



May 26th, 2018 - The Streets of Hollywood, California

[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 Shadoe 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 one of the most unusual settings for a show in AWA history. We've got fans standing on the streets of Hollywood along with some lucky folks who landed seats in the temporary bleachers that have been set up on the corner of Hollywood and Highland Boulevards. The fans are on their feet, screaming and shouting for their favorite professional wrestlers on the planet - the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance. The music is still playing over the temporarily-erected loudspeakers as a burst of pyro races towards the sky.]

SA: IT'S TIIIIIIIIIME FOR SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

[Another burst of pyro rockets goes off as the crowd cheers even louder before we cut to a sweeping drone shot that soars down Hollywood Boulevard to show off some of the city's tourist spots - the Hollywood and Highland shopping center, the Pantages Theatre a little further down the road, the Hollywood Wax Museum, the world-famous Chinese Theatre, and the site of tonight's special screening of the new 30 For 30: The Birth of the AWA Women's Division - the El Capitan Theatre.

We cut back from the drone shot to an elevated shot showing the unusual setup for tonight's show - a smaller version of the usual AWA steel entrance stage off to one side... a larger video wall hanging above it. The ring is in the middle of all this, right on the street with its usual royal blue ropes and matching ring apron. Much to the relief of AWA Legal (and those fans online concerned about the AWA's legal liabilities,) there is a metal barricade set up around the ring and lining the entrance aisle.

Down at ringside, we can see a pair of wooden tables - one of which is staffed by hometown girl and ring announcer Rebecca Ortiz and the timekeeper... the other of which is surprisingly empty at the moment...

...but as we cut to the ring, we see why as our own "Big Sal" Salvatore Albano and former World Champion Colt Patterson are in the ring.]

SA: Hello everyone and a very pleasant good evening to you wherever you may be... and hello to this... well, I don't know if you can call it a sold out crowd when we didn't charge for tickets but the streets and the hills of Hollywood are alive with the sound of wrestling, Colt Patterson!

[Sal is in his standard black suit, white dress shirt, and very basic tie while Colt Patterson is decked out in a leopard print furry tanktop with the oiled-up gun show

on display. A pair of deep red leather pants... a few gold chains... a pair of sunglasses that look like the Hollywood sign with the latter two "o's" serving as the eyeholes... it's quite the look for the most colorful of color men.]

CP: The streets are runnin' wild in Hollywood and that's all thanks to me, Big Sal!

[The crowd cheers as Sal looks puzzled.]

SA: Thanks to you?!

CP: That's right! Because this is MY town... MY city... the people of Hollywood LOVE me and I'm who they came to see tonight!

[That one gets some boos as Colt rips off the glasses, tossing them into the crowd.]

CP: Sell that on eBay and double your monthly take home!

[Sal shakes his head.]

SA: Colt Patterson, the master of how to make friends and influence people... we are now just TWO! NIGHTS! AWAY! Memorial Day Mayhem is coming - right up Sunset to Chavez Ravine and on Monday night, Dodger Stadium is SOLD OUT - over 56,000 fans on hand for the biggest night of the summer - the annual tradition known as Memorial Day Mayhem - and Colt, this city is absolutely LIT UP at the excitement the AWA has brought to town this week.

CP: You got that right, Big Sal. Showtime in Reseda shook the wrestling world to the core with one of the biggest nights of the year and we ain't stoppin' there!

SA: We've got some big matches here tonight too as we present a special one-hour edition of Saturday Night Wrestling... a little preview - if you will - for Memorial Day Mayhem. Plus, immediately after tonight's show... and I mean RIGHT after it here on ESPN... we'll be seeing the world premiere of the special 30 For 30 on the Birth of the AWA Women's Division. Colt, I got a sneak peek of this thing and THIS is going to be something special!

CP: YOU got a sneak peek?! How did YOU get a sneak peek?!

SA: It pays to make friends and influence people.

[The crowd laughs as Colt fumes.]

SA: And on that note-

[The heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the arena. You know what that means...

...and so does a quite-alarmed Salvatore Albano who looks anxiously towards the entrance stage.]

SA: Apparently we're about to be joined by...

[Sal trails off as the Alpha Beast himself bursts into view, the crowd ROARING at the unexpected appearance of Max Magnum who is dressed for action as his infamous manager, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, trails close behind with a smirk on his face. Magnum's face shows no signs of concern, naturally, but rather a steely focus on the ring. Clad simply in black trunks and a black t-shirt with "SPLX BCHS" in a white block font on the front, the massive physical specimen hops side-to-side before jumping in place and landing with brute force on the ramp and white pyro shoots around him, triggered by his feet contacting the floor. The edited KISS

classic skips the first few lines and cuts directly into Gene Simmons' strikingly accurate description of Magnum 40 years prior.]

I WAS BORN ON OLYMPUS
TO MY FATHER, A SON
I WAS RAISED BY THE DEMONS
TRAINED TO REIGN AS THE ONE

[And on that line, Magnum starts striding down the aisle towards the ring where Albano and Patterson are huddled up, discussing what they should do about it. Stevie Scott looks into the camera, shouting...]

"Atlas ain't gonna know what hit him in three nights! We're gonna prove that the Almighty isn't quite so mighty at all!"

[Scott cackles as his charge clears the distance to the ring, leaping from the floor to the apron in a single bound, ducking through the ropes as Stevie Scott takes the long way to the ring, climbing the steps with a mic in hand. He ducks into the ring, dusting off his custom-made suit as the music starts to fade.]

SA: Stevie Scott, just what are you and-

[Scott holds up a hand, shoving it towards the face of Salvatore Albano.]

HSS: I know it's a struggle, Albano, but can you shut your mouth for a minute or two? We've got business to address... and that business is named Atlas Armstrong!

[There's a ripple of cheers in the crowd for the man who will face Magnum in three nights - just as there were a ripple of cheers for Magnum as he arrived in Los Angeles.]

HSS: This match... this match is the epitome of the phrase "a Main Event anywhere in the world," people. Look at it... just look at it on paper. The undefeated Atlas Armstrong. The undefeated Max Magnum!

[Magnum rolls his neck, his muscles rippling with the movement.]

HSS: On their side of the ring... six foot eight... 294 pounds... the Almighty... Atlas Armstrong!

On our side of the ring... six foot four... 295 pounds... the Alpha Beast.. the Modern Day Man Of Steel...

[He takes a deep breath.]

HSS: ...MAAAAAAAAAAX MAAAAAAAAAGNUMMMMMMM!

[Scott smirks at the reaction of the crowd, solidly split as they don't know which of the undefeated monsters to choose from.]

HSS: And then you look OUTSIDE the ring... in their corner, Veronica Westerly... devious, manipulative, brilliant, gorgeous... a woman after my own heart. In fact, when all this is over and her clients have left her high and dry, she's more than welcome to sign on with Hotshot International... my own personal Miss Tessmacher if you will...

On our side...

[He gestures to himself with a smile.]

HSS: The greatest manager since Bucky Wilde... we still like him, right?

[Magnum doesn't respond as Scott shrugs.]

HSS: Okay, fine... what about Percy Childes? Do we like him?

[Still no response.]

HSS: Ben Waterson?

[Magnum's head whips towards Scott with a death glare.]

HSS: Right, right... bad memories there. Well, whoever your standard-bearer is for the greatest manager of all time, go ahead and write my name in permanent marker right above that!

[Scott shakes his head.]

HSS: It's only fitting that we're in Hollywood to talk about this, you know that, Albano? Because this is a battle the likes of which the world has only seen in movies... on the big screen. Freddy versus Jason... KING KONG VERSUS GODZILLA! The kaiju will be turned loose on Chavez Ravine in three days' time and they will go to war! Hurling buses at one another... tossing each other through skyscrapers... shaking the ground to make the Earth truly quake... but after all the chaos and carnage... after the screaming fans have returned to the smoking ruins of Dodger Stadium to see the aftermath...

...they will only see one man standing.

[Scott moves to stand behind his man, the camera zooming in on Magnum so we can't even see the manager.]

HSS: Yes, yes... I'll be there somewhere in the wreckage, doing my best duck and cover to protect this precious face, this beautiful body, and this magnificent hair.

But this man will be standing amongst the wreckage.

This man will be standing amidst the carnage.

This man will be the king of all he looks down on... everything the light touches will belong to him...

For he is the Alpha Beast...

[Magnum starts to shift his weight, bouncing from foot to foot...]

HSS: He is the Modern Day Man of Steel... sorry Disney... but calling him the modern day Captain America just felt like pandering...

He is undefeated. He is unbeaten.

And he IS Almighty.

[Magnum nods his head, swinging his powerful arms across his broad torso.]

HSS: He IS Max Magnum... and when it comes to a clash of undefeated titans... there can only be one...

...and you are looking at him.

[Scott tosses the mic aside as "God Of Thunder" cranks back up to another mixed response, maybe more cheers than boos this time as the Hotshot holds the ropes open for Magnum's exit.]

SA: You just never know what's going to happen on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... and with just two nights until Memorial Day Mayhem, the excitement in the air has been cranked up to an unbelievable level! Later tonight, we're going to see the final spots in the Rumble go to the winner of a three way tag team showdown between the teams of Kelly Taylor with Molly Bell, Moxy Hart with Charity Rockwell, and the Rhodes Dynasty... but speaking of the Rumble, earlier this week, this video landed on social media courtesy of one-half of the Women's World Tag Team Champions, Harley Hamilton. Take a look.

[Albano points to the camera as we fade through black...

...and up on pre-recorded footage in an empty, dimly lit parking lot somewhere, long after Showtime has ended. The only sounds are the faint hum of distant traffic. We see Harley Hamilton standing under a flickering streetlight, still wearing her ring jacket and wrestling gear, a sign of her and E-Girl MAX's hasty exit from American Legion Hall. Her face is a mix of fury and resolve. In the background, near a parked car, we see Cinder lurking in the shadows, her silhouette pacing around, head bowed, silent but present. Harley glares at the camera.]

HH: Keep the camera steady, Riley. I want them to hear every single word.

[She adjusts her ring jacket, her voice low, raw and seething with anger.]

HH: You know, the funny thing about the AWA is... everyone loves to talk about "fairness." About the "spirit of competition." They preach it like it's gospel. But let me tell you something, the AWA doesn't care about fairness. They don't care about competition. Tonight proved what I always knew... it's all a rigged game. A big, fat lie.

Fairness?

Competition?

[She scoffs.]

HH: Don't make me laugh. What they actually care about is control. And when they can't control someone like me, someone who doesn't play by their stupid little rules, well... that's when they come for you. That's when they start trying to punish you... make an example out of you. And that's exactly what Maxim Zharkov and the AWA has been trying to do to me and to my family in E-Girl MAX. Roadblock after roadblock. Slight after slight. And tonight? Tonight was the final straw.

[Harley's voice rises, her hands balling into fists.]

HH: We had Julie Somers down. The AWA Women's World Champion, laid out, flat on her back, helpless! And I knew it was time. I looked at Cinder, and I told her it was time to cash in her contract. The Steal the Spotlight contract was hers - earned fair and square. But what happens? Melissa Cannon... Melissa Cannon! Supposedly blackballed, banned, and gone, never to be seen in the AWA ever again... she "miraculously" returns and rips it all away.

[She pauses, her gaze darting toward Cinder's shadowy figure in the distance, then back to the camera.]

HH: And don't you dare tell me our "dear" interim President Zharkov didn't know. That snake set us up. He knew Melissa was back. He green-lit that cash-in

BECAUSE he knew Melissa was back, waiting to save his precious golden child Julie, from any danger. He wanted us to fail. He let us think Cindy had a shot just to hand out yet another humiliation.

[Harley rolls her eyes, with an exaggerated sigh.]

HH: It wasn't too long ago that Colt Patterson said what Maxim Zharkov was doing to us seems personal. Well, let me make something clear... it IS personal.

[She steps forward slightly, a more serious edge creeping into her voice.]

HH: It's the worst-kept secret in wrestling. Ever since SuperClash and Steal the Spotlight, Zharkov and the rest of the AWA's cronies have tried to control us. Punish us. Break us until we bow down and play nice like their pathetic corporate stooge, Julie.

They'll have their announce team blatantly lie and try to convince the world that Julie Somers was actually more loved than me in my own hometown - like they could ever erase my fans' cheers. Or how about when Zharkov hung Casey Cash - the sweetest, kindest soul I've ever met - out to dry, setting her up to get jumped by that unhinged lunatic, Victoria June. And don't get me started on myself... constantly thrown into these shady, last-minute matches I'm not even scheduled for and constantly painted as some sort of selfish monster ready to stab my friends in the back.

But guess what?

We won't ever bow down. We won't ever play nice.

[A momentary pause as Harley slowly raises her half of the AWA Women's World Tag Team titles into the air.]

HH: And we're STILL standing.

[She glances back at Cinder again, her expression softening for a split second before hardening once more.]

HH: I did what I did at SuperClash for one reason and one reason only - for love. Because I love Cindy. She's my best friend, and I'd do anything for her. Anything. And if the AWA, if Maxim Zharkov, if anyone thinks I should be ashamed of that? They're wrong. I'd do it again. A hundred times. A million times. Every single time. Because that's what real friendship is. Real loyalty. There's nothing I wouldn't do for my friends.

[A momentary pause as Harley lets the weight of those words settle.]

HH: And they can't stand it. Because no matter how hard you try to break us, no matter how many punishments you throw at us, there is one thing you can't take away: The fact that E-Girl MAX are stars. Stars that shine brighter, burn hotter, and will never be put out by anyone else's jealousy or fear. No matter how hard they try, they'll never put out our light.

[Harley grins, her eyes glinting with defiance.]

HH: And the fact that everyone is still so mad about what happened at SuperClash? [Giggles] Too bad.

[She pauses, as a condescending smirk forms on her face.]

HH: You know what? I'll even warn you this time.

We're going to do it again.

[She nods her head slowly.]

HH: The Rumble is coming, and guess what? It's gonna come down to me and Cindy again. Or maybe me and Casey. Or me and Melody. It doesn't matter. We'll do it without hesitation. Without regret. Because what we do in that ring isn't motivated by hate, or spite, or greed.

[Her smile fades into a serious, almost tender expression.]

HH: What we do is for love. And that, is something none of you jealous, hateful, stupid, stupid people could ever comprehend.

[She looks into the camera one last time, a fiery look in her eyes.]

HH: So go ahead. Try to stop us. Stack the deck. Bring back your ghosts of the past. Do your worst. We're going to do it again... and you'll be helpless to stop us, just like last time. And when we do win? You'll be even angrier. Even more hurt. Even more broken than before. But that's okay. I won't regret it. Not for a single second.

[She smiles again, giving a toss of her hair as she turns to walk away.]

HH: Because love wins. Every single time.

[The camera lingers on Harley's retreating figure, Cinder stepping out of the shadows to join her, their silhouettes merging as they disappear into the night. The screen fades to black...

...and we fade up to live action on the ring where a match official is standing by along with two masked men, both clad in full body suits. One of them has on a black body suit, with gold animal-like markings airbrushed onto it. His mask obscures any human features, save for a large open mouth, baring sharp teeth, airbrushed in gold.

The larger of the two has on a purple body suit and mask, also airbrushed with gold details to resemble an open-face helmet and golden armor, including a gold vambrace-like detail over the right forearm and a golden glove-like detail on the left hand, decorated with multi-colored gemstones.]

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, weighing in at a total combined weight of 451 pounds...

...La Boca de la Miseria and El Coloso Loco...

...LA SECTA NEGRA!

[The two masked men glare menacingly out on the jeering crowd.]

SA: We are in Hollywood tonight and looks like we've got two movie-level big bads here in this next match, Colt.

CP: Are you sure we didn't just pick two of those hustlers in knock-off costumes from outside the Chinese, Sal? The ones who charge you a tenner for a photo?

[Sal chuckles as hometown girl Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: And their opponents...

“Somos Legado de Lucha!”

[The words “LEGADO DE LUCHA” in a stylized blocky golden font appear on the video screen, as “The Avengers” theme composed by Alan Silvestri starts to play. The “A” in “LUCHA” is further stylized, with a half circle around it.

“El Niño” Vengador V is the first to appear on the entrance stage. He is dressed in a black suit over a white shirt and black loafers. His mask is silver, with black trim around the eye holes and the opening around his mouth, which exposes his chin. Vengador V is soon joined by the rest of Legado de Lucha, Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro.

Both Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro are dressed in modified versions of their usual ring attire. Rey Fuerza is in a red body suit and mask, with gold details resembling mechanical parts and armor plates airbrushed onto them. The four-pointed gold crown and the war hammer smashing a lightning bolt are still present, but more of the front of the mask is airbrushed with gold to resemble a metal faceplate. He drops to one knee and holds out his open right hand, to reveal a circle of LED lights in the middle of the palm.

Guerrero Oscuro is dressed all in black – black mask and black body suit – with smoke gray details: curved lines cover a large part of the body suit, resembling some kind of web, with an arachnid symbol on his chest. He drops into a three-point superhero pose, one leg extended, and holds out his free hand, with all fingers extended save for the middle and ring fingers.]

RO: Hailing from Lagos de Moreno, Jalisco, Mexico, and weighing in at a total combined weight of 412 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Vengador V... they are the team of Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro...

...LA NUEVA GENERACIÓN OSCURRRRAA!!!

[Rising to their feet, Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro take off on a fast jog towards the ring.]

SA: Luchadors assemble! We have the movie-level villains and here come the superheroes, Colt!

CP: Except Vengador, Sal. What? He’s too good to play dress up?

SA: He may not have inherited his great-grandfather’s mask, Colt, but “El Niño” carries on his family’s legacy, el legado de lucha, if you will. And the patriarch of that family, El Vengador de Plata, was considered as good as a superhero in Mexico in his time. And that was during the golden age of comics, too! He doesn’t need to play dress up to be regarded a hero. Besides, it’s the rest of Legado de Lucha that are in action here tonight...

[As the music fades, we see the two teams stare each other down from opposite corners of the ring. The purple-and-gold masked wrestler waves his partner away, striding forwards purposefully and pointing at Guerrero Oscuro.]

SA: I’m told this is Coloso Loco and he seems to want Guerrero Oscuro to step forward for his team.

[Guerrero Oscuro obliges, showing no fear of the larger man, who flexes his muscles in an effort to intimidate Guerrero Oscuro, before letting out a loud roar.]

“SMAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: Sweet Santa Maria! That was a firecracker slap to the chest by Guerrero Oscuro, knocking Coloso Loco right down to a knee!

CP: But not for long, Big Sal, because the big man gets right back up...

[The rising luchador gets shoved back into the ropes before being whipped towards the other side, a whip that Coloso Loco easily reverses...]

SA: Oscuro off the far side... LEAPS! SPRINGS!

[...and a flying crossbody takes the large luchador down a second time! Oscuro kips up to his feet, saluting the cheering crowd.]

SA: Lucha libre has always found a home here in Southern California and the fans in Hollywood are letting Guerrero Osuro hear their early-match support.

[A rising Coloso Loco is rocked again as Guerrero Oscuro flips into a cartwheel, smashing a foot into the back of the head, leaving Loco standing on shaky legs...

...and Oscuro keeps on going, a blur of motion as he hits the ropes, rebounding back to leap into the air, snaring Coloso Loco's head between his legs, flipping him over to the mat with a rana!]

SA: Wow! Back and forth across the ring, showing off that speed... showing off the agility...

[Oscuro is right back on the move as he gets to his feet, hitting the ropes...

...but a rising Coloso Loco buries a right hand into the midsection!]

CP: I don't care how quick or agile you are, a well-timed shot like that stops everyone in their tracks.

[Coloso Loco throws out his arms as if to signal that things are going to be over soon. He holds up his left hand and snaps his fingers before hitting the ropes...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: And _I_ don't care how big and tough you are, a well-timed shot like THAT stops people in their tracks too! Superkick finds the mark!

[Rushing the corner of Secta Negra, Guerrero Oscuro uses a shoulder tackle to bump the other competitor to the floor!]

SA: Knocks La Boca de la Miseria off the apron for good measure...

CP: That name's far too long, Sal, even by luchador standards.

[Oscuro heads to his corner, slapping the hand of Rey Fuerza.]

SA: Our first tag for La Nueva Generación Oscura... in comes Rey Fuerza on the exchange...

[But Fuerza doesn't come through the ropes, quickly climbing to the top rope, knocking a stunned Coloso Loco down with a flying crossbody, clearing out as Oscuro climbs up top behind him... holding out his right hand with fingers and

thumb extended, except for the middle and ring fingers, and leaps off with a frog splash onto Coloso Loco!]

SA: FROG SPLASH CONNECTS!

[Oscurito bounces off the downed luchador, turning to help his partner greet an incoming Misericordia with a pair of kicks to the legs, stopping him cold...]

SA: Fuerza to the ropes...

[...and on the rebound, Oscurito shoves Fuerza skyway, giving him a boost for a flying dropkick to the chest of Coloso Loco, knocking him flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and a spectacular double-team by the luchadors!

[La Boca de la Misericordia rolls back to the safety of the outside...

...or so he thinks, not seeing Guerrero Oscurito slingshotting over the top to land on the apron...

...and snaps off a standing moonsault, taking Misericordia down again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Misericordia out of the picture for the moment, Rey Fuerza points to Coloso Loco who has staggered into the wrong corner, rushing in...

...but Loco ducks low, hoisting Fuerza up and over where Fuerza lands on the ring apron, promptly leaping back up to snap a boot off the forehead of Loco, sending him staggering back away from the ropes.]

SA: Fuerza's got him in a daze... to the top!

[With Loco in a daze, Guerrero Oscurito slides back into the ring, charging in, leaping up behind him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SPIKES him with a reverse rana!]

SA: DOWN GOES LOCO! UP GOES FUERZAAAAAA!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rey Fuerza CRUSHES Coloso Loco under a dazzling Phoenix Splash!]

SA: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Fuerza comes to his feet, embracing his partner as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Here are your winners... Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscurito...

...LA NUEVA GENERACIÓN OSCURRRRAA!!!

[As their music begins to play again, Vengador V joins them in the ring, taking over for the official in raising their arms in the air in victory.]

SA: An impressive win for La Nueva Generación Oscura, making their mark on the tag team scene!

[Rey Fuerza and Guerrero Oscuro drop down into their respective superhero poses. "El Niño" Vengador V folds his arms in front of him, as we cut away from this victorious tableau.]

SA: And don't forget - this trio has sworn to also be in the house next weekend in The Temple of Boyle Heights for one last AWA show in Southern California as we kick off the summer in high style! Showtime's the place to be and these luchadors will be in the house next weekend. Speaking of Showtime, Colt... what a night that was in Reseda!

CP: One of the best shows of the year without a doubt. The AWA wanted to kick off the Showtime summer tour in a big, big way and they certainly did that.

SA: We had surprise returns, surprise appearances, crazy action... but perhaps nothing was crazier than that absolutely wild No Disqualification Main Event with Wade Walker challenging the undefeated Odin Gunn for the World Television Title. Gunn would come out on top in one HELL of a war that nearly tore the building down.

CP: It was a hell of a fight. I thought Walker had it won more than a few times but in the end, Odin Gunn remains the champion.

SA: But even as the bell rang, the fight wasn't over. Take a look...

[We fade to footage marked "SHOWTIME. RESEDA. ONE WEEK AGO. We see the bloodied and battered Gunn snatches the title belt out of the referee's hands, clutching it to his chest as some of the AWA faithful reluctantly give him his flowers as he rises off the mat, defiantly looking down on the motionless Wade Walker as he raises the title belt over his head...]

LD: Still undefeated. Still on top of the world. The World Television Title will stay with Odin Gunn, Curly Bill, and the Desperadoes despite an incredible challenge by Wade Walker in one of the most brutal - and thrilling - matches that I can recall.

[Curly Bill rolls in, helping steady his man as he throws a fist in the air, shouting "WE DID IT! WE DID IT!" over and over.]

LD: Curly Bill is loving life right now, Ben.

BW: Of course he is! Wade Walker dragged Odin Gunn into the depths of hell in this one... we saw tables and chairs and glass and... and still Odin Gunn stands tall at the end, still undefeated... still the champion!

LD: Wade Walker being rolled from the ring by AWA medical personnel now... he's going to need some help in that department for sure. He came so close... oh-so-close to winning that title tonight but in the end, he falls short... and like we said, it's likely to be the last time in the foreseeable future that he gets a shot at that gold.

BW: And if that's the case, Dane, I gotta wonder - who the hell can stop this man?!

[Webb raises his champion's hand, gesturing proudly to him...]

"NO ONE CAN STOP US NOW! NO ONE!"

[...and in true American Legion Hall fashion, the lights go out.]

LD: What in the...?!

BW: The show's almost over! Can we really not keep the power on for another thirty seconds?!

[The lights are out for a few moments before flickering back to life...

...and on my mark, unleash hell.]

LD: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!

[The crowd is ROARING, literally leaping up and down at the arrival of an indy and international wrestling legend - a man who has shed blood and spilled blood in this very building on many occasions...

...and a man who just rushed across the ring and FLATTENED the World Television Champion with a running bare foot to the mouth!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: KING! KONG! HOGAN! IS HEEEEEEEEEEERE!

[The wild eyed, wild haired badass with a thirst for blood and money throws his arms out, screaming madly as the Reseda faithful shows him the love... temporarily forgetting his actions of a year prior.

Curly Bill's eyes go wide as Hogan turns to face him, pointing a finger at his old rival...]

LD: And these two are NO strangers at all, Ben!

BW: A lot of fans forget that Curly Bill Webb used to be one hell of a wrestler... but Hogan hasn't forgotten!

[...and as Webb shakes his head at Hogan, shouting "I'M RETIRED!" at his former rival, Hogan simply grins...

...and then charges him, SMASHING him across the collarbone with a running lariat that sends Hogan to his knees and sends Webb spilling through the ropes to the floor!]

LD: OHHHHH! THERE GOES CURLY BILL!

[Hogan slowly turns around, his gaze back on Odin Gunn who is struggling to get off the mat, looking to defend himself and his manager from further attack as Hogan looks around the ring...

...and snatches up a fallen steel chair...]

LD: Oh no... oh... oh my word... HE'S GONNA-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Hogan SMASHES the chair down over the skull of the kneeling Gunn with reckless abandon as Gunn just barely gets an arm up to absorb part of the potential skull-crushing blow! Gunn collapses in a heap on the mat, the crowd still roaring as Hogan SPIKES the chair down on the canvas!]

BW: HE JUST LAID OUT ODIN GUNN!

[Hogan snatches up the fallen World Television Title with one hand...

...and grabs a handful of Gunn's hair with the other, pulling his head back to pose next to the bloodied and unconscious champion...]

LD: Ben, you asked who can stop Odin Gunn? We just might have our answer.

[A sneering and maniacal Hogan cackles at the scene... as we fade back to Sal and Colt at ringside.]

SA: We just might have our answer indeed... first, let's talk about a few things. Many fans reached out shortly after Showtime went off the air and said "how can this be? How can Hogan be back after the role he played last year with Korugun?" Colt, we're told that a member of AWA management specifically requested that Hogan's ban on returning be lifted... and it has been. We also had a lot of fans wanting to know the physical condition of Odin Gunn, Colt.

CP: We know he had to be helped from the building. We know AWA medical recommended he go to the hospital... but we have no idea of Curly Bill took him there and we definitely don't know what condition he's in now.

SA: One week from tonight, he's scheduled to defend his title against Odysseus Allah who finally is cashing in that title shot he won last November at SuperClash. Will Gunn be able to go on that night? And what happens if he can't? Tune in next weekend on Showtime to get the answers. Now, shifting gears from Showtime to Memorial Day Mayhem... we heard from one member of E-Girl MAX about Monday night's Rumble earlier.. but she's not the only one from EGM in the match, Colt.

CP: Harley Hamilton, Cinder, Casey Cash, AND Melody Thompson! That's more than ten percent of the field and by my math, that means the odds are on the side of E-Girl MAX Monday in Dodger Stadium.

SA: You mention Melody Thompson. Yesterday, fans, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell was... recruited, shall we say, to travel out to the campus of UCLA at the request of E-Girl MAX...

CP: You can just say he drew the short straw, Albano - someone had to go, I wasn't available, and none of you wanted to do it.

[Big Sal looks disappointed with Colt's frank honesty.]

SA: That being said, an interviewer and a camera crew were requested to go to Drake Stadium so we could film Melody Thompson's training for the Rumble in two days, and yes, "Sweet" Lou drew the assignment.

CP: How come they didn't ask for the tall broad to do it?

[A sigh from Albano.]

SA: I take it you mean Riley Campbell?

CP: Yeah! She's Under Armour's media gal, ain't she?

SA: It's our understanding that she felt it was a conflict of interest to produce a segment for AWA television, considering her responsibilities as an employee of a sponsor.

CP: Ha! That's ethics, something that's lacking around here.

[Big Sal frowns.]

SA: Just cut to the footage, will ya?

[And with that, we cut to footage marked with a "RECORDED YESTERDAY", as a sunglasses-and-AWA polo-clad "Sweet" Lou Blackwell motions to the track he stands in front of.]

SLB: If you love the Olympics as I do, fans, then you can feel the history in this building. Stars like Florence Griffith-Joyner and Jackie Joyner-Kersey, Monique Henderson, and Joanna Hayes, they all once competed on this very track behind me. I was hoping to visit this stadium during our trip to Los Angeles-

[A shrill whistle blares in the background, as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: -but under more comfortable circumstances.

[The noise of two women running at top speed, sneakers slamming against the track with each step, can be heard as the Thompson sisters, Melody and Harmony, appear briefly as a blur behind Blackwell. The clicking of a SLR camera lens is just off-screen, and we hear a familiar voice shout out from where the Thompsons once ran.]

"BEAUTIFUL! THAT WAS BEAUTIFUL!"

[Blackwell looks off-screen as Casey Cash, the "Charm City Cutie", walks into the frame. She's wearing Under Armour attire, with a grey Johns Hopkins hoodie and black track pants, along with black and light blue running shoes. She has a whistle around her neck, as well as a stopwatch in her hand, and a pair of heart-shaped sunglasses with light blue frames on the crown of her head.]

CC: Did you see that? Did you see how fast they ran?! Riley! Did you get that?

[Casey cranes her neck off-camera, as Riley Campbell walks in, showing her the back of her camera. Casey gasps with delight.]

CC: You're so good at action photography, Riley! Look at that, Lou! Even with as fast as they were running, Riley captured the grace of their movement!

[As Casey gushes about Riley's skills, Melody and Harmony walk up behind the trio, sipping from their Under Armour squeeze bottles. Both wear identical UCLA tracksuits with prominent Under Armour logos, having raided the supply closet before the camera crew arrived.]

MT: That was close!

HT: I almost got you that time!

MT: I think I beat you by a hair!

[Harmony gives her twin a jostle on the shoulder, as "Sweet" Lou looks frustrated.]

SLB: Just a moment, ladies. It was my understanding that I was here to record a training session for Melody Thompson for the Rumble.

MT: You are!

HT: Yeah! Didn't you see her run?!

MT: I ran like the wind!

HT: She was very fast!

SLB: Hold on, hold on!

[The twins hush up.]

SLB: You told me it was Melody that was training. Both of you are out here training.

[Casey rolls her eyes, as do the twins. Riley Campbell, spotting a moment, quickly takes a few pictures.]

CC: Don't you get it, Lou?

SLB: Get what?

CC: They're twins! They do everything together!

MT: Yeah!

HT: We train together all the time!

MT: Having a training partner is important!

HT: A buddy keeps you accountable!

MT: And what better buddy than a sister?!

[The twins giggle, with Casey joining in, and "Sweet" Lou lets out a deep sigh.]

SLB: Be that as it may... they were running a 100 meter dash. If they're training for a Rumble, why a run?

[Casey sighs.]

CC: You really don't know anything about training, do you, Lou? First of all, you have to be prepared for anything. Harper Hannigan has a chainsaw, and you never know when you might need to make a hasty exit.

[Blackwell frowns.]

SLB: Aren't they on your side? They helped you recently by going after Ricki Toughill.

[Casey shakes her head with a grin that practically says "you silly man".]

CC: That's all well and good, but you can't be loosey-goosey with a chainsaw.

MT: You should always practice proper chainsaw safety!

HT: Maintain a proper distance!

[Both twins reach into their pockets, taking out goggles and putting them on.]

MT/HT [together]: And wear proper eye protection!

[Blackwell looks at the twins, exasperated, as Casey taps him on the shoulder.]

CC: Besides, running helps you build up your endurance.

MT: Yeah! I might draw #1 or #2 and have to go for over an hour!

HT: That would be awful!

MT: But I'm prepared for it!

HT: So am I!

[Blackwell points a finger at the twins suspiciously.]

SLB: What does that mean? Why would Harmony need to be prepared? Only Melody is in the Rumble!

[Harmony waves her hand in dismissal.]

HT: Moral support is important too, you know!

MT: What would I be without a supportive sister?!

[Harmony points a finger back at Blackwell.]

HT: Does your sister not support you?!

[Now Melody joins her twin with an accusatory finger pointed at "Sweet" Lou.]

MT: Do you have strife in your family?!

[Blackwell frowns again.]

SLB: I don't feel I need to answer that.

[Both twins fold their arms over their chests and pout.]

MT/HT [together]: Hmph!

[Casey blows her whistle, causing "Sweet" Lou to cringe, then waves her arms to try and calm everyone down.]

CC: Look, Harmony is just as much a member of the team as Riley is. Riley's photography inspires us, and Harmony's moral support is important. Yeah, sure, Harmony isn't in the match, but if she isn't right here, training along with us, right by Melody's side, that can affect Melody's performance. We wouldn't want that, would we?

HT: Yeah, would we?!

MT: I want to be at my best!

[Blackwell looks at everyone, flabbergasted, when we hear Riley Campbell's shutter click. Blackwell throws up his hands in a combination of frustration and acceptance.]

SLB: If you say so!

[Both the twins beam with excitement, as Casey pats Blackwell on the shoulder.]

CC: I knew you'd see it our way! Now let's reset, everyone, we've got the 800 meters next!

MT/HT [together]: Aww!

[As the Thompsons mope and walk back to the starting position, with Casey and Riley following, Blackwell leans in towards the camera.]

SLB: Far be it for me to make an accusation, but something seems a little rotten on Sunset Boulevard with how they're training. Fans, make sure you tune in to Memorial Day Mayhem to see what they're up to.

[And with a shake of the head from our intrepid reporter, we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[He points down towards the field.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

...the shot fades back up to the night sky where the Memorial Day Mayhem graphic appears with all the show info and the words "2 DAYS REMAIN."

And we fade through black to the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing alongside the members of the Slam Sorority. "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis is dressed in a red pantsuit with a white button-down shirt underneath the coat. She has her long brown hair pulled back behind her head. Carolina Colton in in full formal cowgirl chic in black lace dress with turquoise jewelry, an ornate black straw cowboy hat atop her head. Trish Wallace is in a basic black dress with her hair in french braids—a scowl is her only accessory.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on ESPN where I'm here with The Slam Sorority, who I imagine is in attendance for the world premiere of the 30 for 30 episode of the Birth of the AWA Women's Division. However, that's not the only business they'll have here in Southern California, as we are just two days from the Memorial Day Rumble and all three of you are entered. I do have to wonder, though, why we didn't see any of you in Reseda last week?

[Davis gives Stegglet a look, as if she's wondering why he'd ask such a question.]

LD: Reseda? Why would the three of us show up in an American Legion Hall or whatever it is? Especially when my good friend Stephen Curry got us tickets to go watch the Golden State Warriors last Sunday.

MS: Wait a minute, you know Stephen Curry?

[Davis scoffs at that remark. Wallace breaks her scowl for a smirk and Carolina chuckles her unsettling Colton snicker.]

LD: Don't act so surprised, Stegglet... after all, he's a Subway spokesperson just like I am. See, that's the benefits of not only an endorsement deal, but being one of the best women's athletes in the world today, in that top athletes like Stephen Curry want to get to know you. I will say my only regret is the 30 For 30 premiere is tonight, which means we won't be able to watch Game 6 live, but I'm confident that Stephen and the Warriors will even things up with the Houston Rockets, just like I'm confident the Slam Sorority is going to take care of business at the Rumble on Monday.

MS: Perhaps we should get back to the Rumble, then... there's a shot at the Women's Title up for grabs. I take it you would love nothing more than to get yourself a shot at the Women's title.

[Davis rolls her eyes and shakes her head.]

LD: You certainly have a grasp for the obvious, don't you, Stegglet? Of course I would love nothing more than a shot at the Women's Title... in fact, that's exactly what the Slam Sorority will be going after. But along the way, we're going to make sure that certain people don't even come close to that shot... namely Lauryn Rage.

MS: You are aware that she won the first-ever women's Rumble match to become the first-ever AWA Women's champion, right?

LD: Geez, Stegglet, you think I don't know that? Hey, great for Lauryn for doing that, even if she was hiding outside the ring long after her number was called out and then tossed her own sister out of the ring - which I'm sure makes for great conversation at the Rage family reunions - but that was then, this is now, and the now is clearly the Slam Sorority.

[She gestures to Trish.]

LD: Do enlighten the people, Trish.

[Wallace nods, twisting to flex a bicep towards the camera.]

TW: You're looking at ten percent of the Rumble right now, Stegglet - the ELITE ten percent. Meaning, that once one or more of us are in the ring, it become Slam Sorority's game.

[Colton interjects.]

CC: Oh yah, nah, fer sure. We've come a long way from when the AWA had to bring out Lucy Richter and Kurayami to fill out the field and give everyone in the first few rows asphyxia. Cuz they were suckin' wind before they even got in the ring.

[Colton smirks to herself as Wallace continues.]

TW: Slam Sorority are REAL athletes. We don't play dress-up... we don't chase clout and hearts on social media... we don't do freak show.

CC: Pick 'em up and give'r over the top rope. Nothing simpler to the three of us.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: One other thing I'd like to know is what if it does come down to the three of you. What will you...

LD: [interrupting] Oh, this is the part where you play instigator, right, Stegglet? You let us worry about that, but I can say this: If it comes down to that, you don't have to worry about the Slam Sorority doing finger boops to decide a winner.

CC: Oh yah, nah, fer sure. I'm lookin' to toss at least a dozen, no doubt.

[Wallace scoffs.]

TW: I bet I toss at least fifteen.

CC: Ya'd have to draw a pretty low number in the draw there, T-Bone.

TW: Well, maybe I'm hoping to get a low number!

CC: I'm hoping you get one too.

[Wallace is about to continue bickering, but she sees Colton smug, patronizing smirk.]

LD: But the fact of the matter is the Slam Sorority is going to be standing tall in the Memorial Day Rumble when all is said and done. And with that, Stegglet, your time with the all-time greats has concluded!

[She gestures to Carolina and Trish.]

LD: Let's go... we've got other business to discuss.

MS: Wait a minute... what does that...

[Davis ignores Stegglet, while the second generation powerhouses continue to bicker under their breath about how many eliminations they'll end up getting.]

MS: [shrugging and shaking his head] I guess we'll know more later... or maybe we won't. Let's go back to Sal and Colt.

[We fade back to ringside to our announce duo.]

SA: Thanks, Mark... and the women of the AWA are VERY focused on that Rumble, Colt.

CP: As they should be. Winning that Rumble is a path to greatness. Yeah, you get the shot at the World Title at Girls To The Front... and that's big on its own. But you also get your name in the record books as the winner of the second-ever Women's Rumble. That's huge.

SA: It certainly is. Championship gold is what it's all about here in the AWA but legacy is forever as well... and speaking of championship gold, it was just two weeks ago in Las Vegas when the World Tag Team Champions - Next Gen - were set to defend their titles against the Team Supreme duo of Takeshi Mifune and Bret Grayson... or so they thought. When the match came around, Team Supreme pulled some contractual shenanigans... and it ended up being AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson who took the match AND took the titles, injuring Howie Somers in the process. In the days since, we've learned that those contractual shenanigans have continued with Team Supreme declaring any of them can defend the titles at any time... and while AWA Legal tries to unwrap that situation, we've also unfortunately learned that Howie Somers' knee injury has put him on the shelf. We caught up with Daniel Harper to get an update on his partner... and an update on his future here in the AWA.

[We fade from the live action shot to pre-recorded footage in a studio where we find Lori Dane and Next Gen member Daniel Harper seated in opposite chairs. Dane is in a dark green blouse with black slacks while Harper is dressed in a white polo shirt with the AWA logo and blue jeans.]

LD: Hello everyone, I'm here with Daniel Harper to talk about the recent events that went down between Next Gen and Team Supreme. Daniel, thank you for taking the time to visit.

[Harper nods his head, a somber expression on his face.]

DH: Thank you, Lori, for talking to me. Just wish it was under better circumstances.

LD: I understand that, particularly when it comes to your friend and tag team partner, Howie Somers. We heard from his sister Julie about the extent of his injuries recently on Showtime. Do you have any additional updates on where Howie is at with his recovery?

[Harper sighs and shakes his head.]

DH: There's not much else I have to add, Lori. But Julie's right that Howie is going to be out for some time. A fractured kneecap isn't something that heals quickly.

[Dane nods.]

LD: Hopefully Howie will be back in the ring soon, but there's was more controversy on top of that as far as the tag team title match is concerned. You and Howie had expected to face Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune and instead got Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez of KAMS. And now interim President Zharkov has ruled that Team Supreme's contract for the match is legally binding... for now at least... and that Team Supreme has been recognized as the tag team champions. Do you have anything to add about that situation?

[Harper sighs again and his eyes suggest he's trying to maintain his composure.]

DH: You know, Lori, a part of me wonders if I should have seen something like that coming in the title match. I don't want to speak for Howie, but I know he was beyond furious about the Red Wedding... he may not have shown it but he may have been more upset than I was. But after what went down, all I could ever think about was getting Mifune and Grayson back in that ring and teaching them a lesson. I know Howie felt the same way.

Now not only did we lose the tag team titles, but if the ruling is that Team Supreme are the tag team champions, that any of the members can defend the titles at any time... how crazy can it get, Lori?

[He shakes his head.]

DH: But now I have to ask myself if I thought too much about getting my hands on Mifune and Grayson. I have to ask myself if I thought so much about that, I never bothered to ask myself if I was walking into a trap - if we, Howie and I, were walking into a trap. And given what went down in Las Vegas, we may very well have walked into a trap. And because of that, my best friend and tag team partner is out of action for months.

[He clasps his hands, presses them against his chin and is quiet for a moment.]

DH: And as angry as I am with what Team Supreme did to my friend and partner, there's a part of me that wonders if this was my fault, too, for thinking so much about getting at The Gold Standard that I never expected what else Team Supreme might try to pull.

LD: I don't think fans would blame you for what happened, Daniel. But I imagine those same fans are wondering... what's next for you?

[Harper lowers his hands and turns toward Dane.]

DH: This wouldn't be the first time one of us has had to go it alone. I can remember going at it alone against the Slaughterhouse when Anton Layton burned Howie with a fireball. And then Howie had to go at it alone when I got a concussion at the hands of the Soldiers of Fortune. But this time... it's a bit different.

It's not just that Howie may be out for a much longer period... it's that I need to be asking myself if I need to rethink my approach. That's especially because it's not one of us going against two men... this is Team Supreme, in which you know they're gonna play the numbers game, but there's no telling what that number will be.

[He takes a deep breath.]

DH: And you know me well enough, Lori, that I've been the type who will just run into a situation, without much of a plan, even throwing caution to the wind... and I'm starting to realize that I can't keep doing that. And that's especially when you're talking about six men who have caused chaos at every turn.

LD: I'm sure you know that there are others who have been willing to take the fight to Team Supreme. There aren't any trust issues you have with those people, are there?

[Harper shakes his head.]

DH: It's not that I don't trust anyone other than Howie and Julie... I mean, I know Jordan Ohara would be by my side whenever I asked, but he's got his own issues with Sid Osborne. Still, it's not about what I think of Jordan. And it's not about those who are already taking the fight to Team Supreme. This is about me, Lori, and what I need to do.

I need to take some time off to figure out what it is I need to do to be better prepared to take on the likes of Team Supreme.

But I will say this... this is only temporary.

[His facial features become more intense as he looks at the camera and continues talking.]

DH: The wrestling business means everything to me and my family. My great grandfather, my grandfather, my mother, my uncle, my aunt, my cousin... wrestling will always be in my blood and nobody is going to make me abandon it for good! Team Supreme may have won the battle a few weeks back, but I promise you that they have far from won the war!

This I promise to you and everyone else, Lori... it may not happen overnight, it may not happen for a while, but there will come a time when the next chapter for Daniel Harper will begin!

[He stares intently at the camera as he finishes that sentence.]

LD: Daniel Harper, thank you and we do look forward to seeing you back in action soon.

[Harper nods in Dane's direction, but otherwise, does not relax his intense stare...

...and we fade from the pre-taped footage to live action in the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing alongside "Flawless" Larry Wallace and Travis Lynch - both set for action.]

MS: One tag team may be gone for the moment in Next Gen but that just opens up an opportunity for people like the men standing beside me right now. Larry Wallace, what goes through your mind when you hear that Next Gen is going to be out indefinitely and the path to the World Tag Team Titles just got one step clearer?

[Wallace waves a dismissive hand.]

FLW: I'd love to be one-half of the World Tag Team Champions with my good friend, Travis, here... but that's not what tonight is about. This isn't business, Mark... this is personal. Real personal. Talk to 'em about it, Travis.

[Stegglet turns to Travis Lynch.]

MS: It's a big weekend here in Los Angeles for your family, Travis. Your brothers are both in huge matches at Memorial Day Mayhem as James looks to become the AWA World Champion when he takes on Supernova... and Jack looks to get a little bit of payback for your sister and the rest of your family when he meets Supreme Wright in a Towel Match with your sister, Theresa, at ringside holding his towel. And you-

[Travis interrupts - just the slightest hint of a smile on his face.]

TL: And I'm on the streets of Hollywood taking out the trash... that sound right?

[Stegglet winces.]

MS: I didn't mean-

[Travis interrupts again.]

TL: I know you didn't, Mark... but that's the reality of the situation, isn't it? While one brother looks to settle old scores and one looks to reach the top of the world, I'm down here on the street looking to deal with something that should've been dealt with a long time ago. When you look over at Whittaker and Sanderson and that rat O'Connor... there's a theme to this business, right? Loyalty... or lack of it.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: I'm not sure I follow, Travis.

TL: It's simple, Mark. Tonight is about loyalty. It's about getting that pound of flesh my family is owed for taking those two in - Sanderson and Whittaker. My dad making them part of our family... my dad trusting them to carry his name into that ring... and them stabbing him in the heart for it.

[Travis shakes his head.]

TL: There's been too much of that for my family, you know. I'm dealing with the Blackjacks... I'm dealing with that snake O'Connor... and Jack and Theresa are taking care of the biggest snake of 'em all, Supreme Wright.

[The longest reigning National Champion holds up a hand.]

TL: Maybe I'm wrong there, Mark. Wright and O'Connor... they're like two peas in a pod, aren't they? They both came to my family and wanted to be a part of it. They both sat at our family table, shared food with us, shared laughs with us, shared birthdays and Christmas and...

[He shakes his head again.]

TL: ...and both of 'em turned out to be no good snakes in the grass that jumped up and bit us when we least expected it.

Mark, I'd give anything to be there Monday night in the ring with Supreme Wright. Jack's got it... I know he does... and if he needs my help, I'll be right there to make sure he's got it. But he's got that for us.

And now, I got this for him.

[Lynch glares.]

TL: Bobby O'Connor... Jack treated you like family and there ain't nothin' in the world that means more to us Lynches than family. He treated you like a brother... and you let... what? Jealousy? Bitterness? You let it take over your soul and turn you into the scum we see out here every week. You claim to be a man of God but believe me... the kind of bile you spit out on the mic ain't nothin' that the Lord upstairs wants any part of.

Hey Mark... how do you know when Bobby O'Connor is lying?

[Stegglet shrugs.]

TL: His mouth is open.

[Travis smirks, holding up a clenched fist.]

TL: And tonight, if you cross my path, O'Connor, I'm gonna close it for good.

[Wallace slaps his partner on the back, the fan favorite duo departing as the crowd cheers...]

MS: It's not business... it's personal in the words of Larry Wallace and I think this match tonight is going to resemble more of a fight than a wrestling match. Sweet Lou?

[We cut to elsewhere backstage, where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing by. He's flanked on his left by Bobby O'Connor, with Dustin Sanderson and Jason Whittaker standing to his left. O'Connor has a look of serenity on his face, whereas Sanderson

looks ready to explode. Whittaker has his head bowed, seemingly in prayer, as Blackwell begins.]

SLB: Gentleman, you just heard the-

[Sanderson grabs the mic, cutting off Blackwell. He points directly at the camera.]

DS: Oh we heard plenty, all right! Travis Lynch wants to come out here and talk about loyalty? Travis Lynch, who has more paternity suits against him than the entire Lynch Family has teeth in their lying mouths? That makes me sick to my stomach.

[O'Connor raises his hand.]

BOC: Dustin, look to your brother in these trying times.

[Whittaker raises his head, his eyes aflame with anger.]

BOC: And know that your rage is not only correct, but divine. We have all suffered, yet we have been patient. I apologize for the outburst, Lou... but these two men have been attacked by that wicked family so much already in their young careers. So much so that Jason here has taken a vow of silence-

SLB: A vow of silence?

DS: That's right. My brother has refused to speak in a world so criminal as to allow this filth to walk around doing as they please.

[Whittaker nods, glaring at Lou.]

BOC: But as I was trying to say-

[O'Connor hits Blackwell with a sideways glance.]

BOC: All that patience, all that suffering...

[All three men nod.]

BOC: ...just prepared us for the heavenly retribution we are about to bring down tonight.

SLB: That may very well be the case, but surely you men can see the truth in Travis's words. The Lynches did take all of you in. I mean, you two men carry the name of their patriarch.

[Sanderson rolls his eyes.]

DS: Oh yeah, and what a gift it was. Going from town to town, everyone despising us and trying to injure us to the point that we couldn't make a living in this sport. At the time, we were mad as hell and ready to take it to each and every one of them for what they tried to do.

[Sanderson looks to Whittaker.]

DS: But now? We don't blame a single one of them. Because as time went on... and especially once Bobby told us what he went through, our eyes were open.

All those men weren't in the wrong. They were just like us. They were victims of Blackjack Lynch and his greed. At the end of the day, every single thing that was done to us was his fault.

[Blackwell rears back an inch, looking truly flabbergasted.]

SLB: How can you blame him for the actions of others?

[O'Connor shakes his head.]

BOC: Are you so blind, Lou? Blackjack didn't give these two the name of the Blackjacks as a gift. He wasn't trying to give them a boost.

SLB: Then why?

[O'Connor chuckles.]

BOC: He saw two men that possessed all the talent, all the power that he always wished his sons had. And that greedy sinner knew he had to remove them from this sport. Because none of his sons could ever compare. So he painted a bullseye on their backs and threw them to the firing squad.

[Sanderson nods.]

DS: But like a lot of the schemes he cooks up, it didn't work. We healed up, and we met Bobby O'Connor. Someone who'd been just as victimized by the Lynches. Someone who they tried to use because of his superior talent just like they tried to do with us. We've already left Jack laying. Bobby already sent James on the right path. So tonight, it's the final chapter. We take the only Lynch as disgusting as Blackjack and take him out of this sport.

[Whittaker slams his fist into the palm of his open hand.]

DS: Permanently.

[Blackwell looks towards O'Connor.]

SLB: Travis Lynch doesn't walk to the ring alone tonight. There's also Flawless Larry Wallace, someone you know very well.

[O'Connor nods.]

BOC: It's a sad story. In his own way, Larry is as much a victim of that hellborn family as anyone. But rather than walk a righteous path, he's chosen damnation. He's chosen to follow their satanic teachings and attach himself like a bloodsucking leech. You'll notice when he spoke, it was only about looking ahead at championship gold.

[Whittaker shakes his head mournfully as Sanderson scowls.]

DS: We got some bad news for him. There isn't going to be any gold for him. Just a dead end and a dirt nap.

BOC: And it's just as well, because any gold would melt like ice in the eternal flames where he's headed. Much like Travis, when he said Supreme Wright and myself were the same... knowing all too well why I was forced into early retirement.

[Sanderson and Whittaker bow their heads.]

BOC: Tonight we end this story. Tonight we ensure Travis Lynch never spreads his filth again. But right now?

[O'Connor raises both arms to the heavens.]

BOC: Let us pray.

[Blackwell shakes his head as the trio walks out of sight and we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The opening sounds of Rush's rock classic "Tom Sawyer" ring out across the PA system to a HUGE ROAR from the Hollywood crowd!]

RO: ...the team of "FLAWLESS" LARRY WALLACE and TRAAAAAAVIS LYNNNNNNCH!

[The cheers get louder as Wallace and Lynch emerge from the curtain onto the entrance stage. Lynch throws up the horns, standing in his super smedium t-shirt that reads "LYNCH FOR LIFE"...

...and we cut to some fans in the crowd wearing the same shirt, screaming for the fan favorite as Lynch and Wallace start making their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

SA: One of the most popular tag teams in the entire AWA, heading to the ring for a very personal bat- FROM BEHIND!

[The crowd groans as the lanky Blackjacks come rushing out from behind Lynch and Wallace, lowering the boom on them with a pair of running forearms to the back of their heads. Bobby O'Connor is close behind, a huge grin on his face as he looks on while Dustin Sanderson and Jason Whittaker put a pre-match pounding on their opponents!]

SA: Travis and Larry Wallace were on their way to the ring and these damned Blackjacks just attacked them from behind, Colt!

CP: Well, if you're going to sneak attack someone, you sure wouldn't do it from the front, Sal!

SA: Look out here and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Sanderson HURLS Larry Wallace into the steel ringsteps, knocking the top half off the base and sending Wallace down to the canvas!]

SA: -Sweet Santa Maria, down goes Larry Wallace and this match hasn't even started yet!

[Whittaker tosses Lynch under the ropes, rolling in after him...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: It has now!

SA: What?! Why?! There's no reason that this match should be officially underway after that Pearl Harbor job by the Blackjacks... I hesitate to even dignify them with that name, Colt. So disrespectful. So disloyal to the man and the family that took them and groomed them for the success they're having in the AWA today.

[Sanderson rolls in to join his partner, getting to his feet where the duo stomp and kick Lynch back across the ring. The former National Champion fights his way up off the mat...]

SA: Travis Lynch isn't going down in Hollywood without a fight!

[Lynch is throwing big looping left hands when a double kick from the Blackjacks cuts him off, doubling him over...]

CP: So much for that, Albano. Travis Lynch hero worship has gone too far around these parts and I'm glad that Bobby O'Connor's Blackjacks are taking him down a peg.

SA: Speaking of disloyal, O'Connor lurking out here at ringside... double whip by the Blackjacks puts Lynch in the corner...

[Clutching hands, the Blackjacks rush in for a double clothesline but Lynch tucks his head, rolling under the doubleteam attempt to get to his feet...]

SA: ...Lynch avoids the clothesline and here we go! Big left on Whittaker! One for Sanderson as well as the Southpaw goes to work on these two big burly brawlers!

[Lynch lunges in, scooping up Whittaker...]

SA: That's almost three hundred pounds!

[...and slams him down before turning towards Sanderson...]

SA: Much easier slam on the smaller Sanderson!

[Lynch pivots, throwing a dropkick to the rising Whittaker, sending him staggering back...]

...and as Larry Wallace rolls back inside the ring, he elevates as well...]

SA: DOUBLE DROPKICK ON SANDERSON! OUT TO THE FLOOR HE GOES!

[Wallace rises, pumping a fist as he exits the ring, leaving Lynch to pull Whittaker up, walking him over to the corner where he slaps the hand of his partner.]

SA: First tag of the match... Lynch holds the arms...

[Wallace steps in, climbing on the middle rope, and leaps off with a double axehandle onto the bigger half of the Blackjacks as Bobby O'Connor shouts about "an illegal doubleteam!"]

SA: The referee having words with O'Connor...

["Well, if it's not illegal, it's definitely immoral!" comes out of O'Connor's mouth before the referee watches as Wallace uses a hiptoss to take Whittaker up and over, dropping him into a seated position...]

SA: ...up and over goes Whittaker and- ohhhh! What a dropkick by Wallace! Right on target with that one into the back of the head!

CP: There's a reason they call him the master of the dropkick, Big Sal. We've seen two of them out of him tonight and they've both been spectacular.

[Wallace scrambles into a cover, earning a two count before Whittaker escapes.]

SA: Two count for Wallace and Lynch...

[Dragging Whittaker off the mat, Wallace pulls him to the corner, slapping Lynch's hand...]

SA: Quick tag brings Lynch back in...

[...and with a double front facelock, Lynch and Wallace take him over with a double suplex, shaking the spine of Jason Whittaker as O'Connor angrily smashes a fist down on the ring apron.]

SA: ...and into a cover after the doubleteam! We've got one! We've got two!

[But Whittaker kicks out again...]

SA: But that's all... Travis Lynch gets the two count but the Blackjacks stay in this very personal battle on the eve of Memorial Day Mayhem... and Colt, you're a pro... you're a former World Champion...

CP: Damn straight.

SA: ...how does it feel to be wrestling on the eve of a big event but not the big event itself?

CP: It's a gut punch... it truly is. A career gut punch. You look at someone like Travis Lynch - the longest reigning National Champion of all time - and he's jerking the curtain for the big show Monday night. Look, it's an honor and a privilege to be on a show like Saturday Night Wrestling... but to be here and not there... yeah, it hurts.

SA: Can it also be motivating?

CP: Absolutely. For the right person, it can drive you... it can create that burning hunger in your belly to push you back up the card and maybe even further than you were before.

[Lynch lays in a pair of big chop, sending Whittaker falling back into the buckles. With a whoop, Lynch climbs up to the middle rope, looking out on the cheering crowd...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down, bouncing a few steps out of the corner as Whittaker staggers towards him, getting dropped with a standing clothesline!]

SA: Ohhh! Down goes Whittaker again!

[Lynch gives a big fist pump in celebration as the crowd cheers...

...and as Bobby O'Connor makes a move towards climbing up on the apron, Lynch points at him, taking a step towards him which sends O'Connor scrambling backwards to stay out of reach!]

SA: Oho... and Bobby O'Connor wants NO part of the Lynches... physically at least. When the heck is this guy going to get cleared to compete, Colt?

CP: Ask him, not me. I'm sure he's chomping at the bit to get in there and show Jack Lynch who was the real talent in the TexMo Connection!

[Lynch has another shouted warning for O'Connor who eyeballs his former friend before the Texan turns back to the downed Jason Whittaker..

...who reaches up to grab the front of the trunks, dragging Lynch facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Travis Lynch's emotions getting the better of him right there. He lost his cool towards O'Connor-

SA: Deservedly so.

CP: Maybe... but right now, it got him a facefirst of buckles and a potential ass-kicking at the hands of the Blackjacks.

[Whittaker comes up off the mat, scooping Lynch up and slamming him down before slapping the hand of his partner.]

SA: There's the tag, bringing Dustin Sanderson into the ring...

[And with Lynch down on the mat, Whittaker powers his smaller partner into the air for an atomic drop lift...

...and chucks his partner down into a flying legdrop on Lynch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: Double team magic by the Blackjacks!

[Sanderson scrambles into a lateral press as Whittaker ducks out, earning a two count before Lynch kicks out...]

SA: Two count there for the Blackjacks...

[...and as Lynch rolls over onto his knees, Sanderson unloads...]

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

[...and clubs some heavy forearms across the back before climbing to his feet.]

SA: Sanderson laying a beating on Travis Lynch!

[Sanderson jerks Lynch to his feet, hooking a front facelock...]

SA: Suplex on the way!

[...but at the peak of the lift, Sanderson throws him down in a body slam instead!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: Nicely executed there! Dustin Sanderson and Jason Whittaker showing the skills that have made them one of the hottest rising tag teams in the business... and you gotta think the World Tag Team Titles are in their sights as soon as they’ve settled this issue with the Lynches.

[Lynch is down on the mat, trying to crawl across the ring towards his corner..

...but Sanderson is right there, grabbing an ankle, dragging him back across the ring to jeers from the Hollywood crowd before Sanderson drops an elbow down into the lower back!]

SA: Ohhh! Elbow down across the lower back!

[Sanderson climbs off the mat, a sneer on his face as the crowd lets him have it...

...and then swings around to DROP Larry Wallace down to the floor with a big right hand!]

SA: What a shot on Wallace! The Blackjacks are lookin’ good out here tonight, Colt.

CP: They sure are... and Bobby O’Connor likes what he’s seeing for sure.

[O’Connor claps at the downed Wallace, taunting him from several feet away as Sanderson walks back across the ring, slapping the hand of Jason Whittaker.]

SA: There’s the tag again, bringing in the big man from the Blackjacks...

[As Whittaker comes in, Sanderson brings Lynch off the mat as the duo lift and press Lynch into the air, throwing him down in a double slam!]

SA: ...and a big slam! Travis Lynch crashing down to the canvas!

[Sanderson ducks out as Whittaker settles into a lateral press, earning another two count!]

SA: The Blackjacks seem to be getting closer and closer to scoring this big win on the eve of Memorial Day Mayhem... and Bobby O’Connor is letting the referee hear it from the outside. He’s not happy about the count but he IS happy to share that opinion with the referee.

[An irate Whittaker joins his manager’s anger, hammering Lynch back towards the ropes with heavy haymakers, before whipping him across the ring...]

SA: Shoots him in... big lariat, ducked by Lynch! Off the far side!

[...and as Lynch rebounds back, he leaps into the air...]

SA: CROSSBOD- CAUGHT!

[...and Whittaker snatches him out of the sky, holding him across his chest...]

SA: Look at the power!

[...and HURLS him overhead, bouncing him across the ring!]

SA: FALLAWAY SLAAAAM!

[Lynch hits the canvas, rolling right under the ropes to the outside as the crowd "ooooohs" at the slam...]

SA: Jason Whittaker coming out aft- no, the referee steps in, stopping him cold and-

[Whittaker draws the referee away from the ropes, arguing with him...

...which allows Bobby O'Connor to put the boots to Lynch on the outside of the ring to big jeers from the Hollywood crowd!]

SA: -and there's the traitor O'Connor going after Lynch on the floor! Come on!

[Larry Wallace has seen enough, jumping down off the apron and quickly circling around the ringpost...]

SA: The Flawless One coming for his former partner... and that's enough to send O'Connor scurrying off like a rat!

[Wallace has a few more words for O'Connor who bows his head, clasping his hands before him...]

CP: O'Connor giving his former friend a little blessing at ringside... gotta love that.

SA: I don't think you do... but nonetheless, Jason Whittaker coming to the outside now to pick up where his manager left off.

[Whittaker pulls Lynch to his feet by the hair, looking to smash his head into the ring apron...]

SA: BIG SL- NO! LYNCH BLOCKS IT!

[Lynch buries a sharp elbow into the ribcage, grabbing Whittaker by the head and DRIVING his face into the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Whittaker draped across the apron, Lynch dives through the ropes and start crawling, trying to get towards his corner as Wallace hustles back into position, ready to make a tag as the crowd cheers on the good-looking Texas and O'Connor shouts at Whittaker!]

SA: Lynch trying to get to his corner, trying to make that tag!

[Whittaker rolls into the ring, trying to shake the cobwebs clear as he gets to his feet, rushing forward...

...and DROPS a big elbow down across the back of the head before Lynch can make the tag!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And Whittaker cuts him off! No tag for the former National Champion for the moment!

[Whittaker drags Lynch up and back towards his own corner, lifting him under the armpits to toss him into the Blackjacks' corner.]

SA: Right back into the corner... and another tag for the Blackjacks... and we mention Travis Lynch as a former National Champion - the longest reigning National Champion of all time for that matter - but he's also a former World Tag Team Champions with his big brother, Jack. A win here tonight would put him back on track for a shot at Team Supreme and those tag titles once again... and you have to think Travis would love to get his hands on Team Supreme, Colt.

CP: You're probably right, Big Sal... but he might live to regret that. Team Supreme plays for keeps.

[With Sanderson back in, the duo tee off in the corner, battering the body of Lynch to big jeers from the crowd. A few more seconds pass before a counting official forces Whittaker from the ring to the apron while Sanderson boosts Lynch up, depositing him on the top turnbuckle...]

SA: Sanderson drops him up top... and it looks like he's going up there with him...

[Snatching a front facelock, Sanderson sets for a superplex...]

SA: ...and he's looking for a crash landing for Travis Lynch!

[...but Lynch rocks and fires, blasting Sanderson with a left hand to the head... and another... and another...]

SA: Lynch is lighting him up! Hammering away!

[...and a well-placed shot between the eyes sends Sanderson falling backwards, crashing down on the mat to cheers!]

SA: Lynch gets free... and now Lynch steps to the top, standing tall!

[As Sanderson gets up, Lynch takes flight, catching him across the chest with a crossbody, snatching a leg...]

SA: CROSSBODY CONNECTS! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: -OHHH! NEAR FALL FOR LYNCH!

[And as Lynch crawls off Sanderson, he again takes aim at the corner, crawling towards a waiting Larry Wallace who stretches his arm out as far as he can...]

SA: Lynch doesn't get the win but he might get the tag! Lynch crawling! Sanderson is still down and-

[Sanderson reaches out, blindly grabbing for Lynch's foot as the referee leans in...

...and the momentary distraction is enough for O'Connor to YANK Wallace down off the apron to big jeers!]

SA: What the-?! O'Connor strikes again!

CP: He's earning his paycheck tonight, Albano!

SA: He sure is... and look at this now! Wallace wants to get his hands on his former partner!

[Larry Wallace stalks after a retreating Bobby O'Connor on the outside, the crowd rooting for the Flawless One to get his hands on his former Youngbloods partner...]

SA: Wallace wants to teach his former friend a lesson and-

CP: But it's Wallace and Lynch learning the lesson right now! Lynch is there for the tag but Wallace is out on the floor dealing with Bobby O'Connor!

SA: There's no one for Travis to tag!

CP: There's no one for him to tag because THIS - right here - THIS is the problem when you throw a tag team together like this! The Blackjacks and Bobby O'Connor are outsmarting these two at every turn, Big Sal!

[The fans are urgently urging Wallace to get back to the corner...

...but before he can, Dustin Sanderson DRILLS a standing Lynch from behind with a running forearm smash to the head!]

SA: Ohhh! From behind, Sanderson lowers the boom on him!

[Grabbing him by the hair, Sanderson drags Lynch back across the ring as Wallace jumps on the apron, looking for the tag too late...]

SA: And just like, Sanderson rips a potential comeback away from Lynch and Wallace... Sanderson and O'Connor that is.

[Sanderson grabs the arm, whipping him the short distance into the neutral corner where Lynch SLAMS into the buckles, losing his feet and collapsing into a seated position on the mat where Sanderson promptly plants his boot on the throat, pulling on the ropes for leverage...]

SA: Sanderson choking him in the corner - these Blackjacks really working over Travis Lynch and at this point of the match, this could not be going any better for the Blackjacks and Bobby O'Connor, can it?

CP: They're absolutely cruising right now... this is the stuff you dream of as a manager when your team is clicking on all cylinders like this.

[The referee backs off Sanderson who watches as Lynch grabs the ropes, crawling alongside them...]

SA: Lynch again trying to crawl across the ring but he's crawling towards the wrong side of town here. Crawling right into the jaws of Jason Whittaker...

[Whittaker points to the corner as Sanderson pulls Lynch up, shoving him into the turnbuckles, driving a tackle into the gut... and again... and again before the referee steps in again...]

SA: Sanderson backs away... and- oh, come on! Whittaker choking him with the tag rope!

[The crowd reacts - as does Larry Wallace who ducks through the ropes to save his friend and partner but the referee cuts him off!]

SA: Wallace trying to get there but the referee's not about to let that happen!

[As Whittaker chokes, Sanderson kicks Lynch repeatedly in the midsection...]

SA: This is a damn mugging in the corner right now!

[Whittaker lets go of the tag rope and as the referee gets Wallace out, Whittaker tags back in...]

SA: Another tag by the Blackjacks, Whittaker coming in...

[...and as he grabs Lynch by the throat, he walks him out towards the middle of the ring...]

SA: ...looking for the chokeslam perhaps!

[...but as the big man lifts, Lynch slips out of the goozle, landing on his feet and promptly going into a spin!]

SA: DISCUS PUNCH! DISCUS PUNCH CONNECTS!

[The big spinning left hand lays out Whittaker on the mat, both men collapsing to the canvas as the crowd ROARS for Lynch's signature move!]

SA: LYNCH COMES UP BIG RIGHT THERE!

CP: He lands the big shot but he went down like a rock too! This is his chance to make the tag - finally - but can he do it?

[Travis is dragging his battered body across the mat as Whittaker lies flat on his back...]

SA: He's trying, Colt! Travis Lynch dragging himself towards Larry Wallace, inch by inch!

[...O'Connor slamming his hands into the mat, shouting at Whittaker who rolls onto his chest, trying to crawl towards his own corner...]

SA: Both men down! Both men crawling! Who can get to the corner first?

[...and with the crowd ROARING for Lynch to make the tag...]

SA: Whittaker tags!

[...Dustin Sanderson comes through the ropes, rushing to cut off Lynch before...]

SA: TAG!

[...and the crowd ROARS as the tag is finally made, Larry Wallace slingshotting over the top rope to legally join the match once more!]

SA: WALLACE IS IN! SANDERSON IS IN!

[The duo is trading big shots in the middle of the ring as the crowd goes wild for the exchange...]

...and Sanderson swings a knee to the gut, cutting him off!]

SA: Ohh! Sanderson lowers the boom to the body... Irish whip across...

[Sanderson draws the big fist back, ready to smash the incoming Wallace who drops into a baseball slide, going between the eyes of Sanderson, coming to his feet...]

SA: DROOOOPKICK!

[...and connects with the "world's greatest dropkick" sending Sanderson flying backwards, crashing down on the mat as Wallace scrambles into a lateral press, hooking a leg!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: HE GOT THE FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[But the jeering crowd lets us know of chicanery in the mix!]

SA: No, no - O'Connor PUT his foot on the ropes! Bobby O'Connor just saved this match for the Blackjacks!

[Wallace kneels on the mat, looking around in confusion at the near fall...

...and then spots a smirking O'Connor on the outside.]

SA: Uh oh!

[The smirk quickly vanishes as Wallace rolls to the outside, chasing after a fleeing O'Connor...]

SA: And look at him run! That snake! The weasel! That-

[O'Connor rounds a ringpost, Wallace coming hot on his heels after him...

...and runs right into a Whittaker lariat who bursts unseen from a crouch to flatten Wallace on the floor to big jeers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! Whittaker drops him like a bad habit on the outside of the ring! O'Connor led Wallace right into a trap and Wallace didn't see Whittaker coming at all!

[The boos continue as Whittaker puts the boots to Wallace on the outside...

...and on the inside, a struggling Travis Lynch is back in, throwing shots at Dustin Sanderson as he gets to his feet!]

SA: We've got a fight on the floor! We've got a fight in the ring! It's breaking down in Hollywood!

[Lynch drives Sanderson back into the corner, fire in his eyes as he steps up to the middle rope again...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

[...and the referee is in the corner, shouting at Lynch to get out of the ring... when Sanderson reaches out, pulling the referee's face down to be pressed against Lynch's lower back...]

SA: What is he...?!

[...which allows Bobby O'Connor to scramble up the steps, reaching over the ropes to RAKE the eyes of Lynch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch drops down blinded to stand near the corner, rubbing his eyes vigorously...

...which is when Sanderson slips in a stunning headbutt, stunning Lynch which allows Whittaker to grab the legs from the outside, pulling Lynch's feet out from under him...]

SA: What is...?

[...and YANKS his groin into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: So much for the Lynch grandchildren plan!

[With Lynch grabbing at his family jewels in incredible pain, Whittaker grabs the leg of Lynch, taking aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and wraps his knee around the steel ringpost, causing Lynch to cry out in pain again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again, leaving Lynch screaming in pain, holding onto his knee as Wallace comes rolling back into the ring, rushing across towards an interceding Sanderson who cuts him off before he can help his partner, booting him in the gut and DROPPING him with a snap DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: DDT DUMPS HIM ON HIS HEAD! COVER!

[The referee dives down to count.]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: OHHH! NEAR FALL FOR THE BLACKJACKS RIGHT THERE!

[Sanderson glares at the official who holds up two fingers as O'Connor buries his face in his hands on the outside, shouting at Whittaker...]

SA: O'Connor told Whittaker to get in there too!

[Whittaker ignores the protesting official as the duo pulls Wallace up, whipping him across the ring as the referee kneels to check on an anguished Lynch in the corner...]

...and the Blackjacks launch Wallace skyward, shoving him into the air before dropping him facefirst on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: FACEFIRST TO THE MAT!

[Whittaker backs off, standing guard as the referee crawls over to count again...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: KICKOUT JUST IN TIIIIIME!

[Whittaker angrily kicks the ropes, shouting at the official who tries to get him out of the ring. Sanderson turns to put some boots to Lynch, preventing him from getting off the mat as Whittaker pulls Wallace up, ducking low to lift him up...]

SA: Whittaker's trying to get him up into the electric chair!

[Standing tall, Whittaker moves to the middle of the ring where Wallace starts battering the skull with right hands, staggering Whittaker enough to lean forward, dragging him down...]

SA: VICTORY ROLL! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SANDERSON MAKES THE SAAAAAVE!

[The crowd grumbles over Sanderson's diving save!]

CP: And the referee's REALLY lost control of this one! I can't even remember who the legal competitors are and I don't think the referee knows either!

SA: You may be right but the official is putting Sanderson out now... Sanderson's trying to stick around though...

CP: He might be the legal man!

SA: He might be but- what the-?! Get him DOWN from there!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as Bobby O'Connor gets up on the apron, holding a steel chair in hand...]

...and the referee suddenly finds himself being held by Sanderson, preventing him from seeing what's going on behind him as Whittaker hits Wallace with a boot downstairs, grabbing him by the hair...]

SA: No, no! Don't do this! Somebody get him down from there!

[...and as Whittaker rushes Wallace towards the chair...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...Wallace reverses and SMASHES Whittaker's head into the chair!]

SA: REVERSED! REVERSED! WALLACE PUTS WHITTAKER INTO THE STEEL!

[On the outside, a shocked O'Connor is yanked off the apron by a hobbling Travis Lynch, sending O'Connor sprawling across the ringside mats as a wincing Lynch climbs up on the apron, sticking out his arm...]

SA: Lynch is up and- TAG!

CP: Wallace wasn't looking for that tag, Big Sal - Lynch tagged himself in!

[A hobbling Lynch gets in, throwing left hands at the incoming Sanderson, rocking him over and over... and big swinging haymaker puts him down on the mat!]

SA: LYNCH DROPS HIM!

[Lynch is all sorts of fired up as Whittaker climbs up off the canvas...]

SA: Whittaker's back up annnnnd...

[...and Lynch LOCKS his left hand around the skull of Whittaker!]

SA: ...THE CLAW! THE CLAW LOCKED IN! THE LYNCH FAMILY LEGACY APPLIED IN THE MIDDLE OF HOLLYWOOD!

[The official rushes over, checking for the submission, looking to see if Whittaker wants to give it up...

...which is when a staggered O'Connor drags himself up on the apron, waving frantically as the referee whips around to get him down!]

SA: The referee's shouting at O'Connor and-

[With Lynch still holding the Claw on the weakening Whittaker, Sanderson comes rushing forward...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CLIPS the back of Lynch's injured knee, sending him down onto the other one, grimacing in pain as the dazed Whittaker throws himself back into the ropes, bouncing back...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FLATTENS Lynch with a lariat to the kneeling fan favorite, laying him flat!]

SA: WHITTAKER COVERS! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... ISSSSSSSSSS!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Whittaker rolls off Lynch, throwing a hand up into the air as a jubilant Bobby O'Connor rolls into the ring, rushing to embrace him...]

SA: They did it! The Blackjacks get the win by hook or by crook... and it was DEFINITELY by crook, Colt Patterson!

CP: It doesn't matter how you play the game, it matters if you win or lose and the Blackjacks win!

SA: And... uh oh...

[As O'Connor lifts the hands of Sanderson and Whittaker in triumph, Travis Lynch can be heard crying out in pain on the mat, grimacing as he clutches his knee...]

SA: ...it looks like Travis Lynch's knee is... fans, we're going to need some medical help out here and I think we need it in a hurry.

[The referee forces O'Connor and his soldiers out of the ring as he frantically waves towards the locker room and AWA medical personnel come rushing into view, charging towards the ring...]

SA: Travis Lynch... that knee appears to be injured, fans. He's grabbing the knee, obviously in a lot of pain... we've got Dr. Ponavitch's staff out here and... yeah... okay, we're going to take a break while they tend to Travis and... our thoughts are with Travis right now and hope everything is okay. We'll be right back.

[With Lynch grabbing his knee and Wallace kneeling beside him, we fade to black.

And for the final time before the big kickoff to the summer of '18, we fade to the bank of television monitors featuring AWA action that can only mean...]

"From the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center... Sweet Lou Blackwell!"

[...and like that, we're back in the Control Center with the AWA's resident scoopster all smiles in his black suit, white dress shirt, and royal blue tie.]

SLB: Hello, fans, and welcome to the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center for the final time this year! We are three - count 'em THREE - days away from the kickoff to the summer - the annual extravaganza known as Memorial Day Mayhem which goes down Monday night in Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, California... right down the road from Saturday Night Wrestling in Hollywood! Now, remember - this show is SOLD OUT and has been for weeks now so if you want to be a part of all the action, you've gotta join us LIVE on Pay Per View! It's been a wild week of action in Southern California for the AWA already and it's only going to get wilder Monday night in Chavez Ravine! Let's take a look at the jam-packed lineup we'll be witnessing firsthand on Monday night!

[The shot of Blackwell in the Control Center changes to a MDM graphic promoting...]

SLB: This one's already been announced as the opening match on the show with the AWA Women's World Title on the line when the Spitfire, Julie Somers, defends her crown against the 2018 Royal Crown winner Michelle Bailey! These two teamed up last weekend on Showtime and it was absolutely explosive... let's take a look at the closing moments of that one!

[We fade to footage marked "SHOWTIME - LAST WEEKEND - RESEDA, CALIFORNIA" where we see Harley Hamilton being snatched with two hands full of hair by Michelle Bailey...]

LD: -OH! BAILEY'S GOT HER! BAILEY'S GOT HER!

[...but Hamilton whips around, swinging for the fences!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

LD: WHAT A FOREARM SHOT!

[The impact of the blow sends Bailey staggering backwards, falling into her corner...]

LD: TAG! SOMERS IS LEGAL NOW!

[Cinder slowly gets up off the mat, looking up...]

LD: SOMERS OFF THE TOP!

[...and gets FLATTENED by a Julie Somers missile dropkick that sends Cinder flying head over heels across the ring!]

LD: SOMERS KNOCKS HER FLAT!

[Somers throws a glance at her corner where Bailey is down on a knee, rubbing her jaw in pain...

...and that allows Harley Hamilton to get up on the apron, grabbing at the Spitfire!]

LD: What the-?! HAMILTON IS ALL OVER THE PLACE!

[Hamilton yanks Somers by the hair into the ropes, Shari Miranda trying to keep them separate as Cinder struggles to get back to her feet...]

LD: Cinder's trying to get up and-

[...and as Cinder gets back up, Michelle Bailey comes barreling across the ring...]

LD: SPEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEA-

[...but Hamilton SHOVES Somers backwards, sending her falling...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...RIGHT into Bailey's path, causing the blindly-charging Bailey to WRECK her own partner with the Britney Spear!]

LD: OH NO!

[Bailey recoils backwards, grabbing at her neck!]

LD: I think she jammed her neck too! She might've driven her own head into Somers' chest and-

BW: The skull is the hardest part of the body!

[With Bailey stunned, Hamilton - who dropped to the floor - reaches under the ropes to grab Bailey's ankle, yanking her legs out from under her and dragging her to the outside...

...just as Cinder dives on top of a laid out Somers, wrapping up the legs!]

LD: NOT LIKE THIS!

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd deflates at the bell as Cinder rolls off of Somers, throwing her arms triumphantly into the air...]

LD: You gotta be kidding me! Cinder and Hamilton pick up the victory, Ben, but...

BW: But nothing! Open the record book and stamp that W!

LD: Oh, come on, Ben! Michelle Bailey accidentally speared her own partner and...

BW: Or did she?

LD: What?! Of course she did!

BW: Or did she want to know - did she want the world to know - that if she hits the Britney Spear at Memorial Day Mayhem, we're going to have a new World Champion?!

[We fade back from the pre-recorded action to the Control Center where Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Ben Waterson is a man who is always looking to stir the pot but... he's got a point there. Michelle Bailey just showed the entire world that if she hits the Britney Spear Monday night, she will finally achieve her dream of being the Women's World Champion... and that's gotta be keeping Julie Somers up at night. Now... you may be wondering why that's our opening match... and the answer is quite simple. Because while the winner walks out of Los Angeles as the World Champion, the loser's night isn't over yet. Because they will take part in another annual tradition - the thirty participant over-the-top-rope Rumble featuring thirty women all battling it out for the opportunity to challenge for the World Title later this summer at the very first all-women's AWA Pay Per View event - Girls To The Front. But it's not just Somers or Bailey in this mix... take a look at this field, fans!

[A graphic comes up showing all of the announced competitors for the Rumble match: The loser of the title match between Somers and Bailey — Ricki Toughill — Lauryn Rage — Laura Davis — Trish Wallace — Carolina Colton — Melissa Cannon — Harley Hamilton — Cinder — Casey Cash — Melody Thompson — Victoria June — Kayla Cristol — Brass Ring Battle Royal winner AKANE — Margarita Flores — Harper Hannigan — Lady Rebecca Falkingham — Donna Martinelli — Shannon Walsh — Kimmy Bailey — Ayako Fujiwara — Betty Chang...]

SLB: All of that tremendous talent PLUS the winners of tonight's three way tag team Main Event AND a handful of surprises that not even yours truly knows about... yet.

[Blackwell winks at the camera with a grin as the graphic shifts.]

SLB: But that's not all... how about the clash between these two men who found themselves pretty busy last weekend in Reseda as well? It's The Future versus The White Knight when Derrick Williams meets former World Champion Ryan Martinez in a long-awaited matchup! This one's been brewing for a long time now - we all remember Derrick Williams helping the White Knight defend the AWA last fall in WarGames... but we also remember Williams dropping Martinez on his head with a Future Shock after the match was over. Is the era of the White Knight over? Is it

time for the Future to take over? We just may find out Monday night in Los Angeles.

[The graphic changes.]

SLB: How about this one, fans? You talk about the potential for chaos - we've got it in spades with this Trios Grudge Match pitting the Team Supreme trio of AJ Martinez, Cain Jackson, and Paris Crawford against Brian James, Jackson Hunter, and Shadoo Rage! This one's got a chance to steal the show in the eyes of this analyst and you do NOT want to miss it!

[And again.]

SLB: Talk about potential chaos and you gotta be talking about this one - NO DISQUALIFICATION for the AWA National Title when the champion - Jordan Ohara, the Phoenix - takes on the Sin City Savior himself, Sid Osborne in a bitter collision. And don't forget the added stipulation. If Ohara wins the match, the new National Title belt - which I understand will be unveiled very soon - will come out of the bank account of Osborne but if Osborne pulls out the win, the AWA will foot the bill. Let's take a look back at how this rivalry REALLY got started. It was National Wrestling Night last month in Kansas City when Ohara defended the gold against both Osborne and Robert Donovan but what happened after the match is what really set this one ablaze. Take a look...

[We fade to footage marked "NATIONAL WRESTLING NIGHT - APRIL 14th" where we are in the home stretch of the National Title match. As we join the action, Sid Osborne is laying waste to the seven foot Donovan with a steel chair across the torso repeatedly...]

SA: Sid Osborne absolutely BRUTALIZING Robert Donovan with that steel chair, just hammering him like a carpenter would a nail... and if he covers him now, I gotta think it's over, Colt!

CP: Stay focused, kid. Don't lose your cool..

[Osborne puts the chair down on the chest, angrily stomping away towards the corner...]

SA: The chair on the chest and the Sin City Savior's heading up top again!

CP: This could be a mistake, Sal. I think he should've gone for the cover right then and there but he's going up for more high risk offense and for me, there's too much at stake to do that right now.

SA: Osborne on the outside, making the climb up...

[Osborne pauses, one foot on the top rope, to make sure Donovan is still in the correct position...]

SA: OSBORNE'S UP TOP! LOOKING OUT ON THE FANS! HE'S GONNA...

[...and LEAPS into the air, pumping his arms and legs as he comes down towards the seven footer...]

SA: ...STAAAAAAAAGE DIIIIIIIVE!

[...and CRASHES down onto the chair on top of Donovan, bouncing off on impact, the chair flying aside with him!]

SA: HE NAILED IT! HE GOT IT ALL!

[But the bounce off of Donovan and the chair carries him towards the ropes where he falls to the outside!]

SA: Oh no!

CP: He bounced right off him, Sal! Osborne went all the way to the floor off that bounce and...

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

SA: OHARA! OHARA!

[And with Donovan down and Sid on the outside, Ohara is quickly climbing up the turnbuckles from the apron...]

SA: THE PHOENIX IS CLIMBING! RISING UP THE BUCKLES! HEADING TO THE TOP!

[...and steps to the top rope, arms held over his head as he waits one moment to compose himself...]

SA: OHARA'S GONNA FLY!

[...and THROWS himself into the air, pumping his arms and legs again!]

SA: PHOENIX FLAAAAAAAAME! DONOVAN GETS BURNED!!!

[Ohara reaches back, securing a leg as the referee counts and the Kansas City fans count along with him...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

CP: AHHHH, COME ON!

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: OHARA WINS! OHARA WINS! OHARA KEEPS THE TITLE!

CP: Sid Osborne had this match won, Albano! He had it won with the Stage Dive on the chair and Ohara STOLE it! He stole the damn thing!

SA: As you'd say, that's not how the record books will see it! They'll show on this day at this time, Jordan Ohara defeated Robert Donovan and Sid Os- OHHHH!

[The crowd reacts with Sal as Ohara climbs to his feet to celebrate and gets BLASTED with the National Title belt between the eyes by Sid Osborne!]

SA: WHAT THE HELL?!

CP: Ohara won the match but Osborne just ROCKED him with the belt!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as Osborne stands over Ohara, title belt in hand as the referee shouts at the Sin City Savior, ordering him to back off...]

...but Osborne has other ideas, lifting Ohara off the mat by the hair to a kneeling position...]

SA: No! NOT AGAIN!

[...and SMASHES the belt down between the eyes a second time!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: THE TITLE RIGHT INTO THE FACE A SECOND TIME!

[Ohara is down on his back, rolling over to his chest, his arms up over his head as the referee SCREAMS at Osborne for the sneak attack!]

SA: Sid Osborne - what a sore loser this guy is, Colt!

CP: Did he lose? He's standing over Ohara with the belt in his hands! Looks like the winner to me!

SA: He did NOT win! He did NOT!

CP: But he didn't lose either! He didn't get pinned - Donovan did! If this was under elimination rules like it'll be in London, the match would still be going!

SA: It's not though, Colt! Osborne knew the damn rules going into this and... what's this now? Don't let him do it, ref! Get in there! Stop this guy!

[Dragging Ohara off the mat, the crowd reacts as Osborne pulls the champion back by the hair, revealing a nasty gash on his forehead...]

SA: Oh... god, he's been busted open, fans. The crimson is flowing freely from the forehead of the Phoenix after being hit with that belt TWICE now and...

[...and Osborne SMASHES the title between the eyes a third time!]

SA: ...GAAAH! COME ON!

[Ohara falls limply to the mat, the blood dripping down onto the canvas as Osborne stands over him...

...and with a smirk on his face, Osborne raises the title belt over his head.]

SA: Get that belt away from him! He's not the champion! He doesn't deserve to touch that title belt!

[The referee tries to grab the belt from Osborne who shakes his head, snatching it back...

...and then SHOVES the referee down to the mat to a shocked reaction!]

SA: Oh!

CP: That'll cost him. Can't put your hands on an official.

SA: This whole thing oughta cost him! He should be fined for this! Heck, Colt, he should be SUSPENDED for this!

CP: Now that's a bit much.

SA: A bit much?! Ohara's a bloody mess! Look at him!

[Down on the mat, Ohara has rolled onto his back again, the proverbial crimson mask in place as Osborne pulls the title down, glaring at the National Champion for a few moments...]

"If I can't have this, no one can!"

[...and Osborne ducks under the ropes, rolling to the outside with the title belt clutched to his chest.]

SA: Did you hear that, Colt? "If I can't have this, no one can" - what does THAT mean?!

CP: I'm not really sure, Sal, but he's over there with...

[Colt trails off as Osborne approaches the timekeeper's table, sticking out a hand towards the timekeeper...]

"Give it over!"

[...and the timekeeper reluctantly hands the bell hammer to Osborne.]

SA: Wait a... he can't do this!

CP: You gonna stop him?

[Osborne plants the title belt down on the ring apron, looking around at the jeering crowd with a sneer on his face as the referee shouts at him from inside the ring...

...and Osborne SMASHES the hammer down onto the face of the title belt!]

SA: NO!

[He does it again, slamming the metal down into the gold...]

SA: NO! STOP THIS! STOP HIM!

[...and again, this time a chunk of gold breaking off the face of the title belt, falling to the floor. Encouraged by this, Osborne starts smashing the hammer down over and over and over...]

SA: NO, NO, NOOOO! HE'S DESTROYING THE NATIONAL TITLE!

[...and now big chunks of gold and silver are falling off the leather strap, breaking off and falling to the floor as Osborne manically continues his destruction of the National Title belt!]

SA: I can't believe my eyes, Colt!

CP: I can! He said if he can't have it, no one can - and he MEANT it!

[Osborne finally comes to a halt, tossing the hammer aside as he rolls back into the ring. He gets to his feet, slowly lifting the leather strap with fragments of gold and silver remaining attached into the air as the fans ROAR their displeasure with his actions...]

SA: He's so proud of himself!

[...and a piece of gold falls off, bouncing off the chest of a bloodied Ohara as Osborne soaks up the jeers of the crowd!]

SA: I... can't believe this. Let's go to break. If you can hear me in the truck, let's get out of this before-

[And we abruptly cut to black...

...and then fade back to the Control Center.]

SLB: Absolutely REPUGNANT actions by Sid Osborne in Kansas City... and I have no doubt that Jordan Ohara will be looking for payback in spades Monday night in Dodger Stadium. But speaking of championship matches, how about this one which looks to be just as heated?

[The graphic changes.]

SLB: Harley Hamilton and Cinder, the AWA World Tag Team Champions, putting the titles on the line against Victoria June - freshly back from injury suffered at the hands of Hamilton and Cinder - and Kayla Cristol. The Country Punks are looking for payback and they're looking for gold in Los Angeles Monday night!

[And again.]

SLB: This one though... this one is ALL business. These two competitors have never met in the ring... they've never battled it out... but on Monday night, these two undefeated warriors come to a moment where only one can stay that way. Max Magnum! Atlas Armstrong! Undefeated streaks collide in Los Angeles and I can't wait to see who comes out on top of that one!

[The graphic disappears to reveal Blackwell.]

SLB: You know, I spend a lot of time on the Internet talking about news and scoops and... one of the biggest questions surrounding this show that I get is what match is the Main Event? Is it the World Title? Is it the farewell to Juan Vasquez? Or is it this one...

[...and then reappears with the words "TOWEL MATCH" in a bold, startling font.]

SLB: ...a rematch of one of the most brutal encounters in AWA history. The leader of Team Supreme, Supreme Wright... the man who shockingly betrayed his bride and her family during the event the fans are calling the Red Wedding... including the betrayal of the man that many considered as close to him as a brother, Jack Lynch. Two former World Champions come together in a match that many of us thought we'd never see again... and the only way to win is to force your opponent's corner person to throw in the towel. For Jack, it'll be his beloved sister, Theresa... the woman betrayed at the center of this situation who will have a ringside seat to see the man she loved pay the price in blood for his dastardly actions. For Supreme Wright, we have been just been informed the identity of the Team Supreme member holding the towel...

[The graphic changes to reveal a frightening visage.]

SLB: ...the Shadow Wolf himself... and one of the most sadistic men in all of pro wrestling, Takeshi Mifune! And personally, fans, I cannot imagine the level of damage Jack Lynch would need to do to Supreme Wright to get Mifune to throw in that towel... I just can't do it. But Jack Lynch is certainly going to try as it's sure to be an enraged Iron Cowboy stepping into the ring at Memorial Day Mayhem.

And folks, that leaves us with the big two...

[The graphic changes.]

SLB: The AWA World Champion is coming home as Supernova returns to Southern California to put his World Title on the line against the treacherous James Lynch of the Westerly Dynasty! The bad blood between these two men stretches all the way back to early last year when Lynch made his return to active competition by taking

on the identity of Supernova and aligning himself with Javier Castillo and the Korugun Corporation to sully the reputation of the champion. And Lynch doesn't come alone to a fight these days as he's sure to have Veronica Westerly in his corner... and who knows? Maybe Atlas Armstrong will be there as well. Supernova will have the odds against him on Monday night but that's never stopped him from putting every ounce of fight in his body into a battle before.

[And one last time.]

SLB: As the days have gone by, it's become harder and harder for these words to come out of my mouth and now that we're on the eve of this matchup, it's almost hard to believe it - the final time for Juan Vasquez to step inside a professional wrestling ring as he walks into Dodger Stadium - the home of so many childhood memories for him - and climbs through the ropes to do battle with one of his greatest rivals, Raphael Rhodes. One last time, one more match... and if you're heading into this weekend wishing to relive the rivalry of Rhodes and Vasquez, I'd invite you to join us right here on ESPN tomorrow night as AWA Weekend continues with Unfinished Business, giving us an up close and personal look at these two competitors as we head into their showdown Monday night. It's going to be an emotional night for one and all in Blue Heaven On Earth as Vasquez goes to war for the final time. Can he write his own happy ending or will Raphael Rhodes finally get to play spoiler for Vasquez? There's only one way to find out, fans, and that's to join us Monday night on Pay Per View to see the kickoff to summer - the annual megaevent known as Memorial Day Mayhem! I can't wait! And I know you can't wait either! It's going to be a night we'll never forget to be sure! Fans, we'll see you Monday night!

[We get the parting shot of the sea of television monitors before 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 ACCESS 365 logo before fading up to what appears to be a shot in the parking lot of the American Legion Hall from last weekend's Showtime event. We can spot Kelly Taylor and Shannon Walsh of the Peach Pits standing near a car, the latter leaning heavily against it with her foot on the door. We appear to be joining them in mid-conversation.]

SW: Are you sure you want to do this?

[Taylor shrugs.]

KT: It's my last chance to get into the Rumble to be in there with you and Donna... I gotta win that match... and that's who they've picked as my partner so... besides, she seems nice enough.

[Walsh sighs.]

SW: It's not her level of nicety that concerns me... it's her lack of brain cells.

[Taylor grimaces.]

KT: Shannon! That's not nice at all!

[Walsh shrugs.]

SW: No one pays me to be nice. Kelly, she thinks she's a cat!

[Taylor grumbles, shaking her head, looking down at the ground.]

KT: Maybe she is.

[Walsh snorts and then gestures with her head off-camera.]

SW: Well... now's your chance to find out.

[Taylor moves quickly off-camera, our shot shifting to another camera to show the Peach Pits approaching Molly Bell aka Hiss Courtade who appears to be practicing her Laricat. She makes a bold swing with her arm, then we hear a low growl from her throat.]

MB: Rrrrrrrrowrrrrrrrr!

[Molly nods confidently and rotates her shoulder as Kelly approaches her teammate for next week with a little too much eagerness in her voice.]

KT: Hi Molly!

[The sudden greeting startles Molly, who hisses and arches her back, baring her teeth. Kelly's eyes go wide as she begins to try and calm Molly down.]

KT: Hey! No! It's just me! It's Kelly.

[Molly, pupils dilating, crouches a little in case she needs to pounce, but Kelly puts her hands up to try and soothe her feline fears.]

KT: I just thought maybe we should... you know... discuss strategy or something.

[Molly looks confused, muttering "strategy?", as Shannon Walsh sidles in behind Taylor, an amused smirk on her face.]

SW: Still think this was a good idea?

[Taylor glares at her partner... and then back to her... other partner.]

KT: See, we've got some tough opponents next week in Hollywood and-

[Taylor suddenly pauses, scrunching up her nose...]

KT: And-

[She pauses again, her eyelids fluttering as she winces.]

KT: And-

[And finally, she lets loose a big sneeze that causes Molly to jump back, rattling her from her defensive posture.]

KT: I'm sorry! It's just-

[And she sneezes again... and again...]

KT: UGH!

SW: What's wrong?

[...again!]

KT: I'm allergic! To cats!

[Wiping her eyes, Taylor rushes out of frame, leaving Shannon Walsh behind with an exasperated look on her face as she bellows after her ally.]

SW: SHE'S NOT A CAT!

[Molly puts her head on Shannon's shoulder, looking up into her eyes.]

MB: You call yourself a peach, but you don't see meow saying you aren't one. You should be nicer to kitties.

[Walsh stares at Molly, who grabs Walsh's hand to try and initiate a scratch behind the ear. As Walsh jerks her hand away, we fade to...

...a panning shot of the ring where we see a black rug has been laid down along with two wooden stools. A voice rings out over the PA system.]

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... THE AWA'S NUMBER ONE RATED SEGMENT...

...THE FRONNNNNNNNNNT PAAAAAAAAGE!"

[And as Prince's "Controversy" begins to play over the PA system, the fans erupt in jeers even as we can hear some canned applause ringing through.]

"AND NOW... HERE'S YOUR HOST OF THE FRONT PAGE...

...BRYYYYYYSONNNNNN PAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!"

SA: This guy truly is something, Colt.

CP: Something we agree on, Big Sal! Bryson Page is a national treasure!

SA: That's not exactly what I meant.

[A few moments pass before the curtain parts and we see the aforementioned Page leaning heavily on a crutch as he makes his way onto the entrance stage to even more jeers.]

SA: Well, as you can see, Bryson Page is making his way out here on this very special edition of Saturday Night Wrestling... and still nursing that sore ankle after what the legend Gabriel Whitecross did to him at The Battle of London.

CP: Sore?! I hear he spent hours in a London Emergency Room and it's only by the grace of the Queen herself that he didn't need a transplant.

SA: An... ankle... transplant?

CP: Cutting edge procedure over there... I hear.

SA: Uh huh... and I'm guessing you heard that from Bryson Page himself?

CP: First hand source.

[Page is wearing black loafers, faded blue jeans, and a white T-shirt under an outdated tweed blazer, and of course a microphone in hand with his foot in a walking boot as he hobbles on his crutch down the aisle, a scowl on his face as the fans let him have it.]

CP: This is a real treat, Big Sal. We're used to seeing The Front Page over on Showtime - gripping interview with Hannibal Carver last weekend in Reseda by the way - but to get it here on Saturday Night Wrestling? Big ratings win for the suits!

SA: Oh, I'm sure our ratings are soaring through the roof as this guy hobbles to the ring... no doubt about it.

CP: A rare night where we agree again!

[Page reaches ringside, grimacing as he rolls himself and his crutch under the ropes. He demands a ringside attendant come in to help him to his feet before he swipes a hand across.]

BP: Cut the music!

[The music is cut and the boos are loud on the streets of Hollywood.]

BP: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls... it is I...

[He spreads his arms wide to more boos.]

BP: ...your Voice of the Voiceless, your Paragon of Truth, your ENGAGEMENT GOD...

[He pauses, looking around with a smirk.]

BP: ... the man guaranteed to shake things up more than a 6.4 on the San Andreas
- THE... Bryson Page.

[Page looks around at the surrounding buildings.]

BP: And this is... THE FRONT PAGE!

[The boos signify they know EXACTLY what and who it is.]

BP: Wow. You hate me, you truly hate me.

[Page cups a hand to his ear, smiling at the negative reaction.]

SA: I haven't heard someone booed this loud in Los Angeles since the last time the Celtics were in town, Colt.

[Page shakes his head.]

BP: You boo me? I'm the one who should be booing you! I'm the one that should be booing this city! As a child in my little hometown of Bathgate, Scotland, the legend of Hollywood was all I could think about! The land of silver and gold! The land where dreams come true! The glitz and the glamour! The Chinese Theatre... the Walk of Fame... stars around every corner...

...and then I got here and discovered the only thing around every corner is some bum is using the alley as a bathroom!

[The boos pour down now!]

BP: Maybe I should hire this city's publicist because while the rest of the world thinks this is some kind of paradise, I'm looking around these streets and discovering that they paved paradise and put up a... wax museum?

[He visibly shudders.]

BP: So, while the potential starlets sit at a drug store counter waiting to be discovered and promptly put to work in the San Fernando Valley... Bryson Page has gone out and found a REAL future star to let the people get to know a little better.

[He does a stage whisper aside.]

BP: You're welcome!

[Page points down the aisle.]

BP: Being accompanied down the aisle by one of the greatest minds this business has ever known, "The Professional" Dave Cooper... he is big... he is bad... he is unbeaten...

...the BIG! MAN! ON CAMPUS!... TREEEEEEY CARRRRRRSONNN!

["The Man" by The Killers starts up and on the video wall we see the words "BIG MAN ON CAMPUS" appear. That's when "The Professional" Dave Cooper appears on the stage, followed by "The Big Man on Campus" Trey Carson. Cooper is dressed in a white button-down shirt, brown slacks and brown shoes. Carson is dressed in a pair of blue jeans, a white polo shirt and a black leather vest. He also wears black, fingerless gloves and a pair of shades.]

SA: While I could take Bryson Page or most certainly leave him, THIS guy is impressive, Colt.

CP: Another guy who we've mostly seen on Showtime so far, Trey Carson is undefeated since arriving in the AWA. Big, bad, and unbeaten? You got that right.

SA: And with Dave Cooper by his side, it really seems like the sky is the limit for the Big Man On Campus.

[Cooper leads Carson down the aisle and to the ring. Cooper ascends the ring steps and ducks between the ropes, while Carson grabs the top rope to pull himself onto the apron, then he steps over the top rope. Cooper looks at the booing crowd and shakes his head, then turns to face Page.]

BP: Dave Cooper, it's an honor, man! Welcome to The Front Page!

[Cooper gets a slight smile on his face and extends his hand to Page, who grasps it and they shake hands.]

DC: Let me say, Bryson Page, that it's not only a pleasure to be here, but it's good to see we have somebody here in the AWA who is not afraid to ask the hard-hitting questions and keep everyone honest.

[Page waves a dismissive hand.]

BP: I think by now everyone knows that The Front Page is where people stop being polite and start getting real... and that might not make me the most popular guy out here...

[The fans boo loudly!]

BP: ...but it does make you and I very similar, Dave Cooper, because you're a guy who has ALSO never failed to speak the truth... which brings me to my first question. Last weekend in Reseda, I was having a perfectly lovely and insightful conversation with Hannibal Carver...

[There's laughter in the crowd at that from those who saw that interview.]

BP: ...when that big, lumbering, has-been Robert Donovan showed up and ruined it all!

SA: That's not how I remember that at all, Colt!

CP: Shhhh. Grownups are talking.

[Carson takes a position between Cooper and Page. He folds his arms and stares out at the crowd, but does not move.]

BP: Tell me, Dave... I know you two have had a run-in or two with that guy. Is it true that his bank account is emptier than his brain and THAT'S why he's still wrestling?

[Cooper smirks as the fans jeer.]

DC: I don't know make it my business to know the status of a man's wealth portfolio, Bryson, but I will say that Robert Donovan has been sticking his nose a lot into other people's business, with what he did to you being only one example. But let me ask you a question related to that subject if I may, Bryson.

Was there not a point in your life when your parents told you that you need to make your own decisions and do what you feel is best for you?

[Page nods.]

DC: Well, when it comes to sticking his nose in someone else's business, Robert Donovan is spending more time than he should be worrying about what his son is doing, when his son is a grown man who can make his own decisions. Now, does that sound like what a parent should do to a grown man?

[Page raises the mic.]

BP: My parents turned me loose at eight years old and look how I turned out!

[Cooper nods.]

DC: See, that's why I called Robert Donovan a helicopter parent. Because the fact that he's sticking his nose in his son's business shows that he can't trust his son, a grown man, to make his own decisions, his opinion of Tiger Claw notwithstanding.

[Page nods.]

BP: You're absolutely right about that... and that reliance on his father's opinion of him has already cost Tony Donovan greatly in my opinion... but when we talk about relationships, everyone wants to know - what exactly is the relationship with you and the Big Man here?

[Cooper glances at Carson for a moment. Carson gives a quick nod at Cooper, but nothing more.]

DC: I'm actually glad you asked that question, Bryson, because it gives me a chance to explain. You see, I may be giving advice and encouragement, and I may handle some obligations for The Big Man on Campus if he requests it, but ultimately, it's The Big Man who makes the final decision - particularly when it comes to when he's decided that those who face him in the ring have had enough.

[Page sizes him up.]

BP: And so far, every single person he's faced has "had enough" - this guy's still unbeaten! Nobody's put him down yet! And that makes me wonder what's next for Trey Carson as we look past this weekend?

[Cooper shrugs.]

DC: There could be a lot of ways we could go, Bryson. After all, The Big Man on Campus is undefeated, he's taken down every five and dimer he's faced thus far, and he hasn't forgotten about how Robert Donovan cost him a shot at the Royal Crown.

And that is why The Big Man on Campus has his sights on Robert Donovan.

[He then gestures to Carson, who still stands there with his arms folded.]

DC: But don't take my word for it, Bryson - feel free to ask The Big Man yourself.

[Page's eyes go wide, his face almost giddy.]

BP: I get to talk to the Big Man? No lie?

DC: By all means.

[Page then approaches Carson, who has been standing there quietly, his arms folded and showing no emotion.]

BP: Big Man, the Professional here says you're going to do the world a favor and take Old Yeller out back. Talk to me about it.

[Carson tilts his head toward Page, then removes his shades. His facial expression remains hardened. After a moment, he speaks.]

TC: Bryson Page, if you've watched Robert Donovan's career, you know that most of the time, everyone who has faced him has had to stare up at him to look him in the eye.

[Carson then gets a slight smile on his face.]

TC: But I won't have to do that, Donovan. I'll be able to look you straight in the eye and tell you that you don't ever mess with The Big Man on Campus.

And when I get done with you, you'll be spending less time worrying about your son and more time worrying about when the nurse is going to come by your room to change that bedpan while you're in traction!

[He then puts his shades back on and folds his arms again, that smile still there.]

BP: I like the sound of that. For too long, this company has ridden the coattails of the aging and infirm, letting them hog the top spots while talented and hungry newcomers had to toil for every single second of air time... and now that this weekend marks the end of the King Of Burying Talent's reign... it's a new day upon us on Tuesday morning... and the world is his oyster, Dave Cooper. Big Man, you got anything else on your mind?

[Cooper steps in to field the question.]

DC: Bryson, The Big Man is a man of few words - he saves it for the ring. But I can promise you this: When Robert Donovan does step into the ring with The Big Man on Campus, he's gonna find out exactly why he lives up to that billing.

[Page claps his hands together.]

BP: I can't wait to see it. Dave Cooper, you're a true pioneer and an inspiration to us all. Anything else on your mind?

DC: Let me put it you this way... once Robert Donovan is checked off the list, The Big Man on Campus will continue to dominate the AWA, regardless of who dares to cross his path, and that is the end of the discussion!

[Page points to Carson and Cooper as the former raises his mighty arms overhead and Cooper claps.]

BP: You heard it EXCLUSIVELY right here on The Front Page! Robert Donovan is going down and Trey Carson is heading straight to the top! How's that for a scoop, Blackwell?

[Page and Cooper once more shake hands, then Page glances at Carson. Cooper gestures to his charge, who then extends a fist to Page, who shrugs and bumps fists with Carson.]

SA: If you ask me, Colt, these two are taking Robert Donovan far too lightly for a man who has been around the world and back again fighting the best this sport has to offer.

CP: Well, nobody asked you, Albano, so take a seat.

[Sal sighs.]

SA: Fans, we're coming up quick now on our Main Event which will see Molly Bell and Kelly Taylor take on the Rhodes Dynasty... and this... unusual... duo. Take a look...

[We fade up on a digitally placed Memorial Day Mayhem background as we see the fan favorite duo of "Foxy" Moxy Hart and Charity Rockwell standing before it, dressed for action. Hart has opted for a deep purple with golden streaks bodysuit, matching boots... with her hair surprisingly similarly streaked. There's glitter on her face as she grins at the camera.

Rockwell is decked out in her signature flapper style... a shimmering silver fringe dress, beaded headband, and feather boa draped over her shoulders. Her blonde hair cascades in old Hollywood waves, and her makeup, with smoky eyes and red lipstick, exudes vintage old time glamour.]

MH: They say that all that glitters is gold and by the looks of me, I'm ready for gold next! I'm ready to climb into that ring tonight with my new friend by my side...

[She gestures to Rockwell.]

MH: ...and I'm ready to come out on top of this three-way match so we can take those last two spots in the Rumble... and then we can shock the world by winning the whole dang thing and move on to Girls To The Front and... and...

[Charity steps forward with a calm, confident smile, placing a hand on Moxy's shoulder.]

CR: Easy there, doll, let's not get too zozzled before the bell rings. We've got plenty of time to shine, and I'm keen to keep this jazzy little duo on the level. Deep breath, Foxy. Let's put the screws on and give'em the stilts tonight.

MH: I'm sorry, I'm sorry... I'm just... I've had a hard time understanding something. We were all set to fight Kelly Taylor and Molly for these spots... and then the Rhodes... Rhodeses... Rhodi? Whatever! They interfered, they beat us up, and they cancelled the match... and then PUT THEM IN the match! What a kind of a... whackadoody...

[She stage whispers.]

MH: Is it "whackadoody?"

[Charity chuckles and playfully hits Moxy with her boa.]

CR: Oh, honey, it's whackadoody, cockamamie, and every bit of bunk in the book. Those Rhodes dames pulled a real low-down stunt last week, but we ain't the type to stay down. We're the cat's meow, the bee's knees, the frog's whiskers and we'll show those two wurpy windsuckers what for .

MH: Uh... huh. Okay... well, it still seems like a bad idea to me! Why reward their... their...

CR: Their skullduggery? Their no-good chicanery? Or maybe their hooliganism? Pick your poison, Foxy, the Rhodes Dynasty's got villainy to spare, but we've got the meringue to match it.

MH: Exactly! They should've been kept off this show... and the next one too! But they weren't.. and we're here... and they're here... and it's all just kinda crazy, yeah?

[Charity nods.]

CR: Crazy ain't the half of it, sister. The Rhodes think they can crash our party and leave us flat? Well, I'm still a touch sore about that little ambush, and I'm itching to serve'em a slice of humble pie. Tonight, we're steppin' into that ring with Kelly, Molly, and those meddling Rhodes, and we're gonna dry gulch those daisies until they're seeing stars!

MH: Yeah! Because we are ready... and we are able to take on these other two teams, razzle 'em, dazzle 'em, and walk out with OUR spots in the Rumble in our pockets.

[Charity laughs, twirling her boa and glancing at her fringe dress]

CR: Pockets? Darling, this getup's all style, no storage.

[Moxy looks at her outfit, also noticing her own lack of pockets.]

MH: I don't have any pockets either actually... but that's not gonna stop us! Nothing's gonna stop us now!

CR: We're gonna take'em for a ride, put on the Ritz and dance our way to Memorial Day Mayhem!

[And with that... we fade to black.

After a moment, the ESPN 30 For 30 logo comes up on the screen with the words "COMING MAY 26th, 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."

A new graphic comes up reading "TONIGHT!" before fading to black...

...and we fade back up on Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage in Hollywood.]

SLB: What a week it's been here in Los Angeles with that epic edition of Showtime last weekend! All the press! All the media appearances! All the promotional work and charity events throughout Southern California! Saturday Night Wrestling here tonight on Hollywood Boulevard... and we aren't done yet!

[Blackwell takes a breath.]

SLB: Of course, we've got Memorial Day Mayhem on Monday night... but before that, we've got - right after Saturday Night Wrestling ends - the very special 30 For 30 on the Birth of the AWA Women's Division. We've been talking about this since last fall and the premiere is finally here so make sure you stay tuned to ESPN for that. Tomorrow night, we've got Unfinished Business telling the story of Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes and their upcoming battle on Monday - the final match of Juan Vasquez' legendary career.

[Another exaggerated deep breath.]

SLB: And if you stick around until next weekend, Showtime will be right back on the air in The Temple of Boyle Heights, also down the road here in Los Angeles with Odin Gunn defending the World Television Title against Odysseus Allah! In fact, our cameras caught the Allahs discussing this upcoming title match last weekend in Reseda - take a look!

[The telltale graphic reads:

AWA ACCESS 365 - EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE

Location: American Legion Hall 308 - Canby Street, Reseda, CA

Time: 11:47 PM

The camera is shaky, handheld—tight shadows and dim yellow street lights. Odysseus Allah, hoodie up, eyes cold, loads gear into the back of a rented black SUV. Dirt Dog Unique Allah is fumbling with his duffel bag, mumbling to himself, half drunk. A bottle clinks against the pavement through the canvas duffel.]

DDUA: (words slurred and stumbling against his tongue) Ayo, lemme tell you somethin', baby boy... that was beautiful. That was some Picasso-type wrestlin' in there tonight, baby. I mean—OHH!— Crowd went stupid... don't worry about the loss, kiddo. They was all into you. We gon get him next time.

[Dirt Dog tries to open the driver's side door. He tugs at the handle but the door doesn't move.]

DDUA: Ayo, Let me—lemme drive the spaceship, kid...

[Odysseus Allah ignores his father's outstretched hand. He holds the keys with a slow glare.]

OA: Nah. Not tonight, old man. Not like this. I'ma tryin' to be old, feel me?

[Allah the son clicks the key fob. He opens the door.]

OA: You ridin' shotgun.

[Odysseus goes to step into the car, but pauses. He steps up and pops his head over the roof, looking down at his father on the other side.]

OA: You over there talkin' like this was all part of your vision... like you're some kinda prophet. But you the same one who blew it for me tonight. You had one job — don't interfere. Let it breathe. But no, you had to go step on everything. I had my name on Juan Vasquez's lips. He was glazin' me. Juan Vasquez, Pops. But no, here you come havin' to have your moment and commit me to using my TV title shot. I was holdin' onto that shot until the time was right ... until the time was perfect for me.

And you just had to make it about you. Again.

[The Dirt Dog grins, jumping up to lean on the roof too. He nearly falls to the pavement but catches himself.]

DDUA: Time is an illusion, baby boy! Nawmean. Ain't no "perfect" time — just divine chaos! And I am the architect of that chaos! They call me Dirt Dog for a reason!

Look at you though. All serious. All tight. You in your head too much. Ain't you see what happened to Odin Gunn out there? Boy went through hell with Wade Walker. Blood. Steel chairs. Windshields. This lot still a mess, dawg. He was spittin' up his damn soul out there. And then that crazy King Kong Hogan muhfuh comes out lookin' like an extra from a Mad Max flick and turns it into a whole zoo.

[Odysseus Allah, nods, tapping the roof, staring away from his father, calm and coiled.]

OA: ...Yeah. I saw it.

[Allah the son pauses.]

OA: Saw how Odin barely walked outta that ring. How he looked like he didn't even know where he was when it was over. That man's body is broke. Mind ain't far behind. And after tonight?

[Allah smirks, slow and dangerous.]

OA: He might not even make it to Showtime.

[He turns to Dirt Dog.]

OA: Maybe... just maybe... the time is perfect.

[Dirt Dig cackles, hopping in the passenger seat.]

DDUA: THERE it is! THAT'S my boy! Big Brain! Tactical like Sun Tzu in some Nike boots! I told you! You ain't just the heir, baby—you the anointed one!

[Dirt Dog lowers the window and leans out, yelling toward the building.]

DDUA: Y'ALL BETTER START PRAYIN' TO WHOEVER YOU BELIEVE IN, CUZ ODYSSEUS — HE COMIN' FOR HEADS!

[Dirt Dog laughs uncontrollably]

DDUA: YOU GONNA BE THE BLACK PHARAOH OF PAIN, BABY!

OA: (quietly, starting the engine) Let 'em laugh now. Let 'em joke. They don't know what's coming. But they will. They all gonna find out what happens when I decide to become the king.

[The SUV pulls out into the night. The taillights disappear down Canby Street as we fade through black to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... weighing in at 300 pounds... from Hunter's Point, San Francisco, California...

...TA'AVALEVALE!

[Ortiz runs out of the way of as TA'AVALEVALE, a monstrous tattooed monster with long black hair tied in a warrior's knot, takes the center of the ring and roars intimidatingly. She stands a few feet away before continuing.]

RO: Annnnnd his opponent... from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 220 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Dirt Dog Unique Allah...

Here is... ODYSSEUS ALLLLLLLAAAAAAH!

[OI Dirty Bastard's "Snakes" plays over the PA system as the Allahs make their entrance. Odysseus Allah comes out first, shadowboxing and smirking at the crowd in his Amiri shearling trucker jacket and drop crotch cargo pants. Behind him comes Dirt Dog Unique Allah, wearing a bomber jacket with no shirt and ragged jorts. He waves a replica AWA World Television championship around. This belt is available from AWAShop.com.]

SA: Odysseus Allah heading out to the ring now... and if there's one thing this kid has in surplus, it's ego, Colt. This kid is arrogant down to the bone... and if I'm looking at that monster from San Francisco in there with him, I'm not sure if I'd be quite so confident as he seems to be.

CP: Odysseus Allah is sending a message. Next time we see him - one week from tonight on Showtime - he will be competing for the AWA World Television championship against Odin Gunn, the unstoppable monster. He wants a man just as big, just as bad. Just as nasty. The Prince seems to know he has already won. Look at his confidence. I still think there's a big difference between this guy and Odin Gunn.

[The bell sounds and TA'AVALEVALE goes charging madly across the ring but the smaller and quicker Odysseus Allah dodges out of the way with his silky footwork, sending the big Samoan crashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

SA: TA'AVALEVALE trying to jumpstart this match but nobody home as Odysseus Allah ducks out of the way.

CP: Odysseus Allah has some of the best and smoothest footwork I have ever seen. That was clean, Albano.

SA: That seems to have riled up the big man from San Fran!

[The big man throws meaty hands but no blow comes close to landing as Odysseus ducks, rolls, and avoids all the strikes...]

SA: Every place the big man swings, Allah fails to be and- WHOA!

[Albano's reaction comes as a mighty clubbing lariat is thrown but Allah bridges backwards to duck under the blow...

...and then kips up to his feet, snapping a back elbow into the jaw of the Samoan, rocking the big man!]

SA: Big shot from Odysseus Allah and he lands the first blow of this matchup!

CP: The kid got hands! I will tell you that, Albano! That might have knocked a tooth loose.

[Odysseus turns to his father, hugging himself as he shivers as if he were sick. The crowd boos as Allah senior returns the taunt.]

SA: And Odysseus Allah mocking his opponent.

CP: He is not. He's just saying he's so quick that he's sick!

[But Allah's taunting comes too early as TA'AVALEVALE shakes off the blow, snatching Allah by the hair, turning him around to face him...

...but before he can land a shot, Allah snaps off a pair of blistering leg kicks to the knee, slowing the big Samoan down!]

SA: Now going to work with the feet, showing off the striking prowess we've seen since his debut last fall...

[A push kick to the midsection creates some space before Allah winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES a palm strike into the face of the big man, sending him staggering backwards...]

SA: Quick and devastating offense from Allah, sending the Samoan staggering back into the corner...

CP: And look at the smile on Allah's face. He's smelling blood in the water!

[Allah wades forward, ducking under a wild swing and starts throwing rapidfire palmstrikes into TA'AVALEVALE's solar plexus. The crowd gasps with sympathy as the air is battered from the 300 pounder's lungs and his legs start to wobble...]

CP: These strikes are surgical. Odysseus is striking the solar plexus, Sal. Those blows are right to the nervous system in the midsection. If you've ever been hit there your body stops breathing and you can't move. I didn't know the kid had hands like that! He COULD give Gunn a run for his money.

SA: And there was nothing but rage behind each of those strikes! Don't let the kid's good looks fool you or the antics of his father distract you. Allah is vicious... and while he's got a tall mountain to climb next weekend on Showtime, he's got a better shot than people are giving him credit for if you ask me.

[Allah grabs the big man's wrist, attempting a whip...]

SA: Uh oh... we may have spoken too soon...

[...but the Samoan doesn't budge.]

SA: Allah boots him in the gut, trying again now...

[But the whip attempt is reversed, sending Allah towards the far buckles, charging in after him, determined to squash Allah like a bug but Allah leaps up onto the top turnbuckle and vaults backwards over the incoming TA'AVALEVALE!]

SA: Up and over goes Allah!

CP: What athleticism! The big guy can't get a hold of him! You can't beat what you can't catch!

SA: Slippery as a snake!

[Allah drops low, swinging a leg into the back of the knee, bringing the big man down on the canvas, hitting with a thunderous crash...]

SA: Ohhh! He sweeps the leg out from under the big man!

[Odysseus Allah hops on one foot before hitting his shiver again. He hops forward, driving his foot down hard on the right arm of TA'AVALEVALE.]

CP: And now he's giving these Angeleno's in Hollywood a little spelling lesson. What's his name, Sal?

SA: Allah.

CP: Spell it.

SA: A-L-L-A-H!

[As Big Sal spells out the letters, Odysseus Allah stomps the right arm, right leg, left leg, left leg and the head of TA'AVALEVALE before he turns to the camera with a florid bow.]

SA: And the spelling bee is over. Look at Dirt Dog cheering on the outside.

"THAT'S THE NEW KING! YOU HEAR THAT GUNN! JUNE 2! IT'S ALL OVER! JUNE 2!

[Allah dives into the cover, getting a two count before the big man throws Allah off him with power...]

SA: TA'AVALEVALE powers out of it! Kickout at two!

[Struggling to his feet, the big man walks right into a boot to the gut by Allah who grabs the arm, twisting it around into a wristlock for another attempt at a whip... but again, it's reversed, sending Allah into the ropes where he bounces back towards the waiting big man who lifts him up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ALLAH GETS CRUSHED! 300 POUNDS BEHIND THAT SAMOAN DROP!

[Allah rolls around in pain on the mat as Dirt Dog pounds the canvas, shouting at his son to get up...]

CP: The ring is still shaking from that one... and that totally turns this thing around!

[The big Samoan is on his feet, nodding his head as the crowd starts to surge in support for him...]

...and Allah staggers up into a stiff-fingered thrust to the throat, sending him falling back into the ropes where he bounces back...]

SA: OHHH! WHAT A HEADBUTT!

CP: You never want to get headbutt by a Samoan, Big Sal!

[With Odysseus Allah wipes out on the mat, TA'AVALEVALE stands over him, sweeping his arms around at the cheering crowd, slapping his chest a few times as the crowd gets louder...]

SA: And this mighty Samoan has the crowd behind him in Hollywood!

CP: He should've covered him though, Sal. He's wasting time playing to these fans and that'll get you nowhere but trouble.

[Instead of listening to the former World Champion, the Samoan pulls Allah up to his feet and roars, whipping Allah hard into the corner. He goes charging in, twisting in the air for the hip attack.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: What did I just say, Albano?! Nothing but trouble for Big T as he draws nothing but iron in the corner! And if Odin Gunn and Curly Bill are watching, the lesson learned should be - don't give this kid a second to catch his breath!

[The big Samoan stumbles out of the corner, clutching his back as Dirt Dog Unique Allah is suddenly up on the apron, shouting at the wounded big man...]

SA: Get him down from there!

CP: Obviously, Dirt Dog sees something not right and would you deny a father the chance to help his son?!

SA: When he helps him like THIS... absolutely! It's not 1997 - his time in the spotlight is over!

[The crowd is jeering Allah Senior as the referee tries to get him down off the apron, TA'AVALEVALE turning to bellow at Allah as well...]

...and in the meantime, Odysseus Allah is kissing his fist, winding up like he's Sugar Ray Leonard!]

SA: Allah's looking for a big right hand!

[TA'AVALEVALE turns around as Allah surges forward with an uppercut...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...to the most sensitive part of the male anatomy. TA’AVALEVALE’s eyes cross and he sucks wind as he collapses to his hands and knees!]

SA: ALLAH GOES LOW ON THE BIG MAN!

[With a devious smirk, Allah slingshots over the ropes, quickly climbing to the top rope where he. takes a moment to “shoot” a finger gun at the big man who is still down on all fours before leaping off...]

SA: ALLAH FROM THE TOP!

[...and DRIVES the back of his heel down across TA’AVALEVALE’s neck with the diving axe kick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: BOOM GOES THE CANNON! AND ODYSSEUS ALLAH GOT ALL OF IT!

CP: OFF WITH HIS HEAD! And the young prince is ready to ascend to the throne!

[As TA’AVALEVALE lies motionless face down on the mat, Odysseus yells at his father to get off the apron. He grabs the big man’s leg, bending it back towards his ear before cradling the head and ankle, locking in a submission hold...]

SA: What is...?

[...and CRANKS on it, snarling with his teeth bared as the big man screams in pain and quickly taps the mat in submission!]

SA: That was fast! INSTANT TRIP TO TAP OUT CITY BY TA’AVALEVALE!

CP: He calls that the CHECKMATE! The King is dead! Long live the King!

[As his music starts and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official, Unique Allah jumps in the ring, taunting both the crowd and the fallen Samoan...

...and then lays in a few stomps on the big man himself, yelling “Get out of the ring!”]

SA: Get that man away from him! The match is over!

[A smirking Odysseus Allah regains his feet, watching as his father lays the replica World Television Title belt over the fallen Samoan...]

“We only deal with real gold, muhfuh!”

[Allah daps up his son before leaping onto the turnbuckles and waving his arms in celebration. It is a bow to the King, Odysseus Allah.]

CP: A father’s love is a beautiful thing, Albano.

SA: Unique Allah is not celebrating his son. He is reliving his own glory days through his son. This isn’t beautiful. This is a portrait of unchecked ego.

CP: You’re real fun at a party, ain’t you, Albano?

[Dirt Dog hops down, stomping over to Rebecca Ortiz where he snatches the mic out of her hand to jeers from the Hollywood crowd.]

DDUA: I raised a king! A general! You see that? He's already playin' chess while the rest'a y'all muhfuhs strugglin' with checkers in crayon!

[Odysseus grabs the mic, staring into the camera.]

OA: Y'all thought I was waitin' for the right time? Nah. I am the time. And if the TV Champion's still breathin' after last weekend... he better hold that belt tight. Cuz I'm comin' for the crown.

Checkmate.

[Allah spikes the mic, mounting the midbuckle to jeers as his father celebrates behind him...]

SA: For months, we've wondered when Odysseus Allah would decide to cash in his contract for a shot at the World Television Title... and the answer is seven nights from now in Boyle Heights.

CP: After what happened to Odin Gunn last weekend, Albano, the time may never be better for Allah to make history.

SA: We'll see about that. But speaking of challengers looking to make history in the near future, let's talk about the Country Punks. Victoria June, fresh off of injury and her best friend Kayla Cristol are looking to take those World Tag Team Titles off Harley Hamilton and Cinder on Monday night as well.

CP: They are, Sal... but they've also entered the Rumble. And I gotta wonder what kind of focus you can have when you've split up your night like that.

SA: A lot of bad blood between those teams... and right now, let's take a look at some footage captured earlier tonight with our own Sweet Lou Blackwell down at the Chinese Theatre!

[We cut to pre-recorded footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where the camera opens on the iconic courtyard outside the Chinese Theatre - Hollywood stars beneath their feet, spotlights cutting through the LA night.]

AWA's Sweet Lou Blackwell mic in hand, stands between the one-and-only Country Punks, Victoria June and Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol. June's spiked blonde hair is wrapped in a multicoloured silk scarf, tied around her forehead. She is dressed in a silver rocker leather jacket, skintight ripped jeans and a cross-tied bandeau top that shows her spider cleavage tattoo. Kayla is dressed in her western-themed gear, turquoise boots, shearling duster and cowboy hat over jean shorts and a tied up plaid shirt.]

SLB: AWA fans, we are just TWO - count 'em - TWO days away from Memorial Day Mayhem at Dodger Stadium... and joining me right now are two of the toughest, roughest women in the AWA locker room - Victoria June and Kayla Cristol, the Country Punks - to talk to us about it!

[The crowd nearby cheers.]

SLB: First off, the elephant in the room perhaps... you two are fighting not once but twice on Monday night. First, the Women's World Tag Team Titles will be on the line when you take on two women that are not on your Christmas card list - Harley Hamilton and Cinder... and then later in the night, you enter the 30 woman Memorial Day Rumble with a shot at the Women's World Title hanging in the balance. What's going through your minds with so much at stake two nights from now?

[June leads off, spitting to the side with fire in her eyes.]

VJ: What's goin' through mah head, Lou?

Nothin' but bad intentions and busted knuckles.

[June leans into the mic, the Tennessee thick in her voice.]

VJ: Ah already know what it feel like to get thrown out that Rumble - ah was the first woman to ever get eliminated. That's in the record books, ain't it? The first one out. But that ain't how they gon' remember me this year.

[She points to her chest, where the spider tattoo stretches over her heart.]

VJ: This time, ah'm bringin' the bite. Ah ain't just showin' up - ah'm showin' out. And if ah gotta fight twice in one night, then ah'll do it twice as mean.

[Cristol speaks, a soft drawl with steel underneath.]

KC: We ain't naïve, Lou. We know the odds. We know our bodies gonna be run ragged. First, we gotta get past Harley and Cinder - two dangerous, connivin' women with gold on their hips and venom in their eyes.

[She adjusts her cowboy hat.]

KC: But after that bell rings? We're marchin' into that Rumble with blood still on our boots. And you best believe - if one of us gets thrown out, the other's still comin'. We didn't come all this way from Jackson and Foulkes just to play nice.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: Which brings up another elephant, I suppose - if it comes down to the two of you in the Rumble, are you willing to throw each other out?

[June grins wide.]

VJ: Only if she swings first.

[Cristol laughs, replying with a smirk.]

KC: Oh, I'll swing. But it's only 'cause I know she'll respect me for it. But Lou, the thing is-

[Cristol stops cold, a hissing interrupting as the camera pulls back to reveal the Serpentes — the Mamba in her white mohawk and icy stare and orange-mohawked Copperhead already pacing like she's ready to fight. The vibe shifts immediately as Mamba leans over the mic, cold and poised.]

M: Isn't this touching? Southern hospitality in the heart of Hollywood.

[The fast-talking Copperhead joins in, the Dominican accent and attitude on display.]

C: Take that mess down the street to Chic-Fil-A! Y'all get two matches at Memorial Day Mayhem, and we can't even get one? Whatchu got that we don't, huh?

[June bristles, stepping closer to Copperhead.]

VJ: You got somethin' to say, say it straight, Snake. You know damn well we earned every bit o' this. We fightin' twice 'cause we can. But if y'all want a third match that night, ah got no problem draggin' you 'round that stadium too.

[Cristol calmly takes off her hat, joining her partner in staring down the Serpentes.]

KC: You want a piece of us? Line up, ladies. We got enough rope to lasso all y'all in the parking lot.

[Mamba smiles thinly, shaking her head.]

M: We'll pass on the parking lot brawl. We'd rather fight for gold. If - and I mean - you two manage to get past Seductive and Destructive... we want our shot.

Showtime. For the Women's World Tag Team Titles.

[Copperhead leans in, getting right up in June's face.]

C: Let's see if the Country Punks can dance when the fangs come out.

[June pushes her forehead right up against Copperhead's, nose to nose now.]

VJ: Oh, sugar... it's a date.

[Eyes wide at being caught in the middle, Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: Hold on now! HOLD ON! You're telling me that if the Country Punks win the tag team titles on Monday night, they're going to defend them FIVE nights later at Showtime?! Is that what I'm hearing?! And...

[He pauses, looking thoughtful.]

SLB: ...didn't the Peach Pits challenge the winner of the title match for Showtime as well?! What's going on around here?!

[The camera pans from the Punks across Blackwell to the Serpentes as the two teams stare each other down before storming off in opposite directions.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, I've said it before and I'll say it again - anything can happen in the AWA, and it seems like EVERYTHING is happening right now! We'll be right back!

[We fade from the pre-recorded footage 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 then back up on Sal and Colt at ringside.]

SA: The AWA on ESPN is your weekly treat of the best professional wrestling on the planet... and this week in Los Angeles has been tremendous, Colt. Showtime last weekend, Saturday Night Wrestling tonight... and we're not done there.

CP: Unfinished Business: Rhodes versus Vasquez tomorrow night right back here on ESPN... Showtime next weekend...

SA: Of course, Memorial Day Mayhem Monday night on Pay Per View as well... and we've talked about it all night... the special world premiere of the 30 For 30 on The Birth of the AWA Women's Division airing right here tonight after the show on ESPN... but it's also premiering right across the street from us here at Disney's El Capitan Theatre where a special red carpet event has been set up... and I'm being told our buddy, Sweet Lou, has made his way over there to check out the glitz and glamour. Lou?

[We cut to the El Capitan where a crowd has gathered, both AWA faithful and curious onlookers alike, hoping to catch a glimpse of the AWA talent and guests arriving for the special screening of the new 30 For 30: The Birth of the AWA Women's Division. We've also got a line of fans who have managed to score tickets to the screening, waiting excitedly to be allowed into the theatre.

The shot moves slightly away from the throng where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by with the tall drink of Texas water, Margarita Flores. Flores has eschewed the ranch hand chic tonight for a tailored black vest and matching pants. She still has her signature beige cowboy hat on, but no bullrope.]

SLB: That's right, Sal. For all of our fans at home, immediately after the show, stay tuned for the world premiere of the 30 For 30 episode: The Birth of the AWA Women's Division. The fans here in Hollywood are excited. I hope you are, too, at home.

Now, Margarita Flores, I'm sure you are excited for the new 30 For 30, seeing as how you have spared no expense in your outfit for tonight's special screening...

[Flores spreads her arms, smiling as she gestures to herself.]

MF: Why, thank you, Sweet Lou!

SLB: Were you asked to contribute to the episode? Any spoilers as to what you have to say about the birth of this division?

MF: Oh, yeah, I was asked, as were pretty much all of the ladies of our locker room. I just wanted to say how grateful and honored I am, each day and every day, to be a part of the GREATEST WOMEN'S DIVISION IN THE WORLD!

[Flores' declaration is met with cheers from the gathered onlookers.]

MF: Would you look at that, Lou? Guess some of these fans still pay attention to what I have to say!

The AWA has built a strong Women's Division... A division I am proud to be a part of... And tonight, the world gets to see the her-story of how we got here!

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: Speaking of a strong Women's Division, two nights from now at Memorial Day Mayhem, the Rumble is - for the second time in AWA history - one for the ladies only. Yours was the first name announced and you've had the opportunity to sit back and watch the other names get added to the Rumble. Any thoughts on your chances or any words for any of your opponents heading into Memorial Day Mayhem?

[Flores nods.]

MF: Sure, my name got announced early and I got to see the names of my opponents as they were added, so I've had a lot of time to size them up... But they've got just as much time to study up on me, and they had better have done that, because I sure as heck was not sitting back, Sweet Lou.

As for my chances? Everyone knows the bigger athletes do well in Rumbles; we saw that with Catalina Lopez last weekend. In fact, I'm going to call it right now... Lopez got to, what? Final four? I'm going to do her one better... No, forget final three... I'm going to make it to the last two... No, no, no, no, no... I'm pretty confident of winning the whole thing!

[The fans nearby cheer as Flores pumps a fist.]

MF: Because, while Catalina Lopez is as good and as imposing as she is, I've been doing this longer and I'm just that much better than her... Than any of the others in the Rumble! And some of the other ladies might try to gang up on me, but, at the end of the night, it's going to be every woman for herself...

And nobody knows every woman for herself better than me! The last couple of months, I've been left to wander the proverbial wilderness... I've been left in the wind... I've been forgotten... Ignored!

And it is going to happen again in the Rumble and that's just fine by me, because when any of my opponents least expect it... When any of them suddenly remember... When they feel that tingling, that burning as I stare a hole right into the backs of their heads, they are going to turn around, and that's when they know... Mami's... gonna...

"KNOCK YOU OUT!"

[Flores is a little taken aback by the fans completing her sentence for her. It causes her to break into a smile and give them a couple of nods of acknowledgement.]

SLB: Anyone in particular you want to address? We saw you get into a physical altercation with Lady Rebecca Falkingham last week...

MF: You know, Sweet Lou...

This country, we might have our problems... But they are just that... OUR PROBLEMS! And we don't need some aris-faux-crat sticking her big nose where it doesn't belong! You see, Becky, when you stick your nose where it doesn't belong, you make yourself a target... And everyone knows, when you make yourself a target, well, then Mami's gonna...

[She cups a hand to her ear.]

"KNOCK YOU OUT!"

[Flores smiles at the call and response.]

MF: Yeah... What they said.

[We overhear Flores thank Blackwell, with a touch to his arm, before making her way towards the entrance to the theatre.]

SLB: Margarita Flores on her way into the theatre, making it clear she thinks her size and strength are going to carry her all the way to the finish line Monday night in Dodger Stadium, earning her a future World Title match at Girls To The Front in Madison Square Garden this August... but I'm sure she's not the only one who feels that way. Twenty-nine others will be looking to make some history of their own in that Rumble and...

[Blackwell pauses, sighing heavily.]

SLB: ...and then there's other women coming to Chavez Ravine who have very different goals in mind.

[The crowd jeers as Veronica Westerly saunters into view in the proverbial little black dress. The namesake of the Westerly Dynasty takes a spot next to Blackwell, a smirk on her face at his negative reaction to her presence.]

VW: Oh, Lou... on this of all nights, can't we just get along?

[Blackwell rolls her eyes.]

SLB: I don't think you care one bit about getting along... and I'm surprised to even see you here for the premiere!

[Westerly shakes her head.]

VW: Why would you be surprised? I'm a woman who has been in this wrestling business longer than most of the people who got interviewed for this thing... and no, I'm not bitter about that... but I'm encouraged. The AWA Women's Division is a thing for all of us to be proud of and I hope it leads the way for even more women to get involved with this business at every level.

[Blackwell looks genuinely surprised.]

SLB: Well... I... so do I. I apologize, Ms. Westerly.

[Westerly nods in acceptance.]

SLB: I mentioned Memorial Day Mayhem earlier and I know you and your charges have quite the night ahead of you... but I have to wonder if you heard what Stevie Scott had to say earlier.

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: Oh, I heard what Stevie Scott had to say...

SLB: And?

VW: Haven't really thought about it.

[Blackwell furrows his brow.]

SLB: You mean to tell me that you haven't thought about a match pitting two undefeated competitors against each other - one of whom is your man Atlas Armstrong?!

[Westerly sneers.]

VW: See, look at you ruining a perfectly nice moment between us.

No, you fool. I've thought plenty about that. What I haven't thought about is how I want to respond to the desperate rantings of Stevie Scott.

[Blackwell looks puzzled.]

SLB: Desperate?

VW: You heard me the first time obviously. But I haven't had time to think about how to respond to Scott because I've been too busy. The Westerly Dynasty is about to make history at Memorial Day Mayhem... and I haven't had a spare moment to worry about someone who is clinging to relevancy for dear life.

[Westerly points a well-manicured finger at the camera.]

VW: Life must be hard for Stevie Scott. Once a champion. Once a pillar that this company was built on. Once the most hated rival of the man whom everyone has spent months talking about his retirement this weekend. Stevie Scott must wake up in a cold sweat every night thinking about how his career came to a crashing halt with that bad neck... and how Max Magnum is the only hope he has to remain in the conversation.

Max Magnum's undefeated streak is the life blood for Stevie Scott being more than the answer to a trivia question... and when Atlas Armstrong shatters that streak Monday night, Stevie Scott's race to the bottom will be as glorious as the celebration we'll be having after the show Monday night.

[Westerly turns towards Blackwell, her fingernails dancing across his cheek to a grimace.]

VW: Because the Westerly Dynasty isn't just about breaking streaks and leaving a legacy in Los Angeles... we're also about taking titles. James Lynch, the greatest of the Lynch clan, will suit up for battle against the hometown boy, Supernova, and he'll make him wish he still wore facepaint so no one from the old neighborhood knows who he is after James takes that title off him.

SLB: That's a lot of confidence.

VW: And deservedly so. I brought James Lynch back to the AWA for a moment like this. Everything last year... that was all window dressing... but when James beat his worthless brother at SuperClash, we all saw the truth of the moment. We saw that James Lynch is prepared to do what he was born to do... take his rightful place not just as the head of his family... but as the leader of this industry.

On Tuesday morning, when they need someone on Good Morning America, it'll be my phone ringing - "give us Atlas! Give us the new World Champion!"

On Tuesday night, when Kimmel needs to boost a rating... he'll want Atlas' biceps... he'll want James with the gold... he'll want the Westerly Dynasty because we'll be what the entire wrestling world is talking about.

And that, dear Lou... is a promise.

[Westerly starts to leave.]

SLB: And what about your husband?

[Westerly abruptly stops, her eyes flashing for a moment.]

VW: What about him?

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: You told his son, Damian DeVille, that you'd bring Caleb Temple at Memorial Day Mayhem to talk to him with the entire world watching. Can you deliver?

[Westerly smirks.]

VW: I've never had any trouble getting Caleb Temple to do exactly what I want him to do before... ask Debbie Matthews.

[Her face goes cold.]

VW: He'll be there. Are we done?

[Blackwell nods.]

VW: Good.

[Westerly exits, leaving Blackwell to shake his head at her departure.]

SLB: Never a dull moment when that one is around, for sure... and I think we've got time for one... yes, one more... come on in here...

[Blackwell is waving a hand to try and hurry his final guest along.]

SLB: ...this young lady will be making her highly-anticipated debut here in the AWA on Monday night. She calls herself nobility... wrestling's answer to afternoon tea and powdered wigs... Lady Rebecca Falkingham!

[The crowd boos as Lady Rebecca Falkingham enters, chin high, nose slightly wrinkled at the scent of... something or someone. She wears a pearl-white corset-inspired ensemble with gold trim, white gloves pristine, and arms lifted gently away from her sides like a marionette as if afraid the floor itself might reach up and grab her. She speaks in a crisp, exaggerated accent.]

LRF: Mister Blackwell... while I am obliged to entertain this little engagement, I must say, I had rather hoped the American Wrestling Association could provide an interviewer with, shall we say, a modicum of grooming. That tie appears to be polyester, sir. Tragic.

[Blackwell chuckles, lifting his tie.]

SLB: Poly-blend, actually. Wash and wear, baby.

But let's talk about the Rumble. Thirty competitors. Twenty-nine of them looking to dump each other over the top rope. Lady Rebecca, with all due respect... how do you plan to win when you seem reluctant to touch anyone?

[Falkingham gasps lightly as if scandalized.]

LRF: Touch? Touch? Mister Blackwell, I did not descend from centuries of breeding and dignity to engage in a brawl more befitting the floor of a Yorkshire public house. I keep my arms aloft not out of weakness, but out of discipline. A true tactician does not flail, she orchestrates.

You see, I was trained in the art of classical British grappling - none of this American car-crash wrestling. I studied under the tutelage of Lord Byron and one was instructed to defeat opponents with leverage, not... sweat.

[The crowd jeers, earning a disdainful glare.]

LRF: I am the embodiment of grace under pressure. I am the only competitor in that Rumble with true breeding, true elegance, and the intellectual superiority to emerge unscathed.

[Blackwell smirks.]

SLB: Tossing someone over the top rope takes a little more than fancy footwork and a British accent... and dare I say, there WILL be sweat involved! You sure you're not in over your head?

[Falkingham's eyes narrow towards the interviewer.]

LRF: Mister Blackwell... we are not amused. We did not journey from the sophisticated salons of Surrey to this sun-drenched circus on the edge of the Pacific just to be insulted by a man whose jacket appears to have been purchased from some Hollywood gift shop.

[Her voice rises.]

LRF: You ask how I will win? I shall outclass them. I shall outmaneuver them. And if necessary...

[She lifts one gloved hand.]

LRF: I will sully these gloves, just long enough to dispose of the unwashed masses standing between me and destiny.

[The crowd is booing loudly now but just as she goes to speak, a loud "HEY!" is heard and the crowd starts cheering!]

SLB: Uhhh... this is really supposed to be one at a time but-

[Enter Lauryn Rage to a massive cheer. She stomps into frame wearing a black sleeveless hoodie over her low cut hair and black leather booty shorts, showing off

her muscular legs and lower body. She's all presence - shoulders back, chin forward, a smirk like she's ready to break something.]

SLB: This isn't really the appropriate attire for a red carpet-

[Rage throws a silencing glare at Blackwell before turning towards a horrified Falkingham who has taken several steps back.]

LR: How 'bout you float those little gloves of yours outta this shot before I show you what it's like to get hit with some real working-class culture?

[Falkingham backs away more, gasping.]

LRF: SQUI—!

[She flees, arms still lifted, tiptoeing out of frame like she's dodging rainwater in suede heels. After Lady Rebecca Falkingham flees, we return to Lauryn Rage staring down the camera. The crowd's energy is peaking as Rage shakes her head.]

LR: You hear that? That sound?

[Sweet Lou cups a hand to his ear, listening intently.]

SLB: What sound is that?

LR: That's the sound of a scared little rich girl runnin' for cover.

SLB: (grinning) Well, that cleared the air like a strong breeze. Lauryn Rage, you're fired up so... maybe we won't talk about 30 For 30 and skip straight to the Rumble! You've got twenty-nine other women in that ring Monday night. Who has got a target on their back?

[Rage leans into the mic, fire in her eyes.]

LR: Every last one of 'em, Lou. But lemme be real - there's a few that need extra attention.

[Sweet Lou steps back and lets Rage cook. Lauryn turns to the camera, her bright hazel eyes rolling expressively.]

LR: First off, I'm not some socialite sipping tea. I'm not tryin' to float. I'm comin' in to fight. And when I drop people, they stay dropped.

Let me remind all y'all of something - this ain't my first Rumble. In fact... I was the first to win it.

[Rage holds up a single finger, making sure everyone sees it before continuing.]

LR: You wanna talk 30 For 30? Rewind the clock. Madison Square Garden. The very first AWA Women's Rumble. I stepped in that ring with nineteen other women. The lights were bright, the stakes were high... and who was the last one standin'? Who was the woman with her hand raised and the championship strapped around her waist?

Was it Ayako Fujiwara? Was it Michelle Bailey? Was it Julie Somers? Was it Melissa Cannon? Aw Hell naw... It was me, Lou - Lauryn. Freakin'. Rage.

[She raises her fuchsia-gloved fist to the camera.]

LR: I was the first-ever AWA Women's World Champion. And now I'm fixin' to do it all over again. You think this is new to me? Hell naw, this is legacy work.

[Rage grins at the camera.]

LR: See, while the rest of these girls were postin' selfies and playin' dress-up, I been in the gym. Squattin'. Lungin'. Deadliftin'. I been eatin' sweet potatoes, protein bowls, and cornbread like it's a job. Why? So this big ol' backside of mine stays thick and heavy. Heavy enough to anchor a freight train, let alone stop someone from tryin' to throw me over the top rope. That's my strategy, Sweet Lou. You get me?

[Blackwell looks as if he is trying to blush but keep his eyes up at the same time. A smug, fiery Lauryn turns directly to camera.]

LR: Now let's talk Slam Sorority. Laura Davis - he's smart, slick, real technical. She's the kind who thinks three moves ahead... but the problem is, I don't play chess. I flip the whole damn board over. Your brains don't mean nothin' when your face is bouncin' off my boot.

Then you got Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton. Big bodies and bigger mouths. But muscle don't matter when you ain't got grit. I've seen tougher women than working double shifts at Roscoe's. Listen here, you can do all the bench presses, all the power cleans, all the tire flips, box jumps, sled pushes... SQUATS... and battle ropes 'til you pass out, but let me make one thing crystal clear:

[The camera focuses tightly on her beautiful but harsh face. Lauryn is at 11 on the pissed off scale.]

LR: You will not throw this ass over the top rope.

I'm tired of you and your girls playin' in my face. Laura, Trish, Carolina - I'm gonna drag all three of you like luggage through LAX. And when I'm done with y'all, I'm comin' for the rest of the field too.

Because this ain't about me punkin' you one more time. This is about me puttin' this division back on my shoulders — right where it belongs. I'm gonna throw out five, ten, twenty - don't matter. I'll toss 'em like trash, one by one, until it's just me, standin' tall, on my way to holdin' that title one more damn time!

[Her eyes burn into the camera.]

LR: This Sunday, I don't just enter the Rumble...

I own the Rumble.

I end the Rumble.

And when it's all said and done, the only name anybody gonna remember is the same name that started it all...

Lauryn Rage.

[Rage leans in close, eyes ablaze.]

LR: It's like that cause that's the way it is!

[Blackwell suddenly rushes backwards, a look of alarm crossing Rage's face for a moment just before - BOOM! - she's blindsided by Trish Wallace and Carolina Colton, the Slam Sorority!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The flashbulbs fire and the crowd reacts as Wallace and Colton put the boots to the first Women's World Champion on the red carpet as Blackwell bellows for security...]

"We need help over here right now!"

[Blackwell's pleas are unanswered for the moment as Rage struggles to her feet - refusing to stay down as she hits Colton with an elbow, driving her head into Wallace's...

...only to get HURLED bodily into the temporary wall set up behind the interview area, toppling it over to reveal a crowd of people behind, trying to scatter as Colton follows up, hammering fists down onto Rage...

...and with a lot of loud voices and panicked faces, security rushes onto the scene to break up the attack as Blackwell edges back into the view.]

SLB: Get 'em out of here, guys! Come on!

[A shouting Colton and Wallace are backed out of view as Rage grimaces, laid out on the asphalt...]

SLB: This Women's Rumble's gonna be mayhem in every sense of the word! Margarita Flores! Lady Rebecca! Lauryn Rage! Slam Sorority! So many more! This thing is explosive! Don't miss it, folks - LIVE from Dodger Stadium!

[And we fade from across the street back to Sal and Colt at ringside...]

SA: My goodness, what a chaotic scene over there with Lou at the El Cap!

CP: I'm guessing none of them are making the Disney Princess list anytime soon.

[Sal chuckles.]

SA: I'd imagine not. What a wild night it's going to be at Dodger Stadium and as you've seen throughout the night, one of the headline attractions on Monday is going to be that thirty woman Rumble... thirty women competing for the first time in AWA history. It was twenty the night we crowned the first Women's Champion - something you'll learn a lot more about tonight on 30 For 30 after the show... but on Monday, it's the full monty... all thirty... and while we know most of the list, we don't know all of 'em... yet. Plenty of surprises coming our way on Monday night but right now, it's about time to find out the final two names announced for this big, big showdown. Part of that three-way tag in just a few moments is the mother/daughter duo of the Rhodes Dynasty, and Colt, I have to imagine they are none too thrilled to be asked to qualify for the Rumble.

CP: I would have to agree with you on that, and I wouldn't blame them either. These two are internationally known brawlers, they should get in by reputation alone. And you know, Albano, I like these two. I bet they're going to enjoy the opportunity here to take out four people tonight.

SA: Well, Colt, let's see if you're right-

CP [offended]: I'm always right!

SA: -and let's take a look at some pre-recorded comments captured by Sweet Lou!

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" with a nervous-looking "Sweet" Lou, being stared down by the "Wigan Wildcat" Cassie Rhodes, a wide grin on her face exposing her missing canine tooth. Primping her hair beside them, using Blackwell's bald spot as a mirror, is "Snakepit Sweetheart" Sophie Rhodes.]

SLB: That's right, Sal, I have Cassie and Sophie Rhodes here.

[Blackwell looks at Cassie, who snarls.]

SLB: And it seems they're as ready as always.

[Sophie sighs and grabs Blackwell's wrist, directing the microphone to herself.]

SR: Don't tempt fate.

[Sophie gives Blackwell her own smile, a sickly sweet grin, as Blackwell clears his throat before asking a question.]

SLB: Later tonight, you and your mother will be going into a three-way tag match to determine two spots for the Rumble. These are the spots that you two tried to claim a couple of weeks ago, against the women you tried to take the opportunity from, but Interim President Zharkov invalidated your claim and set up this match.

[Sophie rolls her eyes, motioning with her hand for Blackwell to get on with it.]

SLB: Are the two of you concerned that you've made four enemies who will try to take you out?

[Sophie smiles at the question.]

SR: Concerned? Us? You're thinkin' we're well in it because it's four of 'em and two of us?

[Sophie giggles as Cassie shouts out a simple "HA!" Sophie leans across Blackwell to talk to her mother, pointing at Blackwell as she does so.]

SR: This is the kind of thinkin' they got here. Thinkin' this is some kind of punishment for us!

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

SLB: You're saying you're looking forward to this?

[Sophie stands back upright, slapping Blackwell on the shoulder.]

SR: Now you're usin' that head of yours, mate. We want in that Rumble because we want to fight, yeah? So when we beat up that lot, we wanted people to stand on notice and say they wanted to fight us.

[Sophie gestures around her.]

SR: Puttin' us in a match on a street where we get to fight two teams? You might as well tell us we're havin' steak and kidney pie for dinner, because we're right at home.

[Cassie emphasizes her daughter's point by cracking her knuckles.]

SR: Charity Rockwell's ranked in the Tag Team rankings? We'll enjoy sendin' her a message, her and that little yappy Flapperdoodle Betty Chang she's partnered with.

If she thought what Casey Cash did to Betty was bad, just wait until she sees what we've got in store for her.

[Sophie's eyes narrow.]

SR: Kelly Taylor wants to clap and sing about her sister bein' back? We'll be glad to send her broken body back to her sisters with a little note about their ranking, and how we'll be back for that.

[Sophie breaks into song, clapping for emphasis.]

SR: # Hey now, hey now! #

[Sophie gets a disgusted look on her face, returning to her vitriol.]

SR: And if the Lariatos got a problem with what we do to their pussycat, they know where they can find us if the RSPCA don't get us first.

[Blackwell holds up a finger.]

SR: Do I even want to know about what you want to do to Moxy Hart?

[Sophie smiles as Cassie breaks back into a grin.]

SR: Her? She ain't got nothin' to provide us. We're just goin' to hurt her for fun.

[Blackwell looks ill, as Sophie points at the camera.]

SR: Mum and me, we ain't the kind that's goin' to run from a fight. This match is right up our alley, because we ain't exactly English roses. We may be pretty on the outside but we don't wilt if you put a little heat on us.

[Cassie puts her arm around Blackwell's shoulder with another snarl.]

SR: See mate, we're English lionesses, and what you've done is thrown us four juicy pieces of meat for us to dig our teeth into.

[Sophie mimes checking an invisible watch.]

SR: And it's right about feedin' time. Let's go, Mum.

[Cassie tousles Blackwell's hair as Sophie gives him a little tickle under his chin while the pair walks away. Blackwell straightens his posture.]

SLB: I'll give them credit for one thing, they sure are confident.

[And we fade from the pre-recorded footage to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is a THREE WAY TAG TEAM MATCH under SUDDEN DEATH RULES! The winning team will earn themselves the FINAL TWO SPOTS in this year's RUMBLE!

[A big cheer goes up for the stakes!]

RO: Introducing first... already in the ring at this time in the corner to my right... the team of KELLY TAYLOR AND MOLLY BELL!

[Bell swipes at the camera as Taylor grins, pointing to the cheering fans.]

RO: In the corner to my left... the team of "FOXY" MOXY HART AND CHARITY ROCKWELL!

[Moxy snaps off a standing backflip, dropping to a knee to point to the camera as Charity Rockwell puts a hand over her mouth in surprise, fanning herself dramatically as the fans cheer.]

SA: Two fan favorite duos in the ring... but that's not who is rounding out this match.

[Ortiz raises the mic.]

RO: And their opponents...

"THE WIGAN WILDCAT" CASSIE RHODES!

"THE SNAKEPIT SWEETHEART" SOPHIE RHODES!

They are... THE RHOOOOOOOOOOODES DYYYYYYYYYYNASTY!

[The crowd boos as the voice of Ren Aldridge screams out over the sound system.]

WE WILL DISTURB THE FALSE PEACE!

[And to the sounds of "False Peace" by Petrol Girls, Sophie Rhodes calmly walks out onto the stage, with her mother Cassie Rhodes storming out beside her. Sophie grabs her mother by the wrist and keeps her from walking to the ring, causing Cassie to point towards the ring at their opponents with a glare of murderous intent in her eyes.]

SA: And Colt, this is a pair that you have to believe the field does not want to see qualify for the Rumble.

CP: Oh, no doubt. If these two get into the Rumble and the luck of the draw puts them anywhere close to each other, there are a lot of people in some really deep trouble.

SA: You're not going to say that it should be every person for themselves?

CP: Albano, it should be, but that doesn't mean you might need an ally or two to get there to the end. The prize is so big for the winner of this match, and the level of talent is so high, you might just need to have a couple of people watching your back to get to the end.

SA: Then stick the knife in at the end?

CP: Absolutely! It's for a shot at the Women's World Title at Girls to the Front! If you're not willing to knife your own mother or daughter for the World Title, what are you doing here?

SA: Unbelievable.

[Sophie and Cassie are dressed similarly - both wearing gear with red and black chevron patterns, with Sophie in a halter/shorts set, and Cassie in a tank top/leg-length tights pair. Cassie is wearing well-worn black boots, and Sophie has on black kneepads and black leather shinpads over black wrestling boots. After a moment where Sophie talks to Cassie, the two march down to the ring, sliding in head-first, and...]

SA: Here we go!

[Cassie Rhodes barrels across the ring, smashing Charity Rockwell with a forearm that sends her falling through the ropes to the outside...

...and then wheels to SMASH Moxy Hart with a haymaker between the eyes that promptly puts Hart down on her knees where Rhodes grabs her by the hair, smashing her skull down into the head over and over and over...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: What in the...?!

CP: The fight is on on the streets of Hollywood!

[With her mother raining down carnage on Moxy Hart and Charity Rockwell, stomping Hart under the ropes to the outside before going after them, Sophie Rhodes takes the early fight to Molly Bell with a series of kicks to the ribs... then a thrust kick up under the chin of Kelly Taylor before she can get involved!]

SA: The Rhodes Dynasty off to a hot start in this one, hunting for the final two spots in this year’s Rumble! Looking to take the twenty-ninth and thirtieth spots in the Rumble on Monday night...

[Sophie grabs Taylor by the hair, dragging her into a side headlock but Taylor is quick to shove her off before it can get fully locked in, sending her into the ropes...

...and she dives to the mat, forcing Sophie to hurdle over her successfully...]

SA: ...up and over one...

[...but she doesn’t get over Molly Bell who arches her back up just enough to trip up Sophie, causing her to flop facefirst on the mat!]

SA: ...but not the other!

[Taylor scrambles up, dropping back into the ropes as an annoyed Rhodes pushes up to her knees...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRILLS Rhodes with a basement dropkick that jacks the jaw of Sophie Rhodes!]

SA: Taylor scrambles! Quick cover!

CP: A cover?! Do we even have legal competitors yet?!

SA: The match starting fast and it may be ending fast... ONNNNNE! TWOOOO!

[Rhodes kicks out easily, rolling Taylor off her...

...but before she gets up, Molly Bell leaps high and lands hard, smashing backfirst down onto Rhodes!]

SA: SENTON FROM MOLLY!

[Bell stays on her back, clawing at the air as the referee counts again...]

SA: Another two count!

CP: What kind of pin was that?!

SA: A Molly Bell kind of pin, Colt. Come on.

CP: Call it what you want but it's not enough to beat the Rhodes Dynasty, I promise you that.

[Molly gets off the mat, hissing at the referee as Kelly Taylor nudges past her, pulling Sophie Rhodes up before she can get up on her own...

...but Rhodes comes up firing, throwing a kick to the quad that stuns Taylor enough for Rhodes to immediately follow it up with a leaping kneestrike, snapping Taylor's head back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And she grabs Taylor by the hair, ROCKETING the Peach Pit through the ropes, sending her crashing down on the floor!]

SA: A hard fall to the outside for Kelly Taylor, completely laid out on the outside of the ring now... and that leaves Molly Bell all alone in there with Sophie Rhodes.

[Sophie is quite happy about this development, smirking at Bell who puts her paws up, swiping at the air defensively...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: SWEET SANTA MARIA! If you heard that sound, fans, that was Charity Rockwell's SKULL smashing into the ringpost courtesy of Cassie Rhodes!

[We cut to the outside where Rockwell has been laid out on the ringside mats.]

CP: That might've taken Rockwell out of the match right off the bat! She might be done!

SA: She certainly could be and-

[The horrific sound shocks Molly Bell who jerks her head towards it, which leaves her exposed for Sophie Rhodes jabbing a left hand into the head... followed by a right to the jaw... and another left before BURYING a spinning back kick into the midsection...]

SA: The educated hands and feet of Sophie Rhodes going to work on Molly Bell and-

[...and with Bell doubled over, Rhodes backs off for space and SMASHES a pump kick into the side of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow sends Bell spinning away, flopping facefirst to the mat as Sophie Rhodes throws a look to the outside where her mother is now mauling Moxy Hart with brutal crossface strikes on the floor!]

SA: A very different form of divide and conquer by mother and daughter, Colt, as each of them has taken TWO competitors on themselves.

CP: On paper, this certainly looked like a mismatch to me and as usual, I'm completely right about it.

SA: Humble to the very end, fans - that's Colt Patterson for ya.

[Sophie Rhodes drags Bell off the mat, tossing her back into a corner...

...but when she advances on her...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: WHAAAAAT?!

SA: MOLLY BELL JUST WENT UPSIDE HER HEAD, COLT!

[Rhodes turns away, a look of disbelief on her face for a moment...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but then returns the favor in kind, snapping Bell's head around and putting her right back down on the mat!]

SA: GAAAAAH! What a shot by Sophie Rhodes!

CP: Gee, I wonder where we've seen a Rhodes hit one of those before.

SA: It certainly had a bit of flavor of her uncle Raphael, just three days away from the biggest match of his career!

[On the outside of the ring, Cassie Rhodes grabs hold of Molly's leg and arm, pulling her back against the post...]

SA: Look at this now - an absolutely torturous hold applied by Cassie Rhodes!

CP: The way she's just throwing people around ringside, I wasn't sure if she knew any holds, Big Sal.

SA: I think she does... she just prefers her own personal brand of chaos and carnage.

[With Molly screaming in pain, Sophie gets a running start in the ring and BURIES a soccer kick into the exposed ribcage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Cassie drags Bell to the outside by the leg, causing her to crash down hard on the floor as she drops off the apron...

...and then promptly takes a loose mount, smashing her fist down into Bell's face with malicious intent!]

SA: This is an absolute mauling on the part of these two, Colt! They're completely dominating all FOUR of these other competitors at this point.

CP: There was an ember of hope at the beginning but it's been snuffed out in fine fashion.

[Cassie Rhodes looks on approvingly from inside the ring, failing to notice "Foxy" Moxy Hart back on her feet, creeping up on her from behind...

...and then dragging her down into a rollup!]

SA: MOXY WITH THE ROLLUP! MOXY TRYING TO STEAL IT! ONNNNNNE!
TWOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: NOOOO! RHODES KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[And comes up swinging, throwing a right that Hart ducks under and a left that Moxy backflips to avoid. Rhodes keeps coming though, burying a boot into the midsection before grabbing Moxy by the arm...]

SA: Shoots her across...

[...but Moxy runs right up the turnbuckles, steadies herself...]

SA: ARE YOU...

[...and HURLS herself off the top, wiping out Cassie Rhodes at ringside with a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...KIDDING ME?! MOXY HART TAKES OUT CASSIE RHODES ON THE FLOOR!

[Sophie looks surprised for a moment and then promptly moves towards the ropes to go after her mother's attacker...]

...and walks right into Kelly Taylor coming up on the apron, using the ropes to leap up to snap a boot off the forehead, sending Sophie staggering backwards!]

SA: Taylor caught her good!

[Taylor runs down the apron, charging right up the ropes, and leaps off with a crossbody of her own, taking down Sophie Rhodes and rolling right off her!]

SA: Like mother, like daughter... each taking a big flying crossbody from their foes in this one!

[Taylor pops up, pumping her arms excitedly as she watches Sophie Rhodes come back to her feet...]

SA: Kelly Taylor, all of 112 pounds out of Memphis, Tennessee... the daughter of former Steal The Spotlight winner Shane Taylor... is looking to steal a little spotlight of her own in this one by joining her Peach Pit partners in the Rumble Monday night!

[...and rushes in, leaping up to drop Rhodes with a leg lariat!]

SA: Down goes Rhodes again... and Taylor's looking for what comes next...

CP: The problem when you're out here on your own and not with your usual partner... some people have the tendency to get a little lost...

[Taylor finally opts to run to the corner, swiftly climbing to the middle rope as she waits for Sophie Rhodes to rise... but as Taylor leaps, throwing a front dropkick, Sophie steps back, guiding the legs apart as Taylor SLAMS down on the back of her head...]

...and Sophie promptly turns her into a Boston Crab!]

SA: Uh oh! This might be it! Kelly Taylor might be about to send the Rhodes Dynasty into the Rumble!

[Sophie cranks back, ordering the referee to check on Taylor who is screaming in pain, clawing at the canvas...]

SA: Taylor's trying to hang on but I don't know for how much longer.. I don't know-

[...and suddenly, Molly Bell is back in the ring, charging and swinging!]

SA: LARIACAAAAAT!

CP: Please don't call it that.

[The big lariat rocks Sophie Rhodes, breaking up the lariat as Molly hooks the legs, flipping through into a double leg cradle...]

SA: IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT-

[The crowd ROARS again as Moxy Hart comes soaring into the frame, crashing down with a frog splash on Bell, breaking up the pin!]

CP: Huh... it looks like they finally realized they gotta beat each other too - not just the Rhodes family!

[Moxy covers Bell, hooking the leg as the crowd counts along...]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THR-"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as Cassie Rhodes yanks the official angrily out of the ring, bringing them out to the floor!]

SA: OH, COME ON!

CP: Brilliant move by Cassie Rhodes to save the match for her team! I think Moxy Hart had this one won and-

[As Rhodes argues with the official on the outside, Charity Rockwell - holding her head in pain - comes running down the ring apron...]

SA: ROCKWELL OFF THE APRON!

[...and leaps off, snatching Cassie Rhodes and flipping her over with a rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ROCKWELL TAKES OUT CASSIE RHODES!

[The official scrambles back up on the apron as Rockwell does the same, taking a look inside as Moxy Hart points to a rising Sophie Rhodes...]

...and Rockwell springboards off the top rope, catching Rhodes with a missile dropkick that sends Rhodes flipping backwards across the ring, through the ropes, and to the outside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: IT’S CHAOS IN HOLLYWOOD!

[Rockwell kips up off the mat, going into a shimmy that gets the crowd even louder as Moxy comes over to high five her partner for the night, turning their focus back onto Molly Bell...]

SA: Double whip on Bell, right into the corner!

[Rockwell charges in, hopping to the midbuckle...]

“ONE!”

“TWO!”

“THREE!”

“FOUR!”

“FIVE!”

“SIX!”

“SEVEN!”

“EIGHT!”

“NINE!”

“TEN!”

[...and then slips down into a monkey flip as Hart drops to her back in position...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and the crowd ROARS as Bell gets flipped out of the corner, landing across the raised knees of Moxy Hart!]

SA: WHAT A DOUBLETEAM!

[Hart grabs hold of Bell, shifting her hips to slide Bell down onto her shoulders!]

SA: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: -AND THIS TIME IT’S KELLY TAYLOR WITH THE DIVING SAVE!

[The crowd is ROARING for the action as Taylor pulls Hart off the mat, snapping a pair of jabs into the jaw before doubling her up with a boot to the gut. She snatches a front facelock, swinging her arm around with a whoop as she runs towards the corner...]

SA: RUNS RIGHT UP ANNNNNND...

[...and kicks off, swinging Hart around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...SHE SPIKES HER WITH A DDT!

[Taylor comes up, pumping her arms in triumph...

...just before Charity Rockwell flies across the ring, throwing a flying knee into the face that knocks Taylor flat!]

SA: BEE'S KNEES! BEE'S KNEES BY ROCKWELL!

[But before she can cover, the Rhodes Dynasty comes charging back into the ring - Cassie overwhelming Rockwell with some clubbing blows to the head and neck before ROCKETING her shoulderfirst into the ringpost...

..as Sophie dives onto the laid out Taylor who got hit with the Bee's Knees, cranking back in a head and arm choke!]

CP: SHE CALLS THAT THE WIGAN DEATH GRIP!

SA: Taylor's already out from the flying knee by Rockwell! Rhodes has got that submission hold locked in but...

[The referee takes a quick look at a barely-conscious Kelly Taylor showing absolutely no sign of defending herself and...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: ...that's it! It's over!

[Sophie keeps the hold applied with one hand, putting the other under her chin to pose for the camera...]

SA: Come on, let her go!

[The referee makes the same demand and Sophie hangs on for a few more seconds before allowing Taylor to slump limply to the canvas.]

SA: The Rhodes Dynasty with the win, moving on to the Rumble... and I don't know if Taylor tapped out or if she was already unconscious and the referee stopped it but either way, it's over and it's Sophie and Cassie Rhodes taking the final two spots in the Rumble...

CP: And that's not good news for anyone, Sal. They just showed they could fight against the odds as long as they fought together.. and I'm guessing twenty-eight to two sounds like a fun night at the pub for these two.

[Cassie Rhodes suddenly rushes forward, smashing a knee into the face of Molly Bell, knocking her through the ropes to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[She turns her focus onto Moxy Hart, stomping her viciously to more boos from the Hollywood crowd!]

SA: These two are out of control! And what a combustible elements to toss into that Rumble with two days to go! The Rumble is red hot! Memorial Day Mayhem is

red hot! Los Angeles is red hot! And we're out of time! We've gotta go! We'll see you in Dodger Stadium on Monday night but don't touch that dial because 30 For 30 is RIGHT... NOOOOOOOOW!

[And as Cassie Rhodes is violently stomping Hart's head and neck while Sophie Rhodes poses nearby, we fade to black.]