

*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 we come up on a black and white shot of Hamilton Graham standing in the middle of a wrestling ring in an empty arena. The legend is cast slightly in shadow as he speaks.]

"From the day in 1973 when I first stepped into this ring and got paid to do it, I wanted to be the best and I spent every hour... every minute... every second making that happen..."

[A un-mic'd voice from off-camera is heard.]

"What makes you the best?"

[Graham raises an eyebrow at the voice.]

"You afraid of me right now?"

[The voice responds meekly.]

"Yes."

[Graham chuckles.]

"There you go."

[The shot changes to one of Cameron O'Connor, Bobby's legendary father.]

"I'm a former World Champion."

[To Terry Shane Jr.]

"I'm a former World Champion."

[To Blackjack Lynch.]

"One of the most feared men..."

[To Burt Wallace.]

"One of the toughest men to ever lace 'em up."

[To "Big" Jim Watkins.]

"THE toughest to lace 'em up."

[And then back to Graham.]

"I've faced the best in the world and beaten them all. That's what lets me stand here and tell you I'm the best. And that's exactly what these boys have to do this weekend."

[Back to Cameron O'Connor.]

"They have to live up to their legacies..."

[To Shane.]

"To their reputations..."

[To Lynch.]

"To what makes them who they are."

[To Wallace.]

"They've gotta bring everything they've got and when that's used up, they gotta bring a little bit more."

[To Watkins.]

"The heart. The fire."

[Back to Graham.]

"What's it take to be the best? Guts."

[To O'Connor.]

"Heart."

[To Lynch.]

"Toughness."

[To Wallace.]

"Blackjack already said toughness? That old son of a--"

[To Watkins.]

"Determination."

[Back to Wallace.]

"Being willing to do what the other guy won't."

[Back to Graham.]

"A smart guy once said, 'To be the best, you gotta beat the best.' This... this is their chance to do it.

To be - beyond any doubt - the best in the world.

They're just lucky I'm not in it.

[Graham lets loose one of his gravel-throated chuckles as we fade to black...

...and then cut to live action inside the TD Garden as the sounds of cheering and "Highway" by Bleeker playing. The camera shot cuts a few times spotlighting the various things of note in the arena.

We can see our standard arena setup with rows upon rows of permanent seating mixed with the steel folding chairs that immediately surround the red, white, and blue roped ring. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view.

The entranceway is made up of a decent-sized elevated metal stage with a large video screen hanging above it. The BOB logo is currently spiraling around the screen as well. The cameraman runs down the tilted ramp towards the floor, showing us the ring from a different perspective.

And we cut again down to ringside where we find the ever-present Gordon Myers - the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing - in a salt and pepper sportscoat and black slacks. A big smile is on his face as he speaks.]

GM: We are ON THE AIR here inside the TD Garden in Boston, Massachusetts right here LIVE on The X and, ladies and gentlemen, it is my distinct honor and pleasure to welcome you to perhaps the biggest weekend in AWA history. Three big nights of action. Thirty of the best professional wrestlers in the world on hand battling it

out to walk out of Beantown as the one recognized above all others as THE best. Joining me down here at ringside tonight... for all three nights actually... is the one and only Bucky Wilde. Bucky, welcome to the Battle of Boston!

[Bucky steps into the picture clad in a black and white pinstripe jacket that causes the Red Sox fans in the building to jeer loudly.]

BW: What? Was it something I said?

GM: Bucky Wilde, you're in the heart of Red Sox Nation!

[Big cheer!]

GM: How could you come out here dressed like that?

BW: It's simple, Gordo. This whole weekend is about winning and that's what the New York Yankees represent too. Winning. And since there's no bigger winner at the game of life than yours truly, I couldn't think of better attire for this weekend.

GM: Winning is indeed the name of the game this weekend. You win, you advance. You lose, you go home. And tonight, we're kicking things off with ten big matchups.

BW: We've got all six Play-In matches, three of the matches from the First Round, and that non-tournament World Tag Team Title matchup because those stinkin' Stenches hoodwinked Gellar into giving them another title shot.

GM: That's not how that happened at all, Bucky... but we've got a lot to get to this weekend and we've got a lot to get to tonight. Right now, we're going to get this tournament going but before we do, let's go backstage and hear from both competitors in our first match of the night! Sweet Lou, my friend, take it away!

[We cut backstage at the TD Garden where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. Wrestling fans all around the world have been looking forward to this weekend for months now and believe me, there's going to be a whole lot of fantastic wrestling action. But in a bit of late breaking news, my sources are telling me that the AWA is close - VERY close - to making another huge high profile signing. I'm not at liberty to name names here on The X but believe me when I say, this is big... this is huge! If it's true, this is quite possibly one of the biggest signings in AWA history and it'll shock the world. If you want more details, be sure to visit the Sweet Lou's Hotline app and learn all about what's going on in the front office during this huge weekend of action.

Now... that said, Jordan Ohara, come on in here...

[Jordan Ohara steps into view, joining Sweet Lou Blackwell while wearing a Sweet Daddy Williams T-shirt over his Carolina tights. His skin glows with a light sheen of sweat and baby oil. His hair has grown out a little bit, showing signs of a loose wave. Ohara seems deep in thought, contemplating the magnitude of the task at hand.]

SLB: Jordan Ohara, you don't need an introduction to the AWA faithful any more because what a rookie year you've been having! But today has got to be something different for you. The Battle of Boston and you have to compete to see if you can even make it into the tournament. Not only that, but to make it into the tournament, you've got to beat your recent tag team partner, Derrick Williams. That has to be something weighing on your mind.

JO: Something on my mind? What do you mean by that?

SLB: Well, you had his back against the Misfits in Toronto. You two had great chemistry together. I mean, it must be on your mind that to get into the Battle of Boston, you have to go through your partner from that night.

JO: The only thing on my mind is that I have to defeat one more man than everybody else to win the Battle of Boston, Mr Blackwell. But it's all right, because I know I can.

SLB: It doesn't bother you just a little bit that one of those men is Derrick Williams?

JO: Mr. Blackwell, may I call you Sweet Lou?

SLB: Of course. I've always said 'Mr. Blackwell is my father.'

JO: Well, Sweet Lou, let me tell you this. I respect Derrick Williams as a competitor. I respect him as my friend as well. But during the Battle of Boston that doesn't matter. Because this is competition. And competition means that we strive together. Strive together. I don't have to hate my opponent for him to bring the best out of me. I don't have to hate them to compete against them. I have to respect their training, their dedication and their desire to win.

I respect Derrick Williams' training. Do you see how strong and big he is? I respect his dedication to his craft. I saw the precision it takes to hit the Neuralizer close up. And I respect his desire to win. How many times has been inches away from beating Supernova to win the World Television championship? I know that if I let my guard down for one second he can turn my lights out with that elbow smash of his. Frankly, the thought of beating Derrick Williams to get into the tournament excites me!

[Blackwell's face can't hide his surprise at that statement.]

SLB: Excites you? That's a bit shocking to me.

JO: It really isn't, Sweet Lou. I mean, Derrick Williams is the top contender to the hottest belt in wrestling right now, the World Television title. He's six foot three and two hundred and seventy pounds of hard-hitting monster. He's exactly the kind of competitor I've been dreaming about defeating ever since I was a kid! A wrestler is judged by his accomplishments. I want to be the best ever. To do that I have to beat the best. Derrick Williams is a fierce young lion on the rise. In Japan, the young lions would always do battle to see who would rise to the top and maybe become the ace of a promotion, the undisputed best. What better competitor to defeat to get into what has been called the Death Bracket, Sweet Lou?

SLB: That's definitely a unique perspective. I suppose it comes from you having trained in Japan instead of here in the States.

JO: I know the fans like to be able to cheer one competitor and boo the other. But tonight there will be cheers for both of us as the fans are treated to two young lions trying to earn the honor of competing in the Battle of Boston. Do you understand what's at stake tonight? In one weekend, I can compete against and beat the very best wrestlers on the planet: Ryan Martinez, Pure X, Derrick Williams, Supreme Wright and even Juan Vasquez.

This shy little kid from Charlotte, North Carolina who moved all the way to Japan to learn how to be the best wrestler on the planet has the chance in three nights to prove that he is the best wrestler on the planet at under the age of 24 years old. I'm going to go all out! I'm living my dream, Mr. Blackwell. And Derrick Williams, I've always got his back, but he isn't going to stand in the way of me fulfilling my dream.

SLB: Sounds like you think you have this one in the bag already.

JO: I have to think that way to be successful, Sweet Lou. I'm not disrespecting Derrick Williams. In fact, I bet Derrick Williams is thinking the exact same thing. He has to or he is already beaten. He is going to give me his best to get past me into this tournament. He knows I will do the same. Mifune-san taught me to never be soft on my competition, no matter who they are. That is an act of disrespect.

SLB: So if you know you'll win and Derrick Williams knows he'll win, how can you be so sure you're going to qualify for the Battle of Boston, Jordan? Do you have a little extra motivation?

[Jordan runs a hand through his hair and quirks a smile.]

JO: I do. The winner has a date with Juan Vasquez. And I want that date. I want it so bad I can taste it. I have several scores to settle with Mr. Vasquez and this is the only way I can get him in that ring and pay him back for everything he did to Sweet Daddy Williams, Ryan Martinez, Willie Hammer and Alex Martinez. So, I have a little extra motivation. And that's going to carry me through to the winner's circle. I'm going to beat Derrick Williams and shake his hand afterwards and then the Once in a Millennium talent is going to make the AWA great again by chopping Juan Vasquez down to size.

SLB: Those are big words and big plans! Are you sure you can back them up?

JO: (eyeing Sweet Lou seriously) I can.

[With that, Jordan Ohara bows slightly to Sweet Lou Blackwell and walks off screen, leaving an impressed Lou Blackwell looking after him.]

SLB: There you have it! Strong words from Jordan Ohara! Let's see if he can walk the walk as well as he can talk the talk but before we do, let's go over to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with Jordan Ohara's opponent in this opening match on Battle of Boston weekend - Derrick Williams! Mark?

[The camera cuts to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing with a ready-to-wrestle Derrick Williams.]

MS: Thanks, Sweet Lou... and as you can see, I'm here with Derrick Williams who, in just a few short minutes, will be facing Jordan Ohara in a match with high stakes, especially considering who the winner faces tomorrow night.

[Williams nods.]

DW: That's right, Mark. Tonight, I go out there and hook it up with Jordan Ohara. Him and I, we've taken different paths to get here, but our goals are the same. To win this tournament. Winning this, it's a huge step. It's a big deal, and this town... this town is my second home.

[We hear a big cheer from inside the TD Garden.]

DW: I came up here, I trained here, I got my start here. And there's no better place I can think of to host me winning a tournament such as this - a huge step in my career.

[Williams takes on a serious expression.]

DW: And no better place than to deal with something I've been sitting on for a good eight months now. Juan Vazquez. You see, while everyone else is holding the line,

I've been sitting back and watching things, seeing how things are playing out, making myself better, working my way up.

You see, back at SuperClash, Juan went and stopped playing nice, but he went and put... we'll say a very good friend of mine... out. And really, he hasn't gotten his receipt for that. And quite frankly, I'm not going to trust the White Knight to provide that. So, in this tournament, I get to take a piece out of Vazquez...

[The young lion smirks.]

DW: ...possibly more than a piece. But first, there's Jordan Ohara.

Ohara, he and I have clicked. We get along and we made a pretty good team taking out the Misfits last week. Ohara is someone I respect, someone whose back I'll watch. But that doesn't mean I'm going to hold back.

This is going to be a tough match. He and I will be going one thousand percent at each other, no holding back. If I can rock my elbow upside his head, I'm going to do it. If he can jump off the top and rattle my ribs, he'll do it. This... this is going to be a match we're going to throw everything we have at each other at a hundred miles an hour, and when it's all over, you're going to know it was a war.

And you're going to know just what one of us is going to do when we get our hands on Vasquez. Now, let's do this...

[Williams exits stage right, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Derrick Williams with some very straight-forward goals here this weekend, fans. Beat his friend Jordan Ohara. Get some payback for an old friend against Juan Vasquez. And win this whole darn tournament. Can he do it? Let's go down to the ring and find out!

[We fade back from the backstage area on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz awaits. The lovely young lady is clad in a red dress that hugs all the curves and is sure to be the first image of the night GIFd all over Twitter.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... WELCOME TO THE BATTLE OF BOSTON!

[BIG CHEER!]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a FIFTEEN MINUTE time limit and is a Play-In match in the Battle of Boston tournament!

First...

[The crowd comes alive as Hinder's "All American Nightmare" starts up.]

RO: He hails from Brooklyn, New York... weighing in tonight at 270 pounds...

DERRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLIAMSSSSSS!

[At the announcement of his name, Derrick Williams enters the arena to the cheers of the crowd. His brown hair frames his face, wavy coming down to his chin, matching his brown eyes and a shade darker than his olive skin. He has a short beard growing on his face, and does have generic tribal tattoos on his arms and back, like many of his generation.]

GM: Derrick Williams, the young lion from the heart of New York, is the first man through the curtain here on Battle of Boston weekend and for a young man who did much of his training here in Boston under the learning tree of former World

Champions Kevin Slater and Curtis "Thunder" Hansen, that's gotta be a great feeling.

BW: Usually the people of Boston aren't too fond of people from New York but the kid has claimed Boston as his adopted hometown so it looks like they've forgiven him.

[Williams' ring gear consists of short, thigh length glossy black tights with "DW" in a stencil font enclosed in a silver circle, in silver, with "Brooklyn" written smaller in a similar font on the bottom left front. He wears black boots, coming up to mid-calf, with black knee pads. His wrists are taped with glossy black athletic tape, with black, half finger weightlifting gloves on his hands, and black neoprene elbow pad/braces, the one on the right adorned with Skull in silver on the pad portion. Rounding out the ensemble is a black glossy vest with a silver hood, pulled up as he walks along the aisle, slapping hands with the fans as he does.]

GM: This Play-In match is quite the way to start this tournament, Bucky.

BW: Look, if you're telling the truth, you gotta say these two are two of the brightest stars in the future of this business... and a match like this could go a long way to telling us who could be "the guy" down the road.

GM: And when you say "down the road," you mean two nights from now when one of them could be crowned the winner of the Battle of Boston tournament.

BW: Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

[Williams hits the ring and ascends the stairs, entering the ring and pulling down his hood, appealing to the crowd before removing his vest. He starts some adjustments to his gloves and elbow pad while being checked by the ref as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The positive hip hop beat of NaS' "I Can" pumps through the arena.]

#I know I can
Be what I wanna be
If I work hard at it
I'll be where I wanna be!#

[With that chorus, Jordan Ohara bounces through the curtains wearing a Sweet Daddy Williams T-shirt, Carolina blue tights and white boots with black heels. The fans erupt as he throws up his arms into the air and then rocks in time with the beat.]

RO: From Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is the Phoenix...

JOOOOORRRRDAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHAAAAA

[Ohara bops to the ring in time with the beat, slapping hands with the ringside fans. Jordan chants "I know I can" with some of the ringside kids before he vaults onto the ring apron and steps onto the second rope to leap over the top and land in the ring. There are plenty of applause and a few audible "I love you, Jordans" that ring out as the young muscular man salutes the crowd with a karate flurry and drops into a kata in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Jordan Ohara is the kind of competitor that there doesn't seem to be enough superlatives for. A Once In A Millennium talent. One of the hottest rising stars in

AWA history. A man who debuted last fall at SuperClash and has set the world on fire since, living up to his nickname of the Phoenix as he rises through the ranks here in the AWA. You know, Bucky, a lot of experts say that this could be Ohara's weekend.

BW: It could be... but I could also win the Powerball this weekend and leave a Bucky sized hole in the size of the TD Garden.

[Gordon chuckles as Ohara settles back into the corner as referee Andy Dawson steps out to the middle of the ring. Rebecca Ortiz departs as Dawson speaks to both competitors.]

GM: And we're about to kick off this tournament... the first Play-In match of the night... of the tournament. These Play-In matches will have fifteen minute time limits so there will be little time to waste for both these men, Bucky.

BW: You gotta work quick but you gotta work smart. You don't want to sit in a side headlock for five minutes wearing someone down but you also don't want to go for a triple twisting Skywalking Splash in the first two minutes, land in the empty pool, and have your weekend ended like that.

[Ohara strides from the corner, extending his hand to Derrick Williams. Williams doesn't hesitate, walking out to the middle of the ring to meet the man who he teamed with a week ago...

...and accepts the handshake to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: A nice show of sportsmanship to start the night off here in Boston.

BW: Don't get used to it, Gordo. Most of the men in this tournament have spines and killer instincts unlike these two Boy Scouts.

[Williams shakes the hand firmly, backing off a few steps as Ohara does the same, clapping his hands a few times...

...and the official signals for the bell to start the Battle of Boston tournament!]

GM: Here we go!

[Without wasting a moment, the two fan favorites lunge at one another, locking up in the middle of the ring...]

GM: Right into a collar and elbow... jockeying for position...

[Williams pushes back, using his size advantage to push Ohara backwards...

...but the smaller Ohara slips out, grabbing the arm, using an armdrag to flip Williams down to the canvas!]

GM: The trademark armdrag out of Jordan Ohara, using Williams' own momentum against him...

[Williams comes up to a knee, grabbing at his arm as Ohara bounces back and forth, beckoning his friend towards him.]

GM: Williams back to his feet, moving in on Ohara...

[They tie up again, Williams again pushing across the ring...

...and again gets flipped down to the mat with a deep armdrag takedown!]

GM: Another armdrag!

BW: That's an Ohara signature and if Williams didn't see it coming the first time, what kind of a dolt doesn't see it coming the second time? He's gotta be smarter than that if he wants a date with Juan Vasquez in the first round of the tournament.

[Williams looks a little agitated this time as he gets back to his knee, shaking out his arm. Ohara has a smile on his face as the fans cheer his athleticism.]

GM: Williams climbing back to his feet again...

[The Brooklyn native comes in strong this time, locking up with Ohara and pushing him straight back against the turnbuckles. The official steps in, calling for a break.]

GM: Andy Dawson telling Williams to back off...

[The count gets to three before Williams steps back, lifting his arms to cheers.]

GM: And how about that, Bucky? A clean break by Derrick Williams.

BW: Sucker. Shoulda waffled him right then and there.

[Williams raises his arm, pointing right at Ohara, laying in some threatening words...

...when Ohara steps out, grabs the wrist, twists the arm around, and wrenches it up behind Williams in a hammerlock.]

GM: Whoa ho! How about that? Jordan Ohara with a very quick movement right there, locking up that arm...

[Ohara walks Williams out towards the middle of the ring, still holding the arm as Williams looks for a way out. He reaches back, looking for a back elbow but Ohara ducks low, tucking his chin in near the shoulderblades...

...and Williams ducks under, twisting out into an overhead wristlock on Ohara.]

GM: And a nice counter out of Williams, showing some of the skill he picked up at the Boston Wrestling School just down the road.

[Ohara gets a wide stance under him, trying to stay on his feet as Williams pushes down on the arm...]

GM: This time, it's Jordan Ohara looking for an escape, backing up near the ropes...

[Reaching out with his free hand, Ohara grabs the top rope, using them for support as he backflips out of the hold, using an overhead armdrag to fling Williams down to the canvas again...

...and greets the rising Williams with a dropkick, sending him through the ropes and out to the floor at ringside!]

GM: Ohara dispatches Williams with a dropkick!

[With the crowd cheering, Ohara approaches the ropes, grabbing the top...]

GM: Ohara's going to go to the air!

[...and slingshots over the top rope, landing on his feet on the apron as Williams goes to bail out.]

GM: Change in direction by Ohara!

[Ohara tucks his arms around the top rope and as Williams makes a lunge at his legs, Ohara leans back, flipping over the ropes back into the ring to cheers from the fans.]

GM: The fans here in Boston showing support for the athleticism of Jordan Ohara... who hits the far ropes...

[Bouncing back, Ohara takes aim as Williams comes into the ring, leaping into the air to take him down with a crossbody!]

GM: Crossbody knocks Williams off his feet!

[But before a one count comes down, Williams rolls Ohara off of him towards the ropes. The heavy-hitter climbs quickly to his feet, throwing a right elbowstrike that a rising Ohara ducks under, leaning forward and swinging his leg up to catch Williams in the face with his heel!]

GM: Oh!

[The kick knocks Williams off-balance, sending him staggering backwards as Ohara leaps up to the second rope, pumping a fist to the cheering fans...

...and wipes out Williams with a flying back elbow up under the chin. Ohara scrambles into a pin attempt, reaching back for a leg, earning a two count before Williams brings the shoulder up.]

GM: Two count only there... and Ohara moving quickly here, grabbing the arm and locking in an armbar...

[With Williams kneeling on the mat, Ohara yanks back on the arm, using his off-hand to brace it on the shoulder of his opponent, increasing the pressure on the limb.]

GM: Ohara cranking on the right arm, trying to weaken that limb that Williams uses to throw so many of his devastating strikes including his Neuralizer - that rolling elbow to the back of the head.

[Williams pushes up to one knee as Ohara cranks the arm again, pulling on the limb as Williams grimaces.]

GM: Referee Andy Dawson is right there, checking for a possible submission...

[The larger Williams battles back to his feet, planting his hand against Ohara's face, pushing him back against the ropes.]

GM: Williams forces him back... will we get a clean break this time?

[Williams suddenly steps back, grabbing the arm for an Irish whip, shooting Ohara across. As the North Carolina native rebounds, Williams sidesteps...

...and HURLS Ohara over the top rope. Williams walks back to the middle, clutching his arm in pain...

...and fails to notice that Ohara has grabbed the top rope on the way over it, hanging on to it as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Ohara with the counter... the type of move the guys and gals in the locker room call skinning the cat...

[Williams, hearing the crowd reaction, turns around and stomps towards the ropes...

...where Ohara uses his extreme upper body strength to pull his body up, locking his legs around the head of the approaching Williams, and drags him over the ropes and down to the floor with a headscissors!]

GM: Oh my! Ohara sends him to the floor!

[Ohara kneels on the apron, breathing heavily as the crowd roars at his defensive move.]

GM: Ohara out on the apron... Williams down on the floor...

[As Williams rises to his feet, Ohara leaps off the top, bringing an overhead chop down between the eyes!]

GM: Flying chop off the apron and Ohara's got Williams reeling!

[With Williams in a daze, Ohara shoots him back under the ropes, rolling in after him. He approaches the rising Williams, grabbing the arm...

...but Williams lashes out, landing a back elbow on the cheekbone!]

GM: Oh! Williams caught him coming in!

[Williams dashes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Ohara who ducks under a clothesline attempt, allowing Williams to hit the far ropes, coming back...

...and Ohara blindly leaps into the air, leapfrogging over Williams!]

GM: Leapfrog!

[And as Williams comes off the ropes a third time, Ohara catches him with another deep armdrag, taking his friend back down to the canvas.]

GM: And again back to the armdrag! Ohara continues to go after that arm, continuing to work on that limb...

[Ohara pulls the arm, twisting it into a hammerlock as Williams easily comes up off the mat, struggling to escape...

...when Ohara lets go of the arm, doing a quick spin and kicking out the back of the knee, bringing Williams crashing back down onto his own arm!]

GM: Ohh! 270 pounds down on his own arm! What a move out of Ohara!

[Ohara kneels down, grabbing the arm for another armbar.]

GM: And right back into the armbar, cranking on that limb once more...

[Williams is wincing as he rolls to a knee, trying to force his way back to his feet as Ohara hangs on to the sore limb...]

GM: Williams getting back up, pushing Ohara back into the corner...

[Using his size advantage, Williams shoves Ohara straight back to the buckles. The referee slides in, calling for the break...

...and when Williams steps back, he doubles up and DRIVES his shoulder into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: I'd say the feeling out period is over, Gordo.

[Williams grimaces before laying in a second shoulder tackle to the gut... and a third follows before he straightens up, shaking out his right arm...]

GM: Williams feeling the effects of the attacks on the arm in the early part of this one as we're just past the five minute mark in this fifteen minute time limit.

[Williams grabs Ohara by the back of the head, throwing a European uppercut with the sore limb, knocking Ohara back into the buckles. The Brooklyn native grimaces again, shaking out his arm...]

BW: Well, that was pretty dumb.

GM: It's second nature for Williams to rely on his striking power, Bucky.

BW: Maybe he oughta try a kick or something then 'cause that arm is banged up.

[The young lion takes Bucky's advice, grabbing the ropes as he swings his knee up into the midsection once... twice... three times.]

GM: And get the man out of the corner, referee!

[Andy Dawson reads Williams the riot act as the New Yorker backs out of the corner, grabbing at his right arm with his left hand.]

GM: Derrick Williams is hearing it right now from Andy Dawson and rightfully so in my estimation. Ohara was caught in the corner and Williams wouldn't let up on those attacks.

[Williams nods at the official but walks right back in towards the cornered Ohara who suddenly pushes off the buckles, connecting with a knife-edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Oh my! Big chop by Ohara!

[The chop stuns Williams who steps back a few paces. Ohara pursues, winding up again...

...but as he throws a second chop, Williams ducks the attack, hooking Ohara around the waist, lifting him off the mat...]

GM: Williams drops him with a backdrop suplex... rolls into a cover!

[But Williams doesn't bother to hook a leg, resulting in Ohara kicking out at two.]

GM: Just a two count though.

BW: Might've been a better chance of winning if Williams had hooked the leg. That's some ego on that kid, Gordo.

GM: I don't know if it's ego or what but I've noticed that Derrick Williams seldom hooks the leg in his pin attempts.

BW: That what they taught him at the Boston Wrestling School, Gordo?

GM: Highly unlikely if I know Slater and Hansen.

[Williams gets back to his feet, pulling Ohara up with him, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Williams hooks him up... and takes him over with a snap suplex! That'll shake your spine from tip to tip, Bucky.

BW: It certainly will... and another cover.

[Another two count comes from the lateral press before Ohara kicks out.]

GM: And another two count for Derrick Williams.

[Back on his feet, Williams glares at the official before burying a boot into the lower back... and another... and another. Ohara tries to push up to all fours as Williams rears back and slams a double axehandle down into the kidneys.]

GM: Williams taking aim at the back of Jordan Ohara, perhaps hoping to take some of his high flying stylings away from him.

[With Ohara back up on all fours, Williams reaches down, securing a waistlock. He deadlifts Ohara up off the mat into German Suplex position but almost instantly puts the Phoenix down, grabbing at his arm.]

GM: Oh! The arm gave way...

[Ohara quickly executes a standing switch, wrapping his arms around the torso as he charges the ropes, bouncing Williams' chest off the ropes as he rolls him into a rolling reverse cradle...]

GM: Rollup out of nowhere! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But a powerful kickout from Williams sends Ohara flying out of the cradle, sailing through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHH! What a kickout that was!

[Williams quickly rolls from the ring, making his way around the ringpost, taking aim on the rising Ohara...]

...and drops him with a running left-armed clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline with the off arm! It might not have had the full effect that a right-armed clothesline would but it did some damage, Bucky!

BW: Absolutely. Ohara hit the floor hard on that!

[Williams grabs the ring apron, burying some stomps into the ribs of Ohara as the referee starts his ten count.]

GM: Williams leans down, dragging Ohara off the ringside mats...

[But as he gets to his feet, Ohara slaps the hand away, throwing an overhand chop across the chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohara firing back!

[Switching his stance, Ohara blasts Williams with a second chop, right across the sternum...]

GM: Knife-edge chop by Ohara...

[Ohara winds up again, ready to strike...

...but Williams lunges forward, laying into him with an elbow strike off the jaw, knocking Ohara backwards, leaning over the apron as Williams shakes out his right arm again.]

GM: Williams caught him and caught him good... but what kind of damage did he do to his own arm throwing that blow?

[Williams shoves Ohara back under the ropes into the ring. He grabs the ropes, climbing up on the apron. He ducks through the ropes, pursuing Ohara who is crawling away from his opponent.]

GM: Jordan Ohara perhaps looking for a breather after that elbowstrike bounced off his skull.

[The Brooklyn native closes the distance, pulling Ohara up by the back of the tights. He tugs him right into a side waistlock, looking for another backdrop suplex but as he lifts Ohara, the Carolina native flips over the top, landing on his feet on the canvas...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Ohara fires back again! He escaped that suplex attempt and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Williams reeling against the ropes, Ohara grabs him by the arm.]

GM: Irish whip shoots him across...

[As Williams rebounds, he ducks a spinning back kick attempt that whiffs through the air. The Brooklyn native hits the far ropes, rebounding back towards Ohara who leaps into the air for a leapfrog...]

GM: Leapfr-

[...but Williams slams on the brakes, snatching Ohara out of the sky, pivoting, and DRIVES him down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

[Williams stays atop the downed Ohara but still doesn't bother to hook a leg as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Ohara desperately throws a shoulder up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Oh my! Close call there for Jordan Ohara!

[With Ohara down, Williams swings a leg over him, taking the mount position as he grabs a handful of Ohara's hair...]

GM: Elbows from the mount!

BW: Williams opening fire and Ohara trying to protect himself!

[After about a half dozen elbowstrikes land, Williams gets back to his feet, hauling Ohara up with him by the arm.]

GM: Derrick Williams building up some momentum as we get close to the ten minute mark in this fifteen minute time limit... shoots him across...

[And as Ohara bounces off the ropes, Williams spreads his feet, setting up for a spinebuster...]

GM: SPINEBUST-

[...but Ohara shows off his athleticism, leaping into the air, snaring Williams around the head with his legs...]

GM: No! Counter by Ohara, taking him down with the headscissors!

[The rana sends Williams down to the mat as Ohara gets up, charging back in, leaping up and snaring the rising Williams...]

GM: He takes him down a second time! Just as we talked about Williams building up momentum, Ohara is trying to turn things around in his favor!

[Ohara points to the fans, holding up a finger...]

GM: Ohara's calling for another one!

[And as the dazed Williams climbs to his feet, Ohara rushes in, leaping up for another rana attempt...]

...but this time, Williams is ready for it, dropping down to the mat in a sit-out powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COUNTER! BIG TIME COUNTER!

[The official dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHARA KICKS OUT! MY STARS, OHARA KICKS OUT!

[As the crowd is buzzing over the nearfall, the voice of Rebecca Ortiz calls out over the PA system.]

"FIVE MINUTES! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN IN THE TIME LIMIT!"

[The crowd's buzz grows louder as they hear the time limit update.]

GM: Five minutes left in this fifteen minute time limit and you better believe that'll shift these two into another gear.

[A disappointed Williams comes to his feet, lifting his right arm in the air, wiggling his fingers...]

GM: And I think he's calling for it, fans! Derrick Williams is looking for the Neuralizer!

[And as a stunned Ohara works his way off the canvas, Williams goes into a spin, aiming his elbow at the back of Ohara's head...]

...but Ohara moves at the last moment, causing Williams to land a glancing blow, sending Ohara spinning into the buckles!]

GM: Oh! He missed! Ohara moved and Williams just barely caught a piece of him!

[Williams grabs at his arm, a look of disgust on his face as he steps into the corner, grabbing Ohara by the side of the head, holding him in place as he winds up his right arm...]

GM: Williams opens up on him!

[...and throws elbow after elbow to the side of the head, shrugging off the pain shooting through his arm with every blow he lands!]

GM: Williams is tearing into him! Elbow after elbow to the skull!

[The referee lunges towards the corner, shouting at Williams to back off...]

GM: Andy Dawson telling Williams to create some space but the Brooklyn native's not listening to him!

[Finally, Williams does back off, exchanging words with the official as he shakes out his right arm in pain, leaving Ohara reeling against the buckles.]

GM: Williams has words for the official who has some words of his own for the young lion... but Williams needs to keep his focus on the action. We're under five minutes... probably close to four minutes remaining at this point. Remember, fans... this is a single elimination tournament. A draw, a double countout, a double DQ... BOTH men are out if that happens!

[Williams moves back in, grabbing Ohara by the arm. He whips the Carolina native across the ring, turning slightly to shout at the official as he charges in after him...]

...which gives Ohara the opening to leap up to the second rope, springing back, twisting into a crossbody!]

GM: COUNTER!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd groans again as Williams kicks out just before three.]

GM: Another near fall! And yes, we're down under four minutes now, fans. That's official from the timekeeper! Under four minutes remaining in the time limit as the pace has definitely picked up between these two individuals.

[Williams staggers up to his feet, ready to fight...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CHOP!

[Williams recoils from the blow, falling back a few steps. Ohara moves in on him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Williams returns fire with a chop of his own!

[This time, it's Ohara who stumbles backwards from the blow, grimacing from the impact as Williams steps towards him, winding up his right arm...]

GM: ELBOW!

[The blow lands firmly on the jaw of Ohara, causing the young man to slump to a knee as Williams stands over him. The Brooklyn native gives a shout, moving to stand behind Ohara...]

GM: He's looking for that Neuralizer again! Getting into position! Getting set! Getting ready!

[Williams bounces off the ropes, going into a spin...

...but Ohara leaps into the air, snapping his foot off the back of Williams' head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ENZUIGIRI! ENZUIGIRI! ANOTHER BRILLIANT COUNTER BY OHARA!

[Williams slowly collapses to the canvas after the blow to the skull. Ohara scampers towards him, diving into a back press, rolling into a single leg cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NO!! NO!! WILLIAMS GETS THE SHOULDER UP!! MY STARS, WHAT A BATTLE!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

GM: We're under three minutes, fans! Derrick Williams and Jordan Ohara are welcoming the world to the Battle of Boston but if one of them doesn't score the win in the next three minutes, they're both gone! They're both out!

[Ohara pulls Williams off the mat by the hair, winding up and throwing a knife edge chop across the chest...]

GM: Big chop!

[...and an overhand chop down between the eyes, putting Williams down on a knee.]

GM: And another one!

[With Williams reeling, Ohara turns to the corner, ducking through the ropes...]

GM: And I think Jordan Ohara is looking for the Phoenix Flame!

[Ohara swiftly steps to the second rope... then poises himself up top and ready to fly...]

GM: Jordan Ohara to the top rope! Waiting for Derrick Williams! Waiting for him to get to his feet!

[...and as Williams stirs off the canvas, Ohara flings himself into the air!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME!

[The crossbody catches Williams flush across the chest, toppling him down to the canvas...]

...where Williams uses Ohara's own momentum against him, rolling through the crash to the canvas...]

GM: Wait a second!

[...and rolls right back up to his feet, holding Ohara across his chest!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A SHOW OF STRENGTH! WHAT A SHOW OF-

[But the right arm of Williams gives way, causing him to lose his grip on Ohara who hooks Williams around the head with his left arm, dragging him down to the mat as Ohara uses his right arm and leg to hook both of Williams' legs!]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE!!

[The official dives down to the canvas as Williams struggles to escape the pinning predicament he suddenly finds himself trapped within...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[...but Ohara's grip is too strong for Williams' injured arm to break!]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Williams escapes JUST after the three count, rolling to sit on the canvas, disappointment on his face as Ohara springs up to his feet, raising his arms in triumph.]

GM: Jordan Ohara with one heck of a small package out of that slam attempt and... wow! It was a tough fight, a great battle, but Jordan Ohara is victorious and heading to the First Round of the tournament tomorrow night when he'll get his long-awaited matchup against Juan Vasquez, Bucky.

BW: And if Ohara thinks he's the Cinderella story, then Juan Vasquez is going to be midnight striking him down.

GM: That remains to be seen... that remains to be found out tomorrow night but right now, Jordan Ohara is on top of the world, fans!

[Ohara steps up to the middle rope, pointing out to the cheering fans. He twists his fingers into the "I love you" gesture to the fans, smiling as he drops down off the ropes with a double fist pump...

...and then his eyes come to rest on Derrick Williams who has regained his feet and is staring right at him.]

GM: And if Jordan Ohara is on top of the world, you can only imagine what Derrick Williams must be feeling right now, Bucky.

BW: It's gotta be shattering to a young kid like that. What is Williams? 24 years old? Something like that? Derrick Williams walked into Boston with visions of sugar plums and glory bouncing through his head. And his so-called friend just turned all that to ash and dust.

[Ohara approaches his friend, shrugging his shoulders before offering a hand...]

GM: Looks like Jordan Ohara is trying to make sure he's still on good terms with Derrick Williams.

BW: Williams should make him pay for what he's done.

GM: What?!

BW: Yeah! He should sucker him in, beat him down, and take him out of this tournament. I bet Juan Vasquez would pay a pretty penny to whoever gives him an easier path to the Finals.

GM: Derrick Williams is not that kind of young man! He understands what happened here tonight. He knows what Ohara had to do and he would've done the same thing himself to win.

[Williams glares at Ohara for a few moments, causing a buzz to ripple through the crowd...

...and then the fans cheer loudly as Williams extends his hand to Ohara's, shaking his friend's hand.]

GM: Oh yeah! There you go, fans! Ohara and Williams as solid as ever!

BW: Gaah... what is with all these goody-two-shoes lately who want to be friends more than they want to win matches? First was O'Connor last weekend and now Williams? They could use a killer instinct seminar.

[Ohara has his hand raised by Williams who gestures to Ohara a few times before making his exit from the ring.]

GM: Derrick Williams stepping aside, letting Jordan Ohara have his moment in the spotlight...

[Ohara claps for Williams as the Brooklyn native drops off the apron to the floor. He shakes his head in disappointment, walking down the aisle back towards the locker room area as Ohara continues to walk around the ring, pointing out to the cheering fans...]

GM: What a moment for this young man who came into this weekend with such high hopes and dreams! Can you imagine, Bucky? Can you imagine if this weekend ends just like this... with Jordan Ohara standing tall in the middle of the ring as the winner of this whole tournament?

BW: Like I said, Gordo... don't get ahead of yourself. In a tournament like this, you've gotta take things one match at a time... and right now, Jordan Ohara is going to be staring Juan Vasquez dead in the eye in the first round of this tournament tomorrow night. He's going to be-

[The crowd ERUPTS into a shocked reaction as someone comes walking through the curtain.]

GM: Oh, come on! What the heck is he doing out here, Bucky?!

BW: Scouting the competition! He knows who he's going to face tomorrow night - why shouldn't he come out here now?

[As the crowd ROARS with boos, Juan Vasquez struts down the aisle past Derrick Williams who starts to make a move towards Vasquez before a pair of officials get in his path, trying to talk him down. A smirking Vasquez continues on, walking down the aisle and around the ring like he's the cock of the walk, talking major trash at the crowd.]

GM: Jordan Ohara has his eyes locked on Vasquez. He knows just how dangerous this individual is. Vasquez has made quite the reputation for himself over the past eight months as someone who will seize any opportunity to give himself an advantage.

[Vasquez reaches Rebecca Ortiz, gleefully extending his hand for the microphone. She obliges as Vasquez taps it a few times to make sure it's working, climbing up the steps and ducking through the ropes. He stares into the eyes of Jordan Ohara for a few moments before he finally speaks.]

JV: Boston, Massachusetts! For those of you in the audience who have been in a coma for the last decade and might not know who I am, my name is...

...JUAN VASQUEZ!

[A HUGE chorus of boos goes up at that proclamation.]

JV: And I'd like to welcome you to MY show.

[He grins big, as the jeers grow ever louder.]

JV: Now, I know I'm not scheduled to wrestle tonight, but they call Boston the "City of Champions", and I figured, if ANY crowd would know how to recognize greatness, appreciate greatness...WORSHIP greatness...it would be you guys. And there ain't anybody greater than Juan Vasquez, amigo!

[A very loud, "YOU SUCK, JUAN!" can be heard from someone in the crowd. A slight look of annoyance breaks Juan's smiling facade, if only for a second.]

JV: So out of the goodness of my heart, I decided to grace you all with my presence tonight. And you... Mr. Once In A Millennium Talent... well...

[Juan chuckles softly, before a cold look crosses his face.]

JV: ...I've decided that you no longer belong on MY show.

[Vasquez rushes forward, ready to strike...

...but Jordan Ohara is ready for him, striking back with a knife edge chop!]

GM: Big chop by Ohara! And another! And a third!

[The barrage of chops sends Vasquez falling back towards the ropes. Ohara rushes forward, grabbing his Night Two opponent by the arm, shooting him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip by Ohara...

[But as Vasquez rebounds, he runs right into a standing headscissors!]

GM: WAIT JUST A MINUTE! NO! JUAN VASQUEZ IS GOING TO PILEDRIVE THIS YOUNG MAN AFTER HE JUST FOUGHT HIS HEART OUT! SOMEBODY STOP THIS!

BW: Marcus Broussard predicted that Juan Vasquez was gonna get a bye into the second round on the Preview Show and it looks like he's gonna make it happen, himself!

[But Jordan Ohara has other ideas, straightening up to backdrop Vasquez down to the canvas to big cheers!]

GM: OHARA COUNTERS! OHARA COUNTERS!

[Ohara is fired up, shouting out to the roaring crowd as he leans down to drag Vasquez up by the hair...

...which is when Vasquez lunges forward, smashing his skull into Ohara's!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Ohara staggers away, falling down to a knee as a disgruntled Vasquez straightens out his clothes, standing over the youngster. His right hand hangs at his side, his fingers flexing as he clenches and unclenches his hand...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS!

[The blow spins Ohara away from Vasquez who slips in behind him, hooking a half nelson with one hand...]

GM: No, no!

[...and HURLS Ohara overhead, throwing him down on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!

[Vasquez stands over the motionless Ohara, running the badmouth on him...

...and the crowd starts roaring in support of Derrick Williams charging back down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: Derrick Williams is coming back!

[Williams dives under the bottom rope, coming up swinging as Vasquez bails from the ring to the floor. He throws a smirk at Williams before circling back around the ring, backing down the aisle as Williams kneels down to check on Ohara.]

GM: Oh my stars, fans... Derrick Williams was a little too late to help his friend. Jordan Ohara just got laid out in brutal fashion by Juan Vasquez!

BW: Damn right he did.

GM: What?!

BW: Hey, I told you Ohara and Williams needed a lesson in killer instinct. They just got one! Juan Vasquez is a veteran. He's a former champion. He's a Hall of Famer. You don't get to be a former Hall of Famer by shaking hands and kissing babies. Juan Vasquez just showed you EXACTLY why he's a former World Champion. EXACTLY why he's a Hall of Famer. And EXACTLY why he's one of the odds-on favorite to win this whole damn tournament, daddy.

GM: That... I can't believe you. This young man just got laid out! That Right Cross! The half nelson suplex! Ohara isn't even moving down on the canvas... he might be out cold, Bucky.

BW: If he is, someone wake him up and let him know that Juan Vasquez just sent him a message clear as day - he's ready for him tomorrow night.

GM: Tomorrow night? At this point, I don't even know if Jordan Ohara will be READY for tomorrow night. I can't... this is horrible. We need to get medical attention out here for Jordan Ohara. Derrick Williams is out here with his friend, checking on him... but we're going to need Dr. Ponavitch out here as well. We... where are we going? Okay... okay... fans, we're going to take this over to Sweet Lou Blackwell who has made his way out here to ringside for a special interview.

[We cut to the front row of the crowd at ringside, where we see "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, seated in the audience next to a cool and confident-looking Supreme Wright. The former AWA World Heavyweight Champion is dressed stylishly as usual, in a vintage, three-piece, olive green Herringbone tweed suit and a pair of black-rimmed glasses.]

SLB: What a way to kickoff what's sure to be an amazing three nights of wrestling action, folks, however I can't say I'm too happy with the actions we just saw out of Juan Vasquez... no sir. But I have with me now, one of the men considered a favorite to win The Battle of Boston...Supreme Wright!

[There's a healthy amount of boos, but also a few faint cheers for the former AWA World Heavyweight Champion, who as his nature dictates...doesn't so much as acknowledge the crowd.]

SLB: Now Supreme, I know you're here tonight scouting out the competition, but do you have any comments on what we just saw happen?

[Wright turns his head away to think for a split-second, before answering.]

SW: In tournaments like this one, Mr. Blackwell, men are often driven to the limits of their endurance...both physically and mentally. Not only do you drive your body to its breaking point, but the self-doubt that builds up within during the course of the tournament or even a single match, can just eat you alive. And more often than not, in their desperation to win, men will attempt to gain and use any and every edge they possibly can.

SLB: So you think Juan Vasquez was acting out in desperation?

SW: Do I think Mr. Vasquez felt so threatened by a man that he literally dwarves in experience, skill and overall in-ring savvy?

No, Mr. Blackwell.

I think Mr. Vasquez was doing exactly what he believed would help him win.

[A beat.]

SW: Mr. Vasquez is the single most accomplished wrestler in this tournament. No one in the history of our sport has wrestled and won more big matches than he has. He has no reason to be desperate...

...and that's exactly why he's as dangerous as he is.

Because Mr. Vasquez, the highest paid, most accomplished, most famous wrestler in the entire world...will do anything _and_ everything in his power to ensure he'll win.

SLB: Would you do the same? Would you hop over this guardrail and attack Rufus Harris or Larry Wallace coming up here in a little while to gain an advantage going into tomorrow night?

[Supreme shakes his head.]

SW: I don't need to resort to that, Mr. Blackwell.

SLB: And why's that?

[Wright snorts.]

SW: Isn't that obvious, Mr. Blackwell?

[Oddly, uncharacteristically, Supreme Wright smiles.]

SW: It's because I'm the best in the world.

[And with that, Wright settles back down into his ringside seat, leaving Blackwell to shake his head.]

SLB: Certainly no lack of confidence there on the part of Supreme Wright, the former World Champion, fans. But will he still have that confidence tomorrow night when he takes on either his former pupil in "Flawless" Larry Wallace or the former GFC Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris? You'll have to be with us on Night Two to find out but right now, we've got to take our first break of the night but don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are halfheartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Canibal?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack The Hangman from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Downfall beating up the mailman? Oh, there's Next Gen turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Jordan Ohara is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Rex Summers with a flying bodypress, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Terry Shane III across your family room, and The Slaughterhouse and The Wilde Bunch are brawling across your driveway. Cain Jackson has just grabbed a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Pure X, while Supernova is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Jackson Hunter and Brian Lau are in a shouting match, Koyla Sudakov tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Koyla hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Maxim Zharkov wanders by and stomps on the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Five AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[Ryan Martinez tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Martinez and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[The Rotgut Rustlers do a double throw to send Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the Rustlers, Taylor and Donovan action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Jack Lynch and Brian James double-clothesline Cesar Hernandez in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like Gladiator is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Larry Wallace. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if

someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: There's now action figures featuring the women of the AWA!

[Barging in through the door are Lauryn Rage, Charisma Knight and Erica Toughill, who rush into the dining room, where Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers and Lori Wilson just happening to be waiting for them! Then we see a couple of girls playing with the six action figures.]

Announcer: And there's even Torin the Titan!

[None other than Torin himself comes crashing through (yes, through) the wall, after which he grabs poor Jackie Bourassa and headbutts him. Then we see kids playing with the same action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Coliseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Allen Allen, Manny Imbrogno, Caspian Abaran, and Kerry Kendrick. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and fade back up to a panning shot of the TD Garden crowd, cheering at seeing themselves on the big screen.]

GM: We are back LIVE here on The X, wrestling fans, for the Battle of Boston! And on this weekend, all the stars are out!

[Cut to a ringside shot of a group of men shouting and hamming it up for the camera. Sharp-eyed sports fans would instantly identify this group as members of the Boston Red Sox. And dull-eyed sports fans would learn that information by the helpful chyron that the AWA fans toss up on the screen. If we were doing more helpful graphics - and we're not - you'd see Clay Buchholz, Craig Kimbrel, Dustin Pedroia, Hanley Ramirez, and David Ortiz amongst the group.]

GM: The Boston Red Sox are taking in the show here tonight at the TD Garden and we're one match in and they're already getting one heck of a show, Bucky.

BW: Williams and Ohara brought it hard - but what did it get them?

GM: Well, judging by the way Jordan Ohara walking out of that ring under his own power during our break, I'd say it got Jordan Ohara a trip to the first round tomorrow night when he'll take on Juan Vasquez. But that's tomorrow night. We've still got a lot more action to come here tonight so let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with Kerry Kendrick! Mark?

[We cut back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of a large Battle of Boston banner. Next to him is Kerry Kendrick, the robe of his satin

robe covering his head. Ricki Toughill sullenly lurks behind him, a croquet mallet gripped tightly in her fists.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Kerry Kendrick, as the first man to ever appear on AWA television, this has gotta be a big night for you. Your thoughts heading into your Play-In matchup.

[Stegglet extends the mic under Kendrick's mouth.]

KK: For as long as I have been in the AWA, I can't seem to ever get a fair shake because of... certain people in certain places. And that is in spite of what others have said. The front office... Marcus Broussard... Jackson Hunter... They've all said, "this is the kid." They've said Kerry Kendrick, the Self Made Man, has what it takes to excel in this industry. He has the potential, the wherewithal, and sheer stubborn determination to be the next Burt Wallace... to be the next Hamilton Graham.

[Kendrick nods his head before continuing.]

KK: And what happens? I get shunted aside for whatever flavor-of-the-month a pencil pusher decides to feature instead of an honest-to-god athlete like me. Well... there is one immutable truth in this sport, or in any sport: that's the scoreboard. It's the wins and losses that count. No one can argue with someone who wins five matches in three days.

[Kendrick snaps back his hood, pointing in the direction of the camera.]

KK: After I send the Assassin back to the other side of the Mason/Dixon line, and after "Red Hot" and myself show the world that wrestling is a sport and not a showcase for bodybuilders in leather bikinis spouting Roman mythology, then the wrestling fans of the future will look back and say, "the legend of the Self Made Man began, July 2nd, 2016, in Boston.

[And with that, Kendrick turns to exit, leaving Erica Toughill staring at Mark Stegglet, chewing her gum aggressively as Stegglet looks unsettled.]

MS: Sweet Lou... take it away.

[Cut to the back where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of the AWA backdrop with the masked man dressed in black from head to toe, the West Memphis Assassin.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark... and while my Twitter is blowing up with fans all over the world wanting to unravel the mystery surrounding just who is the big name free agent in high-level negotiations with the AWA, there's another mystery on deck for us here tonight as I am here with the enigmatic masked competitor known as the West Memphis Assassin as he is set to take on Kerry Kendrick in mere moments.

[Blackwell turns from facing the camera to address the WMA.]

SLB: Now, Mr., uh, Assassin...you've promised that you will reveal who you are before your match tonight. Do you still plan to go through with it?

[The Assassin doesn't answer immediately, instead glaring down at Blackwell for a few uncomfortable beats. Finally, he speaks in an intense but quiet tone.]

WMA: When the time is right, Lou...

...all will be revealed.

[And that's all he's got to say as the West Memphis Assassin exits, stage left, leaving Blackwell in his dust.]

SLB: The West Memphis Assassin - whomever he is - is apparently a man of few words. That's one mystery that even Encyclopedia Brown couldn't crack. Let's head down to the ring for the introductions!

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

RO: Our next match is the second Play-In match of the evening and is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit.

First...

[The lights dim as "I Want It All" by Queen blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges from the back. Well built with a bleached blond buzzcut, he's a good looking guy with a tan, wearing midnight green trunks with platinum detailing, and matching kneepads and boots, covered with a matching midnight green satin robe. Pausing at the top of the ramp he extends both arms out to either side, palms pointed at the sky. Behind him lurks a sullen-looking woman with a perpetual scowl on her face, arms folded, a pink bubble inflating between her lips.]

RO: Accompanied by his bodyguard Erica Toughill... From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing 235 pounds... KERRRRRRRRYYYYYYY... KENNNNNNDRICK!

[Kendrick walks the aisle with a distinct sneer on his face. Arriving at the ring, he steps in, moves to the center and holds his hands out to his sides, pausing to "soak up the cheers" (there aren't any)...then doffs his robe, dropping it over the top rope, where Toughill catches it. Kendrick leans back-first into the top turnbuckle, nonchalantly unimpressed.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick has all the nicknames... the Self Made Man... the AWA Original... the SM&K member... and this weekend, he wants to add one more to the list - the Battle of Boston winner.

BW: He can do it too, Gordo! He can win the whole thing! He can become the megastar he's always known he is! And if Kendrick wins, he's going to face Rex Summers in the first round in what might be the greatest single match in the history of our sport!

GM: Hyperbole notwithstanding, I do believe Kerry Kendrick is a top level talent simply looking for an opportunity. That opportunity might come this weekend, fans. But tonight, he's gotta get past a man of mystery... a familiar... well, mask... to AWA fans. The West Memphis Assassin has been involved in some of the biggest moments in AWA history. Will that trend continue tonight? We're about to find out!

[Rebecca Ortiz continues as the sounds of Queen fade out.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[The drumline leading into the theme for "For A Few Dollars More" rings out over the PA system, leading into the classic Morricone sound.]

RO: From Parts Unknown... weight unknown... he is the mysterious...

WESSSSSSST MEMPHISSSSSS AAAAAAAASSASSINNNNNNNNNN!

[The Assassin walks through the curtain, clad as we saw him moments ago in a black pair of long tights, a black t-shirt with the sleeves cut out, and his trademark black mask with red faceplate. He also wears a long black leather duster over the

whole outfit. He slowly works his way down the aisle, ignoring the outstretched hands of the fans on either side of the aisleway.]

GM: Here he comes, fans. Now, Sweet Lou talked about the mystery behind this man but there's one major difference between the West Memphis Assassin of the past and the West Memphis Assassin of tonight. In the past, when men wore that mask, it was a total mystery to everyone who was under the hood. In 2016, Emerson Gellar knows who is under the mask and has said that competitor carries the level of talent to be placed into a tournament like this.

BW: You trust Gellar?

GM: You don't?

BW: Not as far as I can throw him and with my back, I shouldn't be throwing anyone.

[Reaching the ring, the masked man slowly scales the ringsteps as Kerry Kendrick approaches, pointing an accusatory finger, shouting at the official to "make him take it off!" Referee Scott Ezra places an arm in front of the AWA Original, backing him up as the masked man ducks through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The Assassin in the ring now, eyeing Kerry Kendrick from across the squared circle.

[A hostile Kendrick is still shouting for the mask to come off as the Assassin settles into the ring, shedding his duster and dropping it out to a ringside attendant. The masked man turns back towards Kendrick as Scott Ezra tries to keep some control.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick is pretty hot under the collar right about now, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? He's fighting someone he knows absolutely nothing about. Kerry Kendrick is a student of the game and you can be sure he wanted to watch video of his opponent, develop a gameplan. Now he's just flying blind.

GM: It certainly is a disadvantageous situation to be in.

[Ezra seems about to signal for the bell when the Assassin holds up his right hand, giving him pause.]

BW: What's this about?

[The Assassin reaches up towards his mask, his hands slipping in behind his head.]

GM: Hold on here, fans... the West Memphis Assassin is untying the laces on his mask! It looks like he's going to unmask before this match even starts! The mystery is about to be solved!

[The laces come off, the Assassin taking a look around at the buzzing Boston crowd before he grabs a handful of the mask...

...and yanks it off his head, revealing his face to the crowd!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[And as the camera zooms in, we get our first glimpse at the man under the hood.]

GM: It's Adam Rogers!

[Indeed it is... and the crowd reacts with some pretty big cheers for the Natural (despite a large section of boos from those who remember the last time we saw Rogers in action.) Kerry Kendrick's jaw drops, shaking his head, protesting to the official who shrugs in response.]

BW: And that's huge, Gordo!

GM: Emerson Gellar has done it again, wrestling fans! Gellar continues to go out and get the best professional wrestlers in the world to compete here in the AWA and - love him or hate him - there is no denying that Adam Rogers is exactly that.

BW: He's a former World Champion... in fact, he was the last guy to hold the EMWC World Title... and most importantly in my opinion, he was directly responsible for James Lynch being taken out of this sport!

GM: Well... I can't argue that point. The last time we saw Adam Rogers in the ring, he was a member of the Beale Street Bullies and... you're right, Bucky... Adam Rogers was directly responsible for James Lynch being out of this sport. He STILL hasn't recovered from that spike piledriver that Rogers helped deliver way back at Homecoming in 2013.

[Rogers, however, does not look like the Beale Street Bully from three years ago. Once again clean shaven. Once again with his blond hair cut to a manageable length. He is tanned and good-looking without a hint of a tattoo. Adam Rogers, the Natural, is your stereotypical All-American boy...

...and he's got a big smile on his face as he tosses the mask aside, pulling off the t-shirt to reveal his usual great physique.]

GM: It remains to be seen which Adam Rogers we have here tonight... the man who was one of the most popular fan favorites our sport has ever seen or the dastardly twisted individual who helped put James Lynch on the shelf perhaps forever... but whoever it is, he's definitely one of the best professional wrestlers on the planet and Kerry Kendrick is completely thrown by this turn of events.

BW: I highly doubt that.

GM: What do you mean?

BW: I mean that Kerry Kendrick is a student of the game... and as such, he'll have done his homework and he'll have known who has worn that Assassin's mask in the past. Rogers is on that list and if Kendrick wasn't at least considering Rogers as an option, I'd be very surprised.

GM: Well, we're about to find out just how prepared Kerry Kendrick is.

[Kendrick is still complaining to the official as he steps back to his corner, tugging at the ropes.]

GM: Alright, fifteen minute time limit in this Play-In match to see who moves on to face "Red Hot" Rex Summers in the first round tomorrow night.

[Rogers nods as he listens to the official, waiting for the match to begin...

...and with the sound of the bell, it does.]

GM: Here we go!

[Rogers comes dancing out of the corner, arms extended towards Kendrick who quickly backpedals, ducking back through the ropes with a "get him back, get him back!" The crowd jeers as the official steps in, ordering Rogers to back off.]

GM: Adam Rogers is a third generation professional wrestler - his grandfather, father, and older brother were all wrestlers as well. And of course, Rogers was also a three-time state champion down in Florida in his high school days as well as his NCAA national title back in 1994. So he knows very well what he's doing inside that squared circle, Bucky.

BW: He absolutely does. There is no questioning the resume of Adam Rogers... what you CAN question though is what kind of wrestling shape is he going to be after three years away from the business. As far as I know, Rogers has been sitting at home for all that time. He may have worked the occasional shot here and there for a nice payday but he's not used to the top level competition of the AWA.

GM: It's an excellent point, Bucky. You often hear the locker room talk that a wrestler's greatest enemy is time away from the ring.

BW: That's right. You can do all the cardio in the world and it's no match for what you go through inside those ropes.

[Kendrick comes back out towards the middle of the ring, ready to tie up with the man known as the Natural. They lunge at one another for a collar and elbow but Rogers quickly slips behind him, hooking a rear waistlock. Within seconds, he lifts Kendrick off his feet, throwing him down to the canvas chestfirst, and glides right into a side headlock on the mat.]

GM: Nice amateur style takedown by the veteran. Rogers, at 41 years of age, in there against Kerry Kendrick who will turn 27 in a month or so.

[Kendrick twists and shimmies, trying to work his way out of the headlock but Rogers keeps it clamped in place. After a few moments on the mat, Kendrick pulls his knees up underneath him, forcing his way up to a standing position. He lays in a pair of forearms into the ribs, trying to loosen Rogers' grip as he backs him into the ropes, looking to shoot him off...]

GM: Kendrick fires him- no, no, no! Rogers hangs on!

[Kendrick gives a frustrated shout as Rogers keeps the side headlock applied, refusing to be budged off of it...]

...and then uses a side headlock takedown to flip Kendrick over onto his back, pushing his shoulder down on the mat as Scott Ezra dives down to count.]

GM: Quick one count but Kendrick pops that shoulder off the mat, not wanting to take a chance at getting caught down on the canvas.

BW: It's no secret that Adam Rogers has some of the tightest cradles and best pinning holds in the business. Kendrick with the smart move to get out of that before Rogers really has a chance to lay that on him.

[Wrapping his arms around Rogers' waist, Kendrick rolls to the side, pulling him over onto his shoulders...]

GM: And Kendrick with the reversal for one! For two!

[Rogers rolls back the other way, shaking his head as he cranks on the headlock some more.]

GM: We've got a nice exchange on the mat to start this off...

[Pushing back on Rogers, Kendrick swings his legs up, securing a headscissors on the Natural, dragging him down to the mat as Kendrick nods with a smile, shouting "That's how you do it!"]

GM: Kerry Kendrick quite pleased with himself as he counters into the headscissors...

[Kendrick slaps his thigh, cranking the hold tighter as Rogers looks for an escape. Referee Scott Ezra kneels on the canvas, checking to see if the Natural would like to submit but the former World Champion has other ideas as he floats over, putting himself into a piledriver position with his own feet planted on the canvas. Kendrick instinctively reaches out, wrapping up his torso with his arms, shaking his head...

...but Rogers simply pushes himself out, popping out of the hold, and then sliding back into the side headlock, earning a two count before Kendrick raises the shoulder.]

GM: Rogers with an excellent counter, showing he's still one of the best mat wrestlers in the world.

[Kendrick rolls over to his hip, pushing his way back to his feet again. He backs into the ropes, looking to fire Rogers off again...

...but again, Rogers hangs on, shaking his head as he clamps the hold on tighter.]

GM: Rogers refusing to let go of that headlock, continuing to try and wear down Kerry Kendrick who seems outclassed at this point of the contest.

[Out in the middle of the ring, Kendrick reaches up, snagging a handful of hair, and YANKS Rogers off his feet and down to the mat as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The official questions Kendrick who denies everything, grabbing at the back of his neck as he rains down stomps onto Rogers before he can get back up.]

GM: Kendrick used the hair to escape and now he's going to work on Adam Rogers.

[Winding up, Kendrick drops to his knees, driving the point of his elbow down into the back of Rogers' neck. He does it a second time, flipping Rogers onto his back and applying a lateral press for a two count of his own.]

GM: The so-called Self Made Man looking for a quick end to this one to no luck.

BW: And now we get to see what Kerry Kendrick is made of, Gordo.

[Kendrick drags Rogers up by the hair, walking him to the corner where he slams him headfirst into the turnbuckles. With the Natural leaning against the buckles, Kendrick twists his body to throw a series of hard back elbows to the side of the head, leaving Rogers reeling as Kendrick switches his stance and starts kicking away at the body to the protests of the official.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick opening up in the corner on Adam Rogers...

[Reaching out to grab the arm, Kendrick goes to whip Rogers across the ring but Rogers slaps at the grasping hand, breaking free before wrapping his arms around the body of Kendrick, twisting around and driving him down with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

BW: Hey!

GM: A slap in the face to Kerry Kendrick as Rogers busts out one of Kendrick's signature holds... of course, Rogers is a master of just about every kind of suplex you can imagine.

[Grabbing at his back, Kendrick rolls under the bottom rope and out to the floor where he slumps down to a knee. Erica Toughill slowly approaches, the croquet mallet draped over her shoulder as she keeps an eye on Rogers who gets back up, waving for Kendrick to get back inside the ring.]

GM: And so far, Bucky, Adam Rogers has to be incredibly pleased with how things are working out for him.

BW: He looks good, Gordo... but the key phrase there was "so far." In the AWA, your luck can change in a heartbeat and Rogers better keep that in mind.

GM: The 21 year veteran walking around the ring, playing to the crowd...

BW: And this is where Rogers is making a mistake if you ask me. He should go to the floor, he should stay on Kendrick and not give him time to recover.

GM: Even with Erica Toughill out there? We know that Toughill's mind is on that huge Rumble two weeks from now in Madison Square Garden. We know she wants to be the first AWA Women's World Champion. But we also know she's not above taking a swing at someone who gets on her bad side.

BW: Ricki's not done a thing here tonight, Gordo. You keep your slander to yourself.

[Rogers steps up to the second rope, pointing to the cheering fans.]

BW: Look at this guy. He's not even worried about Kendrick out there. You're always out here talking about ego and overconfidence, Gordo... what is this all about?

GM: Well, I'll admit it. Adam Rogers appears very confident and at this stage of the contest, it's hard to blame him.

[Rogers drops down off the ropes as Kendrick slides back inside the ring. The Natural moves in to attack...

...and Kendrick rolls right back under the ropes, ending up on the ring apron. Rogers shouts at him, leaning over the ropes to grab at him.]

GM: And I think Rogers has had enough of Kendrick's games...

[Kendrick tries to avoid Rogers, slapping at his grasping hand as Rogers pulls him up to his feet...

...and Kendrick promptly reaches out, raking the eyes of the Natural!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Kendrick!

[He quickly hooks Rogers behind the head, dropping off the apron, and SNAPPING Rogers' throat down on the top rope!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Brilliant move by Kendrick! What a strategy!

[Rogers stumbles back, falling to a knee as Kendrick slides back into the ring. The Self Made Man moves swiftly, lifting Rogers off the mat, into the air, and slamming him down on the mat.]

GM: Quick slam by Kendrick... and he snaps a legdrop down across the throat as well!

[With Rogers still coughing from being clotheslined on the rope, Kendrick tries to seize the moment with a lateral press.]

GM: Kendrick gets one! He gets two! But that's all!

[Kendrick grimaces, glaring at the official as he climbs back to his feet. He has a few words for Scott Ezra as he backs towards the corner, hopping up to the middle rope.]

GM: Kendrick didn't like the count there but... ohh! He drives his elbow down into the throat of Rogers!

[He applies the cover again, shouting "Count right this time!" at the official who again counts two as Rogers kicks out.]

GM: Another two count... and another round of complaining from Kerry Kendrick who just never can seem to focus on his own shortcomings. Maybe you didn't get the three count because you haven't worn the man down enough yet! Ever think of that?

BW: Hey, Scott Ezra looks like he's moving in slow motion out there to me.

[Kendrick climbs back to his feet, again talking to the official who shakes his head.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick wasting valuable time right here in my estimation, Bucky.

BW: That I'll agree with. He needs to forget about the referee and focus on his opponent who - of course - is a former World Champion.

[Kendrick turns his focus back to Rogers, leaning down to pluck him off the canvas...

...and gets dragged down in a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars, how close was that?! Didn't seem like Scott Ezra was in slow motion to me, Bucky!

BW: Of course not! He's obviously biased towards Rogers!

[Kendrick is the first to his feet, beating his older opponent up to a standing position where he buries a short knee into the midsection of the kneeling Rogers, knocking him back down on the mat. The Self Made Man again goes to a stomping attack, driving Rogers over near the ropes.]

GM: Kendrick's all over him down on the mat... and the official steps in, backing him off...

[But Kendrick comes right back in, stomping and kicking Rogers so that his upper body is hanging under the bottom rope. Scott Ezra moves in a second time, backing Kendrick off who puts up an argument, exaggeratedly counting on his fingers...

...which allows Erica Toughill to slide into position, pulling the handle of her croquet mallet down across Rogers' throat as the crowd jeers loudly!]

GM: Come on, referee! Turn around!

[Kendrick continues to keep the referee distracted as Toughill chokes Rogers on the floor...

...and as she backs off, Kendrick brushes past the official, moving towards a gasping Adam Rogers.]

GM: Erica Toughill doing the damage from outside the ring, leaving Rogers in a bad way as Kendrick moves in... what's this now?

[Grabbing the legs, Kendrick falls back, driving Rogers' throat into the bottom rope with a catapult!]

GM: OHHH! Another brutal attack by Kendrick, leaving Adam Rogers gasping for air!

[Hauling Rogers back inside the ring, Kendrick flips forward in a double leg cradle as the official goes down to count, again reaching two before Rogers kicks out.]

GM: Two count again for Kerry Kendrick... and again, he's getting on the case of the official. This young man's got a lot of growing up to do, Bucky.

[Kendrick reads Ezra the riot act again before turning back towards Rogers who has worked his way back to his knees...

...and buries a right hand into the gut of the incoming Kendrick!]

GM: Rogers goes downstairs!

[A second blow lands, sending Kendrick spiraling away as Rogers comes off the mat to his feet.]

GM: Adam Rogers firing back, taking advantage of Kendrick's distraction.

[Rogers rushes forward, hooking a rear waistlock on Kendrick, running across the ring and driving Kendrick's chest into the ropes.]

GM: ROLLING REVERSE CRADLE!

[But Rogers seems a little off-balance as he tries to steady his feet so he can fall back into the Natural Bridge.]

GM: He's got him rolled up but-

[The referee drops down, counting one... two... but Kendrick escapes as Rogers attempts the Natural Bridge, losing his balance and slipping out of the cradle attempt.]

BW: That's ring rust right there, Gordo. That's one of Rogers' signature moves and he couldn't get it on. That's just a lack of practice at doing it.

GM: Which is too bad for Adam Rogers because he could've had him right there, I think.

[Rogers looks frustrated as he gets up off the mat, delivering a forearm smash to the jaw of the rising Kendrick. A second one follows as Rogers goes to work, hammering Kendrick back against the ropes where Rogers grabs him by the arm, using an Irish whip to shoot him across.]

GM: Rogers shoots him in, Kendrick coming back...

[And as Kendrick reaches him, Rogers scoops him up, pivots...]

GM: POWERSLAM!

[...and DRIVES Kendrick down into the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Kendrick lifts the shoulder before three, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Kendrick's out at two and the timekeeper is telling me that we're closing in on the ten minute mark of this fifteen minute time limit. Rogers pulling Kendrick back to his feet...

[Kendrick goes for a big right hand but Rogers ducks under it, causing Kendrick to spin all the way around as Rogers hooks a waistlock...

...and DUMPS Kendrick on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GERMAN! GERMAN!

[Rogers scrambles to all fours, crawling the distance to throw himself into a side press, reaching over to grab the legs...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kendrick kicks out again!

BW: Incredible, Gordo! Say something about this kid's guts! About his heart!

GM: It's definitely a sign of great resilience to kick out of a suplex with that much impact behind it!

[Climbing off the canvas, Rogers throws a glance at the official who throws up two fingers. Rogers nods his head and moves back in on Kendrick, pulling him up by the arm and whipping him into the buckles.]

GM: Rogers shoots him into the corner...

[The Natural backs off, taking aim on his opponent...

...and turns to shout to the fans, waving his arms to fire them up.]

BW: What a... what a show of disrespect by Rogers! He's in there with a top level opponent and he's taking the time to shout to these idiot fans. It goes back to his ego... to his overconfidence...

GM: Or maybe he's just trying to fire up these fans!

[Whatever his reason, Rogers finally turns back towards the cornered Kendrick, charging across the ring at top speed...

...but as he nears the corner, Kendrick steps out, lifting Rogers off the canvas...]

GM: COUNTER!

[...twists his body and DROPS Rogers throatfirst across the top rope!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A MOVE!

[With Rogers down on the mat, Kendrick grabs both legs, rolling into a back press as the official dives to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kendrick rolls off, sitting up on the canvas. The crowd appears to be shocked as there's a moment of silence before the jeers start up. Kerry Kendrick's look of surprise is short-lived as he covers it up with his supreme confidence, coming off the mat and thrusting his arms into the air.]

GM: I... fans, I'm a little bit stunned right here.

BW: He did it! I told you, Gordo! I told you he could do it!

GM: Well, Bucky, you were right. Kerry Kendrick just scored what I have to considered to be a major upset by knocking off a former World Champion in Adam Rogers. Kerry Kendrick just won this match and he's moving into the tournament!

[Kendrick waits for Rebecca Ortiz to make it official before he makes his exit, smirking all the while back up the aisle as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick with an upset-

BW: It's only an upset to you, Gordo.

GM: I don't think that's true at all. When you look at the resume of Adam Rogers, I think most people would objectively call it an upset, Bucky.

BW: And what a blow to Rogers, coming out of retirement to lose before he even gets in the tournament. What a blow to Emerson Gellar who paid Adam Rogers who knows how much money to be a part of this tournament. This is a huge win for Kerry Kendrick - just Step One on his quest to make this weekend belong to him.

GM: Well, now he has his fellow SM&K partner waiting for him in the first round.

[Rogers sits up on the mat, rubbing at his throat as the referee speaks to him. Rogers obviously looks disappointed but there's something else there in his expression too. Something unexpected.]

GM: Adam Rogers can't be happy about how this turned out.

BW: Thank you, Captain Obvious.

GM: Rogers comes up empty here in Boston and he's going home, fans. It's as easy as that. One loss and you're gone. One win and you move on and now Kerry Kendrick is moving on alongside Jordan Ohara into tomorrow night and the first round of this tournament. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it's the former GFC Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris in action against the Flawless One, Larry Wallace! Don't go away because you will NOT want to miss that one.

[Rogers rises to his feet, looking down the aisle at the exiting Kerry Kendrick as we fade to black...

We fade up from black on a star-lit sky. All is peaceful as our voiceover begins.]

"This year, the fireworks won't just be on the 4th of July."

[On cue, the shot is filled with exploding fireworks - red, white, blue, green, orange - all exploding in tremendous bursts of color as the opening guitar riffs "Highway" by Bleeker begins to play. As the vocals kick in, we cut to shots of AWA competitors in action.]

#No going down
No cutting out
The sun comes up before you go#

[The first group shows Pure X securing The X anklelock on an opponent before flash-cutting to Supernova sailing through the air with a Heat Wave splash to Brian James delivering the infamous Blackheart Punch to a set of steel steps.]

#My baby's gone
My hollow soul
I feel a cold wind start to blow#

[A Travis Lynch Discus Punch starts up the next batch followed by a flash-cut to Jordan Ohara sailing off the top rope with a crossbody and finally to Dave Bryant delivering the Call Me In The Morning superkick.]

#Every little stop sign#

[Rufus Harris bulldozes down an opponent, delivering ferocious ground and pound inside the GFC Hexagon.]

#All the red lights like#

[Maxim Zharkov recklessly flings a victim across the ring with a released gutwrench suplex.]

#A preacher on a Saturday night#

[Rex Summers drops a foe on their head with the devastating Heat Check DDT.]

#The devil's in the details#

[Derrick Williams delivers the Neuralyzer, blasting his opponent in the back of the head with a rolling elbow.]

#Pretty little females#

[The Gladiator brings a helpless foe crashing down to Earth with his military press powerslam.]

#Tell me all your sweet sweet lies#

[MAMMOTH Maximus PLANTS his victim with a devastating powerbomb before we flash cut to Jack Lynch connecting with a leaping knee to the jaw.]

#I can't slow down it's so damn loud
Let's burn this town alive#

[Larry Wallace delivering the Best Dropkick In The World flash cuts to Noboru Fujimoto using the Falling Laser Lasso to plant someone facefirst into the canvas.]

#Oh pocket full of moonshine
Countin' all the white lies#

[Riley Hunter gets big air, diving over the top rope onto a pile of competitors with a Tope Con Hilo before we flash cut to Eddie Van Gibson driving someone facefirst into the mat with the Move That Shall Not Be Named to Johnny Detson using the Wilde Driver.]

#Time to take the highway highway highway#

[Supreme Wright brings someone crashing down onto his knees with Fat Tuesday.]

#Baby take the highway#

[Juan Vasquez delivers the Right Cross to a kneeling opponent.]

#Ima' take the highway#

[Ryan Martinez delivers the brainbuster onto his foe as we flash cut to black, the music still playing as we see the details on the big event.]

"BATTLE OF BOSTON
July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th
TD Garden
LIVE on The X"

[And then... black.

As we fade back up, we're in the locker room area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of a Battle of Boston backdrop.]

SLB: Welcome back to the Battle of Boston, wrestling fans! It's Night One of three here in Boston's famed TD Garden and we're already on our way to one of the best weekends in pro wrestling history. Moments ago, we saw the shocking return to the AWA of Adam Rogers under the hood of the West Memphis Assassin. Well, I'm here to tell you that if AWA Officials get their way, Adam Rogers might not be the only high profile debut... or should I say return... in the very near future. Meetings are ongoing, negotiations are underway, and while it may not happen this weekend, my sources say this deal is close and we may very well see this major free agent signing come to pass by the time the AWA enters Madison Square Gard...

[Blackwell's voice trails off as "Flawless" Larry Wallace walks in beside him, reaching up an arm under his glittering silver cape and resting it on Blackwell's shoulder.]

FLW: Sweet Lou, you've simply gotta stop with the rumor-mongering, pal. These people are going to get all whipped up into a frenzy about the next big thing when they should be focused on THE big thing standing before their very eyes right now.

[Wallace gives Blackwell a little hip check with a wink.]

FLW: That's me.

SLB: I figured. Larry Wallace, how can you be so confident here tonight when you're climbing into the ring with one of the most dangerous men to ever compete in combat sports? He's got knockout after knockout...

FLW: He's got knockout after knockout inside that Hexagon. That don't mean squat here, Lou. I'm not wearing gloves. My feet aren't bare. There's no cage holding me in and keeping me down.

You're in my world, Rottweiler... and the last time you stepped into it, one of my brothers sent you packing.

SLB: One of your brothers?

[Wallace chuckles.]

FLW: Not my brothers in blood, Lou... my brothers in sport. The men who have put in the years... the blood, the sweat, and the tears to get inside that squared circle and fight for a living. I'm talking about people like my father, Battlin' Burt Wallace. I'm talking about my mentor, Hamilton Graham. I'm talking about the man sitting ringside right now, my teacher Supreme Wright. I'm talking about Cain Jackson... about Tony Donovan... heck, I'm even talking about guys like Travis Lynch, Supernova, and Ryan Martinez. You see, I don't like those guys, Lou... but I respect them.

I respect what they've done to get here. I respect what they've done to get to the top of this sport and STAY on top of this sport.

But what I don't respect is some upjumped thug who wants to jump out of his cage and into MY ring. What I don't respect is some motormouthed roughneck who wants to walk into MY sport and "throw hands."

This isn't Mixed Martial Arts, Harris. This is pro wrestling. And this is the moment where you learn the difference.

[Blackwell looks surprised.]

SLB: Larry Wallace, I have to say... I don't know if I've ever seen you this serious.

[Wallace smiles.]

FLW: This tournament is serious business. Defending our sport against an intruder is serious business. But just so you don't feel off your game, Lou... I've got a little joke for you.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: A joke?

FLW: It's a good one so pay attention.

[Wallace points to the camera.]

FLW: You guys too. Alright, Lou... here it is...

What did the two feet say to the face?

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: No clue.

[Wallace points again.]

FLW: Watch that screen 'cause you're about to find out.

[With a chuckle, Wallace walks out of view, leaving Sweet Lou Blackwell behind...]

SLB: Larry Wallace, fans. Larry Wallace. Hopefully Theresa Lynch is having better luck with the Rottweiler. Theresa?

[We fade to another part of the backstage area up on Theresa Lynch. Not one to typically find herself in these situations especially for a show like this one but she was personally requested by the man standing beside her..

...none other than The Rottweiler "Rough" Rufus Harris.

Harris has a black hood pulled tight over his head. Gold wire-rimmed sunglasses cover his mocha skinned cheeks and the rest of his face is sunk within the thick mane of his black beard. His hoodie has one word and one word only on it, "FIGHTER". The camera pulls back a tad so we are able to capture both Theresa Lynch and the former Global Fighting Championship Heavyweight Champion in the same shot.]

TL: The Battle of Boston is really starting to heat up and joining me now backstage is none other than the man many people are calling the outsider in this tournament, none other than the former two time GFC World Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris who is back in an AWA arena for the first time in almost two years. How long have you been thinking about coming back?

RH: As long as it took for Emerson Gellar to open up his fat checkbook and slide me a note, ya dig? I'm a prize fighter. I ain't fight for sport no more. I ain't fight for pride no more. I ain't fight cause I ain't got no other thing to do in life. I GOT PLENTY TO DO. But I'm a big money fighter who FIGHTS for BIG MONEY. Ya see this?

[Harris unzips his black hoodie and pops up a handful of thick gold chains.]

RH: Ya can't dress a king without claimin' a king's ransom and as far as I'm concerned....I'm the king of any ring, Hexagon, cage, or whatever battleground any promoter across the globe can whip up. Gellar, he dreamt up an event for the ages. He came to me just like the rest of the AWA brass came to me at some point and said, "I need ya, Rotweiller. The AWA NEEDS ya. We're growing so fast and taking over the globe!" And ya know what I told em'?

TL: What's that?

RH: I told him that if the AWA is growin' as fast as he says it is then my payday better be growin' too, ya dig? The Rottweiler ain't just walk into a wrestling ring and put his career on hold for string beans, feel me? I get calls every day. EVERY NIGHT. I got an answering machine for my answering machine because everyone from Thailand to Disneyland wants The Rottweiler at their event and can ya blame em'? I'm the most decorated FIGHTER to EVER step foot in an AWA ring and ain't

nobody UNTOUCHABLE when I'm standin' across from them. I'll knock any champ, any chimp, and ANY CHUMP out cold that they line up in front of me.

[He cocks a half grin.]

TL: Well, in just a moment's time you are set to face off against one of the hottest upcoming talents in the AWA, "Flawless" Larry Wallace.

[Harris lowers his head and just shakes it from side to side.]

RH: He better enjoy IT.

TL: What's... it?

RH: That smile. That chip on his shoulder. That little birdie chirpin' in his ear tellin' him he's great and perfect and lovin' the magical pony ride he's been on because it's about to get REAL, homie. Cause ya see...that fool ain't ever stepped foot into the ring with a MAN like me, peaches. He ain't ever gotten in the ring with a WARRIOR. He ain't ever stepped into the ring with a man with my STYLE.

TL: And what style is that, exactly?

[Harris head bounces a couple times and this he shoots a hard stare towards Theresa.]

RH: My style is called whoop that ass, ya dig? Larry Wallace... he ain't ever got his ass whooped by a man like me and ya know what?

TL: What?

RH: It hurts. It hurts real bad, ya dig? That little punk's pearly white smile is gonna get cracked in half and when I'm done with him he's gonna be on the operatin' table next to his geriatric sidekick gnawin' on ice chips because I'm about to put a beatin' of a lifetime on that punk. I ain't come here to bow out in the first round. I came here to send a message to all those little princesses who whisper and giggle and hide behind one another when I walk down the hall.

I hear ya, playas. I know whatcha sayin' 'bout me and 'bout my history here in the AWA. I know you're talkin' 'bout that fool Kraken. I know you're yackin' it up and bostin' 'bout one of yer own cheap shottin' me and puttin' me on my ass. I know you're claimin' that a wrestler knocked out a REAL fighter. I know every last little thing that you're sayin' when ya see me walk by.

TL: I thought you said you didn't care about all that?

RH: I LIED.

I told ya I put my life on hold for this. I told you I'm a fighter and ya know what fighters do, homegirl?

[Theresa just gestures for him to answer his own question.]

RH: They break people's teeth. They break their spirit. They break them in half and that's exactly what I'm 'bout to do to this poor fool, Larry Wallace. I ain't come back just to see my name in lights or hear my music. I got YouTube for that.

I came back to punch a hole through every single last one of ya's faces that smirked at me.

That looked at me sideways.

That talked about me as if they had the BALLS to step in front of me and say it to my face.

Now they ain't got nowhere to hide, ya dig? Now when that bell rings it's ALL fair game. Ain't no rules this time 'bout breakin' someone's face in half. Ain't no rules about driving my elbow straight through someone's skull. Ain't no rules in place about stoppin' the Rotweiller from doin' what the Rotweiller does best.

DROP BOMBS, PLAYA!

'Cuz you an me, Wallace? We 'bout to throw down, homie.

And my hand grenades....

...they're much bigger than your sack of potatoes.

[Harris leans back, jacking his chin up in the air.]

RH: OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWW!!!!!!!

[And belts out a thunderous howl as the camera fades out and back out to the jam-packed TD Garden.]

GM: This next match, fans, promises to be one of the most intriguing of the weekend certainly. Ever since it was announced that Rufus Harris would be a part of this tournament, everyone's been wondering how he'll do. Everyone wants to know precisely what he brings to the table.

BW: It's another wild card, Gordo. No one knows what to expect from Rufus Harris as a pro wrestler. Will he essentially be a GFC Fighter in a different ring? Has he been training for pro wrestling now? We know what Larry Wallace brings to the dance but just like the West Memphis Assassin to some degree, Rufus Harris is a mystery.

GM: Well, it's time to get to the bottom of that mystery, fans, so let's go down to Rebecca Ortiz!

[Cut to the ring where the Latina ring announcer is standing.]

RO: The following Play-In match is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. First...

[The sounds of V.I.C.'s "Flawless" and the jeers that accompany it can mean the arrival of only one man and after a few moments, he appears through the curtain in a spinning swoosh of his glittering silver cape fastened around his neck by a matching silver chain.]

RO: From Miami, Florida... he weighed in tonight at 233 pounds...

"FLAAAAAAAAAWLESS"
LAAAAARRRRRRRRRRYYYYYYYYY
WALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAACE!

[Wallace is walking the aisle with confidence, pausing now and again to lay the badmouth on some aisleside fans. His well-toned upper body is glistening with baby oil as he nods at the cameraman, gesturing to himself.]

GM: Well, fans, there were rumors that Hamilton Graham might have recovered enough from-

BW: From his unwarranted assault at the hands of Dave Bryant, that thug?!

GM: From the Iron Crab of Dave Bryant, yes. But there were rumors he might be here tonight. Obviously that's not the case.

BW: Maybe not but I'm sure he's here in spirit and I'm sure he's helped Larry Wallace develop his gameplan for this weekend.

[Wallace reaches the ring, pulling himself up on the apron. He leans back against the ropes, gesturing at himself. The Flawless One unhooks the cape from around his neck, tossing it behind his back, allowing a ringside attendant to snatch it out of the sky as he hops through the ropes with a flourish, going into a full spin once he's inside the ring...]

GM: Larry Wallace is never one to shy away from the flashy entrance... unless like his teacher, Supreme Wright, out there in the front row. And Bucky, wouldn't it be something to see student and teacher collide tomorrow night here in this same ring?

BW: Larry Wallace would be looking to go Darth Vader on his Ben Kenobi but I'm not sure it would work out like that. Wallace is a top level talent, no doubt, but when you talk about Supreme Wright, you are talking about a man who is arguably the best professional wrestler on the planet today.

GM: This is his weekend to prove that. But that's for tomorrow night. Tonight, Larry Wallace is facing perhaps the toughest test of his career.

BW: I can't wait for this one, Gordo. I've been waiting to see it since it was announced.

GM: Let's go back to Rebecca...

[Back in the ring, Miss Ortiz is ready to go again.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[There's a pregnant pause, a moment of building anticipation for what comes next. And what comes next are the TD Garden lights being cut to black. An "ooooooh" of surprise ripples across the crowd.

#Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party#

[That one lyric coming across the PA system leads to a blast of spotlights all over the building. Swirling spotlights across the crowd, illuminating fans on their feet throughout the arena. "2 of Amerika's Most Wanted by 2Pac & Snoop Dogg (a heavily edited version) continues to play as the fans stretch out, looking towards the entryway for what's about to come through. The sounds of dogs barking join the music...]

RO: From Gnaw Bone, Indiana... weighing in tonight at 260 pounds... he is the former GFC HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRRLLLLLD...

HE IS THE ROTTWEILER...

RUUUUUUUUUUFUSSSSSSSSSS
HAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRISSSSSSSSSS!

[...and the spotlights swing in unison to the entrance curtain where Rufus "The Rottweiler" Harris comes jogging into view, his heavy metal chain hanging around

his neck. He is flanked on all sides by a quartet of black-suited, sunglass-wearing bodyguards, stretching out their arms to keep the AWA fans at bay.]

GM: And there he is, fans. A former GFC Heavyweight Champion - one of the most dominant GFC champions ever in fact - and one of the most intimidating men to ever step foot inside a ring, a cage, a Hexagon... you name it, this man has fought inside it.

BW: The fans don't know what to make of this guy, Gordo. You can hear people cheering him... people booing him... but whatever reaction he's getting, he's getting one in a big way!

[Harris stays at the top of the aisle for several moments, milking the attention as the camera zooms in close on him - close enough for him to provide some last minute commentary.]

"Tell 'em all... tell 'em all the Rottweiler is here! Wright, I'm here! Martinez, I'm here! Vasquez, Lynch, whoever else who thinks they can hang, I'm here!"

[With a nod, his bodyguards start to lead the way down the aisle as Harris jogs, shadowboxing all the while. Behind him, his fight team starts to trail out from the backstage area - all wearing matching red and black t-shirts with "TEAM ROTTWEILER" written across the front and back.]

GM: In an entrance somewhat similar to what we're used to seeing from the old Team Supreme days, Rufus Harris is making his way down the aisle...

[The camera cuts down to ringside where Supreme Wright is standing, observing the entrance of the man he might be facing in twenty-four hours time. Wright's expression can't be read though - no clue as to what's on his mind as we cut back to Harris as he reaches ringside, shrugging out of his entrance robe, taking a mouthpiece from one of his fight team.]

GM: And much like when we saw Harris in an AWA ring before, he seems like he's going to treat this like one of his MMA fights. You can see the mouthpiece... you can see the bare feet... the fingerless gloves...

BW: Gloves? Are those legal?

GM: I'm sure they've been inspected by the AWA officials in the locker room, Bucky... unlike that Black Beauty that Johnny Detson likes to swing for the fences with.

[High fives and embraces are shared on the floor between Harris and his fight team before he climbs the steps, ducking through the ropes. He dances around the ring, arms up in the air as the metal chain continues to hang around his neck. Harris punches himself in the face with his own glove, shouting at the crowd as they continue to deliver a mixed reaction. His blood red gloves are in stark contrast to his jet black fight trunks as he turns his attention to Larry Wallace, shouting across the ring at him.]

GM: We talked about Larry Wallace having a flair for the elaborate entrance. I'd say he's got nothing on Rufus Harris, Bucky.

BW: Harris is a superstar, Gordo, and he wants the whole world to know it.

[Referee Ricky Longfellow steps between the two competitors who are starting to come together. Longfellow extends his arms, keeping them back as they trade words from a distance. The music starts to fade as the lights come up in the building, showing the showdown inside the ring.]

GM: Larry Wallace certainly doesn't seem to be intimidated by Rufus Harris, Bucky.

BW: He wouldn't be a Team Supreme student if he was, would he?

[Wallace backs away at the official's instructions, heading back to the corner as Harris does the same. Harris finally removes his chain, handing it outside to a member of his fight team. He bounces from foot to foot in the corner, throwing fists at his own face...

...and then turns around, throwing back his head in a howl as Larry Wallace shakes his head in apparent irritation.]

GM: Whatever mind games Rufus Harris is trying to play here, it looks like Larry Wallace is having none of that.

[The referee points to both corners, checking to see if both men are ready. Hearing an affirmative response, he turns to the timekeeper, calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Wallace turns his head, looking out to Supreme Wright with a "this one's for you, boss!"

And as he turns, his eyes go wide at the sight of the Rottweiler steamrolling across the ring towards him...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Harris hoists Wallace off the mat, lifting him over his shoulder, twisting around, and throwing him down to the canvas in a big double leg takedown. Harris quickly transitions into the mount, raining down fists as fast as he can throw them!]

GM: HE'S GOT WALLACE DOWN!

BW: Those are illegal fists! Gloves or not!

GM: The referee's waving him off, trying to get him to stop!

[Wallace lifts his arms, trying to shield his face as Harris continues to pound away at him. Eventually, the referee leans in, grabbing Harris by the arm, dragging him off the Flawless One!]

BW: This one was almost over before it even got started, Gordo. Wallace got distracted at the bell and Harris almost made him pay for it!

[Harris and Longfellow are trading words as Longfellow angrily warns against the closed fists as well as disobeying the five count. Larry Wallace crawls to the ropes, giving the camera - and the fans - a very clear view of his face where a trickle of blood is coming from his nose and there is an obvious red welt near his right eye.]

GM: Oh... oh my.

BW: Wallace just took a pounding from Harris and-

[Harris shoves the referee aside, flinging him down to a knee as he storms in behind the rising Wallace, hooking him around the waist...]

GM: Harris with the waistlock... oh, he throws Wallace back!

[With Wallace off-balance, Harris rushes him, drawing back his right arm to fire off again...]

GM: Big right hand... Wallace got out of the way of that!

[Harris throws a left as well but Wallace ducks out of the way, front rolling under him to his feet. He comes up as Harris moves in again, throwing a forearm to the jaw of Harris that stuns the fighter.]

GM: Oh! Wallace caught him coming in!

[Taking a chance, Wallace continues to throw, landing three big forearms before grabbing Harris by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi-

[...but Harris isn't going anywhere, holding his ground before DRIVING a right hand to the jaw of Wallace!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot!

BW: You could hear that one down at the Common, daddy!

[With Wallace stunned from the shot, Harris springs forward, leaping into the air...]

GM: OHH! KNEE!! FLYING KNEE UNDER THE CHIN!

[Wallace collapses backwards from the shot as Harris dives to his knees, rearing back his right hand, swinging it down like a hammer!]

GM: HAMMERFISTS!

[A half dozen blows land in a flash as Wallace's arms flop to his sides...

...and the official dives in, throwing himself across the head of Wallace to shield him from further damage, swinging his arms!]

GM: AND IT IS ALLLLLLL OVER, FANS!

[Harris springs up, throwing his arms back with a roar as the shocked AWA faithful react.]

GM: Rufus Harris has knocked out Larry Wallace in just under two minutes' time! Incredible!

BW: Wallace... Wallace made a mistake at the bell, losing his focus for just a moment... and Harris made him pay for it. Rufus Harris showed the entire world exactly why he was one of the most dominant fighters in GFC history!

GM: This wasn't a wrestling match, fans. This was a fight. And if Wallace went in thinking he was going to get a wrestling match, then there's no wonder he's staring at the lights right now. Harris brought the Hexagon inside the squared circle in a big way here at the Battle of Boston and he's going to the first round!

[Harris stomps across the ring, stepping up on the second rope, pointing out into the crowd...

...or more specifically, one particular member of the crowd who rises to meet the challenge.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: And in case those who are about to screen capture this for the Internet need a caption, that's the former GFC Heavyweight Champion staring the former AWA World Champion dead in the eyeballs, daddy!

[Harris is running his mouth down in Wright's direction with a pretty constant refrain of "YOU'RE NEXT, SON! YOU'RE NEXT!" Wright doesn't verbally respond, simply nodding at the verbose challenger.]

GM: Rufus Harris versus Supreme Wright?! You've gotta be kidding me! That's going to happen tomorrow night and... wow!

BW: Larry Wallace is starting to stir down on the mat. Good news for him. And no shame for him either. Fighting a former GFC champion ain't easy and Wallace just proved it.

GM: Absolutely. Rufus Harris is moving on into the Battle of Boston where he's going to face Supreme Wright in a match that I'd imagine may already be trending on Twitter, fans. We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll see a clash of wrestling families when Terry Shane III takes on Shadoc Rage!

[Harris is still barking down in the direction of Supreme Wright as we fade to black.

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 then back up to live action where we find Terry Shane III standing alongside Sweet Lou Blackwell. Shane's jet black hair is trimmed tight on the sides and slicked back on the top into a tight and small ponytail. His green eyes are laser focused on the camera in front of him and he rolls his taped wrists from side to side as he begins to ready himself mentally. Shane has an olive green hoodie on with his last name scripted in italics on the left side of his chest. It's zipped half-way down, revealing just a hint of trim physique that has already broken a small sweat.]

SLB: Welcome back to the Battle of Boston, fans. At this time, I am standing with a man who on a stage similar to this has defied the odds before. I want to welcome Terry Shane III who in just a moment will be facing a man who has been on fire as of late and whom you also have quite the history with.

TS3: Shadoe Rage is a man whose path crossed with mine not so long ago. I'm sure he'll tell you all about how Sandra pitched him to join MY Gang. How she used to walk down to the ring during his matches just to watch him work. She saw him as an asset, as someone who could elevate the Gang to the next level...

...I saw him as a liability.

...I saw him as poison.

He's irrational. He's erratic. He's delusional and insane. Shadoe Rage is the polar opposite of everything I've ever TRIED to be despite my actions. But maybe, Lou... maybe...

[Shane's brow arches.]

TS3: Maybe Shadoe Rage is the sane one between the two of us. Shadoe Rage has come to terms with the hysteria and lunacy that flows like a fine wine through his veins. Shadoe Rage admittedly wanders the world owning his own alienation from what is common sense from the rest of our society. Maybe...

...I'm the mad one?

Maybe Terry Shane III IS the crazy one.

Maybe it's why when I made a call to arms and put my body on the line to stand up against the opposition that nobody follows anymore.

[Shane nods, acknowledging his own thought.]

TS3: I once had ALL that, Lou. I once had the Gang. I once had a legion of loyal followers. I once had the world at my fingertips and I even once was CRAZY enough to go along with Sandra's vision and offered Shadoe Rage that opportunity to fall in line and be part of the Shane Gang.

To be part of something special.

To be part of something that was destined for greatness. And it was, Lou. It was so close to becoming everything it was intended to be. Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and Donnie White became World Champions. They accomplished things in the tag team division that nobody thought was possible. They accomplished that by MY leadership. All I had to do was pull my own weight. All I had to do was march into Guts & Glory and take down Dave Bryant and bring the World Title home to the Shane Gang.

But I became stubborn.

I became selfish.

I became MAD with rage.

I ordered my army to step aside so I could SHOW them... I could SHOW EVERYONE... that Terry Shane III could get it done on his own. That the Gang... it was a shield... it was protection when necessary but by my own sword I could slay the champion and rise to power above the AWA.

And you know what, Lou?

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS3: I was wrong. I became fueled by greed and power and driven by a lust for greatness. But Shadoe Rage? He has never been lit by those morals or values. Shadoe Rage has never been driven by money, not by power, but by notoriety.

BY FAME.

You see he, more than anything or anyone, wants to retire with a one way ticket punched to the Hall of Fame. Reality is setting in that the Prophets, while successful the world over, are not Hall of Fame worthy. The Television Championship that he held for the better part of the year...

...is NOT Hall of Fame worthy.

The parlor tricks and shenanigans that he uses to advance his career... ARE NOT Hall of Fame worthy.

THE HALL... it's built by World Champions FOR World Champions.

The Hall is built on men who stood a top of the mountain, not men who held it down at base level while others passed him by like I did. A young, up-and-comer, new to the business with the same sort of legacy running through his blood. That's what killed you, Shadoe. That's why you never were able to accept being under my leadership. Instead you tried to pick apart my soldiers. First Harry Hyatt.

He was weak and soft.

Then Donnie White.

Who bleached his hair so much that he killed his brain cells and was dumb enough to fight you over twenty feet up in the air.

Congratulations Shadoe Rage, you picked out the weaklings and you made them suffer. You did exactly what was EXPECTED of you. But what did that get you? What respect did you earn from ANYONE?!

They STILL call you CRAZY. They STILL call you MAD. They still call, YOU... Shadoo Rage... they call you INSANE. The RAGE that burns inside of you is REAL. I will never doubt that. But despite what you might tell the world, you never accepted your spot in line BEHIND ME because you were fueled by jealousy and envy. You wanted the shots I EARNED. You wanted the RESPECT I WAS GETTING.

YOU WANTED TO LOOK IN THE MIRROR AND SEE TERRY SHANE III STARING YOU DEAD IN THE EYES!

And guess what, Shadoo Rage?

TONIGHT...

[Shane's eyes widen.]

...YOU GET IT.

[His focus tightens, the intensity in his stare is starting to build.]

TS3: Tonight you get to stand in the ring and stare into the eyes of the RING LEADER. Tonight you FINALLY get that moment to PROVE your worth against me that has been tearing at your skin for over THREE YEARS. Tonight you get to show the world...

...THE AWA GALAXY...

...that the business hasn't passed you by! You've been swept under the rug and beaten down so many times while BURNING inside for a moment like tonight. How many men have come after you and skipped you over? How many champions have been crowned who don't have your pedigree? Your history? How many more opportunities can you let SLIDE through your fingertips, Shadoo? How many more times can you have your dreams shattered by men like me... men like Bobby O'Connor... men like the Gladiator who get the OPPORTUNITIES you feel like you DESERVE.

The answer is simple.

ONE.

One more time. One more night. One more dream will be shattered...

...BY MY HANDS.

By the man who years ago gave you the opportunity of a lifetime.

AND NOW IS GOING TO TAKE IT ALL AWAY!

The Battle of Boston was built to crown the GREATEST WRESTLER OF OUR TIME.

You're a second class wrestler with a first class dream, Shadoo.

I'm Terry Shane III.

I'M THE DAMN RING LEADER!

I'M THE SON OF A WORLD CHAMPION BY THE SAME NAME!

And tonight when you FINALLY get your hands on me...

...I'm going to do what I should have done the first moment you ever laid your eyes on me.

[Hard stare into the camera.]

TS3: I'M GOING TO RIP YOUR NECK OFF YOUR DAMN SHOULDERS!

[His chest exhales.]

TS3: How's that for crazy?

[Shane shoves his way off off-camera as it slowly cuts away...

...and the shot switches backstage to Colt Patterson and Shadoe Rage. Rage's back is to the camera. He spreads his arms out wide, displaying his exquisite black leather robes. The Enemy of the World is written across the back in silver. Rage's hair is tied up in a sloppy top knot. He turns to face the camera. He doesn't have his trademark sunglasses on so his charcoal stare burns through the screen.]

CP: All you Bostonians out there, you're welcome. And Sensational Shadoe Rage, you're welcome too. Because tonight you have the privilege of having a real journalist ask you questions instead of that nincompoop, Sweet Lou Blackwell.

SR: Colt, you're so right. Thank you for saving me from amateur hour again!

CP: Hahaha, now it's been a while since we've talked, but they've been putting you through the wringer, Sensational. I mean, they stole your title with a controversial referee, they never granted you a timely rematch, they just banned you from ever challenging Supernova again and now they've forced you to qualify for the Battle of Boston while other less deserving guys like Supernova get right in. That's got to be distracting you as you head into your qualifying matchup!

[Rage nods.]

SR: Colt Patterson, the level of disrespect the AWA has been showing me is intolerable. They keep trying me and trying me, hoping I'll take my ball and go home. They don't understand what they've done! They want war, Colt! They've got war!

CP: Well, I don't see no better place for war than tonight at the Battle of Boston! You have the chance to knock off some of their favorites on the way to winning the whole thing. That's got to be motivating you. You could make history!

SR: History! I could make history. History beckons Shadoe Rage, yeah! History beckons Shadoe Rage as tonight I go to war with the AWA in Boston to prove that I am the best wrestler in the world. And talking about history. Tonight reminds me of a little history, Colt.

CP: What history are you talking about, Sensational? A lot of history has gone down in Beantown.

SR: I'm thinking today reminds me of the Boston Massacre. History! It repeats itself tonight! Colt Patterson, set em all up and I'll massacre them right here in Boston!

CP: Terry Shane III is up first, Sensational. Tell me, how are you going to massacre him?

[Rage rubs his chin. He considers this information.]

SR: Terry Shane the Third? Terry Shane the Third? Let me ask you something, Terry Shane the Third, speaking of history, didn't you used to be somebody around here?

[Patterson laughs a deep throaty laugh.]

CP: Take it easy, Sensational.

[Rage doesn't show any mirth.]

SR: It's a serious question, Colt. A real serious question. Let's talk about his history. I remember when I first came back to the AWA, Terry Shane the Third, you were the talk of the town. Winning Rumbles, building up the Shane Gang, taking over the industry. Wasn't that you, Terry Shane the Third? Didn't you beat up Steve Spector? Weren't you one of the most vicious competitors in the AWA? The supposed best technical wrestler around?

[Rage turns towards Colt.]

SR: Wasn't he?

CP: He was.

SR: And now that rep is history. Terry Shane the Third was nothing but smoke and mirrors. I knew it then. And I'm telling the people now. Terry Shane the Third was never destined to be the Man. That's why Sandra Hayes kept wanting me in the Shane Gang. She knew you were going to be history, too. Donnie White outstripped you. The Lights Out Express outlasted you. And my career has eclipsed yours.

[Rage points at the camera.]

SR: Four years ago beating you used to mean something, Terry Shane. But now that's ancient history. Now, you're just a stepping stone for me to get into the Battle of Boston. And I'm going to step over you on my way to proving that you never should have got any of that attention in the first place. I was always the better wrestler, Terry Shane. And I still am. You were supposed to go down as the next World Champion. Never happened, did it? But here I am the AWA's greatest World Television Champion in history! You think you can beat me? You think you can rewrite your career's history finally beating Shadoo Rage four years after you had your chance?

Ain't gonna happen.

Terry Shane the Third, you're not going to face Johnny Detson in the first round of the Battle of Boston.

I am.

You're not going to beat Supernova.

I AM.

You're not coming out of our bracket.

I AM.

[Rage holds the camera's gaze with his hyper intense stare. The madness radiates through the camera. Even as Rage tries to compose himself he is clearly ever more irrational.]

SR: Terry Shane the Third, I'm doing this for history. History will name me the greatest two-time World Television Champion ever! And every victory in this Battle of Boston brings me closer to that goal. When I win, they won't be able to deny me any more shots at MY title. So, if you think you're going to foil my plans, Terry Shane the Third, you're crazier than you were when you got that elbow to the back of the head!

[Colt makes a 'oooh' wincing motion with his mouth.]

SR: Yeah, I know my history! Shane, you've had a real bad time with elbows in the past. Tonight, you're going to have a worse time with a knee. Get in my way, Terry Shane, and I will kill you. You hear me? Ask your man, Donnie White. Ask Tony Sunn if you can find him. Ask Blake Colton, the ultimate flash in the pan, if he's conscious. My career has eclipsed yours, Terry Shane. Ask anybody what happens when you get between Shadoo Rage and history! I'm going to Eclipse you. You're about to be Boston Massacred.

The Rage is coming! The Rage is coming!

[With that, Rage stalks off the set, shouting insults towards Terry Shane and anybody who believes that Shane has a chance to win. Patterson can't hold back his glee as Rage departs.]

CP: There you have it! Strong words from the rightful World Television champ and I love it. Sensational Shadoo Rage reminds me a little bit of me when I was the World Champion. Even half as good as I was is gonna be too much for you, Terry Shane. I think Rage is right. You're history! Now, let's go back down to the ring for this one!

[We fade back to a long shot of the ring, showing off the crowd all around it as Rebecca Ortiz steps front and center, raising the mic.]

RO: The following Play-In contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. First...

[The drums beat and the trumpets sound in mournful fanfare.]

RO: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 242 pounds...

SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The "Hymn to the Fallen" summons Shadoo Rage. The black-robed emerges from the curtains. The sad dirge accompanies him as he stands atop the ramp, his head covered in a black hooded cape, his eyes shielded behind mirror silver sunglasses. He is swaddled all in black surcoat and cape, belted at the waist. He strides down the aisle as the music reaches its crescendo. The skirts of his surcoat fly at his slow march. He does not make eye contact with the crowd. He simply stares into a space slightly above the ring.]

GM: Shadoo Rage used to make a bombastic entrance here in the AWA. He would come out to "Fame" and have a microphone in hand and berate pretty much everybody on his way to the ring. Ever since he lost the AWA World Television title at SuperClash, his entrances have been very dark and depressed. His energy is totally different now, Bucky.

BW: If you remember the movie The Dark Knight eight years ago, Gordo, the Joker says a line that makes me think of Shadoo Rage.

GM: Which line is that?

BW: That which does not kill you only makes you... stranger. This boy has flown all the way past the cuckoo's nest.

GM: You're mixing your movies, Bucky.

BW: They both featured crazy guys. I think the references are on target, Gordo. When we last saw Rage in Toronto and people were calling the Coltons Canada's first family of wrestling, Rage put that idea to bed with one knee and I don't know if we'll ever see Blake Colton again. Terry Shane the Third is standing in Shadoe Rage's way of achieving a career-altering level of glory here this weekend... and if I were him, I'd get the heck out of the way.

[Rage steps through the ring ropes to take the center of the ring. He removes his sunglasses to reveal his unnatural, staring hazel eyes. They don't blink regularly. The dead stare is eerie. Calmly, he removes his hood to reveal his dreadlocks tied back in a sloppy top knot. He sheds his cape and undoes the belt to shrug out of the surcoat.]

He wears knee high wrestling boots in black with silver laces and soles. He wears black knee pads. His tights are glossy black spandex inset with silver piping. He wears a glossy black spandex top, too. His right arm is covered in a long black sleeve, elbow pad and he wears a black fingerless leather glove. His left arm is bare save for black athletic tape around his wrist, over his palm and around the tips of his index and pinky finger. Rage strips off the top and tosses it to a ringside attendant. He yanks and tugs at the ropes to loosen up as he awaits Terry Shane the Third's arrival.]

RO: And his opponent...

[Static. The sound effect still earns a mixed reaction from the AWA faithful although it's certainly stronger than it was when he first made his return to the company.]

After a moment, the cinematic sounds of Sergei Prokofiev's "Dance of the Knights" starts up over the PA system.]

RO: From Independence, Missouri... weighing in at 202 pounds...

TERRRRRRRRRY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[Shane emerges from the locker room in the same attire we just saw him in - an olive green hoodie on with his last name scripted in italics on the left side of his chest. He walks the aisle, heading towards the ring with purpose.]

GM: Terry Shane seems to be quite determined here tonight, Bucky. You know how much he would love the chance to tangle with the AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson.

BW: Another chance for Johnny to embarrass those boys from the Midwest? I'm all in favor of that but no, no, no - it's going to be Shadoe Rage taking on Johnny Detson in the first round tomorrow night and I can't wait to see it. What a clash that'll be!

[Shane reaches ringside, standing at the steps as Shadoe Rage beckons him towards the ring. The third generation grappler obliges, climbing up the steps to the apron. He starts to duck under the ropes, throwing a glance out into the crowd...

...and locking eyes with Supreme Wright.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: No love lost there, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. Remember, fans... it was Supreme Wright who broke the arm of one of Shane's very dear friends, Bobby O'Connor, last year at SuperClash. I wouldn't be the least bit surprised to see Shane go after him right now.

BW: If he does, he's a bigger idiot than I thought... and that's saying something.

[Shane pauses, firing off a few words towards Wright...

...which is all the distraction that Shadoe Rage needs, rushing across the ring, connecting with a running double axehandle to the back of the head, sending Shane tumbling off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: OH! Cheap shot by Rage puts Shane down on the floor and- wait a second! The match hasn't even started yet!

[Rage shoves the protesting official aside, rushing to the corner, stepping to the top in a flash. He stands tall, arms raised over his head...

...and leaps off, bringing a double axehandle down across the skull of the rising Shane!]

GM: OHHH! DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[Rage pulls Shane off the ringside mats, flinging him under the ropes into the ring. He scampers in after him, crawling into a cover...

...but the referee waves it off.]

BW: Are you kidding me?!

GM: Referee Davis Warren won't count! He says the pin isn't legal because the match hasn't started!

[Rage springs off the mat, stalking towards Warren, forcing the official back into the corner. He's right up in his face, shoving a finger into his cheekbone.]

GM: That's uncalled for! Davis Warren should disqualify this maniac right now!

BW: The match hasn't even started! You said it yourself!

[The official gets right back in Rage's face, backing him out of the corner, jabbing a finger into his chest...

...until Rage walks right into a schoolboy. The official signals for the bell, diving to the mat to count as it sounds.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE ALMOST HAD HIM! HE ALMOST HAD HIM!

[Rage pops up off the mat, full of fire as he rushes towards the rising Terry Shane who catches him coming in with a fireman's carry, flipping Rage over to the mat. Shane grabs his wrist as he hits the mat, twisting it around his leg...

...and drops down to a knee, pinning the arm underneath his weight!]

GM: Ohh! Right down across the arm!

[Shane climbs back to his feet, still holding the wrist as he drags Rage up off the mat, cranking the arm around into an armtwist.]

GM: Shane going after the arm, putting on the pressure... and you have to be impressed by Shane's ability to take control of this matchup. Rage came on strong, he came on hot, and Shane managed to use technique to turn the tide.

BW: We'll see how long that lasts. Terry Shane's got a history of losing his cool and getting into fights he should stay out of.

[Shane hangs on to the arm as Rage winds up his right hand, ready to throw a bomb...

...but Shane gives the arm a yank, putting Rage down on his knees.]

GM: Right back down to the mat... and Shane goes from the armtwist into the armbar.

[Shane holds the arm under his armpit, standing behind Rage and keeping the pressure on...]

GM: Terry Shane is widely considered one of the best ring technicians in the sport and he's putting those skills to good use here in this one, slowing the pace down to something his speed. Bucky, I've gotta wonder though - how does the short time limit - the fifteen minute time limit - affect these two competitors?

BW: Shadoe Rage is used to short time limit. He was the World Television Champion for a record time and the overwhelming majority of those matches were under ten minutes.

GM: But he was often known for stalling... for running out the clock to get to the time limit. That won't work here today.

BW: It won't... but take Terry Shane... please.

GM: You're a riot.

BW: Shane likes to work slowly. He likes to break down an opponent physically, targeting a body part, working that limb until it's barely hanging on by a thread and then killing for the kill. Fifteen minutes might not allow for that. He's got the arm right now but how long can he reasonably attack that arm until it's time for him to try to finish it? And can he do enough damage in that time to move to a killshot? If you ask me, the short time limit benefits Rage over Shane.

[Rage works his way back to his feet as Shane keeps the arm trapped under his. The former Television Champion cranks back his right arm again, ready to throw...

...but Shane twists it around again, causing Rage to go up on his tiptoes, wincing in pain.]

GM: Terry Shane staying on the arm. Rage's been trying to slip in a right hand but so far, he's gotten nowhere since the initial onslaught.

[Shane twists the arm around, maneuvering it into an overhand wristlock, pushing down on the arm, trying to stretch out the tricep...]

GM: Rage is looking for an escape, making a grab at the hair...

[But the official catches him, forcing him to release the hair. Shane slips his left leg behind Rage's leg, using it to trip up Rage, forcing him down to the mat.]

GM: Single leg trip... and Shane keeps the overhand wristlock on, pushing him down to the mat...

[Rage lifts his right arm, trying to attack again but Shane greets it, interlocking fingers with the former Television Champion. He grabs the other hand, doing the same thing, pushing Rage's shoulders down to the mat.]

GM: One! Two!

[Rage muscles his right shoulder off the canvas, resisting as Shane tries to force it back down...

...and succeeds, forcing another pin count.]

GM: The shoulder's down again - and another two count before the shoulder comes up!

[Shane slides his left leg over, resulting in him standing over Rage in a straddle with the double knucklelock applied. He leans over, pressing the shoulders down again.]

GM: One! Two!

[Rage again pushes the shoulder up... then lets it drop back down, lifting his legs to put his feet into the gut, flipping Shane over onto his back.]

GM: Oh! Nice counter!

[Rage plants his feet on the mat, pushing off to roll over into the mount, fingers still locked. It's his turn to shove Shane's shoulders down on the canvas, getting a two count before Shane powers out...

...and Rage lets go of the knucklelock, trying to drop an elbow down into the chest but Shane rolls to the side, causing Rage to slam down on the canvas.]

GM: Rage misses the elbow!

[Shane swings his legs up, scissoring Rage's arm between them, looking to secure a cross armbreaker. Rage locks his hands together, preventing the arm from being fully extended...]

GM: Shane looking for the armbar but Rage is fighting it!

[Rage shifts his position on the mat, rolling Shane back onto his shoulders.]

GM: One! Two!

[But Shane kicks out, letting go of the armbar attempt. Both men scramble, trying to get to their feet first. Rage makes a lunge at Shane, wrapping his arms around his torso and driving him back into the buckles.]

GM: Oh! Rage sends him into the corner! A little bit of desperate actions by the former Television Champion!

[Rage lays in two shoulders to the gut, using his right arm before straightening up, snapping off a jab to the jaw... and a second... and a third...]

GM: Rage switching things up to the fisticuffs... and slams the point of his elbow down between the eyes!

[Grabbing Shane by the arm, Rage whips him from corner to corner, sending him crashing into the buckles. With a shout, Rage dashes across the ring after him, turning his back and slamming his elbow back up under the chin.]

GM: Running back elbow RIGHT on target, leaving Terry Shane in a bad way in the corner...

[Rage stays in the corner, throwing vicious back elbows up under the chin as the referee counts.]

GM: Davis Warren ordering Rage to break off the attack in the corner..

[The former champion pivots, grabbing the ropes, swinging his knee up into the midsection once... twice... three times...]

GM: From the elbows to the knees...

[Rage steps back, takes aim...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and slaps Terry Shane across the face, snapping his head to the side as the referee backs him off, creating space between Shane and Rage.]

GM: Get him back, ref!

[But Rage shoves past the official again, charging in to lay in a big knee to the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Rage hitting Shane with everything INCLUDING the kitchen sink!

[Grabbing Shane by his short ponytail, Rage pulls him from the corner, scooping him up...

...and throwing him into the buckles with a bodyslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Shane rolls to his stomach, reaching his arm around to grab at his lower back after Rage's violent assault.]

GM: A bodyslam into the turnbuckles! And that will certainly do some damage to the back of Terry Shane as Shadoe Rage moves back in on him, stomping that back over and over again...

[With Shane still on the mat, Rage steps up to the second rope, dropping his shin down across the lower back. Shane cries out in pain at the move as Rage grabs two hands full of hair, pulling back hard as Shane claws at the canvas.]

GM: He's got him by the hair! Break it, ref! Break it!

[Davis Warren's count reaches four before Rage lets go, raising his hands over his head to proclaim his innocence. Shane starts crawling towards the ropes as Rage climbs to his feet.]

GM: Terry Shane looking to create some space, trying to find a place to recover from this high octane offense as Shadoe Rage looks to put the final nail in the coffin of Terry Shane here tonight in Boston.

[Rage comes in behind Terry Shane, reaching down to haul him up by the hair. He shoves Shane towards the ropes, looping his arms around to press Shane's throat down on the ropes.]

GM: That's a choke! That's a blatant choke!

[The referee's count gets to four before Rage backs off again, arms raised...]

GM: Rage is showing that he's willing to stoop to any level to walk out of this match as the winner, looking ahead to his potential first round battle with the World Champion.

[Rage moves back in, grabbing Shane by the back of the hair. He points across the ring, swirling his finger through the air.]

GM: Look out here!

[Rage rushes across the ring, leaping into the air...

...and SNAPS Shane's throat down on the top rope, sending him flipping backwards down to the canvas. A fired-up Rage quickly gets back up on the apron, approaching the corner...]

GM: Rage to the top!

[And he comes flying off the top, dropping a double axehandle down across the head of a rising Terry Shane, knocking him flat again!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE AGAIN!

[Rage dives across Shane, ordering the official to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Shane kicks out, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: But that's all! Terry Shane hanging on, refusing to stay down and allow Shadoe Rage to advance to the first round of the tournament!

[Rage angrily gets to his feet, holding up three fingers at the official before he stomps Shane a few times, keeping him down on the canvas...

...and then points to the corner again. The Boston crowd buzzes with anticipation as Shadoe Rage stalks across the ring, ducking through the ropes as Shane lies prone on the mat.]

GM: And it looks like Shadoe Rage isn't done with his high risk offense, heading to the top rope once more!

[Rage is taking a little longer this time, talking loudly and wildly to the fans... to the referee... to the announcers... to anyone listening as he scales the ropes, stepping up to the second...

...and then to the top only to find Terry Shane on his feet, staggering towards the corner...]

GM: Shane's on his feet - and he goes downstairs on Rage!

[Winding up, Shane lands a second blow to the gut... and then steps up on the second rope, pulling the stunner Rage into a front facelock...]

GM: And it looks like Terry Shane's looking for a superplex!

BW: If he hits it, it might be all she wrote for this one, Gordo.

[As Shane goes to put Rage's arm over his neck, the former World Television Champion tries to fight back, peppering Shane's ribcage with short blows...

...but Shane fires back with a pair of forearms and a European uppercut, leaving Rage reeling as Shane goes to secure the superplex again...]

GM: Shane's going for it again! Rage is in trouble!

[But as Shane lifts Rage into the air, the veteran manages to slip out, dropping down behind Shane on the canvas. With Shane off-balance, Rage throws himself at the legs, knocking Shane off his perch. Rage catches him, shoving him so that he's laid out between the ropes, resting on the middle rope...]

GM: What a counter by Rage, heading up the ropes now and- OHHHHH!

BW: Good lord!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's response as Rage leaps up, driving both knees down into the midsection as he rides Shane down to the canvas, smashing him into the mat!]

GM: What a move! Rage takes out Shane just when things seemed to be going Terry Shane's way, fans!

[Grabbing Shane, Rage pulls him a few feet out of the corner, lunging into a lateral press, rolling to his back as he hooks one leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Shane's shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin in time.]

GM: No! No! Shane got the shoulder up!

[Rage angrily slams a hand down into the canvas, grabbing Shane by the hair, hammering a fist down between the eyes once... twice... three times... and then loses his cool as he snaps off a dozen or so blows. He gets to his feet, spinning out of the corner with an anguished roar as the official reprimands him for his use of the closed fists.]

GM: Rage has snapped! He's lost it!

[A furious Rage stomps across the ring, reaching the far corner where he smashes his own head into the turnbuckle. He grabs at his hair as he turns around, pointing with both outstretched arms at Shane with a loud "COME ON!"]

GM: Shadoo Rage is across the ring from his prey and-

BW: He's looking for that Eclipse, Gordo!

GM: I believe you're right, Bucky... and if he hits it, it's over!

BW: The match or Shane's career?

[Shane pushes up to all fours, totally unaware of what's coming for him. Rage is nodding frantically, waving his arms as the crowd shouts, trying to warn Shane of the awaiting danger...]

GM: Shane's got his back to Rage! He has no idea what's waiting for him!

[And as the third generation grappler slowly turns to the middle, pushing up to his knees...

...Shadoe Rage comes tearing across the ring at high velocity!]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

[A flash of realization crosses Shane's face as Rage readies to deliver the devastating kneestrike to the skull...

...and Shane dives out of the way as Rage rockets past him, swinging his knee into the middle turnbuckle!]

GM: OH! OH!

[Rage winces in pain, staggering back as he hops on one leg. Shane comes off the mat, grabbing the leg...

...and violently twists it, dragging Rage down to the canvas with a dragon screw legwhip!]

GM: LEGWHIP!

BW: That might've ripped every single ligament in the knee out!

GM: Shane's got him down! He's got him down!

[Holding the leg, Shane gives a signal to the cheering crowd as he twists around the leg, cranking on it...]

GM: SPINNING TOE HOLD! HIS FAMILY'S MOST FAMOUS HOLD!

[Rage cries out at the pressure being put on his knee as Shane leans into it, lets go...

...and then cranks it again!]

GM: Over and over, he's going to twist that knee until Shadoe Rage has no choice but to give up!

BW: They're in the middle of the ring! Rage has nowhere to go! He can't get to the ropes!

[Shane twists the leg a third time, leaning down to apply more pressure as Rage cries out in pain, refusing to submit...]

GM: Shane's going again, twisting the leg... leaning down and-

[As Shane leans down to crank on the pressure, Rage leans up, digging his fingers into the eyes of Terry Shane...]

GM: OH!

[...and rakes hard, sending Shane staggering away, rubbing at his blinded eyes as Rage tries to recover...]

GM: Rage trying to get up off the mat, on one leg... trying to seize the moment...

[Shane wobbles to the far corner, leaning against the buckles as he tries to clear his vision.]

GM: Rage from behind, creeping up behind him...

[Within striking distance, Rage suddenly leaps into the air, hooking Shane's head, and drops back, driving Shane's spine into his raised knees!]

GM: OHH!

BW: That'll pop the air right out of you!

[Rage cries out, a jolt of pain having been shot through his knees when executing the move. He flips Shane onto his back, stacking up the legs in a jackknife cover...]

GM: Rage with the cover! ONE!!

[...and with the official's eyes focused on the shoulders of Terry Shane, Rage kicks his own legs up, resting them on the middle rope for added leverage as the count of two comes down...]

GM: FEET ON THE ROPES, REF! HIS FEET ARE ON THE-

[...and make it three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ahhhh! Gimme a break! He stole this one, fans! Shadoo Rage just stole this match from Terry Shane!

[Rage quickly rolls from the ring, thrusting his arms in the air in triumph.]

BW: Gordo, I'd say that backcracker was enough for the three count. The feet on the ropes was just... insurance.

GM: Insurance, huh? I'd say that paranoid Shadoo Rage was making damn sure that he was headed into tomorrow night's action - no matter what. This is the epitome of a miscarriage of justice, fans.

BW: Maybe it is and maybe it isn't... but it's going down in the record books as a win for Shadoo Rage. He's moving on into the tournament and Terry Shane isn't. Period.

GM: That much, my friend, is true. Fans, the action here in Boston is off the charts already, sure to be making headlines all over the world... but right now, Sweet Lou is standing by here at ringside with someone who knows a little something about making headlines. Lou?

[We cut to a shot of an angry crowd shouting at the official. In front of all that is Sweet Lou Blackwell standing by the barricade with his guest.]

SLB: A passionate crowd here in Boston, Gordon, letting Davis Warren know what they think about his decision. Shadoo Rage moving on to the tournament and to a collision with the World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson. But joining me right now is someone who... after the week he's had... needs no introduction perhaps but he's going to get one anyways... ladies and gentlemen, the man who came out of the crowd to defeat Derek Rage last week in Toronto... Billy Connors!

[There's a surprisingly large cheer for the absolute nobody who stands up alongside Blackwell. He shakes Blackwell's hand enthusiastically, a big smile on his face as he looks around in awe at the cheering crowd.]

SLB: Billy, you have gone from a virtual unknown to an overnight sensation in seven days' time...

BC: Six days' time actually, Mr. Blackwell.

[The crowd cheers again as Billy shrugs with a sheepish grin.]

SLB: You're right... six days' time. One week ago, Derek Rage wanted to prove a point and he wanted to do it over your prone body. However, you had other ideas. By this point, I think everyone in the free world has seen this clip considering how it went viral... it was everywhere this week, Billy... ESPN, TMZ, E!... so many others. But in case you've been living in a hole, fans, let's take another look...

[We fade to footage from six nights ago when the AWA was in Toronto for the very first time. As the footage comes up, we see Derek Rage's lengthy legs stride across the ring and deliver a huge kneelift on a rising Billy Connors, taking him off his feet, sending him flying through the air, and down to the canvas in a heap.]

GM: Gaaah! Enough is enough! Somebody needs to stop this thing. This young man - he may have the heart of a lion to get in there for this but... he's not prepared! He's not ready!

[Rage stands over him, looking out at the jeering crowd with a sneer...

...and slowly raises his hand in the shape of a claw which makes the jeers get louder.]

GM: We saw this two weeks ago when Derek Rage decided to get the attention of the powers that be when he attacked a helpless ring announcer! Now he wants to use it on this kid?! This guy... is EVERY member of this family out of control?

BW: Their old man sure was. Maybe it's in the blood.

GM: Derek Rage reaching down, pulling this young man up by the collar of his shirt...

[Holding the youngster in place, Rage holds up his hand again...

...and as he goes to secure the clawhold, the young man slips Rage's grip, hooking the clawhold arm under his armpit, leaning forward and swinging his heel up into the face of the leaning-over Rage!]

GM: OH!

[He lets go of Rage, throwing a right kick to the ribs, leaping to throw a left kick to the other side of the ribs. He leaps from foot to foot, throwing lightning quick kicks to the body of Derek Rage who recoils in shock before throwing a big haymaker...

...but the young man drops back, avoiding the blow, and then kipping up to his feet in one movement before throwing a spinning backfist, catching a shocked Rage RIGHT on target!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With Rage stunned off the spinning backfist, the young man goes low, swinging his leg back and sweeping Rage’s own legs out from under him...]

GM: Legsweep taking Rage off his feet and-

[Back on his feet, the young man strikes a quick pose before flinging himself into the air, flipping backwards, and CRASHES down across Rage’s chest. The young man reaches back, hooking both massive legs, dragging them towards Rage’s chest, pushing hard at the mat with his feet to hold him down as a surprised referee dives to the mat...]

BW: WHAT THE-?!

[...and quickly counts to three!]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! HE GOT THREE! HE GOT THREE!

[The Air Canada Centre crowd ERUPTS in one of the loudest ovations of the night as the young man gets the hell out of the ring, jumping back over the railing into the arms of his celebrating friends!]

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT!

BW: How in the...?

GM: This... this KID just pinned Derek Rage and... my stars, we don’t even know his name, Bucky! What an upset!

BW: This is... Gordo, that’s gotta be the biggest upset in AWA history!

[We hold on Connors celebrating with his friends in the crowd as we fade back to live action where the crowd is cheering as Connors grins broadly.]

SLB: The biggest upset in AWA history... that would be hard to argue, Billy.

BC: I don’t know anything about all of that, Mr. Blackwell. All I know is that when Derek Rage decided to call me out, trying to find someone he could bully... well, I’m not a big fan of bullies, Mr. Blackwell, and Derek Rage found that out the hard way.

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: You may not be a fan of bullies, young man, but I bet you’ve been a big fan of all the attention you’ve gotten this week. You’ve been on morning shows... you’ve been on countless interview segments... this truly has been a clip that has gone viral all over the world. You’re a star!

[Another big cheer from the Boston crowd. Connors’ cheeks flush a bit at the reaction.]

BC: I’m no star, Mr. Blackwell. I’m just a kid from Winnipeg who wanted to a chance to live his dream.

SLB: And my sources say you’ve gotten that chance. After the reaction last week... after the media explosion this week... you’re here this weekend as Emerson Gellar’s

invited guest and I understand you've got some good news to tell all of your new fans around the world.

[Connors again has a sheepish expression on his face.]

BC: Mr. Gellar asked me here this weekend... it's an honor, it really is. So many of the best wrestlers in the world are in the ring this weekend... we just saw Shadoe Rage who... I might not like his tactics but you can't deny he's one of the best in the world. And then there's Terry Shane who can get you on the mat and tie you up in knots. It's a tremendous thing to be here for... and when you see guys like that as part of the AWA, it's even more humbling when I say that as of tonight, I'm officially a member of the AWA roster too!

[Another big cheer rings out! Connors looks around gleefully, smiling at the reaction. Blackwell does the same.]

SLB: Well, young man, judging by that reaction, these fans in Boston are just as happy as you are and they're looking forward to seeing you in your first OFFICIAL AWA match in the very near future. Congratulations and enjoy the show!

BC: Thank you, Mr. Blackwell.

[The young man shakes Blackwell's hand with a slight bow of respect.]

SLB: And if my sources are correct, you're not the only signing the AWA is going to announce this weekend. This weekend just keeps on getting bigger and better. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's a match with international intrigue as Riley Hunter takes on Manzo Kawajiri! I can't wait for this one!

[We fade to black...

We cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell who sits behind a large desk. Beside him is a rotary dial phone. Yeah, there are apparently some of those still around.]

SLB: Some people accused me of not wanting to change with the times. That some things were better left in the past.

[He raises his arm and swats the rotary phone away. It falls to the ground before him with a clatter.]

SLB: And the more I've thought about it... they were right!

[He pulls from underneath the desk... a smartphone!]

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

[The camera cuts to a smartphone screen and the shot moves in closer to see an icon featuring Sweet Lou's face imposed over an AWA logo. Beneath it are the words:

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

V/O: That's right, AWA fans, Sweet Lou Blackwell's hotline is going high tech! Get on Google Play and iTunes and look for the Sweet Lou's Hotline app! Download it today and you can stay on top of all the latest rumors, gossip and breaking news, delivered only by Sweet Lou Blackwell! Plus exclusive interviews and plenty of insights from Sweet Lou about the latest developments in the AWA and the history of pro wrestling!

[We cut back to Sweet Lou at the desk.]

SLB: It's a free app, but kids, don't forget to get your parents' permission before you download!

[He looks down at the smartphone and seems puzzled.]

SLB: Um... can someone tell me how to set up the wifi connection again?

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, we find ourselves backstage in the locker room area where Theresa Lynch is standing alongside the man known as the Iron Badger, Manzo Kawajiri. Kawajiri does not have much of a body to speak of - bald head, a round egg-shaped body, and no neck to speak of. He stands in simple black mid-length trunks and a long sleeve on his right arm. By this point in the night, he's already soaked in sweat as Lynch speaks.]

TL: Ladies and gentlemen, anticipation is the word of the weekend here in Boston and there are few things more highly anticipated I'd say than the AWA debut of this man - the International Wild Card winner and Tiger Paw Pro star, the Iron Badger himself - Manzo Kawajiri!

[Cheers erupt from inside the building as Kawajiri slightly inclines his head in response.]

TL: Mr. Kawajiri, you fought a long, hard road to get this opportunity - finally earning your spot in the tournament by defeating British star, Logan Blackburn earlier this week. In contrast, Riley Hunter came into this tournament with great fanfare and has yet to compete inside the squared circle for the AWA. Do you think this puts you at an advantage or a disadvantage here tonight?

[Kawajiri is watching Theresa... listening too perhaps.]

MK: ...

TL: Do you... do we need a translator?

[Theresa looks off-camera in a bit of a panic as Kawajiri raises a hand.]

MK: No, no. English?

[He wiggles his hand back and forth.]

MK: It's... okay. Okay?

[Theresa smiles with a nod.]

TL: Okay.

MK: My opponent tonight... Hunter... we know each other well. Face many times.

[Theresa nods.]

MK: In America, you might call him...

[Kawajiri strokes his chin thoughtfully and then "gets it."]

MK: ...punk bitch!

[The crowd inside the arena roars as Theresa reflexively covers her mouth.]

TL: You can't say that!

[The Iron Badger shrugs his shoulders.]

MK: Already did. Hunter will lie. Hunter will cheat. But it not matter.

[Kawajiri slaps a hand hard against his forehead with a shout that makes Theresa jump.]

MK: Iron Badger here to show all of world truth of Japanese wrestling.

TL: The truth of Japanese wrestling? What's that?

MK: You can have all skill... all talent in world... but unless you have...

[He lands a clubbing blow on his own chest.]

MK: ...heart...

[Kawajiri's face has a grin slide across.]

MK: ...you just... punk bitch!

[Theresa recoils again, pulling the mic away as a chuckling Kawajiri slides out of sight and the Boston fans cheer.]

TL: Fans, I apologize for that. Uhh... language barrier and all, I suppose. Now, let's go over to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with the American Ninja, Riley Hunter!

[We cut to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of a large Battle of Boston banner. By his side is the hottest (former) free agent in the game, Riley Hunter. His eyes are partially obscured by mirrored John Lennon shades, and his unruly dirty blonde and royal blue curly hair are on display. His pleather duster obscures the rest of his attire as Mark Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Thanks, Theresa! Riley Hunter, this is the night that you - and fans around the globe - have been waiting for. Your debut match here in the American Wrestling Alliance.

RH: To quote the great Neil Young, "tonight's the night." Tonight, the American Wrestling Alliance steps out of it's bunker and into the... white... hot... spotlight... of the world stage. Tonight, the AWA changes from a five star organization to a SEVEN star organization. And youuu... Kawajiri Manzo...

[He wags his fingers rapidly.]

RH: Badger-Badger-Badger-Badger-Badger-Badger-Badger-Badger!

Yes yes, Iron Badger. You've been chasing me and the Dead Man's Party around the world for months... entering the International Wild Card tournament to get to me. You pulled your sweaty, unshaven face out of a porn rag long enough to tear your way through the cream of the crop of the wrestling world, Manzo. You've torn a path of destruction across the globe, east and west. And that path has led you here...

...To ultimately get your dreams torn apart by the Black Wind. Ryuutou dabi, Kawajiri-san.

"Aloha" means goodbye. And until Round 2 tomorrow...

...

...

...

GOOD NIGHT NOW!

[In a twirl of black pleather, the American Ninja disappears off camera, leaving a slack-jawed Mark Stegglet behind as we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is a Play-In match in the Battle of Boston tournament. First...

[The lights go out, and the jazz organ of "Whispering Streets" by Barry Adamson plays through the hall.]

GM: The fans here in Boston are electrified for this moment - a moment that wrestling fans around the world have been waiting for since he arrived back at that Press Conference in Calgary. It's time for the debut of Riley Hunter.

[When the song intro ends and the melody kicks in, a light shines through the entrance-way, illuminating the stage fog. A lone figure in a long coat stands in silhouette, holding nunchucks overhead.]

GM: And there he is, Bucky...

BW: The American Ninja. The Seven Star Superstar. The Black Wind. Call him what you will but he's hoping by the end of this weekend, you'll have to call him the greatest professional wrestler in the world today.

GM: He's got a long road ahead of him if he wants to make that claim and that road starts here tonight against the man known as the Iron Badger.

[The spotlight falls on him, and Hunter wheels around, whirling the nunchucks theatrically. His eyes are partially obscured by mirrored John Lennon shades, and his unruly dirty blonde and royal blue curly hair. He sweeps his pleather duster behind him and strolls his way down the aisle, a haughty and deranged grin on his face. Underneath the coat is a "Dead Man's Party" shirt, stylized after himself: a top-hatted, monocled, grinning skull, surrounded by a halo of seven shuriken.]

RO: From Calgary, Alberta, Canada... weighing 203 pounds... he is "The American Ninja"...

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIILEYYYYYY... HUNNNNNNNNTERRRRRRRR!

[By this point, Hunter is halfway down the aisle and seems to be singing to himself. Our aiside camera zooms in to verify.]

RH: ["singing"] Neeeed some lovin', gonna go get me some! And shine my pretty light on everyone!

[Hunter has a pair on nunchucks in his fist like a microphone, singing along to "Whispering Streets."]

RH: ["singing"] But IIIII hit "Retaliate," when theyyyy got to me... And then I woke in a scary bed the twist of fate you'll never escape! Well, the worst neighborhood is the one right inside of your head!

[At the end of the aisle, Hunter does a pirouette and flicks the nunchucks through the air again. He cuts a cheesy "kung fu"-like pose and rolls under the ropes, bouncing up and down with both fists in the air as his music fades...]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[The synth intro to "Agonizing Choice" by MergingMoon starts over the PA system soon to be replaced by some dude growlscreaming.]

RO: From Kawasaki, Japan... weighing in at 240 pounds...

He is the IIIIIIIIIIIIRON BADGER...

MAAAAAAAAAANZO OOOOOO KAAAWAAAAJIIIIIRIIIIII!

[The curtain parts angrily as the Iron Badger himself stalks through to a major reaction from the AWA faithful. Kawajiri doesn't pause his gait, walking in a straight line towards the ring where the arrogant Riley Hunter is dancing around the ring, beckoning his opponent forward.]

GM: Manzo Kawajiri took the wrestling world by storm when he won the International Wild Card and he's looking to do the exact same thing here tonight.

BW: There is nothing more that he'd like to do than score the upset, knock Hunter off his perch, and ruin the American Ninja's big debut.

[Kawajiri has cleared the aisle in a short period, rolling under the ropes, coming to his feet with a black towel hanging around his neck. He promptly balls up the towel, chucking it angrily at Riley Hunter as the crowd "ooooohs!"]

GM: And there is absolutely no love lost between these two.

[Troubleshooting referee Jack Marshall steps forward, aggressively pushing back Hunter and Kawajiri. He warns them both to step back as Rebecca Ortiz clears the ring.]

GM: You can feel the electricity in the air for this one. AWA fans are amongst the most educated wrestling fans in the world. They know both of these men and they know exactly what they're capable of inside that ring.

BW: This one's got a fifteen minute time limit too, Gordo. These two went to a 30 minute draw last fall that was the talk of the sport. It could happen here tonight.

GM: It could but if it does, they're both out... and can you imagine how much fans of Japanese wrestling are loving this weekend, Bucky? Kawajiri vs Hunter here tonight and the winner... the winner faces Noboru Fujimoto.

BW: Mmmhmm. What a prize. The former Global Crown Champion.

[The ring clears as Marshall stays in the center...

...and signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

[At the sound of the bell, Riley Hunter goes barreling across the ring, shouting like a wild man as he leaps into the air, attempting to throw a kneestrike...

...but Kawajiri lunges forward, catching him flush with a headbutt to the chest, putting him down on the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: OHHH!

[Hunter rolls to a knee, clutching his chest as Kawajiri storms forward...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRILLS the kneeling American Ninja with a knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Good grief!

[Hunter flails about on the canvas, grabbing at his chest as he rolls across the ring, rolling right under the ropes to the floor...

...but Kawajiri isn't about to let his gaijin opponent escape, rolling out after him. He stalks behind Hunter, grabbing him by the hair, turning him around...]

GM: Oh! Hunter goes to the eyes!

[Hunter's face twists into an evil grin as he climbs up on the apron, throwing a stiff back kick to the mush that sends Kawajiri staggering backwards.]

GM: Hunter's going to fly!

[Leaping into the air, Hunter springs off the middle rope, taking flight with a picture perfect moonsault that wipes out Kawajiri as Hunter lands on his feet on the floor, striking a martial arts pose.]

GM: Riley Hunter is one of the most athletic competitors you will ever see inside the squared circle. Six feet even, 203 pounds... he'll fly with the best of 'em, Bucky.

BW: He will but he's strong too. He's got great core strength. Great upper body strength although you'd never know it by looking at him. He's not Flex Ferrigno in there but I've seen him land some slams and suplexes on guys you wouldn't expect him to get off the canvas.

[Hunter pulls Kawajiri off the ringside mats, shooting him back under the ropes as the Seven Star Athlete climbs up on the ring apron. He walks back and forth down it, slapping his knee repeatedly as he talks to the ringside fans promising them the "thrill of a lifetime. He suddenly pivots, grabbing the top rope as Kawajiri struggles to get to his feet...]

GM: Hunter's going to the air again!

[...and leaps into the air, springing off the top rope!]

GM: FLYING CLOTHESLI-

[But Kawajiri snatches him out of the sky, twisting, and DRIVES him down with a thunderous powerslam!]

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A SLAM BY THE IRON BADGER!

[Kawajiri climbs to his feet, swinging his right arm around a few times to the roar of the crowd...]

GM: Kawajiri might be looking to end it early! We saw that sliding clothesline of his throughout the tournament and he may be setting up for that right now, Bucky.

[Kawajiri dashes to the ropes, springing back...

...and Hunter kips up off the mat, striking a pose where he extends his arm, forming a gun with his hand and pointing right at Kawajiri with a loud "BANG, BANG! SHOT YOU DOWN!"

GM: A little bit of showmanship on the part of Riley Hunter there...

[Kawajiri grimaces, staring at Hunter...

...and then steps forward, butting his head into Hunter's, pushing back on him as the two square off in the middle.]

GM: Uh oh! Now we've got ourselves a staredown!

[Hunter is trashtalking all the while as Kawajiri responds in Japanese...

...and then Hunter smashes a forearm into the jaw of Kawajiri.]

GM: Big forearm off the jaw!

[Kawajiri, having been knocked back by the forearm, steps back into the wheelhouse, throwing one of his own with a loud "YOOOSH!"]

GM: Oof! Hunter might need his fillings checked after that one.

[Hunter recoils, rubbing a hand on his cheek as he works his jaw around...

...and then throws himself into a forearm shot again, knocking Kawajiri a step back! Hunter beckons him forward, offering up his wide-open face.]

GM: And this is the kind of thing Japanese fans are used to seeing... these exchanges of strikes from competitors looking to show their fighting spirit... looking to show their strength in comparison to their opponent's...

["YOOOOOSH!" is heard as Kawajiri lands another, this one nearly knocking Hunter off his feet as he stumbles backwards. Kawajiri is the one who beckons Hunter this time, the crowd cheering for the showdown. Hunter steps forward, grabbing Kawajiri by the side of the head...

...and lands one shot... two shots... three shots before stepping back, nodding his head confidently.]

GM: Hunter with a series of blows this time!

[Kawajiri shakes off the effects, moving in as he grabs Hunter by the side of the head...]

"YOOOOOSH!"
"WHAAAAAP!"
"YOOOOOSH!"
"WHAAAAAP!"
"YOOOOOSH!"
"WHAAAAAP!"

[The blows send Hunter spiraling away, staggering and stumbling as the crowd cheers rabidly. Kawajiri lowers his arms, putting them behind his back as he sticks out his chin, shouting something in Japanese at Hunter who turns, his face etched with anger as he approaches...

...and then leaps into the air, pumping his legs with a bicycle knee strike up under the chin!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: INSTANT KARMA!

GM: Huh?

BW: Didn't you study your notecards?!

[The leaping knee strike staggers Kawajiri who stumbles backwards, searching for a way to stay on his feet but the American Ninja has other ideas, rushing into the mix with a quick right forearm to the jaw... and a left forearm to the jaw... and a spinning back kick to the gut that doubles up Kawajiri...]

GM: Hunter to the ropes, building up speed...

[As he goes to attack, Hunter is elevated by Kawajiri who ducks down, lifting up and flinging Hunter into the air. The agile Hunter lands on the apron, reaching over the top to land a quick elbowstrike to the back of Kawajiri's head as he straightens up...

...and then slingshots over the top, hooking his leg on the back of Kawajiri's head, and rides him facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Hunter flips Kawajiri to his back, diving across his chest...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the Iron Badger kicks out, flinging Hunter off of him. The American Ninja regains his feet, driving a couple of stomps into Kawajiri before pointing to the ropes, dashing to them once again...]

GM: Hunter building steam again...

[A sliding dropkick lands on the ribcage of Kawajiri, forcing the Iron Badger to roll under the ropes to the floor. Hunter gets right back to his feet, ducking through the ropes to the outside...]

GM: And one thing about Riley Hunter is very clear... he is not the kind of wrestler who is going to sit in the ring and let his opponent recover on the outside.

BW: No way, Gordo. He's got too many high impact attacks he can use outside the ring at his disposal...

[Backing down the length of the apron, Hunter puts his back against the ringpost, sizing up Kawajiri...

...and charges down the apron, leaping high into the air, tucking his legs up, and driving them down in a running dropkick off the apron to the floor!]

GM: OH!

[With both men sprawled out on the floor, the crowd finally gets to take a breath but instead decides to roar for the action they've seen so far in this Play-In matchup.]

GM: And I've gotta wonder, Bucky, if these two are willing to go this hard and fight with this much aggression in the Play-In match, what are they going to do if they get into the tournament?

BW: Hey, there's no room for taking it easy here. Yeah, you drew an extra match and it sucks to be you but if you don't win, you don't get a shot to win this thing. They gotta bring it and bring it hard... and that's exactly what these two are doing right now.

GM: But what will they have left against Noboru Fujimoto tomorrow night?

BW: You worry about tomorrow tomorrow, daddy.

[Referee Jack Marshall's count reaches five before Hunter drags himself off the floor. It's up to seven before he gets Kawajiri up... and it's just before nine when both men are back inside the ring.]

GM: Riley Hunter not looking for a countout tonight. The American Ninja wants to send a message to the entire locker room... he IS the man to beat in this company now.

BW: Not just the locker room, Gordo. We've heard a lot of rumors this weekend about new wrestlers signing contracts. We know that kid Connors got one. You better believe that Riley Hunter is putting the entire SPORT on notice. He's the man to beat in the wrestling world. Period.

[Hunter pulls Kawajiri off the mat, shoving him back into the corner. He winds up, throwing an overhand chop down across the chest.]

GM: Hard chop there by Hunter!

[Grabbing an arm, Hunter shoots Kawajiri from corner to corner, charging in after him, leaping up to the second rope...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Springing kick to the back of the skull!

[Quickly grabbing the dazed Kawajiri, Hunter uses a lightning quick single underhook suplex to fling him from the corner down to the canvas into a sitting position and then leaps high in the air, driving both feet down into the back of Kawajiri's head with a dropkick.]

GM: Ohh! Dropkick to the skull connects - Hunter with another cover gets one... he gets two... he gets- no! Kawajiri's out at two.

[Hunter pushes up to his knees, rising to his feet and standing over Kawajiri. He pulls his Japanese opponent to a seated position, holding his head as he tees off with short right forearms to the skull, punctuated with a loud "YAH!" after each blow.]

"YAH!"

"YAH!"

"YAH!"
"YAH!"
"YAH!"
"YAH!"

[Marshall finally backs him off as Hunter allows Kawajiri to slump back to the mat, still standing over him as he slowly strikes a pose that gains some jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: We're a little past five minutes in this fifteen minute time limit and what a hard-hitting battle we've seen thusfar, fans. Both of these guys really bringing the fight and the excitement to these fans here in Boston.

[With Kawajiri down on the mat, Hunter breaks into a sprint into the ropes, bouncing off towards his foe, connecting with another sliding dropkick, this one aimed at the ear of his opponent.]

GM: Both feet to the side of the head and Riley Hunter has established control of this one with his dazzling array of high impact offense.

[Hauling Kawajiri off the mat, Hunter lands a pair of chops to the chest followed by a spinning back elbow that sends him staggering back into the buckles. He moves in after him, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Big whip sends Kawajiri across... Hunter coming in after him...

[A leaping forearm smash finds the mark as Hunter leans down, powering Kawajiri up to set him down on the top turnbuckle. He crouches down very low, open palm pressed into the canvas...

...and then leaps up, driving said palm right into the chin of the Iron Badger!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PALM STRIKE!

[Turning his back to Kawajiri, Hunter reaches back, grabbing him under the armpits...

...and flings him over his head, sending him crashing down to the canvas as he sits out in the slam!]

BW: DYNAMITE DREAM SLAM!

GM: Is there any move this guy DOESN'T have a special name for?!

[With Kawajiri down on the mat, Hunter reaches forward to hook his leg, pulling it in tight...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, the Iron Badger kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: We're creeping up on the eight minute mark of this one as Manzo Kawajiri avoids defeat right there.

[Hunter springs back to his feet, driving the sole of his boot down between the eyes once... twice... three times.]

GM: The American Ninja staying on top of Kawajiri, putting the boots to him...

[Hunter drags Kawajiri off the mat, ducking in to lift him up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Hunter's got him up! Showing off that strength that you talked about earlier, Bucky...

BW: But what's he going to do with him?

[Turning towards the corner, Hunter gets a bit of a walking start before flipping over in a front-rolling Samoan Drop, popping right up to his feet where he leaps to the second rope, flipping backwards in a moonsault without hesitation!]

GM: Moonsault connects! Hunter hooks the leg!

[But again, Kawajiri kicks out, refusing to stay down. Hunter again slams his fist into the mat, shouting in Japanese at the downed Iron Badger.]

GM: Riley Hunter showing signs of frustration at being unable to put Kawajiri away, fans.

BW: There's no time for that though. Timekeeper, what do we have left?

[There's a moment of silence from the announcers as Hunter gets back to his feet, looking out at the fans with his hands on his hips.]

BW: Alright, we're at the eight minute mark almost on the dot. A little over halfway through this thing. No time for Riley Hunter to taunt the fans, to complain to the referee, to get frustrated at all. Kawajiri can take getting hit by a Mack Truck just about so Hunter needs to stay on him and hit him with every single thing he's got if he expects to get a three count and move on to face Fujimoto tomorrow night.

[Hunter leans down to grab Kawajiri by the wrist, slowly dragging the Iron Badger up to his feet...]

GM: Hunter pulling Kawajiri up...

[With a shout, Hunter yanks Kawajiri towards him...

...and eats a STIFF forearm smash to the jaw!]

GM: OH!

[Hunter recoils, staggering backwards. Kawajiri steps forward, winding up again...

...but Hunter lands a front kick to the chest, pushing off and sending Kawajiri back into the ropes. He bounces off, coming on strong towards Hunter with his rising arm outstretched...]

GM: CLOTHESLI- ducked by Hunter!

[As Kawajiri goes by, Hunter hooks a rear waistlock, setting his feet...]

GM: Hunter going for the suplex!

[But Kawajiri holds strong, refusing to go over for it...]

GM: The Iron Badger hanging on for his life!

[Hunter goes for it a second time...

...but this time, Kawajiri reverses it into a waistlock of his own. The crowd roars with anticipation as Hunter's eyes go wide.]

BW: Hunter doesn't want any part of this!

[Hunter wildly pounds at the clasped hands around his waist, trying to battle free as Kawajiri looks for a German Suplex of his own...]

GM: And now it's Kawajiri trying to score with the German Suplex...

[A flailing back elbow catches Kawajiri on the jaw. A second one does the same, breaking the grasp. Hunter runs across the ring at high speed, bouncing off towards Kawajiri who attempts a lariat again...]

...but Hunter drops into a baseball slide, avoiding it. He comes up to his feet as Kawajiri wheels around, running across the ring again, leaping into the air for a shotgun dropkick.]

GM: Dropkick to the heart!

[Kawajiri tumbles out to the floor through the ropes as Hunter comes back up to a knee, pointing both fingers out to the floor as the crowd noise builds with anticipation. The Seven Star Athlete leaps to his feet, racing to the far ropes...]

GM: Hunter off the ropes... Hunter's going to fly!

[...and hits the ropes closest to Kawajiri, bouncing off again...]

GM: Hunter REALLY building up speed now!

[He hits the far ropes again, building even more momentum...]

GM: Hunter moving at supersonic speeds, flying across the ring and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Riley Hunter flings himself over the top rope, flipping through the air...]

...and WIPES OUT the dazed Kawajiri with a tope con hilo!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! DID YOU SEE THE HEIGHT?! DID YOU SEE THE IMPACT?!

BW: The whole world is watching Riley Hunter and he's lighting up the Internet as we speak! Riley Hunter trending worldwide on Twitter!

GM: Is he? How do you know?

BW: Call it a hunch.

[Hunter climbs up off the floor, striking a pose to a mixed reaction from the crowd. He leans down, dragging Kawajiri off the canvas, shoving him under the ropes back inside the ring...]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[The five minute call sends a ripple of excitement throughout the crowd as Hunter cups a hand to his ear, nodding at the noise. He pulls himself up on the apron, ready to strike again.]

GM: Kawajiri is down off the dive to the floor... Hunter on the apron...

[The American Ninja theatrically spits on his hands, grabbing the top rope. He leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD FROG SPLASH!!

[...and CRASHES down across the chest of Kawajiri. He bounces off, flying through the air to the mat. He clutches his chest in pain, trying to drag himself back into a pinning situation.]

GM: Hunter hit it all but is it enough?! Is it enough to get the three count?!

BW: The better question is - can Hunter get there in time to take advantage of that frog splash?!

GM: He's crawling, dragging himself towards the Iron Badger... trying to get that cover...

[A few more seconds pass before the American Ninja throws an arm across Kawajiri's chest...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[Kawajiri's shoulder FLIES up off the canvas, breaking the three count!]

GM: No, no! Kawajiri kicks out in time! He kicks out! What resilience on the part of the Iron Badger!

[Hunter rolls to his back, reaching up to bury his face in his hands in frustration. He kicks his feet into the canvas a few times as Kawajiri rolls to all fours, breathing heavily.]

GM: We're closing in on four minutes remaining as Hunter gets back to his feet... Kawajiri still down on the canvas...

[Hunter leans down, wrapping his arms around the midsection of Kawajiri who is still down on all four...

...and with a loud guttural roar, Hunter powers Kawajiri up off the mat, holding him in a waistlock...]

GM: WOW! What power on the part of Riley Hunter!

[...and DRIVES him down with a German Suplex, releasing the hold, dumping the Iron Badger on the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GERMAN SUP- Hunter into the cover!

[Hunter dives across the chest of Kawajiri, reaching back to hook a leg. The referee drops down to the mat, raising his hand to count...]

GM: ONE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: Holy... you've gotta be kidding me!

GM: He kicked out! He kicked out! Oh my stars!

[Hunter rolls to a knee, his eyes wide as he stares at the official...

...and Manzo Kawajiri pops up off the canvas, eyes wide!]

GM: THE IRON BADGER IS UP!

[Hunter pops up, running towards Kawajiri who ducks the clothesline. The Seven Star Athlete comes off the far side towards Kawajiri who gives a big shout before throwing himself into a clothesline, flipping Hunter through the air and down to the canvas!]

BW: LAAAAARIAAAAATOOOOO!

GM: COVER!! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! HUNTER KICKS OUT!

[Kawajiri climbs up off the mat, swinging his right arm around and around to a roar from the crowd.]

GM: He's calling for it again! Kawajiri's looking for the sliding clothesline!

[Kawajiri backs off, turning to charge to the ropes. He bounces off towards Hunter who gets up off the canvas, leaping into the air, snaring Kawajiri around the head with his legs...]

GM: OH MY!

[...and snaps him over, flinging him down to the canvas with a rana!]

GM: Hunter takes him down!

[Getting back up, Hunter takes aim again, rushing towards the rising Kawajiri, leaping into the air onto his shoulders...

...but this time, Kawajiri is ready, sitting out and DRIVING Hunter down to the canvas with a powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN! HUNTER KICKS OUT AGAIN!

BW: Incredible!

[Kawajiri grabs at his own head, falling back to the mat in disbelief as the timekeeper's call is heard again.]

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

[Kawajiri gets up off the mat, grabbing Hunter and flinging him bodily back into the corner. The Iron Badger advances, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big chop in the corner!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The chops leave Hunter dazed and wobbly in the corner...

...and he reaches out, jabbing a finger into the eye of the Iron Badger to some laughs from the crowd. The blinded Kawajiri stumbles, rubbing at his eye as Hunter grabs him by the head, rifling his skull into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Headfirst to the corner!

[Kawajiri pops his head back, shaking his head at Hunter who grabs him by the head again, smashing it into the buckle a second time...

...but again, Kawajiri just looks at him, a grin crossing his face this time as he turns back to the corner, smashing his OWN skull into the buckle a few times before straightening up towards a surprised Hunter...]

BW: No effect!

[...and SMASHES home a giant headbutt that sends Hunter flipping ass over teakettle across the ring towards the center. The crowd roars for Kawajiri as he raises his arm.]

GM: Another clothesline perhaps? Kawajiri to the ropes, building up steam...

[He runs past the rising Hunter, hitting the ropes a second time as he barrels back towards the American Ninja...

...who sees him coming, leaping into the air, pumping his leg into a kneestrike on the chin!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: INSTANT KARMA!

[The blow causes Kawajiri's eyes to roll back in his head as he stumbles in a circle, allowing Hunter to swoop in from behind, hooking both arms in a double chicken wing.]

BW: He's got it hooked! Going for the Day of Lavos!

[Hunter lifts Kawajiri into the air, holding... holding... holding...

...and then sits out, driving Kawajiri facefirst into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Holding on, Hunter rolls to the side, flipping Kawajiri to his back, sitting back with a double leg cradle as the referee drops to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Hunter picks up the win!

[Riley Hunter shoves the legs away, pushing up to his feet and nearly falling back over as the ring announcer makes it official.]

RO: Your winner... moving on to the first round... RIIIIIIIIIIILEY
HUNNNNNTERRRR!

[Hunter allows the referee to raise his hand, grinning broadly.]

GM: Riley Hunter is victorious in one heck of a battle with Manzo Kawajiri - a battle that easily could've gone the other way in my opinion, Bucky.

BW: You're absolutely right about that. Kawajiri gave it his all and came up just a hair short but that means Riley Hunter is moving on and tomorrow night, the eyes of the wrestling world will be right back here on Boston when Hunter takes on Noboru Fujimoto and I can't wait for that, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. It's going to be a great match no doubt.

[Hunter stumbles over to the ropes, ducking through them and half-falling out to the floor where he steadies himself before starting back up the aisle.]

GM: The Seven Star Athlete showing the world why he was perhaps the hottest free agent in AWA history right here tonight and if I'm the other competitors in that locker room, I'm concerned about this young man right here, Bucky.

BW: He could go all the way. Not a doubt in my mind about that.

[Hunter pauses at the top of the aisle, turning to face the fans once more. He dips into an elaborate sweeping-arm bow before arrogantly smirking and backing through the curtain to the locker room area.]

GM: Kawajiri slowly getting back to his feet after taking that... what did you call it?

BW: The Day of Lavos.

GM: I have no idea what that means... but it certainly was effective against the Iron Badger who is barely starting to stir now.

[The fans in the TD Garden rise to their feet, applauding loudly for the International Wild Card winner as he gets up with the aid of the official and the ropes.]

GM: The fans here in Boston are showing their respect for this competitor from the Land of the Rising Sun who came out of nowhere, won the entire International Wild Card tournament, and put on one heck of a show here tonight, coming so close to winner this Play-In match and earning himself a shot at Noboru Fujimoto tomorrow night.

[The cheers from the crowd soon turn to a loud chant.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"I-YURN BAD-GER!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"I-YURN BAD-GER!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[Kawajiri holds his jaw, waving a hand to the cheering fans.]

GM: And I, for one, hope this is not the last we see of Manzo Kawajiri inside an AWA ring, fans.

[The chanting continues as Kawajiri waves to the fans...

...and we fade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: After a tremendous match out there inside the ring, we're backstage here in the TD Garden hoping to get a word with one of the winners of tonight's earlier contests. Unfortunately for this young man...

[Stegglet turns, revealing he's standing in front of the trainer's room.]

MS: ...he's currently undergoing medical treatment by the AWA medical staff. Let's try to get a quick word.

[With a wave of his hand, Stegglet gestures for the cameraman to follow him as he pushes open the door. The camera focuses through the doorway where three of the training staff hover over Jordan Ohara. The kid is having his neck iced and Dr. Ponovitch is asking him questions and shining a pen light in his eyes. Ohara spots the cameras and Mark Stegglet. A look of frustration crosses his face.]

JO: Let me guess, Mark, you want to know how I feel after that cowardly attack by Juan Vasquez, right?

[But Ohara's not waiting for an answer. Not this time.]

JO: How do you think I feel?! I'm mad! Vasquez, you think you put me down? WRONG! You think you got yourself an edge?

[Ohara pushes everyone away from him as he shoves himself unsteadily to his feet. He steps gingerly towards the camera.]

JO: Vasquez, you won the first round. But if you haven't been paying attention, I'm the Phoenix! I rise from the ashes!

[The adrenaline rush costs as he gets a little woozy on his feet and the pain in his neck and jaw wash over him.]

JO: (gritting his teeth) You'll pay for this!

[Dr. Ponovitch and the training staff have to force Ohara back to the table.]

Dr. P: Please, let us treat him.

[Stegglet nods, turning back to the camera as Ponovitch leans in towards Ohara in the background.]

MS: I think we've got everything we need. Jordan Ohara is down but he is certainly not out. It looks like Juan Vasquez's plan to eliminate his competition may have backfired as The Phoenix promises to make Vasquez pay tomorrow night. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's time for perhaps the most-eagerly anticipated matches of Night One - it's Torin The Titan taking on The Gladiator and you do not want to miss it so stick around for more Battle of Boston right here on The X!

[We fade to black...

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

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

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

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

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

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

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

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

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

[FLASH!

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

"I can be a champion too!"

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area. We start at the boots - big, giant black boots. The voice of Theresa Lynch is heard.]

TL: When you talk about giants...

[The camera slowly pans up the tree-trunk-like legs.]

TL: When you talk about the biggest men alive...

[Up to the thick waist and broad torso.]

TL: When you talk about one of the odds-on favorites to win this tournament...

[And right up to the smiling face that we all know and love.]

TL: ...you've gotta be talking about Torin The Titan!

[Theresa extends her arm as high as she can but Torin still needs to lean over to use the mic.]

TTT: HO HO! Lil' Theresa has grown so big!

[Theresa blushes.]

TTT: I remember bouncing you on his knee when you were...

[Torin lowers a hand towards the ground... probably still higher than Theresa was when Torin remembers her.]

TTT: Please. Send father Torin's best.

TL: I will, Torin. But I've gotta know - since arriving here in the AWA last fall, you've had some major success... like when you beat Supreme Wright.

[Torin nods, smiling at the memory.]

TL: But you've also suffered disappointment like when you lost the Battle Royal at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Torin frowns, a frightening scene.]

TTT: Torin doesn't like losing. And in Battle Royal... where Torin is king... very not like losing.

I not plan on losing tonight.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: I'm sure you're very confident going into this match but I've gotta ask you about your opponent. The Gladiator is an incredibly tough challenge for you. Have you seen him compete?

[Torin nods.]

TTT: I see tape of Gladiator. I know what Gladiator can do.

But Torin no care. Torin also know what Torin can do. Know that Torin can take all Gladiator have... and stand tall.

[Torin stands tall on cue, making Theresa stand on her tiptoes to stretch out the mic far enough.]

TTT: I no come to Boston to lose, Theresa. Torin come to show that when people talk... best in world...

[Torin's loud "HO!" seems to shake the world.]

TTT: Only one name on list.

[He jerks a mighty thumb at himself.]

TTT: Torin.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: Well, there you have it, fans. Torin The Titan very determined and very focused as he heads into battle here tonight. Standing by with... well, maybe not. Sweet Lou, what in the world is going on over there?

[We cut from Theresa and Torin over to Sweet Lou Blackwell who looks a little nervous.]

SLB: Thanks, Theresa. What's going over here? What's going on over here is that those who've been following the news on my app would know that the Gladiator has been completely missing since Memorial Day Mayhem! He hasn't been seen! He hasn't been heard from! He's not returning the AWA's phone calls!

Plain and simple, fans... he ain't here!

Now, I'm told that the AWA has alternates in place if needed but... this is bad. This is... honestly, fans... this is perhaps the most anticipated match of Night One. We've got a lot of great matches here tonight but this one's been the talk of the Internet. It's been all over Twitter and Facebook... I've seen it on Snapchat and... well, at this point, it ain't happening!

This has gotta be embarrassing for Emerson Gellar... for the entire AWA in fact... but... well, I'm sure whoever they've got to step in will be a worthy opponent for Torin but...

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I can't help but feel a twinge of disappointment at this big match being taken away from us.

[Blackwell turns his head, looking off-camera.]

SLB: Hold on here... just one moment... gentlemen, come on in here a moment...

[Blackwell waits... and waits... and finally, walks off-camera himself, gesturing for the camera to follow him. As it does, we find Blackwell trailing behind Brian Lau and Brian James who are walking away from him.]

SLB: Gentlemen, do you have any comment on the disappearance of the Gladiator?

[Lau and James say nothing, still walking.]

SLB: Mr. James, you're going to face the winner of this match... any predictions?

[James turns to say something but Lau intervenes.]

BL: My client intends to do all his talking tomorrow night when he takes one of these clowns to task for their crimes.

SLB: Their crimes? What crime have they committed pray tell?

[Lau sneers.]

BL: The most appalling crime of all. Believing they can actually beat Brian James.

[James and Lau break into laughter as they push through a door reading "KINGS OF WRESTLING" on it, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Confidence. Overconfidence. Out and out ego. Take your pick. Brian James and Brian Lau seem to have it in spades tonight here in Boston. Fans, let's go down to ringside for more action!

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

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is our final PLAY IN match of the night!

[Big cheer... but slightly less enthusiastic after Sweet Lou Blackwell's comments moments ago.]

RO: First...

[The cheers start immediately!]

RO: He stands at a gigantic seven foot two inches tall... he weighs in at a massive 472 pounds... he hails from Nice, France... the one... the only... the GIANT of professional wrestling...

TORRRRRRRINNNNNNN THE TIIIIIIIIITAAAAAAANNNNN!

[The crowd rises to their feet, craning their necks to get a look at the mammoth chunk of humanity walking through the curtain. He has no music. He needs no music to herald his arrival.]

He simply appears, towering over everyone as he strides down the aisle towards the ring. He veers to the side, using his massive arm to reach out his hand to those alongside the railing striving to touch the Eiffel Tower.]

GM: The biggest professional athlete in the world today, fans! Torin The Titan has arrived here for the Battle of Boston and... well, how are you gonna bet against this guy, Bucky?

BW: It's hard to imagine anyone putting him down for a three count.

[The cameraman is positioned low, looking up at the Titan as he walks slowly down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: It was back in November at SuperClash that Torin The Titan announced that he had signed an AWA contract. It was back in March that he debuted, defeating Supreme Wright in under five minutes. And it was in May he took part in that Battle Royal, earning a second place finish and a spot as a team captain in the upcoming Steal The Spotlight series - remember, fans, the draft for that event will take place in two weeks at Madison Square Garden on that big Saturday Night Wrestling that will also see the first Women's World Champion crowned.

BW: It was the win over Wright that really showed AWA fans what this guy is capable of. He's tough, he's powerful, he's seemingly indestructible... I mean, he's a giant! How do you compete with that?

GM: Right now, the better question might be WHO will compete with that. Moments ago, Sweet Lou Blackwell told us that The Gladiator is not here. The Gladiator is not in the building to his knowledge. Emerson Gellar brought alternates here to Boston in case of an injury or travel problems but... who in the world would volunteer to step in there with Torin?

BW: Giant or not, it's your chance to win the Battle of Boston. You take it and worry about how to win after.

[Reaching the ring, Torin climbs the ringsteps. The Titan swings one of his tree trunk legs over the top rope, stepping into the ring to cheers. He smiles at the crowd's reaction, raising one arm into the air to an enormous cheer.]

Standing in his singlet - not bothering with special "entrance attire" - Torin is ready for action as he stands just a step out of the corner, arms crossed over his chest.]

GM: And just like that, Torin is ready for battle. The question is - who will he be battling?

BW: We're about to find out.

[Rebecca Ortiz retakes center ring, mic in hand.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Ortiz looks around with a shrug.]

BW: She doesn't even know? What kind of a show is Gellar running here, Gordo?

GM: This last minute change of plans seems to have thrown everyone for a loop. Rebecca Ortiz coming over to the ropes, talking to one of our producers out at ringside. Maybe he's going to shed some light on this.

BW: Look how cool Torin looks, Gordo. Like he doesn't have a care in the world.

GM: I don't think Torin's gameplan - if such a thing exists - changes one bit based on who his opponent will be. I don't think-

BW: Hold on. Here she comes.

[Ortiz steps back out to the center, raising the mic again...]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[She waits, lowering the mic... and waits... and waits. A few boos ring out towards the ring as Ortiz seems to be stalling.]

BW: Come on, who is-

[And suddenly, a sound breaks out across the PA system that sends the crowd into a roar!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Are you kidding me?!

[The sound?

A single trumpet blasting a fanfare.

It's a call to battle.]

GM: Could it be?!

[The fanfare - having caught the attention of the Boston crowd - is followed by a deep, ominous war drum shortly thereafter, accompanied by further trumpets and the sounds of many footsteps marching in lockstep.]

GM: All eyes are on the entrance, waiting to see if...

[That is when the man known as The Gladiator comes out through the entranceway. He is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a gladiator helmet on his head.]

GM: HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE! We haven't seen him in weeks but the Gladiator is here!

[The AWA fans are roaring over the fact that their "dream match" has been put back on the table. The Gladiator stops before the entranceway, removing his helmet and dropping to one knee. He sets the helmet to the side, then bows his head down, and takes his right hand, placing it on the ground before him, as if he is feeling out his surroundings...]

BW: GORDO! GORDO! IN THE RING!

[While all eyes were down the aisle at the entranceway, someone else has jumped the barricade and made their way into the ring. Two men in hooded sweatshirts, yanking their hoods down as they climb into the squared circle...

...after stopping to retrieve something from under the ring.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The larger of the two men hits the ring first, using the baseball bat he got from under the ring to slam it into the ribcage of Torin The Titan!]

GM: That's Casey James!

BW: He's not supposed to be here!

GM: I know that but-

[And of course, the smaller man is Tiger Claw who takes his own shot with the bat, swinging it at the left knee of Torin, taking the giant off his feet with a single blow to the leg. Torin collapses in a heap, screaming as he grabs at his leg!]

GM: OH! That son of a- Tiger Claw hit him in the leg with a damned baseball bat!

[With Torin down, James winds up like he's about to chop wood, swinging the bat down on the knee as well. The giant screams out a second time as Claw joins in, bashing the knee with the bat!]

GM: They're beating Torin The Titan with baseball bats, damn it! Get security out here! Get the damned police out here!

[With the Gladiator's entrance music still playing, the warrior spots what's going on in the ring and goes tearing down the aisle to a DEAFENING ROAR!]

GM: HERE COMES THE GLADIATOR!

[Claw nudges his long-time friend and partner, pointing at what's approaching them. James tosses the bat aside, gleefully beckoning towards the aisle as the Gladiator dives headfirst under the bottom rope.]

GM: The Gladiator's in!

[Claw steps back as the Gladiator comes to his feet, rushing at Casey James. The Blackheart comes to meet him, the crowd exploding at the sight of James and the Gladiator hammering each other with heavy blows to the skull!]

GM: NOW we've got a fight on our hands! Let's see what happens when you don't jump a man from behind with a baseball bat!

[James and the Gladiator are tearing into one another pretty good, the Gladiator actually starting to gain ground as he batters a retreating James back up against the turnbuckles...

...which is when Claw comes charging in, leaping up to land a knee right between the shoulderblades of the man attacking his friend!]

GM: Ohhh! Tiger Claw from behind!

[Claw snatches the arms of the Gladiator, holding them back as James straightens up, wiping a bloody streak from the side of his mouth, shouting something that our censors just barely catch...

...before DRIVING his clenched fist into the rapidly-beating heart of the Gladiator!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Blackheart Punch! Good lord!

[Claw flings the Gladiator down to the mat, gesturing to his partner who seems to want more of the Gladiator. Claw shoves him the other way, pointing at Torin who is trying to get off the mat. James stomps towards him, laying in some heavy steel-toed boots to the chest, knocking Torin back down into a seated position against the buckles as Claw picks up his bat, winds up, and brings it down HARD on the ribcage of the Gladiator!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: We've got a damn mugging going on out here! Where the hell is security?! Where the hell is ANYONE to stop this damn thing?!

[Claw lands a second blow to the ribcage with the baseball bat, causing the Gladiator to curl up in a ball as Claw takes aim again...

...but before he can strike, James' shout warns him of incoming trouble in the form of AWA security. Claw squares up to face the new threat as James barrels past him, landing a two-armed Black Mass clothesline on a pair of incoming security guards, knocking them back to the floor. James stays in the mix, throwing bombs at anyone moving.

Three get through on the other side, trying to encircle Claw who arrogantly sneers, giving a one handed beckon towards them. One comes in hot, throwing a haymaker that Claw ducks out of the way of, swinging a leg and catching him flush in the kneecap. The man instantly goes down, screaming in pain as Claw comes up, landing an elbow uppercut that knocks one man through the ropes immediately. The third jumps on Claw from behind, grabbing him around the neck. Claw simply grabs the arm, shifting his weight as he YANKS the man over his body violently, swinging him down to the mat where he promptly SLAMS his foot down into the face, leaving the third man motionless.]

GM: Good lord.

[Claw snatches up the bat again, blasting a pair of guards off the apron with two quick jabs to the chest. He turns, spotting his partner being swarmed by a handful and rushes into the mix, knocking one down with a handle to the throat. Someone snatches the bat from him, taking aim with it but Claw ducks a wild swing, coming up with a roundhouse kick on a different guard, knocking him flat. The now bat-wielding guard comes at Claw who swings his knee up as he approaches...

...and splits the bat in two before landing a full force headbutt that splits the guard's forehead in two, leaving him bloody and on the canvas!]

GM: This is...

[James is a wild man in contrast to his cool-headed partner, swinging and kicking, biting and snarling as he dispatches of security guards. He grabs one by the head, yanking him into the ring only to scoop him up, press him high, and throw him out onto the pile of other guards.

There are no more guards left when James signals to Claw. Claw quickly moves to the corner, scaling the ropes as James drags a struggling Gladiator across the ring by the legs...]

BW: Oh, you know what's coming now, Gordo.

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this.

[James muscles the Gladiator up in the wheelbarrow as Claw leaps from the top, flipping over to snare a three-quarter nelson...

...and DRIVES the Gladiator skull-first into the canvas!]

GM: SYNDICUTTER! GOOD GOD!

[The Gladiator is motionless on the mat as Claw and James stand tall...

...and a still fired-up James snatches the other baseball bat off the mat, swinging the barrel down into Torin's chest, pressing the length of it into his throat as a pain-filled Torin struggles against him.]

GM: We're going to need more help! We're going to-

[Suddenly, we cut to a shot at the top of the aisle where Emerson Gellar is standing, pointing frantically at the ring, shouting at the top of his lungs. A squad of armed police officers come jogging down the aisle, heading towards the ring.]

GM: Good! Good! Get the police out here! Get the police out here to stop these two thugs!

[James squares up again, bat in hand. Claw puts a hand on his partner's shoulder as the police officers quickly surround the ring, hands on the weapons in their holsters.]

GM: Wait a second... this is...

[James looks ready to continue the fight but Claw's hand on his shoulder gets a firmer grip. The Blackheart looks over to his partner for a moment...

...and then drops the bat, slowly raising his hands over his head.]

CJ: Easy now, fellas... Nobody else needs to get hurt. We surrender...

[Casey smirks the kind of smirk that gets less frightening people smacked.]

CJ: Now go ahead and take us in.

[The mocking tone in James' voice is unmistakable as a smirking Claw raises his hands as well. Two of the police officers slide into the ring, keeping a wary eye on the Syndicate as they move closer, steel handcuffs dangling from their grip...]

GM: Arrest these sons of-

BW: Gordon!

GM: I can't help it, Bucky. This is... what the hell was this? Why? Why do this? Why tonight? Because they got fired?!

BW: I'm guessing that's exactly why.

GM: Torin had nothing to do with that! The Gladiator had nothing to do with that!

BW: The Syndicate doesn't give a damn, Gordon. Never have, never will.

GM: This isn't right. These men are legends. They're Hall of Famers! They're not supposed to act like this... they're supposed to be BETTER than this!

BW: According to who? This is Casey James. This is Tiger Claw. This... this is who they are, Gordon.

GM: I... this makes me sick. Torin is down. His leg has been brutalized. The Gladiator got laid out as well. He might have broken ribs or... who knows what else. All those security guards. All the... unbelievable.

[The cuffs are soon on the two Hall of Famers as they are led out of the ring, being forced back up the aisle. An irate Emerson Gellar is at the top of the aisle, shouting over Vernon Riley and Tommy Fierro - earning himself a few moments of silence at the hands of the censors.

James and Claw are led right up the ramp, James smirking his infuriating smirk right at Gellar as they're led closer. Just as they are brought to the head of the aisle, Gellar shoves past Fierro...

...and SPITS right in the face of Casey James to a giant-sized reaction from the AWA faithful. James' smirk dissolves and is replaced by a cold, blank stare right into Gellar's eyes. As Gellar shouts at James, we see Dr. Ponavitch leading several AWA medical team members swiftly down the aisle.]

EG: You son of a bitch! You ruined it! You ruined everything!

[The camera closes on James, spittle rolling down his cheek. He continues his stare, but now grins.]

CJ: Next time... I'm comin' for you.

[James punctuates the threat with a laugh that can only be interpreted as another threat. The police shove him past Gellar. Claw follows, and locks an unbreaking stare on Gellar. Just as he breaks eye contact, he gives Gellar the once over and sneers dismissively. Gellar pushes toward the Syndicate but Fierro manages to hold the Director of Operations back. After a moment, we also see Bobby Taylor and Jon Stegglet alongside Gellar, trying to calm him down...

...and we abruptly go to black...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

...and back up to the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing in front of the locker room door. There's a sheen of sweat on Blackwell's forehead, and he looks slightly disheveled, like he's just run here from wherever he was in the back.]

SLB: After the absolutely shameful actions of two men whose names I don't even want to say, well, official word has come down that the match between Torin The Titan and The Gladiator has been thrown out due to injuries to both men... which unfortunately means both Torin the Titan and The Gladiator have been ELIMINATED from the Battle of Boston. And though I would like to say that everyone in the building is upset about this occurrence, that wouldn't be true. Because there is at least one man celebrating. The man to my right.

[The camera pulls back, and we see that next to Blackwell is Brian Lau. Lau is all smiles, his smile so bright it justifies his wearing of sunglasses indoors. Both hands are gripping his lapels, and he's rocking back and forth in his feet.]

SLB: You look like the cat that ate the proverbial canary, Mr. Lau.

BL: I am just glad, Blackwell, on behalf of the fine fans in attendance tonight.

SLB: You've gotta be kidding me right now with this nonsense!

BL: The people of Boston have been spared having to see a mush mouthed maniac with more brawn than brains take on the Gladiator. We should all be happy for that, Blackwell!

SLB: You are just ridiculous, Brian Lau! And now, I suppose you're going to tell me that you had nothing to do with what just happened?

BL: I had absolutely nothing to do with it, Blackwell, you have my word!

SLB: And we all know what your word is worth!

BL: Listen, Blackwell, it is true that, once upon a time, many years ago, I had a business relationship with the two gentlemen in question. And it is true that I maintain a friendly relationship with those men...

SLB: Stop soft selling this, Lau!

[Lau ignores Blackwell and keeps on going.]

BL: But despite the rumors you're spreading and the innuendo you're insinuating, I had absolutely nothing to do with what happened.

SLB: You don't seem all that broken up about it either.

[Lau shrugs.]

BL: Why should I? I mean, after all...

[But before Lau can continue, the locker room door is torn open, and out stomps a very incensed looking Brian James. James stalks towards Blackwell and Lau, and stops just in front of his manager.]

BJ: Tell me that wasn't you.

[The camera takes a moment to shoot the inside of the locker room, and we can see that it's been thoroughly torn apart.]

BL: ...It wasn't, Brian! You have my word. I had nothing to do with it! I swear it! But you should be happy! You get either Lynch or Mahoney, and you'll be fresh! They did you a favor.

BJ: That's not the kind of favor I want! And if you think I do, then you don't know me at all!

SLB: So are you saying, Mr. James, that you're as surprised and upset as everyone else?

[James wheels around, glaring a hole through Blackwell, who takes two steps backwards.]

BJ: Do you know who I am, Blackwell?

SLB: Brian James.

BJ: That's right. I'm the son of...

[James hesitates, too angry to claim that right now.]

BJ: The Engine of Destruction! A King of Wrestling! I am the ultimate combat sports athlete, and I did not come all this way to this stinking city so that I could sit on a bench! I came to fight, and I don't win fights with tricks.

SLB: Based on the actions of Detson, Donovan, and Taylor, that might make you unique among the Kings of Wrestling.

[James lets out a growl that stops both Blackwell and Lau in their tracks.]

BJ: You better be very careful what you say about my brothers while I'm listening, Blackwell. I don't allow anyone to disrespect me, and I don't allow anyone to disrespect them. You fail to remember that at your own peril.

[There is a long, pregnant pause, before Lau at last steps forward.]

BL: Be on your way, Blackwell. My client and I have things to discuss.

[Blackwell seems to be happy to leave, and begins to scoot out of frame. Just before the camera cuts away, we catch James saying one last thing.]

BJ: ...and if I find out you arranged this...

[But before he can say more, we cut away and back to another part of the building where an absolutely-fuming Emerson Gellar is standing alongside AWA co-owner Bobby Taylor and Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Gentlemen, it's... well, to describe it as a chaotic scene backstage here at the TD Garden would be an understatement. I'm told that during the commercial break, the men known as-

[Gellar interrupts, his voice cold.]

EG: Do NOT do them the courtesy of mentioning their names, Stegglet.

[Mark nods his head, obviously surprised at being referred to by his last name.]

MS: ...they were taken from the building in police cars. I'm assuming charges will be pressed for-

[Taylor intercedes.]

BT: Look, we made it clear back in May. Those two are not welcome at any AWA event. So, yeah... our lawyers will be in touch with local law enforcement to see what sticks. Trespassing. Assault. Who knows. But this kind of thing can't... and won't... be tolerated by AWA management.

MS: Many fans are going to ask why it was AWA security... why it was Boston police who went out there. Where was the AWA locker room?

BT: They were right where we told them to stay.

[Taylor chuckles humorlessly.]

BT: Do you - do our fans - honestly think there wasn't a line out back of people who wanted to get their hands on them during that? I practically had to tie Supreme Wright to a chair - thank god he wasn't at ringside still. Ryan Martinez just kicked a door in down the hall. This locker room is filled with guys ready to stand up and defend this company when threatened... but I'm not about to send our guys out there to fight off two guys with baseball bats either who don't give a damn who they hurt.

MS: Mr. Taylor, I've gotta ask... your personal relationship with-

BT: No, you don't need to ask, Mark. My personal relationship with those two ended the night they decided it was more important to look tough to their buddies than it was to be professional and continue earning the paycheck that I made sure they got.

[Gellar is obviously still fuming during all of this and Stegglet looks towards him.]

MS: Well, Sweet Lou said the match is thrown out... that both Torin and the Gladiator are out. I know there are alternates back-

EG: We have broadcast commitments, Mark. I can't... we can't just add extra matches and forget about that. The alternates are there if a winner can't continue... not to replace two guys who can't compete at all. Sweet Lou is right. The match is off. Both guys are out. And Brian James...

[Gellar grimaces, reaching up to touch his face as he says "James."]

EG: ...he's got a bye to the second round.

[Gellar sighs.]

EG: Look, yes... we all wanted to see the match and as soon as I can, I'm putting that damn match in that ring. It won't be tonight. It won't be this weekend. But as soon as I can, we're going to see it... and when we do, no one's going to mess it up again.

Just like no one can mess up this weekend. We're having a heck of a time in Boston and two guys whose glory days are over and gone want to screw things up for us?

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: Not going to happen. We've still got four big matches here tonight and they've got a night in jail to look forward to... hopefully longer. So, let's focus on the bright side and... well, enjoy the show.

[Gellar manages to crack a thin smile as Stegglet turns to wrap it up.]

MS: You heard the man, fans. Let's go back down to ringside to Gordon and Bucky!

[Fade down to the ringside area where our announce team is standing.]

GM: Thanks for that, Mark. Well, Bucky... you talk about the tournament getting shaken up just like that. Because of the actions of... of those two individuals... two of the favorites to win the whole thing are out! They're gone! And to make matters worse, the match is thrown out so Brian James is getting a bye to the second round! Bucky, you know Brian Lau pretty well - do you think he was behind what we just saw?

[Bucky shrugs.]

BW: On one hand, it's a great strategy and puts his greatest chance of winning this tournament all the way into the second round completely fresh. Brian James just was given a gift, Gordo. He doesn't have to wrestle until the last night of this tournament and while some guys are going to end up wrestling four or five times to win this thing, Brian James just has to win three times. That's a huge advantage for him. But on the other hand, James LIVES for competition and we just saw how upset he was at the idea of someone trying to give him an easier path to victory. Would Brian Lau go behind his client's back and against his wishes to smooth the road to glory?

[The colorful color man rubs his chin.]

BW: I just don't know.

GM: Well, fans, we're going to take the advice of our Director of Operations and we're going to enjoy the rest of this show and not worry about what we just saw any longer. The Play-In matches are done... let's take a look at the remaining brackets of this tournament!

[Gordon and Bucky are replaced by a graphic with The Graham Bracket.]

The Graham Bracket



GM: The Graham Bracket with three very difficult first round matches - one of which we'll see here later tonight in our Main Event. Brian James gets that bye that we mentioned, he'll take on either the National Champion, Travis Lynch, or Callum Mahoney on Night 3. Over on the other side, the match with the most international intrigue goes down between Noboru Fujimoto and Riley Hunter with the winner of that one meeting either Dave Bryant or Hall of Famer and former World Champion Eddie Van Gibson. There is no easy path through that bracket, Bucky, although Brian James is certainly at an advantage going into Sunday's show.

BW: Tough matches all around. But I think right now the most speculation rests on that match between Bryant and Van Gibson. Two guys who haven't been in the ring in a while... Van Gibson's facing years off actually... Bryant returning from injury and he's been silent since showing his face at Memorial Day Mayhem. You have to wonder if he's really ready for this. I'm looking forward to that one.

GM: Moving on, we take a look at the Hardin Bracket...

[A new graphic appears.]

The Hardin Bracket



GM: Another set of intriguing matches, Bucky. We're going to see SM&K collide in the form of Rex Summers taking on Kerry Kendrick in what should be a very interesting matchup. MAMMOTH Maximus returning from Japan will meet the Iron Cowboy Jack Lynch in what should be an outstanding matchup. Over on the other side of the bracket, the current World Television Champion, Supernova, takes on the Wild Card for the tourney, Bobby O'Connor. And the World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson, takes on the former World Television Champion, Shadoe Rage. What stands out to you here?

BW: The eternal hope that Maximus is going to turn Jack Lynch into a pile of goo.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Anything else?

BW: Yeah, I think this one is the bracket of matches no one thought they'd see. Can you imagine the Championship Committee putting together a match like Detson vs Rage or Supernova vs O'Connor on a random Saturday night? And SM&K colliding? Well, I can see Gellar scheduling that since he's biased against SM&K.

GM: Give me a break... but you raise a good point. A lot of unexpected matches here. A lot of matches you might not typically see. Any prospective matches later in the bracket catch your eye?

BW: Sure, how about a Rage/Supernova rematch? One of the hottest rivalries over the past couple years getting a big ol' spotlight dropped on it during the Battle of

Boston. I also see O'Connor in there hoping to get another shot at the World Champion.

GM: The title wouldn't be on the line but after the way the match between them ended recently, I can see that being very appealing to the man who won the fans' vote to be the Wild Card of this tournament. And now, let's bring up the one that many have called the Death Bracket... the Temple Bracket!

[The graphic changes one more time.]

The Temple Bracket



GM: And the addition of Jordan Ohara and Rufus Harris to the first round doesn't make this road any easier to walk, does it, Bucky?

BW: Absolutely not. Let's look at this for a second... let's take someone like Supreme Wright who many believe is the best wrestler in the world and the odds-on favorite to win this thing. To win this tournament, Wright would need to beat a former GFC Heavyweight Champion.

GM: Right.

BW: Then he gets either one of the best technical wrestlers on the planet or a friggin' Olympic gold medalist.

GM: Indeed.

BW: If he survives that, he's going to either have a giant Russian...

GM: Uh huh.

BW: One of the hottest young competitors in the game...

GM: Yep.

BW: A Hall of Famer, former World Champion, and one of the most dangerous competitors in the sport...

GM: One more...

BW: OR the guy that beat him for the World Title a year and a half ago in one of the toughest damn matches we've ever seen.

GM: That sounds about right. And if he does all that, he's still got the first ever Three Way Dance waiting for him with who knows what two competitors will survive the other brackets.

BW: But I'll tell you, Gordo... even through all of that, if someone like Wright... like Martinez... like Vasquez or Zharkov... if they made it, you'd have a hard time betting against them winning the whole thing, wouldn't you?

GM: Absolutely. But that goes for anyone in this tournament, not just the names you mentioned. This is certainly the greatest collection of competitors in one tournament since... I don't know... perhaps the AWA World Title tournament several years back.

BW: When you look at the talent in the AWA locker room these days, it's almost scary how good it is... and it keeps getting better. They keep going out and signing bigger and better wrestlers. We're hearing all these rumors this weekend about a new free agent signing... how it's one of the biggest signings in AWA history... how it's-

GM: Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Bucky. We've still got three first round matches here tonight plus our big World Tag Team Title match pitting Taylor and Donovan against the Lynches. We're going to go right back to the ring for our first Round One match of the tournament in just a moment but before we do, let's go backstage and hear from the competitors!

[We cut backstage to Mark Stegklet in front of a Battle of Boston backdrop.]

MS: What an exciting night it's been so far here on Night One of this tournament here in Boston and we're just getting started. The Play-In matches are over - the tournament bracket is set. Twenty-four... scratch that, twenty-two of the best in the world here in Boston with one goal... to find out who is Number One. Could it be my guest at this time...

[Shot pans out to show X, in a new special BOB ring kit and t-shirt.]

MS: ...who on the Preview Show had a good deal to say about the Battle of Boston? But, Pure X, what do you have to say to the man you'll be facing in just a few moments, Olympic gold medalist Bret Grayson?

[X considers for a moment before starting up.]

PX: "The real deal"... Olympic gold... Bret Grayson, "best amateur wrestler the ring's seen"... When I saw the brackets and saw my name opposite Grayson's in the first round?

[X shakes his head.]

PX: It was like a true present - first round of this WRESTLING tournament against a bona fide, gold stamped, wrestler... What more could I ask for, right, Stegglet?

[X smirks however.]

PX: The best AMATEUR wrestler in the sport against the most technically sound, PUREST professional wrestler in the sport. Amateur anklelock versus the anklelock passed down from Hall of Famers. This match? It should be a showstealer, a delight to ever true WRESTLING fan watching. Clean, true, real and pure - what wrestling should be, but...

[Pure X pauses, shaking his head.]

PX: Lot of hype, you know? Grayson, he's good, don't get me wrong - no doubt about it, great on the mats. But in that wrestling ring? Between those ropes? Against me, the purest technical wrestler Grayson'll ever see?

[X waves a his index finger in the air as he looks into the camera.]

PX: Grayson, I'm not an Olympic wrestler and I'm not some green behind ears rookie you've beaten ten times over in CCW. I'm better than all of that. I'm Pure X and I'm here to wrestle... and triumph!

[And with that, Pure X makes his exit, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Pure X has seemingly been waiting his entire career for a weekend like this to show that his wrestling talent is second to none... but with an Olympic gold medalist standing in his path, his road to victory could be very difficult. Now, let's go over to Sweet Lou Blackwell to hear from his opponent! Lou?

[We cut to another part of the backstage area where Blackwell is standing alongside Bret Grayson. Grayson is wearing a white jacket over his ring gear, emblazoned with many blue stars on the shoulders. His gold medal is hanging around his neck as he stands, a sheen of sweat already on his face.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark... and indeed, this particular gold medalist might have an objection with the words of Pure X. Am I right?

[Grayson looks at the offered mic, cracking a smirk.]

BG: An objection? Not at all!

[Blackwell raises an eyebrow.]

BG: Pure X speaks the truth. He's not the same as all the amateur wrestlers I've beaten over the years. He's also not the guys down in CCW that I was wrestling circles around since the day I showed up. He's a superstar. He's a name.

And that's why I love this match, Lou.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I'm not sure I understand.

BG: Lemme break it down for ya. Pure X isn't saying a single thing I haven't already heard. When I was in high school, winning state championships, they told me that when I got to Iowa, everything would be different... that I hadn't faced the

level of competition I'd face there. And they were right about that. But I did what I've always done, Lou... I rose to the challenge and I became a four-time All-American... I became a two-time NCAA National Champion.

And then I went to the World Championships and they told me everything would be different. That I hadn't faced a level of competition like that. And then I won the World Champions in 2003.

And then I went to Athens... to the friggin' Olympic games... the pinnacle of sports. And I heard all the same things. Everything's different. You haven't faced a challenge like this.

[He grasps the gold medal in his hand, holding it up.]

BG: And we all know how that story ends. So, Pure X, I'm glad you think you're better than I am... that I'm some scrub who can only beat the wrestling school rookies. I'm glad you've got all the confidence because you're going to need it. When I get in there, waistlock you, and throw you down... see how confident you feel. When I double leg you into the mat... see how confident you feel. And when I get my hands on that foot of yours and I twist that ankle... see how confident you feel then too.

Because I'm confident that when that happens, you're going to realize that once again, Bret Grayson has risen to the challenge... once again, Bret Grayson has proved the critics wrong...

Once again, Bret Grayson is the man.

[Grayson's smirk returns.]

BG: And that... is as real... as it gets.

[He chuckles, patting Lou on the back before making his exit.]

SLB: That young man has all the confidence in the world, fans... but this is his official AWA debut and you have to wonder if he knows what he's gotten himself into. We're about to find out as we head down to the ring and Rebecca Ortiz! Rebecca?

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

RO: The following contest set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit is the opening FIRST ROUND matchup in the Battle of Boston tournament!

[Big cheer!]

RO: First...

[The remixed version of "Elekta" sounds as Pure X steps through to top of aisle. For this special event, X changed up his ring gear - wearing silver wrestling tights, with gold crossed bolts in the form of an "X" and gold-toned wrestling boots.]

RO: From Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 232 pounds...

PUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURE X!

[As X goes down to the aisle, he fixes his eyes not on the crowd but on the ring. He stops as he gets to the near side, tapping at the mat before kneeling over the side for a brief moment and rolling under the ropes.]

GM: Pure X with an entrance worthy of his personality. No frills, no fuss. He's all business inside that ring and nothing in the way he approaches the ring would make you think otherwise, Bucky.

BW: This guy is a sleeper pick to go deep for me. He's one of - arguably THE - best technical wrestlers on the planet. But this road to the Finals of this bracket ain't easy. He's had a string of bad luck since returning to the AWA and I'm sure he's hoping to turn it all around here tonight.

GM: But to do it, he's gotta beat an Olympic gold medalist.

[X tugs at the ropes, awaiting the arrival of his opponent.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights drop down to nothing, plunging the arena into darkness to the loud buzz of the crowd.]

A low electronic buzz is heard; the opening section of "Final Countdown" by Europe. As the various industrial/synth sounds come up, small plumes of steam emit from around the entranceway. The crowd is buzzing with anticipation by this point, waiting for the arrival of the much-hyped Olympic gold medalist. And then, the famous synthesizer riff begins, causing the crowd hype to build.]

GM: Where is he, Bucky?

BW: Give him time, Gordo. Gotta take it all in.

[The entire opening keyboard section plays with the arena in darkness.]

At last, as the voice counts down from ten, a thin golden silhouette appears on the big screen. It fills in as the countdown proceeds, and dim white lighting reveals that the entranceway is filling with thick white mist, like a smoke cloud. At about four, we can make out that the filling-in silhouette is a gradually-illuminated Olympic Gold Medal, and the mist really starts to pour out from the curtain.

At two, the entrance way floods with golden light, as if a rocket were taking off. And at zero, the light drops, replaced by red, white, and blue small spotlights playing through the now-receding mist, and resting on a figure who is now being revealed standing in the entrance way... none other than Bret Grayson. The big screen displays a slow-motion image of Bret Grayson on the gold medal stand in the 2004 Olympic Games as Grayson replicates the gold medal pose under the spotlights, head bowed as if receiving the medal. His head raises back up as the arena lights return to normal, and smirks at the arena as he displays his Olympic Gold Medal by stretching out his arms.

Bret Grayson is a man in prime physical condition, with wide shoulders and well-defined muscles. He has black hair kept short but messily curled. He has hazel eyes and an epic-level smirk. He's wearing the same ring jacket we saw in his interview. Grayson strides down the aisle, chin up and head held high as mist jets fill the aisle at his feet ahead of him, while red, white, and blue lights shine from above into the mist. The arena itself is still mostly in darkness with only the colored spotlights shining into the mist and onto Grayson illuminating the scene.]

GM: There he is, fans! The-

BW: Olympic gold medalist?

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Indeed.

We're leaving together,
But still it's farewell

[Upon arriving at ringside, Grayson walks around the ring and walks up to the steps. He stands on the steps, head bowed again, and both hands raised in the air with index fingers pointing to the sky. And he waits. The crowd cheers... mostly anyways. There are a scattering of boos but Grayson acts as if he can't hear them, soaking up the cheers.]

And maybe we'll come back,
To earth, who can tell?
I guess there is no one to blame
We're leaving ground
Will things ever be the same again?

[Grayson waits until the chorus...]

IT'S THE FINAL COUNTDOWN!

[... and as it goes, he takes the last step onto the apron, nimbly hops over the top rope, and does a quick spin, immediately dropping to his knees and stretching his arms again to the boos of the crowd as a single white spotlight is now on him. Red, white, and blue spotlights now sweep the entire arena. He leaps up from his knees, much as he did when he won his gold medal in Athens, and flings his ring jacket off to the mat with a flourish. This reveals his ring attire: a blue stylized version of a Team USA wrestling singlet, with red-and-white star logos and "USA" imprinted across the back in red and white. His boots are a matching shade of blue and he sports white knee pads. Grayson walks around the ring, going to the second rope in each corner, soaking in the cheers...]

RO: From Youngstown, Ohio... weighing in at 243 pounds... he is an Olympic Gold Medalist...

BREEEEEEEEEET GRAAAAAAAAAAAAYSONNNNNNNNN!

[Grayson continues his circuit of the ring and his music continues.]

GM: These fans in Boston are showing their support for the American hero here on 4th of July weekend and he's loving it, Bucky!

BW: A tremendous reaction for someone making their official debut.

GM: And yes, he's had a couple of matches in the AWA before but this is his first officially announced ahead-of-time match. Bret Grayson, after great anticipation, has arrived here in the AWA!

[Finally, the arena lights come back up and Grayson's music dies down. Grayson walks to the corner, smiling at the crowd response as he removes his Olympic gold medal from around his neck. He holds it up in front of his eyes, planting a kiss on it before leaning through the ropes and handing it out to a ringside attendant with a firm warning.]

GM: Grayson hands over his most prized possession and... it's just about time to get the First Round of the Battle of Boston underway, fans. Three First Round matches here tonight. We've got this one along with Supernova taking on Bobby O'Connor and tonight's Main Event of Dave Bryant meeting Eddie Van Gibson.

[Grayson stands in the corner, waiting for the bell as Pure X paces back and forth in his corner, eager to get this match going.]

GM: And here... we...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...go!

[Referee Scott Ezra waves his arms together for action as both men come out of their respective corners to the center of the ring, extending their hands for a handshake.]

GM: Good show of sportsmanship at the outset of this one.

BW: Wonder how long that'll last.

[The two men come apart, circling one another as the fans clap their hands in rhythm, building more anticipation for the eventual clash...

...and when they come together in a collar and elbow tieup, the fans in Boston cheer.]

GM: Lockup and the first round is underway!

[The two competitors jockey for position, each trying to get an edge on the other, turning around and around... and end up pressed against the ropes where the referee calls for a break.]

GM: Round One is a stalemate for these two as they end up in the ropes... clean break though as Grayson backs away.

[Grayson backs to the center of the ring as Pure X edges off the ropes, eyeing his opponent up and down...

...and lunges into another tieup.]

GM: Back to the collar and elbow, Pure X trying to push him back, establish control early...

[But Grayson drops down, hooking the arm, and tossing Pure X down to the canvas.]

GM: Armdrag takedown by Grayson!

[X comes up fast, charging in on Grayson, trying to catch him by surprise but Grayson sidesteps, flipping Pure X over to the mat with a hiptoss!]

GM: A second takedown puts Pure X down...

[Pure X scrambles up to a knee, looking like he might attack again but locks eyes with Bret Grayson who is ready for him as the fans cheer.]

GM: Well, if Pure X thought he was going to rush in here and overwhelm Bret Grayson, I think he misjudged his opponent because Grayson looking good at the outset with those fundamental pro wrestling maneuvers.

BW: And I think that's the mistake a lot of people will make against Grayson. They'll expect him to be good at amateur style mat wrestling but they'll think he's an empty shell when it comes to the pro game. You know, a lot of people wondered

why it took so long for an Olympic gold medalist to get promoted to the main roster when the AWA signed him and sent him to CCW... but this is why. Grayson WANTED to be ready for the pros. He wanted to be ready for the big time. He didn't want to have to rely on his amateur background. So, now he's got the pro skills to round out his game.

[Grayson backs off a bit, smirking as Pure X climbs off the canvas, dusting himself off. The referee again waves for action as Pure X turns, tossing a few words in his direction.]

GM: Here we go again... both men slowly moving in this time...

[And suddenly, Pure X lunges forward, diving at the legs of Bret Grayson...]

GM: X shooting in, looking for the takedown...

[But Grayson stuffs the takedown, shoving Pure X into the mat and holding him there. X struggles underneath him before the two men separate, each backing off again as Pure X looks a little flushed in the face.]

BW: And if the pro game didn't work, going amateur style against Grayson certainly isn't going to work.

GM: We don't know much about the background of Pure X, something he's tried to keep a secret since the days he was trying to hide the knowledge that he's Mark Langseth's nephew. So, he could be a very accomplished amateur wrestler, Bucky.

BW: He could be... but he wouldn't be an Olympic gold medalist.

GM: That much is true.

[Pure X comes off the ropes, sizing up Grayson from afar... and then beckons him forward, pointing at his legs...]

GM: Is Pure X challenging Grayson to try to take him down?

[Grayson smirks at the challenge, chuckling with a nod.]

BW: Challenge accepted?

[Grayson edges forward... forward... forward...]

GM: Pure X looking to defend the takedown here...

[...and suddenly dives in with great explosiveness, grabbing the legs of Pure X, lifting him off the mat, and dumping him down to the canvas to a big cheer! Grayson pops back up, arms spread as he does a little spin, soaking up the reaction.]

BW: Challenge accepted!

GM: Tremendous double leg takedown by Bret Grayson and... well, that didn't go the way Pure X was hoping either, fans.

[X climbs to his feet, glaring across the ring at the gloating Grayson...

...and then stomps across after him, spinning him around by the shoulder, sticking a finger in his face.]

"Try that again!"

GM: Uh huh... another challenge from Pure X. He wants Grayson to try and take him down again.

[Grayson nods, a bit surprised at the challenge as X backs off, lowering down to get in better position to block the takedown effort. Grayson again edges towards X, moving slowly at first...

...and then lunging forward, hooking a leg under his armpit!]

GM: Grayson's got him! Grayson's got him!

[But with Grayson attempting a single leg, X bounces backwards, throwing himself to the ropes where he grabs them with both arms.]

GM: And that's going to be a break!

[Grayson backs off, letting go of the leg and raising his hands as Pure X smirks.]

"That's one for me!"

[Grayson shakes his head, pointing at the ropes.]

GM: It appears as though Pure X thinks he just won that round by getting to the ropes which would be... debatable... at best, Bucky.

BW: Hey, he didn't go down, right? I think he's right. I think he won that round.

[Pure X strides off the ropes, filled with confidence again as Bret Grayson watches him approach...

...and then throws himself into another double leg, exploding into it, lifting X into the air, and dumping him to the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: No doubt about that one!

[Grayson spins, waving a hand as Pure X scrambles back to his feet, and the Olympic gold medalist scores another big double leg takedown, flinging Pure X down to the canvas where he quickly crawls to the ropes, rolling through them and out to the floor as the fans roar!]

GM: And that one as well! I think we can go ahead and call the battle of the takedowns a rout for Mr. Grayson, Bucky!

BW: Pure X gets out to the floor, probably looking to regroup and rethink his gameplan which hasn't gone his way so far. But the great thing about a technician like Pure X is that he can change his gameplan in mid-stream. He's a technical master. He's a veteran. He's got the experience to know what he needs to do to regain the edge. A lot of guys can't do that and if their plan gets blown to bits, they're in trouble.

[Grayson is walking around the ring, playing to the crowd as Pure X paces at ringside, thinking about his next move as referee Scott Ezra lays a count on him.]

GM: Grayson not making a move to go to the outside, perfectly happy to let Pure X come back in on his own accord.

[Pure X pauses, standing with his hands on his hips as he looks up at the ring. He gives a nod at the count of six, grabbing the ropes, pulling himself back up on the apron before ducking through the ropes.]

GM: And now Pure X is back inside the ring as well.

[X stares at Grayson for a few more moments, sizing up his opponent before edging away from the ropes towards a waiting Grayson, diving back into a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Back to the traditional pro wrestling lockup, battling for an advantage...

[They jostle for a bit before Pure X swiftly slips out and into a rear waistlock, claspings his hands around the waist.]

GM: Nice go-behind into the waistlock by Pure X, hanging on tight...

[Grayson grabs at the hands, looking for an exit. He slowly slips his left leg in behind X's, twisting his toe around the ankle...]

GM: Grayson's trying to for something here...

[...and spins out of the hold, hooking a waistlock of his own.]

GM: Nice counter by Bret Grayson!

[X looks agitated, grabbing the wrists of Grayson, trying to free himself that way.]

GM: Pure X trying to lock onto the wrist and hands, changing the dynamic in a different fashion...

[And X manages to break the grasp, spinning around into another waistlock...

...but doesn't even it locked in before Grayson executes a standing switch back into a waistlock of his own.]

GM: Counter after counter between two tremendous technical wrestlers...

[X goes to spin out again...

...and bumps up against the ropes, having run out of room.]

GM: And into the ropes they go again.

[The referee steps in, starting a count...

...and X delivers a two-handed shove to the chest of Grayson to an "oooooh!" from the crowd, pushing him back.]

GM: Pure X perhaps starting to lose his cool a little bit with that shove

[Grayson dances back out to the middle of the ring, ready for another tieup as Pure X stays by the ropes again, sizing up Grayson.]

GM: And again, Pure X takes a moment to plot out his next strategy. He's not rushing in, not making any foolish mistakes out of emotion. He's very much a thinking man's pro wrestler.

[Again, Pure X edges slowly away from the ropes, eyeing Grayson, prepared for any sudden movement. But he gets none as they lock up yet again.]

BW: An extended feeling out process between these two, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. Neither one wants to make a costly mistake so they're keeping it safe and grounded so far. Pure X right back into the waistlock, hanging on tight...

[Grayson reaches down, grabbing at the wrists but X has them clasped tight, shaking his head defiantly as the Combat Corner graduate tries to escape.]

GM: Bret Grayson looking for a way out, looking for an exit to this hold.

BW: Pure X using this hold as a show of dominance right now, not trying to do anything else but hang on and show Grayson that he can. But there are a lot of places he can go from it...

[Grayson attempts to throw a back elbow but X tucks his chin in between the shoulderblades, avoiding that strike.]

GM: Grayson's having difficulty here, unable to find a way out of this standing waistlock so far...

[Suddenly, Grayson shifts his stance, sliding his legs to the left, leans over, reaching between his legs where Pure X's leg is now planted...

...and grabs the foot, yanking hard, pulling Pure X's leg out from under him, putting him on his back...]

GM: Another nice counter...

[...and then turns around, flipping Pure X to his stomach in the process as he grabs the foot, looking to twist...]

GM: ANKLELOCK! ANKLELOCK!

[Pure X gives a shout of surprise, lunging forward, crawling hard...

...and dives to the ropes, wrapping his arms around them!]

GM: Ohh! And Pure X gets to the ropes!

BW: Under absolutely ZERO circumstances do either of these guys want to get trapped in the other's anklelock. It's the signature move of both competitors, Gordo.

GM: Pure X has his The X anklelock while Grayson has the Liberty Lock.

BW: And if you really want your mind blown by this matchup, Pure X was taught The X by his uncle Mark Langseth who learned how to use the anklelock under the tutelage of Gabriel Whitecross... who taught it to Grayson.

[Grayson lets go of the hold in short order, allowing Pure X to roll out to the floor once again... this time drawing some jeers from the Boston crowd.]

GM: And it looks like Pure X might need to regroup once again, Bucky.

BW: Things just aren't going his way so far. I have full faith he can turn things around though.

[Pure X is again walking around on the floor, trying to puzzle out what comes next for him. This time, however, Bret Grayson has a few words for the official, complaining about X's exit to the floor again.]

GM: Looks like Bret Grayson is getting tired of Pure X bailing out to the floor.

[The official backs Grayson off, turning to start his ten count again...]

GM: Pure X back up on the apron...

[He eyes Grayson for a few moments before ducking back inside the ring.]

GM: X back in now... Grayson coming towards him...

[X uses Grayson's momentum against him, swinging him around against the ropes, pushing back on his upper body. The referee steps in, calling for a break...]

GM: Pure X backs off... and he's got a few words for Bret Grayson after the break...

[X extends his hand, pointing at Grayson...

...who grabs the wrist, twisting it around into a hammerlock on Pure X!]

GM: Oh, nice move out of the Olympian!

[X grabs at his shoulder, wincing in pain,,,

...and then steps back, twisting through the hold, and wrapping Grayson up into a hammerlock of his own.]

GM: Counterwrestling at its finest in this one so far, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. We're nearly ten minutes into this thing and they just keep going back and forth in there with neither one of them having an advantage for more than a few moments.

GM: X cranking up on the arm, trying to torque the elbow and shoulder...

[Trapped in the hammerlock, Grayson repeats the same counter that Pure X just used, ducking under, ending up behind Pure X where he wraps his arms around X's waist...

...and sends him FLYING overhead and down to the canvas with a released German Suplex!]

GM: OHHH!

[Pure X grabs at the back of his head, rolling under the ropes to the floor as Grayson pops up, throwing his arms apart, shouting to the cheering Boston crowd.]

GM: A waistlock suplex out of nowhere and Pure X is seeking higher ground once more...

[And now, the fans are really getting on Pure X's case as he walks around outside the ring, cradling the back of his head and neck.]

GM: Bret Grayson sends Pure X bailing out to the floor for... what? The third or fourth time in this matchup?

BW: He's got Pure X off his game. That's for sure.

[Grayson turns, again protesting to the official about Pure X's exit from the ring. The referee shrugs, starting his ten count...]

GM: Wait a second! The count is not enough!

[The Olympian, finally having seen enough, drops to his back, rolling under the ropes to the floor to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Grayson's going after him!

[Bret Grayson goes stomping around the ring, chasing after Pure X who throws a glance over his shoulder...

...and then makes a run for it.]

GM: Grayson's chasing Pure X out on the floor! He's chasing him around the ring, trying to get his hands on Pure X!

[Pure X circles the ringpost, swinging under the ropes and back inside the ring. Grayson gets up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...and Pure X snatches him on the way in, rolling him up into the tightest of small packages!]

GM: He rolls him up and-

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice... and as X hangs on for dear life...]

BW: HE GOT HIM!

GM: What?! What just happened?!

[Pure X lets go of the cradle, rolling out to the floor with a smile on his face as Bret Grayson sits up on the mat, a look of disbelief on his face.]

GM: Pure X caught him coming in and... wow! The PRO wrestler puts one over on perhaps the greatest amateur wrestler in the world!

BW: That's what it takes, Gordo! Bret Grayson may be a heck of an amateur but Pure X is a consummate pro! He's a professional wrestler! He's got experience! He knows the tricks of the trade!

GM: Well, he certainly knows the tricks... that rollup coming off... did he LURE Bret Grayson out there?

BW: That's a great question. I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if he did, Gordo. Because that's the kind of skill it takes to be a PROFESSIONAL wrestler. Bret Grayson had the match under control but he let his emotions get the better of him and Pure X made him pay for it on the biggest stage that Grayson's been on in his short professional career.

GM: And as much of an experience edge that Pure X has, I think you have to call this an upset, Bucky.

BW: It's certainly an upset to the hype machine that was drooling over the idea of the GFC Heavyweight Champion against the Olympic gold medalist or arguably the greatest pro wrestler in-ring on the planet, Supreme Wright, taking on his former amateur rival. Pure X just tossed all of that on its ear and Bret Grayson is in a state of shock, Gordo.

[Grayson is still seated on the mat, his jaw dropped as he watches Pure X back down the aisle, a smile on his face all the while...]

GM: Pure X advances to the second round where he's going to meet the winner of Supreme Wright and Rufus Harris... and what a battle that should be. But we've still got two more first round battles here tonight, fans. We've got to take another break but when we get back, it'll be the World Television Champion, Supernova, taking on the man you voted into the tournament, Bobby O'Connor! So don't you dare go away!

[Grayson is still looking on in shock as we fade to black...

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

"DEAD END" EVANS: "You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else."

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: "You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you."

"For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century."

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH "THE SHERIFF" COLTON: "What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that."

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: "We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!"

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: "What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever."

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] "Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!"

"Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at AWAsShop.com."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action, a backstage shot of Sweet Lou Blackwell right behind the curtain.]

SLB: Welcome back to the Battle of Boston where the fans are still buzzing over what they just saw - a result that I think many are considering an upset - despite Pure X's experience and success - when...

[Blackwell's voice trails off as Bret Grayson comes through the curtain, still looking stunned at what just happened.]

SLB: Mr. Grayson? Bret? Can I get a word?

[Grayson is shaking his head, walking forward as if he can't even hear Blackwell.]

SLB: Bret? A quick comment on your defeat?

[Grayson stops short at that word: "defeat." He slowly turns, looking at Blackwell.]

BG: Defeat.

[And with that one word, Grayson turns and makes his exit from view, leaving Blackwell behind...

...and we fade to a panning shot of the TD Garden.]

GM: Bret Grayson looks positively shell-shocked by what happened here tonight. You have to feel for the guy, Bucky.

BW: Hey, he came into this thing thinking he had everything he needed to win it all. He just got proven very, very wrong.

GM: Pure X moving on... and this crowd is still buzzing over that result. In fact, these fans have been buzzing all night long and the wrestlers have certainly been bringing all they've got to the table for this tournament, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame them? They're in front of one of the best crowds of the year here in Boston and these fans have been on fire for every single competitor that has come out tonight. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity for these guys. Jordan Ohara, Rufus Harris, Riley Hunter... when and where else would they get a chance to lace up the boots with guys like Juan Vasquez, Supreme Wright, or the World Champion, Johnny Detson? It could take them YEARS to get a shot like this. The wrestlers know it, the Boston faithful know it, everyone watching at home knows it. Boston is the place to be right now!

GM: It absolutely is and coming up next is a match that I find VERY interesting as-

[Gordon's words are cut off as a familiar tune strikes up over the PA system. A VERY familiar tune.

It's "Empire State of Mind" by Jay-Z and Alicia Keys, a song that immediately changes the mood in the building as an onslaught of boos rings out.]

GM: Well, I don't know who in the world thought it would be a good idea to use this music celebrating New York City in the midst of the proud Boston citizenry but-

[The music continues to pump over the loudspeakers as a massive man steps through the entrance portal igniting a reaction that spikes the crowd into a real frenzy!]

BW: FLEX!

GM: What the heck is Flex Ferrigno doing out here? He's not scheduled in this tournament, Bucky. He's not even scheduled to be here this weekend!

BW: Which is a travesty in itself! He was robbed by Emerson Gellar in favor of that cookie cutter Bobby O'Connor! That punk has been back less than a month and already had every single opportunity imaginable thrown at him!

[With the anthemic love song to New York still ringing out in hostile territory, Flex Ferrigno postures up in the aisle, chain-head dress falling over the sides of his face. Aviator sunglasses looking nice and snuff over his nose. He has the tightest navy blue t-shirt on you've ever seen and across it in Godzilla style gray lettering reads, "STRONG ISLAND'S FINEST". Denim jeans cling to his muscular legs and the man known as the Quadrasaurus stalks down the aisle towards the ring, soaking up the jeers from the Boston faithful.]

BW: You gotta hand it to Flex Ferrigno. It takes some world class guts to come down the aisle to this music in this town.

GM: There is no love lost between the people of Boston and the people of New York City. They've got rivalries all across the board...

BW: ...including in baseball?

[Ferrigno pulls up to a stop in front of the Boston Red Sox fans in the front row, mouthing off in their direction which draws a massive reaction from the fans. The Sox players put on a good show, shouting and giving Ferrigno a big thumbs down. Hanley Ramirez leans over the railing, shouting at the powerful Ferrigno who simply smirks before shouting "I'D SQUASH YOU LIKE AN ANT, LITTLE MAN!"]

GM: And it looks like the Boston Red Sox players in the crowd are taking some offense to Flex Ferrigno being out celebrating New York in their city.

[David Ortiz pops up out of his seat, barking at Ferrigno who dismissively waves him off, cupping his hand to his ear as the chorus rings out.]

Neeeeeeew York, concrete jungle
Where dreams are made of
There's nothing you can't do
Now you're in Neeeeeeew York
These streets will make you feel brand new
Big lights will inspire you
Let's hear it for New York
Neeeeew York, Neeeeew York ##

[The fans are whipped into a frenzy now as Ferrigno takes an offered duffel bag and handheld mic from a ringside attendant, shoving his way through the ropes into the center of the ring.]

GM: Well, that's one way to make an entrance. Flex Ferrigno isn't being too shy about flying his colors out here tonight... even in the face of our invited guests from the Red Sox.

BW: He's from the land of Champions, Gordo. Why should he be ashamed? He's repping his hometown like a hero!

[Ferrigno looks out at the crowd, postures for a moment, and just as he lifts the mic up to his jaw, there's a HUGE eruption of boos!]

GM: No surprise there, Bucky.

BW: Boston only wishes they had someone with his power and all-around total package calling it their hometown!

GM: Boston lays claim to plenty of top level athletes, Bucky.

[Ferrigno lowers the mic and as he does the crowd lets out a slight cheer. Ferrigno stares at them, eyes surveying the crowd...then slowly lifts it back up to his lips once more...

...only to draw a similar reaction to earlier with the Boston faithful letting him hear it!]

GM: I think this crowd is toying with the Muscle Monsta, Bucky.

BW: I think it's the other way around.

[Flex lifts the mic once more to a similar reaction and then lowers it which draws a huge applause of cheers and whistles. Ferrigno sneers at the reaction, looking around at the Boston crowd...

...and then dips into the duffel bag he brought inside the ring, lifting out a perfectly bleached white Yankees jersey for one all and all to see. The boos intensify as he holds it high, showing it to three sides of the ring before making sure to aim it directly at the Boston Red Sox who are again on their feet, booing and shouting at Ferrigno.]

GM: The TD Garden has been whipped into a frenzy by Flex Ferrigno...

[Ferrigno slides his massive frame inside the sleeveless Yankees jersey, strutting around the ring, taunting the fans who are booing even louder than before and that didn't seem possible.]

GM: Flex Ferrigno might need an armed escort to get out of this building tonight.

BW: He usually does with all the ladies trying to climb Mount Muscle.

GM: Bucky!

[Ferrigno quickly produces the mic again, shouting through the jeering crowd.]

FLEX: YAAAAAAAAAAAAAA KNOW, BOSTON!

[Ferrigno sorta smacks his lips as if just saying the word "Boston" left a bad taste in his mouth. The fans continue to shout out at Ferrigno.]

FLEX: I FEEL YA! I'D BE PRETTY PISSED OFF TOO IF I WERE YOU BECAUSE I KNOW EACH AND EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YA PAID DAMN GOOD MONEY TO BE HERE TONIGHT TO FEAST YOUR EYES ON FLEX IN THE FLESH... BABY!!

[The boos are there but they get a little quieter as no one wants Ferrigno shouting over the mic again. He nods approvingly at the reaction, cocking a bicep up towards his chin, showing off his larger than life guns in the process before continuing.]

FLEX: It's been a long time since all you Beantown TRASH saw a REAL athlete up close and in person!

[Ferrigno strikes another pose, soaking up the jeers... but some loud noise from the crowd seems to get his attention.]

FLEX: Like I said... look there! Look at those CLOWNS!

[The camera pans over to where Ferrigno is pointing and to the surprise of absolutely nobody it's right at Red Sox Nation; Buckholz, Kimbrel, Pedroia, Ramirez, and Ortiz who are on their feet, shouting up at Ferrigno who is sporting his Yankee jersey with the sleeves cut out.]

FLEX: Look at those CLOWNS! Ain't a real man in the bunch! You punks together ain't no more than two-fifty soaking wet and that's including Big Fatty's Depends!

[The fans let Ferrigno have it for that one... as does the Red Sox contingent. David Ortiz is the most vocal, shouting at Ferrigno.]

FLEX: I look around this place tonight... I look around this whole city... and I think it's only fitting that a tournament like this one is taking place in the obese capital of the world!

[Another shower of boos as Ferrigno smirks.]

GM: That's not a true statement at all, Bucky.

BW: I don't know, Gordo. You see some of these heifers out here?

GM: Would you stop?!

[Ferrigno turns away from the Red Sox, pointing down the entrance ramp.]

FLEX: I ain't seen a real athlete march down to this ring! Sure as hell ain't seen any in the crowd!

[The fans cheer as the Red Sox players appear on the big screen. A few of them are laughing at the situation while a couple appear a little more agitated.]

FLEX: Nah, nah... no athletes in the crowd. Just a bunch of Oreo-eating overweight slobs! Look at that one... that one right there...

[Ferrigno points to a man in the second row still seated, belly hanging out from underneath his shirt, sweat stains marking up his armpits.]

FLEX: You break a sweat in your sleep just thinkin' about getting up the morning, tubbo! And him! Look at the TOOL!

[Ferrigno points to another man a few rows back. He's taller, definitely lankier, and looks as though he's never seen the gym a day in his life.]

FLEX: Look at you with your Terry Shane III shirt on! What is that punk... a buck ten soaking wet?! Why don't you hop on the TRICEP-A-TOP bandwagon and cheer a man who knows how to fill out a shirt?!

[More boos from the crowd as Ferrigno lowers the mic, walking around and soaking up the negative reaction.]

FLEX: I can't BELIEVE I was left out of this tournament for that fool Bobby O'Connor. You idiots voted for a guy who likes Blue Oyster Cult.

[Ferrigno laughs at his own joke as the fans cheer for one of the biggest fan favorites in the entire AWA.]

FLEX: You look up and down those brackets and there's a SERIOUS lack of manliness. Jordan Ohara?

[Cheers from the crowd.]

FLEX: Runt! Riley Hunter?

[A mixed reaction from the fans.]

FLEX: Runt Fujiwara! Oh... right... and then there's THIS pipsqueak...

[The mixed reaction gets stronger as Ferrigno locks eyes with Supreme Wright who is seated at ringside again. Ferrigno leans over the ropes, pointing at the former World Champion.]

FLEX: You all probably like this finger-twisting jackass, too!

[There's a decent amount of cheers for Wright as Ferrigno nods his head, lifting a muscular arm to point at him.]

FLEX: You ain't man enough to clean my jockstrap, punk!

GM: Oh boy.

BW: I... uh...

[Wright rises from his seat, looking up into the ring at Ferrigno who waves a hand at him, quickly turning away.]

FLEX: I ain't got time for you tonight, slim. Another time, another time...

[But Ferrigno soon finds himself staring into the heart of the Boston Red Sox section again.]

FLEX: But I got all the time in the world for you! Boston Strong? You look like a bunch of sissies! You want strong... you're lookin' at the REAL DEAL right here, playas!

[Ferrigno's chest bounces as he flexes each pec repeatedly.]

FLEX: Though I gotta admit... that fat slab of bacon in the middle has got a nice rack on 'im!

[Ferrigno laughs loudly, bringing his hands up to his chest and pretending like he's... juggling. All eyes turn towards the butt of Ferrigno's joke - David Ortiz. Ortiz looks to his left...then to his right...and it dons on him that Ferrigno is talking

about him and he starts shouting at the ring again. Buckholz and Kimbel immediately bounce up beside him, slapping him on the back and yelling out at Flex.]

FLEX: Right about now, I can see why they call you BIG Papi, son.

[Flex puffs out his cheeks, mockingly waddling around the ring.]

GM: This is totally uncalled for. These gentlemen are invited guests here tonight at our event and-

FLEX: Hey, fat boy! I'm talkin' to you!

[Ortiz turns up towards Ferrigno, shouting something in Spanish at him.]

FLEX: What's that? I don't speak Mexican sweat hog.

[An "OHHHHHHH!" rings out throughout the TD Garden followed by more loud booing.]

FLEX: Maybe... maybe I just can't tell what you're saying because you're so far away, Big Fatty.

Maybe... maybe if you pulled your overflowing ass over the railing, got up inside this ring, and sucked in your gut enough to stand toe to toe with me...

[The crowd buzzes at the thought of that.]

FLEX: Maybe then I can hear ya.

[Ferrigno smirks, nodding at Ortiz.]

FLEX: Maybe then I can do the sports world a favor and finish off this lil' retirement party you've got going on.

[Ortiz looks around at the fans, cheering him on to get in the ring.]

GM: Flex Ferrigno referring to the fact that we are in the midst of what many believe will be the final season for David Ortiz in Major League Baseball. I don't know-

[Ferrigno's voice booms out, interrupting.]

FLEX: Besides, it ain't like anyone gives a damn about if you're retiring or not. Who the hell you do you think you are...

...DEREK JETER?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd roars at the mention of one of the Yankees' most famous players. The fans around the Red Sox players begin chanting...]

"JE-TER SUCKS!"

"JE-TER SUCKS!"

"JE-TER SUCKS!"

[The chant soon spreads to the rest of the TD Garden as Ferrigno jerks a thumb at the Yankees logo splashed across his chest. Ortiz grabs the railing with one hand, making a quick movement...]

...and suddenly, a flood of security comes pouring into view, jamming up the entire ringside area between Ferrigno and the Red Sox. The fans boo loudly at this development.]

GM: Things are starting to get out of control here, Bucky! Emerson Gellar isn't going to like this one bit! Ferrigno has been a nightmare for him since the moment he's arrived and it's not looking any better here tonight!

BW: He should have done the right thing from the beginning, Gordo. Let Flex fight! You can't cage up this hungry lion!

GM: This isn't how you solve not being on the show! This isn't-

[Flex's voice booms out again, cutting off Gordon.]

FLEX: COME ON, BOY! GET IN THIS RING! ALL OF YA! I'LL TAKE ALL OF YA ON!

[Flex leans over the mic, shouting off-mic at some of the players and the security guards double in numbers as some of the fans start to get riled up around the players, trying to urge them to hop over the rail and go after Flex Ferrigno!]

FLEX: LET THE PUNKS GO! LET EM' ALL GO! COME ON!!!

[Ferrigno steps through the ropes and hops down off the apron. He marches right towards the Red Sox players and the security crew shove themselves in-between Flex and the athletes. Flex easily shoves one security guard to the ground but more take their place, forming a human wall to keep Ferrigno and the Red Sox players away from one another.]

GM: Fans, we need to break away while security gets this situation under control. Flex Ferrigno seems to have lost his mind as he's calling out some of our special guests here tonight in the form of the Boston Red Sox players!

BW: I'd love to see him suplex one of those punks right back to the minor leagues!

GM: We'll be right back!

[Fade to black on the chaos at ringside...

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...]

We open to a dark blue backdrop. Standing in front of it is Mark Stegklet.]

MS: Fans, chaos is in the air here tonight in Boston but despite all the extracurricular activities, I'm focused on the Battle of Boston tournament and I know my next guest is as well. I'm about to be joined by a man who is looking to erase the disappointing outcome of the Main Event of the last Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Mark moves to the side as "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor walks into frame. He is wearing his usual wrestling gear along with a black leather vest and more noticeably, an athletic bandage wrapped around his previously injured arm. Mark is quick to make note of this, nodding at the bandage.]

MS: Well Bobby, I suppose we should start by addressing the nine hundred pound elephant in the room. Has your arm be re-injured?

[Bobby grins, slapping his arm.]

BOC: Nothing of the sort, Mark. I just know I'm not Superman and don't want to leave anything to chance. Believe me...

[Bobby pauses for a split second, a smirk quickly coming across his face.]

BOC: ...I have complete confidence in the doctors that the AWA sent me to. The best doctors in the world. They did a heck of a job, and I'm not about to take what they did for granted. Still, it never hurts to have a little added protection on a night this important. Not that Detson didn't try his hardest to undo all that good work.

MS: Which brings me to what I suppose is the other elephant in the room. How are you feeling after your match last time around with Johnny Detson?

BOC: Any time you try your very best and come up empty at the end, it's a letdown. You try to learn from what mistakes you made and do that much better the next time around... if you get that chance a next time.

[Bobby sighs, shaking his head.]

BOC: It's a whole other thing when it wasn't exactly you that caused it all to go down so badly. With Detson and his goons, it's to be expected. That's how they conduct themselves every time. They refuse to depend on their own ability and take every slimy shortcut they can get. But when it's one of the best friends I've ever known...

[Mark holds up an index finger to protest.]

MS: Not to interrupt, but from what I could see it seemed like Jack was only trying to save you from Detson and that loaded glove.

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: Absolutely. I get that. Part of me could stew and focus on what might have happened if Jack stayed away from that ring like I asked him to. I could be in a lot rougher shape.

[Bobby pauses, a stern look on his face.]

BOC: Or I could be champion of the world.

[Mark blinks, looking a bit confused.]

MS: Wait... I thought you forgave--

[Bobby holds up a hand, nodding reassuringly.]

BOC: Yes, I forgave Jack. Of course I did. What he did he only did out of friendship. Out of concern for me. I'm lucky to have him as my friend and to be watching my back when I was too busy fighting off a bunch of jackals. It's just what when that

ten pounds of gold is so close to being in your hands, it's hard not to wonder what if.

[Bobby shakes his head.]

BOC: Except that isn't a game I can afford to play. There's about a million reasons why this is the greatest sport in the world, but one of those is that we don't have an off season. I don't have the luxury of a bunch of time to wonder what might have happened. All I have is time to put one foot in front of the other, which brings us to here and now.

MS: Indeed. You weren't originally scheduled to appear tonight, but a wild card poll sees you as part of the Battle of Boston. What are your thoughts as we are mere moments away from you heading to the ring?

BOC: It's an unbelievable honor. Having my name be the one to win that poll means the world to me. It means out of all the unbelievable talent here, these great fans wanted and chose me to compete for them. That means just as much as fighting for the top championship in this sport, and maybe even a little bit more.

MS: Your thoughts on your first round opponent, and the men you may win the right to face if you get past Supernova?

[Bobby smiles.]

BOC: When I saw that I would be facing Mister Nova, I smiled even wider than I am right now. After so much time defending the good name of this company against every low down scoundrel that's crawling around it's going to be a real privilege to test my skills against a man of real honor. I'll be bringing out my absolute best against him, and I know I don't even have to ask if he's going to do the exact same thing. His record and history in this sport speak for themselves. He's one of the greatest to ever lace up a pair of boots in this company. No matter what happens, I'll be a winner just for getting to compete with an athlete at his level. But of course the real winner will be the great fans in the crowd and watching at home. Which is the best gift any of us can ask for.

As far as who I might face if I beat Mister Nova, that would be an insult for me to even try to predict that far into the future. I have all of my focus entirely on him, and I'll need it. He has everything it takes to beat anyone in this sport on any night. I know fully well that my name is on that list as well. Now if you'll excuse me Mark, it's time for Boston to FEAR THE REAPER!

[Bobby pumps his fists, energetically making his way out of frame.]

MS: From the ultimate disappointment one week ago to a chance at magnificent glory this weekend here in Boston, Bobby O'Connor is looking to make history in this tournament. But his opponent will be looking to do the same, I'm sure, so let's go over to Sweet Lou and find out! Lou?

[We cut to another part of backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Next to him is Supernova, who is already dressed in his wrestling attire, his face painted black and yellow and the AWA World Television title strapped around his waist.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark! All right, fans, we are moments away from first-round action in Battle of Boston, in which Bobby O'Connor will be facing this man, the reigning AWA World Television Champion, Supernova. And as we saw on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, O'Connor came close to defeating Johnny Detson for the AWA World title. And Supernova, I would say what makes that more impressive is that some say O'Connor isn't even at 100 percent yet.

S: Sweet Lou, I've heard the same talk that O'Connor's shoulder may still be bothering him -- in fact, more than a few people think that gives me an advantage going into tonight's match. But if there's one thing I've observed about O'Connor, it's that even when he's not at full strength physically, he's always that way when it comes to his determination, his drive and, most of all, his heart! It's why I have lots of respect for the man and why I am looking forward to this matchup, because we'll find out just which one of us has more of that determination, that drive and that heart to move on to the next round!

SLB: Still, Supernova, given that O'Connor might not be at 100 percent, some would say that gives you an advantage going into tonight's match.

S: Yeah, some might say there's an advantage for me, but that doesn't mean I see it that way. I know I'm gonna have to be on top of my game to get past Bobby O'Connor, because he's always on top of his game! That means I can't assume I have any advantage going into this match -- not when I'm facing somebody with that drive, determination and heart that I've talked about!

[He gets a slight smile on his face.]

S: Of course, there are those who would say that I've got that drive, that determination and that heart to get the job done in that ring! That I've proven that, time and time again! So, Bobby O'Connor, it looks like it's going to come down to whose drive, determination and heart is enough to get that win!

[And then, there's just enough of a crazed look in his eyes.]

S: But you know what -- it just might be which of us is more fired up to go after whoever comes next! Not that I'm looking past Bobby O'Connor -- it's just that I know that there's a lot of others in this bracket who have been getting on my bad side for some time, as much as they've been getting on O'Connor's bad side! And I know both of us would love nothing more than to wipe the smiles off the likes of Johnny Detson, Rex Summers and a whole host of others waiting to be taken down in The Hardin Bracket!

SLB: Let me remind you, Supernova, that on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, you said you would be willing to stand beside the likes of Bobby O'Connor against the likes of the Kings of Wrestling. But do you think that's going to be possible after tonight?

[The crazed look on Supernova's face disappears.]

S: Sweet Lou, I meant what I said -- that if Bobby O'Connor and the Lynches needed me to stand by their side against the so-called Kings, I wouldn't hesitate! And after tonight, that offer is still on the table, no questions asked! But what that means for tonight -- I know O'Connor is going to be focused on one thing, and that's getting the win! And the same goes for me, which means only one thing, Sweet Lou.

[The crazed look returns.]

S: THE HEAT IS COMING TO BATTLE OF BOSTON!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then walks off the set.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, what a matchup this one is going to be! Let's go back to the ring!

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

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a first round match in the Battle of Boston tournament!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

[Big cheer! Ortiz lowers the mic as "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult begins to play over the PA system, inciting the Boston crowd into one of the loudest ovations of the night!]

As the drumline kicks in, "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor emerges through the curtain. A big grin on his face, O'Connor pauses just beyond the curtain, soaking up the "welcome back" reaction from the AWA faithful. O'Connor has light brown hair parted to the right, revealing a mess of scar tissue on his forehead. He points to the fans as he starts down the aisle towards the ring in his white Blue Oyster Cult t-shirt with "B.O.C." emblazoned across the chest.]

RO: From Jefferson City, Missouri... weighing in at 265 pounds...

"BUNKHOUSE"

BOBBYYYYYYYYYYY O'CONNNNNNNNNNORRRRRRRRR!

[O'Connor continues down the aisle, slapping as many hands as he can.]

GM: After seven months on the shelf, Bobby O'Connor is headed down the aisle for his second match since returning to the AWA and this young man has not chosen an easy path for his comeback trail, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. A week ago, he fought the greatest professional athlete in the world today, Johnny Detson, and of course he lost. Tonight, he's facing another champion in Supernova and if he gets past him, he's going to have either Shadoo Rage or Johnny Detson waiting for him. It is not going to be an easy weekend for Bobby O'Connor.

GM: Certainly not but you'd expect he'd want it no other way, Bucky.

[O'Connor rolls under the ropes, popping up to his feet. He pulls off the t-shirt, flinging it into the crowd to a cheering fan, revealing his cardinal red wrestling trunks with gold trim. He's wearing matching kneepads and boots and has a pretty hefty black elbowpad on his right arm that extends to cover his forearm and part of his upper arm along with a protective sleeve. He salutes the cheering fans before stepping back to the corner, swinging his arms across his chest, trying to stay loose as his music fades...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

["You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway to a big reaction as he hoists the World Television Title up into the air.]

RO: From Venice Beach, California... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMMMPIOONNNNNN...

SUUUUUUUUUPERRRRRRRRNOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.]

GM: Here he comes, fans... the man who defeated Shadoe Rage back at SuperClash to capture the World Television and has maintained a strenuous title defense schedule ever since - Supernova!

[As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.]

GM: We're just about set for action in this one and I find this to be one of the most intriguing matches in Round One, Bucky.

BW: Well, it is. You've got two fan favorites... two squeaky clean Boy Scouts who will likely follow every rule in the book and kiss every baby in the building. But if you dig beyond the surface, you've got Supernova. A guy who has been one of the top names in the AWA since his arrival... but a guy who has never quite broken through to the World Title level. He's hovered around it, gotten a National Title shot, heck, he's even a SuperClash Main Eventer - an exclusive club if there ever was one. But he's never been THE guy. If he wins this tournament, he just might be.

GM: And then there's Bobby O'Connor, fresh off of a major injury, trying to work his way back, and some might say, trying to work himself out from under the shadow of his famous friends - the Lynches and Ryan Martinez. Winning this tournament could go a long way towards proving that Bobby O'Connor is as dangerous of a competitor on his own as he is alongside his friends.

[Referee Andy Dawson signals for the bell to make the match official as O'Connor and Supernova walk from their respective corners to the middle of the ring, shaking hands to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: A great show of sportsmanship to start this one off here in Boston.

[As the handshake breaks off, the two circle one another for a few moments - the crowd clapping in rhythm to cheer them on - and then come together in a collar and elbow tieup in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Lockup in the middle, immediately into a side headlock by Supernova. The face-painted fan favorite cranking on that hold, torquing the neck of O'Connor who is searching for an escape.

[O'Connor backs up towards the ropes, using the momentum to shove Supernova across the ring. Supernova bounces off, coming back in on O'Connor...

...and with a shout, runs him right down with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Oh my! Big tackle by the World Television Champion puts Bobby O'Connor down on the canvas.

[The Missouri native grabs for his shoulder, scooting backwards on the mat as Supernova stands over him, waving him back to his feet.]

BW: And that goof O'Connor might've hurt his bum arm trying to man up with that tackle there. There was no need to test the arm and shoulder like that, Gordo.

GM: You may be right about that as O'Connor climbs back up off the mat, shaking out the arm as he moves in...

[The two meet in a second collar and elbow tieup, O'Connor switching swiftly into a side headlock of his own.]

GM: And this time, it's Bobby O'Connor applying the headlock, cranking that hold himself.

[With Supernova looking for an exit, he decides to back into the ropes as well, trying to bounce O'Connor off...

...but the Missouri native hangs on, sinking to a knee as he keeps the hold applied. He shakes his head at the count attempt as Supernova looks for a Plan B.]

GM: Supernova tries to throw him off but the determined O'Connor hangs on, keeping the hold locked in...

[Supernova pushes back to his feet, taking O'Connor with him. He winds up, jamming his elbow back into the gut once... twice...

...but O'Connor uses a side headlock takeover, putting Supernova's shoulders down on the mat for a surprise two count before Supernova shifts off his back.]

GM: Whoa! Close call there for Supernova who almost got caught napping.

BW: What a tremendous win that would've been and an absolutely humiliating loss for Supernova.

[O'Connor plants his feet on the mat, arching his back and cranking up the pressure...

...which is Supernova's cue to wrap up his opponent's torso in his arms, rolling him onto his own shoulders for a two count before O'Connor is forced to let go. The two men scramble to their feet, fists at the ready.]

GM: Both men up... and a little face-off there.

[The fans cheer the staredown as O'Connor reaches out a hand and Supernova slaps it with a grin.]

GM: Now this is what classic wrestling competition is all about, fans. These two know the high stakes but they also know they don't have to hate each other to win a wrestling match.

[With the Boston crowd cheering, the fan favorites circle one another again before tying up in another collar and elbow. This time, Supernova uses his strength advantage to push O'Connor across the ring, ending up with him back against the ropes.]

GM: Into the ropes we go... will we get a clean break here?

[Supernova backs off, hands raised to more cheers.]

BW: Give me a break. Sooner or later, these two have to mix it up, Gordo. This ain't a tea party!

GM: Boston, of course, being the site of the most disruptive tea party in history.

[O'Connor comes quickly off the ropes, looking to tie up again...

...and Supernova takes him down with an armdrag, throwing him across the ring. Both men scramble quickly back up, charging in again, and Supernova uses a second armdrag to take O'Connor over. Upon hitting the mat a second time, O'Connor takes a knee, grabbing at his recovering arm.]

GM: And Supernova goes after the arm with a pair of armdrags. I'm a little surprised by that but with stakes this high, I think you just might have to take advantage of anything you can. Everyone knows that O'Connor is coming into this match with a bad arm and I guess Supernova would be a sucker if he didn't go after the limb.

[O'Connor has a few words for Supernova off-mic as he climbs to his feet, still shaking out the arm.]

GM: Both men back on their feet again... and O'Connor moving a little slower this time as he looks for another tieup. Not wanting to rush into another armdrag and expose that banged-up limb to injury. Remember all the effort Johnny Detson put into trying to re-injure that arm and shoulder a week ago.

[This time, as Supernova lunges into the tieup, O'Connor uses his momentum against him, swinging him around and marching him back into the corner, pushing him up against the buckles. Andy Dawson starts his count in the corner as O'Connor grabs Supernova by the arm, firing him across the ring...

...or at least tries to before Supernova reverses it, sending O'Connor crashing into the buckles where he staggers out...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP!

[O'Connor crashes down to the canvas off the backdrop, trying to scramble back to his feet before Supernova strikes again...

...and gets right up into a running clothesline that puts him down on the canvas where he rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Oh my! The big backdrop and the clothesline sends O'Connor out to the floor!

[A fired-up Supernova moves around the ring, playing to the Boston fans as O'Connor takes a knee on the floor, trying to recover from the early offense put forth by the World Television Champion.]

GM: Supernova off to a hot start in this one, Bucky.

BW: Well, you also have to remember, Gordo, that as the World Television Champion, Supernova is used to ten minute time limits. He's got three times that long tonight but he might burn it all up in ten minutes trying to finish off O'Connor.

[Supernova walks over to the ropes, shouting at O'Connor to get back in the ring as the third-generation brawler gets to his feet, eyeing his opponent...]

GM: O'Connor up on the apron now, ducking through the ropes...

[And Supernova rushes in, throwing a forearm shot to the jaw that staggers O'Connor, knocking him towards the turnbuckles. Trapped in the corner, Supernova picks up the pace, unleashing a series of kicks to the gut that get quicker and quicker as they land. Finally, he spins away from the corner, cupping his hands to his mouth and letting off one of those trademark howls...]

GM: O'Connor out of the corner... SCOOP SLAM by Supernova!

[With O'Connor laid out on the mat, Supernova dashes to the ropes, rebounding off, leaping high into the air...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...and buries the point of his elbow into the chest of O'Connor!]

GM: He got all of that... and a quick cover by the champion!

[A two count follows before O'Connor kicks out.]

GM: Two count only.

BW: But Supernova's got O'Connor reeling and he needs to keep up the pressure to see if he can put him down for a three count.

[Supernova gets back to his feet, reaching down to pull O'Connor off the mat by the arm. He sets his feet, whipping O'Connor into the far corner...]

...and then marches across the ring, throwing himself back into the opposite buckles as the crowd roars.]

GM: Supernova's looking for the Heat Wave early on in this one!

[He comes barreling across the ring, leaping into the air. Bobby O'Connor pulls himself from the corner but Supernova manages to extend his arms, preventing himself from smashing into the buckles.]

GM: A counter and then a re-counter!

[A surprised O'Connor gets caught offguard as Supernova runs him down with another clothesline! The downed O'Connor rolls under the ropes to the apron but Supernova ducks through, preventing him from dropping off to the floor...]

GM: Supernova caught O'Connor, really moving at a frenetic pace as he pulls O'Connor up to his feet, looking to bring him in the hard way... vertical suplex coming up perhaps...

[The World Television Champion gets O'Connor up for the suplex but a struggling O'Connor manages to reverse it, swinging back down towards the apron where he hangs on to Supernova's head...]

...and SNAPS his throat down on the top rope as O'Connor drops off to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! Big counter by O'Connor and he might've completely just turned this match around!

[O'Connor dives under the bottom rope, looking to take advantage of the change in momentum. He grabs the gasping Supernova by the arm, spinning him around into an overhead elbow down between the eyes that sends 'Nova backpedaling into the corner.]

GM: Bunkhouse Elbow by O'Connor rattles the cage of Supernova who is trying to stay on his feet in the corner...

[Moving in, O'Connor lands a second elbow... and a third, the heavy elbow pad bouncing off the skull of the World Television Champion.]

BW: You know, there's another interesting subplot to this one, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: If O'Connor somehow finds a way to knock off the World Television Champion, he's GOTTA be in line for a shot at the gold.

GM: Absolutely.

[Squaring up, O'Connor takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: Gaaah! Knife edge chop in the corner blistering the chest of the World Television Champion!

[Supernova grabs at his chest, wincing in pain. But O'Connor pushes the arms away, exposing the chest again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: Good grief!

BW: You could hear that one down the street, daddy.

[With the champion reeling, O'Connor grabs him by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner...]

...and comes charging in behind him, laying into him with a heavy clothesline with the heavily-padded arm!]

GM: Ohhh! Big clothesline in the buckles!

[Shifting his stance, O'Connor loops an arm around the head, securing a side headlock, marching out of the corner to the middle of the ring where he leaps into the air, driving 'Nova's face into the canvas!]

GM: RUNNING BULLDOG CONNECTS! That might do it, fans!

[O'Connor flips Supernova over onto his back, diving across his chest without the benefit of hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! No, that's all! Only a two count there for O'Connor!

[Climbing off the canvas, O'Connor grabs Supernova by the head, pulling him to his feet. He drags him across back to the corner, rifling the painted face into the top turnbuckle. He pauses a moment and then repeats as the crowd starts to count along with the blows into the buckles.]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[O'Connor backs off at the referee's instructions but then moves right back in, grabbing Supernova by the arm again...]

GM: Another whip across, Supernova SLAMS into the corner!

[O'Connor comes charging across the ring again...

...but this time, Supernova rocks back, raising his leg and causing O'Connor to run right into a raised boot under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Supernova with the counter this time!

[O'Connor staggers backwards as the Television Champion hops up on the middle rope, giving a shout as he leaps into the air for a crossbody...

...that O'Connor counters, spinning him into an impactful powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

[The official dives down to count as O'Connor hooks the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohhh my! Near fall right there for O'Connor who is trying to end this one quickly in Boston!

BW: Understandably. Coming back from injury, you never want your first matches to go very long. You just don't have the legs for it typically.

GM: We're coming up on the eight minute mark of this one which is certainly being fought at the pace of a World Television Title showdown.

[O'Connor climbs back to his feet, a look of frustration on his face on the near fall as he leans down, pulling Supernova off the mat...

...and Supernova slaps the lifting hand away, throwing a forearm shot to the jaw!]

"OHH!"

GM: Hard shot by the champion, trying to battle back!

[The Missouri native responds with a stiff left jab to the bridge of the nose!]

"OHH!"

GM: And O'Connor fires back!

[The crowd continues to respond as the two fan favorites exchange blows. O'Connor with the jabs as Supernova lands the forearms...]

GM: These two are trading shots in the center of the ring!

BW: And I can't tell who is getting the better of this exchange, Gordo.

GM: Neither can I... both men firing away, both men taking their best shots!

[A well-placed Bunkhouse Elbow stuns Supernova as O'Connor turns away, shouting to the fans, getting fired up...

...and turns right back into Supernova DRILLING him with a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: OHH!

[The forearm continues to fly, landing quicker and quicker, battering O'Connor backwards.]

GM: O'Connor's getting pounded by Supernova! Getting driven back across the ring and-

[O'Connor responds with a kick aimed at the gut of the incoming Supernova but...]

GM: Caught! Supernova catches the leg!

[O'Connor bounces on one foot, trying to keep his balance but Supernova swings him around with that foot, catching him once he's backwards, lifting him high into the air...]

GM: Atomic drop by Supernova!

[Landing butt-first on Supernova's knee propels O'Connor into the ropes where he bounces back...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Gordon's reaction is to Supernova lifting O'Connor off the mat and pressing the 265 pounder way up high overhead!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP... and... DOWN TO THE CANVAS!

[O'Connor twists off the mat to a hip, reaching for his lower back after the big gorilla press slam!]

GM: A powerful slam by the powerful World Television Champion and now it's Supernova who may be looking to end this, fans!

[Supernova walks around the ring, playing to the crowd, celebrating his big offensive strike as O'Connor tries to push up off the mat, holding onto his back...

...and Supernova comes charging in on him, connecting with a clothesline that takes O'Connor over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OH MY! Bobby O'Connor goes over the top and down HARD on that barely-padded floor here in the TD Garden and that sequence may have completely changed this matchup, fans!

[With O'Connor out on the floor, the pumped-up Supernova is walking around the ring, shouting to the cheering fans, getting them even more fired up and behind him.]

GM: Supernova is riding on a wave of enthusiasm here tonight! He knows what's at stake and he wants himself a trip to Monday night to take on either Johnny Detson or Shadoc Rage!

[And as O'Connor starts to rise outside the ring, Supernova approaches, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and CATAPULTS himself over the top, wiping out O'Connor with a pescado!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Supernova springs back up to his feet, pounding on his chest with his fists, howling to the Boston crowd who quickly reciprocates.]

GM: The big dive to the floor connects and this crowd is jacked, Bucky!

BW: Supernova's got them fired up but will that translate to a trip to the second round for him or is it just empty hype?

GM: We may be about to find out as Supernova looks to finish off O'Connor here in the first round of action in this Battle of Boston tournament.

[He leans down, dragging the Missouri native off the floor...]

GM: Supernova FIRES O'Connor under the ropes, sending him back inside the ring.

[The champion grabs the ropes from the floor, pulling himself up on the apron where he quickly moves down it, starting to climb the ropes.]

GM: Hold on, fans! Supernova's heading up top!

BW: We've passed the ten minute mark in the match. If it was a normal week for Supernova, the match would be over right now... but not tonight!

GM: Certainly not as Supernova gets to the second rope... now on the top...

[Supernova sets his feet before hurling himself into the air, dropping a big splash down on the chest of O'Connor!]

GM: SUPERNOVA SPLASH OFF THE TOP ROPE! THAT COULD DO IT!

[He reaches back, hooking both legs tightly as the official drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: KICKOUT! MY STARS, O'CONNOR KICKED OUT OF THE 260 POUND SPLASH OFF THE TOP ROPE!

[Supernova rolls off, clutching his own ribcage from the impact of the splash. He looks over at the official who holds up two fingers. A disappointed Supernova nods, pushing up to a knee and then to his feet, wincing in pain.]

GM: It looks like that big splash took a lot out of Supernova as well.

BW: Sure did. Might've cracked some ribs with it.

[O'Connor rolls to all fours, crawling away from Supernova, trying to create some breathing room as the World Television Champion slowly walks behind him in pursuit.]

GM: O'Connor's trying to create some space but Supernova's having none of it, pursuing him towards the corner...

[The Missouri native uses the ropes, pulling himself to his feet but Supernova is right there waiting for him, throwing a big right hand that bounces off the jaw!]

GM: Heavy right hand in the corner... and another!

[Grabbing O'Connor by the arm, Supernova whips him from corner to corner, sending him crashing into the far buckles. The World Television Champion grabs at his ribs again, falling back against the corner...]

GM: Supernova's looking for that Heat Wave splash again!

BW: But is that body holding up for him? He's grabbing those ribs again and this is going to hurt to hit!

[Steadying himself in the corner, Supernova clenches his teeth as he charges across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

[...but the banged-up ribs don't allow 'Nova to get as much lift on his signature move as he usually does so when Bobby O'Connor decides to go under him in an attempt to avoid it...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...O'Connor's head clips Supernova in the groin, sending the World Television Champion down to his knees in the corner, leaning against the buckles as O'Connor slumps to all fours on the mat.]

GM: OH!

BW: Low blow!

GM: Well, yes, but it was completely accidental. O'Connor was trying to avoid that Heat Wave splash, ducked out of the way, and accidentally caught Supernova in the groin with the top of his head! He didn't mean to do it at all.

BW: You keep believing that. I believe that friends of those Stenches will do ANYTHING to win a match.

GM: O'Connor's down. The official is checking on Supernova in the corner, trying to see if he'll still be able to continue after that blow to the groin.

BW: That would be a terrible way to get eliminated from this tournament, Gordo.

[The referee kneels down next to Supernova who is also down on his knees in the corner, holding his groin in pain. O'Connor gets up off the canvas, looking at the crowd while holding his head. The official stands up, gesturing at Supernova and his belt, telling O'Connor what happened.]

GM: The official is trying to clue in O'Connor as to what he did... what he accidentally did, I should say...

[O'Connor looks puzzled, pointing at the downed Supernova and taking a step towards the corner. The referee cuts him off, shaking his head.]

GM: The referee is preventing O'Connor from going after Supernova...

BW: He can't do that. Either stop the match or let it go!

GM: O'Connor and the official are discussing what happened, I'm not sure O'Connor even knows what he inadvertently did.

[O'Connor buries his face in his hands suddenly.]

GM: Well, I think he does now.

[As he lowers his hands, a remorseful O'Connor kneels down next to Supernova, checking on his fellow fan favorite.]

BW: Oh, what a sucker! He could've finished him, Gordo! He could've won this thing right there! All he had to do was pick up Supernova, hit Fear The Reaper, and O'Connor would be headed to the second round!

GM: But that's not who Bobby O'Connor is, Bucky! That's not the kind of wrestler he is and that's not the kind of man he is!

[O'Connor and the official are discussing the situation again as Supernova grabs the ropes, trying to haul himself up to his feet. O'Connor grabs him by the arm, helping him up. Supernova leans against the buckles in obvious pain as O'Connor apologizes to his opponent.]

BW: This is ridiculous! It's not too late, you ninny! Lay him out and cash your ticket to the next round!

GM: Would you stop?!

[O'Connor and Supernova are talking in the corner now as well as the official steps in, speaking to both competitors.]

GM: We're going to need some kind of a decision here soon. Is it a disqualification? Is the match going to go on?

BW: Maybe they can pull out the table, set up the tea set, and share a spot!

GM: Give me a break!

[O'Connor backs off to the middle of the ring as the referee checks with Supernova again...]

GM: And it looks like... yes, it looks like Supernova is going to continue this match!

BW: After a five minute rest period! Who can blame him?

GM: It was not five minutes, Bucky! Maybe a minute or two at the most.

[Supernova grimaces, stumbling out of the corner towards the middle of the ring where O'Connor extends his hand again, getting a handshake from the World Television Champion to cheers.]

GM: And that's nice to see. Even after the accidental low blow, they're still able to shake hands like men.

BW: O'Connor's skull almost ensured that Supernova would never do ANYTHING like a man again.

GM: BUCKY!

[After the handshake, the two men lock up in a collar and elbow tieup, O'Connor pulling Supernova into a loose side headlock...]

GM: Not much behind that headlock. You have to wonder if O'Connor has taken his foot off the gas a little bit here.

[Supernova shoves O'Connor off to the ropes, sending him bouncing back towards him.]

GM: Supernova drops down, O'Connor up and over!

[O'Connor hits the far ropes, rebounding back again towards Supernova who drops his head, looking for another backdrop...]

GM: O'Connor slams on the brakes... ohh! Big forearm smash to the back of the head!

[Supernova straightens up, grabbing his head as he staggers across the ring. O'Connor advances on him, turning him around against the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

GM: Overhand chop this time, right down across the chest!

[The blow sends Supernova staggering towards the corner, O'Connor in pursuit.]

GM: Into the corner now...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

GM: Another big chop by O'Connor, lighting up the chest of the champion!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

GM: O'Connor's on FIRE with those chops tonight, fans!

[O'Connor grabs Supernova by the arm, looking to whip him across...]

GM: Irish whip out of the corner on the way...

[But Supernova reverses the whip, sending O'Connor across...]

...but he reaches out, snaring O'Connor by the hair, pulling him into an inverted facelock!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! We saw this at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[But before he can drop O'Connor with the inverted DDT, O'Connor spins out of it, wrapping his arms around the torso and DRIVING Supernova back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Into the corner again, knocking the wind right out of the World Television Champion!

[With Supernova reeling, O'Connor backs off, swinging his right arm around and around as the fans start to cheer loudly.]

GM: O'Connor's calling for Fear The Reaper! If he hits that lariat, it's all over, fans!

[O'Connor turns his back to the corner, slapping his arm a few times as Supernova sucks wind in the opposite corner. The Missouri brawler gives a shout of "COME ON!" as the fans cheer in anticipation...]

GM: O'Connor's ready... Supernova stumbling from the corner...

[O'Connor comes tearing across the ring, raising his arm to strike...

...but Supernova leaps up, hooking the lariat arm with his right arm, swinging his legs up to hook the left arm!]

GM: CRUCIFIX!

[And the World Television Champion drags O'Connor down to the canvas, trapped in this pinning predicament!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM! SUPERNOVA IS HEADED TO THE SECOND ROUND!

[O'Connor pushes up to his knees, looking pleadingly at the official who confirms the three count. A frustrated O'Connor slams his fist down into the canvas, shaking his head in disbelief.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor seemed to be one move - one big lariat away - from winning this match and moving on to the second round but Supernova somehow caught him in that crucifix rollup for the three count. Incredible move by Supernova at the end of a very hard-fought battle.

BW: And I've gotta go back to O'Connor being a pansy.

GM: BUCKY!

BW: I'm serious, Gordo. He had Supernova down, he had him hurt, and something caused him to refuse to take advantage of it. That... that right there was the difference between this painful loss and the glory of victory.

GM: That "something" is sportsmanship... that "something" is a sense of fair play... things you'd know nothing about.

BW: Maybe not but I DO know something about winning... and winners... and Bobby O'Connor is a big, fat loser here tonight in Boston, Gordo.

GM: Bobby O'Connor will ALWAYS be a winner in my book, fans.

[Both men are back on their feet now as the ring announcer makes it official.]

GM: A big victory for Supernova... and there's a post-match handshake, no hard feelings between these two. We knew it would be a clean, tough fight and that's exactly what it was.

[The two fan favorites embrace to cheers from the crowd before O'Connor lifts Supernova's arm, pointing to the winner. He claps a few times before exiting the ring, leaving Supernova to celebrate his win with his adoring fans.]

GM: Alright, fans... we're down to two more matches here on Night One of the Battle of Boston weekend. We've got one more first rounder here tonight with Dave

Bryant taking on Eddie Van Gibson plus we've got the World Tag Team Titles on the line when Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan defend the gold against the former champions, the Lynches! But before we get to any of that, let's go backstage where I'm told Sweet Lou has tracked down someone who did not have a good night here in Boston, Lou?

[We cut to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon and... Terry Shane...

[The shot pulls out a bit as a dejected-looking Terry Shane walks into view.]

SLB: This night could not have ended the way you were hoping.

[Shane cracks a smile.]

TS: I'd call that the understatement of the year, Mr. Blackwell. I came to Boston on a mission - a quest if you will. This weekend was to be my redemption. I was proud to be a part of this tournament, to be selected as one of the best professional wrestlers on the planet. And every night that I went to sleep, I dreamed of that moment on Monday when I'd be crowned the best... and all the jokes... all the snickering... all the second-guessing... all the talk of wasted talent...

[Shane shakes his head in frustration.]

TS: All of it! All of it would be over, Mr. Blackwell.

But that's not what happened. It looks like my quest has more chapters to be written... and while that wasn't my plan for this weekend, it is a challenge that I'm looking forward to.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Talk to me about Shadoe Rage.

[A humorless chuckle.]

TS: And they call me an embarrassment to my family.

[Shane shakes his head again.]

TS: Another day will come for Shadoe Rage and I. And next time, I'll be ready for all of his dirty tricks.

SLB: Which brings me to-

[Loud, obnoxious laughter rings out off-camera as Blackwell looks around. First, his expression is one of confusion about who is interrupting his interview. Then it changes to annoyance. Annoyance is what we all feel when the duo now known as the American Idols, Chaz and Chet Wallace come walking into view. They're wearing matching dark blue skinny jeans with faded patches on the front. Chet has on a shimmering silver shirt while his twin brother has opted for a t-shirt with the sleeves cut out that reads, "HOT STUFF" across the front. Both are wearing headbands with "IDOLS" written across it.]

Chaz: Well, well, well... what have we here, bro?

[Chet smirks as he sniffs the air.]

Chet: I'm not sure, bro, but this place REEKS of failure.

[Shane takes a step towards Chet Wallace but Blackwell puts an arm across his chest.]

SLB: Gentlemen, please... can we control ourselves?!

[Chet smirks at Shane who clinches his fists, ready to throw them.]

Chaz: You know, I hate to say I told you so but...

[He leans forward, right up in Shane's face.]

Chaz: ...TOLD YA SO!

[He snickers as he backs off, Blackwell keeping Shane from going after him as well.]

Chaz: I knew that you weren't getting to the second round... which is why I went to Emerson Gellar and I had him draw up a contract for you to sign for Night Three of this weekend.

The grand debut of the hottest new tag team to sweep the United States since Lamby was a thing...

[Chet turns towards the camera with an exaggerated whisper.]

Chet: That's us.

[Chaz continues.]

Chaz: Versus you... and oh yeah, you can bring a partner along for the ride to BUTTKICKINGTON COUNTY!

[Chaz smirks, raising a finger.]

Chaz: IF... you can find one. Which... we all know you can't.

Chet: Because you reek of loser.

Chaz: And you're a weird dude.

Chet: Who nobody likes.

Chaz: Not even the chick who "liked" everyone if you know what I'm sayin', hoss.

[Blackwell interrupts.]

SLB: Enough! So, a challenge has been issued for Night Three that would see the Wallace twins... the American Idols... whatever... taking on Terry Shane and a partner of his choosing.

Chet: Well, it's really a handicap match because-

[Shane interrupts.]

TS: I accept.

[Chet smirks.]

Chet: I knew you would, sparky. Cool stuff. See you then.

[The Wallaces are all smiles as they slink out of view, leaving Shane and Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Terry Shane, I have to say... those guys may be right. You very well may have difficulty finding a partner here this weekend.

TS: Maybe, maybe not. But that's not going to stop me from getting into the ring with them, Mr. Blackwell. My quest took a different fork in the road here tonight... and it goes through the two of them.

Night Three, my path to redemption runs right over those two idiots.

[Shane nods his head in deference to Blackwell before making his exit.]

SLB: Well, there you have it, fans. Partner or not, it looks like Terry Shane will be taking on the American Idols on Monday night! And when we come back, it'll be tag team action right here tonight as well so don't you dare go away, fans!

[We fade away from a grinning Blackwell to black...

...and then back up on a star-lit sky. All is peaceful as our voiceover begins.]

"This year, the fireworks won't just be on the 4th of July."

[On cue, the shot is filled with exploding fireworks - red, white, blue, green, orange - all exploding in tremendous bursts of color as the opening guitar riffs "Highway" by Bleeker begins to play. As the vocals kick in, we cut to shots of AWA competitors in action.]

#No going down
No cutting out
The sun comes up before you go#

[The first group shows Pure X securing The X anklelock on an opponent before flash-cutting to Supernova sailing through the air with a Heat Wave splash to Brian James delivering the infamous Blackheart Punch to a set of steel steps.]

#My baby's gone
My hollow soul
I feel a cold wind start to blow#

[A Travis Lynch Discus Punch starts up the next batch followed by a flash-cut to Jordan Ohara sailing off the top rope with a crossbody and finally to Dave Bryant delivering the Call Me In The Morning supkick.]

#Every little stop sign#

[Rufus Harris bulldozes down an opponent, delivering ferocious ground and pound inside the GFC Hexagon.]

#All the red lights like#

[Maxim Zharkov recklessly flings a victim across the ring with a released gutwrench suplex.]

#A preacher on a Saturday night#

[Rex Summers drops a foe on their head with the devastating Heat Check DDT.]

#The devil's in the details#

[Derrick Williams delivers the Neuralyzer, blasting his opponent in the back of the head with a rolling elbow.]

#Pretty little females#

[The Gladiator brings a helpless foe crashing down to Earth with his military press powerslam.]

#Tell me all your sweet sweet lies#

[MAMMOTH Maximus PLANTS his victim with a devastating powerbomb before we flash cut to Jack Lynch connecting with a leaping knee to the jaw.]

#I can't slow down it's so damn loud
Let's burn this town alive#

[Larry Wallace delivering the Best Dropkick In The World flash cuts to Noboru Fujimoto using the Falling Laser Lasso to plant someone facefirst into the canvas.]

#Oh pocket full of moonshine
Countin' all the white lies#

[Riley Hunter gets big air, diving over the top rope onto a pile of competitors with a Tope Con Hilo before we flash cut to Eddie Van Gibson driving someone facefirst into the mat with the Move That Shall Not Be Named to Johnny Detson using the Wilde Driver.]

#Time to take the highway highway highway#

[Supreme Wright brings someone crashing down onto his knees with Fat Tuesday.]

#Baby take the highway#

[Juan Vasquez delivers the Right Cross to a kneeling opponent.]

#Ima' take the highway#

[Ryan Martinez delivers the brainbuster onto his foe as we flash cut to black, the music still playing as we see the details on the big event.]

"BATTLE OF BOSTON
July 2nd, 3rd, and 4th
TD Garden
LIVE on The X"

[And then... black.

We fade back up on the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands with the former World Tag Team Champions, the Lynch Brothers. To his right is the lanky Jack Lynch. Lynch is dressed in his new white gear, cowboy hat slung forward and low to cast a shadow over his face. On Blackwell's left is the current National Heavyweight Champion, Travis Lynch. As the camera cuts to him, the screams of women swooning over the AWA's Adonis momentarily drowns out everything else.]

SLB: They are two of the most decorated men in AWA history. Between them, you have a National Tag Team title run, a victory in the Stampede Cup, the World Tag Team Title run, victories over Juan Vasquez, Supreme Wright and Demetrius Lake,

and of course, an unprecedented and still-continuing reign with the National Title. Gentlemen, how are you doing tonight?

JL: I won't lie, Lou, there's a lot that don't sit well with me. What happened with Bobby has been on my mind a lot. And them two snakes, Taylor and Donovan, stealin' the belts my brother and I won also ain't sittin' well with me.

But I ain't never been the type to sit around bein' upset about the past. Especially not when I've got the chance to do somethin' about it.

So me? I'm doin' good, because tonight is the night when all accounts are gonna be settled. Tonight, two of the Kings get what's comin' to them.

SLB: And you, Travis? I have to assume your thoughts are aligned with your brother's?

TL: "Sweet" Lou...

[Travis is barely audible as the screams of the women in attendance once again fill the arena. He smirks as he waits for the screams to dissipate.]

TL: As I was tryin' to say "Sweet" Lou, you're darn right Jack and I are on the same page. Like Jack said, those two so-called Kings, are wearin' stolen property around their waists.

[The National Champion runs his hand through his long, wavey, dirty blonde hair.]

TL: That don't sit well with me at all, "Sweet" Lou. So tonight, the Lynch Brothers are goin' to the ring, and we're going to take back what is rightfully ours!

SLB: You alluded to it earlier, Jack, but what happened with Bobby O'Connor has got to be weighing on your mind.

[Jack Lynch nods.]

JL: Listen Lou, I won't lie. What happened? It was a mistake. It shouldn't have gone down that way. But, let's be clear – I've made my apologies to Bobby, and he knows I love him as much as I love my brothers. And I also know that he'll get his shot at Detson again, and this time things will go down differently.

But Lou? I know what I meant to do, and Bobby does too. My conscience is clear, and I don't see any point in lookin' back. It's time to look forward.

SLB: Speaking of looking forward, Travis Lynch, tomorrow night, you might be facing Brian James, who will come into this tournament fresher than you, having received a fortuitous bye after what happened with Torin and the Gladiator. You have to be looking at this match as the precursor to an eventual title shot, especially if Brian James wins.

TL: You're a bit ahead of yourself there, "Sweet" Lou. Before I step into the ring with Brian James, I'm goin' to have to get through Callum Mahoney first. Now this won't be the first time old Mahoney and I have tangled.

[Jack nods his head as Travis slaps the National Championship belt.]

TL: The last time Mahoney stepped into the ring was in the first round of the Brass Ring Tournament, a tournament you recall I went to the finals of. And "Sweet" Lou, I fully intend to reach the finals of the Battle of Boston and when I step into the ring with Brian James... well, droppin' a third King is something I'm lookin' forward to!

SLB: I can't fault you for your confidence! But it can't be lost on you that you are about to face two men that Brian James has constantly referred to as his brothers. You have to think that Taylor and Donovan, no matter what they claim, will be looking to soften you up ahead of your match with Brian James.

TL: Those two clowns have tried to soften me up before my shot at the World Championship around Johnny Detson's waist and they failed there. I took Detson to his limit and he only walked out with that title by hook and by crook! Just like he helped Taylor and Donovan steal our World Tag Team Championships! So let James' so-called brothers try and soften me up 'cause I got Jack standing by my side!

[Jack addresses the camera, a little angrier than before.]

JL: Let's make one thing real clear, Blackwell. Those Kings can talk about bein' brothers, but talkin' about it don't make it so. Blood is thicker than water, and this man right here is my actual brother, and that's more than just somethin' that sounds like a nice thing to say.

Ain't no doubt in my mind that Taylor and Donovan will be doin' some head huntin', but I also know that Trav has got nothin' to worry about.

Because he's got me watchin' his back, and I ain't lettin' nothin' happen to him.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: Speaking of the Battle of Boston, with one of you in the Hardin Bracket and one of you in the Graham Bracket, there is a possibility that you will be two of the three men in the finals on the third night. And if that happens, well, what do you foresee?

[Jack turns to look at Travis, a grin on his face.]

JL: Well, it won't be the first time that Trav and I have scrapped. Just...

[His grin grows wider.]

JL: The first time we got paid for it!

Look, both Trav and I know the score. If it comes down to the two of us, well, neither of us is gonna hold back.

And I promise you, Trav, after I win, the first round at the Spur is on me!

[Both brothers share a laugh after that.]

JL: But let's worry about night three once we're there. Right now, the only thing I got my eyes on is takin' back our tag team titles.

We shoulda never lost those belts, but tonight, we prove that Taylor and Donovan ain't nothin' but a minor bump in the road.

Ain't that right, brother?

TL: You know, Jack, that two aces will always beat a pair of Kings!

SLB: And there you have it. Mark Stegglet is standing by with that pair of Kings... or should I say - a three of a kind? Mark?

[We fade over to Mark Stegglet sandwiched between the two halves of the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Both men are wearing the Kings of Wrestling jackets gifted to them by Johnny Detson over their wrestling trunks and presumably the title belts. Brian Lau, in his bespoke suit and designer sunglasses is there too, peeking over Stegglet's shoulder.]

MS: Thanks, Lou. Joining me right now mere moments before they face the very men they defeated to become the...

[Taylor flashes two fingers and a grin.]

MS: ...two-time AWA World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, and of course, the manager for the Kings of Wrestling, Brian Lau. Gentlemen, welcome to Boston.

[Tony makes a very audible fake gagging sound.]

TD: Sorry about that, but being audibly reminded of where I am right now makes me sick to my stomach. The presence of so many people willing to be Red Sox fans isn't helping, either.

[Tony snickers.]

MS: Be that as it may, gentlemen. This is a high stakes weekend for the Kings of Wrestling. Johnny Detson and Brian James in the tournament. You two defending the titles. Brian Lau, as the leader of this group, what is the priority this weekend? Winning the tournament or keeping the gold?

BL: Stegglet, you need to find some way to overcome your family's legacy of mediocrity and find a way to ask questions that suggest you've got more going on between your ears than Blackwell after a four martini lunch.

Priority? There is only one priority in my life – the Kings of Wrestling.

There are FOUR Kings, Stegglet, count them, one, two, three, four! Which one is my priority? They are all my priority, you ninny!

MS: I see. But if you had to make a decision...

BL: Listen, I know that no one in your family has mastered the art of walking and chewing gum at the same time, but not all of us are incapable of thinking about more than one thing at a time! You don't think I can't get the World Heavyweight Champion ready for a match while at the same time pointing the Engine of Destruction in the right direction and say "kill," and then turn around and tell the World Tag Team Champions to do what they do best?

If I didn't know better, I would think you only have this job because some family member got it for you! Wait a minute, that is exactly why you have this job!

And now I have a question for you – when are you going to figure out that we are the Kings of Wrestling, and that we are better at everything than you?

MS: Well I...

BL: You nothing. Now you listen here!

[Before Lau can continue, Taylor lays a hand on Lau's shoulder, and cuts in.]

WT: Allow me to interject myself in here, Stegglet. What Brian Lau, the greatest managerial mind in the history of our great sport, is trying to tell you is that we're

so good, we don't have to make that decision. We're fully focused on the Lynch boys here tonight, beating them down once and for all and sending them back home to soak up their tears in Henrietta's hoop skirt but that doesn't mean we can't also keep an eye on the tournament.

Hey, Johnny's got Shadoe Rage in the first round, right? I'm sure Rage will put up a heck of a fight but I've got all the faith in the world that YOUR World Champion is walkin' out on top of that one.

And Brian's got the big bye - like it or not...

BL: And he definitely doesn't like it.

WT: ...so he's heading straight to the quarterfinals where he'll take on either Callum Mahoney...

TD: Standup guy.

WT: Sure, sure. He's a real standup guy until Brian knocks him down.

[Laughter all around!]

WT: He's going to face him or...

[Taylor gets a gleam in his eye, cracking a grin.]

WT: ...Travis Lynch.

So, you see, Mark, old pal... there's no need to make a decision because we can kill two birds with one stone.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Are you telling me that you two are going to INTENTIONALLY try to injure Travis Lynch to soften him up for Brian James because I'm not sure he'd like the sound of that?

[Lau reaches up, hooking a finger in his tie to loosen it before speaking.]

BL: Don't you worry yourself with what Brian James likes or does not like. And don't think, for even a second, that Brian James requires any help in the Battle of Boston. All Brian James has ever needed is for someone to ring the bell and for the referee to count to three.

But...

[Lau leans in, and lowers his sunglasses, giving Stegglet a knowing look.]

BL: As the cliché goes, this isn't ballet.

And if these two men, who love nothing more than imposing their will upon their opponents happens to get a little rough?

Well, that's the name of the game, isn't it!

TD: Let's get one thing straight, Mark -- we are NOT the type of men to try to deliberately injure Travis Lynch because he might be facing off against our friend and partner later on.

[Tony pauses.]

TD: However, we sure as hell are the type of men who will deliberately injure Travis Lynch because it's fun.

[More laughter from the Kings of Wrestling.]

WT: It's as simple as this, Mark. The Kings of Wrestling always have a plan.

MS: And what is your plan for this match?

WT: For us? It's walking out of Boston with these titles around our waists no matter what we have to do. For them?

[Donovan leans in, a cold smile on his face.]

TD: Start running.

[We fade from Donovan's chilling smile to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TAG TEEEEEEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first, they are the challengers...

[The sounds of Rush's rock classic "Tom Sawyer" rings out over the PA system to a tremendous reaction from the AWA faithful!]

RO: From Dallas, Texas... at a total combined weight of 517 pounds... Jack and Travis...

THE LYNNNNNNNNCH BROTHERS!

[The cheers get louder as Jack and Travis Lynch emerge from the locker room area, raising their arms to salute the roaring fans.]

Jack Lynch takes the lead. The eldest of the Lynch brothers is dressed in white - a white cowboy hat, white cowboy boots, white trunks... even a white pad on his right knee. His long black coat is the only break to the white. Both of his fists are taped with white tape that extends from the middle of his fingers to the middle of his forearms.

By his side is his younger brother, Travis. The AWA National Champion is attired in his trademark super smedium T-shirt, which has the image of Texas, colored like the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. A silver crucifix rests on top of the T-shirt. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging and around his waist is the AWA National Championship belt.]

GM: There they are, fans! The former World Tag Team Champions and the men who will challenge for the titles again here tonight!

[Travis cracks a grin, slapping his brother on the shoulder and the duo starts their walk down the aisle. Both brothers head to the barricade, slapping the outstretched hands of the fans. Travis leans in, getting a few hugs from the ladies... a few kisses as well. Upon reaching the ring, the Lynches climb up on the apron, Jack shrugging out of his coat as Travis yanks off his t-shirt to a BIG cheer from the ladies. He smiles, tossing the shirt to a lucky female fan in the crowd before ducking inside the ring.]

GM: The Lynches have hit the ring and they look cool, calm, and collected for this tag team title showdown, Bucky.

BW: We'll see how cool and calm they look when the champs hit the ring, daddy.

[The music starts to fade as Rebecca Ortiz raises the mic.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The Canadian rock band is replaced by ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers" - a song that quickly turns the cheers to jeers.]

RO: Being accompanied to the ring by their manager, Brian Lau... at a total combined weight of 503 pounds... representing the Kings of Wrestling... they are the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMMMMMMPIONSSSSSS...

WES TAAAAAYLOR AND TOOOONYYYY DONOVAAAAAN!

[The curtain parts as Taylor, Donovan, and Lau come into view. All three are dressed just as we saw them moments ago. Taylor leans over, whispering something to Donovan as he points at the ring. Donovan nods with a laugh as Lau claps his tag team champions on the back.]

GM: And you talk about confidence... overconfidence perhaps... you've gotta talk about these three.

BW: And why shouldn't they be confident, Gordo? They're the two-time World Tag Team Champions! They're part of the greatest faction in all of professional wrestling! They're the Tag Team of the Year for 2016!

GM: They are NOT!

[The trio makes their way down the aisle, looking up at the ring where the challengers are pacing back and forth...]

GM: Brian Lau with some final advice for his team before they climb up inside the ring, handing their title belts over to the officials.

[The crowd is buzzing for this showdown as Taylor and Donovan are trashtalking the challengers inside the ring.]

GM: All four men in the ring now, trading words in the middle.

BW: No lack of bad blood between these four, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not and- oh! Taylor just reached out and slapped Travis Lynch!

[And Travis responds by decking Taylor with a left hand. Jack and Donovan quickly get tangled up as well and referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell to officially start the match as all four men are brawling in the middle of the ring!]

GM: And here we go!

BW: We've got a fight on our hands!

[The Texans feed off the crowd support, battering the champions with haymakers, eventually knocking them off their feet where they promptly roll out to the floor. The fans are roaring as Jack and Travis trade a fired-up high five, shouting out to the World Tag Team Champions.]

GM: The Lynches are hot as a pistol after that slap across the face to start the match!

[Taylor and Donovan huddle up on the floor, shocked by the early barrage of fighting...

...and then encourage each other to get right back in the ring to start the fight once more!]

GM: Here we go again!

[The fans are roaring even louder this time as Taylor and Donovan rush the ring, getting into another exchange of blows with the Lynches...

...and again, the Lynches get the advantage, Jack knocking Donovan off his feet with a big right hand, sending him rolling out of the ring. The Iron Cowboy goes through the ropes, looking to pursue.]

GM: Two men out, two men in... oh! Taylor brings the knee up into the midsection of Travis... looking for a suplex here!

[Taylor slings the arm over his neck, setting for a suplex...

...but Travis has other ideas, dragging Taylor down in a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

[But the referee is out of position, unable to quickly get down to make the count as he reprimands Brian Lau...]

GM: Where's the referee?! He's got him pinned!

[Finally, the official wheels around, diving to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: So close! He would've had him if the referee had been there!

[A fired-up Travis gets to his feet, shouting at the official who apologizes, pointing outside the ring...

...when suddenly, Tony Donovan is back in the ring, catching a rising Travis with a boot to the gut as Taylor rolls across the ring.]

GM: Wait a second! Donovan's not the legal man!

BW: The referee's lost control of this one already, Gordo!

[Donovan lands two big shots to the skull, knocking Travis back into the ropes.]

GM: Donovan with the whip- no, reversed!

[Donovan comes bouncing off the ropes as Travis leaps into the air, driving both feet into the mush of Donovan!]

GM: Oh my! Standing dropkick by the National Champion!

[Donovan rolls out to the floor but before he can get away from the ring, Lynch bounces off the far ropes, landing a baseball slide dropkick to the back of the head, sending Donovan flying across the ringside area and slamming chestfirst into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Lynch rolls out to the floor, the crowd roaring as he lands two big left hands, knocking Donovan down. The Dallas native pulls the third generation grappler off the floor, pulling him towards the ring...]

GM: Lynch rolls under... now reaching back over the top, maybe looking for a suplex...

[But Donovan slingshots himself between the ropes, driving his shoulder into the midsection of the National Champion. Straightening up, Donovan walks towards the corner...]

GM: Donovan's heading to the top... this is outside the normal gameplan for the World Tag Team Champions, Bucky.

BW: It certainly is and it might be a sign that the champions aren't as confident going into this as they seemed to be... which is understandable if you ask me.

GM: Why is that?

BW: You know how many crooked officials are in Blackjack's back pocket?

GM: Would you stop?

[Donovan steps to the top rope, ready to strike. When Lynch turns around, Donovan leaps off for a double axehandle...]

...but the Texan buries his left hand into the midsection, cutting off the attack!]

GM: Ohhh! Lynch goes downstairs on Tony Donovan!

[Donovan staggers in a circle, clutching at his midsection as Lynch grabs an arm, taking Donovan down with an armdrag, moving right into a kneeling armbar.]

GM: And now Travis Lynch looks to slow things down a little bit, going after the left arm of Tony Donovan.

[Getting to his feet, Travis uses the arm to drag Donovan across the ring to the challengers' corner where the National Champion slaps the outstretched hand of his big brother.]

GM: The tag is made, Jack Lynch steps in...

[The lanky Texan immediately goes to work, putting his big white cowboy boots up against the arm and shoulder of Donovan a handful of times before kneeling down to apply an armbar of his own.]

GM: The Lynches make the exchange but stay on the arm of Tony Donovan, trying to take that weapon away from him.

[Donovan lies on his back on the mat, trying to figure out his next move...]

...when Lynch deadlifts him right off the mat by the arm, letting him drop back down to the mat.]

GM: Show of strength there out of Jack Lynch. The Iron Cowboy trying to do some more damage to that arm as Brian Lau shouts to his charge from out on the floor.

BW: Brian Lau realizes that this weekend could cement his claim as the best manager in the game. If he walks out of this weekend with the World Tag Team Champions, the World Heavyweight Champion, AND the Battle of Boston winner... which he stands a great shot of doing... no one can question that he's exactly what he says he is - the absolute best.

[Donovan works his way back to his feet, looking for an exit...

...and finds it, yanking Lynch by the hair, tugging him down to the mat. The referee reprimands him for the hair pull as Donovan cocks his arm, dropping an elbow...]

GM: He missed!

[Lynch scrambles back up to his feet, grabbing the rising Donovan by the wrist, giving it a big twist which causes Donovan to front flip over onto the canvas!]

GM: And right back on the arm goes the King of the Cowboys!

[Lynch presses his knee against the side of Donovan's head, cranking on the left arm, trying to weaken it drastically.]

GM: Lynch continues to work the arm, Brian Lau talking a mile a minute to Tony Donovan, giving him advice and support.

BW: Gordo, this is a big weekend for the Kings. This morning, they had a closed door breakfast. No reporters allowed in, no camera. None of the usual hangers-on who just want to be around greatness. It was a strategy session, planning out this weekend. Brian Lau has made it a goal to walk out of this weekend with the Battle of Boston victory. He wants it and he's got two great shots at it.

GM: You can never count out the World Heavyweight Champion but Brian James saw his odds of victory go through the roof because of that bye he's landed. The Engine of Aggression is headed straight to the Quarterfinals and his potential opponent in that match is facing off with his allies in Taylor and Donovan right now. So, yes... this could be a very big weekend for the Kings of Wrestling.

[Donovan works his way back up off the mat again, pushing back against the torso of Jack Lynch, backing him up into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Donovan backs him to the corner. The referee looking for a clean break but it doesn't seem likely with these two.

[Donovan steps back, then leans in with a big right hand to the midsection followed by a pair of boots. He grabs Jack Lynch by the arm, looking for an Irish whip.]

GM: Big whip shoots Donovan across into the corner... and here comes the Iron Cowboy!

[A charging clothesline is aimed at Donovan but Donovan bails out of the corner...]

GM: Donovan moves!

[...but Lynch is able to stop his own momentum, turning to look at Donovan who walks away, pointing at his brain.]

GM: Turn around, smart guy!

[And as Donovan turns around, Jack Lynch runs him down with a clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline by Lynch!

[With his partner flattened, Wes Taylor steps in, looking to attack...

...but Lynch runs him down as well, knocking Taylor flat with a clothesline!]

GM: And one for Wes Taylor as well! Jack Lynch is cleaning house!

[With Taylor and Donovan down on the mat, Jack pumps a fist in celebration, walking across the ring where he high fives his brother.]

GM: Big clothesline by Jack Lynch but he's wasting valuable time here, fans!

[Lynch finally decides that Donovan might be prone to defeat, circling around and diving into a cover.]

GM: Lynch with the cover! ONE!! TWO!!

[But a dazed Donovan lifts his leg, depositing his foot on the bottom rope which Brian Lau helpfully points out to referee Ricky Longfellow.]

GM: No, no! Two count right there!

BW: Lynch might've had him if he wasn't too busy feeding his tremendous ego by playing to these idiot fans!

[Jack Lynch climbs off the mat, pulling Donovan up with him as he cranks the arm once... and twice... and then tags out to his younger brother.]

GM: Travis in off the tag, takes the arm and a big armtwist of his own, really putting the pressure on that limb, fans.

[Travis holds Donovan at full arm extension. Donovan begs off as Travis threatens cranking the arm around again...]

GM: He's gonna do it again! He's gonna REALLY put on the pressure!

[Donovan shakes his head, pleading for mercy...

...and then Travis slowly but surely twists the arm around again, applying maximum pressure on the wrist, elbow, and shoulder...]

GM: Look at the torque on the arm! He might just snap it right off him as strong as Travis Lynch is!

[Donovan sticks his other arm out, facepalming Lynch as he pushes him back into the neutral corner. The referee steps in, calling for a break...

...and Donovan slams his head into the midsection of Lynch. A second headbutt to the stomach breaks the hold, freeing him from Lynch's grasp.]

GM: Donovan gets free, Irish whip coming up - reversed by Lynch... coming in strong...

[But Donovan swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting off Lynch's attack and sending him staggering backwards, falling down to a knee. Donovan stands in the corner, shaking out his arm a few times...

...and then moves back in on Travis who straightens up, lifting Donovan in his powerful arms, and slams him down on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Big slam by the Texan!

[Quickly grabbing Donovan by the arm, Lynch extends it before dropping a leg across the bicep!]

GM: And a legdrop down across the arm, doing even more damage to the injured limb on the former Team Supreme member!

[And the powerful Texan is right back to the armbar, kneeling on the mat, putting pressure on the limb as Donovan struggles to escape.]

GM: The Kings of Wrestling, before the match got started, talked about always having a plan. Is this their plan, Bucky?

BW: Hah hah, very funny, Gordo. Their plan may be a little rocky right now but I bet Brian Lau's got the wheels turning and his men are ready to execute it at any moment now.

[Donovan works his way back to his feet, trying to power out of the armbar as Travis Lynch holds his ground...

...and then swings a knee up into the gut of Lynch, reaching back to slap the hand of his partner.]

GM: Tag! The Kings of Wrestling manage to make a tag... in comes Taylor, slapping a side headlock on Travis...

[But the headlock isn't on long as Travis backs to the ropes, shooting Taylor across the ring.

GM: Travis quickly turns it around...

[And as Taylor rebounds, Lynch takes him over with an armdrag, flinging him down to the mat. Both men scramble up as Taylor charges in again, getting taken down with a matching armdrag a second time before Lynch hangs on to the arm, applying an armbar.]

GM: And the Lynches go back to work on the arm of the opposition, going after Wes Taylor this time.

[Lynch's armbar is short-lived as he gets to his feet, reaching out to bring his big brother back into the ring.]

GM: Quick tags by the challengers, working together very well at the outset of this one...

[With Taylor trying to wriggle out of Travis' grip, the Iron Cowboy lays a big cowboy boot into the midsection, using a pair of clubbing forearms across the back of the doubled-up Taylor to send him back down to the mat.]

GM: Jack Lynch takes Taylor off his feet and locks that armbar back on, wrenching the limb of the son of the Outlaw.

[Taylor kicks his legs on the mat, trying to get to the ropes or to his corner as Tony Donovan looks on.]

GM: The big Texan hanging on to that arm, trying to take away the limb and weaken the attack of the Kings of Wrestling, fans.

[From outside the ring, Brian Lau shoves the bottom rope, trying to get it closer to Wes Taylor. The official kicks the rope, shouting a warning at the Hall of Fame manager who backs off as Lynch shouts in his direction as well.]

GM: Lots of words there for Brian Lau who was trying to get himself involved in this matchup...

[Fully extending his body, Taylor manages to loop a foot over the bottom rope as the referee shouts, "That's a break, Jack!" The Iron Cowboy climbs to his feet, letting go of the hold as Taylor attempts to slither backwards under the ropes to the floor...

...but reaches down, grabbing the wrist of Taylor, dragging him back inside the ring to loud cheers!]

GM: Not so fast, Mr. Taylor!

BW: That's illegal!

[Pulling Taylor to his feet by the arm, Jack reaches out to slap his brother's hand.]

GM: Another quick tag by the Lynches... perhaps a double team on the way here...

[Travis steps in, hopping up on the middle rope, and brings a double axehandle down across the trapped arm. Jack departs the ring as Travis reapplies the hold. Taylor backs into a corner, hooking the top rope as the official calls for the break again...]

GM: Irish whip on the way, no- reversed!

[Taylor shoots Lynch into the corner, lowering his shoulder and charging in towards him...

...so when Travis sidesteps from the corner, Wes Taylor SLAMS his shoulder into the steel ringpost!]

GM: Ohh! Taylor hits the steel! Nobody was home on that one and he paid for it!

[Travis grabs Taylor from behind, rolling him into a schoolboy out of the corner.]

GM: Travis gets him down for one... two... Taylor is out, crawling to the corner!

[Taylor quickly crawls across the ring, looking to make a tag...

...and finds himself in the wrong part of town as the fans cheer!]

GM: Wrong corner!

[Jack Lynch reaches over, hauling Taylor up to his feet, and BURIES a right hand between the eyes, sending Taylor staggering back towards Travis who uses a big left to knock Taylor off his feet.]

GM: Oh my! A pair of haymakers does the damage... and Taylor's trying to get out of there again!

[Taylor again goes crawling, this time in the right direction, but Travis catches him by the left wrist, hanging on tight. Taylor stretches out, trying to get to Donovan's outstretched hand with his right arm...

...but Travis drags him back to the middle of the ring by the left, reaching out to tag in his big brother.]

GM: In comes Jack Lynch off the tag yet again. The challengers are looking VERY good, Bucky.

BW: So far, so far.

[Jack Lynch grabs Taylor by the arm, folding it up behind him in a chickenwing...

...and DRIVES him shoulderfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Right into the buckle, all that impact on the arm and shoulder!

[Lynch grabs the arm, flipping Taylor over with an armwrench, putting pressure on the limb again as Taylor flops about on the mat, stretching out a leg...]

GM: What is this...?

BW: TAG! TAG!

[Tony Donovan pumps a fist, having slapped the foot of Taylor.]

GM: No, no, no! That's not a legal tag!

[And referee Ricky Longfellow gets in Donovan's way, shaking his head, pointing out that tag isn't legal...

...which allows Travis Lynch to come back inside the ring, grabbing Taylor by the arm as Jack slaps his hands over his head.]

BW: HEY!

[Brian Lau is pointing frantically at what just happened, loudly protesting to the official who is tied up with an also-complaining Donovan.]

BW: There was no tag there!

GM: Obviously not but the official thought he heard one.

BW: He's supposed to call what he sees, not what he hears!

[The official waves for the match to continue as the Kings of Wrestling continue to complain about the "fake tag." Lynch bars the arm, torquing it as he tries to put more pressure on the limb.]

GM: Travis has Taylor down on the mat...

BW: Illegally.

GM: Bucky, if I had a nickel for every illegal tactic the Kings of Wrestling used...

BW: That makes it okay? We getting Old Testament up in here?

[Taylor works his way up to his feet, pushing back but he ends up pushing Lynch to the wrong part of the ring where he slaps his brother's hand.]

GM: And in comes Jack, taking the armbar from his younger brother...

[Jack walks him out to the middle of the ring, using an armdrag to take him down to the mat where he jams his knee into the shoulderjoint, pulling back on the arm.]

GM: Painful-looking hold applied by Jack Lynch, trying to perhaps force the Kings of Wrestling to submit the World Tag Team Titles away.

BW: I'd say there's as much chance of that happening as there is of me sitting down to a 4th of July barbecue at the Lynch ranch.

[Working his way back to his feet, Taylor grabs at his arm, trying to get free but Jack Lynch hangs on. Pulling back, creating space, Taylor swings a leg up in an attempt to knee his way out but the Iron Cowboy catches it.]

GM: Oh! Caught!

BW: This is NOT going well!

[Lynch holds the foot of Taylor as the son of the Outlaw bounces on one foot, trying to get free. He throws a right hand that Lynch easily leans back to avoid. A second one has the same result before Lynch spins Taylor around...

...and DROPS him with a stiff uppercut on the chin!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand by the King of the Cowboys!

[Taylor rolls to his side, grabbing at his jaw, stretching out an arm towards his corner...

...but Lynch grabs the other arm, twisting it behind him in a hammerlock.]

GM: Right back on the arm and we're past the ten minute mark in this match, Bucky, and so far it's been almost all Lynch.

BW: You know what that means? It's time for the tide to turn!

GM: You could be right about that but as Lynch brings Taylor to his feet, cranking on that left arm...

[Reaching back with the other arm, Taylor grabs Lynch as if he's going to snapmare him.]

GM: Taylor trying to find a way out... takes him over...

[But the snapmare doesn't pay off as Lynch rolls through, hanging on to the hammerlock to cheers from the Boston fans!]

GM: But Jack Lynch hangs on! The hammerlock's not going anywhere yet, Bucky.

[Down on the mat, Taylor starts struggling to get across the ring, scooting and inching closer to the corner where Tony Donovan's arm is fully outstretched. Brian Lau is shouting to Taylor, begging him to make the tag as Lynch grabs the other arm, trying to hold it back...]

GM: Lynch has got both of his arms now, trying to hold them back and prevent that tag from being made!

BW: He's almost there!

[Taylor stretches out, his fingers wiggling as Donovan leans closer, trying to stretch his arm out as well...

...and finally, their hands touch!]

BW: TAG!

[Donovan comes in quick, trying to attack before Lynch can escape...

...but as he gets there, he finds Jack Lynch all the way back in his own corner, a smirk on his face as Travis beckons Donovan towards them. Donovan angrily kicks the bottom rope as the fans cheer.]

GM: And that plan didn't go... well, according to plan... either, Bucky.

BW: It's just a matter of time!

GM: Perhaps but as we near the fifteen minute mark of this matchup with a thirty minute time limit, you have to wonder if perhaps the Kings of Wrestling are running OUT of time.

BW: Not a chance, Gordo.

[Donovan kneels down, listening to Brian Lau as he points across the ring, giving suggestions. Wes Taylor rolls to the floor, cradling his arm in pain as his partner eyes Jack Lynch, considering his next move.]

GM: And we get almost a reset here in the match as both men move in, relatively fresh at this point.

[Donovan stretches out his arms, trying to keep his distance but the Iron Cowboy quickly closes the distance, hooking up a collar and elbow.]

GM: Into the tieup they go...

[Donovan rolls his body, pushing Jack Lynch back into the ropes. The referee calls for a clean break but these are the Kings of Wrestling, damn it.]

GM: Right hand downstairs on the break... and another!

[The two blows to the gut leave Lynch reeling as Donovan grabs him by the arm, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Lynch drops down, Donovan up and over..

[But as Donovan rebounds, Lynch leaves his feet, catching him with a vertical press and knocking him flat!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS!

[With Donovan on the mat and the crowd roaring, Lynch opens fire on him, landing heavy blow after heavy blow to the skull!]

GM: Lynch is beating the tar out of him!

[Taylor tries to take advantage, rolling back in, charging at Lynch who gets up, throwing himself into another one!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS ON TAYLOR AS WELL!

[Lynch rains down punches on the son of the Outlaw as Brian Lau loses it out on the floor, shouting at the ring. The Texan gets up, grabbing Donovan by the head with one hand and Taylor with the other...

...and SLAMS their skulls together to a tremendous reaction!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[Taylor hits the mat, rolling back out to the apron as Lynch turns his focus back to Donovan, pulling him up to his feet, shoving him back into the neutral corner.]

GM: The Iron Cowboy is going to work, climbing up on that midbuckle...

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down as Donovan staggers out of the buckles, arm outstretched towards his corner and his partner...

...but Lynch cuts him off, grabbing the other arm to shoot him across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip, Lynch drops down again, Donovan to the far side...

[Lynch drops his head, looking for a backdrop, and Donovan catches him with a big falling forearm to the back of the neck!]

GM: Oh! Donovan caught him... and there's a tag!

[Taylor comes in quickly, both members of the Kings raining down blows on Lynch who is on his hands and knees. The crowd ROARS as Travis Lynch ducks through the ropes...

...and then EXPLODES in jeers as the referee cuts him off, forcing a protesting Lynch backwards!]

GM: Travis Lynch gets cut off by the official!

[Taylor and Donovan each grab an arm on Lynch, whipping him into the ropes.]

GM: Jack Lynch into the ropes...

[Reaching out, the Kings join hands for a double clothesline...

...but the Iron Cowboy runs right through it, breaking up their attempt before he hits the ropes, bounces off, and FLATTENS them both with a leaping double clothesline of his own!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JACK LYNCH PICKS UP THE SPARE AND THE FANS IN BOSTON ARE ON THEIR FEET!

[Donovan rolls out of the ring as Jack Lynch lifts his gloved right hand into the air.]

GM: And he's calling for the Claw! Jack Lynch might be looking to put this thing away, fans!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one! Wes Taylor staggering back up off the canvas, getting up to his feet and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Lynch surges forward, looking to lock his massive hand around the skull of one-half of the World Tag Team Champions but Taylor brings both arms up, grabbing the wrist to block it!]

GM: Taylor's fighting it! Wes Taylor trying to block the Iron Claw from being locked in!

[Taylor swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting off the attack. He grabs Lynch by the hair, hauling him into the Kings' corner where he smashes Lynch's head into the top turnbuckle. Swinging him around, Taylor smashes a back elbow into the jaw... and a second one... and a third. He switches to clubbing forearms, battering Lynch off his feet!]

GM: Taylor's got him in the corner and he's doing a number on him, fans!

[Grabbing the ropes, Taylor switches to kicks to the body, forcing Lynch down into a seated position where the kicks become stomps.]

GM: He's putting on a boot party for Jack Lynch in the buckles!

[The referee steps in, calling for a break and Taylor lands one more hard stomp to the face for good measure before he backs off. He walks across the ring, turning to shout something at Travis Lynch. The National Champion starts through the ropes but the official intervenes as a smirking Taylor runs back in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and delivers a sternum-bruising soccer kick to the chest! He shakes out his arm a few times before he leans over, dragging Lynch up to his feet by the hair, pulling him out towards the center of the ring.]

GM: Big boot to the midsection of Lynch... and look at this now...

[Taylor applies a front facelock, slowly... real slowly... turning Lynch over so he's facing the ceiling...]

GM: Taylor looking for a neckbreaker!

BW: Oh, he's gonna REALLY nail him with this one, daddy!

[But before he can drop down to the mat, Lynch reaches back, hooking the arms...]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: BACKSLIDE BY THE CHALLENGER!

[The shoulders get pressed to the mat as the official dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

[Lynch seems to agree, clapping his hands together for the official who holds up two fingers. The Texan shakes his head...

...and gets drilled with a rising knee to the lower back that sends him through the ropes, tumbling out to the floor!]

GM: OH! Taylor caught him from behind!

[Outside the ring, Taylor pulls Jack Lynch up by the hair, smashing him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Down into the apron!

[Turning Lynch around, Taylor buries two left hooks into the ribcage before throwing a big right uppercut!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! What a shot by Taylor!

[Taylor shakes out his arm, especially his hand after that punch. He grabs the Texan by the arm, waving a hand towards a nearby Lau...]

GM: Wes Taylor trying to direct some traffic out here... look out!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TAYLOR SENDS HIM INTO THE STEEL!

[A smirking Taylor approaches, nodding to Brian Lau who is shouting for Taylor to finish the Texan off. Taylor grabs him by the arm, looking for another whip...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Taylor goes to send Lynch into the ring apron but the Texan reverses, sending the small of Taylor's back into the hardest part of the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Taylor stumbles forward, wincing in pain as Lynch ducks down...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIIIIIG BACKDROP ON THE SOLID CEMENT FLOOR! GOOD GRIEF!

[Lynch sinks to his knees as Taylor writhes in pain on the floor. A shocked Brian Lau looks on in dismay, shouting at Tony Donovan to "DO SOMETHING!" Donovan drops off the apron, moving to help his partner...

...but Travis Lynch is having none of that, racing around the ring, and DRILLING Donovan from behind with a forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohhh! Travis Lynch waylays Donovan!

BW: From behind! What kind of champion does something like that?!

[Lynch puts the boots to Donovan as the official slides out to the floor, trying to intervene.]

GM: Donovan's down! Taylor's down!

[Jack Lynch rises to his feet, pulling Wes Taylor up, shoving him under the ropes back inside the ring. The Iron Cowboy raises his gloved hand into the air, getting a big cheer as he makes his move...]

GM: The King of the Cowboys looking to finish things off, climbing back up on the apron...

[Seizing the opportunity, Brian Lau rushes in behind the Texan, grabbing him by the cowboy boot!]

GM: LAU'S GOT HIM! LAU'S GOT JACK LYNCH!

[With Lau holding Jack Lynch in place and the official tied up getting Travis Lynch back to the corner, Tony Donovan climbs up on the apron...

...and with a three-step run and jump, he extends his leg...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

[The leaping superkick catches Jack Lynch flush under the chin, sending him falling off the apron to the floor...

...and brings Travis Lynch charging into the ring, rushing past the referee, and throwing himself into a flying forearm that knocks Donovan off the apron, sending him down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH!

[A fired-up Travis Lynch is arguing with the official when Wes Taylor gets back to his feet, swinging Lynch around by the shoulder, burying a boot in the midsection.]

GM: Taylor's got him... front facelock!

[Taylor yanks Lynch back to the corner, hopping up to the second rope. He does a twisting motion with his free hand, signaling for a tornado DDT...]

GM: Tornado DDT on the way... HE LEAPS!

[But the Texan has other ideas, flinging Taylor into the air in mid-spin, sending him crashing facefirst to the mat!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A COUNTER!

[And this time, it's Travis Lynch's turn to raise his left hand, drawing a HUGE REACTION from the crowd!]

GM: Travis Lynch is calling for the Claw! He's calling for the Claw!

[As a dazed Wes Taylor pushes up off the mat, Travis Lynch surges forward, wrapping his left hand around the skull of one-half of the World Tag Team Champions!]

GM: HE LOCKS IT IN! LYNCH HAS GOT THE CLAW!

BW: GET OUT OF IT, KID!

[Wes Taylor does exactly that, screaming out as he grabs Travis Lynch by the wrist, trying to force his way free!]

GM: Lynch has got that grip locked on the skull of Taylor, trying to force him down to the mat... trying to get a submission... trying to find a way to put those World Tag Team Titles back around the waists of the Lynch brothers!

[Taylor's arms start to slow, the Boston crowd rising to their feet in anticipation of a title change. Brian Lau is pounding the mat with his fists out on the floor, screaming at the son of the Outlaw as he starts to fade!]

GM: Travis Lynch is driving him down, forcing him down to the canvas!

BW: He's not the legal man!

GM: The official is asking Taylor if he wants to submit! I'm not sure if he knows Travis isn't the legal man! There's a lot of confusion out here mostly because of the Kings of Wrestling and-

[The crowd gets louder as Taylor collapses to the mat, Lynch keeping the Iron Claw applied as he presses the back of Taylor's head down to the canvas, the shoulders hitting the mat...]

GM: He's got him down! Travis Lynch has him down!

BW: NO! NOT AGAIN!

[The official dives to the mat, ready to count...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!!!

[The official draws his hand back, ready to slap the mat for the third and final time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!

[The crowd recoils in shock, jeering loudly at Tony Donovan who just SLAMMED a steel chair down across the back of Travis Lynch!]

GM: DONOVAN WITH THE CHAIR!

[The official spins around, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Donovan ignores the bell and the referee, drawing back the chair a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHH! ANOTHER SHOT WITH THE CHAIR!

BW: Oh, there's nothing I love more than seeing a Lynch beaten with a chair!

[Brian Lau slides into the ring, moving to force the official back to the corner, clearing the way as Donovan leans down, shaking his partner back to some sort of consciousness.]

GM: Donovan's trying to get Taylor... what is he...?

[Taylor nods in understanding, grabbing the wrist of Lynch, pushing it down to the mat. He slips his knee on the arm, holding it in place as Donovan winds up again...]

GM: NO, NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd and the announcers fall silent at the sight of Tony Donovan SLAMMING a steel chair down across Travis Lynch's left hand! Donovan smirks, raising the chair again...]

GM: The hand! They're going after the hand!

BW: I love it when a plan comes together!

GM: A plan... this?! THIS was their plan?!

[Donovan stands tall, chair drawn back...

...when suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

[The cheers pick up as Cesar Hernandez, Rocco Robinson, Next Gen, and several other fan favorites rush into view, getting in the ring and sending Donovan, Taylor, and Lau bailing out of the ring!]

GM: Thank heavens for that but... what kind of damage has been done?

[Travis Lynch rolls over to all fours, cradling his hand underneath him as Jack Lynch slowly rolls into the ring. His face holds a mix of disgust, shock, disappointment, and guilt as he approaches his downed younger brother, dropping to his knees beside him.]

GM: There was nothing... nothing you could've done, Jack.

BW: Travis Lynch's weekend may have just come to a... SMASHING... halt!
HAHAHAHA!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot. And the plan becomes clear. They wanted to keep the titles. They wanted to hurt Travis Lynch and try to prevent him from even GETTING to Brian James in the tournament. They wanted to eliminate one of their top threats.

BW: And they did EXACTLY that, daddy.

GM: I wouldn't go that far, Bucky.

BW: Oh really? You must need to clean off those Coke bottle glasses of yours because I can see Travis Lynch - clear as day - flat on his back crying like a baby holding that hand of his. He's not even gonna make it to Brian James, Gordo. Callum Mahoney's going to be getting a bye too!

GM: As much as you despise the Lynches, I'd think you'd do well to remember one thing about them.

BW: What's that?

GM: Nobody has more heart than the Lynches. It's going to take more than a steel chair to put them down.

BW: HAH! We'll see about that.

[Jack Lynch is still kneeling next to his hurting brother as Dr. Bob Ponavitch leads his medical team into the ring. The fans in Boston are on their feet, a hush over them as they watch.]

GM: The Lynches have won this match by disqualification. That's the official decision... but it remains to be seen if the Lynches truly lost on this night. Fans, we've got to take a break but when we come back, we have the Main Event of Night One of the Battle of Boston so don't you go away.

[Our camera shot stays fixed on the ring where a concerned Dr. Ponavitch is talking to the National Champion as we fade to black.

And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up on... a man strolling back and forth in front of a plain wall, adorned only by a large banner advertising the Battle of Boston. The man is wearing a robe with a hood, the hood covering his head and shadowing his face, but the robe clearly indicates that "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant is here.]

DB: Normally I would be standing here with a Stegglet, or a Dane if anybody's managed to get them to clean up, but today... today I asked the AWA if they'd mind me going at it alone, and while I'm sure they had their doubts letting someone who hasn't done this for about a year do it alone, here I am, with nobody to interject their opinions or interrupt me with questions I'm still not sure how to answer.

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: That said, I can hear the first question now..."How does it feel to be back?" Am I back? I got to kick Wallace in the mush and give Hamilton Graham the first taste of many spinal realignments in his future, but that wasn't a match. That wasn't the back and forth, the give and take, whatever you wanna call it of a real wrestling match. Now, having no idea if I'm "back" or not, here I am, getting ready to wrestle against a man who is one of my favorite people and someone I never wanted to see again in my entire damned life.

[Bryant laughs.]

DB: Now, if I know Eddie, and I do know Eddie, despite being out of it for so many years, he isn't going to come back to look bad. He'll be in shape, he'll have knocked the rust off as best he can...and he gets to wrestle against someone who could possibly not have it in him to wrestle more than five minutes before collapsing into a broken down heap.

[Bryant visibly sobers, despite the robe's hood covering most of his face.]

DB: I used to scoff at the idea that major injuries can change you, that you're "never the same" after spending months in the hospital, more months rehabbing. I used to think that was just talk, just psychology, just a way to explain away the fact that all that inactivity builds up in your brain as much as your muscles, maybe an excuse for why you weren't ready when you did try to come back.

...I was wrong. It's not "just talk" - it's like a weight that piles onto your chest while you can't move from underneath it. By the time you can move again, it's like you're wearing a boulder, some ridiculously big rock made of fear, made of doubt, and in no small part, made of pain.

[Another pause.]

DB: People talk about never feeling the same, never being sure again, and that's a weight that anyone who has ever heard the words, "You'll be lucky if you walk again," gets to carry around until the end of their days.

[Bryant suddenly, angrily, flips the hood of his robe back, revealing a bald head with a couple of long-ish scars.]

DB: I don't even LOOK the same, much less feel the same! If anyone's wondering why my head looks like this -

[Bryant points to his scalp.]

DB: Let's just say Hamilton Graham and Demetrius Lake aren't exactly professional barbers, so while I can still grow hair, it doesn't exactly lie like it used to, so I said to hell with it, take it off. You might think this would bother someone who's referred to himself as the "Doctor of Love" without the faintest hint of irony for going on twenty years, and you know what? YOU'D BE RIGHT! They left me broken, crippled, and to top it off, they absolutely ruined my preferred hairstyle.

[Bryant takes a deep breath.]

DB: Did they ruin all of me the same way? Who the hell knows? Not me...not yet.

[Bryant faces the camera squarely, staring intently into the lens.]

DB: All I know is that I didn't crawl all this way back to "be careful" or "pace myself" or any of the other nonsense advice I've been getting. Either I've got one hundred percent left in the tank or I've got nothing at all and no business being here.

[Bryant rolls his head around, his neck audibly popping in the process.]

DB: Let's do this, Eddie. I'm out of things to say.

[Bryant storms out of the shot as we fade away...

...and then back up on a dimly lit dressing room. The sounds of the crowd barely heard through the thick concrete walls and a standard "dressing room chic" type motif is evident. Standard, that is, until the camera slowly pans to the left, showing the never out of style/dressed to the nines for a night of butt whuppin/ currently standing on a folding chair and wrapping a belt around a low hanging beam, Eddie "Vivvy to the Van" Gib-"Pause for a Moment and Thank Your Momma You Get to See Him"-son.]

EVG: So let's see, what did they say about tying the knot? Was it "The bunny chases the carrot through the hole and..."

[Eddie suddenly notices the camera pointing at him and drops the belt, coughing softly as he looks around all shifty eyed.]

EVG: Hey, ummm, there.

[Eddie notes he is still standing on the chair and laughs nervously as he crosses his arms, looking up into the corner of the room.]

EVG: So, yeah. Wrestling! Wrestling! Totally about Dave Bryant and the punching and the kicking and the dragon leg whipping and the Figure Four and the OH! MAW! GAWD! The Move That Shalt Not Be Named! Nothing at all about exploring the fun and excitement someone can explore when scientifically depriving themselves of air to relax before a big umm... match.

[Eddie pauses for a moment, whistling absently and tapping his foot, before whipping his head back to the camera and cracking an ever loving sh!t-eating grin as he spreads his arms wide.]

EVG: And wrestling it is, kiddies! Wrestling most grand! Two men! One, a pretty jacked, dandy, jive talking, pill popping, booze drinking, lady loving, direct to cable starring, Man So Nice They Named Him Thrice! Eddie "Your Daddy" If The Van is Rocking, Don't Come a Knocking, Gibson!

[Eddie pauses as the crowd audibly pops louder, taking the opportunity to hop off the chair and take a few strutting steps to fill the time.]

EVG: And then the other! The other ladies and gents, the other...

[Eddie holds up his right hand, holding his thumb and forefinger a small bit apart.]

EVG: ...is a small... small... SMALL footnote in the history of professional wrestling. A man so finite in the annals...

[Eddie stops, chuckling to himself.]

EVG: Heh... Annals...

[Eddie shakes his head and keeps going.]

EVG: The annals of history that all I really remember of him? Is knocking him upside his purty little head with the EMWC World title and watching his little body go all flippy flappy on the mat!

[Eddie slams his hands together, clapping loudly.]

EVG: And lo... LO kiddies! It's like the ancient Gods of pankration themselves reached down and laid upon my brow a vision! A vision damn near a decade plus in the making! Wherein just like that night so long ago, Davey boy? When I played you like a Taylor Swift song on a frat boys iPhone and you ended up staring at those pretty lights while the crowd tried to boo me to death?

Just. Like. That. Night?

You won't get a three count. You won't get a two count. You won't even have a chance to do anything more than watch in amazement as the wrestling G to the O to the D that is Mister Maple Leaf makes his triumphant statement on the moment in which he owns the world and you, Davey Boy?

[Eddie pauses, cracking Da Grin again as he blow the camera a kiss.]

EVG: Well son... even I won't be able to make you famous after that.

[We fade through black out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing. The greatest play-by-play man in our sport seems a little flushed after that particular piece of footage aired.]

GM: AWA fans, we... we apologize for some of the language...

BW: Most of it.

GM: ...and tone...

BW: Definitely.

GM: ...and points of reference...

BW: Absolutely.

GM: ...and well, generally just about everything Eddie Van Gibson has to say when he's on AWA television. He is certainly not what we're used to in THIS era of professional wrestling. Much like when men like Alex Martinez and Caleb Temple competed here and we spoke of them being from a different time... from a time when extreme actions in the ring were both allowed AND encouraged... Eddie Van Gibson comes from a time when... well, extreme actions OUTSIDE the ring were both allowed AND encouraged.

BW: That's putting it mildly. You ever see that match they had inside someone's-

[Gordon clears his throat.]

GM: On behalf of the AWA, we once again would like to apologize for the words of Eddie Van Gibson... but what we will NOT apologize for is what this Hall of Fame competitor is capable of inside the ring.

BW: WAS capable of, Gordo. WAS. Look, I'm not the biggest Dave Bryant fan but the guy was a World Champion just a few years ago. Eddie Van Gibson hasn't been a World Champion in well over a decade. Hey, he's done his job, Gordo. He's sold the tickets, he's moved the merch, he's put the butts in the seats. Now, let's have someone put him out to pasture so I never have to hear you do that awkward apology-while-sucking-up thing again.

GM: Fans, it's obvious who my colleague will be supporting tonight as we go up to Rebecca Ortiz for tonight's Main Event!

[We fade to the ring where the beautiful ring announcer is standing.]

RO: After a tremendous night of action, the next match is your MAAAAAAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

RO: One fall. Thirty minute time limit. It is a first round match in the Battle of Boston tournament! Introducing first...

[The opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" hits the PA, and the crowd begins to cheer accordingly.]

RO: From Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in 228 pounds... he is a former AWA World Heavyweight Champion...

The Doctor of Love...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYYANNNNT!

[The first Double Champion in AWA history walks through the curtain in his trademark sequined robe. He pauses on the entrance ramp, looking out on the cheering crowd with a smile.]

GM: And these fans sure are happy to see Dave Bryant back, Bucky!

BW: For now, Gordo. For now.

[Bryant gives a nod, taking a deep breath before he starts down the aisle towards the ring. The cheers get louder for the Las Vegas native as he walks the aisle for the first time in many months.]

GM: For Dave Bryant, it's got to seem like so long ago, Bucky, that he was in that tournament heading into SuperClash V - the Chase For The Clash. It was that tournament that really sparked a career renaissance for Bryant - a tournament where he beat Juan Vasquez AND Supreme Wright to earn his spot in that year's SuperClash Main Event. Could it be a tournament again that gets Bryant back to the top?

BW: Maybe... or maybe it'll be a tournament that spells the beginning of the end of his career. Bryant's no spring chicken, Gordo. As you get older, it gets harder for your body to recover from injuries, right?

GM: Of course.

BW: Well, maybe Dave Bryant from 1997 comes back from a spike piledriver and is right back in the thick of things but I'm guessing Dave Bryant from 2016 does NOT. I think this is it, Gordo. I think we're witnessing the end of Dave Bryant's career... maybe all in one quick blow... maybe slowly but surely. But I think it's coming and it's coming soon.

GM: So, maybe we don't know who you're rooting for here tonight.

[Bryant climbs the steps onto the apron, wiping his feet on it...

...and locking eyes with a former(?) rival in Supreme Wright. The crowd roars at the sight as Bryant raises an arm, pointing at Wright.]

GM: Well, this just got interesting.

[Wright rises from his seat, his eyes burning a hole through the man he beat for his first World Title...

...and then waves him towards him.]

GM: Wait a second now. We've GOT a match! We don't need another one!

[The official hustles over towards Bryant, grabbing him by the shoulder, shaking his head.]

GM: Davis Warren discouraging Bryant from doing something he might regret.

[Bryant grimaces before stepping through the ropes. He slowly walks to the middle of the ring, turning slowly with his arms extended. He unties his robe, shrugging it off and allowing it to pool at his feet as he soaks up a deafening reaction to his official AWA return!]

GM: And now, Dave Bryant will go through a little bit of deja vu, I'm sure, as he awaits the arrival of a man he is quite familiar with.

[Rebecca Ortiz takes to center ring once more as Bryant settles back in the corner, being searched by the official.]

RO: Annnnnd his opponent...

[Boom.

Out go the lights.]

GM: The lights are out here in the TD Garden, cellphones the only illumination as the fans here in Boston await the arrival of-

[Never one to play nicely, Eddie Van Gibson (thanks to Nicholas Cage) interrupts the words of Gordon Myers as Cage's voice cuts through the buzzing crowd.]

"If I were to LET you suck on my tongue... would you be grateful?"

[A woman's voice follows close behind, passion-filled and completely inappropriate for the AWA family atmosphere.]

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh, Oooooooooohhhh... OoOOoOOooOOOoOoh! OH EDDIE!"

[SCREECH~!]

EVG: WHO'S YOUR DADDY?!

[The bass line of Monster Magnet's "Space Lord" begins to pulse out of the speakers as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: From Prince George, British Columbia, Canada... weighing in at 240 pounds... he is a former World Champion... he is a member of the professional wrestling Hall of Fame...

He is the one... the only...

EDDIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE VANNNNNNNNNNNNNN GIBSONNNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The crowd ERUPTS into cheers as spotlights flood the top of the stage, lighting up a lone man standing at the top of the aisle. Above him, the video wall shows a proudly-waving Canadian flag lit up at all four corners with classic footage of his many battles.

The Man, the Myth... The Bloody Idol O' Millions himself stands with his hands on his hips, resplendent in a golden colored pimp coat. With a big ol' sh!t-eating grin on his face, Eee Vivvy Gee takes a moment to spin around and begin to strut towards the ring.]

GM: And listen to this reaction for Eddie Van Gibson!

BW: Gordo, you gotta realize - Eddie Van Gibson is a guy that most people never thought they'd see wrestle again! It's been years... so many years... since Eddie Van Gibson has stepped into a ring in this high profile of a situation and... this... this right here is a moment.

[Van Gibson seems to be enjoying that moment, shedding his coat halfway down the aisle to reveal a pair of loose fitting white leather pants and a pair of black boots with red tassels. Eddie nods at the reaction, the GRIN~! on display as he keeps walking towards the ring. An anxious Dave Bryant has started to pace, watching as Van Gibson approaches the ring.]

GM: When this show was announced, Bucky, a lot of people wondered why this was the Night One Main Event. With so much talent on the show... with so many tremendous competitors... but when you hear this reaction from this crowd to these two men, I'd say there is no doubt what match is the Main Event on this night!

[Reaching the ring, Van Gibson climbs the ringsteps, standing on the apron looking in at Bryant who is staring at his every movement...

...and the Idol O' Millions breaks into a moonwalk down the length of the apron to a BIG ROAR from the Boston crowd! Van Gibson grins broadly at their reaction, nodding his head as he ducks through the ropes, going into a spin.]

GM: And Eddie Van Gibson certainly knows how to put on a show, Bucky.

BW: This is all well and good, Gordo... but can he get the job done once the bell rings?

GM: We're about to find out as the music fades. Referee Davis Warren stepping in to speak to Van Gibson as he backs to the corner, getting ready for his first major match in over ten years.

[Van Gibson nods to the official who walks across the ring, speaking to Bryant who still hasn't taken his eyes off his opponent. The former AWA World Champion nods as well as Warren backs to the middle of the ring...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! Main Event time here on Night One of the Battle of Boston!

[Bryant slowly walks out of his corner, moving to the center of the ring where he stops, waiting for Van Gibson to meet him. With a shrug, Van Gibson walks out to the middle as well, a little bit of strut in his step.]

GM: And we've got ourselves a staredown.

[Bryant is stoic, staring into the eyes of Van Gibson who is talking... and talking... and talking...]

GM: Van Gibson certainly not at a loss for words and-

[Suddenly, the Doctor of Love reaches out and shoves Van Gibson in the chest, sending him stumbling backwards to an "oooooh!" from the Boston crowd.]

GM: Bryant not wanting to play around with Van Gibson.

[Van Gibson clutches at his chest, a faux shocked expression on his face as he looks at Bryant...

...and then wiggles his fingers at him in the "You're a spooky guy" gesture that was so popular in pro wrestling in the late 90s. Laughter breaks out from the crowd as a grinning Van Gibson circles Bryant, the two looking for an early advantage before coming together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Lockup in the middle... both men jockeying for an edge...

[Van Gibson suddenly drops down, throwing Bryant down to the canvas with an armdrag. The crowd cheers as Van Gibson scrambles up, quickly moving into a strut that gets even more cheers as Bryant rolls to a knee, looking disdainfully across the ring at the Hall of Famer.]

GM: Armdraggin' and struttin'. It's like it's 1999 all over again, Bucky.

BW: That was a rough year for me. The West Coast Mafia lost the Southern tag titles that year. "Pretty" Bobby Boyd got his head shaved by the Fabulous Fonzie down in Memphis. Not to mention all the Y2K fears.

[Gordon chuckles as Van Gibson turns his attention back to Bryant, beckoning him forward. Bryant comes in, perhaps showing a little much aggression as Van Gibson drops down, scissoring the ankle, and taking Bryant down.]

GM: Drop toehold by Van Gibson takes Bryant off his feet...

[Van Gibson rolls over, planting his well-oiled stomach on the back of Bryant where he spins and spins... and spins...

...and eventually comes up to his feet, straddling Bryant as he reaches down and POPS him in the back of the head with an open palm!]

GM: Oh! EVG cuffs Bryant across the back of the head and so far, Eddie Van Gibson lives to embarrass Dave Bryant, Bucky.

BW: That's part of the trademark Van Gibson attack. Get in your opponent's head, make 'em mad, make 'em make mistakes. Bryant made a mistake there and Van Gibson rubbed a little salt in the wound.

[Van Gibson backs off, watching as Bryant pushes up to his knees, grabbing at the back of his head. The former AWA World Champion climbs to his feet, glaring at Van Gibson whose GRIN~! is a mile wide at this point.]

GM: Van Gibson again backs off, waiting for Bryant to come to him. He's not being overly aggressive so far in this one, letting his opponent push the pace.

[Bryant climbs to his feet, moving towards Van Gibson who wiggles his fingers as he stretches out his arms, looking to tie up with Bryant once again...

...but as they come together, Bryant ducks in behind Van Gibson, hooking a rear waistlock. Van Gibson grabs at the hands, trying to pull them apart but the Doctor of Love hangs on.]

GM: The waistlock applied, Bryant trying to develop some body control over Van Gibson and-

[Bryant lifts Van Gibson into the air, dropping him chestfirst down on the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! Big waistlock takedown by the former World Champion!

[Van Gibson goes to push up off the mat but Bryant plants a boot between the shoulderblades, shoving him back down on his stomach before leaning over and slapping Van Gibson across the back of the head!]

GM: Oh! Turnabout is fair play, I suppose, Bucky.

BW: So far this is all show and no go to me, Gordo. Cool, you can strut. Yay, you can get a takedown. When this one turns into a fight is when you can wake me up.

[Bryant backs off as a flushed Van Gibson gets to his knees, sneering in the direction of Bryant who beckons Van Gibson forward. An irate Van Gibson charges him, ready to strike...

...but slams on the brakes, toppling backwards and landing on his butt on the canvas as Bryant cocks the superkick back, ready to let it fly. The crowd buzzes over what they almost just witnessed as Bryant pulls the boot back with a grin, holding his fingers an inch apart.]

GM: Whooooa brother. That was a close one. Dave Bryant letting Eddie Van Gibson just HOW close it was. That superkick was on deck and ready to step up to the

plate. Luckily for Eddie Van Gibson, he saw it coming early enough to bail out of there in time.

BW: That's right, Gordo. I may not be a fan of Dave Bryant but even I can tell you that superkick would've ended Van Gibson's weekend in a heartbeat.

[Trying to keep his cool, the Hall of Famer rises to his feet, leaning against the turnbuckles in the corner as he appraises Bryant with a nod.]

GM: Van Gibson not about to rush in there and make a mistake... not again at least.

BW: He might've learned his lesson.

[Van Gibson stays in the corner for a few more moments before slowly moving out, edging across the ring towards Bryant who is standing at the ready, fists balled up. As the Idol O' Millions gets closer, he points to the fists, protesting to the official who turns, telling Bryant to open up his hands...

...which is when Van Gibson surges forward, burying a right hand between the eyes, sending Bryant staggering back into the buckles as the crowd responds with shock!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by Van Gibson!

[With Bryant dazed, Van Gibson squares up, throwing hooking right hands to the ribcage of the Doctor of Love, trying to take some of the wind out of his sails.]

GM: Van Gibson grabs the arm, looking for the whip...

[The Irish whip sends Bryant crashing into the far corner. Van Gibson comes charging in after him but Bryant lifts his legs, trying to counter...]

GM: Feet are up!

[Van Gibson slams on the brakes, grabbing the feet and swinging them over the middle rope so that Bryant is sitting on the middle rope...

...at which point Van Gibson leans in next to Bryant, planting a kiss on his cheek as he raises his hand to the sky, pretending to take a selfie. The crowd laughs loudly as Van Gibson pulls back, spitting and putting on a show of disgust as he wipes his mouth.]

GM: And again, Van Gibson going back to having some fun in there.

[Bryant ducks through the ropes, wiping his cheek as he stands out on the apron. Van Gibson lifts his "phone," taking a look at it.]

"Yeeesh... not a good look for you, Davey Boy."

[Van Gibson gives a big exaggerated "swipe left" across his palm as he cracks another one of his trademark GRINS~! at Bryant who looks agitated.]

BW: Look how deep Van Gibson is getting inside Bryant's head, Gordo. Dave Bryant came here with a mission tonight. He wants to establish that he's still one of the top stars in the AWA. He wants to show that he might be in line for a future title opportunity. But instead, he's getting mocked by someone he likely never thought he'd see inside the ring again.

[Bryant ducks back through the ropes inside the ring where Van Gibson is dancing around as the Boston crowd serenades him with a chant of "E-V-G! E-V-G! E-V-G!"]

GM: The fans sure do love the Idol O' Millions, Bucky.

BW: There's a reason he can carry that nickname with a straight face, daddy.

[Bryant looks around at the chanting crowd, a bit of dismay on his face as he shakes his head. Van Gibson puts his hands on the back of his head, thrusting his hips in time with the chant as Bryant grimaces...

...and then charges!]

GM: Bryant charging in!

[Van Gibson ducks down, avoiding a clothesline attempt that sends Bryant into the corner buckles. The Idol O' Millions wheels around, rushing in after him with a clothesline of his own that lifts Bryant off the mat before setting him down in a seated position on the canvas.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Van Gibson looks at Bryant seated in the corner, another huge grin plastered across his face as he dances out of the corner, pointing to Bryant with both hands, waving his arms as the crowd starts to "ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh" to build to it...]

GM: Van Gibson looking for-

BW: Don't say it. Please don't say it.

[...and the Hall of Famer charges across the ring, leaping into the air to ensure that his Canadian Crown Jewels are nestled right up against the face of Bryant as he rocks back and forth to loud nostalgia cheers!]

GM: And I think - in this case - the imagery speaks for itself.

[A smirking Van Gibson withdraws from Bryant, throwing his hands down in a crotch chop as Bryant wipes at his face, looking even more agitated as he climbs to his feet, rushing in on Van Gibson's exposed back...

...but it's the Idol O' Millions who wheels around just in time, catching Bryant with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[Van Gibson drops down to his knees, taking aim on the dazed Bryant...]

GM: No, no!

[...but the official steps in, warning Van Gibson that a low blow delivered here would result in a disqualification and his elimination from the tournament!]

GM: The referee stops him just in time! If he'd done what he wanted to do there, his weekend would be over!

[The crowd jeers as a disappointed-looking Van Gibson gets to his feet, arguing with the official who insists the low blow is illegal. He grabs Bryant by the shoulder, looking to spin him around...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and Bryant opens up with a straight right hand that catches Van Gibson RIGHT on the corner of the eye, sending him spinning away, falling chestfirst into the ropes as he drops down to his knees!]

GM: Oh! Bryant DRILLED him with that right hand!

BW: And I'd say Dave Bryant is tired of all this screwing around, Gordo.

[Bryant rushes forward, sliding under the bottom rope outside the ring where Van Gibson is draped over the middle rope...

...and Bryant SMASHES him with another right hand, again right on the corner of the eye, sending Van Gibson falling facefirst down on the canvas.]

GM: Two big right hands by Dave Bryant and he's got Van Gibson reeling.

[Reaching under the ropes, Bryant grabs Van Gibson by the foot, dragging him outside to the floor.]

GM: Bryant bringing his old ally-slash-rival out to the floor here in Boston.

[Grabbing the hair of Van Gibson, Bryant winds up and DRIVES him facefirst into the ring apron, sending the Idol O' Millions staggering away. The Doctor of Love pursues as Van Gibson leans on the apron, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: And now Eddie Van Gibson is remembering what it's like inside a pro wrestling ring. The fun and games are over and the fight has begun.

[Bryant grabs Van Gibson by his long hair, shouting something off-mic at him... something that gets muted by the censors.]

BW: Bryant just asked him if he came to wrestle or to... uhh... mess around.

GM: I think Van Gibson better have come to wrestle if he wants to survive this onslaught by the former AWA World Champion.

[With a wave of his arm, Bryant clears out the ringside seats before rushing forward, HURLING Van Gibson over the steel barricade and into the second row of seats!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief!

BW: And when you see guys like these two in there, Gordo, you can't forget where they came from! These two guys became household names in the Land of Extreme and even if that's not what they're known for, they know how to get rough out there!

[Bryant gives a shout to the ringside fans, some of which echo it as he approaches the railing, looking in at Van Gibson who is trying to get himself up off the chairs that he was flung onto.]

GM: Bryant steps up to the railing, reaching over towards Van Gibson who is trying to get back to his feet.

[Van Gibson's head comes up...

...and then a spray of liquid shoots out of his mouth, catching Bryant right in the face!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: MIST!

GM: But what...?

[Van Gibson straightens up the rest of the way, clutching a Corona bottle in his hand. He grins at the roaring crowd as he hoists the bottle into the air before chugging its contents, pouring them down his throat as the fans cheer him on.]

BW: Well, if there's anything Boston likes to support, it's a guy who drinks before wrestling... and during... and after.

[A smirking Van Gibson tosses the bottle aside as he steps from the second row to the first, standing on the seats. He puts one foot on the barricade, giving a shout to the cheering fans before HURLING himself through the air, knocking the temporarily-blinded Bryant down with a sloppy crossbody!]

GM: DOWN GOES BRYANT!

[Holding a loose side headlock, Van Gibson peppers him with short left hands to the skull as the referee shouts to get the action back inside the ring. The Hall of Famer rises off the mat, giving a shout at the official.]

GM: Van Gibson turns things around with that... what would you call it?

BW: Oh, it's the Beer Mist, Gordo. The Beer Mist.

GM: They certainly did things different back then, didn't they?

BW: Let's just hope another guy doesn't come out here and end up winning the match.

GM: Another... I won't even ask.

[Van Gibson pulls Bryant off the floor, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. With Bryant down on the mat, Van Gibson climbs up on the apron, throwing a glance towards the top rope.]

GM: Van Gibson gives it a quick thought but apparently decides to stick to the ground game, ducking inside the ring...

[The Canadian grabs the rising Bryant, delivering a short knee to the midsection. He pulls the Doctor of Love into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook an arm...]

GM: He's going for it!

BW: What? Say it! Say the name!

GM: I will absolutely not.

[But before Van Gibson can deliver the move with the naughty name, Bryant yanks his legs out from under him, leaping forward into a double leg cradle!]

GM: Cradle out of nowhere! ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[Van Gibson kicks out of the surprise cradle, breaking up the count.]

GM: Ohh! Bryant almost stole that one! Van Gibson perhaps showing a little ring rust, not knowing something like that might be coming.

[Bryant and Van Gibson are on a foot race, trying to get up before the other...]

GM: Both men trying to get up... Van Gibson with the knee to the gut again...

[Grabbing Bryant under the armpits, Van Gibson swings him around into the corner, winding up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and connects with an overhand chop down across the chest!]

GM: Big chop by the Hall of Famer!

[Van Gibson grabs Bryant by the arm, looking for a cross-corner whip...]

GM: Van Gibson shoots him across, coming in after him!

[...but Bryant moves out of the way at the last second, causing Van Gibson to flip over the ropes...]

GM: OH! HE’S CAUGHT IN THE ROPES! HE’S CAUGHT IN THE ROPES!

[Van Gibson is dangling upside down in the tree of woe, trying to lean up to free himself as Bryant moves in, putting the boots to him. He lands a half dozen kicks before the official backs him off...]

...and then Bryant charges back in, DRIVING both feet into the face of the Hall of Famer!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BASEBALL SLIDE TO THE MUSH!

[Bryant pulls Van Gibson down from the tree of woe, leaning into a lateral press.]

GM: Bryant gets one! He gets two!

[But Van Gibson fires the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: No, that’s all! As we cross the ten minute mark of this battle, Eddie Van Gibson kicks out at two, showing Dave Bryant it’s going to take more than that to put him down for a three count and take him out of this tournament.

[Bryant drags Van Gibson off the mat, throwing him back into the buckles. He advances on his former ally, fists balled up as he throws alternating hook shots to the right side of the ribs... then the left... then the right...]

GM: Bryant trying to break down Van Gibson...

BW: Trying to go after the lungs, Gordo. Make it harder to breathe. Van Gibson’s going to be lacking in the wind department as it is and Bryant’s trying to make things worse.

[Van Gibson lunges forward, smashing his skull into Bryant’s!]

GM: OH! Headbutt!

[Bryant stumbles backwards, falling to a knee. He reaches up to his forehead where a trickle of blood is now present.]

GM: Bryant's skull got split open by Van Gibson!

[Stepping out of the corner, Van Gibson grabs the kneeling Bryant by the hair and DRILLING him between the eyes with a right hand... and another... and another...]

GM: Van Gibson smells blood and like the shark that he is, he's trying to split Dave Bryant wide open!

[With the bloodflow increased, Van Gibson breaks to the ropes, rebounding back with a low dropkick that knocks Bryant right off his knees and down to the canvas!]

GM: Basement dropkick connects... and Van Gibson with another cover!

[Another two count follows before Bryant kicks out. Van Gibson throws a leg over the downed Bryant, balling up his fist as he grabs Bryant by the hair...]

GM: Van Gibson with blow after blow to the cut forehead, trying to increase the bleeding, trying to take more of Bryant's stamina out of him.

BW: Both of these guys are coming off layoffs from the ring - Van Gibson, of course, a lot longer than Bryant's... but both of them are going to have questionable gas tanks in my opinion, Gordo.

[The referee's count reaches four before Van Gibson breaks it off, rising to his feet with blood on his knuckles.]

GM: Bryant's been busted open now. The official leaning in, checking on him...

[Van Gibson shoves the official aside, earning a reprimand for Davis Warren, and puts the boots to the cut forehead. He leans down, pulling Bryant to his knees as he plants his boots against the wound, raking the laces back and forth down the forehead.]

GM: Ahhh! That'll rip that cut open a little more, Bucky.

BW: It absolutely will. And you've gotta be impressed by the old school approach of Van Gibson. He knows his body can't do some of what it used to do... but it doesn't take much out of you to rip someone's flesh open with your bootlaces.

[Pulling Bryant the rest of the way to his feet, Van Gibson grabs Bryant by the arm, whipping him into the corner. The Idol O' Millions pauses, eyeing Bryant for a moment before backing across the ring...]

GM: Van Gibson in one corner, Bryant in the other...

[The Hall of Famer charges across, giving a war cry as he draws near...]

...which is when Bryant switches his stance, swinging his leg up for a superkick...]

GM: SUPERKICK!

[But Van Gibson was ready for it, leaving his feet and scoring with a dropkick to the knee on the planted leg, causing Bryant to cry out as he crumples to the canvas, clutching his knee in pain.]

GM: Wow! What a move by Van Gibson!

[Van Gibson rolls to a knee, smirking as he points to his temple.]

BW: And by the looks of that, Gordo, I'd say Van Gibson had that planned the whole time! He suckered Bryant into going for that superkick so he could deliver the dropkick... and now look at him!

[The vicious Van Gibson drags Bryant from the corner, stomping the kneecap once... twice... three times... four times.]

GM: Van Gibson's all over the leg, trying to soften it up for his signature figure four leglock!

[Van Gibson grabs the boot of Bryant, lifting it up to kick at the leg.]

GM: And you can feel the change in this matchup. Van Gibson was toying with Bryant at the beginning, getting inside his head, getting the support of these fans... and now he's got an opening and he's diving headfirst in, trying to take advantage of it.

[Holding the foot, Van Gibson executes a front flip, stretching out the leg as Bryant grabs at the back of the knee, writhing in pain on the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Devastatingly painful move executed right there by Eddie Van Gibson, continuing to target the leg.

BW: And this is an interesting tactic by Van Gibson. Many thought he'd go after Bryant's neck since Bryant has spent so much time on the shelf with that nick injury but by targeting the knee, he's going after an area that Bryant wasn't even really looking to protect.

[Van Gibson drags Bryant across the ring by the leg, dumping his foot on the bottom rope. He smirks, stepping up to the second rope, springing into the air, and dropping all his weight down across the knee as Bryant cries out in pain!]

GM: Ohhh! Right down on the knee again!

[With Bryant down on the mat, Van Gibson pushes the ankle down, holding the struggling Bryant's leg in place before pushing himself up into the air, bringing his knee down on the side of Bryant's knee.]

GM: Again down on the knee... oh, look at this!

[The crowd groans as Van Gibson grinds his kneecap back and forth on the side of Bryant's leg, trying to inflict further punishment.]

GM: And as Eddie Van Gibson makes his new gameplan abundantly clear, it seems to be a matter of time now before he goes to hook in that figure four leglock and try to get a submission out of the former AWA World Champion.

[Dropping down to the mat, Van Gibson rolls under the ropes to the floor as the referee instructs him to get back in. He reaches back inside the ring, pulling Bryant out by the leg...]

GM: Uh oh... this is NOT where Dave Bryant wants to be, fans!

[Van Gibson lifts the leg high in the air...]

...and SLAMS the back of the knee down on the edge of the apron, a blow that causes Bryant to howl in pain!]

GM: Dave Bryant's knee has a bullseye painted upon it right now and Eddie Van Gibson is bringing non-stop offense right on it.

BW: Pretty much the only thing he HASN'T done so far is shoot an arrow at it, Gordo.

[Van Gibson slams the knee down on the apron again, grinning at the crowd's reaction which is a little more negative than it was when he came to the ring.]

GM: And right about now, you sense that the Boston crowd is remembering why Eddie Van Gibson was often the most popular AND the most hated wrestler in the world.

BW: Sometimes at the same time.

[Gordon chuckles as Van Gibson climbs up on the apron, stomping the leg a few times before reaching through the ropes, hauling Bryant up by the hair. The former AWA World Champion hangs on to the ropes, trying to stay on his feet as Van Gibson peppers him with a few quick forearm shots to the jaw, pulling him through the ropes out to the apron...]

GM: And I'm not sure I like the looks of this, Bucky.

[Van Gibson reaches down, cradling the leg...]

GM: Shinbreaker on the apron?!

[...and lifts a struggling Bryant into the air, trying to drop him shinfirst on the ring apron!]

GM: He's going to try and break the leg! Bryant's fighting it!

[A desperate Bryant repeatedly slams his fist into the head of Van Gibson, trying to break free...]

...and falls back over the ropes, landing HARD on his knee as he hits the mat!]

GM: OH!

BW: Well, he avoided the shinbreaker but I'm not sure that did him any better, Gordo. He went right DOWN on that knee and-

[But as an irate Van Gibson turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! CALL ME IN THE MORNING!

[...he gets DRILLED with a superkick up under the chin, sending Van Gibson flying backwards off the apron in a Nestea Plunge, CRASHING down hard to the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: DESPERATION MOVE BY THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION!

[Bryant collapses to the mat, cradling his knee to his chest as Van Gibson lies motionless out on the floor...]

...and the referee starts a double count on both competitors.]

GM: Both men are down! One in the ring and one on the floor as Davis Warren starts a ten count on BOTH competitors.

BW: That gives Bryant to the count of ten to get up off the mat while Van Gibson's got til ten to get back inside the ring.

GM: And after that hard fall to the floor, I'm not sure he's going to be able to do it, Bucky.

[Warren's count goes to two... then to three with no signs of life from either competitor as the fans start to buzz about a potential double countout.]

GM: Bucky, I'd have to assume that if both men are counted down here, they'd both be eliminated from the tournament, right?

BW: Absolutely. It's the same thing as a double countout... and somewhere in the locker room, Riley Hunter and Noboru Fujimoto are salivating over the idea of getting a bye. It can mean so much in getting you through a grueling tournament like this one.

GM: The count to five now...

[The crowd cheers as Bryant plants his hands on the mat, grimacing as he struggles to get up.]

GM: Dave Bryant with a show of strength, trying to get off the mat... but Van Gibson still hasn't moved at all, Bucky.

BW: He hit his head REAL hard out on the floor. Couple that with the superkick and he may be out!

[The count hits six as Bryant pushes up, his arms at full extension as he tries to get his legs underneath him.]

GM: Bryant looks like he's going to make it and- look at this! Look at this!

[A dazed Van Gibson suddenly sits up off the floor, eyes glazed over as he points at the ring, cradling the back of his head with the other hand. The referee counts seven as the crowd cheers Van Gibson on, trying to urge him back inside the ring to keep the match going.]

GM: Van Gibson is sitting up but that's not enough! He's gotta get off the floor, to his feet, and back inside this ring!

BW: Bryant's up on his knees now... he's going to make it, I think.

GM: I believe you're right.

[The count hits eight as Bryant pushes himself up, stumbling as he falls into the ropes, hanging onto them to stay on his feet. Outside the ring, Van Gibson desperately scrambles to a knee, pushing up as the official counts nine.]

GM: It's gonna be close! Van Gibson lunges!

[And rolls under the ropes JUST before the ten count lands!]

GM: Oh my! He made it! He made it, fans!

[Cheers go up for both men as the referee signals for the match to continue.]

GM: We are over fifteen minutes into this battle, fans, and as these two men try to get back into this fight, you have to wonder how much they've got left. Dave Bryant, blood streaming down his face, barely able to stand as he walks across the ring towards Van Gibson who took a potential knockout blow on the chin and then a hard fall on those thin mats at ringside on the back of his head.

BW: Van Gibson's on his feet, moving in on Bryant...

[Bryant turns his back to the ropes, grimacing as he tries to put weight on his knee but Van Gibson goes right back for it, kicking the knee once... twice... three times as Bryant clings to the ropes.]

GM: And Van Gibson wastes no time going right back on the leg...

[Van Gibson snags a handful of hair, dragging Bryant away from the ropes. The Doctor of Love hops on his good leg, trying to stay on his feet as Van Gibson draws him out...]

...and Bryant leaps up, snapping his good leg into the back of Van Gibson's head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: ENZUIGIRI!

GM: Right to the back of the head!

[The blow fells Van Gibson back to the mat as Bryant struggles, forcing him over onto his shoulders, collapsing on him in a sloppy pin attempt.]

GM: Bryant with the cover!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! VAN GIBSON GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

[Bryant flops over onto his back, his chest heaving as Van Gibson lies right next to him tilted over onto his hip.]

GM: These two are really putting each other through their paces, Bucky.

BW: Tonight, they're partying like it's 1999.

[After a few more moments pass, Bryant sits up, reaching up to wipe the blood from his stinging eyes. He scoots back towards the ropes on his rear, reaching up to grab them for support.]

BW: Look at that, Gordo. Bryant can't even get off the mat without using the ropes at this point.

GM: That leg has been through significant punishment and it could be the difference maker for sure.

[Van Gibson rolls over onto his chest, slipping his arms under him as he tries to get off the canvas.]

GM: Both men trying to get up before the other can.

[Van Gibson pushes up to his knees as Bryant drags himself up, nearly stumbling as he puts weight on his leg.]

GM: Bryant almost fell back down but he's up, trying to steady himself as Van Gibson climbs off the mat as well...

[Bryant is still leaning on the ropes as Van Gibson gets up, moving towards him. The Las Vegas native lashes out with an off-balance straight right hand that Van Gibson easily avoids, lunging in with a knee up into the midsection.]

GM: Bryant couldn't get his balance there and Van Gibson caught him...

[With a doubled-up Bryant clinging to the ropes, he wobbles away, trying to create space...

...which Van Gibson takes advantage of, throwing himself at the back of Bryant's knee with a clip!]

GM: Oh! He clipped him! He clipped out the knee of Bryant!

[Bryant hits the mat, howling in pain again. Van Gibson moves swiftly, grabbing the leg, giving it a hard yank to pull Bryant away from the ropes.]

GM: Van Gibson's going for it! He's looking for the figure four!

BW: And look at the positioning in the ring! He's got Bryant out closer to the corner but Van Gibson's going to be fairly close to the ropes if he needs an... assist.

[With Bryant down on the mat a handful of feet from the corner, Van Gibson spins around the leg in a spinning toehold...

...which is when a desperate Doctor of Love plants his free leg boot on Van Gibson's butt...]

GM: COUNTER!

[...and SHOVES Van Gibson off hard!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HIT THE POST! VAN GIBSON HIT THE POST!

[Being so close to the corner, Van Gibson SLAMS headfirst into the steel at top velocity. He staggers back, reaching up to grab at his head as Bryant slides behind him...]

GM: SCHOOLBOY BY BRYANT!! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! MY STARS, HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Bryant again collapses on the mat, slamming a balled-up fist into the canvas.]

GM: How close was that, Bucky?!

BW: REAL close. In fact, I think Bryant would've had him there if that bum leg didn't keep him from getting the proper leverage!

[Bryant rolls to his side, grabbing at his knee with his face covered with anguish.]

GM: And now's his chance. Now is Dave Bryant's chance!

BW: Absolutely. If he can take advantage of Van Gibson hitting the post, he might be-

[The crowd groans as Bryant pulls Van Gibson up by the hair, revealing a stream of blood coming down the face of the Hall of Famer!]

GM: Oh my stars! His skull got split wide open when he hit the post!

[Bryant winds up, laying in a right hand to the cut head, knocking Van Gibson back down to the mat. The Doctor of Love slides into a loose mount, trying to avoid pressure to his bad knee as he grabs a handful of hair, peppering shots into the cut forehead!]

GM: Bryant's returning the favor from earlier tonight! He's doing the same thing that Van Gibson did to him, punching that cut!

[The referee's five count gets close before Bryant peels off, shaking out his hand. He grimaces as he pushes up off the mat, again barely able to hold his balance as he tries to haul Van Gibson off the mat.]

GM: Bryant brings Van Gibson up...

[A quick whip sends Van Gibson the short distance to the buckles where he hits the corner. Bryant stumbles in after him, throwing himself into a back elbow up under the chin...]

GM: Oh! Hard shot in the corner by Bryant!

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Ten minutes left in the time limit... and if their bodies will allow it, they're going to have to kick it up another notch to try to finish this!

[Bryant steps back, grabbing the rope for balance, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Overhead chop, right down across the chest!

[Bryant steadies himself, takes aim, and does it again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[And with a loud roar, he lets loose a barrage of them.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The blows batter Van Gibson off his feet, putting him down on his butt in the corner where a fired-up Bryant plants his boot on the throat of his former ally, strangling the air out of him as he tugs on the ropes for leverage!]

GM: He's choking him! Van Gibson's being choked in the corner!

[The referee starts his count... getting swiftly to four without Bryant breaking...]

GM: Break it, ref!

BW: He's trying, Gordo!

[But Bryant won't listen as the referee starts shouting at him...]

GM: He's gonna be disqualified! He's gonna-

[Finally, Davis Warren's shouts get through to Bryant who backs off, snarling at the downed and gasping Van Gibson. The official backs Bryant across the ring, jabbing a finger into his chest, shouting at him.]

GM: That was dangerously close to a disqualification for Dave Bryant who let his emotions get the better of him right there!

[Bryant brushes past the official, moving back in on the bloodied Van Gibson who is gasping for air still as he tries to get back up off the mat. The Doctor of Love winds up as he approaches...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and leaves another red welt on the chest of the reeling Van Gibson who hooks his arms over the top rope, trying to stay standing.]

GM: Bryant caught him again! So much aggression and anger in those blows!

[Bryant turns slightly, locking eyes with Supreme Wright for a brief moment...

...and then ducks down, lifting Eddie Van Gibson up in a fireman's carry!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Did you see that? Did you see him looking at Wright?

[We cut to ringside - a twinkle in the eye of Supreme Wright as Bryant hobbles from the corner, Van Gibson draped across his shoulders...]

GM: Are you kidding me?! How is Dave Bryant finding the strength for this?! How is he-?!

[Out in the middle of the ring, Bryant grimaces as he muscles Van Gibson up over his head as he drops to his back, raising both legs...]

GM: FAT TUESDAY!

[...but Van Gibson counters at the last moment, landing on his feet as Bryant drops to his back...]

GM: NO! COUNTER!

[Van Gibson swoops in, snatching the leg, twisting it around...

...and drops back in one of his signature holds - the figure four leglock!]

GM: FIGURE FOUR! VAN GIBSON HOOKS IT!

[Bryant cries out in pain, grabbing at his knee as Van Gibson rocks back and forth, cranking up the pressure on Bryant's injured limb...]

GM: Eddie Van Gibson's got the figure four leglock applied in the center of the ring and I don't see a way out of this for Dave Bryant!

BW: I just checked with the timekeeper - we've got about eight minutes left too!

GM: Plenty of time for Van Gibson to wrench a submission out of the former AWA World Champion! If Bryant gives up, Van Gibson's heading to the second round... he's heading towards a date with either Riley Hunter or Noboru Fujimoto!

[Van Gibson rocks back as Bryant sits up, clawing at his hair, screaming in pain as Davis Warren leans in, checking for a submission.]

GM: Bryant's trying to hang on! Screaming that he refuses to give up!

[Bryant falls back to the mat, slapping his arms on the mat, shouting in agony as Van Gibson rocks to the side, trying to increase the pressure on the seven points affected by one of professional wrestling's most dangerous holds.]

GM: Bryant clawing at the canvas, screaming in agony... how much longer can he hang on?

BW: The mere thought of submitting away his chance to advance in this tournament has to be so painful, Gordo... so hard to swallow.

[Bryant sits up again, planting his hands on the mat behind him...

...and starts rocking from side to side...]

GM: Bryant's going to try to turn it over!

BW: That's one of a handful of known effective counters to this hold, Gordo, but can he do it?

GM: If he does, he'll send the pressure shooting back up the other way!

[Bryant rocks faster, trying to build more momentum as a concerned Eddie Van Gibson shakes his head, trying to hold his ground.]

GM: The crowd is on their feet, waiting to see if Bryant can turn it over... waiting to see if-

[And Bryant makes his move, rolling to his right, flipping himself over to his stomach and taking Van Gibson along for the ride...

...and then, grasping Van Gibson's legs, Bryant lets loose a scream of anguish as he forces his way to his feet!]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! IRON CRAB! BRYANT REVERSED INTO THE IRON CRAB!

[Van Gibson cries out, clawing at the mat, stretching out in a desperate attempt to get to the ropes!]

GM: Dave Bryant with a... I've never seen that before!

BW: Neither have I! Tremendous counter, Gordo!

GM: That may be an understatement as Bryant leans back, that Boston Crab sunk in deep!

[The crowd is roaring for the exchange of submission holds as the bloodied Van Gibson stretches out, dragging himself along the mat.]

GM: The ropes - and his escape from this hold - are in sight for Van Gibson! He's not there yet but he's getting closer! With every inch he drags himself along that canvas, he's getting closer!

[Van Gibson again scoots closer, reaching out towards the ropes as Bryant tries to keep his bad knee from buckling underneath him...

...and wraps his fingers around the bottom rope, causing the referee to call for a break!]

GM: He made it! Eddie Van Gibson got to the ropes!

[Upon being ordered to break, Bryant collapses down to his knees, wincing in pain as Van Gibson cradles his lower back.]

GM: Van Gibson with the figure four, Bryant with the Iron Crab - but neither was able to get the submission!

BW: No, but look at the damage done by both. Bryant can barely stand. Van Gibson's clutching the back. Those holds are absolutely devastating and either one could be the difference maker in this one.

GM: Fans, we are just a hair over five minutes remaining in this one. Five minutes left with so much at stake.

[Van Gibson uses the ropes, hauling himself off the mat, his face covered in blood. He winces as he gets to his feet, grabbing his lower back again as he turns to find his opponent. Bryant is still kneeling on the mat, rubbing at his bad knee as Van Gibson pushes off the ropes.]

GM: Bryant's still down on the mat but Van Gibson's coming for him...

[Pulling Bryant up by the hair, Van Gibson lays in a boot to the gut, doubling him up. He steps forward, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Van Gibson's got him! He's going for-

BW: Say it!

GM: The Move That Shall Not Be Named!

[The bloodied and weary Van Gibson leans over, scooping up one arm. He nods to the buzzing crowd as he reaches for the other...

...but before he can secure it, Bryant reaches down, yanking Van Gibson's legs out from under him!]

GM: Bryant scoops the legs!

[Trapping the struggling Van Gibson's legs under his armpits, Bryant sets his feet, and then turns him over onto his stomach as the Boston crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: THE IRON CRAB IS ON AGAIN! BRYANT LOCKS IT IN A SECOND TIME!

[Bryant screams through his crimson mask, wincing as he tries to hold his knee in position. He leans back on Van Gibson, trying to apply more pressure...]

GM: Van Gibson's in the middle of the ring! I don't know if he can get to the ropes this time, fans!

[The Hall of Famer cries out, clawing at the canvas as Bryant keeps the hold locked in.]

GM: Van Gibson's trying to hang on! Trying to keep his comeback story alive!

[Bryant holds his ground, shaking his head defiantly as Van Gibson tries to drag himself across the ring...

...and switching his position so that Van Gibson is on his chest more than his stomach, Bryant sinks down to a knee, sitting down for more pressure!]

GM: OHHHH! HIGH-ANGLED IRON CRAB!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of the modified hold being applied...

...and then ROARS LOUDER as Van Gibson slaps the canvas repeatedly!]

GM: HE GAVE UP! HE GAVE UP!

[Bryant instantly lets go, flopping over onto his chest on the mat as the Boston crowd screams for the result!]

GM: Dave Bryant has made his AWA return and has defeated the Hall of Famer, Eddie Van Gibson, with that dangerous Iron Crab!

BW: A new version of it too, Gordo!

GM: Absolutely. Van Gibson tried to hang on but Bryant was able to get the submission and... wow. What a battle those two just had, Bucky.

BW: For a long, long time, these two men have been considered two of the greatest of all time in our sport... and I think we just witnessed exactly why, Gordo.

GM: Rebecca Ortiz, make it official...

[The ring announcer's voice booms out over the PA as Dave Bryant is helped up to a knee by the referee.]

RO: Your winner of the match... advancing to the second round...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYYANNNNNNNNNNT!

[The official raises a bloodied Bryant's hand, pointing to him as the Boston crowd welcomes the victorious Bryant back in fine fashion.]

GM: Dave Bryant walked into this night with many wondering if he had what it takes to climb back inside an AWA ring after the injury he was sidelined with... and Dave Bryant just proved all his critics wrong! What a victory for the former World Champion!

[Bryant uses the support of Davis Warren to get to his feet, wincing as he raises his arms in victory.]

GM: A huge win for Bryant and-

[V.I.C.'s "Flawless" rings out over the PA system, drawing big jeers from the sold-out crowd as "Flawless" Larry Wallace walks out onto the entrance stage. He's got white bandages over one eye and on his cheek. Some nasty swelling is present on his jaw as well as he raises a mic.]

FLW: You...

[The crowd jeers!]

FLW: You! This wasn't supposed to happen! You weren't supposed to win!

[Bryant cracks a grin at that as Wallace sneers at the crowd's reaction.]

FLW: And I... I certainly wasn't supposed to lose!

[Another big cheer goes up... and the fans start chanting.]

"YOU GOT KNOCKED OUT!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"YOU GOT KNOCKED OUT!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"YOU GOT KNOCKED OUT!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[Wallace grimaces, staring out at the Boston crowd as Bryant cups a hand to his ear, nodding his head as he points at Wallace.]

FLW: I may... I may have gotten knocked out! But I got enough left in me to make DAMN sure you do too!

[Wallace tosses the mic aside, storming down the aisle with a serious chip on his shoulder.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for this! Larry Wallace is coming out here for Dave Bryant and- Bryant's just been through one heck of a war! He doesn't have enough left to fight off Wallace as well!

BW: He's gonna have to! Larry Wallace is heading for the ring!

[Reaching the ring, Wallace rolls under the ropes. Bryant storms him, battering him on the shoulders and back...

...but Wallace gets a single leg, yanking Bryant's leg out from under him, taking him down to the mat where Wallace takes the mount, battering his bloodied rival with fists to the head!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

BW: Nah, nah... this is about to be a mugging, daddy!

[The official complains as Wallace batters Bryant before scampering to his feet, chasing off the referee.]

GM: Wallace is red hot over getting eliminated by Rufus Harris earlier tonight and apparently he's going to take it out on Dave Bryant!

[Dragging Bryant off the mat, Wallace shoves him towards the ropes. Bryant bounces off, stumbling forward into a standing dropkick right on target, both feet catching him flush in the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: THE BEST DAMN DROPKICK IN THE-

GM: Oh, be quiet!

[Wallace pops up to his feet, going into a spin as the Boston crowd jeers him for his attack.]

GM: This is wrong, Bucky... this is just plain wrong!

[Wallace stands over Bryant, taunting him...

...and then turns to see Eddie Van Gibson regaining his feet.]

GM: Uh oh.

[A big grin crosses the face of Larry Wallace who walks across the ring towards Van Gibson who instinctively raises his fists, dropping back into a fighting stance...

...but Wallace raises his own hands, begging off. He shakes his head...]

GM: What is this about?

[...and then points at Bryant.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Wallace talks to Van Gibson, pointing excitedly at Bryant who is across the ring.]

BW: Gordo, if I didn't know better, I'd say Larry Wallace is trying to form an alliance with Eddie Van Gibson!

GM: That's EXACTLY what he's trying to do! Unbelievable!

BW: Hey, it makes sense! Van Gibson just got beaten by Bryant! He just got taken out of this tournament! I'm sure he'd like to take a pound of flesh out of his old rival too!

[Van Gibson grimaces, holding his back as he looks across the ring where the bloodied Bryant is crawling, trying to get out of the ring. Wallace slaps him on the shoulder, pointing again excitedly at Bryant...

...and Van Gibson gives a sadistic grin, nodding his head to the dismay of the Boston fans!]

GM: Oh... oh no.

[Wallace grins in response, sprinting across the ring, pulling Bryant back in. He yanks the Doctor of Love to his feet, shoving him back into the corner. Wallace leans in, shouting at Bryant, sticking a finger in his face before he spins back to Van Gibson...

...who buries a boot in his midsection!]

GM: Oh!

[The crowd ROARS as Van Gibson yanks the struggling Wallace into a standing headscissors, pulling him quickly into a double underhook...

...and leaps up, sitting out in a split-legged face driver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE MOVE THAT SHALL NOT BE NAMED!

[Van Gibson again grabs at his lower back, grimacing as he slides back against the ropes. He looks at the downed Wallace, a grin... no, a GRIN~! crossing his face. He grabs the top rope, pulling himself up to his feet, looking out at the Boston fans cheering for him. He raises a hand, mouthing "thanks" as he goes to duck through the ropes...

...and gets stopped with a hand on his shoulder.]

GM: Uh oh!

[A hard pull of the arm gets Van Gibson back inside the ring...

...staring right at Dave Bryant!]

GM: Oh, brother. This could be trouble!

[Bryant walks Van Gibson back away from the ropes...

...and points at Wallace, gesturing with a fist... and the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

GM: Dave Bryant just told him to... is he gonna do it?!

[Van Gibson stands, hands on his hips, looking first at Bryant and then out at the cheering crowd who are urging him on. He shakes his head, a smile on his face. With a nod, he gestures for Bryant to get out of his way and the Doctor of Love obliges, leaning back in the corner and watching as Van Gibson stands over the prone Wallace...]

GM: He's gonna do it! These fans were hoping for it! Begging for it! And now, here it comes!

[Van Gibson breaks into a dash, hitting the ropes. He bounces back, slowly raising one fist to the air as he hooks the other thumb to point at himself...

...and DRIVES his fist down into the skull of "Flawless" Larry Wallace to a DEAFENING ROAR from the Boston fans!]

GM: CANUCKLEDUSTER! CANUCKLEDUSTER!

[Van Gibson gets up off the mat, a big GRIN~! on his face as he dips low into a bow, sweeping right out of the ring and starting up the aisle as the fans continue to roar for him. A chuckling Dave Bryant claps his hands, nodding his head as he watches his former ally and foe backpedaling up the aisle.]

GM: A show of respect there between Bryant and Van Gibson and... wow! What a way to wrap up Night One, Bucky!

BW: It's been a wild night... a crazy night... and I don't know how the heck we're going to top it tomorrow!

GM: Fans, tomorrow night will see the rest of the first round! We've got Summers vs Kendrick! Detson vs Rage! Travis Lynch vs Mahoney! Fujimoto and Hunter! Wright and Harris! Vasquez and Ohara! Martinez and Zharkov! Maximus and Lynch! What a night it's gonna be! For all of us here at the AWA, fans, we wish you good night... and we'll see you next time...

BW: That's tomorrow night, you goof.

GM: ...at the matches!

[Cut to the aisle where Van Gibson is looking down at the ring where a triumphant Bryant is standing, the fans roaring for both men...

...and we fade to black.]