


# Rising Sun Showdown II

July 18th, 2015 - Tokyo, Japan

TOKYO DOME



[We slowly fade into a warning about not pirating the footage you're about to see via iPPV - although most of it will air in a handful of hours on Fox Sports X anyways. Eh, AWA legal needed to earn their paycheck this week and with Dave Bryant not burning a fan to a crisp in the past few days, they had to do something.]

But I digress.

The warning fades to a black screen before turning to black and white footage of Gordon Myers sitting in front of three flags. On the left, the beaming red and white flag of Japan. On the right, the stars and stripes of the US of A. In the middle, a banner split down the middle with the logo of Tiger Paw Pro on the left and the logo of the American Wrestling Alliance on the right.

Gordon Myers, dressed in a black polo with the AWA logo stitched over his heart, he begins to speak.]

"One word to describe this night?"

[Myers tilts his head back, looking off-screen, thinking before responding.]

"Pride."

[We slowly fade through black, coming back up on Jack Lynch, still missing his Stetson hat. He's not looking into the camera either as he speaks, presumably answering the same question.]

"Legendary."

[Fade through black to Kenta Kitazawa, scowling as he speaks in Japanese. A subtitle comes up to translate.]

“Vengeance.”

[Back through black to the masked form of MAMMOTH Maximus. He surges towards the camera, shouting.]

“HYUUUUUUUUUGE!!!”

[And to Oni.]

“EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEED!”

[Away from the monsters to the man of the moment, Rumble winner Bobby O’Connor who smiles as he responds to the unheard question.]

“Family.”

[From the smiling O’Connor to the snarling Brian James.]

“Retribution.”

[Former tag team partner TORA appears.]

“Closure.”

[Fade through black to the self-proclaimed King of Wrestling, Demetrius Lake.]

“Punishment.”

[And to his opponent on this historic night, puroresu legend Prince Izumi.]

“Respect.”

[From a master of the mat to a Boston Brawler in Hannibal Carver.]

“Blood.”

[Fade through back to the chilling sight of a smiling Morgan Dane.]

“Burial.”

[The next shot has Supernova and Shadoe Rage sitting side by side. Supernova is about to speak when Rage cuts him off.]

“SENNN-saaationallll, yeaaaah.”

[Supernova glares at him for a split second before giving his own reply.]

“Honor.”

[Then to the Wallace twins, also known as Youth In Asia, both sporting Dead Man’s Party t-shirts. They look at one another for a second before

shrugging. They both pop up, filling the shot with a closeup of their crotches that they frame with a chop.

Fade through black to Yoshinari Taguchi, again translated by a subtitle.]

“Finality.”

[And to his opponent, the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion, Noboru Fujimoto who smirks upon responding.]

“Heartbreak.”

[Fade to challenger Johnny Detson, a confident smile on his face.]

“Glory.”

[And finally through black to the World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez, title belt over his shoulder.]

“Validation.”

[The shot holds on Martinez before fading through black again, ending where we started on Gordon Myers who turns, becoming the first to look into the camera. His aged eyes stare into the lens, the corners of his mouth turning up into a smile.]

“Historic.”

[And we slowly fade to a black screen.

After a moment, the screen is filled with an exterior shot of the Tokyo Dome, fans still streaming into the building as a familiar voice breaks through. A voice that many had hoped to hear on this night but was unconfirmed until this very instant.]

“It is the moment that professional wrestling fans all across the globe have been waiting over a year for - the monumental collision between the two greatest wrestling promotions on the planet as the American Wrestling Alliance returns to Tiger Paw Pro’s Japan to put on the supershow known as RISING SUN SHOWDOWN!”

[We fade to the interior of the building, panning across what looks to be an even bigger crowd than the year before.]

“You just heard the word from the legendary Gordon Myers himself - “historic.” And there is no better way to describe what we’re about to witness on this night in the Tokyo Dome.”

[Tiger Paw Pro and American Wrestling Alliance logo banners are hanging from the upper levels of the building, showing the unity the two promotions are involved in going into this major event.

The ring is set up right in the center of the Dome - a white canvas with the Rising Sun Showdown, AWA, and Tiger Paw Pro logos splashed upon it. Black ropes and a matching black ring apron surround the ring on all four sides with the accompanying full turnbuckle covers instead of individual covers.

Above the ring is a metal superstructure with the lighting and sound rig set up. Colored lights are criss-crossing over the ring, drawing the attention to the squared circle. An elevated entrance ramp is on one side of the ring, leading all the way back up the aisle... a lonnnnnng way in a building of this size. Our cameras rush up the aisle, running towards a gigantic glowing video wall.

As we reach the top of the aisle, we see a large v-shaped split in the platform, leaving a triangle shaped opening in the center of it. A large metal structure bridges the gap, golden pyro shooting from the top of it. Closer to the video wall, we see bursts of fire blasting up into the sky. Behind the pyro are three split video screens - a large one in the center with the RSS logo blazing and two smaller ones tilted in from the side sporting the AWA and TPP logos on them.

We cut to ringside where we see a very thin ringside mat surrounded by a metal barricade. There are several tables at ringside, including one with our announce team for the night. As usual, Bucky Wilde is in position in a bleached white suit and a deep crimson dress shirt with white tie - actually somewhat subdued for him.

And by his side?]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, it is my distinct honor and privilege to return to the place that I have called home in this industry for so long... the American Wrestling Alliance... to call one of the biggest events of the year, Rising Sun Showdown 2."

[Indeed, Jason Dane has returned in a stylish olive-colored suit with a simple white dress shirt and matching olive tie. He is slender, dark-haired, and looks like a kid in a candy store.]

JD: Last year, I called it perhaps the greatest honor of my career to say this but on this night - on my homecoming - it is even greater of an honor to say...

WELCOME TO THE TOKYO DOME!

[Another blast of pyro goes off, squealing through the air.]

JD: I have been away from the AWA for far too long and Bucky Wilde, it's even good to see you!

[Wilde grimaces.]

BW: Gordon decided to stay in Hawaii for a couple more weeks and that means I'm stuck with you.

[Wilde shakes his head before reaching out to shake Jason's hand.]

BW: Could be worse. They coulda stuck me with Stegglet.

[Dane chuckles.]

JD: Oh, I've missed you too, Buckthorn. Rising Sun Showdown's return has this wrestling world set ablaze with excitement as the two biggest promotions come together to throw a party to celebrate the sport of kings as only they can!

[Another big blast of pyrotechnics fire.]

JD: For all our Japanese fans joining us out there tonight, Totemo koufun shiteiru yo! I'm really excited about this night, Bucky, as I know you are as well. The Tokyo Dome is one of those great professional wrestling venues - right alongside Madison Square Garden, the Coliseum in Portland, the South Laredo Rodeogrounds, the Grand Olympic in LA, a bingo hall in South Philly, and so many others that have been the site of so many legendary battles over the years and decades that came before us. This IS hallowed ground, sanctified in the blood, sweat, and tears of professional wrestlers from years gone by like GOLIATH Takehara, Prince Izumi, Roosevelt Wright, Hamilton Graham, the O'Connors, the Lynches, the Keenings, and so many others. This is truly a dream come true for so many of us here tonight - both out here at ringside and backstage in the locker room. Gordon Myers, old friend, we wish you were here to see it.

BW: Instead of having to sit ringside while Morgan Dane and Hannibal Carver split each other open with... god knows what... Gordon's on a beach getting lit up with Mai Tais handed to him by Hawaiian bikini goddesses. I'm guessing he's okay with the trade-off.

[Jason chuckles again.]

JD: Some things never change. And one thing that never changes in a building like this on a night like this is the spirit of competition - the fighting spirit if you will - that drives men to go beyond their normal thresholds of pain and suffering to do the unthinkable... the unimaginable... the inconceivable. This building is very close to sold out and there are still fans coming in the doors for what promises to be an unforgettable night of action. And to kick things off, we're going to go right down to a ring to a special attraction just added a couple of days ago by our friends at Tiger Paw Pro, SouthWest Lucha Libre, and United Kingdom Grappling!

[Crossfade down to the ring where Phil Watson is NOT standing. Instead, it's a smallish Japanese woman - thin, short, and dainty with her hair pulled back in a tight bun - holding the mic in hand. Viewers of TPP's regular programming or last year's supershow would recognize her immediately as Megumi Sato, ring announcer extraordinaire. As she speaks, there is a surprising power to her voice, speaking in Japanese to the fans inside the

Tokyo Dome. We get a subtitling at the bottom of the screen for much of her words.]

SUBTITLES: IT IS NOW TIME TO BEGIN...

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING  
SUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUN  
SHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWDOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWN!

[Cheers from the Japanese crowd.]

SUBTITLES: Tonight's first match is a TRIIIIIIOOOOOOS MATCH scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

["Omen" by CROSSFAITH blasts to life over the PA system. After a few moments, the three men stride out into full view of the Tokyo Dome crowd who reacts accordingly to the "rudo" trio.]

SUBTITLES: At a total weight of 244 kilograms... the team of...

[Sato's voice booms out as she announces the trio one by one.]

"YOOOOOOOOSHIIIIIIIIIIIDAAAAAAAAAA... SHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[A bright red mohawked Japanese competitor raises an arm. He's wearing black vinyl full-length tights with "SHO-TIME!" written across the crotch and rear with matching black boots. His upper body is bare to reveal a red sun painted square in the middle of his chest.]

"VEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEENOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The daredevil luchador springs into view next. He's hair-sprayed his jet black hair into twin horns that spring forth from his head. A red mask covers the rest of his face with two silver bands that wrap around his head to hold it in place. His torso is covered with a red vinyl top with silver "slashes" across the pectorals. His lower body is in a pair of black trunks, leaving his legs exposed except for the matching red boots.]

"He is the WOLF MAN... WYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYLDE WULLLLLLLFSTAAAAAAN!"

[The British competitor strides into view, all of about 5'8" but carrying himself with his chest puffed out like he's the biggest guy in the building. He's wearing a pair of simple white trunks with a golden wolf's head on the rear. He walks with his arm drawn behind him, looking disdainfully at the crowd. Oh, and the Wolf Man thing? It might be because of the messiest looking facial hair perhaps ever seen.]

JD: Quite the trio here, Bucky, representing their respective countries with pride here tonight in Tokyo. Wulfstand Wylde is a competitor who has made major strides in the United Kingdom but this is his first time in Japan and on a major stage like this. Veneno, of course, is one of the hottest stars in Mexico these days who is a veteran here in Japan. And Sho Yoshida is a

former protege of LION Tetsuo who has really risen through the ranks fast here in Tiger Paw Pro. Many expect big things for him in the near future and I, for one, can't wait to see him compete next month in the SkyCrown tournament - the annual clash of the best junior heavyweights in all of Japan.

BW: Check out the beard on Wylde. That's something else. He's a real man's man with facial hair like that, Dane.

JD: Wait til you see him in action, Bucky. He's certainly impressive to watch inside that squared circle as all three of these men are. But their opponents are no slouches themselves.

[With the rudos inside the ring, the music fades to be replaced by Kat-Tun's "Lock On" which draws cheers from the Tokyo Dome crowd.]

SUBTITLES: And their opponents...

[Megumi Sato holds as the trio emerges from the curtain at the sound of the chorus, drawing another cheer... especially from the ladies who seem quite taken at the good looks of the trio.]

SUBTITLES: At a total weight of 250 kilograms...

[Sato takes a deep breath.]

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELLLLLLLLLLL CAAAAAAAALIENNNNNNTEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!"

[One of the greatest high flyers in the world strides into view, throwing an arm up to the cheering crowd. He's in a red mask with a hole cut out of the back, allowing his long black hair to escape through it. His upper body is bare but his silver full-length tights are a dazzling sight to behold.]

"BROOOOOOOOOOOOOKERRRRRRRRRRRRR AIIIIIDAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN!"

[Aidan Brooker pops into view in a blue jacket that essentially looks like the Union Jack. He grins at the reaction, waving happily. His legs are bare but he's sporting white trunks with the flag on the rump and white boots to match.]

"KOOOOOOOOBAAAAAYAAAAAAAAASHIIIII ISAAAAAAAAAMUUUUUUUU!"

[Isamu Kobayashi brings up the rear, smiling at the reaction. The high pitched screams will no doubt lead many AWA viewers to think that Travis Lynch has just joined Air Strike and all three are making their way to the ring. But it's a different teen idol making his way to the ring, as the handsome, fresh faced Kobayashi heads down to the ring. Kobayashi is tall and lanky, standing about five feet ten inches, with a lean, muscular frame his pretty boy image enhanced by the bright smile on his face. He wears white and blue trunks, cut very short to show off his muscular legs. His boots are the same white and blue, as is the elbow pad on his right elbow.

His fingers and wrists are wrapped in white tape. His floppy, boy band hair has been dyed blond, with a bit of black at the tips.]

JD: Isamu Kobayashi would be... the Japanese Travis Lynch if you will.

BW: Oh, I won't. I won't, I won't, I won't!

[Jason chuckles.]

JD: Nevertheless, you can hear from the reaction of the fans here in the Tokyo Dome that this is quite the popular trios team - anchored of course by Kobayashi who has appeared on the covers of teen magazines here in Japan, he's been on national talk shows as well. For someone who has yet to hold a major title here in Tiger Paw Pro, Kobayashi is one of the most popular competitors in the sport.

[Upon reaching the ring, Kobayashi and Caliente both catapult over the top rope in somersaults, popping up to their feet as Brooker steps through the ropes to join them. Another big reaction rings out as the rulebreakers shout at the trio from across the ring.]

JD: And the six men inside this ring are no strangers to one another. Brooker and Wylde have been in a rivalry for months. Yoshida and Kobayashi have had some thrilling matches here in TPP. And of course, El Caliente and Veneno have had one of the hottest rivalries in the world for some time now - Mexico, Japan, the States, Europe... they've taken their show on the road everywhere where pro wrestling exists and they've torn the house down every time.

[The two trios assemble, huddling up in their respective corners as the Japanese official steps out to the center of the ring.]

JD: Tiger Paw Pro official Masa Fujiwara will be the man in the middle for this one and-

[The bell rings, not the usual "ding, ding, ding" that we hear in the States but a firm, solid "CLANK!" to signify the start of the match.]

JD: And off we go here at Rising Sun Showdown 2!

[On the fan favorite side of the ring, Aidan Brooker adjusts his wrist tape as he steps from the corner, kicking a leg out in front of him, shaking it out to stay loose as Wulfstan "The Wolf Man" Wylde slips out of the other corner, pointing angrily across at Brooker who is non-plussed by the bearded Brit.]

JD: These two have been some of the most appealing parts of United Kingdom Grappling, an upstart promotion in the UK that has really gained some eyeballs on it as of late.

[Wylde edges out of the corner, leaning over, wiggling his fingers as he approaches Brooker. As Brooker reaches out for him, Wylde does a quick



go-behind, taking a knee and attempting to secure a waistlock. Brooker spins out, going for his own waistlock, pushing Wylde down on all fours.]

JD: These two can put on a clinic down on the canvas.

[Wylde spins out of the waistlock, hooking one of his own again as Brooker sits out on the mat, grabbing the wrists to try and pull them apart. He turns into it, twisting out of the waistlock as Wylde applies a gutwrench bodylock instead. Brooker tucks his head, rolling into a somersault to escape the hold, spinning back to a knee and then to his feet as the fans politely applaud the matwork.]

JD: Hold and counter, hold and counter. These two are well-trained in the British style of professional wrestling which directly comes from the catch as catch can style of wrestling that we often don't see much of anymore in the States.

BW: Waistlocks and the like are all fine and good but what happens when one of these guys throw a punch or a kick? Can they manage that?

JD: Stay tuned, Bucky. I think you'll get the answer to that as well.

[Straightening up, Wylde wipes off his hands on his trunks, giving a shake of the head as he begins to side-step, circling around Brooker who matches the movement. They come together in a collar and elbow tieup that Wylde quickly turns into an armtwist, cranking the arm around the bend and putting torque on the shoulder.]

JD: Wylde goes right to the wristlock, putting the pressure on the arm...

[Brooker drops into a front roll, spinning out of the pressure to his feet where Wylde simply twists the still-held wrist, forcing Brooker to fall back to the canvas.]

JD: Great focus on the part of Wulfstan Wylde, keeping the wristlock applied despite the efforts of Aidan Brooker to escape.

[Wylde keeps the downed Brooker's wrist bent at a bad angle as Brooker grimaces, climbing back to his feet. He slightly turns his back, slipping his leg back behind Wylde's leg, hooking his ankle behind Wylde's...

...and Wylde shakes the arm, twisting the wrist again, taking Brooker back down to the mat.]

JD: What do you think of these two, Bucky?

BW: Oh, they got the goods, Dane. But I want to see someone get nasty.

[With Brooker down, Wylde switches his grip on the wrist, putting his hand on the fingers of Brooker, pushing back against the grain to put severe pressure on the wrist.]

JD: That nasty enough for you, Bucky?

BW: Not quite but it's a good start.

[Brooker again works his way back to his feet, trapped in a hammerlock by Wylde...

...and then Brooker swings back to his right, swinging an arm over Wylde's head, slipping free from the hammerlock as he hooks Wylde's left arm in a kimura hold!]

JD: Whoa! How about that?

[Brooker leaps up, rolling Wylde back onto his back as Brooker releases the double wristlock, sliding into a headscissors.]

JD: From the arm to the head and neck. Aidan Brooker expertly applying that headscissors down on the mat... and look at this, Bucky.

[The crowd cheers as Brooker rolls to his side, pushing himself up in a push-up, keeping his arms at full extension as Wylde's head and neck get cranked by Brooker's powerful legs.]

JD: Referee Fujiwara's right down there trying to see if Wulfstan Wylde has a desire to give it up and call it a night.

[Brooker drops back down onto his side, releasing the harder pressure, giving Wylde a respite...

...and then rolls back to his chest, pushing up off the canvas!]

JD: The pressure's back on!

[Wylde cries out as Fujiwara checks on him. Brooker then releases, rolling back to the side...

...and Wylde makes his move, trying to escape as Brooker rolls to his rear, Wylde in makeshift piledriver position as he tries to get out of the hold.]

JD: Wylde working on an escape...

[He plants his hands on the mat, slowly raising himself up into a headstand, working on his exit...

...and then pops out to his feet, rearing back...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd groans as a brutal slap bounces off the ear of Brooker, causing him to fall over to the side. An arrogant smile crosses the face of Wylde as he strides to the corner, slapping the hand of Sho Yoshida who slides through the ropes, rushing Brooker.]

JD: In comes Sho Yoshida, dragging Brooker up by the hair...

[A few hard kicks to the chest have Brooker backpedaling as Yoshida dashes to the ropes, rebounding back at high speed...

...but Brooker sidesteps, swinging a kick to the back of the legs, sending Yoshida sailing into the air, through the ropes, and down to the floor!]

JD: Brooker sweeps the legs out from under him...

[Stepping out on the apron, Brooker waves for Yoshida to get off the ringside mats. As the Japanese junior heavyweight rises, Brooker rushes him, swinging a big kick aimed at the head...]

JD: KICK!

[...but Yoshida ducks it, causing Brooker to whiff on the kick. He gets momentum, charging back, leaping up with a dropkick to the shin of Brooker as he turns around, causing Brooker to fall down to his knees on the apron.]

JD: Yoshida takes him off his feet...

[Grabbing Brooker in a cravate, Yoshida uses a snap mare, hurling Brooker off the apron and down on the barely-padded floor!]

JD: Yoshida takes him down and takes him down hard!

[Yoshida moves quickly, pulling Brooker off the floor by the arm...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

JD: Yoshida FIRES him into the railing at ringside!

[Yoshida pulls himself up on the apron, stomping his foot three times as Caliente fires off some words in his direction. Yoshida returns fire, blasting him with a stream of angry Japanese.]

JD: An international exchange of words out on the apron as Aidan Brooker tries to recover.

[Brooker staggers away from the railing as Yoshida comes tearing down the length of the apron...

...and leaps up, stepping on the second rope, flipping over the turnbuckles, and wiping out Brooker on the floor!]

JD: Innovative somersault dive by Sho Yoshida who claims that it is “Sho-time” every time he gets in that ring.

BW: Or out of it judging by what we just saw.

[Yoshida pulls Brooker off the floor, rolling him under the ropes into the ring. The Japanese junior heavyweight gets up on the apron, reaching out to slap the hand of Veneno. The masked luchador slips to the other side of the ringpost, watching as Yoshida grabs the top rope with both hands...]

JD: Yoshida sails up and over...

[He lands on his feet, swinging his fist down into the chest of Brooker, turning to mock the jeering fans as Veneno leaps up, springing off the top, corkscrewing through the air...

...and crashes down with a twisting moonsault on Brooker!]

JD: There were so many twists and turns on that twisting moonsault that I don't even think I could count them! Incredible maneuver on the part of Veneno but he only scores a two count.

[Veneno pulls Brooker off the canvas by the hair, backing him into a neutral corner, takes aim, and drills him across the pectorals with an overhand chop!]

JD: The devilish luchador with a chop to the chest... and Veneno sends Brooker across-

[Brooker runs up the ropes, pushing off into a backflip as Veneno charges in, hitting the buckles. He staggers out into a European uppercut from Brooker that hits Veneno in the back of the head and neck!]

JD: Brooker fires back!

[Aidan Brooker spins around, dropping into a front roll across the ring, tagging in El Caliente to cheers from the crowd. The luchador sprints across the ring, throwing himself into a dropkick to the chest, sending Veneno crashing back into the buckles!]

JD: Caliente a blur of motion inside the ring, hoisting Veneno up onto the top turnbuckle...

[Caliente backs off, throwing a koppo kick to the chest that stuns Veneno. He scrambles back up off the mat, stepping up to the second rope...

...but a pair of quick headbutts stuns Caliente, sending him jumping back down to the mat as Veneno stands up, leaping off in a somersault, hooking El Caliente in a headscissors...]

JD: HURRACANRANA INTO THE CORNER!!

[The crowd buzzes as the fiery luchador SLAMS backfirst into the buckles off the rana!]

JD: El Caliente goes down hard!

[Veneno springs up off the mat, moving to the corner where he slaps the hand of Sho Yoshida.]

JD: The tag is made to Sho Yoshida... coming in fast...

[Yoshida shoves Caliente into the corner, snapping off three front kicks to the chest as Veneno goes across the ring. Yoshida drops down to all fours as Veneno charges across, throwing himself into a high flying dropkick to the chest of his rival!]

BW: OHHHHH!

[Yoshida waves in Wylde who steps in, slapping himself in the chest a couple of times before barreling across, stepping up onto the back of Yoshida...

...steadying himself, making sure he doesn't fall...

...still steadying himself as the crowd starts to laugh at the Brit's antics.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JD: WULFSTAND WYLDE GOES UP ACROSS THE FACE OF CALIENTE!

[Wylde ducks out as Yoshida uses a snapmare to take Caliente out of the corner...

...and SLAMS his heel down into the base of the neck in an axe kick!]

JD: These three are working well together, keeping El Caliente down on the canvas... and across the ring, Isamu Kobayashi is aching to get in there to do battle.

[Sho Yoshida drags Caliente off the mat, dragging him around the ring by the hair, staring across at the fan favorite squad. Yoshida muscles Caliente up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry, striding across the ring, slapping the hand of Wylde who steps in, taunting the fans...]

JD: Yoshida up and over!

[...and Wylde CREAMS the sinking luchador with a European uppercut!]

JD: Wulfstan Wylde nearly takes his head off his shoulders and that might be it, Bucky!

[Wylde applies a lateral press, driving a forearm into the cheekbone as the referee starts a count.]

JD: Wylde gets one! He gets two!

[The luchador kicks out at two. Wylde reaches down, hauling him up by the mask, shoving him back into the neutral corner where he uses a trio of forearm uppercuts to keep Caliente dazed.]

JD: Bucky, it just dawned on me. I know the spelling is different but any chance this is another relative of yours?

BW: Maybe. If you trace my ancestors back, they fought in the Revolutionary War.

JD: Which side?

BW: Both.

[Wylde pulls Caliente out, applying a double underhook, taking the luchador over with a butterfly suplex, rolling through into a full mount. He grabs the luchador by the mask, using forearm after forearm to the temple to stun the fan favorite.]

JD: Every single man on this trio is using their own unique style to keep the other team off-balance.

[Wylde slides forward, planting his knees on the shoulders, pinning them down to the mat.]

JD: Unique cover gets one! He gets two!

[But Caliente swings his legs up, hooking the arms, dragging him down into a sunset flip type cradle.]

JD: Reversal for one! For two!

[Wylde rolls back to his feet, swinging his leg forward in a kick but Caliente drops back, allowing Wylde to whiff on the kick...]

JD: Swing and a miss!

[Caliente pushes off the mat with his legs, rolling back into a handstand, falling into a headscissors on a surprised Wylde.]

JD: He caught him!

[Caliente uses his hands to push himself to the side, moving in a circle, building momentum...

...and finally taking his arms up off the mat, swinging around and around...]

JD: The headscissors is on! Spinning with all he's got!

[And finally, Caliente drags Wylde down to the canvas with a headscissors takedown!]

JD: Takedown by the luchador!

[Caliente pushes up off the canvas as Wylde does the same. The Brit rushes forward, swinging his right arm for a clothesline...]

...but Caliente ducks it, popping back up, steadying himself...]

JD: Wylde spins arou- PELE KICK! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!

[The back-flipping kick to the skull leaves Wylde dazed as Caliente crawls on all fours between the legs, making a lunge...]

JD: THE TAG IS MADE!

[There's a tremendous reaction as Isamu Kobayashi comes through the ropes into the ring, showcasing his karate background with a kick to the chin that sends Wylde sprawling to the canvas. Kobayashi looks up, spotting Veneno incoming, rushing across the ring...]

...and leaps up, extending his right leg to drive his boot into the chin, sending Veneno spiraling through the air to the mat!]

JD: LEAPING KICK CONNECTS!

[Kobayashi scrambles off the mat, blocking an attempt by Yoshida to land a high kick from out on the apron before leaping up, throwing a spinning back kick to the sternum, sending Yoshida sailing off the apron to the floor!]

JD: KOBAYASHI IS CLEANING HOUSE!

[The crowd breaks out into a chant.]

"KO-BAY-AH-SHI!" "KO-BAY-AH-SHI!"  
"KO-BAY-AH-SHI!" "KO-BAY-AH-SHI!"  
"KO-BAY-AH-SHI!" "KO-BAY-AH-SHI!"

[The good-looking fan favorite gives a pump of his fist to the crowd as he grabs Wylde off the mat, snapmaring him over into a seated position. He gives another fistpump, racing to the far ropes...]

JD: PENALTY KICK!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The devastating kick to the chest sends Wylde snapping back down to the canvas. With Wylde down, Kobayashi uncorks a standing moonsault!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!!

[Yoshida rushes in, planting a boot down on the back of the head, breaking up the pin attempt. The attack brings Aidan Brooker rushing into the ring with a leaping forearm smash, knocking Yoshida down to the canvas where he rolls out of the ring. With a shout, Brooker breaks to the ropes, rebounding back at high speed...]

JD: HERE! COMES! BROOOOOOOKERRRRRR!

[Brooker HURLS himself between the top and middle ropes, throwing a forearm smash into the jaw of Yoshida!]

JD: BROOKER WIPES OUT YOSHIDA!

[Kobayashi climbs to his feet, twisting the arm around on Wylde, and then lashing out with a chop to the side of the head and neck...and again... and again. The blows land quicker in speed, snapping Wylde's head to the side over and over...

...until he rips his arm out of the grasp, throwing a stiff headbutt between the eyes of Kobayashi!]

JD: Oh! Wylde fires back with the headbutt! Right between the eyes!

[Wylde reaches up, delivering a two-handed shove to the chest of Kobayashi, sending him into the ropes where he bounces back...

...and gets shoved skyward by Wylde who is aiming for a pop-up European uppercut that goes horrible wrong when Kobayashi pivots in the air, bringing his knees down on the chest of Wylde and riding him down to the mat!]

JD: DOWN GOES WYLDE! WHAT A COUNTER!

BW: The pace is picking up now, daddy!

[Wylde rolls out to the floor as Kobayashi throws an arm into the air, drawing big cheers as he dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and throws himself between the ropes in a tope that Wylde interrupts with a DEVASTATING European uppercut!]

JD: OHH! HE HANGS KOBAYASHI OUT TO DRY!

[With Kobayashi dangling over the middle rope, Veneno scales to the top rope on the corner, standing tall...

...and comes sailing off the top, dropping both legs across the back of Kobayashi's head, taking both men down to the floor!]

JD: ANOTHER WILD DIVE BY VENENO! WE'VE GOT BODIES EVERYWHERE HERE AT RINGSIDE AND THIS IS ONLY THE OPENING MATCH, FANS!

BW: It's gonna be one heckuva night, Dane!

[Wylde climbs up on the apron, stepping back through the ropes into the ring. He turns, pointing at the downed bodies as El Caliente dashes across the ring, unseen by the Brit...



...or is he? Wylde wheels around at the last moment, ducking down into a backdrop that sends the luchador sailing high over the top rope, crashing down to the floor below!]

JD: Wulfstan Wylde is the last man standing if you can believe that!

[The arrogant Wylde points to his brain, turning to look at the four men out on the floor...]

...which allows the one man who is not - Aidan Brooker - to roll back in, charging Wylde from behind, snaring a rear waistlock, pushing him into the ropes, dragging him back down in a rolling reverse cradle...]

JD: CRADLE!

[...and then lifting Wylde into a waistlock, dumping him facefirst to the mat where he steps over, lacing his leg against the back of Wylde's neck, reaching down to hook an arm, twisting it into a kimura while sitting down to force Wylde down onto his neck, unable to move his upper body to defend the hold!]

JD: Aidan Brooker slaps on the Kingdom Clutch! His favorite submission hold and if Wylde can't get an assist, it won't be long now until-

[Wylde promptly submits, causing the referee to signal for the bell.]

"CLANK!"

[Brooker releases the hold, rising to his feet with a smile on his face as he stands over his beaten opponent and rival. The sounds of "Rule Britannia" kick in over the PA system as the fans applaud the victory. Brooker raises a victorious arm in the air, waiting for his partners to join him inside the ring to celebrate.]

JD: The opening match here at Rising Sun Showdown is in the books and the team of El Caliente, Isamu Kobayashi, and Aidan Brooker are victorious!

BW: See... no relation of mine.

JD: It was a hard-fought match on both sides of the ring but in the end, the popular trio of Caliente, Kobayashi, and Brooker take it by submission to the Kingdom Clutch.

[High fives are exchanged all around by the trio as the fans applaud the action in the show opener. We cut to Jason and Bucky seated at ringside.]

JD: An exciting way to start the night but Bucky, the words "we're just getting started" were perhaps never truer than right here tonight. Ten more matches on the lineup here in the Tokyo Dome and when you look up and down the card, it is hard to believe this much talent has been brought together on one show.

BW: The best wrestlers in the United States... in Japan... heck, anywhere on the globe have come to the Tokyo Dome for the biggest showdown of the year and it's a heckuva night to be a wrestling fan.

JD: We've got three title matches here tonight. We've got grudge matches. We've got that huge Seven on Seven tag match. The Joshi Challenge. The Special Challenge pitting Demetrius Lake against Prince Izumi. Not to mention that death match between Hannibal Carver and Morgan Dane.

BW: And if you've got fans who decided not to order the show on iPPV live, wake 'em up and let 'em know that if they're not watching the iPPV, they ain't gonna see Carver and Dane rip this place to the ground!

JD: That match is iPPV-only! FOX Sports wanted nothing to do with it and who can blame them! It's gonna be a bloodbath of epic proportions! But before we can get to that, we've got a long road to walk including our next match.

[A graphic comes up on the screen promoting TORA vs Brian James with Brian Lau.]

JD: It was back at SuperClash VI where Brian James and TORA, two very good friends and tag team partners experienced a dream come true inside of Madison Square Garden when they teamed with James' father, Casey, and his teacher, Tiger Claw, in an eight man tag. But soon, for TORA... that dream would turn into a nightmare. Let's take a look!

[We fade to footage marked "SUPERCLASH VI" where TORA is standing on the top rope, looking down at Mike Sebastian...

...when Mark Hoefner tears across the ring, leaping up to crack TORA in the spine with a leaping haymaker!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Hoefner grabs TORA from off the top, hooking him in crucifix powerbomb position, walking out of the corner with him...

...and shoves him up and over, sitting out in a devastating powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hoefner scrambles into a cover, tightly hooking both legs as a confused official dives down to count.]

GM: HE'S NOT THE LEGAL MAN!

[The referee counts one... two...]

GM: NO!

[...three!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd deflates at the sound of the bell as the fighting all around ringside has come to an abrupt stop. Matt Ginn leaps up in triumph, diving in to embrace a rising Hoefner. Sebastian and Tucker join the party as Casey James stands on the floor, glaring at them with his hands on his hips as Brian Lau moves to talk to him. Tiger Claw and Brian James look on in shock from their spot on the floor, the former shaking his head as BJ slides in to make sure his partner is okay.]

GM: Brian James is checking on TORA... that was a real hard fall that TORA took on the back of his head and neck.

[We cut discreetly ahead where Brian James has TORA back to his feet, aiding him. A disappointed TORA is apologizing to Brian James who nods, patting his partner on the back...

...and a cut again to where Tiger Claw delivers a shin kick to the temple of TORA, knocking him flat. We see Claw holding Brian back as Casey delivers a Blackheart Punch to the chest of TORA as well, leaving him laying. With TORA down on the mat, the voice of Casey James speaking to his son is heard.]

CJ: This has to be done! I've heard them talking... Hell, you've heard what they're saying. You're treading water, kiddo, and people are starting to wonder if you got what it takes...

[The shot shifts to show Brian, looking down at his partner with doubt on his face. Casey's voice echoes again.]

CJ: This is what's keeping you from everything you want.

[And then back to full speed, the shot taking on a red tint as Brian James SLAMS his taped fist into the heart of his friend and tag team partner! Casey James leans forward, wrapping his arms around his son's neck from behind, patting him on the back.]

GM: I can't believe it! Brian James just stuck the blade deep in the back of his own tag team partner, Bucky!

BW: He's the son of the Blackheart... he's got Syndicate in his blood. It was only a matter of time, Gordo... and time ran out tonight for TORA.

[The younger James makes a dismissive gesture at the downed TORA, exiting the ring and dropping down to the floor as we fade to footage of a television monitor showing the same scene. As we zoom back, we reveal TORA standing and watching. He's dressed for action as Mark Stegglet approaches.]

MS: You saw it yourself again, TORA. Is that the first time you've watched that since SuperClash?

[TORA turns, the usually light-hearted kid glaring at Stegglet.]

T: The first time? Mark, it's not even the first time TODAY that I've watched that. Every waking moment of every single day since SuperClash, I've thought about that. Every time I see Air Strike in the ring... or the Lights Out Express... I think about how it could've been me and Brian. Every single time I think about his fist slamming into my chest, I wonder how in the world I could've been so dumb... so naive to trust the son of a...

[TORA shakes his head.]

T: The sins of the father, right? It's a theme as old as time. Heck, we just saw it go down in the AWA when Ryan had to fight off his father's old ghosts. But Brian... Brian was supposed to be different.

[His face twists into a scowl.]

T: He wasn't. He never was. He was a wolf in sheep's clothing and when I turned the wrong way, he tried to rip my throat out.

[TORA grabs at his neck.]

T: But I didn't bleed out, Brian. I'm still here. I'm still standing. And when this night is over, I'm going to give you your own piece of video to watch over and over again...

[He throws a glance over his shoulder.]

T: Just like I've watched that.

[The light heavyweight storms out of view, leaving us to watch the Blackheart Punch from Brian James one... more... time...

...and then fading to the always flamboyantly dressed Colt Patterson backstage, this time in a locker room currently occupied by two other people. The first is Brian Lau. Lau is dressed in a white suit, his eyes, for once uncovered. Lau stands to Patterson's right. Behind them is Brian James, his back to the camera. The Son of the Blackheart pays no attention to the pair, as he is currently doing a step up exercise on the wooden benches. Over and over, taking one step and then the other up, and then one step and then the other down, over and over again, at a constant, punishing pace. James wears a tight fitting neoprene suit over his entire body, the sort of suit that professional fighters wear to eliminate any excess water from their body and rigorously boil themselves down to ideal fighting trim.]

CP: Everyone knows I am an unbiased and objective man. But two weeks ago, what we saw was a complete and total travesty! TORA cowardly disguised himself as Futurestar, and then stole the Rumble from the man I picked to win it all, your client, Brian James. Mr. Lau, I know you've got something to say about that!

BL: Colt, I am so glad you're here and not Lou Blackwell. Because I am so happy I am standing in the presence of a man. A real man, who knows the truth. TORA stole something that Brian James wanted, and the corrupt AWA officials let it happen!

TORA is not Futurestar! Are you telling me that now, he's going to get two paychecks from the AWA, one for TORA and one for Futurestar? Because I know you didn't change your name, otherwise, it would say Brian James vs. Futurestar on tonight's card. Is that what it says, Colt?

CP: No sir.

BL: I have launched a formal complaint against the chicanery that happened in Hawaii, not that I expect anything will happen. After all, Air Strike still hasn't gotten in the ring against Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, and they claimed they wanted that match!

CP: That is evidence of their cowardice. But let's go back to Hawaii for a moment. Let's talk about TORA. Because what he did made it clear that he wants your client, Brian James. He was willing to sacrifice himself in a kamikaze style attack on your man to eliminate him.

[A seething Lau nods his head.]

BL: You know something Colt, I'm glad you used that word, "kamikaze," because it's a word whose meaning has been misconstrued. And even though we're in Japan, I know it'll be necessary to educate all of the unwashed, illiterate masses.

The word "kamikaze" isn't about suicide, and it isn't about sacrificing yourself. That word comes from a very specific moment in Japanese history. You see, the Mongols had decided to invade Japan, and things looked bad for the islands.

Until the kamikaze, the divine wind, decimated Mongol fleet. It was the gods who summoned the divine wind. The gods who, in their wrath, send out something to destroy the invading hordes.

And what you've done, TORA, is you've invited the kamikaze into your life.

Because what happens tonight TORA isn't revenge. It isn't about settling a score, or about ending a rivalry. You invited something worse than that into your life when you did what you did at the Rumble. You challenged a man so far above you in station that it was like an ant challenging a god.

What happens tonight, TORA, is divine retribution.

[From behind them, James lets out a loud snarl, though it does not break his warm up regimen.]

BL: You've flown too close to the sun, TORA. In your arrogance, you've brought down upon your head the wrath of an angry and vengeful man. You shook your fist at the heavens TORA. And now, you've managed to call down the thunder, and you find yourself about to reap the whirlwind.

This isn't a match. This isn't a grudge. This isn't even a fight. This is your final stand upon the sands of the arena. This is about a lesson to all of those who, like you, are not wise enough to fear their betters.

Retribution is a terrible thing TORA, and you're about to learn that.

CP: I have to say, just looking at him, I don't know that there's any man in the AWA right now more ready to annihilate someone than Brian James is!

BL: You're right, Colt.

I mean, just take a look.

[For a handful of seconds, all is quiet, save for the huff of Brian James' breath, as his pre-match warm up continues, the pace quickening with each step.]

BL: Understand Colt, that Brian James has been like this since All-Star Showdown ended. He didn't go home that night. He went right to the gym, and he did not stop throwing punches and kicks until there was not an intact punching bag in the entire gym. He has not stopped lifting weights except to get on the treadmill. He has not left the treadmill except to knock out every sparring partner put in his path. And he has not stopped sparring but to hone the techniques taught to him by his sensei, the legendary Tiger Claw.

Brian James has spent the last two weeks distilling himself into the engine of your destruction, TORA. Brian James is now in the place that his entire life has led him to. He is the master of all martial disciplines, the lord of mayhem, the most genetically gifted athlete in the history of combat sports.

He is the man who delivers the kamikaze. And you will be nothing more than a bloody speck on his path to the top of the AWA.

[James finally steps away from the bench, and marches forward.]

BJ: As I drive my fist into your chest, as you feel the shattered bones being driven into the gristle and meat of your heart, you remember that you wanted this, TORA. That this is what you begged for.

You wanted me? Well, you got me.

[James stomps away, and returns to the work of getting himself ready.]

BL: What began at SuperClash ends tonight, Colt. And there's only one way it can end, only one way it will end.

[Lau enters the ring first, followed by the Son of the Blackheart. Almost immediately, a pair of trainees from the Tiger Paw Pro dojo enter the ring, moving behind James and quickly taking from him the robe he's just removed. James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside. His left arm is covered in black tattoos, each a letter of the Kanji

alphabet. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. The right leg is black, with a golden tiger embossed over the thigh, while the left side is red, the words "BRIAN JAMES" done in a highly stylized font. Across the back of the shorts is the word "CLAW ACADEMY" again done in gold. Each knee is covered in a black knee pad, with a tribal style tiger image done at the very center of the knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James' legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists.

Reaching up, James pulls the towel off his head, revealing short, dirty blond hair that's been slicked back. James hands the towel to Lau, and Lau reaches into an inner pocket of his jacket, producing a plastic box, from which he produces a black mouthguard, the distinctive Claw Academy Logo done in gold in the center. James places the guard in his mouth, and then, as Lau exits the ring, James begins to pace back and forth, eager for his opponent to arrive.]

SUBTITLES: And his opponent...

[The building's lights cut out to zero causing a ripple of thrill to wash over the crowd.

Complete darkness minus the bright white flashes from cameras or the reflective blow glow of activated cellphones. The crowd falls into a hush slowly, ruckus turning to hushes turning to murmurs turning to silence. The it hits. The first beat. The long note. The fading up electronics.

Blue lights start flickering. Red. White. Yellow. Blue. A cacaphony of lights hit right in tune with Darude's "Sandstorm" to a loud pop and cheer from the audience in the Tokyo Dome.

Spotlights ignite on the entrance, each one further revealing a bobbing form. Hands reach out from the unknown person's side, swaying and waving to the beat. One final one shows him standing there in full gear, white headphones on as he dances in place. He being...

...TORA]

"At a weight of 75 kilos..."

[The high flying spectacle steps out of the entrance way, hands holding the headphones as he dances in place, feet flying to the rhythm. He pauses... tears off the headphones... and throws them into the crowd as he starts making his way down towards the ring. TORA is a definite athlete. He is super toned and strong looking though more like a track athlete or gymnast then a bodybuilder or pro wrestler. He's well proportioned and full of energy.



He's also fairly handsome in a young college kid sort of way with a clean shaven face.

He wears half red/half white tight wrestling pants with red and white kickpads. His pants have a variety of stripes, zig zags, dags and dragons down the side in print opposite to the side they are in, a collected kaleidoscope of chaos on each. He wears a haphazardly striped red and white vest over top his nary a percentage of fat upper body. He dark hair is worn in a messy fashioned faux hawk the tips dyed sharp light blue.]

“TOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!”

[The crowd ROARS as TORA reaches the end of the ramp, making sure to hop off, making a full circle to ensure that every hand reached out getting slapped back. He dances the entire way, taking the ringsteps in a single hop and getting onto the apron, dancing along as lasers shoot out behind him. They flicker in wild combination as TORA turns, pointing, and runs over, pulling a mask out of his pocket and puts it on a smiling kid's face. The child is in joy, a Juvenil Infierno mask covering his small head. He high fives the kid, hopping up on the apron, dancing, keeping it up as he steps on the outside turnbuckles to the top. He waves his arm in beat, popping his hands into peace signs to the crowd, drawing them down so the finger tips touch making a mask like gesture. One final step and he backflips into the ring, turning as the lights come back on...

...and gets run down by Brian James, leg at full extension!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The fans jeer James' cheap shot on the spunky fan favorite. James stares out at the booing crowd, seemingly getting angrier with each moment that passes. Lau gets caught grinning at ringside, loving to see his charge so fired up.]

JD: The bell hadn't even rang yet - still hasn't in fact - and Brian James started this one off in brutal fashion with that mafia kick to the jaw!

[James drags TORA's limp form off the canvas, holding him up by the hair, sneering at him as he bodily hurls him into the turnbuckles. James strides in after him, throwing a back elbow to the side of the head!]

BW: This is going to be a legalized slaughter, Dane.

JD: You could be one hundred percent right, Bucky. This is the ultimate underdog situation. The quintessential David vs Goliath battle.

[A second and a third elbow find the mark as referee Ricky Longfellow forces James to back out. James takes a brief verbal warning before stalking back in towards TORA who leans back on the buckles for support, kicking up off the mat to throw his legs out, striking James in the chest with his feet!]

JD: TORA fighting back!

[James takes two steps back on the kick before rushing back in, throwing a knee up into the midsection of TORA. He hammers a forearm down between the shoulderblades, knocking TORA down to the canvas.]

BW: So much for that.

[James stomps TORA in the back of the head a half dozen times, sending the high flyer rolling from the ring to the floor where Brian Lau is waiting to shout at him, taunting him about what James is going to do to him.]

JD: Isn't it bad enough that he's taking a physical pounding at this point in the match? Does he really need Lau running his mouth at him as well? Didn't we get enough of that when Childs was running loose? Was there a race to replace him as "Most irritating manager"?

[James leans over the ropes, shouting at TORA to get back into the ring but Longfellow backs James off again. Lau turns his attention on to the official, letting the referee have it for ordering his charge around. Lau and Longfellow trade words as TORA pulls himself up on the apron, unaware that James is approaching methodically.]

JD: TORA's on the apron and Brian James is moving in for the kill...

[James reaches over the top, dragging TORA to his feet. He turns him, his back facing the ring, looping his arms over the top rope so that TORA is trapped and looking out at the crowd...]

JD: What's this all about?

[The son of the Blackheart winds up, delivering a clubbing blow across the chest... and again... and again... and again. Ten of the blows land before James backs off, getting a running start, leaping up to drive his knee in between the shoulder blades of TORA, sending him sailing off the apron and crashing down in a heap on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: Brian James with a punishing assault on his former tag team partner.

BW: You shouldn't expect anything less. After the garbage TORA pulled two weeks ago in Hawaii, we may be seeing the end of the world as TORA knows it... especially if his world involves eating, drinking, and being merry.

[James steps out to the apron, glaring out at the crowd before dropping off to the floor. He stalks after TORA, leaning down to drag him up by the back of the tights. He grabs a handful of hair, swinging him around to throw him back under the ropes...

...but TORA grabs the bottom rope, swinging his legs around and catching James flush in the cheek with a boot!]

JD: OH! Unexpected counter by TORA!

BW: Unexpected? Aren't all counters unexpected? If they're expected, won't it fail and not be a counter?

JD: A fair point, I suppose.

[TORA pulls himself into a standing position on the ring apron, using a back kick to the mush to send James a few feet backwards, sliding right into position as TORA gives a shout, leaping up to the middle rope...]

JD: MOONSAULT!

[...and catches James flush across the chest, sending him falling back into the ringside barricade!]

JD: He couldn't knock Brian James down with the moonsault but he did seem to have some effect with it. James looks a little surprised by TORA's ability to come back so quickly but that's always been TORA's calling card - a tremendous resiliency and ability to bounce back quickly to keep fighting.

[TORA pushes himself off the ringside mats, turning to look at James who is reeling against the railing. The light heavyweight approaches, grabbing hold of the steel to snap off three rounding kicks into the ribs before a leaping, spinning back kick connects under James' chin, snapping his head back...

...but the son of the Blackheart stays standing!]

JD: TORA's got those educated feet but so far, Brian James has been able to absorb all those blows and stay up.

[TORA grabs James by the head, walking him towards the ring where he throws him under the bottom rope. James is quickly to his feet as TORA ascends to the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

JD: SPRINGBOARD...

[TORA throws himself out to full extension, soaring towards James with a missile dropkick...

...that James bats aside, sending TORA falling down to the canvas hard where James pounces, slamming a vicious soccer kick to the ribs, flipping him to his back where the son of the Blackheart takes the mount easily, rearing back and letting some devastating elbowstrikes land, crushing TORA underneath him!]

JD: James is all over him! The referee's right there!

BW: He's gotta be! TORA might not be able to defend himself and the referee may need to stop this thing, Dane!

[James lands elbow after elbow, his face contorting to a rage-filled visage with every blow. TORA's got his arms up over his head, trying to absorb as much punishment as he can until he finds a way out of this situation...

...which he finds by pushing off the mat with his legs when James has his weight leaning forward, forcing James out of the mount as TORA scrambles, trying to get back to his feet...]

JD: Both men trying to get back- AHH!

[A running front kick to the side of TORA's face sending him sprawling over the middle rope as James stands over him, looking out again at the jeering crowd.]

JD: TORA is one of the most popular competitors in all of Japan and right now, Brian James is completely having his way with him in front of this capacity crowd here in the Tokyo Dome.

BW: Brian James is already showing the fans in the US that he's one of the hottest rising stars in the sport on a weekly basis. Now he's showing the rest of the world. How many papers will he make the front page of tomorrow if he knocks off TORA, Dane? All of 'em?

JD: That's a true possibility.

[James plants his shin across the back of TORA's neck, using it to throttle him over the middle rope, choking violently as Ricky Longfellow steps in to protest. Brian Lau takes advantage of the situation to read TORA the riot act from his spot on the floor before James breaks at four, being backed off by the referee...

...which allows Lau to haul off and SLAP TORA across the face!]

JD: Oh! Brian Lau proving to be a no good snake in the grass out there!

BW: Hey, he's a former Junior Heavyweight Champion. He might've knocked TORA into the middle of next week with that.

JD: I highly doubt that at all.

[James pulls TORA off the canvas by the arm, whipping him towards the ropes.]

JD: TORA ducks the elbow...

[The high flyer leaps up to the middle rope, springing back, twisting to land a dropkick on the chest that knocks James back a pair of steps but doesn't level him!]

JD: TORA connects with the dropkick but he still can't get James off his feet!

[TORA scrambles back to his feet, throwing three quick kicks to the side of James' knee, striking before James can even respond to one of them. TORA dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards James...

...who steps forward, dropping TORA with a shoulder tackle!]

JD: Right back off his- KIP UP!

[As soon as he hits the mat, TORA no hand kips up to his feet as he's done many times before...

...many times that Brian James has seen as he grabs TORA by the arm, twisting his body and using the leverage on the arm to whip TORA over his body, throwing him violently down to the canvas!]

JD: Brian James with a judo throw, straight out of the arsenal of his trainer, Tiger Claw.

BW: His sensei according to Brian Lau.

JD: The ever-quotable Brian Lau. Calling James the "engine of destruction" - I'm sure the trademark office is working on that as we speak. I can see it on t-shirts, stickers, and posters.

BW: I'd wear that shirt.

JD: I have no doubt about that, Bucky.

[James hangs on to the arm, dropping three knees down into the shoulder area. He twists the arm around his leg, sitting down on it to prevent it from defending as James rains down hammerfists on a prone TORA who again lifts his free arm in a weak attempt to shield himself...

...and then swings a leg up, catching James in the ear with a boot that forces James to break his grip on the arm. He stands, promptly stomping TORA down between the eyes!]

JD: Oh! Right in the face with that stomp!

[The son of the Blackheart hauls TORA up by the hair as Lau shouts instructions from the floor. James gives a nod as he lifts TORA up in a vertical suplex, letting him hang for a few seconds before dropping him down in a spine-rattling slam.]

JD: The vertical suplex does a number on TORA who keeps coming back, keeps finding a way to fight and stay in this thing but James just keeps cutting him off, Bucky.

BW: You sound surprised, Dane. I know you haven't been around in a year or so but Brian James isn't the same dumb kid who he was when you were there... and even if he was, that makes him the guy who wrestled in the Stampede Cup Finals in his AWA debut!

[James stands over TORA, watching as the high flyer rolls to his stomach, crawling towards the ropes...

...and leaps up, driving a stomp down between the shoulderblades, forcing TORA's torso back down into the mat.]

JD: James perhaps drawing a target on the back of TORA, dragging him off the mat.

[He locks in a Muay Thai clinch, swinging his knee up into the head and chest of TORA, landing blow after blow as the crowd groans with each shot.]

JD: Knee Fury! Taking a page straight out of the Art Of War by Tiger Claw!

BW: Oh, I'd buy that book in a heartbeat, Dane!

[With TORA out on his feet, James using the clinch to hurl him limply into the corner where TORA grabs hold of the top rope with both arms, trying to stay on his feet as James moves in on him.]

JD: Big whip sends TORA across!

[TORA SLAMS into the corner, his body absorbing tons of impact as James steps into the opposite corner, glaring across at his former friend and partner...]

JD: James might be setting for that step-up shin kick in the corner!

[The son of the Blackheart barrels across, leaping up to the middle rope...

...as TORA front rolls out of the corner, scrambling off the mat as James turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JD: LEAPING SHOTAY! THE PALM STRIKE CONNECTS!

[The blow to the underside of James' head snaps his head back, causing him to sit down on the top turnbuckle as TORA scrambles back, measuring his man...]

JD: TORA with a running start... leaps up!

[He snares James' head between his legs, dropping back to attempt a top rope rana...

...but James shoves him off, sending TORA backflipping through the air, landing on his feet...]

JD: COUNTER AND-

[And James LEAPS off the middle rope, DRIVING his knee flush into the face of TORA, flipping him inside out and dumping him on the canvas!]

JD: OHHHHHHHHHHH! That's it! That's gotta be it!

[James looks out to Lau who shakes his head, throwing up a wagging finger. James nods fiercely, pulling a limp TORA off the mat by the hair, shoving him back into the corner...]

JD: James steps in, grabbing the top rope...

[He swings a vicious roundhouse kick into the ribs... and another... and another. The referee steps in to protest, forcing James to back off but he quickly steps back in...

...and gets spun around, pushed back into the corner by TORA who throws a quick kick to the right ribcage... then to the left... then to the right... then to the left...]

JD: TORA'S ALL OVER JAMES!

[The crowd is ROARING as TORA leaps up and down, landing kick after kick after kick in a blur of motion to the ribcage of Brian James who holds onto the ropes in the corner, taking all the punishment that TORA can dish out. TORA gives a shout, spinning away, marching across the ring where he turns back, charging in again...

...and runs RIGHT into a running front kick by James!]

BW: YAAAAAAKUUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[The blow flips TORA inside out, dumping him down to the canvas with ease. James angrily spits out his mouthguard, grabbing at his ribs and wincing in pain. But a shout from Lau focuses him again as he pulls TORA off the mat by the arm, folding the limb back behind his head...]

JD: He's setting him up!

[...and DRIVES his clenched fist into the heart of TORA, putting the fan favorite down on his back!]

JD: That's it.

[James leans over, planting a hand right on the chest. Just one as he kneels on the canvas, nodding his head as the official slaps the mat three times.]

"CLANK!"

JD: A victory - and a decisive one - for Brian James who leaves TORA an unconscious wreck in the middle of the ring.

BW: The words "exclamation point" come to mind, Dane. You want to talk about closure? TORA said this night is about closure? Well, consider this particular rivalry closed, my friend.

JD: TORA gave it all he had but the so-called engine of destruction left him laying.

[Brian Lau is beaming with pride as he lifts James' hand into the air, pointing at him as James continues to stare down at the motionless TORA as we slowly fade away from the in-ring scene to a single incense stick stuck in a censer, slowly burning and releasing a wisp of smoke. The shot pulls back to show that the censer is placed at the foot of a wooden stand, upon which a mammoth headgear is placed. The headgear consists of a black helmet made of moulded plastic, shaped like an elephant's head, with long, curved, white tusks and a segmented black plastic tube forming the trunk mounted on black shoulder pads, like those used in football.

Standing behind the stand is the mountain of a man they call MAMMOTH Maximus. Maximus has his black mask on, as well as a black singlet, with a silver M across the front, black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim. He places his meaty left hand on top of the helmet, as he begins to speak.]

MM: Oni, they call you a force of nature, but there is nothing natural about you! There is a reason why you were belched forth from the earth. There is a reason why you were expelled from Nihon koku. There is a reason why Honshu rejected you... Why Hokkaido rejected you... And Kyushu... And Shikoku... While they have embraced me as one of them!

Because you, Oni, are an abomination and now the gods have chosen me to meet you upon your return! So that I can vanquish the demon once and for all! Do not mistake Rising Sun Showdown for a homecoming, filth! There will be no warm welcome for you here!

[Maximus walks out of the shot, leaving us with a shot of the mammoth headgear. The camera zooms in on the burning incense stick, before fading to a table, the type seen at ringside at wrestling shows since what seems to be the dawn of time. Suddenly, a white granule hits the table, bouncing off as if it has no weight at all.]

"Like sand through the hourglass..."

[Another granule. And then another. Finally, salt is poured onto the center of the table until it forms a small pile.]

"... so are the days of our lives."

[A dark laugh.]

"Or in the case of the here and now..."

[We pan up, seeing the disturbing smiling face of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett.]



"D"HF: ... death.

[Fawcett stops to dab at his forehead with a blood red handkerchief.]

"D"HF: Heresy. So often, it goes unpunished in the modern age. The fear of a higher power has all but vanished. People walk blind in their everyday, mundane lives doing whatever they wish without an OUNCE of reprisal.

[A guttural growl is heard off camera as Fawcett flashes a devilish grin.]

"D"HF: That is, until now. This very topic is EXACTLY why my work is so important. So vital. For if you had a misbehaving child in your home, you would teach him the error of his ways. In this, we are in complete agreement. While an unruly offspring is certainly cause for concern, so much is the circling drow the drain of the collective consciousness of mankind. For such an immense undertaking, no mere parent will be sufficient. For such a task, one can only find relief in a...

[The growl intensifies with volume, as into view walks the massive frame of KING Oni. He is dressed in his black robe and headdress/mask, but the snarl can be heard just as well as if he was unencumbered by his ghoulish wooden shroud.]

"D"HF: I find myself face to face with such an immoral ugliness here. It follows me over an ocean. Like a weightless mist, the very idea... THE INSULT that I have made a mistake fills the air here like a poison fog. Time and again you all have had the chance that before me, very few ever have. Real and physical proof of a higher power. Right here...

[Fawcett points to the monstrous Oni.]

"D"HF: ... in my liege, your true master. A divine gift that you all choose to overlook as common. Because of one man. One man that RAN from the very competition that your KING crushed with such ease. All because of his constant failure at the hands of a true champion, one who is the very personification of SUPREME.

[Fawcett nods in a mockery of sincerity.]

"D"HF: Nothing to be so ashamed of. Nothing to hide and cower in fear of. Many have fallen to him, many more shall. To think that such a small and unspectacular mind could ever think that he could jam a lifetime of obsessive training at the tree of knowledge in such a short time, is repulsive. Not as repulsive, however, as the insult that THIS is the great destroyer. That THIS is the immovable object that your KING will crash upon like so much water against a great rock. That THIS...

[Fawcett shakes his head.]

"D"HF: ... will be the end of his dominance. Much like children, you are sadly mistaken. We all saw even the best efforts of men in suits sitting in

boardrooms could not stop my KING. Not this MAMMOTH's tag team partner. And certainly...

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: ... not Maximus himself. Your own partner warned you to be careful. He warned you that the great and powerful Oni is a force of nature.

In this, also, a fallacy falls from an uneducated mouth.

[Fawcett raises his gem, catching the immediate attention of Oni.]

"D"HF: He is so much more. He is nature. He was ancient when the very concept of nature itself was young. He sat mighty on a throne of sheer power while your namesake, the mammoths of old, drew their last breath. As he shall do this day, when you breathe your last by his hand alone. Any thought of using him as a steppingstone to a renewed career?

[Fawcett shakes his head.]

"D"HF: Dashed. Destroyed beyond all comprehension with one single act. Classic and perfect. For while you strive to impress the multitudes, your sovereign lord only seeks to do one thing.

[Fawcett moves the gem away from Oni and directly in front of his own left eye. Oni shakes his head, lumbering towards the camera.]

KO: SQQQQUUUUUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

[Oni moves yet more forward towards the camera, which abruptly shuts off... no doubt in the hopes of saving its own skin as we fade back to a shot of the crowd, eagerly anticipating what comes next on this historic night.

A throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers.]

# IT'S MINE... #

# IT'S MINE... #

# THE WORLD IS MINE! #

[The crowd erupts into cheers as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play.]

SUBTITLES: Next match is one fall... twenty minute time limit...

[Twenty-five seconds into the song, a mountain of a man, if one could call it a man, emerges from the entranceway. He is decked in a black helmet made of moulded plastic, shaped like an elephant's head, with long, curved, white tusks and a segmented black plastic tube forming the trunk. The large helmet is mounted onto black shoulder pads, like those used in football, which help to hold the headgear up on the man's massive frame. In addition,

he has on a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim.]

# SING ME A SONG, YOU'RE A SINGER #  
# DO ME A WRONG, YOU'RE A BRINGER OF EVIL #  
# THE DEVIL IS NEVER A MAKER #  
# THE LESS THAT YOU GIVE, YOU'RE A MAKER #  
# SO IT'S ON AND ON AND ON #  
# IT'S HEAVEN AND HELL #  
# OH WELL #

[The man balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him.]

SUBTITLES: Introducing first... hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains... weighing in at 190.5 kilos...

[The subtitles cut away as Megumi Sato lets your eardrums have it.]

"MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAXIMUUUUUUSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!  
MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOTH!"

[MAMMOTH Maximus comes to a stop at the end of the entrance ramp. He removes the helmet to reveal a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks. Maximus places the headgear in front of him, the trunk and tusks pointing towards the ring. He holds his fists together, then throws out his hands to either side of him, just as the trunk attached to the elephantine headgear lets forth a burst of white smoke. He approaches the ring and steps through middle and top ropes. He balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As the music fades, Maximus brings his fists together in front of him and backs into his corner. He throws a couple of punches into the air, as he awaits the introduction of his opponent.]

SUBTITLES: And his opponent...

[The lights go out in the Tokyo Dome, as a graphic of an active and exploding volcano appears on the large video wall. Suddenly, "Godzilla" by Akira Ifukube begins to play. Red lights go up, revealing a large setpiece that's been set up to make the entranceway look like a replica of downtown Tokyo.]

JD: As if we didn't know who's about to make their way out here, we sure do now.

BW: Bad news for Tokyo, the REAL King of Monsters is here!

[Subtitles flash on the screen.]

SUBTITLES: Accompanied to the ring by "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett... from the Demon Gate... weighing in at 233 kilos...

"KIIING!  
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!!"

[A large blast of pyro goes off, as we see mock building after mock building knocked down, knocked over and utterly decimated. As the smoke begins to clear, a small red spotlight illuminates a red gem. After three orchestra hits "Godzilla" abruptly stops playing... just in time for an inhuman growl to be heard. The smoke dissipates further and massive arms held high in the air we see the monstrous form of KING Oni with "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett by his side.]

JD: An impressive sight, but MAMMOTH Maximus won't be scared off by some pyro.

BW: The mammoths went extinct, Dane! The KING never dies!

[A white spotlight goes off to the far left, showing a black caped figure hunched over a pair of synthesizer keyboards. He begins to play the opening notes to "Kagome Kagome" and as he looks up we can see, regardless of the Phantom of the Opera-style half mask he's wearing, that the man tinkling the ivories is none other than Porter Crowley.]

JD: Fawcett's newest plaything is here, all we need is one more for the whole family to be in the house!

BW: Open your eyes, Dane! Look!

[Indeed, the camera zooms in and we see that Crowley isn't seated on any ordinary piano stool... but in fact a large metal dog cage with The Lost Boy inside. The man that evolution forgot is going absolutely insane, clawing at the bars and howling for all he's worth. Fawcett stops to favor Crowley with a nod before he and Oni begin walking down towards the ring. Just as the vocal to the song kicks in, a secondary white spotlight shines to the far right, eliciting a surprised reaction from the crowd.]

JD: Well, that figures. If anyone was in good with the daughter of the devil himself, it'd be this twist.

[A slender young female begins singing in fluent Japanese, long black pinstraight hair obscuring her very pale face. The instrumental break comes, and she lifts her head to allow her hair to part and reveal the young lady called by some Creepy Little Girl: Truth Marie Temple.

Fawcett and Oni make their to the ring, and Oni stands with arms crossed staring intently at the ring as his handler removes his ornamental masks and robes which are handed to a ringside attendant. Oni remains there as Fawcett steps down off the elevated ramp and walks the entire way around the ringside area, digging into his vest pocket and taking out a small bag.

It's filled with what appears to be salt, which he flings at every ringpost he passes.]

JD: "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett participating in a traditional salt ceremony, ridding the ring of evil spirits...

BW: Except for his demon on the floor.

JD: Wait a... is that...?

[The camera resting on KING Oni shifts slightly, catching a glimpse of a hooded individual sitting in the crowd watching intently.]

JD: That's... can we zoom in a little closer? If you can hear me in the truck, please inform that cameraman to zoom in on...

[The zoom follows, locking on the hooded individual.]

JD: It is! That's Anton Layton! The Prince of Darkness himself is here! Anton Layton is here!

BW: He sure is... but why?!

JD: I couldn't begin to answer that one, Bucky... but he's there and I can't tell if anyone knows he's there. I sure didn't see him until just now. But Fawcett doesn't look like he knows he's there and Oni DEFINITELY doesn't look like he knows - or cares - that he's there!

[The camera hangs on Layton for a few more moments before panning back over to Oni who remains on the floor, looking up into the ring at MAMMOTH Maximus who is pacing back and forth, eager to throw down with the Demon himself...

...and suddenly surges forward, stepping through the ropes onto the apron, looking down at Oni who is staring a hole through the biggest man he's faced one-on-one so far!]

JD: We've got ourselves a staredown, fans! Oni and Maximus glaring at one another and you can feel the electricity in the air here in the Tokyo Dome as-

[The crowd ROARS as Maximus leaps off the apron, throwing his 420 pounds at Oni, smashing his arms together on the Demon's ears as they collide.]

JD: MAXIMUS ATTACKS!

[The referee signals for the bell as Oni takes three big steps back, reaching out blindly to place his hand on the top of the barricade. The crowd "ooooohs!" at Oni almost being knocked off his feet as he steadies himself. He pushes off the railing, trying to get back towards Maximus who greets him with a hooking forearm to the side of the head!]

JD: We've got a fight out here at ringside as two of the biggest monsters in the wrestling world are throwing down in Tokyo, Japan!

BW: Keep them the heck away from me, Dane.

JD: I'm pretty sure that if they decide to come over here that nothing short of a natural disaster would be able to stop them!

[The masked Maximus is teeing off at this point, absolutely hammering Oni relentlessly with hooking rights and lefts to the head, keeping Oni in a constant stagger. "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett looks on with obvious concern at his monster being pummeled. He shouts something to Oni who does not respond as Maximus pushes him back against the railing, causing the entire metal barricade to shove back into the crowd, sending the fans scattering as a half ton of battling behemoths come towards them abruptly.]

JD: Oni hasn't even gotten out of the gate yet! Maximus jumped him before the bell and that has proven to be a successful strategy at this early point in the contest, Bucky.

BW: But like you just said, Dane, it's early... and I'm sure the good Doctor has a trick or two up his sleeve.

JD: "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett became introduced to AWA fans last year when the AWA came to Japan. Until that point, Fawcett was leading a gang of monsters here in Tiger Paw Pro but when he saw his opening to take KING Oni to the AWA, he jumped on it. Since then, he's added The Lost Boy and apparently Porter Crowley to his... menagerie.

BW: Family.

JD: Whatever you want to call it, it's quite the impressive - and horrifying - group of competitors.

[With a grunt of effort, Oni delivers a two-handed shove that sends Maximus sprawling backwards towards the ring apron. Maximus recovers quickly, charging Oni, leaping up...

...but Oni sidesteps, using his powerful arm to give Maximus a shove in the back, sending him chestfirst into the railing!]

JD: Ohhh!

[Oni grabs Maximus by the back of the mask, dragging him towards the ring where he hurls him under the ropes into the squared circle. Oni turns towards the crowd, giving off a bellow that also causes some of the front row to scatter before Oni turns back to the ring, grabbing the ropes and dragging himself up onto the apron.]

JD: And it looks like this one's about to finally get inside the ring.

BW: Not so fast, Dane.

[As Oni steps between the ropes, Maximus is back on his feet and coming strong again, lumbering towards the ropes where he slams a forearm down between the shoulderblades. He continues the assault, raining down double axehandles across the broad back of KING Oni.]

JD: Maximus is all over him, not giving Oni a second to recover!

[Oni manages to get an arm up, shoving Maximus back again.]

JD: Wow! He just shoved 420 pounds away with one arm!

BW: How strong is this guy?

[Oni straightens up as Maximus comes at him again, swinging the right arm but Oni lifts his left, absorbing the blow before landing an overhand slap chop to the chest that sends Maximus falling back towards the corner, a bright red welt on his pectorals!]

JD: What a shot! You could hear that one all the way back in Hawaii! And I was informed before we came on the air that due to what happened back at All-Star Showdown in the Rumble, the ring was specially reinforced here tonight to make sure we don't have a repeat of that incident.

BW: Thank goodness for small miracles.

[With Maximus back in one corner, Oni moves to the other, assuming a stance quite familiar to the fans in Japan.]

JD: Oni's... he's getting into a sumo stance.

[Oni leans over, his hands touching the mat, staring up at Maximus who angrily points at Oni, shouting at the official who waves for the two competitors to come together and compete.]

JD: Oni wants a sumo fight?!

[Oni rises up, glaring at Maximus who is pacing back and forth in his own corner. Oni angrily slaps himself across the chest, pointing at Maximus...

...who suddenly rushes forward, throwing himself into a shoulder tackle!]

JD: Oni doesn't budge!

[Oni's eyes go wide as he leans forward, shouting directly into the face of Maximus who recoils from the sound that is roughly the decibel level of a tornado...

...which means it's Oni's turn to stomp forward, throwing himself into a tackle!]

JD: Whoa! Maximus holds his ground!

BW: He gave up a few feet but he's still standing! And that's impressive in its own right, Dane.

JD: You're absolutely right about that, Bucky.

[Maximus rushes in again, tangling up with Oni as both men flail out with their arms, hooking around each other's necks, trying to jostle the other around.]

JD: Well, this isn't your traditional collar and elbow tieup but it's an approximation of it as Oni and Maximus put their extreme body weights to work in trying to throw the other around.

BW: This seems pretty even, Dane. Neither one of them seem like they're getting an advantage over the other!

JD: Not yet anyway- oh!

[Oni steps back, having been punched RIGHT between the eyes by Maximus. Maximus reaches forward, hooking his left arm around the neck of Oni as he opens fire with the right...]

JD: Right hand! Another! A third! Maximus is bringing out the big guns in an attempt to knock KING Oni off his feet!

BW: It's gonna take more than that! KING Oni will not fall!

[Maximus is delivering punches that are both quick as a boxer and devastating in impact as they bounce off the skull of KING Oni who makes no effort to defend himself, absorbing blow after blow after blow...]

...and then suddenly Oni lifts his massive paw, jabbing a thumb into the eyehole of Maximus' mask, blinding the super heavyweight!]

JD: ONI GOES TO THE EYE!

BW: Wow! I didn't expect that, Dane.

JD: Pure desperation by Oni who realized this battle wasn't going in the direction he was looking for so he sinks down and sticks a thumb in the eye... and now he's hanging onto the mask!

[The referee reprimands Oni, ordering him to release the grip on the mask as Oni walks Maximus out to the middle of the ring, slamming his skull into the head of Maximus!]

JD: HEADBUTT!

[Keeping his grip on the mask, Oni delivers headbutt after thunderous headbutt, Maximus unable to defend himself as he slumps down to a knee after a half dozen blows!]



JD: Oni's getting the better of this exchange, forcing Maximus down to his knees!

[Oni suddenly lets go of the mask, reaching a massive hand out to grab Maximus around the throat, pulling him to his feet...]

JD: You've gotta be kidding me! There's no chance... no way he's going to be able to-

BW: CHOKESLAAAAAAAAM!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[Oni just barely gets Maximus off his feet, throwing him down with power to the canvas!]

JD: CHOKESLAM BY THE DEMON!

BW: IT AIN'T THE PRETTIEST THING YOU'LL EVER SEEN BUT IT WORKED!

[Oni falls back against the ropes, grabbing at his own head as leans there for a few moments.]

JD: That chokeslam seems to have taken a lot out of both competitors, Bucky.

BW: It does... and Dane, I gotta wonder... I didn't notice Harrison Fawcett calling for the chokeslam.

JD: What's your point?

BW: I'm wondering if Oni ain't as mindless and savage as we thought. Maybe he's not just Fawcett's indentured servant after all.

JD: That may be a question for another day, Bucky, as it looks like Oni may be looking to finish off Maximus who, if you can believe it, is already getting back to his feet.

BW: Maximus didn't go very high on the chokeslam so it may not have had the level of impact that Oni was hoping for.

[Oni moves in on Maximus, hooking a left hand around the neck, holding him tightly as he swings his right arm down like a club, bashing Maximus between the eyes!]

JD: Oh!

[Oni's arm is a blur of motion, hammering down into the face of Maximus who lifts his arms, trying to block some of the pulverizing blows...]

...which results in Oni turning his hand into the rough equivalent of a claw, digging into the eye of Maximus, causing the masked man to howl in pain!]

BW: ONI'S TRYING TO RIP HIS EYE OUT!

[Fawcett cackles with glee, shouting instructions as he slaps down on the apron. Maximus wheels away as Oni releases his grip on the eye, reaching up and yanking off his own mask to a "ohhhhhh!" from the Japanese crowd, revealing a bright red welt surrounding his eye. Maximus rubs at the eye, shouting at Oni as he advances. The referee steps in Oni's path, trying to curb his advance...

...but scampers out of the way as it becomes apparent that Oni don't give any damns at all if he runs the official down like a turtle on the highway.]

JD: Oni's still coming!

[He shoves Maximus back against the ropes, swinging the open right hand over from the side, CRACKING Maximus across the ear with it, sending the 420 pounder spinning away from him, ending up with his back in the corner.]

JD: Maximus is trapped in the corner! This could be trouble!

[Oni grabs the top rope, giving a shout as he lays in a massive headbutt to the sternum, causing Maximus to exhale sharply. The Demon rotates slightly, lunging into the corner with a back elbow to the ear!]

JD: Oni's got him in a bad way in the buckles and-

[The referee reluctantly steps in, shouting at the Demon as he tries to get him to back off. Fawcett slaps the apron to get Oni's attention, shouting in Japanese as the monster backs off, glaring at the official with a deep-throated growl. The good "Doctor" throws a quick look at his gem before suddenly turning around, looking at the section where Anton Layton is seated.]

JD: And look at this, Bucky.

BW: Fawcett and Layton making eye contact and a chill of a lifetime just shot up my back. I don't know if I like the idea of those two being in contact at all with one another. One of them is dangerous. Two of them is a step away from a post-apocalyptic nightmare.

[We cut back to the ring where Oni is moving back in...

...and gets caught with a straight right hand to the left eye!]

JD: Maximus fires back with a shot of his own to the eye!

[Maximus grabs the arm of Oni, spinning him back into the corner. He steps out, taking a boxer's stance as he rains rights and lefts down onto the sides of Oni's head, battering him relentlessly against the turnbuckles!]

JD: Oni's taking a pounding in the corner! Maximus has had enough perhaps!

[Maximus makes sure that Oni is stunned enough, backing off, giving a shout of "THE WORLD IS MINE!" to the Tokyo Dome crowd, charging back in, leaping up into the air...

...and CRUSHING Oni under 420 pounds against the turnbuckles!]

JD: Leaping splash in the corner and Oni's in trouble! Just like that, Maximus has turned it around on KING Oni and the so-called "Good Doctor" better think fast or Oni's undefeated streak is going to die a glorious death here in the Land of the Rising Sun, fans!

[Maximus backs off to the middle of the ring, going a few steps further back towards the other side this time. He gives another shout, rushing back into the corner...

...and Oni steps out, wrapping a hand around the throat just before Maximus leaps into the air!]

JD: He's got him again!

[Oni steps out to the middle, ready to deliver another chokeslam when Maximus lashes out with a forearm, swinging it down across the bridge of the nose...

...a blow that causes Oni to recoil, grabbing at his face in pain!]

JD: Oh! He hurt him! He hurt the Demon!

[Maximus doesn't let up, spinning Oni back around...

...where a rage-filled Oni lashes out with a stiff-fingered blow into the throat, causing Maximus to stagger back, coughing violently! The Japanese referee shouts at both men, waving his arms wildly.]

JD: Oh... my... god!

[Maximus and Oni suddenly storm one another, the referee narrowly diving out of the way as the two behemoths collide. Each loops an arm over the other's neck, swinging fists as fast as they possibly can, slamming their knuckles into each other's head over and over and over.]

JD: THIS! IS! WAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRR!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the show of violence, coming to their feet as the two super heavyweights beat each other senseless!]

JD: BOTH MEN THROWING BOMBS IN THERE! LISTEN TO THIS CROWD!

[With the Tokyo Dome crowd absolutely roaring for the titanic slugfest, Fawcett lets loose a scream to his charge who doesn't even acknowledge the shout, continuing to batter Maximus who is giving as good as he is getting!]

JD: Neither man is willing to back down! Neither man is willing to give an inch! Neither man is-

[In a reckless attempt to cease the barrage of clenched fists, the referee tries to wedge himself in between the two titans...

...and gets HURLED by both men down to the canvas to an "ohhhhh!" from the Japanese crowd!]

JD: The referee goes down! Referee Itami hits the canvas hard and- they're still going at it!

[The fans continue to cheer as the two monsters batter each other in a scene not seen in downtown Tokyo since Godzilla tangled with Mothra!]

JD: The referee is down but these two monsters refuse to give up the fight!

[Red welts litter the faces of both men, trickles of blood escaping the nose and eye of Maximus as blow after blow land on any square inch of skin they can find.]

JD: This is total warfare... total carnage run amok in the Tokyo Egg Dome!

[And then suddenly...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: What the-?!

[The sound of the bell does not seem to faze the two goliaths as their battle continues. The official has crawled over to the ringside table, speaking to Megumi Sato who nods before bellowing something in Japanese.]

JD: Fans, it appears as though... hold... yes, both competitors have been DISQUALIFIED!

[The crowd does not seem to care for the decision but their boos are muffled by the cheers for the brawl that continues to rage.]

JD: A double disqualification is the official decision by official Itami but the battle continues and-

BW: Where's King Kong when you need him?! Who else can break this thing up?!

JD: The locker room is clearing out! We've got preliminary wrestlers... young boys if you will... Tiger Paw Pro officials... the aisle is filled with people and I don't even know if that's enough to shut this down!

[The fists are still flying as the ring starts to slowly fill. First, there's four guys trying to get in-between... then six... then ten... then twelve. Yet the battle continues.]

BW: They're going to need more than that, daddy!

[Fifteen... seventeen... twenty.]

JD: They're... they're starting to have some success but look at these two! They just want to get right back at it!

[Twenty-three... twenty-six... twenty-eight.]

JD: IT LOOKS LIKE A RUMBLE IN THERE!

[And finally, there are enough bodies inside the ring to hold Maximus back in one corner and Oni back in the other..

...at which point they turn on the bodies holding them!]

JD: Uh oh!

[The crowd is roaring as Maximus rains down fists on the closest bodies to him. Oni starts grabbing clumps of hair and slamming skulls together!]

JD: This is insane! We're going to need more help!

[This time, when the locker room comes charging down, there are a few more recognizable faces from both Tiger Paw Pro and the American Wrestling Alliance, wedging themselves in between the two men...

...and "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett puts an end to the battle, climbing up on the apron, lifting the crystal gem with an obvious look of discomfort on his face. Oni suddenly relents on his assault, leaning back against the turnbuckles as Maximus continues to try and get out of the corner, finally getting his arms pinned down to the ropes.]

JD: Whew. It looks like they're finally getting control out here.

BW: Thanks to that crystal that's never far from the good Doctor's side.

[The shot holds on Fawcett, the crystal still in hand, and Anton Layton in the background, his eyes locked on the same crystal.]

JD: Fans, we're going to go backstage where Melissa Cannon is set to attempt to achieve her dream! She's with Mark Stegglet right now so take it away, Mark!

[We cut back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is indeed standing with Melissa Cannon who is covered up in a black belted trenchcoat, hiding her attire underneath.]

MS: Thanks, Jason, and as you can see-

[Melissa holds up a hand, offering it up open to Mark.]

MS: I don't-

MC: Pretty sure I can handle this, Mark. Thanks.

[Stegglet shrugs, handing the mic to Melissa and stepping out of frame.]

MC: Time is a helluva thing. Days, weeks, months. Seconds, minutes, hours. Take your pick.

It's been two weeks since I announced I was accepting the challenge of Miyuki Ozaki here tonight in the Tokyo Dome.

Two weeks.

[She nods.]

MC: It sounds like nothing. Sounds like a family vacation to Hawaii. Maybe a road trip for the Dodgers. The time til your next pay day. Two weeks fly by...

[Raising a hand, she snaps her fingers.]

MC: ...like that. Unless you're me and you've gone through the two weeks that I've just gone through.

Time is fluid. It moves and changes, ebbs and flows. In one second, it's flying by and in the second, it's an eternity.

It's an eternity when you sit in front of a computer and read countless posts and stories about what the world believes you are.

[She digs into a pocket, coming out with a sheet of paper.]

MC: Let's see...

"Melissa Cannon thinks just because she's buddies with the boss that she can drift out of obscurity and make anyone give a damn that she's wrestling the best woman in the world."

[Her eyebrows raise.]

MC: "Melissa Cannon is a joke. A sham. A fraud. There's a hundred women who were more deserving of that match and it went to an over-hyped whore who probably slept her way into it."

[A slight tilt of the head, her voice gaining an edge as she reads the next one.]

MC: "You're a slut who doesn't belong anywhere near a ring unless you're flat on your back with your legs..."

[Her voice trails off as she looks up at the camera.]

MC: For all of our sakes, I'll cut that one off right there. But this...

[She holds up the paper.]

MC: This is what I've been seeing for two weeks. Doubters, the unbelievers, the haters... oh my, the haters. Some of you guys out there really don't like women too much... and you especially don't like them "taking up space" in your pro wrestling action.

You know what?

[She takes the paper, folding it up neatly, depositing it into her pocket where she gives it a pat.]

MC: Thank you. All of you. Even those of you with the really vivid imaginations who wanted to spell out in crystal clear form about how my body wasn't meant for the ring but for your bedrooms.

Because you gave me the drive... the fire... the burning in my heart to make this more than a "Hey, let's take the match and see what happens."

You turned that eternity of two weeks into the blink of an eye.

[Cannon blinks on cue.]

MC: Because you sent me to the gym... to the weights... to the treadmill... to the track... and most of all, you sent me to the ring. You sent me into a converted warehouse in downtown Dallas where my old teacher stood there and said, "Again."

Again. I'd take a clothesline... and again, I'd get up.

Again. I'd take a bodyslam... and again, I'd get up.

Again. I'd take a spinning backfist... and again, I'd get up.

I ran ropes until I threw up. I bounced off that mat until I felt sore from my heels to my hair.

Because if you're going to fight the best in the world and you haven't stepped foot inside the squared circle in a long time, you need to do that. You need to push yourself. You need to punish yourself.

[Cannon is intense, staring into the camera, shaking with emotion.]

MC: And even then, I'm not ready.

[She smiles.]

MC: Surprised? It's two weeks, people. How the hell COULD I be ready? Two weeks to go from zero to the best woman's wrestler in the world? You'd have to be an idiot to think I stood a chance in hell.

There is absolutely no way that I should win this match.

[Cannon pauses, raising a finger to her lips with a grin.]

MC: "Should."

But there was no chance that the New York Jets SHOULD beat the Baltimore Colts in '69... and they did.

There was no chance that the Americans SHOULD beat the Soviets in Olympic hockey in 1980... and they did.

There was no chance that Buster Douglas SHOULD knock out Mike Tyson right here in Tokyo... right here in this building... and he did.

[Cannon nods.]

MC: This right here... this is why we fight the fights... it's why we play the games... and it's why we wrestle the matches. Because for all of human history, people have been told that they SHOULD not be able to do something... only to prove the world wrong and do it.

So, when these people...

[She pats the list.]

MC: ...when they call me worthless... a sham...

[Shrugs.]

MC: Maybe they're right. Maybe I am all those things. Maybe I SHOULD go quietly into the night and let Miyuki Ozaki, the best female wrestler on the planet, put me down and write the final page in the book of what Melissa Cannon will be known for.

A joke. A punchline. An embarrassment. A whore.

But maybe... maybe they're wrong.

[A nod.]

MC: And maybe it's time to prove it.



[Cannon leans down, lowering the mic to the floor. She rises to her feet, pulling off the black trenchcoat... and revealing a quite familiar yellow jumpsuit to fans of women's wrestling. She grins...

...and then walks out of view as we fade back to the interior of the Tokyo Dome. Subtitles appear.]

SUBTITLES: The following contest is set for one fall with a forty-five minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The lights drop down to black, causing an “oooooh” from the Japanese crowd. They stay there for a few moments before the quiet panflute introduction of Zamfir’s “The Lonely Shepherd” begins to play over the PA system. A pale yellow lighting fills the Dome, covering the crowd... the ring... and, of course, the entryway.

From the gap in the elevated platform, a figure is slowly raised from the depths of darkness. She is covered in a black cloak, kneeling on the platform, her right hand gripping what appears to be a sword in its sheath. Her brown hair is tied back in a tight braid but her head is bowed, perhaps in prayer, as she is slowly raised into view.]

SUBTITLES: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 145 pounds...

[The subtitles vanish as Megumi Sato's trademark voice rings out over the PA.]

"CANNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!  
MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELISSSSSSSSSAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[Melissa Cannon rises off her knee, throwing off the black cloak to reveal she's dressed much as her mentor, Lori Dane, did in her latter years in the wrestling ring. Cannon is in a yellow jumpsuit... not skin-tight vinyl as her predecessor wore but rather a cloth fabric, hanging loose from her body. Her upper body is covered in a similar yellow fabric, cut slightly into a v-neck. She raises the sheathed sword over her head, giving off a shout as the music switches to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity."

She marches down the aisle to a polite reaction from the Japanese crowd, walking with determined purpose as she heads towards the ring where her greatest dream... or worst nightmare... awaits her.]

JD: Melissa Cannon has not stepped foot in a professional wrestling ring since SuperClash 3 when she teamed with Lori Dane against Melanie Brown and Holly Hotbody - the last time there were rumors of an AWA Women's Division coming to pass. Tonight, Melissa Cannon hopes to show the suits back in Texas that SHE belongs in an AWA ring as do the many other female competitors in this sport who deserve the same opportunity.

[Cannon reaches the ring, bowing towards it as she steps through the ropes. She carries the sheathed sword with her, tapping it on the mat every once in a while as she turns to await the arrival of her opponent.]

"ОHHHHH!!!"

SUBTITLES: "Introducing now, from Osaka City, Osaka Prefecture, Japan...she is a name that needs no introduction...she is the Empress of Joshi Puroresu..."

"OZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZAAAAAAAAAAKKKKKKKKKKKIIIIIIIII!!!  
MIYYYYYYYUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUKKKKKKKKKKKKIIIIIIIII!!!!!"

BIG CHEER!

JD: That's quite the entrance for the Queen of Joshi... the Empress as stated by Megumi Sato just now.

BW: I heard that type of ring entrance has bankrupted more than a few promotions that signed Miyuki Ozaki whose contract riders are legendary, Dane.

JD: Ozaki has a history in the States but here in Japan, she's practically a star on the level of someone like a Kim Kardashian would be in the United States, Bucky.

BW: She's got endorsement deals, a record deal, even her own animated series! And she's been directly responsible for two of the most dominant factions in Tiger Paw Pro history in ACHILLES and the Dead Man's Party.

JD: AWA fans haven't seen Ozaki with the DMP but make no mistake about it, she has been letting her charges know her opinions and strategies every step of the way. She's a megastar in Japan and... well, even with a poor attitude, I think Ozaki will be the fan favorite here tonight. Melissa Cannon is no stranger to wrestling in Japan as well but she competed in a smaller promotion here in Japan known as DAZZLE.

BW: DAZZLE's got a TV deal... they're fairly popular... but they ain't producing women with animated TV shows!

JD: No, but many have said that DAZZLE is currently putting on the best women's wrestling in the world... a fact that Miyuki Ozaki takes great offense to. Tonight, she gets the chance to show the world that she's still the Queen... the Empress.

[Ozaki backs to the corner as the streamers are disposed of, waving happily to her cheering fans as Melissa Cannon leans over, hands on her upper thighs, stretching out her legs, eyes locked on her Japanese opponent...]

JD: AWA official Ricky Longfellow is going to be the man in the middle for this one, giving some final instructions to both competitors...

[The official straightens up, waving for the bell.]

"CLANK!"

[At the sound of the very Japanese bell, Cannon comes barreling across the ring, leaping into the air, landing a stiff forearm on the ear of Ozaki, knocking her back into the buckles. The crowd buzzes at the early attack as Cannon clenches her jaw and goes on the attack, blitzing Ozaki with a series of forearm smashes to the ear!]

JD: Cannon fire in the open moments of this one, taking the fight to Miyuki Ozaki!

BW: A fairly blatant attempt to end the match early. Melissa Cannon hasn't been in an AWA ring in almost four years. You know as well as I do that she can't survive a long match against Ozaki... not that Ozaki is going to need a long one in my book.

JD: Cannon coming on strong, battering Ozaki back into the corner...

[The feisty former ring announcer is ignoring the protests of the official as she lands a series of elbowstrikes to the side of the head in the corner,

forcing Ozaki down to a knee as the crowd buzzes with concern for their hero.]

JD: Melissa Cannon needs to be careful here. If she's too aggressive, she might earn herself a disqualification in the biggest match of her life.

[At the referee's four count, Melissa backs off, raising her arms as Ozaki uses the ropes to pull herself to her feet.]

JD: Cannon moving back in and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A brutal open-handed slap to the ear snaps Melissa's head around before she falls down to her knees, grabbing at the side of her head.]

BW: Ryan Martinez, eat your heart out!

[Ozaki steps from the corner, rubbing her jaw and moving it back and forth as she smirks at the downed Cannon with a nod.]

JD: I think Miyuki Ozaki was actually AMUSED by that!

BW: She might've thought Cannon's fire was cute... but now she's going to pay for it.

JD: You may be right about that, Bucky.

[Ozaki circles around Melissa Cannon, standing in front of her, looking down at the kneeling American...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and lashes out with a brutal kick across the chest of Cannon!]

JD: Sheer impact on the shin kick to the chest!

[Ozaki smiles again, leaning over to mockingly wave at Cannon...

...who makes an attempt at a lunging forearm smash that Ozaki sidesteps, causing Cannon to fall to all fours where Ozaki strikes again, driving her foot into the ribcage in a brutal soccer kick!]

JD: Another kick, this one to the ribs of Cannon!

[Cannon rolls onto her back, clutching at her ribs as Ozaki steps closer to her, lifting her leg to stomp, stomp, stomp the ribs, sending Cannon rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

JD: And we're barely started here in Tokyo before Miyuki Ozaki has Melissa Cannon on the run, rolling right out to the ringside area.

[Ozaki covers her mouth as she giggles, stepping out onto the apron where she gives the fans a beauty pageant wave to cheers.]

JD: I can't quite understand why these people love Miyuki Ozaki so much, Bucky.

BW: She's the best in the world at what she does. How can you NOT love her?

JD: But the arrogance... the attitude... the very obvious impression that she believes she's better than anyone else she comes in contact with. For crying out loud, she rode an animatronic LION to the ring tonight!

BW: She's won titles everywhere she goes. She's the former Female Wrestler of the Year for 2010, '11, '12, '13... need I go on?

JD: There is no doubting her resume, Bucky... it's her attitude that is lacking in my opinion.

[Ozaki takes aim at Cannon as she pushes up off the floor, climbing to her feet as Ozaki takes a dash...]

JD: Big kick!

[...but Cannon spins out, causing Ozaki to whiff on the running kick. Cannon pulls herself up on the apron as Ozaki turns around. She goes to throw another kick to the ribs but Cannon blocks it, returning fire with two short forearms to the side of the head!]

JD: We've got a battle out on the apron and that's not a place that either of these women want to be!

[Cannon turns her body slightly, lashing out with a knife edge chop across the chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Three more chops follow, leaving Ozaki reeling, clutching at her own chest as Cannon backs off, pumping her right arm to a scattering of cheers.]

JD: Melissa Cannon's setting up for something out on the apron...

[She rushes down the apron, cocking the arm back...

...but Ozaki ducks down, lifting Cannon like for a backdrop but simply turns, setting her down on her feet inside the ring before Ozaki uses the top rope to swing her legs up, catching Cannon on the ear with a kick!]

JD: Ohh! Ozaki caught her!

[With Cannon reeling, Ozaki grabs the top rope, leaping up, springing off the top...]

JD: DROPKICK!

[...and DRIVES both feet between the shoulderblades of the stunned American, sending her sailing across the ring where she crashes chestfirst to the mat!]

JD: Nicely done by Miyuki Ozaki... and look at this! She thinks it's over!

[Back on her feet, Ozaki is ordering the referee to raise her hand in victory. Longfellow defiantly refuses, shaking his head and waving for the match to continue. She plants her hands on her hips, glaring at the referee.]

JD: Ozaki is wasting valuable time arguing with the official while Melissa Cannon gets a chance to recover.

BW: Look, Dane... I know that you and Cannon are close but we're not even five minutes into this and she looks totally overmatched.

JD: I know she does, Bucky, but like she said... this is why they wrestle the matches.

[Ozaki turns away from the referee in a huff, stalking towards Melissa who has crawled to the ropes, trying to drag herself to her feet...]

JD: Cannon's off the canvas and- ohh! Hard kick to the ribs from behind!

[Ozaki smirks as she delivers a second kick, this one to the other side of the body.]

JD: Another!

[Using a hair pull Ozaki drags Cannon away from the ropes towards the center of the ring and takes her over with a snap mare into a seated position...

...where she BURIES a kick into the spine!]

JD: Sheer impact on the kicks of Ozaki as she continues to dominate Melissa Cannon at this early stage of this contest.

[Ozaki smiles at the pained expression on Melissa's face, leaning over to taunt her...

...and then lays in an even harder kick to the chest, causing Cannon to flop back down onto the canvas!]

JD: Miyuki Ozaki's completely dissecting Melissa Cannon with those kicks... and she's going to the corner.

BW: Ozaki's a pretty famous high flyer, Dane. We may be about to see some more of that right here.

[Ozaki steps out to the apron, again pausing to deliver a beauty pageant wave as she starts to climb the turnbuckles.]

JD: Miyuki Ozaki continues to waste time in my estimation as she heads towards the high risk area, climbing up to the top turnbuckle...

[But as she does, Melissa Cannon is pushing up off the canvas...]

JD: Ozaki to the top... but here comes Cannon!

[Surging towards the corner, Cannon leaps up to land a forearm smash to the ear...]

JD: OHH! Cannon caught her!

[Grabbing a handful of bleached blonde hair, Cannon keeps Ozaki leaning over...]

...and CREAMS her with a European uppercut!]

JD: Right on target!

[A second and third uppercut leave Ozaki in trouble as Cannon uses a double handful of hair to pull Ozaki out of the corner, holding her parallel to the mat as the Japanese megastar's ankles rest on the top rope...]

...and then suddenly SWINGS Ozaki's head down, sending her facefirst into the canvas!]

JD: FACEFIRST TO THE MAT!

[Ozaki's face SLAMS into the canvas, causing her to immediately roll over, grabbing at her face.]

BW: That's not right, Dane. She's got endorsement deals! She relies on that face as her moneymaker!

JD: On some nights you're right but on this one, she's making her money inside this squared circle and in there, Melissa Cannon is going to do whatever it takes to win!

[Cannon leans over, pulling Ozaki off the mat by the back of the leotard, yanking her into a rear waistlock...]

JD: Waistlock!

[...but Ozaki has other ideas, swinging her head back into Cannon's!]

JD: Oh! Ozaki counters the suplex attempt...

[Ozaki swings around, throwing a roundhouse kick aimed at the ear of Cannon...

...who ducks down, only to get her legs swept out from under her as Ozaki keeps on spinning, lashing out with her off leg as she drops down!]

JD: Nice legsweep by Ozaki!

[Ozaki raises her leg, looking for an axe kick style stomp. She swings her leg down but Cannon rolls to the side, avoiding the blow. Cannon rolls back, grabbing the leg and yanking it out from under Ozaki, surging forward with a single leg takedown, transitioning with ease into an MMA style mount!]

JD: And Cannon counters it back the other way, taking Ozaki off her feet and-

[The crowd reacts as Cannon rears back, throwing a forearm to the jaw... and another... and another...]

JD: Melissa Cannon is opening fire on Ozaki, taking control from the mounted position! Ozaki may be in trouble here for the first time in this contest!

[She lifts her arms, trying to shield her face as Cannon lands blow after blow. In an effort to break the block, Cannon straightens up, raising her arm back, throwing herself into a stiff elbow strike that Ozaki takes on the forearms!]

JD: Blocked by Ozaki! Cannon gave that one all she had but Ozaki still managed to keep it at bay!

[Cannon winds up a second time, ready to throw another elbow...

...but Ozaki swings a leg up, catching her flush between the shoulderblades!]

JD: Oh! Ozaki fires back!

[Cannon crumples forward from the blow, catching herself on her forearms as Ozaki wriggles up to her feet, swinging her leg skyward...

...and DRIVING her heel down into the kidneys of Cannon!]

JD: Axe kick connects and down goes Melissa Cannon again!

[Ozaki delivers a pair of stomps to the lower back as well as the referee forces her to step back, kneeling down to check on the hurting American.]

JD: Miyuki Ozaki is showing this Tokyo Dome crowd why she's widely-considered the best woman's wrestler in the world as she just keeps getting the better of Melissa Cannon at every turn.



[Ozaki tires of waiting, stepping forward to grab Cannon by the hair, dragging her off the mat...

...where Cannon EXPLODES forward with an elbowstrike to the temple!]

JD: Cannon fighting back again!

[Ozaki falls back as Cannon drops to a knee...

...and then gets dropped with a running low dropkick from the Japanese megastar!]

JD: Basement level dropkick and that one really rang the bell of Melissa Cannon, fans.

BW: And if any of our fans back in the States bought this iPay Per View in hopes of seeing Cannon pull off the upset, I'm guessing they may be regretting that decision right now because Ozaki is just having her way with her.

JD: But as you said earlier, Bucky... it's still early.

BW: It's still early but time is running out for Melissa Cannon.

[Ozaki pulls Cannon off the mat by the arm, giving it a twist before whipping her into the corner.]

JD: Cannon hits the buckles... look at this!

[Miyuki Ozaki runs to the adjacent corner, leaping up to the second rope before stepping to the top. She gets a running start, going about three steps down the length of the top rope strand...]

JD: SHE'S RUNNING THE TOP ROPE!

[...and leaps off, clearing the rest of the distance and DRIVING both feet into the skull of Cannon! The crowd loudly applauds the show of agility as Ozaki takes a bow, grinning at the reaction.]

JD: A death-defying move out of Miyuki Ozaki and Melissa Cannon appears to be on Dream Street at this point in the contest.

BW: You think Cannon's regretting taking this match yet, Dane?

JD: Not a chance.

BW: No? She's getting her tail kicked.

JD: She could've lost in three minutes and Melissa would be overjoyed that she stepped into the Tokyo Dome, competed against the best woman's

wrestler in the world, and lived her dream. Win or lose, she made history here tonight.

[The smile on the face of Ozaki is still present as she approaches Cannon in the corner, leaning forward and speaking softly to her.]

JD: What could Ozaki possibly be saying to Cannon at this point?

[The camera catches some of the Japanese words which mean nothing to most of the fans back in the States but the tone certainly sounds mocking in nature...]

JD: I think she's taunting Melissa and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Cannon fires off an open-handed slap across the face of Ozaki, sending her spinning away!]

JD: That oughta take the smile right off that face!

[Indeed it does as an enraged Ozaki spins around, leaping forward into a pump kick to the chest that plants Cannon back into the buckles. But Ozaki doesn't stop there, scaling the ropes, leaping up onto the shoulders of her opponent...]

JD: What is she-

[The crowd buzzes as Ozaki leans back over the top rope, applying a hanging triangle choke!]

JD: Submission hold locked in... but they're already in the ropes so this is just more of Ozaki showing she's in total control of this match!

[Cannon is gasping for air as a cackling Ozaki hangs upside down, shouting "IS THIS THE BEST AMERICA HAS TO OFFER?!?"]

JD: The referee's trying to get that hold broken... the count's up to three... four...

[Ozaki releases the hold, gracefully flipping backwards and landing on her feet on the floor where she drops into a curtsy to a cheer.]

JD: Miyuki Ozaki continues to impress these fans here in the Tokyo Dome, showing off what a talented competitor she is in every way. We're closing in on the ten minute mark of this one and while Ozaki is still in control, I think many fans have to be impressed that Melissa Cannon has managed to hang on this long.

BW: Absolutely, Dane. I thought she'd be wiped out in record time.

[Ozaki slides up onto the apron, pointing to the corner as Cannon falls out of the corner, staggering out to the center of the ring as Ozaki steps up to the second rope, planting one foot on the top rope...

...but Cannon's not done, charging the corner, leaping up to land a forearm smash to the side of the head!]

JD: Cannon caught her up top!

[Cannon steps up to the second rope, wrapping her arms around the torso of Ozaki!]

JD: Hold on here! It looks like Cannon's got something big in mind here!

BW: If she's gonna do it, do it! Don't stand there and think about it!

[Ozaki slams her head into the side of Cannon's a few times, stunning the former Todd Michaelson student. She swings her arms together, clapping them on the ears of Cannon!]

JD: Bellringer by Ozaki, trying to fight her way free!

[Cannon's grip loosens, allowing Ozaki to yank her right arm free...

...and with an angry shout, she uncorks another slap to the ear!]

JD: OHH!

[The blow sends Cannon falling backwards, crashing down on the mat as Ozaki steadies herself up top, giving another shout - this time in Japanese, drawing a cheer from the crowd before she leaps into the air...]

JD: FROG SPLASH!

[...and CRASHES down across a prone Cannon, bouncing off her opponent before scrambling to apply a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

JD: ONE! TWO!! TH-

[Cannon's shoulder flies off the mat, breaking the pin attempt!]

JD: No, no! Not enough to get the three and Ozaki, quite frankly, looks surprised by that development.

[Ozaki slaps her hands together three times quickly in the referee's direction who shakes his head, holding up two fingers in response.]

JD: Ozaki thought it was three and she's giving Ricky Longfellow a hard time right about now but Melissa Cannon was out in time and continues to hang on, living to keep the fight going.

[The Empress of Joshi pulls Cannon off the mat, throwing her bodily into the corner. She steps in, throwing three roundhouse kicks to the ribcage, leaving a wincing Cannon gasping for air as she grabs an arm, whipping her across the ring...]

JD: Cross-corner whip by Ozaki... charging in after her!

[A running dropkick snaps the head of Cannon back as Ozaki scrambles back to her feet, lifting Cannon up to seat her on the top turnbuckle.]

JD: Ozaki puts her up top... ohh!

[The crowd cheers a leaping palm strike that snaps Cannon's head back again, causing Ozaki to grab her by the leg to prevent her from falling off the buckles to the floor.]

JD: Cannon is in some serious trouble as Ozaki steps to the second rope...

[Cannon attempts to battle back, landing a pair of headbutts that force Ozaki back to a standing spot on the canvas...

...where she tees off, slapping Cannon across the left ear... then the right... then the left... then the right, screaming all the while!]

JD: OZAKI ROCKS CANNON!

[She steps up to the second rope again, leaping up to scissor the head between her legs, flipping Cannon off the buckles and down to the canvas with a thud!]

JD: RANA OFF THE TOP!! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Ozaki scrambles into another pin attempt.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, the shoulder comes flying up off the mat. Ozaki angrily gets back up, kicking the shoulder repeatedly!]

JD: Ozaki's all over her, kicks to the arm... to the shoulder...

[Cannon again rolls away, trying to flee the scene, rolling out onto the ring apron, larger than we're used to seeing on an American ring. Ozaki pursues, stepping out to the apron after her.]

JD: Both women back out on the apron as Ozaki pulls Cannon off the mat by the hair...

[She tugs her into a rear waistlock. The crowd begins to buzz in anticipation of a German Suplex either on the apron or off of it to the barely-padded floor below!]

JD: Ozaki's going for the German!

[Cannon loops her left arm over the top rope, hanging on for dear life as Ozaki tries to lift her into the air...]

JD: Cannon's fighting it!

[Ozaki grits her teeth, trying to get Cannon up off the mat again but Cannon shakes her head, swinging her right arm over to grab the left wrist, blocking the lift with all she's got!]

JD: She knows that if Ozaki hits this, it might be all over so Cannon's fighting as if her life depends on it!

BW: It might! That ain't an easy place to land, Dane. That's the hardest part of the ring out there!

[Breaking the waistlock attempt, Ozaki slams her forearm repeatedly down on the back of the head and neck!]

JD: Ozaki opens fire! Hammering away on Cannon, trying to soften her up...

[Cannon uses her grip on the ropes to twist herself around to face Ozaki who throws a kick at the left ribs...

...that Cannon catches under her left arm, pausing for a moment as Ozaki shakes her head, begging for mercy...]

JD: Cannon caught the kick and-

[Suddenly, the American torques her body, twisting the leg of Ozaki at the same time, tearing her off the apron, hurling her down to the floor below as the crowd reacts!]

JD: DRAGON SCREW LEGWHIP OFF THE APRON TO THE FLOOR!

BW: Now THAT'S a heck of a counter, Dane!

JD: It certainly is... and that puts Ozaki in a bad way on the floor! Melissa Cannon with a desperation counter but... in a way, that was also a calculated counter, going right after the leg that has been the source of so much trouble for her here tonight. Ozaki's got the kicks... she's got the flying... she's got so much that relies on the leg. If Cannon can damage the leg, she takes a giant step towards getting back into this match, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely.

[Cannon lies on her back on the edge of the apron, breathing heavily as Ozaki winces in pain, clinging to her knee out on the floor.]

JD: The referee starting the twenty count - standard here in Tiger Paw Pro for battles on the floor.

BW: Since when do we play by their rules, Dane?

JD: They're the hosts, Bucky.

BW: Psssh.

[Cannon uses the ropes to sit up on the apron, wincing with every movement. She looks down at Ozaki with a quick glance before sliding off the apron, leaning down to haul Ozaki off the floor by the arm...]

JD: Both women back to their feet out on the floor...

[Cannon grabs the leg again, ducking her head under the arm as she lifts Ozaki into the air...

...and brings her shin down across a bent knee!]

JD: Shinbreaker by Cannon!

[Ozaki cries out again, collapsing forward into the ring apron, using it to stay on her feet long enough to throw herself under the ropes.]

JD: Ozaki back in... and Cannon crawling in after her.

[The American slowly gets to her feet, watching as Ozaki uses the ropes to pull herself up, shaking her head at the approaching Cannon...

...who lashes out with a kick to the back of the knee, sweeping Ozaki's legs out from under her and dumping her on the back of her head!]

JD: Ohh!

[Cannon advances again, pulling Ozaki's blonde hair to drag her up. She locks her hands behind the head of Ozaki, swinging her own knee up into the face... and again... and again...]

JD: Kneestrikes by Cannon - taking a page out of the playbook of a man like Brian James or his mentor, the Hall of Famer, Tiger Claw!

[She uses the Muay Thai clinch to throw Ozaki into the ropes, causing her to rebound back out...

...and throws herself into a low dropkick to the knee, causing Ozaki to front flip over, crashing down on the back of her head on the mat!]

JD: Again to the knee... and the strategy of Melissa Cannon as we approach the fifteen minute mark in this forty-five minute time limit affair has become clear. She's going after that knee with great efficiency and great impact.

[Cannon climbs back to her feet, grabbing the leg of Ozaki, twisting it under her armpit and rolling her into a half Boston Crab!]

JD: Half Crab locked in!

BW: And if I'm not wrong, this is one of the signature holds of Ozaki, Dane.

JD: It certainly is although Ozaki prefers to use the rolling half Crab - a move she calls the Rainbow Bridge. But this one is just as effective if the screams of pain out of Ozaki are any indication.

[Ozaki claws at the canvas as Cannon leans back, trying to rip the knee out of joint, shouting at Longfellow to check for a submission.]

JD: Melissa Cannon's trying to get a submission victory over the greatest women's wrestler in the world in the middle of the Tokyo Dome and if she can do it, what a coup that would be for her, fans!

[Longfellow is down on his knees, informing Cannon that Ozaki won't submit as the Japanese megastar attempts to drag herself towards the ropes that will force the referee to break the hold.]

JD: Miyuki Ozaki is just out of reach of the ropes, desperately searching for a way out of this punishing submission hold!

[Ozaki strains and stretches, finally wrapping her hand around the bottom rope as the fans applaud... most of them. Cannon collapses forward to all fours, breathing heavily as Ozaki uses the bottom rope to drag herself under the ropes to the floor.]

JD: Ozaki looking for a breather now as Cannon tries to get back to her feet and keep going. You have to wonder about the stamina... the endurance of Melissa Cannon in a match like this after so many years away from regular competition inside the ring...

[Cannon climbs up, her chest still heaving as she throws a glance around, spotting Ozaki on the floor...

...and with a shout, the American breaks towards the ropes, rebounding back across towards the rising Ozaki...]

JD: TOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOP-

[The crowd ROARS as Ozaki sidesteps, snapping off a high kick with the good leg, catching Cannon FLUSH between the eyes as Cannon sails between the top and middle ropes in mid-dive attempt!]

BW: HOLY- DID YOU \_SEE\_ THAT, DANE?!

JD: INCREDIBLE COUNTER BY OZAKI!

[And with fire in her eyes, the Japanese megastar pulls herself up on the apron, positioning herself with her left leg closest to the ropes. With Cannon

hanging over the middle rope helplessly, Ozaki grabs her by the hair, swinging her left leg up into the face...]

JD: KICK! AGAIN!

[The crowd cheers as Ozaki slams a half dozen kicks into the forehead of Cannon before backing off, getting a limping start, and slamming her boot into the ear of Cannon, sending her falling backwards and down to the mat!]

JD: Ozaki unleashes hell with a series of brutal kicks and just like that, she turns this thing around and back in her favor!

BW: That's why she's the best in the world, Dane.

JD: No doubt.

[Ozaki steps through the ropes in pursuit of Cannon, dragging her off the mat by the back of the pants. She steadies her before giving off a shout, going into a backspin...]

JD: GOODNIGHT, SWEET PRINCESS!

[...but Cannon ducks under the stiff spinning backfist, popping back up to prevent Ozaki from spinning past her, hooking a handful of hair, throwing an elbowstrike to the ear!]

JD: ELBOW! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

[The crowd starts to cheer the fiery attitude of Melissa Cannon as she throws a half dozen elbowstrikes to the temple before Ozaki shoves her back, going into another spin...]

JD: AGAIN!

[...but this time, Cannon ducks it, twists around and delivers a spinning backfist of her own, knocking Ozaki flat!]

JD: BACKFIST! BACKFIST!

[Cannon dives across the prone Ozaki, tightly hooking both legs!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The shoulder of the Japanese megastar comes FLYING off the mat, causing the majority of the Tokyo Dome crowd to roar with excitement.

But slowly. Slowly but surely, a groundswell of support for the American who will not go away quietly starts to grow in the Tokyo Dome.]

JD: Cannon had the backfist well scouted and was ready with one of her own.



BW: She says she only had two weeks to train but if I know Michaelson and Dane, they would have had her spend every night watching Miyuki Ozaki matches until her eyes bled. She's likely to know every move that Ozaki might pull out on her and she may have a counter for more than a few of 'em, Dane.

JD: My sister and I might not see eye-to-eye these days but never doubt that she cares deeply for Melissa Cannon and would not send her into battle with the best woman's wrestler in the world unless she was completely prepared for it!

[Cannon drags Ozaki off the mat, peppering her with three short forearms before shoving her back into the ropes.]

JD: Ozaki's on the ropes... Cannon with another forearm... and another!

BW: She's definitely a Michaelson student.

[Cannon grabs the arm, shooting Ozaki across the ring.]

JD: Backdrop... no, Ozaki goes under!

[A baseball slide takes Ozaki between the legs of Cannon, popping up to her feet behind her. She grits her teeth, fighting down the pain in her knee as she leaps up, hooking her legs around the head of Cannon...]

JD: REVERSE RAN-

[But Cannon ducks down, shoving Ozaki forward to her feet as Melissa falls to all fours...

...and Ozaki blindly leaps up in a standing moonsault, landing kneesfirst on the back of Cannon!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ozaki howls in pain upon impact, grabbing at her knee, rolling away from Cannon who is now facefirst down on the mat and unmoving.]

JD: Wow! Ozaki and Cannon with a fantastic exchange right there and Ozaki made a mistake! She's been known to be kind of a gloryhog... the kind of person who won't think about the damage to herself if it means making the highlight reel.

BW: We've known quite a few people who fit that description, Dane.

JD: We certainly have and I believe that's what we just saw right there. She didn't even hesitate to throw that moonsault kneedrop in there despite the damage done to her knee already by Melissa Cannon in this match.

[Ozaki rolls to the ropes, grimacing in pain as the referee kneels down next to her to make sure she can continue. The Empress of Joshi angrily shoves

him away, barking at him in Japanese as she rolls to the floor, clutching her knee in pain as she falls to a knee.]

JD: Ozaki's in a lot of pain out there, damage done with her own offensive attack!

[Slowly, the Tokyo Dome crowd starts to clap and stomp in rhythm, trying to inspire their favorite of choice - still largely Miyuki - to their feet to continue the fight.]

JD: These fans are rocking here in Tokyo... and as many of them are still on the side of Miyuki Ozaki, the Empress of Joshi, you have to believe that many are starting to appreciate the heart, the determination, the fighting spirit of Melissa Cannon!

[Cannon is dazed as she hauls herself to her feet, spots Ozaki on the floor, and breaks into a dash, bouncing off the ropes to build speed...]

JD: CANNON!

[...and HURLS herself between the ropes again, this time jamming an elbow into the jaw of the rising Ozaki, sending both women down onto the barely-padded floor sprawled out!]

JD: SHE TAKES OUT OZAKI ON THE FLOOR!

[The crowd is ROARING at this point, cheering the daredevil dive by the crazy American who will not stay down.]

JD: We're closing in on twenty minutes of action here in the world-famous Tokyo Dome and if you watch these two compete and then have the unmitigated gall to stand up and say that athletes - that professional wrestlers - like these two women don't deserve to be a spotlighted part of this business, then I name you a liar!

BW: These two are givin' it everything they've got, Dane.

JD: You better believe it.

[A winded Cannon drags Ozaki off the mat, rolling her under the ropes into the ring.]

JD: Cannon puts Ozaki back in but can she find a way, fans? Can she find a way to put Miyuki Ozaki, the queen of women's professional wrestling, down for a three count and cement her claim to belong in this sport? After so many years of Melissa Cannon clawing and scratching, doing whatever was asked of her to stay in this business, she finally has the opportunity to fulfill her lifelong dream and be a wrestler. Not a manager, not a valet, not a ring announcer or a backstage interviewer... but a professional wrestler!

[Cannon pulls herself up on the apron, leaning over the ropes, chest heaving with exhaustion as she tries to think of a way to put Ozaki down for a three

count. She slips through the ropes, wobbling across the ring to where Ozaki is trying to stir...]

JD: Ozaki's trying to get up and fight as well... but Cannon is already standing, driving a boot into the midsection...

[She physically yanks Ozaki into a standing headscissors, causing a ripple of excitement to wash over the Tokyo Dome crowd...]

JD: Wait a second!

[Cannon reaches down, hooking one arm...]

JD: It's the one move that EVERY student of Todd Michaelson's walks away knowing!

[...and then the other!]

JD: Cannon's got it locked! She's got the arms hooked!

[Going back to her days in a filthy old warehouse in Los Angeles called the M\*DOJO, Cannon lifts Ozaki off the mat, flipping her over in the air...

...and sits out in a powerbomb!]

JD: BILLION DOLLAR BOMB CONNECTS!

[She stays in position, almost in a sunset flip as the referee dives to count.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

BW: NO! NO! SHOULDER UP!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the near fall as Cannon falls back to the canvas, laying on her back, sucking wind into her body as she pulls her arms up over her face!]

JD: My goodness, how close was that, fans?! Melissa Cannon was a half count-

BW: Less!

JD: Yes, maybe less even... away from scoring a three count... the biggest three count of her life! The Billion Dollar Bomb was ALMOST enough to get the three count but not quite!

[Cannon rolls to all fours, slamming a balled-up fist into the canvas as she shoves to her feet. She moves back in on Ozaki who is again, trying to get up off the mat. Cannon yanks her up, grabbing a handful of blonde hair...]

JD: ELBOW! ANOTHER!

[The crowd is buzzing as Cannon unleashes a half dozen elbowstrikes to the side of the head, leaving Ozaki out on her feet as Cannon ducks down, lifting Ozaki up into a fireman's carry...]

JD: Cannon's got her up!

[...but Ozaki swings her right knee - the injured knee - RIGHT into the side of the head, breaking up any attempt at offense that Cannon had in mind as Ozaki lands behind her, leaps up, hooking the legs around the head...]

JD: REVERSE RANA!

[...and SPIKES Melissa headfirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But the impact of the blow causes Melissa to roll right under the ropes, crashing down off the apron to the floor as Ozaki makes a desperation grab, trying to keep her in the ring for the cover!]

JD: No! Ozaki hit the reverse rana but Cannon's own momentum took her under the ropes and out to the floor!

[Ozaki slams both palms down into the canvas, showing frustration as the crowd continues to show support for both competitors. The Empress of Joshi climbs to her feet, shouting something in Japanese at Melissa Cannon who is still down on the floor.]

JD: Cannon's barely moving out here on the floor by us and Miyuki Ozaki is standing there by the ropes... I think she's waiting for Cannon to get up on her own accord.

BW: I'd say she might be waiting for a while, Dane, but Melissa Cannon has surprised a lot of people here tonight - myself included!

[Cannon slowly pushes to all fours out on the floor, grabbing at the back of her head as Ozaki nods, waving a hand, shouting "UP!" at Cannon.]

JD: Ozaki's definitely waiting for her as Cannon tries to get back to her feet out on the floor of the Tokyo Dome and you've gotta wonder what in the world Ozaki's got planned right here!

[As Cannon regains her feet, Ozaki leaps up, wincing at the strain on her knee as she springboards off the top, flipping backwards while sailing forwards...]

JD: SPRINGBOARD SHOOTING STAR!!

[...and CRASHES down on top of Cannon, wiping them both out in a heap on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd is on their feet after that daredevil dive, paying tribute to both competitors as they lie on the floor at ringside.]

JD: Both women are down! Both women are exhausted! And both women have given it their all here tonight to show the world that women's wrestling has not died! It has not gone quietly into the night! It is alive and well here in the Tokyo Dome tonight!

[Several moments pass but Ozaki is the first to rise, weary and showing signs of frustration as she drags Cannon to her feet by the hair, hurling her under the ropes into the ring.]

JD: Ozaki fires Cannon under the ropes into the ring... and she's climbing up on the apron.

BW: That's not the only place she's climbing, daddy!

JD: Ozaki steps to the second rope... now to the top...

[Ozaki stands atop the ropes, the crowd buzzing as she looks down at the prone Cannon, raising her arms over her head...

...and then swings her arms down, trying to defend herself as Melissa Cannon wearily throws herself into the corner, leaning up to bury a right hand into the midsection!]

JD: Cannon's up as well! Both women on their feet but Ozaki is WAY up there on the top rope! Cannon goes downstairs a second time!

[She steps up to the second rope, reaching up towards Ozaki...

...who suddenly shifts her weight, leaping up, hooking her legs around the head of Cannon!]

JD: REVER- NO!

[Ozaki flips backwards off the shoulders of Cannon who shoves her off, landing on her knees. She quickly gets up as Cannon, still facing the other way, throws a look over her shoulder before leaping blindly backwards, landing on the shoulders of Ozaki...

...and SNAPS her off, driving her head into the canvas!]

JD: REVERSE RANA ON OZAKI!

[With Ozaki down on the mat, Cannon scrambles into a pin attempt!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE...

[The crowd ROARS again as Ozaki's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking the count!]

JD: SHE KICKED OUT! MY GOODNESS, OZAKI KICKS OUT BEFORE THREE!

[Cannon rolls off to all fours, burying her face in her arms on the canvas.]

JD: Melissa Cannon thought she had her there! She thought she definitely had Ozaki right there with the reverse rana and can you blame her? She DROVE Ozaki's head down into the canvas but Ozaki is... man, she's incredible, Bucky.

BW: She's incredible and she just might be unbeatable!

[Cannon is still shaking her head as she leans down, grabbing two hands full of Ozaki's bleached blonde hair, dragging her off the mat...

...and Ozaki steps into a short-ranged lariat that flattens Cannon!]

JD: WHOA! LARIAT OUT OF NOWHERE! Miyuki uses that in tribute to her former tag team partner, Kyoko Yoshioka, and it may have just won this match for her!

[But this time, Ozaki doesn't even attempt the cover, pointing towards the corner...]

JD: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: How do you not cover there? I think that might be a mistake, Dane.

JD: I think you're right! She DRILLED Melissa with that lariat but for some reason, Ozaki opted not to cover for the three count! I don't understand that decision but with Cannon down on the mat, it looks like Ozaki's going up top... she's looking for the Beauty Queen Crush again!

BW: The last time she did this, Cannon cut her off but I don't think she's getting up this time, Dane.

JD: I don't think she is either.

[And as such, Miyuki Ozaki takes her sweet time scaling the ropes, stepping to the top, raising her arms straight into the sky...

...and leaps into the air, twisting around quickly...]

JD: BEAUTY QUEEN CRUSH!

[The 450 splash CRUSHES Cannon underneath Miyuki Ozaki, driving all of her weight down onto the ribcage of her American opponent!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Melissa Cannon bridges up and out from under Ozaki, getting to her feet to a huge reaction!]

JD: SHE BRIDGES OUT! SHE BRIDGES OUT!

[Cannon is on her feet, barely able to stand, stumbling to catch her balance as Ozaki climbs to her feet, fury in her eyes. She reaches out for Cannon's shoulder, swinging her around...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and Cannon catches her across the face with a slap as she spins towards her!]

JD: Oh!

[Ozaki recoils, grabbing at her cheek before stepping up and returning fire!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JD: Ozaki returns fire!

[The two women lean forward, pressing their foreheads against one another, focus and determination on their faces as the crowd roars with enthusiasm for the showdown...]

...which breaks out into a war!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JD: Slap by Ozaki!

[Cannon returns fire with a forearm smash to the jaw!]

JD: Cannon fires back!

[Ozaki steps forward, her hands whirling like fans, slapping once across the left cheek and then around the right cheek...]

JD: Ozaki!

[Cannon grabs the hair of Ozaki, bending her over and throwing three stiff European uppercuts!]

JD: Cannon!

[Ozaki slaps the hand away, rushing forward with a sea of slaps that can't even be distinguished, landing on the face... the ears... the jaw... anything she can hit. Cannon ducks her head, trying to cover up, desperately trying to protect herself...]

...and Cannon slaps the hand away, grabbing the blonde hair!]

JD: ELBOW! ELBOW! ELBOW!

[The crowd is roaring for Cannon's flurry of elbowstrikes to the jaw, repeatedly snapping Ozaki's head back!]

JD: THESE TWO ARE BEATING THE HELL OUT OF EACH OTHER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TOKYO DOME!

[Ozaki yanks herself free from Cannon's grasp on her hair, reaching out to grab Cannon's hair herself. She rears her head back so far that she raises her leg into the air, screeching with rage before throwing everything into it with one concussive skull cracking blow!]

JD: HEADBUTT! MY GOD, WHAT A HEADBUTT!

[With Cannon essentially out on her feet, Ozaki spins around, swinging a balled-up fist towards a dazed Cannon...]

JD: GOOD NIGHT, SWEET PRINCESS!

[...and BLASTS Cannon across the face with a vicious spinning backfist! Ozaki catches Cannon before she can fall, holding her by the hair as she leans back, raising her leg off the mat, screeching as she delivers a second skull-splitting headbutt!]

JD: ANOTHER HEADBUTT!

[And with Cannon barely able to stand, Ozaki lifts Cannon off the mat, slinging her over her shoulder for what looks like a running powerslam, elevating Cannon's head with her free arm, doing a turn so the crowd can see her...

...and sits down, DRIVING Cannon's neck into the canvas!]

JD: WONNNNNNDERRRRRLAAAAAANNNNNND!

[Ozaki rolls over, hooking a leg, looking dead into the camera as the referee drops down to count.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!

[Ozaki rolls off the downed Cannon, shoving her leg aside, as she comes to her knees. Ozaki grabs at the side of her jaw, looking down at the defeated Cannon with a nod.]

JD: The world's greatest female wrestler, Miyuki Ozaki, is victorious here in the Tokyo Dome as many assumed she would be... but you have to be impressed by the effort of Melissa Cannon here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely, Dane. She gave it everything she had. The fight of a lifetime for her... but she just didn't have enough in the tank to put down the Empress of Joshi.



JD: Ozaki gets her hand raised by the official, still one of the most popular competitors in the building.

[Ozaki lowers her arm, grabbing at her jaw again as she approaches the downed Cannon.]

JD: Uh oh. This one might not be over, Bucky.

BW: Cannon's out, Dane. She got laid out. Two headbutts, the spinning backfist, that driver right down on her neck. An incredible flurry of offense that would've finished off ANY competitor.

JD: But if Ozaki decides she wants more, no one can stop her!

[Ozaki stands over Cannon, perhaps deciding on her next move...

...and then gives the slightest of bows towards Cannon before turning away, stepping through the ropes to the exit the ring.]

JD: And how about that, Bucky?

BW: You'd know better than I would, Dane, but... was that respect?

JD: I believe it was, Bucky. I believe it was. Fans, let's go to some previously recorded footage from one of the teams in our next match!

[We crossfade to film marked "EARLIER TODAY." We're in the locker room area where Mark Stegglet stands flanked by three men. On his right is Tiger Paw Pro's "Ace," Kenta Kitzukawa, who wears an elegant suit, looking more like he is about to go out to a dinner party, rather than do battle tonight. On his left is "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor, wearing a black "FEAR THE REAPER" t-shirt along with faded blue jeans and his always present black and white cowboy-style wrestling boots. And rounding out the trio, standing behind but slightly to the side of Stegglet is the Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch. As always, the tall and lanky Lynch favors an all-black ensemble, tonight consisting of a long sleeved black button up shirt and a pair of black jeans.]

MS: Tonight, these three men step into the ring against a trio of very formidable foes. Cain Jackson, Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor are three bad men, and anyone would have an uphill battle against them. But I can see from the looks on your faces that you're ready.

[It is Kitzukawa who speaks first, offering a firm nod of his head.]

KK: Hai, Mark-san, we are ready!

Jackson, Donovan, Taylor. As you say, they are bad men. But they are not men who can defeat we three!

BOC: But before that, I've got to address the five hundred pound elephant in the room...

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: ... the Rumble. Near the end, it was shaping up to be the very thing that I talked about, the very thing I hoped for. Me and Jack knocking every last wrestler out of the ring so that we could settle who would get that coveted title shot man to man. We were seconds away from tossing that snake in the grass out on the floor where he belongs and making that very thing a reality, too. But then...

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: ... I don't know what to call it. Fate or dumb luck, but it just so happened that I found myself the last man standing in that ring. Don't get me wrong, Mister Steggle... winning that Rumble was a dream, one I thought was darn near impossible. I wanted to win it with all my heart and soul... but not like that. It hasn't sit right with me, and it won't until I get this off my chest.

[Bobby turns to Jack.]

BOC: We both know you didn't get your fair shake in that, Jack. I've called you dozens of times and asked you this even more times while we've been training for tonight... and I have to ask one more time in front of these cameras and all the great fans the world over...

[Bobby nods at Jack, wordlessly saying "You know what I'm about to ask".]

BOC: ... will you wrestle me, one on one, with my World Heavyweight title shot on the line?

[Taken aback, Mark turns to look at Lynch.]

MS: Mr. Lynch?

[Lynch cocks his head to the side, and leans forward, towards the microphone.]

JL: Now, normally, someone challenges me to a match for the number one contendership on the line and I'm askin' for a time and a place. But Bobby? I ain't gonna fight you for it. Because for once in your life, you need to be selfish.

Ya earned somethin' that night Bobby, and ya beat to do it. You got yourself a World Title shot, and I'll be damned if I'm gonna try to take it from ya.

You had yourself a hell of a night in Hawaii. Got kissed by one of your Bobby Soxers and then ya went and won the Rumble.

I'm tellin' ya to enjoy both of 'em!

Ain't no problems between you and me, Bobby. If I had to lose on that night, then you're the man I wanted to lose to. We been through too much,

and we got too much ahead of us for this to be a thing. You take your shot, and you make the most of it.

[Bobby nods thoughtfully at first, seemingly ready to argue his point... before shaking hands with his friend and tag team partner.]

BOC: If that's what way you want it, then I will make darn tootin' SURE that I make the most of it! Not just for me, but for all of us. I will make sure this is the year of the TexMo Connection. Not like when that slimy former friend of mine claimed it was his year... not through talk, but with action! I will put it all on the line for the biggest prize in this sport, and I will use the same amount of determination to make sure that we have the Stampede Cup and the Copa de Trios firmly in our grasp by the time its all said and done!

MS: Mr. Kitzukawa, that has to be encouraging.

KK: I had no doubt it would be that way, Mark-san.

I chose to stand by these two men because of what you just saw. Because these are two men of honor. These are two men who represent the best of this sport. They are the two men who are the epitome of what, every day, I strive to be.

MS: Can you elaborate?

KK: You have heard Martinez-san speak of The Fire, haven't you? That was a lesson he learned here, in Tiger Paw Pro, in the celestial arena. It is that quality that all champions must possess.

Bobby-san and Jack-san, they men of Bushido, men who embody that code. They have the Fire. Within them is the Burning Spirit. They are warriors, and men of deep honor. To fight next to them, to bleed, to sweat, there is no greater thing in the world than to stand among fellow warriors and know the joy of triumph.

A joy we will know tonight, Mark-san!

MS: Mr. O'Connor, it has to feel good, hearing those words.

BOC: It feels better than good, Mister Stegglet. It's an honor. The wrestling world has seen all that our partner tonight has accomplished worldwide. To fight by his side, it's an honor that's beyond any words I could come up with to describe it. After the wars we've been through, I can think of no man I'd rather have by our side as we stare across the ring at those three jackals tonight.

MS: On the topic of the men you're facing, tell me, Mr. O'Connor, how are you feeling? By now, you're very familiar with Cain Jackson. But what about the threat of Taylor and Donovan?

BOC: Taylor and Donovan, we have a lot in common. You two were raised in this sport, just like me. You watched as kids to see your fathers accomplish

amazing things, and you watched them struggle and persevere through crushing defeat. There's a big difference between the two of you and me, though.

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: You're afraid of the work. THE work, that everyone that ever made it to a plateau of greatness in this sport had to do. The ups and downs, the highs and lows. No, you think you can just waltz in on a family name with no sweat and tears of your own. You think by siding with other so-called men that want to sully the good name of professional wrestling, that you can get the big money and fabulous prizes without hardly any struggle at all.

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: Well, that's where you're wrong. I'm sorry nobody ever sat you down as kids and taught you that lesson... but me and my partners are all too glad to teach you that lesson in the ring TONIGHT.

MS: Mr. Lynch, there is so much on the line tonight. Not only will the chance to strike a blow in your war against Team Supreme, but also, you'll be the first team to qualify for the upcoming Copa de Trios.

[Lynch nods his head.]

JL: You heard the word I said earlier, didn't you? Even if ya did, let me repeat it.

Legacy.

And that's what this is. This is about a legacy, Mark. A legacy that don't have nothin' to do with my last name, or Bobby's neither. A legacy that me, Bobby and Kenta build for ourselves, by ourselves.

In the next twelve months, there ain't nothin' but opportunity comin' our way. Me and Bobby, we're gonna take that Stampede Cup. And after the Cup? Well, whoever holds that tag team Double Crown better not get too used to carryin' them around.

Bobby? He's gonna take that World Heavyweight Title.

And the three of us? These three bulls are gonna run through every other trio in our way.

That's how you build yourself a legacy, Mark. That's what we're doin'. I'm proud of bein' a Lynch, and I know Bobby is proud of bein' a part of a dynasty that includes his dad and the Strangler. But we're men, and men want to build somethin' for themselves.

Cain Jackson tried to take me out, but he couldn't get the job done. He tried to take out Bobby, and he failed then too. He hired himself two little thugs,

but those two jackasses ain't gonna get him what he wants either. Not so long Kenta Kitzukawa stands at our side.

This is our night Mark. This is the start of the legend...

[And speaking of legends...]

MS: Prince Izumi!

[That's right, the lantern jawed legend himself has entered the scene. He's dressed in a white t-shirt, white work out pants, and has a white towel around his shoulders.]

MS: Mr. Izumi... Izumi-san... er... Izumi-sama...

[But Izumi shakes his head, and then points to Kenta Kitzukawa, beckoning him forward with a crooking finger. The two Japanese warriors stand firm, sizing one another up. Flashing an enigmatic grin, Izumi draws his hand back, and...]

"SSSSSSSSLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPP!!!!"

[Kitzukawa is knocked back, but then his body suddenly shoots upright, as he stares a hole into the legendary Izumi. The two are silent for a moment, until finally, Kitzukawa nods his head.]

KK: Arigatō, Izumi-sama.

[With a quick nod, Izumi turns to Bobby, and makes a "come here" motion. O'Connor turns to look at Jack Lynch, who only gives him a slight shrug of his shoulders and a bit of encouragement. O'Connor moves forward, steeling himself, but nothing prepares him for the...]

"SSSSSSSSLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPP!!!!"

[Bobby staggers back, eyes wide in shock. He shakes his head.]

BOC: Whoa Nelly! If I can take that, those three jackals are in for a long night!

JL: Well, I guess it's my turn, ain't it.

[The Iron Cowboy saunters forward, sticking his jaw out slightly. Filled with the burning spirit, and eager to pass it on, Izumi squares himself, and one final time, he uncorks a...]

"SSSSSSSSLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPP!!!!"

[Lynch's head snaps back, as he staggers, only the fact that he stumbles into the wall stopping him from falling down.]

JL: Damn...

[Jack rubs his jaw, moving it back and forth to get it back into proper alignment.]

JL: I ain't been slapped that hard since the last time I asked old Blackjack for a raise...

[All four of them chuckle as Izumi departs.]

MS: And now, with that infusion of fighting spirit, I'd say you're all ready.

KK: Hai!

BOC: Heck yeah!

JL: You're damn right!

[The three men step out from the interview area as we go back to a live action shot backstage, where we see Mark Stegglet, standing by with Cain Jackson, Wes Taylor, and Tony Donovan. The massive Jackson is standing at ease with his head raised high and arms behind his back. He is dressed in his trademark sheer black tracksuit. Wes Taylor, on the opposite side of the screen from Jackson, is in a black leather duster with his bare torso underneath. His hair is wet and slicked back. Tony Donovan is clad in a blue and black tracksuit, hood thrown back, looking clean as hell.]

MS: We just saw comments recorded earlier today in an interview with myself and your opponents tonight, but gentlemen, in just a few moments, you'll face the team of Jack Lynch, Bobby O' Connor, and Kenta Kitzukawa in a qualifying match for the Copa de Trios tournament. However, this match is much more than just a qualifying match for the tournament. In fact, Cain Jackson, you've described this match as an opportunity to enact revenge!

[Jackson lowers his head, staring down at Stegglet for a moment, before beginning to speak.]

CJ: That is EXACTLY what this is.

[He pauses for a moment to impose his glare at Stegglet, whose discomfort is visible to all.]

CJ: For months, we have been at war with Jack Lynch and his ilk. And at Memorial Day Mayhem, we suffered our greatest casualty in this war, when Lynch cruelly and deliberately injured Supreme Wright. I'm sure Lynch believed that would have put an end to this war. I'm sure he believed that by tearing out our heart, Team Supreme would slowly die.

[Jackson slowly shakes his head.]

CJ: Wrong, boy. We didn't get weaker. We didn't lose our resolve. We didn't lose our will to continue this fight. Because as much as you value the importance of...

[A look of disdain briefly flashes on Jackson's face.]

CJ: ..."family"...

[Jackson gives a quick look towards Donovan.]

CJ: ...Team Supreme perfectly understands the value of family. And Supreme Wright is more than just a teacher. He is more than just a leader. He is our father, our brother, our comrade in arms. And when you tried to cripple him, it didn't break us. It made us more determined than ever to fight this war to the bitter end. We got better. We got stronger. And we're fully prepared to take this war to a place that you, nor O'Connor or Kitzukawa are ready for.

[Wes Taylor interrupts.]

WT: Family? That's what you think this is about? You think this is about your precious leader? Your father? Your brother? Whatever else you want to label him as. That's not what it's about to me, Jackson... it's not what it's about to US!

[Taylor throws a thumb towards Tony Donovan who - quite symbolically - is standing between Jackson and Taylor.]

WT: This isn't about family to us. This is about an opportunity to make a statement. Taylor and Donovan.

[He puts his hands up, acting like he can see it on a marquee.]

WT: You want to talk about families? THOSE are two of this sport's greatest families. Now, Tony's pop may have seen the lights during the downside of his career more than the janitor but when you look back on his glory days, that was a man to fear. When you look at my father, that was a man to fear. Those are families worth talking about... not your gang of sycophants.

This is about that treasured moment in time where Tony and I can climb into the squared circle with the entire world watching and prove that we're more than just our fathers' sons. We can prove that we are a team to be reckoned with... and we can do it by taking aim...

[He lifts his hands in a "finger gun."]

WT: ...right at the TexMo Connection. Lynch and O'Connor talk about their families like they're divined from the land of milk and honey. They talk about Blackjack Lynch, Cameron O'Connor, and the dreaded Strangler like they're Gods walking amongst mere mortals.

You know what they are to us, Steggy?

[Stegglet grimaces.]

MS: What?

WT: Old men whose glory days are behind them. In other words, the exact opposite of Tony and myself. So, tonight, when we step into that ring, we've got one goal in mind. And it's not to avenge Supreme Wright. It's not to make some grand statement about the unity of Team Supreme. It's not even to make the Copa de Trios... although I ain't gonna lie, that cash in my pocket sounds like a damn fine idea.

Our goal is simple. Take out TexMo and show the world that Taylor and Donovan are the future of this sport... not those two palookas.

Tell 'em, Tony.

[Tony glances at his tag partner for a moment, then looks back at the camera.]

TD: Not being a member of Team Supreme now doesn't mean I never was, and seeing a man of Supreme Wright's stature be taken down by a no-account jackwagon like Jack Lynch...

[Tony pauses.]

TD: Well, it didn't make me happy, so when Cain came to me and told me how things were going down, well...part of me wasn't too happy to get ordered around by the same guy who kicked me square in the jaw just to prove a point...

[Tony eyeballs Cain for a second, then grins.]

TD: Then the rest of me, the smartest part, saw opportunity. An opportunity to repay a debt to a man who taught me a great deal of what I know, an opportunity to shine on one of the biggest stages there is in the sport of professional wrestling, and maybe most important of all, a chance to put Jack Lynch, Bobby O'Connor and Kenta Kitzukawa back in their places.

[Tony rubs his hands together eagerly.]

TD: See, Wes has it right. Everybody loves the TexMo Connection, and in Japan, everybody loves Kenta Kitzukawa. They hated it when Supreme Wright bent Kenta's precious little digits the wrong way here, and back in the States they hated it even more when they had to watch Jack Lynch's preferred tag team partner get carted out, never to walk again.

[Tony smirks.]

TD: How's that feel, by the way, Bobby? Maybe the next time you feel bad that you won the number one contendership, just remind yourself that if James Lynch were still upwardly mobile, you'd still be setting up the ring instead of filling the shoes and being Jack Lynch's fake brother.



Now, then, I'm tired of talking. Whatever our reasons, all three of us want to go out there and beat the living hell out of the three men standing opposite us. Whether it's payback for Supreme Wright or the chance to show the world how much damned better we are than the TexMo connection, there's ONE page to be found here, and you can damn sure bet that we are ALL on it.

[Jackson nods.]

CJ: You're both right. It doesn't matter the reason WHY you're here. The important thing is that you ARE here. So whether you're here out of ambition...

[He gives a quick glance at Taylor.]

CJ: ...loyalty...

[Cain places a hand on Donovan's shoulder.]

CJ: ...or just for old-fashioned revenge...

[A sick grin forms on Jackson's face.]

CJ: ...we are UNITED and DEDICATED to the same cause.

The domination and destruction of the TexMo Connection.

[Taylor and Donovan hesitate for a moment, before both nod in agreement.]

MS: Cain Jackson, one last question. As the leader of Team Supreme-

[Jackson holds up his huge hand, cutting Stegglet off.]

CJ: No, Mr. Stegglet. You're mistaken.

[A beat.]

CJ: There's only one leader of Team Supreme.

[And with that, Jackson walks off, followed closely behind by Taylor and Donovan. Fade out.]

We fade back out to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

SUBTITLES: Next match is a TRIOS MATCH!

[Cheers!]

SUBTITLES: It is one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a qualifying match for SouthWest Lucha Libre's upcoming COPA DE TRIOS tournament!

Introducing first...

[The sounds of "Beer Drinkers And Hell Raisers" by ZZ Top kicks in to boos from the crowd. After a moment, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan stomp into view, shouting at the Japanese fans.]

SUBTITLES: First, at a total weight of 228 kilos... the team of...

[The subtitles vanish.]

"DONNNNNNNNNNNNNNOVAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN!  
TOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!"

[Donovan throws a fist up into the air as he continues to march down the aisle alongside his tag team partner.]

"TAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOR!  
WESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS-AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taylor mimics his partner's gesture, adding in some rude words directed at the Tokyo Dome crowd as they climb through the ropes into the ring.]

JD: Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are no strangers to these fans here in Tokyo. Following their coming together at SuperClash last November, Taylor and Donovan came here to Japan to get some experience as a duo and quickly earned the disdain of the Japanese people.

BW: Who cares what these people think, Dane? What I'm more concerned about is the apparent decision to not enter the ring alongside Cain Jackson. You add that to the words exchanged during their interview between Taylor and Jackson and it's not looking good for Team Supreme.

[The ZZ Top song fades out as "Jesus Walks" by Kanye West begins to play and we see the entirety of Team Supreme, led by Cain Jackson, emerging from both walkways. The tracksuit-clad army lines up in two rows opposite of each other in aisle.]

SUBTITLES: And their partner... weighing in at 129 kilos...

[The subtitles vanish.]

"JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACKSONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!  
CAAIIIIIIINNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!"

#(Jesus walk)

#God show me the way because the Devil tryna break me down

#(Jesus walk with me...with me...with me...)

[Jackson is not dressed in his tracksuit, instead clad in his wrestling attire: black compression shorts with metallic blue and silver flames running along the sides and black and blue kneepads and boots. Atop his head, he wears Jack Lynch's black stetson, signifying his status as the "King of the Cowboys". Jackson then turns his back to the ring, pointing to the gap in the

V-shaped entrance as the lights go out and a lone spotlight shines down on the gap.]

#(Jesus Walks)

#God show me the way because the Devil trying to break me down

#(Jesus Walks with me)

#The only thing that that I pray is that my feet don't fail me now

#(Jesus Walks)

#And I don't think there is nothing I can do now to right my wrongs

#(Jesus Walks with me)

#I want to talk to God but I'm afraid because we ain't spoke in so long

[At that point, "Jesus Walks" cuts off and the opening to "Black Skinhead" begins to play, drawing a loud roar from the crowd, as we see Supreme Wright, rising from beneath the floor. The former two-time AWA World champion is seated in a wheelchair, dressed in his usual dapper fashion, wearing a cognac Herringbone tweed suit.

Wounded but still as stone-faced as ever, Wright merely stares straight ahead towards the ring, arms crossed over his chest. Behind him, is "Flawless" Larry Wallace, who pushes Wright down the aisle and past his students. Passing Jackson, the entirety of Team Supreme then follows their one true leader, as he leads his army down to the ring.]

JD: Wow! Quite the surprise there as we haven't seen Supreme Wright in several weeks... and I don't think any of us thought he'd be here tonight, let alone seated in a wheelchair.

BW: That's a psychological ploy if I've ever seen one. Imagine what's going through the head of Jack Lynch right now. He had his gameplan... he knew what he wanted to do... and now his rival is out here waiting for him.

JD: Waiting for him in a wheelchair, Bucky. It's not like he's joining the match.

BW: You never know, Dane. Miracles happen. I seen 'em.

[Wright is aided to his feet by Larry Wallace, giving him the chance to salute the crowd, many of whom are cheering the former World Champion.]

JD: And while fans back in the States may be surprised to hear the cheers for Supreme Wright, you have to remember the value that the Japanese fans put on in-ring competition... and there is no doubt that Wright is arguably the greatest in-ring competitor in the world.

BW: They saw it first hand last year when he took on - and defeated Kenta Kituzkawa - in a match that many called the Match of the Year. They know what Supreme Wright is all about.

[Donovan and Taylor huddle up, speaking to one another as Wright is aided to the floor, returning to his wheelchair as Cain Jackson steps over the ropes

into the ring to join his partners as Team Supreme fans out to surround the ring as the subtitles return.]

SUBTITLES: And their opponents...

[The Tokyo Dome is suddenly lit up by a dazzling display of lasers and fireworks, and as smoke billows out of the entranceway, a field of women emerge from the white smoke, stomping their feet and clapping their hands in rhythm, in a fashion similar to pep rallies all over the United States.]

SUBTITLES: Weighing in at a combined weight of 373 kilos...

[The “cheerleaders” are in one of three distinct uniforms. The first are young ladies dressed in plain white t-shirts with red scarves around their necks, and wide poodle skirts. The Bobby Soxers all have their hair done up in ponytails that swish and sway with each movement. The second set of young ladies wear stylized, and very short green and white kimonos, colors very familiar to Japanese fans of the “Ace.” And the third are in blue and white Dallas Cowboy Cheerleader type uniforms. As the cameras circle around them, zooming in on their movements, their clapping becomes very distinctive, and very recognizable, as it begins to blend in to the sound of Queen’s “We Will Rock You” which begins to blare over the loudspeakers. As it does, the subtitles fade, giving way to Megumi Sato’s trademark screech.]

"LLLLLLLLLLLLYYYYYYYNNNNNNNNNCCCCCCCCCHHHHHHHHHH!"  
JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKKK!!!!"

[First out is the King of Cowboys, Jack Lynch, who emerges from the right side of the platform, his tall, lanky body outlined in a red spotlight. The dark haired Lynch moves forward with quiet resolve and confidence. Lynch wears a long black leather duster, and steps forward, thrusting a black gloved right hand into the air to the approval of the crowd. He brings his left hand, covered in white tape up, and clenches that into a fist as well. He turns his head towards the left side of the platform, and gives a nod of his head, signaling for his partner's emergence.]

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"OOOOOO'CCOOOOOOOOOONNNNEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!  
BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOBBBBBBBBBBBYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!"
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[From the left side of the stage comes "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor, letting out a big yell as he raises his fists to the sky to a big ovation. He is dressed in cardinal red trunks, kneepads and elbowpads as well as his favorite pair of black and white cowboy-style wrestling boots. He is wearing a poncho featuring an all over print of the Missouri state flag. He cups his hand over his heart and points to the heavens before pointing an index finger to the center of the entrance.]

"KITZUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUKAAAAAAAAAAAAAWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
KENNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNTAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[From the center of the entrance, a platform rises, and as it locks into place, the stoic Kenta Kitzukawa lifts his head. He's clad in a gorgeous green and

white full length trenchcoat-style ring jacket that hangs down around his ankles. Kitzukawa throws an arm into the air to a big cheer and then signals to his partners, who stride forward, flanking the Tiger Paw Pro Ace. As all three stride down the aisle, the cheerleaders join them, leading the crowd in alternating chants of "KEN-TA!" "BO-BBY!" "LYNCH!" AND "TEX-MO!" The three men finally enter the ring, Tiger Paw Pro Dojo trainees rushing forward to collect their jackets and gear, as the three men engage in a final pre-match strategy session.]

JD: Quite the entrance there for the fan favorite trio of Bobby O'Connor, Jack Lynch, and Kenta Kitzukawa as they get set to do battle with Cain Jackson, Wes Taylor, and Tony Donovan with a spot in the upcoming Copa de Trios tournament on the line, Bucky.

BW: I hope they got all that out of their system because the time for pyro and cheerleaders is over. They had their moment and now Cain Jackson, the King of the Cowboys, is gonna have his when he boots Lynch right in the mouth.

JD: We'll see about that. Fans, before this match starts, I wanted to comment on something that came across my Twitter feed during the introductions of this match. Many of you are wondering why the names of our American athletes here tonight have been reversed by Megumi Sato - a tradition usually reserved for Japanese competitors. By decree of Prince Izumi himself, the AWA has been given honorary status as a true source of fighting spirit - an honorary citizenship into the tribe of warriors if you will - and as such, they've been given that customary entrance that the Japanese competitors typically receive.

BW: Geeks. That may be one heck of a honor but who could possibly have been wondering why the names were backwards?

JD: ...People.

[With Lynch, O'Connor, Donovan, and Jackson stepping out to the apron, Kenta Kitzukawa locks eyes with Supreme Wright out on the floor, giving a bow of respect to the man who bested him a year ago...

...which is an opening for Wes Taylor to blindside him, knocking him down to his knees with a forearm smash to the back of the head!]

JD: Oh! Sneak attack by Taylor!

[Taylor quickly moves around Kitzukawa, throwing kick after kick to the chest of the Tiger Paw Pro grappler. He pulls the former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion off the mat by the arm, whipping him into the neutral corner...]

JD: Taylor shoots him in, charging in after him!

[A running back elbow snaps Kitzukawa's head back as Taylor struts out, an arrogant smirk on his face. He mockingly grabs at his knees, shouting,

“OHH! THE PAIN! THE PAIN!” He’s laughing his fool head off as he slowly turns to mock Todd Michaelson’s first student...

...and nearly gets his head removed from his shoulders with a running leaping front kick to the chin!]

JD: KITZUKAWA STRIKES HARD!

[Kitzukawa angrily pulls Taylor off the mat by the hair, scooping him up in his arms before slamming him down to the canvas.]

JD: Big slam by the former Global Crown champion!

[He backs off, taking a three step jog before leaping up, driving his knee down across the sternum of Taylor whose legs kick up into the air before he settles to the mat, flailing about as Tony Donovan shouts encouragement from the corner.]

JD: Kenta Kitzukawa obviously didn’t take Taylor and Donovan costing him his opportunity to compete in the Rumble very well.

BW: You can say that again.

[Kitzukawa drags Taylor off the mat, hurling him back into the corner before slapping the hand of Bobby O’Connor.]

JD: And speaking of the Rumble, in comes the winner of the 2015 Rumble, Bobby O’Connor...

[O’Connor grabs the arm of Taylor, pulling him out of the corner as he and Kitzukawa double whip Taylor across...

...and go downstairs with a pair of boots, doubling up the son of the Outlaw!]

JD: Nice doubleteam by O’Connor and Kitzukawa. The TexMo Connection has spent the last two weeks here in Japan, working out with Kitzukawa to try and develop some sense of team cohesion and so far, it seems to have worked.

[As Kitzukawa steps out, O’Connor grabs a crawling Taylor by the back of the trunks, dragging him off the mat with a grin on his face.]

JD: O’Connor preventing the tag... and look at this!

[Lifting Taylor into the air, O’Connor turns and drops him tailbone-first on his bent knee, sending Taylor staggering into the fan favorites’ corner where Lynch winds up and connects with a right hand to the temple!]

JD: Big right by Lynch!

[The blow sends Taylor staggering backwards towards O'Connor who hooks him by the arm, taking him down with an armdrag before hooking an armbar, planting his knee against the ribcage as he pulls on the trapped limb.]

JD: This match certainly isn't starting off like Wes Taylor envisioned, Bucky.

BW: Definitely not. He needs to get out of the ring and regroup if you ask me.

JD: Well, he tried to make the tag a few moments ago but Bobby O'Connor wisely wasn't having any part of that.

[Taylor quickly works his way up to his feet, looking to escape the armbar. He grabs a handful of O'Connor's light brown hair, yanking it to take O'Connor off his feet...

...but "Bunkhouse" Bobby hangs on to the arm like a pitbull, dragging Taylor down to the mat as well!]

JD: Look at the tenacity of Bobby O'Connor, hanging onto that armbar like he kept hanging on in that Rumble to win it.

BW: Until he decided to stab his friend in the back.

JD: That's not what happened and you know it, Bucky. Bobby O'Connor was heartbroken over accidentally eliminating Jack Lynch.

BW: Sure he was. Hey, I'm not giving him a hard time for it. Anyone who buries the blade in the back of the Stenches earns bonus points with me! But he should be a man and just come out and admit it!

[O'Connor works his way back to his feet, using the arm to back Taylor into the corner where he slaps the hand of Jack Lynch.]

JD: In comes the Iron Cowboy...

[Lynch steps in, swinging his right arm up into the trapped and twisted tricep of Wes Taylor, causing him to hobble away, grabbing at his arm. The Texan pursues as Taylor reaches out towards Tony Donovan's outstretched hand...

...and Lynch grabs the other arm, twisting it around and pulling him back towards the middle of the ring as Taylor winces, clutching at his shoulder.]

JD: And again, they refuse to let Wes Taylor get too close to the corner.

[Lynch winds up, driving the point of his elbow down across the shoulder once... twice... three times before shoving him back into the corner, reaching out to slap the hand of Bobby O'Connor.]

JD: The TexMo Connection working well in the early part of this one.

BW: It's all O'Connor setting the trap.

JD: In the words of our mutual friend, would you stop?!

[With Taylor in the corner, O'Connor steps back in, reaching for the arm...

...and gets cracked with a right hand to the jaw!]

JD: Oh! Taylor fires back!

[Fire fills the eyes of "Bunkhouse" Bobby who shoves Taylor back into the corner, becoming a blur of wild motion as he throws a backhand chop across the chest... an overhand chop across the chest... a double Mongolian-style chop to the side of the neck...]

JD: He's all over Taylor!

[With Taylor clinging to the ropes, trying to stay on his feet, O'Connor slaps the hand of Kenta Kitukawa.]

JD: The tag is made and in comes Kitukawa...

[The Japanese superstar pushes Taylor's face back, stretching him back over the buckle...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A devastating overhand chop across the chest of Taylor sends an echo throughout the Tokyo Dome.]

JD: What a chop!

[Kitukawa grins at the reaction of Bobby O'Connor who grabs his own chest, wincing in pain. He nods as he winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and BLASTS Taylor across the pectorals, leaving Wes clutching at his chest. Kitukawa pushes his face back again, bending him back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[This time, Kitukawa steps aside, watching Taylor stumble out of the corner, falling to his knees. He looks over to Jack Lynch, grinning and gesturing at the downed Taylor. Lynch gestures to himself in surprise, looking out at the crowd who cheer with encouragement.]

JD: It looks like the Iron Cowboy's gonna take his shot too!

[Lynch nods, grinning as he tags into the match. He steps in, yanking Taylor off the mat, shoving him back into the fan favorites' corner. The Texan winds up...



...and then shrugs, snapping off an uppercut to the jaw, lifting the 243 pounder off the mat, sending him tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor below!]

JD: Taylor goes over the top and down to the floor!

[The Texan gives a big Hook 'Em Horns to the crowd who responds in kind as Taylor kneels on the floor, holding his chin as Tony Donovan drops down off the apron, racing over to his partner's side.]

JD: Wes Taylor out on the floor and Tony Donovan is right there to advise his partner who is completely out of sorts at this stage of the contest. He's gotta find something to get himself back on track here.

[Donovan kneels down next to Taylor, whispering in the ear of his partner as Cain Jackson looks in at Jack Lynch, threatening the Iron Cowboy as Lynch circles to glare at Supreme Wright. Lynch points out at Wright who doesn't react at all, returning the stare.]

JD: Some serious bad blood between those two, Bucky.

BW: Lynch put him in that wheelchair!

JD: After Wright injured his shoulder earlier this year!

[The Texan continues to verbally fire away at the former World Champion as Wes Taylor gets back to his feet, edging towards the ring. Lynch wheels around, coming back across the ring. Taylor pulls himself up on the apron on a shin...

...and as Lynch reaches over the ropes to grab him, Taylor drops back down to the floor, reaching under the ropes to yank Lynch's legs out from under him, pulling him out to the floor...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and HURLS him into the steel steps!]

JD: OHHH!

BW: That was fantastic, Dane! Taylor suckered Lynch in like crazy right there! He got Lynch to throw himself off-balance, trying to grab him... and then he struck!

[Taylor pulls Lynch off the steps, spinning him around...

...and DRIVES him back into the steel barricade!]

JD: INTO THE RAILING!

[Lynch's arms are draped back over the barricade as Taylor backs off, pointing to his temple as Tony Donovan applauds from his spot standing on the apron.]

JD: Taylor hurls Lynch under the ropes into the ring...

[Taylor rolls back in, climbing to a knee and slapping the hand of Tony Donovan.]

JD: There's the tag!

[Donovan steps through, pulling Taylor up before they both move in on Lynch, shoving him back into the neutral corner. Both men start hammering fists down into the head... then to the midsection...]

JD: They're all over him in the corner!

[Bobby O'Connor steps through the ropes, ready to intervene to aid his partner...]

...but the official steps in, cutting him off as Taylor and Donovan get Lynch down into a seated position in the corner, pressing their boots down on the throat of Lynch, choking the Iron Cowboy!]

JD: The referee's back is turned and they're choking the hell out of Lynch down on the mat!

[Taylor backs off, ducking from the ring as the official turns back and reprimands them for the choking. Donovan drags Lynch off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

JD: Donovan sets him up!

[He lifts Lynch into the air, holding him straight up and down...]

...and puts him down with a spine-rattling suplex!]

JD: Vertical suplex!

[Donovan rolls over, planting a forearm against a cheekbone, grinding it down as the referee drops down to count.]

JD: One! Two! That's all though... two count only.

[Donovan drags Lynch off the mat by the hair, throwing the Texan back into the rulebreaker part of town before slapping the hand of Cain Jackson.]

JD: Another tag and in comes the big man!

BW: Six foot eight, 285 pounds...

[Jackson grabs the top rope with both hands, swinging his knee up into the midsection again and again and again...]

JD: Heavy knees in the corner out of Jackson... oh! Hard back elbow to the ear!

[The referee steps in, forcing Jackson to back out of the corner to the middle of the ring. Lynch is clinging to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Jackson pushes the referee aside, barreling across the ring...

...and runs right into a cowboy boot to the chin!]

JD: OHH! LYNCH GETS THE BOOT UP!

[Jackson staggers back, wobbling backwards towards the middle of the ring as Lynch steadies himself, leaning over into a three point stance...]

JD: Lynch sets! OUT OF THE CORNER!

[As the Texan charges in, straightening up for a running football tackle...

...and Jackson clasps his hands together, swinging a double axehandle towards Lynch, smashing it into his shoulder!]

JD: DIRECT SHOT TO THE SHOULDER!

[Lynch collapses to the mat, crying out in pain, grabbing at his previously-injured shoulder as we cut to ringside where Supreme Wright grins, nodding with approval at what just happened. Jackson shouts at the downed Lynch before stomping the shoulder...]

JD: Cain Jackson lands the heavy blow... and now Jackson's painting a bullseye on that shoulder. Jack Lynch's shoulder was injured earlier this year by Team Supreme and now Cain Jackson's looking to finish the job they started!

[Jackson unleashes a series of brutal stomps to the shoulder, leaving Lynch down on the mat writhing about in pain, sending him rolling towards the Team Supreme corner where Taylor and Donovan are taunting the downed Texan.]

JD: And now, this trio has Jack Lynch right where they want him.

BW: He's down. He's hurt. He's possibly re-injured. Cain Jackson is doing exactly what Supreme Wright wanted him to do here tonight.

[Jackson grabs the wrist, dragging Lynch up to his feet where he twists the arm around...

...and gives it a yank, driving his own shoulder into Lynch's.]

JD: Simple but effective offense out of the big man as he continues to target the shoulder of Jack Lynch - much to the approval of the former World Champion out at ringside.

[The former convict locks fingers with Lynch, looking into the eyes of the Iron Cowboy before he spins the arm, lifting the 265 pounder up into the air, putting incredible pressure on the wrist and shoulder before Lynch sinks back down to the canvas.]

BW: What power on the part of Cain Jackson. You know, when people go down the list of the strongest guys in wrestling, you hear names like Danny Morton... like Hercules Hammonds... like Brad Jacobs and so on but Cain Jackson is one of those guys who is just a beast - no pun intended - as well.

[Jackson extends the arm before dropping a leg across it, leaving Lynch twisted in pain on the canvas.]

JD: Jackson back on his feet, listening to the words of Supreme Wright who is advising his charge... and there's a tag to Tony Donovan.

[Donovan slips through the ropes quickly, stomping the shoulder a few times before he hauls him up. Each man grabs an arm...]

JD: Double team by the former Team Supreme colleagues, whipping Lynch across the ring...

[And a running double shouldertackle - Jackson sure to hit the bum arm - takes Lynch back down to the canvas again. Bobby O'Connor slams a hand into the top turnbuckle in the corner, shouting for his partner to get up.]

JD: We're a bit under ten minutes into the time limit for this one as Team Supreme... I suppose we'll call them that for simplicity's sake... has established control over Jack Lynch, targeting that shoulder.

[As Jackson steps out, Donovan goes after the arm and shoulder with a series of stomps before pulling him into a straddle armbar, making sure that Lynch can see his allies halfway across the ring.]

JD: Armbar expertly applied by the son of Robert Donovan.

BW: You can see the fingerprints of Supreme Wright all over that one, Dane. This is Supreme Wright's influence on the third generation competitor from his time linked to Team Supreme.

[Donovan twists his face into a sneer, jerking the arm back as Lynch helplessly grabs at his shoulder, wincing in pain as Donovan shouts, "Come on, Tex! Give it up!"]

JD: Like it's not bad enough to be in the pain of that armbar but now he has to listen to Tony Donovan's mouth at the same time.

BW: Donovan's arsenal is better known for targeting the knee of an opponent, looking to set someone up for the Gnarly Bone Clutch but right now, he's doing a great job on working over that arm as well, Dane.

[As Lynch refuses to quit, Donovan steps out of the armbar, twisting the arm around into a hammerlock as he grabs Lynch around the torso, muscling him up...

...and DROPPING him down on top of his own arm with a backdrop suplex!]

JD: Right DOWN on the arm! And that'll do even more damage to that tortured limb on the Iron Cowboy.

[Supreme Wright can be heard speaking to Tony Donovan from his spot on the floor. Donovan throws a glance at Wright before dragging Lynch off the mat, twisting the arm around into a wristlock...

...and gets caught with a right hand to the jaw!]

JD: Lynch fires back!

[Donovan keeps his grip on the wrist as Lynch lands a second haymaker!]

JD: Another shot to the jaw! But Donovan - so far - is managing to keep his grip on the wrist...

[Suddenly, the six foot six Donovan extends his leg, slipping his foot under the armpit of Lynch...

...and drops to his back, stretching out the arm even more severely!]

JD: Innovative offense by Donovan!

[Lynch rolls to his stomach, writhing on the canvas in pain as Donovan slaps the hand of his partner.]

JD: Wes Taylor coming back in off the exchange.

[Taylor and Donovan each grab an arm, twisting them around one way... and then back the other before using a double boot to the gut to double up Lynch. Donovan exits as Taylor lifts the larger Lynch up into the air, twisting back towards the middle of the ring and slamming him down to the canvas.]

JD: Big slam by Taylor!

[Taylor measures Lynch, stomping him on the cheekbone to keep him on his back... and then leaps into the air, sailing high before coming down with a kneedrop aimed at the shoulder!]

JD: Wes Taylor may be a rookie but the business is in his blood and you can see how quickly he's settling into this sport each and every time we see him inside the squared circle, Bucky.

BW: He's the son of the Outla-

JD: Cover by Taylor gets one! He gets two! But no... that's all.

[Taylor angrily glares at the official as he climbs off the mat, holding up three fingers. The official replies with two as Taylor throws his arms at him in a dismissive gesture.]

JD: Wes Taylor obviously thought he had a three count there but the official disagreed. Obviously, the official was right.

BW: Taylor might be playing some mindgames with the referee too though, trying to get him to second guess his own counting speed. I've seen veterans do things like that to try and get inside the referee's head.

[The rookie hauls Lynch off the canvas, whipping him into the ropes...

...and then burying a knee into the midsection, flipping Lynch over his leg and dropping him to the mat!]

JD: Solid knee to the gut by Taylor but he seems to be abandoning the assault on the arm and you have to wonder about the wisdom in that. It could be a rookie mistake, Bucky.

BW: Maybe but sometimes you gotta do certain things to create openings to do other things.

JD: An excellent point from my esteemed color commentator right there.

[Lynch crawls across the ring, trying to get to the ropes but as he does, Taylor strikes again, planting his shin on the back of Lynch's neck, pushing his throat down on the middle rope!]

JD: He's choking him! There's no hiding that on the part of Wes Taylor!

[Taylor sticks out his tongue, cackling as he pulls up on the ropes, putting all his weight and leverage behind the chokehold. The referee's count gets to four before Taylor breaks it...

...and then slingshots over the top, landing on his feet on the floor where he winds up and BLASTS Lynch with an uppercut that sends him sprawling backwards towards the center of the ring!]

JD: You could hear that uppercut back in the States, fans... and Jack Lynch is reeling after that. But look at this...

[Out on the floor, Supreme Wright can be heard giving some loud, stern words in the direction of Wes Taylor who looks surprised... and then returns fire.]

JD: We've got an argument out on the floor between Wright and Taylor!

BW: Taylor showed Wright some pretty major disrespect in that pre-match interview so I'm not surprised that the former World Champion would let him have it out here.

JD: It sounds like they're disagreeing about the strategy in this match. Wright's telling Taylor to stay on the arm and Taylor - quite simply - told Wright where he could stick his advice.

BW: That's that youthful confidence that... can be a bit misplaced at times.

[Taylor scrambles up on the apron, turning to shout at Wright one more time before stepping into the ring. He stalks across towards Lynch who is crawling towards his corner...]

JD: Taylor grabs Lynch by the trunks, pulling him off the mat...

[And Lynch SLAMS a back elbow into the temple!]

JD: Oh! Lynch caught him!

[The Iron Cowboy steadies himself, making a lunge...]

JD: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Kenta Kitazawa comes tearing through the ropes into the ring. He charges at Taylor, throwing a big knife edge chop that knocks the second generation competitor off his feet!]

JD: Running chop connects!

[Tony Donovan comes through the ropes, charging at Kitazawa who hits a chop that sends Donovan spinning away from him. The former TPP champion hooks him in a waistlock from behind...]

JD: Waistlock!

[...and DUMPS Donovan on the back of his head with a German Suplex, sending Donovan rolling from the ring to the floor to a big cheer!]

JD: The released German Suplex plants Donovan... and look at this!

[The crowd buzzes as Cain Jackson steps over the top rope, walking his 6'8", 285 pound frame right up to Kitazawa, poking a finger into his chest...]

...which results in Kitazawa losing his cool, rampaging all over Jackson with a series of stiff slaps to the face, causing Jackson to cover up from the onslaught as he backs towards the ropes...]

JD: O'CONNOR!

[The Tokyo Dome crowd roars as the 2015 Rumble winner tears across the ring, connecting with a leaping crossbody that takes both he and Jackson over the top rope, crashing down on the apron before ending up out on the floor!]

JD: O'CONNOR WIPES 'EM BOTH OUT!

[With O'Connor, Jackson, and Donovan all out on the floor, Kitzukawa turns his focus back to Wes Taylor who has regained his feet and is staggering towards the Japanese superstar. Kitzukawa catches a weak attempt at a right hand, spinning Taylor around into a double chickenwing...]

JD: TIGER SUPLEX!

[...and BOUNCES Taylor off the canvas with the high impact suplex!]

JD: TAYLOR'S ON DREAM STREET AFTER THAT ONE!

[Kitzukawa gives off a roar to the Japanese fans as he approaches Taylor, grabbing him by the hair, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

JD: Kitzukawa's looking for the killshot!

[With the Japanese superstar reaching down to hook the arms for the Billion Dollar Bomb, a dazed Tony Donovan rolls under the bottom rope, climbs to his feet, takes aim...

...and charges forward, leaping up to drive his foot under the chin of Kitzukawa to break up the attack on his partner!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

JD: LEAPING SUPERKICK! THE TEAM SUPREME SPECIAL!

[Kitzukawa falls backwards, dropping down to his back as the referee reprimands Donovan for getting back into the ring. Donovan shoves the official aside, pulling his partner to his feet...]

JD: Wait a second!

[Donovan pulls Kitzukawa off the mat, lifting him up over his shoulder in an inverted atomic drop position as a dazed Taylor steps forward, hooking the front facelock...]

JD: They're looking for that elevated DDT!

[But before they can deliver it, Jack Lynch climbs back in, hand raised...

...and LOCKS the Iron Claw on the skull of Wes Taylor!]

JD: CLAW!! CLAW!!



[The crowd ROARS at one of professional wrestling's signature holds as Donovan throws Kitazuka to the mat, spinning to aid his partner...

...and ends up getting the left hand locked on his head!]

JD: DOUBLE CLAW! HE'S GOT ONE ON BOTH OF THEM!

[Having been handed crutches by one of the Team Supreme members, Supreme Wright rises out of his wheelchair, using the crutches for support as he shouts at the Iron Cowboy from out on the floor, drawing part of his focus...

...which gives Cain Jackson all the time he needs to roll in, charging at Lynch from the blind side...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: BIG BOOT! BIG BOOT TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD!

[Lynch drops like he's been hit with a hammer, falling motionless to the canvas as Donovan and Taylor stagger back into the ropes. Jackson ignores the referee's cries to exit the ring as Supreme Wright shouts for them to finish off Lynch...]

JD: All hell has broken loose here in Tokyo!

[Taylor and Donovan move forward, pulling Lynch off the canvas, twisting him around...

...and HURLING him shoulderfirst into the long turnbuckle pad!]

JD: Not as much impact as if he'd hit the steel but it's definitely effective and... what in the world...

[At the order of Supreme Wright, Tony Donovan steps out to the ringsteps, grabbing the arms of Lynch and pulling them to full extension, putting pressure on the shoulder and more importantly, positioning Lynch's head right against the steel ringpost...]

JD: Oh no.

BW: Oh, we've seen this before, Dane! We've seen a certain former World Champion - the first guy to wear that belt to be precise - do this before!

JD: Cain Jackson's stepping out to the apron and with the power of his Big Boot, if he uses the Concussionizer on Jack Lynch, the Iron Cowboy might NEVER recover!

[Jackson backs down the length of the apron, his back pressed against the steel post. He leans down to slap his leg a couple of times, making sure the entire world knows what's coming. Lynch isn't moving at all, still stunned from the first Big Boot, unable to defend himself from what's coming next...]

JD: Jackson's set! Donovan's holding Lynch in place!

[With a bellow, Jackson starts charging down the apron towards Lynch's helpless skull. He swings his leg up, taking aim...

...when the form of Bobby O'Connor comes tearing into view, leaping up into the path of Cain Jackson!]

JD: OHH! O'CONNOR GOT KICKED IN THE HEART!

BW: He took that bullet for his partner, Dane!

JD: He certainly did! Bobby O'Connor puts to rest any talk of dissension between the TexMo Connection by taking Cain Jackson's biggest bullet in the gun and saving his partner in the process!

[O'Connor slumps to his back on the apron as Jackson looks down at him in disbelief...

...which allows Kenta Kitukawa to come barreling across the ring, leaping up to drive a single-legged kick to the side of Jackson's head, sending the big man sailing off the apron to the floor!]

JD: KITZUKAWA CLEARS OUT JACKSON!

[The referee is obviously overwhelmed by all the action, a situation that gets worse as the members of Team Supreme start climbing up on the apron, trying to intervene...]

JD: We've got chaos out here!

BW: Look! Look!

["Flawless" Larry Wallace chooses this moment of chaos to act, rolling under the ropes into the ring. He slinks across the ring, taking aim at Kitukawa as he turns around...

...and leaps up, lashing out with his legs in a picture perfect dropkick!]

JD: DROPKICK! DROPKICK!

BW: No! THE \_BEST\_ DROPKICK IN THE WORLD!

[Wallace rolls out, waving Wes Taylor into a cover. The dazed rookie attempts the cover, hooking a leg. A few moments pass before the referee spins around to count...]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But the fighting spirit of Kitukawa is too strong, firing his shoulder off the mat in time!]

JD: Two count only!

[Wallace throws a fit out on the floor as Tony Donovan lets go of Lynch's arms, trying to get in and help his partner finish off the Japanese superstar...

...and gets CRACKED with a Lynch right hand, flying off the apron to the floor as well!]

JD: Lynch drops Donovan... rolling out to the floor now to recover from that Big Boot and-

[As Wes Taylor corners Kitzukawa inside the ring, stomping him repeatedly down into a seated position on the mat, Jack Lynch finds himself face to face with Supreme Wright...]

JD: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[Lynch and Wright are instantly trading heated words, shouting at one another...]

JD: We just got a bonus in this one, Bucky!

BW: Lynch yelling at an injured man? Big shot, ain't he?!

[Lynch is angrily pointing at the ring, daring Wright to get in there. The former World Champion seems to be fuming mad at this point...

...and SPITS right in the face of Jack Lynch!]

JD: OH! HE SPAT IN HIS FACE! HE SPAT IN-

[Which is all Lynch needs to THROW himself into a lariat, knocking Wright back into his wheelchair which flips over, dumping the former World Champion down on the floor on his back!]

BW: OH, WHAT A PIECE OF GARBAGE THAT GUY IS!

JD: What?! The man spat in his face!

BW: So you attack an injured man?! A man on crutches?! A man in a wheelchair?!

[A fuming mad Lynch stands over Wright, glaring down at him...

...when the Team Supreme jackals strike, charging at Lynch who starts dishing out fisticuffs to everyone around him!]

JD: WE'VE GOT A BRAWL ON THE FLOOR! TEXMO AND TEAM SUPREME ARE BRAWLING ON THE FLOOR OF THE TOKYO DOME!

[In the meantime, Wes Taylor has just delivered a running kick to the chest of the seated Kitzukawa. He drags the Japanese superstar off the mat, pulling him out to the middle of the ring, looking to finish him before the other competitors can get back into the mix...]

JD: Taylor's got Kitzukawa in a front facelock, dragging him to the neutral corner.

BW: He likes to use that tornado DDT out of the corner, Dane.

JD: That could be what he's setting up for here... backing into the buckles, stepping up onto the second rope...

[Taylor swings his right arm in the air, signaling for the end of the match. Then, he kicks off the buckles, twisting around as he turns his back towards the middle of the ring...]

...which is when Kitzukawa acts, shoving Taylor off to land on his feet in the center of the ring, off-balance and stunned as the Japanese superstar rushes forward, giving forth a bellow as he stretches out his arm!]

BW: LAAAAAARIAAAAAAATOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The devastating clothesline hits Taylor hard, flipping the 243 pounder through the air and dumping him chestfirst on the canvas. Kitzukawa gives a quick glance around...]

...and spots Tony Donovan charging him at top speed!]

BW: LAAAAAARIAAAAAAATOOOOOOOOOOO!

JD: DONOVAN GETS ONE AS WELL!

[The big clothesline sends Donovan rolling out to the floor. Seeing that everyone else is occupied, Kitzukawa pulls a limp Taylor off the canvas, yanking him into a double underhook...]

JD: He hooks the arms!

[The former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion hoists Taylor into the air, flipping him over...]

...and sits out in a devastating powerbomb!]

JD: BILLION DOLLAR BOMB!

[Staying in sunset flip position, Kitzukawa hangs on to the legs as the referee dives to the mat to count.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The sound of the bell seems to halt the action at ringside as everyone looks in to see what happened. Jack Lynch gives a triumphant shout before shoving aside Larry Wallace and rolling under the ropes into the ring. On the other side of the squared circle, a grinning Bobby O'Connor enters the ring as well to embrace their Japanese partner.]

JD: The team of Kitzukawa and the TexMo Connection are victorious here tonight in the Tokyo Dome, fans, and that means that they'll be one of twelve teams represented in the Copa de Trios being put on by SouthWest Lucha Libre on Labor Day.

[Wes Taylor rolls out of the ring to where a disgruntled Cain Jackson glares at him, hands on his hips. Supreme Wright has been put back in his wheelchair by his Team Supreme comrades, staring up at the ring where Jack Lynch is standing, celebrating with his allies.]

JD: I guess you can chalk that up as another battle won by Team TexMo in the ongoing war between them and Team Supreme, Bucky.

BW: I suppose so... but from the look on Supreme Wright's face, I wouldn't want to be in Team TexMo's boots when he gets healthy enough to get back inside that ring, Dane.

JD: The celebration continues here inside the ring and outside...

[The shot lands on Cain Jackson and Supreme Wright, both seemingly fuming with rage.]

JD: ...a different sort of reaction.

BW: Real funny, Dane. Wright's hot. Jackson's hot. And who can blame them? They should be the ones moving on to Mexico City and Copa de Trios.

JD: We'll have to agree to disagree on that one. Fans, Kenta Kitzukawa and the TexMo Connection are your winners in this one - now, let's head backstage to a special report from our own "Sweet" Lou Blackwell!

[We crossfade to the backstage area of the Tokyo Dome where Lou Blackwell is standing with a smile.]

SLB: Thanks, Jason! What a week it's been here in Tokyo for all of us here in the American Wrestling Alliance! We've been a part of some fantastic shows with our friends in Tiger Paw Pro and some equally fantastic moments throughout Japan with the fans.

[A still photo fades in with Prince Izumi and GOLIATH Takehara shaking hands in front of a sea of photographers.]

SLB: We were there for the monumental Puroresu Summit between two of the all-time greats in this sport as Prince Izumi and GOLIATH Takehara

discussed the past, present, and future of professional wrestling in front of thousands of fans and members of the press.

[Another still photo, showing a line of Japanese wrestlers with their heads bowed.]

SLB: We were there for the ceremony honoring the fallen - those from the sport who are no longer with us as former AWA competitor, Nenshou, was in attendance to light a bonfire that we are told will burn throughout July - a month that has been set aside here in Japan in tribute and honor to our sport.

[Another still photo.]

SLB: We were there for the unveiling of the new Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown championship belt as Noboru Fujimoto and Yoshinari Taguchi were on hand to sign the official contract for tonight's title showdown.

[And then a shot of Prince Izumi in a suit, arms raised before the press corps.]

SLB: And of course, we were at the Press Conference for tonight's show held earlier this week where Prince Izumi had promised a major announcement.

[The shot dissolves to Izumi holding up the arm of former AWA World Champion Dave Bryant.]

SLB: Which turned out to be Tiger Paw Pro announcing that they had signed Dave Bryant to a special one month contract and as such, Bryant would be his special invited guest here tonight at Rising Sun Showdown!

[The shot fades back to a grinning Blackwell.]

SLB: Of course, if you'd called the hotline at 1-900-855-5500, you would already know that but Demetrius Lake apparently flipped his lid at the news. My sources say that Lake had to be legally threatened with breach of contract to get him to appear here tonight for his match with Prince Izumi! But Lake is here! Izumi is here! And...

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: ...Dave Bryant is here as well! This is going to be something else! Fans, let's go back down to the ring for this very special challenge match!

[Crossfade back out to a panning shot of the Tokyo Dome crowd that is rabid with anticipation of seeing a Living Legend in action. We fade to Megumi Sato in the middle of the ring.]

SUBTITLES: LEGEND. SUPERSTAR. ICON. HERO. THE FATHER OF PURORESU!

[BIG CHEER!]

SUBTITLES: In years past, all of those names and more have been used to describe the man set to honor us all with his fighting spirit tonight in this special challenge match!

[Sato bows her head, giving a moment of silence...

...and then yanks her head back, eyes wide with excitement.]

“IT’S... SHOOOOOOOWTIIIIIIIIIIIME!”

[The crowd roars for the random outburst of English.]

SUBTITLES: One fall! Thirty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[The camera lands on the entryway where about one hundred men, women, and children have been assembled, down on their knees in homage...

...as “The Great Gate Of Kiev” starts up over the PA system. A white spotlight breaks through the darkened stadium, splashing down on the gap in the entryway where something is slowly rising into view.

It is a golden throne, intricate and exquisite carvings on the arms and back with purple silk making up the seat itself.

And upon this throne sits the self-proclaimed King of Wrestling, Demetrius Lake. A crown rests upon his afro. A scepter clutched in his right hand. A smirk is on his face as he looks down at the assembled masses paying him homage.

At his side is a smallish man dressed in purple pants and a golden flowery shirt. He clutches a scroll in his hand and has been mic’d for hands-free amplification.

As the throne locks into position, Lake looks over to the small man, giving the slightest of nods, granting permission to speak. He opens the scroll, reading from it...]

“HEAR YE, HEAR YE... BOW YOUR HEADS... DROP TO YOUR KNEES... PAY HONOR, HOMAGE, AND TRIBUTE TO THE ONE, ONLY, TRUE \_KING\_ OF PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING...

YOUR LORD AND MASTER...

YOUR HUMBLE AND GRACIOUS RULER...

YOUR... KING...

DEEEEEEEEEEEEEETRIIIIIUSSSSSSSSSSSSSS  
LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAKE!”

[The Black Tiger rises from his throne, allowing his purple cape to drape off his shoulders, hanging down to pool at his feet on the floor. He raises the scepter over his head with a bellow...

...which leads to the piano and drum lead-in to Louis Armstrong's rendition of "Mack The Knife" playing over the PA to strong boos from the Tokyo Dome crowd. The big screen above the entrance shows a dark purple screen with a "KING OF WRESTLING" logo on it, all green-screened behind a clip of Demetrius Lake glaring menacingly at the camera.

As Satchmo's famous trumpet joins in, the assembled "subjects" part for the intimidating figure of Demetrius Lake. The "Black Tiger" takes a moment to look over the crowd, his eyes focused in a mean glare. The six-foot-nine Lake sports a fairly thick afro, connecting to an impressively long beard which extends down over an inch below his chin, where it comes to almost a point. A surly look is on his mustached face as he starts the walk down the aisle.

The fans continue to boo as Lake hits the ring, and enters by stepping through the ropes. He casually strolls around the perimeter of the ring, looking down on the fans and casting various threats, insults, and promises about what he's about to do to his opponent. Lake removes his cape and crown, hanging them off the ringpost as he places his scepter on the canvas near the corner. Lake raises both hands, then hooks his thumbs at his chest. We can see that his left thumb is heavily taped. He shouts something sure to be insulting at Megumi Sato who looks at Lake with disdain...

...and steps closer, raising her mic...]

SUBTITLES: AND! HIS! OPP0000000000NNNNNNENNNNT!

[The sound of the Tiger Paw Pro theme song erupts over the PA system to a gigantic ovation from the Tokyo Dome crowd!]

SUBTITLES: From Yokohama, Japan... weighing 111 kilos...

THE ONE! THE ONLY!

[Dramatic pause as the subtitles fade.]

"IZZZZZZZZZZZZUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!  
PRINNCE!!!!!!"

JD: Prince Izumi - the hero to these people, the hero to many of the men and women inside that locker room tonight - is on his way down the aisle and every time this man steps inside the ring at the age of 64 years could be his final match. The fans here in Japan hold Izumi in such high esteem, it's... well, it's hard to put into words. So, allow me to go silent and sit back with the rest of you to watch this historic entrance.

[With the TPP anthem blasting loudly over the PA system, the Tokyo Dome lights up with a reddish hue filling the air, casting a red light over the entire



crowd. A few moments pass before Prince Izumi walks into view. Izumi is an older Japanese man, tall and in excellent shape (for any age). His most prominent feature is his pronounced jawline. He has short black hair and a fairly flat face.

As he stands alone on the entrance platform - a subtle entrance compared to the majority of what we've seen on this night - Izumi stands in simple black trunks, boots, and wristbands. A white piece of silk hangs off his neck, draped down his chest with two single black kanji characters on the end - one for "strong", the other for "future."

Izumi stands alone, looking out with humbled respect at the roaring and standing crowd, cheering on the icon for professional wrestling in their nation. He holds his head up, chin jutting out with pride as the fans continue to roar.

He slowly lowers to a knee, placing one hand on the entry ramp, dipping his head, closing his eyes in a silent moment of contemplation...

...and then springs up, throwing his right hand up into the air with a roar.]

"ORE SAAAAANNNJOUUUUUU!"

[The crowd ROARS in response as Izumi starts to march down the ramp towards the ring where Demetrius Lake is pacing back and forth, ready for the battle to come...]

JD: What an entrance! What a moment! The Tokyo Dome fans are on their feet paying tribute to this man like they salute few others, Bucky.

BW: He's a national hero, no doubt. But we're about to see what happens when a national hero crashes and burns at the feet of a King!

JD: You look back at the history of Prince Izumi... you look back at an 18 year old who went to the United States, to San Francisco and Golden Gate Wrestling for training and knowledge and experience and then returned two years later to Japan to bring that same training, knowledge, and experience to the masses here in the Land of the Rising Sun. He became the biggest star in Japanese wrestling - one of the men responsible for making this sport the national phenomenon that it became. He pioneered the idea of strong style, competing in the very first Mixed Martial Arts style battles against pro boxers from the United States. He's a multiple time champion and a man who has trained the best in the sport. And upon retirement from active competition, he went into politics, currently holding a seat in the Japanese Diet, traveling the world as an ambassador of peace. On this night, however, it is not about peace.

[Izumi nears the ring, pausing as Lake grabs the top rope, stepping on the second with one foot and angrily pointing at Izumi, shouting wildly, pointing in an exaggerated fashion as the crowd jeers him.]

JD: Lake has disrespected Izumi, he has disrespected the sport here in Japan, and he has disrespected the Japanese people themselves! Tonight, Prince Izumi will attempt to avenge that show of disrespect.

[Lake storms away from Izumi, kicking at the ropes, sending a pair of Izumi's "young boys" scattering...

...but leaving Dave Bryant, dressed in the same attire as the young boys, staring right up at Lake with a grin on his face.]

JD: A defiant Dave Bryant showing Demetrius Lake that he will not back down... he will not be intimidated!

[Lake and Bryant exchange words as Izumi steps into the ring, throwing his arm up to another tremendous roar. Lake spins around, fist drawn back at the reaction of the crowd as the official steps between the two men, arms outstretched to keep them at bay.]

JD: You can see that AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger has been assigned this match. I'm told that was a direct request from Demetrius Lake who said - and I regrettably quote - "I don't trust no Jap official to do his job right."

BW: Political correctness aside, Dane. He's not wrong. Any official from Japan would be obviously biased towards Izumi so he made the right call in demanding an American official.

[Jagger gets the two men back to their respective corners, moving to speak to both competitors as the fans buzz with a wild fervor over what they're about to see. After a brief conversation with each, he calls them to the center of the ring.]

JD: Here we go...

[Izumi and Lake lock eyes in the center of the ring as flashbulbs pop all over the arena, creating a strobe effect.]

JD: As the two combatants stare one another down, you can really see the size difference. Demetrius Lake towers over Prince Izumi at 6'9" and 317 pounds while Izumi stands all of 6'3", 243... not a small man by any stretch of the imagination.

BW: Everyone looks small next to the King.

JD: I don't know if I'd go that far.

[Lake can be seen - "shockingly" - running his mouth at Izumi while the stoic puroresu icon holds his ground, staring at the Black Tiger as the official steps in, ordering them back from one another.]

JD: Lake in one corner... Izumi in the other... the showdown set to begin!

[The referee makes one final check on both men...]

“CLANK!”

[...and calls for the bell!]

JD: And we're off! Prince Izumi, despite his age, has kept up a schedule of competing in one match a year so he's not completely drenched in ring rust, Bucky.

BW: True but there's something that builds up in your body when you're hitting that mat every day - getting thrown, getting slammed. When you're away from it for a while, all of those things hurt a whole lot more.

JD: It's often been said that time off is the worst enemy for a professional wrestler. We may be on the verge of finding out the truth behind that statement, fans.

[Izumi takes on somewhat of a crouch, arms extended as he edges out of the corner towards the middle of the ring. Demetrius Lake looks warily at Izumi, walking swiftly from his corner, standing straight up...

...and lunging into a collar and elbow tieup, showing no hesitation!]

JD: Lake and Izumi lock up and the fans roared for THAT, Bucky!

BW: It's hard to explain how much these people love Izumi. It'd be like if Justin Bieber was a pro wrestler back in the States.

JD: It's not like that at all, Bucky!

[With the collar and elbow in place, the two men jockey for position, moving around the ring, trying to find their moment to strike...

...and Izumi suddenly applies an overhand wristlock, causing Lake to step back, bracing himself as he reaches up to try and push his arm back the other direction.]

JD: Wristlock applied by Izumi, cranking on the arm of Lake...

[Izumi quickly twists the arm, ducking under it, twisting it again. Lake grabs at his shoulder as Izumi twists the arm back the other way again... and again... and again... then back the other way, a blur of motion as the crowd rises to their feet, roaring in celebration!]

JD: Wow!

[Suddenly, Izumi spins around, applying a rear hammerlock, cranking up on the arm as Lake cries out...

...and Izumi lets go, twisting to the side, using the back of his leg to kick out the back of Lake's knees, knocking him down to his back where he lands with his 317 pounds down on top of his own arm!]

JD: Ohh! Izumi takes him down right on his own arm!

[Izumi walks away, a confident expression on his face as Lake rolls over, grabbing at his arm, shouting... first in pain, second in rage as he climbs to his feet. He holds onto his shoulder as he shouts across the ring at Izumi. Lake winces, walking back and forth in the ring, grabbing his forearm...

...and then rushes forward, balling up his right hand, ready to throw it.]

JD: Lake from the blind side!

[Izumi spins, striking a martial arts stance...

...which causes Lake to slam on the brakes, staggering backwards, falling down on his rear, scooting backwards on the canvas, eyes wide as he tries to get away from the approaching Izumi.]

JD: And it looks like Demetrius Lake wants no part of that, Bucky!

BW: Hey, the King is no fool. Izumi may be getting up there in years but he's got extensive MMA training. He catches you with one of those kicks... those knees... any of that.

[Lake reaches the corner, leaning against the turnbuckles. The Black Tiger's mouth is hanging open as he pulls himself to his feet, looking across at the Japanese hero.]

JD: Lake's back to his feet... Izumi's waiting for him...

[The King of Professional Wrestling gets a fire in his belly, marching across the ring...

...and shoves Izumi right in the chest, sending him back a pair of steps to a big negative reaction from the crowd!]

JD: Another show of disrespect on the part of Lake!

[Lake steps back to the middle of the ring, using his boot to draw the proverbial line in the sand, waving Izumi out of the corner towards him.]

JD: Lake showing some fire here, wanting to turn this thing around into the type of match he was looking for...

[An upset Izumi storms out of the corner, walking right into another tieup, shoving Lake back towards the opposite corner...

...and Lake twists the arm, bending it behind Izumi in a rear hammerlock. Lake busts out a big grin, shouting "Now I got'cha!"]

BW: How about that? Lake with a hammerlock of his own.

JD: Izumi grabs at the shoulder, looking for an escape...

[Lake is talking a mile a minute, running his mouth right into the ear of Izumi...]

...who suddenly spins out of the armlock, scissoring Lake's ankles with his legs, taking him down into a drop toehold!]

JD: Izumi reverses it!

[Quickly, Izumi makes a lunge at the ankle, trying to hook it...

...and as he touches the foot, Lake feels it and makes a lunge, diving to wrap his arms around the bottom rope!]

JD: Just like that, Lake's in the ropes! Fear in the eyes of the so-called King, Bucky.

BW: Again, he's not a fool. He knows Izumi specializes in submissions and striking so he's going to stay away from both of those things as much as he can.

[Lake is still down on the mat, ordering the referee to back Izumi away. Johnny Jagger obliges, getting Izumi several steps back as Lake climbs to his knees, shouting at the official as he pulls at his own hair.]

JD: Is... is Demetrius Lake accusing Prince Izumi of pulling the hair?!

BW: He did. Totally saw it.

JD: You did not!

BW: Would the King lie?

JD: He'd lie and you'd swear to it!

[Lake and the official trade words before a reluctant Jagger goes to converse with Izumi who denies the hair pull.]

JD: Izumi says no.

BW: What else would he possibly say?

JD: He's a honorable man, Bucky. I don't expect that Izumi would lie.

BW: He's a politician, Dane. Lying is like breathing to them.

[Lake slowly moves forward this time, edging towards a waiting Izumi who stands in the middle of the ring, the crowd pulsing with anticipation as the Black Tiger moves in...

...and lashes out with a right hand!]

JD: Oh! Lake caught him!

[Grabbing Izumi by the hair, Lake lands a second haymaker... and a third, sending Izumi stumbling back into the turnbuckles.]

JD: Lake's got him on the ropes!

[He lands boot after boot after boot to the midsection of Izumi, the referee stepping in to protest the assault in the corner.]

JD: Johnny Jagger backing Lake up, trying to give Izumi a chance to recover in the corner.

BW: Biased officiating even from the American referee.

JD: You know it's illegal to attack in the corner, Bucky. You have a five count to get out of there and Lake used all of it.

BW: Then disqualify him. Don't whine and cry about it!

[Lake shoves the official aside, moving back in on the cornered Izumi who twists his body as Lake approaches into a defensive posture, his left hand held out in front of him, balled up in a fist...

...and lashes out with the backhand to the side of Lake's face! And again! And again!]

JD: Izumi returns the favor, backhand strikes to the face!

[The blows wobble Lake, putting him on rubber legs as he wheels away from Izumi, takes one big swing at the air...

...and falls flat on his face on the floor to a big reaction from the crowd!]

JD: Down goes Lake again! And this time, he's rolling right out to the floor to regroup but this match is NOT going at all like he'd planned, Bucky.

BW: That much we can agree on. Lake's gotta find some way to turn this thing around or he's going to give these people the gift of a lifetime - personally witnessing Izumi defeating one of the best professional wrestlers in the world.

[Lake ends up on his feet on the floor, slamming his hands down on the apron, shouting up at the ring. He spins away...

...and finds himself face-to-face with Dave Bryant!]

JD: Uh oh!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Bryant and Lake in a confrontation on the floor. Lake lets him have it, shouting angrily at Bryant who returns fire with some comments of his own!]

JD: Bryant returning the favor! We've got a verbal showdown at ringside between Demetrius Lake and Dave Bryant and let's just hope this verbal battle doesn't turn into a physical one!

[AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger drops to the mat, rolling out to the floor to step between Bryant and Lake, eager to prevent exactly what Dane is hoping to avoid.]

JD: Excellent work by Johnny Jagger, keeping those two apart... keeping them at bay...

[A concerned Izumi walks over towards the ring ropes, speaking over them to Johnny Jagger who is out on the floor, still talking to Dave Bryant as Demetrius Lake backpedals, moving around the corner...

...and rolling back under the ropes, rushing Izumi from behind, leaping up with a forearm smash to the back of the head!]

JD: Ohh! Sneak attack by the Black Tiger!

[Lake leaps up, landing a second jumping forearm to the back of the neck. A third one knocks Izumi down to his knees where Lake backs off, burying a big boot into the jaw, knocking Izumi down to the canvas.]

JD: And just like that, Demetrius Lake has turned the tide in this one, putting Izumi down on the mat.

[Lake grabs the top rope with both hands, repeatedly stomping Izumi, driving his boot down into the head and neck over and over. The fans are jeering Lake as the referee slides back in, backing him off.]

JD: The official has to get in between Lake and Izumi again... and look at Lake, just shoving Jagger aside!

[Lake drags Izumi off the mat, throwing him back into the turnbuckles before delivering an overhand chop to the chest!]

JD: Ohh! Big chop by the so-called King!

[The Black Tiger twists around, hooking Izumi and HURLING him through the air with a hip toss, throwing Izumi down on the canvas!]

JD: Lake LAUNCHED him halfway across the ring!

[Lake saunters out of the corner, waving for Izumi to get up off the canvas as Dave Bryant shouts encouragement to the Father of Puroresu from his spot on the floor, slamming his hands down on the canvas. Lake throws a

glance and a smirk in the former World Champion's direction, dragging Izumi up by the hair...]

JD: Lake lifts him up... INverted atomic drop!

[With Izumi stunned, Lake drops him with a double thrust chop to the throat, sending a coughing and gasping Izumi down to the canvas as the fans continue to let him have it.]

JD: Demetrius Lake is now asserting his advantage over the older Izumi despite Bryant's encouragement to the Father of Puroresu.

[Lake turns, positioning himself so he's looking straight at Dave Bryant. He raises a hand, pointing at the Doctor of Love...

...and drops down, dropping his knee into the chest!]

JD: Kneedrop!

BW: I love the way that Demetrius Lake drops that knee. He doesn't bother to jump up in the air... he just drops that knee into the chest from a standing position.

[Lake drops a second... a third... a fourth, leaving a wincing Izumi underneath him.]

JD: Repeatedly, Lake drops the knee down into chest, putting 317 pounds behind it again and again and as the mood changes here in the Tokyo Dome, we may be seeing Prince Izumi's body betray him.

[Smirking, the self-professed King of Professional Wrestling hauls Izumi up to his feet, hurling him bodily into the turnbuckles. Lake gives a shout, charging in after him, throwing a back elbow into the jaw!]

JD: Running back elbow... and take a look at this...

[The six foot seven Lake lifts his lengthy leg, placing his boot on the windpipe of Izumi, earning wild jeers from the Tokyo Dome crowd. Izumi is gasping for air as Lake uses every single bit of the five count, stepping away at four, leaving Izumi coughing against the buckles.]

JD: As you look around this massive crowd, you have to notice all the concerned faces. Many have wondered - have questioned the decision of Prince Izumi to return to the ring year after year. Many have privately expressed concern that someday, his time will run out inside that ring.

BW: Don't look now, Dane, but I think I hear an alarm ringin' and there ain't no snooze for this one.

[Lake grabs Izumi by the arm, whipping him from buckle to buckle.]

JD: Izumi hits the corner... staggering out...



[Lake delivers a walking big boot, connecting with the chest of Izumi, sending him crashing down to the canvas.]

JD: Down goes Izumi again... and Demetrius Lake has got these fans riled up for sure!

[There are loud, angry shouts directed at Lake who absorbs them all with a grin and a dismissive gesture towards the downed Izumi. He angrily pulls Izumi up, scooping him up across his chest...]

JD: Lake's got him up and... backbreaker!

[Lake smirks as he keeps Izumi in place, lifting him up again, dropping him down a second time...]

JD: Another one!

[He rises to his feet, turning to face another side of the Tokyo Dome.]

JD: Third backbreaker!

[Lake slowly gets up again, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...and DROPS him down across the knee again!]

JD: Four! That might do it!

[Lake shoves Izumi off his knee, dusting off his hands as he settles into a lateral press.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The Tokyo Dome crowd ROARS as Izumi kicks out!]

JD: Two count only! Izumi kicks out at two!

[Lake grabs Izumi by the hair, hammering a fist in between the eyes... and another... and another...]

JD: Closed fists by Lake draws another admonition from the official... and as Lake climbs to his feet...

[Lake turns towards Dave Bryant, barking an insult in his direction. The former World Champion returns fire, pointing angrily at the Black Tiger.]

JD: Again, Lake and Bryant trade words as Lake pulls Izumi off the mat by the hair... big right hand!

[Izumi snaps his head back, glaring at Lake. Lake, showing some confusion, throws a second right hand...]

JD: Izumi absorbs a second one!

[Lake leaps up, slamming a forearm down between the eyes. Izumi throws his head back with a roar, causing Lake to backpedal, eyes wide with disbelief, arms raised to beg off...]

JD: Lake's trying to back off! The Fighting Spirit of Izumi has stunned the King of Professional Wrestling! These fans in Tokyo are on their feet as Lake begs for- oh!

[The crowd jeers as Lake reaches out, raking the eyes of Izumi...

...but Izumi keeps on coming, shaking his head!]

JD: Unstoppable!

[Izumi gives a shout, throwing an overhead chop that sends Lake falling back into the buckles. The Father of Puroresu steps into the corner...]

JD: Knife edge chops in the corner!

[Izumi switches his stance, leaning over to rifle in palm strikes to the torso!]

JD: Chops! Palm strikes! He's battering Lake in the corner!

[A well-placed palm strike to the cheekbone spins Lake's head away, staggering out of the corner...

...and Izumi suddenly leaps up, lashing out with a kick to the back of the head!]

JD: ENZUIGIRI! ENZUIGIRI!

[Lake drops like a rock as Izumi rolls to his knees, pulling down both arms with a triumphant shout, diving into a lateral press.]

JD: ONE!!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE-

[Johnny Jagger leaps up off the mat, pointing down at the mat.]

JD: NO! NO! FOOT ON THE ROPES! FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[But Prince Izumi is already on his feet, arms raised as he walks away from the downed Lake.]

JD: Izumi thinks he's won! Prince Izumi thinks he's won!

BW: But Lake - ever the ring general - got his foot on the ropes! He saved the match right there and...

JD: Johnny Jagger is trying to explain to Izumi what happened and- where is Lake going?!

[Demetrius Lake rolls over, trying to use the ropes to pull himself to his knees.]

JD: Lake's trying to get up... Izumi and Jagger are arguing... the language barrier may be a problem between those two right there.

[Lake pulls himself to his knees, leaning between the ropes.]

JD: Izumi and Jagger are arguing... and look at this! What in the world is Lake doing?! He's digging into his trunks and-

[The crowd jeers as Lake pulls a packet of white powder into view.]

JD: He's got... I think that's salt! He's got a packet of salt in his hands!

BW: He's going to do a traditional Japanese salt ceremony! How nice of him!

JD: More disrespect as he's-

[Lake leans through the ropes, ripping open the plastic to pour the white grains into his open palm...

...when suddenly, Dave Bryant comes rushing into view, grabbing Lake by the wrist!]

JD: Bryant's got the wrist! Bryant's got the wrist! He's blocking Lake from cheating to win this match!

[An angry Lake struggles, trying to pull his hand away...

...and Bryant shoves the arm as Lake pulls!]

JD: OHH!

BW: NO!

JD: Lake threw salt in his own eyes! He's blinded! He can't see a thing!

[Lake stumbles to his feet, swinging his arms wildly, rubbing at his eyes as a smirking Dave Bryant looks on!]

BW: Bryant cheated! Bryant threw salt in the eyes of-

JD: IZUMI!

[Prince Izumi walks towards the blinded Lake from behind, reaching up...

...and wraps his arms around the throat of the self-professed King of Professional Wrestling!]

JD: CHOKE SLEEPER! CHOKE SLEEPER!

[Izumi pulls Lake to the middle of the ring, jumping up on the back of Lake, wrapping his legs around the torso of the Black Tiger...

...and promptly dragging him down to the canvas!]

JD: IZUMI'S GOT IT LOCKED IN THE CENTER OF THE RING! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN DEEP! LAKE'S DOWN ON THE MAT WITH NO WAY OUT! NO WAY TO ESCAPE!

[Lake's arms start to slow as he pumps them in the air, looking for an exit...]

JD: Lake's fading fast!

[The arms get slower as Izumi clenches his teeth, letting loose a bellow.]

JD: He's almost got him! Izumi's hanging on!

[Lake's arm gets slower... and slower...

...and then slumps to the canvas! Johnny Jagger grabs the arm, lifting it up, and dropping it down!]

JD: Lake might be out! Jagger checking the arm once... now twice...

[The arm gets lifted a third time as Jagger points to it, letting go...]

"CLANK!"

JD: HE DID IT! IZUMI CHOKES OUT DEMETRIUS LAKE!

[Izumi releases the hold, slumping back to the canvas in weary exhaustion as the Tokyo Dome crowd ERUPTS! A cut to the crowd shows fans leaping up and down with excitement as Dave Bryant slides into the ring alongside the other young boys, propping up Izumi. Bryant grins at the downed Lake as the others fan, towel, and otherwise cool down the Father of Puroresu.]

JD: Prince Izumi has defeated Demetrius Lake! Izumi has defeated the so-called King of Pro Wrestling!

BW: Thanks to Dave Bryant, that no-good, crooked, skunk of a...

JD: Easy there, Bucky. Bryant's only action was to prevent Lake from cheating his way to victory as he so often does and in the process-

BW: In the process, he threw salt in Lake's eyes, blinded him temporarily, coulda caused who knows what kind of damage to the eyes of the King, and then set him up to be choked out!

JD: But at the end of the day, that sleeperhold put Lake down!

BW: It woulda put ANYONE down. It's Izumi's signature hold! And when a man is blinded and can't defend himself, he can't resist getting choked out by Izumi! This is a travesty, Dane! I'm announcing the rest of this show under protest!

JD: Be that as it may, Prince Izumi is on his feet, arms held high alongside the former AWA World Champion! The fans are ecstatic, the flashbulbs are popping - history is being made right here in the Tokyo Dome!

[Dane lays out, allowing that moment to play out for twenty seconds or so.]

JD: What a historic moment... and if Air Strike has their way, we're about to see another historic moment when they collide with Violence Unlimited with both titles on the line! Let's go backstage where both of those teams are standing by with comments!

[We cut to the backstage area, where we see Violence Unlimited standing by. The unified Global Crown and AWA World Tag Team Champions Haynes and Morton are in their wrestling attire: Haynes in his red Confederate flag-style wrestling trunks and Morton wearing his familiar red boxing robe. They both carry their two title belts over their shoulders, staring smugly at the camera.]

JH: Well, well, well...so we meet again, boys. Been a long time, Aarons... been a long time, Mertz. I hope this time you're enjoyin' yer stay in Japan.

[A grin slowly forms on Hayne's ugly mug.]

JH: Life's gotta' funny way of sortin' itself, don't it? 'Cause there were you two in New York...at SuperClash, soarin' higher than a couple o' Icaruses, thinkin' you were 'bout to touch the Sun...

\*CLAP!\*

...and then SMACK! Before you even knew it, ya' got sent crashin' back down to Earth!

[Haynes chuckles.]

JH: Ya' beat us that night in New York, boys. And I tip muh hat to you for pullin' off the impossible. For a brief second, ya' THOUGHT you were the greatest tag team on the planet. Ya' THOUGHT your wildest dreams were comin' true.

[Morton sticks his head into the shot.]

DM: BUT LIFE JUST ISN'T THAT EASY!

[He shakes his head slowly.]

DM: It's not just about reaching the top of the mountain! It's not just about GETTING to the top of the mountain! It's about STAYING on the top of the mountain!

[A chuckle.]

DM: And you two keep fallin' off. Again...and again...and again...and again...AND AGAIN!!!

[Haynes points two fingers towards his eyes.]

JH: We all saw it happenin' in front of our eyes. Ya' got a taste of success and it ruined ya'! Ya' couldn't take care of business inside the ring or out! We got so deep inside yer heads, ya' flew out here to Japan and ya' STILL couldn't get back these titles! Ya' flew back to the states with yer tails tucked 'tween your legs without your belts and then got 'yer tails kicked by The War Pigs and The Lights Out Express! Ya' get a shot at redemption...a shot to finally get back the titles ya' never even got a chance to wear 'round your waists and what happens?

[Haynes slaps his forehead in disbelief.]

JH: Ya' can't even make it to the ring!

[A sly smile forms on Morton's face as he nudges Haynes with his elbow.]

DM: But WE made it to the ring that night, Jack. Didn't we?

JH: We sure did, Danny. 'Cause that's what winners do. That's what the GREATEST tag team in the world does. When it's time to step it up...when it's time to rise to the occasion, when it's time to prove your greatness one more time, ya' go out there...and ya' do it. That's something Violence Unlimited's been doin' since before you two even THOUGHT about becomin' professional wrasslers. And that's something you two keep provin' you're just not capable of. 'Cause THAT, Air Strike...is the difference 'tween being the MAN...

DM: ...and being a couple of flashes in the pan!

[Haynes and Morton laugh loudly and walk off, as we fade out to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in between the duo known as Air Strike, Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons. Both members are dressed to wrestle in their custom long tights, Mertz wears short green trunks with white trim and is wearing a TPP black tee shirt. Aarons is wearing long white tights with green trim and a pink Air Strike Fan Club tee shirt.]

MS: Gentlemen, tonight, both sets of tag titles are on the line as you challenge Violence Unlimited. How do you feel?

[Aarons looks over at his partner and smirks, and then turns to face Stegglet.]

MA: Stegs, I have to be honest with you. Quite frankly, we're tired. And don't get us wrong, it's not the sixteen hour flight with the three hour layover. It's not the time difference or the fact that the hotel has uncomfortable beds.

[Aarons shakes his head.]

MA: We're tired of the games, Stegs. For six months, we went looking for these clowns. This supposed greatest team of all time was nowhere to be found. Unless our backs are turned. Like they were in November when they stole our titles; like they were last month when they stole our title shot. Now they can stand here and give you every excuse they can as to why they did what they did. They can stand here and try to convince you of the same reasons and rationales they've manage to convince themselves as to why...

[Trailing off, Aarons frowns and looks at his partner and then back at Stegglet.]

MA: Stegs, we're tired. Tired of the games they seemingly need to play to make them great and especially tired of the talk. For six months, Cody and I have been talking, calling them out. But now? Now we have them in that ring, for the titles, which is all we ever asked for. So the talk? It's done, we have what we want, and now it's time to go out and do what we do.

[Mertz steps forward as Stegglet turns towards him.]

CM: No chance, we've got no chance? It's Violence Unlimited with all the titles, in their home arena, in a country where they never lose. Immortals going up against a regular team.

[Mertz sort of snorts out a laugh as he shakes his head and smiles.]

CM: Well Haynes, Morton, we'd have it no other way. Because above all the hype and commotion that everybody tries to convince us of, Air Strike believes. Believes in ourselves. Believes we belong. We believe because every single fan in every single arena that cheers our name, cheers us on... every kid, every mother, every father... watching at home... watching from those seats.

[Mertz slaps a hand on his partner's shoulder and looks towards the camera.]

CM: We don't have to proclaim ourselves to be the best and perhaps we never will be. But we believe every time out, we will come out on top. Every time, every ounce of strength and energy, will go into the match until we have nothing left because those people out there give us every ounce of hope because they believe in us. And giving them something to believe in? It's the greatest thing we have going for us. Maybe after tonight, you'll finally believe too. Like Michael said... the talk? That time is over.

[Aarons steps in.]

MA: But Violence Unlimited against the high flying, death defying, always satisfying, tag title reacquiring... Teenage Dream Team... Air Strike? That time is right... NOW!

[With that, the duo exchanges a fist bump and heads off towards the ring entrance as we fade back to a panning shot of the Tokyo Dome crowd, still buzzing over witnessing Prince Izumi's historic victory...

...and then to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing. Subtitles appear on the screen.]

SUBTITLES: Next match is one fall... sixty minutes... and is for the DOUBLE CROWN TITLES! WINNER TAKE ALL!

[Big cheer!]

SUBTITLES: Introducing first...

[The lights inside the Tokyo Dome die down to black. The sound of electronic chatter fill the air - military chatter over a radio system. It is soon joined by the sounds of battle - explosions, gunfire, soldiers shouting to one another.

The video wall lights up with the sight of Jean Claude Van Damme in a military uniform. He's got an earpiece in his ear, looking at a digital holographic display. His heavily-accented voice calls out.]

"This is General JCVD..."

[He cracks a big grin.]

"...I'm calling in an Air Strike."

[The screen goes black as pyro bursts all around the entryway, pyrotechnic "missiles" flying from the top of the aisle to various spots around the Tokyo Dome, triggering explosions. The last of them hit the ring where the cornerposts and a well-crafted pile of boxes in the middle of the ring EXPLODE into fire and sparks. The noise dies down, leaving the crowd cheering.]

JD: Wow!

[Slowly and softly, the open piano notes begin to play for "Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis to further the anticipation of the crowd. As the piano fades out and the drums kick in, spotlights comes to life throughout the arena.

The spotlights first hit the entrance way and then throughout the entire arena, and as the piano and drums finally merge to the intro of the song, the lights start to swirl throughout the arena as the outline of the entranceway is lit up with flashing green and white lights.]



[The sounds of Motley Crue’s “Shout At The Devil” suddenly fills the air. The Japanese crowd, familiar with this entrance, sing along to the opening lyrics.]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[The arena lights cut to black as the Japanese crowd then ROARS as huge columns of fire spout forth from the top of the rampway like the flames of hell!]

\*WOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!\*

"AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

[When the flames disappear, the crowd roars once more at the sight of Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes, standing at opposite sides of the v-shaped rampway, illuminated by spotlights, both wearing frightening Japanese Daikijin (great devil god) Noh masks. Beneath the masks, Morton is dressed in his traditional red boxer's robe. Meanwhile, Haynes is in his leather duster, revealing Confederate flag-style wrestling trunks underneath. In his right hand, he carries his infamous bull rope. Wrapped around their chest and waists are the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Team and AWA World Tag Team titles.

The house lights return as they make their way down to the ring. Morton jogs down the aisle, ready to get the match started ASAP, while Haynes takes his sweet time, moving at a glacial pace and threatening various sections of the crowd by swinging his bull rope at them, causing the fans to wisely scatter away from him in fear.]

JD: Two-time Stampede Cup winners... the only team to have accomplished that. Multiple-time AWA World Tag Team Champions... multiple-time Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown Champions! They are - without question - considered to be the best tag team in the world. But Air Strike questions that claims. Air Strike believes that THEY are the best team in the world. Tonight, they get the opportunity to prove it!

[After a few more moments, Haynes and Morton are in the ring, ready for battle. Haynes is pacing back and forth, glaring across the ring as Morton hands over all the gold to the official inside the ring, Tiger Paw Pro's Tiger Takada.]

JD: And you may notice, just like at SuperClash, the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro have elected to assign two officials to this match - the same two officials as we saw in New York actually. Tiger Takada calling the action inside the ring and Ricky Longfellow calling it from out on the floor.

BW: That biased toad Takada's in there again? Doesn't the AWA remember what happened at SuperClash?

JD: You mean when Air Strike won the Double Crown?

BW: No, I mean when VU beat them to a pulp and walked out with BOTH sets of titles!

JD: You can hardly blame that on Tiger Takada, Bucky.

[Takada stands in the middle, arms at full extension as he watches both teams have their final huddles. At the conclusion, Jackson Haynes is standing in one corner and Cody Mertz is across from the ring in the other.]

JD: It looks like it'll be Cody Mertz and The Hammer himself, Jackson Haynes, starting this one off.

BW: Which means all those squealy, teeny bopper girls that worship Mertz are back home right now shouting, "Please Hammer, don't hurt 'em!"

JD: A timely pop culture reference out of Buckthorn P. Wilde right there as Tiger Takada signals for the bell!

"CLANK!"

[Haynes doesn't waste a split second, barreling across the ring, shoving Mertz back with ease into the Air Strike corner. Haynes steps back, throwing a looping right hand that Mertz ducks under. A left comes back the other way as Mertz ducks it as well!]

JD: Cody Mertz ducking, dodging, bobbing, and weaving in the early moments of this one!

[After ducking a third and fourth blow, Mertz comes up swinging, looping a right hand on the jaw of Haynes... and another... and another, backing him out of the corner towards the middle of the ring.]

JD: Mertz battles out, to the ropes...

[A running clothesline connects solidly but doesn't budge Haynes who shakes his head, pointing to the ropes again.]

JD: Mertz hits the ropes again...

[A second clothesline looks about like the first and has the same result, ending with Jackson Haynes standing tall glaring at him. Haynes sneers at Mertz, daring him to try it again...]

JD: Third time's a charm perhaps as Cody Mertz hits the ropes, building up steam...

[But this time, Haynes winds up a big right hand, looking to drive it through the skull of the incoming Mertz...]

...who baseball slides between the wide stance, popping up behind Haynes, leaping up to catch the off-balance Hammer with a dropkick to the chest!]

JD: Dropkick by Mertz... right back up...

[A second dropkick has Haynes stumbling back, his arms wheeling around.]

JD: Mertz going for it again...

[But Haynes slaps it away, sending Mertz crashing down to the canvas. Haynes cocks his right arm back, moving in to drop an elbow...

...but Mertz rolls aside, causing Haynes to hit the mat!]

JD: Haynes misses the elbow!

[The big man scrambles up, going for a second one...

...but Mertz rolls again, causing Haynes to miss and hit the mat again!]

JD: He misses again!

[Mertz rolls under the ropes to the floor as Haynes angrily gets back to his feet, shouting at the much-smaller competitor as he backs away from the apron, taking a moment to regroup...]

JD: Haynes pacing back and forth, a fury just bubbling under the surface.

BW: Not anymore! Here he comes!

[The crowd grumbles as Haynes steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor to pursue Cody Mertz who has opted to hightail it around the ring. Haynes charges after him, swinging around the ringpost as Mertz shows off his speed, rolling back into the ring, climbing to his feet...

...and grabs the top rope, leaping up to swing his legs between the middle and bottom rope, driving his feet into the face of the incoming Haynes!]

JD: Ohh! He caught Haynes coming in and-

[Straightening up, Mertz grabs the top rope and with a shout, he slingshots over the top, crashing down on top of Haynes with a crossbody!]

JD: OHHH! Mertz takes him down with that high flying gameplan!

[Mertz climbs off the floor, rolling under the ropes to some cheers from the Tokyo crowd. He gives a fistpump as he climbs to his feet, looking out at the floor where Jackson Haynes, filled with rage, is climbing back to a standing position.]

JD: Haynes is on his feet, on his way back towards the ring...

[But Mertz tries to strike again, sliding into a baseball slide dropkick that Haynes counters by yanking up the apron, trapping Mertz between it and ring where he starts clubbing him!]

JD: Haynes is all over him! Fists, forearms, and elbows battering Cody Mertz without mercy or care!

[Spinning Mertz around with his back against the apron, Haynes rains down overhead elbows between the eyes of the former tag team champion.]

BW: He's gonna knock Mertz into the middle of next week with those elbows, daddy!

[Haynes switches to clubbing forearms, first to the back of the head... then to the neck... then to the shoulderblades as he batters Mertz, tipping him over the apron and dumping him out on the floor. The referee on the floor approaches, warning Haynes to get the action back inside the ring...

...but a threatened backhand sends Ricky Longfellow scampering a few feet away!]

JD: Haynes better be careful out there threatening an official.

BW: Why? He can't lose the titles on a disqualification.

JD: A valid point but you think Violence Unlimited wants to leave the question hanging over who is the best tag team on the face of the Earth? They want to answer that question once and for all here tonight, Bucky.

[Haynes drags Mertz off the barely-padded floors, hurling him effortlessly under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, glaring out at the crowd as he steps into the ring. Mertz is instantly crawling towards his corner when Haynes hooks the back of the trunks, yanking him to his feet...]

JD: Haynes pulls him up... backdrop suplex!

[He rolls into a lateral press, driving his forearm into the cheek.]

JD: One! Two! Mertz is out at two.

[Haynes climbs to his feet, viciously and violently stomping Mertz' upper body, sending him rolling into a fetal position as Haynes reaches out to slap the hand of his partner.]

JD: Danny Morton, the American Murder Machine, making his first appearance of the contest as he steps in.

[Haynes pulls Mertz up, each man grabbing an arm to whip him across...

...and then lay him out with a double shoulder tackle!]

JD: Cody Mertz hits the canvas again... Haynes stepping out as Danny Morton becomes the legal man in this one.

[Morton stands over Mertz, watching as the smaller man manages to push up to all fours...

...and the Oklahoma native HAMMERS a forearm down across the back, knocking Mertz flat!]

JD: Clubbing forearm to the back by Morton.

[Morton simply walks around the downed Mertz, waiting and watching as he forces himself to push up to all fours again... and again, Morton lets him have it with a forearm to the kidneys!]

JD: Danny Morton is just toying with this young man right now, watching him get off the mat only to put him right back down.

[Morton positions himself between Mertz and an encouraging Michael Aarons who shouts, "COME ON, CODY!" as he stretches out his arm.]

JD: Michael Aarons encouraging his partner to get to the corner and make that tag...

[Morton leans down, squatting as he looks at Mertz who is struggling to get up and get to the corner. He bellows, "COME ON, CODY!" in a mocking tone...

...and then STOMPS down between the eyes of Mertz, knocking him down before he pivots and dispatches of Michael Aarons with a forearm smash to the jaw, sending Aarons sailing off the apron!]

JD: Cheap shot by Danny Morton!

[Tiger Takada gets up in the face of Morton who ignores him, pushing past to hook Mertz in a waistlock, dragging him off the mat and HURLING him into a neutral corner, charging in after him...]

JD: Short running clothesline to the mush! Mertz is dazed!

[Morton grabs the arm, flinging Mertz from corner to corner...]

JD: Mertz hits the buckles... in comes Morton again!

[But Mertz leans back, kicking his legs up to cause Morton to run facefirst into raised boots!]

JD: OHH! MERTZ WITH THE TIMELY COUNTER!

[As Morton staggers out, Mertz turns, leaping up to the second rope, springing off as he twists around into a crossbody...

...but Morton snatches him out of the sky, shaking his head at the attempt!]

JD: Morton caught him and-

[Morton suddenly pivots, twisting around, and DRIVES Mertz into the canvas with a thunderous powerslam!]

JD: POWERSLAM! HE PLANTS CODY MERTZ!

[Morton plants his fists on the chest of Mertz, extending his arms in a pushup as he sticks out his tongue, awaiting a three count.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!!

[Mertz' shoulder comes tearing off the canvas at the two count, breaking the pin. Morton angrily glares at Takada as he climbs to his feet, kicking the ribcage of Mertz.]

JD: Violence Unlimited just seems filled with disdain towards Air Strike, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame them? VU's the only team to EVER win the Stampede Cup twice and they STILL have to put up with people saying Air Strike is better than they are!

JD: In the one and only showdown between these two teams, Air Strike won! How does that not merit argument in the Best Team In The World debate?

[Morton drags Mertz off the mat by the hair, flinging him into VU's corner before slapping the hand of Jackson Haynes.]

JD: The tag is made and the Hammer returning to the fray... ohh! Lunging back elbow to the jaw by Haynes!

[The duo throws a trio of double chops to the chest before dragging Mertz out of the corner, double whipping him into the ropes...]

JD: Double backdrop!

[...but Mertz twists around, using Haynes and Morton to backflip himself over onto his feet!]

JD: COUNTER!

[The crowd cheers as Mertz spins around, stretching out towards Michael Arons for a tag...

...but Jackson Haynes hooks a handful of trunks, pulling Mertz back into a side waistlock as Morton pivots and BLASTS Mertz with a standing forearm smash between the eyes, knocking him senseless as Haynes lifts him up and dumps him on the back of his head!]

JD: OHH! VU tries to knock Mertz senseless after he countered that doubleteam effort!

[Morton stomps Mertz a few more times before the official forces him out to the apron. Jackson Haynes plants his foot on the throat of Mertz, grinding it back and forth to the dismay of Michael Aarons who is pacing on the apron, looking for an opening to get into the match.]

JD: Michael Aarons is chomping at the bit to get in there. He hasn't even been in the match yet! Cody Mertz has been in there since the opening bell - over six minutes of action!

[The referee finally forces Haynes to break his choke, leaving Mertz gasping for air on the canvas as Haynes leans down to drag him to his feet before using a snapmare to take him over into a seated position...

...where he SMASHES a crossface forearm across the face of Mertz!]

JD: Ohh!

BW: That'll shed some tears back in the States!

JD: A second crossface forearm shot... and another!

[A smirking Haynes backs up as the referee shouts at him before charging back in to deliver a punishing kick to the spine of the seated Mertz, causing him to curl up, falling to the mat again.]

JD: Haynes with a devastating boot to the small of the back.

BW: Cody Mertz is in some trouble here, Dane. He needs to find an exit out of this ring in a hurry or this one's gonna be over real quick.

[Haynes grabs two hands full of hair, dragging Mertz off the mat. Mertz makes a desperation reach towards his corner but comes nowhere near it as Haynes shakes his head, sneering at a stretching Michael Aarons before hurling Mertz into the ropes by the hair, watching him rebound sloppily off as Haynes muscles him up, holds him for a split second...

...and DRIVES him down with a devastating standing spinebuster!]

JD: Haynes shakes the ring with that one!

[The Hammer settles to a knee, lowering himself into a sloppy lateral press, earning a two count before Mertz kicks out again.]

JD: Another two count there for Jackson Haynes, looking to end this one quickly.

[Haynes rises up off the mat, driving a hard stomp down into the sternum of Cody Mertz.]



JD: Haynes stomps Mertz down into the mat... and there's another tag, bringing Professor Pain, Danny Morton, back into the match.

[Haynes drags Mertz up by the arm, pushing him back against the ropes as Morton joins him in a double whip, sending the much-smaller competitor sailing across the ring.]

JD: Mertz off the far side... ducks the clothesline!

[Mertz rebounds, leaping up into the air to land a split-legged dropkick, a foot to each man's face!]

JD: Mertz scores with the dropkick!

[Scrambling to all fours, Mertz spins himself towards Michael Aarons' voice as his partner shouts encouragement, begging him to get to the corner and make the tag...]

JD: Mertz is crawling for it! Crawling to get to-

[A furious Danny Morton reaches down, hooking Mertz in a gutwrench. He deadlifts him from all fours, flipping him over, and sitting out in a thunderous powerbomb!]

JD: POWERBOMB!

BW: That might do it!

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Michael Aarons dashes in, driving a boot between the eyes of Danny Morton, breaking up the pin attempt!]

JD: Aarons breaks up the pin - a bit of payback for the cheap shot on him earlier that knocked him off the apron!

BW: He's gonna get a lot more than that if Morton gets his hands on him. He's burning mad after that!

[Morton is quickly to his feet, shouting an angry threat at a departing Michael Aarons who shouts back, trying to distract Morton temporarily to give his partner time to recover.]

JD: Aarons and Morton are having a shouting match in the middle of this Double Crown Title Match!

BW: Aarons seems to be trying to get Morton to let up on Mertz for a moment and it's working. Morton's losing his cool and he's shouting at Aarons.

[Morton actually walks away from the downed Mertz, threatening Aarons who begs him to bring it on.]

JD: Cody Mertz getting valuable time to recover from the beating he's taken for the first... what? Ten minutes of this match so far?

BW: Just about ten minutes, yeah. Mertz has taken a world-class pounding from the best tag team in the world.

[Morton finally turns away from Aarons, flashing a middle finger in his direction before he does which draws a smattering of boos from the Tokyo Dome crowd.]

JD: Morton's moving back in on Mertz...

[And as he leans over to strike, Morton makes a mistake as Mertz springs to his knees, tucking his head under Morton's chin, leaping up and dropping down to his knees in a jawbreaker!]

JD: Jawbreaker! Mertz got one in there!

[With Morton staggering back, Mertz crawls again, going right between the legs of the stunned Oklahoman, pushing off the mat in a lunge...]

JD: TAG!

[The crowd cheers as Michael Aarons tags himself into the match, slingshotting over the top rope, grabbing the off-balance Morton by the hair, leaping up to slam his face into the mat!]

JD: Faceslam out of the corner by Aarons!

[Aarons pops up to his feet, running across to catch an incoming Haynes with a kneelift, knocking him back out to the floor!]

JD: Aarons is the proverbial house of fire, spinning around...

[He barrels across the ring, grabbing a dazed Morton by the arm, shooting him into the ropes...]

JD: Aarons... flying back elbow up under the chin!

[Aarons dives across Morton, taking the mount as he grabs the big man by the hair, battering him with fists to the skull!]

JD: Michael Aarons is hammering down on Danny Morton, driving his fist between the eyes!

BW: Illegal closed fists at that!

JD: They certainly are but at this point, Michael Aarons doesn't care!

[Aarons gives a shout as he climbs to his feet, holding Morton by the hair, rushing towards the buckles where he slams him headfirst into the pad!]

JD: Headfirst to the corner!

[Morton staggers out of the corner as Aarons turns his back, leaping up on the second rope... then to the top... where he springs up, spinning to face the crowd...]

JD: Whoa!

[...and takes flight, diving off the top with a moonsault on a standing Danny Morton, tightly hooking both legs!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Morton powers out, breaking up the near fall!]

JD: How close was that, Bucky?!

BW: Too close if you're Violence Unlimited!

[Aarons shows some frustration as he gets to his feet, grabbing Morton by the arm, rifling him into the neutral corner.]

JD: Morton hits the corner... here comes Aarons!

[A leaping forearm smash connects in the corner before Aarons steps up to the second rope, giving a shout as he balls up his right hand...

...and starts flailing with rights and lefts at the head, not giving the Japanese crowd a chance to count along with it!]

JD: Aarons is all over him!

[With Aarons' back turned to the middle of the ring, Jackson Haynes slides back in, coming across towards his exposed blind side...

...when Aarons leaps off the middle rope, twisting around into a crossbody that wipes out Haynes as well!]

JD: Crossbody takes down the Hammer!

[Aarons comes back to his feet, pulling Haynes off the mat...

...which brings Morton raging out of the corner towards him, erupting from a quickly-taken three-point stance!]

JD: TACKL-

[But Aarons dives aside, causing Morton to SLAM into Haynes, sending him crashing back into the turnbuckles, collapsing down to the canvas where he rolls back to the floor...

...and Aarons slips in behind Morton, dragging him down in a schoolboy rollup!]

JD: CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Again, Morton's powerful legs provides the escape, kicking Aarons away as Tiger Takada holds up two fingers.]

JD: Another nearfall there for Air Strike as they were split seconds away from regaining the Double Crown of professional wrestling!

[Aarons claps his hands together in frustration as he climbs to his feet. Morton rises a few feet away and Aarons is immediately on him, landing fist after fist to the temple. He grabs the arm, whipping Morton into the neutral corner again...]

JD: Running leaping forearm smash to the jaw!

[He grabs the arm, whipping Morton across again, charging in after him...]

JD: Another running leaping forearm! Morton's getting his clock cleaned by Michael Aarons!

[Aarons yanks Morton from the corner by the hair, giving a war whoop as he pulls him into a front facelock...]

JD: What... Aarons looking for a suplex on Morton?!

BW: That's a 285 pound man he's trying to get up into that suplex! I'm not sure he can do it!

[Aarons grabs a handful of singlet, looking for all the leverage he can get as he attempts the suplex...]

JD: SUPL- no! He can't get Morton up for it!

[Aarons' attempt falls short as he gets Morton up for a split second off the mat before the big man comes right back down on his feet...

...and returns the favor, hoisting Aarons up into the air!]

JD: He's got Aarons up and-

BW: Too close to the ropes!

[Morton goes to fall back for a vertical suplex but stumbles back into the ropes, dropping Aarons over the top to the floor but going over the ropes

himself. Both men CRASH down to the barely-padded floor to a ROAR from the Tokyo Dome crowd!]

JD: AAAAAABUUUUUNAAAAAAAI!!! ALL THE WAY OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

[The camera shot cuts to a cameraman racing around the ring, finding both Morton and Aarons laid out on the floor. Ricky Longfellow races past the cameraman, kneeling down to check on both men, speaking to them before giving a thumbs-up to Tiger Takada.]

JD: A horrific fall to the floor for both competitors as Michael Aarons went for the suplex. Morton reversed it but he was too close to the ropes to execute the reversal and ended up suplexing Aarons over the top to the floor.

BW: Yeah, but Morton - like you said - was too close and went over the top too. Both of 'em are down. Both of 'em are hurt. And this would be an awful way to end this match but I'm not sure either of these guys can beat a ten count back into the ring.

JD: Actually, here in Japan - in Tiger Paw Pro sanctioned matches - it would be a twenty count. Tiger Takada has now started that twenty count upon seeing that both men are able to continue according to Ricky Longfellow.

BW: Some of the fans at home might be wondering what Longfellow did. Occasionally, you will see referees do that after a hard fall - just a quick check - usually a verbal check - to make sure that the competitors feel that they can continue the match. That's what Longfellow opted to do there... a good call in my book.

JD: Wow, Bucky being nice to a referee. Will wonders never cease?

[The referee's count is swiftly up to four as neither Aarons nor Morton have responded at all so far.]

JD: If both teams are counted out, of course the match will end with Violence Unlimited retaining both sets of championships and Air Strike going home empty-handed.

[Jackson Haynes shouts at his partner from the apron, yelling at him to get up and get back inside the ring.]

JD: The count is up to six now... and neither man has moved. This is a bad situation and I'm not sure either of these men will be able to answer the count on this one, Bucky.

BW: Neither am I. Aarons took the worst of the fall obviously but Morton didn't exactly get a nice gingerly fall onto a pillow either. He hit the apron on the way down which could be a good thing, depending on how he landed.

JD: Let's take another quick look at that...

[A slo-mo replay comes up on the screen, repeating the suplex over the top to the floor, showing Morton's back slamming into the apron before he slumped down to the floor.]

JD: Mmm hmm. Painful, hard fall by both competitors as Tiger Takada counts up to nine...

[As the count reaches eleven, Morton rolls to his hip, reaching up to grab at the ring apron.]

JD: Look at that... Danny Morton starting to stir at the count of eleven. Pain ravaging his face with every movement but he's still trying to get off the mat and keep fighting.

[The crowd cheers as Morton drags himself to his feet, shaking his head to try and clear the cobwebs. He reaches down, dragging a limp Aarons off the floor, rolling him under the ropes.]

JD: Morton puts Aarons back in at the count of fifteen... and he rolls back in as well.

[Morton quickly makes his way to the corner, tagging in Jackson Haynes, leaving Aarons down on the canvas. Haynes steps in, stomping wildly around the ring before dragging Aarons to his feet...

...and HURLING him over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor again! The jeers pop up again, letting Haynes have it for the cold-blooded move.]

JD: HAYNES THROWS AARONS TO THE FLOOR AGAIN! Right over the top rope again!

BW: You may not like a move like that but it's incredibly smart. Aarons just hit the floor once and it did a number on him. Why not do it again?

JD: A sportsman would never do a thing like that but no one ever accused Jackson Haynes of being a sportsman... and now he's going out after him!

[Haynes drops down to the floor, stomping Aarons a few times before dragging him up by the hair, grabbing him under the armpit...

...and HURLING him towards the barricade with so much power that Aarons actually flips over, hitting the steel railing while upside down!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ricky Longfellow marches around the ring, getting right up in the face of a smirking Jackson Haynes who lifts his hands, claiming he did nothing wrong as he rolls back under the ropes into the ring, taking a knee on the canvas as Tiger Takada starts his twenty count again.]

JD: And if I didn't know better, I'd say Jackson Haynes has decided that he's okay with taking a countout win, Bucky.

BW: A win's a win... especially when winning means you get to keep the titles. Violence Unlimited doesn't have to pin Air Strike... doesn't have to make them submit to keep the titles. A countout is as good as either of those things to them.

JD: Jackson Haynes simply watching and waiting as referee Takada's count gets up to four. Michael Aarons hit the floor hard twice and then hit the railing INCREDIBLY hard as well. He's in bad shape right now and Cody Mertz is in no condition to help him after the beating he took in the opening ten minutes or so of this contest. The timekeeper says we're about fifteen minutes into this sixty minute time limit so these two teams have all the time in the world to defeat one another and put this argument about the best team in the world to rest.

BW: I don't think they're gonna need that much more time. This may be over right here, Dane.

[The count gets to eight quickly, Aarons still prone on the floor, slumped against the steel barricade as Japanese fans reach over the steel to pat him on the shoulder and neck.]

JD: The fans at ringside are trying to get Aarons up and back into the ring but... can he do it? Can he get back in there after the abuse that VU just put him through?

[Jackson Haynes shouts at Takada, ordering him to count faster and then giving an example of the count speed he wants. Takada and Haynes trade words for a few moments, buying Aarons some time as he slowly reaches up to hook his right hand around the top of the railing before the count goes to eleven.]

JD: We're up to eleven and Michael Aarons is trying to get up to his feet on the floor! Can you believe it?

[Haynes leans over the top rope, shouting at Aarons as the count goes to thirteen...]

JD: Aarons is dragging, pulling, giving everything he's got to get to his feet!

[The count on fifteen sees Aarons up, leaning against the railing as more hands reach out to pat him on the back. He leans forward, staggering towards the ring as the count gets to sixteen... seventeen...]

JD: He's at seventeen! Aarons at the apron, trying to pull himself in!

[Haynes angrily shoves the official aside, reaching over the top rope, pulling Aarons up on the apron...]

...where Aarons hooks a three-quarter nelson, dropping down to his rear on the apron, snapping Haynes' throat down on the top rope!]

JD: OH! AARONS WITH THE COUNTER!

[Haynes staggers back, visibly coughing as Aarons drags himself back to his feet, slumping over towards the ringpost where he starts climbing the ropes.]

JD: Aarons is going up top! He's trying to get his legs under him to get to the top rope!

[It takes a few moments before Michael Aarons mounts the ropes, looking down at Haynes who is coming on strong, reaching up to stop Aarons...

...but Aarons reaches down, landing a series of strong right hands to the temple!]

JD: Aarons trying to fight his way free!

[Haynes hangs on though, ready to throw Aarons off the top rope...

...when Haynes suddenly staggers back, rubbing at his eyes in pain!]

JD: I didn't see- did Michael Aarons just rake the eyes?!

BW: He did! That no-good, dirty cheat!

JD: It'd be hard to blame him after what VU just put him through and- OFF THE TOP!

[The crowd ROARS as Aarons connects with a high cross body off the top, taking Haynes down as he hooks the legs!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Haynes kicks out with relative ease, sending Aarons scrambling off to the side, trying to get to his feet before Haynes does. Aarons gets to a knee, throwing a glance at his corner where Mertz is still down...

...and gets a clubbing forearm to the back of his head for the effort!]

JD: Oh! Haynes drills him from behind!

[Haynes drags Aarons up, using a beautiful series of hair-held punches to the skull to batter Aarons back into the neutral corner. He grabs an arm, whipping Aarons across where he slams hard into the turnbuckle.]

JD: Haynes shoots him to the corner, charging in after him!



[A ring-shaking clothesline connects, nearly taking Aarons off his feet before Haynes props him up, shaking his head as he grabs the arm, whipping him across again...]

JD: Here he comes again!

[A second running clothesline connects, lifting Aarons off the mat before his feet settle back down. Haynes grabs him by the hair, walking him to the corner where he tags in Danny Morton who steps in and then steps up onto the second rope...]

JD: Wait a second here! Morton's on the second rope!

[Haynes pulls Aarons into a front facelock, lifting him up for a suplex, and then setting him down on the shoulder of Morton who is seated on the top rope...]

JD: Morton's got Aarons in position for a powerslam up on the middle rope! He's gonna try and put Michael Aarons THROUGH this ring!

[Morton stands up, keeping Aarons in place as he gives a big thumbs down...]

JD: Morton LEAPS!

[...and DRIVES Aarons into the canvas with a second rope powerslam!]

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

[Morton stays down on Aarons as Tiger Takada leaps over them, diving to the mat to count...]

JD: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[The crowd CHEERS as Cody Mertz stumbles in, throwing himself onto Morton's back to break up the pin attempt!]

JD: MERTZ MAKES THE SAVE IN THE NICK OF TIME!

[Mertz rolls to the side, physically exhausted...

...which brings Jackson Haynes back in, shoving the official aside.]

JD: Uh oh! Air Strike's got both members of Violence Unlimited in the ring now, putting them both in opposite corners...

[Haynes is battering Mertz with forearms in one corner while Morton uses an alternative chop/punch offense to pummel Aarons in the other. The referee is shouting at both teams, trying to get the illegal competitors out of the ring...

...when Morton turns, giving a shout to Haynes who nods in response.]

JD: Uh oh! We've seen this before! We saw this at SuperClash!

[The crowd is buzzing as Morton and Haynes pull their respective challengers into powerbomb position, looking across the ring at one another before they lift, hoisting them up...]

JD: THEY'VE GOT 'EM UP!

[Haynes and Morton start rushing towards one another with the goal of sending their opponents crashing into each other in mid-air...

...which would've worked if Aarons and Mertz weren't ready for this move and used the champions' momentum against them, flipping both men through the air in raras!]

JD: REVERSED! REVERSED!

[With Haynes and Morton down on the mat, Michael Aarons pushes up off the mat, grabbing his partner by the arm and dragging him up. Aarons turns to Haynes first, waving for his partner to help...

...and they ROCKET Haynes over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor!]

JD: KARMA IS A PAIN IN THE NECK! HAYNES GOES OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR JUST LIKE HE DID TO MICHAEL AARONS!

[Turning back to Morton, Aarons and Mertz lift him up, whipping him into the ropes together...]

JD: Morton rebounds back... double dropkick takes him off his feet!

[Aarons crawls across Morton, diving into a press as Mertz stands guard, pumping his fist as the referee counts...]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Morton POWERS out in time, flinging Aarons off of him as Mertz grabs at his hair in frustration. The referee spins around, forcing Mertz to back out of the ring as Aarons pulls Morton off the mat, pulling him close to the Air Strike corner where he snaps off a reverse Russian Leg Sweep, taking Morton down before he reaches up to tag Mertz...]

JD: MERTZ UP AND OVER!

[...who launches himself into a slingshot somersault senton, sliding back into a pin attempt!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Again, Morton powers out of the pin attempt, sending Mertz sailing off of him. Mertz scampers up, kicking the ribs of Morton as the big man tries to get back to his feet. Mertz shoves him back into the corner, landing forearm after forearm to the jaw before reaching up to tag Michael Aarons.]

JD: Quick tag by the challengers...

[Aarons and Mertz work together, lifting Danny Morton up into a seated position on the top rope...]

JD: They've got Morton up top... and look out here!

[Mertz charges across the ring to the VU corner, slapping the top turnbuckle a few times to rile up the crowd as Aarons takes his position facing Mertz. Mertz barrels across the ring as Aarons crouches, lifting Mertz up, shoving him skyward as Mertz sails towards Morton, scissoring his head between the legs...

...and HURLS him off the top, sending Morton crashing down to the canvas!]

JD: AIR MERTZ! AIR MERTZ!!

[Mertz scrambles into a pin attempt...

...but Tiger Takada waves it off, pointing at Michael Aarons!]

JD: Aarons is the legal man! Aarons is-

[Before Cody Mertz can process what's going on, Jackson Haynes reaches under the bottom rope, dragging him out to the floor...

...and FLINGING him recklessly into the steel barricade, the back of Mertz' head slamming into the steel!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: MERTZ HITS THE STEEL!

BW: He's done! The back of his head hit the steel! He may be out cold!

[Haynes turns back from Mertz, grinning...

...and gets FLATTENED by Michael Aarons who leaps through the ropes, wiping out Haynes with a suicide dive!]

JD: AAAAABUUUUNAAAAAAAI! WHAT A DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY MICHAEL AARONS!

[Aarons glares down at Haynes as he gets to his feet, turning back to the ring where Danny Morton is still down on the canvas. Aarons turns to the fans, giving a nod as he points to the top turnbuckle.]

JD: Aarons is going up! He's got Danny Morton in his sights and he's looking to finish this off!

[Aarons pulls himself up on the apron, climbing to the second rope... then to the top as he raises his arms above him...]

JD: HIGH IN THE SK- MORTON!

[The crowd roars as Morton gets quickly to his feet, rushing across the ring, throwing himself into the top rope...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: AARONS GETS CROTCHED UP TOP!!

[Morton breathes heavily, leaning over the ropes for a few moments before he straightens up, grabbing Aarons by the hair, dragging him down off the top rope and over his shoulder...]

JD: Morton's calling for the Oklahoma Stampede!

[Setting up for the running powerslam, Morton gives a shout as he charges across the ring, crushing Aarons against the far turnbuckles!]

JD: INTO ONE SET OF TURNBUCKLES!

[Morton spins around, charging back towards the original turnbuckles...

...where Aarons slips off the shoulder, shoving Morton in the back, sending him facefirst into the corner!]

JD: OHH! AARONS SLIPS FREE!

[Aarons rushes forward, hooking a rear waistlock, driving Morton facefirst into the corner again, rolling back into a rolling reverse cradle!]

JD: ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

[Morton kicks off, using his powerful legs to send Aarons sailing forward, crashing facefirst into the buckles!]

JD: OHH! WHAT A KICKOUT!

[Aarons staggers backwards, seemingly out on his feet as Morton approaches from behind, snaring a rear waistlock...]

JD: WAISTLOCK!

[Morton goes to lift Aarons up off the canvas but as he does, Aarons hooks his legs around the upper thighs, blocking the suplex as he tucks his head, rolling forward, hooking the legs...]

JD: CRADLE! CRADLE! THIS IS HOW THEY WON AT SUPERCLASH!

[Takada dives to the mat.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd "ooooooooos" as Morton kicks out JUST before the three count comes down!]

JD: Did he... yes! Tiger Takada says Morton got the shoulder up! He got the shoulder up in time!

BW: That was REAL close, Dane.

JD: Just like how Michael Aarons pinned Danny Morton back at SuperClash, countering the German Suplex into that rollup - they almost got him again!

[Aarons staggers up off the mat, throwing a right hand at the rising Danny Morton but Morton ducks it, hooking the waistlock again, lifting Aarons off the mat and DUMPING him down on the back of his head and neck!]

JD: OHH! GERMAN!

[But Morton hangs on, rolling back to his feet, still holding the waistlock...]

JD: Another one?! Again?!

[Morton elevates Aarons, lifting him high and DRIVING him down on the back of his head and neck, holding the bridge as Tiger Takada dives to the canvas...]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!!

"CLANK!"

JD: He got him! Danny Morton used that German Suplex and he scored the three count on Michael Aarons right here in the middle of the Tokyo Do-

BW: Dane, look at Longfellow.

[Ricky Longfellow has rolled into the ring, waving his arms back and forth.]

JD: Tiger Takada and Ricky Longfellow, the two officials for this match are conversing-

BW: Conversing?! They're arguing!

JD: It certainly appears that way. Longfellow is... is he saying that Aarons had his shoulder up?!

BW: The referee-

JD: Which one?

BW: Takada. Takada counted to three but I think you're right, Dane. I think Ricky Longfellow is saying that Aarons got his shoulder up before the three count.

[A full-on argument is ongoing now as Megumi Sato announces Violence Unlimited as the winner. Danny Morton snatches the four title belts away from the timekeeper, exiting the ring as the argument continues.]

JD: Morton's walking out! Haynes and Morton are beating a quick retreat with all the gold but... I'm not sure this one is as clear cut as it looked, Bucky. From our point of view - which was the same as Tiger Takada's - I saw a three count but Ricky Longfellow was on the other side of the ring and he's very clearly now stating that Michael Aarons had the shoulder up.

[A weary Aarons is on his feet now, joining the conversation, gesturing to his own shoulder being up as Tiger Takada points to his eyes, miming a three count.]

JD: Fans, we're going to need to try and get an understanding of what happened here. We're going to take a quick break and when we come back, we'll run down the official decision in this one.

[Fade to black.

A black and white shot comes up on the screen, showing the Main Event of the original SuperClash, a snap shot of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez colliding. A voiceover begins.]

"It began with a clash of two of the AWA's greatest of all time."

[The shot of Vasquez and Scott turns into another shot of them battling at SuperClash II before we jump ahead to SuperClash III where we see William Craven, now unmasked from his disguise as The Minion, assaulting Alex Martinez.]

"We've seen surprises clashes..."

[And then to SuperClash IV where Joe Petrow and "Big" Jim Watkins are tearing each other apart.]

"Clashes of legends..."

[On to SuperClash V with some highlights from the tag team battle between the Blonde Bombers and SkyHerc.]

"Clashes of athleticism..."

[SuperClash VI's spotlighted footage is of Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez lighting it up in the middle of Madison Square Garden, the Mecca of sports and entertainment.]

"Championship clashes..."

[The black and white footage goes to color, speeding up drastically to show match after match after match after match, getting faster and faster until slamming to a halt, showing an aerial shot of Minute Maid Field, the site of SuperClash VII in Houston, Texas.]

"What kind of clash will we see this year?"

[The shot slowly fades to a graphic advertising the big event...

...and then we fade to a darkened area, perhaps the loading dock of the building. A large red dumpster is in front of the camera, words spraypainted in Japanese across the front. The dumpster is visibly moving as a grumbling voice can be heard from inside.]

"No... no..."

[A pair of items come sailing out of the dumpster, landing with a crash on the cement floor.]

"Nope. Not it."

[Two more items spiral through the air, smashing into bits on the floor.]

"Hmmm. Maybe."

[The cameraman takes an abrupt step back as the wild, tangled hair and sadistic eyes of "Maniac" Morgan Dane appear before the lip of the dumpster. He plants his arms on it, pushing up higher to reveal two items - an evil, twisted grin on his face...

...and what appears to be a heavy workman's glove on his left hand. He throws a glance at the glove, lifting it up.]

MD: One man's trash is another man's treasure, right?

[He gestures behind him at the dumpster.]

MD: That's why I've spent the last hour digging around down here, trying to find the necessary...

[The grin somehow becomes even more evil.]

MD: ...tools for what's to come tonight. Being alone like this, dead man, it's given me plenty of time to think. In fact, that's all I've had lately... time. The Tiger Paw Pro suits weren't pleased with me after what I did to ya back at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[He shrugs.]

MD: And the corner office in New York that holds your chain? Well, they made it clear that I had made my one and only appearance in the AWA for the foreseeable future.

I was cast out... EXILED if you will. Sent back home to stew in my own juices and... think.

Think about what you did to me last summer and about what I'm going to do to you tonight. Think about what comes next for Morgan Dane after the bell rings... and think about what kind of box they're gonna put you in around the same time.

But most of all, I had time to think about the nature of man.

[The smile changes - less evil, more amused.]

MD: Not the kind of thing you'd expect out of a man you've been told is an uncontrollable savage, right?

But I'm a thinker.

[He taps his temple with the gloved hand.]

MD: What drives men like us to do what we do, dead man? The world of pro wrestling... it draws men like us to it like a moth to a flame. You look back on the blood-soaked pages of history at names like Annis... like Ezra... like Zaire... like Temple...

They come for different reasons though.

For Annis, it was ego. "The Epitome of Evil."

[Dane snorts with derision.]

MD: For Ezra...

[He taps his arm near the crook of his elbow.]

MD: ...it was the fix. The addiction. The oh-so-good burn he'd feel when he put someone through wood and glass and fire.

[Dane visibly shudders with mock ecstasy.]

MD: Zaire?

[Dane twists his face into a scowl, shaking his head.]

MD: I've spilled blood with that son of a bitch every place on this planet that's let us and I still can't tell you what makes him tick.



[He spreads his arms wide, throwing back his head in a Jesus Christ pose.]

MD: And then there's Temple. The one that we all worship at the altar of. Evil Incarnate. The King of the Death Match. The one that makes your kids look under their bed at night.

I get them, dead man...

[He twists his finger around in an exaggerated fashion, stabbing it at the camera.]

MD: But what about you? What makes you the monster you are? The monster you've tried so hard to push away into the closet where it can't hurt anyone.

Is it the fame? The money? The glory?

[Dane twists his face into a curious gaze, planting his chin on his palms on top of the dumpster lid.]

MD: You're different than the rest. You hunger for the cheers of the weak and pathetic. You thirst for acceptance by the masses. You burn for the chance to stand above the rest, gold clutched in your sweaty fingers. You live your every waking day for over a year dreaming of facing the son of Martinez in the ring... to prove something to him... to them... to yourself.

[The Maniac tilts his head as he continues to look at the camera.]

MD: But then you come here. You come to MY house. You come for MY match.

One night to throw away all you've worked for... the sacrifice of your pristine image for the people... one moment where your thrust out of the shadows and into the light of day for everyone to look upon.

Scarred. Disturbed. Twisted like the rest of us.

There is a monster within you, dead man... but to let him out of the shadows risks everything you've worked to build.

[He clicks his tongue thoughtfully for moments.]

MD: There's a piece of me that respects that. A piece of me who says, "That's a man I could shake hands with... have a beer with... break some skulls with."

A piece of me who says, "This man causes chaos wherever he walks... and I like that."

See, I like the idea of you as World Champion, dead man. I adore the idea of you causing nothing but nightmares for Michaelson and my sister and the rest of them.

I like the idea because that's what drives me.

Chaos.

[The evil smile is back.]

MD: I love the anarchy. I love that moment where it feels like anything can happen.

[He holds up his arm, showing it to the camera.]

MD: See those? The chill bumps running down my arm... up my spine. The moment is upon us, dead man. The moment that we've been destined for since last summer.

So, that piece of me who respects you?

[He turns, spitting.]

MD: I cut that piece of crap out with a straight razor and burned it in my fireplace. Because there's no room for that tonight. No room for respect. No room for a soft spot for what nightmares you might cause someday. No room for thinking that maybe... just maybe... I shouldn't put you in a hole in the ground because you on two feet raising hell for those who despise me is a reward that I deserve.

[Dane dips down, loud clatter of metal on metal for a few moments before he rises up, holding a badly dented chair.]

MD: No room for anything but vengeance for what you did to me last year in Los Angeles when you wrapped this chair around in my skull and put me in a hospital bed.

No room for anything but blood... and brutality... and violence... the likes of which caused your beloved network to cringe, cry, and weep their way into the night praying we finish each other off in the middle of the Land of the Rising Sun.

[He slowly pushes his right hand into the air, raising the mangled chair higher and higher.]

MD: We're going to battle into the night, dead man... into the darkest blackness of night... and when the sun rises, only one of us will be left. Only one of us will still be standing.

For once... I can't tell you it'll be me. Maybe this is my last stand. Maybe you've got ten more of these waiting for me. Maybe you've got tables and glass and barbed wire and landmines and straight razors and fire and...

[Dane's getting more animated with every word, tearing at his own hair before he falls silent, breaking into a soft chuckle.]

MD: No room, dead man. No room for anything but your lifeless corpse being dropped in that hole I spent 267 days digging.

Chaos. You gotta love it.

[He lowers back out of view, sinking back into the dumpster where the only things we hear are the sounds of metal being tossed around... and that laugh... my god, that laugh.]

Fade to black.

We open zoomed in to the back of a black hooded sweatshirt. A graphic of a green-skinned demon with jagged yellow teeth twisted into a grin is displayed on it, with a yellow banner reading "SLAUGHTER THE INNOCENTS" beneath it. The view pulls back, as the man wearing the sweatshirt turns around.]

HC: Yeh know, a lot of people keep asking...

[Hannibal Carver stops to take a long drag from the cigar clenched between his teeth. He exhales, taking the cigar out of his mouth and holding it between his index and middle finger before continuing.]

HC: ... asking about what I did to yer precious White Knight. Why did I lay him out like he was week old garbage after agreeing to be his partner?

[Carver nods.]

HC: Well yeh see, it's real simple. I laid him out like he was trash...

[Carver scowls.]

HC: ... because he IS trash. The song and dance he puts on of being this great guy, it makes me sick. He's lucky I even made it out to the ring because by all rights I should've been stuck in the back throwing up all night long just at the thought of standing by his side. I'll say it now, I'll say it to his face... and I'll leave him blacked out over and over until he gets the lesson he so richly deserved hammered into his head.

[Carver takes another drag off his cigar, as he pulls the hood off of his head.]

HC: Speaking of making me sick, that brings me to tonight. Because as much as that boy scout getting in the way of me doing what was right, yeh know what really makes me sick?

[Carver rubs the back of his head.]

HC: Every pansy in the back and what they've got to say about Morgan Dane. Not just since yeh tried to cave my skull in with a shovel either. Talking about yeh like yer the grim reaper himself, even after I sent yeh to a long stay in the emergency room courtesy of a homerun swing to yer ugly mug. But most of all, how much they messed themselves when they saw yeh were gonna be on that fat slob's team with all of our jobs on the line.

[Carver nods, taking another long drag from his cigar.]

HC: Then I heard what yeh had to say after yeh tried to take me out. Not just the words, but the unspoken message there. That yeh believe it as much as they do. That yer the stuff of nightmares. Well see, that's where yer confused.

[Carver crushes the lit end of his cigar against the wall behind him, extinguishing it.]

HC: Because that man yer thinking of, that man yeh think yeh are?

[Carver nods.]

HC: IS ME.

[Carver begins pacing back and forth.]

HC: I'm the one that did terrible things that the people that witnessed them... they'll never be able to scrub their minds clean. I'm the one that ended men's careers... not because I needed to, not because it was do or die time...

[A grin creeps across Carver's face, as he nods while baring his teeth.]

HC: ... but because I WANTED to. I wanted to see the terror in their eyes, I wanted to see their loved ones beg me for their lives...

[Carver wraps his left hand around his throat.]

HC: ... and as I crushed their windpipe, I relished them hearing me tell them all one simple word.

[Carver nods.]

HC: No.

[Carver leans down, picking up a six pack of beer. He pops the top off one of the cans, drinking it without removing it from the others.]

HC: But I'd changed. I shoved all that down and away. But time after time, whether it was some daddy's boy or some blonde-haired wimp, they kept goading me. Begging me.

[Carver finishes off his beer, popping the top off the can next to it and taking a big swig.]

HC: To let it out. To roll the big boulder from the mouth of the cave and let that bloodthirsty animal out. They thought it was a weakness. And in their world, maybe it is. I ain't gonna go five minutes without getting disqualified with that carnivore running around inside my skull and in the driver's seat.

But, that's the thing.

[Carver grins.]

HC: We ain't in their world anymore. We're in MINE. It's the bad old days, where I EARNED THE RIGHT to be called the most hated man in the world. When every little kid woke up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, screaming my name in horror.

[Carver nods.]

HC: AND I LOVE IT.

[Carver finishes off the can, and then opens the tops to the remaining four. He hoists them high, rearing his head back as he pours all four down his throat. A few moments later he tosses them to the ground, wiping the beer from his chin with his equally drenched sweatshirt with a belch.]

HC: THAT'S where we are, Dane. It's nightmare city, and I've held the key to it back when yer family could still even stand the sight of yeh. Because tonight, it all changes. Never again will these wimps shake with fright at the mere mention of yer name. Tonight I draw the curtain on the Hannibal Carver Tribute Band the world knows as Morgan Dane. After tonight, they'll only shake their heads sadly in the memory of this awful night. In memory of what I did to yeh. Because in this sport of liars and two-faces boy scouts, let me be the one ray of truth.

[Carver points an index finger directly at the camera.]

HC: If there's any actual justice in this world, that final bell will ring and they will have no choice but to cart me away to prison for the rest of my natural life after the hell I'm gonna rain down on yer head. The one member of yer family that's present to witness yeh get tossed off this mortal coil... and Jason's only here because it's his damn job... maybe he'll even shed a tear.

[Carver drops his hand, putting it in his right pants pocket. He pulls out a playing card, which he stares at intently.]

HC: Because there ain't no rules and there ain't no mercy. Because tonight we're in MY house, MY world...

[Carver flips the card around to reveal the Ace of Spades to the camera.]

HC: ... and the house always wins.

[The camera zooms in on the playing card before finally fading out...

...on a pretty hectic scene backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing in the midst of a group consisting of Todd Michaelson, Ricky Longfellow, Tiger Takada, and a pair of un-named Japanese officials in suits. There's a lot of voices ringing out - in English and Japanese - some calm, some angry. Mark Stegglet tries to intervene.]

MS: Gentlemen...

[No one seems to notice Mr. Stegglet.]

MS: Gentlemen, please...

[Still nothing.]

MS: HEY!

[The voices cut out, all eyes turning towards Stegglet who looks slightly embarrassed before speaking.]

MS: What in the world is going on back here? I'm assuming this is a discussion over the controversial way the Double Crown Tag Title match ended.

[Michaelson nods.]

TM: That's right. This was supposed to be the match to finally settle this issue between Air Strike and Violence Unlimited and-

[Tiger Takada speaks loudly in Japanese, pointing at Michaelson.]

TM: Yeah, well... that's not how Aarons and Mertz are going to see it. Mark, it's pretty straight-forward here. Tiger Takada was appointed the in-ring official and he saw one of Michael Aarons' shoulders down for a three count.

MS: And Ricky Longfellow?

[The US official speaks up.]

RL: I saw Aarons' shoulder come off the mat as clear as day!

[Takada and Longfellow bicker again until Michaelson gets everyone to quiet down.]

TM: So, what we have is conflicting rulings by the two legal officials for this match. Tiger Takada called a victory for Violence Unlimited. Ricky Longfellow says the shoulder was up and the match should have continued. The way I see it, this can only have one conclusion.

There MUST be another match between Air Strike and Violenc-

[Michaelson is cut off by one of the Japanese officials shouting in their home language at Michaelson who looks puzzled. Michaelson responds in Japanese, an obvious questioning tone to his voice.]

MS: Care to clue us in, Mr. Michaelson?

[An annoyed Todd Michaelson has a few more words with the Japanese officials before turning back to the camera.]

TM: Tiger Paw Pro believes that since Violence Unlimited were - in their opinions - the "clear winners" of the match as ruled by a Tiger Paw Pro official...

[He shakes his head in disbelief.]

TM: They believe that no rematch should take place.

[Stegglet looks shocked.]

MS: What?! But how is that fair? We've got video evidence of-

[Michaelson raises a hand.]

TM: Obviously, this discussion is NOT over...

[He turns to glare at the three Japanese men next to him.]

TM: ...but this interview is. Excuse me.

[Michaelson storms out of view, grumbling under his breath as he walks off-camera, leaving Mark Stegglet slack-jawed behind him as we fade back out to the Tokyo Dome crowd.]

JD: A chaotic scene back in the locker room as it appears the tag team title situation is very much in the air right now. But what's not up in the air is that we're about to see the one match on this show that our friends at Fox Sports X did NOT want airing on their network.

BW: Can you blame them? "Maniac" Morgan Dane is a man who has family connections to this business and STILL couldn't get a job in the States. He's a loose cannon, a live wire, and flat out crazy. And then on the other side, you've got Hannibal Carver who we've all known is nuts... but he's done a damn good job of hiding it for a long time.

JD: Carver says that when he signed a deal with the AWA, they told him his past needed to stay there. No can openers. No so-called garbage wrestling. Tonight, all that is out the window.

BW: And the AWA might like to feel better about this match by putting the blame on Tiger Paw Pro but the AWA can't deny it's got hardcore in its veins, Dane. The AWA was built on the backs of men and women who came from

the EMWC - the land of Extreme. This is a place that's employed sadistic lunatics like Ebola Zaire, like Caleb Temple, like William Craven, and so many more. We've seen barbed wire matches, scaffold matches, Unsanctioned matches... you name it. It's the AWA's dark secret, Dane... red equals green and the office knows it.

JD: You raise some good points, Bucky, but I think we can safely assume you will never see a match quite like this one on standard AWA television. At this point, I must strongly urge parental discretion. If you've got kids, this might be a good time to turn to alternate programming until this one is over.

BW: If you've got a weak stomach, it might be the same time.

JD: Fans, this one is going to be something else. Let's go down to Megumi Sato for the introductions.

[Cut to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

SUBTITLES: The next match... DEAAAAAATH MAAAAAAATCH!

[Big cheer!]

SUBTITLES: Introducing first...

[The video wall comes to life with static, the loud accompanying distortion getting everyone in attendance's attention immediately. After a few seconds, it stabilizes into a view of a graveyard. We zoom in on an unnamed tombstone, the ground underneath it surging... and finally exploding with accompanying pyro below. Instead of dirt, however, a near endless amount of beer cans are uprooted in the video, with a single heavily taped hand bursting out of the grave.

A hand gripping a can opener.]

JD: Oh boy...

[The screen goes black with an audible thud. Bass guitar with a thick layer of chorus begins playing melodically, almost in a tribal rhythm signaling the start of "Finger Paintings of the Insane" by Acid Bath. Just then, the curtains part as a pair of men dressed in hospital orderly uniforms walk out, pushing shopping carts. One cart is filled with spools of barbed wire, the other is filled with fluorescent light tubes.]

#TURNING THE KNIFE BURIED IN YOUR STOMACH#  
#GLISTENING AND NOW THE SUNSET'S COMING#  
"FINGER PAINTINGS OF THE INSANE#

[Another pair of orderlies come out, and then another. Panes of glass, a fishtank empty of water but containing what appear to be scorpions, miscellaneous sporting gear such as golf clubs and hockey sticks contained in each.]



BW: Look at all this, Dane! This is nuts!

JD: Funny you should mention that...

[The curtains part once more, and two men in police officer uniforms walk out carrying an aluminum trash can each. Upon closer inspection each can is filled with empty (we assume) beer bottles. The two men flank a third, pushing a large hospital gurney like a pushcart so that all in attendance can clearly see who is strapped to it.]

BW: I always said he was a maniac, and now he finally looks the part!

[A man is tied to the gurney with leather restraints. Beyond that he is wrapped in a straightjacket. Despite the fact that much of his face is obscured by a Hannibal Lecter-style mask, the intense look of rage in those eyes make his identity no mystery.]

JD: Straight from the maximum security wing, HANNIBAL CARVER IS HERE IN TOKYO!

[The two "policemen" make their way down to the ring, joining the "orderlies" with their plunder. Carver is wheeled halfway down the elevated ramp when he comes to a halt. His restraints are unhooked and his straightjacket is loosened and removed, eliciting a huge reaction of shock and bloodthirst from the capacity crowd.]

BW: What?!

JD: [laughs] Now THAT takes me back.

[Carver looks down at his fists and forearms, looking them up and down. More precisely, looking at the shards of broken glass that have been glued to the tape covering his fists and forearms... in the style of a Taipei Death Match. He steps off the gurney finally, his straightjacket falling off his torso to reveal a torn and cigarette burn-filled white t-shirt with "BLOOD... SWEAT... AND CHAIRS!!" across the chest in a red and scratchy font. He is also wearing rugged black jeans and a pair of steel-toed black combat boots. He reached into his left pants pocket, taking out the very can opener we saw depicted in the video wall earlier to a HUGE reaction.]

JD: DA CAN OPE--

BW: Don't you dare.

#SLICE THE THROATS OF AUTHORITY#

[Carver tilts his head back, cutting across his throat just under the jawline of his mask with the can opener along with the preceding lyric and stomps towards the ring. He walks around the ring, nodding with approval at the shopping carts and trash cans filled with miscellaneous debris before finally

entering the ring. He climbs up to the second rope, tearing his mask off and raising his arms in a crucifix pose.]

#I AM THE MESSIAH#  
#I AM THE MESSIAH#  
#I AM THE MESSIAH#

[Carver hops down, pacing about the ring as the music fades.]

SUBTITLES: HIS OPPONENT...

[The Tokyo Dome lights fall to black, causing a ripple of enthusiasm to wash over the crowd for a few moments before a bright white light blasts upon the entryway where a large black tarp is hanging...

...until it drops away, revealing a giant mound of dirt. At the top of the mound, a grave has been dug - complete with a tombstone at the top that has the word "Dead Man" etched into it with what appears to be handmade tools judging by the rough artistic work.

From the darkness steps a tall African-American with a glittering red and black guitar hanging over his neck. He steps over the grave, a foot on each side as he rips into the opening of Pantera's "Cemetery Gates."]

JD: Both these men with a flair for the dramatic here tonight in Tokyo.

[As the unknown guitarist gets into the groove, a metal slab with a sheet covering a body begins to rise from the grave. Just before the song kicks in to a faster tempo, the slab comes to a stop. The guitarist steps away, still playing the same riff over and over as the body on the slab sits up...

...and tears away the sheet to reveal "Maniac" Morgan Dane sitting on it, staring towards the ring. Dane has rubbed a mixture of dirt and red paint on his face, leaving "bloody streaks" across his cheeks. He climbs off the slab, still staring at Hannibal Carver as he reaches out and YANKS a broken shovel out of the mound of dirt, lifting it to point down the aisle at a waiting Carver who waves him forward. On cue, the music kicks in as the guitar-wielding man suddenly is holding a guitar that spews fire from the head. The crowd "ooooohs" as he waves it back and forth, still playing as flames light up the entryway area and Morgan Dane begins making his way down the elevated ramp towards the ring.]

JD: Morgan Dane heading for the ring... and while all that was going on, someone wheeled that red dumpster we saw earlier in Dane's interview out here to ringside.

BW: Like we really need any more weapons for these two lunatics.

[Dressed in black pants and a red t-shirt that reads, "DEAD MAN DYING" in script, Dane drags the broken shovel behind him, allowing the metal to scrape the wooden walkway as he keeps his eyes locked on Carver who is

leaning over, hands on his thighs, desperate to start this battle as the man who assaulted him two months ago approaches...]

JD: If you're new to the AWA, let's run down the history between these two very quickly, Bucky.

BW: It all started last summer when the Wise Men brought in Morgan Dane to be part of their team at Battle of Los Angeles with the future of the AWA on the line. Hannibal Carver eliminated Dane from that match - and put him in a hospital bed - with a savage shot from a steel chair across the skull.

JD: Morgan Dane did not appear in the AWA after that until Memorial Day Mayhem when Johnny Detson needed his help the most - inside that steel cage. Dane returned and returned the favor on Carver, costing him the match. As a result, Carver issued the challenge for this one... for the ultimate battlefield for two men like this... the Death Match.

BW: We saw a Death Match at Rising Sun Showdown last year between Juan Vasquez and Demon Boy Ishrinku but... well, there was no personal issue between those two. With these two? I'm not sure either one of 'em will walk out of Tokyo tonight, Dane.

JD: You could be right. Hannibal Carver is the de facto Number One Contender to either Johnny Detson or Ryan Martinez after tonight's World Title match. If he loses this match - or even if he wins but suffers an injury - he could lose a future opportunity at that championship. That's how badly he wants to get his hands on Morgan Dane here tonight. He's willing to risk everything.

BW: He's going to have to, Dane. He's going to have risk anything, do anything, be anything, and use anything if he wants to put down the Maniac. There's a reason this guy's been exiled out of the United States for so many years and by so many companies. He's dangerous. He's reckless. And he doesn't give a damn about collateral damage.

[Dane stands just beyond the ropes, trembling with rage as Megumi Sato bails from the ring. Carver mirrors Dane inside the ring, staring down the man who is perhaps the most dangerous competitor he's ever faced...]

"CLANK!"

[...and the two men surge towards each other like rabid dogs who've just been let off their leash!]

JD: HERE WE GO!

[Dane doesn't even clear the ropes before Carver strikes, swinging a knee up into the midsection, catching him coming in. He grabs Dane by his mess of tangled hair, dragging him through the ropes and leaning him up against them.]

JD: Carver puts him on the ropes - remember, those hands are covered in broken glass!

[He winds up a right hand, throwing it at Dane who ducks down, tossing Carver over the ropes and down onto the wooden platform in a backdrop!]

JD: Dane sends him over the top, dropping him down on the elevated entryway!

[The Maniac swings around, stepping back through the ropes onto the apron. He backs down the length of the apron, hopping up onto the middle rope. The crowd buzzes as Dane lifts his right arm into the air, signaling his intention...

...and leaps off the second rope, burying the point of his elbow into the heart of Hannibal Carver!]

JD: Ohh! Flying elbow off the second rope, right into the heart of the Boston Brawler! These two men are wasting no time in this Death Match!

BW: There ain't no time limit in this match, Dane, but it doesn't seem likely to matter 'cause these two are gonna rip one another into pieces and they're gonna do it without wasting a second.

[Dane climbs back to his feet, a twisted smile on his face as he looks down at the stunned Carver. He stomps him between the eyes once... twice... three times before he walks down the ramp, arms spread as he soaks up the reaction of the crowd.]

JD: Some might be surprised to hear the cheers for Morgan Dane here in the Tokyo Dome but Dane's made Japan his home for years, Bucky.

BW: So, you're saying he's a hometown hero of sorts?

JD: Of sorts, yes.

[Dane turns back towards Carver who has managed to get to his knee. The Maniac blasts Carver in the sternum with a straight kick, sending him sprawling back down onto the ramp.]

JD: Carver tried to get back up but Dane put him right back down.

[Morgan Dane walks to the edge of the ramp, looking down at the arsenal of weaponry that's been brought to the ring by his and Carver's instructions. He slowly strides down the steps to the floor, lifting the ring apron as he looks under...

...and picks up a steel chair, holding it over his head with one hand.]

JD: And like you said, Bucky, it doesn't seem likely this one will go long. They're going to the weaponry early!

[Dane climbs the steps, tapping the chair down on the wooden ramp a few times before pulling it back over his head, walking towards the now-kneeling Carver...]

BW: He might just cave his skull in and end it right now, Dane!

JD: It wouldn't surprise me! This match could end at any given moment!

[Dane stands over Carver, rearing back with the chair...

...and the Boston Brawler swings his glass-covered fist right up into the red t-shirt covered midsection of Morgan Dane, doubling him up!]

JD: Carver goes downstairs and blocks the swing of that steel chair... now getting back to his feet...

[Carver buries a hard kick into the head of Dane, sending him staggering backwards towards the ring, dropping the steel chair on the ramp where Carver retrieves it...]

JD: And now Carver's got the chair which can't be good news for the Maniac!

[The Boston Brawler stalks towards Dane, swinging the chair back over his head...

...but this time, it's Dane who catches him with a boot to the gut coming in, doubling him up and sending the chair clattering down on the ramp.]

JD: These guys are trying to break out the heavy artillery early but so far, they've both been able to counter one another.

[Dane grabs the back of Carver's pants, twisting around...

...and HURLS him off the ramp, sending him flying down to crash down on the floor in a heap!]

JD: OHHH!

[The referee slides out to the floor, diving to check on Hannibal Carver as Dane steps to the edge of the ramp, spreading his arms wide, looking down at Carver in a heap on the barely-padded concrete.]

JD: And just like that, the Maniac may have completely changed the complexion of this contest! Just like that, mere moments into this match, Morgan Dane has shown no caution... no care for his fellow human being as he throws him off that elevated ramp to the concrete floor below!

[A smirking Dane steps down the wooden staircase, heading towards Carver where the official is kneeling next to him.]

JD: Hannibal Carver is motionless down on the floor and-

BW: And that's exactly how Morgan Dane wants him. This isn't a match about wins and losses for Dane. This is a match where the result will be weighed in blood loss and carnage.

[Dane makes a move towards the official, sending him sprinting away before the Maniac hauls Carver off the ringside mats...

...and SMASHES his head into the ring apron!]

JD: Ohh! Facefirst off the apron!

[Carver leans against the apron, breathing hard as Dane grabs him by the arm, turning to face the railing.]

JD: Irish whip to the steel coming up...

[But Dane abruptly turns, whipping Carver not towards the steel... but towards the sea of photographers at ringside. Some of them manage to get away, avoiding the collision but others get mowed right over, knocked down to the floor.]

JD: OHH! BODIES EVERYWHERE OUT HERE AT RINGSIDE!

BW: Dane did that intentionally too... Dane. Your big brother just pretended like he was going to whip Carver into the steel only to wipe out all the press at ringside.

JD: You said it yourself, Bucky. Morgan Dane has no care for collateral damage.

[With Carver down on his knees on the floor, Dane steps up behind him, hooking his fingers into the nostrils and mouth and pulling apart!]

BW: Your big bro ever do that to you when you were a kid, Dane?

JD: I'd prefer not to recall the kinds of things he did to me or anyone else, Bucky.

[Dane has a maniacal grin on his face as he rips and tears at the face of Carver, causing the Boston Brawler to cry out in pain. The Maniac turns Carver towards the cameramen, watching as the flashbulbs pop.]

JD: That'll be on the front page of some newspapers here in Japan tomorrow morning.

[Dane finally lets go, shoving Carver facefirst down on the floor as he stands over him, posing for a few more photos.]

JD: Morgan Dane loves the infamy that is attached to his name - make no mistake about that. He loves the fans, the press, the suits - everyone thinking he's a monster of a man. And he is. No doubt about that either.

BW: Does it hurt you to have to sit here and call your own flesh and blood a monster?

JD: I've made a reputation in this sport for calling it like I see it. Morgan Dane is not a nice man. Every member of my family will attest to that.

[Grabbing Carver by the arm, Dane drags him across the ringside area.]

JD: Where is he... oh no!

[The crowd begins to buzz, rising to their feet as they realize that Dane is heading straight towards the fish tank full of scorpions - wriggling and crawling over one another.]

JD: This is depraved, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Carver brought those out here! I'd say he's about to reap what he sowed, daddy!

[Dane pulls Carver to his knees, facing the open tank, and shoves his face forward, attempting to drive his face into the tank of venomous spiders.]

JD: AHHH!

[The crowd ROARS as Carver reaches out, planting his hands on either side of the tank, desperately trying to prevent his flesh from being exposed to the scorpions!]

JD: Carver's fighting it!

[Carver's face is filled with terror as he struggles against Dane's pressure.]

JD: Hannibal Carver is mere inches away from having his face shoved into a nest of poisonous crawling creatures but he's fighting with all he's got, trying to stay out of that tank and-

[An irate Dane yanks Carver off his knees, wheeling around...

...and HURLS him headfirst into the steel dumpster!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[Carver's head SLAMS into the steel, leaving a section of dented metal behind as he slumps to his knees. Dane turns back to the tank of scorpions, giving it a kick in the side, causing the spiders to get even more stirred up before he turns back to Carver...]

JD: He's gonna kick his head into the steel!

[Dane rushes forward, ready to drive Carver's head into the steel again...

...but Carver is ready for him, throwing himself into a makeshift drop  
toehold, tripping up Dane and sending him facefirst into the steel as well!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

JD: COUNTER BY CARVER!!

[Both men lie on the floor for a few moments, breathing heavily as the  
referee stands inside the ring, looking down at them.]

JD: No twenty count here. The only way to win this is by pinfall or  
submission so a countout? A DQ? That’s not going to happen in this one.

BW: Carver’s down. Dane’s down. And we’re barely five minutes into this  
thing, Dane.

JD: Like we’ve said, this one’s not likely to go too long due to the amount of  
punishment they’re going to put one another through.

[Carver is the first one off the floor, rising slowly to his feet before dragging  
a dazed Dane up, rolling him under the ropes into the ring. Carver slaps the  
canvas a few times, rallying the crowd before he rolls himself back in.]

JD: Look at Morgan Dane, crawling away from his opponent! I’m not sure  
I’ve ever seen that before!

BW: But with someone like Dane, you just can’t tell why he’s doing it. Is it  
legit or is it him playing mind games and luring Carver into a trap of some  
sort?

[With Dane crawling to the corner and dragging himself to his feet, Carver  
takes up a boxing stance, shadowboxing with broken glass on his hands,  
inching closer and closer to the corner as the crowd buzzes with  
anticipation...]

JD: Carver’s coming at him with the broken glass on his hands and  
forearms! He hasn’t had a chance to really use that weapon yet but this  
might be his opportunity!

[Dane sees him coming, lifting his arms up in front of him in a defensive  
posture as Carver continues to advance...

...and lashes out with a left hand to the ribs of the Maniac!]

JD: Oh!

[Dane cringes, grabbing at his t-shirt covered ribcage as Carver lashes out  
again, burying the glass-covered right hand into the other side of the body!]

JD: Two right hands to the ribs!



[The second one tears the fabric of the shirt, revealing Dane's ghostly white flesh underneath, nicked by the glass to reveal a crimson line.]

JD: The glass rips the shirt away!

[Carver backs off, giving himself room to charge, jumping up to land a glass-covered forearm to the side of the head!]

JD: OHHHHHHH!

[Dane collapses back against the buckles, red immediately starting to form on the side of his head as Carver grabs the mess of tangled hair with his left hand, holding Dane in place...]

JD: FOREARM! FOREARM! FOREARM!

[The barrage of glass-covered forearms drives the Tokyo Dome crowd to their feet as Carver unleashes hell on the side of Morgan Dane's head, each blow causing more and more blood to ooze from the flesh!]

JD: CARVER'S ALL OVER HIM!

[Dane hooks his arms over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet, leaving his head exposed as Carver tears off a half dozen more blows, leaving the left side of Morgan Dane's face a bloody mess as he steps back...

...and RIPS the front of Dane's shirt away, completely exposing his pudgy white torso before uncorking a knife edge backhand chop across the chest, ripping the skin on the pectorals!]

JD: Good lord almighty!

[Dane crumples to his knees, covering his chest where blood has started to trickle down his torso as well. Carver backs off, giving a huge shout to the Japanese crowd, many of whom echo it in response!]

JD: Hannibal Carver has snapped and he's turned Morgan Dane into a bloody mess in the middle of the Tokyo Dome!

BW: He ain't done yet either, Dane!

[Carver storms back into the corner, lifting Dane up and hooking his arms over the top rope before Carver steps up on the midbuckle, raising a glass-covered fist into the air...]

JD: Punches in the corner!

[One blow lands on the forehead of Dane... a second one follows... and a third slashes across the eyebrow of the Maniac before Dane drops down, slipping out between the legs...

...and SLAMS his arm up into the groin of Carver!]

JD: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY THE MANIAC!

[Dane follows up by delivering a hard shove to the back of the off-balance Carver, sending him flipping over the top rope where he CRASHES down in a heap on the barely-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: Just when it looked like Hannibal Carver had this match - and Morgan Dane - right where he wanted them, Dane manages to turn everything around in violent fashion! As we're closing in on the ten minute mark of this Death Match, Bucky, I have to wonder how much these men's bodies can absorb and keep going.

BW: You've seen Carver and Dane go to hell and back against other competitors, Dane. You really feel the need to ask that?

JD: So much blood and carnage and we're less than ten minutes into this battle. It's... quite frankly, it's hard to watch and makes me understand why this particular style is not the norm in the States anymore.

BW: The days of the land of Extreme have come and gone, Dane, but as long as there are bloodthirsty sons of bitches on this planet, there will always be a taste for this kind of action.

[Dane drops to his back, blinking his eyes clear of the crimson flowing into them as he rolls out to the floor..]

...and lifts up a steel chair, folding it up quickly as Hannibal Carver rolls to his hands and knees, trying to get off the floor.]

JD: Dane's got a-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

[The blow knocks Carver flat on his face on the floor, a savage Morgan Dane standing over him, steel chair gripped in his white-knuckled fingers...]

JD: That had to take a lot out of Hannibal Carver, Bucky.

BW: Of course it did... but dollars to doughnuts say it wasn't enough to keep him down... not yet!

[Dane stands over him, shouting “UP!” at his prone opponent as Carver slowly pushes back to all fours...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY! A second absolutely VILE chairshot across the back of Hannibal Carver!

[Dane leans over, looking down at Carver, saying something off-mic.]

JD: What in the world could this savage possibly be saying to Hannibal Carver right now?!

BW: "Stay down, you beer-swilling pig."

JD: That sounds scarily accurate in fact.

[But Hannibal Carver will, in fact, NOT stay down. He slips his arms under him, struggling to do even that. He plants his palms on the barely-padded floor and begins pushing, slowly but surely, forcing his way off the floor...]

JD: CARVER'S GETT-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: AHHH!

[The third chairshot leaves Carver motionless on the floor as Dane angrily flings the chair over his head, twirling through the sky and bouncing off the canvas of the ring, just barely missing the referee.]

JD: Look out! The madman is on the loose!

[Dane drags the prone Carver off the ringside mats...

...and yanks him into a front facelock, slinging Carver's limp arm over the back of his neck.]

JD: Suplex on the floor?!

BW: He's trying to break Carver's back like a twig!

JD: If he hits this, he just might do it!

[Dane abruptly shifts his feet, lifting Carver up...

...and DUMPING him down across the timekeeper's table with a sloppy vertical suplex, twisting at the last moment to throw him down like a body slam!]

JD: Ohh! A modified suplex, more of a slam really, right down on the timekeeper's table... and you can see the timekeeper and Megumi Sato running for cover as Morgan Dane drags himself up onto the ring apron.

BW: I can't believe that table didn't break.

JD: In my experience here in the Land of the Rising Sun, ringside tables seem to be reinforced somehow because they rarely break no matter the impact.

BW: Looks like Morgan Dane's trying to change that!

[On the apron, Dane buries a few stomps into the chest of Carver, keeping him in place before he walks towards the corner, climbing up onto the second rope, raising his left arm in the air...]

JD: We saw this earlier! Dane's setting him up for that-

[...and LEAPS off, twisting his body and cocking the arm back...]

JD: ELLLLBOOOOOOOOW!

[The bulky Dane plummets downwards, smashing his left elbow down into the chest of Hannibal Carver...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: THROUGH THE TABLE! THROUGH THE TABLE!

[The Tokyo Dome crowd is on their feet, roaring for the wild action in front of them as Dane and Carver lie motionless amidst a pile of splintered wood!]

JD: Morgan Dane put Hannibal Carver THROUGH that table out here at ringside! The timekeeper's table has been turned into a wreck and so have the bodies of both of these men! They're both down after that!

BW: We talked earlier about both men being willing to hurt themselves in order to hurt their opponents and that might've been the perfect example of that, Dane. Morgan Dane put his body on the line, diving off the middle rope with that elbowdrop which ends up leaving them both laying!

[The referee is out on the floor, checking on both competitors as the crowd continues to buzz over what they just saw.]

JD: The official is making sure both men can continue after that... and can you believe this?!

[Using the referee for support, Morgan Dane drags himself out of the wreckage and up to his feet. He collapses against the apron, breathing heavily as many fans in the Tokyo Dome cheer him on for his fighting spirit.]

JD: Dane's up! Morgan Dane is up!

[A weary Maniac pulls Carver off the floor, rolling him back into the ring before he rolls himself back in. He starts to crawl over Carver, the referee diving into position...]

JD: This might be our first pin attempt of the match!

[...but Dane pulls up, resting on his knees, wagging a finger of admonishment at the referee as blood pours out of his facial wounds.]

JD: He's not going for the win! Morgan Dane is defiantly refusing to cover Hannibal Carver!

BW: I know he wants to end Carver. He wants to put him out of wrestling once and for all... but this might be a mistake, Dane.

JD: I would speculate that it IS a mistake, Bucky! Morgan Dane may be misjudging his man here.

[Dane rises to his feet, balling up his fist... and then drops down to his knees, slamming his knuckles into the forehead of Carver. He stays on his knees, rifling punch after punch into the skull of his downed opponent!]

JD: Dane's decided that punishing his opponent is more important than attempting to win this match at this stage of the contest and that's exactly what he's doing, hammering away at Carver on the canvas.

[Dragging Carver to his feet, Dane throws his limp form into the corner, slowly moving in after him...]

JD: Dane moving in on Carver, grabbing him by the arm for a whi- NO!

[The crowd howls as Dane grabs Carver's wrist, looking like he's going to go for an Irish whip...

...but instead presses Carver's own glass-covered hand into the forehead of the Boston Brawler, digging the sharp glass into the flesh!]

JD: AHHHHHHHHH!

[The scream of Jason Dane gets worse as Dane rakes the broken glass back and forth, shredding the forehead of the Boston Brawler!]

BW: Morgan Dane's using Carver's own weaponry against him!

[The blood starts to stream down the face of Hannibal Carver as Dane switches to a two-handed choke, openly and blatantly strangling the air out of Carver, forcing him down into a seated position on the canvas!]

JD: Dane's choking the life out of Carver and the referee can't do a damn thing to stop it!

[With Carver down on the mat, Dane spins away, retrieving the steel chair he threw into the ring earlier, placing it up against Carver's face in the corner. He stomps away to the far corner, tearing at his own mess of hair before charging back in...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and DRIVES his knee into the chair, smashing the steel into Carver’s face!]

JD: My... my word, this match has taken on an even more disturbing turn in the last few moments.

[Pulling Carver by the foot, Dane deposits him closer to the center of the ring before he plants the chair down on Carver’s face again...]

...and DROPS a near three hundred pound legdrop across the face!]

JD: Gaaah! Absolutely brutal offense on the part of-

BW: Your big brother.

JD: I have to own up to that. You’re absolutely right. The same blood pouring from the wound on his head is the same blood that flows through my veins, Bucky.

BW: That doesn’t keep you up at night?

JD: It has in the past and I’m sure it will again in the future.

[Morgan Dane rolls to his knees, a sadistic smile on his face as he ignores the referee’s cries to attempt to end the match.]

JD: Morgan Dane is a twisted, evil son of a gun. The blackest of black sheep.

[Lying facefirst on the mat, Dane rolls under the ropes to the floor where he walks around to a certain spot of the ring, reaching up to dig inside his dumpster...]

...and starts dragging a bed of barbed wire into view!]

JD: Oh my god.

BW: This is getting worse all the time, Dane.

JD: It certainly is. Fans, Morgan Dane has just pulled - or is trying to pull - a bed of razor-sharp barbed wire out of that dumpster and... I can’t even imagine what he intends to do with that.

[Dane is struggling with the board, unable to rip it out of the dumpster. Inside the ring, a dazed Hannibal Carver is trying to crawl back to his feet...]

JD: Carver’s starting to stir!

[Dane suddenly yanks the board free, dragging it towards the ring. He leans down, lifting it up with the intent of putting it into the ring...

...when Carver comes rushing over, dropping down to DRIVE both feet into the board with a baseball slide, causing Dane to stagger backwards, still holding the board!]

JD: Carver tried to knock Dane off his feet but he couldn't do it!

[Carver pulls himself to his feet on the apron, looking down at the off-balance Dane still holding the barbed wire board...

...and flings himself off the apron in a somersault, throwing himself backfirst into the barbed wire, knocking Dane down, and smashing the board down into Dane's chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: MY GOD! MY GOD IN HEAVEN! HANNIBAL CARVER TAKING IT TO THE EXTREME HERE IN TOKYO TONIGHT!

[The crowd is roaring as Hannibal Carver cries out in pain, skin-tearing barbs lodging themselves in his flesh as he and the board crush Morgan Dane under their collective weight!]

BW: Hannibal Carver with the perfect example of putting your own body through hell to make your opponent suffer! Morgan Dane got crushed underneath that board but in the process, Carver just ripped his back to shreds in that barbed wire!

[The referee slides out to the floor, wearing heavy industrial protective gloves as he tries to get Carver loose from the barbed wire.]

JD: Look at the pain etched on the face of Hannibal Carver as the official tries to get him loose!

BW: They may need some wire cutters out there. He's tangled up pretty good in that, Dane.

[Carver suddenly jerks himself free from the barbed wire, leaving a few nasty wounds including one on his left bicep that is pouring blood from it.]

JD: I don't know if that was a smart move on the part of Hannibal Carver. Yes, he got Morgan Dane stuck under him, taking a hard fall to the floor, but at the same time, he ripped himself to pieces in there.

BW: When you're going to do something like that, you've got to calculate how much damage you're going to do to yourself against how much you'll do to your opponent. You're right, Dane, the math might not have added up there for a normal human being.

JD: But Hannibal Carver is NOT a normal human being.

[Carver stumbles away from the barbed wire board as Morgan Dane shoves it off of him, laying on his back on the barely-padded floor as Carver walks over to one of the trash cans brought out to ringside earlier..

...and comes back with a hockey stick!]

JD: A hockey stick?!

BW: What in the world is with Carver and hockey? Remember SuperClash?

JD: I certainly do and-

[As Dane staggers to his feet, Carver lashes out with the hockey stick, slamming it down between the eyes of Dane, shattering the stick on the first shot! Carver shouts an expletive that gets muted... just barely.]

JD: We apologize for the language there of Hannibal Carver, fans, but in a match like this, it's-

BW: What the hell is he doing now?!

[With Dane collapsed against the ring apron, Carver moves over to Dane's steel dumpster, kicking at the wheels of it.]

JD: He's over there by that dumpster... perhaps looking for another weapon to use on Morgan Dane and-

BW: No, no, no! He's gonna use the WHOLE DUMPSTER as a weapon!

[Carver gets behind the dumpster, gritting his teeth as he tries to get his shoulder and legs into it...

...and gets it rolling, shoving it hard and fast towards Dane!]

JD: AHHHHHHHHHHH! NOOOOOOOOOO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

JD: WHERE IS HE?! HE CRUSHED DANE UNDER THE DUMPSTER! HE CRUSHED HIM-

[A quick camera cut reveals Morgan Dane, having barely rolled into the ring to avoid the heavy rolling object in time.]

JD: Whew. Morgan Dane got into the ring in time, avoiding that - what? Several hundred pound dumpster that was heading for him! Carver tried to crush him against the apron with it!

[Carver angrily slams his arm into the side of the dumpster as he spies Dane in the ring, crawling for his life as the Boston Brawler climbs up on the apron, looking down into the dumpster...



...and with a twisted smile, he reaches down into it, pulling something into view!]

JD: Uh oh! He's got the chair from the Battle of Los Angeles! The very thing he used back last summer to put Morgan Dane in the hospital - the very thing that started this horrific war to begin with!

[Carver steps through the ropes, slinging the mangled chair over his shoulder as he walks towards Morgan Dane who has reached the corner...

...and has pulled off his boot, climbing up to his feet with the boot in hand!]

JD: What in the-?!

BW: This guy's nuts! A steel chair against a boot isn't a fair fight!

[But Dane doesn't hesitate, rushing forward with the boot in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and gets DRILLED by Carver, turning away to take the steel chair across the shoulder!]

JD: OHH!

[Carver winds up, ready to cave in Dane's skull again...

...but Dane THROWS himself at Carver, smashing the boot between the eyes, knocking Carver backwards before he can deliver the chairshot to the head!]

JD: He knocked Carver for a loop! Dane just threw himself blindly into that offense, knowing that he was about to have his lights turned out once and for all!

[With Carver down on a knee, Dane reaches into the boot...

...and throws it aside as he pulls something into view.]

JD: What in the world...? Is that...?

BW: It's sandpaper! Dane's got sandpaper in his hand and-

[The crowd ROARS as he yanks Carver's face back, using the coarse sandpaper to rub back and forth on the forehead of the Boston Brawler!]

JD: AHHHHHHHHH!

[The already-shredded skin gets even worse as Dane rips the flesh to pieces, ripping and tearing at it with the carpentry tool...

...and then flings it aside as he leans down, sinking his teeth into the bloody flesh!]

JD: Oh! He's biting him, fans! This is-

[Dane shoves Carver away, sending him facefirst to the mat as he straightens up, his face and mouth covered in blood. He flashes a bloody grin at the camera...]

JD: Absolutely disgust-

[...and then SPITS red fluid on the lens!]

JD: Ah! Disgusting! What a sick, depraved, twisted...

BW: And I thought I disliked my family.

[With Carver down on the mat, Dane rolls back out to the floor, stalking around the ring...]

JD: Look out, fans. Morgan Dane is on the warpath out here and there's absolutely no telling what he'll-

[Dane grabs the trash can full with glass beer bottles that Carver had brought to the ring, shoving it through the ropes into the ring, spilling glass bottles everywhere.]

JD: Those glass bottles are in the ring now! Whoa!

[Dane's exclamation comes as his big brother hurls a steel chair over the top into the ring... and another... and another...]

BW: I guess your brother didn't think there was enough weaponry in there, Dane.

JD: Apparently not.

[A trash can goes sailing over the ropes, smashing into the canvas. He keeps on walking, looking for the next weapon... flinging two more chairs over the ropes, almost hitting Hannibal Carver as the Boston Brawler struggles to get up off the canvas.]

JD: Morgan Dane is turning the ring and the ringside area into his own personal playground!

[Dane reaches the dumpster, scaling up onto the apron to lean down, digging around inside it...

...and lifts a barbed wire-wrapped Singapore Cane into view!]

JD: Oh dear God.

[That twisted smile on his face again, Dane ducks through the ropes, stalking towards Carver who is in the corner, trying to use the buckles to pull himself to his feet. Dane nods approvingly, gripping the handle of the cane, pulling it back over his head, ready to strike as soon as Carver turns towards him. The crowd roars, shouting warnings to the Boston Brawler...

...who suddenly twists around, blindly throwing his glass-covered forearm in a rolling elbow!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: OH MY! OH MY GOD!

[Dane’s head SNAPS to the side, his cheek ripped open by the glass as Carver grabs him, throwing him chestfirst into the turnbuckles. The referee steps in, ready to check on Dane...

...and gets SHOVED down to the mat by Carver!]

JD: Oh, come on! There’s no call for that!

BW: And there’s no DQ for it either! Carver could decide to cane the ref and not get punished for it!

JD: Let’s not give EITHER of these guy any ideas, Bucky!

[Carver leans down, grabbing at the waist of the official.]

JD: What in the... he’s grabbing the belt! Carver’s grabbing the belt around the waist of our Tiger Paw Pro referee!

[He yanks the leather belt free, marching over to the corner...

...and grabbing the arms of Dane, he uses the belt to tie his hands together around the turnbuckle, trapping Dane with his back to the ring!]

JD: Oh my! He’s got Dane trapped! He’s got him trapped and he’s- he’s going for that Singapore cane! That barbed wire-wrapped Singapore cane!

[Carver retrieves the weapon off the mat, holding it high in the air for one and all to see before grabbing the hands with both hands, gripping it tightly...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: WHAT A SHOT ACROSS THE BACK!

[Carver nods at the crowd’s reaction, winding up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: Another!

[Dane cries out, seemingly driving Carver to inflict more punishment.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Dane screams in pain, his back being ripped apart by the barbed wire as Carver lashes him repeatedly. Carver stands with the cane over his shoulder, shouting at Dane...]

"QUIT! QUIT, YOU PIECE OF [BLEEP!]"

JD: Again, fans... we apologize for the language and thank the Maker that this particular match won't be broadcast on Fox Spor-

"[BLEEP] OFF AND DIE, DEAD MAN!"

JD: Eeeps.

[Carver's go wide at the blatant disrespect as he winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carver lifts the cane with a scream, breaking it in half over his knee, throwing the pieces aside as he leaves Dane, bloody and screaming in pain in the corner. The referee works to free him as Carver stalks around the ring. He lifts a chair, opening it and setting it in seated position.]

JD: What in the world is Hannibal Carver doing now?

[He opens a second chair, opening it near the first, facing one another. He grabs the trash can of bottles, dragging it across the ring, setting it up next to one of the chairs.]

JD: Carver may have just snapped, Bucky.

BW: JUST?! Have you even been watching this thing?! We're past twenty minutes and I feel like I need a strong shower after this is done! These two monsters are destroying one another in the middle of Tokyo!

[With Dane loose from the belt, Carver yanks him from the corner by the hair, throwing him down into one of the open chairs.]

BW: Have a seat, Morgan. Take a load off.

[Carver sits himself down into the second chair, leaning back in the seat for a moment as he stares across at Dane who is slumped down, barely able to even sit up straight as Carver reaches over into the trash can, grabbing a bottle...

...and then breaks the top off, chugging out of it!]

JD: I thought those were empty!

BW: Maybe he got lucky!

[Carver pulls the broken bottle away from his face, beer running down his badly-cut torso. He takes another pull from the bottle...

...and then spits the beer right in the face of Dane before...]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

JD: HE BROKE THE BOTTLE OVER DANE'S HEAD!

[He grabs a second from the bottle, goes to drink out of it...

...and then turns it upside down, frowning because it's empty.]

BW: See? He did get lucky!

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

BW: BUT DANE DIDN'T!

[With Dane's eyes rolling back in his head, Carver grabs a third beer, pops it open, climbing to his feet...

...and throws it back, chugging... and chugging... and chugging...]

JD: Hannibal Carver is stopping in the middle of this match for a cold one!

[As he finishes, he twirls around with it and then SHATTERS it over Dane's head, causing him to slump motionlessly to the canvas!]

JD: Dane's out! Dane's gotta be out cold after that!

[Carver rolls back out to the floor, grabbing the cart of light tubes, dragging it towards the ring.]

JD: Oh god. Isn't enough enough?! How much more of this do we need to witness?! How much more of this can these two men put each other through?!

BW: You really want to ask that question?

[ He slides back in, pulling a few out of it...

...and bridges the two chairs with the light bulbs.]

JD: I don't like the looks of this at all, fans.

[Carver looks around the ringside area...

...and then rolls back out, walking over to another spot.]

JD: He's got a pane of glass!

[Sliding the glass pane into the ring, Carver places it over the light tubes, making an even more dangerous bridge...]

JD: Morgan Dane needs to get out of there, fans. Morgan Dane, my flesh and blood, needs to make a run for it before Carver can do whatever in the world he's thinking of doing right here!

[Carver grabs another set of chairs, setting them up facing one another right next to the makeshift "bridge."]

JD: NOW what's he doing?!

[And yet another set of chairs, putting four open chairs right next to the deadly glass bridge.]

JD: This is going too far. Too far!

BW: I don't believe that these two men believe such a thing exists, Dane.

JD: You may be right but someone needs to stop this.

BW: Only the Almighty himself can stop it now.

[Carver grabs a bloody and exhausted Morgan Dane, dragging him across the ring...

...and stepping up onto the four chairs, pulling Dane up there with him!]

JD: Oh my god... oh my god...

BW: I'm not sure I want to watch this.







obvious reasons so we're going to take you to some backstage footage and... well, we'll be back after that.

[Crossfade to the backstage area, footage marked "MOMENTS AGO." The shot is of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan walking through the backstage area. Both are still dressed in their ring gear, Taylor grabbing at the small of his back as the voice of Sweet Lou Blackwell calls out.]

SLB: Gentlemen? Gentlemen? Can I get a word?

[An angry Donovan wheels towards Blackwell.]

TD: A word? I've got two words for ya, Blackwell.

[Blackwell backs off, hands raised. Taylor steps in, grimacing as he puts an arm in front of his partner's chest, backing him up. He turns towards Blackwell.]

WT: Speak, Blackwell.

[The interviewer gives a nod.]

SLB: You two have been talking a big deal as of late towards the TexMo Connection... towards Air Strike... towards everyone really. After failing here tonight, what's next for you?

[Taylor winces.]

WT: Failing? Yes, we may have lost tonight but you want to talk about failures, let's talk about Aarons and Mertz! How much hype did those two get heading into tonight? How much did we hear about how they were going to regain the titles? Did they do it, Blackwell?

SLB: Well, there's some controversy about-

[Donovan jumps in Blackwell's face.]

TD: DID THEY?!

[Blackwell backs off again.]

SLB: No! No they didn't!

WT: That's right. THEY failed. Just like they're going to fail to get past the first round of the Stampede Cup when they climb into that ring - FINALLY - with us! Now that...

[He nods.]

WT: THAT'S failure. Let's get out of here, Tony.

[Donovan glares hard at Blackwell for a few awkward moments before we fade to...

...a black screen. A flicker of white light flashes... then red... then white... then red. A deep, gravelly voice rings out over the odd imagery.]

"Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rage at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light."

[The black screen fades into a... slightly less black screen. It's a windy, stormy night. Rain falling steadily on a large oak tree cloaked in shadow. The silhouette is really all we can see...

...except for the shadow of a hangman's noose whipping violently in the breeze. The graphic appears over it.]

"The Hangman debuts in two weeks."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action in the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: We're backstage LIVE here in the Tokyo Dome at Rising Sun Showdown and as the ring crew cleans up the chaos left from that brutal war between Hannibal Carver and Morgan Dane, we're back here looking to catch you - the fans - up on some of the action that's been going on since our last Saturday Night Wrestling. And most importantly, we want to talk about the Stampede Cup!

[A Stampede Cup graphic comes up on the screen, showing some of the teams that are already in the second round of the tournament.]

MS: The last time we discussed the Cup, four teams had advanced to the second round. The Wilde Bunch, the TexMo Connection, Next Gen, and Strictly Business. But over the past two weeks, two more first round matches went down...

[The Cup graphic is replaced by still photos of Los Guerreros de Oro battling the Hell Hounds in Mexico.]

MS: Last weekend down in Guadalajara, the Hell Hounds were in action against Los Guerreros de Oro with a spot in the Quarterfinals on the line.

[More still photos.]

MS: And in the end, it was the Hounds' inability to keep their cool, getting themselves disqualified and sending Los Guerreros into the second round where they will face the TexMo Connection!

[We fade back to Stegglet who raises a finger in pause.]

MS: But that's not all. While here in Japan, there was another Stampede Cup match that saw two of Tiger Paw Pro's greatest tag teams - the War Pigs and Youth In Asia collide.

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"And who won that one was NEVER in doubt, Marky Mark."

[Stegglet's eyes roll as Chet and Chaz Wallace strut into view, dressed in black "DMP 2K16" t-shirts and dark black sunglasses. They smirk at the camera upon arriving.]

Chet: And if you're still wondering...

[Chet bumps his sunglasses down to the edge of his nose, looking over them at the camera.]

Chet: We're talking about us.

Chaz: Yeah we are! We beat those over-muscled goofs and now we've got our sights set on the Stampede Cup, baybee!

[A leaping high five over an annoyed Stegglet comes next. Chaz and Chet seem ready to pour it on when they suddenly look off-camera, scampering to the side to take up a spot next to Stegglet. Stegglet looks off-camera as well, watching as slowly, the entirety of the Dead Man's Party walks into view, forming a line alongside the interviewer. After a few moments, Jay Alana brings up the rear, standing before the assembled group. Alana gestures for the mic.]

JA: Everyone has a breaking point.

[Alana's head is bowed, silent for a moment.]

JA: We've reached ours. This isn't about Tiger Paw Pro vs the AWA. This is about the Dead Man's Party being ignored... being ridiculed... being whitewashed from the history books because we don't compete in the United States of America.

You can keep your Syndicate - Southern or otherwise. Keep your Pride. Keep your Legion. Forget about Redemption or Genesis. Dethrone Royalty or the good Doctor's "family." Team Supreme, they claim to be family when all they are is a bunch of lowly followers trailing behind a madman with a God complex.

And then there's the Dogs of War.

[Alana chuckles, his head still down..]

JA: Those are three Dogs who should've been put down a year ago but no one in the AWA had the courage of their convictions to do what it took to

accomplish that. Not Hannibal Carver. Not Alex Martinez. Not even the great and legendary Juan Vasquez.

Tonight... all of that changes. Tonight, the Dead Man's Party shows the world what the people of Japan have known for almost a year now.

WE are where the power lies. WE are the force of nature to behold. And WE are the best damn thing going today.

[He raises his head, staring into the camera. With a slight gesture, he waves his men forward.]

JA: Gentlemen, enough talk. We've got business to attend to.

[Alana strides out, leading the rest away. The Wallaces are the last to go, Chet bringing up the rear...

...when he crotchchops in the direction of Mark Stegglet, smirking as he wanders away.

We fade to another part of the backstage area, footage that is marked "MOMENTS AGO" with "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing all alone, looking quite enthused.]

SLB: My word, ladies and gentlemen, what a show we are having here at the Rising Sun Showdown here in beautiful Tokyo, Japan. My guest right now is going to be competing for the first time in Japan under the AWA banner. He is one of the co-captains of Team AWA as they go seven on seven against the deadly and unified Dead Man's Party. He is the AWA World Television champion... the Sensational Shadoe Rage!

[Shadoe Rage slides into the shot stage left. He enters the frame back to the camera so that his leather ring robes are on display. This robe is metallic silver with hot pink sleeves and a high military style hot pink collar that supports his bun of dreadlocks. Even back to camera, Rage's twitchiness is evident. He can hardly stay still. Finally he three quarter turns to camera and we can see the AWA World Television championship draped over his right shoulder and his blazing eyes half-hidden by rose-colored sunglasses.]

SR: One of the co-captains of Team AWA. I should be the only captain, Sweet Lou Blackwell, but once again the AWA refuses to give me the respect I deserve. You saw the Rumble in Hawaii. Supernova couldn't work with me as a teammate. He couldn't do what was right for the group and so in the end, we all lost. How hard would it have been to work as a unit and control the Rumble? Now Bobby O'Connor has the shot that one of us could have had if only Supernova would just do the right thing. But what more can you expect from a face-painted coward, I guess.

SLB: Now wait a minute! Those are harsh words for someone who is supposed to be touting teamwork!

SR: Sweet Lou, when you're captain of a team sometimes you've got to speak harsh words to get everybody on the same page! One year ago, the AWA refused to send me to Japan because they thought I'd embarrass the company. Well, they were wrong. They just refuse to respect me or my career. And tonight I'm going to show them just how wrong they are!

[Rage exhales, almost hissing through his teeth.]

SR: I know what's at stake here. I know better than any other man in this business. Dead Man's Party isn't doing anything the Prophets of Rage didn't do in Los Angeles when we were part of the Cause! No, we set out to sabotage and destroy that promotion from within and we succeeded. And now there's no more E. Looking back, I don't feel right about it but I was arrogant and entitled then. And I did it when so many others failed. And that put a lot of people out of work and it even ended up costing me a lot of money and a lot of opportunity.

[He slaps the title belt hanging over his shoulder.]

SR: But now I stand here before you the AWA World Television champion! This is MY promotion. This is MY home. This is MY championship! This is MY time! And Jay Alana and the Dead Man's Party aren't going to take that away from me. Do you understand, Lou Blackwell?! I don't care what happens. I don't care who I have to wrestle with. They are not going to do it.

[He lifts his muscular arm, pointing an accusing finger at the camera.]

SR: So I'm telling Supernova right now. Be a team player. I'm telling the Dogs of War! Be team players! And I'm telling Juan Vasquez. Be a team player for once in your life. Callisto Dufresne. Be a team player. I didn't pick any of you, but I'm telling you all to fall in line because tonight you're not allowed to embarrass the AWA! Tonight, you're not allowed to let your petty prosaic differences come between us and victory. We're coming to their turf. We're on the doorstep of the Dead Man's Party. But they've punched us in the mouth at our home. Now, and I put this on everything, Sweet Lou Blackwell, we're coming back to see them!

Oh yeah, it's gonna be a party like no other, Dead Men. It's going to be an AWA party and at the top of the list of celebrators is going to be me, Sensational Shadoo Rage! Dig it?

"Team players, huh?!"

[Rage and Blackwell turn in the direction of the voice. The man who spoke would be Supernova, who walks into the shot. Supernova is dressed in his usual wrestling attire, but no vest this time around, just the wrestling tights and boots. His face is painted yellow and black.]

S: You know, there's a lot of things I don't agree with you about [motioning to Rage] but yeah, I hear you. Work together as one for a common goal, just like I worked with a few people I didn't exactly like, but stood by anyway, to

get the Wise Men out of the AWA and Percy Childes out of the front office!  
But to do that, what do I have to do?

[He shares a tense stare with Rage.]

S: I've got to work with a few people who were more than happy to back the Wise Men! And let's just say I'm not liking that idea!

[He and Rage continue to stare at each other.]

SLB: Uh, gentlemen, I know the two of you have matters to settle, but tonight, this is about you, the men you'll team with against the Dead Man's Party! That same Dead Man's Party that has crashed multiple AWA shows, laid out several men, including the two of you, and just a few weeks ago, interrupted the Rumble!

[That's enough to snap Supernova's gaze away from Rage. He turns to Blackwell.]

S: Yeah, you're right, Sweet Lou! And to think I was one of the men who lost his shot at a second Rumble win, thanks to Jay Alana and the rest of his gang!

[He turns to the camera, a wild look in his eyes. He might not notice the hard look in Rage's eyes.]

S: So tonight, it's only fitting some of AWA's finest return the favor, taking down the Dead Man's Party on their own turf! But, you see, we don't do it by crashing somebody else's party! We do it the old-fashioned way, and that's taking you down in the ring! Tonight, Team AWA is gonna stand tall and I'm \_not\_ gonna let down the company that gave me my big break!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls.]

VO: "Easy there, Tiger."

[Heads turn as "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne, already clad in his wrestling attire and his long blond hair pulled back into a pony tail saunters on camera, an arrogant smirk plastered on his face.]

CD: You two ought to bring it down about 10 notches before you burst a capillary. Japanese fans aren't exactly known as the most excitable people around; they're likely to stare at you both like some barbaric gaijin. Which would be completely accurate, now that I think of it.

[A shake of the head.]

CD: As the one member of this menagerie who has been \_World\_ Champion and represented this company all over the \_world,\_ allow me to remind you both what's at stake. The AWA - which I built with my own blood, sweat and tears - is now the standard bearer of professional wrestling. Los

Angeles is long gone. God said "let there be light" and Dan Spreadbury flipped the switch in Portland, that was so long ago.

[A look at Rage.]

CD: So the AWA is all that's left to hold up this industry. And now this Dead Man's Party has decided to come out to the States and run roughshod over the AWA like they own the place.

[Dufresne snorts in annoyance.]

CD: They clearly didn't know what they were getting into when Calisto Dufresne got involved. If they want to play dirty, that's just fine by me. I'm the Michelangelo of the art of rule-bending. So it's now time that we bring every dirty trick under the rising sun to \_their house.\_

[The Ladykiller turns to Rage and Supernova.]

CD: This isn't about you two. It's not even about Juan Vasquez at this point. This is about the AWA. My legacy. And I certainly am not going to let my legacy get tarnished by a bunch of nobodies looking to make a name for themselves at my expense.

The Land of the Rising Sun?

[A short laugh.]

CD: Tonight, the sun \_sets\_ on the Dead Man's Party.

[Dufresne smirks, self-satisfied at his clever wordplay. However, the smirk soon disappears from his face, when he sees Juan Vasquez, clad in his trademark white tracksuit with black trim, stepping into view. Juan greets his rival with a slow clap.]

JV: This might be the only time you'll ever hear this from me, Dufresne, but I completely agree with you.

[He stares hard at Dufresne, his face betraying no actual emotion.]

JV: This fight ain't about any of us. It's about the AWA. it's about professional wrestling. It's about fighting back against a force that don't give a damn about whatever tradition, legacy or honor this sport holds. It's about being able to walk down that aisle and putting your all inside the ring, without having to look over your shoulder every few seconds waiting for a pack of wild hyenas to come tearing down that aisle lookin' to make themselves famous by stompin' your butt into the ground.

[Juan looks around at each and every one of his teammates.]

JV: Now, the four of us? Someday, sometime, at some place...

[He points to SuperNova and Rage.]

JV: ...you and you are gonna' have to settle it inside a ring.

[He glares at Dufrense.]

JV: And you and me? You better know DAMN well, we're gonna' settle it inside the ring.

[Dufrense returns Vasquez's glare with an angry one of his own.]

JV: But tonight? For better or worse?

We're a team.

[He chuckles and shakes his head at the absurdity of it all.]

JV: And I know that for one night, we can put away whatever issues we have and unite against a common enemy. Because that's what professionals do. That's what the very best are capable of doing...and make no mistake about it, gentlemen, we ARE the very best.

[Juan gives Dufrense a quick look.]

JV: Yes Calisto, even you.

[Dufrense rolls his eyes as Juan continues on without missing a beat.]

JV: We're the AWA. And we do not fear The Dead Man's Party.

The Dead Man's Party fears US.

Because we are EXACTLY what I just said we are.

The VERY BEST.

[A confident smirk.]

JV: Now let's show those bastards just exactly what that means.

SLB: My goodness, there you have it folks. Team AWA with some strong words for the Dead Man's Party. This is going to be one for the ages!

[Fade out with four of the members of Team AWA looking fierce and unified back to the interior of the Tokyo Dome, the crowd buzzing over what they just saw and with anticipation over what they're about to see next.]

JD: Thanks, Sweet Lou! And this one's been brewing for a couple of months now, Bucky, as the Dead Man's Party have taken seemingly every opportunity to lash out at the AWA and make this a very personal issue.

BW: Hey, the DMP is regarded as one of the best factions in the world and they're right. No one talked about them in the AWA until they showed up



and starts laying people out. I don't blame them for wanting to send a message here tonight.

JD: What this one comes down to is teamwork. We know that the Dead Man's Party works as a well-oiled machine under the leadership of Jay Alana. Can Team AWA - with so many combustible personalities - do the same?

BW: I don't know, Dane. Dufresne and Vasquez. Rage and Supernova. And don't doubt for a second that it's an accident that the Dogs of War weren't involved in that interview. Those three are ALWAYS out for themselves, daddy.

JD: It's gonna be something else... let's head down to Megumi Sato for the introductions!

[Fade to the ring where the famed Japanese ring announcer is standing.]

SUBTITLES: Next match is... SEVEN ON SEVEN WAAAAAAR!

[Big cheer!]

SUBTITLES: Introducing first...

[The subtitles fade.]

"TEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA  
DUBBAYUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[The lights fall to black. Some very light synth tones are heard, building... building... building...]

...until it becomes apparent that we're hearing Talking Heads' "Burning Down The House."]

#Watch out, you might get what you're after#

[A spotlight flashes through the Tokyo Dome, lighting up the smirking Calisto Dufresne.]

#Cool babies, strange but not a stranger#

[Another light splashes down on the entryway, revealing Juan Vasquez, ready for battle.]

#I'm an#

[Cue the light spotlighting Shadoe Rage, clutching the World Television Title belt.]

#or-di-na-ry guy#

[And there's Supernova, face painted and ready for a fight. Another spotlight hits the stage, wider in focus to show a mockup of downtown Tokyo behind the foursome.]

#Burning down the house!#

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[The mockup of the city goes up in flames as the foursome starts to make their way down the aisle to the cheers of the Tokyo Dome crowd.]

JD: Team AWA on their way down the aisle!

BW: PART of Team AWA. Where are the Dogs?

JD: Like you said, Bucky... the Dogs are quite the independent unit and I'm guessing they opted not to make their entrance alongsid-

[The music cuts to a stop, slurring to silence like someone had dragged the needle off the turntable.]

JD: What the...?

[The lights drop again, midnight blue covering the entirety of the crowd as the sounds of snarling, barking, and snapping dogs fills the air.]

JD: You wondered where the Dogs of War are... I think we have our answer!

[As "War Machine" by KISS kicks in over the PA system, swirling spotlights fill the air, trying to find the three men who make up - arguably - the most dominant six man tag team in the history of our sport.]

JD: Where are they? The spotlights are on the hunt and-

[The spotlights come to a stop, landing on Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker, dressed in their standard midnight blue gear. The trio start making their way down through the Japanese crowd towards the ring as their partners enter the squared circle, waiting for their allies on this night to arrive.]

BW: You talk about a superteam, Dane... just look at this squad!

JD: You've got the World Television Champion in Shadoc Rage. You've got his Number One Contender and a former Rumble winner in Supernova. You've got a former Stampede Cup winner, former National Champion, and former World Champion in Calisto Dufresne. You've got a former National Champion, World Champion, and Hall of Famer in Juan Vasquez. And you've got - arguably- the most dominant faction in the world today, the Dogs of War!

[Upon reaching ringside, the Dogs hurdle over the railing, sliding into the ring to join their four partners as the lights begin to fade back up. Megumi Sato raises the mic, stepping into the middle of the ring...]

SUBTITLES: AND... THEIR... OPPONENTS!

[The graphic fades.]

“DEAD... MAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNN’S... PARRRRRRRRRRRRRTYYYYYYYYY!”

[A spotlight hits the entryway, illuminating a section of musicians, each holding an instrument as the silence envelops the Tokyo Dome for a moment...

...when the guitarist suddenly rips into the very familiar riff that tells us that Oingo Boingo’s “Dead Man’s Party” is about to be played. The horn section joins in, tearing through the silence.

The lyrics kick in, being provided by what appears to be a teenage Japanese girl. A flood of “party-goers” pour into view from every opening around the entryway, covering the entire entrance ramp. There’s eating, drinking, and a whole lot of being merry as the DMP logo flashes on the big screens - all of them.

Fog begins pouring out of the gap in the entryway as the platform slowly raises into position, revealing the eight men who make up the Dead Man’s Party, all dressed in outfits that basically are the Cobra Kai’s costumes for Halloween - full body skeletons with a skeleton mask. Even the One Man Army is in on the act although he - thankfully - has opted against the skin-tight bodysuit.

The skeletons wade through the partiers, throwing them aside, shoving some off the ramp as they head towards the ring where the battle awaits them.]

JD: Both teams showing a flair for the dramatic here tonight in the Tokyo Dome in their entrances... and the party is in full effect, Bucky!

BW: This song sure does get stuck in your head.

JD: The DMP are hoping to hear it again one more time before this night is over after their hands are raised in victory but they’ve got one heck of a stiff challenge awaiting them inside that ring.

[Upon reaching the ring ropes, the DMP forms a line...

...and tear away their bodysuits, revealing their ring gear underneath. They toss them aside as they step off the ramp, walking down the steps onto the floor.]

JD: The Dead Man’s Party have arrived at ringside and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter spring into action, each hitting the far ropes, rebounding across at top speed for dual dives. Perez hurls himself between the top and middle ropes in a tope, knocking Chaz Wallace back down to the canvas. Carpenter comes over the top simultaneously with a somersault plancha, wiping out Chet Wallace!]

JD: OHHHHH!

[Perez and Carpenter climb to their feet, having successfully taken out Youth In Asia...

...which cues the rest of the Dead Man's Party to attack!]

JD: Look out! Look out! We've got a fight on the floor!

BW: A fight?! This is total warfare, Dane!

[Ricky Royal and Yuma Weaver overwhelm Carpenter, knocking him back against the steel barricade as Johnny Skye and Elijah Wilde go after Perez. Jay Alana backs off, standing behind One Man Army as the rest of Team AWA spills out to the floor as well!]

JD: Supernova going after Royal! Wilde and Rage tangled up by us! Juan Vasquez is hitting anything that moves and-

[Calisto Dufresne slides in behind Yuma Weaver, burying a forearm shank into the kidneys. He pulls Weaver off Carpenter, rolling him into the ring.]

JD: Dufresne puts Weaver back in... coming in after him...

[The former World Champion is all over Weaver, stomping and kicking him into the mat. He drops a series of knees into the ribs before moving to the back of the head, kneecap smashing into the skull of the Native American repeatedly!]

JD: Calisto Dufresne, the Ladykiller, is the odd man out on Team AWA.

BW: The Dogs Of War made their names by putting the AWA fans' favorites' faces through windshields and DUFRESNE is the odd man out?!

JD: An excellent point. Team AWA may be held together with spit, tape, hope, and faith and the wrestling world is wondering if it's enough to put together a fight against one of the most dangerous factions in pro wrestling history.

[Dufresne drags Weaver off the mat, shoving him back into the turnbuckles. The Ladykiller pats him on the chest a few times before uncorking a knife edge chop to the chest...

...but Weaver simply stares at him.]

JD: Uh oh!

[The former World Champion unloads with a second chop, bouncing it off the chest of Weaver... who again holds his ground.]

JD: Dufresne's letting him have it with those chops but Yuma Weaver's acting like it doesn't even faze him!

[Dufresne hits a third that Weaver ignores before grabbing Dufresne under the arms, swinging him back into the neutral buckles...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[And the brutal Tomahawk chop takes the former World Champion off his feet, putting him down on the mat where he promptly starts crawling, crawling, crawling...]

...and reaches up to tag in the face-painted fan favorite!]

JD: First tag of the mat brings in Supernova, the co-Captain for Team AWA!

[Supernova ducks down through the ropes to enter...]

...but Weaver rushes him, hammering home a forearm across the shoulderblades... and another... and another.]

JD: Weaver with an attack before Supernova can get in!

[The Native American grabs an arm, flinging Supernova across the ring. Weaver throws an arm at him...]

JD: Clothesli- ducked by Supernova! Off the far side!

[The fan favorite leaves his feet, catching Weaver across the chest with a crossbody, knocking Weaver off his feet and down to the mat. Supernova promptly rolls off Weaver, climbing to his feet as Weaver does the same.]

JD: Both men back to their feet... right hand by Supernova! Another right!

[A trio of right hands leaves Weaver stunned as a backhand blow sends him stumbling back into the neutral corner. Supernova grabs the arm, firing Weaver across the ring from corner to corner...]

JD: Supernova shoots him across!

[The fan favorite throws his head back, cupping his hands around his mouth to deliver a howl which the Tokyo Dome crowd echoes before 'Nova rushes across the ring, hurling himself into the air...]

JD: HEAT WAVE!

[...but Elijah Wilde grabs Weaver by the arm, dragging him clear from Supernova's flying splash. The fan favorite catches himself before he hits

the corner, turning towards the off-balance Weaver and taking him off his feet with a running clothesline!]

JD: Supernova takes Weaver down!

[The Southern California native, fueled by adrenaline, rushes the Dead Man Party's corner, throwing punches at Ricky Royal and Johnny Skye, knocking them off the apron. A stiff backhand knocks Chaz Wallace to the floor and a spinning right to the jaw sends Chet Wallace down next to him!]

JD: Supernova's taking on the entire Party!

BW: At this rate, Supernova could take on the entire Communist Party in the 80s!

JD: That's quite the dated reference.

BW: Hey, I bet Sudakov is a Commie.

[Grabbing Jay Alana and Elijah Wilde by the heads, Supernova CLASHES their skulls together, sending them both crashing down to the floor...

...and then scrambles out of the corner, fists raised and giving off another howl as the crowd goes wild!]

JD: And Supernova has got this place rockin' early on in this one, fans!

[The Dead Man's Party bails out to the floor, huddling up over the assault they just took from Supernova. Alana waves them all together, speaking loudly - and angrily - to them as Supernova slaps the hand of Shadoe Rage.]

JD: The tag is made to the World Television Champion... and you gotta be impressed by the willingness of Rage and Supernova - archrivals - to work together to defeat a common enemy.

BW: But where the heck is Rage going?!

[The wild-eyed Rage rushes across the ring, climbing the turnbuckle.]

JD: RAGE IS UP TOP!

[With the Dead Man's Party distracted by one another, Rage hurls himself off the top rope...

...and crashes down on the pile with Death From Above, knocking several members of the group down!]

JD: RAGE FLATTENS THE DMP!

[The World Television Champion yanks Yuma Weaver, still the legal man, off the mat, rolling him under the ropes into the ring. Rage scrambles up on the apron, quickly going to the top rope...]

JD: He's gonna try to finish it early - looking for the flying elbow!

[Rage raises his arms over his head, giving a shout to the crowd...

...but the crowd begins to jeer as Elijah Wilde grabs Weaver by the legs, dragging him under the ropes to the floor.]

JD: Wilde saves Weaver from that flying elbow... and that's a good call by your flesh and blood, Bucky.

BW: It definitely is. Rage's elbow is one of the deadliest weapons in the game. If Rage woulda hit it on Weaver, there's a chance it could've been all over.

[Weaver is out on the floor, shaking his head, shouting at Rage...

...which is Juan Vasquez' cue to rush down the ring apron, hurling himself off with a flying knee to the jaw of Weaver!]

JD: OHH! VASQUEZ TAKES OUT WEAVER!

[Vasquez pulls Weaver off the floor, shooting him back under the ropes into the ring. The former World Champion trades words with Elijah Wilde out on the floor as Rage dives down on top of Weaver, hammering fists down between the eyes.]

JD: Rage is all over him! Shadoo Rage showing that barely-restrained violence that has made him such a dangerous World Television Champion as he drags Weaver off the mat...

[Rage slams an overhead elbow down between the eyes, causing Weaver to stagger back where "Jumpin'" Johnny Skye tags himself into the match. Skye grabs the top rope with both hands, somersaulting over the top rope to land on his feet. He points threatening at Rage, circling around him.]

JD: Johnny Skye tags himself in...

[Skye and Rage circle one another, the crowd buzzing with anticipation as the two come together in a collar and elbow. Rage uses his strength advance to push Skye back up against the ropes...

...and snaps off a jab to the jaw... and another... and a third before he grabs the arm, whipping Skye towards the ropes where Skye does a front flip, handspringing into the ropes, rebounding off, leaping up, lashing out with a kick to the chest of Rage, knocking him off his feet]

JD: OH MY!

[Skye kips up to his feet, prancing around the ring, taunting the downed Rage as the World Television Champion takes a knee on the mat. Rage

scrambles up, ignoring the offered tags of his teammates as he rushes in, shoving Skye all the way back into the neutral corner...]

JD: Rage forces him back to the corner...

[A sudden break of the tieup allows Rage to blast Skye with a trio of overhead elbows, putting him down on his knee on the mat. He drags Skye up by the hair, whipping him across the ring... where Skye runs right up the turnbuckles, backflipping through the air over Rage who jumps up to the second rope, blindly leaping off, twisting around, and driving a forearm into Skye's jaw!]

JD: Shadoo Rage matches agility with Johnny Skye right there - move for move with the YouTube sensation!

[Rage pulls Skye up, scooping him up for a slam but Skye slips out over the top, leaping up on the shoulders to attempt a reverse rana but Rage shoves him off, causing Skye to flip through the air, landing on his feet as Rage wheels around...

...and Skye leaps up again, scissoring the head between the legs and snapping Rage over to the canvas with a rana!]

JD: Wow! Johnny Skye's got these fans on their feet in Tokyo with his tremendous shows of athleticism!

[Skye pulls Rage up, peppering him with short forearms to the jaw. He spins, rushing to the ropes...

...but Rage runs right behind him, connecting with a clothesline that takes Skye over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor!]

JD: Ohh! Rage sends him out to the floor!

[Rage grabs the top rope with both hands, ready to leap over it onto Skye but Skye deadleaps up onto the apron, blasting Rage with a forearm to the jaw. The World Television Champion staggers backwards as Skye grabs the top rope, leaping to the top, springing off...

...but Rage ducks under, causing Skye to sail over him, landing on his feet. Rage immediately spins around, looking for a legsweep that Skye leaps over, landing on his feet...]

JD: Another count- OHH!

[The crowd reacts as Skye lands on his feet, leaping immediately back up to drive his knee into the nose of Shadoo Rage, sending him staggering backwards...

...where Pedro Perez tags in, angrily slapping the shoulder of the World Television Champion.]



JD: Perez tags in... and Skye backs off, tagging Chaz Wallace in.

[Chaz Wallace hops through the ropes into the ring, doing a full spin, arms fully extended, turning towards Perez... and crotch chops right at him.]

JD: Disrespect being shown by Chaz Wallace.

[Pedro Perez' hot temper boils over as he rushes Chaz Wallace, slamming his knee up into the midsection once... twice... three times before he pushes Wallace back into the ropes, grabbing the arm...]

JD: Irish whip... Perez winds up... Wallace slides between the legs...

[Wallace pops up to his feet and delivers a dropkick right on the button, sending Perez sailing backwards and crashing down on the canvas.]

BW: Welcome to the Dropkick Party!

[Wallace pulls Perez off the mat, delivering two short forearms before a knife edge chops sends Perez falling back into the ropes. He lifts Perez up for an inverted atomic drop...

...and sets him down on his feet out on the apron, throwing another dropkick that sends Perez falling off the apron to the floor!]

JD: Ohh!

[Chaz Wallace springs to his feet, crotch chopping like a madman as Pedro Perez climbs to his feet on the floor just as Chaz is attempting a tope dive through the ropes...

...and gets cut short by Perez BLASTING the flying Chaz with a forearm smash!]

JD: Perez cuts it off! He cuts off the dive!

[Perez pulls himself up on the apron, reaching back to slap the hand of Isaiah Carpenter...]

JD: The tag is made... Carpenter up top!

[A soaring Carpenter, dropping a leg across the back of Wallace's neck!]

JD: Devastating legdrop by Isaiah Carpenter, leaving Wallace dangling over the ropes!

[Carpenter quickly rolls back in, slapping the hand of Wade Walker who steps into the ring, giving a shout to the crowd as he pulls Wallace back by the head, hooking the arms over the top rope, leaving his chest exposed as Walker winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!”

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Walker wheels around, rushing across the ring, leaping up to BLAST Chet Wallace with a Superman punch, sending the smaller competitor sailing off the apron to the floor.]

JD: Walker takes out Chaz Wallace too!

[The Dogs of War's big man spins around, dragging Chaz back out to the middle of the ring, lifting him sky high, pressing him way up high in the air...

...and steps forward, causing Chaz to slam facefirst into the canvas behind him!]

JD: Ohh! Big press slam by Wade Walker!

[Walker stares into the DMP's corner, pointing at Ricky Royal... Elijah Wilde... and most of all, Jay Alana. A powerful Walker steps back, waving any (or all) of the three into the ring...]

JD: Wade Walker's challenging them all! He'll take on the entire DMP!

BW: I'm not sure that's a fair fight... for them.

[Dane chuckles as Elijah Wilde, ever the hot head, tries to get into the ring by Ricky Royal restrains him, holding him back as Walker leans over, waiting for them to get in there...

...which allows the Wallaces to each grab Walker's feet from their spot on the floor, tripping up the big man!]

JD: The Wallaces, Youth In Asia, take him down!

[Chaz hangs on to the legs as Chet leaps up on the apron...

...and snaps off a standing moonsault on the torso of Walker, knocking him down to the floor!]

JD: Wow! Incredible athleticism out of the Wallaces!

[With Chaz and Chet both on the floor, they opt to stomp the hell out of Walker, keeping him down on the barely-padded ringside area with the referee reprimanding the illegal doubleteam.]

JD: Come on, referee! Get on top of this!

[Referee Davis Warren steps out on the apron, shouting at both Wallaces as they continue to work over Wade Walker for a few more moments before dragging him up by the arms...]

JD: SPINEFIRST TO THE EDGE OF THE APRON!!

[The Wallaces both back off, giving a double crotch chop to the hurting Wade Walker before pulling themselves up on the apron, stepping back in to the continued shouts of the referee.]

JD: The Wallaces are being read the riot act by the official and this is how this team has found success in Japan and elsewhere - through constant doubleteams, bending or out and out breaking of the rules, and illegal interference at times.

BW: It's working for them here too, Dane.

JD: So far, yes it is.

[With the referee shouting at them, both Wallaces break into a charge to the far ropes, charging back across the ring...

...where Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter spring into action, Perez with a slingshot spear through the ropes and Carpenter with a springboard missile dropkick from the top!]

JD: OHH! THE DOGS OF WAR STRIKE HARD!

[Perez and Carpenter both pull the Wallaces off the mat, watching as Wade Walker climbs back up into the ring, grabbing at his lower back as Perez throws one Wallace into one neutral corner and Carpenter throws the other to the opposite. Walker steps to the middle, giving off a huge roar as Perez whips him across into a clothesline on Chet!]

JD: Big clothesline in the buckles!

[Walker comes back the other way, double whipped by his partners into an even bigger clothesline on Chaz!]

JD: BOOM!

[Walker steps back, throwing his arms apart with a roar. Carpenter and Perez step out as Walker marches across, slapping the hand of Juan Vasquez.]

JD: Tag!

[Vasquez steps in, glaring at Walker.]

JD: And I'd say it's pretty obvious that Juan Vasquez hasn't forgotten that war with the Dogs at SuperClash last year, Bucky.

BW: Vasquez has the memory of an elephant - he never forgets a slight!

[Walker steps out as Vasquez grabs Chet by the arm, whipping him across, sending him crashing into Chaz. Chet staggers out as the Hall of Famer elevates him...]

JD: Hiptoss!

[With Chet down on the mat, Chaz staggers out as well and Juan sends him flying...]

JD: Another one!

[...right down backfirst across his brother's torso!]

JD: Chaz Wallace just flying senton'd his own brother thanks to Juan Vasquez!

[Vasquez watches as Chaz Wallace rolls out of the ring, leaving Chet behind to crawl to the corner...

...and slap the hand of Ricky Royal.]

JD: In comes The Rebel - an AWA original who hasn't been seen Stateside in years until the Dead Man's Party arrived at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Royal steps in, smashing a clenched fist against his breast three times, pointing at Vasquez through a furious face.]

JD: Look at the intensity on the face of Ricky Royal!

BW: You think Royal sits back and wonders if he'd be the face of the AWA... if he'd be one of the pillars this company was built on... if he could be living the life that Juan Vasquez is living?

JD: You mean if he hadn't gotten himself in hot water and essentially blacklisted from wrestling in the States?

BW: Everyone makes mistakes, Dane.

[Royal steps out, going chest to chest with Vasquez before leaning forward, pressing his forehead against the Hall of Famer's...

...who responds with a headbutt between the eyes!]

JD: Oh! Vasquez with the headbutt!

[Vasquez explodes into a flurry, throwing rights and lefts, chops and forearms, battering Royal across the ring...

...but the Rebel quickly returns fire, throwing big looping right hands to the jaw, backing Vasquez back against the far ropes where a boot to the gut doubles him up.]

JD: The six three, 270 pound Royal is using that power and size advantage to put Vasquez up against the ropes in a bad way...

[Royal yanks Vasquez out of the ropes, scooping him up, swinging him around and slamming him down.]

JD: Big slam by Royal... second rope!

[Royal leaps off, dropping an elbow down into the sternum of the Hall of Famer.]

JD: Royal covers! One! Two!

[Vasquez kicks out of the pin attempt as Royal protests, slapping his hands together three times.]

JD: Royal thinks he got him but it was very clearly a two count from where I'm sitting.

[With Royal arguing about the count, Vasquez struggles back up to a knee, pushing to his feet as Royal turns towards him, winding up...]

JD: Right han- blocked by Vasquez!

[Vasquez returns fire with a right hand of his own... and another... and another, battering Royal back. He boots him in the gut before dashing to the ropes...

...and tumbling over the top, crashing down on the floor thanks to Elijah Wilde who pulled down the top rope!]

JD: An illegal assist from Elijah Wilde who seems to be all over the place out here, cheating his tail off!

BW: Brings tears to a proud Uncle's eyes.

JD: How can you be proud of someone who competes like that?!

BW: It's not how you play the game, it's if you win or lose.

JD: I... you're too much.

BW: Why thanks, Dane! It's good to be working with an announcer who appreciates my talents.

[Referee Davis Warren is letting Wilde have it as the Wallaces drop off the apron, pulling Vasquez off the floor, hooking him... and DRIVING him back into the edge of the apron!]

JD: The Wallaces strike again!

[Youth In Asia abandons the scene as Ricky Royal reaches over the top, hauling Vasquez up onto the apron. He hooks a front facelock, slinging the former National Champion's arm over his neck, hoisting him up into the air...]

JD: Big suplex on the way!

[...and DROPS Vasquez with a spine-rattling suplex!]

JD: Royal shakes him from head to toe... and another pin attempt!

[The count gets to two before Vasquez' shoulder slips up off the canvas. Royal climbs to his feet, reaching out to slap the hand of Elijah Wilde.]

JD: The tag is made to bring your nephew LEGALLY into the match. He's had a big impact on this match so far but nothing while legally in the ring.

BW: That's about to change, daddy.

[Wilde quickly steps in, stomping Vasquez alongside Royal for a four count before the official makes Royal abandon the ring.]

JD: Wilde drags Vasquez off the mat and for a glory-seeker like Elijah Wilde, this is a dream come true, Bucky. To have an opportunity to be in the ring with one of the greatest of all time on such a huge stage...

[A hard knife edge chop sends Vasquez stumbling backwards. Wilde pursues, swinging his arms around wildly before using a leaping Mongolian double chop to put Vasquez into the neutral corner.]

JD: Not sure what that was all about but it worked as Vasquez is backed into the corner.

[Wilde grabs an arm, whipping Vasquez across. The 313 pounder from Atlanta backs into the corner, throwing his head back, cupping his hands to his mouth for a mocking howl aimed at Supernova who has to be stopped from getting into the ring by Shadoc Rage...]

JD: Wilde trying to play some mind games with Supernova, coming across now!

[Wilde leaps - sort of - into the air, crushing Vasquez under his 300+ pounds in the neutral corner... and then flashes a double middle finger at Supernova who again has to be restrained by Shadoc Rage, causing a brief exchange of words between the two.]

BW: It's a strange day when Shadoo Rage is the voice of reason, Dane.

JD: You can say that again.

[Pulling a dazed Vasquez out of the corner, Wilde sets...

...and HURLS him halfway across the ring, sending him bouncing off the canvas with a released Northern Lights Suplex!]

JD: Ohh! High impact on that one as Vasquez BOUNCED off the mat, nearly going the distance of the ring... and if Wilde can cover quickly enough, this one may be over.

BW: I'm not sure he wants it to be over, Dane.

[Pulling Vasquez into a seated position, Wilde clubs him a few times across the bridge of the nose with a forearm smash...

...and then leans over, sinking his teeth into the nose!]

JD: AHHH! He's biting him!

[The referee counts to four, forcing Wilde to break. He obliges, allowing Vasquez to slump down to the mat... and then spits right at the official, smirking as Davis Warren threatens a disqualification and the crowd jeers loudly.]

BW: I don't get it, Dane. The Dead Man's Party are part of Tiger Paw Pro. Why do the Japanese fans cheer Team AWA over them?

JD: Because the DMP aren't fighting this match for TPP... they're fighting for themselves... and they're stooping to steep levels to do it.

[Wilde strides arrogantly to the corner, making the tag to Yuma Weaver.]

JD: Wilde tags out, bringing in the Native American... and I can't help but notice what seems to be a very deliberate effort to keep Jay Alana from competing in this match, Bucky.

BW: I talked to him earlier. He told me he'll get in when he's needed. He's the Ace in the hole for the DMP so they don't want to burn him when they don't need to.

[Wilde and Weaver shoot Vasquez across the ring, felling him with a double clothesline.]

JD: Nice doubleteam by Wilde and Weaver who have teamed on occasion here in Tiger Paw Pro... and Weaver attempts another cover on the Hall of Famer. He only gets two though.

[Weaver angrily pulls Vasquez off the mat, shoving him back against the ropes where he winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: Whew. You can practically feel your skin blister from that one.

[Vasquez is reeling against the ropes when he responds with a lunging headbutt between the eyes!]

JD: Oh! Vasquez fires back!

[Weaver shakes off the effects of the headbutt, winding up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[But Vasquez again fires back with the headbutt.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Headbutt.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Headbutt.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Headbutt. Headbutt. Headbutt. Headbutt. Headbutt. Head... well, there would have been another one but the flurry of skull-cracking blows has Weaver reeling as Vasquez grabs an arm.]

JD: Irish whi- reversed!

[And as Vasquez rebounds back...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...he’s dropped hard with a standing Tomahawk chop from Weaver where he lowers to a knee after delivering it. He gives his teammates a nod before turning for another pin attempt.]

JD: Weaver’s got one! He’s got two! He’s got- no!

[Vasquez rolls to the side, clutching his chest as Weaver slowly gets to his feet... and reaches out to make a tag.]

JD: Weaver tags out, bringing Johnny Skye back in... and you’ve gotta think Juan Vasquez is becoming in desperate need of making a tag and getting one of his allies in there.



BW: You raise a good point, Dane. Vasquez has been in there for over five minutes now and he's taken some punishment. Getting a tag to one of the Dogs or Dufresne or Rage wouldn't be a bad idea.

JD: Or maybe Supernova?

BW: If you must.

[With Vasquez climbing off the mat, Skye slingshots over the top, hooking a front facelock, twisting around and SPIKING Vasquez skullfirst into the canvas with a DDT!]

JD: Ohh! Nice high-flying attack out of the YouTube Sensation. Skye with a cover now! One! Two! Thr-

[The crowd reacts as Pedro Perez makes a diving save, breaking up the pin and firing off a few words towards Johnny Skye before being forced from the ring by the referee.]

JD: Pedro Perez may have just saved this match for Team AWA after Vasquez got driven into the mat with that DDT. Juan Vasquez' list of accolades is a mile long but his most recent was winning that Mayhem Match back in May. That means that sometime in the near future, he's going to play Match Maker for the night on an edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: I think I'll have other plans that night.

JD: Who knows, Bucky? He may not even WANT you there.

BW: Huh? I'm Bucky Wilde, damn it! Who wouldn't want me everywhere?!

[Skye climbs to his feet, dragging Vasquez up, lifting him slightly and hanging him upside down in the Tree of Woe...

...and then slaps the hands of both Chaz and Chet Wallace.]

JD: A double tag by Skye. Not sure that's legal but in comes the Wallace twins.

[The Wallaces each take to a neutral corner as Skye dances out near the Team AWA corner, narrowly avoiding a swipe from Pedro Perez as the three DMP members rush in, connecting with a Triple Dropkick in the corner!]

JD: Ohh! Triple team by the DMP leaves Vasquez reeling!

[Vasquez slumps down to the mat as the Wallaces move in to pull him up by the hair. The referee jumps on their cases, shouting at them for one of them to vacate the ring as they whip Vasquez across the ring, catching him in the midsection with a double spinning back kick to the gut!]

JD: The Wallaces go downstairs on Vasquez!

[They each run to opposite ropes, rebounding back with a sandwich double dropkick to the temples!]

JD: OHHH!

[Chaz rolls out as Chet applies a lateral press.]

JD: Chet Wallace has the Hall of Famer down for one! For two! For- that's all! Vasquez slips out the sloppy cover by the arrogant Chet Wallace who is right back up... and tagging his twin brother right back in.

[After pulling Vasquez up, the Wallaces whip him across the ring again, using a double hip toss to take him down to the mat. They square up, Chet throwing a somersault senton as Chaz uses a standing moonsault to smash Vasquez beneath one of the top tag teams in the world!]

BW: You gotta love the Wallaces, Dane. They work so well together, so smooth in tandem.

JD: They possess some of the best double team offense in the world, Bucky, no doubt about that.

[Chet rolls out, leaving Chaz to cover this time. Again, they only get a two count before Vasquez kicks out.]

JD: And Juan Vasquez is showing the world right now what we in the AWA have known for years. There is no quit in this man. When the critics tell him his day is gone, he rises up and Right Crosses that opinion right out of him! Last year, he battled one of the kings of hardcore, Demon Boy Ishrinku, in a Death Match at this very event and won the match! This year, he shocked the world by winning the Mayhem Match and two weeks from tonight, he'll attempt to become the Number One Contender to the AWA National Title, the title that many believe he never truly lost! This could be the year of a renaissance for Juan Vasquez as he's back competing full time and showing the world that he does indeed still have it!

[Chaz angrily stomps Vasquez a few times before tagging his brother again.]

JD: The Wallaces tagging in and out, using their skills to great effectiveness.

[Chaz and Chet pull Vasquez off the mat again, whipping him across the ring.]

JD: Another double hiptoss, putting Vasquez into a seated position...

[Youth In Asia executes a double backflip, landing in front of Vasquez where they deliver another double dropkick to the mush! Chaz jumps up, crotch chopping like a madman as Chet crawls towards the cameraman, staring into the lens.]

"Now THAT'S what you call a Dropkick Party, motherf--"

[Cue timely cut to Calisto Dufresne out on the apron, stretching and straining, looking desperately for a tag into the match.]

JD: Calisto Dufresne out on the apron. He's been out there an awfully long time, Bucky.

BW: What about Jay Alana? The leader of the DMP hasn't even bothered to get into the ring yet... but he hasn't needed to! Look at the job his soldiers are doing on the only Hall of Famer in this match!

[Cut back to the ring where Chet drags a limp Vasquez off, hooking him around the neck with an arm before tagging in Chaz who slingshots over the top rope, landing on the second rope. Chet lifts Vasquez up, dropping him gutfirst across a bent knee...

...and Chaz leaps off, hooking the head and neck, twisting it into a neckbreaker while driving the back down on the knee of his brother!]

JD: OHHH! INNOVATIVE OFFENSE BY YOUTH IN ASIA!

[Chaz attempts a cover, hooking a leg this time as the referee drops down.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But an incoming Calisto Dufresne stomps the back of Chaz' head, sending him sprawling. The referee backs the Ladykiller out of the ring as he slaps his hands a few times, shouting "COME ON, VASQUEZ! MAKE THE TAG, BROTHER!"]

JD: Calisto Dufresne taking on this team spirit obviously as he makes the save for his rival and then cheering him on from the corner there. He wants to get back in there in the worst way it appears.

BW: And why wouldn't he? The Ladykiller is a competitor. He's a champion, Dane! A true champion! He's a former AWA National Champion. Former AWA World Champion! Former Stampede Cup winner! This man lives for the thrill of competition and there's no competition in the world better than the Dead Man's Party at this point.

[Vasquez rolls to his hands and knees, crawling across the ring as Chaz climbs to his feet, hanging onto the back of his head...

...and rushes the corner, dropkicking Calisto Dufresne off the apron. As he gets up, he ducks away from a swinging Wade Walker and Shadoe Rage, crotchchopping as he backpedals towards the crawling Vasquez who reaches up...]

JD: FROM BEHIND!

[...and rolls Chaz into a schoolboy!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[An incoming Chet lands a dropkick to the mush of Vasquez, breaking up the pin. Dufresne tries to come in but the referee cuts him off, holding him back as the Ladykiller shouts threats across the ring...]

JD: Vasquez is down from the dropkick as an embarrassed Chaz Wallace climbs to his feet, dragging him off the mat again...

[He waggles a finger at the Team AWA corner causing Supernova to angrily slam an arm down on the ropes. Wallace smirks as he scoops Vasquez up, slamming him down in the middle of the ring. He walks over to tag his brother who walks along the ring apron, turning to crotch chop at the fans before grabbing the top rope...]

JD: Chet out on the apron... SPRINGBOARD!

[As Chet springboards into the air, Chaz drops to his knees, pointing over his head as Chet sails over him, tucking his arms and legs in a high flying frog splash...

...that lands RIGHT on the raised knees of the former World Champion!]

JD: VASQUEZ GOT THE KNEES UP!

[Chaz jumps to his feet, hopping up and down in celebration as Vasquez rolls to all fours, crawling towards his corner...]

JD: Chaz doesn't realize what happened yet! Vasquez is on his way! Vasquez DESPERATELY needs to make the tag! He gets closer... and closer... and closer...

[Chaz turns, jaw dropped as he sees what's happening. He spots Vasquez and makes a beeline towards him...]

JD: TAG!

[...and ends up diving at the Hall of Famer's back just a hair too late as Vasquez reaches up and slaps the hand of Wade Walker!]

JD: WADE WALKER IS IN! AND HERE COMES TROUBLE FOR THE DEAD MAN'S PARTY!

[Walker storms in, absorbing a shower of punches and kicks from Chaz Wallace before simply piefacing him halfway across the ring. Chaz climbs to his feet, dragging Chet with him...]

JD: The Wallaces are trying to take a two on one on Wade Walker and I'm not even sure that's a fair fight!

[Chet and Chaz pour it on, hammering and hammering and hammering. A double boot to the gut allows them to set for a double suplex, dragging Wallace towards the middle of the ring...]

JD: Double suplex and-

BW: He's not going up!

JD: Walker's fighting it! Wade Walker is fighting it and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as the Dogs of War's powerhouse turns the attempt into a double suplex of his own, lifting both Wallaces into the air and dumping them down in a spine-rattling slam! Walker leaps up off the mat, throwing his muscular arms back in a roar...

...and then flattens an incoming Ricky Royal with a clothesline!]

JD: Clothesline on Royal!

[Weaver and Wilde come in next, getting dropped with a double clothesline before rolling out to the floor!]

JD: Down goes Weaver and Wilde as well!

[Skye is next, coming fast...

...and getting flipped, turned inside out before crashing and burning to the canvas!]

JD: SKYE HITS HARD!

[Walker wheels around...

...and points a threatening finger right at Jay Alana who coolly holds his ground, staring at the intimidating sight in front of him. Alana doesn't flinch, doesn't budge, doesn't back down one single step as he stares into the eyes of Wade Walker.]

JD: We've got a staredown! Walker wants himself a piece of the leader of the DMP but Alana's not coming in... he's just standing there staring at him... watching him...

[And ultimately, distracting him.]

JD: Ohh! The Wallaces strike from behind!

[Alana cracks a smile as Chaz and Chet hammer a surprised Wade Walker from behind, dragging him away from the DMP corner. Walker tries to battle back, throwing fists as fast as he can.]

JD: Walker's fighting for his life in there, battling back...

[He grabs Chaz by the arm, attempting an Irish whip but Chaz is able to reverse it, sending Walker into the buckles.]

JD: Walker hits the corner... down goes Chet to set up...

[Chet drops down to all fours near the corner, waiting as Chaz rushes across the ring, leaping off the back...]

...and Walker steps out of the corner, leaping up to OBLITERATE Chaz with a lunging clothesline!]

JD: HOLY! DID YOU \_SEE\_ THAT, BUCKY?!

[Chet climbs off the mat, throwing a right hand that Walker easily blocks, giving a shake of his head before hooking a loose bearhug...]

...and HURLS Chet over his head, throwing him into the buckles with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

JD: OHHH!

[Chet rolls out to the floor after the suplex, leaving Walker in the ring with Chaz... waiting... waiting... waiting for the smaller man to climb to his feet as Walker leans over, crouching in anticipation...]

JD: Chaz is trying to get up, climbing up off the mat...

BW: That may not be the best idea!

[And Walker comes tearing across the ring, DRIVING his shoulder into the torso of Chaz with a devastating spear tackle!]

JD: SPEAR! SPEAR!

BW: THAT'S IT!

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A diving Elijah Wilde drives a forearm into the back of Wade Walker, breaking up the pin attempt!]

JD: OHH! WILDE BREAKS UP THE PIN! I think it was over and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as a fired-up Shadoe Rage comes flying into the ring, going right after Elijah Wilde, throwing rights and lefts as the youngster gets to his feet!]

JD: The Dead Man's Party is in! Team AWA is in! The referee's lost all control of this one, fans!

[With Chaz Wallace bailing out to the floor, Wade Walker turns his attention to Elijah Wilde, shoving Shadoe Rage aside to hammer Wilde back against the ropes...]

...where Rage tears past Walker, connecting with a clothesline that takes both Rage and Wilde over the top rope, crashing down to the floor below.]

JD: OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!!

[Walker glares down at Rage from inside the ring, shouting a warning at him as the brawls all around him spill out to the floor, leaving him all alone in the ring...

...except for Yuma Weaver who rushes him from behind, connecting with a clothesline of his own, knocking Walker through the ropes and out to the floor!]

JD: Weaver sends Wade Walker to the floor!

[Isaiah Carpenter comes tearing back into the ring, assaulting Weaver with kicks and forearms. Carpenter grabs an arm, shooting Weaver towards the ropes...

...but Weaver's power wins out, reversing the whip to send Carpenter in, bouncing back towards him where he lifts him quickly into a fireman's carry...]

JD: THUNDER MOUNTAIN-

[...and SPIKES Carpenter skullfirst into the canvas!]

JD: -DRIIIIVAAAAAHH!

[Weaver rolls over into a pin attempt, the referee shaking his head, pointing out to the floor.]

JD: The referee's desperately trying to keep the legal men the... well, the legal men! He's refusing the count the pin by Yuma Weaver after the Death Valley Driver right there!

[Weaver angrily gets to his feet, shouting at the official as Carpenter rolls out to the floor...]

JD: Weaver his one of his signature maneuvers and-

[Weaver quickly finds himself booted in the gut by Calisto Dufresne who pulls him into a front facelock, reaching out with the free hand to hook the trunks...]

JD: Look at this!

[...and elevates the Native American, SPIKING him headfirst into the canvas!]

BW: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU MA'AM!

JD: You love calling that one, don't you?

BW: I sure do!

[Dufresne pops up, going into a spin with his arms spread as Weaver lies on the canvas...

...and turns right into a running clothesline by Ricky Royal!]

JD: OHH! ROYAL WIPES OUT DUFRESNE! A BATTLE OF AWA ORIGINALS RIGHT THERE!

[Royal shows off his power, yanking Dufresne easily off the mat into a standing headscissors. He reaches under, crossing Dufresne's arms across his chest...

...and powers him up, lifting him high into powerbomb position...]

JD: MISSISSIPPI RIVER PLUNGE!

[Royal DRIVES Dufresne down into the canvas, throwing his arms apart on completion to taunt the fans...

...which allows him to completely miss Shadoe Rage sneaking back into the ring, crawling on his hands and knees, sliding closer and closer behind Royal.]

JD: What in the world is he...?

[Rage suddenly springs up, driving his knees into the back of Royal while hooking his hands around the chin...

...and SLAMS Royal down in a Lungblower!]

JD: OHHH!

[The World Television Champion climbs to his feet, going into a spin as he celebrates putting Royal down...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets FLATTENED with a double superkick up under the chin by the Wallaces!]

JD: GOOD GOD, WHAT A SHOT!

[Chaz and Chet take their moment to stand over the motionless Rage, crotchchopping all the while...

...until a flying Pedro Perez, flung across the ring by his own partner, wipes out both of them!]



JD: OH MY!

[Perez rolls up, diving on top of Chaz, hammering him with clenched fists as Walker grabs Chet, pulling him to his feet. He powers him up, lifting him skyward into a military press. He holds... and holds... and holds...

...and then drops, catching him on his shoulder, and DRIVING him down in a powerslam!]

JD: OHH!

[The crowd is getting louder and louder as Walker rolls Chet out of the ring, turning back towards Chaz who Perez has pulled off the mat, throwing him towards his partner who hoists Chaz up into a powerslam position, lifting him higher and holding his arms so that he's in a crucifix position facing the mat...]

JD: What are they-

[...and Walker HURLS Chaz into the air, sending him sailing towards Perez who leaps up, tucking his knees up into the chest of Chaz!]

JD: OHHHHHHH!

[Chaz flails his arms and legs, rolling out of the ring to the floor as Perez pops up, embracing his partner who points to the floor where One Man Army has grabbed hold of the top rope...

...and Perez goes barreling across the ring, throwing himself between the ropes into a dive on OMA!]

JD: TOPE TO THE FLOOR!

BW: NO EFFECT!

JD: The One Man Army swatted him aside like he's nothing but-

[But Wade Walker comes steaming across the ring as well, hurling himself through the ropes as his partner did a moment earlier, wiping out the big man with a tope of his own!]

JD: HOLY GOD ALMIGHTY! WADE WALKER WITH A DIVE TO THE FLOOR!

[With the ring clear, Jay Alana slides in, dropping to a knee, spreading his arms as the crowd jeers loudly.]

JD: Alana is in! Now that the ring is empty, Jay Alana is in that ring and-

[The crowd erupts as Supernova slides in, pulling Alana up, twisting him around...]

JD: Right hand by Supernova! Another! A third!

[The barrage of haymakers sends Alana falling back into the turnbuckles where Supernova grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

JD: Alana hits the corner!

[Supernova falls back into the buckles, throwing his head back for a howl before storming across the ring, leaping into the air...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

JD: OH MY GOD! JAY ALANA SUPERKICKED HIM OUT OF THE SKY! HE SUPERKICKED ‘NOVA OUT OF THE SKY, FANS!

[Alana steps forward, angrily spitting on the chest of the downed Supernova. He slaps himself across the pectorals a few times, taunting the fans...

...when Shadoe Rage comes through the ropes, diving into a tackle, taking Alana down with a double leg, pounding him with right hands on the mat!]

JD: And will wonders never cease! Now it’s Shadoe Rage trying to get some payback for what just happened to Supernova! Can you believe this, Bucky?!

BW: Rivalries like this and nights like this make for strange bedfellows, Dane. Who in the world knows what’s going to happen from moment to moment?!

[Rage is pummeling Alana down on the mat when Elijah Wilde slides in, pulling Rage off of Alana by the afro. He uses the afro to hurl Rage into the ropes...

...and shoves him skyward, catching him on the way down with a mammoth powerbomb!]

JD: HOLY- HE TRIED TO DRIVE RAGE \_THROUGH\_ THE DAMN MAT!

[With Rage down on the mat, Wilde steps over him...

...and fires a snot rocket down on Rage, arrogantly throwing his arms into the air to jeers from the Tiger Paw Pro crowd...]

JD: Elijah Wilde may have just won this match for his team with that devastating pop-up powerbomb...

BW: Not so fast, Dane!

[The crowd ERUPTS, fans literally jumping up and down at the sight of Juan Vasquez in the ring, right hand balled up and at the ready, standing behind Wilde, waiting... waiting...]

JD: Wilde doesn't know what's coming and-

[And as he turns, Vasquez unloads!]

JD: RIGHT CROSS!

[The fisticuff sends Wilde bouncing through the ropes, crashing out to the floor below!]

JD: VASQUEZ KNOCKED OUT WILDE!

BW: Cheap shot!

JD: He knocked out Wilde and-

[Just to make sure of it, Vasquez barrels across the ring...

...and dives OVER the top rope, somersaulting onto a few members of the Dead Man's Party (and his own team for good measure!)]

JD: VASQUEZ TAKES TO THE SKY!!

[With bodies all over the ringside area, Johnny Skye sees his opportunity, climbing quickly to the top rope, turning his back on them all...]

JD: Get ready, YouTube! You're about to get another highlight reel!

[...and leaps into the air, twisting and soaring with a corkscrew moonsault that lands atop the pile, taking out several men!]

JD: WHAT A DIVE BY JOHNNY SKYE!

[Isaiah Carpenter pulls himself up on the apron, looking down at the carnage. Never one to be outdone, Carpenter nods to the fans, jumping up and down a couple of times...

...and then deadleaps to the top rope, springboarding into the air, twisting around into a death-defying somersault dive to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: WE'VE GOT CARNAGE EVERYWHERE TO BE SEEN OUT HERE AT RINGSIDE AS THE DEAD MAN'S PARTY AND TEAM AWA HAVE TAKEN EACH OTHER TO THE LIMITS HERE IN TOKYO!

[With the fans roaring, we look back inside the ring where Shadoe Rage has managed to get Jay Alana trapped in the corner, hammering him with short jabs to the jaw before an overhead elbowsmash really rings the bell of the Hawaiian!]

JD: Ohh! That one caught him!

[Rage drags Alana out of the corner, scooping him up and slamming him down to the mat. He points out to the fans, then points to the top rope...]

JD: What the... where is he going?!

BW: Better question! What in the world is the DMP doing outside the ring?!

[Suddenly, Ricky Royal, Yuma Weaver, and One Man Army have dragged the members of the Dogs of War over to the ringside railing...]

JD: I can't tell from this vantage point as Shadoe Rage looks to climb to the top rope here in the Tokyo Dome but it appears as if-

[Another camera angle tells the story as Weaver uses a pair of handcuffs to secure a struggling Pedro Perez to the railing.]

JD: Handcuffs! They're handcuffing the Dogs of War to the railing! They're trying to take three of the members of Team AWA out of this match entirely!

[The crowd is all over this blatant rulebreaking as it takes all three of them to handcuff a struggling Wade Walker. But once they've done it, they raise their arms triumphantly!]

BW: They've 'cuffed the Dogs! They've taken the Dogs out of the match, Dane!

JD: They have but it may not matter! Shadoe Rage is up top, ready to fly... ready to soar!

[Rage HURLS himself off the top, flashbulbs popping as he plummets through the sky...

...and DRIVES the point of his elbow into Jay Alana's chest!]

JD: OHH! ELBOW OFF THE TOP!

[Rage rolls over, tightly hooking a leg...]

JD: The referee is... he's gonna count! He's gonna count!

[Rage is cradling as tight as he can as the official slaps the mat.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[A diving Yuma Weaver breaks up the pin, avoiding the nearfall just barely!]

JD: Weaver breaks it up! And after all that chaos outside the ring, we can see members of the DMP taking their spots back on the ring apron! This is turning back into a normal match!

BW: Except now it's a 7 on 4, Dane! The Dogs are tied up and Supernova and Vasquez can try all they want out there, they're not getting them free without some bolt cutters or something!

[Out on the floor, we can see the fan favorites struggling to free their allies as Shadoe Rage gets chopped repeatedly in the corner by Yuma Weaver. Vasquez turns towards the ring, pointing out the action to Supernova.]

"You help him! I'll help them!"

[Supernova gives a nod, diving under the ropes into the ring, taking aim at the corner...]

JD: SUPERNOVA CHARGING... HEAT WAVE!

[But the attempt at the flying splash aimed at the back of Yuma Weaver goes awry when Jay Alana YANKS Weaver clear, causing Supernova to SQUASH his own partner in the buckles!]

JD: OHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

BW: Or did he?! You think Supernova's above taking a cheap shot at his rival?!

JD: YES! YES I DO! Supernova would NEVER-

[Supernova is trying to check on his partner when Weaver yanks him from the corner... and gets a right hand to the jaw for his efforts!]

JD: Big right hand by Supernova! And Alana gets one as well!

[A series of right hands puts Weaver in the turnbuckles as the face-painted fan favorite walks across the ring, hammering Alana as well. He grabs Alana by the arm, whipping him in...]

JD: A DMP stack-up in the corner... HEAT WAVE!

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova's corner splash connects, crushing both Alana and Weaver in the turnbuckles...

...before a clothesline sends Weaver tumbling over the top to the floor as Alana collapses on the canvas!]

JD: OHH!

[Out on the floor, we see Juan Vasquez rifling through a toolbox that someone has brought him.]

JD: Vasquez is still trying to find a way to get the Dogs of War free, to get them back into this match...

[But they may not be needed as Supernova grabs the downed Alana by the legs, stepping through and turning him over!]

JD: SOLAR FLARE IS LOCKED IN! HE'S GOT JAY ALANA IN THE SOLAR FLARE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TOKYO DOME!

[The crowd is on their feet, roaring for the potential submission coming. Alana cries out, clawing at the canvas, begging for mercy, lifting an arm in preparation for a possible tapout...

...when Shadoe Rage SLAMS the World Television Title belt into the back of Supernova's head, sending him falling motionlessly to the canvas!]

JD: OHH! WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: RAGE CLUBBED HIM WITH THE TITLE!

JD: BUT WHY?! WHY IN THE WORLD WOULD HE-

BW: THAT HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER, DANE! IT WAS NO ACCIDENT AND SHADOE RAGE KNOWS IT!

JD: Of course it was an accident! Of course it was!

[A furious Rage steps out of the ring, clinging the title belt to his chest as he storms up the aisle and out of the building.]

JD: We're down to a 7 on 3! Just like that, we're down to-

[Jay Alana climbs back to his feet, looking down at the unconscious Supernova as he turns to the corner, stepping out to the apron, climbing the ropes...]

JD: Supernova's down and Jay Alana's looking for the kill! Juan Vasquez needs to do something! Calisto Dufresne needs to do something! SOMEBODY needs to do something!

[Alana stands up top, arms raised, soaking up the crowd's reaction for this big moment...

...and leaps off the top, CRUSHING Supernova beneath him with a flying splash!]

JD: ALANA HITS THE SPLASH!!

[A desperate Vasquez throws down the toolbox, wheeling around to go help his partner...]

JD: ONE!!

[Vasquez dives under the bottom rope to intervene...

...but finds himself stuck, unable to go any further.]

JD: TWO!!!

[The Hall of Famer looks back, kicking his legs frantically...

...and finds a grinning Calisto Dufresne holding his legs, keeping him there.]

JD: THREEEEEEEE!!!!

“CLANK!”

[As the bell sounds, Dufresne lets go of Vasquez and makes a break for it, charging back up the aisle as Vasquez crawls to the aid of Supernova, throwing himself over his downed ally while the DMP climb to their feet to celebrate their win!]

JD: The Dead Man’s Party has done it! They’ve bested Team AWA!

BW: Just like they said they would!

JD: But look at what it took for them to do it, Bucky. A blatant attempt to turn the odds in their favor by handcuffing the Dogs of War to the railing and it STILL took betrayals by Shadoe Rage and Calisto Dufresne to get the victory!

BW: Hey, a win’s a win, daddy! Team AWA could’ve fought them off if they’d stood together but that was too much to ask out of all those explosive personalities like Supernova and Vasquez.

JD: Supernova and Vasquez?! Shadoe Rage stabbed Supernova right in the back and then Calisto Dufresne prevented Juan Vasquez from breaking up the pin! They’re the traitors! They’re the backstabbing sons of-

BW: Easy there, Dane. Wouldn’t want to spend another year exiled to Japan, would you?

JD: I stayed in Japan by choice thank you very much!

[The Dead Man’s Party continues to celebrate as Jay Alana steps up on the middle rope, giving a signal, grinning as pyro bursts at the top of the aisle, saluting the victory for perhaps the most dominant faction in the wrestling world...]

JD: Fans, we’ve still got two big matches to come! Two title matches as Noboru Fujimoto defends the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown for against Yoshinari Taguchi and Ryan Martinez defends the AWA World Heavyweight Title against Johnny Detson! As the party continues here inside the ring, let’s go backstage right now!

[We fade to the backstage area where Yoshinari Taguchi is standing, hair soaked, sweat dripping from his face as he stands in his ring gear, looking

into the camera. The words "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" appear on the screen as do subtitles when he speaks fully in Japanese.]

YT: Fujimoto, you and I clash tonight. One more time. One more chance for me to take back what belongs to me - the Global Crown. An opportunity with the entire world watching to show that I belong in the discussion surrounding who is the best in the world.

Ryan Martinez is good. Great. Perhaps the best.

[Taguchi shakes his head, jerking a thumb at himself.]

YT: I believe that Tiger Paw Pro is the best wrestling in the world. I believe that the Global Crown Champion is the best wrestler in the world.

I do not look past Fujimoto. He will fight hard. He will fight strong.

But he will lose.

[Taguchi does the international signal for the "belt gesture."]

YT: And then I challenge Ryan Martinez to find out who is really the best in the world.

[The challenger in the night's co-Main Event bows towards the camera as we fade to hot pink, coming back up on Noboru Fujimoto standing in front of a matching pink backdrop with his personal logo airbrushed upon it. He's in a pair of dark sunglasses, his hair recently cut into a stylish 'do. He wears a pink and black leather trenchcoat over his bare torso, ready for the ring as well. He holds up the title belt, tapping the faceplate with one finger. He too is subtitled.]

NF: Taguchi-san says he is the best in the world.

[He gives an approximation of a "tsk, tsk."]

NF: This says different. Once upon a time, Taguchi-san WAS the best in the world, defeating all comers. He was the King of the mountaintop, looking down on all his challengers.

But now I am King. Now I look down on him.

Time lasts eternal for no man, Taguchi-san. Your time as the best in the world has come to an end and now I stand alone as "the one."

[He lifts his arm, tapping his bare wrist.]

NF: Tonight, not only does your time as the perennial champion come to an end... but also your time as the perennial challenger. For long, we have battled as two equals. But every time I won, I inched higher... I climbed taller...



[Fujimoto lifts the title belt again, holding it next to his face.]

NF: Tonight, your last chance... your last opportunity. One more day in the sun. One more night in the spotlight.

And one more time...

[He lifts his right arm in an approximation of what he does when he uses the Falling Laser Lasso, jerking to the side.]

NF: I turn out your spotlight... forever.

[He closes his eyes, inhaling deeply as we fade to a shot of the Tokyo Dome crowd.]

JD: Two of the best that the Japanese wrestling world have ever come to known are set to collide in this ring for the final time. Yoshinari Taguchi has held the title before... he would like to hold the title again... but if he falls tonight, he has pledged to never again challenge Noboru Fujimoto for the Global Crown.

BW: That puts all the pressure on Taguchi if you ask me, Dane. He's got everything to win but he's also got everything to lose.

JD: You're absolutely right. Megumi Sato, the floor is yours.

[Crossfade to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

SUBTITLES: Next match... CO-MAIN EVENT... one fall... sixty minutes for the TIGER PAW PRO GLOBAL CROWN!

[The lights drop to nothing.

A few moments in the black get the crowd ready and waiting until the video walls light up, one screen at a time with the champion's name. The crowd chants along with the screens.]

"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"

[The screens light up again, a little faster this time as the crowd chants again.]

"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"

[The screens repeat the pattern, faster still. It happens over and over, building to a faster pace as the crowd chants faster.]

"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!" "TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"

"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!" "TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"

"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!" "TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"

[With the crowd chanting his name repeatedly, the arena lights up with a red and white strobe light, flashing quickly to illuminate the rising platform as "Twilight" by ELO begins to play and Yoshinari Taguchi appears before the Tokyo Dome crowd. He raises his left hand in a fist, getting a returned salute from the giant crowd.]

Taguchi strides down the ramp. Taguchi is in full length tights, one leg red and one leg white.]

JD: Yoshinari Taguchi is one of the best technical wrestlers in the world. He's a three-time holder of the Global Crown and tonight, he's looking to make it a fourth time.

BW: This guy was dominant in the first half of the decade, Dane. He won the title from the retired LION Tetsuo who was introduced out there at ringside on September 12th, 2011. His first reign lasted over a year! He held the title at some point in 2011, 2012, 2013, and 2014. But after Fujimoto won the title in August of last year, he's turned back Taguchi at every turn.

JD: You've done your homework. I'm impressed.

BW: Somebody's gotta carry this ship. I can't believe I actually miss Gordo.

[Taguchi reaches the ring, ducking through the ropes where he throws a fist up into the air, earning the returned salute from the crowd. Taguchi smiles as he backs to the corner, tugging at the ropes to stay loose as the arena lights drop out again.]

Two huge spotlights flick on, blasting the entryway and bathing it in bright white light as the soft sounds of a guitar and Axl Rose flicker in Tokyo Dome...]

#When you were young and your heart was an open book  
You used to say live and let live  
(you know you did, you know you did you know you dииid)  
But if this ever changing world in which we live in  
Makes you give in and cry....  
...say live and let die!#

[And as the guitar kicks in to that epic sound, fireworks go off on the outer rim of the Tokyo Dome, and the Global Crown champion makes his way to the red carpet that has been rolled out on the aisleway, the spotlights following him.]

Fujimoto is tall and good looking with bleach blonde dyed hair. He wears glossy looking tights that go to mid thigh, the right side gold and the left side wine red. His boots and kneepads are color coordinated, left side wine red, white side gold. He wears the long leather trenchcoat we saw in his interview, the Global Crown championship around his waist, and black sunglasses.]

JD: There he is, fans. The face of Tiger Paw Pro these days.

BW: He's the guy this place is built on!

JD: These days perhaps... but Yoshinari Taguchi isn't done yet, I have a feeling.

BW: And Dane, our US fans might remember that Fujimoto used to have an entourage accompanying him to the ring. Those guys got canned!

JD: That's right. Fujimoto decided to dismiss his attendants during the build-up for this match. He decided he needed to focus on the match and couldn't be bothered to deal with all the fringe distractions. That's how badly he wants to win this match and put an end to the challenge of Taguchi once and for all.

[Once Fujimoto reaches the ring, he ducks through the ropes, falling to his knees, throwing his hands up as more pyro goes off all over the Tokyo Dome. The champion says something to himself before standing up and shedding his leather trenchcoat.]

JD: Fujimoto removes the jacket, handing over the title belt to the official...

[He plants a kiss on the belt, staring for a few moments at it before handing it away.]

JD: Fujimoto loves that title. He worked HARD to become the champion and he's worked even harder to stay that way. He's gone through the kind of training camp in preparation for this match that most competitors will never experience... but will it be enough?

[Each man stands in an opposite corner as Megumi Sato steps between them.]

SUBTITLES: In the corner to my right... the challenger... three-time Global Crown Champion... weighing in at 104 kilos...

[She takes a deep breath.]

"TAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGUUUUUUUUUCHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII  
YOOOOOOSHINAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!"

[Taguchi throws his hands in the air and brings them slowly down, eyes never leaving Fujimoto.]

SUBTITLES: His opponent to my left... weighing 107 kilos... he is TIGER PAW PRO GLOBAL CROWN CHAMPION...

[Another deep breath.]

"FUUUUUUUUJIMOOOOOOOOOOOTOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  
NOOOOOOOOOBOOOOOORUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!"

[The champion raises both hands then finally takes off his sunglasses, dropping them out to an attendant, staring across the ring at Taguchi as the referee steps out to the center, shouting to both men...

...and waving for the bell!]

“CLANK!”

[The fans cheer as both champion and challenger edge out of their respective corners, moving to the side, circling the ring, keeping an eye on their opposition.]

JD: The bell sounds and we are off and running in this - the co-Main Event of Rising Sun Showdown 2, fans!

BW: Correct me if I’m wrong, Dane, but the last time these two have squared off one-on-one was at Turner Field... in the AWA, right?

JD: You’re absolutely right, Bucky. It was a hard-fought loss for Taguchi-san on that night as he tried to regain the Global Crown but tonight is, pardon the expression, for all the marbles. If he loses tonight, he has pledged to ask for no more title opportunities.

[Taguchi dashes forward, dropping to a knee, making a grab at Fujimoto’s leg in a single leg takedown attempt but Fujimoto pulls the leg back, wagging a finger at his rival as he slips away.]

JD: Yoshinari Taguchi’s known for his mat wrestling - his submission skills - and you know that Fujimoto is going to have all of that very well scouted. He will do whatever it takes to stay out of the deadly submissions of the three-time Global Crown Champion.

[Taguchi straightens up, hopping several steps to his right before crouching down, extending his arms towards Fujimoto who does the same, building anticipation for the tieup.]

JD: Both of these men know each other so well. That title means so much to both men, they know they can’t afford to make a mistake in the early moments of this one.

[Fujimoto makes the first move, lunging in, dropping down, and ending up behind Taguchi, attempting to secure a waistlock but Taguchi has reversed it in a blink of an eye, forcing Fujimoto down to all fours on the mat.]

JD: Down on the mat in the early going, Taguchi showing off that artistry on the canvas... as Fujimoto shows off some artistry of his own, twisting the left arm around into a wristlock.

[This time, it’s Taguchi who lowers to a knee, wincing as Fujimoto applies the pressure to the arm.]

JD: Taguchi's had his share of injuries in the past. Elbow injuries, knee injuries. As you get older in this sport, the medical history can look as long as the title history at times. You can be sure that Fujimoto will be looking to take advantage of any of those old maladies here tonight.

[Taguchi continues to struggle against the wristlock as Fujimoto twists it around a second time, cranking on the limb.]

JD: Taguchi trying to find a way out of this, battling to his feet...

[As he does, he twists out of the wristlock by spinning once, grasping the wrist of the champion, and spins again, turning it into a wristlock of his own. But the hold is only applied for a moment before Fujimoto reverses it back, retaking control...]

JD: They battle back and forth, trying to maintain control of the arm and-

[Taguchi drops to the mat, grabbing the leg, tripping up Fujimoto to send him facefirst down on the canvas. The challenger rolls up the torso of Fujimoto, pulling him into a side headlock.]

JD: And Taguchi switches gears, going from the arm to the head and neck of the champion.

[The crowd is quiet at the start, respectful of the action they're seeing before them as we cut to a shot of the front row.]

BW: You know, Dane... it may be hard for some of the fans back in the States to understand how big of a match this is for Tiger Paw Pro but that right there... that should tell it all.

JD: Often times, we talk about a monitor sell out or a curtain sell out where the entire locker room is jammed around a spot to watch the action of another match inside the ring. This is one of those matches... but that has spilled out here to the crowd where five of the all-time greats in Tiger Paw Pro have come here to watch.

BW: You can see the two icons of Japanese wrestling, Izumi who we saw earlier and GOLIATH Takehara kinda bookending the group.

JD: The masked man, of course, is LION Tetsuo... one of the most popular competitors ever in Japan. You can also see Hiroshi Takata there, the original founder of Tiger Paw Pro. And the other...

BW: Does it send a chill down your spine to see him?

JD: Not at all. The other may look familiar to AWA fans but if you're not used to seeing him without his facepaint, that's the AWA competitor known as Nenshou. Nenshou attempted a return to Tiger Paw Pro after leaving the AWA but an injury stalled that return. He's here tonight showing his respect to these two tremendous competitors as well.

[The five men speak to one another, pointing out the action in the ring as Fujimoto fights up to a knee, still trapped in the side headlock of Taguchi.]

JD: Fujimoto, the taller competitor, being controller right now by the side headlock of Taguchi.

BW: It's a smart move, Dane. When you're faced with a bigger opponent, you always want to find a way to neutralize their size advantage.

JD: Fujimoto and Taguchi are virtually the same weight, only a few kilo difference, but in height, Fujimoto holds an advantage of a few inches and puts it to good use.

[Grabbing the wrists of Taguchi, Fujimoto attempts to power out, trying to turn the arms into a wristlock, fighting... fighting... fighting...

...and then spinning back the other way, sliding out of the headlock and applying one of his own.]

JD: Nice counterwrestling on the part of Noboru Fujimoto who really was not known for his mat wrestling skills when this rivalry began. But he was so badly outclassed on the canvas by Taguchi during their first encounter, Fujimoto made it a mission to improve in that area and he has done exactly that by leaps and bounds.

[Taguchi takes his turn clutching the wrists, twisting away from the headlock to attempt an overhand wristlock.]

JD: This time, it's the challenger trying to fight his way out of the headlock, looking to get the size of Fujimoto back on his heels.

[He pushes hard, trying to muscle out... but Fujimoto cranks back down, securing the side headlock again as he shakes his head.]

BW: Fujimoto says no way. He's not letting Taguchi out of this one.

JD: The arrogant Fujimoto wants this win tonight in the worst way. He wants to finally put the name Yoshinari Taguchi into the rear view mirror and move on the next stage of his career. He thought he'd done that when he beat Taguchi in Atlanta earlier this year but Taguchi won this year's edition of the Global Elite tournament to earn this title opportunity.

BW: It's not the first time he's won that either.

JD: Absolutely not. Both Taguchi and Fujimoto are former winners of the Global Elite tournament. Fujimoto won the tournament in 2014, earning the title shot against Taguchi where he won the title last August.

[Taguchi throws a trio of forearm to the ribs as he backs Fujimoto into the ropes, throwing him off to the far side.]

JD: Taguchi shoots him off, drops down... Fujimoto goes up and over, off the far ropes...

[A big running tackle knocks Taguchi off his feet, sending him down to the mat. Fujimoto looks down at him with disdain, brushing off his shoulder to some boos from the crowd.]

JD: Fujimoto looking to turn up the heat here, to the ropes he goes...

[But Taguchi is right there to his feet as well, making a running dive where he slides past Fujimoto, hooking the ankle and taking him off his feet on the way past him.]

JD: Takedown by Taguchi... and he goes right back to the side headlock on the kneeling Fujimoto!

[Fujimoto doesn't waste much time before climbing to his feet, grabbing the wrists...]

JD: Trying to spin out into the wristlock again... no, Fujimoto right back to the ropes, shoves him off...

[In a mirror image of moments ago, Taguchi leaps over the downed Fujimoto, bouncing back to drop him with a shoulder tackle!]

JD: Oho! And this time, it's the challenger who takes Fujimoto off his feet!

[The younger Fujimoto rolls to a seated position, grabbing at the back of his head as he starts to get up off the mat...

...and gets hooked around the head and neck, dragged down to the mat with a side headlock takeover!]

JD: Headlock takedown by the challenger... but Fujimoto turns it right into a headscissors!

[Taguchi kicks out, freeing himself from the headscissors as both men scramble up, squaring off as the crowd cheers the efforts from both competitors so far.]

JD: A little bit of a standoff there as both champion and challenger as easing into this one...

[The two men stare at one another for a few moments...

...and then lunge into a collar and elbow tieup, jostling for position, fighting as they try to shove one another backwards. Fujimoto uses his size advantage to push Taguchi back.]

JD: Fujimoto pushing Taguchi into the corner... could this be the end of the feeling out process?

[Fujimoto is ordered to back off by the official. He waits a moment before straightening up...

...and then **BLASTS** Taguchi with a forearm shot to the jaw, knocking the challenger down to the canvas!]

BW: Yep!

JD: Hehe... absolutely. Fujimoto unloads with that forearm shot and really put a hurting on the challenger with that blow across the cheek, knocking Taguchi down to the canvas.

[Fujimoto walks away, taking a bit of a verbal beating from the official for the cheap shot. The referee and the champion are discussing it when Taguchi comes to his feet, charging out of the corner, leaping up to paste Fujimoto with a forearm in exchange!]

JD: Ohh! And Taguchi fires back! It looks like he's had enough as well!

BW: When a guy smashes you in the mouth, you better bet you've had enough.

[Two more forearms to the jaw have Fujimoto reeling as he staggers backwards to the corner...

...and grabs Taguchi, spinning him back into the buckles where he squares up, throwing three stiff forearms to the jaw of his own!]

JD: You see those brutal forearms being exchanged and it reminds you somewhat of last year's epic SuperClash battle between Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright for the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: Taguchi doesn't have those singalong chops, does he?

JD: No, no he doesn't.

BW: Thank heavens for small miracles.

[Taguchi turns Fujimoto back around, laying into him with three more forearm shots of his own before the champion spins him back into the buckles, grabbing the back of the head to lay in some brutal European-style uppercuts!]

JD: Oof! Those'll loosen your fillings!

BW: Both these guys might be in need of some dental work after this one's over.

[Taguchi turns it around again, using his own brand of European uppercuts to stun Fujimoto, leaving him reeling against the ropes.]



JD: These strike exchanges - this tests of will, of fighting spirit - are quite common here in Japan especially in the big match environment where two men are striving to prove to the fans that they are the better warrior, the tougher fighter, the more resilient competitor.

[Another uppercut lands, leaving Fujimoto leaning against the buckles as Taguchi takes a little walk around the ring. Standing halfway across the ring, Taguchi charges in, leaping up for a forearm...

...but Fujimoto sidesteps, causing Taguchi to hit the buckles. Fujimoto grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring, charging immediately after him from corner to corner, leaping into the air to land a jaw-rattling forearm smash!]

JD: Ohh! Big forearm in the corner - one of the signature moves of the Global Crown Champion there!

[He turns his back to Taguchi, using his weight to hold him against the buckle as he slams his elbow back, alternating from right to left...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Fujimoto swiftly spins around, lifting Taguchi up to deposit in a sitting position on the top rope. Fujimoto backs off, giving a fist pump to the crowd as he moves back in on Taguchi...

...who leans over, throwing a forearm to the jaw that sends Fujimoto falling back, dropping to a knee as Taguchi steps down onto the middle rope, giving a shout... a shout that gets cut off in the middle as Fujimoto storms back in, leaping up to land a European uppercut that sends Taguchi falling over the ropes, crashing down to the barely-padded Tokyo Dome floor!]

JD: OHHH! Hard fall over the top rope and right down on the floor below! It looked like Yoshinari Taguchi was setting up for that middle rope flying dropkick we've seen him do before but Fujimoto saw it coming and took advantage of the situation, sending Taguchi down to the floor.

[Fujimoto smirks at the fallen Taguchi, arrogantly walking around the ring as Taguchi is down on the floor.]

JD: Taguchi is down after that hard fall and Fujimoto seems content to just stand in the ring and- perhaps not.

BW: I was going to be surprised if he just stayed in there, Dane. To be a top level champion in this sport, you gotta have a killer instinct and everything I've seen and heard about this kid says that he's got it. He needs to get out

there, put the boots to him, put him into a railing, something. You gotta take advantage of a break like that.

[Fujimoto walks around the ring, dragging Taguchi up by the arm, turning slightly...]

JD: Big whip!

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

JD: Ohh! Taguchi’s back just got SLAMMED into that elevated wooden entrance ramp!

BW: That’ll send a jolt from your head to your toes.

[Fujimoto ignores the counting referee as he shoves Taguchi off the floor and up on top of the ramp. He climbs up after him, the spotlights landing on the ramp to highlight what they’re doing up there.]

JD: Our Tiger Paw Pro official has started his twenty count - remember, a twenty count here in the Land of the Rising Sun - as Fujimoto again goes to pull Taguchi off the wooden ramp...

[Lifting Taguchi up, Fujimoto does a turn to show him off before he SLAMS him down on the unforgiving ramp!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

JD: Backfirst down on the ramp again!

BW: If Taguchi came into this match with a healthy back, he may not be able to claim that much longer, Dane.

JD: Absolutely. Fujimoto is going after the back with aggression outside the ring.

[Fujimoto walks around on the ramp, looking out on the crowd. He gestures at Taguchi with disdain before dragging him back up to his feet, slamming an elbow down on the back of the head and neck.]

JD: Hard shot to the neck there...

[Taguchi battles back, throwing a forearm shot to the jaw.]

JD: Taguchi trying to fight back!

[Fujimoto returns fire with a forearm of his own.]

JD: Fujimoto returns the favor... and Taguchi responds in kind!

[The crowd cheers the exchange of forearms out on the apron as Taguchi tries to prevent any further damage from being done on the wooden rampway.]

JD: Taguchi with another! And another!

[He reaches out, hooking Fujimoto by the wrist...

...and yanks him into a short-arm clothesline, taking the champion off his feet with the surprise attack!]

JD: Oh! Taguchi lands the clothesline out of nowhere and that one had to stun Fujimoto!

BW: You know what would stun Taguchi? Getting counted out. He needs to get back in there, Dane.

JD: He absolutely does. The title will NOT change hands on a countout as Yoshinari Taguchi drags Fujimoto back towards the ring, dumping the champion through the ropes to break the count.

[Taguchi looks out at the crowd, nodding his head as he grabs the top rope with two hands...]

JD: Taguchi's got Fujimoto in position for one of his favorite- CATAPULT!

[The crowd cheers as Taguchi sails over the top rope, crashing down on a prone Fujimoto with a splash!]

JD: SLINGSHOT SPLASH CONNECTS! COULD THAT BE ENOUGH!?

[The referee dives to the canvas, raising his arm.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Fujimoto lifts the shoulder, breaking the pin attempt.]

JD: Fujimoto escapes the count at two, breaking up the pin by the challenger who claps his hands together as he pushes off the mat. He thought he might surprise him and score the win right there.

BW: It was a good idea but it wasn't enough to keep Fujimoto down for three.

[Taguchi drags Fujimoto off the mat, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JD: Big chop by Taguchi!

[Fujimoto winces, staggering backwards as Taguchi pursues, winding up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: A second chop sends Fujimoto, the Global Crown Champion, falling back into the ropes.

[With Fujimoto on the ropes, Taguchi squares up, giving a shout in Japanese to the Tokyo Dome crowd before he unleashes on his stunned opposition.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[He punctuates the assault with a spinning back chop to the side of the neck, leaving Fujimoto hanging onto the top rope, trying to stay on his feet under the barrage of strikes from the challenger.]

JD: Taguchi’s got the champion reeling as he grabs the arm... Irish whip coming up...

[But as Fujimoto hits the far ropes, he hangs on, clinging to them for dear life. Taguchi angrily storms in...

...and Fujimoto leans back, throwing a boot into the face!]

JD: Ohh! Taguchi got caught!

[The challenger shakes the cobwebs quickly, rushing back in this time...

...and Fujimoto ducks down, backdropping Taguchi high into the air, sending him sailing over the top rope...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

[...and right DOWN on the wooden rampway!]

JD: HOLY-! Fujimoto with a desperation counter and it paid HUGE dividends, dumping Taguchi backfirst for the third time right down on the wooden rampway, fans! Fujimoto has been using a variation of the Boston Crab as of late and you have to wonder if that’s in the back of his mind as he continues to work over the back of his challenger here tonight, Bucky.

BW: If it’s not, he better put it there! Three hard shots on unforgiving, solid wood will put anyone’s back in a state of emergency.

[Fujimoto leans against the ropes for a few moments, taking some deep breaths as the referee advises him to not pursue Taguchi out onto the rampway.]

JD: The official is telling Fujimoto to stay inside the ring but I don't think that's likely, Bucky.

BW: Definitely not. He's gotta go for the kill here. We're over ten minutes into this thing and the time for niceties is over, daddy.

[Fujimoto steps through the ropes to the apron, stomping Taguchi's lower back a few times before dragging him up to his feet...]

JD: Fujimoto's setting up for something out on the ramp...

[He lifts Taguchi up for a belly to back suplex near the ropes...

...but Taguchi backflips over the top rope, landing inside the ring!]

JD: Whoa! Big counter by Taguchi to avoid what I think was that belly-to-backbreaker!

[Taguchi pushes off a knee to his feet, throwing three short forearms to the jaw of Fujimoto who is still out on the ramp. The challenger turns, dashing to the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed...

...but Fujimoto uses the top rope to slingshot himself forward, smashing a forearm into the jaw of the incoming Taguchi!]

JD: Ohh! The champion caught him coming in!

[Fujimoto steps up to the second rope, grabbing a handful of hair and dragging Taguchi towards him. He pulls him into a front facelock, still standing on the middle rope in the center of the apron...]

JD: Wait a second! What is he...? He's gonna superplex him on the ramp?!

BW: If he does it, I'm not sure Taguchi gets up from it, Dane!

[Fujimoto reaches down, grabbing a handful of Taguchi's tights, looking for leverage...]

JD: He's going for the superplex but Taguchi's fighting it! Taguchi's got his free arm wrapped around the ropes, hanging on for dear life as the champion tries to hit this big suplex!

[Fujimoto breaks the grip, holding onto the hair as he slams forearm after forearm into the side of the head, trying to weaken the challenger further.]

JD: Fujimoto unloads with the heavy artillery as-

[Taguchi grabs the middle rope, dropping down and slinging himself under the bottom rope, sliding to the ramp where he pops up behind Fujimoto, hooking him around the upper thighs...]

JD: COUNTER! COUNTER!

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

[The crowd ROARS as Taguchi muscles the younger competitor up into a wheelbarrow suplex, dropping him backfirst down on the wooden ramp!]

JD: TAGUCHI WITH A HUGE COUNTER OUT OF NOWHERE!

BW: Out of nowhere is right! One second, you thought he was gonna be superplexed out on the wooden ramp and the next, he was the one doing the suplex on the ramp! Fujimoto might be on Dream Street after that, Dane!

[Taguchi lies on the ramp for several moments, breathing heavily as Fujimoto does the same.]

JD: The referee counting both competitors after that impactful suplex on the ramp by Yoshinari Taguchi!

BW: You want to talk about an equalizer, that was it! Fujimoto was looking like he had the match well in hand with repeated slams down on the ramp but Taguchi hits one - a big one - and he's right back in this thing in my estimation, Dane.

JD: I think you're right as Yoshinari Taguchi starts to get back to his feet. The challenger staggering across the ring, pulling Fujimoto up by his bleached blonde hair...

[Taguchi tosses Fujimoto through the ropes back into the ring, the only place where he can actually win the title.]

JD: Taguchi wisely puts the champion back in... now he follows him back inside himself.

[The challenger drags Fujimoto off the mat, squaring up to deliver a hard knife edge chop.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: Big chop by the challenger!

[The blow backs Fujimoto into the ropes where Taguchi grabs him by the arm, looking to whip him across when Fujimoto reverses it, sending Taguchi in instead.]

JD: Reversal by Fujimoto... backdr-

[The backdrop attempt is countered by Taguchi turning to the side, using a modified flip to go over the back of Fujimoto, landing on his feet as he keeps on going, bouncing off the ropes...

...and catches an off-balance and turning Fujimoto with a spinning leg lariat right across the face!]

JD: Ohh! Taguchi dipping into his time in SouthWest Lucha Libre and coming up with the spinning leg lariat!

[The blow stuns Fujimoto, allowing the challenger to crawl into a lateral press, hooking a leg.]

JD: One! Two! But Fujimoto slips out at two!

[Taguchi quickly grabs the arm of Fujimoto while he's still down on the mat, scissoring it between his legs, and dropping back into a cross armbreaker!]

JD: CROSS ARMBREAKER! TAGUCHI'S GOING AFTER THE ARM!

[Fujimoto desperately clasps his hands together in an attempt to keep the hold from being fully locked in.]

JD: Fujimoto's hanging on for dear life, trying to keep the challenger from hyper-extending that elbow!

BW: This is just like Callum Mahoney, Dane. If Taguchi locks it in fully, this one's over! Fujimoto will either tap out and lose his title or have his arm broken and lose his title!

[Taguchi leans up to a seated position, swatting at the clasped hands, trying to break the grip.]

JD: Taguchi's trying to get that arm extended! We told you he's a master of submission holds and this is just one of the expertly executed ones in his massive arsenal!

[Fujimoto extends his lanky body, stretching out his leg to place an ankle on the bottom rope. The referee jumps up, ordering Taguchi to break the submission hold attempt. Taguchi rolls aside, obeying the command as the fans applaud the efforts of both men.]

JD: While American fans may look at the flamboyance and arrogance of Noboru Fujimoto and think of him as likely to be the most despised man in Tiger Paw Pro, many in Japan actually cheer this man, Bucky.

BW: What's not to like? He's an excellent competitor. He's popular with the ladies. He's good looking, a good dresser. Successful.

[Taguchi climbs back to his feet, grabbing Fujimoto by the arm, dragging him away from the ropes. But before he can attempt the submission hold

again, Fujimoto explodes from a knee, smashing a forearm into the jaw of Taguchi!]

JD: Oh! Hard shot by Fujimoto!

[Taguchi responds in kind with a forearm smash of his own!]

JD: Taguchi returns fire!

[Fujimoto grimaces, winding up... and blasting Taguchi again!]

JD: We've got another slugfest on our hands as Taguchi opens fire on him!

[Fujimoto grabs Taguchi by the hair, opening fire with stiff forearm shots to the jaw. He lands two... three... four... five... six before he releases, leaving Taguchi staggered and barely up on his feet. Fujimoto pauses, lowering his arms for a moment, turning to shout at someone...

...and Taguchi leaps up, slamming his foot into the back of Fujimoto's head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JD: ENZUIGIRI! ENZUIGIRI!

[A quick cut to the front row shows Prince Izumi looking on approvingly, nodding and clapping as Taguchi crawls into another pin attempt.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!!

[Fujimoto's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking the pin!]

JD: No! Not enough to keep the champion down! Prince Izumi who many credit with inventing that very kick to the back of the head certainly seemed to like what he's seeing there.

BW: You saying Izumi is rooting for Taguchi?

JD: The Father of Puroresu has gone on record claiming Yoshinari Taguchi is his favorite active wrestler, Bucky. It wouldn't be a big surprise if he was here rooting for Taguchi tonight.

[Taguchi again claps his hands together as he comes to his feet, reaching down to pull Fujimoto off the mat...

...and get plucked into a small package!]

JD: CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd buzzes as Taguchi narrowly escapes the match-ending pin attempt. The challenger scrambles up off the mat as the champion does the same. A standing clothesline attempt is blocked by Taguchi who brings up



both arms. He grabs Fujimoto's outstretched arm, leaping up to push both knees into it...

...and then falls to his back, slamming the arm down on bent knees!]

JD: Ohh! Armbreaker of sorts by the challenger!

[With Fujimoto on his belly, Taguchi keeps his grip on the arm, twisting it into a grounder hammerlock...

...and then pushes off the mat, flipping over into a single arm bridging hammerlock!]

JD: Whoa! Submission hold out of nowhere again!

[Taguchi grips the wrist, cranking up on the arm as he expertly executes the bridge. The crowd begins to buzz in anticipation of a possible submission as Fujimoto cries out, pain etched on his face!]

JD: Taguchi's got the arm torqued in a dangerous way and this entire crowd is wondering if this is enough. Is it enough to beat Fujimoto? Is it enough to regain the Global Crown?!

[Fujimoto claws at the canvas, screaming in pain as the referee sits on his belly right up in the face of the champion, asking him if he wants to submit.]

JD: Fujimoto's hanging on but you've gotta wonder for how long! That arm is twisted in a real bad way!

[Fujimoto again stretches out his legs, attempting to loop them over the ropes and force a break but he's just a bit too far away to reach them as Taguchi continues to hang on...]

JD: Fujimoto's showing incredible fighting spirit by hanging on, refusing to give up as that arm gets tortured by the challenger!

[Suddenly, Taguchi slumps down to the canvas, unable to hold the bridge any longer. The crowd again applauds the efforts of both men as Taguchi rolls to a seated position, shaking his head in frustration.]

JD: That hold seemed to be unbreakable to me. Yoshinari Taguchi's inability to hold the bridge any longer may have just cost him the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown, fans!

[Taguchi gets to his feet a little slower this time, reaching down to hook a waistlock on Fujimoto as he pushes to all fours...]

JD: Taguchi hooks him!

[The crowd buzzes as the challenger brute forces Fujimoto up to his feet, his hands and arms wrapped around the midsection...]

JD: He's looking for the German!

[Fujimoto slams his elbow back, smashing it into the ear of Taguchi... once... twice... three times. He spins around, still trapped in a loose bearhug as Taguchi ducks his head under the armpit, taking Fujimoto over in a bridging Northern Lights Suplex!]

JD: NORTHERN LIGHTS! HE'S GOT ONE!! HE'S GOT TWO!! HE'S GOT-

[The shoulder of the champion comes flying off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt in time!]

JD: Two count only! Fujimoto kicks out again!

[Taguchi rolls to a seated position again, running a hand through his hair before climbing back to his feet. He leans down, dragging Fujimoto off the mat by the arm, whipping him into the turnbuckles.]

JD: Fujimoto hits the corner... Taguchi follows!

[But the champion turns, catching the incoming challenger with a back elbow to the jaw!]

JD: Oh! Fujimoto caught him coming in!

[Fujimoto steps out of the corner, battering Taguchi back with a series of palm strikes to the chest, forcing him out to the middle of the ring where Fujimoto scoops him up for a slam but Taguchi flips out over the top, running to the ropes behind him.]

JD: Taguchi bounces back... FUJIMOTO!

[The Global Crown champion catches him coming in, flipping him through the air in a tilt-a-whirl...

...and DRIVES him down across a bent knee!]

JD: QUEBRADORA! Earlier, we saw Taguchi bust out the spinning leg lariat he leaned while in Mexico and now Fujimoto returns the favor in devastating fashion!

[Climbing up to his feet, Fujimoto grabs the legs under his armpits.]

JD: Fujimoto's going for the Boston Crab!

[Taguchi twists and flails, trying to get away, scooting across the canvas to hook his arms around the bottom rope.]

JD: Ohhh... how close was that?

BW: Fujimoto had him in the middle of the ring and was looking to sink in that Boston Crab, Dane. We might've been moments away from the end of Yoshinari Taguchi as a threat to the reign of the champion!

[Fujimoto reluctantly lets go of the legs, watching as Taguchi drags himself out on the ring apron, rolling to the floor where he falls to his knees. Fujimoto angrily kicks at the bottom rope, shouting at Taguchi as the referee backs him away.]

JD: The referee steps in, ordering Fujimoto back as Taguchi looks for a breather out on the floor.

[The arrogant champion strides across the ring, taking a moment to taunt some ringside fans as he does...

...and then throws a glance over his shoulder, spotting Taguchi climbing off the ringside mats to his feet. Fujimoto makes a break for the far ropes, rebounding off at top speed...]

JD: FUJIMOTO DIIIIIVESSSSSSS!

[...and WIPES OUT a staggered Taguchi with a tope dive between the ropes, shoving him back and down to the floor again!]

JD: THE TIGER PAW PRO GLOBAL CROWN CHAMPION TAKES TO THE SKY AND WIPES OUT THE CHALLENGER AS WE PASS THE TWENTY MINUTE MARK OF ACTION HERE IN THE TOKYO DOME!

[Fujimoto climbs to his feet, spreading his arms and gesturing to the crowd who respond with a mixture of cheers and boos for the arrogant champion.]

JD: Fujimoto asking these fans to let him hear it and they're doing exactly that. Some cheer, some boo...

BW: All are paying attention to one of the best professional wrestlers in the world today.

JD: Absolutely right.

[Fujimoto leans down, dragging Taguchi off the mat, rolling him under the ropes into the ring. The champion pulls himself up on the apron, stepping back into the squared circle.]

JD: Fujimoto back on the attack, pulling Taguchi up to his feet...

[He ducks in beside him, lifting him for a belly-to-back suplex...

...and DROPS him across a bent knee!]

JD: OHHH! WHAT A BACKBREAKER!

[Fujimoto shoves him off the knee, throwing his arms apart in a “it’s over!” gesture as he dives into a cover, reaching back to hook a leg.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But this time, it’s Taguchi who lifts the shoulder off the mat to break the pin attempt!]

JD: Yoshinari Taguchi hanging on! Clinging with all he’s got to this final opportunity to become the Global Crown Champion by defeating his arch-rival, Noboru Fujimoto!

[Fujimoto kneels on the mat, breathing heavily as he stares at the official who holds up two fingers.]

BW: Now’s not the time for the kid to lose focus, Dane. He’s gotta stay on Taguchi because you know very well the veteran will take any break he’s given and take advantage of it.

JD: Fujimoto climbing up off the mat...

[Standing over Taguchi who has rolled to his stomach, Fujimoto drops a knee to the small of the back...]

JD: Kneedrop down to the kidneys!

BW: And he drops those knees just like Demetrius Lake. He’s not jumping up in the air, risking Taguchi moving and hurting his own knee in the process. He’s just dropping down, driving the kneecap right into the kidneys. An excellent strategy as the champion continues to work the back of his rival.

JD: A half dozen kneedrops leave Taguchi rolling under the ropes, rolling right out to the floor...

[Fujimoto steps right through the ropes, standing over Taguchi who has his head down, leaning against the apron. The champion stomps the skull... and again, sending Taguchi staggering away from the apron, dropping down to a knee on the floor. Fujimoto slowly raises his arms over his head, clasping the hands together in a double axehandle, dropping off...

...and Taguchi catches him over the shoulder on the way down, lunging forward to smash his back into the ring apron!]

JD: Ohh! Taguchi with the counter!

[The challenger rolls under the ropes into the ring, moving quickly while he has the opening to bounce off the far ropes, charging across the ring...

...and sends Fujimoto flying with a baseball slide dropkick to the back of the head!]

JD: TAGUCHI SCORES WITH THE BASEBALL SLIDE!

[Taguchi pulls himself in the ring, dragging himself to his feet using the ropes for support...

...and points to the corner!]

JD: You gotta be kidding me!

BW: Taguchi's lost it, Dane! He's snapped!

JD: You may be right, Bucky, because... I can't believe it but Yoshinari Taguchi, the Maestro of the Mat, is climbing to the top turnbuckle! I'm not sure why... I'm not sure what he's thinking!

BW: He's thinking that he's got one shot left at becoming the Global Crown Champion for the fourth time and that if he's going to make it happen, he may need to take some chances that are a bit out of his wheelhouse!

[Taguchi steps one foot up on the top turnbuckle, giving a shout before climbing up, both feet up top...

...and HURLS himself off with a crossbody on a stunned Fujimoto, wiping him out at ringside!]

JD: THE DESPERATION DIVE CONNECTS! TAGUCHI WIPES OUT FUJIMOTO!

[Taguchi and Fujimoto are both down on the floor as the referee leaps up in the air, throwing his arms up.]

JD: They're both down! They're both hurt! And as we creep close to the twenty-five minute mark in this contest, you've gotta wonder just who that impacted more, Bucky!

BW: Fujimoto took it flush! If Taguchi can take advantage of it, I think that risk might've paid off for him!

[As the referee's count reaches seven and the crowd continues to buzz over Taguchi's daredevil dive, the challenger climbs to his feet to cheers. He pulls Fujimoto off the mat, shoving him up onto the apron, rolling him back under the ropes into the ring before rolling himself back in as well.]

JD: Both men back inside the ring and what does Yoshinari Taguchi have left in the tank to try to finish this match?

[Taguchi backs to the corner, boosting himself up to stand on the second rope as Fujimoto struggles to get back to his feet off the canvas...

...and leaps off, driving both feet squarely into the chest!]

JD: Flying dropkick sends Fujimoto sailing across the ring... Taguchi crawling... and another cover!

[The referee dives to the mat, arm raised.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But again, Fujimoto lifts the shoulder off the canvas to break the pin.]

JD: Another near fall for the challenger, burying his face in his hands! He thought he had him after that... but he's right back up, keeps the fight going.

[He grabs the left arm of Fujimoto, dragging him up to his feet, twisting the arm around, using an armdrag to take Fujimoto off his feet where the champion promptly rolls from the ring again.]

JD: The crowd letting Fujimoto have it for that. They like a fighting champion, not one willing to hide out on the floor.

[Taguchi looks dejected as he gets to his feet, backing across the ring, giving himself room to move...]

JD: Here comes the challenger!

[The challenger drops down into another baseball slide...

...but this time, Fujimoto pulls the ring apron up, trapping Taguchi underneath it. Fujimoto quickly leaps up, dropkicking Taguchi's trapped knee.]

JD: Fujimoto with a clever counter and-

[The crowd groans as Fujimoto pulls the left leg into view, SLAMMING the back of it down on the edge of the ring apron!]

JD: OHH!

[The champion lifts the leg again, driving it down a second time...]

JD: OHHHH!

[And a third.]

JD: Good lord! Fujimoto with a dangerous and vicious assault on the knee of the challenger!

BW: The kid gloves are comin' off, daddy!

[Fujimoto rolls back into the ring, dragging Taguchi by the arms back into the middle of the ring. He swings around, stomping the left knee a few times before he leans down to grab it, twisting it around in preparation for applying a figure four leglock...

...but Taguchi swings his free leg up, kicking Fujimoto in the chest and then in the chin, causing him to release the leg and stumble backwards as Taguchi scoots away.]

JD: Taguchi trying to create some space after the attack on the knee, using the ropes to drag himself to his feet... but Fujimoto's coming right back in on him and- OH!

[Dane's exclamation comes from Fujimoto delivering a hard kick to the back of the left knee, sweeping the legs out and dumping Taguchi down on the back of his head!]

JD: What a kick that was!

[Fujimoto grabs Taguchi by the hair, hauling him up to his feet...

...where Taguchi throws a quick one-two right-left forearms to the side of the head!]

JD: Taguchi trying to battle back!

[But Fujimoto leaps up, dropkicking the knee again, knocking Taguchi down to a knee!]

JD: Fujimoto goes right back after the knee... and look at this!

[The champion drags Taguchi up, holding the leg under his right arm, glaring at his opponent...

...and twists to the side, torquing the knee horribly!]

JD: Dragon screw legwhip by the champion!

[Hanging onto Taguchi, Fujimoto drags him right back up, still holding the leg...]

JD: Another one!

[Taguchi cries out, grabbing at his knee as Fujimoto climbs back to his feet, looking down at him. The referee steps in, checking to make sure the challenger is able to continue...

...but Fujimoto shoves the official aside, leaning down to grab the leg under his left armpit, flipping Taguchi over into a half Boston Crab!]

JD: Half Crab applied by the champion!

BW: I wonder why he went for the half Crab. It allows him to put more pressure on just the one knee but it's not typically as effective of a submission hold since it applies less pressure to the back.

JD: Fujimoto's got the hold applied, putting torque on the knee, shouting at the official to ask for the submission.

[Taguchi claws at the canvas, screaming his refusal to quit. The official straightens up, informing Fujimoto who grimaces, switching his footing...

...and DRIVES his right boot down on the back of the head, stomping Taguchi's face into the mat!]

JD: Fujimoto's stomping him!

[The crowd grumbles as Fujimoto stomps Taguchi repeatedly in the back of the head while keeping the grip on the leg. He raises his leg again...

...and Taguchi twists around, catching the leg as it comes down, throwing Fujimoto off-balance!]

JD: Wait... wait...

[Taguchi manages to trip up Fujimoto, causing him to fall facefirst on the mat. The challenger quickly pulls himself up, twisting the leg of Fujimoto into a deathlock...

...and lunging forward, securing the facelock!]

JD: STF!! STF!!! THIS IS HOW HE WON HIS FIRST GLOBAL CROWN FROM LION TETSUO!

[Fujimoto screams out in pain, stretching out his arms towards the ropes as Taguchi cranks back on the facelock, twisting the neck of the Global Crown Champion!]

JD: Taguchi locked it in out of nowhere and Fujimoto's in trouble!

[The champion claws at the canvas, crying out as Taguchi puts pressure on the knee and the neck!]

JD: The champion's gotta find a way out of this quickly! This is one of Taguchi's most dangerous holds and he's got it locked in!

BW: Fujimoto's not far from the ropes! He can't get there yet but he's gotta pull himself! Drag himself!

JD: Taguchi's weight is on his back so when he's doing it, he's dragging BOTH of them towards the ropes!

[But that's exactly what Noboru Fujimoto is attempting to do, pulling and dragging himself closer... and closer... and closer...]

JD: He's almost there! All he has to do is reach out and-



[Fujimoto's fingers wrap around the bottom rope as the referee leaps up, calling for the break. The crowd applauds again as Taguchi lets go, rolling to his side, looking exhausted as a voice in Japanese calls out over the PA system.]

JD: The timekeeper calls out that we've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one. Thirty minutes expired and thirty minutes remain.

[Taguchi breathes heavily as Fujimoto clings to his knee, pulling himself the rest of the way under the ropes, dropping off the apron down to the floor.]

JD: Fujimoto pulls himself out... trying to get a chance to recover as Taguchi is out on his back on the canvas. The champion narrowly escaped the STF... narrowly escaped losing that treasured title right here in the Tokyo Dome on one of the biggest nights of the year for pro wrestling around the world.

[After a few more moments, Taguchi pushes himself up to all fours, still breathing heavily as he climbs to his feet, ducking through the ropes to the ring apron...]

JD: Taguchi out on the apron... backing all the way down... leaning against the ringpost, waving an arm at Fujimoto, shouting for the champion to get up and back to his feet...

[The crowd is buzzing as the challenger continues to shout at the champion, demanding that he get up as he leans against the steel ringpost...]

JD: Taguchi again shouts at Fujimoto to get up...

[Fujimoto pushes to a knee, reaching up to grab the bottom rope for support as Taguchi waves an arm, waving him up again...]

JD: The referee is-

[Fujimoto suddenly pulls himself up on the apron. Taguchi looks surprised, hesitating for a moment before walking down the apron towards him.]

JD: Yoshinari Taguchi likes to fly off that apron with a double knee strike and Fujimoto knew it! He pulled himself up on the apron from the floor, blocking the knee attempt!

[Taguchi unloads with a forearm shot to the jaw of Fujimoto as he strides in on him.]

JD: Big forearm on the apron. Remember, those aprons are a little bit bigger than the ones you'd find on an AWA ring... plenty of room for these two to maneuver...

[Fujimoto responds in kind, landing a forearm shot of his own.]

JD: Champion and challenger trading strikes out on the apron! Big shot by the challenger... and another... and a third!

[With Fujimoto reeling, Taguchi gives a shout, taking two steps back and coming in hot with an elbowstrike...]

...that Fujimoto ducks, catching Taguchi around the waist, lifting him for a belly-to-back suplex...]

JD: What's he-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Fujimoto steps off the apron, DROPPING Taguchi spinefirst on the ring apron with the suplex!]

JD: MY GOD! MY GOD IN HEAVEN!

[Fujimoto lands on the floor, taking a few moments to recover before he pushes off the mat, rolling Taguchi back into the ring.]

JD: Fujimoto's moving fast! Fujimoto trying to cover quickly!

[He dives through the ropes into a lateral press, reaching back to hook both legs...]

JD: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

[But the referee jumps up, holding up two fingers.]

JD: NO! NO! TWO COUNT ONLY!'

[This time, it's Fujimoto who rolls off, burying his head in his hands!]

BW: How in the world did Taguchi kick out of that?!

JD: Fighting Spirit! Pure and simple Fighting Spirit!

[Fujimoto sits up on the canvas, staring at his downed opponent. He climbs up to his feet, dragging Taguchi away from the ropes. He pulls him up, scooping him up across the chest and slinging him down in a slam...

...before pointing right out to Nenshou seated at ringside.]

JD: Where's he... now it's Fujimoto going up top!

[The Global Crown Champion steps up to the second rope, placing one foot up top. He takes a deep breath before putting the other foot there as well, closing his eyes before he flips off the top, rocketing through the air towards Taguchi...]

JD: MOONSAULT!

[...who rolls out of the way, causing Fujimoto to SLAM into the canvas!]

JD: HE MISSED! TAGUCHI MOVED OUT OF THE WAY AND FUJIMOTO ATE CANVAS!

[Taguchi tiredly shoves Fujimoto over onto his back, lunging across him, not having the energy or presence of mind to hook a leg.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The shoulder comes FLYING up, breaking the pin!]

JD: NO, NO, NO! SHOULDER UP!

[Taguchi lies flat on his stomach on the canvas for several moments, his opponent on his side recovering as well. The crowd is going nuts for both competitors, paying tribute to both champion and challenger for their tremendous efforts in this battle so far...]

JD: And would you listen to the reaction from this crowd here in the Tokyo Dome?!

[With the crowd roaring, Taguchi pushes up off the mat to his knees, looking out at the cheering crowd. He balls up his fists, pulling them towards him in a double fist pump as he climbs to his feet just as Fujimoto does the same...]

JD: Both men are up!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: Big chop by Taguchi!

[The blow blisters off the chest of Fujimoto, sending a spray of sweat into the air as he recoils away from it before coming back with one of his own...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: Fujimoto returns the favor!

[Taguchi cringes away, a red welt already forming on his chest before he squares up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: Taguchi!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: Fujimoto!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: Taguchi!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: Fujimoto!

[Taguchi suddenly unleashes a Japanese shout before a flurry of chops.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Fujimoto staggers back, hitting the ropes before wobbling back, grabbing a fired-up Taguchi by the hair...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: FOREARM SHOT!

[Taguchi goes to slap the hand away but Fujimoto is having none of it, opening fire...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[The blows stagger Taguchi, causing his knees to buckle as Fujimoto grabs him by the head, smashing his skull in between the eyes of the challenger, sending him flying back into the ropes, stumbling back out...

...right into Fujimoto hooking him around the head and neck, twisting to the side and DRIVING his face into the canvas!]

JD: FALLING LASER LASSO! FALLING LASER LASSO!

[Fujimoto rolls Taguchi to his back, hooking a leg as he dives across.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE- NO! SHOULDER UP! MY GOD, HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[An irate Fujimoto rolls to his back, kicking his legs angrily before storming back to his feet, shoving past the official holding up two fingers, dragging a limp Taguchi back to his feet...]

JD: He's gonna do it again!

BW: One wasn't enough? Two will put the guy out for a week!

JD: He hooks-

[But as Fujimoto goes to wrap his left arm around the head and neck of the challenger, Taguchi's arms shoot up to grab the arm, gripping the wrist tightly...]

JD: He's fighting it! Taguchi's fighting it!

[The challenger struggles and strains, trying to break the grip of the Global Crown Champion...]

...and does!]

JD: He broke it!

[Taguchi, still holding the arm, twists it around into a kimura, dropping down to his back, scissoring the body of Fujimoto!]

JD: KIMURA! TAGUCHI LOCKS IN THE KIMURA!

[Fujimoto cries out as Taguchi locks the arm, twisting it around, putting incredible pressure on the limb...]

BW: He's gonna break his arm, Dane!

JD: He's got the arm bent! Fujimoto's trying to hang on! Trying to keep his title! Trying to-

[Taguchi cranks up the pressure, causing Fujimoto to scream and the referee to leap up, swinging his arms towards the timekeeper...]

"CLANK!"

JD: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! TAGUCHI WINS! TAGUCHI WINS!

[Taguchi immediately releases the hold, his arms slumping to the mat as the Tokyo Dome crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

JD: Yoshinari Taguchi is the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion for the FOURTH time!

[Megumi Sato's voice cries out in Japanese over the PA system, driving the few fans not already on their feet to a standing position, shouting their tribute for the victorious Taguchi.]

JD: Taguchi forces Fujimoto to submit to the Kimura armbar - that double wristlock - that he used to counter the Falling Laser Lasso attempt. Taguchi was ready for it. He saw it coming. And he countered it in expert fashion, Bucky.

BW: It was a heckuva battle and you can't be disappointed with how that one turned out... unless you're Fujimoto.

[Taguchi climbs to his feet, clutching the title belt to his chest as the crowd cheers. He walks slowly to each side of the ring, saluting the cheering fans as Fujimoto is helped from the ring.]

JD: The fans in the Tokyo Dome are on their feet, paying tribute to the new Global Crown Champion! And perhaps no one is paying more of a tribute than the five men in the front row on their feet.

[The camera pans down the row, watching as GOLIATH Takehara, LION Tetsuo, Hiroshi Takata, Nenshou, and Prince Izumi applaud the efforts of both competitors and the victory of the new champion.]

JD: Taguchi loves these fans, honoring them by bowing to all sides of the ring... and now he's coming out here. He's coming out here to thank the fans up close and personal.

[Still clutching the title belt, Taguchi walks alongside the railing, slapping the hands of all the fans, leaning in to embrace a few of them.]

JD: Taguchi making his way around the ring. The fans are in full support of him now despite being split throughout the matchup we just witnessed.

[Taguchi reaches "Legends' Row", dipping to a bow in front of each of the greats - Takehara, Tetsuo, Takata. He reaches out to shake the hand of Nenshou...]

JD: What a respectful competitor Taguchi is, thanking these legends who are out here at-

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as Nenshou grasps the wrist, pulling Taguchi closer and SPEWS red mist right in the eyes!]

JD: MIST! MIST! WHAT THE HELL?!

[Still in street clothes, Nenshou hurdles the barricade, grabbing the blinded Taguchi from behind by the hair...

...and SMASHES his skull into the steel ringpost!]

JD: OHHH! What in the world...?!

[Taguchi collapses in a heap on the floor, rubbing at his eyes as Nenshou stomps him viciously on the barely-padded ground.]

JD: Taguchi... I'm not sure because of the mist but I believe he's been busted wide open! I think that shot to the ringpost busted his head wide open, fans!

BW: If that didn't...

[The crowd grumbles as Nenshou winds up with a steel chair over his head, slamming it down on Taguchi's face!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Nenshou flings the chair aside, ripping his dress shirt apart, flinging it aside as he dips his fingers into the bloody face of Taguchi, using it to draw a bloody streak down Nenshou's own bare chest, right over his heart...]

JD: Absolutely disgusting! Nenshou was an invited guest here tonight, honored for his efforts in bridging the gap between the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro and to do something like this...

BW: How did we not see this one coming, Dane? Nenshou's NOT a guy to be trusted.

JD: I... well, I'm not going to comment on that... on any of this actually. We've got medical help out here for Taguchi and... let's cut away from this. Let's go back to the locker room area.

[We cut to the backstage area where Colt Patterson is standing next to Johnny Detson. Detson, dressed to wrestle in his long gold tights and black sweat jacket, is flanked by Eric Somers who is still clutching that briefcase.]

CP: Johnny Detson, we are just moments away from your AWA World Title match and what some are saying is your biggest match in your entire career! What are you feeling going into this momentous moment?

[Detson smirks.]

JD: Well Colt, you just said it. Heck, you've lived it, this moment; gold on the line... it's something beyond description. The moment... it surrounds you. There are some that say this match is career defining... maybe even legacy defining.

[Detson shakes his head back and forth.]

JD: Johnny Detson is and always has been the Standard of Professional Wrestling. So I'll let other people define Johnny Detson's greatness because the only thing that I'm concerned with is the AWA World title, and as your future World Champion... MY AWA World Title.

[Turning towards Patterson, Detson continues.]

JD: And make no mistake Colt, I earned this opportunity. I fought from the depths of the bottom of this organization and climbed all the way to the top... winning Steal the Spotlight to earn this spot next to you here! Ryan Martinez wants you to believe that he came up from the bottom too... but people like you and I, Colt... we know better.

[Detson points back and forth between himself and Patterson as Patterson himself gives the slightest of nods.]

JD: Sure, it's tough coming up from the bottom with a last name like Martinez. You have to struggle in Japan with one of the greatest mentor's the country has ever had, you have to wrestle in top flight organizations! You have to come home to the States and immediately get an offer in a promotion sight unseen. You wrestle top names and get invited to the first ever AWA World Heavyweight Title tournament when my pinky finger had accomplished more in this sport than you ever had, but yet you get invited and Johnny Detson watches.

[Shaking his head in disgust, the challenger continues.]

JD: After that? You get "saddled" with a Hall of Fame tag team partner. You get tag title shots, television title shots... World Heavyweight title shots. You didn't claw up; you took every opportunity your last name afforded you.

[Detson smirks.]

JD: And I applaud you for every back you've stepped on to get where you are today. Heck, I'd even be rooting for you if the situation were different.

[Detson's smirk morphs into a stoic look.]

JD: But unfortunately for you White... Knight... the ride for glory ends tonight. Tonight... we see the crowning of a new era. An era where the Standard finally gets the recognition he so richly deserves. Johnny Detson finally gets THE World Heavyweight Title of the entire land. The undisputed, unquestioned Standard of the ENTIRE wrestling landscape.

[Detson makes a belt motion around his waist before turning back to Colt with a smirk on his face.]

JD: Ryan Martinez wants to peg me as evil or some plague that will engulf the AWA.

[Detson laughs.]

JD: Nothing could be further from the truth, Colt. Now have I taken some shortcuts?

[Detson nods.]

JD: Will I do it again? You better believe it. You see, I make no excuses for who I am. But I am not the monster that Ryan Martinez wants to make me



out to be! Ryan Martinez needs to cause a problem or create a problem so that he, and only he, can be the solution. He lives to be the White Knight... he lives to be the salvation. That is why he is the cause of and solution to all of the AWA's problems.

[Detson starts counting stuff off on his fingers.]

JD: He saved us from the Wise Men, he saved us from a Supreme Wright title reign, he saved us from Caleb Temple... he needs that passion, he needs that fight... that cause.

CP: And that's a weakness you can exploit?

JD: Exactly! Too much heart and not enough brains. He needs to think with his head and not with his heart. And no matter how much he tries to convince himself otherwise, I am not going to play the part of evil incarnate.

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: No, the part I'll be playing is the part I was born to play. I'll be playing the Standard, the single greatest measuring stick this sport has ever known. And I want just one thing... THAT TITLE. I don't need to destroy the AWA; I don't need to end you, Ryan. I just need to take that title from your waist and bring it to its rightful home.

[Again, Detson makes a belt motion as a far more self-satisfying smirk forms on his face.]

JD: Because I am what I say I am. I say I'm the Standard of this sport because I am. I say I'm the future World Champion of this company because I am.

[Nodding in agreement with himself, Detson continues.]

JD: And tonight what I say White Knight, is that I stop being the future and start being the present! And like I've told others, you don't have to like it, but you damn sure better start accepting it.

[With that, Detson walks off with Somers close behind.]

CP: A determined challenger to take home the prize is what you saw right there. He's ready for a battle for the biggest prize in all the land... is his opponent? He's standing by with Mark Stegglet so let's find out!

[Cut to another part of backstage where Mark Stegglet stands. On his right is the AWA's White Knight, the World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. Martinez is dressed in a black T-shirt with the AWA logo superimposed over the Japanese rising sun, the words "Rising Sun Showdown II" below the logo. He's already wearing the pants and boots he'll be wearing in the ring tonight, and his hands are covered in the white and black gloves he'll be wearing. The World Heavyweight Title rests comfortably on his shoulder.]

MS: Mr. Martinez, two weeks ago, when last we saw you, you'd fallen victim to Hannibal Carver's Blackout...

[An intense Martinez shakes his head, cutting off Mark.]

RM: Mark, what Hannibal Carver did, and how I'm going to pay him back is talk for another time, and another place. Tonight isn't about Carver and I. Tonight, all my attention is on one man.

MS: Johnny Detson...

[Martinez nods.]

RM: That's right, Mark. Johnny Detson.

MS: Champ, I don't know that there's a single question, or even a series of questions that can sum up everything that you have to be feeling tonight. You're back home, in a sense. Or at least, back to the place where your wrestling career began. And you're back as the World Heavyweight Champion. But you're also facing Johnny Detson, the very last man to defeat you in singles' competition here in the AWA. The very man who took the last title you held away from you. A man who claims he's set the Standard. And a man who many believe has your number. What do you say to all that? What's on your mind and in your heart?

[Martinez puts his hand to his chin, growing thoughtfully for a moment, as he scratches his freshly shaved face.]

RM: Johnny Detson is a man who spends a lot of time telling everyone who'll listen who he is. He'll tell them that he's the mastermind. That he's the Standard by which all others are judged. Makes me think that maybe, Johnny Detson, you don't think I know who you are.

Well, let me assure you Detson, I know exactly who you are.

[Martinez' hand goes from his chin to his hair, and as his fingers run through it, the camera zeroes in on the intensity in the White Knight's face.]

RM: You are a former World Champion, I know that, Johnny Detson. You made the steep climb to the top, and you won a title. At another time, in another place, you were the man who set The Standard.

You are the man who holds the last win over me in singles competition. You took my World Television Title from me. You can say something that few people can say - you have an unanswered victory over me.

You are the man who won Steal the Spotlight. And I know, deep in my marrow, Johnny Detson, that you are going to be the toughest challenge I've faced since I've become World Heavyweight Champion. You're at the top of your game, and you're coming in injury free and ready to take this title from me.

Detson, you are the man I have to beat. You heard me say it at the top of the show. Tonight, I either validate my title reign, or I fall. Beating you is the validation, the proof that I am a worthy World Champion.

I'll say it again. You are the man I have to beat. And in that sense, you are the Standard. The standard that my reign will be measured against.

But Johnny Detson, I don't think you know who I am...

[Martinez exhales, his chin lifting and his eyes narrowing.]

RM: I am the man who took on, and defeated, the Wise Men. I am the man who rallied all of the best that the AWA had to offer. I am the man who did not back down. Not when they set the Dogs on me.

And not when they sent you after me.

You won a match, but you did not beat me, Johnny Detson. You stole something from me, and that gave you a win, but you can't claim victory, and you know it Detson. What you did to me all those months ago was meant to demoralize me.

We both know it only made me stronger.

I am the man who survived the Battle of Los Angeles. The man who outlasted and outfought twenty nine other men to earn my shot at this title. And I am the man who walked into Madison Square Garden, the grandest stage in all of professional wrestling, and bled, sweat, and paid the price of a lifetime during the course of an hour long war to earn this World Heavyweight Title.

And after I did that? I walked through the gates of hell and defeated the devil himself.

So you remember who I am, Johnny Detson. Because I know who you are. But there's something else equally important.

I know who you aren't.

[Both of Martinez' hands have clenched into fists.]

RM: That World title you won? It was not this World title, and that place you won it? You can be damn sure it wasn't the AWA. You climbed to the top of the heap in a place that was never more than small potatoes. You were the king fish in a very, very small pond.

You are not the man who faced the Wise Men and won. You are not the man who defeated Supreme Wright. You are not the man who finally put an end to Caleb Temple's reign of terror.

You are not the man who is taking my World Title.

You call yourself The Standard all you want, but I know the truth. You are not a man who can beat me in a straight up contest. And let me tell you something else?

Callisto Dufresne is not going to make a difference.

He gets in my way? I'll put him down too. I've fought too hard and too long to let that snake in the grass take me out. I know you think you're the man with the plan, and you've talked a lot about how you operate from the head and I fight from the heart. Well in my heart, I know I'm going to spike your head into the canvas.

Let me promise you this Detson – you are not man enough to withstand my Brainbuster.

And yes, Detson, I'm injured. My shoulder has never been one hundred percent, and it's in rough shape. But Detson?

You are not the man who can hold this battered shoulder down for three seconds.

Like I said, I know who you are, Detson. But somehow, in all of your delusions, you've forgotten who I am. You've forgotten what I've done and who I've beaten to get here. You've forgotten that I'm the man who comes through when his back is against the wall.

Don't think tonight will be any different.

You are not The Standard, Johnny Detson. You're the challenger. You're the test. And Detson? I've made it my habit to pass every test overcome every challenge. You are not the next World Heavyweight Champion. You're the next man I defeat.

Count on it!

[Martinez steps away then, leaving Mark Stegglet alone.]

MS: I think that says it all! Jason, Bucky, back to you!

[We crossfade back to a panning shot - one final panning shot of the Tokyo Dome crowd, buzzing over the title change they just witnessed and wondering if they are on the verge of seeing another one.]

JD: I think it does indeed say it all, old friend. Bucky Wilde, this is why we're here tonight. The World Heavyweight Title on the line with Ryan Martinez defending the gold against the Number One Contender and Mister Steal The Spotlight, Johnny Detson. One man will walk out of here with the biggest prize in our sport and right now, it's time to find out who it's going to be!

BW: I can't wait!

[Fade to the ring where Megumi Sato is standing.]

SUBTITLES: MAIN EVENT!

[Big cheer!]

SUBTITLES: One fall. Sixty minutes. For the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE!

["Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play as the lights slowly dim around the arena except those around the area of the backstage curtain and the path to the ring. As the guitar riffs on, a low level fog lifts from the ground as out from the back comes Johnny Detson, wearing a black Fox Network sweat jacket with long gold tights and black boots. Behind him, holding his standard metal briefcase comes Eric Somers.]

JD: And here comes the challenger who has had a World Title match in his back pocket since last November when he won the Steal the Spotlight match.

[Staring at nothing but the ring, Detson makes a motion for Somers to follow as he starts to make his way down.]

JD: Throughout the night we've seen extravagant entrances from mostly all competitors. Budget breaking effects, but it looks like the challenger is having none of that.

BW: Well I talked to Johnny earlier this afternoon, and to him, it's not about what he's walking TO the ring with that will be special but what he walks OUT of the ring with that will be real special! He's got his eye on the prize, daddy!

[Detson ducks between the ropes into the ring as Somers simply swings a leg over the top rope to enter. Detson raises his arms in mock triumph towards the crowd before sliding off his jacket and dropping it down to the ring attendant. The challenger starts to make his way over to a neutral corner but stops as he passes near the announce team. Glaring at Jason Dane, he points right at him and then leans in to Eric Somers which the camera picks up.]

"If he moves, end him."

[Somers gives a curt nod as Detson smirks at Dane and walks away.]

BW: If I were you, I'd stay in my seat.

JD: I had no intention of doing anything otherwise.

BW: The challenger hasn't forgotten the role you played in his defeat at Battle of Los Angeles and he's not about to have anything sidetrack his quest for glory here tonight!

JD: My role? The only role that played in his defeat was Ryan Martinez pinning his shoulders to the mat, which will repeat itself here in Tokyo if he's more focused on me and not the World Champion! I have no intention of leaving my seat, but not because of this self-proclaimed Standard of professional wrestling is bullying me, but rather because that's my job!

BW: Defensive much there, daddy?

[Detson is now standing in a neutral corner, staring, waiting for the Champion to arrive. He begins to jump in place, swinging his arms from side to side, as Somers stands to his right. Megumi Sato steps back out to the middle of the ring.]

SUBTITLES: AND HIS OPPONENT...

[An awed hush falls over the Tokyo Dome, as the lights dim. Red and gold lasers are projected over the entrance ramp.

As the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music begins to play over the loudspeakers, an image is projected onto the video screen above the entrance. On top are the words "White Knight" with a golden sword graphic plunged through the middle of the two swords. And below that is projected an image of the AWA World Heavyweight Title.

The synth music gives way to heavy percussion, and as it does the lasers are replaced by fireworks timed to the beating drums. But the real noise comes from 45,000 fans stomping their feet and clapping their hands in unison.

And the familiar lyrics begin, those same 45,000 fans belting them out as a single chorus.]

#THIS IS A CALL TO ARMS, GATHER SOLDIERS  
TIME TO GO TO WAR#

[On the lyric, the fireworks explode one final time, and there, emerging from a raising platform in the middle of the aisle, stands the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, head lifted and eyes staring to the heavens as he drinks in the reaction of the Japanese crowd, who are every bit as behind him as his American fans.]

#THIS IS A BATTLE SONG, BROTHERS AND SISTERS  
TIME TO GO TO WAR#

[Martinez wears an off-white, cream colored satin jacket, black trim at the wrists and neck. Over his heart are stitched the letters "RM" in gold lettering, and as the camera circles around him, we see there is a golden logo on the back of a pair of swords crossed over a shield, all done in gold on a red background. The jacket is open, and around his waist is the AWA World Heavyweight title belt. After a moment of absorbing the accolades, Martinez makes his way to the ring, and as he does, Megumi Sato does her thing.

[Martinez surges out of the corner, shouting across at Detson who backpedals towards his corner. The World Champion points at him as Johnny Jagger steps in again, forcing him to stay back.]

JD: The fans are electrified! This building is going nuts for this title showdown and as Johnny Jagger gives his final instructions, we're just moments away from the biggest title defense in Ryan Martinez' reign so far.

[Jagger speaks to both men, ordering them back to their respective corners. Martinez grabs the top rope, swinging himself back out of the buckles and pulling himself back in, staying loose as Detson hops from one foot to the other, shadowboxing...]

"CLANK!"

JD: And in the words of our own Gordon Myers, HERE! WE! GO!

[Martinez comes tearing out of the corner, rushing across the ring towards Johnny Detson...]

...who ducks through the ropes, waving his arms at the official, shouting "back him up! Back him up!"

JD: You gotta be kidding me.

[Martinez is forced back by Jagger, stretching to reach over him and get a piece of the Number One Contender.]

JD: Johnny Detson obviously wasn't as eager to get this thing started as the World Champion is.

BW: He said it himself, Dane... Martinez needs to think with his head and not with his head. That hot temper's not gonna do him any good in there against a competitor as cerebral as Johnny Detson.

[Detson waits for Martinez to be backed off before ducking back through into the ring, smirk on his face as Eric Somers stands in the corner, holding the metal briefcase in his hands.]

JD: You can see Detson's insurance policy... bodyguard... whatever you want to call him, Eric Somers, out there at ringside but... well, Calisto Dufresne is nowhere to be seen, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure he's in a luxury box somewhere sending good vibes to Detson.

JD: Dufresne took off like a bat out of hell with Juan Vasquez right on his heels after that Seven on Seven showdown. He may be running down the middle of downtown Tokyo right now.

[The referee signals for the match to continue as Detson circles out of the corner, moving slowly as Martinez stalks towards him, quickly closing the distance, lunging into a collar and elbow tieup!]

JD: Right into the lockup, Martinez pushing Detson back towards the ropes...

[Detson suddenly cries out, shouting for the official.]



JD: Detson's... I think he said Martinez is pulling his hair.

[Jagger circles around to check for the hairpull but as he does, Detson grabs a handful of hair himself, yanking Martinez off his feet and throwing him down to the mat. He scampers away as Martinez angrily gets up, shouting at the referee.]

JD: Martinez got his hair pulled and he's telling Jagger all about it!

[Jagger turns to ask Detson who denies it, shaking his head and holding up his empty hands. Martinez tries to get at him but Jagger holds him back, shouting at him...]

BW: Look at Martinez, Dane... completely unable to keep his cool...

[Martinez brushes past the referee, getting into another tieup with Detson, bullying him back towards the corner again. Detson quickly calls for the referee's attention...

...and again pulls the hair, taking the World Champion down to the mat to jeers from the Tokyo crowd as Detson struts away.]

JD: Unbelievable. Two hair pulls in a row leaves the World Champion down on the mat, absolutely fuming at the actions of Johnny Detson.

[Detson is again strutting around the ring, smirking at the reaction of the crowd as Martinez climbs off the mat, shaking his head at Johnny Jagger who says he didn't see it.]

BW: You can't call what you can't see.

JD: And even if he saw it, it's incredibly unlikely that anyone would be disqualified for a hair pull, Bucky.

BW: That's true also.

[Martinez leans against the ropes, breathing deeply, trying to calm himself down. Detson steps out of the corner, waving Martinez forward which just seems to irritate the World Champion all over again as he storms across, pushing Detson back into the buckles...]

JD: Back into the corner... look out here!

[Detson reaches up, grabbing for the hair again...

...and Martinez responds by slapping the hand away before...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JD: CHOP!

[The reverse knife edge blow across the pectorals sends Detson down to the canvas where he promptly rolls out of the ring, grabbing at his chest.]

JD: Hah! And perhaps Detson is rethinking his strategy right now because an angry World Champion nearly caved his sternum in with that chop across the chest!

[Detson scampers away, ordering Eric Somers away as he stumbles around the ringside area...

...and Martinez rolls out after him, chasing after the Number One Contender!]

JD: Martinez is going after him!

[Detson throws a glance over his shoulder, moving quickly around the ringpost, running away from the pursuing Martinez...

...and comes to a halt, nearly running into the elevated wooden walkway. He spins around as Martinez is close behind...]

JD: MARTINEZ!

[The World Champion flattens his challenger with a running clothesline, taking him off his feet to cheers from the Tokyo crowd!]

JD: The champion takes him down!

[Martinez pulls Detson off the mat, throwing him under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself up onto the apron, ducking through the ropes after him.]

JD: Both men back in the ring and- oh, come on!

[Detson drops to his knees, begging off as Martinez advances on him. The Tokyo Dome crowd is roaring their disapproval of the cowardly challenger as Martinez edges in on him, shouting at him to get up and fight.]

JD: What a cowardly piece of work this guy is!

BW: Not so fast, Dane...

[The referee steps in, talking to Martinez who turns towards him...

...which allows Detson to reach up, hooking the front of Martinez' tights, yanking him facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

JD: Ohh! Detson uses the tights, big time leverage move!

[Detson quickly gets back to his feet, pointing to his temple to the jeering fans... and then launches into a stomping attack on Martinez who is seated against the buckles on the canvas. The Number One Contender grabs the

top rope with both hands, planting his boot down on the windpipe of the World Champion.]

JD: He's choking him! He's choking him, fans!

[Detson hangs on, strangling the air out of the World Champion until the referee's count reaches four. He takes his foot off, backing off as the referee reprimands him for the illegal action.]

JD: Detson ignores the official, moving right back in...

[Where he finds Martinez on a knee, ready to fight back, burying a right hand into the midsection of the incoming Detson. A second one knocks Detson back a step as Martinez climbs off the canvas, moving towards the challenger...

...who reaches out, raking the eyes!]

JD: Another illegal action by Detson!

[Martinez staggers in a circle, taking a swing at the air as Detson slips in behind him, lifting him up, and bringing him down on a bent knee in an atomic drop. He runs past Martinez, bouncing off the ropes...]

JD: Ohh! Clothesline takes the champion off his feet!

[Detson quickly drops to his knees, diving across Martinez.]

JD: Quick cover gets one! Gets two! Gets-

[The shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

JD: Johnny Detson wasted no time in making the first cover of the mat, not thinking for a second about tormenting Martinez... about punishing Martinez...

BW: Not a chance. For Johnny Detson, this match is about winning. Winning the match and winning the World Heavyweight Title. He doesn't care how he does it.

JD: As evidenced by the choke, the eyerake, the pull of the tights.

BW: Nobody ever accused Johnny Detson of being a Boy Scout, Dane. He's willing to sink to unimagined depths to become the World Heavyweight Champion here tonight in Tokyo!

[Detson climbs to his feet, taking a moment to stomp Martinez' shoulder a few times.]

JD: Oh! And now Detson lets his true intentions be known. Remember, fans, it was just weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling when Detson sic'd

Callum Mahoney on Martinez, trying to bust up that oft-injured shoulder so that all the chips would be on his side of the table tonight in Tokyo!

[He continues to stomp the shoulder, ignoring the protesting official as he tries to inflict further damage on Martinez' greatest physical weakness.]

JD: Johnny Jagger gets in there, backing Detson away... no! Detson goes right around him!

[As Martinez tries to get up off the mat, Detson kicks the shoulder, putting him right back down on the mat. He grabs the arm, dragging Martinez to his feet and right into an armtwist.]

JD: Detson putting the focus on the arm... big elbow down on the shoulder... and another... and another...

[He uses the arm to swing Martinez back against the ropes, twisting the arm around the top rope before he hammers the shoulder with clenched fists again and again...]

JD: The challenger continues to attack the shoulder, trying to soften it up and render that arm completely useless for the World Heavyweight Champion.

[Detson unwraps the arm, using it to whip Martinez across the ring.]

JD: Martinez off the far side... and catches a back elbow up under the chin, knocking him back down to the mat!

[The challenger goes right back after the shoulder, stomping it three times before leaping up to stomp it again.]

JD: Leaping stomp on the shoulder, putting all of his 248 pounds behind that. It's no secret that Johnny Detson feels like that title belongs to him. He feels like the AWA put a mountain in front of him to climb when he got here and-

BW: Can you legitimately argue against that? We've seen the way SOME former World Champions are treated. Men like Caleb Temple... like Mark Langseth and Shane Destiny treated like superstars from the moment they arrived. But Johnny Detson was different. Johnny Detson was treated like some scrub from the territories that had just been discovered instead of the former World Champion and superstar that he was! He had to start at the bottom and work his way to exactly where he is right now, the Main Event of a supercard battling for the World Heavyweight Title!

JD: You're trying to hold Detson up as some kind of an example... something to behold as a way to do business.

BW: He's not?

JD: Of course not! Detson's bent and outright broken every rule he's ever met! He's cheated his way through countless matches, ducked Hannibal Carver at every opportunity, and essentially STOLE the Steal The Spotlight contract to begin with! He's everything that's wrong with professional wrestling!

BW: Yet he's in the Main Event fighting for the World Title so he must be doing SOMETHING right, Mr. High and Mighty.

[Detson backs to the corner, pushing up to the middle rope, taking aim at the shoulder as he leaps off, stomping it again.]

JD: Another brutal attack on the shoulder, leaving Martinez down on the mat clutching that injured wing.

[The challenger grabs the arm, twisting it around into a hammerlock as Martinez gets up. Detson holds the arm, lifting Martinez up in a bodyslam and dropping him back down on the arm!]

JD: Hammerlock slam!

[With the arm still trapped beneath him, Detson dives on top of Martinez for another pin attempt.]

JD: Two count there as Detson again trying to quickly cover. It's almost like he's trying to steal a victory before Martinez even realizes he's being covered.

BW: I've heard worse ideas, Dane.

[Detson grabs the arm, extending it fully from the side of Martinez, pinning the wrist down to the canvas as he pushes up into the air, dropping a knee down into the bicep!]

JD: Ohh! Another attack by Detson putting all his weight behind it, driving it down into the arm!

[The challenger shoves his weight up into the air again, dropping a second knee down on the bicep.]

JD: Again down across the arm as Detson tries to extend the shoulder problems to the arm to really cause trouble for the World Heavyweight Champion.

[A third kneedrop on the arm causes Martinez to cry out, wincing as he grabs at his left arm. Detson hooks his fingers with Martinez, dragging him to his feet inside of a knucklelock.]

JD: Detson wrenches the arm around, right back into a hammerlock...

[And using the hammerlock to isolate the arm, the challenger rams the champion shoulderfirst into the turnbuckle!]

JD: More damage to the shoulder as Martinez hits the buckle.

[Detson turns Martinez around, pushing his back against the corner...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[A knife edge chop across the chest of the champion brings a grin to the face of the challenger. He pauses, looking out at the crowd before pumping his fist in rhythm to a chant that he - and he alone - does.]

“JOHN-NY DET-SON!”

[He claps his hands in rhythm along with it - clap clap clapclapclap]

“JOHN-NY DET-SON!”

[Clap clap clapclapclap. Turning towards Martinez, he cups his hands to his mouth, chanting again...]

“JOHN-NY DET-SON!”

[...and then replaces the clapping with chops in rhythm.]

“WHAAAAP! WHAAAAP! WHAAAPWHAAAPWHAAAP!”

“JOHN-NY DET-SON!”

“WHAAAAP! WHAAAAP! WHAAAPWHAAAPWHAAAP!”

[With Martinez reeling in the corner, Detson grabs the arm of the World Champion, whipping him across the ring before charging across after him...

...and runs right into a raised boot!]

JD: Martinez gets the foot up!

[The blow catches Detson flush, sending him staggering back out of the corner...]

JD: Martinez with the counter! He's got a window here to turn this around!

[The World Champion steps out of the corner, hooking Detson by the hair with his sore left arm while unloading with forearms from the right side.]

JD: Big forearm! Another!

[A half dozen blows land, staggering the challenger as Martinez steps back, uncorking a spinning back fist...]

JD: Backfist... ducked by Detson!

[Detson buries a boot in the gut of the champion, quickly extending the left arm...

...and DROPPING him down with a single arm DDT, jamming the shoulder hard into the canvas!]

JD: OHH! Single arm DDT!

BW: Back in the day, they used to call that one Divorce Court 'cause you'd end up with a separated shoulder in a hurry, daddy!

[Detson flips Martinez to his back, diving across in a lateral press.]

JD: Cover gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Martinez kicks out, breaking the pin attempt.]

JD: Another two count.

BW: But with each and every two count as we close in on the ten minute mark of the match, Johnny Detson creeps closer to putting Ryan Martinez down for three and walking out of here as the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, daddy!

JD: You seem pretty certain about that.

BW: I had a chat with Johnny earlier tonight and let's just say he hasn't scratched the surface in the bag of tricks he's got ready for this one, Dane.

JD: I bet.

[Grabbing the arm, Detson swings a leg over the back of Martinez, pulling him into a straddle armbar, cranking on the left arm of the World Heavyweight Champion.]

JD: And Detson goes right back to the arm, locking in that armbar...

[Detson sits down on the back of Martinez, pulling the arm against the grain as the referee kneels down, checking to see if the champion wants to give up.]

JD: Martinez refuses to submit... and I can't imagine a scenario where he WOULD submit, Bucky.

BW: It's hard to imagine but if Detson continues to dissect the shoulders like this, he may not have a choice in the matter.

[Detson demands that the official ask again. Jagger obliges before informing the challenger that Martinez refuses to give up.]

JD: Still no submission on the part of the World Champion. How important is this night for Ryan Martinez? It was just a handful of years ago that

Martinez was here in Tiger Paw Pro as what they call a young boy - a student, a trainee. He learned the ways of pro wrestling in these rings. He took his share of beatings within these ropes. He became a man... a professional wrestler in every sense of the world in front of these people. And now he's back... back in this ring, back in front of these people, battling it out to show the world why he's now the greatest professional athlete in the world today.

BW: An argument that Yoshinari Taguchi might like to have.

JD: That's another night. Tonight, it's Johnny Detson's opportunity to climb to the very top of the mountain in this sport... to stand atop the masses and declare that he is the BEST... he is the STANDARD... he is the World Champion.

[Another refusal to submit by Martinez causes Detson to break the hold, climbing to his feet...

...and DROPS his knee down into the shoulder, hanging onto the wrist with both hands and pulling against the grain!]

JD: Oh, look at the pressure on THIS armbar! Johnny Detson is showing us there's more than hairpulls and the like in his arsenal.

BW: You thought he won a World Title elsewhere with hairpulls?

JD: Absolutely not. I recognize that Johnny Detson is one of the best wrestlers in the world today... but I also recognize that often he relies on shortcuts and cheapshots rather than his God-given talent.

[Detson cranks on the arm, putting more pressure on the arm as Martinez cries out in pain.]

JD: Switching from one type of armbar to another is the type of offense we're used to seeing out of Supreme Wright, not Johnny Detson, in all honesty. Detson may be realizing he needs more than dirty tricks here tonight in Tokyo if he wants to walk out as the World Champion.

BW: Or maybe he's executing a perfectly drawn-up gameplan where he's going to rip that arm apart... and then waffle the White Knight with a tire iron!

[Detson stays on the arm, shouting at Johnny Jagger to "ask him!" Jagger does exactly that, coming back with another refusal to give up.]

JD: We're over ten minutes into this one and Ryan Martinez is not even hesitating to refuse to give up.

BW: If anyone's ever wondered why Martinez has had a bum shoulder since the day he first stepped foot in the AWA, you're seeing why. Refusing to give up isn't a brave move... it isn't a heroic move... it's a stubborn move.



The act of a dumb kid who thinks he gets some kind of medal if he takes a world class tail kicking and lives to talk about it.

[Detson steps up, still holding the arm. He plants his knee against the shoulder as he lifts Ryan's torso off the mat...

...and then drops down, crunching the shoulder into the canvas under his knee!]

JD: Ohh!

[Detson gets up, backing off as Martinez rolls around on the mat in pain, clutching his shoulder. He ends up rolling under the ropes to the apron as Eric Somers slowly makes his way around the ring, keeping an eye on the World Champion.]

JD: Keep an eye on Eric Somers out there. There's no telling what he's been instructed to do by Detson.

BW: That's a slanderous statement, Dane.

JD: Dripping in truth.

[The challenger slowly approaches the ropes, ignoring Johnny Jagger as he leans down, pulling Martinez off the apron by the hair. He grabs the wrist, twisting the arm around...

...and then drops down to the mat, SNAPPING the arm down on the top rope, sending Martinez falling off the apron and down to the floor, clutching his arm and shoulder!]

JD: Detson snaps the arm over the top and down to the barely-padded floor goes Johnny Detson.

BW: Remember, Dane... this is a baseball stadium so there's solid dirt or grass right under those mats.

[Detson climbs to his feet, taking some abuse from the official who starts to turn away to start a count...

...but Detson grabs Jagger by the shoulders, pulling him into a conversation as Eric Somers lumbers forward, pulling Martinez off the floor by the back of the tights...]

JD: NO!

[...and RIFLES him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost! The fans jeer the blatant outside interference as Somers walks away, leaving a hurting Martinez sprawled out on the floor.]

JD: I told you, Bucky! I told you Somers had an eye on interfering in this contest and that's exactly what he just did!

[Somers retakes his spot in Detson's corner as the referee starts a count.]

JD: Johnny Jagger starting his count - a ten count now, fans. This is an AWA title match, sanctioned solely by the AWA... therefore it's a ten count for a countout and not a twenty.

BW: Ten or twenty doesn't matter. Johnny Detson doesn't want a countout at all.

JD: The title does not change hands on a countout - a fact that Johnny Detson knows very well as he slides out to the floor, pulling Martinez up off the ringside mats...

[He pulls Martinez by the hair alongside the ringside area, heading towards the entrance ramp.]

JD: Detson walking the World Champion towards the ramp... and I've gotta wonder what he's got in mind right here...

[Reaching the ramp, Detson lifts Martinez' arm straight up over his head...

...and SLAMS it down on the wooden ramp!]

JD: OHH!

[Martinez crumples to his knee, cradling his arm to his torso as he slumps down to his chest on the floor.]

JD: A brutal attack on the arm... some might call it a deliberate attempt to break that arm right there, Bucky!

BW: I don't know about that but Martinez is hurt and this is a golden opportunity for Johnny Detson to truly steal the spotlight and become the World Champion! Put him back in and go for the kill, Johnny!

[Detson leans down, dragging Martinez off the mats, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He climbs up the wooden steps onto the ramp, spreading his arms wide to take the jeers from the Tokyo Dome crowd who are disgusted by his actions.]

JD: Unlike our last match where Fujimoto was cheered by many for his fighting spirit despite his attitude, Johnny Detson is hearing no cheers tonight here at Rising Sun Showdown 2!

[With Martinez down on the mat, Detson turns towards the ring, stepping inside the squared circle as he approaches the downed World Champion.]

BW: Johnny Detson is a thinking man's competitor, always pondering his next move... and the one after that...

JD: Oh! Another well-placed stomp to the shoulder!

[Detson walks slowly around Martinez, repeatedly measuring him and stomping down on the shoulder...]

JD: Detson's painting a bullseye on the shoulder, continuing to work over the arm.

[The challenger drags Martinez off the mat, twisting the arm around...

...and gets popped with a forearm smash to the jaw!]

JD: Oh! Hard shot by Martinez!

[Detson's knees buckle under the impact but he keeps his grip on the wrist as Martinez rears back, delivering a second one...]

JD: Another one! Detson gets rocked!

[Martinez opens up, throwing a third... and a fourth...

...before Detson yanks the twisted arm, driving a knee up into the gut of Martinez!]

JD: And just like that, Detson cuts off the comeback of the World Champion!

[With Martinez hunched over, Detson applies a front facelock, slowly turning him over...]

JD: Detson's going for a neckbreaker!

[But as he gets straight up and down, Detson finds Martinez grabbing at his wrist with his right hand... pushing... pushing... pushing...]

JD: Martinez is fighting it! The World Champion trying to break free!

[Martinez suddenly reaches back, hooking Detson's arms with his, looking for a backslide...

...but he jerks away, clutching his left shoulder!]

JD: He couldn't do it! He had Detson in position but he couldn't keep the arm back!

[Detson buries a boot in the gut, pulling Martinez into a standing headscissors. He reaches down, hooking one arm...]

BW: WILDE DRIVER! WILDE DRIVER!

[He hooks the other...

...but Martinez still has some fight left in him, straightening up to backdrop Detson over the top rope, sending him crashing down on the wooden ramp!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: BACKDROP OVER THE TOP ON THE RAMP!

[Martinez slumps to a knee after the counter, breathing heavily as he grabs onto his left shoulder, wincing in pain as Detson rolls to his side, grabbing at his back in pain.]

JD: A desperation counter out of the World Champion who realized that Detson had him in his clutches and was setting up for the Wilde Driver which almost certainly would’ve meant a title change, Bucky!

BW: There’s no “almost” about it, Dane. That move is named after the greatest announcer in pro wrestling history... OF COURSE it would’ve meant a new champion being crowned! Martinez just got lucky!

JD: That wasn’t a lucky counter... and it certainly wasn’t lucky for Johnny Detson who took an absolutely brutal fall down on the wooden entryway.

[Grabbing the ropes with his hand, Martinez drags himself to his feet, ducking through the ropes in pursuit...]

BW: And this is a mistake if you ask me. The dumb kid thinks he needs to win the match by pinfall or submission to win... but he’s the champ. A countout or DQ is just as good!

JD: Not for Ryan Martinez. Martinez is a proud, fighting champion who wouldn’t dream of not trying to pin his opponent or make him submit to keep that championship around his waist!

[Out on the ramp, Detson is climbing to his feet as Martinez approaches, winding up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: Big chop out on the ramp!

[A second one sends Detson staggering back, falling to a knee as Martinez approaches. The World Champion grabs him by the hair, pulling the blonde to his feet where he peppers him with short forearms to the jaw before grabbing the arm, whipping Detson into the ropes outside the ring...]

JD: Irish whip on the ramp!

[And as Detson rebounds, Martinez crouches, lifting him by the upper thigh with the right arm...

...and DROPS him facefirst on the wooden ramp!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: FLAPJACK! FLAPJACK SENDS DETSON FACEFIRST INTO THE WOOD!

[Martinez sits up on the ramp, soaking up the cheers for the crowd, grimacing as he grabs his left shoulder, dragging himself up to his feet. He looks out at the cheering crowd with a nod as he leans down, dragging Detson up by the hair...]

JD: Martinez HURLS him over the top rope, back into the ring he goes.

[The champion steps through the ropes...

...and Detson swings his foot up, kicking the middle rope up into the groin of the World Champion!]

JD: OHH! LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!

[Martinez crumples down to his knees, falling down to the canvas as Johnny Jagger shouts at Detson, turning to call for the bell but Detson begs off, saying it was accidental.]

JD: Ring the bell, ref! That was a deliberate low blow!

BW: No, no! It was an accident! Detson's telling him it was an accident!

JD: It was NOT an accident!

[Johnny Jagger pulls up, staring at a pleading Detson who is saying that he swung his leg up to get up and accidentally kicked the ropes. Eric Somers is pleading the same case from the floor.]

BW: Come on, Jagger! You really willing to risk a Pay Per View Main Event on a blown call?!

[Jagger seems to consider his decision for a moment, staring at Detson who is shaking his head...

...and waves for the match to continue!]

JD: What?! Big judgment call by the official and- Detson covers!

[The reluctant referee dives to the mat.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez' shoulder comes flying off the canvas!]

JD: Kickout! Kickout!

[An irate Detson shouts at the official, swinging a leg over to take the mount as he grabs Martinez by the back of the head, pasting him with a right hand... and another... and another...]

JD: And now it's Johnny Detson, the challenger, who is starting to lose his cool inside that ring.

[Detson hauls Martinez up by the hair, grabbing him by the arm...]

JD: Irish whi- reversed!

[Martinez sends Detson sailing into the corner, crashing hard into the buckles. He falls to a knee from the exertion before getting up and storming in after him...]

JD: CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[The heavy blow shakes Detson from head to toe as Ryan grabs him by the blond hair, dragging him out to the middle where he fires him into a second corner, charging in again...]

JD: Oof! Back elbow up under the chin, really snapping back the head of the challenger!

[Grabbing the arm, Martinez rockets Detson across the ring, sending him sprawling against the buckle before charging across the ring after him...]

JD: BIG KNEE TO THE GUT! And now it's the World Champion starting to build steam, starting to get momentum on his side!

BW: Detson's gotta do something, Dane. You can let Martinez rally like this.

[Detson staggers along the ropes, trying to flee the World Champion who pursues, pushing him back into the original buckle they were up against before whipping him across...]

JD: Martinez sets for the Yakuza kick!

[With the crowd cheering, the World Champion barrels across the ring...

...only to see Detson drop down to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the safety of the floor! The crowd groans as Martinez pulls up short, glaring down at Detson with his hands on his hips.]

JD: Detson bails out before Martinez can hit the kick, rolling out to the floor...

[Detson staggers away from the ring, trying to recover from the barrage of offense...]

JD: Martinez taking a long look and- he's going after him!

[Martinez brushes past the protesting official, dropping off the apron to the floor, stalking after Detson. He grabs a handful of Detson's blonde hair, dragging him back towards the ring, hurling him under the ropes back inside the squared circle!]

JD: He puts him back in! The World Champion is-

[Somers takes two steps towards Martinez who turns to glare at him, causing Somers to freeze as the World Champion pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes...]

JD: Detson's on the run but Martinez is chasing him down!

[Detson gets to the far ropes but Martinez hooks him by the tights, dragging a flailing challenger back out to the center of the ring where he hooks him in a rear waistlock...]

JD: Waistlock!

[The champion goes for the German Suplex but sets Detson back down, crying out as he grabs at his shoulder. Detson wheels around, slamming the point of his elbow down on the shoulder once... twice... three times... and then whips Martinez into the ropes...]

JD: Detson shoots him in... clothesli- ducked by Martinez!

[The World Champion hits the far ropes, rebounding back fast...

...and FLATTENS Detson with a spear, taking care to use the right shoulder to deliver the impact!]

JD: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!

[Martinez dives across Detson, hooking a leg.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Detson's shoulder comes flying up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

JD: He almost got him, fans! Ryan Martinez was a half a count away from retaining the World Title here in the Tokyo Dome and listen to these fans!

[As Martinez kneels, wrecked with pain, on the mat, the crowd begins a chant...]

"WHITE! KNIGHT!"

clapclapclap

"WHITE! KNIGHT!"

clapclapclap

"WHITE! KNIGHT!"

clapclapclap

[A nodding Martinez climbs off the canvas, still holding his shoulder as he gets to his feet. He leans down, reaching to grab Detson...

...but Detson swings a leg up, kicking the shoulder of the World Champion!]

JD: Oh! Detson caught him!

[And then, the challenger rolls under the ropes, bailing out to the floor.]

JD: Detson rolls out again! The challenger got a shot in and just like that, he rolls right back out to the floor! Ryan Martinez is-

[A fuming Martinez tears across the ring, stepping through the ropes, dropping down to the apron to pursue the challenger...

...who quite literally runs for it, circling around the ringpost, rolling under the ropes into the ring as Martinez pursues, sliding in...]

JD: Ohh! Detson drops a knee down into the shoulder!

[Grabbing the top rope, Detson stomps Martinez' shoulder relentlessly, completing the ambush he set up by rolling out to the floor.]

JD: Detson's all over him, stomping the shoulder!

BW: Brilliant move by the challenger! He played off Martinez' hot temper and suckered him in!

[Detson switches to kneedrops, slamming his weight down onto Martinez' injured arm and shoulder again and again until Johnny Jagger wraps his arms around him, dragging him back...]

JD: The referee physically pulling Detson off Martinez!

BW: Hey! He's got no right to do that! He's got-

[With the referee distracted, Eric Somers grabs Martinez by the arm, lifting it high up in the air...

...and SLAMS the injured arm down on the edge of the ring apron!]

JD: OHHHH!

BW: That's the kind of thing that could break an arm, Dane!

JD: We've passed the twenty minute mark of this match as Eric Somers delivers a devastating blow to the arm!

[Detson confidently walks around the ring, soaking up the jeers from the ringside fans as he approaches the downed Martinez who has rolled to his stomach, cradling his arm underneath him.]



JD: The challenger drags Martinez off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...

[Detson hooks the champion, taking him over with a snap suplex, rattling the spine of the champion before rolling over into a lateral press.]

JD: Detson covers for one! He gets two! But that's all!

[The challenger slowly climbs to his feet, looking down at Martinez...

...and then backs to the corner, hopping up on the middle rope, raising his arms in the air, drawing another big jeer from the crowd.]

JD: Detson's up on the ropes! He's got Martinez in his sights!

[Detson does the "belt gesture" before leaping high into the air, taking aim at the prone World Champion with a senton bomb...

...that goes awry when Martinez raises his knees, driving them up into the lower back of the challenger!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: MARTINEZ BRINGS UP THE KNEES! And that'll send a jolt down the spine of the challenger!

[Detson rolls off the knees, clutching his lower back as he keeps on rolling...]

BW: Detson shows the signs of ring generalship as he rolls right out of the ring to the ramp! He knew he was in trouble... he knew that Martinez might be able to capitalize on that mistake...and he knew he had to get the hell out of the ring before Martinez could cover him!

[With Detson flat on his back out on the elevated ramp, Martinez rolls to his knees, grabbing at his shoulder.]

JD: Detson's out on the ramp as Martinez starts to stir... looking to take advantage of that timely counter..

[Martinez pushes to his feet, wobbling across the ring towards the ropes. He steps through, climbing out onto the elevated ramp, walking towards Detson who has rolled to his hip, trying to push up off the ramp.]

JD: Both men outside the ring again... Martinez dragging him up...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JD: Big chop!

[The champion connects, driving Detson two steps back. Detson grabs at his lower back as Martinez takes aim again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

JD: Another big chop!

[Detson falls back again, dropping to a knee from the impact of the blow as Martinez pursues, putting distance between them and the ring.]

JD: Detson looks like he’s trying to get the heck out of here just like his partner-in-crime Calisto Dufresne did earlier tonight in that Seven On Seven war.

BW: Very funny, Dane. The challenger’s trying to create some distance... get some room to respond...

[As Martinez advances, Bucky is proved right when Detson slams a knee up into the midsection of the World Champion!]

JD: Detson fires back! Looks like you were right, Bucky.

BW: Don’t sound so surprised, Dane.

[Grabbing Martinez by the back of the head, Detson lays in a European uppercut!]

JD: Nice uppercut by Detson. He’s not known for his striking game but that one stunned the champion!

[He lands a second and third uppercut, dropping a weary Martinez down to a knee...

...and then starts walking towards the ring.]

JD: Detson’s heading for the ring!

BW: Wait a second! You gotta put him back in, Johnny! You can’t win the title on a countout!

[Martinez reaches out, hooking the back of the tights, yanking Detson back into a waistlock...]

JD: German!

[...and again, Detson manages to wriggle free from Martinez’ weakened arm!]

JD: He still can’t get it!

[Martinez winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Three hard shots to the back of the head and neck leave Detson stunned as Martinez hooks him again...]

JD: He's going for it again!

[A desperate Detson slams his elbow back into the temple once... twice... three times... four times...]

JD: Detson fighting out of it!

[He grabs the arm, twisting out of the waistlock into a hammerlock, lifting Martinez up in one motion...]

...and DROPS him down on his own arm with a backdrop suplex on the wooden ramp!]

JD: OHHH!

[Martinez cries out, his arm pinned underneath him as Detson sits up on the ramp, looking up towards the ring where the referee's count is up to five.]

JD: Johnny Jagger taking his time with the double count... encouraging both men to get back in the ring. You know he doesn't want to end up with a double countout either. This match is too important to end like that if it can be avoided.

BW: Detson's up on his feet, grabbing Martinez by the arm... and he's dragging him to the ring with that injured arm! I love it!

[Detson gives the arm a hard yank every few steps, doing more damage as they get towards the ring where he drags Martinez to his feet, flinging him over the ropes into the squared circle as the referee counts eight.]

JD: Detson breaks the count, stepping in after him...

[Detson grabs Martinez by the hair, dragging him up to his feet, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

...but Martinez slumps down to his knees, avoiding the attempt at the Wilde Driver!]

JD: Detson was going for it but Martinez drops down!

[Breaking the setup, Detson winds up, laying in some clubbing forearms across the back of Martinez. He pulls him up, grabbing a handful of tights to rocket him into the corner...]

...but the single turnbuckle blocks the attempt to put Martinez' shoulder into the ringpost!]

JD: Detson's plan got foiled there by the unique ring setup here in Japan where they use a single turnbuckle from the top rope down to the bottom instead of the individual coverings.

[An annoyed Detson lays the boots into the torso of Martinez, kicking the shoulder a few times before the referee steps in, forcing him back. The challenger stalks across the ring to the other corner where he goes to work on the turnbuckle pad.]

JD: Wait a second! Detson... he's untying the turnbuckle cover!

[The crowd jeers the unsportsmanlike move as Detson unties it, tossing it aside and leaving both the metal turnbuckles exposed as well as a direct line to the steel ringpost. He smirks at the reaction of the fans as he stalks across the ring where Martinez is pulling himself up with the aid of the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and explodes out of the corner with a chop across the chest of Detson that sends the challenger backpedaling!]

JD: What a shot!

[Martinez grabs Detson by the hair, rifling short forearms into the side of the jaw!]

JD: Forearm after forearm after forearm!

[Detson is reeling, turning away from Martinez who yanks him into a rear waistlock again!]

JD: He's going for the German again!

[But Detson twists the left wrist, spinning out of the hold, grabbing Martinez by the back of the tights...

...and FIRES him shoulderfirst into the steel post!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Martinez reeling, clutching his shoulder, Detson drags him down in a schoolboy rollup...

...and as the referee dives down to the mat, Detson grabs a handful of tights for leverage!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Martinez kicks out, breaking free despite the illegal leverage!]

JD: He kicked out! He kicked out!

[An irate Detson springs to his feet, kicking the ropes, shouting at the referee, throwing what amounts to a full-fledged tantrum.]

JD: Detson's lost it! He thought he had him! He thought he had him right there and-

[Detson shoves the official, knocking him back into the ropes as he marches around Martinez, yanking him off the mat into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook an arm...

...but the World Champion hooks both legs, yanking them out from under the challenger!]

JD: Martinez takes him down! He takes him down and-

[Martinez falls backwards, launching Detson into the air...

...and sends him CRASHING facefirst into the exposed steel turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Detson staggers backwards as Martinez reaches up, dragging the challenger down in a sunset flip!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE-

[But Detson's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: SHOULDER UP! HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Martinez falls back on the mat, grabbing his shoulder as Detson lies flat on his back on the canvas. The crowd is roaring for the near fall as Jagger runs around the ring, holding up two fingers for everyone to see.]

JD: Martinez is down! Detson is down! We're closing in on the thirty minute mark of the match and both of these guys are in jeopardy of losing this match, fans. One move... the right move from either of these men at this point could put the World Title around their waists.

[Eric Somers quickly walks around the ring, placing the briefcase down on the apron and keeps on going, finally climbing up on the ring apron on the other side of the ring...]

JD: Somers is up on the apron... the referee shouting at him to get down!

[With the referee distracted, Johnny Detson crawls across the ring, grabbing the metal briefcase off the mat...]

JD: Detson's got the briefcase! He's got the briefcase and the referee is tied up with Eric Somers!

[Detson climbs to his feet, clutching the briefcase to his chest, creeping towards Ryan Martinez' blind spot.]

JD: Martinez is getting up but he doesn't see that Detson's got the briefcase! He doesn't see that-

[Detson winds up, taking aim at the World Heavyweight Champion...

...and the referee spins around, pointing with both fingers at Johnny Detson. Detson frantically shakes his head, chucking the briefcase over the ropes and down to the floor!]

JD: Johnny Jagger caught him! He caught him red-handed!

[Detson lifts his hands, begging off...]

JD: The referee is threatening the disqualification!

BW: No, no, no! He didn't use the briefcase! He's telling the referee that he didn't use it!

JD: But he was going to! We all saw it! We all saw it, Bucky!

[The referee waves for the match to continue!]

JD: No disqualification and-

[Eric Somers reaches out, grabbing the official by the collar, pulling him back towards the corner...

...which allows Johnny Detson to dip down into his tights, pulling out a black leather studded glove!]

JD: Detson's got a glove!

BW: Black Beauty! He's got that glove that Wes Taylor gave him back at SuperClash!

[Detson nods to the jeering crowd, slipping the glove on over his hand.]

JD: Detson's got the glove on! The referee's being held by Somers, completely unaware of what's going on!

[Jagger tries to shake free of Somers, trying to look back over his shoulder as Detson winds up...]

BW: Detson's gonna knock him out!

[...but Martinez slams a boot into the gut of Detson, swinging around behind him into a waistlock...]

JD: WAISTLOCK!

[This time, Martinez gets it, lifting Detson off the mat, throwing him backwards...]

...and DUMPING Detson down on the back of his head and neck with the German Suplex!]

JD: GERMAN! HE GOT THE GERMAN!

[Martinez rolls to his side, grabbing at his shoulder as he crawls across the canvas, dragging himself towards the downed Johnny Detson...]

...and throws an arm across the chest!]

JD: COVER!! ONE!!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

[But Detson takes advantage of the weak cover, throwing his shoulder up off the canvas and his arm up into the air!]

JD: OHH! KICKOUT! DETSON KICKS OUT!

[Martinez slams his good arm down on the mat, shaking his head as he pushes up to his knees, breathing heavily...]

JD: Martinez is down... Martinez is hurt... but him retaining the World Heavyweight Title is within reach! All he has to do is find that one thing... that one move to put Detson down... and for him, that one move is the Brainbuster!

[Martinez climbs slowly to his feet, grabbing his shoulder in pain as he straightens up...]

JD: Martinez is up, dragging Detson up off the mat... and shoves him back into the corner!

BW: Uh oh!

[Martinez looks out at the sea of fans filling the Tokyo Dome and nods his head.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[Finished, Ryan pulls Detson out of the corner and lets him flop to the center of the mat. He pauses a moment, once more looking to the crowd, who shower him in adulation.]

JD: Martinez staggers forward, drops down into a cover!

[The referee dives to the mat, raising his arm...]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

[But the shoulder flies up off the mat again!]

JD: Kickout! Kickout!

BW: And now it's Johnny Detson showing the world what he's made of! Ryan Martinez survived a beating in this one so far... but now it's Detson showing us all that he can do the same thing!

[Martinez rolls over onto his back, tired and hurting as his chest heaves towards the sky. The World Champion slowly rolls to his hip, pushing up off the canvas...]

JD: Martinez, slowly rising to his feet once again...

[The weary World Champion leans down, dragging Detson up to his feet off the mat...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A tired Detson lashes out with a slap across the face, stunning the World Champion!]



JD: Ohh! Detson slapped him!

[Martinez recoils away from the slap, rage burning within him as he slowly turns back towards Detson who has his arms down, shouting at Martinez, waving him on...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The World Champion returns fire, snapping Detson's head around with the slap!]

JD: Ohh! Open-handed slap by the champion in response!

[Detson grits his teeth, clenching his jaw, shaking his head...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JD: Good grief! What a shot by Detson!

BW: He ain't goin' down without a fight, daddy!

[Martinez fires back!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Then Detson.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Martinez returns.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[And again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[And again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Fired up, Martinez unleashes on Detson, throwing harder and faster with every shot...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[With Detson falling back into the buckles, Martinez keeps it coming.]

[illegible]

[The referee finally lunges in, shoving Martinez back, Detson leaning against the buckles with blood trickling from his nose...

...and Eric Somers climbs up on the apron, shouting at Martinez who breaks into a sprint across the ring, swinging his leg up...

JD: YAAAAAAAAKUUUUUUZAAAAAAAAAA!

[The boot catches Somers FLUSH on the jaw, sending him flying off the apron, crashing down on the floor in a motionless heap!]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: SOMERS IS DOWN! SOMERS IS DOWN!

[Martinez smacks the top turnbuckle a few times, turning around, leaning back against the buckles...

...and then tears across the ring, swinging the leg up...]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: ANOTHER ONE! THE YAKUZA CONNECTS!

[The blow catches Detson under the chin, sending him staggering out towards Martinez who hooks the front facelock, swinging the arm over the back of his neck...]

JD: MARTINEZ HOOKS HIM! He's got him set!

[The crowd is buzzing as Martinez looks out at the roaring crowd, muscling Detson up off the mat...

...and then sets him down, recoiling as he grabs at his shoulder!]

JD: Martinez couldn't get him up! He couldn't get him up!

[Detson lands on his feet, rears back...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[He slaps Martinez across the face, spinning him around...

...all the way around into a lunging lariat, flipping Detson upside down and dumping him down on the canvas!]

JD: LAAAAAAAAARIAAAATOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Martinez gets up, eyes wide, adrenaline rushing through his veins as he pulls the Standard off the mat, yanking him into the front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck...]

JD: He's ready! He's set!

[...and Martinez lifts him up, fighting the pain, holding him straight up and down, letting the blood rush to the head for a moment...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

JD: BRAAAAAAINBUSSSTAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

[Martinez rolls over, throwing his arm across the chest tiredly.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

[The referee leaps up, signaling for the bell.]

"CLANK!"

JD: HE GOT HIM! MARTINEZ RETAINS THE TITLE!

[An exhausted Martinez rolls over to his back, clutching his left shoulder in pain as the referee stands over him, pointing to the downed World Champion as Megumi Sato makes it official.]

SUBTITLES: Here is the winner... and STILL AWA WORLD CHAMPION...

[The subtitles fade for the final time of the night.]

“MAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRTIIIIIIINEEEEEEEZZZZZZZZZZZZ  
RYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNNN!”

[The Tokyo Dome crowd rises to their feet, saluting the efforts of the AWA World Champion as the title belt is handed to him. Martinez sits up, cradling the title belt to his chest.]

JD: After just over a half hour of action, Ryan Martinez has done it! He has retained the World Heavyweight Title against the Number One Contender, Johnny Detson!

[With the aid of Johnny Jagger, Martinez climbs to his feet, staggering over towards the turnbuckles. He collapses into them, wincing as he hangs on to the title belt.]

JD: Martinez is on his feet, soaking up the cheers from this capacity crowd here in Tokyo...

[Grabbing the top rope with his good hand, Martinez steps up on the second rope, lifting the title belt up into the air as pyrotechnics start to fire from the top of the stage a moment before confetti begins to rain down over the cheering crowd!]

JD: What a moment for the World Heavyweight Champion, enjoying the adulation of the fans that are half way around the world watching him do what he does better than anyone else!

[Martinez looks out at the crowd, mouthing “thank you” to them as they continue to stand and cheer for him. He points to the title belt, wincing as he does...]

JD: Ryan Martinez is on top of the world! He’s on top of the world here in Tokyo!

[The camera shot cuts, panning through the crowd where we can see jubilant fans jumping and down... and yes, a small section of rowdy fans who are booing their heads off while clad in a mix of Boston sports gear and Hannibal Carver t-shirts.]

BW: Not everyone is as in love with Martinez as you are, Dane.

JD: Perhaps not but that small dissenting voice is drown out in a sea of thousands who do! Martinez is the World Heavyweight Champion! Martinez has conquered Johnny Detson!

[Martinez points to the fans again, again saying thank you to them all.]

JD: A huge moment for the World Champion! A huge moment for AWA fans all around the world! Fans, for Bucky Wilde and the rest of us here in Japan, I’m Jason Dane bidding you good night from the Tokyo Dome... and good night from Rising Sun Showdown 2! So long everybody!

[The camera holds on Martinez, pyro still going off and confetti still raining down as he holds the title belt over his head...

...and we fade to black.]