



May 12th, 2018 - T-Mobile Arena - Las Vegas, Nevada

HOUR TWO
HOUR THREE

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

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

A voiceover.]

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

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

...and then back up on a star-filled sky. So dark and so perfectly clear that it must be shot out in an empty desert somewhere. The stars are picture perfect pinpoints of illumination...

...that slowly start to pulse with the rhythm of music playing.

It's "All The Stars" from the Black Panther soundtrack by Kendrick Lamar and SZA.

Those pulsing stars burn brighter as the lyrics kick in.]

#This may be the night that my dreams might let me know#

[The pulsing stars get a little bit brighter, revealing the shape of what appears to be constellation in the sky...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...and that constellation warps into Supernova flying through the air, about to hit someone with a Heat Wave splash...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...back to a different constellation...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...that turns into Julie Somers uncorking a moonsault onto a prone victim...]

#This may be the night that my dreams might let me know#

[Cut to a superimposed shot of both Supernova and Somers holding their respective titles aloft...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to a shot of Next Gen turning from stars into hitting Charlie Stephens with a flying clothesline off the top of the Brig at SuperClash IX...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to a shot of Jordan Ohara turning from stars into soaring through the air with the Phoenix Flame...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to a shot of Odin Gunn turning from stars into a monstrous beast of a man planting a helpless foe with a devastating standing spinebuster...]

#Tell me what you gon' do to me#

[Cut to Ryan Martinez staring down Hannibal Carver from their battle at SuperClash VII....]

#Confrontation ain't nothin' new to me#

[...to Michelle Bailey barreling over Laura Davis with a Britney Spear...]

#You can bring a bullet, bring a sword, bring a morgue#

[...to Supreme Wright smashing a stiff elbowstrike into the jaw of Casey James...]

#But you can't bring the truth to me#

[...to Ricki Toughill wrapping up Kerry Kendrick's leg in a Spinning Toehold...]

#You and all your expectations#

[...to James Lynch attempting to push his brother, Jack's face into a strand of barbed wire...]

#I don't even want your congratulations#

[...to Derrick Williams snapping off a Future Shock on Martinez after WarGames...]

#I recognize your false confidence and calculated promises all in your conversation#

[...to Jackson Hunter berating the crowd while holding up the National Title he once held...]

#I hate people that feel entitled#

[...to Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Kelly Kowalski, and Casey Cash celebrating after Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash IX...]

#Look at me crazy 'cause I ain't invite you#

[...to Shadoc Rage sailing off the top of the super-sized steel cage to land a double axehandle on Torin The Titan...]

#Oh, you important?#

[...to a sneering Sid Osborne glaring into the camera...]

#You the moral to the story, you endorsing?#

[...to AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson hurling Paris Crawford over the ropes to the outside...]

#Motherfu- I don't even like you#

[...to Ayako Fujiwara hurling Trish Wallace overhead and into the turnbuckles with a suplex...]

#This may be the night that my dreams might let me know#

[...to Raphael Rhodes delivering a skin-blistering chop in the corner...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Max Magnum hurling a battered foe through the air with a Bombshell...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to the Slam Sorority tossing two helpless foes to the mat with a pair of bodyslams as Laura Davis looks on approvingly...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Lauryn Rage driving a right hand into the jaw of an opponent...]

#This may be the night that my dreams might let me know#

[...to the American Idols delivering a double superkick on Bret Grayson... then another one on Omega before run down with a double clothesline from Curt Sawyer...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Victoria June getting a surprise rollup and loss at the hands of Molly Bell...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...to Atlas Armstrong applying the torture rack on a foe...]

#All the stars are closer#

[...and then back to a shot of Supernova holding the World Title aloft at the end of his title victory at SuperClash...

...and with a flash of light, we are ON! THE! AIR! A swirling shot showing off the near 20,000 fans in attendance screaming and shouting, hooting and hollering, waving the homemade sign all in support of their favorite professional wrestlers on the planet - the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance. The music is still playing over the arena's loudspeakers as a burst of pyro races towards the sky. The crowd is roaring for the pyro and for the return of AWA action to their hometown.]

SA: IT'S TIIIIIIIIIME FOR SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

[Another burst of pyro rockets goes off as the crowd cheers even louder.

The shot pans a little, showing off the usual setup - a massive steel structure serving as the entrance stage standing almost ten feet off the concrete floor with a video wall hanging above it that is just about as wide as the stage and looks to be about twenty feet tall to boot.

From there, we see a royal blue roped ring with matching ring apron and steel ringposts. Protective blue mats encircle the ring, leading to the barricades beyond which the AWA faithful are seated. A pair of wooden tables are at ringside - one with our timekeeper and ring announcer's seats, the other near where our announcers are standing as we cut to them.]

SA: Hello everyone and a very pleasant good evening to you wherever you may be... and hello to this SOLD OUT crowd at the T-Mobile Arena here in Las Vegas, Nevada! Colt Patterson, my friend - they say what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas but I've got a feeling that's not the case at all here tonight!

[Sal is in his standard black suit, white dress shirt, and very basic tie while Colt Patterson is anything but basic in what appears to be a t-shirt with a royal flush depicted on it underneath a glossy windbreaker style jacket that has a mockup of a slot machine showing straight 7s across it on the back... oh, and one could not begin to forget about the dangling earrings hanging from both ears resembling dice.]

CP: That's right, Albano! Whatever happens here tonight on the road to Memorial Day Mayhem damn sure ain't staying here because the whole world is watchin' and

they want to shout it from the rooftops when Team Supreme walks out of Sin City with the World Tag Team Titles, jack!

SA: Of course, we've got that showdown between Next Gen and the Gold Standard later tonight but you said it, Colt - we're on the road to Memorial Day Mayhem - just a couple of weeks away now and the whole world is watching to find out right here tonight what else is going to go down in Dodger Stadium in the City of Angels - Los Angeles, California - on Monday night, May 28th, LIVE on Pay Per View! You mentioned the tag team titles but that's not the only title match we've got in store tonight as Odin Gunn of the Desperadoes will put his World Television Title on the line again against former Dog of War, Wade Walker... and this time, there's a FIFTEEN minutes time limit!

CP: Five minutes might not sound like much to the plebians at home but in a match like this, it can make all the difference.

SA: We've also got the hottest division in wrestling on display when the Slam Sorority meets the trio of Kimmy Bailey, Pink Cashmere, and Lauryn Rage in trios action! We've got big faceoffs with Damian DeVile confronting his father, Caleb Temple! Ryan Martinez wants to talk to Derrick Williams! And our ol' pal Bucky Wilde is back in the building tonight 'cause he wants to talk to Michelle Bailey and find out what's going through her mind after winning the Royal Crown in regards to Julie Somers' title challenge for Los Angeles! We've got all of that and a whole lot more as we kick things off down in the ring with some-

[A voice shouts out.]

"That's enough out of you, Albano! We'll take it from here!"

[The boos ring out as we cut to the aisleway where we spot Veronica Westerly leading James Lynch and Atlas Armstrong down the aisle without the usual pomp and circumstance of their entrance music. Westerly's got a mic in hand as they head towards the ring.]

VW: You can run your hype as much as you want, Albano, but these people KNOW what they came to see tonight... and it's not Ryan Martinez... it's not Michelle Bailey... it's not Harper and Somers... it's us! Right here! The Westerly Dynasty!

[The fans continue to let them have it for that comment as Lynch smirks and Atlas nods approvingly. They've reached the ring now as Armstrong steps on the bottom rope, giving Westerly an easy path to enter the squared circle.]

VW: We were watching last weekend on Showtime... and we heard everything that the so-called World Champ...

[Armstrong bellows out "MORE LIKE WORLD CHUMP!" to chuckles from his allies.]

VW: ...had to say to us. Poor little Supernova. He doesn't seem to like the way we do business. For shame, for shame... well, he's really going to be sad coming up in a couple of weeks in Los Angeles because in between all of Supernova's sobbing about how we're just big, mean bullies that have kicked him around the schoolyard since he first got his hands on the biggest prize in wrestling, he made a bold statement or two... isn't that right, boys?

[Armstrong claps his mighty hands together, rubbing them with evil intentions as James Lynch slaps him on the back.]

VW: He says the next time he gets in the ring with Atlas... he's going to beat him.

[Veronica chuckles.]

VW: I say... the next time he gets in the ring with Atlas, Atlas is going to BREAK him.

[The fans boo that as Veronica extends the mic towards Atlas.]

AA: I am not a bully, Supernova. I hate bullies. Bullies pick on men that can't fight back. I don't pick on men that can't fight back. I break strong men like you... the AWA World Champion.

Are you saying you can't stand up to a man like Atlas Armstrong?

[Armstrong snorts.]

AA: That doesn't make me a bully. That makes you a coward. Watch your words, because I'm keeping receipts.

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: That's right, big man! But it wasn't just you that Supernova had some words for... isn't that right, James?

[The Demon Cowboy takes the microphone and holds it to his mouth, but he's silent for a long moment, nothing more than the sound of his slow, measured breathing hitting the microphone.]

JL: Supernova... you keep saying you want to face me. And I would say that you're wrong, because no one with half a brain would actually want to fight me.

But no one has ever mistaken you for a wise man, have they?

You want to fight me for the World Title? I'd warn you to be careful what you wish for, but words of wisdom are wasted on fools.

So if you want me? You've got me, Supernova!

[The camera cuts to the surprised, and quickly angry, face of Armstrong, but Lynch continues on, oblivious to Armstrong's reaction.]

JL: I will face you. And I will take the AWA World Title.

And Memorial Day Mayhem will be the day that all glory comes to the Westerly Dynasty!

[Westerly nods excitedly.]

VW: Hahah! And we can't wait to see it! James Lynch, World Champion, and the leader of the Westerly Dyn-

[But before Westerly can finish, Atlas Armstrong grabs the mic, steering it towards him.]

AA: Hold on.

I don't give a DAMN what Nova wants!

[James Lynch arches an eyebrow at Armstrong who is now facing him.]

AA: He's trying to drive a wedge between us with these weak mind games. Supernova knows I crushed him in the non-title match. He knows I broke his back in the rack.

That shot should be MINE!

[The crowd reacts, buzzing at the sudden tension between Lynch and Armstrong.]

AA: Why are we giving Nova what he wants?!

[Lynch glares at Armstrong, slowly raising the mic.]

JL: Careful... I consider you family, Atlas.

But then, you've seen what I did to my family, didn't you?

[Armstrong doesn't respond with words, but instead, gets in Lynch's face. In moments, both men are staring daggers at each other.]

VW: HANG ON! STOP THIS RIGHT NOW!

[She wedges herself between her men, extending her arms out to push them slightly away from one another. The two men are still glaring daggers at one another as Westerly raises the mic again.]

VW: Atlas, baby... I knew you were going to be upset about this... I knew it... because you're right!

[Lynch glares at his manager.]

VW: You're right! You deserve a shot at Supernova too! You deserve your chance to be the World Champion too...

[Atlas nods at Westerly's words, still glaring at Lynch who is glaring at Westerly.]

VW: ...but not right now.

[And now it's Atlas who is glaring at Westerly.]

VW: Look. It's not the right time, Atlas... it's not. This is James' time. James is going to go into Los Angeles, he's going to beat that chump... the World Champ just like you said... and he's going to bring the title home to the Dynasty.

[Armstrong growls into the mic.]

AA: And then I get my shot?

[Westerly flinches, obviously not expecting that.]

VW: I... Atlas, I... that's not what I...

[Westerly stumbles, looking for the words to soothe this situation.]

VW: Let's worry about that later... because right now, you need to know what I got you for MDM! When I signed the contract for James to face Supernova, I told Zharkov I needed something for you too... something big... something special... something worthy of your stature and skill... and... and... YOUR STREAK! YOUR UNDEFEATED STREAK!

[Armstrong is looking thoughtfully at his manager now as Westerly struggles to pull it back together.]

VW: You know, big man... you're not the only one with an undefeated streak around these parts...

[Armstrong raises an eyebrow as the crowd buzzes with excitement.]

VW: That's right. I've got your attention now, yeah?

[Westerly grins.]

VW: And at Memorial Day Mayhem, you're going to have the attention of the ENTIRE WRESTLING WORLD on you! You're going to have ALL eyes on you! Because at Memorial Day Mayhem, not only will you put YOUR undefeated streak on the line... you're going to get the chance to SHATTER someone else's!

Because it's going to be you... versus...

[Dramatic pause as Westerly smirks.]

VW: ...MAX MAAAAAAAAGNUM!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a ROAR for the huge match announced!]

VW: That's right, big man! ATLAS ARMSTRONG VERSUS MAX MAGNUM! STREAK VERSUS STREAK!

[Armstrong pulls his head back, shocked. He stares at Veronica Westerly, making sure what she's saying is true. Then he bursts out into laughter, clapping Lynch on the shoulder. Lynch winces under the impact.]

AA: Well, why didn't you say that from the beginning? Supernova, you're going to lose your title to James Lynch in Los Angeles. But while you're in the back drinking the salt from your tears, I want you to watch me destroy Max Magnum. I am not a bully. I am the Alpha Male of the AWA.

[He turns to gesture to the fans.]

AA: And after I break Magnum, all of you are going to bow down, admire, and adore the ALMIGHTY ATLAS ARMSTRONG!

[Westerly claps her hands together gleefully.]

VW: Memorial Day Mayhem is the Westerly Dynasty's night! A DOUBLE Main Event for the ages! Atlas Armstrong versus Max Magnum - Streak Versus Streak! James Lynch challenging Supernova for the World Heavyweight Title! What a night it's going to be!

[The fans are still booing the Westerly Dynasty as we cut back to Sal and Colt at ringside.]

SA: Wow! Huge breaking news right there, Colt - we've got ourselves TWO big matches now set for Memorial Day Mayhem just a couple of weeks away!

CP: Armstrong versus Magnum! Lynch versus Supernova! It's a good thing Dodger Stadium doesn't have a dome on it because those two matches alone would blow the roof right off!

SA: We've got our own Sweet Lou Blackwell standing backstage and... Lou, I understand we're going to find out someone else's thoughts on what we just announced!

[We cut to the locker room area, just outside a door marked "MAX MAGNUM" where we find a ranting red-faced "Hotshot" Stevie Scott pacing back and forth.]

SLB: Thanks, Sal! And as you can see-

[Scott wheels around on Blackwell, grabbing him by the lapels and shoving him back against the wall...]

HSS: DID YOU KNOW, BLACKWELL?! DID YOU?!

[Blackwell sputters.]

SLB: Know what?! What the hell are you even talking about, man?!

[Scott lets go, wheeling around on the camera.]

HSS: That was MY news to break, Westerly, you little...

[Scott trails off, muttering under his breath as he tries to settle down.]

HSS: I made that deal... not you. I went to Zharkov and put it together... not you. I made the Memorial Day Mayhem Main Event!

NOT! YOU!

[The former National Champion stabs a finger at the camera.]

HSS: Veronica Westerly, you spoiled this night for me. This was supposed to be a night where the world would marvel at my managerial skills, getting my man into prime position to shake the wrestling world's fault lines in Los Angeles.

But you will NOT ruin Memorial Day Mayhem for me. No, no, no. In fact, you'll make it all the better when my man... the Alpha Beast... the unbeatable... the UNBREAKABLE... THE UNDENIABLE... MAAAAAAX MAAAAAAAAGNUM...

[Scott takes a deep breath.]

HSS: ...shows Armstrong exactly what it means to be Almighty...

[Scott smirks.]

HSS: ...shatters the myth of Atlas...

[He chuckles.]

HSS: ...and leaves the Westerly Dynasty in a bigger mess than your marriage.

[The crowd "ooooohs" inside the arena as Blackwell's eyes go wide as Scott turns and walks away, leaving the interviewer behind.]

SLB: Well, it seems like Veronica Westerly spoiled Steve Scott's plans on how this battle of titans - Atlas versus Magnum - would be announced tonight... and the Hotshot just came out firing. I've got a feeling we haven't heard the last between these two. Now, let's head down to the ring for tonight's opening matchup!

[We fade from backstage down to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Parts Unknown... being accompanied by his tag team partner Ultra Commando 3... he is...

...THE GOLLLLLLDENNNN GRAPPLERRRRRR!

[The Grappler throws up an arm, drawing jeers from the sold out Vegas crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Ortiz lowers the mic as the sounds of "Greyhound Pt. 2" by the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion plays over the PA system.]

RO: He hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in tonight at 240 pounds... he is...

...SENSAAAAATIONALLLLLLL...

...SHAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOOOE... RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Shadoe Rage steps into the smoke leaking out over the entrance stage, looking out on the cheering Vegas crowd. The beautiful warrior is dressed in ragged monk's cloth black hood and robes. He moves through the smoke, turning in circles. The robes fly up, showing fuchsia and gold patterned tights and magenta boots. He pulls his hood down, showing his pile of dreadlocks on top of his head.]

SA: There he is, fans! Call him Sensational... call him the Savior... call him whatever you like... but tonight, I'll call him the man who came oh-so-close to winning the Royal Crown tournament at the Battle of London... and the man who suddenly seems to have quite a few bullseyes on his back as of late.

[Rage reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron before slingshotting over the top to land on his feet. He points to the masked man across the ring from him, shedding his shawl to reveal his shredded upper body. His right arm is covered in a long black sleeve, elbow pad and he wears a black fingerless leather glove on his right hand. His left arm is bare save for black athletic tape around his wrist, over his palm and around the tips of his index and pinky finger.]

CP: A man all alone against some bad, bad men... but that's all his fault, Sal.

SA: I'd have to agree with you there and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And as the bell sounds, the hot-tempered Shadoe Rage lunges at his masked opponent, quickly wrapping him up in a collar and elbow lockup, shoving him back across the ring, muscling him back into the turnbuckles...]

SA: Right back into the corner they go and... ohh! The Grappler goes right to the eyes!

[Yanking the hair, the masked man turns Rage around, shoving him into the corner where he lays in a trio of heavy boots to the midsection...]

SA: And he uses that cheapshot to take the early advantage, his partner cheering him on from the outside, Colt.

CP: I'm glad you mentioned his partner, Sal, because it gives me the chance to point out who is in Shadoe Rage's corner.

SA: But there's no one in his corner, Colt.

CP: Exactly, Albano! There's no one in that loner's corner because he's too thick in the head to accept anyone's help! This is the whole reason he's in this mess because when Brian James and Jackson Hunter came to his aid against Masks For Money on Showtime, Rage turned them down cold and then laid Hunter out!

SA: Well, considering the history of Jackson Hunter, I'm not sure you can blame Shadoe Rage for being wary but... the Grappler teeing off with some big right hands to the body in there... it DOES create a dangerous situation for Rage here tonight as he's got BOTH members of Masks For Money out here while he's all alone.

CP: No one to watch his back now... and no one to watch his back all night long. We know Team Supreme is in the building tonight, Albano, and we know that Rage has had his troubles with them recently.

SA: Ohh! Big right hand by the Grappler sends Rage staggering out of the corner...

[Out on the ropes, the masked man grabs the former World Television Champion by the wrist, whipping him across the ring...]

SA: Shoots him across, backdrop on the way...

[...but Rage leapfrogs up and over the backdrop, hitting the ropes to rebound back...]

SA: ...off the far side now and... CROSSBODY TAKES HIM DOWN!

[...but as soon as they hit the mat, Rage doesn't even bother trying to cover, instead pounding away at the masked man's skull to big cheers from the Las Vegas crowd!]

SA: Rage is on the warpath after what went down at Showtime between he and these masked men and... the referee breaks it up and the Golden Grappler rolls right on out to the floor.

[Rage pops up to his feet, storming towards the ropes but the referee interjects himself, blocking his path...]

SA: Shadoe Rage trying to get out there...

CP: He wants him a piece of the masked men but that's a mistake if you ask me, Sal. Running out there into a two on one.

SA: The referee's holding him at bay though - referee Scott Ezra donning the zebra stripes for this one, keeping Rage inside the ring...

CP: For now. For now.

[While the seething Rage tries to get past the referee, the Golden Grappler takes a long walk around the ringside area, getting some encouraging words from his partner before climbing back up on the apron...

...where he stops again, wagging a finger at the threatening Rage.]

SA: Shadoe Rage losing his cool right about now.

CP: Did he ever have any?

[Rage suddenly rushes forward, grabbing the top rope...]

SA: OHH! RAGE BRINGS HIM IN THE HARD WAY!

[...and the slingshot brings the Grappler flipping over the ropes onto the canvas as Rage dives on top, pounding away again...]

SA: Shadoe Rage has had a rough go of things in recent weeks... you know how disappointed he was to come up short in the Royal Crown tournament which would've been a sure ticket to a title chance. He's made no secret that his goal for 2018 is to end up with championship gold back around his waist and that Royal Crown would've been a strong step towards that goal.

[With the masked man trying to cover up, the referee warns Rage for the closed fists as Rage drags the masked man up by the eyehole of the mask...]

SA: The Golden Grappler gets pulled up by that signature mask and- big whip to the corner!

[The Grappler smashes into the buckles, staggering out into a back elbow under the chin, knocking the masked man down...]

SA: Right on the mark with the elbow and... and Rage is back on him again, pounding him into the mat and these Vegas fans are loving it!

CP: Shadoe Rage used to be one of the most hated men in the locker room, Albano - you think back to when he held the TV Title, feuding with Supernova over it...

SA: Yes, but everything he did last year to help the AWA against the Korugun Corporation really turned it around for him, getting the fans on his side... even some of the AWA's most popular superstars like Ryan Martinez.

[...and as the official forces him to his feet again, Rage gets threatened with a disqualification for the repeated closed fists. He throws his arms apart, pleading his case as the Grappler slowly gets off the mat, getting to a knee as Rage pushes past the official to attack.]

SA: Rage moving in before the Grappler can- ohh! He goes downstairs on Rage, back elbow right in the midsection!

[Coming to his feet with a handful of Rage hair, the Grappler SMASHES his face into the top turnbuckle to jeers!]

SA: The veteran Grappler caught him a step off his game and took advantage of it...

[Returning the favor on Rage, the Grappler hammers away with big right hands in the corner, the Commando clapping enthusiastically on the outside as the official tries to get the masked man to back off...]

SA: The referee backing him up, giving Rage a breather...

[...and as the masked man steps back in, Rage snatches him, twisting him back into the corner before snapping a jab into the jaw!]

SA: ...and now it's the Sensational One, working those jabs like his sister Lauryn...

[With the Grappler staggered, Rage lands an overhead elbowsmash between the eyes, sending the Grappler falling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

SA: ...and to the floor goes the Grappler again!

[Rage extends his arm to the air, pointing to the sky as he twirls his finger around before stepping to the middle rope...]

SA: And just like that, Shadoe Rage is heading to his favorite perch, looking to climb on up to the top rope!

[...and then to the top, arms over his head...]

SA: On the top! Looking down!

[...but Ultra Commando 3 makes a sudden move towards Rage, looking like he's about to climb up on the apron... which is when Rage suddenly pivots, leaping from the top...]

SA: DEATH FROM ABOOOOOOVE!

[...and crashes down with the double axehandle on Ultra Commando 3, knocking him flat on his back on the outside to big cheers from the Las Vegas crowd!]

SA: SHADOE RAGE TAKES HIM DOWWWWWN!

CP: That's not even his opponent!

SA: Yeah, but he saw - we all saw UC3 making a move, Colt! He was going to get involved!

CP: How do YOU know that?! He might've just been looking to grab the ring apron for some support! Maybe he was trying to get to his partner to give him some advice! And instead, he gets assaulted by that maniac Shadoe Rage!

[Rage climbs to his feet, arm over his head to soak up the cheers of the Las Vegas crowd...]

SA: And as Shadoe Rage takes out one half of Masks For Money, you have to wonder what Rage might have in mind to be a part of Memorial Day Mayhem.

CP: It was just last year at Memorial Day Mayhem X that Rage went to war in one of the craziest damn matches I've ever seen - that Ring of Iron match with Jackson Haynes.

SA: We can only hope we won't be seeing anything quite THAT dangerous this year in Dodger Stadium.

[...and Rage lets loose a stream of angry words aimed at the downed Ultra Commando 3...]

SA: Rage's temper is the stuff of legend, Colt, and we're seeing it on display tonight.

CP: The loss in London, the attacks by Team Supreme, all this business with James and Hunter... it's taking its toll on Shadoe Rage and we're seeing that tonight.

[...and fails to notice the Golden Grappler rolling back into the ring while Rage's focus is on the Grappler's partner.]

SA: And this two on one situation - not in the match itself of course but in the Commando's mere presence out here - is also starting to wear on Rage's psyche, I believe. Turning his focus completely away from his opponent who gets back inside the ring...

[Rage finally turns to spot the Grappler and with a bellow in his direction, he pulls himself up on the apron, stepping between the ropes...

...which is when the Grappler rushes forward, smashing him with a kneelift!]

SA: Ohh! The Grappler takes advantage of the distraction and catches Rage on the way with in with that knee!

[Swinging the stunned Rage around, the Golden Grappler shoves him down on his knees up against the middle rope, planting his shin on the back of Rage's neck to choke him over the ropes!]

SA: We've got a choke here, the Grappler trying to take the wind out of the veteran's sails... the referee right away with the count...

[And as the count reaches four, the Grappler backs off, hands raised, leaving Rage hanging over the ropes, coughing and gasping for air...

...which allows UC3 to hook his hands over the back of the neck, pulling down on the middle rope!]

SA: And now it's the Commando choking him from the outside - come on, Scott Ezra! Watch these guys!

CP: If only... if ONLY Shadoe Rage wasn't such an insufferable pain in the you-know-what that people could stand being around him!

[And just before the official turns around, the Commando CRACKS Rage with a solid right hand, sending him sprawling off the ropes back inside the ring!]

SA: Ohhh! Come on now... this is getting out of hand! Shadoe Rage did NOT sign on to a Handicap Match, Colt!

CP: Maybe not but he signed for a match where he knew he'd be badly outnumbered and he knew not a soul in that locker room would have his back... and that's just the way he likes it. This whole Rage family needs a class in social skills, Albano.

SA: And now, Shadoe Rage is at the mercy of the Golden Grappler, stomping and kicking him into the mat... kneedrop down across the sternum! Grappler makes the cover for one... he gets two... but Rage slips out at two!

CP: Well, I might not care for Shadoe Rage's attitude these days but there's no doubting his toughness.

[The Grappler drags Rage up by the arm, laying a boot into the gut before whipping him into a short-arm knee to the midsection!]

SA: Rapid fire attacks to the body of Rage, working the ribs...

[A quick scoop slam leaves Rage reeling on the mat as the Grappler backs to the corner, hopping up on the middle rope with his fist raised in the air...]

SA: ...FISTDROP ON THE WAAAAY...

[...but Rage rolls to the side, causing the Grappler to smash his fist down into empty canvas!]

SA:NOOOOO! HE MISSES THE FISTDROP!

[The Grappler kneels on the canvas, cradling his injured hand in his other hand as Rage pushes up off the mat...]

SA: There's that toughness, Colt - that resilience, the willingness to keep on fighting no matter the odds...

[...and as Rage gets to his feet, he reaches down, wrapping the injured hand into a knucklelock, twisting the wrist as he forces a screaming Grappler to his feet.]

CP: And there's the mean streak! The fans may be cheering this madman, Albano, but never forget who he is at his core.

[A big right hand connects, sending the Grappler staggering back into the ropes. Rage advances, smashing an overhead elbow down between the eyes again, buckling the Grappler's knees before Rage catches him to keep him on his feet...]

SA: The Grappler still standing... barely... and Rage on the move!

[Grabbing the back of the masked man's skull, the former Television Champion charges across the ring, leaping into the air over the ropes...]

SA: CLOTHESLINE THE HARD WAY!

[...and SNAPS the Grappler's throat down over the top rope, sending him tumbling backwards across the ring as Rage recovers on the floor, a bit of a grimace on his face as he gets back up.]

CP: And I gotta question the wisdom of a move like that, Albano. I know Rage is hot under the collar at people - myself included - questioning his age but even if he WAS a spring chicken, those kinds of moves take their toll on your body... and his body has already paid a whole lot of tolls in his career.

SA: Shadoe Rage has always been known as a man to risk his own health to do damage to an opponent and that may be what happened there, coming up a little bit hobbling after that fall to the outside.

[Rage goes to crawl back under the ropes...

...and as the downed and dazed Grappler reaches out to hook the referee by the ankle, dragging him towards him, the Commando grabs Rage's leg from the outside, preventing him from getting back into the ring to HUGE jeers from the Vegas crowd!]

SA: He's got the leg! Ultra Commando 3 getting involved AGAIN in this one...

[At this point, you start to see ringside fans craning their necks towards the entrance, waiting to see if someone will come to the aid of the Savior of the AWA...

...but no one comes, giving the Grappler plenty of time to recover as Rage struggles against the Commando's grasp!]

SA: ...and Rage can't get back into the ring! He's got the Grappler where he wants him and-

[Suddenly, Rage twists over onto his back, smashing a kick into the masked face of UC3... and again... and a third one breaks him free, allowing him to scramble to his feet, pointing an accusing finger at the Commando as the referee gets free from the Grappler's grip and moves over to see what's happening at ringside...]

SA: The referee trying to figure out what's happening on the outside and... Rage is telling him!

[The official turns his attention on the Commando, shouting his own accusations as a stunned UC3 pleads his innocence while rubbing his jaw where Rage kicked him...]

SA: Just shy of ten minutes into this fifteen minute time limit and- ohhh! The Grappler nails Rage from behind!

[Grabbing Rage by the hair, the Grappler steers him into a front facelock before snapping him over and down with a swinging neckbreaker!]

SA: Neckbreaker connects! Grappler covers! Referee counts!

[But only a two count lands before Rage slips free.]

SA: Again, Shadoe Rage kicks out at two!

[The Grappler shouts at the official, demanding a quicker count as he pushes up to his feet...]

SA: Sounds like the Grappler's not too fond of the count there, Colt.

CP: Can you blame him? Scott Ezra's got a hard time counting to three unless Big Bird's telling him how it's done.

[Sal actually chuckles at that as the Grappler looks back and forth for a moment... and then makes his decision, stepping through the ropes to the apron...]

SA: What is this now? The Golden Grappler known for his ground game seems to be taking things to a new level here in this one as - Colt, I can't believe it - he's heading to the top rope.

CP: I gotta question the wisdom of this one, Albano. This is NOT his game.

SA: Taking his time out there, slowly climbing the turnbuckles... taking a page out of Shadoe Rage's playbook...

[The Grappler steps to the middle rope, obviously uncomfortable with where he's at. The Commando is cheering him on, urging him to climb faster...]

SA: ...maybe trying to embarrass Rage...

[...and as the Grappler gets a foot on the top rope...]

SA: ...UH OH!

[...Rage gets a foot on the mat, pushing to his feet and stumbling towards the corner where he catches the Grappler with a right hand to the midsection!]

SA: Rage caught him! Rage caught the Grappler up top!

[Reaching up, Rage hooks him...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BIIIIIG SLAAAAAAM OFF THE TOP!

[With the Grappler down, Rage sees his opportunity, ducking through the ropes where the Grappler just stood, quickly starting to climb as a panicked Ultra Commando slaps the canvas, shouting a warning to the Grappler who is trying to roll across the mat but comes to a halt...]

SA: RAGE ON THE TOP ROPE! STANDING TALL!

[...and the Sensational One leaps into the air, driving his elbow down into the chest of the Grappler to a HUGE ROAR from the Vegas crowd!]

SA: THE ELBOWDROP ON THE MONEY! RAGE WITH THE COVER! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT IS...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: That no good! Ultra Commando 3 put his foot on the ropes! He put the Grappler's foot on the bottom rope, Colt!

CP: He did?! I must've missed that! I saw the foot on the ropes but I think the Grappler got it there, the wily veteran that he is!

SA: Shadoe Rage had this match won, Colt! He had it won!

[Rage gets to his feet, hands raised in the air!]

CP: And he thinks he won it! Someone's gonna have to tell him!

[The referee waves it off, pointing to the foot on the ropes. Rage throws a questioning look at the official...

...and then spots Ultra Commando 3 VERY close to the foot on the ropes!]

SA: Rage is trying to understand what just happened, Colt, and...

[Rage suddenly grabs the top rope, slingshotting over onto UC3 to another HUGE ROAR, wiping him out with the crowd roaring!]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

SA: ...we're down to five on the clock but I'm not sure Shadoe Rage cares! He's all over the Commando!

[On the outside, Rage is pounding the masked man into the floor to the approval of the crowd as the referee is shouting at him to get the action back inside the ring!

CP: He's snapped! He's lost it... as usual! This guy's got the self-control of a two year old! Maybe he'll like THAT age comparison!

SA: Highly unlikely, Colt.

[Rage jerks to his feet, looking around with a wild gleam in his eyes...

...and then marches over to the timekeeper's table, intimidating the timekeeper to get clear as he snatches up his steel folding chair to another big cheer!]

SA: Hold on! Shadoe Rage has got a chair! He's got a steel chair in hand and...

CP: He better watch himself, Big Sal - the referee's got eyes right on him!

[The referee is shouting from inside the ring, warning Rage to put it down as the masked man struggles to get to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Rage BLASTS him across the back with the chair, sending UC3 toppling over, hanging over the ringside railing as Rage nods approvingly!]

SA: Big shot on UC3... hold on now... you can't do that, Shadoo! You can't do that!

[Sal's reaction comes as Rage has turned back towards the ring, chair still in hand, and is pointing at the Grappler who is struggling to get up with the aid of the ring ropes...]

CP: He's out of control! Nobody can stop him when he gets like this!

[Rage slides the chair under the ropes, rolling in after it as the crowd gets louder and the referee starts screaming a threat of disqualification...]

SA: The referee's letting him know if he uses the chair, it's over!

CP: I'm not sure he even cares when he's in this kind of mood!

SA: Rage has got the chair, watching... waiting for the Grappler to get up, waving his hand to tell him to get on his feet and-

[The Grappler staggers in a circle as Rage winds up...]

SA: -NO!

[...but the daring official reaches out, snatching the chair before Rage can deliver a match-ending blow across the skull!]

SA: The referee's got the chair! The referee's trying to save this match - and the Grappler as well!

[A surprised Rage struggles for a moment before the Grappler lashes out with a kick to the kneecap, driving Rage down to a knee!]

SA: Ohh! The Grappler caught him!

CP: Smart move by the veteran, kicked him right in the knee!

[The Grappler angrily stomps over, shoving the official aside and snatching the fallen chair up in his own hands...]

SA: And now it's the Grappler with the chair! The official's lost control of this one!

[...and winds up with it, ready to crown the Sensational One...]

SA: LOOK OUT!

[...but Rage surges to his feet, extending his muscular arms overhead to catch the swung chair in his hand!]

SA: BLOCKED! BLOCKED!

[Rage and the Grappler battle over the chair for a moment before Rage buries a kick in the midsection, jerking the chair away from the Grappler who staggers forward, doubled up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BAAAAACK!

[The referee throws his hands up in the air before...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Grappler falls through the ropes to the outside, grabbing at his back in pain as Rage angrily spikes the chair down on the mat, shouting at both members of Masks For Money who are on the outside.]

SA: The bell has rung, the match is over... you can see Scott Ezra huddling up with Rebecca Ortiz. We're waiting for an official decision but-

CP: Official decision?! This maniac's gotta be disqualified, Albano!

SA: I believe you're right, Colt, but-

[Sal is cut off by the sound of Rebecca Ortiz' voice ringing out.]

RO: Referee Scott Ezra has DISQUALIFIED Shadoe Rage for his use of a steel chair...

[Rage growls in Ezra's direction who quickly (and smartly) departs the ring, leaving Rage to rant and rave to the crowd...]

RO: ...therefore your winner is... THE GOLLLLLLDEN GRAPPLERRRRR!

[Starting to come around, Ultra Commando 3 raises his own arms, celebrating his partner's big win as the crowd jeers madly.]

SA: Well, that's certainly not the result this crowd in Vegas wanted to see, fans. Shadoe Rage getting disqualified against the Golden Grappler for using the steel chair... and as upset as the fans are, Shadoe Rage might even be more upset, Colt.

CP: Obviously, he's upset at the outcome, Sal... but he's only got himself to blame for it.

[Rage climbs up on the middle rope, pointing outside to the masked men as the crowd continues to let the official know how they feel about this decision.]

SA: A DQ loss will certainly have an impact on Rage's quest for championship gold and-

[Rage hops down off the second rope... and almost immediately gets dragged under the ropes to the outside by Ultra Commando 3 who grabs him by the hair and...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -INTO THE STEPS GOES RAGE! ULTRA COMMANDO 3 STRIKES ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Grabbing the hair of Rage, UC3 spins him around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sends him shoulderfirst into the steel steps a second time!]

SA: AGAIN INTO THE STAIRS!

[With Rage leaning against the steel steps in pain, the masked Commando puts the heavy boots to him, the fans jeering loudly...

...and again, we can see members of the crowd looking towards the entryway.]

SA: Ultra Commando 3 - the match is over, Colt!

CP: The match is over but for a soldier like the Commando, the war is always on!

SA: UC3 rolls him back in... uh oh... he's going in after him now. We've got Ultra Commando 3 in the ring with a hurting Shadoe Rage and...

CP: Look at these people, Albano... hoping so hard that someone is coming to save the Savior!

SA: We mentioned Ryan Martinez earlier but as best as I know, the White Knight isn't in the building yet...

[Inside the ring, the Commando retrieves the discarded steel chair, looking down at Rage who is on all fours, trying to push up off the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AAAAAGH! STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as the Commando looks down on Rage, many still searching the entryway for someone... anyone willing to help the downed Sensational One.]

SA: The fans searching for someone to help Rage but no one's coming, Colt. Not yet at least.

CP: And why should they? Rage literally punched the last guy to help him right in the mouth! He deserves everything he's getting right now if you ask me...

[The crowd's jeers get louder as the Golden Grappler rolls back into the ring as well.]

CP: ...and now he's REALLY going to get it, Albano!

SA: Both members of Masks For Money are in there now, stomping and kicking the back of Shadoe Rage - the back that UC3 JUST hit with a steel chair...

[More and more fans are on their feet, looking towards the entranceway...]

SA: Grappler dragging him up to his feet now...

[A double whip sends Rage into the ropes, rebounding back...]

SA: ...OHHH! Double clothesline puts Rage back down on the mat!

[The boos are mighty for Masks For Money as they go back to stomping the downed Rage, even the Grappler pausing to look down the aisle expectantly...]

SA: No help in sight for Shadoe Rage who continues to take a pounding from these masked mercenaries!

[The Grappler grabs Rage by the hair, hauling him to his feet in a front facelock as the Commando grabs the chair again, slapping it against the canvas a few times...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and SMASHES the chair over Rage’s back again, sending him facefirst down on the mat as the crowd groans for the assault on the Savior of the AWA!]

SA: Shadoe Rage has been laid out in Sin City by Masks For Money... and these fans are all over them for it, Colt.

CP: They can boo all they want, Albano - it means nothing to the Grappler and the Commando who just picked up the winner’s share of the purse and I’m guessing it’s gonna be a good night out on the town for them. Imagine sharing a poker table with these two!

SA: I’d rather not... and they’re still not done!

[Positioning the chair on the mat, the Commando waves for the Grappler to pull Rage up again...]

SA: Uh oh... I don’t like the looks of this, fans. The Golden Grappler dragging Rage - who can barely move - off the mat in that front facelock...

CP: I think we know what’s coming now, Big Sal!

SA: The Commando moving to grab the legs... it looks like Payday is coming for Shadoe Rage and that’s NOT a good thing...

[But as the Commando looks to muscle Rage into position, help finally arrives for Shadoe Rage...

...in the form of a flood of AWA officials hitting the ring, demanding the masked men break up this mugging.]

SA: ...and finally... FINALLY... someone arrives to aid Shadoe Rage.

[A few moments of heated words are exchanged before the masked men let go of Rage, leaving him in a battered heap on the canvas as the fans boo.]

SA: Masks For Money are heading out of here...

CP: They’re here to MAKE money, Big Sal, not lose it by being fined by some pencil-necked geek in a suit and tie.

SA: I’m not sure President Zharkov fits that description but nevertheless, fans, we’ve got AWA officials on the scene, trying to restore order... Shadoe Rage may need some medical attention as well... and while all that happens, we’re going to take a break. We’ll be right back.

[With Rage still down on the mat, we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

As we return from commercial, we fade back up to the backstage area where we find Interim President Maxim Zharkov standing with a pair of backstage AWA officials - namely John Shock and Kevin Slater. Zharkov is dressed in a charcoal grey blazer over a black dress shirt and black pants and his omnipresent clipboard is in hand. A conversation is ongoing as AWA backstage interviewer Mark Stegglet is approaching.]

MZ: -I would like to see it as much as you would but-

[Zharkov cuts himself off as he spots Stegglet's approach. He waves a hand at Slater and Shock.]

MZ: Make sure Max Magnum has not left his locker room. The last thing we need is him and Armstrong getting into it backstage, yes?

[Slater nods, clapping the boss on the shoulder before making his exit.]

MZ: Mr. Stegglet, how may I be of service?

[Stegglet grins at Zharkov's joyful attitude.]

MS: You certainly seem to be in a good mood tonight.

[Zharkov smiles and shrugs.]

MZ: It is... a good night, Mr. Stegglet. We have many matches for Memorial Day Mayhem falling into place and I think everyone will be quite happy in Los Angeles.

[Stegglet interjects.]

MS: Everyone except Jordan Ohara.

[Zharkov's smile quickly vanishes.]

MZ: You have come to... how you say... rain on my parade?

[Stegglet chuckles, shaking his head.]

MS: Not at all. I just want to know if you have any more information as to why the AWA is refusing to put Sid Osborne and Jordan Ohara back in the ring together.

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: It is good question. And one that Mr. Ohara has asked many... MANY... times now. AWA office has decided that putting Osborne back in title match would be rewarding bad behavior, yes?

MS: In a way, I suppose. But everyone wants the match!

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: I agree. But as of now, that is decision and decision is out of my hands.

[Zharkov throws up his hands.]

MS: Are you saying the decision was made over your head?

[Zharkov seems about to answer when we see another figure enter the frame - that of the AWA World Heavyweight Champion Supernova. The champion is dressed in a pair of blue jeans, a black shirt and his trademark trenchcoat. He also wears a pair of shades. The AWA World Title belt is strapped around his waist.]

S: If my vote has any weight, I'd like to see Ohara and Osborne go at it again too.

[Zharkov smiles.]

MZ: I shall... take under advisement?

[Supernova nods with a smile of his own.

MZ: Mr. Stegglet, if you please?

[Zharkov makes it clear that their conversation is over. Stegglet shakes his head and walks off, clearly disappointed he didn't get the answers he was looking for.]

S: Mr. President... if that's how you'd prefer to be addressed.

[Zharkov winces.]

MZ: For fellow warrior, there is no need to be formal.

[The champion nods, grinning.]

S: Very well. I just wanted to thank you for making the World Title match official between me and James Lynch at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Zharkov nods.]

S: I can't wait to get my hands on that coward for everything he's done to me.

MZ: Is understandable. Just... keep it under control. Many people will be watching - paying their money - to see you defend the title.

[Supernova pats the title belt.]

S: I understand and I appreciate that. However, I do have one other favor to ask of you.

MZ: Of course. Name it.

[Supernova sighs.]

S: I spent several weeks chasing after Lynch and Armstrong when they had stolen the title belt. During that time, I never had a match.

[Zharkov raises an eyebrow.]

S: Now, I know that's not your fault but, since I've got the belt back in my possession, I've had just one singles match. A tough one against Juan Vasquez, to be sure, but I need a little more than that. You understand, right?

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: Of course. You are looking for competition?

S: What I want is a tune-up match for Memorial Day Mayhem.

[The crowd inside the arena cheers.]

S: I'm not asking for a pushover or an easy win. I want somebody who can challenge me, get me ready for that title defense. I don't want to just sit in the back and watch tonight... I want to be out there wrestling, be the fighting champion that I intended to be when I won this belt.

[Before Zharkov can respond, yet another person walks into view. The crowd roars as they see AWA hero and legend Juan Vasquez, stepping into the shot. He's dressed in a black Adidas tracksuit with the jacket left unzipped to reveal a Las Vegas-exclusive Juan Vasquez retirement tour t-shirt depicting a poker hand consisting of four kings and one ace, with a different picture of Vasquez from various stages of his career on each of the cards, underneath. He grins at the interaction he's interrupting.]

JV: Did I hear you right? The mighty Supernova is looking for more competition? Wasn't that match we had in London enough of a warm-up?

[Supernova grins and turns to face Juan.]

S: Well, if it isn't the man of the hour. You heard right, Juan. I'm looking to stay sharp for Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Juan chuckles, stepping forward to give Supernova a light pat on the shoulder.]

JV: I was sure I was gonna' walk out with the World title, but you showed me exactly why you're the champ. And I understand you completely; sometimes you just need a match to keep yourself sharp. Maybe a little tune-up wouldn't hurt.

[Supernova laughs.]

S: I'm still trying to get back to where I need to be after the whole mess with Lynch and Armstrong. I would say let's do it again, but it looks like you have your own problems to take care of tonight. What Kerry Kendrick did was a disgrace.

[Juan frowns.]

JV: You got that right. I ain't letting him get away with it.

[Zharkov looks between the two, amused by their camaraderie.]

MZ: I will make the arrangements for a match to help you, Supernova.

[Supernova turns to Zharkov, nodding gratefully.]

S: Thanks, Maxim. I appreciate it.

[Zharkov gives him a brief, almost dismissive wave.]

MZ: It is nothing. You are the champion. It is my duty to ensure you are ready.

[Juan turns to Zharkov, greeting him in Russian.]

JV: Privyet, droog.

[Zharkov returns the greeting, also in Russian.]

MZ: Zdravstvuite, droog.

JV: I'm glad to see you haven't let becoming president go to your head.

MZ: Ah, Juan. It will not be the same without you around.

[Juan's expression softens at the mention of his impending retirement.]

JV: Not long now, amigo. A few more weeks, and I'll be handing everything over to the future stars of this sport, like I always wanted to. But I've still got a few more ideas to toss your way before I'm gone for good.

[Zharkov raises an eyebrow.]

MZ: You have an idea, do you?

[Juan leans in slightly, a conspiratorial grin forming on his face.]

JV: Well, it's not exactly MY idea, but you know about Ricki Toughill's situation, right?

MZ: Of course.

[Juan nods.]

JV: So, here's the thing. Since E-Girl MAX got to choose her opponent last week, what if we let Ricki choose two wrestlers to face Seductive & Destructive at Showtime?

[Zharkov's eyes narrow slightly, considering the idea.]

MZ: Harley and Cinder... they will not like this.

[Juan smirks.]

JV: Well, they better learn to like it, because next week, my word is law.

[He chuckles.]

MZ: But why would the troubles of Ricki Toughill interest you?

JV: They don't, really. But MAWAGA thought it would be appropriate payback for what they did to her.

[Zharkov pauses, clearly considering the implication of this request.]

MZ: This was MAWAGA's idea? Interesting.

S: MAWAGA??

[Juan grins.]

JV: Yep. He might not be allowed back in the AWA, but he still keeps an eye on all of us. He was getting a little sick of E-Girl MAX always gaslighting and ganging up on Ricki. This way, she gets a chance to fight back on her terms.

[Zharkov lets out a long sigh.]

MZ: Very well. If Ricki Toughill wishes to choose their opponents... I will allow it.

[Juan grins, clearly pleased with the outcome.]

JV: Appreciate it, Maxim. I think Ricki will be glad to hear that.

[Supernova laughs softly.]

S: I'm not sure I'd want to be Seductive & Destructive right now. With Ricki choosing who they fight, it might get ugly real fast.

[Juan chuckles as well.]

JV: That's the point, isn't it?

[Zharkov sighs again, almost resigned.]

MZ: Very well. I will finalize the details for Showtime. Now, if you'll excuse me... I must see to other matters. Good luck, gentlemen.

[Zharkov exits, leaving Juan and Supernova alone.]

S: Well, that was an interesting conversation. Looks like things are getting real exciting around here.

JV[chuckling]: Isn't it always like that around here?

[The two friends share a final nod before Supernova pats his World Title belt and walks off down the hallway, leaving Juan standing there alone, a faint smile on his face. Juan looks off into the distance, lost in thought.]

JV: Not much longer now...

[He walks off, as we fade out.]

The "Access 365" logo appears at the bottom of the screen as we fade into a shot of Yoshi Fujiwara at his locker, gearing up for his match against Raphael Rhodes. There's a look of focus on his face as he adjusts his knee pad and tightens his wrist tape. He looks calm and determined. In the background we see his "friend", the luchador Tizona, lounging nearby with a smug grin on his face.]

Tizona: Yoshi, my man, I think you're distracted. You look like your head's somewhere else.

[Yoshi frowns.]

YF: What? No, I'm not. I'm getting ready for the match. I'm focused. I've never BEEN more focused.

[Tizona scoffs, clearly unconvinced.]

Tizona: Sure. You're focused, alright. I can see it all over your face... You're thinking about Betty! Well, now's not the time for it!

[Yoshi stops for a moment, blinking in confusion. He looks over at Tizona, perplexed.]

YF: What are you talking about? I'm not thinking about her!

Tizona(unconvinced): Uh huh.

YF: I'm thinking about Raphael Rhodes - you know, the guy who's actually going to try to break my neck tonight, if I slip up for even a second?

Tizona: Sure, sure, your every thought is about Rhodes. But we both know what's really going on in that head of yours and it's going to lead you right to disaster tonight! You can't stop thinking about her, can you?

[Yoshi's patience is visibly wearing thin. He takes a breath, trying to stay calm.]

YF: If you knew what I was actually thinking about right now, you'd remove your hand from my shoulder.

[Tizona laughs.]

Tizona: Oh, come on, Yo-man...

[A confused Yoshi mouths "Yo-man?"]

Tizona: ...I'm just trying to help you out. You're distracted, man. I get it. But trust me, thinking about Betty in the middle of a match with a killer like Raphael Rhodes is a disaster waiting to happen.

[Yoshi throws his tape across the locker, clearly fed up with Tizona's accusations.]

YF: I'm not distracted! I'm focused on the match! You're the one who keeps bringing up Betty and throwing me off!

[Tizona raises both hands in mock surrender, still grinning.]

Tizona: Alright, alright! You're focused. I hear you. Just don't blame me when Rhodes knocks you out because you're too busy thinking about her. I'm just trying to look out for you, man.

[Yoshi stands there, rubbing his temples.]

Yoshi: I've got enough to worry about without you making things worse.

Tizona: Alright. Just make sure your head's in the game when that bell rings.

YF: I'm thinking about winning and that's all I'm thinking about. I've got this, alright?

Tizona: Good. I'll be there in your corner to make sure you don't mess up. Imagine if you snapped Rhodes' arm with the Fujiwara armbar? We could collect on that bounty Vasquez put on him back in 2010!

[Yoshi lets out an exasperated sigh as he begins to walk away.]

YF(muttering to himself): Focus. Rhodes. Focus. Rhodes. FOCUS.

[Yoshi stops in front of the door and shakes his head.]

YF: This whole thing is ridiculous.

[Just as he reaches for the door, it swings open, and he's suddenly face-to-face with Betty Chang. Caught completely off guard, Yoshi stumbles backward and falls, crashing to the floor.]

BC: Oh my gosh! Yoshi! Are you okay?

[Yoshi groans in pain, sprawled out on the floor.]

YF: I'm... fine. Just... just fine...

BC: I just wanted to wish you luck. You know, before the match. You've got this!

[Tizona, who had been watching the whole scene play out, points at Yoshi accusingly.]

Tizona: I knew it!

[He smirks.]

Tizona: I'll leave. I'll let you two "focus."

[And with that, Tizona steps over Yoshi's body and exits the room. Betty watches him leave, before turning her attention back to Yoshi.]

BC: What was that all about?

[Yoshi lets out another frustrated groan as we fade back out to ringside to where Colt and Sal are seated. Sal is chuckling at what we all just saw together.]

SA: Love is in the air, Colt Patterson... and can you think of a better city for it?

CP: Than Vegas? You're hanging out in the wrong part of town if you think this place is about love, Albano. Fujiwara is back there acting like a lovesick puppy when Raphael Rhodes will put him down like Old Yeller if he loses focus here tonight.

SA: Raphael Rhodes is just over two weeks from the biggest match of his life - the retirement match of Juan Vasquez right in the middle of Dodger Stadium at Memorial Day Mayhem... and you better believe he'll be focused even if Yoshi Fujiwara won't be.

[We fade back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Our next match is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

[A metal cover of "Bloody Tears" from the Castlevania video game series begins to play, as the crowd erupts with applause and cheers.]

RO: Introducing first... from Fujinomiya, Japan... he weighs in at 186 pounds... ... YOOOOOOSHI FUJIWARRRRRRRA!!!

[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. Accompanying Fujiwara is Tizona, his fellow sufferer of Team Supreme beatings and masked lucha enthusiast, who tries to give Fujiwara advice as the two walk to the ring together.]

SA: This is going to be a fun match, Colt. Six weeks ago, we saw Yoshi Fujiwara match up against Juan Vasquez, and tonight, he faces the other half of that long-awaited retirement match as he faces Raphael Rhodes!

CP: That's going to be a tough test for the kid, Albano. He got pushed to limits that he didn't know existed against Vasquez, and Rhodes is capable of doing the same.

SA: I'm sure this one's going to be analyzed by fans who are trying to see who will come out on top at Memorial Day Mayhem, and they're going to use Yoshi Fujiwara as the triangulation point.

CP: That's a lot of pressure on this kid. Who wants to be known as a data point? You've gotta think he's looking for blood.

[When he reaches the ring, Yoshi leaps up onto the apron and vaults over the top rope with a flip, landing squarely in the center of the ring. He poses for a moment, looking out at the crowd, before walking to his corner and stretching, ready to do battle. Tizona stands beside Fujiwara, giving more advice that's not being listened to.]

CP: What's the deal with the goofball out here with Fujiwara?

SA: Tizona and Fujiwara got beaten up by KAMS together, and they seem to have formed... how can I phrase this... an unrequited friendship since then.

CP: What the heck does that mean?

SA: Tizona likes Fujiwara, and Fujiwara's too polite to tell him to kick rocks.

CP: Why didn't you just say that?

SA: Back up to you, Rebecca.

CP: Don't you ignore me, Albano!

[We cut back up to Ortiz, with a smile on her face hearing the argument in her earpiece.]

RO: And his opponent! He is accompanied to the ring by his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser... weighing 222 pounds and currently residing in Minneapolis, Minnesota...

RAPHAELLLLLLLLLL RHOOOOOOOOODESSSSSSSSSS!

[The crowd roars for the British maunder, and then...]

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH COME ON!

[As Ronnie James Dio's voice screams throughout the T-Mobile Arena via "The Mob Rules" by Black Sabbath, Raphael Rhodes steps through the entrance, accompanied by Dana Kaiser. Rhodes' hair is tied back in a ponytail and his beard is unkempt, having grown even longer in the last week.

He sports an all-royal blue look with the exception of his Team England hoodie, sporting royal blue trunks, kneepads, shinpads, and wrestling shoes, with the exception being a logo of three lions' paws grasping arrows on the right kneepad, and the Union Jack across the seat of his trunks.

Dana Kaiser matches her husband, in a royal blue pullover hoodie and faded jeans with a hole ripped in the right knee, along with her ever-present white towel over her shoulder and sneakers. She carries with her a bottle of water.]

SA: And this is a man who has had a blistering pace recently. Takeshi Mifune two weeks ago, Jordan Ohara last week, and now Yoshi Fujiwara.

CP: You don't think he's trying to get that same kind of analysis as your nerd friends, do you?

SA: I bet Dana Kaiser's going to use it for strategy purposes.

CP: Hey, women can be nerds too. I didn't expect her to be a nerd like that.

[As Rhodes is putting in his mouthguard at ringside after being handed it by Kaiser, Tizona, in a wild, animated fashion, slaps Fujiwara on the shoulder and points to Rhodes.]

SA: What is Tizona telling Yoshi Fujiwara to do?

CP: He's telling him to get him, Albano! The man's distracted on the outside!

[Fujiwara looks uncertain, and Tizona points at Rhodes again, nodding his head. Suddenly, Fujiwara darts towards the ropes, with a shouted warning to Kaiser...]

"MOVE, DANA!"

[Kaiser, startled, looks towards the ring just as Fujiwara thrusts his feet underneath the ropes!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

CP: Ha! I can't believe that goody-goody did it!

SA: A baseball slide by Yoshi Fujiwara on an unsuspecting Raphael Rhodes! Rhodes got drilled right on the shoulder!

CP: Yeah, but he could've ruined the whole thing by warning Dana Kaiser it was coming!

[As Kaiser moves back several steps from the suddenness of Fujiwara's attack, and Tizona exits the ring in the background, Fujiwara climbs back to his feet in the ring, grabbing onto the ropes.]

SA: Yoshi Fujiwara holding onto those ropes, waiting for Raphael Rhodes to approach...

[Rhodes staggers towards the ring, and Fujiwara pulls on the rope, leaping into the air. Rhodes' eyes grow wide as he sees Fujiwara in the air.]

SA: Slingshot plancha coming up!

[The crowd roars in awe, then gasps in panic as Fujiwara lifts into the air, only to see that Rhodes has dodged to the right, away from Fujiwara's line of attack. Fujiwara, eyes fixed on Rhodes, quickly adjusts himself in mid-air, holding onto the rope to pull himself back towards the apron, where he lands feet-first!]

SA: Rhodes went to dodge, but Yoshi Fujiwara showing great awareness to not let go of the rope until he was in the clear and pull himself back to the apron!

CP: Is that how he did it? I wasn't stupid, I kept my feet on the ground during my career!

[Rhodes turns around in confusion as he doesn't hear Fujiwara hit the ground. He turns around, only to find Fujiwara running down the apron to charge at him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: What a rana by Yoshi Fujiwara! A rana onto the arena floor off the apron! Fujiwara's got Rhodes reeling!

CP: It was a few weeks back when this Fujiwara kid started off hot against Juan Vasquez, only this time he's got Tizona to thank for it!

SA: And you've got to think Rhodes has that match playing through his mind, and how it started! Juan Vasquez came back from that hot start, and Rhodes has to be comparing himself to his long-time rival as he struggles with a similar start!

[Fujiwara throws Rhodes into the ring, then follows in, but makes the mistake of coming in head-first...]

"WHAAAAAAAAM!"

[...where he catches a kick right to the face from a fuming Rhodes! The bell finally sounds to signal the official start of the match.]

CP: You can't do that against a well-tenured pro like Raphael Rhodes! You never give him that kind of opening!

[Rhodes, eyes narrowed in anger, grabs a fistful of Fujiwara's hair to guide him to his feet, and...]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: European uppercut by Rhodes!

CP: A beauty of one too, Albano! If Rhodes didn't have a grip on the kid's hair, he would've hit the deck!

[Rhodes follows up with a similarly stiff European uppercut, maintaining the grip on Fujiwara's hair. Fujiwara's knees buckle and Rhodes keeps him standing, as referee Shari Miranda warns Rhodes about the grasp of the hair. This warning results in Rhodes rolling his eyes and sizing up Fujiwara for another European uppercut.]

SA: Rhodes being warned about the hai- BACKSLIDE! FUJIWARA COUNTERED WITH A BACKSLIDE! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!

[Rhodes, legs pumping furiously, finally gets his shoulder off the mat.]

SA: IT IS NOT!

[Rhodes' momentum from moving his legs carries him over to his knees, and he promptly springs to his feet and kicks a rising Fujiwara in the ribs. From the corner, we hear Dana Kaiser slamming her hands on the mat, yelling "stay calm! Stay focused!"

SA: Rhodes took his eye off of Fujiwara for a moment and Fujiwara was able to dodge that third European uppercut into a backslide, and that just made Rhodes angrier.

CP: Albano, you were telling me that the geeks on the Internet were saying Rhodes is starting to struggle with the pressure of facing Vasquez in his last match. You don't believe that, do you?

SA: It's hard to say, Colt! Rhodes has kept a busy schedule ever since that match was announced, and there's criticism that he might be spreading himself too thin. The Royal Crown, the match with Mifune, just last week against Jordan Ohara for the National Title... it's a breakneck pace going to Dodger Stadium for the man who wants to send Juan Vasquez into retirement with a rare loss on his record.

CP: Yeah, but you need to keep yourself sharp against top level competition if you're facing a man like Vasquez. He can't just take on cupcakes and hope he can beat a guy like that.

[Rhodes drives an elbow into the back of Fujiwara's head, then quickly covers, with Shari Miranda counting to one, then two, before Fujiwara kicks out.]

SA: Rhodes not giving Fujiwara time to breathe, a quick transition into a chinlock by the British brawler.

CP: And with the size of that man's arms, a chinlock isn't just a move to catch your breath, he can do some damage with that hold. Just like I used to!

[There is an awkward silence.]

SA: Colt, you're not on camera, the fans can't see you flexing.

CP: They can use their imagination, Albano.

[We hear Albano sigh as Tizona can be heard shouting "get out of it! He can put you in a sleeper!" from his corner.]

SA: A good point there by Tizona, Colt. Raphael Rhodes has a lethal sleeper in his arsenal.

CP: Yeah, and he could easily turn this chinlock into a sleeper if he wanted. That masked goof isn't exactly known for his smarts, but he's got a good point.

SA: Of course, Tizona was briefly a tag team partner of Raphael Rhodes a few months back, and just recently faced him.

CP: And he got knocked cold, too.

[Fujiwara, unable to pry Rhodes' arm away, grabs Rhodes by the back of the head. He then plants his feet on the mat and uses his hips to rise up to a standing position. Before Rhodes can readjust, Fujiwara places the crown of his head under Rhodes' chin...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

[...and drops to the mat, ramming his head into Rhodes' jaw!]

SA: Jawbreaker! A big jawbreaker by Yoshi Fujiwara!

CP: Yeah, and now he's got to create some distance! Rhodes is too technically skilled and too strong to stay close to him!

[Fujiwara quickly gets to his feet, running off the ropes and catching Rhodes in the jaw with a dropkick!]

SA: Rhodes is staggered by the dropkick to the jaw! Fujiwara's caught him twice in the jaw, hard!

[Fujiwara runs off the ropes again, attempting another dropkick, but Rhodes brushes the kick away, causing Fujiwara to thud to the mat!]

SA: But that next dropkick got swatted away!

CP: It ain't often that Rhodes has a size advantage on someone, Albano, but he's got almost 35 pounds on this kid.

SA: And even still, he gives up two inches of height.

[As Fujiwara gets back to his feet, he's immediately met with a forearm to the side of his head that spins him around.]

CP: I don't think height matters all that much when you can hit as hard as that!

SA: Rhodes catching Fujiwara with a vicious shot to the head-

CP [interrupting]: Another one, he's caught him a few times!

SA: That's very true!

[Rhodes sneaks up on Fujiwara, grabbing him in a rear waistlock.]

SA: German suplex on the horizon!

[Rhodes goes to lift Fujiwara up, only for Fujiwara to bend his knees and leap at the same time, causing the veteran to lose his grip...]

SA: WHAT?!

CP: I can't believe that!

[... and Fujiwara backflips over Rhodes, scissoring Rhodes' leg on the way down and before his own feet hit the mat. Rhodes loses his balance, falling face-first to the mat, and Fujiwara quickly applies a STF!]

SA: Fans, you better have been DVRing this one, because I can't believe what we just saw! Yoshi Fujiwara backflipped out of Raphael Rhodes' German suplex and caught him in a drop toe hold on the way down, and now he's got Rhodes in the STF!

CP: Albano, I've never seen anything like that before!

SA: Imagine the speed, the dexterity needed to break out of that suplex and catch Rhodes' leg on the way down! Are you impressed with Yoshi Fujiwara yet?

[As Rhodes struggles to try and get to the ropes to escape the hold, we hear a "hmmmm" from Colt Patterson. As he's about to answer, Rhodes uses his power to lunge towards the ropes, causing Shari Miranda to call for a break.]

CP: Ha! Not just yet, Albano. If the kid wanted to impress me, he would've gotten the submission.

SA: Yoshi Fujiwara with the clean break, as Raphael Rhodes has got to be racking his brain to wonder how he can keep this kid contained.

CP: That's another thing I ain't impressed with the kid over. He breaks too clean.

[Kaiser finds her way to where Rhodes is positioned, giving him instruction that the camera's microphones don't pick up. They do pick up, though, Rhodes saying "he's a fast little bugger" as he leans against the bottom rope on the mat and adjusts his kneepad. Standing between the two is Miranda, keeping Fujiwara at bay until Rhodes can get to his feet.]

SA: Seems like Raphael Rhodes is impressed with Yoshi Fujiwara, and he doesn't impress easily either.

CP: He got jumped at the bell and had a couple of his moves reversed. That wouldn't have happened against me back in my day.

SA: Of course, Yoshi Fujiwara wasn't alive back in your day.

CP: Hey, you're treading on some thin ice, pal.

[Rhodes finally gets to his feet, as Fujiwara unsteadily keeps his fists clenched and his eyes on Rhodes. Rhodes stays on the ropes so Miranda stays between the two, while Tizona is going ballistic at ringside, screaming at Fujiwara to stay on him.]

CP: And this is smart by the veteran. Fujiwara does well with quick moves and taking people by surprise, so he wants to slow it down.

SA: Rhodes was watching Fujiwara's match with Juan Vasquez six weeks ago, he had to know this was coming, and yet Fujiwara has still been able to catch him off guard.

CP: And that masked goof that came down here with Fujiwara's doing the right thing. Don't let that ref stop you! If Fujiwara can pull off the upset, it'll be the biggest win of his career!

SA: Yoshi Fujiwara has always fought with a keen eye on the rulebook, Colt, I doubt that's going to change because Tizona's bursting a blood vessel out there.

[Rhodes finally steps away from the ropes, going to lock up with Fujiwara. He quickly ducks around him, though, tripping him down to the mat. Upon taking the back mount, Rhodes drives a forearm across the prone Fujiwara's face!]

SA: A crossface smash by Raphael Rhodes! Ooh, and another one!

CP: This is exactly where the kid doesn't want to be, Albano.

[Rhodes drives another forearm across the side of Fujiwara's face, as Fujiwara's head bobs up and down from the impact. Shari Miranda closely keeps watch on Fujiwara, looking to make sure that Fujiwara can defend himself and is fighting back. Fujiwara makes the official happy by getting an arm up, which barely absorbs Rhodes' next crossface smash, connecting solidly.]

SA: Fujiwara trying to weather this storm, but Raphael Rhodes is driving forearm after forearm across the side of his head!

[Rhodes smirks as he climbs off Fujiwara, grabbing the back of Fujiwara's head and pulling him to his feet, then quickly whipping him with a snap vertical suplex. A few fans shout "NOTHING FANCY!", as Rhodes glares at the crowd.]

SA: Take a look at that look on Rhodes' face, Colt. This crowd - thanks to Juan Vasquez - is getting under his skin. Vasquez has been mocking Rhodes' Nothing Fancy superplex over the last few weeks, using a vertical suplex and shouting Nothing Fancy after.

CP: So what, Juan Vasquez mocks your superplex. You can't let him get to you like that!

SA: Juan Vasquez is a master of psychological warfare, and he's had Rhodes sitting in a pot of water like a frog, slowly raising the temperature. Now, just a couple of weeks away from Memorial Day Mayhem, I think the water's reaching a boil.

CP: And Dana Kaiser can normally keep him cool, but she doesn't look like she's getting through today!

[Rhodes screams out "you want Nothin' Fancy?! I'll bleedin' give it to you!"]

SA: Look at the fury of Raphael Rhodes! He yanks Yoshi Fujiwara to his feet... carries him over to the turnbuckle!

CP: I don't like this, Albano, he's letting the audience dictate things! He's letting Juan Vasquez get to him!

[Rhodes growls as he climbs the buckles, and as he puts Fujiwara's arm behind his neck...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...Fujiwara rocks him with a palm strike!]

SA: Palm strike by Fujiwara! You were right, Colt! He didn't have Fujiwara softened up enough!

[Fujiwara sees an opening, reaching back and drilling Rhodes with an uppercut that sends Rhodes flying off the buckles, hitting the mat with the momentum carrying

him rolling backwards. The crowd rises to their feet, cheering loudly, as Tizona yells "DON'T LET UP! DIVE ON HIM!"

SA: Tizona wants Fujiwara to dive at Rhodes! This crowd wants Fujiwara to dive!

CP: Rhodes is three-quarters of the way across the ring! This kid's athletic, but can he make that kind of a leap?

[Fujiwara looks around anxiously, then gets his footing. He takes a deep breath...

...soaring through the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

SA: DIVING HEADBUTT! HE CAUGHT HIM WITH A DIVING HEADBUTT! FUJIWARA COVERS!

[Shari Miranda slides into position, but before she can make her first count, Rhodes immediately shoves Fujiwara off, bolting up to his feet!]

CP: Whoa! Steam's shootin' out of Rhodes' ears!

SA: Not even a one-count! Fujiwara just barely made it across to hit that diving headbutt, I don't think he quite intended for that! I've seen him use diving splashes before, but never a diving headbutt!

CP: What's with Rhodes, though? Why's he so upset?

[Rhodes points a finger at the stunned Fujiwara, shouting loud enough to be heard in the back row...

"ARE YOU TAKIN' THE PISS?!"

SA: We know that Raphael Rhodes' whole issue with Juan Vasquez started over Rhodes' use of the diving headbutt! Rhodes has been open about how he felt he had Vasquez beat on that fateful night inside the cage in September 2009, when he pulled Vasquez up after Nothing Fancy and tried to beat him with the diving headbutt! He missed that and it led to his loss!

CP: I don't get it, why would Fujiwara using it make him so mad?

SA: He thinks Fujiwara's mocking him, Colt! That diving headbutt in the cage has haunted him for nine years!

[Fujiwara shakes his head, with lipreaders able to detect Fujiwara saying "I was just trying to win!" As Fujiwara says "win", he's met with a kick with the sole of Rhodes' boot right in his face!]

CP: Good lord, Albano!

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! A kick that was more like a stomp to the face of young Fujiwara!

[Rhodes dives down to the mat, driving a forearm across the prone Fujiwara's jaw as the crowd gasps in horror. Rhodes drives an elbow, then a second, then a third into Fujiwara's face, screaming "YOU WANT TO TAKE THE PISS WITH ME?! YOU WANT TO MOCK ME?!"]

SA: Raphael Rhodes is livid! He's absolutely livid!

CP: And look at Dana Kaiser in the background! She's pleading with him to calm down!

SA: Rhodes isn't listening! A fourth elbow! A fifth! He knocked out Takeshi Mifune with these in London!

[With Fujiwara's eyes rolling into the back of his head, Rhodes switches around to Fujiwara's head, grasping the young wrestler in an inverted facelock. In one swift motion, Rhodes hoists Fujiwara to a seated position, then turns him over onto his stomach, retaining the facelock as the crowd roars with recognition.]

SA: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME! HE'S GOT YOSHI FUJIWARA IN THE DESTINY STRANGLE!

CP: How on earth does he know that hold?!

SA: He fought Shane Destiny for years in Japan, building a begrudging respect with the man, Colt! Most people don't know this, but it was Raphael Rhodes' uncle, Jeremy Rhodes, that developed the Destiny Strangle and gave it to Shane Destiny!

CP: And that move is just as lethal as a sleeper, Albano! He's cutting off the carotids on Fujiwara, just like a sleeper would!

[Fujiwara faintly raises his hand, as though he was going to tap, but his arms go limp. Shari Miranda grabs Fujiwara by the wrist to check for a response, then signals for the bell.]

SA: Shari Miranda's going to stop it! Yoshi Fujiwara's gone out to the Destiny Strangle!

CP: Yeah, but who's going to make Rhodes get off of him?

[Rhodes hears the bell, and sees Shari Miranda signal that the match is over, but refuses to relinquish the hold. Miranda demands that Rhodes release the hold, but Rhodes adamantly shakes his head.]

SA: He's not letting go! He's punishing Yoshi Fujiwara with that Destiny Strangle! How long has he had that in his toolkit, waiting for the moment to use it?!

CP: If his uncle taught it to Shane Destiny, like you said, then probably since the start of his career! But Albano, he wasted it on this! Imagine if he had kept that surprise corked for just a couple of weeks! Juan Vasquez has been in that hold! He knows what it can do! And I bet he still doesn't have an escape for it, too!

SA: Shari Miranda now counting Raphael Rhodes, she's threatening him with disqualification! Raphael Rhodes hasn't acted like this in years!

[Dana Kaiser enters the ring, trying to talk sense into her husband, as Tizona slides a folding chair into the ring. As Miranda's count hits four, Tizona stands with his grasp on the chair, and Kaiser screams "LET HIM GO!" Just as Miranda is about to turn to signal for the bell again, Rhodes releases the hold, spitting on the prone Fujiwara.]

SA: Raphael Rhodes finally has let Yoshi Fujiwara go, and Colt, look at this! He's staring at Tizona, who's holding that chair!

CP: If that goof wants to do anything with that chair, he better do it now, he may not get another chance.

[Rhodes steps away from Fujiwara, as Tizona kneels next to the fallen wrestler. Miranda shouts to Rebecca Ortiz at ringside that Rhodes is not disqualified, he broke the hold in time, and Ortiz speaks on the microphone.]

RO: Fans, Shari Miranda has ruled that Yoshi Fujiwara is unable to continue.

Your winner of the match, as a result of a referee's stoppage... RAPHAELLLLLLLLLL
RHOOOOOOOOODESSSSSSSSSS!

[As Fujiwara starts to regain his bearings, Kaiser tries to get Rhodes to leave the ring. Rhodes, seething, glares at Fujiwara as Tizona looks up at him.]

SA: Dana Kaiser's gotta get Rhodes out of here and get him cooled down. There's no way that Fujiwara doing a diving headbutt could have been to mock him, that's not Fujiwara's mindset.

CP: How do you know that, Albano? How do you know Yoshi Fujiwara wasn't trying to make his name by beating Rhodes using Rhodes' own move, one that's failed him in the past?

SA: That's just not like him at all, Colt!

[Rhodes looks away from his wife, then starts digging into his kneepad, the same one he adjusted earlier.]

SA: What is he-

CP: Ohhh yeah, now this is the Raphael Rhodes that can beat Juan Vasquez!

[A wave of terror washes over the crowd, as they begin to scream in panic, when the camera catches a look at what Rhodes has pulled out of his kneepad and put onto his hand.]

SA: Brass knuckles! Those are the same brass knuckles, knuckle dusters, whatever you want to call them, that Raphael Rhodes' sister, Cassie Rhodes, gave him last week!

CP: How'd he sneak that past the referee, Albano?

SA: Shari Miranda never got a chance to check him! Yoshi Fujiwara caught him with that baseball slide at Tizona's urging, and Shari Miranda didn't get to complete the pre-match inspection!

CP: Ha! Live by the sneak attack, die by the sneak attack!

[Fujiwara gets into a seated position, trying to shake loose the cobwebs, as Rhodes clenches his fist, staring a hole through him. Tizona, panicked, points at Rhodes' hand as Shari Miranda's eyes open wide. Dana Kaiser looks in horror at the realization of what Rhodes has, and starts yelling "NO! DON'T!"]

SA: Dana Kaiser sees her husband with those knucks!

CP: He's gonna knock Fujiwara's block off, Albano! He's going to bring back the way he used to be, the way he was when he almost bled Juan Vasquez dry for nine months!

[As Fujiwara looks towards Rhodes, his eyes pop open upon seeing the brass knuckles on Rhodes' hand. Rhodes starts to walk towards him, when suddenly...

"STOPPPPPPPP!"

... as Fujiwara covers up, and Tizona stands up to cock back the chair to defend his friend, Dana Kaiser steps in between the two, causing Rhodes to stop in his tracks.]

CP: What?!

SA: Look at this! Look at Dana Kaiser! She's stopped her husband from cracking Yoshi Fujiwara with those brass knuckles!

CP: This business requires a killer instinct, Albano! He can't beat Juan Vasquez if he's not willing to kill him!

[Kaiser pleads with Rhodes to take the knuckle dusters off, standing between him and Yoshi Fujiwara with her hands held up against Rhodes' chest. She looks Rhodes in the eye, and the camera's microphone picks up...

"You're better than this, Raph. You don't need them."]

SA: We've got a tense situation on our hands here, fans. Raphael Rhodes thinks Yoshi Fujiwara was mocking him, and he already made him suffer via the Destiny Strangle, now he's got those brass knuckles...

CP: I can't believe he didn't shove her out of the way and blast that punk!

[Rhodes looks at his hand, then makes eye contact with Yoshi Fujiwara once more. Fujiwara mouths "I'm sorry", as Rhodes looks back down at his hand. Kaiser again tells her husband that he's better than using brass knuckles, and says "let's go". Rhodes reaches up with his other hand, taking the knuckle dusters off as the crowd applauds Rhodes seeing sense.]

CP: Ughhhhhh. Come on.

SA: I think Dana Kaiser has gotten through to Raphael Rhodes, and thank goodness for that.

CP: That right there just lost him the match at Memorial Day Mayhem, Albano. You think Juan Vasquez isn't going to exploit this? You think Juan Vasquez isn't going to get under his skin even more now?

SA: Colt, I'm just glad that Raphael Rhodes has seen sense. Dana Kaiser is right; he DOESN'T need these tactics.

CP: Says you!

[Rhodes leaves the ring, with Kaiser following, but as Rhodes is about to turn the corner towards the aisle, he looks back towards the ring and makes eye contact with Tizona. With a quick motion, he pitches the brass knuckles to Tizona, who catches them and subtly puts them in his pocket. Kaiser pats Rhodes on the back and walks him up the aisle back to the locker room.]

SA: Thank goodness. Thank goodness she got through to him.

CP: Yeah, but what's with giving the knucks to Tizona?

SA: You can't be tempted by what you don't have, I guess.

CP: What kind of Aesop's Fables moral is that?

[Sal chuckles as we cut back to the announce duo.]

SA: Things are certainly heating up around these parts as we get ready for our annual summer kickoff to be held a little over two weeks from tonight in a SOLD OUT Dodger Stadium! Lynch and Supernova! Vasquez and Rhodes! Armstrong and Magnum! And of course, don't forget about the Rumble! We'll be adding more big matches to that lineup throughout the night and... I'm told Sweet Lou is standing by with someone who would like to see his own match to that list. Lou?

[We cut to the backstage area where the AWA's resident scoopster Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in a corridor. An on-screen graphic promoting Memorial Day Mayhem comes up as well as Blackwell speaks.]

SLB: Thanks, Big Sal... and you're right, my guest right now WOULD like to see his name put on the Memorial Day Mayhem marquee even though he's got a lot on his plate these days. We just saw him have an instant classic with Raphael Rhodes last weekend on Showtime. Ladies and gentlemen, I'm talking about none other than the AWA National Champion, the "Phoenix" Jordan Ohara.

[Jordan Ohara steps onto the set, dressed in his Carolina blue Phoenix emblemed ringer T-shirt. Ohara rubs his hands together, trying to keep them occupied as they would normally be holding the AWA National Championship. Ohara has left his hair down and held back by an elastic. Ohara breathes heavily, frustration clearly written over his face.]

SLB: Jordan, I can tell that you're upset. What's on your mind?

JO: What's on my mind? The AWA is in more turmoil than it has ever been. And I look around and I wonder what it is going to take to bring order and honor back to this promotion? You saw it on Showtime. The Gold Standard has been attacking wrestlers randomly to stroke their own egos and their master, Supreme Wright.

Supreme, I see you.

I don't know what your game is yet, but I see you and when the time comes I will be part of whatever is necessary to stop you once and for all.

[Blackwell raises an eyebrow.]

SLB: The Gold Standard must be a real problem for you thanks to your relationship with Takeshi Mifune.

[Ohara lets loose a snort.]

JO: I will no longer use an honorific when discussing Mifune. He has abandoned all respect and all honor, Sweet Lou. He is a rabid dog starting riots and putting the people at risk. Well, like any rabid dog, he needs to be put down. It is sad what has become of Mifune, to be honest.

SLB: I know those are some strong words coming from you. But I've got to say even before you get to Takeshi Mifune, you've still got your hands full with Sid Osborne.

[Ohara exhales slowly, running one hand through his hair.]

JO: Yes, Sid Osborne. The man protected by no less than Interim President Zharkov for some reason. I want Sid Osborne in the ring so we can settle his claim to be the "real" National champion but Zharkov won't sign that match.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Like it or not, we've heard his reasons... so what are you going to do about it?

JO: The only thing I can do. Zharkov may not allow me to face Sid but he can't stop Sid from facing me.

SLB: Huh?

[Ohara smirks.]

JO: I'm talking about a little thing called the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge. Since the day I put this title back around my waist, that challenge was meant to give opportunity to those looking to step up and grab it...

...well, Osborne, I know you're here tonight... I know you're watching...

[He points down at the ground.]

JO: Tonight. You want to prove that you're the real National Champion? Take the challenge! Accept the match!

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: That... might work... but what if someone else takes the match first?

[Ohara glares at the interviewer for the mere suggestion of his plan not working.]

JO: Then we know Sid Osborne is a coward.

But we also know that I don't give up easy. If I don't see Osborne in the ring tonight and I walk out of Vegas with the title, then I'll go to Showtime in Reseda and call him out there...

...and if that doesn't work, I'll go to the middle of Dodger Stadium with the whole world watching at Memorial Day Mayhem and I'll do it all over again! The Phoenix Rises Challenge is coming to Memorial Day Mayhem... that'll look pretty good on the marquee, Lou.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: It sure would.

[Ohara grins... a flash of his usual self.]

JO: Sid, I DARE you to accept one of these challenges. Be a man, Osborne. Face me in that ring again.

[And with that, Ohara storms off set, leaving Sweet Lou behind.]

SLB: Well, AWA fans... it sounds like we've got ourselves a challenge...

[He chuckles.]

SLB: Or three. We've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action right here on ESPN... right here from Las Vegas!

[We fade to black...

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

#When you wish..#

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

#...upon a star#

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

#Makes no difference who you are...#

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

#Anything your...#

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

#...heart desires will...#

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

#...come to you.#

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

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

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

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

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

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

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

...and when we come back up, we find ourselves back in the backstage area and right back with Sweet Lou Blackwell who is standing with the members of the Slam Sorority.

"The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis is dressed her in red, white and blue track suit. She is flanked on either side, like attack dogs, but Caroline Colton and Trish Wallace, both in their black with day-glo paint-splatter ring gear and studded leather vests, aviator glasses pushed up onto their foreheads.]

SLB: Welcome back, fans, and coming up in just a little while, we'll be seeing six-woman tag team action when Lauryn Rage, Kimmy Bailey and Pink Cashmere come together to face these three women, the Slam Sorority, who I must say, has given the three aforementioned plenty of incentive to want this match tonight. Laura Davis, I have to ask you what you think about three women with issues with you coming together to face you and your cohorts tonight.

[Davis casts a glare at Blackwell.]

LD: Blackwell, I don't know what you've been watching, but if there's anybody with incentive, it's the three of us, especially when it comes to Lauryn Rage. Let me address Rage specifically... she's had so much luck on her side, somehow getting a second chance in the Battle of London, somehow getting past me, somehow getting past T-Bone here, but I will guarantee you her luck is about to run out! Because she's trying to fight the three of us by herself and she won't put trust in anyone, Blackwell!

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I would beg to differ considering Kimmy Bailey and Pink Cashmere were both quick to sign on for this match.

LD: Oh, you think so? Let's talk about Pink Cashmere... bless her little heart for wanting to prove herself, but the fact is Lauryn Rage has been using her from the start and Cashmere can't figure it out! After tonight, I would at least hope that Cashmere will understand that she can't work alongside Rage any longer, but the problem is, she decided to cross paths with the Slam Sorority again and that's on her.

[Davis smirks.]

LD: And it looks like we got Kimmy Bailey back for Round Two with the All Around Athlete. Hey, I admire her determination and I'll give her this: She's come a long way since the last time we met. But if she had actually persuaded Fujiwara to join up with her and Cashmere, they might have stood a chance because you would have some trust between them. Instead, it's Kimmy trying to play peacemaker so much, she can't be focused on who's in the ring against her.

What do you think is going to happen once Kimmy Bailey finds out that Lauryn wants nothing to do with her, just like she wants nothing to do with Cashmere. Honestly, I give it about five minutes tops before Rage starts waving her partners off or bickering about how they breathed on her wrong.

[She then motions to Colton and Wallace – Carolina Colton snickers her smug snicker, while Wallace grimly nods agreement.]

LD: But you look at the three of us... this is what you call a team, Blackwell! Three women with the same goal in mind, and that's to work together to take down anybody who dares to stand in our way. When you have people who work as a unit, as a team, they always come out ahead of those who think they are a team but can't put aside their egos or naiveté to get the job done!

But don't just hear it from me... Starkiller, you're up first.

[Colton claps her hands together loudly.]

CC: Lemma ask ya something right quick, Lou – how'd'ya think I got these?

[Colton flexes her bicep inches from Sweet Lou's face.]

SLB: I'm guessing they don't care about "personal space" in Canada?

CC: Oh yah nah – I'm just goofin' on ya, Lou. See, I got a lotta ego I got to haul around with me. And I know how to put it away and listen to Coach Davis. See, we got a Rumble in two weeks and two days, and you're looking at ten percent of the

entrants right now. Now since Royal Crown... Coach Davis has given us both some specialized training, hasn't she, T-Bone?

[Wallace grunts and pouts.]

TW: Taking out the trash...

CC: Yeah, as... practical experience... after neither of us succeeded in taking out Lauryn Rage... we were ordered to put on our work gloves after every AWA show and... volunteer to empty out every trash can, remove every garbage bag and carry them out to the dumpster until every muscle ached and do it every night until the Rumble.

[Colton smirks and flexes her bicep again. Wallace pounds her fist into her palm.]

CC: I gotta say, it seems to be more effective than a squat rack.

TW: So when Starkiller and I look across the ring tonight... Coach Davis hasn't got us seeing a narcissist, a hanger-on, and one of those damn Lariatos... I'm seeing three bags of deadweight that need to be tossed.

LD: Now then, we've got a match to win. Blackwell, your time with all-time greats has ended!

[She directs Colton and Wallace to follow her and they do, the three departing the set.]

SLB: The Slam Sorority have a lot of talent and a lot of ego to match... Colt, Sal... let's go back to you at ringside!

[We fade back to the announce table at ringside where Colt Patterson and Salvatore Albano are seated.]

SA: Thanks, Lou... an eventful night backstage tonight in Vegas as well. Colt, we've got that trios match coming up later tonight that we just heard the Slam Sorority talking about... and you heard what they had to say about it. Your thoughts?

CP: As usual, Big Sal, Laura Davis is totally right.

SA: Of course.

CP: She is! Lauryn Rage... look, we saw her brother out here earlier with the same problem. He doesn't LIKE anyone! He doesn't TRUST anyone! And she's the exact same way. How are we supposed to expect her to team with Kimmy Bailey and Pink Cashmere against a well-oiled machine like the Slam Sorority? This is going to be a nice warmup for Davis, Wallace, and Colton as they head into Los Angeles looking to toss twenty-seven other women over the top rope, become the second woman to ever win the Rumble, and start looking ahead to Girls To The Front when one of them will take their place as the Women's World Champion.

SA: The annual Rumble match is indeed on the horizon. Thirty of the toughest women in the world headed to Los Angeles to battle it out an over-the-top-rope Rumble to see who wins the future shot at the World Title later this summer, Colt, and it's a real Who's Who on that list.

CP: A real Who's Who with more names being added all the time.

SA: We're going to get our final list of competitors later tonight. Colt, the first Women's Rumble was a major moment in the evolution of this Women's Division, the night we crowned the first Women's World Champion.

CP: Lauryn Rage, the first Women's World Champion... and that night it was a TWENTY woman Rumble. It just goes to show how much that division has exploded since then.

SA: Of course, we all are looking forward to the world premiere in two weeks of the 30 For 30 right here on ESPN - The Birth Of The AWA Women's Division... and we've shown you a couple of clips from this in-depth documentary already but right now, we've got one more never-seen piece of footage. Let's roll it!

[We fade up on a shot of Lori Dane with a chyron promoting the release of the 30 For 30 episode in two weeks...

LD: The UWF was starting to fade.

[She smirks.]

LD: That might be a controversial thing to say... even all these years later... but the writing was on the wall for a lot of people in the industry. It was starting to fade and with it, it was going to drag women's wrestling in this country to the lowest point it had ever been.

[Dane shakes her head.]

LD: The UWF had been the place for women in this country... in North America... for YEARS. No one else had stepped up. No one else had challenged that role. And as it started to go down, I was afraid of every single woman in this part of the world getting dragged down with it.

[The former Women's World Champion sighs.]

LD: Something had to be done. I picked up the pressure. I was in meetings with the other owners absolutely begging... BEGGING... to give the women a shot. And I was STILL getting nowhere! I was a friggin' co-owner of the company and I still couldn't get it done for a long damn time. But when it changed...

[She raises her eyebrows... and we cut to Melissa Cannon.]

MC: It was hard for her, you know? The fighting with ownership. It put a strain on her relationship with all those guys... well, maybe not Todd but...

[Cannon smiles.]

MC: She went on the road a lot even when she didn't have to... just to keep me sane, I think. So I was in those bars with her after the shows... the gyms first thing in the morning... all the public appearances at card shows and Comic-Cons and all that stuff... and I'd see the interaction she'd have with people. She'd have little girls coming up to her saying they wanted to be an AWA wrestler someday. We'd go to indy shows on our days off, check out the action, and then have all these women just looking for a chance to make it coming up to us and telling us their dreams and begging Lori to help them make it real.

[She grimaces.]

MC: It hurt her. Hell, it hurt me. Because while these girls were still fighting for their dreams, I had given up on mine. Lori had given up on hers too. We were the ones that people knew from TV... but only because we sold out.

[She goes quiet, staring down at the floor for a long moment...

...and we fade through black back to the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in the dead center. In front of him on a podium is a black box.]

SLB: Captivating stuff right there, fans. All of us here in the AWA are so excited to see that 30 For 30 in a couple of weeks' time. Of course, you can catch it right here on ESPN the weekend before Memorial Day Mayhem and...

[Blackwell gestures to the black box.]

SLB: ...but right now, I'm here for a very unique purpose.

[Blackwell shakes his head, muttering "I can't believe this is real" barely picked up by the microphone.]

SLB: I'm here of "officially" crown the winner of the Royal Crown... Sid Osborne.

[The crowd lets loose with boos at the mere mention of the Sin City Savior's name. They're cut off as guitar feedback screeches over the PA, soon joined by a mid-tempo bassline from "Straight Edge Revenge" by Project X. Two red slashes appear on the video screen, forming an X. The guitar riff kicks in as on either side of the X, in collegiate block letters "SID OSBORNE" flashes on the screen to loud boos from the crowd.]

#I'M AS STRAIGHT AS THE LINE#
THAT YOU SNIFF UP YOUR NOSE#
AND I'M AS HARD AS THE BOOZE
THAT YOU SWILL DOWN YOUR THROAT#

[The song kicks into high gear as Sid Osborne makes his way out to the top of the metal entrance ramp. His head is bowed, his arms outstretched. He turns his back to the crowd, the back of his college letterman jacket reading "LAS VEGAS STRAIGHT EDGE" in collegiate block letters. He then takes his jacket off, letting it drop.]

#STRAIGHT EDGE REVENGE#
#STRAIGHT EDGE REVENGE#
#THIS TIME YOU'VE PUSHED ME TOO FAR#

[Osborne walks down the ramp with a smirk on his face, slowly walking up the ring steps to the ring. He stops at the apron, pointing around to the assembled crowd as he favors them with a royal wave. He receives more boos as a result before stepping through the ropes and making his way towards Blackwell.]

SLB: I have to say, this is all highly irregular. A coronation? And you had me carry this box out here, but I wasn't to look at the crown beforehand?

[Osborne nods.]

SO: That's right, Blackwell. You might think you're some big deal because they gave you a suit and let you blabber on a microphone... but you're the same as all these unwashed peasants out here.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Now I don't think you have any reason to insult me or these great fans--

[Osborne quickly snatches the microphone from Blackwell's hand, garnering an even more negative reaction from the crowd.]

SO: That's enough of that. Nobody is here to find out what you think is reasonable. You're here to hold the mic while people that have actually accomplished something in life talk. But, for once I will admit you have a leg up on everyone else. You get to be the first to lay eyes on the crown.

[Blackwell moves to open the box, but Osborne steps in his way.]

SO: After I address my royal subjects.

[Osborne glances away from Blackwell.]

SO: I know it's been hard for all of you. You clock in to a job you hate and work for a boss that doesn't care if you live or die. You go home to someone you stopped loving years ago and a bunch of snot-nosed kids you never loved in the first place.

[It should go without saying, that the crowd doesn't care for that at all.]

SO: But you turn on the TV and see me. Someone that came from even humbler beginnings than you did. You see me claw and climb to a plateau you could never dream of. You see me get robbed of a title I not only won fair and square...

[Osborne nods.]

SO: ...but one I never lost.

[Huge jeers for that, along with a chant that gets censored but starts with "BULL".]

SO: I get it. The dream of me making it to the top almost makes your lives worth living.

[Osborne raises a hand.]

SO: Don't get excited. I said almost. I'm not a miracle worker.

Thankfully, unlike all of you... I don't quit. I keep at it. I also finally realized something. Why be a champ...

[Osborne gestures towards the box.]

SO: ...when you can be a KING.

[Osborne ignores the mounting boos and nods at Blackwell. He places the mic near Blackwell as Lou gets ready to open the box.]

SLB: Very well. Ladies and gentleman, allow me to officially crown your Royal Crown winner--

[Blackwell stops dead in his tracks as he opens the box. His look is one of shock.]

SLB: You didn't!

[Osborne rocks his head back with uproarious laughter as Blackwell's look of shock quickly turns to one of disgust.]

SLB: That is it! I'VE HAD IT!

[Blackwell storms off, mic in hand. He drops it to the floor as he exits the ringside area completely. Osborne shrugs, opening the box fully. He beams with pride as he removes the crown.]

A crown made entirely of the destroyed AWA National Championship belt. The crowd are all on their feet, many beginning to pelt the ring with cups and other debris.

Osborne places the crown upon his head, smiling. Finally he raises his arms high, repeatedly bellowing one refrain.]

SO: ALL! HAIL! ME!

[Osborne smirks at the jeering crowd.]

SA: I can't believe what I'm seeing, Colt!

CP: No?! I love it! What a gorgeous crown that is! Truly fitting for a King of Sin City Sid's standing, Albano!

SA: Oh, it's fitting for him alright... but after what Jordan Ohara said earlier tonight, what could he possibly have to say about this?! He's going to be beside himself!

CP: Good! Then he can get himself over to Zharkov and throw a little tantrum until he gets that title match locked in.

[Sal sighs as Sid continues to celebrate, arms raised over his head now as the fans jeer loudly...]

SA: Let's get out of here. I'm sick of watching this. Do we have something we can go to? Anything?

[...and we abruptly cut away from Osborne's celebration.

We fade up on a dark but starlit Los Angeles sky, our focus on the stars themselves before slowly panning down to reveal we're in the middle of a completely empty Dodger Stadium... almost. The camera shot shows row upon row of empty seats with the stadium lights glowing down on them...

...and then slowly zooms in on the top deck, the cheapest seats in the ballpark to where someone is seated.

We cut to that "someone" to reveal the man once known as El Cholo... Los Angeles' native son, Juan Vasquez, sitting in a seat with a wistful smile on his face.]

"This... this is where it all began."

[Vasquez looks out on the field as the camera follows his gaze.]

"Right here. So many nights as a kid. Watching Gods walk among men."

[We can hear an echo of the immortal voice of Vin Scully on the call - "High fly ball into right field... sheeeee isssss GONE!" Vasquez smiles, nodding his head.]

"This is where it started for me. The rush. The roar of the crowd."

[He points down towards the field.]

"I knew I would never be like them. I wouldn't be Hershisser or Fernando..."

[The voice again - "if you have a sombrero, throw it to the sky!"]

"...Gibson or Guerrero... that wasn't my destiny. But this is where I heard the cheers of the fans for those men and knew my destiny was to one day hear them for me."

[Vasquez nods, closing his eyes, leaning back in his seat...]

"Can't think of any place I'd rather be when it ends."

[...and as we hold on Vasquez' face, serene... at peace... happy...

...the shot fades back up to the night sky where the Memorial Day Mayhem graphic appears with all the show info and the words "16 DAYS REMAIN."

And we come back up on the backstage area where we see Mariah Wolfe standing in a form-fitting black dress with a red sash.]

MW: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE on ESPN and LIVE in Las Vegas! It's been an exciting night in Sin City already and it promises to only get better as this night goes on...

[Wolfe throws a look over her shoulder, spotting someone pacing back and forth madly.]

MW: ...and it looks like the person I've been looking for is right over there... so let's...

[She gestures for the cameraman to follow her.. and as he does, the camera's gaze lands on the very first woman to win a Rumble in the AWA as well as the very first Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage. Rage is dressed in a black leather blazer and tight-fitting pants... and she is indeed pacing.]

MW: Lauryn, can I get a-

[Rage holds up a hand to Wolfe, now revealing a cellphone gripped in her other hand. For our convenience, she's put the phone on speaker so we can hear the other side of the conversation as she glares at it, listening to the dialed phone's ringing, frustration on her face as the voicemail greeting clicks on...]

"The person you are calling has a voicemail box that is not set up and you cannot leave a-"

[Rage jerks the phone down, shutting off the call as she grimaces.]

LR: Damn it, Pink... answer your damn phone!

[She pauses a second, glaring past Mariah Wolfe who seems hesitant to speak up again. Then she snaps her fingers, stabbing a finger at her phone again.]

LR: Call Michelle Bailey.

[Rage keeps pacing as the phone rings several times before...]

"The person you are trying to reach is unavailable."

[Rage throws up her hands before speaking.]

LR: Bailey, it's Lauryn Rage.

I NEED you to tell your daughter to stay out of this match. You and I both know the kind of people the Slam Sorority are and how dangerous Laura Davis can be. They want me. Cool. Let 'em come try to get me.

But I don't want the kid in the way of any of this.

[Rage sighs.]

LR: I don't want her getting hurt on my account.

[Her face gets angry again, her voice almost pleading.]

LR: Dammit, don't call me back... just make sure the kid stays out of the line of fire... please!

[Rage stabs the disconnect button again, clenching her phone with tension in her face and irritation boiling over...]

LR: DAMN IT!

[...and HURLS the phone into the closed concrete wall. The sound of the screen cracking is heard by all as it impacts the wall and then clunks down onto the floor. Wolfe takes a big step back as Rage grimaces, slapping her palm across her forehead as she realizes what she's done.]

LR: GOD, I-

[It's at this point that Lauryn's eyes slide sideways to Mariah Wolfe.]

LR: What do you want?

MW: Lauryn, you look frustrated ahead of your match against all three members of the Slam Sorority. What's going on with you? Why don't you want help from Pink Cashmere and Kimmy Bailey?

[Rage looks incredulous at the question.]

LR: Why? WHY?!

Because they are too young to be in this.

The Slam Sorority doesn't care who they injure. You saw what Davis did to Kimmy Bailey the first time they met, right?

[Wolfe nods.]

LR: And now she wants to send a message.

You think she'll have any qualms trying to break her leg or break her neck again. I don't need that on my conscience. I tried to talk some sense into Kimmy in London so now I'm trying to get her mother to talk some sense into her.

And as for Pink... I don't know why she isn't answering her phone but yeah, the Sorority won't hesitate to take her out to send a message to me.

These kids don't know, man.

[Wolfe interjects.]

MW: But if they want to-

[A commotion cuts Mariah Wolfe off as a host of backstage officials and referees run past the pair. Wolfe signals for the camera to follow them. Someone can be heard shouting: "Pink Cashmere is down! Call the trainers! Get some help back here!" Rage's eyes glaze over for a moment...

...and then she takes off running with the crowd, easily passing most of them as they round the corner...]

MW: Oh... oh no.

[Rage shoves her way to the front of the pack and comes to a halt, spotting Cashmere down on the concrete floor near some equipment cases. We can see deep crimson stains on her wrestling gear and her hair. Rage angrily slams down a hand on the closest table next to her, knocking a few things to the floor. She pushes forward again, trying to get to the youngster's side...]

"Hang on now... hang on, Lauryn!"

[Rage tries to shove past the person speaking to her, AWA backstage official Tommy Fierro.]

LR: GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY, TOMMY! SHE'S HURT!

[Fierro keeps a grip on her shoulders.]

TF: I know... I know she is. You gotta get out of here though, Lauryn. We've got this.

[Rage shakes her head.]

LR: You got nothing, Tommy. Trying to get me out of here?! You KNOW who did this, Tommy! You know it!

[Fierro sighs.]

TF: I'm sure it-

[Rage interrupts.]

LR: It was Davis and her damn goons! You know it, Tommy!

[Fierro nods.]

TF: Probably, yeah... but I don't have any proof of it.

[Rage nods, staring past Fierro at the motionless Pink Cashmere.]

LR: Yeah. But I don't need proof.

[Rage turns away but Fierro grabs her arm...]

TF: Uh uh... that doesn't do anyone any good. You want payback for her? Do it in the ring with them tonight!

[Rage is seething mad as she looks past Fierro, watching the medics tending to Pink Cashmere, one of them calling for an ambulance.]

LR: An ambulance?! I...

[Fierro holds her steady.]

TF: Don't do anything crazy.

[Rage jerks her arm away from Fierro, finally glaring at him with her hands raised.]

LR: Get off me! Get off me, I'm cool! I'm cool - okay? Get her help!

[Fierro throws an uneasy look at her before he nods, turning back towards the scene behind him as Rage watches a few moments.]

LR: Where the hell is Zharkov?! He needs to fix this... now.

[We fade from backstage...

...and we fade back to a shot inside the arena where we find ourselves looking at the ring.]

SA: An awful scene backstage here at the T-Mobile Arena where it appears as though Pink Cashmere has been attacked by-

CP: By who, Albano?! Say it! Say it! Accuse someone with no evidence!

SA: Well... we have no proof but there's ample reason to believe that there are three specific individuals who benefit from this sudden change to one of tonight's matches. With Pink Cashmere heading to the hospital, we're one woman down in that six woman tag team match later tonight... and now Lauryn Rage is on the hunt for Interim President Zharkov to do something about it!

CP: Make it a Handicap Match! Problem solved!

SA: That would definitely NOT solve the problem! We'll see what happens when she tracks him down... but right now, let's head back to the ring!

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

RO: The following match is a tag team contest scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Reno, Nevada... at a total combined weight of 462 pounds... Ed and Larry West!

[The West Brothers salute the crowd, some of which cheer their local boys.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... at a total combined weight of 503 pounds... they are the former two-time AWA World Tag Team Champions...

...WES TAYLOR AND TONYYYY DONOVANNNN!

[The sounds of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers and Hell Raisers" starts up to a good-sized reaction for the former tag team champions as they make their way through the curtain onto the entrance stage. Taylor has opted for black trunks and boots with a black vest reading "HELLRAISER" across the shoulders while Donovan's in short crimson red trunks and boots.]

SA: Fresh off an appearance in the Royal Crown Finals at The Battle of London where he came up a little short, Tony Donovan finds himself back in tag team action tonight alongside his former tag team champion partner Wes Taylor, Colt.

CP: That's right, Big Sal - and a couple things stand out to me right away. One, Donovan does NOT look happy... and two, where the heck is Tiger Claw?

SA: Tiger Claw WAS at ringside in London but no sign of him here tonight. Of course, since he's not officially the manager for this duo, I guess he can go wherever he wants.

CP: He SHOULD be their manager. I don't know what these two are waiting for. If they want to get back to the top... become the World Tag Team Champions for the third time... they could use Claw's guidance if you ask me.

SA: Both of these men's legendary fathers - Robert Donovan and Bobby Taylor - disagree with that.

[The duo reach ringside, pausing a moment to share a brief word...

...and then dive under the ropes, coming up swinging...]

SA: Oh! A hot start here by the former tag team champions. Colt, these two held the World Tag Team Titles for a combined 361 days which makes them the team who have held those titles the longest.

CP: Second longest reign ever too.

SA: It wouldn't be a stretch to call them the greatest tag team in AWA history... although there are several names to contend for that crown. Teams like Violence Unlimited... like Air Strike... Kentucky's Pride, Rough N' Ready, the Bishop Boys... and of course, our current World Tag Team Champions who will be putting the titles on the line later tonight - Next Gen.

[Donovan absolutely mugs Ed West with a brutal pounding against the ropes before a standing clothesline flips him over the top to the outside...]

SA: Ohhh!

[...which leaves Wes Taylor driving hooking right hands into the jaw of Larry West in the corner, making room as Donovan comes over to join him...]

SA: Not wasting any time here, double whip across...

[...and as Larry rebounds back, Donovan lifts him under an arm, swinging him around before dropping him in a side slam across Taylor's bent knee!]

SA: ...OHHH! Double team backbreaker there by the former champions!

[The referee orders one of them to exit the ring and Taylor obliges, stepping to the apron as Donovan takes the mount, viciously pummeling their opponent into the canvas...]

SA: Tony Donovan, Colt, seems a little more aggressive than usual...

CP: Hey, he was NOT in a good mood after losing in the Royal Crown Finals. I know he thought that was his big chance to show the world what he's capable of on his own and the loss is gonna sit with him for a while.

[The referee shouts at Donovan who gets off the mat, holding his hands up as Larry West tries to roll away from him...

...and gets a running kick to the ribcage for his efforts, sending him under the ropes to the outside.]

SA: Larry West might be looking for an exit right about now, heading to the floor... and look at this now...

[Donovan starts arguing with the official, drawing their focus away from Larry West as Taylor drops to the floor, moving swiftly around the ringpost...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and connects with a running boot to the chest on the outside, wiping the smaller competitor out.]

SA: Sweet Santa Maria! Right in the sternum with that big boot... and Larry West's night may be just about over after that. Taylor rolls him back in, Donovan's waiting there...

[Dragging Larry off the mat, Donovan wraps his arms around the torso...]

SA: ...big lift!

[...and brings him down with a Northern Lights Suplex, pushing off the mat to roll back to his feet, dragging West up with him... and then switches to an Exploder, tossing him halfway across the ring towards the corner!]

SA: A combination of suplexes thrown by Tony Donovan... and Larry West has had better nights at the office, Colt.

CP: I hope so for his sake.

SA: There's the tag to Taylor... and it feels like it won't be long now.

[Taylor drags West off the mat, whipping him towards the neutral corner where he steams in after him, throwing himself into a clothesline...]

“OHHHHH!”

[...and boots the staggering West in the gut, snatching a double underhook...]

SA: LIFTS HIM!

[...and drops him down across the knee again!]

SA: Whooooa! Double underhook backbreaker by Taylor leaves Larry West laid out on the canvas... tag!

[Donovan steps in, marching across to pull West into a wheelbarrow position...]

CP: You said it felt like it wasn't going to be long now...

SA: Donovan with the legs, Taylor hooks the front face-

[...and without hesitation, Taylor SPIKES West skullfirst into the canvas with the assisted CattleBuster DDT!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Donovan rolls him onto his back, taking the cover as Taylor blitzes an incoming Ed West with a running kneelift before he can come through the ropes, knocking him back to the outside as the referee counts to three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: And it's victory for the former tag team champions of the world!

[Taylor grins at the camera, holding up three fingers as Donovan piefaces West back down to the mat, climbing to his feet and glaring across the ring.]

SA: A very focused, very determined Taylor and Donovan pick up the win here tonight in Las Vegas... and that's gotta be good news for them as they try to work their way back up to another chance to become the World Tag Team Champions for the third time.

[Taylor steps back towards his partner, exchanging a handshake as Donovan continues to glare coldly at their downed opponent.]

CP: Now, that's a team that'll have a close eye on the World Tag Team Title match later tonight, Big Sal.

SA: Absolutely. And speaking of title matches, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou who is standing by with someone else involved in a title defense tonight - Odin Gunn!

[The camera fades into the backstage area where we see "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, standing in front of an AWA backdrop with his microphone in hand. Beside him stands "Curly" Bill Webb and his client, the AWA World Television Champion, Odin Gunn. The Samoan Cowboy stands with his arms to his sides, one end of the Television Title belt clenched in a vise-like grip with his right hand as the other end drags along the floor. His eyes are locked forward as he stands there like a statue with his face hidden behind a black bandana. "Sweet" Lou grins nervously as he begins the interview.]

SLB: Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to this very special backstage interview! I'm standing here with the AWA World Television Champion, Odin Gunn! But of course, he's here with the mastermind behind The Desperadoes and his manager, "Curly" Bill Webb!

["Curly" Bill tips his cowboy hat with a sly grin, his fingers subtly twisting his handlebar mustache.]

CBW: Howdy, Lou. A pleasure to be here.

SLB: Now, gentlemen, tonight is a very important night for Odin Gunn. He's got a date with destiny, facing Wade Walker for the third time for the AWA World Television Title!

[Bill's grin slightly falters.]

SLB: Bill, this isn't just any other match, is it? In their last two encounters, Odin Gunn has come incredibly close to losing that title to Walker! Both times, it seemed like Walker was on the verge of victory but ran out of time. Some people are starting to question if maybe Wade Walker's got Gunn's number!

CBW: By "some people" do you mean yourself!? 'Cause anyone that thinks Odin Gunn is anything less than completely invincible clearly ain't playin' with a full deck!

SLB: You certainly have to admit, Gunn wasn't exactly in a position to win those previous matches when the bell rang.

[Bill's face reddens at the implication.]

CBW: I ain't gotta' admit to anything! Listen here, Lou! You wanna talk about how Walker came "close" to winning? Close doesn't count! Those two matches? Flukes. Absolute flukes! Let me tell you something... Odin Gunn is a beast! A juggernaut! A

walkin' natural disaster! There ain't no way that Wade Walker can survive Odin Gunn for a third time! Tonight, it's gonna be all over for Walker!

SLB: Well, I do partly agree with you, Bill, Odin Gunn has looked almost unstoppable ever since he stepped foot in the AWA, but Wade Walker has pushed him to the limit twice, hasn't he? Two matches, and each time, Gunn has barely escaped with his title. Aren't you starting to get a little worried that maybe, just MAYBE, Wade Walker's figured out the secret to taking down your big man?

[Bill's face tightens with anger, his nostrils flaring as the tension builds.]

CBW: Worried? You think I'm worried about a punk like Wade Walker!? You've got it all wrong, Lou... I've got zero concern! I'm not worried at all! You know who I'm standing next to, right? This is Odin Gunn! The undefeated, undisputed AWA World Television champion! The man that put Whaitiri and Isaiah Carpenter outta' wrestling! Wade Walker doesn't stand a chance tonight! Not now, not ever!

[The old cowboy whips off his hat, getting red in the face. Lou holds up his hands in mock surrender, sensing that he's ruffled some feathers.]

SLB: Bill, I'm afraid if I ask you another question, you just might blow a gasket! But before we wrap this up, there's one thing I have to ask... what's going through the champion's head tonight? Does he believe that Walker is the one man who can take him down?

CBW: Now look here, you little-

[However, before he can respond, Odin Gunn steps forward. He places one massive hand on Bill's shoulder, his intense gaze never leaving the camera. Lou's smug grin fades as he watches the interaction. Odin Gunn's gaze locks onto Curly Bill with a steady, unwavering stare. Gunn gives him a nod of assurance, a silent message conveyed with just one look. Bill, clearly taken aback, pauses for a second before quickly collecting himself.]

CBW: That's all the confirmation I need! Odin said it all with that look, Lou! Wade Walker doesn't stand a chance tonight! Or any other night! And after tonight, the entire AWA will know what I've known all along... that this man is untouchable!

[With that, Odin Gunn turns and starts walking off-camera. "Curly" Bill quickly follows, glancing back at Lou one last time with a sneer, as they walk away.]

SLB: Well, there you have it, folks! Curly Bill is confident that Odin Gunn will retain the AWA World Television title tonight. Can Wade Walker finally dethrone the king tonight? Or will Gunn prove once again that he is simply unbeatable? We'll find out shortly... and maybe right now as Mark Stegglet has caught up with the challenger in this one - Wade Walker! Mark?

[We crossfade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is eclipsed by a large man with a stylized sun tattoo across his back. His body language is pensive, a midnight blue flak jacket fashioned into a vest over his shoulders.]

MS: Thanks, Sweet Lou! It's title action time here on Saturday Night Wrestling! And special stipulation, an extended fifteen minute time limit for the World Television Championship. Wade Walker, you have come close on so many occasions over the past several weeks. Tonight, you have to be feeling pretty confident.

[Walker turns around and beckons for the camera to come closer.]

WW: Bring that camera in here. I want the fans – and especially The Desperados – to get a good look at this.

[The camera zooms in to Walker's face as Mark Stegglet holds the microphone off-camera. The underside of Walker's eye above his cheekbone is quite dark and bruised looking.]

WW: Last week, Curly Bill gave Smasher Salazar an envelope full of cash to do this to me. And Smasher... he hits like a truck. That cowbell from the Texas Ranger after the bell didn't do much to improve my mood. But boys...

[Walker smirks coolly.]

WW: ...I've been across the ring from Brian James, Team Supreme, Alex Martinez... the baddest, the toughest, the meanest. I know a thing or two about what it's like between those ropes. And if just hitting me hard with all you've got was enough to get the job done, well...

[He chuckles to himself.]

WW: ...sure to god it woulda worked by now, wouldn't it?

Pedro, I gotta say... whatever you and Curly Bill and the Texas Ranger have cooked up tonight had better be good, 'cause I could use a laugh or two right now.

But you, Odin... I don't dare laugh at you, and I wouldn't depend too much on what the other Desperados are scheming right now. Because every time you and I meet, your best friend has been the clock. And every time you and I locked up across the ring... when that bell rang I felt like we were just getting warmed up.

[Walker shrugs his vest over his broad trapezius muscles.]

WW: Now, Mark. I got fifteen minutes to make my point and finally score that 'W.' Or The Desperados... they can have Odin Gunn run out the clock and make my point for me.

[Walker strides off, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: The challenger is ready! The champion is set! And all of us here in Las Vegas are oh-so-ready to go! Let's head down to the ring for the introductions!

[We fade from backstage to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a special FIFTEEN minute time limit...

...and it is for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONSHIP!

[A big ROAR rings out from the Vegas crowd as the camera pans around the sold out T-Mobile Arena.]

RO: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

["One Shot" by Rollins Band starts up over the PA, and the Vegas crowd ROARS to life, rising up to salute the man heading towards the ring...]

RO: From DEEEEEETROIT, Michigan... weighing in at 278 pounds...

...WAAAAAAAAAAAAADE WALLLLLLLKERRRRRRRR!

[Walker is a slapped together white man with tan skin and shoulder length, stringy, thin blonde hair. His biceps and forearms are bulging, and he's got the tattoo of the sun god holding a three pronged pitchfork on his right shoulder. He looks very much like a Nordic deity. Walker is in midnight-blue toned urban camo cargo pants tucked into black combat boots, the remains of a midnight blue flak jacket fashioned into a vest that she seems poised to burst from at any moment. His face is a picture of stoicism, a large bruise lingering under one eye after the prolonged brawl from Smasher Salazar a week ago.]

SA: Four years ago, Wade Walker arrived in the AWA with the Dogs of War, laying waste to obstacles and enemies, and now for the first time, is man to himself. Ever since the presumably final dissolution of the Dogs, he's been thundering across the terra with a courageous ferocity.

CP: I'll tell ya somethin', Albano, you gotta be courageous to face down a maniac like Odin Gunn, much less the rest of the Desperados. But the rules say: if the time limit runs out, it's a draw. And if it's a draw, the champion retains. If Walker don't like that, he's free to argue with the rulebook that's been around a lot longer than him.

[Walker discards the vest, revealing the sun tattoo that covers his back. With a businesslike demeanor, he begins some last minute stretches in the ring.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[...and the sounds of the haunting opening to "Man with a Harmonica" by Ennio Morricone begins to play over the PA system, as the mustachioed Curly Bill appears, causing the audience to serenade him with boos. However, the hulking mass of humanity known as Odin Gunn, quickly makes its way through the curtains behind Bill, drawing an audible gasp from the crowd that quickly becomes silent awe. The boos then quickly return as we see they are accompanied by the rest of The Desperados' motley crew of mercenaries and "killers"... the masked Texas Ranger and the unhinged Pedro Perez.]

RO: From Paradise, Montana... being accompanied to the ring by the Desperados... weighing in at 335 pounds...

He is the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMMPIONNNNN...

...OOOOOOOOOOODINNNNNNNN GUNNNNNNNNNNN!

[Gunn is dressed in a brown pancho with a Southwestern design, a beige cowboy hat, and a black bandana that covers the lower part of his face, giving him the appearance of an Old West bank robber. He holds the AWA Television Title by the end of one of its straps, with the rest of the title belt dragging on the canvas. Gunn tosses the title belt over the ropes where it lands in the hands of the official as he begins to remove his personal effects. He rips off the bandana, revealing a stoic, weather-beaten, sun dried face completely devoid of any emotion.]

SA: Odin Gunn with a rare appearance here on Saturday Night Wrestling to defend his crown in front of a sold out crowd here in Las Vegas...

CP: AND his undefeated streak.

SA: Precisely. Odin Gunn defeated Whaitiri for that title in September of last year and has been absolutely unstoppable ever since... but could tonight be the night? Could tonight - with the aid of five extra minutes - be the night that Wade Walker captures his first taste of AWA championship gold with the entire world watching?

[Webb stays on the outside, flanked by his Desperadoes as Gunn glares up at a waiting Walker...]

CP: Five minutes may not sound like much but when you're Wade Walker and you've come close but not been able to close the deal, it could mean all the difference in the world, Big Sal.

SA: Absolutely right... and I expect this one to be a war. Don't expect the five extra minutes to be headlocks and toeholds. I expect-

[The World Television Champion climbs up on the apron, his entourage fanning out around the ringside area as he glares out at the Las Vegas crowd before he ducks through the ropes...]

...which is when the challenger comes tearing across the ring...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SPEAR! SPEEEEEEAR!

CP: What the hell?! He can't do that!

SA: HE JUST DID! WALKER HITS THE SPEAR! HE'S GOT FIFTEEN MINUTES BUT HE MAY ONLY NEED FIFTEEN SECONDS! COVERS! ONNNNNNNE!

[Big Sal trails off as referee Koji Sakai shakes his head, waving his arms...]

SA: What's he... the referee says no!

CP: Good call, referee! The bell hasn't rung! The match hasn't started!

SA: Koji Sakai is hearing it from this Vegas crowd who wanted to see the title change hands!

[Wade Walker surges to his feet, angrily going at the referee who backs off, explaining himself quickly...]

SA: Wade Walker is beside himself! He thought he had the title won right there, Colt.

CP: A cheap shot before the bell! Odin Gunn didn't see it coming - that's for sure...

SA: And look at this now - the Desperadoes out here at ringside dragging the champion to the floor...

[Curly Bill Webb looks in a panic, fanning Gunn rapidly with a handkerchief as Pedro Perez and the Texas Ranger stand nearby, the former shouting words at his former ally in the Dogs of War...]

SA: ...and Wade Walker's not okay with that either! He's heading to the outside...

[A fired-up Walker is on the floor, moving quickly around the ring towards his foes, leaping into the air...]

SA: ...BOOOOOOM GOES THE CANNON! SUPERMAN PUNCH ON THE RANGER!

[...and with the masked man down and out, Walker sets his focus on his former partner who looks alarmed and then makes a break for it, racing away from Walker who is quickly in hot pursuit!]

SA: Perez is running for it, fans, and Walker's coming for him! Wade Walker BADLY wants to get payback on Pedro Perez for the violent way the Dogs of War - perhaps the most dominant team in AWA history - came to an end - part of that payback is hurting the Desperadoes by taking the title tonight and the other part is getting his hands on Perez...

[But Perez is quicker than the much-bigger Walker, outpacing him in a sprint around the ring before rolling into the ring...]

SA: ...and Perez rolls in, trying to get away from Walker who is right in as well!

[...where he lands a low dropkick on Walker before he can get to his feet!]

SA: Ohhh! Perez caught him on the way in... and the bell still hasn't rung so this is all legal!

[Perez draws Walker to his feet, shouting in his face before charging the ropes, dragging Walker with him...]

SA: OVER THE-

[...but Walker reverses the throw, sending Perez SAILING over the top rope, crashing down HARD on the barely-padded floor below!]

SA: -OHHH! WALKER SENDS HIM FLYING!

[An outraged Curly Bill is immediately up on the apron, shouting in at Wade Walker who glares at the manager...

...and then starts moving towards him.]

SA: Curly Bill says the match should be thrown out!

CP: He's one hundred percent right! The champion got attacked before the bell and this match should NOT take place, Albano!

SA: The referee and Curly Bill are trading words and-

[But as Walker nears him, Curly Bill drops off the apron, shaking his head up at Walker...

...which provides the distraction as Odin Gunn rolls back into the ring, coming to his feet, charging across...]

SA: CLOOOOOTHESLIIIIIINE!

[...and connects with a thunderous clothesline, sending Walker tumbling over the ropes to the outside! He throws a murderous look at referee Koji Sakai who looks incredibly nervous before...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: And there's the bell! This one's official now, fans! The World Television Title is on the line for fifteen minutes and let's see if finally - FINALLY - Wade Walker can get the job done and bring this 218 day title reign to an end!

[...and as the bell makes it official, the World Television Champion steps out on the ring apron, coldly looking down at Walker who is still down on the barely-padded floor. Gunn drops down to the floor, leaning over to pull Walker up to his feet, burying a right hand into the ribcage over and over and over...]

SA: We've got a fight on the outside...

[...and Gunn lifts Walker off the mat, pressing him into the air, and dropping him facefirst down on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and DOWN ON THE APRON! Walker took a hard shot, right on the face and chest!

[With Walker stunned against the apron, the champion grabs him by the arm, taking aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WHIPS him into the ringside steel steps!]

SA: INTO THE STEEL GOES THE CHALLENGER!

[Walker slumps against the steel, his ribs pressed into the solid metal as Gunn backs off, taking aim on his challenger...]

SA: Walker's using those steps to stay on his feet and... HERE COMES GUNN!

[...and the rampaging Gunn comes barreling in towards him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Walker pushes off, clearing a path for Gunn to SMASH into the solid steel steps as well!]

SA: THE CHAMPION HITS THE STEEL! SWEET SANTA MARIA!

[A fired-up Walker grabs Gunn by the head, pulling him back from the staircase...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS his head down into the steel!]

SA: Walker and Gunn are going to war on the outside! We've got a fifteen minute time limit but that's it! There are still countouts! There are still disqualifications! These two need to be careful, Colt!

CP: There's gold on the line, Big Sal. I get it. They're pissed at each other. They want blood. But gold outweighs blood in my book!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INTO THE STAIRS AGAIN! The champion's stunned and...

[But before Walker can strike again, the masked Texas Ranger comes in from behind, bullrope in hand as he looks to get involved...]

...but Walker jerks around, drawing back a fist and stalking towards the Ranger who quickly backs off...]

SA:hang on now! The Texas Ranger was looking to interfere again but Wade Walker's got him on the run!

CP: And this numbers advantage out here at ringside could be a major factor in this match. We've seen Walker distracted multiple times already out here by the Desperadoes and...

[Walker turns back around as the Ranger runs off and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CUTS HIM IN HALF WITH THE CROSSBODDDDDDDYYYYYYYYY!

[With 330 pound of stampeding Odin Gunn on the move, he throws all his weight into a high impact crossbody that puts Walker down on the floor as the referee throws up his hands inside, shouting for the action to get back inside the squared circle.]

SA: Odin Gunn lays out the challenger on the outside... and now he's looking to end it, rolling Walker back in...

[With Walker back inside, Gunn comes in after, covering...]

SA: ...and he's got one... and he's got two... and that's it! Wade Walker pops that shoulder off the mat at two!

[...and after Walker kicks out, Gunn responds by hammering his fist down into Walker's skull to jeers from the Vegas crowd... which only get louder as he switches to a blatant two handed choke!]

SA: He's choking him! He's choking him on the mat after that two count!

CP: Sal, we rarely see Odin Gunn show any sign of emotion but this chokehold on the mat may be a little frustration shining through. Since arriving in the AWA, he's rarely had trouble with any opponent... and Wade Walker's been nothing BUT trouble since this rivalry began.

[Climbing off the mat, Gunn glares down at a coughing Walker as the fans jeer his every movement...]

SA: The undefeated Odin Gunn looking to continue that streak here tonight in Las Vegas... and we mentioned this TV Title reign is now at 218 days.

CP: One month away from passing Supernova. About two and a half months from passing Dave Bryant. And about four or five months from passing Shadoc Rage and being the longest reigning AWA World Television Champion of all time.

SA: A long road to get there for sure... and to have a chance to do ANY of that, he's gotta get past Wade Walker right here tonight.

[Bringing Walker to his feet, Gunn fires him across into the turnbuckles, rushing in after to deliver a bone-rattling clothesline!]

SA: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[Gunn takes a step back, glaring coldly in at Walker, squaring up...]

SA: OH!

[...and lashes out with a pair of straight right hands before a hooking left bounces off the temple. The strikes continue - straight rights, hooking lefts, a forearm or two mixed in, driving Walker down to a knee in the corner...]

SA: Gunn battering Wade Walker down to the mat...

[...where he wraps the hands around the throat again, pushing Walker down to a seated position, choking him against the turnbuckles...]

SA: ...and now he's trying to keep him there, Colt!

CP: For months, we've seen Odin Gunn throw people around, slam them down, batter them from pillar to post... but breaking the rules like this is usually not even something he needs to do. I think that shows that Gunn realizes that Wade Walker is a serious threat - not just to his streak but to his title as well.

SA: We learned earlier tonight that two of the AWA's undefeated monsters - Atlas Armstrong and Max Magnum - will battle it out at Memorial Day Mayhem... could Odin Gunn's streak be in jeopardy as well?

[Holding onto the top rope, Gunn plants his boot on the throat of the seated Walker, choking him again as the crowd jeers and the referee loudly protests...]

SA: Gunn finally letting go, backing off and leaving Walker down on the mat gasping for air and...

[...and Gunn charges back in, taking aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS his knee into Walker's skull, causing his head to snap back against the turnbuckle before he slumps down onto his back!]

SA: He might've knocked him cold with that one move, Colt! This might be over right now!

[Gunn grabs the ankle of Walker, dragging his stunned body out of the corner as he drops into a lateral press...]

SA: Gunn covers for one! He's got two! He's got... ohhh! Out at two again! Wade Walker hanging on to his title hopes right there.

CP: And you know what I love about this, Albano? Walker jumped him before the bell, hit the spear, and Odin Gunn took his best shot and is still coming! Walker dug deep, got dirty, and Odin Gunn doesn't give a damn!

[...and as Gunn kneels on the mat, Walker rolls under the ropes to the outside, looking for a recovery as Gunn pushes up off the mat, nodding as Curly Bill shouts "come out here and finish him! He don't want you on the outside, champ!"]

SA: Curly Bill saying that Wade Walker doesn't want Odin Gunn on the outside... and I think I'd agree with that, Colt.

CP: I think so too... but Wade Walker in his Dogs of War days had a reputation for excelling in the chaos. He was no stranger to fighting on the outside... so maybe this is more his playground than we might imagine.

[The Samoan Cowboy steps from the ring to the apron, looking down on the recovering Walker again...]

...who surges to his feet, coming up swinging...]

SA: Big right hand downstairs! Another! A third!

[Gunn returns fire, throwing some big shots of his own!]

SA: Slugging it out in an awkward position here and-

[Walker buries a right hand into the midsection, doubling up Gunn as Walker reaches up, snatching hold of the champion...]

SA: -hang on HEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS him down off the apron, throwing him down on the thin ringside mats!]

SA: SWEEEEET SAN ANGELO! SLAMMED HIM OFF THE APRON ON THE UNFORGIVING FLOOR HERE IN VEGAS!

[Walker slumps back against the apron, breathing heavily as Gunn winces in pain on the floor...]

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

SA: You hear the call there - ten minutes left in the time limit of this World Television Title match. Of course, we've got a special fifteen minute time limit for this one after these two have battled to the time limit twice now...

[Curly Bill rushes to Gunn's side as Walker glares across the ringside area, waving a hand, ordering Gunn to his feet...]

SA: ...and what's Wade Walker got in mind now, Colt?! He's got Odin Gunn in his crosshairs!

[...and as Curly Bill backs off, sudden panic on his face as he shouts at Walker.]

SA: Curly Bill's trying to get in Walker's head but...

CP: Gunn's getting up!

[Like something out of a horror movie, the World Television Champion slowly rises to his feet again...]

...and Walker comes rushing forward, lowering his shoulder...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SPEEEEEARS Gunn's spine into the steel!]

SA: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEEEEEAAAAAAR!

CP: Did you see the barricade MOVE?! The whole damn thing shifted about four feet! People in the front row just got two feet shorter!

[Walker falls to the floor, grabbing at his shoulder as Gunn leans heavily against the railing, clutching his ribcage in pain...]

SA: Gunn's hurt! Walker's hurt! Both champion and challenger took a hard crash into the steel barricade... we've got some officials out here checking on the fans. As Colt mentioned, the railing did shift under the sudden impact of Walker and Gunn's bodies hitting the steel barricade surrounding the ringside area...

CP: I think Walker might be hurt, Big Sal... grabbing the shoulder.

SA: Could be jammed. Could be dislocated. Meanwhile, the champion's holding his ribcage after that sudden and violent crash into the railing... we've got our referee laying a count on both competitors. Remember, fans... we may have an extended time limit tonight but the rules otherwise are the same - countouts and disqualifications are in play and if Gunn gets counted out, he'll lose the match but not the title.

[Walker pushes up to his knees as the referee's count reaches four...]

SA: Koji Sakai laying the count on inside the ring... Wade Walker on his knees, struggling to get up and beat that count...

CP: He's gotta do more than beat the count - he's gotta make sure GUNN beats the count too!

SA: A good point, Colt.

[The count goes to five... then six as Walker grimaces, fighting to his feet to cheers from the Las Vegas crowd...]

SA: Walker's up, the challenger continuing to battle with the title on the line...

[Staggering to the railing, Walker grabs Gunn, walking him towards the ring as the count goes to seven... then to eight...]

SA: ...up to eight on the count... and Walker tosses Gunn back in, breaking the count at nine.

[Walker rolls himself back in as well, the Vegas crowd cheering that the title match will continue...]

SA: Both men back inside the ring - the match continues as we're over five minutes into this... remember, a bonus five minutes here tonight for Wade Walker to try and break the streak and win the title. Can he do it? We're on pins and needles waiting to see.

[Back in the ring, the challenger gets to his feet, wincing and grabbing his shoulder as he leans over, hands on his knees...

...and waves a muscular arm, calling Gunn back to his feet!]

SA: He's looking for the Spear again, Colt!

CP: Yes he is! Wade Walker looking to hit that Spear and walk out of Sin City as the new World Television Champion!

[Taking aim, Walker waves his arm again, watching as Gunn struggles to get up, Curly Bill pounding his fists into the mat, shouting warnings to his charge...]

SA: Odin Gunn's trying to get up and he's got no idea what's waiting for him when he gets there!

[...and as Gunn staggers to his feet, Walker rushes forward!]

SA: HERE HE COMESSSSSS!

[But as Walker gets in range, Gunn lifts the charging challenger into the air, twisting around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SPIIIIIIIINE ON THE PIIIIIIINE!

[Gunn collapses backwards on impact from the spinebuster, both men laid out on the mat as the crowd ROARS for the surprise challenger!]

SA: BOTH MEN DOWN! BOTH MEN DOWN ON THE MAT AFTER THE SPINEBUSTER!

CP: They've sent each other to hell and back already in this one, Big Sal!

[On the outside, we can hear Curly Bill pounding the mat, shouting "GET UP! GEEEEET UUUUUUP!" at the champion...]

SA: Curly Bill bellowing at his man - can Odin Gunn get off the mat and continue this epic title reign?

CP: He might've had him right there, Sal, if he could've covered.

[Gunn rolls onto a hip and elbow, holding himself off the mat as Webb continues to pound the mat. Pedro Perez is doing the same, screaming for Gunn to get to his feet as the Vegas fans cheer Wade Walker, urging him to do the same.]

SA: By my watch, we're down to about seven minutes left in this - past the halfway point as Gunn pushes to his feet, looking to finish this...

[As Gunn climbs off the canvas, Wade Walker is dragging himself towards the corner, trying to use the ropes to aid his own climb...]

SA: Walker crawling across the ring, Gunn trying to steady himself in the corner...

[Gunn leans back against the turnbuckles, watching as Walker struggles to get back to his feet...

...and then comes barreling across, charging hard!]

SA: OHHH! AVALANCHE! 330 POUNDS IN THE CORNER!

[Gunn steps out, waiting as Walker staggers out towards him, swinging him up onto his shoulder...]

SA: Look at the power of the Samoan Cowboy! He's got him up... annnnnnd...

[...and charges out to the middle of the ring, leaping up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...DOWWWWWN WITH THE POWERSLAM!

[Gunn stays on him, hooking a leg as the referee drops down to count.]

SA: Koji Sakai with the count! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WALKER POPS THE SHOULDER UP AT TWOOOOOOOO!

CP: Close call there for the challenger. He almost had his night ended with that powerslam!

[Pushing up to his knees, Gunn glares at the referee who holds up two fingers while wisely backing away...]

SA: Odin Gunn's got Wade Walker in trouble, the challenger trying to get up off the mat...

[Gunn climbs back to his feet, looking down on Walker as he struggles to his knees, weakly throwing a right hand...]

...but Gunn snatches the wrist, physically yanking Walker to his feet, crossing his arms across his chest...]

SA: Uh oh!

[...and TAKES him over with an impactful German Suplex, dumping him on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: GERMAN SUPLEX! RIGHT ON THE HEAD!

CP: That's one, Albano! We know for Odin Gunn, sometimes good things - for him at least - come in threes!

SA: Gunn hanging onto Walker, rolling back to his feet...

[Shifting his grip, Gunn pulls Walker's muscular arms behind him in a double chickenwing...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: TIGER SUPLEX! AGAIN, RIGHT DOWN ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[...and Gunn climbs off the mat a third time, Walker barely able to stand as Gunn again shifts his grip to a half nelson and half chickenwing...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HALF ANF HALF DRIVES HIM DOWWWWWN!

[Walker is flat on his back on the mat as Gunn rolls over onto his knees, starting to move towards the former Dog of War...]

...who weakly rolls to his side, slipping under the bottom rope to the apron!]

SA: HE'S OUT! HE ESCAPES!

CP: Brilliant move by Wade Walker! Odin Gunn had him beat and he knew it so Walker rolls to the outside to avoid the three count!

[Climbing off the mat, the World Television Champion stalks towards the ropes, reaching over the top...]

SA: Gunn's dragging his challenger off the mat and-

[The crowd ROARS in surprise and anticipation as Gunn hooks the half nelson and half chickenwing again...]

SA: -no... no, no, no! Don't do this!

CP: I don't even know if he can! He's trying to suplex him from the apron into the ring!

[...but Walker snaps his head back, smashing the back of his skull into the bridge of Gunn's nose!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The desperation counter sends Gunn staggering backwards a pair of steps...]

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

SA: Five minutes left on the clock! The fifteen minute time limit paying dividends for-

[...and Walker gets a running start down the apron, leaping into the air!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: MJOLNIR!

[Gunn stumbles and falls under the impact of the leaping double sledge to the sternum, dropping down to the mat as Walker throws himself between the ropes...]

SA: WALKER COVERS FOR THE TITLE! LOOKING TO STRIKE GOLD!

[The referee dives down, slapping the mat...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Pedro Perez YANKS Wade Walker under the bottom rope to the outside, pulling him out of the pin attempt JUST in time to avoid Odin Gunn's defeat!]

SA: PEREZ SAVES THE TITLE! PEDRO PEREZ JUST SAVED ODIN GUNN'S TITLE!

[A sneering Perez lays the badmouth down on Walker who is at his feet as the referee leaps up, shouting at Perez!]

SA: The referee didn't see it but he's pretty sure he knows EXACTLY what just happened and-

[As Perez goes to shout at Walker again, Walker comes up swinging and POPS his former ally on the jaw to a HUGE CHEER!]

SA: -OHHH, WHAT A RIGHT HAND!

[Walker grabs the stunned Perez under the arm and around the head...]

SA: What's he...?

[...and with a two step surge, he HURLS Perez over the railing with a biel throw, sending him bouncing off the exposed concrete just beyond the barricade!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Walker slams his hands down on the railing, shouting angrily as the crowd cheers him on...]

SA: WADE WALKER IS HOTTER THAN THE STRIP MID-SUMMER!

[...while Curly Bill Webb climbs up on the apron, ranting and raving at the official who engages, turning his back on the action...]

SA: The referee is letting Webb have it and- OHH!

[The Texas Ranger approaches Walker from behind, rearing back with the bullrope...

...but Walker wheels around, smashing him with a right hand before he can use the bullrope, knocking him flat...]

SA: Walker drops Perez! He drops the Ranger! He’s cleaning house on the Desperadoes!

[...and then picks up the bullrope off the mat, a gleam in his eye as he holds it over his head...

...right as Odin Gunn leans through the ropes to make a grab at Walker...]

SA: Gunn from behind!

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...who SMASHES the grasping Gunn between the eyes with the cowbell!]

SA: OH! HE GOT HIM WITH THE COWBELL!

CP: What the HELL?! That should be a disqualification!

[Gunn goes staggering backwards as Walker tosses the bullrope aside, diving under the ropes to get back into the ring...

....and immediately drops into a crouch, eyeballing the stunned Gunn!]

SA: The champion’s on Dream Street and-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Walker blitzes forward, lowering the shoulder into the body, connecting with enough impact to lift Gunn off the mat, sending him flying several feet away from Gunn crashes down on the canvas!]

SA: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEEEEEAAAAR!

CP: He sent him halfway across the ring!

SA: WE’VE GOT A NEW CHAMPION!

[Walker scrambles into a pin attempt, reaching back for the leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE-

[...and the crowd ERUPTS in a mixed reaction as Gunn just BARELY drapes his foot on the bottom rope before the three count lands!]

SA: FOOT ON THE ROPES! GUNN SAVES HIS TITLE!

[Walker rolls off of Gunn, burying his face in his hands as the crowd buzzes over how close they came to a title change...]

SA: Wade Walker thought he had it! We ALL thought he had it! Wade Walker was a half count away - maybe less - from winning the World Television Title and SHATTERING the undefeated streak of Odin Gunn right here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[...and the challenger comes off the mat, angrily kicking the bottom rope, stomping across the ring where he slams his arms down on the top rope...

...and then goes back down into a crouch!]

SA: He's looking for it again! Walker looking for that spear one more time - and if he hits it in the middle, we WILL have a new champion, Colt!

CP: That's why Curly Bill is SCREAMING at Gunn to avoid it! Curly Bill knows the title is at risk here... SERIOUS risk.

[Walker waves his arms, summoning Gunn back to his feet...]

SA: The champion's trying to get up... Walker's waiting for him!

[...and as the undefeated Samoan Cowboy gets to a vertical base, he staggers in a circle, blind to Wade Walker crouched and waiting...]

SA: HERE HE COMES! SPEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAA-

[...but as Walker stampedes in, Gunn ducks down, lifting Walker smoothly up onto his shoulders, holding him in a fireman's carry...]

SA: WAIT A SECOND! GUNN CAUGHT HIM ANNNNNNND-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DEATH! VALLEY! DRIIIIIIVER!

[Gunn flips Walker over onto his back, diving across, hooking a leg as Koji Sakai drops down to count...]

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

[...and Wade Walker's shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas just before a three count falls.

And the place goes silent.]

SA: My... I can't... did he just KICK OUT?!

CP: What the hell, Albano?! What the hell?!

SA: Wade Walker just kicked out of the Samoan CattleBuster right in the middle of the ring!

[The camera cuts around the ringside area - a shocked Curly Bill, a stunned pair of fans in the front row, a wide-eyed Odin Gunn...]

SA: Odin Gunn may be the most shocked of them all!

CP: I can't... has ANYONE ever kicked out of that?!

SA: Wade Walker has! Wade Walker kicks out in time to save his shot at the World Television Title!

CP: Gunn should pick him up and do it again! He won't kick out a second time!

SA: You're probably right, Colt, but he's in shock! Webb's in shock! I don't know if he can-

[Sal is abruptly cut off by a voice over the PA system.]

"TEN SECONDS REMAIN!"

[This seems to snap Odin Gunn out of it as he attempts to quickly get to his feet...]

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

[...and reaches down, grabbing Walker by the head, dragging his barely-able-to-stand body off the mat...]

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

[...leaning down, looking to hoist him up a second time...]

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

[...and gets him up on his shoulders, ready to spike him again...]

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and before Gunn can deliver a second Death Valley Driver, referee Koji Sakai boldly grabs Walker by the leg, yanking on it and forcing Gunn to drop him down on the mat!]

SA: Unbelievable, Colt! The time limit expired AGAIN! These two have battled to ANOTHER time limit draw!

[Walker slumps to the mat, laying flat on his back as Odin Gunn glares a burning stare right at Koji Sakai...]

CP: If looks could kill, we'd need a bodybag right about now.

SA: I don't think Odin Gunn is particularly thrilled about Koji Sakai saving Wade Walker from that second Death Valley Driver but-

[The voice of Rebecca Ortiz cuts in.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... after fifteen minutes of action, this match has been declared... a TIME LIMIT DRAAAAAAAW!

[The crowd roars with boos, as the decision is announced, signaling the third time limit draw between Odin Gunn and Wade Walker. Inside the ring, both men are exhausted, their bodies battered after the grueling contest. Walker has managed to get to a knee, leaning heavily against the ropes for support after taking Gunn's brutal Death Valley Driver. Gunn, is breathing heavily, the frustration clear on his usually stoic face.]

SA: A time limit draw. Fifteen minutes on the clock and they went the distance yet again and...

[Sal trails off as we spot Curly Bill - who is furious at ringside - slamming his cowboy hat onto the floor in frustration. He's pacing wildly back and forth, shouting at the referee and the fans as the crowd erupts in chants of "FIVE MORE MINUTES! FIVE MORE MINUTES!"

SA: Can you believe it, Colt? A third time limit draw between these two monsters! Wade Walker becomes the first person to ever survive the Samoan Cattlebuster, and now the crowd wants more!

CP: Yeah, I'm sure they want more, Sal, but let's be honest here: Wade Walker should be counting his lucky stars. He's lucky the bell rang before Odin Gunn could finish him off. But Gunn is clearly frustrated and he should be! He was this close to ending Walker's night!

[As the crowd continues to shout for "Five more minutes", Bill grabs a microphone from the timekeeper's table.]

CBW: Hey! Forget about it! You ain't gettin' five more minutes tonight or any other night! NO MORE! That's it!

There ain't gonna be another rematch!

[The crowd ROARS with boos for that proclamation as Webb lowers the mic shouting "THAT'S IT! NO MORE REMATCHES!"

SA: What?! It can't end like that, Colt!

CP: Hey, Wade Walker's had his chance... a bunch of 'em in fact... and he can't get the job done! If Curly Bill says it's over, I-

[Colt gets cut off by another shout from Curly Bill.]

CBW: This is over, you hear me? Over!

[The crowd erupts with boos as the camera pans to the fans, still chanting "FIVE MORE MINUTES!" as Webb waves a sweeping arm with his cowboy hat, summoning the World Television Champion to join he, the Texas Ranger, and Pedro Perez outside the ring.]

SA: Curly Bill's trying to get his Desperadoes out of town... but Odin Gunn looks like he might not be done with Wade Walker, Colt.

[Bill continues to shout, as the fans become louder and louder in defiance of his words.]

CP: Curly Bill says it's over, Albano! You can hear him, right?

SA: It would be tough not to hear-

[Suddenly, "They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth blares through the PA system as the crowd roars!]

SA: Wait a minute! Here comes Juan Vasquez! What's he doing out here?!

CP: You've got to be kidding me. This isn't any of his business, Sal! This match just ended - let them go, let the Desperadoes get out of here!

[Vasquez makes his way into the ring, giving Wade Walker a pat on the back, as he produces a microphone and begins to address the crowd.]

JV: Hold on a second, hold on a second! I know all of you out here wanna' see more between these two, and your old pal Juan, intends to give it to you!

[The crowd's excitement grows.]

JV: Now, first off, as sorry as I am to say it, this match between Odin Gunn and Wade Walker is over and done with. They went to a time limit draw and there's nothing I can do to change that. Sorry, Wade.

[Inside the ring, Wade Walker throws his hands up in the air in frustration. The announcement sours the mood, as the crowd begins to jeer.]

JV: Hey! Lemme finish! So yeah, they might've gone to a time limit draw tonight, but next week on Showtime, in Reseda, *I* got the power!

[The crowd cheers that as Vasquez nods.]

JV: And I'm gonna' make sure what happened tonight ain't gonna' happen ever again. 'Cause three times, we've seen these two fight and three times, we've seen them go right to the limit.

Well, lets see how far they'll go when there's no limits!

[The crowd erupts into cheers, thrilled with what they're hearing.]

JV: That's right, folks. Gunn and Walker will meet again, but this time, it'll be the final time! No time limit!

[Vasquez pauses, stroking his chin.]

JV: In fact... let's throw it ALL out of there. No countouts! No disqualifications! No excuses!

On Showtime, there WILL be a winner, even if they're gonna' have to fight...

ALL!

NIGHT!

LONG!

[The crowd chants along with Juan as he punctuates those last three words.]

SA: Juan Vasquez is giving us a fourth and final match between these two on Showtime! And this time... NO TIME LIMIT! NO COUNTOUTS! NO DISQUALIFICATIONS! Reseda, get ready! This is going to be incredible!

CP: What is he doing!? You can't just make a match like that, Sal! The match is over! Sure, Wade Walker got lucky and survived until the end, but the champion retains - that's how it works! Vasquez is drunk with power!

[As the crowd's cheers intensify, Vasquez isn't finished yet. He steps forward, his face growing more serious as he addresses Curly Bill, who is absolutely fuming.]

JV: And that's not all, Bill. Since you and your boys love to mess with everything so much... I've got another match for you.

In one week, in Reseda, I'm making it official. Your Desperadoes, The Texas Ranger and Pedro Perez... they will take on the team of Omega and Polemos! And whatever team loses is BANNED from the building for the rest of the night!

[The crowd cheers at the announcement. Bill's face turns bright red, as he shouts at Vasquez.]

CBW: You can't do this! This is outrageous! You've got to be kidding me! You can't just make matches like that, you son of a—

[Juan cuts him off.]

JV: Actually, I can, Bill! After all... I'm Juan Vasquez, dammit!

[The crowd explodes in cheers as Bill Webb's face contorts in pure fury. Vasquez stands tall, a smug grin on his face as he watches Bill seethe.]

SA: Juan Vasquez has made it official: One last showdown between Gunn and Walker, and a huge tag team match for Bill Webb's crew against the team of Omega and Polemos! What a night it'll be in Reseda!

CP: This is insane! The AWA is just letting Vasquez come in here and make important decisions like this! I'm calling it like it is, a blatant abuse of power!

SA: Curly Bill is irate, but there's nothing he can do about it! When it comes to Showtime in Reseda, Juan Vasquez's word is law! What a night it's already been, folks, but we have so much more coming right up!

[We zoom in on Wade Walker climbing up to the second turnbuckle and raising his arms, basking in the crowd's cheers, as Bill and Gunn storm out, furious but resigned to their fate. The scene fades out...

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

"Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!"

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of "Spitfire" Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it's Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

"It's AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers..."

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

"...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode..."

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

"...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!"

[A face we don't know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

"All in one tremendous game!"

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that's what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn't forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

"Get AWA 2K17 at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!"

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

...and then come back up backstage where we see Interim AWA President Maxim Zharkov conversing with Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Did we hear that right? No countout, no disqualification, and NO time limit?

[Zharkov smirks.]

MZ: My old friend does not... how you say... mess around.

MS: But with those two behemoths in there... it's gonna be like two giant animals throwing each other around! It's Gorilla Warfare in Reseda!

[Zharkov raises an eyebrow.]

MZ: Is strange comparison, no? I don't-

[And suddenly, Zharkov is cut off by a loud "HEY!" followed by some angry stomping across the backstage area until - standing furiously in front of the AWA Interim President is E-Girl MAX.

Harley Hamilton is staring down Zharkov, her lips curled in disdain, while Cinder stands beside her, arms crossed, her dark eyes glaring. Harley is dressed in a crisp, white collared dress shirt with a loosely tied necktie. Over it, she wears an oversized white cardigan with brown trim and cute bear face embellished pockets. Cradled in her right arm, is her half of the AWA World Tag Team title belts.

Cinder is in a black knitted cap that is almost pulled over her eyes and black t-shirt that inexplicably reads "THINGER STRANGS," her half of the tag belt worn like a baldric over her torso, off which hangs the sticker-encrusted binder that holds her "Steal the Spotlight" Contract.

Nearby, Casey Cash is perched on a bench with The Thompson Sisters, and Riley Campbell is snapping pictures of the scene, her camera clicking relentlessly as the tension builds. Harley steps forward, not even trying to hide her rage.]

HH: You've gotta' be kidding me! Ricki Toughill gets to choose our opponents!? Are you serious???

[She looks up at Zharkov, face scrunched up with anger...

...and then glares at Mark Stegglet.]

HH: Scram, loser.

[Casey Cash smirks, throwing up her finger and her thumb in the shape of an L on her forehead as Stegglet shakes his head, slinking out of view as Hamilton returns her fury towards the executive.]

HH: So you're telling me that you, the man who retired Alex Martinez... you, the man who ruined Travis Lynch's fragile ego and career.. you, the big bad Russian

super soldier... YOU, the interim president of the AWA... you're going to let Juan Vasquez - that washed-up, over-the-hill, one foot out the door, ready to spend the rest of his life on a warm, sandy tropical paradise while leeching off his more famous movie star wife...

[Harley holds up her fingers and makes air quotes.]

HH: ..."Hall of Famer" - have the authority to book us into a match? A match where we'll be forced to defend our titles against our will? Does he even KNOW anything about women's wrestling!? Do you think he even has any clue what's going on in the Women's Division outside of his mistress and their love child?

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: Michelle Bailey is not-

[Zharkov tries to correct Harley, but is quickly cut off.]

HH: I bet he's never even watched a single Misaki Ishikawa match in his life! Well, we have!

[Cinder holds up all five fingers of her left hand and the thumb on her right.]

C: Secks of'em!

HH: And don't even get me started on Ricki Toughill. SHE gets to choose our opponents just because all of you felt sorry for the well-deserved beating we gave her? Well, where's the sympathy for Kelly Kowalski? No one asked what she wanted! It sure as hell wasn't for some reckless goon like Ricki to injure her!

[Cinder jabs a finger at Zharkov.]

C: Ye put on yer tortoise-neck, stand there with yer head fulla eyeballs, but at the end o' the day, ye're nothin' but a stooge for Ricki, my Wicked Stepmum!! She picks our opponents and we're supposed to be grateful? Nae. We're not grateful, and we won't stand for it!

[Casey Cash yells encouragement from the sidelines.]

CC: Yeah! Who's really in charge around here!?

[Riley Campbell, ever the professional, continues to snap pictures, the distinct flash of her camera periodically going off in the background.]

MZ: I understand your frustration. But-

[Harley's eyes narrow at Zharkov as she interrupts him once again.]

HH: You don't understand anything!

C: Casey? Harley? Riley? Gies a second. Lemme get my bollockin' face on. Because I may be forced - Aye, FORCED...

...to USE...

...the power... of the "Steal the Spotlight" contract...

...ON YOU!!!

[Cinder's hand twitches and she strikes a threatening stance with the sticker-coated binder. The Thompsons and Cash try to restrain Cinder like she's wielding a stick of lit dynamite. Zharkov raises a heavy eyebrow.]

MZ: I have decided...

[Excitement lights up in Harley and Cinder's eyes.]

HH: I knew you'd start seeing things our way!

[Zharkov raises a finger.]

MZ: I have decided that you two WILL defend your titles on Showtime...

...but first, you will need a warm-up match. Like Supernova, you must be kept sharp for your upcoming title defense.

[The room goes silent. Harley's jaw drops in disbelief, her fists clenching as she stares at the Interim President. Cinder's eyes flash with rage, her hands tightening into fists, almost as if she's holding herself back from doing something terrible.]

HH: Wait, what? You're serious? You're sending us out there tonight?

[Zharkov shrugs.]

MZ: In a way, yes... I am sending you out there... right now.

[Zharkov grins as the crowd inside the T-Mobile Arena ERUPTS!]

C: You're throwin' us into a match without even tellin' us who we're up against?! Away and raffle yer doughnut! An' your eyebrows too, bytheway!

[Zharkov ignores Cinder's rants.]

MZ: Much like your opponents on Showtime, your opponents tonight have not been determined yet.

But you will know... shortly.

[He points off-camera.]

MZ: Go to the ring.

[Hamilton throws up her hands.]

HH: This is unfair! This is an outrage!

C: You hear will from us - and the CONTRACT - agin!

[In the background, Casey gives a shout of "Attica!" as The Thompsons join in.]

"Attica! Attica!"

[Zharkov is unmoved.]

MZ: Go. NOW!

[Harley's face twists into a scowl, clearly fuming at the perceived injustice. Cinder glances at Harley - nattering in fully incomprehensible but probably very vulgar Glaswegian - and starts to march after her. Without a word, Seductive &

Destructive head towards the ring, their fury palpable. As Casey Cash turns to join them, Zharkov clears his throat.]

MZ: You. Stay.

[Casey pouts for a brief moment, then starts to respond.]

CC: Why do I have to stay? Are you banning me from ringside? What did we do to deserve this?!

[Zharkov shakes his head.]

MZ: We must finish business. I have been awaiting Kelly Kowalski's replacement for the Rumble. I am tired of waiting.

[Zharkov takes the pencil from behind his ear, as an audible whine can be heard from Casey Cash amongst the clicking of Riley Campbell's camera. The Thompsons try to comfort Casey, as Zharkov raises his brow.]

MZ: You tell me, da?

[Casey joins Melody and Harmony Thompson in a quick conference, their whispers barely audible. After a moment, they break their huddle.]

CC: Well... even though it's totally unfair you're making me choose on the spot like this, I was like 99% sure who we were picking anyway.

[Casey turns towards Riley Campbell, a hopeful look appearing on the ace reporter's face and one of confusion on Zharkov's.]

CC: We pick...

[Casey holds her pose for a moment, so Riley can snap a picture. Once the shutter clicks, Casey turns to the Thompsons with an exaggerated arm motion.]

CC: The Thompson Sisters!

[The Thompsons let out a synchronized cheer, as Riley continues to take pictures. Zharkov frowns at the announcement.]

MZ: Pick one.

[He gestures to the giddy Thompsons.]

MZ: This is two. Two cannot be one.

[Casey holds up a hand in protest.]

CC: The Spice Girls would beg to differ! Besides, they're twins! They're basically one person anyway!

[Both Melody and Harmony nod vigorously.]

MT: Yeah! We like all the same foods!

HT: And read the same books!

MT: And have the same thoughts!

MT/HT [in perfect synchronicity]: At the same time!

[Zharkov rubs his brow.]

MZ: One. Not two. Pick now.

[The Thompsons' excitement vanishes, as Casey huddles up with the twins once more, causing Zharkov to lose track of which twin is which. After another quick whisper, they break again, as Casey pushes one of them to the forefront.]

CC: Fine! Jeez! Then it'll be Melody Thompson!

[The Thompson pushed forward raises a finger in protest, saying "but I'm Harmony!" Casey pulls Harmony(?) back, and pushes Melody(?) forward.]

CC: Melody Thompson!

MT(?): Yeah! Melody Thompson!

HT(?): It's totally Melody Thompson! Go get 'em, sis!

[Riley fires a couple of quick pictures, then looks at the back of her SLR.]

RC: They'll do.

[Casey nods firmly, as Zharkov points off screen.]

MZ: Now you may go.

[Without another word, Casey Cash rushes out of frame, followed by the Thompsons shouting out in singsong voices "wait for ussss!", and Riley Campbell briskly following. Zharkov pinches the bridge of his nose.]

MZ: Bozhe moi.

[And with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we find ourselves at the Chimpanzee Position with footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT."

The scene is frantic, as Jackson Hunter, wielding a shovel, is trying to leave the backstage area. But there is one problem.

One large problem...]

JH: Come on! Ya make a better door than a window!

[What's the problem?

The problem is that Brian James has his hand in front of Hunter's chest, and is preventing him from going anywhere.]

BJ: No.

[The Engine of Destruction lowers his hand and crosses his arms over his chest, standing in front of Hunter.]

JH: What do you mean no? He needs our help! And I want to do some gardening, and I see a few hundred pounds of fertilizer that needs to be put in the ground!

[James shakes his head.]

BJ: He might need help... but not OUR help.

[Hunter struggles to get past James again but the Engine of Destruction is holding his ground.]

BJ: Let me ask you something – how many times have we gone out there and saved him from a beatdown? And how many times has he done that for us?

[Hunter pauses, looking down.]

JH: Well...

[James interrupts.]

BJ: And let me ask you this – how many times have we gone out there and asked him to join us? And how many times has he slapped your hand away when you reached it out? And how many times has he spat in our face and said he doesn't need us?

[Hunter has no response.]

BJ: I say that if Shadoe Rage thinks he doesn't need us, then one of two things is about to happen:

Either he's going to prove he's right.

Or he's going to have to give some serious thought to his life choices.

[James points to the curtain behind him.]

BJ: But what's NOT going to happen is us going out there so we can waste breath begging to have the privilege of helping someone who doesn't understand that he needs our help.

Look Hunter, when this started, we weren't friends. Hell, I don't even think we're friends now...

[Hunter gets a faux wounded look on his face.]

JH: Running and hugging through the surf with our shirts off meant nothing to you?

[James rolls his eyes.]

BJ: Regardless. When I said that we needed to fight Team Supreme together, you knew I was right. And I didn't have to chase your butt around endlessly trying to get you to help me.

I called, you stepped up. That's how its supposed to be.

This is a war, and we need soldiers. We need people who want to fight. We tried with Rage, and he's made it clear that he doesn't want to have anything to do with us.

[James pauses.]

BJ: If it hasn't gotten through Rage's thick skull that he needs us by now, it's not going to.

It's time, Hunter. Time to move on. Time to find people who want to fight this war on our side.

[Hunter opens and closes his mouth three times as he realizes he has no answer. He shoulders his shovel.]

JH: Well... I suppose... I should take my own advice and not fight a battle I don't have to win.

[James smirks.]

BJ: Hey, you did your best.

[As James and Hunter step away, the camera pans to the monitor, where we see Shadoe Rage taking a terrible beating at the hands of Masks For Money earlier in the night...

...and with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we end up with a live shot of the T-Mobile Arena crowd.]

SA: Brian James trying to convince Jackson Hunter that Shadoe Rage is on his own and... well, it must've worked, Colt, because we sure didn't see them come to the former Television Champion's aid earlier tonight.

CP: James knows a thing or two about being allies with someone who doesn't appreciate what you bring to the table...

SA: Are you comparing Shadoe Rage to Johnny Detson?

CP: If the hospital bed fits.

SA: Well, we'll be seeing James and Hunter in tag team action later tonight but speaking of tag team action, Colt... we did NOT expect to see the Women's World Tag Team Champions in action here tonight but after they went backstage to bully and harass the Interim President, Maxim Zharkov made a match for them right here tonight as well! We know they'll be facing a team of Ricki Toughill's choosing with the tag titles on the line next weekend on Showtime... but who has the Tsar found for them tonight on short notice?

CP: You say it's short notice - who knows, Sal? He might've been planning this for weeks!

SA: Highly unlikely... but it looks like it's time for-

["E.V.O.L" by Marina and The Diamonds plays as the Las Vegas crowd reacts first with roar of high-pitched cheers which are soon drowned out by a loud chorus of boos at the arrival of Seductive & Destructive.

Harley Hamilton and Cinder make their way out, still in the clothes we saw them wearing moments earlier, looking less than thrilled. Harley's hair however, has now been tied up into a side ponytail by a bright neon blue scrunchie and while Cinder is still hastily wrapping her wrist tape.

The two get it together, managing to compose themselves enough to do their ring entrance, as Harley holds up her hand, pinky finger outstretched. Cinder then proceeds to link her pinky with Harley's and the two raise their locked pinkies into the air in a show of their "unbreakable" bond as the boos intensify. They react rather poorly to the booing, yelling at everyone in the crowd booing them... even children.]

SA: Well folks, here they are! Harley Hamilton and Cinder have been sent out for a warm-up match by AWA Interim President Maxim Zharkov and we have no idea who they'll be facing!

CP: This is absurd. Seductive & Destructive didn't ask for this match! Maxim Zharkov has once again, pulled some shady nonsense out of his playbook. He's putting these two champions in a match just because he felt like it? What a joke.

[Harley and Cinder slide into the ring, with Harley snatching the microphone out of ring announcer Rebecca Ortiz's hand before she even gets a chance to use it. The duo glare out at the crowd, clearly irritated.]

HH: I don't know what that bushy eyebrowed buffoon's problem is, but Maxim Zharkov can't keep getting away with this! Once again, he's forced ME into a match against my will! Once again, he's conspired to soften me up by forcing me to wrestle right before an important tag team title match!

The evidence doesn't lie, "comrade", and after Cindy and I have absolutely DESTROYED whatever poor, unfortunate souls you've decided to send out to wrestle us, we're going to make damn sure that you, Mister "Interim President", will become a FORMER President!

[The crowd roars with boos at Harley's words.]

SA: Whoa! Harley Hamilton with some strong words towards Maxim Zharkov!

CP: You know what, Sal? Harley has a point. Zharkov's been stacking the deck against her and E-Girl MAX time and time again. It almost seems personal at this point. Harley and Cinder are the champions and they don't deserve this kind of treatment.

SA: I can understand her frustration, but she's making threats against the Interim President!

[Cinder has the microphone now.]

C: Ye've gotta be pure mental to think ye can keep gettin' away wit this, ya reprobate! Ye got a problem with us, well now we'll make it our bizzo to become yer biggest problem. Tonight, me n' Harley will ruin yer little plan and leave whoever ye picked in ruins, because we are pure, dead BRILLIANT!

HH: So, bring on whoever you've chosen, Maxie - we're gonna tear them apart!

[Ortiz sticks out her hand to take the mic...

...and Hamilton deliberately drops the mic, bouncing it at her feet as Ortiz glares at her.]

SA: Well, E-Girl MAX is out here being their usual charming selves - threatening the AWA President, embarrassing Rebecca Ortiz...

CP: Come on, Albano! Admit it! Hamilton and Cinder have a point. Zharkov's been all over them for weeks now... constantly trying to get one over on them and this is just the latest example.

SA: That's a discussion for another time but right now, we're waiting to see who President Zharkov has found to take on the champions... we're waiting to see who-

[Suddenly, a familiar song blasts out over the PA system in the T-Mobile Arena to a BIG CHEER from the sold out crowd...

...and with "Blood On The Blue Grass" still playing, a grinning Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol swaggers out onto the entrance stage, smirking as she looks down the aisle

at a surprised E-Girl MAX! Cristol looks resplendent in her turquoise and brown Western-themed ring gear. Harley Hamilton approaches the ropes, shouting down the aisle off-mic.]

“You want another go at us?! Come on, girly! Let’s see what you’ve got!”

[Cristol nods her head and starts to walk towards the ring...]

SA: Kayla Cristol is here and apparently she’s heading for the ring, Colt!

CP: You gotta be dumber than a sack of rocks to face these two on your own, Sal.

[...and then pauses, snapping her fingers. She turns towards the nearest camera with a grin - “What? You thought I came alone? - and turns back towards the stage, raising her pistol finger and pulling the trigger.]

SA: What’s this now...?

[Cristol cups her hand to her ear, listening intently...

...and as the music shifts, the crowd ERUPTS!]

SA: OHHH YEAAAAH!

[As the Ramones’ punk anthem “Blitzkrieg Bop” takes over the sound system, the T-Mobile Arena GOES CRAZY!]

#HEY! HO! LET’S GO!#

#HEY! HO! LET’S GO!#

#HEY! HO! LET’S GO!#

#HEY! HO! LET’S GO!#

[And with the crowd singing along to the opening lyrics...]

SA: SHE’S NOT ALONE AT ALL, COLT! VICTORIA JUNE IS BACK!

CP: You gotta be kidding me!

[...and with a loud “BOOOOOOOOM!,” the Afro Punk comes rocketing up through an opening in the stage, surrounded by pyrotechnic explosions before landing on her feet with a huge grin on her face!]

SA: OHHHH!

[Victoria June power stomps her way down the stage, lunging into an embrace with her partner as the Vegas crowd continues to ROAR for the surprise return!]

SA: Victoria June is here! Victoria June is back! She’s been out of action since the end of March - the premiere episode of Showtime after a brutal assault at the hands of E-Girl MAX!

CP: And it looks like she’s used the time off to undergo a transformation, Sal. My eyes are sharp. You missed it!

[Indeed, June does seem to have undergone a transformation. Her signature blonde afro has been turned into long liberty spikes. She is dressed in a black leather vest and matching chain-studded top cut open at the chest to show a

cleavage tattoo of a spider. Her right arm is covered in a sleeve of tattoos of spiders, spider webs and upside down broken hearts.

But one thing remains the same, June still sports the aftermath of her previous run-in with S&D. Kayla Cristol is fired up, ready to make an impact. The look on Harley and Cinder's faces turns from confident to horrified as they realize exactly who's coming for them.]

SA: Victoria June is back after being put out of action by Harley and Cinder! What do you make of this new look of June's, Colt?

CP: Before I get into that, I want you to tell the audience WHY she was put out of action, Sal! She was put out of action because she tried to maim Casey Cash! She tried to injure Casey, and she ended up paying the price. Play stupid games and you win stupid prizes!

SA: It was the very definition of going too far as Hamilton hit her with a title belt to bust her open... then they delivered a double spinebuster on the steel steps... and THEN they hit her with a DDT on the floor! Let's not forget, Victoria June and Kayla Cristol have been through a lot because of Seductive & Destructive.

CP: Cry me a river.

[Cristol nudges her enthusiastic partner who is bouncing on the balls of her feet with a "you ready for this?!" and with a nod from June, the duo sprint the distance of the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring!]

SA: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO! THEY'RE NOT EVEN GONNA WAIT FOR A BELL!

CP: This is completely unfair! This is an ambush!

[Referee Shari Miranda urgently signals for the bell as June attacks Cinder while Cristol goes after Hamilton!]

SA: THE BATTLE BEGINS IN SIN CITY!

CP: How can they ring the bell?! How can Miranda start this match?! She's never had an ounce of control over it!

[Battering Cinder back into the turnbuckles, the Afro Punk HURLS Cinder across the ring with an Irish whip, sending her crashing into the corner before staggering out...]

SA: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY VICTORIA JUNE!

[...and as Cinder crashes to the mat, Cristol throws a stunned Harley Hamilton into the ropes, putting her down with a leaping back elbow up under the chin to big cheers!]

SA: The Country Punks have come to fight and they're out for payback here tonight, fans! The Country Punks are all over the champions from the get-go, not giving S&D any room to recover.

CP: They gotta get out! They gotta regroup!

[Coming off the mat swinging, Hamilton - still a bit dazed - BLASTS Cristol across the chest with a knife edge chop...]

SA: Ohh! Hamilton firing back!

[She grabs a stunned Cristol by the hair, hauling her towards the ropes but before she can get there, Cristol fires a quick back elbow into the gut, breaking her grip before tucking her head under Hamilton's chin...]

SA: JAWBREAKER ON ONE-HALF OF THE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[The impact snaps Hamilton's head back, sending her flopping down to the canvas as Victoria June SMASHES her skull into Cinder's with a vicious headbutt, knocking her down on the mat as well!]

SA: The Country Punks have overwhelmed the World Tag Team Champions!

CP: The Country Punks didn't even have the decency to wait until the bell rang. You call this fair? Zharkov clearly set up the champions... AGAIN!

[Dragging Hamilton off the mat, Cristol whips her into the corner, grabbing the top rope and wearing her out with a series of kicks to the body as the referee shouts at the Pistol, warning her...]

SA: The referee's trying to get control of the action but-

[...and in the middle of the ring, a Cinder attempt to snatch a side headlock goes nowhere as June overpowers her, lifting her into the air, and sending her crashing to the mat with a back suplex that sends the Steal The Spotlight winner rolling to the outside for relief!]

SA: -Cinder getting the heck out of town! She wants no part of a vengeful Afro Punk!

[Cristol signals to her partner as she whips Hamilton from one corner to the other where June is waiting, raising her leg and catching Hamilton under the chin with a boot!]

SA: OHH!

[Hamilton staggers backwards, spinning away towards the ropes as a fired-up June hits the ropes for momentum, bouncing back to clothesline Hamilton and send the second generation grappler flipping over the ropes to the outside to BIG CHEERS!]

SA: VICTORIA JUNE CLEARS OUT HAMILTON AS WELL! THE COUNTRY PUNKS HAVE CLEARED THE RING, FANS!

[June shouts down over the ropes at the champions as Kayla Cristol mounts the midbuckle, firing off those finger pistols as the crowd ROARS for the fan favorite duo!]

SA: The champions can't get their act together! They're being completely overwhelmed!

[As Harley slowly gets to her feet outside the ring, Cinder looks around, seemingly trying to figure out if there's any way to salvage the match...]

SA: And I don't know if I've ever seen these two in more desperate need of a regroup, Colt.

CP: Can you blame them?! They didn't ASK for this match... they didn't WANT this match... and they didn't even KNOW about this match until a few minutes ago! This was a scheme by Zharkov, June, and Cristol - plain and simple!

[...but the duo quickly realizes there's no turning this around and a frustrated and angry Harley signals her partner to retreat, and with nothing left to do, the duo take their World Tag Team Title belts from the timekeeper's table and begin walking up the ramp...]

SA: What is THIS about now?

[The crowd is jeering as referee Shari Miranda begins counting them out, much to the crowd and The Country Punks' displeasure.]

SA: It looks like Seductive & Destructive have had enough and they're walking out! Are they just going to leave?!

CP: I can't blame them! Seductive & Destructive didn't come here for this. They didn't want come here to be thrown into some random, unplanned match just to be jumped by The Country Punks!

[As the referee raises the hands of Victoria June and Kayla Cristol, the crowd cheers, but their reaction is subdued, disappointed at the indecisive result. The Country Punks stand tall in the ring, celebrating their win...]

SA: A victory for the Country Punks... but not the victory they wanted. They wanted their pound of flesh and instead they have to settle for a countout.

[The camera quickly cuts to the top of the ramp. There, Harley Hamilton, still seething, stops Cinder and motions for the production crew to hand her a microphone.]

HH: Hey! HEY!

[The crowd quiets, curious to hear what Harley has to say. Harley looks down at the ring, her gaze locking onto the Country Punks. A smug, condescending grin spreads across her face.]

HH: Wooow, what a win you two got there. Really impressive. Getting Zharkov to set us up to be ambushed, jumping us from behind, attacking us before the bell even rings... I mean, I've got to hand it to you - that's really a win to hang your hat on!

[The crowd responds with a roar of boos.]

HH: Enjoy your little victory, ladies. You've earned it... in your own twisted, cowardly sort of way. But just so we're clear, tonight changes nothing. You can stand there all smug, but you'll never, ever get a shot at those tag team titles.

NEVER!

Not in a million years.

Not in your wildest dreams. Because...

[Harley pauses, her grin turning even more wicked.]

HH: In a fair fight, Cindy and I already proved we outclass you two. We've already beaten you both down, time and time again. You can keep running your mouths, but that doesn't change the facts. You can keep pretending you earned something, but you didn't. Not even close!

[The boos are deafening as Harley and Cinder hold up their titles defiantly to the crowd.]

SA: This is unbelievable! Harley Hamilton's completely disrespecting the Punks' victory here - after the Punks dominated the match and left them with no choice but to walk out!

[With the crowd jeering the words of Hamilton, the Country Punks exchange frustrated looks before Victoria June signals for a mic to be handed it. She taps it a few times before approaching the ropes, glaring down the aisle at Hamilton...]

VJ: HAMILTON!

[June fumes in the direction of the second generation grappler as Cristol tries to calm her partner down but the Afro Punk shrugs off the comforting hand...]

VJ: HAMILTON! You think this is OVER?!

[Hamilton smirks with a "I SURE DO!" as June shakes her head.]

VJ: Nah... nah... this ain't over. We beg to differ, Hamilton!

[Cristol nods with a "that's right!" as the crowd cheers.]

VJ: This doesn't end tonight, Hamilton... because we are COMING for those titles!

[The crowd ROARS at that declaration!]

VJ: And... we AIN'T! BACKING! DOWN!

[The crowd gets even louder as Cinder opens and closes her hand in a mocking "talk, talk, talk" gesture as Hamilton drapes an arm over her partner's shoulders with a "I sure didn't miss her talking!"]

VJ: Ain't that right, Kayla?

[June hands the mic over to Cristol who nods her head.]

KC: You got that right, Vicki! You said it all right there... you said a mouthful. You can run from us, girls, but you sure can't hide when we get OUR shot at those tag team titles!

[Hamilton picks her own mic back up.]

HH: Oh, is that right? Well, the way I see it-

[But before Harley can finish that thought, the crowd ROARS at the arrival of Interim President Zharkov as he walks out onto the entrance stage, standing behind the World Tag Team Champions. He's got a mic in one hand and his ever-present clipboard in the other.]

MZ: It appears we have a little problem, da?

I have been listening to all this and I have decided that we will find a solution... a fair solution, yes?

[Zharkov pauses for a moment. He gives a slight nod, as if contemplating something important.]

MZ: First thing I will say - I agree it is not fair to make Seductive & Destructive defend the tag team titles on next week's Showtime.

They will face a team chosen by Ricki Toughill...

...but it will be a non-title match.

[The crowd erupts in boos at this as Hamilton arches an eyebrow suspiciously as Cinder whispers to her.]

SA: What? No title match?

CP: Smart move, Zharkov. Maybe Harley and Cinder's words finally reached him and he's decided to protect his champions a little better.

[Harley and Cinder share a brief, pleased look from the top of the ramp, clearly satisfied with Zharkov's decision.]

MZ: However... the tag team titles MUST be defended.

[The pleased smiles on Harley and Cinder's faces disappear.]

MZ: And that is why... at Memorial Day Mayhem in Los Angeles... the Women's World Tag Team Titles will be defended in a match against...

[Dramatic pause.]

MZ: ...The Country Punks!

[The arena erupts at the announcement as Seductive & Destructive's faces drop in disbelief, while the Country Punks in the ring seem caught off guard but quickly exchange excited smiles and hugs...

...and Hamilton quickly responds.]

HH: ARE YOU SERIOUS, ZHARKOV?!

They don't deserve a THING from us! This is ridiculous!

[Zharkov is unmoved.]

MZ: We shall wait and see at Memorial Day Mayhem who is TRULY deserving.

[Zharkov turns to exit as Cinder lets loose an anguished screech and Hamilton glares at Zharkov's back... then at the ring where a smirking Cristol waves a mocking hand at her. Victoria June nods her head excitedly, making the belt gesture at the champions as the crowd gets louder!]

CP: After the way Harley and Cinder were treated tonight, if you ask me, it seems like Zharkov is trying to hand the titles to the Punks! I don't like it, Albano. Not one bit.

SA: Well Colt, you better get used to it, because the match is set and Memorial Day Mayhem is looking like it's going to be the most exciting show of the year! The Country Punks get their shot at the titles, and if they bring it like they did tonight, Seductive & Destructive are in big, big trouble!

[With the two teams glaring at one another from down the aisle, we fade to the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet flanked by the two-time former World Tag Team Champions Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, still in their ring gear but with white towels draped around their necks.]

MS: A wild scene out there at ringside... and we now know it's official! It'll be Seductive and Destructive defending the Women's World Tag Team Titles against the Country Punks at Memorial Day Mayhem! And speaking of tag team titles - gentlemen, you have to consider yourselves one step closer to getting those titles back after your victory earlier tonight.

[Wes Taylor nods, a big smile on his face.]

WT: That's one hundred percent right, Mark. Tony made a good run in the Royal Crown - got all the way to the Finals... but now it's time for us to get back to doing what we do better than any other tag team in the world, kicking ass as a unit and showing either Harper and Somers or Mifune and Grayson what we're capable of when those titles are at stake.

[Stegglet turns towards Donovan.]

MS: Tony Donovan, your partner here mentioned your run at the Royal Crown that came to an abrupt end at the Battle of London when you were eliminated in the Finals by a flying elbow from Shadoo Rage.

[Donovan grimaces.]

TD: If you're going to tell the story, Stegglet, tell the whole damn story. I had hit Sid Osborne with a superplex and I was ready to eliminate HIM from the match... and then Rage came off the top rope with that damn elbow and...

[Donovan rubs his sternum.]

TD: ...it feels like an anvil getting dropped on your chest, you know? I couldn't breathe for a second... three seconds, really... and that's all it took. My night was done and so was my dream of winning that tournament.

[Taylor interrupts.]

WT: Hey, you've got nothing to be ashamed of, Tony.

[Donovan glares at his partner.]

TD: I know that. The only thing I'm ashamed of is that I didn't come home with the Crown and with my eyes on Jordan Ohara and the National Title or on Supernova and the World Title. The only thing I'm ashamed of is that I didn't kick down Zharkov's door and demand a shot at Rage or Osborne here tonight to show everyone what I can do one-on-one.

[Stegglet looks confused.]

MS: Are you saying you didn't want this tag match tonight?

[Taylor seems to have the same question as he looks at his steamed-up partner, hands on his hips.]

TD: No. Of course not. Wes is my brother in arms and I will never turn down a chance to be his partner out there. It's just... I wanted to prove something on my own and-

[Into the shot walks Tiger Claw, wearing his now signature black suit.]

TC: There are multiple paths to prove yourself, Tony. Don't be discouraged because just one didn't pan out.

[Donovan bows his head to Claw, accepting his compliment. Wes, on the other hand...]

WT: [Slightly irritated] Thanks, Mr. Miyagi, but what do you want? We're doing an interview here.

[Claw holds up his hands.]

TC: I just want what's best for Tony here... And you, too, Wes, believe it or not. You know my opinion of you two. I think you two could be the next big thing in this industry. I just finished talking to Zharkov, and it seems he agrees with me. After your win tonight, locking you in as the number two contenders to the tag titles, Zharkov has seen fit to give you a title shot against the winners of the tag title match later tonight.

[Both Wes and Tony look at each other with excited looks on their faces]

TD: Mr. Claw, that's... Thank y-

[Claw raises a hand, cutting him off.]

TC: Before you thank me, Tony, I need to say something.

This isn't the act of a friend or charity. This is professional wrestling, and as of earlier this week, I'm a licensed manager in the AWA.

This is professional wrestling _business._

[Claw lets that news settle.]

TC: So you have a decision to make by the time this match goes down...

You can continue to benefit from my advice in a more formal relationship, or we part ways.

[Tony Donovan doesn't hesitate at all]

TD: You know my decision... MASTER... Claw.

[Donovan gives his apparent new manager a bow which Claw accepts with a nod before turning towards Taylor...]

WT: Now, hold on, hold up, Tony... At least think about this a bit. Remember what my dad-

[Claw interrupts.]

TC: Of course, Wes, your dad. I appreciate the respect you show for your father, no matter how he and I feel about each other...

But you've said yourself that your father and you have agreed to let you handle your own business.

[Wes looks like he's about to say something, but pauses, second guessing himself]

TD: Wes, this is the best thing for us as a team. Just think about what Master Claw can do for us!

[Wes' expression changes to that of mild frustration, as if he's on the cusp of an answer, but there are too many distractions. Claw interrupts the thought process again.]

TC: Tony is right, but Wes, you can't be forced into this.

Listen, you have the title match already. Think of it as a preview of what I can get done for you two. Take some time to think about it, but I expect an answer by the time your title match happens.

[Taylor nods slightly, not wanting to meet Claw's gaze.]

TC: Let me be clear, though: If you're not in, you're out...

...and Wes, if you're not sure how that works out, you can ask Brian James.

[Claw looks at both Wes and Tony in turn as if to punctuate what he just said, then leaves the shot. Tony looks at Wes expectantly, almost expecting an answer immediately. Wes, though, just stands there, deep in thought.]

MS: Wow, that's a big development! It looks like you guys have a lot of thinking to do!

TD [Looking at Wes]: Looks like it. C'mon, Wes, I think we need to talk...

[Tony walks past Wes, grabbing him by the arm as he does as both leave the shot.]

MS: We've already got a tag team title match ready to go after the title match tonight! Will it be Next Gen or the Gold Standard that will face the former champions? We'll find out a little later but right now, let's head back down to the ring for more tag team action!

[Cut from backstage back to the ring where we find Rebecca Ortiz and two masked men.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Parts Unknown... at Weight Unknown... THE SHAAAADOWWWWS!

[Two men of mysterious builds in dark grey and black full bodysuits and masks raise their arms to jeers.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[Rebecca lowers the mic and smiles as the opening notes of Rush's "Tom Sawyer" ring out to HUGE applause from the Las Vegas crowd!]

RO: ...from Dallas, Texas and Minneapolis, Minnesota... at a total combined weight of 485 pounds... the team of "Flawless" Larry Wallace and TRAAAAAVIS LYNNNNNCH!

[The fan favorite duo busts through the curtain to big cheers from the AWA faithful. The high-pitched squeals from the smitten young ladies leads the way as does Larry Wallace in a pair of golden trunks with "FLAWLESS" stamped across the rear. His well-toned and well-oiled upper body is on display as he slaps every hand that comes his way. Travis Lynch brings up the rear, the former National Champion in white trunks and boots with his signature super smedium t-shirt that reads "LYNCH LEGACY" across the front with photos of his brothers and his legendary father. Travis also has a smile and a high five for all the adoring fans as the duo heads down the aisle.]

SA: Here they come, Colt... a duo that has quickly become one of the most popular tag teams in the entire AWA - Travis Lynch and Larry Wallace!

CP: The fans may love 'em but Bobby O'Connor and the Blackjacks sure don't... and if those two teams clash, my money's on the Blackjacks, Sal.

SA: I'm sure it is... and while the Blackjacks may have a teamwork advantage when and if that matchup happens, I don't think anyone can discount the talents of these two men right here.

CP: I'm not discounting their talents, Albano. Wallace is a fine competitor and Travis Lynch was the longest reigning National Champion of all time. But a good tag team will beat two great singles wrestlers every time - it's just a fact of life, jack.

SA: We'll see about that.

[Reaching the ring, Travis pulls himself up on the apron, yanking off his shirt to a big squeal as he tosses it into the crowd for a souvenir. Wallace slingshots over the top rope, giving the ropes a quick tug or two to loosen up as the fan favorite duo eyeballs the opposition from across the ring.]

SA: We're just about set for this one... and it looks like it's going to be Travis Lynch starting things off against... well, Colt... any suggestions on this one?

CP: Shadow #1 perhaps?

SA: You sure that's not Shadow #2?

CP: Just as sure as you are.

[Sal chuckles as the referee gets two men out and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: The bell sounds here in Las Vegas... and immediately into a tieup... and just as quickly, the former National Champion applies the side headlock on Shadow #1. And Colt, big news moments ago as Tiger Claw has secured a World Tag Team Title match for Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan as this division continues to heat up!

CP: Plenty of strings attached on that one, Albano... as it should be! Tiger Claw's already proving himself as a top manager here in the AWA and Wes Taylor needs to stop playing the fool and make the deal for him and his partner!

SA: A tough decision ahead for Wes Taylor for sure.

[The masked man quickly looks for an exit, trying for the ropes before opting to bounce off them, attempting to shove Travis right out of the hold...]

SA: Annnnnd Travis Lynch slams on the brakes, keeping that side headlock applied!

CP: There's a lot of power in the upper body of Travis Lynch - it's not just for looks.

SA: Hanging on tight to that headlock, wrenching the head and neck of the Shadow...

[Shadow #1 walks him out to the middle of the ring before wrapping his arms around the torso again, this time lifting him into the air...]

SA: ...and a big suplex coming up... annnnnnd dwwwwwn!

[...and the back suplex drops Lynch down hard but again, he hangs on to the side headlock, cranking on it to cheers from the Vegas crowd.]

SA: Sheer tenacity on display by the longest reigning National Champion in this company's history, hanging onto that headlock through that suplex by the masked man.

[Travis works back to a vertical base, still wrenching the head of the masked man as he struggles up to a knee...]

SA: Travis has had his eyes on the Blackjacks and that traitorous scum Bobby O'Connor for months now and-

[...where the masked man hooks a handful of hair, using it to drag Lynch backwards as the referee and sold out crowd protests loudly...]

SA: He's got the hair! Pulling him backwards!

[...and slaps the hand of Shadow #2, a slightly larger man who ducks through the ropes, throwing a shot to the body of Lynch...]

SA: Trying to get him in the corner... look at Lynch!

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch starts throwing haymakers, rocking both masked men with right hands, fighting his way out of the trap to get back out to the middle of the ring where both Shadows are soon complaining to the official.]

SA: Travis - like the Lynch that he is - fighting the odds here tonight in Las Vegas... and just like he'll be doing when they finally do meet the Blackjacks with Bobby O'Connor. The numbers will be at a disadvantage then too, Colt.

CP: Why do you say that, Albano?

SA: O'Connor's made a serious habit out of interfering in every match he can, Colt - come on! You know that!

CP: Bobby O'Connor is an injured man who couldn't hurt a fly in his current condition.

SA: Tell that to Jack Lynch.

CP: I might if anyone could find him.

[As the referee manages to get Shadow #1 to exit, Shadow #2 and Lynch tieup again with Lynch immediately spinning out into an armwringer this time, backing to his corner...]

SA: And there's our first tag of the night for the fan favorites, "Flawless" Larry Wallace tagging himself in...

CP: And what a downgrade it is for Larry Wallace these days, Sal. Going from being a member of Team Supreme to hanging out with Scumbag Travis.

SA: It's been a long time since Wallace was a member of Team Supreme... off the second rope!

[The crowd cheers a double axehandle off the middle rope across the arm before Wallace takes the wrist, applying an armwringer of his own.]

SA: Wallace staying on the arm - of course, you gotta watch out for the dropkick of Larry Wallace at all times, Colt. He can end a match in a hurry with that one.

CP: Cranking on that arm right now though, twisting it around a second time...

[The Shadow fights it but the arm crank causes him to front flip over onto his back where Wallace drops a leg across the arm...]

SA: Ohhh... legdrop on the arm... and Wallace with the first pin attempt of the match.

[A two count follows before Shadow #2 lifts out of it...

...and Wallace goes right back to the arm, applying an armbar before either man is able to get off their knees.]

SA: Staying on the arm... a sign of a good team in there, working the body part...

[With both men back on their feet, Wallace twists the arm around again, putting the Shadow on defense...]

SA: ...oh, he yanks the arm hard right there!

[A second arm yank sends the masked man down to a knee where Wallace slaps the offered hand...]

SA: And how about that, Colt? Quick tags as well. You've gotta be impressed by the teamwork of this duo early on in this one.

[Lynch slams the point of his elbow down onto the trapped arm before snatching the limb again himself...]

CP: They're showing me something for sure... but it ain't nothin' compared to what the Blackjacks would be showing me in this situation.

[Sal sighs as Travis cranks the arm around again, twisting it tightly...

...and the Shadow tries to escape by scooping Travis up, slamming him down with one arm...]

SA: A nice show of strength there by Shadow #2... but it does little for him as Lynch continue to hang onto the arm for dear life.

[...and with Travis still holding the arm, the masked man falls to the mat to cheers and laughter from the crowd.]

SA: Down he goes again... Travis back on his feet, pinning the wrist down...

[The crowd "ooooohs!" as Travis leaps up to drop a knee on the trapped limb!]

SA: Kneedrop on target! Another cover!

[Another two count follows before the masked man escapes.]

SA: Travis right back to the armwringer after the kickout... they came in to this one with a gameplan for sure...

[Back on his feet, Travis again backs to the corner to tag in his eager partner.]

SA: ...and Wallace is back in, the older brother of three wrestling siblings - Chaz, Chet, and Trish Wallace - the latter of which we'll be seeing later as our second hour of Saturday Night Wrestling comes to a head with trios action when the Slam Sorority featuring Trish Wallace takes on... well, we hope it'll be a trio of Kimmy Bailey, Lauryn Rage, and... a partner to be named later perhaps after Pink Cashmere was taken to a local hospital after a backstage assault by-

CP: Careful now. Your bank account can't handle a defamation lawsuit.

SA: Well, we can only assume it was the Slam Sorority but we certainly have no proof of that as Wallace and Lynch shoot the masked man across...

[As the masked man rebounds back, the duo bury a pair of right hands into the midsection, leaving him doubled over...]

SA: They go down annnnnnd...

[...which they use to lift him into the air together...]

SA: ...he goes UP...

[...and bring him crashing down in a double suplex!]

SA: ...and RIGHT! BACK! DOWWWWWN!

[Another pin attempt scores another two count for Larry Wallace.]

SA: And Colt, I'd have to say the execution on that suplex was flawless, wouldn't you?

CP: It was a nice suplex but let's not get ahead of ourselves.

[As Travis departs, Larry Wallace keeps his focus on Shadow #2, bringing him up his feet by the arm, twisting the limb again...

...and the masked man jabs a thumb into the eye!]

SA: Oh! Cheap shot by Shadow #2... Wallace is stunned!

[Staggering blindly towards the ropes as the referee warns Shadow #2, Wallace drifts a little too close to the opposition as Shadow #1 hooks his arms around the back of the neck, dropping off the apron...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Wallace gets his throat snapped down over the top rope!

[As Wallace collapses to the mat, coughing violently, the Shadows make the exchange and Shadow #1 comes rushing in, stomping Wallace in the back of the head.]

SA: And now we've got a fresh man in for the Shadows so it'll be interesting to see how Lynch and Wallace adapt to their gameplan being broken up by this duo.

[Grabbing the top rope for support, Shadow #1 keeps on stomping, driving boot leather into the head and neck of the downed Larry Wallace...]

SA: The referee giving some warnings here as the Shadow continues to stomp Wallace down...

[The masked man breaks it off, lifting Wallace up and slamming him down before promptly dropping an elbow across the sternum!]

SA: ...nice combination offense there by Shadow #1... and now the masked man gets the cover!

[A two count follows before Wallace slips out to cheers from the suddenly-anxious Vegas crowd...]

...to which the masked man responds by hooking a loose side headlock and driving his fist repeatedly into the head!]

SA: Come on, referee! Those are closed fists in there!

[The referee's warning does the trick, forcing the masked man to break off his attack as he climbs back to his feet...]

SA: The Shadows working quickly, trying to take advantage of Wallace's current state... bringing Wallace back up off the mat... scoops him up!

[But the crowd cheers as Wallace slips out, landing on his feet behind the masked man. He hooks his arms around the torso, rushing forward with Shadow #1...]

SA: To the rop-

[...but his rolling cradle attempt is cut short as #1 ducks down and #2 lowers the boom with a big clothesline from the apron!]

SA: OHHH! BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

CP: Big chance here for the Shadows to score an upset and maybe get the powers that be to notice them in the tag division too.

SA: The referee saw it clear as day and he's letting them hear it but... in comes #2 off the tag... and again, back to the stomps and kicks to the head and neck, really working over Larry Wallace...

[But with #1 still in the ring, the Shadows bring Wallace to his feet despite the referee's loud objections, whipping him across together...]

...and putting him down together with a double back elbow under the chin!]

SA: Ohhh... down goes Wallace off the doubleteam! #2 is legal, makes the cover... and Wallace slips out at two!

CP: A little closer that time though, Sal - just a little closer.

SA: It certainly was... and as #1 steps out, #2 goes to work, pulling Wallace into a front facelock... and you gotta think a suplex of some sort is coming up next, fans. Lifting- no! Blocked by Wallace!

[The crowd cheers as Wallace holds firm, blocking the lift attempt...]

SA: He's going for it again... and again, Wallace blocks it!

[The second suplex attempt is the last for the Shadow as Wallace reverses, taking him up and over with a suplex of his own to big cheers!]

SA: And instead, it's the Flawless One taking the Shadow down!

[With the fans cheering him on, Wallace struggles to get across the ring to his corner as the Shadow tries to get up off the mat...]

SA: Wallace is on the move, Travis is ready and waiting...

[...and as Shadow #2 gets to his feet...]

SA: ...and THERE'S the tag!

[...the crowd ROARS as Travis Lynch makes the exchange, slingshotting over the top rope and rushing into the fray...]

SA: Travis is in and he's fired up, fans! Big haymaker from the Southpaw on #2... again... and again!

[...and Shadow #1 comes through the ropes, looking for the assist but running right into a pair of big lefts from the former National Champion...]

SA: Travis Lynch landing those big left hands - also a former World Tag Team Champion with his brother, Jack!

[Wheeling back around, Lynch throws a dropkick at a staggered but moving #2!]

SA: Down goes #2 off the dropkick!

CP: You sure that's #2?

SA: About as sure as you are.

[A dropkick for #1 puts him down on the mat as #2 comes from behind, swinging Travis around...

...who ducks a big right hand before scooping him into the air!]

SA: A mighty lift by Lynch...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and he SLAMS HIM DOWN ON TOP OF HIS OWN PARTNER!

[The crowd is roaring as the Shadows try to recover from having #2 slammed on top of #1 on the canvas. Travis pumps his arms, looking out on the roaring crowd. He nods his head, swinging his left arm around as #1 uses the ropes to struggle up to his feet...]

SA: Travis on the move annnnd... OHHH! He clotheslines #1 over the top and down to the outside!

[...and with one man dispatched, Lynch throws his left hand into the air to big cheers!]

SA: The Claw! He's calling for that Lynch family legacy!

[Lynch nods his head again, watching as #2 comes to his feet...]

SA: HERE! HE! COMES!

[...and LOCKS his hand around the masked skull of the Shadow!]

SA: HE LOCKS IT IN! THE IRON CLAW IS LOCKED IN ON SHADOW #2!

[The masked man swats at the arm, searching desperately for a way out but finding none as Lynch's grip keeps him in check...]

SA: The Iron Claw has claimed many victories over the years starting back with the patriarch Blackjack Lynch and carrying down to his kids - Jack, Travis, and even that Benedict Arnold, James...

CP: Who will be fighting for the World Title at Memorial Day Mayhem. He didn't do so bad for himself after leaving his jackal family hanging.

SA: It's going to be a big night in Los Angeles for James Lynch but right now, it's a big night for Travis as the Shadow is starting to fade...

[And with the arms slowly falling to his sides as the Shadow approaches unconsciousness, Travis suddenly lets go, falling back into the ropes...]

SA: ...SPINS... AND... THROWS!

[...and DRILLS the masked man with a Discus Punch, lifting him off the mat before dumping him on the canvas!]

SA: WHAT A LEFT HAND! LYNCH WITH THE COVER! ONNNNNNNNE!

[In the background, one might spy Shadow #1 trying to come through the ropes...]

SA: TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[...but getting sent right back out to the floor courtesy of the Best Dropkick In The World from Larry Wallace which increased the crowd noise...]

SA: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE! HE GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING"

SA: The team of Travis Lynch and Larry Wallace pick up the win here on Saturday Night Wrestling! And these two are quickly getting the attention of both the fans AND the Championship Committee as they work their way up that ladder of contention.

CP: It was a nice win for sure but let's not get ahead of ourselves. They got a long road to walk before they're ready to challenge for the gold, jack!

SA: Travis and Larry are making their way over to Mariah at ringside - maybe she can get us a little insight into their future plans! Mariah?

[We cut to ringside where Mariah Wolfe is standing.]

MW: Thanks, Big Sal... and gentlemen, come on in here... congratulations on an impressive win as a tag team. You two are better known for your individual efforts but you looked good in there together.

[The females (and some of the males) in the crowd give a squeal for the good-looking tag team as Mariah seems to blush a little.]

MW: That's not what I...

[She trails off, looking away as Travis grins, steering the mic towards him.]

TL: Come on now... don't do that, Miss Mariah. We know what you meant. You meant that Larry and I look ready to challenge the winners of tonight's tag title match, right?

[Wolfe reacts with surprise.]

MW: Is that something you two are looking towards?

[Wallace speaks up.]

FLW: It's not at the top of our list of goals at the moment, Mariah, since we're just getting started but I'm pretty sure this "flawless" waist...

[He gestures to his well-toned torso for more female cheers.]

FLW: ...would somehow look even better draped in gold - don't you?

[Mariah seems to be blushing again.]

MW: No comment. But if the tag titles aren't number one on your list, I'm guessing it's...

[She cringes having to say it.]

MW: ...the Blackjacks.

[Travis grimaces.]

TL: I know, I know... I hate callin' them that and I hate hearin' you call 'em that too, Miss Mariah... but the facts are the facts and those two stinkin' polecats with that Judas in their corner STOLE that name from my Dad... and they're gonna wear it 'til someone knocks it right off 'em.

FLW: That's right. The whole reason I came back to the AWA, Mariah, is to help the Lynches get just a little bit of payback on Bobby O'Connor... and that's exactly what we intend to do.

[Mariah nods.]

MW: So, what's next for you two?

[Travis grins.]

TL: Well, we're about to head over and have a lil' chat with my ol' pal Maxim Zharkov... and we're going to tell 'em that two weeks from tonight, the AWA is having a special night right out on the streets of Hollywood free for the whole world to come out and see. And we want Max to send those Blackjacks... and that piece of...

[He self-censors, shaking his head.]

TL: ...trash O'Connor out on the street too so we can end that particular piece of business and maybe take care of something else.

MW: Oh?

TL: You know I'm rootin' for Howie and Danny tonight but if they fall short, you tell that other Judas, Wright, that we'll be comin' for that gold just to get one over on him for what he did to my sister... got that?

[Mariah grins.]

MW: Indeed I do... but you'll forgive me if I decline to be the messenger for that one.

FLW: Don't worry, Mariah... we'll tell him ourselves.

[And with a high five, the two fan favorites stride off camera, leaving Mariah behind.]

MW: Don't look now, fans, but that sounded like a challenge to me! Travis Lynch and Larry Wallace want a shot at the Blackjacks and they want it two weeks from tonight in Hollywood! I can't wait to see that one if it goes down but right now, we're going to take a quick break! When we come back, it'll be Damian DeVille coming right out here to confront his Hall of Fame father so don't you dare go away!

[And we fade out on a grinning Mariah.]

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 toehold 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 come back up to live action down at ringside with Colt and Sal.]

SA: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, LIVE here on ESPN from Las Vegas, Nevada! It's been an exciting night of action already and it's nowhere near over yet! But right now, we've got BIG breaking news!

[A graphic comes up on the screen promoting an upcoming match.]

SA: The Rumble is just over two weeks away and with spots filling up fast, it looks like Interim President Zharkov has put together a big one here tonight! A tag team match that'll be going down a little bit later with Charity Rockwell and "Foxy" Moxy Hart taking on the duo of Molly Bell and the Peach Pits' Kelly Taylor... with the winning squad picking up two of the remaining spots in the Rumble!

[The crowd cheers that announcement.]

SA: Just one more thing to turn up the heat here tonight in Sin City... but right now, I understand that Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by, where there's a slight commotion in the dressing room of Raphael Rhodes. Lou?

[We cut to Blackwell, finger to his IFB, a sideways look at the camera.]

SLB: I'd say "slight" would be an understatement, Big Sal. After Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser went into this room a few moments ago, a few of our backstage workers told me that Cassie Rhodes and Sophie Rhodes, the Rhodes Dynasty, went in shortly thereafter. Since that time, there has been rather loud shouting from behind this door.

[Blackwell points at the door, with a sign stating "R. RHODES/D. KAISER" plastered to the front.]

SLB: Now, journalistic etiquette states that I should knock before entering. However, it is my duty to bring you, the AWA Galaxy, with the information you need to know.

[Blackwell clears his throat, straightening the knot on his tie.]

SLB: And from what I can hear from behind that door, at least one person could use the interjection.

[Blackwell grasps the doorknob and turns, opening the door and walking in. We see Raphael, towel over his head, sitting in a chair and unlacing his boots. His sister, Cassie, is flushed in the face as she stands over him, glaring. His niece - and Cassie's daughter - Sophie sits parallel to her mother and uncle, casually scrolling through her phone with a flick of the finger and chewing open-mouthed on a wad of gum. Dana Kaiser looks to Blackwell's entrance, and a look of relief comes over her face as she waves Blackwell in. Cassie, however, is not as happy to see the roving reporter.]

CR: Who invited you, yeah? We bein' papped?

[Raphael gestures around him.]

RR: Don't matter, Cass. They got cameras all over the buildin'.

CR: That's a bleedin' violation of privacy, that is!

[Dana takes in a deep breath, exhaling as she puts her hand on Sweet Lou's shoulder.]

DK: Cassie, Mr. Blackwell has always been accommodating of our needs since we got to the AWA.

SLB: Well, thank you for that, Ms. Kaiser. If you don't mind, I have a couple of questions-

CR [interrupting]: We ain't bleedin' answerin' 'em!

[Sweet Lou gently shakes his head and points to Raphael.]

SLB: For him. Specifically, I want to know what was going through your mind at the end of your encounter tonight with Yoshi Fujiwara, especially as you pulled out that pair of brass knuckles.

[Dana starts to answer, but Cassie holds up her hand towards Dana as she gruffly answers Sweet Lou.]

CR: He was thinkin' about doin' damage! Sendin' a message! You lot have got him actin' soft!

[Sophie chimes in from the background, not looking up from her phone.]

SR: Yeah, you looked on Twitter? Thousands of people are sayin' it's about time he started actin' like he should.

CR: The Rhodes family ain't about just beatin' an opponent! They're about givin' 'em somethin' to remember you by! Until she changed his tactics.

[Cassie's last sentence is accompanied by a finger stabbed at Dana, who frowns. Sophie again pipes up from the background, this time looking at Sweet Lou.]

SR: We love Auntie Dana, but this ain't her field of expertise. My uncle's facin' someone who ain't just an enemy in a couple of weeks.

[Cassie grabs a chair and slams it on the floor.]

CR: Juan Vasquez put a bounty on our whole bleedin' family eight years ago, and we're supposed to treat that toerag like just another wrestler?!

[Cassie glares, her next words through gritted teeth.]

CR: I want Juan Vasquez livin' the rest of his days in a hospital, eatin' through a tube in his throat, and we got one chance to do it.

[Cassie glares at her younger brother, who remains unmoved.]

CR: You give your head a wobble about that, Raphael. Tonight can't happen at Memorial Day Mayhem. You got our honor to uphold.

[Cassie stares at both Sweet Lou and Dana, then motions for Sophie, who gets up with an eye roll.]

SR: I suppose we ain't got much sweet words left to say. We got our own business to attend to tonight.

[Cassie and Sophie walk past Sweet Lou and Dana, with Sophie running her fingers through Sweet Lou's thinning hair as they do so.]

SR: They got treatments for that condition, mate.

[Sophie chomps her gum once more and walks out with her mother, who slams the door to punctuate her exit. Dana's shoulders relax, as she walks over to Raphael, who remains unmoved.]

SLB: Your family certainly knows how to get their point across.

[Dana solemnly nods.]

DK: It's been like this since a couple of weeks before London. Ever since that no-contest with Paris Crawford, and we got mixed up with Mifune. It got worse after he gave that fall to Mifune.

SLB: Well, Dana, there has been a lot of talk about the pressure this man is under. That night in London, Juan Vasquez said he wanted to see Raphael Rhodes crack under the pressure, and tonight, with what happened with Yoshi Fujiwara...

[Sweet Lou frowns.]

SLB: He may have gotten his wish.

[There is a silence, just for a moment, as Raphael reaches up and slowly removes the towel from his head.]

SLB: Do... do you want to comment on that?

[Sweet Lou holds the microphone in front of Dana, as she looks in the eyes of her husband. The two look at each other for a moment, Dana's eyes filled with concern. Sweet Lou doesn't press the issue, instead waiting for one to speak up. Finally, as though the couple spoke through their stare and have come to an understanding, Dana gives a slight smile and Raphael holds up a finger, motioning for Sweet Lou to bring the microphone to him. Sweet Lou does so, a look of unease in his eyes.]

RR: It ain't easy. Nothin' about preparin' to face Juan Vasquez is easy.

[Raphael sits up, a frown on his face.]

RR: Neither is apologizin' when you step over the line. I did that with Yoshi Fujiwara. The man was tryin' to win, and...

[A pause, his voice trailing off, before he regains his thoughts.]

RR: I've had Juan Vasquez on my mind for close to a decade. How to be better than him. How to prove I belong in the ring with someone like him. How to shut out that feelin' of doubt in my head, the one that asks me... "what if he was right?" This all started over tactics, mate. It all started because I felt my way was better than his. And it started with a divin' headbutt. My best weapon. It was just natural to use it, yeah?

[Raphael shrugs.]

RR: He said I should have let him handle things, but I saw the openin' and I felt I should take it. And that's where all this bloody well started, over somethin'... somethin' so minor.

[Sweet Lou nods.]

SLB: All it takes to start a wildfire is a spark.

[Something rare occurs - a hint of a smile comes across Raphael Rhodes' face.]

RR: That's what it was, yeah? A spark. A spark that started all this.

[Raphael looks down at the floor.]

RR: Goin' through the roof of a car. A cage match. Bounties. Violence. A decade of hatred turnin' my heart black.

[A shake of the head.]

RR: Over a headbutt.

[He scoffs.]

RR: Last week, I thought about how I ain't used the headbutt off the top in a long time. My best weapon and I couldn't trust the bleedin' thing after it cost me that cage match. I thought about how this all started, when he said there were times to use it...

[Raphael puts the towel back over his head, as Dana kneels beside him.]

RR: ... and turns out he's been right all this time. And just as I come to that understandin'...

[He throws his hands up in frustration.]

RR: That Fujiwara lad hits me with a headbutt off the top of his own.

[A sigh.]

RR: Ever since I challenged Juan Vasquez for one more match, there's been so much noise in my head that it's been like a thousand songs all playin' at once, at top volume. I couldn't make any sense of it, mate. And every time someone told me what I should do, how I should fight, it was addin' another song to the noise. But then Fujiwara hit me with that headbutt.

[He smacks the heel of his left palm against his right hand.]

RR: And all the noise went away. For a second, I had silence. I could think. Then I realized what he did, and each song came back, one after another, more and more noise in my head... and I couldn't take it anymore.

[Raphael looks up at Sweet Lou, a weary look in his eye.]

RR: And I went to my old instinct. What it meant to me when I used my best weapon. I took out the knuckle dusters my sister gave me, and I thought I knew what I had to do.

[The words hang in the air for a moment.]

RR: Then I looked in that lad's eyes, mate. I looked in his eyes and realized I was goin' down the path that caused me to lose each time I faced Juan Vasquez. But... it ain't too late to turn back. The pressure's been pilin' up, just like he wanted, but I ain't crackin' like who I used to be.

[Another moment choking the oxygen out of the room, as Sweet Lou is unsure how to respond.]

RR: Because I ain't beatin' Juan Vasquez the way I used to be. The way they want me to be. The way I'm beatin' Juan Vasquez is acceptin' what I've been runnin' from since Christmastime in 2008.

[He looks at Dana Kaiser, who reassures him with another silent nod.]

RR: And I don't give a damn if he was right or not, Lou. I can live with that. I just want this to be over.

[Rhodes frowns.]

RR: Memorial Day Mayhem can't come soon enough.

[The quiet fills the room once again, as Dana motions for the door. Unspoken, Sweet Lou nods, then looks at his camera operator.]

SLB: We got what we wanted. Let's go.

[As the scene turns away from Raphael Rhodes and Dana Kaiser, we cut back out to Sal and Colt at ringside.]

SA: An... insightful take by Raphael Rhodes in the midst of some serious family squabbles... and speaking of family squabbles, it's time to talk about Damian DeVille, Colt.

CP: Must we? If I wanted to watch a soap opera, I've got General Hospital on the DVR. Love them Quartermaines.

SA: I would've thought the Cassadines would've been more your style, partner... but nevertheless, it was back at National Wrestling Night when the world found out that Damian DeVille who made his pro wrestling debut several months ago is actually the son of the legendary Caleb Temple. And tonight, DeVille has elected to "call out" his father. He wants Caleb Temple to come to this ring and look him in the eyes.

CP: You know, Big Sal... it's really a shame that the AWA has come to be known as the home of deadbeat dads.

SA: Wha... what?!

CP: Temple. Ol' Blackjack. Taylor. Donovan. James. It's just a shame.

SA: I don't know I'd use that description on any of those men... because I enjoy my relative physical health... but nonetheless, DeVille is looking to come out here tonight and-

[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.]

CP: Business is about to pick up, Albano. The world's worst father needs to step up and take his punk kid to the woodshed tonight.

SA: Oh, stop that. While we still don't know much about the relationship that the legendary Caleb Temple has or had with his son, it's abundantly clear that there are some serious issues that remain unresolved.

CP: And while I normally support daddy issues...

SA: Enough!

DEUS

[DeVille steps out from behind the curtain and into the aisle, his face devoid of emotion. His long black hair, shaved at both sides, is pulled and tied back. He's wearing street clothes tonight. black jeans and a sleeveless black leather jacket over an Alcest t-shirt but we can see his arms, a portfolio of dark tattoo work, befitting of a young man who once fronted a black metal band.]

DEUS DIABOLUS INVERSUS

[He stalks down the aisle as the growled, repetitive mantra of the song continues and slips under the bottom rope and into the ring, springing cat-like to his feet. He wastes no time in motioning for the microphone and making the cut-throat gesture to kill the music.]

SA: Let's hear what the kid has to say.

[DeVille points up the aisle.]

DD: Come on, Dad, bring it out here.

[The crowd ROARS, but nothing stirs.]

DD: Don't keep your people waiting, Pops.

[A chant starts, small at first but spreading quickly.]

CA-LEB TEM-PLE

CA-LEB TEM-PLE

CA-LEB TEM-PLE

DD: You hear that, Dad? You hear them calling your name? I bet you'll answer them, won't you?

[The lights cut out, and there is a massive pop as we hear a familiar piece of music.]

O FORTUNA

VELUT LUNA

STATU VARIABILIS

SA: Here he comes, Colt Patterson! The King of the Death Match is in the house!

[But he doesn't.]

CP: What the-

[The crowd's cheers turn to boos as they're greeted not by the legend, but by his estranged wife. The leader of the Westerly Dynasty - Veronica Westerly - is back, and once again, she has a mic of her own. She stands in the aisle, smirking at DeVille.]

VW: He's not here... Son.

[DeVille winces at her use of the word.]

SA: We know from previous comments Damian DeVille has made, that there is no love lost between him and his stepmother. In fact, he made it clear in no uncertain terms that he blames Veronica for the fractured relationship that he has with his father, hinting that she was responsible for forcing Caleb to send him to live with his grandparents after she gave birth to Truth Marie.

[A grinning Westerly continues.]

VW: Damian... poor Damian...

He's not here for you...

[She gestures at the empty stage where she stands.]

VW: ...yet again.

[The young man continues to glare at her as she walks towards the ring.]

VW: Mind if I join you? No, of course you don't.

You never could say no to Mommy, could you?

[Westerly smirks as she climbs up on the apron.]

DD: You're not my Mom.

[A cold look crosses her face.]

VW: I'm the only one you've ever known, sweetheart. Now hush.

[She steps into the ring, and the heat from the crowd is somewhere around atomic.]

CP: This crowd doesn't care for "Mommy", Albano.

SA: And I can't say I blame them. She's utterly reprehensible, and she's clearly messing with this kid's head.

[Indeed, it does look as if Damian is feeling the full weight of Veronica's comment about his missing parents.]

VW: But luckily for you, one of us still takes being a parent seriously, Damian.

So for old time's sake, I'm going to make you a deal.

[He looks out at the crowd, gauging their opinion. They do not approve, booing loud and strong as Westerly glares at them.]

VW: You ungrateful...

[She points to the fans.]

VW: If it wasn't for me, you'd be sitting here listening to Javier Castillo's latest power trip!

[The crowd jeers that idea as Westerly nods.]

VW: Now... back to family matters...

[She turns back to DeVille, raising a perfectly arched eyebrow.]

VW: I'll make the call for you, because he still listens to me.

I'll invite him personally to Memorial Day Mayhem to talk to you... with the whole world watching.

[Damian narrows his eyes, and although the mic is hanging loosely by his side, we see him mouth the word "Why?" to his stepmother.]

VW: Why?

Because when he doesn't show up... again... when he lets you down and casts you to the wolves... again... I want you to remember the moment.

I want you to remember the pain, the loss and the humiliation you're going to feel.

[She smiles, wickedly.]

VW: And then you and I are going to talk about your future.

[He shakes his head, defiantly, but she simply smirks, turns her back on him, and leaves him alone in the ring... again.]

SA: Well... Veronica Westerly making her stepson an offer.. and if he was smart, he'd refuse it!

CP: Hey, he wants to talk to the old man with the world watching and Veronica just said she can make it happen. Can he really afford to turn her down?

SA: You really gotta feel for this young man.

[DeVile looks crestfallen as he watches Westerly depart...

...and we fade to the backstage area of the T-Mobile Arena where Mariah Wolfe chases down the 6'8, 298 pound Atlas Armstrong. The big man from San Simeon is heading towards the car park, dressed in a crisp white dress shirt rolled up at the sleeves that is open to his navel to reveal a necklace with a panther's claw. The shirt strains at the seams. Armstrong carries his gear across his back in a saddle tan leather duffel bag. He pauses to let Wolfe catch up to him.]

MW: Atlas, are you off to hit The Strip? Because tonight, you already hit the jackpot!

[Atlas smiles down at Wolfe, patting her on the shoulder. Mariah winces at the power behind the man's gesture.]

MW: You're all smiles tonight.

[Armstrong nods.]

AA: Of course, I'm smiling. Veronica Westerly just created the biggest match in the AWA! Two undefeated behemoths... two alpha males... two Gods made flesh... and when the smoke clears at Memorial Day Mayhem... only one man shall remaining standing...

...and that man shall be ATLAS ARMSTRONG!

[Atlas jerks his thumb to his chest and the sound of stitches popping can be heard with the sudden movement.]

MW: You say Veronica Westerly created the match but earlier we heard "Hotshot" Stevie Scott try to take credit for the match. It seems like Max Magnum wants a shot at Atlas Armstrong. Do you have any words for Stevie Scott?

[Armstrong smirks.]

AA: Stevie Scott, the only thing you did was sign a death warrant for your man.

I don't care what you said to Interim President Zharkov, I know this... Veronica Westerly has pushed me to the top of the world and trust me, I enjoy the view.

[Wolfe shakes her head.]

MW: You sound awfully confident. But Max Magnum has been obliterating everybody in his path with that devastating Bombshell. You have to admit it's possible that he can defeat you and wreck your unbeaten streak.

[Atlas' lip curls in disgust. He doesn't deign to answer that question.]

MW: Well, to hear Stevie Scott tell it, Max Magnum is unbreakable, unbeatable and undeniable.

AA: (snorting derisively) Unbeatable? Unbreakable? Undeniable?

How about Unimaginative. Unoriginal. Unbearable.

You can pretend all you want that you are in my league because you are out of the league of all these other men but you're not even close to my stratosphere.

MW: I can't imagine what it will be like at Dodger Stadium if you win!

AA: There will be the resounding sound of joy. When I defeat the unbeaten Alpha Beast, everyone will admire me! They will all adore me! They will all applaud me.

And Supernova, if he is lucky enough to escape with his title, will have no choice but to admit that I am not a bully and that I am the rightful Number One Contender to that title.

[Wolfe raises an eyebrow.]

MW: Okay, let's dig into that a little more. For that to happen, Supernova would have to beat James Lynch. Are you secretly hoping that happ-?

[Armstrong quiets Wolfe with a giant sized finger to the lips.]

AA: Shhh. Don't embarrass yourself, Mariah. James Lynch will be the next AWA World Champion. He's more of a man than that face-painted coward. Memorial Day Mayhem is going to be a night to remember for the Westerly Dynasty! And there's nothing... NOTHING... anybody can do about it.

[With that, Armstrong strides out of the shot confidently, leaving Wolfe staring after him before she turns back to the cameras.]

MW: Colt, Sal, back to you.

[We fade back down to ringside where the announcers are seated.]

SA: Thanks, Mariah! And it's almost unbelievable to say but Atlas Armstrong sounds VERY confident as he prepares to face the equally-undefeated Max Magnum at Memorial Day Mayhem just TWO weeks away, Colt!

CP: In the great history of this sport, every once in a while... every ONCE in a while, we get a clash that people deem the irresistible force meeting the immovable object... and this one... this one right here falls in that category, Big Sal!

SA: You're absolutely right about that... and I can't wait to see it! But right now, let's head down to the ring for more taaaaaag teeeeeam action!

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

RO: The following tag team match is 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 485 pounds... the team of SETH STONE and WILSON PHILIP!

[The two unknowns salute the crowd - Stone checking in somewhere around 300 pounds and Philip decidedly not but sporting a pair of blond pigtails and a neon green singlet that earns more than few insults from the jeering crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The arena is filled with the sound of Ghost's cover of Pet Shop Boys' "It's a Sin." From the entrance way two figures emerge, one muscular and stern, one gangly and wary. One is dressed in a black and gold satin robe, the hood pulled over his head. The other in a charcoal-colored suede longcoat, a shovel slung over his shoulder

An array of blue and red lasers dance over the magenta and turquoise lit arena, as a spotlight raises over the entranceway. The larger man's hands reach for the white sash on the robe, undoing the knot and opening the robe to reveal an oiled, muscular chest beneath. The other hikes the high collar of his coat up.

With the robe discarded, the AWA's Engine of Destruction comes into full view. Over the head of Brian James is a white towel which covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl beneath a dirty blond beard. Jackson Hunter skulks behind, ready to use the shovel on anyone that may have thoughts of attacking from behind.]

RO: Their opponents, at a combined weight of 510 pounds... JACKSON HUNTER... and THE ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION... BRIAN JAAAAAMES!

[James breaks into a sprint the rest of the way down the entrance ramp moving faster than anyone would expect from a six foot six, two hundred and ninety pound man. Hunter, probably realizing he's safest with the Son of the Blackheart within twenty yards of him, jogs to keep up...]

SA: Whoa, whoa, whoa! Here we go!

[James hits the ring on a sprint, diving under the bottom rope, surging to his feet as he rushes towards Seth Stone...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS him with a running clothesline, flipping the 300 pounder through the air before dumping him on the canvas!]

SA: SWEET SAN ANGELOOOOO!

[James pumps the muscular arm as Stone rolls from the ring...

...and Wilson Philip rushes the Engine of Destruction from behind, throwing a pair of clubbing forearms...]

SA: Uh oh.

[...that have absolutely no effect at all.]

CP: Did they say this guy's name is Wilson Philip?

SA: I believe so, yes.

CP: Yeah, well... he better hold on to something quick.

[James whips around to glare at Philip who jumps back, hands up, begging for mercy...]

SA: And Wilson Philip may be rethinking his strategy DRASTICALLY right about now.

[...and then turns to make a run for it, fleeing from James...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: INNNNNSTANNNNNNT KARMAAAAA!

[...and the leaping bicycle knee POPS the undersized Philip under the jaw, snapping his head back and causing him to fall limply to the canvas. Jackson Hunter smirks as he mimics a similar rubber leg fall as the referee cringes from the impact of the knee strike.]

SA: Jackson Hunter LAYS! HIM! OUT!

[Hunter turns to the official, pointing to the outside - "RING IT, CHUMP!"]

SA: Hunter wants the bell rung and...

[The official looks at Stone who is down on the outside... then at Philip who is down on the inside...

...and with a shrug...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: You gotta be kidding me, Albano! They're both down! They can't field a defense right now!

[Hunter chuckles as he grabs a handful of Philip's hair, pulling him up to a seated position...

...and then lets go, watching Philip slump back down to the mat. Hunter points, laughing as James glares at his partner, shaking his head.]

"Take it serious! You know they will."

[Hunter sighs, nodding at his partner as he grabs Philip, dragging him up, waving James to his side...]

SA: Double whip by these unlikely partners...

[...and as Philip rebounds back, James buries a rolling sole butt into the midsection, doubling him over as Hunter snatches a double underhook, muscling up the slim Philip...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DUMPS him across his knee with a backbreaker!]

SA: Wow! Jackson Hunter carrying his own weight and then some with this team right about now, Colt.

CP: You sound surprised, Albano. Jackson Hunter is an accomplished professional wrestler in his own right. He IS a former National Champion after all.

SA: Wilson Philip rolling to the floor and... wait a second!

[Seth Stone comes lumbering back in, rearing back as he approaches Brian James...

...but a shouted warning from Hunter tips off James who pivots, intercepting Stone before he can strike...]

SA: HOLY-

[...and PRESSES the 300 pounder over his head!]

SA: IN THE WORDS OF LEGENDARY GORDON MYERS, "OH MY STARRRRRRRS!"

[Hunter smirks as he drops to his back, swinging his legs up...]

SA: What is Hunter...?

[...and James HURLS Stone into a press slam, dropping him backfirst across Hunter's raised knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Stone rolls off holding his back as Hunter rolls to the side, wincing as he grabs at his knees, shaking his head at James with a "I TOLD you that was a bad idea!" James is totally oblivious though as he pumps his fist in celebration, the crowd ROARING for the unlikely duo...]

SA: Hunter getting to his feet, a little gimpy after all that weight landed on the legs...

CP: Hunter should be the brains of this team... not the guy who punched steel steps once upon a time.

SA: ...James drags Stone off the mat, tucking that hand behind his head and you know what comes next, Colt!

CP: I've seen it a thousand times since the late 90s...

[The Son of the Blackheart rears back, fist drawn and clenched...

...and DRIVES his fist into the chest of Stone!]

CP: ...BLACKHEART PUNNNNNCH!

[The impact of the sudden blow to the chest twists the 300 pounder around, sending him spinning towards Jackson Hunter who winds up, fist at the ready...]

SA: Hunter's going to do it too?!

[...and swings his fist forward, opening up his hand at the last second to stab a thumb into the eye!]

SA: Oh... jeez.

[Stone falls limply to the mat as Hunter dives on top, hooking a leg as James stands guard...]

SA: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE!

[James pumps a fist, standing tall as Hunter climbs off the mat, nodding his head with a smirk as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

SA: And if the duo of Brian James and Jackson Hunter were looking to send a message to Team Supreme, consider that message sent in impactful and impressive style!

CP: Supreme Wright's a bold man... but I don't know if even he wants to get in front of this wrecking crew.

SA: Don't forget about the Team Supreme party later tonight.

CP: I've got my invite!

SA: What?! I didn't get invited!

[And as James and Hunter celebrate their win, we fade to black...

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

#When you wish..#

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

#...upon a star#

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

#Makes no difference who you are...#

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

#Anything your...#

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

#...heart desires will...#

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

#...come to you.#

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

"Ryan Martinez, you and..."

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

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

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

RM: I'm going to Disneyland!

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

And then come back up to live action to Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where we're just about set to hit the ring for a Memorial Day Rumble qualifying match! We've got thirty women set to head to Los Angeles and battle it out for the right to be in the Main Event of the very first all-women's AWA Pay Per View later this year - Girls To The Front! But before we do that, I've got BREAKING NEWS to share!

[A graphic comes up promoting "THERESA LYNCH SPEAKS ON SHOWTIME!"]

SLB: We have not heard from Theresa Lynch since the AWA's Anniversary Show back in March and that... godawful Red Wedding! After suffering a horrific betrayal at the hands of the man she loved - Supreme Wright - Theresa Lynch will finally - FINALLY - sit down with us to give her thoughts on what happened that night and where she's been since then. I can't wait to see and hear from this lovely young lady again next weekend. You don't want to miss Showtime, fans, the big kickoff to the summer tour in Reseda, California! Now, let's go to the ring!

[We cut to the ring where we see four competitors tugging the ropes, bouncing off them, generally staying loose as Rebecca Ortiz grabs the mic.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall and is for TWO of the final spots remaining in the 2025 Rumble match!

[The crowd cheers!]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner to my right-

[But before Ortiz can get another word out, two people come rushing in from the crowd, diving under the ropes into the ring...]

SA: What the-?!

[...and Cassie Rhodes strikes as quick as a rattlesnake, smashing a running forearm into the ear of Charity Rockwell before pivoting to headbutt Moxy Hart!]

SA: The Rhodes Dynasty!

[Sophie Rhodes goes to the other side of the ring, catching an attempt at a kick from Kelly Taylor before kicking the back of her other leg, dropping her down to her knees. She twists the other way...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES a familiar-looking open-handed slap across the ear of Molly Bell, putting everyone's favorite kick down on the mat whimpering in pain!]

CP: Holy...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rhodes DROPS the kneeling Taylor with a buzzsaw kick to the head, putting her down on the mat in a heap...]

...and Cassie pulls Rockwell into a front facelock, muscling her up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FISHERMAN BUSSSTAAAAAH!

CP: She calls that Topsy Turvy, Albano, and I call it effective! Rockwell's OUT!

[As Moxy Hart tries to intervene, Sophie yanks her by the hair, dragging her back around away from Cassie, throwing her down into a seated position...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and absolutely CREAMS her with a knee!]

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[Cassie throws a look around the ring, nodding at the laid out bodies all around them as Sophie looks on approvingly as the fans jeer loudly.]

SA: This tag team match just got ruined by the Rhodes Dynasty! We were supposed to be awarding two of the final spots in the Rumble and-

[Sophie Rhodes shouts at Rebecca Ortiz for a microphone, as Cassie Rhodes climbs through the ropes to the floor.]

SA: This maniac isn't going after Rebecca, is she?

CP: Not if Rebecca doesn't cough up that microphone!

[Cassie approaches the ring announcer, pointing to her daughter in the ring with a glare in her eyes. Rebecca, sensing trouble, hurries to put a microphone into Sophie's outstretched hand, as Cassie stops on a dime and continues to glare. Sophie turns with a smug look on her face.]

SR: You know, we said we was a patient pair. We said we'd wait.

[Sophie shrugs her shoulders.]

SR: But we ain't waitin' when there's a fight about to happen without us! You got yourself a Rumble comin', and you're holdin' matches to decide who's gettin' in...

[She taps her finger to her chin in thought as Cassie climbs back into the ring behind her.]

SR: But Comrade Zharkov, seems like our invitation's been lost in the post! But that's okay, mate!

[Sophie motions to the fallen wrestlers around her.]

SR: The invite up for grabs here tonight will do nicely. It'll suit me well, yeah Mum?

[Cassie grimly nods, her eyes watching for anyone to stand back up. Sophie has a sudden moment, her eyes lighting up with realization.]

SR: Oh! And since Mum and me, we're a package deal, you better make sure you got a spot for her too. Otherwise, the next time you hold one of these?

[Cassie snarls as her daughter smirks.]

SR: We'll be back, and we won't be as nice.

[Sophie casually throws the microphone back at Rebecca Ortiz, as the crowd roars with displeasure over the brash Britons' declaration.]

CP: Now that's the way you get things done! They don't want to invite you, you bust down the door and let yourself in!

SA: Colt, there's no way that this is going to be allowed to stand! Sophie Rhodes can't just intervene in a qualifying match and claim the spot for herself, or declare her mother Cassie Rhodes in the match, or threaten to break up another spot if Zharkov doesn't capitulate!

CP: Well, he's got a diplomatic problem on his hands then, don't he? If Cassie and Sophie Rhodes say they're going to be in the Rumble, then he better make room for 'em!

[And with a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we cut to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO" as our backstage cameras catch Lauryn Rage as she strides through the shot, heading towards the locker rooms. Rage comes to a halt in front of a door marked "AYAKO FUJIWARA" where she takes a deep breath before she pounds on the door and then shoves it open.

We see that Ayako was walking towards the door. She is not dressed for battle, wearing a sleek, knee-length, high-neck lace A-line dress in a deep midnight blue with short sleeves that accentuate her impressive arms. Seeing Lauryn, she stops and rolls her eyes.]

Ayako: Thank for waiting half a second after knocking before barging in uninvited.

[Lauryn ignores the "pleasantries" and walks right up to Ayako.]

LR: I've got to talk to you. I've been trying to reach Michelle Bailey all night. You saw what the Slam Sorority did to Pink over there. No way am I letting that happen to Kimmy.

You need to talk some sense into her and tell her stay the hell out of this match and stay the hell away from the Slam Sorority. They are my problem. I'll deal with them.

[Fujiwara glares at Rage.]

Ayako: I've made my feelings regarding this match quite clear to Bailey, but she is an adult and capable of making her own decisions... and I will respect her wishes.

[Rage groans at Ayako's answer. She draws a deep breath, trying to control her rising temper.]

LR: Fujiwara, it's no secret I can't stand you and I think you're a self-centered attention-seeking fraud, but I know one thing... Kimmy Bailey means something to you. So cut the bushido crap and acknowledge something.

The kid is young. The kid is headstrong.

But you know... you know... who Laura Davis is. You know what she's about. She doesn't care about anybody or anything other than winning. You matched up with her in the ring. You think she's forgotten? You think if she has the chance to make an example out of Kimmy again to send a message to you, Michelle, me... the whole damn world... she won't do that? Hell nah, she will break her without a second thought.

[Lauryn's eyebrow arches as she glares at Fujiwara.]

LR: You know the right thing is for her to step out of this match. Convince her if you give a damn about her health, her career - Hell, her whole future!

[Ayako seems unfazed by Rage's plea. However, before Ayako can start to respond, though, there's an upbeat voice heard from inside the locker room.]

"Bless your pea-pickin' little heart."

[Lauryn's face screws up with confusion as she repeats the words "pea-pickin'?" Kimmy Bailey appears within the door frame, a smirk on her face, and she props her elbow up on her mentor's shoulder. Ayako's attention turns towards her Lariatos partner, as Kimmy gives her a nudge with her elbow.]

KB: I think there's a little somethin' ol' Lauryn here oughta hear, and she oughta hear it from the horse's mouth.

[Kimmy's smirk vanishes, and her two-toned eyes focus on Lauryn with a cold stare.]

KB: I appreciate the concern, babe, but all this talk about me stayin' behind? That's makin' me think your biscuit ain't done in the middle.

[Kimmy takes her arm off Ayako's shoulder and stands up straight, eyes still fixed on Rage.]

KB: My mama ain't got the gumption to take your call because you should've figured this out for yourself. Once I made up my mind on doin' somethin', there ain't no talkin' me out of it. That's short of God Himself comin' down from the heavens and tellin' me to back off, and even then I'd give it another thought.

[Rage interjects.]

LR: But you saw what happened to Pink...

[She trails off as Bailey shakes her head.]

KB: You ain't got to tell me no stories about what Laura Davis can do to win, or send a message to someone else, because she already sent me to the hospital once tryin' to do it. Pink Cashmere knew what she was signin' up for, and she knew what Laura Davis could - and did - do to her. Thing is, Pinky ain't the type to live her life in fear, and I ain't either.

[Kimmy shrugs.]

KB: If it's my time to get my leg or my arm busted by Laura Davis, Tweedledum, and Tweedledumber, then I'll tell you what... I'm goin' to give them the damndest fight they've ever been in, and I'm goin' to make them earn my busted bones.

[A scoff.]

KB: And ain't no call to Mama or Ayako is goin' to stop me from gettin' my chance at hittin' the Slam Sorority so hard that they'll think the ground flew up and hit 'em. You better be fixin' to do the same and stop botherin' these fine folks, because they ain't got a dog in this fight. You oughta get that by now.

[And with that, Kimmy turns on her heel and walks away, leaving Lauryn and Ayako behind. Lauryn sighs.]

LR: Fu-

[Before Lauryn can get her thought out, Ayako quickly cuts her off.]

Ayako[firmly]: You've already said enough. And you got your answer. It may not be the answer you wanted to hear, but you got it. I believe you have a match to get ready for.

[Lauryn doesn't immediately react to Ayako's words, which is her mistake.]

Ayako: LARIATOS!

[The sudden yell startles Lauryn and is quickly followed by Kimmy Bailey and an entire arena responding off-camera.]

"LARIATOS!"

[And without saying another word, Ayako Fujiwara simply walks away from Lauryn Rage who is shaking her head in frustration...]

...and with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we fade back to ringside where our announce team is seated.]

SA: Well, Colt... it looks like despite all the efforts of Lauryn Rage to prevent Kimmy Bailey from taking part in this match, Kimmy Bailey refuses to listen. Ayako Fujiwara says she won't deny her partner's wish to be in the match... so when we go to that match a little later, we know it'll at LEAST be Lauryn Rage and Kimmy Bailey taking on the Slam Sorority. What we don't know is if Rage will be able to find a partner to join them.

CP: No way, Sal... there's just no way.

SA: We'll find out a little later... but right now, let's head down to the ring for our National Title showdown!

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a PHOENIX RISES OPEN CHALLENGE MATCH!

[The crowd cheers!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The opening sounds of Nas' "Hero" begins to play to a HUUUUUGE reaction from the Vegas crowd!]

Chain gleaming, switching lanes, two-seating
Hate him or love him for the same reason
Can't leave it, the game needs him
Plus the people need someone to believe in
So in God's Son we trust
'Cause they know I'ma give 'em what they want
They looking for a hero
I guess that makes me a hero#

[With that chorus, Jordan Ohara steps through the curtains. He stands on the entranceway, looking out over the arena and his fans. He extends his arms out as he throws his head back and takes a deep breath before walking towards the ring.]

RO: ...from Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 230 pounds... he is the AWA NAAAAATIONAL CHAMMMMPIONNNNNN...

...THE PHOENIX...

...JORRRRRRRRDAAAAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAAAAAA!

[The young muscular Blasian man slaps hands with every fan within reach. He has grown his hair into a top knot and now sports a closely-cropped beard. He wears an elaborate caped bolero-style ring jacket designed to emulate the wings of a Phoenix and display his abdomen on top and below he wears calf-length shiny metallic Carolina blue tights with a white and gold trimmed Phoenix emblem divided between the legs and custom low top white and Carolina blue Air Jordan 11s with black soles.]

SA: One of the most popular competitors in the entire American Wrestling Alliance, a tremendous reaction here in Las Vegas for the Phoenix as he heads down the aisle, looking to defend his title once more...

CP: You gotta give him credit, Albano, ever since he regained the title back at SuperClash from Jackson Hunter, Ohara's been a fighting champion - facing ALMOST all comers.

SA: What do you mean "ALMOST" all comers? Who has he ducked?

CP: Sid Osborne! The Royal Crown winner! ALL! HAIL! SID!

SA: That's not true and you know it! Ohara's been desperately trying to get another match with Osborne after what went down on National Wrestling Night but it's the office - the suits - that are blocking it.

CP: So he says! If you ask me, Ohara's slipping Zharkov a few extra rubles every night to keep the Sin City Savior away.

SA: Well, this is an Open Challenge so if Osborne wants the match as badly as Ohara does, I expect to see him coming down that aisle in just a few moments.

[Ohara climbs the ropes, a foot on the top as he looks out over the crowd, soaking up their support as he nods his head gratefully. He tugs off his ring jacket, tossing it down to a ringside attendant before hopping down to the mat, turning to face the aisle as he awaits his challenger. The arena is buzzing with energy as the AWA fans are hyped to see who will answer Ohara's challenge.

Suddenly, Alan Silvestri's theme to "The Quick and the Dead" begins to play, as the crowd roars with boos at the sight of Curly Bill Webb and The Texas Ranger.]

SA: Oho... the Texas Ranger, I presume?

CP: Who is that masked man?

[The duo stops in the middle of the aisle, Bill produces a microphone, pointing at Ohara in the ring.]

CBW: Why the long face, hombre? Were ya expectin' someone else?

[Curly Bill pauses and pulls a smug, almost mocking smile.]

CBW: If you were expectin' Sid Osborne to answer the call, sorry to disappoint you. Not tonight, partner. No, no... tonight, I got somethin' far more dangerous comin' down this ramp. A real force to be reckoned with. Don't worry 'bout Sid, 'cause I got all the challenge you can handle right here.

[He motions to his side and The Texas Ranger steps forward. The man in a mask patterned after the Texas state flag raises his arms to a chorus of boos from the crowd.]

CWB: See, I thought it'd be real nice to be addin' that pretty little National Championship of yours to my collection, right alongside Odin Gunn's Television Title. Thought it'd be a real pretty sight to have'em hanging right over the fireplace.

[Ohara's fists clench, and his face flushes red with fury. The crowd starts to murmur, sensing the tension rising.]

CWB: But... you couldn't even keep that title safe, could ya, Ohara? I mean, it looks like ol' Sid Osborne took it from ya easy enough. You call yourself a champion... and you couldn't even protect your own gold? That's pathetic!

[The crowd roars with boos, but Bill shakes his head at them.]

CBW: See, REAL champions keep their titles close and protect 'em. Real champions respect their gold enough to keep 'em safe from harm. But, you didn't do that, did ya? I guess maybe...

...you didn't deserve the title in the first place.

[The crowd explodes with jeers at that accusation, as Ohara stares at Bill, fuming.]

CBW: Oh, I know, I know... You're really mad now! I've riled you up! Well, you should be angry at how pathetic you are! But don't worry, Ohara. You might've lost your belt but at least ya still got your pride.

[Bill twirls his mustache.]

CBW: Just don't expect to leave here tonight with that either.

[Bill's eyes gleam as he pats The Texas Ranger on the back, the masked wrestler standing ominously behind him.]

CBW: Tonight, it's The Texas Ranger's time to take what's left of your soul. As for your precious National title... well, I'm guessin' me and my Desperados are gonna' have a far easier time hanging onto the new belt than you did with the old one.

[Bill cackles, as he points towards the direction of the ring and The Texas Ranger heads straight for Ohara.]

SA: Alright, fans... the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge is set to begin once again with Jordan Ohara putting the National Title on the line against the Texas Ranger... and the Phoenix seems less than thrilled at his opponent here tonight, Colt.

CP: Or he's just putting on a good show when secretly he's relieved that the Sin City Savior stayed in the locker room instead of winning the title in front of his hometown fans.

SA: Highly unlikely, Colt.

CP: So you say... but even if it's true that he's hot about Osborne not coming out here to face him, he'd better snap out of it quick because the Texas Ranger could turn out his lights and take that title if he loses his focus.

[The referee signals for the bell, bringing champion and challenger together in a tieup that Ohara breaks into a side headlock, cranking the masked man's head and neck...]

SA: We're off and running, Ohara with the side headlock... taking out some of that anger on the masked man with this punishing hold...

[...but before long, the Ranger shoves him off, sending him on the run...]

SA: Ohara to the far side... up and over the Ranger...

[Ohara hits the ropes again, rebounding back towards the rising Ranger...

...and runs him right down with a shoulder tackle!]

SA: ...and downwwwn goes the Ranger off a big tackle by the National Champion! Jordan Ohara is 164 days into his second reign with that title around his waist... and he's certainly been facing whoever wants a shot at him during that time. He's even announced his intent to offer the Phoenix Rises Open Challenge next weekend on Showtime and the following weekend at Memorial Day Mayhem.

CP: Getting a little ahead of himself, don'tcha think?

SA: That's the confidence of the young champion... back to the tieup... and this time, it's the masked one grabbing the headlock to the approval of Curly Bill Webb on the outside. I'm surprised Webb's even out here after what went down earlier tonight with Odin Gunn.

CP: Are you kidding? It's Curly Bill's chance to walk out of Vegas with the TV Champion AND the National Champion in his group. No way he's missing out on that.

[Ohara backs to the ropes, using them to shove the Ranger off and across the ring into the ropes...]

SA: This time, it's Ohara who muscles out...

[...and as the Ranger approaches, Ohara wows the crowd with an impressive leapfrog...]

SA: Wow! Sheer athleticism on display by-

[...and the crowd ROARS as Ohara blind leapfrogs the Ranger coming back the other way...]

SA: Ranger coming back... dropkick on the money!

[...and as the Ranger hits the mat, he promptly rolls to the outside where Curly Bill rushes to his side to jeers from the sold out crowd!]

SA: The Texas Ranger is rocked early on in this one and...

CP: LOOK OUT!

[Approaching the ropes, Ohara grabs the top, looking to slingshot onto Webb and the Ranger...

...but as his targets scatter, Ohara adapts in mid-leap, landing on the ring apron, promptly snapping off a thrust kick into the chest of the Ranger, sending him staggering backwards...]

SA: Ohara putting on a show in this one!

[...and with a running start, Ohara leaps high into the air, extending his arm over his head, bringing his hand down between the eyes of the masked man with a flying Tomahawk chop off the apron!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Retrieving the masked man off the floor, the focused Ohara tosses him back into the ring before climbing up on the apron...]

SA: And don't look now if you're a Texas Ranger fan because it looks like the Phoenix is getting ready to fly!

[...but as Ohara starts to scale the turnbuckles, Curly Bill rushes down towards him, hootin' and hollerin' at the champion, giving him pause as he steps to the top rope...

...which is when the Ranger rushes the corner...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and SHOVES the leg out from under Ohara, crotching him on the top turnbuckle!]

SA: Dirty pool on display by the Desperadoes - no surprise there - as Curly Bill gets the distraction and Ohara goes down HARD on the top turnbuckle!

[The Ranger ignores the protesting official as he grabs two hands full of Ohara's hair, dragging him so that he's parallel to the canvas...]

SA: What is this now...?

[...and DROPS to his knees, slamming Ohara's face into the canvas to groans from the Vegas crowd!]

SA: Nicely done there...

CP: Unusual offense but effective for sure... and we could have a new champion!

[A two count follows before Ohara kicks out, causing the Ranger to push to his knees, pounding a fist into the mat as the crowd cheers on the Phoenix.]

SA: The Texas Ranger... we know he'll be in tag action next weekend in Reseda, California when Showtime goes on the road for the summer. It'll be he and Pedro Perez taking on Omega and Plemos in tag team action where the losing team will be forced to immediately leave the building so that they're nowhere to be found when Wade Walker gets one more shot at Odin Gunn's World Television Title.

[Dragging Ohara off the mat, the Ranger wraps his arms around the champion, driving him back into the turnbuckles...]

SA: Back in the corner now...

[...and doubling over, the Ranger SLAMS his shoulder repeatedly into the midsection of the Phoenix!]

SA: ...and working over the body of the champion, trying to take some of the wind out of that tremendous gas tank...

[At a count of four, the referee backs the Ranger up, giving Ohara a moment to recover as he clutches his ribcage...

...and when the Ranger charges back in, Ohara is ready for him, raising his boot up to catch him under the masked chin!]

“OHHHH!”

SA: ...and he gets CAUGHT coming in! The Ranger’s staggered from that one... and now Ohara is getting ready to fly, up to the middle rope...

[The Phoenix leaps high into the air, catching the Ranger across the chest with a back elbow under the chin, taking them both down to the mat to cheers!]

SA: ...ohhh! Right on target with the elbow!

[Ohara climbs off the mat, pumping an arm to the cheering fans as he turns to pull the rising Ranger to his feet, looking to finish him off...]

SA: Irish whi- reversed by the Ranger!

[The National Champion hits the ropes, rebounding off quickly as he ducks under a Ranger clothesline...]

SA: Ducks the clothesline...

[...and the Ranger rushes to the far side, rebounding back...]

SA: Both men on the move and-

“OHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts as the two men throw themselves into a crossbody, crashing hard into one another and falling to the canvas...]

SA: -BOTH MEN DOWN!

CP: They both had the same idea... but I’m betting the Ranger came out a little bit ahead on that one.

SA: How do you figure that?

CP: He’d already worn down the ribs a little with the tackles in the corner... so Ohara’s ribs were more banged up already.

[The referee is laying a count on both champion and challenger as they struggle to get off the mat. Ohara is holding his ribs as he gets to his feet at the count of six, a step behind the Ranger who comes up swinging...]

SA: Big right- blocked!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and Ohara lands a knife edge chop that sends the Ranger staggering backwards...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a handful more that put the Ranger up against the ropes where Ohara winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands one more, flipping the Ranger over the top rope and depositing him out on the ring apron!]

SA: What a chop by the Phoenix!

CP: The Ranger landed on the apron though, saving himself from the fall to the floor...

[Ohara approaches the ropes, reaching over to drag the masked man up to his feet and into position to suplex the Ranger over the ropes into the ring...]

SA: Ohara looking to bring him in the hard way!

[...and as Ohara tries to muscle him up and over, Curly Bill sneaks an arm under the ropes, grabbing the ankle of the National Champion!]

SA: Look! Look! He's grabbing the ankle of Ohara!

[Ohara grimaces, struggling to get his leg free...

...and then STOMPS the wrist of the grasping Webb with his free leg!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

[Webb does his best Yosemite Sam impression at ringside, swinging his arm back and forth with bugged out eyes...

...and the Ranger takes advantage of the distraction, raking the eyes of Ohara!]

SA: Ohhh! And the Ranger goes to the eyes!

[Ohara staggers back, wiping at his eyes as the Ranger steps up on the middle rope in the center of the apron, trying to climb the ropes from the outside...

...which is when Ohara leaps high into the air, extending his legs!]

SA: DROPKICK!

[The National Champion connects with a sky high dropkick, his feet connecting flush with the chest of the Ranger, sending him flying backwards off the middle rope, crashing down HARD on the barely-padded floor of the T-Mobile Arena!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIAAAAAA!

[Webb swings around, his eyes wide at what just happened to his charge...

...which means Webb is totally unaware as a fed-up Ohara hits the ropes, rebounding off...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a baseball slide to the back of Webb, sending him flying forward off-balance, belly flopping down onto the masked Ranger to big laughs from the sold out crowd!]

SA: A little bit of payback for Curly Bill!

CP: What a big man Ohara is, beating up a manager!

SA: Hey, Curly Bill put his hands on Ohara first!

[Ohara rolls to the floor, grabbing the Ranger out from under Webb, tossing him quickly back in...]

SA: And look at Ohara, moving swiftly to take advantage of Webb being down on the floor...

[Ohara is to the top rope in a heartbeat, standing tall as the Ranger struggles up off the mat to his feet...

...and the Phoenix SOARS through the air, catching the Ranger with a crossbody, toppling him down where he tightly hooks the legs, the crowd counting along with the official!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Ohara rolls off the Ranger as Curly Bill sits on the floor, looking up angrily at the ring as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official...]

RO: Here is your winner... and still AWA National Champion...

THE PHOENIX...

...JORRRRRRDANNNN OOOOOOHARAAAAAAA!

[Ohara mounts the ropes, throwing his arms up to the crowd to big cheers... and then starts flapping his arms like the wings of a Phoenix. He repeats the gesture again until some people in the crowd start to mirror him.]

CP: What is this? Is he suffering some kind of spasm?

SA: He's celebrating. He's taking flight. He's soaring to new heights, Colt. Try it!

CP: Watch it, you nearly hit me with that foolish flapping! I gotta ask you, Albano, did you get hit in the head by something one of these fans threw or what?

SA: Jordan Ohara taking the time out to celebrate his National Title win over the Texas Ranger! Loosen up, Colt!

CP: First of all, I'm plenty loose. Second of all, how the hell can Ohara defend the National Title when Sid Osborne is the champ? Huh? Tell me that, Albano.

SA: You know as well as I do that Sid Osborne is NOT the champion... and it looks like the Phoenix is asking for the mic so I'm guessing he wants to remind you and everyone else of the same thi-

[Ohara shouts, cutting off Big Sal.]

JO: SID OSBORNE!

[The music cuts out and the fans jeer the mention of the Sin City Savior.]

SA: Not much love for the guy from Vegas here tonight.

CP: Traitors.

[Ohara shouts again.]

JO: Osborne, I know you can hear me!

[He bristles, looking towards the entrance.]

JO: GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE RIGHT NOW!

[The crowd "ooooohs" at Ohara's rare display of temper as he hops down off the ropes, approaching the side of the ring nearest the aisle.]

JO: Come on, Osborne... get out here! I got something to tell you!

[He waits, staring at the aisle.]

SA: Sid Osborne being called out by the National Champion... for all the good it'll do him considering we heard earlier from Interim President Zharkov that-

[Nothing happens. No music plays. No video screen lights up. No one appears in the aisle causing Ohara to bellow again.]

JO: OSSSSBORRRRRNE!

[He's shaking with anger as he glares down the aisle.]

SA: Sid Osborne - wisely perhaps - wants no part of Jordan Ohara when he's in this mental state, Colt.

CP: You don't summon the champ, Albano. The champ comes out here on his own time!

[Ohara sighs, throwing up his hands.]

JO: You tell the world you want to face me again... and everyone KNOWS I want to face you again... I throw down an Open Challenge...

[Ohara shakes his head, looking around.]

JO: And where are you, Sid?! Where you at?!

[The champion grimaces.]

JO: Alright, fine... since you won't show your cowardly self out here tonight, let's make sure you heard me earlier! This isn't the last Phoenix Rises Open Challenge before Memorial Day Mayhem... not at all.

Next weekend... seven days from tonight... Reseda, California...

[He shakes his head again.]

JO: That American Legion Hall's seen some fights over the years... so let's give 'em another one to talk about! Another Open Challenge! I want you there! I want you in that ring!

And if you won't come to Reseda, then come to Dodger Stadium! I'll put the title on the line there too! Another Open Challenge!

[He points to the cheering crowd.]

JO: Let's give these people what they want, huh? The chance to see me beat you black and blue!

[The crowd likes the idea of that, cheering loudly.]

JO: Come on out, Osborne! Tell me you'll be there!

[He smashes his arm down on the top rope.]

JO: GET OUT HERE!

[But again, there's no response - the crowd craning their necks towards the aisle to see if maybe... just maybe...]

JO: COWARD! You're nothing but a coward, Osborne!

[Ohara shakes his head.]

JO: I may not have a belt right now but I'm DAMN proud to be your National Champion, Las Vegas... and I-

[Ohara is cut off mid-sentence as the beginning of "Straight Edge Revenge" by Project X begins to play. The crowd is immediately battling with the volume of the song booing as Sid Osborne walks out with a microphone in hand. He points at the crown on his head, grinning.]

SO: I was in the back admiring this beautiful crown when I heard the news. The mama's boy is crying. Again.

And I could only think one thing.

[Osborne rolls his eyes.]

SO: "You call this news?"

[Osborne puts the palm of his free hand to his forehead.]

SO: Because it's one of those unspoken things that everyone takes for granted. Fire is hot. The sun rises every morning. Blackjack Lynch pays off the parents of single mothers to leave Travis alone-

[Osborne smirks as he's now the one cut off, this time by the crowd's vitriol. He nods, waiting for their jeers to die down before continuing.]

SO: And that Ohara will cry his eyes out if anything EVER doesn't go his way.

I'm sure you went to mommy and she told you to come out here and stomp your feet until you got your way. That's obvious.

There's one thing not as obvious, though.

[Osborne puts his index finger to his chin in a thoughtful pose.]

SO: When did I EVER say I wanted to face you after I corrected the crime you committed when you stole my championship? I obliterated that championship.

[Osborne points again to his crown.]

SO: It's mine forever now. So, that business is done. And to tell you the truth, I feel the same way every single person in the back does about you.

[Osborne nods.]

SO: You're a pathetic little nothing that doesn't mean anything to me.

[The crowd jeers as Ohara seethes inside the ring, watching as Osborne walks down the ramp, still speaking...]

SO: You see, you can bawl your eyes out all you want... but the simple fact is that I don't think about you at all. Not once have I asked for another match with you. I have said that you are a really dumb guy that's easily manipulated, because that is true. Unlike you, I only deal in truth. I don't whine until I get my privileged way.

[Osborne sighs.]

SO: But, at the end of the day it's MY subjects you're torturing with your annoying voice and endless whining.

So, once again... you get your way.

[Osborne raises a halting hand.]

SO: But ONLY because I will sacrifice the advancement of my own career for my subjects. I'll stoop so low to waste my time in the ring with a nobody like you.

[Osborne nods and smiles at the booing crowd, repeatedly and silently mouthing the words "you're welcome".]

SO: So, I've been in meetings with Zharkov and we finally came to an agreement.

Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Osborne nods as the crowd begins buzzing with excitement.]

SO: You and me.

[Dramatic pause.]

SO: No disqualification.

[HUGE reaction from the crowd for that!]

SO: Your make believe National Championship is on the line.

[Osborne chuckles.]

SO: Now, the suits didn't want to "reward" me with this match so I had to make a deal.

If I lose, I will pay for a brand new title belt to go around your waist out of my own pocket.

[The crowd cheers the idea of that as Ohara nods, watching as the Sin City Savior nears ringside...]

SO: But if I win... or should I say... WHEN I win...

[Osborne grins ear to ear.]

SO: The office is going to pay for it... and I will savor every red cent I cost them when they strap that brand new title belt around MY waist.

[The crowd jeers the idea of that as Osborne looks up at Ohara who taps the top rope, shouting something down at him...]

SO: Nah, nah... I'm not here for a debate. I'm here for an answer, Ohara.

Yes or no? Will you meet me at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[Ohara raises the mic, glaring down at Osborne...]

JO: Oh hell yes!

[...and with a quick snap of the top rope, the National Champion slingshots over the top, crashing down on top of Osborne to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

SA: OHHH MY! OHARA DIVES OUT ONTO OSBORNE! AND WE'VE GOT A TITLE MATCH SET FOR LOS ANGELES!

[Ohara rains down blows on the Royal Crown winner, sending his crown clattering across the ringside area. The National Champion drags Osborne off the floor, sweeping an arm at the crowd, directing them to move...]

SA: Wait, wait, wait!

[...and HURLS Osborne over the barricade, sending him crashing into the front row of fans in the T-Mobile Arena!]

SA: INTO THE CROWD HE GOOOOES!

[Ohara stomps around the ringside area, all sorts of fired up as the crowd buzzes for the aggressive side of the Phoenix...]

...which gets shown off even more as Ohara sprints across the ringside area, leaping over the railing...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHARA WIPES HIM OUT AGAAAAAIN!

[Down on the floor beyond the railing, Ohara is smashing his fist down into the man he'll face at Memorial Day Mayhem...]

SA: We're going to need some help out here! We need security to get control of this!

[Ohara climbs to his feet, dragging Osborne up...

...but a desperate Osborne doubles over, slipping an arm between the legs to backdrop Ohara over, dropping him backfirst on the exposed concrete!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: THEY'RE FIGHTING IN THE CROWD!

CP: They ain't waitin' for Los Angeles!

SA: We've gotta get control! We've gotta get control of this!

[Osborne kneels on the floor, leaning against the railing with a sadistic smile on his face as Ohara grimaces on the concrete, reaching an arm around to grab at his lower back...

...and we fade to black.

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

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

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

"They call me the White Knight."

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

"The son of a Hall of Famer."

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

"The former two-time World Champion."

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

"And I am AWA."

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

"The greatest professional wrestler on the planet."

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

"A two-time World Champion"

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

"I am AWA."

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

"The Spitfire."

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

"The Women's World Champion."

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

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

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

"And I am AWA."

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

"The Phoenix."

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

"The National Champion."

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

"A once in a millennium talent."

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

"I am AWA."

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

"The Platinum Princess."

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

"Former EMWC champion."

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

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

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

"And I am AWA."

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

"The icon."

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

"The franchise player."

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

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

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

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

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoe Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

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

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

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

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

"I am AWA."

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

As we come back from commercial, we get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo...

...and then come up on Wes Taylor nervously pacing back and forth. He's still in his ring gear, still with the towel over his shoulder. He's muttering to himself, shaking his head as he walks the same handful of steps in front of a locker room door over and over...

...and then with a burst of conversational noise, two men walk into view, abruptly stopping both their conversation and their walk when they spot him.]

WT: Hey.

[Taylor looks anxious at one of the men, his former friend and ally Brian James who looks surprised to see Taylor...]

BJ: Yeah... hey.

[Taylor throws a look to the other man, Jackson Hunter who smirks at the awkwardness.]

JH: Come to ask Brian to the prom, Jughead?

[Taylor takes a step towards a cackling Hunter before James steps in front of him, shaking his head.]

BJ: Give us a second.

[Hunter smirks as he departs, a chuckle of "young love" escaping as Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: That guy?

[James shrugs and then turns a critical eye on Taylor.]

BJ: Sometimes, when you're going to war, you need your family. Sometimes, you need soldiers. Hunter's a soldier.

And anyway, sometimes, your family ain't there when you look for them.

Say what you want about Hunter, and I have, but he was there when I needed someone's help.

[Taylor winces, the words stinging a bit. He nods reluctantly.]

WT: Yeah, I guess so. About that...

[James waves a hand.]

BJ: What's done is done, and I'm not the sort to dwell on things. Can't change the past, so let's talk about now.

[James' expression hardens.]

BJ: What do you want?

[Taylor grimaces at the abrupt change in demeanor.]

WT: Brian, look... you know how I feel about Johnny and-

[James interrupts.]

BJ: And you joined everyone else in thinking that I jumped him in the parking lot and put him into a hospital bed... yeah, I remember... all too well.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

WT: That wasn't-

[James interrupts again.]

BJ: No? So, there was another reason that my best friends - my ONLY friends, in this business deserted me when someone was trying to railroad me and send me into early retirement? You and Tony, the guys who are supposed to know me better than anyone else, somehow thought I'd do something like that. If you've got a reason, if you've got something resembling an explanation, please... tell me now. I'd love to hear all about it. I'm sure it'll be good.

[Taylor leans back against the corridor wall.]

WT: I... I'm sorry, okay? We should've been... hell, I should've been there for you, alright? I should've known that whole thing wasn't your style. I just... you turned your back on us in Toronto and...

[Taylor trails off as James' eyes flare.]

BJ: You buried our friendship because your feelings were hurt that I wanted to do something on my own? That I didn't want your help to win the World Title? And then, in your infinite wisdom, you came to the conclusion that because I wanted to do something on my own, that I was definitely gonna jump someone from behind?

This isn't getting any better for you, Wes.

[Taylor sighs.]

WT: I don't know, man. It was a confusing time... and then with Johnny... emotions were all over the place.

[James nods.]

BJ: Yeah. I know you two were close, I get that.

[Taylor chuckles.]

WT: Still are actually. He sends his best.

[James laughs, sharp and boisterous.]

BJ: I'm sure he does.

[The two share a laugh for a moment before looking at one another.]

WT: I mean it, man... I'm really sorry.

[James nods silently, not accepting... not declining... just acknowledging.]

BJ: Still doesn't tell me why you're here now?

[Taylor looks uncomfortable all over again.]

WT: It's about Claw.

[And immediately, it's James who looks uncomfortable, throwing a glance back and forth.]

BJ: He sent you?

[James stiffens up into a defensive posture. Taylor furrows his brow, raising his hands.]

WT: Whoa, whoa... no... not at all. He doesn't know I'm here. He... he's trying to be our manager.

[James nods.]

BJ: I've heard.

WT: And?

[James shrugs.]

BJ: And what? It's got nothing to do with me.

[Taylor throws up his hands.]

WT: Come on, Brian. I need your help.

[James smirks.]

BJ: Oh, now you need my help. Now you want to hear what I have to say?

[James exhales.]

BJ: I'm not sure we're there yet, Wes.

WT: Fine... just... one question then...

[James sighs, spreading his hands to accept the question.]

WT: Do you trust him?

[James smirks, thinking long and hard before answering.]

BJ: Once upon a time, there was no one I trusted more. I would've trusted him with my life. I would've died for him... and I would've killed for him too... and I believed he'd do the same for me. He was my father when my father wasn't... and that was a lot of the time. He was...

[He trails off.]

BJ: I wouldn't be here without him. I know that.

[Taylor nods.]

WT: And now?

[James pauses, staring into his former friend's eyes.]

BJ: Do you know what it's like to spend every waking minute of the day thinking there's a boogeyman in the shadows waiting to jump out and tear your throat out

without warning... without hesitation? To spend your days living with the constant threat of the sky falling down on you while the ground falls out from under you?

[Taylor silently shakes his head.]

BJ: Then you've never gotten on Master Claw's bad side.

Now, you want my advice? Here it is. You know what Master Claw's training made me into. You know how he molded me.

And I bet, if you think about it real hard... you know why I walked away.

My advice is that you sit down with yourself and you think long and hard about whether or not you're ready to be tortured to within an inch of your life for the sake of reaching your potential.

And if you're ready to live with the lifetime of scars it'll give you.

It's a choice you need to make for yourself, but you need to think long and hard about how far you're willing to go.

Because if you're not willing to walk a thousand miles through hell, then just remember that if you say yes?

Master Claw will drag you through that same hell whether you want to go or not.

[James stares at his former friend for several more moments before he turns to walk away, leaving Taylor alone to consider all that's been said as we get a flash of the ACCESS logo and...

...we fade back up to live action at ringside where Sal and Colt are seated.]

SA: A sure-to-be thought-provoking conversation between Brian James and Wes Taylor there. Fans, we are just over TWO weeks and counting down to the big night - the kickoff to summer - Memorial Day Mayhem on Monday night, May 28th LIVE from Dodger Stadium. Now, it's been SOLD OUT for weeks now... so if you want in on the action - and believe me, you do - you gotta join us LIVE on Pay Per View! But before we get there, Colt - two weeks from tonight, we're going to be on the streets of Hollywood! Right out in front of the El Capitan Theatre. It's a big night for the AWA as we'll also be seeing the premiere of 30 For 30 that night as well.

CP: On the streets of Hollywood - the paparazzi will be out in force looking for a glimpse of me, Big Sal!

SA: I'm sure they will - now, fans... that event is going to be completely FREE to the public. So, come out... jam the streets of Hollywood... and let's get Memorial Day Weekend going in high style!

[We see an aerial shot of the crowd, spanning the entirety of the crowd before heading back down to the ringside area, panning past the fans at ringside before it hastily stops at an especially rowdy group.]

SA: Wait a minute, is that-

CP: Is security asleep?!

[At the center of the group and shotgunning a beer is...]

SA: Hannibal Carver!

[Carver slaps hands with the group of fans who are completely losing it at this point. He tosses the empty cup to the floor and wastes no time in hopping the barricade.]

SA: Hannibal Carver is here with no fanfare whatsoever!

CP: Sure, if you ignore the screaming drunk tank there.

[Carver rolls into the ring under the bottom rope and makes a beeline towards to the center of the ring before being handed a microphone.]

HC: I know I ain't scheduled to be here right now, and I really don't give a damn!

[The crowd roars their appreciation that he is, in fact, here.]

HC: I tried my best to stay the course. I wasn't gonna get dragged in no damn wars. But those scumbags that call themselves Generation Lost wouldn't let that be the case, would they?!

[The crowd cheers in agreement.]

HC: Despite letting myself get dragged off course. I said I'd be here to fight you heaps of trash, and here I am. I don't have one lick of backup. I'm sure yeh all planned that. I'm sure yeh waited until every friend I had was busy defending their own flesh and blood to get yer daggers in my back. But all the same, I'm here. I'm still standing. And I only want one thing.

[Carver points towards the aisle leading to the backstage area.]

HC: Yeh can come out here or I can hunt yeh down. But one thing's for certain.

[Carver scowls, walking towards the ropes.]

HC: Somebody's getting their head kicked in tonight!

[Carver paces the ring for a few moments before a voice calls out over the PA system.]

“OH, YOU GOT THAT RIGHT!!”

[The crowd jeers loudly as from the curtain storms out Jayden Jericho with the rest of Generation Lost right behind him.

Jericho is wearing an American Idols tee shirt with his long, sparkling silver tights and his black boots with specks of silver in them. The Idols return the favor with what appear to be homemade Jayden Jericho t-shirts that read “PRODIGY” in what appears to be red shiny tape on black t-shirts along with black jeans with lots of holes cut/torn in them. And Justin Gaines brings up the rear in a pair of blue jeans and a black hoodie with “GEN LOST” on the back (available now on AWAShop.com.)

Jericho has a mic in hand and appears to be the designated spokesman for the night as he points a finger at Carver, the quartet striding down the aisle towards the ring.]

JJ: But I think you're a little confused as to who the victim is gonna be!

[Jericho cracks a grin as the Idols echo with a “that's right, old man!”]

SA: Generation Lost making their way out here... never a single one of them coming alone... always in a pack... a gang.

CP: Wouldn't you bring back up? There's a security risk in the ring right now! There's no telling what that maniac will do at any given moment, Albano.

[Carver sits on the middle rope, inviting Jericho to climb into the ring as the quartet draws closer...]

JJ: Oh, the great Hannibal Carver thinks so little of us! What are we to you, Carver?

Scumbags?

[Carver shrugs, nodding.]

JJ: Irrelevant? Jokes?

[Carver continues to nod as Jericho scoffs, looking back at his friends.]

JJ: Well, when we laid you out in a hospital bed, I bet you didn't think that was funny! I bet we were real relevant then, huh?

[The Boston Brawler lets loose a "GET YOUR ASS IN HERE!" as Jericho shakes his head, still talking...]

JJ: And here you are again, looking for an encore...

...and here Generation Lost is again, ready to oblige.

[Reaching ringside, Jericho gives a signal and the foursome branches out, covering all four sides of the ring...]

SA: This isn't looking good for Hannibal Carver, Colt.

CP: He's as reckless as they come. Anyone who gave this situation half a second of thought would've known this was how this was going to go down! Carver's got no allies, Albano - Martinez and Williams aren't in the building yet as far as I know... Jack Lynch isn't even allowed backstage these days...

SA: He's a man alone against four jackals looking to rip him apart.

[Jericho raises the mic again as his allies slide into position.]

JJ:

[Generation Lost gets to the ringside area and branches out to cover each side of the ring.]

JJ: No cap, boomer... you're wrong about a couple of things.

We don't need to plot and strategize against someone like you; you bring the stupid all by yourself!

[The crowd jeers Jericho's taunts.]

JJ: And war? You didn't get dragged into no war! Because this... this is a massacre!

[And on that, Jericho throws down the mic as the Idols move into action first, Chaz and Chet hopping up on opposite sides of the ring. Carver rushes forward to

SMASH a right hand between the eyes of Chet, knocking him right back down to the floor to big cheers from the Vegas crowd!]

SA: We've got a fight breaking out!

[Carver pivots around, throwing himself into a tackle on an incoming Chaz Wallace, driving him back across the ring into the corner. He stays low, driving his shoulder into the body as Jayden Jericho gets up on the apron, coming through the ropes as well...

...and Carver wheels around to catch the incoming Jericho with a forearm shot, knocking him down on the mat to more cheers!]

SA: Hannibal Carver is trying to fight off all FOUR members of Generation Lost at one time!

[Carver drops to a sloppy mount, battering Jericho with right hands down on the mat as the Son of the Playboy attempts to cover up...

...which brings big Justin Gaines into the ring as well.]

CP: Here comes the big man, Albano!

[Gaines strides across the ring, snatching Carver up out of the mount...

...which is when the Boston Brawler comes up swinging, throwing rights and lefts that drive a surprised Gaines back across the ring into the corner!]

SA: Carver IS fighting off all four of these guys! This is wild!

[Gaines tries to cover up in the corner as Carver tears into him with heavy haymakers to the head...]

SA: Carver's all over him and-

[...but a running Chaz Wallace scores with a knee to the lower back on Carver, knocking him into Gaines but stopping the offensive onslaught.]

SA: -ohhh! Chaz hits him from behind!

[Dragging him backwards, Chaz signals to his brother who slides under the ropes, joining his allies in the fray...]

SA: The Wallaces taking aim on Carver...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and a double superkick catches Carver flush, sending him staggering backwards towards a rising Jericho who snaps off a thrust kick of his own, this time to the body which doubles Carver over...]

SA: What is he...?

[...and the athletic Jericho shows off his ups, jumping high in the air, catching his knee and shin behind the neck of the folded over Carver...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and rides him down, DRIVING his face into the mat!]

CP: He calls that the Knee Drop Driver and Hannibal Carver's gotta be seeing stars after that one!

[Gaines angrily shoves his ally aside, leaning down to drag Carver off the mat in a front facelock, slowly turning him over...]

...and SNAPS him down with a hangman's neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Carver laid out on the canvas, Gaines shouts to Jericho who gives a nod before slingshotting over the ropes to the apron...]

SA: This is a four on one... and isn't enough enough?!

CP: Apparently not! Carver called down the thunder and now he's got it!

[...and with Jericho standing on the top rope, we see a flood of AWA officials rushing in from backstage, trying to get to the ring before he strikes!]

SA: We've got some help coming out here! Adam Rogers, Kevin Slat- OHHHHH!

[Jericho, spotting the influx of suits, quickly takes flight, crashing down with a leg across Carver's throat!]

SA: GAAAAH! He got him!

[Jericho pops up, accepting a group hug from the Wallaces as Justin Gaines looks on approvingly...]

SA: The officials get to the ring...

CP: Too little, too late.

SA: Hannibal Carver's down and... he may be hurt again, fans. He recently came back from an injury suffered at the hands of these jackals and they may have just put him right back on the shelf.

[At the urgent urging from the officials, Generation Lost departs the ring, again celebrating their actions as the crowd jeers loudly.]

CP: Carver asked for this, Albano... he BEGGED for it. He knew he didn't have any allies by his side and he ran right into a woodchipper named Generation Lost. These guys don't give a damn about anyone but themselves... not even their own families... do you really think they'd care about putting Carver back in a meat wagon?

SA: On the contrary, I think they'd be pretty proud of doing it.

[As the medical team hits the ring as well, we cut to the top of the aisle where we see Jericho trading a fist bump with Justin Gaines as the Idols taunt Carver from the stage.]

SA: The former National Champion and one of the most popular superstars in the AWA has been laid out by Generation Lost yet again and... well, I guess we'll just have to wait and see how long he's on the shelf for this...

[Sal trails off as we see the medical team sit Carver up, leaning him against the ropes as he rubs at his throat...]

SA: Or maybe not! Maybe Hannibal Carver just took their best shot and he's still coming!

[...and as the camera pulls in closer on Carver, we hear him utter a simple phrase...]

"I'm not done yet."

[...and we fade to black-]

"CLANG!"

[The noise of a steel chair ricocheting off the AWA production crates reverberates through the backstage area. We can see Mark Stegglet - who appeared about to say something - throw a curious look towards it. He gestures towards his camera crew, heading towards the source of the noise...]

...where we find an irate Shadoe Rage, still in his ring gear as he SMASHES a second chair down on the ground to relieve his anger. As soon as he spots the approaching camera, he lunges towards Mark Stegglet, chair still in hand.]

SR: Put that camera on me! Don't say a word!

[Stegglet puts his hands up in mock surrender.]

SR: I'm sick and tired of all this, man!

[Rage slams the chair into the floor again.]

SR: I'm sick of all this [BLEEP!], man! Everybody wants to interfere in my matches! Everybody wants to bring back up! How many people did you see out there in my corner, Stegglet? How many?

[Stegglet looks conflicted, having been told not "not say a word."]

SR: SPEAK!

[Stegglet sighs.]

MS: Nobody was in your corner.

[Rage nods his head emphatically.]

SR: Exactly! But week after week it's Jackson, Martinez, and Crawford...

...or it's Mifune and Grayson...

...and this week it's Ultra Commando and the Golden Grappler.

It's like the whole damn tag team division has decided to take a run at me!

Well, if they want to take the run... come on and run!

[Rage brandishes the dented and bent chair at the camera.]

SR: I'll knock your heads off!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Shadoo, I've gotta ask - why don't you just get a tag team partner? You've had people offer to be your allies and-

[Rage lifts the dented chair again, pointing sharply at Stegglet to cut him off.]

SR: I told you not to say a word, didn't I?

[Stegglet bites his lip, nodding.]

SR: Uh huh... that's right! I don't want help! I don't NEED help!

And these so-called allies you talk about... Jackson Hunter?! Jackson Hunter?!

[An out-of-control Rage smashes the chair down again, causing Stegglet to jump.]

SR: I do NOT... TRUST... JACKSON HUNTER!

[Another smash of the chair down on the floor as Rage pulls up, eyes wide and breathing heavy...]

SR: I will not trust Jackson Hunter.

I'm tired, Stegglet... tired of every man and woman in this place needing back up.

[He shakes his head, pulling the now badly-dented chair closer to his torso, almost embracing it.]

SR: You want to come see me... then come see me man-to-man.

[He nods.]

SR: I'm taking on allllll comers.

Line 'em up, one by one, and I will KNOCK! YOU! DOWN!

[Rage spins on Stegglet who looks like he wants to say something.]

SR: WHAAAAT?!

[Rage's eyes slide sideways towards an anxious-looking Stegglet.]

SR: Just speak!

[Stegglet throws up his hands.]

MS: You told me not to!

[Rage glares at him.]

SR: TALK!

[Stegglet sighs again.]

MS: Look... here in the AWA, there are a lot of people gunning for the spotlight... and these tag teams? The ones coming after you have no reason to come at you one on one when they know you refuse to find any allies to watch your back.

[Rage eyeballs Stegglet who pushes his luck.]

MS: But you gotta do something... otherwise, how are you going to deal with this while you try to chase championship gold?

[Rage's eyes narrow as he glares at Stegglet with those crazed eyes of his. He nods his head and chews his lip slowly as he stews.]

MS: Did that...?

[Stegglet trails off as Rage clutches his chair tightly and with a wild yell, he hurls the chair at a wall where it crashes with sharp report! Stegglet jumps backwards, watching the dented chair clatter around the floor as Rage storms out of shot.]

MS: Did I just get him to see reason?

[Stegglet looks on, surprised as Rage stalks madly out of view...

...and we fade back down to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following TRIOS MATCH is set for one fall with a forty-five minute time limit.

[The crowd grumbles over the words "trios match" being used.]

CP: Somebody oughta update Ortiz' notecards, Sal... this ain't a trios match no more.

SA: We don't know that, Colt. Who knows? Maybe Lauryn Rage found herself a partner.

CP: Hah! No chance. We just heard her lunatic brother talking about he doesn't want a partner... doesn't need a partner... doesn't trust the people offering to help him... you think his sister's mindset on this is any different? She's got ONE partner and she's spent all night trying to drive her away!

SA: For sort of noble reasons though, Colt - she doesn't want Kimmy Bailey to get hurt helping her against the Slam Sorority.

[Rebecca continues.]

RO: Introducing first, she's from Pinehurst, North Carolina, weighing in this evening at 187 pounds...

KIMMYYYYYYYYYYYYYY BAAAAAAAAAAAAAILEYYYYYYYYYYY!

[We hear the opening drums of "Only Shallow" by My Bloody Valentine, mixed in with shouts of "LARIATOS!" throughout the crowd, as Kimmy Bailey walks through the entrance, eyes in a fixed glare at the ring and frowning. She wears a black zip-up hoodie, hood worn up, over a thin-strapped singlet cut down to her bellybutton in a half-black/half-pink zebra stripe design. Worn underneath the singlet is a black sports bra. The second generation rookie also wears black kneepads and black wrestling boots.]

SA: Colt, this young woman has impressed a lot of people in the AWA with her guts, even getting into the men's Last Chance Battle Royal for a shot at the Royal Crown, but this might be one of her gutsiest choices yet.

CP: One of her dumbest, you mean! She's stepping into a ring to team with someone her own mentor said can't be trusted, and she's going in outnumbered against three dangerous opponents!

SA: The odds aren't in the favor of either Kimmy Bailey or her partner tonight, Lauryn Rage, but you have to give credit to her for standing up against the Slam Sorority!

CP: She ain't gonna be standing long, Albano. You can say she's got guts all you want, but Laura Davis dropped her on her head the first time we ever saw her, and now she's just handin' the advantage to Davis! You think she isn't going to sic Wallace and Colton on this punk kid?

[As Kimmy enters the ring, she sheds her hoodie, revealing her hair tied up in unbraided pigtails, along with well-defined musculature in her arms to go along with the tone of the rest of her body. She throws an arm into the air, being serenaded with cheers of "LARIATOS!" as she does so.]

SA: And the youngster is sporting some new attire tonight!

CP: Ha! It's about time she started wearing actual proper gear, like an adult!

SA: Just nine months ago, when Kimmy Bailey first appeared in the AWA, she weighed about twenty pounds less than she does now. From what she told me, her original gear didn't fit right out of the gate.

CP: Unless I'm hearing things from Rebecca Ortiz, Baby Bailey here is even heavier now.

SA: She is, Colt. She's getting prepared for the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem by bulking up and adding a few more pounds of muscle. She even challenged you to an arm-wrestling contest!

CP: Well, if going up against the Slam Sorority with a partner you can't trust didn't prove she's got more guts than brains, that sure seals it!

[Bailey tugs at the ropes as Rebecca continues.]

RO: And her taaaaag teeeeeeam partner tonight...

[Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" kicks the PA.]

RO: ...fighting out of Halifax, Nova Scotia and weighing in at 160 pounds...

...LAURRRRRRRRYNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAGE!

[The spotlight hits the entrance way as Lauryn Rage steps out on the stage. She wears a hooded black leather studded biker's vest. She pauses for a moment, head down, arms crossed over her groin before she throws the hood back and throws her arms out to the crowd. She strides down the aisle, face intense as she foregoes her usual playing to the crowd along her walk.]

SA: The first Women's World Champion. The first Women's Rumble winner. Two weeks from now, she'll be looking to repeat that feat but before she can do that, she's gotta get past a pile of enemies here tonight in Las Vegas.

CP: And she's all business tonight, Big Sal. She knows what's at stake... and she knows the tall task ahead of her. Winning tonight is impossible... it's survival she's gotta worry about at this point.

[Reaching the ring, she climbs up on the apron, wiping her feet before ducking through the ropes to cheers from the crowd. She throws a look at Kimmy Bailey who ignores her as Rage steps up on the middle rope, thrusting her fists overhead to more cheers as she nods gratefully.]

The music fades as Rebecca continues.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[The lights go down and "300 Violin Orchestra" by Jorge Quintero plays, a static image coming up on the video screen, the words slowly coming into focus and, when the violins hit their crescendo, the words become clear:

"SLAM SORORITY"]

RO: ...at a total combined weight of 458 pounds... they are CAROLINA COLTON... TRISH "T-BONE" WALLACE... "THE ALL-AROUND ATHLETE" LAURA DAVIS! They are...

...THE SLAAAAAAAAM SORORITYYYYYYYY!

[Three spotlights hit the entranceway. To the left is Carolina Colton, a sinewy woman with shoulder length blonde hair. Her two-piece ring gear is black, with neon green and orange "paint spatter"-style detailing. She drops to one knee and spreads her arms wide in a "how good am I?" gesture.

To the right is Trish Wallace, stocky and surly. Her hair is colored a titanium blonde and hangs loose halfway to her waist. She is dressed in a black sleeveless one-piece leotard with similar green and orange detailing and pounds her fist aggressively into her palm.

And in the middle is Laura Davis, who stands in the spotlight, arms spread to the side. Davis wears her red, white and blue track suit and, when she turns around, you can see the back, which has the words "DAVIS #1" in blue lettering.]

SA: I suppose it's too much to ask for one of them to bow out and make this a tag team match.

CP: Mercy is for the week, Albano. The Slam Sorority is anything BUT weak.

[Davis, Colton and Wallace make their way down the aisle, the spotlights following them, until they reach ringside, at which point the lights come back up and the spotlights fade away. Davis heads up the ring steps first – Wallace and Colton leap onto the ring apron on either side of her and hold the ropes open for their "coach" to step, before following her into the ring themselves.]

SA: So cold, so focused. Davis has got her charges in a killer state of mind heading into this one... AND headed into the Rumble, Colt.

CP: You gotta like the odds of the Slam Sorority heading into Dodger Stadium. But much like their opponents, they gotta get through tonight in relatively one piece.

[Davis now removes her jacket and pants to reveal her wrestling attire: A dark blue leotard with matching kneepads and wrestling boots. She tosses the jacket over her shoulder, then her pants. Colton catches them both and twirls them into a ball. T-Bone Wallace does a couple of scapular stretches. The Starkiller lowers her aviator shades and snickers at their opposition for the evening.]

SA: What was signed and sealed as a Trios Match will be delivered as a Handicap Match here tonight in Las Vegas as it'll be the Slam Sorority taking on Kimmy Bailey and Lauryn Rage and... this is NOT good news for Bailey and Rage heading into Memorial Day Mayhem and the Rumble, Colt.

CP: Absolutely not. Those two may not even MAKE it to the Rumble after this one. You think Laura Davis wouldn't love to eliminate two of the top threats to the Slam Sorority coming out on top in Dodger Stadium?

SA: She absolutely would... and as the Slam Sorority reaches the ring, you can see them huddling up... there's no partner. We weren't sure if there would be but there's not and that's gotta change things for Davis, Colton, and Wallace. Lauryn Rage has been going at it with the Slam Sorority for months now and... I'm sure she was hoping to take a hunk of hide with her here tonight in Sin City but...

CP: Does she realize it's a Handicap Match now? She looks like she's going to charge right in on Davis and that's suicide if you ask me!

[Davis, Wallace, and Colton continue to discuss strategy as Rage tries to step towards them, shouting angrily...]

SA: It sounds like she's accusing them of attacking Pink Cashmere earlier.. and I can't blame her for that theory.

[...but Kimmy Bailey is trying to keep her back, a powerful arm extended across her chest as Rage tries to go around here.]

"It's three on two right now, ya hear me?"

[Bailey stabs a finger at her own temple.]

"Be smart!"

[The wise words from the rookie seems to calm Rage down a little as she takes a deep breath, nodding as she takes a step back towards their corner...]

SA: Huh. How about that, Colt?

CP: Are the Rages suddenly becoming logical human beings here tonight?

SA: Now, I wouldn't go that far and-

[A smirking Davis shouts loud enough for her opponents to hear...]

"Look at her, ladies! She's as big of a coward as her mother!"

SA: Uh... oh...

[...and at that statement, Kimmy Bailey whips around, fire in her eyes as she races forward to DROP Laura Davis with a big right hand that gets the crowd ROARING as the referee signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: IT! IS! ON IN SIN CITY!

[Lauryn Rage rushes into the fray as well, throwing big rights and lefts at both Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton as Bailey mounts Davis, pounding away on her on the canvas...]

SA: We've got a fight on our hands, Colt!

CP: And this isn't Laura Davis' area of expertise.

[Davis manages to wriggle out from under the over-heated rookie, slipping under the ropes to the outside...]

SA: Laura Davis, the All-Around Athlete, looking to take a walk on the floor...

[...but the red hot rookie goes out after her, grabbing the fleeing Davis by the hair and wheeling her around to get her face SLAMMED into the ring apron!]

SA: ...but Kimmy Bailey's not done with her yet after Davis had some words about Kimmy's mother, Michelle... a former rival of Davis.

CP: Davis and Kimmy are no strangers either, Big Sal.

SA: Absolutely not. Before Kimmy Bailey was an AWA superstar, she took a vicious Screwdriver at the hands of Laura Davis who tried to put the young lady out of wrestling before she really got going. I'm sure Kimmy would love to get some degree of payback here tonight.

[Back inside the ring, we see Rage land a series of rights and lefts to the body of Colton, smashing her with a left hook before grabbing a handful of hair on both competitors...]

SA: OHHH! SHE RINGS THEIR BELLS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

[...and that sends Colton staggering back into the ropes as Wallace falls to a knee. Rage turns to the cheering crowd, pumping her right arm a few times to big cheers before she hits the ropes, rebounding back...]

SA: Rage on the move and...

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...AND A CLOTHESLINE SENDS COLTON TO THE FLOOOOOOOR!

[The first Women's World Champion pumps her fist again, shouting "LET'S GOOOO!" to the Vegas crowd as she whips around to look for her next victim...]

SA: Lauryn Rage is FIRED UP tonight in Las Vegas! She's definitely ready to Rumble, Colt!

CP: Wallace is ready for her too though!

[...and Wallace comes to her feet, throwing big right hands at the approaching Rage who returns the favor...]

SA: Another slugfest! This looks like a street fight right now!

CP: All three members of the Slam Sorority have been on Lauryn's list for a while now... and she might be thinking about crossing them off!

[...but T-Bone Trish cuts off the exchange with a kneelift up into the former champion's gut before grabbing her by the arm, using her power to whip Rage to the ropes...]

SA: Shoots her in... scoops her up!

[...and Rage slips out of the bodyslam lift, landing on her feet behind Wallace, swinging her around by the shoulders, burying a boot into the midsection...]

SA: KICK!

[...twisting around to snatch Wallace, pushing her chin into Rage's shoulder!]

SA: SNAKEBI-

[But the powerful Wallace shoves her off, sending her towards the ropes where Rage grabs hold, hanging on to prevent the rebound. With a mighty roar, Wallace stampedes towards her...]

SA: WALLACE COMING STRONG!

[...but Rage drops down, pulling the top rope with her!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

SA: OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

[Wallace bounces backfirst off the ring apron before rolling to the outside as Rage nods her head, throwing some trash talk down at T-Bone Trish.]

CP: If this was just over two weeks away, Trish Wallace would be eliminated from the annual Rumble, Big Sal!

SA: Yes she would... and you know Lauryn Rage is looking forward to that Rumble with a chance to repeat her performance in August of 2016 when she won the first AWA Women's Rumble to become the very first Women's World Champion!

[From the outside, a running Laura Davis rolls under the ropes, trying to get away from a still-angry Kimmy Bailey...]

...which brings Davis face to face with Lauryn Rage who wastes no time in throwing heavy right hands to the midsection, backing the All-Around Athlete back across the ring into the corner, grabbing the arm.]

SA: Rage shoots her across, on the move!

[A charging Rage twists and leaps, smashing her ample hind quarters into the upper body of Laura Davis in the corner!]

SA: OHHH! Flying hip attack in the corner!

[Davis staggers out as a fired-up Rage shouts to the fans, getting them going even more as Kimmy Bailey takes her spot in the corner, extending an arm and calling for a tag.]

SA: Kimmy Bailey looking to get back in there with Laura Davis and...

[The crowd grumbles as Rage throws a look at Bailey, giving a short shake of her head as she turns away from the red hot rookie.]

SA: ...huh.

CP: Did she just refuse to tag her partner in, Albano?!

SA: Sure looked that way. That can't be good news for fans of this duo... who are already outnumbered in this match that was supposed to be a Trios Match. If you're just joining us, Pink Cashmere was supposed to be the third in this match but was attacked backstage earlier tonight. She's been taken to a nearby hospital and we're told she's recovering nicely... but she's out of this match which has become a Handicap Match!

[Stomping to the neutral corner where Davis has slumped against the turnbuckles, Rage steps up to the second rope as a disbelieving Kimmy Bailey looks on...]

SA: I'm sure Kimmy Bailey's less than thrilled with this development as-

[...and Rage winds up, raining down right hands as the crowd counts along!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Rage plays to the crowd from the second rope as we spy Trish Wallace up on the apron across the ring, drawing the attention of both Kimmy Bailey and Shari Miranda who shout at Wallace...]

...which allows Carolina Colton to climb up on the apron by Rage who turns to say something to her, leaning down enough for Colton to leap up, grabbing the hair, and drops off the apron, SNAPPING Rage's throat down on the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: CAROLINA COLTON SNAPS HER OFF THE TOP!

[A hot-tempered Kimmy Bailey, having seen the tail end of the attack, jumps off the apron, rushing around the ring towards a smirking Carolina Colton who is taunting the ringside fans as Rage rolls around on the canvas, coughing and gasping for air!]

SA: And that'll completely change this match right-

[The crowd ROARS as Kimmy Bailey and Carolina Colton collide on the outside, trading big right hands on the floor...]

...which also draws the referee's attention as Shari Miranda rushes near the ropes, shouting at them to get back to their corners!]

SA: This is getting a little chaotic, Colt.

CP: It sure is... keep 'em away from us, Albano.

SA: I'll do what I can.

[With the official looking the other way, Trish Wallace comes into the ring, pulling Lauryn Rage off the mat and shouting for Laura Davis' assistance. They each grab an arm, whipping her across the ring...]

SA: Double team behind the referee's back and... ohhh! Double clothesline takes Rage right off her feet! The first and former Women's World Champion goes down hard from that one!

[...and as Rage again flails about on the mat, grabbing at her throat, the powerhouse Wallace snatches up her ally, lifting Davis into the air...]

SA: What is she...?

[...and DROPS Davis down in an elevated legdrop, her leg smashing down on the throat of Rage!]

SA: Another big shot to the throat! The Slam Sorority - I think you're right, Colt... I think they're trying to take Lauryn Rage OUT of the Rumble!

CP: Well, look, Albano... there's thirty women in that Rumble-

SA: Cover by Davis! The referee turns, sees it... onnnnnne! Twoooooo!

[But Rage's shoulder pops out at two.]

SA: Sorry, Colt... you were saying?

CP: Thirty women in the Rumble... that makes the Slam Sorority a ten percent chance of walking out the winner. Every one of their enemies they can take out makes their odds greater.

[Trish Wallace shouts at Davis from the outside, cheering her on as Davis drags Rage off the mat, shoving her back into the Slam Sorority corner where Wallace is watching.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd groans at the big knife edge chop by Davis in the corner.]

SA: Davis going to work with the chops...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The referee steps in, calling for a break as Davis backs off...

...and Wallace loops the tag rope around the throat, throttling Rage with it as the crowd jeers loudly!]

SA: Trish Wallace with the illegal assist from the outside!

[Wallace chokes Rage for several moments before letting go, moving clear before the referee turns around, arching a suspicious eyebrow as a gasping Rage staggers down the ropes a few steps when Carolina Colton joins her allies in the corner while Kimmy Bailey gets up on the opposite corner, clapping her hands together, hooting for Rage to get the tag...]

SA: There's the tag, bringing Carolina Colton into this one...

[Colton muscles Rage back into the corner, shoving her back in place as she winds up...]

"OHHHH!"

[...and lands a big standing clothesline in the corner...]

"OHHHH!"

[...and another...]

"OHHHH!"

[...and another...]

"OHHHH!"

[...and one more before turning to glare across the ring at Bailey, cupping her hands to her mouth and bellowing "LARIATOOOOOOO!" Davis smirks as Trish Wallace nods approvingly and the crowd jeers.]

SA: Colton trying to get under the skin of Kimmy Bailey.

CP: That doesn't take much. You could fry an egg on that kid's head when she gets mad... which is pretty often.

[Dragging her out of the corner by the hair, Colton wraps her powerful arms around Rage's torso, tossing her halfway across the ring with an overhead belly to belly throw, sending her bouncing off the canvas...

...where she lands dangerously close to her own corner as Kimmy Bailey insistently shoves out her hand, looking for a tag...]

SA: She's close! She's close! Can she get there?!

[At a barked order from Laura Davis, Colton sprints across the ring, snatching a handful of hair and yanking Rage's upper body backwards into a seated position where she buries a knee in the shoulderblades, pulling the arms back in a surfboard.]

SA: No, she can't... thanks to Carolina Colton who locks in that variation on the surfboard, stretching out those arms and pectorals...

[Colton laughs at Bailey stretching out her arm, moving Rage's wrist like she's trying to tag...]

SA: Colton having some fun in there with Kimmy Bailey... and I don't know if I'd suggest that with someone like Bailey. Look, she's just a rookie... we all know that... but the power, the athleticism, the enthusiasm. She's a dangerous competitor despite the young age.

[Bailey slaps the turnbuckle a few times, shouting "COME ON, LAURYN!" from close range as Colton continues to smirk. She lets go of both arms, striking a double bicep pose aimed at Bailey who shakes her head in disgust.]

SA: Colton pulling Rage back across the ring, preventing the tag... and she makes the tag, bringing Trish Wallace in.

[Wallace comes through the ropes, nudging her partner aside as she grabs Rage by the hair, dragging her to her feet in the middle of the ring and pulling her right into a front facelock...]

SA: This... friendly rivalry of sorts between Colton and Wallace shining through again in this one as Wallace... big lift!

[The crowd buzzes as the powerhouse hoists Rage overhead in a vertical suplex where she holds...

...and holds...

...and holds...]

SA: LOOK AT THE POWER!

[...and holds...

...and holds...

...and holds...]

CP: Anybody running a stopwatch on this?! Wow!

[...and bellows out "YOU WATCHIN' THIS?!" before bringing Rage down in a spine-jolting suplex!]

SA: And finally downwwwn to the mat! And do you think that shout was aimed at Kimmy Bailey or her own partner, Colt?

CP: Probably a little bit of both. It's no secret that Trish Wallace believes she's the strongest woman in the AWA... and all the hype that Kimmy Bailey's gotten in that department probably rubs her the wrong way.

SA: Some very strong women in this division... including the three women you just mentioned. That power should come in handy in the Rumble in Dodger Stadium, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. The ability to toss someone without a struggle is a huge asset in a match like that.

[Wallace gets off the mat, striking a double bicep flex of her own at a fuming Bailey who paces down the apron, shaking her head. A shout from Laura Davis to "stay on her!" gets Wallace back on Rage, dropping to her knees and jamming the point of her elbow into Rage's throat, causing her legs to kick up into the air!]

SA: Ohhh! And right back into the throat after that powerful suplex!

[Rage is again gasping for air on the mat as Wallace settles into a lateral press, earning a two count before Rage slips out again.]

SA: Only two off the elbow... and Wallace has a few words for Shari Miranda about the count.

[Wallace climbs to her feet, continuing her verbal harangue of the official as Lauryn Rage rolls to her chest, dragging herself across the mat towards the ropes.]

SA: Looks like the former champion might be looking for an exit here... trying to get somewhere where she can catch a breather and recover...

[Wallace turns, slowly moving after Rage, letting her exert herself to grab the bottom rope, trying to drag herself underneath...]

SA: Rage gets to the ropes, on her back, trying to pull herself out and... uh oh.

[...and a sneering Wallace grabs the legs, hanging on as Rage tries to kick free...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and falls back in a catapult, snapping Rage's throat into the underside of the bottom rope!]

SA: GAAAAH! Again to the throat!

[Rage flops around on the mat, flailing as she grabs at her throat, sliding under the ropes and falling to the outside.]

SA: Rage escapes to the outside... but that's not an escape with Trish Wallace involved because she's going through the ropes after her.

[Wallace hops down to the floor, moving after Rage who is trying to slide back away from her...]

SA: Lauryn Rage has fought the majority of this match on her own... and the Slam Sorority is taking advantage of it. Wallace pulling her off the floor- oh! Right hand downstairs! Another!

[...but the comeback is short-lived as Wallace lifts her up in a scoop, pressing her up just a few inches over her head before DROPPING her throatfirst across the ringside railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DOWN ON THE STEEL! And that might be it, Colt!

CP: It might be. Trish Wallace rolls back... telling the referee to count her out... and this might be the win the Slam Sorority is looking for heading into the Rumble whether these fans like it or not.

SA: Well, they definitely don't. They came to the T-Mobile Arena tonight hoping to see Lauryn Rage, Kimmy Bailey, and Pink Cashmere all get a piece of payback against this dastardly trio... and that's not happening so far in this one as we approach the ten minute mark in this one.

[With Rage prone on the floor, Kimmy Bailey shouts encouragement from the ring apron, trying to cheer the former World Champion back into the ring...]

SA: Lauryn Rage has battled for the majority of the ten minutes of action so far against the Slam Sorority... Kimmy Bailey's been waiting for the tag but hasn't gotten it yet.

CP: She may not get it at all, Sal. Miranda is counting Rage out of this match and I think Lauryn Rage should consider herself lucky and take the L.

SA: What?! Why?!

CP: The Rumble is coming... and if she gets back in there and keeps fighting, she's going to risk her safety... risk her health... and risk losing that Rumble spot. Stay down, Rage. Be smart like Bailey told you!

SA: That's not what Kimmy Bailey had in mind! She's trying to get her partner on her feet and back in this ring with the referee's count up to four.

[Bailey pumps her fist to the crowd, getting a chant of "LAUR-YN!" going from the Vegas crowd...]

SA: The fans are solidly behind this duo of Bailey and Rage as Kimmy Bailey cheers her partner on... the count at six... and don't look now, Colt, but Lauryn Rage is starting to stir!

CP: That's a mistake if you ask me, Albano - a big one!

[Rage sits up on the floor, rubbing at her throat as she looks up at the ring where Bailey is frantically waving for her to get back inside the squared circle.]

SA: We're up to seven! Can Rage beat the count? Can Rage get in in time?!

[The count hits eight as Rage pushes to a knee, grimacing with every movement as the crowd urges her on...]

SA: Lauryn Rage needs to get up! She needs to get up right now! If she wants to get back in-

CP: We're at nine!

[...and as Rage gets off the floor, she stumbles forward, practically collapsing into the ring where she just barely throws herself under the bottom rope before the ten count comes down!]

SA: She's in! She's in! And the match continues! Like we said, ten minutes into this one and the former World Champion DESPERATELY needs to tag Kimmy Bailey into his match.

[A ticked-off Trish Wallace promptly pulls Rage off the mat, whipping her into the neutral corner. She pumps her right arm a few times for the fans' benefit before lowering her shoulder and charging in...]

SA: Wallace on the move!

[...and Rage leans back, swinging her feet up so Wallace runs into BOTH!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wallace staggers backwards, falling about halfway across the ring as Rage shoves off the buckles, stumbling out towards her...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CONNECTS with a diving clothesline, dragging Wallace down with her as they both collapse to the canvas!]

SA: THEY BOTH! GO! DOWWWWWN! Lauryn Rage channeling her OWN inner Lariato with that big clothesline, knocking Trish Wallace flat on her back... and here's another shot for Rage! Another shot to get to the corner and make that tag!

[Rage is inching across the ring, crawling towards a shouting Kimmy Bailey with her arm fully extended, practically begging for a tag...]

SA: Kimmy Bailey is BEYOND ready for this one, Colt!

CP: That's why the Slam Sorority's gotta stop her! They can't allow the tag!

[...and Rage moves closer, her own arm stretching out to reveal she's still at least a couple of feet shy from being able to make the exchange.]

SA: Not there yet! She's gotta get closer than that and she's trying, Colt! She's trying!

CP: Dragging her body across the ring towards Bailey... she's getting close!

[Laura Davis obviously agrees as she nudges Carolina Colton, gesturing across the ring which puts Colton into motion, dropping off the apron, sprinting around the ring...]

SA: Where is she...?

[...and YANKS Kimmy Bailey off the apron before Rage can get to the corner to big jeers from the AWA Faithful!]

SA: COLTON PULLS BAILEY DOWN!

[The referee - having seen the whole thing - rushes over to confront Colton, shouting at her from the inside as a fight breaks out again on the floor!]

SA: Kimmy Bailey letting her have it!

[As Bailey and Colton trade blows on the outside, Laura Davis uses the referee's distraction to slide into the ring, grabbing Rage by the ankle to drag her all the way back across the ring illegally...]

SA: And it's Laura Davis who gets involved this time, making sure Rage can't make that tag!

[Davis steps out as Wallace rolls to the corner, tagging the leader of the Slam Sorority into the match. Davis comes in quickly, rushing over to drop a leg down across the throat of Rage again!]

SA: Ohhh - and it's right back to the neck - the throat - for Laura Davis!

[The referee manages to get the brawl on the outside broken up, both sides retreating to their corner as Davis drapes Rage's throat over the middle rope, planting her shin on the back of the neck...]

SA: Davis choking her over the ropes!

[Shari Miranda starts counting again, quickly getting to four as Davis backs off, sneering at the official...]

...and then runs to the ropes, rebounding back to drop all her weight down on the back of the neck, driving Rage's throat into the middle rope, leaving her gasping for air on the mat again!]

SA: Davis just DROVE her throat into the ropes... and Lauryn Rage is again down and in considerable agony.

CP: You want to tell me she's going to be a hundred percent in Los Angeles? I don't think so!

SA: Davis down to cover, she thinks it's over..

[A two count follows before Rage kicks out weakly, just barely avoiding defeat.]

SA: ...but it's not over yet! Lauryn Rage hanging on, fighting to get oxygen into her deprived body. She's spent so much time in this match gasping for air, coughing, choking... she's gotta be running on fumes right now, Colt.

CP: Absolutely... you know the saying, if a fighter can't breathe, they can't fight... and she hasn't been able to breathe normally for going on almost fifteen minutes now, Big Sal.

SA: She desperately needs out of this match but Laura Davis will have none of that, putting her back into the Slam Sorority corner again...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts in shocked horror as Davis delivers a knife edge chop RIGHT into the throat of Rage, causing her to collapse down to a knee, again coughing violently.]

SA: ...and THAT was in the throat, Colt! Illegal! Blatantly illegal!

CP: Effective though, wasn't it?

[The referee steps in to shout at Davis... which allows Wallace to lift Rage to her feet from the outside, looping the tag rope around her throat again.]

SA: And again with the tag rope! Come on, Shari! It's not bad enough it's a three on two, the three are cheating like CRAZY!

CP: If she don't see it, she can't call it, Albano. Even you should know that!

[Wallace lets go as Davis brushes past the official to move back into the corner, leaning down to boost the former champion to sit down on the top turnbuckle.]

SA: Davis sets her up top... maybe looking for something big here!

[Davis steps up on the middle rope, pulling Rage into a front facelock...]

SA: The All-Around Athlete is looking for a superplex, fans!

[...but Rage is ready to fight it, jamming her fist into the exposed ribcage once... twice... three times...]

SA: Rage is fighting it! Trying to battle free!

[Davis straightens up, trying to protect her ribs as Rage grabs her by the hair...]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HEADBUTT SENDS HER DOWN!

[Davis goes toppling backwards, falling to the canvas as Rage steadies herself on the top rope, taking a breather as Davis hits the mat hard, rolling over onto her chest...]

SA: Rage fights her way free and-

[...and Wallace steps up on the bottom rope, looking to strike but Rage grabs her by the hair...]

SA: ANOTHER HEADBUTT!

[...and a clashing of skulls sends Wallace flying backwards off the ropes, crashing down on her back on the thin mats at ringside!]

SA: SHE FIGHTS OFF WALLACE AS WELL!

[Carolina Colton takes her shot, reaching up to smash Rage with a forearm shot...

...which is when Kimmy Bailey comes charging down the apron, connecting with a big shoulder tackle that sends Colton flying backwards off the apron to the floor as well to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: AND BAILEY CLEARS OUT COLTON! RAGE AND BAILEY ARE SENDING BODIES FLYING EVERYWHERE!

[Bailey backs down the apron at the referee's orders, pumping her arm as Rage stands tall on the middle rope, sizing up Davis as she climbs off the mat...]

SA: Davis on the rise annnnnnd...

[...and Rage leaps into the air!]

SA: ...SEATED SENTON OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!

[Rage bounces off of Davis, sprawling out on the canvas nearby as Bailey runs to the corner, slapping the turnbuckle a few times...]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

SA: RAGE IS DOWN! DAVIS IS DOWN! BAILEY IS WAITING!

[...and Carolina Colton comes staggering towards Bailey...]

SA: FROM BEHIND!

[...but this time, Bailey is ready for her, charging down the apron and diving off into a crossbody on the approaching Colton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WE'VE GOT BODIES FLYING EVERYWHERE!

CP: But look in the ring! Yeah, Bailey clears out Colton... but that means that Lauryn Rage has got NO ONE to tag, Albano!

[The crowd buzzes as Rage kneels near the corner, looking for her partner and finding no one there...]

SA: Oh no! Kimmy Bailey's been waiting for that tag for over fifteen minutes and now...

[Rage climbs off the mat, looking around in confusion as Kimmy Bailey is on the floor, hammering a fist into the downed Colton...]

...which is when Laura Davis comes off the mat, drilling Rage with a running knee to the back, knocking her into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Davis strikes from behind! Rage had her chance to make the tag but-

CP: But that gloryhog Kimmy Bailey was out on the floor and missed it!

SA: Gloryhog?! That hardly sounds like Kimmy Bailey... Davis now dragging Rage across... tag to Trish Wallace... and in comes T-Bone Trish, the daughter of Battlin' Burt Wallace... tough as nails.

[Wallace and Davis fire Rage across with a double whip...]

SA: Another double clothesline on the way!

[...but Rage runs through the double clothesline attempt, hitting the ropes, rebounding back, and LEAPS into the air to take out both Slam Sorority members with a diving double clothesline of her own!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DA KID TAKES 'EM DOWWWWN!

[Rage is flat on her chest on the mat for several moments, the crowd cheering her on as she pushes to a kneeling position...

...and still has no one to tag!]

SA: Kimmy Bailey just saw what's happening, heading back to the corn-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Carolina Colton rushes Bailey from behind, shoving her shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

SA: COLTON FROM BEHIND ON THE OUTSIDE!

[Colton rolls back into the ring, promptly booting the kneeling Rage in the face, knocking her flat to jeers from the fans and a shouted warning from the official...]

SA: Laura Davis getting back off the mat... and she does NOT look happy!

[Davis angrily gestures at Colton, pointing at Rage.]

SA: Davis directing traffic in there...

[Davis nods approvingly as Colton drags Wallace to her feet, pointing to Rage. T-Bone Trish acts, dragging Da Kid off the mat...]

SA: ...and we've got a three on one on Lauryn Rage... Wallace slapping on that bearhug, lifting her off the mat...

[...and with Wallace holding Rage, Colton hits the ropes once... then runs past Wallace to hit 'em again...]

SA: ...Colton building up steam annnnnnd...

[...and Colton leaps up, snatching Rage in a bulldog clothesline, dragging her down to the mat to jeers!]

SA: ...T-KILLER BY THE SLAM SORORITY! That might be it, Colt!

CP: It might be...

[But Davis shakes her head at Wallace before she can cover, demanding they pick up Rage and "give her to me!"]

CP: ...or Laura Davis might have something else in mind!

[Colton retrieves Rage off the mat, shoving her limp form towards Davis who boots her in the midsection to double her over...]

SA: Uh oh... I don't like the looks of this...

[...and snatches a front facelock...]

"This is it, Rage! This is the end for you! Ask your little pal!"

SA: Is she... I think she is, Colt! I think she's going to deliver the Screwdriver to Lauryn Rage and if she hits this, she WILL take Rage out of the Rumble!

CP: That's the point! She's going to put an end to this war, Albano! After this, Lauryn won't be coming anymore... she'll be GOING... straight to the hospital!

[The crowd ROARS as Kimmy Bailey slides headfirst into the ring with a roar of her own, coming to her feet with a cold glare on her face as she stares across at the three members of the Slam Sorority...]

SA: NO! KIMMY BAILEY REFUSES TO LET HER USE THAT MOVE AGAIN! SHE REFUSES TO LET SOMEONE GO THROUGH WHAT SHE WENT THROUGH!

[...and Davis abruptly breaks her grasp on Rage, HURLING her through the ropes to the floor, turning back to Bailey who cracks her knuckles, rolling her shoulders as she gets ready to fight for her life...]

CP: She might've saved Rage from getting dropped on her head... but who says it's not gonna happen to her now?! Who says it's not gonna happen-

[And the crowd suddenly ERUPTS at the sound of "The Last Dancer" by Armin van Buuren vs Shapov...]

SA: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[...and as Kimmy Bailey smiles, looking towards the entrance, Laura Davis has a very different reaction as she turns towards the curtain, shouting "NO! NOT GONNA HAPPEN!"]

SA: YOU CAN HEAR THE MUSIC, FANS! YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

[The crowd ROARS again as Ayako Fujiwara comes through the curtain in her ring gear, taking three steps out on the entrance stage, raising an arm to point at the action in the ring...]

SA: AND SHE'S DRESSED TO FIGHT!

[Davis grabs Shari Miranda by the shirt, yanking her around, shoving her towards the ropes as she shouts about Fujiwara. Miranda throws up her arms, shaking her head as Fujiwara strides confidently down the aisle towards the ring.]

SA: The Olympic gold medalist is heading to the ring, Colt!

CP: Why?! She's not in this match!

SA: I got a feeling she says otherwise!

[Fujiwara breaks into a sprint, diving under the ropes into the ring as Davis yanks Miranda in front of her, using her as a shield...]

SA: No love lost there between Fujiwara and Davis and... what's this now? Hold on. I'm getting a message over my headset and...

[Davis screams at Fujiwara.]

"HIT ME! GO AHEAD, HIT ME! MIRANDA, YOU DISQUALIFY THEM IF SHE HITS ME - YOU UNDERSTAND?!"

[But the official doesn't respond as she presses her hand to her earpiece, listening intently when suddenly...]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... we have just been informed that Interim President Zharkov has ruled that Ayako Fujiwara...

...IS LEGALLY IN THIS MATCH!

[Davis' eyes go wide as Shari Miranda breaks free of her grip, swinging her arms around...]

"SHE'S LEGAL! SHE'S IN THE MATCH!"

[...and waves for the action to continue... which it does as Bailey and Fujiwara rush into the fray, throwing fists and forearms at Wallace and Colton...]

...as Laura Davis gets tripped up from the outside, dragged under the ropes to the floor by Lauryn Rage!]

SA: AND THE TRIOS MATCH IS BACK ON! OH YEAH!

[The camera pulls back, showing Fujiwara and Wallace trading haymakers as Bailey and Colton do the same, the Vegas crowd going wild for the chaotic brawl!]

SA: The T-Mobile Arena here on the Strip in Vegas is the home for the Las Vegas Golden Knights of the NHL... but even those hockey enforcers ain't ever had a fight like this!

[We cut to a shot on the floor where Rage SMASHES Davis' face down into the ringside timekeeper's table, the fans rabidly cheering her on from their seats!]

SA: It's chaos breaking loose here on Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE on ESPN!

[Back inside the ring, we find Fujiwara and Bailey have backed Wallace and Colton into the neutral corners, hammering away with short forearms shots...]

...and then whip them out towards the middle, colliding in the center of the ring to the enjoyment of the crowd!]

SA: OHHH! A MEETING OF THE MINDS IN THE MIDDLE AND-

[Fujiwara and Bailey let loose a "LARIATOS!" cry before charging out of their respective corners, dropping Wallace and Colton with a pair of running clotheslines!]

SA: -DOWN GOES THE SLAM SORORITY!

CP: This might be a sneak preview of what the Rumble is gonna look like in LA... but if it is, Laura Davis is NOT gonna be happen, Albano!

SA: Things were going the Slam Sorority's way all night long until the arrival of Ayako Fujiwara who apparently just could not allow her partner to go it with just Lauryn Rage by her side tonight!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[A cut to ringside shows Davis having crashed into the steel barricade thanks to the former World Champion on the floor!]

SA: We've got fights all over the place!

[Cut back to the ring where Fujiwara high fives her partner with a "don't hold back! One hundred percent!" Bailey gives a nod and as Colton comes off the mat, Bailey surges towards her, lifting her in a MASSIVE double leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES her down to the mat, scrambling into the mount where she starts POUNDING her fists down into Colton's upper body!]

SA: COLTON TRYING TO COVER UP!

[Fujiwara wheels around to catch the rising Wallace with a trio of short forearms, backing her into the ropes where the Olympian steps back, gives a shout, and delivers a running, leaping forearm that DRIVES Wallace through the ropes to the outside to a big cheer!]

SA: WALLACE GETS SENT OUTSIDE AS WELL!

[Fujiwara ducks through the ropes, climbing out to the apron, an arm raised high for the crowd to cheer...]

SA: Fujiwara's heading out after her and-

CP: They didn't teach this in the Olympics!

[...and runs down the apron, leaping off to SMASH another flying forearm into the staggered Wallace, sending them both down in a pile on the floor as we can see Lauryn Rage choking Laura Davis over the railing in the background!]

SA: What a fight this is turning out to be! Over twenty minutes into this battle... this forty-five minute time limit battle!

[Back inside the ring, Bailey pulls Colton off the mat, whipping her into the ropes...]

SA: Colton off the ropes annnnnd...

[...and lifts her in powerful arms, twisting around...]

SA: ...SPIIIIIINEBUSTER!

[Kimmy pops up to her feet, pumping her arms wildly, the crowd going just as crazy as she is!]

SA: Kimmy Bailey's got a whole new burst of energy coursing through her veins! The arrival of her partner's JACKED! HER! UP!

[Fujiwara lifts Wallace off the ringside mats, tossing her back inside the ring as her partner whips the Vegas crowd into a wild frenzy.]

SA: Both Lariatos back inside the ring, looking across at one another..

[A stunned Wallace pushes to her feet on wobbly legs as Fujiwara and Bailey throw their arms in the air, counting together...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

[...and then charge across the ring, crossing past one another to hit the opposite ropes, rebounding back towards Wallace...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: AC/DC! THE SANDWICH DOUBLE LARIAT IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!

[Wallace collapses in a heap on the mat as Bailey bounces back towards the ropes, pointing to the rising Carolina Colton...]

SA: Colton trying to get up but I don't know if she's ready for what's waiting for her!

[...and immediately takes a wild swing at Fujiwara who ducks the Canadian's haymaker, securing her from behind...]

SA: WAISTLOCK!

[...and Fujiwara LAUNCHES her halfway across the ring with a released German Suplex, bouncing her off the canvas to a HUGE ROAR!]

SA: The signature suplex of Ayako Fujiwara - the German - connects!

[With Colton laid out on the canvas, Bailey and Fujiwara break to opposite ropes, rebounding back...]

...and as Bailey leaps into a legdrop, Fujiwara springs up into a senton backsplash that connects at the same time!]

SA: #1 CRUSH CONNECTS AS WELL!

[The fan favorite duo surge to their feet, not bothering with a pin attempt as the crowd goes wild and they embrace!]

"Thanks for comin' for me!"

[Bailey's patting Fujiwara on the back repeatedly...]

SA: What a moment for these two friends as they-

[...and with clenched eyes, neither one of them sees Laura Davis slide into the ring, get a running diving start...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVE her shoulder into the back of Bailey's knee!]

SA: SHE CLIPPED HER! DAVIS FROM THE BLIND SIDE!

CP: She put Rage into the ringpost and no one saw her coming! The All-Around Athlete and the LEADER of the Slam Sorority strikes again, jack!

[The fans are jeering loudly as a smirking Davis gets up...]

...and then cheering loudly as Fujiwara barnstorms her, battering her former rival back into the corner with crazed rights and lefts!]

SA: Fujiwara might have snapped! Davis attacked Bailey from behind, going after the knee and Fujiwara's all over her in the corner!

[As Bailey rolls from the ring, Fujiwara whips Davis across the ring, sending her crashing into the turnbuckles, staggering out into a bodylock...]

SA: BELLY TO BELLY THROOOOW!

[...and Davis bounces off the canvas halfway across the ring!]

SA: Fujiwara - the master of the suplex - showing off those high impact skills, tossing her old rival like a sack of potatoes!

[And as Davis slowly gets up off the mat, Fujiwara storms her, hooking her a second time...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and tosses her across the ring again!]

SA: BACK TO BACK BELLY TO BELLYS! Fujiwara throwing Davis one way and then the other and she's got the All-Around Athlete seeing stars!

[A fired-up Fujiwara drags a limp Davis off the mat, snatching a rear waistlock...]

SA: She's got her hooked!

[...but before she can toss her in a German, Lauryn Rage rolls in, rushing at Davis to bury a kick in the midsection...]

SA: What in the...?

[...and YANKS her out of the waistlock, hooking her head and tucking the chin against Rage's shoulder...]

SA: SNAKEBIT-

[...but Davis shoves her off, sending her into the ropes where she bounces back towards her rival...

...who sidesteps and HURLS Rage into Fujiwara!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Davis bails out, dropping into a crouch near the ropes, waiting to see if fireworks erupt as Fujiwara and Rage glare at one another. Rage stabs a finger into the chest of Fujiwara...]

"YOU STAY OUT OF MY WAY, YA HEAR ME?!"

[...who responds with a stream of angry Japanese before shoving Rage backwards!]

SA: Uh oh! This newly-formed team may be in trouble before-

[The crowd reacts as Colton and Wallace grab the legs of Fujiwara from the outside, dragging her under the ropes to ringside...]

SA: -the Slam Sorority dragging Ayako to the outside...

[...where they promptly lift her up high under the armpits...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVE her down with a sickening-sounding standing spinebuster on the thinly padded arena floor!]

SA: AAAABUUUUUNAAAAAAI! DANGER IS PRESENT IN SIN CITY FOR AYAKO FUJIWARA!

[Colton pounds her chest with a fist, clashing forearms with Wallace as the crowd buzzes with concern for Fujiwara who immediately grabs at the back of her head!]

CP: Did she hit her head, Albano?!

SA: If she did, this one might be ov-

[And as Rage makes a move to confront Wallace and Colton, Davis drags her down into a schoolgirl rollup!]

SA: ROLLUP! ROLLUP! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -THE SHOULDER'S UP IN TIIIIIIME!

CP: Are these the legal competitors, Albano?!

SA: I have no idea, Colt! I'm not sure ANYONE knows at this point!

[Rage comes up hot, throwing rights and lefts at the surprised Davis, trying to cover up as she backpedals towards the wrong side of town...

...and the crowd buzzes as Kimmy Bailey slaps the shoulder of Rage, tagging herself in!]

SA: Wait! What?! Kimmy Bailey's in?!

CP: The hot-headed little rookie! She couldn't stay out there with her banged up knee and recover... she just HAD to get back in there!

[Lauryn Rage seems to be making the same argument, pointing at Bailey's knee but the rookie's temper is red hot as she drags Davis out to the middle of the ring, whipping her into the turnbuckles where she SLAMS hard into the corner, staggering back out...]

SA: Davis is rocked right there and... GORILLA PRESS!

[...and the crowd ROARS as Bailey shoves Davis skyward, holding her high overhead!]

SA: Bailey's got her up! Bailey's got her-

[But the wily veteran reaches down, digging her fingers into the eyes of Bailey, causing the rookie to cry out as Davis drops down behind her... and CLIPS the knee a second time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DOWN GOES BAILEY!

[Davis snatches an Oklahoma Roll on Bailey who is on all fours, rolling her into a pinning predicament!]

SA: SHE'S GOT ONE! SHE'S GOT TWO! SHE'S GOT TH-

[A diving Lauryn Rage breaks it up, potentially saving the match for Bailey!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RAGE MAKES THE SAVE! The fans in Vegas are on their feet! What a fight this is!

CP: These six women are bringing it all just two weeks before the Rumble and you gotta respect that!

[The referee puts Rage out as Davis rolls out, allowing Carolina Colton to stomp across the ring. Davis claps her hands overhead, simulating the sound of a tag as Colton snatches Bailey by the leg, twisting her over into a half Crab!]

SA: Submission hold applied! The Canadian applying the half Boston Crab in the center of the ring and Kimmy Bailey may be in trouble, fans! She may be about to book her one way travel to Tapout City!

[Colton cranks back on the leg, causing Bailey to cry out in pain as she tries to crawl back across the ring to her waiting partner...]

SA: Bailey's trying to get across the ring, using that tremendous upper body strength to drag herself...

CP: She's also got the one free leg to push off with too.

SA: Bailey making a little progress... trying to get-

[Colton abruptly breaks the hold, seizing the ankle to drag Bailey back to the corner, slapping Trish Wallace's hand...]

SA: Quick tag to Trish Wallace, the big powerhouse coming in... and she locks in a FULL Boston Crab!

CP: Keeps that free leg out of it, Wallace leaning back, expertly applied... I saw her old man slap this on a time or too so I know she knows how to punish someone with it.

SA: Kimmy Bailey's face is covered in pain, screaming now as she looks for a way out of this...

[And a determined Bailey pushes her hands down into the canvas, trying to push up which actually increases the pressure on the hold...]

SA: ...she's doing it, Colt! She's doing it

CP: Tremendous strength on the part of Kimmy Bailey! Wallace struggling to stay on her feet and-

[...and Wallace breaks the hold, snatching the injured leg to lift it off the mat and SLAMS the kneecap down into the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Bailey cries out, rolling back and forth on the mat, cradling her injured leg...

...and we spot Ayako Fujiwara, holding her back AND the back of her head as she slowly gets up on the ring apron alongside Lauryn Rage, the two women trading words as she does.]

SA: Wallace trying to seriously injure Kimmy Bailey here tonight... and if Bailey can get to her corner, she's got BOTH of her partners waiting for her..

CP: Assuming they don't kill each other before she gets there.

[Both Fujiwara and Rage are reaching over the ropes towards Bailey as she grimaces in pain, lying on her back with her leg cradled against her torso.]

SA: Trish Wallace drags her out of the corner, creating some distance between her and her partners...

[Wallace keeps the grip on the legs, looking to her corner...]

SA: ...and she might be about to apply that Boston Crab again!

CP: I don't think so, Big Sal... I think it's time to go for a ride!

[...and as Colton calls for the Giant Swing, Wallace gives a nod, tightening her grip on the legs...]

SA: Giant Swing coming u- NOOO!

[...but Bailey POWERS out, kicking Wallace backwards into her team's corner!]

“OHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Bailey's loose! Kimmy Bailey breaks free, looking to her corner, looking for the tag!

[But Carolina Colton tags herself in, rushing across the ring, diving and sliding into a sprawl that cuts off the crawling Bailey to a disappointed groan from the crowd!]

SA: Ohhh, Colton cuts her off!

[Colton gets to her feet, pushing Bailey back to the center of the ring with a front facelock before slinging the arm over her neck...]

SA: SUPLEX!

[...but on the lift, Kimmy floats over, landing on one leg!]

SA: WHOA!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[She throws an off-balance lariat to the back of Colton's head, clipping it and sending her stumbling forward!]

SA: Bailey couldn't get it all behind that but-

[Bailey flops backwards, arms outstretched!]

SA: TAG!

[But just before Bailey slaps the hand of Ayako Fujiwara, Lauryn Rage bumps into Fujiwara, reaching for the tag also...

...and as the referee signals for the tag, both Rage and Fujiwara come storming through the ropes!]

SA: SHE TAGGED THEM BOTH! SHE TAGGED THEM BOTH!

[Rage and Fujiwara throw a brief look at one another...

...and then go rushing past a confused Shari Miranda to the ROAR of the Vegas crowd!]

SA: FUJIWARA WITH COLTON!

[Rage sprints hard at the still-stunned Wallace who is on the apron...

...and LEAPS up, twisting around!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The former World Champion connects with a flying hip attack, sending Wallace flying off the apron to the outside!]

SA: RAGE CLEARS OUT WALLACE...

[The crowd gets somehow even LOUDER as Rage snatches Laura Davis by the hair, flipping her over the ropes into the ring!]

SA: ...AND BRINGS IN DAVIS!

[A wild-eyed Rage points a threatening finger at Laura Davis who immediately begs off to the delight of the crowd!

In the background, we see Fujiwara battering Carolina Colton back into the corner!]

SA: Rage and Davis! Fujiwara and Colton!

[Rage drags Davis up by the hair, smashing her head into the top turnbuckle in the neutral corner, twisting her around...]

SA: Wait a second! Are these two ACTUALLY working together?!

[...and Rage whips Davis across as Fujiwara does the same with Colton, causing Davis and Colton to collide in the middle of the ring!]

“OHHHHHHHH!”

[The Slam Sorority members stagger backwards towards a waiting Rage and Fujiwara...

...who snatch waistlocks in tandem!]

SA: YOU’VE GOTTA BE...

[The duo hoist Davis and Colton into the air, flinging them down in stereo German Suplexes!]

SA: ...KIDDING MEEEEEE!

[Rage comes to her feet, throwing a smirk at Fujiwara who shakes her head at the former World Champion before grabbing Colton, dragging her up to her feet...]

SA: Full nelson! Fujiwara's looking for a DRAGON SUPLEX!

CP: Shari Miranda's lost ALL control of this! She might as well go to the back and head over to the MGM Grand to hit the roulette tables!

[Rage grabs Davis by the hair, hauling her up to her feet...

...which is where the All-Around Athlete rakes her fingers across the eyes, causing Rage to cry out as she rubs frantically at her blinded eyes!]

SA: Davis with the cheap shot and-

[Davis rushes past the blinded Rage, SMASHING a forearm into the back of Fujiwara's head, breaking her full nelson grasp on Carolina Colton!]

SA: -and ANOTHER cheap shot from the blind side! Davis saving her partner from-UH OH!

[Fujiwara slowly turns towards Davis, glaring at her former rival who throws another forearm... and another... and another...

...all to no effect!]

SA: FUJIWARA'S IN THE ZONE!

[Again, Davis backpedals away, throwing up her hands to beg for mercy as Fujiwara glares a burning hole through her...

...and with a bellow, she charges forward!]

SA: LARIATO-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd gasps as Davis ducks down, causing Fujiwara to SMASH the blinded with a lariat, knocking her down!]

SA: FUJIWARA HITS RAGE!

CP: I knew it, Albano! I knew she wouldn't be able to resist! There's way too much bad blood there!

SA: It wasn't intentional!

CP: Suuuuuure! It was all accidental, right? Hey, the fans at home can't see me winking right now but I'm winking up a storm!

[From the outside, a hobbling Kimmy Bailey grabs Carolina Colton by the ankle, dragging her to the outside as Laura Davis rolls to the apron, keeping an eye on the action in the ring as a pissed off Fujiwara stalks towards her...]

SA: Rage is down but Fujiwara's still going for Davis!

[As Fujiwara nears the ropes, reaching over towards Davis, Trish Wallace pops up on the apron, DRIVING a forearm into Fujiwara's jaw!]

SA: OHH! TRISH FROM THE OUTSIDE!

[The blow staggers the Olympic gold medalist, sending her stumbling backwards as Wallace comes through the ropes, rushing at Fujiwara who lets loose a huge roar as she muscles Wallace up!]

SA: SHE'S GOT HER UP! SHE'S GOT HER UP! KAPENKINA ON THE WAAAAAY!

[But as the powerful Fujiwara turns towards the middle of the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: PERFECT PUNCH! RAGE HITS HER OWN PARTNER!

CP: HA! I LOVE IT, ALBANO!

[The perfectly executed haymaker causes Fujiwara's head to snap back, dropping Wallace on her feet where she smoothly lifts Fujiwara up, slinging her over her shoulder...]

SA: WALLACE HAS GOT HER UP!

[...which is right when Kimmy Bailey drags Lauryn Rage under the ropes to the outside, shoving her hard with an angry query that gets censored by our quick-triggered network allies!]

SA: Kimmy Bailey is HOT! She's furious!

[Bailey shoves her again, shouting another accusation at Rage who is trying to plead her case...]

...while Wallace DRIVES Fujiwara's back into the turnbuckles inside the ring, turning back around...]

SA: Fujiwara's in trouble inside!

[...and a furious Bailey draws her arm back suddenly, Rage cringing back, raising her arms to uselessly defend herself from one of Bailey's signature lariats...]

SA: NO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the sound of Fujiwara being DRIVEN down with a running powerslam causes Bailey to abruptly halt her threatened standing lariat, turning back to the ring as Rage does the same!]

SA: WALLACE HAS GOT HER DOWN! IT COULD BE!

[Rage and Bailey make a dive for the ropes, trying to intervene...]

SA: IT MIGHT BE!

[...but Laura Davis and Carolina Colton grab them from the outside, holding them just out of reach...]

SA: IT ISSSSSSSSSS!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Davis and Colton let go, allowing Bailey and Rage to dive in a second too late, falling onto Wallace who quickly untangles herself, rolling away from them to the outside...]

SA: The Slam Sorority picks up the victory in this absolute battle here tonight! What a match, Colt!

CP: It was a tremendous match... and you gotta wonder if Bailey, Rage, and Fujiwara would've pulled this out if they hadn't completely imploded against one another.

SA: There was a whole lot of tension in that team all night... and that collision with Rage and Fujiwara that the Slam Sorority engineered certainly seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back as Rage took a swing at Fujiwara which led directly to the end of the match, Colt.

CP: And don't forget that Bailey was just about to leave Rage laying on the floor until Wallace hit that powerslam too!

[Rage grimaces as she climbs off the mat, shaking her head as she watches Wallace fall into an embrace with Laura Davis, celebrating their victory on the floor as Rage points a threatening finger at them. Kimmy Bailey kneels on the mat, letting loose a frustrated shout before pistoning a fist into the canvas and climbing to her feet.]

SA: Lauryn Rage's obviously upset by this loss... but Kimmy Bailey is hot under the collar as well and- uh oh.

[Bailey goes over to Rage, swinging her around by the arm, pointing to the downed Fujiwara who is trying to recover on the canvas.]

SA: This may be a problem.

[Bailey shoves Rage angrily, shouting at her.]

SA: Kimmy Bailey's got a hot temper... there's no doubting that... and Lauryn Rage is taking the brunt of it right now after she decked Ayako Fujiwara and cost them this match!

[Rage shakes his head, pointing at Fujiwara, miming being hit.]

SA: Rage is trying to plead her case here and-

[Starting to get heated as well, Rage shoves Bailey back, shouting “SHE CAME FOR ME FIRST!” while pointing at the downed Fujiwara who is sitting up on the mat, shaking her head...]

CP: We may have one more round to go in this one!

[Bailey returns the shove, shouting “I SAW YOU HIT HER! WE LOST BECAUSE OF YOU!”

And Rage shoves her back, “IT'S HER FAULT!”]

SA: Kimmy Bailey and Lauryn Rage may be about to boil over here, fans!

[But before it can escalate to that, Ayako Fujiwara drags herself off the mat, wrapping up her partner in her arms, muttering "she's not worth it" as she backs her away from a fuming Lauryn Rage...]

"Where you going, Fujiwara?! Let's finish what we started!"

[...but Ayako is focused on getting her friend from the ring, moving her to the apron and down to the floor as the crowd buzzes over what they just saw.]

SA: A tense scene there, broken up by the Olympic gold medalist and... wow.

CP: Wow is right. All six of these women are gonna be in the Rumble two weeks from now and we're going to go right back to what we just saw in Los Angeles!

SA: And you have to assume that Kimmy Bailey and Ayako Fujiwara might be gunning for Lauryn Rage now as well, Colt.

CP: Like she needed more enemies.

SA: A good point. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be the World Champion - Supernova - in action! Don't you dare go away!

[As Rage stares down the aisle, hands on her hips, we fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and we fade back up on the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Wrestling fans, it's been a wild night here in Las Vegas on the road to Memorial Day Mayhem just over two weeks away but perhaps nothing wilder than the shocking return to action of Victoria June who - along with her partner, Kayla Cristol - make up the duo known as the Country Punks - the team who we now know we'll be facing the AWA Women's World Tag Team Champions, Seductive and Destructive at the big event in Dodger Stadium... ladies, come on in here...

[The Country Punks surround Sweet Lou Blackwell, Kayla Cristol coming in from the left of the screen and Victoria June coming in from the right. Cristol is dressed in a shearling coat, a Stetson tilted back on her flowing chestnut brown hair, and her street clothes: a denim shirt knotted up at her midsection, a short flouncy skirt and her turquoise cowboy boots.

June is showing off her new look, her pale hair in long liberty spikes that threaten Sweet Lou's headspace. She sports a new septum ring, black makeup against her albino pale and freckled skin. She sports a leather bustier that shows off the spider cleavage tattoo and her shoulder sleeve of spiders, webs and upside down broken hearts. She completes the outfit with blousy linen fisherman's pants and Doc Marten boots. Sweet Lou looks June up and down speculatively.]

SLB: Victoria June, what a surprise it was to see you back in action here tonight! And I've got to say, it looks like you've been undergoing a transformation while you were away.

[June smiles thinly.]

VJ: Sweet Lou, ah was laid up in my house in Jackson for weeks staring at a spider on my wall. Ah watched that spider weave its web, day after day, hour after hour, minute after minute and ah got lost in that web. And ah started reciting a little poem that some Spider-Man fans might remember: Spyder, Spyder, burning bright, in the forest of the night, what Immortal Hand or Eye could frame thy fearful symmetry.

SLB: What does that mean?

VJ: That spider saved mah mind, Sweet Lou. Ah was that spider. Hiding in the dark, hiding in the shadows just spinning mah web and waitin' to catch mah prey. Well, just like that spider, mah prey just got caught.

[Cristol grins as she steps closer to the mic.]

KC: OUR prey. Seductive and Destructive, you've got to face us at Memorial Day Mayhem and in two weeks, we get our revenge AND we get our titles. Your constant disgrace to this division is coming to an end and the Country Punks will gladly be the ones to end your immature nonsense.

[June nods.]

VJ: Sweet Lou, Harley Hamilton and Cinder, they don't know what they did. They don't know what they unleashed. They tried to put me out. They failed. And you know what they say. That which doesn't kill you only makes you a little... Stranger.

[Kayla Cristol's head snaps towards June as the Afro Punk smiles her horsey grin, showing off those gapped teeth.]

VJ: Seductive and Destructive, the spider woman is having you for dinner that night. It will feel like you're being eaten by a thousand little furry holes. The spider woman is soooo hungry.

[June licks her lips slowly, her bright green eyes wild as she melts out of frame. Sweet Lou shares a concerned look with Kayla Cristol who simply shakes her head.]

KC: You see what you've unleashed. Seductive and Destructive, at Memorial Day Mayhem, the Country Punks are coming to get you! BANG! BANG!

[Cristol shoots off her finger pistols before she rubs Sweet Lou's head. She follows June's path on her exit.]

SLB: I'm a little puzzled by some of that spider stuff... but I do know this. If I were Seductive and Destructive, I would be VERY worried about those tag team titles in Dodger Stadium on Memorial Day... but they're not the only ones defending their titles at Memorial Day Mayhem as earlier tonight, it was made official that Supernova will put the AWA World Title on the line against one of the top challengers, the Westerly Dynasty's James Lynch! The champ went to President Zharkov and said "I want a match!" and we're about to see that match go down right here in Vegas! Colt, Sal... back to you at ringside!

[We cut from the grinning interviewer to ringside where Salvatore Albano and Colt Patterson are seated.]

SA: Thanks, Sweet Lou... sixteen nights away from Memorial Day Mayhem and it's shaping into one of the biggest nights in AWA history, Colt!

CP: Title matches, grudge matches, retirement matches! We got it all, jack!

SA: And it is SOLD OUT... Dodger Stadium is gonna be packed with over 60,000 fans from foul pole to foul pole for this huge kickoff to summer... and in one of the featured matches, we're going to see the World Title on the line like Lou said with Supernova taking on James Lynch. Earlier tonight, the champ said he wanted a warmup match and boy, has the Interim President obliged! Rebecca, take it away!

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

RO: The following contest is a NON-TITLE match scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[Ortiz lowers the mic for a moment.]

SA: It's time for the world to find out exactly who has stepped up here tonight to take on the World Champion!

[The arena is plunged in darkness. A single spotlight shines down upon the stage, casting a sharp circle of light on the backdrop, as the horns introducing Garbage's "The World is Not Enough" starts to play. A figure walks in, casting a silhouette on the circle, which splits – another circle follows the silhouette to the center of the stage. The spotlight beam splits again, a third circle moves across to the left side of the stage, falling upon a feminine silhouette.]

RO: ...hailing from Chelsea, London, England...he is accompanied to the ring by Xenia Sonova, and weighs in at 265 pounds...

...HER MAJESTY'S MIGHT...

...RORRRRRYYYYY SMYYYYYYYTHE!

[The lights around the stage returns to reveal Rory Smythe, who has golden tanned skin, hazel eyes and wavy, dark brown hair, closely-cropped around the sides and back. His muscular physique fills a black suit, over a white shirt and black tie. The feminine silhouette is revealed to belong to Xenia Sonova, her dark brown hair falling in waves behind her, past her shoulders. She is dressed tonight in a sleeveless black dress. The hem of Sonova's dress reaches her ankles, but a slit on the outside of her left leg goes up nearly all the way to her hips. She steps forward and leads the way towards the ring, mouthing the words sung by Shirley Manson.]

SA: Rory Smythe, Her Majesty's Might, heading down the aisle alongside his manager Xenia Sonova... and together, these two make quite the duo, Colt.

CP: The plotting of Sonova and the power of Smythe can go a long way in this company when the stars align.

[As they make their way down the aisle, Smythe appears to ignore the crowd, focused instead on the woman in front of him.]

SA: The Battle of London did not go the way they had planned for sure but in the AWA, every day - every match - brings a whole new opportunity to shine and crack through into the upper echelon.

CP: And there's no better way to do exactly that than to knock off the World Champion, Big Sal.

SA: When it was announced that Supernova wanted a match tonight, we're told that Xenia Sonova immediately approached Interim President Zharkov and said that her man, Rory Smythe, wanted that opportunity... and now he's got it.

[Reaching the ring, Sonova climbs the steps, onto the ring apron and steps through he ropes, into the ring. Smythe stays on the outside. He unbuttons his suit jacket and the cuffs of his shirt. Grabbing hold of the suit lapels, he tears the suit and the shirt apart, to reveal his bare torso. He then grabs the waist of his pants and tears them off, leaving him in his ring attire of a plain pair of black trunks and matching knee pads and boots. Smythe steps onto the ring apron, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes. He joins Sonova in the center of the ring, places an arm around her and, as she looks up at him, the pair kiss.]

THE WORLD IS NOT ENOUGH #
BUT IT IS SUCH A PERFECT PLACE TO START, MY LOVE #
AND IF YOU'RE STRONG ENOUGH #
TOGETHER WE CAN TAKE THE WORLD APART, MY LOVE

[As the music fades, Smythe accompanies Sonova to his corner, holding the top and middle ropes apart for her to exit the ring. Exchanging a nod, and a "You've got this" from Sonova, Smythe turns around and awaits the arrival of his opponent.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights go out in the arena and the video board lights up with multiple images -- images that resemble suns. A collection of horns play, signaling the start of Van Halen's "Runnin' With The Devil."

Then comes the strums of the guitar and the sun images flash from yellow to red, with red lights around the stage flashing in time with the guitar strums.

The flashing sun images grow larger as you hear the tapping of the cymbal, the sound of fingers running over the keyboard.

Then, when the guitar riff kicks in, the sun images burst into a sea of red, with one word spread across the video wall in black lettering.

"SUPERNOVA"

Then, at the top of the ramp, we see a lone spotlight shine down, and there he is: Supernova, dressed in a black trenchcoat over a black singlet and wearing a pair of shades. He stands in the entryway on the stage and spreads his arms to the sides, the crowd roaring in approval.]

SA: There he is, fans! The AWA World Champion! The franchise player! The standard bearer for the greatest professional wrestling promotion on the planet!

[The voice of Rebecca Ortiz cuts in.]

RO: From Venice Beach, California... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is the AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNNNN...

THIS!

IS!

SUUUUUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as the champion walks down the aisleway, pointing to the cheering fans on either side as he holds the World Title belt up over his head to salute them!]

SA: The World Title in hand... something he's held for 164 days... something he'll defend in 16 days in his hometown of Los Angeles, California against a man who he's had a bullseye on since early last year, James Lynch. But tonight isn't about defending the title, Colt.

CP: It's absolutely not. It's about building up momentum... getting yourself at the peak of your game so when you DO step in the ring in Dodger Stadium in front of some sixty thousand screaming lunatics against a stone cold killer like James Lynch, you're absolutely ready to defend the title to make sure you see another sunrise as the best in the business.

SA: 164 days... and by the time he steps into the ring in Los Angeles, he'll be at 180 days and tied with Supreme Wright for the fifth longest World Title reign in AWA history.

[Reaching the ring, Supernova climbs the stairs, ducking between the ropes, and raising his arms again, the crowd roaring in approval. The AWA fan favorite, who has brown hair that hangs just past his ears, removes his shades to reveal the yellow and orange paint resembling flames that surrounds his eyes. He hands the shades over to a ringside attendant, then removes his trenchcoat, revealing a black singlet with a yellow and orange image of an exploding star on the front, black tights and wrestling boots. He hands off the trenchcoat to a ringside attendant before taking his place in his corner as the official checks in both men while Rebecca Ortiz departs and...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Non-title action underway here in Las Vegas with Supernova just over two weeks away from defending that AWA World Title against a very stiff challenge in James Lynch.

CP: Supernova was looking for a tuneup match tonight... a warmup match if you will... but he's got a tough test in front of him. Rory Smythe is no pushover, Sal.

SA: He's certainly not. One look at him will tell you he's got a power advantage, a strength advantage... and it looks like he wants to prove it.

[The crowd buzzes as Smythe offers up the test of strength to Supernova who smiles, nodding his head.]

SA: Rory Smythe is looking to test his strength against the champion of the world... and it looks like Supernova is game, Colt.

CP: I don't know if he should be.

[Supernova raises his hand, wiggling his fingers as he sizes up Smythe, Xenia Sonova looking on approvingly from the outside...]

SA: Fingers coming together... and here we go!

[The two competitors crash into one another, each trying to push the other down to the canvas...]

SA: Pretty even at the outset of this one... Smythe starting to get an edge though...

[The crowd is cheering on Supernova as Smythe gets his hands over Nova's pushing down on his hands and arms, driving him downwards as Supernova takes on a wider stance, trying to stay vertical.]

SA: ...the champion fighting it but I think Smythe might have the edge here. But that's just who Supernova is, fans - no matter the odds, the man will always keep fighting. And that's what James Lynch will have to be ready for on Memorial Day in Los Angeles.

CP: Oh, he'll be ready, Albano. He'll be ready.

[Supernova drops to a knee, the crowd jeering as Smythe loudly proclaims his superiority.]

SA: Smythe overpowers the champion... and Xenia Sonova certainly likes that.

[We cut to ringside where Sonova is clapping, cheering on her man...]

...whose gloating expression quickly changes as the crowd gets louder and Supernova starts fighting his way up off the canvas!]

SA: The champion fighting back! The champion getting to his feet!

[And the crowd ROARS as Nova stands, still trapped in the test of strength grip which leaves him exposed for an angry Smythe to bury a boot in his midsection to break the hold!]

SA: Well, so much for that...

[Smythe ducks down, muscling the champion up and over in what looks like a standing backdrop, throwing him down on the mat!]

SA: ...ohhh! And Smythe getting in an early and IMPACTFUL piece of offense, Colt!

CP: Smythe is focused here tonight. This may be non-title but a win here ROCKETS him to the top of the rankings and sets him up to face whoever the World Champion is after Memorial Day.

[As Supernova comes off the mat, Smythe snatches him into a side headlock, using his muscular arms to crank down on the head and neck of the World Champion before he gets thrown off into the ropes...]

SA: Nova shoots him off the far side, down on the mat...

[Supernova drops down, forcing Smythe to hurdle over him to hit the far side, rebounding back...

...and RUNS right over the champion with a shoulder tackle!]

“OHHHHHHH!”

SA: WOW! The impact of that running tackle sends the champion down to the mat and right out to the floor! Impressive explosiveness by Her Majesty’s Might!

CP: And look at Supernova! He did NOT see that coming... and right about now, I’m wondering if this warmup match is gonna BURN him to the ground!

[The crowd jeers as Smythe strikes a double bicep pose, Sonova clapping loudly as Supernova stares up into the ring, the gears spinning as he tries to figure out how to get back into this...]

SA: Smythe’s got Supernova on the run early on in this one... but look at the champion, right back on the apron, right back into-

[As Smythe moves in, Supernova goes low, jamming a shoulder into the gut of Smythe...

...and then slingshots over the top, dragging him down in a sunset flip!]

SA: We’ve got one! We’ve got two! We’ve got-

[Smythe powers out of the cradle, breaking free at two.]

SA: Smythe is out at two!

[The World Champion scrambles off the mat, ready for action as the quickly-rising Smythe catches a right hand to the jaw... followed by a quick backhand as strike as well, alternating back and forth as he drives Smythe back into the ropes.]

SA: And the champion’s turning this one around in a hurry - whips him across!

[As Smythe rebounds, the Venice Beach native shoves him skyward, dropping him facefirst on the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHH!”

SA: From the penthouse to the basement goes Rory Smythe!

[Supernova hits the ropes, rebounding off, leaping high...]

SA: BIG SPLASH! DOWN ACROSS THE BACK! FLIPS HIM OVER TO COVER!

[A one count comes down... a two count comes down...]

SA: And Smythe powers out again at two!

[Supernova scrambles up off the mat, reaching down to drag Smythe to his feet, landing a pair of right hands before grabbing the arm...]

SA: Irish whi- reversed!

[...and the powerful Smythe ROCKETS Supernova into the corner, his back smashing into the turnbuckles! He staggers out towards the powerful Brit who lifts him up and presses him high!]

SA: GORILLA PRESS! LOOK AT THE POWER!

[Smythe HURLS him down to the mat, Supernova's back SMASHES into the canvas to jeers from the crowd!]

SA: And for the second time in this match, Supernova rolls to the outside looking for a chance to recover!

CP: We're not even five minutes into this match, Albano! The World Champion is getting his clock cleaned by Her Majesty's Might... and while Smythe's stock is skyrocketing, Supernova's cratering with James Lynch waiting in the wings to snatch that World Title right off his waist.

[With the champion on the outside trying to recover, Smythe makes an effort to go after him but the official blocks him...]

SA: The referee trying to keep the action in the ring but-

[...which allows Sonova to BURY a kick into the ribs of Supernova before he can get off the floor!]

SA: -it gives Xenia Sonova the opportunity to get her shots in as well!

[Dragging Supernova by the hair up, Sonova SMASHES his face into the ring apron!]

CP: Whooooooooa! Sonova getting REALLY involved out there - what do you think Supernova said to her to get a reaction like that?

SA: Nothing! Nothing at all!

CP: Naaaah, I bet he made a pass at her, Sal. She's a one man woman.

[Smythe brushes past the referee, reaching over the ropes to pull Supernova up on the apron, slinging an arm over his neck before he lifts the World Champion with ease, bringing him down in a spine-rattling suplex!]

SA: Ohhh! Suplex shakes him from hair to heel and Smythe looks to cover again, looking for the upset!

[The referee counts one... and two...]

SA: The champion kicks out in time! Two count only!

[Smythe glowers at the official before he climbs to his feet, burying a pair of stomps into the ribcage of the World Champion before bringing him up off the mat to his feet...]

SA: Her Majesty's Might looking to strike, lifts him up... over the shoulder he goes...

[But as he walks around the ring, teasing a powerslam, Supernova slips out behind him and SHOVES hard, sending Smythe crashing into the turnbuckles!]

SA: Oh! Supernova out the back door!

[Smythe staggers backwards out of the corner as Supernova wraps his arms around the torso, lifting the Brit into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS him down with a back suplex to big cheers!]

SA: Supernova puts him down! Fighting his way back into this!

[Coming off the mat, Supernova hits the ropes, rebounding back, leaping high...
...and DROPS an elbow down into the sternum!]

SA: Leaping elbow connects! And the cover! ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO!

[Smythe's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the count!]

SA: Two count right there... and the World Champion's trying to get back into this match, get the momentum rolling back his way...

[Supernova pulls Smythe off the mat, grabbing the wrist to whip Smythe into the ropes, bouncing off...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP!

[Smythe comes halfway off the mat, grabbing at his lower back before rolling to the outside...]

SA: The champion's heating up and Smythe is bailing out!

[Sonova rushes to Smythe's side, trying to get him to regroup as a fired up Supernova walks around the ring, getting the crowd going...]

SA: The fans of Vegas are on their feet, cheering on the champion of the world as he...

[...and suddenly, Supernova breaks towards the ropes, leaping high over the top...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...BIIIIIIIG DIIIIIIIVE TO THE OUTSIIIIIDE!

[Supernova comes off the mat, roaring to the cheering crowd as he grabs Smythe by the hair, ignoring a shouting Sonova before he SMASHES Smythe's face into the ring apron, shoving him back inside...]

SA: Supernova puts him back in... and he's heading up top! The champion looking perhaps to finish him off!

[...and stomps down the apron, climbing up the turnbuckles...]

SA: Smythe is down but not out, coming to his feet as Supernova climbs the ropes...

[...and steps to the top, looking down on Smythe as he struggles back to his feet!]

SA: ...OFF THE TOP!

[The World Champion takes flight, catching him with a flying crossbody!]

SA: CROSSBOD- SMYTHE ROLLS THROUGH!

[And as Smythe gets back to his feet, he powers Supernova up in his muscular arms, holding him across his chest..]

SA: WOW! LOOK AT THE POW-

[...but Supernova reverses the momentum, dragging him down into a small package!]

SA: ROLLUP! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SMYTHE KICKS OUT IN TIIIIIME!

[The two competitors struggle up, trying to get up before each other...]

SA: Back to their feet... SMYTHE ON THE MOVE!

[...and Smythe rushes him, looking for a clothesline but Supernova ducks down, sending Smythe into the ropes where he rebounds back...]

SA: LIFT... AND... DOWWWWWN!

[...and gets DRIVEN into the canvas with a thunderous powerslam from Supernova!]

SA: SUPERNOVA ROCKS RORY SMYTHE WITH THAT POWERSLAM! HANGS ON TO COVER! IT COULD BE!! IT MIGHT BE!! IT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -AND SMYTHE KICKS OUT AGAIN!

[Supernova grabs Smythe off the mat, throwing big right hands, driving him back across the ring to the corner...]

SA: Irish whi- reversed again!

[...and the reversal sends Nova crashing into the corner where Smythe charges in on him, looking for a clothesline again!]

SA: CLOTHESLI- FOOT COMES UP!

[Smythe runs right into the raised boot, snapping his head back as he staggers backwards...]

SA: Smythe got caught!

[...and Supernova grabs the arm again, whipping into the corner. He backs up into the turnbuckles, taking aim...]

SA: SUPERNOVA ON THE MOOOOOVE!

[...and the World Champion barrels across the ring, leaping into the air...]

SA: HEAT WAAAAAAVE!

[...and CRUSHES Smythe in the buckles with a flying splash. The champion grabs him by the head, throwing him down to the mat on his back where Supernova steps forward, grabbing the legs...]

SA: Don't look now if you're a Rory Smythe fan but-

[...and steps through, locking in the Solar Flare!]

SA: -he's got it applied! The Solar Flare which has claimed so many victims for Supernova throughout his stellar career here in the AWA! Smythe trying to hang on but...

[In short order, Smythe cries out his submission, causing the referee to wheel and signal...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: That's it! It's over! Supernova wins on the road to Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Supernova immediately lets go of the hold, straightening up to raise a triumphant arm over his head to cheers...]

...which is when James Lynch immediately strikes from behind, hitting him with a running forearm to the back of the head, knocking him down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: What the-?! Where the heck did HE come from?!

CP: Who cares? He's here and he's kicking the hell out of the champion of the world!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as James Lynch puts the boots to Supernova down on the mat, the referee shouting angrily at the soon-to-be title challenger.]

CP: James Lynch looking to get a little bit of work of his own in tonight!

SA: The champion's getting stomped into the mat here in Vegas!

[Dragging the champion off the mat, James Lynch throws him headfirst into the corner, swinging him around to drive in some heavy boots to the midsection...]

CP: Supernova oughta be grateful though, Big Sal!

SA: Grateful?! For what?!

CP: That Atlas Armstrong has already hit the town! If this was BOTH members of the Westerly Dynasty in there, Supernova would be done for!

[Lynch drags Supernova out of the corner in a stagger, booting him in the midsection...]

SA: What's this now?! What's he doing?!

[...and steps into a standing headscissors, looking out on the sold out crowd!]

SA: What's he...?

[But before can determine Lynch's likely dangerous intentions, the champion straightens up, backdropping Lynch down on the mat to big cheers!]

SA: Ohhh! Supernova sends him down to the mat...

[And as Lynch scrambles up near the ropes, Supernova rushes forward, connecting with a clothesline, sending him toppling over the ropes to the outside to a big cheer from the crowd!]

SA: ...and OUT TO THE FLOOOOOOR!

[Supernova slams his arms angrily down on the top rope, shouting down at Lynch as the referee jumps in front of the champion, trying to keep him from going out after Lynch... and a flood of AWA officials hit ringside to keep Lynch from going back into the ring!]

SA: We've got ourselves a standoff, fans! Champion and challenger exchanging blows and now words as they just can't wait until Memorial Day Mayhem when the World Title is on the line!

[And with Supernova leaning over the ropes, pointing at Lynch who is being dragged towards the aisle by Adam Rogers and John Shock...

...we abruptly cut to the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet looking visibly uncomfortable as a red-faced Kimmy Bailey paces behind him, hands up towards her head to take out one of the ponytailers keeping her pigtails in place.]

MS: Fans, I was hoping to have both members of the Lariatos with me, but Ayako Fujiwara is checking in with Molly Bell after that beating earlier today from the Rhodes Dynasty, so—

[He looks over his shoulder, grimacing slightly as he turns back to the camera.]

MS: And right now, I have a very displeased Kimmy Bailey standing by.

[With one pigtail untied, Kimmy stops pacing and turns towards Stegglet.]

KB: I didn't have to give her this match, Mark! I didn't have to give Lauryn Rage this match! I got this match for me and two partners, and out of the goodness of my heart, I decided that as bad as I wanted to knock the Slam Sorority down a few pegs, Lauryn Rage would've been right there with me!

[She throws the ponytailer as hard as she can out of frame.]

KB: But noooo, she's got a problem with Ayako, and she just couldn't help herself! She cost us this match because she can't work with nobody!

[Stegglet looks as though he's going to regret what he's about to do, but he raises his hand.]

MS: In fairness, she was blinded, she couldn't see Laura Davis get out of the way of that lariat.

[Kimmy puts her hand on Stegglet's shoulder, her mood lightening ever slightly.]

KB: Now I ain't exactly been at this for long, but even I know you ain't winnin' a match if you're too busy lookin' for a reason to hit your own partner.

MS: Like I said, though, she may not have known it was an acciden-

[A loud crash happens off-frame, as a trash can rolls into the scene with a large dent in the side from where it was kicked. Kimmy rolls her eyes as Lauryn Rage, still in ring gear, storms into shot, pointing a finger at the rookie.]

LR: Nah! Nah! Nah! HELL TO THE NAH! See what we ain't gonna do, kid, is pretend like your little mentor there didn't hit me first!

[Bailey steps closer.]

KB: Yeah, on accident! You had to have known Laura Davis set that up, she was tryin' to get you two to fight as soon as Ayako showed up!

[Rage throws up her hands.]

LR: What I know is that your Lariato pal double crossed me at SuperClash. What I know is that your little Lariato pal double-teamed me at Royal Crown. What I do know is Fujiwara decided to show up last minute instead of just replacing Pink. What I do know is your little Lariato pal don't MISS with her clotheslines.

And what I know is that you weren't finna hesitate to do the same.

[Rage glares at Bailey.]

LR: But you better know, if you want to mess with me-

[Bailey interrupts.]

KB: I know your resumé plenty good so you can save your breath with all your tough talk! If Ayako was lookin' to hit you on purpose, you wouldn't be standin' here tryin' to start a fight with me, you'd be at the doctor gettin' your face put back together. I was willin' to walk through Hell wearin' gasoline coveralls to fight the Slam Sorority, so what makes you think I'm scared of you?

[Rage steps closer.]

LR: Oh, you ain't scared? Aight, Kid. Bet! You think you're tough but the realest kind of tough is staring right at you. So you best be scared, ya dig?

[Lauryn jabs and pushes Kimmy with her pointer finger who immediately retaliates with a shove of her own. Stegglet takes a couple of steps back as the two, who just a few moments ago were partners, are nose to nose and yelling at each other.]

LR: If you weren't some impressionable rookie trying to impress Fujiwara, kid, I'd be smashing your face into the pavement right now!

[Bailey isn't backing down... and is in fact, moving forward.]

KB: Don't threaten me with a good time, babe, I ain't got all the fightin' I wanted to do worked out of my system yet!

[Kimmy shoves Lauryn's temple with her forehead, and the former World Champion responds back with a hard shove that causes the muscular rookie to stumble back a few steps.]

LR: Punk.

[Kimmy spits on the floor.]

KB: Kiss my go to Hell.

[Lauryn holds up her fists as Kimmy shakes her head, eyes wide, and charges...]

"ENOUGH!"

[... but out of nowhere, Ayako Fujiwara appears in the shot, grabbing Kimmy around the waist and pulling her back with enough force to instantly halt the shoving match. The commotion around Lauryn intensifies as Kevin Slater and John Shock step in to hold Lauryn back.]

Ayako[softly]: Enough. That's quite enough, Bailey. We have our own business to focus on.

[Kimmy looks up at Ayako, her anger still bubbling beneath the surface, but Ayako's calm, authoritative grip on her shoulder is enough to stop her from pushing further.]

Ayako: You cannot let Lauryn Rage drag you down the path she walks. Revenge? It will only lead you to the same place she is at now - a dead-end filled with bitterness with no end in sight. Is that really the road you wish to walk down?

[Lauryn bristles at Ayako's words, stepping forward still ready for a throwdown.]

LR: Oh Hell nah, Fujiwara. You don't get to paint me as the bad guy in this. Not after everything you've done to me! You've got NO place to lecture anyone about revenge!

[Ayako remains calm, looking Rage right in the eyes.]

Ayako: I am not lecturing you. I am stating the truth. Holding on to your anger will only keep you trapped in a prison of your own making.

[Kimmy turns to Ayako, still agitated and wild-eyed but now conflicted.]

KB: So what... I'm just supposed to walk away?

[Fujiwara nods.]

Ayako: We are not getting dragged into Lauryn Rage's messes anymore. You do not need that grief. *I* do not need that grief. So we are removing ourselves from it. Our focus should be on the AWA Women's World Tag Team Titles. That's where our full attention needs to be.

[Ayako turns sharply, taking Kimmy's hand and leading her away, leaving Lauryn behind, still seething, as she yells after them.]

LR: This was all your fault, Fujiwara! You can pretend all you want but this is on you!

[The camera lingers on Lauryn's angry expression as The Lariatos walk away.]

MS: Well... that's one way to handle things. Where do things go from here, Lauryn?

LR: Where do things go from here?

[Rage snorts derisively.]

LR: Wherever the Hell I take them, Stegglet, but you best believe this... I'll be taking them there my damned self.

[Rage's bright hazel eyes are wild as she grunts at Stegglet. She checks over both shoulders and starts whistling "A Hunting We Will Go" as she stalks off camera in the opposite direction of the Lariatos.]

MS: Well, fans... apparently Lauryn Rage is right back where she started in her war with the Slam Sorority... all alone.

[Stegglet shakes his head as she departs...

...and we fade to black.

We cut to a gym, where we see Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Kelly Kowalski, and Casey Cash walking side by side through the premises. Their names are displayed underneath their persons, and the term "professional wrestlers" briefly takes over the whole screen. All four are dressed in Under Armour workout attire. We hear Casey on the voiceover as the scene transitions to Cinder scrambling up a rock wall.]

CC: People say Cinder is crazy.

[Cinder makes it up the wall, sitting on top with a big grin on her face, shouting down to a smiling Harley below, as Casey gives a double thumbs up and Kelly stretches out.]

CC: But those who know Cinder know she thrives on not having to live up to the expectations of society.

[Cut to Kelly Kowalski, working over a heavy bag held by Harley and Casey with hard punches.]

CC: They say all Kelly Kowalski can do is brawl.

[Kelly suddenly grabs the bag, throwing knees into the side as Harley and Casey give each other a look, impressed with their friend's power.]

CC: Those who know Kelly Kowalski know that she has plenty of cards left in the deck, waiting for the right moment to play them.

[Cut to Harley Hamilton, giving Casey advice before a sparring session.]

CC: They say Harley Hamilton is selfish, spoiled, arrogant...

[Transition to archive footage of Harley from her time on St. Bonaventure's women's basketball team, with a new voiceover... "fifteen assists for Harley! A new single game record for the Bonnies!"... then back to Harley guiding Casey and Casey's voiceover.]

CC: But anyone who knows Harley knows the real truth about her loyalty.

[Cut to Casey just before her sparring session, taking a deep breath.]

CC: They say I'm just an airheaded rookie, a ditz, a hanger-on...

[And now to Casey taking down her sparring partners with quick armdrags and hip tosses.]

CC: I'll show you what's to come, with some help from my friends.

[We see the four assembling after their workout, drinking from steel Under Armour water bottles.]

CC: They say we're a disgrace to professional wrestling.

[Harley looks up at the camera, ending Casey's voiceover by speaking aloud.]

HH: We say we're changing the sport for the better.

[And with a grin from Kelly and a shouted "YEAHHHH!" from Cinder, we cut to the Under Armour logo, with the words "we will" underneath. Fade to black...

...and when we fade back up, we find ourselves backstage with Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Championship gold is the driving factor for any and all who step foot through these doors into this locker room to compete in the middle of an AWA ring... and later tonight, we will see championship gold on the line when the two-time AWA World Tag Team Champions Next Gen defend their titles against the Gold Standard. The champs are here... if you would come on in please...

[That's the cue for the members of Next Gen to walk onto the set. Howie Somers and Daniel Harper are already dressed in their wrestling attire and their vests. They have the AWA World Tag Team Title belts strapped around their waists.]

SLB: Gentlemen, tonight the tag team title defense that you've been waiting for will go down. Now, I'm used to the challengers being the ones who want to get the champions in the ring for a title shot, but here, it's you, the champions, who have been demanding the challengers in question, and in this case, there's been a lot that gone down between the four of you.

[Harper's eyes are widened as he speaks.]

DH: Sweet Lou, that may be the biggest understatement I've heard in a long time! It's not just the Gold Standard who has drawn our full and undivided attention, but every single member of Team Supreme! It seems every time I turn around, there's another two-on-one or three-on-one or some other attack in which Team Supreme stacks the deck and tries to put somebody on the shelf for good, whether it's Raphael Rhodes or Shadoe Rage or Yoshi Fujiwara or anyone else who they want to jump on...and for what, exactly?

Well, whatever point they're trying to prove, Howie and I are going to prove a point of our own tonight to two of their members!

[Somers nods his head at his partner's words.]

DH: Bret Grayson, I'll never take anything away from your accomplishments, but all that trust that we put into you back at SuperClash, well... you just threw it all away! Takeshi Mifune, I may have been wrong to make a remark about your age, but everything else I've said, I don't take any of it back!

And as far as tonight's match goes, this is where Howie and I will not only deliver on our promise for a shot at our belts, but we deliver on another promise as well!

[He jabs his finger toward the camera and raises his voice.]

DH: WE WILL KICK ASS AND TAKE NAMES TONIGHT!

[Harper then turns away from Blackwell, lets loose a breath and shakes his head. Blackwell turns to Somers.]

SLB: Howie Somers, we've already heard from multiple teams tonight about challenging for your titles. Could this match be as much about sending a message to those teams as it is about taking on the Gold Standard?

[Somers stares at Blackwell for a moment, then speaks in a hushed tone.]

HS: Sending a message, you say? Yeah, we're sending a message... but it's not to any other team but the one we're facing.

[He then turns to the camera, an intense look in his eyes, still speaking the same hushed tone.]

HS: Grayson... Mifune... our focus is entirely on you. You are the ones that have brought this upon yourself, from the Red Wedding to that wild brawl in Atlanta to every instance in which you decided to jump somebody and use the numbers game against them.

[He turns back to Blackwell.]

HS: Tonight, Sweet Lou, there will be no looking ahead, there will be no attention elsewhere, there will be no holding back, there will be no retreat from us and there will certainly be no mercy for Grayson or Mifune.

[He turns back to the camera and points toward it.]

HS: Tonight, we come at you full force... and you better be ready!

[He lowers his finger but still gives the intense stare at the camera. Harper, meanwhile, gives a quick nod but still has that wide-eyed look.]

SLB: The champs are clearly determined to settle this... we'll find out later tonight if they can do that. Sal, Colt... back to you!

[We fade back to ringside to our announce duo.]

SA: Thanks, Lou... Colt, the champions are fired up!

CP: Yeah, they've got a flame in the belly for sure but that kinda fire can burn you up too. They're running on emotion right now. They're angry. They want payback. And that can be a good thing sometimes... but it also means you might make mistakes... that you might not be logical when you need to be. And don't think for a second that Team Supreme won't have a gameplan to take advantage of all that fire.

SA: Speaking of fire... it was back on April 14th at National Wrestling Night when "The Spitfire" Julie Somers offered Michelle Bailey a shot at the Women's World Title at Memorial Day Mayhem and-

CP: And that coward Bailey shot it down?

SA: That's not what I was going to say... not at all.

CP: But she did turn it down.

SA: Well, she didn't exactly say no but she-

CP: Didn't say yes?

SA: Colt, she had her reasons and I think she's explained them very well.

CP: Hogwash. You get into this business to win titles and make money... and not winning a title... not getting a shot at a World Title... that made for a great moment on her documentary... but now that she's got a chance at the gold, now she's too worried she's taking someone's spot? I don't buy it.

SA: There were a lot of people who hoped after winning the Royal Crown at The Battle of London that Michelle would change her mind and take Julie Somers up on her offer but up until now, there's been no indication of that. However, Michelle DID agree to appear here tonight LIVE in a special interview where we're going to try to get to the bottom of this... and with a situation this complicated and this delicate, it requires a special interviewer to get some answers.

CP: Unfortunately, I'm busy here with you, Albano, so they had to call in the B team.

SA: Oh, brother... he's not gonna like that. Rebecca, let's let the people know who they came to see!

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

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... for a very special edition of The Call Of The Wilde, please welcome back... BUCKY WIIIIIIILDE!

[The Flying Lizards' cover of "Money" rings out over the PA system as the most colorful color man in pro wrestling history steps out onto the entrance stage to a huge reaction.]

SA: "Big Bucks" is in the house, daddy! An AWA Original if there ever was one, Colt Patterson.

CP: My warmup act for all these years. I appreciate him keeping this seat warm for me, Big Sal.

SA: Would you stop?

[Wilde is dressed in a golden blazer and bright crimson red slacks. He's sporting a silver vest as well as he grins at all on his way to the ring.]

SA: Look at that outfit, will ya?

CP: Not without a pair of sunglasses. They tell you not to look directly into an eclipse or one of Bucky's outfits, you know?

SA: Ha!

[Wilde reaches the ring, running up the steps to take an offered mic from ringside before climbing through the ropes to a huge cheer!]

BW: SIN CITY, LEMME HEAR YA!

[A bigger, louder reaction goes up!]

BW: That's what I like to hear. You know... a couple months out of this place really does a number on a guy's ego but it's good to be back right here in Sin City with all of you...

[The crowd cheers as Bucky nods his head.]

BW: ...and before we get down to business, I gotta give you a little message from a mutual friend of ours who says...

"OH MY STARS! WHAT A REACTION FOR BUCKY WILDE!"

[Bucky grins even bigger as the crowd ROARS for the tribute to Gordon Myers.]

BW: He sends HIS love to go right along with mine and... it does an old man's heart good to get a reaction like this.

[Bucky smiles warmly at another big cheer.]

BW: Now, let's do this. I told you all when I hung up my headset that I'd be back from time to time... and...

[He checks his watch.]

BW: ...my time is now. See, just because I've been off the air doesn't mean I haven't been watching. And something's been bothering me for about a month or so now... and it's not Colt's wardrobe.

[The crowd laughs.]

CP: Hey! He's one to talk!

[Sal stifles a chuckle as Bucky grins and continues.]

BW: What's been bothering me is this whole situation with Michelle Bailey. I've known a lot of wrestlers throughout my career in this business... and I don't know many at all who wouldn't jump at a shot at a title when it's dropped in their laps. And that's exactly what happened to Miss Bailey back at National Wrestling Night. Julie Somers, the champ herself, offered up a shot at the gold... and not just any shot... a shot at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[The crowd cheers the mention of the upcoming big event!]

BW: And she... needs to think about it? Yeah, I've heard her reasons but... well, Sweet Lou does a good job backstage chasin' down rumors but there's only one person around these parts who can REALLY get to the bottom of a situation when it needs to be done and you're lookin' at him.

[Bucky smirks, pointing towards the entrance.]

BW: So let's bring her out, and let's get some answers from the 2018 Royal Crown tournament winner... MICHELLE BAILEY!

[The crowd roars with cheers as "Stronger" by Britney Spears starts to play, and the "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey walks from the entrance, looking a little overwhelmed at the ovation she's receiving. The Women's Royal Crown winner is wearing a bright pink pantsuit with a cropped blazer and cropped black tank, along with a pair of black Birkenstock sandals. Her blonde hair is tied back in a high

ponytail, with two long pieces framing the sides of her face hanging loosely by the sides of her black-rimmed cat-eye glasses.]

SA: What a month this woman has had, Colt! Offered a shot at the Women's World Title, earned her way into the Royal Crown Finals, and ended up winning the whole thing!

CP: Yeah, but she's been running scared from accepting that challenge from Julie Somers! She needed Ayako Fujiwara's help to get Lauryn Rage out of the Royal Crown, and she knows she'll lose to Somers too!

SA: You're such a positive person.

CP: I'm an honest person, Albano - I call it like I see it! She's let Somers twist in the breeze for over a month, and I bet you she makes it official that she's turning it down tonight!

[Michelle steps through the ropes and into the ring, where Bucky Wilde awaits her. The music fades as Michelle waves to a ringside fan holding up a sign with a collage of Michelle Bailey pictures. Bucky points to her head.]

BW: Where's your crown? Sid Osborne had a crown.

[Michelle frowns.]

MB: Sid Osborne also doesn't have hair like mine to get a crown stuck in, either. Besides, isn't it just terrible what he did to the National Title?

[She shakes her head.]

MB: Awful.

[Bucky shrugs.]

BW: I'm glad you brought up titles, because you know I brought you here to get to the bottom of something. Julie Somers made you an offer several weeks ago, to face her for the Women's World Title at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Michelle nods.]

BW: Now, you told the world that you've never had a shot at the World Title before, and I figured you would have jumped on it... but you asked for time to think about it. You've had plenty of time, and in the process, a few of the things you've said about yourself have fallen by the wayside.

[Bucky points at Michelle.]

BW: You said you were worried about not earning the shot, but then you went out a couple of weeks ago in London and you won the Royal Crown. Now you're officially recognized as the #1 contender, and fans around the world have said that you deserve the opportunity.

[He holds up a finger.]

BW: But I have to ask... my colleagues Colt Patterson and Ben Waterson have both said that you're scared of what will happen if you face Julie Somers. Is that true?

[The crowd boos the question as Bucky holds the microphone out to Michelle. Michelle stands with her hands on her hips for a moment, then holds a hand out to the crowd to get them to quiet down. Once they do so, she speaks.]

MB: I wish you would get to the bottom of where my daughter is taking me for Mother's Day brunch tomorrow.

[There is a roar of laughter, and even Bucky smiles at the comment as Michelle winks. After a moment for the laughs to die down, she begins to speak again.]

MB: Honestly, of course I'm scared of what would happen.

[A gasp of surprise rises up from the crowd, as Michelle carries through it.]

MB: Hold on. I'm scared of what might happen with a lot of things. When I was standing just before the curtain to walk out here, I felt the little flutter of butterflies in my stomach. I get anxious when I look at the clock on my laptop and I see it's a minute before my next session with a client. When I'm driving to see someone I haven't seen in years, when I go to the doctor, when I am deciding what kind of food to buy at the grocery store...

[A shrug.]

MB: The world is a scary place, Bucky. The thing is, even if something scares me, I still have to do the things that are important in my life.

[Bucky throws up his hands in frustration.]

BW: So why don't you say yes? If you have to do the things that scare you, why not just rip the Band-Aid off and take the match?

[The crowd rumbles with anticipation, as Michelle bites her bottom lip. A moment passes, and Bucky pulls the microphone back to himself, not waiting for Michelle to give her answer.]

BW: You know, I was having a conversation with that same mutual friend I talked about earlier with these people...

[Michelle raises an eyebrow.]

BW: ...and when I mentioned that I was going to talk to you about this, he wanted to send a message.

[Bucky points to the video screen, and we cut to a pre-recorded video.

Sitting in a chair on a beach, with more of a tan than we're used to seeing and wearing a floral shirt, is Gordon Myers! As the crowd responds with cheers, we hear the long-time voice of the AWA greet us once more.]

GM: Michelle, young lady... Bucky told me that he was going to talk to you about a challenge that Julie Somers issued to you, to face her for the Women's World Title.

[Gordon smiles as he says the words.]

GM: And I'm just saying...

[He chuckles.]

GM: ...that sounds good to me.

[The crowd ROARS, cheering on Gordon who pauses a moment before continuing.]

GM: As everyone probably already knows, there's nothing I like more than good, clean, fair wrestling, and the two of you represent the pinnacle of that in the Women's Division. I'm sure that would be a tremendous encounter, one the fans would enjoy. One that, selfishly, I'd enjoy. I've already placed my pay-per-view order for Memorial Day Mayhem, but if I hadn't, I'd definitely do it to see you take on Julie Somers.

[He leans in a bit towards the camera.]

GM: When Bucky told me that you were having a hard time thinking about whether or not you deserved this match, I thought back to when I first met you. That shy, nervous kid in Atlanta in 2000, hungry to make a good impression on the world. Friendly, kind-hearted, incredibly talented. I was so happy for you to break out a year later, and I always thought it was a great shame that you didn't get to be the star you could have been... should have been in this country...

[A regretful smile from the elder statesman.]

GM: Until last year, when you came back and showed the world who you've been all this time. Since then, it's been a joy to watch you blossom, to become a beacon of hope for people like you throughout the world. Now I'm sure you've heard from more people than you can count, but let me just add one more voice to the chorus.

[Gordon's smile grows, this time a happier, more excited smile.]

GM: If anyone deserves the opportunity to challenge for a World Title, it's Michelle Bailey. I hope you accept Julie's challenge.

[We cut back to the ring, where Michelle stands with her hands over her mouth, eyes watery, as Bucky stands beside her with the microphone. The crowd cheers at seeing Gordon's message, and once their cheers quiet down, Bucky starts to talk.]

BW: So the fans have wanted to know, Julie Somers has wanted to know, Gordo wants to know, and most importantly, I want to know...

...are you going to challenge Julie Somers for the Women's World Title at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[The crowd murmurs as Michelle takes off her glasses, waving her hand over her eyes to try and dry them. As Bucky gets closer, Michelle slaps his shoulder, causing him to recoil.]

BW: Ow!

MB: You could have warned me you were going to have that video!

[She shakes her head and continues fanning her eyes before putting her glasses back on, as Bucky rubs his arm.]

MB: A couple of weeks ago, on the flight to London, I remembered my Twitter password and I took a look at what everyone was saying about Julie's challenge. I was really overwhelmed by the positive response by all the fans out there. For every hundred people that said something, it must have been ninety-nine and a half that were positive and wanted me to take the match. I had no idea people thought that highly of me... I guess mentally, I was still living in that era where I was an afterthought.

[A quick exhale, almost as if she still can't believe it.]

MB: In between that, my partner telling me to go for it, my daughter saying I should take the shot, and what Juan said to me about how I deserved this chance, I had decided that I had just one more hurdle I needed to clear to say yes to Julie.

[Bucky looks like he can't believe it.]

BW: What could that POSSIBLY be?

[Michelle gives Bucky a little smile.]

MB: Remember how I told Sweet Lou Blackwell that I had promised you that I'd tell you when I made my decision?

[Bucky's eyes open wide.]

MB: Well... that night in London, I decided that if I won the Royal Crown, I was going to say yes to Julie.

[The crowd roars with approval, as you can practically see the gears turning in Bucky's head.]

BW: So you're saying yes? You're going to fight Julie Somers at Memorial Day Mayhem?!

[Michelle nods, looking overwhelmed with emotion.]

BW: And you gave me the scoop!

MB: Just like I promised!

[Michelle holds up a pinky as Bucky seems unsure how to greet her, having never had a pinky promise before. There is an awkward moment that the audience doesn't seem to mind, instead cheering the news that they are getting their World Title match in a few weeks, and Bucky shifts into shill mode.]

BW: In sixteen days, at Dodger Stadium, you're going to get your first-ever shot at a World Title when you go against Julie Somers for the Women's World Title!

[Michelle holds up her hand.]

MB: If I can say one more thing?

[Bucky holds his hand out, indicating that the floor is hers.]

MB: I want to thank everyone for their kindness to me over the last few weeks. Without you, I wouldn't be who I am today, and I am forever grateful.

[Michelle bows to the fans as Bucky returns to shill mode.]

BW: Once again, folks, that's two weeks from Monday, at Memorial Day Mayhem! Julie Somers will defend the Women's World Title against Michelle Bailey!

And don't forget that I'M the one who got you the scoop!

[He jerks a thumb at himself with a smirk as Michelle nods her head, grinning.]

BW: Let's go back down to Big Sal and that Bucky Wilde wannabe at ringside!

[We cut back to the announce team where Colt Patterson is all sorts of annoyed!]

CP: BUCKY WILDE WANNABE?! I WANNA RIP THAT JACKET OFF HIM AND SHOVE IT DOWN HIS THROAT, ALBANO!

[Sal chuckles, waving a hand at his partner.]

SA: Take it easy, take it easy... he just broke HUGE news!

CP: You've gotta be kiddin' me, Albano.

SA: What?! He did!

CP: She made that decision two weeks ago and waited to tell us until now because she made a promise to Buckthorn Wilde to give him the scoop?

[Sal grins.]

SA: Michelle Bailey's word means a lot to her, Colt. Her integrity is to be admired.

CP: And what's this garbage about how she's always scared? If she gets in the ring to fight for a World Title scared, she's going to walk in a challenger and walk out a loser!

SA: You mean to tell me you never walked into a match scared before?

[Colt flexes.]

CP: Do these look like the arms of a man who's got anything to be scared of?

[Sal sighs.]

SA: Let's go backstage to Lou.

[We cut to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by a beaming Maxim Zharkov.]

SLB: Credit where it's due, Bucky Wilde got the scoop and... Mr. Zharkov, it's official, I presume!

[Zharkov pounds a fist into his open palm.]

MZ: Da! It is a dream match for fans of women's wrestling around the world and at Memorial Day Mayhem, it IS official - Michelle Bailey will challenge "The Spitfire" Julie Somers for the Women's World Title!

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: Alright! I know the Internet just BLEW UP at that news... but I've gotta ask the hard questions. I know you just found out about this but... Michelle Bailey was scheduled to compete in the 30 woman Rumble! What happens now?

[Zharkov nods.]

MZ: The Women's World Title match will be the first match at Memorial Day Mayhem... the winner gets the title and the loser will go into the Rumble.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Makes perfect sense... and with that, I know you've got one more announcement to make regarding some of the final spots in this big Rumble match.

[Zharkov lifts his clipboard, taking a quick glance.]

MZ: We have open spots after what the Rhodes Dynasty did earlier tonight.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Don't tell me those two are getting the spots!

[Zharkov grins.]

MZ: No... not that easy. But they will get a chance to win them. Two weeks from tonight, on the streets of Hollywood, it'll be a three way tag team match - Charity Rockwell and Moxy Hart versus Kelly Taylor and Molly Bell versus the Rhodes Dynasty... and the winners of that match will claim the final spots in this year's Rumble match.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Excellent news! The Rumble is coming! Memorial Day Mayhem is coming!

[A cell phone chirp is heard and Zharkov takes a quick look at it before holding up a hand.]

MZ: Apologies... please... one moment...

[Zharkov raises the phone to his ear.]

MZ: Ricki? I was expecting your call.

[He listens for a moment, nodding... and then smiling.]

MZ: And that is your choice?

[One more pause.. one more nod.]

MZ: Consider it done. See you in LA.

[He puts the phone down.]

MZ: Lou, you did not get Michelle Bailey's scoop but...

[He holds the phone up.]

MZ: ...you can have Ricki Toughill's.

SLB: She's made her choice?

MZ: She has. Next weekend LIVE from Reseda, California on the first edition of Showtime On Tour, it'll be the Women's World Tag Team Champions - Cinder and Harley Hamilton - taking on...

[He smiles.]

MZ: ...the team of the AWA Women's World Champion Julie Somers and her Memorial Day Mayhem challenger Michelle Bailey!

[The crowd inside the arena ROARS as Blackwell's eyes go wide!]

SLB: That's huge! That's a Main Event anywhere in the world! Mr. Zharkov, thank you for that... and this night just keeps getting better, fans. Sal, Colt... back to you at ringside!

[We cut back down to the ringside area.]

SA: Wow! Huge news all around - the World Title match is official for Los Angeles... and we now know it's going on first with the loser getting put in the Rumble later in the night... and on top of that, we also know that just nine days before they collide for the Women's World Title, Julie Somers and Michelle Bailey will team up to take on Hamilton and Cinder, the World Tag Team Champions in a HUUUUUGE matchup that'll go down on Showtime, Colt!

CP: I'm almost jealous of Dane and Waterson getting to call that one, Big Sal. Blackwell called it a Main Event anywhere in the world and you got that right!

SA: Speaking of Main Events, coming up next, we've got a man who is no stranger to Main Events throughout his career. He's been in the Main Event of SuperClash for four consecutive years and he's been in his fair share of headline matches at Memorial Day Mayhem as well - no one will ever forget that brutal Unsanctioned Match with Caleb Temple... but tonight, he's not here to wrestle - he's here to talk. After his recent actions while teaming with Derrick Williams, the AWA's White Knight has asked The Future to join him in the ring to discuss what went down and... I suppose see where they go from here.

[Sal grins.]

SA: Ladies and gentlemen... Ryan Martinez.

[The lights dim, and as they do, we hear the light tinkling of synth, followed by the pounding of drums.

As "Vox Populi" by 30 Seconds to Mars kicks in, the fans are up on their feet, stomping their feet and clapping their hands. And just as Jared Leto tells us its...]

#Time to go to war!#

[The curtain is pulled aside and out steps the AWA's White Knight.]

SA: There he is, a one time World Television Champion, a two time World Champion, and the man who has held that belt longer than any other man... Ryan Martinez!

CP: That's all well and good, but your White Knight may be more tarnished than shining these days!

SA: Well, there is no doubt about it, Ryan Martinez has not been in the best of places since SuperClash, but as Gordon Myers would remind you, when you look to Ryan Martinez, you're looking at a hero!

CP: Oh yeah? Well, when I look at Ryan Martinez, I'm looking at a guy who was a physical wreck after SuperClash... and became an emotional wreck after the Red Wedding! He hasn't been the same since, Albano, and if YOU won't admit it, Derrick Williams will tell ya like it is since he was the one who got dropped on his head at National Wrestling Night!

[Martinez, dressed in black jeans and a black AWA logo t-shirt, steps into the ring, and brings a microphone up to his mouth.]

RM: I'll keep this simple.

Derrick Williams... get on out here!

[And on cue...]

#Woahhhhhh, ohhh ohhhhhh#

[The crowd erupts as the opening chords and vocals of Imagine Dragon's "Radioactive" starts playing in the arena. The lights flash a pattern of white and blue building up to the beginning of the lyrics, when out from the entrance way steps "The Future" Derrick Williams, dressed in azure blue and white Jordan Retros, matching blue with white stripe track pants, and a similar colored "The Future is NOW" AWA Shop t-shirt. Williams struts down the aisle, pointing at cheering fans as he stops mid-ramp, ducking down right before the chorus hits, and he raises up, outstretched arms as the stage behind him erupts in pyrotechnics. He continues his walk.]

SA: The Future is here, Colt, and this could be an explosive situation. For weeks, these two have been reluctant allies, but it's been a powderkeg ready to explode and now, we have Ryan Martinez asking Derrick Williams to the ring here in Las Vegas and knowing the history of these two, this could end in an all out war.

CP: It definitely could, Albano... and while these two have been allies for weeks, there's been a definite tension brewing for years now between them... and that might be underselling it. We've been looking for this face off since two years ago when Williams first Future Shocked Martinez at Juan Vasquez's command. They may have kissed and made up for SuperClash and to face down Masks For Money... but they're NOT on the same page. And with the general disposition Martinez has been in ever since Supreme Wright punched him in the face, we don't know what we're going to get here.

[Williams enters the ring, slowly. As the music fades he stands across from Martinez. He pauses as the two titans stare at each other, while the crowd stirs in anticipation of what's going to happen. The two men let the moment marinate for a bit, before Williams produces a microphone from his pocket, and breaks the silence]

DW: I've heard you've got something you want to talk to me about, Martinez.

[Martinez nods his head.]

RM: For years now, people have been calling me the White Knight, they've been saying I'm a hero, and nobody knows better than me just how many people look to me to be a good role model, to set a good example. And Lord knows, I try.

And Lord knows, I don't always succeed.

[Martinez draws a breath, exhaling slowly.]

RM: But I'm man enough to own up to the mistakes I've made, and if I'm going to be a role model, then I need to take responsibilities for the things I did wrong. And I DID do something wrong.

[Martinez pauses, looking across at a listening Williams.]

RM: I should never have hit you with that Future Shock, and I'm sorry, Derrick.

[He lets that sink in for a moment.]

RM: I could tell you that I wasn't in the right head space two weeks ago, I could tell you that I haven't been in the right headspace since Supreme Wright did what he did.

But those are just excuses.

I'm glad we won, and I'm glad we got rid of Masks for Money, but I still did wrong by you.

[Martinez holds his gaze on Williams who doesn't react at all.]

RM: And I apologize to you, and I hope, if not tonight, then sometime soon, you'll accept that apology.

[Martinez lowers the mic as Williams nods, raising his mic.]

DW: You know, for a little over three years, I've had time to think about this moment, this... exact... moment.

The moment when you and I stand across the ring from each other, and I'm not in someone else's entourage, or on a team, or have your wicked step-mom powertripping everything into chaos, we're not on the same team, we're not fighting off a company threat or a couple masked goons. When I'm not ancillary to what you're actually facing off with. When there's no other more pressing business to attend to.

And I know... I know that might not be entirely the case as you've been in a bad mood and been really wanting to chase down someone whose betrayal you REALLY should've seen coming...

[Williams smirks as Martinez bristles.]

DW: ...but yes, you and I have business first.

[Williams pauses a tick.]

DW: You want to apologize to me for what happened back at National Wrestling Night about a month ago...?

[He shrugs.]

DW: Well, frankly Martinez... I can take or leave it. It's not like I'm innocent of sneaking a shot in, everyone saw SuperClash.

You want to apologize, well... I don't accept.

[The crowd disapproves of this development.]

DW: Ya'll knew that was coming, but hear me out. You want to do something, Martinez? Then, let's talk.

You see, it hasn't gone unnoticed, that there's a really big show in a couple weeks, happening in Los Angeles, and...

...neither of us are on it yet.

[The crowd perks up as Martinez raises an eyebrow.]

DW: So what I was thinking... instead of apologizing to me for something that - hell, I would do to you in a heartbeat had I not promised to play nice...

How about we get something out of the way that we should've had the chance to do last year instead of fighting off gods and monsters?

How about we just go and get this out of our system finally?

How about you agree to this, we head back to Zharkov, and make it official?

[The crowd is buzzing now.]

DW: Let's go to Dodger Stadium in YOUR hometown... let's go to Memorial Day Mayhem... and let's have Ryan Martinez versus Derrick Williams - The White Knight versus The Future, one on one for the first time... FINALLY.

Let's do that, White Knight... instead of these apologies and "my bads"... let's do that.

[Martinez nods his head.]

RM: Well, you know, ever since I got to the AWA, I've never said no to a match. And I'm not starting tonight.

So you want a match? You got it.

[The crowd ROARS at that!]

RM: But before you shake my hand...

[The look on Martinez' face intensifies.]

RM: You need to remember two things.

First... I'm sorry for what I did, but don't think for a second that I'll be taking it easy on you. Between these ropes? I only know how to move at one speed, and that's straight ahead and through anyone I'm facing. So you better make sure that you're ready to get what you just asked me for.

I respect you, but as my best friend likes to say... respect won't save you from getting your tail kicked.

And second? Like you said, Los Angeles is my hometown, and I'm not going home to lose. We do this, and its pedal to the metal from the first bell to the last. I'll come at you full speed ahead, and if you do anything less than that? You'll be in the match just long enough to regret it.

So if you're sure you want it...

[Martinez extends his hand.]

RM: ...all you have to do is shake my hand.

[Without hesitation, Williams takes Martinez' hand... and the two of them shake.]

DW: See you in LA, White Knight.

[Williams aggressively throws the hand down, glaring at the former World Champion who grins, nodding his head.]

RM: Count on it!

[And with the crowd ROARING for the announcement, Williams departs the ring, keeping his eyes up on the White Knight who keeps his gaze on him...]

SA: Memorial Day Mayhem! It's official! Ryan Martinez versus Derrick Williams! The White Knight versus the Future! What a match that's gonna be! Fans, Memorial Day Mayhem continues to get better and better and I can hardly contain myself - sixteen nights! A sold out Dodger Stadium! Over sixty thousand fans on hand! And all of you watching on Pay Per View! You do NOT want to miss this!

[Williams smirks in the air at Martinez, nodding his head as we fade to black..

After a moment, the ESPN 30 For 30 logo comes up on the screen with the words "COMING MAY 27th, 2018."

We come up on a shot of Lori Dane - a talking head shot.]

LD: They told me repeatedly - "there's no room for women's wrestling in the AWA." It wasn't even up for debate really. I mean... I wasn't surprised. Look at what happened in the E.

[We get a brief still photo publicity photo shot of "Luscious" Lori Dane holding the EMWC Women's Title.]

LD: Yeah, I held the title but for the life of you, could anyone remember who I beat for it? Or if I even defended it on TV? I was a house show gimmick. Someone they could trot out there to get whistled at and make the guys drop money for bikini 8X10s at intermission.

[Cut to a talking head of former AWA competitor Melissa Cannon.]

MC: Most of the talented women's wrestlers in the 80s and 90s were in Japan. There were a handful here but for every Jessica Starbird, you had an "Erotic" Erin. For every Lori Dane, a Satin Sheets. The women in the States were being treated as a sideshow and everyone knew it. The Throbbing Mattress Kittens? Give me a [BLEEPING] break!

[Cut to Laura Davis with a smirk on her face.]

LD: The UWF took it pretty seriously but very few other places did. Even the so-called biggest promotions on the planet didn't give us the time of day. Hell, some of the best women were better in the ring than the top men at times... but you'd never know it by the way they promoted us.

[Back to Dane.]

LD: I was a friggin' co-owner of the company and I still couldn't get it done for a long damn time. But when it changed...

[Dane raises her eyebrows as we fade to a graphic that says "THE BIRTH OF THE AWA WOMEN'S DIVISION."

The "Coming Soon" graphic returns for a moment before we go back to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area where Mariah Wolfe is standing with a smile.]

MW: Just two weeks away from the premiere of what promises to be a tremendous story telling just how the hottest division in all of wrestling came to be... and just one week away from the big kickoff of the Showtime Summer tour as we've packed our bags down in the A-T-L and we're rolling all over these United States and even

up to Canada! But our first stop will be down the road from the site of Memorial Day Mayhem as we hit the famous American Legion Hall in Reseda, California - once home of some of the hottest independent wrestling action in all of wrestling but on this night, it'll be home to Showtime!

[We get a different shot of Wolfe as a graphic appears in the corner of the picture.]

MW: Let's run down some of what you'll be seeing on this big night... and let's hit the biggest news first! It's Juan Vasquez Appreciation Night on Showtime and he's been given the keys to the kingdom so to speak - he's got matchmaking power for one night only and we've already heard him put that power to good use earlier tonight.

[The graphic changes.]

MW: These two have been at it for weeks now and finally, it comes to a head when Betty Chang takes on E-Girl MAX's Casey Cash in one-on-one action!

[And again.]

MW: Jordan Ohara says he doesn't care that he's got a date with Sid Osborne at Dodger Stadium - he's STILL coming to Reseda and he's STILL going to give someone the chance to completely shake up Memorial Day Mayhem as he puts the National Title on the line in another Phoenix Rises Open Challenge!

[And again.]

MW: The Brass Ring Tournament is just about set to begin and it'll be a big night for the participants as they get their first taste of AWA action. For the men, it'll be an eight man tag team matchup that will see Elijah Wilde, Will Robinson, Adrian Kirk, and Bodhi Li take on Armani Avery, Gabriel Cordova, Danny King, and Rodrick Storm...

[And again.]

MW: ...and for the women, they'll be taking part in a special Battle Royal with the winner receiving one of the remaining spots in this year's Rumble!

[And again.]

MW: "Cannonball" Lee Connors collide with Odysseus Allah! After Connors defeated Allah's father last weekend, you better believe that Odysseus will be out for blood in Reseda!

[And again.]

MW: The Women's World Tag Team Champions, Harley Hamilton and Cinder, have a date with the Country Punks at Dodger Stadium but they're also heading to Reseda where they will be meeting what you've gotta describe as a SUPERTeam of Michelle Bailey and the woman she'll face at Memorial Day Mayhem, the AWA Women's World Champion Julie Somers! I can't wait for that one!

[And again.]

MW: Omega and Plemos will take on the Desperados' team of the Texas Ranger and Pedro Perez... and the losing team will be IMMEDIATELY escorted from the building and will not be allowed back in...

[And again.]

MW: ...and that's because the World Television Title will be on the line as Odin Gunn defends the title against Wade Walker yet again... and this time, there will be no countouts, no disqualifications, and no time limit!

[The graphic disappears as go back to a full screen shot of Mariah.]

MW: A huge lineup! A huge night of action! AWA fans, it's one week from tonight, right here on ESPN... and you do NOT want to miss it! Colt, Big Sal... back to you!

[We cut from the backstage area to our announce team at ringside.]

SA: Exciting action coming our way on Showtime next weekend LIVE from the American Legion Hall in Reseda, California... so much announced already... and Colt, I gotta say that I'm intrigued that on that night, we're honoring Juan Vasquez by giving him the keys to the kingdom!

CP: Some might say he's had the keys to the kingdom for years, Big Sal... including Kerry Kendrick.

[Sal grimaces.]

SA: Uh huh... well, speaking of Kerry Kendrick, I suppose we should address that situation. Folks, as you know, ever since Juan Vasquez announced his retirement, we've been seeing him honored in every city we've visited. We've seen him touring the city with his family and... well, generally soaking up the love and appreciation from fans everywhere we go as we approach the end of his in-ring career. And we expected to air another such segment here tonight as Juan's been touring Las Vegas this week... but this time, there was an incident... and we've got the footage to show you. Colt, it seems that not everyone is happy about these celebrations surrounding Juan's retirement tour.

CP: Yeah, Sal, I'd say that's an understatement. It's no secret that some people in the locker room have been frustrated with the way the spotlight's been shining on Vasquez ever since he announced he was retiring at Memorial Day Mayhem and it looks like Kerry Kendrick - well, he finally snapped.

SA: That's right, Colt. It all came to a head during a special ceremony where Juan was being honored with the Key to the City in Las Vegas, and then... this happened. Take a look.

[The screen cuts to the video footage. We see Juan Vasquez standing on a large stage set-up in front of the statue of Caesar Augustus, in front of a crowd outside Caesar's Palace. Beside him is the Mayor of Las Vegas, Carolyn Goodman, holding the Key to the City. Standing behind him are his daughters, Lorena and Mari Vasquez, and Kimmy Bailey.

We see the crowd is made up of fans and members of the press, who fill the area in front of the stage. On either side of the stage, there are a few other dignitaries, local celebrities, and former wrestling stars such as Juan's uncle, former EMWC star Lorenzo Vasquez and Las Vegas native Devon Case, who have come to pay their respects. Juan smiles, soaking in the moment, as the mayor speaks into the microphone.]

Mayor Goodman: Ladies and gentlemen, it is my honor to present this Key to the City to one of the greatest wrestlers to ever step foot in the ring - Juan Vasquez! His contributions to our city, to the world of sports, and to this business are immeasurable!

[The crowd cheers loudly as Juan nods appreciatively...

...but suddenly, the noise shifts and the crowd gasps. We see Kerry Kendrick storming onto the stage, interrupting the ceremony. He shoves past a couple of security guards and heads straight for Juan.]

KK: Yeah, Juan "Make the AWA Great Again" Vasquez! Leader of the Axis, Juan Vasquez! Mr. "Bend the Knee" himself, Juan Vasquez!

[The crowd falls into an awkward silence as Kendrick grabs the microphone, visibly angry.]

KK: I get hauled in front of the AWA Star Chamber Tribunal and ordered to fight for my continued existence by The Powers That Be, while you, Vasquez, get the VIP High Roller treatment!

[Vasquez glowers at Kendrick from several feet away, trying to put a comforting hand on the shoulder of his youngest daughter who is visibly upset.]

KK: The sad fact of life is that I've been loyal to the AWA... while you used it to prop up your own ambitions. You've been holding guys like me back for decades, taking the spotlight for yourself, and leaving nothing but scraps for the rest of us!

[Juan steps forward, attempting to de-escalate the situation.]

JV: Kerry, this isn't the time or place for this. We can talk about this some other-

[Kendrick angrily interrupts.]

KK: No, no more talking, Vasquez! You've got one last Saturday Night Wrestling to go! Give me the opportunity I've been denied for all these years... give me your last match at Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The tension rises as Kendrick's frustration builds. Juan tries to reason with him again, but Kendrick shoves him hard.]

The situation quickly escalates, as the crowd storms the stage and security rushes forward, trying to get between Kendrick and Vasquez.

In the chaos, Kendrick shoves Carrot Top out of way and in the process, knocks him into Lorena Vasquez, sending her crashing to the ground.

The crowd gasps as Lorena falls to the floor, clearly shaken up. Juan's face turns red with anger as he makes a lunge for Kendrick, but is quickly held back by security.]

JV: YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR, KENDRICK! You want a match? You've got it!

[Kendrick chuckles, saying something along the line of 'mouth off about that,' but the crowd is buzzing as Juan turns to Lorena, helping her up as the footage ends and cuts back to Sal and Colt in the announcer's booth.]

SA: I- I can't believe what we just saw. That was unbelievable. Kendrick just crossed a line that should never have been crossed, and he's got exactly what he asked for - Juan Vasquez is going to face him in the ring, tonight.

CP: Oh, come on, Sal. What did you expect? Kendrick's right! He's been stuck in the shadow of men like Juan Vasquez for far too long. Kendrick wants his shot, and now he's got it!

SA: This isn't about lost opportunities, Colt... this is about respect. Kendrick has shown none, and now Juan Vasquez is going to make sure he's going to pay the

price. In fact, that match is just moments away now... so let's go to some pre-recorded comments from the man himself, Juan Vasquez!

[We open backstage inside the dressing room of Juan Vasquez. Juan is seated on a bench, taping his fists with the quiet intensity of a man preparing for a fight. The camera slowly zooms in as he finishes taping and then looks up with a piercing gaze. His voice is calm and measured as he begins to speak.]

JV: So this is it. My last appearance on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[A beat.]

JV: The final episode of "The Juan Vasquez Show" starring Juan Vasquez.

[He shakes his head and chuckles.]

JV: I honestly thought this was a show that was gonna' run forever, but all good things have to come to an end sooner or later. It was a hell of a run though, wasn't it?

[Juan's face grows more serious and reflective.]

JV: This sport isn't built for longevity. The heroes and legends of this world weren't meant to last forever. And for over twenty years, I was dumb enough to believe I was the exception to the rule. But somehow... some way... the AWA managed to get ten seasons of the greatest, most amazing, most spectacular wrestler that ever stepped into a wrestling ring.

[He pauses and grins.]

JV: Your amigo, Juan Vasquez.

[The smile fades away and his expression sharpens as he locks in.]

JV: I can still remember the first time I walked down that aisle to wrestle on a Saturday night. It wasn't in front of a sold-out arena. Hell, it wasn't even in an arena. We were running out of that television studio in Dallas and we were lucky if we had a few hundred butts in the seats.

But look at us now.

Sold-out arenas all over the world. Stadiums filled to capacity. We built this thing. All of us. And I'm proud to say I helped build it, brick by brick. I fought for that, for this company, for every single one of you who ever believed in me and hell, even for the ones of you that didn't.

And now, here we are. My last night and my last match on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[He takes a deep breath, the weight of finality settling in.]

JV: Kerry Kendrick... I know you probably don't think of this match like it's any great honor, so I ain't even gonna go there. The simple fact is, you touched my family. You crossed a line that even Stevie Scott wasn't willing to cross to get at me. You hurt my daughter, Lorena. And as far as you and me go? That's all the reason I need to kick your teeth down your damn throat.

[Juan faces the camera directly, his gaze intense and focused.]

JV: You were in the very first televised match in AWA history. You were here before I ever was and I guess that makes you think you're entitled to something. But the thing is, you might've been there when this all started, but you ain't the one that built it. You're not the one who made this company what it is.

That would be me.

[He stands up, the camera zooming in on his face.]

JV: Because you see, Mister "King of Spades", you may be a king... but that's all you are.

A king.

[He steps forward, leaning in with that trademark smile.]

JV: I'm an ace.

[The grin widens for a moment, but quickly fades.]

JV: Kerry, tonight, you're not stepping into the spotlight.

[His voice hardens.]

JV: You're stepping into a fight you can't win.

A fight that you won't win.

A fight that you could NEVER win, the moment you placed a fifteen year-old girl into harm's way.

[He closes his eyes, the memory of the incident still clear in his mind.]

JV: This isn't your time to shine, amigo. This is your time to suffer.

[He lets the silence hang in the air for a beat, before his expression softens just a touch.]

JV: Because this was never your story...

...it was always MINE.

[He pauses for a moment and takes another breath, almost as if he's savoring this moment.]

JV: And that's all there is to it.

[Juan gives a small nod before walking away as the camera slowly fades out to the ringside area.]

SA: A very determined and focused Juan Vasquez preparing to step inside the squared circle here on AWA Saturday Night Wrestling for the last time... and Colt, this is a goodbye for a guy who HAS seen it all from that dusty ol' TV studio in downtown Dallas to those armories and college campus arenas to the Crockett Coliseum... and then all the way up to the Madison Square Gardens of the world. From a fledgling little startup that no one knew if they'd be able to make payroll some months to the global powerhouse that the AWA is today. He's been a hero... a villain... a champion. Tonight, he climbs through those ropes on this show for the final time and... Colt, it's an honor for us to be on the call for it.

CP: The first time I met Juan Vasquez is when I was working backstage for the E and this scrawny kid showed up looking for a break. They let him set up the ring, put him through a "tryout" match, and told him thanks but no thanks. He showed up the next week too. And when he ran out of money to hit every town we were in, he was on the phone with the office... he was sending in tapes... he was inviting scouts to whatever indy was giving him a break that week. He was told no so many times but he just kept coming. He just kept trying. The hunger was in his eyes... the desire was in his soul... and the drive was in his heart. I was there the day he was told he could get a short-term deal... a tryout deal... he'd work the ring crew, he'd do whatever was asked of him, and yeah, occasionally they'd put him in the ring. When I left Los Angeles, we lost track of each other... and the next time I saw him, he was a worldbeater. Calling it an honor is an understatement.

SA: And then there's Kerry Kendrick who is a despicable human being on the best of days... and this is NOT the best of days after what he did earlier this week to Juan's family.

CP: You might not like what he did... hell, even I might not like what he did... but you can't deny what it got him. One of the biggest matches of his career.

SA: Rebecca Ortiz, take it away!

[We fade to the ring where Rebecca is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit... and is the FINAL match on Saturday Night Wrestling in the storied career of Juan Vasquez!

[The crowd ROARS for that!]

RO: Introducing first...

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

RO: ... accompanied by MISS Sandra Hayes... from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing 257 pounds...

...THE SELF MADE MAN...

...KERRYYYYYYYYYY... KENNNNNNDRIIIICK!

["Juno" by Tesseract blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges in a pool of light, lit from beneath. He has a toned, muscular physique with stringy dirty blonde hair to just past his shoulders and a stubble beard. He wears black and midnight green trunks with a silver, mirrored "double K" logo in gothic font on the front and back, thick black kneepads (one of which is allegedly loaded,) and white boots. The man who calls himself "The Foundation" sips from a plastic water bottle. Beside him, Miss Sandra Hayes looks smugly at her man, hand on her hip.]

SA: The fans of Las Vegas letting Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes know exactly how they feel about his actions earlier this week... as well as his position having the honored role of Juan Vasquez' final opponent on this show.

CP: None of that matters to Kendrick. They boo, all he hears is cash registers popping and bank account balances rising.

[Kerry Kendrick turns to Hayes, and they softly plant a kiss on each other's lips upon reaching ringside. Kendrick ascends the steps, dumping the contents of the water bottle over his head. The Self Made Man turns to face the fans from the ring

apron. He faces out to the audience, and spreads his arms overhead, glistening in the high-angled stage lighting before stepping through the ropes.]

SA: The first man to ever step foot inside an AWA ring he may be... but tonight, he's facing a man who IS AWA in every way possible.

CP: We've all seen the commercial, Sal, but let's speak the truth... Juan Vasquez represents the past of this company... and in sixteen days, he'll be just a memory. A distant memory if Kerry Kendrick gets his way.

[Kendrick is in the ring preparing for battle as Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[A big ROAR rings out from the AWA faithful!

"They Reminisce Over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play over the PA system as the crowd erupts with cheers! The cheers only get louder as they see Juan Vasquez emerging from the entrance way. The former champion is dressed in red tights with white and gold flames running up the legs and black boots with gold trim. He wears a limited edition Vegas exclusive "Juan Vasquez Farewell Tour 2018" t-shirt with a set of cards with a different "version" of Juan on each. He pauses at the top of the ramp and lifts both arms into the draw, drawing a roar from the crowd as pyro erupts behind him.]

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

[Actually, since this is a special occasion, there's actually more pyro than usual.]

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

"FOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!"

[And a few explosions.]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

[And finally, a shower of sparks for Juan to make a dramatic pose in of, which he does, as he drops to one knee and throws his head back, arms outstretched.]

SA: One more time on Saturday Night Wrestling - we spared no expense!

CP: If we're doing this tonight, what the heck is happening in Dodger Stadium?! Is he gonna bungee jump out of a stealth bomber?!

SA: Highly unlikely!

[As he make his way down the aisle, Juan slaps as many outstretched hands as he can. Upon reaching the ringside area, he circles his way completely around the ring to slap the hands of all the fans there, before stopping in front of his daughters. He tugs both Lorena and Mari into a tight embrace as the fans cheer.]

SA: Two of Juan's daughters out here at ringside for this one... showing their father the love as he gets ready for yet another "one more" as he's been doing all throughout this run to retirement.

[Vasquez breaks away from his daughter, turning back towards the ring where he rolls under the ropes, coming to his feet where he takes off the shirt and flings it into a sea of fans who proceed to rip each other apart trying to get it. Juan climbs up to the second turnbuckle and points to the crowd who respond with another huge roar!]

SA: It was September 9th, 2016 when Juan Vasquez captured his one and only AWA World Title right here in Las Vegas, defeating the Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch for that honor so this city holds no lack of special moments for the Hall of Famer but tonight, he's got one more hand to play in Sin City.

[Vasquez drops down off the buckles, having a conversation with the referee as Kerry Kendrick paces angrily on the other side of the ring. Miss Sandra Hayes has moved to the floor, looking on as her man gets set for battle...]

SA: The referee having a final conversation with both men as we get set for this one to begin in just a few moments.

[Kendrick arrogantly strides out of the corner, glaring at Vasquez who gets patted down by the referee before stepping towards Kendrick himself...

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and at the sound of the bell, an angry Juan Vasquez throws himself down to the mat, grabbing the legs of Kerry Kendrick in a double leg takedown that puts them both down on the mat to the cheers of the crowd!]

SA: Vasquez wasting not a single moment in this - his final match on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Vasquez rains down right hands on Kendrick who tries to cover up, Sandra Hayes screaming loudly from ringside at the official who attempts to get the Hall of Famer to open up the hands but Vasquez is having no part of that, trying to punch Kendrick through the canvas!]

SA: Kerry Kendrick may have made the biggest mistake of his career, Colt!

CP: That's one way to look at it...

SA: What's another?

CP: He's facing Juan Vasquez - a former World Champion, a Hall of Famer - in his final Saturday Night Wrestling match. Imagine the notch on his belt if he knocks off El Cholo in this one! He goes from the basement to the penthouse. It has NOT been his year. Kerry Kendrick's been off his game since SuperClash when he was on the losing side of that mixed tag... and that's a damn shame if you ask me. This guy should be a superstar! A featured player! A Main Event talent!

SA: That's high praise for Kerry Kendrick... who finally drags himself under the ropes to the outside... Vasquez rolling right out after him...

[Kendrick immediately goes to the eyes, blinding Vasquez for the moment as the former World Television Champion grabs the former World Champion by the hair, smashing his face into the ring apron!]

SA: ...ohhhh! To the eyes and to the apron... almost a Lil Jon special there.

CP: Albano, you act like I shouldn't be praising Kendrick... like we ALL shouldn't be praising Kendrick. The guy is an AWA Original... the first man to step into the ring in AWA history. He's a former champion. He's a former Rumble winner..

SA: That one's debatable.

CP: ...and to me, the fact that he's fighting with every breath to even get on the major shows is a serious flaw in the vision of Interim President Zharkov.

[With Vasquez blinded and hurting, Kendrick grabs the wrist, whipping Vasquez across the ringside area...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sends him crashing into the barricade near the spot where two sections meet!]

SA: INTO THE STEEL GOES VASQUEZ! And Colt, you gotta give him credit for competing in a match like this tonight. Juan Vasquez - his retirement is imminent. He could be taking every week off. He could be sitting at home relaxing and training for his match with Raphael Rhodes and I don't think a soul would think less of him for doing it. That's what he's earned after years of being one of the workhorses of this industry... but that's not what he's done. He's been here every Saturday Night Wrestling. He's done promotional work. He's been on the morning shows... the late night shows... he's on the road, doing the travel... and yeah, he's wrestling as well. And tonight, he's facing a guy who isn't looking for some friendly, smiles all around last night in... he's facing a guy who would love nothing more than to MAIM him just sixteen days before Vasquez' final match... right in his hometown.

CP: Nobody is doubting Juan Vasquez' work ethic. At this point, I don't know if anyone is doubting ANYTHING about Juan Vasquez... well, maybe Raphael Rhodes...

SA: And maybe Kerry Kendrick...

[Kendrick pauses, shouting at a pair of young girls in the crowd.]

SA: ...oh, come on! Now he's letting Vasquez' daughters have it after what he pulled this week in Vegas! Lorena Vasquez - thankfully she wasn't hurt after being knocked down in that scrum brought on by Kerry Kendrick and-

[A smirking Kendrick lowers his shoulder, charging across the ringside area towards a stunned Vasquez...

...who abruptly lowers his head, LAUNCHING Kendrick into the air, tossing him over the railing and down onto exposed concrete on the floor between the two sections of folding chairs!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KENDRICK GETS THROWN INTO THE THIRD ROOOOOOW!

[Vasquez straightens up, a cold look in his eyes and his jaw set as he turns to glare at Kendrick who is sprawled out on the unforgiving cement floor with screaming fans all around him...]

SA: And this one... this one may be about to get out of control before it barely gets started, Colt.

CP: We know what Vasquez is capable of when he gets motivated to go to that dark place inside him. Juan Vasquez has - at different times in his career - been the dirtiest fighter in wrestling... one of the most brutal and sadistic men in wrestling. He may be playing the hero now but he's the same guy who used a fork on Ebola Zaire... the same guy who piledrove Hannibal Carver through a table... the same guy who tried to break Ryan Martinez' neck over and over... Kerry Kendrick wants NO part of that guy.

SA: But that may be who he woke up when he got Juan's kids involved. No Kimmy Bailey out here for this one after her match earlier but the younger girls are here, cheering on their legendary father and-

[As Kendrick staggers to his feet, Vasquez leaps off the floor to stand atop the barricade, pausing to catch his balance for a moment...

...and then HURLS himself into a front somersault, flipping through the air to WIPE OUT Kendrick on the outside!]

SA: AND DOWN! GOES! THE SELF MADE MAN!

[Vasquez scrambles off the floor, a wince on his face as he grabs at his lower back after landing on cement...]

CP: High risk offense claiming another victim. Yeah, Vasquez made the highlight reel. Yeah, he wiped out Kendrick. But he hit his back on the solid concrete which could easily impact not just this match... but sixteen nights from now in Dodger Stadium when Raphael Rhodes will have done more scouting than you'd believe possible and be ready to take advantage of EVERY weakness of Juan Vasquez.

[...and makes his way over to the downed Kendrick, grabbing a handful of hair to smash his fist down between the eyes as Sandra Hayes shrieks in horror from beyond the railing in the ringside area.]

SA: Vasquez just pounding away on Kendrick on the outside... not just outside the ring but OVER the railing! They're in the crowd battling it out... and let's be careful out there. Vegas crowds are known for getting a little out of control sometimes!

[Vasquez is smashing his fist down over and over, shouting at Kendrick as he does it.]

SA: Vasquez telling him he's going to pay for what he's done... this is a different side of Juan Vasquez than we've seen in several weeks, Colt. He's sort of seemed... at peace... since announcing his retirement. But this? This is not peace. And Raphael Rhodes may be watching this with more than a little bit of concern at what Kendrick has unleashed this close to Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Vasquez drags Kendrick off the floor, sweeping his arm at the ringside fans to scatter them as he SMASHES Kendrick's face down on the seat of a vacated chair!]

SA: Ohhh! Facefirst off the chair... and the referee is letting a lot go early in this one, Colt.

CP: Would you want to be the one to DQ or count out Juan Vasquez in his final match on Saturday Night Wrestling? I expect they'll let him get away with just about anything tonight.

[Vasquez grabs Kendrick up by the hair to his feet, rushing forward to HURL him over the railing and back into the ringside area as Sandra Hayes narrowly avoids a big crash!]

CP: Heeeey... what kind of gentleman action is that, Albano? He tried to throw Kendrick right into Sandra Hayes!

SA: He did not! She just got too close to the action!

[Approaching the railing, Vasquez steps up on it again, balancing himself with the aid of a possibly-inebriated fan in the front row with an old school Vasquez shirt from his early AWA days...]

SA: A man of the people, Juan Vasquez is getting an assist from that fan there and-

[...and Hayes rushes forward, shouting at Vasquez and the fans, drawing their attention onto her...]

SA: -speaking of Sandra Hayes...

[...which allows Kendrick to roll to his back and KICK out with his legs, smashing a foot into the barricade with enough force to bump it, causing Vasquez to lose his balance, falling off the railing facefirst on the thin ringside mats!]

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: ...and the distraction of Hayes allows Kendrick to knock Juan Vasquez all the way down to the floor!

[Kendrick pushes up off the mat, a twisted grin on his face as the crowd jeers his actions. Sandra Hayes beams nearby, moving towards her man who wraps an arm proudly around her while the fans grow ill.]

SA: The fans letting this pair have it...

CP: The first couple of the AWA... you gotta like a good love story.

[Kendrick breaks away from a cheering Hayes to drag Vasquez off the railing by the hair, showing him to his daughters at ringside who cheer their support for their legendary father...]

...before Kendrick turns and SMASHES Vasquez' face into the timekeeper's table, sending the timekeeper and Rebecca Ortiz scurrying!]

SA: He BOUNCES Vasquez' face off the ringside table!

[Kendrick keeps that grip on the hair, pulling Vasquez' head back before smashing it down a second time!]

SA: Twice off the table!

[Kendrick pulls him up again, shouting “YOUR CAREER IS OVER! I RUN THIS PLACE NOW!” and slams his face down a third time, leaving him sprawled out across the table.]

SA: Kerry Kendrick, the self-proclaimed Self Made Man, just told Vasquez that his career is over and that Kendrick runs the AWA now... I don't know about that, Colt.

CP: If he wins here, maybe he does! Maybe that's the springboard he needs to get himself into position to challenge for a major title again.

SA: It was just last summer at The Battle of Saskatchewan that Kendrick challenged Johnny Detson for the World Title but came up short there... and I think

that just shows how far things have fallen for him in recent months. He wasn't at National Wrestling Night... he wasn't at The Battle of London... he's not at Memorial Day Mayhem...

CP: He had to make his OWN match for the Anniversary Show! I'm telling you, Sal... the level of disrespect that Kerry Kendrick has faced is more than most people could stand.

[Having rolled Vasquez back in, Kendrick pursues him in, pulling the former World Champion off the canvas and whipping him into the turnbuckles...]

SA: Vasquez hits the corner... and in comes Kendrick!

[...and charges in after him, swinging a knee up into the ribcage of Vasquez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Kendrick lays in the boom, right into the body...

CP: Vasquez might've banged up those ribs falling off the railing, Big Sal... Kendrick might've seen something we didn't and now he's looking to take advantage of it.

[Kendrick steps back, squaring up to throw rights and lefts to the body, rocking Vasquez who tries to cover up as the referee orders Kendrick to get out of the corner!]

SA: Kendrick's all over him, pounding the body, trying to soften up those ribs even more...

[The referee finally succeeds in getting The Foundation to back out of the corner, engaging in a brief argument as the fans jeer Kendrick's actions AND his words...

...but as the official steps aside, Vasquez comes out swinging!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: Big chop by the former World Champion, looking to fight back!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

SA: Another one! Kendrick on his heels!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[But this time as Kendrick recovers from the chop, he buries a boot into the midsection!]

SA: Ohhh! Kendrick goes downstairs, right in those banged-up ribs!

[With Vasquez doubled over, Kendrick snatches a front facelock, flipping him over in a swinging neckbreaker!]

SA: Kendrick drops him! Quick cover!

[A two count follows before the former World Champion escapes.]

SA: Out at two right there... not enough to keep the Hall of Famer down...

[But as soon as Vasquez rolls over onto his chest, Kendrick swoops in with two hands full of hair, smashing his face down into the mat once... twice... three times to big jeers from the Vegas crowd!]

SA: Kerry Kendrick is really hearing it from these fans...

CP: But Sandra Hayes REALLY likes what she's seeing and that's WAY more important than what these people think.

SA: I'm sure Kendrick agrees and he's pulling out all the stops, desperately trying to score what would likely be the biggest singles win of his career in Juan's final match.

[Kendrick is back on his feet, bringing Vasquez up to join him before lifting him up and slamming him down...]

SA: Big slam puts the Hall of Famer down... and this isn't what we usually see out of Kendrick but...

[...and backs to the corner, hopping up on the middle rope...]

SA: ...big leap!

[...and leaps off, DRIVING the point of his knee down into the banged-up ribs, causing Vasquez to cry out in pain as the crowd grows concerned.]

SA: Kendrick drops the knee into the ribs... and the fans in Vegas have fallen into a kind of worried hush, Colt.

CP: Kendrick's not just looking to win HIS match... he's looking to take Vasquez OUT of his!

SA: The so-called Self Made Man makes the cover... one... two...

[But Vasquez slips the shoulder free to escape in time.]

SA: Only two there for Vasquez. Fighting in front of these fans... fighting in front of his family who were wronged by Kerry Kendrick earlier this week... fighting to get back into this as Kerry Kendrick tries to take the chance of a lifetime and defeat Juan Vasquez in his final night on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[With Vasquez on his back, Kendrick starts driving right hands into the ribcage, the crowd groaning and Vasquez grimacing with each shot landed...]

SA: Kendrick going after the ribs again...

[Bringing the legend back to his feet, Kendrick again kicks him in the midsection, doubling him over before lifting him up...]

SA: OHHH! HANGS HIM OUT TO DRY OVER THE TOP ROPE!

[The impact of the top rope hitting Vasquez' midsection causes the former World Champion to slip off the apron, falling to the floor where he immediately grabs his ribs in pain!]

SA: Kerry Kendrick is a man on a mission here tonight... and Colt, I gotta say this is a different Kerry Kendrick we're seeing as well.

CP: It absolutely is. We talked about seeing a different Vasquez tonight but this is a different Kendrick as well. Focused, determined, violent, sadistic, opportunistic!

This is the kind of Kerry Kendrick who rocketed to the top last summer. It's the kind of Kerry Kendrick who could do the same here tonight if he puts Vasquez down for three.

SA: Kendrick to the outsi- no, the referee cuts him off. The referee not allowing Kendrick to go out after Vasquez...

[Which allows Sandra Hayes to quickly approach Vasquez with a pep in her step and BURY a soccer kick into the ribcage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The fans jeer Hayes loud and hard as she struts away, fanning a hand at herself with a huge grin on her face...

...until she finds herself in front of Juan's daughters who are shouting at her over the ringside railing.]

SA: Miss Sandra Hayes was pretty proud of herself right there, fans, but the people... and Juan Vasquez' young daughters... have a very different opinion of her actions.

[Hayes grins in their direction, blowing a kiss with a wave at them as Kendrick brushes past the referee to step out on the apron, dropping down to the floor...]

SA: OHH! LEAPING STOMP! RIGHT IN THE GUT!

[Vasquez is writhing in pain on the mat as Kendrick stands over him, taking his turn to taunt the kids at ringside...]

SA: Lorena and Mari out here beyond the railing, letting these two have it for everything they're doing to their beloved father here tonight... and you can bet Kimmy Bailey is somewhere watching as well, fit to be tied at what she's seeing.

[Turning back to Vasquez, Kendrick boots him in the ribs again, rolling him onto his stomach where Kendrick grabs the bottom rope, repeatedly stomping at the ribcage as Vasquez cries out on each blow landed!]

SA: Kerry Kendrick was here with the doors opened for the AWA and tonight, he's got a chance to do what few have managed to do - defeat Juan Vasquez on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Dragging a hurting Vasquez to his feet, Kendrick responds to a shout from Sandra Hayes, pulling the legend over near the barricade where Vasquez' kids are standing and shouting...]

"You watching this?! You seeing what I'm doing to your father?!"

[...and yanks Vasquez into a front facelock, slinging Juan's arm over his neck...]

SA: Oh no... not in front of the kids! Come on, Kendrick! Not like this!

CP: He's gonna hang him out to dry on the railing!

[...and that certainly seems to be Kendrick's intent as he tries to muscle Vasquez into the air but the Hall of Famer blocks it!]

SA: Blocked by Vasquez, trying to hang on!

[Kendrick attempts a second lift but Vasquez again blocks it...]

SA: Still can't get the legend off his feet!

[...and this time, Vasquez reverses, grunting audibly as he lifts Kendrick into the air and then DROPS him facefirst on the barely-padded floor before falling hard against the railing, catching himself to avoid falling to the ground. His daughters are right there by his side, patting his shoulders, throwing an arm around his neck, cheering him on.]

SA: The support of his children might've been the only thing to save Juan Vasquez right there! Kerry Kendrick had some evil intentions with that barricade and Vasquez somehow was able to block it and counter it!

[With fire in his eyes, Vasquez steadies himself, reaching down to drag Kendrick to his feet, jerking his arms behind him in a double chickenwing...]

SA: What in the...?

[...and with the urging of her legendary father, Lorena Sanchez winds up overhead...

...and delivers an overhand chop to the chest of Kendrick to a HUGE ROAR from the Las Vegas crowd!]

CP: You've gotta be kidding me, Albano! Ring the damn bell, ref!

SA: Oh, come on, Colt! She's just a kid!

[Vasquez smirks as his daughter looks to the fans around her, shouting "ONE MORE TIME?!" and getting the encouragement, she winds up and delivers a second blow to Kendrick's chest!]

CP: She did it again!

SA: Well, the fans asked her to so...

CP: That don't make it right!

[Mari Vasquez jumps up and down, shouting "ME! ME!" and with a chuckle, Juan steers Kendrick towards her as the younger Vasquez sister winds up...]

SA: Ohhh! A hard chop by-

CP: Shut up, Albano! This is a damn embarrassment to the business going on out here! Vasquez has got his punk kids assaulting his opponent and everyone - including you - seems to think it's the best thing since sliced bread!

SA: We're having a good time in Vegas! Stop being a stuffed shirt!

[Vasquez chuckles as he shoves Kendrick away, sending the Self Made Man toppling to his knees...

...which is when Sandra Hayes enters the mix, getting right up in Vasquez' face, shouting at him, jabbing a finger into his chest to big jeers from the AWA faithful!]

SA: Sandra Hayes is IRATE! She's screaming at Vasquez and-

[Hayes suddenly finds herself swung around towards the railing...]

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and Lorena Vasquez SLAPS her across the face, sending her stumbling backwards before falling on her butt to even LOUDER cheers!]

SA: OH! She got her good there, Colt!

CP: Oh, keep laughing, pal... this is like Open Mic Night at the Improv!

[A laughing Vasquez high fives his proud daughters as the crowd cheers the family scene.]

SA: The House of Vasquez is lovin' life in Las Vegas, celebrating what they just did to Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes!

[Vasquez turns away from his kids, moving back towards the kneeling Kendrick, circling around to pull him up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which is when Kendrick SLAMS his arm up into a low blow on the former World Champion!]

SA: KENDRICK GOES LOW!

[Vasquez collapses in a heap on the floor, holding the Vasquez family jewels as Kendrick pushes up off the floor, a sadistic smile on his face as the Vasquez children let him have it.]

SA: That should be a disqualification, Colt!

CP: So should those runt kids putting their hands on Kerry Kendrick! If this ref isn't calling BLATANT outside interference, then let's just throw the whole rulebook out the window. That must be a nice side effect of being Juan Vasquez.

SA: Well... I think it also goes back to what we were saying about no official wanting to be responsible for calling for a DQ in the final Saturday Night Wrestling match of Juan Vasquez, Colt.

CP: I can't blame them for that. We're approaching the fifteen minute mark of this thirty minute time limit - halfway there - and it's a tremendous battle so far.

[Kendrick hauls Vasquez to his feet, using a handful of tights to rocket him chestfirst into the ringpost!]

SA: Ohhh! Sternum meets steel in Sin City!

CP: Ooooooh, look at this now... I like this!

[Kendrick shoves Vasquez under the ropes, his torso facing the ringpost as he's slid so that his upper body hangs over the apron on one side and his lower half hangs over on the other...]

...and with a grip on one arm and one ankle, Kendrick pulls him into the post!]

SA: Unique offense on the part of Kerry Kendrick, bending the body of Juan Vasquez around that steel ringpost! This could be a submission hold in certain types of matches but not this one as the referee is calling for a break and trying to get Vasquez and Kendrick back inside the ring.

CP: This one's turned into an unofficial no countout AND no disqualification matchup.

[Kendrick lets go of the hold as Vasquez slumps against the post, rolling back inside the ring where the referee gives him an earful as he walks across to the opposite corner, turning to measure the downed Vasquez...]

SA: Kendrick on the move and... OHHH! BASEBALL SLIDE!

[The feet of Kendrick smash into the back of Vasquez, driving his midsection into the steel post again!]

SA: And if you're a fan of Kerry Kendrick - or you're Sandra Hayes - you gotta like what you're seeing here tonight, Colt.

CP: Like we've said, it's a different Kerry Kendrick and it's the kind of Kerry Kendrick that if you're someone like Supernova, you better take notice that he's capable of this level of competition when the lights are bright.

[Grabbing Vasquez by the arm, Kendrick drags him away from the ropes, diving into a lateral press...]

SA: Kendrick gets one! Gets two! But Vasquez is out at two... and listen to Miss Sandra Hayes! She's SCREAMING at her man to finish off the Hall of Famer.

CP: We talk about Kendrick's drive to be the best but what about Sandra Hayes? She's led three different men near the top of the AWA and all have crashed and burned... so far.

[Pulling Vasquez to his feet, Kendrick immediately snaps him over with a crisp suplex, floating into another lateral press.]

SA: Continuing to attack the torso of Vasquez - suplex gets one... gets two... and again, Vasquez kicks out at two!

[Kendrick glares at the official who holds up two fingers before the Self Made Man climbs off his knees to his feet, promptly driving a knee down into the ribcage again...

...and again... and again... and again...]

SA: Come on, ref! Do your job in there!

CP: Oh, now you want the ref to do their job but when Vasquez' punk kids were taking cheap shots on the outside, it was all good in your 'hood!

[Kendrick rises to his feet slowly, arms outstretched to his sides as the crowd jeers loudly.]

SA: These Las Vegas fans are solidly behind the legend, Juan Vasquez, here tonight. They know that they're living wrestling history right now and the only thing standing in their way of a night to remember forever is Kerry Kendrick.

[After a few moments of taunting the jeering fans, Kendrick brings a rising Vasquez the rest of the way to his feet, sending him into the ropes where he rebounds back into an expertly applied abdominal stretch...]

CP: Whooooa... Kendrick taking it to the old school here tonight.

SA: I can't remember the last time we've seen this end a match, Colt, but with the amount of punishment to the ribs, it's certainly possible.

[Kendrick cranks the hold, causing Vasquez to cry out at the pain shooting through his midsection while the Foundation bellows "ask him, ref!" at the official who obliges...]

SA: The referee right in there, great positioning by the official to check for the submission...

[...which shields the referee's vision enough for Kendrick to hook a handful of tights, increasing the pressure on the injured ribs!]

CP: You were saying?

SA: Kendrick's got the tights and the referee can't see it!

[The sudden elevated volume from the crowd causes the referee to snap up to look... but Kendrick's already let go, smirking as he shakes his head at an accusing official.]

SA: The referee's asking Kerry Kendrick if he pulled the tights and Kendrick says no, denying everything.

CP: You don't see it, you can't call it.

[The official again questions Kendrick who seems to be edging the hold backwards, moving a trapped Juan Vasquez closer to the ropes...]

SA: Vasquez needs to find an exit from this one but his ribs have taken such a beating tonight, he can't get the leverage he needs to escape.

[...and this time, when Kendrick implores the referee to "check him again!"...]

SA: He's got the ropes, Colt! Pulling those ropes for an added assist!

[Vasquez again cries out, the crowd doing likewise as Kendrick tries to inflict extra pressure...]

...and again, quickly lets go as the referee snaps up, a suspicious look on his face as he spots the shaking ring rope.]

SA: The evidence is right there, ref!

CP: Circumstantial at best.

[Kendrick keeps the hold in place, smirking at the frustrated official as he orders another submission check...]

SA: Vasquez hanging on and- HEY!

CP: He ain't the only one hangin' on, Big Sal!

[The crowd JEERS loudly as they spot Kendrick grabbing the offered hand of Sandra Hayes, cranking the hold harder...]

...and this time, the suspicious official comes right up, spotting the grip!]

SA: Caught red-handed!

[But Kendrick hangs on, shaking his head as the referee starts a five count...]

...and then opts to kick the hands, breaking the grip and finally allowing Vasquez to flip the off-balance Kendrick over with a modified hiptoss before collapsing to the canvas on his hands and knees!]

SA: Juan Vasquez escapes the hold... but you can see the damage done. He can't even stand up right now, holding onto those injured ribs.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

[Kendrick pops up off the mat, getting right up in the official's face, berating them for kicking the hands...]

SA: Kendrick is HOT at the official right now, Colt.

CP: And deservedly so! That referee's got absolutely no right to kick the hands like that! They should be arrested for assault!

SA: That seems a little extreme... and now Kendrick backs down as the referee threatens to disqualify him for his actions in this one. We talked about the official not wanting to DQ anyone in this one... and Kerry Kendrick is taking advantage of it.

CP: The only one who might want the DQ less than the official is Kerry Kendrick himself, Sal. He's so close... so close to making history here tonight... he's gotta finish the job though.

[As Vasquez struggles up onto his knees, Kendrick snatches an inverted facelock, pulling him the rest of the way to his feet...

...and then DRIVES him back down onto a bent knee with a modified backbreaker!]

SA: Ohhh! The knee driven up between the shoulderblades...

[Kendrick shoves him off the knee to the mat, lunging into another cover...]

SA: It could be! It might be! It's... noooooo! Vasquez escapes again.

[Kendrick angrily slaps a hand down on the mat, glaring at the official who again holds up two fingers.]

SA: It was a clear two count, Colt... but you can hear Sandra Hayes yelling at the referee while Kendrick glares daggers at him inside the ring.

[Kendrick climbs off the mat, watching as Vasquez rolls over onto his stomach... and then leaps up, dropping a knee down into the small of the back as Vasquez howls in pain!]

SA: Kendrick attacking the back now - first the ribs, now the back... it's gotta be getting tough for Vasquez to catch a breath in there.

CP: And as a wise martial artist once said - if a man can't breathe, he can't fight.

[Kendrick uses the toe of his boot to roll a gasping Vasquez onto his back, sizing him up as he backs into the ropes...]

SA: Off the ropes and...

[The crowd ROARS as Kendrick's attempt to add insult to injury with a Tommy Stephens-style senton comes up empty, Vasquez barely rolling clear before it lands!]

SA: ...the senton misses! Vasquez gets out of the way in time and the Hall of Famer's created a window of opportunity for himself, Colt!

CP: He's got a shot to get back in this one just before the twenty minute mark of the match.

SA: Vasquez slowly trying to get to his feet, Kendrick moving a little quicker despite missing that senton and...

[As they rise up, Vasquez comes up swinging...]

SA: Big right hand by the former World Champion!

[...and Kendrick returns in kind!]

SA: But Kendrick's got one of his own!

[Another Vasquez right...]

SA: Vasquez firing back again!

[...and one from Kendrick!]

SA: Back and forth they go, trading those heavy shots right here in front of us...

[And with a shout, Vasquez DRILLS Kendrick with a hard forearm shot, spinning him away from the Hall of Famer who hooks a handful of tights with one hand and opens up with the other, clubbing forearms down on the back of the head and neck...]

"WHAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAACK!"

[...before yanking the trunks to pull Kendrick into a waistlock!]

SA: He's got him hooked! UP... ANNNNNNNND...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...DOWWWWWN WITH THE GERMAN SUPLEX!

[Vasquez stays down on the mat for several moments, cradling his injured ribcage as the fans continue to roar for the high impact slam!]

SA: Vasquez putting it all on the line tonight...

CP: And you can see the impact that delivering that German Suplex had on his own ribcage, Big Sal. Holding onto those ribs, struggling to breathe, grimacing in pain.

SA: Kendrick trying to crawl across the ring... looking for a chance to recover as Vasquez crawls the opposite direction. The fans in Vegas are loving every second of this - the final Saturday Night Wrestling match for Juan Vasquez.

[Vasquez reaches the corner, hauling himself to his feet with the aid of the ropes as Kendrick slumps back against the turnbuckles across the ring from him.]

SA: Vasquez trying to get to his feet and...

[The former World Champion breaks into a sprint, barreling across the ring...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRIVES a running knee into the skull!]

SA: VASQUEZ WITH THE KNEE!

[The knee snaps Kendrick’s head back in the corner, leaving him laying limply against the buckles...]

SA: Kendrick might be out after that!

[...and with Vasquez looking out on the crowd, he plants his boot on the face of Kendrick, raking it across the flesh!]

SA: BOOTSCRAPE!

[Vasquez rakes it across again... and again!]

SA: Kendrick’s having the skin ripped off the bone by the Hall of Famer!

[And Vasquez breaks away, running to the far ropes, rebounding back in a hurry...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and connects with a running bootscrape with enough force to carry the former World Champion through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: TO THE FLOOR GOES VASQUEZ!

[With the crowd cheering him on, Vasquez gives a nod, grimacing as he grabs at his ribs and rolls back under the ropes...]

SA: Vasquez trying to keep up the attack but Colt, you saw him grab his ribs right there...

CP: Sure did. He’s hurting for sure.

SA: ... trying to get Kendrick to his feet but even that effort is taking a toll on the Hall of Famer in his final match here on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Vasquez doubles over, sliding Kendrick into position...]

SA: Don’t look now, fans, but it looks like we’re about to see the City of Angels two weeks early!

[...and muscles him up onto his shoulder, crying out as he does, wincing in pain...]

CP: That took a lot out of him, Sal. Vasquez is in tremendous pain with every move he makes at this point of the match.

SA: Just over twenty minutes into this and Vasquez is certainly feeling the effects of what he’s been through so far... and at some point, you have to wonder if what we’re seeing tonight will have an impact on what we see two weeks from now in Los Angeles.

[...and walks out to the middle of the ring, reaching back to try and grab the head of Kendrick...]

SA: Trying to get into position, having some trouble...

[...but Kendrick rolls through, dragging him down in a sunset flip!]

SA: ROLLUP! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: -OHHH! KERRY KENDRICK WAS A HALF COUNT AWAY FROM SPOILING THIS NIGHT FOR JUAN VASQUEZ, HIS FRIENDS AND FAMILY, AND ALL OF HIS FANS HERE IN LAS VEGAS AND AROUND THE WORLD!

[Both men scramble up, trying to get an edge...

...and Kendrick lands a boot to the gut on the way up, stunning Vasquez so he can wrap his arms around the torso...]

SA: Kendrick caught him and-

[...and lifts Vasquez into the air, twisting around to DRIVE Vasquez' torso into the canvas!]

SA: -BELLY TO BELLY!

[Kendrick hangs on, wrapping up the legs of Vasquez!]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... OHHH! FOOT ON THE ROPES! VASQUEZ GETS HIS FOOT ON THE BOTTOM ROPE TO BREAK THE COUNT!

[Kendrick pushes up to his knees in a fury, shouting at the official as Miss Sandra Hayes does the same from outside the ring, slapping the apron madly.]

SA: Kendrick and Hayes are BOTH letting the referee hear it!

CP: And with good reason, Albano - this match should be over! That was a three count that the referee stopped in ANTICIPATION of him getting his foot on the ropes. It wasn't there yet!

SA: I don't know if I agree with that.

CP: I don't care if you agree with it or not - I call it like I see it and Kerry Kendrick just got ROBBED by this referee! This one should be over and Kerry Kendrick should be in the history books as the man who defeated the legendary Juan Vasquez in his final match on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Kendrick gets up in a huff, dragging Vasquez off the mat by the wrist, whipping him into the corner, charging in after...]

SA: Ohhh! Shoulder driven into those injured ribs!

[Hanging onto the middle rope, Kendrick drives in a second shoulder to the ribs... and another... and another...]

SA: Battering the ribcage!

[...and with a handful of hair, Kendrick hauls Vasquez out of the corner and into a front facelock, looking out on the jeering crowd.]

SA: Hang on now! He's calling for that slingshot DDT - the Self Made DDT!

[But before Kendrick can execute what would likely be a match-ending move, Vasquez slips out of the front facelock, hooking one of his own, quickly lifting...

...and DROPPING over the top rope in a front layout where Kendrick bounces off the ropes to the floor as Vasquez falls to the mat, clutching his ribcage.]

SA: Both men down after that! Vasquez with an absolute desperation move there to save himself after Kendrick was looking for that Self Made DDT which would've been it, I believe.

CP: It absolutely would've been it! Kerry Kendrick was a moment away from winning AGAIN... and Vasquez bailed himself out... but he hurt himself again in the process, Big Sal.

SA: Vasquez down on the mat, Kendrick down on the floor...

[Vasquez grabs at the ropes, dragging himself to a knee, looking out on Kendrick who is still down on the outside, Sandra Hayes cheering him on...]

SA: Vasquez struggling to get to his feet - so much emotion rushing through him as he tries to find a way to put Kerry Kendrick down for a three count.

[Climbing to his feet, Vasquez leans heavily on the top rope, taking some deep breaths...

...and then breaks into a dash to the ropes, rebounding back as quickly as he can...]

SA: HERE! COMES! VASQUEZ!

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope in a somersault, diving onto a rising Kendrick and wiping the Foundation out on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: JUAN VASQUEZ IS GIVING THESE FANS EVERYTHING HE'S GOT IN HIS FINAL SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING MATCH!

[The crowd is ROARING for Vasquez as both men lay flat on their backs on the barely-padded ringside floor...]

CP: Just two weeks away from retirement... and instead of piña coladas on the beach, he's thinking planchas to the floor!

SA: An incredible dive from Juan Vasquez... slowly coming back to his feet, looking to finish this...

[Vasquez pulls Kendrick off the floor, tossing him back inside...

...and with a shout from his daughters at ringside, Vasquez arches an eyebrow.]

SA: Did I hear that right? Did they just call for...?

[And he pulls himself up on the apron, grimacing as he works his way up the ropes...]

SA: He's climbing up top! I think I heard correctly... I think they made a request for...

[...and reaching the top, Vasquez steadies himself a moment before leaping into the air, pumping his arms and legs...]

SA: ...MAGIC CARPET RIIIIIIIDE!

[...and Vasquez SLAMS violently down on top of Kendrick in a frog splash!]

SA: AN ODE TO KINSEY!

[But from the impact, Vasquez bounces off Kendrick, flopping over onto his back, clutching his ribs as he kicks his legs...]

SA: Sheer impact on those injured ribs!

CP: He hit the frog splash... and if he was one hundred percent, I think he'd have this match won, Sal... but not right now.

SA: Definitely not. Vasquez in tremendous pain down on the mat... trying to drag himself over to Kendrick... trying to make that cover...

[Several moments pass before Vasquez lunges forward, throwing an arm across a motionless Kendrick's chest...]

SA: ...HE GETS THERE! HE'S GOT ONE!! HE'S GOT TWO!! HE'S GOT THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -KENDRICK GETS THE SHOULDER UP IN TIIIIIIME!

[Vasquez rolls off onto his back, breathing heavily as the Vegas crowd pays tribute to what they're seeing...]

SA: And now it's Kerry Kendrick shocking the crowd with his level of fight in this historic battle - the last time we'll see Juan Vasquez compete on Saturday Night Wrestling!

CP: This is a hell of a way to go out!

[...and after a few moments, a wrecked Vasquez sits up on the mat, grabbing at his ribs. He looks around at the cheering crowd, nodding his head as he slowly regains his feet...]

SA: Kendrick's down... Vasquez is up!

[...and he looks to one side of the sold out T-Mobile Arena to big cheers... and then to the other, drawing even bigger cheers...]

CP: Oh, Albano... not this again!

[...and with a smirk on his face, he backs himself into the ropes, bouncing off, approaching the prone champion before coming to a complete stop and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...CRUSHING the throat of Kerry Kendrick underneath a somersault legdrop. He stays on the mat, weakly raising his arm, his hand up in a "W" as the tens of thousands of fans cry out...]

"WEST-SIIIIIDDDE!!!"

SA: WESTSIDE CONNECT, GANG!

CP: I can't believe you humor this!

[Vasquez' arm falls back to the mat as the referee checks to see if both men can continue...]

SA: Both men are down after that... again, Vasquez putting his body at risk to give these fans all he's got...

[...and as Vasquez rolls onto his chest, he pushes up with his arms, getting back to his feet as the fans urge him on.]

SA: Juan Vasquez looking to end this in the middle of Sin City!

[Pulling Kendrick off the mat, Vasquez whips him across the ring...]

SA: Into the ropes... HIPTOSS!

[The crowd ROARS for one of Vasquez' signature moves as he drops back into the ropes, moving off...]

SA: SENTON! SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

CP: WHO!?

SA: All the old classics are coming out in this one like seeing your favorite classic rock band in concert!

[Vasquez sits up on the mat, rolling to a knee...

...and throws his right arm over his head, his fist clenched.]

SA: And speaking of old classics, Colt!

CP: Perhaps the deadliest strike in the history of our business!

SA: It's knocked out people from the opening match to the Main Event all around the world!

CP: It's even cured cancer!

SA: Oh, brother...

[And with Vasquez on his feet, he lies in wait, watching as Kendrick struggles to his feet, Sandra Hayes bellowing to try to warn him what's coming...]

SA: Kendrick gets up, no clue what's-

[...and Vasquez lets it fly!]

SA: RIGHT CROSS!

[But Kendrick is ready, ducking underneath the powerful blow, swinging around to bury a boot into the gut of an off-balance Vasquez!]

SA: Oh! Kendrick goes downstairs!

[The Self Made Man gives a slap to his knee, rushing to the ropes...]

SA: LIBERTY BELLRINGER!

[...but Vasquez avoids the running kneelift, scrambling clear, arm drawing back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS! DOWN! GOES! KENDRICK!

[And as Kendrick hits the mat, Vasquez drops to the canvas, wrapping up the leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and Vasquez rolls off Kendrick, a huge grin on his face as he hears the bell... the roar of the fans... and then the voice of Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: Here is your winner...

...in his FINAL match on Saturday Night Wrestling...

...JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAAASSSSSQUEZZZZZZ!

[Vasquez weakly raises an arm over his head as the referee points to him. The Hall of Famer gives the ref a wave, calling him closer to help him up to his feet as the Vegas crowd rises to their feet, paying tribute.

The announcers stay silent as Vasquez gets up, wincing with every movement as he walks towards Rebecca Ortiz with a smile. He extends his hand, getting a fist bump from the ring announcer before he takes the mic.

Juan Vasquez stands in the center of the ring, sweat dripping down his brow, his chest heaving with every breath. The crowd roars in appreciation of the hard-fought match he just won. The camera zooms in on his face, tired... in pain... but determined. He raises the mic to his lips.]

JV: Ow.

[The crowd laughs as Vasquez rubs at his sore ribs.]

JV: Oh man. That... that was a lot tougher than I thought. Kerry Kendrick... was a lot tougher than I thought.

[He arches his back, trying to relieve some of the pain he's feeling.]

JV: Amigo, you thought you could make a name off me... and you almost did. But the thing is, my career might be winding down, but it ain't over yet. And if you want to even touch the torch I'm carrying, you better damn well be prepared to go through hell and back for it.

[He grins, feeling a little livelier now.]

JV: YOU HEAR ME, RAPH!? I'm still standing! And Memorial Day's just around the corner! I hope you're ready for me, 'cause I'm sure as hell ready for you!

[A chuckle, as he takes it down a notch.]

JV: I've been through it all in this ring, and let me tell ya'... this one was a fight, but it ain't the last fight I'm gonna have. Not by a long shot. I've still got plenty left in tank.

[The crowd cheers loudly, a mix of admiration and respect.]

JV: But as far as Saturday nights go... this is it. The last time I ever appear on Saturday Night Wrestling as a full-time wrestler.

[The fans boo that idea and he smiles, shaking his head.]

JV: It's not THE end... that's coming closer and closer. But not yet. Before I retire, before I call it quits... before I step into Dodger Stadium for the grand finale... I got one last thing - an announcement for Showtime and Reseda...

[A pause. The crowd goes silent, hanging on his every word.]

JV: I'm challenging the world.

[He smiles wide as the crowd buzzes.]

JV: I've been in this sport for over twenty years and I know damn well there's still a lot of unfinished business left.

So every single person who thinks they've got something left to prove... every single person that still has a score to settle with Juan Vasquez?

This is your last shot!

[The crowd buzzes in confusion as Vasquez continues.]

JV: Whether you wrestled me in a high school gym in 1996 or you're just getting started - whether you're here for revenge or for respect... come get your piece of Juan Vasquez!

[The crowd murmurs with confusion and excitement at the announcement, not quite sure what awaits them at Showtime.]

JV: I don't care who it is. Brody Thunder? Come on down! Eddie Van Gibson? Come on down! Luke Kinsey? Get your butt out of my guest house and get into the ring with your amigo, Juan one last time! "Playboy" Ronnie D...

[Juan stops himself.]

JV: Well... no. Actually, you can keep your ass at home.

[The crowd laughs.]

JV: But everyone else is welcome! If you think you've got what it takes to be in the ring with me... step up!

Showtime.

Reseda.

Come and get it!

[Juan drops the mic, his chest still rising and falling with exhaustion, but pumping with adrenaline. The crowd erupts, some cheering wildly, others shouting in disbelief.]

SA: What does he mean by that, Colt? He's not... he's not really going to fight anyone, is he? Does he want every wrestler in the locker room and beyond to come at him?

CP: Are you kidding me? You can't just go around throwing out a challenge like that. He's got that huge match at Memorial Day Mayhem to think about and he's challenging the world?

[We see Juan walk over to the railing where his daughters are seated, as Lorena holds up a glittery sign reading "VASQUEZ VS NOVEMBER" as Juan shakes his head furiously before grabbing the sign and tearing it in half. Mari quickly holds up a sign reading "VASQUEZ VS COURTADE IN DA BOX" as Juan sighs.]

SA: It looks like his daughters have some ideas as to who he might face next weekend... heck, I might have an idea or two myself. How's Juan Vasquez versus Colt Patterson sound, partner?

CP: Like a Main Event anywhere in the world, jack!

[The camera cuts back to Juan, who raises his arm to the crowd one last time on Saturday Night Wrestling as they erupt with cheers and applause. A few fans stand on their feet, clapping and chanting his name.]

"JUAN! JUAN! JUAN!"

"JUAN! JUAN! JUAN!"

"JUAN! JUAN! JUAN!"

[We fade to black.

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

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

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

"They call me the White Knight."

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

"The son of a Hall of Famer."

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

"The former two-time World Champion."

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

"And I am AWA."

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

"The greatest professional wrestler on the planet."

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

"A two-time World Champion"

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

"I am AWA."

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

"The Spitfire."

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

"The Women's World Champion."

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

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

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

"And I am AWA."

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

"The Phoenix."

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

"The National Champion."

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

"A once in a millennium talent."

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

"I am AWA."

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

"The Platinum Princess."

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

"Former EMWC champion."

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

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

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

"And I am AWA."

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

"The icon."

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

"The franchise player."

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

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

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

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

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoe Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

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

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

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

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

"I am AWA."

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

Fade to black.

And we fade back up to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by, microphone in hand.]

SLB: We are back here in Las Vegas where Juan Vasquez has just SHOOK the entire wrestling world by issuing a challenger to-

[Suddenly, Blackwell is cut off by shouting off camera.]

"Hey Louie!"

[After a moment, Generation Lost makes their way into view, encircling a suddenly anxious-looking Blackwell. Jayden Jericho stands on Blackwell's left, the Wallace twins to his right, and the big man - Justin Gaines - stands menacingly behind him.]

SLB: Did you just call me-

[Jericho interrupts.]

JJ: Did you see what we did with that sad sack out there, Louie? Did ya?

[Jericho slaps Blackwell lightly on the back.]

JJ: Did you see Chet crack him? Then how Chaz decked him? Did you see how I smacked him around? And then did you see the big man over here make him go splat?

[Blackwell looks incredulous at Jericho.]

SLB: I didn't see ANY of that! What I saw was a four on one attack! What I saw was-

[Jericho throws up his hands in protest as the Wallace Twins start mouthing off, most of which, thankfully isn't picked up by the mic.]

JJ: He called us out! That's his fault! Is this how it works? If someone calls someone out and they don't answer, they're a coward? But if you do answer a challenge, then you somehow also have done wrong?

For shame Louie, I thought better of you.

[Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: Better of me?! You-

[Jericho holds up his hand.]

JJ: Too late for apologies, Louie! Now listen... Grandpa Carver... he thought he could just call out four generational talents to the ring, and what? Dominate us? Teach us a lesson?

[Chet and Chaz snickered as Jericho scoffs and Gaines simply shakes his head.]

JJ: Well not today, Grandpa! Generation Lost isn't here for your amusement. Generation Lost isn't here to take a back seat to anyone! Generation Lost isn't asking, we're taking!

[Justin Gaines takes the mic from Jericho]

JG: Carver, I promised you if you messed with me again, you were going to get another neckbreaker, and you know what? That's exactly what you got. But here's the thing - you gotta consider it a favor.

You see, I DO believe in elevating others - right before I drop them neck-first on the back of my shoulders. Oh snap!

[The Wallaces and Jericho guffaw at the pun. Jericho leans into the mic.]

JJ: "Oh snap." I like that, big man! Oh, snap.

[Jericho and the Wallaces continue to laugh.]

JG: I've said it before. These are my guys and this is my gang. We are bigger, badder and younger. So if you want to try us, better bring some help next time! We hate to tell you - but the truth is, we kind of LIKE to tell you, too!

'Cause like it or not, we're gonna continue to be your! Worst! Problem!

[The cackling Wallace twins jump in the mix.]

CHAZ: That's right, that's right - bring it in!

[The foursome extend clenched fists, bringing them together in the middle of their group as Blackwell shakes his head. The quartet exits, Blackwell getting a hard slap on the back by Chet Wallace as they do.]

SLB: "Grandpa Carver," huh? I've got a feeling they're going to regret those words. I've got a feeling that-

[Blackwell pauses, looking off-camera.]

SLB: Hang on now... where is HE going?

[At a gesture from Lou, the camera pans to show Kerry Kendrick as he strides quickly down into the T-Mobile Arena's hallways, walking like a man with purpose. He looks like he put his street clothes on rather quickly, and a stuffed duffel bag is slung over his shoulder, Miss Sandra Hayes shadowing him closely.]

SLB: Kerry Kendrick... a quick word?

[Kendrick has no response, walking towards what appears to be an open door in the distance.]

SLB: it's been a tumultuous year for you - from runner-up in last year's Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem-

[Miss Sandra Hayes screeches out a correction.]

MSH: The winner!

[Sweet Lou continues unfazed.]

SLB: -to not even being included for the current card for Memorial Day Mayhem... And after a tough loss to Juan Vasquez, that has to be bothering you.

[Kendrick abruptly stops, not far from the open door now where we can see cars parked beyond. He pivots on Blackwell, shoving a finger in his face.]

KK: Well it sure seems to be bothering you enough to rub it in, Lou! I suppose they didn't have any room for me, what with the AWA becoming the Juan Vasquez and Team Supreme Comedy Hour, but I guess after the AWA's precious post-SuperClash Tribunal, Juan Vasquez got off with the entire industry falling all over him to sing his, and his family's, and his cronies' praises.

[He looks down the barrel of the camera, a joyless, bitter smile on his face.]

KK: Hey, Nova! After all that trying, chasing the World Title and screwing me out of my shot at the belt, how does it feel to STILL not be in the Main Event, huh?

Don't get it twisted, Vasquez won as clear as day out there, but I will never, ever respect a snake like him.

So if Memorial Day Mayhem is gonna be everyone crying salty tears about another hack replaying last decade's greatest hit one last time... I'm GLAD I'm not going to be invited to that self-indulgent crap!

[Blackwell looks suspicious.]

SLB: Wait, what kind of sour grapes are you trying to lay on us? Are you telling me you don't care if you're not involved in Memorial Day Mayhem?

[Kendrick glares at Blackwell.]

KK: I'm telling you I'm not involved in ANYTHING until August.

[Blackwell looks puzzled.]

KK: Because that's when my 90-day "no compete" clause comes up!

I quit.

[Kendrick stalks away, stomping through the open door into the parking lot where he throws his bag in the back seat of a waiting rental car. Even Miss Sandra Hayes seems a little taken aback by the outburst.]

MSH: Kerry! Kerry!

[Kendrick abruptly climbs into the driver's seat without another word, popping the passenger door open from the inside.]

SLB: Miss Hayes... This... This is a bombshell, what do you know-?

[But as Blackwell poses the question, Miss Sandra Hayes climbs into the rental car with Kendrick and closes the door, leaving Blackwell flabbergasted as the car peels out of sight.]

SLB: He... quits?

[Blackwell is staring blankly at the departing car as we fade from backstage to the ringside area where Big Sal looks just as shocked.]

SA: Are you kidding me?! Kerry Kendrick just QUIT?!

CP: Big losses do crazy things to people, Sal. Who knows.

SA: That's it?

[Colt shrugs.]

CP: I've got a feeling that the suits in the back would prefer we leave it there.

[Sal starts to respond and... then abruptly stops.]

SA: Alright, we'll leave it there then... and with perfect timing too since it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE on ESPN from the T-Mobile Arena in Las Vegas! The AWA World Tag Team Titles are on the line in a showdown we've been waiting to see since SuperClash - the champions, Next Gen... the challengers, the Gold Standard! The gold at stake! Let's go up to Rebecca!

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM TIIIIITLESSSS!

[The crowd ROARS for that announcement.]

RO: Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[Ortiz lowers the mic as the lights dim and the crowd begins to buzz with excitement, as the opening notes of "Kaze Ni Nare" by Ayumi Nakamura begins to play over the PA system.]

SA: Here we go, Colt!

[The song blares, but after a few moments, there's no sign of the team. The music reaches its chorus, as members of the audience sing along as they usually would...]

"KAZE NI NARE!"

[...but there is still no sign of The Gold Standard. The song plays for a bit longer, before it fades out, causing confusion among the fans.]

SA: What's going on here? We were supposed to get Next Gen defending the AWA World Tag Team Titles against The Gold Standard, but The Gold Standard are nowhere to be found!

CP: Oh, come on, Sal. I highly doubt Takeshi Mifune or Bret Grayson are running away from a fight. I've played a mind game or two in my time and this smells like one to me. Next Gen have wanted this match badly and The Gold Standard know it. If you ask me, they're probably trying to throw Next Gen off their game; make them sweat a little, before they even step foot in the ring!

SA: Even if you're right, this is ridiculous.

[The camera shifts to the rampway, where "Centuries" by Fall Out Boy begins to play, heralding the arrival of the AWA World Tag Team Champions. The crowd roars as we see Next Gen, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, bursting out from behind the curtain. They look visibly angry as they storm down the ramp.]

SA: And here come the champions! You can see the frustration on their faces. Next Gen is NOT happy about this!

CP: Do I know my stuff or what? They're falling for The Gold Standard's bait - hook, line, and sinker!

SA: That remains to be seen. But if you're right, let's see if The Gold Standard has what it takes to handle Next Gen when they actually have to fight.

CP: Are you kidding me? We're talking about Takeshi Mifune and Bret Grayson... two of the greatest grapplers that ever existed-

SA: ...who Next Gen defeated last year in the Stampede Cup. This match isn't the mismatch you seem to believe it is.

[Howie Somers grabs a microphone before he enters the ring, with Harper right behind him. Somers stands in the middle of the ring with an angry, intense look on his face, but speaking in a somewhat hushed tone, while Harper is pacing back and forth.]

HS: You know, when we were challengers, it seemed we were always chasing the champions, but I never expected that, as champions, we would be chasing our challengers. Yet every time we get close to the match, they find a way to get out of it. Well, no more of that!

[The crowd erupts in cheers as Harper then snatches the mic from Somers, who offers no resistance.]

DH: Mifune! Grayson! We know you're here tonight and there's no running away from this fight! Hurry up and get out here so we can get this settled - tonight!

[The arena falls silent and the fans turn towards the entrance in anticipation. After a moment, Takeshi Mifune and Bret Grayson finally emerge from the backstage area - but they're not dressed to wrestle. They're wearing street clothes: Grayson in an American flag hoodie with the stars running down vertically down on one side and the stripes running down vertically down on the other and jeans, Mifune in a black Mifune-gun hoodie, a forest green t-shirt underneath with a cartoon cat giving another cartoon cat a sleeper suplex with "HIROSHIMA BLACKOUT" written underneath and a stylish Panama hat. The crowd boos loudly at the sight of the two Team Supreme members.]

SA: Wait a minute... Mifune and Grayson aren't even dressed to wrestle!

CP: Okay, this isn't exactly what I was expecting to see. Are they actually trying to avoid this match?

[Grayson takes the microphone from Mifune, the smug smile on his infuriating the fans even more.]

BG: Hey, guys, as much as I'd love to dump the both of you on your heads, stretch the hell out of you and tap you out, I'm not medically cleared to compete tonight!

[The Las Vegas crowd roars with boos at that one. Inside the ring, Somers and Harper are furious with anger and you can see Somers with his hands on his hips and you can hear him say "you have got to be kidding me." Harper still has the mic.]

DH: What the hell are you talking about, Grayson? Your arm is fine!

[Grayson rolls his eyes at Next Gen.]

BG: Do you seriously think I'd ever run from a fight!? You're talking to the man that won an Olympic Gold Medal with a broken freakin' ankle! The man that beat Supreme Wright for the NCAA title with a dislocated elbow! I'm the toughest-

[The boos intensify, drowning out Grayson, who gets visibly annoyed by the fans.]

BG: HEY! This is no joke! Thanks to that idiot, Raphael Rhodes, my eardrum is ruptured and I'm in no condition to get in the ring!

[The crowd boos even louder, sensing this is just a convenient excuse. Daniel Harper kicks the bottom rope in anger, while Howie Somers shakes his head in disbelief. Takeshi Mifune takes the microphone from Grayson, grinning.]

TM: Don't get too comfortable, weaklings. This does not mean you will be spared. The date of your execution remains the same... it is only the executioners who have changed.

[Somers and Harper exchange confused looks.]

TM: Did you read the contract you signed? The contract said if one of the Gold Standard members is unable to wrestle, we are allowed to choose a suitable substitute.

[Harper's eyes grow wide now. He's about to say something, but Somers nudges him with his elbow and Harper hands the mic off to him.]

HS: Suitable substitute? Come on now, you can't just do something like-

[Mifune interrupts.]

TM: Silence! I can, I will, and I have! The contract said we could name a replacement... and that's exactly what we've done! Your new opponents are...

[Mifune lowers the mic, a smirk on his face as he waits a moment.]

"WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE?"

"TO CRUSH YOUR ENEMIES, TO SEE THEM DRIVEN BEFORE YOU, AND TO HEAR THE LAMENTATIONS OF THEIR WOMEN."

[The crowd erupts in shock!]

TM: ...THE KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC SQUAD!

[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.]

SA: Are you kidding me!? THIS is their replacements? The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad!? This is not the match Next Gen signed up for!

CP: This is brilliant, Sal! Gold Standard knew exactly what they were doing and now they have Next Gen in for the fight of their lives against two monsters!

[As the camera pans upwards on them, Jackson suddenly breaks his stare with the ring and looks down right at the views at home, mockingly echoing Brian James' words from the recent past.]

"I love it when a plan comes together."

[AJ Martinez then pops his head into the frame.]

"Is it just me, or does their theme music sound really familiar?"

[Jackson shoves Martinez out of the frame and with that, the five members of Team Supreme begin their march to the ring, prepared for battle, destruction and all-out war.]

SA: I can't believe this! Next Gen had no idea this was coming, and now they're forced to defend their titles against two absolute giants in Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez!

CP: Call it what it is, Sal! This was a trap - and Next Gen walked right into it!

[The camera zooms in on Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, their eyes wide in disbelief, realizing the disastrous situation they've been placed in as The Gold Standard position themselves at ringside, while Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez both pause, before simultaneously stepping over the top rope and into the ring. Meanwhile, Paris Crawford has strolled over to the announcer's table.]

SA: What in the world?

CP: It looks like Paris Crawford is making themselves comfortable.

SA: On top of our desk!

CP: I have no complaints.

SA: Trying to work here!

[Crawford leans back, tossing a lazy glance at the action in the ring before locking eyes with the announcers. They flash a devilish smirk, before turning their attention back to the ring.]

SA: This match is apparently going to happen right now, and we don't know how Next Gen is going to handle this. They were completely blindsided! We all were!

[And before the bell can ring, the champions rush forward, quickly closing the distance between themselves and their new challenger, fists flying as the Vegas crowd ROARS!]

SA: Contract shenanigans aside, the match is on in Las Vegas! One fall, sixty minute time limit for the World Tag Team Titles!

CP: This is a mistake if you ask me, Sal. Next Gen shoulda called for a contract review! Who knows if Team Supreme is telling the truth in this?!

SA: That's a fair... oh! Excuse me!

[The camera cuts to ringside where we see Paris Crawford paging through the format sheet on the announce desk...]

SA: Do you mind?!

[...and back inside the ring, we see Harper back Martinez into one corner with European uppercuts as Somers has driven Jackson back into the opposite corner, lowering his shoulder to drive big shoulders into the big man's torso!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Referee Koji Sakai calling for the bell... this one's official now!

[Grabbing an arm on each of their foes, Next Gen whips the duo towards one another...]

SA: Meeting in the middle!

[...but AJ Martinez goes low as Cain Jackson goes rocketing past, swinging his long leg up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES a big boot up under the chin of Harper, flipping him over the top rope and sending him flying out unceremoniously onto the barely-padded concrete floor in the T-Mobile Arena!]

SA: DANIEL HARPER GETS ROCKED WITH THE BIG BOOT BY JACKSON!

[At the same time, Martinez lands a running, leaping clothesline on Somers, taking the Next Gen big man off his feet as well!]

SA: And just like that, the challengers... I suppose we have no choice but to call them that... having taken over in this one, Colt.

CP: This is gonna be a tough one for Next Gen. They prepared for one opponent and got a DRASTICALLY different one. No longer are they facing the Shadow Wolf and an Olympic gold medalist. Now they're facing two monsters of the mat - stronger than them, bigger than them, more vicious than them. Next Gen's been put on their heels immediately and if they're going to stand a chance of seeing another day with those titles, they're gonna need to regroup and do it fast, Big Sal!

SA: I agree with every bit of that... this is the second reign for Next Gen as World Tag Team Champions, having held the titles for 164 days... just 11 days shy of passing Violence Unlimited for number five in the longest all-time reigns with that championship. But they're definitely in danger of seeing that reign end here tonight... and look at Mifune smirking out there at ringside.

[The Shadow Wolf is definitely enjoying what he's seeing so far.]

SA: A ruptured eardrum, huh? I wouldn't be surprised to hear that Grayson's faking that and this was Mifune's plan all along!

CP: You're accusing an Olympic gold medalist of faking an injury?!

[A shout off-mic of "BLASPHEMY!" is heard.]

CP: Paris Crawford said-

SA: I heard them. I'm just saying I wouldn't be surprised if this was some kind of dastardly Team Supreme plot, Colt. That's all.

[Jackson rolls to the outside to go after Harper as Martinez drops a heavy elbow down into the chest of Somers...]

SA: 325 pounds right down into the chest from the man who will head into his hometown of Los Angeles in just over two weeks' time... but will he be one half of the World Tag Team Champions when he gets there? That's the question, Colt.

CP: Look at Jackson!

[With a handful of hair, Jackson takes aim and...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: JACKSON PUTS HIS SKULL INTO THE STEEL RINGPOST! SWEET SAN ANGELO!

[Harper collapses in a heap on the ringside mats as Jackson sneers down on him, nodding his head confidently while the fans jeer.]

SA: Team Supreme has been an absolute MENACE to the entire AWA locker room since coming back together at the Anniversary Show back in March but this is their first chance to have a significant impact by capturing championship gold.

CP: And if they do it, the Team Supreme party tonight is gonna be off the chain!

SA: Off the...? Never mind.

[Martinez drops a second elbow into the chest of Somers back in the ring before leaping up to drop a leg as well.]

SA: Ohhh, right down across the chest... Martinez with the first cover of the match!

[A two count follows before Howie Somers escapes...]

...and as we cut back to the floor, we see a bloodied Daniel Harper trying to drag himself off the floor with the aid of the ring apron, crimson pouring from a wound on his forehead as the crowd buzzes with concern.]

SA: Oh... oh no. Daniel Harper has been BADLY lacerated here, fans. BADLY busted open by Cain Jackson on the outside!

[A sneering Jackson yanks Harper onto his knees, pulling his head back to expose the cut and DRIVES his fist down into the wound over and over and over...]

SA: And Jackson's going right after the cut! Right after that bloody wound!

[After a half dozen blows, Jackson angrily shoves the bloodied Harper forward, causing him to pitch facefirst down on the ringside mats as Jackson rolls back in, ignoring the protests of Koji Sakai...]

SA: Jackson's in there... we don't even really have a legal man established yet but this constant chaos is NOT what Sakai wants to see out of this sanctioned World Tag Team Title showdown.

[The referee is all over Jackson and Martinez, turning his back to Harper who gets assaulted by Takeshi Mifune who repeatedly smashes Harper's face into the floor!]

SA: Oh, come on! Koji, turn around! This is out of control!

[The crowd is angrily jeering the Shadow Wolf as he tries to make the bloody cut even worse...]

CP: Harper and Mifune had a singles match on Showtime that nearly burned the building to the ground! This time, it's all Mifune and there are few things that sadist loves more in life than making someone bleed.

[...and then flips Harper onto his back, wrapping his hands around his throat to throttle him as the referee reads KAMS the riot act.]

SA: That's a choke on the floor, trying to-

[Inside the ring, Somers gets run down with a massive double tackle by Jackson and Martinez!]

SA: -OHH! BOOM GOES THE CANNON!

[Jackson drops to his knees, attempting a lateral press... but only getting two before Somers escapes again.]

SA: Jackson gets two... and look at KAMS, staying right on him... trying to keep the pressure up, not giving the champions a moment to recover, regroup, and get back on track after the sudden switch of opponents... and I gotta wonder how Interim President Zharkov feels about this.

CP: You think Team Supreme gives a damn how Zharkov feels about anything?

SA: OHH! BIG CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER BY JACKSON!

[The crowd groans loudly!]

SA: AND ONE FROM MARTINEZ AS WELL!

[Martinez pivots, tossing the staggered Somers out of the corner towards a spinning Jackson...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...who gets DROPPED with a discus lariat!]

SA: Gaaah! What a shot by Jackson! These two are doubleteaming at will and Koji Sakai is having absolutely NO luck in controlling them!

[We can hear some words from off-mic.]

CP: My French is a little rusty, Sal... how about yours?

SA: They said that there is NO ONE who can control KAMS... and right now, I'm reluctantly forced to agree with that.

[Jackson covers again, getting another two count before Somers kicks out to cheers!]

SA: Howie Somers valiantly fighting on, taking relentless doubleteams from these two but he's still fighting as his partner tries to recover on the outside... and Koji Sakai is immediately back in AJ Martinez' face, ordering him to get out of the ring.

CP: Well, as close as "in his face" as he can get considering Martinez is almost seven feet tall.

[We can hear laughter off-mic.]

SA: Paris Crawford was amused by that, Colt.

CP: I live to serve.

SA: Nevertheless, Sakai seems like he's finally convinced Martinez to exit, stepping out to the apron and... oh, come on! He just hopped down to the floor and-

CP: He's coming after Harper again!

SA: This is NOT what Koji Sakai had in mind!

[Inside the ring, Jackson drags Somers off the mat, whipping him hard into the neutral corner...]

SA: Somers hits the buckles and may have shaken the entire ring when he does!

[Jackson gives an approving nod to Martinez going after Harper before lowering his head, charging across...]

SA: Cain Jackson on the MOVE!

[The crowd cheers as Jackson misses his charge, crashing into the corner instead!]

SA: Howie Somers gets clear! Howie Somers moves in time, Jackson hits the corner, and Howie Somers has window of opportunity here that he MUST take advantage of if he wants to retain those titles tonight!

[With the fans feeding off the flurry of offense, Somers batters Jackson against the corner with rights and lefts...]

...and we cut to the outside where we see Martinez dragging the bloodied Harper over near the entrance aisle...]

SA: The fight continues on the outside as well and... what is he...?

[The crowd revolts as Martinez presses Harper overhead for a moment and then DROPS him facefirst on the metal ramp leading from the entrance stage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez drops to his knees on the ramp, grabbing Harper by the hair to rake his face back and forth on the steel...]

...and we cut back to inside the ring where Somers has mounted the middle rope, raining down punches on Jackson as quickly as he can throw them, blowing away any efforts to count along!]

SA: SOMERS IS ALL OVER HIM! SOMERS IS POUNDING HIM LIKE A NAIL!

[But Jackson absorbs several of the blows before slipping low, sliding between the legs to put them on his shoulders, lifting Somers into a powerbomb position! With the crowd buzzing, Jackson takes a few steps out of the corner before...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FALLING POWERBOMB OUT OF THE CORNER!

[Jackson folds up the legs, pushing down in jackknife cradle...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE!

CP: NEW CHAMPIONS!

[...but Somers' shoulder ekes up off the canvas before the three count!]

SA: Nooooooo! Out in time! High impact offense from the challengers but the champions are fighting with all they've got to keep those prestigious titles around their waists tonight in Las Vegas!

[Coming quickly off the mat, Jackson glares at the downed Somers before turning towards the corner. He points to the turnbuckle, earning a round of applause from Paris Crawford...]

SA: Excuse me! You're on top of my format!

[The ringside struggles continue as Jackson exits the ring, slowly approaching the corner...]

SA: Cain Jackson does NOT take to the air often but when he does, it's with great impact!

CP: We've seen the Hard Rain frog splash before, Sal. Is that what he has in mind here?

SA: I believe he does... climbing the turnbuckles now... they caught the champs off guard with the switch in opponents and now they want to finish this before Next Gen has a chance to regroup and get back into it!

[Jackson puts one foot on the middle rope...

...and then looks quite alarmed as he spots the resilient Howie Somers struggling up to his feet...]

SA: Somers is up! Somers is somehow on his feet!

[...and with a stagger in his step, Somers lumbers across the ring, throwing himself into a haymaker to the midsection!]

SA: Big right hand by Somers! Another one!

[We can hear shouts in French from ringside.]

SA: Paris Crawford shouting encouragement to Cain Jackson... Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune as well!

[But the encouragement is for naught as the powerful Somers HURLS Jackson from his perch, throwing him down in a mighty slam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: HE SLAMMED HIM! HE SLAMMED HIM OFF THE TOP!

[Somers collapses back into the corner, the crowd ROARING for the offensive recovery as Somers tries to regroup...]

SA: We're over five minutes into this sixty minute time limit... a long time to go in this one but Howie Somers has taken the brunt of the offense from KAMS so far! Can he come back now? Can he get his squad back into this?

[...and as Somers is waving for Jackson to regain his feet, he looks out to ringside and spots Martinez savagely battering the cut forehead of his already-bloodied partner.]

SA: Uh oh.

[Somers' shock quickly turns to anger, ducking through the ropes and dropping down to the floor...]

SA: Somers leaves the ring!

CP: A terrible mistake! He had Cain Jackson down! He had Cain Jackson vulnerable and he just threw that away to come out here and-

[Somers rushes forward, leaping into the air towards a rising Martinez, bowling him over with a flying tackle that gets the crowd on their feet once more!]

SA: SOMERS TAKES HIM DOWN!

[With the crowd ROARING, Somers starts battering the downed Martinez on the stage, hammering his fist down into his skull...]

SA: And now it's AJ Martinez who is-

[...and then grabs the long hair, yanking Martinez' head off the steel ramp, flipping him over...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -GETTING A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE AND THAT MEDICINE TASTES A LITTLE METALLIC!

[Somers smashes Martinez' face down a second time as Crawford can be heard shrieking from atop the table...]

...and as the camera cuts, we see Crawford standing on the table, hands cupped to their face, muttering madly in French.]

CP: What are they saying, Sal?

SA: I think they mentioned something about the cover of a magazine! AJ Martinez' male modeling days may be numbered with Howie Somers-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He bounces Martinez' face off the steel again before grabbing a double handful of hair, raking the flesh across the metal!]

SA: AHHHH! AHHHH! SOMERS GETTING PAYBACK FOR HIS PARTNER!

[But Somers' flurry of vengeance gets cut off by a lunging Cain Jackson, diving on top of him and knocking him off his partner!]

SA: Jackson to the outside... and now all FOUR competitors are out there on the ramp!

[Jackson quickly gets up, dragging Martinez off the floor as well and pointing to the champions...]

SA: Cain Jackson coming to the aid of his partner... who looks relatively unscarred from his up-close meeting with the steel.

CP: Oh, you're a real riot, Albano. The man makes a lot of money with his face.

SA: Now he has to make it with the rest of his body as he tries to win the World Tag Team Titles... but what's this now?

[The crowd begins to buzz with concern as Martinez and Jackson pull Somers and Harper into standing headscissors right next to the entrance ramp...]

CP: Payback's a you know what, Albano! You want to get rough with KAMS? They can get as rough as anyone in the game! They thrive on this kind of fight... this chaos... and Next Gen is playing right into it... and you know what, Big Sal? I bet that if they were ready for this match - with these challengers - they would've come in with a gameplan to avoid this kind of chaos but...

SA: They're looking for a double powerbomb on the steel! That'll end the whole thing right now! The referee counting from inside but they don't give a damn!

[But before they can be lifted up, the resilient champions straighten up, launching the larger duo into the air...]

SA: BAAAAACKDRROOOOOOOP!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and an earsplitting ROAR goes up from the AWA faithful as Harper and Somers manage to flip their challengers over onto the unforgiving steel!]

SA: NEXT GEN PUTS THEM DOWN! NEXT GEN SAVES THEIR TITLES AND PUTS THEIR CHALLENGERS DOWN!

[Harper is off the floor first, his face the proverbial crimson mask as he drags Cain Jackson off the ramp, walking him over to the ring where he tosses him under the ropes.]

SA: Harper puts Jackson in... but the referee's telling Harper that it's Jackson and Somers who are legal!

CP: How the hell does Sakai know that?!

SA: I have no idea but now it's Harper helping his partner up, getting him back into the ring as well.

[Somers rolls in, tiredly reaching up as he does...]

SA: And NOW Harper's the legal man but that wasted valuable time, Colt.

CP: It sure did... Next Gen needed to take advantage of what just happened and now it may be too late.

[A weary Somers gets up, gesturing to Harper as they pull Jackson off the mat, Somers ducking low to muscle him up into a fireman's carry as the crowd ROARS in recognition...]

SA: And now the champions are trying to finish it! They're setting Cain Jackson up for the Generation Gap and if they hit it, despite the best chicanery of Team Supreme, this match is over, fans!

[...but before Harper can act, Bret Grayson is up on the apron, shouting at the official, getting his attention...

...which allows Mifune to grab Harper's ankle from the floor!]

SA: Is this a damn four on one?! At least Crawford's staying out of it!

CP: For now.

[Harper wriggles free from Mifune's grip but the delay allows Jackson to slip out behind Somers, dropping back into the ropes...]

SA: BIG BOOT! BIG BOOT!

[...and CRUSHES Somers' jaw with the big boot, knocking him flat on the canvas as Harper is trading words with Mifune on the far side of the ring! Grayson drops down as Jackson goes to cover Somers...]

SA: Sakai to count and... no! No! He says Harper is legal! Great call by Koji Sakai!

CP: I gotta agree. I don't know how he's keeping track of it but that WAS the right call! Good job by the official there.

[Cain Jackson gets up off the mat, shouting at the official as a flattened Howie Somers rolls under the ropes to the outside...

...and Daniel Harper runs up behind Jackson, using a side Russian legsweep to take Jackson down, smacking the back of his head into the mat!]

SA: RUSSIAN LEG SWEEP! Nicely done!

[Harper starts to cover but thinks better of it, landing a few heavy right hands from a makeshift mount that earns a warning from the referee...]

SA: We're just about ten minutes into this as Harper drags Jackson up... ohh! Uppercut!

[A second one sends Jackson staggering back, falling into the corner as a furious Harper advances on him, leaning low and with great exertion boosting him up to sit on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: Harper's got him up top! And we've seen Daniel Harper use a superplex in the past, Colt, to great effect! That could be what he has in mind here.

CP: If that's what he's going for, he'd better get busy!

[...and Harper climbs the turnbuckles quickly, joining Jackson as he hooks him...]

SA: And yes! Yes, he's going for the superplex! Yes, he's looking to end this!

[Again, Bret Grayson is up on the apron in a heartbeat, drawing the referee's attention...

...which allows Takeshi Mifune to hook Harper's ankle again from the outside!]

SA: Again! The Gold Standard getting involved again!

[Harper again is loose in short order but the momentary delay allows AJ Martinez to roll back in, rushing across the ring...]

“OHHHHHHH!”

[...and SMASHES a double axehandle into the back!]

SA: MARTINEZ HAMMERS HIM IN THE BACK!

[Martinez reaches up, yanking Harper off the ropes and down to a seated position upon his six foot eleven inch frame...]

SA: Electric chair! Martinez has got Harper up! He’s got him-

[...and Jackson steps to the top, quickly leaping off!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and connects with a DEVASTATING flying clothesline, flipping Harper backwards off the shoulders before crashing DANGEROUSLY down on the back of his head and neck on the canvas!]

SA: AAAABUUUUNAAAAAAAI! SHEER DANGER ON THE PART OF THE CHALLENGERS!

[The referee is shouting at the doubleteam as Martinez grabs the bloodied Harper by the hair, yanking him limply off the canvas as Jackson gets up to join him...]

SA: No, no, no! No more!

[...and Jackson and Martinez hook the bloodied Harper by the throat!]

SA: UP.. ANNNNNNNNNND...

[The two near seven footers lift Harper into the air with a double chokeslam before DRIVING him down over their bent knees!]

SA: ...DOWWWWWN WITH THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

CP: That’s gotta be it! We’re gonna have new champions!

[And ignoring the referee’s protests one more time, Jackson drags Harper off the mat, having to support him with both arms to keep him from falling down...]

SA: Harper can’t even stand! He’s out on his damn feet!

[...and Howie Somers comes under the ropes, pushing to his feet, lumbering forward towards Martinez...

...who DIVES down, DRIVING his shoulder into the front of the incoming Somers’ knee!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Somers does a full flip over Martinez on impact, crumpling upon hitting the canvas where he immediately SCREAMS in pain, grabbing at his knee in agony as the crowd looks on in shock. The referee dives to the mat to check on Somers immediately as a smirking Jackson shoves the barely-standing Harper over to Martinez who hooks him in ripcord position...]

SA: Enough's enough! Somebody stop this thing!

[...and Jackson hits the ropes, rebounding off to deliver his big boot again, smashing the side of Harper's bloody face, sending him flying away from Martinez who keeps the grip on the wrist, waiting until Harper's at full extension before YANKING him back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FLIPS HIM INSIDE OUT WITH A STANDING LARIAT!]

SA: KILL SHOT! KILL SHOT!

[With Somers still screaming on the mat, Martinez plants his palms on the chest of the motionless and bloodied Harper, pressing up with his tongue sticking out as the referee slides into position, slapping the mat once... twice...

...and with Somers trying to drag himself close enough to break the pin...]

SA: HE GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: We've got new World Tag Team Champions, Sal!

[The crowd ROARS their disapproval as Martinez climbs off the mat, falling into an embrace with his partner as the celebration begins and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official...]

RO: Your winners of the match...

[Deep breath.]

RO: ...and NEEEEEEWWWWW AWA WORRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSSSSSS...
THE KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC SQUAAAAAAAAAAD!

[The referee leans through the ropes to grab the World Tag Team Titles but Paris Crawford beats Sakai there, snatching them up and rolling into the ring where they gleefully hand one over to AJ Martinez while keeping one clutched to their chest.]

SA: We've got new tag team champions indeed as Team Supreme pulls a fast one here in Vegas...

CP: In Vegas, if you ain't cheating, you ain't trying.

SA: I don't think that's true at all... but fans, your eyes do not deceive you. The Gold Standard backed out of this match due to an alleged injury to Bret Grayson... and then with the aid of Mifune and Grayson, Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez took the match and struck gold here in Nevada.

CP: Harper and Somers put up a hell of a fight, Sal... I'll give 'em that... but I don't know if they ever TRULY recovered from their opponents being switched on them. They just seemed overwhelmed by it all.

SA: And obviously, the tag titles changing hands is devastating to Next Gen... but right now, I'm a little more concerned about the knee of Howie Somers. He got hit with that chopblock - illegal in the NFL but legal in the AWA - by AJ Martinez and he went down in a tremendous amount of pain.

[Martinez rubs his face, asking Crawford to check it. He points to the downed Somers - "did you see what he did to my face?! Did you?!"]

SA: The referee's there checking, waving to the back... I think Howie Somers is going to need medical attention after what we just saw and-

[Suddenly, an irate-looking Crawford pivots on their heels and DRIVES the faceplate of the tag team title belt into the face of Somers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: WHAT THE HELL IS THAT ABOUT?!

[Crawford rises, holding the belt in hand, glaring down at Somers as the referee shouts at them...

...and then gestures to Martinez who gleefully steps in, shoving the official aside and planting his boot on the ankle of Somers, pinning it to the mat.]

SA: Wait a second! What are they doing, Colt?! What are they doing?!

CP: Crawford's gonna finish what Martinez started, jack!

[Crawford hands the belt to Martinez who holds one on each shoulder as Crawford exits the ring, scrambling up the ropes to the top as we spot AWA officials and medical personnel hauling cookies down the aisle...]

SA: We've got help on the way but it may be too-

[...and Crawford LEAPS from the top rope, driving both feet down into the pinned and injured knee of Howie Somers who HOWLS in pain on impact!]

SA: -LAAAAATE!

[Crawford dances gleefully away, their face instantly back to one of triumph and celebration as they go into a pirouette before snatching the second title belt off Martinez' shoulders...]

SA: Paris Crawford with an absolutely vicious and vile attack on an already defeated and injured Howie Somers! Somers' knee has been absolutely obliterated by Martinez and Crawford... those screams, Colt... those screams are terrible.

CP: Somers is hurt and hurt badly... and KAMS couldn't give a damn!

[The title celebration continues all around the laid out Somers as Crawford dances with the title belt...]

SA: Wait a second! Why does Crawford have a title belt at all?! They weren't even in the match! Who the heck are the champions here, Colt?!

[Harper crawls over to his partner, shielding Somers' injured knee with his own body as the Team Supreme members celebrate their title victory

SA: This is terrible! This is...

CP: Well, I guess Team Supreme's got something to celebrate at their party after all, Big Sal!

SA: This is... I can't believe this just happened. I can't believe what we just witnessed here in Las Vegas, fans. I... do we have to watch this? Let's get out of this. Dump out of it. If you can hear me in the truck, let's dump-

[And we abruptly cut to black.]

We fade up on a dark but starlit Los Angeles sky, our focus on the stars themselves before slowly panning down to reveal we're in the middle of a completely empty Dodger Stadium... almost. The camera shot shows row upon row of empty seats with the stadium lights glowing down on them...

...and then slowly zooms in on the top deck, the cheapest seats in the ballpark to where someone is seated.

We cut to that "someone" to reveal the man once known as El Cholo... Los Angeles' native son, Juan Vasquez, sitting in a seat with a wistful smile on his face.]

"This... this is where it all began."

[Vasquez looks out on the field as the camera follows his gaze.]

"Right here. So many nights as a kid. Watching Gods walk among men."

[We can hear an echo of the immortal voice of Vin Scully on the call - "High fly ball into right field... sheeeee isssss GONE!" Vasquez smiles, nodding his head.]

"This is where it started for me. The rush. The roar of the crowd."

[He points down towards the field.]

"I knew I would never be like them. I wouldn't be Hershiser or Fernando..."

[The voice again - "if you have a sombrero, throw it to the sky!"]

"...Gibson or Guerrero... that wasn't my destiny. But this is where I heard the cheers of the fans for those men and knew my destiny was to one day hear them for me."

[Vasquez nods, closing his eyes, leaning back in his seat...]

"Can't think of any place I'd rather be when it ends."

[...and as we hold on Vasquez' face, serene... at peace... happy...

...the shot fades back up to the night sky where the Memorial Day Mayhem graphic appears with all the show info and the words "16 DAYS REMAIN."

Fade to black...

...and as we fade up, we find ourselves looking at the bank of television monitors that can only mean...]

"And now, here with the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center.. Mark Stegglet!"

[...and we fade to another shot of a different set of monitors, all showing AWA action as Mark Stegglet stands beside them with a big grin on his face.]

MS: Sixteen days away... hello, AWA fans, I'm Mark Stegglet here in the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center and in the words of the immortal Lou Brown, it's startin' to come together. It's been a tremendous night of action here on Saturday

Night Wrestling from Las Vegas and it's been an eventful night as far as our big summer spectacular is concerned. The date is May 28th. The place is Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, California. Now, don't you bother heading down to Vin Scully Avenue in a couple of weeks because this place is SOLD OUT! The only way you can still get in on the action is LIVE on Pay Per View!

[A graphic comes up promoting the show.]

MS: Memorial Day Mayhem has always been known as the AWA's official kickoff to summer... and this summer is absolutely loaded with action from the Showtime Summer Tour to big Saturday Night Wrestling events in North Dakota, Toronto, Philly, and all points in between. We've got the return of the unpredictable Opportunity Knocks event on July the 4th in Seattle... we've got the huge Girls To The Front all-women's Pay Per View on August 8th at Madison Square Garden in New York City. The summer is going to be a hot one and I can't imagine a better way to get the party started than Dodger Stadium for a jam-packed lineup of action. Let's take a look at the card for this one!

[Cut to a graphic showing Supernova on one side and James Lynch with Veronica Westerly on the other.]

MS: The AWA World Title will be on the line when the champion, the hometown kid, Supernova, takes on one of the top challengers, James Lynch of the Westerly Dynasty. There's a lot of history between these two... a whole lot of bad blood going into this one... and of course, you've got the Westerly Dynasty looking to make this a very good night for them.

[The graphic changes to show Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes with Dana Kaiser.]

MS: History in the making! It's been nearly nine years since these two men met in the very first AWA steel cage showdown at No Escape all those years ago... and their rivalry will be revisited in this... the final match in the in-ring career of the legendary Juan Vasquez. Former World Champion. Hall of Famer. One of the pillars that this company was built on. Going out in front of the city that has loved him so much over the years. One more match. One last time. Can Vasquez write the storybook ending to an unforgettable career or will Raphael Rhodes be able to spoil it all in sixteen days?

[The graphic changes again.]

MS: Just announced earlier tonight - the Women's World Title will be on the line as well as "The Spitfire" Julie Somers takes on Michelle Bailey in what's gotta be a dream match to fans of women's wrestling all over the world. It's been long considered that the Women's Division is THE hottest division in pro wrestling and with that weekend's release of the ESPN 30 For 30 show about the birth of the AWA Women's Division, all eyes will be Los Angeles to see this one unfold. In addition, we learned earlier from Interim President Zharkov that this will be the opening match in Los Angeles because whoever comes up short in this one will automatically be given a spot in the annual Rumble match later in the show. Speaking of which...

[The graphic shifts.]

MS: ...for only the second time, the AWA's annual Rumble belongs to the women. The first time, there were twenty women battling it out to become the very first Women's World Champion... this time, we've got the full thirty and to the winner goes the prize of the World Title challenger position in the Main Event of the AWA's first all women's Pay Per View - Girls To The Front - August 8th in the mecca of sports and entertainment, Madison Square Garden!

[The graphic changes to show the full compliment of announced competitors for this one: Margarita Flores, the Slam Sorority, the Country Punks, Donna Martinelli and Shannon Walsh of the Peach Pits, Ricki Toughill, former Rumble winner Lauryn Rage, Harper Hannigan, the E-Girl MAX unit of Hamilton/Cinder/Cash/Thompson, Betty Chang, the Lariatos, Lady Rebecca Falkingham, and a weird shot that shows half Michelle Bailey and half Julie Somers.]

MS: Look at this stacked lineup! Twenty of the best in the world on that graphic... plus we know we'll be adding the winner of the Brass Ring Battle Royal this weekend on Showtime AND the winner of that three way tag team match in two weeks on Saturday Night Wrestling... which leaves seven spots remaining for whatever surprises the office has cooked up!

[The graphic changes.]

MS: You may have noticed both the Country Punks and Seductive and Destructive on that graphic which means they will be doing double duty in Los Angeles as both teams will ALSO meet for the Women's World Tag Team Titles that night as well after Victoria June's surprising return from injury here tonight in Las Vegas!

[And again.]

MS: The AWA National Title will be on the line in a NO DISQUALIFICATIONS match when "The Phoenix" Jordan Ohara meets the stiff challenge of the Sin City Savior, Sid Osborne! The last time these two met in the ring ended with the National Title being destroyed and Ohara and Osborne fighting in the parking lot. There's no telling what we'll see in Dodger Stadium with the rules thrown out the window. And remember, if Ohara wins, the money for a new National Title belt is coming out of the pocket of the Royal Crown winner, Sid Osborne.

[And again.]

MS: How about this one, fans? The AWA's White Knight - former World Champion Ryan Martinez will take on "The Future" Derrick Williams in a match that's been brewing for quite some time. Is it the Future's time to shine in Los Angeles or will yet another hometown kid make good in front of his friends and family in the City of Angels?

[And again.]

MS: And rounding out the show, it'll be a clash for the ages when two of the AWA's undefeated monsters collide in a match where one of those streaks will come to a crashing conclusion. The Westerly Dynasty's Atlas Armstrong goes one on one with Max Magnum in clash of titans you will NOT want to miss!

[And back to a full screen shot of Mark.]

MS: Eight big matches! One big night! Titles on the line! Undefeated streaks on the line! Careers coming to an end! It's the AWA's annual kickoff to summer - one of the biggest events of the year! It's Memorial Day Mayhem and believe me when I say, you do NOT want to miss this one, fans! Sixteen days and counting, we'll see you at Dodger Stadium! From the Control Center, I'm Mark Stegglet and I'll see you in Los Angeles!

[We cut from the Control Center..

...and fade back to ringside where a smirking Colt and an agitated Sal are seated.]

SA: I wish we were in Los Angeles... right now. Or Reseda or... anywhere but here, Colt.

CP: Oh, come on, Albano... I know you love a good party as much as anyone.

SA: I do but... not like this. We're about to have a party in a place where Next Gen was ROBBED of their World Tag Team Titles... where Howie Somers just had to practically be carried out of here with that knee they went after... this isn't the right time for a party, Colt.

CP: They just won the tag team titles! Of course they should party!

[Sal glares up at the ring, shaking his head with disgust...

...as we cut to the ring where we see it is set up for a lavish celebration, drenched in decoration. At the center of the ring is a large, custom-built, gold-themed podium with the words "Team Supreme" engraved on it in sparkling letters.

The podium is surrounded by an elaborate display of golden confetti cannons. Streamers hang from the ring posts. Several gold and black balloons are scattered around the ring, creating a festive atmosphere.

The entire set-up oozes opulence and decadence, with gold accents and spotlights illuminating every inch of the space. It's clear this is no ordinary celebration - it's an extravagant affair meant to showcase Team Supreme's dominance and superiority.]

SA: This is awful. The fans shouldn't be forced to watch this... none of us should.

CP: You don't think Team Supreme deserves a victory lap after what they pulled off against Next Gen?

SA: Considering Supreme Wright announced this celebration a week in advance means... well, it's actually nauseating to think about, but it means he must have known what The Gold Standard and The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad planned to do tonight.

CP: Oh, come on, Sal. I don't know why you're so upset.

SA: Supreme Wright is a man who is always going about preserving the integrity of professional wrestling inside "his ring" and you're wondering why I'm upset? The man is a hypocrite!

CP: KAMS won the tag team titles in a legally sanctioned wrestling match. How does that make Supreme Wright a hypocrite?

SA: Oh, I don't know, Colt... maybe because Supreme let the plan unfold, knowing full well his guys were going to switch out at the last second? He didn't "preserve" anything - he just manipulated the situation to make sure his team would walk away with the gold!

CP: And what's wrong with that!?

[As Sal and Colt argue, they are suddenly interrupted as the opening notes of "Star Fighter" by Wice, blast through the arena and the lights dim, and a massive, drowning ROAR of boos fill the air as Team Supreme appears at the top of the ramp.

Supreme Wright is the first to step into view. He is dressed impeccably in a three-piece charcoal gray tweed suit with faint pinstripes, a midnight blue silk necktie and a white orchid is pinned to his lapel. The two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion's expression is as stoic as ever, his eyes scanning the audience as he

walks down the aisle, his commanding presence fierce with intensity bubbling beneath his stylish exterior.

Behind him, the rest of Team Supreme walks out to join the man in charge. Bret Grayson holds one of the AWA World Tag Team Championships high above his head with an air of confidence, his Olympic gold medal around his neck, glinting in the light. Paris Crawford follows behind him, long blonde hair gently resting on their shoulders. They are wearing a black suit and tie with a crisp white shirt to pair with knee-high black boots, a long train following behind their coat, and the other AWA World Tag Team Championship around their waist to complete the ensemble.

Takeshi Mifune walks a step behind them, showing an emotion other than absolute disdain for humanity's existence, as he beams with pride at the chaos he caused earlier tonight.

And bringing up the rear are the monstrous Cain Jackson and the towering AJ Martinez, two giants strolling down the aisle like they rule this Earth.

Together, they make their way to the ring, as the crowd berates them with a deeply hostile reaction. They enter the ring in an orderly fashion, standing tall, with Supreme Wright holding the center. With the entire group in the ring, the music fades, as Supreme Wright steps forward, the microphone in his hand.]

SW: Tonight is not just a celebration of victory. Tonight is a celebration of the glory there is and the glory yet to come. I promised that we would build a wrestling utopia on the ashes of the past and tonight, we took yet another step to achieving that goal.

[The crowd boos loudly as Supreme gestures to Mifune, who is standing at his side with a proud expression.]

SW: First, let me thank you Mifune-sensei. Without your genius, we wouldn't have these titles in our possession right now.

[The booing intensifies at the mention of Mifune, who does not let the crowd's reaction towards him go unnoticed. He takes the microphone from Wright, as an evil, diabolical grin forms on his face.]

TM: You all sound upset. How typical. How very predictable. But I assure you... your misery will only continue to grow as long as you continue to worship pathetic weakness. So cry, cheer, it does not matter. Your pain will be my amusement. And watching your despair as I continue to break your heroes...

[He cackles menacingly as the boos only continue to grow.]

TM: ...will be a pleasure I'll savor!

[The jeers are deafening as Mifune tosses the microphone back to Wright. He turns his attention to Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez.]

SW: And Cain. Alex. I realize sometimes I can be cold. And I know that at times, I have been a harsh teacher. But nothing has made me feel any prouder, than watching you two fulfill your potential as wrestlers. Your performance tonight was flawless. MASTERFUL.

[And with that, Supreme extends his hand out to them for a congratulatory handshake. A look of momentary surprise forms on Cain Jackson's face at the gesture, as he seems genuinely touched. He takes a deep breath and steps forward, shaking Supreme's hand firmly but respectfully.]

CJ: Thank you, Supreme. You taught me what it means to be the best. Tonight, we made damn sure that everyone saw it.

[Cain steps away, looking like that meant a lot to him. Meanwhile, AJ Martinez steps up next with a smirk on his face. It does not seem like AJ firmly grasps the significance of the handshake.]

AJM: Wait a minute, did you hear that? Did I hear that?

[Martinez pauses, his head cocked to the side.]

AJM: I did hear that! I heard it loud and clear, and all you waterlogged chumps in the audience must have heard it too!

A compliment from the big man!

[Martinez turns to Wright.]

AJM: Thanks bossman... thank you so much! I mean, this has got me all... I'm just...

Well, there's only one way to say this!

[AJ grabs Supreme's hand and pulls him into a big hug, enveloping him. The crowd stops booing long enough to show their amusement and surprise in the moment.]

AJM: There's nothin' in the world better than knowin' that I did good. This is better than that time I woke up and didn't have bedhead.

I just want you to know that I'm gonna remember this forever, and I promise you that I-

[Supreme's expression has not changed at all while stuck in AJ's embrace. He holds up the microphone to his lips, voice calm and almost dismissive.]

SW: Let go. Now.

[The grin on AJ's face fades as he slowly releases the hug and he takes a step back with an awkward, but still cocky chuckle. Supreme quickly moves on, not even acknowledging what just happened, as we see Cain Jackson shaking his head at AJ in the background.]

SW: And now Bret. Mx. Crawford. If you please.

BG: Winning this was almost as good as winning my Gold Medal. Almost.

[Bret gives the belt a kiss and lays it at Supreme's feet. Paris looks at Supreme with a glimmer in their eye.]

PC: Sans vos conseils, ce n'est qu'une babiole sans intérêt.

[As Paris removes the Tag Team Title from their waist, Supreme nods his head. Paris lays the belt at their leader's feet, and he takes their hand.]

SW: Sans votre excellente compétence, cette entreprise n'aurait pas pu réussir.

[Supreme gives Paris a gentle kiss to the top of the hand, and Paris lets the faintest hint of a smile come across their face as they rejoin Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez.]

SA: I was questioning it earlier... but no one, not a single soul, is clear on who the actual Tag Team Champions are. Mifune and Grayson signed the contract for the match, but Jackson and Martinez were the ones that actually wrestled and won the match. But both teams are acting like they hold the belts... and now they're handing them over to Supreme Wright?

CP: Look, Sal, I think the champions just might be whoever Team Supreme says they are. Who cares how it happened? They are the champions, and this moment is theirs.

SA: I'm sure Maxim Zharkov will have something to say about that.

[Supreme looks down at the gold like it's just the beginning of the empire he plans to build. He takes the titles off the ground and raises them high for all to see, as the confetti cannons are activated, showering the ring with streamers and ticker tape, creating a chaotic, yet fitting spectacle.]

The crowd reacts with a cacophony of boos, but Supreme remains unmoved, basking in this moment of triumph along with the other members of Team Supreme, as the confetti falls all around them. He then lowers the titles, handing them back to Grayson and Crawford, before picking the microphone off the canvas.]

SW: This moment... this victory, is not the culmination. Team Supreme are your tag team champions, but this is only the beginning. We will no longer pander to nostalgia or a misguided idea of what wrestling should be. No, we stand here today to bury the pathetic, outdated traditions that have held the AWA and this sport hostage for far too long. And what rises from the ashes will be something greater, something better.

[A beat.]

SW: The future of professional wrestling forged by our hands.

[He smirks, as the crowd roars with disapproval.]

SW: And what we will do next... will only be the beginning. We will obliterate the weak, the stagnant, and the fools who continue to cling to the past.

The future will belong to us.

And it starts... NOW.

[The crowd's jeers grow louder, but Supreme remains unshaken, as his vision for the future takes form in front of everyone's eyes.]

However, a HUGE roar of cheers suddenly cuts through the air as Brian James and Jackson Hunter walk out from the back, their faces filled with determination. James and Hunter stand at the top of the ramp, glaring down at Team Supreme in the ring.]

SA: Oho! Now THIS I want to see! Brian James and Jackson Hunter are here to thankfully break up this Team Supreme lovefest, but I don't know if this is the smartest decision these two have ever made, Colt. They're way outnumbered here!

CP: Oh, please. Do they not see what they're walking into? They've got to be out of their minds!

[Bret Grayson steps forward, as well as Takeshi Mifune, speaking off-mic.]

"Don't worry about this. We'll take care of it."

[Mifune tosses aside his Panama hat, cackling at the thought of battle as they exit the ring and head toward the stage, ready to engage an eagerly waiting James and Hunter.]

SA: The Gold Standard are apparently going to take on Brian James and Jackson Hunter... and isn't it just convenient that Bret Grayson has no problem with fighting now?

CP: Well... uhhhh...

[James waves them forward and as Grayson and Mifune reach the top of the ramp, the crowd ERUPTS as a brawl breaks out!]

SA: AND HERE WE GO! THE TEAM SUPREME PARTY IS OVER AND THE FIGHT HAS BEGUN!

[James and Mifune are throwing bombs at one another as Grayson and Hunter pair off on the other side of the ramp!]

SA: We've got a fight on our hands...

[A quick cut to the ring shows the rest of Team Supreme watching, a smirk on the face of AJ Martinez as he points out something to Paris Crawford.]

SA: ...and if somehow James and Hunter get past these two, they've got the rest waiting in the ring for them! I know Las Vegas is all about rolling the dice but...

CP: But this is about to come up snake eyes for 'em!

[James' rapid fire strikes has Mifune on his heels...

...until Grayson - who has momentarily floored Hunter with a brutal headbutt to the bridge of the nose - nails James from behind in the back of the head and neck, knocking him down on all fours!]

SA: Ohhh! The Gold Standard gets James down... and now they're putting the boots to him!

[Climbing off the stage, Jackson Hunter rushes the scene, throwing bombs at the Shadow Wolf!]

SA: Hunter's back in there!

CP: With Mifune?! He's out of his mind!

[Mifune absorbs the blows from Hunter before firing off a few of his own, putting the Canadian on his heels...]

SA: Mifune quickly getting an edge and... this isn't looking good for James and Hunter right now...

CP: This is exactly what they deserve! They've walked out here knowing full well they were outgunned and it's about to get worse for them.

[With Hunter stumbling backwards, Mifune rushes forward, throwing a brutal push kick to the chest, knocking Hunter backwards through the curtain!]

SA: Oh! Mifune just kicked Hunter right out of sight! Right back through the curtain!

[Mifune pivots around, moving back in to kick at the back of a rising Brian James' knee, driving him down on the stage. He pulls James' arms back, allowing Grayson to kick the torso... then punch the head...]

SA: We've got a two on one again! The Gold Standard working over James and-

[The crowd suddenly ROARS as Jackson Hunter re-emerges from the entrance curtain, a large shovel gripped in his hands...]

SA: HUNTER FROM BEHIND!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

[He cracks it over Mifune's back as the crowd ROARS in approval!]

SA: Sweet Santa Maria! Jackson Hunter just CRACKED Mifune with that shovel across the back! They're fighting back, Colt! They're fighting back!

CP: He couldn't beat Mifune in a fair fight so he has to bring out a weapon!

SA: In a fight like this, you use anything that's not nailed down!

[With Mifune down on the steel stage, Hunter turns his attention on Bret Grayson who gets tackled down to the floor by Brian James before Hunter can strike, raining down blows on him!]

SA: James is all over Grayson and-

[The shot cuts back to the ring where the smiles are gone. Supreme Wright looks to his allies...]

"End this foolishness."

[Cain Jackson nods in the affirmative.]

"We'll be right back."

[Jackson and Martinez make their way through the ropes, jogging up the ramp as Crawford and Wright stay behind...]

SA: Here comes trouble!

[...and the men who won the tag titles for Team Supreme earlier in the night are on the move as James peels off Grayson and Hunter stands at the ready, shovel in hands as the unlikely pair advances down the ramp!]

SA: Hunter and James aren't gonna wait for KAMS! They're bringing the fight to them!

[James rushes forward, leaping into the air and catching Cain Jackson with a kneestrike up in the sternum as Hunter SMASHES the wooden handle of his shovel into the chest of Martinez, sending him staggering backwards!]

SA: They're halfway down the ramp and the fight continues to rage on! James and Hunter left the Gold Standard laying at the top of the stage but now they've gotta get past KAMS if they want to get their hands on Paris Crawford and Supreme Wright!

[Hunter pushes down on the shovel handle, trying to drive it into the throat of AJ Martinez...

...who shoves him off, using his power advantage to send Hunter flying, sprawling out on the steel ramp!]

SA: Oh! Martinez sends him down!

[Brian James and Cain Jackson are trading big haymakers nearby as Martinez turns the tables on Hunter, pushing the butt end of the shovel into the abdomen of Hunter, causing him to cry out in pain...

...and Jackson swings a knee up into the gut of James, cutting off his flurry of fists. Grabbing the hair, Jackson swings a knee up a second time, connecting solidly with the chest of James, sending him falling back on the ramp!]

SA: Jackson puts down James as well and just like that, KAMS has turned the tables on Hunter and James!

[Martinez turns away from the downed Hunter, waving for Jackson to get James on his feet. Jackson obliges, holding James' powerful arms behind him as Martinez takes aim and CRACKS his half-brother across the abdomen with the metal shovel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Gaaaah!

[Jackson shoves James down on all fours, smirking as the Engine of Destruction grabs at his abdomen. Martinez hands the shovel over to Jackson who winds up with it...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BASHES the wooden handle down across the back of James, knocking him prone on the metal ramp!]

SA: Jackson and Martinez are laying waste to Hunter and James and... oh no.

[The crowd buzzes as Grayson and Mifune regain their feet up on the stage, pointing down the ramp...]

CP: Now they're in for it, Big Sal!

SA: They're coming for Hunter and Jam- WAIT! WAIT! UP THERE!

[The crowd ROARS as a spotlight lances across the arena to his a spot way up high, somewhere on the metal structure holding up the video screen...]

SA: DO YOU SEE...?!

[...where we spot Shadoe Rage delicately balanced for a moment before he THROWS HIMSELF OFF THE NEAR FIFTEEN FOOT HIGH PERCH!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage comes sailing down, crashing onto Takeshi Mifune and Bret Grayson with a crossbody that WIPES OUT both men on the ramp!]

SA: SHADOE RAGE TAKES `EM DOWWWWWWWN!

[With the Vegas crowd ROARING, Shadoe Rage pushes up off the metal stage, looking out on the crowd with menace in his eyes...

...and then sticks his arm back behind the curtain, pulling out a steel chair into his hands as Jackson and Martinez stare wide-eyed down the ramp at the man who just took out two of their colleagues!]

SA: And now he's got a chair!

[Rage slams the chair down on the stage a few times before winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES it down across the back of Bret Grayson, making sure the Olympic gold medalist stays down!]

SA: RAGE DRILLS GRAYSON!

[The Savior of the AWA pivots, chair still in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and smashes it down over Mifune's back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again, bending the chair across the spine of the Shadow Wolf to the thrilled ROAR of the crowd!]

SA: Shadoe Rage is wearing out The Gold Standard with that steel chair and this crowd is loving it!

CP: These fans in Las Vegas are animals! This criminal is feloniously assaulting The Gold Standard! Someone call the police!

[Rage smashes the chair down on the ramp a few more times, screaming madly at the laid out Gold Standard...

...and then turns to look down the ramp where Jackson and Martinez are standing, dragging Jackson Hunter off the metal to wrap a massive paw each around his throat!]

SA: Come on... come on...

[Rage looks around at the cheering crowd, tens of thousands imploring him to come to the aid of Hunter and James...]

SA: Shadoe Rage looking out on these fans... these fans begging him to do something...

[Rage hesitates, again looking down at Hunter and James as KAMS looks to deliver serious damage...]

SA: Come on... do the right thing!

[Finally, Rage grits his teeth and nods...]

SA: HERE! WE! GOOOOOO!

[...and Rage goes tearing down the ramp, running at top speed towards a waiting Martinez and Jackson who seem stunned at Rage's suicidal assault! As he draws near, Rage HURLS the chair at Jackson, bouncing it off his head as Rage throws himself at Martinez, tackling him down on the ramp to another HUGE ROAR!]

SA: RAGE IS GOING AFTER MARTINEZ!

[Rage is battering AJ Martinez with rights and left down on the metal ramp as Jackson recovers from the thrown chair, catching a rising Jackson Hunter with a right hand to the gut before turning to smash a haymaker between the eyes of Brian James!]

SA: The fight is on! This is it! The numbers are evening up now! James, Hunter, and Rage are making their stand!

[Inside the ring, Supreme Wright removes his suit jacket, getting ready to jump into the fray himself as he gestures madly towards the aisle, sending Paris Crawford rushing into the aisle, charging down the ramp!]

SA: Crawford running in there as well - this is breaking down in Vegas!

[The crowd is on their feet, ROARING for the action as we see James, Hunter, and Rage battling the entirety of KAMS on the ramp...

...which leaves Supreme Wright standing all alone in the ring.]

CP: There's only one man left, Big Sal... and if he goes out there, it'll COMPLETELY turn this thing around!

SA: I'm sure it would but-

[With Wright's focus aimed down the aisle at the ensuing brawl, he is totally oblivious to everything else. With his tunnel vision aimed at his allies fighting off their foes, he is totally focused elsewhere.

He does not hear the crowd get louder, delivering an ear-splitting roar.

He does not feel the ring shake when someone comes rushing in through the crowd, sliding under the ropes.

He does not sense that person ripping off a hooded sweatshirt, tossing it aside as the crowd gets somehow even louder.

He does not feel their presence. He does not see the imminent threat.

But everyone else does.]

SA: JACK LYNCH! JACK LYNCH! THE IRON COWBOY IS HERE!

[And in that moment, Supreme Wright's sixth sense tingles, alarm crossing his face as he swings around quickly...

...but not quick enough, a look of surprise appearing on the Team Supreme leader's usually expressionless face just before Lynch SMASHES a fist into it!]

SA: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[The series of big haymakers from Lynch has his former friend backpedaling across the ring...]

CP: What the HELL is he doing here?! Is he even allowed to be here?!

[...where Lynch grabs the arm, looking for a whip but Wright manages to reverse it, sending Lynch into the ropes...]

SA: Wright with a-

[But Wright's efforts at a clothesline are a very rare sloppy in the heat of the moment, allowing Lynch to duck it with ease as Wright urgently swings around again...

...and has his shocked face enveloped in the Iron Cowboy's right hand as the crowd EXPLODES in an earsplitting reaction!]

SA: THE CLAAAAAAW! JACK LYNCH HOOKS THE IRON CLAW ON HIS FORMER FRIEND!

[Wright's arms madly start pumping and flailing, looking for an urgent escape as Lynch drives him backwards across the ring, the crowd ROARING for the long-awaited bit of payback...

...and Lynch pushes him all the way back into the ropes where Wright falls through and lands outside the ring as Lynch lets go!]

SA: TO THE FLOOR! TO THE FLOOR! LYNCH SENDS HIM OUT OF HERE!

[A still-shocked Wright takes a step back towards the ring and seems to think better of it as Lynch balls up his fists, shouting at him to get back in there...]

SA: Jack Lynch is here to fight! And Supreme Wright is... not! He's out of here, Colt!

CP: Live to fight another day!

SA: The crowd in Vegas are on their feet loving every second of this! Supreme Wright is retreating!

[And with him goes Team Supreme, backpedaling up the ramp as Brian James, Jackson Hunter, and Shadoc Rage end up in the ring as well.]

SA: This did NOT go like Team Supreme had in mind!

[The arena is filled with cheers as James, Hunter, Rage, and Lynch stand victorious, while Team Supreme retreats up the ramp, humiliated and defeated. Brian James gestures for, and receives a microphone. The Engine of Destruction turns towards Shadoc Rage.]

BJ: So... you're with us now?

[All eyes turn to Shadoc Rage.]

SR: Ohhhh yeah, I'm with you now!

[James turns to Hunter.]

BJ: And you? You happy now?

[Jackson Hunter has somehow emerged from the melee with Mifune's panama hat jauntily perched atop his stubbled scalp. He snickers maniacally as he picks up his shovel in reply. James nods.]

BJ: That's all I need to hear.

And now, I've got something to say. I'll make it simple. Crawford, Jackson...

[James smirks.]

BJ: Junior.

The three of you like to go around calling yourselves maniacs and assassins, don't you? Well, the way I see it, I got a maniac right here...

[James points to Rage.]

BJ: And an assassin right here...

[James points to Hunter.]

BJ: And that's squadron enough for me. So why don't the three of you take on the three of us... at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[The crowd roars in approval and anticipation.]

BJ: We'll see you in LA!

[Jack Lynch turns to Brian James and gestures for the microphone, which the Son of the Blackheart is quick to hand over.]

JL: You'll have to excuse me. Because while the big man might be a man of a few words, I got more than a few to say.

And all of 'em are for you, Supreme Wright!

[The crowd is split between cheering for the Iron Cowboy and booing the man he's called out.]

JL: Normally, I'd tell a whole story, but why don't we just cut to the final chapters?

See, awhile back, a man that I chose to be my brother, a man that I thought I could trust, a man that stood by my side through one of the damndest fights I ever had turned out to be nothin' more than a snake in the grass!

And that man took what shoulda been one of the happiest days in the Lynch family and made it into one of the two worst days of my life.

Ya fooled me, Wright. I offered ya my hand, and you took it. But that ain't where the story ends. Because ya see, we're about to bring this full circle.

So let's go back to the beginning.

[Lynch draws in a breath, exhaling slowly.]

JL: SuperClash 2015. I know you remember that date.

And I know you remember what happened in Houston on that night.

And I know, Wright, that at the end of the day, that's what this is all about. I know that my beatin' you that night is what caused all of this. What broke that brain of yours and made you decide to spend the next few years plannin' your revenge.

And maybe I am a fool, Wright, 'cuz I'm gonna give you your chance to have your revenge.

Because at Memorial Day Mayhem, its gonna be you and me in the match that started this all.

[The crowd is buzzing at that. Lynch nods.]

JL: That's right... Memorial Day Mayhem, Los Angeles, California, its gonna be Jack Lynch versus Supreme Wright...

...IN A TOWEL MATCH!

[The arena begins to shake from the crowd's thunderous reaction!]

JL: It ends where it began Wright. You get your chance to be the great mastermind.

And I get the chance to finish you, once and for all.

[Lynch spikes the microphone into the canvas and glares at Wright, as the arena roars for him. Up the aisle, Supreme Wright seethes, his eyes wide open and his stoic mask barely holding together as he tries not to explode with anger, while Cain Jackson tries to pull him away.]

SA: Jack Lynch just called for a Towel Match at Memorial Day Mayhem! Are you kidding me? The first Towel Match between these two was one of the most brutal, gut-wrenching matches in AWA history! And now they're going to do it again?!

CP: This is as personal as it gets! And when that towel is thrown in this time... the wrestling world will never be the same!

SA: Memorial Day Mayhem is going to be a war! And it's sixteen days away! Fans, we're out of time! We've gotta go! Oh, what a night!

[Lynch stares down the aisle at a seething Wright, the crowd ROARING the chaos all around...

...as we fade to black.]