



July 14, 2018

Scotiabank Saddledome - Calgary, Alberta, Canada

HOUR TWO
HOUR THREE

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

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

A voiceover.]

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

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

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

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

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

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

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

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

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

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#Tell me what you gon' do to me#

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

#Confrontation ain't nothin' new to me#

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

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

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

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

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

#You and all your expectations#

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

#I don't even want your congratulations#

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

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

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

#I hate people that feel entitled#

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

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

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

#Oh, you important?#

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

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

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

#Motherfu- I don't even like you#

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

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

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

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

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

#All the stars are closer#

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

...and with a flash of light, we are ON! THE! AIR!

A sweeping aerial shot of downtown Calgary at dusk. The Bow River winds through the city as the camera glides past the illuminated skyline.

The unmistakable roof of the Scotiabank Saddledome comes into view.]

SA: From the heart of Stampede Country, welcome to Calgary, Alberta, Canada! Welcome to the Scotiabank Saddledome! And welcome to another star-studded edition of SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

[We smash cut inside the Saddledome. The arena is live and in living color with tens of thousands of fans on their feet as the camera sweeps across a sea of signs, waving arms, and excited faces...

...and pyro ERUPTS across the entrance stage, raising the decibel level even higher as the music continues to play as we get quick shots all around the building.

To the ring... a royal-blue roped ring with white canvas at the center of it all, surrounded by steel barricades and protective mats. A pair of ringside tables are present as well... but we'll get to those in a bit.

To the entrance... a large video wall hanging over a metal stage leading to a sloping ramp that runs the distance of the aisle to the ring.

To the crowd... fans wearing throwback Supernova facepaint... young girls waving their homemade signs saluting new Women's World Champion Michelle Bailey... a pair of soccer moms with their "WE LOVE THE WHITE KNIGHT!" t-shirts bought on Etsy no doubt.

And then finally to ringside to one of the aforementioned tables where we find "Big" Salvatore Albano and Colt Patterson standing.]

CP: Just listen to this place, Big Sal! Calgary has been waiting for the AWA to come back down and they're about to tear the funky ol' roof off this joint!

[A grinning Big Sal is living up to the nickname, his girth struggling to be contained inside his white dress shirt and dark charcoal sportscoat. His slicked down jet black hair and matching black glasses adds to the portrait of the AWA's Number One Play by Play announcer and the voice of the company's signature show.

His partner-in-vocal-crime is Colt Patterson... a former three-time World Champion whose in-ring days may be behind him but the physique that helped him carry that crown remains and is clearly visible under what amounts to a leopard print vest with no shirt underneath. We've got gold chains hanging down onto a well-toned torso and the gun show is in full effect as Patterson smirks at the camera with a wink, dangling earrings hanging off both cheeks and a well-dyed golden head of hair topping off the total package.]

SA: And what a night we have in store for our Canadian friends and fans here tonight! Seven nights ago in Regina on Showtime on ESPN, Supernova put his World Title on the line against a challenger selected a random - a challenger who turned out to be Brass Ring competitor Elijah Wilde who put the champion of the world through one of the most brutal fights of his career!

[The shot changes to show a few highlights of the match - Wilde's opening assault, a spine-smashing powerbomb across Wilde's own knee, the pop-up powerbomb for a near fall... and finally, an exhausted Supernova celebrating his victory.]

SA: The champion survived that encounter by the skin of his teeth... but tonight, he faces a challenge that might be even stiffer, Colt!

[Cut to a shot of the White Knight, Ryan Martinez... and the first appearance of the two-time AWA World Champion gets a HUGE reaction from the Canadian crowd!]

SA: The AWA World Title will be on the line right here TONIGHT when Supernova defends against a man looking to make history here in Calgary... Ryan Martinez! And you can hear from these fans, Colt, that Martinez will have the love and adoration of the AWA faithful on his side here tonight.

CP: Blah, blah, blah... no one cares about that, Big Sal. But what they SHOULD care about is the question on MY mind.

SA: Which is?

CP: Did Supernova make the biggest mistake of his life one week ago taking that fight with Elijah Wilde because at the end of that one, I saw a man who was nowhere near one hundred percent going into the biggest title defense of his reign.

SA: The champion was battered, bruised, and pushed to his absolute limit in Regina... and tonight in Calgary, the life of a champion means he's gotta do it all over again against one of the most formidable challengers in that locker room!

CP: Ryan Martinez has waited over EIGHTEEN months to get that title back around his waist... and now he's spent the last seven days preparing for this title showdown. He's had time to prepare. He's had time to strategize. And now he's had time to see EXACTLY what went down in Regina and how to take advantage of it.

[We cut to a fan waving a sign that has a cut-out photo of Supernova on one side and Ryan Martinez on the other that reads "CLASH OF TITANS!" in between them.]

SA: Can Supernova overcome the punishment he suffered seven days ago and walk out of Calgary still YOUR World Champion or will tonight be the night that Ryan Martinez reclaims his spot on top of the mountain?

CP: It's a big fight feel in Calgary, jack!

SA: It certainly is! The Saddledome is rocking! The World Title is on the line! And that's just the tip of the iceberg of what we've got in store here tonight! We're

going to be kicking things off with tag team action so right now, let's head backstage to hear from the teams in tonight's opening matchup! Take it, Lou!

[The scene opens backstage at the AWA interview area. Sweet Lou Blackwell stands before the AWA backdrop with "The Future" Derrick Williams and the former AWA National Champion, "The Phoenix" Jordan Ohara. Williams stands with his hands on his hips, dressed in his standard white and azure blue tights wearing a matching knee-length ring coat. Ohara is ready for the ring in his shiny white tights with a blue Phoenix emblazoned on the legs.]

SLB: Sweet Lou Blackwell here with Jordan Ohara and "The Future" Derrick Williams! Jordan, Kerry Kendrick stole the AWA National Championship from you, and now you're teaming up against him and the man who beat him for the title - current champion Cody Mertz. What do you intend to accomplish?

JO: Mr. Blackwell, Kendrick knows he didn't beat me for that championship. He took a shortcut, used a loophole in my open challenge to steal that title from me after I'd already wrestled a grueling match against Sid Osborne. He walked away with the title knowing that it wasn't his to take. But I'm not looking for excuses or asking anybody to feel sorry for me. I'm looking for a fight, and this time, Kendrick's going to have to face me man-to-man!

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Cody Mertz is a fighting champion in his own right. Do you have a problem with him carrying that title into this match?

JO: No, sir, Mr. Blackwell, Cody's earned all my respect as a competitor. He's been a fighting champion so far. But he's standing beside a man who's got a lot to answer for. I'll give Cody everything I've got, and I'll do it the right way. That's the difference between us and Kerry Kendrick!

[Blackwell pivots to Williams.]

SLB: Derrick Williams, you and Jordan have been rivals as well as partners. Can that competitive spirit translate into victory against two tough opponents?

DW: Listen, Lou... if there's one thing that's known, it's that when J and I face off against each other, we don't hold back. When we tag together? The familiarity translates into us looking like we've been tagging up our entire careers. Can it translate to victory? It's the two of us against two people who don't like each other. I think that's gonna speak for itself.

[Blackwell persists.]

SLB: But is there any fear that you and Jordan both chasing Cody Mertz's National Championship would cause friction between you two?

DW: Like I said Lou, not tonight. Tonight, we take care of business as a team. It's a warm up, like Kendrick said. Honestly I'd be more worried about Kendrick trying something to screw up Mertz or even try and injure J or myself.

[Ohara nods vigorously in agreement.]

SLB: Jordan, what's the one thing Kerry Kendrick should understand before he steps into that ring with you two?

JO: He should understand that Derrick Williams and I have pushed each other, we've tested each other, and now we're standing together.

Kendrick, you can run your mouth, you can make excuses, but when that bell rings, there won't be anywhere to hide. We're coming for you, and we're going to settle this the right way!

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: Strong words from Jordan Ohara! The challenge is laid down, and now the AWA waits to see whether Kerry Kendrick and Cody Mertz can answer it. Now, let's go over to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with the team of Kendrick and Mertz - Mark?

[We fade to another part of the backstage area to the aforementioned Mark Stegglet who grins with a nod.]

MS: Thanks, Lou... and despite their differences, Williams and the former National Champion have experience tagging with each other, but not you two...

[Kerry Kendrick and Cody Mertz, both in ring gear, enter from either side of Stegglet. Miss Sandra Hayes shoulders her sparkly pink baseball bat, frowning at the National Champion, her eyes fixated on the belt over his shoulder.]

KK: Stegglet.. You should know that I'm not the type of guy to hold a grudge.

[Mertz shoots his erstwhile partner a glance that shouts sarcastically "for real?".]

KK: I've got the National Champion watching my back... a guy good enough in the ring that he could get lucky and beat me for the title. I don't know if you know this, but my man Cody was a tag team specialist of his own right.

[Hayes nods, slinking closer to Kendrick to slide a hand across his chest.]

MSH: If the pressure gets to be too much for him, he'll know to tag out and let the Self Made Man handle The Phoenix and The Future. I trust him with my Self Made Man.

[Kendrick nods.]

KK: The sad fact of life is this, Stegglet: Jordan Ohara and Derrick Williams politicked their way into a rematch between me and Mertz in two weeks time, and they haven't got the legs or the game, and I bet they're already planning their next move to try to outmaneuver Cody.

[Hayes nods, gesturing towards Mertz.]

MSH: You're really lucky you've got a master tactician on your side, Cody. You get to be at 100% going into your next title defense.

[Mertz has finally heard enough, shaking his head.]

CM: Okay... as great as this whole...

[Mertz looks at the couple again.]

CM: ...situation is... let's get a few things clear.

One, no one politicked anything. They asked for a match and I gave them one, same as you.

[Kendrick shrugs.]

CM: Two, we're in this match together so I will have no choice but to rely on you and you can do the same... whether you do is up to you.

[The Self Made Man looks affronted as he turns to Hayes.]

CM: As far as being outmaneuvered by people in this match... let's just say I've got my eyes open for it. Lucky for me, I have the both of you so close by.

[Mertz then turns to Stegglet.]

CM: But Mark you're right, we haven't teamed before. We're not a team. But I don't think Ohara and Williams care too much about that, so I'm going to go out there and put on a show for all the fans waiting to see this match. Because that's what I do, what I always do.

[Mertz stares back at Kendrick.]

CM: See you out there.

[And with that, Mertz walks off leaving Kendrick to glare at his back as Hayes rubs her hand soothingly on his arm.]

MS: A very different relationship here between these two, fans. Let's see if they can put it together and make this tag team work. Sal, Colt... back to you!

[The camera sweeps across a roaring Calgary crowd as the opening strains of "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis hit the arena speakers.]

SA: Thanks, Mark! And we're not wasting any time tonight, fans, as the AWA National Champion is IN! THE! HOUUUUUUSE!

[With a burst of pyro, Cody Mertz busts into view at the top of the ramp to HUGE CHEERS from the AWA faithful. Mertz grins broadly, thrusting the title belt over his head to a louder ovation!]

SA: We're kicking things off tonight with a tag team match that could very well EXPLODE before it's all over!

CP: Four men, Big Sal, who'll be fighting for that hunk of gold right there - the oldest prize in the AWA, the National Title - two weeks from tonight in Grand Forks, North Dakota... and tonight, they gotta get along to go along to one of the biggest nights of the year for the AWA!

SA: Cody Mertz and Kerry Kendrick certainly have their differences but-

CP: Differences?! That no-good sneak Cody Mertz came crawling in through the side door last week at Opportunity Knocks to STEAL that title off Kendrick... the rightful champion in my opinion.

SA: Kendrick stole the title from Jordan Ohara at Memorial Day Mayhem!

CP: Well, that's just like your opinion, man.

SA: I call it a fact, El Duderino.

[The grinning Mertz is making his way towards the ring, slapping every outstretched hand he meets along the way, bouncing from one side of the aisle to the other to make sure everyone gets the opportunity to greet the new National Champion. Mertz yanks off his green and white t-shirt, tossing it into the crowd as

a souvenir before he climbs up on the apron, slingshotting over the top rope into the ring as Rebecca Ortiz greets him.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... from El Paso, Texas... weighing 195 pounds... he is the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPIONNNNNNNN...

...COOOOOOOODYYYYYY MERRRRRRRRRTZ!

[Mertz hops up to the middle rope, saluting the fans with the title raised overhead again...]

SA: And what a remarkable comeback story it is for Cody Mertz. Mertz, a longtime fan favorite saw his tag team - one of the best teams in AWA history mind you - fall apart... dropped a Loser Leaves Town match... and then was gone from the AWA for over a year before his shocking return on the 4th of July! Kerry Kendrick needed a challenger and Cody Mertz took the call!

CP: He did NOT need a challenger! He was doing perfectly fine crafting an important moment - a magical moment you might say - for himself and Miss Sandra Hayes before that interloper showed up!

[Mertz settles in as the music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his tag team partner...

[The arena lights dim, cycling through blue, green, and red as the electronic opening of "The Business of Emotion" fills the Saddledome.

Miss Sandra Hayes emerges first, wearing the same outfit we saw moments ago and a sneer. She stops at the entrance and gestures impatiently for the crowd to rise.

They don't.]

RO: ...he is accompanied by MISS Sandra Hayes...

[The boos rain down on the First Daughter of the AWA as she glares at the Canadian crowd.]

RO: ...from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing 253 pounds... he is THE FOUNDATION...

...KERRRRRRYYYYY KENNNNNNDRICK!

[The boos get louder as Kendrick steps into view, taking a long drink from a plastic water bottle as he stares down the aisle at Mertz. Hayes takes a flanking position, draping an arm around his neck as she rests the other hand on Kendrick's slick chest.]

CP: The First Couple of the AWA has arrived... and these Canadian creeps oughta show some respect if you ask me, Albano!

SA: Nobody asked you... or them for that matter!

[Kendrick starts walking down the ramp, Hayes talking animatedly beside him as they head towards the ring, ignoring the jeering fans on either side of them.]

SA: Kerry Kendrick was as shocked as the rest of us when Cody Mertz emerged to challenge him at Opportunity Knocks, Colt.

CP: I don't know if ANYONE was as shocked as Kerry Kendrick was. He thought he had the night off! He thought he was walking out as the champ after that punk Damian DeVille got taken out of action by the Westerly Dynasty!

[Kendrick climbs up on the apron, spreading his arms wide to jeers. He takes another drink of water before pouring the remainder of the bottle over his head and ducks through the ropes, angrily pointing at Mertz and the National Title.]

"You enjoy carrying that around while you can, Mertz!"

[Mertz throws a look at Kendrick with a grin.]

"You wanna hold it for a minute for old times' sake?"

[Kendrick glares at Mertz, walking to the adjacent corner where Hayes is on the apron, rubbing his neck and shoulders as Kendrick shoots visual daggers at the National Champion.]

SA: Well, this partnership is off to a wonderful start.

CP: They haven't even rung the bell yet.

[As the music fades, Rebecca Ortiz takes center ring again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[There's a dramatic pause until the sounds of Nas' "Hero" kicks the PA to HUGE CHEERS from the Canadian crowd.]

RO: ...first, from Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is THE PHOENIX...

...JORRRRRDAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAA!

[Ohara bounces through the curtain, drawing a tremendous reaction as he looks down the aisle at the ring with a smile, nodding his head...]

SA: The two-time National Champion has arrived, fans! And Colt, in two weeks' time, Jordan Ohara has the opportunity to make history by becoming the first man to hold that title THREE times!

CP: Speaking as a former three-time World Champion, that's a heckuva accomplishment... but we'll see if he can get it done in North Dakota.

[Ohara makes his way down the aisle, slapping every hand he sees as he looks up at Kendrick who is talking his trash from the ring. The Phoenix raises a hand, mocking Kendrick's rapid mouth...]

"Keep talking, Kendrick... keep talking..."

[He reaches ringside, climbing up on the apron before he steps on the middle rope and leaps gracefully over the top, landing on his feet before executing a quick karate flurry that sees Kendrick step further back into his corner, shouting for the referee to back Ohara away. Referee Koji Sakai does exactly that as a smirking Ohara heads to his corner...]

SA: One of the most exciting young superstars on the AWA roster, Colt... and this should be very interesting to see what he brings to the table alongside Derrick Williams who he has PLENTY of history with.

CP: Former friends. Former partners. Former enemies. Heck, they're a former SuperClash showdown... a match that Williams won, by the way.

SA: Something I'm sure Jordan Ohara hasn't forgotten. But lately, they've seemed to be closer to allies once again than enemies... and it'll need to stay that way for them to have tag team success here tonight.

[Ohara settles into his own corner, waiting anxiously until...]

#Woahhhh ooohhhh ohhhh...#

[...the opening of Imagine Dragons' "Radioactive" belts out over the Saddledome PA system, bringing the crowd to their feet once again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his tag team partner... from Miami, Florida... weighing in at 265 pounds... he is THE FUTURE...

...DERRRRRRICK WILLLLLLLIAMMMMS!

[Williams is the final man through the curtain, stepping into view for all to see. He's dressed as we saw moments ago, arms spread out wide as the camera shot circles around him to show every bit of his flashy ring attire...

...and then he starts walking down the ramp, the camera trailing behind him as he pyro goes off behind him and a laser light show illuminates the Saddledome.]

SA: The Future of Wrestling this man likes to call himself... and it's hard to deny that, Colt.

CP: I'd say you're looking at four men who all could stake a claim to that name though, Big Sal. Mertz, Kendrick, Ohara... they've all got bright futures ahead of them. But Derrick Williams certainly doesn't lack confidence in believing he is THE guy above the rest.

SA: Derrick Williams was instrumental last year in helping free the AWA from the grip of the Korugun Corporation... and these fans haven't forgotten it, showing him the love here in Calgary.

CP: The fans may be cheering him now... but that won't stop him from doing what he thinks is best to get him straight to the top.

SA: We all know there's some frustration on the part of Williams that he's yet to strike his claim on AWA gold as his partner here tonight - Jordan Ohara - has. He's focused on North Dakota and changing all of that... but tonight, he's got a different goal.

[Williams climbs onto the middle rope, arms stretched wide as he shrugs out of his entrance coat before hopping the ropes into the ring. He bounces up and down a few times, swinging his arms across his torso as Ohara approaches, offering up a fist...]

SA: Our first test of their partnership here...

[Williams looks at Ohara for a moment... then gives a nod as he bumps fists with his old friend to cheers.]

SA: ...and how about that, Colt?

CP: We'll see how long it lasts.

[Across the ring, we can hear Kendrick verbally harassing Cody Mertz now, demanding that he be the one who starts the match.]

SA: Mertz pointing out his tag team successes... but Kerry Kendrick doesn't seem to care about any of that.

[Hayes joins in as well, her high-pitched tones causing a few younger ringside fans to cover their ears in protest as they attempt to bully Mertz out of the ring. An already-weary Koji Sakai steps in, trying to play peacemaker... and reluctantly, Kendrick exits the ring.]

SA: That settles that... and it'll be Cody Mertz starting things off...

[The referee nods, giving a wave...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and as Mertz turns from his corner with a shake of his head, he finds Jordan Ohara waiting for him.]

SA: ...and the Phoenix on the other side! What a way to kick things off here on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans!

[Ohara reaches out another fist to Cody Mertz who nods, welcoming it before he claps his hands together and the two young competitors start circling as Kendrick fumes in the corner...]

SA: Here we go... right into the tieup...

[Ohara grabs the wrist, swinging out into an armtwist on Mertz...

...who promptly somersaults forward, rolling to his feet, reversing the hold with ease!]

SA: That lucha libre background of Mertz coming out to play early on in this one...

[But Ohara is no slouch in the athleticism department himself, cartwheeling out of the hold, reversing into his own armwringer....

...and then sends Mertz flying with a DEEP armdrag to cheers!]

SA: Whoa ho!

[Mertz rolls right up to his feet, shaking out his arm with a nod of his head as Ohara gets up as well, waiting for him...]

SA: Back to the lockup we go... jockeying for position and-

[This time, it's Mertz who breaks out the quick armdrag, tossing Ohara down to the mat...]

SA: Cody Mertz returns the favor, sending Ohara down...

[Mertz rushes to the ropes, looking to build the momentum as he bounces back towards a rising Ohara...

...who drops back down, forcing Mertz to hurdle over him, hitting the ropes again...]

SA: Ohara back up and... ohhhhh!

[The crowd reacts as Ohara leaps up, snaring the rebounding Mertz and taking him over in a hurricanrana that sends Mertz tumbling across the canvas as the former champion springs to his feet, arms spread wide to cheers from the Calgary crowd.]

SA: Beautiful athleticism from Jordan Ohara!

[Mertz gets up a little slowly, nodding appreciatively towards Ohara...

...and then gets his shoulder slapped from the outside by Kerry Kendrick.]

SA: Well, I suppose we'd call that a tag, Colt.

[Mertz glares at Kendrick for a moment... and then invites him in.]

"Go get him."

[Kendrick steps through the ropes in a huff, brushing past a smirking Mertz.]

CP: You know... I think Cody Mertz is enjoying this!

SA: Maybe a little...

[Kendrick stomps across the ring towards Ohara, pointing an accusing finger...]

"I beat you ONCE... I'll beat you again!"

[...and SHOVES Ohara backwards a step with a sneer...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Ohara responds with a big knife edge chop that knocks Kendrick off his feet!]

SA: Oh my!

[Kendrick is down on the mat, scooting backwards as the crowd cheers and an annoyed Ohara advances on him, shouting at him to get up and fight as Kendrick begs off and the referee blocks Ohara's path...]

SA: Kerry Kendrick didn't see that one coming... although he should have if he's the student of the game you claim he is, Colt.

CP: He got caught offguard by his emotions. Happens to us all.

SA: Back on his feet now in the neutral corner...

[Ohara brushes past the official, moving in on Kendrick who sees him coming, luring him into a knee to the midsection..]

SA: Oh! And there's the opening he was looking for!

[Kendrick grabs Ohara by the hair, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle, sending him staggering backwards...]

SA: Kendrick grabs the wrist, maybe an armwringer of his own...

[He executes the armwringer, then pulls Ohara into a jawbreaker!]

SA: ...OHHH! Kendrick coming out of the gates quickly... and Ohara's in early trouble against the man who beat him for the title at Memorial Day Mayhem in highly controversial fashion!

[Ohara steadies himself on his feet before Kendrick buries a boot into the gut, doubling him over...]

SA: Suplex on the way.... yes! Drives him down with that snap suplex... nice execution on that!

[Kendrick floats over into a cover, getting an early two count before Ohara escapes relatively easily...]

...which nonetheless yields Kendrick loudly complaining about the count to jeers.]

SA: Oh, come on... it was clear as day that was a two count, Colt.

CP: Not to Kerry Kendrick and Miss Sandra Hayes.

[Kendrick grabs the rising Ohara by the hair, hauling him to his feet before SMASHING a closed fist between the eyes, sending Ohara staggering backwards again...]

SA: The referee warning about that clenched fist... and is Kendrick trying to claim that was an open hand? He didn't even TRY to hide it!

[Mertz shakes his head from the apron as Kendrick grabs the arm, whipping Ohara towards the neutral corner...]

SA: Whips him in...

[...but Ohara leaps to the middle rope, springing backwards, twisting around...]

SA: ...CROSSBODY BY THE PHOENIX!

[Staying on his man, he hooks the leg... and gets a two count of his own before Kendrick kicks out!]

SA: Kendrick escapes... and Ohara has him rattled.

[Climbing to his feet with a grin, Ohara reaches out a hand towards his corner...]

SA: And there's a tag! Derrick Williams in this match for the first time... and listen to these fans!

[With the roaring crowd behind him, Williams advances on the rising Kendrick who throws a right hand...]

SA: Blocked... OHH! Big European uppercut by Williams, sending Kendrick falling away...

CP: And I gotta wonder what kind of headspace Derrick Williams is in after what went down with Hannibal Carver last weekend on Showtime, Big Sal. That's his mentor, you know.

SA: Mentor. Friend. Fellow road warrior. Drinking buddy. There's a long history there and I'm sure Derrick Williams wouldn't mind getting his hands on Team Supreme in the near future as well... but tonight, I believe he's focused on winning this match and building some much-needed momentum for the four way showdown in two weeks in North Dakota...

[Williams grabs Kendrick by the arm, shooting him across the ring...]

SA: Kendrick bounces off annnnnd...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...SPINNING SPINEBUSTER MAKING KEVIN SLATER PROUD IN CALGARY!

[Williams bounces up and then drops back down, making a cover without bothering to hook a leg... and getting a two count before Kendrick slips out.]

SA: Another two count early on in this one...

CP: Williams didn't even bother hooking the leg!

SA: That's something we've seen throughout his career. Derrick Williams often uses those early covers to measure how much punishment an opponent can withstand.

[Climbing to his feet, Williams grabs the rising and fleeing Kendrick around the waist, dumping him high on his shoulders with a twisting side suplex!]

SA: OHHHH! What impact on that one! And Kerry Kendrick is heading for the door right now!

[Williams comes up to his knees, looking to cover again... and finds Kendrick rolling under the ropes, dropping off to the apron to the floor as Miss Sandra Hayes hauls buns to go check on her man...]

CP: Smart move by Kerry Kendrick, Big Sal. He was being tossed around the ring by Ohara and Williams and now he gets a chance to regroup...

SA: A strategic retreat for sure. Maybe not the boldest move but perhaps the wisest at this point of the contest...

[Kendrick gets off the floor, holding the back of his neck with a grimace. He's breathing heavily as Hayes rushes to his side...]

"Make 'em fight on your terms, baby... you got this... you got this... you're the champ... you're the man... it's your match!"

[Kendrick drives her a nod as Williams leans over the ropes, waving Kendrick back inside the ring. Kendrick glares up at him and orders the referee to "KEEP HIM BACK!" The official obliges as Williams backs off, shaking his head...]

SA: Kendrick getting back up on the apron, climbing back through the rop-

[But as soon as he steps in, he slaps Cody Mertz' arm, pointing at Williams with a "YOU DEAL WITH THIS!" to jeers from the crowd. Mertz looks surprised, shaking his head with a "Seriously?" and gets a "YOUR TURN!" from Kendrick in response as he stakes out his spot on the apron.]

SA: Well... Cody Mertz is back in now... and I'm not sure this match is going the way either of those two expected, Colt.

CP: Oddly, it's kinda going the way I expected... at least as far as their teamwork goes.

SA: Cody Mertz is a former multi-time tag champion... so we know he knows to work as a unit. Kerry Kendrick on the other hand has never been known to play well with others. Mertz is back in now... and now the National Champion gets to deal with the final member of that four way match on the next Saturday Night Wrestling, Derrick Williams...

[There's a quick staredown before they begin circling. Williams goes high looking for a tieup but Mertz ducks under, swinging around with a single-legged dropkick that staggers Williams but doesn't put him down. Mertz is back up in a flash, rushing to the ropes...]

SA: Mertz turning up the temperature...

[A second dropkick lands, this time with both feet to the chest, sending Williams stumbling backwards, his arms pinwheeling as he falls back into the corner...

...and Mertz is almost immediately on the move again, launching himself into a shotgun dropkick to the chest that smashes Williams into the turnbuckles with an "OHHHH!" from the crowd!]

SA: Williams is stunned after that one, staggering out of the corner...

[Mertz scrambles up onto the middle rope, waving for Williams to turn... and he slowly does...]

SA: OHHH! METEORA OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE! HOOKS THE LEGS! ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[Williams powers out, breaking loose to a rumbling cheer from the Saddledome crowd!]

SA: It's tremendous offense on the part of the National Champion and he's got the Future reeling early on...

[Mertz scrambles up as Williams tries to come off the mat... and then makes a grab for the arm...]

SA: Whoa! Whoa! Looking for the Fujiwara early!

[...but Williams plants his feet, powerfully shoving Mertz off into the ropes where he bounces back...]

SA: Big clothesline... ducked by Mertz!

[Mertz keeps on running to the ropes, Williams a half-step behind him. Mertz hits the ropes, rebounds back... and then slams on the brakes when he sees an empty ring, twisting around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets ROCKED with a peek-a-boo clothesline by Williams, a blow that turns the champion inside out with ease!]

SA: WHAT A SHOT BY WILLIAMS!

CP: That's gonna leave a mark!

SA: Williams with the cover - gets one, gets two, gets- noooooo! Out at two for the champion!

[Williams claps his hands together, looking to the corner where Ohara nods his head in appreciation, sticking out his hand...]

SA: Williams bringing Mertz to his feet...

[He grabs Mertz by the arm, looking to whip him into the corner...

...but Mertz reverses the whip, sending Williams into the ropes instead.]

SA: Williams off the ropes... leapfr-

[But in mid-leap, Mertz is caught as Williams pivots...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: POWERSLAAAAAM! WHAT A COUNTER BY THE FUTURE!

[Williams pops up, full of enthusiasm and fire as he grabs Mertz by the wrist, dragging him to the corner...]

SA: There's the tag... the Phoenix is in...

[Williams points at the downed Mertz and gestures to the ropes where Ohara nods, grabbing hold of the top...]

SA: SLINGSHOT... SENTON BY OHARA! Nicely done - nice teamwork by that duo!

CP: Like we said at the beginning, these two are former tag team partners. They know how to do this.

[Ohara rolls over, getting another two count before the champion kicks out.]

SA: The Phoenix rises, bringing Mertz off the mat...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lights him up with a knife edge chop, sending Mertz falling back into the neutral corner.]

SA: Another big chop by the two-time champion, hoping to make history in two weeks' time in North Dakota... and you know it would just add a little more fuel to his fire if he can defeat the National Champion here tonight.

CP: Momentum would be on his side if he can make that happen for sure.

[Ohara steps into the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Another big chop connects!

[Ohara grabs the arm, whipping Mertz across the ring into the corner.]

SA: Mertz hits the corner hard... in comes Ohara!

[But Ohara runs right into a pair of raised feet from the champion!]

SA: OHHH! He caught him coming in!

[Ohara stumbles back a step but not far enough as Mertz jumps straight back up, snapping a foot off the back of his head!]

SA: OHHH! ENZUUUUUGIRI BY THE CHAMPION!

[Ohara collapses to the canvas as Mertz rolls under the ropes to the apron, dragging himself to his feet...

...and slingshots over, dropping a leg across the Phoenix!]

SA: LEGDROP DOWWWWN ACROSS THE CHEST!

[Mertz stays on him, waving for the referee to count... and gets a two count before Ohara powers out.]

SA: Another two count there... and look at this now, Mertz dragging Ohara into the corner where Kendrick is waiting for the tag...

[But just as Mertz goes to slap the offered hand, Kendrick pulls it back to jeers.]

SA: What the...?!

[Kendrick smirks at a fuming Mertz.]

"What's wrong? You don't need me, CHAMP!"

[Mertz is glaring at Kendrick, trading a few words the mic doesn't quick pick up... perhaps thankfully...

...and then suddenly gives a shocked shout as Ohara drags him down into a schoolboy rollup!]

SA: ROLLUP! ROLLUP! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Near fall there for Ohara! He almost picked the carcass on that one and got the win while Mertz and Kendrick were arguing! Kendrick nearly cost his own team the match right there, Colt!

CP: And I hate to say it but he's loving every second of it.

[Kendrick has a definite type of grin on his face as Mertz scrambles to his feet, Ohara right behind him...]

SA: Waistlo- OH! Mertz with a back elbow!

[Mertz dashes to the ropes in front of him, leaping to the middle rope... then blindly springs backwards, landing on the shoulders of the stunned Ohara, twisting it around into a rana of his own, hooking both legs!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd reacts as Williams makes an urgent save of his partner!]

SA: Williams saves the match for he and Ohara! A far cry from what we're seeing on the other side of the ring, Colt!

[Williams backs off on the referee's orders as Mertz gets off the mat, a frustrated look on his face...

...and suddenly gets slapped on the shoulder!]

CP: And there's the tag!

SA: Ridiculous, Colt. Absolutely ridiculous.

[Mertz spins around angrily, shouting "WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?" at his smirking partner who ducks through the ropes. He stabs a finger into Mertz' chest with a "WINNING THE MATCH!"

SA: Kendrick back in now... Ohara struggling to get up...

[Kendrick rushes forward and CREAMS Ohara with the running kneelift, snapping his head backwards as he collapses to the canvas!]

SA: ...LIBERTY BELLRINGER CONNECTS!

[Kendrick dives across, hooking a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: And Williams breaks up the pin AGAIN!

CP: Sakai's gotta get some control over this!

[Kendrick angrily shouts at the official's back as Sakai forces Williams back out of the ring...]

SA: Kendrick is beside himself, Colt... as is Sandra Hayes...

CP: He had Ohara beat!

[Kendrick drags Ohara off the mat, wrapping him up in a bodylock...]

SA: He's looking for the belly-to-belly! He's throwing everything he's got at Ohara!

[...but Ohara tees off with some close range fists to the face before SMASHING his arms together in an earclapper!]

SA: OH! Ohara breaks free!

[Kendrick staggers backwards as Ohara turns towards his corner, stretching out a hand to Williams...

...but Kendrick DRIVES a forearm into the small of Ohara's back before tugging him into a side waistlock, dumping him with a back suplex!]

SA: Ohhh! Kendrick from behind lowers the boom... quick cover...

[Another two count lands before Ohara escapes... and a frustrated Kendrick takes the mount, smashing his fist down between the eyes once... twice... three times before the official warns him off.]

SA: Kendrick might be losing what's left of his cool in this one... obvious frustration on the part of the Foundation...

[Dragging Ohara off the mat, Kendrick snatches a side headlock, walking to the ropes with him...

...and then sadistically rakes his forehead across the top rope as the crowd jeers, the referee complains, and Cody Mertz looks on with disgust at his own partner's actions.]

SA: Kendrick breaks it up... he's got him hooked... another back suplex perhaps...

[Kendrick turns to face Williams, shouting "WATCH THIS!" at the Future as he lifts Ohara up...

...and the Phoenix flips out on the lift, dropping to his knees behind Kendrick!]

SA: Ohara escapes! Through the legs annnnnd...

[The crowd ROARS as Ohara makes a lunging tag!]

SA: The tag is made! Here comes the Future!

[Williams comes in hot on Kendrick, landing a pair of big elbow strikes that has Kendrick backpedaling in a hurry, ending up in the neutral corner just before Williams rushes in with a shoulder to the midsection...]

SA: Big shoulder downstairs... and another...

[He straightens up, whipping Kendrick across the ring, sending him crashing HARD into the turnbuckles...]

SA: Kendrick staggers out annnnnnd...

[...and Williams lifts him, twisting, and DRIVES him down into the canvas!]

SA: ...ANOTHER SPINNING SPINEBUSTER ON KERRY KENDRICK!

[Williams settles into a cover, nodding along with the count...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd reacts as Cody Mertz slips through the ropes, breaking up the pin JUST in time with a kick to the shoulderblades!]

SA: Wow! Cody Mertz breaks up the pin there!

[Williams kneels on the mat, glaring at the retreating Mertz who throws up his hands with a "just doing my job!"]

SA: Derrick Williams wasn't too happy about that, Colt, but Mertz said it... "just doing my job."

CP: These four guys are gonna tear each other apart in Grand Forks, jack!

[Williams gets back to his feet, pulling Kendrick up alongside him...

...and Kendrick reaches out and stabs a thumb into the eye of Williams!]

SA: OHH!

[Williams staggers back, wiping at his eyes as Kendrick grabs him around the thighs, lifting and dropping in an inverted atomic drop before dashing to the ropes behind the stunned Williams...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: BIG CLOTHESLINE! RIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[The blow drops Williams down to the mat where Kendrick STOMPS him hard in the lower back before flipping him over, diving into a lateral press...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH- ANOTHER KICK OUT! The action is picking up here in Calgary and this is just the opening match, Colt!

[Kendrick rolls away from the downed Williams, looking to his corner where Mertz sticks out a hand. Kendrick hesitates a moment, breathing hard... and then relents as he tags Mertz back in. Mertz is on the move in a flash, climbing the turnbuckles as the crowd rises to their feet in anticipation...]

SA: Mertz is heading up top!

[...and as Williams rises, Mertz takes flight!]

SA: SPINNING LEG LARIAT! OFF THE TOP!

[The big impact puts both men down, shaken up by the big fall from the top rope... but Mertz is the first on the move, crawling across and diving onto Williams!]

SA: This could do it! IT COULD BE! IT MIGHT BE! IT... OHHHH! AND NOW IT'S OHARA WHO MAKES THE SAAAAAAVE!

[The crowd is PUMPED UP, roaring for the action as Ohara backs off, shouting encouragement to Williams as Mertz rolls to a hip, looking up at Ohara with a shake of his head... and Ohara shrugs with a “just doing my job!”]

SA: Turnabout is fair play, I suppose... and now it's Cody Mertz who has his pin of Williams broken up!

[Mertz climbs to his feet, throwing a look at his corner where Kendrick is imploring him to “FINISH HIM! FINISH HIM NOW!” Mertz gives a reluctant nod as he pulls Williams off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

SA: Oh... we've seen this before!

[Mertz reaches down, snatching one arm... then the other...]

SA: He's looking for the Billion Dollar Drop!

[...but Williams is fighting it, planting his feet, resisting the lift into the facebuster...]

CP: He can't get him up for it though!

[Williams suddenly stands up, backflipping Mertz over...]

...but the champion is ready for it, landing on his feet behind Williams!]

SA: WHOA!

[Mertz spins as does Williams who POPS Mertz with a straight right hand, sending him into a stagger...]

...and Williams spins around, coming up swinging!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: NEURALIZER! NEURALIZER! RIGHT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

CP: Hannibal Carver is smiling from his hospital bed!

[The rolling elbow to the back of the head sends Mertz falling forward, nearly falling from the ring before the ropes bounce him back down. Williams dives across, still not hooking a leg...]

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

[...and as the referee's hand is coming down for a three, a barely-moving Cody Mertz drapes his foot over the bottom rope!]

SA: ...OHHHH! MERTZ SAVES HIMSELF THERE!

[Kendrick glowers from the corner at the action as Williams kneels on the mat, breathing heavily...]

SA: Kendrick's shouting at Mertz now, ordering him to make the tag... we've got both men down and dazed after that exchange...

[Ohara slaps the top turnbuckle, getting the crowd to clap for Williams, urging him to the corner to make his own tag...]

SA: Both men down! Both men trying desperately to get to their corner!

[...and with the Calgary crowd at a fever pitch...]

SA: TAG! ON BOTH SIDES!

[...and in come Kendrick and Ohara, rushing towards each other at top speed...]

SA: CLOTHESLI-

[...but a running Kendrick attack is ducked by Ohara who spins, catching him...]

SA: ARMDRAG! Right back to how we started the match!

[Kendrick rolls through, back to his feet, and runs into a second deep armdrag that sends him down to the mat, the crowd cheering the Phoenix' offensive flurry!]

SA: Ohara's tossing him all over the ring and... OH! DROPKICK ON THE MOUTH!

[Kendrick staggers backwards, falling to a knee as Ohara ducks under the ropes, heading quickly to the top...]

SA: Jordan Ohara on the climb... Jordan Ohara is gonna fly!

[...and as Kendrick gets to his feet, Ohara leaps high into the air with his arm at full extension...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: FLYING TOMAHAWK!

[Kendrick collapses to the canvas, Ohara diving across him, wrapping up a leg...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: NO! NO! OUT AT TWOOOOOOO!

[The Phoenix rises once more, feeding off the crowd as they try to urge him over the finish line...]

SA: Ohara pulling Kendrick up... waistlock!

[...and he takes Kendrick up and over, dropping him with a bridging German Suplex!]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

[The crowd reacts as Cody Mertz makes a desperation dive, barely breaking down the bridge in time to save the match for his team!]

SA: MERTZ SAVES KENDRICK AGAIN! AGAIN!

CP: Now THAT was close!

[Mertz tiredly rolls to the outside as the referee orders him out of the ring.]

SA: What a tag team battle it's been here to kick things off on Saturday Night Wrestling from Calgary, fans!

[Ohara is the first to stir, pulling Kendrick up by the hair...]

SA: OH! Kendrick caught him - quick right hand on the jaw!

[With Ohara staggered, Kendrick whips him into the corner where Ohara hits the buckles, bouncing off as Kendrick charges in...]

...and Ohara pulls off a spin move, sending Kendrick crashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

SA: OHH! Into the corner...

[Ohara snatches the rear waistlock again, taking Kendrick over a second time with a little extra oomph, throwing Kendrick into a flip that sends him crashing chestfirst down on to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And the Phoenix rises to his feet, throwing his arms back with a ROAR that the Calgary crowd is happy to echo...]

SA: THE PHOENIX IS FIRED UP IN THE SADDLEDOME!

[Ohara nods to the crowd, throwing a look at Kendrick before ducking through the ropes to the outside...]

SA: And Jordan Ohara may be thinking Phoenix Flame, Colt!

CP: If he hits it, it's over!

SA: Ohara starting to climb... wait a second!

[But before he can scale the buckles, he spots Kerry Kendrick rolling towards the ropes away from his flight path. A disappointed Ohara quickly changes direction, approaching from the apron...]

SA: Kendrick wisely got to the ropes, wisely prevented Ohara from going up top...

[...and reaches over the top, pulling Kendrick off the mat...]

SA: What's he...?

[...and Kendrick slaps the hand away, wrapping his arms around the head, and DROPS to his knees, snapping Ohara's throat off the top rope!]

SA: OHH!

[He grabs Ohara by the head, dragging him into the ring, his legs draped over the top rope...]

SA: Wait! Wait! He's looking for the Self Made DDT! He's looking for-

[...and Kendrick doesn't even go for the lift, instead dropping straight DOWN, driving Ohara's skull into the mat!]

SA: HE GOT IT! HE GOT IT! A MODIFIED VERSION OF IT BUT HE GOT IT ALL!

[Kendrick flips Ohara over, swinging his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before making the cover...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

[...and the crowd lets loose a ROAR of relief as Derrick Williams makes a lunging, diving save!]

SA: AND WILLIAMS MAKES THE SAAAAAAVE! HE SAVES THE MATCH FOR HIS TEAM!

[The referee immediately confronts Williams, ordering him out of the ring. Williams points toward Kendrick who is on his knees, shouting "GET HIM OUT OF HERE!"]

SA: Williams getting put out... Kendrick back up, looking to finish off the Phoenix and-

[Kendrick angrily turns on his own corner.]

"YOU SEE THAT?! YOU SEE WHAT HE DID?!"

[Mertz shrugs.]

"He saved his partner! Try it sometime!"

[Kendrick throws his hands up in the air.]

"WHERE WERE YOU?! STOP HIM NEXT TIME!"

[Mertz responds in kind as the crowd buzzes at the breakdown.]

CP: Oh, these two are about five seconds from killing each other.

[Kendrick marches to the corner, angrily SLAPPING the shoulder of Mertz, pointing at Ohara...]

"YOU DO IT!"

[And Mertz gives Kendrick a several second HARD glare before finally stepping into the ring. Kendrick is still talking as Mertz goes to pull Ohara off the mat...]

...and Ohara yanks the legs out from under him, diving and flipping into a double leg cradle, the crowd counting along with the count!]

"ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEEEEE- OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Mertz kicks out JUST in time to save the match as Kendrick throws up his hands from the apron again, kicking the bottom rope.]

SA: Jordan Ohara nearly won it right there! Mertz got distracted by his own partner and it almost cost them!

[Mertz pops up, shouting at Kendrick who returns the favor...]

...and Mertz SLAPS Kendrick's shoulder as Kendrick did to him moments ago.]

SA: Another tag... sort of.

[Kendrick looks shocked by Mertz' actions but gets in, stomping the rising Ohara a few times...]

...and then stomps back to his corner, slapping Mertz' shoulder again.]

SA: This is... not going well.

[Kendrick yanks Ohara up by the hair, holding his arms as Mertz steps in...]

"COME ON! GET HIM!"

[Mertz sighs, rearing back a right hand...]

SA: OH!

[...but Ohara ducks down and Mertz BLASTS Kendrick with a haymaker that knocks him off his feet!]

SA: Uh oh!

CP: He did that on PURPOSE!

SA: I don't think he did but- LOOK AT OHARA! LOOK AT OHARA!

[And with Mertz and Kendrick distracted, Ohara makes a dive...]

SA: TAAAAAG!

[Williams comes rushing in, blocking a right hand from Mertz and FLOORING him with a big European uppercut!]

SA: DOWN GOES MERTZ!

[Williams goes into a spin as Kendrick staggers up...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and a big spinning elbow sends Kendrick flying backwards, falling through the ropes to the outside!]

SA: THERE GOES KENDRICK AS WELL!

[Williams turns to go back after Mertz when suddenly...]

SA: HAYES! SANDRA HAYES GRABS WILLIAMS BY THE ANKLE!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS in jeers at Hayes prevents Williams from going after Kendrick's partner!]

SA: Come on, ref!

[Williams struggles to get loose as Hayes fights to hang on...

...and then Kendrick joins the fray, grabbing the other ankle as they pull Williams off his feet, dragging him out to the floor where Kendrick and Williams start trading haymakers as Hayes scampers away!]

SA: We've got a fight on the outside now!

[Inside the ring, Cody Mertz has regained his feet, looking around to survey the scene... and then dashes to the ropes...]

SA: Mertz on the move!

[...and then hauls tail across the ring, hurling himself between the ropes like a heat-seeking missile...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

SA: HE TOOK OUT HIS OWN PARTNER! MERTZ TAKES OUT HIS OWN PARTNER!

[The crowd reacts as Mertz' flying form CRASHES into Kerry Kendrick, sending him sprawling on the outside of the ring!]

SA: Cody Mertz just dove through the ropes and he accidentally dropped his own part-

CP: ACCIDENTALLY?! SAYS WHO?!

SA: What? You think it was intentional?!

CP: You're DAMN right I think it was intentional, Albano! Cody Mertz has been looking all match long for a chance to cheapshot Kerry Kendrick and he just took it!

[Mertz climbs off the floor, a shocked expression on his face...]

SA: Does THAT look like someone who planned to take out his own partner?!

CP: THAT looks like one hell of an actor to me!

[Mertz takes a step towards Kendrick...

...when Derrick Williams spins him around into an elbowstrike on the jaw... and another... and another...]

SA: Sandra Hayes is losing it out here by us!

[We can hear snippets of Hayes' rant... things like "YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE!" aimed at Cody Mertz who is getting rocked by Williams' striking prowess on the outside. Williams grabs Mertz by the arm...]

SA: Irish whi- REVERSED!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The whip by Mertz sends Williams CRASHING into the steel barricade at ringside to a fevered reaction from the sold out crowd!]

SA: WILLIAMS HITS THE STEEL!

[Mertz moves in on Williams, hammering him with forearm shots... as the referee slides to the outside, shouting to get the action back inside the ring...

...which is when Kerry Kendrick acts.]

SA: What in... Kerry Kendrick just SNATCHED the National Title off the timekeeper's table! Where the heck is he going with that?!

CP: It's his! It belongs to him!

SA: It most certainly does NOT!

[And with Jordan Ohara in the ring, shouting at Williams, Mertz, and the official...

...Kendrick rolls in on the other side!]

SA: Hang on now! Kendrick's in the ring with the belt, Colt!

CP: He sure is! Let him have it, Kerry!

[Kendrick comes to his feet, belt in hand, staring at the back of Jordan Ohara who has no clue he's there and waiting for him...]

SA: Kerry Kendrick's got Jordan Ohara right where he wants him! He's got him right where he wants him!

[Hayes looks on eagerly, grabbing the ropes, nodding her head in anticipation as Kendrick winds up...]

SA: He's gonna do it! He's gonna clock Ohara with the belt from behind and-

[But as Ohara starts to turn, Kendrick finishes his wind up...

...and suddenly finds himself stopped in his tracks!]

SA: MERTZ! MERTZ!

[Mertz grabs hold of the title belt from behind Kendrick, stopping him cold!]

SA: MERTZ STOPS HIM!

[Kendrick spins around angrily.]

“WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!”

[Mertz hangs on, tugging the other side of his title belt.]

“PUT IT DOWN, KENDRICK!”

[Kendrick yanks the other way.]

“LET GO!”

[But Mertz refuses.]

“NOT WITH MY BELT! WE’RE NOT WINNING LIKE THIS!”

[The crowd is ROARING for the wild scene!]

CP: THEY’RE FIGHTING OVER THE BELT!

SA: KENDRICK WANTS TO USE IT AS A WEAPON! MERTZ WON’T LET HIM!

[But as the tug o’ war ensues, neither man notices Jordan Ohara exiting the ring, climbing the corner buckles...]

SA: OHARA IS CLIMBING!

[Kendrick yanks the championship belt towards himself but Mertz refuses to release it!]

“LET GO!”

[Mertz screams a refusal of his own as Kendrick plants his feet...

...and gives one final, violent tug...

...and RIPS the championship free, falling backwards as Mertz stumbles into the corner...]

SA: KENDRICK’S GOT IT!

[Kendrick wheels around, belt in hand...

...RIGHT INTO THE PATH OF JORDAN OHARA!]

SA: PHOENIX FLAAAAAAAME!

[Ohara SOARS from the top rope, pumping his arms and legs in the frog splash crossbody that CRASHES into Kendrick, sending the National Championship flying through the air as they tumble to the canvas, Ohara hooking both legs as the referee dives back inside...]

SA: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE!

[...and Mertz spots the pin, moving forward to break it up...]

SA: TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...but Derrick Williams is on the move, coming in hard, stepping up on his partner's back, springing into the air to hook a three-quarter nelson on Mertz...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: FUTURE SHOCK!

[...and with the path to victory clear...]

SA: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Calgary crowd EXPLODES in cheers at the chaotic finish as the bell sounds!]

SA: THEY GOT HIM! THEY GOT HIM!

CP: Did you SEE that?! Did you SEE what Williams just did?!

SA: He used his own partner as a launchpad! Future Shock outta nowhere keeps Cody Mertz out of the fray and Jordan Ohara has pinned Kerry Kendrick in the center of the ring!

[Hayes is wailing in dismay on the outside as Nas begins playing over the PA system again. Ohara rolls off Kendrick, a huge grin on his face as Williams takes a knee, nodding at the laid out Cody Mertz. The referee beckons them both together, joining in mid-ring to have their arms raised...]

RO: Here are your winners... DERRICK WILLIAMS AND JORRRRDAAAAN
OOOOOOHARAAAA!

[Ohara grins at the announcement as Williams nods his head, exchanging a look with his partner... and smirks at the win before sharing a fistbump.]

SA: What a victory! Jordan Ohara pins the former National Champion and Derrick Williams delivers a SPECTACULAR Future Shock to the CURRENT National Champion, Colt!

CP: And in case you forgot, these four men are gonna run it back in a four way match in two weeks for the National Title!

SA: Mertz was on his way to save Kerry Kendrick... and Derrick Williams came flying in out of nowhere... let's just take another look...

[The replay rolls as we see Kendrick ripping the championship away from Mertz, turning into the Phoenix Flame, and Williams springing off Ohara's back to deliver the Future Shock.]

SA: LOOK AT THAT! LOOK AT THE HEIGHT WILLIAMS GETS!

CP: And Mertz never saw it coming!

[We go back live where Kendrick is sitting on the mat, leaning against the buckles, staring in disbelief as Sandra Hayes joins him in the ring, kneeling beside him, angrily gesturing behind her...]

"HE COST YOU THE MATCH! HE! COST! YOU!"

[Kendrick's expression twists from disappointment into fury as he gets up, pointing across the ring...]

"YOU!"

[With Hayes smirking and nodding her approval, Kendrick stomps across the ring, jerking a stunned Mertz off the mat...]

"THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT! I HAD THIS MATCH WON!"

[A weary Mertz delivers a weak one-handed shove, grabbing at his head with the other hand...]

"Don't even start with me, Kendrick."

[Hayes stomps in behind her man, joining the verbal assault.]

"YOU HAD NO RIGHT!"

[Mertz leans against the ropes, shaking his head at the double barrel verbal attack...]

"WE HAD THE MATCH WON!"

[...and Kendrick shoves him back into the ropes as Mertz reels in a daze.]

"YOU LOST IT!"

[Another shove. Mertz' eyes flash this time.]

"Leave it alone, Kendrick."

[Hayes steps in, pointing to the fallen title belt.]

"YOU'RE A DISGRACE! YOU DON'T DESERVE THAT TITLE!"

[Mertz suddenly responds, shoving Kendrick backwards to a huge cheer! Kendrick backpedals as Mertz steps forward, snatching up the title belt.]

"Then why don't the two of you come and TAKE it from me in North Dakota?!"

[The official steps in between the trio, trying to keep it from escalating further. Across the ring, Williams and Ohara are watching the argument with considerable interest...]

...and then Williams steps over to Mertz, putting a hand on the title belt as Mertz reflexively jerks away.]

"Looks pretty good, doesn't it?"

[Ohara comes from the other side, his eyes locked on his former prize.]

"Sure does."

[Mertz snatches the title belt off his shoulder, twisting around to make sure Ohara isn't behind him...]

SA: These four men have a date in North Dakota two weeks from tonight with that grand prize on the line and...

[Williams points to the title belt... then jerks a thumb at himself... but Ohara shakes his head, doing the belt gesture...]

CP: Oh, I LOVE IT! These two just won together but don't think for one second they've forgotten what's waiting for them in North Dakota!

SA: Jordan Ohara has pinned Kerry Kendrick! Derrick Williams has delivered the Future Shock to Cody Mertz! And now the National Champion finds himself surrounded by three men who believe that championship should belong to them!

[Kendrick backs off, pulling Sandra Hayes with him as he bellows at the other three men...]

SA: In Grand Forks, North Dakota... there won't be any partners! There won't be anybody to save you! It'll be Cody Mertz, Kerry Kendrick, Jordan Ohara, and Derrick Williams with the AWA National Championship hanging in the balance!

CP: And after what we just saw here in Calgary, Big Sal, I wouldn't wanna be the referee assigned to THAT one!

[The camera closes in on Mertz, his jaw clenched as he looks from Kendrick to Williams to Ohara.]

SA: Four men. One championship. And tensions are absolutely BOILING OVER here in Calgary!

[We fade from the action in the ring to footage from last week's Showtime in Regina. Lori Dane's voice is instantly heard.]

"Welcome back to the AWA to Corey Lawson!"

[We see the veteran enthusiastically saluting the crowd before the footage cuts to Jason Dane and the massive Gino Typhoon emerging at the top of the Globe Theatre staircase. Dane's voice from his pre-match words aimed at Lawson cut in.]

"Corey Lawson, while I find your comeback quest charming... it is utterly hopeless. You do not deserve to be here."

[Lawson responds with an obscene gesture, drawing cheers from the crowd...

...and we quick cut to the opening bell. Lori's voice calls the scene.]

"HERE WE-"

[Typhoon catches the charging Lawson and drives him into the canvas with a thunderous uranage!

Cut to Typhoon nearly taking Lawson's head off with a clothesline from behind. Ben Waterson's smirking face can be heard in his tone.]

"Right to the back of the noggin!"

[Lawson briefly fights back, slipping out of a fireman's carry and connecting with several right hands and a standing dropkick. Lori's on the call.]

"Corey Lawson's got some fight left in him!"

[But Typhoon charges forward, leaping into Lawson with his massive frame and crushing him to the canvas.]

Cut to Jason Dane dragging a thumb across his throat as Lori calls the end.]

"TYPHOON WARNING!"

[Typhoon's 401-pound splash lands flush as he stays on his man, earning the three count.

Freeze on Typhoon standing victorious over Lawson, Jason Dane raising his arm as he gets the last word.]

"Gino Typhoon is the future of this business, and guys like Corey Lawson are just a relic of the past."

[The words echo out before we fade to footage marked with "RECORDED LAST WEEK", as we see Mark Stegglet approach a prone form laying across a set of light cases, an ice pack pressed to the head. Stegglet takes an aside to his cameraman, speaking quietly.]

MS: Fans, pardon me for indulging myself, but when I saw this man competing on tonight's Showtime, I had to have a conversation with him, win or lose.

[Stegglet turns his attention to the prone form.]

MS: Corey Lawson, how are you feeling?

[The prone form slowly starts to rise, a groan of pain emerging as he reaches for his sore ribs. In spite of it all, a friendly smile is on the Tennessee native's face.]

CL: I'll be feelin' good if you got the number of the truck that hit me, Mark.

[Lawson grimaces as he sits up unsteadily on the light cases, placing a hand on Stegglet's shoulder to balance himself.]

MS: Well, Gino Typhoon was as big as a truck, that's for certain.

[Lawson nods, putting the ice pack to his side.]

CL: That's what they told me when I signed that open contract. Somethin' about being twice my size. Sure looked bigger up close.

[Lawson rubs his jawline.]

CL: And he packed one hell of a punch too. I figured I could knock him down a peg or two, maybe clip his knee and get him on the mat, but sometimes it just don't shake out the way you want.

MS: And Jason Dane before the match, what he said, that didn't bother you?

[Lawson shakes his head.]

CL: Mark... you remember that night when I tried to fight the Samoans by myself?

[Stegglet thinks.]

MS: Was it...

[Stegglet thinks some more, but Lawson pats him on the shoulder.]

CL: June 12, 2010. Got the hospital invoice on the fridge at home to remind me of what was taken away from me. The Samoans hurt my partner, and I wanted to fight them so bad, I went into a two-on-one by myself, and they busted me up so bad I thought I'd never come back. Then by the time I got healthy, I got told "hey Corey, we like you, but you've gotta go out and prove yourself again."

[Lawson shrugs.]

CL: Now every busted up used-to-be wrestler's got a sob story they tell at the bar about havin' the world yanked out from under 'em, and I ain't the kind that was goin' to let that happen to me. So I worked in singles, I worked in tags, I got in my beat up old Toyota Corolla and I drove wherever I could find a ring and a crowd and I did what I could. Finally, I came across Jack Prescott, and we started makin' waves.

[Lawson snaps his fingers.]

CL: Just like that, Mark, we come to the AWA for Homecomin' last year, Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez bust us up bad, and Jack decides weldin' pipes and tellin' stories at the waterin' hole is good enough. He got his taste of the big time and he didn't like it, so he went off and did what he does like. Good for him. But me, Mark? Me?

[Lawson taps his heart.]

CL: I got somethin' in here that tells me I ain't done yet, even if my old body says we need the Epsom salts and a good long soak. See, I ain't goin' to sit there at the bar, singin' Rocky Top, talkin' about who I used to be to a bunch of folks who already heard my stories before. And this time, I ain't puttin' nobody else in the line of fire. This time, if I ain't good enough, it's all on my shoulders.

[Stegglet's eyes open wide.]

MS: Are you saying you're coming back for more?

[Lawson nods.]

CL: I'm sure there's someone who will have an open contract for Showtime in Winnipeg that's just waitin' for my signature.

[Lawson cracks a grin.]

CL: Just promise me it ain't gonna be another truck disguised as a human that'll bust up my ribs.

[The comment causes Stegglet to chuckle as we cut to a live action shot of Jason Dane and the hulking Gino Typhoon watching on a monitor backstage in Calgary. Mark Stegglet steps into the frame.]

JD: Ah. My old buddy. How goes it, Mark?

[Stegglet sighs.]

MS: I guess I'm wondering why the office said you specifically requested me to do this interview.

[Dane smirks, clapping his old friend on the shoulder.]

JD: Because we just don't see enough of each other anymore, Mark... and because you seemed like a good choice to put out a message for me.

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow.]

MS: What kind of a message?

JD: A warning shot across the bow of every man in this locker room who thinks they've got what it takes to stand across the ring from the future of this industry, Gino Typhoon.

[Dane slaps a hand on Typhoon's chest as the big man nods, not registering the slap as he menaces the camera.]

JD: Look at Corey Lawson there. He came. He saw...

[He gestures to Typhoon with a chuckle.]

JD: ...and he was conquered.

[Dane shrugs.]

JD: It's the law of the jungle to kill or be killed... to eat or be eaten... and my man Gino is HUNGRY, Mark.

[Mark eyeballs a nodding Gino Typhoon.]

MS: I'm sure he is... but I've got a feeling he's going to get all the meal he can handle next weekend in Winnipeg when he goes one on one with "Flawless" Larry Wallace!

[The crowd inside the arena cheers!]

JD: Larry Wallace is a sham, Mark. The son of Battlin' Burt. We all know Battlin' Burt... one of the toughest to ever lace 'em. A man who won as many fights in the bar after the show as he did in the ring. And to look at his offspring... well, it's no wonder things are strained in the Wallace family.

Burt Wallace has failed his son to let him grow up to be like this...

...and when Larry climbs into the ring next weekend, big Gino is going to show him and the rest of the world exactly how flawed Larry Wallace is.

[Dane inclines his head at his former friend, rapping him on the shoulder with his jagged crystal-topped cane.]

JD: Until next time.

[With a gesture, he sweeps off-camera as Gino Typhoon trails him out of view and we fade to black...]

Cut to ringside at an unknown AWA event. Ricki Toughill is flung over the ropes by an unknown opponent and crashes into the ringside barricade. She stands upright, looking a bit frustrated, and looks at something off-camera.]

RT: Oh hey.

[The something off-camera is a fully stocked Dunkin' shop counter at ringside, complete with a friendly-looking barista.]

B: Looks like a pretty tough opponent tonight. Medium cold brew?

"ONE!"

[Ricki looks up at the ring, which is off-camera, then back at the barista.]

RT: You can make it a large. This ref always counts slow.

[The barista hands Ricki her tall, frosty cold brew. She takes a sip. Another customer seated at a ringside table with a laptop computer in front of him takes notice.]

C: Wow, she knows your order?

RT: Yeah, I spend a lot of time out here.

[Ricki is about to sit down, when she notices the empty chair beside the other customer. She picks up the folding chair and snaps it shut.]

RT: Mind if I take a seat?

[Ricki looks up into the ring with a mischievous, crooked grin—a cold brew in one hand and a steel chair in the other.]

V/O: Where there's wrestling, there's Dunkin'.

[Cut to a close-up shot of a cold brew. Another cold brew rebounds off a set of three ropes and slides into position beside it. The AWA and Dunkin' logo flash on screen.]

V/O: Cold brew for bell time. America runs on Dunkin'!

[And we fade back to live action backstage where we find Mariah Wolfe standing next to "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis. The "coach" of the Slam Sorority is already dressed in her red, white, and blue tracksuit.]

MW: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where in just a few moments, fans, we're going to see Shannon Walsh face the woman beside me, "The All-Around Athlete" Laura Davis! Now, Laura, this comes off a challenge that Shannon issued to you on Showtime, after which she took you down and appeared to catch you in the mouth with a shot. After what went down, what are your thoughts about facing her tonight in Calgary?

LD: Wolfe, you already saw what went down when Shannon Walsh took on Trish Wallace... T-Bone took care of business. Now, when I was just having a friendly chat with Donna Martinelli about Slam Sorority matters, Walsh decides to get involved and dares to challenge me.

[She smirks as she turns to the camera.]

LD: It's like I told you, Walsh... you couldn't get the job done against T-Bone, so what makes you think you'll get the job done against me? Well, you got your match with me, Walsh, and now you get to find out what it's like to step into the ring with the best women's athlete in the world today.

MW: While it's true that Trish Wallace did come out with the victory, you must admit that Shannon took Trish to the limit. She even showed she could pull out the submission holds, even one that you have utilized a lot in your career.

[Davis scoffs.]

LD: Yeah, she showed she can pull off a heel hook... that's real cute, Walsh. But if you want to know how to actually make it work, you'll get to find out how it's done in our match tonight when I slap it on you.

You may have caught me off guard with your little stunt on Showtime, but now that I'm ready for you, don't expect me to be caught off guard again, and certainly don't expect me to allow you to bust my lip again. The only thing you can expect tonight is that I will show you that, regardless of the potential you may have, you have a long way to go to be at my level.

[Wolfe shakes her head.]

MW: I have to say, you seem to be taking Shannon a bit lightly, Laura.

[Davis' face grows serious.]

LD: Wolfe, your opinion is noted but, after I'm finished with Walsh tonight, you will have to reevaluate. Because after what she did to me on Showtime, I can promise you she is going to get my best. After all, my best is exactly how I teach lessons to those who need to learn them.

And because she will get my best, that will prove to everyone that what I just said is reality... that Walsh has a long way to go to be at my level. And once I'm done with her, I'll be looking forward to seeing Trish and Carolina take care of business against Lauryn Rage and Ricki Toughill.

[Davis then gets that smirk on her face again.]

LD: And after that, Wolfe, it won't be long before everyone will learn exactly what I have in mind for Lauryn Rage...

Now, Mariah, your time with an all-time great is up... now it's time for you to watch as I prove why I am the best women's athlete in the world today.

[With that, Davis walks off the set as Wolfe sighs.]

MW: Whether you call it confidence or arrogance, Laura Davis certainly has a lot of it. Now, let's go over to my broadcast colleague, Lucy St. Clair, who is standing by with Davis' opponent here tonight in Calgary. Lucy?

[We fade to another part of the backstage area where we find Peach Pit member Shannon Walsh shadowboxing as Lucy St. Clair hovers close... but not too close as she flinches back from an aggressive elbowstrike.]

LSC: Thanks, Mariah... and while Laura Davis is absolutely dripping with confidence OR arrogance, this right here is a woman looking to dry her off in a big way tonight in Calgary. Shannon, a quick word?

[Walsh throws a kneestrike with a loud "HUHHHHH!" before coming to a stop, sweat dripping down her torso.]

SW: Real quick.

[Lucy nods.]

LSC: Our fans just heard from Laura Davis who is looking to... teach you a lesson in her words here tonight.

[Walsh smirks.]

SW: A lesson, huh? I think you're forgetting which member of the Peach Pits you're facing here tonight, Davis... because it's Donna who was willing to play student to the likes of you once upon a time... not me.

LSC: Are you saying you have nothing to learn from a superstar like her?

[Walsh shakes her head.]

SW: Not at all. Laura Davis is one of the best professional wrestlers on the planet, Lucy. And no, I didn't toss "women" in there because the fact is that Laura Davis is at THE top of this business alongside names like Martinez, Supernova, Supreme Wright... she's one of the best in the world... period.

Which is why it's going to be oh-so-sweet when I beat her here tonight, Lucy.

[St. Clair arches her eyebrows.]

LSC: A win like that would be HUGE for your singles career... which seems to be a focus of yours as of late instead of your tag team with-

[Walsh interrupts with a wave of her hand.]

SW: Nah, nah... I know you're not here to do Laura Davis' dirty work and try to play the Peach Pits off one another, right? The Peach Pits are my partners... my allies... and whenever we get the chance to team up, it's a beautiful thing, Lucy.

But I've been given a rare opportunity to face some top level singles competitors in Trish Wallace last weekend and now Laura Davis here tonight. If you're in this business and your goal isn't to be the World Champion, you should be in the crowd waving signs with the rest of the paying customers.

I got into this sport to be the best in the world... and if that's in tag teams with Donna or Kelly so be it... but right now, I'm focused on beating Laura Davis and showing the world that if Michelle Bailey is looking for a challenger, she doesn't have to look far.

[Walsh glares into the camera.]

SW: So, if Laura Davis wants to teach me a lesson... well, Professor...

[Walsh smirks.]

SW: ...School's out for summer.

[She throws a quick one-two combo at the camera before stomping off, leaving a smiling Lucy St. Clair behind.]

LSC: Class dismissed? Back to you, Sal!

[We fade from the backstage area out to ringside where Big Sal and Colt are seated.]

SA: Thanks, Lucy... and Colt, while Shannon Walsh seems very focused on business here tonight, you have to wonder if Laura Davis' mind is elsewhere - say on that tag team match later on between Ricki Toughill, Lauryn Rage, and the rest of the Slam Sorority. That match has VERY high stakes for Laura Davis.

CP: It sure does... but Laura Davis is more than capable of taking care of two pieces of business the same night. Walsh said it herself... Laura Davis is at the top of this

sport bar none and Shannon Walsh is a mountain climber facing Mt. Everest in this one.

SA: Let's go up to Rebecca!

[We cut to the ring where our ring announcer is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first...

["Heaven Knows" by The Pretty Reckless begins to play over the PA system to a mixed response from the AWA faithful unfamiliar with this anthem...

...until Shannon Walsh stomps into view with a bad attitude and a swagger, looking out on the now-cheering crowd wearing a black sports bra style top, spandex mid-thigh trunks, black boots, and a white towel draped around her neck. Her hair is yanked back into a tight ponytail as she slips a mouthguard in, nodding approvingly.]

RO: ...from Beverly Hills, California... weighing in at 127 pounds... from the Peach Pits...

...SHANNNNNNNONNNNNN WALLLLLLLLLLLSH!

[Walsh STOMPS down hard on the ramp, causing the clank to echo through the Saddledome as she starts marching towards the ring with a purpose, ignoring the outstretched hands as she heads towards the ring.]

SA: Shannon Walsh walking with purpose here tonight, heading for the ring for singles competition... and I have it on good authority that she's asked the Peach Pits to stay backstage here tonight, Colt, in hopes it keeps the Slam Sorority in the locker room as well.

CP: A decent strategy. Not sure if it'll work but you can't blame a girl for trying.

[Walsh reaches ringside, rolling under the ropes. She comes up to a knee, slapping her hand on the mat a few times before popping up and swinging the towel towards the cheering crowd.]

SA: The Peach Pits have somehow managed to become quite the fan favorites since their performance in the Women's World Tag Team Title tournament earlier this year... and that includes Walsh who is the less... warm... of the trio.

CP: Forget about her personality... focus on her talent. She's a former MMA competitor, a striking and submissions expert, and a woman who is HUNGRY to prove she can go toe-to-toe with the best in the world... and that's Laura Davis for sure.

SA: And every Women's Division match we see these days takes on a little extra importance because of what is hanging over them coming up in a little over a month - Girls To The Front. We've got a Main Event... but the rest of that show is wide open and all of these women - heck, every female competitor around the world - is looking for their chance to make the lineup for that historic night in Madison Square Garden.

[Walsh tugs on the ropes, staying loose as the music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd her opponent...

[The lights dim and the opening chords of Jorge Quintero's "300 Violin Orchestra" play over the PA system. Up on the video screen, we see the image of a sun setting against a city skyline, with the shot then panning upward toward the sky, which darkens and you can see the stars.

And those stars begin to move about as the crescendo builds, until those stars begin to fall into place, coming together to form these words:

"DAVIS #1"

Then, as the orchestral music starts up again, a single spotlight hit the entranceway and, standing there, is none other than the person about to be introduced.]

RO: ...from Indianapolis, Indiana... weighing 150 pounds... representing the Slam Sorority... this is "THE ALL AROUND ATHLETE..."

...LAURRRRRRAAAAA DAAAAAAAVIS!

[Laura Davis has her back toward the crowd, her arms spread to the sides. She is wearing a red, white and blue track suit, and on the back on her jacket in blue lettering are the same letters on the video screen.

"DAVIS #1"

Davis then turns around, a serious look etched on her face. The woman with brown, shoulder-length hair pulled behind her head and with brown eyes, lowers her arms, and walks down the aisle, her gaze fixed on the ring ahead, the spotlights following her.]

SA: There's a different kind of intensity in Laura Davis, Colt.

CP: There is. She may not be out here stomping around, sweating buckets, punching the air... but she's determined, she's focused, she knows what she's here to do.

[When she reaches ringside, she stops, raises her arms again, curls her hands into fists, then extends her thumbs so they point toward the lettering on the back of her jacket. The arena lights come back up and the spotlight fades.

She lowers her arms, ascends the ring steps, ducks between the ropes and spreads her arms once more. Davis unzips her jacket and removes her pants, revealing her wrestling attire, which consists of a dark blue leotard with matching elbow pads and wrestling boots.]

SA: Well, on paper, this might be a mismatch to some people, Colt... but Shannon Walsh can NOT be taken lightly.

CP: For a lot of reasons, Big Sal. If you want one, let's talk about her striking skills. She's the kind of competitor who can turn your lights out with one shot... and Davis has to be looking for that. And when you've got that kind of punching power, you've always got a shot to end it.

[Davis leans back in the corner, allowing referee Shari Miranda to do a quick search before she signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

SA: Davis not hesitating here, walking right out to the middle... and she's asking for a test of strength which is... a little unusual, Colt.

CP: It is. Neither of these women are exactly known for their in-ring power like someone like Kimmy Bailey or Trish Wallace would be but... well, who knows what's on her mind.

SA: I smell a trap.

[So does Shannon Walsh who shakes her head, waving a dismissive hand at Davis who looks annoyed already, complaining to the official...

...words that are quickly cut off when Davis buries a snap kick into Davis' thigh!]

SA: Oh! Sharp kick by Walsh... make it two... and the All-Around Athlete is already backing down from the aggressive opposition.

[Davis leans on the ropes, eyeballing Walsh warily as Walsh is preventing from following her in by the official...]

SA: Walsh putting those striking skills we talked about on display at the opening bell and... Davis seemed a little put off by that.

CP: That's not her game, Big Sal. Walsh has got that Hexagon experience in her back pocket but Laura Davis brings years of experience wrestling around the world... and Walsh is about to learn the difference between fighting and wrestling if she keeps this up.

[Davis comes off the ropes, stretching out for a tieup...

...but Walsh feigns the lockup before changing elevation, lunging into a double leg takedown attempt!]

SA: Shoots in for the takedown... Davis sprawling though, showing some grappling skills of her own... into the front facelock, trying to establish control...

[Walsh keeps pushing, trying to get through but Davis holds her ground in the sprawl, keeping her in position...

...and then rolls through in a Gator Roll, coming off the mat to drag Walsh right up still in the front facelock...]

SA: Looking for a quick suplex but Walsh goes downstairs, landing the knee!

[The knee to the gut sends Davis falling back into the ropes again. Walsh pursues this time, winding up with a big hooking right hand to the ribcage, sending Davis spiraling into the turnbuckles, grabbing at her torso...]

SA: Walsh corners her... staying on her...

[Grabbing the the ropes for support, Walsh fires three quick kicks into the midsection before the official backs her off, walking her all the way back across the ring as a wincing Davis steadies herself and then charges out...

...and Walsh brushes the official aside before twisting, leaping into a back elbow that knocks Davis off her feet!]

SA: ...ohhh! No MMA there! That was as pro wrestling as it comes! Quick cover for Walsh gets one... gets two!

[But Davis kicks out easily, breaking loose... for a moment before Walsh throws her right back down, swinging a leg over to take the mount...]

SA: Uh oh!

[...and starts raining down forearms on Davis who kicks her legs, bringing her arms up to shield her face...]

SA: Walsh bringing the thunder early but Davis is trying to weather the storm...

[...and planting her feet, she bucks her lower half up, managing to bump Walsh out of the mount!]

SA: ...and now Davis escapes the mount... and she's looking for a little moment to regroup, heading right to the ropes as Shannon Walsh is taking the fight right to her, Colt.

CP: She's certainly got Davis' attention early. If Davis had any inkling of taking her lightly, that's out the window now.

[Davis pulls herself up with the ropes, looking considerably less pleased than she did moments ago.... and even moreso as Walsh approaches, looking to keep up the pressure...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Davis catches her coming in with a knife edge chop!]

SA: Big chop by the leader of the Slam Sorority... who thankfully are NOT out here... yet.

[A second chop lands as Davis pushes Walsh back against the ropes, whipping her off the ropes...]

...but a reversal sends Davis in!]

SA: Reversed! Off the far side...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: ...and Walsh lands a chop of her own!

[Davis cringes on the mat, grabbing at her chest...]

SA: A lot more pepper in that one than Davis'.

CP: Well, Walsh does have the striking advantage in this one for sure. Davis will need to find a way to neutralize that.

SA: Walsh winds up again...

[But as she throws a second chop towards the rising Davis, Davis embraces the arm, twisting it in her grasp...]

SA: OHHH! ARMBAR TAKEDOWN!

CP: On cue, jack! That'll teach her to throw a chop at the Number One Athlete!

[...and then cranks it up into a Fujiwara armbar attempt, wrenching backwards on Walsh's shoulder!]

SA: And right away, Davis goes to the submission hold! We talked about Walsh being about striking and submissions... but Laura Davis is expert level when it comes to submissions herself, Colt.

CP: Absolutely. If this gets into a battle of submission holds, I'd say it's a toss up who comes out on top... and look at Walsh - in tremendous pain - trying to get her knees underneath her before Davis can get a full crank on that arm...

[The crowd breathes a sigh of relief as Walsh manages to wrap a hand around the rope, causing Shari Miranda to call for a break.]

SA: Shannon Walsh taking the easy way out there, forcing a rope break... and a smart move if you ask me, Colt.

CP: Davis will snap that arm if given the opportunity so I gotta agree with you there, Big Sal. Take any way out you can get.

SA: Of course, Davis hangs onto the hold for as long as she legally can... bending that rule as far as she can before it breaks... and Walsh is finally loose as Miranda counts to four...

[Davis comes off the mat, spreading her arms towards the jeering audience.]

CP: That's the pinnacle of pro wrestling right there, Big Sal. I hope Walsh was paying attention to that one.

[As Walsh climbs to her feet, Davis greets her with a boot to the gut, snatches the facelock, and snaps her over with a suplex before floating over into a pin attempt of her own...]

SA: Snap suplex gets one... gets two... and now it's Walsh kicking out in time.

[Davis kneels on the mat, giving Walsh an appraising look and a nod as she climbs off the canvas.]

SA: Davis right back on her though...going for the leg now...

[She grabs the leg, looking to give it a twist but Walsh is ready for her, lashing out with the other leg, catching her on the chin with an upkick that has her stunned, falling backwards into the ropes...]

SA: What a shot there! Walsh caught her good!

[...and Walsh scrambles back up, fists balled up and at the ready as Davis tries to steady herself after the head kick!]

SA: Davis looks like she's seeing stars - she might be in trouble here, Colt!

[Walsh seems to agree, giving a shout as she slaps the mat with both hands before popping up with a roundhouse kick...

...that Davis catches in her clutching arms, suddenly not looking so dazed at all before she viciously and violently drags Walsh down to the mat with a dragon screw legwhip!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

SA: Oh! She... I think she LURED her into that, Colt!

CP: I think you're right. Davis made a good show of being out on her feet after that kick and she got Walsh to do EXACTLY what she wanted her to do there! That's an expert in her craft! A true artist on the canvas!

[Davis keeps control of the leg, looking for her signature submission hold!]

SA: And she's going for the Heel Hook! She's going for-

[But again, Walsh recognizes the danger and immediately gets herself to the ropes, grabbing the bottom strand before Davis can secure the hold!]

SA: Noooo... Walsh gets to the ropes again!

[An irritated Davis shoves the leg away, getting to her feet with her hands on her hips, glaring down at Walsh...]

SA: Walsh knew exactly what was coming! She wasn't about to let Davis get that Heel Hook locked in!

CP: Again she takes the quick path to the rope break... but a break is a break and when you're facing someone the caliber of Laura Davis, you take what you can get.

[Davis is exchanging frustrated words with the official who shrugs it off.]

SA: I don't know what Davis wants Shari Miranda to do! It's not her fault that Walsh keeps getting out of Davis' submission holds!

CP: It's a little bit of frustration. Walsh might be a tougher out than Davis was expecting.

[Walsh comes off the mat to a knee, rubbing vigorously at the leg that Davis uses for the dragon screw. She pushes up, doubled over as Davis comes charging in...]

SA: KNEELIFT!

[...but Walsh sees it coming, straightening up and sending Davis sailing by off-balance. Walsh takes advantage of the moment, landing a stiff forearm across the jaw that sends Davis falling towards the ropes.]

SA: Walsh trying to push the advantage!

[Walsh throws a hooking blow to the body and then two quick elbowstrikes that send Davis falling back against the ropes again...]

SA: Davis trying to cover up, trying to defend herself...

[Walsh sees the hands protecting the head and switches back to body shots, teeing off on the exposed ribcage, causing Davis to lower her arms to defend the body...

...which allows Walsh to grab her in a Thai clinch, coming right up the middle with a big kneestrike to the head that sends Davis flopping backwards into the turnbuckles, the ropes holding her up!]

SA: OHH! THE KNEE! THE KNEE! DAVIS IS ON DREAM STREET!

[Davis staggers forward as Walsh grabs the arm, leaping up and scissoring the limb, dragging the Number One Athlete down in a cross armbreaker!]

SA: AND NOW IT'S DAVIS IN TROUBLE! THE ARMBAR IS ON!

[Davis struggles against the hold, refusing to give Walsh the satisfaction of seeing her panic...]

SA: Walsh has the cross armbreaker applied, trying to wrench that arm!

CP: Davis is shaken up by that kneestrike! But she's gotta shake it loose and get out of this before Walsh-

[...and then rolls to her side, stacking Walsh's shoulders against the canvas!]

SA: SHOULDERS ARE DOWN! ONNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[But Walsh lets go of the arm, slipping out of the pin attempt!]

SA: Wow! What an exchange right there!

[Both women are scrambling up off the mat, trying to beat the other to their feet.]

SA: Who's gonna get there first?

[Walsh again throws a body kick... and again, Davis catches the leg!]

SA: OH! Caught!

[But before Davis can execute another dragon screw legwhip, Walsh leaps up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lashes out with a mighty kick to the back of the head!]

SA: ENNNNZUUUUUGIIIRIIIII!

[Davis collapses to the canvas in a heap, Walsh diving on top, rolling her onto her back!]

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

[Davis' shoulder POPS up off the mat, breaking up the pin!]

SA: Close call there for Davis! Shannon Walsh almost scored a MAJOR upset right there, Colt!

CP: If you can feel a strong breeze right now, that would be Davis' sigh of relief at getting out of there in time!

SA: Shannon Walsh nearly had her!

CP: Nearly doesn't count, Albano!

[Walsh is up first, looking a little out of sorts as she looks around the ring.]

SA: Shannon Walsh is on her feet and...

CP: You gotta remember, Walsh is still a babe in the woods in this business compared to Laura Davis. Davis thinks three steps ahead at all times and Walsh... Walsh looks like she has no idea what to do next!

[Walsh grabs Davis by the hair, dragging her to her feet, tugging her into a front facelock...]

SA: Suplex?

[...but Davis rushes forward, driving Walsh's back into the corner!]

SA: OHHH! Davis with the counter!

[Walsh staggers out of the corner as Davis steps back...

...then grabs Walsh by the ponytail, jerking her backwards to SMASH into the turnbuckles a second time!]

SA: OH!

[Walsh stumbles off the turnbuckles, staggering in a circle as Davis snatches her in a full nelson...

...and SNAPS her off with a dragon suplex, bridging expertly to keep her shoulders off the canvas!]

SA: DRAGON SUPLEX! LOOK AT THE BRIDGE!

[Shari Miranda dives to the canvas, slapping the mat once... twice...]

SA: SHE GOT HER!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and Davis lets of the hold, sitting up on the mat as the crowd jeers the sudden ending.]

SA: Laura Davis scores the win...

["300 Violin Orchestra" begins to play again as a smile crosses the face of Laura Davis. She climbs to her feet, taking a moment to catch her breath before directing the official to raise her arm.]

SA: ...and a tremendous effort from Shannon Walsh as well who gave Laura Davis considerably more than she bargained for tonight, I believe.

CP: Sure, sure... but the result is EXACTLY what Laura Davis promised! She came her to demonstrate that she's the superior wrestler and she just pinned a former mixed martial artist right in the middle of that ring, Big Sal.

[Davis looks down at Walsh who is down on a hip, cradling the back of her neck, looking back up at Davis...

...who slowly turns away, spreading her arms wide and hooking her thumbs towards herself.]

CP: Right there. Davis Number One. And as far as I'm concerned, tonight's result proves it.

SA: Fans, we'll be right back with more action here on ESPN!

[We fade to black...

The faint thud... thud... thud of a heartbeat.

Michelle Bailey's voice comes up. Quiet. Almost disbelieving.]

"I wasn't supposed to be here."

[Opportunity Knocks. Michelle standing across the ring from Julie Somers.]

"I wasn't supposed to be World Champion."

[The sound of the referee's hand slapping the mat and the crowd ROARING...

...and then Michelle staring at the championship in her hands.]

"But sometimes... opportunity knocks."

[The heartbeat gives way to the first soft notes of an orchestral track.

Michelle embracing Kimmy. Julie raising her hand.]

"And after twenty years...I finally answered."

[Cut to Harley Hamilton winning the Rumble, celebrating her triumph.]

"But Harley Hamilton earned her night too."

[A quick series of clips - Hamilton running on a steeply-inclined treadmill, sweat pouring off her... delivering a knife edge chop to a heavy bag... throwing the same bag overhead across a ring... ruthlessly wrenching the knee of a practice partner.]

"She won the Rumble."

[Cut back to the Rumble with Hamilton sending Bailey to the floor.]

"She even threw me out to do it."

[Hamilton smirks at the eliminated Bailey.]

"She was promised the Women's World Champion at Madison Square Garden."

[Cut to Bailey raising the championship in Seattle.]

"She got me."

[The orchestra SURGES as we get another series of shots.

A Britney Spear.

Hail To The Queen.

Bailey trading blows with an opponent.

Hamilton overpowering hers.

Michelle with the belt.

Harley staring into the camera.]

"Harley... you were born believing this moment belonged to you."

[Michelle looks directly into the camera, championship over her shoulder.]

"I waited twenty years to believe it could belong to me. Now we'll find out."

[Rapid montage of the Women's Division - Cannon, Chang, Toughill, Country Punks, Rage and Davis, Kelly Taylor, Julie Somers.]

"This night is bigger than either one of us."

[An exterior shot of the Mecca of sports and entertainment, Madison Square Garden.]

"Every woman who fought to get us here..."

[A closeup of the Women's World Championship.

"...gets to see what we do with it."

[Cue the promotional shot of Michelle and Harley, the championship between them with the text at the bottom of the screen.]

GIRLS TO THE FRONT
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[And then to black with three separate phrases appearing one by one.]

GET LOUD.

GET READY.

GET TO THE FRONT.

[Cut to black with a booming note ringing out...

...and then up on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest here on Saturday Night Wrestling is a tag team match set for one fall with a ten minute time limit in the Women's Division!

Introducing first, at a total combined weight of 258 pounds, from Seattle, Washington and Vancouver, British Colombia, respectively, the team of...

...NIKKI VOSS AND TARA QUINN!

[Two young-looking women, a blonde and a brunette in matching black leotards, raise their arms into the air, a slight look of terror on their faces.]

CP: Why Johnny Ringo... it looks like someone just walked over your grave.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: And their opponents... from Pinehurst, North Carolina and Fujinomiya, Japan respectively, they weigh in at a combined weight of 364 pounds...

KIMMY BAILEY!

AYAKO FUJIWARA!

THE LAAAARRRRRIIIIIIAAAAAAAAATTTTTTOOOOOS!!!

[With a shout of "LARIATOS!" from the crowd, "The Last Dancer" by Armin van Buuren vs Shapov pulses throughout the building, and it doesn't take long for the

crowd to get a glimpse of arguably the most physical tag team in the Women's Division, Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey.

Fujiwara has on a ripped, oversized hooded denim jacket over her wrestling attire. Underneath, she has on a sleek, black and red asymmetrical strap crop top with a corset-like front tied together with crisscrossing red and black string. Her abdomen is fully exposed and she wears middle waist black motorcycle pants with rivets running up and down the legs with short wrestling boots. She turns her back to the camera and points a thumb to the words on the back of her jacket:

“THIS MACHINE SUPLEXES FASCISTS”

...before spinning back around and throwing a fist into the air and giving a roaring yell of enthusiasm at the crowd, who respond in kind. Bailey, meanwhile, wears a low cut singlet airbrushed with a brick wall design, along with a black Adidas sports bra underneath the singlet. She wears black kneepads and black wrestling boots, and her long hair is tied back with a ribboned ponytailer. She has eyeliner to accentuate her two-toned eyes, and she has a broad smile on her face.]

SA: Here comes The Lariatos, Ayako Fujiwara and Kimmy Bailey, looking to get back into the women's tag team title scene after Fujiwara's layoff from injury.

CP: Did you see them on Showtime? Fujiwara looked like she hasn't missed a beat.

SA: There's many teams eyeing the new champions, The Country Punks, but The Lariatos just might be the most dangerous of them all.

[And on cue, we cut to a backstage shot of the Country Punks - Victoria June and Kayla Cristol - standing and watching as the Lariatos stand tall in their corner. We can see across from them where Nikki Voss and Tara Quinn already look intimidated and outmatched. The crowd is buzzing with anticipation as Cristol gestures at the screen...]

CP: It looks like the new champs are eyeing some teams as well, Big Sal.

[...and we cut back to the ring as the bell sounds.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

SA: Here we go! The Lariatos versus Nikki Voss and Tara Quinn. This one might not last long.

CP: I think Voss and Quinn are in way over their heads here. Bailey and Fujiwara bring physicality on a completely different level.

[The crowd shouts “LARIATOS!” at the sound of the bell, as Ayako Fujiwara immediately takes control, lifting Nikki Voss into the air and slamming her down with her signature double-leg takedown!]

SA: There's that trademark double-leg from Ayako Fujiwara! Voss gave absolutely no resistance to it!

CP: There's not many people in the world that can stop Ayako from taking them down. That's an Olympic gold medal-winning double-leg takedown right there, Big Sal.

[Pulling Voss to her feet, Fujiwara smashes Voss across the jaw with a forearm strike that sends her into the ropes. As she rebounds back, Ayako blasts Voss with a push kick into her chest that sends her through the ropes and to the outside!]

SA: SPARTAN KICK! Nikki Voss got sent flying to the floor!

[Ayako gives Voss no chance to regain her bearings, immediately going after her on the floor. She hoists Nikki up onto her shoulders in an electric chair...]

SA: Wait, what's Ayako doing...

[...and Kimmy Bailey charges down the ring apron with a roar as the fans rise to their feet.]

SA: Watch out! Here comes Kimmy Bailey!

"OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[Kimmy connects with a vicious running lariat on Nikki Voss while she's still perched on Ayako's shoulders, sending her crashing hard to the floor! The arena erupts at the sheer insanity of the move.]

SA: GREAT SANTA MARIA! A RUNNING LARIAT ON THE APRON TO VOSS SITTING ON AYAKO'S SHOULDERS! VOSS WAS SENT FLYING HEAD OVER HEELS TO THE FLOOR! WHAT DID WE JUST WITNESS!?

CP: We witnessed Kimmy Bailey attempt to separate a woman's head from her shoulders! Nikki Voss just got her lights turned out mid-air!

SA: The ringside doctor is checking on Nikki Voss and she's showing some signs of life!

CP: That's a relief. That lariat looked vicious. She's lucky she can still move.

[Seeing that Nikki is responsive, Ayako calmly rolls her back into the ring under the bottom rope. Inside, Tara Quinn hesitates at the sight of her battered partner, then reluctantly tags herself in with a visible lack of confidence.]

SA: Ayako rolls Nikki back in... and Tara Quinn tags in, but she does not look happy about it.

CP: Can you blame her? They probably should've called the match off. She just watched her partner get demolished and now she's stuck in there with both Lariatos.

[The moment Tara Quinn steps through the ropes, she charges straight at Ayako, who immediately catches her in a waistlock and tosses her with a powerful overhead belly-to-belly suplex, driving her hard into the mat!]

SA: Overhead belly-to-belly! Ayako Fujiwara just folded her in half!

[Ayako quickly tags in Kimmy Bailey. As Kimmy enters the ring, Ayako turns toward her and shouts.]

"BAILEY! 75%!"

[Kimmy grins and nods. The two Lariatos immediately run the ropes, meeting Tara in the center of the ring with a perfectly synchronized sandwich lariat, sending her collapsing to the mat as the crowd erupts.]

SA: Tara Quinn just got thunderstruck with the AC/DC!

CP: And that was only 75%! I think they actually took it easy on Quinn. I imagine they're saving 100% for The Country Punks.

SA: A terrifying thought. For The Country Punks and any other tag team in the Women's Division.

[And again, we cut backstage where now we see Victoria June pointing something out to her partner who nods as Bailey lifts Quinn up on her shoulders into an electric chair position. Ayako Fujiwara climbs to the top rope as the fans start stomping and cheering louder.]

SA: Kimmy Bailey has Quinn up on her shoulders! Ayako's heading up top! Listen to this building!

CP: Forget what I said about taking it easy on Quinn... if they're going for what I think they are, forget 75%... this is like 1075%! And I hope June and Cristol are paying close attention!

[We cut back to the full screen shot of the ring as Ayako grabs Quinn in a front-facelock and falls back from the top rope, driving Tara Quinn's head into the mat with a devastating DDT as the entire arena erupts in a massive roar!]

"THHHHHHHUUUUUUDDDDDDDDDD!!!"
"OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SA: DAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGEEEEEEERRRRRROOOOUUUUUSSSSS!!!
A DDT FROM THE TOP! TARA QUINN JUST GOT OBLITERATED!

CP: I don't even have any words. I'm speechless. That was brutal.

[Kimmy makes the cover as the referee counts.]

SA: One, two, three! Count to a million! It's over!

CP: I know they've been trying to reestablish themselves after Fujiwara came back from injury, but that match spoke for itself. The Lariatos are a real problem for anyone in the tag division.

SA: You're right, Colt. And if I'm The Country Punks right now, I'm sitting up and taking notice. This version of the Lariatos looks locked in, focused, and dangerous.

CP: The champions better be worried. Bailey and Fujiwara just made a statement.

[Kimmy and Ayako stand tall in the center of the ring, raising each other's arms. The crowd delivers a huge ovation and launches into another thunderous "LARIATOS!" chant. Ring announcer Rebecca Ortiz steps forward with the microphone to make the official announcement, but Kimmy snatches it right out of her hands with a big grin.]

KB: Hold up, Becky, I got somethin' to say!

[The crowd pops as Kimmy raises the mic, eyes wide with pure excitement.]

KB: Y'all see that?! That's what happens when the Lariatos are on the same page! We're not just back, we're coming straight for those Tag Team Titles! You hear me, Country Punks?! We're coming right for you!

[Kimmy pumps her fist as the fans roar. She turns and hands the microphone to Ayako, who takes it calmly. Ayako steps forward, cool and composed, her voice steady and clear.]

Ayako: It does not matter if we are ranked number one... number five... or not ranked at all.

[She looks straight into the hard camera.]

Ayako: The Lariatos...

"LARIATOS!"

[Ayako stops and smiles, amused at the crowd's enthusiasm.]

Ayako: ...are the greatest challenge The Country Punks will ever face. And we are coming for those titles.

[Ayako lowers the microphone as she and Kimmy raise each other's arms once more. We then cut to backstage where we see Victoria June and Kayla Cristol, The Country Punks, standing side by side, watching the promo unfold on a monitor. The Tag Team Champions have serious and determined looks on their faces as they watch The Lariatos continue their celebration on the monitor as we fade to black...

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

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

The steps are drawing closer it seems.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

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

"They call me the White Knight."

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

"The son of a Hall of Famer."

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

"The former two-time World Champion."

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

"And I am AWA."

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

"The greatest professional wrestler on the planet."

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

"A two-time World Champion"

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

"I am AWA."

[Wright is replaced by Julie Somers.]

"The Spitfire."

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

"The Women's World Champion."

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

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

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

"And I am AWA."

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

"The Phoenix."

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

"The National Champion."

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

"A once in a millennium talent."

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

"I am AWA."

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

"The Platinum Princess."

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

"Former EMWC champion."

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

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

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

"And I am AWA."

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

"The icon."

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

"The franchise player."

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

"The World. Heavyweight. Champion."

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

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

Jack Lynch.]

"I am AWA."

[Shadoe Rage.]

"I am AWA."

[Hannibal Carver.]

"I am AWA."

[Howie Somers.]

"I am AWA."

[Daniel Harper.]

"I am AWA."

[Harley Hamilton.]

"I am AWA."

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

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

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

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

"I am AWA."

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

Fade to black.

We fade back up to footage from last week's Showtime in Regina, Saskatchewan. The Country Punks stand in the ring, proudly displaying their newly won AWA Women's World Tag Team Titles as Lori Dane speaks.]

LD: The Country Punks putting those championships on the line in their very first defense!

[Cut to Margarita Flores standing opposite the champions, her imposing frame filling the screen. Moxy Hart stands beside her, enthusiastically clapping her hands as Ben Waterson chimes in.]

BW: Margarita Flores has been waiting a long time for an opportunity like this!

[Quick cuts of Flores battering the champions, using her size and power to dominate portions of the match.]

LD: Margarita Flores looks like a woman who has come to FIGHT, Ben!

[Cut to the closing moments. Flores hurls Kayla Cristol off the top rope, then staggers toward her corner, slapping Moxy Hart's hand and demanding that she "finish" the champions. Hart climbs to the top rope, pumping her arms and legs while launching herself through the air.]

LD: FROG SPLAAAAAAA-

[The scene slows as Hart SLAMS down on Cristol's raised knees.]

LD: KNEES UP! CRISTOL GOT THE KNEES UP!

[The footage speeds through Victoria June's Mosh Splash that knocks Flores from the apron, followed by the Country Punks' assisted front powerslam on Hart.]

LD: ONNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The bell rings. The Country Punks celebrate their successful defense...

...and the music takes a darker turn as we cut to Flores returning to the ring, helping a devastated Moxy Hart to her feet. Hart collapses against Flores, who pats her reassuringly on the back...

...and then OBLITERATES her with a standing lariat!]

LD: WHAT THE-?! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

[Hart lies motionless as Flores glares down at her.]

BW: Well... I think Margarita Flores has decided who's responsible for losing that championship match.

[Cut to Flores hauling Hart onto her shoulders.]

LD: No! Come on, Margarita! Don't do this!

[Flores shoves Hart up and over, swinging her knee up into the smaller competitor's face...]

LD: OHHH! WHISKEY LULLABY!

[The camera catches Flores screaming at the booing crowd.]

"ME?! YOU'RE BOOING ME?! I DID ALL THE WORK!"

[Cut to the Country Punks rushing back into the ring, Flores retreating into the crowd with a furious glare.]

"THOSE TITLES SHOULD BE MINE!"

[The final shots alternate between Victoria June kneeling beside the injured Moxxy Hart, Kayla Cristol calling for medical assistance, and Margarita Flores defiantly raising her bullrope overhead.]

LD: We've just witnessed Margarita Flores turn her back on a woman who trusted her.

[Freeze on Flores holding the bullrope aloft as the Regina crowd showers her with boos...

...and we fade through black to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing in the center of the ring next to referee Shari Miranda. Also in the ring is a brown-haired woman, dressed in a sky blue halter top, sky blue wide-bottomed pants and black boots.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first... already in the ring... hailing from Edmonton, Alberta, Canada and weighing in at 148 pounds...

...TESS DALTON!!!

[Dalton raises an arm to cheers from the Canadian fans in the Saddledome.]

RO: And her opponent...

[Santana's "Warrior" starts to play. About fifteen seconds in, Margarita Flores walks through the entranceway, a folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck. She is also dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of blue denim chaps and black boots. With the cowbell in her right hand, Flores winds her arm up and raises it in the air, yelling "YEEEEAAH!!!" as she does.]

SA: Some disapproval being directed towards the Tall Drink of Texas Water here tonight. Perhaps it's because we're in Canada but I think her actions last week go a long way to explaining this reaction.

CP: Whatever the outcome of this match is, Albano, I'm going to get in that ring after and hope to get some answers from Margarita for her actions last week.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: Hailing from La Feria, Texas and weighing in at 176 pounds...

...MARGARRRITAAA FLORES!!!

[Reaching the ring, Flores removes her hat, placing it on the apron near one of the ring posts. She rolls under the ropes and quickly pops up to her feet, once more throwing up her right arm, cowbell in hand. As the music fades, Flores goes to her corner, lifts the bullrope up from her shoulders and drapes it over the top ring post hook.

She turns around, steps towards the center of the ring and we hear her yell, "RING THE BELL, REF! YOU, YOU GET THE FIRST SHOT!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: You heard her, Tess! Get your shot in!

SA: The Edmontonian comes charging in with a forearm to the chest of Flores...

CP: Margarita is not rumbled, Big Sal! She's telling Dalton to try again.

[Dalton turns and runs towards the ropes. She bounces off them, charging once more towards Flores...]

"SMAAAAAAACK!"

[...who throws her whole body at Dalton, clapping her hands together in front of her and smashing Dalton's head between her forearms, knocking Dalton right off her feet!]

SA: Oh! Tess Dalton just got her bell rung in a bad way by big Margarita Flores!

CP: She's hearing bells and seeing stars right about now... just like Moxy Hart after Flores got done with her last weekend.

SA: That's not funny at all, Colt. Moxy Hart is still not medically cleared to be back in action after that brutal attack by Flores... unprovoked I might add!

CP: We'll see about that. I'm sure she's got plenty of provocation to tell me about.

[Flores drags Dalton up by the arm, firing her HARD into the turnbuckles where Dalton's knees buckle before she grabs the ropes to keep on her feet.]

SA: Dalton is somehow still standing on her own two feet although it looks like she might not know where exactly she is, Colt.

[With Dalton barely standing, Flores comes charging in and CRUSHES Dalton against the turnbuckles with a forearm across the chest!]

CP: Well, she knows where Flores is now. And Flores is gonna have to peel her out of the corner...

[Flores doesn't waste any time to boost Dalton up onto her shoulders, walking her out of the corner towards the middle of the ring. With Dalton hanging limply across her shoulders, Flores hoists the Canadian over her head and allows gravity to bring her crashing face-first onto a lifted knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CP: WHISKEY LULLABY! GOOD NIGHT, SWEET TESS!

[Flores sneers at the jeering crowd, dropping to her knees with a forearm pressed down across the cheekbone, barely putting any weight on the torso... not even bothering to hook a leg...]

SA: Arrogant cover by Flores gets one... gets two... gets three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Flores pushes off the mat, jerking her arm away from the official who is about to raise it... and then raises her own arms in triumph.]

CP: Now THAT was impressive, Big Sal.

SA: I'm not going to argue that but what's less impressive is this change in attitude, Colt. What's with this?

CP: Only one way to find out. Now, if you'll excuse me, it's time for me to go do some proper sports journalism!

[As Rebecca Ortiz makes it official, Flores stares down at motionless Dalton while Colt Patterson climbs the ringsteps...]

SA: Well, this should be interesting.

[While waiting for Colt to get into position, Flores retrieves her bullrope, draping it over the back of her neck as she slips her cowboy hat on and moves to join him.]

CP: Congratulations, Margarita, on another dominant win tonight in Calgary, Alberta, Canada!

[Flores gives a nod as the boos pick up again. She shakes her head in disgust as Colt continues.]

CP: You've made no secret about what you want – and that is to assert your dominance and prove your relevance right here in the AWA Women's Division. You tried to do that last week when you stepped up to challenge the Country Punks for the AWA Women's Tag Team Championships.

[Flores grimaces at the memory of that match.]

CP: Unfortunately, your team with Moxy Hart came up short and we saw you take out your frustrations on her after the match. Inquiring minds want to know, Margarita, do you really believe the fault was all your no-good partner's? And do you have an explanation for your actions last week?

[Flores nods as she starts to speak.]

MF: Firstly, Colt, what did y'all call that move I put my opponent away with tonight?

CP: The Whiskey Lullaby. Isn't that-

[Flores interrupts.]

MF: I was told by the office... by the Internet... that I should stop calling it that, Colt. As it turns out, big ol' Jackson Haynes - you remember him, yeah? - Jakcosn Haynes has a move with that name already. And as someone who admires and respects Mr. Morton, I agree with that. I think I should stop calling it that.

[Flores snaps her fingers.]

MF: But I think... I think I have just the right replacement name, Colt...

Yeah... I'm going to call it the Hartbreaker!

[The crowd boos loudly as Flores ignores the Calgary crowd.]

MF: Get it, Colt? Hart... Breaker?

[She waves away the boos directed at her as Colt joins her in a hearty laugh. But Flores gets serious in a hurry.]

MF: There's just no pleasing you people, is there? You boo me when I make jokes! You boo me when I am being serious!

And then you turn around and parrot something as stupid as... as... Lariatos!

[The crowd knows their cue when they hear it.]

"LARIATOS!"

[Flores throws up her hands in annoyance.]

MF: Exactly... See, Colt, I don't need to explain myself...

Not when you can see for yourself exactly why I did what I did.

[Flores tugs on her hat.]

MF: A wrestler like me, Colt? I'm TOP SHELF.

So, when someone wants to to be my tag team partner? I expect them to be TOP SHELF.

[Flores nods as the fans boo.]

MF: Moxy Hart is probably still recovering from the shellacking I gave her last week but I expect she'll try to get some payback...

Well, if someone is going to step up to me, Colt? I expect them to be TOP SHELF too!

[Flores smirks at the crowd's reaction.]

MF: Actions have consequences, Colt, and so does a failure of action. I've learned that all throughout my career and Moxy had to learn that too.

And if that lesson didn't land last week, whenever you want lil' miss Moxy... I'll be glad to oblige but remember... if you come at me, you best not miss.

[The Tall Drink of Texas Water taps her temple thoughtfully.]

MF: In fact, Colt... with Girls To The Front round the corner, it looks like I'm in the business for a dance partner for the ball at Madison Square Garden.

[Patterson's eyebrows raise.]

CP: You thinking Moxy Hart? Or...

[Flores shrugs.]

MF: Maybe... but don't think I'm done with the Country Punks either... just would have to find the right partner.

[She claps her hands before throwing them up.]

MF: My dance card is wide open. Lots of ambitious women running around here these days, Colt, wanting to make a statement. Surely someone's got an answer for Margarita Flores.

And I think, Colt, that's all the explainin' I have for you.

[As Santana's "Warrior" starts to play, Flores holds her hand out for a handshake, which Colt obliges. She exits the ring as the crowd rains jeers.]

SA: Well, my esteemed colleague set out to get some answers... and I suppose we've got some. Margarita Flores believes she is... what did she say? Top shelf? And Moxy Hart is not. We'll see about that because it won't take long for Moxy Hart to be back... and you know she's comin' for Margarita Flores. Now, let's go backstage to Lucy St. Clair who... oh, this should be interesting. Lucy, it's all yours.

[We cut backstage where we find Lucy St. Clair standing alongside a apparently fuming-mad Pink Cashmere who is pacing back and forth, running a hand through her brightly-dyed afro.]

LSC: Thanks, Big Sal... Margarita Flores making it crystal clear that she's looking for someone to have an answer for her... and Pink Cashmere, you asked for this time to-

[Cashmere angrily interrupts.]

PC: Lucy, I'm sorry but... were you listening to that?!

[St. Clair nods.]

LSC: Of course.

PC: I can't BELIEVE her! You know... if I had been in Regina last weekend, it could've been ME teaming with her instead of Moxy. I thought Margarita Flores was a stand-up gal. I thought she was someone I could respect. But it turns out, she's just like all the rest of these back-jumpin' punks around this place that I've been putting up with since I first walked into that door.

LSC: You're obviously upset.

PC: You're DAMN right I'm upset, Lucy! Moxy Hart is my friend. Moxy and I go back a long, long time before either one of us ever got a sniff of interest from the office here. We've traveled those lonely roads in a broken down Honda Accord talking about our goals and our dreams and... we're here! We're in the big time! Dream come true right there! But you know what those dreams didn't include, Lucy? They never included being attacked after the match by our own partner because she's... she's...

[Cashmere lets loose a roar, grabbing her own hair in frustration.]

PC: My friend is hurt. Now, she'll be back, Flores... and you better bet she'll be looking for payback. But until she DOES come back... I think that means you and I got a date with destiny. And I just went and talked to President Zharkov... and he's made the match for next week in Winnipeg on Showtime. You and me. And we'll see just how "top shelf" you are then.

[Cashmere storms off, leaving Lucy behind.]

LSC: How about that for breaking news? Pink Cashmere versus Margarita Flores next weekend on Showtime! Sal, Colt... back to you!

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

SA: Thanks, Lucy... and indeed, that's a scoop there, Colt.

CP: Pink Cashmere signing on the dotted line to face the wrecking machine that is Margarita Flores is far from her best idea. Look, I was just inside the ring with that

woman... I looked into her eyes. She feels like she's been overlooked... taken for granted... and now she's taking that out on anyone who gets in her way and that included Rainbow Brite there.

SA: Such a timely reference. Fans, we'll be looking forward to that match next weekend in Winnipeg on Showtime... but right now, we want to look backwards. Ten days ago at Opportunity Knocks 2, we saw Raphael Rhodes for the first time since his amazing win over Juan Vasquez at Memorial Day Mayhem... but we also saw the return of Jay Alana from suspension.

CP: And did Jay Alana ever make an impression on the AWA, Albano. It didn't even take him five minutes to put one of the toughest guys in the company on his can.

SA: Rumors have been swirling about the health of Raphael Rhodes since that match, though, Colt. Social media was abuzz with the thought that Rhodes emptied the tank to finally beat Juan Vasquez, and that he might not have anything left.

CP: Look, that match was extremely physical. There's no doubt about that. Anyone who goes through a war like that is going to come out on the other side rattled, shaken up, whatever you want to call it. Thing is, Vasquez had no tomorrow to shoot for; he was retiring, win or lose. It was Rhodes who took it to another level to try and finally get that notch on his belt, and those kinds of wins can cost you big-time if you're not careful.

SA: And of course, the landscape of pro wrestling is littered with people who achieved their biggest career dream, then fell off right away.

CP: You got that right, Albano. The problem with getting to the top of the mountain is that now everyone's coming to knock you off. To me, Rhodes didn't look like he had much of a foothold when Jay Alana came for him.

SA: Colt, we knew Jay Alana was a special talent, we've known that for years. That's the question, Colt... was it Rhodes tiring himself out to take out Vasquez, or is Jay Alana truly that good?

CP: Could be both. Could very well be both.

SA: Well, we've been trying to get answers from Rhodes since the night in question. He's promised them tonight so let's take it down to the ring!

[The crowd buzzes as Rebecca Ortiz stands in the middle of the ring.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome... RAPHAEL
RHOOOOOOODESSSSSSSSSS!

[There is a loud cheer from the fans, then the voice of Ronnie James Dio rings out throughout Calgary...]

OHHHHHHHHHHHHH COME ON!

[Walking from the entrance to the sounds of "The Mob Rules" by Black Sabbath is Raphael Rhodes, with Dana Kaiser standing by his side. Rhodes is dressed in a pair of faded blue jeans, a grey button-down shirt worn untucked, and a pair of black construction boots with a firm toebox.]

CP: I don't like the looks of those boots, Albano. Those look like steel toes.

SA: Raphael Rhodes is known for wearing that type of boots as part of his out-of-ring attire.

CP: Yeah, and we've seen what he did with those types of boots throughout his career too.

SA: True.

[Kaiser walks stride for stride with Rhodes, the famed trainer wearing a gray sleeveless cropped hoodie, along with boot-cut jeans and a pair of black motorcycle boots. The pair look calm and relaxed as Rhodes walks up the ring steps, followed by Kaiser, and the two step through the ropes together. Rhodes looks out to the crowd, a little surprised by the warm reaction, as Kaiser takes the microphone from Ortiz with a barely-audible "thank you, Ms. Ortiz" and hands it to Rhodes. A couple of beats pass as Rhodes looks out to the crowd, a slight smirk creeping through his bearded face.]

RR: Hello.

[There is a raucous response, which causes Rhodes' smile to grow as he shakes his head.]

RR: Just before I walked out here, Dana and me, we had a chat about how you lot would react after my last performance. See, I had it figured that you'd be upset with how things went for me against Jay Alana, but Dana... she said that the fans would be happy to see me up and walkin'.

[Kaiser smiles.]

RR: So I'm buyin' dinner. She was right.

[A slight shrug.]

RR: Look... ain't no point in not talkin' about it, yeah? The way things went for me ten days ago, it weren't exactly tip-top. I-

[But before Rhodes can even begin his next sentence, we hear drumsticks hitting together and a deep bass chord. Rhodes can be seen visibly sighing as the lights turn to a deep ocean blue and gold, as The Surfrajettes' cover of Britney Spears' "Toxic" can be heard.]

CP: Ha! He ain't even goin' to get time to complain, Jay Alana's crashin' the party!

SA: We saw this at Opportunity Knocks, where Raphael Rhodes was just getting started in talking, and Jay Alana came out to interrupt him. Now, that same scene is unfolding!

[The Surfrajettes' "Toxic" hits full volume as Jay Alana appears at the top of the ramp. He wears an open black Versace silk shirt with the gold Medusa logo gleaming under the lights, revealing the traditional Hawaiian kakau tattoos across his chest and right arm. Matching black Versace trousers sit perfectly tailored, finished with polished gold Versace loafers. His long black curls are loose and flowing as he walks with a detached, confident strut. He takes his time, soaking in the mixed reaction before stepping through the ropes and walking right up to Rhodes. The excited crowd quiets to murmurs as Alana looks over Rhodes- literally over him and past him, as though he can't see Rhodes standing directly in front of him -until he looks down, and then the "Sun God" smiles.]

JA: Don't mind me, li'i kāne. I just wanted to hear the excuses up close and personal. Go ahead. Tell them why you couldn't beat me. Tell them why you lost.

[Rhodes nods, a frown forming on his face.]

RR: You're goin' to be disappointed.

[Alana feigns being aghast, mouthing "Am I?", as Rhodes continues on.]

RR: See, mate... I ain't got no excuses.

[Rhodes points to the ring ropes, just as he did a week and a half prior.]

RR: I told you that once you step through those, the hype don't mean nothin', and I meant it. You had to prove yourself last week. I dared you to do it... and you did. Good for you.

[Alana looks at Rhodes as though he can't believe what he's hearing.]

RR: I'm sure folks have made excuses for me, that I wasn't healthy, or that I wasn't expectin' you, but that's all bollocks. It's my job to be prepared for anyone that walks through these ropes, it's my job to take your challenge and turn it back.

[Rhodes shrugs.]

RR: I didn't do it. That's on me, mate. I underestimated you, and I paid for it. You beat me fair and square, ain't nothin' else to it.

[The crowd is shocked by Rhodes' frankness, as Alana looks at Rhodes with suspicion in his eyes. Kaiser can be seen leaning against the ropes, listening intently, as Rhodes continues on.]

RR: So I'm glad you wanted to see what I had to say up close, because I had two things for you. First... I'd love another fight, any time you want it.

[The crowd cheers that idea, as Rhodes trains his eyes to fix onto Alana's gaze.]

RR: Second...

[Rhodes sticks his hand out.]

RR: ...I think you deserve this.

[The crowd roars as Alana stares at Rhodes' hand.]

SA: I don't think I've ever seen this, Colt! It took years for Raphael Rhodes to offer a handshake to anyone, much less a Juan Vasquez, and now Rhodes is offering one to Jay Alana? What a sign of respect from the fourth generation veteran!

CP: It says he knows he got beat, if you ask me, and he's a fool to ask for another shot at this guy after how the first one went.

[As the crowd calms down, Alana continues to glare at Rhodes' hand.]

JA: What makes you think you deserve to shake my hand?

[There is a gasp and then a roar of boos from the crowd as Rhodes frowns.]

JA: You came in ten days ago still limping from that war with Vasquez. I could see it the second you stepped through those ropes. You weren't whole.

[Rhodes doesn't say anything, but Alana seems to take his silence as agreement.]

JA: But the fact is, I still beat you. Easily. Almost to the point where some might say that it was a fluke. But from what you showed me in Seattle, if you had been at

a hundred percent that night? I'd have still beaten you. Maybe it would've taken ten minutes instead of five... but the result doesn't change.

[Rhodes doesn't argue against that one either. Alana smirks, again accepting his silence as agreement.]

JA: You're a damn good fighter, Rhodes. One of the best this place has ever seen. I can't take that away from you, but I've already proven that there's a whole ocean's worth of distance between being a damn good fighter and being The Sun God.

So... no.

You don't get the handshake. Instead, you to get to walk a mile in Juan Vasquez's shoes. You fight for it. You earn it.

[Alana slowly raises his right hand and flashes a shaka, thumb and pinky extended, holding it steady while staring Rhodes down.]

JA: You want another shot? I'll give it to you. North Dakota. Two weeks.

Come ready this time.

[Alana drops the shaka, turns, and exits the ring, leaving behind a determined-looking Rhodes, whose eyes remain locked in on him.]

SA: Well, how about that, Colt? Jay Alana has accepted Raphael Rhodes' challenge, and it's on for North Dakota!

CP: You want to talk about a stacked lineup, we've already got three title matches, now we add Jay Alana beatin' the crap out of Raphael Rhodes to the mix?

SA: Folks, it was already a pay-per-view quality event here on ESPN in two weeks, this just adds to it! And we're nowhere near done here tonight! Don't you DARE go away because when we come back, it'll be Lauryn Rage and Ricki Toughill taking on the Slam Sorority with sky high stakes right here in Calgary!

[We fade to black...

We open to a plain white room, and a smiling Michelle Bailey, who has changed out her glasses for safety goggles. She is identified with a graphic, reading "Michelle Bailey - Expert Consultant".]

MB: Hello, and welcome to the AWA Technologies testing lab! When the team here, in collaboration with 2K Games, asked me to tell you at home about the upcoming AWA 2K18, I was faced with a dilemma. I hardly know anything about video games!

[We cut to Michelle holding a Sega Genesis controller, surrounded by smart-looking people in labcoats, with the sounds of Toejam and Earl playing in the background. She looks up with a shrug, saying "this is the only game I know how to play". We then cut back to Michelle in the white room with a slight frown.]

MB: So obviously, we needed to call in a pro to help me.

[We pan back to see Kimmy Bailey holding a controller. She is identified with a graphic as well, reading "Kimmy Bailey - Video Game Genius".]

KB: Mama, you ain't gonna believe what they've done with this game! I thought last year's was somethin'...

[Kimmy lets out a low whistle.]

KB: But take a look at this!

[Kimmy presses a button, and the room transforms into a digital representation of the Saturday Night Wrestling arena packed with fans, with the mother and daughter standing inside of a ring, Michelle looking around in confusion.]

KB: Have you ever wanted to play through the storied career of Juan Vasquez?

[Michelle tilts her head.]

MB: But I was there for most of it...

[Kimmy ignores her mother.]

KB: With the new Showcase mode, you can!

[Kimmy presses a button, and her outfit changes to a replica of Juan Vasquez's, along with an AWA 2K18 T-shirt. Michelle looks on in surprise as Kimmy flexes.]

KB: You can take on practically everyone my daddy's faced! You can even play as the West Memphis Assassin!

[Kimmy presses another button, and the West Memphis Assassin's mask covers her face. We hear snarling in the background, as the camera pans to see digital representations of all the big opponents in Juan Vasquez's past - among them, Stevie Scott, Calisto Dufresne, Luke Kinsey, Shane Destiny, and Ryan Martinez - with a digital version of Raphael Rhodes standing in front of them. Michelle gets a worried look in her eyes.]

MB: You have to face all of them?!

[Suddenly, from the side, Juan Vasquez steps beside Kimmy, shaking his head.]

JV: I think you better let me handle this one. Hold down the left trigger and hit X.

KB: Sure thing, Daddy!

[Kimmy does so and Juan transforms into a digital version of himself, charging into a fight against all his famed foes. Michelle looks on in amazement as Kimmy holds up the controller.]

KB: That ain't all! If you want to be in control of the AWA, just put yourself in Maxim Zharkov's shoes with the new Galaxy Mode!

[Kimmy presses another button, and her outfit turns into a button down and slacks, pencil behind her ear, holding a clipboard in one hand and the controller in the other. The arena also repeatedly transforms, from Showtime, to Memorial Day Mayhem, to Power Hour, to the Crockett Coliseum, to SuperClash.]

MB: You mean I can make the matches?

KB: Of course, Mama! There's over 150 stars from the AWA's past and present, plus more than 25 different arenas to choose from, with over 20 different match types from your basic singles match to War Games! You can even make E-Girl MAX fight themselves!

[We pan to the other side, where Harley Hamilton, Cinder, and Casey Cash stand, glaring.]

HH: That'll never happen!

KB: Oh yeah?

[Kimmy holds down the right trigger and presses B, and all three turn into digital representations of themselves, with digital Casey wearing a referee shirt.]

KB: Oh, and there's a new special referee mode, too! Now get to work, you three!

[As the digital versions of EGM loudly complain, we see Maxim Zharkov himself enter the frame.]

MZ: I think you might want to let me handle this.

KB: Oh! Sure, Interim Boss!

[Kimmy hands Zharkov the pencil and clipboard, and he turns into a digital representation of himself, walking towards the fussing digital EGM as we close back in to Michelle and Kimmy.]

KB: And if that many stars ain't enough for you, they beefed up the creation suite to make as many as your hard drive can hold, or even modify the existing roster!

MB: Baby, don't...

[Kimmy holds down the left and right bumpers, pressing A, and turns Michelle into a digital version of herself. The camera whips around to see a seven foot tall version of Ayako Fujiwara, eyes glowing with a heavenly light, as Molly Bell happily purrs beside her. The digital Michelle looks across the ring in horror.]

MB: Reset the game right now, young lady!

[Kimmy pouts.]

KB: All right, fine. Sheesh. She was on your side.

[Kimmy presses the home button, as Michelle turns back to normal, and we're back in the white room. Michelle puts her hand to her chest, gasping.]

KB: And you can even take AWA action with you on the go!

[A Nintendo Switch is thrown into the frame, as Kimmy catches it without looking.]

KB: We got a version of AWA 2K18 on the Switch!

[And an iPhone gets thrown into the frame, again with Kimmy catching the device without effort.]

KB: Plus exclusive iOS and iPadOS versions!

[Michelle puts her hands on her hips with a sigh.]

MB: I'm really glad I asked you.

KB: Sure thing, Mama! That's AWA 2K18, coming this fall to practically everywhere! PlayStation, Xbox, Switch, Apple mobile devices, Windows, and Mac!

[Kimmy narrows her eyes.]

KB: But not Android, bless their hearts.

[We cut to the AWA 2K18 logo, and logos of the platforms underneath...

...and as we fade to...]

<TO BE CONTINUED!>