

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 up to a poorly-lit tavern somewhere in Boston. It looks like your typical dive bar - pool tables, dart boards, lots of American standards on tap, a jukebox in the corner.

Oh, and some of your favorite AWA superstars in attendance.

Jack Lynch is seated on a bar stool, a smile on his face as he throws back a mug of beer. Nearby, his younger brother Travis Lynch is sitting at a table across from a paintless leather jacket wearing Supernova, engaged in what appears to be an arm wrestling match. Several of the bars patrons are crowded around, watching the action unfold.

When the bustling bar suddenly falls silent. The lights dim in the background, leaving illumination on our superstars.

A voiceover is heard.]

"Ladies and gentlemen... the cast of the Broadway and worldwide sensation...

Hamilton."

[A young African-American man steps from the back, the lights hitting him as well. He starts to speak but is interrupted by a seemingly-intoxicated Hispanic man who emerges from the crowd next to him in a stumble.]

"WHAT TIME IS IT?!"

[A few others step forward, answering the question.]

“SHOWTIME!”

[The Hispanic man grins as he hoists a bottle of beer in hand.]

“I’m John Laurens in the place to be.
Two pints of Sam Adams by I’m workin’ on three, uh!”

[The first man raises a hand, shaking his head as he ignores the interruption, moving to stand next to the table. He lowers the hand, putting it on the shoulder of Travis Lynch who looks up to him.]

“I may not live to see our glory.”

[He takes another step forward, his hand resting on Supernova’s shoulder.]

“But I will gladly join the fight!”

[He moves again, standing alongside a now-standing Jack Lynch, draping his arm over his shoulders.]

“And when our children tell our story...
They’ll tell the story of tonight.”

[Travis Lynch rises, doing his best to stay in tune, beer in hand.]

“Let’s have another round tonight.”

[Supernova rises alongside Travis, grinning at his friend.]

“Let’s have another round tonight.”

[And then over to Jack who looks at the singer beside him.]

“Let’s have another round tonight.”

[The three wrestlers and the singer raise their glasses towards the American flag hanging in the corner of the bar.]

“Raise a glass to freedom.
Something they can never take away.
No matter what they tell you.

Raise a glass to the four of us.
Tomorrow there’ll be more of us.
Telling the story of tonight.
They’ll tell the story of tonight.”

[The four drain their mugs of beer in unison...

...and we fade quickly to black before coming back up on a pitch black room, a faint swinging light bulb illuminating the scowling face of Brian James. A voice is heard as James glares into the camera’s lens.]

“How does a bastard... orphan...
Son of a whore and a Blackheart.
End up on the cusp of fortune and glory
Strength, speed, power, and more - he’s...

Grown up to be unstoppable, unbeatable, undeniable."

[James swats at the light bulb, shattering it in a beautiful slow motion shot that sends glass shards a-flyin'.

Back up from black on another slow motion shot, this one of Riley Hunter standing, hair being whipped up by a strong wind that is also causing a Japanese flag to blow strongly behind him in the breeze.]

"The world turned upside down."

[Hunter turns towards the camera, his mouth twisting into a grin as he forms a pistol with his fingers.]

"The world turned upside down."

[Hunter raises said pistol towards the camera as a digitized voice is heard."

"Do not throw away your shot."

[As Hunter "pulls the trigger", the screen flashes white and we see "Red Hot" Rex Summers, shirtless and grinning as women are hanging off both posed biceps.]

"How does this arrogant, obnoxious, loudmouth boor
Reach the summit of the sport - near the top lookin' for more
You can't stand to be near him.
Can't bear to be there.
Got so many muscles, there's plenty to spare.

But even his brothers mean nothin' to him.
Even his brothers were just another tree, another limb.
He's climbing and climbing.
Tryin' to get to the top.
A whole lot guys lookin' to drop a big stop."

[We cut away from Summers to a shot of World Champion, Johnny Detson. His fingers are tracing over the golden belt hanging over his shoulder.]

"Ladies and gentlemen..."

[A chorus of voices respond.]

"HERE COMES THE CHAMPION!"

[The solo voice.]

"The moment you've been waiting for..."

[The chorus replies.]

"HERE COMES THE CHAMPION!"

[The solo voice.]

"The pride of the Kings of Wrestling..."

"HERE COMES THE CHAMPION!"

"Johnny Detson!"

[Detson looks up, winking at the camera as we cut again, this time coming up on former World Champion Dave Bryant, sitting on a bench in a darkened locker room, tugging a kneepad into place. A quiet, soft chorus is heard.]

"Dave Bryant's coming hooooooooome."

[Again.]

"Dave Bryant's coming hooooooooome."

[Once more.]

"Dave Bryant's coming hooooooooome."

[Bryant looks up at the camera with a smile as he rises to his feet.]

"Mr. Bryant, welcome hooooooooome."

[And we cut again, this time to Supreme Wright and Pure X standing back to back, spotlight on them. An African-American man is walking in circles around them as he raps. A countdown is heard.]

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine...

There are ten things you need to know.

Number one!"

[The man points a finger at Pure X, standing near him without X acknowledging him.]

"This one came back with fanfare and more.
Lookin' to do what he couldn't before."

[He does a cool little spin move, turning his focus onto Supreme Wright.]

"Number two!

Don't call it a comeback 'cause he's been here for years.
But don't look now 'cause this villain's gettin' cheers."

[He steps out, his back to both men.]

"Number three!

Inside the ring, they're a couple of aces.
Ain't many others who can handle their laces."

[He raises his arms up over his head.]

"Number four!

They won't be talking peace
Because this one's a fight.
One way or another
Only one walks out tonight."

[He slides over towards Pure X, looking over his shoulder.]

"Number five!

The years are flyin' by
The shadow's gettin' bigger.
Your Uncle's a real champion.
When you gonna pull the trigger."

[A slide-step puts him back next to Wright.]

"Number six!

Martinez and Vasquez, Lynches, Dave Bryant...
Gladiator, Zharkov, Torin the big giant.
They talkin' 'bout everyone
But they seem to have forgot you."

[He does a spin, facing both men.]

"Number seven!

The time is drawin' near.
The battle's close at hand.
Time to show the world what's what
And draw that line in the sand."

[He "draws the line" with his foot as the two men start to turn to face one another.]

"Number eight!

The crowd's burning hot.
The bell's been rung.
And before too long.
The fat lady's song will be sung."

[The two wrestlers are nose to nose.]

"Number nine!

Knock out or tap out
It all remains the same.
One arm raised
Someone calling out your name."

[He steps between the two, shoving them back at full arm extension.]

"Look 'em in the eye and no higher.
Summon all the courage you require
Then count...

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine...

Number (Ten paces!)

Fire!"

[And on "fire!" the lights cut out and the sound of a needle dragging across a record is heard. We fall to silence...

...and then slowly fade up on Juan Vasquez sitting alone in a darkened locker room.
A voice sings out.]

"Let me tell you what I wish I'd known
When I was young and dreamed of glory."

[A framed photo of Vasquez and Luke Kinsey from their EMWC days appears in Vasquez' hands. He looks wistfully at it.]

"You have no control
Who lives, who dies, who tells your story"

[Vasquez angrily throws the framed photo across the room, smashing it into the wall. It spirals to the floor, a spiderweb of broken glass over the image.]

"I know that you can win
I know that greatness lies in you
But remember from here on in..."

[Closeup of Vasquez' haunted eyes.]

"History has its eyes on you."

[Fade to black...

...and we're still on black as we fade up, this time in what seems like a live shot of the TD Garden. The crowd is buzzing as a single spotlight hits the ring, lighting up one of the original Broadway stars of Hamilton, Leslie Odom Jr. He smiles at the reaction of the crowd.]

"Tonight... in this ring... in this arena... in this historic city.

Tonight all of you in this building are in the room where it happens."

[Big cheer!]

"Tonight... all of you at home are in the room where it happens."

[Another big cheer!]

"Tonight... we all want to be in the room where it happens."

[Another bigger cheer!]

"Gentlemen?"

[Lances of illumination fly across the arena, hitting the stage where the eleven remaining competitors in the inaugural Battle of Boston tournament are standing.]

"Do not throw away your shot."

[A pumping rhythmic beat hits the PA system as the former two-time AWA World Champion, Dave Bryant steps forward into his spotlight, a lapel mic picking up his voice as he determinedly shouts out.]

"I am not throwing away my shot."

[From the other side of the stage, another two-time former AWA World Champion and arguably the best in-ring competitor on the planet, Supreme Wright, steps forward into his spotlight. He is stoic as his voice booms out over the PA system.]

"I am not throwing away my shot."

[Another light illuminates the charismatic Riley Hunter, the import from Japan who has captured hearts, minds, and imaginations over the past few days. Hunter is all flash as he grins, almost strutting into his spotlight.]

"I am... NOT... throwing away my shot!"

["Red Hot" Rex Summers steps forward into his spotlight, his well-oiled upper body glistening in the light as he arrogantly sneers in the direction of the audience. He nods his head confidently as he utters the same refrain.]

"I am not throwing away my shot."

[One of the greatest technical wrestlers on the planet steps into his spotlight, already dressed in his ring gear, ready for the battle he's waited so long for. Pure X stands determined, staring into the camera as he speaks.]

"I am not throwing away my shot."

[Face-painted and ready for battle, the AWA World Television Champion is the next to stride forward into the spotlight to cheers from the Boston crowd. Supernova smiles at the reaction, nodding his head.]

"I am NOT throwing away my shot."

[He throws back his head, cupping his hands to his mouth for a loud howl echoed by many in attendance before we cut to another part of the stage where another fan favorite steps into view - another champion in the form of the AWA National Champion Travis Lynch. Lynch's hand is visibly wrapped in bandages as he clutches the silver crucifix around his neck.]

"I am not throwing away my shot."

[Another figure steps forward into his spotlight - a man who has yet to compete on this weekend. A black towel is draped over his head, his face barely visible as he scowls at the camera.]

"I am not throwing away MY shot."

[Boos EXPLODE throughout the TD Garden as the next man steps into his spotlight, holding the World Heavyweight Title aloft with both hands. It is the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson, who is smirking the most confident smile of them all.]

"I am not... saying your stupid line!"

[Detson twists away to big jeers from the crowd as another figure is illuminated, this one drawing big cheers as his lanky form comes into view. He pulls off his white Stetson hat, tipping it towards the crowd with his gloved hand as he looks out on them.]

"I am not throwing away my shot."

[And finally, there is Juan Vasquez who emerges into the light, throwing a sideways glance at the open spot which should have gone to Ryan Martinez. Vasquez cracks a grin at the reaction of the fans, nodding his head.]

"I am not throwing away my shot... amigo."

[And with all of the Battle of Boston competitors lit up, we cut back to the ring where Leslie Odom Jr. is facing them.]

"Gentlemen... history has its eyes... on...

[He raises an arm, pointing at the group.]

"...you."

[And on that note, a burst of red, white, and blue pyro erupt from the stage, lighting up the figures on it. The sounds of "My Shot" from the Hamilton soundtrack is blasting over the PA system. 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: Wrestling fans, we are INDEED in the room where it happens here tonight as we come to you LIVE inside the TD Garden in Boston, Massachusetts right here on Fox Sports X, and ladies and gentlemen, WELCOME to the Battle of Boston!

[Another cut shows cheering fans inside the seats at the Garden.]

GM: We want to give a very special thanks to the entire cast and crew of the Broadway smash hit, Hamilton... especially one of the original cast members, Leslie Odom Jr., for helping us out on a very short turnaround for that opening video. Bucky, have you seen Hamilton?

BW: Have I seen it?! Gordon, I have the honor to be your obedient servant... B DOT Wilde.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Let's get down to business. Two nights of this massive tournament are in the books and as the best in our sport have come to Boston, we are down to our final twelve... check that... we are down to eleven after Juan Vasquez challenged Ryan Martinez to an impromptu Quarterfinal match last night.

BW: Absolutely brilliant, Gordo. Juan Vasquez is proving himself to be a battlefield strategist the likes of Alexander Hamilton himself as he maneuvered his most dangerous opponent into a situation where he wasn't physically or mentally prepared... and it cost him! Martinez is out! And on top of that, Juan Vasquez has managed to put himself into a position where he only has to wrestle TWICE tonight to win this tournament - not three times like the rest of these guys. Like I said, absolutely brilliant.

GM: Eleven competitors remaining - the best submission wrestlers on the planet, three current singles champions in the AWA, the hottest former free agent in the world, perhaps the best striker on the planet, and so many more are all here to find

out who will walk out of Boston as THE best professional wrestler on the planet. This is going to be something else, Bucky.

BW: I can't wait, let's get to it!

GM: Not so fast, Bucky. Before we hit the ring for our opening match, let's go backstage to our own Sweet Lou Blackwell! Lou?

[We cut to the backstage area where a grinning Sweet Lou is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon! It's a beautiful day here in the city of Boston but inside the TD Garden, things are really starting to heat up. In just a few moments, I'm going to be speaking with the two participants in tonight's opening match but before we get to that, let's talk about who is NOT here in Boston tonight. At the conclusion of last night's Battle of Boston show, we all saw Juan Vasquez defeat Ryan Martinez, knocking the former World Champion out of this tournament in shocking fashion.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: We dispatched Mark Stegglet to... to try and talk to Ryan... to try and find out what was going through his head after the loss... what was going through his head when he accepted the match. We all had a lot of questions, I think, and Mark Stegglet was out to get some answers. Let's take a look...

[We cut to footage marked "LAST NIGHT." It is presumably right after the Main Event. Mark Stegglet is standing near the Chimpanzee Position, waiting.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, the mood in the air at this moment is one of shock. We were not expecting Ryan Martinez nor Juan Vasquez to compete in two matches tonight. We were not expecting the Quarterfinals of this tournament to begin early... but Juan Vasquez issued the challenge to a banged-up Ryan Martinez who never is willing to back down from a fight. And now... Ryan Martinez is out of this tournament and his comeback story is crushed before us. Right now-

[Stegglet pauses as a smirking Vasquez comes through the curtain, wobbling through being supported by Jackson Hunter and flanked by Maxim Zharkov.]

MS: Gentlemen.

[Vasquez eyes Stegglet... then the camera crew... and then laughs loudly.]

JV: I guess you're looking for your hero, huh, Stegglet?

[Vasquez jerks a thumb over his shoulder.]

JV: He'll be along in a while... if he can even walk!

[The trio laughs again... well, Hunter and Vasquez do as Zharkov looks menacingly at the camera as they pass.]

MS: Fans, this is an absolutely stunning development that has major implications on the rest of this tournament. With the elimination of Ryan Martinez, one of the heavy favorites to win this tournament is out! With the Quarterfinals starting tonight, Juan Vasquez just guaranteed himself an easier path to the Finals with one less match than the other competitors will have tomorrow night! This is a potentially game-changing moment here in-

[The curtain parts again. It's several AWA officials and some medical personnel encircling Ryan Martinez who is on his feet and is walking on his own power.]

MS: Here we are... here he is now. Ryan! Ryan, a quick word!

[Stegglet is almost washed away by the sea of officials and medical personnel who seem to be trying to get Martinez to sit down so they can examine him. Martinez has one arm cradling the back of his neck as he wades through the mess of people, shaking his head defiantly.]

"Get the hell away from me!"

[Stegglet tries to get through.]

MS: Ryan, can I ask a few questions?

[Martinez uses his off-arm to fling a pair of officials aside, opening up a gap as he tries to push through it. Mark Stegglet tries to pursue as Martinez attempts to leave the mass of humanity behind him.]

MS: Ryan, I've gotta ask why... why did you take this match tonight after already wrestling once?

[Martinez has no words for Stegglet, walking straight ahead without acknowledging him.]

MS: Why would you accept Vasquez' challenge when you weren't physically at one hundred percent?

[Still no response from the former World Champion as Stegglet trails behind him in the backstage area.]

MS: Were you even at a hundred percent at the start of the tournament? You didn't look yourself in there against Zharkov either!

[Nothing as Martinez turns a corner, walking through the corridors that are lined with people - wrestlers, officials, backstage employees - all watching him make his exit.]

MS: There were rumors of an arm injury. Are those true? Is your arm hurt too?

[Stegglet ducks through a pair of backstage workers, arm with the mic extended.]

MS: Ryan, are you regretting your decision tonight?

[Martinez is a few steps ahead, shoving through a doorway. Stegglet follows with the camera crew, revealing that the AWA's White Knight has walked out into the parking lot. The Boston night sky is evident as Martinez walks with purpose.]

MS: Forget tonight. Are you regretting coming back too soon? Were you not ready yet?

[Martinez hesitates, turning slightly to look at Stegglet and with a shake of his head, keeps moving towards a car. Someone nearby gets in, starting the engine as Martinez approaches the passenger door. He opens it, placing one leg in as Stegglet pulls up, shouting out one final question.]

MS: Ryan, after this loss... what's next for you?

[Martinez again pauses, looking at Stegglet for a long moment...

...and then gets in the car, slamming the door behind him. The car tears out of the parking lot, leaving Mark Stegglet standing behind with a disappointed look on his face as we fade back to live action and Sweet Lou.]

SLB: Gone into the night... and we're told that no one from the AWA has been able to reach Ryan Martinez since then. He's certainly not here tonight and... well, after that exit, you have to wonder when we'll see the AWA's White Knight again. My sources say he flew home to Los Angeles this morning and... well, for foes of the Axis of Evil, that's bad news because Ryan Martinez was one of a handful willing to even up the numbers game.

[Blackwell throws a glance off camera.]

SLB: And speaking of evening up the numbers game, joining me right now is a man who may find himself in desperate need of doing such a thing mere moments from now - the man who is about to step into the Quarterfinals to do battle with the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson. Of course, I'm referring to the AWA World Television Champion, Supernova!

[That's the cue for Supernova to walk onto the interview set. He is dressed in his wrestling attire, 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. Strapped around his waist is the AWA World Television title belt.]

SLB: Supernova, a big opportunity for you tonight... not only the chance to advance in the Battle of Boston, but the chance to score a win over the reigning World Champion, Johnny Detson! No titles will be on the line, but I suspect that you might see this as your chance to put yourself into the conversation of a future World Title shot. What are your thoughts about those prospects?

[Supernova takes a deep breath, as if he's trying to compose himself.]

S: Sweet Lou, I know you're just doing your job here and I'm not gonna deny that a chance to face the AWA World Champion in a title match would be a great thing. But I want to talk to you more about Johnny Detson himself... do you notice what kind of a man we're talking about here?

SLB: Well, Johnny Detson is the World Champion... and while I won't question his success, I know some - including myself - would question his methods.

S: [nodding] That's one way of putting it, Sweet Lou. If you take a look at Johnny Detson's history, you're talking about somebody whose methods are all about taking anybody who comes along, try to use them to get to the top, and the instance things go awry for him, he dumps them and finds somebody else to use for his own personal gain!

Now, I could go back to the years before he came to the AWA to point out how many times he was just using people to advance his own agenda, showing no loyalty to anybody but himself, but I don't have to go back that far, because we've seen enough of that happen right here in the AWA! Tell me, Sweet Lou, do you remember Rick Marley?

SLB: Well, yes I do... one of the AWA originals and somebody you had a few issues with at one time.

S: That's right, Sweet Lou... and while I'm dealing with Rick Marley, he brings Johnny Detson along and, next thing you know, I get put through a windshield and out of action! But as I sat in that hospital bed, watching what was unfolding, I see Detson turning on Marley and dumping him as fast as he aligned with him! And all

that time, Detson is hanging around with Percy Childes and the Unholy Alliance, and Detson was all about the team as long as Childes had the upper hand and held the power in the AWA front office... that is, until the day Childes lost that power and Detson told everybody how he didn't need somebody like that any more!

So then he wins Steal the Spotlight, and the next thing you know, he's bringing along Eric Somers and Calisto Dufresne, telling everybody how they're going to ensure he gets himself the World Title! He tries it the first time and fails, so that's when he kicks Somers to the curb. He tries it again, fails again, and throws all the blame at Dufresne and kicks him to the curb. And now, there he is, aligning himself with what some would call the next generation of wrestling, aligning himself with a Hall of Fame manager, and I'm just waiting for the shoe to drop and he puts the knives in their backs, all because he thinks it's anybody's fault but his when things don't go according to plan!

In short, Johnny Detson has shown no loyalty to anybody but himself and takes no responsibility for himself when he comes up short, and I have a big problem with that!

[Supernova's eyes, which would normally grow wider as he talks, become intense but narrow and his tone remains steady.]

S: The AWA gave me my big break and I have never forgotten that! My heart and my soul belong to this great company and that is why I give my blood, my sweat and my tears to this company night after night! Anyone who has ever asked me to stand by them, I have done so, not asking for anything in return and always telling them that if they ever need me by their side again, I'll be there, no questions asked! And when things don't go my way, I don't point my finger at the AWA or anybody who I've considered a friend, because I know that I have to take responsibility for myself when I do come up short!

And the more I watch Detson get away with everything, the more I see him relying on the likes of Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan and Brian James to stack the deck against anybody who steps forward as a challenger to his title, knowing full well that he'll kick them to the curb the instance he thinks they disappointed him, the more I know that I need to step forward and give Detson a few lessons in what loyalty is all about, and what it means to take responsibility for when things don't go your way.

Tonight, it's more than just about a possible title shot... it's about sending a message to Johnny Detson that I have had enough of him and his antics!

[He takes a deep breath as Sweet Lou pauses before asking his next question.]

SLB: Regardless of what you believe about Detson's loyalties to his fellow Kings of Wrestling, it's clear that they are loyal to him and willing to back him up. We've seen numerous instances of that happening... are you prepared if the Kings come out and try to stack the deck in Detson's favor?

[A slight smile forms on Supernova's face, but only for a moment, and it's back to the serious look.]

S: Sweet Lou, this isn't the first time I've had to encounter somebody who surrounds himself with a band. I've had to deal with Royalty. I've had to deal with an Unholy Alliance. I've had to deal with a foreign alliance. I've been through what some would call gang warfare many times before. And the one thing I've learned is that, in times like this, you don't have to go it alone!

Like I said before, Sweet Lou, there have been many friends of mine who I have let it be known that any time they need me, I will be by their side, no questions asked.

And I know it goes the same way if I need them by my side. It may be true that those of us remaining in the Battle of Boston all have winning the tournament on their minds, but if Johnny Detson thinks this means that I'm gonna be on my own while he can have whatever crony he wants to order by his side to bail him out when the going gets tough... well, Johnny Detson, to paraphrase how the song goes...

If you think I'll go it alone, you're mad, and you've got another thing coming!

[Another deep breath.]

SLB: All right, fans, Supernova with a big test ahead of him and...

[And that's when Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls, causing Sweet Lou to do a double take. Supernova raises a finger to the camera.]

S: THE HEAT IS COMING FOR YOU, JOHNNY DETSON!

[Then he walks off the set.]

SLB: And there he goes, off to the ring... what a match that should be! Let's go down to the ring for the first time tonight to the lovely Rebecca Ortiz! Rebecca, take it away!

[Fade back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is indeed standing in a red dress that's conservative enough for the network execs but cut just low enough to fill up some threads on Reddit.]

RO: Wrestling fans around the world, welcome to the final night of the Battle of Boston!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a 45 minute time limit and is the first QUARTERFINAL of the night in the Battle of Boston tournament!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: First...

["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.]

RO: From Venice Beach, California... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMMMPIONNNNNN...

SUUUUUUUPERRRRRRNOOOOOOOVAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[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. The World Television Title belt is secured around his waist.]

GM: There he is, fans! The AWA World Television Champion... one of the most popular men in this company... and if he has his way tonight, the man who is going to best World Champion Johnny Detson on his way to winning this entire tournament!

BW: Supernova's a heck of a competitor - no doubt - but good enough to beat the best professional athlete in the world today? I don't think so.

GM: We're about to find out!

[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: Fans, let's go back to Sweet Lou who is with the World Champion. Lou?

[We cut back backstage where the aforementioned Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing next to the AWA World Heavyweight Champion Johnny Detson and Hall of Fame manager Brian Lau. Detson is dressed to wrestle in his gold tights and black boots. He is wearing a sweat jacket and the AWA World Title is draped over his shoulder.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... and as you can see, I am standing here with the World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson and Mr. Brian Lau, both of whom are looking rather pleased with themselves.

[Detson and Lau exchanged an amused look.]

JD: And why shouldn't I be, Lou? Am I NOT the World Champion? Am I NOT coming off another victory just one short night ago? Am I NOT part of the most dominant thing going in the AWA?

SLB: You could argue all those things are true.

JD: No, you argue over politics, religion, and sports teams... you don't argue facts! And what I state is facts.

[Blackwell nods in agreement.]

SLB: Maybe we can't argue those facts but what we CAN argue are your methods in making all those things true.

[Detson scoffs.]

JD: Methods?! The only method I have is winning, and when I say I'm going to win... I win!

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Johnny Detson, don't play dumb with me. You know exactly what I'm talking about! I'm talking about things like the World Tag Team Champions - Taylor and Donovan - getting involved in your matches. Brian Lau getting involved in your matches. And I'm also talking about that loaded glove of yours - Black Beauty - always finding its way into your matches as well!

[Detson sighs and rolls his eyes.]

JD: Always with the excuses and never with the results. Johnny Detson was the man in the middle of that ring... not Tony Donovan, Wes Taylor, or HALL OF FAME manager Brian Lau. Johnny Detson hit the Wilde Driver in the middle of the ring and pinned a former World TV Champion and no one else.

SLB: Yes but-

[Detson holds up a hand in front of Blackwell cutting him off.]

JD: I grow tired of these questions, Lou. Surely this can't be the reason you dragged me out here, asking me questions about the past...

SLB: You asked for this time!

[Detson shoots Blackwell an annoyed look.]

JD: What we should be talking about is the future.

[Blackwell sighs in resignation.]

SLB: Fine. Tonight, your matchup with Supernova is moments-

[Detson holds up his hand again, cutting Blackwell off.]

JD: Blackwell, when I talk about the future, I'm not talking about some stupid match... of some stupid tournament... created by some REALLY stupid executive who I've repeatedly told I want no part of being involved in. When I'm talking about the future, I'm talking about the future of this company... of this business! The Engine of Destruction, Brian James!

[Lau beams and nods in agreement as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: You want to talk about Brian James? You have a tournament match against Supernova in just a few minutes?!

[Detson waves him off.]

JD: I told you I don't care about the tournament! I'm the World Champion, Blackwell - this tournament doesn't concern me. You want to talk about the tournament, I suggest you find Brian James and hear how he's going to systematically destroy Travis Lynch later tonight and then every other opponent left in his path. He gave me a preview of his plan and it's quite... thorough.

[Detson smirks before continuing.]

JD: This tournament was built for Brian James to star in, and if I can soften up some of the competition along the way...

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"I think I've heard just about enough of this!"

[The shot pulls back a bit as AWA Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, storms into view, walking right up to Johnny Detson. Detson's eyebrows raise and a huge smile forms on his face.]

JD: Well, look who it is... Emerson Gellar. I know someone very interested in meeting up with you again... don't we, Brian?

[Gellar ignores the rib and continues.]

EG: Look, Detson. This weekend has been fantastic but it's also been very hard for me. Things like Vasquez and Martinez last night... Ferrigno being... Ferrigno... and of course, that stuff on Night One...

[Gellar waves his hand dismissively.]

EG: But right now, I want to address the problem standing right in front of me... and that's your blatant disrespect for this tournament... for this locker room... for the fans... for the very title you've got around your waist.

[Detson pats the title on cue.]

EG: So, tell me, Johnny... what do you want? If you don't want to win the tournament, what do you hope to get out of any of this?

[Detson smirks.]

JD: I just want to see your crying face plastered on the TV again. "You've ruined it! You've ruined everything!"

[Detson starts rubbing his eyes as he mocks crying. Gellar looks on, shaking his head.]

EG: Well...

[Gellar looks Detson dead in the eye.]

EG: I think that might be the most pathetic thing I've ever heard.

[The crowd inside the arena lets loose an "oooooh" as the anger flashes in Detson's eyes and he steps forward, getting right in Gellar's face.]

JD: What in the hell did you just say to me?

[Gellar nods his head, not budging.]

EG: Pathetic. This... this whole act of yours is pathetic. You honestly expect me to believe that you don't care about this tournament?

JD: That's right. I don't care about anything YOU created.

[It's Gellar's turn to smirk this time.]

EG: That's a copout, Detson, and we both know it. Who cares if I created it? The fact is - if you're as good as you say you are... if you're as good as you want everyone to BELIEVE you are... shouldn't you be out there proving it on one of the biggest weekends this sport has ever seen?

[Detson starts to reply.]

JD: I-

[But Gellar steamrolls right over him.]

EG: I've got a different theory, Johnny. It's not that you don't want to win this tournament... it's that you're absolutely TERRIFIED that you won't. It's that you being the so-called "best professional athlete on the planet" is a fraud and you're worried this tournament will expose that fact!

[Detson again tries to respond but Gellar's on a roll now.]

EG: Because maybe you're not the best in the world. Maybe you're not even worthy of having that title on-

[This time, Detson angrily interrupts, shouting him down.]

JD: Maybe you should shut your mouth!

[Detson glares at Gellar. If looks could kill. Lau places a hand on Detson's arm but Detson just shakes loose.]

JD: What do you want from me, Gellar... an apology? Well, I'm never going to be the guy that apologizes for working smarter instead of harder. You can fight for honor or you can fight to win and I choose the latter – there's no participation trophy given for any moral victory you may or may not have earned. All those so-called Boy Scouts you sent after me, I put them all down. But you what? You want to challenge my claim as best in the world?

BL: Johnny... champ, you probably shouldn't be-

[Again, Detson just ignores Lau.]

JD: I... AM... the best! Not just because I go around saying it, but because I earned it!

[Detson takes the title and thrusts in the face of Gellar.]

JD: These people... these damned people... everyone and their mother's claiming that they're the best in the world, like it's some new hip fad. These are the very same people who claim to be the best in the world and then fail to claim this prize with EVERY... CHANCE... THEY... GET! Or worse yet, THEY FAIL TO EVEN TRY! And these? These are the people you want claiming they are the best in the world on your show?

[Lau tries again.]

BL: Johnny-

[But Detson's fired up now and keeps on going.]

JD: No, you know you need me... you know what I bring! I'm the guy at the end of the day who makes all those shills out there who fill your pockets feel good about their sad, pathetic lives because they all get to feel that much better about themselves because you get to stand up and cheer against me... the things that I do... the things that I say! But at the end of the day you and everyone else need me out there in the middle of that ring... you need that tiny morsel of moral superiority so you head can hit that pillow and you can close your eyes and sleep! But guess what, people... (holds up the title)... THE CHAMP SLEEPS JUST FINE!

[Detson looks at Gellar, looks at Blackwell, and then looks at Lau, who is shaking his head.]

JD: But the thought of some moron without the cognitive capacity to recognize greatness might think that they are on my level just because they won this farce of a tournament...

SLB: What are you saying? It sounds to me like you really want to win this tournament!

JD: YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT I WANT TO WIN! For fifteen years, this industry ignored me, belittled my achievements... tossed me away. I get here... I don't earn respect, I TAKE IT! I took this title... I climbed that mountain... the rise of the AWA to national prominence and the rise of Johnny Detson are directly correlated!

And now what? I'm supposed to step aside and let some tournament winner step away from the shadow that I cast over this entire organization! Let some person

legitimately think they have one ounce of credit when they they're the best in the world? I DON'T THINK SO! So yeah, I'm winning this WHOLE... DAMN... THING!

[Detson fully enraged looks at Gellar, hatred building in his eyes, trying to catch his breath. He turns his attention to Lau who gives a worried shake of his head. Finally resonating, this seems to calm Detson a little as he surveys the damage of what he just said in his mind. He turns back to Gellar who now has a smug smirk on his face.]

JD: You happy now?

[The smirk on Gellar's face increases but he doesn't say a word. Detson gets right up in Gellar's, barely an inch away.]

JD: You sure?

[With that, Detson slings the title back over his shoulder and storms off in the direction of the entranceway, Lau following quickly behind him but not before giving Gellar a death stare of his own. Gellar follows their exit with a satisfied smile, nodding his head as we fade back out to a panning shot of the TD Garden crowd.]

GM: Wow! Johnny Detson just kicked into a whole new level right there thanks to the... motivation... of Emerson Gellar.

BW: Motivation?! He bullied him! He poked and prodded him to get him to- this isn't right! Johnny was right all along! He's above this tournament because he IS the best in the world!

GM: Well, now he's got the chance to prove it. Take it away, Rebecca.

[Supernova tugs at the ropes, trying to stay loose as Rebecca Ortiz raises the mic at the sound of Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir" ringing out over the PA system with the accompanying overwhelming jeers from the crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by Brian Lau and represents the Kings of Wrestling... he is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAAAAAAAMMMMMPIONNNNNN...

JOHNNNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEEEETSON!

[The curtain parts with a hard yank and Johnny Detson - steam practically pouring from his ears - comes stomping into view. Brian Lau is trailing behind him, almost in a jog to keep up as the World Champion storms down the aisle in his black zippered sweat jacket with the Kings of Wrestling logo embroidered over his left breast.]

GM: Johnny Detson has arrived and... well, he looks pretty fired up, Bucky.

BW: That goof Gellar got in his head!

[Lau seems to be trying to calm down Detson but the World Champion is having none of it as he stalks towards the ring, eyes locked on Supernova who is bouncing back into the ropes, staying loose as Detson approaches. Reaching the ring, Detson slings the title belt under the bottom rope before climbing up on the apron, shouting over the ropes as he points at Supernova who beckons him forward. The referee scrambles to pick the belt up off the mat as Detson steps through the ropes, unzipping his jacket...

...and FLINGS it right in the face of Supernova!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Blatant show of disrespect by Johnny Dets-

[Supernova throws the jacket aside, storming forward and catching a surprised Detson with a right hand to the jaw as referee Jack Marshall signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Troubleshooting referee Jack Marshall calls for the start of this one and here we go!

[Detson tries to keep pace with the fisticuffs but `Nova quickly overwhelms him with a barrage of haymakers, knocking Detson across the ring into the corner. He stays on him, throwing big looping right hands to the overwhelming joy of the Boston crowd but the dismay of Jack Marshall who calls for a break.]

GM: The referee’s trying to get Supernova out of the corner!

[`Nova backs off, raising his hands as Detson reels against the buckles. The crowd is buzzing as Supernova argues briefly with Jack Marshall before walking back in to continue his attack...

...but the wily veteran is waiting for him, swinging Supernova around so that his back is against the buckles before winding up and letting go.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Big chop by Detson!

[But it doesn’t seem to faze Supernova who simply grins in response. Detson winds up again, throwing another chop.]

GM: No effect!

[A rattled Detson uncorks a series of blows this time.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[But Supernova simply steps out of the corner, shaking his head. He flexes his powerful arms in front of him before letting loose one of his trademark howls that puts Detson on the retreat, backing across the ring with his pleading arms raised in front of him.]

GM: Oh my! Supernova’s fired up and he didn’t feel a thing from those chops from Johnny Detson, backing him across the ring to the opposite corner!

[A desperate Detson throws a frantic kick to the gut, trying to cut off Supernova before he can attack. He grabs him by the head, smashing his skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the corner!

[But again Supernova pops back up, shaking his head at a stunned Johnny Detson right before 'Nova catches him with a backhand to the cheek, tossing him back into the corner where he laces three big right hands into the jaw.]

GM: Supernova grabs him by the arm - big whip across!

[Supernova throws himself back into the buckles, letting loose another howl before he tears across the ring towards Johnny Detson...

...who uses the ropes to pull himself clear, sending 'Nova sailing towards the exposed corner!]

GM: DETSON MOVES!

[But Supernova extends his arms, grabbing the rope and blocking his crash into the buckles. The World Television Champion spins out, looking to attack but Detson again catches him with a boot to the gut!]

GM: Detson goes downstairs, pulls him from the corner...

[He yanks Supernova into a standing headscissors, sending a ripple of anxiousness through the TD Garden crowd.]

GM: He's looking for the Wilde Driver!

BW: Already?!

[But before he can deliver the potentially match-ending blow, Supernova yanks Detson's legs out from under him...]

GM: Oh! Supernova takes him down and-

[With the Boston crowd roaring, Supernova folds his legs...

...and flips him over onto his stomach!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE! SOLAR FLARE LOCKED IN!

[Brian Lau sprints around the ring, getting right in Detson's eyeline, shouting at the World Champion as he screams in pain, clawing at the canvas as Supernova looks to wrench a shocking early submission out of him!]

GM: Detson's trying to hang on! Trying to get to the ropes over there by Brian Lau! Jack Marshall is right there, making sure that Lau doesn't get himself involved in this.

[Lau grabs the bottom rope, starting to push it towards Detson but a swift kick of the rope by Marshall sends Lau scampering back as Marshall shouts a threatening warning at him to big cheers!]

GM: Oh my! Brian Lau just learned that Jack Marshall's not about to allow interference in his match if he can help it!

[Detson clenches his jaw, dragging himself forward...

...and hooks onto the bottom rope, forcing Jack Marshall to call for a break!]

BW: There it is! He got there! Break it, ref!

[Supernova lets go of the hold almost immediately, walking out to the middle of the ring as Detson drags himself under the ropes, collapsing down on the floor as Brian Lau rushes to his side, kneeling down next to him.]

GM: Detson's down on the floor and that hot start he was looking for sure didn't go the way he was hoping... and look at this!

[Circling around the ring, Supernova ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the floor.]

GM: Supernova's going out after him!

[The crowd buzzes as the World Television Champion walks the distance around the ring, circling around the ringpost to the area where Detson and Lau are...

...when Detson suddenly gets up, yanking Brian Lau in front of him!]

GM: What in the...?

[Supernova looks at Detson cowering behind Lau who is pleading for 'Nova to lay off. The face-painted fan favorite looks out at the cheering crowd...

...and with a shrug, he balls up his fist, ready to strike!]

BW: NO!

[But as Supernova winds up, Detson shoves Lau into Supernova. The momentary collision causes 'Nova to have to catch Lau, tossing him aside as Detson rolls back into the ring.]

GM: Johnny Detson showing his cowardly colors tonight here in the opening match of Night Three of the Battle of Boston... and Supernova's heading right in there after him!

BW: Cowardly colors?! Supernova's the one wearing yellow AND he's the one who just knocked down a defenseless manager!

GM: Detson shoved Lau into him!

BW: I didn't see that.

GM: Your bad vision aside, Supernova's back in now too...

[Supernova grabs Detson by the back of the tights, refusing to let the crawling World Champion escape the ring. He hauls him back up to his feet, looking out at the crowd as he hoists Detson up into the air...

...and brings him down tailbonefirst on a bent knee!]

GM: BIIIIIG ATOMIC DROP BY SUPERNOVA!

[With Detson reeling, grabbing at his rear, Supernova dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off, leaping into the air as he grabs Detson by the hair...

...and SMASHES him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: LEAPING FACESLAM BY THE WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION!

[Supernova swiftly flips Detson over onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: Supernova with the early cover! He's got one! He's got two!

[But Detson kicks out, immediately getting to all fours as he tries to crawl out of the ring again. Supernova gets to his feet, coming after him...]

GM: Detson's trying to get out of the ring again, grabbing at the ropes... but Supernova caught him!

[The crowd is roaring as Supernova tries to drag Detson back into the middle of the ring...

...and gets louder as Brian Lau rushes over to grab Detson by the wrist, trying to assist his charge in getting to the floor...]

GM: Lau's trying to help Detson and... look at this!

[The crowd gets even louder as Supernova drags Detson back into the middle of the ring...

...and pulls Brian Lau through the ropes into the ring as well!]

GM: Oh my! He's got them both in... and he's got them both by the hair!

[With the Boston crowd about to lose it, Supernova pulls Detson and Lau to their feet, looking out on the roaring fans...

...and SMASHES their skulls together to a huge reaction!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER! SUPERNOVA LAYS THEM BOTH OUT!

[A downed Lau promptly rolls from the ring as Supernova turns his focus onto his opponent, dragging him off the mat, shoving him back into the corner. He grabs the top rope, swinging a boot up into the midsection once... twice... three times... four times...]

GM: Supernova's all over him in the corner!

[After a half dozen kicks land, Supernova spins away, pounding on his chest with clenched fists as Jack Marshall warns him about the assault in the corner. Supernova nods, stepping back in to grab Detson by the arm again...]

GM: Shoots him across... Detson bounces back out!

[...and with a war whoop, Supernova runs him down with a clothesline! Detson scrambles back up and gets dropped with a second running clothesline before Supernova attempts another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Again, the World Champion kicks out at two, causing a ripple of disappointment to wash over the AWA faithful anxious to see Detson toppled. Supernova climbs to his feet, looking to pursue a crawling Detson...

...and then pulls up short, pointing down the aisle as the crowd starts to boo!]

GM: Uh oh... here comes trouble, fans!

[The shot cuts to reveal the World Tag Team Champions - Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - making their way down the aisle.]

BW: The World Tag Team Champions are in the house!

GM: They've got no business being out here, Bucky.

BW: Says you, Gordo! I say that their brother-in-arms is inside that ring! I say that greased-up goofball Supernova put his hands on their manage, Brian Lau! I say they've got every reason in the world to be out there!

[Supernova points again, showing the approaching Taylor and Donovan to troubleshooting official Jack Marshall. Marshall steps out to the apron, watching as the champions draw near.]

GM: It looks like Jack Marshall's got something to say to these two.

[Marshall meets Taylor and Donovan in the aisle, talking to both men before they get to the ringside area.]

GM: I'm not sure Marshall's going to allow this, Bucky.

BW: That's abuse of power if he doesn't!

GM: I'm not sure that phrase means what you think it does.

[Supernova looks a little concerned as Marshall finally steps aside, moving back to the ring as Taylor and Donovan move to check on their ally and their manager respectively.]

GM: Well, it looks like Jack Marshall's going along with it. He's talking to Supernova about it who looks understandably concerned with this situation. He's fighting for a chance to go to the Semifinals of the Battle of Boston and he's gotta deal with these two jackals out on the floor.

BW: Jackals?! Those are the World Tag Team Champions you're talking about!

GM: I stand firm on my description.

[Supernova looks exasperated as he walks away from Jack Marshall, shouting out to the floor where a smirking Tony Donovan looks up at him, helping Johnny Detson back up to his feet. Detson looks disheveled but the sight of Taylor and Donovan brings a confident grin to his face, nodding his head as he approaches the ring, reaching up to grab the ropes...

...and Supernova has seen enough, moving in to greet Detson, pulling him up on the apron by the hair!]

GM: Supernova wants to bring him in the hard way!

[Hooking the front facelock, Supernova goes for the suplex...

...but as Wes Taylor hops up on the far side apron, drawing Jack Marshall's attention, Tony Donovan reaches under the ropes, hooking Supernova's ankle and preventing the suplex!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Supernova struggles and strains but is unable to get the suplex thanks to Tony Donovan's interference. He breaks off, shouting at Donovan who backs off, pleading innocence when asked by Jack Marshall. Detson slips through the ropes, rushing Supernova as he argues with Marshall, blindsiding him with a forearm to the side of the head, knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: OH! Detson from the side!

[With Supernova down on a knee, Detson rains blows down on him, battering him down to his stomach on the canvas. The World Champion winds up, dropping an elbow down across the back of the head... and a second... and a third!]

GM: The World Champion's all over him!

[Rolling to a knee, Detson grabs Supernova by the back of the head, lifting his torso off the canvas...

...and SMASHES his face into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst into the mat... flips him over for the cover!

[A two count follows before Supernova muscles out.]

GM: Just a two count there... Detson climbing back to his feet... and oh! He puts the boots to Supernova!

[Detson rains down stomps on Supernova, switching to kicks as Supernova tries to get up off the mat, pushing to all fours...

...right before Detson DRILLS him with a soccer kick to the ribcage!]

GM: OHH!

[With Supernova down on the mat, Detson takes aim again, dropping the point of the elbow down into the ribcage before rolling into another lateral press, getting another two count before the World Television Champion escapes.]

GM: Another two count for Detson right there... and he's certainly trying to end this one quickly, Bucky.

BW: Of course he is. If he wins this, he could have another two matches to go. The winner of this one takes on either Jack Lynch or Rex Summers in the Hardin Bracket final... and then the winner of that goes on to the tournament final! You want to finish your early opponents quickly to save as much stamina as possible for the later ones. It's a good strategy.

[Detson drags Supernova up off the mat by the arm, whipping him the short distance into the turnbuckles. The TV Champion hits hard, bouncing out into a back elbow under the chin that takes him off his feet.]

GM: Ohh... and down goes Supernova again!

[Grabbing the top rope, Detson rains down stomps on the sternum of Supernova, trying to stomp him into the canvas.]

GM: He's got Supernova down near the buckles, really working him over, trying to keep him on the canvas...

[With Supernova struggling, Detson steps to the corner, hopping up to the second rope.]

GM: Not the usual brand of offense we see out of Detson as he goes to the ropes... takes aim...

[Detson leaps from the middle rope, dropping a bent knee down into the ribcage as Supernova howls in pain. A grinning Detson shoves him down to the mat, applying another lateral press.]

GM: Detson gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Supernova again escapes, lifting a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Two count only!

BW: Yeah, but he's getting closer, Gordo.

GM: Supernova did seem to have a harder time kicking out right there and you better believe that the World Champion noticed that as he gets right back up, raining down stomps on the ribcage.

[The referee steps in, forcing Detson to back off as he looks out to his allies, giving a quick hand signal of some sort.]

GM: What's that all about?

BW: Hmm? What are you talking about?

GM: Detson just signaled the tag champions.

BW: Huh. Really? Must've missed that too.

GM: I'm sure.

[Hauling Supernova off the mat, Detson FIRES him through the ropes, sending him crashing down on the barely-padded floor at ringside. The referee steps in, shouting at Detson...

...which allows Taylor and Donovan to rush over, putting the boots to Supernova as the crowd jeers loudly!]

GM: Oh, come on! This is a mugging out on the floor!

BW: They're trying to help him up... look!

GM: Sure, after they stomped him for ten seconds!

[Taylor shoves Supernova's prone form under the ropes, dusting off his hands as he trades a high five with his tag team champion partner. Detson pulls Supernova off the mat, quickly taking him over with a snap suplex, floating into another pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, Supernova's shoulder flies up off the mat. An aggravated Detson clasps his hands, smashing a double axehandle down into the ribcage once... twice... three times before going for another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Again, Supernova kicks out. Detson is again fired up as he climbs to his feet, taking precise aim as he stomps the ribs once... twice... three times... four times... five times... six times...]

GM: Detson's all over the body of Supernova!

[Marshall again steps in, forcing a fired-up Detson off who shouts some words in the troubleshooting official's direction.]

GM: Things getting a little heated in there between Johnny Detson and the referee, Jack Marshall.

[Marshall points a threatening finger at Detson who steps back in, pulling Supernova off the mat by the hair. He bends him over, landing a European uppercut that sends 'Nova falling back into the corner, his arms looping over the top rope to stay on his feet...]

GM: Detson leans over, grabbing the ropes... big shoulder into the ribcage!

[He stays in position, repeating the attack again... and again, leaving Supernova gasping for air as he grabs him by the arm.]

GM: Detson sends him across, coming in after him!

[A charging Detson swings his knee up into the ribcage of Supernova, doubling him up in pain as a smirking Detson nods to Brian Lau who shouts some encouragement from out on the floor. Winding up, Detson throws a big uppercut, straightening up the World Television Champion as he grabs him by the arm again...]

GM: Detson sends him across again...

[Again, the World Champion follows, burying a running knee into the midsection...

...and then shoves him out of the corner, watching him drop down on his back on the mat. With a smirk, Detson hits the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: Big leaping backsplash!

[The running senton connects as Detson flips over, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the shoulder pops off the mat again, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: No, no! Supernova kicks out again!

[Detson pushes up to his knees, looking down with surprise. He makes eye contact with Wes Taylor out on the floor, giving him a nod as he climbs to his feet and stomps the ribs... and stomps... and keeps on stomping, forcing Supernova under the ropes and out to the floor. The referee steps in, trying to reprimand Detson...

...who wraps him up, walking him back across the ring as Taylor pulls Supernova off the ringside mats, walking him over towards the railing. Donovan moves to help, each taking up a suplex position...]

GM: NO!

[...and lifting Supernova into the air, dumping him gutfirst across the steel railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COME ON! BLATANT INTERFERENCE ON THE FLOOR!

BW: I must have-

GM: You did NOT miss that!

BW: But I-

GM: I've heard enough of you and it's only the first match, Bucky!

[Taylor and Donovan peel away, smirking as Supernova wails in pain across the steel railing.]

GM: A devastating blow by the World Tag Team Champions - the kind of thing that could result in a major injury of some sort. Broken ribs... maybe even something internal.

[A smirking Detson lets go of Marshall, filled with confidence as he walks across the ring, ready to go out after Supernova...

...when suddenly he spots someone in the aisle and comes to an abrupt halt. The TD Garden crowd ROARS as Detson backs off, shaking his head in disbelief, pointing up the aisle!]

GM: OH YEAH! It looks like Supernova's got himself some backup!

[The crowd is absolutely going nuts as Jack and Travis Lynch appear in the aisle, already dressed in their ring gear as they head down towards the ring. Detson angrily protests, pointing at them while shouting at Jack Marshall who shrugs, pointing to Taylor and Donovan.]

GM: Johnny Detson is absolutely beside himself but the referee's telling him that he let Taylor and Donovan stay out here! This is only fair!

BW: FAIR?! FAIR TO WHO?! Not to Johnny Detson! Not to the Kings!

[Jack Lynch points a finger of warning at Wes Taylor who backs up, huddling with Tony Donovan as Travis moves to check on Supernova who has flipped over the railing into the ringside area.]

BW: Look at the illegal help that muscled-up goof Travis is giving Supernova!

GM: Help?! He's just checking his condition! He's concerned about his friend!

[Supernova slowly gets to his feet, giving a nod to Travis as he stumbles towards the ring, holding onto his midsection.]

GM: Well, the odds just got evened up in this one but is it too late? Supernova just took a hard fall on that railing and his ribs were already giving him trouble in this one.

[Detson moves in, grabbing Supernova by the hair, shouting over the ropes at the Lynches...

...which gives just a slight distraction, allowing Supernova to slingshot forward, driving his shoulder into the midsection.]

GM: Supernova goes downstairs... and OVER THE TOP!

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova slingshots into a sunset flip, dragging Detson down to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?! HOW CLOSE WAS SUPERNOVA TO PINNING THE WORLD CHAMPION?!

BW: Too close!

[Brian Lau seems to agree, slamming his fist into the canvas, shouting at Detson who scrambles up off the mat, catching the slow-to-rise Supernova with a forearm shot into the lower back.]

GM: Ohh! Detson shanks him with a forearm to the kidneys!

[Detson lands two looping hooks to the right side of the ribs, sending Supernova spinning and staggering back into the ropes. The World Champion balls up his fists, moving in to strike.]

GM: Right hand to the ribs... and another...

[But Supernova returns fire, throwing a left backhanded shot to the cheekbone.]

GM: Supernova trying to fire back!

[Detson lands another right... then a left...]

GM: Detson stays on the attack...

[But Supernova is quick to respond - a right, a left, and a right hook that sends Detson staggering backwards. With the crowd cheering him on, Supernova clasps his hands over his head, moving towards Detson for a double axehandle...]

...but Detson lays into him with a boot to the gut!]

GM: Oh! Detson cuts him off... and pulls him in! He's looking for the Wilde Driver!

[Travis Lynch shouts something at Detson, getting his attention...]

...which allows Supernova to straighten up, backdropping Detson down to the canvas as Taylor, Donovan, and Lau shout in protest. Supernova stumbles away, clutching at his midsection as Lynch grins at the result of his actions.]

GM: And things are starting to get testy outside the ring... the Lynches and the Kings trading words from afar but you have to wonder how long it'll stay "from afar."

BW: And how long it'll stay words and not fists.

GM: Absolutely.

[Supernova turns back towards Detson, greeting him as he rises with a big haymaker that lays him back against the ropes. The face-painted fan favorite stays on the attack, throwing three big right hands before he fires Detson across the ring...]

...or attempts to before Detson reverses it.]

GM: Whip reversed...

[Supernova leapfrogs over a doubled-up Detson and keeps on running to the ropes where he bounces back, leaping into the air, and catching Detson across the chest with a flying crossbody!]

GM: SUPERNOVA WIPES HIM OUT!!

[But he also hurts his ribs in the process, immediately rolling off Detson and clutching his torso.]

GM: Oh! Supernova hit the big crossbody but hurt himself in the process, fans! He couldn't take advantage of it! He couldn't make the cover!

[Rolling out to the apron, Detson is reeling as Supernova rolls to all fours, wincing with every breath as he tries to get up to his feet.]

GM: Both men struggling to get up as we cross the fifteen minute mark in this battle - this Quarterfinal battle kicking off Night Three of the Battle of Boston tournament!

[Supernova climbs to his feet as Detson uses the ropes, pulling himself to a knee on the apron. The World Television Champion approaches, grabbing him by the blonde hair, dragging him up to his feet to the boisterous cheers of the Boston crowd...]

GM: He's looking for the suplex again!

[Grabbing Detson in a front facelock, Supernova looks to bring him in the hard way, lifting the World Champion into the air...]

...when Wes Taylor yanks the foot out from under Supernova, sending him crashing down to the mat with Detson on top of him! Taylor hangs on to the ankle, holding on for dear life as the unknowing official counts one... two...]

GM: TAYLOR'S GOT THE ANKLE!

[...but Taylor gets run over by Jack Lynch who BLASTS him with a right hand to the ear, breaking the hold on the ankle JUST in time for Supernova to escape the three count!]

GM: OH MY!

[And that's the spark that pops the powder keg as Travis Lynch suddenly starts exchanging blows with Tony Donovan outside the ring. Jack Lynch stays on top of Taylor, hammering him with clenched fists down on the floor as Brian Lau shouts to Detson. The official peels away, moving to try and intervene in the chaos outside the ring.]

GM: Jack Marshall steps out on the apron, trying to regain control of this situation and-

BW: DETSON! LOOK AT DETSON!

[Down on the mat, Detson has rolled to his knees and is now digging into the front of his tights, reaching for his weapon of choice. Ew. No. Sickos.]

GM: He's got Black Beauty! Detson's got that loaded leather glove on his right hand!

[Coming back to his feet, Supernova moves in Detson whose back is to him, grabbing him by the hair...]

...and as he does, Detson spins around, driving a loaded right hand into Supernova's already damaged ribs!]

GM: OHHH! RIGHT TO THE RIBCAGE!

[Detson quickly peels off the glove, stuffing it into his tights as he dives across the form of Supernova, tightly hooking both legs as Brian Lau shouts at Jack Marshall, imploring him to get back in the ring. The troubleshooting referee spots the pin, stepping back in, diving down to the mat where he slaps the mat once...]

GM: No, no! Jack, he hit him with the glove!

[...twice...]

GM: This can't happen like this! This isn't right!

[Marshall raises his arm... and slaps the mat a third time before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd groans as Detson rolls off of Supernova, throwing his arms up into the air in triumph.]

BW: HE DID IT! JOHNNY DID IT!

GM: He may have very well done it, Bucky, but you can't deny he used that loaded glove to do it!

BW: Hey, Johnny Detson is no Boy Scout, Gordo. He's a winner. And he's going to do whatever it takes to STAY a winner. The World Champion picks up the win and he's moving on in this tournament! He's headed to the Hardin Bracket finals and in the immortal words of ol' Jay Dubba himself - ain't life grand?

GM: Life is certainly NOT grand for Supernova who is still down on the mat... we've got Jack and Travis Lynch in the ring now, tending to him, checking his condition.

[Jack Lynch in particular looks agitated by what just happened, his eyes coming to rest on the Kings out on the floor celebrating their victory. The Iron Cowboy grimaces as he steps towards the ropes, giving them a kick...

...and then suddenly drops his eyes down on the announce table. Lynch drops to a knee, rolling through the ropes to the floor where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Jack Lynch looks like he's on his way over-

[A shout from Lynch off-mic is heard.]

GM: Jack Lynch asking what hap- Jack, he hit him with the glove! Detson hit him with the glove!

BW: Stoooge! I ain't sayin' nothing, Stench! You take your bully act somewhere else!

[Lynch looks at the duo, looking back at the ring...

...and then ducks through the ropes, grabbing a nearby Jack Marshall by the wrist.]

GM: What is going on now? Jack Lynch is talking to the official, dragging him out here by us...

[The Iron Cowboy and the troubleshooting referee have some heated words for a moment with Lynch miming a punch... and then suddenly steps to the announce table.]

BW: HEY!

[Bucky finds himself being pulled to his feet where Lynch yanks the headset off him, shoving him back as Bucky falls on his rear end on the floor to laughter from the crowd. The voice of Jack Lynch is now clear as day on the mic.]

JL: Hey! Whoever's in the truck... run that replay... run it now!

[The anger in Lynch's voice is evident as he gestures to the monitor to Jack Marshall. Suddenly, our shot changes and the replay is indeed being run, starting with Jack Lynch pistoning punches into the skull of Wes Taylor out on the floor. We can hear the commentary from before but we can also hear Gordon Myers speaking over it.]

GM: Right here, Jack... it's coming up here...

[And we see exactly what happened moments ago with Detson slamming the leather glove into the midsection of Supernova before rolling him into a pin. The replay abruptly cuts as a furious Jack Marshall is looking on, hands on his hips.]

JL: Come on, ref... you saw it right there... you saw-

[Bucky leans forward, shouting off-mic.]

"THERE'S NO INSTANT REPLAY IN PROFESSIONAL-"

[A cold glare from Jack Lynch cuts Bucky off in mid-complaint as Jack Marshall stomps over to the ring announcer, speaking to Rebecca Ortiz who nods her head before Marshall slides back into the ring.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen...

Referee Jack Marshall has seen a replay of how this match just ended...

[The crowd buzzes in anticipation.]

RO: ...and he has RESTARTED THIS MATCH!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers! An immediate cut to the aisleway shows Johnny Detson screaming "WHAT?!" towards the ring as Brian Lau grabs him by the arm, shaking his head. We cut back to ringside where a grinning Jack Lynch pumps a fist, tossing the headset back on the table as he moves to the aisleway, waving an arm and calling the Kings back to the ring.]

GM: OH MY STARS! Jack Marshall has RESTARTED this match! I can't believe-

BW: THERE'S A REASON YOU CAN'T BELIEVE IT, MYERS! IT'S ILLEGAL! THESE DAMN LYNCHES THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING... EVERYTHING! DID YOU SEE HIM PUT HIS FILTHY HANDS ON ME?! I WON'T FORGET THIS, MYERS! I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS!

GM: Oh, would you sit down, for crying out loud?!

[Bucky is still fuming mad - as are Johnny Detson, Brian Lau, and the World Tag Team Champions as they start walking back down the aisle towards the ring. Detson is shaking his head in disbelief as he nears the ring.]

BW: This isn't right! This isn't fair! This IS abuse of power and I know exactly what it means, Gordo! Jack Lynch is trying to SCREW the Kings of Wrestling and we're all witnessing it!

GM: Do you deny that Johnny Detson cheated to win this match?!

BW: No! I don't deny it! Do you deny that there is NO instant replay in the world of professional wrestling?!

GM: Well, it certainly is unprecedented!

BW: Johnny Detson won this match fair and square-

GM: FAIR AND SQUARE?!

BW: Essentially! And now these damned Lynches are trying to rob him! It's amazing what these Lynches get away with around here and someone should put a stop to it!

GM: You volunteering?!

BW: If I wasn't needed here, I might!

[With a hurting Supernova leaning against the turnbuckles, Johnny Detson slides into the ring. He comes to his feet, barking at the official who ignores him and signals for the bell again.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: This match has been restarted and-

[Detson rushes the corner, throwing a knee into the gut again. He stays there, angrily slamming right hand after right hand into the body of the face-painted fan favorite as the crowd rains down jeers on him.]

GM: Detson's all over him, pounding away at the body!

[He grabs Supernova by the hair, dragging him from the corner and out to the middle of the ring where he swings another knee up into the body, doubling up the World Television Champion...

...and yanks him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: He's got him hooked!

BW: Plant him, Johnny! Put him down again!

[An angry Detson turns, shouting at Travis Lynch... then turns to point at Jack Lynch, really laying into him. The Iron Cowboy hops up on the apron, returning some words of his own. Detson and Lynch are screaming at each other...

...just long enough for Supernova to sweep the legs out from under a distracted Detson, flipping forward into a double leg cradle!]

GM: CRADLE!! CRADLE!!

[The referee drops down, slapping the mat as the crowd counts along...]

"ONNNNE!!"

"TWOOOO!!"

"THREEEEEEEE!!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! SUPERNOVA PINS THE WORLD CHAMPION!

BW: NO! NO! NO! NO! NOOOOOOOOOO!

GM: SUPERNOVA IS HEADING TO THE SEMIFINALS!

BW: THIS IS A... I CAN'T... ARRRRRGH!

GM: Bucky Wilde, for the first time in his life perhaps, is speechless, fans! Incredible! Supernova with a victory to move on and... and the Kings of Wrestling are totally irate!

[Supernova rolls to the floor, falling into the embrace of a grinning Jack Lynch as the Kings storm the ring, looking to attack. Detson is kneeling on the mat, eyes wide with disbelief as Taylor and Donovan shout at the Lynches from inside the ring, making all sorts of threats as Brian Lau kneels next to Detson, shaking his head.]

GM: Supernova has won! The Kings don't like it but Supernova has won!

BW: THANKS TO THOSE STINKIN' STENCHES!

GM: Well... I suppose that's true! Jack Lynch was directly responsible for getting Jack Marshall to restart the match and... and now Supernova has won this match and is headed to the Semifinals!

BW: This is terrible, Gordo! Absolutely awful! The Stenches have just ROBBED the Kings of Wrestling and... and you're supporting it!

GM: The way I see it, the Kings were looking to rob Supernova of the victory in this tournament and the Lynches just kinda... evened it out.

BW: EVENED IT OUT?!

[Bucky growls and snorts Gladiator-style over the mic as the Lynches help Supernova down the aisle. The World Television Champion grimaces as he raises his arm in triumph, watching as the Kings hurl threats in the direction of all three competitors from inside the ring.]

GM: Fans, we've got to take our first break of the night but... wow! What a way to start Night Three! And if the rest of tonight is anything like what we just saw, we're in for one heck of a night! Don't go away because when we come back, it'll be the second Quarterfinal of the night with "Red Hot" Rex Summers taking on the Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch!

BW: Jack STENCH!

[The camera shot holds on our triumphant fan favorites as we fade to black.

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bleeps 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 then back up on the backstage area of the TD Garden where Sweet Lou Blackwell, a large grin on his face, is standing in front of a Battle of Boston backdrop.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to Night Three of the Battle of Boston and this thing just got started and it's already kicked up to a whole new level. Moments ago, we saw Supernova upset the AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson, to cash his ticket to the Semifinals of this tournament... but the tournament isn't all the big news that's coming out of this weekend. All weekend long, I've been talking about it - the brand new free agent - perhaps the biggest free agent in pro wrestling history - in high level negotiations to sign with the AWA. Well, I can tell you now, fans - the ink is on the paper, the contract has been signed, and right here tonight, I'm going to walk right out there to that ring and-

[A loud voice interrupts Blackwell from off-camera. A moment later, a red-faced Johnny Detson breaks onto the scene trailed by Brian Lau, Wes Taylor, and Tony Donovan.]

JD: BLACKWELL! This is your fault!

[Blackwell looks almost amused by this accusation.]

SLB: My fault? You lost clean as a whistle in the middle of the ring, champ. How could it be my fault?

JD: YOU set up that little confrontation with Gellar! No sense in denying it! You got me off my game! You got me thinking about things that I had no reason to think about! This tournament... I told you all along this tournament meant nothing to me and for one moment... you people got me thinking otherwise.

[Detson shakes his head.]

JD: And then that face-painted FREAK and his little...

[Detson grumbles, turning away as Brian Lau steps in.]

BL: What you saw out there was a travesty, Blackwell! An AWA official taking the rulebook into his own hands! I am the ONLY manager in the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame and I know the rulebook like I wrote it!

[Blackwell chimes in.]

SLB: You ought to. You've broken just about every rule in it.

[Lau glowers in Blackwell's direction for a moment before angrily continuing.]

BL: As I was saying, there is NO instant replay in the world of professional wrestling and the AWA can expect to hear from my lawyers tomorrow morning on this maverick official doing whatever the hell he wants! There is no place for that type of decision-making in the AWA and Emerson Gellar, you owe us restitution for this!

[Lau spins away as Wes Taylor slips in.]

WT: And those Lynches! Who in the HELL do those Lynches think they are getting involved in OUR business?! After Saturday night, the Kings were willing to say live and let live and let those Texas-sized morons go their own way but not now... not anymore!

[Detson swings an arm around Taylor's shoulder, leaning in towards the mic.]

JD: You're damn right, Wes! Jack Lynch... you caused this... this is on you... and you better believe that the greatest professional athlete in the world today...

[Donovan points to Detson with an exaggerated silent "that's him!"]

JD: ...and the Kings of Wrestling are coming for you. Punk.

[Taylor leads Detson off as a fuming Brian Lau pursues. Tony Donovan sticks around, putting his arm on Blackwell's shoulder.]

SLB: I suppose you have something to say to the Lynches as well.

[Donovan shrugs.]

TD: Start... running.

[He smirks, making his exit, leaving Blackwell shaking his head behind.]

SLB: Controversy reigns here at the Battle of Boston. I'm going to try and track down Emerson Gellar to get his thoughts on what just went down out there and... well, all of this, I suppose. But while I look for him, let's go out to Gordon and Bucky! Gentlemen, this whole night is already out of control!

[We cut from Sweet Lou backstage out to a panning shot of the TD Garden crowd.]

GM: Out of control just might be an understatement, Bucky. I know you're as upset as the Kings of Wrestling are over what we just saw.

[Cut to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

BW: Look, Gordo... this is plain and simple. Plain and simple. What you just saw was this so-called troubleshooting referee, Jack Marshall, blatantly making up his own rules and deciding to overturn an official match result because of what he saw on one of our monitors. He made up his own rules! Remember when Jack Lynch's Claw was illegal? How would you feel if the referee in the next match suddenly decided to enforce that rule again? It's no different!

GM: Well, I think it IS different but I imagine we'll have to agree to disagree on that one. But I do agree that Emerson Gellar owes Johnny Detson and - quite frankly - the fans an explanation over what we just saw. Sweet Lou's on the hunt for him backstage and when he finds him, we'll be going backstage to take a look for-

[And suddenly, the lights cut out.]

GM: What the... now what in the world is this about, Bucky?

BW: No idea. Our next matchup with Rex Summers and that cheater, Jack Stench, is still a few minutes away from my understanding. Maybe this is part of what Blackwell was talking about... that big new free agent signing?

GM: You could be ri-

[Gordon's words come to a halt as we hear a familiar sound.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[The crowd quickly begins clapping along, stomping along, smacking the railing in rhythm to create quite the sound as the opening synthesizer notes kick in. Steam and smoke pour into the entryway, completely covering it. Strobe lights start to fire in rhythm as well, lighting up the smoke and steam.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[After a few more moments, the physical specimen known only as Mason strides out through the curtain. He stands, head down amongst the smoke and the steam, breathing in deeply.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[As he emerges, dressed in his standard red trunks, boots, kneepads, and single deep crimson glove, Mason exhales sharply, spewing smoke from his lungs like a fire-breathing dragon. He tilts his head up, looking down the aisle and into the ring with his icy blue eyes. A low growl comes from him. He speaks - barely above a whisper - just enough for the camera (and the entire world watching) to hear.]

"The end... is... now."

[He storms forward, throwing an uppercut at the air just in front of the camera, spotlights shining on him as he heads towards the ring. Mason slaps himself on either side of the head, trying to fire himself up as he moves swiftly towards the ring.]

GM: And quite obviously, fans, we are witnessing the arrival of the man known as Mason but I've gotta wonder why!

BW: I'm with you on that one. He's not in the tournament... we know there's been some controversy on the Internet about that. Many thought he should be given a chance to compete in it but others thought he was too new... too inexperienced.

GM: Perhaps he's not too keen on the biggest tournament in the wrestling world going down without him.

[Mason slides headfirst under the bottom rope, sliding all the way to the center of the ring. He stays down on a knee, head bowed as the music continues to play... as the fans continue to clap in rhythm...

...and then snaps his head back, staring dead into the camera lens.]

GM: And I can't imagine anyone would want to be on the other side of that stare, fans. This is a man who drips intensity with his every movement...

[Mason rises to his feet as the music fades, walking back and forth across the ring.]

GM: This isn't anything we had on our format for tonight. There's no referee out here. No ring announcer to introduce him. I've gotta believe Mason has taken it upon himself to come out here.

[The powerhouse strides to the ropes facing the entranceway, stepping one foot on the middle as he stands up, pointing down the aisle...

...and waves one muscular arm towards the back.]

GM: I think Mason's making a challenge!

BW: To who?

GM: Anyone back there who wants a shot at him!

BW: But like you said, Gordo... no referee... no ring announcers...

GM: Oh, look at this now...

[A pair of security guards approach the ring, looking up at Mason who is pacing back and forth.]

GM: I think these guards are trying to get Mason to vacate the ring so we can get on with the show... but I think I'm right, Bucky. I think Mason has decided that if this night - this weekend - is going to feature the best in the world, he's going to take part in it and if the AWA doesn't like it, they can send someone out here to stop him!

[The guards edge slowly into the ring, arms raised defensively as Mason pauses, hands on his hips as they approach.]

BW: This... seems like a bad idea.

GM: You could be right about that.

[The smaller of the two guards edges forward, arms still outstretched, audibly ordering Mason out of the ring...

...but Mason reaches out, grabbing him by the arm, turning his back and yanking the arm to swing the guard over him in a judo-style throw, tossing him down violently to the canvas as the crowd "oohhhs!" in response.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The larger guard comes forward, trying to wrap up Mason's arms from behind, holding him for a moment before Mason swings his head back, smashing the back of his skull into the middle of the guard's face.]

GM: OH!

[Mason pivots, slamming a clothesline across the chest of the guard, knocking him off his feet where he promptly rolls out of the ring as the crowd roars in response.]

BW: Well, that takes care of that.

GM: I suppose but I don't think Mason's leaving yet.

[Mason again waves an arm towards the locker room, signaling his intent to stay in the ring until someone forces him out.]

BW: Gellar's golden boy is throwing a tantrum.

GM: I don't know if I'd describe it like that but I certainly wouldn't send any more security out here... well, unless you're going to send a heck of a lot more than they just did.

[Mason waves an arm again...

...and after a few moments, a bulky man with a tall black mohawk comes marching out of the locker room, mic in hand. That man is AWA enhancement talent Madhouse McWesson.]

MM: You know what I hate more than anything else? Coming to a show, sitting in that locker room, and NOT getting a chance to kick someone's butt!

[McWesson gets closer to the ring where Mason is leaning over, hands on his knees.]

MM: So, Mason, I guess I gotta say thank you... because your little show out here is giving me the chance to do what I love - beat people up!

[McWesson slides under the ropes, pulling up his 280 pound frame to stand at his full six foot four in height...

...which is when Mason tears across the ring, throwing himself into a flying clothesline that takes McWesson right back down to the mat as Mason falls to his knees. He pops his head up, looking wide-eyed at the roaring crowd.]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

GM: Mason's up and he's pulling McWesson up with him! Mason isn't out here to mess around... he's not getting paid by the hour.. and he's out to send a message to that entire locker room... heck, to the entire front office too, I'd imagine...

[Mason pulls the 280 pound McWesson into a front facelock, doing a full 360 spin, dragging McWesson with him as he looks out at the crowd...

...and then suddenly muscles the big man up into the air in suplex position.]

GM: He's got him up!

[With the crowd cheering, Mason holds McWesson straight up like an arrow and continues to stand there holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...]

GM: Incredible power!

[Suddenly, he shoves McWesson forward, grabbing his legs, and DRIVES him down with a thunderous ring-rattling powerbomb as Mason stays on his feet, looking down defiantly at the stunned McWesson. Mason steps forward, putting his knee down into the chest of McWesson.]

BW: There's no referee, dummy!

GM: Want to say that a little louder? Pretty sure he didn't hear you.

BW: I've got a tickle in my throat. Can't right now.

[Mason raises his right arm over his head, bringing it down to clap his hands together once...

...twice...

...and three times. The crowd cheers as Mason climbs off the downed McWesson, looking down at him one more time before he marches to the ropes, ducking through them, and starting the walk back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Well, we certainly didn't expect a Mason match here tonight... and I suppose we really didn't get one but Mason continues to dominate anyone who confronts him here in the AWA. Another physically impressive performance to make sure that if you're watching this show, you know he's waiting in the wings to see who wins it all. Fans, I'm told that Sweet Lou has managed to track down Emerson Gellar and... well, after this quick break, Lou's going to try to get to the bottom of what went down out here earlier tonight so don't you dare go away!

[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 on the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside the AWA Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.]

SLB: We are back LIVE here in Boston and Emerson Gellar, what in the world is going on?

[Gellar smiles with a sigh.]

EG: It's been a crazy weekend, hasn't it? And it's not done yet.

SLB: No, it's not. I suppose you know why I tracked you down. I want to know what happened out there tonight with Johnny Detson and Supernova!

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: Wasn't it obvious? After all of Detson's talk about trying to prove he's the best in the world, he went right out there and did the same thing he always does. He got his manager involved. He got his buddies involved. He got that loaded glove involved.

SLB: That much was obvious. What I'm talking about is what happened with special troubleshooting referee, Jack Marshall!

EG: Look, we hired Jack to be an official because of his unique background and skill set. Jack's a former pro wrestler and a tough one at that. He can take a little bit more physically than our other officials. Mentally, he might be a little more in tune to a wrestler's psyche and sense when they might be trying to get away with something. We put him in positions where we think his skills might be an advantage... and look, he was in the right place tonight because the Kings of Wrestling certainly did try to pull a fast one.

SLB: No one's arguing that, Mr. Gellar... but you heard Brian Lau earlier, I'm sure. Jack Marshall counted a pinfall victory for Johnny Detson... and then after being made to watch a replay by Jack Lynch, he restarted the match! Now, I have no problem with the result of that decision but you can see why the Kings and a lot of others will.

[Gellar nods.]

EG: As much as it pains me to say it, Brian Lau is right. There is NO instant replay rule in the world of pro wrestling. There is nothing that allows for an official to review a replay and make a change in their call. There is nothing that calls for a freeze in the action so someone in a booth somewhere can replay it and make a decision. That may work in other sports but it doesn't work here in the AWA.

SLB: Does that mean you're reversing the decision from earlier?

EG: No. The most important rule that exists between the officials and the front office is that a referee's call is final. What they say out here in the ring goes and they don't need second-guessed by the likes of me or anyone else. Jack Marshall's call is final and Supernova is advancing in the tournament!

[Big cheer from the fans inside the arena.]

EG: However, I've also spoken to ALL of the AWA officials and informed them that we will not be using instant replay as a factor in officiating matches and that's also a final decision.

SLB: So, Supernova wins... but the instant replays are a no go as well?

EG: That's exactly right.

SLB: Fair enough, Mr. Gellar, but I'm guessing there's someone who won't agree.

EG: Oh, I'm sure I'll be meeting with Misters Detson and Lau very soon. But for now, I've got a show to keep an eye on, Lou. Enjoy the rest of the night.

SLB: Thank you, sir! Fans, there you have it! Supernova advances in the tournament and joining me right now is another man who hopes to do the same thing in a few moments when he takes on the King of the Cowboys, Jack Lynch...

[The cheers can be heard from the cheap seats in the TD Garden.]

SLB: ...of course, I'm referring to my guest at this time, one-third of the group known as SM&K - "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[Now boos reverberate throughout the TD Garden. The camera pans to the right of Blackwell, where Rex Summers is standing. He is covered in a yellow robe adorned with rhinestones, which sparkle under the lights.]

SLB: Last night Rex, you defeated your teammate Kerry Kendrick to advance-

RS: Now hold on just a minute, Lou. You're not going to stand here tonight and conduct business as usual with me. Last night, when I stood in this very spot with Kerry, you thought you could help that stuffed toad Emerson Gellar in his quest to rid the AWA of SM&K.

["Sweet" Lou Blackwell is taken aback yet defiant!]

SLB: I did no such thing!

RS: Don't stand there and lie, Lou. You spent five minutes doing everything you could to drive to a wedge between Kerry and myself. You were like an annoying little sister poking, poking, and poking till you finally hit that last nerve and you did just that, Lou. And like two brothers Kerry and I took the bait.

[Summers pauses and shakes his head.]

RS: We walked right into that little game you and Gellar put together but you know what Lou? You two once again failed to break apart SM&K. Kerry and I are as strong as ever and Kerry even went out and found me a new Summers Sweetheart for this evening.

[The camera follows as Summers motions to his right and into the scene enters Erica Toughill in an evening gown, high tops, and baseball cap.]

ET: [aside] I feel like that time when my brother's date dumped him and I had to take him to junior prom.

RS: [aside] You should've thought of that before you broke Candace's collarbone.

ET: Her name was Cadence.

RS: Whatever.

[Summers turns back to the camera.]

RS: As you can see, Lou, like I said SM&K is as strong as we ever were.

SLB: I guess that your unity couldn't come at a better time, seeing as how tonight you will be stepping into the ring with Jack Lynch. A man who has been highly decorated here in AWA, two-time tag team champion, Stampede Cup winner...

RS: And yet not one run as a singles champion here in the AWA. He's needed his brothers TWICE to be a champion.

SLB: Well, you haven't held a title in the AWA as of yet, Rex.

[Summers casts a quick glance at Blackwell.]

RS: As a matter of fact, Blackwell, I am a former AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion and I don't appreciate you disparaging the legacy of that great championship in an effort to deceive the people!

[Blackwell looks a little flustered.]

SLB: I meant a current title!

RS: Sure you did, sparky. But the fact remains I held that title... and when I first came here, I came in with the PCW Heavyweight Championship around my waist. Let me tell you, Blackwell... do you know how hard it was to overcome all of Blackjack's chicanery to put that title around his boys' waists? But I did it! I overcame the odds and I wore that title too! So, don't tell me that I don't know anything about being a champion here in the AWA... and with Johnny Detson out of this tournament, I can't think of a better way to show the world exactly why you're looking at the rightful Number One Contender to the AWA World Title than to win this tournament.

SLB: It sounds like you're looking past Jack Lynch.

RS: Past, around, under, or over, Jack Lynch is just another roadblock that Gellar has thrown in my path to greatness. But if I could scale the twin peaks of the mighty Monique last weekend in-

SLB: Please spare us the details.

[Summers cracks a lusty grin, giving a throaty chuckle.]

RS: Just imagine how easily I'm going over Jack Lynch.

[Summers blows a kiss into the camera, giving a wave to Erica Toughill in her formal wear who blows a bubble, shrugging as she follows Summers out of view.]

SLB: Rex Summers seems to have his sight set this weekend on ultimate glory but you and I both know that with the Iron Cowboy awaiting him, he's in for one heck of a fight, fans! Let's go down to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz!

[We crossfade from backstage to the ring where the shapely Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Our next contest is one fall with a forty-five minute time limit and is a Quarterfinal match in the Battle of Boston tournament!

[Big cheers!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The sounds of Queen fades as Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me" begins to play over the arena sound system. A sample of Billy Squier's classic 'The Stroke' is easily recognized...]

"STROKE ME STROKE ME!"

[As Mickey Avalon finishes saying it's "as easy as one, two, three" the curtain opens and out walks the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers and his very special

Summers Sweetheart for the evening, Erica Toughill. She looks as uncomfortable as can be in her ball gown.]

RO: From St. Paul, Minnesota... weighing in at 251 pounds... being accompanied by a very special Summers Sweetheart, Erica Toughill...

He is RED HOT...

REEEEEEEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMMERRRRRRS!

[Summers is dressed in a full length blue robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front. He walks slowly down to the ring, a cocky strut shows his arrogance as he heads towards the squared circle.]

GM: Rex Summers advanced to this Quarterfinal matchup by way of defeating Kerry Kendrick last night... and now finds himself three wins away from being the winner of this tournament. Of course, we know that Supernova awaits him in the Hardin Bracket final if he can manage to get past the Iron Cowboy himself.

BW: Three, Gordo. Rex Summers is three Heat Checks away from being the winner of this tournament and being on top of the world. Who can stop him if he gets there? Who can stop him if he scales this mountain like he did to the twin peak-

GM: Bucky!

[As he approaches ringside, we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe as he walks past the camera, the Summers Sweetheart by his side glaring at the camera.]

GM: And Erica Toughill looks less than enthusiastic about her assignment tonight.

BW: Well, this is kind of a makeup for what happened last night. A class move by Kerry Kendrick through and through.

GM: Oh yes... if one word describes Kerry Kendrick in my head, it's "class."

BW: I know, right?

GM: I see that sarcasm is easily lost on you as Rex Summers takes off that robe, handing it to Erica Toughill.

[Toughill looks around, puzzled at what she's supposed to do with the glittering robe. Soon, she shrugs and just drops it at her feet as Summers climbs inside the ring to await his opponent.]

GM: We've got one half of our next Quarterfinal in there but let's go backstage and hear from the other half!

[Cut to backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands with the King of Cowboys himself, Jack Lynch, at his right hand side. Lynch is in his ring gear, and there's a sheen of sweat on his face and chest that suggests he's just finished his pre-match warmup.]

SLB: Night Three and things are only getting wilder! And speaking of wild, this man was involved in one of the wilder matches we had this weekend - a match that saw you, Mr. Lynch, come out victorious over MAMMOTH Maximus.

[Lynch nods his head, and a slight grin curls the corner of his mouth.]

JL: I gotta say, Lou, that big boy gave me exactly what I wanted. I was lookin' for a fight, and Maximus gave me that and then some. And ya know somethin', Lou? It's got my blood pumped! After fightin' those yellow bellied Kings of Wrestlin', I'd almost forgotten what it was like to just get in there and test myself against someone worthy.

So Maximus, I tip my hat to ya.

[With those words, the Iron Cowboy reaches up and does just that.]

SLB: And speaking of wild, it wasn't that long ago that we saw you intervene on behalf of Supernova, making sure that justice prevailed.

JL: I did what I had to do, Lou, which is somethin' more of us need to start doin'. Ryan said it best, when you're faced with evil, ya dig your heels in and ya hold that line. Well, this is me, holdin' the line against them damn Kings.

SLB: Speaking of Mr. Martinez, you can't have liked what you saw at the end of last night.

[Lynch shakes his head, a quiet, thoughtful expression on his face.]

JL: No Lou, I don't like it. I don't like it one damn bit. And I was about to come out here and tell Juan that I was gonna give him what's comin' to him, but I know Ryan Martinez, and I know that, no matter how bad it looks, there's still some fight left in Ryan. And I know that he doesn't want me fightin' his fights for him. So while Ryan is dealin' with the Axis, I'm gonna have my sights set on the Kings.

And Johnny, ya already found out what happens when I put ya in my sights.

SLB: And our World Champion has already vowed that he will get you back for what you did to him tonight.

JL: Well Lou, when you're six foot seven, two hundred and sixty five pounds and ya wear a big cowboy hat, ya ain't exactly hard to fight. So Detson, if you're lookin' for me, I promise ya, it ain't gonna be too big of a strain. And when ya find me, make sure ya bring that belt of yours, because I'd sure like to have a chat about you, me, and those twenty pounds of gold.

SLB: But before we get to that, you've got a big challenge ahead of you, and a challenge in the form of a man I know you're very familiar with. I'm talking about Rex Summers.

[Once more, Lynch nods his head.]

JL: Ya, I know old Rex. Back when we were all in PCW, it always seemed like Rex was the one that kept gettin' away. Whether it was me or Trav, somehow, some way, Summers was the one who never got the whuppin' he deserved.

And I'm sure, Summers, that you're feelin' awfully good about that. And I'm sure you're thinkin' that the past is a predictor of how its gonna go down tonight.

But the thing ya gotta understand, Summers, is that this ain't PCW no more, this is the AWA, and I ain't here to repeat the mistakes of the past.

SLB: You cannot deny the pedigree of Rex Summers, or what has been a very meteoric rise over the last year or so.

JL: I ain't takin' nothin' away from Summers, Lou. Aside from Trav, ain't no one been in the ring with Rex more than I have. I know what he can do. I know that,

when he's put away all the sweethearts, when he's stopped swivelin' his hips and shakin' his butt, that he's one tough customer. There's still a gap in the back of my mouth where he knocked out a molar.

And whether it's the Heritage Title or Steal the Spotlight, there's no doubt he's done a lot here in the AWA as well.

But what he hasn't done is beaten me here in the AWA. And what he won't do is win the Battle of Boston, because that's somethin' I'm doin'.

And Rex? I'm doin' it by slappin' the claw on your head and squeezin' until you're the one doin' the screamin'.

[Lynch flashes a quick grin after those words.]

SLB: Last night, you referenced just doing what comes naturally to you once you hit the ring. But after your war with Maximus, there is no way you're as fresh as you were. Has anything changed?

[Lynch pauses a moment, before shaking his head.]

JL: Ya know Lou, I can't say that it has. Now, am I a little sore? I ain't gonna lie, I'm feelin' the effects of takin' it to Maximus last night.

But they don't call me the Iron Cowboy because it makes for a nice t-shirt, Lou. They call me that because no one lasts longer than I do.

And trust me when I say that I'm ready to go all night long. And unlike when Rex says it, when this is over, ain't no one gonna be tryin' to figure out when "all night" became "five disappointing minutes."

I'm ready for ya, Summers, and I promise ya that tonight is my night. I didn't come back to the AWA to fall short. I came here to make it all the way.

And if you're the one standin' in my way? Well, based on what I've heard some of your Sweethearts say, this won't be the first time your night ended early and in a letdown.

And now, if you'll excuse me Lou, I got business to take care of.

[Lynch tips his hat to Blackwell, and then steps off, ready for his match.]

SLB: Some... inflammatory words aimed at Rex Summers by the Iron Cowboy. But can he back them up in the ring? We're about to find out! Rebecca Ortiz, take it away!

[We fade back out to the ring where Rex Summers is angrily arguing with Scott Ezra who shrugs his shoulders as Rebecca Ortiz raises the mic.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[As Ortiz speaks, the house lights go black, and the TD Garden is bathed in swirling red, white and blue lasers.]

RO: From Dallas, Texas...

[Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead or Alive" begins to play over the loudspeakers.]

RO: He is known as the Iron Cowboy...

[And there, in the center of the stage, lit up by a white spotlight, is a tall, lanky figure. He wears a long, white leather duster. In his right hand, which is itself covered by a white glove, is his white Stetson hat. The long man stands, his head bent forward, wet brown hair hanging over his eyes.]

RO: Weighing in tonight at 265 pounds... he is the King of Cowboys...

[And as the song kicks into gear, that hat is lifted, placed on top of his head, and his head is lifted, while the crowd roars its approval.]

RO: JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The spotlight follows Lynch to the ring as Jon Bon Jovi's voice can be heard loud and clear.]

#I've been everywhere
And still I'm standin' tall

[Lynch climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes, shedding his duster.]

#I've seen a million faces

[The lights start to come up as Lynch raises his gloved hand in the air.]

#And I've rocked them all!

[With the lights fully upon him, Lynch's fingers curl forward, making the sign of the Iron Claw, to the overwhelming love and adulation of the crowd.]

GM: And there he is, fans! The Iron Cowboy, the King of the Cowboys, call him what you will!

BW: Really? Can I?

GM: Hmm. Maybe not.

[Lynch turns towards the corner, removing his Stetson, sitting it atop the ringpost...

...which is Rex Summers' cue to storm across the ring, looking to ambush Lynch from behind!]

GM: SUMMERS FROM BEHIND!

[But the roar of the crowd warns Lynch what's coming and he spins around, gloved right hand pulled back threateningly. Summers pinwheels backwards, falling on his butt to the laughter of the crowd. Lynch beckons Summers forward with his left hand, threatening the Iron Claw with the other!]

GM: And it looks like Rex Summers wants no part of that Iron Claw!

BW: Can you blame him? It's a dangerous hold that was once justifiably banned from being used inside an AWA ring!

GM: Do we have to talk about that every time Jack Lynch is out here? That was a sham and you know it!

[Summers scoots back to his corner, shaking his head as he pulls himself up to his feet. Lynch is still standing with the Claw at the ready as Summers throws a glance out to Erica Toughill who nods in understanding, walking alongside the ring apron as Scott Ezra warns Summers against the illegal attack attempt.]

GM: Rex Summers being told that kind of activity won't be tolerated as he- wait a second!

[The crowd ROARS in surprise as Erica Toughill reaches under the bottom rope, looping her arms around one of Lynch's legs as he's still near the corner. Lynch reacts in shock, falling back into the buckles, trying to shake his way free...

...which is when Rex Summers bulldozes past the referee, sprinting across the ring at top speed, and BLASTS Lynch with a forearm smash to the side of the head!]

GM: Erica Toughill strikes again!

BW: Thatta girl, Ricki!

[The official runs in after, watching as Summers blasts Lynch over and over with forearms as Toughill hangs on to the leg. Ezra orders Toughill to let go and as she does, he signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The match is officially underway now, Summers just hammering away on Lynch in the corner...

[Turning Lynch's back to the buckles, Summers winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big knife edge chop across the chest by Summers!

[Grabbing the stunned Lynch by the arm, Summers fires him across the ring from corner to corner, sending him crashing into the buckles.]

GM: Hard whip to the corner... Summers coming in after him! Big running clothesline in the corner!

[Summers grabs Lynch by the arm again, whipping him right back across.]

GM: Rex Summers wasting no time in the early outset of this one, trying to get a quick win and cash his ticket to face Supernova in the Semifinals of this tournament. Here he comes again!

[But this time, as Summers storms in, Lynch leans back, raising one of his lanky legs and catching Summers right under the chin with a cowboy boot!]

GM: OHHH!

[Summers spits in the air, stumbling backwards as Lynch steadies himself, charging out of the corner, leaping into the air...]

GM: FIERRO PRESS BY THE TEXAN!

[...and knocks Summers down onto his back with the vertical bodypress! The crowd roars as Lynch draws and fires, slamming his fist repeatedly into the skull of the Red Hot One!]

GM: AND JACK LYNCH IS ALL OVER SUMMERS!

BW: Hey, there's some bad blood that goes back a long way between these two. We haven't seen them collide much here in the AWA but back in Texas, in ol'

Blackjack's PCW, they met many a times and drew many a drop of blood from each other.

[After several moments of battering, the official steps in, forcing Lynch to cease his barrage of blows, climbing to his feet as Scott Ezra backs him off, warning against repeated use of the closed fist.]

GM: The official trying to get Jack Lynch under control.

BW: Good luck with that. I heard when Jack Lynch was a kid, Henrietta told Blackjack to go find a babysitter who could keep him under control. And that's the story of how the Dallas zoo had to close their gorilla exhibit.

GM: Would you stop?!

[As Lynch brushes past the official, Summers regains his feet in time to get a clenched fist driven between the eyes!]

GM: Big right hand by the big Texan!

[Lynch winds up, slamming home a second blow to the skull.]

GM: And another one!

[Grabbing Summers by the muscular arm, Lynch shoots him into the ropes, watching him rebound off before driving a right hand into the midsection of Summers, doubling up the Minnesota native...]

GM: Ohh! Lynch goes downstairs on him, maybe knocking some of the wind out of Rex Summers' sails...

[With Summers doubled up, Lynch gets a running start before laying in a powerful kneelift that sends Summers flying through the air before he crashes down to the canvas to big cheers!]

GM: The running kneelift finds the mark as well! Jack Lynch is doing a number on Rex Summers to start off this Quarterfinal battle here in Boston!

[Lynch stomps around the ring, the crowd fired up and solidly behind him as he circles back towards a rising Summers who is trying to get through the ropes to the relative safety of the floor...]

...but Lynch reaches out, hooking the back of his tights!]

GM: Caught! Summers trying to make a run for it right there but Jack Lynch has other ideas!

[Summers grabs the ropes, trying to pull himself out of Lynch's grasp. Erica Toughill slides around the ring, trying to get to the aid of the Red Hot One...]

...but Lynch rips him away from the ropes before Toughill can get there, lifting him up into the air, doing a half turn, and DUMPS him down on the back of his head with a belly-to-back suplex!]

GM: Backdrop suplex and a beauty by Jack Lynch... and he rolls right into a cover!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping it once... twice...]

GM: Two count only as Summers powers out from under Jack Lynch's 265 pound frame!

[Lynch climbs back to his feet and promptly slams the sole of his boot down into the sternum, putting Summers back down on the mat. A second stomp keeps him there before Lynch hits the ropes, bouncing off, and leaping high into the air before dropping a knee down into the chest!]

GM: Leaping kneedrop on the money as well! Is it enough?

[Lynch tries for another pin attempt, earning another two count before Summers kicks out from under him.]

GM: No, another two count!

[The lanky Texan rolls back up to his feet, looking out on the crowd urging him on towards the Semifinals of the tournament. He raises his right arm to a big reaction, giving the crook of his elbow a slap.]

GM: And he's calling for the lariat, Bucky! He might be looking to end it early!

BW: He might but... but... Ricki, do something!

GM: Jack Lynch taking a page out of his partner and friend - Bobby O'Connor's - playbook. Bobby, of course, failed in his efforts to advance in this tournament and returned home to Missouri earlier this weekend.

[Jack gives a shout, demanding that Summers get back to his feet. The dazed St. Paul native does exactly that, wobbling and stumbling as he struggles to get off the canvas.]

GM: Summers is up! Lynch to the ropes!

[But as Jack hits the ropes, a desperate Erica Toughill again slips an arm under the ropes, hooking the ankle and tripping Lynch!]

GM: OH! She tripped him! She tripped him!

BW: Good job, Ricki! I knew you needed to do something and that's exactly what you did!

GM: I can't believe you'd actually encourage such a thing!

[Lynch gets back to his feet, fuming mad as he shouts at Toughill who challenges him to come outside the ring if he has a problem with that.]

GM: Did she... she just challenged him!

BW: Of course she did! Erica Toughill ain't scared of nothin', Gordo! If Jack Lynch wants him a piece of Erica Toughill for what she just did, she's happy to oblige. She might even give him the first punch!

GM: Jack Lynch is NOT going to have a physical encounter with a woman!

BW: No wonder his wife's such a pain in the-

GM: BUCKY!

[Lynch is still trading words with Toughill as Summers stumbles back to the ropes, falling through them out to the floor.]

GM: And with all this going on between Jack Lynch and Erica Toughill, Rex Summers manages to get out of the ring to the floor where he hopes to get a bit of a breather after a rough start here tonight.

[A fuming Jack Lynch turns away from Toughill and spots Summers on the floor. With a shake of his head, Lynch drops to the mat, rolling outside the ring where he quickly circles the ringpost, approaching Summers from behind.]

GM: Lynch is outside the ring! Summers doesn't have a clue!

[Grabbing Summers by the shoulder, Lynch swings him around into a big right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Oh my! What a shot!

[A second blow lands, sending Summers staggering backwards into the barricade.]

GM: Back into the steel... Jack's not done yet...

[And a BIIIIIG uppercut follows, sending Summers flipping backwards over the railing, crashing down on the exposed TD Garden floor!]

GM: AND INTO THE FRONT ROW GOES REX SUMMERS!

[Referee Scott Ezra is quickly on the scene, putting both hands in Jack Lynch's chest, trying to back him up as Summers lies in a heap on the floor. Erica Toughill works her way around the ring as the official backs off Lynch, demanding he give Summers room to recover.]

GM: The referee backs Lynch up... making the big cowboy get back inside the ring...

[Lynch rolls under the ropes, getting back to his feet as Scott Ezra comes in to join him. Ezra warns Lynch against his actions.]

GM: And look at Erica Toughill!

[With the official's back turned as he talks to Jack Lynch, the powerful female leans over the railing, grabbing Summers by the arm, dragging him off the floor and back over the steel barricade.]

GM: She's physically dragging Summers back inside the ring area!

BW: Well, he was in need of a helping hand and she was happy to oblige.

[Back near the ring, Toughill slips Summers' arm over her shoulders, lifting him up off the mat against the apron. Again, Scott Ezra moves over to reprimand her for interfering so she walks away, pleading her innocence as Summers leans against the ring apron.]

GM: That's was blatant aid from someone on the outside and very easily could be ground for disqualification, Bucky.

BW: Maybe in your book. But Scott Ezra's doing the right thing and overlooking it. He understands the stakes of this match and he doesn't want to let some little nothing thing completely change this tournament.

GM: Little nothing thing?! She helped him back into the ring so he wouldn't get counted out! Plus, what about all the other times she's interfered in this match already?

BW: We weren't talking about that. We were talking about what the referee saw and that was the assist back to the apron.

GM: Well, Erica Toughill might have gotten Summers back to the apron but it looks like Jack Lynch is going to get the Red Hot One back inside the ring.

[The crowd cheers the big Texan on as he pulls Summers up on the apron, yanking him into a front facelock. He slings Summers' arm over his neck, setting him up as the crowd buzzes in anticipation...]

GM: Lynch looking to bring him in the hard way!

[The Texan lifts Summers into the air, dropping him down in a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: And the suplex shakes the ring! Lynch looking for a cover!

[But as he does, Toughill strikes again, grabbing the Texan's boot, preventing him from turning over to make the pin attempt.]

GM: Oh, come on! This is ridiculous!

[Lynch struggles to get free while the referee is down on all fours in anticipation of the pin attempt.]

GM: Referee, open your eyes!

[Toughill lets go JUST before being caught by the official as a steaming mad Lynch gets to his feet, glaring out at Toughill as Summers again rolls under the ropes to the safety of the ring apron.]

GM: Summers escapes again and Erica Toughill is earning her paycheck in spades so far here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. She's not the head of security for SM&K for nothing, daddy.

[Lynch stalks towards the ropes, reaching over to grab at Summers, hooking him by the hair. He hauls the Red Hot One to his feet, pulling him in for another suplex attempt...

...but Summers drops down off the apron, reaching under the ropes to pull Lynch off his feet, dragging him out to the floor...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKETS him off his feet and into the steel barricade!]

GM: INTO THE RAILING GOES JACK LYNCH! OH MY!

BW: The whole barricade shifted two or three feet off that! He HURLED him into that thing, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did and that'll shake up Jack Lynch for certain.

[Summers moves in quickly, not allowing Lynch time to recover as he grabs the top of the railing, raining down stomps on the Iron Cowboy as the referee shouts to get the action back inside the ring.]

GM: Summers is all over him on the floor, putting the boots to him in major fashion!

[Leaning down, Summers drags Lynch off the ringside mats by the hair, stepping away from the railing...]

...and then HURLS him backwards so that the base of his neck SLAMS into the steel!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Into the barricade a second time goes Jack Lynch and that time, Rex Summers had some evil intentions!

[Lynch is wincing in pain as he sits up against the railing, his head pressed against the steel as Summers stands over him. The referee again shouts to the floor, ordering the action back inside the ring.]

GM: Summers pulls Lynch up off the floor, walking him back towards the ring.

[He rolls Lynch under the ropes, spinning his torso so that Lynch’s upper body is hanging under by the apron. Winding up, Summers SLAMS the point of his elbow down onto the back of the neck once... twice... three times.]

GM: Elbow after elbow down into the neck... and Summers is climbing up on the apron now... what’s this about?

[The Red Hot One trades words with the official as he backs down the apron, taking aim...]

GM: I don’t like the looks of this at all, fans.

[With a three step start, Summers leaps into the air, driving his knee down on the back of Lynch’s neck!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief! Another brutal attack down on the neck!

[Summers sits on the floor, grinning broadly in the direction of the camera as Lynch dangles off the apron.]

GM: An absolutely devastating kneedrop to the back of the neck and... fans, this one could be over just like that. Jack Lynch is hanging off the apron and... quite frankly, I’m not sure he’s getting up after that.

[Summers climbs to his feet, taunting the ringside fans with a little bump and grind before rolling back inside the ring. He grabs Lynch by the boots, pulling him out to the middle of the ring. With a smirk, he settles into a back press, lifting both arms to flex as the official counts.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Lynch lifts a shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin and sending a look of disdain straight to the face of Summers.]

GM: Lynch gets that shoulder up in time!

[Summers slowly climbs off the mat, locking eyes with Scott Ezra. He slaps his hands together three times but the official informs him it was only a two count.]

GM: Summers back on his feet, arguing with the referee but it was clearly just a two count.

BW: Maybe, maybe not but it's going to be a TWENTY-two count when he hits the Heat Check, daddy!

GM: IF he hits the Heat Check, you mean.

BW: It's only a matter of time.

[Summers shakes his head, taking aim as Lynch rolls over to his stomach, trying to push up off the mat...

...and the Red Hot One BURIES the point of his elbow in the back of the neck, falling to his knees with the unique elbowdrop!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Lynch ain't goin' nowhere after that!

[Summers flips Lynch over onto his back, applying a lateral press this time as the referee drops to count... and again comes up with two as Jack Lynch lifts a shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Another two count!

[Summers gets back to his feet, ignoring the protests of the official as he stomps the neck again and again and again, forcing Lynch to roll under the ropes to the floor, falling down outside.]

GM: Summers sends him outside the ring... and now he's going out after him, fans, stepping out on the apron...

[Standing on the apron, Summers raises his arms over his head, taking aim on Jack Lynch who is struggling to get off the barely-padded concrete floor...]

GM: Lynch grabbing hold of the apron, trying to pull himself up to his feet...

[And as he does, Summers leaps off the apron, driving a double axehandle down across the back of the neck, knocking Lynch right back down on the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Summers takes to the air for a rare but effective double axehandle blow to the neck!

[Summers stands over the downed Lynch, again taunting the ringside fans who let him have it with a chorus of boos. Summers points to a young lady in the front row, flashing a wink at her.]

BW: We're going to need medical attention out here.

GM: If this keeps up, you might be right. Jack Lynch is-

BW: Lynch?! Who cares about him? That girly in the front row just swooned at the idea of dumping her old man and spending just one lucky night with "Red Hot" Rex Summers! She might pass out, Gordo!

GM: Oh, you're a riot!

[Pulling Lynch up off the ringside mats, Summers rolls him under the ropes back into the ring. He rolls in after him, climbing to his feet as Lynch stays down on the mat, trying to get up.]

GM: Summers pulling Lynch up by the hair, right into a front facelock...

[Extending the arm, Summers holds Lynch at the ready, looking out at the jeering crowd...]

...and SNAPS him over in a swinging neckbreaker!]

GM: OHH! That might be enough!

[Summers swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before dropping into another lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Lynch's shoulder pops up again, a little slower this time as Summers lets loose an angry shout.]

GM: Another near fall but Rex Summers is starting to show some signs of frustration!

[Climbing back to his feet, Summers stomps the back of the neck a few times before leaning down, hauling Lynch back up by the hair. He pulls him over towards the corner of the ring...]

...and uses the hair to throw Lynch back into the buckles, the back of his neck jamming into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Another attack on the neck... and look out here!

[Summers grabs Lynch by the arm...]

...and ROCKETS him across the ring, dropping to his knees from the effort of the whip as Lynch leaves his feet, SLAMMING back and neckfirst into the turnbuckles. The Iron Cowboy slumps down to his knees, flopping forward onto all fours from the impact of the crash into the corner.]

GM: So much effort, so much impact!

BW: This is it, Gordo! Hook him... hit the Heat Check... call it a night!

[Approaching the downed Lynch, Summers wiggles his arms, shaking them out as he leans down...]

GM: Summers pulling Lynch up by the hair, tugging him right into a double underhook...

BW: He's going for it!

[But a desperate Jack Lynch lunges forward, charging the distance of the ring and DRIVES Summers backfirst into the corner!]

GM: OHH! Big time counter by the Iron Cowboy!

[Lynch backs off, holding the back of his neck as Summers leans back in the corner. The Texan grimaces as he staggers back in, winding up and throwing a huge haymaker to the jaw of Summers!]

GM: Big right hand! And one more for good measure!

[Grabbing Summers by the hair, Lynch wobbles out of the corner towards the middle of the ring. He ducks down, scooping Summers up...]

GM: Scoop!

[...but Summers slips out, landing behind Lynch where he blindly reaches back, hooking the neck against his shoulder...]

GM: COUNTER!

[...and DROPS down to his tailbone, jamming Lynch's neck into his shoulder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NECKBREAKER OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Summers reaches back, pulling a leg as he rolls into a back press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch again pops a shoulder off the canvas in time!]

GM: Another near fall! Rex Summers with that neckbreaker out of nowhere almost had enough but Jack Lynch just BARELY got that shoulder up off the mat in time!

[Summers sits up on the mat, burying his face in his hands as the crowd continues to roar.]

GM: Summers thought he had it won right there!

BW: So did I!

[Toughill slams her arms down on the mat, pointing urgently at Summers who slowly gets to his feet, approaching the crawling Lynch. He leans down, hooking a handful of the white trunks, hauling him back to his feet.]

GM: Summers brings him back up... what's he going for now?

[With Lynch on his feet and dazed, Summers throws himself back into the ropes, rebounding back towards the Iron Cowboy with his arm outstretched...]

GM: North Star Lariat!

[...but a weary Lynch slumps down to a knee, causing Summers to go sailing right past him, falling off-balance into the ropes. Lynch gets back to his feet as Summers wheels around, charging in again...]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!!

[Lynch tightly hooks the head, neck, and legs of Summers!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And this time, it's Rex Summers who kicks out in the nick of time!

[Lynch collapses backwards, falling down onto his back, reaching an arm back to hold his neck as the crowd buzzes for the nearfall.]

GM: Lynch is dazed, Summers is down! Who's going to be able to get the upper hand and finish off their opponent?!

BW: Supernova's sitting back there right now wondering if he's got what it takes to compete with these two.

GM: Oh, he does... believe that.

[With Lynch still in a lot of pain, Summers is able to regain his feet first, cutting off the rising Lynch with a knee to the midsection. He again pulls him forward, right into the double underhook...]

GM: Summers hooks him again!

[...but Lynch straightens up, sending Summers flipping through the air before he crashes down backfirst on the canvas!]

GM: OH MY! He backdropped his way right out of it! Another timely counter by Jack Lynch... pulling Summers up by the hair and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Lynch locks his gloved right hand around the skull of Rex Summers!]

GM: CLAW!! HE'S GOT THE CLAW ON SUMMERS!

[Summers cries out, his arms waving in the air as he tries to find a way out of the Lynch family legacy!]

GM: Lynch has got it locked on, trying to wrench a submission out of Rex Summers and earn his spot in the Semifinals! Can he do it right here? Can he do it right now?

[Summers backpedals, dragging a weary Lynch across the ring with him...]

GM: Summers is looking for a way out, perhaps trying to get to the ropes...

BW: He's close, Gordo! Reach out and grab it, REXY!

[Summers leans back towards the ropes...

...and then steps through them, getting his feet on the apron while still trapped in the hold!]

GM: Summers is in the ropes... well, not exactly... he's on the apron!

BW: But that cheater Lynch won't let go!

[The referee starts his count, ordering Lynch to let go of the hold. The Iron Cowboy hangs on until the count of four and then lets go, allowing Summers to slump down to a knee on the apron...]

GM: Lynch lets go but he's not done! He's got Summers up on his feet on the apron!

[Holding the hair of Summers, Lynch runs down the length of the ropes, pulling Summers with him...]

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE CORNER!

BW: I think he slammed his head into the post, Gordo!

GM: He did not!

[And with Summers in a daze, Lynch steps up to the second rope in the corner, pulling Summers up there with him...]

GM: Uh oh! Summers is in trouble but I'm not sure Jack Lynch has got it in him to do what he's thinking about doing after all that punishment to the neck that he's taken in this match!

[Summers fires off a right hand to the head of Lynch, causing him to grab the ropes to stay up on them.]

GM: Lynch and Summers are battling it out, trying to keep their balance up there...

[Summers throws another right hand to the head... and another!]

GM: Summers firing away on him...

[With a shout, Lynch grabs Summers by the hair, hammering him in the head over and over and over and over...

...and then yanks him back into the front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck...]

GM: SUPERPLEX! CAN HE GET IT?!

[Summers desperately slams his fist into the ribcage once... twice... three times...

...and then SMASHES his skull into Lynch's, sending the Iron Cowboy sailing backwards off the ropes, crashing down backfirst on the canvas!]

GM: OH! Summers battles out of it! Lynch almost had him but Summers got free!

[Summers steps inside the ring, one foot on the top rope as he takes aim, waving a hand at Lynch to get off the mat...]

GM: What in the world is Summers going to do up there?!

BW: We don't see this too often but sometimes desperate times call for desperate... stuff.

GM: Eloquent as always, Buckthorn.

[And as a dazed Lynch pulls himself up off the mat, Summers leaps into the air, both arms clasped above his head for a double axehandle...

...but Lynch sees it coming, BURYING a right hand into the midsection of the flying Summers, causing him to do a front flip before flopping over on the canvas. Lynch falls to his knees, diving into a lateral press!]

GM: LYNCH WITH THE COVER FOR ONE!! FOR TWO!! FOR TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Lynch rolls off Summers, falling to his hip, disappointment on his face at the nearfall as Summers rolls to his stomach. The crowd is buzzing for the exchange of close falls as both competitors ponder their next attack.]

GM: And as we pass the fifteen minute mark of this match, you have to wonder how much the battle with MAMMOTH Maximus took out of Jack Lynch last night, Bucky.

BW: Oh, really?! Why aren't you wondering how much the epic clash with Kerry Kendrick took out of Rex Summers?!

GM: I hardly think those two battles can be compared!

[As the two announcers bicker, Summers tries to do a pushup on the mat, attempting to get back to his feet as Lynch rolls towards the ropes, using them to aid his effort to get up as well.]

GM: Both men battling to get up... both men struggling to be the first to their feet.

[Lynch drags himself up with the aid of the ropes just as Summers gets off the mat, clutching his abdomen. Summers turns towards Lynch, wobbling towards him as Erica Toughill insistently slams her fist into the canvas.]

GM: Summers coming in on Lynch... no, big right hand!

[The crowd roars as Lynch knocks the attacking Summers backwards with a haymaker!]

GM: Summers coming in again...

[But another haymaker finds the mark, sending Summers stumbling away from him but still on his feet.]

GM: Jack Lynch is throwing those haymakers and his daddy would be proud of him!

[Summers wobbles in, a little slower this time as Lynch draws and fires again, catching the incoming Summers on the jaw!]

GM: What a shot!

[With Summers falling towards him, Lynch spins him back into the ropes, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Lynch dives back into the ropes, building up speed as he races across towards the rebounding Summers, leaping into the air, sticking out his arm...]

GM: LARIAT!

[...and BLASTS Summers across the collarbone, knocking him flat! Lynch scrambles into a cover, reaching back to hook a leg, rolling into a side press as the official dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SUMMERS GETS THE SHOULDER UP! MY STARS!

[Lynch falls back, grabbing a handful of his own hair in disbelief. Shock is all over his face as he looks at the official who confirms a two count.]

GM: Jack Lynch hit that flying lariat and somehow, some way Rex Summers was able to get a shoulder up! Incredible!

[Lynch rolls to a knee, looking over at a prone Summers...

...and lifts his gloved hand aloft again to a tremendous roar from the sold out TD Garden crowd!]

GM: He's calling for the Claw again! Jack Lynch is going to lock in that Iron Claw again!

BW: No, no, no! Get up, Rex! This worked last time - Ricki, do something!

[Lynch slowly gets to his feet, stumbling as he does. He looks down at Summers who is crawling across the ring towards him...]

GM: Lynch lying in wait... waiting for Rex Summers to get close enough that he can lock in his family's legendary hold and try to end this thing!

[As Summers draws near, he reaches up...

...and locks his hands on the boot of Jack Lynch. The King of the Cowboys looks down with a sneer, shaking his head as Summers lifts his head, looking up into the eyes of the man whose family he has spent so much time tormenting...]

GM: And if Rex Summers is looking for mercy, he is looking into the eyes of the wrong man!

[Lynch says something to Summers unheard by the mic...

...and then, in a flash, locks his gloved hand around the skull of Summers!]

GM: CLAW! HE LOCKS IT ON! HE LOCKS ON THE IRON CLAW!

[Lynch digs his fingers into the temples of the struggling Summers, trying to yank the last bit of consciousness from the Red Hot One...]

GM: The Iron Claw is locked in! It's locked in deep! Summers down on his knees, trying to-

[In a last ditch effort to save Rex Summers, the ballgown-wearing Erica Toughill pulls herself up on the apron, waving her arms wildly in a ridiculous sight. The referee rushes over, ordering her to get down...]

GM: Get her down from there! Jack Lynch with the Iron Claw locked in and Toughill's again trying to get involved! Toughill again trying to-

[And with the official's back turned, Rex Summers goes for the one move he KNOWS will get him out of the Claw...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!"

GM: LOW BLOW! SUMMERS GOES LOW!

[Having driven his arm up into the groin of Lynch, knocking the Texan down to his knees, Summers collapses to the canvas. The official whips around, spotting the new development...

...and then turns back to Toughill, pointing an accusing finger!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait one second!

[Toughill drops off the apron, shaking her head as the referee slides out to confront her. He points at her a few times...]

“YOU! GONE!”

[...and signals for her ejection to a HUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: OH MY STARS! TOUGHILL JUST GOT EJECTED FROM RINGSIDE!

[The head of security for SM&K is putting up an argument though with the official, keeping him in the aisle...]

...which means he’s nowhere to be seen when someone hurdles the barricade, sliding headfirst under the ropes into the ring!]

BW: DETSON! DETSON!

[The AWA World Champion, Johnny Detson, snatches Lynch off his knees, pulling him into a standing headscissors. Detson quickly hooks both arms, leaping into the air...]

...and DRIVING Lynch facefirst into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WILDE DRIVER! THE REFEREE... MY STARS!

[Detson grabs Summers by the arm, yanking him over Lynch...]

...and then bails from the ring, going back over the railing and into the crowd!]

GM: JOHNNY DETSON CAME OUT OF THE CROWD! JOHNNY DETSON-

BW: GOT EVEN, DADDY!

[Toughill suddenly backs off, heading towards the locker room as Scott Ezra spins around, spots the cover, dives back into the ring...]

GM: The referee’s back in! He’s in the ring and-

BW: COUNT!

GM: No, no! This isn’t right! This was Detson! This was all Detson!

[The official counts one... two...]

GM: NO!

[...and three!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: I can’t believe it!

[The crowd instantly deflates, jeering loudly for the bell as Rex Summers weakly rolls off, pushing an arm up into the air as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match, moving to the Semifinals...

REEEEEEEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMMERRRRRRRS!

[A smirk crosses the weary face of Summers as he raises both arms up in the air, the fans jeering even louder.]

GM: Rex Summers has won this match and... I can't even believe it. Bucky, as much as you dislike the Lynches, even you have to admit that Jack Lynch had this match won! He had Summers down! He had the Claw locked on! If it wasn't for Toughill... Toughill and of course, Johnny Detson-

BW: Oh, waaaaaaa! Cry me a river, Gordocito! Yeah, Johnny Detson got involved... and why wouldn't he? You saw Jack Lynch come out here and cost Detson his match and to me, it's only fitting that Detson come out here and cost Lynch his! Detson promised it! He said he was coming for payback and now he got it!

GM: I can't... this is terrible! Jack Lynch EARNED that spot unlike Johnny Detson!

BW: More of your blatant favoritism... but it doesn't matter, Gordo! Because if Johnny Detson's not going to the Semifinals, neither is Jack Lynch! Glorious day, oh glorious day!

[Summers rolls from the ring, falling into Erica Toughill's waiting arms. She holds him up as Summers celebrates his victory, backing down the aisle towards the locker room as Jack Lynch lies motionless inside the ring.]

GM: What a night we've seen so far, fans! You may not agree with how it went down but... Lynch is out! Detson is out! Supernova and Rex Summers are moving on to the Semifinals and... wow! We're just getting started! We've got to take another break but when we come back, the Battle of Boston tournament rolls on so don't you dare go away!

[The camera holds in the ring where the official tries to help Jack Lynch up off the mat...

...and 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 as we come back live, we're in the middle of quite the ruckus. We are just beyond the Chimpanzee Position at the entrance curtain. AWA backstage personnel like Vernon Riley and Tommy Fierro are quickly spotted by eagle-eyed viewers as Jack Lynch has full body tackled Johnny Detson, driving him back into a wall!

Detson is clubbing away wildly at the back, trying to get out from under Lynch's attacking grip. Lynch straightens up, throwing a pair of haymakers to the skull of Detson who staggers away as more officials flood the scene, trying to get the action under control.

Lynch tears away from the grip of Vernon Riley, throwing his lanky frame into the air, knocking Detson facefirst down on the concrete floor! Another swarm of people surround Lynch and Detson, trying to drag the Texan off the AWA World Champion as Lynch throws wild right hands at the back of Detson's head. A call for "SECURITY!" is heard as Fierro manages to loop an arm over Lynch's, pulling him back, allowing Detson to crawl away, getting to his feet.

And with Lynch shouting threats that are being censored by the Fox Sports X team, the World Champion goes tearing down the hallway, leaving a fuming Jack Lynch behind.

Cut.

And we find ourselves in a different part of the backstage area (thankfully) where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: The Battle of Boston is certainly living up to its name as we've got fussing and fighting all over this building... not just inside the ring. But my guest at this time is about to head out to that ring. He made his AWA debut two nights ago and ever since he has done nothing but impress...

[Behind Lou, someone starts singing. Riley Hunter enters, singing into his karaoke nunchucks the theme from "The Greatest American Hero."]

RH: [singing] Look at what's happened to me! I can't believe it myself. Suddenly standing on top of the world. Couldn't be anyone else...

C'mon, Sweet Lou; sing along!

SLB: Sir, I will not sing along, despite your resemblance to William Katt.

RH: William who?

[Beat.]

RH: Nah, I'm kiddin', Lou. I'm just having fun. That's what we do in the AWA Galaxy, right? We're havin' fun, Lou! Aren't we, Lou?

I've had my fun, Lou. Yes yes. The past two nights were basically me reliving history, showing to the AWA who I was and what I was capable of. Whether it's against a Big Bad Badger, or finally finally finally slaying the Electric Dragon and leaving him some questions to ask himself before trying to Steal the Spotlight, I have already proven that I am the best non-homegrown AWA talent in the world. But I've climbed a lot of mountains in my career and none of them get easier once you cross the halfway point. So where do I start tonight? I start... with the Doctor himself.

If you had told me ten years ago I would be facing down the "Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant himself in an arena like TD Garden, I would have looked at you and said...

"Well, of course I will. I'm the most naturally talented athlete in the world."

No no. I do not have to be humble walking these halls. Dave Bryant has many things: he has a pedigree that speaks to everything he's accomplished. He has a killer resume. He has a rap sheet of people he's bested in that ring. But here's the thing: he does not have my athleticism. He does not have my broad palette of experience to draw from. He is not a Seven Star Athlete. And he does not have to beat me like I have to beat him.

Was I happy to finally pin Fujimoto for the first time last night? I was elated. I could barely sleep last night. But, no no, it means nothing knowing what I have ahead. I can't just be happy making a name off a couple of Tiger Paw Pro hands. I have to prove to all the doubters that I'm the best wrestler to have stepped foot in the AWA from Day One... or Day Three as the case may be.

Doctor, you are a legend in this industry, and I have to beat you. I have to wear you out. I have to nudge you from beneath that white-hot spotlight so that I can assume your place.

Sweet Lou, thank you for your time. "Aloha" means "goodbye." It's the end for Dave Bryant, but the moment has been prepared for.

[He begins singing the theme from "Greatest American Hero" again.]

RH: Believe it or not! I'm walkin' around! Battle of Boston, Night Three-hee-ee! Flying away oooon a wing and a prayer... Who could it be? Believe it or not, it's just me.

And until we speak in an hour, Lou...

...

...

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...

GOOD NIGHT NOW!

[Hunter twirls offscreen in a blur of black pleather and blue hair.]

SLB: Alright, no lack of confidence in the American Ninja, nor a lack of loquaciousness—that must be a family trait. He’s headed out to the ring so let’s go out as well to our own Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions of our next Quarterfinal matchup!

[We fade from backstage out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is one fall with a forty-five minute time limit and is a Quarterfinal matchup in THE BATTLE OF BOSTON!

[The lights go out, and the jazz organ of “Whispering Streets” by Barry Adamson plays through TD Garden. The fans are already beginning to react to the opening chords.]

RO: Introducing first...

[When the song intro ends and the melody kicks in, a light shines through the entranceway, illuminating the stage fog. A lone figure in a long coat stands in silhouette, holding nunchucks overhead.]

GM: And as the fans react accordingly, a mixture of cheers and boos for this young man from Canada who truly made a name for himself in the Land of the Rising Sun, he has arrived once again here at the Battle of Boston looking to establish himself as the greatest professional wrestler on the planet!

[The spotlight falls on him, and Hunter wheels around, whirling the nunchucks theatrically. His eyes are partially obscured by small circular-framed sunglasses, 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.]

RO: From Calgary, Alberta, Canada... weighing in at 203 pounds...

He is the AMERRRRRICAAAAAN NIIIIIIINJAAAAA...

RIIIIIIILEYYYYYYYYY HUNNNNNNNNTERRRRRRRRRRRR!

[Hunter rolls into the ring, quickly crossing to Rebecca Ortiz's position. He holds a laminated card out in front of her, leaning over her shoulder. Somewhat reluctantly, she sings along to his theme with him.]

RH & RO: Need some lovin', gonna go get me some,
And shine my pretty light on everyone.

RH: But I hit "retaliate..."

RO: ...When they got to me...

RH: ...And then I woke in a scary bed. The twist of fate you'll never escape?

RH & RO: Well the worst neighborhood is the one right inside of your head.

RO: I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW THE GUN GOT IN MYYY HANDS.

[Riley Hunter cuts a cheesy "kung fu"-like pose. Ortiz realizes that she started belting out Hunter's theme of her own accord and abruptly stops as the fans cheer and the music starts to fade.]

GM: And this Quarterfinal battle is one that sees one of the hottest rising stars in our business take on a former World Champion and possible future Hall of Famer in Dave Bryant who is looking to use this weekend as a springboard to 2016's Comeback of the Year! The Doctor of Love is backstage so let's hear his thoughts moments before this epic encounter!

[One quick cut to the back later brings us the mildly battered visage of one Dave Bryant. Bryant's clad in his ring robe, and, oddly, seated. He looks almost...confused. Befuddled, maybe.]

DB: This isn't the kind of thing I say often, but I'm actually...surprised to be here right now.

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: Not a whole lot of people know this, but my career spiraled down pretty hard after that night when Eddie beat me, many years ago. I thought that people were going to hop on the Dave Bryant bandwagon, that they'd be all for me kicking the bejesus out of the Idol O' Millions, but uh...no. That's not how it worked at all, and not only did I get beaten in the ring that night, for lack of any better way to put it, I basically got punched straight in my soul's groin the same night. People still loved Eddie, and Eddie had just screwed me over, so that didn't sit real well.

[Bryant shrugs, then laughs.]

DB: Everyone knows the sad, stupid story of young Dave Bryant throwing away a decade-plus of what should've been the most slam-dunk Hall of Fame career ever, so let's not talk about it. Instead, let's talk about walking out in the face of two of the biggest mental barriers - one new, one old - and smashing the hell out of both of them with a hammer.

[Bryant holds up a pointer finger.]

DB: One? My neck. I did everything that I could to try to stay in passable physical shape while also recovering from the worst injury I've ever faced, but when we're talking necks and spinal cords, we're talking about not being able to do a hell of a lot for a pretty long time, so I had no idea if I would have even half the staying power I did before certain people did a real crappy job realigning my spine. The second? Eddie Van frickin' Gibson.

[Bryant rolls his neck gingerly, wincing as the motion comes to an end.]

DB: I've got no reason to hold a grudge against Eddie, especially considering everything that's happened since that night around twenty years ago, but I did. He was all my mistakes, all the wrong forks in my personal road personified, and

beating him has taken a weight off my shoulders that really should've never existed in the first place, but it sure as hell did.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: But hell, me and EVG dragged our broken old asses out there and gave everyone a hell of a show, didn't we? It's time to move on, and despite the fact that I probably shouldn't even still be in this tournament, the program dictates otherwise.

[Bryant rises from his chair, clearing his throat as he does so.]

DB: RILEY HUNTER!

I'll be honest, Hunter, I don't know a whole hell of a lot about you beyond what I could learn from watching you wrestle...and that let me know that I'd better grow eyes in the back of my head if I'm going to be in the ring against you.

[Bryant grins.]

DB: I'll be honest again...I shouldn't be here. I'm riding a lucky streak -- not just getting past Eddie, not just getting past a broken neck, but one that's been rolling since I set foot back into the ring here in the AWA. Maybe it ends tonight...or maybe it just keeps on rolling all the way through this whole damned thing.

[With that, the Doctor of Love stalks off shot as we fade back out to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[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 before he nods and heads down the aisle.]

GM: He was the first man to wear the AWA World Title on two occasions and you know he'd love to use this tournament to send him on a path towards becoming the first man to hold it three times!

BW: Two nights ago, he got the luck of the draw taking on someone who hadn't seen the inside of a ring in a decade. Do you really think Bryant's got what it takes to put down Riley Hunter in the prime of his career here tonight?

GM: I absolutely do. Can he do it? We're about to find out.

[Bryant climbs the steps onto the apron, wiping his feet on it 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 the second night of his official AWA return!]

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow draws the assignment for this one as the American Ninja and the Doctor of Love are set to square off - the winner looking ahead to a Semifinal matchup with either Brian James or the National Champion, Travis Lynch.

BW: And what a reward that is. "Win this really tough match and your prize is a beating at the hands of Brian James!"

GM: Obviously, my broadcast colleague is discounting any chance that Travis Lynch has of winning that battle.

BW: Discount? They oughta be giving that away for free! That's the only way someone's gonna buy Travis Lynch beating Brian James!

[Bryant walks to the corner, handing his robe out to a ringside attendant before tugging at the ropes, getting loose for the battle to come as Hunter does some standing leaps, lifting his legs up as high as he can.]

GM: This one's just about set to begin and Bucky, if you're Riley Hunter, how do you approach this match?

BW: Fast, fast, fast. Use your speed, your quickness, your youth to keep Bryant off his game.

GM: And for Bryant?

BW: He needs to slow things down to his pace. He needs to go after the legs... maybe the back... try to take Hunter out of his usual style and get him down on the mat.

[The official steps out to the middle of the ring, checking to see if both men are ready to compete...

...and signals for the bell! Hunter sprints across the ring at top speed, rushing towards a surprised Bryant, leaving his feet with a front dropkick that scores on Bryant's chest, sending him flying backwards into the buckles.]

GM: Hunter coming out of the gate with that dropkick... and now he's up, driving his forearm into the jaw of the former World Champion!

[Hunter tees off, throwing forearm after forearm to the jaw before grabbing Bryant by the arm, whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Bryant sent from one corner to the next... Hunter building up some steam...

[Hunter comes barreling across the ring, leaping into the air, driving another forearm into the jaw of Bryant. The American Ninja falls back, "cocking" his arm like a rifle before going into a spin...

...but Bryant ducks down, slipping out of the corner as Hunter throws himself into a rolling elbow, slamming into the buckles!]

GM: Bryant with some quickness of his own, avoiding the heavy elbow in the corner...

[The crowd cheers as Bryant lashes out with a series of left jabs, landing on the jaw of Hunter repeatedly. The referee warns Bryant against the closed fists in the corner...

...when a big uppercut is thrown, sending Hunter toppling over the ropes, crashing down on the apron, and then sliding off to the floor where he wobbles away from the ring, shaking his head.]

GM: What a right hand by the former World Champion to really send Hunter for a ride over those ropes, Bucky.

BW: Bryant doing the smart thing though here. He's staying inside the ring, not even thinking about going out there on the floor. As a veteran, he knows how dangerous Hunter is out on the floor.

GM: Bryant's not exactly a saint out there either though, Bucky. He could very likely go out there and put Hunter into the apron... into the railing... into the post.

[This time though, Bryant stays inside the ring, waving a hand at Hunter who walks around the ring for a bit, shaking his head...

...and then dramatically climbs up on the apron, throwing his head back, and ducks back inside the ring. He drops to a knee, sizing up Bryant through a squinted eye. Bryant shakes his head, waving him up to his feet.]

GM: Hunter with some of his usual theatrics in there... but now he's up... and now we've got ourselves a tieup.

[Bryant and Hunter jockey for position in the middle of the ring, trying to get an early edge when Hunter slips his hand inside Bryant's hair, pulling it and walking him back across the ring. Bryant protests, getting the official over to shout at Hunter, calling for a break of the hairpull.]

GM: Bryant pointing out the pull of the hair and-

[Hunter lets go as the official backs off...

...and Bryant promptly grabs a handful of hair himself, yanking Hunter right off his feet and down to the mat to cheers!]

GM: Oh!

BW: He yanked the hair, Gordo!

GM: I'd... have to agree, yes he did. Bryant showing those wily ways he used inside the ring for so many years.

[Bryant smirks as the referee listens to Hunter's wild protests about the pull of the mane. Ricky Longfellow quizzes Bryant who shakes his head, wiping his hands in front of him.]

GM: And Bryant denies the hairpull... of course, we all saw it... all of us except Ricky Longfellow that is.

[Hunter gets back on his feet, still annoyed by the hairpull, pacing back and forth in front of Bryant who is ready...

...and Hunter quickly turns on his heels, rushing into another tieup.]

GM: Here we go again... both men-

[Hunter doesn't waste any time in grabbing the hair again, forcing Bryant back across the ring towards the ropes. The referee steps in, ordering a break...]

GM: Will we get a clean break here?

[Hunter waits for a bit and then backs off, hands raised...

...and then leans over, mussing the barely-there hair of Bryant...]

GM: Hunter playing mindgames with-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and Bryant goes right upside his face with an open-handed slap, knocking Hunter down on his backside!]

GM: Oh my!

[A fired up Bryant dives down, hooking a loose side headlock on Hunter on the mat, pounding away with sloppy fists to the cheers of the crowd and the protests of Ricky Longfellow.]

GM: Bryant breaks just before the four count, Hunter rolling away...

[And right out under the ropes, dropping back down to the floor. He reaches up, checking the corner of his eye for blood as Bryant regains his feet, shouting at Hunter again.]

GM: And I don't think Dave Bryant liked any bit of Hunter and his mindgames, Bucky.

BW: Obviously not.

[Bryant steps towards the ropes but is cut off by the official who waves him back, trying to keep him from following Hunter out to the floor.]

GM: Hunter is quickly learning that a former World Champion might be harder to drag into his style of match than someone like Fujimoto was.

[Hunter pulls himself up on the apron, again shouting at Bryant, trying to draw him in. This time, Bryant pushes past the official, moving towards Hunter who is standing on the apron...

...and who grabs the top rope, swinging a leg up to catch Bryant between the eyes with a kick!]

GM: Ohh! Kick to the skull by Hunter!

[Bryant staggers back as Hunter grabs the top rope with both hands, leaping into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: TOP ROPE HEADSCISSORS!

[...but as Hunter lands on his shoulders, Bryant manages to tip him backwards, setting him down on his back on the mat in a makeshift powerbomb position...]

GM: Bryant with the counter!

[...and then hooks the legs under his arms, the crowd ROARING at the idea of Bryant securing the Iron Crab so early in the matchup!]

GM: IRON CRAB! BRYANT'S LOOKING FOR THE IRON CRAB!

[But Hunter is ready for it, quickly scrambling and skittering across the mat, wrapping his arms around the ropes where the official promptly calls for a break. One follows and Hunter drags himself out to the floor while Bryant backs off to mid-ring, holding his fingers close apart.]

GM: That close! Dave Bryant is telling Riley Hunter he was THAT close to locking in that Iron Crab and everyone from Calisto Dufresne to Juan Vasquez to Supreme Wright to Eddie Van Gibson can tell you exactly how painful that hold is.

BW: There are very few sure things in our business, Gordo, but if Dave Bryant locks in the Iron Crab in the middle of the ring, it's just about a sure thing that it's all said and done.

[Out on the floor, Hunter begins to pace around the ring, grimacing up at Bryant who looks confident at how close he came to locking in his signature submission hold a moment ago.]

GM: And this match, at least in the opening minutes, is not going the way Riley Hunter anticipated, Bucky.

BW: I said at the beginning that he wants to work fast. He wants to work strong. He wants to hit those big signature blows that gets the people on their feet. So far, Bryant's had an answer for everything Hunter's throwing and that's frustrating the young Canadian.

[Hunter again takes a lap around the ring before climbing up on the apron, glaring in at Bryant who beckons him forward. Hunter again ducks through the ropes with a flourish...

...and then breaks into a sprint, coming right at a surprised Bryant who drops down, throwing himself at Hunter's feet but Hunter hurdles over with ease, hitting the ropes again...]

GM: Hunter off the far side... Bryant back up with the hiptoss...

[But Hunter flips through the air gracefully, landing on his feet with a "HAH!" before reversing into a hiptoss of his own. With Bryant down, Hunter dashes to the ropes again, rebounding off as Bryant ducks down for a backdrop.]

GM: Bryant ducks...

[Hunter twists his body, using Bryant's own doubled-up frame as a launching pad to backflip over him, landing on his feet behind the former World Champion. As Bryant straightens up, he gets a swift boot to the small of the back, sending him flopping forward towards the ropes as Hunter runs in after him, leaping up to the second rope before Bryant gets too close...

...and springs back, catching Bryant with a crossbody that knocks him off his feet!]

GM: Oh my! Hunter with the crossbody, Bryant quickly out before a count comes down.

[Hunter again dashes to the ropes, rebounding off towards the rising Bryant. Hunter drops to his back, sliding to a stop right in front of Bryant. He swings his right leg up, catching Bryant flush in the forehead, straightening him up for a moment before he slouches back over...

...and Hunter kips up off his back, wrapping his legs around the head and neck of Bryant, snapping him over with a compact rana!]

GM: Wow! The American Ninja living up to his nickname with the sort of attacks you only see in a kung fu movie!

[Back on his feet, Hunter drops back, beckoning Bryant up with one hand. The former World Champion obliges as Hunter takes aim, throwing a backhanded blow to the cheek before dropping to a knee, rifling a combination of left and right palm strikes to the body, blasting the ribcage of the veteran...

...and then leaps into the air, pulling one leg back while thrusting the other forward into a picture perfect bicycle kneestrike to the point of the chin!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: Instant Karma!

[The kneestrike causes Bryant’s eyes to roll back in his head for a moment as Hunter reaches out, grabbing him by the hair to prevent him from falling lifelessly to the canvas. He pulls him into a three-quarter nelson, flipping him over into a seated position as he dashes to the ropes, rebounding off with a basement dropkick that sends Bryant down to the mat as the crowd roars!]

GM: Hunter loves stringing together that high impact offense! And he’s not even bothering to go for a cover here, to the ropes again...

[Hunter leaps to the middle rope, springing off in breathtaking fashion with a moonsault, catching Bryant flush across the ribcage!]

GM: Moonsault off the ropes! There’s a cover!

[But Bryant kicks out at two as Hunter climbs back to his feet, looking out at the appreciative crowd. He leans down, pulling Bryant up by the wrist, whipping him towards the ropes...]

GM: Bryant shot off into the ropes...

[Hunter easily leapfrogs over the rebounding Bryant, landing on his feet, pointing with both fingers at the hard camera as Bryant comes off the ropes behind him...

...and he blindly leapfrogs over him again, landing with a smirk as Bryant hits the ropes again, running right into a kneeling back elbow to the midsection.]

GM: Hunter goes low on Bryant, doubles him up...

[Coming back up, Hunter grabs a single underhook on the way up, flipping Bryant over quickly and easily with a suplex!]

GM: Single underhook suplex! Impressive!

[Hunter floats over into a lateral press, getting a quick two count before Bryant kicks out. The American Ninja stays on him, wrapping his leg around the back of Bryant’s neck while grabbing the right arm, twisting it into a hammerlock.]

GM: Oh my! Submission hold - and a unique one - applied by Hunter near the corner!

[Hunter pulls up on the arm while using his leg to crank the neck. Bryant cries out in pain as Hunter quite dramatically, “AAAAAASSSSK HIIIIIM!” to the official... who obliges and returns with an answer of no.]

BW: Riley Hunter bringing unusual offense to the table in every direction. From the air, on the ground... even with submission holds.

[Stretching out, Bryant slips his foot over the bottom rope, causing the official to call for a break.]

GM: And Bryant gets to the ropes!

[As the official calls for a break, Hunter withdraws to his knees as Bryant rolls out to the floor...

...and immediately winces, wrapping a hand around the back of his neck.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: You see that and you start to wonder, Gordo. Is Dave Bryant's neck one hundred percent? Could any amount of time get him back to a hundred percent after that spike piledriver he took?

GM: He says he's good to go and I've got to believe he's telling the truth.

BW: Right. Because no athlete has ever lied to try and convince someone he's healthy when he's not.

[The official slides out to the floor, checking on Bryant's physical condition as Hunter walks around the ring, throwing the occasional glance at Bryant and the referee.]

GM: Bryant is on his feet but he's still holding onto the neck... the injured neck that took him out of action for so long...

[Suddenly, Riley Hunter breaks into a dash, hitting the far ropes, rebounding across the ring...

...when the official hops up on the apron, throwing his arms apart and waving it off! Many in the crowd actually jeer the referee for stopping whatever daredevil dive Hunter was looking for there.]

GM: Ohhhh.

BW: Some biased officiating there, trying to buy Bryant more time on the floor...

[Hunter grumbles at the referee...

...and then dashes towards the corner, leaping into the air, landing on the top rope with his back to Bryant, and uncorks a breathtaking triangle moonsault out to the floor on top of Bryant!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE TO THE FLOOR!! OH MY!!

[Both men are down on the floor for a few moments as the official starts a double count on both competitors.]

GM: Both men down after that - and remember, fans, this is a Quarterfinal match in the Battle of Boston tournament so if both men get counted out, that means that either Brian James or Travis Lynch would get a bye all the way to the Finals.

BW: Brian James might tear down the entire building with his bare hands if that happens.

[The count gets up to four before Riley Hunter comes up off the ringside mats, pulling Bryant up to his feet and shoving him under the ropes back inside the squared circle.]

GM: Bryant back in... Hunter climbing up on the apron...

[Hunter grabs the top rope, taking aim as Bryant tries to get up off the canvas.]

GM: Hunter looks like he's ready to strike again!

[Leaping into the air, Hunter springs off the top rope, getting wicked rotation before he SLAMS the length of his leg into the back of Bryant's neck with a springboard spinning leg lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER BRUTAL ATTACK TO THE NECK!

[Hunter promptly flips Bryant over, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[The crowd cheers as Bryant pops a shoulder up off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt. Hunter pushes up to his knees, angrily clapping his hands together, arching a crazed eyebrow at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Hunter gets a near fall there and if he keeps going after that neck, Dave Bryant's REALLY going to find his neck tested here tonight!

[Hunter hops up to his feet, stomping the back of Bryant's neck as the Doctor of Love rolls over to crawl across the ring. Hunter follows... and stomps... and stomps... and stomps.]

GM: Hunter drawing a bullseye right on the back of the neck on Bryant...

[Standing over Bryant, Hunter reaches down, grabbing the back of the tights and hauling the former World Champion up to his feet...]

GM: Hunter's got him up, slips in behind...

[Hunter grabs the right arm in a chickenwing, causing the crowd to erupt in anticipation...]

GM: Hunter looking for the Day of Lavos!

[...but as he grabs for the left arm, Bryant rockets it backwards, bouncing it off Hunter's cheek once... twice...]

GM: Bryant fighting out of it! To the ropes!

[But as he comes rebounding back, Hunter leaps into the air, popping Bryant in the chin with a bicycle kneestrike!]

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

[The blow dazed Bryant, sending him staggering in a circle...

...and Hunter gets a running start before leaping high into the air, hooking his leg behind the neck of the standing Bryant, and rides it straight down to drive Bryant facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! That might be enough!

[Hunter flips Bryant over onto his back, diving across to cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[But again, Bryant's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Another near fall for Riley Hunter...

BW: And another attack to the neck to boot!

[Hunter swings his arms around in a dramatic "martial arts gesture" before swooping in behind the on-all-fours Bryant, yanking him bodily to his feet. He hooks the left arm first this time...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[...but as he reaches for the right arm, Bryant ducks while spinning backwards, ending up out of the hold, burying a boot into Hunter's midsection!]

GM: Bryant goes downstai-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: DDT! DDT!

[Hunter goes vertical on the DDT, his head SPIKED into the canvas before he flips over onto his back. Bryant flips over, throwing an arm across the chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND THAT TIME, IT'S DAVE BRYANT WITH THE NEAR FALL!

[Bryant flops back over onto his back, his chest heaving as Hunter does the same on the canvas next to him.]

BW: Dave Bryant hit that DDT out of nowhere, Gordo, and he almost won this thing! He almost cashed his ticket to the Semifinals!

GM: But almost is not enough! He couldn't get the three count and now he's gotta find some other way to put Riley Hunter down!

[Both men remain down for several more moments as the referee lays the double count on both competitors. Bryant is the first one to sit up, grabbing at the back of his neck as Hunter rolls to all fours, crawling across the ring to create some space between he and his opponent.]

GM: Both men starting to stir, starting to get up off the mat...

[Hunter pushes up to his feet, leaning against the ropes as Bryant comes up off the mat as well.]

GM: Both men on their feet... here comes Bryant!

[A rushing Dave Bryant comes charging in on a dazed Hunter who grabs the ropes, pushing off as he leaps into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: ENZUIGIRI!

[The head kick stuns Bryant, his eyelids fluttering as he staggers backwards from the blow. A determined Hunter steps forward, grabbing the former World Champion by the arm, swinging him around so that Bryant's back is to Hunter's chest.]

GM: He's going for it again!

[Again, Hunter reaches out trying to hook the double chickenwing...

...but Bryant drops down to the mat, using a drop toehold to take Hunter off his feet. Bryant rolls quickly, deathlocking the knee, wrapping it up and lunging to apply a STF!]

GM: STF! BRYANT GOING FOR A SUBMISSION!

BW: We talked about Bryant trying to ground Riley Hunter and that's what this will do if he can get it locked in! Bryant trying to wrench and tear at that knee, trying to make sure he takes away all those high flying moves!

[Hunter's got his arms up in front of his face though, preventing Bryant from securing the facelock part of the STF.]

GM: He can't get it locked in! Bryant can't get the hold fully locked in!

[Bryant struggles with it for a few more moments before abandoning the attempt, opting to drop an elbow down on the back of Hunter's neck instead. He follows it up with three more elbows before climbing to his feet.]

GM: And a change in tactics by Dave Bryant leaves Riley Hunter down on the mat, holding his neck as Bryant pulls him up...

[A short forearm to the small of the back sends Hunter stumbling forward, leaning against the ropes...]

GM: Bryant sizing up Hunter from behind...

[...and the veteran lands a running dropkick to the back of the knee, knocking Hunter down to a kneeling position near the ropes, wincing in pain as Bryant gets back up.]

GM: And Bryant again going after the knee, trying to take away some of Hunter's explosive offense...

[Bryant smirks as he plants his shin on the back of Hunter's neck, pushing his throat down on the middle rope.]

BW: That's a choke, Gordo!

GM: Certainly is... the referee right in there to count as well...

[The count gets to four before Bryant backs off, raising his hands.]

GM: Never let it be said that Dave Bryant can't dip back into his bag of dirty tricks when he needs to.

[A coughing Hunter squirms around, still on a knee as Bryant charges in again, landing a running dropkick to the chest that sends Hunter flying backwards through the ropes, collapsing back on the thin ringside mats with a plop!]

GM: Oh my! Down goes Hunter off the dropkick... and it looks like Dave Bryant's going out there after him now!

[A determined Bryant hauls Hunter off the mats, smashing him headfirst into the ring apron.]

GM: Facefirst into the apron!

[Bryant clubs a forearm across Hunter's chest once... twice... three times before grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip on the way!

[...but as Hunter goes sailing towards the ringside barricade, he does a front somersault, flipping over the railing, landing on his feet in the crowd!]

GM: WHOA!

[Hunter turns back towards Bryant, an arrogant grin on his face as he raises a hand, pointing his "pistol finger" at the former World Champion who is stunned by Hunter's show of athleticism...]

GM: Bryant's coming over the railing to get him!

[But Hunter races back in, landing a running dropkick that sends Bryant back over the railing to the floor.]

GM: But Hunter cuts him off!

[Getting back to his feet, the American Ninja rains down a handful of stomps to the upper body. He throws a shout in Japanese down at Bryant as he approaches the ring, rolling under the bottom rope.]

GM: Hunter back in the ring, leaving the former World Champion out on the floor.

BW: And you've gotta realize what just happened there, Gordo. Bryant tried to take matter to the floor where - traditionally - he's been successful at doing a lot of damage to opponents but Riley Hunter got the better of him here tonight. It's the dawn of a new era, daddy!

GM: We'll see about that. It's not over yet, Gordo.

[Hunter rises to his feet, throwing his arms up in the air to a mixed response from the AWA faithful.]

GM: The American Ninja in the middle of the ring, waiting to strike...

[And as Bryant starts to stir outside the ring, Hunter races to the near ropes, bouncing off them...]

GM: Hunter's building up steam!

[He hits the far ropes as well, kicking up the momentum even higher as he charges back towards the rising Bryant...]

GM: Off the far side as well!

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope in a breathtaking dive, getting big air and distance as he wipes out the Doctor of Love at ringside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT A DIVE OUT OF RILEY HUNTER!! OH MY STARS!!

[Hunter, having landed on his feet from the dive, gets right up in the “face” of the ringside camera, speaking directly into the lens to the fans at home.]

“BEHOLD! THE SEVEN STAR ATHLETE HAS ARRIVED!”

GM: The so-called Seven Star Athlete got all of that tremendous dive and Dave Bryant is in serious jeopardy after that. Hunter pulling Bryant up off the floor, shoving him under the ropes, maybe looking to end this now.

[And with Bryant down on the mat, Hunter climbs up on the apron, turning to shout at the Boston fans before he starts climbing the ropes. He steps up to the second rope, again turning to shout at the fans...

...and when he gets to the top, he discovers that Bryant had snagged the rope when being rolled in and has rolled back out onto the ring apron.]

GM: Hah! Bryant’s nowhere to be found in that ring! Hunter got ahead of himself, he got wrapped up in the fans, and didn’t even notice that Bryant managed to get himself back up on the apron and out of harm’s way!

BW: Oh really?

[An agitated Hunter is standing on the top rope, facing inside the ring...

...and then very deliberately turns, now facing Bryant who is sprawled out on the ring apron!]

GM: Wait a second! What is... what is he doing, Bucky?!

BW: I think Hunter’s showing that NOWHERE is out of harm’s way when he’s inside that ring, daddy!

[Hunter slides a foot over onto the ringpost, widening his stance, his manic eyes flashing back and forth as he sizes up Bryant’s position...]

GM: Don’t do it, kid! You’ve got an entire career to think about! You’ve got-

[Hunter HURLS himself forward in a front somersault, flipping off the top rope towards the prone Bryant with a swan dive senton...]

BW: OFF THE TOP!

[...until Bryant gives himself a last second shove against the ropes, flopping off the apron and down to the floor!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY GOD!! OH MY GOD!!

[Hunter arches his back in pain on the apron, his face etched in agony as he lets out a hellacious anguished scream!]

GM: HUNTER RISKED IT ALL AND IT MAY...

[A desperate Bryant grabs the apron, trying to drag himself to his feet, sensing he's got an opportunity he might not get again.]

GM: Bryant's trying to get up! Bryant realizes this is his chance! This is his shot!

BW: And he's not throwing away his shot.

GM: So I've heard.

[Bryant grabs the ropes, dragging himself up alongside Hunter who is still in horrific pain as Bryant shoves him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Bryant puts Hunter back in... and now he's rolling himself back in! Bryant looking to end this!

[Grabbing the legs, Bryant rolls into a back press as the official drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY GOD IN HEAVEN! SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

[Dave Bryant certainly can't as he sits up on the mat, his jaw dropped. A look of total shock is splashed across his face as he looks over at the official who shakes his head, holding up two fingers and miming lifting a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Riley Hunter... how in the world did he do that?! How did he kick out?!

BW: The man is beyond limits, Gordo! Just when you think he can't do something, he says "to hell with that!" and he does it!

[Bryant slowly rolls to a hip, shaking his head in dismay as he climbs off the canvas, looking down at Hunter who is on his own hip, cradling his lower back as Bryant moves into position...

...and leans down to grab the legs to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: BRYANT'S GOING FOR THE IRON CRAB!

[With the legs tucked under his armpits, Bryant sets his feet, looking to turn Hunter over...

...but the wild-eyed Hunter screams "NO!" as he goes into a shaking, twisting, and flailing fit, trying to free himself before Bryant locks on his signature submission hold!]

GM: Hunter's fighting it! Can Bryant get it on?! Can he lock it on?!

[Hunter keeps flailing about, preventing Bryant from turning him over...

...so Bryant instead drops back in a catapult, launching Hunter high into the air!]

GM: CATAPULT!

[Hunter appears to be headed over the ropes to the floor but Hunter reaches out, snatching the top rope with his arm, saving himself as he manages to land on the ring apron safely. Bryant scrambles up, moving in quickly on Hunter...]

GM: Hunter's on the apron, somehow managing to save-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

[The crowd reacts as Hunter grabs the top rope, leaping up and throwing a foot at the skull of Bryant, bouncing it off his temple and sending him stumbling backwards, falling nearly all the way across the ring!]

GM: What a kick to the head by Hunter! That'll buy him some time to recover and-

BW: He doesn't want recovery time! He wants to end it!

[Hunter grabs the top rope, defiantly shaking his head as Bryant falls to a knee before quickly getting back up...

...and Hunter leaps into the air, springing off the top rope, sailing through the sky towards his victim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

[...who UNCORKS a superkick, catching the flying Hunter right under the chin as he comes down towards the mat!]

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK! CALL ME IN THE MORNING!

[But the impact of the superkick sends Hunter flying halfway across the ring before he crashes down to the mat on his back. The effort of the superkick knocks Bryant off his feet, putting him down on all fours as the crowd ROARS for him to take advantage of his big blow!]

GM: SUPERKICK OUT OF NOWHERE!!

BW: But can Bryant take advantage of it?! He knocked Hunter almost out of the ring with it and...

GM: He's crawling! Dave Bryant crawling across the ring on all fours, DESPERATELY trying to get to Riley Hunter! DESPERATELY trying to make that cover in time! Can he get there? Can he get there?!

[Bryant clears half the distance to Hunter, still moving as quickly as he can. The crowd is roaring, cheering him on as he draws close to Hunter, lifting his arm, making a lunge...]

GM: BRYANT WITH THE COVER!

[...and coming up empty as Hunter just BARELY rolls out of the ring before Bryant can get the arm over him!]

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

[Bryant pushes up to all fours again, looking out with anger as he SLAMS his fist down into the canvas.]

GM: He couldn't get there! Hunter escaped before Bryant could get there!

[He grumbles to himself as he drops to his back, rolling out of the ring following Hunter.]

GM: Bryant couldn't get the cover in time... and now he's going out after the American Ninja!

[Bryant angrily snatches Hunter by the hair, pulling the limp American Ninja to his feet where he SMASHES his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Facefirst to the apron!

[Bryant pulls Hunter up again, shouting at him before he DRIVES his head into the apron a second time!]

GM: And again!

BW: Bryant's snapped, Gordo! He thought he had him with the superkick but-

GM: A THIRD TIME INTO THE APRON!

[Bryant shoves Hunter back under the ropes into the ring where Hunter rolls several feet away, creating space as Bryant ducks through the ropes, coming to his feet with a roar towards the Boston crowd that they echo.]

GM: Bryant's setting up behind Hunter! Poised! Ready!

[In a slight crouch, Bryant waves an arm, beckoning Hunter to his feet as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

GM: Bryant looks like he's setting up for that superkick! If he hits it this time and can get the cover, he's heading to the Semifinals!

BW: Hunter doesn't have a clue where he is!

[Bryant again waves an arm, shouting "GET UP!" at this targeted victim.]

GM: Hunter starting to stir... starting to get back up off the mat...

[The camera shot shows Hunter in the foreground, struggling to a knee as a defiant Bryant stands behind him, ready to deliver the match-ending blow.]

GM: Bryant's ready! Bryant's primed and ready!

[Hunter gets to his feet, wobbling as he does, slowly starting to turn (and flashes a wink at the camera before he does.)]

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORN-

[But as Bryant lashes out with the superkick, Hunter drops into a front roll, going right underneath it, coming right back to his feet, turning quickly as he rushes forward, leaping into the air...

...and BURIES his knee right into the base of Bryant's neck, sending the former World Champion flying forward into the ropes!]

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

[Bryant falls backwards towards Hunter who wraps up the arms, giving a shout as he elevates the Doctor of Love...

...and DUMPS him right on the back of his neck with a Tiger Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Holding on to the arms, Hunter kicks over out of a bridge, ending up back behind Bryant as he lifts him off the mat in the double chickenwing...

...and then lifts him all the way up, holding him out in front of him...]

GM: DAY OF LAVOS!

[...and sits out DRIVING Bryant facefirst into the canvas! He rolls to the side, hooking both legs as he sits down on Bryant's torso!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! Hunter got him!

[Hunter pumps a fist as he comes to his feet, throwing his arms up in the air as the crowd reacts with a mix of shock and excitement.]

GM: Riley Hunter is heading to the Semifinals, Bucky!

BW: Was there ever any doubt, daddy?!

GM: Well, yes... I think there was a lot of doubt.

[Hunter points to his wrist, demanding that the official raise his arm as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner... moving on to the Semifinals...

RIIIIIILEEEEEEEY HUNNNNNNTERRRRRRR!

[Hunter pumps both fists again, nodding his head as Dave Bryant is laid out on the canvas at Hunter's feet.]

GM: The American Ninja is headed to the Semifinals and... wow. That's gotta be considered an upset.

BW: An upset?! An upset?! Riley Hunter is the Seven Star Athlete! He's the American Ninja! He was the hottest free agent in our entire sport until he came here to the AWA! This is no upset... this is a reality check!

GM: All those accolades fit on Hunter's shoulders but he was a facing a former World Champion... a former Television Champion... a possible Hall of Famer! You better believe that in the eyes of many, this is an upset.

[Hunter ducks through the ropes, throwing his arms over his head again. He turns back towards the ring, looking at Dave Bryant who has managed to sit up, holding onto his neck. The American Ninja locks eyes with Bryant...

...and then gives a little two fingered salute off his eyebrow before dropping to the apron.]

GM: Riley Hunter with... I don't know. A show of respect perhaps? But whatever it is, it won't heal the pain of Dave Bryant's comeback weekend being cut short here tonight.

[Bryant places his head in his hands, shaking it back and forth as Hunter backs down the aisle.]

GM: Fans, we've got a couple more Quarterfinal matches still to come and in just a few moments, we're going to see the AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch, going into battle with Brian James! You do not want to miss that so don't you dare go away!

[Fade 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 then back up to backstage in the TD Garden where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell tugs at his collar as his eyes cut between the two men flanking him. On the right is the only manager in the pro-wrestling Hall of Fame, the master strategist, the one, the only Brian Lau. And on his left is the AWA's Engine of Destruction, the son of the Blackheart, Brian James. Lau is dressed to the nines, as he always is, designer sunglasses covering his eyes. But nothing can cover his "cat that ate the canary" grin. James is dressed in his wrestling gear, a white towel covering his head.]

SLB: We are back LIVE here in the TD Garden where the Battle of Boston has seen its fair share of controversies, and I dare say at the center of three fourths of them is you, Brian Lau!

BL: Blackwell, as usual, I have no idea what you're talking about, and as is always the case, you definitely don't know what you're talking about. What controversy?!

SLB: There were the actions that led to Torin the Titan and The Gladiator both being eliminated from the tournament!

BL: Did you see me there? No of course not. I had nothing to do with the actions of those two esteemed and distinguished legends.

SLB: There was Johnny Detson costing Jack Lynch his match against Rex Summers!

BL: Jack Lynch decided to change the rules on the fly and cheat YOUR World Heavyweight Champion out of a win that he'd earned. If Jack Lynch wants to be the nail that sticks out, well, he shouldn't be surprised when he gets hammered down!

SLB: There was what happened at the end of the tag team title match, when your team got themselves intentionally disqualified and then tried to break Travis Lynch's hand with a chair!

BL: Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor are young men. Fine, upstanding young men, but young men all the same. Don't blame them for being full of youthful exuberance, Blackwell!

SLB: And I suppose that has nothing to do with what's right around the corner. Namely, this man taking on Travis Lynch, a match that is just minutes from happening.

BL: I don't want to talk about Travis Lynch's hand, I want to talk about what's really important here. I want to talk about the hand of Brian James, and what it can do.

SLB: But what about...

BL: But nothing, Blackwell. Let's talk about what matters. Commotio cordis, do you have any idea what that means?

SLB: I don't, Mr. Lau, but coming from you, I'm sure it's not good news.

BL: It doesn't come from me, Blackwell, but I assure, it isn't good news. Commotio cordis is a sudden disruption of the heart's natural rhythm due to a sudden blunt force trauma delivered to the chest. It is a sudden and paralyzing trauma. When it happens Blackwell, the body simply... stops, as if someone has flipped a switch to the "off" position. There is no answer for it. It just happens, and when it does, there is nothing left to do but wait until the trauma passes.

Other moves end matches. The Blackheart Punch ends careers.

SLB: When you put it like that, it is absolutely something that every competitor in the AWA should fear.

BL: You're damn right it should be feared! It is was has put down every single opponent that Brian James has faced.

It is what will put down Travis Lynch, in just a few minutes.

Commotio cordis is what is promised and then delivered by every single Blackheart Punch delivered by Brian James. Every single time the Blackheart Punch has been delivered, the recipient has gone down, and stayed down.

Travis Lynch won't be any different.

SLB: It was not that long ago that Brian James wasn't happy with you, Mr. Lau. Have you two worked out your differences, Mr. James?

[Only a growl from Brian James comes from behind the towel that covers his head.]

BL: There you go again Blackwell, trying to cause trouble. What you saw was nothing more than a completely understandable reaction from a man denied the thing he wants most in the world – competition. What you saw was a shark being told that he had to delay his frenzy. What you saw was Brian James realizing he wasn't going to get to drive his fist into the heart of either Torin or Gladiator.

But that was then, and this is now.

And right now, at the Battle of Boston, you are about to bear witness to the culmination of years of training. The truth is coming out to the light, Blackwell. And here is the truth. There are many great wrestlers here in the AWA. But being a wrestler isn't the same as being a fighter. When it comes to swift, brutal and decisive violence, this man right here?

[Lau indicates James.]

BL: He's better than anyone.

Brian James is the Engine of Destruction. He is the single, greatest combat athlete in all of professional sports. He can beat you in a hundred different ways, but he only needs one. He only needs the Blackheart Punch.

SLB: Mr. James, anything to add?

[James reaches up, pulling the towel from his face, to reveal an intense expression in his eyes and an angry scowl on his face.]

BJ: Lynch, I heard your brother talk about taking a stand, and I know that you think you're going to do the same.

Well Lynch, you're standing between me and what I want. You're standing between me and winning the Battle of Boston.

Well after I'm done with you Lynch, you will stand no more!

[James places the towel back over his head and begins to pace back and forth, grunting and growling as he prepares for the match to come.]

BL: I know you like to point to that crucifix and talk about your savior, Lynch. Well, you better pray to your god, and pray hard. Pray for deliverance. Pray for mercy.

Because while your god is merciful, Brian James isn't. There is no salvation waiting for you Travis Lynch, only the wrath of an angry, violent man.

Only a Blackheart Punch.

You can say your prayers. The smart thing to do would be to take Tony Donovan's advice and start running. But the problem Lynch, is that frankly...

[Lau smirks.]

BL: Your legs will never move faster than Brian James' fist!

You couldn't keep the tag team titles you stole from the Kings of Wrestling. That was strike one. Strike two was that steel chair crushing your hand.

Strike three is the Blackheart Punch.

And for you, it won't be the end of the match. It'll be the end of the line!

[And with that, Lau pats James on the shoulder, guiding the hulking brute off-camera as Blackwell throws it back to ringside.]

SLB: Now that's what I call a dastardly duo. Will Brian James be able to land that Blackheart Punch on Travis Lynch? If he does, I think he's headed to the Semifinals to face Riley Hunter! We're about to find out so let's get back up to the ring and Rebecca Ortiz!

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

RO: Our next contest is set for one fall with a forty-five minute time limit and is a Quarterfinal match in the Battle of Boston tournament! Introducing first...

[The heavy guitars of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" blares over the loudspeakers, and the roar of boos from the crowd threatens to drown the guitars out.]

RO: Accompanied to the ring by his manager, Brian Lau...

[The curtain is pushed aside. And out first is none other than Brian Lau. Lau is dressed to the nines, wearing a shimmering grey sharkskin suit, with a neatly pressed white shirt beneath and a black tie around his neck. Lau's eyes are shielded from the harsh overhead lights in the arena by the green flash lenses of a pair of Ray Ban aviator sunglasses. Lau moves with a confident gait, arms out wide, flashing quite the smirk as the audience's boos grow louder. Lau looks over his shoulder, and gives a single nod of his head, as the music continues to blare. A moment later, a shadow falls over both Lau and the aisleway.]

RO: Hailing from Portland, Oregon, and weighing in tonight at 295 pounds... representing the Kings of Wrestling...

[A mountain of a man steps out, striding out with great purpose. Standing six foot six, with a body made entirely out of muscle, he cuts one of the most imposing figures in the AWA.]

RO: Here is...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAMES!

[As the boos rain down upon the son of the Blackheart, Lau and James fall into a matching pace as they march down to ringside. James has a white towel, with the words "KINGS OF WRESTLING" embroidered in gold over his head. The towel covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl beneath a dirty blond goatee.

James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Over his right pectoral is a black tattoo of a circle surrounded by eight protruding towers, a Sak Yant tattoo in the Paed Tidt style. Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside. His left arm is covered in five lines of black tattoos, in the ancient Khmer language, in the Hah Taew fashion of Sak Yant tattoos. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

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

Where Lau is brimming confidence, James is all stoic menace. The pair make their way to the ring, with Lau ascending the stairs first and entering the ring, making a big show of shooing Ortiz away from the center of the ring.]

GM: Brian James is coming into this match with an advantage that can't be denied, fans. He did NOT have to compete in the first round of this tournament thanks to the actions of... well, again... we've been asked not to discuss by name the individuals who attacked Torin The Titan and the Gladiator but we know for a fact that their actions caused Brian James to get a bye directly to this match while Travis Lynch had to get past Callum Mahoney in one heck of a battle. How much will that mean to the son of the Blackheart? We're about to find out.

[At last, James enters the ring. Reaching up, he pulls the towel off his head, revealing medium length dirty blond hair that's been slicked back and tied into a ponytail. James hands the towel to Lau, and Lau reaches into an inner pocket of his jacket, producing a plastic box. Opening the box, Lau pulls out a half black, half red mouth guard, with the same golden tiger across the front. With James opening his mouth, Lau puts the mouth guard in place. There's a final grimace, and then James closes his lips. As Lau exits the ring, James falls into a traditional Muay Thai stance, and gives the slightest nod of his head, indicating that his opponent must come to him.]

GM: Brian James lies in wait for his opponent... and now we do as well. Sweet Lou, let's hear from the National Champion!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Sweet Lou is standing.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... we are just moments away from our next match which will see the Kings of Wrestling will be looking to continue their dominance here in Boston as Brian James attempts to advance to the Semifinals of the Battle of Boston. Yet, in order for him to punch his ticket to the Semifinals, he will need to get through my guest at this time...

[As the camera pans to the right revealing the AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch, shrill screams begin to drown out "Sweet" Lou Blackwell. There is no smile upon the face of Travis as he stands in front of the AWA banner, the National Championship belt resting on his right shoulder.]

SLB: The AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch!

["Sweet" Lou turns his attention to Travis as he continues to speak.]

SLB: Travis, thank you for joining me here...

[Travis waves a hand dismissively.]

TL: It's my pleasure, Lou... but I gotta ask you a question about something you just said.

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

TL: Dominance? "Sweet" Lou, how can you say those so-called Kings of Wrestlin' are dominating?

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: Travis, there's no denying that over the last two nights they've had Jack and your number. They regained the World Tag Team Championship... with how taped up your hand is, I can only assume it's broken since you refuse to tell anyone the extent of the damage. And just last night, they made sure Jack couldn't make it to the Semifinals.

TL: And to you that's dominance? Well, let me tell you somethin', "Sweet" Lou. Johnny Detson may have cost Jack and I those tag team championship belts. Johnny Detson may have cost Jack his chance in the Battle of Boston and those jackals, Donovan and Taylor may have damn near broke my hand...

["Sweet" Lou looks a bit puzzled as Travis just repeated what he said.]

TL: But they ain't dominating! It took three men to steal the titles from the Lynches! It took three men and a damn chair to nearly break my hand. It took a blindside muggin' to cost Jack his match against Summers! What you saw is a group of men who are scared... scared of the Lynches!

[The TD Garden roars their approval.]

TL: They know Jack and I showed the world that they ain't the cream of the crop! That they ain't bulletproof! And Johnny Detson has been shakin' in his boots since the Battle of Boston brackets came out. When Jack was announced as a participant, he already knew he didn't wanna to see what the Iron Cowboy was capable of first hand. And then he heard I was goin' be in the tournament and he knew the AWA Championship was in danger of leaving his grasp!

You see Detson, he's been around for as long as Vasquez has, so he knows that clock is ticking on his career and if steps into the ring with me one more time for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship... well, he knows he will suffer the same fate as Juan Vasquez! And once that happens you will be lookin' at the NEW AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[Again, cheers radiate throughout the TD Garden.]

SLB: Travis, you could very well earn that title opportunity at Johnny Detson tonight but you will need to get through Brian James first! And with the condition of your hand... well, quite frankly, I'm not sure you can.

[Travis shakes his head side to side.]

TL: "Sweet" Lou, it isn't about the hand. It's about what's in here.

[Travis pats his heart twice with his right hand and then grabs the silver crucifix.]

SLB: But Brian James punched the steel ringsteps last year at SuperClash and kept going like nothing at all happened!

TL: And is that supposed to scare me, Lou? I've been thrown into concrete walls, hit with steel chairs... hell, I drilled the steel ringpost with a discus punch and I kept goin'! I had a broken eye orbital and I kept goin'! I was nearly hung and I kept goin'!

So you see "Sweet" Lou, I don't care that James can punch the steel ring steps and keep goin'. 'Cause if he wants to win tonight, it's goin' to take a lot more than a punch to the ring steps to stop me!

[Travis runs his right hand through his wavy dirty blonde hair.]

TL: So let me tell you somethin' "Sweet" Lou. What I do care about it is that James ain't the top dog in the Kings of Wrestlin'! Since SuperClash he's been a distant memory, a shell of his former self here in the AWA. He ran across the Pacific to win championship gold, 'cause Brian Lau knows he can't get the job done here in the AWA!

[A stunned look comes across the face of "Sweet" Lou Blackwell.]

TL: Come on "Sweet" Lou, you know it's true. Brian Lau may be a liar, he may be a cheat, but he ain't stupid. So if Lau feels the need to sign Johnny Detson and just shove the name the James Gang to the side. Well, that should tell you everythin' you need to know!

Tonight, I may be walkin' into that ring with my hand taped up. I may be walkin' to that ring knowin' full well while James will be standin' across the ring from me, the rest of those Kings will be lurkin' nearby... but I know Jack will be watchin' my back. And I know the big man upstairs...

[Travis raises his left hand and points to the sky.]

TL: ...will have my back as well! So King of Wrestlin', you better watch out 'cause hell hath no fury like a pissed off Lynch!

[With that, Travis slaps "Sweet" Lou Blackwell on his shoulder and exits the interview area, leaving Blackwell by himself.]

SLB: Travis Lynch certainly has the odds stacked against him here tonight but does he have enough to overcome all those odds and head to the Semifinals of this tournament? Let's go find out!

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

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The classic riffs of "Tom Sawyer" by Rush begins to play over the PA system.]

#A modern day warrior
Mean, mean stride
Today's Tom Sawyer
Mean, mean pride#

RO: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 252 pounds... he is the AWA NATIONAL CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNN...

TRAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSS LYNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch emerges through the entrance curtain, 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: And here comes the longest-reigning National Champion in AWA history, Travis Lynch, as he heads to the ring for what just might be the fight of his life, fans!

BW: Lynch has fought a lot of tough competitors over the years but... you might be right, Gordo. Brian James just might top them all.

[Travis breaks into a slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his arms and shoulders. The National Champion leans over the barricade for some high fives and hugs... and a few kisses from the ladies to boot. He grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He pulls off his t-shirt, drawing a BIG cheer from the ladies as he tosses it into the crowd to a lucky female fan. He pulls off his silver crucifix, planting a kiss on it before he hangs it around the ringpost. The chaps come next, falling off into a pool on the floor. He turns, pointing to the fans before ducking through the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: And you can see the left hand of Travis Lynch heavily taped up... heavily bandaged... maybe even broken. We understand that Travis is competing against the recommendations of AWA doctors here tonight. We don't quite know the full extent of the injury he's coming in with because quite frankly he's not telling us, Bucky.

BW: Listen closely, Gordo, because you're about to hear me compliment a Lynch. It takes guts to come out here with a banged-up hand... no matter what kind of injury it is.

GM: Wow.

BW: But it also makes you an idiot.

GM: So much for that.

[Lau climbs back up on the apron, calling James over towards him. He drapes an arm over the shoulder of his powerful charge, whispering something in his ear. James nods, cracking a slight smile as he turns back towards Travis Lynch as the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go! One fall, forty-five minute time limit with a spot in the Semifinals on the line! Riley Hunter sitting back there in the locker room now, waiting to see who will be joining he, Rex Summers, Juan Vasquez, and Supernova in the Semifinals.

[James strides confidently out of his corner as Lynch does the same, neither stopping until they reach the middle of the ring...

...which is when James slowly raises his powerful right arm in the air, looking down at Lynch with a smirk on his face.]

GM: Are you kidding me?

BW: Hahaha! He's challenging him to a test of strength, Gordo!

GM: I can see that!

BW: Hey, Lynch is so proud of his muscles, he should accept!

GM: With a possible broken hand?! Give me a break!

[The Texan looks up at James with disdain, shaking his head...

...and then slowly raises his left hand into the air to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

GM: Wait a second! Lynch is accepting the test of strength! You've gotta be kidding me!

[James looks just as surprised as Gordon at this turn of events...

...and that look of surprise flashes again as Lynch uncorks a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Never mind!

[Lynch fires off a second right... and a third that sends James spiraling away, staggering back across the ring!]

GM: Travis Lynch starting off with the fists flying in this one!

[A pissed-off James wheels around, making a charge at Lynch with his fist drawn back...

...but the smaller and quicker Texan drops down, bringing James down facefirst to the mat with a drop toehold!]

GM: Lynch takes him down... right up behind him!

[And as James pushes up to his knees, Lynch grabs him around the chin, swinging his right forearm down across the cheekbone... and again... and again...]

GM: Crossfaces by Lynch with the off-arm, trying to bust up the son of the Blackheart!

[James pushes up off his knee, grabbing Travis' right arm...

...and VIOLENTLY yanks him up and over, throwing him down with a judo throw!]

GM: Oh! Lynch didn't see that one coming!

[The Portland native snatches the Texan by the hair, pulling him into a seated position before swinging his right arm down, driving the point of his elbow down into the crown of Lynch's skull!]

GM: 12 to 6 elbow by James! Another! Another!

[With James raining down elbows on his head, Lynch lifts his arms, trying to cover up from the repeated strikes to the skull...

...but when James grabs the taped-up wrist, looking to attack it, Lynch spins away, trying to yank his arm out of James' grip!]

BW: He's got the arm! Snap it! Twist it! Break it!

[Lynch struggles to get free as James tries to pull the wrist with both hands. The Texan gets his feet underneath him, bracing himself, and then lunges at James, tackling him down to the mat!]

GM: No technique behind that one! That was a straight ahead tackle!

[With James down on his back, Lynch rocks and fires, throwing his right hand over and over, bouncing it off the skull of James as the son of the Blackheart tries to cover up at the shouted instructions of Brian Lau.]

GM: Lynch opening fire early on in this one!

[James plants his feet on the mat, bucking his hips and causing Lynch to topple forward out of the mount, allowing James to scramble out to his feet. Lynch is down on all fours as James comes rushing at him, looking for a soccer kick to send Lynch into the middle of next week but the Texan pushes out of the way, falling to his rear as he tries to avoid the kick!]

GM: Oh! Lynch just barely avoided that!

[James spins around, swinging his shin towards the head of the seated Lynch who drops backwards to avoid it...

...and reaches up, snagging the off-balance James, dragging him down into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd buzzes with disappointment as James escapes the rollup. Lynch comes up off the mat as James does the same...

...and the Texan throws himself into a tackle again, catching James around the waist as both men go falling through the ropes, crashing down to the floor below as the crowd groans at the impact!]

GM: Oh my! Travis Lynch with a takedown to the floor! And this one started off hot and remains that way in the early minutes of the action!

[Lynch comes up to his feet, grabbing the rising James by the back of the head...

...and SMASHES his head down into the ring apron!]

GM: Facefirst into the apron! Lynch trying to do some damage outside the ring and you can see, even though James hasn't played a big role in this conflict between the Lynches and the Kings, Travis Lynch isn't giving him any quarter because of it!

[Grabbing James by the arm, Lynch spins him around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and fires him into the steel barricade with an Irish whip!]

GM: JAMES INTO THE STEEL!

[Travis Lynch stays on him, walking up to James and hooking a side headlock with his left arm, using his right fist to pound away at the skull of the son of the Blackheart out on the floor...

...but as they walk away from the railing, James grabs the left wrist, spinning out of the headlock...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and YANKS Lynch by the injured arm into a short-arm clothesline out on the floor!]

GM: Good grief! James nearly took Lynch right out of his boots with that one!

[James falls back, leaning against the ring apron for a minute, his chest heaving from the early exertion in the matchup.]

GM: Brian James with an absolutely devastating clothesline and that'll take some of the wind out of Travis Lynch for sure.

[With the referee counting both men, James pulls Lynch off the floor by the hair, dragging him towards the ring where he fires him under the bottom rope.]

GM: James puts him back in, climbing up on the apron...

[Lynch comes off the mat, throwing himself into a forearm smash, bashing his left forearm into the side of James' head! He falls back, wincing as he shakes out his arm. James clings to the ropes as the Texan moves back in.]

GM: Lynch looking to bring him in the hard way!

[The Texan hooks James, looking for a suplex...

...but the son of the Blackheart rifles his right hand into the ribcage once... twice... three times... four times...]

GM: James is trying to fight his way free and-

[Grabbing Lynch's left arm in his tight grip, James drops off the apron, snapping the injured limb over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JAMES GOES AFTER THE ARM!

[James stands on the floor for a moment, watching as Lynch grabs his injured left arm, staggering away from the ropes. The Engine of Destruction slides headfirst under the bottom rope, coming up to his feet...

...and Travis strikes back, landing a low dropkick to the face that sends James falling back into the ropes!]

GM: Lynch trying to stay on the attack!

[Looping his right arm over the top rope, Lynch repeatedly swings his knee up into the torso of the kneeling James, driving it in over and over and over.]

BW: Back him off, ref!

[The official does exactly that, forcing Lynch to back across the ring with his arms raised. James uses the ropes to pull himself up as Lynch pushes past the official, trying to move back in.]

GM: James is reeling against the ropes, Travis on the move again...

[But as Travis approaches, James lashes out with a front kick to the body.]

GM: Oh! And the son of the Blackheart goes downstairs on him!

[Snatching two hands full of hair, James uncorks a kneestrike to the skull with the right knee... then one with the left. He spins Lynch around, flinging him back into the buckles by the hair.]

GM: James puts Travis in the corner and that is NOT where Travis Lynch wants to be, I can promise you that!

[With Lynch's back against the buckles, Brian James squares up, throwing a right hook to the ribcage. A head-snapping left jab follows... again... again... a right cross across the cheekbone snaps Travis' head the other direction...

...but Lynch comes firing back!]

GM: Right hand by Travis! Another!

[The Texan keeps on throwin', driving James out of the corner and back out to the middle of the ring as the Boston crowd roars their support for the flurry of offense...]

GM: Lynch has got him rocked!

[Leaning down, Travis scoops James up in his muscular arms, slamming him down to the mat...]

GM: Scoop and a slam!

[Lynch goes to grab James who rolls back, tucking his knees to his chest before throwing an upkick that sends Travis back down to the mat. Both men attempt to scramble up before the other...]

...and James goes right into a spinning back kick, burying his heel in the midsection of Lynch, doubling up the National Champion.]

GM: Lynch got caught!

[James backs off, taking aim as Lynch straightens up...]

...and absolutely DRILLS him with an elbowstrike on the jaw, sending Lynch staggering backwards towards the ropes.]

GM: Goodness! What a shot!

[Lynch hooks his arms over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as James grabs the ropes, swinging his shin around into the ribcage over and over.]

GM: Kicks to the body in the ropes! The referee's right there, trying to get James to back off!

[The official succeeds after a bit, forcing James to step back as Travis clutches at his ribcage. James moves back in, grabbing Lynch by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip shoots him across!

[A high kick attempt by James whiffs as Travis ducks under it, hitting the ropes, rebounding back into a crossbody that knocks James off his feet!]

GM: Crossbody connects!

[But the powerful James rolls Lynch right off him, scrambling to get up off the mat as Lynch rushes at him, leaping into the air, dragging James down in a sunset flip...]

...but James rolls right through it to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The brutal soccer kick knocks Lynch flat as James stands over him. The fans jeer as James glares down at the stunned Texan. Brian Lau cackles outside the ring, applauding approvingly as James walks around the ring, looking out at the jeering fans.]

GM: Brian James rolled right through that sunset flip attempt and nearly took Lynch's head off with that kick, fans! The National Champion got rocked with that one and...

[James strategically places his left foot down on Lynch's left wrist, pinning it to the mat...]

GM: No, no!

[...and STOMPS the hand!]

GM: OHH!

[Lynch cries out as James stays in the same position... and stomps again!]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Hey, he's using the flat of the boot. What more do you want?

GM: This is a deliberate attempt to do more damage to that injured hand!

BW: Of course it is... and if Lynch didn't want this to happen, he should've withdrawn from the tournament!

[James holds the left wrist down again, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...and then leaps high in the air, dropping his knee down on the wrist!]

GM: Gaaah!

[James stays with his knee on the wrist, grinding it back and forth as Travis Lynch cries out in pain...]

GM: James finally back up to his feet... walking around the ring, stalking Lynch...

BW: He looks like a predator with a wounded prey. Love it!

[Lynch pushes up to all fours, trying to get back to his feet...

...and James casually lashes out, kicking the left wrist out from under Lynch, sending him back down to the mat.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Cruel and nasty... just the way you gotta be to succeed.

GM: That's a horrible life philosophy.

[James reaches down, dragging Lynch back to his feet by the left arm. He twists it over his shoulder, moving back to back with the Texan...

...and YANKS down, driving the elbow into his shoulder with nasty torque!]

GM: Good grief! You could snap an arm just like that!

[James spins back the other way, going into an armtwist...]

GM: Keeping the pressure up on the limb, James trying to wrench a submission out of Travis Lynch. And as hurt as that arm is... he just might get it. I can't imagine

Travis Lynch giving up on most nights - especially with stakes this high... but with that arm and hand hurting so badly, he might not have a choice, Bucky.

BW: At some point, it might come down to keep fighting in this match... or keep fighting in this sport. Don't think for a second that Brian James isn't completely willing to cripple Travis Lynch to advance in this tournament.

[James slowly twists the arm around again, increasing the pressure on the injured limb...

...and Lynch uncorks a right hand to the jaw to cheers!]

GM: Lynch firing back!

[A second right hand finds the mark, causing James to stumble...]

GM: The Texan trying to get out of this hold!

[James increases his grip on the wrist, twisting it around again...

...but Lynch immediately front rolls out of the pressure, popping up to his feet and landing a dropkick on the chin of James!]

GM: Oh! And Lynch lands the dropkick! That gets him loose!

[Lynch crawls away, avoiding putting pressure on the left arm as James sits up, rubbing at his chin. Brian Lau shouts to James from outside the ring as Lynch tries to create distance between he and the son of the Blackheart.]

GM: James getting back to his feet. The dropkick slowed him but it did not stop him!

BW: Just a momentary delay of the inevitable.

[Lynch reaches the corner, using the ropes to haul himself to his feet. James advances on him, a cold glare in his eyes.]

GM: James moving in on the corner...

[Balling up his right hand, Lynch takes a big swing...

...but James blocks it with ease, slapping it away like one might do an annoying gnat before throwing a push kick to the chest, knocking Lynch back into the corner. James lunges forward, swinging his knee up into the chest.]

GM: Oh! And again, James has Travis Lynch trapped in the corner!

[The son of the Blackheart grabs Travis by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner...]

GM: James shoots him across, follows him in!

[James tears across the ring, showing off his incredible agility for a man of his size as he leaps up to the middle rope with one foot while driving his shin into Lynch's head with the other leg!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: TSUNAMI DEATH STRIKE!

[James hops down, grabbing Lynch by the hair, flinging him bodily from the corner down to the mat. He pushes his back against the buckles, beckoning Lynch to get up before raising a closed fist to the sky...

...and then planting it into the canvas, the crowd buzzing with anticipation!]

GM: He's calling for the Black Mass! That three point stance into a lariat!

[Lynch slowly gets to his knees, looking up with glassy eyes at the waiting James who is ready to try to remove his head from his body.]

GM: Travis starting to stir...

[And as the National Champion climbs to his feet, James comes charging out of the corner at top speed...]

GM: BLACK MASS!

[...but a desperate Travis surges to his feet, going into a quick spin...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[...and SMASHES his right hand into the skull of Brian James!]

GM: HE GOT HIM! HE GOT HIM!

[The blow stuns James, causing his eyes to roll back in his head as he stands on rubber legs in the middle of the ring...

...and Lynch grabs him by the back of the head, rushing across the ring, and HURLS him over the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHOOOOA MY!

BW: What the heck was that, Gordo?!

GM: That was Travis Lynch trying to buy himself some time to recover! He hit the Discus Punch but he hit it with the wrong hand! He knew it wasn't going to be enough to put James down for a three count so he got him out of there FAST so he could get a little bit of recovery time.

[Sure enough, Lynch falls against the ropes, cradling his head to his chest as Brian Lau rushes to the side of his fallen charge, kneeling down next to the Engine of Destruction out on the floor.]

GM: Travis Lynch knew he was in trouble there and he knew he needed to do something. Brian James is just physically dominating him in there and with that bum hand and arm, Travis Lynch may need to dig down deep to save himself in this one.

[Lau is talking a mile a minute to James out on the floor as Lynch drops to a knee, grimacing as he massages his bandaged left wrist with his right hand, trying to get some blood flowing through it.]

GM: The referee starting a ten count on Brian James and he hasn't moved yet, Bucky.

BW: I think he's taking a breather too. We're about ten minutes and change into this match but it's been a hard ten minutes. These two have really taken a lot of out of each other.

GM: Lau's trying to get James off his back and the official is telling him to back off!

[Lau does just that, shouting at the official as he does. James sits up a few moments later, a dazed expression on his face as he tries to roll to a hip. Inside the ring, Travis Lynch is now leaning on the turnbuckles, shaking his hand, trying to get blood flowing...]

GM: Brian James to a knee, trying to get back up to his feet...

[Seeing his opponent climbing off the floor, Travis Lynch ducks through the ropes to the apron...]

GM: Travis on the apron... maybe looking to attack from there...

[Brian Lau suddenly rushes into the picture, shouting at the National Champion. Lynch turns slightly, returning verbal fire as the official tries to get Lau out of the way...]

...which gives Brian James just enough time to surge to his feet, climbing up on the apron alongside Lynch!]

GM: Both men on the apron!

[James is on Lynch before he can react, hammering him with forearms to the side of the head. A hard shove from behind sends him falling towards the steel ringpost. James rushes forward, swinging a leg up...]

...but Lynch drops off the apron to avoid the kick! The Texan grabs the off-balance James by the ankle, giving it a yank, sending him down on the back of his head on the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With the crowd roaring their support for him, Lynch pulls James down off the apron, grabbing him by the head...]

GM: Look out!

[...and SLAMS him headfirst into the announce table! Gordon and Bucky scatter at the invasion, leaving the table for Lynch who promptly slams James' head into the wooden table a second time!]

GM: Headfirst to the table again!

[James staggers away from Lynch, reaching out to grab the steel ringpost as he circles around it. Lynch pursues him as James rolls under the ropes...]

GM: Both men rolling back in...

[But as Lynch extends his arm under the ropes, James promptly drops a knee down onto the injured left wrist, pinning it to the mat again as Lynch cries out in pain!]

GM: OH! James lured him in!

[And with the Texan's body outside the ring, James takes advantage of the awkward positioning to dig his fingers into the white tape wrapped around the Texan's arm and wrist, trying to tear the protection away!]

BW: He's ripping the tape off!

GM: Stop this, ref! There's no call for that!

[The official is protesting but Brian James will not be stopped, ripping the white protective tape off the hand, wrist, and forearm, flinging pieces of it aside, leaving large sections of flesh exposed as James finally withdraws, allowing Lynch to pull his arm back outside the ring.]

GM: Travis Lynch just had that protective tape ripped off his hand and... if there was such a thing as being in MORE trouble than he already was, well... he's in it now, Bucky.

BW: He sure is. The tape's gone and Brian James just might be ready to snap that wrist once and for all!

[With Lynch outside the ring, clutching his arm to his chest as he staggers around the squared circle, James ignores the protesting official as he steps outside the ring, dropping down to the floor...]

GM: James is going after him...

[But as Brian James puts his hands on Lynch's shoulder, turning him around, Lynch throws a desperation left hand. He immediately screams in pain, falling forward into the apron!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Big mistake, Gordo!

GM: Travis Lynch knew he was in trouble so he took a shot... he took a chance and swung from the fences with that left hand but... I don't think it was worth it, Bucky. He's in horrible pain now and... what is James doing?!

[Brian James grabs the defiant Lynch by the hair, dragging him over towards the ringpost where he SLAMS the Texan's shoulder into the steel, resting his left shoulder against the post as James loops around, grabbing the wrist...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and YANKS Lynch's arm into the steel ringpost!]

GM: AHHH!

[James shoves the Texan back, creating some space...

...and YANKS him into the ringpost a second time!]

GM: Brian James trying to break that arm, trying to shatter that arm and leave Travis Lynch with no other option but to give it up!

[Turning his back to the post, James grabs Lynch's left forearm under his armpit, isolating it. He grabs the left wrist with one hand, grabbing the fingers with the other and folding them back...]

GM: AHHHHHHH!

BW: Oh man! He's gonna snap those fingers instead! Taking a page out of Supreme Wright's playbook!

[Lynch is screaming in pain as James bends the fingers, Lau cheering his man on.]

GM: James finally lets go of the wrist... now what in the world is he doing?!

[Sliding back to the other side of the post, James pulls Lynch's left arm over his head, wrapping it around the post...]

GM: Oh, wait a second!

[James curls up his right hand into a clenched fist, holding it right in Travis Lynch's view.]

GM: He's calling for the Blackheart Punch!

[With the arm trapped around the ringpost, Travis Lynch's attempts to free himself are going absolutely nowhere...]

GM: Travis is trapped!

[James draws his fist back, taking aim as Lynch jerks and twists, trying to get loose...]

...and then swings his right arm up, snatching James' head in his massive grip!]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!!!

[The crowd ROARS at the attempt at the Lynch family legacy as Travis Lynch digs his fingers into James' temples. A pain-filled James abruptly lets go of Lynch's left arm, reaching up to grab at Lynch's right wrist!]

GM: James is trying to get out! Trying to get loose! Trying to break that Claw and-

[Suddenly, James decides to go for the killshot to break the hold, drawing his right arm back...]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[...and as Lynch dives to the side, James SMASHES his clenched fist into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE BLACKHEART PUNCH!

BW: Not only did he miss it, Gordo... he punched the damn steel post!

GM: First the steel steps at SuperClash... now the ringpost here tonight!

[James recoils in a mix of shock and pain, clutching his hand as Travis Lynch swoops in behind him, shoving him back under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Travis puts him back in! Travis looking to finish this thing!

[The National Champion slides back in, coming to his feet...]

...and holds up his left hand to a big reaction from the crowd! There are cheers at the idea of a proper-handed Discus Punch that could potentially spell victory for the fan favorite. There is concern that using that left hand could cause further damage to it.]

GM: Lynch is calling for it! Lynch has got that Discus Punch at the ready!

[With James down on his knees on the mat, Brian Lau can be heard shouting at him from out on the floor, trying to get his attention. The son of Blackheart pushes up, pain on his face as he struggles to get to his feet. Lau smashes his fists into the mat, screaming.]

GM: Lau's trying to warn him! Brian Lau's trying to warn him that Lynch is right behind him!

[The crowd is roaring louder now, drowning out Brian Lau as Travis Lynch balls up his left hand, grimacing as he does... getting ready to smash it into Brian James' skull and advance to the Semifinals...]

GM: James is getting up! I don't know if he knows Travis is there!

BW: Warn him! Somebody tell him! Here, I'll do it! BRIAN! BRIIIIIIAAAAAAN!

GM: SIT DOWN!

[And as James gets to his feet, clutching his own right hand as Lynch takes aim, going into a spin...]

GM: DISCUS...

[James turns, spotting Lynch spinning towards him, his injured left hand drawn back...]

GM: PUNCH!

[...but as Travis throws the potential match-ending blow with his injured hand, James reaches out, snatching the punch out of the sky. He catches the punch in his hand, twisting it violently and yanks Lynch down to the mat!]

GM: Wait a...

[With Lynch's hand down on the mat - now almost totally absent of the protective tape, James raises his leg...

...and STOMPS the fingers violently, brutally, and with just a hint of familiarity.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch curls up on all fours, clutching his injured hand underneath him as James suddenly hits the ropes, rebounding back, leaping into the air to plant his foot on the back of Lynch's raised head...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CURBSTOMP! GOOD GOD!

[James stands over Lynch, flipping him over with his foot. He drops down, pressing his shin into the sternum of Lynch, staring into the hard camera as the official drops down to count one... two...]

BW: It's over.

[...and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh... oh my stars.

[James holds his gaze into the camera as Brian Lau gives a jubilant shout, sliding under the ropes into the ring, crawling across the mat to lay the badmouth on the motionless Travis Lynch.]

GM: My stars, fans... Brian James just defeated Travis Lynch.

BW: In DOMINANT fashion! He stomped Lynch's pretty little face into the mat and... man oh man, I know what I'm going to be watching the rest of the year! Oh glorious day!

GM: Travis Lynch gave it all he had with that injured arm... hand... whatever it is. And Brian James continuously took advantage of that situation but in the end, the injured hand led directly to the devastating end of the matchup, Bucky.

BW: You know what I'm wondering right now, Gordo?

GM: What's that?

BW: Is Travis Lynch going to be able to defend that title? If his hand was broken before, it might look like Legos in the hands of a four year old right about now.

GM: I... well, that's a question for another night, I suppose, but right now, the question is - can anyone stop Brian James? An impressive victory and... now Riley Hunter has to be sitting in the locker room wondering what in the world it'll take to put James down for a three count? Brian James may have just become the odds-on favorite to win this whole thing, Bucky.

BW: Maybe, maybe not. He did hurt his hand himself on that ringpost at the end of the match so that becomes a factor but... wow. I'm impressed... and you know the best part of this?

GM: I'm afraid to ask.

BW: The Lynches walked into tonight with something like a fifteen percent chance of one of them winning this tournament. And now... THEY'RE BOTH OUT! HAHAHA! I LOVE IT!

GM: Like I said, I was afraid to ask... and fans, as we get some medical attention out here for Travis Lynch, we've got to take another break. When we come back, it'll be time for our final Quarterfinal showdown - the clash between Supreme Wright and Pure X! Believe me, you do not want to miss that!

[James and Lau make their exit up the aisle as Lynch lies on his back on the mat, blinking slowly as the official tends to him, waiting for Dr. Ponavitch to arrive 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 onto a live shot of Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage at the TD Garden.]

SLB: Fans, the Battle of Boston's final night is well underway! We've got just one more Quarterfinal match to go. Who will join Brian James, Riley Hunter, Rex Summers, Supernova, and Juan Vasquez in that elite group of six? Will it be the former World Champion Supreme Wright or will it be the man standing by my side right now, ready to get out there and compete in a match that promises to be a can't miss-

[The aforementioned man standing by Blackwell's side interrupts. That man is dressed in his ring gear and is ready to get down to business. That man is Pure X.]

PX: Of course!

[Blackwell smiles.]

SLB: Pure X, don't mind me saying it, but you seem uncharacteristically, overly excited-

[Pure X interrupts again.]

PX: How could I not? How? It's the names here, Lou. Pure. Supreme. See, what you got coming at you in a couple of minutes is what this sport is meant to be. It's what the AWA Galaxy NEEDS after having to watch the wretchedness of garbage fighting, gang warfare, and flouting the rules of the ring left and right. What you're going to see? What the world is going witness?

Purely. Supremely. UNDENIABLY. The truest example of WRESTLING today.

SLB: And yet many have said that while you are certainly incredibly skilled in the ring, you might not be on the same-

[And again.]

PX: Lou... I don't need you to finish to know what you're getting at. Look, I know. My career early on was hot, had all the right things happen to me, got the accolades before even hitting twenty, and then... Hey, life happens. I went here, went there, did this and did that while Supreme? He found his home here in the AWA. He got his groove and fully exploited it. But for me? Now?

Now I get to follow up a match with a gold medal carrying Olympic wrestler - WRESTLER - with a match against the man many consider the best all around professional wrestlers today. Two days, two true wrestling matches. And even better, Lou? Even better?

This isn't a match with the "Team Supreme" relying Supreme Wright. This isn't a match with the haphazard, distracted, less than normally skilled Supreme Wright. This isn't a match with the man that went to such disgusting lengths as to break the bones of opponents just to hold onto a belt... No, Lou, this Supreme Wright? This current Supreme Wright is the man that can provide that REAL match of skills, the REAL test of abilities in that sacred ring.

So this is it, Lou. No managers, no Teams, no, "Kings", no "armies" - no outsiders at all. No theatrics, no stunts, and no imposters. Just Supreme Wright and his arsenal against Pure X and my honed set of skills. Pure. Supreme. Let the best WRESTLER win!

[And with that, Pure X makes his exit, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: A battle of true mat technicians is on the way, wrestling fans, and you don't want to miss it! Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We cut back to a live shot inside the TD Garden where the crowd is roaring. Sure, they're roaring because they're watching the finest professional wrestling action on the planet. Sure, they're roaring because of the dress Rebecca Ortiz is wearing. But at this moment, they're roaring because there's a shot of some familiar faces on the big screen.]

GM: The Boston Red Sox are back in the house here tonight after missing last night's action due to a game. But they're back to see the conclusion of the Battle of Boston!

BW: How disrespectful to show up late. Supreme Wright oughta show one of these tobacco-chewin' buffoons the business end of a sugar hold for that kind of disrespect.

GM: Bucky, you know very well that they are late to getting here tonight because they had a game this afternoon in Fenway. In fact, they were busy beating the Texas Rangers 12-5.

BW: A likely story.

[Again, we see many of the same players from the other night including Dustin Pedroia, David Ortiz, Hanley Ramirez, and others. Ortiz is the most vocal of the bunch, now holding a replica AWA World Title over his head as the fans cheer.]

BW: Hang on to that strap, big man. It's the only championship you're likely to see any time soon.

GM: Give me a break. Fans, let's go to Rebecca for the introductions!

[Cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The next matchup is the last Quarterfinal 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 to a mixed reaction. 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: Now residing in Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 232 pounds...

PUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRE X!

[Walking down to the ring, X fixes his ring gear along the way - not so much a nervous tic but rather a sign that X wants perfection. He needs perfection, especially now. As he approaches the ring, he stops by the steps and takes a long look in before entering to his corner.]

GM: Pure X looking to make a major impact in the AWA, trying to get himself back in the title picture after making his return a few months ago. He certainly made headlines all over the Internet on Night One when he defeated Olympic gold medalist, Bret Grayson. But if he beats Supreme Wright - arguably the greatest in-ring competitor on the planet - then he just might break the Internet, Bucky.

BW: He'd be trending worldwide on anything that you can trend worldwide on... and then some.

GM: X settling back into the corner, tugging at the ropes... and now let's go backstage and hear what's on Supreme Wright's mind moments before this anticipated showdown!

[We open to a shot backstage where we see "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing by a battered and bruised, but ever confident Supreme Wright. The former AWA World Champion is dressed in a black fighter's robe with white trim and the hood worn down to reveal his always stoney expression.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest now needs no introduction. He advanced last night by defeating former GFC Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris in a brutal encounter...

...Supreme Wright!

SW: Mr. Blackwell.

[Supreme nods in acknowledgement towards Sweet Lou.]

SLB: And how are you feeling, Supreme? You took one heck of a beating last night! The evidence is all over your face!

[We get a good look at Wright's face. There's bruising around his eyes and there's a barely healing cut along his bottom lip. However, he doesn't look hurt. In fact, under that stoic, intense glare, the wounds somehow make him seem even more menacing.]

SW: Superficial injuries, Mr. Blackwell. Scars of war. Mr. Harris may hit like a runaway train, but I proved once again, that there's no fighter more dangerous in this world than a professional wrestler and there's no combat sport greater than professional wrestling. Make no mistake about it, I am READY for tonight.

SLB: You better be, because you have one heck of a road to travel if you want to win this tournament! You must win three matches against some of the most accomplished wrestlers in the world today in order to earn the right to be truly called the best! But it all starts right now with what many are calling a dream match between two of the most skilled wrestlers in the world as you face Pure X!

SW: A "dream match"?

[Supreme silently grins to himself.]

SW: I suppose that's one way to describe it, Mr. Blackwell.

[A confused look forms on Sweet Lou's face.]

SLB: If it's not a dream match, then what would you call it?

SW: Inevitability, Mr. Blackwell.

SLB: "Inevitability?"

[Wright nods.]

SW: Precisely. My entire life has been dedicated to the sole purpose of becoming the greatest wrestler that ever stepped inside a wrestling ring, Mr. Blackwell. Before I even took my first breath in this world, that was the future that was decided for me and I _embraced_ it. I held on tight to that destiny and I have NEVER let it go. And that's exactly what I am today: the greatest in-ring competitor this sport has EVER seen.

SLB: That's a bold claim.

SW: There's nothing bold about it, Mr. Blackwell. It's the damn TRUTH.

[The stern look on Supreme's face tells us that he won't accept any arguments to the contrary.]

SW: But through all the blood that was shed, all the pain that was suffered and all the sacrifices that were made to become what I am today, I always knew in the back of my mind that out of all the challenges I would face to become and remain the very best...this one was inevitable.

SLB: Are you serious? No offense to Pure X, but considering all the men you've faced over the years...why him? Why was this confrontation inevitable?

[Supreme shakes his head.]

SW: Not the man himself, Mr. Blackwell, but what he _represents._

SLB: What DOES he represent?

SW: The better man.

[The way he says it almost sounds as if the idea disgusts him.]

SW: A man whose skill and knowledge and ability inside a wrestling ring may rival or even surpass mine. Can you even begin to imagine such a thing, Mr. Blackwell?

[It's subtle, but there's a hint of anger in his voice.]

SLB: I suppose anything is possible, Supreme. I mean, like the old saying goes..."No matter how good you are, there's always someone better."

[Supreme's response is swift and without hesitation.]

SW: Bull, Mr. Blackwell! I AM the best in the world and when you're truly the best, you don't even entertain the THOUGHT that there may be a man that stands above you! But I'm not deaf or blind. I hear the whispers. I hear the gossip. I read what they write. I know there are people out there that still doubt me. I know there are people that are bold enough to believe that Pure X just may in fact be the better man.

[He turns his head, looking straight at the camera, speaking directly to the audience watching him.]

SW: And to that I say...

...I respectfully disagree.

[His eyes narrow.]

SW: Pure X is a tremendous technical wrestler, one of the best this sport has ever seen and I have no problem saying that. His skill is as great as they say it is. There's no doubt in my mind that he is one of the few men in this world capable of taking me to the very limits of my ability and beyond...and I WELCOME it. It will only make me better. But there's also no doubt in MY mind what the result of our match will be...

[Without taking his eyes off the camera, Supreme bends down and slaps his hand down on the floor three times slowly.]

Tap *Tap* *Tap*

SW: You are a WRESTLER, Pure X. A wrestler of the highest quality and that is the highest compliment I can give anyone.

But in the end, that's all you are.

A wrestler.

[An almost savage grin forms, breaking the stoic look on Supreme's face.]

SW: But let me tell you who *I* am. I am Supreme Wright. The best in the world.

[A beat.]

SW: And I AM wrestling.

[Wright's eyes remain trained on the camera as a silence fills the air just long enough to make things uncomfortable for Sweet Lou before Wright turns and walks away.]

SLB: This tournament claims it will crown the very best professional wrestler on the planet... but that man, Supreme Wright, believes that particular crown already belongs to him. As he walks that aisle, you have to wonder though... can Pure X send Wright toppling from his throne? We're about to find out as we go back down to Rebecca Ortiz!

[Cut back to the ring where Ortiz is waiting.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[The music fades, the lights dropping down as we await the entrance of the two-time former AWA World Champion. The light goes completely dark as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, bringing the crowd to their feet as they fill the TD Garden with a mixed reaction!]

RO: Fighting out of Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he weighs in tonight at 228 pounds... he is a former TWO-TIME AWA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRRRLLLLLLLLLD...

SUPREME WRIIIIIIIGHTTTT!!!

[A lone spotlight hits the top of the aisle, where we see Wright standing, dressed in the hooded black fighter's robe. As always, his eyes are focused solely on HIS ring, his face devoid of any and all expression or emotion. No longer flanked by Team Supreme, Wright walks down the aisle alone, serenaded by the jeers of the crowd, although a very vocal amount of cheers can be heard amongst the jeers.]

GM: And here he comes, fans. Former two-time AWA World Champion. A man that many consider the very best there is inside that ring today. This weekend, he gets the opportunity to prove it. Last night, he toppled one of the best in the world from the world of Mixed Martial Arts in a victory that some are claiming as an upset.

BW: Upset? The only upset is that Wright didn't tap him out in record time, daddy! You can bring the best you want from the worlds of MMA... from boxing... from whatever martial art is trendy... and there's a damn good chance that Supreme Wright is still sending them packing with their tail between their legs and a "L" on their record.

[Wright steps through the ropes and into the ring, lowering the hood to reveal his face. His eyes remain focused on Pure X as he removes his robe to reveal his wrestling attire underneath: crimson wrestling trunks with three white stars on the front.]

GM: The signature wrestling attire of Wright's grandfather, the legendary Roosevelt Wright...

BW: You know, you mention Roosevelt and something comes to mind for me, Gordo. In a lot of ways, this is a match between two guys trying to escape the mammoth shadow that their own families have laid upon them. You heard Wright a few minutes ago talking about being the best in the world was an expectation

placed upon him before he was born. Roosevelt Wright is one of the best to ever lace a pair of boots. He may not be in a Hall of Fame but ask anyone who knows anything about this spot and he's at the top of the list.

[The camera shot cuts to Pure X receiving instructions from the official inside the ring.]

BW: On the other side of the ring, you've got Pure X who spent the first part of his career hiding the fact that he was even related to the legendary Mark Langseth. Now, mentioning Langseth's name may get me in hot water with the office but you can't deny that the man is a former World Champion... he's a former AWA National Champion... he's a Hall of Famer... he's one of the pillars that the legendary EMWC was built on. No matter what accolade you want to toss down, it creates one hell of a legacy to live up to for Pure X... and I think we'd all agree that as good as he is, he's no Mark Langseth... not yet at least.

GM: An interesting analysis by the best color man in the game right there as we get ready for what should be an absolute classic if you love the worlds of mat wrestling and submissions. These two are among the best at that and I expect to see a clinic in there tonight.

[Referee Ricky Longfellow edges back to the middle of the ring, throwing a final glance at both competitors to make sure they're ready for action...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds and the crowd cheers, the two competitors very slowly make their way out of their respective corners towards the middle of the ring. The crowd buzzes as they draw near, neither making a move...

...and Supreme Wright slowly extends a hand.]

GM: Well, I'll be darned.

BW: You will indeed.

GM: Supreme Wright with a... show of sportsmanship?

[Pure X nods his head, reaching out to accept as the crowd cheers.]

GM: And Pure X accepts! These two have been waiting to square off for a long, long time, fans.

[As the handshake breaks off, the two begin circling one another, looking for their first opening. Wright is the first to act, lunging in, snagging one of Pure X's legs.]

GM: Wright with the single leg at the outset, trying to get Pure X off his feet...

[But X grabs Wright by the head, securing a front facelock, tightening up on it for a moment...

...and then spins away, pulling his leg out of Wright's grasp to cheers from the Boston crowd.]

GM: How about that, Bucky? Wright's attempt at a takedown is foiled by Pure X and that's something you don't see very often.

BW: Absolutely not. Supreme Wright is capable of taking most competitors down to the mat at will so for Pure X to escape that takedown in the opening seconds... that's a mental victory for him for sure.

[Wright glares at X from his knee, nodding slightly as he comes back to his feet where the two mat technicians begin circling once again...]

GM: Both men easing into this contest. Neither one willing to make an early mistake that could cost them everything.

BW: When you're dealing with two submission experts like these two, you know that the slightest error might get you caught in a choke... in a kneebar... in an anklelock... whatever it is... and it could end your night - and this tournament - just like that.

[The two competitors square off again, this time locking up in a collar and elbow. The crowd grows quiet, listening to the grunts of exertion from both competitors as they try to push their opposition across the ring. X slides the collar and elbow into an overhand wristlock, pushing back on the arm of Wright.]

GM: Into the wristlock goes Pure X, working the arm...

[X quickly slides his left leg behind Wright's, using it to push Wright backwards over it.]

GM: X looking to take him down... look at the bridge!

[The crowd cheers at Wright's show of strength, executing a neck bridge that keeps his shoulders off the canvas as X hangs on to the wristlock...]

...and X quickly shifts his attack, pulling the arm out straight, spinning around it in what amounts to a spinning toehold on the arm, and kneeling down on the bicep, pushing Wright's arm to the mat.]

GM: Oh, nice execution there, putting Wright's shoulder down.

[Wright lifts the other shoulder off the mat, reaching across towards X who delivers a short forearm to the jaw, putting Wright back down on the mat.]

GM: Oof! Hard shot to the jaw, showing he's more than just a mat wrestler.

[X grabs Wright's left wrist with both hands, putting some pressure on it as Wright grimaces. The referee drops down, slapping the mat as Wright's shoulders are down but he quickly raises his right shoulder again before X drives home another forearm to the jaw, putting him back down.]

GM: X knocks him flat a second time and this is not a position Supreme Wright likes, tied up and pinned to the mat...

[Pure X switches his grip on the arm, hooking in a knucklelock as he pushes Wright's left arm down to the mat. He reaches across the body, grabbing the right hand in a knucklelock and pushing it down as well.]

GM: Double knucklelock by Pure X, trying to pin those shoulders down...

[He succeeds, forcing both shoulders to the mat as the referee drops down to count again. He gets to two before Wright lifts his left shoulder up to break the count, struggling against the kneeling Pure X who has his torso straddled under him.]

GM: Wright gets the shoulder up... but X forces it back down...

[Another two count comes off before Wright raises the right shoulder.]

GM: Supreme Wright continues to power his shoulder off the mat...

[Wright suddenly surges upwards, pushing both shoulders up as he gets his torso off the mat. Pure X, scrambling to keep the leverage, switches to a standing position. Wright keeps on going, using X's backwards momentum against him as he gets up to his feet, pushing X back towards the ropes while still trapped in the knucklelock.]

GM: Wright backing Pure X across the ring...

[But X suddenly drops down to his back, causing Wright's momentum to carry him over X who slips between the legs of Wright, flipping over to cross Wright's wrists and tie him up before he lets go, grabbing both of Wright's ankles, pulling them out in a double leg trip.]

GM: X trips him up and- ANKLELOCK!

[The crowd ROARS as Pure X snatches one of Wright's feet, looking to secure his signature submission hold...

...but Wright makes a desperation lunge into the ropes, forcing the official to step in and call for the break.]

GM: Whew boy, that was a close one for Supreme Wright, Bucky.

BW: No way, Gordo. Wright knew The X was coming, felt The X arrive, and knew he had to get out of there in a hurry... and he did exactly that.

GM: If there's one weapon in the arsenal of Pure X that Supreme Wright simply MUST avoid, I'd say it's The X... do you agree?

BW: Absolutely. It's the one move that could end Wright's night before he even knows what happened.

[X immediately lets go of the hold, backing off, rubbing his hands together as Wright uses the ropes to drag himself out to the floor. He paces back and forth for a moment, eyes locked on Pure X who is waving him back inside the ring.]

GM: Wright taking a moment to regroup... maybe to plan out his next attack as we get close to the five minute mark in this forty-five minute time limit.

[Wright waits until the count reaches six before he approaches the ring again, grabbing the ropes as he pulls himself up on the apron. Pure X is standing in the middle of the ring, waiting for Wright's re-entrance.]

GM: Wright back in... Pure X is waiting for him...

[The former two-time AWA World Champion slides away from the ropes towards the middle, coming together in another collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Back to the lockup for Wright and Pure X here in Boston...

[Wright deftly slips under the lockup, hooking a rear waistlock. He promptly powers Pure X up off the mat, throwing him chestfirst down to the mat. Wright lunges to the mat, securing a side headlock on X before he can respond.]

GM: And now it looks like Wright might be trying to find a way to take some of the wind out of Pure X's sails.

[Wright sits on the mat, cranking his muscular arm as Pure X grabs at the wrist, trying to pry the grip apart. X shifts his lower body, sliding his legs up towards his torso, working his lower body beneath him...

...and then wraps his arms around Wright's torso, rolling him to the side, putting his shoulders down on the mat.]

GM: Shoulders down! One! Two!

[But Wright rolls back the other way, cranking the headlock again.]

GM: Wright slips out of the pin attempt, going right back to the headlock.

BW: And you're right, Gordo. This is Wright trying to wear down Pure X... to make him work a lot... make him exert energy trying to escape the headlock and roll him into those pinning predicaments.

[On cue, Pure X rolls Wright over onto his shoulders again, again getting a two count before Wright forces him back over.]

GM: And right back to the headlock again.

[Wright quickly cranks the headlock once... twice... and with a bit more pressure on the third time, causing X to cry out at the strain on his head and neck as Wright nods his head.]

GM: Wright really cranking up the pressure on that hold.

BW: So many guys will use a hold like this to simply control their opponent while they catch themselves a breather. But Wright is putting enough pressure on it to really work the neck of Pure X.

[X pulls his legs closer to his torso again, pushing himself up onto his knees. He throws a forearm into the ribs... and a second as he and Wright both come up off the mat...

...but Wright executes a lightning quick headlock takeover, rolling X right onto his shoulders as the official dives down to count.]

GM: Ohh! Two count there as Wright tries to catch Pure X off-guard and snatch a victory from him.

[Pure X quickly moves so that his knees are under him again, still trapped in the headlock as he slowly reaches up, grabbing Wright's right arm with his own arm. He slides his left arm up, grabbing Wright's left wrist...]

GM: Look at this here, I think X is looking to slip this hold...

[X starts twisting his neck back and forth, creating some space as he holds the two limbs...

...and then slips out, pulling the arms with him as he gets to his feet, planting one of his feet between the shoulderblades in a standing surfboard that gets some cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Whoa! Nice escape and counter by Pure X!

BW: Pure X is a guy that a lot of people slept on in this tournament because it's been a while since he's enjoyed success here in the United States, Gordo. Remember, he left the AWA shortly after the event that longtime AWA fans called the Westwego Incident involving his uncle, Mark Langseth. He went to Vegas, working in a territory there... a territory where Supreme Wright was actually competing at the time... and Pure X became a champion there. After he left there, he left the States as well... he went in the world of MMA, learning different styles of combat... he competed in pro wrestling territories in Japan... in Europe... in Mexico...

GM: He was a star for Tokyo Power Pro Wrestling - one of the rivals of our friends at Tiger Paw Pro - as well... a champion there. So while he's been off the radar for mainstream fans for quite some time, he's been thriving under the watch of hardcore fans.

[X holds the surfboard a bit longer as Wright refuses to give up...

...and then releases it, throwing a hard punt kick to the small of the back!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kick to the spine!

[As Wright recoils from the strike, X jams his knee in between the shoulderblades, cupping his hands under Wright's chin and yanking back in a chinlock.]

GM: And right back to a different submission hold.

BW: Between these two competitors, I'd bet they know every submission hold on the planet and have invented a few of their own.

[With Wright refusing to submit, X stands up, jamming the knee in again... and again... and again. He reaches down, swinging Wright down into a prone position before dropping to his knees, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat and leaning into a lateral press.]

GM: X with the cover - one! Two!

[But Wright again escapes the pin attempt...

...something Pure X was apparently anticipating as he scissors his legs around Wright's raised arm, reaching back to secure the limb as he attempts to rock back into a cross armbreaker!]

GM: Pure X looking for the armbar! Can he get it?!

[Wright quickly grabs his own wrist, preventing X from pulling the arm back into the hold and hyperextending the elbow.]

GM: He's going for it but Wright's got it blocked right now!

[X leans back, jerking hard at Wright's arm, trying to pull it free from his own grasp.]

GM: Pure X is trying to get that hold locked in in the worst possible way! This is the type of hold that can end a match in a hurry!

BW: Just ask Callum Mahoney.

[Leaning back, X finds himself unable to break Wright's grasp at the moment...

...so he raises his left leg, swinging his calf down onto Wright's face once... twice... three times...]

GM: Pure X trying to kick his way into the hold and-

[The crowd cheers as X yanks back again, pulling Wright's arm free from the counter and right into the cross armbreaker!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

[Wright doesn't hesitate, instantly rolling to his hip, trying frantically to get his legs under him to reduce the pressure on the elbow as Pure X tries to quickly wrench a submission out of his opponent.]

GM: Wright's trying to find a way out as X rocks back, yanking on that trapped arm. Can he force the two-time former AWA World Champion to tap out?!

BW: If he does, it'll be the biggest upset of the tournament so far!

GM: Wright's got his feet underneath him, still hooked in that armbar though...

BW: A lot of guys like to try to powerbomb their way out from right here but it looks like Wright has another idea.

[Wright does indeed have another idea as he manages to part X's legs, pulling one of them across his neck...

...and YANKS down on the ankle, essentially applying a torture rack on the leg!]

BW: STRETCH MUFFLER!

[The crowd cheers the transition from one submission hold to the neck as Wright pulls down on the leg, getting his arm free to secure the leg. X arches his back, crying out in pain as Wright tries to force a submission out of him.]

GM: Look at the pressure on the leg! The ankle being bent! The neck providing the fulcrum for all that torque on the leg!

[X refuses to submit as Wright cranks down on the leg again...

...and then the Los Angeles native swings his free leg up, catching Wright FLUSH on the face with a kneestrike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright immediately releases the leglock, covering his face with both hands as he stumbles backwards across the ring, spinning to catch himself on the ropes as Pure X works his way up off the mat, shaking out his leg...]

GM: He caught him off-guard with that kneestrike!

BW: He did and Wright was already still pretty busted up from that war with Rufus Harris last night. I can't tell from this vantage point, Gordo, but Pure X may have busted him open again.

GM: I believe you're right, Bucky, and as Pure X moves in on Wright up against the ropes, we may be about to find out.

[X grabs Wright from behind, turning him around to push his back against the ropes and revealing a trickle of blood coming from his bottom lip. X winds up, throwing an overhead chop across the chest.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Big chop by Pure X... and yes, we can see blood now coming from the mouth of Supreme Wright, no doubt a leftover injury at the hands of the Rottweiler last night.

[With Wright reeling against the ropes, Pure X uncorks a pair of elbowstrikes to the jaw followed up with a stiff back elbow up under the chin, causing Wright to hook an arm over the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: Elbow after elbow there by Pure X... and Wright looks stunned right now. That kneestrike might've rung his bell, Bucky.

[X pulls Wright off the ropes, sliding in next to him, lifting him up and dropping him down with a backdrop suplex.]

GM: Pure X with the suplex, putting Wright down on the mat...

[X rolls into another pin attempt, earning another two count before the former Combat Corner student escapes.]

GM: Another two count...

[Coming off the mat, X drops a knee down into the ribs once... twice...]

BW: Pure X going after the ribs now. It looks like he's going to mix his attack up all throughout this match, trying to find an area giving Wright some trouble. We've seen him attack the neck, the back, the legs... now the ribs.

[X plucks Wright off the mat, pulling him into a front facelock...

...and SNAPS him over with a suplex, floating into another pin attempt.]

GM: Another two count there for Pure X off the suplex, continuing to try and break down Supreme Wright.

[The LA-based technician climbs back up off the mat. He takes a walk around the ring for a moment, sizing up his next attack as Wright stirs off the canvas, pushing up to his feet as X moves in on him.]

GM: Forearm shot to the jaw... and another!

[X swings Wright around, lunging in, looking for a full nelson...]

GM: He's going for Pure Impact!

[The crowd buzzes in anticipation of a potentially match-ending dragon suplex but Wright has it well-scouted and is ready for it, slipping the full nelson on his way down to the mat where he uses a drop toehold to take the off-balance Pure X facefirst to the mat. Wright rolls across the downed X, coming right up to his feet as X pushes up to his knees...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY STARS!

[A rolling sole butt buried in the mush of Pure X snaps his head back!]

GM: Good grief! Pure X might need to check his dental work after that!

[Snatching X off the mat, Wright flings him into the nearest corner, charging in after him with a running European uppercut!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With X reeling, Wright backs off as X staggers out of the corner. Wright grabs the left arm, twisting it into an armwringer, holding the wrist as he lashes out with kicks to the bicep...]

GM: Kick after kick to the arm by Wright, trying to wear down that limb!

[After a half dozen kicks to the arm, Wright straightens up, using another armwringer to apply more pressure to the limb before he turns his back to X...

...and YANKS it down over his shoulder, driving the elbow into his shoulder and violently jerking the arm against the grain!]

GM: Goodness!

[Wright spins out of the armbreaker, spotting a doubled-up Pure X in pain...

...and uncorks a series of repeated short kicks to the face while still holding the arm, causing the crowd to get louder and louder at the barrage of quick and impactful strikes...]

GM: Supreme Wright is a blur of offense!

[And with X stunned, Wright twists the arm around in an armwringer extremely fast, pulling down on the limb and sending Pure X facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! A barrage of attacks on the arm by Wright, moving quickly from one to the next and... look out here!

[Ripping Pure X off the canvas, Wright hooks the arm, head, and neck, expertly procuring the crossface chicken wing!]

BW: CHICKEN WING!

[Pure X instantly starts struggling, trying to escape yet another of Wright's precisely applied holds...

...and drives himself backwards, slamming Wright's torso into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Hard back into the corner! Searching for a way out!

[Leaning against the corner, X continues to try and wriggle out of the punishing hold that is tearing away at his shoulder. He manages to reach out with his free arm, grabbing the rope - not to force a break but simply to turn Wright around so that X can leap up, kicking off the ropes to drive both men back down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh! Pure X with the counter to escape, rolling right out of the hold!

[He comes back to his feet as Wright tries to get there. X is a step ahead, again pulling Wright into a full nelson attempt but Wright spins out, delivering a devastating elbowstrike followed immediately by a European uppercut!]

GM: OHHH!

[With Pure X dazed, Wright turns to run the ropes...

...but X simply leans over, tripping Wright from behind...]

GM: Trip up by Pure X... ANKLELOCK! THE X IS LOCKED-

[But again, Wright instantly looks for a counter, rolling to his back, pulling his legs towards his chest, and kicking Pure X across the ring, sending him crashing backwards into the buckles!]

GM: And that time, it's Wright with a counter!

BW: It's a human game of chess in there, Gordo! But who is going to be able to call checkmate?!

[Wright scrambles up off the mat as Pure X charges out of the corner, throwing himself into the air, landing a dropkick RIGHT on the kneecap that causes Wright to front flip through the air, crashing down to the mat!]

GM: OH! Dropkick right on the patella... and look at Pure X!

[Suddenly seeing an opening, X scrambles back up, going right after the downed Wright's knee that he just struck...]

GM: X grabs the leg, repeatedly yanking it hard, trying to stretch out those muscles, tendons, and ligaments!

[With Wright on his back, Pure X twists the leg into a spinning toehold, dropping down to bury his knee into the trapped leg. Wright sits up with a jolt, his face covered in pain...

...but a stiff forearm to the jaw from X knocks Wright down onto his back!]

GM: Oof! X trying to keep Wright grounded, keep him from getting into a position where he can find a way out of this hold.

BW: And if you're a fan of submission wrestling, you've gotta be loving this as these two trade holds and counters. You notice how quickly they attempt a counter, trying to get out before their opponent can sink the hold in. Both of these men know how good their opponent is... they both know that if a submission gets sunk in deep, their night and tournament might be over.

[X stands up, applying the spinning toehold and dropping down on the knee a second time. For a second time as well, Wright sits up only to be dropped with a forearm on the jaw.]

GM: Again, X knocks him flat... cranking on that leg...

[Pausing a moment, Pure X shakes out his arm, a look of pain on his face.]

BW: Just for a second there, Gordo... you saw the effects of Wright working on that arm. Pure X is trying to choke down the pain shooting through that arm but for a second, we saw it shine through.

[Down on the mat, Wright flattens out, stretching out his arms to see if he's within reach of the ropes.]

GM: And it's rare to see Wright looking for the easy way out but that shows just how painful this hold is by Pure X... Wright trying to get to the ropes but no luck just yet.

[X rises to his feet, twisting the leg into a spinning toehold again...

...but Wright flails upwards with his free leg, catching the crouching Pure X in the cheek, sending him stumbling back.]

GM: Wright kicks himself free, quickly trying to get to his fe-

[But as the former World Champion DOES get to his feet, Pure X throws himself forward, driving his shoulder into the back of Wright's injured knee!]

GM: Ohh! He clipped him! X clips Wright back down to the canvas!

[Still showing aggression, X grabs the ankle of the hurting Wright, lifting the leg high into the air - high enough to lift Wright's torso off the mat as well - and DRIVES it down into the mat!]

GM: The kneecap driven down into the canvas by Pure X, continuing to target the leg!

[He lifts the leg a second time as Wright flails at the canvas, trying to hang on...

...but fails as his leg is smashed into the mat yet again!]

GM: Supreme Wright's leg is repeatedly being smashed into the mat!

[Reaching down, Pure X hauls Wright up by the back of the tights, yanking him into a side waistlock as he folds up Wright's leg under him, lifting him into the air.]

GM: Shinbreaker!

[And X uses Wright's own momentum to bounce him right back up, dropping him with a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! That might do it!

[X flips over, applying a lateral press as he reaches back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the shoulder flies up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt. The Los Angeles technician quickly gets back to his feet, snatching Wright's leg under his arm before Wright can slide away from him, flipping him over onto his stomach in a single leg Boston Crab!]

GM: Oh my! And X goes right into another submission hold!

BW: This one is one of his favorites, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is and it's expertly applied as he cranks back on that ankle, putting tremendous pressure on the ankle and knee...

BW: The back and neck to some degree as well.

GM: Absolutely.

[Wright claws at the canvas, grabbing at his head and shouting "NO!" at the referee asking him if he submits. X grits his teeth, pulling back harder as he tries to force a submission out of one of the best submission wrestlers on the planet.]

GM: The half Crab is in deep, Wright trying to hang on!

BW: Can you imagine, Gordo? Can you imagine the utter heartbreak that would go through Supreme Wright if he had to give up and submit away his chance at winning this tournament?

GM: And have his recent undefeated streak broken in the process! Wright's desperately trying to hang on as Pure X tries to wrench a submission out of him!

[Wright stretches out his arm, trying to reach the ropes as X leans back, cranking on the hurting limb.]

GM: Supreme Wright trying to get to the ropes! This may be his only way out of this absolutely punishing hold!

[The former World Champion uses his arms, dragging himself inch by inch across the ring, getting closer to the safety of the ropes...]

GM: Wright's getting closer! Just a few feet away now!

[X throws a glance over his shoulder, spotting how close Wright is to the ropes...

...and spins around, keeping his grip on the leg before switching it.]

GM: THE X! THE ANKLELOCK IS LOCKED IN!

[But again, Wright has the move well-scouted and knows the perfect escape. He pushes up off the mat with both arms at full extension, tucking his head before dropping back down in a front roll that flings X past him...

...right through the nearby ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHH! What a counter!

[And with Pure X out on the floor, Supreme Wright rolls to his back, reaching up with pain on his face to grab the injured knee.]

GM: And that also manages to give Supreme Wright a much-needed break, fans.

BW: It gives him some time to recover, to get the blood pumping, to get a breath. Pure X has been coming pretty hard at him in there because while Wright is thinking about the Semifinals and the Finals of this tournament, Pure X is thinking about this match right here - a match he's been waiting the majority of his career for.

[Wright lies there for several moments, trying to massage flowing blood back into the limb as Pure X recovers outside on the floor. The referee draws near the ropes, starting a ten count on Pure X as Wright rolls to all fours, shaking out the leg again.]

GM: Supreme Wright starting to stir inside the ring, getting back to his feet as Pure X is still down out on the floor.

[Wright hobbles towards the ropes, taking a look over them at the downed Pure X. The Louisiana native steps out on the apron, looking to pursue X...

...who hops up off the floor, grabbing Wright by the ankle and giving it a yank!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd groans as Wright comes off the apron, the back of his neck JAMMING into the hardest part of the ring before he slumps down to the floor.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That might be enough right there, Gordo. X should roll him back in and see if he can wrap this thing up right now.

[Pure X seems likely to do exactly that but first, he grabs the ropes and delivers a series of stomps to the chest of Wright - strikes that draw him a loud negative reaction from many in the crowd.]

GM: And the Boston fans aren't too fond of Pure X going after Wright out on the floor.

BW: I think they're upset that X suckered Wright in. He was playing possum out on the floor and went for the killshot.

[Pulling Wright off the ringside mats, Pure X rolls him back inside the ring. He crawls through the ropes in pursuit, moving into a lateral press.]

GM: This might be it! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Wright's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt. A flash of frustration crosses Pure X's face as he climbs to his feet, hands on his hips as he stares down at Wright as many of the fans cheer Wright's resiliency.]

GM: Wright again is able to escape! Pure X can't believe it! We are closing in on the twenty minute mark of this contest... and remember, whoever wins this, still has Juan Vasquez waiting for them in the Semifinals and who knows what awaits if they get to the Finals!

BW: As much as you'd like to think about that, Gordo, right now you can't. Right now, you can only think about doing whatever is necessary to get a three count... a submission... a countout... whatever it takes in this match to keep your night going.

[Leaning down, X goes to pull Wright off the canvas, leading with his sore arm...

...and Wright springs into action, grabbing the wrist, pulling the arm under his armpit to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: FUJIWARA! WRIGHT LOOKING FOR THE FUJIWARA ARMBAR!

[On his feet, Wright applies pressure, trying to use the armbar to take a struggling Pure X down to the canvas...

...but X is fighting it, repeatedly slamming his forearm into the back of Wright's head and neck!]

GM: X is trying to avoid it! He wants no part of that armbar!

[Pure X continues to hammer away at the back of the neck before suddenly twisting his body, slipping his arms up under Wright's in a full nelson attempt!]

GM: PURE IMPACT!

[But Wright again has things well-scouted, knowing what's coming as he throws his weight backwards, causing X to stumble back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: No! Wright with a counter!

[Spinning around, Wright uncorks a European uppercut that snaps Pure X's head back!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot by Wright!

[He grabs X by the back of the head, snapping off one... two... three more uppercuts that leave the Los Angeles technician reeling.]

GM: Wright showing off his striking advantage, laying in some big shots on X in the corner!

[With X reeling, Wright leans over, lifting his opponent off the canvas and up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Wright's got him up! Walking out of the corner... trying to keep as much weight as possible off the injured knee...

[Stepping out to the middle of the ring, Wright sets his feet...

...and tosses X up and over his head while leaping up, raising both legs so that when X lands, he lands stomach-first on both knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FAT TUESDAY!! HE GOT IT!!

[Wright stays on his back for a moment, cradling the hurting knee he used in the assault. With a grimace, he crawls over, throwing an arm across the chest of Pure X.]

GM: COVER!

[The official dives down to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW! HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?! Pure X just BARELY got that shoulder off the mat in time!

[A weary Wright rolls off X, staying on his back, his chest heaving as Pure X stays nearby on his side...]

GM: Both men are down! Both men are giving it their all here in the last Quarterfinal in the Battle of Boston tournament! We have crossed the twenty minute mark in this forty-five minute time limit!

[The referee starts a double count as the crowd buzzes uneasily.]

GM: Remember, fans... this is a winner advances situation. If both men get counted out, it would create a bye for Juan Vasquez straight to the Finals of this tournament!

BW: And you just know Vasquez would love that.

GM: Absolutely. He can't be looking forward to facing either one of these men after the battle we've seen in this one. The referee's count up to three... check that, four now.

[As the official continues to count, the TD Garden crowd rallies to their feet in support of their preferred competitor, cheering them on, urging them to rise and continue fighting.]

GM: The count is at six and... look at Supreme Wright, sitting up on the canvas. A dazed expression on the face of the former World Champion. We've seen him compete in longer matches before but after the unusual encounter with Rufus Harris last night - that short but absolutely brutal affair - you have to wonder how much Wright has left in the tank.

[Sliding a leg under him, Pure X pushes up off the mat at the count of seven, staggering forward and falling into the ropes as the referee signals that one man is up. The official waves for the match to continue as X tries to steady himself.]

GM: The match will go on here in Boston much to the thrill of these fans who've been so great to us over the past week - especially these last two days here in the TD Garden. Sold out crowds every night and so into every moment of the action.

[X pushes off the ropes, stumbling towards the seated Wright who is trying to get his legs under him.]

GM: Pure X pulls Wright up... right into a front facelock...

[X pivots, driving the point of his elbow down into the back of Wright's neck once... twice... three times before pulling him back into the front facelock, reaching down to hook a handful of trunks...]

GM: Pure X is... what's he going for here?

BW: Gordo, I think he's going for a brainbuster!

GM: What?!

[The crowd begins to buzz as X hauls Wright out to the middle of the ring, the latter hopping on one foot to keep the weight off his sore limb. X stands tall, nodding his head at the crowd...]

GM: I think you're right, Bucky! I think Pure X is going to try to end this thing with a brainbuster - right out of the pages of Ryan Martinez' playbook!

BW: Well, we know that a brainbuster can finish off Wright so maybe...

[The Los Angeles technician hoists Supreme Wright up into the air, looking to drop him on top of his skull and advance to the Semifinals to face Juan Vasquez...]

...but if anyone knows how to escape a brainbuster, it's Supreme Wright who lashes out with his bad knee, driving it between the eyes of Pure X from an elevated position!]

GM: OH!

[The kneestrike causes X to set Wright back down on the canvas where he immediately sinks to one knee, grimacing as Pure X steps back, shaking his own head to clear the cobwebs.]

GM: Pure X got his bell rung with that knee to the head!

[X pushes off, moving back in on the kneeling Wright who surges to his feet, wrapping his arms around Pure X's torso, driving him back into the buckles!]

GM: Back into the corner..

[Wright straightens up, grabbing Pure X by the side of the head as he uncorks a barrage of absolutely brutal elbowstrikes to the other side of the skull, the crowd groaning at the blows being delivered!]

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

"OHHHHH!"

[The referee steps in, demanding a break. Wright backs off, hands raised as X staggers from the corner towards him.]

GM: Pure X might be on Dream Street after that!

[Wright clasps his arms around the dazed X, spinning around to put his back to the buckles...

...and LAUNCHES Pure X up and over, flinging him into the turnbuckles with an overhead belly-to-belly throw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! Wright shaking the body of Pure X from head to toe with that one! And now he's gotta find a way to finish him, Bucky!

BW: You're right, Gordo. This one's gone on too long for both of these men if they want to win this tournament! Someone's gotta end it and end it fast!

GM: Wright's struggling to get back up, trying to put weight on that leg!

[Clenching his jaw, Wright manages to get there, hopping a few times as he moves towards the corner where Pure X is still down on the mat. He grabs his opponent by the arm, pulling him up to his feet where he does a quick armwringer...

...and then slips in alongside, muscling X up into a torture rack as the crowd roars!]

GM: He's going for Reign Supreme! This is how he won his first World Title!

[Wright steps from the corner, moving very slowly out towards the middle of the ring, struggling to avoid putting a serious amount of weight on the sore leg.]

GM: Step by step, Supreme Wright might be getting a step closer to advancing to the Semifinals to face an old friend in Juan Vasquez! He's in the center of the ring, breathing heavily, trying to find the strength to deliver this potentially match-ending maneuver!

[Wright is standing in the middle, trying to stabilize his legs underneath him...

...which is when Pure X strikes, swinging his elbow down into the back of Wright's head over and over, trying to fight free. Wright stumbles forward which allows X to roll out of it, falling to the mat where he quickly scrambles up.]

GM: X is up, swoops in behind!

[He snatches Wright by the back of the trunks, yanking him back into a full nelson!]

GM: PURE IMPACT!

[This time, there is no avoiding the move as Pure X hoists Wright up into the air...

...where Wright blindly reaches back with his legs, scissoring the waist of Pure X, blocking the completion of the dragon suplex.]

GM: BLOCKED!

[X is unable to keep Wright's momentum going up, letting go as Wright rolls forward, taking Pure X off his feet down onto his stomach as Wright ends up kneeling behind him...

...with Pure X's ankle trapped in his grasp!]

GM: ANKLELOCK!

BW: Supreme Wright locks on The X! He puts Pure X's own hold on him, daddy!

GM: Wright's got the anklelock - can Pure X hang on?

[But as the master of that hold, Pure X doesn't need to "hang on" as he front rolls through the hold, reversing it again...

...and ending up on his feet with Wright's ankle in his grasp!]

GM: REVERSED! PURE X HAS THE HOLD LOCKED IN NOW!

[The crowd is roaring for the exchange of anklelocks as X stands up, holding the ankle in a dramatic twist as Wright claws at the canvas, looking for another escape or counter or reversal!]

GM: Supreme Wright trying to hang on! That leg has been attacked by Pure X for the majority of the match and now he's going after it one more time in an effort to move on to the Semifinals! X has the ankle locked! He's got the hold in deep! Wright digging his hands into the canvas, searching for an escape, desperate for anything to get him out...

[Wright's clawing and dragging ends up with him getting very close to the ropes as Pure X hangs on to the hold...]

GM: Wright's close to the ropes! He's almost there! Just another couple of feet and he'll be out of this and-

[...and with a shake of his head, X drags Supreme Wright away from the ropes back out to the middle of the ring!]

GM: No! Pure X won't let it happen! Not this time! He drags Wright back out to the middle of the ring, keeping that anklelock applied! Wright pounding his fist into

the mat in frustration! He was so close right here! So close to an escape! So close to a way out!

[Wright's torso is off the mat, his arms at full extension as he hunts for an escape...

...and as X cranks up the pressure, Wright's usually stoic visage shatters in a loud anguished scream of pain!]

GM: Wright screaming in pain! He might not be able to hang on much longer! That anklelock is locked in deep and I don't know if he can get out of it, Bucky!

BW: He hasn't yet! Pure X is showing what he's made of right here in Boston!

[Wright flops over on his stomach, screaming a second time as he raises his right arm...]

GM: He's gonna tap! He's gonna tap!

[...but clenches his hand into a fist, pulling it towards his face where he actually bites his own hand to try and suck down the pain!]

GM: No! He couldn't do it!

BW: He might have to, Gordo! How much longer can he survive this?! Think about your career, kid!

[Wright is shaking his head defiantly, refusing to submit when asked by the official. He plants his hands on the mat again, pushing up to full extension, reaching out towards the ropes...

...and then suddenly acts once more, tucking his head, rolling through to throw Pure X off-balance. Wright hooks X's leg on the way through, taking him off his feet as the former two-time World Champion grapevines the leg on the way down, lunging forward as X hits the mat to wrap his arms around X's head and neck in a sleeperhold!]

GM: SLEEPER! This is...

BW: IT'S THE ARISTOCLUTCH! HALF SLEEPER, HALF STF, ALL PAIN! The legendary Lord Byron ripped up knees all over Portland with this very hold!

GM: Pure X is fighting it, trying to hang on!

[X lifts his arm, trying to use it fight his way out of the sleeper...

...which is when Wright strikes again, grabbing the arm and transitioning seamlessly from the Aristoclutch to the one hold that has never been broken inside an AWA ring!]

GM: COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE!

[With Pure X's good arm trapped across his own throat, Wright is able to keep the bad arm from intervening as he leans back, screaming as he pulls back with all of his strength...]

GM: No one's ever gotten out of this! No one has ever escaped!

[X claws at the air... at the mat... searching for a way out as the air is snatched from his body. He cries out, refusing to give up at the referee's question as Wright pulls back, putting extreme pressure on the neck and spine of Pure X...]

GM: Pure X is trying to hang on long enough to find a way out but he's running out of time!

[Wright can be heard with a pain-filled "TAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!" aimed at his opponent who raises his bad arm...

...and obliges, slapping the canvas three times as the Boston crowd absolutely ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: HE TAPPED! HE TAPPED!

[And an exhausted Wright lets go, allowing Pure X to slump down on his chest as Wright flops back onto his back, laying next to his vanquished foe.]

GM: My stars, what a battle, Bucky!

BW: It sure was.

GM: These two gave it all they had... and maybe even more... trading holds, counter after counter until Wright locked on the one hold that NO ONE has a counter for.

[The ring announcer makes it official as the referee helps Wright to a seated position to raise his hand.]

RO: Your winner... moving on to the Semifinals...

SUUUUUUUUUPREEEEEEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Another huge ovation goes up from the Boston crowd... fans actually pleased to see Supreme Wright win? Perish the thought.]

GM: And... Bucky, if you had told me eight months ago in Houston, Texas, that a man who threatened and tormented the Lynch family would be here in Boston tonight getting CHEERED by AWA fans, I would've thought you were crazy.

BW: I think we're all a little bit crazy, Gordo.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Somehow... somehow... Supreme Wright has started to get these fans behind him once more and...

[The official helps Wright up to his feet, raising his hand again.]

GM: ...and quite frankly, it's a heck of a thing to witness.

[Wright looks down at the barely-moving Pure X who has managed to roll over into a seated position, looking disappointed down at the canvas as Wright stands over him...]

GM: What's going to happen here?

[...and then slowly extends his hand down towards his defeated opponent to even more cheers.]

GM: And look at this... will wonders never cease? A post-match show of respect to his opponent? What has gotten into Supreme Wright?

[Wright keeps his hand extended, looking down at Pure X who looks a little bit startled by the gesture. X stares up at Wright for a few moments, trying to sense what the trick might be...

...and with a nod, he accepts the handshake to even louder cheers!]

GM: Wow! I never thought that this is how this one would end, fans. What a moment for both competitors after one heck of a matchup and... we're not even close to done yet! We've still got three Semifinal matches - they're in place now. It'll be Brian James vs Riley Hunter! Supernova vs Rex Summers! And we now know, Supreme Wright vs Juan Vasquez! That round will begin in a little while but before it does, we're going to come right back with tag team action featuring the newest duo to hit the AWA tag team division - the American Idols! Don't go away, fans, because we'll be right back!

[Wright eases towards the ropes, looking out with some surprise at the largely cheering crowd 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 we fade back up on the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, the smell of glory is in the air here in Boston tonight as we now are down to six competitors who are two wins away from winning this epic tournament!

[Big cheer!]

SLB: But this tournament is not all of the news that's breaking in the AWA. No, no, no. In fact, all weekend long, I've been talking about the latest major free agent signing by the AWA. The negotiations have been ongoing for weeks... really picking up the last several days here in the Northeast... and I'm here to tell you that the signing is official!

This signing is... well, to call it one of the biggest free agent signings in the history of our sport would not be an overstatement! This is a competitor who we haven't seen inside a pro wrestling ring for many a year but with his legendary career, there is no doubt that he will be making an immediate impact!

[The crowd is buzzing as Blackwell continues to tease him.]

SLB: And tonight, I'm here to tell you that that major free agent signing will be-

[Blackwell is cut off by the arena lights cutting to black.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Who could it be? Deathbringer? Serge Annis? Requiem? Darky Devil?

[But when the video wall lights up, it is none of those men.

Unfortunately.]



BW: Oh holy hell.

GM: What... in... the...?

[A lone silver spotlight hits the entranceway as the TD Garden crowd looks on in disbelief.]

GM: This can't be... the hottest free agent signing in-

[A voice rings out. Yes, THAT voice.]

D: No, no, no - Sweet Lou Blackwell! The man in question is not just a "major free agent signing."

No, no, no, Blackwell... the man in question isn't even just the "biggest free agent signing in AWA history."

The man in question, Blackwell...

He's an ICON!

He's a SUPERSTAR!

HE'S THE... MAIN... EVENT!

[And from behind the curtain steps one of the most controversial figures in professional wrestling history with a huge grin on his face.]

GM: Are you trying to tell me that "Playboy" Ronnie D is the man that Sweet Lou Blackwell described as the biggest free agent signing in AWA history? This doesn't seem right at all.

[D quickly makes his way down the aisle in a deep crimson red suit with a flashy bleached white dress shirt underneath. Pink-tinted heart-shaped sunglasses round out the ensemble as he climbs the steps, ducking through the ropes and going into a spin to the jeers of the Boston crowd. He seems totally oblivious to their reaction though as he settles in next to Blackwell, draping an arm over the agitated Blackwell's shoulders.]

SLB: Ronnie D, I have to ask the question...

D: No, no... I'll ask them for you.

[D clears his throat, arching an eyebrow.]

D: "Playboy" Ronnie D, as the hero to millions, the icon of the industry, and the man being so utterly disrespected by the Hall of Fame Committee it is the equivalent of wholesale robbery... how much money did it take to get you to the AWA?

[Ronnie throws back his head in a mocking laugh.]

D: Now, Lou... my mama never let us discuss money in my family.

SLB: That wasn't my question.

D: Oh, sure... sure. You want to know how in the world someone with the talent... the charisma... the sex appeal... the-

SLB: I want to know why you're out here!

[D stops short, looking at Blackwell.]

D: Excuse me?

[Blackwell slips out from under D's arm.]

SLB: You heard me, sir. You know as well as I do that when I was talking about the greatest free agent signing in AWA history, I was NOT speaking about YOU!

[Big cheer from the AWA faithful! D looks irritated, tugging at his collar a bit. He pulls off his sunglasses, tucking them in a shirt pocket as he stares at Blackwell.]

D: Of course I know that, Blackwell. You're NOT talking about ME.

No, no... you're talking about someone... BETTER!

[D grins, snatching the mic right out of Blackwell's hand.]

D: You people have been standing up a lot tonight... a lot of great action going on here... so let me give you a break. Have a seat, take a load off, and let Uncle Ronnie tell you a story.

[There is grumbling from the crowd towards "Uncle Ronnie" as he starts up.]

D: Let's go back twenty years or so... let's go back to my glory days.

Now, it's a story that everyone knows. Boy discovers pro wrestling. Boy falls in love with pro wrestling. Boy becomes pro wrestler. Everyone hates boy... or loves boy. Boy becomes megastar. Boy makes millions. Boy becomes ICON. Boy gets blackballed from business by people jealous of boy.

[D smirks.]

D: Sound about right?

The life of a pro wrestler ain't easy, people. No matter what you might think. Yes, I was on top of the world. Yes, I was rich and famous. Yes, I had the money... the cars... the clothes... the women...

[A sleazy grin crosses D's face.]

D: Oh yeah, I had the women. A different girl in every town, throwing herself at the Playboy, wanting to see where she measured up with the rest.

Times were good for the Playboy.

[D's grin vanishes, turning into an embittered sneer.]

D: Somewhere around Showtime V... one of the biggest nights of my career... I met a young lady from Toronto. We got along great, sharing stories of home, talking about our pasts... our futures... our hopes and dreams.

And before the night was over, I gave her the thrill of a lifetime just like I did to every single fan in that building right here in Boston for Showtime!

[Mixed reaction for that. Yay Boston!]

D: But she was different. She was special. And it wasn't just one night with her. It was... several nights! Maybe even several weeks! But eventually, we parted like two ships in the night and I went on my way to become the legend you all recognize today.

[D pauses.]

D: Let's skip ahead many years later. Back home in Toronto, I was at a comic book convention, signing autographs for all those who still wanted a brush of greatness with the ICON. I signed one, hugged a fat toad, took a selfie, and moved on to the next.

And when I looked into the eyes of the next...

[D points to his own eyes.]

D: I saw my own eyes looking right back at me!

A good looking young man... how could he not be?

An athletic young man... how could he not be?

A charismatic young man... how could he not be?

And when my son took me by the hand and said...

[D wipes at the corner of his eye.]

D: "You son of a bitch, how could you leave me in Canada all these years?!"

I KNEW we were destined to be together forever!

So, Blackwell...

[Yeah, Lou's out of there, D. The show's yours.]

D: The REAL hottest free agent signing in the business...

...is my son.

[D grins, nodding his head at the jeering crowd.]

D: And if you all want to see exactly what this...

[D fires off an old school crotch chop with a smirk.]

D: ...is capable of making... then you turn your TVs to Fox Sports X in two weeks' time because my son... my son is too good to debut in Boston!

[The crowd EXPLODES into jeers! D simply grins at the reaction.]

D: MY SON IS COMING TO NEW YORK CITY, BAAAAAYBEEEEEE!

[And with that, D spikes the microphone before throwing another crotch chop at the jeering Boston crowd.]

GM: Well... that happened.

BW: Aren't you the slightest bit curious, Gordo?

GM: Ronnie D's son? What kind of human being could that possibly be?

[D keeps making his way down the aisle, trashtalking the rabid fans.]

GM: Fans, we'll be right back with tag team action.

[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 Mark Stegglet who looks flustered.]

MS: Welcome back to-

[A leaping crotch chop blocks Stegglet's face for a moment as someone sails past the camera.]

MS: -the Battle of Boston where-

[Another leaping crotch chop the other direction.]

MS: Cut that out!

[The camera pulls back to reveal the Wallace twins standing on either side of the interviewer. Both Wallace are in bright white full-length tights with silver sequins

littering their legs. Chaz is wearing a matching silver headband and a stupid grin as Chet (the crotch chopper in this case) is giggling at Stegglet's reaction.]

MS: Gentlemen, you are moments away from your AWA debut, a tag team showdown against Terry Shane and a partner of his choice but before we talk about that, let's talk about this weekend so far. The best in the world have come to Boston to-

Chet: Hold that thought, Steggo. Yes, the marketing claims that the best in the world are in Boston and... well, we're here... so that's pretty close to true...

MS: I sense a "but."

Chaz: As the But Man you are, Steggs, I'd hope so. Because while I see Fujimoto over here and the Iron Badger, I also see some familiar faces missing in action if you catch my drift.

MS: You're referring to your allies in the faction you used to belong to.

Chet: "Used to." "Used to?!" Steggo, you need to brush up on your researching skills because if you did, you'd learn that we're as DMP as we ever were, baby.

Chaz: That's right.

MS: But I was under the impression that the group is no more.

[Chaz sticks a finger in Stegglet's face.]

Chaz: Don't you dare confuse expansion with destruction, Steggs. There's DMP in Japan. There's DMP here in the AWA. There's even DMP over in-

MS: That's enough of that.

[Chet brings his thumb and middle finger tips together, holding the ringed fingers against his heart as he leans over the mic.]

Chet: Stay strong, Jay!

[Stegglet yanks the mic away from Chet with a shocked expression on his face.]

MS: You can't do that!

Chet: And why not?

Chaz: See, Steggs... that's the problem with you high and mighty types in the AWA. You think you can tell us what to do.

Chet: You can't.

Chaz: You think you can tell us where to go.

Chet: Nope.

Chaz: You think you can tell us what to wear.

[Chet points to the headband.]

Chet: Nuh uh.

Chaz: But what you can do is get the hell out of our way, Steggs, because we've come to the AWA for one reason and it's got hell all to do with Terry flippin' Shane and his identity crisis. "They love me, they hate me, I hate them, I love them!"

Chet: We've only been here a few weeks and I'm sick of it already.

Chaz: So, even though the AWA's done absolutely nothing for us, we're going to do you a solid, hear? We're going to shut Terry Shane's mouth once and for all and put all of us out of our collective misery.

[The Wallaces start to leave but Stegglet intervenes.]

MS: Wait a second... what about his partner?

[Chaz and Chet look at each other for a moment and then burst into rabid laughter. Chaz slaps Stegglet on the shoulder.]

Chaz: Good one, Steggo.

[And with that, the Wallaces take their leave.]

MS: Well, the so-called American Idols apparently believe Terry Shane was going to be unable to find a partner here tonight. It's time to find out if they're right. Rebecca Ortiz, the floor is yours!

[We fade from the backstage area out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

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

[The sounds of Calvin Harris' "This Is What You Came For" rings out over the PA system as the house lights start to flash in rhythm to the music creating a dance party atmosphere.]

RO: From the Shibuya area of Tokyo, Japan... at a total combined weight of 342 pounds... Chaz and Chet Wallace...

THE AMERRRRRRRICAN IIIIIIDOLLLLLS!

[The Wallaces spring through the curtain wearing what we saw moments before, trading a leaping high five before heading down the aisle towards the ring. They taunt the occasional fan with a crotch chop or insulting comment as they head to the ring.]

GM: One of the hottest tag teams in the world, the Wallaces - the American Idols - call them what you will have come to the AWA and they hope this is a stepping stone for them on the way to glory.

[Climbing up on the apron, Chaz and Chet grab the top rope, using a double slingshot to go over the top, landing on their feet and striking a double bicep pose with Chet kneeling in front of Chaz.]

GM: All flash and show for these two for sure.

BW: Hey, they like to give the people their money's worth.

GM: That's one way to look at it.

[The Wallaces settle back into their corner, waiting for the opposition.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... first, from Independence, Missouri... weighing in at 212 pounds...

TERRRRRRRRYYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[Static. The sounds of "Dance of the Knights" follows as Terry Shane walks through the curtain. He has forsaken a fancy robe on this night, wearing green trunks with white trim, and "TS3" in white print on his left hip. He jogs down the aisle towards the ring... all alone. The Wallaces are laughing and pointing from inside as he approaches, climbing the steps.]

GM: Well, much as the Wallaces predicted, Terry Shane is out here by himself. Will it remain that way?

[Shane steps through the ropes inside the ring, looking across at the Wallaces...

...and then storms across the ring, drilling Chaz with a forearm smash that sends him flying backwards through the ropes, crashing down to the floor.]

GM: Shane sends Chaz out - and there's the bell! Apparently he's got no partner but Terry Shane isn't backing down from this fight even without one!

[Spinning to face the incoming Chet, Terry Shane lights him up with a knife edge chop across the chest that sends Chet into the air, spinning around before crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: And down goes Chet as well!

[Shane leans down, pulling Chet off the mat, rushing across the ring to smash his head into the top turnbuckle, sending Chet flying back into the air again before crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Shane's all over the Wallaces!

BW: He has to be, Gordo. If he's fighting a handicap match, he needs to try to end this early!

[Pulling Chet off the canvas, Shane pushes him back into the neutral corner, lighting him up with a series of vicious European uppercuts!]

GM: Shane's taking the fight to Chet Wallace!

[Chaz slides back in, charging Shane from the backside, leaping into the air...]

GM: Dropkick!

[...but Shane spins out, causing Chaz to dropkick his own brother and partner!]

GM: Ohh! He missed!

[Shane grabs the rising Chaz by the hair, looking out on the Boston crowd...

...and CLASHES the Wallaces' skulls together!]

GM: Double noggin knocker sends them both down to the canvas!

[The referee leans in, shouting at Shane to get one of them out of the ring and he obliges by FIRING Chaz Wallace over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Chaz is out again and Shane's going back to work on him!

[Snaring a double underhook on Chet, Shane drags him out to the middle of the ring, throwing knees up into the chest and face of Chet Wallace, getting the crowd fired up at the offensive attack...

...and then snapping Chet up and over, throwing him down with a butterfly suplex!]

GM: Up and over goes Chet Wallace!

[Climbing back to his feet, Shane approaches the downed Chet Wallace, lifting Wallace's leg off the mat...]

GM: Wallace is down and Shane is calling for it!

[...and twists the leg around in his family's signature hold!]

GM: Spinning toehold! Shane locks it on!

[Shane lets go, twisting it around again...

...and again...

...and again...]

GM: Shane's trying to get a submission before Chaz Wallace can get back-

BW: Too late!

[Chaz slides under the bottom rope, charging across the ring to blindside Shane with a running forearm smash to the back of the head, knocking Shane down to the mat!]

GM: Ohhh! Chaz from the blindside!

[With Shane down on the mat, Chaz grabs the top rope, viciously stomping him into the mat as the referee protests. He steps in, forcing Chaz backwards...]

GM: Chaz being backed across the ring, put back out on the apron...

[With Chaz on the apron, Chet climbs back to his feet, shouting "HAAA!" as he throws a thrust kick to the chest of the rising Shane, knocking him back down to the canvas.]

GM: The educated feet of the Wallace twins on display right there with that thrust kick... and now Chet... or is it Chaz?

BW: I think it's Chaz.

[Nope. It's Chet putting the boots to Terry Shane down on the canvas before dragging him to his feet. He tucks his head under the chin of Shane, dropping down to one knee in a jawbreaker!]

GM: Kneeling jawbreaker!

[The blow staggers Shane as Chet drops back to the ropes, rebounding back with a flying leg lariat that upends Shane, putting him back down on the canvas.]

GM: And Terry Shane goes down hard again.

BW: He missed his chance at a quick win and now he's gotta pay for it at the hands of the Wallace twins.

[Chet walks across the ring, making the tag.]

GM: Chaz in off the tag...

[Nope. It's Chet.]

GM: And keep your eyes peeled when these two are in the ring together. They have some of the most spectacular double team maneuvers in the entire industry.

[Chaz picks up Shane under his arm, dropping him down in a side backbreaker as Chet sizes him up, snapping off a somersault legdrop across Shane's chest, flipping him off Chaz' knee before going for a cover.]

GM: Wow! Spectacular move right there... but only a two count as Shane gets the shoulder off the canvas.

[Chet comes up to his feet, swinging his arms around before shouting "HII-YAAA!" and throwing an exaggerated double chop down into the midsection of Shane. With a two-handed point towards the ropes, Chet dashes towards them, leaping to the second, springing off...]

GM: MOONSAULT!

[...and crashes down on the prone Shane, shouting "YEEEE-HAW!" as he gestures for a pin count.]

GM: Another two count there.

[Chet glares at the official before slapping his hands together quickly three times.

GM: Chaz didn't like the count... or is that Chaz?

BW: I can't tell them apart.

GM: If you can't and I can't, what makes anyone think our officials can?

BW: I'm not even sure Battlin' Burt can and he was there when they popped out.

[Chet heads towards the corner, slapping his brother's hand again.]

GM: Another tag. Quick tags are the signature offensive style out of the American Idols - the team formerly known as Youth In Asia.

[Chet scoops Shane up, slamming him down in a front powerslam as Chaz leaps to the top. Chaz comes sailing off the top, dropping a big frog splash down on the prone Shane...

...and then bails out as Chet comes off the top as well, this time with a moonsault off the top!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: They call that one the Splash Mountain Fastpass!

GM: The what?

BW: Who knows. They name things very oddly when they use English in Japan.

GM: But... the Idols are American.

[Chet rolls out, leaving Chaz to not even attempt a cover as he pulls Shane off the mat. Shane throws a desperation forearm to the jaw, trying to create some space!]

GM: Shane firing back!

[But Chaz leaps up, snapping his foot off the back of Shane's head!]

GM: Ohh! Back brain kick by... one of the Idols. Now I really can't tell them apart.

[Chaz pulls Shane up, pushing him back into the Idols' corner where he slaps his brother's hand again.]

GM: Another quick tag... both men in now...

[Chaz drops down on all fours as Chet dashes across to the far corner before charging back in, springing off the back of his brother...]

...and DRIVES both knees up into the mush of Terry Shane!]

GM: OHH!

[Chet catches himself on the ropes, pulling himself up next to Shane, grabbing two hands full of hair, and leaps off to DRIVE Shane facefirst into the mat. Chet rolls him over, attempting a pin as Chaz rolls out.]

GM: Another cover... and another two count! Terry Shane desperately trying to stay in this match!

[An annoyed Chet pulls Shane off the mat, turning to look to the corner...]

...but Shane grabs Chet's wrist with both arms, pulling him towards him with a short-arm shoulder tackle that drops Chet Wallace to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Shane with a counter!

[He pulls Chet up, repeating the short-arm tackle!]

GM: Make it two!

[The former Ring Leader drags Chet off the mat again, looking out at the fans for a moment before he pulls him into a third tackle, taking Chet down to the canvas!]

GM: And Terry Shane showing signs of life here in this one!

[Shane drags Chet off the mat, flinging him into the neutral corner where he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and connects with an overhead chop down across the chest!]

GM: Oh my! Shane with a heavy blow to the pectorals!

[He winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: A second big chop to the chest... grabs the arm, whips him across!

[But as Wallace approaches the neutral corner, he leaps up to the second, springing off to the top, leaping up to turn to face Shane...

...who sweeps out the legs to either side, causing Chet to get crotched up top!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And an uncomfortable landing for Chet Wallace right there... or is it Chaz?

[Whoever it is (it's Chet), Shane reaches up to grab two hands full of hair, dragging Chet out so that he's parallel to the canvas with his feet still hanging on the top rope...

...and then SLAMS him facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

[Shane drops to his knees, flipping Chet over as he leans across in a North-South cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Chet kicks out before a three - and before Chaz can bother to get more than a few steps through the ropes. The referee rises up, forcing Chaz to back off as Shane pulls Chet to his feet.]

GM: Terry Shane keeping up the attack, knowing he's gotta strike fast and hard if he's going to win this handicap match against one of the best tag teams on the entire planet.

[Dragging Chet out to the center of the ring, Shane looks towards the corner before lifting Chet into the air for a uranage slam...

...and DRIVES him down across his bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it right there!

[Shane dives across the prone Chet as Chaz ducks through the ropes, coming in hot, and diving on Shane's back to break up the pin at two.]

GM: Two count on- OHH! What a European uppercut on Chaz!

[Shane advances on Chaz, whipping him across the ring. He ducks down, setting for a backdrop.]

GM: Chaz off the ropes...

[But the rebounding Chaz drops into a baseball slide, going between the legs of Shane. He pops up, standing alongside Chet as Shane turns. Chaz grabs him first, lifting Shane into the air...

...and Chet catches him on the way down, bringing up both knees to DRIVE them into the chest of the falling Shane!]

BW: PULL THE PLUG!

[Chet flips Shane over as Chaz moves to the corner, doing an overhead point at the pin.]

GM: One! Two! Three!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Chet pops up, pumping his fist dramatically as the Boston fans jeer.]

RO: Here are your winners... THE AMERRRRRICAAAAAN IIIIDOLLLLLS!

[The Wallaces embrace in the middle of the ring, standing over Shane who rolls to his side, cradling his chest in pain as the duo celebrates.]

GM: Well, it's a victory for the American Idols but... I can't say this is anything they should be proud of, Bucky.

BW: Why not? A big win on a supercard on national television? Sounds like something to be proud of to me!

GM: It was a handicap match!

BW: Whose fault is that? It's not the Idols' fault that Terry Shane doesn't have any friends!

GM: Give me a break.

[The celebrating Wallaces decide it's time to put the boots to Shane a little bit more, viciously stomping until the referee threatens to reverse the decision. At that point, they back off, celebrating again.]

GM: Terry Shane is down... and right now, the Wallaces are on top of the world, fans. Alright, fans... we are now just moments away from our Semifinals beginning. Summers vs Supernova, Hunter vs James, Wright vs Vasquez... three men will walk out of those into the first Three Way Dance in AWA history with all the marbles at stake. But that's tonight. For one brief moment, let's look ahead to the end of summer... to an AWA tradition... to Homecoming...

[We fade through black...

...and then back up on footage from the very first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling back in the old WKIK Studios. We see a shot of the man we now know as Kerry Kendrick inside the ring as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It is my great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on this, the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance.”

[We cut to other footage, showing off other competitors who appeared on that first night: Calisto Dufresne, Marcus Broussard, Melissa Cannon, Stevie Scott, Tin Can Rust, Ron Houston, and Kevin Slater.]

“And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... real professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas. We are live in Dallas, Texas at the WKIK studios for what promises to be an exciting two hours of action.”

[The opening chords of Ozzy Osborne's “Mama I'm Coming Home” begins to play. We get slow motion, sepia-toned footage of great AWA moments that went down in the state of Texas over the years.

Marcus Broussard using the Natural Bridge at the very first Memorial Day Mayhem to become the first man to wear the AWA National Title.

Tin Can Rust digging the broken edge of a flagpole into the forehead of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in the first WarGames in AWA history.

The infamous "riot" with Eric Preston leaping off the bleachers onto James Monosso and Juan Vasquez putting Stevie Scott through the WKIK Studios set.

Calisto Dufresne hurling a massive fireball into the face of City Jack at the first SuperClash.

Dave Bryant standing victorious as the winner of the Chase For The Clash tournament.

Alex Martinez and Maxim Zharkov tussling at ringside with a sea of officials between them.

Jack Lynch using his cowboy boot to pummel Supreme Wright repeatedly in the head...

...and then we fade up on a shot of a grinning Jack Lynch watching the final scene on a television sit. He turns towards the camera with a shrug.]

"Seems like every time we're in Texas, we're makin' memories."

[He holds up his gloved right hand in the shape of the Iron Claw as the camera zooms in on it, going to black as the Homecoming logo comes up and a voiceover begins.]

"Homecoming. September 4th. Dallas, Texas.

Make your next memory."

[And 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 back up on a closeup of the Semifinals brackets, showing very clearly the six names remaining in the tournament.]

MS: And it all comes down to six, wrestling fans. After months of anticipation and three tremendous nights of action, we're down to the final six competitors remaining in the Battle of Boston tournament. One of these six men will walk out of Boston as the winner of this prestigious tournament.

[Stegglet gestures to the Hardin Bracket.]

MS: Will it be the AWA World Television Champion, Supernova... the only AWA champion remaining in the tournament? He'll clash with "Red Hot" Rex Summers, a former AWA champion in his own right and a man who is always one move away - the Heat Check DDT - from sudden victory.

[Then over to the Graham Bracket.]

MS: Perhaps it'll be the surprise story of this tournament - the international superstar who made his AWA debut just two nights ago, Riley Hunter, who has shocked the world by making the Semis. But waiting for him is the Engine of Destruction himself, the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion... Brian James.

[And finally, to the Temple Bracket.]

MS: Look at this collision right here, fans. Former two-time AWA World Champion and a man many consider the best in-ring competitor on the planet, Supreme Wright, will go to battle with one of the pillars that this company was built on - former World Champion, former National Champion, Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer, Juan Vasquez.

[Stegglet turns away from the brackets, shaking his head.]

MS: Try all your want but you'd likely never find three better matches to make up the Semifinals of this one. Now let's go down to the ring for the introductions!

[Fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest - set for one fall with a one hour time limit - is a Semifinal match in the Battle of Boston tournament!

[Big cheer!]

RO: First...

#Stroke me, stroke me#

[As Mickey Avalon finishes saying it's "as easy as one, two, three," the curtain opens and out walks the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers. By his side - much like we saw last time - is SM&K's "enforcer" Erica Toughill, carrying a croquet mallet and the desire to use it. Toughill walks behind the sequined robe-wearing Summers who has a swagger to his walk as he heads down the aisle.]

RO: From St. Paul, Minnesota... weighing in at 251 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Erica Toughill and representing SM&K...

He is RED HOT...

REEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMMERRRRRRRRRS!

[Summers reaches the ring, ducking through the ropes in his full-length blue robe. He is all business on this night, shedding the robe quickly as he tugs at the ropes, staying loose for the battle to come. He quickly huddles up with Toughill, pointing down the aisle, miming swinging the croquet mallet as the music starts to fade.]

GM: Rex Summers makes his way to this Semifinal thanks to victories over Kerry Kendrick and Jack Lynch... a controversial victory that last one there. But if he can beat Supernova tonight, Summers is headed to the Finals for the first ever AWA Three Way Dance, Bucky.

BW: You can talk all the controversy you want, Gordo, but the experts on our pre-game show said that Sexy Remy was gonna win this whole thing and so far, I don't see any reason to think they're wrong!

GM: Summers has quite the arsenal out there but the biggest one of all is the one shot that will put anyone down... the Heat Check DDT. If he hits that, I don't care who you are, your night is over. Now, let's go back to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with the man who will be trying to avoid that devastating maneuver... the AWA World Television Champion, Supernova! Mark?

[We go to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Next to him is the AWA World Television Champion Supernova, who is dressed in his wrestling attire: 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 black and yellow once more, restored after it had worn off in his match with Johnny Detson.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! Supernova, you are one win away from reaching the finals of the Battle of Boston, but you'll have to get past Rex Summers, a man who came close to taking the title from former World Television Champion Shadoc Rage about a year ago and has been pushing for a rematch ever since. Now, not only will a spot in the Battle of Boston Finals be on the line, but Summers might see this as his way to prove he deserves a shot at your title. Do you believe the pressure is mounting on you?

[Supernova, like before, keeps his eyes narrow, his tone steady, as he responds.]

S: Mark, some might say the pressure is mounting because of the way I advanced to this point -- that unlike when I faced Bobby O'Connor in the first round, when I won that match outright, some might say I got a reprieve this time. I heard just enough talk backstage that I shouldn't even be moving on, because there is no instant replay in wrestling. That I didn't deserve to move on, even if Johnny Detson had tossed the rulebook aside.

Others might say the pressure is mounting because I've been in this situation before -- that I was coming closer to my chance to prove that I was undoubtedly the best in the AWA. I once had the chance to become the top champion in the AWA and fell short. I once had the chance to become a two-time Rumble winner and fell short. And I've heard just enough talk backstage about that, how Supernova has been to this point before but wasn't good enough to get the job done.

Still, others might say the pressure is mounting because I've dubbed myself the franchise of the AWA before -- and I do that because the AWA was the company that gave me my big break, that has allowed me to thrive despite setbacks and obstacles along the way, and in return, I have shown nothing but loyalty to everyone who works for this company, dedicating myself to making it the best company it can be.

But in order to really be the franchise, there comes a time when you have to step forward and seize that big moment.

[He takes a deep breath.]

S: So, Mark, even without somebody like Rex Summers seeing this as his big moment, perhaps as a chance to demand a shot at the title I worked hard to earn, then to defend against all comers, I've got a lot of pressure on me to prove that I belong here and that I won't let this big moment slip away from me this time around.

MS: You are aware, Supernova, that Rex Summers is much like Johnny Detson, in that not only is he an accomplished wrestler, but he has people who are willing to back him up and, some would say, tip the scales in his favor. Are you prepared to deal with somebody like that for a second straight match tonight?

S: Mark, when I talked about my match with Johnny Detson earlier tonight, I told everyone about how it wasn't the first time I had to deal with somebody who surrounds himself with a band. And I still know that I won't be going into this one alone. Because for every person who was talking backstage about how they didn't believe that I deserved to get to this point, there was another person who told me they would be proud to stand by my side.

And I know there are more than a few people who have grown quite tired of Rex Summers and this attitude of his. How he believes that he's God's gift to women. How he believes that he's entitled to accolades and rewards simply because he's got good looks. And how he couldn't stand the idea that he was told he had to defend his Steal the Spotlight contract if he wasn't willing to cash it in.

Summers is one of the most self-centered, egotistical men I have ever seem come through the doors of the AWA -- in fact, Summers' ego is so big, he almost makes Shadoe Rage look like a candidate for Humanitarian of the Year. Everything about Summers signifies somebody who is entitled, believing that everything has to revolve around him.

Well, Rex Summers, you are going to be coming face to face with the man who may call himself the franchise of the AWA, but realizes with that comes a big responsibility to never forget that you keep your perspective and don't believe that

being the franchise means the company revolves around you. Instead, everything you do is for the betterment of the company. Everything you do is in thanks to the company that gave you your opportunity.

[He then raises a finger toward the camera and raises his voice, too.]

S: And I'm gonna show you, Rex Summers, and everyone else in the AWA exactly what that means! No matter how much pressure there is, no matter the reason it's there, I'm out to prove I deserve to win the Battle of Boston! And I can't do that until I win this match! Get ready, Summers, because the heat is getting turned up and if you're not careful...

[For the first time, there's that wild look in his eyes.]

S: IT'S GONNA BURN YOU UP!

[With that, he cups his hands to his mouth, lets loose a howl, and walks off the set.]

MS: Supernova, on his way to the ring! But can he get past the man picked earlier tonight to win the Battle of Boston? We'll soon find...

[Stegglet's gaze drifts off to the side, looking unsettled.]

MS: What the-?!

[The camera drifts to follow Stegglet's gaze, showing the fans at home that the mysterious luchador known as Canibal was watching Supernova speak. Canibal smirks, nodding his head as he walks through the shot, edging past a nervous-looking Stegglet...

...and we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The sounds of Judas Priest's "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" takes over the PA system, drawing big cheers from the AWA faithful.]

RO: From Venice Beach, California.. weighing in at 260 pounds... he is the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNNN...

SUUUUUUUUUUUPERRRRRRRRRNOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway. 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.

As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade...

...which is one of the fans wearing a Supernova hoodie sweatshirt grabs the champion by the wrist, yanking him ribsfirst into the steel barricade!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Supernova staggers backwards, clutching his ribs as the man in question hops over the railing.]

BW: That fan just attacked Supernova!

GM: That's no fan, Bucky! That's Callum Mahoney!

[Mahoney yanks off the sweatshirt, flinging it aside as he grabs `Nova from behind, hurling him into the opposite railing, sending his ribs smashing into the steel a second time!]

GM: Ohhh! Come on! This is a sneak attack in the aisle!

[Summers looks on gleefully from the ring as Mahoney lifts Supernova up, slamming him down on the exposed concrete!]

GM: OH! BODYSLAM ON THE FLOOR!

[Mahoney starts putting the boots to the ribs of Supernova... over... and over... and over... and over...

...until AWA officials come pouring into view, shouting at the Fighting Irishman and ordering him to back away from the World Television Champion!]

GM: Finally, we get some help out here... but the damage has been done, Bucky! A brutal assault by Callum Mahoney - no doubt premeditated with the aid of Rex Summers, Erica Toughill, and Kerry Kendrick - has left the World Television Champion down on the floor in extraordinary pain!

[As Mahoney is forced back up the aisle by AWA security, a pair of AWA medics being led by Dr. Bob Ponavitch comes trotting the other way towards the ring.]

GM: Here comes the Doctor and some of AWA medical... and I don't like the looks of this, Bucky.

[Ponavitch kneels down next to Supernova who is clutching his ribs, rolling back and forth on the floor in pain.]

BW: Remember back to the match with Johnny Detson, the World Champion worked Supernova's ribs pretty hard, Gordo.

GM: "Pretty hard?" He hit him with that loaded glove in the ribs!

BW: Slander.

GM: My concern right now is whether or not Supernova is going to be able to get inside that ring and compete. We've already had one match called off in this tournament on account of injury... well, two actually...

BW: Third time's a charm?

GM: Would you stop?

[Ponavitch speaks to Supernova... then to nearby Vernon Riley... then back to the World Television Champion who fiercely shakes his head, trying to get off the floor. The Boston crowd cheers as Supernova grabs the railing, dragging himself to his knees.]

GM: Supernova's getting up, fans! It looks like he's not done quite yet!

BW: We'll see about that.

[Inside the ring, Summers angrily exclaims, pointing at the champion and shouting at the official who shrugs his shoulders in response.]

GM: Supernova, who earned his spot in the Semifinals by defeating Bobby O'Connor and the World Champion Johnny Detson, is climbing off the floor... and look at this!

[The crowd cheers louder as Nova starts to work his way down the aisle, grimacing with each step as he holds on to his injured ribs. Rex Summers shakes his head, gesturing for Supernova to come to him as Erica Toughill departs the ring, taking up her spot at ringside.]

GM: Supernova's coming to the ring... and-

[But as the World Television Champion slides under the bottom rope, Summers dashes across the ring, delivering a soccer kick to the ribs, flipping Supernova onto his back. Holding the top rope, Summers drives home stomp after stomp after stomp to the body as the fans jeer loudly.]

GM: This is another sneak attack! Summers attacking Supernova before he can get inside the ring!

[The referee shouts at Summers, trying to back him off as Summers steps up on the middle rope, dropping a knee down into the ribcage once... twice... three times...]

GM: Summers repeatedly dropping all his weight down with those knees to the body!

[The official wedges himself physically between Summers and the World Television Champion, forcing the Red Hot One to step back and create space. The referee kneels down next to Supernova, checking to see if he's able to continue...]

GM: Get him away, ref!

BW: He did!

GM: But like I said moments ago... the damage was done! Can Supernova get back up? Can Supernova compete?

BW: Maybe the better question is - should he get up? Should he compete?

[The official continues to talk to the face-painted fan favorite.]

GM: The bell hasn't rung yet so if Supernova has to... I suppose it would be listed as a forfeit.

BW: Don't be too proud, Nova. Give it up and call it a night!

GM: He may not have a choice after SM&K's brutal assault but...

[But the fired-up Supernova refuses to give in, pushing the official away as he tries to get back to his feet.]

GM: Supernova's trying to get up, hanging onto those ribs with one hand as he pulls himself off the mat with the other!

[Nova grimaces as he gets to his feet, leaning against the ropes. He groans as the official asks if he can continue.]

GM: Supernova's telling him to start the match! He's telling him to-

[The referee pivots, waving for the bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[There’s a big cheer from the crowd that quickly dies out as Summers bolts across the ring, swinging a knee up into the midsection of Supernova.]

GM: Ohh! And Summers on the attack just seconds after the bell!

[Pushing ‘Nova’s torso back, Summers swings his knee up into the gut once... twice... three times. He grabs Supernova by the arm, whipping him across the ring...

...and lands a running knee to the midsection, flipping Supernova over and dumping him down on the canvas!]

GM: And Summers drills him with the kitchen sink!

[Summers dives on top of Supernova, applying a lateral press, hooking the leg tightly as he shouts at the referee to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Supernova kicks out, breaking the pin effort.]

GM: No! Two count only!

[An angry Summers pushes up to his knees, throwing his arms above his head and swinging them down into a double axehandle to the midsection once... twice... three times before applying another cover.]

GM: Again, Summers covers! Again, he gets a two count before ‘Nova kicks out in time!

[Summers is even angrier this time as he climbs off the mat, stomping the ribs over and over as the referee shouts at him to back off.]

GM: Rex Summers realizes he’s got a golden opportunity here. His opponent is coming into this match hurt... he was already hurt in his last match but thanks to Summers’ allies, he’s even more hurt. This is his chance to put away the World Television Champion and cash his ticket to the Finals.

BW: He’s gotta stay on him. Don’t back off. Don’t relent. Don’t listen to that whiny referee!

[Summers pulls Supernova off the mat by the hair, whipping him the half distance of the ring into the turnbuckles. Supernova SLAMS into the buckles, grimacing as he grabs the top rope to stay on his feet. A smirking Summers slowly stalks in...]

GM: Summers on the attack once again...

[Leaning over, Summers grabs the middle rope...

...and DRIVES his shoulder into the midsection, smashing it into the ribs!]

GM: Summers puts his shoulder into the ribs! And again! And again!

[Supernova is gasping for air in the corner as the referee backs off Summers again, ordering him to let the man out.]

GM: Supernova's in trouble, fans. If you're a Supernova fan, you might want to get on your feet, scream and shout, and let him hear your support right about now because he's in serious trouble.

[Summers brushes past the official, moving back into the corner where he grabs the middle rope a second time...]

GM: Rex Summers driving all of his well-built 251 pounds into the ribs!

[He delivers another trio of shoulder blocks before being backed out of the corner. The Boston crowd jeers Summers as he struts from the corner, smirking at his injured opponent.]

GM: And right now, Rex Summers is walking on Cloud Nine, fans. He thinks he's got this one well in hand despite only being a few minutes into this Semifinal battle.

[Summers walks in past the official again, pulling Supernova from the corner, lifting him up and dropping him down across a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Gutbuster by the Red Hot One!

[Summers grins as he keeps Supernova in that spot, leaning on 'Nova's back to put more pressure on the ribs.]

GM: Summers climbs back to his feet...

[He stands over Supernova who is down on all fours, reaching down to hook him a second time, lifting him into the air...

...and DRIVING him down on a bent knee again!]

GM: A second gutbuster, driving the air right out of Supernova!

[Summers shoves him off, rolling him to his back as he applies another cover.]

GM: Summers gets one! He gets two! He gets- no!

[Summers angrily glares at the official, holding up three fingers.]

GM: Summers thought he had a three count but no, not quite!

[Climbing back to his feet, Summers takes aim, dropping his knee down into the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh! Right down on the ribs again!

[Summers gets back to a vertical base, slowly walking around the ring as the Boston fans let him have it.]

GM: Summers taking his time, a very methodical approach so far.

BW: It's keeping things on solid ground, not taking risks, not making any mistakes.

[Summers pulls Supernova off the mat by the arm, twisting it around in an armwringer...

...and YANKS Supernova into a knee to the midsection, doubling him up!]

GM: Short-arm kneelift... and look out here! Summers trying to get him into position!

[As Summers tries to wrangle Supernova into a double underhook, Supernova fights it, charging forward and driving Summers back into the buckles to cheers from the Boston crowd!]

GM: 'Nova puts him in the corner - good counter!

[Supernova winds up and fires, throwing a series of big right hands to the jaw as the fans continue to cheer. The official steps in, calling for a break...]

BW: Get off the man, ya thug!

[The champion backs off, arms raised...

...and then moves back in, ready to strike when Summers buries a boot in the abdomen!]

GM: Oh! Summers goes downstairs on him!

[Swinging Supernova around into the buckles, Summers squares up to throw big bombs to alternating sides of the ribcage.]

GM: Right hand! Left hand! Right hand! Summers is doing a number on the World Television Champion in the corner!

[Grabbing Supernova by the arm, Summers whips him across the ring, sending him crashing into the far buckles...]

GM: Summers coming in hot!

[...where Summers throws himself into a running avalanche in the corner! He steps out, throwing Supernova from the buckles and down to the mat.]

GM: Big splash in the corner, continuing to go after the ribcage of the TV champ and-

[With the crowd already on his case, Summers doesn't help his cause as he cups his hands to his mouth, throwing back his head in a mocking howl.]

GM: Rex Summers taunting Supernova...

BW: Gotta love that.

GM: Really? Do I?

[A smirking Summers saunters out of the corner, applying another lateral press.]

GM: Summers gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! Another two count!

[Summers again barks at the official who backs away, holding up two fingers in response.]

GM: Just a two and the official is making sure that Rex Summers knows it.

BW: Sexy Remy should drop this mascara-wearing twerp right on top of his head and end this thing right now, Gordo.

GM: He may be looking to do exactly that as he gets up to his feet again.

[Summers is still griping at the official as he hears Supernova, reaching down towards him...

...and gets plucked into an inside cradle!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! IN THE MIDDLE!

[Referee Andy Dawson dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Summers manages to kick out before the three count comes down, scrambling up off the mat...

...and tackles the rising Supernova around the midsection, driving him back into the corner again.]

GM: Ohh! Back into the corner again... and right back to work on the ribcage, driving that shoulder in over and over and over...

[The referee steps in, shouting at Summers who reluctantly backs off as Supernova struggles to fill his lungs with air in the corner...]

GM: Summers backing off and taking aim...

[And with Supernova reeling, Summers comes charging across the ring, lowering his shoulder with his aim on the ribcage...]

GM: Here he comes!

[...but at the last moment, Supernova leans back, throwing his lower body up into the air, causing Summers to whiff on the tackle, driving his own shoulder into the ringpost!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE MISSED! INTO THE STEEL POST!

[Supernova swings his body back down, dragging Summers down into a sunset flip!]

GM: And there's the pin! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Summers kicks out again!

BW: The jolt from hitting the post did a number on him, Gordo. That count was a lot closer than it should've been because of that.

GM: And now there's an opening for Supernova to try and take advantage of...

[Supernova slowly gets up off the mat as Summers does the same - one man clutching his ribs as the other holds onto his shoulder. The World Television Champion fires first, throwing a right hand to the jaw that sends Summers falling backwards into the ropes.]

GM: Supernova's got him on the ropes... right hand! Another! Another!

[The referee shouts at Supernova, trying to break off the barrage of clenched fists to the skull.]

GM: Supernova needs to be careful! He doesn't want to risk a disqualification at this point in the tournament - not when he's so close to getting to the Finals, he's gotta be able to taste it!

[Grabbing Summers by the arm, Supernova fires him across the ring, sending him bouncing off the far ropes...]

GM: Summers rebounds back and-

[As Summers bounces off, 'Nova sets his feet, shoving Summers high into the sky and backing off, allowing him to crash facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my!

[Summers pushes up to his knees, clutching his shoulder as Supernova does a quick circle around him, grabbing him by the hair...]

GM: FACEFIRST TO THE CANVAS!

[The champion flips Summers over, diving across him as the referee dives as well.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Summers' shoulder (the good one) comes flying off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only!

BW: See, Gordo... you get a little distance between hitting the post and the cover and Summers is out at two.

GM: Yeah but for how long if Supernova keeps this up?

[Supernova slowly regains his feet as Summers does the same, both men getting there at about the same time as Summers staggers towards the TV Champion who scoops him up in his powerful arms...]

GM: Big slam by Supernova!

[Summers scrambles up again, walking right into a second scoop slam!]

GM: Make it two!

[Summers is slower to get up this time but moves right towards him again, getting lifted and driven down a third time!]

GM: Third time's a charm!

[He reaches down, pulling Summers to his feet, leaving the dazed rulebreaker standing before him as Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, throwing back his head in a howl before he dashes back to the ropes...]

...and gets the business end of Erica Toughill's croquet mallet driven into his ribcage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Supernova staggers forward after the illegal blow, ending up getting lifted into the air by Summers who pivots...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!

[...and DRIVES Supernova down into the canvas, swinging his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before floating into a lateral press!]

GM: This might do it, fans!

[Dawson slaps the mat once... twice... but Supernova's shoulder comes flying off the mat before the three count!]

GM: Ohh! A near fall there for Rex Summers who almost picked up the win with that devastating spinebuster, fans!

[Summers rolls off Supernova, looking at him with a look of surprise on his face as the Boston crowd roars for the face-painted fan favorite's resilience.]

GM: Supernova keeps on finding a way to get out of Summers' pin attempts and-

BW: That's because he hasn't been hit with the Heat Check yet!

GM: Well, that much is true.

[As the Red Hot One regains his feet, he turns his focus back to Supernova, pushing the struggling-to-rise champion back against the buckles.]

GM: Look out here!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Summers lights up Supernova across the chest with a heavy knife edge chop, following it up with a handful more before he facepalms Supernova back, laying the badmouth on him.]

"STAY DOWN, YOU PAINTED UP PIECE OF TRASH! THIS IS MY TOURNAMENT! MINE!"

[Summers throws a stiff back elbow up under the chin, stunning Supernova as Summers grabs him by the arm again, whipping him across the ring with enough power to drive Summers down to his own knee from the effort!]

GM: OHHH! Supernova slams into the corner!

[The champion staggers out as Summers charges past him, hitting the ropes, rebounding off towards Supernova's exposed back...]

GM: NORTH STAR LARIAT!

[...and DRILLS Supernova from behind with a running enzuilariato!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUMMERS LAYS HIM OUT!

BW: That might do it! Finish him off, REXY!

[Summers dives to his knees, flipping Supernova over, diving into a lateral press as he reaches back to hook a leg...]

GM: Summers with the cover! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: WHAAAAAT?!

GM: HE KICKED OUT! SUPERNOVA KICKS OUT AGAIN! MY STARS!

[Summers flails backwards on the canvas, smashing his arms angrily into the canvas. He shouts at the official who backpedals, again holding up two fingers.]

GM: Summers thought he had him with that North Star Lariat and I can't blame him, Bucky!

BW: He shoulda had him! That incompetent referee couldn't count to three if you spotted him one and two!

[As Rex Summers climbs back to his feet, he angrily kicks the ropes...

...and then looks out at Toughill, giving a nod.]

GM: Summers pulling Supernova off the mat, dragging him to the ropes.

[Summers shoves Supernova down over the middle rope, planting his shin on the back of the fan favorite's neck, choking him against the ropes as Toughill slowly circles to that side of the ring, her mallet still resting on her shoulder...]

GM: I don't like the looks of this! Get her out of there! Get her-

[The official's count reaches four before Summers backs off, raising his hands as the referee gives him a hard time...

...and Summers reaches out, grabbing the official, holding him as they argue.]

GM: Wait a second!

[Toughill sets the mallet down, spitting on both hands before she grasps the handle again...]

GM: No, no! Supernova's right there! He's exposed! He's helpless! He's-

[Suddenly, a rush of cheers goes up from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Toughill's going to take her shot and-

[Or is she? The camera cuts to the aisleway to reveal Julie Somers tearing down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: SOMERS! JULIE SOMERS HAS SEEN ENOUGH!

[Somers climbs the ringsteps in a blur, running down the apron, leaping off towards a shocked Toughill...

...and landing with both knees on the torso of Toughill, riding her down to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SOMERS TAKES OUT TOUGHILL!

[An irate Summers flings the official to the side, stomping across the ring as he shouts at the rising Somers.]

GM: Summers is shouting at her! Julie Somers totally foiled whatever plan they had there!

[Toughill scrambles up off the floor as Somers locks eyes on her...]

BW: We're going to have a fight out here!

[...and the crowd ROARS as a shocked Toughill starts to back away!]

GM: She's backing down, Bucky! I think Erica Toughill wants no part of Julie Somers!

[Summers is leaning over the ropes, shouting at the Spitfire as Toughill backs around the ring, shaking her head in disbelief.]

GM: And don't look now if you're a Rex Summers fan-

BW: I am!

GM: -because his hired muscle is vacating the premises!

[Summers steps up on the buckles, shouting at Toughill who doesn't respond at all as Somers backs her up the aisle.]

GM: Rex Summers is totally irate! He's totally irate at what he's seeing and-

[As Summers hops down, a dazed and hurting Supernova comes tearing across the ring, leaping into the air, smashing into Summers, driving the Red Hot One chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER! SUMMERS NEVER SAW HIM COMING!

[And as Supernova slides out, he pulls Summers with him, dragging him down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: CRADLE OUT OF THE CORNER!!

[The official dives to the canvas to count as Toughill looks for a way to get past Julie Somers to intervene.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Toughill makes a lunge but Somers ties her up, holding her back as the referee raises his hand again...]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Summers kicks out RIGHT after the three count lands, sending Supernova sliding from the ring to the floor. The referee slides out to join him as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match, moving on to the Battle of Boston Finals...

SUUUUUUUPERRRRRNNOOOOOOOOVAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[A grinning Supernova gingerly raises his arm, celebrating his victory as a shocked Rex Summers looks on from the ring, sitting on the mat, glaring at the World Television Champion. Toughill shoves him aside as she bolts towards the ring where Summers is sitting.]

GM: Supernova wins! Supernova wins! The World Television Champion is heading to the Finals of this tournament, fans!

BW: I can't believe it! That no-good snake Julie Somers just... she might've... she just-

GM: My broadcast partner is speechless, fans! What a moment for Supernova!

[Still smiling, Supernova trades a high five with Julie Somers in the aisle, thanking her for her assistance as Somers turns to look at Toughill, a smirk on her face.]

GM: Julie Somers with the timely assist, getting Toughill out of Dodge and that's all it took. That one opening is all Supernova needed to hit the Heat Wave, get the rollup, and score the one-two-three!

[Supernova backs down the aisle, trading a few high fives alongside the barricade as Summers climbs off the mat, turning his attention towards Erica Toughill who he wastes no time in shouting at. A seething Toughill points to Somers angrily, clearly placing the blame on the Spitfire.]

GM: Erica Toughill might blame Julie Somers but Rex Summers only has himself to blame if you ask me! He lost his focus and ultimately, he lost the match!

BW: Gaaaaah!

GM: Supernova's heading to the Finals! But who will be joining him next? Will it be the Seven Star Athlete himself, Riley Hunter? Or will it be the Engine of Destruction, Brian James? Wrestling fans, do not touch that dial because you do NOT want to miss what comes next!

[With Summers and Toughill still trading words inside the ring, 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 back up to live action where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing backstage in front of a Battle of Boston backdrop.]

SLB: We are back LIVE at the TD Garden in Boston and what has been a very lengthy road is creeping close to an end. Moments ago, we saw Supernova defeat Rex Summers to earn his spot in the Finals of this tournament. And now, we're just moments away from finding out who will be the first to join him there. Four more athletes in this tournament are looking for one of those treasured final spots... two more will get them. And joining me now is a man who is on a quest to earn one of those final spots... he said he'd be talking to me again about an hour ago, and here he is again... "The American Ninja."

[Hunter enters, blue and dirty blonde hair matted by perspiration. A t-shirt hangs over his shoulders like a scarf. He sips from a water bottle.]

SLB: Riley Hunter, you've scored what many people would consider to be an upset over the Doctor of Love, former World Champion Dave Bryant.

RH: Physician, heal thyself. It's an upset if you haven't been paying attention. If he had really laid into that Call Me In The Morning instead of just grazing me... If he had only been a little more dogged in taking out one of my wheels or arms so that I couldn't unleash the Day of Lavos... If only he could get out of position faster so that I would whiff on my high-speed offense... If ANY of those things... Yes yes, maybe I wouldn't be standing here now. But once the referee's hand hits that mat for the third time, the word "IF" has no currency.

SLB: Before I ask about your opponent coming up in a few short minutes, how do you see the events of this weekend? What are your thoughts on the Battle of Boston tournament so far?

RH: Lou, Lou, Lou... There were dozens of us fighting to get into this tournament a month ago, to play their way in. I'm the only one left of the play-ins this evening, standing in an elite group of five. I thought I might end up colliding with Torin or Gladiator, but hey, life happens. Both Lynches out—who could have seen them finishing out of the money? Jordan Ohara I know has some people who feel very

strongly about his future in the business, but he hasn't got the same taste for the white-hot spotlight as me. A taste that I share with the Idols, my DMP posse pals, who just dominated Terry Shane. Oh, and look for me on their new YouTube show, "Idol Chatter." Ryan Martinez I wasn't surprised to be knocked out; my cousin Jax has got his Axis briefed. You know he keeps a dossier on just about everyone active in the AWA, Lou?

SLB: I have heard things through my sources, yes.

RH: I've seen his filing cabinet, Lou. He knows a lot. More than you'll ever see on a phone app. See, some people use intel as a curiosity, Lou. Others use it as leverage. You'd be surprised what people put out there freely, which brings me to Brian James.

Big bad Brian James beating up on everybody. He's got six inches and a hundred pounds on me, Lou. His reputation precedes him. But if I beat him in the bracket finals and move on to that big three-way dance, it's not fair to call this win an upset either, because I've been watching him. Yes yes, I've been learning about Brian James.

Using that Blackheart Punch so readily that just about anyone can counter it with a very special blend of ring positioning and timing. Twice now in the past twelve months he's given a metal object what-for and turned his punchin' hand into a wet sock full of vanilla pudding. He could have broken bones, torn tendons, and not just his hand; you punch a ring post and that kinetic energy shoots all the way back up into your shoulder. Yes yes, that entire arm has a big red reticle all over it. And it's not just that, Lou. I've won three matches this weekend to his one. Brian James is ice-cold right now, and to quote the great Canadian rock and roller Danko Jones, I'm alive and I'M ON FIRE!

Don't get me wrong, Lou—don't mistake this confidence for cockiness, Lou. Brian James is the CAGE Champion in Japan, and that is a belt he has defended with ease. The Dead Man's Party has given him a wide berth; we have something of an unspoken non-aggression pact. Now the temptation that Brian Lau is feeling right now is to ask Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan and even Johnny Detson to arrange for another unfortunate accident to happen to a handsome and virile Seven Star Athlete like the one happened with Torin and Gladiator. But that won't happen, will it, Mr. Lau?

Brian James and Riley Hunter will have a completely fair mano-y-mano contest with no interference. Why? Because we do not want a gang war between the Kings of Wrestling and the Dead Man's Party. Because if anything untoward happens in our match tonight, the DMP will rain HELL upon you. We'll bring the Idols, we'll bring One Man Army, we'll bring Eli Wilde and Yuma Weaver—give me five minutes and we can call our Man in Havana... our Man on the other channel... you know who I'm referring to.

Point being, there will be nowhere in the wrestling world where you'll be safe. The DMP is everywhere, and the difficulty factor for Brian James defending that CAGE title will spike from "Kirby's Adventure" to "Silver Surfer" overnight. And who says that's where it has to stop? Those are some reeeeeeal nice belts you've got there, Kings. It'd be a shame if anything happened to them!

Or... We could just have a nice one-on-one contest, then you go your way and I go mine.

Lou, thank you for your time. "Aloha" means "goodbye." Three matches down! Two to go! Only a ninja can defeat a ninja! And until I return for the three-way dance...

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GOOD NIGHT NOW!

[With a frenzied flourish, Hunter whirls off screen.]

SLB: All right, our second Semifinal match to decide the winner of the Graham Bracket is coming up right now and the American Ninja thinks it's going to be him! I've got a feeling that if you're a fan of in-ring action, you do NOT want to miss this! Rebecca, take it away!

[We crossfade back to the ring where the shapely Miss Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Up next is our second Semifinal of the evening!

[Big cheer! And suddenly, the lights go out, and the jazz organ of "Whispering Streets" by Barry Adamson plays through the hall.]

GM: Semifinal #2 is coming your way, AWA fans, and I think Lou is right, Bucky. This one promises to be something else.

BW: The speed, the quickness, the agility of Riley Hunter. The brutality, the striking, the aggression of Brian James. I'm expecting a barn-burner, daddy!

[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 stands in silhouette, holding nunchucks overhead.]

BW: What a coin flip this match could be, Gordo!

GM: Absolutely. And so far, statistically, Riley Hunter has scored more victories this weekend than anyone else competing in this tournament. Victories over the Iron Badger... over Noboru Fujimoto... and over Dave Bryant. But if he wants to win this tournament, he's gotta knock off Brian James to get to the Finals and then...

BW: Hold that thought, Gordo. For Riley Hunter to have a chance to win this tournament, he's gotta beat Brian James! BRIAN JAMES! What evil son of a gun put this tournament together?!

[The spotlight falls on him, and Hunter wheels around, whirling the nunchucks theatrically. His eyes are partially obscured by small circular-framed sunglasses, and his unruly dirty blonde and royal blue curly hair. He's left his pleather coat behind, opting for his basic ring gear. Other than some perspiration within his voluminous curly hair, he looks fresh.]

RO: First... From Calgary, Canada... weighing 203 pounds...

He is "The American Ninja"...

RIIIIIIIIILEYYYYYYYYY... HUNNNNNNNNTERRRRRR!

GM: Riley Hunter has laced his boots three times this July 4th weekend, and his opponent tonight has only had to wrestle once.

BW: Look at this kid, Gordo! Not only is he the only wrestler to merit a seven star rating... Not only does he have that worldwide pedigree... Not only is entering the AWA like a meteor—a meteor on the rise! But look at him! He's not fatigued yet!

GM: That may be true, and as we saw with his appearance on "American Ninja Warrior" a couple of years back, Riley Hunter is a cardiovascular specimen. But between the "Iron Badger" Manzo Kawajiri, Noboru Fujimoto, and that duel earlier tonight with Dave Bryant, it may only be a matter of time before the wear-and-tear catches up with him.

[At the end of the aisle, Hunter flicks the nunchucks through the air with a howl that could best be described as what a severely intoxicated person would sound like while imitating Bruce Lee.]

BW: And he's got the style, the authenticity and subtlety of a real American Ninja.

GM: He is also a bit of a punk... well, you know.

BW: Say it! Say it!

[Gordon chuckles as Hunter rolls under the ropes, and starts stretching against them energetically, clearly hyped up for the next contest to begin.]

GM: Riley Hunter looks pumped up for this matchup, Bucky, but that may change when he sees his opponent come down that aisle. Right now, let's go back to Sweet Lou who is standing by with said opponent! Lou?

[We fade on cue. "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, AWA's hardest working interviewer, stands backstage with the AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James. Over James' left shoulder is slung the title belt that proclaims him Tiger Paw Pro's CAGE Openweight Champion. On his right hand is taped a large ice pack. Shirtless, James' dirty blond hair is matted to his head, and perspiration runs freely down his face and chest. Absent is James' manager, Brian Lau.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. While it is not unusual to see you out here, Mr. James, it is very unusual to see you here without your manager. Where is Brian Lau?

BJ: Mr. Lau is elsewhere back here, tending to other things. I asked him to stay behind. You see Blackwell, somewhere along the line, people have gotten the wrong idea. People think that I allow Brian Lau to come out here and speak for me because I can't speak for myself.

Mr. Lau speaks for me because most the time, I don't want to be out here running my mouth and wasting my time. I do most of my talking in the ring, and I think you can agree that when I'm in the ring, the message comes through loud and clear.

But right here, right now, I've got something to say, and I don't need anyone else to say it for me.

SLB: Before we get to what you have to say, it has to be asked, Mr. James. How is that hand? It can't possibly feel good after you punched a steel ringpost.

[The Son of the Blackheart lifts his icepack covered hand, fingers flexing beneath the ice.]

BJ: It hurts. But even if I was down one fist, that leaves me two feet, two legs, two elbows, and one fist. That's more than enough for the rest of the night.

But I'll tell you, and I'll tell everyone else, don't go thinking this fist is completely out of commission. You don't think Master Claw taught me to fight through pain? Every. Single. Day I was training at Claw Academy, I was training while hurt. Everything I know, I learned while in agony. Every lesson was delivered through a haze of suffering.

After everything Master Claw did to me, you think a steel post is anything I care about?

[Blackwell answers with a silent nod.]

SLB: In just a few minutes, you will be facing a newcomer to the AWA, but a man who isn't entirely a stranger to you, I'm talking about the American Ninja, Riley Hunter. You two have shared a locker room in Japan, though my understanding is that there is something of a détente between the Dead Man's Party and the Kings of Wrestling. At least until tonight.

BJ: This isn't about Japan. It isn't about the Dead Man's Party. It is even about the Kings of Wrestling. This is about me and Riley Hunter.

And this is about how much I hate you, Riley Hunter.

SLB: That... that's very strong wording, Mr. James.

BJ: It's the exact way I feel.

I know how good you are, Hunter. I've seen what you can do. I've watched your matches. Here in Boston, and in Japan. I won't deride your skills.

But you're everything I hate about this sport.

[James inhales and exhales slowly, the latter sound more of a growl than anything else.]

BJ: There's a certain kind of man that inhabits this locker room. No, not a man, a boy. A boy who thinks he's here to put on a show. A boy who think this is all about earning seven stars, or blowing the roof off this place. A boy who's here to entertain, to put smiles on faces. Someone who thinks of this as a business, and not a sport.

And you, American Ninja...

[The sneer on James' face is enough to strip the paint off a wall.]

BJ: You're the worst.

And tonight, you're going to pay for the sins of every boy that's ruining this man's sport.

People like you make me physically ill, Hunter. Because I am not here to entertain anyone. I don't want people in the audience smiling when they watch me. I want them to be afraid. To be as afraid as my opponents.

To be as afraid are you ought to be feeling right now.

Hunter, you seem to think that watching you compete will be entertaining for the fans. You seem to think that you're here for the enjoyment of the fans. That you're performing for someone else's pleasure.

Well, Hunter, I'm not a competitor. I'm not an entertainer. I'm not here for someone else's enjoyment. You might enjoy being nothing more than a trained monkey doing tricks so that people stuffing popcorn in their faces will clap at the appropriate time.

But I'm a fighter, Hunter, and what I do involves hurting people.

I make no promises about five star matches and seven star performances. I promise you pain. I do not promise to make you smile and clap. I promise to hurt people and make them suffer. I do not promise to be your hero. I promise to be the man you hate in the day time and fear at night.

I'm not here to tear down the house. I'm here to tear your head off your shoulders.

And that's why I'm talking right now, Hunter. So that there's no bombast between us. So that there's no hype or hyperbole. I'm here talking in as simple and as plain a way as I can so that you understand what's around the corner.

It's not a show, it's a damned fight.

When you step in the ring, you're trying to be remembered. I'm trying to break people. I want you busted, bloody and beyond hope. I want you to see your own blood running down your face. I want to hear to your bones breaking, and I want you to feel the force of a fist or a foot smashing your nose across your cheek.

Your end goal will be to see the lights flashing as people take pictures of you. What you want tomorrow is to get on the internet and see how many people are talking about. My end goal is that you wake up tomorrow, or better yet, next week, and

know that what I did to you was inevitable. I want you to know that you got smashed, and that your destruction was out of your hands, and in my control.

This won't be a match, and you're going to know what it means to get into a fight with Brian James by the end of the night.

You've got no chance against me Hunter.

You will be broken by the end of the night.

This isn't my art. This isn't my passion. This isn't my creative outlet. This is who I am. A fighter. A killer of a dreams, and a bringer of terror.

I hate you, and I hate everything you represent.

It ends tonight, Hunter. It ends for you, and it ends for the circus that you think you're a part of. You're a boy playing a game, but tonight, you realize that you're among men, and I'm not here to play.

[Blackwell, who has been growing paler with James' every word, finally opens his mouth.]

BJ: No more Blackwell, I've said what I had to say. The rest will be said with blood and screams.

[Not bothering to wait for a sendoff, James stalks away, leaving a shellshocked Blackwell in his wake.]

SLB: Well, fans... this matchup that already had very high stakes just became very, very personal as well. Can the Seven Star Athlete get past the Engine of Destruction to reach the Finals? We're moments away from finding out so let's go back to Rebecca Ortiz!

[We crossfade back to the ring where the lovely Miss Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The heavy guitars of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" blares over the loudspeakers, and the roar of boos from the crowd threatens to drown the guitars out.]

RO: Accompanied to the ring by his manager, Brian Lau...

[The curtain is pushed aside. And out first is none other than Brian Lau. Lau is dressed to the nines, wearing a shimmering grey sharkskin suit, with a neatly pressed white shirt beneath and a black tie around his neck. Lau's eyes are shielded from the harsh overhead lights in the arena by the green flash lenses of a pair of Ray Ban aviator sunglasses. Lau moves with a confident gait, arms out wide, flashing quite the smirk as the audience's boos grow louder. Lau looks over his shoulder, and gives a single nod of his head, as the music continues to blare. A moment later, a shadow falls over both Lau and the aisleway.]

RO: Hailing from Portland, Oregon, and weighing in tonight at 295 pounds... representing the Kings of Wrestling... he is the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion...

[A mountain of a man steps out, striding out with great purpose. Standing six foot six, with a body made entirely out of muscle, he cuts one of the most imposing figures in the AWA.]

RO: Here is...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAAN JAAAAAAMES!

[As the boos rain down upon the son of the Blackheart, Lau and James fall into a matching pace as they march down to ringside. James has a white towel, with the words "KINGS OF WRESTLING" embroidered in gold over his head. The towel covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl beneath a dirty blond goatee.]

GM: Brian James is physically one of the most intimidating competitors I've ever seen inside the ring, Bucky.

BW: No doubt. But it's not just physically. When you consider the mentality, the killer instinct we just heard him express in that interview. When you consider the focus and the drive. When you consider the bloodline. This man was born for moments like this and bred to be the ultimate fighter... hey, I like that phrase! The ultimate fighter! Can I trademark that?

GM: Somehow I doubt that.

[James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Over his right pectoral is a black tattoo of a circle surrounded by eight protruding towers, a Sak Yant tattoo in the Paed Tidt style. Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside. His left arm is covered in five lines of black tattoos, in the ancient Khmer language, in the Hah Taew fashion of Sak Yant tattoos. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. The right leg is black, with a golden tiger embossed over the thigh, while the left side is red, the words "BRIAN JAMES" done in a highly stylized font. Across the back of the shorts is the word "CLAW ACADEMY" again done in gold. Each knee is covered in a black knee pad, with a tribal style tiger image done at the very center of the knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James' legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists. Where Lau is brimming confidence, James is all stoic menace. The pair make their way to the ring, with Lau ascending the stairs first and entering the ring, making a big show of shooing Ortiz away from the center of the ring.]

GM: James had a brutal victory over the AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch, earlier to advance to this round... a win that some considered an upset considering how long Lynch has held that National Title.

BW: An upset? Those fools should be banned from watching pro wrestling because they obviously have no idea what they're talking about. Yeah, Lynch has set the record. Yeah, he's beaten a lot of great challengers. But he had never faced anyone the likes of Brian James and the son of the Blackheart showed him what happens when a bug gets in the path of a big rig truck, daddy. SPLAT!

GM: We're told that Travis Lynch had to leave the arena to seek medical treatment for that injured hand and wrist.

BW: Good riddance to Texas-sized rubbish, daddy.

[At last, James enters the ring. Reaching up, he pulls the towel off his head, revealing medium length dirty blond hair that's been slicked back and tied into a ponytail. James hands the towel to Lau, and Lau reaches into an inner pocket of

his jacket, producing a plastic box. Opening the box, Lau pulls out a half black, half red mouth guard, with the same golden tiger across the front. With James opening his mouth, Lau puts the mouth guard in place. There's a final grimace, and then James closes his lips. As Lau exits the ring, James falls into a traditional Muay Thai stance, and gives the slightest nod of his head, indicating that his opponent must come to him.]

GM: Referee Scott Ezra with the daunting task of keeping this one under control and after what we just heard out of James, I'm not sure that's going to be possible, Bucky.

BW: We're about to find out. You can feel the electricity in the air for this one as the referee checks to see if both men are ready and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[And at the sound of the bell, Riley Hunter sprints across the ring at top speed, letting loose a howl as he charges in on James...

...who simply steps forward, swinging his leg up, and catching Hunter flush with a bare foot under the chin, flipping Hunter inside out before dropping him down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my!

[Hunter grabs at his jaw, promptly rolling out of the ring to the floor, falling to a knee next to the broadcast table.]

GM: That... uhhh... that didn't go the way that Riley Hunter was hoping.

BW: Obviously not! You alright, kid?

[Hunter looks up at Wilde, a bit of confusion on his face. He climbs off the floor, working his jaw around as he shakes his head with a "he's tougher than he looks, gentlemen!"]

GM: Really? Because he looks like a machine.

[Hunter doesn't acknowledge the response as he climbs up on the apron, still rubbing his chin as James paces back and forth, waiting for him to get back inside the squared circle.]

GM: Look at Brian James in there... like a hungry animal waiting to sink his teeth into his prey.

BW: That sounds about right.

[Hunter grabs the top rope with both hands, catapulting himself into a somersault, landing on his feet in the ring with a smirk. He throws his arms apart in a "how about that?" gesture as James turns towards him and mockingly applauds.]

GM: I don't think Brian James was impressed by that somersault.

BW: I was! What athleticism!

[The referee separates the two men as Hunter fires off a few words towards James until they're back in their respective corners again...

...and then waves them together in a restart!]

BW: Round Two. Fight!

[This time, it's James who comes out stronger, meeting the incoming Hunter in the middle of the ring. James is on the attack, swinging a right cross that Hunter ducks to avoid. A left hook follows, buzzing past the head of Hunter as he slips to the side. A big front kick sees Hunter spin away from it. James throws a straight right that Hunter ducks, rolling under it, popping up to his feet behind James who turns around...

...and Hunter instantly pops up, pumping his legs before driving a knee up under the chin!]

GM: OHH!

BW: INSTANT KARMA!

[The kneestrike stuns James as Hunter dashes to the ropes, leaping up to spring off the middle rope, throwing himself backwards in a back elbow on the chin as well!]

GM: Hunter's got James a little dazed, I think!

[Hunter scrambles off the mat again, grabbing James by the side of the head to throw three quick elbowstrikes to the temple before using said grip to hurl James towards the ropes...]

GM: Hunter tosses him in...

[But as James hits the ropes, he loops his arms over the top, preventing the rebound back. Hunter rushes towards him, ready to strike again but James ducks down, elevating Hunter into the air with a backdrop but Hunter slips out to land on the apron behind James, throwing a short forearm to the back of the head that sends James stumbling away from the ropes...]

GM: Hunter with the forearm, James staggered...

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Hunter leaps into the air, springboarding off the top rope, connecting with a missile dropkick to the back of the head that sends James flying across the squared circle, rolling right under the ropes and out to the floor...]

GM: High impact offense by Riley Hunter, trying to strike hard early in this one.

BW: He's got to, Gordo. Hunter's wrestled too many matches this weekend so far to try and outlast James. He's gotta bring the thunder hard and early in this one if he wants to try and make the Finals.

GM: And with James on the floor, Riley Hunter loves to take to the sky.

[Hunter slips out on the apron right next to James, sets his feet, and uncorks a standing moonsault off the apron that knocks the son of the Blackheart off his feet and takes him down to the floor to cheers from the Boston crowd!]

GM: Oh my! Riley Hunter with a show of athleticism puts James down on the floor.

[An enthusiastic Hunter plays to the crowd, waving his arms up, getting more of the fans on their feet before turning his attention back to James. The American Ninja spots Brian Lau creeping towards him and points a warning finger at him before dragging James off the floor, whipping him under the ropes back inside the ring.]

GM: James back in, Hunter climbing up on the apron...

[The Seven Star Athlete wipes his boots on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands as he takes aim at the son of the Blackheart, leaping into the air...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[...and springs off the top rope, flipping backwards while sailing forward, plummeting down... down... down...]

BW: SHOOTING STAR PRESS!

[But James rolls out of the way, coming up to a knee...

...only to see the mega-athletic Riley Hunter land on his feet!]

GM: Whooooa my!

[The crowd ROARS for the show of skill as Hunter sinks to a knee, staring across the ring at the kneeling James, twisting his fingers into a "pistol" as he takes aim at the Engine of Destruction and the crowd goes nuts!]

BW: Now that, my friend... is a standoff!

[An irate James slams his fist down into the canvas, coming up quickly and surging towards the rising Hunter who deftly ducks a swinging right hook... then a swinging left hook...]

GM: Hunter ducks a right then a left.

[Hunter leaps into the air, looking to take advantage of James being off-balance, swinging his knee out for another Instant Karma...

...but this time, it's James who avoids the big blow, sidestepping and shoving Hunter towards the ropes. Hunter's chest hits the ropes, sending him stumbling backwards as James winds up and DRILLS the American Ninja with a clothesline to the back of the head, knocking Hunter facefirst to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big shot there by James, nearly taking Hunter's head clear off his shoulders!

[And with Hunter down on the mat, James surges into action, diving to his knees as he grabs Hunter by the hair, pulling him up, and slamming his face down into the canvas once.... twice... three times before he climbs to his feet, letting loose a primeval roar!]

GM: Brian James showing off his dark side here in Boston, really staying on Hunter there...

[Pulling Hunter off the mat by the back of the tights, James hurls him backwards into the turnbuckles, his arms instantly looping over the ropes to stay on his feet as Brian Lau shouts instructions from out on the floor.]

GM: James puts Hunter back in the corner, looking like a man on a mission.

[James stalks into the corner, taking aim as he grabs the top rope, swinging his knee up into the midsection of Hunter once... twice... over and over again as Hunter's entire body convulses on every blow landed.]

GM: James is tearing into him!

[With the crowd buzzing, James peels away after about ten kneestrikes to the body, letting loose a roar as Lau claps approvingly. James turns around, charging across the ring, extending his arm...]

GM: James coming in hot!

[...but Hunter leans back, throwing both feet up and catching the incoming James on the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Hunter caught him!

[James staggers back a few steps as Hunter promptly hops up to the second rope, then steps to the top...]

GM: Hunter's going upstairs again!

[But James surges forward, leaping to the second rope, stepping to the top where he hooks Hunter around the waist...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and HURLS Riley Hunter three-quarters of the way across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly superplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter bounces off the canvas, promptly flopping through the ropes and out to the floor as James comes up to a knee, nodding confidently as the crowd roars over what they just saw.]

GM: An incredible show of athleticism AND power on the part of Brian James and Riley Hunter just got introduced to the AWA the hard way, fans!

[James climbs off the mat, his eyes scanning to see where Hunter is. Lau eagerly points out the fallen Seven Star Athlete, bringing James over towards the ropes.]

GM: And it looks like the son of the Hall of Famer is going out after Riley Hunter, stepping out on the apron...

[The 6'6 James drops off the apron, staring down at the prone Hunter who is trying to recover from the devastating throw.]

GM: James pulling Hunter off the floor... The American Ninja, at the mercy of Brian James now.

BW: And that's not something Brian James has a lot of, Gordo.

GM: It certainly isn't.

[James drags Hunter off the floor by the hair, staring into his face...]

...and then with an arm looped under the armpit, James gets a two-step start and HURLS Hunter through the air, tossing him bodily with a biel throw into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lau cackles with glee nearby before shouting for his charge to finish off Hunter. James moves methodically towards Hunter, again dragging him up by the hair. He shoves Hunter under the ropes, rolling him back inside the ring as James slides in after him.]

GM: Both men back inside now... and you've gotta wonder if Riley Hunter's three matches this weekend are starting to wear on him after that top rope belly-to-belly and the throw into the ringside railing.

BW: Hunter's got a lot of endurance... a lot of stamina... but he's also in the ring against the likes of the Engine of Destruction, daddy.

[James climbs back to his feet, looking down at Hunter as the Seven Star Athlete tries to crawl away from him to create some space.]

GM: James stalking Hunter, stalking him like a predator...

[Reaching down, James grabs the back of Hunter's tights, yanking him bodily to his feet, right into a side waistlock...]

GM: Pure power, hoisting him up with ease!

[James walks out to the middle of the ring, leaping up, and dropping Hunter on the back of his head with a backdrop suplex!]

GM: Ohhh! A lot of impact on that one! Could that be enough?

[James flips over, jackknifing Hunter's legs and leaning on top of them to press the shoulders to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Hunter's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: No! Two count only! Riley Hunter had the awareness to kick out, saving himself and his chances of advancing to the Finals of this tournament on Hunter's debut weekend here in the AWA!

BW: What a debut it's been too, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. If any AWA fans didn't know who Riley Hunter was going into this weekend, they certainly do now.

[James slowly gets to his feet, walking around the ring, taking deep breaths as he keeps an eye on Hunter who again is trying to get himself off the mat, rolling over onto his stomach, pushing up to all fours...]

GM: Hunter on his hands and knees, looking for a way to get back into this thing...

[But James swoops in behind him, wrapping his powerful arms around the waist of the kneeling Hunter...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: I don't like the looks of this, Gordo!

GM: No fan of Riley Hunter would like the looks of this at all!

[With a grunt of effort, James deadlifts Hunter off the mat and goes right on over, throwing him violently down on the back of his head and neck with a spine-shaking released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

BW: What you're seeing right now, Gordo, is devastating move after devastating move by Brian James! He's not trying to wear the man down... he's trying to take the man out! That's why we're... what? Seven or eight minutes into this match and seeing two counts.

[James gets up off the mat, walking around the prone Hunter, beckoning with one arm to call for the American Ninja to get back on his feet.]

GM: James physically asserting himself as the dominant force in this one so far... some impressive offense... some devastating power... and Riley Hunter certainly might be wishing he'd managed to get a bye at some point in this tournament so far.

BW: That's an important point, Gordo. Think back. Riley Hunter has had to defeat the Iron Badger in a hard-fought battle. He had to defeat Noboru Fujimoto in a tough matchup. He had to beat the former World Champion, Dave Bryant, in another hard one. Hunter's been put through the wringer this weekend and yes, Brian James had to beat Travis Lynch... and boy did he ever do that! But three matches to one? That's gotta play a part in what we're seeing right here.

[James shouts at Hunter, demanding that he get back to his feet.]

GM: Brian James wants Riley Hunter to get up on his own. He wants him to get up and keep fighting on his own power.

[Hunter struggles to do exactly that, pushing up to his knees, looking up at the Engine of Destruction in front of him. James leans over, shouting "GET! UP!" right in the face of a weary Hunter who nods his head, pushing his legs under him as the majority of the crowd cheers him on.]

GM: Hunter struggling to get up, fighting to get there...

[And as he does, James grabs him by the arm, twisting it back over his head, winding up his right hand...]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH! BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[...and swings his fist towards the chest of the Seven Star Athlete who watches it barreling in towards him...]

GM: COUNTER!

[...and spins out of James' grasp, hooking his left arm as he slides in behind James. The crowd roars as Hunter reaches out, looping the right arm in as well.]

GM: He's got that double chickenwing!

BW: And you know what comes next!

GM: Hunter's trying to muscle the 295 pounder up off the canvas! Trying to get him up for the Day of Lavos!

[Hunter struggles and strains, trying to use his 203 pound frame to get James off the mat...

...but with a horrifying shout of effort, James yanks his arms out of Hunter's grasp, breaking the chickenwing attempt!]

GM: OH!

[James spins around, ready to strike again but Hunter desperately lashes out with a boot to the chest, pushing James backwards to create space. The Engine of Destruction hits the ropes, rebounding back towards Hunter who slides to his knees, throwing a knife-edge chop to the midsection!]

GM: Hunter goes downstairs!

[Leaping up to his feet, Hunter grabs two hands full of James' hair, swinging his left knee up into the face once... twice... three times, forcing James to straighten up very wobbly as Hunter dashes to the ropes behind him...]

GM: Hunter off the ropes from behind!

[Showing off his impressive vertical leap, Hunter loops his leg over the back of James' head and neck, riding him down into a leg bulldog headlock, smashing James' face into the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! Did you see that?!

BW: Hunter trying to turn things around! He rolls James over... lateral press!

[The referee's hand hits the mat once... it hits the mat twice...

...and James PRESSES Hunter into the air, flinging him off his chest to an impressed "ooooooooh" from the sold-out crowd!]

GM: Good grief! What a kickout!

BW: James ain't nowhere near done, daddy!

[But Hunter isn't one to stop and worry about what he just saw. He scrambles up off the mat, shaking off the shocking and powerful kickout as James gets quickly to a knee...]

GM: Hunter's not letting up!

[Charging in again, Hunter throws himself into a running low dropkick, knocking James down onto his back again. Hunter pops up to his feet, strikes a pose...]

GM: Look out here!

[...and snaps off a running Shooting Star Press on the prone James, tightly hooking the legs!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[But again James kicks out... less emphatically this time... but a kickout all the same. Hunter pops up off the mat, grabbing at his hair, showing a little bit of frustration as he ponders his next attack.]

GM: Hunter's trying to figure out what's next but while he does, Brian James is getting back up once more!

[Hunter decides to go basic, grabbing the kneeling James by the side of the head and laying in some stiff forearms to the jaw. He quickly switches, throwing Mongolian chops at the massive shoulders of the son of the Blackheart!]

GM: Hunter's hammering away!

[Turning, Hunter dashes to the ropes, rebounding back with a running Mongolian chop to the shoulders!]

GM: Another Mongolian chop, trying to keep James down on the mat!

[Turning, Hunter dashes to the ropes again, rebounding off...

...and runs RIGHT into a stiff elbowstrike by James! Hunter staggers away, Tweetybirds circling over his head as he falls chestfirst into the middle rope, flopping through the ropes out to the floor!]

GM: GOOOOOOOD GRIEF! What a shot that was!

[James drops to his back, promptly rolling out to the floor where Brian Lau is shouting for him to finish off his opponent.]

GM: Lau calling for the end to this one. He doesn't want to extend Brian James too long in this match either since the Finals awaits whoever wins this matchup. We've passed the ten minute mark now as James drags Hunter off the floor...

[James again flings Hunter in the direction of the railing, sending a metal-enhanced jolt up and down his spine as he hits it.]

GM: Into the steel goes Riley Hunter again! And James is backing off, creating some space for himself...

[The crowd is buzzing as James backs the entire length of the ring away from a dazed Riley Hunter, swinging his right arm around in a circle, trying to stay loose...]

GM: James continuing to back up - where the heck is he going?

BW: I'm not sure but I don't think it'll be good news for Hunter when James gets there, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure you're right about that.

[Nearly reaching the opposite railing, James raises a clenched fist in the air, lowering it to press into the thin ringside mats...

...and with a shout, he charges!]

GM: HERE COMES JAMES!

[Running the distance of the ring, James straightens up, his eyes locked on Riley Hunter as he draws closer... and closer... and closer...]

GM: BLACK MASS!

[...but before he can arrive, Hunter desperately throws himself into the air, pumping his leg...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

[The bicycle kneestrike DRILLS James on the chin, sending him staggering backwards, falling into the adjacent railing as Lau shouts in horrified shock...]

...and Hunter uncorks a short running clothesline of his own, tipping James over the railing and into the front row of seats!]

GM: INTO THE CROWD GOES BRIAN JAMES!!

[Hunter collapses forward, leaning on the railing, breathing heavily as the crowd roars for what they just saw. Brian Lau rushes over, shouting to his charge over the barricade as a stunned Brian James is sprawled across the ringside seats as the fans vacate the premises.]

BW: What a fight Hunter's giving him, Gordo!

GM: He's outsized! He's outmatched! He's wrestled more matches this weekend! But Riley Hunter is not backing down! He's going to keep things going until he just can't go anymore!

[Hunter straightens up, grabbing the railing with both hands...

...and gives it a few hard yanks, turning to look over his shoulder at the ring.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: I have no idea.

[The crowd in Boston is buzzing as Hunter gives the railing one more yank, creating more space between the front row and the steel barricade.]

GM: Hunter heading back to the ring... what was that business with the barricade, Bucky?

BW: Maybe he didn't like where it was set up.

GM: Hunter's back inside the ring, walking to the center...

[Always one to play to the moment, Hunter raises his arms over his head, extending his fingers, wiggling them as the crowd roars with anticipation of what might be coming next. He nods his head... his body slowly starting to shake...]

GM: Hunter's feeding off these fans in Boston cheering him on!

[And with a spin, Hunter stomps on the mat, pointing both hands outside to where Brian Lau is shouting at James, trying to get him back on his feet. With a wicked grin, Hunter dashes to the ropes, hitting those closest to the Brians, rebounding back to hit the far ropes...]

GM: Hunter building up speed! Building up momentum! Building up-

[Gordon's words are cut off by Hunter HURLING himself over the top rope, sailing high through the air at high speed...

...CLEARING the barricade and crashing down onto a rising Brian James with a crowd-pleasing somersault dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH! MY! STAAAAAARRRRRRRS!

[Hunter slowly gets out of the mess of chairs at ringside, throwing himself forward in a bow to the roaring crowd.]

GM: What a dive! What a dive by Riley Hunter! Incredible!

BW: I don't... I'm not sure I've ever seen anything like that, Gordo!

GM: You and me both, buddy!

[Hunter looks over at a shocked Brian Lau, nodding his head confidently as he drags a dazed James off the mess of chairs, pulling him over towards the railing where he dumps him over.]

GM: Hunter trying to hustle, trying to get James back inside the ring before he can recover!

[He drags James to the ring, lifting him off the floor and shoving him under the ropes.]

GM: Hunter puts him back in... rolling himself back in too...

[The Seven Star Athlete crawls the few feet, throwing himself across James' chest.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[Hunter rolls off of James, eyes wide, jaw dropped as he stares at the official who insistently shoves two fingers up in the air!]

GM: James kicked out! Brian James kicked out in time!

[Hunter sits up on the mat, cradling his head in his hands for a few moments.]

GM: Riley Hunter thought he had him but James got out in the nick of time, Bucky.

BW: He did... and Hunter needs to snap out of this. He needs to get his head back into this. There's no time to worry about what you just missed out on... you've gotta focus on what's next to finish him off!

[Hunter lets loose a shout, climbing to his feet, circling in behind James as he sits up on the mat. His eyes are wide... manic even... as he beckons James to get up with both hands...]

GM: James trying to get off the mat! Hunter's waiting right behind him!

BW: He's setting up for the Day of Lavos!

GM: That seems very likely to me too, Bucky! Hunter's waiting...

[And as the dazed son of the Blackheart climbs off the mat, Hunter ducks in, hooking both arms in a double chickenwing...]

GM: Hunter hooks him! He's got it locked!

[...but again, he struggles to get the near-300 pounder off his feet!]

GM: Can he get him up?!

BW: I don't think he can, Gordo! Hunter's fighting for it!

GM: But James isn't going up yet, standing strong...

[Suddenly, Hunter gives up on this attack, deadleaping into the air, scissoring his legs around the head of James, looking to spike his skull into the canvas with a reverse rana!]

GM: HUNTER!

[But James reaches up, grabbing Hunter's legs with his powerful arms...

...and blocks the reverse rana attempt, leaving Hunter dangling over his back as James holds the legs!]

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! JAMES BLOCKING THE-

[Using his incredible upper body strength, James SNAPS Hunter over his head, flinging him chestfirst down to the canvas with stunning impact!]

GM: OHHH!

[Hunter hits the canvas so hard, he actually pops back up in front of James who reaches out, grabbing Hunter's shoulder and swinging him quickly around...

...and DRIVES his clenched right fist into the chest of Hunter, sending him crumpling down to the canvas!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[James drops to a knee, grimacing and shaking his right hand in pain as he settles into a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[James gets to his feet, flexing his fingers as he looks down at the motionless Riley Hunter.]

GM: Even with a banged-up hand, Brian James continues to use the Blackheart Punch to great effect, Bucky.

BW: Hey, he said it himself before the match - do you honestly think Tiger Claw would send his prize student out into the world without knowing how to fight through pain?

GM: I don't know about that but I have a feeling Mr. Gellar will have a few words for you backstage after that name you just dropped.

[James raises his arm in victory before exiting the ring, leaving Hunter on the mat behind him.]

GM: A tremendous effort by Riley Hunter but in the end, Brian James is moving on to join Supernova in the Finals... which means we've got one match left, fans! One match left to see who will make up the Finals. Will it be the former two-time AWA World Champion Supreme Wright or will it be the former National Champion and Hall of Famer Juan Vasquez? This one, my friends, is going to be something else. We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's time for the final SemiFinal match of the night! Wright! Vasquez! Tell your friends and don't you DARE go away!

[James walks up the aisle alongside Brian Lau who holds up one finger to the camera, mouthing "one more" to everyone watching as 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 where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, it's been a long weekend of action here in Boston but with just one more Semifinal remaining, the end is near. Earlier, the AWA World Television Champion, Supernova, defeated "Red Hot" Rex Summers and Brian James bested Riley Hunter to take their spots in the Finals of the Battle of Boston. And we are now just moments away from finding out who will join them. Will it be the former two-time AWA World Champion and arguably the greatest professional wrestler in the world, Supreme Wright, or the man who many would claim this very company is built upon, Juan Vasquez? I can't wait to see how this one goes down. Now, let's go over to Theresa Lynch with one of the SemiFinalists by her side!

[We cut to another part of the building where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest now is...

[Before Theresa can even finish, we see Juan Vasquez LEAP onto the scene, once again wearing the Colonial era officer's coat he wore the night before over his black wrestling tights with blue flames on the side. Ignoring Theresa completely, Juan shadow boxes, speaking to himself as he does so.]

JV: I am not throwin' away my shot! I am not throwin' away my shot! Ayo, I'm just like this company, I'm young, scrappy, and hungry! And I'm not throwin' away my shot!

[Juan punctuates his words by throwing a few shadow punches into the air, before turning to Theresa with a smile.]

TL: I see you're still pumped up from tonight's opening introduction.

JV: The wife and daughters are big fans of the musical, Theresa. They can't get enough of it; must've seen the damn thing ten times by now!

[He laughs, before a serious expression quickly forms on his face.]

JV: But Alexander Hamilton's not what we're here to talk about, is it? Nah, what we're here to talk about is [Points to himself] THIS bastard, orphan, son of a whore, AWA Founding Father without a father who got a lot farther by workin' a lot harder, by bein' a lot smarter, and by bein' a self-starter. The man who's making the AWA great again one day at a time. The man that defeated Ryan Martinez and turned the world upside down!

Juan Vasquez.

[He grabs Theresa by the wrist and pulls the microphone up closer to his mouth.]

JV: So it's time for you to talk less and smile more, chica... no one's here to hear you squawk. The star of the show is speaking now.

[The look of disgust that Theresa has for Vasquez is evident on her face.]

JV: Lemme paint the picture for you. The "Once in a Millennium" talent? Vanquished by a talent eons beyond him! The White Knight? Slain by this Latin dragon! As the Death Bracket winds down and the body count soars... we were left with two. And Hell, if ya' knew a damn thing about wrestling, it only could've been these two!

Juan Vasquez! Supreme Wright!

Two of the greatest to ever step into the squared circle, for the first time ever!

Teacher versus student!

The biggest star in the history of the sport of professional wrestling takes on the greatest technical wrestler the world has ever seen!

A match that could headline any card in any city, state, province, prefecture, or country in the whole wide world and fill out every stadium, coliseum, dome, arena, sumo hall... whatever!

And it's happening RIGHT HERE in Boston _tonight!_

[Vasquez turns to Lynch and frowns at what he sees.]

JV: Wait? Why the long face? You should be giddy at the fact you get to see history take place tonight!

[He examines her face for a moment, before a sudden realization hits him.]

JV: Oh...OHHHH...you're that Lynch sister that's sweet on Supreme, ain't 'cha? I get it now!

[Theresa's reaction is instantaneous.]

TL: No! Him!? NO!

[Juan waves at her dismissively.]

JV: Sure thing, sweetheart. Whatever ya' say.

[Juan turns to the camera and gives a sly look, before winking in an exaggerated manner.]

TL: I can see you, Juan.

JV: Don't worry, little mama, I don't plan on hurting Supreme...much. He's my favorite pupil, after all. All your man needs to do is know his place and I'll make sure the world will be wide enough for the both of us.

[Theresa seems confused.]

TL: What do you mean by that-...

[Theresa is immediately cutoff by Juan, who leans in close and begins to speak to the tune of "You'll be Back" from Hamilton.]

JV: Oceans rise, empires fall...

...The Axis rules over you all.

[The crowd roars with boos at that proclamation, causing Juan to smirk.]

JV: But if push comes to shove?

[He leans in close to Theresa and speaks in a harsh whisper.]

JV: I'll destroy Supreme and all he loves.

[A huge, sneering grin forms on Vasquez' face as he slowly backs away from Theresa Lynch and out of view, mockingly singing to her.]

JV: Da da da dat da dat da da da ya daaa...

[As he disappears, a frustrated Theresa Lynch rubs her right temple and shakes her head as we fade to another part of the building where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing outside a room marked "TRAINER."]

SLB: While Theresa has her hands full with an ego the size of King George's, I have the honor of being your obedient servant right here outside the training room where Supreme Wright entered shortly after his match with Pure X and has yet to emerge. Fans, I came to get comments before this match but I've been told that Mr. Wright has sworn to do his talking... inside the ring.

I guess we'll just have to... wait for it.

[Blackwell winks at the camera.]

SLB: Rebecca Ortiz, this show belongs to you, my dear. Take it away!

[We crossfade out into the buzzing TD Garden where Rebecca Ortiz is center stage.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is the last SEMIFINAL of the night!

[Big cheer!]

RO: First...

[The lights in the TD Garden go out, sending a rush of excitement through the crowd as we await the entrance of the two-time former AWA World Champion. "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, bringing the crowd to their feet as they fill the TD Garden with a mixed reaction!]

RO: Fighting out of Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he weighs in tonight at 228 pounds... he is a former TWO-TIME AWA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRRRLLLLLLLLLD...

SUPREME WRIIIIIIIGHTTTT!!!

[A lone spotlight hits the top of the aisle, where we see Wright standing, dressed in the hooded black fighter's robe. As always, his eyes are focused solely on HIS ring, his face devoid of any and all expression or emotion. No longer flanked by Team Supreme, Wright walks down the aisle alone, serenaded by the jeers of the crowd, although a very vocal amount of cheers can be heard amongst the jeers. He has a bit of a limp that is obvious as he heads towards the ring - war wound from earlier in the night.]

GM: Supreme Wright came to Boston for one reason, fans... to be crowned as the very best professional wrestler in the world. Can he accomplish it? I believe he can. But to do it, he's gotta go through one of the biggest stars our sport has ever known.

BW: Vasquez said it himself, Gordo. This is the kind of match the phrase "MAIN EVENT" is built for. It may not be going on last but this might be the one everyone is talking about tomorrow morning if I know these two.

[Wright steps through the ropes and into the ring, lowering the hood to reveal his face. His eyes remain focused as he removes his robe to reveal his wrestling attire underneath: crimson wrestling trunks with three white stars on the front. He settles back into the corner, swinging his injured leg back and forth, trying to keep his knee loose. The battle wounds from the match with Rufus Harris are evident on his face as well. This has been a tough weekend for Supreme Wright and it ain't over yet.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights go out again. Spotlights hit the stage.]

RO: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in tonight at 238 pounds... he is a former multi-time champion and a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame... he is...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAAASQUEZZZZZZ!

[A MASSIVE roar of boos fills the TD Garden at the sight of Juan Vasquez, dressed in a full-length dark blue Colonial officer's coat with gold trim and tricorn hat. Behind him, stand the rest of The Axis, Maxim Zharkov and Riley Hunter. And on either side of the them are a total of ten men, all dressed like soldiers of the Colonial army from the American Revolution.

At his hip, Juan draws a cutlass and points it towards the ring. The Soldiers all take aim with their muskets and fire, letting loose an even more impressive smoke-filled burst than the night before as fireworks go off above the ring...

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"
"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"
"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"
"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"
"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"
"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"
"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"
"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"

...and a gigantic American flag with the image of Vasquez on it and the words "IN JUAN WE TRUST" written on it unfurls from the rafters, dropping down to a deafening chorus of jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Goodness!

BW: Now THAT'S an entrance, daddy! I can feel my paycheck for the show getting lighter just looking at it!

GM: Never one to think of anyone but himself, Juan Vasquez is on his way to the ring!

[DMX's "Ain't No Sunshine" then begins to play over the PA system as Vasquez tosses his sword aside and throws off his hat and coat, making his way down to the ring as the crowd shouts their hate and rage towards the man that betrayed them all and his cronies who have wreaked so much havoc throughout the AWA.]

GM: Vasquez is coming out here... but he's not coming alone, fans. He's got Jackson Hunter and Maxim Zharkov, his allies in the Axis of Evil, with him... and that's not good news for Supreme Wright.

BW: Sure isn't. I mean, with Hunter's master strategic mind and Zharkov's inspirational spirit...

GM: Right. Hunter's mind and Zharkov's spirit. I'm sure that's why they're here. I'm sure that's exactly why-

[Just then, Vasquez rips the microphone out of Rebecca Ortiz's hands before she can exit the ring.]

JV: Hold on right there, chica. I have something important to say...

[He points a finger across the ring at Wright.]

JV: ...to him.

[With the rest of The Axis backing him, Vasquez boldly strolls to the center of the ring, beckoning Wright to meet him.]

JV: The "Death Bracket." That's what they called this, didn't they? And it ain't no joke, Supreme, 'cause there ain't no doubt in my mind that if you and me go through with this match, the survivor - if you can call him that - ain't gonna' have a damn thing left for the finals. But I have a proposal for you, amigo.

[Wright's face doesn't betray what he's thinking, but...he's listening.]

JV: Forfeit this match...

[The boos immediately rain down upon Vasquez, but he wasn't done yet.]

JV: ...and join me.

[The crowd... did not expect that. There's a collective groan at that proposal.]

JV: Be my right hand man. I know with you on my side, there ain't anything that can stop us. Not the Martinezes, not The Lynches, and sure as hell not the Kings of Wrestling! Come on, Supreme...let's make the AWA great again.

[Wright doesn't answer.]

JV: I know this might sound ridiculous to you right now, but listen to me carefully. Supreme... I can offer you the one thing in the world that you want the most.

A shot at the AWA Heavyweight World Title.

[Wright's eyes open wide at that declaration.]

JV: You doubt me? You think I'm not capable of doing this? Here's a friendly reminder, amigo...

...I'M JUAN VASQUEZ!!!

[HEEL POP!]

JV: You say that Emerson Gellar would never allow that to happen? That he hates you almost as much as he hates me?

[He chuckles.]

JV: Didn't runnin' with The Wise Men teach you a damn thing about how things work around here? It's all about connections. It's all about influence. It's about who you know. And there ain't a damn person in this sport that wields as much influence as I do and you KNOW it.

I mean...it must be nice...

[He sings it ever so sweetly.]

JV: It must niiaicce...

...to have Juan Vasquez on your side.

[He grins big.]

JV: Have I ever steered you wrong, Supreme? Remember Steal the Spotlight...I gave you that shot. And now, history's repeating itself. With The Axis backing you, do you honestly believe Detson can hold onto the title?

[Wright's face remains unreadable, his eyes studying Vasquez carefully.]

JV: It's alright...I know you want to fight. You're just like me. You've got that hunger. Competitive as hell and ready to be a martyr for your cause. But I'm not telling you to throw away your shot...

...I'm just telling you to wait for it.

[A smirk.]

JV: Understand now that you're outgunned, outmanned, outnumbered and outplanned. You just went thirty minutes with Pure X. Your stupid pride made you take more flush shots from Rufus Harris' right hand than every single GFC fighter he's ever faced combined.

Do you honestly think you can beat me the way you are right now?

[Juan sneers.]

JV: Come on, Supreme...this isn't hard. Make the right decision.

Join me.

[Juan holds his hand out to Wright.]

JV: Bend the knee.

[The crowd roars with boos. Wright simply stares at Vasquez' outstretched hand and instead asks for the microphone. Vasquez hands it over to Wright, waiting for his answer.]

SW: That's a tempting offer. Honestly, I'd be a damn fool to pass it up.

[There's an audible gasp that can be heard in the crowd.]

SW: You're right. There's nothing in the world I want more than to regain MY World Heavyweight title.

But JUAN...

[The smile on Vasquez' face disappears as he realizes Wright called him by his first name. The implications aren't lost on him.]

SW: ...my answer is NO.

[MASSIVE CHEERS!]

SW: Make the AWA great again?

[Wright chuckles.]

SW: Here's a newsflash for you, Juan: Supreme Wright _wrestles_ in the AWA and as long as I do, the AWA is, was and _continues_ to be great!

[Vasquez fumes.]

SW: Your right hand man?

[Wright shakes his head.]

SW: I'm not playing second fiddle to anybody. There ain't a single damn person in this world that I place above me... much less YOU.

You think I need your help to regain MY title? You think I can't defeat you? You think I can't whup your sorry ass and bring you to your knees?

[The crowd roars at the unusual show of emotion from Wright!]

SW: Juan?

I respectfully disagree.

[The crowd is going wild now as Wright gets right in Vasquez' face.]

SW: Because if you haven't realized it by now, lemme spell it out for you. I'm Supreme Wright and I'm the BES-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Wright never gets to finish whatever he was about to say, as Vasquez suddenly takes him off his feet with a massive Right Cross! Wright collapses to the canvas from being drilled with arguably the most infamous strike in professional wrestling. A gleeful Vasquez turns towards the referee, shouting for him to ring the bell!]

GM: OH!

BW: Ring the bell! Your Juan is demanding it!

[Referee Ricky Longfellow defiantly shakes his head, refusing to oblige as Vasquez storms towards him, grabbing him by the front of the shirt.]

“RING THE BELL!”

[Longfellow again shakes his head, pointing to the stunned Wright down on the canvas. Vasquez doesn't follow his gesture, getting closer so that his face is right up against the referee. The enraged Vasquez screams at the referee, spittle flying from his mouth onto Longfellow's face.]

“RING! THE! BELL!”

[Longfellow again shakes his head as a frustrated Vasquez flings him down to his knees on the canvas. Vasquez reaches up, tearing at his own hair, screaming with frustration.]

GM: Vasquez is demanding that the bell be rung but Ricky Longfellow is holding his ground! He's refusing to do it!

BW: Vasquez is totally irate! Longfellow... fly, you fool!

[Vasquez steps towards the kneeling Longfellow, grabbing a handful of hair and yanking his head back so that he's forced to look up at the Hall of Famer.]

GM: Oh, come on! Let him go, Vasquez!

BW: Vasquez is gonna make him pay for this, Gordo!

[Vasquez slowly closes his right hand, clenching it tightly. He speaks to Longfellow, quietly this time so no one can hear him. Longfellow's eyes flash with shock and then terror as his gaze comes to rest on Vasquez' clenched right hand.]

GM: Don't do it, Ricky! Don't let him bully you!

BW: Oh, that's easy for you to say, Gordo. Why don't you get in there with Vasquez ready to clean your clock and try to "hold the line?!"

[Vasquez nods his head, drawing back his right hand with devilish intent. Longfellow is kneeling before him, pleading for mercy...

...and Vasquez gives him one last chance, pointing outside the ring...]

GM: For the love of all... can someone help Ricky Longfellow? Can someone-

[And with no options before him, Ricky Longfellow chooses to save his own skin and dejectedly signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Vasquez shoves the official down next to Wright as the Hall of Famer dives upon the former World Champion's prone form.]

GM: COVER!

[Longfellow pushes up to all fours, glaring at Vasquez as he raises his arm.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Longfellow pauses at two, his eyes boring into Vasquez.]

GM: THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT!

[Vasquez rolls to a seated position, burying his face in his hands as the Boston crowd roars for the knockout!]

GM: Juan Vasquez can't believe it! He thought he had Wright beaten!

[Vasquez twists over to a knee, glaring at Longfellow who is up on his feet, backing away as he holds up two fingers. The Hall of Famer rises, walking towards the official but the shouts of Jackson Hunter draw his focus back to Wright who has rolled to all fours and is crawling across the ring.]

GM: Hunter's trying to keep Vasquez focused on this match - not the official!

[The Hall of Famer shakes his head, shouting a warning at Longfellow before he stalks across the ring towards the crawling Wright. He winds up his right arm as he

steps near, dropping his elbow down into Wright's lower back, putting him back down on the mat!]

GM: Elbowdrop down across the back!

BW: And there's more where that came from!

[Vasquez swings back up, dropping the elbow again... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Vasquez hammering away, driving those elbows down into the back!

[The Los Angeles native climbs back to his feet, looking down at the prone Wright. He reaches down, snagging the back of his trunks, pulling the submission specialist up to his feet...

...and slams his forearm down across the lower back in a clubbing motion!]

GM: Forearm down across the back! And again! And another!

[A half dozen forearms land before Wright slumps back down to all fours, a furious Vasquez standing over him. He looks out at the jeering Boston crowd with a sneer on his face...

...and then swoops down, hooking a waistlock...]

GM: Vasquez hooks him!

[The former National Champion yanks Wright back up to his feet, hoisting him into the air, and dumping him down on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Vasquez FOLDS UP the former World Champion with that suplex!

[Vasquez rolls over, crawling over to apply a jackknife cradle, pushing Wright's legs down into his chest and his shoulders into the canvas as the referee dives down to count again!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And AGAIN Supreme Wright kicks out in time, fans!

[Vasquez slides off to the side, sitting on the canvas, angrily staring at the official who holds up two fingers.]

BW: Vasquez is absolutely steaming mad at the referee right now, Gordo. Longfellow better watch himself.

GM: Longfellow better... VASQUEZ better watch himself! If he puts his hands on the referee, his night would be over in a hurry!

BW: Yeah but if Vasquez puts his hands on Longfellow, Longfellow's CAREER might be over in a hurry! It wouldn't be the first time an AWA referee got retired by a wrestler losing it on them!

[Vasquez slowly gets to his feet, shaking his head in disbelief as he approaches the downed Wright who is again trying to drag himself across the ring away from his opponent.]

GM: Wright's trying to create some distance, give himself time to recover. Remember, Vasquez assaulted him before the bell and with that banged-up knee Wright was carrying into this match already, he's at a major disadvantage coming into this one if you ask me!

[Wright manages to get to the corner, trying to climb to his feet off the mat but Vasquez swoops in behind him, pulling him up and shoving him back into the buckles...]

GM: Backed in the corner...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big overhead chop by Vasquez! What a chop that was!

[Vasquez lays in a pair of forearms to the jaw before grabbing Wright by the arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: Whip out of the corn- oh!

[...but Wright only gets about halfway across the ring before his sore leg gives out, sending him collapsing down to the mat in a heap. A sneering Vasquez looks on as the crowd buzzes with concern for Wright's ability to put up a fight. Longfellow slides down next to Wright, checking to see if the former World Champion can continue.]

GM: That leg that Pure X worked over in the Quarterfinals went out on Wright and you have to wonder how big of a role that's going to play here in the Semifinals, Bucky.

BW: He couldn't even run across the ring, Gordo! I'd have to say it's going to play a major role!

[Vasquez walks out of the corner, looking down at Wright who is still down on the canvas...

...and then STOMPING the back of Wright's knee, jamming the kneecap into the mat!]

GM: OHH!

[A smirking Vasquez keeps his foot on the bend behind the knee, reaching down to grab the foot...

...and lifts the leg high in the air before DRIVING the kneecap down into the mat a second time!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: This one might be over sooner than we thought, Gordo. If Vasquez starts in on that leg - and it sure looks like he's going to - he's not going to stop until Wright is begging for mercy and tapping like Fred Astaire!

[Vasquez walks around the ring, earning jeers from the Boston fans as Jackson Hunter shouts advice in to his ally. Maxim Zharkov stands behind his manager,

looking fearsome as Vasquez circles back towards Wright who is now up on his knees, wincing in pain.]

GM: Wright on his knees...

[Vasquez slowly reaches his right hand up towards the sky, pulling his fingers together into a clenched fist...]

GM: He's going for the Right Cross again!

[...and lunges towards Wright who shifts his weight slightly, allowing Vasquez to go sailing past him, off-balance from the effort as Wright drags him down into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: CRADLE! SCHOOLBOY OUT OF NOWHERE!

[A two count follow before Vasquez kicks out, breaking up the pin...

...and comes up swinging, pasting a rising Wright across the face with an open-handed slap, knocking Wright back down onto his knee.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The second slap connects as well, knocking Wright all the way down to the canvas on his back. The Hall of Famer stalks forward, standing over him...]

"Did you just do that?!"

[He leans over, slapping the downed Wright across the face again...]

"Who do you think you are?!"

[And again...]

"Who do you think you are?!"

[And again...]

"WHO do you think you are?!"

[Wright tiredly raises his right arm, trying to block any more slaps from coming but Vasquez grabs him by the wrist, snatching hold of it. The other arm comes up to try and stop him by Vasquez grabs it as well...]

"WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!"

[...and as he pulls Wright's head and torso off the mat by the grip on both wrists, he STOMPS his face, driving him back down into the mat!]

GM: OHHH!

"WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!"

[Another stomp!]

"WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!"

[Another!]

"WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?!"

[Another! With a dazed Wright on the mat, a furious Vasquez pulls him up by the arms, flinging him backwards into the nearest set of turnbuckles. He launches himself forward, driving the point of his elbow back up under the chin, leaning on Wright as he plans out his next attack.]

GM: Wright trapped in the corner... look out now!

[Still enraged, Vasquez squares up in the corner, throwing lefts and rights to the head and body, repeatedly landing blows anywhere that Wright is unable to defend. The official steps closer, ordering Vasquez to back off and checking to see if Wright can go on!]

BW: The referee might have to stop this, Gordo! This is getting hard to watch already!

GM: Vasquez is all over him, fans! Left and rights, up and down the body, tearing into the former World Champion!

[The repeated right hooks to the head have Wright's head spinning to the side on each blow, gripping the top rope tightly to stay on his feet as Vasquez tries to forcibly remove his head from his shoulders...]

GM: Wright's in trouble! He needs to get his arms up! He needs to defend himself!

[But Vasquez will not allow it, raining down right hands in a blur of violence!]

GM: Vasquez is beating him into the canvas, driving Wright down to the mat!

[Unable to fight back, Wright slumps down into a seated position in the corner...

...and with a roar, he turns on the loudly-protesting official, shoving him to the side as he stomps across the ring in a fit of rage.]

GM: Whoa! Look out there! That very easily could've been a disqualification, Bucky.

BW: I wouldn't want to see what happens to Longfellow... to Wright... to anyone if that bell gets rung for that, Gordo.

[Reaching the far corner, Longfellow is still protesting as Vasquez turns, barreling past the official across the ring...

...and DRIVES his knee into the face of Wright, snapping his head back and leaving him prone against the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[But Vasquez isn't looking for a pin, dropping to his knees, putting his face right next to the former Combat Corner student.]

"YOU'D BE NOTHING WITHOUT ME!!! NOTHING!!!"

[Vasquez pushes back up to his feet, gripping the top rope with white-knuckled hands as he plants the sole of his boot against Wright's face...

...and RAKES the leather across it!]

GM: Vasquez scraping his boot across Wright's face!

[Vasquez straightens up, setting up again, and does it a second time!]

GM: Again! The twisted mind of Juan Vasquez is trying to literally rip the skin right off the face of Supreme Wright!

[A third bootsrape leaves Wright dangling on the ropes as Vasquez glares at the protesting official.]

GM: Wright's been busted open much of this weekend in Boston and if Juan Vasquez gets his way, that's going to happen again right now, fans!

[Vasquez breaks away from the corner, running to the adjacent corner before bouncing off the ropes, coming back...

...and leaps into the air, driving both feet into the face with a bootsrape dropkick as Vasquez slides through the ropes and lands out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez stands on the floor, oozing pride for his action as the ringside fans let him have it.]

GM: And... oh my stars, look at Supreme Wright.

[Dangling over the bottom rope, we catch a glimpse of Wright's face which now has a bleeding wound on the forehead. Crimson is starting to pour from the wound as Vasquez stands out on the floor.]

BW: And just like that, Juan Vasquez draws first blood here in Boston, daddy!

[Still outside the ring, Vasquez approaches the barricade, snatching a sign that reads "#holdtheline" from a young fan. The former fan favorite rips the sign in half, throwing it down to the floor to HUGE jeers from the Boston fans.]

GM: What a... that guy is a real piece of work, Bucky.

BW: These people hate him and I'm pretty sure he loves it, Gordo.

[With the child's parents now verbally engaging with Vasquez, the smirking Hall of Famer backpedals to the side...

...and comes face-to-face with the Boston Red Sox section to a huge cheer!]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: This just got interesting.

[Vasquez grins at the sight of the hometown ball club, leaning forward to say something off-mic...

...which brings David Ortiz to his feet, pointing and shouting at Vasquez who steps back with a chuckle.]

GM: And it looks like Vasquez just riled up Big Papi!

[The Boston fans are roaring, imploring Ortiz to take a shot at Juan Vasquez who is beyond reach, beckoning him forward.]

GM: Is there NO ONE that Juan Vasquez doesn't live to irritate?

[The referee slides out to the floor, positioning himself between Vasquez and Ortiz to jeers from the TD Garden crowd. Vasquez simply shrugs, turning to walk back to the ring where Supreme Wright, dripping blood onto the canvas, is crawling across the squared circle. Jackson Hunter swoops in next to Vasquez, pointing and gesturing at the ring as Vasquez pats Hunter on the back.]

GM: Vasquez up the ringside steps, getting back inside the ring now...

[Vasquez slowly walks towards Wright who is trying to reach the opposite corner, stretching out his fingers towards it as blood drips off his forehead onto the canvas. A smirking Vasquez circles around Wright, putting himself between the former World Champion and the corner. Wright collapses to the mat, his hand gripping Vasquez' ankle.]

GM: And the fight just slinks right out of Wright as he realizes Vasquez is in his path. How disheartening this battle must be for Supreme Wright so far... he's come so far in this tournament against some tremendous competitors. He's been riding this undefeated streak for the past few months. This was supposed to be his night in the eyes of Supreme Wright...

BW: Sometimes you think it's gonna be your night but the gods have conspired against you. How can you look at that ring tonight and not think this is Juan Vasquez' night? That this is Juan Vasquez' weekend! Heck, this might even be Juan Vasquez' year!

[Wright pushes up to his knees, a bloody streak coming down his face as Vasquez looks down at him, shaking his head...

...and then reaches down, dragging Wright off the mat...]

GM: Vasquez bringing Wright up to his feet...

[And Wright desperately throws an elbowstrike, bouncing it off the jaw of Vasquez!]

GM: Wright lands an elbow!

[A weary Wright rears back, throwing a second one that sends Vasquez back a pair of steps...

...where he surges forward, smashing his own skull into Wright's!]

GM: OHH! Headbutt!

[Wright slumps to his knees after the headbutt but Vasquez won't allow him to go further, physically holding Wright up, pulling him to his feet...]

GM: Vasquez dragging Wright off his knee, refusing to let him go down!

[Looping an arm over Wright's, Vasquez uses it to hold him up as he grabs the back of his victim's head with the other hand, winding up...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[The skull-on-skull contact is aimed right at the split in Wright's forehead as Vasquez winds up again...]

BW: ANOTHER ONE! And you gotta remember, this guy's got a headbutt that has stunned giants and laid out mortal men!

[A third trapped headbutt has Wright's legs buckle, slumping down again. This time, Vasquez flings him down to the mat, watching as he collapses onto his back, his face now an even bloodier mess than it was moments ago. The twisted Vasquez reaches up, wiping Wright's blood off his own brow and streaking it across his chest as a badge of honor while the Boston crowd lets him have it once more.]

GM: Earlier, Bucky, you said this was getting hard to watch but I think we're well past that point by now. Referee Ricky Longfellow may not like it but he may need to take a close look at stopping this match, fans.

[Vasquez stands over the downed Wright, gesturing to him.]

"The best in the world?!"

[Vasquez lets loose a disparaging laugh, shaking his head. He steps closer to Wright, looking down on him. He waves the referee over, gesturing to Wright again.]

GM: And now Juan Vasquez may be asking the official the same thing - can Supreme Wright continue in this matchup?

[Longfellow kneels down next to Wright, checking to see if the young man has the will to go on...

...but Vasquez isn't about to let him off that easy, shoving the official aside before stomping Wright's skull a half dozen times.]

GM: Oh, come on! Vasquez is just playing games in there now, calling the referee over to check on Wright and then not giving him time to do it.

[Grinning, Vasquez hauls Wright off the canvas to his feet, trashtalking the front row fans as he slowly brings him up...

...and a desperation European uppercut finds the mark, knocking Vasquez back a few steps as Wright collapses against the ropes! The crowd cheers the sudden offense but quickly quiets as Wright shows no sign that he's got anything else left in the tank.]

GM: Wright hanging on to the ropes, clinging to the ropes... trying desperately to stay on his feet...

[Vasquez works his jaw, shaking his head as he walks back in towards Wright...

...and Wright pushes off the ropes, landing another hard elbowstrike to the jaw, sending Vasquez stumbling away as Wright falls backwards towards the ropes and slips down to a knee, wincing in pain from the effort!]

GM: Wright with another one of those lethal strikes, jacking the jaw of Juan Vasquez!

[Wright pushes up to his feet, his face covered in a crimson mask as he gives a shout, beckoning Vasquez towards him. The dazed Hall of Famer is trying to clear the cobwebs as he moves back in, pointing a threatening finger at Wright...

...who ducks down at the last moment, muscling Vasquez up into a fireman's carry, sending the crowd into a wild ROAR!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP FOR FAT TUESDAY!

[But before Wright can step away from the ropes, Jackson Hunter climbs up on the apron, waving his arms and shouting, drawing Ricky Longfellow's attention in his direction...

...which allows Maxim Zharkov to reach under the ropes, grabbing Wright by the ankle, refusing to allow him to step away from the ropes and deliver Fat Tuesday to Zharkov's ally.]

GM: Zharkov's got the ankle! Hunter's got the referee distracted! This is a damn three-on-one!

BW: And with Team Supreme dissolved, Supreme Wright has got NO ONE to come to his aid, daddy! He's got NO ONE to even the odds!

[Wright struggles to get free but can't make it happen, falling down to his knees as the leg buckles. Vasquez quickly strikes, slamming his forearm down repeatedly into the back of Wright's neck as Hunter gets down, allowing the official to get back into the mix.]

GM: And Jackson Hunter certainly did his job right there, getting the referee distracted and allowing Zharkov to help Vasquez.

[Vasquez grabs Wright by the back of the head, laying in a few stiff kneestrikes to the skull before yanking his bloodied opponent to his feet, hoisting him up over his shoulder...]

GM: Wait a second! Vasquez looking for the City of Angels perhaps!

BW: I don't think so, Gordo. He's got him straight back over him in a waterwheel slam position... I think he's got something else in mind... I think he's-

[Vasquez walks towards the corner, turning around before he gets there, facing the opposite corner...]

GM: What's he going to do now?

[...and starts charging across the ring, getting closer and closer to the corner...]

GM: Vasquez charges in and-

[...and at the last moment, he swings Wright up and over his head, flinging him recklessly into the turnbuckles with spine-rattling impact!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Did you SEE that?!

BW: Did I see his head and neck snap forward like he'd been in a car accident?! Hell yes I did!

[Wright again loops his arms over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as the referee rushes towards him, trying to see if he wants to give in and end the match.]

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky. His head and neck snapped forward in a whiplash-type effect and... this might be it right now. He might not be able to continue after-

[But as Longfellow checks on Wright, Vasquez steps into the corner, grabbing Longfellow by the shirt and dragging him from the corner. He tosses him down to his knees, pointing a threatening finger at him as the crowd jeers.]

GM: COME ON! For crying out loud, he can't put his hands on an official like that! Ring the bell, Ricky!

BW: Look in Longfellow's eyes! Look at the fear! He's not about to disqualify Vasquez!

[Vasquez moves in on Wright who is hanging on to stay on his feet. The Hall of Famer approaches, reaching out to pull him from the buckles, flinging him through the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Outside goes Wright... and I think Juan Vasquez is more interested in punishing Supreme Wright right now than he is going for the victory, Bucky.

BW: You might be right. Wright's bloodied, beaten, and broken... but Vasquez takes him out to the floor where he can do even more damage.

[Vasquez ignores the protesting referee, dropping to his back and rolling out to the floor. He stands on the thin mats, smirking at the jeering crowd.]

"I used to be your hero! How dare you boo me?!"

[The boos get even louder... which is probably what Vasquez had in mind as he throws a dismissive gesture in the direction of the Boston fans, circling around the ringpost to where Wright is sprawled out on the floor.]

GM: Vasquez moving in on Wright and I don't like the looks of this at all.

[Grabbing Wright by the arm, Vasquez drags him up to his feet...]

GM: Vasquez pulls him up, putting him over his shoulder again...

BW: Is he gonna do that powerbomb out here?!

GM: On these thin mats? Basically on the solid concrete floor?! He might knock Wright into the middle of next week!

[Vasquez walks around the ring, holding a limp Wright over his shoulders, walking over near the announce table...]

"You watching this, Myers?! You still think you know who I am?!"

GM: No. No I really don't. Come on, Juan! You're better than this!

[Vasquez chuckles, shaking his head as he turns to face the ring...]

GM: Wait, wait! DON'T DO THIS! DON'T DO IT, JUAN!

...and SWINGS Wright up and over, throwing him down the hardest part of the ring - the apron - JAMS up into the shoulderblades of Wright!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GAAAAAH!

[Wright slumps to the floor, landing motionless facefirst on the thin ringside mats. Vasquez props himself up on the apron, lying down with his head on his fist. He feigns a yawn, stretching out his other arm as the Boston fans are absolutely roaring with jeers!]

GM: That... that might be it, fans. This one might be all over after that.

[Vasquez pushes up, sitting on the apron as the crowd continues to jeer his cruel and vicious actions. He extends a hand, waving it towards the fans, calling for more. The boos get louder as his face twists into a warped smile. He slides off the apron, moving towards the still-motionless Wright.]

GM: Wright's not... he can't even move at this point! We're about fifteen minutes into this one and... and now he's putting Wright back inside the ring.

[The bloodied two-time World Champion is rolled under the ropes. Vasquez again walks around the ringside area, drawing near to Hunter and Zharkov who he pauses to trade high fives with to louder jeers.]

GM: The Axis of Evil is standing tall here in Boston and... well, if Vasquez wins this tournament, he's going to owe a lot to Zharkov and Hunter, Bucky.

BW: Gordo, did you realize that if Vasquez makes the Finals, we're going to have the Axis and the Kings in the Finals?! Wow!

GM: A definite clash of the titans there... but we're not there yet. Supreme Wright hasn't been beaten yet, Bucky.

BW: Right but look at him, Gordo. He's bleeding like a stuck pig. He can't stand on that leg. And now he's getting his neck and back beaten into a pretzel. Do you smell that, Gordo?

GM: Smell what?

BW: I smell a piledriver, daddy!

[Vasquez rolls back inside the ring, moving towards the downed and unmoving Wright.]

GM: If you're right about that, this one is certainly over, Bucky.

[Vasquez slowly drags the bloodied Wright off the mat, dragging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh! It looks like you were right, Bucky!

BW: I'd think you'd be used to that by now, Gordo.

[Vasquez looks out at the jeering crowd, shaking his head before reaching down to go for the bodylock...]

GM: Vasquez is going for it... he's trying to get him up!

[But as Vasquez gets him up, Wright kicks and flails his legs...

...which forces Vasquez to set Wright back down on the mat.]

GM: Wright blocks it!

[And suddenly, Wright straightens up, letting loose a roar as Vasquez gets backdropped over the top rope...

...and sends Vasquez crashing down on top of Jackson Hunter and Maxim Zharkov, wiping them both out!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Wright collapses to his knees from the effort as the crowd roars their support.]

GM: WRIGHT TAKES THEM ALL OUT! WRIGHT BRINGS DOWN THE AXIS AT RINGSIDE!

BW: Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Gordo. He knocked them down... he didn't BRING them down, daddy!

GM: No, but every fire starts with a spark. Was this the spark that Supreme Wright needs to get back into this?

[An embarrassed and angry Vasquez gets to his feet on the floor, looking up angrily at the kneeling and bloodied Wright.]

GM: Vasquez, quickly back to his feet, and now he's heading back in...

[Vasquez slides into the ring, grabbing Wright from behind, pulling him up by the head...

...and Wright pivots, throwing an elbowstrike between the eyes!]

GM: OH!

[The crowd cheers as Wright throws a left-handed elbowstrike, causing Vasquez to fall back against the ropes. He bounces off, swinging a haymaker but Wright blocks it with ease, throwing another right-armed elbow... then a left right behind it, knocking Vasquez into the ropes again!]

GM: Wright's fighting back! This crowd is getting behind Supreme Wright if you can believe that!

[Wright goes into a spin, burying the sole of his boot into the gut of Vasquez, doubling him up...]

GM: Downstairs goes the former World Champion!

[Grabbing Vasquez by the hair, Wright brings his foot up rapid-fire into the face of the Hall of Famer, driving his boot into the forehead of Vasquez over and over and over with the crowd getting louder...]

GM: Wright's building up momentum!

[A well-placed soccer kick to the forehead straightens up Vasquez who falls back against the ropes, bouncing off towards Wright who lifts Vasquez up over his shoulders again in a fireman's carry!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! DO IT!

[But Vasquez slips out from behind, reaching up behind Wright, hooking a half nelson on the former Combat Corner student...

...who uses the free arm to throw a vicious back elbow to the cheekbone, freeing Wright and sending Vasquez spinning away!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BACK ELBOW BY WRIGHT FINDS THE MARK!

[And as the former leader of Team Supreme turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

BW: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS!

[Perhaps the most infamous strike in professional wrestling finds the mark, the clenched fist smashing into the cheekbone of the bloodied Supreme Wright, sending him flying through the ropes, crashing down to the barely-padded concrete floor in a heap as the crowd groans at the comeback being cut off!]

GM: Oh my stars! What a right hand!

BW: If Wright had stayed inside the ring, this one would be all over, Gordo.

GM: Unfortunately, I have to agree with you there... but that's not what happened. They were too close to the ropes and that blow drove Wright through them, knocking him out to the floor.

BW: He very well could be KNOCKED OUT on the floor, Gordo.

GM: Again, I may have to agree with you. Vasquez hit all of that and Wright didn't get a hand up to block it at all. He took that full force on the cheek and out to the floor he goes.

[A fuming-mad Vasquez stares over the ropes down at Wright for a moment and then spirals away, grabbing Ricky Longfellow by the shirt, swinging him towards the ropes. He points angrily at Wright shouting "COUNT HIM OUT!" to massive jeers from the TD Garden crowd.]

GM: Vasquez ordering the official to count out Supreme Wright and apparently he's done with trying to punish Wright. That flurry of offense convinced Vasquez that Supreme Wright ain't someone to mess with.

BW: Countout's as good as a pinfall in this one, Gordo. Count him out, ring the bell, move on to the Finals! It's a sound strategy.

[The official orders Vasquez away from the ropes before he turns back towards the ropes, raising an arm...]

"ONE!"

[The TD Garden crowd is buzzing, trying to encourage Wright to get off the floor and continue this battle.]

"TWO!"

[Wright is still sprawled out on the floor, blood pouring from his face onto the ringside mats as Jackson Hunter stands nearby, a gleeful expression on his face at the idea of a member of the Axis advancing to the Finals.]

"THREE!"

[Longfellow's count echoes throughout the building as Vasquez paces back and forth inside the ring, a frantic pace as he gestures with his hands, encouraging a quicker count.]

"FOUR!"

GM: The count is up to four and Wright hasn't shown a sign of moving right out here next to us, Bucky.

BW: I'm as big of a fan of Supreme Wright as there is in this business, Gordo, but even I think this is too much for him to overcome. The knee, the blood, the Axis... and a fresher Juan Vasquez having his way with him at this point in the matchup.

"FIVE!"

GM: We're closing in on the twenty minute mark of this match - remember, there's a sixty minute time limit so plenty of time left to come to a conclusion in this one.

BW: I think the conclusion is about forty seconds away... not forty minutes.

GM: You never know, Bucky. That's why they fight the matches.

"SIX!"

[As the count of six rings out, a closeup of Supreme Wright shows his eyes drift open, blinking quickly. Inside the ring, Vasquez is still pacing madly, now shouting at Longfellow to count quicker.]

"SEVEN!"

[Grimacing, Wright plants his weight on his elbow, pushing himself up into a seated position where he almost falls back down before catching himself with the other arm. Blood continues to rain down the face and torso of the two-time former World Champion as the fans' cheers get louder, cheering him on, begging him to get back inside the ring and keep fighting...]

GM: Supreme Wright showing signs of life on the floor! Can he get up?! Can he get back in that ring?! Can he keep fighting and earn himself a spot in the Finals of this tournament?!

"EIGHT!"

[Wright's eyes are hazy... drifting in and out of focus as he tries to clear the cobwebs in his mind...]

...and then suddenly they lock, flashing as they lock on Vasquez who is doubled over, hands on his knees, almost begging the count to get to ten and put an end to this battle.]

"NINE!"

[Vasquez gestures, waving his hands faster, spinning them around as Longfellow backs off, giving Wright a moment to push up off the floor, falling forward, his sternum slamming into the ring apron...]

GM: WRIGHT'S UP! WRIGHT'S UP! CAN HE...

[Longfellow steps towards the ropes, raising his hand one more time as he starts to make the final count...]

"TE-"

[...but Wright HURLS his bloodied and broken form under the bottom rope, breaking up the count JUST in time!]

GM: HE MADE IT! HE MADE IT!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Vasquez leaps up into the air, shouting angrily as he kicks at the ropes. He stalks across the ring, grabbing Longfellow by the shirt, shoving him back into the buckles, screaming at him.]

GM: GET HIM OFF THE REFEREE! ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

[Vasquez bullies Longfellow down to a seated position in the corner, still screaming at him...

...and then reaches out, tearing at the laces that tie the turnbuckle cover over the metal buckle that helps hold the ring together. He angrily tosses the buckle cover aside.]

GM: Vasquez rips off the turnbuckle cover! He's snapped!

[The Hall of Famer spins around, stomping towards the bloodied and motionless Wright, dragging him up to his feet, throwing him towards the corner where the referee just barely bails out of the way in time. Wright falls into the ropes, his face pressed up against the metal buckle...]

GM: We've seen this before, fans!

[Vasquez grabs Wright by the back of his head, dragging it back and forth across the metal, his teeth clenched in rage. He backs off a bit, leaning in towards Wright.]

"It didn't have to be this way."

[Vasquez steps back, throwing his right arm up into the air to a concerned reaction from the AWA faithful. He slowly pulls his fingers together, forming a clenched fist...]

GM: No, no, no! Don't do this! Somebody stop this! Ring the bell, for crying out loud!

[With the crowd screaming, echoing Gordon's cries, Vasquez steps forward, swinging a Right Cross aimed right at the back of Wright's head, determined to sandwich his skull between solid steel and one of the most dangerous strikes in professional wrestling...]

BW: RIGHT CROSS!

[...but at the very last moment, Wright raises his foot, pushing off the buckles, throwing himself backwards and down to the mat as Vasquez keeps on going...

....and SLAMS his clenched fist into the exposed metal buckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Vasquez falls backwards, grabbing at his fist as he cries out in pain. He staggers out of the corner, face twisted into an anguished expression as the crowd roars for the misfire!]

GM: Vasquez slammed his fist into the metal buckle and-

[Vasquez slowly turns around, still holding his hand...

...and comes face-to-face with Supreme Wright, blood streaming down his face as he stares into the eyes of the Hall of Famer, the crowd EXPLODING at the showdown...]

GM: Wright's up! Wright is on his feet!

[Vasquez shakes his head, raising his right hand, begging for mercy...

...and with lightning quick reaction times, Wright reaches out, snatching the right hand in a knucklelock, twisting the wrist violently, bending the hand backwards as he forces a screaming Vasquez down to his knees.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: NO!

[Wright steps up to him, twisting the fingers into his grasp. He looks down into Vasquez' pleading face...

...and with a slight blood-soaked smile, he YANKS on the fingers, causing Vasquez to cry out, collapsing to the canvas, injured hand cradled underneath him!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HE TRIED TO BREAK HIS FINGERS! HE TRIED TO BREAK HIS DAMN FINGERS!

[The crowd EXPLODES at Vasquez laying on the mat, his injured hand underneath him as he flails about, his legs slamming repeatedly into the canvas as Wright wipes the blood from his eyes, standing over Vasquez.]

GM: Vasquez' fingers might be broken... dislocated... who knows?! Wright with an absolutely vicious attack after being beaten to a bloody pulp for over twenty minutes and-

[With Vasquez down on all fours, his hand pushed into the canvas, Wright strikes again, swinging his leg down and SMASHING the fingers under his boot!]

GM: OH!

[Vasquez cries out again, grabbing his injured fingers and holding them close to his chest as he pushes up to his knees, shaking his head at a determined Wright who stares down at him...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and SMASHES an open-handed strike across the ear!]

GM: He slapped the heck right out of Vasquez!

[Wright's not done, coiling his arm back and striking again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[And again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[And again...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Vasquez' eyes drift back in his head as Wright stands over him, staring down at his former teacher. Wright says something off-mic, something just between he and Vasquez...]

...and then explodes in a barrage of slaps, each harder than the one before it, each aimed right at the ear!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Vasquez slumps over to the canvas, reaching up to protect the ear.]

GM: Wright's trying to bust his eardrum too!

BW: Supreme Wright's come to fight here in Boston and if he's gotta fight dirty, that's exactly what he's going to do!

[The official steps in but Wright ignores him, diving to the canvas, quickly grabbing Vasquez as he rolls to all fours, hooking a loose front facelock as he swings his uninjured knee up at the skull of Vasquez...]

GM: KNEESTRIKES!

[The knee comes up over and over, landing with great ferocity and impact on Vasquez who raises his arms, trying to protect the crown of his skull.]

GM: Wright transitioning from one painful and devastating attack to the other - from the slaps to the knees to who knows what comes next!

[The referee drops to his knees, checking to see if Vasquez wants to submit to the kneestrikes to the skull...]

...which is when Maxim Zharkov reaches under the ropes, grabbing his ally by the ankles, dragging him towards the ropes where he deposits the Hall of Famer's boots on the bottom rope. Jackson Hunter immediately points it out to the official who calls for a break!]

GM: Did you see that?! Zharkov and Hunter strike again!

BW: Well, there's no use of having them out here if they're not going to help you win!

GM: You admit it?! You admit the Axis is out here to interfere?!

BW: I... well... I... stop harassing me!

GM: Afraid Hunter will make you pick up your own dinner check next time?

BW: He... he wouldn't do that, would he?

[Climbing to his feet, Wright throws a glare out at Hunter and Zharkov, pointing a finger in their direction... a warning that sends a ripple of excitement through the Boston crowd.]

GM: Oh brother, would I ever love to see that!

[Wright takes a step towards the Russian and his manager, causing Zharkov to nod his head, beckoning Wright towards him...]

...which is when Vasquez drills Wright from behind with a forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: OH! Come on!

[Vasquez swings Wright around, driving a pair of knees up into the midsection before he shoves him back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Vasquez puts Wright back in the corner...

[The riled-up Vasquez leans forward, flashing a double middle finger at his former student...]

BW: Do you think Wright reads sign language?

[...and then charges in on him, looking for a running attack...]

GM: Vasquez coming in hot!

[But the former two-time World Champion steps out of the corner, ducking down and hoisting Vasquez up into a fireman's carry!]

GM: Third time's a charm?!

[Wright defiantly steps out to the middle of the ring, turning to stare down Hunter and Zharkov...]

...and then hurls Vasquez over his head as he leaps up, raising both legs, and brings Vasquez gutfirst down across his knees!]

GM: FAT TUESDAY! HE GOT IT!

[Wright visibly grabs at his injured knee, gritting his teeth as he drags himself into a loose cover, pulling Vasquez' leg into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NO! VASQUEZ KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Wright angrily slams a fist down into the canvas as Hunter clutches his chest outside the ring.]

GM: Wright almost got him there!

[Vasquez flops over onto his stomach, attempting to crawl away from Wright but the Louisiana native shakes his head defiantly, snatching Vasquez by the hair, pulling him into a kneeling position...]

...and then sinks his fingers into the corner of Vasquez' mouth, yanking hard in a fish hook!]

BW: AHFFF!

[Vasquez claws and swats at the arms ripping and tearing at the corners of his mouth as Wright stands over him, blood dripping off of Wright down onto Vasquez as Hunter squeals in horror at the official, demanding that he disqualify Wright for the show of rulebreaking!]

GM: Wright ripping and tearing at the Hall of Famer! Ripping that sick, sick smile right off Vasquez' arrogant face!

[The official starts a swift count, getting to four before Wright lets go...

...but he keeps his arm around the chin of Vasquez, holding him in place as he raises his right arm high, swinging the point of his elbow down into the forehead of Vasquez!]

GM: ELBOW!

[The crowd in Boston is roaring as Wright rains down elbowstrike after elbowstrike to the skull of Juan Vasquez who can do nothing but absorb the rainshower of lethal blows!]

GM: WRIGHT'S TRYING TO ELBOW HIM INTO OBLIVION!

[Wright suddenly yanks Vasquez off the mat, hurling him bodily into the nearest set of buckles. He turns, moving in after him...]

GM: Wright's got him in the corner...

[A desperate Vasquez steps out, swinging his twisted fingers into a punch...

...that Wright easily slaps aside before winding up...]

GM: OH! Knife edge chop to the FACE!

[Vasquez recoils in pain, clinging to the ropes, trying to stay on his feet as Wright shoves him back into the buckles again.]

BW: And if you're a Juan Vasquez fan, we've got a major problem here!

[Wright pauses for a moment, looking out at the cheering crowd...

...and BLASTS Vasquez across the chest with a knife edge chop.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[He uses the momentum to go back the other way, smashing his forearm into the jaw of Vasquez...

...and then throws another chop.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Another forearm.]

BW: VIOLENCE PARTY OF ONE IN THE CORNER!

[The crowd noise gets louder and louder as Wright alternates back and forth... chop... forearm... chop... forearm... chop... forearm.]

GM: HE'S BEATING JUAN VASQUEZ STRAIGHT TO THE HELL HE CAME FROM!

[The repeated blows are doing a number on Juan Vasquez as his grip on the ropes slips, slowly curling up and sliding down to the mat.

But Wright is not done, leaning over to continue the barrage!]

GM: WRIGHT WON'T BE STOPPED! WRIGHT WON'T BACK OFF!

[Suddenly, as Vasquez slumps into a puddle at his feet, Wright is dragged away from the corner by Ricky Longfellow. He shrugs off the official, stomping out to the middle of the ring where he throws his bloodied head back, letting loose a rare scream of pure emotion!]

GM: Oh my stars! Supreme Wright is on a whole other level here tonight!

[And as Wright stands in the middle of the ring, hobbled and bloodied, he looks out at the Boston fans...

...and likely can't believe what he hears.]

"SU-PREME!"

"SU-PREME!"

"SU-PREME!"

GM: And can you believe your ears here in Boston, Bucky? These fans are on their feet, chanting for the man who has brought them nothing but torment over the past few years! Incredible!

BW: It's his determination! His sheer will to win! His unwillingness to ever give up or give in! He's been a whole new man since losing to Torin The Titan earlier this year and we're seeing the results of it!

[The chant continues to echo throughout the TD Garden as Wright looks around, an expression of shock on his bloodied face.

And then a nod. Just one single, slight nod. Almost impossible to see but an expression of acceptance all the same.

Wright turns, grabbing the wounded and battered Vasquez by the ankle, hauling him out to the middle of the ring where he can finish him off.]

GM: Hunter!

[Jackson Hunter suddenly is on the apron in a flash, waving his arms, shouting at the official to draw his attention. He gets Wright's attention as well, freezing him in mid-attempt to get Vasquez up off the mat...

...which is exactly where Vasquez wants to be, swinging his arm up into the groin of his former student!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SON OF A...

[The low blow finds the target, causing Wright to double up in pain. Vasquez reaches up, snagging him by the head, dragging him down to the canvas in a cradle!]

BW: SMALL PACKAGE! COUNT HIM, REF!

[But Hunter's distraction works a little too well and by the time Ricky Longfellow gets back into the mix, Wright is able to kick out at two.]

GM: Two count only!

BW: That was a slow count, Gordo!

GM: The heck it was!

BW: Then Longfellow was out of position!

GM: Thanks to Jackson Hunter, yes he was! Vasquez got what was coming to him there!

[Vasquez is to his feet before Wright, angrily shoving the official with both hands. Longfellow stumbles backwards but stays standing, pointing to the AWA logo on his chest, threatening to ring the bell to a huge reaction!]

GM: Yeah! You tell him, Ricky!

[Vasquez sneers at Longfellow before turning back to Wright, smashing a pair of boots down between the eyes...

...and then points to the corner.]

GM: We've seen this before! Vasquez is heading to the top! He's looking for that frog splash - that tribute to his old friend, Luke Kinsey!

BW: If he hits this, Wright's weekend is over, daddy!

GM: I have to agree with that, Bucky. Vasquez stepping out on the apron...

[He slaps the top turnbuckle a few times before heading up the ropes, stepping first onto the middle rope...

...then one foot onto the top...

...then the other, squaring up, looking down at the prone Wright. He slowly raises both arms up, posing for the crowd as the boos rain down upon him...]

GM: Vasquez is poised! He's ready! He... HE LEAPS!

[Through an ocean of popping flashbulbs, Vasquez soars through the sky, pumping his arms and legs as he looks to put Wright through the mat with one of his signature attacks...

...but Supreme Wright has it well-scouted, sliding his body, twisting into position so that as Vasquez comes plummeting down towards him...]

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[The crowd EXPLODES as they realize that Wright has countered the frog splash attempt into a triangle choke, catching the falling Vasquez between his legs and quickly securing the hold!]

GM: WRIGHT HOOKS HIM! MY GOD, HOW DID HE DO THAT?! HOW ON EARTH DID HE DO THAT?!

[Vasquez flails about, trying to find a way out of the hold before the iron grip of unconsciousness reaches him. Hunter slams his fists into the mat, screaming and shouting his support to Vasquez...

...but as Vasquez looks to escape, Wright changes tactics once more.]

GM: ELBOWS! ELBOWS TO THE HEAD!

[The crowd is on their feet, roaring in support of the two-time former World Champion as he rains down elbows on the trapped Vasquez once more. The official slides in, checking to see if Vasquez wants to submit!]

GM: Longfellow's right there, doing his job all the way to the end!

BW: I think Vasquez will be knocked out before he gives up, Gordo!

GM: You may be right and that may be EXACTLY what's about to happen!

[Vasquez' arm comes up off the mat, the crowd roaring in anticipation of a possible tapout...]

GM: Vasquez' got his arm up! Is he gonna give up?! Is he gonna tap out?! Is he-

[But before we can find out, Jackson Hunter strikes again, grabbing Longfellow by the legs and YANKING him clear under the ropes, pulling him out to the floor where he lands hard!]

GM: OH! HUNTER PULLS OUT THE REFEREE!

[The crowd groans as Vasquez slumps forward, barely conscious but without a referee there to stop it. Wright breaks the hold, climbing to a knee and throwing a glance out to the floor where a gleeful Hunter is laying the badmouth on the downed official...

...and Wright slides unnoticed across the ring, ducking through the ropes...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: JACKSON! LOOK OU-

[But Bucky's shouted warning goes unheard as Wright sucks up the pain in his knee, running down the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and LAYS OUT Jackson Hunter with a running punt kick to the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! HUNTER'S FACE MAY HAVE JUST BEEN KICKED ALL THE WAY TO NEW YORK CITY!

BW: That's not right! What the heck did Jackson ever do to deserve that?!

GM: Are you kidding me right now?!

[Wright winces, grabbing at his injured knee out on the apron as Hunter lies motionless on the floor. A furious Zharkov stomps around the ringpost, shouting a threat up at Wright who stays on the apron, waiting to see if the big Russian will attack...

...but it's not the Russian that Wright should be concerned about!]

GM: VASQUEZ! FROM BEHIND!

[Barreling across the ring, the Hall of Famer HURLS himself through the ropes in a desperation spear tackle, taking Wright clear off the apron and DRIVING him down onto the thinly-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR THROUGH THE ROPES TO THE FLOOR!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Vasquez and Wright are side-by-side on the floor in a heap, both men breathing heavily as the Boston crowd stands on their feet, roaring their disbelief at the war they're witnessing.]

GM: What a battle! What a war we're seeing between these two! Two of the absolute best in the world, fighting it out to try and get to the Finals of this tournament!

BW: Good lord, Gordo. For a second there, I forgot this WASN'T the Finals. How the heck are either of these two going to be able to make it in the Finals?

GM: I'm not sure they are, Bucky. Juan Vasquez said it earlier. Even he wasn't sure either of them could survive the so-called Death Bracket and stand a chance of winning the whole thing!

[After several moments of inactivity, Vasquez stirs off the floor. He throws a look at his hand, grimacing in pain as he climbs to his feet, looking out at the crowd still buzzing over his desperation attack...

...where his eyes lock on the Boston Red Sox.

More specifically on David Ortiz.

More specifically on what David Ortiz is holding in his hands.]

GM: What's he doing?

BW: I have no idea.

[Vasquez grabs Wright off the floor, chucking him back under the ropes inside the ring...

...and then grabs a dazed Ricky Longfellow off the floor, pulling him up as well, shoving him back under the ropes.]

GM: Wright's back in! The referee's back in!

[Vasquez stomps across the ringside area towards the Boston Red Sox section. The Sox immediately get up, shouting at Vasquez, earning big cheers from their hometown fans...

...but Vasquez isn't interested in trash-talking, not this time.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: He just... he just snatched the belt! David Ortiz was carrying one of those new AWA replica title belts and Vasquez just grabbed it from him!

[A smirking Vasquez tosses the belt over the ropes inside the ring. He rolls in after it as Ortiz' teammates keep him from jumping over the barricade and getting involved.]

GM: Vasquez snatched that title belt... and now he's in the ring with it!

[Vasquez grabs the belt, taking a long look at it...

...and then spots Ricky Longfellow getting up off the mat.]

GM: Ricky! Ricky, he's got a weapon! He's got-

[But Gordon's cries are useless as Vasquez swoops in behind Longfellow, grabbing him by the hair, and FLINGING him down to the canvas, leaving him facefirst and motionless on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it! Ring the bell!

BW: No one can ring the bell! Longfellow's out! He's down and out!

GM: Thanks to Vasquez!

BW: Well... yes. Can't argue with that one.

[And with the referee out of the picture, Vasquez grabs the title belt again, taking aim, shouting at Wright as the bloodied Louisiana native gets up off the mat, staggering slowly in a circle as Vasquez rushes forward...

...and DRIVES the replica title belt between the eyes of Wright to the dismay of the Boston fans!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE DRILLED HIM! HE DRILLED WRIGHT WITH THE BELT!

[With a smirk, Vasquez tosses the belt aside, dropping to his knees and applying a lateral press on the downed Wright!]

GM: He covers!

[Vasquez nods his head confidently...

...and then realizes that no count is coming. He looks around frantically...]

GM: Longfellow's down! He can't make the count!

[Vasquez' eyes come to rest on Longfellow and he angrily lets loose a tortured scream. He gets to his feet, still shouting angrily as he stomps the ribs of Wright, not taking his eyes off of the downed official!]

GM: Juan Vasquez is throwing a tantrum but it doesn't matter! This is on him, Bucky! He did this! He caused this!

BW: And I guess I can't argue with that one either. He's the one who threw Longfellow down and now Longfellow can't make the count! Juan Vasquez... he might have this match won right now and he can't get a three count!

GM: Vasquez is totally irate...

[Shaking his head in disbelief, Vasquez stands, hands on his hips, for a few moments as his gaze drifts between Longfellow and Wright...]

...and then he surges into motion, striding across the ring towards Longfellow. He grabs him by the shirt, violently shaking some life back into him.]

GM: Vasquez is trying to revive the official, trying to wake him up...

[Leaving a recovering Longfellow down on the mat, Vasquez strides across the ring, pulling the dazed Wright off the canvas...]

...and yanks him into the standing headscissors!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: This is it, Gordo! If he hits this, Longfellow will have all the time in the world to recover!

GM: Vasquez is calling for the piledriver! Juan Vasquez is ready to hit the piledriver and put an end to this!

[With the Boston crowd roaring their disapproval, Vasquez reaches down, locking his hands around the torso of Wright...]

GM: He's going for it! He's going to do to Wright what he did to Willie Hammer! What he did to Sweet Daddy Williams! What he did to Ryan Martinez!

[Vasquez nods, smiling as he tries to get Wright up off the mat...]

...but the two-time World Champion slumps down to his knee, blocking Vasquez' lift!]

GM: No! He can't get him up!

BW: Not yet at least!

[Vasquez steps back, swinging his arm down at the back of Wright's neck.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"

[He grabs the dazed Wright, pulling him back into position, dragging Wright back up to his feet...]

...but as he goes for the lift again, Wright straightens up!]

GM: BACKDROP!

[Wright collapses to his knees, falling forward to all fours, blood still streaming down his face although much of it is caked on at this point. Vasquez shakes off the backdrop, getting back to his feet...]

...and snatches Wright from behind, giving a shout at he pulls Wright's arms behind him.]

GM: Vasquez just called for Zharkov!

[The Russian slides under the bottom rope, coming up to his feet as Longfellow continues to struggle to get off the mat...]

GM: The referee is still down! They're trying to steal their way to the Finals! The Axis is trying to rob Supreme Wright blind!

[Zharkov pumps his arm a couple of times...]

GM: He's calling for the Peacemaker!

[...before going into a spin, preparing for his discus lariat...]

GM: HERE IT COMES!

[But as he swings the arm at Wright, the all-star technician slides down, causing Zharkov to DRILL Vasquez right in the face with the blow, knocking him flat as the Boston crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: ZHARKOV DROPS VASQUEZ! OH MY STARS!

[Zharkov looks down in disbelief at what he's done, hands on his head as he slowly turns around...]

GM: HIGH KICK!

[...and Supreme Wright uncorks a roundhouse kick to the skull that was bestowed on him by a certain Russian War Machine! The kick to the temple connects full force, sending Zharkov tumbling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: ZHARKOV CLEARED OUT! HUNTER'S STILL DOWN! FINALLY... FINALLY WE'RE DOWN TO ONE ON ONE!

[Wright leans against the ropes, breathing heavily, bleeding profusely, barely able to stand on one leg...

...and pushes off the ropes, grabbing Vasquez off the mat, pulling him out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Wright's got him! They're all alone!

[Ducking down, Wright lifts the Hall of Famer up into a torture rack, wincing as he puts full weight on the injured knee. He strides into position, looking out at the roaring crowd...]

GM: It's time... it's time to...

[...and muscles Vasquez up over his head, swinging his legs up as he leaps up, bringing Vasquez down across both knees in a spine-shocking backbreaker!]

GM: ...REIGN SUPREME!

[Wright grimaces as he shoves Vasquez off his legs, rolling over, grabbing a leg as he rolls into a back press. Referee Longfellow throws himself towards the action, slapping the mat once...]

GM: ONE!!!

[He wearily raises his arm up, the crowd counting along...]

"TWO!"

[The arm comes up again, ready to end this match and lock the Finals in place...]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! SUPREME WRIGHT IS HEADING TO THE FINALS!

BW: Incredible, Gordo. Absolutely incredible.

GM: The crowd is on their feet! The Boston fans are on their feet celebrating Supreme Wright's victory and if you think you heard me wrong, just listen to them! This is... this is unbelievable!

[The camera pans through the crowd: men, women, and children on their feet celebrating what they just saw. Fists are pumping, hands are clapping, smiles are on faces. Yes, this is a reaction to a Supreme Wright victory. Will wonders never cease?]

GM: Wright is heading to the Finals - bloodied, broken, and barely able to stand. Who knows what - if anything - he has left. But he's going! He made it! He's... okay, fans... I'm being told that we've dispatched Sweet Lou down to the ring. He's going to try and get a quick word from Wright about this incredible win.

[Inside the ring, Ricky Longfellow is helping the bloodied Wright up to his feet, holding him up as Wright tries to steady himself with a wince. We see a mic-wielding Blackwell step through the ropes, approaching with a grin and a shake of the head.]

SLB: Dear god, Supreme Wright! You're going to the Finals but you had to go to hell and back to get there! What do you have to say after all that???

[Barely standing, breathing heavy and covered in blood, Wright stares out at the cheering crowd, the AWA faithful that once jeered his every word and action and acknowledges their cheers with a simple nod before turning back towards Sweet Lou.]

SW: Juan Vasquez... asked me if I knew... who he was.

[Wright breathes heavy a few more times before continuing.]

SW: I know... exactly who you are, Juan.

[Wright reaches up, wiping the blood from his eyes with a grimace.]

SW: You're the man... whose ass I just whupped inside MY ring!

[HUGE POP!]

SW: But let me tell you... who I am.

[Wright pauses for a moment, getting his breath.]

SW: THE BEST.

IN.

THE WORLD!!!

[And yes, there might have been a few fans trying to sing-a-long with Supreme Wright on that as Wright turns away from Blackwell, allowing the official to lead him to the ropes where the crowd is still roaring as Wright ducks through to the apron.]

GM: The Best In The World.

BW: Hard to argue after what we just saw, ain't it?

GM: Absolutely. But there are two men waiting in the Finals who don't just want to argue it... they want to PROVE it wrong. Can they do it? The moment is just about at hand. The Finals are set! Supernova versus Brian James versus Supreme Wright and... wow. If this was the Semifinals, what in the world's going to happen in the Finals, fans? Believe me, you do NOT want to miss it so stick around right here on The X!

[The bloodied Wright is headed back up the aisle, the fans still cheering 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 on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: We are back LIVE in the TD Garden in Boston, Mass where at long last, the Finals of this historic tournament are set! The AWA World Television Champion, Supernova. The Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion, Brian James. And the two-time former AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright. One of those men will walk out of this building as the winner of the Battle of Boston tournament... and the other two will be oh-so-close but have no cigar to show for it. It's been a non-stop action-packed weekend and...

[Stegglet's words trail off as his gaze drifts off-camera.]

MS: ...sir?

[The camera pulls back to reveal former EMWC owner Chris Blue standing with a smile and a copy of the Hamilton book that the musical was based on under his arm.]

CB: Hello, Mark.

MS: Mr. Blue.

[There's a moment of silence as the two look at one another.]

MS: Sir... uhh... we're live on the air.

[Blue turns towards the camera.]

CB: Ah, yes. Well... I'll leave you to it.

[Stegglet looks puzzled as Blue starts to exit, turning to face Stegglet again before he drifts out of view.]

CB: Mark, have you - by chance - seen Jason Dane anywhere?

[Stegglet's look of confusion doesn't go away with that question.]

MS: Jason? I'm not sure he's here tonight. He was here-

[Blue raises a hand.]

CB: Thanks, Mark. See you around.

[The former EMWC owner makes his exit, leaving Stegglet behind...

...and we fade back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following non-tournament matchup is a TEN MAN TAG set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... it is the team of... KERRY KENDRICK...

[Kendrick standing alongside Erica Toughill raises his arms.]

RO: ...CALLUM MAHONEY...

[Mahoney shouts at the crowd, threatening to backhand someone in the front row.]

RO: ..."FLAWLESS" LARRY WALLACE...

[Wallace is posing. Duh.]

RO: ...SHADOE RAGE...

[Rage goes into a spin, shedding his robe as he does.]

RO: ...and MAMMOOOOOOTH MAXXXXXXIMUSSSSSSSSSS!

[Maximus is standing in the middle of the ring, sporting a heavy black mask similar to the ones we've seen him wear in Japan. He pulls the mask off, setting it down in the middle of the ring. The super heavyweight backs off, barking "THE WORLD IS MINE!" just before steam spews forth from the mask to a big cheer.]

GM: Quite the collection of humanity right there, Bucky.

BW: You know, Gordo... the AWA will be starting the Steal The Spotlight Series draft in a couple of weeks in Madison Square Garden but I don't think anyone could put together a better team than these five right here!

GM: You could be right about that... but we also haven't seen their opponents yet. That's about to change though. Take it away, Rebecca!

[Ortiz raises the mic again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The crowd is buzzing, waiting with anticipation...]

#IF I WERE TO LET YOU SUCK ON MY TONGUE... WOULD YOU BE GRATEFUL?!#

[The trademark line from Nicholas Cage sends the crowd into a frenzy! The moaning intro to "Space Lord" by Monster Magnet fills the air.]

RO: It is the team of... THE DOCTOR OF LOVE, DAVE BRYANT...

[Bryant emerges through the curtain to a big cheer, saluting the fans as he starts walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

RO: ...BRET GRAYSON...

[The Olympic gold medalist pops through the curtain, throwing both arms in the air with a "WOOOOOO!" before following Bryant down the aisle.]

RO: ..."THE NATURAL" ADAM ROGERS...

[The former World Champion enters the TD Garden with a smile on his face, giving a slight wave to the cheering fans and ignoring those still with a bee in their bonnet over Rogers' actions a few years prior.]

RO: ...THE IIIIIIIIRON BADGER... MANNNNNZOOOO KAWAJIRIIIIIII...

[The Japanese import gets a big reaction from the crowd who really took to the Iron Badger over the past week.]

RO: ...and the one... the only... EDDIEEEEEEE VAAAAAAN GIBSONNNNNNN!

[The Idol O' Millions is the last one through the curtain in a long white leather trenchcoat, a red maple leaf splashed across the back. He goes into a spin, jerking his thumbs at himself as he faces the crowd who is on their feet paying tribute to the Hall of Famer!]

GM: Now THAT is a team, Bucky!

BW: Eh. I'll take my five against your five anytime.

GM: They're not MY five.

BW: Yes! Yes they are! You picked them! Now we'll see who knows how to pick a winner!

[Gordon sighs as Van Gibson trails his team down the aisle, climbing up on the ringsteps. He ducks through the ropes, going into a spin while taking off his trenchcoat...

...and then HURLS it right in the face of Shadoe Rage who throws his arms up in the air, tossing the trenchcoat aside, and starts in on Van Gibson before Larry Wallace holds him back, shaking his head.]

GM: Whoooa my! This one nearly got going in a hurry right there.

[Van Gibson grins at Rage's reaction as the former World Television Champion shouts threats across the ring at Mister Maple Leaf. Van Gibson nods, patting Adam Rogers on the shoulder, leaning over and drawing a chuckle from his former EMWC colleague.]

GM: A lot of history right there between those two as well.

[Referee Scott Ezra steps out to mid-ring, trying to get it down to a one-on-one situation...

...which is Eddie Van Gibson's cue to rush forward, kicking Maximus' mask over!]

GM: OH!

BW: Hey! That cost more than you've made since 1999, Van Gibson!

[A furious Maximus rushes towards Van Gibson who bails out of the ring, smirking as a brawl breaks out inside the ring and a frantic Ezra signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[Van Gibson is out on the floor, Maximus trying to chase after him as Kendrick trades blows with Rogers, Grayson backs Mahoney into a corner, Bryant and Rage tangle up, and Larry Wallace puts Kawajiri against the ropes.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands in the early goings of this one, fans!

[Mahoney and Grayson tumble through the ropes, continuing their fight outside the ring as Bryant peppers Rage with a series of jabs near the ropes...

...and then uses a clothesline to take him over the top!]

GM: Bryant clears out Shadoe Rage... but here comes Kendrick!

[Kendrick flips Bryant over the rope, pumping his arms in triumph...

...which lasts all of a second before Adam Rogers tosses Kendrick over the ropes.]

GM: Bodies are flying every which way but loose here in Boston...

[Wallace grabs Kawajiri by the arm as Rogers ducks out to follow Kendrick. He goes to whip him across the ring...]

GM: Wallace shoots him across... sets...

[Wallace leaves his feet, uncorking his signature dropkick...

...but Kawajiri grabs the ropes, causing Wallace to fall flat on his back on the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: Kawajiri hangs on and Wallace eats the mat!

[The Iron Badger pumps his arm a few times before barreling across the ring towards the rising Wallace. He gives a loud "AAAAAAYYYYYAAAAAAA!" before Wallace ducks a clothesline attempt...

...and then throws a standing one of his own!]

GM: Clothesline by Wallace but I'm not sure Kawajiri even felt it!

[A smirking Kawajiri gestures for another one. Wallace winds up his arm, throwing it again, bouncing off the chest of Kawajiri...]

GM: No effect!

[Kawajiri lets loose a loud "YOOOOOOSH!" and beckons for a third clothesline attempt. This time, Wallace hits the ropes, bouncing off towards Kawajiri who steps forward...

...and SMASHES his skull into the chest of Wallace, taking him off his feet!]

GM: Headbutt takes him down... quick cover... and just as quick of a kickout by the Flawless One who has had enough, rolling right under the ropes to the floor.

[Outside the ring, a second referee has managed to get control of the situation.]

GM: And referee Andy Dawson out on the floor has things well in hand it appears. We've got both teams in their respective corners and these two officials are going to have their hands full keeping it that way as we've already seen.

[Wallace walks around out on the floor for a bit before rolling under the ropes in the corner, taking a knee as he slaps the hand of an eager Kerry Kendrick.]

GM: The tag is made to the so-called Self Made Man, Kerry Kendrick.

[Kendrick is all worked up, shouting angrily across the ring at Kawajiri who shrugs in response.]

GM: Well, Kerry Kendrick can rant and rave all he wants and I feel like-

[But as the two men are about to lock up, Eddie Van Gibson slips back into the ring, stepping between them.]

GM: What is this all about?

[Van Gibson, a grin on his face, holds the two opposing forces at bay, tapping his temple a few times. He holds a hand over Kawajiri's head, looking out at the crowd with anticipation as he shouts "I-YURN BAD-GER!" The fans oblige at this point, starting up the chant for a smiling Kawajiri.]

GM: Eddie Van Gibson playing cheerleader here? This is unusual for him.

[He waves his hands back and forth to cut it off then walks towards the ropes...

...and holds a hand over the ropes, right over the head of Erica Toughill who is out on the floor. The crowd boos obligingly but Van Gibson waves his arms again, insistently sticking out his hand over her head.]

GM: What in the world is he doing?

BW: Well, he did work in the EMWC during his glory days. Maybe he took one too many light tubes to the head.

[He walks back to Kawajiri, holding his hand over his head.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[He nods, rushing back across to hold a hand over Toughill to confused silence. He looks out, hands on his hips and shouts "I-YURN" and then points to Toughill again. Having seen enough of this, Toughill climbs up on the apron to confront Van Gibson who steps back...

...and then points to her... umm... lower region.]

GM: What the...?

[He again cups his hands to his mouth, shouting "I-YURN" and then points to her groin. He pulls his hand up to his ear, listening to the crowd. A teenager in the front row shouts "I-YURN PU-" before Van Gibson waves him off, throwing his hands over his ears, shaking his head.]

BW: This is one of the most bizarre things I've ever seen, Gordo.

GM: I've gotta agree.

[Van Gibson walks around the ring, obviously frustrated... and then suddenly snaps his fingers in a "aha!" moment. He looks out on the crowd, taking his two index fingers and dangling them from his upper lip, waddling around the ring. The crowd laughs until someone finally shouts "BEAVER!" from the seats. Van Gibson stops cold, pointing at the fan, nodding wildly. He moves back to Kawajiri, putting his hand over his head.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[And then points to Toughill's "lower body."]

"I-YURN BEA-VER!"

[Van Gibson leaps up, pumping a fist in celebration, and then points to Kawajiri again.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[And then to Toughill.]

"I-YURN BEA-VER!"

[And now, the crowd gets it and needs no more encouragement from the Idol O' Millions who just steps back and listens to the dueling chant, a big grin on his face.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BEA-VER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BEA-VER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BEA-VER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BEA-VER!"

[With the chant echoing through the TD Garden, Toughill is getting madder and madder, cupping her hands to her ears as Kawajiri simply stands in the corner smiling.]

GM: That is... well, that is Eddie Van Gibson in a nutshell, Bucky. Certainly not the type of chant we're used to hearing from an AWA crowd but Van Gibson has the ability to bring out the rougher edge side of people.

BW: That's one way to put it. Another would be that he's disparaging the good name of Erica Toughill's... her... her...

GM: Watch yourself, good sir.

BW: Her downtown district!

[Gordon chuckles as Kerry Kendrick angrily runs across the ring at Van Gibson and Kawajiri, looking to attack...

...but the fan favorites part like the seas, allowing Kendrick to go flying past them, smashing hard into the buckles, spinning around as he hits them so his back smashes into them!]

GM: Swing and a miss by Kendrick...

BW: Just like those lousy Red Sox players out there at ringside still. Don't they have anything better to do, Gordo?!

GM: They're enjoying the show just like the rest of- OOOOOH!

[A running hip attack to the midsection by Kawajiri puts Kendrick down in a seated position in the corner. An exasperated Toughill steps into the ring as the crowd roars. Van Gibson puts his hands on the chest of Kawajiri with a loud, "I'LL HANDLE THIS, KID!" Kawajiri nods, backing away and giving the Hall of Famer room as he turns to face Toughill.]

"YOU WANT SOME OF ME, MISSY?!"

GM: An unusual scene here in Boston.

BW: Not unusual for Van Gibson. He's been picking on women inside the ring since the 90s. Remember Nyx Dunne?

GM: I've been trying for years to forget.

[Van Gibson stretches out his leg, using his toe to draw the "line in the sand." He steps back behind the line, beckoning her forward with both hands. Toughill is pacing back and forth, fit to be tied...

...and with a bellow, she charges forward in a mirror image of Kerry Kendrick's charge from moments prior...]

GM: HERE SHE COMES!

[Van Gibson suddenly sidesteps, dropping down, stretching out his legs to scissor the ankle of Toughill...

...bringing her down with a drop toehold, her head crashing right down into the...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...of Kendrick whose eyes bug out in surprise. Van Gibson grimaces, clutching his own... Maple Leafs... as he smirks at the scene in the corner, backing across the ring. Kawajiri moves back in, turning Toughill over so that she's leaning against Kendrick in the buckles, stacked up in seated position.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: The 1990s called, Van Gibson! They want their offense back!

GM: Here he comes!

[And the Idol O' Millions charges across the ring, leaping into the air, and landing down on Toughill with the Bronco Buster, thrusting his hips repeatedly into the collective faces of Toughill and Kendrick. The crowd roars for the embarrassing offense before Van Gibson backs off, strutting across the ring as Toughill rolls under the ropes to the floor where she takes a knee, dryheaving on the floor.]

BW: Look at Toughill! She's going to be sick being so close to Van Gibson's...

GM: Hall of Fame worthy offense? Yes, I can see that.

[Kendrick pulls himself off the canvas, steam practically pouring from his ears as he charges across the ring at Van Gibson who sidesteps again, shoving him towards the corner where "Flawless" Larry Wallace tags himself in.]

GM: In comes the Flawless One off the tag.

BW: He's got a few scores to settle with Van Gibson after this weekend too!

[Wallace rushes in towards the Idol O' Millions who sends him sailing with an armdrag takedown. Wallace pops back up, charging in a second time, but a second armdrag sends him flying across the ring again. A smirking Van Gibson pops up, kisses the palm of his hand, and slaps his rear end as Wallace kneels in the corner...

...and Callum Mahoney reaches over to slap his shoulder.]

GM: Another tag and in comes the Fighting Irishman.

[Mahoney takes a different tack, going straight at Van Gibson who tries to sidestep but gets tangled up in a tieup. Mahoney pushes him back into the ropes with ease before stepping back to throw three left hands into the midsection. The crowd jeers as the Fighting Irishman grabs Van Gibson by the hair, throwing a pair of right hands between the eyes before a headbutt puts Mister Maple Leaf down on a knee.]

GM: Goodness! The bruising offense of Callum Mahoney catches Eddie Van Gibson off guard and the Hall of Famer is reeling.

[Mahoney yanks Van Gibson up to his feet, grabbing an arm to whip him across...]

GM: Irish whip... blind tag by Bret Grayson!

[As Van Gibson rebounds, he leapfrogs over a backdrop attempt, hitting the far ropes where he hangs on for dear life. Mahoney had already turned to face him, fist drawn back...

...and a smirking Van Gibson points to a waiting Olympic gold medalist.]

GM: Grayson's in and Mahoney doesn't know it!

[But as Mahoney turns around, his eyes flash for a moment before Grayson wraps him up in a bodylock, HURLING him up and over with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: OH MY! Mahoney goes flying!

[Grayson pops back up just as Shadoc Rage charges him...

...and Rage ends up flying across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly as well, the crowd roaring for the show of strength and technique.]

GM: Wallace is in!

[And Wallace joins his teammates in sailing across the ring, crashing down to the canvas.]

GM: Make it three!

[Kendrick in.]

GM: And the fourth time is a charm for Bret Grayson!

[But now the crowd begins to buzz with concern.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Try making it five, gold medal boy!

[The crowd's murmuring is a result of Bret Grayson staring right into the eye of the largest man in the match by far, MAMMOTH Maximus.]

GM: And I don't know if Bret Grayson is about to overhead suplex a 400 plus pounder, Bucky!

BW: Not unless he represented Krypton in the Olympics, daddy!

[Maximus smirks from behind his mask as he steps forward, waving at Grayson to go for it...

...and Grayson lunges at him, swiftly ducking under an attempt to tie him up. As Maximus turns around, Grayson is waiting...]

GM: Right hand! Right hand! Right hand!

[Grayson reaches out, trying to wrap his arms around the superheavyweight's torso...

...but Maximus claps his arms together on the ears of Grayson, taking him off his feet.]

GM: Maximus rings his bell and down goes Bret Grayson!

[Maximus lays in a few stomps before the official steps in, forcing Maximus to vacate as Mahoney rushes back into the fray, sliding to his knees as he grabs Grayson by the hair, laying in a series of punishing right hands to the skull.]

GM: Mahoney taking advantage of his partner's attack, really doing a number on Grayson!

[The crowd jeers as Mahoney pulls the gold medalist up to his feet, flinging him back into the corner. The Irishman follows him in, wrapping his hands around the throat of Grayson as the referee lays down a five count attempt.]

GM: Mahoney breaks the count at four and change, arguing with the official...

[Which allows Wallace to loop the tag rope around the throat of Grayson, throttling him as the crowd jeers and the second official on the floor calls for a quick break.]

GM: Wallace might've forgotten about that second official outside the ring, Bucky, because that attack didn't allow him to get in as much offense as he might have ordinarily... cheating offense I should add.

BW: Effective offense you should add.

[Mahoney grabs Grayson by the hair, pulling him out of the corner while slapping the hand of Shadoe Rage.]

GM: The tag is made to the former TV Champion. Rage and Mahoney had a little difficulty recently, I might add, but all seems to be forgiven on this night as Mahoney holds him...

[Rage comes flying off the top, laying out Grayson with a Death From Above double axehandle. As Mahoney exits, Rage attempts a lateral press, earning a two count before Grayson muscles a shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Two count right there... and Shadoe Rage immediately goes to work on the Olympic gold medalist, pounding him into the mat with closed right hands! Come on, referee - get him to open up that hand.

[The official is having the same discussion with Rage as the former Television Champion climbs to his feet, pulling Grayson up by the arm. He whips him the short distance to the nearest buckles, forcing him to bounce back towards him where he flattens Grayson with a back elbow up under the chin.]

GM: The elbow takes him down for another cover... and another two count.

[Rage pops up, putting the boots to Grayson as Maximus calls for the tag in the corner...

...and Rage simply turns his back on the big man, pulling Grayson back up by the hair where he drills him between the eyes with an overhead elbow, sending him staggering back to the neutral corner.]

GM: Shadoo Rage seems to be ignoring MAMMOTH Maximus as the super heavyweight looks to get in the ring for the first time legally in this one.

[Rage lands a second overhead elbowstrike on Grayson as both corners shout for the tag. The former TV Champion grabs Grayson by the arm, whipping him across the ring...

...where Grayson bounces off the buckles, charging out, leaping into the air and taking Rage off his feet with a leaping clothesline, crashing down on his chest after impact!]

GM: Oh my! Big time counter by Grayson... and he's looking to make a tag here!

[Grayson crawls towards his corner while Rage rolls towards his...

...and both men make the tag at about the same time!]

GM: Double tag!

[The crowd cheers as Dave Bryant comes in for the good guys and MAMMOTH Maximus slides in for the other side. Maximus' attempt at a running clothesline out the gate whiffs as Bryant ducks under into a front roll, popping up to his feet where he drills Kendrick and Wallace with right hands, sending them flying off the apron. Mahoney makes a grab for him but Bryant dances back out...

...and gets SMASHED with a clothesline to the back of the head by the hulking Maximus!]

GM: Ohhh! What a clothesline that was!

BW: Bryant will be seeing stars for a week, daddy!

[Maximus winds up, dropping a 400 plus pound elbow down across the shoulderblades... and a second... and a third. He rolls Bryant onto his back, covering the former World Champion.]

GM: Maximus gets one! He gets two!

[But Bryant slips out from under the lateral press, escaping in time.]

GM: No! Two count only there for Maximus as he tries to get a victory over the former two-time World Champion.

[Maximus hauls Bryant to his feet, shoving him back into the rulebreaking team's corner. He moves in, squaring up to throw his heavy strikes in the corner.]

GM: Upstairs to the head with lefts and rights! Downstairs to the body with heavy rights as well! Maximus is doing a number on Dave Bryant and-

[Grabbing the wrist, Maximus YANKS Bryant from the corner, putting him down with a short-arm clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Down goes Bryant!

[Maximus stands over the downed Bryant, earning some jeers as he shouts "THE WORLD IS MINE!" boisterously to the Boston crowd. He leans down, moving Bryant into position...

...and then steps up to the second rope.]

GM: Look out here! Maximus is setting for the Prehistoric Plunge and if the American Mastodon hits it, Dave Bryant's night is over, fans!

BW: Maximus is on the second rope, bouncing in place, building up momentum...

[And after one big bounce, Maximus kicks up into the air, getting his body parallel to the mat before he comes plummeting down...

...onto empty canvas as Bryant rolls under the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[From outside the ring, Bryant tries to fend off attacks from the other team. He ducks under a wild punt kick from Mahoney, pulling his leg out from under him so the Fighting Irishman lands facefirst on the apron. Shadoo Rage jumps off with a double axehandle but Bryant nails him with a right hand to the gut. Wallace and Kendrick lunge at him from either side but Bryant dives back under the ropes, avoiding them both as he makes his way across the ring to make another tag.]

GM: Tag! In comes Adam Rogers!

BW: Well, they call him the Natural...

[Rogers swoops into the ring, charging across the ring to greet an incoming Larry Wallace with a running knee to the gut. He spins him around, dumping Wallace on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

GM: GERMAN!

[Rogers pops back up, looking around defiantly as Shadoo Rage comes flying off the top rope in his direction...

...but Rogers sidesteps, sliding in behind him...]

GM: GERMAN!

[A swarm of Mahoney and Kendrick are next, catching Rogers from behind, battering him with fists and forearms...

...until Bret Grayson comes sliding back inside the ring, rushing across to grab Mahoney in a waistlock. Mahoney's eyes go wide for a moment before he gets launched into the air, crashing down to the mat.]

GM: Grayson with a German of his own!

[Kendrick breaks off from Rogers, moving to attack Grayson but Rogers hooks his trunks, shaking his head as he pulls Kendrick back towards him...]

GM: GERMAN!

[Rogers pops up, staring across the ring with a lop-sided grin at Bret Grayson who returns the smile, nodding his head...

...and then both men turn in tandem, watching the 420 pound MAMMOTH Maximus climb to his feet.]

GM: No way.

BW: Not a chance, Gordo. Neither one of them is strong enough to pull that off!

[Rogers gestures towards Maximus with an "after you." A nodding Grayson jumps up and down, swinging his arms across his torso to stay loose...

...and then swoops in behind Maximus, hooking a waistlock.]

GM: Grayson's going for it! He's gonna try!

[The Olympic gold medalist grits his teeth, struggling and straining to get Maximus up off the canvas...]

GM: I don't think he can do it, Bucky!

BW: I KNOW he can't!

[With a shrug, Rogers loops around to the other side of Maximus, balling up his fist and smashing it into the skull of the superheavyweight!]

GM: Rogers trying to lend the young rookie a hand!

[Rogers lands a second big haymaker to the skull, trying to upset Maximus' balance enough for Grayson to land the suplex. Rogers stands, hands on his hips as Maximus defiantly shakes his head.]

GM: Maximus is refusing to go over for that suplex... and look at this!

[The crowd ROARS as Van Gibson, Kawajiri, and Bryant jump into the ring, swarming Maximus with a series of blows to the head, trying to take the big man up and over as Grayson continues to struggle for the German Suplex!]

GM: Chaos is breaking loose here in Boston!

BW: And here comes the other side!

[The crowd gets even louder as Kendrick, Mahoney, Wallace, and Rage rush the ring, pairing off with other members of the opposing team in an out-and-out brawl.]

GM: We've got a wild fight breaking down just moments before the first ever Three Way Dance in AWA history and this is something else!

[The fans seem to get louder as a double clothesline from Rogers and Bryant sends Wallace falling over the ropes to the floor..]

...but Shadoe Rage lands a flying knee to the back of Bryant, sending him through the ropes to the floor. Rage quickly scales the buckles, ready to dive off with a Death From Above as the ring clears out, leaving just Rage on the top...]

GM: Rage is going to fly!

[Or is he. The crowd cheers as the Iron Badger runs towards the corner, throwing a headbutt at the back of Rage's knee, sending him flopping down on the top buckle where Kawajiri swings him back into the Tree of Woe!]

GM: Kawajiri upends Shadoe Rage, got him hanging helplessly in the corner...

[Kawajiri backs across the ring, swinging his arm around and around...]

GM: The Iron Badger's setting up for something, fans!

[...and with a loud "YOOOOOOOSSSSSH!," he tears across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide, and DRIVES the point of his elbow into the jaw of the upside down Rage who shakes with the impact before flopping down to the mat.]

GM: What a shot that was! Shadoe Rage may be seeing stars after that one!

[Pulling Rage off the mat, Kawajiri drags him out to the middle of the ring, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: And it looks like Kawajiri is looking for the Badger Buckle Bomb!

[With a mighty hoist, he lifts Rage up onto his shoulders, turning to face the corner. He charges across, ready to drive Rage into the buckle...]

...when "Flawless" Larry Wallace slides into the ring, takes aim, and lands a picture perfect dropkick to the chest of the charging Kawajiri, knocking him backwards with Rage landing in a seated senton on the sternum!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: ABSOLUUUUUTELY FLAWLESS, DADDY!

[Wallace pops up, throwing his arms apart in his signature pose as Rage rolls from the ring. Kawajiri does the same and when Wallace turns around...]

GM: Grayson's got him hooked!

[Lifting Wallace into the air, Grayson executes a very quick Argentine backbreaker lift, twisting around into a thunderous slam that brings the crowd to their feet!]

GM: Oh my stars! What a slam!

[Grayson pops up off the mat with a "WOOOOO!" that lasts all of a second before Kerry Kendrick slides in, burying a boot into Grayson's gut before he hits the ropes, rebounding back with a running kneelift that lifts Grayson off the mat, sending him crashing down to the mat!]

GM: LIBERTY BELLRINGER BY KENDRICK!

[Kendrick lays the badmouth on Grayson, standing over him as Adam Rogers rolls in behind.]

GM: Rogers is in!

[Running towards Kendrick's back, Rogers hooks a rear waistlock and keeps on running, hitting the turnbuckles where he rolls back, still holding the rolling reverse cradle...]

...and takes Kendrick right on over, driving him down with a bridging German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The referee's lost all control of this one! He's gonna count!

[The official dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS with disappointment as Shadoe Rage comes flying off the top rope, driving a double axehandle down into the bridging Rogers' torso, knocking him down and breaking up the count!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Rage breaks up the pin! And he's not done yet!

[Rage pulls Rogers off the mat, lifting him up and slamming him down.]

GM: Bodyslam by Rage... and he's heading up top!

BW: Gotta be looking for that flying elbow, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. Rage to the second rope... now to the top...

[But before Rage can leap from his perch, Eddie Van Gibson slides into the ring, standing over Rogers, looking up at Rage...

...and crotchchops in his direction to a big cheer!]

BW: Why that little-

[Rage's eyes flash with... well, rage... and he leaps from his perch, arms clasped over his head...]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[...but Van Gibson steps back, throwing a boot into the gut as Rage lands just out of reach. He yanks Rage quickly into a standing headscissors, reaching under to hook both arms...]

GM: Here it comes, Bucky!

BW: I'm calling it, Gordo! I'm going OG and calling it by name!

GM: The heck you are, Buckthorn P. Wilde! Around these parts, this move is known as...

[Van Gibson leaps into the air, DRIVING Rage facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: ...THE MOVE THAT SHALL NOT BE NAMED!

[Van Gibson swings his arms apart, flipping Rage over, looking for a pin...

...and then pauses. The crowd is roaring, imploring him to go for the other half of his finishing combination. Van Gibson looks around at them, arching what can best be describes as an eyebrow that belongs on this night to the People of Boston.]

GM: They want to see it, Bucky! They're calling for it!

[Van Gibson flops down onto his back...

...and then kips up to his feet to a HUGE REACTION! He flashes the trademark DAGRIN~! and then rushes to the ropes, bouncing off...

...or he would have bounced off if it hadn't have been for that nosy Callum Mahoney who hooks him by the ankle, dragging Van Gibson under the ropes to one of the loudest explosion of jeers on the night!]

GM: Ohhh! Mahoney drags him out!

BW: Ahahaha! I love it!

[Mahoney grabs Van Gibson by the hair, flinging him bodily into the ringside barricade to even louder jeers. The Fighting Irishman climbs inside the ring as Rage rolls out...

...and finds himself all alone!]

BW: Hey, look at this! Mahoney's the King of all he sees! He's the King of Boston!

GM: I wouldn't go that far. Dave Bryant rolling in behind him!

[Mahoney is trashtalking the front row madly...

...until he turns around, has his legs yanked out from under him, and gets flipped over into the Iron Crab!]

GM: IRON CRAB! IRON CRAB! BRYANT HOOKS IT ON HIM!

[Mahoney cries out, screaming and clawing at the mat as Bryant wrenches the back, trying to get a match-ending submission...]

GM: Bryant's got it on! Bryant's got that hold locked in!

BW: MAXIMUS!

[The super heavyweight climbs in, grabbing Bryant by the hair and dragging him straight out of the hold into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Maximus hooks him! He's going for the powerbomb!

[The 420 pounder lifts Bryant up into the air, ready to drive him down...

...but the two-time former World Champion peppers him with a series of right hands, forcing the break as he falls to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and DRILLS Maximus with a superkick under the chin, sending him falling back through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: SUPERKICK ON MAXIMUS!

[Bryant pumps a fist, twisting around to spot Callum Mahoney coming for him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK ON MAHONEY!

[Mahoney drops to the mat, rolling to the floor as Kerry Kendrick comes charging in behind Bryant...]

...who blindly lashes out...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: NO-LOOK SUPERKICK ON KENDRICK!

[Bryant grins at that one, turning to look at Kendrick as Shadoe Rage, still dazed from the Assh- oh no. Almost caught me, didn'tcha? Anyways, Rage leaps off the top rope as Shadoe Rage does.]

GM: SUUUUUUPERKIIIIIICK!

[The Call Me In The Morning catches Rage coming off the top in another Death From Above attempt...]

GM: BRYANT'S SUPERKICKED EVERYONE IN SIGHT!

BW: Not quite!

[Larry Wallace slides in behind Bryant, drilling him with a pair of forearms to the back of the head before whipping him into the ropes...]

BW: BEST DROPKICK IN THE WOR-

[...where Bryant hangs on, watching as Wallace throws a full-leg extension dropkick that hits nothing, crashing down to the mat.]

BW: DAMN IT!

[And as Wallace scrambles up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: IT'S A SUPERKICK PARTY IN BOSTON, MASS AND EVERYONE IS INVITED!

[Bryant drops to the mat, hooking a leg as he rolls into a back press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And he got him!

[Bryant rolls off the downed Wallace who bails from the ring as the fan favorites return to the squared circle to celebrate the victory.]

GM: Dave Bryant lands the superkick on Larry Wallace, cementing a victory for his team here at the Battle of Boston. And with that, fans, it's just about time for the match we've been working three whole nights towards - the Finals of the Battle of Boston tournament!

[Bryant trades high fives with Kawajiri and Rogers, nodding towards Van Gibson as Grayson mounts the midbuckle, playing to the crowd.]

GM: It's going to be the World Television Champion, Supernova, taking on the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion, Brian James, and the former two-time AWA World Champion, Supreme Wright! It's the very first Three Way Dance in AWA history -

remember it's the last man standing who wins this tournament! It's almost here, fans! The moment is almost at hand! We've got to take one more break and when we come back, it's time for the Finals of this incredible tournament!

[Bryant looks almost relieved at the victory 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 panning shot of the TD Garden.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to the TD Garden where we are most certainly in the home stretch, Bucky. What a weekend it has been from Night One with the shocking assault on Torin The Titan and the Gladiator to the weekend-long comeback of Eddie Van Gibson to-

"YOUUUUUUUUUUUUUU KNOOOOOOOOOW!!!"

GM: What in the..?

BW: It's Flex... in the flesh, baby!

GM: Flex Ferrigno?! Wait a minute! He's not scheduled to get any more airtime this weekend after the garbage he pulled the last two nights here in Boston. He is not scheduled to-

[The camera cuts from the booth to the entranceway where the Quadrasaurus himself comes stomping out, jaw-jackin' at the crowd, bare chested and lathered up in baby oil with his muscles upon muscles shining underneath the arena lights.]

GM: Flex Ferrigno is making his way to ringside and security might need to be on high alert. He isn't scheduled to be out here... heck, he has NO business being out here, Bucky.

BW: Are you going to tell him? Didn't think so.

GM: It's time for our tournament Finals and Ferrigno certainly has no part to play in that matchup. What on Earth is he even doing out here at all?

[Ferrigno swats a "Boston Strong" sign out of a kid's hand who leans over the aisle and instantly a pair of security guards flank the Monsta Muscle as he continues to strut to the ring, pausing momentarily to flash a bicep pose and press his giant muscle peak into his lips.]

GM: The fans are hot right now, Bucky. Ferrigno has been blasting Boston and everything it stands for this weekend. He had the audacity to go to Fenway Park last night and was THROWN OUT of the stadium for disrupting the game and relentlessly taunting the Red Sox players... specifically future Hall of Famer David Ortiz!

BW: You can deny the way he went about things but most of his statements were fairly accurate. Ferrigno burns more calories in one match than that benchwarmer burns the entire season!

GM: He's hardly a benchwarmer.

BW: Oh really... he gets up three, four... maybe five at most times a game and then sits on the bench for three hours! What do you call that?

GM: Good business.

[Ferrigno moves himself up to the apron, prepares to duck through the ropes, but then stops himself...]

GM: Just get in there, say what you've gotta say, and get out of here so that we can take care of our REAL business here tonight.

[Ferrigno straightens up, standing on the apron...

...and then slowly and deliberately turns around, placing his attention squarely on the front row where the Red Sox players are. He looks over at a ringside official and shouts out "GIVE ME A DAMN MIC!"

GM: Don't give this guy a mic! You might as well give him a grenade, Bucky!

FLEX: SECURITY. SECURITY! GET THESE LOSERS OUTTA HERE!

[Ferrigno points a finger directly at the Red Sox players. Ortiz, the most animated of the bunch tonight following recent events, begins to lean over the railing and belts out some censored words that re-direct the camera right back to Ferrigno... as if that is going to end any better.]

FLEX: WATCHA GONNA DO?! LOOK AT YOU... DO YOU EVEN LIFT, BRO?! YOU COULDN'T EVEN CLIMB OVER THAT RAILING WITH A FORK LIFT SHOVED UP YOUR-

[The audio goes silent again for several seconds before coming back to Gordon in mid-sentence.]

GM: -anything else to cut too?

BW: There isn't anything in this world I'd rather watch right now, Gordo. In fact, I wouldn't mind seeing a second so-called athlete from another sport get themselves knocked flat by an AWA wrestler this weekend!

[Security floods over to the railing, trying to ensure that no member of the Red Sox squad will try to interject themselves into the action. With a smirk, Ferrigno finally steps through the ropes, backing away from them to the center of the ring. He leans over, beckoning towards the Sox with both hands.]

FLEX: HEY! HEY! I'll make you rent-a-cops a deal!

[Some of the security guards focus their attention on Ferrigno.]

FLEX: If you ain't gonna kick these cellar-dwellin' losers outta here...

[The boos pour down from the Red Sox faithful all over the arena.]

FLEX: ...then help fat boy there over the railing so I can kick him out of the building myself!

[The camera cuts to an indignant David Ortiz who is standing on his feet, staring up at the taunting Ferrigno. The crowd is absolutely thrilled with the idea of Ortiz entering the ring, urging him on as Ferrigno watches from inside the ring.]

GM: No, no. Flex Ferrigno does NOT speak on behalf of the AWA! The Boston Red Sox are our honored guests here tonight again and...

BW: Is he gonna do it, Gordo?!

GM: Look, David Ortiz is a one heck of a ballplayer but-

[With security confused what to do outside the ring, suddenly Ortiz' fellow players start slapping him on the back, also encouraging him to get in the ring with more than a few "kick his ass, Papi!" shouts from his teammates. Ortiz is staring at Ferrigno who nods his head...]

GM: -but Flex Ferrigno is a trained professional wrestler and Ortiz could be risking serious injury if he were to get inside that ring and-

[Ortiz turns, looking out at the Boston fans...

...and then points to Flex as the crowd goes berzerk!]

GM: Oh my! The fans want to see it! These fans are begging for it!

BW: DO IT! DO IT!

[Ortiz pauses again, looking up at the ring...

...and then with a confident nod, he swings a leg over the security railing, putting himself inside the ringside area. The fans are roaring as Ortiz wades through security who seems hesitant to put their hands on a local star in front of a potentially-hostile crowd.]

GM: ORTIZ IS HEADING FOR THE RING! BIG PAPI IS HEADING FOR THE RING!
GM: MY STARS! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING, BUCKY! THEY CAN'T LET HIM GET IN THE RING WITH FERRIGNO... CAN THEY?!

BW: THEY CAN AND THEY ARE, DADDY!

[Ortiz, with adrenaline pumping through his veins, jogs up the ring steps and steps onto the apron. He turns again, throwing his arms into the air, getting the Boston crowd whipped into even more of a frenzy before he ducks through the ropes. A surprised-looking Ferrigno is waiting, waving a hand at him. Ortiz pumps his fists at his side to an earsplitting reaction from the crowd as he gets closer... and closer...]

BW: I think we are about to have a Fox Sports moment here in the middle of the AWA ring, Gordo!

GM: There's no way the AWA front office is going to allow-

[And before the voice of the AWA can even finish his sentence, a swarm of additional security guards come SPRINTING down the aisle. Tommy Fierro is in the middle of them all, directing traffic and for the guards to surround the ring. Fierro presses himself up against the apron and shouts out at Flex which fortunately we are able to pick up, "Get out of there! Get your ass out of the ring!"]

GM: They're trying to get Flex to get out. No one wants to see this happen.

BW: Are you kidding me?! Listen to this place! The entire city of Boston wants to see this happen!

[Ferrigno turns to glare at Fierro, shouting off-mic.]

"YOU GET THE FAT BOY OUT! THIS IS _MY_ RING, YOU SHRIVELED UP FOSSIL!"

[Fierro glares at Ferrigno, gesturing with hands, saying something about a "biggest fine you've ever seen" towards Ferrigno who rolls his eyes, throwing his muscular arms at Fierro in a dismissive gesture. The former World Champion pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes. Fierro stomps across the ring, putting himself in front of the Quadrasaurus.]

GM: Tommy Fierro, trying to be the voice of reason in there...

[The crowd jeers Fierro as he puts his hands on Ferrigno's chest, pushing the big man back away from a confused David Ortiz. Fierro is talking to Flex the entire time and finally Flex raises his big arms, leaning back against the ropes.]

"Fine. Fine. Whatever, old man."

[Ferrigno reaches down, pulling the mic from his waistband.]

FLEX: And you, fat boy!

[He points at Ortiz who balls up his fists, waving Ferrigno towards him.]

FLEX: You're just lucky you ain't worth the fine they just threatened me with!

[The crowd erupts with boos as Ferrigno turns his back to Ortiz and moves for the ropes, allowing the security guards and Tommy Fierro to breath a sign of relief, backing off...

...only for Flex Ferrigno to stop, pivot, and sprint in the direction of David Ortiz!]

GM: WAIT! WHAT?!

BW: YES! YES!!!

[Head lowered... shoulders down... chest puffed up... the Quadrasaurus barrels towards David Ortiz...]

GM: MY GOD! MY GOD, BUCKY!

[Gordo's reaction is of complete and utter disbelief as he, like everyone else in attendance in Boston, EXPLODES when David Ortiz ducks down and drags the top rope with him...

...sending Flex Ferrigno FLYING over the top rope and collapsing down hard on the outside floor! The Boston crowd is delivering an ear-splitting reaction to a moment they're sure to watch over and over again for years to come!]

GM: THIS PLACE IS GOING NUTS! ORTIZ JUST SENT FERRIGNO CRASHING TO THE OUTSIDE! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?! HOW'S THAT FOR A FOX SPORTS MOMENT, BUCKY?!

BW: I...

GM: Cat got your tongue?!

[You can almost feel the air from a deep exhale by Bucky Wilde but you can't hear it as the Boston crowd has gone absolutely nuts! Security swarms Ortiz... security swarms Ferrigno who pulls himself up and is absolutely LIVID!]

GM: It's going to take an army to hold Flex Ferrigno back and fortunately for everyone near the ringside area, Tommy Fierro damn near brought an army! There's DOZENS of security guards out here pulling these two apart and for the second time in as many nights, Flex Ferrigno is being ESCORTED out of the building!

BW: This is a travesty! They should be tossing those overrated, overpaid dirt dogs out of here! Not Flex! Not a contracted AWA star like Flex Ferrigno!

GM: Fans... this has been, well, insane. We need to cut away but I imagine the FS1 cameras are still rolling and if I were you I wouldn't miss the highlights after the show! We've got... holy cow... we've got to take a break!

[Ortiz and Ferrigno are still shouting at each other from their respective positions, screaming over the mass of AWA security as we fade to black.

...and then back up on footage from the very first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling back in the old WKIK Studios. We see a shot of the man we now know as Kerry Kendrick inside the ring as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It is my great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on this, the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to other footage, showing off other competitors who appeared on that first night: Calisto Dufresne, Marcus Broussard, Melissa Cannon, Stevie Scott, Tin Can Rust, Ron Houston, and Kevin Slater.]

"And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... real professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas. We are live in Dallas, Texas at the WKIK studios for what promises to be an exciting two hours of action."

[The opening chords of Ozzy Osborne's "Mama I'm Coming Home" begins to play. We get slow motion, sepia-toned footage of great AWA moments that went down in the state of Texas over the years.]

Marcus Broussard using the Natural Bridge at the very first Memorial Day Mayhem to become the first man to wear the AWA National Title.

Tin Can Rust digging the broken edge of a flagpole into the forehead of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in the first WarGames in AWA history.

The infamous "riot" with Eric Preston leaping off the bleachers onto James Monosso and Juan Vasquez putting Stevie Scott through the WKIK Studios set.

Calisto Dufresne hurling a massive fireball into the face of City Jack at the first SuperClash.

Dave Bryant standing victorious as the winner of the Chase For The Clash tournament.

Alex Martinez and Maxim Zharkov tussling at ringside with a sea of officials between them.

Jack Lynch using his cowboy boot to pummel Supreme Wright repeatedly in the head...

...and then we fade up on a shot of a grinning Jack Lynch watching the final scene on a television sit. He turns towards the camera with a shrug.]

"Seems like every time we're in Texas, we're makin' memories."

[He holds up his gloved right hand in the shape of the Iron Claw as the camera zooms in on it, going to black as the Homecoming logo comes up and a voiceover begins.]

"Homecoming. September 4th. Dallas, Texas.

Make your next memory."

[And to black.]

When we come back up, we find "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is backstage with Brian Lau, the mastermind behind the Kings of Wrestling, the manager of champions, the only manager in the professional wrestling Hall of Fame.]

SLB: Welcome back to the Battle of Boston, wrestling fans. Not long ago, I was out here with Brian James and you were nowhere to be found. And now, Brian Lau, you're out here and Brian James is not. And I'm sure you've got a lot on your mind.

BL: I've only got one thing on my mind. The thing that's on everyone's mind – who is going to win the Battle of Boston.

SLB: I'm sure that we all know who you're rooting for. But, as dominant and destructive as he's been here in Boston, Brian James does not have an easy road ahead of him.

BL: For once, you actually managed to get it right, Blackwell. It won't be easy, not at all. I mean, in one corner, you've got Supernova.

SLB: The current World Television Champion.

BL: Not only that Blackwell, but a former Rumble winner. A man who can move faster than his size would suggest. A veritable superman, able to leap high in the air and land with devastating impact. A veritable institution here in the AWA. A man who has walked through fire time and time again, and who now walks in as one of the very pillars of this fine organization.

SLB: And then there's Supreme Wright.

BL: Oh who can forget Supreme Wright, Blackwell? One of only two men to hold the World Heavyweight title twice. A man reborn tonight as the people's hero and the greatest in the world! A man who eats, sleeps, and breathes professional wrestling. The master of three thousand holds and counting!

SLB: I have to confess, I'm shocked at the praise you're heaping on these two men!

BL: There's no denying the skill and talent that Supernova and Supreme Wright both possess, Blackwell.

But those accolades? They're only half the story.

Let's look at you, Supernova.

[Lau's expression becomes contemptuous.]

BL: You won the Rumble, but Blackwell, how many times has Supernova been World Champion?

SLB: That title has eluded him, as I am certain you know.

BL: Oh that's right. When you took your shot, you fell short, didn't you Supernova? And isn't that the real story of Supernova? He comes right up to the line, and then, just doesn't quite make it.

The Wise Men put Supernova through a windshield, and what did he do? He came back to be one of Ryan Martinez' underlings. If someone put me through a windshield, I don't think I'd want to be relegated to backup player in someone else's victory.

But Supernova, that's exactly what you did. You took your place, not in the center stage, but in the middle of the pack. Where you've always been, where you'll always be. Always close, but always just outside the spotlight.

That's who you really are, deep down. Someone who will never go all the way.

SLB: I strongly disagree with that. But you certainly can't say the same thing about Supreme Wright!

[Lau smirks.]

BL: Can't I, Blackwell?

How many times did Supreme Wright fall short, before he was able to cheat Dave Bryant out of the World Title? How many times did Supreme Wright come within a hairsbreadth of making his dreams come true, only to fall short?

Supreme Wright walked into Madison Square Garden, the most legendary venue in all of sports history as the World Champion, and then lost to Ryan Martinez. A man that, by Wright's own words, wasn't skilled enough to lace his boots? Well, what do you call a man who claims he's the best in the world who then goes on to lose to someone he deems an inferior.

And let us not forget Supreme Wright's master plan.

The plan that was meant to get him his World Championship back. The plan that ended with Supreme Wright begging his own man to throw in the towel, lest he be crippled by Jack Lynch!

And now I'm supposed to believe what, Blackwell? That Supreme Wright is somehow rejuvenated by the cheers of the peons in the stand? Am I supposed to believe that this is a new Supreme Wright?

I don't think so, Blackwell.

They say that the past is prologue, and now, let's turn our eyes to Brian James.

Brian James, who went to Japan and took the entire country by storm, culminating in becoming the first ever CAGE champion.

Brian James who joined with his best friends and handed the Dogs of War their first and only defeat.

Brian James who stomped Travis Lynch into paste, and who just decimated Riley Hunter.

Brian James who has stepped up to every challenge put before him, and conquered them all. Brian James, who has not faltered under my watchful eye.

This isn't Supernova's time to take the spotlight. And no matter what the fans might believe, this isn't Supreme Wright's night of glory and redemption.

This is coronation of wrestling's next king.

Boston belongs to the Engine of Destruction. Tonight is the night that everyone will look back on and see as the night of Brian James.

Destiny cannot be denied, Blackwell. And neither can Brian James.

And that is all that you need to know.

[With those confident words, Lau exits, off to aid Brian James in his final preparations.]

SLB: There is no lack of confidence in Brian Lau as Brian James prepares for battle. Theresa Lynch, I understand, is trying to get some pre-match comments with Supreme Wright...

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

SLB: ...which should be very interesting. Theresa, any luck tracking down the former World Champion?

[We cut to a shot of Theresa Lynch, standing outside a door.]

TL: Hey there, everybody. Following that brutal encounter with Juan Vasquez, Supreme Wright once again was taken in for treatment by AWA medical staff, in order to ready him for the Finals. Earlier in the night, he was unavailable for comment, but I just received word that this time, he's ready to speak to our cameras. So here we go...

[Lynch opens the door and walks into the locker room, where we see...

...Supreme Wright, seated on the floor with his back leaning against the locker. His head is lowered, staring straight at the floor and his hands are held together on his lap. His right leg is wrapped heavily in gauze. The same goes for his torso. This is a man that looks like anything but the "Best in the World." No, this is a man that has been pushed to his very physical and mental limits and he still has one more match to go before his night is over.

And judging by the slight smile on his lips, he wouldn't have it any other way.]

TL: Supreme Wright...

SW: Sit.

[Wright pats his hand on the space next to him. It's not a request, it's a demand. He's not wasting any energy he has left looking up.]

SW: Pardon my manners, Miss Lynch, but I'd rather not stand up just yet. Sit next to me.

Please.

[Slightly shocked by Wright's plea, Lynch is mindful of her skirt, holding it as she bends down to one knee to meet Wright eye to eye.]

TL: Supreme Wright, like my colleague "Sweet" Lou Blackwell said to you earlier, you've gone to hell and back to make it this far in the tournament. What, if anything do you have left for the finals?

[Wright lifts his head to meet Lynch's gaze, revealing a bandaged forehead and a left eye nearly swollen shut from Juan Vasquez' Right Cross.]

SW: I have enough, Miss Lynch. Enough to WIN.

TL: How can you be so sure? You've bled all night, you've had your right leg relentlessly attacked, you've BY FAR spent more time inside a wrestling ring than anyone else has this weekend and you've just suffered through one of the worst beatings I've ever seen a man suffer inside a wrestling ring since... since...

SW: ...since your brother, Miss Lynch?

[Lynch frowns.]

TL: Yes.

SW: Juan Vasquez tried to break me, but he found out that I _can't_ be broken. I suffered but I survived. I was tortured but I triumphed. That's the price to be paid to be the best, Miss Lynch...and that's a price I'm more than happy to pay...

[Even with a busted lip, Wright manages a a smile.]

SW: ...because it makes all my victories that much sweeter.

[That smile quickly disappears, however, replaced by a more familiar serious look.]

SW: But tonight, I'm not content with JUST defeating one of the greatest technical wrestlers in the world in Pure X. I'm not satisfied with ONLY doing what no one else has been able to do and defeating Juan Vasquez and overcoming The Axis. I CAN'T satisfied with just that. I've gone through too much and I've come too far. I want MORE. I want to win it ALL.

TL: Your drive is relentless, Supreme, but again, I have to ask you... how can you still be so sure you can win after all you've gone through? How can you still be so confident you can overcome not just one but TWO opponents in one match?

SW: Because Brian James might be a fighter, a warrior and a destroyer of dreams... Supernova may be a hero, a role model and an inspiration to millions...

...but I'm a professional wrestler.

The greatest damn one in this world!

And as long as this body draws breath, as long this heart pumps blood, as long as I'm able to step inside MY ring...

...the most dangerous man in this match is ME.

[Wright's defiant declaration draws a big cheer from inside the arena. He locks eyes with Lynch, who for a moment, seems taken aback by the intensity of his glare.]

SW: Now if you excuse me, Miss Lynch...

[With a slight groan, Wright rises to his feet, startling Lynch, who quickly rises with him. No longer looking weary or spent, Supreme towers over Theresa, staring down at her with renewed vigor and a confident look on his bruised and cut face.]

SW: ...I have a tournament to win.

[As the crowd cheers, Wright walks off, leaving behind a stunned Theresa Lynch as we fade back to another part of backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Next to him is the AWA World Television champion Supernova, who has his face freshly painted black and yellow, is dressed in his wrestling attire and has the World Television title belt strapped around his waist.]

SLB: Supernova, you have made it to the Finals at Battle of Boston and are just moments away from the first-ever Three Way Dance in AWA history. To win this match, you will have to beat not just one, but two other men who have made it all the way to the Finals. On one hand, you have Supreme Wright, a former World Champion and considered by many to be one of the best wrestlers in the world today. On the other hand, you have Brian James, a member of the Kings of Wrestling, son of the legendary Hall of Famer... whose name we've been asked not to mention... and pegged by many as a rising star in the AWA, as somebody who will be a future champion much like his father before him, certainly an achievement his manager Brian Lau believes. Let's talk about this match and tell me exactly how you prepare for a match like this.

[Supernova takes a deep breath, his eyes remain narrow and his posture remains relaxed.]

S: Sweet Lou, this isn't the first time I've been in a match that some would describe as straying from the norm. I've been in the Tower of Doom, I've been in WarGames, I've been in the Rumble several times before and I've been in Steal the Spotlight -- all matches in which you have to be ready to face multiple opponents. But I will say that a Three Way Dance match -- well, that's a little different. In a Tower of Doom or WarGames, you at least know you have a few people on your side. With Steal the Spotlight, it may eventually come down to you and your partners, but you at least know they'll be on your side for a while. And in a Rumble, you've got to be concerned about more than one opponent, but at least your objective is throw them over the top rope, which means you might be able to use that to your advantage.

In this case, you get two people to deal with and the only way to get it done is to get a pinfall or a submission. Any advantage that you can use, such as the element of surprise in a Rumble, isn't quite there in this one. When you think you have one opponent ready to finish off, you have to keep an eye out for the other to ensure he doesn't prevent you from finishing him off. And when you consider the two men I'm going to face -- two men who have never been known from giving an inch to an opponent, I know I've got my work cut out for me.

Even so, I had my work cut off for me in those matches before and I found a way to get the job done. So despite never having experienced a match like this, you better believe I'm confident that I'm going to get it done tonight.

SLB: Still, Supernova, you are facing one of the toughest men in the AWA in Brian James. Despite having injured his hand and wrist on several occasions, the man continues to throw everything he has at his opposition. On top of that, he's only had to wrestle two opponents while you have had to wrestle three. Some might say that he'll have more left in the tank than you'll have left after two tough matches tonight against Johnny Detson and Rex Summers.

S: [nodding] I get how it is, Sweet Lou, when you have somebody who got himself a free ticket past a round and didn't have to face as many opponents to get to the Finals. And I get that Brian James is somebody who not only fights through the pain, but as he says, like to dish out the pain himself.

But here's the thing, Brian James... you're not the only one who has had to fight through the pain to get the job done. I've been in the ring with guys like Sultan Azam Sharif, who hits harder than most wrestlers I've ever faced. I've taken on guys like William Craven, who not only like to dish out the pain, but never seemed to feel it himself, much like you. And all you have to do is look at what Shadoo Rage has done to know how much he likes to dish out pain and how much he'll fight through it, even if there isn't a belt on the line.

You might say you hit harder than any of those men, but that's not the point, Brian. The point is that I've taken every bit of pain that others have dished out against me and I kept on going. Hit me as hard as you can, Brian, because I don't expect anything less from you. But I can promise you this -- I can take those hits and I can come right back at you, because I've got all the motivation in the world to keep coming back at you.

It's not just because you are part of the Kings of Wrestling, who I now recognize as the biggest problem the AWA has and a problem that needs to be settled. It's not just because you happen to be the son of a legend in this sport and that I want to prove that being the son of a legend doesn't guarantee you're destined to become a legend. And it's not just because I see a win tonight as a way to get myself another

crack at your buddy Johnny Detson, only the next time around with that World Title on the line.

It's because I want to show everybody that all the hits you dish out, all the pain you try to inflict, isn't going to be enough to stop me from my goal to win Battle of Boston and prove to everyone why I am the franchise of the AWA.

[He takes another deep breath, but keeps his narrow stare and relaxed posture.]

SLB: Let's not forget, Supernova, that Supreme Wright is also going to be in this match. He is coming off a grueling encounter with Juan Vasquez and, ever since his return to the AWA after a loss at SuperClash, he's been focused on regaining his status as the best wrestler in the AWA and regaining the World Title. And given what went down in the match with Vasquez, it appears he's won over the fans as well, who came away impressed with how he overcame the odds. Certainly, Supernova, you have to recognize that Wright isn't going to be easy to defeat, either.

S: I'm well aware about what Supreme Wright is all about. I know his reputation well, and I'm not talking about some of the approaches he's taken that I would disagree with. I'll grant Supreme Wright this -- when it comes to the art of submissions and working over a body part, Wright does that a lot better than me. And I'm not taking for granted that Wright's usual approach to wrestling strategy is going to be useless in a three way match, because Wright is, in my eyes, the best tactician in the AWA.

And I'm not surprised about what went down against Vasquez -- and it's not simply that he won. I'm not surprised that he'd refuse to forfeit a match to his own mentor because the one thing that has never changed about his approach is he never surrenders a match that way. I'm not surprised he'd win over the fans because it could have been easy for him to call it quits after he lost to Jack Lynch at SuperClash in a manner that was a blow to his pride -- but he came back and kept his focus on what he wanted to be. He and I aren't friends and probably never will be, but there's no way you can't respect a man who finds a way to bounce back from something like that.

But even as I recognize Wright that is the best tactician in the AWA and a better mat wrestler than I ever will be, he's not the only one that's focused tonight. Because I have plenty of motivation to beat him that goes beyond what I think of the man or how much I think winning tonight could lead to a World Title shot.

You see, Supreme Wright, it was a few years ago when I was so close to becoming a back-to-back Rumble winner and the only man standing in my way was you. I had outlasted Sultan Azam Sharif and Koyla Sudakov when the odds were against me the first time, and even in a Rumble match, I sensed the odds were against me when going against a great tactician such as yourself. And despite my best effort, Wright, you managed to outlast me.

And that is something I haven't forgotten. Now, here we are again, where I am this close to coming away with a major accolade, an accolade that will only strengthen my case for being the franchise of the AWA. And there you are, Wright, once again somebody who I have to outlast despite the odds being against me.

But this time around, I don't plan on coming in as the runner-up behind you again -- or as the runner-up behind Brian James, for that matter. I plan on coming out on top, which means I view you, Wright, the same way as I view Brian James.

You're both in my way.

[Another deep breath, though nothing else has changed.]

S: And I'm taking you both down.

You can hit me as hard as you want, Brian James. You can come out at me with every tactic or hold in the book, Supreme Wright.

But it's not going to matter once I bring the heat your way.

[He exchanges a quick glance with Sweet Lou.]

SLB: Nothing else to add, Supernova?

[And, for the first time, a slight smile crosses Supernova's face.]

S: I'm saving the rest of my energy for the match, Sweet Lou. I'll see you around.

[With that, Supernova walks off the set.]

SLB: All right, fans, Supernova set to take on Brian James and Supreme Wright for all the marbles! Let's get back to ringside for the introductions!

[We fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing for the final time on this night.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... after three hard-fought days of extraordinary action... IT... IS... TIIIIIIIME!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Tonight's final contest is a first in AWA history... a THREE WAY DANCE with no time limit! It is the Finals of the Battle of Boston tournament! And it is YOUR MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING!

[BIGGER CHEERS!]

RO: First...

["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.]

RO: From Venice Beach, California... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is the AWA WORLLLLLLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMMPIONNNN...

Ladies and gentlemen...

THIS!

IS!

SUUUUUUUPERRRRRNOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[Supernova is dressed as we saw him moments ago, smacking the face of the title belt wrapped around his waist. He smiles at the crowd reaction, raising an arm towards the fans as he starts making his way down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Here he comes, fans! The World Television Champion! A man who has been one of the standard-bearers here in the AWA for the past several years. His resume is well-known... former Rumble winner... former SuperClash Main Eventer...

and now the World Television Champion. Can he add Battle of Boston winner to that list?

BW: And if he does, what kind of rocket does that hook onto his back? He's already the World Television Champion and I may not like the way he did it but he DID beat the World Champion earlier as well. That alone might make him a future challenger to Johnny Detson. But if he wins this tournament, he's GOT to get a shot at Detson, Gordo.

GM: I'd certainly agree with that which means there's a lot on the line for Supernova in this one.

[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 as his music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[The heavy guitars of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" blares over the loudspeakers, and the roar of boos from the crowd threatens to drown the guitars out.]

RO: He is accompanied to the ring by his manager, Brian Lau...

[The curtain is pushed aside. And out first is none other than Brian Lau. Lau is dressed to the nines, wearing a shimmering grey sharkskin suit, with a neatly pressed white shirt beneath and a black tie around his neck. Lau's eyes are shielded from the harsh overhead lights in the arena by the green flash lenses of a pair of Ray Ban aviator sunglasses. Lau moves with a confident gait, arms out wide, flashing quite the smirk as the audience's boos grow louder. Lau looks over his shoulder, and gives a single nod of his head, as the music continues to blare. A moment later, a shadow falls over both Lau and the aisleway.]

RO: Hailing from Portland, Oregon, and weighing in tonight at 295 pounds... representing the Kings of Wrestling...

[A mountain of a man steps out, striding out with great purpose. Standing six foot six, with a body made entirely out of muscle, he cuts one of the most imposing figures in the AWA.]

RO: He is the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion... he is...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAMES!

[As the boos rain down upon the son of the Blackheart, Lau and James fall into a matching pace as they march down to ringside. James has a white towel, with the words "KINGS OF WRESTLING" embroidered in gold over his head. The towel covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl beneath a dirty blond goatee.]

GM: The Engine of Destruction making his way down the aisle alongside arguably the greatest wrestling strategist this sport has ever seen. Quite the combination.

BW: This duo has been on the non-stop train to the top ever since they first joined up almost two years ago. James and Lau have been rocketing up to the top... to the place that James believes is his birthright.

GM: No one is born into greatness... not in this sport. In this sport, you've gotta earn it.

BW: And if he wins here tonight, he certainly has earned it, Gordo.

[James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Over his right pectoral is a black tattoo of a circle surrounded by eight protruding towers, a Sak Yant tattoo in the Paed Tidt style. Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside. His left arm is covered in five lines of black tattoos, in the ancient Khmer language, in the Hah Taew fashion of Sak Yant tattoos. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

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

Where Lau is brimming confidence, James is all stoic menace. The pair make their way to the ring, with Lau ascending the stairs first and entering the ring, making a big show of shooing Ortiz away from the center of the ring.]

GM: James is a terrifying blend of power and agility... one of the most dangerous strikers in the sport. And he walks into this match having fought one less match than either of his opponents this weekend thanks to... well, we've been asked not to mention their names.

BW: What are you insinuating? That Lau or James had something to do with that?

GM: It seems awfully coincidental, doesn't it?

BW: Sure but if you know James, you know he wants no part of chicanery like that. He wants to prove himself inside that ring. You should see the bill he racked up for the dressing room he destroyed after that happened, Gordo.

GM: Maybe James had nothing to do with it... perhaps it was Lau acting alone.

BW: A manager disobeying his client's wishes?! Perish the thought.

[At last, James enters the ring. Reaching up, he pulls the towel off his head, revealing medium length dirty blond hair that's been slicked back and tied into a ponytail. James hands the towel to Lau, and Lau reaches into an inner pocket of his jacket, producing a plastic box. Opening the box, Lau pulls out a half black, half red mouth guard, with the same golden tiger across the front. With James opening his mouth, Lau puts the mouth guard in place. There's a final grimace, and then James closes his lips. As Lau exits the ring, James falls into a traditional Muay Thai stance, waiting for the final piece of this puzzle as the music fades again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd THEIR opponent in this history-making matchup...

[The lights drop down as we await the entrance of the two-time former AWA World Champion. The light go completely dark as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, bringing the crowd to their feet as they fill the TD Garden with a huge reaction!]

RO: Fighting out of Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he weighs in tonight at 228 pounds... he is a former TWO-TIME AWA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRRRLLLLLLLLLD...

SUUUUUUUPREEEEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIGHTTTT!!!

[A lone spotlight hits the top of the aisle, where we see Wright standing, dressed in the hooded black fighter's robe. As always, his eyes are focused solely on HIS ring, his face devoid of any and all expression or emotion. No longer flanked by Team Supreme, Wright walks down the aisle alone, serenaded by the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: And if you had told me this weekend would end with Supreme Wright receiving a hero's welcome here in Boston, Mass... I would have strapped you to a polygraph machine!

BW: Fickle fans are everywhere, Gordo. One minute they hate you, the next they can't live without you.

[Wright steps through the ropes and into the ring, lowering the hood to reveal his face. His eyes remain focused as we see his cut-up face, obvious swelling and bruising present from his weekend's battles. His right knee is heavily taped as well as he stands in his legendary grandfather's wrestling attire: crimson wrestling trunks with three white stars on the front.]

GM: All three men are in. The time for talking is over. The time for hype is over. This is it. This is what they've fought all weekend for.

[As Wright's music fades, we see Davis Warren walking to each competitor to speak to them.]

GM: Referee Davis Warren is the man in the middle of this tournament Finals, speaking now to all three men, trying to make sure they understand that he is the law in this one.

[There are brief discussions with all three competitors before Warren signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Brian James walks out of his corner, staring across at Supreme Wright...

...and raises a powerful arm, pointing at Wright.]

"YOU!"

[He beckons Wright towards him as Supernova's glance dances between Wright and James. As Wright hobbles from his corner to face the Engine of Destruction, 'Nova simply shrugs, leaning back against the buckles. Wright edges closer and closer out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: And this is what you call a staredown, fans!

[Brian James steps forward, staring into the eyes of the man who many might claim helped make him who he is today. James instinctually flexes his fingers - the very fingers that Wright broke on a night a long, long time ago. The Engine of Destruction stares down at Wright, the two-time former World Champion's head wrapped in white gauze already stained red.]

GM: These two don't have a long history, Bucky... in fact, you might say their history is short and incredibly violence.

BW: If you're a fan of Brian James, you remember the night that Supreme Wright broke his hand. And you'll also remember that night as one that led directly to Brian James going from the baby-kissin' buddy of Air Strike to one of the most lethal men on the planet.

GM: There's no doubt that that broken hand got into James' head... it got in there deep and helped start him down a path that he never came back from.

[Wright winces as he steps forward, barely able to put weight on his injured knee.]

GM: Supreme Wright defeated Rufus Harris, Pure X, and Juan Vasquez to earn his spot in the Finals, racking up a bum knee and a whole lot of blood loss in the process. Brian James scored wins over Travis Lynch and Riley Hunter to get to the Finals. And of course, Supernova bested Bobby O'Connor, World Champion Johnny Detson, and Rex Summers.

BW: No one had an easy path. James, of course, had one less match because of the first round bye.

[Wright and James are eye to eye, nose to nose, the crowd buzzing with anticipation...

...but their buzzing is growing louder not for James... not for Wright or the potential clash between those two...

...but because Supernova is climbing up to the top turnbuckle, unseen by either man!]

GM: SUPERNOVA'S UP TOP!

[And as both men suddenly turn towards him, the World Television Champion launches himself off the top, catching both men with a crossbody that knocks them to the canvas to a huge reaction!]

GM: AND SUPERNOVA TAKES THEM BOTH DOWN!

BW: Selfish little punk couldn't handle the spotlight not being on him!

[Supernova scrambles up off the canvas as both of his opponents do the same thing. He fires off, throwing a right hand to the head of Wright... then a backhanded right blow. A knife edge chop finds the mark as well, sending Wright back into the corner.]

GM: Supernova battering Wright back to the buckles... and now he turns his attention to James, whipping him into the corner as well.

[With James leaning against the buckles, Supernova gets a half ring's worth of running before leaping into the air, crashing into a surprised James!]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN ONE CORNER!

[The World Television Champion wheels around, running the full distance of the ring this time, leaping high into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE OTHER CORNER!

[...and crushes Wright with a flying body splash in the opposite corner! `Nova throws back his head, howling to the fans as James staggers out alongside the ropes...]

GM: Look out!

[Supernova charges forward, catching James with a running clothesline that takes the son of the Blackheart over the top rope, dropping him down in a heap on the floor at ringside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Clothesline takes James over the top to the floor! Supernova turning his attention back to Wright, grabbing the legs...

[Wright attempts to fight back but his injured leg is too weak to resist as `Nova steps through, applying the Texas Cloverleaf known as the Solar Flare!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE! THE SOLAR FLARE IS LOCKED IN BY SUPERNOVA!

BW: And with Wright nursing that bad knee, he just might have no choice but to submit, Gordo!

GM: Wright screaming in pain, reaching for the ropes but he can't get there!

[Supernova lowers down, applying more pressure to the lower back as Wright howls in agony...]

GM: I've NEVER seen Supreme Wright in such pain, fans! And Supernova may be moment sway from ending Wright's dream of winning this tournament before he even gets a chance here in the Finals!

[`Nova shouts "ASK HIM!" to the official as he leans back, trying to increase the pressure.]

GM: Wright's desperately trying to hang on, dragging himself inch by inch across the canvas, searching for a way out...

[Wright stretches out his arm, his fingertips just barely an inch or two away from the bottom rope as Supernova leans back a little bit more...

...and Wright gets just enough length to hook a finger around the bottom rope!]

GM: Oh! He got there! He got there, fans!

[Davis Warren shouts at Supernova, ordering him to break the hold. The World Television Champion rises, grimacing in disappointment as Wright uses his grip on the ropes to pull himself under and out to the floor, holding his lower back in pain.]

GM: Wright pulls himself out, just barely saving himself!

[Supernova stalks around the ring a bit, looking out at Wright...

...and suddenly makes a dash to the ropes, looking to rebound off them...]

GM: OHH! JAMES FROM BEHIND!

[From his spot on the floor, James pulls the middle rope down, causing Supernova to tumble through the ropes, crashing down onto the apron. James quickly grabs him, pasting him with a pair of elbowstrikes to the temple.]

GM: Brian James with a brutal attack on the floor...

[Turning Supernova so that his torso is across the apron, James SLAMS the point of his elbow down into the back of the head once... twice... three times...

...and then switches to kneelifts, once... twice... three times to the jaw, leaving the face-painted fan favorite draped across the apron. James grabs a front facelock on 'Nova, slinging his arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: What's he looking for here?

[James pulls 'Nova towards him, leaving his feet on the apron...

...and then POWERS 'Nova up into the air before taking him down with a spine-rattling suplex on the barely padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big time vertical suplex right DOWN on the floor! Good grief!

[James stands over Supernova, scowling down at the World Television Champion as Brian Lau applauds gleefully from nearby.]

GM: And that's exactly the kind of attack that Brian Lau is looking for out of his charge here tonight in Boston. If James can keep up that level of intensity... that level of ferocity... then he very well may walk out of Boston as the winner of this tournament, Bucky.

BW: He's gotta be the odds-on favorite at this point. He's had less matches. He hasn't taken anywhere near the level of beating that someone like Wright has taken. This could be his night.

[Dragging Supernova off the floor, James ducks down, wrapping his arms around him...

...and DRIVES the small of his back into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JAMES PUTS HIM INTO THE RING APRON! OH MY!

[With Supernova reeling, James rolls him under the ropes, depositing him back inside the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes as Lau calls for him "finish 'em off - one by one!" The Engine of Destruction gives a nod as he approaches the downed Supernova...]

GM: James moving in, perhaps looking for an early kill in this one. Remember, this is an elimination matchup. To win it all, you've got to be the last man standing. It is not a first fall to a finish type scenario.

[James stalks towards Supernova, viciously stomping the lower back once... twice... three times. With the face-painted fan favorite down on the mat, James leaps up, driving his knee down into the kidney region!]

GM: Ohhh! Leaping backdrop puts all of James' near 300 pounds down into the lower back!

[With his knee driven into the lower back, James reaches out, grabbing Supernova by the chin, pulling back on it to stretch out the spine...]

GM: Oh, and a modified surfboard here by James, bending the back of 'Nova!

[The referee kneels right next to them, checking for a submission...]

GM: Supernova refusing to give up though, despite the pain likely he's feeling in his lower back after James' assault early on in this one.

BW: Supernova knows what's at stake here, Gordo. Yeah, he's the World Television Champion but winning this tournament is going to be put someone in the center spotlight of the wrestling world. It means you beat the best in the world and came out the other side.

GM: In my opinion, Supernova defeating Johnny Detson in this tournament certainly entitles him to challenge for the World Title down the road but if he wins this tournament, he can write his own ticket if you ask me.

[Another shouted refusal to quit causes James to release the hold, rising to his feet. He leans down, pulling Supernova up by the tights and buries a forearm shot into the back, sending the TV Champion staggering across the ring into the turnbuckles.]

GM: James puts Supernova into the corner, moving in after him now...

[With Supernova facing the corner, James grabs the top rope, swinging his knee up into 'Nova's lower back a handful of times.]

GM: Brutal attack on the lower back in the corner... and what's he doing here?

[Twisting Supernova around, James muscles him up so that the Venice Beach native is sprawled across the second rope. Grabbing the top rope, James swings his knee up into the lower back over and over as the referee reprimands him for the attacks in the corner.]

GM: James is really doing a number on him, Bucky.

BW: The kid is focused on becoming the winner of this tournament. He's going to be a tough out if you ask me.

[James finally steps back, raising his arms as he glares at Davis Warren before stepping back in where he muscles Supernova up to the top, laying across the ropes and turnbuckle there...

...when James leaps up, driving a knee into the lower back!]

GM: Ohh! Leaping kneelift to the spine!

[The Portland native steps to the second rope, reaching down to grasp Supernova, lifting him up into the air in a side backbreaker position as James stands on the second rope...

...and then DROPS down, jamming Supernova's back into the top turnbuckle as James drops down to the safety of the ring canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of hitting the ropes causes Supernova to bounce back off, nearly toppling to the floor but he manages to hang on, rolling himself over onto his stomach, still draped across the top turnbuckle...]

GM: What in the world?! A backbreaker ON the top turnbuckle!

BW: When you're the Engine of Destruction, you just might pull out some stuff people aren't expecting, Gordo!

[James backs off for a moment, sizing up Supernova's situation. He starts to walk in, moving in on the face-painted fan favorite again...

...when Supreme Wright pulls himself up on the ring apron, throwing himself forward in an off-balance high kick that catches James on the side of the head, sending him stumbling away, falling to a knee in the middle of the ring!]

GM: And Supreme Wright gets back in the mix, showing that he's not done quite yet!

[Wright steps in, starting to go after James when he throws a glance at Supernova. He turns towards the Television Champion, ducking under to maneuver him up into a fireman's carry. The crowd buzzes with anticipation, knowing exactly what Wright is thinking about as he strides out of the corner...

...when James leaps up off the mat, springing into the air, and throwing his hurting right hand as a Superman punch, smashing Wright between the eyes, knocking him off-balance!]

GM: OHH! What a right hand!

[The staggered Wright stumbles backwards, losing his balance as Supernova scissors his arms, dragging him down into a crucifix rollup!]

GM: CRUCIFIX! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Wright slips the shoulder up, breaking Supernova's hold on him. The World Television Champion scrambles off the mat, looking to advance on Wright...

...but James has other ideas, hooking 'Nova from behind, smashing his elbow into the back of the Television Champion's head once... twice...]

GM: James teeing off from behind!

[Grabbing the head and arm, James flips Supernova backwards, tossing him right down onto his knees where James BLASTS him with an elbowstrike between the eyes, knocking Supernova down to the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! In such a short time, Brian James has turned himself into perhaps the most lethal striker in all of professional wrestling, fans... and Supernova just learned that the hard way.

[James dives across Supernova's chest, the official moving to make the count which only gets to two before Supernova muscles out.]

GM: Only a two count over there as well as we creep closer to the ten minute mark of this no time limit encounter.

BW: No time limit. These guys can go all night if they need to!

GM: Ordinarily, with Supreme Wright in there, I'd say that was a real possibility but with the weekend that Wright has had so far, I'd imagine there's little chance of him going deep in this one. Wright's going to be looking for early pins and submissions... maybe even a knockout.

BW: That much is obvious. So far, we've seen him attempt Fat Tuesday and land a roundhouse to the head. Wright doesn't have the gas tank on this night to outlast these guys so he has to beat them and beat them early. Gordo, I had one of our producers do a little research for me - check this out. Of our three Finalists, Wright has spent the most time in this tournament in the ring. From bell-to-bell, he's been in action for almost seventy minutes this weekend. Supernova comes in second at a bit under forty-five minutes. And Brian James is the spring chicken at thirty-two and change.

GM: Kudos for... well, I suppose having someone else do your homework. It'll be interesting to see just how much of an effect those cumulative times inside the squared circle will have an effect.

[In the meantime, James has pulled Supernova back off the mat, shoving him back into a corner. He grabs the top rope, taking aim at the ribs that have been assaulted relentlessly throughout the tournament by Supernova's opponents.]

GM: James switching from the back to the ribs, working the body in the corner... and Supreme Wright is up on his feet, staggering across the ring where James hasn't seen him yet...

[But a shout from Lau tips off James who steps up to the second rope, blindly leaping backwards to catch Wright under the chin with a back elbow. He flips over, applying a lateral press on Wright, earning another two count.]

GM: And right now, this match has turned into Brian James taking it to both of his opponents, showing the stamina edge has from getting that first round bye. It really did wonders for James' chances of winning this tournament when he avoided taking on Torin or the Gladiator in the first round.

BW: So you say. I think the son of the Blackheart was one of the favorites even if he'd had to knock Torin out cold or hit Gladiator so hard he made sense on the mic.

[James pulls Wright off the mat, throwing a pair of short elbows to the head, sending Wright stumbling back to the opposite corner from where Supernova is leaning against the buckles.]

GM: James has got 'Nova in one corner, Wright in the other...

[Barreling across the ring, James throws a big clothesline, lifting Supernova off his feet before the Television Champion settles back down. Spinning around, James runs the other direction towards Wright, lighting him up with a matching clothesline!]

GM: Corner to corner clotheslines on both men! And Brian James is rolling at this stage of the contest as we slip past the ten minute mark in the action.

[James drags Wright out of the corner, slowly twisting his left arm around, pinning it over Wright's own head...]

GM: He's going for the Blackheart Punch!

[...and rapidly swings his fist forward, trying to take out one of his opponents early. But Wright shifts his weight, twisting around to grab the arm as it sails past him. He turns into James, using his grip on the arm and the leverage of his own body to flip James up and over, down to the mat with a judo-like throw!]

GM: Whoa! What a counter and-

[The crowd ROARS as Wright drops down to the mat, quickly moving to scissor James' right arm between his legs!]

GM: He's looking for a cross armbreaker!

[Down on the canvas, Wright attempts to get his legs across James' massive chest, trying to straighten out the arm and get a possible submission!]

GM: The submission specialist is trying to get that armbar locked in!

[James immediately grabs his right hand with his left, locking his fingers together to block the armbreaker attempt...

...and the much-fresher James rolls to his side, stacking up Wright in a jackknife cradle, getting a quick one count before Wright lifts the shoulder, releasing the hold...

...and James DIVES on top of him with a thunderous elbowstrike between the eyes!]

GM: OHH!

[James quickly takes the mount on Wright, dropping right and left-handed bombs on the former World Champion who lifts his arms up, desperately trying to protect himself from the barrage of blows aimed at his skull!]

GM: James is trying to pummel him into the mat! Looking to pound Wright into defeat!

[Back in the corner, Supernova leans in the buckles, breathing deeply as he watches the exchange between his two opponents, taking a break as he keeps an eye on the action. We cut back to James switching to hammerfists, repeatedly pounding the blocking arms...

...until Wright grabs one of the arms, swinging his legs up to grab James in a triangle choke!]

GM: Oh my! What a counter!

[James' eyes flash in a sense of panic, Brian Lau SCREAMING at his charge from the floor as Wright tries to secure one of his signature submission holds. James struggles to pull his arm free as Wright stretches out the legs, scissoring them around the head!]

GM: Wright's got it locked in! Wright's got it locked in and James is in trouble, fans!

[The Boston fans rise to their feet, cheering on Wright with anticipation to see if he can force a submission out of James and get one step closer to winning the entire tournament!]

GM: James reaching down, grabbing the other hand!

BW: We've seen this counter before, Gordo!

GM: We certainly have. Rufus Harris used it on Night One and if you don't think Brian Lau knows every single move both of James' opponents used this weekend, you're crazy!

[Lau shouts, "YES! YES! POWERBOMB!" to James who attempts to oblige, setting his feet underneath him as he hoists Wright up into the air...

...but instead of dropping straight down as many do with this counter, James keeps on lifting, hoisting Wright up to a straight up and down position!]

GM: Wow! Look at the power from Brian James! He got him all the way up!

[And with James holding Wright up, Wright switches his tactics, raining down short elbows to the head of James as he's held in the air!]

GM: Wright with the elbows, pounding away at James!

[James stumbles forward, staggering with Wright in his grasp...

...and falls towards the ropes where Wright manages to hook the rope with a free hand, essentially using the triangle choke as a headscissors to flip James over the top rope, throwing him down to the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Down to the floor goes Brian James!

[Wright kneels on the apron, taking a breather as Supernova pushes off the ropes, coming towards him.]

GM: Wright was trying to catch his breath but there's no rest for the weary in this one, fans!

[Supernova grabs Wright by the head, pulling him into a front facelock before hoisting him into the air, throwing him down with a suplex!]

GM: And he brings Wright in the hard way!

[Nova pops up to his feet, looking to try and get a quick win as he dashes to the ropes, bouncing off, leaping high in the air...

...and crashes down on the prone Wright with a big splash!]

GM: Big splash! All his weight down on Wright!

[But the impact of the blow doesn't just hurt Wright as Supernova rolls off his downed victim, wincing as he clutches at his own ribcage.]

BW: He hurt himself! The big dummy hurt himself with that splash!

[The crowd murmurs as both men lie on the canvas, writhing in pain.]

GM: He hit the splash he was looking for but you might argue if he should've been looking for it at all!

[With Supernova down on the mat, Brian James reaches under the ropes, grabbing the World Television Champion by the arm, pulling him under and out to the floor.]

GM: James dragging Supernova out to the floor, pulling him over near the railing...

[And James hoists Supernova up into the air for a suplex, twisting, and DUMPING Supernova ribsfirst across the steel railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Supernova slumps off the railing into the front row of seats, clutching his torso as James turns his gaze back towards the ring where Supreme Wright lies prone. He throws a dismissive gesture towards Supernova before walking back to the ring.]

GM: And it looks like Brian James isn't done with Supreme Wright... not yet.

[James pauses near the steps, listening to some quick advice from Brian Lau as he scales the metal ringsteps, ducking through the ropes. Wright is on all fours, crawling across the ring, trying to create some space as James walks in behind him...

...and reaches down, snatching a rear waistlock on the fleeing Wright.]

GM: James hooks him!

[He effortlessly picks the 225 pounder up off the mat, holding him in front of his torso...

...and DRIVES him backwards with a released German Suplex, dumping Wright on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: OHH! Good grief!

[James rolls to a knee, dusting off his hands as the crowd jeers. He crawls over to Wright, planting an open palm down on his chest.]

GM: Arrogant cover by James... one... two...

[Wright tiredly lifts a shoulder off the mat, causing James' eyes to flash with annoyance. He climbs to his feet, driving his heel down into the ribcage of Wright once... twice... the stomps keep coming, driving Wright towards the ropes.]

GM: The son of the Blackheart, putting Wright's leg up on the ropes...

[James steps on the second rope, looking out at the jeering crowd before he springs up into the air...

...and brings all his weight down on the knee of Wright!]

GM: OHHH!

[Wright cries out, grabbing at his injured leg as James rises to his feet again, still staring out at the booing Boston crowd.]

BW: He's gonna do it again, Gordo!

[James grabs the ropes, putting Wright's leg in position again. He turns towards the fans, glaring at them as he puts his foot up on the second rope...]

GM: James is trying to rip that knee apart!

[James springs into the air...

...and Wright raises his other leg, using his foot to push James' rear end, sending him toppling over the ropes and out to the floor to a big cheer from the Boston fans!]

GM: OH MY! Wright with the timely counter to save his knee!

[Wright stays on his back near the ropes, sucking air into his lungs as he shakes out the bad leg, trying to recover...

...which is the wrong place to be as a rising Brian James snatches him by the leg, angrily pulling him under the ropes. Wright is sitting on the apron as James tees off, throwing elbow after elbow to the temple!]

GM: James with a barrage of elbows!

BW: Wright embarrassed him with that counter and right now, Brian James is showing that it's not wise to embarrass the Engine of Destruction!

[James backs off, turning to stare out at the jeering fans with disdain. He turns back to Wright, moving back in...

...but Wright thrusts his good leg forward, catching the incoming James in the mouth with a boot!]

GM: OH!

[Wright reaches out, snaring James by the head, and takes his own turn teeing off with elbowstrikes to the head!]

GM: And Wright fires back! Elbow after elbow landing on the temple of James!

[The crowd is roaring for the Wright comeback...

...until James grabs the bad leg under his arm...]

GM: NO!

[One of the Kings of Wrestling snaps off a dragon screw legwhip, yanking and tearing the leg of Wright as he pulls him off the apron, throwing him down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A sneering James retakes his feet, looking down coldly at Wright as Lau shouts his encouragement from nearby.]

GM: Over fifteen minutes into the first-ever Three Way Dance in AWA history and it is all Brian James right now! He's physically dominating both of these competitors and-

[And just when James reaches down to grab Wright to inflict more damage, the crowd ERUPTS as Supernova comes SAILING over the railing, wiping out James with a flying press!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHERE THE HECK DID HE COME FROM?!

[Supernova stays on top of James, hammering him with fists to the skull as the crowd roars the surprising attack! The face-painted fan favorite climbs to his feet, throwing his head back with a howl before pounding his chest with his fists.]

GM: And Supernova is PUMPED to be in the Finals of the Battle of Boston!

[He drags James off the mat, chucking him back under the ropes into the ring before climbing back in himself.]

BW: Gordo, take a look at this replay...

[A split screen shows moments ago where Supernova ran from deep within the crowd, leaping over the railing, and crashing down onto a stunned Brian James!]

GM: Incredible!

[We cut back to a single screen as Supernova backs James up into the corner, lashing out with a pair of right hands before a backhand leaves James clinging to the ropes.]

GM: Supernova's got Brian James trapped in the corner!

[The crowd roars as Supernova starts throwing boots to the gut, slowly at first... then faster... and faster until he's a blur of kick-throwin' offense, driving his boot over and over into the midsection of his opponent.]

GM: The World Television Champion is heating up!

[Grabbing an arm, 'Nova whips James out of the corner, sending him bouncing out of the opposite buckles...

...where Supernova runs him down with a clothesline to a big cheer!]

GM: Clothesline takes Brian James off his feet!

[Supernova bounces away, pumping his fist, standing at the ready...

...and runs the rising James down with a second running clothesline!]

GM: Another one! Supernova is on fire!

['Nova is pure energy at this point as he bounces around the ring, watching James stir off the canvas...

...and scoops him up in his powerful arms, slamming the son of the Blackheart down to the canvas!]

GM: Scoop and a slam puts him down... 'Nova to the ropes!

[Rebounding back, Supernova leaps high into the air...]

GM: BIG ELBOW!

[...and drives the point of his elbow down into the black heart of Brian James!]

GM: Supernova with the cover! ONE!! TWO!!

[But James flings Supernova off of him with ease, breaking up the pin. Surprise flashes across the Television Champion's face for a moment before he dives back down on top of James, hooking a side headlock as he swings his right fist repeatedly up into the skull of James!]

GM: 'Nova firing away, taking the fight to Brian James despite that powerful kickout!

BW: That was the kind of kickout that tells an opponent "you're gonna have to do a lot more than that to beat me!"

[Dragging James off the mat, Supernova smashes him headfirst into the top turnbuckle. And then continues to do so, the crowd counting along with each smash into the buckle.]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

GM: Supernova's all over him!

[James staggers away, wobbling along the length of the ropes to the adjacent corner where Supernova pursues, turning him around, splashing a knife edge chop across the chest. He throws a handful more before grabbing James by the arm.]

GM: Whips him across from corner to corner..

[James hits the buckles hard, staggering out towards Supernova...

...who sucks up the pain going through his body, running on adrenaline as he lifts James up...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and PRESSES HIM OVER HIS HEAD!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS! HE'S GOT HIM UP IN THE PENTHOUSE!

[Supernova hurls the 295 pound James down to the mat, sending a jolt up and down his spine. James winces, rolling to his hip and grabbing at his lower back as Supernova stands over him, the cheering crowd driving him even further!]

GM: Supernova's got Brian James in trouble but he's gotta find a way to finish him off!

[Grabbing James by the hair, Supernova drags him up, pushing him back into the corner.]

GM: Back into the corner again... big right hand! Another! Another!

[But as Supernova starts to link his strikes together, James reaches out, spinning Supernova back into the corner.]

GM: James reverses!

[And the fired-up James tears into Supernova, lashing out with a barrage of punches - jabs, crosses, hooks, and uppercuts in quick succession, completely dominating `Nova in the corner.]

GM: Supernova's trying to cover up, trying to protect himself!

[Good luck with that. James tears into him, throwing three looping blows to the midsection, the referee trying to get him out of the corner. A left hook snaps Supernova's head to the side as James tries to knock him into the middle of next week. With Supernova reeling, James changes levels, bringing his elbow up in an uppercut that sends `Nova falling over the ropes...

...but as the referee backs James away, Supernova hangs on to the top rope, scrambling to land on the apron!]

GM: James thinks he knocked Supernova to the floor but not quite!

[An angry James storms the corner, grabbing Supernova by the head, trying to smash his head into the ringpost...

...but `Nova brings up his own boot, blocking the slam, and then returning fire with one of his own, smashing James' head into the top turnbuckle again, sending him staggering away from the corner!]

GM: James hits the buckles again... and look out here! Supernova's heading up top for the second time in this match!

[Lau shouts to his charge but James is too dazed to hear or respond as the World Television Champion launches himself off the top rope, catching James across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP!

[Supernova reaches back, hooking a leg as the official dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, BRIAN JAMES _JUST_ KICKED OUT OF THAT IN TIME!

[Supernova grabs at his head in disbelief, shaking it back and forth.]

GM: Supernova thought he had him, fans!

BW: Yeah, but now's not the time to lament over it! If he wants to stand a chance in this, he needs to stay on top of Brian James and find a way to finish him off!

[Supernova swings a leg over James, taking the mount as he grabs him by the head...]

GM: Big right hand! Over and over! Pounding James into the mat!

[He's forced to back off by the official, pacing around the ring, throwing a warning glance at Brian Lau who has a hand on the ropes like he might be about to make a move. The World Television Champion ends up back to the rising James, pulling him to his feet. He lifts James over his shoulder, walking him across the ring and setting him down on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Uh oh! `Nova's got him up top!

BW: We don't see this too often from Supernova, Gordo. This is Supernova digging deep in the playbook to try and snatch a victory!

[Supernova steps up to the second rope, snagging James' head in a front facelock before slinging his arm over the back of the neck...]

GM: He's going for a superplex!

[Looking out at the cheering crowd, Supernova decides to level up his superplex, stepping up onto the top rope!]

GM: Oh my stars! They're way up high for all to see! Both men on the top rope!

[James struggles to get free for a bit but Supernova is having none of it, holding his ground, lifting James into the air...]

BW: TIMMMMMBERRRRRRR!

[...and comes CRASHING down to the canvas with a superplex!]

GM: SUUUUUUPERRRRRPLEX!

[Supernova grabs at his back, wincing as he rolls over, diving across a prone Brian James!]

GM: COVER!! ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as James FIRES his right shoulder off the canvas JUST in time!]

GM: James kicks out! James kicks out in time!

[Supernova again rolls off James, looking up at the lights in disbelief. He shakes his head, saying something silently as he slowly gets up off the canvas. The World Television Champion is still shaking his head as he pulls James off the mat by the arm, flinging him across the ring into the corner...]

GM: Here we go!

[Supernova throws himself back into the opposite corner, taking a few deep breaths as he looks across at James...]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

[The World Television Champion tears across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAAAAAAVE!

[...but James swings his lanky leg up, catching the incoming Supernova RIGHT under the chin with the boot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A dazed Supernova staggers backwards out to the middle of the ring as James leans over into a three point stance...]

...and then barrels out of the corner, DRILLING Supernova with a running lariat that turns him inside out before dumping him to the canvas! James collapses to his knees from the effort of delivering the move.]

BW: BLACK MASS! BLACK MASS!

GM: JAMES LAID HIM OUT WITH IT!

[James pushes up to his knees, swinging his arms apart in a “it’s over!” gesture before diving across Supernova’s torso.]

GM: James makes the cover this time!

[The referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY STARS! THIS TIME, IT’S SUPERNOVA WHO KICKS OUT!

[And this time, it’s James with a disbelieving look on his face as he rolls to the side, staring at the official who holds up two fingers. James shakes his head as Lau shouts “DON’T STOP! KEEP GOING!” from outside the ring to his charge. The son of the Blackheart gives a nod, climbing off the mat, dragging Supernova up with him.]

GM: Both men back on their feet now, James with a pair of jabs and an elbow, sending Supernova falling back into the corner..

[James moves in quickly, trying to take advantage of the situation before Supernova can recover. He reaches out, hooking his hands behind the head and neck of ‘Nova in a Muay Thai clinch, landing a trio of knees before shoving him back into the buckles again.]

GM: James grabs the arm, shoots him acro- no, reversed!

[And as James hits the corner, Supernova tears across after him, leaping into the air, putting as much elevation and force into it as he can...

...and SLAMS into the stunned James with a Heat Wave in the corner!]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER! HE GOT ALL OF IT!

[Supernova instantly clutches his ribs as he grabs James by the back of the head, shoving him out of the corner where James flops down to the mat on his back. The crowd roars as Supernova steps forward, lifting James’ legs off the mat. He looks out at the crowd, getting one last blast of encouragement...

...and steps through, locking in his signature hold!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE LOCKED IN! SUPERNOVA’S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

BW: This might be it, Gordo! We haven’t seen too many people escape this!

[James claws at the canvas, looking up to see he’s a long ways away from any of the ropes. Supernova holds on tight, leaning back as Davis Warren crouches down on the mat, checking to see if the Portland native is willing to submit.]

GM: Brian James trying to hang on but I don't see how he's getting out of this!
He's far away from the ropes, he's facing the complete wrong way from them!

BW: Maybe there's a counter... a reversal!

[James plants his hands on the canvas, going into a push-up position.]

GM: He's gonna try and power out of it right here! Can he do it?

[James grimaces, struggling as he pushes his near-300 pound frame off the canvas, straining as he tries to extend his arms to get enough leverage to flip Supernova off of him...

...but as Supernova leans back, James is forced back down to the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: No! He couldn't do it!

[The son of the Blackheart grabs at his own hair, pulling and tugging as he searches for an escape.]

GM: James is just barely hanging on, pain shooting through his whole body!

BW: Somebody do something!

GM: Wright's still out on the floor! This is up to James to save himself from the Solar Flare!

[James again plants his hands under him, trying to push himself up off the mat...

...but collapses down onto his face again, his arms falling limply to his sides.]

GM: He may be out! James may have passed out from the pain!

[Suddenly, Brian Lau pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at Supernova, screaming at the World Television Champion from a short distance away...

...and when that doesn't work, Lau leans back and SPITS right in Supernova's face to a huge negative reaction from the crowd!]

GM: OH! Absolutely disgusting! Absolutely-

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova lets go of the Solar Flare, surging forward to grab Lau by the collar, shaking him repeatedly as the only manager in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame fears for his physical wellbeing!]

GM: Yeah! Let him have it, Supernova!

BW: What?! What kind of unbiased call is that?!

GM: Lau may be directly responsible for Supernova not eliminating Brian James right there!

BW: How can you blame Lau for that? If Supernova broke the hold and cost him his shot to eliminate James, that's his own damn fault, Gordo!

GM: Lau SPAT right in his face! If I spat in your face, would you sit there and not do anything about it?!

BW: If there was as much money on the line as there is in this tournament, hell yes!

[As the announcers bicker and Supernova throttles Lau back and forth, Brian James slowly climbs up off the canvas, grabbing at his lower back...]

GM: James is up and-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Supernova DRILLS Lau with a right hand, knocking him off the apron and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Supernova flattens Lau! He laid him out!

[But as the World Television Champion turns around, he gets scooped up onto the shoulders of Brian James...]

GM: James has got him up! 'Nova didn't see it coming!

[...who shoves him up and over, swinging his knee up into the face paint of the Venice Beach native!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: BIG KNEE! THAT OUGHTA PUT HIM TO SLEEP!

[James dives across Supernova, tightly hooking both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! HOLY...

[James angrily gets off the mat, shouting at the official as he drags Supernova off the mat, twists his arm over his head, exposing the World Television Champion's chest...]

GM: James sets him up and- AHHH!

[...and DRIVES his clenched fist into the heart of Supernova, knocking him back down to the canvas!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH! That's it!

[James drops back to the mat, pressing his fists into 'Nova's chest as the referee drops down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Supernova has been ELIMINATED from the Battle of Boston!

[The crowd jeers the announcement as James slowly rises to his feet, looking down at the stunned World Television Champion at his feet. He gestures to his waist - the infamous belt gesture - and then holds up two fingers.]

BW: Haha! Brian James is letting the entire world know that in the span of this weekend, he's defeated TWO of the AWA champions!

GM: And technically speaking, he defeated the man who beat the World Champion earlier in this tournament as well. It's been one hell of a weekend for Brian James...

BW: And it's not done yet. One more to go. The so-called best in the world!

GM: How quickly you change your tune! Earlier this weekend, you were singing the praises of Supreme Wright and now-

BW: Hey, he's still one of the best wrestlers on the planet. He's one of only two men to wear the World Title on two occasions... there's no denying either of those things. But to be the best in the world, you gotta beat the best in the world and tonight, I believe that Brian James is the best in the world!

GM: After a little over 25 minutes of action, Supernova is eliminated... and we are down to two! Brian James and Supreme Wright. One of these men will walk out of the TD Garden as the winner of the Battle of Boston tournament and the other will have to dream about "what ifs" for a long time to come.

[Supernova rolls from the ring to the floor, earning some big cheers from the Boston crowd as a disappointed 'Nova nods, waving in appreciation to the cheering fans...

...and then all eyes turn to the ring where Supreme Wright pulls himself up on the apron, shaking out his leg. He stares in at James who extends one arm, beckoning Wright towards him. Wright continues to shake out the leg, nodding his head as the Boston fans urge him on.]

GM: Wright steps back in... and this is it! Listen to these fans cheer on the final two! After so many battles this weekend, this is it! I feel like we've waited months for this moment!

[The two remaining combatants stand across the ring from each other, letting the moment build. Wright looks around at the cheering fans who are absolutely roaring, on their feet for the battles they've seen and the war still to come. Brian James is anxious, throwing fists at the air, dancing from foot to foot, eager to get back to the action. Davis Warren steps to the middle, looking from Wright to James, making sure both are ready for action...

...and then waves them together for the final clash!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[James rushes forward towards Wright whose knee won't let him match James' pace, taking one step for every three from James. The son of the Blackheart comes in swinging, throwing a right hook that Wright ducks under, sliding away from James.]

GM: Swing and a miss!

[Wright backpedals away, shaking his head at James. The Engine of Destruction slowly turns, glaring at Wright, waving a hand at him to call him forward...

...but Wright refuses, waving his own hand towards James who obliges, rushing at him, leaping into the air for a flying kneestrike attempt but Wright sidesteps, causing James to hurtle past him, slamming his knee into the buckles. He spins to attack but Wright is on the move this time.]

GM: Wright's got him in the corner!

[Grabbing the side of James' head, Wright rocks and fires, throwing elbow after elbow to the side of the head, trying to knock the light out of the Portland native's eyes!]

GM: Davis Warren's shouting for a break but Wright's not giving him one!

[Grabbing the back of James' head, Wright uncorks a series of stiff European uppercuts, snapping James' head back over and over again...

...and then uses a snapmare to take James out of the corner, burying a stiff kick into the base of the spine!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But a defiant James climbs up off the mat, reaching out to pieface Wright, shoving him back into the corner.]

"THAT ALL YOU GOT?!"

[The referee steps in between, a hand on the chest of Brian James as he backs him away from Wright who actually cracks a slight smirk at James' fiery spirit. Wright nods, slowly stepping out of the corner...

...and then sits down on the mat, crossing his legs...]

GM: What the...?

BW: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

[Wright nods his head at James, gesturing slightly, calling him forward, inviting him to take his best shot...]

GM: Supreme Wright is... he's inviting Brian James to kick him in the spine like Wright just did to James!

[James clenches his jaw, walking towards Wright, circling around him once as Wright stoically looks in front of him...

...and then pivots, throwing a kick of his own!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright absorbs the blow, grimacing slightly but otherwise remaining stoic. James steps in front of him, looking dead in the eyes of Wright...

...and then sits down in front of him, inviting Wright to rise and strike again.]

GM: This is crazy, Bucky! What the heck are these two doing?!

BW: This is a show of two men who both think they're THE man!

[Wright nods at James, rising to his feet, looking down at the seated James...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and kicks him RIGHT in the chest!]

GM: Good grief!

[James grimaces, dropping back a bit, swinging his arm down to stop himself from falling, looking up at Wright...

...who drops back down, retaking his seated spot on the mat.]

GM: I don't know how long this can go on, Bucky.

BW: Really? I'm betting these two are more than willing to kick each other into oblivion all night long.

[James climbs back to his feet, looking over to Lau who makes a signal...

...and James obliges, throwing his kick at the head of Wright who drops back to avoid it!]

GM: Whoa!

[Wright sits up, lunging at the legs of James from behind, tripping him up and taking him facefirst down to the mat. The former World Champion rolls across the back of James, ending up looking to secure a guillotine choke...]

GM: Wright's going for the choke! Trying to wrap up James in that choke!

[He's fighting to secure the hold but James is battling to avoid it...

...which causes Wright to switch his tactic, swinging his knee up to the top of the head once... twice... three times.]

GM: Wright driving home those knees to the skull, trying to knock James for a loop!

[Wright scrambles to his feet, rushing to throw a soccer kick at the skull of James, much like he did to Rufus Harris earlier in the tournament but James is faster than Harris, rolling clear of the kick attempt...

...and keeps on rolling, ending up out on the floor. Wright lunges forward, ducking through the ropes to grab James by the hair!]

GM: Wright's trying to stay on him, not wanting to let him escape!

[Wright pulls James by the hair, dragging him back up on the apron, throwing a stiff elbow between the eyes that knocks James off the apron, landing on his feet...

...and James uncorks a roundhouse kick that rises above the apron and the bottom rope, catching Wright in the back of the right leg, sweeping his legs out from under him!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Nobody! Nobody else in pro wrestling the size of Brian James could pull off something like that!

[James grabs Wright by the torso, twisting him around and pulling his upper body out over the apron, facing down. Grabbing Wright by the back of the head, James swings his knee up into the face once... twice... three times.]

GM: The ever-dangerous knees out of Brian James, working over Supreme Wright...

[James walks away, leaving Wright hanging limply over the apron...

...and then charges back in, landing a running kneelift that snaps Wright's head back before he slumps back down. James promptly rolls back in, dragging Wright by the trunks back to the middle of the ring.]

GM: James with the cover... one! Two! But that's all!

[James glares at the official for a moment before climbing to his feet, looking down at Wright. He leans down, dragging Wright off the mat by the back of the trunks...

...and Wright throws a back elbow to the cheekbone!]

GM: Oh! Wright caught him!

[With James stunned, Wright turns, grabbing him by the side of the head, laying in a stiff elbow... and another... and another...]

GM: James is staggered! If James is one of the hardest hitters in the AWA, Supreme Wright is right there with him!

[Wright goes into a spin, looking to throw a rolling elbow...

...but James is quicker, lashing out with a hard low kick to the back of Wright's knee, causing him to fly up into the air where James delivers a high kick to the chest, knocking Wright out of the sky!]

GM: LEG SWEEP!

BW: NO MERCY!

[With Wright down on the mat, James leaps into the air, driving his knee down into the chest of the former World Champion, leaning over to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, Wright is able to get the shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Another two count! Brian James with an impressive show of offense right there but it wasn't enough to get the three count!

[James climbs off the canvas, throwing a glance out to Brian Lau who gestures with his hands, encouraging James to stay calm... to stay focused.]

GM: Lau trying to keep James from losing his cool in there.

BW: Sound advice worthy of the only manager in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame, daddy. James needs to keep under control if he wants to win this thing. An angry Brian James is a Brian James who makes mistakes... and a mistake can cost you everything.

GM: We've over thirty minutes into this Final match which means that Supreme Wright has racked up well over an hour and a half of ring time this weekend. He's gotta be running on fumes right now... running on pure determination and dedication.

[James drags Wright off the mat, pulling him into a side waistlock. He hoists Wright into the air...

...and then leaps into the air himself, bringing Wright crashing down in a back suplex! He promptly rolls into another lateral press as the official goes down to count again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, Wright's shoulder slides up off the canvas. James pushes up to his knees, absolutely fuming with frustration as he glares at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Supreme Wright is repeatedly finding a way to get out of these pinning predicaments, Bucky. And with each kickout... with each escape... Brian James gets closer to losing his cool.

[James slowly rises to his feet, hands on his hips as he stares down at the former World Champion.]

BW: Stay on him, kid. Don't let it get in your head!

[The son of the Blackheart leans down, dragging Wright up to a standing position...

...and the former Combat Corner student BLASTS James with a European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHH!"

[A fired-up James lowers his shoulder into the midsection, DRIVING Wright back into the turnbuckles. He hangs on to the middle rope, slamming his shoulder repeatedly into the body.]

BW: Smart move here by James, trying to take the wind out of Wright. You know Wright's running on empty here so if you can take the air out of his sails, it increases the odds that James can pick up the victory.

GM: I can't fault the strategy... and these fans are obviously concerned. A hush has fallen over the fans in Boston, worried that Supreme Wright will not be able to get back into this thing after such a tremendous effort all weekend!

[Leaning over, James hoists Wright up on his shoulder, depositing him in a seated position on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: James puts him up top! We've seen him use a superplex before!

[James steps to the second rope, pulling the dazed Wright into a front facelock, slinging Wright's arm over his neck...]

GM: And the son of the Blackheart is looking for that superplex! If he hits this, I'm not sure if Supreme Wright can get out of it, fans!

BW: Lau's shouting instructions to him... encouragement... whatever. You know how badly Brian Lau wants this Battle of Boston trophy in his trophy case? It would give whole new meaning to his return to pro wrestling a couple of years ago. Lau came back with nothing to prove except that he's still the best and winning this tournament... along with the World Tag Titles... the CAGE Championship... the AWA World Title. Brian Lau would be on top of the world!

[James reaches down, hooking a handful of Wright's trunks, ready to muscle him up for the suplex off the ropes...]

GM: James is trying to get him up... but Wright's hanging on to the ropes!

[James tries again but Wright blocks it again.]

GM: He's hanging on for dear life, trying everything he can to stay up there!

[A fired up James lets go of Wright only to hammer him with a barrage of elbows to the side of the head and a well-placed headbutt that stuns the former World Champion...]

GM: Oh! What a shot that was! Could that be enough?

[But this time before James can hook him, Wright slips off the buckles, dropping down to the canvas in a crouch...

...and comes up under James, lifting him off the buckles in a torture rack!]

GM: WRIGHT'S GOT HIM UP! WRIGHT'S GOT HIM UP!

[The former World Champion walks from the corner slowly and without great stability...]

GM: IT'S TIME TO REIGN...

[...and shoves James up and over, bringing him down across two raised knees!]

GM: ...SUPREEEEEEEEEME! THAT'S HOW HE BEAT JUAN VASQUEZ! THAT'S HOW HE WON THE WORLD TITLE! TWO OF THE BIGGEST WINS IN HIS CAREER CAME WITH THAT MOVE - COULD IT BE THREE?!

[But Wright hasn't budged from his back, clutching his injured knee, grimacing in pain as he tries to roll over, trying desperately to get into position where he can make a cover...]

GM: Wright's trying to cover! Trying to get into position! Trying to get that arm across!

[Wright is on his stomach, crawling for it... inching closer... dragging his bad leg behind him...]

GM: He's taking too much time!

[He continues to scrape his way towards James, finally throwing himself at him, just barely getting his hand on James' chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NO! James gets the shoulder up!

[Wright rolls onto his back, both men lying side by side on the canvas, breathing heavily as the Boston crowd's disappointment at the near fall turns into a deafening roar of support for the battle they're witnessing!]

GM: Listen to these fans and, my word, it's a hell of a time to be a fan of the AWA, isn't it?!

BW: You can say that again. These two are giving it everything they've got and then some, trying to find a way to finish off the other... trying to find a way to be

the winner of this match and this tournament! So many top flight competitors came to Boston dreaming of being the last one standing and these are the two men left with a chance to do it!

[Wincing in pain, Wright sits up on the canvas, grabbing at his knee again as he throws a glance over at the still-downed James as well...]

GM: And now the thoughts have to wander through the mind of Supreme Wright. If he can't use Fat Tuesday... if he can't use Reign Supreme... what CAN Wright use to wrench a victory away from James?

BW: He might need to go for a submission and I'm not sure if anyone is going to make James submit away his chance at winning this tournament - even the best submission wrestler on the planet!

[Wright slowly climbs to his feet, falling back against the ropes as he lifts his injured leg off the mat, shaking it a few more times, trying to increase the blood flow before moving towards James again...]

GM: Wright trying to take advantage of the situation. He couldn't get the pin off Reign Supreme but maybe he did enough damage to set up for something else.

[He leans down, grabbing a dazed James by the arm, pulling him up to his feet...

...where James pops him in the jaw with an elbowstrike!]

GM: Ohh! Big elbow by the son of the Blackheart!

[The blow staggers Wright, knocking him back a few steps where he steadies himself. James straightens up, sticking out his chin defiantly as Wright steps towards him, swinging his right arm up and returning fire with an elbowstrike of his own!]

GM: Wright returns fire!

[James drops back a step, shaking his head, and then steps forward to slam another elbow into Wright's jaw!]

"COME ON!"

[Wright steps back, steadying his feet underneath him before returning fire.]

GM: Wright with another elbow!

[James staggers back, grimacing...

...and then uncorks a high kick, swinging it at Wright's temple but the former World Champion swings both arms up, absorbing the blow across his forearms!]

GM: Wright blocks the kick... hooks him!

[Grabbing James by the side of the head, Wright uncorks a barrage of elbowstrikes, the crowd groaning with each one landed!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The shower of strikes knocks James back into the corner where Wright continues to act, snatching the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion in a cravate, swinging his knee up into the face...]

GM: KNEESTRIKES!

[The crowd again roars for each blow landed.]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[But suddenly, the powerful James rips Wright's arms around from him, breaking his grip, snatching a Muay Thai clinch and HURLING Wright back into the buckles!]

GM: James reverses it in the corner!

[Snatching the clinch again, James swings his knee up into the ribcage once... twice... three times... before switching to the other knee, swinging it up into the other side of the body!]

GM: Brian James trying to chop down Supreme Wright in the corner, knees to both sides of the body! Wright's trying to block them with his arms but-

[James pulls Wright's head down, driving the knee up into his skull. Wright desperately tries to defend himself but James is on the rampage, landing kneestrike after kneestrike to the skull, forcing Wright to slump down to a knee from the impact of the blows!]

GM: James has got him in trouble! Wright's in serious trouble in the corner!

[James rips Wright off the canvas, flinging him over in a snapmare, putting him down in a seated position on the canvas. He immediately swings his elbow down, right between the eyes!]

GM: OH! 12 to 6 elbow, right down on the skull!

[With the crowd roaring their concern for Wright, James lifts his long arm towards the sky, bringing the point of the elbow down on Wright's skull over and over and over...]

GM: He's trying to elbow Wright into oblivion! Trying to send him into unconsciousness!

[After about a half dozen elbows land, the white gauze wrapped around the head of Supreme Wright starts to turn a bright shade of red, tattering under the impact of the blows...]

...and a wild-eyed James sinks his fingers under the white bandages, ripping and tearing them off of Wright's skull, throwing them angrily aside before going back with the elbows...]

GM: Come on, ref! Get him off the man!

BW: Davis Warren oughta take a look at stopping this, Gordo! I'm not sure Wright can intelligently defend himself at this point!

[The referee's five count goes unlistened to by James who ends up getting waistlocked by Davis Warren who drags him away from Wright. Wright slumps backwards to the mat, blood now streaming anew from his skull...

...and an irate James wrests himself from Warren's grasp, stomping the head of Wright once... twice... over and over to the forehead as the crowd jeers loudly and Brian Lau cheers him on!]

GM: James is trying to stomp Wright into defeat!

[Warren grabs James again, shoving him back from Wright, sticking a finger in his face and threatening the Engine of Destruction with a tournament-ending disqualification if James refuses to obey his commands.]

GM: Look at Davis Warren! Right up in the face of Brian James!

BW: That's a brave man, Gordo. You couldn't pay me enough to stick my finger in James' face like that. Brave or stupid, take your pick.

GM: I'll choose bravery every time.

[James stomps around the ring, eyes locked on Wright as the bloodied former World Champion grabs the ropes, trying to find a way to get off the canvas before the son of the Blackheart circles back to him...]

GM: Look at the determination of Supreme Wright, trying to drag himself back to his feet...

[James pauses, watching with amusement as Wright hauls himself to his feet, clinging to the ropes as the Portland native sizes him up.]

GM: Brian James walking right back to the middle of the ring...

[James again screams at Wright, defiantly daring the "best in the world" to come for him. Wright leans against the ropes, blood pouring from fresh wounds down into his eyes as he stares through the crimson rain at James who has his fists drawn up in front of him, ready to throw bombs.]

GM: Here we go again!

[Wright pushes off the ropes, wobbling across the ring towards the waiting James. He has a severe lack of balance - the knee... the blood... but his direction is clear, another showdown with the Engine of Destruction... another attempt to find a way to break down the Engine and render it powerless. He stumbles forward, swinging an elbow...

...but James absorbs it, wrapping up Wright's head and arm, swinging his knee up into the body over and over. He pushes Wright back, throwing a front kick to the body.]

GM: A blur of offensive strikes!

[A well-placed downward elbow to the back of the head snaps Wright back up, sending him staggering back towards the ropes. But James shakes his head, snatching Wright by the back of the head, pulling him back in to an elbow... and another... and another...]

GM: James has him trapped! He's got Wright at his mercy!

[Another elbowstrike lands on the ear as James releases Wright, watching as he stumbles backwards. James steps closer, shouting at Wright.]

“GO! DOWN!”

[But the former World Champion refuses... staggered and stunned but not fallen...
...and responds in kind.]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Wright’s slap across the face snaps James’ head to the side. He stays there for a moment, a red welt on his face. He is motionless for a bit as Wright staggers, trying to steady himself...]

...and a furious James turns back, swinging his leg up, using the flat of his foot to push kick Wright back into the ropes...]

GM: James kicks him back...

[...but Wright drops back through the ropes, using them to catapult himself back the other direction...]

GM: REBOUND...

[...and BLASTS James with a heavily-thrown clothesline!]

GM: ...LAAAARIIIIAAAAAT!

[The rebound lariat leaves James motionless on the mat, Wright kneeling on the canvas next to him. The former World Champion flops to his side, just barely able to grab hold of a leg as the official dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KICKOUT! JAMES KICKS OUT! JAMES KICKS OUT!

[Wright rolls off of James onto his back, drawing his arms up to cover his face as the crowd buzzes with disappointment!]

GM: Supreme Wright was... what? A half a count away from victory?

BW: It had to be something close to that, yes, but it wasn’t enough! Brian James refuses to be denied this weekend in Boston!

[Cut to the floor where Brian Lau is fanning his face, tugging his tie to loosen it as he shouts at the ring, pounding a fist into the ring apron.]

GM: Brian Lau looks just as concerned as you’d imagine Brian James is. James has to realize how close that was... unless he was knocked senseless by that absolutely devastating rebound lariat!

[Wright rolls to his hip, wiping the blood from his eye before flipping over onto his chest, using his arms to push up off the canvas to his knees. He winces at the pressure on his knee, instinctively reaching down for it before climbing off the canvas. The crowd is roaring for Wright once more, cheering him on, urging him forward as he leans down, dragging James off the mat...]

GM: Wright's gotta find a way to finish him off... big elbow shot... and another...

[James looks out on his feet at this point, eyes glazed as he tries to stay standing. Another elbowstrike drops him to a knee as Lau again pounds the canvas, screaming at his charge...]

GM: Wright's got James down on one knee, right where he wants him!

[Winding up, Wright uncorks a hellacious open-handed slap to the ear!]

"SLAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[James recoils from the blow, his head slumping over.]

"SLAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

"SLAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The third blow drops James down to both knees, leaning forward with his hands on the mat.]

GM: Wright slaps him down to the canvas! Could this be it? Could he be about to finish him off?

[Wright steps back, giving himself room to gain speed...]

GM: Wright moving back in...

[And as he does, James springs up off the canvas, throwing a right hand aimed right at the head of Wright...]

...but it doesn't quite have the speed on it you might expect out of James, allowing Wright to reach up, snaring James' injured fingers in his own!]

GM: Wait a second! We've seen this before!

[Wright violently twists the wrist, trying to take James down with the movement...]

...but the son of the Blackheart is ready this time, uncoiling and letting a left-handed punch fly!]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[The left-handed heart punch connects, knocking Wright down to the canvas. James shakes out his right hand, wincing in pain as he folds up Wright's legs in a jackknife cover, leaning over them to press the shoulders down!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But James seems to be expecting the kickout from the off-handed blow, moving swiftly into the mount position. With Wright's arms down, he lands four solid right

hands before Wright is able to pull his arms up to defend himself. The left comes next, raining down blows on the former World Champion as Davis Warren leans in, checking to see if Wright can defend himself!]

GM: James landed some heavy shots in there before Wright got the arms up! Could that be enough to get the win?!

[James continues to rain down blows - right, right, left, right, left, left, left - as Wright tries to absorb the impact on his arms. James puts a little something extra into a right, smashing down hard into the arms...

...and throwing himself just a little off-balance for Wright to be able to flip the mount over to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: REVERSED! NOW WRIGHT HAS THE MOUNT!

[But unlike the punches of his opponent, Wright goes with the palm strikes, landing two hard shots to the eye area before James gets the arms up to defend himself. Wright switches to swinging at the side of the head, battering the ears of James who then has to cover those up to protect his eardrums from being broken...

...which exposes the face once more as Wright postures up and SLAMS the point of his elbow down into the forehead. James is rattled by the shot as Wright postures up a second time. The crowd is getting louder, rising to their feet, sensing that the end might be near.]

GM: BIG ELBOWS FROM THE MOUNT! JAMES IS TRYING TO HANG ON!

[A second heavy elbow lands on the eyebrow, knocking James for a loop. Wright postures up a third time as James raises both arms, shielding his face so that the third elbow lands without impact on the head...

...and James plants his feet on the mat, bucking his hips and throwing the off-balance Wright off of him!]

GM: James gets out!

[The Portland native scrambles to all fours, crawling away from Wright and leaving a trail of trickling crimson behind him.]

BW: And it looks like James has been busted open!

GM: It certainly does.

[James reaches the corner, dragging himself off the canvas to reveal a nice-sized gash on his eyebrow, the blow flowing directly into his eye. Wright gets to his feet as well, not hesitating as he senses the moment may be at hand.]

GM: James is busted open and Wright's like a shark who smells blood, moving in for the kill!

[James tries to step out of the corner as Wright approaches but the former World Champion grabs him by the shoulder, flinging him back into the buckles. Wright winds up, throwing a big knife edge chop across James' chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The weary Wright throws an elbowstrike, bouncing it off James' jaw the other direction.]

GM: We saw this earlier tonight against Juan Vasquez! Supreme Wright bringing the Violence Party to Boston once more!

[But with nowhere near the speed or impact from earlier as Wright tiredly throws a chop... an elbow... a chop... an elbow... a chop... an elbow...]

GM: Wright's chopping him down! These aren't having the same impact they did earlier but they're certainly having an impact, battering Brian James off his feet and down to his knees in the corner!

[Grabbing James by the back of the head and ignoring the protests of Davis Warren, Wright throws a knee to the skull... and another... and another... and another...]

...and then turns away, letting loose a rare emotional roar as Wright walks a few steps towards the center of the ring!]

GM: Davis Warren is right there, checking on-

[The bloodied James HURLS Warren from the corner, shoving him down onto his rear end as he rises to his feet, wobbling... staggering... stumbling out of the corner towards Wright who waits... waits... waits...]

GM: Wright's waiting for him! James staggering towards him!

[And the former World Champion goes into a spin, snapping off his seldom-used but always effective spinning backfist, aimed right at the exposed cheekbone of Brian James...]

GM: BACKFIST!

[But James slumps down to a knee, causing Wright to swing and miss, falling off-balance on his bad leg as James comes to his feet...]

...and reaches out, snaring Wright in a rear naked choke!]

GM: CHOKE! CHOKE!

BW: That's no ordinary choke, daddy! That's the Kata Ha Jime that Tiger Claw used to choke out half the EMWC back in the day! It's the hold taught to Brian James by his sensei... by his teacher... by his master!

[James hangs on as Wright searches for an escape, making a lunge towards the ropes...]

...but James has other ideas, yanking Wright back towards him, HURLING him over his head and dropping him right on top of his own skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT FROM THE CHOKE TO A SUPLEX! DEAR GOD ALMIGHTY!

[With Wright stunned from the suplex and down on his stomach, James pounces upon his back once more, reaching down to secure the Kata Ha Jime a second time!]

GM: He's got it locked in again! Davis Warren down on the canvas, checking to see if Wright wants to give it up!

BW: Wright's in trouble, Gordo! James is on his back, Wright's going to have a hard time getting out of this!

GM: You're absolutely right! James is hanging on for dear life, trying to squeeze every bit of life out of Wright! Trying to cut off the flow of blood to the brain! Trying to send the only man standing between him and winning this tournament into a state of unconsciousness!

BW: Wright's lost so much blood already! He's been through so much this weekend, he can't have much left! He can't have much left to keep him going... to keep the fight going... to keep the battle going!

[Wright pushes off the canvas, blood pouring from his wounds as James screams in his ear, trying to force him back down to the canvas!]

GM: James is hanging on! Using every bit of knowledge passed on by one of the most dangerous men to ever lace a pair of boots in this business!

BW: Wright's fighting it though! He's got his legs under him now, trying to get off the canvas...

[James' eyes go wide as the crowd roars at Wright up on all fours, trying to fight his way to his feet.]

GM: Wright's trying to get him up!

[Pushing up to one knee, Wright reaches back to hook James around the leg.]

GM: He's trying to climb up to his feet!

[Wright reaches back with the other arm, grabbing James' other leg. The crowd is urging him on at his point, shouting their support.]

"SU-PREME!"

"SU-PREME!"

"SU-PREME!"

"SU-PREME!"

"SU-PREME!"

"SU-PREME!"

[And with the TD Garden rocking with support for the former World Champion and his entire body quivering with the effort involved, he pushes up to his feet, holding a shocked James across his back...]

GM: HE DID IT! HE GOT HIM UP! HE GOT OUT OF-

[...but as Wright attempts to take a step with his right leg, a weekend's worth of punishment takes hold, causing his knee to buckle and for Wright to collapse back down on the canvas, the near 300 pound James on his back, still holding the rear naked choke as he lets loose a manic scream!]

GM: Wright collapsed! His knee gave out! James still has the hold locked in!

BW: This is it, Gordo! This is it!

[Wright claws at the canvas, stretching out his arm towards ropes that are way out of reach.]

GM: He can't get to the ropes! And with the bad knee, I'm not sure how many options he has left!

[Wright again drags his leg up under him, trying to push up off the mat...

...but this time, James wraps his legs around Wright's torso in a bodyscissor, rolling to the side and then to his back, still with the hold locked in!]

GM: James locks down the body as well! Wright is trapped! And he is fading, fans! He is fading fast!

[Wright grabs at James' wrist, trying to twist and bend his way free as Davis Warren leans in, checking for a submission.]

GM: Wright's grabbing at the arms but James won't let go! James is holding on like a predator with his prey trapped in his steely jaws!

[Lau is screaming, "SQUEEZE! SQUEEEEEEEEEZE!" at his charge as James does exactly that, trying to knock out Supreme Wright and stake his claim as the best wrestler in the world.]

GM: Wright's fading! His arms are slowing down!

[Warren leans in again, checking for a submission...

...and sees Wright's arms slump to the side.]

GM: He might be out!

[Warren quickly grabs Wright's arm, lifting it into the air...

...and drops it to the canvas.]

GM: That's one! Remember, if it falls three times, the match is over!

[The arm comes up a second time...

...and is dropped a second time to the mat!]

GM: That's two!

BW: Ring the bell! This one's over!

[Warren grasps Wright by the wrist, lifting his limp appendage into the air for the final time. He holds it there, the crowd roaring their support, begging Wright to find the energy to keep fighting...

...and then lets go as James tightens up one last time, letting loose a scream of effort...]

GM: Wright's out!

[...and the arm flops down to the canvas as Warren leaps to his feet, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: OH MY GOD! HE DID IT! HE CHOKED OUT SUPREME WRIGHT!

[At the sound of the bell, Brian James lets go of the hold, shoving Wright away from him and over onto his chest as James takes a knee, a mix of his own blood and Wright's on his arms and chest as Brian Lau dives under the bottom rope. Coming

to his feet, Lau leaps into the air repeatedly, celebrating the victory as Brian James slowly comes to his feet, falling back against the turnbuckles.]

GM: My stars! What a battle! What a war!

[Lau rushes to the corner, embracing Brian James as the sound of Rebecca Ortiz' voice makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match...

...and BATTLE OF BOSTON CHAMPIONNNNNNNN...

BRIIIIIIIIIIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES!

[Lau pumps a fist, throwing an arm around the broad shoulders of his charge who smiles, leaning against the buckles, breathing heavily as blood streams down his face.]

GM: Brian James went through one hell of a battle here this weekend, fans. He defeated Travis Lynch, the National Champion. He defeated Riley Hunter, the hottest free agent in our sport. And in the Finals, he pinned the World Television Champion, Supernova, AND the two-time former World Champion, Supreme Wright. He may have battle in one match less than the other participants but... wow. I can't imagine anyone having a tougher road to victory than beating those four competitors in one weekend.

BW: And this final match was brutal, Gordo. It went way longer than any match in James' career. He was bloodied and hurt but yet he kept going and in the end, he had the will to win to keep him in it.

[Lau walks James away from the corner, raising his hand and pointing to him as Davis Warren does the same thing on the other side. After a few moments, Emerson Gellar has arrived in the ring with a pair of officials carrying a large silver trophy that stands taller than James does when on the mat.]

GM: And here comes the trophy. That's what these men fought all weekend for, Bucky.

BW: The trophy is a pretty piece of wood and metal, Gordo, but make no mistake... that ain't what they fought for. They fought for money. They fought for glory. And they fought for the respect of the wrestling world - the recognition that they are the best thing going today.

[James grasps the trophy, eyeing it up and down as the Boston fans react with a mixture of jeers for Brian James being who he is and cheers of respect for the weekend he had. James nods at the crowd, standing next to the trophy as ringside photographers capture the moment.]

GM: Supreme Wright had a-

BW: Forget about Supreme Wright! This night - this weekend is all about Brian James!

GM: I understand what you're saying, Bucky, but I don't think you can look past the battles that Supreme Wright had this weekend as well. Rufus Harris, Pure X, the thriller with Juan Vasquez... and now this total war with Supernova and Brian James.

BW: Blah, blah, blah. The Internet fan boys can drool all over Wright - they don't need you to do it for them! Because right now... the world belongs to Brian James! The world belongs to the Kings of Wrestling! What a moment for them!

[On cue, Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, and Johnny Detson come jogging down the aisle towards the ring, clapping for their ally. Lau welcomes to the ring, smiles all around as what few cheers James was getting turn to boos. Taylor quickly embraces Brian James, patting him on the back as Donovan does the same.]

GM: Johnny Detson, the World Champion, out here as well, shaking the hand of Brian James and... well, that's an interesting scene if you ask me.

BW: Why is that?

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky. Even you must have thought about it by now. Brian James just showed the world that he's among the best in the world.

BW: And?

GM: And doesn't the best in the world deserve a shot at the World Title?

BW: What? No! He wouldn't!

[Detson approaches James, a big grin on his face as he extends his hand. James stares at the open hand for a moment... a long moment... a moment long enough for Detson's smile to fade...

...and then accepts the offered hand, shaking the World Champion's hand to even more jeers from the crowd.]

GM: It's been one heck of a night here in Boston! A weekend for the books! For everyone here in the AWA, I'm Gordon Myers alongside Bucky Wilde wishing you a farewell from the TD Garden where Brian James has made history! So long everybody!

[Pyro starts to go off up by the entry stage, celebrating the tournament victory as the Kings of Wrestling celebrate inside the ring...

...and we fade to black.]