson's hand again in the aisle, the duo backing down the aisle as Connors kneels next to Donovan to check his condition.]

LD: Robert Donovan proved tonight he can still push a rising powerhouse to the brink.

BW: But almost only matters if you're keeping score in your own head because look at him now, Dane. Look at him now.

LD: Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it's time for Hour Two with Masks For Money in action... with Brass Ring Tournament competition... with Shadoc Rage and Jackson Hunter taking on Omega and Polemos and so much more! We'll be right back!

[Carson and Cooper stand in the aisle, arms raised as the crowd jeers...]

...and we fade to black.

...and come back up on a shot of young Brass Ring competitor Armani Avery.]

AA: All I need... is an opportunity.

[The last word echoes, some voices familiar and unfamiliar repeating it...

...until we come up on Ricki Toughill.]

RT: An opportunity to be what I've always dreamed of being.

[A shot of Toughill cradling the AWA Women's World Champion...

...and then back to a closeup, this time of Sid Osborne.]

SO: An opportunity to prove everyone wrong.

[Of Betty Chang.]

BC: An opportunity to be all that I can.

[Of Wes Taylor.]

WT: An opportunity to be talked about the same way my father is.

["My father is" echoes as we get a glimpse of Tony Donovan smashing a steel chair across an opponent's back.]

TD: An opportunity to be MORE than my father ever was.

[To Lee Connors.]

LC: An opportunity to prove that size doesn't matter.

[To Donna Martinelli.]

DM: An opportunity to be better than my mentor.

[Cut to a glimpse of a rookie Martinelli being bellowed at by Laura Davis...

...who is the next closeup.]

LD: An opportunity to prove that I am the greatest wrestler on the planet.

["On the planet" echoes as we get glimpses of Supreme Wright... James Lynch... Ryan Martinez...

...and then to Shadoc Rage.]

SR: An opportunity to wear gold again.

[To Jackson Hunter.]

JH: An opportunity to forge a legacy.

[To Hannibal Carver.]

HC: An opportunity to get drunk and kick someone's ass.

[He shrugs as we fade to a closeup of Harley Hamilton.]

HH: An opportunity to endure...

[Of Cinder.]

C: ...outlast...

[Of Casey Cash.]

CC: ...rise up.

[And lastly, Jordan Ohara.]

JO: An opportunity... to soar.

[The shot fades away, leaving the words "OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS - 4th OF JULY - SEATTLE, WASHINGTON - LIVE ON ESPN" on the screen...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo and the words "RECORDED EARLIER TODAY" coming through, we fade into the backstage area of the Historic Washington Hall where we find the Country Punks arriving through the side entrance. Kayla Cristol, still limping slightly from her recent wars with Harley Hamilton and the Peach Pits, carries her gear bag. Victoria June walks beside her, liberty spikes sharp and expression already sour.]

KC: Royal weddings always get me crying like a baby.

VJ: Eh, if ya ask me, if you've seen one wedding, you've seen'em all.

KC: Come on, ain't you ever dreamed of being a princess?

VJ: Ha! Yeah, right. I got bigger dreams than that, girl!

[They round the corner and freeze.]

"I knew it were tighter than two coats o' paint in this wee venue, but get an eyefulla who we ran intae!"

[Standing in the hallway are E-Girl MAX in full force. Cinder skips closer, her wide-legged cargo pants flapping behind her as she does. Casey Cash stands behind Harley and Cinder, her eyes wide, a little confused. Riley Campbell, realizing something is unfolding, gets her camera out of her equipment bag and starts taking pictures as the Thompson Sisters stand behind her.]

CC: Uh...

[Casey's eyes are fixed on the Country Punks, as she leans over Harley's shoulder, speaking in a hushed tone that seems like it's just intended for her EGM teammates but it's loud enough to be heard by all anyway.]

CC: Are we about to fight right now? Like, right here in the hallway?

HH: Cool your jets, Casey...

[Harley makes a point to stare directly at Cristol, then shifts her gaze to Victoria June.]

HH: ...no one wants that. I'm sure it would end VERY badly.

[Harley's eyes don't leave The Country Punks, but her expression implies an unspoken threat. The hallway goes tense.]

KC: Yeah, well... after last week, I'm still standin'. You left me limpin', but I'm still here.

HH: Barely.

[A smirk.]

HH: You've got more fight in you than I thought, I'll give you that, but that's not something I'm going to shake your hand for. Either way, it looks like business between us isn't finis-

[June steps in front of her partner, standing nose-to-nose with Hamilton.]

VJ: She don't owe you no handshake or her respect, Hamilton. Kayla's too good for that. But you-

[June's attention locks onto Cinder.]

VJ: -Ah still owe you more than a handshake. Ah owe you a good ol' fashioned thrashin'.

[Cinder smirks.]

C: How's your new Fairy God-mum, by the way? She put ye up tae this?

[June puckers her lips.]

VJ: Nah. Ah was gonna let you slide, you lil' hanger on, but ah just ain't done with you. Ah still got somethin' left to get off my chest. So let's do this dance again...

Tonight.

[EGM and entourage all "ooooh," in mock unison.]

C: Oh, squarin' oop now, are we? Thinkin' you're sniffin' the pure dead brilliant E-Girl MAX down, are we? Let's recap and compare the ol' CV with yours, aye?

[Cinder opens up her shoulder bag (which is overly embellished with superfluous chains, zippers, and badges), and begins to empty it.]

C: Me dearest Harley... I seem to have forgotten: what is this belt?

HH: The AWA World Tag Team Championship.

C: Aye, so it is. And we are the aforementioned champions?

HH: We are.

C: Fancy that. And, er... this belt? Casey, I'm sure you recognize this.

CC: The World Tag Team Championship of the Universe.

C: Aye, I thought I recognized it. This is a beauty, is it not? An' this...?

[Cinder pulls the sticker-encrusted binder containing the Steal the Spotlight contract out of the shoulder bag.]

C: Ah! Ah! Don't tell me! I recognize it! This is the reason Julie Somers has nae had a good night's sleep since becoming champion. I thought as much. So... Vekki... Krista Pista... exactly what have you accomplished since we last met at Fight Night last year, aye? Don't tell me! Don't tell me! Aye, that's it! You fell in the ocean and missed the water, aye?

[It's June's turn to smirk.]

VJ: If we're talking Fight Night... ah would politely remind y'all that I won that match.

[Cinder's mood abruptly changes and she begins shrieking absolute Glaswegian nonsense, while the other members of EGM hold her back.]

C: DID YE, AYE?!? DID YE, AYE?!? SAY'T TAE US IT AGAIN, YOU SOAP DODGIN' RAHHHTS! YE CAN BOTH WRAP YERSELS UP IN FOIL AND JAM YERSELS IN THE MICROWAVE AND BLOW YERSELS TAE-

[Harley steps behind Cinder and places both of her hands firmly on her shoulders.]

HH: Easy, Cindy. Easy.

[Harley keeps a firm grip on Cinder and begins to stroke her hair to calm her.]

HH: Not here. Not like this.

C: Ach... fine.

[Victoria June shakes her head at the two.]

VJ: So how about it, then? You and me. Tonight. One on one. Let's finish what we started.

[Cinder arches an eyebrow.]

C: Aye? Finally got the guts, have ye? Tonight it is, Vekki. I'll see ye in that ring.

VJ: Good. I'll be waitin'.

[The two groups stare each other down for one final heated moment...]

CLICK

[...before Riley Campbell breaks the tension with her camera. Cinder gives one last growl at The Country Punks before both factions turn and head in opposite directions down the hallway. As they walk off, we hear Casey Cash muttering.]

CC: Well... that escalated quickly.

[And we fade from the pre-recorded footage to showing Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in the backstage area alongside the AWA Interim President Maxim Zharkov.]

SLB: Welcome back to Showtime in Seattle, fans! Mr. Zharkov, it's already been a CRAZY night here in the Emerald City and I'm guessing things will only get crazier throughout tonight and onto later this week when Opportunity Knocks 2 goes down in the KeyArena... but do you have any comment on what we just saw - this footage between the Country Punks and the Women's World Tag Team Champions?

[Zharkov nods, lifting his clipboard.]

MZ: It is official. Later tonight, we will see one-half of those champions and the current Steal The Spotlight contract holder, Cinder, taking on an old rival in the Afro Punk, Victoria June!

[Inside the building, the crowd ROARS as Zharkov grins.]

MZ: We have more Run The Rankings contenders in action. Shadoc Rage and Jackson Hunter versus Omega and Polemos. Masks For Money versus Fujizona. The American Idols vs Legado de Lucha.

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: All big matches with big opportunities to lock in a Top 5 ranking heading into Run The Rankings later this week... and I'm told that before we go off the air tonight, we WILL have that final Top 5 and know the full field for Opportunity Knocks.

[Zharkov nods in agreement.]

SLB: Mr. Zharkov, thank you for your time... now let's head back to-

[Blackwell pauses, his eyes widening a little as he spots the two masked mercenaries of Golden Grappler and Ultra Commando III walking into view to stand with him and President Zharkov in the middle.]

SLB: Gentlemen, I don't have you two scheduled down for interview time.

[The Grappler snorts.]

GG: Seems to me we TAKE the time we deserve, Blackwell. Got something to say about that, boss man?

[Zharkov eyeballs the Grappler for a moment, his clipboard clutched with a white-knuckled hand...

...and then exhales sharply.]

MZ: No. If you'll excuse me...

[Zharkov stomps out of view as the Grappler chuckles.]

GG: Nothing quite so sad as a neutered pitbull, is there?

[Blackwell grimaces in disgust as the Grappler nudges him.]

GG: Ask some questions, Blackwell, before we get tired of waiting.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I'll ask a question! I'll ask a question I've got a feeling you don't want to answer. You two have NOT had such a great week!

[The Grappler waits... and waits...]

GG: That's... not a question.

[But before Blackwell can respond, the Commando jerks his mic-holding arm towards him.]

UC3: Two words, Lou - minor setback. We got overconfident and caught napping, but we're still in the Top 5... and after tonight, we'll still be locked into Run The Rankings and our shot at the World Tag Team Championships.

And there isn't a team you can put in front of us that would keep us from that goal.

[Grappler nods, jerking Blackwell's arm back towards him.]

GG: It's simple, Blackwell - one loss does not a downfall make. We remain in position to enter the gauntlet match in a few days and it would take very special circumstances to remove us from that spot.

Tonight, we won't lose - whichever team gets put in front of us tonight are just a step. Because as we tell everyone, it's about the money.

And there's no money bigger for us than the World Tag Team Champion...

[The Golden Grappler trails off as he spots someone walking into the camera's view.]

SLB: Theresa Lynch?! For the love of Pete, can I just end this segment?!

[Lynch smirks at Blackwell's frustration... then turns her attention towards the two masked men.]

TL: Gentlemen, a moment of your time...

[Lynch doesn't wait for an answer, walking back out of the camera shot. The two masked men look at each other for a moment before Commando shrugs and both follow Lynch off camera leaving a flustered Lou.]

SLB: I don't know what all that was about...

[Blackwell shakes out his arm.]

SLB: ...but I'm glad they stopped yanking my arm around. Say... they didn't seem to know they're facing Fujizona tonight. Do you think I should've told them?

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: Let's go-

[Blackwell throws up his hands as President Zharkov steps back into frame.]

SLB: This is seriously the segment that will never end. Mr. Zharkov, you have more to say?

[Zharkov almost seems amused by Blackwell's attitude.]

MZ: One more thing... I just received word that in a few days on Opportunity Knocks, we will have an update on the medical condition of the World Heavyweight Champion, Supernova!

[The fans inside the arena cheer loudly as Blackwell lights up.]

SLB: That IS big news! That's great news for fans of the World Champion as we've been eagerly waiting to see him back in action after...

[Blackwell trails off again, looking off camera.]

SLB: You?

[The camera pulls back a little bit to reveal someone who have not seen since Memorial Day Mayhem and for even longer before that.]

Charisma Knight - who gets a reaction from the crowd at being back on camera - is way more put together than we saw her before her exit from the company, sporting styled black hair with red highlights through it, black eye shadow and lipstick, and several inadvisable-for-a-wrestler piercings in her septum, lip, and eyebrow. She folds her arms, fiddling with the string of her hoodie as she looks past Blackwell... annoyed at Zharkov]

CK: President Zharkov.

[Zharkov tilts his head towards her.]

MZ: Ms. Knight.

[She continues.]

CK: It's been a month. I came back to this company off the momentum of the 30 For 30, showed up in the Rumble, and now I can't buy my way onto the show.

Rogers and Slater keep saying "show's full, talk to Zharkov."

So, now I'm talking to Zharkov.

[Knight punches a fist into an open hand.]

CK: What do I need to do to get an actual match? TONIGHT!

[The crowd inside Historic Washington Hall cheers that idea.]

CK: Don't care against who at this point... just a match.

[Zharkov looks down at his clipboard... then to Knight... then back to his clipboard with a shake of his head.]

MZ: I am sorry, Ms. Knight. Tonight's show is very full.

Perhaps in two weeks... Showtime in Calgary maybe? Or maybe in Winnipeg, da?

[Charisma looks near incensed at the brushing off.]

CK: No, not "da"!

Four women started this Division.

Somers is the champ, Rage is all over the place... hell, Melissa came back same time as I did and she's getting on the show?

I've been here as long... I don't care how my last couple years went... I am doing this comeback-

[Charisma is cut off by the sounds of music coming from inside Historic Washington Hall. She throws a glance off-camera in annoyance as Zharkov raises a hand.]

MZ: Please, Ms. Knight.. next match is starting... very busy... we talk later.

[Knight fumes and glares daggers at Zharkov, a look that would probably get a reaction from him were he paying attention...

...but he's not as she throws up her hands, storming out of view.

And we cut to a shot from a GoPro camera, with "Hello Kitty Knife" by Peach Kelli Pop playing in the background, as we see the ring from the viewpoint of Katrina Coleman.]

LD: Frustration of Charisma Knight aside, fans, you're looking through the lens of Kamtrina!

BW: Or you can do what I do, and look away.

LD: Fans, ignore Ben, it's been so long since he's had fun that he's forgotten what it's like.

[Suddenly, the view from Kamtrina jolts forward, and boos ring throughout the building as we cut to a shot from the hard cam, as a stocky woman in a red singlet kicks away at Coleman, who is wearing a rainbow checkerboard sports bra, black cargo pants, white wrestling boots, and - notably - still has her GoPro clipped to her chest.]

BW: Take that back, Dane, I'm enjoying this!

LD: The bell sounds here as Jill Beck, a four year pro from Dubuque, Iowa, has decided to get the jump on Katrina Coleman!

BW: I hope she breaks that stupid camera.

[Beck grabs a fistful of Coleman's hair, yanking the Floridian to her feet and shoving her to the ropes, as we switch back to the view from Kamtrina, seeing the angry glare in Beck's eyes.]

LD: Katrina wasn't able to unclip that GoPro, and our producers are certainly going to take advantage of this unique perspective as long as both Kamtrina and Katrina are going to hold out! Katrina is 138 pounds, but she's giving up a good 40 pounds here to Jill Beck!

[Beck charges as we see a split screen - the view from Kamtrina on the left, the view from the normal cameras on the right - to see Coleman hopping through the ropes in quick fashion, swinging her legs through, then as soon as her feet hit the apron, kicking them back up to catch Beck's head!]

LD: But Katrina Coleman's speed and agility are going to help her out big time!

[Coleman gets back to a standing position, grabbing the rope and immediately leaping to the top rope, jumping towards her larger opponent...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and, upon seeing Beck throwing out an arm for a clothesline to try and take her out of the air, performing a half-twist to land behind Beck!]

LD: Look at that, Ben! All those years training on the trampoline in her gymnastics class really must have paid off!

BW: But she didn't hit Beck! She just made her mad!

[Beck turns around, fuming, as she throws another wild clothesline...]

LD: WOW!

[...but Coleman bridges backwards, Beck running right past her!]

BW: Does this woman have any actual offense, Dane?

LD: Does she- OH MY GOSH, BEN!

[Coleman goes from the bridge to a handstand, walking on her hands away from Beck to create distance. As Beck charges at Coleman again, Coleman drops back and thrusts her feet towards Beck, connecting directly with Beck's sternum!]

LD: Handstand walk into a mule kick! Beck walked right into that one, Ben!

BW: If any wrestler I managed fell for that, I'd fire 'em on the spot.

LD: Maybe that's why you're not able to find any clients.

BW: Hey!

[Coleman finally gets a chance to unclip the GoPro, bringing an end to the split screen. After sliding the camera out of the ring, Coleman rushes at the staggered Beck, jumping as Beck turns to face her...]

BW: Ha! Caught!

[The crowd gasps as Coleman sails through the air, being caught and thrown upwards, looking for a power bomb...]

LD: Think again, Ben!

[...only for Coleman to land with her feet on Beck's shoulders and backflipping off!]

LD: You can't keep this girl locked down!

BW: But you might be able to knock her block off!

[Beck runs at Coleman, face flushed with anger, throwing a wild punch, only for Coleman to duck underneath, grabbing Beck by the shoulders and leaping into the air, posting with a handstand on Beck's shoulders...]

BW: What on earth is she doing now?!

[Coleman pushes up with one hand on Beck's head, causing Beck to go off-balance, as Coleman swings her legs out and catches Beck's sternum...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...using her leg to drive Beck down to the mat!]

LD: That's the Point Break! Coleman holding in position for the cover! Andy Dawson sliding into count... that's one, two, and three! Katrina Coleman scores another win!

[The bell sounds as Coleman throws up a shaka symbol, rolling backward to her feet with a big grin.]

BW: That's nothing but a fluke, Dane! A straight up fluke!

LD: That's what a lot of folks have said about Katrina Coleman, but she's starting to build up a bit of a hot streak here in the AWA! That unique blend of speed and agility, combined with the experience she's been gaining with each week, is going to make her hard to beat!

BW: Until someone whacks her knee with a tire iron.

LD: Ben! Big win for Katrina Coleman as the AWA Women's Division continues to be the hottest division in wrestling! And we've got Mariah standing by backstage with two OTHER members of that division - the Peach Pits! Take it away, Mariah!

[We fade from the ring to the backstage area where we find Mariah Wolfe camped out between two of the members of the trio known as the Peach Pits - Donna Martinelli and Kelly Taylor who are dressed for action in matching peach-colored short tights and sports bra style tops both bedazzled with "PEACH PITS" in silver script across the chest and rump.]

MW: Thanks for that, Lori... the AWA Women's Division continues to impress and ladies, as we count down the days until Girls To The Front which will be here before you know it, I've gotta believe you two - and your partner Shannon Walsh who we saw come up just short in singles action earlier tonight - are hunting for a way to get on that historic show in Madison Square Garden!

[Kelly nods.]

KT: You got it right, Mariah. As a little girl watching my Uncle Bobby compete on the biggest stages in the business for the E, it was my dream to be right there like him - competing in the places where the lights shine brightest and Mariah, there's nowhere where the lights shine brighter than MSG!

[Wolfe smiles.]

MW: Kelly, I'm sure you two saw Shannon in action earlier?

[Kelly nods.]

KT: We did and win or lose, we couldn't be prouder of her. She gave one of the biggest names in our business - Ricki Toughill - a big ol' fight in there and if a few things had broken the other way, it would've been Shannon getting her hand raised. Now we just gotta dust ourselves off and get focused on tonight and our match with the Slam Sorority.

[Mariah arches an eyebrow.]

MW: Speaking of which, that's gotta be a little bit awkward for you, Donna, considering your history with Laura Davis.

[Martinelli nods.]

DM: Laura and I go back a long ways and I'll never forget that without her, I might not be standing here on ESPN right now. I owe her a lot... but Mariah, I'm also standing on my own, standing with my girls...

[She throws an arm around Kelly Taylor who giggles as her partner pulls her close to her side.]

DM: ...and that's what matters right now. So, I'm just hopeful that Laura stays out of it and lets the better team win 'cause that's gonna be us.

[Mariah shakes her head.]

MW: Donna, I feel like I wouldn't be doing my job if I didn't address the elephant in the room though. It was very recently that Laura Davis actually offered YOU a spot in the Slam Sorority if you walk away from your girls... an offer that I have to point out, you did NOT address either way when she made it.

[Donna sighs heavily, throwing up her hands.]

DM: What do you want from me, Mariah?! I was caught off-guard by the offer... I didn't see it coming. So, I didn't have an answer ready for Laura then... but I have one now and I hope you, the fans, and even Shannon hear it loud and clear because I'm sick of talking about it.

Laura, I appreciate the offer... and you know how much I respect you...

[Donna pauses.]

DM: ...but the answer is thanks but no thanks. This girl right here...

[She tugs a grinning Kelly closer again.]

DM: ...she's my ride or die. Shannon? Her too. These are my girls. My sisters.

And we know that those World Tag Team Titles are coming our way... and the next step to getting another shot at those titles is getting past the Slam Sorority right here tonight. And that's exactly what we plan on doing.

[Donna storms off pulling Kelly with her as Mariah looks on with surprise.]

MW: Sensitive subject perhaps? Fans, we'll be right back.

[We fade to a black screen.]

A single note hums.

We get quick cuts of taped fists, a water bottle being poured over someone's head, entrance curtains being shoved aside.

A voiceover begins.]

"In the American Wrestling Alliance, your big break is never guaranteed."

[An instrumental version of Run The Jewels' "Legend Has It" begins to play.]

"Sixteen competitors. Eight men. Eight women. One prize.

An AWA contract."

[We get more quick cuts - so fast you can't even process who is on the shot: a powerbomb, a spinning backflist, a massive clothesline.]

"Four have advanced."

[Quick cuts of Catalina Lopez, Armani Avery, Amber Gold, and Gabriel Cordova with their hands raised in triumph.]

"Eight more remain.

And now... there is nowhere to hide.

June 30th.

Jo Jo Washington vs Big Boss Shinza"

[We get quick shots of both competitors in action - Washington breaking into a jig before delivering a haymaker and Shinza staring coolly out on the crowd through mirrored sunglasses.]

"Elijah Wilde vs Will Robinson."

[Robinson soaring through the air, Wilde screaming into a camera.]

"July 7th

"Diamond" Lily Driscoll vs Felicia Love"

[Driscoll posing on the midbuckle, Love using a hairpull to drag someone down to size.]

"Danny King vs Adrian Kirk."

[King mowing down an opponent with a running double leg takedown, Kirk wrapping up a foe in an airtight submission hold.

Cut to crowd shots. Near falls. Exhausted faces. Sweat dripping in slow motion from someone's head to the mat.]

"Every match matters."

[Lopez hammers her fists into a heavy bag... Amber Gold smirking at the camera...]

"Every win changes a career."

[...Avery snaps off a kip up into a standing backflip... Cordova smashes forearm after forearm down on a faceless foe.]

"And on September 1st at the Hammerstein Ballroom... the final Showtime of the summer..."

One More For The Road"

[The shots get quicker - just images of faces - defiance, pain, determination.]

"This isn't just a tournament.

It's the moment... you grab the Brass Ring."

[The tournament logo slams down:

BRASS RING TOURNAMENT

Every Showtime. Every chance matters.

And fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we land down at ringside where Lori Dane and Ben Waterson are standing.]

LD: The Brass Ring Tournament rollin' on right here on Showtime on ESPN all summer long. We're going to see more Brass Ring Tournament action here tonight as all roads lead to September 1st in the Hammerstein Ballroom for One More For The Road - our final night of the Showtime Summer Tour. But while the future stars of wrestling are looking to capture that Brass Ring, the AWA's tag teams are all looking to Run The Rankings! Coming up right now, we've got tag team action as our Number Two and Number Four teams collide - both trying to lock in their spot

this week at Opportunity Knocks... and Ben, we knew Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter were going to be in action here tonight but we thought it was going to be in the six man tag later tonight with them and Ryan Martinez taking on Team Supreme. But as we came on the air, we learned they weren't just doing that... but they were also going to face Omega and Polemos, pulling double duty as they try to stay in the Top Five.

BW: And that's exactly why this is dangerous, Dane. You start chasing opportunities too hard, you make yourself vulnerable... especially when you've got enemies all over the place like Rage and Hunter do.

LD: I'm surprised, Ben. This double duty is them rolling the dice to try and earn a shot at the World Tag Team Titles! That seems like something you'd support - trying to get a title match.

BW: Absolutely. But I agree with Hunter. They shoulda left Ryan Martinez high and dry.

[Dane sighs.]

LD: How did I not see that one coming? Fans, let's go up to Megumi Sato!

[We fade up to the ring where our ring announcer is standing.]

"NO EVIL CAN ESCAPE..."

"...OMEGA!"

[With a flash of light and the majestic strains of John Barry's Overture from The Black Hole, Omega emerges from the back in royal blue, black, and gold, cape flowing behind him.]

MS: The following contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first... heading doooooown the aiiiiisle...

...the team of POLEMOS ANNNNNND OOOOOOMEETEEEGAAAAAA!

[Omega slaps hands with fans, points skyward, and strikes the Omega Pose on the apron.]

LD: What a duo these two are! Love him or laugh at him, Omega has become one of the most popular men in the company.

BW: Laugh. Definitely laugh.

[Dane chuckles as Polemos stalks out behind his partner, animal-skin cloak over his broad shoulders, horned skull-like mask gleaming under the lights. He steps over the top rope and glares toward Omega, who gives him a thumbs up. Polemos does not respond as the music dies down.]

LD: The Number Two seeds right now in the Run The Rankings, looking to maybe reclaim the top spot with a big win in this one...

[The music is replaced by the grungy sound of Neil Young starting up as "Dirty Old Man" rocks the PA...]

LD: ...and if Omega and Polemos are an odd couple with a ton of popularity, these guys fit that description as well!

[Pink and yellow stage smoke comes up, filling the entrance aisle.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents... first, from Halifax, Nova Scotia...

...“SENNNNNSAAAAATIONALLLLL” SHADOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage comes spinning through the smoke into view to a HUGE REACTION from the AWA faithful!]

LD: Oh yeah! There comes the former World Television Champion! And Ben, the reaction for Shadoc Rage these days is unlike anyone else.

BW: That’s because these people are as crazy as he is.

[Rage whips around, nodding at the fans before turning to point back at the curtain where his partner emerges into view to cheers of his own!]

RO: And his TAG! TEAM! PARTNER!... from the Broken Arrow Ranch in Saskatchewan...

...JAAAAAAACKSON HUNNNNNTERRRRRR!

[Hunter stalks out into the aisle, shaking his head at his partner’s theatrics... then looking almost puzzled at the crowd’s reaction. He smirks... and then shrugs before throwing the Nixon peace signs into the air to another big reaction!]

LD: And if you’re confused about the reaction for Shadoc Rage from these fans, you gotta be REALLY puzzled by the cheers for Jackson Hunter, Ben.

BW: Eh... he’s an manipulative as they come so I’m not surprised these idiots can’t tell that he’s pulling one over on them.

LD: Oh, come on, Ben! There’s been no sign of Jackson Hunter being anything but trustworthy for Shadoc Rage since they’ve come together!

BW: That’s how he gets ya!

[Hunter walks down the aisle, trailing his partner but keeping his eyes on the ring where Pemos and Omega are huddled up waiting for their opponents on the evening.]

LD: Like we said, this is a clash between the Number Two and Number Four teams in the tag team rankings - five is the magic number and while I have no inside insight as to what’s going on in that room with the Championship Committee, I’ve gotta think the pressure is on for Hunter and Rage for sure to avoid falling out but for Omega and Pemos, the top spot is definitely within reach... and how much would you LOVE to see either of these teams taking on Team Supreme for the World Tag Team Titles, fans?

[As Rage and Hunter reach the ring and have their own discussion, referee Ricky Longfellow has a quick conversation with both teams, signaling for one out on both sides...

...and then signals for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

LD: We’re underway here in this one... and it’s going to be Omega starting off against Jackson Hunter... and just look at the way Hunter looks at Omega. There’s some serious disdain there, Ben.

BW: Hunter's a serious guy who spent a lot of his career blacklisted from major promotions. He's not about to tolerate some punk in a mask playing it up for giggles. You know the saying in this business, Dane - funny doesn't equal money.

LD: I think we BOTH know some competitors who would beg to differ on that one but... here we go! Omega and Hunter circling one another... Omega trying to keep a step ahead of him, using the speed advantage over an older competitor...

BW: Imagine these two in Hunter's prime though. That would be enough to set the Internet ablaze with star ratings.

[Hunter is glaring hard at Omega who is now lunging in and slipping out over and over as a disgruntled Hunter beckons him in...

...and when he comes in, Hunter PASTES him with a right hand in the mouth!]

LD: OH! Big right hand by Hunter!

[Hunter smirks as Omega falls backwards towards the ropes, the veteran doing a little dipping and ducking of his own, mocking the man from Neptune to a sprinkling of jeers and laughs from the Seattle crowd...

...and then Omega charges in, rushing into a tieup, spinning right out into an armdrag that sends Hunter sprawling across the ring!]

LD: And now Omega firing back!

[Hunter pops back up, charging in on Omega who greets him with a hiptoss, taking him over into a seated position...

...and then leaps high and kicks hard, scoring with a dropkick to the back of the head on Hunter!]

LD: Dropkick to the noggin by Omega...

[Hunter kicks and flails on the mat, rolling over towards the ropes, leaning back against them as Omega gets up and strikes his signature pose to cheers from the Showtime crowd!]

LD: ...and Omega showing up Jackson Hunter right here tonight!

[Hunter uses the ropes to pull up as Omega turns to pose towards the other side of the cheering fans...

...and Hunter charges him from behind, smashing a forearm into the back of the head, sending Omega falling towards the corner!]

LD: OH! Come on, Jackson! There's no call for that!

BW: Omega's out here playing to these fans, trying to show up Hunter... that ain't gonna fly with someone like Jackson - I promise you that.

[But as Omega falls forward, he falls into his own corner and as Hunter does his own version of the Omega Pose, getting some more mixed reactions, Polemos slaps Omega's arm...]

LD: Uh oh.

[...and Polemos steps over the top rope into the ring, stepping right up to Hunter's back...]

LD: Uhhh... Jackson, you might wanna...

[...and as Hunter turns around, he finds Polemos waiting for him with a big gloved uppercut under the chin!]

LD: OH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Hunter goes flailing backwards, falling into his own corner where Shadoc Rage slaps Hunter's arm, tagging himself in...]

LD: And there's the first tag on the other side... and in comes the Sensational One and if you think he's backing down from the God O' War, you better think again!

[Rage throws his arms apart, going into a spin as he soaks up the cheers of the crowd, and then spins back towards a waiting Polemos, pointing a threatening finger at the big man...]

LD: Rage eyeballing the mighty Polemos and...

[Rage feigns a tieup, ducking under Polemos' grasping arms and popping up with a snapping jab on the jaw!]

LD: Oh! Nice jab by Rage! And another!

BW: Not even sure Polemos feels that.

[A third jab lands before Rage winds up for an overhead elbow...

...and gets a massive gloved hand wrapped around his throat!]

LD: POLEMOS HOOKS HIM UP!

[Rage struggles to break free as Polemos marches him to the middle of the ring, setting him up for a chokeslam...

...but Rage lands the overhead elbow right down on the arm, breaking the grip to cheers!]

LD: Rage breaks loose... to the ropes!

[The rebounding Rage takes flight, leaping up to connect with an attempted left-handed bulldog lariat that lands but doesn't drag the big man off his feet!]

LD: Polemos stays on his feet!

[The crowd is ROARING - equally for Rage's athleticism and Polemos' resilience - and somehow gets louder as Rage gets up, hitting the ropes again, rebounding back for a second clothesline attempt...

...but Polemos grabs him by the throat with BOTH hands this time, lifting him into the air, spinning and flinging him backwards into the turnbuckles!]

LD: OH! Back into the buckles.. and Polemos FOLLOWS him in with a big elbow to the jaw!

[Leaning his weight on Rage's chest, Polemos slaps the offered hand as Omega gives a fist pump. Polemos pulls Rage out, lifting him up and slamming him down on the canvas as Omega grabs the top rope with both hands...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SLINGSHOT SENTON! ALL IMPACT!

[Omega pops up, pointing to the big man as he departs the ring and then pulls Rage off the mat by the hair, steadying him before booting him in the midsection. The Neptunian turns, hitting the ropes, coming back strong...]

LD: INTO THE AIR... AND DOWWWWWWN WITH A SOMERSAULT NECKBREAKER!

BW: You know how I feel about Omega but that's a heck of a move, Dane. It takes a whole lot of athleticism to pull that one off!

LD: Rage goes right down on the back of the head... Omega makes the cover... onnnnnne! Twoooooo!

[But Rage kicks out at two, promptly rolling away as Omega regains his feet, moving quickly after Rage, trying to get him back up and stay on the offense...]

LD: Omega pulling him- OH! Rage with a hooking left to the body! Taking a page out of his sister's playbook with the fisticuffs!

[A second left lands as Rage grabs a handful of mask, rearing back with a big right hand...]

LD: Haymaker on the way!

[...but Omega gets loose, ducking under and sending Rage falling off-balance past him!]

LD: Swing and a miss...

[The crowd ROARS as Omega leaves his feet, landing a spinning leg lariat, taking Rage down hard!]

LD: ...but Omega didn't miss THAT!

[Rage luckily falls back towards his corner though, allowing Jackson Hunter to quickly tag himself in, rushing to get to Omega before he gets up, swinging a knee into the chest before the Neptunian straightens up. He snatches a front facelock, snapping Omega over in a suplex!]

LD: Hunter quickly turns things around!

[Hunter rolls Omega over into a seated position, shoving a knee into his back, cupping his hands under the chin to pull it back, muttering insults all the while...]

BW: And there you see the veteran ring general style of Jackson Hunter, slowing it down, grinding Omega down to a halt. All that speed and athleticism doesn't do a damn thing for him if Hunter's keeping him pinned down and stretching him out. This is the style and pace of match that a guy like Jackson Hunter wants... especially knowing he's gotta get in there later tonight against Team Supreme as well, Dane.

LD: Rage and Hunter working double duty here tonight in Seattle just as they did last weekend in Portland... trying to keep their promise to Ryan Martinez as well as the oath that Shadoe Rage made to the fans, swearing to wear championship gold sometime in 2018. Winning Run The Rankings would go a long way towards that goal... but you gotta win here first.

[Fighting his way off the mat, Omega struggles to his feet, still trapped in the chinlock as Hunter tries to keep the hold locked in...

...and then abandons it, shoving Omega from behind into the ropes, sending him rebounding back towards Hunter who leaps, pumping his leg...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CRACKS Omega on the jaw with a bicycle knee!]

LD: INSTANT KARRRRRMAAAAAA!

[But the impact of the knee sends Omega flying backwards, sailing through the ropes to land out on the apron...]

LD: What a shot by Hunter! He got ALL of that knee and if Omega hadn't flown to the outside, this one might be over!

[Hunter grabs his head with both hands in exasperation before looking over at Rage, gesturing...]

LD: There's the tag and... what's Hunter doing?

[Hunter gestures at Rage again who seems to be arguing against Hunter's plans... but then obliges with a sigh, walking towards the ropes, climbing up...]

LD: Hunter pulling Omega up, looking for a suplex...

BW: And with Rage climbing the turnbuckles, we can say we've seen this before out of Hunter and Rage... or at least, we've seen them TRY to do this before.

[Hunter looks to make sure Rage is in position as he lifts Omega into the air in a vertical suplex, backing away from the ropes as Rage waits... and waits...]

LD: I think I know what they're TRYING to do, Ben, but-

[...and Hunter seems out of position as Rage looks on, waving his own arm at Hunter...

...but Hunter drops backwards, shaking Omega with a suplex as Rage throws up his arms in disbelief.]

BW: Better luck next time.

[Hunter gets up, shaking his head at Rage as Rage leaps off, dropping a grounded Death From Above on Omega!]

LD: OHHH! The double axehandle connects and-

[Rage snatches a leg, covering for one... for two...]

LD: -and out comes Omega at two!

[Rage gets back to his feet, giving Hunter a few more words as the former Axis manager departs the ring. The Sensational One drags Omega up, scooping him up in one movement and slamming him right down...]

LD: Big slam, right in the middle...

[...and that puts Omega in perfect position as Rage drops an elbow down into the chest...

...and again...

...and again...]

LD: The fans counting along with Shadoe Rage!

“FOUR!”

[Rage scrambles up...]

“FIVE!”

[...and again...]

“SIX!”

[...and gets up after another elbow to the heart...]

“SEVEN!”

[...and again...]

“EIGHT!”

[...and once more...]

“NINE!”

[...and this time, when Rage regains his feet, he extends his arm overhead, twirling a finger in the air...

...and then leaps high, dropping a knee down into the chest!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: Rage with the cover! He’s got one! He’s got two! He’s got-

[But Omega kicks out again, breaking the pin count!]

LD: Omega’s out at twoooooo! Omega hanging on in there with Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter but after that Instant Karma and the Death From Above, I think Omega’s in desperate need of a tag, Ben.

BW: Omega’s in desperate need of a tag every second he’s in the ring. He should stay on the apron and let Polemos handle it all... or maybe he should sit in the crowd with the rest of the pencil-necked goofs who aren’t man enough for this business.

[Rage climbs back to his feet, pulling Omega up with him, and smashes an overhead elbow down between the eyes as Omega falls back into the neutral corner...]

LD: Omega in some trouble, fans. If you’re an Omega fan, you should be very, very concerned right about now.

[Omega gets rocked by a lunging back elbow by Rage, rocking him once... twice... three times... and as the referee is warning Rage, the Sensational One wedges Omega between the top and middle ropes before climbing up...]

LD: What is he...?

[...and then drops his knees down on the torso, riding Omega down into the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Rage dives across Omega, getting one... getting two...]

LD: Ohhh... foot on the ropes! Omega gets his foot on the ropes in time!

[Rage claps his hands together in frustration as Hunter can be heard shouting “HOOK THE LEG! HOOK IT!” Rage nods at his partner as he pulls Omega off the mat, dragging him towards the middle of the ring, scooping him up...]

LD: Scoop sla- INSIDE CRADLE! INSIDE CRADLE! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the crowd deflates on the kickout by Rage, lost in the moment of the near fall!]

LD: Close call there for Shadoc Rage and-

[Rage comes up hot and SMASHES the rising Omega with a lunging clothesline, falling to his knees as he delivers it, leveling the smaller competitor! Rage gets right back up, pointing to the corner...]

LD: No cover though off the clothesline - Rage is heading up top!

BW: It might be where he feels most comfortable, Dane... other than the psych ward. This guy is totally unhinged!

LD: Rage climbing, to the second... now to the top...

[Rage pauses, hands raised overhead as Omega struggles back to his feet...]

LD: RAGE IS GONNAAAAAAA FLY!

[...and leaps into the air, hands clasped over his head for a second double axehandle...]

LD: DEATH FROM ABOV-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the crowd ROARS as Omega leaves his feet, landing a standing dropkick that catches the flying Rage FLUSH, knocking him flat!]

LD: WHAT A DROPKICK FROM OMEGA! BIG TIME COUNTER BY THE MAN FROM NEPTUNE!

[With both men laid out, the Seattle crowd is roaring, cheering both men on to make their tag...]

LD: Both men need the tag and everyone knows it! Who is gonna get there first, Ben?

BW: Whoever does might win this match off that alone!

[...and with Omega crawling hard, Polemos stretches out with his very long arm...]

LD: Almost there! Omega's in the lead and-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Polemos slaps the hand of his partner!]

LD: TAG TO THE BIG MAN!

[Polemos comes over the top rope again, rushing in on the rising Rage...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands a big boot that sends Rage FLYING backwards, crashing into the neutral corner! Hunter comes through the ropes to intervene, hoping to catch Polemos from the blind side...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and a stiff-fingered uppercut thrust to the throat of Hunter sends the former manager gasping and coughing back across the ring!]

LD: Rage gets one! Hunter as well!

[Rage stumbles out of the corner, taking a swing at Polemos who absorbs it and yanks the smaller man up under his arm...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: BIG! SIDE! SLAM!

[Hunter comes back in...

...and gets a massive glove wrapped around his throat!]

LD: HE'S GOT HUNTER HOOKED!

[Polemos drags the struggling Hunter out to the middle of the ring, looking for his signature chokeslam...

...and takes long enough that Rage is up too, staggering into another choke!]

BW: One in each hand now! Polemos is looking to finish this!

[With a mighty lift, he pulls both men high in the sky...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and PLANTS BOTH men down with a double chokeslam!]

LD: HE GOT IT! BOTH MEN DOWWWWN!

[Polemos turns to the corner where his partner is barely standing, waving a hand over...]

LD: What is this?! Omega wants the tag! Shadoo Rage is the legal man and...

[...and the big man obliges, slapping the hand as Omega starts to climb!]

LD: Omega's heading up top! Polemos is there waiting for him!

[As Omega reaches the peak, Polemos reaches up to grab him...]

LD: ROCKET LAUNCHER!

[...and HURLS Omega off the top rope, sailing down into a flying splash on Rage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: THAT'S GOTTA BE IT! OMEGA COVERS! ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!
THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Jackson Hunter makes a DIVING save to break up the count and keep his partner from being pinned!]

BW: Tremendous save by Jackson Hunter! Just in time!

[Polemos grabs Hunter off the mat, yanking him to his feet, smashing him with an uppercut that knocks Hunter back into the ropes...

...and then rushes at him, arm extended for a clothesline!]

LD: Polemos charges in and- OHH! HUNTER LOW BRIDGED HIM! He pulls the rope down and Polemos goes falling out to the floor!

[With Polemos laid out on the outside, Hunter measures Omega as he starts to come off the mat, beckoning at him from the blind side...]

LD: Wait, wait, wait!

[...when suddenly, we see Ultra Commando 3 coming quickly down the aisle, climbing up on the apron!]

LD: What's HE doing out here?!

[And as Longfellow turns towards UC3, Hunter shouts at the masked man...

...and totally misses the Golden Grappler coming from the other side, entering through the crowd, coming over the railing, and grabbing the ankle of Hunter, dragging him to the outside, and HURLING him backwards...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

LD: Check that - what are THEY doing out here?!

BW: Masks For Money are in the house!

[...and with Hunter out of the picture, we see the Grappler very clearly shove something up inside his mask...]

LD: Did he just... he just LOADED his mask, Ben!

BW: Are you sure?!

[...and as a pissed-off Shadoe Rage reaches through the ropes to grab the guy who just flattened his partner, the Golden Grappler digs his fingers into the eyes, breaking Rage's grasp...

...and then HEADBUTTS him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow sends Rage flying backwards into the ring, collapsing in a motionless heap on the mat!]

LD: HE HEADBUTTED HIM WITH THE LOADED MASK! HE KNOCKED HIM OUT, BEN! HE KNOCKED HIM OUT!

[With Rage motionless on the canvas, Omega slowly turns around, looking around with confusion at what's going on...]

BW: Cover him, you idiot! Cover him!

[...and a puzzled Omega dives to the mat, wrapping up the legs as Ultra Commando 3 drops down, allowing the official to get back into the mix!]

LD: Not like this! No!

[The official delivers a three count to jeers from the AWA Faithful!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: And Masks For Money just ROBBED Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter in broad daylight with the whole world watching! And why, Ben?! Why?!

BW: What do you mean?

LD: I mean, what is the motivation for Masks For Money to get involved with...

[Lori trails off as the camera cuts to ringside where the Golden Grappler has joined his partner by the entryway...]

LD: ...wait a second.

BW: What?

LD: Theresa Lynch.

BW: Huh?

LD: Theresa Lynch! We saw Masks For Money talking about Run The Rankings earlier and Theresa Lynch interrupted them to talk to them!

BW: So what?

LD: What do you want to bet, Ben Waterson?! What do you want to BET that Theresa Lynch hired these two masked goons to cost Rage and Hunter this match to knock them out of Run The Rankings?!

BW: What are you talking about, Dane?!

LD: You know Supreme Wright and the rest of Team Supreme want NO part of Rage and Hunter getting a shot at the titles! They want NO part of it... and I think Supreme Wright sent his wife to make a deal with Masks For Money to make sure Rage and Hunter got knocked out of the Top 5!

BW: You've got no proof of that!

LD: No I don't, Ben. But I'd bet every dollar in my wallet that I'm right.

[In the ring, Omega has his hand raised as the crowd responds with muted celebration as Jackson Hunter slides in to check on his barely-conscious partner.]

LD: Omega and Plemos pick up the win... and that just might get them back into pole position for Run The Rankings... but you have to think this will knock Rage and Hunter right out of the Top 5, Ben.

BW: Absolutely. I don't know why Masks For Money got involved but if that was their goal... Mission Accomplished!

LD: I got a feeling that Rage and Hunter are gonna have PLENTY to say about this! But shifting gears, Ben... coming up next right here live on ESPN on Showtime, we've got a first-round match in the Brass Ring Tournament, and I have got to say, Ben, I love this one.

BW: You love it because it's weird.

LD: I love it because it's fresh. Two women making their AWA singles debut, one tournament semifinal spot on the line, and two completely different styles colliding.

BW: One's a flashy crowd favorite with a whole lot of personality. The other one looks like she walked off a private jet with a kendo stick and a superiority complex.

LD: That is... not inaccurate. Earlier today, our cameras caught up with Jo Jo Washington in an unusual location - the parking lot here at Historic Washington Hall where she invited our crew to meet her as she hosted an impromptu meet and greet with the fans of Seattle. Let's take a look...

[This pre-taped Brass Ring recording comes to us from outside the Historic Washington Hall, Seattle, Washington. It's the afternoon of June 30, 2018. The sun's still up, but the heat is already boiling over.

Dozens of fans crowd the historic venue's steps, waving handmade signs like "Jo Jo = America's Soul", "Don't Bet Against Detroit", and "Big Boss, Bigger Heart."

Jo Jo Washington, "America's Soul," parts the crowd like a river as she walks from her car to the Hall. She's a whole lotta woman in all the right places - her sassy energy untouchable. She's dressed in high-waisted jeans hugging thick hips, a caramel suede trench coat over a black tank top that glitters with "THIS IS AMERICA" across the chest. Her silky-straight hair is parted clean down the middle, gliding over her shoulders. No cap. No nails. Just realness. She walks like she owns the ground.

The crowd? Completely with her as she grins, looking out on them.]

JJW: What up doe, my babies?!

[The fans on hand cheer loudly, her name echoing out in a chant as she nods along, pointing to them...]

JJW: You feel that? That's the rhythm of a people ready to ride. That's the sound of a soul 'bout to set it all on fire. June 30th. Right here in beautiful Seattle, Washington. Right inside that hall behind me - I step into that ring against the one they all run from. The killer from across the ocean.

Big Boss Shinza.

[The crowd murmurs. Everyone's heard the stories.]

JJW: They say she's a death match artist. They say she's a striker who hits like a sledgehammer. They say she's a submission specialist who'll fold you up 'til your own ribs start tellin' secrets. They say she's mean. She's cold. She leaves blood spilled across the canvas of every ring like a Jackson Pollock painting.

And yeah, I know what they say about me ...

[Jo Jo lifts her hand and does a mock whisper to the crowd.]

JJW: "Jo Jo, she only been wrestling a minute. She ain't got the years. She ain't got the belts. She ain't NEVER faced someone like Shinza."

[She smirks, nodding in mock agreement. Then her voice flares.]

JJW: They DAMN right.

I ain't got years in this game - I got HEART. I got the PEOPLE. And I got somethin' she don't.

Baby, I got American Soul.

[Crowd cheers again, rising back up as she steps toward the camera now.]

JJW: And let me make one thing real clear: This ain't just a match. If I win this? I get one step closer to that contract. One step closer to that title shot. One step closer to makin' my dreams come true!

That's right - I could earn my spot in AWA. Full-time. Big lights. Bright future. And not just that - I could go straight from off the porch to the penthouse, baby, by winning a title as soon as I arrive! That's pressure. That's heat.

But y'all know me by now. I don't melt - I COOK.

[The crowd starts clapping. A man in the background yells "COOK HER THEN!"]

JJW: Shinza think she gonna scare me with her blood and her knockouts? Baby, please. That's Sunday night in Detroit.

I come from a city where you either fight... or you fade. And I don't fade for nobody.

I don't come alone either.

I got a grandma who prayed on every knee she had left.

I got little Motown kids back home that never seen somebody like us win like this.

And I got YOU.

[She turns and gestures again to the crowd.]

JJW: When I step in that ring, y'all steppin' in there with me. From the east side to the west coast - from Motown to Tokyo -

We in this together.

So you give me your energy... I'll give you my fire. And we gon' take this SHOT - together. We gon' beat the beast - together. And when the lights go out and the ref raises my hand? When I punch my ticket to the semifinals at the Mall of America? When Shinza finally feels what Detroit feels like...

[She leans in towards the camera, voice dropping to a low thunder.]

JJW: Baby... you gon' know one thing for sure...

OH! IT'S ON THE FLOOR.

[She cups a hand to her ear, encouraging the call and response of...]

"OH! IT'S ON THE FLOOR!"

[Fade out as Jo Jo raises her fist to the crowd, her smile electric, her energy righteous...]

...and we cut to live footage backstage at Washington Hall, where Big Boss Shinza saunters down a hallway. Her wavy, long black hair, with streaks of purple adding a rebellious pop of color, is tied in a high ponytail. Shinza has on a pair of Aviators, as well as an outlandish split-style vinyl jacket, the right side of it black in color, while the other side is white, over a halter-style sports bra, the right side of it white in color, while the other side is black, and a pair of form-fitting white shorts with pink, petal-like patterns.

The hiragana for Shinza "しんざ" is printed in gold on the left sleeve of the jacket.

She also has on black boots and black knee pads, and she holds a kendo stick loosely in her right hand, occasionally allowing it to drag casually across the floor.]

BBS: Ever since Riley Bennett got taken out of this tournament, you American fans have been clamoring for someone else to represent the...

[Shinza hits a closed door with the kendo stick, creating a loud...]

"SMACK!"

BBS: ...ordinary American, the...

"SMACK!"

[That was a bit of wall.]

BBS: ...everywoman, the...

[She brings the kendo stick down hard onto a black production trunk.]

"SMACK!"

BBS: ...girl next door, someone who will...

[Three strikes in quick succession, punctuating each word.]

"SMACK!"

BBS: ...represent...

"SMACK!"

BBS: ...the...

"SMACK!"

BBS: ...people! And the people want her to win so badly, they decided to have her face me in building she shares her name with...

[Shinza jabs at the wall with the kendo stick, as if trying to stir the very edifice into action.]

BBS: ...in a state she shares her name with! Unfortunately, Jo Jo, when you are one of the people... When you are the everywoman... A model for the ordinary American... That is all you will ever be!

[A different production trunk now bears the brunt of her strikes.]

"SMACK!"

BBS: Average!

"SMACK!"

BBS: Mediocre!

"SMACK!"

BBS: Sub-par! While me? I'm Big Boss Shinza. I'm a class above the ordinary. I stand above the people, so that the people can have someone to look up to... So that the people have someone to lead them!

Tonight, victory will belong to Big Boss Shinza in the state of Washington. Victory will be mine in historic Washington Hall. Victory for the Big Boss... Over Jo Jo Washington! Let's go!

[Wagakki Band's cover of "Senbonzakura" starts to play, as the camera moves around and behind Shinza to reveal that they are at the Chimpanzee Position, with Shinza facing the curtains of the entranceway to the arena.

Cut to a shot from the other side of the curtain, as a kendo stick is poked through, pushing one curtain aside. Big Boss Shinza steps through the entranceway and lifts the kendo stick in the air, a smug, closed-mouth smile on her face. She coolly points the kendo stick at the crowd, as introductions are made.]

MS: The following contest set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit is a FIRST ROUND MATCH in the 2019 BRASSSSSS RIIIIIIING TOURNAMENNNNNNT! Introducing first... she hails from Kyushu Island, Japan... weighing in at 151 pounds... she is...

BIG!

BOSS!

SHINNNNNNNNNZAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[As Shinza's name is announced, she throws out her arms to either side of her. Resting the kendo stick on her shoulder, she nonchalantly strolls to the ring, paying little attention to the boos coming from both sides of the aisle.]

LD: Big Boss Shinza in her singles match debut here in the AWA and she comes in with quite the reputation, Ben.

BW: Whether it's death matches, striking, or submissions, Shinza's got it all and then some... and this one might be over before it even gets started.

LD: I don't know about that. I've been watching Jo Jo Washington at some of our live events and this woman brings the fight every night out - no matter the odds against her.

[Reaching the ring, Shinza slips the Aviators off, folds it and hands it over to a member of the production team at ringside. The crew member holds out a hand for the kendo stick, which earns them an earful from Big Boss Shinza before she climbs the ring steps, onto the apron, where she wipes her boots on the canvas and ducks under the middle rope, into the ring.]

LD: The Seattle fans... a bit of a mixed response here for Shinza. Seattle is known for having a very strong and proud Japanese population and they're out in force tonight for a woman who has been one of the top stars on the Japanese independent joshi scene for a while now. Tonight though is her chance to break into the United States scene in a big, big way.

[Shinza steps onto the middle rope, again pointing to the fans with her kendo stick before holding it overhead. As the music fades, she hops down and places her kendo stick on top of the ring steps, leaning it against the ringpost before removing her jacket...]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd her opponent...

["Rock Steady" by Aretha Franklin hits and the crowd immediately starts moving with it.]

MS: From DEEEEEEEEEETROIT, Michigan... weighing in at 196 pounds... she is AMERICAN SOUL...

JO! JO! WASHINGTONNNNNNNNNNN!

[With the crowd hitting the groove, Jo Jo Washington comes prancing through the curtain in her star-spangled gear, dancing her way into view with a huge grin on her face, pointing to the cheering fans...]

LD: And you want to talk about someone who has earned her way into the hearts of the fans based on her live event appearances and social media alone, you're talking about Jo Jo Washington! She's barely been on TV but listen to this response from the people of Seattle!

[Washington pulls off her cowboy hat, waving it overhead, pulling the crowd into her rhythm as she "steps and moves her hips with a feeling from side to side" as the song says.]

LD: Look at her go, Ben!

BW: I'm looking... but not at her. I'm looking at Big Boss Shinza who is all business in there and if looks could kill, they'd be carting Washington out of here in a hearse!

[Washington gets herself down to ringside, many of the AWA faithful dancing along with her...]

LD: You just can't teach this kind of natural connection.

BW: Or any sense of professionalism.

LD: Oh, come on! You're such a stick in the mud!

[Climbing into the ring, Washington grabs Shari Miranda by the hand, trying to encourage her into a little jig as well. Miranda smiles, shaking her head as Shinza angrily glares at the scene unfolding.]

LD: Come on, Shari! Shake what your mama gave ya!

BW: What is the matter with you?!

[Washington hands off the hat, pointing to the fans with a smile that lights up Historic Washington Hall as she settles back into her corner...]

LD: Just about set to go here... Shari with some final words for both and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: Let's do this! First round Brass Ring tournament match underway!

[Washington claps her hands in rhythm as she steps out of the corner, getting the fans to do the same as she bounces lightly, rolling her shoulders, trying to lure Shinza towards her...]

...but the defiant Big Boss stands across the ring unmoving, stoic in her expression with one hand extended as if ordered Washington to come to her.]

LD: A bit of an early match stalemate here. Both trying to lure the other one to them.

[Washington shrugs, sidestepping and shuffling her way across the ring towards the waiting Shinza...]

...and the two come together in a tieup, Shinza pushing her back a step...]

LD: Shinza trying to force her back towards the mid- OH!

[The crowd reacts as Shinza shows off her martial arts prowess by shifting her feet, YANKING Washington down hard to the canvas with an over the shoulder judo-style arm throw...]

...and then hangs onto the arm, transitioning right into a cross armbreaker attempt!]

LD: Look out here! Jo Jo Washington's in VERY early trouble!

BW: How smooth was that, Dane?! Big Boss Shinza didn't come to dance and sing and play with the fans. She came to fight... and more than that, she came to win!

[Washington is struggling against the armbar, keeping her hands locked to block it as Shinza tries to rip her grip free...]

LD: Jo Jo trying to get loose, using her size to push up to a knee... trying to avoid the hyperextension of that elbow...

[...and back on her feet, Washington manages to shimmy and shake her way out of the hold, backing away with another little shimmy to laughter from the crowd as Washington mockingly wipes her brow.]

LD: Haha! Washington knows how close that was right there but she's still having a good time inside that squared circle, Ben!

BW: She's not supposed to be having a good time! She's supposed to be WRESTLING!

LD: She reminds me a little of our old pal Sweet Daddy Williams in there.

BW: Oh yeah... and look where all that messing around got him.

LD: One of the most popular competitors in AWA history.

BW: Without an ounce of gold to his name.

[Shinza climbs off the mat, an obvious look of annoyance on her face as Washington beckons her forward... and Shinza quickly obliges, tying up again...

...but this time, Washington goes low, her strong legs allowing her to push Shinza right on back into the ropes.]

LD: Into the ropes... Shari Miranda calling for a break...

[A few seconds pass before Washington backs off, a grin on her face with her hands raised...]

LD: ...and a clean break there for Jo Jo Washington.

[...and then a little back and forth hip sway to get a reaction from the crowd. She lightly taps Shinza on the shoulder, gesturing for her to duplicate the move.]

LD: Jo Jo Washington trying to get Shinza in on the act now...

BW: Good luck with that.

[Shinza steps out of the corner, looking questioningly at the hip-swaying Washington...

...and then does a passable imitation of the move to big cheers from the Seattle crowd!]

LD: You were saying, Ben?

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Shinza lashes out, slapping Washington hard across the face, whipping her head around.]

BW: That's what I thought.

[The smile on Washington's face is gone as she wheels around, swinging hard with a big right hand... then a jab... and another... and another...]

LD: Washington with a flurry of stinging rights!

[Washington leans back, cupping her hands to her mouth...]

“AND PUT SOME STANK ON IT!”

[...and SMASHES a big haymaker on the jaw of Shinza, sending her stumbling backwards into the corner!]

LD: Big ol’ soup bone delivered by Jo Jo Washington, the American Soul has Big Boss Shinza reeling early on in this one...

[Washington runs a few steps to the corner, twisting and leaping to drive her ample rear end into the midsection of Shinza, crumpling her against the turnbuckles...]

LD: Jo Jo’s got her back field in motion in this one...

[Holding onto the ropes, she drives her rear back a second time...

...and then goes into another hip gyration before throwing it back with a little extra oomph this time, leaving Shinza on a knee gasping for air as Washington jogs out of the corner, grinning at the Seattle fans.]

LD: And Jo Jo Washington is turning Historic Washington Hall into a church and a block party all at once!

[Washington strides to the opposite corner, swinging her arm in the air over and over and over, turning to put her back against the buckles as she pumps her arm twice with a...]

“CHOO! CHOO!”

[...and then goes charging across the ring at high speed!]

LD: Come on ride the train!

[But at the last moment, Shinza dives clear, causing Washington CRASH into the turnbuckles at high impact, her arms hanging over the ropes as she reels from the smash into the corner!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: The Bullet Train to nowhere!

[Shinza pushes the action, snatching a handful of afro to drag Washington out of the turnbuckles before delivering a pair of knee strikes to the lower back. She grabs an arm, twisting it around into a hammerlock...

...and then uses the same hammerlock to DRIVE Washington down with a DDT!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: Hammerlock DDT - well-executed for sure!

BW: Washington went down hard and ugly on that one... and she might not be getting up, Dane.

LD: She’s definitely stunned from that... but Shinza’s not looking for a cover, going right in on her...

[A pair of stomps to the thigh are following by two to the knee area and finally a leaping one onto the ankle as Washington cries out...]

LD: A Shinza Stomp perhaps? Leaving Washington in a bad way down on the mat and...

[The crowd groans as Shinza flips Washington over, snatching the foot into an ankle lock!]

LD: ...submission hold applied! Big Boss Shinza targeting the leg of Jo Jo Washington and locks in that anklelock in the middle of the ring! And this is trouble for the American Soul here on Showtime!

BW: This is the difference between the fun and games of Jo Jo Washington and the danger and precision that Big Boss Shinza brings to the table. She looks every bit like someone who would have NO problem breaking Washington's ankle with a hold like this.

LD: Washington trying to get herself to the ropes but that doesn't look likely to me, Ben.

BW: No way. Shinza's got her perfectly positioned, right in the middle... the ropes will NOT help Washington in this one...

[The larger competitor manages to use her weight to flip onto her back, surprising Shinza long enough for Washington to deliver a perfectly-aimed upkick on the jaw to break herself loose!]

LD: OH! The ropes weren't her way out but that boot to the bicuspid's sure was!

[Shinza staggers backwards as Washington gets her feet under her, pushing up to a knee...

...which is where she is when Shinza lands a BRUTAL pump kick to the sternum, folding Washington backwards onto her own legs!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Every ligament in her knee might've just popped like a balloon!

[Shinza stands over Washington as the popular American rolls onto her side, clutching at her knee...]

LD: Washington is hurtin' for certain... and Shinza doesn't look like she's quite done yet, fans.

[Bringing the American Soul off the mat, Shinza takes aim...

...but Washington fires first, landing a desperation right hand to the midsection...]

LD: Washington fighting back, trying to get a rally going!

[The crowd is instantly behind her, cheering her on as a second and third blow land...]

LD: She's got Shinza on her heels, bringing the fight to the Big Boss!

[...and with the crowd building momentum for her, Washington is completely shut down when Shinza whips around, smashing a backfist into her cheekbone and putting her right back down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: The spinning backfist connects - Washington goes down hard!

[Shinza grabs the hair again, hauling her up to her feet, going back to back with her...]

LD: What is this now...? Some kind of a backslide or...?

[...and muscles her up, stretching her across the back!]

LD: Oh! A lucha libre inspired submission hold!

BW: We rarely see this one stateside, Dane.

LD: We sure don't... but I'm not sure she's got enough in the tank to force a submission out of Jo Jo Washington!

[But Shinza quickly proves that's not her intent, swinging her out of the submission hold and into a jumping knee to the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: SHE CALLS THAT THE SAKURA DREAM MAKER!

LD: And it's anything BUT for Jo Jo Washington! It's more of a nightmare as she gets laid out... Shinza makes the cover - could this Brass Ring dream of Washington be over like that?!

[Miranda dives down to count.]

LD: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- ohhh! Shoulder out at two!

[The crowd ROARS for the knockout as Shinza sits back on her knees, her expression tightening...]

BW: She's put away a lot of competition with that, Dane. She might be realizing right about now that Washington's going to be a tougher fight than she imagined.

LD: You might be realizing that too, Ben.

[Shinza pushes up to her feet, pulling Washington up by the hair again, steering her into an Irish whip...]

LD: Whips her across... backdrop?

[...but as she doubles over for the backdrop, Washington slams on the brakes, dropping to her back on the canvas...]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

LD: UPPERCUT FROM HER BACK!

[The blow sends Shinza snapping upright, stumbling backwards as Washington slowly gets up off the mat. She shakes out the leg that Shinza targeted, giving it a few slaps to get the blood flowing...]

...and then throws herself into a running one-legged dropkick with all the momentum she can manage to get behind it, putting Shinza down on the canvas to cheers!]

LD: And the momentum in this one may be turning, Ben!

BW: Shinza got sloppy and Washington made her pay for it with that uppercut! But she's still moving a step or two slower than Big Boss Shinza which could put her in trouble.

[As Shinza struggles back to her feet, she finds Washington waiting for her...]

LD: Big wind up clothesline by Washington!

[She pumps her arms to the crowd, getting the fans to rally behind her. She swings her right arm around a few times, waiting for Shinza to rise...]

LD: Another one, ducked by Shinza and-

[...and Washington slams on the brakes again, twisting back to SMASH a left-armed clothesline to the back of the head!]

LD: OFF-ARM CLOTHESLINE AS WELL!

[Washington nods to the cheering crowd, shouting "LET'S GO, BABY!" to the Seattle fans who roar in response, watching as she waits for Shinza to rise again, ducking in and scooping her up...]

LD: Big scoop!

[...and with a flourish, she swings her around and slams her down on the canvas!]

LD: Nice swinging slam by Jo Jo Washington... to the ropes now...

[Rebounding back, she highsteps out to middle ring, going into a little jig...

...and then DROPS a big leaping elbow on the chest of Big Boss Shinza!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: The elbow connects! She's turning this around and listen to these fans!

[A "Jo Jo!" chant breaks out as Washington plays into it, waving her arms, shaking her torso, and shouting to the people as Shinza tries to recover, climbing first to a knee...]

LD: Washington picks her up again! Another slam?

[...and walks out to mid-ring, holding her across her torso, and with the slightest of twists and jumps...]

LD: THUMP GOES SHINZA! RIGHT UNDER ALL THE WEIGHT IN THAT POWERSLAM!

[She hangs on, hooking a leg!]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SHINZA BARELY GETS OUT IN TIIIIIME!

[Washington claps her hands together, climbing to her feet. She looks down on Shinza and then out on the fans, pumping her arms up and down...]

LD: She's raising the roof in Seattle!

[She shouts out to the fans...]

"THE ROOF! THE ROOF!"

[...and the fans respond appropriately.]

"THE ROOF IS ON FIRE!

WE DON'T NEED NO WATER, LET THE [BLEEP!] BURN!"

[Washington playfully mocks the crowd, covering her mouth with a shocked expression before wagging a finger at them...]

LD: Washington drops back, into the ropes... on the move... BIG LEAP!

[...and she drops all her weight down with a big splash...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SHE MISSED! SHE MISSED THE SPLASH!

BW: All that singing and dancing wasted valuable time and Big Boss Shinza's taking advantage of it! She rolls clear on the big splash... back on her feet now... finish her off, Shinza!

[Shinza appears to be trying to do exactly that as she pulls Washington back to her feet by the hair...]

BW: She's looking for the Iron Code!

[Shinza grabs her, looking to lift her up...

...but Washington slams an elbow down into the back of the head once, twice, three times...]

LD: Washington fighting out of it!

[But Shinza straightens up, smashing her own fist into the jaw of Washington once, twice, three times before dashing to the ropes...]

LD: Shinza on the move!

[...but Washington races to meet her, bouncing off the perpendicular ropes instead...]

LD: What is she...?

[...and there's a BIG CRASH in the middle of the ring, the size of Washington sending Shinza flying through the air with a shoulder tackle from the side!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Shinza laid out and stunned on the canvas, Washington steps next to her, bringing her arms up, going into a dance...]

LD: Shinza's in trouble! Washington's got her all shook up like Elvis!

[...and to the ropes she goes, hitting the ropes once...]

LD: Off the far side...

[...twice...]

LD: ...to the near side...

[...and on final approach, she leaps up, crashing down in a seated position with all her weight smashing the sternum of Shinza!]

LD: BRING THE HOUSE DOWWWWWN!

[Washington leans back, hooking the legs, folding Shinza up onto herself as the referee dives down to count...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Washington pops up to her feet, a huge smile on her face as she excitedly leaps up, pumping an arm in triumph!]

LD: Jo Jo Washington is moving on in the Brass Ring Tournament after one heck of a win, fans!

[The crowd is cheering the big win as Megumi makes it official!]

MS: Here is your winner... advancing to the Semifinals of the Brass Ring Tournament.... JO! JO! WASHINGTONNNNNNNNN!

[The fans are roaring once more as Washington mounts the midbuckle, swinging her arm around, pointing to her fans...]

LD: What a debut! What a moment of Jo Jo Washington tonight in Seattle, fans!

BW: Shinza got caught. That's what happened. She got a little too cute, a little too confident, and Jo Jo flattened her.

[...and as the music starts back up, Washington hops down and starts dancing, exhausted but thrilled as the graphic appears on screen promoting who has advanced in the tournament!]

LD: We've got three spots filled in the women's Semifinals, fans - Catalina Lopez is in... Amber Gold is in... and now Jo Jo Washington is in! And one week from tonight in Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, we'll see "Diamond" Lily Driscoll meet Felicia Love in the final match of the first round!

[Shinza is down on the mat still, grabbing at her crushed chest.]

LD: A tough loss for Big Boss Shinza who certainly impressed during her time in this tournament... and you have to hope this won't be the last we see of her, Ben.

BW: I sure hope not. She looked every bit the dangerous competitor we expected but...

LD: But Jo Jo Washington just made herself IMPOSSIBLE to ignore. Fans, we just mentioned Lily Driscoll and now, let's go backstage to our Lucy St. Clair who is standing by with "Diamond" Lily herself!

[We cut to backstage where we find Lucy St. Clair standing next to "Diamond" Lily Driscoll. The Brass Ring competitor is dressed in a black AWA Combat Corner T-shirt]

and blue jeans. Her wavy brown hair with blonde streaks just touches her shoulders.]

LSC: Fans, I'm here with "Diamond" Lily Driscoll, who we will be seeing in action two weeks from tonight in the Brass Ring tournament against Felicia Love. Now, Lily, I have to ask you what brings you here to Showtime tonight. Were you wanting to get a closer look at Big Boss Shinza and Jo Jo Washington in their tournament match tonight?

[Driscoll shoots an incredulous look at St. Clair.]

LD: You think I was just here to do a scouting mission, Lucy? If I wanted to do that, I could just stay at home like others still in the Brass Ring tournament are doing right now. But that's not me... when I know what I want, I don't just say I'm gonna go out and get it. I show up, I put in the work and I make it clear exactly why I'm going to get what I want! Or have you not been paying attention?

LSC: Well, it's actually been a bit since you last wrestled a match... and I do admit you looked impressive. But if you're not here tonight to get a closer look at the Brass Ring, why not wrestle another match? As far as I know, you're not scheduled for one.

[Driscoll pauses for a moment... then a smug smile forms on her face and she chuckles.]

LD: Oh, you think you got me, don't you, Lucy? But let me explain something to you... I was prepared to have a match tonight on Showtime, to show everybody why it's not a question who is going to earn that Brass Ring, earn that contract and earn that title shot.

[She then holds up a finger, as if to emphasize her next point.]

LD: However, I then remembered that we aren't just here in Seattle for Showtime. We're also here in Seattle for Opportunity Knocks!

So why just settle for having any old match on Showtime when I can go out into the ring at the Key Arena on July 4 and challenge any member on the AWA roster to a match that night?

[That draws a surprised pop from the crowd.]

LSC: Wait a minute... you have yet to earn that contract to the AWA and you still plan on showing up to challenge somebody to a match?

LD: [chuckling again] The way I see it, Lucy, is when they said that every Brass Ring competitor was allowed to make an appearance or to wrestle a match until it's time for their tournament match, I figured... why just settle for any old appearance when I can make an appearance on one of the signature shows of the AWA?

Now, some people might think it's too much, too soon for somebody who hasn't even earned her spot in this company. But after I show the world what I can do at Opportunity Knocks, there will be no doubt as to who is going to earn their way to the Brass Ring and there will be no doubt why, like everyone else in my family, I am destined for greatness!

LSC: I don't suppose you might be willing to drop a hint about who you have in mind to challenge?

[Driscoll gets that incredulous look back on her face and she shakes her head.]

LD: That desperate to get a scoop before Sweet Lou Blackwell, huh? Sorry to disappoint you, Lucy, but you'll find out on July 4 like everyone else. But I will promise you that I will continue to show everyone why another member of the Driscoll family is going to come away with the Brass Ring and show everyone exactly why diamonds are forever!

[She chuckles again and waves a dismissive hand at St. Clair.]

LD: Until then, it was, of course, your pleasure!

[She walks off the set as St. Clair sighs.]

LSC: Not to take anything away from her, but I wonder if Lily has bitten off more than she can chew. We'll find out in a few days. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be back with more AWA action right here on Showtime!

[We fade from a smiling Lucy to black.

The shot opens on Jordan Ohara standing to the left of the screen. He wears a white ringer T-shirt with the words "BE A HERO" printed on it in orange lettering. On his right is a graphic of the same orange words: "BE A HERO!" In the background, Ohara's theme song plays, Nas' "Hero."]

JO: To all my fans, don't be a bully. Be a hero. Stand up for everyone and be respectful of everyone's feelings. You don't have to like everyone you meet, but you should always try to be kind and think about where they are coming from.

We all want to laugh and joke. We all like to point out each other's differences. But sometimes words hurt as much as being hit. Sometimes they make someone feel like an "other." And that isn't fair. You wouldn't like to feel left out. So why would anyone else?

Bullying can feel overwhelming, relentless and make people go to desperate lengths for it to stop. You don't want to hurt somebody for the sake of a joke, do you? I didn't think so.

So don't be a bully. Be a hero. Please.

Only together can we stop bullying in all its forms. Join me and the AWA in the 2018 Be a Hero campaign because we need heroes. Like you.

[The camera fades out on Ohara giving the viewers an encouraging nod and little clasped hand bow before he fades from view as "Hero" fades out, leaving only the orange words:

BE
A
HERO.

And with that, we fade to pre-recorded footage of somewhere outside, the lack of specific landmarks make it difficult to ascertain where exactly we are. Above, cars roar by on an overpass. Our view becomes mostly focused on the bed of a gray pickup truck. We pan over the interior of the truck bed, and see a 30 rack case of beer. Suddenly, a hand comes into view, tearing a hole at the top of the case and taking out a beer. We pan back to see none other than Hannibal Carver. He pops the top off the can, and takes a sip. After a moment, he finally looks directly at the camera.]

HC: Since the last time I was on TV, I've been getting some questions. I didn't feel like being cooped up in any building, so I figured we could down a few so I could get it all off my chest.

[Carver takes another sip.]

HC: Supreme Wright was the better man the last time I was in that damn ring.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: That's just the damn facts. It could've just as easily gone the other way. He also took advantage of a long, grueling match to deal out some extra damage when the match was done.

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: Don't like it, but I can't say that I wouldn't do the same damn thing if the circumstances were flipped around. That's just how pissed I am about what's been going on. He won the match, but there's one thing he didn't do.

[Carver shakes his index finger.]

HC: He didn't wipe me off the face of the earth or whatever damn thing he promised to do. I'm still standing. And I'm not done with him or his damn family, not by a long shot.

[Carver takes another sip.]

HC: Could've been worse, if not for Martinez running out. But in doing so, apparently it made everyone think I was in real rough shape when afterwards Ryan didn't so much as mention my name. And when I wasn't side by side with him, Rage and Hunter. Well, I hate to break it to yeh...

[Carver smirks.]

HC: Me and Ryan Martinez ain't friends. When I said Jack was one of the only friends I had in this damn sport, it ain't like Martinez's name just slipped my mind. Last time I wrestled in that ring with Martinez, it was as partners. But the next time is just as likely to be me kicking his ass.

And all along when I said I wasn't gonna get blindsided by some "Team AWA" nonsense?

[Carver nods.]

HC: That didn't change when Supreme Wright made a mess of the Lynch Family. This isn't some twerp in a suit trying to take over and destroy this company. That was a case of someone screwing with my money and trying to take away a lot of people's livelihoods without even throwing a punch. That's business...

[Carver points at the ground.]

HC: ...and this here, is personal. At the end of the day, no matter all scummy crap he pulled, Supreme Wright is one of the boys. And I ain't about to ever say otherwise. Is he one of the best to lace up a pair of boots?

[Carver nods.]

HC: Hell, the war he and I just had proves that. And if he wants to beat the hell out of Nova and take that belt off of him?

Ain't none of my business and I really don't give a damn. He was champ here before, and I can say a lot about him but saying he didn't earn that belt and defend it up and down the roads?

[Carver shakes his head.]

HC: That ain't a thing I would ever say because it'd be a damn lie. None of that is what this is about. This is personal, this barely has anything to do with a wrestling ring. I said I ain't done with him and he said he'd end my career.

[Carver smirks.]

HC: And only one of us told the damn truth about that. But this ain't some rah rah go team go crap. If Ryan Martinez wants to give Boy Scout speeches until he's blue in the face and pal around with everyone in the back to have a bunch of tag matches?

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: Well, I don't give a damn about that either. I know Opportunity Knocks is coming up, but this ain't gonna be me coming out and asking for a match with Wright or any of his running buddies. This is me busting heads until I feel like I've busted enough heads. But I gotta warn yeh...

[Carver reaches into the left pocket of his black jeans, finally taking out the dreaded can opener.]

HC: That ain't a thing that I expect...

[Carver uses the point of the churchkey to puncture a hole in the beer can.]

HC: ...to be a feeling I get anytime soon.

[Carver tilts the cans towards the camera as a cheers, and then shotguns the beer as we fade through black...

...and back inside as the crowd hums with anticipation inside the packed Historic Washington Hall in Seattle, Washington. The house lights brighten just as Megumi Segato steps into the ring with her microphone, commanding the attention of the eager audience.]

MS: The following tag team match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division!

[The atmosphere shifts immediately as the unmistakable deep, resonant beats of traditional African drums begin to pulse through the arena speakers. Golden red light washes the entrance ramp in a regal glow. From behind the curtain step the tag team sensation - The Agojie.]

LD: Here they come, Ben. The Agojie are coming off an impressive win against the Velvet Vixens.

BW: You know, Dane... they didn't just win that match - they made a statement. They're on a mission to redefine tag team wrestling here in the AWA Women's Division. Can they do it? We might get a step closer to finding out here tonight.

[Askari appears first, cool, calm, and collected, her gaze scanning the sea of faces with focused intensity. She wears her crimson-trimmed Dora Milaje-inspired gear

with every inch of a disciplined warrior. Nubia follows close behind, a powerhouse in black and gold, pacing like a lioness with fire in her eyes, ready for war.]

MS: Introducing first... from Rwanda and Ghana... at a combined weight of 350 pounds...

...ASKARI and NUBIA! They are THE AGOJIEEEEE!

[Cheers go up from the Seattle crowd as Nubia slaps hands with the fans near the barricade and Askari silently acknowledges the reaction.]

MS: Annnnnd their opponents... already in the ring... from Los Angeles, California... at a combined weight of 268 pounds... "MEAN" MARCY and "NASTY" NANCY... THE KLINE TWINNNNNNS!

[Mean Marcy and Nasty Nancy scowl at the crowd's reaction, their platinum ponytails swinging as they toss insults at the Agojie. Their cheap purple and teal outfits show signs of wear and sweat from prior matches.]

BW: These two bring all the dirty tricks in the book. This won't be a walk in the park for the Agojie.

LD: But with Shari Miranda in the referee's corner tonight, they might just have a fighting chance at a clean contest.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The match explodes into motion immediately. Nubia storms forward like a juggernaut, her powerful frame barreling into Nancy with a devastating shoulder block. Nancy bounces back, barely able to stay on her feet.]

LD: And right out of the gate, Nubia lays the law down. She means business!

BW: Nubia's a tank - she can absorb punishment and dish it back twice as hard.

[Nasty Nancy stumbles back to her corner, already taking a tag as Mean Marcy darts in...]

"THWAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and gets dropped with a knife edge chop!]

LD: Big time shot out of Nubia!

BW: You could hear that one up on top of the Space Needle!

[Marcy is down on the mat when Nubia reaches down to grab at her..

...and Marcy goes right to the eyes, raking across to a warning from the official, jeers from the crowd, and a blinded Nubia stumbling across the ring.]

LD: And the cheating begins! That's exactly what we are told to expect from the Kline Sisters. No remorse, no hesitation.

BW: These twins play dirty. It's their game.

[A grimacing Nubia makes the tag as Askari steps in.]

LD: Here comes Askari. Cool, calm, and always calculating.

BW: She looks like a predator stalking her prey in there.

[Mean Marcy lunges in on Askari who sidesteps and spins her over in an armdrag...]

LD: Armdrag by Askari, Marcy back up though... and right back down with a hip toss! Beautiful display of technique from Askari.

BW: Looking to capitalize on every mistake she sees from her opponents...

[Marcy comes off the mat, trying to tie up with Askari to close the distance...

...and promptly grabs the hair, pulling her back as the official delivers a warning.]

LD: Shari Miranda losing her patience with these two right off the bat and...

[Mean Marcy drives a knee up into the midsection of Askari, doubling her over by the ropes. An overhead elbow to the back of the head snaps her down and then up, leaning hard on the ropes...]

LD: Marcy trying to take advantage here, shoots her- no, reversed!

[A backdrop sends Marcy up and over, crashing down onto her back. She winces as she crawls across the ring...]

LD: Another tag for the Kline Twins... and neither of these women seem to be able to get out of the gates for their team. Nancy tags back in...

[Nasty Nancy is coming in hard, swinging a clothesline but Askari ducks under, spins to grab a waistlock, and delivers a ring-shaking back suplex!]

LD:: Askari's got power and grace. She's a lethal combination in there.

[Askari makes the tag, bringing Nubia back in who lumbers across and delivers a brutal clothesline that lifts Nancy off her feet before depositing her back down on the canvas!]

LD: Ooof!

BW: Fujiwara and Bailey took a look at that one and said "DAMN, GIRRRRRL!"

[Pulling Nancy off the mat, Nubia lifts her under the arms, tossing her back into the turnbuckles before rearing back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and delivers three big overhand chops before turning to press her back into Nasty Nancy, pinning her in place...]

Nubia:(loudly, in Twi-accented English) You come now, sister!

[...which allows Askari to re-enter the ring, sprinting past a protesting Shari Miranda to land a running forearm to the chest, knocking Nancy down into a seated position in the corner...]

LD: My oh my, what a blow!

BW: No complaints about their cheating, huh? Askari was TOTALLY in there illegally.

LD: Well, she got out before the five count so-

BW: You've got an answer for everything, don't you?

[As Askari exits and the referee warns her, Nasty Nancy lands a short right hand on the jaw of Nubia...]

...and with the referee distracted, Mean Marcy ducks in, lifting her up for a back suplex of her own...]

LD: From behind!

[...but Nubia flips out, lifting her up in her powerful arms...]

LD: Not so fast!

[...and RAMS her body weight into Nancy with Marcy up in powerslam position, smashing her into the turnbuckles...]

...and then spins out to DRIVE Marcy down with a powerslam!]

LD: Look at Nubia's raw power! She doesn't just take damage, she dishing it out tenfold.

BW: Askari's the strategist, Nubia's the wrecking ball... and right now, the Klines are getting wrecked by these two.

[Marcy rolls out, gasping for air as Nancy drops to the mat, rolling out to join her, clutching her ribs...]

LD: The twins are hurting, no doubt about it... and listen to these fans!

[The dominant display has earned some "A-GO-JIE!" chants from the crowd, growing in intensity as the beatdown continues...]

...and Askari and Nubia exchange a quick nod and then move into position. Askari motions for the Maliza Yeye.]

LD: You know what's coming next...

[And as a winded Nancy rolls back in, Askari runs toward the ropes, bounces off, and launches into a stunning 540-degree spinning kick, cleanly connecting with Nancy's head...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and before Nancy can crumple to the mat, she's cut in half by a charging spear tackle from Nubia!]

LD: Maliza Yeye! And the spear! That's it!

BW: There's no getting up from that combo.

[Nubia hooks the leg for the pin. Nubia stands guard while Shari Miranda emphatically counts.]

LD: One. Two... and there's the three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Megumi Sato makes it official, the crowd cheering as the Agojie stand tall, victorious once again. Askari wipes the sweat from her brow and offers a slight, satisfied nod. Nubia raises her fist to the roaring fans.]

LD: Undefeated. Dominant. And tonight, the Agojie proved once again why they are a rising force here in the Women's Tag Team Division.

[Nubia and Askari soak up the cheers of the crowd as the Klines scrape themselves off the mat...]

LD: And speaking of the Women's Tag Team Division, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou who is standing by with the Slam Sorority! Lou?

[We cut to backstage where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing alongside the members of the Slam Sorority. "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis stands to Blackwell's right. She is dressed in her Indiana State University letter jacket over a white T-shirt and her red and blue track suit pants. Standing to Blackwell's left are Carolina Colton and Trish Wallace, both in their black with day-glo paint splatter patterned ring gear. T-Bone Wallace is deep into resistance band bicep curls, more focused on her thick arms than anything else. The Starkiller is, as usual, much more casual, exuding cool with a smirk that many have tried and failed to slap from her face.]

SLB: Thanks, Lori! In just a few minutes, Donna Martinelli and Kelly Taylor of The Peach Pits will be taking on these two women to my left, Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton of the Slam Sorority. However, I first want to ask Laura Davis something... I understand you'll be in action later tonight, but it seems to me that Lauryn Rage is prepared to issue you a challenge at Opportunity Knocks. If so, what does that mean for your claim that this rivalry will end on your terms?

LD: [rolls her eyes] Blackwell, I'm sure you'd love to get a response to that question, but all I'm going to say is that I'll address that later on tonight. Right now, your job is to talk to the Starkiller and Trish about what they're gonna do to the Peach Pits, so I suggest you do your job, Blackwell.

SLB: Well, as we head into the AWA's summer tour, a number of teams are positioning themselves and making a case to topple the champs – Cinder and Harley Hamilton – ahead of Girls To The Front coming up in August. Certainly you and your partner Carolina Colton have been quietly climbing the rankings. Tell us about it, Trish Wallace.

[Trish makes sure to flex before speaking.]

TW: You know somethin'... A couple weeks ago I thought I'd have to have my head on a swivel with that ex-partner of mine back in town, looking over my shoulder for a Dream Girl. But I guess you can tell I made the right choice.

CC: Undefeated as a team, bahd. The record book, open it up and read it. Ohyahnahfersure, Lou: gotta correct you on somethin' there, bahd. T-Bone and me? We don't do nothing quietly.

TW: Just the sounds of fists hitting jaws.

CC: Flesh hittin' the floor.

TW: Refs hands slappin' the canvas three times.

CC: ...And ding, ding, frickin' ding, bahd.

TW: Last couple times I was in the ring with the Peach Pits, they ran away with a win. This time though?

[Trish Wallace takes a deep pull on the resistance band, flexing her bicep fully.]

TW: I'm gonna squeeze their ribcages so hard we'll never hafta hear 'em talk again.

CC: And, bahd, once we get that monkey off our back, I think it'd be nice to walk into Calgary in three weeks to challenge for the tag belts.

TW: Mall of America.

CC: Nah, Calgary, bahd.

TW: Minneapolis.

LD: All right, enough talking... it's time to get ready get out to the ring and show everyone exactly what the Slam Sorority is all about!

[She gestures with her hand as Colton and Wallace head off-camera, bickering under their breath the whole way. Davis then follows them off camera as we fade from the backstage area out to Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams standing in the aisle of the Historic Washington Hall.]

MW: The Slam Sorority looking ahead to a shot at the Women's World Tag Team Titles but the Peach Pits are going to be giving them all they can handle and then some if you ask me, Sweet Daddy.

SDW: This is the Martinelli and Taylor version... not Shannon Walsh. I think that might make all the difference.

MW: We'll see about that soon enough... but right now, a very unusual challenge here on Showtime.

SDW: "Unusual" is a word to describe it. "Ill-advised" might be another, baby.

MW: Two weeks ago on this show, we saw the shocking betrayal of Odysseus Allah, turning his back on his father - Dirt Dog Unique Allah - in horrific fashion... and since then, his father has been asking the powers that be to give him a match with his own son.

SDW: Yeah he has... but everybody knows that Dirt Dog's best days of a wrestler on WAAAAAY behind him. This ain't 1997. This ain't Portland. This ain't Seven Tables. Heck, Miss Mariah, this ain't even the Walking Dead and Jericho Kai, man.

[Wolfe smirks.]

MW: It's none of those things... and as such, the AWA has ruled that Dirt Dog Unique Allah needs to prove he's physically and emotionally capable of competing before they'll green light that show down.

SDW: And they picked one hell of a measuring stick, Mariah. Five minutes with Jayden Jericho?

MW: Now, it's a five minute exhibition match... but we checked on the rules. No one is saying that Allah has to survive five minutes with Jericho... but he DOES have to prove he's still able to go.

SDW: It ain't ever easy when it comes time to hang up the boots for any of us... I know it wasn't for me. But we may be about five minutes from Allah learning the hard way it's time for him to let it go.

MW: Let's find out! Megumi Sato, take it away!

[We cut to the ring where Megumi is standing.]

MS: The following contest is a FIVE MINUTE EXHIBITION MATCH!

[The crowd cheers cautiously... perhaps nervously.]

MS: Introducing first...

[She lowers the mic as "Snakes" by Ol' Dirty Bastard hits over the PA system.]

MS: From Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 238 pounds...

...DIRT! DOG! UNIQUE! ALLLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAH!

[A few moments pass before Dirt Dog Unique Allah stumbles through the curtain in a filthy peacoat, muttering to himself... drifting from side to side... one hand tugging at his nasty looking beard...]

LD: At one time, fans... when this music played, you could expect one of the most unique - no pun intended - and most unusual competitors in the business to appear.

BW: Not just unique... not just unusual... but dangerous, uberathletic, incredibly exciting and entertaining to watch. Joe Petrow may be the name people remember but there was no Seven Tables without this man.

LD: But that time has long passed us by. The last time this man was in the ring on a regular basis was... what? 2015? Competing in a short-lived tag team here in the AWA called the Walking Dead.

[Allah walks the aisle looking very much like he slept under a loading dock and woke up angry about it. But there's something in the eyes tonight - not focus exactly, but intent.

LD: He may look like a man held together with tape and bad decisions...

BW: Because he is.

LD: ...but tonight, he is a man with a very clear goal. To survive. To show who and what he still is and capable of. And to ultimately earn a match against his own son.

[Allah rolls into the ring, yanking off the coat, pacing madly, flexing his taped hands as he waits for his opponent...

...who is sure to come next as "Bulletproof" by Godsmack hits the PA system.]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent... from Toronto, Canada... weighing in at 215 pounds... representing Generation Lost...

...JAYYYYYYYDENNNNN JERICHOOOOOOOOO!

[Jericho saunters out through the curtain with an arrogant sneer on his face - a man who knows he's been given a task... not a threat. He eyes the ring with mild disgust.]

LD: Not an ounce of respect for his opponent on the face of that man, Ben.

BW: Can you blame him?

LD: I absolutely can. Allah may not be on Jericho's level these days in... well, any department... but Jayden Jericho should respect the man for being willing to step inside the squared circle with him. I suppose we should be grateful that Jericho's coming out here alone.

[Waterson bursts into laughter.]

BW: Do you think he needs HELP with Allah? He wasn't about to waste the time of Justin Gaines or the Idols with this easy night at the office.

[Jericho sneers with disgust at Allah as he climbs through the ropes, Allah staring a hole right through him. The Generation Lost member waves a hand at Allah, talking to the referee who shrugs with a "you agreed to it."]

LD: Sounds like Jayden Jericho asked the referee why he's here...

[Referee Scott Ezra holds up five fingers for all to see...]

LD: Put five minutes on the clock and... here... we...

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: ...go!

[The bell sounds as Jericho struts from the corner, looking across at Allah who wobbles towards him...

...and then makes an off-kilter lunge at him, sweeping an arm towards the leg before sidsheffling to his right out of reach.]

BW: What in the...?

[Allah makes another half lunge, slipping backwards awkwardly...]

BW: I don't... what is this guy doing?

LD: He's definitely got Jericho off-balance in the opening moments.

[Jericho looks agitated as Allah makes another lunge...

...and Jericho boots him in the gut as he comes in, knocking him to his knees. Jericho yanks him up in a side headlock, sneering at the booing crowd...

...which erupts in cheers as Allah spins out of the headlock into a wristlock!]

LD: Jericho didn't see that coming.

[Allah yanks the arm a couple of times, forcing Jericho to double over, kneeling down...

...and Allah steps over the arm before jerking a mule kick up into Jericho's face!]

LD: OH!

[The crowd cheers as Jericho falls to the mat, scooting backwards as Allah jerks around, shouting for someone to "get that muhfuh up!"]

LD: Jericho looks stunned right now, Ben.

BW: Well, he needs to shake it off. I know he's surprised... hell, I'm right there with him... but he's gotta get his head back in the game and in a hurry because he'll be out of time before he knows it.

LD: Speaking of time, just about a minute gone already in this one...

[Jericho rolls back,ipping up off the mat. He smirks at the jeering crowd, his arms spread...

...and Allah lunges at him!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Jericho POPS him on the way in with a knife edge chop!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A second one lands, sending Allah falling back against the ropes as Jericho grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring...

...or so he thinks as Allah grabs the wrist, blocking the whip at full extension, yanking Jericho towards him...]

LD: What in the...?!

[...and then leaps up, taking Jericho down in a short-arm neckbreaker!]

LD: OHH! Innovative offense on the part of Dirt Dog Unique Allah!

[Jericho hits the mat hard, grabbing at the back of his head and neck as the fans cheer again...]

LD: Jericho looks... embarrassed, Ben!

BW: CAN YOU BLAME HIM!?

[Dane chuckles as Allah stands over Jericho, barking something incoherent before slapping his own chest a couple of times...]

LD: The man may not move like he used to but he's showing Jayden Jericho - AND the powers that be - something here tonight in Seattle. But will it be enough to convince them he can step inside the ring with his own son?

BW: I bet Odysseus is sitting in the back somewhere praying that this goes the way his old man wants it to.

[Allah pulls Jericho up by the hair, whipping him across the ring...]

LD: Whip by Allah...

[...and doubles over for a backdrop as a rebounding Jericho twists around, using Allah's back as a platform to backflip through the air, landing on his feet in a dazzling show of athleticism...]

LD: ..WOW!

[...and as Allah whips around, Jericho snaps off a short range superkick up under the chin!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He flashes right back in, lashing out with a second superkick...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which puts Allah down on his knees where Jericho takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and flattens him with a third thrust kick to the jaw!]

LD: DOWN GOES UNIQUE ALLAH!

[Jericho spreads his arms again, gloating towards the jeering crowd. He starts to move in for a cover and then shakes his head...]

LD: Uh oh... perhaps Jericho wants to add a little more injury to insult here.

[...and hauls Allah off the mat by his messy hair, flipping him over into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a big boot to the spine before dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back at high speed...]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Allah with a basement dropkick!]

LD: About halfway through the five minute time limit... and Jericho with his first pin attempt of the match! He's got one! He's got-

[Jericho looks slightly alarmed as Allah kicks out at one and change.]

LD: -wow... a little surprising there but Allah is out way before the two count. Jayden Jericho looks even more surprised than I am at that, Ben.

BW: I think we're all surprised by that. Allah hanging in there and like you said, we're almost halfway through this thing. With every minute... hell, with every SECOND that Allah survives, he gets closer to convincing the office to let him have his shot at his son.

[Jericho promptly yanks him right up off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock before SNAPPING him over with a suplex!]

LD: Beautiful execution on that one by the son of the Playboy...

[Jericho floats right over, pushing up to his feet. He drags Allah up by the arm again, tossing him into the corner before getting a running start on him, springing up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CONNECTS with a flying knee to the chin, snapping Allah's head back!]

LD: WHOOOOA! CHECK THE DENTAL WORK AFTER THAT ONE!

[Jericho twists Allah around, taking a seat on the top turnbuckle as he grabs a front facelock...]

LD: Look out here!

[...and kicks off the buckles, twisting high through the air before SPIKING Allah's head into the canvas with a high impact tornado DDT!]

LD: He calls that combo "No Joke" and the impact on the head and neck of Allah is certainly no laughing matter at all, Ben.

BW: I love it, Dane. We saw Justin Gaines dominating earlier. We see Jayden Jericho doing it now. The Idols are coming up later tonight. Generation Lost is quietly but effectively rising through the ranks and showing the entire world that they stand alone!

LD: Alone... but together?

BW: You know what I meant!

[Jericho swings his arms apart, signaling that it's over before he leans into side press, head on his fist as he smirks at the referee's count...]

LD: Arrogant cover. Is it enough?

[...who slaps the mat once... twice...]

LD: OHH! Allah kicks out again!

BW: Okay. Fine. That's something.

LD: That's a LOT, Ben! He just took that tornado DDT - that HIGH IMPACT tornado DDT - and still kicked out at two! Jericho looking over at the timekeeper and... check the clock, kid! You got about ninety seconds left!

[Jericho is getting the same news right now as he angrily pulls Allah off the mat, slapping him across the face...]

"YOU'RE DONE! YOU'RE A RELIC! YOU'RE A NOBODY!"

[...and again...]

"YOUR SON WAS RIGHT!"

[...and that seems to wake something up inside Dirt Dog Unique Allah as he SMASHES a palm thrust into the chest of a shocked Jericho to big cheers from the Seattle crowd!]

LD: OH, WHAT A SHOT!

[And another!]

LD: ALLAH WITH THE PALM STRIKES! ONE AFTER ANOTHER! HAMMERING JERICHO BACKWARDS!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[A brutal palm strike uppercut puts Jericho on rubber legs before he makes a desperate lunge, getting drop toehold over the middle rope!]

LD: Wait a second! Allah on the move! It’s 1997 all over again!

[Rebounding off the ropes, Allah leaps into the air, bringing his weight down on the back of Jericho’s neck, driving his throat and torso into the ropes!]

BW: THE FATAL FLYING GUILLOTINE! IT IS 1997!

[Jericho slumps backwards, falling to the mat as Allah excitedly pumps his fist, breathing heavily, moving slowly...]

LD: That might’ve been all he had left in the tank, Ben!

[Allah collapses to his knees, chest heaving as he throws himself into a sloppy lateral press...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[...but Jericho kicks out, sending Allah sprawling off of him!]

LD: Jericho kicks out but we’re under a minute to go! And Ben, how embarrassing would it be for Jayden Jericho if he can’t finish off Allah?!

[Allah comes off the mat, looking out on the cheering fans, nodding his head...

...and then heads towards the corner.]

LD: Oh no... don’t do it, Unique! Don’t do it!

BW: He’s out of his mind!

LD: Allah to the corner... slowly... painfully... like every step costs him...

[He starts to climb the ropes from the inside, no time to do anything else as the seconds continue to tick down...]

LD: Thirty seconds left!

[...but before he can even get to the second rope, Jayden Jericho comes off the mat, rushing the corner where he SMASHES a forearm into the back of Allah’s head!]

LD: OHH! From behind!

[He quickly snatches Allah in snap mare position...

...and then runs up the ropes, pushing off with both feet...]

LD: EMANCIPATOR!

[...and flips over Allah’s head, bringing him down in a makeshift inverted DDT!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With Allah motionless on the mat, Jericho applies a North-South cover, reaching out to snatch a leg...]

LD: That's it. One. Two. Three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Jericho pushes up to his knees, a look of disgust on his face as he shoves Allah's leg away from him.]

LD: Call it a victory for Jayden Jericho... but he doesn't look at all happy about it, Ben.

BW: I think he's mad it took that long. Allah put up more of a fight than I think ANY of us were expecting.

[Jericho wipes the sweat off his face, glaring down at Allah - not amused, not proud, just irritated that the old man made him work.]

BW: That's the difference. Jayden Jericho wins because he's younger, faster, sharper - and because eventually, reality wins.

LD: Maybe. But Dirt Dog Unique Allah proved something tonight.

BW: To you maybe. But did he prove enough to the office?

[Unique is flat on his back, but he's moving. Still conscious. Still trying to sit up even after the bell.]

LD: He didn't survive the time limit. He didn't have to.

[Unique finally gets to a seated position, staring blankly ahead, chest rising and falling.

Then he smiles.

Crooked. Broken. Mean.

Like he knows he got what he came for.

And we fade from the ring to the backstage area where Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov is watching the action on a monitor, stroking his chin thoughtfully. The AWA's resident scoopster Sweet Lou Blackwell is by his side, mic in hand.]

SLB: President Zharkov, despite the loss there to Jayden Jericho... Dirt Dog Unique Allah held his own in that exhibition match - wouldn't you agree?

[Zharkov pauses, nodding his head.]

MZ: I would.

SLB: So does that mean you're going to grant his request for a match against his Judas of a son, Odysseus Allah?

[Zharkov grimaces.]

MZ: Mr. Blackwell, I do not think that-

[But Zharkov barely gets those words out before someone comes bursting into view from off-camera as we see Curly Bill Webb storming into the frame with Odin Gunn following closely behind. Gunn's face is streaked with fresh blood from a cut above his eye, yet he stands tall and imposing, the AWA World Television Title still gripped tightly in his right hand. Gunn's eyes burn with quiet intensity, but his mouth remains shut. Zharkov's expression turns cold and unimpressed. Sweet Lou Blackwell's eyes go wide as he instinctively steps back.]

CBW: Well now, President Zharkov... Sweet Lou... ain't this just a fine how-do-you-do? Odin Gunn here went toe-to-toe with that no-good, dirty, bottom feedin' rat, King Kong Hogan, and what happens? The referee gets laid out colder than a winter grave, and the whole damn thing gets thrown out. Damn shame, ain't it?

[Curly Bill spits a wad of tobacco juice off to the side, then pats Gunn on the shoulder.]

CBW: I sure do hope that big dumb ox Hogan doesn't get suspended for his actions tonight.

[Webb's tone implies he knows very well that Hogan was already suspended as Zharkov... did he just roll his eyes?]

CBW: Wouldn't want the big man missin' any future opportunities. After all, the big dummy was just doin' what comes natural to a low-down scavenger like him... goin' wild and losin' all sense when things got too tough for him.

[Zharkov folds his arms across his chest, his face a mask of stern disapproval. He stares directly at Curly Bill and the bloodied Gunn, clearly not amused, but offers no reply. Curly Bill's grin widens into something darker and more sinister. He steps forward slightly, speaking for his mute monster, his voice dropping to a menacing growl.]

CBW: But enough about Hogan. What Odin Gunn craves... is more competition. REAL competition. The kind that makes a man stained red with blood and proves who the strongest in the AWA really is.

[He twists his mustache and then raises his voice with a booming, dramatic flair.]

CBW: So mark it down, Zharkov... Odin Gunn will be at Opportunity Knocks!

And he'll be callin' out the world! Any man with the guts to step up better bring everything he's got, 'cause Odin ain't lookin' for easy pickin's. He's lookin' for a fight worth rememberin'!

[Curly Bill tips his Stetson mockingly toward Zharkov and turns to leave, just as...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

[A rolling production case gets knocked aside, spinning out of control across the backstage area as Dirt Dog Unique Allah stumbles into frame, eyes wild, energy crackling.]

DDUA: AY YO! HOLD UP, HOLD UP! Ain't nobody leavin'!

Nah nah nah y'all talkin' fights? TALKIN' BLOOD? That's my language, muhfuhs!

[He points wildly between Zharkov, Gunn, and Curly Bill, barely making sense. Gunn looks like he hasn't caused enough carnage for one night and takes a step towards the aging veteran before Webb throws an arm across his chest to “restrain” him.]

DDUA: Pops still barkin', son still hidin', an' YOU, big statue man - yeah YOU - like you chew nails for breakfast lookin ass. Lemme get a bite, muhfuh!

[Security edges closer. Zharkov exhales sharply.]

MZ: I watched your match with Jericho.

[He nods.]

MZ: Maybe you have one more left in you, hm?

[Zharkov strokes his chin, then checks his clipboard.]

MZ: I will consider... and in two weeks in Regina, I will let you know.

[Allah shakes his head.]

DDUA: Two weeks? Nah! Nah! No more weeks! No more days! No more minutes!

[Allah staggers, leaning hard against a production case.]

DDUA: Not two weeks. This week.

[Zharkov's brow furrows.]

DDUA: Opportunity Knocks? I'm kickin' the damn door OFF the hinges! Y'heard, muhfuhs?

[Zharkov glares at Allah who wanders out of view as Zharkov sighs...

...and we fade back out to the aisleway where we find Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams standing.]

MW: It's never a dull moment backstage at an AWA event, Sweet Daddy! Odin Gunn is coming to Opportunity Knocks - can you believe that?!

SDW: Oh, I can believe it, Miss Mariah... but what I can't believe is that anyone's gonna have the guts to step to the undefeated monster after what we saw earlier tonight. And now Dirt Dog Unique Allah says he's going to be there too lookin' for his son!

MW: It's going to be a wild night in Seattle on the 4th of July... just like it's been a wild night here already and-

[A voice bursts out, breaking up Mariah's sentence.]

"No one punks MY MAN out!"

[Without pomp or ceremony, Miss Sandra Hayes and Kerry Kendrick storm through the entrance curtain, each with a microphone. Hayes very intentionally shoulder checks Wolfe, sending her bouncing clear as Hayes keeps on walking down the aisle, the National Champion trailing behind her with both being serenaded with boos by the crowd.]

LD: Well, this wasn't on the format, Ben, but it looks like-

BW: It looks like the National Champion has something to say so we should all shut up and hear what it is.

[Reaching ringside, Hayes and Kendrick approaching the announce table as Lori Dane turns her chair away, looking like she'd rather be anywhere else. Hayes smirks, waving with a "HI MOM!" off-mic before climbing the ringsteps, Kendrick rolling under the ropes, pulling the belt off his waist and slinging it over his shoulder as he gets to his feet. Hayes taps the mic to make sure it's still on before she continues.]

MSH: That was unacceptable, and after the bell. An outrage! After the contest, my man, the AWA National Champion put himself through!

[Kerry Kendrick shoulders the National Title belt with a pat on the face while Sandra Hayes scowls back at the jeering fans. Kendrick raises his own mic.]

KK: The sad fact of life is Damian DeVille was given a golden opportunity to prove he belonged in the top tier of AWA talent, and when push came to shove, he messed the bed!

And, to top it all off, burned through any good will he might have earned by cheapshotting me after the bell, when I was going over to congratulate him on being the first to unsuccessfully challenge the Self Made Man as National Champion.

[The hundreds of fans in Washington Hall gradually pivot from jeering to formulating a taunting chant.]

"K-T-F-O!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

"K-T-F-O!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

"K-T-F-O!" *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

[Hayes and Kendrick look aghast at the chant, conversing off-mic as Hayes puts her hands over Kendrick's ears, shaking her head...]

LD: Well, uhh... we apologized for the... implied language in that chant, I suppose.

BW: It's a damn travesty, Dane!

LD: Sounds more like a statement of reality if you as me... because Kerry Kendrick was certainly... THAT... after he got hit with that spin kick by Damian DeVille.

[Hayes pulls her own mic up, turning to shout at the crowd.]

MSH: And after that outrage, you know what that means...

[Kendrick and Miss Hayes nod confidently at each other...]

KK and MSH: We are...

[...and then answer at the same time very, very differently.]

KK: ...boycotting Opportunity Knocks II next week!

MSH: ...challenging Damian DeVille at Opportunity Knocks II next week!

KK: ...What...?

MSH: ...What...?

[The crowd cheers loudly as Kendrick and Hayes trade words off-mic.]

LD: There appears to be some confusion between Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes over what they intend to do on the 4th of July and...

[The Seattle fans GO NUTS as the sounds of Nas' "Hero" kicks the PA in the Historic Washington Hall!]

LD: ...uh oh! Don't look now, Ben, but it looks like someone else has something to say about this situation!

BW: He's had his chance! Nobody cares what he's got to say!

LD: This sold out crowd sure does!

[Jordan Ohara steps out in the aisle, pausing to look at the cheering crowd with a smile and a nod. He's wearing a pair of black dress slacks and has removed his shirt, leaving his well-toned and tanned physique in view as he strides confidently down the aisle. Ohara rolls under the ropes into the ring, coming quickly to his feet before Kendrick can attack him. He points a warning finger at the champion and, seeing how eager the fans are for a fight between the former and current National Champions, he draws a line with the toe of his shoe...]

JO: Kendrick! I can't watch this any more! I can't watch you embarrass the National Title any longer!

[Kendrick glowers, clutching his title tighter.]

JO: We are professional wrestlers... we are warriors in this ring. It's not more complicated than that.

But instead of representing this sport with honor... instead of representing THAT belt with honor... you're out here launching another scheme.

No more.

[Ohara steps right up to the line he drew.]

JO: I want my rematch, Kendrick! I want my belt back!

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of that as Kendrick sneers, shaking his head. He pulls the title belt off his shoulder, holding it over his head to jeers... and then hands it over to Miss Sandra Hayes.]

BW: Are they going to do this right NOW?!

[Kendrick lifts the mic, stepping closer to the invisible line.]

KK: You had your chance to play your way back into the rotation, Phoenix. I was waiting for you to show how much you wanted this belt back, but you can't get the job done, it seems. You proved your time as champ material is over - it's MY time now.

[Kendrick smirks as the crowd jeers that.]

KK: You don't like it?

Try to be first in line at Opportunity Knocks.

[Ohara shouts "I WILL! I WILL!" at a nodding Kendrick.]

KK: Otherwise, tell your mom to go cry to Zharkov for you.

[Ohara's eyes flash, looking for a moment like he's going to tear into the champion right now... but raises the mic instead.]

JO: You talk a lot, Kendrick. Your gums do a lot of flapping for somebody with such a weak chin. One kick and I shut you up for good.

[Kendrick lifts his hand, miming Ohara's mouth flapping before waving his hand dismissively, turning his back on Ohara to boos...]

LD: Maybe not tonight, Ben.

[...and then Kendrick whips around, rushing at Ohara, trading big right hands as the crowd goes CRAZY!]

LD: THE FIGHT IS ON!

[A few quick blows from Ohara creates a little distance...

...which allows him to shoot a double leg, lifting Kendrick off his feet and taking him down on the mat, hammering away as Kendrick tries to cover up!]

LD: OHARA'S ALL OVER HIM! KENDRICK IS DEFENSELESS!

[Ohara is hammering right hands down on Kendrick...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...until Miss Sandra Hayes WHAPS Ohara with the National Title belt in the back of the head, knocking him down on the mat!]

LD: OHHH! AND SANDRA HAYES HITS OHARA WITH THE BELT!

BW: Your pride and joy in there!

[Kendrick flips Ohara onto his back, taking his turn to pound down onto the defenseless Ohara with vicious and measured mounted punches. Ohara is absorbing them all, laid out on the mat as the fans jeer...

...and then Kendrick waves a hand at Hayes who hands him the title. He grabs Ohara by the hair, yanking his face right up alongside the gold.]

"THIS IS THE CLOSEST YOU'RE COMING, OHARA! GET A GOOD LOOK!"

[Getting to his feet, Kendrick grabs the belt in both hands...

...and then beckons for Ohara to get up off the mat.]

LD: Oh no... no, no... we need help out here!

[Kendrick waves again, watching excitedly as Ohara struggles to his hip... then to a knee...]

LD: We need help before he-

[Kendrick is about to wind up and smash the National Belt into Ohara's face, when...]

LD: OH YEAH!

[...the AWA faithful ROARS at the sight of Derrick Williams sprinting down the Historic Washington Hall entranceway, hitting the ring on a headfirst slide under the ropes.]

LD: THE FUTURE IS HERE!

[Williams pops to his feet, rushing Kendrick who wheels around to swing the title belt...

...but Williams ducks under it, leaping to the middle rope, springing back...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: FUTURE SHOOOOOOOCK!

[The impact of the cutter DRIVES Kendrick's head into the canvas, causing Hayes to scream in horror as she bails out, taking the title belt with her as Williams gets up, smirking at Kendrick laid out on the canvas!]

LD: Derrick Williams was right there when his old friend needed him!

[Williams watches as a barely-moving Kendrick rolls to the outside, helped by a dragging Hayes. The Future dusts off his shoulder with a smirk, acknowledging the cheering fans as Hayes practically drags Kendrick up the aisle away from the ring...]

LD: Kendrick and Hayes making a run for it... and Derrick Williams helped Jordan Ohara when he needed it the most, fans.

BW: So touching.

[Williams watches Kendrick and Hayes exit for a bit before circling back to his friend who is on his feet now. Williams puts a hand on his shoulder as Ohara grabs at the back of his head where Hayes whacked him...

...and then angrily shrugs the hand away to an "ohhhhhhhh!" from the sold out crowd.]

BW: Or not.

LD: Jordan Ohara is-

[Williams throws up his hands, questioning Ohara...

...who delivers a two handed shove to the chest, knocking him a couple of steps back. Ohara points an accusing finger.]

"I had it under control! I didn't need you getting involved!"

[Williams shouts back.]

"He was about to crack your damn head with the belt! Maybe I should've let him!"

[Ohara gets up in Williams' face, the two trading angry words now as the fans buzz with confusion...

...and we fade through black to a plain white room, and a smiling Michelle Bailey, who has changed out her glasses for safety goggles. She is identified with a graphic, reading "Michelle Bailey - Expert Consultant".]

MB: Hello, and welcome to the AWA Technologies testing lab! When the team here, in collaboration with 2K Games, asked me to tell you at home about the upcoming AWA 2K18, I was faced with a dilemma. I hardly know anything about video games!

[We cut to Michelle holding a Sega Genesis controller, surrounded by smart-looking people in labcoats, with the sounds of Toejam and Earl playing in the background. She looks up with a shrug, saying "this is the only game I know how to play". We then cut back to Michelle in the white room with a slight frown.]

MB: So obviously, we needed to call in a pro to help me.

[We pan back to see Kimmy Bailey holding a controller. She is identified with a graphic as well, reading "Kimmy Bailey - Video Game Genius".]

KB: Mama, you ain't gonna believe what they've done with this game! I thought last year's was somethin'...

[Kimmy lets out a low whistle.]

KB: But take a look at this!

[Kimmy presses a button, and the room transforms into a digital representation of the Saturday Night Wrestling arena packed with fans, with the mother and daughter standing inside of a ring, Michelle looking around in confusion.]

KB: Have you ever wanted to play through the storied career of Juan Vasquez?

[Michelle tilts her head.]

MB: But I was there for most of it...

[Kimmy ignores her mother.]

KB: With the new Showcase mode, you can!

[Kimmy presses a button, and her outfit changes to a replica of Juan Vasquez's, along with an AWA 2K18 T-shirt. Michelle looks on in surprise as Kimmy flexes.]

KB: You can take on practically everyone my daddy's faced! You can even play as the West Memphis Assassin!

[Kimmy presses another button, and the West Memphis Assassin's mask covers her face. We hear snarling in the background, as the camera pans to see digital representations of all the big opponents in Juan Vasquez's past - among them, Stevie Scott, Calisto Dufresne, Luke Kinsey, Shane Destiny, and Ryan Martinez - with a digital version of Raphael Rhodes standing in front of them. Michelle gets a worried look in her eyes.]

MB: You have to face all of them?!

[Suddenly, from the side, Juan Vasquez steps beside Kimmy, shaking his head.]

JV: I think you better let me handle this one. Hold down the left trigger and hit X.

KB: Sure thing, Daddy!

[Kimmy does so and Juan transforms into a digital version of himself, charging into a fight against all his famed foes. Michelle looks on in amazement as Kimmy holds up the controller.]

KB: That ain't all! If you want to be in control of the AWA, just put yourself in Maxim Zharkov's shoes with the new Galaxy Mode!

[Kimmy presses another button, and her outfit turns into a button down and slacks, pencil behind her ear, holding a clipboard in one hand and the controller in the other. The arena also repeatedly transforms, from Showtime, to Memorial Day Mayhem, to Power Hour, to the Crockett Coliseum, to SuperClash.]

MB: You mean I can make the matches?

KB: Of course, Mama! There's over 150 stars from the AWA's past and present, plus more than 25 different arenas to choose from, with over 20 different match types from your basic singles match to War Games! You can even make E-Girl MAX fight themselves!

[We pan to the other side, where Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and Casey Cash stand, glaring.]

HH: That'll never happen!

KB: Oh yeah?

[Kimmy holds down the right trigger and presses B, and all three turn into digital representations of themselves, with digital Casey wearing a referee shirt.]

KB: Oh, and there's a new special referee mode, too! Now get to work, you three!

[As the digital versions of EGM loudly complain, we see Maxim Zharkov himself enter the frame.]

MZ: I think you might want to let me handle this.

KB: Oh! Sure, Interim Boss!

[Kimmy hands Zharkov the pencil and clipboard, and he turns into a digital representation of himself, walking towards the fussing digital EGM as we close back in to Michelle and Kimmy.]

KB: And if that many stars ain't enough for you, they beefed up the creation suite to make as many as your hard drive can hold, or even modify the existing roster!

MB: Baby, don't...

[Kimmy holds down the left and right bumpers, pressing A, and turns Michelle into a digital version of herself. The camera whips around to see a seven foot tall version of Ayako Fujiwara, eyes glowing with a heavenly light, as Molly Bell happily purrs beside her. The digital Michelle looks across the ring in horror.]

MB: Reset the game right now, young lady!

[Kimmy pouts.]

KB: All right, fine. Sheesh. She was on your side.

[Kimmy presses the home button, as Michelle turns back to normal, and we're back in the white room. Michelle puts her hand to her chest, gasping.]

KB: And you can even take AWA action with you on the go!

[A Nintendo Switch is thrown into the frame, as Kimmy catches it without looking.]

KB: We got a version of AWA 2K18 on the Switch!

[And an iPhone gets thrown into the frame, again with Kimmy catching the device without effort.]

KB: Plus exclusive iOS and iPadOS versions!

[Michelle puts her hands on her hips with a sigh.]

MB: I'm really glad I asked you.

KB: Sure thing, Mama! That's AWA 2K18, coming this fall to practically everywhere! PlayStation, Xbox, Switch, Apple mobile devices, Windows, and Mac!

[Kimmy narrows her eyes.]

KB: But not Android, bless their hearts.

[We cut to the AWA 2K18 logo, and logos of the platforms underneath...

...and then crossfade to the backstage area where we find Mariah Wolfe shaking her head.]

MW: Fans, welcome back to Showtime... and moments ago, we saw a tense scene out in the ring between two former tag team partners and friends turned enemies... and I guess I don't really know WHAT they are these days but there's some definite problems between them... and you can bet Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes love that. But coming up right now...

[Wolfe looks distracted as she looks off-camera, and after a moment, a smile comes across her face as there is a recognition cheer from the audience!]

MW: Well, this wasn't in my format, but after her performance last week, I think we can certainly make time for her. AWA Galaxy, just back from Japan, please give a "welcome home" to Kimmy Bailey!

[There is a roar of appreciation for the rookie sensation. As she walks into frame, we see she is wearing a purple crop top featuring a monochrome image of Hilary Duff, along with the words "that's so 'girl wearing a skirt as a top'" encircling her. She also wears denim cutoffs with a rainbow canvas belt and Adidas sneakers, and her hair is held back in a low ponytail with a rainbow scrunchie. She has dark aviator sunglasses covering her two-toned eyes and a large bandage on her forehead. She gives a humble wave to the camera as Mariah begins her introduction.]

MW: Kimmy, I think it's safe to say you made quite the impression last week at Korakuen Hall against Kurayami, which our fans saw here in the States on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The crowd inside Historic Washington Hall lets out a loud cheer once again, which Kimmy looks emotionally overwhelmed by. She raises her sunglasses to rest them on the top of her head, showing that her eyes are glassy, and she pinches the bridge of her nose to try and wipe away her quickly-forming tears.]

MW: You did come out here unscheduled, and I don't want to presume how you're feeling... would you like to tell us what comes next for you?

[Kimmy nods, as Mariah holds the microphone in front of her. Kimmy opens her mouth for a moment, when she's met with a chant from the fans inside the arena...]

"GANBARE! GANBARE! GANBARE! BAILEY-CHAN!"

[The chant catches both wrestler and interviewer by surprise, and Kimmy smiles as the chant continues. Kimmy holds up her hand, motioning for the crowd to quiet down, and the chant calms.]

KB: Y'all are awful sweet.

MW: That was actually something there were a lot of questions about on social media during your match, Kimmy. What does that chant mean?

KB: Well, "ganbare" means "do your best". When Mama wrestled in Japan, fans used to chant that at her. When I went over last year, the fans knew I was my Mama's daughter, and the chant got passed down to me. It means a lot to me that folks are encouraging me the same way they did with Mama.

[Kimmy sighs.]

KB: Especially with a big ol' monster like Kurayami.

MW: I take it you're not satisfied with the way the match ended, with Kurayami striking the official and walking out of the match.

[Kimmy shakes her head.]

KB: Can't be happy with that. Disqualification, no contest, whatever they ruled it... it don't matter because I didn't achieve what I went there to do. I wanted to stand up for Ayako Fujiwara, and there was only one way I was goin' to do that.

[Kimmy turns towards the camera, her jaw tightening, standing with more rigidity in her posture.]

KB: That was by beatin' you, Kurayami. It wasn't by survivin' you. It wasn't by squeakin' past you. I wanted to make you regret every single time you ever thought about Ayako Fujiwara with malice in your mind.

[She turns back to Mariah, relaxing as she does so.]

KB: As much as I like hearin' people say they're proud of me for flyin' out to Japan and fightin' someone as dominant as Kurayami, last week was about gettin' back for Ayako. I was willin' to spill my blood and break my bones if it meant that Kurayami learned that she don't mess with people I care about. She wants to throw a punch, I got a pretty mean counterpunch. Too bad she ran before I could use the gift Daddy gave me when he retired.

MW: I think everyone was surprised when you started to load up that Right Cross, especially Kurayami. How long have you been waiting to unleash that?

[Kimmy holds an index finger to her lips, then puts her hand to her side.]

KB: Secrets are fun, ain't they? And I got plenty of them waitin' for the right moment to share with all of y'all.

[Mariah nods.]

MW: Speaking of secrets, what comes next for you? We have no update on Ayako Fujiwara's condition, so what will you be doing after you got your match with Kurayami?

[Kimmy looks at Mariah blankly.]

KB: Who said I was done with Kurayami?

[The crowd roars at Kimmy's question.]

KB: That's why I'm out here, Mariah, to make an offer to her. To the "Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo".

[Kimmy turns back to the camera, pointing at the lens.]

KB: Kurayami, you said almost everything was taken from you, and what was left of you, you sold. I'm nice and carin', so I'm goin' to offer you somethin' back that you lost long ago.

Your pride.

[Kimmy stares, her eyes cold, her firm facial expression belied by her quivering lip.]

KB: On July 4, right here in Seattle, we got an event called Opportunity Knocks. You get called out, you have to fight. I'm tellin' you this now so you know to be in Seattle on the 4th... I'm callin' you out.

[The crowd gasps and cheers at Kimmy's proclamation.]

KB: I'll buy your flight, I'll pay your salary for the night, whatever I have to do to get you to Seattle to get you in the ring one more time. Our story ain't endin' in Korakuen Hall, Kurayami. Not with you hittin' a referee. Not with you runnin' from the soft little girl you said you'd take it all from.

[Kimmy moves Mariah's podium out of her way.]

KB: You promised to break me, Kurayami! You promised to take it all away! I'm still here, Kurayami, and I'm still standin'!

[Kimmy slams her fist on the AWA logo hanging on the wall, breaking off the corner, then points at the camera with her reddening hand.]

KB: Show up here in Seattle and do what you said you would, Kurayami! Get your pride back, fulfill your promises, and take it all away from me!

BREAK ME, KURAYAMI!

[Kimmy seethes, glaring at the lens of the camera, as we cut out to ringside where Lori and Ben are seated. Lori's eyes are wide at what they just saw.]

LD: Uhh... okay, well... sorry, fans... I have to admit I was caught a little off-guard by that. A challenge... another challenge, I suppose... issued by Kimmy Bailey to former Women's World Champion Kurayami to come here to Seattle on the 4th of July and take her on at Opportunity Knocks!

BW: A reckless challenge, I'd call it. Bailey survived Kurayami once... there's no chance she does it again. Someone better call that girl's mama and get her in check unless she wants to spend Independence Day in an emergency room.

LD: Will Kurayami accept the challenge? I suppose we'll find out in a few days' time. But right now, fans... earlier today, we heard from the "Charm City Cutie", Casey Cash, as she expressed her - ahem - "grievances" about Stephanie Harper-

BW: Valid grievances, too. Just because you don't like hearing the truth doesn't make it any less true.

LD: Our opinions on her opinion notwithstanding, the important thing is to get it done in the ring, and we'll see Casey Cash in action up next!

[We cut to the ring, where Megumi Sato stands, ready for the introductions.]

MS: Our next contest is in the Women's Division, set for one fall with a ten minute time limit, and it is brought to you by Under Armour!

[An Under Armour logo appears at the bottom left side of the screen.]

MS: Introducing first, already in the ring, hailing from Nantan-shi, Kyoto, Japan and weighing 119 pounds...

YUMIKOOOOOOOOO AYASUUUUUUUGIIIIIIIII!

[The demure Ayasugi poses, wearing a lavender and white outfit with frills and ruffles. Her honey brown hair is styled in voluminous waves, and she looks more like a model than a wrestler.]

LD: Don't let the looks fool you, fans! Yumiko Ayasugi has over 15 years experience as a pro, wrestling most of her career in her home country of Japan, where she was trained by the fearsome Kayoko Yamasaki. She moved out to the west coast of the United States a couple of years ago with the hopes of catching on with an American promotion, so this is the sort of shot she's been waiting for.

BW: Too bad for her that she's got one of the quickest rising stars in the AWA on the opposing side of the ring.

MS: And her opponent, she is a member of E-Girl MAX!

[There is a high-pitched enthusiastic scream from the crowd, followed quickly by a deeper-toned chorus of jeers. Riley Campbell can be seen at ringside, the Under Armour Head of Pro Wrestling Marketing readying her digital SLR camera for the upcoming match.]

MS: Stating that she hails from "the greatest city in the world", Baltimore, Maryland... weighing 141 pounds, she is the "Charm City Cutie"...

CAAAAAAAAAAAAAASEYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
CAAAAAAAAAAAAAASHHHHHHHHHHHH!

WOOOOOOOOOO!

[As "1 of 1" by SHINee plays, Casey Cash storms through the entrance, sour look on her face. She quickly whips off her black Baltimore Orioles #8 Cal Ripken Jr. jersey, revealing a halter/shorts set of the Maryland flag altered to be in orange, black, and white colors, along with her usual black Under Armour kneepads and wrestling boots.]

LD: This seems like a more determined Casey Cash than we're used to seeing, Ben.

BW: Yeah, and note, no Harley Hamilton with her. No Cinder. No Thompsons.

LD: There's still Riley Campbell at ringside, who I still don't trust.

BW: You always look for the negative in anything. It's not like a fireball's going to explode out of that camera, Riley Campbell is one of the best photographers in the business. No wonder Under Armour hired her for their marketing.

[As Cash approaches the ring, she removes her heart-shaped sunglasses with orange frames and tosses them to a ringside attendant, then quickly climbs in...]

LD: WHOA!

[...and darts at Yumiko Ayasugi, drilling her in the chest with a dropkick that sends Ayasugi flying backward into the turnbuckles!]

LD: Referee Scott Ezra signaling for the match to start here, as Casey Cash is right on top of Yumiko Ayasugi from the first possible moment!

BW: You were asking for months about when we'd see the potential in Casey Cash taught to her start to show up, Dane. We saw it at the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem, we saw it two weeks ago against Moxy Hart, and now we're seeing it this week as well.

LD: Cash has got her boot right across the throat of Ayasugi in the corner, choking the life out of her... and look, Ben, she's counting right along with the referee!

BW: She's letting Ezra know that she knows the rules, nothing wrong with that!

[At the count of four, Cash takes her foot off of Ayasugi's throat, then drives the side of her knee and hip into the head of Ayasugi, causing her head to whiplash back against the turnbuckle. Cash then quickly bounces on the bottom rope, using it as a springboard to DRIVE her knee right into Ayasugi's sternum!]

LD: A knee drop with some elevation from that bottom rope by Casey Cash! Ben, there's no doubt that she's been more vicious these last few weeks, ever since she's been asking for a match against Stephanie Harper, but her actions fly in the face of everything she says she's fighting for.

BW: What? Explain it to me like I'm five, Dane.

LD: She talks about wanting opportunities for the rest of the roster, and how E-Girl MAX wants everyone to get a fair shake, but look at what they've done! They hurt Amber Gold! They manipulated Harper Hannigan to do their bidding! We saw how Harley Hamilton and Cinder put Victoria June on the shelf, and Casey Cash nearly broke Moxy Hart in half last week!

BW: Maybe I'm missing something, but talking about wanting people to have opportunities doesn't mean just letting folks walk all over you. Once you get into the ring, you take your own chances, especially if you take out one of their own, like June tried to do to Cash.

[Cash gets warned by the referee to let Ayasugi out of the corner, so Cash grabs Ayasugi by the boot and drags her about a third of the way into the ring, then stomps Ayasugi's head before quickly covering for an attempted pin.]

LD: Casey Cash going for the win here... but only gets two.

BW: You have to admit, Dane, we've been watching this kid grow up in front of us, and she's become a whole lot more dangerous.

LD: I'm not going to say she's not good, Ben. Sure, she took a while to start showing that potential we always heard about. Let's look at the facts, though... where would she be without E-Girl MAX? Where would she be without tactics like she used at the start of the match, jumping Ayasugi before the bell?

[As Cash lifts Ayasugi to a standing position, she grabs Ayasugi into a standing waistlock, then smirks.]

BW: Under Armour athletes do what it takes to win, Dane, and that's exactly what she is.

[Cash lifts Ayasugi into the air with a gutwrench, then turns Ayasugi over and drops Ayasugi across her knee!]

LD: Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker by the "Charm City Cutie"!

BW: And you know what usually comes next...

[Cash immediately grabs Ayasugi by the ankles, hoisting her up and turning her onto her sternum, positioning a knee right between Ayasugi's shoulder blades!]

LD: Listen to Ayasugi! She's screaming at the pain of the Baltimore Crab!

BW: Of course she is! That move compresses your spine, and Casey Cash digs in a knee for good measure!

LD: And Yumiko Ayasugi has no choice but to give it up, Ben! Nobody's been able to get out of that Baltimore Crab when Casey Cash applies it!

[As the bell sounds, Ezra starts to warn Cash to let Ayasugi go, but Cash shakes her head with a smile. Finally, Ezra starts to count, with Cash counting along once more, finally letting go at four. After letting go, a replay of the tilt-a-whirl backbreaker into the Baltimore Crab plays.]

LD: Completely uncalled for by Casey Cash to hold onto the move for extra time, Ben. Yumiko Ayasugi never got out of the blocks, there was no reason to keep her in it for that extra few seconds.

BW: Sure there was, Dane. She wanted to send a message to Stephanie Harper! If Stephanie Harper wants to come here and be celebrated in a few days at Opportunity Knocks, then she needs to stay home!

LD: Well, I'm sure Mariah Wolfe isn't too thrilled with her next assignment, but she's standing by with Casey Cash.

[We cut to Mariah Wolfe standing next to Casey, who is pointing a finger in irritation at Sweet Daddy Williams off-screen.]

CC: Where is your hat, mister?! This segment is sponsored by Under Armour! You should be wearing your hat!

[We can hear Sweet Daddy off camera protesting, but his words aren't clear. Mariah guides Casey back to the camera.]

MW: Casey, if we could get down to the business of wrestling, not marketing...

[Casey frowns, poking a finger at Mariah.]

CC: You want me to focus on wrestling? Huh? Seems like I get a lot of criticism no matter what I do, because if I focus on wrestling, people get mad that I don't wrestle the way they want.

[Casey points off-screen.]

CC: See that woman in the ring? You look at us on paper and almost everyone would have taken her to beat me today. She's what, a 15 year pro? 20?

[Casey points at herself.]

CC: But E-Girl MAX believes in me! Our fans believe in me! And that's all I need!

MW: Casey, you did jump her before the bell.

[Casey shakes her head.]

CC: There's no false start rules in wrestling! You're supposed to defend yourself at all times! Even when we're showing up, or in the locker room, apparently...

[A deeper frown.]

CC: All I want is Stephanie Harper, Mariah. She showed up and ruined my first ever Rumble, and I wanted her one-on-one. And instead, I'm told to just grin and bear it, focus on my wrestling, don't worry about her.

[Casey points to the entrance, where Yumiko Ayasugi is being helped to the locker room.]

CC: This is what happens when I focus on things other than you when I don't get what I want. When you get here on July 4, you better have a yes for me about us wrestling, or you're going to have a whole lot more on your conscience, Stephanie.

[Casey storms off, leaving Mariah frowning, shaking her head...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we find ourselves in the backstage area of Historic Washington Hall with "Cannonball" Lee Connors throwing kicks at a wall, working on precision over impact as his feet touch the wall gracefully on each blow. The chyron "EARLIER TODAY" appears as Connors is working up a sweat only to be interrupted by one of the co-hosts of Showtime, Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: Hey Karate Kid, what's shakin'?

[Connors breaks off his workout with a grin, reaching out for a fistbump with the AWA veteran.]

LC: Good to see you, Sweet Daddy. Heck of a show coming up tonight. I wish I was on it.

[Williams shrugs.]

SDW: Keep 'em laced up, kid... ya never know what's gonna happen. You got that match with Armstrong last weekend out of nowhere and gave him a run for his money.

[Connors smiles, bowing his head.]

LC: Much love, big man. I just wish I could've gotten that win. It's been a bit of a rough patch for me lately... and I really wanted to get that W not just for me... but for Supernova... and all the fans too.

[Williams nods.]

SDW: I know the feelin'... I took on more than my share of fights with the people comin' first. But don't worry about Nova. I know him better than most and he's as tough as they come. Doc says he's healin' up fast and he'll be back to get him a piece of the Dynasty before you know it and...

[Williams trails off as he spots a pair of incoming interlopers in Bryson Page and Smasher Salazar...]

BP: Well well well... look at lil' Lee here. Lookin' good for a kid that always gets his tail whipped, don't he, Smasher?

[Salazar gives Connors a once-over, a hard glare in his eyes.]

SS: Practically a miracle of modern science, if'n ya ask me.

BP: Exactly!

[Connors shakes his head.]

LC: After what you two pulled last week, I can't believe you have the guts to even show your face around here... especially YOU!

[Connors takes a step towards Page who backsteps to make sure Smasher Salazar is firmly between him and Connors.]

LC: And you... I don't know how much he's paying you but I hope it's enough to get some new teeth put in after I send yours into the front row when we get signed to face each other!

[Salazar goes to take a step forward with a snarl but Page loops an arm around him, holding him back...]

BP: Oh really, Ka-Ra-TE man? You wanna jump? Take a shot an' Smasher here will make what Armstrong did to you look like a deep tissue massage!

[Salazar cracks his knuckles, watching Connors closely.]

LC: Is that right? Well, if he's game, than so am I! I'll go to talk to Zharkov and make this happen.

[Connors turns, making his exit, leaving a smirking Page and a snarling Salazar behind.]

BP: Your funeral.

[We fade from the pre-recorded footage to a sweeping pan of the Historic Washington Hall and the sold out crowd.]

LD: Conflict leads to competition after that interaction and we're just about set to head back up to Megumi for the introductions to this singles match here on Showtime as "Cannonball" Lee Connors takes on the dangerous and deeply unpredictable Smasher Salazar-

[A familiar voice rings out.]

"Dangerous and underappreciated, Lori Dane. Don't bury the man before he gets to the ring."

LD: Oh, for the love of-

[We cut down to ringside where Bryson Page has inserted himself between Lori Dane and Ben Waterson, leaning back with his feet on the table and his hands folded behind his head.]

LD: Apparently we are being joined by Bryson Page.

BP: "Joined" makes it sound like I was invited. I invited myself because you didn't have the common sense to call me out here to provide some much needed insight. Big difference. Somebody around here has to bring some intelligence to this broadcast. No offense, Big Ben.

BW: None taken. I've been looking for some help in educating Dane for a while now.

LD: You know I've got more ring time than both of you combined, right? Plus my time owning a promotion, managing a promotion, announcing for a promotion...

BP: The love of a man desperate to keep you busy has been so helpful to your career.

[Dane glowers at the smirking Page.]

LD: This is going to be oh so painful. Megumi, take it... please.

[We cut to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first...

[Sato lowers the mic as we hear the opening notes to "You're The Best" by Joe "Bean" Esposito ring out over the PA system.]

MS: From Winnipeg, Canada... weighing in at 177 pounds...

..."CANNONBALLLLLLLL" LEEEEEE CONNORRRRRRRRS!

[Connors bursts through the curtain to a big cheer, clad in a bright red karate gi with a black belt secured around his waist. He slaps the hands along the barricade, pausing to occasionally high five or embrace a young fan.]

LD: "Cannonball" Lee Connors, fresh off one heck of a showdown against Atlas Armstrong, looks to get back on the winning track tonight against Smasher Salazar. Lee Connors continues to look like a man on the verge of breaking through in this company.

BP: Sure, if the breakthrough is "getting his face caved in by Smasher Salazar."

BW: I gotta agree with Bryson here... there are MUCH easier nights at the office than this one.

LD: And that's part of why Lee Connors has become so popular with AWA fans - his willingness to take on all challenges! From Atlas Armstrong one week to a bruiser like Smasher Salazar the next? Come on!

BW: You call it guts, I call it insanity.

[Connors scrambles up on the apron, slingshotting into a somersault, landing on his feet inside the ring...

...and as Connors salutes the cheering fans, his music fades and is replaced by "What A Beautiful Day" by Dead & Company which brings a chorus of boos from the Seattle crowd.]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent... weighing 279 pounds... from Cut and Shoot, Texas...

...SMASHERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR SAAAAAAAAAAAAALAZARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!

[The grimy bounty hunter ambles his way from the entrance, spitting into his taped-up glass bottle with a visible but faded Dr Pepper logo. His long, stringy hair is wet (from sweat, grease, or water, we don't know), and he is wearing a black sleeveless T-shirt and a pair of absolutely filthy jeans with a kneepad over the right knee, and dull, scuffed black leather boots.]

LD: Tough as a two dollar steak, Smasher Salazar got himself involved with Lee Connors... and with you, Bryson Page, two weeks ago on Showtime. Care to shed some light on that situation?

BP: Dane, when you're a man like me... have you seen my hate mail? Takes three dump trucks to deliver it to the AWA offices. All the jealousy is out of control and... you just knew Lee Connors was at the top of that list.

LD: Lee Connors is JEALOUS of you?!

BP: You see it too? But with all that hatred and all that jealous, it only makes sense that I might be looking for a like-minded individual with a need for some money in the bank to watch my back.

LD: So, Salazar is your PAID bodyguard?!

BP: The only title Smasher wants is one around his waist, Dane. Don't you worry about our arrangement... worry about how Smasher is going to arrange this punk kid's face when he gets done with him tonight.

[Reaching ringside, Salazar sets his half-filled bottle on the ringsteps. He pulls a dirty rag into view, covering his mouth with it and apparently hocking up the chew into the rag before climbing into the ring...

...and the camera lingers on the bottle, showing the nasty brown fluid filling it.]

LD: Ugh. Can we look at anything else please? That's disgusting!

[The camera cuts in the ring where Salazar wipes a streak of brown liquid off his face with the back of his hand...]

LD: Okay, cut back to the bottle. There is absolutely nothing polished about Smasher Salazar.

BP: That's because he's authentic, Lori Dane. Not every fighter needs abs and a catchphrase. Or a stupid gimmick like your husband.

LD: What's your problem with Todd?

BP: I got lots of problems with him but right now, I'm callin' him out for putting on off-the-rack suits and calling himself a billionaire. If Blue paid him more than fifty grand a year, I call it highway robbery.

[Dane sighs.]

LD: Can we just focus on this match?

BP: It's my pleasure.

[With Salazar and Connors in opposite corners, referee Scott Ezra signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: There's the bell... and look at Connors!

[The fired-up youngster starts out fast, coming right at a surprised Salazar with a running knife edge chop. Salazar swings wildly in response but Connors ducks under, throwing palm strikes with both hands to the ample midsection of the Texan, trying to keep the wild brawler from getting comfortable...

...but when Salazar throws a big kick at Connors, Connors spins out of the way, twisting around and ROCKING Salazar with a spinning back elbow to the temple!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Salazar's head snaps back on the impact as Connors whips around, throwing a rounding kick to the body before grabbing the arm...]

LD: Irish whi- reversed!

BP: Too much size for Connors!

[A pissed-off Salazar lumbers across the ring with a grunt, swinging his arm up for a clothesline...

...but Connors front rolls out of the corner, coming to his feet, charging back in...]

LD: OHH! Running dropkick to the back of the head in the corner! Smart start by Connors! Don't let Salazar drag this into the gutter!

BP: Why not? Some people belong in the gutter.

[Grabbing Salazar's nasty, greasy hair, Connors SMASHES his head down into the top turnbuckle as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Connors watches as Salazar staggers backwards out of the corner before hopping up on the middle rope...

...and leaps off, twisting around into a crossbody...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but a big swinging clubbing blow by Salazar swats him out of the sky!]

BP: AND THE QUARTERBACK IS TOAST!

[Page snickers as Salazar immediately goes to work on Connors - an onslaught closer to assault than wrestling as he roughs the smaller man up with heavy boots to the torso, driving him under the ropes to the apron.]

LD: Salazar making every blow count there, putting his weight behind all of them... dragging Connors up now...

[He tucks Connors arms behind the top rope, leaving him wide open as he pulls back on the chin...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAP!"

[...and as the referee starts a count, Salazar pauses, barking at the official with a...]

"SHUT YER STINKIN' PIEHOLE!"

LD: He's not even pretending to follow the rules!

BP: The rules are suggestions for men with lesser conviction.

[Salazar unloads with a big clothesline, flipping Connors over the top rope, dropping him on his face on the canvas...]

LD: OHHH! Smasher Salazar unloading there with some heavy artillery!

[...and with Connors still down on the mat, Salazar uses a handful of hair to pull Connors' torso off the mat, snaring a loose half nelson while hammer punching a barely-defending Connors!]

LD: This is a damn mugging right now!

BP: That's not a bad analogy, Dane, 'cause Smasher's lookin' for money. Now, Connors may not have any but beating him up will get Smasher to the pay window.

[Tossing Connors down to his back, Salazar lands another stomp to the sternum... and another... and another...]

LD: Come on, ref!

BP: What's the matter, Dane? The Karate Kid can't defend himself against some good old fashioned American street fighting?

[Salazar glares at the protesting official, walking him back across the ring as Connors tries to crawl away to get a breather.]

LD: Connors trying to get some recovery time - no time out in the world of professional wrestling.

BP: No time out at all... and Smasher's got him running for it. Finish him off, big man! Or in words that little Connors might understand - "get him a body bag, yeaaaaaah!"

[Salazar pulls Connors off the mat to a knee where "Cannonball" fires a palm strike into the midsection...]

LD: Connors lands a hard shot!

[...and another... and another...]

LD: Connors trying to stage a comeback here!

[From his knee, he reaches up and SMASHES a forearm into the temple of Salazar!]

LD: From the basement to the penthouse with those blows... and now Connors is on his feet... big forearm... big chop... big forearm... big chop!

[Salazar is staggering back, on his heels as Connors sets his feet, throwing a thrust kick into the sternum...]

LD: OH!

[...and Salazar falls back into the ropes, bouncing off with a wild swing that Connors ducks under...]

LD: CLOTHESLINE MISSED!

[...and Connors leaps up, twisting slightly to SMASH a foot into Salazar's head with a Pele kick!]

LD: CONNORS CONNECTS!

[Salazar slips to a knee as Connors scrambles off the mat, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ANOTHER CHOP!

BP: Does she EVER stop yelling, Big Ben?!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ANOTHER!

[Connors backs off, dashing to the ropes, rebounding back towards the kneeling Salazar...]

LD: OHHH! LEAPING THRUST KICK UNDER THE CHIN!

[...and as his eyes roll back in his head, Salazar collapses on the canvas, Connors diving on top for a cover!]

LD: We've got one! We've got two!

[But Salazar kicks out, flinging Connors out of the lateral press.]

LD: Couldn't get the three count but he does have some much needed momentum, some wind in his sails, fans.

BP: Temporary. Very temporary.

[Connors gets back to his feet, catching the rising Salazar with a thrust kick into the ribcage, knocking him back into the turnbuckles.]

LD: Connors has him in the wrong part of town!

[Grabbing the top rope, Connors swings a roundhouse kick into the midsection once... twice... three times...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the referee steps in, forcing Connors to step back!]

LD: Connors trying to keep the pressure on but the referee stopped the onslaught for the moment!

BP: Totally illegal! He's got Smasher in the corner!

LD: He's got a five count!

BP: Neither of them - including YOU - can count to five!

[Dane is practically ready to spit nails at this point as she sits silent, watching as Connors grabs Salazar by the arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

BW: Ahem, well... Irish whip comin' up... nope, Connors gets sent in instead!

[...but as Connors approaches the corner, he leaps to the middle rope, springing back and twisting around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: BIG KICK FINDS THE MARK!

[Salazar seems to be on rubber legs at this point, his eyelids fluttering as Connors scrambles up, driving him back into the corner again with chops and forearms and kicks, all landing high on the torso of the larger competitor...]

LD: In the corner again...

BP: That's a choke! Open your eyes, referee! That's incompetent officiating! This whole company is a disgrace!

LD: Not a single thing happening right now resembles a choke, Mr. Page.

BW: You seem tense, Bryson.

BP: I'm surrounded by fools, Ben.

[Connors lands three quick kicks to the belly before a leaping back kick in the sternum causes Salazar to slump back with his arms hooked over the top rope!]

LD: Lee Connors is lighting up the body of Smasher Salazar with that top flight striking of his and- where are YOU going?!

[Abruptly, we cut to ringside where Bryson Page is getting up from his seat.]

BP: I can't sit here and listen to this nonsense anymore.

[Page tosses his headset on the table, stalking away, digging a hand into his pocket...]

LD: Well, good riddance to bad rubbish.

BW: Talk about your awkward conversations.

LD: Is there ANYONE who that man doesn't rub the wrong way?!

[A fired-up Connors is throwing more kicks to the body when the referee starts counting...]

LD: Lee Connors might be losing his cool though in there. I know he's been a little frustrated as of late... and these two luring him into a trap two weeks ago was-

[The referee's count reaches four but Connors is still kicking...]

LD: Uh oh. He's risking disqualification here.

[The referee steps in, forcing Connors to back across the ring...]

LD: The referee physically putting himself between them... clearing a little room... hey! What is he...?!

[With the referee's back turned and Connors shouting at the official, trying to get around him, Bryson Page slips something into the hand of Salazar...

...who quickly raises the hand up to his face.]

LD: I think he handed him something, Ben!

BW: I couldn't tell from here.

[Salazar turns away from the ring, leaning over the top turnbuckle...]

LD: Something's not right here.

[Moving past the official, Connors moves in on Salazar again, yanking him by his greasy hair to face the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and uncorks several knife edge chops to the chest of Salazar, leaving him reeling as the referee steps in again, trying to get Connors to back up!]

LD: This is a problem, fans! Connors is out of control and-

[The official leans in, wedging himself between Salazar and Connors, trying to shove them apart, his head down...

...which is when Salazar suddenly lunges forward and-]

LD: OH!

BW: Ohhh, that's vile.

LD: HE SPAT TOBACCO JUICE RIGHT IN THE EYES!

[Wiping the back of his hand across his messy mouth with a grin, Salazar watches Connors staggering backwards, clutching at his face, blinded and shouting in pain as a puzzled official looks on. Page is several feet away now, a barely-contained smirk on his face...]

LD: Is THAT what he gave Salazar?! A handful of chewing tobacco?!

BW: You've got no evidence of that, Dane! You have no-

[Salazar bursts out of the corner like a rabid animal, flattening Connors with a wild forearm clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Salazar climbs right back up off his knees, sneering down on a laid out Connors as he backs to the corner, pushing up to stand on the middle rope...]

LD: And now he's-

[...and LEAPS off, dropping his near 300 pound frame across Connors' chest with a senton!]

BW: HYDRAULIC PRESS!

[The middle rope senton crushes Connors, allowing Salazar to casually reach back, hooking the leg as his back presses down on the torso.]

LD: That's one! That's two! And that's... gaaaaaah.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd jeers loudly as Smasher Salazar climbs off the mat, allowing the official to raise his hand while Megumi Sato makes it official.]

LD: Smasher Salazar picks up the victory... a tainted victory but-

[The voice of Bryson Page on the headset pops back in.]

BP: No such thing as a "tainted" victory in the record book or at the bank, Dane. A win's a win and you might be more than a footnote in the history of women's wrestling if you realized that earlier.

LD: That was absolutely DISGUSTING, Bryson Page!

BP: That was resourcefulness! Smasher couldn't get to his bottle so... PWAH! Right in the eye! Hahahah!

[Salazar stands over Connors who has rolled onto his chest, still trying to clear his vision...]

BP: So much for the Karate Kid there. He looks more like the Before pic of LaRusso right about now.

LD: I think he was well on his way to winning this match when YOU got involved.

BP: WAS is the key word there, Dane. Right about now, the only thing he's on his way to is the optometrist to see if he can see.

LD: You're an awful excuse for a human being, Bryson Page.

BP: I'm being judged by an absentee single mother who abandoned her kid so she could-

BW: Alright, that might be taking it too far.

BP: Ain't no such thing, Ben Waterson. Don't go soft on me now. You don't owe these people nothin'.

BW: We should probably go to commercial. Now.

BP: We should probably-

[And the audio abruptly cuts out for a few moments before we fade to black.

A single knock.

Then another.

Then a third, harder each time.

Atlas Armstrong appears, his voice low and dangerous.]

"Some knocks... you don't ignore."

[We get a flash of a scene of Armstrong flattening an opponent with a pump kick.

Derrick Williams appears, smirking and confident over training footage.]

"Some knocks? You answer `em... just to shut somebody up."

[Cut to a show of Williams driving a foe down to the mat with the Future Shock.

Cut to black. Another knock. Louder this time.

Then a shot of an ice cold and deadly serious Laura Davis.]

"And some knocks...? You pray they aren't for you."

[Cut to Davis wrenching a heel hook on a helpless opponent, an aggressive expression on her face.]

Cut to Lauryn Rage snarling at the camera, fire in his eyes.]

"But Opportunity Knocks? That one - we OPEN."

[A flash of Rage battering an opponent with body blows in the corner before nearly ripping their head off with a hook shot and screaming into the nearby camera lens.]

The music picks up in intensity - big percussive hits.

Onto Shadoe Rage who is semi-lit, a manic expression on his face.]

"Because some of us don't wait for an invitation..."

[Cut to a shot of Rage leaping off the top rope, dropping a double axehandle on a surprised foe. Rage's voice is heard over the shot.]

"...we kick the damn door down."

[Cut to a shot of E-Girl MAX assembled in front of the camera. Harley Hamilton steps forward first.]

"You wanted challengers?"

[Then Cinder.]

"You wanted chaos?"

[Then Casey Cash.]

"You wanted a moment?"

[Hamilton points at the camera.]

"We'll give you all you want and THEN SOME!"

[We get some fast action shots of the trio.]

Cut to the World Champion, Supernova, backlit in white. His voice is calm and steady, carrying a champion's weight.]

"Opportunity doesn't knock for everyone. Some of us... ARE the opportunity."

[Cut to Supernova sailing through the air with a Heat Wave splash...

...and then a final cut brings us Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight is sweaty, breathing heavy, eyes locked on the camera.]

"Me? I hope every last one of you steps up. Because on July Fourth... there's nobody left to hide behind. No executives. No excuses. No running.

Opportunity knocks. And I'm answering every damn one."

[A hard cut to the Opportunity Knocks logo - July 4th - Seattle, Washington on ESPN with red, white, and blue fireworks exploding behind the information on screen.]

A voiceover is heard, deep and official in tone.]

"No contracts. No politics. No escape. If your name is called... you fight.

Opportunity Knocks. Answer the door."

We fade to a black screen..

...and then cut to the backstage area, where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by. To his left, wearing his customary collegiate letterman jacket with a gray hooded sweatshirt underneath, is Sid Osborne. Osborne has the hood up, obscuring his eyes as he chews gum loudly and annoyingly.]

SLB: We are back LIVE here on Showtime where I'm here with Sid Osborne, bringing up the subject that's on every single competitor's mind. Opportunity Knocks. We've heard from a lot of the locker room tonight about their plans looking ahead to the big event. Plainly, are you planning on using that night to take your shot at someone, and who might that someone be?

[Osborne smirks.]

SO: This reminds me of birthdays.

[Blackwell looks at Osborne curiously.]

SLB: Birthdays?

[Osborne nods.]

SO: Sure. People get so excited about the sheer number of people that remember the day. Except that they didn't remember. They have a tiny computer in their pocket that they can't stop staring at every second of their meaningless lives that shouted your birthday to them. It was a meaningless gesture. They've just been brainwashed into automatically barfing up a...

[Osborne puts on a very fake smile and air of positive enthusiasm.]

SO: "Oh happy birthday!"

[Just as quickly, the facade of friendliness goes away.]

SO: But it means nothing. They don't care about you or your special day. They've just been conditioned to say it on that day because someone told them to.

It's the same with this nonsense.

[Blackwell's face twists with annoyance.]

SLB: Nonsense? I hardly think a chance to take anyone on no matter the circumstances would be considered to be nonsense by most.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: Well, there you go. Most people. I'm not most people. I don't need some special event to take a shot I want to take. I don't knock for an opportunity. When I see an opportunity I want to take advantage of?

[Osborne nods.]

SO: I kick that door down. I obliterated it into a million pieces. And I use the pieces for kindling. Because I learned almost as soon as I signed my contract, this entire company is against me. So everything I get, I've earned. I don't need anyone to tell me when to grab an opportunity, especially not at some special night that this company decided to give everyone table scraps.

SLB: So I take it you won't be appearing then?

[Osborne cocks his head at Blackwell incredulously.]

SO: What are you talking about? I already said I'd be there in that stupid commercial for it.

[Blackwell sighs.]

SLB: Before I let you go, I'd be remiss if I didn't ask about the comments you made about Wade Walker.

SO: See, now that was a great commercial.

SLB: Nevertheless, what was behind those comments?

SO: It's real simple. I saw this goof put out his propaganda video about what a great guy he is and it made me sick.

SLB: Sick? I didn't see anything wrong-

[Osborne cuts Blackwell off.]

SO: Of course you didn't, you're such a drunk you can barely see the bottle of vodka in your hand.

[Blackwell looks at his hand.]

SLB: I'm not--

[Osborne cuts him off again.]

SO: This is not a great guy. This is a guy that nobody would even know if not for one fact.

Him and his buddies putting people through a windshield.

Now, that's fine on principle. Not everyone is skilled like me and has to take shortcuts. But they didn't do this because they were mad at someone. They didn't want to hurt someone to get even.

[Osborne shakes his head.]

SO: They did it because someone in a suit told them to. They were nothing but corporate puppets. But now that's over, and he wants to rebrand?

[Osborne spits out his gum in disgust.]

SO: No. There's no walking back from that. You did what you did. Plus, I know how hard it must be to be a parent.

[Blackwell blinks.]

SLB: What does that have to do with anything?

SO: He put this piece of crap out with him and some other scumbags, bragging about his college years. Take a look at the crowd tonight. Take a look at the crowds at every AWA show? You think these people went to college? You can count all the teeth in that crowd on one hand.

SLB: Oh come on, that's way over the line!

SO: No, Walker tricking all these people into thinking he's a good role model for their kids is over the line. That's why I had to take a stand. I'm the Sin City Savior. I'm the last ever National Champion. I'm the Royal Crown winner.

But most importantly?

[Osborne nods as places his hand over his heart.]

SO: I'm your hero.

[Blackwell hangs his head in shame...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, we see a mildly irritated Yoshi Fujiwara with his hands on his hips, hearing out another scheme from the mildly irritating Tizona. Just as the audio cuts in, Yoshi holds up a hand.]

YF: So let me get this straight... you think we have the upper hand against these two?

[Tizona nods in the affirmative.]

YF: They're literally twice our size.

T: That just means they're fat and slow.

YF: They're ruthless mercenaries who do disgusting and illegal things for the pursuit of mon-

[Yoshi suddenly remembers who he's talking to and stops himself.]

T: I'm not seeing the problem here.

YF: Well, they're literally twice our size.

T: It's simple, Yo-man, even a four-year-old child could understand it!

[Tizona puts his hand on Yoshi's shoulder.]

T: These Masks for Money guys, right? They want money.

YF: Mm hmm.

T: And they wear masks.

YF: This has been established.

T: Well, who else around here knows more about masks and money than me?

[Fujiwara sighs.]

YF: Them. Quite literally them.

T: That's where you're wrong, Yo-man! Because with my brains and your brawn...

YF: Uh...

[Fujiwara looks at his biceps, toned but lean.]

T: We can take these know-nothing meatballs out! We just have to lure them into a trap.

[Fujiwara pinches the bridge of his nose.]

YF: Yes. A trap. Like last week, when you snuck those brass knuckles into the match when I explicitly said not to.

[Tizona beams from underneath his mask, slapping his "best friend" on the back.]

T: Exactly! See, I knew you'd come around to my ways!

[Fujiwara holds up his hands in protest.]

YF: I'm not coming around to your ways at all! Your ways are illegal! And foul! And the anti-thesis of everything I stand for!

[Tizona shrugs.]

T: Look at Mr. Puritan over here. There's nothing illegal about brass knuckles, at least not in the majority of these United States of America!

[Tizona stops for a moment, thinking.]

T: Although I think they're illegal in Washington.

[He cheers back up.]

T: Nonetheless, there's nothing illegal about tying two masked men together with an XLR cable from the cameras and microphones so they can't escape while you do one of those flippy things like Katrina did in her match a few moments ago to win!

[Fujiwara shakes his head.]

YF: It actually is illegal. Very illegal.

[Tizona grins.]

T: Well, sure, if you get caught...

[Fujiwara gives a faint smile, feeling as though he got through to his masked associate.]

T: ...but with my brilliant mind, we never will be!

[Tizona puts his arm around Fujiwara's shoulder, leading him out of frame.]

T: Come on, Yo-man... just imagine how hot and bothered Betty will get when we win!

YF: You are literally the worst sort of scum.

T: Good thing I'm on your side, huh?

YF: Sigh.

[Fujiwara's face turns bright red, as we fade through the ACCESS logo out to ringside where Lori and Ben are seated.]

LD: Yoshi Fujiwara and Tizona discussing a little last minute strategy as they prepare for our Hour 2 Main Event of Fujizona taking on Masks For Money... and as the minutes tick down on this show, Ben, the tension cranks up as we take a look at our current Top 10 tag team rankings...

[A graphic comes up with the aforementioned Top 10.]

World Tag Team Champions: Team Supreme

1. The Blackjacks
2. Omega and Polemos
3. Masks For Money
4. Shadoe Rage/Jackson Hunter
5. Nueva Generación Oscura
6. The Soldiers of Fortune
7. The American Idols
8. Nenshou/James Lynch
9. Fujizona
10. The Desperadoes

LD: Now, it's important to remember that these rankings came out before any of the action went down tonight so let's take a look... Ben, what stands out at you?

BW: The Blackjacks won, Omega and Polemos won... so they both should be pretty locked in to the Top 5. Masks For Money are just about to win so that should lock them in...

LD: Wait, wait, wait... you're not giving Fujizona a chance?

BW: Everybody's got a chance, Dane, but those two pipsqueaks against two big and bad men like the Grappler and the Commando?

LD: Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter suffered a loss thanks to Masks For Money... and at Number 4, there's a good chance that knocks them out of the Top 5.

BW: A real good chance of that. We've got Legado de Lucha at 5... they're taking on the Idols in the final hour so I'd imagine the winner of that one sticks and the loser is out.

LD: Speaking of being out, I'd think the Soldiers of Fortune are out after their performance tonight.

BW: I'd agree. I still don't get that one. Nenshou and Lynch picked up a win so they'll be on the bubble... Fujizona is about to get knocked out even if they stood a chance at all of jumping into the Top 5 from Number 9... and the Desperadoes got taken out by King Kong Hogan at the beginning of the night so they couldn't compete if they wanted to.

LD: Which means?

BW: My predicted Top 5... the Blackjacks, Masks For Money, Omega and Polemos, The American Idols, and the Westerly Dynasty.

LD: A dangerous set of teams if you're Team Supreme looking on.

BW: Absolutely. If it's those five teams, Run The Rankings will be off the chain.

LD: I have no idea what that means. Megumi, the floor is yours!

[We cut to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following contest set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit is your HOUR TWO MAIN EVENT! Introducing first... weighing in at a total combined weight of 378 pounds, from Fujinomiya, Japan and Savannah, Georgia...

YOSHI FUJIWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA AND TIIIIIIIIIIIZOOOOOOOONAAAAAAAAA!

[A metal cover of "Bloody Tears" from the Castlevania video game series begins to play, as the crowd erupts with applause and cheers. Yoshi Fujiwara steps out from behind the curtains, pumping his fists in the air as the crowd's cheers grow louder. Fujiwara is dressed in a sukajan bomber jacket embroidered with golden dragons over his wrestling gear. He wears a pair of wrestling tights with one red leg and one white leg, with matching boots. He has a chiseled physique with well-defined muscles. Despite his impressive physique, Yoshi is still growing into his body, giving him a thin, almost lanky look.

Alongside Fujiwara is Tizona, the Southern-fried luchador, wearing faded jean shorts frayed at the hem, black kneepads, and black boots. His mask is half his usual black mask with a white faceplate and blue and purple kabuki-esque swirls, and the other half is now red with a white faceplate and a golden dragon roaring along his head.]

LD: This young and exciting duo is starting to work their way into the hearts of AWA fans around the world and if they can somehow pull off a win tonight against a team that has them physically overmatched, they could really make some waves.

BW: I know it's a good story to sell the rubes. The young and athletic team, fighting hard, giving it their all, working so, so hard... blah. They're about to get their faces busted, their ribs cracked, and their hopes crushed.

LD: You're that confident in Masks For Money?

BW: Absolutely. What's the one thing that drives the Grappler and UC3?

LD: Money.

BW: Says so right in the name, right? And how much money do you think they'd get for winning Run The Rankings and going on to become the World Tag Team Champions?

LD: A lot.

BW: I rest my case.

[Tizona slingshots over the ropes, landing on the second where he moonsaults onto his feet to a big cheer. Fujiwara slips through the ropes, raising a fist to cheers of his own as the duo huddles up one more time...]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The crowd starts to boo as "Money" by KMFDM starts blaring in the arena, the video screen blinks to white, with pictures of the Gold and Black mask of Golden Grappler and the Gold, grey, and black camouflaged mask of Ultra Commando 3, with "Money" in a painted font behind them.]

MS: From an Undisclosed Location... at Weight Unknown...

They are the GOLDEN GRAPPLER... and ULTRA COMMANDO 3...

...MASKS! FOR! MONEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[The boos rain down as the two looming figures step into view - first, The Golden Grappler, wearing his gold mask with black trim around the holes for his eyes, nose, and mouth. He's wearing a gold ring robe, adorned in black dollar signs with "Grappler" scripted across the back, along with black trim along all the edges. His gear underneath are long gold tights with black stripes up the side, along with gold boots with "GG" in black on the sides.

His partner beside him - the hulking Ultra Commando 3, his balaclava styled mask is in a digital camo pattern of gold, black, and grey. He's wearing a military jacket in the same pattern, as well as cargo pants matching both, along with black tactical boots. The two stand on the stage, arms raised before beginning to walk toward the ring.]

LD: They may be at Weight Unknown, Ben, but it's plainly obvious they're big, they're strong, and they're going to be quite the handful for Fujizona here tonight.

[Commando jaws at the camera as the two walk down the aisle, pausing just before the ring to taunt the fans in tandem...

...which is when Fujizona decides to strike, charging across the ring at high speed, and HURLING themselves between the ropes in a double missile dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: FUJIZONA KICKING THINGS OFF IN A BIG WAY!

[Tizona jerks Fujiwara into an embrace on the outside but Fujiwara breaks away, pointing to the downed masked men, urging his partner into action. Fujiwara pulls the Golden Grappler off the mat, tossing him back into the ring. He goes in after him, waving a hand at Tizona to go after UC3 as the bell sounds...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: What the...?! Who the hell told Ezra to ring the bell?!

LD: That's at his discretion, Ben! The match is official now and Fujizona is looking to push the pace...

[Tizona goes to grab Ultra Commando 3 off the floor as Fujiwara grabs the Grappler, whipping him into the corner... and then following him in with a dropkick up under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Fujiwara snapmares the Grappler out of the corner, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS the masked man with a kick to the spine!]

LD: Fujiwara's taking the fight to the Grappler on the outside!

[Tizona pulls UC3 up off the floor, dragging him over towards the ring...

...but UC3 wraps his arms around the body, RAMMING Tizona back into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The bulky masked man grabs Tizona under the arm, hoisting him up in a biel throw...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: OHHHHH! His back SLAMS down on the concrete floor!

[With Tizona out of the picture for the moment, Ultra Commando 3 slides into the ring, ignoring a protesting Scott Ezra as he SMASHES a double axehandle down across the back of Fujiwara's head, knocking him down to his hands and knees!]

LD: And now it's a two on one in there! Like it wasn't bad enough with Fujizona being OUTSIZED... now they're OUTNUMBERED as well!

[UC3 helps the Grappler off the mat, stomping and kicking Fujiwara on the canvas.]

LD: The referee's trying to get them - one of them - out of there but he's not having any luck just yet!

[Waving a hand at UC3, the Grappler drags Fujiwara off the canvas, dragging him out to the middle of the ring...]

BW: Here we go... they're looking for Pay Day!

LD: Already?!

[The Grappler grabs the front facelock as Ultra Commando 3 grabs the legs, lifting them up off the mat...]

BW: About to cash their ticket to Run The Rank-

"CLAAAAANK!"

BW: What the...?!

"CLAAAAANK!"

BW: What is that noise?!

"CLAAAAANK!"

[And suddenly, the crowd ROARS to life!]

LD: Ben! Look! Over there!

[The camera cuts to the aisleway where Jackson Hunter is swinging a shovel, smacking the ringside barricade repeatedly...]

"CLAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAANK!"

[...which causes Masks For Money to pause, the Grappler looking down the aisle at a smirking Jackson Hunter. The Grappler throws Fujiwara down to the mat, pointing at Hunter... then pointing all around...]

LD: Wherever Jackson Hunter is, you better believe Shadoe Rage is here somewhere as well!

BW: Yeah... but where?!

[The two masked men are looking high and low for Shadoe Rage as Hunter stands at the top of the aisle, still hitting the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAAAAANK!"

"CLAAAAAAAANK!"

BW: What is this?! What kind of a mind game IS this?! WHERE IS SHADOE RAGE?!

LD: That's what Masks For Money wants to know!

[The Grappler points again at Hunter, shouting to his partner...]

"GET HIM!"

[...and Ultra Commando 3 obliges, coming through the ropes, lumbering down the aisle towards Jackson Hunter who is waiting for him!]

LD: Ultra Commando 3 is coming for Hunter! Hunter's gotta be out for payback after what Masks For Money did to him and Shadoe Rage earlier! He's gotta be-

[With the Grappler distracted, Yoshi Fujiwara comes to his feet, rushing into a waistlock, driving the masked man into the ropes...]

LD: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[...and rolls him back into a rolling reverse cradle, throwing himself back into a bridge!]

LD: HE ROLLS HIM UP! FUJIWARA ROLLS HIM UP!

[The referee dives to the mat to count, his eyes squarely on the shoulders of the flailing Golden Grappler...]

...which means he totally misses Tizona sliding through the ropes, diving to grab his partner's hands, adding extra leverage to the bridge as the Golden Grappler tries to kick his way free!]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS at the result as Tizona lets go and slides out before the referee sees it...]

...and the sound of the bell sees Ultra Commando 3 whip around, facing the ring, shouting down the aisle...]

LD: FUJIZONA GETS THE WIN! FUJIZONA WITH ONE HELL OF AN UPDATE!
FUJIZONA WITH-

[...and before UC3 can react, Jackson Hunter moves on him!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter BLASTS the Commando between the shoulderblades with the shovel, knocking him down in the aisle to a HUGE ROAR!]

LD: DOWN GOES THE COMMANDO!

[Free from the rollup, the Grappler DRILLS Fujiwara with a forearm to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Golden Grappler puts the boots to Fujiwara down on the mat as the crowd rains down boos on him!]

LD: The Golden Grappler attack Yoshi Fujiwara! Fujiwara gets the pin on the Grappler but the Grappler is all over him now! He's furious at what just happened and he's taking it out on Fujiwara!

[Tizona comes sliding back into the ring, sprinting at the Grappler, leaping into a spinning leg lariat, flattening the Golden Grappler!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Grappler rolls out as Tizona pumps a fist to the cheering crowd. He helps Fujiwara off the mat, pointing to the fans who are ROARING for Fujizona's upset victory...]

LD: Masks For Money went out of their way - no matter the motivation - to cost Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter their match earlier... a defeat that just might knock Rage and Hunter out of Run The Rankings... and now Hunter and Rage have returned the favor!

BW: This is terrible, Dane! I can't believe you're so happy about this!

[Out on the floor, the Golden Grappler stands in the aisle, glaring up at Fujizona on one side... and down at a smirking Jackson Hunter on the other...]

...and we fade to a black screen... the thud, thud, thud of a faint heartbeat heard in the background. The voice of Julie Somers comes up... soft... reflective.]

"I remember when people said we'd never get here."

[We fade up on old footage never-before-seen - Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon working out together in a ring at what appears to be before the show at an AWA live event. The arena is empty... no fans to cheer them on.]

"When the Women's Division was a few names on a clipboard... when we changed in broom closets... when nobody believed this could be real."

[Cut to a shot of Somers tumbling off the top rope, launching herself into a moonsault to win one of her first AWA matches.]

"I stayed. I fought. I helped build this."

[Cut to a series of Harley Hamilton highlights: lighting up an opponent with a knife edge chop, throwing them with a big overhead slam, eliminating Michelle Bailey from the Rumble. Closeup on Harley, fists pumping in triumph.]

"And now Harley Hamilton wins the Rumble and wants to take it all from me."

[We cut to a split screen shot of Somers, the title belt over her shoulder as she stares confidently into the camera and Hamilton, intensity - and an annoying smirk - on her face as she looks down her destiny.]

"She's hungry. She's rising. She's everything we wanted this division to create...

...except she wants my title."

[We get a big orchestral track in the background, pumping up the hype for this upcoming showdown.

It is accompanied by a flash cut to a Somers suicide dive and Hamilton delivering Hail To The Queen.

Somers' voice sounds stronger as we hear her again.]

"And if Girls To The Front is where history gets written... then I'm writing mine the same way I always have - in sweat, in sacrifice, and in the center of the ring."

[We get a quick montage of other women from the division in action: a Melissa Cannon rolling elbow, a Betty Chang thrust kick, Ricki Toughill snarling at the camera, Victoria June and Kayla Cristol walking to the ring together, Kelly Taylor diving off the roof in Boyle Heights, Laura Davis and Lauryn Rage tearing into one another, Michelle Bailey delivering the Britney Spear...]

"Every woman in this division has fought to stand here. Every one of them deserves this night."

[We finally see the source of the voice - the champion herself - who appears to be fresh out of a workout. Sweat dripping down her face. Intensity in her eyes. Resolve. The coveted Women's World Championship on her shoulder. Her voice is quiet now.]

"But I've been here since day one. And I'm not done making history."

[We cut from Somers to a black screen with a full-screen graphic promoting - "GIRLS TO THE FRONT. AUGUST 18th. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN."

And one final line from the Spitfire.]

"Get loud. Get ready. Get to the front."

[And as Somers disappears, she's replaced by the AWA and ESPN logos before we fade through black...

...and back up in the locker room area where we find Interim President Maxim Zharkov talking on the phone with someone.]

MZ: Yes... yes, have Masks For Money removed from the building immediately.

[He nods.]

MZ: No, the six man tag Main Event is still on and I don't want those two getting involved. Okay...

[Zharkov trails off as he spots someone off-camera, a suddenly stern expression on his face.]

MZ: I have business to attend to.

[A loud "GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!" is heard just before we see Charlie Stephens dragging Sweet Lou Blackwell into the office.]

MZ: Stephens.

[Stephens smirks.]

CS: I got big, big news for you, Zharkov... and I brought everyone's favorite stooge back here so the world knows about it too.

[Zharkov frowns.]

MZ: No apology for what happened earlier?

[It's Stephens' turn to frown.]

CS: What happened? Oh, the match? Look, that was just a strategy, boss man. I knew you'd want to hear what I've got to say and when I've said it, you're going to be grateful I didn't get risk getting hurt out there.

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: You know you probably cost your team the chance to-

[Stephens interrupts.]

CS: Forget about all that! Remember what you said a few weeks ago?

[Zharkov sighs.]

MZ: Refresh my memory.

CS: You said that if I was still teaming with Joe, you'd give us a shot at the World Tag Team Titles. Right?

[Zharkov seems thoughtful.]

MZ: That sounds familiar.

[Stephens nods excitedly.]

CS: Good, 'cause I'm gonna hold you to your word, comrade. I talked to Joe yesterday and I told him he HAD to be there on the 4th of July! It's America's birthday, Max ol' boy, and above everything else, Joe Flint is a damn patriot at heart! He loves this country - despite all its flaws - and I told him that to do America proud, he needed to climb back in that ring... in Seattle... at Opportunity Knocks... on the 4th of July...

[Stephens baits the hook.]

CS: ...with the World Tag Team Titles on the line.

[Zharkov grimaces.]

MZ: So, you are saying...?

[Stephens nods excitedly.]

CS: I made it happen, comrade! This may be a one night deal, I don't know... but if he's done... he needs to do it the right way. He needs to go out fighting on the 4th of July for his country! And on the 4th of July... if you make the match... he's going to do exactly that.

[Stephens pauses expectantly as Zharkov looks thoughtful...]

MZ: Fine. Agreed.

[Stephens pumps a fist in triumph.]

CS: YES! You won't regret this! The 2017 Stampede Cup winnin', former World Tag Team Champions, the Soldiers of Fortune taking on whatever two jackals Wright lets out of their cage for the World Tag Team Titles on America's birthday? Whoo! It doesn't get ANY better than that, boss!

[Stephens claps Zharkov on the shoulder... earning a hard glare from the former National Champion before Stephens goes racing out of view, slamming the office door behind him as Blackwell winces. There's an awkward moment of silence with Blackwell standing next to Zharkov before...]

SLB: Why am I even here?

[...and Zharkov shakes his head as we fade out to a flash of the "ACCESS" logo, where we see Katrina Coleman sitting on one of the light cases backstage, her legs in a crisscross position as she rests her MacBook Pro on it. She has her GoPro, Kamtrina, connected, and appears to be looking at footage as Kevin Slater looks over her shoulder.]

KS: How did that thing not break when you were wrestling with it strapped to you?

[Katrina grins.]

KC: They're pretty sturdy pieces of equipment! I've wiped out on waves with one, ate concrete with one on the longboard... they're meant to take a beating. If anything, I'm lucky I didn't land on it out there. I've done that before... leaves a really gnarly bruise.

[Slater cringes as we hear an annoyed sigh from off-camera with Charisma Knight walking into the frame, looking frustrated and pointing an accusatory finger at the YouTuber.]

CK: So is that how you're getting matches and I'm not? Sucking up to the agents?

[Slater puts his hands up as a worried look comes across Katrina's eyes.]

KS: I was just interested in the tech, Charisma. It's got nothing to do with-

[Charisma angrily cuts him off.]

CK: No, Slater! It's got everything to do with it! She just walks in here with no experience and a YouTube channel, and I'm supposed to trip over myself to make

friends? I'm supposed to just sit to the side and be glad to sit back here because she's got a couple of million weirdos who like rollercoasters following her?

[Slater holds his hands up, turns around and starts walking away with a roll of his eyes, with Charisma shouting after him.]

CK: THAT'S RIGHT, SLATER! WALK AWAY!

[Katrina sinks behind her MacBook screen, eyes peeking above the lid as Charisma turns back to her with fire in her eyes and venom in her voice.]

CK: And YOU. You keep slinking down behind that screen! You have everyone else wowed but you haven't stepped into the ring with anyone yet and if you do... especially me... it will be a day you want to change career paths, understand?

[No answer so Charisma keeps going.]

CK: Internet fame can only get you so far against an actual wrestler.. especially me.

[She smirks to no response... and soooooo...]

CK: I eat influencers and idols for breakfast! I can see right through you and your pitiful attempt to use this company to pump your channel.

[The two stare at each other for a brief moment, Katrina not really reciprocating Charisma's tenseness. After a few seconds, Katrina sits back up, a broad smile on her face.]

KC: That was AWESOME!

[Charisma takes a step back, befuddled.]

CK: wh... what?

[Katrina closes the lid of the MacBook, setting it to the side.]

KC: I think I've seen all of your AWA matches! To be on the other end of one of your tangents, that's just so cool! When I started wrestling, I hoped someday I'd get to see one of those up close, and now I can check it off the list.

[Charisma looks completely confused at Katrina's enthusiastic greeting when Katrina looks off-screen and lets out a squeak of excitement.]

KC: Oh my gosh! Hi Melissa!

[As Katrina leans over and whispers "it's Melissa Cannon!" to Charisma, Charisma finally breaks out of her stupor as Melissa walks into frame, a smile on her face.]

CK: I KNOW WHO MELISSA CANNON IS!

[Charisma jabs a thumb towards Katrina as she looks at her former rival.]

CK: Is she always this damn chipper?

[Melissa nods.]

MC: She's very enthusiastic. Unlike some people.

[Charisma glowers as Cannon grins. A confrontation seems imminent.]

There's another squeak in the background as Katrina points off-screen, with Michelle Bailey walking into frame, a towel over her shoulder. Katrina can't help herself, shouting out...]

KC: IT'S KIMMY BAILEY'S MOM!

[Michelle blushes as Melissa gives Katrina a side glare, and Charisma throws up her hands in frustration.]

CK: Look, Tuber Girl, you just watch your step, okay?

[Charisma turns on her heel and stomps off, leaving a starry-eyed Katrina, a blushing Michelle, and a sighing Melissa behind.]

MC: Katrina, you shouldn't-

[Michelle puts her hand on Melissa's shoulder, cutting her off.]

MB: It's okay. It's the first time someone's called me that. It's kind of refreshing.

[Michelle leans close to Katrina.]

MB: Kimmy's told me a lot of good things about you, Katrina. If you ever want to work on your in-ring skills sometime...

[Katrina gasps, then points to Melissa.]

KC: Oh! That reminds me! There's this rumor going around about you, Melissa!

[Melissa feigns concern, completely lost on Katrina.]

MC: Oh no. Rumors about me. That's never happened before.

[Katrina seems oblivious to Melissa's sarcasm. The veteran sighs.]

MC: Oh yeah? What are the streets saying this time?

[Katrina shakes her head back and forth hard.]

KC: No, it's good! At least, I THINK it's good! I heard you were looking for a partner to go after the Tag Team Titles!

[Katrina points to herself as Michelle arches an eyebrow.]

KC: If you'd be willing to give me a shot, I'd love to team with you someday! I'd love to learn from someone like you, and I'd do whatever it takes to help you get those belts!

[Melissa looks taken back... throwing a look at Michelle who seems to give an encouraging look.]

MC: Uhhh... well, I was kinda thinking about asking...

[She looks at Katrina's starry eyes.]

MC: ...thanks for the offer, kid. Let me think about it, okay?

[Katrina excitedly nods.]

KC: Will do! I'm going to see if I can find Mr. Slater, show him more of this tech stuff. See ya around!

[Katrina picks up her laptop and GoPro, leaving the veterans to themselves. As Melissa takes a deep breath, Michelle smiles.]

MB: She seems really sweet.

[Melissa exhales, nodding her head.]

MB: Soooo... the Tag Team Titles. You're going for it, huh?

[Melissa nods.]

MC: I am. All that time I spent exiled in Japan last year really made me think about missed opportunities and... well, you and I both know that we're not getting any younger in this sport.

[Michelle nods.]

MC: When I think about all the time I wasted doing ring announcing and feeling sorry for myself...

[She sighs deeply.]

MC: Anyways, I really want gold around my waist, and with Julie holding the World Title, it's the one that makes the most sense for me right now... and maybe for you too?

[Michelle pauses, looking at Melissa with a smile.]

MB: I had a feeling that was what you meant when we talked at the bar.

[Michelle puts her hand on Melissa's shoulder.]

MB: Listen, I'm sorry I couldn't get us a tag team match tonight. Zharkov's office told me they wanted me in a single because of Pride Month, and...

[Melissa shakes her head, taking Michelle's hand from her shoulder.]

MC: It's okay. When I was telling you about the Tag Team Titles, it meant a lot that you were willing to try and get us a tag match. I really think you and I could do some amazing things together... and you know the fans would love it...

[Michelle nods.]

MB: I'm sure they would but-

[Melissa raises a hand.]

MC: I know, I know... you don't have to answer me now. Go out there and make everyone proud tonight and... well, we can talk about it after the show, okay? I just can't think of too many people I'd rather have by side to take those titles off Hamilton and Cinder and teach them some respect, you know?

[Michelle's nod is a little slower this time.]

MC: Anyways... thanks for the chat the other night... and now...

[Michelle smiles.]

MB: I'm always willing to listen...

[As Michelle starts to say the second half of her sentence, Melissa chimes in as well, half-mockingly.]

MB/MC: "But ethically I can't give a diagnosis."

[Michelle giggles as Melissa cracks a grin.]

MB: Sheesh, I say that I lot, don't I.

MC: Yeah, but you mean well.

[The two start to walk out of frame together, their conversation continuing.]

MC: So why don't you drink, anyway?

MB: You tend to lose interest in it when you have to help get a drunken Luke Kinsey down from a hotel fountain before the cops show up.

MC: Oh... good reason.

[And we fade back out to the ringside area where Lori Dane and Ben Waterson are seated.]

LD: Never a dull moment with the women of the AWA. Ben, can you believe it's been a year now since Michelle Bailey made her debut as part of the AWA roster?

[Waterson rolls his eyes.]

BW: A year? Feels like five with as much as you keep hyping her up.

[Dane sighs.]

LD: It was June 24, 2017 when Michelle Bailey returned to international competition, meeting up with Ayako Fujiwara at Madison Square Garden, which of course is the home of our first-ever women's-exclusive pay-per-view event Girls To The Front.

BW: Yeah, but is she even going to make the card at this rate?

[Dane frowns.]

LD: What do you mean?

BW: She lost to Julie Somers at Memorial Day Mayhem, and then she said she wasn't petitioning for a rematch, right?

LD: She said she felt she had to earn a rematch, right.

BW: Well, an event as prestigious as Girls To The Front, there's going to be limited spots on the card, Dane. If there isn't a major issue or title implications, you might find yourself in the crowd watching.

LD: Are you seriously suggesting that the Royal Crown winner might be left off the event entirely?

BW: You look at all the feuds happening in the Women's Division, and Michelle Bailey - popular, I'll grant you that - doesn't factor into them. She's too busy trying to get through to the roster and sing around the campfire together.

[Dane shakes her head.]

LD: Well, one thing that the AWA certainly didn't want to see happen is for a Pride Month to go by without Michelle Bailey competing. She was cleared to return to action last week after her knee injury, and she'll be here tonight in singles competition on the last day of Pride Month.

BW: And hey, good for her. I mean that. I'm just saying that there will be a night of heated action in a few weeks at Madison Square Garden, and there might not be time for putting Michelle Bailey on the card for a feel good moment.

LD: Let's go down to the ring and see the action for ourselves, shall we?

[We cut down to the ring, where Megumi Sato stands, with referee Andy Dawson waiting in the corner. Behind Sato, a woman paces.]

MS: Our next match is in the Women's Division, set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring... she hails from the depths of Deception Pass, weighing 162 pounds... she states she is the "Goddess of the Sea"...

SALACIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[The pacing woman stops to glare down the entrance, her eyes tinted with yellow contact lenses and her face painted with fish scales down her face and arms. She wears a dark green singlet with a white trident on the legs, and tassels on her arms designed to resemble seaweed clinging to her. Her long black hair is held back by one of the seaweed tassels, and she wears white boots with seaweed tassels.]

BW: Bit of a unique one here, Dane.

LD: Salacia has been plying her trade on the Northwest indie scene for a few years now, and this will be a real test for her against a veteran like Michelle Bailey.

BW: It could be one for Bailey as well, though. Salacia here is what, 5'8", 5'9"? She's going to match up well size-wise, and if she is faster than Bailey is, then the veteran might be in trouble.

LD: The veteran also has a deep bag of tricks to dig into as well.

[Sato begins her next introduction.]

MS: Her opponent, hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana, and weighing 171 pounds... she is the "Platinum Princess"...

MICHELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLE BAAAAAAAAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

["Stronger" by Britney Spears starts to play as the Historic Washington Hall crowd screams out in cheers, a calm Michelle Bailey stepping through the entrance and stopping to look out at the audience. She points to herself, mouthing "for little old me?", which causes the cheers to become louder. Michelle fans her face with her hand, clearly flattered by the response, as she starts her walk down to the ring.]

LD: No matter where we've gone over the last year, the cheers have just been getting louder and louder for this woman, Ben.

BW: It probably helps that you've been over here touting her as much as possible.

LD: If people gave that much credence to what I thought, women's wrestling would have been red hot for two decades, minimum.

[An uncomfortable silence follows, before we hear Dane chuckle.]

LD: Got you there, didn't I.

BW: Shut up.

[Michelle is dressed in a black crop top and matching miniskirt with random blue, pink, and white leopard spots throughout. Her mismatched kneepads and shinpads are missing their customary "XOXO" on the front, as both are representing pride flags, with the left leg representing the blue-pink-white-pink-blue pattern of the trans flag, and the right leg representing the Philadelphia pride flag. Her blonde hair is in a high ponytail, and her two-toned eyes are lined with a simple black liner. She steps into the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where she's immediately attacked by Salacia!]

LD: Salacia isn't wasting any time! Throwing lefts and rights at Michelle Bailey, who's covering up!

BW: This is her opportunity, Dane! If you go on the ESPN app, Bailey's 30 For 30 has been promoted all week! The spotlight has been on her, and this is a great opportunity for this kid to seize the moment!

LD: You'd think this was Opportunity Knocks II tonight instead of in just four days right here on ESPN, with Salacia trying to call her shot against one of the top women in the game!

[With Bailey dodging, weaving, and blocking punches to try and protect herself from Salacia's attack, she tries to create distance from the fiery upstart.]

BW: This is what I was telling you, Dane! Bailey's gotten used to being at least three or four inches taller than her opponents during this comeback, and I don't think she knows how to function against someone of similar size anymore!

LD: Do you understand what you're saying? She hasn't magically forgotten what it's like to wrestle against people her size.

[As referee Andy Dawson warns Salacia about closed fists, Bailey remains calm, continuing to block shots. Eventually, Salacia's flurry starts to slow down.]

LD: I think I'm starting to see what Michelle was trying to do, Ben!

BW: That's a bold strategy when you don't know someone, though.

[As Salacia's punches reach a standstill, finally Bailey drops to a knee and ducks around her opponent, lifting her into the air and taking a step towards the center of the ring, twisting her hips to put Salacia face-first onto the mat.]

LD: Well, dare I say, Salacia is gasping for air like a fish out of water and Michelle has the advantage.

[Waterson groans.]

LD: Michelle now going to the ankles of her opponent...

[Bailey turns her opponent over, then calls out to the crowd...]

"THROW HER BACK?"

[As Salacia continues to struggle for air, the crowd cheers in the affirmative. Bailey shouts "YOU GOT IT!", then pushes the ankles forward, folding the Goddess of the Sea in half. She then sits down on the back of Salacia's hamstrings and leans forward, touching her knees to the mat in front of Salacia's shoulders!]

BW: Are you serious? She's not going to do a single offensive move?!

LD: When you can open up a Total Bummer on an opponent, I don't think you need to! Andy Dawson slides down for the count! That's one! Two! And three!

[The bell rings as Bailey hops to her feet, a smile on her face. Salacia continues to try and catch her breath as Bailey salutes the crowd, watching from a distance as a ringside attendant slides into the ring to give Salacia a bottle of water, which she takes a huge gulp from. As Salacia rolls from the ring, Bailey gives a little curtsy to each side of the ring, clearly satisfied with the reaction and her method of victory today.]

LD: The old rope-a-dope strategy pays off big for the "Platinum Princess", who only needs a takedown and a Total Bummer to beat Salacia here tonight!

BW: Say what you will, Dane, but if she wants to earn another title match against Julie Somers, she's going to have to present a lot more than just that kind of performance.

LD: I disagree with that, Ben. Being a great wrestler isn't just about what you do, it's making what you do count. Not many wrestlers can practice that kind of patience and know exactly when to go for the kill like Michelle Bailey just did.

BW: There's a lot to be said for creating your own avenues, though. What if that plan didn't work?

LD: I have a feeling that Michelle would have thought on her feet and adjusted, which we've seen in the past. I'm sure you know from strategy sessions with all the men you've managed, if you start to feel those strikes or grapples weaken, then you can withstand weaker shots and bide your time.

BW: Give me someone who doesn't wait, that's my preference.

LD: You're as patient as a six year old that chugged a two-liter of Mountain Dew. Up next... we're going to be seeing the Bad Seed himself, Damian DeVille in action. Just last weekend, Ben, Damian DeVille found himself in the biggest match of his young career... when Veronica Westerly picked him to take on Kerry Kendrick in a National Title match. While the rookie came up short, he got closer than I think most of us would expect.

BW: The kid's got game, I'll give him that. He got close... close enough to make Kendrick and Miss Hayes sweat it out a bit... but in the end, they keep the gold and the kid goes back in line.

LD: A line that might be shorter than anyone thinks thought because we heard Kendrick out here earlier alongside Sandra Hayes throwing out a rematch challenge for Opportunity Knocks.

BW: The kid would be an idiot to put himself through it again... but title matches don't grow on trees.

LD: I expect we'll hear an answer to that challenge after the match but right now, let's go right back up to Megumi!

[With Michelle Bailey making her exit, Megumi Sato retakes center ring.]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Hollywood, California... weighing in at 343 pounds... "BEAUTIFUL" BARNEY ORTEGAAAAAA!

["Beautiful" Barney is anything but to most of the jeering fans. A Latino man with badly-dyed bleach blond hair. His ample midsection is hanging over the top of some purple trunks that really should cover more real estate. He gives a blown kiss to the jeering crowd as he waits for his opponent.]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights go down, and the piercing two-note guitar intro to Horrified's "Deus Diabolus Inversus" rings out. The words "BAD SEED" flash on the screen.]

DEUS

MS: From Black River Falls, Wisconsin.... Weighing in at 213 pounds...

DEUS DIABOLUS INVERSUS

MS: He is "THE BAAAAAAD SEEEEEEEEEEEEEED"...

...DAAAAAAAAMIAN... DEVILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLE!

[All eyes in Historic Washington Hall turn towards the entrance to spot the arrival of the Bad Seed himself...

...and they get nothing.]

LD: Damian DeVille on his way to the ring for-

BW: No he's not.

LD: Huh?

BW: Where is he?

LD: Oh, I just assumed he... huh.

[There's an awkward moment where the music cuts off. Megumi Sato listens through her earpiece as the crowd buzzes with confusion...]

LD: A little technical difficulties here, folks. The hazards of a live television show.

[And then...]

[The lights go down, and the piercing two-note guitar intro to Horrified's "Deus Diabolus Inversus" rings out. The words "BAD SEED" flash on the screen. Let's try this again, shall we?]

DEUS

MS: From Black River Falls, Wisconsin.... Weighing in at 213 pounds...

DEUS DIABOLUS INVERSUS

MS: He is "THE BAAAAAAD SEEEEEEEEEEEEEED"...

...DAAAAAAAAAMIAN... DEVILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLE!

[Sato turns towards the entrance, the fans cheering...

Nope.]

LD: What is going on here?

BW: Maybe this kid heard what Kerry Kendrick had to say earlier and he went running from the building looking for his old man.

LD: I doubt that. But we DO need to figure out- oh...

BW: What?

[The camera abruptly cuts to a backstage shot that is out of control and hard to watch as the camera moves quickly through the hallways...]

LD: We just got word over the headset that...

[The cameraman whips around a corner where we find Damian DeVille laying on the ground...

...with the Westerly Dynasty standing over him.]

LD: Oh no.

[James Lynch is holding him up, pressing DeVille's cheek against the hallway wall as Veronica Westerly - red-faced and furious - is shouting at him.]

"WE GAVE YOU A CHANCE! WE GAVE YOU A MOMENT! AND YOU TURNED US DOWN?!"

[She turns, slapping Atlas Armstrong in the chest. Armstrong hesitates a moment...

...and then BOOTS DeVille's head into the wall, causing the arena fans to react!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[DeVille slumps motionless to the floor as James Lynch puts the boots to him, Westerly still shouting...]

"I did more for you in ONE week than your father's done in his entire lifetime!"

[Lynch drops to a knee, choking DeVille with both hands.]

"You couldn't see what we could do for you, you little BASTARD!"

[The crowd "ooooohs" again as Lynch drags DeVille to his knees, holding his arms behind him as his head hangs limply down...]

"Now you'll see NOTHING!"

[...and on cue, Nenshou steps forward, grabbing DeVille by his long hair, pulling his head back so his face... and more importantly his eyes... are fully exposed...]

LD: NO!

[...and SPEWS the blinding black mist DIRECTLY into DeVille's eyeballs from close range, soaking them!]

LD: AHHHHH!

[DeVille's instantly snaps back to consciousness, screaming in pain, flailing about as Lynch RAMS his head into the wall a second time, leaving him down on the concrete as Lynch pats Nenshou on the shoulder and even gives Armstrong a high five. Westerly nods, pleased with their dirty work as AWA officials come rushing into view. Adam Rogers takes one look at his old friend, shaking his head in disgust as she walks away with a smirk...

...and then Rogers turns to look at the blinded DeVille, shouting off-camera...]

"GET THE DOC! QUICK!"

[Someone dives to their knees, wiping at DeVille's eyes, shouting for someone to get water...

...and we fade to black.

A single knock.

Then another.

Then a third, harder each time.

Atlas Armstrong appears, his voice low and dangerous.]

"Some knocks... you don't ignore."

[We get a flash of a scene of Armstrong flattening an opponent with a pump kick.

Derrick Williams appears, smirking and confident over training footage.]

"Some knocks? You answer 'em... just to shut somebody up."

[Cut to a show of Williams driving a foe down to the mat with the Future Shock.

Cut to black. Another knock. Louder this time.

Then a shot of an ice cold and deadly serious Laura Davis.]

"And some knocks...? You pray they aren't for you."

[Cut to Davis wrenching a heel hook on a helpless opponent, an aggressive expression on her face.

Cut to Lauryn Rage snarling at the camera, fire in his eyes.]

"But Opportunity Knocks? That one - we OPEN."

[A flash of Rage battering an opponent with body blows in the corner before nearly ripping their head off with a hook shot and screaming into the nearby camera lens.

The music picks up in intensity - big percussive hits.

Onto Shad0e Rage who is semi-lit, a manic expression on his face.]

"Because some of us don't wait for an invitation..."

[Cut to a shot of Rage leaping off the top rope, dropping a double axehandle on a surprised foe. Rage's voice is heard over the shot.]

"...we kick the damn door down."

[Cut to a shot of E-Girl MAX assembled in front of the camera. Harley Hamilton steps forward first.

"You wanted challengers?"

[Then Cinder.]

"You wanted chaos?"

[Then Casey Cash.]

"You wanted a moment?"

[Hamilton points at the camera.]

"We'll give you all you want and THEN SOME!"

[We get some fast action shots of the trio.

Cut to the World Champion, Supernova, backlit in white. His voice is calm and steady, carrying a champion's weight.]

"Opportunity doesn't knock for everyone. Some of us... ARE the opportunity."

[Cut to Supernova sailing through the air with a Heat Wave splash...

...and then a final cut brings us Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight is sweaty, breathing heavy, eyes locked on the camera.]

"Me? I hope every last one of you steps up. Because on July Fourth... there's nobody left to hide behind. No executives. No excuses. No running.

Opportunity knocks. And I'm answering every damn one."

[A hard cut to the Opportunity Knocks logo - July 4th - Seattle, Washington on ESPN with red, white, and blue fireworks exploding behind the information on screen.

A voiceover is heard, deep and official in tone.]

"No contracts. No politics. No escape. If your name is called... you fight.

Opportunity Knocks. Answer the door."

We fade to a black screen...

[The shot opens to the interior of an empty Hot Topic store at night. The store lights flicker to life. Victoria breaks the silence, walking down the aisle in a custom

punk jacket with chains and patches. She throws on a hoodie that reads "Hell in High Tops."]

VJ:
My clothes don't ask for approval.
They issue a threat.

[Cut to images of fans dressed like Victoria June in the crowd. There are quick shots of fans adorned with safety pins, fishnet stockings, combat boots.]

VJ:
Hot Topic knows what I came from.
And they know what I'm becoming.

TEXT ON SCREEN:
HOT TOPIC x AWA x VICTORIA JUNE "RIOTWEAR"

VJ:
What you wear should scream too.

[We fade through black to the backstage area where Victoria June paces the hall in front of the Chimpanzee position just before heading out to the ring. Her Liberty Spikes cast a tall shadow on the wall. June is tense, angry. Her face is a dark cloud as she turns to the camera.]

VJ: Tonight ah ain't fit to be no wrestler. Ah ain't fit but to fight. Cinder, ah'm a give you yah flowers.

Cinder... you're dangerous.

[It hurts June to say that.]

VJ: Not 'cause of the belts. Not 'cause of the company you keep. Definitely not that.

[June shakes her head.]

VJ: Damn sure not that. Under all the attention-seeking and antics you're dangerous 'cause you don't fight fair. You can't!

Every time it's you, it's all o' E-Girl MAX - numbers... cameras... chaos.

An' ah'm sick o' it.

[June paces again. She steps in a half pace.]

VJ: Y'all been beatin' up on Kayla, but now ah'm a beat up on you. Again. You done cost meh too much over the years and you been dragging those titles and this division down too long. So ah'm a smack a chick for that!

[Her voice drops into a cold register.]

VJ: There's gonna be some furniture movin'

TONIGHT!

[We fade to another part of backstage where we see Lucy St. Clair standing by with E-Girl MAX. Harley Hamilton, dressed in a soft pastel pink maxi dress adorned with a delicate floral print, voluminous puff sleeves, a ruffled collar and a multi-tiered

skirt with layers of frills cascading to floor, steps forward and places a hand on Lucy's shoulder, a gentle expression on her face.]

HH: Riley, take the microphone.

[Riley Campbell steps up and delicately takes the microphone from Lucy's hands.]

HH: Hey... no need for that. You're safe here.

[Harley gently guides Lucy behind her. We can hear Casey Cash chirp a cheerful "Hiya!" to Lucy. Harley then turns her attention back to the camera, her demeanor shifting from gentle to cold.]

HH: Victoria June.

[Cinder says the name in her thick Scottish accent, her tone filled with anger and bile.]

C: Vekki June.

[The two shake their heads in unison with disapproval.]

HH: There once was a time when you mattered, but that day is long gone. Since the day Cindy and I became friends, all you've been is a loser. You play the victim because apparently that's all you've ever been good at. You throw tantrums and lose your mind every single time you fail.

CC: Which is often!

[Harley nods in agreement.]

HH: Exactly. You tried to maim Casey because you can't handle failure in an honorable way and you're so mentally fragile, you completely changed your look and personality after we handed your ass to you for it. And yet, here you are... still pretending like you're on our level.

C: But here's a reality check...

[In unison, Harley and Cinder raise their AWA World Female Tag Team title belts into the air.]

C: Ye could fall in the ocean an' miss the water, Vekki!

[Cinder turns to Riley Campbell and whispers.]

C: Did I use that one, already?

RC: Earlier today, yes.

C: Gies a sec... Gies a sec, lasses...

[Cinder wanders away from the interview position. Harley Hamilton looks slightly concerned as she's about to continue.]

HH: Well, while Cindy comes up with new bawdy Glaswegian slang, maybe-

C: Got it! Got it! Aye! Vekki! Ye like to make your fashion and appearance part of your personae so much, I'll give ye an accessory to try on: my boot in yer face!

RC: ...nice one.

[Cinder tosses her hair with a smirk.]

C: T'was nothing.

HH: And honestly? I'm starting to feel a little bad for Kayla Cristol. It's obvious now that Victoria June has been dragging you down this entire time. But somehow, you keep worshipping her like she's the moon and the stars and the light of the Sun.

C: Aye, and awayyego, Puntry Cunks. One of ye is growin' into a force... and the other is just Vekki June.

HH: She gaslit you, sweetie. She gaslit the entire world into thinking you were dead weight, when maybe, just MAYBE... you were special all along. But as long as you buy into the lie that is Victoria June, I guess we'll never know, will we?

[A giggle.]

C: I've nae experienced chemistry so bad since I last had chicken tendahs after neglectin' tae rinse all the Icky Hot off my fingers when I had that bad ankle.

HH: Some friendship, huh?

CC: I mean, nothing's stronger than a bond built on cornbread and lies!

HH: But like I said before, I'm not a therapist and we're not here to resolve their issues.

C: Aye. Right, it's time tae make Vekki June laugh out the other side o' her face.

[Harley chuckles.]

HH: I can't wait.

[Harley turns to leave, giving Lucy St. Clair a gentle pat on the head as Cinder and Casey Cash follow her out. Riley Campbell hands the microphone back to her and rushes off as well. A slightly more relaxed Lucy St. Clair watches them walk off for a second, before turning her attention back to the camera.]

LSC: A very... determined E-Girl MAX. Back to you, Mariah.

[Fade out back to Mariah and Sweet Daddy Williams in the aisle.]

MW: Thanks, Lucy. Sweet Daddy, we're just about set for action but before we go to that, we've gotta talk about what we just saw before the break. We were all out here waiting for Damian DeVille's match... and when he didn't show, I immediately feared the worst.

SDW: Me too but I thought it was gonna be Kendrick.

MW: A fair assumption... but no, it was the Westerly Dynasty. It was Veronica Westerly staging an ambush on that young rookie simply because he refused to join the Dynasty! Can you believe it?

SDW: Unfortunately, kiddo... yes, I can. I can totally believe the Dynasty would do such a thing. Atlas' ego is as big as they come, James Lynch has been a scumbag ever since betrayin' his family, Nenshou's been trouble since he walked in... years ago! And then there's Miss Jezebel herself, Veronica Westerly, who has been nothin' but trouble in this business since she turned her back on her husband!

MW: Which time?

[Williams smirks.]

MW: Fans, during the break, Damian DeVille was tended to by our medical team... without Doc Ponavitch unfortunately... and was immediately loaded into an ambulance for transport to a nearby hospital.

SDW: Miss Mariah, I don't know how many people know what the different colors in the mist signify but... that one? That black stuff? It's bad. Real bad. This kid may be headed for the injured list for a long, long time.

[Wolfe nods solemnly.]

MW: We'll have an update whenever possible but right now... let's go over to Lori.

[We fade to the ringside area where Lori and Ben are seated.]

LD: Thanks, Mariah... some bad stuff going down here in Seattle just days before Opportunity Knocks... and you know someone like Damian DeVille would be taking full advantage of a night like that to get his opportunity.

BW: Not anymore.

LD: Obviously not.

[Lori sighs.]

LD: But the Showtime must go on and we're just about set for a serious grudge match to go down. There is no love lost between these two teams, Ben.

BW: Lots of history. Lots of bad blood. Some of it spilled all over the ring and floor. And I wouldn't be surprised to see even more of it spilled tonight. This one's got bad intentions written all over it... and I'm not even sure these two care about a win tonight. They want scars!

LD: And with Harley Hamilton and Kayla Cristol presumably lurking on the outside... this one may be doomed before the bell even rings. Let's find out. Take it away, Megumi!

[We fade up to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division!

[A big cheer goes up...

...and as the industrial electronica of "Banshee" by Dance With The Dead sound through the arena, which is bathed in a blood red light...]

MS: Introducing first... from Kilmarock, Scotland... weighing in at eight and one half stone... she represents E-Girl MAX... she is the 2017 Steal The Spotlight winner and one-half of the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONNNNNNS... being accompanied to the ring by Harley Hamilton...

...THIS! IS! CINNNNNNNNNNNNDERRRRRRRRRRR!

[Through the entrance slinks a hooded, ghostly and grinning grappler. Her hands are clasped behind her back.

She tears back the hood revealing the mane of orange and blood red hair that drips over her shoulders and over her dark, heavily-shadowed eyes...

...and then suddenly it's all smiles and giggles as Harley Hamilton lunges into the frame from off-camera, wrapping her arm around her partner's shoulders as they head down the aisle side-by-side.]

LD: Harley Hamilton by her side but this match belongs to Cinder in singles competition here tonight against an old rival.

[The duo is quickly down the aisle, Hamilton pausing to slap the hands of a pair of young girls in their own Seductive and Destructive cosplay... WHERE ARE THE PARENTS?!]

LD: Some young fans of Hamilton and Cinder out here. And Ben, it's hard to miss the swaths of young women wherever the AWA goes that actually do support this team... and E-Girl MAX on the whole.

BW: They may get drowned out by the louder voices but those girls and women come to see them some EGM!

LD: I don't think there's any question who the fans will be solidly behind in this one thought as the Country Punks have quickly become one of the most popular teams in the entire AWA.

[Reaching the ring, Cinder slithers onto the ring apron, ghostly pale as she comes to her feet. Hamilton stays on the apron, an arm around her, whispering encouragement and strategy as Cinder nods, her eyes locked on the entrance as her music fades...

...and is replaced by the ripping guitar work of the iconic punk band - The Ramones - with one of their signature songs "Blitzkrieg Bop" as the crowd joins in with the familiar refrain.]

"HEY! HO! LET'S GO!"

[Megumi Sato grins at the crowd reaction as Cinder cups her hands over her ears, shaking her head back and forth violently.]

MS: ANNNNNNNNNND HER OPPONENT... from Jackson, Tennessee... weighing in tonight at 158 pounds... accompanied by Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol...

...THE AFROOOOOO PUNK!

VICTORRRRRRIAAAAAAAAA... JUUUUUUUUUUUNE!

[June comes BURSTING through the curtain to a HUGE ROAR from the Seattle crowd already rocking out to the Ramones. June stomps into view, throwing her horns up into the sky as a grinning Kayla Cristol follows her, clapping for her best friend and partner as June plays to the passionate crowd. June points down the aisle at Cinder who shouts something (thankfully) off-mic, inviting the Afro Punk down to the ring.]

LD: The tensions are high in this one, these two trading words from afar...

[June and Cristol huddle up on the stage for a moment, Cristol with some final words for her friend before...

...she turns her loose and June comes tearing down the ramp like a bat out of hell!]

LD: HERE! WE! GOOOOOOOO!

[June hits the ring on a headfirst dive, sliding into the squared circle as referee Rebecca Daniels signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Cinder rushes off the ropes, dropping to her knees to hammer forearms down onto the back of June’s head and neck, smothering her down to the mat!]

LD: Cinder’s all over her at the opening bell! Fists are flying early in this one!

[Hamilton shouts at the arriving Cristol, pointing into the ring with a “CAN’T YOU CONTROL THAT FREAK?!”]

LD: Harley Hamilton has no love lost for Kayla Cristol either, and that may become a problem before this is over.

BW: “May” become? It already is.

LD: Cinder... two hands full of that spiked hair, hauling June off the mat...

[June is instantly fighting back though, throwing forearms and wild haymakers of her own, landing several as Cinder staggers backwards...

...and June pushes forward, wrapping her hands in Cinder’s hair and forcing her straight back into the ropes!]

LD: There’s no sportsmanship in this one but we sure didn’t expect any! Just fists and fighting!

BW: Don’t forget the hairpulling! Love the hairpulling!

LD: I’m sure you do and- OHHH!

[The crowd reacts as Cinder falls through the ropes under June’s pressure but the Afro Punk goes for a tumble to the outside with her!]

LD: Already spilling out to the floor here at Historic Washington Hall, Ben!

BW: Keep `em away from us!

LD: Right out here by us now... June pulls her off the floor and- OH! Cinder rakes those razor-sharp nails right across the eyes!

[June cries out, staggering away, wiping at her blinded eyes as Cinder grabs June by the hair again...]

LD: WHAM! Right down on the ring apron, bouncing her face right off it!

[Cinder gives a shove, putting June back into the ring before sliding back in herself... and crawls right into a mount, hammering her fist down onto June’s head as the Afro Punk struggles to defend herself!]

LD: Now the closed fists raining down on Victoria June! Rebecca Daniels trying to get her to open up those hands...

BW: Good luck.

LD: ...and I'm not sure Daniels is going to have a whole lot of luck in keeping this one resembling anything CLOSE to a professional wrestling match.

[Dragging June off the mat with some words for the official, Cinder tosses her into the closest corner by the hair, coming right in after her with a flurry of fists... then forearms, battering June against the turnbuckles!]

LD: This is a damn street fight right now, Ben!

BW: Sure is. Ain't it great?

LD: I'm not- OHHH!

[The crowd reacts in kind as June ROCKS Cinder with a desperation headbutt, sending Cinder staggering backwards from the impact, freeing June from the assault... for now.]

LD: What a headbutt there and-

[Cristol and Hamilton are getting closer on the outside, still shouting at each other...]

LD: Uh oh. We saw those two in action a week ago on Saturday Night Wrestling and we're threatening to see a sequel at any moment!

[As Cinder falls back into the opposite corner, grabbing at her head, June rushes in on her, smashing a forearm into the jaw!]

LD: Oh! Running shot to the mouth!

[A second big looping forearm lands... and a third, causing Cinder's legs to go out from under her, putting her down in a seated spot in the corner as the Afro Punk grabs the top rope with both hands and starts STOMPING Cinder over and over and over...]

LD: And now it's June's turn, all over Cinder in the corner!

BW: Get her out of there, ref!

LD: Oh, NOW you're worried about the rules?!

[Cinder curls up in the corner, trying to shield herself as the referee steps in, forcing an angry Victoria June backwards. June has a few words of her own for the official before she spin moves around her, moving back in on Cinder...

...who reaches up off the mat, hooking the front of June's tights and YANKS her forward, sending her face and torso CRASHING into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Smart move there by Cinder, using June's aggression against her.

LD: Well, it was an ILLEGAL move with the tights being pulled but I'll grant you that it was a good escape for Cinder to get away from the onslaught by the Afro Punk... and now it turns things around so that Cinder's on the attack!

[With June leaning against the corner, sitting on the mat, Cinder grabs the hair and shrieking like a madwoman, starts pistoning her fist into June's face again...

...and then wraps her hands around the throat!]

LD: That's a choke, ref! Get her out of there!

[As the referee counts and Cinder throttles June to Kayla Cristol's anger, June struggles to get free...]

BW: That's not frustration. That's history.

LD: As we said, a whole lot of bad blood between these two going back to early 2017 when they feuded - a war that ended in that Hair versus Hair match back at Fight Night in June of last year in Madison Square Garden - the first major show women's Main Event! And to say that's all water under the bridge would be a mistake, Ben.

BW: Not unless someone burned the bridge, blew it up, and then drowned the survivors in the water.

[Lori chuckles as Cinder backs off, a mocking look on her face as she shouts down at Kayla Cristol from inside the ring...]

LD: Did she just call Victoria June Kayla's "meal ticket?"

[Now it's Ben's turn to laugh as Cristol shouts angrily back at Cinder.]

LD: Whoops. Don't think we can repeat that one on TV. Some very high tension here between all four of these women.

[June struggles to her feet, coughing and gasping as she gets there... and Cinder BURIES a boot into the ribcage as she steps back in, dragging June out to the middle of the ring where she smashes a knee into the same location...]

LD: Cinder working the body now...

[Cinder squares up, doing a little boxer jig before throwing some hooking blows to the ribcage, causing June to fall back into the ropes, covering up her torso.]

BW: Float like a butterfly, sting like a murder hornet.

LD: Cinder's got her now, looking for the whip...

[But a Scottish whip attempt goes sideways as the Afro Punk reverses it, shooting Cinder in instead...]

LD: ...June reverses and...

[...and June absolutely WRECKS her with a fierce clothesline that flips the smaller competitor inside out before dumping her down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: WHAT A CLOTHESLINE! CINDER GETS FLIPPED AROUND AND DOWN!

[June grimaces as she grabs at her ribs before pumping her arms, nodding to the cheering crowd...]

LD: She's feeding off these fans! The people of Seattle letting Victoria June feel the love tonight!

[There's no pin attempt from the Afro Punk though, looking for bloody violence as she drags Cinder up by the hair, screaming in her face...]

...and then rushes her to the corner, smashing her face into the top turnbuckle!]

“OHHHH!”

[And again...]

“OHHHHHHH!”

[...and one more time before Cinder goes flying backwards, falling down on all fours on the canvas as the crowd ROARS for the Afro Punk!]

LD: Victoria June regaining control of this back and forth battle in the opening minutes.

[June turns her attention back to Cinder, moving to snatch her up...

...but Cinder shows off her mat skills, scissoring June’s ankle between her legs, taking her down with a drop toehold.]

LD: Oh! June didn’t see that one coming!

[Cinder pounces on her again, raining down shots to the head of June as she tries to cover up...

...and as the referee forces a break, June rolls under the ropes to the outside for a breather.]

LD: Victoria June on the exposed concrete floor here in Historic Washington Hall... and don’t look now but Cinder is heading out after her..

[Cinder steps out on the apron, looking to press the advantage...

...and finds Kayla Cristol helping June to her feet, an arm around her shoulders.]

BW: Now what is going on THERE, Dane?!

LD: What?

BW: She’s giving an illegal assist! Outside interference!

LD: I wouldn’t go that far but Cinder seems to agree with you.

[An agitated Cinder is shrieking at June... at Cristol... and then at referee Rebecca Daniels for allowing it. You can almost hear the sigh at home as Daniels nods, ordering Cristol to back away from the competitors...]

BW: Finally, Daniels does something about it. About time.

[As Cristol backs off with a complaint, Harley Hamilton circles around the ringpost, measuring Victoria June...]

LD: Wait! Wait! Rebecca, look!

[...and before Hamilton can charge the Afro Punk, Daniels swings around and spots her looking quite suspicious. She shouts at Hamilton, stopping her in her tracks with a warning!]

BW: Oh, she’s right on top of things when it’s Hamilton who-

LD: Say it! Say it! She was about to interfere!

BW: You don't know that! She was probably giving June some makeup tips. Lord knows she needs 'em. Looks like she put that stuff on tonight with a paint roller!

LD: BEN!

[With Hamilton and Cristol held back... for now... June climbs back up on the apron...

...and a charging Cinder sends her right back down with a running tackle, knocking the Afro Punk to the cold, hard concrete again!]

LD: Ohhh! And June goes falling off the apron to the floor!

[Cinder sneers as she ignores the protesting official, moving to the apron and then hopping down to press the advantage.]

LD: And you do NOT want to be out there on the floor with Cinder. I promise you that.

[With Cristol and Hamilton still shouting at each other, now just feet apart as their partners battle on the outside, Rebecca Daniels attempts to keep a watchful eye on both conflicts while Cinder pulls June off the floor..

...and RAMS her into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: The ribs seem to be the focus of Cinder tonight, smashing them into the solid steel of the protective railing...

[Cinder lands a few more hook shots to the exposed ribcage, causing June to double over in pain...]

LD: Still working the body with those punches...

[The Steal The Spotlight contract holder has some words for a ringside fan getting in her face...]

LD: Cinder letting the fans have it now as well. Is there ANYONE she won't yell at?

[...and the momentary distraction allows June to wrap up Cinder in her arms, driving her backwards...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES her lower back into the edge of the ring apron!]

LD: BUT JUNE FIGHTS BACK! JUNE PUTS HER INTO THE APRON!

[Cinder lights up the night with some words that might've been censored if anyone knew what she said in her heavily accented voice. June collapses to a knee, grabbing at her ribs as Cinder holds her lower back in pain and Rebecca Daniels encourages them both to get back into the ring...]

LD: Both women are hurting on the outside and...

[Cristol and Hamilton are both moving towards their partners on the outside again which prompts Rebecca Daniels to leap to the outside, shouting at them both...]

LD: ...Rebecca Daniels is fighting hard to keep the partners back, Ben.

BW: She is... and you gotta give her credit for it... but it's getting harder to do.

[June forces her way back up, making a grab for Cinder...

...who stabs a stiff-fingered thrust into the windpipe!]

LD: Cinder's never met a rule she won't break! And now June is having trouble catching a breath...

[Cinder drags her by the hair away from the apron, sizing up the ringside scene...]

LD: Whips her- REVERSED!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and another attempted whip is reversed as June sends Cinder crashing knees-first into the ringside steps, causing Cinder to do a full front flip over the staircase before landing HARD on the exposed concrete!]

LD: OHHH! MY OH MY! Cinder in a bad way here on the outside after that hard crash into the stairs, Ben!

BW: The stairs hurt bad enough but what about that big flip onto the concrete?! That was two hard shots for the price of one and Cinder's in some serious trouble right about now!

[June sinks to a knee, breathing hard as Cinder tries to recover...

...and we cut to show Hamilton and Cristol just a couple of feet away now, shouting angrily at each other as Rebecca Daniels has wedged herself in between, trying desperate to hold them at bay!]

LD: Uh oh! We've got trouble over here now too and-

[Hamilton finally strikes a nerve on Cristol enough for Cristol to take a swing at Hamilton, Daniels still trying to keep them apart as Hamilton responds by grabbing the hair, the two women struggling to get at each other on the outside!]

LD: No! No, keep them apart!

[There's some booing from the crowd as we spot John Shock and Tommy Fierro suddenly on the scene, each forcing Cristol and Hamilton back away from each other as June somehow gets Cinder back under the ropes into the ring...]

LD: The fight on the floor is over for the moment but inside the ring, the match continues...

[Cinder crawls across the ring, grabbing at her lower back with one hand as June struggles to her feet, slowly pursuing across...]

LD: Cinder drags herself up...

BW: She can barely stand!

[...and June rushes the half distance of the ring to attack her in the corner... but Cinder throws up a boot, catching June in the chest!]

LD: OHH!

BW: I think she was hoping to boot her in the mouth so she didn't get all of that but-

[As June staggers backwards, Cinder rushes forward to take advantage...]

LD: HERE SHE-

[...and June lowers her head, backdropping Cinder high in the sky!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: CINDER HITS THE CANVAS HARD!

[June dives on top of her, hammering fists down into the head!]

LD: Right back on her! Again, no attempt to get the pin!

[But Cinder's always up for a fight, somehow managing to roll June over onto her back which allows Cinder to rain down blows instead!]

LD: And now it's Cinder in control!

BW: You know who's not in control? Rebecca Daniels! She's lost control of this one COMPLETELY!

LD: Daniels hanging on to this one with both hands and her teeth!

[Cinder gets off the mat, delivering a pair of kicks to the ribs as she does. A pissed off Harley Hamilton is up on the apron now as well, shouting at Cinder to finish her off... and Rebecca Daniels rushes over to try to get Hamilton down..]

LD: We've got Hamilton on the apron!

[Cinder grabs June, whipping her across the ring towards Daniels' back... but the referee spins clear and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...the impact of June crashing into Hamilton bumps the E-Girl MAX competitor down into a spill on the floor!]

LD: DOWN GOES HAMILTON!

[Kayla Cristol is up on the apron now as well, jawing at Cinder who wheels around to shout at her, pointing at the June/Harley crash!]

BW: Oh, this is beautiful.

LD: This is out of control!

[Daniels marches over to Cristol, trying to get HER down this time!]

LD: Cinder and Cristol shouting at each other, Daniels shouting at them both...

[And with Cinder distracted, June makes a charge from behind!]

LD: JUNE CHARGING IN!

[But Cinder spins clear, causing June to plow RIGHT into Daniels' back, sandwiching the official between June and Cristol!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact sends Kayla Cristol down to the floor and sends Daniels down on all fours inside the ring! A smirking Cinder yanks June by the arm, turning her into a FIERCE forearm to the jaw!]

LD: The referee is down! Cristol is down! Hamilton is down!

BW: But Cinder and June are up and the fight continues!

[June responds with a big right hand... Cinder with one of her own...]

LD: They're trading big shots in the middle of the ring now! The fight DEFINITELY continues!

[...and June lands three big right hands, Cinder backpedaling on each one as she falls back into the corner...]

LD: Cinder into the corner now... HERE COMES JUNE!

[The Mosh Splash connects in the corner, crushing Cinder underneath the Afro Punk's body weight!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cinder staggers out towards a waiting June who lifts her up, holding her across her torso as she steps out to the center of the ring...]

LD: She's going for the powerslam! Right in the middle! WHAT?! HAMILTON!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Harley Hamilton absolutely CRACKS Victoria June across the back with a steel chair, causing her to drop Cinder before collapsing in a heap facefirst on the canvas!]

LD: WHAT A SHOT BY HAMILTON!

[Hamilton angrily spikes the chair down on the canvas, sneering at the jeering crowd as June is laid out on the mat...]

BW: Harley Hamilton swung that one from Mt. St. Helen's right on down here to Historic Washington Hall and Victoria June just got WRECKED by one-half of the World Tag Team Champions!

[...and as June rolls onto her back, we see crimson starting to stain the canvas!]

LD: Ohh... oh no, she's busted open, Ben. The back of her head is split wide open it looks like from the... oh no.

[June rolls to her hip, revealing a steady drip off her scalp onto the canvas as the crowd "ooooooooohhhhhhs" at the sight of it.]

LD: Harley Hamilton just busted Victoria June's head open with that steel chair and-

[The crowd jeers as Cinder and Hamilton embrace...

...and then start stomping June into the mat!]

LD: Oh, come on! The referee is down! She's missing all of this! This match should be over right now!

[Hamilton grabs June off the mat, smashing her with a pair of forearms before lifting her up and bringing her down in a side slam. She grabs the chair, putting it down over June's face as Cinder backs to the corner...]

LD: No, no, no! Come on now!

[Cinder hops to the middle rope, absolutely gleeful at this point as Hamilton angrily shouts at June...]

LD: This is-

[And the crowd ERUPTS as Kayla Cristol re-enters the ring, sprinting across, running right past an unknowing Hamilton to SMASH a right hand into Cinder's jaw, sending her tumbling over the ropes to the outside!]

LD: OHHHH!

[Cristol whips around where Hamilton has retrieved the chair, winding waaaaaaay back...

...and Cristol catches her with a boot to the belly, blocking the chairshot attempt!]

LD: Oh yeah! Get you some, Miss Cristol!

[Cristol snatches up the chair, smashing it into the canvas a few times, readying for a big shot of her own...

...but a freaked out Cinder grabs Hamilton by the ankle, dragging her under the ropes to the floor to boos from the Seattle crowd! A disappointed Cristol deflates, shaking her head as Cinder drags Hamilton to the aisleway.]

LD: Well, this one's completely come apart... I'm assuming this is a double disqualification or a no contest or...

[As soon as Cristol puts down the chair though, Harley Hamilton is on the move, diving under the ropes, rushing in to bury a leaping knee between the shoulderblades of Cristol as she goes to check on the bloodied Victoria June, sending Cristol through the ropes to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Oh, this one's not over yet, baby!

[A pissed off Hamilton is right on Cristol, dragging her up and smashing her fist down onto the eyebrow a few times...

...and inside the ring, we see Cinder on top of the bloodied June, pounding fists down onto her head!]

LD: You talk about out of control! We didn't even know how out of control this was going to get! We're going to need help out here!

[June somehow manages to flip Cinder over, the blood still pouring out of the back of her head as she's in a berzerker rage, hammering her fist down onto Cinder's face over and over and over...]

...and then gets up, snatching the chair off the mat...]

LD: No, no! Get that away from her!

[With murderous violence in her eyes, June menaces Cinder who is sliding backwards, trying to get away from her...]

LD: Where the heck...?

[We see a stream of officials and referees come from the back...]

LD: Come on! Come on, get in there!

[...but before they can get in the ring, Harley Hamilton is back in, charging at June from behind who wheels around...]

LD: OHHHH!

[...and JAMS the edge of the chair into Hamilton's midsection, doubling her over as June winds up... a shout of "NOOOOO!" from Cinder just before...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...the chair comes CRASHING down across Hamilton's back, putting her flat on the canvas!]

LD: WHAT A SHOT BY JUNE!

[Kayla Cristol crawls back into the ring, joining her partner who still has the chair in hand and is looking to do more damage...]

...when the ring suddenly floods with officials and referees to boos from the Seattle crowd!]

BW: Come on! Let 'em fight!

[The crowd echoes that, the chant breaking out.]

"LET! THEM! FIGHT!"

"LET! THEM! FIGHT!"

"LET! THEM! FIGHT!"

"LET! THEM! FIGHT!"

"LET! THEM! FIGHT!"

"LET! THEM! FIGHT!"

[Cristol suddenly breaks free of the grip of a couple of officials, sprinting across and making a dive to smash into Cinder in the corner, landing a few shots before being pulled back again...]

...while June is on her hands and knees, trying to batter Hamilton as her arms are grabbed by officials...]

LD: All hell has broken loose in Seattle!

[...and a lunging tackle by Cinder takes Cristol off her feet, the duo rolling under the ropes to the outside before the referees can react!]

LD: Back out on the floor again!

[Cinder promptly SMASHES Cristol's face down on the timekeeper's table, sending that staff scattering as Cinder climbs up on the table, dragging Cristol up there with her...]

LD: We need more! More help out here to break this up!

[June and Hamilton are on their feet in the middle of the ring now, trading heavy shots with officials struggling all around to get them apart...]

LD: These four women are going to tear each other apart!

[...we cut to a wide shot to show the chaotic scene.

June being dragged backwards, arms outstretched reaching for Hamilton, blood still streaming down her neck, shoulders, and back...

Hamilton being blocked from June, words flying from her mouth as quickly as she can get them out...

Cinder being dragged down off the timekeeper's table by Kevin Slater and Adam Rogers, desperate to avoid whatever vile thought she had in mind up there...

...and Kayla Cristol HURLING herself off the table, getting another shot in on Cinder as Rogers, Slater, and several others go falling to the floor!

And we fade to black.

We fade in to a snowy mountain, as we see a woman skiing down the slopes. As she does so, we hear the voice of AWA wrestler - and E-Girl MAX member - "Charm City Cutie" Casey Cash.]

CC: Whether it's conquering the most dangerous of terrains...

[The woman comes to a stop in front of the camera, removing her protective helmet. A name graphic identifies her... 2010 Olympic Gold Medalist, and Under Armour Athlete Lindsay Vonn.]

LV: I will.

[We cut to a man dodging through much larger competitors on the basketball court, before pulling up behind the three-point line.]

CC: Going up against the fiercest rivals on the hardwood...

[The man first off a shot, which swishes through the net. He turns around, and his name graphic identifies him... it's 2015 and 2017 NBA Champion, and Under Armour Athlete Stephen Curry!]

SC: I will.

[Now we cut to a football field as a man avoids a tackle, scrambling out of the pocket.]

CC: When the game is on the line, and the pressure is on?

[He throws a pass, hitting his teammate in the end zone. In celebration, he takes off his helmet, looking at the camera. His name graphic shows that it's multi-time Super Bowl Champion, and of course, Under Armour Athlete Tom Brady.]

TB: I will.

[We now cut to a wrestling ring, where two women can be seen dominating their opponents.]

CC: When you need to prove that you are a champion?

[We see the women holding up their glittering gold belts, showing them off to the camera, and their name graphic identifies them... AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions and Under Armour Athletes Harley Hamilton and Cinder!]

HH/C [together]: I will!

[We cut to all five performing incredible feats of athleticism in rapid succession.]

CC: There's only one brand you can trust to have your back.

[And now, all five are facing the camera at their location, with their voices in sync.]

"Under Armour - I Will."

[The screen displays an Under Armour logo then fades back to the aisleway where our co-hosts are standing.]

MW: Welcome back here to Showtime on ESPN live from Historic Washington Hall here in Seattle!

[The crowd ROARS in response as Mariah smiles.]

MW: It's been a wild night - an exciting night - here in Seattle and we expect it to be just as exciting... maybe even moreso this Wednesday night at the KeyArena for Opportunity Knocks!

SDW: You just don't know what's gonna go down on a night like that, baby. Hardly any matches announced. Who knows who's gonna show up and what they gonna do? Who knows?!

MW: One of the most unpredictable nights of the year... but one thing we DO know is that the World Tag Team Titles will be defended that night when someone from Team Supreme defends against the Soldiers of Fortune. It could be the Gold Standard... or perhaps it'll be the trio that is standing by backstage right now - one-half of the night's Main Event, standing by with-

[She pauses, listening to her headset with a concerned look.]

MW: Lou's NOT back there with them? He's scheduled to be...

[She trails off, listening intently as Williams looks at Dane confused. After a moment, Dane sighs.]

MW: You've got to be kidding me.

SDW: What is it?

MW: Take a wild guess who's interviewing KAMS.

[Williams just shakes his head as we smash cut to a secluded area backstage, a beaming Theresa Lynch holding a microphone as she stands in front of a light case with Paris Crawford sitting with their crossed legs dangling from the edge, dressed in a resplendent white jumpsuit unzipped all the way to their navel, their long brown hair fluttering as they gleefully kick their feet.

To Lynch and Crawford's right is "The Beast" Cain Jackson, dressed in a white blazer left open to, reveal his muscular chest and torso underneath and white leather pants .

To their left is AJ Martinez, dressed similarly to Jackson, but wearing mirrored sunglasses. Martinez is holding one of the AWA World Tag Team Title belts in his hand, admiring his golden reflection.]

TL: A wonderfully professional transition as always, Ms. Wolfe! I am indeed with part of the AWA World Tag Team Champions, the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad, as they prepare to go into action against a very formidable team in Ryan Martinez, Shadoc Rage, and Jackson Hunter.

[Jackson rolls his eyes as Crawford smirks, with Martinez too enraptured by his looks to notice or care. Lynch turns towards Martinez, a serious look in her eye.]

TL: Mr. Martinez, perhaps we'll start with you. I'm sure much will be made about you going against your brother-

[Lynch turns towards the camera.]

TL: Excuse me. HALF-brother. That is indeed important to remember.

[Lynch winks as she turns back to Martinez.]

TL: Your HALF-brother, but you have gone against him before. Surely you're familiar with his strengths and weaknesses as you go into this trios matchup?

[A moment passes with no response, Martinez twisting one of his curls with his fingertips, before Crawford can be heard whispering "allow me, darling" to Lynch. They lean forward, taking their index finger and rapping a French tipped nail on the front plate of the title, which snaps Martinez out of his self-admiration.]

AJM: OH! You wanna know about my LITTLE big bro's strengths and weaknesses? Please.

[Martinez rolls his eyes.]

AJM: Ryan has always been the same: stupid, arrogant and slow. Just like my other bro. But I don't need to study him. He's painfully predictable and I'm...

[Martinez flashes a cocky grin and runs a hand through his curls.]

AJM: ... painfully perfect! Seven feet of perfection, while Ryan's just pure genetic rejection. Just like Brian, he taints my bloodline with his existence. And just like Brian, I plan on removing him from it.

[As Martinez stops to collect his thoughts, a clearing of a familiar voice can be heard off-screen. Everyone pauses, looking at Supreme Wright as he just briefly enters the frame. He takes Theresa's hand and kisses it.]

SW: Miss Lynch. Always wonderful to see you.

TL: Thank you, Mr. Wright.

[Theresa can barely contain her smile as Supreme turns his attention to AJ.]

SW: If you are done, I believe Mx. Crawford has something they would like to get off their chest.

[Wright motions to Paris Crawford, who gives him a small wave. He then steps out of frame, as Martinez grins.]

AJM: Sure thing!

[Martinez nudges Crawford, who calmly steps down from the light case. Martinez walks over to Jackson, giving him an elbow to the ribs, only to be met with a cold glare from his long-time partner. Martinez mouths "oh, I got you", then mimes zipping his lip as Crawford daintily rests their chin on the back of their hand, giving Lynch an expectant look.]

TL: Mx. Crawford, a pleasure as always.

PC: The pleasure is mine, Mademoiselle. Est-ce que je peux...?

TL: Of course.

[Lynch motions as Crawford turns to the camera, a cold, dark look coming over their eyes.]

PC: When I heard of the scheduling of this match, I was reminded of many times in my past.

[Crawford gently touches the tips of their fingers to their cheek.]

PC: When men touched my cheek and said to me, do not judge me for my behavior, for I am not truly what you see me as today. I am something different, something from a world you cannot understand, but around you... I must be this.

[As Crawford speaks, they run their fingertips down their cheek, until they hold their hand out.]

PC: The touch of my hand changes people, it seems.

[Crawford's smirk returns, but more distant than before.]

PC: Tonight, three men challenge us. Three men wish to come before us, to change their behavior by facing us. Three men wish to become something different, hoping that their encounter with us will alleviate their pain.

[Crawford tilts their head.]

PC: But they are doomed, mes enfants. Doomed to face an eternity of pain, for they have not learned why they are in this situation to start. And if you do not reflect within yourself, how can you truly learn?

[Crawford tilts their head in the other direction.]

PC: Shadoc Rage lives with his regret of the past, and projects his anger onto others. Son frère, son ex-femme, tous ceux qu'il croise... everyone but his own reflection. It is because of his regret that he will fail tonight. Jackson Hunter... un homme empreint d'hubris, d'une confiance inébranlable. And yet, his hubris creates more enemies than needed, oui? He is in this situation of his own choice. He has gotten a great many men wounded because he continued to think he knew better.

[Crawford sighs.]

PC: Look at them tonight. Regret of their tag team ranking. Hubris that they can succeed. And yet...

[A slight shrug as Martinez cackles, Jackson standing stoically with his arms folded.]

PC: Wounded. Wounded as they try and save the biggest failure of self-reflection.

[Lynch perks up.]

TL: Oh? I love a good theory. Tell me more.

[Crawford nods.]

PC: Mais bien sûr. Ryan Martinez lives with the selfishness of his actions.

[There are gasps and booing audible from the building, with fans watching on the screen, at Crawford's comments.]

PC: Think of everything given to him by Monsieur Wright. All the training, the effort, the assistance. Everything that Monsieur Wright did for him. And Ryan Martinez... he throws it all away because Monsieur Wright has found the greatest gift in the world?

[Crawford looks at Lynch, the look on their face softening, a slight smile forming across their lips.]

PC: Monsieur Wright found love, and Ryan Martinez could no longer exploit him. Ryan Martinez could no longer use Monsieur Wright for his ill-begotten gains.

[Crawford turns back to the camera, their face darkening once more.]

PC: And tonight, he insists on fighting three of the most dangerous people in the world, and he risks the bodies of two fools. Tout ça pour prouver une idée qui n'existe que dans sa tête.

[Crawford smooths the wrinkles on their jumpsuit, zipping it up to the top of their sternum.]

PC: I am the weapon of the White Knight, and Ryan Martinez, we have been explicitly told we cannot finish you tonight. You are protected, in a way. Et tu le sais, n'est-ce pas? Why else ask for us?

[Finally, another smile from Crawford, but one that is unsettling.]

PC: Shadoe Rage, Jackson Hunter, you are not as fortunate. The White Knight cares not for you, or for the way your blood will stain my outfit.

[Crawford leans in close, speaking in a hushed tone.]

PC: Et la tache sera la seule façon dont on se souviendra de toi.

[Crawford leans back, lifting themselves up onto the light case and crossing their legs. Jackson, who has been standing stoically with his arms folded, stares at Crawford with wide-eyed admiration mixed with his usual hard intensity.]

CJ: Damn, girl... that was poetry.

[Jackson shakes his head slowly, equal parts impressed by Paris Crawford's words and contemptuous of their opponents.]

CJ: We got Ryan Martinez taking the reins from Brian James, leadin' the same two men James chose to lead into war against us at Memorial Day Mayhem.

That ain't courage.

[A beat.]

CJ: That's delusion. Rage and Hunter already proved they ain't worth the dirt stuck to the bottom of our boots. Brian James thought these men were the soldiers that would bring him retribution in Los Angeles. Instead...

...we gave him his Waterloo.

[Paris smirks. It's their turn to be impressed by words.]

PC: Bien dit, monsieur Jackson

[Cain turns to Paris and gives a nod of acknowledgment before continuing on.]

CJ: They're relics that were never worthy of the future we're building. They should've stayed stuck in yesterday or rode off into the sunset instead of continuing to poke the bear... but here they are again, dragging Ryan Martinez down with them like two rusted anchors on a sinkin' ship.

[Jackson's eyes narrow, his Southern accent growing heavier, along with the conviction in his voice.]

CJ: Tonight ain't about revenge or old grudges. It's about what everything has been about since Brian James ruined that wedding in New Orleans: Evolution.

[Jackson stares into the camera, tilting his head from one side to the other.]

CJ: And evolution doesn't negotiate with the past.

It erases it.

[Jackson backs away, having said his piece. Theresa Lynch smiles sweetly at the camera.]

TL: Beautiful and insightful commentary from our tag team champions. Back to you at ringside!

[Theresa holds that inauthentic smile as Supreme Wright once again enters the shot. He gently takes her hand and leads her off-screen as KAMS follow. And we fade back out to ringside...]

LD: Do I have to talk about that?

BW: Yes!

LD: I'd rather not.

BW: You're just jealous that you and Todd never look at each other like that anymore.

[Lori sighs.]

LD: Let's go to the ring.

[We fade to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following contest in the AWA Women's Division is set for one fall!
Introducing first, from Tacoma, Washington, and weighing in at 126 pounds...
PATRICIA ROLAND!

[A slender blonde woman with her hair pulled behind her head in a ponytail, and dressed in a gold halter top, trunks, kneepads and boots smiles and waves to the crowd.]

The lights dim and the opening chords of Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" play over the PA system. Up on the video screen, we see the image of a sun setting against a city skyline, with the shot then panning upward toward the sky, which darkens and you can see the stars.

And those stars begin to move about as the crescendo builds, until those stars begin to fall into place, coming together to form these words:

"DAVIS #1"

Then, as the orchestral music starts up again, a single spotlight hits the entranceway and, standing there, is none other than the person about to be introduced.]

MS: And her opponent... from Indianapolis, Indiana, and weighing in at 150 pounds... ladies and gentlemen, here is "THE ALL AROUND ATHLETE"...

LAAAAUUUURAAA DAAAVIISSS!

[Laura Davis has her back toward the crowd, her arms spread to the sides. She is wearing a red, white and blue track suit, and on the back of her jacket in blue lettering are the same letters on the video screen.]

"DAVIS #1"

Davis then turns around, a serious look etched on her face. The woman with brown, shoulder-length hair pulled behind her head and with brown eyes, lowers her arms, and walks down the aisle, her gaze fixed on the ring ahead, the spotlight following her.]

LD: Laura Davis set for singles action, while her fellow Slam Sorority members will be in tag team action later on. But the way things are going, this could be a warm-up match for Davis for Opportunity Knocks, as Lauryn Rage has made it no secret who she will challenge.

BW: Dane, you've been around here since the beginning so you know how this night goes down. Lauryn Rage can want all the matches with Laura Davis she wants... but if someone calls out Davis first, THEY get the match... and for that matter, why do you think someone won't call out Lauryn Rage first?! She's got a list of enemies and never lets us forget it!

LD: That is a good point, but it's worth asking if Lauryn will let anyone beat her to the punch.

BW: We'll find out in four days.

[Davis reaches ringside, stops, raises her arms again, curls her hands into fists, then extends her thumbs so they point toward the lettering on the back of her jacket. The arena lights come back up and the spotlight fades.]

She lowers her arms, ascends the ring steps, ducks between the ropes and spreads her arms once more. Davis unzips her jacket and removes her pants, revealing her wrestling attire, which consists of a dark blue leotard with matching elbow pads and wrestling boots.]

LD: Regardless of what goes down at Opportunity Knocks, I'm sure the day will come when Davis and Rage meet up, though Davis keeps saying it'll be on her terms.

BW: And that raises another question... what if it's Davis who has that challenge in mind for Opportunity Knocks? What if that happens to be the terms she wants... that she would set the match before Lauryn Rage gets the chance?

LD: Anything is possible at Opportunity Knocks, but right now, Davis is set to go for singles action here tonight on Showtime.

[The bell rings and Davis is quick to move toward her opponent, reaching toward Roland's legs as the smaller wrestler tries to avoid her.]

LD: And Davis wasting no time going after Roland, wanting to take her down to the mat.

BW: That's not surprising... Davis does her best work when her opponent is down on the mat!

[Roland manages to sidestep Davis a couple of times, leading to Davis getting to her feet, putting her hands on her hips, then motioning to Roland.]

"COME ON! QUIT STALLING!"

LD: And Davis is not happy with Roland's tactics.

BW: Roland can dodge Davis all she wants, but if she wants to win, she is going to have to do more than just duck and dodge!

[Roland then decides to take a chance, rushing toward Davis and leaping up for a dropkick...

...but now it's Davis' turn to sidestep as Roland crashes to the canvas.]

LD: Roland tried to catch Davis off guard, but Davis was ready... and now she's about to go to work!

[Davis reaches down to grab Roland by the right leg, then she kicks away at it several times.]

LD: And Davis going right after the leg!

BW: And we know why Davis wants to target the leg... she has a lot of ways she can twist that lower limb!

[Davis immediately takes Roland's leg and traps it between her own, falling down to her back.]

LD: Kneebar by Davis! She's looking for a quick submission!

[Roland screams out in pain, but shakes her head when asked if she's had enough.]

BW: This one might be over that quickly!

LD: Roland trying to roll on the mat, trying to get to the ropes... Davis has it locked in tight!

[After a few seconds, Roland makes a desperate lunge to the side, which is enough to roll both women over and into the ropes.]

LD: And Roland gets there! Davis has to break the hold!

BW: She may have just delayed the inevitable!

[The referee puts the count on Davis, who releases at the count of four, then barks at the official.]

"SHE'S HAD ENOUGH! JUST RING THE BELL NEXT TIME!"

LD: Davis none too pleased she didn't get the quick submission.

BW: She did raise a valid point, though.

LD: Or more like she may be taking Roland lightly.

[Roland uses the ropes to pull herself up, but finds herself in the corner where Davis approaches her.]

LD: Davis has Roland trapped... now drives the knee into the midsection!

[Davis fires off several kneelifts in a row, drawing another count from the official, with Davis stopping at the count of four.]

LD: A relentless assault by Davis and Roland is at a real disadvantage right now.

BW: Makes you wonder about Davis' point earlier on!

[Roland staggers out of the corner and Davis is quick to grab her, hooking a front chancery.]

LD: Davis has Roland set up... SNAP SUPLEX!

BW: And notice how quickly she does that... no hesitation!

LD: I'll give her this, Davis might be the woman who has the best snap suplex in AWA!

[Davis then is quick to grab Roland by the right leg once more, turning her over onto her stomach while holding the ankle.]

LD: And now Davis with a reverse anklelock!

BW: We talked earlier about the many ways that Davis can twist that lower limb... and now we have another example!

LD: Roland in a lot of pain, but she's trying to get to the ropes!

[As Roland crawls closer to the ropes, Davis suddenly releases the hold, then drags Roland to the center of the ring and drops several elbows on the leg.]

LD: And Davis not giving her the chance! A vicious assault on that left leg!

BW: I wonder if Lauryn Rage is watching this... this could be what's in store for her if she wants Davis at Opportunity Knocks!

LD: I'm sure Lauryn knows exactly what to expect, but there's no question that Laura Davis has controlled this match!

[Davis then takes Roland's right leg, then bends her left leg over, sandwiching both between Davis' legs and falling back to the canvas.]

LD: And now the figure-four leglock applied!

BW: This makes three ways that Davis can work over a lower limb!

LD: Roland clearly in pain... now I have to wonder how much more she can take!

[Roland screams in pain and covers her face as the referee checks in with her.]

LD: Roland desperately reaching for the ropes... I have to say I'm impressed with her desire to hang in there!

BW: But at what cost, Dane? Is it worth risking your career like this?

LD: Part of me wants to say that's hyperbolic, but part of me says you may be right, Ben!

[Roland makes a desperate lunge to the ropes and somehow manages to get her pointer fingers out so she can hook the bottom rope.]

LD: And somehow Roland got to the ropes!

BW: But she's in a bad way, Dane! It might be for naught!

[Davis doesn't release the hold until the referee reaches the count of four, then when she does, she again shouts at the referee.]

"YOU'RE ONLY MAKING THINGS WORSE FOR HER!"

BW: I have to agree with what Davis just said.

LD: The referee is just doing her job, but unfortunately for Roland, things may be about to get worse.

[Roland has managed to pull herself up to the feet but has to keep herself leaning against the turnbuckles.]

LD: And it doesn't look like Roland can put any weight on her right leg now!

BW: Then it may be time for the All Around Athlete to finish this!

[Davis approaches Roland and fires off a knife hand chop, then delivers several more kneelifts in the corner.]

LD: And now Davis is just toying with Roland!

BW: Makes you wonder if Roland should have just called it a day a lot earlier!

[Davis then reaches down to grab Roland's right leg and brings her out of the corner.]

LD: Davis has Roland set up... and a vicious dragon screw legwhip takes Roland down!

[Davis then squeezes Roland's right leg between her own legs, grabbing the heel, then falling back to the canvas.]

LD: And now she has the heel hook applied!

BW: Four ways for Davis to work that lower limb! And this may be the last one she needs!

[And in this case, it doesn't take long before Roland finally taps out.]

LD: And that is all Roland can take! Davis comes away with the win!

[The referee calls for the bell, then Davis is quick to release the hold, though she takes a moment to stare at Roland, almost like it's a sign of respect.]

LD: Give credit to Roland for hanging in there, but in the end, it was just too much as Laura Davis comes away with the victory!

[Roland rolls underneath the ropes and to the floor as the referee raises Davis' arm.]

MS: Here is your winner... "THE ALL AROUND ATHLETE"...

LAAAAUUUURAAA DAAAVIISSS!

[The fans boo as Davis smirks, then jerks her arm away from the referee and then walks to the side of the ring.]

LD: Davis with the win going into Opportunity Knocks and... hold on, what does she want now?

[Davis gestures to Sato, who looks at her for a moment, then reaches up to hand the mic to her.]

BW: Why, she wants to talk... and don't we all want to hear what the All Around Athlete has to say?

LD: Well, she did tell us earlier she'd have more to say, so I guess the time is now, but apparently, she's not going to wait to join Mariah and Sweet Daddy to do it.

BW: And why should she give them that privilege, Dane?

[Davis looks out to the crowd for a moment before she speaks.]

LD: Lauryn Rage was out here earlier tonight calling me a coward, all because I tell her that when I face her in the ring, it's going to be on my terms.

Well, if she wants to talk about who is a coward, then let me ask you this... who was the one that decided to jump somebody several months ago when she was coming out for a match? Who was the one that decided to come out and jump people in a parking lot? Who was the one that decided to start a fight with somebody doing an interview and put them through a wall?

Would people not consider those things to be the actions of a coward?

[Davis smirks as the fans boo in response.]

LD: Well, I'd sure call that the actions of a coward, but I'm not the one doing those things, am I? No, it's been all you, Lauryn Rage, so I'd be thinking twice before you go calling anybody a coward!

[She shakes her head, the smirk leaving her face and a glare forming instead.]

LD: And last time she and I met up in the ring, I'll admit that I let my emotions get the best of me. But that's when I decided I wasn't going to let that happen again... and that's why the next time we meet, it is going to be on my terms!

Because I'm going to make sure that my emotions don't get the best of me again... that I'm focused and ready for whatever it is you try to bring at me! I may have made mistakes the last time we met, but believe me, I won't make those mistakes again!

[She pauses as the fans boo, then her smirk returns.]

LD: And as far as Opportunity Knocks goes, I don't need to be looking you in the eye to say this, Rage: The Slam Sorority may be the women I trust to be at my side but I can tell you they aren't the only ones who have had enough of you and would love nothing more than to get you in that ring!

So if you're going to talk about what happens in a week's time, Lauryn, you better ask yourself this question when you decide to come knocking at the door... you better ask who it might be that decides to answer...

...or even who it might be that knocks before you even get the chance.

[She looks at the booing crowd for a moment, then waves a dismissive hand at them.]

LD: Your time with the best of all time is officially up!

[She then drops the mic on the mat and ducks between the ropes...

...and we fade back to Mariah Wolfe and Sweet Daddy Williams standing at the top of the aisle.]

MW: Tensions continue to run sky high between Laura Davis and Lauryn Rage who have been on a collision course since SuperClash last year. Could this week in Seattle be the explosion we've all been waiting for? We'll find out at Opportunity Knocks... and Sweet Daddy, speaking of opportunity, let's talk about the tournament that is all about opportunity... the Brass Ring Tournament!

SDW: That's right, Miss Mariah. Opportunity is in the air this week and we already saw one lovely lady take advantage of it earlier - Miss Jo Jo Washington!

[The crowd cheers the victorious Washington.]

MW: That put Jo Jo Washington into the Semifinals earlier tonight... but right now, we're talking about the men's side of this tournament and a match that could sell out arenas internationally. Two men who've had success on the indies... they've had success in Mexico... they've had success in the UK... and they've definitely both had success in Japan. I'm talking about Will Robinson taking on Elijah Wilde right here... right now!

SDW: They've sold 'em out in London, Mexico City, Tokyo, Osaka, Kyoto, and all spots in between, baby... and tonight, they're in Seattle to put it all on the line!

MW: It's all on the line! You win, you move on... you lose, you go home... and for two men who've fought so long and hard to be here and get this opportunity, even the thought of falling down the ladder and starting the climb again will likely to drive them to incredible heights here tonight on Showtime. We caught up with both men as this match is set to go down so let's get an idea what they're thinking before this big, big showdown!

[The camera cuts to the back locker room area, where sitting in his gear and a hooded vest is Brass Ring competitor Will "The Thrill" Robinson, slowly applying tape to his wrist]

WR: Three years ago, ev'ryone told me it was ovah. Broke my neck, concussion, nerve damage, couldn' feel my arm. A promisin' career cut short. Everyon' tol' me 'Will, you're not evah wrestlin' again.' It took me a year ta heal, and they still said 'Will, jus' walk, pick something else ta do with ya time.'

[Robinson sighs, checking the tape job on his wrists]

WR: But tha' ain't me. I spent tha next year workin'. Retrainin' myself to wrestle a differen' style, ta change my game. Ta become a whole new Thrill. An' then another year ta prove ta everyone I did it, I recovered. My career ain't dead. It's jus' gettin' started.

[Robinson closes the locker and stands]

WR: Now it's tha Brass Ring. Tha prelim matches, tha showcases, they're ovah. Tha tournamen' starts now. Elijah Wilde, you're first up, we did all our interactin' during the showcases, now it's one on one. I have waited THREE YEARS for this, an I ain' gonna be denied. Tonight, the Worl' finds out what Will Robinson is really all 'bout.

[The camera fades out to another part of backstage where we see Lucy St. Clair standing in front of an AWA backdrop. There's a nervous look on her face as she clutches the microphone with both hands, trying to steady herself. The reason for her anxiety is standing right next to her... Elijah Wilde. He's dressed in a black, cut-off "I ♥ VIOLENCE" shirt stretched over the plain black wrestling singlet he wears underneath. Bucky Wilde's favorite nephew looms over Lucy's shoulder, glaring, making sure to make things as brutally uncomfortable for her as possible.]

LSC: E-Elijah, thank you for your time. T-tonight you face Will "The Thrill" Robinson in the Brass Ring Tournament, and I-I wanted to get your-OH!

[Wilde snatches the microphone out of her hands.]

EW: Thanks for your incoherent stuttering, Lucy, but it's time for you to shut up now.

[Lucy tries to respond, but Wilde leans in closer, causing her to take a step back.]

EW: I've seen Will Robinson talking about how he's been all around the world. How he's wrestled in England, Japan, Mexico, Chris Blue's backyard... blah blah blah... like any of that's supposed to impress me. Please, I've bled in hellholes you couldn't even pronounce while you were doing cartwheels in Japan for YouTube views, Will. The difference is, I didn't have to hop on a plane every five minutes because my body keeps breaking down like a cheap rental car.

[He laughs in disbelief.]

EW: You lost a year and a half to injuries? Boo-freakin'-hoo. Newsflash, genius... that's not just a minor setback, that's your body telling you that you're not built for

this. Meanwhile I've had my throat ripped open with light tubes and I'm standing here after getting in the best shape of my life, ready to run roughshod through this entire tournament. You think you came back better? Please. If someone kept getting their body mangled like you, they're not getting better... they're just getting closer to being straight up DONE.

[Lucy hesitates, trying to interject.]

LSC: Well, he did say—

[He cuts her off instantly.]

EW: I don't care what that idiot said! Nobody cares what that mush-mouthed moron said. Because the only thing that matters is what I'm about to do to him.

[Wilde turns his attention back to the camera.]

EW: See, we have a lot in common, Will. We've both traveled the world. We both made our names wrestling in front of royalty, poverty, and all points in between. But the difference is I didn't do it for respect or to prove myself or to make friends in every locker room I walked into. I did it to feed my family. I did it to survive. And in the ring, I don't have classics... I have victims. And in the Brass Ring Tournament, you're just the first name on my list.

[Quietly, Lucy speaks up.]

LSC: Don't you think you might be underestimating—

[A visibly annoyed WILde suddenly screams at Lucy, face red and full of anger.]

EW: I'M NOT UNDERESTIMATING ANYBODY!

[Lucy shrinks back, drawing a sick look of satisfaction on Wilde's face.]

EW: Jesus, do they pay you to sound this stupid?

[He shakes his head and turns back to the camera.]

EW: Let me make this real simple so even an idiot like Robinson can understand. The Brass Ring tournament is already mine. It was mine the second they let me into this company. I'm bigger. I'm stronger. I'm tougher. And most importantly... I'm SMARTER than every single moron in that locker room, especially that quarter of a brain limey injury magnet. While these dorks might think they have something to prove, I'm just here to collect what's owed to me.

[He leans in close to the camera, his voice dropping to a low, menacing tone.]

EW: Will Robinson is just the beginning. He's hurt, he's desperate, and he's actually dumb enough to believe his own hype. That makes him easy work. REAL easy.

You've already told the whole world exactly who you are, Will.

[A beat.]

EW: But tonight? I'm gonna show the world exactly what you aren't.

[Wilde glares directly into the camera for a long second, then shoulder-checks Lucy as he hands the microphone back to her and walks off, leaving her visibly rattled.]

LSC: ...E-Elijah Wilde, everybody... back to you.

[The camera cuts back to Lori Dane and Ben Waterson. Lori is shaking her head in disgust.]

LD: That was one of the most uncomfortable interviews I've seen in a long time. The way Elijah Wilde treated Lucy was completely uncalled for. She didn't deserve that. The man has zero respect for anyone. Wilde keeps saying the Brass Ring is already his, but all I saw was a bitter, insecure bully. Somebody needs to shut Elijah Wilde up and quite frankly, I hope Robinson wipes the floor with him.

BW: You'll be getting quite the message from your ol' pal, Bucky, for that one.

LD: Our final Brass Ring Tournament match of the night is up next!

[We fade to a panning shot of the Historic Washington Hall setup as we wait to hear Megumi Sato...]

MS: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is a FIRST ROUND match in the BRASS RIIIIIIIIING TOURNAMENNNNNNT!

[The crowd cheers... and then boos (mostly) as "Killing in the Name" by Rage Against the Machine hits first.]

MS: Introducing first... hailing from Atlanta, Georgia... weighing in at 298 pounds... ELIIIIIIIIJAAAAAAAH WIIIIIIIIIIILDE!

[Wilde stomps out in the black singlet under the cutoff t-shirt, "DEATH, DESTRUCTION, ELIJAH F'N WILDE" stretched across his chest. He looks disgusted to be here, which is basically his baseline mood. He jaw-jacks at fans on the way down and wipes his boots on the apron with contempt before stepping in.

LD: Elijah Wilde has wanted this opportunity for a long, long time.

BW: Yeah, and in classic Elijah Wilde fashion, he's acting like the tournament already owes him the trophy... and who knows, Dane... maybe it does! Maybe Elijah Wilde is going to show the world just how much he's deserved to be here all along.

[Wilde leans back in the ropes, glaring hard towards the entrance as the music fades and is replaced by "You Will Know Our Names" from the Xenoblade Chronicles video game to a big cheer from the portion of the crowd who are big video game... and international wrestling... fans.]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent... from Liverpool, England... weighing in at 200 pounds... WILL "THE THRILLLLLLLLLLL" ROBINSONNNNNNNN!

[Robinson comes through the curtain to a strong reaction, light on his feet, focused as he stands in silver and gold full-length tights and matching boots. His torso is bare but he wears a full length entrance coat over it, posing for the fans at the top of the aisle. His enthusiasm is infectious as he marches down the aisle, slapping the outstretched hands.]

LD: The risk taker putting it all on the line here tonight in Seattle. He's been waiting for this win for a long, long time but he's got one heck of a roadblock standing in his way.

[Robinson hits the ring on the move, diving under the bottom rope, shrugging out of his coat and pointing right at Wilde who steps forward and has to be stopped by the well-placed official...]

LD: Robinson's no stranger to highlight reels and he may make a few by the time this one is over.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Elijah Wilde comes rushing forward like a man ready to crush everything in his path to get to his goal...

...but Robinson quickly - and wisely - spins away from the grasping Wilde who pivots and surges again as Robinson keeps ducking, dodging, and diving away...]

LD: A little bit of keepaway to get us started here and-

[An overly-aggressive Wilde lunges again only for Robinson to slip under, securing a side headlock on Wilde who wastes no time in backing him up to the ropes and shoving him off...]

LD: Wilde shoots him off... Robinson coming back with some pep in his step and-

[Robinson collides firmly with Wilde in a shoulder tackle but Wilde holds his ground, promptly flashing a middle finger in Robinson's face which earns some laughs and some jeers from the Seattle crowd.]

LD: Oh... jeez. Already?

BW: Ain't nobody going to put a muzzle on this guy - in OR out of the ring, Dane.

[Robinson ignores the middle finger, throwing himself to the ropes again, looking to strike first...

...and finds himself ducking under a wildly-swung lariat out of Wilde, flipping himself into a handspring into the ropes, bouncing back with an elbow that knocks Wilde off his feet!]

LD: Oh-ho! Will Robinson bringing the flippin' flash early on in this one, Ben!

BW: Well, that's what he's known for, right? He's the YouTube darling. The viral video makin' machine.

[Robinson scrambles up, throwing himself into a dropkick on the rising Wilde, sending him falling back a few steps...]

LD: Nice dropkick as well, Robinson off to a fast start!

BW: There's a difference between flying for applause and flying to do damage and you gotta hope Will Robinson knows that after all that time on the Injured List.

[...but as Robinson kips up to his feet, Wilde runs him right down with a big running tackle of his own!]

BW: And that's what Elijah Wilde brings to the table - the kind of intensity that brings sudden and staggering impact to even the simplest of moves.

[With Robinson down on the mat, Wilde throws out his arms, looking out on the Seattle crowd...]

"YOU WANTED THIS GUY?! THIS GUY?!"

LD: And it wouldn't be Eli Wilde without taking a moment to talk some trash.

BW: If words could physically do damage, Elijah Wilde would be as dangerous as...
Elijah Wilde.

LD: That makes no sense at all. Wilde has walked a long road to get to this spot, to get a chance to make this roster, to be a part of this locker room... and that frustration boils over at times in and out of the ring. He's had his moments on the indies... in Europe... in Mexico... and certainly in Japan where he was a part of one of wrestling's most famous factions, the Dead Man's Party.

[Wilde snatches the rising Robinson by the hair, pulling him up but Robinson is on defense, swinging his elbow back into the midsection of Wilde...]

LD: Robinson trying to fight back!

[A second elbow lands as well, Robinson back on his feet as Wilde reels a bit...]

...and then HEADBUTTS Robinson at full force, driving him right back down onto a knee!]

LD: OH!

[Wilde staggers back, rubbing his own forehead in pain.]

LD: Wilde always willing to do damage to himself if it means doing damage to his opponent and... what's this now?

[Hauling Robinson off the mat, Wilde wraps his arms around him...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws him halfway across the ring, bouncing off the canvas courtesy of a released Northern Light suplex for distance!]

BW: Now THAT will turn a match around, Dane!

LD: Wilde sends him crashing and burning down to the mat with that big suplex!

[Wilde comes off the mat, angrily stomping Robinson as soon as he's standing.]

LD: No rest for the weary here as Wilde continues to go to work on Robinson... dragging him off the mat...

[He flings Robinson backwards, shoving him into the corner where he stomps in after him, throwing a pair of quick right hands to the head before winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and lights him up with a trio of chops before throwing a pair of forearms that rock Robinson, snapping his head to the side...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then combines the two, chopping one way and throwing the forearm back the other way.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[He pounds Robinson down, putting him down on his butt in the corner. The referee is loudly protesting as Wilde grabs the top rope, switching to angry stomps against the turnbuckles...]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and as Robinson flattens out on the mat, the referee finally shoves his way in, forcing Wilde backwards as Wilde stomps away, shouting right back at the referee to jeers from the Seattle crowd!]

LD: Get him out of there! Elijah Wilde... for a guy who has fought for years to get here, he's taking a big risk with that level of aggression! It's totally up to referee Ricky Longfellow but this could be a disqualification easily, Ben.

BW: Wilde's got a raging inferno in his belly, Dane... and a fire like that ain't easy to control.

LD: Not at all. Wilde and the referee STILL trading words now!

BW: Did Longfellow just tell Wilde to "respect his authority?"

[You can imagine the South Park-themed cries from the fans packed into the smallish venue as Wilde smirks at the referee...]

...and then brushes him aside, rushing in towards the rising and reeling Robinson...]

LD: Wilde to the corner!

[...but Robinson kicks up off the mat, slipping between the top and middle ropes to avoid the charge, sending Wilde crashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

LD: Robinson uses that speed and athleticism to his advantage...

[Using the top rope for a little extra oomph, Robinson slings himself into a stiff forearm shot to the jaw, sending Wilde staggering backwards...]

...and then uses the ropes to slingshot over the top, catching Wilde's head between his legs, snapping him over with a rana!]

LD: ...whooooooooa! Will Robinson's so fun to watch in there, Ben.

BW: Very similar paths to this moment for him and Wilde. Indies success around the world. Big star in Europe. In Mexico. In Japan. But sooner or later, if you want to compete with the best in the world and prove that you belong at the pinnacle of this sport, you gotta end up right here.

LD: Amen to that.

[Wilde scrambles up, stumbling back into the corner as Robinson comes rushing at him, leaping up into a leg lariat...]

“OHHHHHHH!”

[...and as Wilde staggers out, Robinson muscles him up off the mat from alongside, swinging him into a back suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With Wilde prone, Robinson dives into a press, snatching a leg...]

LD: We’ve got one! We’ve got two!

[...but Wilde powers out, shoving his way out from under the much-smaller competitor!]

LD: Out at two.

[Robinson is quickly back up though, composed and ready as he sees Wilde coming up off the mat. He greets the rising brawler with a pair of stiff forearms to the jaw... a spinning back chop to the ear... and then a spinning back kick buried into the midsection, causing Wilde to fall back into the turnbuckles, arms hooked over the top rope...]

LD: Lightning strikes by Robinson, lighting him up with impact!

[...and Robinson comes tearing across the ring, leaving his feet...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: CRUSHES HIM in the corner with a dropkick right on target!

[Robinson gives Wilde a shove to the back of the head, pushing him out of the corner as Robinson slingshots out onto the ring apron. He grabs the top rope, giving his arm a swing to the far who cheer in recognition...]

BW: Already?!

[...but the teased springboard forearm known as DANGER! is exactly that - a tease - as Robinson leaps to the top rope to spring off...]

...but Wilde sees it coming, dropping down on his butt to avoid the flying attack...

...which is exactly what Robinson intended as he leaps off the top rope with a somersault, landing on his feet...

...and DRILLS Wilde with a grounded sliding forearm smash!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Robinson flips over, covering Wilde again...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[...but Wilde powers out again, tossing Robinson off of him but Robinson is quickly right back up, showing off that agility as he grabs Wilde by the wrist on the way up, twisting it around in an armwringer, tucking it behind into a hammerlock, swinging Wilde out in a ripcord...]

...but Wilde is the one who strikes, yanking Robinson against the momentum...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: Do it! DOOOOO IT!

LD: Short-arm clothesline by Elijah Wilde with authority!

BW: Call it a lariato!

LD: I will not say it on a cattle, I will not say it in Seattle.

[The impact of the lariat leaves Wilde kneeling on the canvas as Robinson reels from the heavy blow...]

LD: Will Robinson had all the momentum on his side... or so it seemed... but on a dime, Elijah Wilde turns this thing upside down.

[...and Wilde looks down at Robinson, shaking his head as he climbs off the mat.]

LD: Wilde brings Robinson off the mat, whipping him to the corner...

[The near-300 pound Wilde charges in after him, crushing Robinson in the corner with a running avalanche!]

LD: OHHH!

[Wilde shoots him across back the other way into the opposite corner, running in after him with a knee to the body!]

LD: Back and forth across the ring... Robinson down against the buckles now...

[And with Robinson in prime position, Wilde barrels across the ring one more time...]

BW: CANNNNNNNONNNNBAAAAALLLLLL!!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: MY OH MY! ELIJAH WILDE ABSOLUTELY _CRUSHES_ WILL ROBINSON AGAINST THE TURNBUCKLES!

[Robinson flops over onto the mat, rolling from the ring immediately to the outside as Wilde gets off the mat, immediately talking trash to the crowd as Robinson tries to recover on the outside...]

LD: Wilde... I don't even know if he realizes Robinson just bailed to the outside! He's too busy taunting the fans here in Seattle!

BW: This is what happens when Elijah Wilde gets comfortable. He stops trying to win and starts trying to enjoy himself... at the expense of everyone else.

LD: Yeah, but in a match with stakes this high, this is a horrible waste of time and energy. He's giving Will Robinson a whole lot of time to recover and regroup on the outside. This guy's attitude is getting him in trouble before our very eyes... as it often does.

[Wilde waves off the jeering crowd, turning to look for Robinson... and not seeing him.]

"WHERE'D HE GO?!"

[Wilde looks around frantically... and then spots Robinson on the outside, struggling to get to his feet...]

LD: Wilde's going out after him and that's not good news for anyone, Ben.

BW: Definitely not for Robinson.

[Wilde snatches the rising Robinson by the hair, pulling him the rest of the way to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...where Robinson surprises everyone by sneaking in a knife edge chop, snapping Wilde a step back where he lashes out in anger with a boot to the midsection!]

LD: Oh, so much for that comeback by Robinson and... wait a second!

[Wilde jerks Robinson right into a standing headscissors, looking out with a sneer at the jeering crowd...]

LD: What is he...?!

[...and hoists Robinson into the air, twisting with him still aloft...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: GARCIA SPECIAL! THE POWERBOMB RIGHT INTO THE EDGE OF THE APRON! MY GOD!

[Wilde snatches Robinson off the apron, giving him no time to recover as he shoves him under the ropes, rolling back in himself...]

LD: Wilde deceptively quick in there as well, really getting himself back in in a hurry to try to take advantage of that big powerbomb...

[Wilde is on his feet in a flash, pulling the hurting Robinson up, tugging him into another powerbomb setup...]

LD: Another one?!

[...but when he lifts, he lifts with a little too much gusto, allowing Robinson to flip over the top, tucking his legs under the armpits of Wilde...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SNAPS him over in a super quick sunset flip slam!]

LD: HE PLANTS HIM DOWN! COULD GET IT HERE!

[The referee dives down to count.]

LD: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: AND WILDE JUST _BARELY_ ESCAPES IN TIIIIIIIME!

BW: Wow! Close call there and all of Elijah Wilde's dreams of being on this roster almost got flushed in a heartbeat! Robinson came up big with that counter after taking that huge powerbomb into the apron on the outside... and that just saved this match for him if you ask me.

LD: Both men down after that... and as we're creeping towards the ten minute mark in this fifteen minute time limit, Robinson may have indeed saved his chance at winning this match with that timely counter!

BW: He saved his chance... but look at him, Dane. He can barely get up! He's taken a beating from Elijah Wilde all match long... almost ten minutes... and he can't take advantage of what he just did.

[Robinson rolls across the mat, ending up back on the apron again as Wilde struggles to get to his feet...]

LD: Both men fighting their way up... Robinson on the apron, Wilde still in the ring...

[On his feet, Robinson grabs the top rope, swinging his arm around for all to see...]

LD: He's calling for it again! Looking for DANGER!

[...and as Wilde gets to his feet, Robinson leaps into the air, springing high off the top rope, soaring through the sky...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CONNECTS with his springboard forearm smash, sending Wilde crashing down, rolling backwards across the mat. Robinson crawls after him, trying to get to him...]

LD: He got it all! Crawling on his hands and knees across... diving cover!

[The Seattle crowd counts along with the official.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEE-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: FOOT ON THE ROPES! WILDE SAVES HIMSELF RIGHT THERE!

[Robinson rolls off Wilde, burying his face in his hands as the crowd buzzes over the near fall.]

LD: How close was that?! Will Robinson - a heartbeat away from scoring the win and moving on in the Brass Ring Tournament, taking one step closer to his goal of securing a spot on the AWA roster!

BW: But now what does he do?! That was his big shot! He hit DANGER! and Wilde kicked out at the nick of time but... what now?

[Robinson looks down at Wilde, grabbing him by the wrists to drag him across the mat into position...

...and with a deep breath, he points to the corner.]

LD: Wait a second...

[Robinson steps through the ropes and starts to climb the corner turnbuckles...]

LD: He's headed up top! He might be looking for the Thrillseeker - that swanton 450 splash that was his move of choice until he nearly had his career ended in Japan!

[...to the second as the crowd rises to their feet.]

BW: Don't do it, kid!

LD: I thought you were all about taking chances. We're talking about a potential spot on the roster of the greatest promotion on the planet, Ben!

BW: We're also talking about a future in a wheelchair, sipping supper through a straw!

[Robinson steps to the top, steadying himself, looking down on the motionless Wilde...]

...who suddenly is no longer motionless!]

LD: Uh oh! Wilde's up! Wilde's up!

[Robinson calls an audible, flinging himself into a front flip, somehow landing on the shoulders of Wilde...]

LD: DRAGONRAN-

[...but Wilde lunges forward instead of going with the rana, DRIVING Robinson's torso into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: CORNER POWERBOMB!

[Wilde snatches him by the hair, not giving a moment's reprieve as he hurls him by the head into the ropes...]

...and the rebounding Robinson gets sent skyward...]

LD: POP UP...

[...and catches him on the way down, THROWING him violently down to the canvas!]

LD: POWERBOMB! MAKE IT TWO!

[Wilde yanks him up again, lifting him up for a third powerbomb... and uses two hands full of tights to shove Robinson a little higher, sending him on a last ride...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...right DOWN across the bent knee of Wilde!]

LD: A HISTORY OF VIOLENCE!

[Robinson folds up on impact as the crowd groans, watching Wilde yank Robinson into a seated position...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and PUNTS him right in the face!]

LD: MY GOD!

[And Wilde finally... FINALLY... settles into a lateral press, sneering out at the shocked crowd as the referee delivers the one... two... three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: Wilde scores the win!

[Wilde piefaces Robinson as he gets up, still aggressive... still surly... still angry at the world.]

LD: To look at him, you'd think he lost, Ben!

BW: To look at him, you'd think you're looking at a guy who will stop at NOTHING to grab that Brass Ring and earn his spot on the roster permanently.

[As Megumi Sato makes it official, Wilde stares hard out at the crowd... then slaps himself on the chest and shouts at the fans.]

LD: A huge win for Elijah Wilde, but Will Robinson pushed him in a major way tonight.

BW: Robinson looked great. Problem is, "great" doesn't matter when a three-hundred-pound lunatic powerbombs you into next week.

[Wilde moves to stand over Robinson... and for a second, he looks like he might go after him again as the official tries to get him back...

...and Wilde simply laughs, backing away as he throws his arms out at the crowd like they should've known better than to doubt him.]

LD: Will Robinson may be out of the tournament... but he reminded everybody tonight just how dangerous he is as well.

BW: Yeah. And Elijah Wilde reminded everybody that talent is nice - but violence still works.

[Wilde exits, barking at fans as Robinson slowly sits up, the camera lingering on both men. One advancing. One surviving.

And we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Now in comes a voiceover.]

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

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

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

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

"The top AWA tag teams."

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

"The managers and announcers."

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

"The legends of the ring."

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

"Even the founders of the AWA."

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

"Plus, look for special inserts."

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

"Along with cards featuring event-used memorabilia."

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

"Autographed cards."

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

"Even dual autographed cards."

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

Cut back to Somers.]

HS: Now that one's a keeper.

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

DH: Cool... Hannibal Carver autographed card!

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

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

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

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

[We fade from the commercial back into Historic Washington Hall where we end up back with Lori and Ben at ringside.]

LD: Welcome back to Showtime, fans... our Main Event still to come and a whole lot more so thanks for sticking around. But right now, folks, we want to take you back to this past week on Saturday Night Wrestling, more specifically the Main Event.

[Ben nods.]

LD: On that night, we saw the AWA World Tag Team Titles defended by the Gold Standard - Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune - against two-time former champions Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. What was a very competitive match that may have seen new champions crowned completely changed gears once the former advisor to Donovan and Taylor, Tiger Claw, came down to ringside in a surprise appearance...

[Footage rolls of Claw walking at a relaxed pace down to the ring... Cut to him at ringside trying to shout out encouragement to Donovan and Taylor]

LD: Fans were surprised by Tiger Claw's appearance, as we were all under the impression he was traveling around the world, attempting to recruit new talent. At first, Tiger Claw seemed unfazed by his previous rejection from Taylor and Anderson, still shouting out advice and encouragement to what appeared to still be his team. And then...

[Cut to footage of Claw handing Donovan a chair, but keeping hold when Donovan tries to take it, providing Mifune an opening to kick the chair into the face of Donovan...]

LD: It all appeared to become clear that Claw used this opportunity to influence the match against his former charges...

[Cut to Taylor getting into the face of Claw in the ring, and then shoving him in the chest. Claw kicks Taylor in the chest, knocking him down to the mat. Tony Donovan storms the ring to get in Claw's face, when...]

LD: It was at this point that we learned Claw's plan. Donovan was attacked from behind by this... giant of a man. Just look at this, folks...

[From behind Donovan, a giant viking covered in runic tattoos and dressed in patchwork pants gets in the ring. He roars, catching Donovan's attention, and then grabs him by the throat and hoists him in the air in a huge chokeslam...]

BW: This guy is huge! He's gotta be at least seven feet tall. Look at the height he gets on that chokeslam! Donovan nearly went into orbit before being slammed

down into the canvas! And look at his eyes! And all those tattoos! This guy is completely unhinged!

LD: He wasn't done there, as he turned his sights on Wes Taylor, and after a number of huge hits... well, take a look at this...

[The giant grabs Taylor by the head by palming his face and brings him up to a standing position. He turns Taylor around and looks to be going for an atomic drop or backdrop suplex. He hoists Taylor up onto his shoulder and then starts spinning. After picking up a good amount of speed after a few rotations, he launches Taylor in the air, who spins a few times before crashing down to the mat...]

BW: Good lord! What was that move!? He just whipped him around and launched him into commercial airspace! He's so tall that anything he does is like throwing someone off a building! Who is this guy?

LD: All we know is that Tiger Claw appears to be holding the reins on this monster. He came out to protect Claw and then pretty much destroyed Claw's former clients. Hopefully we can get some more information right now as Mark Stegglet is standing by backstage right now with Tiger Claw and... this beast of a man... Mark?

[Cut to backstage, where Mark Stegglet is standing awkwardly beside Tiger Claw with a microphone. Claw is dressed in what is becoming his signature razor sharp suit. Behind the two of them, where one would expect to see a backdrop or a wall, stands the giant viking. To say this man is large would be like calling Tiger Claw a bit of a grump. He towers over both men, but his size is really only half his presence. His head is shaved on the sides and back, and the remaining blond hair is tied in a thick braid falling down his back. His long blonde beard is similarly braided, the braid coming down to his chest. Every bit of exposed skin, including his face and the sides of his head, is covered in runic tattoos. The rest of him is covered in a pair of pants that look like they're made of a patchwork of animal skins.

The camera is framed a bit weird, with Claw and Stegglet lower in the shot, just so all of this giant can be seen. He appears to be having trouble standing still, shifting his weight from one foot to the other as if he's impatient to be doing something else. This might be dismissed as him being a bit fidgety if it weren't for all the growling and snarling. This particular combination appears to have Stegglet terrified. Heroically, he commences with the interview...]

MS: I... uh... Thanks, Lori, I... I'm here with Tiger Claw and... his... new recruit? I... Well, I don't know for sure, but... Well, Mister Tiger Claw, can you shed some light on this?

[Claw smirks as he responds.]

TC: Yes, Mark, "new recruit" probably describes the situation adequately. I told the AWA I was going to travel the world to find new talent, and I've done just that. Look at this man... 7 feet tall, just over 400 pounds. A true modern day berserker who is more powerful than anyone I've ever seen in this industry. You don't have to take my word for it, you can ask Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor if they're conscious. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you... BJORN!

[Bjorn leans in toward the camera over both men and roars...]

B: BJJJOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRNNNNNNNNN!

[Stegglet, clearly not expecting the outburst, jumps back a bit, causing Claw to snicker. BJORN shouts out a couple of barks to punctuate his name. Stegglet melts slightly in fear, cringing behind his stretched arm holding the microphone.]

TC: This is the result of my work. Not politics. Results. This man doesn't listen to trainers, to family, to anyone in the back whispering in his ear. He doesn't hesitate. He doesn't doubt. He hears one voice: mine... Aside from the ones inside his head, of course.

[BJORN takes this cue to quickly look up to the left and right, as if hearing something nobody else can. He then just as quickly stares at Stegglet, who looks to be getting pretty close to his limit on terror for today.]

TC: Size, power, intensity, and my guidance. Can you think of a better combination, Stegglet?

[Locked in BJORN's glare, Stegglet is currently frozen like a deer in headlights]

TC: I could not have said it better myself.

AWA, consider this your official warning.

You've never faced a man like this before. You've never faced such destruction. You've never faced such unrelenting power. You've never faced...

B [still staring at Stegglet, whispering]: BJORN.

TC: I didn't quite catch that...

[BJORN suddenly turns and stares right into the camera]

B: BJJJOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRNNNNNNNNN!!!!

[You can hear Stegglet yell, "Oh my god!" before he drops the mic and dashes out of the shot. Claw nods and laughs, but BJORN doesn't appear to notice, still staring and growling into the camera...

...and with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves backstage in Historic Washington Hall where Legado de Lucha has gathered and is deep in discussion. Both Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro look ready to head to the ring. The former has on a black mask, with red trim around the eye holes and mouth. The image of a four-pointed red crown sits in the middle of his brow. On both sides of the mask, airbrushed in red, are the symbols that have become synonymous with the name Rey Fuerza: a war hammer smashing a lightning bolt. The latter has on a plain black mask, with smoke gray trim around the eye holes and mouth, giving it a bit of texture. They are both wearing black T-shirts, with the words "LEGADO DE LUCHA" in green, white and red block lettering across the front (now available on AWAShop.com).

They both are listening intently to "El Niño" Vengador V, recognizable by his silver mask, with black trim around the eye holes and mouth. He has on a black button down shirt, the long sleeves rolled up. Vengador V might not be scheduled to compete tonight, but he is ready to get to work nonetheless. Whatever he has to say, though, is interrupted by the voice of Lucy St. Clair, as the AWA's newest backstage reporter enters the scene, microphone in hand.]

LSC: Sorry to interrupt, gentlemen, but could I get a word or two about your upcoming match tonight against the American Idols?

[Guerrero Oscuro and Vengador V exchange looks. "El Niño" nods and Guerrero Oscuro leans forward towards the microphone to answer.]

GO: You know, Lucy, we thought we were done with Los Idolos when we beat them four weeks ago in Boyle Heights. Mi hermano even had a little something something

for the rest of Generation Lost, wiping out Gaines and Jayden Jericho. But here we are, looking ahead to shutting up the mouths of the False Idols once more. We doubt they will stay quiet for very long, but whatever it takes to secure our spot in the Run the Rankings gauntlet at Opportunity Knocks 2. Just another Saturday taking out the trash... Teams like Masks for Money and the Ame-

[A voice calls in from off-camera.]

"Well, well, well..."

[The American Idols come sauntering into view, dressed in their ring gear already of sparkly full-length tights and matching vests with "IDOLS" printed across the back. Chaz Wallace gestures at the trio.]

CHAZ: If it isn't the tag team SO FRIGGIN' UGLY, the AWA has to put them under masks so the men don't laugh and the women don't projectile vomit all over the place!

[Chet laughs annoyingly as Chaz looks proud of his verbal jab.]

CHET: I'm really glad the three of you have each other though. It would really be a shame if - after we beat you tonight...

CHAZ: Done deal, BEE-TEE-DUB!

CHET: ...if you had to go back to the locker room and cry all by yourself.

CHAZ: It could be a damn tragedy, bro! What if they were crying all alone in their masks and they started to drown in their own tears!

CHET: TRAGEDY!

CHAZ: TRAGEDY!

VV: THE ONLY TRAGEDY AROUND HERE, iCHICOS! Is the delusion that you two and your friends have... That you are somehow better than your fathers before you. You see, boys, the difference between you and MEN like us? We do not spend our every waking moment trying to step out from under the shadows cast by our fathers. WE are PROUD of all our fathers have done... Of the achievements of our grandfathers and great grandfathers... And we carry proudly the legacy we inherit from those who have come before us... El legado de lucha libre!

CHAZ: Legacy?! You call yourself a "Legacy?!" Maybe you haven't heard but... do you even KNOW who our father is?

GO: THE FATHER YOU DO NOTHING BUT DISPARAGE... And DISHONOR... Every time you use the name GENERATION LOST! Every time you allow the RESENTMENT and the PETTINESS of Jayden Jericho, of Justin Gaines, to drag you down with them! Every single time you OPEN your disrespectful MOUTHS! The same father you share with your brother Larry who carries the last name with pride, while you keep squandering every opportunity, every door that that name has opened for you?

CHET: That's the one. Just because we know he was a deadbeat dad doesn't mean we don't think he was good at what he did to put food on the table and clothes on our backs. That man is Battlin' Burt... and I don't think it's surprising at all for us to say that OUR dad could beat up YOUR dads any day of the week and twice on Sunday...

CHAZ: Three times if ol' Blackjack worked El Paso too.

CHET: That's right! So, for all those Internet geeks out there who just can't wait to clap and chant "LU-CHA! LU-CHA!"... we're oh-so-sorry but they... they... they oughta know that the American Idols are about to show the whole world why the American Idols and Generation Lost are the future of this industry, heading right into Run The Rankings in a few days, winning the whole dang thang and moving on to become the AWA World Tag Team Champions and live happily ever after...

...and guys like you...

[Chet gives a dismissive wave.]

CHET: ...are oh-so-not! Toodles!

[And the Idols arrogantly step out of view, leaving Legado de Lucha to glare at them as we fade from the pre-recorded footage to ringside where Lori and Ben are seated.]

LD: This is it, Ben - the final tag team bout before the Run The Rankings field is finalized and the timing could not be more important.

BW: Everybody's trying to slip one last win onto the record before the door closes. And if you're the American Idols, the world already owes you the spotlight anyway.

LD: And if you're Legado de Lucha, this is a chance to prove that tradition, teamwork, and heart can still punch through all the noise.

BW: Sure. Or get dropkicked to death by the future of the business.

LD: If those two are the future, I'm glad we're in the past.

BW: Speak for yourself!

LD: Let's go down to Megumi!

[We fade to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[Sato lowers the mic as the sounds of Calvin Harris' "This Is What You Came For" ring out over the PA system and the house lights start to flash in rhythm to the music creating a dance party atmosphere.]

MS: From Shibuya, Tokyo, Japan... at a total combined weight of 342 pounds... representing Generation Lost...

Chaz and Chet Wallace...

THE AMERRRRRRRICAN IIIIIIDOLLLLLLS!

[The Wallaces spring through the curtain, trading a leaping high five. They start walking towards the ring before coming to a halt... chewing gum, mock-bowing, flashing cocky grins.]

LD: Call them arrogant. Call them entitled. Call 'em what you want, Ben... but you also have to call them athletic, talented, and one of the best tag teams in the world... and it physically pains me to say that because the Idols are talented enough to be dangerous and obnoxious enough to make you want to see them get punched.

BW: That's called range.

[The Idols reach the ring, slingshotting in tandem over the top rope to a pair of "OH YEAH!" shouts in unison. The fans are jeering as the music fades and...

Los Lobos' "Cumbia Raza" starts to play.]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents... hailing from Lagos de Moreno, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing in at a total combined weight of 412 pounds... they are accompanied to the ring by "El Niño" Vengador V...

The team of... REY FUERZA and GUERRERO OSCURO...

EL LEGADO DE LUCHAAAAAA!!!!!!

[The crowd ROARS for the luchadors' arrival as the first to step through the entranceway is "El Niño" Vengador V. He has on his silver mask with black trim, a black button-down shirt, with the sleeves folded midway up his forearms, black pants, and black dress shoes.

Vengador V is followed closely by Rey Fuerza, who has on a black mask with red trim, black tights, with the image of a war hammer smashing a lightning bolt airbrushed in red on the right thigh and the letters "RF" in a Medieval Gothic font, crowned with the same four point crown as on his mask, on the left thigh; black knee pads and black boots. He also has on a black T-shirt, with the words "LEGADO DE LUCHA" in green, white and red block lettering across the front (now available on AWAShop.com)

Guerrero Oscuro is not far behind. He has on a black mask with smoke gray trim, the same T-shirt, plain black tights, knee pads and boots. Guerrero Oscuro takes his place to Vengador V's left, while Rey Fuerza stands on the right side of "El Niño" who looks out towards the ring, while his fellow luchadors soak in the cheers of the Historic Washington Hall crowd.]

LD: Here they are, Ben! Legado de Lucha, looking to lock in their spot in the Top 5 so that they can be a part of Run The Rankings at Opportunity Knocks later this week... and they've got a stiff test ahead of them.

BW: This is an international clash at its core, Dane. Legado de Lucha has all the success in Mexico. The Idols have all the success in Japan. Now they're here in Seattle throwing it down with big, big stakes!

[With the slightest gesture from Vengador V, the trio begin making their way towards the ring. As they make their way down the aisle, Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro reach out to high-five and slap hands with as many fans as they can.]

ALLA EN LA TIERRA DE MIS PADRES #
ALLA EN LA TIERRA DE LOS DIOSES #
SE OYE UN RITMO MUY ALEGRE #
QUE LO BAILAN DIA Y NOCHE

[Reaching the ring, Guerrero Oscuro takes a running start and slides under the bottom rope. Popping back to his feet, he climbs a corner on the far side of the ring, and points to the fans, in acknowledgement of their cheers.]

CUMBIA, CUMBIA RICA #
CUMBIA DE MI PATRIA #
CUMBIA CUMBIA, HERMOSA CUMBIA #
CUMBIA DE MI RAZA

[Rey Fuerza, meanwhile, climbs the steps, onto the ring apron. He grabs hold of the top rope and slingshots himself into the ring, rolling forward towards the center of the ring and takes the knee. He points to his cousin, who points back at him and the two thump their chest with a fist. As the music fades, Rey Fuerza rises to his feet, while Guerrero Oscuro steps off the ropes. Joining his cousin in their corner, they pull off their T-shirts, tossing them into the cheering crowd, as Vengador V yells encouragement at ringside.]

As the competitors settle into their respective corners, referee Andy Dawson checks in with both squads...]

LD: We're just about set to go here in Historic Washington Hall and...

[The referee looks about to signal for the bell when Chaz Wallace steps to center ring and offers Rey Fuerza... a handshake?]

LD: Uhhhhh.

BW: Oh, look at this show of sportsmanship!

LD: I don't think so.

[Fuerza looks at the offered hand as the crowd jeers loudly.]

LD: These fans are telling Fuerza to give him a closed fist instead of an open hand...

BW: The nerve of these people!

[Chaz Wallace looks around agitated...

...and then makes a lunge at Fuerza, yanking him by the wrist into an armwringer as the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Chaz sneers at the jeering fans but that sneer turns to a yelp as Fuerza reverses... and then runs right up the ropes, springing off...]

LD: WHOOOOOA! BIG ARMDRAG OFF THE ROPES!

[Chaz goes tumbling across the ring as Fuerza gets up, grabbing him by the arm again...]

LD: Irish whi- reversed!

[Chaz sends Fuerza in, leapfrogging over as Fuerza baseball slides to a stop, popping up behind Chaz Wallace...

...and as Chaz turns, Fuerza leaps into the air, using a huracanrana to toss him down to the mat to cheers!]

LD: Rey Fuerza striking like lightning in there! Sudden! Impactful!

[Fuereza rushes to the ropes, rebounding back as Chaz scrambles up, leaping into the air again...]

LD: Around and around we go... and a satellite headscissors flings Chaz down to the mat again!

[Grabbing the rising Chaz in an armwringer, Fuerza marches him to the corner, slapping the offered hand...]

LD: The tag is made, the cousins going to work in tandem early as Guerrero Oscuro steps in...

[A double whip sends Chaz across the ring, Chet protesting loudly as they catch him with a double thrust kick to the midsection. Fuerza whips him again, leapfrogging over as Oscuro lifts him up, twisting him around...]

LD: ...OHH! THE QUEBRADORA! THE TILT A WHIRL BACKBREAKER BY OSCURO!

[Oscuro goes to make a quick cover but Chaz is rolling for it, slipping out under the ropes to the outside where Chet drops down to join him, looking to regroup as Chet screams that Guerrero Oscuro pulled the tights.]

LD: Pulled the... he did NOT!

BW: You got proof of that?!

LD: My own eyes! Yours too! And the Idols know it too but they're looking to slow this down early... which is unusual for the Idols who like the high octane offense typically but right now they've been thrown off their game and need a second to catch a breather.

[But that breather doesn't come as Oscuro gets a running start, diving between the ropes with a missile dive that crashes into both Idols, sending them sprawling out on the floor to big cheers!]

LD: Guerrero Oscuro keeps the momentum going for Legado de Lucha... and Vengador V out here cheering them on...

BW: What would you say that guy even DOES here?!

LD: Vengador V? He's a contracted AWA wrestler!

BW: Sure he is. All I've seen him do is interfere and play cheerleader!

[Oscuro tosses Chaz back inside the ring, climbing up on the apron. He grabs the top rope with both hands, ready to launch himself into the air as Chaz tries to stir off the mat...

...which is when Chet strikes, hooking the ankle from the floor!]

LD: OH! Come on!

[The referee is loudly protesting when Oscuro boots Chet off, sending him staggering backwards...

...and then leaps to the middle rope, set to moonsault off onto Chet...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Chaz throws a running dropkick to the chest of Oscuro before he can leap, a blow that sends him flying backwards, splatting down HARD on the exposed floor!]

LD: OH! This one might be over! It might be over right there!

BW: Did you see the impact?! Oscurito just CRASHED and BURNED on the floor here in Historic Washington Hall... and unlike today's world made of plastics and all things recycled, when this joint was built back in 1908, they built it SOLID!

LD: Vengador V right over to check on Oscurito... the referee taking a long look from the inside... like I said, this one might be over, Ben... all thanks to Chet Wallace on the outside. He got involved illegally and now Oscurito... I don't know if he can continue.

BW: We've got a ringside medic out over there as well... checking on him...

[Chaz steps towards the ropes, the referee trying to block his path as the luchador attempts to regroup on the outside...]

...so Chet yanks the masked man off the floor, tossing him bodily back into the ring to jeers from the sold out crowd!]

LD: Oh, come on!

[The referee protests as Chaz goes to work, stomping and kicking Oscurito into the canvas as Vengador shouts angrily from the outside...]

LD: The referee trying to get in there, he wants to make sure Oscurito can even continue the match after that hard fall to the outside...

[The official finally gets Chaz back enough to take a knee next to Oscurito who nods his head weakly...]

LD: ...and it looks like Guerrero Oscurito is going to continue in this match! How about that, Ben?

BW: It's gutsy but it could be very, very stupid. A whole lot of injuries can occur from a fall like that.

[Chaz pulls Oscurito to his feet, throwing a pair of backhand blows before a thrust kick to the chest sends the masked man falling back into the Idols corner where Chaz makes the tag...]

LD: There's a tag... Chet up and over...

[The duo tee off with a trio of double knife edge chops before Chaz ducks out, Chet pulling him out to center ring where he tucks his head under the chin, dropping down to a knee in a modified jawbreaker... and then in the same motion, leaps up to snare Oscurito in a neckbreaker!]

LD: ...ohhh, nice combination offense out of Chet Wallace... makes the cover...

[A two count falls before Oscurito kicks out... and the referee gets an immediate tongue-lashing from Wallace.]

LD: Just a two count despite what Chet Wallace seems to think.

[Dragging Oscurito back to his feet, he whips him right back into the Wallaces' corner before making the tag...]

LD: Another tag, keeping the fresh man in...

[...and Chet runs across the ring, leaping up to land a dropkick on Rey Fuerza, knocking him off the apron as Chaz comes in, running back the other way to land a dropkick on Oscurito!]

"OHHH!"

[Chet follows right behind, landing one of his own...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Chaz is on the move again, landing a third...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Chet lands the final one, snapping Oscuro's head back before the luchador slumps to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: It's a Dropkick Party in Seattle and Guerrero Oscuro is the guest of honor!

[Chaz drags Oscuro from the corner by the ankle, attempting another pin.]

LD: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- nooooo, out at twooooo!

[Chaz Wallace gets up to his feet, sneering down at the masked man before applauding himself and shouting "THAT WAS ART, PEOPLE!" to more jeers.]

BW: He's not wrong.

LD: He absolutely is.

[Chaz Wallace throws a dismissive gesture at the crowd before hauling Oscuro up again...]

...and Oscuro buries an elbow back into the midsection on the way up!]

LD: Oscuro looking to fight back!

[A second elbow creates some distance and Oscuro lands a thrust kick to the midsection, sending Chaz spinning away from him. Seizing the moment, Oscuro leaps up onto the shoulders...]

LD: Victory Roll on the way!

[...but Chaz stumbles forward, leaning down enough for Chet to leap up, grabbing the arm of Oscuro, and YANKS him down to land sternum-first across the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Illegal assist from the outside!

[With Oscuro laid out on the mat, Chaz slaps Chet's hand before leaping to the middle rope, springing back with a moonsault just before Chet leaps to the top rope, springing off into a swan dive!]

LD: OHHHHHH! Incredible double team out of the American Idols... and look at Chet strut his stuff in there.

BW: The Idols are at their most dangerous when they get smug.

LD: Which is most of the time.

[Chet is all grins as he drags Oscuro up again, whipping the luchador across, and catching him with a thrust kick to the midsection on the rebound, doubling him over...]

LD: To the ropes!

[...and Chet takes flight, leaping high and riding Oscuro down with a leg across the back of the neck!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: Taking a page out of Rey Fuerza’s playbook!

LD: That masked face DRIVEN into the canvas... another cover!

[Another two count follows before Oscuro kicks out.]

LD: About five minutes into this fifteen minute time limit - the final match before the Run The Rankings field is made official - and right now, it is ALL American Idols in this one.

[Chet stays on his knee, pistoning his right hand into the skull of the masked man a few times before getting up off the mat. He turns to Chaz who gives a nod, accepting the tag...]

LD: Another quick tag by the Idols, showing off that lifetime of tag team cohesion...

BW: You know, I hear Chet came out first but right away, he gave his brother the hot tag and Chaz had the biggest comeback in that hospital’s history.

LD: Oh, brother.

BW: Yes! Twins actually.

[Lori sighs as Chet whips Oscuro into the corner, waiting for Chaz to get into position before charging in, leaping up into monkey flip position...

...and tosses Oscuro backwards towards Chaz who “catches” him before guiding him down in a sitout powerbomb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: WOW! MORE IMPRESSIVE OFFENSE FROM THE IDOLS! WILL THAT BE ENOUGH?!

[The referee’s hand is on its way down for a third time when...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: NOOOOO! OSCURO KICKS OUT IN TIIIIIME!

[Chaz smashes his hand down into the mat, shouting up at the official who holds up two fingers.]

LD: Another two count!

BW: That was incredibly close... and you can hear Chaz Wallace berating the official. He thinks it was three and I think he might be right.

[Chaz is on his feet now, bullying the official backwards as a dazed Oscuro tries to crawl across the mat towards a waiting Rey Fuerza...]

LD: Chaz Wallace is caught up with the official and...

[Wallace swings around, lunging and diving onto Oscuro's back with a senton, breaking up the attempt to escape...]

LD: ...ohhhh, and no tag there!

[Chaz gets up, wagging a finger at an eager Rey Fuerza before grabbing Oscuro by the ankle, dragging him back across the ring to the middle.]

LD: And ANOTHER tag by the American Idols!

[Chet slingshots in, giving the referee an earful before moving to pull Osuro off the mat...]

LD: Irish whip!

[...and as Chet doubles over for a backdrop attempt, Oscuro spins on the approach, leaning backwards and using Wallace's own form to launch himself into a backflip, landing on his feet behind Chet...]

LD: Wow! What a counter!

[...and he quickly hooks Chet in a full nelson before he can turn around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SNAP DRAGON SUPLEX! RIGHT ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[...and that impactful blow leaves both competitors down with the referee standing over them.]

LD: Both men down after that one... that HAD to take a lot out of Chet Wallace, Ben.

BW: Absolutely. The back of the head... the neck... all fair game for impact on a suplex like that. So quick, so sudden.

LD: It takes a lot of upper body strength to snap someone over like that from that position as well. But right now, Guerrero Oscuro is not looking to take more offensive advantage over the damage done. Right now, Oscuro is looking to get to his corner and make that tag!

[The crowd is cheering as Oscuro starts to crawl, dragging himself along the canvas...]

LD: Oscuro on the move! Chet Wallace starting to stir now as well, looking to his own corner...

BW: We've got ourselves a race - a race that just might be the difference in this match...

LD: Both men looking for the tag... the crowd on their feet... who can get there first? Who can-

[A tag is made on the Idols' side of the ring to jeers...]

LD: Chaz Wallace coming in hot!

[...and then on the Legado de Lucha side to big cheers!]

LD: AND SO IS REY FUERZA!

[Fuerza catches the incoming Chaz Wallace with a forearm shot from the ring apron, grabbing him by the arm, running down the apron to charge up the turnbuckles before kicking off, twisting through the air, and flinging Chaz down to the mat with an armdrag!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Fuerza pops up, catching a rising Chaz with a thrust kick under the chin!]

LD: Oho! The luchador with a little Wallace action, using that superkick...

[Fuerza runs from one corner to the other, tossing himself into a high impact spinning leg lariat, the impact of which carries him over the top rope as Wallace staggers out of the corner...

...and Fuerza runs right up the buckles, taking flight again with a missile dropkick between the shoulderblades of Chaz Wallace, sending him sprawling out on the canvas!]

LD: The people of Seattle are on their feet - Legado de Lucha's got all the support in the world as he looks to finish this one off here in Historic Washington Hall!

[With his brother down, Chet Wallace tries to come through the ropes...

...which is Fuerza's cue to catch him coming in, leaping up...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: We saw the Wallaces use that face driver earlier and now it's Fuerza's turn, connecting with the King's Decree! Rey Fuerza is on fire!

[Fuerza shoves Chet to the outside as he turns his attention back to Chaz, catching him on the way up with a pair of overhand chops to the chest, pushing him back against the ropes...]

LD: Irish whip by Fuerza... Chaz ducks the clothesline...

[Fuerza winds up for a right hand but Chaz baseball slides between the legs, popping him up behind him and getting kicked right in the mouth!]

LD: SUPERKICK BY FUERZA!

[Fuerza pumps his arms excitedly as he dashes to the ropes, leaping up to the middle, springing back as he twists around...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and gets superkicked out of the sky by Chaz Wallace!]

LD: WALLACE WIPES HIM OUT! QUICK COVER!

[The crowd counts along with the official.]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEE--"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: FUERZA KICKS OUT!

[Chaz Wallace claps his hands together in frustration, shaking his head as he climbs off the mat. He pulls Fuerza up, dashing back towards the ropes...

...and using the top rope for a boost, Oscuro swings a leg up to catch him in the back of the head!]

LD: OHH! OSCURO FROM THE OUTSIDE!

BW: That's illegal!

[Chet Wallace is immediately on the move, sprinting across the ring where Guerrero pops him with a second kick to the mush!]

LD: OHHH!

[Oscuro grabs Chet by the head, running right up the turnbuckles, kicking off, twisting around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: TORNADO DDT! HE SPIKES HIM!

[Fuerza comes to his feet, pumping his arms...

...which is when Chaz leaps into the air, springing off the middle rope, connecting with a dropkick on Fuerza, sending him tumbling back across the ring as the crowd is buzzing for the high paced action!]

LD: We've got bodies flying all over the building...

[Chaz gets back to his feet...

...and Oscuro comes soaring through the air, springing off the top rope with a somersault, catching Chaz on the way over...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him down with the springboard somersault cutter he calls Black Diamond!]

LD: BLACK DIAMOND CONNECTS! Chaz is laid out as well and...

[Ignoring the referee's protests, Oscuro grabs Chet off the mat, yanking him into a standing headscissors...]

LD: Hang on here! We've seen this before! Oscuro's got him in position... and Fuerza trying to climb up to the top rope!

BW: Illegal doubleteam! Illegal doubleteam!

LD: They're looking for Darkness Reigns to finish them off!

[Fuerza leaps into the air, connecting with the dropkick that sends Chet falling forward in the crucifix powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: THEY GOT IT!

[Fuerza crawls on top of Chet, snatching a leg as Oscuro stands guard...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Fuerza immediately rolls off at the bell, rising into an embrace with his partner as Vengador V slides in to join them...]

LD: Legado de Lucha gets the win! And that SHOULD lock them into a spot in Run The Rankings, Ben!

BW: But what about the Idols?!

LD: What ABOUT the Idols?!

BW: They're... out?!

LD: I would think they are! Yes!

[As the Idols roll out, the celebration keeps going inside the ring with the fans cheering for the luchadors' big win.]

LD: The final tag team statement has been made...

BW: And now? Now we find out who gets to Run The Rankings.

LD: We've got that coming up in just a bit. We'll be right back!

[With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves in a darkened locker room somewhere backstage. The grizzled old veteran, Robert Donovan, is sitting on a bench. He's still in his ring gear - mostly - having tossed a boot across the ring before leaning over, eyes locked on the concrete floor. He sits in silence... in solitude...

...until a voice rings out.]

"So, what's next?"

[Donovan doesn't even raise his head.]

RD: Not now, Bobby.

[One of the owners of the AWA, Bobby Taylor, steps into the camera's view... looking long and hard at his longtime friend... tag team partner... and now employee.]

BT: I mean it. What are you going to do now? You fought the young lion and... you got a piece taken out of you, Rob.

[Donovan still won't lift his head.]

RD: You don't think I know that?

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: No, I know you do... my problem is I don't think you know what to do about it.

[Donovan slowly raises his eyes to lock on his friend.]

RD: What do you mean?

[Taylor sighs, leaning hard against a row of lockers.]

BT: I've been where you are right now, Rob. The body hurts but nowhere near as much as the pride does. That feeling that you're so close that nags at you, won't go away. You think about the last twenty... almost thirty years... and you think "I can still do this."

You can't, big man.

[Donovan's eyes go hard.]

BT: You can't! But look... I can get you a job in the office! Forget about what Cooper said, I can talk to Jon and Todd and-

[Donovan raises a weary arm, pointing to the door.]

RD: Get out.

[Taylor doesn't budge.]

BT: We've been friends for almost twenty years... and the reason that's worked is because we've never been afraid to be honest with each other. You've told me plenty of times when you think I've had my head stuck up where the sun don't shine and I've told you the same.

[Silence for a moment.]

BT: I've been where you are. And when I was, you were there to tell me "Bobby, I think you oughta hang 'em up."

[Donovan shakes his head.]

RD: It's different.

BT: How?

[Donovan surges angrily to his feet, stabbing a finger at his friend.]

RD: BECAUSE YOU HAD NOTHING LEFT!

[Donovan glares, breathing hard.]

RD: I do.

[Taylor looks like Donovan struck him across the face. He stands silent, glaring at his friend for several long, awkward moments. Donovan grimaces, shaking his head...]

RD: I didn't mean-

[Taylor interrupts.]

BT: Yeah you did. And maybe you're right. Maybe I didn't. But you don't either.

[Taylor straightens up.]

BT: And one of these days, one of these young lions is gonna take more than a piece out of your broken down ass... friend.

[The Outlaw of Professional Wrestling angrily turns, stomping out of sight as Donovan slumps back down to a seat on the bench. He sits quiet for a moment... and then softly... barely audible...]

RD: I'm NOT done. Not yet.

[...and with a flash of the ACCESS logo, 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.

A drone shot sweeps over Sunset Beach, Hawaii, at dawn, the ocean glowing under a fiery sky. The camera dives low, catching Jay Alana emerging from the waves, water flowing off his chiseled frame. His kakau tattoos shine in the sunlight and his long, black curls drip as he flashes a dangerous smile. The scene freezes, his eyes

locked on the camera. As he begins to speak, the surfer classic, "Pipeline" by The Chantays, plays softly in the background over the sounds of the tide.]

JA: Five days. That's all you've got left before Jay Alana sets foot into the AWA...

[Quick cuts flash across the screen: Alana leveling an opponent with a Deadman's Hand shotei palm strike, causing blood and sweat to spray into the air. A Tidal Crush splash from the top rope, the ring shaking on impact. A Wipeout swinging neckbreaker, with Alana floating over into a cocky pin, giving a wink to the camera.]

JA: ... and world ain't ever gonna' be the same.

[The quick cuts intensify: Alana no-selling a steel chair crashing over his head, grinning as he knocks his hand against his own skull. A Wave Breaker leaping double stomp crushes a charging opponent's chest. A one-armed Uranage slam bounces an opponent off the canvas with devastating force. A clip of Alana's top-rope 450 elbow drop plays in slow motion, the crowd losing it as the move flattens its target.]

JA: I will be at Opportunity Knocks and the world will witness the AWA become part of the Sun God's kingdom.

[The scene shifts to a packed AWA arena, fans buzzing with anticipation. The lights dim and we flash to Alana's silhouette walking down a corridor, arms outstretched, tattoos glowing under a spotlight. A quick flash of him blowing a two-finger kiss to the sky as the screen pulses with energy. There is then a final shot of Alana standing on the second turnbuckle, staring down the camera.]

JA: You can cheer me. You can hate me. But you will feel me. The tide's coming...

...and there is no escape.

[The screen cuts to black, and bold white text slams into view over the crashing sound of waves...

"JAY ALANA ARRIVES AT OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS. THE TIDE IS HERE"

The screen then turns black as "Pipeline" fades out and the vignette ends as we fade back up on the ringside area where we find our announce team seated.]

LD: Opportunity Knocks gets a little more interesting with the arrival of Jay Alana to the AWA!

BW: I can't wait for that.

LD: In the meantime, we're back here LIVE on Showtime on ESPN where we're creeping closer to that big six man tag team Main Event... but before we get there, we've got more Women's Division action with this tag team battle between the Slam Sorority and the Peach Pits!

BW: And I think it's important to mention that it's Taylor and Martinelli... not Walsh... which puts the Peach Pits at a disadvantage if you ask me, Dane.

LD: This is a match of fascinating contrasts - especially when you take in the speed, the athleticism, and the risk taking of Kelly Taylor instead of the smashmouth style of Shannon Walsh.

BW: Two compact wrecking machines in Slam Sorority against two women from the Peach Pits who are gonna have to survive first and fight second... yeah, I'd call that a contrast.

LD: Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton are two of the most physically imposing women on the roster. Such power and strength they bring to the table...

BW: ...and you also can't count out Laura Davis who could make her presence known at any time tonight.

LD: After the threats laid down on her by Lauryn Rage, I'd be surprised if Davis isn't already in the next county. But speaking of moving quickly, that's gotta be the gameplan for the Peach Pits... keep on movin' non-stop because if you don't and either Colton or Wallace get their hands on you, you're going for a ride and not a pleasant one. Miss Megumi, the floor is yours, my friend!

[We fade up to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing as the lights go out and the arena is washed in neon pink and blue as Fury Weekend's synth-rock cover of "Another Brick in the Wall" kicks in.]

MS: The following Women's Division tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first... at a total combined weight of 308 pounds...

"T-BONE" TRISH WALLACE... "STARKILLER" CAROLINA COLTON...

...the SLAAAAAAM SORORITYYYYYY!

[The boos pick up as Wallace and Colton step through the fog in the cropped leather vests and retro shades, Wallace pounding a fist into her palm while Colton smirks like she invented confidence.]

LD: Well, lucky for the Peach Pits, there is no sign of Laura Davis... for now at least.

[The powerhouse duo makes their way down the aisle, intimidating the fans at ringside as they head towards the squared circle...]

LD: And while there's no Run The Rankings in the women's immediate future, there IS an opportunity to get yourself in prime position to challenge Seductive and Destructive for the World Tag Team Titles with a win here tonight on Showtime, Ben.

BW: Absolutely. The Country Punks are the top contenders but who's got next? We may find out in this one. Two of the top teams in the division set to square off.

[At center ring, Wallace hits the biceps flex while Colton drops to a knee with her arms spread wide.]

LD: The Slam Sorority... also known from time to time as the Daughters of Devastation for a reason, Ben.

BW: Because "pleasant young ladies with healthy attitudes" didn't test well.

[Lori sighs as the music fades.]

MS: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[We can hear the sounds of Carly Rae Jepsen's "Cut To The Feeling" crank up over the Historic Washington Hall PA system to a big cheer...]

MS: From Beverly Hills 90210... weighing in at 257 pounds...

KELLY TAYLOR... DONNA MARTINELLI...

...THE PEEEEEEEEEEACH PIIIIIIIIIIITS!

[...and we cut to a shot of the aisle where we can see The Peach Pits emerge from the backstage area. The girls from Beverly Hills have decided to play to the crowd a little bit, each sporting a custom Seattle Mariners jersey that have been modified to be... well... peach-colored. The bedazzled numbers and names on the back of their jerseys reflect their own as they head to the ring, full of energy and pep as they high five the ringside fans...]

LD: Despite their loss in the Number One Contenders' match last weekend in Providence Park, the Peach Pits are still pretty enthusiastic about their chances to get right back in the mix here tonight. Kelly Taylor and Donna Martinelli may give up power here, but they'll try to make up for it with quickness and teamwork.

BW: And probably some dirty tricks. Which, to be fair, is smart.

LD: Much like Laura Davis, it's hard not to notice the lack of Shannon Walsh at ringside. Walsh, who was defeated earlier tonight by Ricki Toughill, has been at odds with her partners in recent weeks over Davis' overtures to Donna Martinelli to bring her former student into the Slam Sorority, Ben.

BW: I have a hard time believing that, Dane.

LD: Which part?

BW: That Martinelli hasn't already joined!

LD: What about her friends?!

BW: What about them? This ain't the friendship of pro wrestling, Dane - this is the business of pro wrestling. Besides, the real friends are the dollars in your bank account you made along the way and being with Wallace, Colton, and Davis gives Martinelli a chance to put a whole lot more green in her vault!

[Dane's frustration with Ben is growing as Martinelli and Taylor reach the ring. Taylor slingshots over the ropes, Martinelli climbing through as they hit the corners, looking out on the fans...

...which is when Colton and Wallace strike, sprinting to the corners to smash double axehandles up into the backs of the two women!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Colton and Wallace each yank them down, Colton shoving Taylor back into the corner with a pieface as Wallace flings Martinelli against the opposite turnbuckles...]

LD: Referee Shari Miranda in there and...

[With a shrug...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

LD: ...I guess we're underway here in Seattle!

[Colton lands a pair of clubbing forearms across the sternum as Colton hammers home some chops to the chest...

...and then go to whip the duo in tandem but Martinelli slides to a stop as Taylor leapfrogs over her and keeps on going, landing a leaping leg lariat on Wallace!]

LD: OH!

[Martinelli rolls to the side, avoiding a Wallace elbowdrop attempt, and then rolls into the mount on her... grabbing her by the head and SMASHING her head back into the mat repeatedly!]

LD: And this one's off to a hot start on Showtime!

[Martinelli pulls Wallace off the mat, chucking her to the outside with a loud "AND STAY OUT!" to cheers as Taylor peppers Colton with some short right hands. Martinelli exits as Taylor grabs a side headlock, dragging Colton out of the corner a few feet...

...before the powerhouse lifts Taylor into the air, shotputting her several feet across the ring before she crashes down on the mat!]

BW: So much for that early offense.

LD: No kidding. Carolina Colton showing just how much of an equalizer that tremendous power of hers is.

[She flexes, showing off a double bicep pose as Taylor comes off the mat, looking a little surprised. Colton waves her forward and Taylor obliges, lunging in, but ducking down, hitting the ropes, charging back hard...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and runs right into the brick wall that is Carolina Colton who flattens her with a shoulder tackle!]

LD: Goodness! She hit her at full speed and Colton didn't even BUDGE, Ben!

BW: And look at Taylor running for her life now... she wants no part of this.

[Taylor nervously tags out to her partner.]

BW: What a coward.

LD: How can you even THINK of calling Kelly Taylor a coward after what she did in Boyle Heights diving off that office roof?! This woman is one of the bravest competitors I've ever seen...

BW: Who is now cowering on the apron because she got knocked down twice.

[Martinelli steps in, eyeballing Colton a little more warily than her partner did. She moves in a little slower, sidestepping as she does, looking for the prime angle of attack...

...and swings a leg up, landing a kick on the thigh of Colton.]

LD: Leg kick by Martinelli... another one in the same location...

[Colton simply smirks, sticking out her leg, imploring Martinelli to "keep on kickin', prima donna!"

And Martinelli obliges, snapping off a series of hard kicks to cheers, leaving Colton hobbling back towards the ropes in surprise.]

LD: You know, Ben... I think we have to give Donna Martinelli a lot of credit for the levels she's reached since arriving here in the AWA.

BW: She's come a long way since begging people to let her graduate from the Combat Corner, huh?

LD: She certainly has... and I think Todd and the San Jose Shark would be the first to admit that maybe they were wrong about this young lady.

[Colton makes an off-balance lunge, favoring the leg, and gets caught with a spinning back kick to the midsection before she can grasp her...]

LD: Martinelli goes downstairs... a forearm down across the back... a knee to the sternum...

[Martinelli grabs the arm, looking for a whip, but the Canadian powerhouse reverses with ease, sending her across the ring...]

LD: Look at the strength - up, around, annnnd.... DOWWWWWWWWN! Tilt-a-whirl slam by a member of the legendary Colton wrestling clan!

[Colton pops up, flexing again as Trish Wallace asks for a tag... and reluctantly, Colton obliges, slapping that hand hard...]

LD: A little bit of the rivalry between these two partners on display.

BW: They make for a great team when Laura Davis isn't busy having to keep them from tearing each other apart.

[That one gets a chuckle out of Dane that quickly vanished when Wallace comes in and starts stomping, showing off that mean streak as she puts boot leather to flesh all over Martinelli to jeers.]

LD: Wallace is all over her... keeping it simple but doing big damage...

[Pulling her off the mat, Wallace snatches her into position...]

LD: T-Bone Trish comin' through!

[...and LAUNCHES Martinelli overhead effortlessly, sending her bouncing across the canvas to an impressed reaction!]

BW: Folds her up like a cheap accordion and Martinelli is in big trouble early.

[And now it's Wallace's turn to flex, turning towards her corner where Colton shakes her head and shouts at her partner to keep working on their opponent...]

LD: Trish Wallace, the young daughter of the Wallace family... her father Battlin' Burt, her brothers who we saw earlier in action Chaz and Chet as well as fellow AWA competitor, "Flawless" Larry Wallace. It's a family that knows how to fight... just like Battlin' Burt taught 'em, Ben.

BW: Battlin' Burt Wallace might be a deadbeat dad but he's also one of the meanest, roughest, toughest guys to ever lace 'em up... and Trish Wallace looks every bit her father's daughter inside that ring when she mauls someone like Martinelli...

[As Martinelli struggles to get up, she gets greeted with a boot to the gut before being muscled up over the shoulder...]

BW: ...and some people call this a Canadian backbreaker, over the shoulder and wrecking the core of Martinelli...

LD: An early submission hold applied by Wallace, trying to do some major damage to the ribs and spine of Martinelli...

[A bellow of "I can't believe Laura even wanted you to pledge!" rings out before Wallace lowers her shoulder, charging towards the Slam Sorority's corner and RAMS Martinelli's torso into the buckles chest-first!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Hanging upside down from the proverbial tree of woe now... and getting trashtalked by Wallace as she does it... and I have to wonder, Ben... is she mad that Laura Davis offered Martinelli a spot in the group or is she mad that Martinelli said no?

BW: Maybe both!

LD: The Slam Sorority overwhelming the Peach Pits with power right now - look at these shoulders, driving into the spine of Donna Martinelli!

BW: That's the whole business model.

[She shoves Martinelli up in to a seated position on the top turnbuckle before stepping up on the second rope with her...]

LD: Wait a second!

BW: They're looking to end this one early! They're not getting paid by the hour, Dane!

[...and snatches a front facelock, slinging Martinelli's arm across her shoulders...]

LD: She's looking for a superplex and we're not even five minutes into this thing!

[...but Martinelli buries a right hand into the ribs to slow Wallace down!]

LD: Martinelli fighting it!

[A second and third blow land, forcing Wallace to lower her arm to block the blows from connecting...

...and a surprising headbutt from Martinelli connects as well, causing Wallace to fall off the turnbuckles to the mat to big cheers!]

LD: And how about that?! Martinelli turns it around! Now she's up, standing on the middle rope!

[Wallace climbs off the mat, shaking the cobwebs from the headbutt as Martinelli sizes her up...]

LD: CROSS BODY!

[...but Wallace flattens out, causing Martinelli to crash down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Swing and a miss by Martinelli!

BW: Wallace... she might've lured her into that, Dane.

LD: I don't think so but it was a timely counter by T-Bone Trish...

[Colton calls for a tag but Wallace ignores her, tossing Martinelli bodily into the neutral corner. She points to Colton before charging in with a "Watch this!"...

...and runs RIGHT into a pair of raised knees out of Martinelli...]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[...who hangs onto Wallace, pushing off the buckles, and riding her all the way down to crush her under the knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Speaking of timely counters! Oh my!

[Down on the mat, Martinelli crawls on all fours across the ring and...]

LD: TAG!

[...Taylor slingshots over the top rope, rushing in to greet the rising Wallace with a peppering of rights and lefts to the body...]

LD: Working downstairs...

[...and then LEAPS into a kneestrike, snapping Wallace's head back!]

LD: ...UPSTAIRS...

[She ducks under a sloppily thrown clothesline by Wallace, swinging around to go low, driving her shoulder into the knee of Wallace!]

LD: ...back downstairs!

[The chopblock takes Wallace down on a knee as Taylor sprints across, building up speed, rebounding back, and leaps up into a somersault, snapping Wallace's head down into the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taylor pops up, full of energy as she dives across Wallace, hooking the leg!]

LD: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[But the powerhouse powers out, shoving Taylor off of her with ease. Taylor doesn't show frustration - just focus as she scrambles back to her feet...]

LD: Good burst from Kelly Taylor!

BW: That's how you fight people bigger than you - don't stand there and admire the size difference. Impressive strategy out of Kelly Taylor but how long can she keep it up for?

[Taylor swings an arm around, snatching a front facelock on a rising Wallace...]

LD: Did she just say...?

BW: CattleBuster?!

LD: The niece of the Outlaw himself is looking for a CattleBuster!

[Rushing the corner, Taylor runs right up the turnbuckles, kicking off, twisting around...]

...but Wallace sets her down on her feet before LAUNCHING her overhead with a Northern Lights Suplex that propels Taylor three-quarters of the way across the ring, sending her bouncing off the canvas to a BIG reaction from the AWA faithful!]

LD: WOW! PURE! POWER!

[Wallace grimaces as she steps into her corner, slapping Colton's outstretched hand...]

BW: Taylor had a moment to shine but Colton coming in and she's coming in hot, dragging Taylor off the mat...

[...and lifting Taylor under her arm, she brings her down across a bent knee!]

LD: OHH! Backbreaker!

[The Canadian powerhouse hangs on, lifting her up a second time...]

LD: Another one!

[...and a third...]

LD: OHHHH! She's trying to break Kelly Taylor right in half!

[...and a fourth time, but this time she swings her around for all to see before leaping into a crushing side slam!]

LD: My oh my! Colton stays on her, hooks the leg!

[Taylor weakly kicks out at two, earning cheers from the Seattle crowd!]

LD: Colton staying right on her... oof! Big forearms from the mount, hammering away on her...

[The referee starts a five count, forcing Colton to back off at four and change as she takes a walk around the ring, mocking the Seattle fans as Taylor tries to drag herself across the ring to an anxious Donna Martinelli who is looking on with concern for her partner...]

LD: Colton wasting valuable time here, Ben.

BW: She just murderlized this woman. I think she deserves a break.

LD: But while she's taking that break, Kelly Taylor is trying to crawl across the ring towards the corner...

[Taylor pulls herself closer with each passing moment until a shout from Wallace shakes Colton back into awareness...]

"OHHHHH!"

[...and drops a BIG running elbow into the kidneys, stopping Taylor in her tracks!]

LD: Right down across the back with all of her weight...

[Grabbing the legs of Taylor, Colton pulls her into a wheelbarrow position...]

LD: Oh no.

[...and powers her right up, throwing her down in another impactful suplex!]

LD: Right down on the back of the head and neck... and the Slam Sorority is running on all cylinders right about now.

[Pulling her across the ring by the hair, she tosses Taylor into the Slam Sorority corner before slapping her partner's hand...]

LD: Wallace back in, walking Taylor out along the ropes...

[A double whip sends Taylor across the ring and when she rebounds back, Taylor suddenly finds herself lifted up into the air, elevated a little higher, and then THROWN DOWN with a violent double standing spinebuster!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SPINEBUSTER BY THE DAUGHTERS OF DEVASTATION! And Ben, I talked to these two before the show and they told me to look out for that move... they're calling that the P.O.W. Spinebuster.

BW: I don't... the Prisoner of War Spinebuster?

LD: Not exactly. When a man uses that move, we often hear it called the angry man's spinebuster, yeah?

BW: Yeah, but I... ohhhhhh.

LD: Exactly.

[Wallace and Colton dust their hands off as Taylor writhes in pain on the canvas. Colton exits as Wallace makes a delayed cover...]

LD: That might be... OHHHH! Martinelli with a diving save of her partner just before three!

[Colton makes a U-Turn, ignoring the official as she marches back in, greeting Martinelli with a trio of clubbing double axehandles down across the back before she can even get up...]

LD: Uh oh... Martinelli might've gotten herself in some trouble now too.

[Wallace gestures to Colton who nods, lifting Martinelli up as Wallace does the same to Taylor...]

LD: What are we...? Oh no.

[There's dread in the air in Seattle as the two powerhouses each sling a Peach Pit over their shoulders, stepping to opposite corners as the referee protests loudly...]

LD: They're got 'em up in powerslam position! We've seen this before, Ben!

[But as they march out of their corners, Martinelli and Taylor both manage to slip out, delivering a two-handed shove to the back that sends Colton and Wallace crashing into each other at high speed!]

LD: OHHH!

[Taylor rushes to the ropes, rebounding back as Martinelli goes down on all fours...

...and she steps off her partner's back, getting a little extra hang time for a split-legged dropkick that drops the Slam Sorority!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: Nice double team by the Peach Pits!

[Colton rolls to the outside as Taylor is up and moving again, rebounding back towards Martinelli who stands...

...and flips her own partner over in a hiptoss, throwing her down on top of a prone Trish Wallace!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: WITH THE ASSIST FROM HER PARTNER!

[Martinelli exits as Taylor covers, snatching up a leg...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[...and the crowd jeers as Colton comes diving through the ropes, breaking up the pin!]

LD: COLTON SAVES THE MATCH!

BW: It's breaking down in Seattle, baby!

[Martinelli pulls Colton up, hammering her with short forearms, backing her across the ring...]

LD: All four women in there... just shy of the ten minute mark in this one...

[Martinelli goes for a whip but the powerhouse reverses it with ease, shooting her in...]

LD: ...reversal...

[...and Colton SHOCKS the crowd by leaping up, scissoring the head of Martinelli, and SNAPS her over in a head-spiking rana!]

LD: ...CAROLINA REAAAAAPERRRRRR!

[The crowd ROARS for the impressive move as Colton gets up, exaggeratedly pumping her muscular arm...]

LD: Whatta maneuver out of Carolina Colton!

BW: This one's gotta be over!

LD: Martinelli's not the legal woman though... Kelly Taylor is... much to her dismay as- look at Wallace just mauling her in the corner, rights and lefts... big shot to the head!

[Taylor is just getting battered by Wallace as Colton gives a bellow, Wallace stepping clear as Colton CRUSHES her in the corner with a running clothesline!]

LD: OHHH! Taylor's out on her feet!

[Colton points to Wallace, telling her to "finish this!" Wallace gives a nod, dragging Taylor out to the middle of the ring, pulling her into a front facelock...]

LD: Perhaps the Backsmasher on the way...

[...and as she prepares to lift her up...

...the crowd rises and then the reaction changes.]

LD: What is...?

[There's a buzz in the crowd that has everyone looking around...

...including Trish Wallace.]

LD: HEY!

[The camera cuts to the top of the aisle where we see the Canadian Dream Girl, Skylar Swift looking on...]

BW: What is SHE doing here?!

LD: It's no secret that her and Trish Wallace have a date with destiny, Ben!

BW: That date is NOT tonight!

[Swift doesn't charge. She doesn't speak. She just makes her presence known.

But it's enough as Trish Wallace freezes in her movements.]

LD: Trish Wallace has spotted her and-

[Colton is SCREAMING from the corner, shouting at Wallace as she steps through the ropes to implore her to keep going. She's aggressively stomping towards her...

...which is when Donna Martinelli scissors the ankle from the mat, using a drop toehold to send Colton crashing into Wallace's back, Taylor slipping out as Wallace goes flying forward, falling through the ropes to the outside!]

BW: WHAT?!

[Colton spins around in a stumble, making a lunge at a rising Taylor who ducks down, causing Colton to fall right into Martinelli's drop toehold a second time, a move that sends her falling across the middle rope...]

LD: Wait a second!

[Martinelli grins at her partner with a "get it, girl!" as Taylor swings her arm around...]

LD: Mail call! And the zip code is...

[...and Taylor points to the crowd for a "9-0-2-1-0!" sing-a-long before she dashes to the ropes, rebounding back, swinging her legs through the ropes in a feint kick...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BOOTS Colton in the face, sending her staggering backwards, falling right into Martinelli's clutches, holding her face-to-face with her arms around Colton's head and neck...

...and falls backwards, SPIKING Colton's face into the canvas!]

LD: MIC CHECK!

[And with Colton laid out, Taylor grabs the top rope, nodding to the anticipatory crowd as she climbs to the middle, stepping to the top, and HURLS herself into the air with a high impact splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taylor hooks a leg, Martinelli sliding into a baseball slide dropkick to prevent Wallace from getting back into the ring as the referee counts...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and Martinelli dives onto her partner, excitedly embracing her as they roll off the downed Colton and the crowd cheers loudly!]

LD: What a win for the Peach Pits!

BW: Thanks to Skylar Swift! You talk about people "stealing" wins... well, the Peach Pits STOLE this one!

[Taylor is screaming in triumph as Martinelli laughs uncontrollably at her partner's joy.]

LD: "Steal" is harsh. They took the gift that Skylar Swift wrapped up and put a bow on it.

[Colton sits up in a shocked daze, looking from the ref to Wallace to the aisle, realizing exactly what just happened.

On the floor, Wallace is furious - not at Kelly, not even at Donna - but at Skylar, who never touched anyone and didn't need to.]

BW: Slam Sorority had this won until old business walked down the aisle and got involved.

[Skylar gives Wallace one long satisfied look... then turns and walks away...

...and we fade to the backstage area where Lucy St. Clair is standing.]

LSC: Tag team action has been off the chart here tonight in Seattle... and with the Run The Rankings field about to be locked in, every tag team in this division is watching right now with great interest...

[She holds up an envelope.]

LSC: ...to find out the final results as we head into Opportunity Knocks 2 on the 4th of July in the KeyArena down the road here in Seattle. Remember, this is a five team gauntlet match... we will start the match with the teams that landed at #5 and #4... winner stays, loser goes, and #3 enters. When all five teams have

entered, the final team standing will be the winner and will move on to face the World Tag Team Champions on July 14th on Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE from Calgary... Alberta, Canada!

[She tears the envelope, opening it up to pull out a note card.]

LSC: Wow! You talk about hanging on for dear life. This team came into the night ranked Number Three... was all over the place involved with this Run The Rankings situation... LOST their match... and STILL managed to hang on to the fifth slot which means they'll open up Run The Rankings... and I'm talking about Masks For Money!

[She shakes her head as she continues.]

LSC: And at number four... a team that made a HUGE jump with their win tonight... we've got Fujizona... and that means we'll be seeing a rematch from earlier tonight when Fujizona meets Masks For Money... and hopefully this time, Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter don't get involved... although I certainly wouldn't bet the farm on that.

[She looks down at the notecard.]

LSC: Our third team started the night on the cusp of being in this Top 5 and pulled off a win to lock 'em in! Legado de Lucha is in the middle spot in this Run The Rankings gauntlet match coming up in a few short days.

[Again.]

LSC: And our top two should come as no surprise to anyone as Omega and Plemos hang on to the Number Two position after their controversial win over Shadoe Rage and Jackson Hunter earlier tonight... and then Blackjacks stay on top after their big win over Aces In The Hole.

[She lowers the card with a grin.]

LSC: And there you have it... our final five... and the field is locked in for July the 4th in the KeyArea. It's one of the most unpredictable nights on the AWA calendar - a night where truly ANYTHING can happen. It's Opportunity Knocks!

[We fade to black. A single metallic knock echoes.

Pause.

Another knock.

The third knock is louder. Sharper.

The screen flashes white.

Quick-cut images begin to hit in rhythm - a big powerbomb, a referee counting, a title belt raised overhead, a wrestler diving off a barricade, a shocked crowd on its feet, fireworks over Seattle.

A voiceover begins.]

"You can plan.
You can prepare.
You can fight your way to the front of the line..."

[Quick cuts of contenders arguing, teams celebrating, a contract being signed, someone laid out backstage.]

"...but on one night... none of that guarantees a damn thing."

[Music swells.

Seattle skyline at dusk. Mount Rainier in the distance. Fourth of July imagery. Red, white, blue lights reflected on water.]

"Because when the American Wrestling Association comes to Seattle on the Fourth of July..."

[Fireworks explode across the screen.]

"...the key word is..."

[The word appears in giant letters across the screen.]

"OPPORTUNITY"

[The music hits harder... the montage faster...

A backlit shot of an unknown wrestler walking through the curtain to a huge reaction.

A new champion raising their freshly-won title belt overhead.

The agony of defeat as someone kneels on the canvas, their face buried in their hands.

A crowd shot of fans going crazy at something unseen.

A steel chair being swung.

Bodies going crashing off the top rope onto the canvas.

A handshake turning into a slap.

Security valiantly trying to separate a pull-apart brawl.]

"Opportunity for glory.
Opportunity for redemption.
Opportunity for revenge.
Opportunity for a breakout.
Opportunity for a comeback.
Opportunity for the unthinkable."

[The music drops out for a half-second.]

"Debuts.

Returns.

Title matches.

Chaos.

History."

[The montage gets even faster now.]

"On this night...
ANYONE can arrive.
EVERYTHING can change.
And all bets are off."

[Huge fireworks burst across the Seattle sky just before a big event logo slams onto the screen.]

"OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS 2
LIVE from Seattle
July 4th on ESPN"

[The voiceover is back.]

"One night.
One city.
Unlimited action."

[Final rapid-fire sequence as a door handle turns, a hand pushing it open to reveal a blinding white light beyond it.]

"The question is simple...

...when opportunity knocks..."

[One final metallic knock.]

"...who answers?"

[Logo stays on screen as the music ends...

...and we fade through black to the backstage area where we find Mariah Wolfe standing with the three AWA Superstars heading into the main event against Team Supreme: Ryan Martinez, Jackson Hunter and the Sensational Shadoe Rage!]

MW: Opportunity Knocks is coming up in just a few days but tonight, the opportunity lands on the shoulders of these three men right here - Shadoe Rage, Jackson Hunter, and Ryan Martinez - as they look to get their hands on three of the competitors they've been at war with for weeks now - Paris Crawford, Cain Jackson, and AJ Martinez from Team Supreme! Ryan, you've been looking to get a piece of Supreme Wright but is this a close second?

[Martinez nods.]

RM: Mariah, I will NEVER pass up the chance to get my hands on Team Supreme after what they've done to my friends over the past eight months.

[Martinez points to the camera.]

RM: Johnny Detson is no friend of mine. But that was the warning shot none of us saw coming. That was Supreme Wright letting the world know that Team Supreme was returning from the grave and that he would stop at nothing to get himself and his little friends to the top of the mountain. And if what they did in a parking lot in Toronto wasn't enough to show us all what we were dealing with, we got the full story at the Red Wedding.

[Martinez is seething mad now.]

RM: The Lynch family means the world to me. Jack Lynch means everything to me. And seeing what's happened to that family... and my friend... thanks to Supreme Wright...

[The White Knight exhales sharply, shaking his head.]

MW: Ryan, this is obviously an emotional situation for you... and the gentlemen who are teaming with you tonight.

[Ryan nods again.]

RM: Ever since I came to the AWA, Mariah, whenever this company was in a war, I was one of the first to stand the front line. The Unholy Alliance. The Wise Men. The Axis. Korugun. They all stood up and made themselves known... and I helped knock them down. This time... Brian James beat me to it. He stood up and stood that front line... and these men stood with him.

[He claps Shadoe Rage on the shoulder.]

RM: A man who risked it all to stand with the AWA last fall against Korugun... and proved himself worthy of my trust.

[And then eyeballs Jackson Hunter.]

RM: And a man who I've been at war AGAINST in the past... but Shadoe tells me he's with us now and that's good enough for me. A war like this is about sacrifice... and these two sacrificed everything for them professionally tonight to stand with me in a very personal situation. I'm beyond grateful. I'm thankful to stand with them... and I can't wait to get out there and show Team Supreme what three of the AWA's finest can do.

[Shadoe Rage bursts into action, stepping between Ryan and Mariah Wolfe.]

SR: Lemme put it this way, Mariah Wolfe! The AWA has a problem at the top! Yeah, it's got a big problem at the top and that problem is Team Supreme! They wanna walk around here thinkin' they're so big and bad. Well you know who's big and bad? This man right here... the two-time AWA World Champion, Ryan Martinez! That's a man who's big and bad. You know who else is big and bad? This man right here.

[Rage points to himself.]

SR: The greatest AWA World Television Champion in history... yeah, that's a man who's big and bad!

[Rage throws a wild arm around Jackson Hunter who cringes at the gesture.]

SR: And standing right next to me is a man who may not be that big, but he's badder than the rest and that's Jackson Hunter. And we're here to teach Team Supreme a lesson. You don't tug on Superman's cape! You don't spit into the wind! You don't pull the mask off the ol' Lone Ranger and you don't mess around with HIM!

[Rage stabs a finger at Martinez.]

SR: We've gone to war against each other and we've gone to war with each other! And I'm telling you right now... Team Supreme... you can't win a war against him. No, because he's got the super soldier by his side and that soldier's name is Sensational Shadoe Rage! Yeah, what an unlikely trio. It's like the Twilight Zone... I

know. But it works. It works. Oh, it functions so beautifully and you're gonna see how well it works.

[Rage is seething.]

SR: Back stabbers, marauders, two-faced scum of the galaxy... Jackson Hunter, tell 'em what it's gonna be like! Tell 'em!

[Hunter has a towel around his neck after the match earlier in the evening, looking worse for wear after the attack by Masks For Money.]

JH: I'm going to hit one of them with a shovel until they die.

[The mood in the interview area abruptly changes. Hunter grunts and turns to his partners.]

JH: That's a joke, by the way.... Not a nice one; a nasty one, which masks a lot of very negative feelings about Masks For Attention, The Taupe Standard, The Sunk Cost Fallacy Squad and everything to do with Team Chip-and-Pepper.

[He rubs the back of his neck irascibly, then leans to Mariah Wolfe as if to apologize.]

JH: Sorry if I seem snippy. I feel old... I feel hurt... I feel tired, and our opponents are f-f-f...

[Hunter tails off as he self-censors.]

JH: ...f-f-f-the future of this sport. God help me.

[Hunter stomps away, muttering to himself as Shadoe Rage shouts loudly...]

SR: INTO THE FIRE! INTO THE FLAMES!

[Martinez nods confidently, following his allies off-camera.]

MW: An unusual tag team they may be, fans... but they're also not about to back down against Team Supreme here tonight. Lori, back to you!

[We crossfade from the backstage area out to ringside where Lori Dane and Ben Waterson are seated.]

LD: Thanks, Mariah! It is time for our Main Event, and if the events of tonight have taught us anything, it's that Team Supreme does not just win matches - they plot and they plan and wreck your world... and THEN beat you.

BW: Yeah, and tonight Ryan Martinez is trying to beat them with Jackson Hunter and Shadoe Rage already having wrestled earlier. That's not bravery, Dane. That's bad math.

LD: But you mentioned the X factor in this one, Ben. Ryan Martinez. The White Knight. The two-time AWA World Champion who has been on a collision course with Team Supreme for months now and he's going to take one look at the numbers and say... "never tell me the odds."

BW: Of course he will. He's Ryan Martinez. The man's allergic to self-preservation.

LD: We've been waiting for this one all week, fans, so let's go up to the ring and Megumi Sato for tonight's Showtime Main Event!

[We crossfade to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

MS: The following contest is a trios match set for one fall with TV Time Remaining and is your MAAAAAAAIN EVENT OF THE EVENIIIIIIING!

[A big ROAR goes up from the Seattle crowd!]

MS: Introducing first...

[Sato lowers the mic as the tinkling synth that can herald the arrival of only one man rings out, causing the crowd to rise and get ever louder!]

MS: ...at a total combined weight of 715 pounds...

They are the team of JACKSON HUNTER... SHADOE RAGE...

...AND RYYYYYYYYANNNNNNNN MARRRRRRRTIIIIIIINEZZZZZZ!

[The reaction is earsplitting as the AWA's White Knight emerges from the curtain first, standing tall for all to see. He's sporting a black hoodie on this night, jaw tight, bouncing in place as he looks down the aisle, ready for the fight to come.

Then comes Shadoe Rage, exploding through smoke in all his chaos, all wild energy and snapping movement, looking like a live wire dancing on the asphalt.

Then Jackson Hunter - shoulders tense and expression grim as he moves like a man who knows he's surrounded by idiots and enemies and has chosen to proceed anyway.]

LD: I CAN BARELY HEAR MYSELF IN HERE! HISTORIC WASHINGTON HALL JUST ABOUT HAD THE ROOF BLOWN OFF!

BW: WHAT?!

LD: THE ROOF BLOWN OFF!

BW: WHAAAAAT?!

[Rage plants a hand on Martinez' shoulder, nodding confidently as he gestures towards the ring. Jackson Hunter takes a deep breath, following behind as the trio heads into battle.]

LD: There is no shortage of fight on this side.

BW: Teamwork? Different story.

LD: It was back at Memorial Day Mayhem where we saw Rage and Hunter team with Brian James to take on KAMS... and we know how that turned out. They're hoping to have more success with the White Knight by their side tonight.

BW: Tag team wrestling isn't a plug and play situation. You can't just sub in another partner and expect things to go just fine.

LD: Isn't that what Team Supreme is doing with their "everyone's a tag champion" nonsense?

BW: No! Not yet at least. So far, we've seen KAMS win and defend the titles... we've seen the Gold Standard defend them... but we haven't seen any wacky combo. And even if we did, do you really think Supreme Wright would allow them to be anything other than a perfectly oiled machine when the titles are on the line?

[The trio reaches the ring, Hunter leaning against the turnbuckles as Rage takes to the middle rope, pointing to the cheering fans. Martinez seems more subdued than usual, not acknowledging the crowd as he sheds his hoodie, tossing it aside...

...and the PA system comes to life once more as dialogue from "Conan the Barbarian" is heard...]

"WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE?"

"TO CRUSH YOUR ENEMIES, TO SEE THEM DRIVEN BEFORE YOU, AND TO HEAR THE LAMENTATIONS OF THEIR WOMEN."

[A metal cover of "Anvil of Crom" then begins to play as we first see Paris Crawford stepping through the curtains. They stand there with their hands on their hips, looking rather bored and unimpressed by the crowd. The boos grow ever louder as they are soon joined by two massive towers of humanity: Six feet eight inches of pure intimidation in Cain Jackson and the near seven feet tall weapon of mass seduction, AJ Martinez. Standing on each side of Paris, the trio's eyes are focused solely in the ring, their concentration unbroken by the loud boos and the roar of the crowd.]

LD: We've seen some great trios in the AWA in its history - teams like the Dogs of War... like the James Gang... but I think you'd have to put these three right up in that list, Ben.

BW: Especially since they shattered those same Dogs of War by beating them last year at SuperClash. The Dogs were never the same after that and it didn't take long until they broke up after that loss. I think you could stake a claim that these three ARE the greatest trio in AWA history, Dane... and maybe even pro wrestling history!

LD: I don't know if I... wait a second...

[The boos then crescendo as a fourth person emerges from behind the curtains... Supreme Wright. Wright is dressed in a tailored, three-piece blue herringbone tweed suit. It consists of a single-breasted jacket, a matching waistcoat and slim-fit trousers. The leader of Team Supreme stays a respectful three steps behind his charges, but his mere presence fills the scene with tension.]

LD: Now what in the world is THIS about?!

BW: I'm guess Ryan Martinez has the same question.

[Martinez' eyes fill with fire, taking a step towards the entrance when Shadoe Rage grabs him by the shoulder, trying to talk him down.]

BW: If Shadoe Rage is the voice of reason, this team is in trouble.

[Hunter steps in, joining the conversation.]

LD: If Jackson Hunter is the voice of reason, we're ALL in trouble.

[Sato continues.]

MS: First, running freely in the Neon Playground, and proclaiming that not even their premium tier subscribers know statistics such as their weight... they are ... PARISSSSS CRAAAAWFOOOOORD!

From Goose Creek, South Carolina, weighing 285 pounds... "THE BEAST"
CAAAAAINNN JAAAAACKSOOOOOON!

And from Los Angeles, California, weighing 325 pounds... "HOT STUFF" AJ
MAAAAARTIIIIINEEEEEEEZ!

THIS!

IS!

[Deep breath!]

MS: THE KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC SQQQQUUUUUUUAAAAADDDD!!!

[The trio line-up, staring straight towards the ring, as the camera circles around them and then films from the bottom up, truly capturing how towering Jackson and Martinez are. Jackson then stares down at the camera, snarling.]

CJ: You want a war? We'll give you a war you wouldn't believe!

[And with that, one-half of the AWA World Tag Team champions stride toward the ring, synchronized in their movements, exuding confidence and danger. The stage is set, and KAMS are ready for war.]

LD: That's the difference, Ben. The other side may want a fight. KAMS came with a plan.

BW: And Supreme Wright drew it up.

LD: Which can't be good news for Martinez, Hunter, and Rage who are going to have their work cut out for them here tonight in Seattle.

[Martinez is still trying to get past his partners, ready to get his hands on Supreme Wright who looks on with... amusement?]

LD: You have to think that THIS is part of that plan. Get in Ryan Martinez' head by having Supreme Wright out here... cause him to lose his cool, lose focus... make mistakes.

BW: Seems like it's working and the bell hasn't even rung.

[With a forearm in the chest of Martinez, Hunter backs him across the ring, pointing out to the ring apron as KAMS comes up onto the apron, entering the ring while Wright stays out at ringside, eyes locked on his former friend...]

LD: Jackson Hunter, if you can believe it, is forcing Martinez out to the apron...

BW: I'm sure Martinez LOVES that.

LD: No love lost between those two dating back to Martinez' wars with the Axis a couple of years ago. But they've put their differences aside - for now at least - to battle Team Supreme.

[Martinez is furious as he stands on the apron, nodding at Hunter as he returns Wright's stare. Shadoe Rage joins Martinez on the apron, nudging him to try and get his eyes off Wright as Hunter turns to look across the ring...]

LD: Hunter and Rage keeping Martinez out there, keeping him fresh for now.

BW: Which also tells KAMS exactly what to do.

[Paris Crawford gives a little wave to their partners, shooing them out of the ring as Crawford spins towards Hunter, a little smirk on their face accompanied by a wave in greeting...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[...and as referee Scott Ezra signals for the bell, we are official as Crawford’s smirk turns into a cold stare. Wright leans closer to the ring, watching the action unfold as Crawford edges towards Hunter who circles, appraising the situation.]

LD: Hunter looking for an opening...

[As Hunter steps forward, Crawford greets him with a snapping low kick to the leg...]

LD: ...oof! That’ll sting.

[Hunter grimaces as he pulls back, eyeballing Crawford who waves him forward again...]

LD: Hunter trying to get an angle...

[...but as Hunter comes in, Crawford meets with another snapping kick to the leg. Hunter grimaces, shaking out the leg as he steps back again... but Crawford keeps coming, landing a rounding kick to the midsection before hooking the wrist, twisting it around in an armwringer...]

BW: When you watch Crawford, look for signs of Supreme Wright... but also look for signs of Takeshi Mifune, the Shadow Wolf. The viciousness. The striking. The submissions. The sadism. They’re all there if you look hard enough...

[Crawford cranks the arm, causing Hunter to cry out.]

LD: And sometimes you don’t have to look that hard at all.

[Hunter’s left arm is at full extension, being bent against the grain as Hunter looks for an exit...]

...and then tries to chop his way out, landing a big overhand chop to the chest of Crawford, getting a smile in response as Crawford shakes their head, keeping the hold locked in...]

BW: So much for that plan.

LD: Crawford with the tenacity to keep the hold in and-

[A well-placed kick to the quad breaks down Hunter, sending him down on a bent knee...]

...and with the armwringer released, Crawford goes swinging in with a kick to the head that Hunter somehow ducks under to avoid it, closing the distance to wrap the arms around Crawford’s torso, driving them back into the ropes...]

LD: Into the ropes, referee looking for a break here...

[...and gets the break with Hunter smashing a knee into the midsection followed by a knife edge chop!]

LD: Ohhh! Hunter with the big chop...

[Hunter grabs the arm, whipping Crawford across the ring where Crawford leaps up, twisting to hook themselves between the ropes, "lounging" across them with a smirk aimed at a surprised Hunter..

...who rushes forward to take advantage but Crawford rolls out of the ropes, landing on the apron, reaching under from the floor to yank Hunter's legs out from under him. Crawford pulls himself up on the apron, slingshotting over the top in a twirl before crashing down in a splash on Hunter!]

LD: Wow! Crawford is like watching poetry in motion in there.

BW: Sometimes. And sometimes they're like watching a torture porn horror movie.

[Crawford rolls out of the lateral press, posing mid-ring with head on fist as Hunter clutches the ribs, taking a knee on the mat...

...and a shouted bark from Cain Jackson gets Crawford's attention. Crawford rolls back,ipping up to their feet with a pout on their face as they walk to the corner, slapping Cain Jackson's hand.]

LD: There's the reluctant tag from Crawford, bringing in one of the Team Supreme Twin Towers - "The Beast" Cain Jackson.

[Jackson steps over the top rope, gesturing Crawford out of the ring as he locks his eyes on Hunter who quickly gets to his feet, giving a look to his corner...

...and then decides to give it a shot, mimicking Crawford's earlier attack with a snapping kick to the leg...]

LD: Hunter going downstairs on Jackson!

[A second kick lands, Hunter moving quickly to the side after landing...]

LD: Again to the leg!

[Hunter keeps with the stick and move strategy, landing a couple more, making Jackson turn awkwardly to keep up with him...

...and then Hunter closes the distance, landing a right hand to seemingly no effect.]

LD: Uh oh.

[A big chop follows, bouncing off the chest of Jackson who shrugs it off. With a grimace, Hunter turns to hit the ropes, rebounding back...

...towards Jackson who goes into a spin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: NEARLY TAKES HIS HEAD OFF! The discus lariat connects!

[Jackson seems to be fired up already, not giving Hunter a second of recovery time as he yanks him right back to his feet, wrapping him up...]

LD: BELLY TO BELLY PLANTS HIM DOWWWWN!

[Jackson pops up, throwing his arms back, letting loose a roar!]

BW: Beast Mode ACTIVATED!

[Jackson throws a look to the outside where Supreme Wright gives a gesture towards the corner where Ryan Martinez is fuming...

...and Jackson reaches out to tag his partner.]

LD: From one big man to another.. in comes Junior!

BW: Don't call him that!

LD: AJ Martinez coming in... and look at him. He's all smiles here.

[Jackson pulls Hunter up, whipping him across as Martinez comes in, catching the rebounding Hunter in a bearhug!]

LD: Oh! Submission hold early on in this one!

[He squeezes the ribcage, leaning back as he pulls hard, talking trash as he does...]

"You think you're a big man wanting to start the match? Take a hard look, pal - you're looking at a BIG MAN!"

[...and then LAUNCHES him with an overhead belly-to-belly, bouncing him off the canvas recklessly as Martinez dusts his hair back into place like he just completed some light yard work. He smirks towards the other corner where Ryan Martinez and Shadoe Rage are urging their partner to make a tag. AJ waves at the corner...]

"Heeeeeey brother!"

[The White Knight grimaces at his own flesh and blood, shaking his head as he shouts to Hunter to make the tag. AJ looks on without a care in the world as Hunter crawls towards the ropes, trying to get orientated towards the right corner to where his partners are waiting.]

LD: The referee stepping in there, trying to get AJ Martinez to back off with Hunter in the ropes and-

[But with the official's back turned, he misses Paris Crawford slinking down the apron and STOMPING Jackson Hunter's hand as it slips under the ropes to the apron!]

LD: OH! Did you see that?!

BW: Oh, I saw it... but the important thing is - the referee didn't see it at all! Hah! Masterful job at doing damage behind the referee's back by Paris Crawford.

[Hunter clutches his hand, rolling back inside the ring in pain as Martinez slaps the hand of Crawford...]

LD: Another tag for KAMS... Team Supreme... call 'em what you will... keeping the fresh competitor in there...

[...and Crawford slithers gracefully through the ropes, promptly grabbing Hunter by the wrists, using them to flip him onto his stomach before pushing the hands down on the mat, leaping up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...STOMPING THE FINGERS!

[Hunter cries out again, cradling his hands to his chest as Crawford sneers at the referee...

...and then defiantly plants their heel on the wrist, grinding it back and forth as Hunter grimaces, shouting in pain...]

LD: Oh, come on!

[...and a quick four count and change goes down before Crawford steps off with a spinning flourish, locking eyes with Ryan Martinez who looks ready to pounce. Rage again puts a hand on Martinez' shoulder, trying to keep him steady.]

LD: Paris Crawford and their allies are physically dissecting Jackson Hunter before his partner's eyes...

[Hunter is crawling away from Crawford now... not crawling to his corner but crawling to escape Crawford's brutal assaults. He reaches a neutral corner, flinging himself against the buckles as he tries to shield himself from further attacks...]

LD: ...Hunter's in the corner but Crawford doesn't care!

[Ignoring the protesting official, Crawford plants their boot on Hunter's face...

...and RAKES it across!]

"OH!"

[Again.]

"OHHHHH!"

[Again!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Crawford peels away, hitting the ropes for momentum, racing back across...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a facewash dropkick, sending Crawford through the ropes to the outside as Hunter slumps motionless down on the canvas. Crawford ends up on the apron, posing again with their chin propped in their hand, taunting the ringside fans who are jeering madly. Shadoe Rage slaps his hand on the top turnbuckle a few times, shouting encouragement to Hunter...]

LD: Five minutes ago, Jackson Hunter decided he wanted to start this match... and he hasn't been out of the ring yet. Shadoe Rage and Ryan Martinez are both looking to get in there in the worst possible way to help their ally... but so far, it is ALL Team Supreme.

BW: Just the way their leader likes it.

LD: Indeed it is... and you gotta be a little disturbed by Paris Crawford in there. The sadistic nature mixed with the kind of... playful attitude at times. But also somehow seems a little bored when they're not in the mix.

[Crawford ducks under, rolling back into the ring as Hunter uses the ropes, dragging himself to his feet...]

LD: Hunter is up and he's moving! Jackson Hunter heading towards his corner, hanging onto the ropes!

[...but Crawford is right there to cut him off, grabbing a handful of the back of Hunter's tights, shaking their head...]

LD: Crawford cuts him off though, holding on to the tights...

[...and yanks him backwards into a short forearm to the lower back before wrapping their arms around Hunter's torso!]

LD: Belly to baaaaack!

[But at the peak of the lift, Hunter flips out of the clutch, landing on his feet behind Crawford!]

LD: OH!

[As Crawford turns, Hunter grabs them around the torso, lifting, twisting...

...and DROPPING throatfirst over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The stunning attack leaves Crawford down on the mat, gasping for air as Hunter steadies himself on his knees, crawling towards his corner again...]

LD: Hunter creates an opening! Can he take advantage of it?!

[Rage is stretching out his arm as far as he can, urging his partner forward...]

LD: Shadoc Rage trying to get himself in there! He's had some words aimed at Paris Crawford in the past annnnnnnnd...

[...and with a lunge, Hunter dives towards his partner!]

LD: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the tag as Shadoc Rage slingshots himself over the top rope into the fray...]

LD: HERE WE GO!

[Rage dives onto the downed Crawford, hammering his fist down into Crawford's head over and over and over...]

LD: Rage is all over Crawford - letting loose a little of that frustration at being knocked out of Run The Rankings!

[With Crawford's arms up, shouting as they try to defend themselves against the volatile Rage, AJ Martinez comes over the ropes, looking to intervene...

...but Rage is ready for the big man, greeting him on the way in with a running leaping left-handed lariat that drags Martinez down to the canvas!]

LD: OHHH!

[Rage pops up, twirling an arm in the air...

...and then charges the corner, catching Cain Jackson with a back elbow that knocks Jackson off the apron to the floor!]

LD: Shadoo Rage is cleaning house in there on Team Supreme!

[Rage points an angry finger at Supreme Wright as well, beckoning him into the ring but Wright holds his ground, watching as Rage ducks through the ropes, promptly climbing them...]

LD: Rage heading up top! He's gonna fly!

[...and with Crawford stumbling up to their feet, Rage takes flight!]

LD: DEATH FROM ABOOOOVE!

[The double axehandle crashes down on the skull of Crawford, knocking them flat as Rage pops back up, pointing to the corner again...]

LD: Shadoo Rage has got these people on his side and he's letting that energy drive him, heading up against! All impulse and impact right now!

BW: You gotta wonder how much he's got in the tank though having wrestled already once tonight. He's all fire right now but all fires burn out if they don't get enough fuel.

[...and Rage is on the move, climbing the ropes again, the Seattle crowd cheering him on as he steps to the middle rope, one foot on the top...

...which is when AJ Martinez comes lumbering in, catching him with a big shot downstairs to the midsection!]

LD: OHH! Martinez cuts him off!

[Rage reaches out, grabbing a handful of Martinez' long, flowing locks, and SMASHES a right hand into the head... and another... and another...]

LD: Rage is trying to fight him off and-

[...but Cain Jackson comes charging across the ring, crashing into the ropes with enough force to knock Rage off balance...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and send him crashing crotchfirst down on the top turnbuckle!]

LD: Come on! A three on one in there totally turns this-

[Ryan Martinez angrily tries to come through the ropes as the referee rushes to hold him back, trying to keep the match from breaking loose!]

LD: Scott Ezra trying to keep Martinez out of the ring!

[With the referee entangled with Martinez, Crawford joins in the mix, rocking Rage with a scorpion kick while he's sitting up top, causing Rage to flip forward off the turnbuckles where Crawford shoves him back into the corner...

...and then barrels across the ring, landing a dropkick that knocks Ryan Martinez off the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and AJ Martinez rushes forward, crushing Rage against the turnbuckles!]

LD: MARTINEZ WITH THE AVALANCHE!

[The big man flings Rage out of the corner towards a waiting Cain Jackson who lifts him up, twisting around...]

LD: SPINEBUSTER!

[...and Jackson stays down on all fours, making himself a human launchpad for AJ Martinez to rush forward, springing into the air...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: SENTON SPLAAAAASH! The World Tag Team Champions are OVERWHELMING their opposition here tonight!

[Crawford and Martinez are trading shots on the outside as the referee tries to restore order, going outside the ring to try to get them apart...]

LD: Jackson just shouted at Crawford and...

[Crawford breaks away, barreling back inside the ring, rushing towards Cain Jackson who boosts them high overhead...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

LD: ...DOUBLE STOMMMMP! RIGHT ON THE HEART! Unbelievable teamwork from the champions!

BW: Well-oiled, highly-practiced execution!

[Crawford covers Rage as Jackson and Martinez bail out of the ring, Ezra wheeling around to slide back inside the ring...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...but Rage kicks out, breaking loose in time!]

LD: Rage just barely gets out before three!

[Crawford is right back on their feet, kicking and stomping the ribs and chest of Shadoe Rage who is reeling on the canvas...]

LD: Ryan Martinez back on the apron... he's beside himself, wanting to get in there and help. He's the only one on his team who is fresh here tonight and he STILL hasn't been in the ring!

[Crawford pulls Rage up with two hands full of hair, flinging him into the neutral corner, charging in with a shotgun dropkick to the torso, rocking the ribcage of the Sensational One again!]

LD: Crawford plants him in the corner... quick tag...

[Jackson comes stomping back in, grabbing a dazed Rage in a double leg lift, holding him over the shoulder...

....and charges out of the corner, DRIVING him down into the canvas!]

LD: ...Highway To Hell!

[Jackson stays on top of him, taking the mount as he hammers fists down into the former Television Champion's head!]

LD: And now Jackson with the ground and pound, a little Supreme Wright action coming Shadoe Rage's way!

BW: First he drives you through the mat with the slam he learned from one of my good friends, Kolya Sudakov, and then he pounds you through the mat with 285 pounds of pissed off ex-con!

[The referee finally gets Jackson to relent, getting to his feet where he slaps the outstretched hand of AJ Martinez...]

LD: And right back to the quick tags... you called them a well-polished machine and that's a hard one to deny watching them in action right now.

BW: If I'm Charlie Stephens back in the locker room, I'm pretty worried right now that Supreme Wright is going to turn some combination of these three loose on me this week in the KeyArena.

LD: Looking forward to that one... but Shadoe Rage is certainly not looking forward to whatever AJ Martinez has in mind as... what is he doing?

[Martinez makes a show out of trying to "hide" his massive frame out of sight as Rage slowly climbs off the mat in a daze...]

...and then Martinez pops forward, clapping his arms together on the ears of the Sensational One!]

"SWEEEEEEEEET CHRISTMAS!"

LD: Sleigh Bells ring in the form of that earclapper... and Rage is right back down on his knees...

[Martinez turns away from him, slapping Jackson's hand as Rage makes a reach towards his corner but is way too far to get there as Jackson storms in, dragging Rage back to the middle of the ring before dropping an elbow down into the chest...]

LD: Ohhh! Near three hundred pound elbow right down in the heart... and make it a pair by the big man!

[Jackson gets back up, looking down on the prone Rage for a moment before leaping high to drop a leg across the torso!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jackson spins into a lateral press as Ezra drops down...]

LD: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[...but the resilient Rage again slips the shoulder up in time.]

LD: Another near fall for Team Supreme as we pass the ten minute mark in this one. Plenty of time still left in our broadcast to get this one in.

[Jackson climbs off the mat, leaning over Rage to paintbrush slap him a few times, taunting the Sensational One as the crowd jeers loudly. Ryan Martinez protests from the apron as the referee warns Jackson...

...and the crowd has seen enough.]

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

LD: You can hear the fans begging the former World Champion to make that tag and get in there to put a stop to this!

[Wright looks around at the crowd as Ryan Martinez slaps his hand in rhythm on the turnbuckle...

...and then the leader of Team Supreme gestures up at AJ Martinez who grins broadly, cupping a hand to his ear.]

LD: These people are NOT cheering for that man right there.

BW: How do you know? His name is Martinez too!

LD: He sullies that name every time he gets in there, Ben.

[Jackson pulls Rage to a kneeling position, hooking a rear chinlock, holding him just out of reach of his corner...]

LD: Oh, look at this - just taunting them now!

[...and berates Rage, shouting "MAKE THE TAG! MAKE THE TAG!" before shoving him facefirst to the mat and STOMPING down between the shoulderblades to jeers.]

LD: And again, Cain Jackson cuts off any attempt to get the fresh man inside the ring... dragging him back across...

[Jackson slaps the offered hand of Paris Crawford who stifles a yawn as they come back through the ropes, mirroring Jackson's big stomp but adding extra oomph with a leap...]

LD: ...and now Crawford's back in as well.

[Wright looks on approvingly as Crawford pulls Rage up, tossing him back into the neutral corner...]

LD: Paris on the move!

[...but Crawford runs right into a back elbow, snapping their head back on impact!]

LD: OHHH!

[Rage is dazed but defiant, snapping off a trio of jabs before landing an overhead elbow smash between the eyes, putting Crawford down on the mat as Rage locks his eyes on his corner and the crowd goes wild!]

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

[Rage struggles forward, barely able to stay on his feet as he looks at his partners with their arms stretched out as well...]

LD: Almost there! ALLLLLLMOOOOOST THERE!

[...but JUST before he gets there, Crawford makes a lunge from the mat, grabbing the ankles of Rage, yanking his feet out from under him as Rage faceplants down on the mat!]

LD: OH!

[The fans jeer loudly as Crawford drags Rage back across the ring, slapping AJ Martinez' hand...]

LD: Another tag by the champions.

[...and Martinez comes over the ropes, pulling Rage to his feet in the clutches of a double choke...]

LD: Wait a second! He's got him hooked!

[Rage struggles against the choke for a moment before lashing out with a right hand to the eye of Martinez!]

LD: Rage trying to fight out of it!

[A second blow to the temple lands, giving pause to the big man but not breaking Rage free...

...until he just digs his fingers in the eyes, causing Martinez to cry out in shocked pain!]

LD: OH! Shadoo Rage fighting fire with fire against the Team Supreme giant! And that'll get him loose!

BW: Got no problem with an eye gouge from one of your favorites, huh?

LD: Like I said.. fighting fire with fire, Ben.

[Free from Martinez' grasp, Rage sets his sights on the corner where both of his partners are waiting with outstretched hands as Martinez stumbles back to his corner, blindly slapping the hand of Cain Jackson...]

LD: Another tag for KAMS... Jackson coming in hot, trying to cut off the tag!

[...and he does, snatching Rage from behind, spinning him around into a scoop...]

LD: Scoops him up annnnd... RAGE SLIPS OUT!

[...and on his feet behind Jackson, Rage leaps up, tucking his knees between the shoulderblades of the big man, bringing him CRASHING down in a lungblower!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: JACKSON'S DOWN! JACKSON'S DOWN!

BW: THIS IS RAGE'S CHANCE TO GET OUT!

LD: Shadove Rage trying to get to his feet! He's got a clear path to the corner... the fans on their feet as well, cheering him on...

[Martinez and Hunter both stretch out as far as they can as Rage struggles off the mat...

...and AJ Martinez comes lumbering back in, charging across the ring at Rage's exposed back as the crowd shouts words of warning!]

LD: FROM BEHIND!

[A clubbing blow across the back sends Rage pitching forward towards the corner...]

LD: TAG!

[...where he collapses into the waiting hand of Jackson Hunter!]

LD: Hunter coming in hot!

BW: He should've tagged Martinez, Dane! What is he thinking?!

LD: He got knocked into Hunter! What choice did he have?!

[Hunter comes in quickly and firing away, blasting AJ Martinez with a knife edge chop that stuns the big man...

...wheeling around to land a chop on a rising Cain Jackson as well...]

LD: Hunter's taking on both of the Team Supreme Twin Towers by himself!

[He grabs a handful of hair on each, clashing their skulls together to a big cheer!]

LD: NOGGIN KNOCKER! GOING OLD SCHOOL ON THE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[Jackson and Martinez stagger apart, leaving a gap that Paris Crawford comes charging in to fill...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets LAID OUT with a familiar bicycle kneestrike!]

LD: INSTANT KARMA!

[Crawford goes down like they'd been hit with a brick, Hunter excitedly pumping a fist at the Team Supreme members being on defense. Hunter shouts something at Supreme Wright that earns him a moment of silence from the quick-triggered censors.]

LD: Eeeps... we apologize for the language there, fans.

BW: Pickard didn't call him the Patron Saint of the Seven Second Delay for nothin', Dane.

LD: Absolutely not.

[Hunter grabs the reeling Cain Jackson, lifting a leg up...

...and YANKS him down to the mat with a dragon screw legwhip!]

LD: OHHH! Going right after the leg! Maybe thinking about that Mindflayer!

[AJ Martinez makes a grab for Hunter who scoots away, throwing a dropkick to the knee of Martinez, leaving him hobbled as well... and then dashes to the ropes as Martinez makes a grab at him...]

LD: Hunter off the far side, ducks the clothesline...

[...and keeps on running, driving his shoulder into the front of Jackson's knee from the front side, flipping Jackson over!]

LD: ...OH! CHOP BLOCK! Illegal in the NFL but totally legal in the AWA!

[With Jackson and Crawford down and AJ Martinez hobbled, Hunter plays to the crowd!]

LD: And look at Hunter, getting these fans on their feet and who woulda thunk it, Ben?

BW: Not me. He's always been a low down guttersnake and-

[And then pivots quickly, dashing towards the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a baseball slide kick, driving his foot into the face of Supreme Wright, sending the two-time World Champion sailing backwards towards the railing to a HUGE ROAR!]

LD: OH!

BW: You talk about a cheap shot! Supreme Wright's not in this match, Dane!

LD: Jackson Hunter couldn't resist though.

[Hunter is all smirks as he gets to his feet, looking out on a fuming Wright as Wright tries to get up off the floor..

...and rips off his coat, throwing it aside. Hunter balls up his fists, waving the World Champion into him...]

LD: Hunter's not backing down! What's gotten into Jackson Hunter here tonight?!

[...but as he threatens Wright, Hunter is oblivious to AJ Martinez coming from behind with a double axehandle across the back!]

"OHHHHH!"

[Hunter collapses down on all fours as Ryan Martinez protests - first from the apron... and then comes into the ring, taking a swing at his flesh and blood before Scott Ezra throws himself in front of the White Knight to big jeers from the Seattle crowd, struggling to keep the former World Champion back on the apron...]

LD: Ryan Martinez DESPERATE to get in there but they're not letting it happen! Scott Ezra keeping him back... let him go, Scott! Let's do this thing!

[But with Martinez and Ezra entangled, AJ Martinez helps Cain Jackson to his feet, whipping Hunter into the ropes...]

LD: Wait, wait!

[...and Jackson pops him overhead into Martinez' waiting hands!]

LD: DOUBLE CHOKE ANNNNNNNND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: ...FIREBOMMMMMMB!

[Hunter curls up on impact as Martinez climbs off the mat, getting out of the ring as Cain Jackson makes a cover!]

LD: THE REFEREE IS STILL WITH RYAN!

[Wright shouts angrily from the floor at the official who suddenly wheels around, diving to the mat to count...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HUNTER KICKS OUT AT TWOOOOOOOOO!

[Hunter rolls to his hip as AJ Martinez shouts at the official from the apron, soon joined by Paris Crawford as Jackson comes to his feet, wincing as he puts weight on the leg Jackson attacked...

...and then backs up, slapping his leg...]

LD: Uh oh!

BW: We know what that means!

[Jackson slaps the leg again... and again...]

LD: He's calling for the Big Boot!

BW: Looking to send Hunter's head to the moon!

[Ryan Martinez and Shadoc Rage are bellowing warnings to Hunter as he struggles to get up...

...and Jackson takes a swipe at Ryan Martinez who comes through the ropes...]

LD: HERE WE GO!

[...only to be cut off by the official again to big boos!]

LD: These fans are DYING to see Ryan Martinez get in there!

[Jackson takes aim as Hunter finally gets up, rushing forward...]

LD: BIG BOOO-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: INSTANT KARMA!

[Hunter steadies himself on his feet as Jackson collapses, looking towards his corner where Ryan Martinez' hand is reaching out...]

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

[...Hunter staggers, reaching out...]

LD: HE'S THERE! HE'S GOT THE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as Paris Crawford - who came all the way around the ring on the floor - YANKS Ryan Martinez down off the apron before the tag can happen!]

LD: OH, COME ON! GIVE ME A BREAK!

[The boos continue to rain down as Crawford skips away, leaving Martinez fuming on the outside...]

LD: This is calculated! This is all calculated!

BW: Yeah. That's why they're winning, Dane.

[From the mat, Cain Jackson grabs Hunter by the back of the tights, dragging him backwards from his corner as Martinez pounds the apron in frustration. Jackson lifts Hunter up under the arm, walking towards the Team Supreme corner, and DROPS him down with a side slam!]

LD: And Jackson Hunter finds himself right back in the wrong part of town...

[Cain Jackson slaps the offered hand, bringing Paris Crawford back into the match. The sneaky Team Supreme weapon climbs the ropes from the corner...]

LD: What are they...?

[Crawford tight rope walks the top strand, springing off...]

LD: ANOTHER DOUBLE STOMP! RIGHT DOWN INTO THE TORSO!

[Crawford covers, wrapping up the leg...]

LD: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[...and a swift boot from an incoming Ryan Martinez breaks up the pin!]

LD: Oho! A tiny bit of payback out of the White Knight there, breaking up the pin to save his partner!

[Crawford glares hard at the exiting Martinez as they climb off the mat, looking down at Hunter...]

LD: Grabbing Hunter by the hair and- OH! Kick to the face!

[Holding the hair, Crawford peppers Hunter with front kicks to the face over and over and over before flinging him over in a snap mare...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BOOTS him in the spine instead. Crawford coldly points down at Hunter, slapping Cain Jackson's hand with a "IT'S OVER!" Jackson nods, waving AJ Martinez in as well...]

LD: Uh oh... double team on the way here...

[Jackson pulls Hunter off the mat as Martinez joins him, each wrapping a hand around Hunter's throat! Crawford grins, turning their back to taunt the fans.]

LD: They've got him hooked!

[And this time, it's Ryan Martinez who shouts at the official, drawing his attention for a moment...]

LD: OFF THE TOP! OFF THE TOP!

[...and a soaring Shadoe Rage lands a flying double axehandle on AJ Martinez, sending him sprawling!]

LD: RAGE OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Hunter slumps to his knees on the mat as Cain Jackson looks shocked at Rage's attack, turning to respond...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets a LOW BLOW from behind by Hunter!]

LD: AND DOWN GOES CAIN AS WELL!

[With AJ and Cain down, Jackson Hunter takes aim on the corner as Shadoe Rage runs across the ring, scoring with a flying knee to the back of Paris Crawford, knocking them off the apron...

...and then quickly climbs the turnbuckles, the crowd going wild!]

LD: RAGE IS UP TO AGAIN!

[Rage dives off the top, dropping the double axehandle down across the back of Crawford's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[With Rage and Crawford spilled out on the outside, Hunter is crawling... crawling... inching closer...]

LD: Almost there!

[...and with a dive...]

LD: TAAAAAG!

[...and the crowd EXPLODES as the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez, storms through the ropes - finally inside the ring with his former friend's soldiers with said friend looking on!]

LD: MARTINEZ IS IN!

[The White Knight surveys the scene, looking around for a moment before tearing across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[The running big boot snaps AJ Martinez' head back, putting the giant down on the mat where he rolls to the outside...]

LD: ONE MAN DOWN!

[Martinez wheels around, going into a spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: SPINNING BACK ELBOW!

[Cain Jackson goes falling back into the corner from the elbow, arms draped over the top rope as Martinez steps closer...]

LD: Jackson's in the corner!

[Martinez squares up, looking out on the cheering Seattle crowd!]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

LD: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[Martinez steps out of the corner, a shout from Shadoc Rage giving him warning as Paris Crawford comes charging back in towards Martinez' back...]

...and Martinez lifts them skyward, dropping them facefirst on the canvas!]

LD: FLAPJACK _BOUNCES_ PARIS OFF THE MAT! Ryan Martinez is erupting!

BW: This is what Supreme was trying to prevent all night!

[With Jackson barely standing in the corner and AJ laid out on the floor, Ryan grabs Crawford off the mat...

...and points right at Supreme Wright.]

LD: A message for his former friend?!

[He yanks Paris into a front facelock, slinging their arm over his neck...]

LD: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...and pulls them into position, ready to lift for the brainbuster!]

LD: The White Knight looking to strike!

[Supreme Wright's response is to calmly climb up on the ring apron, staring his former friend right in the eyes...]

LD: Get him down from there!

[The referee moves to do exactly that, confronting the leader of Team Supreme who completely ignores the official, looking right past him at Martinez who has hesitated to see what Wright is going to do...

...so when he finally DOES lift Crawford into the air, Crawford is able to swing their knee down, crowning Martinez with it, coming right back down on their feet, instantly lashing out with a kick to the side of the knee, putting the White Knight down in a kneeling position...

...and with a run into the perpendicular ropes, Crawford bounces back with a BRUTAL flying hip attack that WIPES OUT Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[From the outside, AJ Martinez yanks Shadoc Rage off the apron...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and puts him into the barricade to jeers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And Cain Jackson barrels across, driving a big boot up into the jaw of a distracted Jackson Hunter, sending him flying backwards off the apron to a big crash on the floor!]

LD: WHAT THE HELL?!

[AJ Martinez slides into the ring as the referee spins to see the carnage, looking around in confusion as Supreme Wright drops back down on the floor...]

LD: What is happening here?!

BW: They love it when a plan comes together!

[AJ pulls his half brother off the mat, wrapping his hands around the throat...]

LD: Oh, you've gotta be...

[Cain Jackson starts climbing the ropes as one Martinez lifts the other into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES him down with their legendary father's signature move!]

BW: FIREBOMMMMMMMMMMB!

[Jackson gives a nod, waving for Paris Crawford to climb up there with him...]

LD: What are they...?

[Crawford wraps an arm around the neck, hanging on for dear life as Jackson stands tall on the top rope...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and LEAPS OFF, crushing Ryan Martinez under the combined weight of both Jackson and Crawford!]

BW: HARD! RAIN!

[Crawford rolls free, a serene little smile crossing their face as they kneel on the mat to watch...]

LD: No, no! Not like this!

[The referee dive to the mat to count!]

BW: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE! THEY DID IT!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd deflates at the three count, Crawford kipping up to their feet with arms raised overhead.]

LD: Team Supreme takes the win here in Seattle!

[Megumi Sato makes it official.]

MS: Here are your winners... THE KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC SQUAD!

[Supreme Wright climbs up on the apron with a satisfied look on his face.

Not excited.

Satisfied.]

LD: And check out the look on Supreme Wright's face.

[AJ Martinez flips his hair back as he joins his allies in their triumph. Jackson pounds his chest once, glaring out at the jeering crowd as Crawford sits cross-legged on the mat, utterly composed.]

LD: Ryan Martinez, Jackson Hunter, and Shadoe Rage fought with heart, fought with fury, and fought with everything they had-

BW: -and it STILL wasn't enough! Team Supreme... REIGNS supreme!

[Martinez has dragged himself to the corner, clutching his ribs in pain as he looks up at the celebratory quartet. His eyes find Wright's locked once more...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Wright crumples down on all fours as Jackson Hunter SMASHES his signature shovel across the back from behind!]

LD: OH! IT'S NOT OVER!

[Crawford bellows in madness from the mat, springing to their feet and throwing themselves at Hunter with enough force to send them both tumbling through the ropes to the outside...]

...and in comes Shadoe Rage, throwing himself between Cain Jackson and Ryan Martinez!]

LD: Rage back in!

[Rage and Jackson are trading heavy bombs as AJ Martinez turns his attention towards his half brother, dragging him out of the corner by the throat...]

LD: Wait, wait, wait!

BW: It's a family feud in Seattle!

[AJ pulls him to the middle of the ring, wrapping his hands around the White Knight's throat...]

LD: He's got him hooked!

[But before he can strike, AJ's arms are slapped down by a hard hit from Martinez who lashes out with a knife edge chop right away!]

LD: Ryan fighting back! Driving him back!

[With AJ leaning against the ropes, the White Knight barrels across the ring, leaping into the air...]

LD: EXCALIBURRRRRR!

[...and the flying Yakuza sends AJ Martinez flipping over the ropes to the outside!]

LD: AJ GETS DRIVEN OUT!

[Ryan stands on the middle rope, shouting down at the assembled KAMS on the outside...]

...which is when Shadoe Rage comes sailing off the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Rage and Team Supreme out of the picture, Ryan Martinez is standing tall in the ring...]

...almost alone.]

LD: Uh oh.

[The White Knight turns around... and comes face to face with Supreme Wright as the crowd goes NUTS!]

LD: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

BW: Let's do this!

[Martinez steps closer to his former friend, talking to him face-to-face.]

LD: Man, I'd love to be able to read lips right now. What could he possibly be saying to him, Ben?

BW: I have no idea.

[Wright raises an arm, pointing at Martinez, opening his mouth to respond...

...but Martinez doesn't give him a chance, lunging forward...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: HE TAKES HIM DOWN!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Martinez rains down haymakers on his former friend who gets his arms up, trying to shield himself from the aggressive blows...

...and to the LOUD BOOS of the AWA faithful, security, officials, referees - they all come flooding into the ring, ripping the White Knight off the leader of Team Supreme, dragging the two men apart.]

LD: THE ENTIRE FRONT OFFICE IS OUT HERE TO KEEP THESE TWO APART!

BW: This is crazy, Dane!

LD: THEY'VE GOT THEM SEPARATED... BUT FOR HOW LONG?!

[With Wright and Martinez trading words from a distance, struggling to get past a sea of AWA employees and the Historic Washington Hall crowd going crazy...

...we fade to black.]