

*The greatest professional wrestlers in the world come to one town for one weekend...
...to crown the very best.*

BATTLE OF BOSTON

4TH OF JULY WEEKEND

THE GARDEN

BOSTON, MASS

[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The NFL. The GFC. The Daytona 500. The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

"The world's biggest events are on Fox Sports."

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and then we come back up on an aerial shot of quite the setup. A large elevated stage has been set up just outside the Calgary Saddledome. Several long tables have been set up on the stage with a podium right in the middle of it. On either side of the stage is a tall video screen. The stage has a set of stairs near the front that drops down to a large flat area where we can see many television cameras set up. This appears to be where the press is assembled. Beyond the press "pit" is a very large assemblage of rowdy Canadian AWA fans who have ventured out of their homes for their first live glimpse of their favorite professional wrestlers.

After a few moments of the cameras panning over the crowd, we cut to a hard camera shot of the stage as a voice rings out.]

"Ladies and gentlemen, your hosts for the Battle of Boston Press Conference... Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde!"

[There's a big ROAR from the assembled fans as Gordon and Bucky make their way from backstage out on the platform. Gordon is waving happily at the fans, wearing a dark red polo shirt and dress slacks. Bucky is going for warmth, donning a bright white sweater with a hoodie... and a jacket over it. He's also carrying an umbrella.]

GM: Hello everyone... it is absolutely incredible to be here with you all here today. The very first AWA event in Canada!

[A big cheer goes up from the wrestling-starved Canadians!]

GM: And of course, we'll be right there in the Saddledome tomorrow night for Saturday Night Wrestling but today is not about this weekend... this is about 4th of July weekend. This is about the greatest tournament in the entire world for pro wrestling... and I'm talking about the Battle of Boston. Bucky... what in the world are you wearing, my friend?

[Bucky shakes his head.]

BW: It's freezing out here, Gordo! It's been raining off and on all day. They say it's gonna rain buckets here tonight. Let's just get this thing over with before I have to use my umbrella!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Come on, Bucky... show some good spirits. Isn't it great to be in Canada?

BW: I guess it could be worse. They coulda sent me back to Japan with Dane again. At least this time most of you people speak English!

GM: Fans, the Battle of Boston is less than a month away and we're here today to introduce to all of you here in Calgary with us - as well as everyone watching LIVE around the world on Fox Sports X exactly what we'll be bringing to Beantown on the 4th of July weekend.

BW: Now that's something to be excited about. The very best wrestlers in the world - and they mean it, Gordo - they've scoured the world I've been told to put together this tournament. It should be quite the historic weekend in Boston.

GM: And to get things rolling, we're going to bring out right now the man who put this whole thing together. He is the Director of Operations for the American Wrestling Alliance... he is the one and only... Mr. Emerson Gellar!

[To a pretty big reaction, Emerson Gellar takes the stage dressed in a stylish electric blue suit, white dress shirt, and black tie. He smiles at the reaction, waving to the fans as he steps up to the podium.]

EG: Wow. Thank you all for that... and judging by that reaction, I'd say that Calgary is ready for the AWA!

[Big cheer!]

EG: I'd also take a guess and say that Calgary is ready to talk about the Battle of Boston!

[Smaller cheer but still quite large!]

EG: When I first took this job with the AWA, I knew I wanted to do something different... something unique... something the AWA had never done before. And I know what you're thinking, the AWA has brought together the best in the world before for a tournament... it's called the Stampede Cup.

[Cheers go up for the (sorta) annual tag team tournament. Gellar smiles and nods.]

EG: Right there. Right there is the reaction that I love. The Stampede Cup is a fantastic event and it truly has a legacy of crowning the best tag team in the world. But we'd never done that for the singles ranks before. We'd never brought the best singles wrestlers - the best fighters - in the world together for one weekend to crown the very best professional wrestler on the planet. But 4th of July weekend in Boston, we're going to change that.

[Another big cheer! Gellar is lapping all this up.]

EG: So, when I put together this Selection Committee for this tournament, I told them to go out... I told them to scour the world... I told them I wanted the biggest and best stars from all around the globe to come to Boston to prove they're the best. Of course, I wanted the best stars from the AWA as well but I wanted to reach out and find even more. And as I look at the lineup we've put together, I feel like we've done exactly that.

[He holds up a sheet of paper.]

EG: This right here is the list... the names of the competitors in what I hope becomes a regular event for the AWA - the Battle of Boston. We're looking to make history on 4th of July weekend and I hope all of you will be right there with us. If you can't be there in the TD Garden for yourself, please join us on Fox Sports X where we'll be all weekend long for the biggest three-day tournament in our sport's history.

But this...

[He points to the paper in his hand.]

EG: ...is why all of you are here today. So, let's get this underway with the very first announced participant in the 2016 Battle of Boston tournament...

[Gellar turns slightly, gesturing to the entrance where he emerged from moments ago...

...and the video screens light up with one word.

FLAWLESS.

The fans in Calgary jeer as "Flawless" Larry Wallace walks out onto the stage. Wallace is wearing a dazzling bleached white dress shirt and black slacks to go along with a pair of mirrored gold sunglasses. He steps just out into view, spreading his arms wide in his signature pose before making his way to the podium.]

FLW: The Battle of Boston is coming and when you look up and down the lineup, you find yourself wondering who in the world could topple these titans of the pro wrestling business... who could best the best... who could be absolutely...

[Many in the crowd finish Wallace's catchphrase for him, shouting "FLAAAAAWWWWLESS" to a smirk from the former Team Supreme member.]

FLW: Calgary knows what's up. The Selection Committee and Emerson Gellar know what's up too because there's only one man who has the skills... who has the pedigree... who has what it takes to separate the wheat from the chaff and come out on top 4th of July weekend.

And you lucky, lucky people...

[Wallace pulls the sunglasses down to the edge of his nose, jerking his thumbs towards him.]

FLW: ...are looking at him.

[With a chuckle, Wallace walks away from the microphone, heading over to take a seat at one of the long tables which will apparently host all of the participants in the house by the end of the Press Conference. He leans back in a chair, kicking his feet up on the table as Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde step back up to the podium.]

GM: "Flawless" Larry Wallace announced as the first participant for the Battle of Boston here tonight. Let's go up to our platform in the sky to get some expert analysis on Wallace's chances in the tournament. Providing that analysis will be the very first man to wear AWA gold, Marcus Broussard, alongside one of the all-time greats in our sport, "Big" Jim Watkins. Gentlemen, welcome to Calgary!

[We cut to an elevated announce desk, giving us a nice birds-eye view of the assembled crowd who cheers at the sight of Broussard and Watkins.]

MB: Thanks, Gordon. It's a historic week here in Canada for the AWA and Big Jim, I know you're proud to be a part of it.

JW: Absolutely, Shark. The AWA may not be where I got my start but it's been home for me for a long time now so I always love any chance I get to be a part of something like this.

MB: The Battle of Boston is coming up in less than a month... your thoughts on "Flawless" Larry Wallace as the first selection.

JW: Second generation guy. His old man is tough as nails and from I can tell, his boy fits that description too. He's naturally gifted, athletic as can be... of course, he's got that world class dropkick-

MB: Some would call it the best in the world.

JW: I ain't gonna argue that for sure. And to top it all off, he's got maybe the greatest of all time, Hamilton Graham, in his corner. Wallace has got a shot to go deep in this one, Shark, and if anyone is looking past him, that's a mistake to me.

MB: Absolutely. Now, not everyone who is in this tournament has joined us here in Calgary tonight... but they're going to be announced anyways. So, fans... watch that screen and find out the second person in.

[We fade from Broussard and Watkins to a screen filled with the BOB logo...

...which spins out to be replaced by two words.

"THE GLADIATOR"

The fans at the Press Conference cheer loudly as the name fades, leaving us back with our analysis team.]

JW: The Gladiator is in the Battle of Boston and that's bad news for everyone else, Shark.

MB: Up until a couple of weeks ago, that man was undefeated inside an AWA ring. Now, with one loss on his record, he's gonna walk into the TD Garden alongside twenty-nine of the rest of the best in the world to prove he's on top of the mountain.

JW: With someone like the Gladiator, you can't doubt his strength... his power... his explosiveness... but what you do have to wonder about is his stamina. To win this tournament, he's going to have to wrestle multiple times in one night. Can he do it?

MB: Well, we just saw him wrestle twice at Memorial Day Mayhem but the Battle of Boston may be a completely different beast. The Gladiator joining Larry Wallace in the tournament field... and now, let's go back down to Gordon and Bucky for the next participant.

[Cut back to the announce duo.]

GM: Thanks, guys... two men in, twenty-eight more to come. An unusual format for this tournament, Bucky.

BW: It was designed from the get-go to end in the first ever AWA Three Way Dance so the original plan was for a 24 man tournament... but the AWA had so many strong candidates that wanted in, they expanded it to a 30 man field.

GM: And with a 30 man field, we're also going to be seeing some play-in matches. Emerson Gellar's going to give us some more info on those matches later tonight but right now, let's get on with announcing the next combatant in this prestigious tournament!

BW: This next guy is a sleeper in this tournament, Gordo. He's one of the best submission wrestlers on the planet... one of the toughest guys in the locker room and if you think he can't put together a string of wins over three nights to shock the world, you are badly mistaken.

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, the next entry into the Battle of Boston tournament!

[Gordon and Bucky turn to look at the video screen where the BOB logo is. After a moment, the logo spins away to reveal the next entry...

Callum Mahoney's name appears on the video screens, backed, stereotypically, by a green shamrock.]

GM: The Armbar Assassin... the Fighting Irishman himself... Callum Mahoney has made the field of 30!

[The man himself steps into view, dressed in a black waistcoat over a red shirt and black pants, to jeers from the fans in attendance. He stands, hands on his hips, soaking in the reception, before heading over to the podium where the announcers part to let him through.]

CM: I'll keep this short... As a former Irish National champion and a winner of the All-Europe Catch Wrestling tournament, I have already proven myself the best of the Republic of Ireland and Europe. It is my great honor to represent my country and all of Europe, as I prove myself best in the world at Battle of Boston!

[Mahoney gruffly nods to Gordon and Bucky before moving to take his seat at the lengthy table.]

GM: A man of few words right there. Callum Mahoney is in the tournament as well. Let's see what Big Jim and the Shark think of this one!

[We cut up to our analysis team.]

MB: Big Jim and the Shark. Sounds like a 70s buddy cop TV show.

[Watkins chuckles.]

MB: I've been a big Callum Mahoney fan for a long time now, Big Jim. And what I think he's been missing so far is the opportunity to break out on a big stage. There's no doubt that the Battle of Boston will be that opportunity for him.

JW: You're absolutely right, Shark. The man has the personality of a shaken-up rattlesnake but no one can deny that he's tough... he's talented... he's got that armbar that he keeps in his pocket that can end anyone's night in a hurry. Mahoney's going to be facing long odds in Boston but I get the feeling that's just the way he likes it.

MB: And with the announcement of Mahoney in the tournament, my mind starts to wonder about Rex Summers and Kerry Kendrick. What happens if they make the field as well? What happens if Mahoney has to face one of his SM&K brethren in this tournament?

JW: Mahoney's got allies. I don't know if he truly has friends. I'm sure he's willing to take on whoever gets put in front of him on his way to winning this tournament.

MB: An interesting develop for sure, fans, but let's go back down to Gordon and Bucky to find out the next participant!

[Cut back down onto the stage.]

GM: Alright, Shark... the next entry into the Battle of Boston tournament could not be here tonight due to some visa issues however I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say this undefeated and dominant competitor must be considered one of the odds-on favorites to win this entire thing, Bucky.

BW: No comment.

GM: What? Why?

BW: Because I think it's a sham that he couldn't be here tonight. Visa issues, my tail! The AWA could've got him here if they wanted to. They liked the idea of the Axis of Evil being split up for this tour... and to make Jackson Hunter be here!

[The crowd jeers loudly at the sound of Hunter's name.]

BW: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Boo all you want but know that one of the most brilliant managerial minds in our sport cut his teeth right here in Calgary and as much as you all hate him, he hates all of you that much more.

[More boos for Bucky's statement. Gordon intervenes, shaking his head.]

GM: My apologies to the fans of Calgary for my broadcast colleague... and well, while I'm at it, I might as well apologize in advance for whatever this man's about to say.

[Gordon sighs heavily.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, representing the fourth entry in the Battle of Boston tournament, "The Tsar" Maxim Zharkov... please welcome to the stage his manager, Jackson Hunter!

[Mostly boos, but a handful of thirty-something male fans in black t-shirts seem to be cheering. Hunter steps up to the podium, unaffected by the foul weather.]

JH: Okay, let's do this—Mr. Zharkov's visa issues remain unresolved, but he has confirmed his attendance for July 2nd, and we are anticipating victory on July 4th. At this time, I have been authorized to answer any questions you may have; I know that this is Chinook Wrestling country and there is a reunion tomorrow night, but I ask that all questions relate to Mr. Zharkov and the Battle of Boston please.

[He points to a press member who has not been seen yet during the Press Conference. He is in a grey suit and has strikingly blonde hair. He is also grinning incongruously.]

PRESS: Do you anticipate The Tsar's visa issues to be resolved for the summer European tour?

JH: We are looking to have Mr. Zharkov appear in Europe this summer—he's entertained multiple offers from the four "Steal the Spotlight" captains and we know that the working people of Europe are keen to see him. He's a legit specimen. It's just that if Maxim Zharkov were to travel to a country other than the United States or the former Soviet Union, that would invalidate his visa and we don't want him to suffer because of red tape. Next question please.

[Another similarly dressed, similarly grinning, similarly heretofore unseen member of the press gallery stands up.]

PRESS: Mr. Hunter, are there any concerns about the bracketing at this time?

JH: Well, Mr. Vasquez and I have been expressing concerns that certain influential bureaucrats in the AWA have been trying to pull some tricks with the way the brackets are slotted—trying to force Mr. Vasquez and Mr. Zharkov into a confrontation. Look, Juan and I have a gentleman's agreement: if it comes down to Zharkov and Vasquez at some point—and it certainly will, considering how dominant they both are as athletes—the better man will win and the Axis will stand triumphant no matter what.

[Hunter points to another press gallery member, but a local reporter stands in front.]

LOCAL REPORTER: Will you be participating in the Chinook Wrestling reunion tomorrow?

JH: We're not talking about that. Zharkov-

LOCAL REPORTER: But you are scheduled to be in attendance, and Jeremiah Colton has said—

JH: I said, "only questions about the Battle of Boston." Come on, one last question. Let's move along here—I don't do things I ENJOY for this long.

[The local reporter mysteriously disappears. Behind him is a third previously unseen press member with an incongruous grin.]

PRESS: Mr. Hunter, there were rumors that Maxim Zharkov would not accept his invite for the Battle of Boston because it was an empty capitalist venture, devoid of any meaningful enrichment for the common wrestling fan. There were also concerns about the possible ratings drop because the outcome of the event would be a foregone conclusion if The Tsar were to participate. How do respond to these allegations now that Mr. Zharkov has entered the tournament?

[Hunter narrows his eyes at the press member, like a director would a scenery-chewing actor. Then he answers.]

JH: Look, we've been given an opportunity. We've been given the opportunity for the Last Son of the Soviet Union to march right in front of the Boston Tea Party on July the 4th, and wipe the mat with every American that can be put in front of us. You think I'm going to turn down optics like that? Thank you. Good afternoon, and may God continue to bless the AWA.

[A disgusted-looking Emerson Gellar walks up to the podium, shaking his head as Hunter backs off, throwing his hands up in the air with his fingers spread in a "V for Victory" sign.]

EG: At this time, I'm going to take a few questions from the press myself... the legitimate press.

[Gellar throws another glance at Jackson Hunter who has taken a seat as well, grinning widely.]

EG: Yes... you in the front there...

[The shot cuts to a man with dark hair in a matching dark suit.]

PRESS: Mr. Hunter mentioned the brackets right there. Will we be learning about those today?

[Cut back to Gellar.]

EG: The bracketing process is currently in the hands of the Selection Committee. They are working tirelessly to ensure that we manage to put together the best tournament possible for all of you so unfortunately, the brackets are not ready for public consumption just yet but I hope to have more news on that tomorrow night on Saturday Night Wrestling so stay tuned. Yes... over there...

[Another press member speaks up.]

PRESS: Mr. Gellar, can we consider this tournament a direct response to World of Combat's Golden Glory event that took place on Memorial Day - their own tournament?

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: Absolutely not. This tournament has been in the works since the day I took this job. Anything those other guys do have nothing to do with us. Yes, right-

[The last reporter interrupts.]

PRESS: A follow-up, sir. How can you say that anything they do has nothing to do with the AWA? Jay Alana just signed there. Former AWA competitors are there. Every free agent who comes up - they're competing with you to sign. In fact, we know that Kenta Kitazawa was supposed to be a part of this tournament and they signed him right out from under you! So how can you-

[Gellar interrupts in kind.]

EG: Look, competition is the hallmark of any great business. So, yeah... there's competition out there. There's competition for talent with Tiger Paw Pro... with SouthWest Lucha Libre... even the world of Mixed Martial Arts to some degree. And yeah, there's competition with... with them as well. You've obviously got yourself a source or two so let's be honest here... yes, Kenta Kitukawa was slated to be a part of this tournament. And yes, we were completely caught off-guard by his jump to a rival promotion. However, with the help of our friends at Fox Sports X, we've got an even bigger and better tournament to come because of it.

PRESS: What do you mean by that?

EG: I mean that starting this weekend at events in Japan, Mexico, and the United Kingdom, a mini-tournament will begin. And that tournament will determine who our INTERNATIONAL WILD CARD entry will be! We're keeping that slot open - we won't announce who will fill it quite yet - but the winner of that international tournament will take that final spot vacated by Kitukawa. How's that for a scoop?

PRESS: What promotions will be participating in that tournament?

[Gellar grimaces.]

EG: Maybe share the question-asking with some of the others down there, huh? Tiger Paw Pro will, of course, take part. SouthWest Lucha Libre will be taking part. Several of the smaller UK promotions will be taking part as well as promotions in Germany, Australia, China, and India. They will all be taking part in this global phenomenon as some of the best in the world collide to see who can come to Boston to take on THE best in the world.

[Gellar glares down at the reporter for a moment, almost daring him to ask another one. After a few moments of silence, Gellar looks back up at the camera, smile on his face.]

EG: I promise, there will be more opportunities to ask me questions later in the Press Conference but let's keep on with announcing the competitors in this ground-breaking tournament. Now, unfortunately, not everyone could be here tonight... but this next entry sent a very special greeting to you all. Watch those screens.

[Gellar gestures to the video screens which go black for a moment...

...and then light up with the smiling face of the gentle giant himself, Torin The Titan. The Calgary fans cheer as the video fills the feed for the fans at home as well.

The Eiffel Tower is seated in an airport. We can see airplanes sitting on the tarmac behind him. Fans are gathering around, gawking at the giant as he begins to speak.]

TTT: Hello, A-DUBBA-A fans!

[He waves a massive paw at the camera.]

TTT: Torin very sorry he can't be in Calgary. As you see, Torin travel to Japan for big show there. Torin very, very busy but I record this so everyone know that Torin coming to Boston.

[He nods with a smile.]

TTT: Mr. Emerson Gellar say he want best in the world in tournament... so Torin is there. Mr. Emerson Gellar say he want tournament to be biggest thing ever... but only Torin is biggest thing ever!

HOHOHOHO!

[Torin's thunderous laugh actually shakes the camera for a moment.]

TTT: So, you let everyone know on that stage that Torin is coming... and Torin doesn't plan to lose.

See you soon.

[He reaches out the same massive paw, covering the lens of the camera as we cut to black...

...and then back up on Marcus Broussard and Jim Watkins at the elevated announce position.]

MB: Torin The Titan is in, Big Jim!

JW: You know, Shark... when I see Torin in the ring, it makes me feel bad to be called "Big" because that's a big man... that's a giant.

MB: And we've seen what that giant is capable of in a very short period of time here in the AWA. A stunningly quick victory over former two-time World Champion Supreme Wright earlier this year. Nearly winning the Battle Royal a couple of weeks ago at Memorial Day Mayhem. The Selection Committee was looking to make a giant impact and they've done it in Torin.

JW: It's hard to pick against him, isn't it?

MB: It certainly is and the Vegas odds-makers may have just got shaken to their core. Torin The Titan most definitely has to be considered one of the favorites to walk out of Boston the winner. Gordon, Bucky... back to you...

[We cut back down to the AWA main broadcast team at the podium.]

GM: A giant surprise there with the announcement of Torin The Titan, Bucky... and that's gotta shake up this tournament. As you look down the table at the competitors already entered... who is ready to face Torin?

[The camera pans down the row of wrestlers and representatives, getting a few nods of acknowledgment.]

GM: We'll see about that. Now, let's see who else has been entered into this history-making tournament...

[Cut back to the video screen where three symbols materialize one by one...

T!

S!

3!

...there's a nice ovation from the crowd in attendance as Terry Shane III stalks out onto the stage dressed in a sleeveless green track jacket zipped half way up, one sleeve rolled up just enough to see a silver watch creeping underneath the cuff. He

has dark wash jeans on and he runs his fingers through his shoulder length jet black hair as he positions himself centered behind the podium.]

TS3: What an honor.

[Shane nods his head.]

TS3: I've waited a long time for another chance to prove myself in front of the entire world and I know in Boston...all eyes will be on the AWA. All eyes will be on these men behind me, the greatest collection of talent on Earth. All eyes...

[He points towards his own eyes.]

TS3: ...at the end of the weekend..

[Another confident nod.]

TS3: ...will be on me. In Boston, I will prove that I am the single greatest wrestler to ever lace up a pair of boots. It isn't about redemption...it isn't about vengeance... it isn't about money or titles...it's about talent. It's about passion. It's about what man can dig down deep and battle through twenty nine other men for three straight nights and PROVE he is hands down...

[He slaps his hands down on the podium.]

TS3: ...the VERY best wrestler on this planet. I can save you the suspense...

[A confident grin.]

TS3: ...your eyes are already looking at him.

[And with that, Shane walks off the stage towards his seat as we fade up to Broussard and Watkins.]

MB: Bold words there for Terry Shane who believes he's going to walk out of Boston as the tournament winner, Big Jim.

JW: You gotta have confidence like that, Shark. You know that better than anyone else. If you hadn't walked into the first Memorial Day Mayhem believing you were going to be the first AWA National Champion, there's no way that you would have.

MB: Absolutely. And hey, Shane's got the credentials. He could be right about it. This is a guy who survived brutal wars with the likes of Hannibal Carver and the legendary Steve Spector. This is a guy who is a former winner of the Rumble. He's a different man than the one who battled those battles but he's got the skills to go all the way in this tournament for sure. Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Thanks, Shark. Some of the biggest and best names in our sport have already been announced and we're just getting started. Let's find out who else made the cut to be entered into the Battle of Boston tournament!

[As the crowd waits for the next competitor, they're greeted by... no video screen introductions, no grand entrance. Instead, only a simple walk up to the stage and the podium for Pure X. Wearing a simple pair of jeans, a dark green T, and a pair of mirrored sunglasses, X looks out over the crowd for a moment.]

PX: People of Calgary...

[Cheers from the crowd! X doesn't show a reaction to the crowd.]

PX: Emerson Gellar...

[X slowly turns his head, directing his comments towards the AWA Director of Operations who looks a little surprised by this turn of events.]

PX: I'll be brief - I came to the AWA to wrestle. To compete in the ring among the very best.

To really test my skills - my claim as the greatest technician alive. But time after time after time, what do I get? What do I see?

[Pure X turns back to the audience, gesturing with his hands.]

PX: A baseball bat to the ribs! To the back! A man BREAKING another man's arm. And then to top it off, the bloodletting that AWA allowed on air?

[Pure X stands silent, as is the crowd as they listen.]

PX: Now I ask, Gellar, is the Battle of Boston a WRESTLING tournament - to find who the very best man is that can ply their craft in that ring? Or is this another circus?

[Pure X again waits, looking at Gellar with a pissed off face.]

PX: So is this a wrestling tournament or not? A WRESTLING tournament - not a "can I beat my opponent bloody and brain dead". No, is it a WRESTLING tournament?

[Gellar says something off mic, which Pure X cuts off to a hushed reaction from the crowd.]

PX: Yeah, you're damn right I'm pissed! I'm pissed cause I don't know what this is! Is this for WRESTLING or street fighting? Can I get one clean match? One clean WRESTLING match?

[Again, Pure X pauses for a response, which Gellar responds quickly again off-mic.]

PX: Look, let me just state again, I came to AWA to prove that I am, for fact, the best WRESTLER going today. WRESTLER! Not bar room brawler. WRESTLER. I've done it all around the world so I'm hoping, pleading, begging even that you can give me a tournament here that's for WRESTLING! So just promise that, PLEASE!

[Pure X again looks at Gellar, who starts to provide an answer that Pure X isn't taking since he just walks back to his seat at the table, his arms crossed. They two exchange a few more words before Gordon and Bucky step back up to the podium.]

GM: Alright... a... uhh... a heated scene here in Calgary.

BW: Finally got enough heat in here to warm me up a little bit. How do you people live like this?

[Even Bucky's verbal harpoon towards their city doesn't distract the fans who are still buzzing over Pure X's surprising comments.]

GM: Let's... right, let's go to our next entry... watch that screen!

[The following words appear on the video screens in a white blocky font:

IT'S MINE
IT'S MINE

They are immediately replaced by:

THE WORLD
IS MINE!

The masked MAMMOTH Maximus strides out from the back, dressed also in a black polo T-shirt and charcoal gray slacks. There are some cheers from the fans, as he balls his fists and holds his arms out to either side of him. Maximus then heads over to the podium.]

MM: It feels good to be back! You see, I've been away from the AWA ring for some time now, but you would be sorely mistaken if you think I've been sitting on my butt at home all that time. Some of you in this tournament I have been in the ring with. Others have not. Now, those of you I have not stepped into the ring with? I want you to go find someone who has been on the receiving end of these fists...

[Maximus holds them up in front of him.]

MM: And you ask them what it feels like. Ask them what it feels like when I club you in the back of the neck with these arms, or knock you down with a clothesline. Ask them what it feels like to run into over four hundred pounds of MAMMOTH POWER, or when I bring that weight crashing down on you!

Now, I might not have worn gold during my time here, but as a former Global Crown champion, you know my international credentials check out. At Battle of Boston, the question is not what I have got left to prove. By the end of the tournament, I'll leave you wondering why you even ask such questions of me in the first place, because...

[And here the fans join in.]

MM: IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[Happy with the point he's made, and before any of the assembled journalists have a chance, Maximus steps away from the podium and goes to take his seat.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus is in the Battle of Boston! And you want to talk about a superheavyweight surprise, Bucky, we just got one!

BW: Maximus is no stranger to AWA fans but he's also one of the biggest stars in the world today! He's held gold in Japan, in Germany, in the United Kingdom, in Ireland, in Australia... and if he signed to compete in this tournament, he didn't do it just for kicks. He's coming to fight, dominate, and he just might win the whole thing, daddy.

GM: Shark, Big Jim... your thoughts on the American Mastodon joining the Battle of Boston tournament?

[We cut back to the elevated announce area.]

JW: Big news, Gordon... REAL big news. I've always been a big fan of MAMMOTH Maximus and it's great to see him back in the United States and in this tournament, Shark.

MB: Maximus is a game-changer when it comes to this tournament. He's 420 pounds of monstrosity! He's got power. He's got skill. He's got it all... and to top it off, he's been in the AWA. He's faced guys like Supreme Wright who we know will be in this tournament. He's been in the same locker room with guys who will be in this tournament so he's got the experience and the insight as well. Big Jim, this could be your winner right here.

JW: I have a feeling we're going to say that a lot tonight, kid.

[The duo chuckles as we cut back down to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus - a very big entry into this field of 30... and speaking of the field of 30, Mr. Gellar, I understand you have something for us on that.

[The Director of Operations steps back up to the mic.]

EG: Absolutely, Gordon. Since the beginning when we first announced this tournament, we said it would be designed to leave us with the very first AWA Three Way Dance for the tournament final... which meant 24 entries. You can find a whole lot of marketing for the tournament in its infancy that specifically mentioned 24 wrestlers. But with so many talented competitors wanting to enter the tournament, we decided to go bigger... so we increased the field to an even 30. But that meant that we needed to change up our bracket a bit. You will now see six "play-in" matches before the first round begins on Night One, giving 30 competitors the chance of a lifetime.

[A smattering of hands shoot up as the press fires off some questions.]

EG: This really isn't the time for questions... but okay, I'll take a couple related to this topic.

[Gellar gestures to someone.]

PRESS: How will the competitors for these play-in matches be selected? Will the tournament be seeded?

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: It was decided that the tournament would NOT be seeded, truly giving everyone an equal chance of winning it. That also means that the competitors in our play-in matches will be randomly selected as well.

[Another smattering of questions. Gellar acknowledges one of them.]

PRESS: But if a handful of guys are in play-in matches, that means they have to win one more match than the others! Is that fair?

EG: What it is is the luck of the draw. Just like the Rumble. Not everyone gets to enter at number 30. So, a few competitors will face the uphill situation of needing to wrestle one more match, yes. We believe that all are capable of doing it and I wouldn't be the least bit surprised to see our winner come out of one of those play-in matches. Okay, that's enough questions for the moment... let's find out the next competitor in this prestigious tournament!

[All eyes turn towards the video screens. There's a momentary pause as we wait to see who it will be. The video screen lights up with two words.]

"I CAN."

EG: He calls himself the Phoenix... JORDAN OHARA!

[The wrestling fans cheer as Jordan Ohara comes out to the podium dressed in workout gear. A light sheen of sweat covers his forehead and you can tell he's fresh from the gym. He looks out at the assembled press and fans with a slightly endearing nervousness.]

JO: Ummm ... thank you for coming out. The Battle of Boston is going to be a great event. And not only is the Battle of Boston going to be great, but we're making history in Calgary tomorrow with our first show at the SaddleDome. It's going to be something to see!

[He pauses awkwardly.]

JO: Okay... I'm not quite sure what else to say so I guess I'll take a few questions.

[He scans the crowd and points to someone.]

PRESS: Is this really all you have to say about the biggest wrestling tournament in the world?

JO: (smiling shyly) I'm pretty sure anybody who's watched me on television knows that public speaking isn't my strong suit, Mr. Garcia.

[There's a ripple of laughter.]

JO: The Battle of Boston is something that I live for. It's a chance to compete against the best in the world and a chance for me to show my passion for this sport and my dedication to it. I mean, I might not be the most comfortable speaker, but that ring is my home and trust me, you'll see something when I get out there. You'll see how much it means to me.

[Ohara looks at Gellar.]

JO: Thanks for the nomination. Okay everybody! I love you! Thank you for the support!

[With that, Ohara quickly retreats from the podium as we fade up to Marcus Broussard and "Big" Jim Watkins.]

MB: Big news for Jordan Ohara fans right there as the young man - not even a year into his AWA career yet - has landed a precious spot in this field of 30. Big Jim, how do you think the kid will do in Boston over the the 4th of July weekend?

JW: Shark, the kid's got his work cut out for him. He's going to be nervous. He's going to have those butterflies in his stomach. No doubt that he's got the skills in the ring to go deep in this tournament... maybe even all the way... but it's going to be a long, tough road in there against competitors who are more experienced and seasoned.

MB: Gotta agree with you there. Good luck, kid... you're gonna need it. Back down to Gordon and Bucky.

[We cut back to our announce duo.]

GM: Thanks for that, Shark, as Jordan Ohara joins the list of tournament competitors. And he's the tenth man announced here tonight... we're officially a third of the way through this list but we've got a lot left to go, Bucky, so let's jump right back in for the next entry on the list... coming out next, he is the Son of the

Blackheart. He recently become Tiger Paw Pro's inaugural CAGE champion, here is Brian James!

[The screen fills with the graphic of a clenched fist hovering over a five pointed crown with the letters "BHP" superimposed over the fist. Stepping out in the six foot six, two hundred and ninety pound Engine of Destruction emerges. James wears a red compression shirt with the Claw Academy logo done in gold on the front, as well as pair of black jeans. The CAGE title is slung over his shoulder. Glowering at the crowd, James stands at the podium for a moment, looking disdainfully down at the assembled press as reporters shout questions in his direction. One of them is heard more than the others.]

PRESS: Mr. James, this question is for you...

BJ: No, it's not.

I'm not here to answer any questions. Not from you, not from anyone. I came here because I've got something to say.

Not that I haven't said it before.

You see, somewhere along the line, Emerson Gellar got it into his head that Brian James can be overlooked, and can go unheard.

[James turns to look at Gellar.]

BJ: I asked you for a shot at AWA gold, and you sent me to Japan. Well Gellar, I came back from Japan with this...

[James taps the CAGE title.]

BJ: But before I left, Mr. Lau gave you a warning. If you don't start producing the things I want, the bodies are going to stop falling.

Well Mr. Gellar, you pulled a fast one on Wes and Tony, two men I consider my brothers. And the surest route to a TV title shot is still by losing your last title match. So I'm done asking, I'm done waiting quietly.

Brian James isn't standing in line anymore.

I'm coming to Boston, and no matter who is in front of me, they're going down. There isn't any one person I want to fight, because I want to crush everyone. I don't care who it is. I don't care why you're here.

As far as I'm concerned, there's just Brian James and twenty nine potential victims.

And like Mr. Lau says – that's all you, or anyone else, needs to know.

[And with the press still shouting questions in his direction, James stalks away from the podium and takes his seat, setting his title belt down in front of him. He leans back, arms crossed over his chest confrontationally as Gordon and Bucky approach the podium.]

GM: More words directed at the Director of Operations.

BW: Gellar's about as popular as a porcupine in an outhouse right now. Sheesh.

[The crowd laughs at Bucky's jab.]

GM: The next entry into the Battle of Boston tournament is someone who has opted NOT to appear here tonight but he claims he'll have PLENTY to say about it in the very near future.

[The video screens show the BOB logo...

...and then spin away to show the name of the next entry into the Battle of Boston tournament.]

"KENDRICK."

[Boos pour down from the Calgary crowd as Gordon goes to speak.]

GM: Another member of SM&K... the AWA Original... the so-called Self Made Man... Kerry Kendrick is the Battle of Boston! Big Jim, Marcus... what do you think about these most recent entries into the tournament?

[We cut to the elevated announce position.]

MB: Well, Gordon, it's no secret that I'm a big fan of Kerry Kendrick. I've done all I can over the year to make sure this kid gets a break and as much as you want to call him the "so-called" Self Made Man, that moniker fits him well. He's worked hard everywhere he's gone and he's got the kind of chip on his shoulder that makes you strive to be the best. Kendrick's gonna be a dark horse in this one - no doubt - but I have faith that he can thrive in this environment, Big Jim.

JW: I think we differ on this one, Shark. This kid Kendrick may have all the talent in the world but he's a punk. He thinks the world should be handed to him on a silver platter and when it doesn't happen, he pouts... he cries... he whines. That's not the kind of guy who can go the distance in a tournament like this. Brian James on the other hand? Whew brother. I wouldn't want to be on the other side of the ring at any point in this tournament against an angry Brian James.

MB: James is going to be another one that people have to look at as a favorite. He's got the genetics. He's got the training. He's got the allies in the Kings of Wrestling. He's got the only Hall of Fame manager in our sport in his corner. And now he's gotten a taste of what it's like to be a champion? You're right, Big Jim. I wouldn't want to be across the ring from him on 4th of July weekend. Gordon, this tournament is getting bigger and badder with each name you guys call out. Who else you got?

[We cut back down to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Who else do we have for them, Bucky? You do the honors on this one.

[Bucky looks all sorts of prideful as he steps front and center in front of the podium, adjusting his tie.]

BW: It's my great honor to announce the next participant in the Battle of Boston tournament as...

[Bucky looks closer at the teleprompter.]

BW: Oh. Oh, that's REAL funny, Gordo. I'm not playing your dumb little games! There's no way I'm introducing this guy... no way!

[Gordon grins mischievously as he does the introduction.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, the longest reigning and current AWA National Champion... TRAVIS LYNCH!

[The Texas Heartthrob walks out on stage to a big reaction. He smiles at the fans, mouthing "I love you too!" to the assembled masses as he carries the National Title over his shoulder. He walks directly to his seat on the stage, raising the belt over his head before taking a seat.]

GM: Unfortunately, Travis is a little under the weather today, battling a sore throat so he won't be able to address the fans but he'll certainly be ready in Boston to try and work through twenty-nine other competitors. One member of the legendary Lynch family is in the tournament... but you better believe that's not the only famous pro wrestling family that's going to be involved in the Battle of Boston, Bucky.

BW: I'd hope not. It'd be a crying shame if this...

[Bucky's eyes drift over towards Travis Lynch and suddenly, he seems a lot less brave.]

BW: ...guy was the only legacy representing. Who else ya got, Gordo?

GM: How about another member of a famous wrestling family - a family quite famous here in Canada?

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

GM: He is a former AWA World Television Champion... Shadoe Rage!

[Shockingly, many of the Canadian fans cheer as the video screens light up with a simple image of the impassive Rage swaddled all in black, head wrapped in a scarf, eyes hidden behind sunglasses. Rage steps out onto the podium in his Kylo Ren-inspired gear.]

SR: Calgary... this is Rage Country. And we're invading Boston.

[Rage twists around, glaring pointedly at Emerson Gellar.]

SR: There will be no more injustice against me. You can't hide your protected little paper champions. Supernova can't hide from me at the Battle of Boston. And I'm going to force you to give me a fair shot for my World Television title. The best in the world comes from Canada, Gellar.

[The patriotic fans support Rage name dropping Canada.]

SR: It's 1812 all over again. And the last man standing at the Battle of Boston shall be me... Shadoe Rage!

[Rage surprisingly keeps it brief, walking away, leaving Gordon and Bucky at the podium.]

GM: Another participant with words directed towards Emerson Gellar... but it's not Emerson Gellar they'll be facing in Boston, fans. Marcus, Jim... your thoughts on these two latest additions to the tournament?

[Cut back up to the first AWA National Champion and the former AWA executive.]

MB: A current champion and a former champion added to the mix, Jim.

JW: Those are two interesting entries. Let's start with Shadoe Rage. Shadoe Rage is a former TV champ... everyone knows that. He's got experience. He's got talent. He's got determination and drive... but he's unpredictable. He's erratic. No one

knows what he's going to do from moment to moment. I mean, he just came out here with a stage full of people who are going to be in the tournament and he ignored them all to yell at Emerson Gellar! He's a guy who could end up getting counted out or disqualified very easily and that would mean elimination, Shark.

MB: And then you've got Travis Lynch who's as cool as a cucumber most of the time. He's held that National Title for a length of time that makes me jealous. A lot of people look at him as Jack's little brother but Travis Lynch could win this thing and I wouldn't be surprised to see it.

JW: And Bucky might have a tantrum on live television.

[The analysts chuckle as we cut back to Gordon who is also laughing and Bucky who is most certainly not.]

BW: Oh, you're hysterical, Watkins! Come down here and say that to my face!

GM: You sure you want that? Don't forget what Big Jim did to Joe Petrow a few years back.

[Bucky shifts his weight nervously.]

BW: Forget it. Let's just go on to the next one.

GM: You heard the man... watch that screen!

[The BOB logo spins away to reveal one word.]

"WILLIAMS."

[Cheers go up from the Calgary crowd.]

GM: Derrick Williams, the young lion from Brooklyn, New York, has entered the tournament. Now, Mr. Williams has refused to be here today as he is busy preparing for his World Television Title challenge tomorrow night on Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: If he can't be bothered to break away from preparing for one opponent to talk to the press, how is he going to prepare to face twenty-nine other opponents? Maybe Williams ain't mentally tough enough for this tournament, Gordo.

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky. Now, our next competitor who has been entered into the tournament is making a big jump to be here. We know that the AWA has scoured the globe, looking for the best wrestlers in the world to climb into that ring on 4th of July weekend... but this next one was a little closer to home. Take a look...

[The BOB logo spins away to be replaced by a gold medal icon with the word "GRAYSON" in the middle. The crowd ROARS at the sight of it as Olympic gold medalist Bret Grayson struts out onto the stage, a big grin on his face. He extends his arms, doing a little hop in a circle as the fans continue to cheer. Grayson makes his way to the podium, pausing to pat Gordon on the shoulder while shaking his hand with a slight bow of the head. He does the same thing to Bucky before turning towards the mic.]

BG: WOOOOO!

[The crowd cheers again at Grayson's jubilation.]

BG: I gotta say that I've been waiting a long, long time for a moment like this and well...

[He looks around, a big grin on his face.]

BG: Yeah, this feels pretty damn good.

[Another big cheer!]

BG: It's a great honor for me to be the only competitor from down in CCW chosen to be in this tournament... oops, sorry, Mr. Gellar... spoiler alert.

[Grayson smirks as many in the press laugh. Gellar looks a little agitated but puts on a smile for the press.]

BG: But I'm sure when the Selection Committee looked up and down that roster... when they saw John Law... when they saw Sid Osborne...

[Big cheer! Grayson gives a dismissive gesture.]

BG: Even when they saw... Max Magnum...

[HUGE CHEER! Grayson steps back, feigning surprise as he smiles.]

BG: All those guys are great... but none of them are an Olympic gold medalist. And that's why yours truly is coming to Boston on 4th of July weekend to celebrate America's birthday like only a real American can! I represented my country in the Olympics with pride and it'll be with even greater pride to climb into that ring in Boston and show the world that the very best wrestler in the world is this guy...

[Double thumb point.]

BG: ...right here. Now, I'm sure you've all got questions so let's hear 'em.

[Hands shoot up, questions being shouted out all over.]

BG: Yeah, you over there.

PRESS: Bret, you've been waiting a long time to get to the AWA... a lot of wrestling fans think your time in CCW - especially over the last few months - has been a waste. Do you think this means you've gotten the call? Are you now officially a part of the AWA roster?

[Grayson grins.]

BG: That's a great question and it's not something that Mr. Gellar and I have discussed yet. But all I've been wanting... all I ever wanted... was an opportunity and now that I've got it, I'm going to win this tournament and make it real hard for Mr. Gellar to send me back to the Combat Corner. Yeah.. you in the back...

PRESS: Bret, two years ago, you helped Supreme Wright train for his match against Ryan Martinez at SuperClash. In this tournament, you could very well go head to head with Wright.

[Grayson nods.]

PRESS: What's your current relationship with Wright? Are you friends?

[Grayson grins.]

BG: I don't know if anyone can ever really call themselves a friend of Supreme Wright's. But let's say we're acquaintances. We train together from time to time. Speak on the phone on occasion. But if you know anything at all about Supreme Wright, you know that he thrives on competition... he LIVES for competition. That's one of the reasons we get along. So, if by some chance we square off in this tournament, I'll make sure my boots are laced up tight because you all - and I - will be in for one heck of a ride! One more question...

[Grayson gestures to a reporter.]

PRESS: Steve Sanders, The Squared Circle podcast... Bret, when you look up and down this stage, who is the one person that you'd love to get in the ring with the most?

[Grayson pauses, slowly turning, stroking his chin as he looks up and down the lengthy table...

...and then slowly starts walking, heading down the length of the table before coming to a halt, turning to face a man who looks right up at him from his seat.

It is Jackson Hunter. Hunter arches an eyebrow, rising out of his seat as he locks eyes with a smirking Grayson. Grayson extends his hand towards Hunter who eyes it warily. The crowd is buzzing as Hunter slowly reaches out, accepting the handshake...

...and gets jerked forward, almost coming over the table as Grayson leans close to him and speaks just loud enough to be picked up by the camera's mic.]

"Tell your boy I owe him one."

[And with a pat on the shoulder, he releases his grip, allowing Hunter to straighten up, a look of surprise on his face as he settles back into his chair. Grayson turns, raising both arms to a big cheer as he makes his way to an open seat, depositing himself in it as we fade up to Marcus Broussard and Jim Watkins.]

MB: This tournament just got shaken up in an Olympic-sized way, Big Jim, because Bret Grayson is in the Battle of Boston!

JW: Big news, big news. When you look up the term "blue chip prospect" in the dictionary, Bret Grayson's picture is right there.

MB: That doesn't seem likely since I doubt "blue chip prospect" is in the dictionary but I get your point. Grayson is one of the most naturally-talented professional wrestlers I've ever seen and a tournament like this is his bread and butter, Big Jim.

JW: Absolutely. Grayson's going to be a longshot at the sports book, Shark, but if anyone's got some money to burn, you could make a bundle bettin' on the kid.

MB: Add to the mix that Bret Grayson just made it real clear to Jackson Hunter that he believes he's got unfinished business with Maxim Zharkov and this situation just got REAL interesting going into Boston, fans. Gordon, Bucky... back down to you on the stage!

[Cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Thanks, Shark... and this Calgary fans are still buzzing over what just went down but we're going to keep on going right along. Our next competitor elected not to join us here in Calgary because... well, I can give you his excuse of "other commitments" but if you ask me, it's because he didn't want the Gladiator to know where he'd be!

[The BOB logo spins away to reveal one word.]

“SUMMERS.”

GM: Former Steal The Spotlight holder... former Longhorn Heritage Champion... “Red Hot” Rex Summers is in the tournament, Bucky.

BW: And with Summers, he’s always one Heat Check away from victory. It’s the most devastating one shot knockout in the entire AWA and when you think about it like that, you have to like his chances in Boston.

GM: Summers, of course, was directly responsible for the end of the Gladiator’s undefeated streak two weeks ago so that’s a match that many AWA fans are eagerly looking forward to. Mr. Gellar, if you would join us up here...

[The Director of Operations makes his way to the podium, smiling all the while.]

GM: Mr. Gellar, there’s been a lot of talk about the rumored Wild Card spot in this tournament. What can you tell us about that? Does it exist? If so, what is it?

[Gellar nods.]

EG: Yes, Gordon, the Wild Card spot is a reality. Look, at the end of the day, this tournament is for the fans. And despite the best efforts of myself and the Selection Committee, we realize that there are going to be competitors who are left out of this tournament that the fans really want to see participate. Maybe it’s an international competitor like TORA or Nenshou... maybe it’s an AWA original looking for the Cinderella comeback story like Ron Houston or Ricky Royal... maybe it’s one of our current roster who just missed out on making the cut. There’s going to be someone that the fans want to see... and we want to give them the chance to make that happen. So, after tomorrow night’s Saturday Night Wrestling, we’ll be putting a fan poll up on the Fox Sports X website so that fans all over the globe can let their voice be heard. Who do they want to see added to the tournament. And we’re going to take the results of that poll and award the Wild Card spot.

GM: So, a little bit of mystery going into the tournament?

EG: Heh... funny you should mention that, Gordon. Because our next entry is all about mystery.

GM: Oh?

EG: Watch that screen.

[Gellar grins as the BOB logo spins away and is replaced by three words.]

“WEST
MEMPHIS
ASSASSIN.”

[The crowd reacts with a surprised buzz at the name.]

GM: The West Memphis Assassin?! But who-

EG: That’s where the mystery lies, Gordo. That mask has been worn by several competitors in its history. And who wears it now? It could be someone who wore it before... it could be someone who is linked to one of those people... or, quite frankly, it could be someone who doesn’t want their identity known until the night of the tournament.

GM: Sir, I have to ask... do YOU know their identity?

[Gellar smirks.]

EG: I do, Gordon. And I'm comfortable with this person's credentials as a member of this tournament. Annnnd... that's all anyone... including the media here... will be getting out of me.

[Some shouted attempts at questions come from the press before Gellar holds up his hand.]

EG: Please. Hold your questions because I've got some more news.

[Gellar gestures for Gordon and Bucky to step aside as he takes sole possession of the podium. You can't help but to feel as though he's fighting back a sheepish grin as he adjusts the mic, lowering it down so he can lean over it.]

EG: I can't help but to feel as though I need to personally introduce this next entrant. I said it time and time again that my goal for Battle of Boston was to not only gather the best professional wrestling talent in the world for this tournament but also to collect the greatest ATHLETES in the world.

[Gellar smiles as some of the wrestlers turn towards one another. There's a mild buzz even among the press in first few rows.]

EG: So it is with great honor and excitement that I welcome out at this time...

...the former two time GFC World Heavyweight Champion... and next entry in the Battle of Boston tournament...

[Flashbulbs.]

EG: THE ROTTWEILER..."ROUGH". RUFUS. HARRIS!

[All eyes turn towards the entrance to the press conference stage. Four massive men dressed in all black with black shades enter first. Sure enough, almost a mirror image of how we last saw him two years ago, the man known as the Rottweiler struts out behind them. His mocha skinned scalp is shaved clean sans a thick strip of black knotted hair down the middle and a few razor thin streaks over his right ear. He still sports a grizzled black beard and his eyes are sunk behind large gold tinted aviator sunglasses. A coarse gold chain patterned with several small ones hang around his neck and over his muscle hugging white v-neck shirt. He lowers his fists which are littered with gold bracelets and gaudy rings onto the podium as flashbulbs continue to flicker. Behind him you can sense that the wrestlers are much less enthused than the fan boy reporters in front of him.]

RH: AH YEAH... THE ROTTWEILER IS IN THE HOOOOOOOUSE!

[Harris barks out, jacking his jaw with every heavy throated call.]

PRESS: Harris. Harris! Lance Stevens here with WKIK...

[Gellar swiftly tries to maneuver himself in front of Harris which is no easy feat.]

EG: Hey guys... you'll have plenty of time for questions in a moment... this isn't-

RH: Hey, let the glorified mic stand ask his question, homie.

[Gellar grimaces, slowly stepping aside.]

PRESS: How much did Gellar have to fork over for you to agree to get in the ring in Boston?

[Again, Gellar tries to intervene.]

EG: All I promised him was an opportunity.

[Rufus laughs, brushing Gellar to the side.]

RH: Please, homie. Rufus Harris ain't just show up for no opportunity, ya dig? What Rufus wanted... Rufus got. That's all I can say, playa. The real opportunity is for these prima donnas sittin' behind me to get in the ring with the only real super athlete left on this planet. I don't care what these goons try to spoon feed you... there's only one human wrecking machine on this planet and his last name starts and ends with Harris. Gellar here wants to put his best against THE best fighter in the world, ain't no other way to spin it, ya dig? To be the best... ya gotta go THROUGH the best.

PRESS: Jack Lincoln here.

EG: Alright guys, I promise you–

RH: What up, Penny. Been a hot cup of coffee since I've seen your skinny jeans. How's your mama?

[Rufus makes a kissing motion out to the reporters which draws some laughter.]

PRESS: Cute. It's been a minute since the last time we saw you in a wrestling ring too. Do you want to remind these folks next to me who might not remember how that ended last time?

[Rufus smirks.]

RH: It ended with a BIG FAT PAYDAY in my pocket, homie. I almost had to buy another bag to shove all those Benjamins into.

PRESS: I'm surprised you remember it all after Kraken knocked you out cold.

[Now the rooms buzzing.]

RH: That chump? I sure made [pause] I can't even remember his stupid name... all I know is I made his sorry ass look reeeeeal good, homie. Too bad old man O'Connor couldn't cash the easy money I handed to him. Probably why ya got this suit standin' next to me now. Where's that clown now, playa? Last I heard he was still gettin' his hand worked on after he broke it on my jaw.

[Harris pounds his fist into cheek, grinning the entire time.]

RH: That the best ya got, monkey? If ya think me laughing to the bank is a low blow ya might want to call my manager. He'll field your call on his platinum cell phone and tell ya'll about how much that bruised me ago, ya dig?

EG: Thank you, Mr. Harris. We really need to keep things moving along.

[Harris nods, turning away from the podium.]

PRESS: What about Ivan Petrov? Are you still counting all the money after he ended your GFC World Title reign? Still fingering through the bills of that big pay

day? I wasn't too sure what you made on that fight, all I know is that I heard Ivan cashed a nice bonus check for the knockout of the night.

[And then Harris turns right back, fists slamming on top of the podium.]

RH: Ya want to try me, homie?! Huh?! That little-

[Suddenly, the Fox Sports X censors get busy, silencing a portion of Harris' response. We can see Harris angrily shouting at the reporter.]

RH: That shot came after the bell just like that dumb-

[More silence as Harris continues to shout. Gellar steps back in as the audio returns.]

EG: -need to keep things moving.

RH: NAH! THIS FOOL WANTS TO TRY ME? ME?!

[Harris shoves the podium down. He moves towards press row but his own security guards jump in, grabbing him by the shoulders and doing their best to keep him up on stage. The neighboring reporters next to Jack Lincoln move aside, creating a clear path towards him with their cameras held at eye level and red lights activating throughout the room.]

RH: COME ON, HOMIE! SAY IT TO MY FACE! I DARE YOU!

[The film crew looks to Harris who winds his finger around... you can see him mouthing "you better be getting this."]

RH: I'LL TAKE ALL OF YA ON!

[Suddenly, Harris muscles free, breaking away from two of his own security guards and it's then that Gellar instantly hits the panic button, cutting his hand across the throat and signaling to cut the feed...

...the AWA logo fills the screen for several seconds.

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and as we come back up, we're back on the press conference stage where the podium has been put back in place. Rufus Harris is nowhere to be seen - neither is Emerson Gellar.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... we apologize for the interruption there but... uh... well, we're back now and let's get right back to things by announcing the next entry into the Battle of Boston tournament!

[The video screen lights up with a familiar music video, which the Calgary fans recognize by the guitar riff that kicks off the Judas Priest song, "You've Got Another Thing Coming."

And those fans cheer as the AWA World Television Champion Supernova walks onto the stage. He has his face painted black and yellow and is dressed in a black Supernova T-shirt and faded jeans. He also wears a pair of dark sunglasses. The AWA World TV title is strapped around his waist. He approaches the podium, stopping just before it to cup his hands to his mouth and howl. Then he stands behind the podium.]

S: Twenty-plus of the best of the best are gonna be in Boston in a couple of months and all the talk is about who's gonna win it all, who's gonna leave the biggest impression? Right here, fans, is the man who intends to leave that biggest impression! For the past five months, I've been defending this title belt against the best competition, I've taken on all comers and I've faced many different styles. So, believe me, when I say there is no other competitor in the AWA or elsewhere who is better prepared to take on the field than I am!

[He pulls off the sunglasses, revealing that wild look in his eyes.]

S: It doesn't matter who they match me up with in the first round or who I face after that, because I am more than ready for anything they throw at me! And when all is said and done, not only will I prove my worthiness of being the World Television Champion, but prove that there is no other man who is worthy of being known as the franchise of the AWA! No matter who it is I face, I'm bringing the heat and that's a promise!

[Nova nods as the flashbulbs fire. He looks down at a member of the assembled press, gesturing towards them.]

PRESS: Matt Seltzer here with a question for Supernova... do you see this tournament as a chance for you to get yourself a shot at either the World or the National Champion, whoever that may be?

S: You know, as great as it has been being the World TV Champion for so long and holding onto it while facing the best competition in the AWA, nothing would please me more than getting the chance to challenge for the National or World title again! I've had a National title shot before and would love to get another crack at it, and you can bet I'd love nothing more than to get Johnny Detson in the ring and teach him a few manners! But without a doubt, winning the Battle of Boston would be more than just about the money -- it would mean I have an excellent case to challenge the other champions!

PRESS: David Chapman of Pro Wrestling Americana... Supernova, what should happen if you meet up with any of the men who are in pursuit of the World TV title... they could see that as their chance to prove that they deserve another shot at you.

S: I know that anyone who faces me will be thinking about my belt -- that comes with the territory! But if somebody like Shadoo Rage or Callum Mahoney thinks that a win over me in the tournament means a fast track to winning the World TV title, they better not get too focused on that idea, or otherwise they could find themselves on the losing end -- and particularly if they're facing me, when my main focus is on proving why I deserve to be called the franchise of the AWA!

[He walks over toward one of the long tables, casting a wary glance at some of the competitors who are already sitting there, before finding a vacant chair and taking his place.]

GM: Supernova, the World Television Champion, added to the Battle of Boston tournament and what a chance it would be for him to take on the best in the world. Right now, let's go up to two men very familiar with Supernova to talk about his chances in the tournament!

[We cut to the elevated announce position.]

MB: When you talk about wrestlers who deserve a chance like this, you gotta talk about Supernova, Big Jim.

JW: Supernova has been with this company for many years now. He's been in one SuperClash Main Event. He's had one chance at the top gold. Can you imagine the doors that would open for him if he can find a way to emerge from this tournament as the top dog? He's got it in him... I know he does. And if he wins this, Shark, he could run the table on everything else.

MB: You know, when you ask wrestling fans for some of their AWA dream matches, it always seems like Supernova's name comes up. Supernova vs Supreme Wright. Supernova vs Travis Lynch. Supernova vs... those could happen in this tournament, Jim. Those and a lot more. I'm looking forward to seeing what he brings to the table on 4th of July weekend. Gordon, Bucky, back down to you...

[Cut back to the announce duo.]

GM: Alright, thanks for that, gentlemen. We're in the home stretch here, fans - a handful of names left to announce and they just keep getting bigger. Our next participant also couldn't be here tonight because he's hard at work making sure he will be medically cleared to compete in the very near future but when you hear this name added to the list, you know he'll be gunning for a king-sized comeback!

[The BOB logo spins out and is replaced by one word.]

"BRYANT."

[Big cheers from the Calgary crowd!]

GM: The former World Champion, Dave Bryant, will be making his AWA return as part of the Battle of Boston tournament! Big news here in Calgary and you can just imagine some of the dream matches that the Doctor of Love could be a part of, Bucky.

BW: Including with "Flawless" Larry Wallace down there who's obviously got a score to settle.

[Cut to a shot of Wallace who nods his head.]

GM: With Bryant in the tournament...

[Gordon's words trail off as a flustered Emerson Gellar comes back out onto the stage, trying to make his way towards his seat as the press starts shouting questions at him. Gellar grimaces before walking back towards the podium, taking the mic.]

EG: Alright, fine. I know you've got-

[A shouted question cuts him off.]

PRESS: After what just happened with Rufus Harris, is he still going to be a part of this tournament?

EG: Hey, as far as I'm concerned, a member of the media tried to instigate that situation. Rufus Harris is one of the toughest fighters on the planet... you're damn right he's going to be a part of the tournament.

PRESS: Any other surprises?

[Gellar grins.]

EG: You never know. Yeah... right down there.

PRESS: Chock Full, Just The Facts.

EG: Haven't seen you at one of these in a while. Whatcha got?

PRESS: I've got a source close to the AWA front office that says that AWA ownership has an offer on the table to purchase the company. True?

EG: Uh... I'm not sure if...

[Gellar looks around nervously.]

PRESS: A follow-up. The same source says that the offer is coming from a Japanese company - the same Japanese company that originally launched Tiger Paw Pro. The Korugun Corporation. Can I get a comment?

EG: Look, uhh... this press conference is about the tournament. It's about the Battle of Boston. I don't... major companies get offers to buy all the time. This isn't the first one, it's not the last.

PRESS: So, you'll confirm on the record that there's an offer to purchase on the table from the Korugun Corporation?

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: I'm not... I'm not about to get into this. A blind source?

PRESS: The source is solid. Very close to ownership.

EG: I'm... no, we're done here. No more questions.

[Gellar angrily stalks away from the podium, his cheeks flushed with anger as a surprised Gordon Myers steps back in.]

BW: How in the world do you follow that?

GM: Let's see who's next!

[The video screens start to flicker as two words slowly appear on the screen: "ELECTRIC DRAGON!"

After that, the name Noboru Fujimoto scrolls underneath as the man himself makes his way out to the podium. Fujimoto is wearing a red silk shirt with golden orange leather pants which match his hair color which is spiked up. Mirrored sunglasses rest on his face as he walks up to the podium and pauses to soak in the mostly mixed reaction in from the crowd.]

NF: The Electric Dragon knows why all of you people are here tonight, and that is to get the reaction of the greatest wrestler competitor in the sport today, Noboru Fujimoto!

[Fujimoto smirks as he nods his head.]

NF: Well, the reaction you seek is relief. Yes, the Dragon is relieved that FINALLY we are recognizing the greatness. FINALLY the Dragon has the opportunity to face the very best this Company can find. And FINALLY all of you get to see the Dragon as he was meant to be...

[Fujimoto holds out his arms in a pose.]

NF: VICTORIOUS!

[Fujimoto lowers his arms.]

NF: You think you can slay the Dragon?

[Fujimoto shakes his head.]

NF: Twenty-nine others will find out just how wrong they are!

[Again, Fujimoto strikes a pose with his arms outstretched. There's some applause from the crowd as Fujimoto strides over to the table, taking a seat as Gordon Myers steps back in.]

GM: Noboru Fujimoto, the former Global Crown Champion is in, bringing an international flair to the Battle of Boston and... well, if you've been surprised by some of what's gone down here tonight, you're going to be very surprised by this next announcement. You've heard the rumors... and they are true. Making his debut in an AWA ring at the Battle of Boston...

[Fade to a spot further away from the press conference, to the parking lot, where a chrome Nissan GT-R squeals into view, drifting to a sudden halt. The intro to “Magus Confronted” by Yasunori Mitsuda plays as the driver emerges, back to the camera, arms akimbo, palms open. His blue and dirty blonde curly hair waves in the wind...

Back the press conference, the video screens display white text on a black background, as previously seen on the last edition of Power Hour.]

ライリー・ハンター

ENTER THE NINJA

[As the intro to “Magus Confronted” reaches its crescendo, the music changes to “Whispering Streets” by Barry Adamson. The blue-haired man wheels around, and the Calgary fans, particularly the die-hards, explode into cheers.]

HM: ...He is from right here in Calgary, Alberta! He is the American Ninja! He is...

[The video screens display the same text Gordon Myers speaks...]

GM: RILEY HUNTER!

[Hunter, a man in his early thirties in a black pleather trenchcoat and a t-shirt with seven stars printed on it, makes his way coolly through the sea of fans, a Cheshire Cat grin across his face. He makes sure to stop and fist-bump any fans who happen to be wearing his or any “Dead Man's Party” merchandise.

Quick cut to Noboru Fujimoto, an unhappy scowl on his face.

The “American Ninja” makes his way to the foot of the press conference stage, met halfway up by Jackson Hunter. They hug, and the resemblance becomes obvious: they share narrow, hawk-like faces and piercing eyes. But while Jackson seems to be perpetually glowering, Riley seems to be almost always manic. Jackson Hunter returns to his seat at the table as Riley takes his spot at the podium. “Whispering Streets” fades.]

RH: A black wind blows through the AWA today...

[He turns down the table to Fujimoto.]

RH: Noboru-san! Admit it, watashi wa anata no akumudesu! You've had nightmares about this moment happening ever since I drove you out of Tiger Paw Pro last year.

Now, I'm going to stand and tell you...

[He points to one section of the fans.]

RH: ...Tell you...

[He points to another section.]

RH: ...Tell you, that this is most important professional wrestling moment in my life. No, because... that would be misrepresenting myself and I think quite enough that has gone on already—DON'T YOU?!

But I do hear you ask the question: why now? Why did Tiger Paw Pro's number one gaijin talent and wrestling's ONLY Seven Star Athlete, the American Ninja... why now and not, say... Rising Sun Showdown?

Because the AWA needs a Seven Star Athlete to make them TRULY global. Do you think watching people bounce off of Torin will sell out arenas and stadiums consistently? Désolé, Torin: c'est vrai. C'est vrai.

No, no... the AWA has always needed me. They've been after me for years. But... they want to pigeonhole me into the Combat Corner. As though they have anything to teach a Seven Star Athlete. Todd Michaelson would always try to make a play for me, but as soon as AWA finance got a hold of it, they'd lowball me. No sale, homie! No sale!

But Emerson Gellar was smart, and cousin Jackson was smart too. Sooner or later, the percentage of AWA fans wearing shirts with my face... the face of the American Ninja... they keep growing. Sooner or later, there wouldn't be enough Lynch or RyMart shirts to give away. And when the bidding war for the American Ninja started they opened Fox's wallet just that extra bit wider, and backed that Brinks truck up to my front door.

And now... I have that opportunity, yes yes. I have that opportunity to make history and do to the AWA what I watched my cousin do to Chinook Wrestling so many years ago. Work harder, wrestle better, upstage everyone... REVOLUTION.

I've spent a decade toiling through the independent outlaw promotions, through Japan and Mexico. Walking in to the AWA, do the Day of Lavos about half-a-dozen times and walking out winning the Battle of Boston against wrestlers that are half my calibre? And all on my first weekend on the job? Ha ha. Yes yes, that ought to be a piece of cake.

Anata no jikan o arigatō. "Aloha" means "goodbye." And until next time...

[The fans buzz as Hunter pauses, waiting to finish his signoff.]

RH: ...GOOD NIGHT NOW!

[He leaps back from the podium, arms akimbo as the cheers go up for the Calgary native. The buzz continues as Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde step back in.]

BW: And the Internet just exploded, daddy! The hottest free agent in all of wrestling has found a new home and he's found it right here in the AWA!

GM: Riley Hunter has arrived and he's a part of the biggest tournament in the entire sport! And if the eyes of the wrestling world weren't already going to be locked on Boston, Massachusetts in less than one month's time, they certainly will be now! Marcus, Big Jim... tell us something about Riley Hunter.

[Cut to the elevated announce area.]

MB: You got it, Gordon. Riley Hunter is... well, he's everything that we've already said he is. He's the hottest free agent in the sport. He's been a dominant player in Tiger Paw Pro for a long, long time. He's been a star in Europe, Asia, South America, North America... everywhere he's been. And now he's here, Big Jim!

JW: Hey, some people may love Emerson Gellar and some people may hate him but you can't deny the man is making a non-stop impact, Shark. Rufus Harris, Riley Hunter... bringing back Dave Bryant... bringing in Torin The Titan... all the stuff with Steal The Spotlight... the man sure does know how to make headlines.

MB: He absolutely does and as Bucky said, the Internet just exploded after this one. Gordon, back to you...

[Cut back to the stage.]

GM: Thanks, Shark. The tournament is almost full but we've got a handful of treasured spots left to fill. And we're about to fill one more spot right now. Coming up next, this man returned at Memorial Day Mayhem, and I for one was so happy to see him return. And on that night, he became the first man in AWA history to win tag team gold with two different partners, I'm talking about the Iron Cowboy himself... Jack Lynch!

[As the "King of Cowboys" logo flashes on the screen, out steps the tall, lanky Jack Lynch. Lynch wears a button up white denim shirt, the long sleeves pushed up to his elbows, and a pair of blue jeans. On his head is a white cowboy hat, slung low to cover his eyes. Lynch raises his hand high in the air, fingers curling forward in the sign of his family's trademark move – the Iron Claw. He steps up to the podium, lowering his hand as he looks out on the assembled masses, gesturing to a reporter who stands up as a graphic identifies him as Isaac Alverson of scoopswrestling.com]

PRESS: I suppose the question on everyone's mind, Mr. Lynch, is where have you been?

[Lynch leans forward into the microphone, and answers in his characteristic laconic drawl.]

JL: I've been in Texas.

[The press corps laughs as Lynch leans back.]

JL: Now, I know that ain't the answer you're lookin' for, but it is the truth, Mr. Alverson.

It ain't no secret that the towel match did a number on me. I don't mind tellin' ya Supreme Wright beat the hell outta me. My body was broken by that match, and I knew, somethin' like twenty minutes in, that I was gonna need a lot more than two months before I was ready to wrestle again. I may not like the man, but Supreme Wright is a hell of a wrestler. It ain't no mystery that when people talk about the best wrestlers of all time, Supreme Wright is already in the conversation.

But more than the physical toll, it did a number on my head.

See, Supreme Wright said all along that if I wanted to be the best, if I wanted to be a champion, I was gonna have to let go of everythin'. I was gonna have to forsake the thing that's most important to me – my family, and sacrifice everythin' to get to the top.

And for a long time, I believed him.

It was a hell of a thing, lookin' at my beautiful wife and my baby girl and thinkin' that I had to give 'em up for the sake of a title belt. It was somethin' I believed, but couldn't bring myself to do.

And then, I turned on my TV.

[Lynch leans forward again, the camera zooming in on his eyes.]

JL: What I saw was my brother Travis standin' up against the Kings of Wrestlin'. What I saw was Alex Martinez standin' up against everythin' wrong with wrestlin'.

I saw those two men refuse to compromise themselves. I saw those two men willin' to march straight into hell, not for the sake of glory or money, but because

they believed in somethin'. And I saw them do it their own way, without every sellin' out who they were in the process.

And I came to understand that Supreme Wright was wrong.

[A slight smirk comes to Lynch's face.]

JL: So here I am. Back and ready to fight for myself, and for all the things I believe in. My brother needed me, and I'll never refuse to help him.

And let me just say this – if you ever find yourself in need, if you ever see yourself surrounded on all sides by men who want to do you wrong, just remember this.

You'll always be backed by Jack.

[Another reporter stands up, this time Catherine Griwkowsky of the Calgary Sun.]

PRESS: Mr. Lynch, for years, you were known as The Man In Black. And yet, now you've changed your look. What caused the change?

JL: Well, that's down to my mama, Henrietta Ortiz Lynch.

When Trav gave me the call and said he needed me, the next person on the horn was my mama. And she told me that she was tired of seein' me all in black. She said if I was gonna come back, if I was gonna make a stand, well then, I had to make sure people knew who the Iron Cowboy was.

And last I checked, the good guys always wear a white hat.

[Dave Garcia, of the Pro-Wrestling Firebomb stands up.]

PRESS: Jack, this question is for you. Looking out at the field, is there anyone in particular you're hoping to compete against?

JL: Yeah, there's three people, actually.

First off, there's a big old bull of a man whose tryin' to live up to his daddy's legacy, and since I know somethin' about bein' in the shadow of your old man, I definitely want a piece of one Brian James.

And not just because we're both second generation wrestlers. There's another reason. See, my brother has been goin' at it with the Kings of Wrestlin', and well, as we all know, I got a little history with people who think of themselves as a King of Wrestlin'.

So big boy, why don't you come at me and see what I do to a king.

And then, of course, there's Juan Vasquez.

[Lynch grimaces a bit.]

JL: Like most people, I've been itchin' to get my hands on you, Juan. The thing you've done and gotten away with? Well, it's like the big man said.

It's about damn time we all took a stand against you.

PRESS: And the third person?

JL: Well, the third person isn't someone I've got a beef with. In fact, its someone I consider one of my very best friends. Someone I went to war with way back in Los Angeles.

[Lynch runs a hand through his hair.]

JL: But ever since we both made a name for ourselves, me and him have been on parallel tracks, and lots of smart folk, yourself included, have said this man surpassed me. So ya know who I really wanna fight?

I wanna fight Ryan Martinez.

[The crowd buzzes at the idea of that showdown and while they're still rumbling, Lynch strides across the stage and then takes his seat in the designated place. His AWA World Tag Team Title belt is already there, folded with the faceplate facing outwards, and Lynch removes his hat, setting it next to the belt.]

GM: Jack Lynch, the Iron Cowboy, back in action... and while he may getting ahead of himself with a couple of those matches he wants to see, I think the fans are certainly enthusiastic at the idea of many matches involving the King of the Cowboys. But he mentioned someone else during that... someone that many fans would be very excited to see in a rematch with him... and I think you all know who I'm talking about...

[Gordon turns as the video screen shows one word.]

"SUPREME."

[A loud roar of boos can be heard although surprisingly there are some faint cheers mixed in there for the former AWA World Heavyweight champion, Supreme Wright. Dressed in a three-piece brown tweed suit, a blue gingham dress shirt underneath and a red necktie, the man many consider the best technical wrestler on the planet makes his way over to the podium, oblivious to the loud reaction he's receiving.]

SW: To the ones of you who have the arrogance and audacity to stand up here and claim that you're the best, I just want to say that I respectfully...

[A sudden shout of "DISAGREE!!!" can be heard from many in the crowd...

...drawing an annoyed look from the former AWA World Heavyweight champion. He brushes off their attempt at interaction and continues on.]

SW: ...disagree.

[Even as he ignores them, a few in the audience still cheer as Wright completes his familiar phrase.]

SW: Because while you call _yourselves_ the best in the world, the WORLD calls ME...

...the best in the world.

[He points to himself.]

SW: It doesn't matter if you're a monster, a freak, a Titan or even a dragon. It doesn't matter if you're a prince, a pauper, a knight or a king. It doesn't matter if you're marvelous, amazing, flawless or sensational. It doesn't matter if you're doing this for family, honor, pride or to make the AWA great again...

[There's a few "ooohs" and "ahhhs" from the crowd at that not too subtle reference.]

SW: ...I will prevail.

[Supreme's eyes open wide, the look on his face filled with focus, determination and barely held in check intensity.]

SW: Some of you are under the impression that The Battle of Boston is a tournament to crown the best professional wrestler on the planet.

It isn't.

It's a tournament where SUPREME WRIGHT confirms that he continues to be the best professional wrestler on the planet.

[He pauses and looks around the stage at all his prospective opponents in the tournament, before he turns his attention back to the audience. The slightest of smirks can be seen on his face as he delivers the coup de grace.]

SW: I look forward to defeating you all.

"OHHHHH!!!"

[We fade up from the podium to Marcus Broussard and "Big" Jim Watkins as Wright moves to take his seat.]

MB: Supreme Wright AND Jack Lynch are in the biggest tournament in all the land and that's huge news for AWA fans.

JW: Can you imagine if those two had to tussle again in the tournament after what we saw go down at SuperClash?

MB: It could very well happen... and that makes it even more interesting to see those brackets unfold in the days to come. But when you talk about the King of the Cowboys and you talk about arguably the greatest technical wrestler in the world today, you're talking about two potential winners. In fact, you might be talking about two of the favorites to win the whole thing, Big Jim.

JW: Absolutely.

MB: Just four more names on this list to go and it's tough to imagine it's gonna get bigger than the two we just heard but let's go back down to Gordon and Bucky and find out!

[We cut back down to the podium.]

GM: Thanks, Shark, and coming up nex-

[Abruptly, a short, short, portly, bald man appears from the curtain, mic in hand.]

???: Excuse me!

[Dressed in a grey pinstriped suit with a blue oxford shirt and pink tie he carries with him a briefcase in one hand and a piece of paper in the other. The man confidently strides over to the podium like he belongs.]

???: Good evening, my name is Sir Eton Hogg, Esq., and I am counsel to the counsel for one Jonathan T. Detson, YOUR World Champion.

[The crowd continues to boo the man who pays them no mind.]

Hogg: It is our understanding that our client, Mr. Detson, has been selected for this Battle of Boston tournament. This is most disappointing to our client as once again this man...

[Hogg points an accusing finger at Emerson Gellar.]

Hogg: ...has gone against his word and placed our client in a contest on his rightfully won night off. And while we are disappointed, we are certainly not surprised as words like honor, integrity, decency and respect have no meaning for this man who has, without provocation, gone after our client with such vitriol not seen since Ishmael and his quest for his white whale.

[The attorney holds up a piece of paper.]

Hogg: I hold in my hand a Cease and Desist letter for this Company to put an end to the constant, unwarranted defamation and discrimination of our client and the request that an immediate investigation be launched into this man...

[Hogg points another accusing finger towards Gellar.]

Hogg: ...for his unprofessional behavior! Thank you, God save the Queen, and all hail the Kings of Wrestling!

[With that, and even though you might of thought it was impossible, Sir Eton Hogg takes his briefcase and leaves to an even greater negative reaction then before.]

GM: Well, alright... he may not like it but the World Champion, Johnny Detson, is apparently in the tournament as well.

BW: The greatest professional athlete in the world today! The man who defied the odds at Memorial Day Mayhem! The man who shattered the Gladiator's undefeated streak singlehandedly! The man who-

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[A frustrated Myers shakes his head before continuing.]

GM: And coming up next...

[Gordon pauses as a stagehand jogs out towards him, handing him a slip of paper. Myers opens it, confusion on his face. He gestures at Emerson Gellar who joins him, flushing with anger as he reads it. Gellar angrily steps in front of the mic as Gordon and Bucky step aside.]

EG: This right here...

[He shakes the paper vigorously.]

EG: This is just another example of the blatant disrespect that Juan Vasquez shows on a daily basis to all of you...

[He gestures to the press.]

EG: ...all of you...

[To the fans.]

EG: ...and all of you.

[To the wrestlers seated at the table.]

EG: This note says that Juan Vasquez has elected not to appear at this Press Conference here today to promote the Battle of Boston tournament. He says he will be at Saturday Night Wrestling tomorrow night however he has opted out of this Press Conference. The reasons why?

[Gellar balls up the paper, tossing it over his shoulder.]

EG: Are irrelevant. What matters is that he WILL be in Boston... and I very much look forward to each and every one of you...

[Gellar looks down at the row of wrestlers.]

EG: ...kicking his a-

[And the Director of Operations gets cut off by the crossed swords over a shield logo of the White Knight flashing on the screen as the former World Heavyweight champion strides onto the stage. His neckbrace shed at Memorial Day Mayhem, Ryan Martinez wears a white dress shirt. The shirt is loose fitting, rather than tailored, as are his black dress slacks. Martinez' eyes are covered by a pair of mirrored sunglasses, of the kind that his father made famous. His face is rounder than viewers would be used to, and as he lifts his arm to wave to the audience, his arm does not extend fully. Martinez moves somewhat gingerly and settles himself at the podium after letting out a slow exhale.]

RM: Mr. Gellar... rather than let that individual spoil another great AWA moment, let's let these fine people ask me some questions...

[Gellar nods, stepping aside as Martinez winces, gesturing to a reporter. The first person to ask Martinez a question is Dave Garcia, of the Pro-Wrestling Firebomb.]

PRESS: Mr. Martinez, I'll ask you the obvious question. How are you?

[Before answering, Martinez takes in a deep breath, and exhales slowly.]

RM: The truth?

I've been better.

[The audience shares a nervous chuckle.]

RM: It's no secret that I'm not one hundred percent. The fact of the matter is, I may never reach one hundred percent again. On cold mornings, my shoulder is so stiff I can barely reach up to brush my teeth. If I turn my head around too fast, my head might get stuck looking in one direction for the next two hours. Juan Vasquez' piledriver almost took my career from me.

I've got to live with that.

[Martinez pauses a moment.]

RM: It's obvious I am not in the shape I need to be in. But, between now and the first weekend of July, that will change. I have never shied away from hard work, never been afraid to put in the hours necessary to train and get myself where I need to be.

It won't be any different in Boston.

[Dan Shaughnessy of the Boston Globe stands.]

PRESS: Mr. Martinez, as everyone knows, Boston is the hometown of...

[Martinez cuts him off quickly.]

RM: I don't think you're supposed to say the man's name, Dan.

[Everyone laughs.]

PRESS: One of your most notorious rivals.

RM: Good catch.

PRESS: At any rate, the man is one of Boston's favorite sons, and Boston crowds are well known for their love of their hometown heroes. Just what sort of reception are you expecting to receive in Boston?

[Martinez rubs his chin thoughtfully for a moment.]

RM: I don't need to tell you, or anyone from Boston the history between the two of us. But I'll tell you the truth, Dan, I've been to Boston, I know the kind of hard working, dedicated people that Boston produces. And maybe they have a problem with me, but I'll be happy to go to Boston and prove myself in front of them.

Maybe they don't like me, maybe they never will. But Boston values – loyalty, honor, respect, dedication to a cause, those are my values too.

I look forward to going to Boston, and I hope, by the end of the tournament, I've made a few new fans.

[Martinez clears his throat.]

RM: Now, I'd like to make a statement. This isn't a statement about the Battle of Boston, but I need to get it off my chest.

Earlier, you heard me say that I am going to have to live with the effects of what Juan Vasquez did to me. And that's absolutely true. I will never be the same. I will always hurt, and I will never be able to forget what it's like, lying in a hospital bed, put up in traction, unable to move, listening to people speculate about whether I'll even walk out of the hospital on my own. But while I might have to live with what you did...

Vasquez, you will have to live with the consequences.

[Martinez pulls off his sunglasses.]

RM: You came at me, Juan, and stabbed me in the back. You took your best shot, and you put me out, but you did not put me down. A piledriver couldn't get the job done, and you will never get the job done. Bring a chair, bring a chain, bring that big Russian gorilla you've got watching your back, bring a damn army, and you'll never finish me.

This will never be over, Juan Vasquez.

Do you hear what I'm saying? This will never be over. Not until you are in that same hospital bed. Not until they are telling you that it won't be six months you're out, it will be forever. It will never be over, Juan, until you're nothing but a faint and unpleasant memory.

It doesn't matter where it is, Boston. London. Even New Orleans. Or some dark alley where there are no fans and no cameras. It will never be over, Juan Vasquez, until it's over for you.

I've got a lot of goals. I want to win the Battle of Boston. I want my World Heavyweight Title back. I even want to give Jack Lynch his wish and fight him. But every hope I've got, every dream I have, it all begins with your end, Juan.

You took your best shot, but it wasn't enough. Now I'm back, and I'm coming for you. You think you accomplished something on Memorial Day. And you did. You beat my father. But you're about to learn what so many people before you have learned. I am not my father.

I've beaten brawlers, devils and wise men. Now you're the one on my list. They're all gone now, those men I defeated. It won't be any different when I get my hands on you.

Count on it!

[Martinez turns, shaking Emerson Gellar's hand as he makes his way towards his seat.]

EG: And that'll do it... I want to thank everyone for coming out and-

[A barrage of shouted questions. Gellar smirks.]

EG: Oh yes... I forgot one more person. Now, when you look at the talent on this stage - men like the Son of the Blackheart...

[Shot of Brian James nodding his head.]

EG: ...men who are flawless... who are among the greatest technicians on the planet...

[Quick shots of Larry Wallace, Terry Shane, and Pure X.]

EG: ...the Phoenix... men who are Red Hot... who are Titans... who are Armbar Assassins...

[More shots of the talent on the stage.]

EG: Men who have lit up the rings overseas...

[Riley Hunter, MAMMOTH Maximus, and Noboru Fujimoto.]

EG: Former champions... current champions... Olympic gold medalists...

[Shadoe Rage, Travis Lynch, Supernova, and Bret Grayson.]

EG: The GFC Heavyweight Champion...

[Some boos from the crowd for that one.]

EG: The Iron Cowboy...

[Jack Lynch nods with a smile at the crowd's cheers.]

EG: ...and two of the greatest to ever lace up boots...

[Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez.]

EG: With all of these men... with all of this talent... with all of these superstars and champions and Hall of Famers...

Who in the world could I possibly be about to introduce?

You talk about a former World Champion. He is that.

You talk about a Hall of Famer. He is that.

He is one of the most entertaining... most charismatic... most popular AND most hated superstars to ever lace a pair of boots.

[Gellar pauses. And as the crowd - still earnest but definitely feeling the impact of sitting through a long, long, long series of rather self-important babbling sessions - continues to buzz, the video screen dissolves back to a slowly swirling "AWA" logo and the anticipation grows.]

EG: Ladies and gentlemen, please allow me to introduce your very last announced entrant into the 2016 Battle of Boston tournament...

[The AWA logo goes from swirling to spinning, picking up speed as Gellar slows his speech and builds anticipation.]

EG: He is a self-proclaimed, and widely acknowledged, legend in the sport of pro-wrestling.

[Yep, you guessed it, the logo starts spinning faster.]

EG: He has wrestled across the world, from bingo halls and ice skating rinks to the largest arenas in the land.

[It's blurring now, folks, barely visible other than a smear of color.]

EG: He has mingled with royalty, graced the silver screen, and would have been seriously considered as an American presidential candidate if it wasn't for that pesky Constitution.

[Now it's an oblong shaped blur of color it is spinning so quickly.]

EG: He is...

[The logo suddenly SLAMS back into the familiar AWA logo for a brief moment, which then flares into an explosion of light that leaves only a blank screen before a familiar - well, if you're an old person - sounding woman's voice blares over the PA.]

Pornette: Ohhh... Ohhh... OHHH!! OH EDDIE!

[Screeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeech]

"Your. Ever. Loving. Daddy."

[And, as the bass line of Monster Magnet's "Space Lord" begins to fill the immediate area, a lone man appears at the head of the stage. Well, some may call him a man. Others? A Myth. A Legend, or, if you would believe him, just the simple bloody Idol O' Millions himself.]

EG: EDDIE VAN GIIIIIBSONNNNNN!

[And lo, as the stunned Calgary crowd start to lose its collective mind, the world gets its very first view of the former World Champion and battler of guys dressed as zombies in almost two decades and – for that time being gone – it looks like not a moment has passed.

Under the light caused by an impressive waving Canadian flag that appears on the video screen, the former “New F’n Franchise” takes a moment to just drink it all in with arms outstretched. Pristine white leather pants cover his legs, leading up to a tight fitting black shirt with a stylized rendition of Eddie himself doing the famous one-arm Rocky Balboa pose, but with middle finger extended and the words “F*ck you, I’m a Unicorn” emblazed under it.

Jet black hair, maybe a little more receding hairline-esque, is pulled back into a short pony tail and Da Grin~!... Da Damned Grin~!, is in full damned effect.

And oh shit... Someone gave him a mic.]

EVG: Well Calgary, looks like the rumors of my demise have been greaaaatly exaggerated.

[Eddie gives a little strut as the crowd starts to chant, blatantly ignoring the rest of the announced field as the familiar refrain fills the air...]

“EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!”

“EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!”

“EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!”

[Da Grin!~ grows even wider as Eddie just eggs them on, strutting slowly in front of the tables, pausing only to look quizzically at several fellow competitors, shake his head, and move on.]

EVG: Well, well, well... What do we have here?

[Eddie lifts a hand, extending his fingers out to the crowd.]

EVG: A damned litany of has-beens...

[Totally unsarcastically said, and his thumb is curled into his palm.]

EVG: Never will bes.

[The pinky joins the thumb]

EVG: Time fillers.

[Pointer to the palm.]

EVG: And well, whatever the hell that thing is...

[Van Gibson pulls to a stop in front of MAMMOTH Maximus, pointing at him. Maximus leaps up from his seat, tossing his chair aside as he shouts off-mic at the Idol O’ Millions who smirks in response as security rushes to dissuade the super heavyweight from attacking the Hall of Famer who pauses for a moment, chuckling at his own humor as he slowly curls his ring finger in. Leaving just one single digit extended.]

EVG: And that leaves, well, just me

[Eddie slowly raises is subtle gestured hand into the air, mimicking the pose on his own shirt.]

EVG: The man so nice, they named him thrice! The fly in the ointment, the pain in the ass, the man that ladies want to be with, their men hate, and their gay best friends forever want to play dress up Avengers with.

[Eddie throws a random wink to the crowd and gives a pause.]

EVG: Just for the record, I'm always the Iron Man.

[We will let you draw your own conclusions to that one as Eddie continues to pace in front of the tables, eyeballing the odd competitor and ignoring the gestures from off stage to wrap it up.]

EVG: You see, when they gave me a call about this little shindig I was hip deep in post-production level tang.

[The crowd reacts to that as Gellar cringes.]

EVG: What's wrong? Oh, was that one of those words you told me not to say?

[EVG smirks as Gellar watches nervously.]

EVG: What I meant to say is that I was hip deep in the type of female companionship that only a man who has starred in five, count them, five Fast and Furious knockoffs co-starring Sigourney Weaver, Common, AND Gilbert Gottfried can pull down!

I had left the whole pro-wrestling thing behind, dropped twenty pounds of pure unadulterated muscle Russell, and kept the leisure time drug use to times that end in an even number!

[Yay, drug use pop... Or Gilbert Gottfried pop?!? Either way, Emerson Gellar is cringing again and wondering if - indeed- controversy creates cash.]

EVG: And, as you can imagine, I was about to hang up my cell and use it in several unique, creative, and entirely sexually focused ways when the person on the other end of that magical little doo-dad said something that no other promoter, agent, wrestler, or manager has said since I wrestled my last little old match...

[Eddie pauses in his pacing, and spreads his free hand wide to encompass the entirety of the field around him.]

EVG: This one wouldn't be about the matches. It wouldn't be about the opponents, the ratings, the Rotten Tomatoes Score, the star ratings, or even the paycheck!

[Eddie curls the fingers of his free hand, thumb extended as he slowly hooks it back towards himself.]

EVG: It would be about... Me.

[Eddie lets it hang in the air for a moment, as absolutely no one is surprised that he is self-centered I imagine.]

EVG: You see, what everyone forgets is that I am not at my best when I am making you all hate me... Although, let's be honest, I'm damn good at that! On the other hand, I'm not even at my best when I am making you all chant my name, buy my merchandise, or wear the official Mister Maple Leaf™ Halloween mask!

[Eddie shakes his finger and walks to the front of the stage.]

EVG: No sunshines... I am at my best... When what I do? Is about one. Single. Man.

[Eddie winks.]

EVG: E. V. G.

[Eddie suddenly spins, advancing on the tables.]

EVG: And so, let's make it happen chickadees! Let's set this up! Let's get us some ring time, some brackets, and let's celebrate the Fourth of July like George Washington damn well expected! My shiny white Canadian behind locking Figure Fours, dropping people on their heads! And stepping out over all over your twitching, shivering, unconscious selves!

[Eddie takes a few strutting steps, then suddenly takes a handful of quick steps and leaps up onto the table.]

EVG: So has beens, Never will bes, time fillers, and obligatory freaks of nature? Let's make this magic happen!

[Da GRIN~! Cracks one more time.]

EVG: Cause I'll make ya' famous.

[Eddie drops the mic, literally, and spreads his arms wide as the crowd's chant erupts once more.]

"EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!"

"EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!"

"EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!"

[And as Van Gibson soaks up the reaction of the assembled masses, Brian James steps up onto the table, swinging him around by the arm and staring him dead in the eye.]

EG: Gentlemen... gentlemen, please!

[The crowd buzzes at the idea of the son of the Blackheart trading blows with Eddie Van Gibson who backpedals away, hopping down off the table...

...where Supreme Wright yanks him by the arm, spinning him towards him.]

EG: Let's save this for the 4th of July!

[Van Gibson jerks his arm away from Wright, shouting at the former World Champion as he steps back again...

...and bumps right into Ryan Martinez. Van Gibson slowly turns, locking eyes with the AWA's White Knight as the fans break out into one heck of a dueling chant.]

"EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!"

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"

"EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!"

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"

"EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!"

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"

"EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!"

"LET'S GO RY-AN!"
"EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!"
"LET'S GO RY-AN!"
"EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!"
"LET'S GO RY-AN!"
"EEEE-VIVVY-GEE!"
"LET'S GO RY-AN!"

[And with the big staredown in full effect, we slowly fade to a screen with all the information on the Battle of Boston tournament.]