

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

BATTLE OF BOSTON

4TH OF JULY WEEKEND

THE GARDEN

BOSTON, MASS

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

The opening notes of "The Natural" from the movie of the same name plays over a blackened screen. As the familiar riff rings out, we fade up on black and white footage of a professional wrestling ring in the midst within an empty arena. A voiceover is heard - the voice of actor Robert Redford (also from the same movie in fact.)]

"This is the time."

[Cut to a shot from inside the ring, panning out over the empty seats.]

"This is the place."

[An overhead shot shows the ring below, ready for battle.]

"In 1984, I played a simple man with extraordinary gifts in The Natural. Roy Hobbs."

[Some stills from The Natural are superimposed over the empty arena.]

"And Roy Hobbs' dream was for people to see him walk down the street, see him and point..."

[More stills.]

"There goes Roy Hobbs - the best there ever was."

[A grinning Redford in his uniform from that movie appears in the middle of the ring.]

"And so... in 2016, simple men walk into the city of Boston... walk through that curtain... walk down that aisle..."

[Redford gestures to the ring he stands in.]

"They step inside here with a dream. A dream that someday someone will point to them and say..."

'There he goes - the best there ever was.'

[Redford leans on the ropes, grinning at the camera.]

"But it won't be easy. It will require great skill... unwavering determination... undeniable discipline. It will require drive beyond imagination. The drive to be the best there is."

[We cut to black and white portraits of the competitors still in the tournament...

Pure X with a determined gaze, staring into the camera.

Supernova without a spot of paint on his face, his eyes tightly shut as he tilts his head back thoughtfully.

Dave Bryant, dried blood on his face from last night's battle... along with a confident smile.]

"It will require sacrifice."

[The wild-eyed Shadoe Rage, manic and ready to burst at any moment.

The youthful Phoenix, Jordan Ohara, showing confidence beyond his years as he stares into the camera.

MAMMOTH Maximus in his mask, eyes wide, ready for to prove he belongs.]

"It will require strength..."

[Rex Summers looks as arrogant as can be, his lips twisted into a smirk.

Rufus Harris growls at the camera, showing a mouthguard styled to look like teeth clenched within his jaw.]

"...speed..."

[Riley Hunter arches his eyebrow dramatically, nodding his head.

Travis Lynch, his head bowed as he plants a kiss upon the crucifix dangling from around his neck.]

"...stamina..."

[Noboru Fujimoto's utter belief in himself is beyond doubt as he gazes into the lens.

Callum Mahoney's face is covered in loosely-controlled anger, ready to boil over at the slightest provocation.]

"It will require the belief in oneself that few possess."

[Kerry Kendrick arrogantly sneers in the direction of the camera with a confident nod.

Supreme Wright stands stoic, not a single facial expression giving a hint of insight into what's going on behind his eyes.]

"It requires a dream..."

[Jack Lynch smiles a warm-hearted grin in the direction of the camera.

Maxim Zharkov silently roars, intimidating and fear-inspiring.

A fury burns behind the eyes of Brian James as he bores his sight onto the lens.]

"...and the unbreakable desire to make that dream a reality."

[Johnny Detson smirks at the camera as he slowly raises the AWA World Title to cover his face.

Juan Vasquez' aggravating and egotistical smile is on full display, nodding confidently.

And finally, Ryan Martinez' features are chiseled into stone... but the eyes... the eyes tell the story of the fire within and the drive that brings him back from injury for this battle.]

"There he is... the best there ever was."

[The portrait-style shots come up again, showing them all on the screen at once as Robert Redford again stands in the ring, smiling.]

"Funny thing about being the best though...

A lot of men will claim to be the best.

But this weekend, these men have a chance to prove it."

[The portraits fade away as Redford spreads his arms, the camera pulling back to show him in the middle of the empty arena.]

"This is the time... this is the place..."

This is the Battle of Boston.”

[We fade out to black, the music cutting out too to leave Redford’s final words.]

“It’s time to play ball.”

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

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

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

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

GM: For the second night in a row, wrestling fans, we are LIVE here inside the TD Garden in Boston, Massachusetts right here on The X! It is Night Two of The Battle of Boston and if you joined us last night, you saw several dreams crushed in our Play-In matches plus a few First Round battles. Tonight, you’ll see the rest of the First Round and we’ve got some matches right here tonight that would be a Main Event anywhere in the country! And of course, joining me right down here at ringside once again is the most colorful color man in the business - Bucky Wilde!

[Bucky steps into the picture clad in a bright yellowish gold jacket over a purple Lakers jersey bearing “32” across the front that causes the Celtics fans in the building to jeer loudly. Bucky grins evilly as Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: You’ve gotta be kidding me!

BW: What?!

GM: Last night, it was a Yankees jersey... tonight it’s the Lakers! You know exactly what you’re doing!

BW: Hey, last night, I told you it was all about winning. Tonight, I’m tellin’ ya it’s about how good you look doin’ it. And nobody looks better winning than the Lakers... and you better believe that guys like Johnny Detson and Rex Summers are going to try to live up to that tonight.

GM: You truly are unbelievable. Fans, we’ve got nine big tournament matches here tonight plus that big six woman tag team match as well. And by the time this night is over, we’re going to be down to the final twelve competitors in this tournament.

BW: That’s true, Gordo, but thanks to the scheduling, we already know four of those names and they’re getting the night off.

GM: Last night, we saw Supernova, Pure X, and Dave Bryant all victorious in their first round matches. They’ve got the night off and will be in action tomorrow night

on the final night of this tremendous weekend of action... in fact, Pure X has taken a ringside seat, purchased from a fan we're told.

[The camera shot cuts to Pure X who is seated in the front row, some cheering fans all around him.]

BW: But don't forget the biggest bye of 'em all, Brian James is already into the second round, Gordo!

GM: A bye he was given when... outside influences... got involved in what was scheduled to be The Gladiator taking on Torin The Titan. We've been instructed by AWA officials to not mention those involved by name due to ongoing legal situations but we're also told that AWA security has been beefed up for tonight's show in an effort to prevent any of those types of surprises from happening here tonight. Now, with all that business taken care of, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell who has some breaking news for us as we kick off the night! Lou?

[We cut to the backstage area where an excited-looking Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of a Battle of Boston backdrop.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon, and breaking news is the word... words... of the moment right now. After all the excitement of last night, I've been working overtime reaching out to all my sources. Now, last night, I talked about the news that the AWA is trying to make a major splash this weekend talent-wise by announcing yet another major free agent signing - this one arguably the biggest in AWA history. Now, my sources say that this individual is down the street at a hotel, meeting with AWA officials trying to hammer out a deal. If the deal is reached, I expect him to make his debut... or return... right here this weekend.

[Blackwell takes a breath.]

SLB: But my other piece of breaking news is a little bit less exciting for AWA fans but newsworthy all the same. Sources inside the training camp for Ryan Martinez have said that he suffered an upper arm injury while training for this tournament. The injury, we're told, is pretty bad but it's something that Martinez plans to wrestle with against doctor's orders. Ryan Martinez has refused to back out of this tournament, he's refused to withdraw due to injury. He WILL compete tonight... but you have to wonder if that's a wise decision considering he's already attempting a comeback from injury. Gordon, I hope to get a word with Mr. Martinez myself later this evening to discuss this breaking development but for now, let's go back to you at ringside!

[We cut back out to the ringside area where Bucky is visibly amused, chuckling to himself.]

GM: Huge news coming to us there for Sweet Lou Blackwell and- what are you laughing about?

BW: Martinez can't catch a break, can he? Well, other than almost having his neck broken by Juan Vasquez earlier this year! Hahaha!

GM: Oh, that's hysterical.

BW: Only an idiot dumb kid like Martinez would come out here with a bum neck AND a bum arm and try to compete against the likes of Maxim Zharkov! Do you know what the Tsar's going to do to him?! Do you?!

GM: We're going to find out later tonight but right now, let's take a look at the updated brackets for this tournament. Remember, three brackets all leading to the first ever AWA Three Way Dance in the Finals. First, let's see the Hardin Bracket...

[A graphic appears on the screen.]

The Hardin Bracket



GM: Some interesting matchups in this one, Bucky... of course, Supernova already has advanced to the Quarterfinals tomorrow night so he gets to take the night off. But that SM&K clash stands out to me as a very intriguing showdown.

BW: It'll be a great one but I can't wait to see Maximus turn Jack Lynch into a greasy stain on the canvas.

GM: Plus, of course, we've got one of the odds-on favorites to win the entire tournament, the World Champion Johnny Detson, taking on the longest reigning World Television Champion in history, Shadoe Rage.

BW: The real winner in that one is the fans, Gordo... they get to see two of the best competitors in the world collide.

GM: I'd agree the winner might be the fans... but because they get to see two of the most hated guys in the AWA beat the heck out of each other.

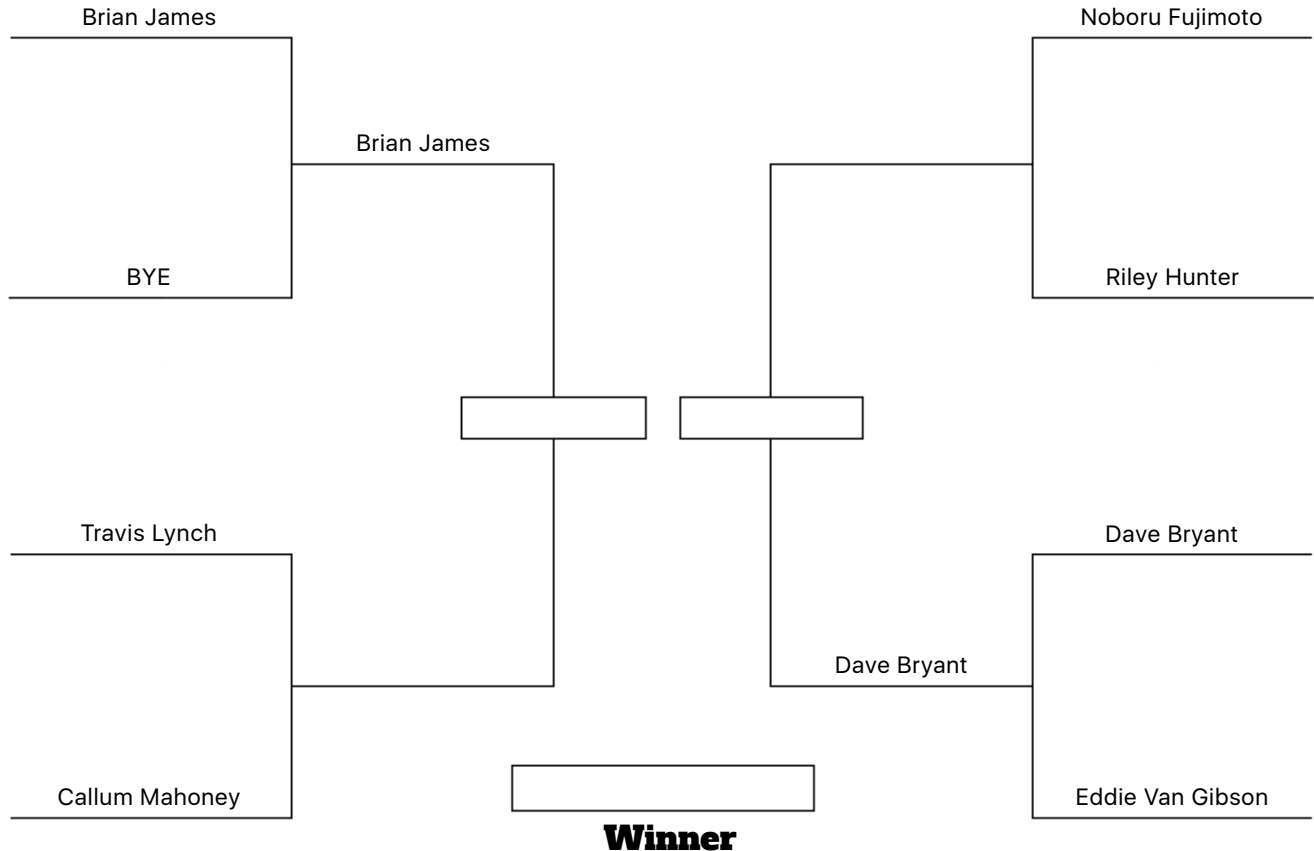
BW: What?! No!

GM: Let's took a look at the Graham Bracket, named of course after the legendary former World Champion Hamilton Graham. Some tough competitors in there and you'd have to think that good ol' Hammy would approve.

BW: Don't let him hear you call him Hammy or I'll be looking for a new broadcast partner.

[Gordon chuckles as the graphic on the screen changes.]

The Graham Bracket



GM: Two men have already advanced to the Quarterfinals of this one. Dave Bryant with that hard-fought victory over Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson last night and, of course, Brian James with his controversial bye.

BW: Look, he's not any happier about that than you are... than Gellar is. Brian James wanted to fight his way through this tournament to prove that he's the undisputed best in the world. Now, he's still got a shot at that but he did get to skip what might've been a really tough challenge for him.

GM: Facing either Torin The Titan or The Gladiator MIGHT have been a tough challenge for him? I believe one of those men very well could've taken him out of the tournament, Bucky, and I believe that if Brian James wasn't involved in what happened last night that that snake in the grass, Lau, was.

BW: That's slander right there, Gordo. I hope you've got a good lawyer because Mr. Lau keeps only the best on retainer.

GM: I'm sure he needs it. But back to this bracket, Travis Lynch is facing quite the stiff challenge tonight... and was even before last night when Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan tried to take him out of this tournament by hitting his hand with a steel chair. Now, my understanding is that Travis WILL be competing tonight but we expect his hand to be heavily bandaged up thanks to the events of last night.

BW: A bad wing on a Lynch? It's like Christmas in July for Callum Mahoney.

GM: Moving right along, let's take a look at our final bracket this evening - the Temple Bracket that many have nicknamed "The Death Bracket" because of the level of talent involved.

[The graphic changes again.]

The Temple Bracket



GM: And there you can see, Pure X has already advanced to the Quarterfinals which means he can be seated out here at ringside tonight. But some very tough matchups to come tonight. Zharkov vs Martinez, Wright vs Harris, and Vasquez vs Ohara... none of those are going to be easy wins for the competitors.

BW: Which is why it's called the Death Bracket, Gordo. Let's play Devil's Advocate here. All the fanboys out there want Ryan Martinez to win this thing, right? But to do it, he's going to have to beat Maxim Zharkov FIRST. Do you get me there? To advance in the tournament, he has to knock off The Tsar who is UNDEFEATED in AWA competition. Then, he'd have to face Juan Vasquez.

GM: Or Jordan Ohara.

BW: HAH! Like I said, he'd be facing Juan Vasquez. And then... if he somehow manages to squeak out a win there... then he gets who? Pure X? Rufus Harris? Maybe a SuperClash rematch with Supreme Wright? And that doesn't even win the tournament for him! That only puts him in the Finals!

GM: It's a tough road for anyone to get through this bracket to victory, I grant you that... but anything can happen in the world of professional wrestling and that's why they have the matches, fans. But with all that said and done...

[The graphic fades away, showing Gordon and Bucky again.]

GM: ...it's time to get down to business with our opening match of the night - a contest with some international flair! Mark Stegglet is standing by with one of the participants in this First Round battle so let's go to him now. Mark?

[We fade to backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing next to the Electric Dragon himself, Noboru Fujimoto. Fujimoto has his orange golden hair spiked up with his mirrored Ray Ban glasses on his face. He is wearing his glossy white trench coat with gold leaf trim down the front and around the collar.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. As you can see, I'm here with Noboru Fujimoto who is just moments away from facing Riley Hunter in the first round of the Battle of Boston!

[Fujimoto looks over Stegglet for a moment and neither person says anything for what seems like an uncomfortable amount of time. Fujimoto eventually gives a small nod of his head.]

MS: Fair enough. Mr. Fujimoto, it has been noted that there is certainly some history between the Electric Dragon and the American Ninja.

[Fujimoto again stares at Stegglet for a moment. Crossing his arms across his chest, he finally speaks.]

NF: There is.

[Stegglet looks relieved that his interviewee is finally speaking.]

MS: For our lesser aware fans at home, do you want to elaborate on that history?

[Again, there is silence. Fujimoto's confident expression twists to something a bit more disturbed.]

NF: I do not.

[Stegglet looks frustrated, shaking his head.]

MS: Well, okay... is there anything you'd want to add to this before we go back to-

[Fujimoto abruptly interrupts Stegglet, sticking a finger in his face.]

NF: Add? The Electric Dragon has added everything he's needed to add, said everything that's needed to be said. The only thing left to be said is out inside that ring...

[He gestures off-camera and then shrugs.]

NF: Perhaps if you want talking then you should go see Riley Hunter. He is NEVER short of words.

[Fujimoto stares at Stegglet though his glasses more annoyed now than at the start. Stegglet starts to get uncomfortable.]

MS: Look, I was told to come here and try to-

[Fujimoto holds up his hand.]

NF: Maybe you want to know what the Dragon is thinking having to fight Riley Hunter again - a rematch from the battle we had in Tiger Paw Pro.

[Stegglet nods in agreement.]

MS: Yes, that would be gr-

[Fujimoto interrupts again.]

NF: Maybe you'd like to know what Fujimoto thinks about all the things Riley Hunter has had to say about the Dragon.

[Stegglet nods his head.]

MS: Sure, that works t-

[Another interruption.]

NF: Or maybe you'd like to know if the Electric Dragon agrees with the Iron Badger that Riley Hunter is nothing more than a punk b-

[This time, it's Stegglet interrupting, yanking the mic away.]

MS: Hey now... we can't have that. This is a family show.

[Fujimoto smirks, nodding as he places a reassuring hand on Stegglet's shoulder.]

NF: Of course, of course. The Dragon understands.

[Fujimoto is still patting the interviewer's shoulder.]

NF: The answer is no.

MS: No? No to what?

NF: No, the Dragon doesn't believe Riley Hunter is a punk bit-

[Stegglet yanks the mic back again, just in time. Fujimoto simply smiles.]

NF: But what I do believe is that Riley Hunter is a little child.

[Fujimoto turns towards the camera, pointing towards the lens.]

NF: Riley Hunter is a little child throwing a tantrum... a little child that is always saying look at me because I'm special... a little child that always has to talk, and talk, and talk, and talk, and talk...

[Fujimoto moves his hand in a talking motion as he trails off.]

NF: Well, the Dragon says if the little child has to talk, then let the baby have his bottle. The Dragon didn't come here to talk, the Dragon came to act. And the action is in that ring where Noboru Fujimoto is the superior talent.

[Fujimoto holds his arms outstretched.]

NF: Now, Fujimoto has faced Riley Hunter before and he knows what he can do inside that ring. So, Riley Hunter the question is...

[Fujimoto lowers his sunglasses down his nose so his eyes can be seen by the camera.]

NF: Do you think you can slay the Dragon?

[Fujimoto shakes his head no, as he slides his shades back up and walks off.]

MS: Confident words from the Electric Dragon as the former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion prepares for battle. Now, let's go over to my broadcast colleague - Theresa Lynch - to hear from the American Ninja, Riley Hunter!

[We cut to another part of the backstage area where Theresa Lynch is with Riley Hunter. That manic, cocky grin is still plastered across his face, tempered with indignity. He peers over the mirrored shades on the end of his nose, churning a lollypop in his mouth.]

TL: Thanks, Mark. I'm here now with the Seven Star Athlete himself and—

RH: I'm still mad about it!

TL: -And I have been listening to him complaining about our parent company and FCC rules about profanity.

[Hunter removes the sucker and speaks intensely and with great determination.]

RH: And I have decided to work around it by utilizing a Spoonerism!

[The American Ninja opens his pleather coat to reveal a t-shirt underneath: the phrase "#BUNKPITCH" is spelled out in holographic Cooper-typeface iron-ons. Theresa Lynch, unsurprisingly, is suitably unimpressed.]

TL: How interesting. Riley Hunter, tonight your opponent is Noboru Fujimoto, a man whom you've had several high-profile match with in Tiger Paw Pro, but have never scored a decisive victory over. Your thoughts as you face the Electric Dragon tonight?

RH: Dragon... Fujimoto, you thought you were safe from me. Fus Ro Dah, Dragon! FUS... RO... DAH! It's true, I have not yet beaten Noboru Fujimoto one-on-one. Flash back to 2014 and the Global Elite Tournament! Noboru Fujimoto, a young man on top of the world faces a hungry young gaijin, new to Tiger Paw Pro: he bests me, but not as easily or as convincingly as he thinks he should. "Better keep an eye on this kid," they tell you, "he could be serious trouble."

Spin ahead to last year: Global Elite Tournament 2015! Fujimoto and myself in the same block again. Except this time—no no!—this is not just some well-seasoned, charismatic, virile young gaijin he's facing. Noboru is now AGAINST THE NINJA! He has to fight the battle to win! And Fujimoto the dominant... his Global Elite Tournament is tainted by a time limit draw... such is the fate when one tangles with the Dead Man's Party.

And then, New Year's Eve. Tokyo Dome. Noboru must face me. That match is why I am the world's only Seven Star Athlete. Yes yes. Because Noboru knows that even if he bested me that night... even if he survived a Phobos Anomaly, the Day of Lavos, and the End of Time itself... He knows that I'm still getting better. He may be a five-star prospect, but I am the Ninja! You thought you could run from me and the Dead Man's Party; you thought you'd be safe from me scoring a victory over you in the AWA. Wroooong.

Theresa, thank you for your time. "Aloha" means "goodbye." You loved me as a loser, but now you're worried that I just might win. You know the way to stop me, but you don't have the discipline. How many nights—HOW MANY NIGHTS I've prayed for this: to let my work begin. First we take Tokyo, then we take Boston. And until we meet again before the Quarterfinal tomorrow, Theresa...

...

...

...

...

...

...GOOD NIGHT NOW!

[He exits in a flourish of black pleather and blue hair dye. Theresa simply shakes her head.]

TL: And we thought Fujimoto might need a translator. Sheesh. Now, let's go down to my good friend, Rebecca Ortiz, for tonight's opening match introductions!

[And fade we do, back to the ring where the attractive ring announcer is standing in a curve-hugging red dress with just enough cleavage to cause the AWA front office to raise an eyebrow.]

RO: It is now time for our OPENING MATCH of the night!

[Big cheer!]

RO: One fall. Thirty minute time limit. It is a FIRST ROUND match in the Battle of Boston tournament!

[The lights go out, and the jazz organ of "Whispering Streets" by Barry Adamson plays through the TD Garden once again.

When the song intro ends and the melody kicks in, a light shines through the entrance-way, illuminating the stage fog. A lone figure in a long coat stands in silhouette, holding nunchucks overhead, a lollypop in his mouth.]

GM: And what an impression this young man left on this crowd last night in the Play-In round. Both he and his opponent, Manzo Kawajiri, the "Iron Badger," had this sold-out crowd on their feet!

BW: But only one guy could win, Gordo!

[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: First... he hails from the Great White North of Calgary, Alberta, Canada... weighing 203 pounds... he is "The American Ninja"...

RIIIIIIIILEYYYYYYY HUNNNNNNNNTERRRRRRRRRR!

[Halfway down the aisle, Hunter grabs a piece of posterboard from a fan. The camera seems to be avoiding showing what it actually says, so Hunter takes care of the problem by tearing it down the middle before displaying it. The two halves read:]

"NK"

"TCH"

[...and...]

"#PU"
"BI"

[He throws the posterboard to the ground truculently. At the end of the aisle, Hunter does a pirouette and flicks the nunchucks through the air again. He makes his way to the announce position.]

GM: I'm told "Riley Hunter" was trending worldwide on Twitter for a time after his match last night along the "Battle of Boston."

BW: Hook the man up with a headset, Gordo. Come on.

[Bucky hands a headset to Hunter, who once again performs karaoke to his theme song.]

RH: ["singing"] "...Don't even kno-o-o-w how the gun got in my-y-y-y hands! Fi-i-i-ve bullets, fi-i-i-ve names, and a contract worth fi-i-i-ve hundred gra-a-a-nd! In a world full of nothing don't try-y-y-y to understand! Fi-i-i-ve bullets, fi-i-i-ve names, and a contract worth fi-i-i-ve hundred gra-a-a-nd!

[Hunter hands the headset (and his lollypop) to Gordon Myers. He cuts a cheesy "kung fu"-like pose and rolls under the ropes, bouncing up and down with both fists in the air.]

BW: Oh, to be blessed with an instrument like that.

GM: What am I supposed to do with this sucker?

[While Gordon ponders that dilemma, the music fades and Rebecca Ortiz takes over.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[A gong sounds as the lights go out in the arena. A rush of excitement washes over the crowd at the scene.

Softly, a horn sounds and a guitar starts playing a familiar rift as a solitary white light begins to flash. The crowd noise builds with anticipation.

As the light continues to flash, a man's silhouette can be seen kneeling. As the music gets louder and louder, the light begins to flash fastest and faster until it's almost like a strobe light.

Suddenly, "Perfect Strangers" by Jörn begins to play as the whole arena illuminates. And standing at the entrance ramp pointing straight up to the sky is...]

GM: And there he is, fans! Former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion! One of the greatest professional wrestlers ever to come out of Japan! One of the team captains in the upcoming Steal The Spotlight Series! Noboru Fujimoto is heading to the ring here in Boston!

[Fujimoto stands at the entrance way soaking in the appreciated crowd over his appearance. He has orange tinted spiked hair and a pair of mirrored Ray Bans on his face. His glossy white trench coat has gold trim and runs past his knees.]

RO: From Kyoto, Japan... weighing in at 236 pounds...

He is the EEEEEEELECTRIC DRAGONNNNNNNNN...

NOOOOOOOB00000RUUUUUU FUJIMOOOOOOTOOOOOOO!

[With a nod, Fujimoto makes his way towards the ring. Under the trenchcoat, we catch a glimpse of his ring gear - glossy tights that go down to mid-thigh with gold on the right and white on the left. His boots and kneepads are also coordinated to the color of his tights as he climbs up the ringsteps, wiping his feet before he enters the ring. He makes his way to the center, arms outstretched as he spins around, soaking up the cheers from the Boston crowd.]

GM: And this should be a very interesting battle from a crowd perspective, Bucky.

BW: The fans have been a little split on both of these guys.

GM: I think they want to hate them because of their personalities but they also respect their abilities inside the ring so they're earning a mixed reaction from the fans.

[Fujimoto slides to the corner, shedding his trenchcoat and sunglasses, eyes glancing across the ring where Hunter is tugging at the top rope, snapping and snarling wildly at the air...

...and as soon as Fujimoto turns to deposit his sunglasses out with a ringside attendant and the referee signals for the bell, Hunter goes flying across the ring like an unleashed animal, hurling himself kamikaze style into the air, throwing a high impact shotgun dropkick that connects between the shoulderblades, launching Fujimoto forward into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OH! Running dropkick at the bell and-

[Hunter scrambles to a knee, pulling Fujimoto down into a schoolboy!]

GM: CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Fujimoto kicks out, sending Hunter sprawling. An angry Riley Hunter animatedly slams his fist repeatedly into the canvas, shouting loudly as the official scrambles back out of the way.]

GM: Riley Hunter tried to steal one right there!

BW: Hey, he's facing a guy he's never beaten one-on-one inside the squared circle and with stakes this high, I don't blame him for trying to pull a fast one on Fujimoto.

[Hunter scrambles up to his feet, grabbing the rising Fujimoto and laying in a pair of kneestrikes to the sternum, keeping control of the former Global Crown Champion as he shoots him into the ropes.]

GM: Hunter shoots him in... and takes him over with a modified hiptoss!

[Sitting out with the hiptoss slam, Hunter kips up to his feet, dashing to the ropes. He springs off, charging towards Fujimoto who is starting to sit back up on the mat...

...and whiffs badly on a running kneestrike, tumbling forward as Fujimoto does the same kip up, ending up on his feet behind Hunter where he charges forward, connecting with a clothesline that takes Hunter over the ropes, depositing him outside the ring on the floor!]

GM: Wow! What an exchange right there by two of the most athletic competitors in the entire tournament!

BW: This one may not be a part of the so-called Death Bracket, Gordo, but you gotta imagine whoever survives this will certainly have a pretty severe notch taken out of their armor as they move in the tournament to take on former World Champion Dave Bryant tomorrow night.

[Fujimoto dashes across the ring, hitting the far ropes, building up steam as he sprints towards the rising Hunter...

...and leaves his feet, diving feetfirst between the middle and bottom ropes with a dropkick that sends Hunter FLYING backwards, smashing into the ringside barricade as Fujimoto hits the barely-padded floor to a big ovation!]

GM: What a daredevil move by Fujimoto so early in this contest!

BW: I don't think we're going to see a lot of headlocks and wristlocks in this one, Gordo. These guys are bringing the high octane offense early and often to try to put the other away and send a message to the rest of the tournament field.

GM: These are - beyond a doubt - two of the greatest international competitors in the world but they both want the entire locker room to know that's not enough. They want to be the best here as well.

BW: Winning this tournament is a good way to prove it.

[Climbing to his feet, Fujimoto approaches Hunter who is laid against the railing, winding up as he draws near...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big overhand chop by the Electric Dragon finds the target!

[A second and third blow lands before Fujimoto grabs Hunter by the hair, hauling him towards the ring where he fires him underneath the bottom rope. With a confident smirk, Fujimoto pulls himself up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and slingshots clean over the top, landing backfirst down on the prone Hunter before rolling through to a knee, extending his arms and beckoning for the crowd to react. They do, cheering the show of athleticism from the Electric Dragon.]

GM: Slingshot backsplash connects... but no cover at all. Fujimoto taking the time to play to the fans here in Boston instead of taking advantage of that situation, Bucky.

BW: That could be a mistake too. These idiot fans aren't going to help you win this match so let them do their thing, chant their nonsense, wave their silly signs or whatever. You've gotta ignore them and focus on doing what is necessary to win this match.

[Climbing back to his feet, Fujimoto turns back towards the downed Hunter, approaching him to go back on the attack.]

GM: Fujimoto back on offense, putting the boots to Hunter as the American Ninja tries to get up to his feet.

[Pulling Hunter up by the hair, Fujimoto shoves him back into the corner. He lays in a pair of stiff forearm shots before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whip sends Hunter across, Fujimoto charging in after him!

[But as Fujimoto draws near, Hunter leans back, extending his leg to try to counter...

...but Fujimoto has it well-scouted, ducking down to get the leg up on his shoulder. He reaches around the neck with one arm while going around the leg with the other, clasping his hands together...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and LAUNCHES Hunter overhead, throwing him down to the canvas with a capture suplex! Fujimoto quickly scrambles into a loose lateral press as the crowd cheers the show of offense.]

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

[Fujimoto gets right back up off the mat, grumbling as he looks down at Hunter, dropping a knee down into the sternum. He drops a second... a third... a fourth as Hunter fails to get out from under him.]

GM: Those kneedrops are reminiscent of what Demetrius Lake used to do when executing them. No jumping, just the weight straight down on the body.

[The barrage of kneedrops sends Hunter rolling under the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Hunter goes outside, right out on the apron trying to create some space.

BW: But Fujimoto isn't going to give him the breather. He's going right out after him.

[Out on the apron, Fujimoto turns Hunter away from him, wrapping his arms around the torso...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: I think he's going to drop him on the apron!

[Hunter struggles to escape but Fujimoto breaks his grip, hammering his forearm down on the back of the American Ninja's neck before going back to the side waistlock, hoisting Hunter up into the air...]

GM: BACK SUPLEX ON THE-

[But Hunter uses the momentum of the lift to backflip out of it, landing on his feet inside the ring...

...and immediately leaps back up, pumping his leg to deliver a stunning kneestrike on the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: INSTANT KARMA!

[With Fujimoto dazed from the bicycle kneestrike, Hunter dashes to the ropes, leaping up to the second rope where he springs back over the ropes, hooking his legs around the head of Fujimoto...

...and SNAPS him off the apron, sending him crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPRINGING HEADSCISSORS FROM THE APRON TO THE FLOOR! OH MY!

[Both men are down on the floor at ringside after that high risk attack, breathing heavily as the fans roar for what they're seeing.]

GM: And again, these fans in Boston are VERY impressed with the in-ring skills of both Riley Hunter and Noboru Fujimoto!

[Hunter is the first to rise off the floor, nodding his head as he pulls Fujimoto off the ringside mats by his spiky orange hair...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Hunter puts his head into the apron... climbing back up on the apron now...

[Hunter smirks as he shuffles down the apron, laying in a superkick-style blow to the side of Fujimoto's head, knocking him down to a knee on the floor.]

GM: Ohh! What a shot right there!

BW: They don't call him the American Ninja for nothin', daddy. The man's got kicks for days!

[With Fujimoto dazed, Hunter nods manically, gripping the top rope with both hands.]

GM: Look out here!

[But before Hunter can attempt his moonsault, Fujimoto surges forward, leaping up on the apron, wrapping his arms around the waist of the Seven Star Athlete!]

GM: OH! OH!

BW: He's gonna break his back, Gordo!

[The crowd is buzzing at Fujimoto's attempt to rip Hunter off the apron with a German Suplex to the floor. A desperate Hunter is clinging to the ropes, his teeth clenched as he tries to avoid what would certainly be a match-ending maneuver.]

GM: Hunter's hanging on for dear life! Fujimoto continues to try to rip his arms free and deliver this suplex to the floor!

BW: The stakes are SO high in this tournament, Gordo... it's hard to believe someone would even try what Fujimoto is going for but when the stakes are this high, there aren't too many things you WON'T try.

[Fujimoto grimaces, trying to use his upper body strength to break Hunter's grip on the top rope...]

GM: Fujimoto continues to try and get Hunter pulled off the apron but Riley Hunter is hanging on!

[...and Fujimoto suddenly drops down off the apron, ducking his head up between the legs of Hunter, lifting him off the apron in an electric chair!]

GM: Oh! And Fujimoto switches up, going to a different attack now!

[Hunter balls up his fist, pounding down into the skull of his Japanese rival...

...who suddenly leans over, bumping Hunter off of his shoulders and sending him crashing jawfirst down on the ring apron!]

GM: OHHHH!

[And with Hunter dazed, Fujimoto ducks in, lifting him up into back suplex position again...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DROPS him backfirst across the ring apron, leaving Hunter arching his back in pain on the apron!]

GM: A DEVASTATING BLOW RIGHT THERE TO RILEY HUNTER!

BW: That’ll knock your back out of alignment in a hurry! Riley Hunter may be paying a post-match trip to the chiropractor, daddy!

[Fujimoto pushes Hunter under the ropes back inside the ring. He quickly rolls in after him, crawling into a lateral press but only getting a two count before Hunter kicks out.]

GM: Tremendous resiliency on display by the American Ninja. A lot of competitors would be calling it a night after that hard fall out on the apron, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. And these two are putting on one heck of a show, Gordo. We’re less than ten minutes into this thing and they’re going 65 miles per hour!

[Fujimoto comes to his feet, looking out at the crowd still buzzing after the slam on the apron. He pulls Hunter off the mat by the arm, whipping him from near the corner to the opposite corner. Fujimoto backs into the corner, raising his right arm into the air...]

GM: Fujimoto from corner to corner...

[Leaping into the air, Fujimoto smashes his forearm into the jaw of the stunned and hurting Hunter. The former Global Crown Champion twists around, pressing his back into Hunter’s before lashing out with a back elbow from the left arm... then one from the right... left... right... left... right. The crowd cheers the barrage of elbows until the official forces Fujimoto to step out, leaving Hunter in the corner with his arms draped over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: Fujimoto’s got Hunter in a bad way in the corner, fans! The referee backing him across the ring, ordering him to let the man out of the turnbuckles but-

[Fujimoto suddenly charges in again, leaping up for another forearm strike, connecting flush with the jaw of Hunter, snapping his head back!]

GM: Another leaping forearm on the mark and-

[But as Fujimoto steps back, sizing up his opponent, Hunter springs forward, landing the kneestrike up under the chin!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: INSTANT KARMA!

[The blow sends Fujimoto staggering backwards out towards the middle of the ring. Hunter pushes out of the buckles in approach, grabbing Fujimoto by the hair to lay in a trio of stiff forearm strikes to the ear.]

GM: Hunter firing off, forearms to the side of the head!

[With Fujimoto dazed, Hunter dashes to the ropes, building up speed as he comes back...

...and Fujimoto scoops him up off the mat, twisting him around, and DRIVING him down across a bent knee!]

GM: OHHH! Mexican-style backbreaker by Fujimoto!

[Fujimoto shoves Hunter off the bent knee, diving across his chest.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! But that's all! Hunter out again!

BW: Fujimoto changing things up a bit. Many people forget that when Fujimoto was a young rookie coming out of the Tiger Paw Pro Dojo, he took an excursion to SouthWest Lucha Libre where he picked up some of the lucha libre style including the Quebradora we saw right there.

[After kicking out, Hunter rolls under the ropes to the "safety" of the floor again.]

GM: Hunter perhaps in search of higher ground after that backbreaker cut off his dreams of a comeback... and look at this now... Fujimoto sizing up his target...

[As soon as Hunter gets to his feet, Fujimoto breaks into a sprint, hurling himself between the top and middle ropes with a tope dive that sends Hunter sailing backwards, his back SLAMMING into the metal barricade at ringside!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG TIME DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY FUJIMOTO!

[Fujimoto pulls himself up off the floor, slowly advancing on Hunter who is leaning against the railing. The Electric Dragon takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and connects with an overhand chop across the chest. Hunter grimaces at the blow, hanging on to the railing as Fujimoto grabs him by the side of the head, laying in three hard forearms to the jaw.]

GM: Fujimoto keeps the attack going outside the ring, pulling Hunter away from the railing now...

[Fujimoto grabs the arm, dropping to his knee as he uses a hammer throw to send Hunter the distance between them and the far railing, smashing hard into the steel yet again!]

GM: And Fujimoto seems to be going for that back. The back suplex on the apron, the Mexican backbreaker, the two slams into the steel right here...

[With a shout, Fujimoto charges the distance, taking aim on Hunter...

...who twists away from the railing, sliding his arm up under Fujimoto's, flipping him through the air and over the barricade into the crowd!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HIPTOSS INTO THE FRONT ROW!! OH MY!!

[Hunter backs off, a Cheshire Cat-like grin on his face as he raises both arms, pointing towards the crowd where Fujimoto is laid out in the front row of seats.]

GM: Fujimoto is down... but Hunter doesn't seem to care!

[With a running start, the Seven Star Athlete leaps into the air, clearing the barricade with ease, and crashes down onto the seated Fujimoto with a crossbody that sends several chairs toppling over and the fans scattering!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And now BOTH men are out in the front row!

BW: They might be in the second or third row after that, Gordo. Lord have mercy!

[Hunter rolls off of Fujimoto, landing on his back in the aisleway between two sections of seats. He is grinning madly as the fans around cheer him and Fujimoto on.]

GM: Still a divided crowd here in Boston, cheering on these two tremendous athletes as they battle to see who will meet Dave Bryant tomorrow night in the Quarterfinals of this tournament.

[A few more moments pass before Hunter sits up on the floor, a cockeyed expression on his face as he rises up, reaching over to snag Fujimoto by his spiked hair. He pulls the Electric Dragon to his feet, flinging him over the railing back inside the ringside area.]

GM: Fujimoto gets tossed back over the railing by Hunter... and what in the world is he doing?

[Hunter lifts a fallen chair, picking it up back as he unfolds it, setting it down on the floor. He slaps a hand down on the open seat, smirking as he backs up deeper into the aisle, giving himself room to maneuver. More fans have backed off now, clearing a path for Hunter who is waving his arms, trying to part the sea of humanity...]

GM: What in the world does Hunter have in mind here?!

[And as Fujimoto climbs off the ringside mats, Hunter dashes the distance he's created, stepping up onto the open chair, springing off...

...and landing in a standing position atop the barricade where he steadies himself as the crowd “oooooohs” and then HURLS himself forward in a somersault, taking Fujimoto down again!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: TRIPLE JUMP SOMERSAULT DIVE OFF THE RAILING!

GM: OH MY STARS! What a move out of Riley Hunter!

[Hunter rolls to a knee, smirking into the nearby camera as he shouts “THAT’S HOW WE DO THINGS IN ROPPONGI, SONNNNNNN!” He peels Fujimoto off the floor, shoving him back under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Hunter puts Fujimoto back in, not wasting a moment of time outside the ring as he pulls himself up on the apron...

[Hunter aggressively stomps down on the apron once... twice... three times... getting the fans to clap along with him. He nods his head wildly, flinging his hair back and forth as he waits for Fujimoto to rise...]

GM: Fujimoto trying to get up to his feet... we've passed the ten minute mark in this match and neither one of these guys have slowed down one bit, Bucky.

BW: Sure haven't. We talked about them both wanting to send a message to the AWA locker room and that's exactly what they're doing right now, Gordo.

GM: Hunter has these Boston fans on their feet, watching and waiting as Fujimoto climbs up off the canvas...

[With Fujimoto up, Hunter leaps into the air, springing off the top rope, tucking his legs and DRIVING both feet into the back of Fujimoto's head, flattening his opposition. Hunter quickly crawls across the ring to where Fujimoto fell, using his head to flip the Japanese superstar over onto his back as he dives across his torso.]

GM: Hunter with the cover for one! He gets two! He gets- no! Two count only there for the American Ninja off that dropkick off the ropes!

[Hunter again smashes his fist repeatedly into the canvas, showing signs of frustration as he gets to his feet, running both hands over his face, pulling his hair back as he looks wide-eyed into the camera...]

GM: Riley Hunter showing how much this win means to him. I mean, these two have been through some wars in Japan, Bucky. He knows it's going to take a lot to put Fujimoto down for three.

BW: He knows that because he's never done it, Gordo.

[Hunter grabs Fujimoto by the hair, pulling him up to his feet. He lays in two heavy forearm shots to the jaw before throwing a front kick to the chest, pushing Fujimoto back a couple of steps.]

GM: Hunter creating space...

[He steps up again, throwing a spinning back kick to the midsection, doubling up Fujimoto. Hunter grabs him by the hair, swinging his knee up into the face once... twice... three times... four times... five times...]

GM: Hunter going to work on Fujimoto!

[Dropping to a knee, Hunter throws a big palm strike uppercut, snapping Fujimoto's head back, sending him staggering back a few steps into the ropes. Hunter comes up, giving a shout as he rushes to the far ropes, bouncing back and charging Fujimoto at top speed...]

GM: HUNTER COMING HARD!

[...and then slams on the brakes, reaching out with a smirk and mussing Fujimoto's hair.]

GM: Oh, give me a break! Riley Hunter toying with Fujimoto!

[The crowd bursts into a mix of laughter and applause as the arrogant Hunter steps back, flinging his arms apart in a mocking pose of Fujimoto...

...who reaches out, snaring Hunter around the head and neck, swinging him back into the ropes where Fujimoto tees off with a series of hard forearm shots to the side of the skull!]

GM: Fujimoto's opening up on Hunter! Forearm after forearm to the skull!

[The referee steps in, forcing Fujimoto to step back...

...but as the Electric Dragon comes back in, Hunter weakly responds with an overhead chop across the chest. Fujimoto shrugs it off, throwing another barrage of forearms to the head!]

GM: He's all over, Bucky!

BW: I think Hunter might've made a mistake there! He's set Fujimoto off!

[The official steps in again, putting his shoulder into Fujimoto's midsection to back him up several steps. The referee straightens up, warning Fujimoto against ignoring his commands...

...and Fujimoto shrugs him off again, stepping in towards Hunter who weakly throws his right hand, slapping Fujimoto across the face!]

GM: OH!

[But Fujimoto doesn't even respond to it, winding up and letting his open hand fly.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Fujimoto steps back, giving a shout as he winds up his right hand again.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The blow snaps Hunter's head to the side as Fujimoto grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Fujimoto shoots him across...

[Fujimoto comes off the mat, leaping into the air to deliver a pump kick to the chest, knocking Hunter back into the ropes where he bounces back off towards Fujimoto who comes in again, leaping up a second time to deliver the same kick right to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BICYCLE KICK CONNECTS! RIGHT ON THE CHIN!

[Fujimoto throws himself to the mat, grabbing a leg as he rolls through into a back press!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! HUNTER KICKS OUT OF THAT KICK TO THE MUSH!

[Fujimoto quickly gets back to his feet, pulling Hunter up off the mat, yanking him into a grip around the head and neck...]

GM: Fujimoto hooks him! He's looking for the Falling Laser Lasso!

[But Hunter responds by swinging his skull into Fujimoto's!]

GM: Headbutt! And another one breaks the hold!

[With Fujimoto dazed, Hunter dashes to the ropes behind him, bouncing off towards him...]

...where Fujimoto shoves him skyward and BLASTS him from the sky with a devastating forearm strike to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FUJIMOTO COVERS AGAIN!

[The official dives down to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Fujimoto rolls off, sitting on the canvas, breathing heavily as the official holds up two fingers for all to see.]

GM: Just a two count there but Noboru Fujimoto has GOT to feel like he's closing in, Bucky.

BW: A couple of near falls there will do wonders for your confidence as long as you feel like you're building towards something. Fujimoto still has his biggest bullet in the chamber so as long as he doesn't hit the Lasso and get a near fall, he's probably feeling pretty good about this so far.

[Fujimoto climbs off the mat, shaking his head as Hunter rolls to his stomach, trying to crawl away from the Electric Dragon.]

GM: Fujimoto slowly moving in, thinking about his next move... thinking about what else he can do to put Riley Hunter down for a three count and we get close to the halfway mark in the time limit.

[Reaching down, the former Global Crown Champion snags a fleeing Hunter by the back of the tights, pulling him to his feet as Hunter lunges at the ropes, wrapping his arms around them, trying to save himself. Hunter frantically shakes his head as Fujimoto tries to pull him free...]

GM: Fujimoto trying to pull Hunter off the ropes and Hunter desperately trying to hang on!

[The official steps in, trying to break the two up as they struggle against the ropes.]

GM: The referee's trying to break them apart! He's trying to-

[But as the referee gets too close to the action, it blinds him from Riley Hunter swinging his leg back in a mule kick, driving it right up into the groin of Fujimoto!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!

[Fujimoto staggers backwards, still on his feet but clutching his groin in pain. Hunter sheepishly looks at the camera with a shrug before leaping up to the second rope, blindly springing back to land on the shoulders of Hunter in electric chair position...

...and SNAPS Fujimoto over in a head-spiking reverse rana that brings the Boston crowd to their feet!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[But the impact of the reverse rana sends Fujimoto bouncing off the canvas, rolling across the ring. Hunter spins, crawling towards him for a cover...

...but comes up short as Fujimoto rolls under the ropes, dropping off the apron to the floor!]

GM: But Hunter can't cover!

BW: Great ring presence on the part of Fujimoto, knowing that he was in trouble after getting dropped on his head like that... knowing he had to get the heck out of that ring as quickly as possible if he wanted to avoid a three count and an exit from this tournament.

[Hunter slams his fist down into the canvas, staying on a knee as Fujimoto lies out on the ringside protective mats, breathing heavily.]

“FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!”

GM: You hear the timekeeper's call which tells us that we've officially reached the halfway point in this one. Fifteen minutes gone, fifteen minutes remain and at the impact of moves like that reverse headscissors... you can't possibly think they'd survive another fifteen minutes out here, Bucky.

BW: I wouldn't think so but I'm wrong from time to time. Not often... but from time to time!

GM: I'm sure.

[Hunter stays down on a knee, extending his arms to his sides, waving them towards the ceiling as the crowd gets louder... and louder... and louder... and as Noboru Fujimoto staggers up to his feet, Hunter dashes to the ropes nearest Fujimoto, bouncing off to the far ropes, building up tremendous speed as he charges across the ring at full velocity...]

GM: HERE! HE! COMMMMMMMMMMMES!

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope, sailing high and far through the air as he SLAMS down on Fujimoto with a somersault plancha!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT A DIVE!! WHAT A DIVE BY RILEY HUNTER!

[Both men are laid out on the floor with the TD Garden crowd roaring for the suicidal dive by the American Ninja!]

GM: What a battle we're witnessing to kick off Night Two of this tournament, fans! Noboru Fujimoto and Riley Hunter are giving everything they've got, showing the entire wrestling world why they had one of the hottest rivalries in recent memory in Tiger Paw Pro.

BW: They're also showing why the AWA Talent Relations department broke the bank to bring them to the AWA, Gordo. Emerson Gellar opened the checkbook and wrote some serious numbers on it to get these two here.

GM: That could be said about a lot of the top talent here in the AWA these days - men like Torin The Titan, like Rufus Harris, like Pure X... all recently brought to the AWA under Emerson Gellar's management.

[Climbing off the floor, a happy Hunter reaches down, dragging his opponent off the ringside mats and rolling him back inside the ring. Hunter stumbles a bit before pulling himself up inside the ring, looking to strike yet again.]

GM: Hunter bringing Fujimoto up off the mat...

[He throws a pair of standing backfists to the cheek, staggering Fujimoto before dropping down to a knee, throwing a back elbow into the midsection that doubles up the Electric Dragon. Hunter dashes to the ropes, bouncing back with the aim of landing a running kneelift...]

...but as he swings the knee up, Fujimoto straightens up, causing him to whiff on his strike right before Fujimoto lifts the off-balance Hunter into the air, twists him around in a circle, and DRIVES him down across a bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKBREAKER! BACKBREAKER!

[Fujimoto dives atop Hunter, tightly hooking both legs!]

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

[Hunter's entire body convulses, breaking the three count before it comes down.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED OUT! Another devastating move by Fujimoto but again, Hunter manages to kick out!

[A fired-up Fujimoto swings a leg across the midsection, grabbing Hunter by the hair and BLASTING him with a short forearm to the temple... and another... and a third lands before the referee backs him off.]

GM: Fujimoto being forced back to his feet by the official...

[And as he rises, he swings his hand around in the air like twirling a lasso.]

GM: He's calling for it! Fujimoto's calling for the Falling Laser Lasso and if he hits it, Riley Hunter's night is over, fans!

[Fujimoto leans down, grabbing Hunter by the hair, hauling him up to his feet as he reaches out to pull him into position...]

...but Hunter spins out of the grip, leaping up and driving his knee up under the chin!]

BW: INSTANT KARMA!

[Grabbing Fujimoto by the hair, Hunter lays into him with a half dozen short forearms to the side of the head before breaking into a dash to the ropes, rebounding back towards the Electric Dragon who throws a sloppy right forearm of his own that Hunter easily ducks under...]

GM: Hunter ducks the forearm...

[The crowd buzzes as Hunter slams on the brakes, reaching over to hook both arms in a double chickenwing...]

GM: Hunter hooks him!

[...but Fujimoto spins out, ending up behind Hunter, slapping on a half nelson!]

GM: Fujimoto reverses!

[Hunter spins out again, leaping into the air to snap his foot off the ear of Fujimoto!]

GM: OHH! Leaping head kick!

[Hunter scrambles up, landing a quick one-two forearm strike combination before dashing to the ropes again, rebounding back towards Fujimoto.]

GM: Hunter off the far side...

[But Fujimoto ducks a running knife edge chop attempt, ending up behind the American Ninja, lifting him up in an atomic drop style lift...

...and then swings him out into a sitout face-first powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Fujimoto rolls to his right, ending up sitting on top of Hunter, hooking both legs as he leans back...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN! AGAIN, RILEY HUNTER KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[The crowd is buzzing as Fujimoto slumps backwards the mat, reaching up to bury his face in his hands.]

GM: The timekeeper says we're closing in on the twenty minute mark of the matchup as Hunter escapes what looked to be certain defeat yet again.

[Fujimoto rolls over to a knee, pushing back to his feet. A barely-moving Hunter can't escape as the Electric Dragon hauls him to his feet...

...and yanks him back into position for the Falling Laser Lasso!]

GM: Fujimoto's got him hooked! If he hits it, it's ov-

[But again, Hunter has a counter ready, spinning out of it, swinging Fujimoto around by a grip on the shoulder...

...and hooking the arms as he goes by, SNAPPING Fujimoto over onto the back of his head with a released Tiger Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Hunter scrambles to his feet, charging to the ropes as a dazed Fujimoto rolls back up off the mat from the momentum of the suplex...

...and Hunter leaps into the air, DRIVING his knee up under the chin again!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: INSTANT KARMA!

[The blow sends Fujimoto falling back into the ropes where he staggers back out towards a waiting Hunter who clutches him around the head and neck, the crowd roaring in response!]

GM: Wait a second! Is he...? Is he going for the Falling Laser Lasso?!

BW: No, no! This is the Mammon Machine! Much better!

GM: It's the same move!

[But before Hunter can execute his version of the Falling Laser Lasso, Fujimoto lashes out with his skull, smashing it into Hunter's temple!]

GM: Headbutt!

[A second headbutt causes Hunter to drop his arm as Fujimoto winds up, throwing his right elbow back into the side of the head once... twice... three times. He winds up on a fourth, sending Hunter spinning away from him...]

GM: Oh!

[Fujimoto grabs Hunter from behind, slipping a hand up behind the neck...

...but Hunter spins out, grabbing Fujimoto by the arm, yanking him into a grip around the head and neck, swinging him to the side and driving him facefirst into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: MAMMON MACHINE! MAMMON MACHINE!

[Hunter rolls him onto his back, pumping a fist as he dives across the chest, pulling Fujimoto's leg towards him.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: FUJIMOTO KICKS OUT! HE KICKS OUT OF HIS OWN FINISHING MANEUVER!

[And Hunter proceeds to throw a mini-tantrum, flopping onto his back, flailing his arms, kicking his legs!]

GM: Riley Hunter thought he had him but he didn't get quite enough! The American Ninja comes up just a little bit short as Noboru Fujimoto kicks out JUST in time!

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Ten minutes left in this one as Hunter climbs back to his feet, still barking at the official as he grabs Fujimoto by the hair, hauling him up to his feet.

[Hunter steps closer, shoving his face right up inches away from Fujimoto's. He's snarling and shouting at him, repeatedly piefacing him with the off hand.]

BW: Hunter should be going for the finish, not wasting time insulting his opponent!

[An agitated Hunter winds up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and delivers an open-handed blow across the face!]

GM: A hard slap!

[But it only serves to fire up Fujimoto who responds in kind.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The blows knock Hunter back against the ropes where Fujimoto grabs him by the arm...

...and pulls him into the Falling Laser Lasso position!]

GM: Fujimoto sets!

[Hunter swings his arms up, grabbing Fujimoto in a uranage-grip...]

GM: What's he-?!

[And before Fujimoto can use the Lasso, Hunter executes a backflip, DRIVING the back of Fujimoto's head into the canvas with a backflip uranage slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter scrambles up to his feet, backflipping down onto a prone Fujimoto with a standing moonsault!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And back up one more time, getting a few steps running start...

...and then flips backwards while sailing forward, crashing down onto a stunned Fujimoto with a standing Shooting Star Press!]

"OHH!"

[Hunter reaches back, snagging both legs, pulling tight as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Riley Hunter has done it! After well over a year of efforts in Japan, Riley Hunter has defeated Noboru Fujimoto in their first meeting here in the United States!

[A weary Hunter rolls off of Fujimoto, thrusting a victorious arm up into the air.]

BW: And THAT was one heck of a match, Gordo.

GM: It certainly was. These two gentlemen have certainly set the bar very high for what's to come the rest of this night here in Boston. It was a tremendous effort by both competitors but in the end, the American Ninja is victorious and he will meet Dave Bryant in the Quarterfinals tomorrow night.

BW: Which means that Fujimoto is out and can go back to figuring out his strategy for the Steal The Spotlight draft coming up in a couple of weeks in New York City.

GM: Never rest for the weary here in the AWA. He may be out of the Battle of Boston but in two weeks, he'll be one of the captains for that Steal The Spotlight Series which could result in him getting a match of his choice. But in the meantime, Riley Hunter is victorious... is moving on... and is headed for a date with the former AWA World Champion, Dave Bryant, in what should be a tremendous Quarterfinal matchup.

[Hunter is back on his feet now, celebrating his victory over the downed Fujimoto.]

GM: We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, SM&K will collide when "Red Hot" Rex Summers takes on Kerry Kendrick! Don't go away, fans, 'cause we're just getting started tonight here in Boston!

[Fade to black.]

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

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

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

Kids: *gasp*

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

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack The Hangman from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto

Dufresne? And why are Downfall beating up the mailman? Oh, there's Next Gen turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAH!

[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!]

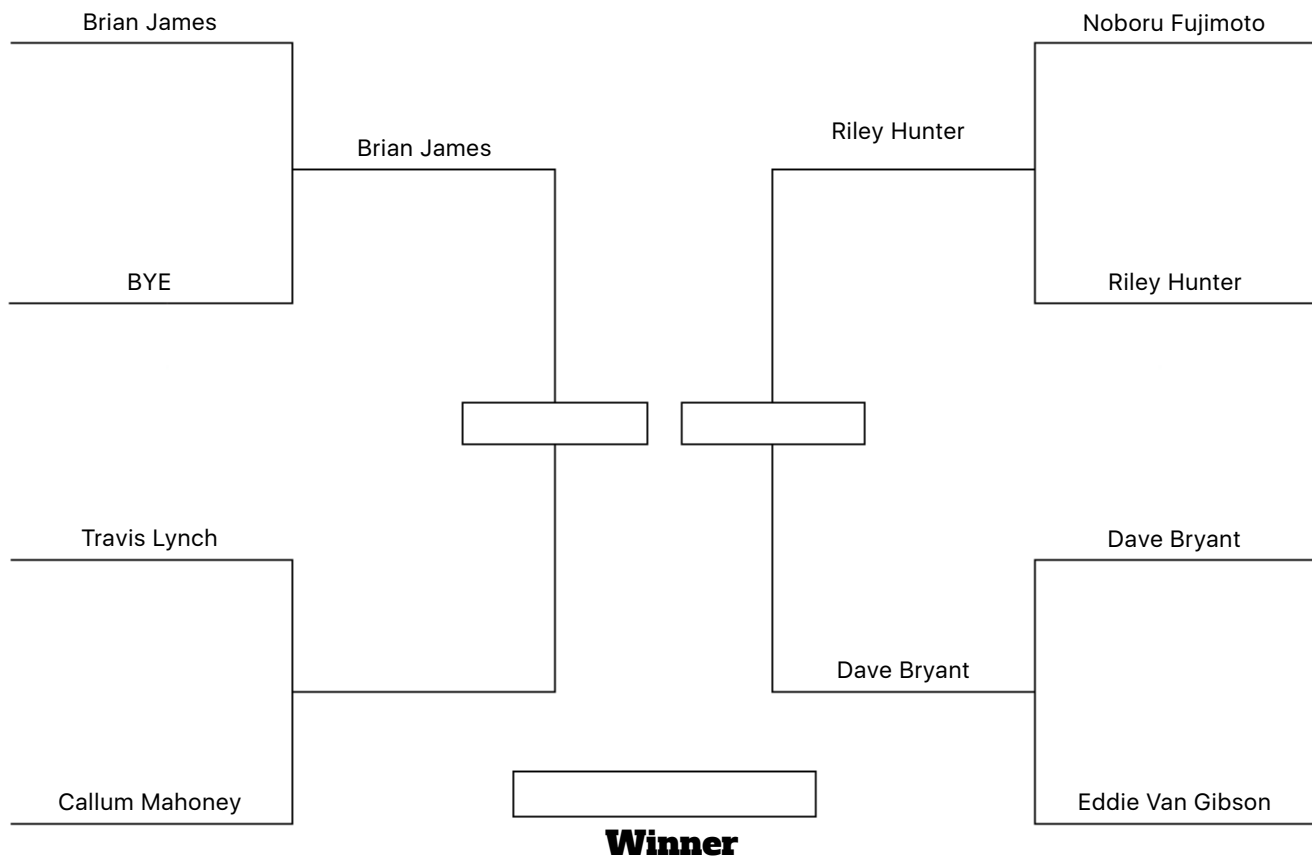
Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[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 we fade back up on a graphic showing an updated tournament bracket and the voice of Mark Stegglet.]



MS: Welcome back to The Battle of Boston where Riley Hunter has advanced to the Quarterfinals where Dave Bryant was waiting for him... and that means we now know three of the four names in the Quarterfinals for the Graham Bracket. One

more to go and we'll find out that winner later tonight but right now, I want to talk to someone who believes his name should be amongst those four...

[And that seems to be the cue for The Gladiator to storm onto the set. He is dressed in his wrestling attire, his body glistening with sweat and his long, brown hair hanging in front of his face. The most stand-out look to his appearance though is heavy white tape wrapped around his body. Before Stegglet can say anything else, Gladiator is off and ranting.]

G: IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE I WOULD FIND MY WAY BACK TO THESE LANDS AND START MY ASCENT BACK UP THE MOUNTAIN! THE BATTLE OF BOSTON WAS TO BE THE NIGHT IN WHICH I WOULD START THAT ASCENT ONCE MORE, BUT INFIDELS WHO WERE TO HAVE BEEN BANISHED FROM THIS PLACE TOOK IT UPON THEMSELVES TO INTERFERE IN MATTERS THAT ARE NOT THEIR OWN! AND REGARDLESS OF WHAT ACCOLADES HAVE BEEN BESTOWED ON THEM BEFORE, THERE WILL COME A DAY OF RECKONING FOR BOTH MEN, IN WHICH THEY WILL HAVE TO FACE THE WRATH OF THE GLADIATOR!

[Stegglet looks a bit overwhelmed as Gladiator steps back and...]

G: SNORT snaarrll SNORT!

[...that happens. Stegglet tries to regain his composure.]

MS: Gladiator, you haven't been seen since Memorial Day Mayhem, so I have to ask you where you have been the past few weeks and what prompted you to return this weekend.

[Gladiator raises a finger and his voice.]

G: I HAVE BEEN ON A SOUL SEEKING JOURNEY, FOLLOWING THE GUIDANCE OF JUPITER AND JUNO, AS THEY SPOKE TO ME ABOUT WHAT I MUST FOCUS ON AFTER I WAS DENIED THE CHANCE TO BECOME THE WORLD CHAMPION! FIRST THEY TOLD ME THAT I SHOULD MAKE MY RETURN AT THE BATTLE OF BOSTON, FOR WHILE TORIN THE TITAN IS WHAT SOME MIGHT CALL THE IMMOVABLE OBJECT, HE IS ALSO A MAN OF HONOR, WORTHY OF THE COMBAT THAT I SEEK! AND LAST NIGHT, HE PROVED HIS HONOR ONCE AGAIN, PROVED HE WAS A WORTHY ADVERSARY AND I LOOK FORWARD TO ANOTHER TIME IN WHICH WE MAY DO BATTLE AND FIND OUT WHO TRULY IS THE BETTER MAN!

[And then he turns to the camera.]

G: BUT THE INFIDELS WHO INTERFERED IN OUR COMBAT ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES WHO I SEEK TO DESTROY! YOU, REX SUMMERS, YOU COULD NOT ACCEPT THAT THE POWER OF THE GLADIATOR WAS TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO OVERCOME AND YOU ACCEPTED A PAYOFF FROM THE SCOUNDREL HARRISON FAWCETT, INTERFERED IN A COMBAT THAT YOU HAD NO RIGHT TO BE PART OF, AND COST ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO OUST A KING FROM THE THRONE HE IS NOT WORTHY TO OCCUPY! BUT NOW THAT I HAVE RETURNED, REX SUMMERS, REST ASSURED THAT THE MOMENT WILL COME WHEN YOU WILL RECEIVE YOUR COMEUPPANCE AND FIND THAT, ONCE AGAIN, THE POWER OF THE GLADIATOR WILL BE TOO MUCH FOR YOU TO OVERCOME AND THE ONLY OUTCOMES ASSURED WILL BE YOU LEFT IN RUINS!

[Growling, Gladiator storms off the set.]

MS: My goodness, Gladiator with some words of warning for Rex Summers... I have to wonder if Summers may be looking over his shoulder for the rest of the night. Let's go over to Sweet Lou who is standing by with the participants in our next match! Lou?

[Cut to another part of backstage where the Battle of Boston backdrop is seen. And unlike most instances from the night prior, "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is with two opposing competitors.]

To the left is Kerry Kendrick, the hood of his midnight green satin robe pulled down; the Self Made Man rubs his hands together, an eager grin on his face.

To the right is "Red Hot" Rex Summers, the corner of his mouth turned upward in satisfaction, accessorized with the Summers' Sweetheart.

In the background lurks Ricki Toughill, the croquet mallet that came into play against Adam Rogers balanced on her tattooed shoulder.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark... and I have to say the drawing of this tournament was bound to produce a matchup like this sooner or later. "Red Hot" Rex Summers and Kerry Kendrick, you two along with Callum Mahoney have been running buddies for almost a year now. Kerry Kendrick, my sources say that you've spent a lot of time over the past 24 hours telling anyone who would listen that your spot in the Quarterfinals is all but sewn up because-

RS: Now wait just a minute, Lou. You're not standing next to two hillbillies like the Lynch Brothers, so this game you're trying to play...

[Blackwell gives the camera that "who, me?" look, as Summers continues to continue to speak.]

RS: ...it's not going to work. You see, Lou, SM&K, we've been on the same page since Steal The Spotlight. While you and that ninety-nine cent app of yours were trying to stir the pot over the "Red Hot One" talking to Dr. Fawcett, SM&K were on the same page. In fact, I have to say SM&K is as strong as ever and you know what else, Lou, when you see SM&K walking that aisle, you know you're looking at the cream of the crop, baby.

[Blackwell holds up a hand in protest.]

SLB: Now, wait a minute here, Rex Summers. You've got the Kings of Wrestling and the Axis of Evil running roughshod all over the AWA and you really believe SM&K is the cream of the crop?

[Summers smirks as Kendrick nods his head.]

RS: Of course I do, Lou. The Battle of Boston is the best of the best and yet the Kings don't have three men in the tournament. The Axis doesn't have three men in it either... only SM&K does! Callum Mahoney, the Armbar Assassin... Kerry Kendrick, the Self-Made Man... and myself, "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[Blackwell shakes his head causing Summers to clap him across the shoulder with an open hand.]

RS: Don't look surprised, Lou. For almost a year now, SM&K has said we're the best the AWA has to offer and with all three of us being in the Battle of Boston, we've proved it!

[The mic switches over to Kerry Kendrick.]

KK: You said it, Rex. Leave that phony, insincere stuff to wrestlers Pure X and Bret Grayson: two guys who talk a big game about being competitive, but who wouldn't think twice about stabbing each other in the back. Friends in this business are

tough to come by, and in spite of what certain whiz-kid executives may try to pull in the bracketing, nobody is going to be busting SM&K up.

SLB: Well, on the topic of Emerson Gellar, you two both seem to believe that there is a conspiracy against you.

RS: A conspiracy? A conspiracy is a figment of the imagination, Lou. Kerry and I speak the truth. Gellar has had it out for us since Day One! He walked into my celebration at SuperClash last year and decided to start throwing his weight around. And every chance he has gotten, he's turned the screws to me and the rest of SM&K!

[Summers is hot about this... you might say "red hot."]

RS: Right now, we shouldn't be standing here, moments from facing one another in the first round of the Battle of Boston but Gellar made it so. He knew Kerry was going to run right through that chump Adam Rogers... how could he not?

[Summers slaps Kendrick on the shoulder who raises an eyebrow.]

RS: So anyone who says the brackets were random is like those Boston buffoons in the arena... delusional! So this... what did you call it again? Oh right, this conspiracy is fine by me, Blackwell. Kerry and I have been planning for this event ever since the brackets came out, and if it came down to it...

[Summers grins as he gestures towards Kendrick.]

RS: ...the Self Made Man would make the sacrifice to let me advance to the Quarterfinals!

[Blackwell's jaw drops.]

SLB: I find that unbelievable, Mr. Kendrick! Especially after what you said yesterday about how you thought that this tournament could be your greatest moment.

[Kendrick rubs his jaw, looking down.]

KK: Yeah. Yeah, I did say that to you, Rex, but that was a couple of weeks ago, and...

[Summers turns towards his ally, shaking his head.]

RS: Come on, Kerry! Do you know how upset Emerson Gellar would be if I made it through this tournament? He's been trying to break me since the day he got here. If you...

[Summers put his hand on Kendrick's shoulder. The Self Made Man looks up, eyes meeting Summers'.]

RS: ...do the right thing... it would drive him nuts.

[Kendrick nods his head in agreement...]

KK: That's a good point, that's a good point...

[...and then puts his own hand on Summers' shoulder.]

KK: ...but if there's anyone Gellar hates more than you, Rex... it's me. He won't be able to stand it if I score two straight victories! Last night, I beat a former World Champion! I beat Adam Rogers! If I go into tomorrow rested, I'll have so much

momentum, I'll be unstoppable, and then think of the look on Gellar's face when he has to congratulate me on my victory! Rex, I think we should make a change of plans for the sake of business. I think it's you who should do the right thing.

[Summers' jaw drops as Blackwell sticks the mic in front of him. Summers pulls his hand off Kendrick's shoulder, stepping back so that Kendrick's hand falls off the Red Hot One's shoulder. Summers extends his arm, pointing an accusing finger.]

RS: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold on a minute, Kerry. A deal is a deal!

[Kendrick glares at Summers, whose arrogant smirk is now gone.]

RS: Just remember who stole the spotlight. Remember who did you the favor of putting you on my team. Remember who lets you have all the extra women that I just don't have time to make Sweethearts.

[Blackwell slides the mic over to Kendrick who is looking down at the floor again. He raises his gaze, locking eyes with Summers.]

KK: Yeah? Remember who actually scored a victory against a former World Champion recently... remember that...

[Kendrick and Summers have inched nose-to-nose by this point. Ricki Toughill elbows herself between them, trying to pry them apart.]

RS: A former World Champion? Don't make me laugh, son. Adam Rogers is a past his prime has-been.

[Summers takes a deep breath and runs his left hand over his jaw.]

RS: Look Kerry, I'm going to the Quarterfinals tomorrow whether you lay down...

[Summers pauses, his voice lowering.]

RS: ...or I lay you down.

[Blackwell grins as he shifts the mic back towards Kendrick.]

KK: You're gonna lay me down?! I'm gonna lay you OUT! I'm gonna kick your-

[Toughill drags Kendrick off camera, still shouting, as Summers grabs Blackwell's wrist, steering the mic back towards him.]

RS: Your mouth is writing checks your ASS won't be able to cash tonight, Kendrick!

[Summers exits in a huff, the Sweetheart running to catch up. Blackwell eyeballs the camera, straightening his tie smugly.]

SLB: Gordon. Bucky. Back to you at ringside!

[We cut back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

BW: That... that was horrible, Gordo! That fat little toad Blackwell is trying to drive a wedge between Rex and Kerry! Did you see that?!

GM: Oh, I saw the whole thing. Sounds like there's trouble in paradise between the members of SM&K.

BW: Thanks to Blackwell! He did this! He did all of this! Gellar too! This isn't right, Gordo. I demand a reshuffle of the brackets. There's precedent for it! It can be done!

GM: Maybe it's been done before but it's not going to be done here tonight. In fact, it's time to see that matchup go down so let's head over to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions!

[Fade to the ring where the shapely ring announcer is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall... thirty minute time limit... and is a first round match in the BATTLE OF BOSTON tournament!

[Big cheers!]

RO: First...

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

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

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

GM: Kerry Kendrick looks pretty sullen here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Wouldn't you be if you had to fight one of your best friends?! What if someone made you fight ME?!

GM: I... I'm not sure we should speculate on that. Nevertheless, Kerry Kendrick is out here and ready for action. His opponent better hope he is as well.

[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 a fiery red head beauty. She smiles widely as her arm is wrapped around Rex's. She is wearing an Egyptian blue halter top and a pair of form fitting white pants.]

RO: From St. Paul, Minnesota... weighing in at 251 pounds... being accompanied by the Summers-proclaimed "luckiest girl on the planet tonight"...

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 stares up at his ally inside the ring.]

GM: Former Longhorn Heritage Champion, former PCW Champion, former Steal The Spotlight contract holder...

BW: Which he was ROBBED of.

GM: That's one point of view, I suppose.

[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 beaming at the camera.]

GM: Summers doesn't seem too eager to get inside that ring, Bucky.

BW: This is like brothers being forced to do battle! This is morally wrong and it's all Emerson Gellar's fault!

[Summers shrugs out of his robe, letting it fall into the Summers Sweetheart's arms as he shouts up at Kendrick who is standing in the middle of the ring, beckoning his ally forward.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick certainly doesn't look like a guy who was thinking about laying down for Summers, Bucky.

BW: This is terrible. I don't even know if I can watch this.

[Summers grabs the ropes, climbing up on the apron. He's still shouting in at Kendrick as he stands on the apron, shaking his head. The Red Hot One turns, talking to the Sweetheart out on the floor...]

...which is Kendrick's cue to swarm across the ring, grabbing the top rope with both hands, giving it a yank which brings Summers flipping over the ropes, crashing down in a heap on the canvas to... cheers? The bell sounds a moment later, kicking off the match.]

GM: Whoa ho! Kerry Kendrick brings Rex Summers in the hard way and I gotta say, the Boston crowd seemed to like that! Kerry Kendrick scored what I'd consider a major upset last night when he defeated Adam Rogers, a former World Champion, and he's looking to continue the trend with another upset on paper here tonight.

[Kendrick hauls Summers up to his feet, slamming a pair of fists into his jaw, sending him falling back into the corner. The Self Made Man advances on his SM&K cohort, peppering him with jabs to the jaw that snap Summers' head back repeatedly.]

GM: Kendrick grabs the arm, shoots him across...

[Summers SLAMS hard into the buckles, staggering back out towards Kendrick who doubles up and LAUNCHES Summers into the air, sending him flipping through the sky before he crashes down on the canvas!]

GM: OHHH MY! WHAT A BACKDROP OUT OF KERRY KENDRICK!

[The cheers get a little louder as Summers rolls to his hip, grabbing at his lower back with a grimace on his face as he tries to back away. A fired-up Kendrick

throws his arms up in the air, actually getting the crowd to react as Summers scoots backwards towards the corner.]

GM: Summers trying to pull himself up to his feet...

[As he does, Kendrick rushes him, turning to throw himself sideways towards Summers, jamming the elbow up under Summers' chin!]

GM: Ohh! Big back elbow in the corner!

[Grabbing Summers by the head, Kendrick pulls him from the corner, flipping him over into a seated position on the mat...

...and BOOTS Summers right in the spine, causing the Red Hot One to recoil in pain!]

GM: Kendrick soccer kicks him right in the lower back! And can you believe this crowd reacting for Kerry Kendrick?!

BW: That's just because he's beating up Rex Summers! And it's not right! It's not fair! This shouldn't be happening, Gordo!

GM: Well, it is! And there's nothing you or anyone else can do about it!

BW: Stop the match!

GM: Nobody's stopping the match!

[With Summers back on his feet near the ropes, Kendrick approaches, grabbing a loose side headlock as he presses Summers' forehead down on the top rope...

...and drags it along the length of the rope, raking Summers' skin on it!]

BW: AHHHHH!

[Kendrick lets go, smirking as Summers staggers away, rubbing at his face. We cut to the floor where the Summers' Sweetheart is clutching her chest in shock at what she just saw.]

BW: Look at the poor Sweetheart, Gordo. She's going to have a heart attack at Rex's face being attacked like that!

GM: Give me a break!

[Kendrick follows Summers in, turning him around by the shoulder...

...which is Summers' chance to stick a pair of fingers in the eyes of Kendrick!]

GM: Oh! And Summers goes to the eyes!

BW: Well, what choice did he have after having his livelihood threatened like that?! This is horrible! I can barely watch!

[Summers hops up on the midbuckle, standing tall as he waits for Kendrick to get a little bit closer...

...and then leaps into the air, his hands clasped over his head!]

GM: Axehandle off the midbuckle!

[But as he plummets down towards Kendrick, Kendrick swings a right hand into the midsection, causing Summers to do a front somersault, flopping over onto his back, gasping for air as the fans cheer again!]

GM: And Kendrick with the counter, putting Summers down in a bad, bad way!

[Kendrick nods at the cheering crowd, turning back towards Summers, waving a hand, calling his SM&K ally back to his feet...]

GM: Summers trying to get up off the mat but Kendrick's right there waiting for him when he does...

[And as Summers climbs to a vertical base, Kendrick rushes forward...

...and SLAMS a boot into the back of Summers' knee, kicking him down to a knee!]

GM: Oh! Kendrick kicks him in the back of the knee! He kicked him RIGHT in the left knee!

[Summers grimaces as Kendrick circles around him, sticking a finger in Summers' face.]

"I know you, Rex! I know you better than you know yourself!"

[Summers takes a wild swing from his knee at Kendrick but Kendrick backs off, shaking his head...

...and delivers a running boot to the mush, knocking Summers down to his back!]

GM: Kendrick talking a little trash out there as well.

BW: Not just any trash though. Did you hear what he said?

GM: He said he knows Rex Summers better than-

BW: Better than Summers knows himself. Exactly. And he did it right after delivering that kick to the left leg... a long-time nagging injury for Summers. The kind of injury that maybe only an ally would know about. Kerry Kendrick just exposed it for the whole world to see though.

[Kendrick grabs the left leg, planting his boot on the hip...

...and then flips forward, stretching out the left hamstring of the former Steal The Spotlight holder!]

GM: OHH! Kendrick going right after that leg!

[Getting back to his feet, Kendrick watches as Summers tries to crawl away from him...

...and Kendrick swoops in behind Summers, grabbing him by the foot, lifting his leg high in the air...]

BW: NO!

[...and SLAMS Summers' knee down into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

[Summers rolls over onto his back, holding onto his leg as Kendrick stands over him, leaning down to grab the leg...]

GM: Summers hanging onto his leg but Kendrick's trying to turn up the pressure on him yet again...

[Flat on his back, Summers responds with a pair of upkicks to the chin, knocking Kendrick back as Summers tries to scramble up off the mat.]

GM: Summers caught him with those kicks, getting back off the canvas now.

[Summers clubs Kendrick across the back of the head and neck with a pair of forearms, sending Kendrick staggering forward, falling to his knees near the ropes.]

GM: The Red Hot One sends Kendrick down to his knees... look at this...

[Summers puts Kendrick's throat across the middle rope, planting his shin on the back of the neck, choking Kendrick as he pulls on the ropes.]

GM: That's a choke, ref!

[The official reaches a four count before Summers breaks the chokehold, backing off with his arms raised...]

...and then runs back in, getting a slight jump in before driving his weight down on the back of the neck, bouncing off as Kendrick falls back into the ring, clutching at his throat.]

GM: Rex Summers turning the momentum around in this one, going after the throat of Kendrick...

[Summers squares up, falling to his knees as he drives the point of his elbow down into Kendrick's throat once... twice... three times before attempting a lateral press, getting just barely a two count before Kendrick kicks out.]

GM: A two count but that's all there.

[Summers gets back to his feet, putting the boots to his ally with a series of stomps to the upper chest of Kendrick.]

GM: Summers dragging Kendrick up off the mat...

[With Kendrick in a daze, Summers dashes towards the ropes...]

...and ends up flopping facefirst to the mat to the laughter of the fans as Erica Toughill walks by, popping her gum.]

GM: Did she...?

BW: She did! She tripped up Summers!

[Rex Summers rolls over to his butt, staring out at Toughill who simply shrugs her shoulders.]

BW: Well, I guess we know whose side she's on.

GM: No surprise there. It was Kendrick who brought Toughill - who we'll be seeing in action later tonight - to the AWA to begin with, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, but... well, I guess I was hoping she'd be Switzerland.

[Gordon chuckles as Summers climbs up off the mat, still shaking his head as he moves back in on Kendrick who lashes out with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by Kendrick... and another!

[Grabbing Summers by the arm, Kendrick shoots him towards the ropes, scooping him up on the rebound and slamming him down to the canvas. He quickly snaps a legdrop down across the throat, rolling into a lateral press of his own but also only getting a two count.]

GM: And this time, it's Kerry Kendrick who scores the two count.

[Kendrick rolls right out of the lateral press, pinning Summers' ankle to the mat with his shin as he smashes his elbow down into the left knee, digging the point of the elbow into the leg causing Summers to howl in pain.]

GM: Kendrick goes right back after the leg...

[The Self Made Man suddenly gets to his feet, clapping his hands together as he leaps up to drop his knee down into the side of Summers' knee, digging it back and forth across the leg again.]

GM: First the elbow into the knee now his own knee... Kendrick's trying to take out that wheel and take away Rex Summers' ability to move.

[Climbing to his feet, Kendrick grabs the leg, hooking the ankle under his armpit as he tries to turn Summers over.]

GM: Kendrick's looking for a half Crab here!

[But just as he gets it applied, Summers ends up in the ropes, the referee calling for a break. Kendrick looks annoyed as he lets go of the hold and even more annoyed as Summers rolls out to the floor, wincing as he tries to put weight on his leg.]

GM: Summers looking for a breather on the floor but I don't think he's going to get one.

[Rolling out to the floor, Kendrick approaches Summers from the blind side, swinging him around into a right hand on the jaw that knocks Summers down onto his butt on the floor.]

GM: Oh my! Big right hand by Kendrick takes Summers off his feet!

[Kendrick smirks as he drags Summers off the floor by the arm, hooking his arms around his torso...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KENDRICK DRIVES HIM BACK INTO THE STEEL!

[Summers grimaces in pain, slumping down to all fours on the floor as Kendrick stands over him.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick taking aim at the legs... now the back. He's really physically taking apart his SM&K partner. And somewhere in the back, Callum Mahoney is getting ready for his match against Travis Lynch later tonight. You've gotta wonder what he's thinking watching his closest allies do battle with one another.

BW: Hey, if it came down to one of these guys and Mahoney, he'd do the same thing. SM&K may be a unit but they're all about winning, money, and glory. This weekend is about those things too.

[Kendrick drags Summers by the hair away from the railing, yanking him into a front facelock...]

BW: Kerry, don't do it! He's your friend, Kerry! He's-

[...but Kendrick SNAPS Summers over on the barely-padded floor with a suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What happened to them being all about winning?!

BW: You can win a match without trying to cripple your opponent! Isn't that what you're always trying to convince me?!

[Kendrick drags Summers off the floor, shoving him under the ropes back inside the ring. He rolls in after him, crawling into a lateral press that also scores a two count before Summers lifts the shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Another two count there and you have to wonder how far these two are willing to go to win this. Would they be willing to permanently break up SM&K if it meant a trip to the Quarterfinals to take on either MAMMOTH Maximus or Jack Lynch?

BW: That's a tough one, Gordo. Winning this tournament can change your entire life... but so can breaking up a successful unit like SM&K.

[Kendrick pulls Summers off the mat, yanking him into an inverted facelock...

...and drops down to a knee, jamming his other knee up into the back of Summers!]

GM: Oof! That'll adjust your spine!

[Popping back up, Kendrick swings out of the inverted facelock, leaping up to snag Summers, and drop him with a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Kendrick takes him down hard again - another cover!

[But another two count rings out before the kickout.]

GM: Again, Summers is out at two, showing great resilience against the offensive attack of Kerry Kendrick.

[Kendrick climbs back to his feet, again moving to attack the legs of Summers.]

GM: And now, you start to get a feeling for what Kendrick's gameplan is. He takes Summers off his feet with something like a slam or suplex and then goes after the leg while Summers is prone.

BW: It's a smart strategy for sure... makes your wonder how long he's been planning it.

GM: Are you insinuating-

BW: That Kerry Kendrick has been planning on turning on his partner for months? Maybe.

GM: Hmm. I always thought it'd be Mahoney.

[Kendrick wraps Summers leg around his own in a makeshift spinning toehold before leaping into the air, bringing all his weight down on the leg. Summers cries out, sitting up off the mat... and Kendrick drops him back down with a right hand across the jaw!]

GM: Right down on the knee again!

[Kendrick lets go of the leg, getting back to his feet. He leans down, pulling Summers up with him...

...and wraps his arms around the torso, setting up for the belly-to-belly!]

GM: Kendrick's trying to end it!

[But Summers reaches up, digging his fingers into the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! And a desperation move by Rex Summers to get out of that dangerous position he found himself in.

[With Kendrick temporarily blinded, Summers swoops in behind him, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish- no!

[Summers YANKS Kendrick into a short arm kneelift into the gut, stunning Kendrick long enough for the Red Hot One to reach up, snaring him in a double underhook. The crowd buzzes as Summers appears to be setting up for the Heat Check DDT...

...and then cheers as Kendrick spins out of it, wrapping his arms around the torso of Summers again!]

GM: BELLY-TO-BELL-

[But Summers escapes again, this time swinging his arms together on the ears of Kendrick!]

GM: Ohh! Summers rings his bell...

[Kendrick staggers away from Summers, wobbling in a circle to turn away from him as Summers backs into the ropes, bouncing off. He hobbles a bit as he runs, not getting full speed behind him as he LAYS INTO Kendrick with a devastating clothesline to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Summers swings his arms apart in an "it's over!" gesture before flipping Kendrick onto his back, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: The North Star Lariat connects for one! He's got two! He's got- NO! Kickout! Kendrick's out at two!

[Summers, sensing victory is near, scrambles up off the mat, pulling a dazed Kendrick up with him...

...and yanks him into a double underhook again! The crowd roars with anticipation!]

GM: He's setting for the Heat Check! He's got him-

[But Kendrick suddenly lunges forward, pushing Summers back into the ropes...

...and actually through the ropes, sending both men toppling through them and crashing down to the floor in a heap.]

GM: OHHH! All the way down to the floor they go!

[Summers instantly rolls to his back, clutching at his knee.]

GM: It looks like Summers might've come down on his knee out there on the floor. Kendrick went down hard too but if Summers took another impact on that knee, we could be looking at the end being near for the Red Hot One.

[Kendrick pushes up to all fours on the floor as Summers continues to wince in pain, holding onto his knee as the referee starts his ten count on both competitors out on the floor.]

GM: Both men being counted here and remember, if they don't make it back in by ten, they'd both be eliminated from the tournament which would mean either Jack Lynch or Maximus would get a bye straight to the Semifinals of the tournament.

BW: That would be huge for Maximus.

GM: Or Jack Lynch.

BW: Maximus would be in a great position to win the whole thing then.

GM: Or Jack Lynch.

[Kendrick grabs hold of the apron, pulling himself up to a knee as the Summers Sweetheart rushes over, kneeling down next to Summers, helping him to a seated position as he turns his head, whispering to her behind the shield of his hand.]

GM: Kendrick's on his feet, moving in on Summers...

[Grabbing Summers by the hair, Kendrick earns a squeaking yelp from the Summers Sweetheart who slips away before Kendrick pulls Summers up, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The count gets broken up as Kendrick puts Summers back in...

[Climbing back up on the apron, Kendrick gets halfway through the ropes when suddenly, desperate times call for desperate measures.]

GM: What the-?!

[The crowd roars as the Summers Sweetheart rushes forward, grabbing Kendrick by the leg, preventing him from getting back inside the ring...]

GM: The Summers Sweetheart is- she's got him by the leg! What in the world is-

[Kendrick struggles to get free, the crowd anticipation getting louder and louder as Erica Toughill surges forward...]

GM: She's holding Kendrick's leg, keeping him from getting back inside the ring and-

[...and absolutely OBLITERATES the Sweetheart with a running clothesline, flipping her inside out and dumping her on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY GOD!

[Kendrick, suddenly free from her grip, stumbles into the ring where Rex Summers is standing to boot him in the gut, double underhooking the arms...]

BW: HEAT CHECK!

[...and SPIKES Kerry Kendrick skullfirst into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: He got all of that!

[Summers flips Kendrick over, diving across his chest, not bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Summers promptly rolls off of Kendrick to his knees, throwing his arms up into the air as the Boston crowd lets him have it.]

GM: Rex Summers with the Heat Check DDT claims another victim... this time, one of his own allies in Kerry Kendrick.

BW: Are they still allies after that, Gordo?

GM: Well, time will give us the answer to that one, I suppose... but the Summers Sweetheart is probably looking at a few nights in the hospital thanks to Erica Toughill.

[Toughill glares into the ring at Rex Summers who mimics her shrug towards him from earlier. Summers grins as he climbs to his feet, Rebecca Ortiz making it official as the referee raises his hand again.]

GM: Summers is moving on, advancing to the Quarterfinals where he'll meet either MAMMOTH Maximus or Jack Lynch later tonight... but Kerry Kendrick is heading home after shocking the world by defeating Adam Rogers last night. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it's going to be a battle between the undefeated Maxim Zharkov and the former World Champion Ryan Martinez!

BW: That's gonna be a happening, daddy.

GM: Indeed. Don't go away because we'll be right back!

[Fade to black as Summers continues to celebrate...]

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.]

SLB: Alright, wrestling fans, we are just moments away from one of the most anticipated matches in the first round of this tournament as the White Knight...

[Blackwell's words trail off as he's joined by his quarrelsome, irascible nemesis: the manager Jackson Hunter, who has gone all out and rented an untailored tuxedo that he looks distinctly uncomfortable in.

But dominating the scene behind the two—calm, impassive and silent—cloaked in a dark teal cape is the mountainous Tsar: Maxim Zharkov.]

SLB: Jackson Hunter, as timely as always. In a few moments, your man Maxim Zharkov will be making his first AWA appearance since vanquishing Kolya Sudakov at Memorial Day Mayhem... This is the first time the Tsar has seen action since he sat out our tour through Canada and I have to think there is a risk of ring rust.

JH: Lou, if ignorance were corn flakes, you'd be General Mills.

[Lou "harumphs" in response, but Hunter continues.]

JH: Before I comment on tonight's match, I have to add my two cents on Juan Vasquez's match later tonight against a kid who seems to have anointed himself wrestling's next big thing. Jordan Ohara, if you had come around my locker room with an attitude like that we would have split you down the middle like a popsicle and hung you from the rafters as an example, so it's going to be a pleasure watching an absolute maestro like my friend Juan Vasquez dissect you. And speaking of people with tons of "it" who really need to learn their place: tonight, Ryan Martinez makes his in-ring return against the other end of the Axis, the Tsar himself.

[Zoom in on the stern, impassive face of Maxim Zharkov.]

JH: Ryan Martinez, a man who has beaten just about everyone who matters with the mighty Brainbuster... who has spent months on the shelf after Juan Vasquez served him justice... now he returns to the squared circle to face the other half of our celebrated Axis. Ryan, I know your dear old dad tried to impart some of the wisdom of the ring to when he could be bothered to have any time for you, but let me add some advice of my own. And trust me when I say that I do not sugarcoat.

A piledriver is a move that is designed and blueprinted to cause catastrophic injury to the neck and head of those unfortunate enough to receive it. It is a wrestling maneuver that one can spend YEARS recovering from... not months. And I know what I'm talking about; I'm a two-time Commonwealth Heavyweight Champion, and because of injuries like the one you were gifted with I'm holding a clipboard for the man you are facing in a few short minutes.

Ask yourself this, Ryan: are you prepared to face the man who dominated five of the United States' top athletes in one night at SuperClash? Are you prepared to face down the man who withstood the onslaught of Kolya Sudakov—the Russian War Machine who threw everything he could at The Tsar and could not overthrow him? This is the man who has NEVER been pinned or made to submit. He is engineered to be athletically superior in every way. How do you think you stand a chance in hell against him, Martinez?

[Slowly zoom out to reveal Jackson Hunter putting his free arm over "Sweet" Lou's shoulder.]

JH: Now, Mr. Baby-New-Potato-Head...

[Another indignant "harumph" from Blackwell.]

JH: ...Do you remember last year at the Fourth of July? Hawaii? We set off that big firework to show you what good, old-fashioned Soviet engineering was capable of.

SLB: My ears are still ringing from that!

JH: Tonight, we're lighting the fuse on another one when the Last Son of the Soviet Union obliterates the former World Champion with the Peacemaker. And that fuse will grow shorter tomorrow in the Quarterfinals, then the Semifinals. And when Zharkov stands triumphant, there will be no louder firework than the one set off in the sport of wrestling when Maxim Zharkov stands triumphant as the winner of the Battle of Boston. And may God continue to bless the AWA.

[Zharkov suddenly pipes up, first speaking in Russian.]

MZ: Do pobedy! LIGHTS OUT, TOVARISCH!

[Blackwell shrinks as Zharkov speaks. Hunter and Zharkov make their exits.]

SLB: No lack of confidence in that man... but is it warranted against the AWA's White Knight? We're going to find out in a short while but before we hear from the former World Champion, let's take a look back at the last time we saw Ryan Martinez inside an AWA ring to compete.

[We fade to footage marked "February 13th, 2016" where Juan Vasquez is inside the ring with Gordon Myers. The crowd is loudly jeering as we hear Vasquez speaking.]

JV: The Juan Vasquez *I* know is a World Champion! The Juan Vasquez I know is the biggest damn star in professional wrestling! The Juan Vasquez I know headlines shows all across the world and sells out arenas and is worshipped by millions! [Juan turns to Gordon and stares him straight in the eye.]

JV: The Juan Vasquez *I* know...

...is the most ruthless son of a bitch to ever step into a wrestling ring.

[He glares at Myers for a moment, before breaking the tension with a smirk.]

JV: You want to know why I attacked Ryan Martinez? You want to know why I damn near broke Hannibal Carver's stinkin' neck?

'Cause they were simply in a place... where they didn't belong. Doing something... they had no right to do.

GM: "In a place where they didn't belong"!?

[Juan nods.]

JV: They were in the Main Event. Taking the spotlight away... from ME.

[The crowd boos loudly, as Juan laughs. He goes to continue speaking when the crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

BW: Uh oh!

[The camera shot cuts to the top of the aisle where the World Champion, Ryan Martinez, is walking towards the ring... fast. He isn't dressed to wrestle. He's in blue jeans and a white t-shirt, the World Title belt over his shoulder. In other words, he's dressed for a fight. There is no music leading him to the ring... just the roaring cheers of the Las Vegas crowd as he draws close to the ring. Juan Vasquez pivots to face him, smirking as he waves him forward.]

BW: Gordo, I'd get the heck out of there if I were you!

[Martinez slides under the bottom rope, coming to his feet. Vasquez steps forward to confront him...

...but Martinez is a blur of motion, wrapping his left arm around Vasquez' neck while his right hand immediately starts pistoning punches into the skull of the Hall of Famer to an absolutely deafening ERUPTION of cheers from the sold-out crowd!]

BW: WE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS, DADDY!

[The crowd is ROARING as Martinez lands a flurry of hard shots to the side of the head as Vasquez raises his left hand, grabbing Martinez by the hair, throwing right hands of his own! Gordon Myers, who has bailed out of the ring, makes his way over to the ringside announce table, yanking on his headset.]

BW: Look what you started, Gordo!

GM: What I- am I even on?

BW: Yeah, we gotcha.

[The fists are still flying in the ring, Martinez seemingly getting the better of the exchange when Vasquez swings a knee up into the midsection, cutting off the attack. He backs off, yanking off his sportscoat...

...and then loops it around the throat of Martinez, pulling back on it!] GM: He's choking him! Vasquez is strangling the World Champion!

[Martinez' face turns red as he grabs at the cloth, trying to pull himself free. Vasquez steps on the back of his knee, forcing him down to the mat where he gets even more leverage pulling back on the jacket!]

GM: Ryan Martinez came for payback! Payback for himself! Payback for the man he defeated at SuperClash! He wanted payback and-

BW: And he's finding out why Juan Vasquez says no one truly knows who he is!

[The World Champion slams an elbow back into the midsection... once... twice... three times. He spins into the choke, the jacket still around his neck as he lashes out with a forearm shot to the temple. The jacket falls to the mat as Vasquez stumbles back into the corner...]

GM: Martinez puts him in the corner!

[Advancing on the Hall of Famer, Martinez grabs the powder blue dress shirt with both hands...

...and rips it apart, sending buttons flying and exposing the chest of Vasquez!]

GM: Oh!

[Shaking his head in disgust at Vasquez, Martinez shifts his feet...]

"MAR [CHOP!] - TI [CHOP!] - NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] - TI [CHOP!] - NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] - TI [CHOP!] - NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] - TI [CHOP!] - NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] - TI [CHOP!] - NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez steps back, giving a roar to the Las Vegas crowd as red welts form on the chest of Vasquez. The World Champion turns back towards him...

...and Vasquez lashes out, jabbing a thumb into the eye of Martinez!]

GM: OH! VASQUEZ GOES TO THE EYE!

[Dropping to his knees, Vasquez swings his right arm up into the groin of the blinded World Champion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND HE GOES LOW! WHAT A PIECE OF-

[Back on his feet, smirking as Martinez slumps to his knees in front of him, Vasquez looks out at the crowd with disdain. He extends his arms, waving his hands, inciting them to jeer louder.]

BW: Can you believe this, Gordo? Vasquez is actually LIKING these boos.

GM: I can't believe it at all. It makes me physically sick to my stomach in fact.

[Vasquez nods to the crowd as he steps forward, pulling Martinez into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh god, no!

[The Hall of Famer doesn't give anyone time to react though, pulling Martinez up, and quickly sitting out in a piledriver! The crowd ROARS with an "OHHHHHH!" and then suddenly falls silent as they realize what they just saw.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: A quick-shot piledriver! That's not the usual delayed piledriver we see most of the time - the one meant to cripple. That one's meant to hurt... and hurt bad... but it won't put you on the shelf for a year!

GM: Martinez is down! Martinez is out!

BW: Yeah, he's not getting up for a while, Gordo. He's out cold!

GM: Juan Vasquez...

[Vasquez leans over, lightly slapping Martinez on the cheek with a "You'll get 'em next time, kid" before he rolls out of the ring. The jeers are even louder than when he walked in as he makes his way up the aisle... now surrounded by a sea of officials and security, trying to get him away from the ring. Vasquez trades words with many of them when another figure comes marching from the back.]

GM: There's our new Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar... and he doesn't look happy with Vasquez.

[Gellar nears the pile in the aisle, shouting at security.]

"GET HIM OUT OF HERE! I WANT HIM OUT OF THE BUILDING!"

[Vasquez smirks at Gellar, responding with "I'm Juan Vasquez! I decide where I go!" Security quickly grabs Vasquez by the arms, guiding him up the aisle towards the back. He goes along with it, seemingly amused by this turn of events as Gellar heads towards the ring, waving an arm towards the back.]

GM: Emerson Gellar obviously greatly concerned for our World Champion. Juan Vasquez has apparently been kicked out of the building but... Dr. Ponavitch and his team coming out here now. This is... I don't even know.

BW: It's bad, Gordo. That's what it is. If you're a fan of Ryan Martinez, this is REAL bad.

[And as a stretcher gets brought to the ring, we fade from the pre-taped footage back to Boston where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing backstage alongside the former AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Ryan Martinez. Martinez is dressed for action, and his brown hair is wet and slicked back. The White Knight, however, does not look to be in his usual fighting trim, as his face looks rounder and his entire physique is softer in appearance than AWA fans are used to.]

SLB: It was real bad on that night indeed...but five months later, he is back. He is the AWA's youngest ever World Champion, and its longest reigning. And tonight, we see him wrestle for the first time since losing that title to Johnny Detson. Mr. Martinez, how are you feeling?

[Before he answers, Martinez narrows his eyes and seems to stare a hole through Blackwell.]

RM: Why don't you tell me, Lou? You seem to know everything about my condition.

[Martinez' tone is sharp, and Blackwell is taken aback by being snapped at.]

SLB: Don't shoot the messenger, Mr. Martinez. AWA fans have a right to know what condition you're going to the ring in.

[Martinez exhales slowly.]

RM: And now, Zharkov knows exactly where I'm vulnerable.

[An uncomfortable silence passes between the two men, before finally, Blackwell speaks.]

SLB: As of yet, no one has been able to pin Maxim Zharkov, or make him submit. And no matter how you feel about my reporting, there are many who wonder how you plan on pulling off this nigh impossible task.

[Martinez remains silent for a moment before answering.]

RM: You want to know how I am going to beat Zharkov, Lou? Well, I'm going to give you an honest answer, and probably one that will surprise you.

The answer is – I don't know.

I don't know how I am going to go in the ring with one of the scariest men in the AWA and do what no one else has done. I don't know how I will succeed where Kolya Sudakov, among so many others, has failed.

But I do know this, Lou – I will.

When it was myself and a handful of like-minded people against the monolithic power of the Wise Men, I didn't know how we would succeed. But I knew we would. When I went into Madison Square Garden, the most famous arena in wrestling history, and stood face to face with the greatest wrestler of the modern age, I didn't know how I was going to defeat him and take the World Title from him.

But Lou, I knew I was going to.

Last Memorial Day, when I went into the ring to face the literal devil, fighting him in an unsanctioned match, I didn't know how I was going to overcome a man that has wrought more havoc and shed more blood than any other wrestler in history.

But I knew that I was going to put an end to the devil's reign.

Every time I've come up against impossible odds, whether it was facing a violent brawler at SuperClash or wrestling sixty minutes against Johnny Detson, I've had to find a way to do what no one thought I could do.

And Lou? My track record speaks for itself. You've seen what I can do. You know what happens when my back is against the wall.

SLB: But what do you say to those people who say that you're not the Ryan Martinez you used to be. What do you say to those who claim you've lost sight of your own burning spirit? That instead of being driven by what you call "the fire," you're now driven by the need for revenge? They say you're overlooking Maxim Zharkov in favor of Juan Vasquez. They say you've become reckless, coming back too soon and incurring worse injuries. In short, they say that you are not the Ryan Martinez that they've come to look up to. You are no longer the White Knight they know. How do you answer that?

[Martinez' eyes flash angrily.]

RM: Just this.

All I've ever asked is the chance to prove myself. Tonight is a challenge. When I beat Zharkov, I've got either Vasquez or Ohara next. And then, when I beat either of those men, there are only more challenges ahead of me.

But even if no one else knows who I am, I know who I am. I know I am the man I've always been. Bent but not broken. Injured but not defeated.

And if I have to prove to the world that I'm the man I've always been? Then that's exactly what I'll do. And all of your doom saying, and all of the doubts in everyone's mind won't change that.

Count on it!

[With those words, Martinez steps away, prepared to go to war.]

SLB: Ryan Martinez certainly seems ready mentally for this night... but the question still lingers in my mind - is he ready physically? We're about to find out as we go down to the ring and Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions!

[Fade to the ring to the announcer.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a first round match in the BATTLE OF BOSTON tournament!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The sound of an artillery strike echoes throughout the building, kicking off the "Soviet March." Enter through the curtains Maxim Zharkov-- the towering specimen from Siberia. A dark teal robe, trimmed in red and gold, conceals his frame. His thickly eyebrowed and mustached face is mostly stoic, occasionally belying a disdain for the American spectators. Behind him, advisor Jackson Hunter, a middle-aged man with a perpetual scowl on his face, his ubiquitous clipboard under his arm.]

RO: From Magadan, Russia... weighing 151 kilograms... being accompanied to the ring by his American representative, Jackson Hunter...

He is THE TSAAAAAAAAAAR...

MAAAAAAXIMMMMMMM ZHARRRRRRRKOVVVVVV!

MAXIM... THE TSAR... ZHARKOV!

[Zharkov, with one swift motion, leaps onto the ring apron, throws his arms upward, casting his cloak off. He quickly steps through the ropes and begins a quick series of last-minute stretches on the corner.]

GM: Unpinned. Unbeaten. Maxim Zharkov has walked into 4th of July weekend, a celebration all over these great United States, with the goal of ruining that big celebration with a victory party of his own.

BW: The vodka will flow like water all over Russia if Zharkov wins this weekend, Gordo!

[Hunter is on the apron talking quickly to Zharkov as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[There is the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers. There's a TREMENDOUS reaction from the crowd for the music... but a decent-sized section booing their heads off.]

RO: From Los Angeles, California...

[As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the arena, the sound replicating the stomping of hundreds of feet.]

RO: Weighing two hundred and sixty five pounds...

[A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi"]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

RO: He is the AWA's White Knight...

[Once more, the choir of singers unites to repeat the chorus]

#This is a battle song, brothers and sisters
Time to go to war#

RO: He is... RYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNN...

MARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTIIIIIIIIINEZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

[Ryan Martinez emerges at the top of the entrance ramp, wearing a black hoodie, the hood pulled up over his face. He steps down to the center of the entrance ramp and pauses, throwing his head back, to reveal his face. He pauses, looking out over the crowd.]

As the majority of the crowd cheers him wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, pausing only at the apron, before stepping between the top and middle rope. His hoodie is unzipped and thrown over the turnbuckle in a corner. Ryan wears a pair of short black trunks, black boots with white laces, black knee pads with a white "X" in the center of the knee, and a long, black pad on his right arm that extends from the middle of his forearm to just under his armpit, the elbow portion of it heavily padded.

Both wrists are taped with glossy black tape. Ryan steps to the middle of the ring, bouncing up and down, as he waits for the bell to ring.]

GM: After five months on the shelf, Ryan Martinez has returned to action here in the AWA and listen to this reaction for him, Bucky!

BW: Oh, I hear it! The boo-birds are out tonight in Boston!

GM: And I think that has a lot to do with a former AWA competitor whose Boston ties are well known... but the overwhelming majority of these fans are on their feet, cheering their hearts out for the White Knight.

BW: All those cheers aren't going to do him a lick of good when the bell rings, Gordo.

[Referee Ricky Longfellow walks Martinez back to his corner, going over a few last minute things with him as Martinez' eyes are locked on Zharkov who is nodding at whatever Hunter is telling him.]

GM: The physical side of things is well known. Martinez was sidelined for five months with a neck injury at the hands of Juan Vasquez and, to a lesser degree, Johnny Detson. And as we learned earlier tonight, he has injured his arm while training for this tournament.

BW: Too soon, Gordo. The kid's trying to come back too soon and Zharkov is going to make him pay for it. You don't knock off an undefeated brute like Zharkov if you're not at one hundred percent and Ryan Martinez is far from one hundred percent these days.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The official walks back to the center of the ring, the TD Garden crowd roaring with anticipation as Longfellow looks to one corner... then the other...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And at the sound of the bell, a fired-up Martinez tears across the ring towards Zharkov, bullrushing the surprised Russian back into the buckles. Martinez straightens up, opening his hand as he swings it down into the face of Zharkov once... twice...]

GM: Martinez coming on strong!

[...three times... four times... five times...]

GM: He's all over him in the corner, trying to slap Zharkov right off his feet!

[...six times... seven times... eight times...]

BW: Get him off the man! This is illegal!

[...nine times... and one final tenth blow lands, snapping Zharkov's head to the side as Martinez grabs him by the arm.]

GM: The White Knight looking to shoot Zharkov across...

[But the 6'2", 347 pound Russian reverses it, sending Martinez crashing backfirst into the corner. The White Knight bounces out, coming back out towards Zharkov and **THROWS HIMSELF** into a spear tackle, blasting the Russian's ribcage and putting him down on the canvas!]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR!

[Zharkov collapses to the mat, clutching his midsection as the former World Champion dives into a lateral press, hooking the far leg as Longfellow drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the powerful Zharkov kicks out with authority, shoving Martinez off of him, throwing him down to the canvas.]

GM: OHH! What a knockout!

BW: And that knockout sends a message to Ryan Martinez that Maxim Zharkov is nowhere NEAR done in this one, Gordo.

GM: That might be exactly the message sent and received.

[Zharkov rolls to a knee, clutching his midsection in pain as he climbs to his feet as Jackson Hunter SCREAMS instructions at him!]

GM: Jackson Hunter does NOT like what he's seeing so far, Bucky.

BW: Zharkov took a pretty big bullet. He's holding onto his ribs as he gets up and... and that's like a target being painted on him by Martinez as he gets back up too.

[The former World Champion advances on Zharkov, shoving him back into the corner...]

BW: Gordo, when you look at Martinez right now, you can't tell me he looks like his old self. He's carrying extra weight. He looks soft in the midsection to me. The kid wasn't ready to come back this soon.

GM: I did notice that Ryan Martinez was billed at 265 pounds tonight, ten pounds over his usual fighting weight.

[With Zharkov prone in the corner, Martinez lays each arm over the top rope...
...and the crowd roars as he squares up.]

GM: Here we go!

[Martinez looks out at the sea of fans filling the TD Garden and nods his head.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] –

[But suddenly, Martinez clutches his tricep area, spinning away from the corner with an anguished expression on his face. The crowd buzzes with concern. Ricky Longfellow rushes next to Martinez, trying to check on the former World Champion...

...who shoves him aside with a loud "LEAVE ME ALONE!"

GM: What happened there? Something happened to Martinez' arm!

BW: Hey, I hate to admit it, but I think Blackwell's report was right! He DID have the scoop that Martinez' arm was injured during training! Look at Martinez hanging on to that tricep and-

[With Martinez reeling, clutching at his arm, Zharkov swoops in behind him, snagging a rear waistlock...]

GM: Look out!

[...and lifts Martinez off the mat, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX BY ZHARKOV!

BW: I believe he prefers that to be called an East German Suplex, Gordo.

GM: Call it what you want but he DUMPED Ryan Martinez right down on the back of the neck that put Martinez out of action for five months!

[From the floor, Jackson Hunter can be heard loudly shouting "AGAIN! AGAIN!" With a nod of his head, Zharkov moves in, rolling Martinez over with the toe of his boot. He leans down, snagging the waistlock on the 265 pounder who is trying to push his way up to his feet...

...and takes him over again, letting go as he folds Martinez in half on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: Another one! Two devastating German Suplexes right on the back of the neck!

BW: And somewhere back in that locker room, Juan Vasquez has a smile as big as Fenway's Green Monster, daddy!

[Zharkov climbs back to his feet, the Boston crowd letting him have it as he stares stoically out at them...

...until Hunter shouts "ONE MORE! GIVE HIM ANOTHER ONE!"

GM: Jackson Hunter is out there on the floor, pulling the strings of the undefeated Tsar who just laid out Ryan Martinez with two German Suplexes and appears to be looking for a third now!

[Zharkov watches as Martinez rolls over on a hip, trying to get off his back as the Russian heavyweight bounces from foot to foot, sizing up the White Knight who gets over onto his stomach...

...which is when Zharkov rushes in, hooking the waistlock on the downed Martinez...]

GM: Wait a second! Martinez is down on the mat and-

[The crowd ROARS at the show of strength as Zharkov muscles Martinez up off the mat, deadlifting him and holding him off the mat...

...and then DUMPS him on the back of his neck a third time, Martinez flipping right over onto his stomach this time. Zharkov pops up off the mat, extending his arms and gesturing for the crowd's reaction which is largely deafening boos for the Russian powerhouse.]

GM: Three! Three absolutely spine-shaking suplexes on the back of the head and neck!

BW: Make no mistake, Gordo, Zharkov wants to win this match but you get the feeling that a nice side prize for him would be to put Martinez right back in that hospital bed he was in back in February!

[A shout from Jackson Hunter sends Zharkov down to his knees where he rolls Martinez over onto his back, leaning over him in a sloppy lateral press.]

GM: Zharkov covers! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That was... my stars, that was VERY close!

BW: Zharkov almost won this thing in near record time, daddy! We're not even five minutes into this and Maxim Zharkov is absolutely dominating Ryan Martinez!

[Zharkov climbs to his feet, watching as Martinez rolls to all fours, desperately trying to crawl away from the Russian.]

GM: Martinez trying to create some space, give himself some room to maneuver as the Russian looks to finish this one off early.

BW: You know, Gordo, I don't think you could call it an upset if an undefeated brute like Zharkov beats a former World Champion... but you might call it that if Martinez just gets his butt handed to him!

[The Tsar slowly approaches Martinez, watching as the World Champion gets closer to the ropes. The White Knight grabs the ropes, threatening to climb off the mat...

...but a punishing double axehandle to the back of the neck knocks him back down.]

GM: The Tsar grabs Martinez by the ankle, pulling him back out to the middle of the ring...

[And drops a 347 pound elbow down in the back of the neck before rolling him over, staying with just an arm across the chest to earn another two count before Martinez escapes.]

GM: He's not going to get a fighter like Ryan Martinez with a sloppy cover like that, Bucky.

BW: Maybe not but right now, this match is all Maxim Zharkov!

[Zharkov leans down, hauling a dazed Martinez to his feet by the arm, flinging him towards the ropes...]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Martinez!

[Hitting the far ropes, the White Knight bounces off, leaping into the air for a cross body...]

GM: CAUGHT!

[The crowd grumbles with concerns as Zharkov effortlessly holds the 265 pounder across his chest, defiantly shaking his head. He walks across the ring, shouting in Russian at the jeering fans...]

...and then does a full spin before HURLING Martinez out of his arms, flinging him through the air and recklessly down to the mat!]

GM: Good grief.

BW: This guy is unstoppable! No one can put him down, Gordo! No one!

GM: This isn't over yet, Bucky.

BW: You keep the faith, Gordo. It's what you're good at. But I'm going to be over here basking in the glow of reality that is shining a big bright light on the fact that Ryan Martinez shouldn't have come back! He shouldn't be in that ring tonight! He shouldn't be in there at all!

[Zharkov walks around the prone Martinez who is again trying to crawl away from the Russian, again trying to find himself a way to recover. His arm is outstretched towards the ropes when Zharkov comes to a stop next to him...]

...and STOMPS the injured tricep!]

GM: OHH!

[And again... and again...]

GM: Come on! Zharkov's going after the injured arm!

BW: As he should! You can cry all you want, Gordo, but this is good strategy!

[Zharkov plants his left foot on the wrist of the struggling Martinez who tries to yank it free...]

...and then DROPS his knee down on the tricep, causing the White Knight to howl in pain!]

GM: Gaaaah.

[Hunter is positively gleeful as he claps loudly on the floor, encouraging his charge to go for the kill.]

GM: Zharkov pulling Martinez up by the back of the tights, right back up onto his feet...

[Reaching out, the Russian hooks his arms in a full nelson, throwing Martinez up into the air with it before snatching him out of the sky...]

...and DUMPING him down on the back of his head and neck again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Back suplex!

BW: At an absolutely VICIOUS angle!

[Zharkov rolls over, planting his palms on the chest of Martinez, extending his arms to glare menacingly into the camera as the referee counts.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN! AGAIN, MARTINEZ KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Zharkov looks annoyed at Martinez who holds his arm in the air, having successfully lifted his shoulder in time.]

GM: Great resiliency on the part of Ryan Martinez, refusing to stay down after repeatedly being dropped on his recovering neck.

BW: You can say that, Gordo, or you can say that a former World Champion - a man who fought one of the damndest World Title matches we've ever seen against Supreme Wright a couple of year ago... a man who wrestled a solid hour against the current World Champion last summer... that same guy is now battling to get his shoulder up in time at... what? The six minute mark of this match?

[Zharkov climbs off the mat, burying a boot into the shoulderblade of Martinez... and again... and again. He reaches down, grabbing Martinez by the hair, dragging him to his feet...]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt by Zharkov!

[The headbutt sends Martinez staggering back into the corner, barely able to stay on his feet as the Tsar earns the approving shouts of "YES! YES!" from his manager, Jackson Hunter.]

GM: Jackson Hunter certainly likes what he's seeing right now and who can blame him? Maxim Zharkov is dominating Ryan Martinez all over this ring in this first round matchup... and like you said, Bucky, Juan Vasquez has to be incredibly pleased as to what he's seeing as well.

[Grabbing Martinez by the arm, Zharkov shoots him across the ring before barreling across after him, moving his 347 pounds as quickly as he can...

...and runs CHESTFIRST into the buckles as Martinez somehow pulls himself clear in time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ZHARKOV HITS THE BUCKLES!

[As the Russian staggers backwards, Martinez pulls himself back into the corner, pushing himself up to the second rope...]

GM: Martinez going up! Looking for something big to get back into this thing! Looking to-

"PUSHKA!"

[...and Zharkov tears back into the corner, swinging his arm up into a palm strike to the chest that sends Martinez toppling backwards over the ropes, flipping through the air and CRASHING down on the thinly-padded concrete floor below! Martinez is howling in pain as he clutches at his injured arm as Zharkov leans against the buckles, looking down at him.]

GM: Martinez is down! Martinez is hurt! And Maxim Zharkov is standing tall after that devastating counter!

BW: Martinez was looking to go big... looking to land a big shot and like you said, get back into this match... but Zharkov caught him and made him pay the price in a major way!

[Hunter is on cloud nine as he circles around the ringpost, taunting the fallen Martinez as Zharkov stands inside the ring, allowing the official to count the former World Champion out of the ring.]

GM: And it looks like Zharkov would be perfectly happy with a countout win, Bucky.

BW: Why not? It sends him to the Quarterfinals as well as anything else... and after that fall to the floor, I'm not sure Martinez could even get up if he wanted to... and he shouldn't want to. He should stay down... take the countout... live to fight another day.

GM: It's the Battle of Boston tournament! There's no way he's doing that! If Ryan Martinez can get up... if Ryan Martinez can fight, that's exactly what he's going to do, Bucky.

[Longfellow's count is quickly to three as Zharkov walks around the ring, taunting the jeering Boston fans as Martinez tries to push up off the ringside mat using his good arm.]

GM: The kid's trying to get up! The White Knight is trying to show these fans exactly what he's made of!

[Hunter is still shouting at Martinez but goes quiet, backing off as the former World Champion gets to his knees at the count of five.]

GM: Martinez is fighting, Bucky! Fighting to get back in the ring and keep going!

BW: Why? Take the countout, kid. There's always SuperClash!

GM: Bucky!

[At the count of seven, Martinez drags himself to his feet with the aid of the ring apron, pushing himself towards the ropes...

...but the Tsar breaks up the count, reaching over the top to grab Martinez by the hair, hauling him up on the apron and right into a front facelock...]

GM: Zharkov's going to bring him in the hard way!

[The powerful Russian lifts Martinez up into the air in a vertical suplex...

...and simply FLINGS him backwards, throwing him down to the canvas from a standing position!]

GM: Goodness!

[A smirking Hunter stops by the announce desk, leaning over it to shout into Gordon's mic.]

"HOW ABOUT THIS, MYERS?! HOW ABOUT THIS?! HOW'S MY GUY DOING?!"

GM: Don't you have something else to do!

[A cackling Hunter struts away as Zharkov stalks towards Martinez who is again crawling towards the corner, trying to get up off the mat.]

GM: Zharkov moving in on Martinez... the White Knight trying to get back to his feet...

[And as he does, Martinez throws his good arm backwards, smashing his elbow up under the chin of the incoming Russian!]

GM: OHH! Martinez caught him on the way in!

[Zharkov stumbles backwards as Martinez hops up to the second rope again, taking aim...

...and HURLS himself off, catching the Russian with a left-armed clothesline, taking him off his feet!]

GM: OH MY! FLYING CLOTHESLINE OFF THE MIDDLE BUCKLE!

[A wincing Martinez drags himself into a cover, throwing himself across Zharkov's barrel chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, Zharkov kicks out, flinging Martinez off of him like he weighs nothing at all.]

GM: Wow.

BW: A flying clothesline didn't even get a strong two count! Martinez has gotta be reeling right now!

[A stunned Martinez rolls to a seated position, pushing back against the ropes, breathing heavily as sweat pours down his body.]

BW: Look at Martinez, Gordo. This tournament is supposed to be about the best in the world. You want to honestly tell me Ryan Martinez is one of the best in the world in the condition he's in? He's sucking wind, he's sweating enough to fill a small lake!

GM: It has often been said that time away from the ring is a professional wrestler's worst enemy. Ryan Martinez has had five months on the shelf and to come back to this? Maybe it is too much, I don't know... but I do know this young man is going to give it every single bit of fight in his body!

[Reaching backwards with his good arm, Martinez drags himself back to a standing position, watching as Zharkov climbs to a knee...

...and the White Knight rushes forward, throwing himself into a one-legged dropkick to the jaw of the kneeling Zharkov!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hunter slams his hands down on the apron, suddenly concerned as Martinez crawls into another cover!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!!

[Zharkov again kicks out, however this time he simply kicks out instead of the show of power!]

GM: And Ryan Martinez may have only gotten the two count there but he scores a moral victory in my book, making Zharkov work a little bit harder to escape his first pinfall!

[Martinez slowly throws a leg over Zharkov's round torso, setting into the mount as he grabs Zharkov's head with his right arm, winding up with his left...]

GM: Forearm to the temple! Another! Another!

BW: He's not going to do as much damage with his off-arm as he would with his good one, Gordo.

GM: Maybe not but he's laying them in hard! Zharkov is reeling as the official is right there, checking for a submission or a knockout!

[Martinez gets up, shaking out his right arm as he climbs to his feet. The Boston crowd is roaring as Martinez stands over the downed Zharkov, letting loose a pain-filled shout.]

GM: Martinez is fired up now! He's sensing a change in the tides of this one! Ten minutes into this and the White Knight is trying to find a way to battle his way back in and find a way to advance to the second round of this tournament!

[Martinez backs to the corner, holding his right arm close to his body as he places his back against the buckles, waving his left arm at Zharkov, shouting at the big Russian to "GET UP!"]

GM: Martinez has got Zharkov in his sights, looking for something... somehow to put an end to the Tsar's undefeated streak!

[Hunter is also shouting at the Russian, warning him of what might be coming for him as the Tsar staggers up off the mat, wobbling in a circle towards a waiting Martinez...

...who comes barreling out of the corner towards him!]

GM: MARTINEZ COMING FROM THE CORNER!

[But as he does, Zharkov goes into a full spin, building momentum...

...and OBLITERATES Martinez with a discus clothesline, sending Martinez flying through the air, flipping over and landing on the back of his neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: THAT'S THE PEACEMAKER! JACKSON SAID IT WAS COMIN' AND WHEN IT CAME, IT CAME IN SPADES, DADDY!

[The hard fall to the canvas off the discus clothesline leaves Martinez right by the ropes where he rolls under them, dropping off the apron to the floor as a frustrated Zharkov dives to try to cover him!]

GM: And what ring presence right there! Ryan Martinez knew he was in serious trouble... he knew the match could very well be over right there... but he also knew that he was very close to the ropes! He rolled right out to the floor, saving himself... saving this match... saving this tournament for himself. Incredible!

[An exasperated Hunter shouts at Zharkov from the floor, ordering him to go out after Martinez.]

BW: Good call here by Hunter, not letting Martinez recover is key right here.

[Zharkov obliges, lying down on the mat so he can roll out to the floor.]

GM: Zharkov's going out after him... moving in quickly so that he can try to take advantage of his big clothesline. Wow, what impact that had, Bucky!

BW: He said he was going to take Sudakov's Sickle and make it his own... and he damn sure did that!

[Zharkov pulls a limp Martinez off the floor, lifting him up to his feet. He seems to be about to put him back inside the ring...

...when a flash of anger crosses his face and he boots Martinez in the gut instead.]

GM: What's he doing?

BW: I don't know. It looked like he was putting the former champ back in but changed his mind at the last second.

[Grabbing the dazed Martinez, Zharkov turns him around, holding him by the head and shoulders...

...and JAMS the base of Martinez' neck into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!

[Martinez' eyes roll back in his head as he slumps down to his knees, the crowd responding with DEAFENING jeers as Zharkov stands over him, gesturing to the fallen White Knight.]

GM: What a cold... vicious... brutal...

BW: That wasn't Zharkov trying to win a match, Gordo. That was Zharkov trying to put this kid back in the hospital.

GM: It certainly was... and even Hunter looked a little surprised by that.

[Zharkov shoves Martinez' limp body under the ropes back inside the ring. The Tsar sneers as he looks out on the jeering crowd before climbing up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...]

GM: Zharkov climbing back in and at this point, I'd say he's got Ryan Martinez at his mercy... if he has any.

BW: Oh, I'm quite sure he doesn't! Maxim Zharkov was born and bred for this moment, destroying America's greatest hero on 4th of July weekend! You gotta love that!

GM: Not if you're a flag-waving, red-blooded American you don't!

[Zharkov draws closer to where Martinez is motionless on the mat. A grinning Jackson Hunter is nearby, slamming his fist into the mat, shouting for Zharkov to "go for the kill!"]

GM: Zharkov's not even going to try to cover! What kind of a sadistic animal is he?!

[Pulling Martinez to his knees, Zharkov literally drags him by the hair across the ring, pulling him into the corner where he drags him right into a standing headscissors. The crowd begins to buzz with concern as Zharkov looks out on the jeering crowd with disdain.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

BW: This could be the Tsar Bomba coming up and if it is, say do svidaniya to your boy Martinez!

[Zharkov reaches down, wrapping his arms around the torso of the AWA's White Knight. With a shout, he hoists Martinez up into the air, positioning him so that he's got a hand on each arm, holding the arms out in crucifix powerbomb position...]

GM: He's got him up! Zharkov's got him up!

[The Tsar stands near the corner, arms held at full extension, keeping full control over Martinez who appears to already be out...]

...until the White Knight stretches out his legs, planting his feet down on the top rope...]

GM: Wait! Martinez with the-

[Pushing off, Martinez somehow manages to flip backwards, slipping out of Zharkov's grasp, quickly spinning...]

...and BLASTING Zharkov with a rolling elbow on the jaw, snapping his head back and leaving Zharkov staggered in the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Zharkov in a daze, Martinez clutches his right arm, wincing horribly as he wobbles across the ring to the far corner. He shakes out his arm, pressing his back to the buckles as the crowd roars with anticipation...]

...and then comes charging across the ring, swinging his leg up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: YAAAKUUUUZAAAAAA!

[The boot under the chin snaps Zharkov's head back. Jackson Hunter grabs the middle rope, screaming to the Tsar as Martinez drags the dazed Russian away from the corner, pulling him out to the center of the ring...]

...and right into a front facelock that almost blows the roof off the place!]

GM: MARTINEZ HOOKS HIM! HE'S GOING FOR THE BRAINBUSTER!

BW: Can he get him up?!

GM: We're about to find out! We're about to find out if he can-

[Slinging Zharkov's arm over his neck, Martinez reaches out with his bad arm, grabbing the tights on the Russian...]

GM: BRAINBUSTER!

[...but as he lifts him up, Martinez immediately puts him back down, clutching his arm in pain. Zharkov seizes the opportunity to smash his skull into the back of the neck, knocking Martinez down in the middle of the ring!]

GM: He couldn't do it! He couldn't get him up!

BW: The arm was bothering him too much... and look at Zharkov!

[Stepping into a straddle, Zharkov reaches down with both arms, yanking Martinez back into a full nelson...]

GM: GORYNCH!

[...and sits down on the back, hooking in the full nelson camel clutch as Martinez screams in pain!]

GM: Zharkov's got it locked! Martinez is in serious trouble here, fans!

BW: The full nelson alone is a painful hold, working the arms... working the neck... but when you add in the additional pressure by sitting down on it, this is an insane amount of pain for Martinez to absorb on an already bum neck and arm!

GM: But if anyone can fight through it, you know it's the White Knight!

BW: I know no such thing!

[Martinez cries out but shakes his head, refusing to give up when asked by the official.]

GM: Martinez refusing to give in, refusing to quit!

[Hunter can be heard screaming at Zharkov to apply more pressure.]

GM: Jackson Hunter wants Zharkov to crank up the pressure... although I don't know how he'd get more pressure than he's already got. Martinez' arms are trapped too... there's no getting to the ropes that way...

[A well-chosen camera shot shows Martinez stretching out his leg, trying to find the ropes that are well outside his reach.]

GM: He's trying to get there with his legs but no luck on that front. Zharkov has this hold locked in in the center of the ring... well, he did until that move by Martinez right there...

[The crowd cheers as Martinez slides a leg under him, planting his foot on the mat, scooting he and Zharkov closer to the ropes but still out of reach for his arms trapped in the full nelson.]

GM: Martinez trying to find a way out, trying to battle through the pain...

[The White Knight again plants his foot under him, scooting closer still. Zharkov is thrown off-balance by the move this time, slipping to the side and allowing Martinez to repeat the move, getting MUCH closer to the ropes now but still outside the reach of his arms.]

GM: Zharkov moving to a knee, pulling back on the arms and neck, trying to wrench a submission out of Martinez!

[Martinez tries to pull his arms forward, desperately trying to find an escape...]

GM: Martinez is fighting it! He's fighting it!

[But Zharkov pulls back, defiantly shaking his head as Martinez fails to grab the ropes...

...until he makes one last lunge...]

GM: RYAN DIVES!

[...and LOCKS his teeth around the bottom rope! The crowd ERUPTS at the show of guts on the part of Martinez!]

GM: He got to the ropes! Break the hold, ref!

[A furious Zharkov yanks Martinez back from the ropes, kneeling on the mat as he wrenches Martinez' torso, causing the White Knight to scream out in pain. Hunter can be heard screaming to "BREAK HIS DAMN NECK!" as the referee counts one... two... three...]

GM: GET HIM OFF THE MAN, REFEREE!

BW: He's trying, Gordo! Zharkov won't listen!

GM: RING THE BELL THEN, DAMN IT!

[The count hits four...]

GM: RING THE BELL NOW!

[...and five. But the official tries one last attempt, diving in, grabbing Zharkov by the arm, trying to get him to let go of the hold!]

GM: Longfellow's got the arm, trying to break the hold himself and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd recoils in shock as Zharkov FLINGS Longfellow halfway across the ring, throwing him down to the mat in a wild-eyed rage!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Whoa! Zharkov just dropped the referee like a bad habit!

[A stunned Jackson Hunter grabs at his own hair, looking on in disbelief as Zharkov stares down at the official...

...and then yanks Martinez off the mat by the hair, pulling him back to his feet. He shoves him towards the ropes, watching as the White Knight bounces off...]

GM: NO!

[...and DROPS him with another Peacemaker spinning clothesline!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[With Martinez down on the mat, clutching his neck, Zharkov stands over him, stomping the neck over and over and over...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: What the-?!

[Zharkov comes to a halt, turning to stare at the dazed official who is speaking to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... referee Ricky Longfellow has...

[Dramatic pause.]

RO: ...DISQUALIFIED Maxim Zharkov for striking an official!

[The crowd ROARS for the decision!]

RO: Therefore, your winner of the match, moving on to the Quarterfinals...
RYYYYYYYYYANNNNN MARRRRRTIIIIINEZZZZZ!

[The cheers get louder as Zharkov shouts at the official who rolls from the ring...

...and then turns his focus back to Martinez, stomping the neck again... and again... and again...]

GM: Come on! We need some help out here! We need-

[Ask and ye shall receive!]

GM: Here we go! Come on!

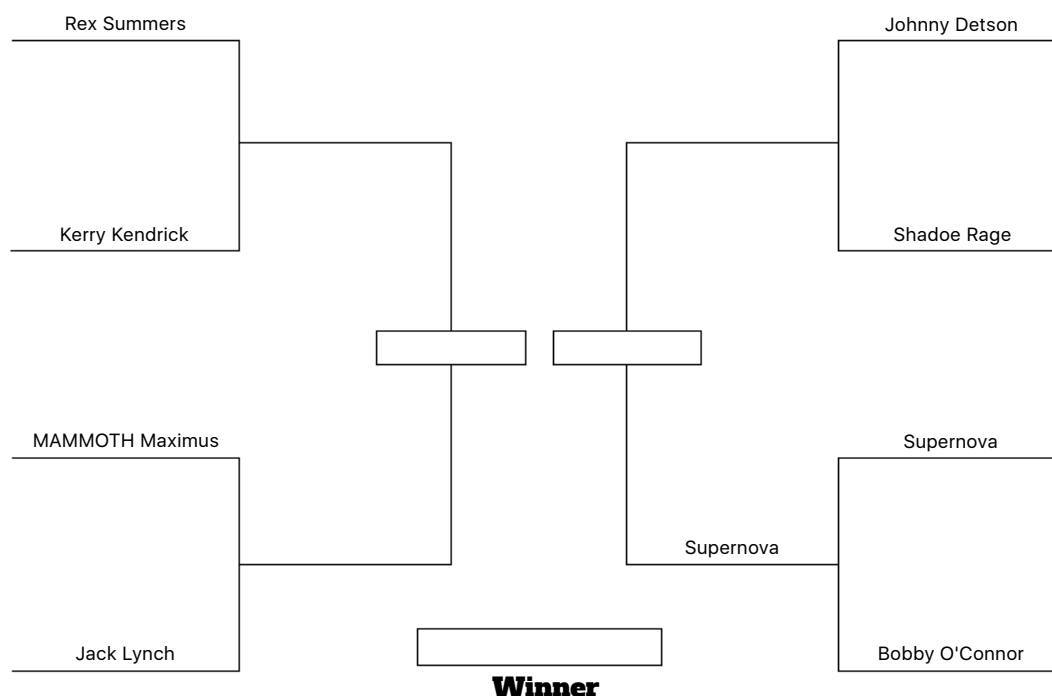
[The crowd ROARS as the Lynches and Bobby O'Connor come charging down the aisle, trailed by several other fan favorites from the AWA locker room. As they hit the ring, Zharkov bails out, joining his manager out on the floor. Hunter looks dismayed at the scene before him, shaking his head as a defiant Zharkov backs down the aisle, looking back up where Travis Lynch is shouting at him to get back inside the ring.]

GM: Zharkov and Hunter are heading for higher ground... a disqualification taking the undefeated Tsar out of the tournament.

BW: Well, that was a bad call by Zharkov for sure. He had this match won. He had Martinez beaten... but he let his temper get the better of him and ended up getting disqualified.

GM: He might be facing a fine for putting his hands on an official like that too.

BW: You're probably right about that but it's nothing compared to how he's going to feel when he realizes he wasted his chance to win this tournament. He was dominant, Gordo! There's a reason this guy has never been pinned or submitted! He was going to beat Martinez and I think there's a real good chance he could've gone the distance.

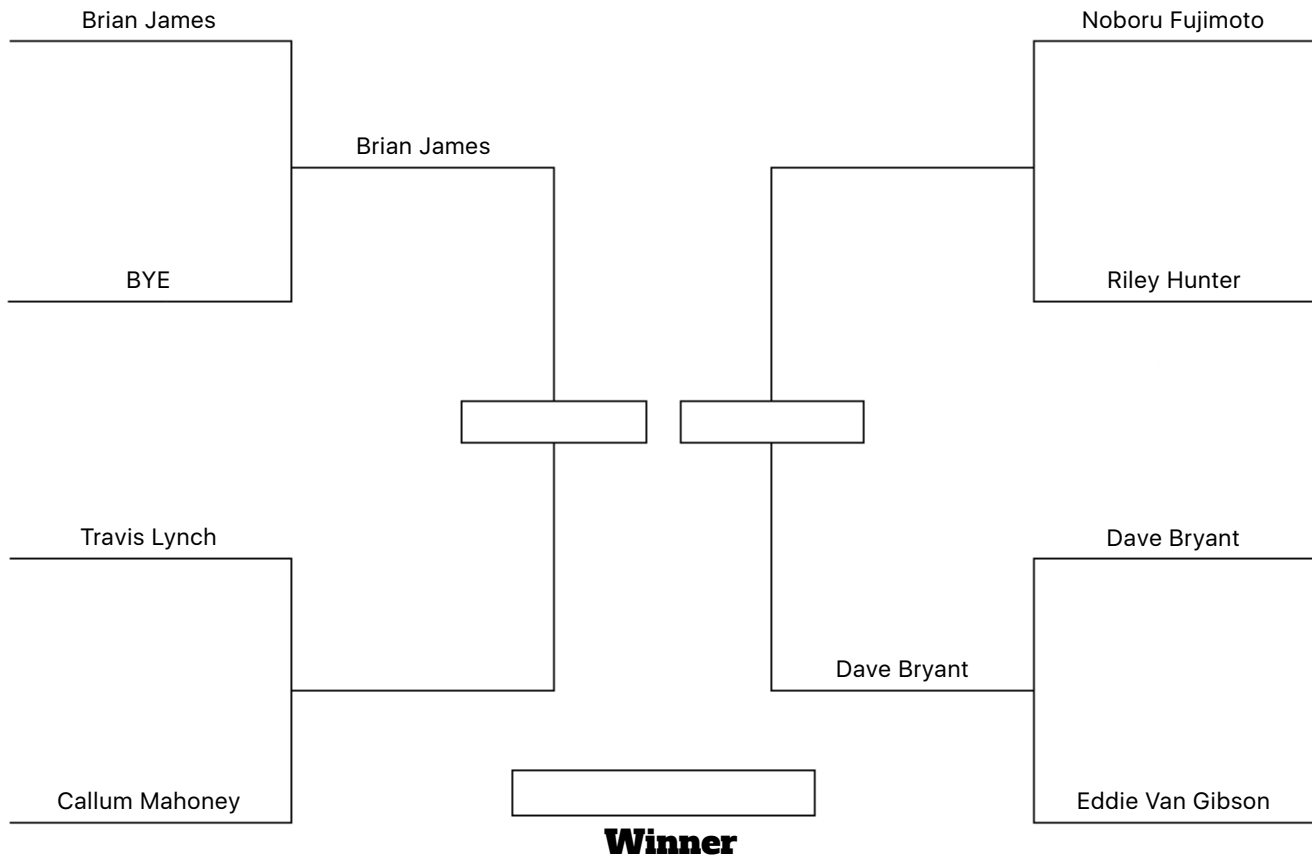


[The camera cuts to a smartphone screen and the shot moves in closer to see an icon featuring Sweet Lou's face imposed over an AWA logo. Beneath it are the words:

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

V/O: That's right, AWA fans, Sweet Lou Blackwell's hotline is going high tech! Get on Google Play and iTunes and look for the Sweet Lou's Hotline app! Download it

The Graham Bracket



today and you can stay on top of all the latest rumors, gossip and breaking news, delivered only by Sweet Lou Blackwell! Plus exclusive interviews and plenty of insights from Sweet Lou about the latest developments in the AWA and the history of pro wrestling!

[We cut back to Sweet Lou at the desk.]

SLB: It's a free app, but kids, don't forget to get your parents' permission before you download!

[He looks down at the smartphone and seems puzzled.]

SLB: Um... can someone tell me how to set up the wifi connection again?

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

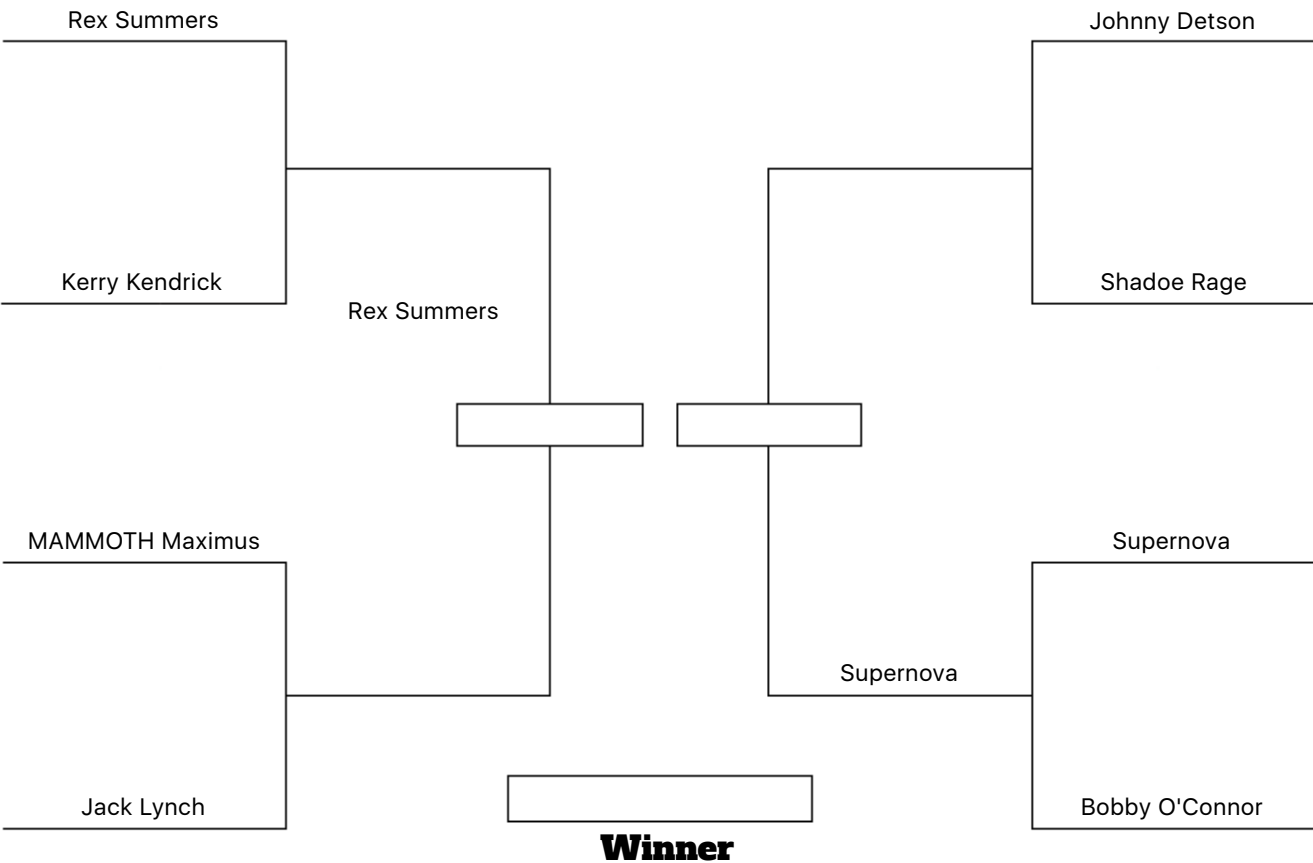
MS: Welcome back to the Battle of Boston Night Two, wrestling fans! Now, we've still got five more first round matchups to go tonight but our Quarterfinals are

The Hardin Bracket

already starting to take shape so let's take a look and see where we're at!

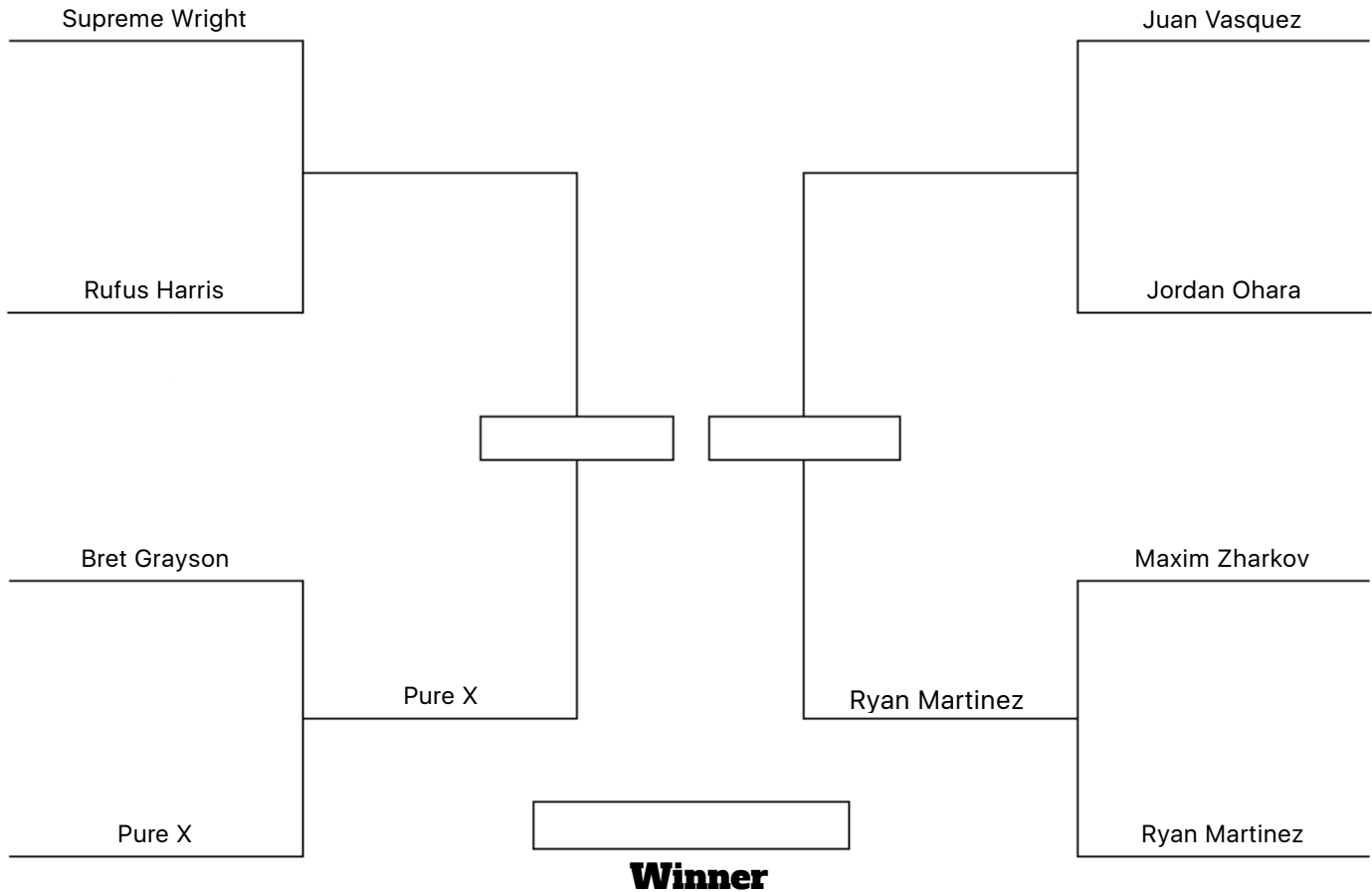
[The shot of Stegglet vanishes and is replaced by a graphic.]
MS: The Graham Bracket is three-fourths of the way towards getting us to the Quarterfinals as Riley Hunter advanced earlier this evening, joining Dave Bryant and Brian James in the Quarterfinals. Who will join them? We'll find out later tonight when National Champion Travis Lynch takes on the Armbar Assassin himself, Callum Mahoney!

[The graphic changes.]



MS: We're halfway through the Hardin Bracket for the first round with "Red Hot"

The Temple Bracket



Rex Summers advancing over his SM&K ally Kerry Kendrick. Summers, of course, awaits the winner of our next matchup pitting Jack Lynch against MAMMOTH Maximus. On the other side of the bracket, Supernova - advancing last night - will meet the winner of our Shadoe Rage/Johnny Detson battle coming up later tonight. And of course, in the Temple Bracket...

[The graphic changes again.]

MS: And of course, the so-called Death Bracket - the Temple Bracket - where we just saw Ryan Martinez advance via disqualification into the Quarterfinals. Pure X is in the Quarters as well but we've still got two big matches left in this bracket. The

battle between Juan Vasquez and Jordan Ohara and the one making headlines all over combat sports, perhaps the greatest in-ring competitor in all of professional wrestling, Supreme Wright, taking on the former GFC Heavyweight Champion, Rufus Harris. That one's coming up in a short while and I can't wait to see...

[Stegglet's words trail off as his eyes drift off-camera.]

MS: My... uh... my apologies, fans... someone just walked in here and-

[Stegglet pauses as the weary face of Jason Dane walks into view. Dane somehow looks even worse than the last time we saw him, a messy beard covering his formerly clean-cut face.]

MS: Jason? Uh, it's great to see you, man, but... we're on the air... we're live here.

[Dane looks absentmindedly towards the camera, waving a dismissive hand.]

JD: Blue.

MS: I'm sorry?

JD: Chris Blue. Is he here?

[Stegglet pauses, looking around.]

MS: I... well, I haven't seen him here. I-

JD: I need to talk to him. If you see him, tell him I'm looking for him.

[Without another word to his long-time friend, Jason Dane wanders out of the camera shot, leaving Mark Stegglet behind, jaw agape as we fade to another part of the backstage area where Colt Patterson is standing by with the masked MAMMOTH Maximus, whose meaty fists, clad in a pair of black fingerless gloves, are balled up on either side of his massive torso, which heaves under his black singlet, with a silver M across the front.]

CP: MAMMOTH Maximus, this is your first match back in the AWA after eight months. Unfortunately, some might say, it will be against an experienced fan favorite in Jack Lynch. Your thoughts heading into the Battle of Boston?

[Maximus shouts the interviewer's name, making him jump slightly.]

MM: COLT!

[Patterson shakes it off, holding the mic steady.]

MM: Colt, I have nothing but RESPECT for Jack Lynch! I respect what he's done! I respect him for the battles he's fought! I respect what he means to the fans! And because of that RESPECT, I will hold NOTHING back heading into this match! Because I expect Jack Lynch to bring HIS ALL to OUR MATCH!

[Maximus holds up one finger.]

MM: But, OBVIOUSLY, only one of us can advance to the Quarterfinals. Now, I've watched the wars that Jack Lynch have walked away from, but in a WAR of ATTRITION, the survivor is the one with MORE to give! There is MORE of me than there is of the Iron Cowboy! I am bigger! I am stronger! And by the end of this match, when all of Jack Lynch is broken DOWN, there will some of me left STILL standing! After all...

IT'S MINE!

IT'S MINE!

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[Maximus' throaty yell is echoed in recorded form before Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play over the arena speakers, to cheers from the crowd in the TD Garden as we go back to a shot of the interior of the arena.]

RO: Coming up next is another first round clash in the Battle of Boston tournament!

[Big cheer!]

RO: First...

[As the vocals begin, the masked mountain of a man, MAMMOTH Maximus emerges out onto the entrance stage. As seen previously, he has on a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks; a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim.]

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

RO: Hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains and weighing in at 420 pounds, he is...

MAMMMMMMMOOOOOTH MAAAAAAAAAXIMUSSSSSS!

[As he comes down the aisle, the big man occasionally reaches out to slap the outstretched hand or bump fists with his fans on either side. Reaching the ring, Maximus climbs the ring steps, onto the apron, before stepping through the ropes. He balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. Maximus brings his fists together in front of him and backs into his corner. He throws a couple of punches into the air as he waits...

...and we fade backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands, microphone in hand.]

SLB: What a night it has already been, and believe me when I say, the best has yet to come! Joining me right now is one of the AWA's most decorated men. He is a Stampede Cup winner, he is the only man in the AWA to win tag team gold with two different partners, and the winner of two of the most grueling, brutal matches in the history of the AWA. Call him Iron, call him the King, I'm talking about the one and only Jack Lynch.

[And here he comes – the King of Cowboys himself, Jack Lynch. As is now his habit, Lynch is dressed in all white, capped off with his large white cowboy hat. The six foot seven Lynch has a lean, lanky frame, solidly built despite his lankiness. He moves deliberately, and when he speaks, it is in a slow drawl that reveals his status as Texas' favorite native.]

JL: Keep layin' on all that praise and ya might just make me blush, Lou.

SLB: If anyone deserves the praise, it is certainly you, Mr. Lynch.

JL: Well "Sweet" Lou, I tip my hat to ya.

[And the Iron Cowboy does just that.]

SLB: After last night, where you and your brother Travis defeated Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, but only by disqualification, I have to think that you're feeling a little disappointed.

[Lynch nods his head.]

JL: Ain't no doubt about it, Lou. What went down last night was just those so-called Kings showin' their true colors, and that color is a big old yellow stripe runnin' down their backs. And I mean all their backs, includin' that big one they got out there havin' his daddy pullin' tricks so he doesn't have to fight Gladiator or Torin.

SLB: Brian James has denied any knowledge of that incident.

JL: Let me tell ya somethin' Lou, the easiest way to tell that one of them Kings is lyin' is just seein' if their lips are movin', 'cuz if they're talkin', they're lyin'.

SLB: And so I must assume that you and your brother will be seeking another rematch.

[Lynch shakes his head.]

JL: Trav and I talked about it last night, and we decided that, as much as we love teamin' up, and as much as we'd love puttin' fists to faces and boots to butts, that we each got our own goals. So, we're gonna leave Taylor and Donovan to the fine teams the AWA already has. Trav has got his National Title, and me? I got my own goals.

That don't mean that I won't be there for Trav every time he needs me, but for the time bein', we're each gonna do our own thing.

But let's be clear about one thing – I ain't gonna be forgettin' what them Kings did to us, or how they tried to bust Trav's hand, and there ain't no forgiveness in my heart where their concerned either. All four of 'em will get exactly what's comin' to 'em.

SLB: And now, we turn to tonight. You've faced many challenges before. You fought Demetrius Lake in a Texas Death Match, and I thought that was the damndest thing I'd ever seen take place in a wrestling ring, right up until I saw you go through every stage of hell in your match against Supreme Wright in last year's towel match. But the man you face tonight is by far the BIGGEST challenge you've ever encountered in the squared circle.

JL: As we say in Texas, there's a lotta beef on the hoof.

SLB: Which raises the question, how do you prepare for MAMMOTH Maximus?

JL: Well Lou, I'm gonna let you, and the rest of the world in on a little secret. See, I don't prepare myself the way most guys in the AWA do.

You put a big challenge in front of Ryan Martinez, and he's gonna spend every wakin' moment in the gym, probably with a million dollars' worth of equipment around him and some fancy breathin' mask over his face. You put a challenge in front of Supreme Wright, and he's splittin' his time between sittin' in his bunker

hatchin' some grand plan and bein' on the mats learnin' some new way to twist a man into knots.

Now, I ain't no stranger to the gym, and I ain't never been averse to hard work, but I ain't the guy comin' up with plans and counter plans.

Ya see Lou, for me, this comes natural.

I go in that ring, and it don't matter if I'm facin' Allen Allen or MAMMOTH Maximus. I go in that ring and I do what comes naturally to me. I'm there to close these fingers into a fist and black an eye and bloody a lip. I know how to lay the boots in, I know how to drive my knee into a nose and smear it across someone's face. I know how to put on the Iron Claw and squeeze a man's head until he feels like his eyes are about to pop out. Ain't none of that requires a sixty five step plan.

And ya know what, Lou? It's gotten me this fair, ain't it?

I'm a wrestler, and I'm a fighter, and it's as much a part of me as bein' Texan is. This is what I do for a livin', Lou. It's how I put food on my table, and comes as easy as breathin'. This ain't no intellectual exercise for me, and it ain't about tryin' to be the best.

Bein' the best fighter is just who I am, Lou. And I ain't gotta practice bein' Jack Lynch.

SLB: You definitely sound confident. And as you said, its taken you this far.

JL: Look Lou, I ain't under no illusions about what this match will entail. I already know I'll be in that ring starin' at a runaway freight train comin' at me a hundred miles an hour. I ain't comin' outta this without gettin' my butt whipped. I already know that this is gonna be a war.

But physically, I'm ready. I'm in great shape Lou, and after last night, I'm fixin' to get in a fight. And mentally? Well, all I gotta think about is who I'm fightin' for. And that's the most beautiful redhead in all of Texas, and the most precious little baby girl anyone has ever had.

That's all I need.

And let's be clear about one thing. You're a big, tough guy, Maximus. But you're lookin' at another big, tough guy. I ain't no stranger to fights, and as hard as you come at me, I'll be comin' just as hard. Yeah, you're a big guy that can throw leather.

But I dare ya to find anyone that's ever won a fistfight against Jack Lynch.

SBL: I'd say that it won't be an easy search!

JL: Maximus, ya need to understand that "Iron Cowboy" ain't just some cute nickname. It's a name I earned after years of fightin' longer and harder than anyone else.

I will win the Battle of Boston, and that starts by puttin' you down. You're big and tough, but you don't got what it takes.

And I'm fixin' to go out and prove that, right now.

[And with those words, Lynch steps away.]

SLB: There you heard it, the King of Cowboys is ready to go! Now, let's go back out to the ring to the lovely Rebecca Ortiz!

[Cut back to the ring where Maximus' music is starting to fade.]

RO: Annnnnnd 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... he is known as the Iron Cowboy...

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

PW: 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 and Stetson.]

#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: Jack Lynch made his return to the AWA less than two months ago at Memorial Day Mayhem, standing alongside his younger brother, Travis, in a successful effort to win the World Tag Team Titles. Now, they may not be the champions anymore-

BW: All hail the Kings!

GM: -but both of those brothers have told me that they've got their sights firmly set on winning this tournament.

BW: You know, Gordo... the thought of those two making the Finals makes me physically ill... but how great would it be to see them beat the heck out of each other?! It'd be tremendous!

GM: You're a sick man, Buckthorn.

[Lynch settles back in the corner as the music fades, staring across the ring at his super heavyweight opponent. Referee Davis Warren stands in the middle of the ring, checking to see if both competitors are ready for action...

...and signals for the bell!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The lanky Texan comes charging out of the corner, getting three-quarters of the way across the ring before Maximus can clear more than a quarter. Lynch laces into him with a pair of right hands, catching Maximus by surprise.]

GM: Jack Lynch with a right hand! And another!

[But Maximus grabs him under the armpits, hurling him back into the buckles behind him.]

GM: And this is NOT where Jack Lynch wants to be!

[Lynch covers up as Maximus squares up on him, throwing the right... the left... the right again, aiming at the side of Jack Lynch's head.]

GM: Maximus is teeing off on Lynch in the corner, rights and lefts to the head! Trying to take the Texan off his feet!

[Maximus continues to throw those hooking forearms to the side of the head, clipping the top of Lynch's skull as his arms fall over the top rope. The referee steps in, shouting at the super heavyweight, forcing him to back off...

...but he quickly moves back in, ready to inflict more punishment on him!]

GM: In comes Maximus again... and right into a big right hand!

[The crowd shouts for the big haymaker between the eyes, sending Maximus staggering backwards. Lynch steps out, takes aim, and throws a second big punch between the eyes!]

GM: Lynch with a second right hand... and a third!

[The three big haymakers has Maximus over halfway across the ring as Lynch steps back...

...and throws a picture perfect dropkick, both cowboy boots catching Maximus high on the chest, sending him wobbling backwards!]

GM: And Jack Lynch has come to fight, Bucky!

BW: Sure looks that way.

[Lynch pulls himself off the mat...

...just as Maximus surges forward with a loud bellow, leaping up and clashing his arms together on the head of Lynch, taking him off his feet and back down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Maximus using his entire body as a weapon there, throwing that 420 pounds into Lynch and taking him off his feet!

[Maximus brushes the official aside, rushing to the ropes, bouncing off towards the downed Lynch, leaping into the air...]

GM: BIG SPLASH!

...but Lynch rolls out of the way, sending Maximus CRASHING chestfirst down to the canvas!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE BIG SPLASH!

[With Maximus down, rolling onto his back, Lynch climbs to his feet, gets a running start, leaps into the air...

...and DRIVES his knee down into the sternum!]

GM: Big leaping kneedrop... and Lynch makes the cover!

[Lynch gets a two count before the 420 pound beast HURLS him into the air, pressing him off with ease. The Iron Cowboy scrambles up to his feet as Maximus gets to a knee, trying to get off the canvas...]

GM: Lynch hooks a side headlock... right hand! Another! A flurry of right hands to the skull of Maximus!

[With Maximus down on a knee, Lynch spins away, holding his white-gloved right hand up in the air...]

GM: Wait a second! Lynch is going for the Claw! He's going for the-

[Maximus raises his arms over his head, grabbing Lynch's wrist, blocking the Claw from coming towards his head!]

GM: Maximus is blocking it!

BW: Do you know how much strength it takes to block that Claw coming down at you like that with all that leverage behind it?! Incredible!

[Maximus pushes up, fighting the hold, battling his way up to his feet...

...and swings his knee up into the midsection, cutting off Lynch's attempt to lock the Lynch family legacy - the Iron Claw on his head!]

GM: Maximus up to his feet... ohh! Big clubbing forearm across the back of Lynch's head, knocking him back down to the mat!

BW: Oh! Well, you know what happens when you hit a Lynch in the head, right?

GM: What's that?

BW: Nothing.

[Maximus stands over Lynch, the crowd buzzing as the big man grabs the top rope, putting the boots to the Iron Cowboy, driving him under the ropes and out onto the ring apron.]

GM: Maximus boots him out on the apron...

[The super heavyweight steps out on the apron, looking out at the crowd with a loud "THE WORLD IS MINE! THE WORLD IS MIIIIIIINE!" as he leans down, pulling Lynch off the apron...

...and lifts him right up into a military press, standing on the apron with Lynch pressed high over his head!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[But before Maximus can hurl Lynch off the apron to the floor, the wriggling Texan slips free, landing on his feet inside the ring...

...and BLASTS Maximus with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand!

[Maximus grabs the top rope, trying to stay on the apron as Lynch winds up again, throwing a second right hand!]

GM: Another one! Maximus is trying to hang on! Maximus trying to stay on the apron as Lynch hammers away at him!

[A third haymaker has Maximus wobbling, his grip on the top rope the only thing saving him from a hard fall to the floor...

...which sends the King of the Cowboys across the ring, bouncing off the far ropes, running across towards Maximus...]

GM: Lynch charging in!

[...and LANDS a big running right hand to the skull that again causes Maximus to wobble, his weight being held up by that one hand!]

GM: Lynch is going again... to the ropes...

[The Texan comes off the ropes a second time, taking aim as he charges across the ring and...]

GM: OHHH!

[...and Maximus uses the grip on the ropes, swinging himself forward, throwing a hooking right hand that catches Lynch flush, sending him stumbling backwards where he falls facefirst down to the canvas!]

BW: Maximus caught ALL of that, daddy! He might've knocked Stench out cold!

[Maximus ducks back through the ropes, winding up his right arm...

...and leaps into the air, dropping 420 pounds down in an elbowdrop on the kidneys!]

GM: BIIIIIG ELBOW!

[Maximus rolls Lynch over onto his back, leaning into a lateral press.]

GM: Maximus makes a cover off the elbow - one! Two!

[But Lynch slips out from under the 420 pounds, breaking up the pin attempt. Maximus snatches a handful of hair on Lynch, winding up...

...and throws a short right hand to the face... and another... and another... and another!]

BW: Maximus lighting him up down on the mat, Gordo!

[The official again warns Maximus, shouting at him to lay off the closed fists as Maximus rises to his feet.]

GM: The 420 pounder up on his feet, looking for a way to put the Iron Cowboy down for a three count...

[Maximus uses the toe of his boot, preventing Lynch from rolling over onto his stomach. The big man takes aim, dropping a second elbow, this one aimed at the back of the head and neck!]

GM: Ohhh! Another big elbow!

[Maximus rolls Lynch onto his back again, leaning across for another pin attempt.]

GM: Maximus looking to end it again... but again, he only gets a two count!

[The super heavyweight again pulls Lynch up by the hair, peppering him with straight right hands to the face. Lynch covers up as the referee warns Maximus again.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus looking to put a hurting on Jack Lynch here tonight, wanting to advance to the next round where Rex Summers is awaiting the winner of this one.

BW: And you better bet the Red Hot One is sitting back there, watching this on a monitor, knowing that he's going to face one of them. He's doing his homework.

GM: Or did he go to the hospital with the Summers Sweetheart that Erica Toughill laid out?

BW: I don't think so, Gordo. When the luckiest lady in the world is named each night, there's always a runner-up selected in the event she can't fulfill her duties.

GM: Give me a break.

[Maximus climbs to his feet as the Texan rolls to his stomach, trying to crawl away, trying to create some space to get back into the fight...

...but the super heavyweight snatches his legs from behind.]

GM: Uh oh. This can't be good news for Jack Lynch or his fans.

[The powerful Maximus snatches Lynch up into the air, hoisting him up in wheelbarrow position...]

GM: LOOK AT THE POWER!

[...and HURLS Lynch facefirst down to the canvas with a released powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: That might do it, Gordo! That might be the end of it right here!

GM: Maximus needs to cover...

[Maximus leans over, flipping Lynch to his back. He drops to a knee, planting his palm in the middle of Lynch's chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the lackadaisical cover results in a two count as Lynch's shoulder flies up off the canvas. Maximus grimaces, looking down at Lynch with fire in his eyes as the Texan rolls to his stomach, again trying to crawl away from the super heavyweight.]

BW: Maximus back to his feet, stalking Lynch like a hunter after wounded prey...

GM: I'm fairly certain you've never been hunting in your life, Bucky.

BW: Excuse me if I prefer my campsites with room service.

[Maximus grabs the back of Lynch's white trunks, yanking him bodily up to his feet, hurling him a short distance into the buckles, shaking the Texan from head to toe. The big man squares up again, throwing rights and lefts to the head.]

GM: Maximus is going to town on Lynch in the corner again...

BW: And this time, Lynch can't get his arms up to block. At least he's hitting the softest part on a Lynch's body.

GM: Bucky!

[Grabbing Lynch by the arm, Maximus rockets him across the ring, sending him CRASHING into the buckles. Lynch hangs on to the ropes, trying to stay on his feet as Maximus takes aim...]

GM: Maximus charging across! AAAAAVVVVALANNNNCHE!

[But Lynch swings his big cowboy boot up, catching Maximus on the chin!]

GM: OHH!

[Maximus staggers out, trying to shake the cobwebs as Lynch stays in the buckles. The super heavyweight steadies himself, charging in a little slower the second time...

...and runs into a raised boot a second time!]

GM: BIG BOOT TO THE MUSH!

[The San Bernardino Mountains native staggers backwards as Lynch hops up to the second rope, takes aim, and leaps off to drop a forearm down between the eyes of Maximus!]

GM: Ohhh! Lynch with the forearm between the eyes! Trying to take the big man down!

[Maximus teeters and totters...

...but does not fall down, turning to face Lynch, defiantly shaking his head!]

GM: Oh my! Maximus is letting Lynch know it's going to take more than that!

[The wide-eyed Texan breaks into a dash to the ropes, rebounding back towards Maximus, running right into him with a shoulder block...

...but it doesn't even budge Maximus who roars at Lynch, shouting "THE WORLD IS MINE!" as Lynch backs off, a look of concern on his face.]

BW: Did you see that?! A former pro football player couldn't even BUDGE Maximus with a tackle!

[Lynch shakes his head as he walks away from Maximus who beckons him towards him, shouting at him to do it again...]

GM: Lynch to the ropes again...

[With a loud roar of his own, Lynch runs full sprint into another tackle! This one knocks Maximus back one step but again, he defiantly shakes his head at Lynch who looks on in awe.]

GM: Two big tackles and Maximus isn't going anywhere! Incredible!

[Lynch balls up his fists, considering his next option as Maximus dares him to try it a third time...]

GM: Maximus wants him to do it again! Third time's a charm perhaps.

BW: I certainly hope not.

[Lynch races to the ropes, hitting them hard, charging in on Maximus who sets to receive another tackle...

...but Lynch suddenly leaps up, landing his knee right up under the chin of Maximus!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FLYING KNEE!

BW: Cheapshot! They had a deal!

[The kneestrike catches Maximus flush, sending him staggering back, falling up against the ropes.]

GM: But still he stays on his feet!

[Lynch balls up his fist, running in to throw an uppercut into the ribcage!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot to the body!

[With Maximus draped over the ropes, Lynch lands a trio of big uppercuts to the ribs, turning Maximus' back against the ropes, throwing a pair of knife edge chops to the ribcage.]

GM: Lynch is trying to go downstairs, trying to take some of the wind away from Maximus!

[Grabbing the top rope, Lynch swings his knee up into the gut once... twice... three times... four times...]

GM: Lynch continues to hammer away at the body, trying to take the oxygen away from the 420 pound monster...

[Lynch grabs Maximus by the wrist, going for a whip across the ring.]

GM: The Texan shoots him across...

[And as Maximus rebounds, Lynch winds up and BURIES a right hand in the midsection, leaving Maximus wobbling away, clutching at his torso.]

GM: Lynch continues to work the body, shoving Maximus back into the corner...

[Balling up his fists, Lynch strikes a boxing stance, throwing rights and lefts at the ribcage of Maximus, hammering away as the Boston crowd roars for the turn of the tables!]

GM: And now it's Lynch's turn to hammer Maximus in the corner!

[With a roar, Lynch hits one more hook to the ribs before Davis Warren backs him off, warning against the closed fists...

...but a fired-up Lynch stomps back in, stepping up to the second rope, raising his hand over his head...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEV-

[The crowd ERUPTS in a concerned reaction as Maximus ducks down, lifting Lynch up onto his shoulders, stepping out of the corner...]

GM: HE'S GOT LYNCH UP! HE'S GOT LYNCH UP!

[The Texan continues to throw right hands, driving them down into the head over and over and over...

...until Maximus DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! POWERBOMB!!

BW: HE PUT LYNCH THROUGH THE MAT JUST ABOUT!

[But the exertion seems to have been too much for Maximus who drops to his knees after the powerbomb, clutching at his ribcage as Lynch lies flat on his back on the canvas...]

GM: Maximus can't take advantage of it! Not yet!

BW: Cover him, Maximus! Get him out of this tournament!

[Maximus crawls forward, wincing with every movement, and then collapses down, throwing an arm across the chest...]

GM: COVER!

[Davis Warren dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LYNCH GOT THE SHOULDER UP! MY STARS, LYNCH GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Maximus rolls off Lynch limply, falling to his back as he clutches at his ribcage.]

GM: Lynch escapes what looked like certain defeat off that powerbomb and... Maximus might have a busted rib or something, Bucky.

BW: That's the only explanation to me. A cracked rib, a broken rib, whatever. It's definitely affecting him inside the ring. He should've won this match right there. This thing should be over.

GM: Maximus though, sitting up on the mat... he's gonna get to his feet long before Jack Lynch can and he can still take advantage of this situation. He can still try to put a nail in the coffin of Jack Lynch's chances here at the Battle of Boston!

[Maximus winces as he gets to his feet, holding his side like a runner with a stitch. He leans down with much effort, dragging Lynch off the canvas, and shoving him back into the corner.]

GM: Maximus puts Lynch right where he wants him, moving in very slowly though as he tries to take advantage of this situation...

[Grimacing with every blow, Maximus balls up his fists, throwing hooking forearms to the head of Lynch. Right, left, right, left - trying to batter Lynch into unconsciousness.]

GM: The official trying to get the action out of the corner where it seems like it's been for much of this matchup.

[Maximus nods, grabbing Lynch by the wrist...]

GM: Big whip coming up.

[...but as he pulls Lynch out of the corner, he BLASTS him with a short-arm clothesline, taking the Texan right off his feet and depositing him near the corner in perfect position.]

GM: Uh oh. And you can hear the fans here in Boston familiar with Maximus... they know what's coming next. They know what he's after now.

[Maximus uses the toe of his boot, moving Lynch around a little bit...

...and then steps over him into the corner, grabbing the top rope as the buzz of concern washing over the TD Garden crowd grows stronger.]

GM: Maximus is looking for that Prehistoric Plunge!

[The super heavyweight steps one foot onto the second rope... then the other. He hangs on to the top rope, looking out at the crowd for a moment before he starts bouncing... and bouncing... and bouncing...]

GM: Maximus building up momentum for that big splash!

[...and then leaps into the air, extending his body parallel to the mat, plummeting his 420 pound frame down towards a prone Jack Lynch who has no escape from this coming!]

GM: PREHISTORIC PLUNGE!

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS in a roar!]

GM: KNEES! JACK LYNCH GOT THE KNEES UP!

BW: RIGHT ONTO THE INJURED RIBS! OF ALL THE LUCK FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!

[Maximus rolls off, clutching his torso as Jack Lynch rolls away from him, grabbing the ropes to haul himself up to his feet. Lynch looks down at Maximus who is in obvious pain...

...and then throws a glance at the ropes nearby.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Suddenly making his decision, Jack Lynch steps up on the second rope inside the ring, holding onto the ropes to keep his balance.]

GM: The Iron Cowboy is going outside his comfort zone here, fans. He knows that he might need to dig deep to put this super heavyweight brute down for a three count and that's exactly what he intends to do right here.

[Lynch places one foot on the top rope, looking back as he lets go of the ropes...

...and with a deep breath, he hurls himself backwards, burying the point of his elbow down into the injured ribcage, causing Maximus to howl loudly!]

GM: It might not have been the prettiest elbow to ever come off the top but it certainly was effective!

[Grabbing both legs on the injured Maximus, Lynch rolls into a back press, hanging on for dear life as Davis Warren drops down to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Lynch gets him!

BW: Gaaaah! I can't believe it!

[Lynch rolls off of Maximus, throwing his arm up in the air as the Boston crowd goes wild and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Moving on to the Quarterfinals... JAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch climbs to his feet, a lop-sided grin on his face as the referee raises his arm, signaling his hard-fought victory.]

GM: Jack Lynch scores a major win over MAMMOTH Maximus and that means he's heading to the Quarterfinals to take on "Red Hot" Rex Summers in what should be one heck of a matchup, Bucky.

BW: One heck of a matchup that ends with Lynch's skull meeting canvas courtesy of a Heat Check you mean!

GM: Well, that certainly could happen... or Rex Summers could go squealing in pain into the night thanks to an Iron Claw.

BW: Not a chance.

GM: That remains to be seen. A great effort put in by MAMMOTH Maximus but on this night, the Iron Cowboy is the better man...

[Lynch helps Maximus up to his feet, the super heavyweight extending a hand to Lynch and giving it a shake to the cheers of the fans.]

GM: Good show of post-match sportsmanship there as well... and fans, when we come back, we'll be taking a break from tournament action when the women of the AWA collide in a massive six woman tag team showdown! You do not want to miss that so don't you touch that dial!

[Lynch and Maximus are still talking in the ring when 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 "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing alone.]

SLB: Welcome back to the Battle of Boston, AWA fans, where we've seen a wild couple of nights already... surprises and shockers all around. I know that my bracket has already been busted and the night is still young but fans, I never expected this: two weeks removed from the next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling and the Rumble to crown the first AWA Women's World Champion and...

[Enter Charisma Knight, one arm over Lauryn Rage's shoulder, the other over Erica Toughill's shoulder.]

CK: And you didn't expect to see the three most notorious entrants palling around with each other like high school friends, right?

SLB: I am surprised, Charisma Knight! I never would have thought.

CK: The cattiness and the backbiting and petty jealousy... I think you'll find more of that across the hall in the GIRLS' locker room.

LR: Squad, Sweet Lou. Squad. Charisma's got Ayako just where she wants her; she'll tie her in knots. And Rick...

[Points to Erica Toughill.]

LR: Before the AWA, she repped the House of Rage.

ET: House of Rage, PAWG-in-Residence.

LR: Naw. Team GLOW sticks together.

SLB: Glow?

ET: G-L-O-W.

CK: Great Lakes Original Women. Cleveland.

LR: Toronto.

ET: Rochester.

SLB: I've heard about the water quality on Lake Erie and Lake Ontario... Erica Toughill, every time you talk I have to look over your shoulder.

[Toughill grabs Blackwell's wrist in her hand and squeezes.]

ET: Well, then listen to me now. In that ring, where it really matters...

[She holds up her free hand menacingly close to Blackwell's face.]

ET: ...THIS is my tongue, and everything I say gets written in some other broad's blood. But I've got to call out what I see, and I now I hear that Spitfire, and Cannon, and Ayako are putting on their brave faces and I want to find out how good they are before the Rumble in the Garden. I want to know if I'm right about them, because I can smell bull from a mile away, and I think those three are full of it.

Especially you, Spitfire. I want to find out if Melissa Cannon actually deserves to wear that iconic outfit. I want to find out if Ayako can actually take a punch. I want to know what Julie Somers' sweat smells like when her fear sensor kicks in...

because she sure doesn't know yet. I may not be as iconic a wrestler as Miyuki Ozaki, but I've seen them all step through those ropes, and I know the difference between the real women wrestlers, and girls like you three.

You've been in the ring with each other... you've been in the ring with Charisma and Lauryn... but none of you three have been in the ring with me. I'm willing to bet that moment any of you get hit... and I mean...

[She releases her grip on Lou's wrist, only to slap her balled-up fist into her open palm as punctuation.]

ET: REALLY...

REALLY...

HIT...

You're going to crumble. I just know it.

[Lauryn's overbearing chuckle fires staccato at Blackwell. She hangs her head and her jaw and looks up at Erica Toughill with one eye wide in shock.]

LR: Ya dig? Damn, Sweet Lou, my girl is serious, ain't she? And I like it because I'm just about sick of the Superfriends over there. I mean, Ayako Fujiwara? OVERRATED. Julie Somers? OVERRATED! And Melissa Cannon...

SLB: Let me guess... overrated?

[Lauryn gives him the 'I just smelled something bad' Lauryn Look.]

LR: Who rates Melissa Cannon, ya dig? Melissa Cannon's just been hiding out behind the scenes, trying to position herself as the premier wrestler in the Women's Division. But what has Melissa done except lose from Tokyo to Toronto?

NOTHING.

Nothing at all, Sweet Lou. Erica's wondering what'll happen when she really really hits. I wonder what happens when I

REALLY

REALLY

WRESTLE.

[Lauryn holds Blackwell and the viewers as she stares into the camera. She pauses for a long time before she breaks into a smile.]

LR: So tonight I'm going out to that ring with my crew, my squad, my sisters and we're gonna prove that the Superfriends and the other girl they can't hang with us. We are the AWA's Women's Division. Melissa, Julie, Ayako, Erica's gonna really really hit and I'm gonna really really wrestle.

And you're going to fail. I know it.

[She sniffs.]

LR: I can smell bull and fear from over there, Lou. What about you, 'Risma.

[Knight pushes her fading-out-back-into-brown blonde hair back, then rubs her hands together]

CK: It's just like the other ladies said, they're going to fall. The past few weeks have just been a hiccup for me. People getting LUCKY. Not tonight, tonight I stand with my girls here, and we knock down the pin-ups, push them right down, bring them back down to earth from whatever cloud they've been riding on. No games, just the Superfriends getting knocked around by the three toughest women in AWA. It's just facts.

[Lauryn looks from Charisma to Erica Toughill to Sweet Lou Blackwell. That irritating stuccato laugh machineguns over the mic, causing Blackwell to wince in pain.]

LR: Squad, Blackwell. Squad. Ladies, let's GLOW get 'em.

[Lauryn pony struts off camera with Charisma behind her. Toughill brings up the rear, flowering Blackwell into silence. He stays quiet, eyes down until they are gone.]

SLB: There you have it, folks...

[Blackwell pauses, shaking his head.]

SLB: Did she really say "GLOW get 'em?"

[Blackwell sighs as we fade to another part of the backstage area where Theresa Lynch stands in front of an AWA backdrop alongside the trio of Melissa Cannon, Ayako Fujiwara and Julie Somers.

Melissa is already dressed for battle in her loose-fitting yellow jumpsuit. Julie is dressed in her wrestling attire, a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just about her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Her long, wavy brown hair is pulled back behind her head. Ayako is color-coordinated with Julie, wearing a red version of her sleeveless catsuit with a corset-like top tied together with black string, fingerless elbow-length gloves, an elaborate gold embroidered belt sash, and knee-high boots. She stands there with her arms crossed over her chest, avoiding eye contact with the camera.]

TL: I am joined by three of the competitors in the women's Rumble match to determine the first ever AWA Women's Champion, but tonight, at the Battle of Boston, they will be teaming up to face three women who will also be in the Rumble, some that you have each had personal dealings with in the past.

[Cannon nods her head.]

MC: Personal dealings doesn't begin to cut it, Theresa. I'm so sick of Lauryn Rage...

[Cannon pauses, smirking at Julie Somers.]

MC: Well, I think EVERYONE is sick of Lauryn Rage. The last time someone was so universally hated out there in front of the camera and back here behind it, it was a certain Playboy who thought he was God's gift.

But Lauryn Rage... hearing her name fires me up. Seeing her face fires me up. And hearing that godawful shrill cackle of hers fires me up too, Theresa.

In fact, I'd like nothing more than to bust up her jaw so bad tonight that she can't even talk heading into the Rumble.

[Cannon pauses.]

MC: But I can't lose focus. I want to beat Rage, no doubt about it... but then there's Charisma Knight who I've got a history with too. Charisma, I owe you one from last year. You took MY spot at SuperClash and I can't wait to get my hands on you again and prove that you might have been the better woman that night but that was just one night.

And then there's Erica Toughill...

[Cannon shrugs.]

MC: ...who has finally decided she's had enough of being Kerry Kendrick's flunky and is going to lace 'em up to get in there with us where she belongs. Toughill's a tough competitor - an accomplished competitor. She deserves to be in that Rumble with a shot at the gold. She deserves to be in there tonight.

I'm just glad she finally realized it.

[Theresa pulls the mic back.]

TL: Julie Somers, after your victory at SuperClash, you made it clear you wanted to see a Women's Title match established. You've made it no secret you want to be the first AWA Women's Champion. Do you see any issues with working together with your partners knowing what's at stake at Madison Square Garden in a few days?

JS: Theresa, you're right that I've made it no secret that my goal is to become the first AWA Women's Champion. But it's also no secret that I have nothing but respect for Melissa Cannon and that the two of us have shown we can function as a cohesive unit, even with that personal goal we each have. And the respect I have for Melissa, that goes for Ayako Fujiwara as well. I know she's been trained by the best in the business, Miyuki Ozaki, who I know has taught every wrestler that, while individual goals should always be pursued, there will be times when you will need to work together with someone to accomplish a goal. And tonight, the goal is show three women who, when it comes down to it, are selfish, arrogant and have never demonstrated to me that they are willing to work together with anyone, that those who recognize the importance of individual goals, but will work together when the situation calls for it, are the ones who find the way to get the job done.

TL: I know that you've had personal dealings with Charisma Knight and Lauryn Rage, Julie. Now it seems that Erica Toughill is calling you out.

JS: [slight smile] Every woman on that team seems to think that I'm somebody that can be easily pushed around, doesn't it? Well, I've proven to Charisma Knight that it doesn't work that way, I've proven the same to Lauryn Rage, and if I have to prove that to Erica Toughill now, then so be it. Tonight is as good a night as any to give reminders to Knight and Rage that you don't push The Spitfire around, and give Toughill her first lesson about that. Any time somebody tries to push me around, I push right back! Knight, you ought to know enough from the last two times we've met that luck has nothing to do with my success. Rage, you saw exactly how Melissa and I took down The Serpentes. And Toughill -- well, I guess you've been too busy hanging around Kendrick and company to pay attention to that, so tonight, I'll give you plenty of examples of what happens to those who try to push me around. And I'm sure my partners here will have plenty to say about that, too.

[All eyes move towards Ayako, who gets a "Who me?" deer-in-the-headlights look on her face when she realizes Theresa has shoved her microphone in her face.]

Ayako: Oh! Umm...yeah! Julie and Melissa are right! This match isn't about getting caught up in rivalries or sending a message or trying to outdo the other. To become the first AWA Women's World Champion...that's a goal that we all share, but that's not what tonight is about. Tonight is about winning!

[Ayako nods to herself, looking a bit more confident.]

Ayako: And there are not any two women I would rather have to be my partners than these two ladies here. I've been inside the ring with these two as an opponent in the Empress Cup, so I know exactly what they're capable of and there's no doubt in my mind that working together, there are not many teams that would be capable of defeating the three of us!

TL: Speaking of the Empress Cup, it was there, where Melissa Cannon ended your bid at winning three straight Empress Cups in a row. Are you sure there's no lingering hard feelings there?

[Ayako's answer is almost immediate.]

Ayako: NO!!!

[She quickly covers his mouth at her sudden outburst. She begins talking again, this time using her inside voice.]

Ayako: I mean...no, there's not. Melissa Cannon is one of the very best wrestlers in the world, I have no reason to hold a grudge against her for defeating me fairly. I was taught a long time ago that being gracious in defeat is just as important as being humble in victory. To be a great champion and an even greater person, I shouldn't be angry or bitter in defeat...I must use it as motivation to become better. And believe me, since that defeat, I HAVE become better.

[Ayako nods at Melissa.]

TL: A lesson taught by your mentor Miyuki Ozaki, I take it?

[An uncertain look forms on Ayako's face at the mention of Ozaki.]

Ayako: Hai.

TL: Speaking of which, what are YOUR thoughts on Miyuki entering the Rumble?

Ayako: Umm...

TL: I know your focus must be on tonight's match, but I'm sure the announcement had to come as something as a shock to you. To all of you, in fact. Miyuki Ozaki is a bonafide legend who has won titles all over the world. Her presence in the Rumble has to be a gamechanger. So Ayako...

...your thoughts?

[The confidence drains from Ayako's face, before she abruptly blurts out...]

Ayako: No comment!

[Theresa starts to wrap it up.]

TL: On that note-

[But Melissa Cannon grabs her by the wrist.]

MC: One more thing, Theresa...

If Miyuki Ozaki thinks she's going to walk through the doors to this locker room, walk down that aisle, climb into OUR ring, and walk out of here with OUR Women's World Championship...

[Cannon's gaze turns cold, staring into the camera.]

MC: ...she's going to have to come through me to do it.

[Somers leans in.]

JS: And me.

[All eyes go to Fujiwara who looks surprised as we slowly fade to black.]

We fade to a panning shot of the TD Garden crowd, fans cheering and waving their signs at the camera as Rebecca Ortiz begins to speak.]

RO: Coming up now is a TRIOS MATCH that is part of the AWA Women's Division!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The sounds of Nicki Minaj's "I'm The Best" draws jeers from the Boston crowd as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: The team of...

CHARISMAAAAAAAAA KNIIIIIIIGHT!

ERRRRRICAIAAAAAA TOOOOUGHILLLLL!

AND LAURYNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The curtain parts as Lauryn Rage walks into view first. She poses for the crowd, left hand stretched out before her for the crowd to kiss her imaginary rings, the right hand akimbo on her thrust forward hips. She drinks in the imaginary love as boos are thrown at her arrogance. She wears knee high boots, kickpads, and kneepads along with a long sleeve unitard tog cut barely decently short at the bottom.]

A moment later, Charisma Knight comes storming through the curtain, a hand clasped to the side of her head, her fading hair hanging over it. She stands in a dark red hooded ring jacket, looking up at the roof of the TD Garden with a questioning expression as Rage does a doubletake in her direction.

Finally, Erica Toughill comes out into view. Toughill is dressed in a schoolgirl's blouse, blazer, and plaid skirt. Her croquet mallet is draped over her shoulder as she pops a large pink bubble with the gum she's chomping away at.

And together, the trio walks the aisle, drawing jeers from the sold out TD Garden crowd as they make their way towards the ring.]

GM: Three of the most sadistic women you'll ever run across, Bucky, right there.

BW: Sadistic? How can you say such a thing? They're just trying to make their dreams come true and put smiles on the faces of little girls!

[Toughill sneers at the camera as she walks by.]

GM: Right. That woman is not interesting in putting a smile on anyone's face... maybe not even her own.

[Reaching the ring, the trio makes their way inside the squared circle, each going a different direction once inside to taunt the fans or prepare for battle... or both in the case of Toughill who stretches while snarling at the ringside fans giving her a hard time.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

["Is She With You?" - the Wonder Woman theme from the DC Cinematic Universe - begins to play over the PA system to a big reaction from the Boston fans.]

RO: The team of...

JUUUUUUULIEEEEE SOMMMMERRRRS!

MELISSSSSSAAAAA CANNNNNNNONNNN!

AND AYAAAAAAKOOOO FUJIWARRRRRAAAA!

[A few moments pass before Julie Somers emerges through the curtain to a DEAFENING ovation! Julie has an energetic smile on her face. She wears a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She stands at the top of the ramp, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans to cheer.

After a few moments, she is joined by Melissa Cannon in her standard yellow jumpsuit - slightly loose from the body with her brown hair pulled back into a tight braid. She claps her hands a few times, pointing out to the Boston crowd to cheers.

And finally, Ayako Fujiwara joins her team. Fujiwara looks like your typical young, wide-eyed, babyfaced Japanese girl...who has wavy metallic unicorn blue, pink and purple ombré hair that cascades down to her shoulders and an athletic, thickly muscled frame, with broad shoulders and thick thighs, forged by nearly two decades of constant, torturous training.

Together, the trio walks down the aisle in lockstep, heading towards the ring where their opponents await. The fans' reaction builds as they walk, anticipation growing for the battle to come.]

GM: In thirteen days, these athletes - alongside many of their peers - will walk into the greatest arena in all of sports and entertainment, Madison Square Garden, to battle it out in a twenty woman Rumble to crown the very first AWA Women's World Champion. It will be a very special night that they will never forget - a night where it will be every woman for herself. But on this night, they will need to work as a unit if they hope to be successful.

[As the fan favorite team hits the ring, Julie Somers hops up on the midbuckle, saluting the crowd as Melissa Cannon and Lauryn Rage trade words across the ring and Charisma Knight screams wildly at Ayako Fujiwara who does not react at all, simply backing into the corner.]

GM: Six of the very best in the world inside that ring on a weekend where we're celebrating the very best our sport has to offer...

[Erica Toughill stomps across the ring, pushing past the referee as she grabs Julie Somers from behind, yanking her down off the second turnbuckle to the mat.

Somers turns around, a shocked expression on her face as Toughill shoves her back into the corner, sticking a finger in her face.]

GM: Look out! This one's breaking down early!

[The official swoops in, getting between a shouting Somers and Toughill.]

GM: Referee Laurel Quinn is going to have her work cut out for her keeping these six women in check, Bucky.

BW: What's good for the geese is good for the gander, Gordo!

[Lauren Quinn speaks to both teams, trying to get things under control.]

GM: The official trying to get things down to one on one...

[And she eventually manages it, watching as Cannon, Fujiwara, Toughill, and Knight makes their exits, leaving Julie Somers and Lauryn Rage inside the ring.]

GM: And it looks like it'll be the hometown girl, Julie Somers, starting things off against Lauryn Rage here in this one, fans.

[Quinn circles the ring and then signals for the bell, starting the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Lauryn Rage takes the bell as her cue to stomp across the ring, shoving a hand up in the face of Julie Somers, running her mouth per usual.]

BW: Some serious trash talk going on there, Gordo.

GM: I suppose we shouldn't be surprised by that considering the source.

[Rage is still running her mouth when suddenly, Julie Somers decides to try and shut it, throwing a stiff forearm upside the jaw!]

GM: OH!

[Somers rushes forward, throwing a flurry of forearms, backing Rage across the ring to the ropes as the Boston crowd cheers their hometown hero on. The Spitfire grabs Rage by the arm...]

GM: Starting things off quickly here. Irish whi- reversed by Rage!

[Somers bounces off the far ropes, ducking under a wild backhand chop attempt by Rage, hitting the ropes again...]

...and leaps into the air, lashing out with a clothesline that takes Rage off her feet!]

GM: Oh my! Leaping clothesline by Somers!

[Somers scrambles up as Charisma Knight comes in, throwing a dropkick that knocks Knight off her feet...]

GM: Down goes Knight!

[...and as Toughill comes in, Somers leaves her feet again, this time scissoring Toughill's head between her legs, snapping her over in a rana as the crowd ROARS to life!]

GM: JULIE SOMERS IS LIVING UP TO HER NICKNAME HERE IN BOSTON!

[Toughill and Knight roll out to the floor as Somers approaches the ropes. She grabs the top rope, taking aim...]

GM: Somers is going to take the fight to the floor!

[But as she leaps into the air, ready to slingshot over the ropes, Rage slips in from behind, pulling her back down, swinging her around...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAPS Somers across the face!]

GM: Good grief! She slapped the taste right out of Julie Somers' mouth!

[Grabbing a stunned Somers by the hair, Rage HURLS into the air like a frisbee, spinning through the sky before crashing facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: Whooooa my! And just like that, Lauryn Rage turns the momentum in her favor, rushing in to try to take advantage of the situation.

[Pushing Somers down on her stomach, Rage swings a knee into the ribcage once... twice... three times...]

GM: Knees to the body, trying to break down Somers...

[She spins across the back of Somers, ending up with a front facelock that she uses to drag Somers to her feet...]

...and BLASTS her with a kneelift right in the mush, sending Somers falling backwards into the neutral corner!]

GM: Rage putting those knees to good use, much like her brother...

[With Somers leaning low against the buckles, trying to stay on her feet, Rage pops back, slapping her ample rear end a few times as she approaches the opposite corner, pausing to shout at Melissa Cannon who grimaces in response...]

...and then charges across the ring, slamming her backside into the upper torso of Somers, smashing her into the corner!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Rage struts away from the corner, arms spread as she shouts "WHO'S YA GIRL?!" at the Boston crowd who jeers in response...]

...and Erica Toughill reaches over the ropes, slapping the shoulder of a surprised Rage. Rage stares at Toughill, hands on her hips as the official escorts Rage from the ring. Toughill charges the corner, putting the boots to the chest of Somers as she holds onto the top rope, driving Somers down to the mat.]

GM: Toughill introducing Julie Somers to the bottom of her boot!

[Still holding the ropes, Toughill switches to swinging her knee up into the face of the now-seated Somers.]

GM: Kneestrikes to the face in the corner! Come on, referee!

[Laurel Quinn steps in, reprimanding Toughill who backs off, sneering at the female official...

...and after a glance at Rage, she theatrically slaps her posterior once... twice... three times as she walks to the opposite corner.]

GM: We might be able to see another hip attack...

[Toughill barrels across the ring, looking to slam her hind quarters into Somers' face...

...but Somers shoves herself to her feet, leaping up as Toughill SLAMS into the buckles. Somers comes back down, settling into an electric chair for a moment before rolling forward into a victory roll!]

GM: VICTORY ROLL TO COUNTER! ONE!!! TWO!!

[But Toughill kicks out with ease. Both women scramble to get up off the mat, coming up swinging. Somers lands a pair of forearms on the jaw, stunning Toughill. With a shout, Somers turns, dashing to the ropes...

...and runs right into a straight hand!]

GM: OHH!

[Somers staggers in a circle away from Toughill who swoops in behind her, hooking a side waistlock...]

"GIII-YAAAAAH!"

[...and DUMPS Somers on her back with a back suplex!]

GM: Nice suplex! Toughill covers now... but only gets a two count.

[A grumpy Toughill grabs Somers by the hair, flinging a leg over her torso. She winds up her right hand, pistoning it into the skull of Somers with a loud grunt accompanying each blow.]

"GAAAH!"

"GAAAH!"

"GAAAH!"

"GAAAH!"

[She shoves Somers back down to the mat, drawing jeers as she climbs to her feet where Laurel Quinn reprimands her for the clenched fists. Toughill backs off, watching as Somers rolls to all fours, trying to crawl towards her corner where Ayako Fujiwara and Melissa Cannon await.]

GM: Somers looking for a tag after being in there for a few minutes now against two of her three opponents tonight.

[Toughill allows her to get about three feet away before swooping in...

...and BLASTS both Cannon and Fujiwara off the apron!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[The referee shouts at Toughill who stomps Somers in the head before pulling her by the hair across the ring towards the neutral corner, flinging her bodily into the

buckles. The official jumps in the path of Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara, keeping them at bay.]

GM: Toughill all alone in the corner...

[The SM&K associate plants her boot on the throat of Somers, choking her violently as Somers tries to wiggle free.]

GM: And we've got a blatant choke in the corner that the referee can't see since she's tied up with Somers' partners.

BW: Just goes to show that being a dumb kid isn't limited to the men in the AWA locker room.

[Toughill holds the choke as the referee spins around, earning herself a four count and change before letting go. She grabs Somers by the hair, pulling her from the corner into her powerful arms, and slamming her down to the mat.]

GM: A scoop and a slam puts Toughill down on the canvas...

[The bully of the Women's Division hops up on the middle rope, looking down at Somers before leaping off, driving the point of her elbow down into the throat, leaving Somers coughing, gasping, and flailing about on the canvas. The referee kneels down, checking to see if she can continue as Toughill rises to her feet...

...and Charisma Knight slaps her shoulder, tagging herself in!]

GM: Another blind tag on the part of that team brings Charisma Knight in...

[Toughill steps in front of Knight, glaring at her for a moment that lingers a bit, causing the crowd to buzz in anticipation of the team imploding...

...and then Toughill steps aside, gesturing to the downed Somers. Knight lunges in, sliding to her knees, grabbing two hands full of hair as she SLAMS the back of Somers' head into the mat again and again!]

GM: Charisma Knight with a savage assault on Julie Somers! You can hear Cannon shouting for Julie to get across that ring and make the tag!

[Knight drags Somers off the mat by the hair, throwing her into the corner where Toughill and Rage are standing. Knight backs off, shouting a threat at Fujiwara who just shakes her head in response...

...and then barrels across the ring, landing a running avalanche in the corner!]

GM: OHH! Big splash in the corner!

[Bouncing out, Knight grabs the top rope, swinging a leg up into the midsection once... twice... three times. She steps out, leaping up, and spinning back to drive the sole of her boot up into the chin of Somers!]

GM: OHHH! Knight putting her feet to good work in the corner... grabbing the arm now...

BW: She's going to whip her into the wrong corner!

[Knight whips Somers out of the corner...

...and then yanks her back into a short-arm clothesline, taking Somers down to the mat hard! A smirking Knight looks across the ring at Cannon and Fujiwara,

taunting them from a distance as she circles the downed Somers, using the flat of her foot to kick at the head of Somers, more taunting her than hurting her further.]

GM: The fans here in Boston are all over Charisma Knight for her treatment of Julie Somers, the girl who grew up right down the street here in Beantown.

[Knight leans down, hauling Somers up by the hair, still shouting at Cannon and Fujiwara...

...which allows Somers to slap the hand away, tucking her head under Knight's chin, and DROPS down in a jawbreaker!]

GM: OHHH! JAWBREAKER CONNECTS! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Somers stays on her knees as Knight flops backwards, crashing down on the canvas.]

GM: And this is her chance! This is the opening for Julie Somers to get across that ring and make the tag!

[Slowly crawling so that she's facing her teammates, Somers starts working her way across the ring on all fours, urged on by the capacity crowd trying to get her to the corner where Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara have their arms stretched out, looking to make the exchange...]

GM: Somers has her shot! A clear path to her corner!

[Toughill kicks the ropes as Rage screams at Knight to get up off the mat.]

GM: Lauryn Rage shouting at Charisma Knight - perhaps all is not well with this team at all.

BW: She just wants to keep Somers in the ring! Nothing wrong with that! Stop trying to cause problems!

[Somers inches closer as Knight sits up on the mat, grabbing at her jaw. She throws a glance at Somers and then looks back to the corner before reaching out a hand...]

GM: TAG! In comes Lauryn Rage!

[Rage rushes in, diving on top of Somers with an elbowdrop to the back that cuts her off near the corner. A smirking Rage strikes a pose, leaning on Somers as she shouts up at her rival.]

GM: Melissa Cannon and Lauryn Rage exchanging words out there but Rage managed to cut off the tag attempt!

[Rage climbs back to her feet, pulling Somers up by the hair with a "Nah, nah, nah!" finger waggle aimed at Cannon. She tugs Somers into a side waistlock, lifting her up into the air for a belly-to-back suplex as Somers stretches out her arms...]

GM: TAG!

[...and then gets DRIVEN facefirst to the mat with a sitout powerbomb as Melissa Cannon slides in, hits the far ropes...]

BW: LOOK OUT!

[...and DRILLS Rage between the eyes with a basement dropkick!]

GM: OHHH!

[Rage flops backwards to the mat as Somers rolls from the ring. Cannon quickly pulls Rage up by her wild-colored hair, throwing a barrage of short forearms, backing her up into the neutral corner.]

GM: Cannon shoots her across... running, leaping forearm in the corner!

[Cannon steps back as Rage staggers forward into her waiting arms...

...and gets LAUNCHED overhead with a belly-to-belly, bouncing her off the canvas to a big cheer from the Boston crowd!]

GM: Big overhead suplex by Cannon!

[As Melissa Cannon climbs to her feet, she gives a shout to the Boston crowd, grabbing Rage by the hair, pulling her into a standing headscissors...

...which is when Charisma Knight swoops in, bashing Cannon in the back of the head with a forearm! The referee reprimands Knight, forcing her from the ring as Cannon slumps down to a knee.]

GM: Melissa Cannon was looking for the Billion Dollar Bomb and Charisma Knight had it well scouted!

[Rage straightens up, grabbing Cannon by the hair, pulling her up to her feet where she lifts her up over her shoulder...]

GM: Rage looking for that slam to the corner!

[...and runs across the ring, sights set on the corner buckles...]

GM: TO THE BUCKLES!

[But Cannon extends her legs, pushing off the top rope as they approach it...

...twisting through the air, and DRIVING Rage skullfirst into the canvas with a tornado DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER OUT OF MELISSA CANNON!

[Rage is down on the mat, barely moving as Cannon dives across her torso.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RAGE KICKS OUT! LAURYN RAGE KICKS OUT IN THE NICK OF TIME!

[Cannon pushes up to her knees, clapping her hands together in frustration. She swings a leg over the prone Rage, grabbing her by the hair, and delivering a forearm shot to the temple with a loud exclamation on each blow.]

"HAK!"

"HAK!"

"HAK!"

"HAK!"

"HAK!"
"HAK!"

[Cannon throws one more wind-up shot, leaving Rage prone on the canvas as Cannon climbs back to her feet...]

GM: Cannon's back up, Rage is back down and this crowd is going wild for the action they've been seeing here in this one, Bucky.

BW: If these women came out here to show what the world is going to see in thirteen nights, they're doing a heck of a job at it.

GM: Cannon pulling Rage off the mat...

[...and throws a smile towards Ayako Fujiwara as she hooks Rage from behind, clasping her hands together in a rear waistlock...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[Cannon pops her hips, DRIVING the back of Rage's head down into the canvas with a released German Suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX!

[The crowd ROARS for the suplex as Cannon gets back to her feet, looking over at Ayako Fujiwara...

...who simply extends her arm, looking for the tag to a huge ovation!]

GM: And Fujiwara wants in!

[Cannon nods, approaching the corner where she slaps the hand of Ayako Fujiwara, bringing Japan's hottest export into the ring to a tremendous reaction from the Boston fans!]

GM: Fujiwara is in! The former Olympian hits the ring and-

[Fujiwara spits on her hands, circling Rage as she rolls to all fours...

...and then dips in, locking her arms around the waist of Rage who yelps in concern, shaking her head as Fujiwara deadlifts her up off the canvas, holding her still as Rage shouts and screams...]

GM: LOOK AT THE POWER!

[Still holding Rage, Fujiwara throws a glance over to Melissa Cannon who smiles, applauding the show...

...and then Ayako DRIVES Rage backwards in a flawlessly executed deadlift delayed bridging German!]

GM: MT. FUJI SUPLEX!

[The official dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[JUST before three, Charisma Knight HURLS herself onto the bridging Fujiwara, breaking up the pin attempt to the dismay of the crowd...

...which brings in Melissa Cannon who charges in, blasting Knight with a forearm smash, knocking her through the ropes to the floor. Julie Somers is right behind Cannon, throwing a dropkick that knocks Toughill down to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! It's breaking down here in Boston!

[With the crowd cheering them on, Cannon and Somers bounce off the far ropes, charging across the ring...

...and execute tope dives in stereo onto Knight and Toughill respectively!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Inside the ring, Ayako Fujiwara has pulled Rage off the mat. She throws a series of quick elbowstrikes to the side of the head, causing Rage to stumble backwards.]

GM: Fujiwara showing she's got more than suplexes in her arsenal...

[With some space created, she comes charging in, swinging her arm for another elbow strike...

...that Rage ducks under, locking her arms between the legs of Fujiwara, taking her up, over, and down with a teardrop suplex!]

GM: Lauryn Rage with a suplex of her own!

[Rage pops up, arms spread, shaking her head and shouting, "THE KID GOT IT ALL!"...

...which would be great if Ayako Fujiwara stayed down after the suplex.]

BW: Uhhh... Lauryn... behind you!

[But she didn't. Fujiwara gets right up off the mat, staring with her hands on her hips at the back of Rage's head. Suddenly realizing something isn't right, Rage slowly turns towards Fujiwara, a shocked expression on her face...

...and Fujiwara simply shrugs, getting a big cheer from the crowd as Rage screams loudly, diving at her as Fujiwara ducks.]

GM: Ayako hooks her!

[Fujiwara takes Rage over with an effortless Northern Lights Suplex!]

GM: Ohh!

[And then shows off her incredible power by rolling through it to her feet, switching her grip, and lifting Rage right off the mat in a vertical suplex hold...

...and hold...

...and hold...

...and hold...

...and DROPS her down with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Fujiwara rolls over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[And again, Charisma Knight comes diving in, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: KNIGHT BREAKS IT UP AGAIN!

[The official reprimands Knight as she pulls Ayako off the mat, throwing her back into the turnbuckles. Knight storms in, landing a clothesline before throwing some hard forearm shots to the jaw...]

GM: Knight's not the legal woman in this match!

BW: You think she cares?!

[Rage slowly drags herself off the mat, moving to aid her partner as the referee tries to get Knight out of the ring. Rage shoves the official aside, throwing a back elbow into the mush of Fujiwara. The women take turns laying the boots in on Fujiwara as the crowd jeers...

...which is when Melissa Cannon rolls back into the ring to a big cheer, coming in quickly to pull Rage out of the corner by the hair!]

GM: Cannon's back in!

[Cannon hauls Rage out to the middle of the ring where Rage swings a leg back, catching her in the knee. Rage spins, grabbing the hair as she lays in a pair of quick kneestrikes to the skull.

A few feet away, Fujiwara is throwing bombs of elbows, backing Knight out of the corner as well.]

GM: All four of these women out in the middle of the ring, trading blows...

[Rage rushes to the ropes, building momentum as Knight throws a wild right hand that Fujiwara ducks. Cannon ducks Rage's clothesline, hooking a waistlock just as Fujiwara does the same...]

GM: DOUBLE WAISTLOCK!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS as Cannon throws Rage one way with a released German and Fujiwara does the same to Knight the other direction!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHHH MY!

[A fired-up Cannon climbs off the mat, ducking through the ropes, pursuing Rage out to the floor as Fujiwara comes to her feet, watching as Knight rolls under the ropes on the other side...

...which allows Erica Toughill to slide in behind Fujiwara, ducking low to stay out of sight.]

GM: Toughill's behind and-

[And as Fujiwara turns, Toughill goes into a spin and LAYS HER OUT with a discus lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Toughill flips Fujiwara over with her foot, grabbing the legs, stacking her up and staying in a standing position for the pin attempt...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[...which is when Julie Somers comes sailing through the air off the top rope, connecting with a missile dropkick that sends Toughill sailing backwards, crashing down to the canvas to a big reaction!]

GM: OH MY STARS! A DROPKICK FROM THE HEAVENS BY JULIE SOMERS!

[Somers moves quickly, pulling Toughill up and pushing her back into the corner as Fujiwara rolls from the ring. Somers lays into Toughill in the corner, lighting her up with a series of chops...]

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAP!"

[With a shout, Somers grabs Toughill by the arm, whipping her across the ring. She barrels across after her, throwing a high impact dropkick to the chest that sends Toughill staggering out, collapsing on the canvas.]

GM: Oh my! Big dropkick in the corner... and Somers is going up top!

[With her hometown crowd cheering her on, Somers steps up to the second rope...

...then up to the top!]

GM: Julie's looking for the moonsault!

BW: How have we never called this the Somers-sault?!

GM: I... don't know.

[Somers steps to the top rope, ready to fly through the air in a potentially match-ending move...

...when Lauryn Rage suddenly is up on the apron, yanking Somers' foot out from under her!]

GM: OH!

[Somers topples backwards, smashing down on the buckles before flopping to the back of her head on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! What a horrific fall engineered there by Lauryn Rage!

BW: That's your girl right there!

GM: I think the referee has lost control of this one officially, Bucky. Laurel Quinn seems to be counting every pinfall at this point and has no idea who is legal in there.

BW: Rage is heading up top, just like her big brother!

[Rage steps to the top rope, taking aim on the prone Somers near the corner...

...and LEAPS into the air, tucking her legs, and DRIVING them down into the torso with a double stomp!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DOUBLE STOMP OFF THE TOP!

[Rage throws her arms apart in a “it’s over!” gesture, sitting down on Somers’ chest, reaching back to grab her legs in a double cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But before she can land the three count, Melissa Cannon slides back in, yanking Rage right out of the pinning situation into a standing headscissors. The crowd erupts as Cannon pulls the arms up, setting in a double underhook...]

GM: She’s going for the Billion Dollar Bomb!

[Knight slides in, taking aim on Cannon who has her back turned to Knight...]

GM: Charisma Knight’s got her sights set on Cannon from behind!

BW: Cannon doesn’t see her!

[Cannon lifts Rage up into the air just as Knight rushes forward, leaping off one foot...

...and Cannon turns, spinning Rage right into Knight’s path as she DRIVES her foot into the torso of Rage!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Cannon drops Rage down in a released powerbomb as Knight recoils in horror at what she did.]

GM: KNIGHT KICKED RAGE! KNIGHT KICKED RAGE!

[And Cannon goes into a full spin, CLOCKING a stunned Knight upside the head with a rolling elbow, sending Knight spinning into Fujiwara’s waiting and powerful arms...]

GM: FUJIWARA’S GOT HER!

[Fujiwara dips low, making sure Knight’s hair brushes the canvas before spinning back the other way, DRIVING Knight into the canvas with a reverse-spin powerslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KANPEKINA!

[And with Knight laid out, Julie Somers is back on the apron, scaling the turnbuckles as her hometown fans cheer her on...

...and LAUNCHES herself into the air, flipping backwards before crashing down on a prone Charisma Knight! Somers hooks a leg, rolling into a back press as the official dives down to count, the fans counting along with her!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREEEEEEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: SHE GOT IT!

[Somers rolls off of Knight, a big grin on her face as Melissa Cannon offers a hand, lifting Somers up off the mat into an embrace.]

GM: The Battle of Boston may be about the tournament itself but for one moment, the Women's Division took over and put the spotlight solidly on them... just like it'll be in just a couple of weeks at Madison Square Garden when we crown the very first Women's World Champion...

[Somers raises her arms, celebrating the win in front of her hometown crowd.]

GM: ...and could this be a preview of what we'll see in MSG, Bucky? Could Julie Somers be the very first Women's World Champion?

BW: I don't know, Gordo, but I know there's nineteen other women getting in the ring that night who will be looking to make sure it's THEIR arm raised at the end of the night... that that new championship belt ends up around THEIR waist.

GM: Absolutely. Somers, Cannon, and Fujiwara declare victory as a unit here in Boston... but in New York City, it's going to be every woman for herself and who knows what'll happen then! Fans, don't go away, because we're going to be right back with one of the most eagerly-anticipated matchups of the first round - it's former Global Fighting Championship Heavyweight Champion Rufus Harris versus former AWA World Champion Supreme Wright! You do NOT want to miss this-

[Suddenly, the lights in the arena dim... flicker... and then go completely black as all eyes are drawn towards the one source of light still shining brightly on the floor... the video wall.

Almost immediately, the crowd bursts into an excited cheer as a familiar bleach-blond beauty's face appears on the screen. It is the Empress of Joshi puroresu herself, Miyuki Ozaki. She wears a glittery purple cutoff naval jacket and hot pants, a black zip-up corset top and atop of her head, a captain's hat. She smirks and as she speaks in her native Japanese, helpful subtitles appear on the bottom of the screen.]

Miyuki: (Hello, my little darlings.)

[A dangerous smile crosses her red painted lips.]

Miyuki: (I'm sure I need no introduction, but it is I, Miyuki Ozaki! The greatest wrestler in the world!)

[The smile quickly disappears from her face.]

Miyuki: (Notice the lack of qualifier. Not greatest "FEMALE" wrestler in the world, no no no, greatest wrestler. Period. And soon, very very soon, I will be your first ever AWA Women's World Champion!)

[There's a decidedly mixed reaction to that proclamation, not that the video pays any attention to the crowd's reaction anyway.]

Miyuki: (But, now's not the time for that discussion. I'm just here to put all your ladies on notice. Miyuki's on her way, babes, and there's not a single damn one of you that can stop me.)

[She blows us a kiss.]

Miyuki: (But then again...)

[The shot then zooms back wide, revealing Miyuki to be standing in front of The Garden, drawing a huge roar from the crowd. While everyone's still abuzz, Miyuki gives the camera a wink and for the first time in this video, speaks in English...]

Miyuki: ...maybe I seeing you sooner than you think!

[The lights then come back on, as we see Miyuki Ozaki INSIDE the ring, standing behind Melissa Cannon.]

GM: MELISSA! BEHIND-

[Ozaki quickly spins her Rising Sun Showdown opponent around and...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...blasts her in the face with blue mist!]

GM: MIST! MIST IN THE EYES!

BW: IT'S MIYUKI OZAKI! MIYUKI OZAKI IS HERE IN BOSTON!

[As Cannon falls unconscious to the ground, Julie Somers takes a step towards Ozaki...

...only to fall back when Ozaki...]

~BZZZZZZZTTTTT!!!~

[...reveals her trademark taser, letting loose a crackle of electricity into the air!]

GM: DEAR LORD! SHE HAS A WEAPON!

BW: Ozaki ain't ever been one to play with a full deck, Gordo! If any of these ladies wanna make it to Madison Square Garden, they better just back off now!

[Cackling madly, Ozaki throws her head back and spits another cloud of mist into the air, this time red...

...and the lights cut back to black.]

GM: What in the...?

[A few moments pass before the lights flicker back on, showing no sign of Miyuki Ozaki as Julie Somers squares up, ready for a fight.]

GM: Miyuki Ozaki out of nowhere - and fans, that was CERTAINLY a message aimed at the entire AWA Women's Division. Ozaki is in that Rumble coming up in two weeks' time - the Rumble In The Garden... and she means business when it comes to becoming the very first AWA Women's World Champion!

BW: What was in that mist, Gordo?! Melissa Cannon is OUT!

GM: There has always been rumors and speculation about different color mists having different qualities and... well, we may have seen that with that blue mist here tonight.

[The crowd is still buzzing over what they saw as AWA medical team members hit the ring, looking to tend to Melissa Cannon who is still unmoving on the mat.]

GM: Fans, let's... let's get out of here for a moment. We'll be right back.

[The camera holds on the unconscious Cannon as a medical team member waves something under her nose as we fade to black...

...and then back up on a star-lit sky. All is peaceful as our voiceover begins.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

#Every little stop sign#

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

#All the red lights like#

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

#A preacher on a Saturday night#

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

#The devil's in the details#

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

#Pretty little females#

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

#Tell me all your sweet sweet lies#

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

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

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

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

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

#Time to take the highway highway highway#

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

#Baby take the highway#

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

#Ima' take the highway#

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

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

[And then... black.

We fade back up to ringside where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands inside the barricade next to a man taking in the action of Night Two on his night off, Pure X. He's dressed like a man on his day off - black jeans, heather grey t-shirt, and an open dark green hoodie. Pure X is on the other side of the barricade as they speak.]

SLB: We are back here LIVE in the TD Garden where it seems like this is the hot seat for our Battle of Boston competitors as I have with me tonight one of the men to make it to the Quarterfinals, Pure X!

[The crowd around X gives some cheers, while a good portion nearby try to mug for the camera.]

PX: Hey Lou...

SLB: Now last night, we saw you make it past the rookie sensation gold-medalist, Bret Grayson-

[X smiles at that win mention.]

PX: Heh, now that was a great WRESTLING match won by a true pro WRESTLER!

SLB: And now you're here with the fans, are you trying to send any sort of message by being out here?

[Pure X opens his arms in a "what, me?" motion before holding out his ticket and motioning to the empty seat next to him.]

PX: What, I can't just enjoy this tournament? Maybe scout my future opponents? Hey, I'm a fan as much as I am a wrestler, so I felt like I should try to get a close-up view of the action. Did I pay a little bit of a steep price for it?

[X shrugs.]

PX: Hey, why not? Why not see the supposed "best in the world" right from here? Or the brute from the Hexagon right up close?

SLB: So is that all you're really here for? Last night, Supreme W-

[X interrupts.]

PX: I know, Wright sat ringside last night one his night off. Look, Wright may be into playing mind games and needing that sort of extra edge to win his matches, but me?

[X smiles and shakes his head.]

PX: I don't need to dirty my hands with that. The only thing I'm here to do is scout the competition, enjoy the matches, and then go out into that ring tomorrow and beat whoever I meet with my PURE WRESTING skill.

[The crowd begins to buzz - a mixture of cheers and concern as someone approaches Blackwell and Pure X. This someone is also dressed in street clothes - a pair of black athletic pants and a red-white-and-blue American flag style t-shirt. This someone is Olympic gold medalist, Bret Grayson.]

SLB: Mr. Grayson, I'm not sure... you weren't scheduled to be out here right now. This is Pure X's time and-

[Grayson raises a hand.]

BG: Please. I understand, Mr. Blackwell, and I'm not here to cause any problems. I just wanted to come out here and... and apologize to Pure X here.

[Grayson gestures to the man who defeated him last night.]

SLB: Oh? Apologize?

[Grayson nods.]

BG: Yes, that's right. My sportsmanship last night when I lost was...

[Grayson looks down, shaking his head.]

BG: Well, certainly not worthy of being an Olympic gold medalist, that's for sure.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

BG: I should've stood up, stuck out my hand, and offered to shake the hand of the better man on that night. But I didn't. I sat there and I pouted and sulked. Look, I'll admit it... last night didn't go the way I wanted. I had visions of climbing in that ring tomorrow night against one of the people I know better than anyone else in the world, Supreme Wright. But you, Pure X...

[Grayson locks eyes with X.]

BG: You took that away from me.

[The crowd buzzes at a brief staredown before Grayson breaks away.]

BG: But it wasn't really mine to begin with, was it? I failed. I lost. And I lost to one of the best pro wrestlers in the world so it's nothing to be ashamed of.

[Grayson grins.]

BG: And so, I'm out here to right a wrong from last night... I'm out here to shake the hand of Pure X...

[Grayson extends his hand, a big smile on his face. Pure X stares at Grayson for a moment, looking down at the offered hand.]

SLB: Well, uh... Pure X, whaddya say?

[X stares at the hand... and stares... and stares...]

SLB: Pure X?

[...and then slowly lifts his arm, accepting the handshake to cheers from the crowd. His eyes drift back up to Grayson's, locking his gaze on the gold medalist as they shake hands.]

SLB: Alright! Well, a great show of sportsmanship there and-

BG: One more thing, Mr. Blackwell...

[Blackwell shrugs.]

BG: I'm also here to tell Pure X that I want one more thing from him.

[X raises an eyebrow.]

BG: A rematch.

[The Boston crowd cheers the idea of that!]

BG: You and me. One on one. One more time. What do you say?

[Pure X seems to think it over a moment.]

PX: I don't back down from a challenge, son. You've got a deal.

[Grayson seems to bristle a moment at "son" but then smiles again, nodding his head.]

SLB: Alright, fans... the rematch is on! Bret Grayson taking on Pure X again... and I'm sure the Championship Committee will get that one on the books as soon as possible but for now, let's go backstage and hear from one of the men in our next matchup!

[The camera fades into a shot backstage in front of an AWA banner as we see a slightly nervous-looking Theresa Lynch. Standing next to her is the source of her anxiety, the former AWA World Heavyweight champion...Supreme Wright. Wright is dressed in his usual wrestling attire, looking as intense as ever. Just then, Lynch turns to the camera and begins to speak.]

TL: I have with me now...

SW: Well aren't you a sight for sore eyes, Miss Lynch.

[Supreme smirks at his slight teasing. Theresa tries to ignore him.]

TL: ...a man many consider one of the odds on favorites to win The Battle of Boston, Supreme Wright. However, tonight Mr. Wright, you face a man that many consider one of the most dangerous fighters in the world, the former GFC Heavyweight Champion, "The Rotweiler" Rufus Harris, in one of the most highly anticipated matches of this entire tournament. Your thoughts going into this match?

SW: I heard all the young pups calling me out last night, Miss Lynch, but the one barking loudest of all was that little Rottweiler, Rufus Harris.

TL: "Little"?

SW: Make no mistake about it, Miss Lynch, in the world of professional wrestling, "The Rotweiler" ain't anything but a small puppy. Because he might be the top dog in the world of mixed martial arts, he might be the best at what HE does...

...but I'M the best at what *I* do.

Wrestling.

And you can talk all you want about your judo, your karate, your tae kwan do and your Brazilian jiu jitsu...but there ain't a damn thing in this world more dangerous or more terrifying...

...than a wrestler.

[Supreme locks eyes with Theresa, smirking ever so slightly.]

SW: Wouldn't you agree, Miss Lynch?

[Theresa tries to avoid eye contact, looking away.]

TL: Unfortunately, in my experience with...

[She pauses for a second to stare back at the man who was once her family's greatest tormentor.]

TL: ..."wrestlers"...I would have to agree.

They're absolutely frightening.

[Wright nods, satisfied by Lynch's answer.]

SW: And that's what Rufus Harris is up against tonight, Miss Lynch. Not a young rising star like Mr. Wallace who has his entire future ahead of him...a brilliant athlete who still hasn't even begun to reach his potential. No, tonight Harris isn't facing just ANY professional wrestler.

He's facing THE professional wrestler.

And Rufus Harris may know how to strike hard, Rufus Harris may know how to grapple, Rufus Harris may be a DAMN good fighter, and hell, with a little more experience, he might even end up being a damn good wrestler...but tonight?

He's facing the man who may very well be the very finest grappler, striker, and WRESTLER that ever existed.

TL: Well, you're certainly not lacking confidence going into tonight's match.

[Wright shakes his head.]

SW: That's not confidence speaking, Miss Lynch. It's the damn TRUTH.

I've dedicated every waking moment living and breathing wrestling. There isn't another person in this world that ever loved this sport as much as I do. And there ain't a single man in this world willing to sacrifice or go as far as I'm willing to, to be the very best.

Ask any man, woman or child who the greatest wrestler in the world is today...and I'll guarantee you that you'll hear the name "Supreme Wright." Ask any man, woman or child who in the world is the greatest at knocking out, choking out or tapping out a man...and I'll guarantee you that you'll hear the name "Supreme Wright." And before this weekend is over, ask any man, woman or child who the very best in the world is...and I'll guarantee you that they sure as Hell aren't gonna' say it's Rufus Harris.

[Supreme bends down slightly, staring Theresa straight in the eyes, almost touching foreheads, barely an inch away from her face. This time, Lynch meets his gaze, almost as if she's entranced by his gaze.]

SW: No, by the end of The Battle of Boston, Miss Lynch, you'll see that the very best in the WORLD, was, is and always shall be...

...Supreme Wright.

[He holds that stare for a moment, before standing straight up and turning away, walking off. Theresa Lynch watches him walk off, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, before turning back to the camera.]

TL: A very...focused Supreme Wright.

[She places a hand over her chest, trying to compose herself.]

TL: Let's go back to Sweet Lou.

[Fade to another part of backstage. Standing there is "Sweet" Lou Blackwell. Lou looks a little uneasy as pacing around him is none other than the former undisputed GFC Heavyweight Champion of the World...Rufus Harris. The Rottweiler has the hood of his black sweatshirt pulled over his head, gold chains clanging against his chest with every step, and gold rimmed sunglasses tight over the bridge of his

nose. Lou tries to follow him with his hand to grab his attention but eventually just breaks the silence.]

SLB: We're moments away from the man beside me stepping into the wrestling ring for only the third time in his life against a former World Champion in the biggest event of the summer. Rufus Harris, you made quite the statement last night when you quickly disposed of Larry --

[Suddenly, Harris stops dead in his tracks, snapping the sunglasses off his nose.]

RH: I WANT SUPREME!

[Lou, taken back, mutters to himself before Harris leans over the mic once more.]

RH: I WANT SUPREME WRIGHT...AND EVERYONE LISTENIN'...TO HEAR ME NOW.

[Harris' stare is as hard as the Boston night is cold.]

RH: That punk...he's next. You hear, Lou? You hear that...[huffs] Galaxy? I'm gonna kill that fool. I'm gonna give him a beating so bad that even his daedbeat daddy is gonna cry mercy, ya dig? Ain't nobody gonna be able to stop me. Ain't NOBODY gonna be able to save him. Ain't NOBODY ready for what I'm about to do to that fool. You think Supreme Wright knows how to train for the Rottweiler?!

[Harris snarls.]

RH: Ain't no basement in the world scary enough...tough enough...rotten and filthy enough...to prepare a man for what these fists can do. You follow me, Lou? My whole life has prepared me for moments like this. My whole life I lived alone. I ate alone. I trained alone. Tonight...I'm going to bash his head in alone. You think I can't stop you, Wright. Look at me.

LOOK AT MY EYES.

[The camera closes in tight on his stare.]

RH: You ain't ever faced a man like me. You ain't ever faced a man who HITS like me. You ain't ever faced a man who is RELENTLESS like me. You ain't ever faced a man who is as MERCILESS as me. But me? I faced a dozen chumps like you before, homie. Men who THOUGHT they were fighters. Supreme Wright...you ain't so different and you ain't nothin' but a phony, ya dig? You think you can tap me out? You ain't even got the balls to try, homie. You ain't stupid enough to ever step into my world but I relish the chance to EMBARRASS you in yours.

SLB: And how exactly are you going to do that, Mr. Harris? What's your game plan against the former World Champion?

RH: Don't need one, homie. Supreme Wright is as predictable as he is stupid if he shows up in that ring against me tonight after what he witnessed last night. He thinks sittin' out there at ringside is gonna intimidate anyone? Not me. Not the Rottweiler! I hope he took as many notes as he could in the two minutes it took me to break his former lackey in half. I hope he's on the phone right now tryin' to make amends with that fool Wallace so he can gain any insight, any chance, and hope to get a lesson on what it takes to get your ass knocked out in style, ya dig? 'Cause the only thing Supreme Wright needs to be thinkin' 'bout is how to avoid the highlight reel. How to survive long enough that he ain't makin' SportsCenter for all the wrong reasons.

Larry Wallace...he just got posterized.

Supreme Wright...he's gettin' immortalized for what I'm 'bout to do him, homie. They gonna be showin' his teeth chewin' on the mat for years to come.

SLB: When Theresa spoke with you last night you didn't have quite the same passion, Mr. Wright. It seemed like it was more about the pay day then the prestige or the opponent in front of you.

RH: Yeah, hold up, Lou. Why am I talkin' to you when that pretty young thang is struttin' around here somewhere? Who does a guy gotta knockout to get his choice of the litter, ya dig?

SLB: I'm not sure how to answer that. But what I do know is that it seems more personal tonight. Why is that? Why Supreme Wright? Why so much hatred towards him?

RH: You got me all wrong, Lou. I don't hate Supreme. I...

[A slight pause, the corner of his lip curls into a slight grin.]

RH: ...I pity that punk for what he's got comin' his way, ya dig? That fool lives his life with every detail, every step, and every breath planned out weeks and weeks in advance. But ya know what happens when ya get punched in the face by a freight train, Lou? Do ya?

SLB: Your plans change?

RH: Hell no, homie. Your plans don't mean crap, ya dig? Supreme Wright coulda had years to prepare for me and it wouldn't have mattered. Every battle, every war he's won...he had months to think about. He had weeks and weeks to prepare for, plan for, strategize for. But tonight in that ring? He got ONE night, homie. One night to prepare for the baddest man walkin' this green earth. One night to prepare for a man whose comin' out to seek and destroy everything he's ever worked for. Me? That's who I am. I take on anyone, anytime. I ain't need no plans for them.

And I sure as hell don't need no plans for that fool, ya dig?

SLB: You seem quite confident about your chances of moving forward tonight despite the odds being against you in a tournament like this. Care to make a prediction about how this match is going to end?

[Harris grins, flashing his pearly whites.]

RH: Someone is gettin' their ass knocked out...

...and there ain't no way in hell it's gonna be me.

[Harris shoots a glare towards Lou.]

RH: How's them odds for ya, homie?

[Harris belts out a loud howl that backs Lou up a few steps before stepping out of view as the camera focus on Lou who takes a deep breath as the shot fades out.]

We fade back out to a panning shot of the TD Garden crowd, buzzing with anticipation for the match that's coming next.]

GM: Rufus Harris with some bold words aimed at a man who is arguably the greatest professional wrestler in the world today.

BW: He's certainly in the discussion and if Harris thinks he's coming into Supreme Wright's house for an easy night at the office, he's sadly mistaken, Gordo.

GM: That much we can agree on. But before we head down to the ring for that first round matchup, I want to give the fans at home a quick medical update on Melissa Cannon. During the break, she was revived by AWA medical and was able to walk back to the locker room under her own power. From what I understand, she was disoriented and confused but she was standing and walking and that's good news to me, Bucky.

BW: Just adds another piece of fuel to the fire for the Rumble In The Garden coming up in a couple of weeks.

GM: But speaking of rumbles, that might be the very best way to describe what we're about to see. Rufus Harris stunned fans all over the world last night by his blitzkrieg offensive style in taking out Larry Wallace and advancing to the first round but... well, I don't think anyone expects it to be so easy against Supreme Wright.

BW: Wright can strike as well as the best of them. He may not be throwing fists, Gordo, but the kicks, the knees, the elbows. Harris is in for a tough fight no matter what he thinks.

GM: This one has drawn a lot of interest from outside the wrestling world. The ringside area is surrounded...

[We cut to ringside which is definitely a lot more full than it was moments ago.]

GM: ...with press and cameras from the world of Mixed Martial Arts, pro wrestling... there's even an ESPN crew down there alongside our friends from Fox Sports. This one has got a lot of eyeballs on it.

BW: Which is exactly what Emerson Gellar was hoping for when he signed Harris for this tournament. Love him or hate him, Gellar knows what he's doing when it comes to getting attention.

GM: Well, fans... we know both competitors are ready and so are we so let's go down to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions.

[Cut to the ring where the shapely Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following first round contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

[Big cheer! Ortiz lowers her mic, waiting...]

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

#Ain't nothin' but a gangsta party#

[That one lyric coming across the PA system leads to a blast of spotlights all over the building. Swirling spotlights across the crowd, illuminating fans on their feet throughout the arena. "2 of Amerika's Most Wanted by 2Pac & Snoop Dogg (a heavily edited version) continues to play as the fans stretch out, looking towards the entryway for what's about to come through. The sounds of dogs barking join the music and the spotlights swing in unison to the entrance curtain where Rufus "The Rottweiler" Harris comes jogging into view, his heavy metal chain hanging

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

GM: There are moments, fans, if you follow this sport long enough that you'll never forget. Thunder and Hardin squaring off. The first time we saw the Syndicate Dojo. Alex Martinez' first World Title victory. So many others. This might be one of those moments as perhaps the greatest in the world from another sport sets foot inside an AWA ring to take on perhaps the greatest in the world from our sport.

BW: Gordo, you called that one - trending #1 worldwide right now? Wright versus Harris! The entire world is watching this one to see what happens.

GM: Harris making his way to the ring, no lack of confidence on his face as he walks this aisle in Boston.

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

"Clear out the plays of the night, playa! They all belong to the Rottweiler! AHOOOOAAAAH!"

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

GM: And last night, I mentioned this entrance is very similar to what we saw out of Supreme Wright in the days of Team Supreme.

BW: Not anymore. Supreme Wright is all alone since early this year... and I might add, he's also UNDEFEATED since early this year when he lost to Torin The Titan.

GM: After that loss, Supreme Wright rededicated himself to proving that he's the best in the world... he refocused himself on regaining the World Heavyweight Title he lost over a year ago. Winning this tournament would go a long way towards that goal, Bucky.

BW: Yeah? What would getting his teeth knocked out by Harris do to his chances?

GM: Hurt them, I'd imagine.

BW: And I'm being corrected now - it's hashtag Wright vs Harris trending.

GM: What the heck is a hashtag?

[As Harris reaches ringside, shrugging out of his entrance robe, he takes a mouthpiece from one of his fight team.]

GM: Just like we saw last night - the mouthpiece, the bare feet, the gloves. Rufus Harris is treating this very much like one of his clashes inside the Hexagon, Bucky.

BW: Can't blame him for that. In that world, he's one of the most dominant, intimidating, and successful fighters.

GM: But in this world?

BW: We're about to find out. A lot of people like to point out his trouble with Kraken from a couple of years ago but that was his first pro wrestling match and it was under a weird set of rules. Under traditional pro wrestling rules, as much as I'm a fan of Larry Wallace, the Flawless One got steamrolled by Harris last night.

So, to me... this is Harris' first major test since spending time training for pro wrestling... for getting ready for this tournament.

[High fives and embraces are shared on the floor between Harris and his fight team before he climbs the steps, ducking through the ropes. He dances around the ring, arms up in the air as the metal chain continues to hang around his neck. Harris punches himself in the face with his own glove, shouting at the crowd as they continue to deliver a mixed reaction. His blood red gloves are in stark contrast to his jet black fight trunks as he dances alongside the ropes, shouting what you'd imagine are inappropriate things at Rebecca Ortiz while he waits for the arrival of Supreme Wright.]

GM: And now... we wait.

[The music fades, the lights dropping 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 mixed reaction!

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: There he is, fans. A former two-time AWA World Champion. Widely believed to be the best in-ring competitor in the world today. But is all that enough? Is it enough to topple a man who is a giant among men in another sport?

[Wright stops his walk towards the ring momentarily to acknowledge Pure X at ringside. The two masters of the ring give each other a knowing look, before Wright returns his focus towards HIS ring.]

GM: Supreme Wright taking a moment to acknowledge the man he hopes to face tomorrow night in the Quarterfinals, Pure X.

BW: He better not take too much time or focus to do that. Rufus Harris is going to be a handful on his own.

[Wright steps through the ropes and into the ring, lowering the hood to reveal his face. His eyes remain focused on Harris as he removes his robe to reveal his wrestling attire underneath: crimson wrestling trunks with three white stars on the front.

With both competitors now inside the ring, Rebecca Ortiz steps back to the center of the ring.]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... fighting out of Gnaw Bone, Indiana... weighing in tonight at 260 pounds... he is the former GFC HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRRLLLLLLD...

HE IS THE ROTTWEILER...

RUUUUUUUUUUFUSSSSSSSSSS
HAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRISSSSSSSSSS!

[Harris throws his head back, barking to the crowd - some of which return the gesture as Harris removes the chain from around his neck, handing it off to one of his seconds as Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnd his opponent... fighting out of Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he weighs in tonight at 228 pounds... he is a former TWO-TIME AWA HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORRRRRRRLLLLLLLLLD...

SUPREME WRIIIIIIIGHTTTT!!!!

[Ortiz vacates the ring as Wright hears the same mixed reaction from before. He doesn't acknowledge the cheers nor the boos though, striding to the center of the ring as Davis Warren summons the two competitors out to the middle. The mixed reaction turns into a roar of excitement from the fans over what they're about to see as Wright and Harris come together in the middle of the ring!]

GM: The TD Garden crowd is on their feet! What a moment this is as these two tremendous warriors come together in the middle of the squared circle... eye to eye... nose to nose...

[The fans are roaring as Wright steps forward, just inches away from Rufus Harris as referee Davis Warren slides his arms between the two, hopefully keeping them from physically interacting before the bell.]

GM: The referee with the most longevity, Davis Warren, is going to be faced with the tall task of keeping this one under control and... well, I don't envy him with that assignment.

[Harris is shouting at Wright, berating him from a few inches away as Warren tries to keep them apart. Wright has no verbal response, his eyes boring into Harris like a pair of drills.]

GM: Stone cold expression on the face of Supreme Wright, ready for combat like only Wright can be.

[Warren steps between the two in full now, speaking to both competitors with a hand on each of their chests. He gets a nod from both as he pushes them apart, pointing them back to their respective corners.]

GM: Warren backs them off, final instructions for both men...

[The crowd is absolutely electric by this point, roaring with anticipation as Harris bounces up and down, flashing his mouthpiece as he swings his arms up over his head, shouting "COME ON! LET'S DO IT!" He is burning up with excitement... with enthusiasm... with overwhelming emotion.

He is ready.

In a total flash of contrast, Supreme Wright is cool... perhaps cold... calculating... unmoving... not a drop of emotion. He stares across the ring, grabbing the top rope, doing some final stretches as he watches Harris shout at him. He oozes confidence as the best in the world.

He is ready.

And with one command from Davis Warren, we are ready too.]

"RING THE BELL!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE WE GO!

[At the sound of the bell, Rufus Harris comes sprinting out of his corner, arms down and leading with his chin. Supreme Wright moves quickly but not as fast as Harris. Harris clears about three-quarters of the ring before they come together, Wright throwing a snap elbow to the jaw!]

GM: OH!

[Harris draws his hand back, throwing a big overhead right hand, catching Wright on the chin with it, causing Wright to stumble backwards. He catches himself, trying to push forward as Harris loops a left hand around his neck in a loose clinch, rifling his right hand in, crashing his fist off the jaw of Wright repeatedly!]

GM: HARRIS THROWING BOMBS FROM THE CLINCH!

[Wright brings up his left arm, trying to absorb some of the blows as Harris pushes him back, ending up with Wright against the buckles.]

GM: Wright's in the corner!

BW: Gotta get out of there, champ!

[Harris steps back, throwing a big overhead right hand again, bouncing it off the shoulder of Wright as he tries to pull away but a left hook catches him flush, snapping his head to the side as Wright grabs the ropes, trying to stay on his feet!]

GM: Harris has got him in trouble!

[With Wright's right side exposed, Harris leaps up to bury a short knee into the ribcage. Wright grimaces as he slips back, his back pressed against the buckles as Harris hammers away at the right side of the ribcage with a series of left hooks. Wright hooks the left arm, hanging on as Harris tries to pull it free...

...and LASHES out with a stiff headbutt on Harris!]

GM: OH!

BW: THAT AIN'T LEGAL IN THE GFC, DADDY!

[Wright falls back into the buckles, a cut opening up on his forehead right away. The former AWA World Champion reaches up, checking the cut as Harris staggers backwards, falling down to a knee...]

GM: Wright stunned him! He created an opening here!

[Wiping the blood from his forehead, Wright steps out of the corner, throwing a side kick at the kneeling Harris...

...but Harris EXPLODES from his knee, grabbing the leg, lifting Wright off the mat, twisting, leaping, and DRIVING Wright down into the canvas to a huge reaction from the Boston crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WRIGHT GOES DOWN! HARRIS WITH AN EXPLOSIVE TAKEDOWN!

[Harris takes advantage of Wright's stunned condition, throwing a leg across the torso to take the mount.]

GM: HARRIS HAS GOT THE MOUNT! THIS MIGHT BE IT!

[Harris starts raining down blows, starting with big right hands aimed at the face of Wright who covers up with his arms, absorbing most of the blows on his human shield!]

BW: Wright's got a good defense up, blocking most of those punches...

[Planting his feet on the mat, Wright bucks his hips, throwing the off-balance Harris off to a big cheer!]

GM: Wright slips out! What a counter!

[The former AWA World Champion tries to scramble to his feet as Harris does the same. The Rottweiler leaps up, throwing a knee at the rising Wright who manages to avoid it as Harris flies past him.]

GM: Oh! Wright avoids the knee!

[With the off-balance Harris with his back turned, Wright BLASTS him with an elbowstrike to the back of the head!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Another move illegal in the GFC but legal right here in the AWA! Wright's going to take advantage of Harris being out of his element, trying to make sure he uses the things that Harris might not be used to defending against.

[The elbowstrike sends Harris falling forward, grabbing the ropes to catch himself from falling. The Rottweiler turns around, ready to strike...

...but Wright is on him, clasping his hands around the neck of Harris!]

GM: Thai clinch!

[Pulling Harris' head down, Wright unloads with a series of kneestrikes to the head and face, battering Harris with them against the ropes. Davis Warren steps in, calling for a rope break...

...but Wright lands one more devastating kneestrike up the middle, smashing home on Harris' face!]

GM: OHH!

[Still holding the clinch, Wright twists around, slinging Harris away from the ropes and out to the middle of the ring, blood streaming from his nose.]

GM: Looks like Harris has been busted open as well.

BW: Maybe a broken nose from that kneestrike!

[With Harris dazed and bleeding, Wright takes aim...

...and leaps into the air, throwing a leaping kneestrike aimed at the jaw of Rufus Harris...]

GM: FLYING KNEE!

[...but the Rottweiler has other ideas, leaping into a Superman punch that catches Wright FLUSH on the jaw, knocking him out of the air!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERMAN PUNCH! WRIGHT GOES DOWN!

[Not only does the former World Champion go down but his mouthpiece flies out of the ring, his limbs twisted under him as Harris steadies himself...

...and then spots Wright in some serious jeopardy, leaping forward, landing on his knees beside Wright's head!]

GM: WRIGHT'S DOWN! HARRIS ON THE MOVE!

[Balling up his right hand, Harris swings a hammerfist down on Wright's head, bouncing off his skull...

...and again...

...and again...

...and again...

...and again...

...and again...]

GM: The referee's in there, checking to see if Wright can defend himself!

[Harris lands three more undefended hammerfists before coming back to his feet, winding his right arm way back...]

GM: Harris dropping bombs on Wright!

[...and makes a lunge down between the legs of Wright, swinging his right fist down to BOUNCE Wright's head off the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[Warren leans in, shouting at Wright, trying to see if he can continue as Harris winds up to deliver another one, lunging off his feet...

...as Wright swings his legs up, catching Harris on the way down!]

GM: TRIANGLE CHOKE! OH MY STARS!

[The crowd ROARS as Wright locks in one of his most dreaded submission holds!]

GM: WRIGHT'S GOT THE TRIANGLE, TRYING TO CHOKE OUT HARRIS AND GET HIMSELF TO THE QUARTERFINALS!

[Harris swings his left arm wildly, trying to punch his way out as Wright cranks the hold in tighter, trying to send Harris into Dreamland!]

BW: Wright's got it in deep! Harris can't punch his way out of this, daddy!

[A shout from Harris' corner seems to change Harris' strategy as he reaches around with his left arm, grabbing his right...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Oh, I've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: Harris is trying to power out! Got that left hand locked on the right wrist and-

[The crowd ROARS as Harris gets to his feet, sets himself...

...and POWERS WRIGHT UP INTO THE AIR!]

GM: HE GOT HIM UP! HE GOT HIM UP!

[Harris lunges forward, DRIVING Wright down in a makeshift powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB! HARRIS WITH THE POWERBOMB TO ESCAPE AND-

[But suddenly, Wright leans back, clinching in the hold again...]

GM: NO! WRIGHT KEEPS THE HOLD LOCKED IN!

[Harris sweeps his left arm around again, trying to catch Wright with a haymaker but coming up short as Wright twists his head away from Harris, trying to get the legs in the right position...]

GM: Harris is in trouble! Can he get out of this hold that Wright's used to great success so many times in his career?!

[Unable to reach Wright's head, Harris switches his strategy again, reaching around to grab at his own arm...]

GM: Harris is going to try and powerbomb his way out again!

[Wright breaks his two handed grip on the arm, swinging the point of his right elbow down into Harris' head, trying to batter his way out of a potential powerbomb!]

GM: Wright with the point of the elbow, smashing it into the skull! Trying to keep Harris from using that powerbomb a second time!

[Wright is frantically smashing the elbow home, pounding Harris relentlessly...

...but Harris gives a tremendous roar, LIFTING Wright off the canvas again!]

GM: HARRIS GOT HIM UP!

[Lifting higher, Harris ends up with Wright up on his shoulders in traditional powerbomb position...

...when Wright suddenly lets go of the arm, pitching himself backwards while keeping the head trapped between his legs!]

GM: What the-?!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Wright using a rarely-seen rana, taking Harris up and over, rolling through into a mount of his own!]

GM: AND WRIGHT GETS THE MOUNT!

[Wright rains down three quick elbowstrikes between the eyes before Harris pulls his arms up, blocking his face. The former AWA World Champion lifts both arms, swinging them down in knife-edge blows to the side of the neck!]

GM: Mongolian chops?!

BW: Hah!

[Wright continues to rain down Mongolian chops on Harris until the Rottweiler bucks him off in mid-strike, sending Wright pitching forward off him. Harris rolls to the side, scrambling up off the mat as Wright gets up, moving in on him...]

GM: OHH! RIGHT HAND!

[The quick hands of Harris fire away, rocking Wright with a hook that snaps his head to the side, sending him falling backwards into the corner.]

GM: WRIGHT GOT ROCKED!

[Harris rushes forward, throwing another right... and another... and another...]

GM: Wright's trying to cover up, trying to defend himself!

[The Rottweiler switches to the left hand, throwing them into the ribcage again. Wright slides his arm down, trying to protect his ribs which opens him up to another big right hook that snaps his head to the side, causing Wright to slump down to a knee!]

GM: WRIGHT'S IN TROUBLE!

[Harris stands over him, swinging right hands as quickly as he can, landing blow after blow after blow, forcing Wright to drop down to all fours...]

...when the referee steps in, shoving Harris backwards! The crowd roars in surprise as Harris turns away, running across the ring, leaping up onto the midbuckle, jerking a thumb at himself!]

BW: Gordo, is it over?!

GM: I don't know, Bucky. The referee stepped in but I don't know if it was because he was stopping the match or...

[Warren puts his foot on the bottom rope, waving his arms.]

GM: No, no! He was trying to break up the fight in the ropes! The match isn't over!

BW: Is someone going to tell Harris that?!

[The Rottweiler stays up on the midbuckle, celebrating his perceived victory as Supreme Wright drags himself to his feet, blood streaming now from his eyebrow and badly-swollen lip...]

...and then charges across the ring, leaping up to the second rope, hooking Harris around the upper thighs and waist...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and LAUNCHES Harris backwards, throwing him violently down on the back of his head on the canvas to a DEAFENING ROAR!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SECOND ROPE GERMAN SUPLEX!! HOLY...

[Wright scrambles up off the mat, takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and soccer kicks Harris in the temple, snapping his head to the side!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[With Harris limp on the canvas, Wright dives on top, wrapping him up in a front facelock, throwing three quick kneestrikes to the top of the skull!]

GM: Wright's trying to finish him off!

[A quick Gator Roll to the right puts them in the middle of the ring where Wright pulls Harris into a guillotine choke, reaching up to wrap his legs around the torso!]

GM: AND THERE'S A CHOKE! WRIGHT SINKS IT IN DEEP!

[Harris is struggling against it, trying to get loose...

...when Wright throws his head back, letting loose a roar as he cranks up the pressure...]

GM: WRIGHT CRANKS IT ON HARDER AND...

[And suddenly, Rufus Harris slaps the arm of Wright three times, causing Davis Warren to leap to his feet, signaling for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT!

[The crowd ROARS at the sound of the bell as Wright lets go of the choke, slumping back onto his back.]

GM: Supreme Wright has defeated Rufus Harris in the middle of the ring!

BW: I'll do you one better, Gordo - he tapped the Rottweiler out!

GM: Wright with a flurry of high impact offense followed by that guillotine choke and Rufus Harris goes down to defeat in the first round of the Battle of Boston...

BW: Supreme Wright's moving on, daddy... by the skin of his teeth!

GM: Harris had him in the corner and thought he'd won but didn't realize the referee was calling for a rope break and not for the end of the match. That one mistake cost him everything and sends him packing as the former AWA World Champion moves on where he will face...

[Cut to a shot of Pure X at ringside. X is applauding Wright's victory, nodding with approval.]

GM: ...that man right there, Pure X, in the Quarterfinals in what should be a tremendous battle.

BW: And if I'm Pure X, I'm wondering what Wright has left after this. The match wasn't incredibly long - just about seven minutes of action - but it was a war, Gordo.

GM: Supreme Wright, sitting up on the canvas, showing the signs of that war as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.

[Ortiz' voice rings out over the PA.]

RO: Moving on to the Quarterfinals by way of tapout... here is your winner...

SUUUUUUUPREEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Wright nods his head as the official raises his arm. Wright's lip is swollen and bloody, his eyebrow and forehead are both bleeding. He gingerly gets up to his feet, looking out on the cheering crowd.]

GM: Supreme Wright - on this night at least - has won the adoration of these fans for standing up for the good name of professional wrestling and beating back a challenge from another sport's champion.

BW: And if you would have told me back at SuperClash that in a matter of... what? Eight months? ...that Supreme Wright would stand in the middle of an AWA ring and get a standing ovation from the crowd? Incredible.

GM: Wright is victorious over Harris, fans, and we've got to take another break but when we come back, it'll be the Armbar Assassin, Callum Mahoney going into battle with the AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch! We'll be right back after this break!

[Harris pulls up to a knee, staring at Wright as the crowd continues to cheer...

...and 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 as we have seen many times last night and tonight, Sweet Lou Blackwell is joined this time by a sneering Callum Mahoney, who is dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front.]

SLB: Welcome back to The Battle of Boston Night Two, fans! And Callum Mahoney, your first-round opponent is THE reigning National champion, a former tag team champion, and a member of the Lynch family. How do you think you'll fare against such a decorated competitor? How do you think you'll match up to such pedigree?

CM: You're right, Sweet Lou. I've had multiple shots at and failed to capture the World Television title. My pa's no Blackjack Lynch. He wasn't even in the wrestling business. None of my immediate family are in wrestling, so, yes, I don't have the kind of pedigree someone like Travis Lynch does.

But this match is not about the Lynch family.

It's not about the National Title, although when, WHEN I beat you, Travis, I will be demanding my rightful shot at the championship, and it is definitely not about the World Television title. You might have beaten the likes of Calisto Dufresne... the likes of... Juan Vasquez...

But you've never stepped into the ring with me... Not like this.

This tournament isn't even about proving the dominance of Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick as a unit... Because, while I look forward to meeting Rex... A man I am proud to call brother... The closest thing I've got family in this business, alongside Kerry and Ricki... In the final three-way match, I am fully aware that only one man can walk away from The Battle of Boston as the best!

And that man will be me. That's the only prize I've got my eyes on and I will not be distracted, at least not tonight, by famous last names, or by titles. Tonight, I fight for only one thing. Tonight I fight for ME and when it comes down to Travis Lynch taking me on, I am confident I will beat him and move on to the next round of this tournament.

[Blackwell continues.]

SLB: Following the tag team title match last night, Tony Donovan took a chair to the hand of Travis Lynch... and my sources are telling me that Travis is entering this match against the advice of AWA medical. That means he's coming into this match injured and that also means he might not be able to throw his trademark Discus Punch or be able to lock on the Lynch family's dreaded Claw with an injured hand. Is this something you are planning on exploiting heading into this match?

CM: Travis isn't the sort of fella to make excuses for himself. He's going to tape that hand up and he's bringing it into the match. That makes it a fair target, so, yes, I very much look forward to stomping on that hand, manipulating those joints, twisting and stretching them out. Because, in doing so? In beating him? I would have shown him mercy... And spared him the horror of going into battle against the Engine of Destruction...

And, for that, Travis? You WILL thank me.

[Mahoney smirks as we fade from Sweet Lou to a sweeping shot of the crowd in the TD Garden as "Brian Boru's March" as performed by The Chieftains starts to play over the arena speakers, causing the majority of the crowd to start jeering.]

RO: Next up is another first round matchup in The Battle of Boston tournament! One fall, thirty minutes on the clock. First...

[Another cut takes us to the entranceway from which Callum Mahoney, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, emerges, dressed, as we saw him earlier, in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots. Mahoney stands with his hands on his hips, a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.]

RO: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland... weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

THE ARMBAR ASSSSSSSSASSIN...

CALLLLLLUMMMMMM MAAAAAHOOOOONEYYYY!

[A small segment of the audience is, however, actually cheering Mahoney, some of them waving the flag of the Republic of Ireland, while more than a few bros have on novelty Guinness hats, and it is to this section of the crowd that he raises his right fist in acknowledgment, as he makes his way down the aisle.]

GM: An unusual amount of cheers for Callum Mahoney on this night, Bucky.

BW: We're in Boston, Gordo. It's practically West Dublin for cryin' out loud! The Fighting Irish are in full effect in the TD Garden tonight, daddy!

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney climbs the ring steps, onto the apron, wiping the soles of his boots on the mat before stepping through the ropes. He immediately shrugs off the jacket, walks over to his corner and drops it on the apron. As the music fades, Mahoney paces the corner, occasionally pulling on the top rope to help him stretch as we fade back to the backstage area and Sweet Lou.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time... the AWA National Champion and the man about to face Callum Mahoney in the first round of this tournament... Travis Lynch!

SLB: Fans, the first round of the Battle of Boston continues to steamroll on tonight and my guest at this time, is just moments away from stepping into the ring with the Armbar Assassin...

[The AWA National Champion enters, attired in his trademark super smedium T-shirt, upon which rests his silver crucifix, black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging. The AWA National Championship belt rests upon his right shoulder.]

SLB: Travis, I'm going to start with the obvious, how's your left hand?

[The camera catches his left hand, which is heavily taped. Travis flexes his fingers for a quick moment.]

TL: This isn't the first time I've dealt with an injury here in the AWA and I doubt it's goin' to be the last. I've had this hand taped up before, I had the shoulder the AWA National Title is resting on taped up, "Sweet" Lou, Sure there's pain, sure it hurts when it connects with a man's jaw... But when the stakes are as high as they are here in Boston, the pain needs to be set aside. And that's exactly what I'm goin' do. But understand this "Sweet" Lou, I may be puttin' the pain aside but I'm not forgettin' who did this!

Donavon and Taylor, if you think this is over, boys, you're dead wrong!

SLB: Wait a minute, Travis, earlier tonight Jack said that you're going to let teams like The Rotgut Rustlers, Next Gen, and the Shadow Star Legion challenge for the World Tag Team Championship.

[Travis smiles and nods his head.]

TL: Absolutely, that's what we're goin' to do "Sweet" Lou but it doesn't mean I'm not goin' get my pound of flesh for this!

[Travis raises the heavily taped left hand up in front of the camera.]

TL: And I goin' continue to defend this title...

[Travis removes the AWA National Championship belt from his shoulder and holds it in from the camera for a long moment.]

TL: Against all challengers with pride!

[Travis drapes the AWA National Championship belt across his left shoulder.]

SLB: And tonight, you're stepping into the ring with Callum Mahoney with the goal of earning yourself a future shot at the AWA World Heavyweight Championship.

TL: Another shot, "Sweet" Lou... and that's exactly why the Kings of Wrestlin' tried to take out my left hand last night! The last time I stepped into the ring with Johnny Detson, I took him to his limit and he STOLE the victory and the World Title from my grasp!

SLB: I have to know Travis, are you ready to face Callum Mahoney tonight? Your focus seems soundly on the Kings of Wrestling.

TL: I won't deny the Kings of Wrestlin' are on my mind right now, but I know I need to handle the business that is in front of me. And like you said "Sweet" Lou, that business is Callum Mahoney. The man they call the Armbar Assassin, and he deserves that name. At Homecoming, Mahoney did his damndest to tear every ligament in my shoulder, to rip it out of the socket for a chance to lay claim to this title.

[Travis slaps the championship belt twice.]

TL: A few moments ago as you interviewed Mahoney, I saw the look in his eyes and I know that look "Sweet" Lou. Mahoney's hungry, hungry for championship gold here in the AWA. He came close to capturing the WORLD Television Championship and when you've come close to wearin' the gold...

[Travis casts a glance at the AWA National Championship belt.]

TL: You'll do anything to grab that ring and be called champion! I took every opportunity I could to win this championship. Juan Vasquez contemplated breaking my neck to regain this championship. So tonight, I fully expect Mahoney to bring it. I fully expect him to do everythin' he can to advance in the Battle of Boston, but just like Homecoming, he's standing across the ring from me!

[Travis pauses and stares into the camera.]

TL: And there is no way I'm lettin' Mahoney just walk to the next round!

So let me tell you something "Sweet" Lou. It doesn't matter that Jack and I went to war with the tag team champions last night. It doesn't matter that this hand is taped up, that pain courses through this arm each time I move my fingers! I will not be denied another opportunity for a shot at the World Heavyweight Championship!

[With that, Travis walks away leaving "Sweet" Lou standing alone in front of the AWA banner as we fade back out to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The opening notes to Rush's rock classic "Tom Sawyer" ring out over the PA system which causes the overwhelming majority of the Boston crowd to EXPLODE into cheers - save that one section of Mahoney diehards.]

RO: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 252 pounds... he is the AAAAWA NATIONAL CHAMMMMMPIONNNN...

TRRRRRRAAAAVISSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Cut to the top of the aisle as the AWA National Champion strides through the entranceway to even bigger cheers. The champion is attired in his trademark super smedium T-shirt, which has the image of Texas, colored like the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. A silver crucifix rests on top of the T-shirt. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging and around his waist is the AWA National Championship belt. Travis pauses, soaking up the love from the fans, who are cheering wildly.]

GM: There he is, fans! The longest reigning AWA National Champion of all time, Travis Lynch, looking to join his big brother, Jack, in the Quarterfinals tomorrow night!

[With a smile on his face... and a whole lot of white tape wrapped around his left hand and wrist, Lynch breaks into a slight jog down the aisle as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his arms and shoulders.]

GM: And it's hard not to notice how heavily that left hand is taped tonight, Bucky... hard not to notice the damage that Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan did last night in an attempt to take Travis out of this tournament.

BW: An attempt that may not have immediately worked but you're putting Lynch out there with a bad wing against a guy who specializes in torturing arms. Mahoney's drooling like a hound dog over a bone tonight, Gordo.

[Travis foregoes his trip to the barricade on this night, making sure his left hand and arm are out of reach for the fans as he slaps a few outstretched hand on his way to the ringsteps, climbing up them. He strides out onto the middle of the apron, pulling 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: This weekend is certainly not going the way that Travis Lynch had hoped so far but he'll try to change all that starting right now.

BW: That's right. He's not the tag champ again and according to his brother, that ship has sailed. Can't blame him. I wouldn't team with Travis Stench if you gave me a dollar for every one of my brain cells. But if he thinks going against Callum Mahoney is how he turns his weekend around, he's sadly mistaken, daddy.

GM: We're about to find out as Lynch gets ready for action. Referee Andy Dawson taking a nice, long look at that taped hand... making sure there's nothing illegal in there.

BW: Better check it twice. These Stenches are as crooked as a Boston politician.

[The official steps out to the middle of the ring, checking to make sure both men are ready and signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! One fall, thirty minute time limit with a trip to the Quarterfinals to face Brian James on the line!

BW: What a prize that is. "Hey, you won! Now, here's your prize - a kick to the marbles!"

[Lynch leads with his right arm extended in front of him, walking towards the middle of the ring as Mahoney edges to his right, trying to get closer to the left side of the Texan.]

GM: It's not the first time these two have squared off as part of a tournament. You'll remember the Brass Ring tournament early in 2015 when the National Title returned to the AWA... and Travis Lynch won on that night, Bucky.

BW: Which means Mahoney's itching to return the favor.

[Mahoney continues to edge sideways, trying to circle towards the arm as Lynch attempts to circle away...

...and then Mahoney rushes forward, clubbing a couple of forearm blows across the left shoulder.]

GM: Oh! Mahoney gets in there, going for the arm!

[Lynch, however, draws back and fires with a right hand to the jaw... and another... and a third that sends Mahoney staggering backwards.]

GM: Lynch firing back!

[With Mahoney reeling, Lynch ducks down, lifting him up (mostly with his right arm), and SLAMS him down!]

GM: And a big bodyslam puts Mahoney down on the mat!

[Winding up the right arm, Lynch drops an elbow across the sternum, quickly rolling into a lateral press, earning just a hair over a one count before Mahoney kicks out.]

GM: Travis Lynch obviously trying to get the job done quickly. Not wasting any time in going for his first cover of the match, even if it didn't get the three count he was looking for.

[Mahoney quickly gets to his feet as Lynch advances on him, throwing his right hand again.]

GM: The Texas Heartthrob is a natural southpaw so throwing that right hand isn't going to be as effective as his left would be although he's certainly putting some mustard on those shots to the skull!

[Mahoney spirals back into the buckles as Lynch grabs him by the hair, giving a shout to the fans...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Mahoney staggers out of the corner, his ears ringing after having his head slammed repeatedly into the buckles. He grabs hold of the ropes, falling back into the adjacent turnbuckles as Lynch advances on him...]

...and then the Fighting Irishman throws a boot up into the gut of the approaching Lynch, cutting him off to jeers.]

GM: Mahoney goes downstairs, grabbing the hand of Lynch...

[Grabbing the left hand, Mahoney stretches the arm over Lynch's head...]

...but Lynch buries a right into the ribs once... twice... three times!]

GM: Oh! Lynch battling back again!

[Mahoney stumbles backwards as the Texan attempts to pursue.]

GM: Mahoney goes to the gut again!

[This time, Mahoney grabs Travis by the left wrist, quickly twisting it into an armwringer. Lynch cries out as he sinks down to his knees. Mahoney sneers as he holds the wrist, cranking on the pressure...]

...and then swings his elbow down into the bicep a couple of times before pulling the arm into an armbar.]

GM: Standing armbar applied by Mahoney, trying to inflict even more damage on the arm where Travis is already dealing with a hurting hand and wrist.

[As Lynch works back to his feet, Mahoney plants his foot on the back of the knee, breaking Travis down to a kneeling position as Mahoney slides in behind him, keeping the armbar applied.]

GM: Mahoney showing off the technique that sometimes we forget he has because he's such an accomplished brawler.

BW: That's what makes Mahoney so dangerous. Technical skills, brawling, toughness... he'll fight you in a number of different ways which makes him very unpredictable.

[Mahoney cranks the arm, shouting at Dawson to check for a submission.]

GM: Mahoney's going to be looking for the Texan to give up but we know that's a tough sell, Bucky.

BW: I'll give Lynch that much credit. Giving up doesn't sound like something he's likely to do... unless Mahoney decides to break his arm. Which he will. I hope.

GM: You're terrible.

[As Dawson informs Mahoney of no submission, he grabs the wrist, giving the arm a hard yank before holding it at full extension, bending the wrist with a wristlock. Lynch grimaces as he works his way off the mat...

...and fires a right hand to the jaw to cheers!]

GM: Travis trying to fight back!

[Lynch winds up, landing a second haymaker to cheers!]

GM: Another right hand!

[And as the Texan looks for a third, Mahoney executes a lightning quick armtwist, taking Lynch facefirst down to the canvas before dropping an elbow across the tricep!]

GM: Oh!

[With Lynch's left arm under his armpit, Mahoney reaches out, grabbing the wrist with both hands...]

GM: He's looking for an armbar! Looking for a Fujiwara armbar!

[...planting his feet on the canvas as he tries to bridge back but before he can get the hold fully applied, Lynch front rolls away from the pressure, ripping his arm out of Mahoney's grasp.]

GM: Nice counter by the National Champion!

[Coming up to his feet, Lynch smashes a right forearm into the jaw of Mahoney!]

GM: And again, Travis putting his right arm to good use, firing away at the Fighting Irishman!

[A second forearm to the jaw sends Mahoney spiraling backwards into the ropes where Lynch approaches, keeping his left arm close to his body. He reaches out with his right arm, grabbing Mahoney's wrist...]

GM: One-armed whip by the Texan!

[As Mahoney rebounds, Travis runs him down with a right-armed shoulder tackle!]

GM: Big tackle by the champion!

[Mahoney climbs off the mat again to find Lynch waiting for him, pulling him over his shoulder...]

GM: Lynch lifts... inverted atomic drop!

[And with the Irishman staggered, Lynch backs into the ropes, bouncing off, and drives a leaping forearm into the jaw of Mahoney, flattening him again!]

GM: Flying forearm connects... and Travis with the cover!

[The official counts one... then two... but Mahoney kicks out, flinging Lynch off his upper body.]

GM: Two count only for Lynch!

BW: He's putting up a heck of a fight but just how long can a one-armed man survive in the world of professional wrestling?

GM: We might be finding out here tonight.

[Reaching out with his taped left hand, Travis grabs Mahoney by the hair, holding it as he rifles his right hand down between the eyes a half dozen times.]

GM: The Texas Heartthrob firing away on Mahoney... now back up to his feet...

[Grimacing, Lynch looks to his next attack, leaning down to pull Mahoney up...]

GM: Lynch bringing Mahoney back up...

[Another one-armed whip sends Mahoney the short distance into the buckles before Travis follows him in with a right-armed clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline in the corner...

[Twisting his body, Lynch applies a side headlock with the off arm, giving a swing of his arm in the air to get big cheers from the crowd...]

GM: Travis looking for the bulldog out of the corner!

[The National Champion gets a running start...

...but Mahoney slams on the brakes, flinging Lynch into the air where he bounces off the canvas on impact!]

GM: Ohhh! And Mahoney with the reversal!

[Mahoney falls back into the corner, shaking the cobwebs as he tries to recover from Travis' flurry of offense. Pushing off the buckles, Mahoney stumbles across the ring to where Lynch is flat on his back, reeling from hitting the canvas so hard...

...and reaches down, grabbing the left hand, pulling it up as he plants his boot into the shoulder, holding it down.]

GM: Look at the stretch being put on the arm!

[Lynch howls in pain as Mahoney stretches out the limb...

...and then slips his fingers in-between Lynch's in a knucklelock.]

GM: Mahoney tying up his fingers and-

[Lynch cries out as Mahoney pushes back on the hand, bending Travis' wrist back the wrong direction.]

GM: Look at the pressure on the wrist! Travis screaming in pain as Mahoney is absolutely torturing him!

[With the wrist bent back, Mahoney takes aim and headbutts his own hands, putting more pressure on the wrist... and again... and again...]

GM: Innovative offense out of the Fighting Irishman, trying to really increase the pain that Travis Lynch is going through right now.

[Mahoney pushes the arm down to the canvas, slipping his knee onto the wrist...
...and grinds it back and forth, causing Lynch to cry out in pain again.]

BW: This is music to my ears, Gordo.

GM: You're a sick man, Buckthorn.

[With the arm pinned to the mat, Mahoney kicks his legs up in the air, dropping a knee down on the wrist once... twice... three times before sliding into a pin attempt, earning a two count of his own.]

GM: And Mahoney goes for a quick cover, getting a two count as well.

BW: Forget about the pins. Stay on the arm. Break that wrist!

[Mahoney gets to his feet, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: I'm not sure what Mahoney is griping about. That was nowhere close to a three co- OH!

[The crowd groans as Mahoney viciously stomps Lynch's left hand.]

GM: Come on!

[And does it again!]

GM: Referee, you've gotta stop this!

BW: Did you say "stomp this?!"

GM: I certainly did- AHH!

[A third stomp has Lynch howling in pain before the official steps in, forcing Mahoney to back off.]

GM: An absolutely vicious series of stomps to the injured hand of Travis Lynch, leaving him in a bad, bad way down on the canvas.

[Mahoney and the official trade words as Lynch rolls to his stomach, pulling his taped hand underneath him in an effort to shield it from further attack.]

GM: Mahoney moving back in, hauling Lynch off the canvas...

[A desperate Lynch throws a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Lynch goes downstairs!

[The fans cheer as Lynch gets to his feet, throwing another haymaker, this one aimed at the skull of the Fighting Irishman!]

GM: Another hard shot by the Texan!

[The crowd is really rocking now as Lynch winds up, ready to deliver another big blow...

...when Mahoney simply reaches out and jabs a finger into the eye!]

GM: OH! COME ON!

[The crowd - most of them at least - jeer loudly as Lynch staggers away and Mahoney pleads that it was open-handed blow to the official.]

GM: Callum Mahoney goes to the eye of Travis Lynch and-

[Ignoring the protesting official, Mahoney spins Lynch around with a handful of hair...

...and BLASTS him with a European uppercut, sending him falling back into the ropes, arms hooked over the top.]

GM: Hard uppercut by Mahoney who has got Lynch right where he wants him now...

[Trapped in the corner, Lynch is an easy target for Mahoney who winds up, laying in an overhead chop to the chest...]

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: If there's one thing about Callum Mahoney that any man who faces him in the ring will agree on, it's that he's one of the hardest hitters in the AWA locker room, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

"WHAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And another big chop by Mahoney!

[With Lynch reeling, Mahoney grabs the top rope, swinging his knee up into the ribcage once... twice... three times... four times... five times... six times until the official steps in, dragging him backwards.]

GM: Again, referee Andy Dawson has to get Mahoney to back off by getting physically involved!

[Grabbing Lynch around the head and neck, Mahoney uses a snapmare to take him over into a seated position, driving the point of his elbow down between the eyes...

...and then hooking the left wrist, pulling the arm straight over Lynch's head. He quickly ensnares the fingers in a knucklelock again, pulling the arm back so that the wrist is pressed into the canvas...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and STOMPS the elbow, putting ungodly amounts of pressure on the wrist. Lynch again howls in pain, pulling the arm underneath him as he rolls over onto his stomach.]

GM: Travis Lynch came into this match with an already banged-up wrist and hand and Callum Mahoney has been violently trying to make that situation much much worse for him.

[Mahoney leans down, grabbing Lynch by the hair, hauling him to his feet. He drags him across the ring by the left hand, lifting the arm up again...

...and SLAMS it down on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: OHH!

[Lynch recoils in pain, staggering out of the corner, falling to his knees on the canvas as Mahoney sneers at his downed opponent.]

GM: Mahoney staying on him this time...

[Grabbing the hair, Mahoney holds Lynch in place to deliver three bone-bruising crossface forearms across the cheekbone before shoving Lynch down to the mat, flipping him over for a lateral press.]

GM: Mahoney covers for one... two... and- that's all.

[Mahoney grabs the left arm, shoving it down on the mat again. He puts his boot on it, holding the wrist down as he gets back up. Lynch is wriggling, trying to get free as Mahoney taunts the ringside fans...

...and then leaps into the air, aiming to stomp the wrist or hand again!]

GM: Leaping stomp! NO!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch yanks his arm clear in time, causing Mahoney to whiff on the stomp. The Texan keeps on rolling, trying to get out of the ring before Mahoney can attack again...

...but Mahoney NAILS him in the lower back with a baseball slide dropkick, knocking Lynch out to the floor!]

BW: Well, he ended up where he wanted to be.

GM: Sure but he didn't want that dropkick to send him there.

[Mahoney rolls under the ropes, joining Travis out on the floor. He grabs the left arm, hauling the Texan up to his feet...

...and then grabs the wrist, raising the arm up again...]

GM: No, no!

[...and SLAMS the wrist down on the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lynch again recoils in pain, staggering away, falling to his knees as he clutches his arm.]

GM: Absolutely savage assault by Mahoney on the floor!

[Mahoney leans against the apron, soaking up the jeers of the Boston crowd with a sadistic smile on his face. He pushes off, stalking Lynch as the Texan tries to get back off his knees. The Fighting Irishman gets there first, driving his fist down between the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot to the skull!

[A second punch keeps Lynch on his knees as Mahoney grabs two hands full of hair, hauling Lynch to his feet. He walks him over towards the steel ringpost, holding him by the hair...]

GM: What's Mahoney got in mind here, fans?

BW: Whatever it is, it's bad news for Travis Lynch and GLORIOUS DAY for me!

[As he reaches the ringpost, Mahoney steps to the other side, lacing Lynch's left under the ropes as he grabs the wrist. He smirks as he lets Lynch drift backwards...]

GM: What's he...?

[...but the Texan gives a mighty yank of his own, pulling Mahoney towards him and DRIVING the Irishman's skull into the steel post!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE POST HE GOES! OH MY!

[Cheers come up from the crowd as Lynch staggers backwards, leaning on the apron as Mahoney falls to his rear on the floor. With the official counting, the Texan rolls under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Lynch is back in! The referee's still counting!

[Lynch cradles his injured hand in his arms as the official counts five...]

GM: Can Mahoney beat the count? Can he get back in in time?

"SIX!"

GM: The count is up to six... Mahoney's still down, his head ringing from that blow into the post!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Mahoney shakes his head, reaching up towards the ring apron...]

"SEVEN!"

GM: Mahoney's trying to get off the floor, dragging himself to a knee using the ring apron...

BW: How is Mahoney on the verge of losing this match when Lynch is getting his tail kicked?! This isn't fair!

GM: Mahoney struggling to get to his feet...

"EIGHT!"

GM: So close! He's so close to getting back inside that ring and-

“NINE!”

[But before Andy Dawson can deliver the ten count, Mahoney lunges forward, throwing himself under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: He made it! Mahoney breaks the count in time as we pass the ten minute mark in the match!

[Mahoney pushes up off the mat as Lynch does the same, moving in on the Fighting Irishman...]

GM: Big right hand! Another! A third!

[Grabbing Mahoney’s wrist with one hand, Lynch goes for an Irish whip...]

...but the Armbar Assassin reverses it, sending the Texan crashing into the buckles. Mahoney rushes in after him...]

GM: Mahoney steamrolls in and-

[He runs right into a desperation back elbow by Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! Travis catches him under the chin!

[Shaking out the left arm he instinctively used to counter, Lynch hops up to the middle rope, takes aim...]

...and leaps off, catching Mahoney with a Fierro Press!]

GM: FIERRO PRESS OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!

[Leaning forward, Lynch hangs on as the referee dives to the mat to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY STARS! HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?! WHAT A COUNTER BY TRAVIS!

[Lynch grabs his own wrist, coming up off the canvas again as Mahoney staggers up off the mat...]

...and gets run over with a right-armed clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline by the Texan!

[Mahoney gets up a second time and gets run down a second time!]

GM: Another one!

[As Mahoney gets up a little slower this time, a fired-up Lynch looks at his heavily-taped left hand...]

...and with a triumphant shout, raises it into the sky!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Are you trying to tell this idiot thinks he can use the Claw with his banged-up hand?!

GM: Maybe he can, Bucky! Maybe Travis Lynch's sheer will can overcome the pain in his hand!

BW: Or maybe he's a bigger idiot than I thought and I don't even know if that's possible!

[The Fighting Irishman struggles up to his feet as Lynch surges forward, left hand drawn back and at the ready...]

GM: IRON CLAW!

[...and locks his fingers around the skull of Callum Mahoney as the Boston crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN!

[But as Travis tries to increase the pressure, he recoils, spinning away as he grabs his hand in pain.]

GM: No! He couldn't hold it! He couldn't hang on!

[And with Travis' back turned to a stunned Mahoney, the Fighting Irishman slips in from behind, reaching around to grab the left arm, pulling it up across the neck of Lynch as he drops down with a neck breaker!]

GM: Ohh! He hooked the arm and dropped him with the neckbreaker!

[Mahoney rolls into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Again, Lynch pops the shoulder off the mat...

...but this time, Mahoney smoothly transitions, hooking the lifted arm, scissoring it, and dropping back in a cross armbreaker attempt!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE ARMBAR! MAHONEY TRYING TO HOOK HIS SIGNATURE HOLD!

[Lynch grabs at his left wrist with his right hand, hanging on for dear life to keep Mahoney from extending the arm...]

GM: Mahoney's trying to get that hold locked in but Lynch is fighting it! He's fighting for his life!

BW: Yes he is because if that cross armbreaker gets hooked in, Travis Lynch is going to tap faster than Fred Astaire, daddy!

GM: Lynch trying to keep that grip... trying to prevent the arm from being stretched out...

[In a scramble, Lynch manages to roll to a knee, pushing back against the grip. He struggles, trying to break Mahoney's hold on his limb.]

GM: Lynch trying to get out! He's close, Bucky!

BW: Hang on, Mahoney!

[And in a quick motion, he yanks his arm free, grabs the two legs that are pressed against his body, and flips over in a double leg cradle!]

GM: WHOA! COUNTER!

[Referee Andy Dawson dives to the mat, slapping the canvas as the crowd counts along.]

“ONE!”

“TWO!”

“THREEEEEEEE!”

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Mahoney kicks out JUST after the bell, leaving Lynch down on the mat where he promptly rolls out to the floor, clutching his left arm. The referee slides out next to him, grabbing the left wrist to lift the arm... but Lynch yanks it away, grimacing as the official simply points to him.]

RO: Moving on to the Quarterfinals... TRAAAAAAVISSSS LYNNNNNNCH!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch raises his right arm on his own, nodding to the cheering fans.]

GM: Travis Lynch snatches victory from the jaws of potential defeat right there, Bucky.

BW: He certainly did. I think Mahoney had this one well in hand but Lynch got lucky, got the sneaky pin and moves on... and Brian James just got handed a one-armed man tomorrow night.

GM: That so-called one-armed man is still the AWA National Champion and you better believe he's going to give James the fight of his young life.

BW: We shall see, Gordo... we shall see.

GM: Travis Lynch advances to the Quarterfinals here in Boston! We've got two more first round matches to go but right now, we've got to take a quick break!

[Fade to black as Lynch backs down the aisle, hurting but victorious...

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 crowd, still excited for the matches yet to come. We dissolve to a shot of Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: It's been quite the evening already, Bucky. We saw Jack Lynch slay MAMMOTH Maximus, a frenzy of women's competitors light up the news-boards, the clash of two elite competitors from their respective sports collide, and the city and fans of Boston have been on fire all weekend for us.

BW: You know who's not on fire, Gordo?

GM: Who's that?

BW: Those lovable losers, the Boston Red Sox. Maybe they should have been hitting the practice field instead of heckling our wrestlers last night because they got lit up by the Los Angeles Angels of Anaheim yesterday 21-2.

GM: I think you're confused, Bucky. It was one of our own, Flex Ferrigno, that seemed to be on the heckling end of things. To make matters worse, I've been told we have footage of Ferrigno actually being tossed out of Fenway Park tonight! For starters, I can't believe he's not here to watch history in the making for the Battle of Boston... but he and a handful of talent skipped the event to go stir up trouble at the ball game!

BW: Wouldn't be the first star they kicked out of Fenway. If Matt Damon wrote a show called, "Boston's Got Talent," there wouldn't even be a winner!

GM: Give me a... let's roll the footage.

[The screen dissolves...

...then opens back up on a live action shot from Fenway Stadium. The Angels are on the field with Xander Bogarts up at the plate. Standing in the batters box

loosening up is none other than "Big Papi" David Ortiz. Just as noticeable, and only a handful of feet behind him in the second row, is AWA's very own Flex Ferrigno.

Other than wearing his aviator sunglasses what's most noteworthy about Flex is his choice of shirts...wearing his "MUSCLE MONSTA" shirt within the confines of the legendary field known for the Green Monster. Standing beside the Quadrasaurus are some lesser known and equally as large individuals... Sammy Carson, Billy Jack Barr, and "Krusher" Warner. The footage is shaky as it appears to be delivered from someone's cell phone... but the audio is surprisingly pretty clear.]

FLEX: Hey fat boy! Hey! Big Baby I'm talkin' to you, brother! The only donut you know how to swing is a box of Krispy Kremes down your throat, fat boy!

[Some fans begin to get restless, shooting glares at Ferrigno who is almost falling into the front row as he leans over the fans in front of him. You can hear some fans shouting back at him but nobody dares to get involved with four hulking individuals shouting out towards Ortiz who doesn't even bother to look back.]

FLEX: I know you hear me! You want some belt for the buckle, fat boy!?

[Ortiz takes a cut, ignoring Ferrigno.]

FLEX: The only thing you're cleaning up are the Yankees jock straps, fat boy! What is the hell is a DH anyway?

[Ferrigno's "posse" laughs loudly and obnoxiously.]

FLEX: Does that stand for "doesn't have" to exercise? Am I right?!

[They laugh even louder, egging Ferrigno on.]

FLEX: This guy ain't seen toes since his daddy tried to kick him back inside his FAT MAMA!

[Finally, Ortiz looks back, mouthing off at him which draws a pop from the crowd around him. Ferrigno throws his hands out towards him, shouting back...]

FLEX: That's all you got, fat boy?! Someone get me some ointment... I just got buuuuurned!

[Ferrigno mockingly rubs fake tears from his eyes.]

BJB: You've had fewer hits than Miley Cyrus!

[Ferrigno looks over at Billy Jack Barr and just shakes his head. He then returns his attention back over to Ortiz who is telling him to bring it on. Just as Ortiz looks back over his shoulder, he sees his teammate Xander Bogarts dropping his bat and walking casually to first base. Ortiz shoves the donut off his bat and starts making his way to the batter's box.]

FLEX: This oughta be good! Everyone board up the windows, there's a windstorm comin'!

[Ortiz digs his heel into the dirt, readying himself. On the mound, Angels starting pitcher Matt Shoemaker winds up... then fires a fastball that paints the corner of the plate and the umpire belts out, "STRIIIIIIIKE!"]

FLEX: OH MAN! YOU GOTTA SWING THE BAT YOURSELF, FAT BOY! BATTERIES AIN'T INCLUDED!

[The crowd really begins to stir as Ferrigno taunts him mid at-bat. You can see rows of fans standing up as we begin to see a handful of men in yellow jackets making their way down the steps towards Flex and his fellow wrestlers.]

FLEX: FAT BOY AIN'T DRIVEN ANYONE HOME SINCE JUNIOR PROM! DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP!

[Shoemaker winds up and fires another a ball inside... Ortiz swings... and connects but the ball splits off towards the opposite dugout.]

FLEX: GET THE FAT BOY SOME JELLY 'CAUSE HE JUST GOT JAMMED!

[Security finally makes its way towards the second row and one of them motions for Ferrigno to come towards him. Flex looks at him and the other guards in their yellow jackets and just points and laughs.]

FLEX: Get outta here, you goons! Take your banana gang elsewhere!

[One of the guards in the back whispers into his walkie-talkie. Shoemaker fires off another pitch that misses the plate as Flex begins to get into it with several fans around him.]

FLEX: You want a piece of this?! Bring it sweatbags! Even Ben Affleck made a better bat-man than fat boy up there!

[One of the guards tells Ferrigno to settle down or they'll have to leave.]

FLEX: Ohhhh I'm so sorry. I'm sorry that Derek Jeter is half the size and twice as talented as that fat boy over there! The only way he's going to Cooperstown is by bus!

[Finally, some police officers make their way down to Ferrigno. One of the them begins trying to walk down the row they're seated and the Boston fans jump out of the way for him. Ferrigno looks over at the police officer and begins to settle down.]

FLEX: Fine... fine...

[He pulls out a pen from his pocket.]

FLEX: Which one of your wives do you want me to make the autograph out to officer?

[Annnnnnnnd that's about all they can handle. Two more officers follow in pursuit and they go right for Ferrigno, grabbing at him as the fans in attendance begin to stand and shout out at the sight of Flex Ferrigno begin hauled off by security guards and policemen.]

FLEX: YOU AIN'T GONNA-

[The next line of audio is muted as Ferrigno shouts at David Ortiz.

[Just as the audio returns, a loud "CRACK!" can be heard as Ortiz sends a deep fly ball over the shifted infield and through the gap between the center and right fielder that smacks the dirty and bounces over the wall for a ground-rule double. The crowd absolutely goes nuts as Ortiz jogs into second and points in the direction of Ferrigno and his crew who are escorted up the aisle as the cell phone feed fades back to live action where Gordon is shaking his head as Bucky chuckles.]

GM: Absolutely terrible behavior on the part of a contracted AWA competitor. We at the AWA wish to extend our apologies to the Boston Red Sox organization for the actions of Mr. Ferrigno as well as the other wrestlers who were with him. That is not the type of behavior we encourage nor the type we tolerate. In fact, I've been told that Mr. Ferrigno has been hit with a \$25,000 fine for his actions earlier today... and after that final comment by Mr. Ferrigno, I hope David Ortiz pursues slander charges against him as well.

BW: Take it easy, Gordo. It was just a few good-natured verbal harpoons he stuck Ortiz with.

GM: Good-natured, my foot. Flex Ferrigno was trying to cause a disturbance and he certainly succeeded at that. However, we at the AWA would like to make sure the Boston Red Sox know that Mr. Ferrigno was acting alone in his actions today. The American Wrestling Alliance appreciates all who make up the Boston Red Sox organization and we would like to invite them back to the final night of the Battle of Boston after their game tomorrow. We hope to see them back here, Bucky.

BW: Speak for yourself.

[Gordon sighs, shaking his head at Bucky.]

GM: Let's go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell who is standing by with one of the participants in our next tournament matchup.

[The cameras cut backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell. He has microphone in hand and soon launches into his spiel.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. It's been a wild night of action here on Night Two of The Battle of Boston - just two more matches to go in the first round before we've got our Quarterfinals set. And one of those matches has the potential to be absolutely fascinating if you ask me as we're set to see a battle between two competitors who have absolutely no qualms with bending or even breaking the rules. In fact, last night, my guest at this time earned his spot in this first round matchup by cheating his way past Terry Shan-

[A voice from off-camera cuts off Lou.]

V/O: Cheating? Who said anything about cheating?

[Shadoe Rage enters the scene in his black cape and leather robes. His cowl is pulled up over his head and his eyes are hidden behind amber-lensed sunglasses. The tall, dark warrior glares impassively at Sweet Lou Blackwell before he draws off his sunglasses and drags down his cowl. He casually hooks the glasses in Sweet Lou's breast pocket before patting the interviewer on the shoulder and then straightening his tie.]

SR: I'm very interested in hearing about this cheating, Sweet Lou.

[Sweet Lou looks down at the ground. The menace in Rage's rasping, sandpaper voice is unmistakable.]

SLB: Some people might say you used the ropes to get an illegal pin.

SR: Really? (blinking slowly) Some people might say that. Some people might say that Shadoe Rage shouldn't take that kind of slander and calumny from some guy in a cheap suit.

[Rage glares at Blackwell.]

SR: They might say that, too. They might say 'Shadoe Rage, take that man and show him what it's like! Mightn't they, Sweet Lou? Might they not?

[Rage's tongue flickers out of his mouth like a deranged lizard's.]

SLB: I should hope they don't say that, Shadoe.

[Rage drapes an arm around Blackwell's shoulders, causing the man to jump and wince.]

SR: Then we shouldn't listen to what they have to say, should we? We should only talk about what lies ahead, not what happened in the past. Terry Shane failed again. That's all that matters and the King of Rage Country is one step closer to his ultimate goal.

SLB: Which is?

SR: Freeing the AWA World Television title from Supernova's grasp. Gellar has been trying to keep Her from me, Sweet Lou, and he's been protecting that paper champion, Supernova. But when I win this tournament that won't hold water any more, will it? No, Supernova is going down. I'll beat him in the second round to prove my superiority. This time there will be no tricks, no gimmicks for him to hide behind. No crooked referees, no fancy time limits... NOTHING. Just the two of us and me proving that I am the better man.

[Blackwell looks confused.]

SLB: Supernova? Excuse me for saying this but don't you think you're looking past someone... a very important someone?

[Rage is nonplussed.]

SLB: The WORLD Champion, Johnny Detson.

[Rage slowly drags his arm away from Blackwell's shoulders. He stares at him very earnestly.]

SR: Shadoe Rage looks past nothing and nobody.

[Rage stabs his index finger at Rage's face.]

SR: Do you understand me? I know Johnny Detson stands between me and Supernova, but I've got a proposition for Johnny Detson.

SLB: A proposition?

SR: A proposition!

[Rage turns his attention from Blackwell and stares directly into the camera. Those hazel eyes of his are harsh under the lights.]

SR: Step aside, Johnny Detson. This isn't your fight. Step aside and let me go through.

Give Supernova to me!

[A shocked Blackwell responds.]

SLB: What?!? That's preposterous! Why would Johnny Detson, the AWA World champion, just step aside for you?

SR: Because he wants to keep that title, Sweet Lou. You don't think that it's a coincidence, do you, that Gellar put me right in Detson's path? He's trying to kill two birds with one stone because he knows exactly what it means for me to get to Supernova so why not put his enemy in my way and use me as the instrument of Detson's destruction? Think about it, Blackwell! Gellar knows I will do anything and stop at nothing to get my AWA World Television championship back!

SHE MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME!

[Blackwell flinches involuntarily.]

SR: And do you think Gellar has any qualms about forcing a broken Detson to defend his title? Do you think he would even flinch? No, he wouldn't, man. He wouldn't flinch at all. So I'm making Detson a proposition that will satisfy both our needs and deny Gellar his plan.

SLB: This is ridiculous. I can't believe the nerve of you.

[Rage glances at Blackwell witheringly before he focuses his charcoal stare right back on the camera.]

SR: Step aside, Detson. I'm telling you, just step aside and let me pass.

SLB: If you don't mind me asking, why in the world would you expect Johnny Detson to simply forfeit the match?

SR: Johnny Detson owes me a favor any way. He won the AWA World Television Title once thanks to me. Now it's time to collect! Yes, I'm telling him to take the smart road and step aside. Protect his title. Because I have no interest in his title. I only want my World championship back.

SLB: And when he says no?

[Rage is taken aback at the suggestion.]

SR: When he says no? _If_ he says 'no' then we'll have to do this the hard way, won't we?

And Johnny Detson nobody is better built for the hard way than me. We're a lot alike, you and me, six foot three two hundred forty pounds of muscularity, veterans in this sport, champions all around... but Detson... you and I both know there is no one more savage than me.

You think your little Black Beauty is any kind of advantage? You think I won't take that glove from you and stuff it down your throat? You think that won't happen? Naw, trust me, it will happen. You'll be passing studs for a month. Don't do it to yourself. It's not worth it because I have no problem stopping your heart like I did to Ryan Martinez. I have no problem with that at all.

[Rage smirks at the memory of his diving elbow drops on Ryan Martinez.]

SLB: That's a tough threat! One I'm sure Johnny Detson won't take too lightly or too kindly! And don't forget that the Kings of Wrestling are going to be behind him! You sure you want to poke the bear?

SR: Kings of Wrestling? Kings of Wrestling? Do you know who I am? I'm Shadoe Rage... I am a wrestling GOD!!!! What is a King to a God?

SLB: I thought you were the King of Rage Country?

SR: (irritably) And I thought you'd know better by now!

[Rage stares a hole through Blackwell before he turns back to face the camera.]

SR: I'm giving you a chance, Johnny Detson. I'm giving you a chance to keep your title reign going, because I have no problem going through you to get what I want.

You don't want this as much as me!

You have your World championship. Mine has been stolen from me! And you know what that feels like. You know what that poison feels like. Your heart feels empty. Your soul hurts. Your guts are being ripped into shreds. And then there's that voice in your ear.

SLB: Voice? You hear voices?

SR: Sweet Lou Blackwell, I'm still talking and I better not hear your voice again, you hear me? Because the voice in my head is telling me... it's telling me...

[Rage shakes his head, listening to the voice. He snaps his head back up towards the camera.]

SR: It's telling me to chop your head off, Johnny Detson. It's telling me that if you get in that ring to gouge your eyes out, grab you by the mouth and pull your lips apart. It's telling me to break your arms... your legs...

YOUR NECK!!!!

[Rage winces. The voice must be telling him something too terrible to believe.]

SR: Johnny Detson, when I'm finished with you, all the Kings' horses and all the Kings' men won't be able to put you back together again.

Step aside. Step aside. Save yourself or you won't be fit to be a wrestling champion, you won't be fit to be a movie star... you won't be fit to walk! You'll only be fit to die... in darkness!

[With that exclamation, Rage leaves the set. Sweet Lou Blackwell stares after him, shaking his head.]

SLB: Johnny Detson, I hope you know what you're getting yourself into. This man might be the most dangerously unstable wrestler in the whole business. Rebecca Ortiz, call that man's name and get him the heck away from me please!

[We cut back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a FIRST ROUND match in the Battle of Boston tournament!

[The crowd buzzes a little bit, unsure of how to feel about this next battle.]

RO: First...

[The drums beat and the trumpets sound in mournful fanfare. The "Hymn to the Fallen" summons Shadoe Rage. The black-robed Rage emerges from the curtains. The sad dirge accompanies him as he stands atop the ramp, his head covered in a black hooded cape, his eyes shielded behind mirror silver sunglasses. He is swaddled all in black surcoat and cape, belted at the waist. He strides down the aisle as the music reaches its crescendo. The skirts of his surcoat fly at his slow

march. He does not make eye contact with the crowd. He simply stares into a space slightly above the ring.]

RO: He claims to hail from RAAAAAAGE COUNTRY... weighing in at 244 pounds...

He is SENNNNNNSAAAAATIONALLLLL...

SHAAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage continues walking down the aisle, ignoring the jeering fans on either side of him.]

GM: This is one of the more intriguing matches in the first round as the World Champion faces off against the former World Television Champion, Shadoe Rage.

BW: Gordo, for Rage this isn't about the tournament. This is about getting to the second round and getting Supernova. That's the only legal way he can get to the champion now.

GM: Do you think that means he's looking past Johnny Detson because that would be disastrous for Rage if you ask me.

BW: You're asking me to wade into the murky waters of Rage's brain? I don't get paid enough, Gordo. This guy is predictable in that he is unpredictable. The Champ should be worried about a guy that can snap at any time.

[Rage steps through the ringropes to take the center of the ring. He removes his sunglasses to reveal his bright, staring hazel eyes. They don't blink regularly. The dead stare is eerie.]

GM: Many have speculated over the years about the mental health of Shadoe Rage and I think that what you just said about this tournament describes him better than most, Bucky. This is a tournament men have fought all around the world to get into. Rage is gifted a spot and he doesn't even care about winning it! All he wants is another shot at Supernova!

BW: Oh, I'm sure somewhere way down deep in the swirling madness that is his mind, he might care about winning the tournament... but only to prove that he deserves another shot at 'Nova and the World Television Title.

[Calmly, Rage removes his hood to reveal his dreadlocks tied back in a ponytail. He sheds his cape and undoes the belt to shrug out of the surcoat. He wears knee high wrestling boots in black with silver laces and soles. He wears black knee pads. His tights are glossy black spandex. His right arm is covered in a long black sleeve, elbow pad and he wears a black fingerless leather glove. His left arm is bare save for black athletic tape around his wrist, over his palm and around the tips of his index and pinky finger. Rage sits on the second turnbuckle, his eyes staring through Detson's corner as he twists his dreadlocks in his hands and tugs at them as the tension in his body mounts.]

BW: The bell hasn't even rung yet and Rage is already ready to tear his hair out. This might be a bad matchup for the likes of even the greatest professional athlete in the world today.

GM: Speaking of the World Champion, Sweet Lou's standing by with him. Lou?

[We cut backstage where Blackwell is standing, microphone in hand, next to the only manager in the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame, Brian Lau.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is just moments away from competing here at The Battle of Boston. He is the AWA World Heavyweight Champion and he is managed by this man, Brian Lau...

[Lau nods in the direction of the camera, impeccably dressed with his eyes hidden behind designer mirrored sunglasses.]

SLB: Of course, he is Johnn-

[Blackwell cuts himself off with a look of absolute disgust as into the frame walks Johnny Detson, who by all accounts is dressed to wrestle in his long gold tights and black boots. However, he is also wearing a Blackheart t-shirt about two sizes too big and a bandana on his head that reads Claw Academy. There is a huge smirk on his face as he places his hand on his manager's shoulder. The AWA World Heavyweight Title is around his waist.]

SLB: This is ridiculous! I bet you're proud of yourself!

JD: Proud, Blackwell? Of course I'm proud! What's not to be proud of?

SLB: This outfit for one! Does Brian James know you stole his wardrobe?

JD: Lou, Lou, Lou. I, as a matter of fact, have always been a huge fan of Brian James' father and... that... other guy. Those two are true legends from our past!

SLB: And the fact that those two individuals who we've been asked not to mention by name helped out the Kings of Wrestling earlier this weekend has nothing to do with it? How gullible do you think we are?

[Detson smirks at Blackwell.]

JD: Very, but now's not the time for questions like that. Helped the Kings? I think not. I've personally been ensured by Brian James that Torin The Titan or The Gladiator - an obvious imposter by the way - were no match for the Engine of Destruction. But did you see the look on Gellar's face? Priceless!

[Detson starts laughing as Lau cracks a smile as well.]

JD: That's why Brian James' dad and his friend have a permanent place in my heart. That's why I had to bail them out of prison for that victimless crime...

SLB: Victimless crime?! Torin and Gladiator were injured and unable to compete!

[Detson looks over at Blackwell and shakes his head.]

JD: You're right, Lou, we all know that I am the real victim here of Gellar's senseless and personal vendetta against YOUR World Heavyweight Champion. I mean, I have successfully defended this title here over one hundred and ninety-nine times...

[Over dramatic eye roll from Blackwell.]

JD: ...and what do I get for it? A night off like I'm promised? No, I get subterfuge and a coup attempt by our supposedly unbiased man in charge!

[Detson again shakes his head.]

JD: And now here tonight I have to compete in this soon to be renamed Emerson Gellar Memorial Tournament...

[Detson points at the shirt.]

JD: ...and while the title may not be on the line tonight the stress and strain of having to - being forced to - defend this title every night, it's obvious that Gellar wants me to drop from exhaustion!

SLB: You can't be serious. This is getting outrageous, even for you!

[Detson smirks and looks over at Lau.]

JD: But I'm not going to fall for that trap! No, I'm smarter than that. If Gellar wants me to fight in this tournament... than that's exactly what I'm NOT going to do!

SLB: WHAT?!

JD: Lou, this tournament means nothing to me but it means everything to him. I'm already the best professional athlete in the world today - ask Bucky Wilde! What do I have to prove winning this tournament?!

But...

[Detson holds up a finger.]

JD: But imagine what happens if I walk out... if I give Shadoe Rage a gift...

[Detson smirks.]

JD: ...and Gellar is there with the tears rolling down his face.

[Detson rubs his eyes as he takes a loud overdone mocking tone.]

JD: "YOU RUINED IT! YOU RUINED EVERYTHING!"

[Detson laughs again.]

JD: Again, too priceless to pass up! So enjoy the first round win, Mr. Rage... have fun chasing your windmill!

[And with that, Detson walks off with a huge smile on his face leaving just Lau and Blackwell again.]

SLB: I can't believe what I just heard. Brian Lau, how could you allow your charge to decide he won't compete in this prestigious tourna-

[But before Lau utters a word, Detson comes storming back into the shot, ripping the bandana off his head.]

JD: Oh, you'd like that... wouldn't you Blackwell? For me to just walk away! I bet Gellar would just love that! He'd name all the eighty to one hundred people in this tournament the top contenders to my title!

[Detson starts to throw the bandana down in anger but at the last second thinks better of it and just politely hands it to Lau.]

JD: And Shadoe Rage, I heard him talking about Supernova. Supernova this and Supernova that! Now Shadoe... I like you, I don't have a problem with you. Now I'm sorry that you can't beat Supernova. I have, numerous times, and believe me it's a ton of fun!

[Blackwell goes to interrupt.]

SLB: You have no-

[But Detson runs right over him verbally.]

JD: And I know you and reality haven't been the best of friends of late... probably all those late night feedings. I've had kids... I know.

[Detson's lighthearted smirk suddenly transforms into a glare.]

JD: But did you gloss over my name? Did you treat me like a footnote? Did you disrespect me, YOUR World Heavyweight Champion?

[Detson looks at Lau who nods his head.]

JD: Now Shadoe, you might be somewhere right now talking backwards trying to say all the right things to appease the Kings. I wouldn't know because I don't speak Canadian, and I definitely don't speak crazy, but let me make one thing clear... I am nobody's footnote! You go around talking about what you were and what you USED to be... let me tell you what I am!

[Detson now steps in front of Lau, in front of Blackwell, and stares straight at the camera.]

JD: I am YOUR World Champion.

I am the only man who beat the undefeated Gladiator on five minute notice.

I am the man that has single-handedly sent more people out of here either on a stretcher or to the competition than anyone else!

I lead the most dominant group of individuals that the professional wrestling world has ever known...

...and that's not even everything!

And that... that you gloss over? I see now why they say you haven't visited reality in a while. But like I said Shadoe, unlike some of these other people, I like you...

[Detson smiles but quickly the smile evaporates.]

JD: So tonight, the Kings and I, are booking you a return flight for a nice long stay!

[Detson winks at the camera, patting Lau on the shoulder as they make their exit.]

SLB: Well, it appears as though Johnny Detson IS going to compete tonight... because his ego was bruised.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Let's go back to Rebecca.

[We cut back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing mid-ring.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The opening notes to Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir" rings out over the PA system, sending the crowd into another burst of boos.]

RO: From Hollywood, California... weighing in tonight at 248 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by his manager, Brian Lau...

He is the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONNNNNNNN...

JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYYYYY DEEEEEEEEEEEETSONNNNNNN!

[On cue, Johnny Detson walks through the curtain wearing a black zippered sweat jacket with the Fox logo embroidered over his left breast. We can also see his standard long gold tights and black boots. Brian Lau walks out behind him, clapping for the World Champion as he makes his way out onto the entrance stage.]

GM: And there he is, Bucky... the World Champion.

BW: The World Champion. The greatest professional athlete in the world today. THE man...

[The jeers pick up, somehow getting even louder.]

BW: ...and he ain't coming down here alone, daddy!

[With matching smirks, the AWA World Tag Team Champions - Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - walk into view. Both are in street clothes of jeans and t-shirts as they move into flanking positions on either side of the World Champion. Detson throws his hood back, flashing a confident smirk at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Now, wait a second!

BW: They're his partners! They're allowed out here!

GM: Partners-in-crime perhaps. And I'm guessing Shadoe Rage will strongly disagree with your assessment that they should be allowed out here, Bucky.

BW: Hey, how many times have we seen Rage at ringside for the Misfits or vice versa?

[The quartet makes their way down the aisle, looking up at the ring where Rage is now pacing back and forth like a caged animal.]

BW: This match just got even more interesting, Gordo.

GM: That's one way to look at it... and referee Scott Ezra does NOT look happy about this evolving situation.

[Reaching the ring, Detson trades high fives with Taylor and Donovan, leaning in for some final advice from Lau before the World Champion climbs up the ringsteps, walking out to the middle of the ring apron. He tugs off his hooded jacket, tossing it out to a ringside attendant as Ezra stands guard, trying to keep Rage from attacking Detson before the bell.]

GM: And Bucky, this match... these two... the motivations of these two men to advance in this tournament are so different than everyone else we've seen over the past two nights. Shadoe Rage, everyone knows he's obsessed with the World Television Title and he believes if he wins this match... if he gets another match with Supernova... and if he can WIN that match with Supernova... then perhaps he'll get another shot at the title. Johnny Detson is fighting this match out of spite. He's upset that Rage was looking past him. His ego was bruised and as a result, he wants to win in a match... in a tournament that he really has no interest in winning.

BW: It's not that he has no interest in winning, Gordo... it's that he feels like he's already won. He feels like he's already the best in the world so why does he need to win a tournament to prove it?

GM: He's... well, you always give a certain level of respect to the World Champion but I think there's very few who would call Johnny Detson the best in the world right now, Bucky. You think about how he won the title against Ryan Martinez. You think about his defenses and how he's survived them. Johnny Detson is a tremendous wrestler but if he's the best in the world, he needs to prove it and what better place to do it than The Battle of Boston?

[The referee speaks to both competitors and then signals for the bell as the crowd reacts to the match starting.]

GM: Neither one of these men are exactly popular with the fans and- LOOK OUT!

[The crowd roars as Shadoe Rage barrels across the ring, looking to get his hands on Johnny Detson whose eyes flash with panic...

...and then he slips back, ducking through the ropes shouting "GET BACK! GET BACK! GET BACK!" Referee Scott Ezra throws himself in front of Detson, blocking Rage before he can attack. The fans jeer Detson's evasive tactic as Detson stays in the ropes, refusing to come out until Rage is backed away.]

GM: Apparently Johnny Detson's not quite ready for this one.

[An agitated Rage backs off at Scott Ezra's insistence, allowing the World Champion to slip back through the ropes, a devious smirk on his face. He shouts something across the ring at Rage who spins around Ezra, charging the corner again...

...and again, Detson ducks through the ropes to even louder jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Oh, come on! Give me a break!

BW: Hey, that's perfectly legal, Gordo. Johnny Detson isn't ready yet and he can keep doing this until he is.

GM: I'm not questioning the legality of it, Bucky... I'm questioning the courage of our World Heavyweight Champion.

[Rage is in the corner, reaching over the ropes, snatching a handful of Detson's hair as the World Champion shouts at the official who grabs Rage by the waist, pulling him back from the corner. The former World Television Champion whips around, shouting at Ezra, putting a fist under his chin as he backs him across the ring...

...which allows Detson to come tearing across the ring at Rage's exposed back!]

GM: Detson from behind!

[But Rage whips around again, fist drawn back and ready to fly...

...which causes Detson to slam on the brakes, arms pinwheeling backwards as he falls down on his rear. There's a mix of laughter and cheers from the crowd as Detson scoots back to the corner, watching as Rage cracks a smirk in his direction.]

GM: Oh my! Rage almost caught him right there, Bucky!

BW: Hey, I don't blame Detson for bailing out of there. Shadoe Rage is a very dangerous competitor.

[With Rage standing at the ready, Brian Lau slips over next to the seated Detson, speaking to the World Champion who nods in response. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself up.]

GM: Here comes Rage again!

[And again, Detson ducks through the ropes as Scott Ezra dives into his path, physically holding Rage back. A fuming Rage screams at Detson, calling him a coward, pulling at his own hair in frustration...]

GM: Shadoe Rage's fragile grip on his own sanity seems to be slipping away, Bucky.

BW: Detson's trying to get inside his head which is a dangerous place to be.

[Scott Ezra and Shadoe Rage are arguing at Detson comes out from the ropes again, giving his manager a wave. Brian Lau climbs up on the apron, huddling up with Johnny Detson. After a few moments, Scott Ezra approaches the corner, ordering Lau to get down...]

GM: And now we've got a managerial conference... the referee trying to break it up...

[Lau, Detson, and Ezra are having quite the heated discussion...

...which allows the wild-eyed Shadoe Rage to slide out of the ring, running around the ringpost, past a surprised Taylor and Donovan...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is outside! He's on the floor and-

[Rage reaches under the bottom rope from behind the World Champion, grabbing his ankles and giving a yank, sending Detson facefirst down to the canvas...

...and Rage keeps on pulling, dragging Detson under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Rage pulls him out and-

[Grabbing Detson by his blonde hair, Rage SMASHES him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: FACEFIRST INTO THE APRON!

[Turning Detson's back against the apron, Rage grabs him by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING GOES JOHNNY DETSON!

[Rage stalks across the ringside area, hooking an arm around Detson's head in a loose side headlock as he pistons his right hand into the skull of Detson a handful of times.]

GM: Rage pounding away on Detson on the floor... rolling him back inside the ring now...

[With Detson down on the mat, Shadoe Rage pulls himself up on the apron, quickly scaling the turnbuckles...]

GM: And in a flash, Shadoe Rage gets to the top rope!

[As the World Champion climbs off the mat, Rage leaps off the top, driving his clasped hands down onto the skull of Johnny Detson!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[The double axehandle knocks the World Champion flat as Rage dives across him in a lateral press.]

GM: Quick cover gets one! He gets two!

[But that's all as Detson lifts the shoulder off the mat...

...and then keeps on going, rolling right under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Detson kicks out and then gets out! He bails out to the floor again and-

BW: Rage is going after him!

[The former World Television Champion is in hot pursuit, trying to catch up to the fleeing Detson...

...who ducks behind the World Tag Team Champions, using Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan as a human shield as the crowd jeers. Taylor smirks, waving Rage forward as the Sensational One pulls up short, grabbing at his hair, pointing an accusing finger at the collected Kings of Wrestling.]

GM: Oh, come on! Johnny Detson using Taylor and Donovan to protect him from Shadoe Rage... Rage with some words for Taylor and Donovan.

BW: Yeah, but if he's smart, it'll JUST be words, Gordo. Taylor and Donovan will hand Shadoe Rage his lunch if he decides to physically engage with them.

GM: And that's a good time to remind the fans at home that a disqualification would certainly end this match. Shadoe Rage attacking Taylor and Donovan would likely result in Rage being eliminated from this tournament.

[Grabbing at his hair in anger, Rage rolls back under the ropes inside the ring. He shouts at Scott Ezra who shrugs, shouting at Taylor, Donovan, and Detson out on the floor.]

GM: The official is telling Detson to get back inside the ring, to stop playing these games and actually compete.

[Detson pats Taylor on the back, huddling up with the World Tag Team Champions on the floor.]

GM: And my question is - where is Brian James in all this, Bucky?

BW: Brian James is preparing for his own match tomorrow night. Why would he be out here for Johnny Detson's?

GM: Why wouldn't he be? Brothers to the bone, right? Why is Brian James not out here for his so-called brother?

BW: I just told you, Gordo! Stop trying to cause problems!

[Detson slowly edges back towards the ring, gesturing for the official to back off Shadoe Rage. As Ezra does exactly that, the World Champion climbs up the

ringsteps, walking down the apron and taunting the ringside fans, his back to the ring...

...which allows Rage to dive past the official, grabbing Detson by the hair! Detson shouts, trying to shake free as Rage drags him over the ropes, throwing him down to the mat!]

GM: OH! Rage brings him in!

[Detson tries to bail out but Rage cuts him off, pulling him up by the trunks and BLASTING him with a right hand between the eyes... and another... and another, sending Detson falling back across the ring into the ropes.]

GM: Rage shoots him across...

[And as Detson bounces off the ropes, Rage pivots, burying his back elbow up under the chin of the World Champion, knocking Detson down to the canvas. Rage promptly dives across his chest, looking for another cover but getting another two count.]

GM: Rage quickly and repeatedly looking to end this early... oh!

[The crowd roars as Rage grabs Detson by the hair, hammering a fist into the face repeatedly until the official steps in, ordering him to break off the attack. Rage peels away, stomping across the ring, shaking out his hand as he looks out at the surprisingly-cheering crowd...

...and then slaps his knee!]

BW: Uh oh!

GM: Rage is calling for the Eclipse! He wants to turn out the lights of the World Heavyweight Champion!

[A dazed Detson rolls to a knee but hearing warning shouts from his allies, he rolls to all fours, trying to crawl from the ring...

...but Rage rushes in behind him, grabbing him by the back of the tights, pulling him back to his feet...]

GM: Rage pulls him up... and right into a schoolboy!

[The referee delivers another two count before Detson kicks out.]

GM: Another two count... Detson trying to get up quickly, trying to beat Rage to his feet...

[But the former World Television Champion runs him down with a clothesline, knocking Detson off his feet!]

GM: Down goes Detson!

[The World Champion struggles to get up again and Rage runs him right down with another clothesline!]

GM: A second clothesline takes the champion down again!

[The crowd is roaring as Rage lays out the champion time after time...

...until Wes Taylor climbs up on the apron, shouting at the Sensational One who pivots...]

GM: OHHH! Big right hand knocks Taylor off the apron!

[Taylor hits the floor, grabbing at his jaw as the crowd cheers... but the actions of one-half of the World Tag Team Champions allows Johnny Detson to roll back out to the floor again to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: And Detson bails out again!

BW: Wes Taylor may have gotten dropped with that right hand but it was enough to buy Johnny Detson some time.

[A furious Shadoe Rage twists around, quickly moving to the corner...]

GM: But did he buy him enough because Shadoe Rage is heading back up top!

[Rage quickly steps to the second rope... then to the top...

...only to find Tony Donovan has placed himself right in Rage's flight path, standing in front of Johnny Detson to big jeers from the Boston crowd!]

GM: Rage wanted to come off the top but Tony Donovan got in his way! Donovan trying to protect the World Champion-

BW: As he should!

GM: -by standing in front of him and-

BW: RAGE DOESN'T CAAAAARE!

[The obsessed Shadoe Rage HURLS himself from his perch, sailing through the air, crashing down onto Tony Donovan with the Death From Above, knocking Donovan down on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RAGE TAKES OUT TONY DONOVAN TOO!

[The former World Television Champion climbs to his feet, grabbing at his hair, nodding wildly...

...but the distraction again allows Johnny Detson to strike, rushing in behind Rage, throwing a high knee up into the lower back that sends Rage down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHH! Detson from behind again!

[A fired-up Detson quickly pulls Rage up by the hair, SMASHING his head into the ring apron!]

GM: FACEFIRST INTO THE APRON GOES RAGE!

[Detson shoves Rage under the ropes, trying to take advantage of his sneak attack.]

GM: Rage is down, Detson rolling back in as well...

[The World Champion comes to his feet, pulling a dazed Rage up by the hair, flinging him back into the turnbuckles. Detson steps in after him, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A flurry of chops leave Rage reeling as Detson steps back at the order of the official, raising his hands.]

GM: Detson pleading his case to the referee, moving back in now...

[But as he does, Shadoe Rage lashes out with a stiff jab to the jaw...]

GM: Left hand!

[Rage coils up and strikes again... and again... and again...]

GM: Shadoe Rage looks like a boxer in there, throwing those hard jabs, backing the World Champion out of the corner and out to the middle of the ring.

[With Detson dazed, Rage winds up and DRIVES his elbow down between the eyes, putting Detson down on the canvas!]

GM: And a big overhead elbow takes him down!

[Detson scrambles up and gets caught with an overhead elbow again, knocking him right back off his feet.]

GM: And I'm not sure Johnny Detson knew what he was getting himself into when he came out for this match, Bucky! He's getting physically manhandled by Shadoe Rage at this point in the contest!

[Detson wobbles up again as Rage ducks down, lifting him up, slamming him down to the canvas...]

GM: Scoop and a slam by Rage... and a BIG leaping kneedrop to the chest!

[Rage slides into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Detson's shoulder flies up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count off the kneedrop and Brian Lau is starting to look very nervous out there on the floor, Bucky.

BW: Hey, that's the World Champion in there. Even if he doesn't win this tournament... or even this match... he's still the World Champion which means even

being in the ring with a guy like Shadoe Rage puts him physically in danger. You think Rage would hesitate to injure Johnny Detson if it meant another shot at Supernova?

[Rage climbs back to his feet, throwing a glance to the floor to make sure he knows where Detson's allies are located. He leans down, pulling the World Champion up to his feet by the hair...]

...and Detson promptly digs his fingers into the eyes, raking across them!]

GM: Ohh! And Detson goes to the eyes!

[Seeking a breather, Detson grabs the blinded Rage by the hair, and with a mighty yell, he runs towards the ropes, throwing Rage over the top. The World Champion turns, dusting off his hands...]

...and not noticing that the athletic Rage managed to hook the ropes, staying on his feet.]

GM: Rage is on the apron! Detson's got his back turned!

[With Detson looking the other way, Rage quickly goes up the turnbuckles again, standing tall up top...]

...and leaps off with another Death From Above, bashing Detson across the head!]

GM: OHHH! Double axehandle connects again... cov- no, no cover by Rage...

[Rage grabs Detson by the hair, pulling his torso off the canvas...]

...and SMASHES Detson facefirst into the mat!]

GM: Shadoe Rage repeatedly driving Detson's face into the mat! Ohh!

[A second and third faceslam leaves Detson reeling as Rage gets back to his feet, pulling the World Champion up by the arm...]

GM: Rage shoots him in...

[And as Detson bounces off the ropes, Rage leaves his feet, hooking Detson's head and driving the back of it into the canvas with a bulldog clothesline!]

GM: OHHH!

[Rage rolls over again, diving across Detson.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, the World Champion escapes. Rage pushes up to his knees, throwing a questioning look at Scott Ezra who holds up two fingers while Johnny Detson rolls away from Rage, taking advantage of the separation to get out to the apron as Rage climbs to his feet.]

GM: Detson's out on the apron, Rage is on his feet...

[The fired-up former World Television Champion stomps towards the ropes, shouting at Detson who is outside on the apron. Rage steps up on the ropes, reaching over to haul Detson up to his feet.]

GM: And it looks like Shadoe Rage is going to bring him in the hard way...

[Rage pulls Detson into a front facelock, setting his feet for a suplex...

...which is when Brian Lau slips into action, reaching in to hook the ankle of Rage!]

GM: Lau's got the ankle! He's got Rage by the ankle!

[Rage immediately lets go of Detson, looking down at Lau and shouting at him...

...which gives Detson the chance to hook his hands around Rage's head, dropping off the apron and SNAPPING Rage's throat down on the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Defensive move by Detson - and that one was all thanks to Brian Lau!

BW: Huh? What are you talking about?

GM: Lau grabbed Rage by the ankle, Bucky!

BW: Must've missed that.

[Rage flails around on the canvas, clutching at his throat as Detson rests on the ringside mats for a moment. Wes Taylor slides in alongside Detson, talking to him as the referee starts a ten count on the World Champion.]

GM: Scott Ezra starting to count Johnny Detson and... oh brother.

[The crowd begins to jeer loudly as Amos Carter and Rashan Hill come through the curtain, fired up and shouting at the ring. Referee Scott Ezra throws up his hands in frustration at the sight of the two men heading down the aisle.]

GM: The Misfits are coming out here as well...

BW: Can't blame them for that. They want to provide a little bit of mental support towards their coach.

GM: Their so-called coach needs a LOT of mental support, Gordo.

[Hill and Carter get closer to the ring, wearing matching "LET'S GO COACH" t-shirts. Taylor, Donovan, and Lau drop into a huddle at the sight of Carter and Hill, discussing strategy as Johnny Detson reaches under the ropes, pulling a coughing Rage under the bottom rope by the ankle...

...and then lifts the leg straight up, swinging the back of the knee down into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The knee gets DRIVEN down on the apron! Good grief!

BW: And that's a smart move out of the World Champion, trying to take away some of the high flying tactics that Rage has used to control this match so far... and DOWN into the apron again!

[Rage grimaces, pulling his leg out of Detson's grasp, writhing in pain on the mat as the World Champion looks over to his fellow Kings of Wrestling, getting a thumbs up from Tony Donovan. Detson returns the gesture, dragging Rage out to the floor by the foot.]

GM: Detson pulls him to the floor... looks like a shinbreaker coming up here...

[Hoisting Rage into the air, Detson steps to the side...]

GM: Look out!

[...and DROPS him shinfirst down on the timekeeper's table, sending Rebecca Ortiz and the timekeeper bailing out!]

GM: Ohhh! Right down on the wooden table, his knee and shin smashing down into it!

[With Rage reeling on the table, Detson climbs up on the apron, taking aim with a well-placed stomp to the chest... and another... and another...]

GM: Detson putting the boots to Rage out on the floor, shoving him back inside the ring now...

[Detson steps in after him, nodding his head at the Kings of Wrestling as he pulls Rage up to his feet, burying a boot into the gut to double him up.]

GM: Wait a second! Detson looking to finish it!

[He underhooks one arm, reaching down for the other...]

GM: RAGE BACKDROPS OUT OF IT!

[Detson SLAMS down on the canvas as Rage slumps down to his knees, grimacing as he hangs on to his knee. He gets up to his feet, looking down at Detson...

...and leaps high into the air, determined to drive a knee down into the chest of Detson!]

GM: Leaping kneedrop and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Rage rolls to his back, cradling his knee in pain as Hill and Carter shout encouragement from their spots on the floor. Detson pushes up to his hip, looking over at the downed Rage. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself to his feet.]

GM: Detson's back up, having caused Rage to drive himself kneefirst into the mat and now he's gotta take advantage of it!

[The World Champion stomps the knee repeatedly, kicking the limb over and over as the fans grumble about it. Carter and Hill shout at Detson who looks incredulously at them before lifting Rage's leg off the mat, dropping an elbow down into the knee joint.]

GM: Ohh! Detson drops all his weight down on the knee... and now pummeling it with a hammer-like fist!

[Getting back to his feet, Detson again rains down stomps on the knee for a few moments before grabbing the leg, hooking it under his armpit, and flipping Rage over into a half Boston Crab!]

GM: Detson flips him over, looking for a submission!

[Detson leans back, causing Rage to cry out, clawing at the canvas as referee Scott Ezra kneels down, checking to see if Rage wants to submit.]

GM: Detson trying to use this half Crab to wrench a submission out of Shadoe Rage and cash his ticket to the Quarterfinals to take on Supernova.

[The World Champion leans back, screaming "ASK HIM!" at the official. Ezra obliges before shaking his head, informing Detson that there's no submission. With a grimace, Detson hooks his knee behind the back of Rage's knee...

...and DROPS down to the mat, driving the kneecap into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Detson grabs the leg, rolling into a lateral press but only scores a two count before Rage escapes.]

GM: Two count there for Rage. Detson quickly to his feet... and right back to work on the knee, kicking and stomping...

[A leaping stomp to the kneecap causes Rage to howl in pain as Detson stands over him, taunting the former World Television Champion.]

GM: And of course, Johnny Detson's always got time for some trash talk, Bucky.

BW: It's like Jell-o. There's always room for it.

[Detson grabs the leg, swinging the foot over onto the ropes. Detson steps up on the middle rope, looking out at the jeering crowd...]

BW: Look out below!

[...and leaps into the air, dropping his weight butt-first down on Rage's knee!]

GM: OHHH!

[Detson pushes back to his feet, smiling at the jeering crowd as Rage tries to crawl away from him. With a shake of his head, the World Champion approaches, leaning over to grab the foot, flipping Rage over to his back...]

GM: He's going for that half Crab again and- no! Rage kicks him off!

[Rage flips back over, crawling again towards the ropes. Detson rushes forward, grabbing the leg, lifting it up off the mat...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS Rage kneecap-first on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That's how you rupture a patella and put a guy on an operating table, daddy!

[Rage cradles his knee, rolling to the side, ending up near the ropes. The World Champion approaches, grabbing the top rope with both hands and STOMPS Rage... and STOMPS... and STOMPS... forcing Rage to roll right out to the floor.]

GM: Detson stomped him out of the ring, sending him to the floor...

[The World Champion is about to duck through the ropes and go after Rage but referee Scott Ezra intervenes, blocking Detson's path, pushing him back...

...which allows the World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, to swarm the downed Rage, kicking and stomping him relentlessly!]

GM: Taylor and Donovan attack Rage!

[The crowd jeers the attack on the floor...

...and then for some reason decides to cheer as Rashan Hill and Amos Carter rush onto the scene, jumping into the fight!]

GM: OH MY! We've got a fight on our hands!

BW: Hill and Taylor! Donovan and Carter! Fists are flyin' out here at ringside!

[The referee flips out at the brawl, sliding out to the floor to try and intervene. With the official out on the floor with those four, Brian Lau waves over Johnny Detson, handing him something from his pocket.]

GM: Lau's talking to Detson... he's- he's doing more than talking to him! He just gave him that glove! That damn loaded glove!

BW: Hey, you've got no proof that Black Beauty is loaded! That's slander!

GM: I've seen the trail of unconscious bodies that he's left behind after hitting people with it!

BW: Detson's a former Golden Gloves boxer, you know?

GM: He is not!

BW: Oh... yeah, he was a former Golden Globes presenter. My mistake.

[Detson takes the glove, sliding it over his right hand. He turns around, waving a hand as he spots Shadoe Rage rolling back into the ring. Scott Ezra is still trying to regain control outside the ring as Detson waits... and waits... and waits...]

GM: Shadoe Rage has no idea what's waiting for him as he gets to his feet and-

[And as Rage gets there, Detson winds up...]

GM: WHAMMO!

[...and BLASTS Rage across the jaw, knocking the former World Television Champion down to the mat!]

BW: What a right hand! Mike Tyson, eat your heart out!

[Detson dives on top of Rage, tucking the gloved hand out of view as he goes for a pin.]

GM: Detson makes the cover but-

BW: Where the heck is the referee?!

[Detson angrily slaps the canvas himself, making a three count before pushing up to his feet to find the referee still outside the ring. The World Champion climbs off

the mat, taking off the glove, tucking it into his waistband as he shouts at referee Scott Ezra.]

GM: Detson had him beat with that loaded glove but the referee was outside the ring thanks to the Misfits and the World Tag Team Champions!

[Detson approaches the ropes, shouting at the official as Brian Lau does the same outside the ring, trying to avoid the brawling teams which Ezra is finally managing to get separated.]

GM: The referee slides back in...

[As he gets to his feet, Ezra is shoved by an irate Detson. Ezra angrily stands up to Detson, pointing to the AWA logo on his shirt, gesturing for the match to continue as Brian Lau shouts "WILDE DRIVER!" at Detson.]

GM: Detson is arguing with the official instead of trying to end this!

BW: Well, can you blame him?!

GM: Yes, of course!

[An angry Detson shoves past the official again, moving in on Rage who has rolled over to his stomach. The World Champion leans down, grabbing Rage by the hair...

...and Rage pops up, rolling Detson into a small package!]

GM: ONE!!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

[Detson scrambles up off the mat, red-faced and irate as he gets there in time to deliver a boot to the gut of the rising Rage...]

GM: Detson goes downstairs! Pulls him in!

[...but Detson's attempt at a Wilde Driver comes up short as Rage yanks Detson's legs out from under him, falling back into a slingshot!]

GM: SLINGSHOT! DETSON HITS THE BUCKLES!

[Staggering backwards, the World Champion gets dragged back down to the canvas in a makeshift sunset flip!]

GM: ROLLUP GETS ONE!! GETS TWO!! GETS THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACK TO BACK NEAR FALLS ON THE WORLD CHAMPION! TWICE, SHADOE RAGE WAS A HALF COUNT AWAY FROM BEATING THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[A few moments pass before either man starts to move, rolling to their stomachs and trying to push up off the mat...]

GM: And now, we've got ourselves a footrace to get to their feet!

BW: Who's gonna make it first?

[Detson gets their first, landing a well-aimed right hand between the eyes of Shadoe Rage.]

GM: Big right by the World Champion!

[Rage staggers backwards... and then lunges forward, landing a right hand of his own!]

GM: Rage fires back!

[Detson winds up, smashing his knuckles into the skull of Rage again.]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand by Detson!

[Rage returns fire a second time, rocking the World Champion!]

GM: And I don't think Johnny Detson wants to get into a slugfest with Shadoe Rage!

[With Detson wobbling, Rage snaps off a jab... and another... and another...]

GM: Rage firing away, jabbing at the jaw of Detson!

[...and buries the overhead elbow down between the eyes, knocking Detson clean off his feet!]

GM: Ohh! Big elbowsmash finds the mark!

[Rage slumps to a knee, reaching down to rub some life into his other knee.]

BW: There, right there! You can see the leg is still banged up. He's still feeling the effects of the attack that Detson's put on the leg so far in this one!

GM: He certainly is... but he's fighting through it, getting back to his feet again...

[As Rage hobbles towards the World Champion, Detson comes back to his feet in time for Rage to grab him by the hair, pulling his head back. Rage shouts into the face of Detson...]

GM: Look out here!

[...and then rushes towards the ropes, leaping over the top, SNAPPING Detson's throat off the top rope! Detson goes flying backwards, crashing down on the canvas as Rage SLAMS down on the barely-padded floor...

...and comes up howling in pain, clutching his knee!]

GM: Oh my! Shadoe Rage took a big shot there, trying to leave Johnny Detson in a bad way but he may have left HIMSELF in a bad way instead!

[Rashan Hill and Amos Carter rush to Shadoe Rage's side, trying to help their coach off the floor as Brian Lau leans through the ropes, shouting to Johnny Detson who is down on the mat, coughing violently and grabbing at his throat.]

GM: The Misfits are helping Rage up!

BW: Moral support.

GM: That's physical support if I've ever seen it!

[The referee shouts at Hill and Carter as they get Rage back to his feet, pushing him towards the apron where Rage grabs the ropes, pulling himself up. He stands on the apron, shaking out his leg as he throws a glance at Detson who is still down on the mat...

...and then points to the corner turnbuckles!]

GM: Wait a second! Shadoe Rage is going up top again!

BW: That... that can't be a good idea! He's got a banged-up knee!

[Rage hobbles down the length of the apron, grabbing the ropes as he tries to get to the corner.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is trying to climb! Trying to get up those ropes!

[And as Rage does that, Johnny Detson comes to his feet, trying to regain a clear breath as Rage jumps off one leg to the bottom rope...]

GM: It's taking way too much time for Rage to climb!

BW: I think when Rage started to do this, he was thinking about the flying elbow but now he's on the second rope and Detson's on his feet!

[Rage grits his teeth, looking over at the dazed Detson and hopping up to the top, hanging on tight as he tries to get to a standing position...]

GM: Rage is fighting to get up, struggling to get to his feet!

[Rage pushes up to his feet, breathing deeply as he raises his arms over his head. Lau again shouts at Detson as the World Champion staggers in a circle, wobbling across the ring towards where Rage is standing...

...and the former World Television Champion goes to leap!]

GM: OH!

[But his knee buckles and he barely gets any elevation, plummeting fast towards Detson who responds by delivering a boot to the midsection. He yanks Rage towards him, hooking the arms, leaping into the air...

...and DRIVING Rage facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! WILDE DRIVER!

[Detson flips Rage over, hooking both legs as he rolls into a back press.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He got him!

[A triumphant Detson rolls off Rage and keeps on rolling, moving right out to the floor where he practically falls into the arms of Taylor and Donovan who keep him on his feet. A jubilant Lau leaps into the air, pumping his arms as he moves to join his charges.]

GM: Johnny Detson goes through one heck of a battle and walks out of here with the win, moving on to the Quarterfinals!

BW: Shadoe Rage seemed like he had this one won on a few different occasions and if it wasn't for that leg... or perhaps if it wasn't for his insistence on jumping off the top rope again on that bad leg... he might've done it.

GM: You could be right, Bucky, but in the end, Rage falls to the Wilde Driver which means the World Champion is moving on to the Quarterfinals for a clash of champions when he meets the World Television Champion, Supernova! What a showdown that promises to be!

[The Misfits slide in to tend to their coach as the Kings of Wrestling start making their way back up the aisle, celebrating the victory.]

GM: One more first round match to go, fans. Will it be the Phoenix, Jordan Ohara, joining the Quarterfinals or will it be the Hall of Famer, Juan Vasquez? We're moments away from finding out so don't you dare go away!

[We catch a glimpse of a smirking Detson nodding his head as we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#Every little stop sign#

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

#All the red lights like#

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

#A preacher on a Saturday night#

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

#The devil's in the details#

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

#Pretty little females#

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

#Tell me all your sweet sweet lies#

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

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

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

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

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

#Time to take the highway highway highway#

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

#Baby take the highway#

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

#Ima' take the highway#

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

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

[And then... black.]

We fade back up to find our cameras backstage on Theresa Lynch who is walking backwards, trying to talk into the camera.]

TL: We are back here LIVE on The X for Night Two of The Battle of Boston and - as you can see - I haven't quite found my next guest yet but I'm told she's around here somewhere.

[Lynch rounds a corner and calls out.]

TL: AYAKO!

Ayako: AH!

[A distraught-looking Ayako Fujiwara is caught off-guard by Theresa, placing a hand over her chest in shock.]

TL: Ayako, I know this might not be the best time, but there are serious questions that need to be asked about what just happened at the end of your match! Did you know anything about Miyuki Ozaki being here tonight? Did you know she would do this? Why didn't you try to help stop Ozaki?

[Bombarded by Lynch's rapidfire questioning, Fujiwara looks around with confusion, before shaking her head furiously.]

Ayako: I...I had nothing to do with this!

TL: This wasn't just any ordinary attack! Melissa Cannon was knocked unconscious by that mysterious blue mist and Julie Somers was nearly electrocuted! Surely you have something to say about this!

Ayako: Miyuki is...

[Ayako runs her hands through her hair in frustration.]

Ayako: ...she's wild, unpredictable, dangerous...

[She hesitates for a moment, before admitting the terrible truth about her mentor.]

Ayako: ...INSANE! No one knows what goes through her head! Not me, not her friends, not her enemies...nobody! When she decides to do something, she's going to do it! No matter how crazy or impossible! You can't change her mind! You can't stop her!

[Lynch arches an eyebrow suspiciously.]

TL: Wait, "change her mind"? Does this mean you spoke to her? Did you actually try to stop her!? Were you in on the plan?!

Ayako: No! I didn't know anything about this! I...

[And that's when Julie Somers comes into the picture. She does not look happy.]

JS: Where is she?!

Ayako: What? I don't know!

JS: Better question then... where were you when she came out?!

[A hurt look forms on Ayako's face at Julie's insinuation.]

Ayako: I...

[Theresa steps in front of Julie.]

TL: Hold on, Julie, I know you're upset, but perhaps you should settle down and not assume that Ayako was in on this.

JS: I just want answers, Theresa, don't you? We worked so well together as a trio, we get the win, and the next thing I know, the lights go out and Miyuki's attacking me and Melissa! And Ayako is nowhere to be seen! And given that Melissa could be seriously hurt, how can you blame me for not wanting answers? All I want to know is where Miyuki is so I can confront her personally, because after that stunt she

pulled, I'm not waiting until the Rumble to deal with her! You haven't seen her, have you, Theresa?

TL: No, but I am trying to find out what was...

[Theresa pauses as she feels a tap on her shoulder. She turns to come face to face with Lauryn Rage. Lauryn's lips are pursed in disgust. Her eyes flatten in irritation.]

LR: Seriously, Theresa? Y'all just gonna be all out here talking about Miyuki when you know good and well the real story is once again the referees cheated a Rage! I was the legal woman in that match, not Charisma. She shouldn't have been pinned and there was a waaay illegal double team there too, so the Superfriends or whatever childish nickname y'all called yourselves really shoulda been disqualified! But no, all you wanna do is chirp about Miyuki? I'm glad she blinded that gloryhog, Melissa.

TL: That's an awful thing to say!

LR: Good riddance to bad rubbish. But as for Miyuki, Ayako her little two-faced friend...

Ayako: HEY!

LR: ...and this Superfriend goody two-shoes chick right here... (pointing to Julie Somers)... they're all irrelevant to the travesty that the Kid got cheated again, ya dig?

TL: I think I followed most of it...I guess.

LR: Now good, cause you see-

[She's interrupted by an almost shrill yell]

"OOOOOOZAKIIIIIII!!"

[The other women are startled as Charisma Knight enters the scene, looking as she did earlier in the match, except her face is covered in green liquid, which she's still wiping from her face.]

CK: WHERE IS SHE?! WHERE?!

[She spots Ayako and immediately turns her attention toward her.]

CK: YOU, FUJIWARA! WHERE IS SHE? TELL ME! SHE'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!

[Knight, face green from the mist and worked up into a frenzy, moves towards Fujiwara.]

Ayako: I...

[Julie Somers steps in front of Ayako.]

JS: Now look here, Charisma, if anyone's getting any answers here, it's me!

CK: Out of the way, Somers!

[Lauryn shoves her way back into the scene.]

LR: Excuse me? I was talking?

[Sensing escalating tensions, Theresa tries to restore order.]

TL: Ladies! Ladies! Everyone calm down! Fighting amongst yourselves isn't going to solve anything!

CK: I know Fujiwara knows where she is, so she just better...Hey! Where'd she go?

[Suddenly, it becomes apparent to everyone that Ayako has disappeared.]

CK: FUJIWARA!!!

[An angry Knight stalks off in search of Ayako.]

JS: I'm sorry Theresa, but I need to get some answers!

[Somers runs off as well.]

TL: A very tense scene, back to you guys!

[Theresa walks off, leaving Lauryn all alone. "The Kid" stands there for a moment, looking appalled, before shouting to no one in particular.]

LR: I was talking! Oh, it is on. It is onnnn!

[We slowly fade out from the ranting Lauryn Rage...

...and then back up to another part of the arena with Sweet Lou Blackwell and his guest, Jordan Ohara. Ohara is dressed in his ring gear, still wearing the Sweet Daddy Williams T-shirt from the previous night. A little stubble has grown in since we saw him last night. His hair is still a little longer and messier than we're used to seeing. He rubs idly at his jaw and the back of his neck, vestiges of yesterday's Juan Vasquez cheapshots. Other than that, the young lion looks ready to compete. Sweet Lou Blackwell seems amazed that Ohara looks as good as he does.]

SLB: With just moments to go before tonight's Main Event, Jordan Ohara, I have to say that I'm shocked to see you still standing here after that vicious attack by Juan Vasquez after your hard fought win against Derrick Williams. You can't be one hundred percent going into this match tonight!

JO: Sweet Lou, I've been with the trainers all day. I'm sorry I couldn't get out there for you, Ryan. But back to the matter at hand, it doesn't matter if I'm one hundred percent or not, I'm going to beat Juan Vasquez tonight. And I'm going to beat him clean in the middle of the ring. You see, Vasquez thinks he got an edge by hitting me with his Right Cross and his half nelson suplex, but really he showed me that I have the advantage.

SLB: How do you figure that?

JO: Yesterday, he knocked me out, but he also woke me up! I realized Vasquez was scared!

Vasquez saw how great a match Derrick Williams and I had and he didn't want any part of a fresh and motivated competitor. That attack wasn't to send a message, Sweet Lou. That attack was a white flag. He knows he can't beat me when it's a fair fight so once again he tried to steal the spotlight and hide his weakness from the world. But he can't hide himself from me.

[Ohara turns towards the camera, stretching his neck and jaw.]

JO: Vasquez, I've known people like you my whole career. Men who fought and bled and clawed their way to the top. But when they got to the top those men realized one thing ... all the blood, broken bones, and sacrifices to get you there will become the reason you can't stay there forever. Time is the opponent that can't be beaten. Everybody has their time and everybody's time passes.

Vasquez, your time is coming to an end. That isn't an insult to your career. That's a fact. See, that right cross hurt, but it didn't put me down and out. That half nelson suplex hurt, but it didn't put me down and out. I spent all last night with the trainers getting treatment and watching tape of you, Vasquez. So if you think you've softened my neck up for one of your piledrivers?

[Jordan flexes his impressive trapezius muscles.]

JO: Good luck with that. Now as much as you've slowed down from the man I watched on the old tapes, I admit, you're still a phenomenal wrestler... when you choose to be. It's just sad to me that you don't choose to be any more.

The tapes show that the last few years in the AWA you have been breaking down. Going into WrestleRock you thought you were a God, didn't you? But at WrestleRock, the wrestlers rejected you, Vasquez. Just like they are rejecting you now.

The tapes showed the AWA didn't need you to defeat the Wise Men.

The tapes showed you were never the same after that hellacious match with Demon Ishrinku.

They showed you couldn't beat Driscoll for the National title.

And then they showed you couldn't beat Travis for the National title ... twice.

And the tapes show that's when you knew you weren't Juan Vasquez any more. Not like you used to be.

You weren't the Juan... just a Juan.

Just another wrestler in the pack.

[Ohara stares pointedly through the camera.]

JO: And instead of being strong, mentally strong, and realizing that now that other people had got to your level you should rededicate yourself to your training, to being the best wrestler you could be, you threw a temper tantrum. You hijacked and ruined the main event at SuperClash so that you could be left standing at the end, the center of attention.

And you didn't stop there.

You piledrove Willie Hammer when he wasn't in a match with you to remind everybody that the "Juan Vasquez Show starring Juan Vasquez" was still on the air!

[Ohara looks at Sweet Lou like 'Can you believe this guy?' Blackwell simply holds the mic, his attention focussed on Jordan, a look something like 'You're doing great, kid' in his eyes.]

JO: Too bad opinions are down on the Vasquez show. The audience wants someone new. Someone younger, faster, stronger, better. They want someone like

Travis, they want someone like Derrick, they want someone like Supernova, Pure X and Ryan.

They want someone like me!

[Ohara pauses for a beat to let that sink in. In the background from the arena, a faint audience chant can be heard. "Ohara! Ohara!"]

JO: And that...

[Ohara gestures to the air, referencing the chant.]

JO: ...kills you. That's why you jumped me. Your pathetic ego got bruised again. But I'm still here. You can't corrupt me to your cause like Supreme Wright. You can't lead me to destruction like you did your team at Unholy War! You can't get me injured like you did Eric Preston. And I don't need your validation like Ryan once did. You can't outthink me, Vasquez. You can't break my spirit.

I'm not bowing down to your Juan Vasquezness. Nobody is. You piledrove Sweet Daddy Williams and cheated Alex Martinez to prove that you're still the greatest. Too bad you had to cheat to eke out those wins. That proved to me that you're not the Juan any more. You're not dangerous. If you were, you wouldn't need hired muscle like Zharkov.

You're just desperate.

[Sweet Lou makes a gasping expression at that statement.]

JO: Sweet Lou, you know it's true. Vasquez is desperate to stay relevant. He is desperate to still be the Final Boss. He is desperate to still be Juan Vasquez. He's so desperate that he eliminated all his peers. But he can't do that to me. And that's why Juan Vasquez is afraid of me. That's why he bad talks me in the back and on Twitter because he knows this young lion is coming for his spot. Sweet Lou, Vasquez... I didn't come to the AWA to be a guy.

I came to be _THE_ guy.

[From the arena the 'Ohara' chants are getting louder. Sweet Lou seems surprised they can be heard backstage.]

JO: I believe this is the greatest sport in the world. I believe the fans of the AWA are the greatest sports fans in the world. I believe competing, winning fairly between these ropes is the greatest feeling ever. And I know how difficult it is to compete with my will to win. Ask Larry Wallace how tough it is to get me out when it's clean and one-on-one.

[Jordan pauses. He holds up his hand. From the arena, the crowd is silent.]

JO: Actually, don't ask him. In fact, don't even ask yourself. Because you're going to find out tonight when it's one-on-one you can't beat me. But I can beat you.

[He stares deeply into the camera. He stares deeply into Vasquez's soul.]

JO: I know I can.

[Again he pauses. Beside him Sweet Lou can't help but be impressed.]

JO: I've been waiting and training for this moment all my life. You can joke around backstage that the kid has no fire on the mic. But you notice me, don't you? You're paying attention to the Once in a Millennial Talent. On the outside, I'm cool

as ice, but on the inside my fire burns bright. Vasquez, tonight won't be another episode of the Juan Vasquez show starring Juan Vasquez. Tonight, being Juan Vasquez won't be a strength.

It will be a weakness.

[Pause.]

JO: Vasquez, your body can't handle being pushed any more.

But mine can.

Your ego can't handle adversity any more.

But mine can.

You can't wrestle clean for fifteen minutes.

But I _can!_

[The 'Ohara' cheers start coming again from the Boston faithful. Jordan briefly acknowledges them, throwing up the 'I love you' hand gesture. Then he's all business again.]

JO: I know you think you can walk over the kid. I know you're telling everybody in the back that should happen.

It's not going happen, Juan.

What's going to happen is I'm going to beat the respect for this sport a twenty year veteran should have back into you. And it is going to take a lot of beating, but I'm willing to do it. I'm willing to chop your chest red. I'm willing to drag your arm out of the socket. I'm willing to tie you up in knots wrestling cleanly. I willing to do it for Sweet Daddy Williams, for Travis Lynch, for Ryan and Alex Martinez, for Willie Hammer and for all these great fans at the TD Gardens and watching live on the X! And I'm willing to do it for you, Juan.

SLB: What does that mean?

JO: I'm willing to show him the error of his ways. This disregard for everyone's health and the rules isn't the path to greatness. It's only a path to failure.

[Ohara turns back to the camera, back to Juan Vasquez.]

JO: What will you do when you can't get off the right cross? What will you do when you can't hit the piledriver? Will you cheat to win again?

Of course you will...

[Ohara grins like a Cheshire cat.]

JO: ...but then everybody in the crowd, everybody in the back and you yourself will know I won. Because if you do cheat... if you _even_ try to cheat to win I'll have proven my point. I'm better than you are now.

SLB: But if you expect him to cheat then isn't it crazy to go it alone against the Axis?

V/O: Who says he's alone?

[Stepping into frame is the owner of that voice, Derrick Williams, wearing a Battle of Boston T-Shirt and track pants, his hair pulled back and holding a towel]

DW: You see, it's like this; Jordan and I came to an agreement two nights ago. Both of us have a bone to pick with Juan Vasquez. Don't think I wasn't sitting in the back at SuperClash and watching, getting mad and starting to plot a receipt for Vasquez. I was, and have been for months now. Jordan wants Vasquez so bad he can taste it, and it came down to him or me, whoever won gets the shot. Jordan won, beat me clean in the middle, and I ain't mad about it. Because whoever won gets Juan, and the other, watches his back.

Now, we know how dangerous the Axis is together, but I'm sure not letting Zharkov or Hunter get involved when Jordan has Vasquez reeling. There won't be a save tonight, there won't be a way out. Vasquez can't run, he can't hide behind Hunter or his big Russian, because I won't hesitate to put an elbow upside their heads, either of them. Hunter is just a brain, and I don't sweat Zharkov.

[He lets that linger a bit before continuing]

DW: I'm standing with Jordan tonight because he's my boy. I'm standing with him because he's got the shot to knock Vasquez down... because with Vasquez, for us, this isn't about The Line, or the AWA, or him turning his back on everything. For us, this is personal, right down to the very core. I said last night, one way or the other, Juan gets his comeuppance TONIGHT, and Jordan's going to do it, and I'm making damn sure no one, and I mean NO ONE, gets in his way. All you, man.

[Ohara smiles and the AWA's young lions exchange a big handshake, and as they do, a voice is heard from off camera.]

V/O: I'm with you too!

[With those words, Ryan Martinez steps forward. The AWA's White Knight is also in his ring gear, a black t-shirt with an AWA logo done in gold worn over his chest. Martinez moves to stand in front of Williams and Ohara, giving each man a nod.]

RM: I heard that you're looking to put a stop to Vasquez.

Well, personally, I'd like to be right there when you put him down.

So if you're looking for more back up, if you want someone in your corner who'll make sure that you get a clean shot at that bastard?

Count me in!

[With those words, Martinez extends a hand, and Ohara quickly takes it, the men once more nodding at each when the handshake ends.]

JO: Vasquez, I've been preparing for this moment all my life. I've been dreaming about a moment like this since I turned pro five years ago. You really think I'm going to let this slip through my fingers? No way, Juan.

SLB: My goodness, Jordan, I've never heard you like this.

JO: (ignoring the comments somewhat) Vasquez, you wanted to look for the fire in Sgt. Maxine Ohara's son? How about I show you my Phoenix Flame! See you in the ring.

[With that, Jordan inclines his head in the slightest and most disrespectful of bows towards Vasquez. He walks off the set, stretching his neck and smirking gleefully into the camera.]

SLB: My goodness, this Battle of Boston is hot! And this is only the first round! I've never seen such fire from the Kid, but I have to wonder, can he pull off the upset tonight? We're about to find out as we head down to Rebecca Ortiz for the final time on Night Two! Take it away, Miss Rebecca!

[We fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing tall.]

RO: The following contest is your MAAAAAAAIN EEEEEEVENT of the evening!

[HUGE CHEER!]

RO: One fall. Thirty minute time limit. The final FIRST ROUND match in the Battle of Boston tournament!

[Ortiz lowers the mic as the positive hip hop beat of NaS' "I Can" pumps through the arena.]

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

[With that chorus, Jordan Ohara bounces through the curtains.]

RO: From Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds...

He is the PHOEEEEENIX...

JORRRRRRRRRDAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOHAAAARAAAAAA!

[Ohara grins at the crowd's reaction to his name being called, nodding his head at the roaring TD Garden crowd. The young muscular man is bare-chested, wearing Carolina blue tights and white boots with black heels. He pauses at the top of the ramp, raising his arm and slowly panning a pointing finger across the fans before shouting "I KNOW I CAN!" to some call-and-response from the crowd before hopping in the air and starting his way down the ramp.]

GM: The young man known as the Phoenix, Jordan Ohara, has been rising through the ranks of the AWA since his arrival last year at SuperClash but tonight, he faces his stiffest test by far, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. When you're talking about Juan Vasquez, you're talking about a former AWA National Champion... a former World Champion throughout the business... a Hall of Famer. Juan Vasquez is, without discussion, one of the greatest to ever lace a pair of boots and he's been on a whole other level since last year at SuperClash.

GM: All the oddsmakers will tell you Vasquez is a heavy favorite in this one but that's why they wrestle the matches, fans. He may be a favorite but he's gotta get the job done inside the ring and you better believe Jordan Ohara is ready to become one heck of a Cinderella story.

[Ohara slaps hands with the ringside fans before reaching the ring where he climbs up on the apron, stepping onto the second rope to spring over the top, landing on his feet. There is plenty of cheers and more than a few audible "I love you, Jordan!" cries squealed out as he salutes the fans with a karate flurry, dropping into a mid-ring kata as we slowly fade backstage where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell, standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is a man who needs no introduction. He is...

[Suddenly, Lou is cutoff by a shouting voice off-camera.]

"THE AXIS IS COMING! THE AXIS IS COMING!"

[It is then that we see Juan Vasquez...and he's not alone.]

JV: And Juan Vasquez...

...is here.

[The former AWA National Champion is dressed in a Colonial era officer's coat over his black wrestling tights with blue flames on the side. Standing behind him, is the dark-skinned man seen on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. He is wearing a dark charcoal grey suit and sunglasses. The well-dressed man stands there with an expressionless look on his face, staring sternly at Sweet Lou.]

SLB: Oh my.

[Juan pats Lou on the shoulder.]

JV: You don't even have to ask me anything, Sweet Lou. Just stand there looking pretty, 'cause Juan Vasquez has all the answers to all the tough questions!

[Lou continues to eye the mystery man warily as Juan smacks him on the shoulder to get his attention.]

JV: Are we doing this interview or what?

SLB: Oh! Right.

[Juan glances over his shoulder and asks the mystery man "Doing okay, boss?" As expected, he receives no answer, before he turns back to Lou.]

JV: Lemme guess your first question, amigo...

"What are your thoughts going into your big match tonight?"

Am I right?

[Juan doesn't even wait for Lou's answer before he starts blabbing away.]

JV: Well lemme tell you what I think, Sweet Lou. Three weeks ago, Emerson Gellar, head of this company, Director of Operations of the AWA, the man who is supposed to lead us all with class and decorum, said he looked forward to seeing me compete in the Battle of Boston...

...and getting my ass kicked.

[Juan chuckles softly.]

JV: Not exactly a good look for the man in charge to show so much bias against one of his employees, is it? But then again, I suppose spitting in Casey-

[He catches himself.]

JV: ...a handcuffed man's face and callin' him a "son of a bitch" on live television ain't a good look either. But I'll ask ya' one question. Something that I've had to ask a whole lot of people lately.

Do you know who I am, Mr. Gellar?

[His face twists into something far more sinister.]

JV: No, seriously...DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? Because it seems to me, you think putting a target on my back means a damn thing to me. Lemme tell you something, amigo...I've had that bullseye painted on my back long before the AWA was even a twinkle in Bobby Taylor's eye! There hasn't been a day that's gone by in these last twenty years, where there wasn't someone gunning for Juan Vasquez.

[He grins.]

JV: And there still hasn't been a single damn one of'em that was able to stop me from being the biggest name, brightest star and most worldwide face of this sport we've ever seen! Your legends, your monsters, your biggest names...the Stevie Scotts, the Chris Courtades, and Alex Martinezes of this world ain't ever been able to stop me.

Which brings us to tonight.

And good ol' Jordan Whatshisface.

[Sweet Lou decides to set the record straight.]

SLB: His name is Jordan Ohara. You've deliberately ignored his existence for months, but you should at least know his name tonight!

[Juan rolls his eyes at Lou.]

JV: His name could be MICHAEL Jordan and I still wouldn't give a damn! My show. My rules. I'll call him whatever the hell I want. But I like you, Lou. So I'll humor you.

[The former National Champion turns his attention back to the camera.]

JV: Listen up, Mister Jordan OHARA of Charlotte, North Carolina, bastard son of Maxine, former bodybuilding champion, and overall pain in the ass...

[Juan notices the surprised look on Lou's face.]

JV: What? You don't think I take the time to learn about every insignificant little ant that crawls their way onto MY show to steal valuable air time away from me? You'd be shocked at the dirt I've got on you.

[He gives Sweet Lou a wink, before turning back to the camera once again.]

JV: Listen up, Ohara...

...THIS is the biggest moment of your life.

[Juan pauses and lets that statement sink in a little.]

JV: This time, you're not out there at the start of the show, warming up the seats for all the fans so they can get nice and comfortable before they watch the real start take the stage. Nah, you're not out there wrestling without a care in the world, hiding in a sea of faces in Steal the Spotlight.

No, chico...this time you're in the BIG leagues. The Main Event. The biggest match of your life against the biggest star this sport has to offer...and the spotlight is firmly on YOU.

[He tilts his head and wiggles his eyebrows.]

JV: Feeling nervous yet? No?

Then allow me to raise the stakes just a little higher.

[Juan motions for the camera to zoom in just a little closer.]

JV: So besides this being the biggest match, moment and opportunity of your life, Mister Jordan Ohara of Charlotte, North Carolina, bastard son of Maxine, former bodybuilding champion, and overall pain in the ass...

...this is your opportunity to finally play the hero you so desperately want to be. To be the man that took down the big, bad Juan Vasquez. To fulfill the potential of being the... [Air quotes] ..."Once in a Millennium" talent that you think you are. And all you have to do to become the hero of millions, to have your name become legend and to make mama proud...is to defeat me.

[He sarcastically opens his mouth in shock and slaps himself on the cheek.]

JV: Oh, that's right. That's where the dreams falls apart. Because you ain't EVER gonna' beat me, Ohara. Not in this millennium or the next. This ain't just any ordinary step up in competition. This ain't a bridge too far, boy...this is an entire GALAXY. And it's gonna' take a hell lot more than just wanting it. Or wishing it. Or just believing in yourself, to beat me.

[Juan smirks.]

JV: Because spoiler alert! I'm the best in the world.

[A grin.]

JV: And that's all there is...to it.

[Satisfied with his words, Juan turns to Lou.]

JV: Now if you'll excuse me, Lou...me and the big guy over here have a match to...

SLB: Who is he?

JV: Pardon?

SLB: This mysterious man in a suit. He just appeared out of nowhere on the last Saturday Night Wrestling and put Stevie Scott in the hospital! Who is he!?

[Juan laughs.]

JV: Oh. Sorry. Where are my manners? Sometimes I just get into a zone and I forget everything!

[Juan pats the mystery on the shoulder.]

JV: This, my friends...is Mawaga.

SLB: "Mawaga?"

JV: He was a gift from the fine people at The Korugun Corporation. Come on, chief, take off those sunglasses and introduce yourself to everybody!

[Mawaga removes his sunglasses, revealing a man of Polynesian origins with a wild, dangerous and yes...savage look in his eyes. He shouts in whatever language it is he speaks at the camera.]

M: Mālō e lelei! Fiefia ke toe feiloaki mo koe!

[Sweet Lou cowers back from the islander.]

SLB: Don't touch me! I've got a fleet of lawyers!

JV[Laughing]: Now then, as I was saying, me and the big guy have a match...

[However, before he can leave, Juan is stopped by the sudden appearance of AWA Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.]

EG: No, Juan. YOU have a match. He...

[Gellar points to Mawaga.]

EG: ...is going nowhere.

JV: Excuse me?

EG: Let me make it simple for you. That man doesn't have a manager's license, he doesn't have a wrestler's license, he's got nothing! And therefore, he's banned from ringside!

[Juan flips out at that news.]

JV: WHAT!? Are you kidding me!?

EG: I'm dead serious.

JV: You can't do that!

EG: I just did.

JV: Abuse of power! This is a disgusting abuse of power and you're not going to get away with it!

[Mawaga takes a step forward towards Gellar, but Juan holds him back.]

JV: Woah there, big guy, as much as I'd love to see it...that's the one man here you CAN'T touch.

[Mawaga backs down as Juan turns his attention back to Gellar.]

JV: Fine...he'll stay in the back. But whatever happens tonight? The blood will be on YOUR hands.

[Vasquez and Gellar locks eyes for a moment, before Juan breaks his stare and brushes past Gellar. Mawaga follows closely behind him, as Sweet Lou and Gellar give him a wide berth... and we slowly fade back out to the ring where Ohara's music is fading out.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The TD Garden is engulfed in darkness as the sound of a pulsating heartbeat can be heard throughout the arena, as a white light flashes with it simultaneously on the wrestling ring. The beating gradually grows faster, until it suddenly stops and we're in total darkness once more. A slow, haunting piano chord is then heard, as DMX's "Ain't No Sunshine" begins to play over the PA system.]

It's dark...and hell is hot#

[Suddenly, large columns of flame erupt from the top of the aisle.]

"WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!"

[All eyes immediately move up the rampway, where the entrance is flooded in white light. There, we see an approaching silhouette walking towards the entrance, stopping and then thrusting both arms triumphantly into the air, as the lights return inside the arena and the boos reach a deafening ROAR when the people see their fallen hero...

...Juan Vasquez. The former National Champion's head is thrown back as he holds his pose, soaking in the crowd's reaction. The camera circles around him as we see Juan is dressed in a full-length dark blue Colonial officer's coat with gold trim and tricorne hat with white wig. Strapped to his back is a musket. Underneath, he is shirtless and wears black wrestling tights with blue flames on the side.]

Ain't no sunshine when it's on #
Only darkness every day #
Ain't no sunshine when it's on #
Cuz when it's on, ya gonna be gone #
Every time cuz we don't play

[Vasquez lowers his head and takes the musket from his back, aiming it at Ohara all the way inside the ring. He fires his weapon, letting loose an impressive smoke-filled burst and as he does so...]

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"
"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"
"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"
"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!"

[...pyro explodes from all four ringposts, startling everyone! Like a demented George Washington, Vasquez cackles, before tossing his musket aside and throwing off his hat and wig, making his way down to the ring as the crowd shouts their hate and rage towards the man that betrayed them all.]

RO: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VASQUEZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Vasquez has a determined gaze on his face, walking the aisle with authority as Jordan Ohara hops up and down, beckoning him forward as the crowd buzzes at the showdown.]

GM: And here he comes, fans... the resume has been told many times but if you were to call Juan Vasquez perhaps the greatest to ever lace a pair of boots, you could make one heck of an argument to that effect.

[Vasquez reaches the ringside area, grabbing the ropes and pulling himself up on the apron. He pauses there, looking out at the jeering crowd with a smirk on his face that is... what? Happy? Annoyed? Proud? Proud. He's proud of the reaction

he causes these days. He gives a nod before ducking through the ropes, going into a spin, and coming face-to-face in the middle of the ring with Jordan Ohara as Ohara holds his ground, defiantly shaking his head.]

GM: Oh my! And this young man looks like he's not about to be intimidated, Bucky!

[Vasquez has some words from Ohara who smirks in response as referee Davis Warren slides in, trying to edge the two men apart from one another.]

GM: And the intensity is high in this one, Bucky.

BW: Pretty sure the electricity in the air is so thick, you could cut it with a knife.

GM: Davis Warren pushing these two men apart, trying to keep them from going at it before the bell. Ohara shouting at Vasquez now. Tempers are running high in this one, Bucky.

BW: You know, I think it stings the ego of Jordan Ohara that Juan Vasquez has basically looked past him all these months when Ohara's been running his mouth in Vasquez' direction. And Vasquez... well, if you don't respect Juan Vasquez... if you don't "bend the knee" so to speak, he's looking to put you down for good.

[Vasquez backs off, walking to his corner.]

GM: And I have to be grateful that Juan Vasquez is out here alone tonight. No Jackson Hunter. No Maxim Zharkov. And especially no... what did he call him? Mawaga?

BW: Mawaga, yes. All those months we saw the posters and hats declaring "MAWAGA" and now he's here.

GM: A gift from the Korugun Corporation, a new sponsor here on AWA television. A bit unusual but...

[Before Gordon can finish his thought, Davis Warren signals for the bell and the two combatants come striding out of their respective corners towards the middle of the ring. Vasquez does a sidestep to the right, trying to circle around Ohara who shifts his feet to match.]

GM: Vasquez trying to slip in behind Ohara but the young lion matched his movement... and into a collar and elbow tieup they go!

[The veteran and the young lion battle it out in the middle of the ring, struggling for an advantage. The muscles ripple in young Ohara, a former bodybuilder who still has tremendous upper body strength...

...and with a quick movement, he drops down, grabbing Vasquez by the arm, throwing him halfway across the ring with an armdrag!]

GM: Oh my! Armdrag takedown by the Phoenix!

BW: One of the signature moves from Ohara. He loves using those in bunches too so Vasquez better be on the lookout.

[The Hall of Famer gets quickly to feet but pauses, not rushing back into the mix where Ohara is ready to go again. Vasquez looks annoyed as he barks something at the referee about his hair.]

BW: Vasquez says Ohara pulled the hair! That scoundrel!

GM: You believe that?

BW: Would Juan Vasquez tell a lie?

GM: He'd tell one, shout one, Tweet one, carve one into the side of a mountain... and you'd swear to all of them, wouldn't you?

BW: Well, according to Jackson Hunter when we had dinner last night...

GM: Give me a break!

[The referee asks Ohara about the phantom hair pull who, of course, denies it with a shake of his head. The official informs Vasquez who grimaces, edging back out to the middle of the ring, going right back into another collar and elbow.]

GM: Back to the lockup... look at these two big bulls pushing and shoving each other around the ring, trying to get the advantage.

BW: And in this case, it's a battle of Ohara's strength against Vasquez' experience and wisdom.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Vasquez backs Ohara up into the ropes. The official steps in, calling for a break.]

GM: Up against the ropes. Will we get a clean break here?

BW: I forgot my Magic 8 Ball at home but signs point to no.

[Vasquez holds as the referee counts...

...and then steps back, smirking at Ohara who was covering up, ready for fists to fly. The fans cheer the clean break...]

GM: Well, there's a surprise.

[...until Vasquez reaches out, delivering a two-handed shove to the chest of Ohara, pushing him back against the ropes.

Ohara though quickly responds in kind, shoving Vasquez off his feet and down onto his rear end to a big cheer!]

GM: Oho! Take that, Juan Vasquez!

[Vasquez scrambles off the canvas, angrily rushing towards Ohara...

...and running right into another armdrag, getting snapped off his feet and down to the mat!]

GM: Another armdrag out of Ohara!

[Ohara scrambles up, standing at the ready as Vasquez rolls to a knee, kneeling next to the ropes as he grimaces in the direction of the Phoenix. Ohara beckons Vasquez forward as the Hall of Famer slowly gets back to his feet, staring with annoyance at the youngster.]

GM: Jordan Ohara starting things off hot and heavy here in Boston in the first round of the Battle of Boston. Last night, he defeated Derrick Williams to get this chance and so far, he's making the most of it.

BW: Oh, it's way too early to make that call, Gordo.

[Vasquez pushes off the ropes, shouting in the direction of Ohara who waves him forward again before lunging into another tieup.]

GM: Back to the collar and elbow, both men jostling each other around, trying to get an edge... ohh! And the veteran goes right to the eyes!

[Ohara staggers backwards, wiping at his eyes as Vasquez spins him around, lighting him up with a stiff knife edge chop across the chest. A second one sends Ohara falling back into the ropes as Vasquez grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Vasquez shoots him across...

[The Hall of Famer sets his feet, preparing for one of his signature maneuvers...]

GM: Hiptoss!

[...but Ohara has it well-scouted, doing a full flip to land on his feet alongside Vasquez before slipping his arm under the Hall of Famer's, flipping him through the air and throwing him down to the mat with a hiptoss of his own!]

GM: Ohara with the hiptoss! Oh my!

BW: What a blatant show of disrespect!

GM: Vasquez up off the mat, burning mad this time...

[But Ohara uncorks a standing dropkick that sends Vasquez flying backwards through the ropes, smashing down on the barely-padded TD Garden floor to big cheers from the Boston crowd...]

...and a fired-up Ohara isn't done yet, approaching the ropes, grabbing the top with both hands as the former National Champion comes up off the mat...]

GM: OHARA!

[The young lion slingshots himself over the top, diving down on top of Vasquez, wiping him out with a big dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ohara pops up off the floor, throwing his arms up into the air to big cheers from the crowd before he rolls back inside the ring, leaving the Hall of Famer down on the floor trying to recover.]

GM: Jordan Ohara taking to the sky, wiping out Juan Vasquez to the overwhelming joy of this crowd in Boston!

BW: This can't be starting off the way Juan Vasquez was hoping.

[Vasquez climbs off the mat, shaking the cobwebs as he walks around the squared circle on the floor, trying to regroup as Ohara shouts at him from inside the ring, waving him back in.]

GM: Ohara wants more of Vasquez but I think right now, Juan Vasquez may be rethinking his inflammatory words towards Ohara here tonight.

[The Hall of Famer, hands on hips, slowly walks around the ring, throwing an occasional glance up at Ohara as he paces. The referee continues to count, laying

it on the former National Champion as he takes some deep breaths outside the ring.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has fought some of the toughest competitors in our sport... some of the greatest of all time. What happens to the psyche of Juan Vasquez if he were to go down in defeat to someone who hasn't even been in the AWA a year yet?

BW: You're getting WAY ahead of yourself, Gordo. We're just a few minutes into this match and Jordan Ohara may be going through a hot streak but that doesn't mean he can beat the Hall of Famer.

[Vasquez stays on the floor, looking in at Ohara as the count goes to six... to seven...]

GM: Vasquez is certainly in no hurry to get back inside the ring, fans.

[Eight... nine...

...and Vasquez suddenly rolls in under the bottom rope, breaking the count. Jordan Ohara quickly rushes in, striking with a knife edge chop across the chest as Vasquez gets to his feet.]

GM: Oh! Jordan Ohara not wasting any time right now.

[With Vasquez up against the ropes, Ohara winds up and lets it go again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

[Vasquez cringes at the blow, reaching up to touch his chest as Ohara winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

GM: A second hard chop to the chest... now it's Ohara turn for the whip...

[The Irish whip shoots Vasquez across the ring as Ohara throws himself at the mat, trying to trip up Vasquez...]

...who slams on the brakes, dropping an elbow down into the small of Ohara's back!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: And there's that veteran insight - knowing what's coming before it does.

[Vasquez sneers as he gets back up, looking for a second elbow...]

...but Ohara rolls clear of it, causing Vasquez to slam down on the canvas!]

GM: A second elbow misses!

[Vasquez gets up, winding up for another...]

GM: He misses again!

[Ohara, now on his back, kips up off the canvas, striking a martial arts kata pose as Vasquez rolls to a knee, glaring at the youngster...]

...and then drops back to his back, rolling back out to the floor as the fans jeer.]

GM: And it looks like Juan Vasquez is looking for another timeout.

[Vasquez looks highly annoyed as he paces around the ringside area again. The referee starts his count anew as Jordan Ohara barks a complaint in the direction of Davis Warren.]

GM: Ohara's not too pleased with Vasquez bailing out of the ring again... neither are these fans who are letting him have it as well.

[Out on the floor, Vasquez wanders around the ringpost, throwing a glance back to make sure Ohara's not coming after him as the count gets to five. Vasquez pauses, standing with his hands on his hips as he looks up at Ohara who again shouts at him, demanding he get back inside the ring.]

BW: Ohara needs to take care that he doesn't let his emotions get the best of him, Gordo. A young kid like that can be a bit impulsive and if he does that against Vasquez, the Hall of Famer's gonna lay him out.

GM: We'll see about that as Vasquez climbs up on the apron.

[Vasquez takes his time, allowing the count to get back to eight as he wipes his boots on the apron, ducking through the ropes at nine again.]

GM: Back inside the ring now... ready to go...

[The Hall of Famer moves slowly, wiggling his fingers as he approaches the anxious Ohara who lunges back into another tieup, shoving Vasquez back towards the ropes where the veteran spins him around, pushing the Phoenix into the ropes...

...and then steps back, unloading with a right hand to the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh! Heavy shot downstairs by Vasquez!

[A second blow to the same area sends Ohara stumbling towards the corner, falling into the buckles as Vasquez pursues, throwing another blow to the ribs... and another... and another...]

GM: Come on! Get the man out of the corner, ref!

[Vasquez stays on the attack, throwing repeated blows to the body, trying to take the wind out of the young man's sails. The referee steps in, forcing a break. Vasquez obliges before coming back in, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Ohara!

[Vasquez slams into the buckles but bounces right back out towards Ohara who UNLOADS with a knife edge chop across the ribcage, taking Vasquez right back off his feet!]

GM: Ohhh my! What a chop out of Ohara!

[Ohara beckons Vasquez back up with one hand as the Hall of Famer climbs to his feet, just barely getting there before Ohara goes downstairs with a dropkick to the knee, putting him back down on a knee...

...and then promptly does a back spin, DRILLING Vasquez in the jaw with a spinning back kick!]

GM: OHHH!

[Ohara dives across the prone Vasquez, reaching back for a leg as he rolls into a side press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Vasquez kicks out at two. The fired-up Ohara quickly takes the mount, grabbing a handful of hair as the fans cheer him on. He throws martial arts style strikes to the head of Vasquez.]

GM: Chop after chop by the Phoenix!

BW: Those chops are in the eyes, Gordo! Warren should break this up!

[The official does exactly that, forcing a break as Ohara climbs back to his feet. With the Phoenix off him, Vasquez scoots backwards on the mat, ending up in the corner as Ohara advances on him.]

BW: He's in the corner, ref!

GM: It didn't stop Vasquez from attacking Ohara moments ago!

[Reaching down, Ohara grabs the fleeing Vasquez by the legs, defiantly shaking his head.]

GM: I think Vasquez was making a run for it again but-

[With a powerful lift, Ohara lifts the legs off the mat as Vasquez grabs the top rope, dangling above the mat.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: This isn't right!

[Ohara looks out at the cheering crowd, nodding his head...

...and then gives Vasquez a big yank, pulling him up into the air, and then dropping him backfirst on the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes Vasquez hard!

[Still holding the legs, Ohara tucks them under his arms before pushing off the canvas, flipping over into a double leg cradle!]

GM: CRADLE!!

[Another two count follows before Vasquez kicks out of it, sending Ohara off to the side...

...which allows Vasquez to roll out of the ring again, holding the back of his head as he does.]

GM: Juan Vasquez bails out again and... OHARA'S GOING AFTER HIM!

[Out on the floor, Ohara grabs the dazed Vasquez by the shoulder, swinging him around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohh! Big chop outside the ring!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And another one!

[A third chop has Vasquez' arms pinwheeling as he tries to stay on his feet. The aggressive Ohara grabs one of the arms, looking for an Irish whip...

...but Vasquez reverses it, sending Ohara CRASHING into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING GOES OHARA!! OH MY!

[Ohara winces as he hooks his arms over the railing, trying to stay on his feet as Vasquez shouts at the ringside fans giving him a hard time. He gestures angrily at Ohara before charging towards him...

...but Ohara ducks down, elevating Vasquez up and over the railing into the seats just beyond the barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHARA SENDS VASQUEZ INTO THE FANS!

[Ohara grimaces, grabbing at his lower back as he turns around, looking out on the cheering crowd. He nods to them, lifting a leg to put one foot on top of the barricade before stepping up onto it, arms at his side as he watches Vasquez struggle to get up off the exposed concrete floor...]

GM: Ohara's up on the barricade! He's ready to fly!

[...and leaps into the air, sailing through the sky, and bringing his extended arm down across the skull with an overhead chop!]

GM: OHHH! Flying chop connects! Oh my!

[Ohara lands on his feet, nodding at the cheering fans, throwing his arms up with a "LET'S DO THIS!" that gets even louder cheers from the Boston crowd. He reaches down, hauling Vasquez up by the hair...

...and with a handful of tights, he ROCKETS Vasquez back over the railing, throwing him back inside the ringside area on the thin mats!]

GM: Ohh! Vasquez lands hard down on the floor again... and what's Ohara doing now?

[Nodding to the fans again, Ohara walks back, waving his arms to clear a path.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: It looks like he's clearing the takeoff pattern!

GM: Ohara's giving himself room to work out there in the crowd...

[Ohara leans over, getting some slaps on the backs from the ringside fans...

...and as Vasquez struggles back to his feet, Ohara dashes the distance between his starting point and just before the steel barricade where he hurls himself into the air, soaring over the railing, and crashing into the wobbled Vasquez with a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT A DIVE OUT OF OHARA ON THE FLOOR!

[Ohara gets up off the mat, grabbing at his ribs as he does. He winces as he pulls Vasquez off the floor, firing him back under the ropes inside the ring. Ohara grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron... and slaps the top turnbuckle a few times before starting to climb...]

GM: Jordan Ohara's going up top! We're closing in on the ten minute mark of this matchup and Ohara's looking to finish off Vasquez early!

[Poised on the top rope, Ohara again waits for Vasquez to struggle back to his feet before soaring high into the air, sailing through a sea of flash bulbs...

...and SMASHES an overhead chop down between the eyes!]

GM: FLYING CHOP OFF THE TOP!!!

[Ohara dives across Vasquez, pulling the leg into a cradle as Davis Warren dives down to count.]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! HE ALMOST GOT HIM RIGHT THERE!

[Ohara looks at the official who holds up two fingers, clapping his hands together in frustration. The Phoenix advances on Vasquez who is crawling towards the corner, pulling himself to his feet...]

GM: Ohara's moving in on him, looking to finish him off...

[...and BLASTS Ohara with a back elbow up under the chin!]

GM: Oh! He caught him coming in!

[Vasquez grabs Ohara by the hair, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Bounces Ohara's head off the buckles...

[Ohara staggers backwards as Vasquez hops up on the midbuckle, giving a shout...

...but Ohara comes rushing back in, leaping off the canvas, scissoring Vasquez' head with his legs, and flips him from the top rope with a deadleap rana!]

GM: OHHHHH! What an athletic maneuver out of Ohara!

[Ohara dives across Vasquez again, earning himself another two count before Vasquez' shoulder flies up off the canvas.]

GM: Another two count... and again, Juan Vasquez is headed out to the floor!

[The young lion is about to pursue when the official steps in, blocking his path, shaking his head. Ohara backs off, fuming as the fans jeer the referee's temporary save of Juan Vasquez who staggers around the ringside area, shaking his head...

...and then comes to a halt in front of the entrance ramp, turning his head in that direction as he waves his arm towards the ring.]

GM: What is this all about?

BW: Oh, I think you know exactly what it's all about!

[Vasquez gives another wave of the arm and his face twists into an evil grin as the TD Garden crowd ERUPTS in jeers.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The jeers come even louder and harder as we see Jackson Hunter leading Maxim Zharkov down the aisle towards the ring.]

BW: Here comes the Axis, daddy!

GM: They're not supposed to be here!

BW: According to who? Emerson Gellar banned Mawaga from ringside! He didn't say a peep about Zharkov and Hunter!

GM: I... well, I suppose that's true but this puts Juan Vasquez at a TREMENDOUS advantage!

[Vasquez stays at the foot of the ramp, awaiting the arrival of his allies who quickly huddle up with him to the jeers of the crowd. Inside the ring, a concerned-looking Jordan Ohara is angrily protesting to the official, pointing at Hunter and Zharkov.]

GM: Jordan Ohara doesn't like this development either and who can blame him.

[After a few more moments of discussion, the huddle breaks up as Juan Vasquez walks towards the apron, pulling himself up. He smirks at a still-protesting Ohara before ducking through the ropes. Vasquez holds up three fingers... and then gestures to Ohara before holding up one on the other hand.]

GM: Vasquez letting Ohara know that the odds just shifted against him in a drastic way, Bucky.

BW: Just in case the dumb kid can't do basic math either.

[Ohara's eyes shift back and forth as Hunter and Zharkov fan out, each taking up residence on a different part of the ring. The young lion actually turns his back to his opponent for a moment, keeping an eye on the Tsar who is behind him.]

GM: Ohara is definitely concerned about this shift in the numbers game...

[Vasquez strides forward, swinging Ohara around by the shoulder...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Vasquez slaps him across-

[Ohara recoils from the blow and then throws a right hand between the eyes... and another... and another. The crowd roars to their feet, cheering on the Phoenix as he batters the Hall of Famer across the ring with haymakers.]

GM: Ohara's opening fire on him!

[Vasquez reaches out, sticking a thumb in the eye of Ohara!]

GM: Ohh! And Vasquez to the eyes!

[With Ohara blinded, Vasquez dashes to the ropes, rebounding off towards him...]

GM: Vasquez off the ropes and...

[The TD Garden crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Ohara takes him over with a HUUUUGE hiptoss!]

GM: OHHHH MY!

[With Vasquez down on the mat from one of his signature moves, Ohara dashes to the ropes, rebounding off, leaping high into the air...

...and CRASHES backfirst across Vasquez' torso!]

GM: BACKSPLASH!

BW: Insolent punk!

[The crowd is roaring for Ohara's take on the Shades of Tommy Stephens senton as Ohara flips over, applying another lateral press...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[...and Vasquez kicks out, breaking up the pin!]

GM: Another two count and Juan Vasquez is absolutely beside himself, climbing back to his fee-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The brutal knife-edge chop knocks Vasquez right off his feet, depositing him on the mat as Ohara quickly backs to the corner, hopping up to the midbuckle...]

GM: Ohara up on the ropes... wait a second!

[The TD Garden crowd begins roaring with jeers as Jackson Hunter hops up on the apron, waving his arms and shouting at the official. Davis Warren rushes over to get him down...

...which allows Maxim Zharkov to slide up on the apron and deliver a mighty two-handed shove to Ohara, sending him flipping over the ropes and CRASHING down on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: MY STARS! What a fall! What a devastating fall to the floor by Ohara!

BW: Hah! Clumsy goof!

GM: What?! That was Maxim Zharkov's doing!

BW: No, no, no. Zharkov tried to hang on to him. Ohara just slipped off the ropes!

GM: You're out of your mind, Bucky Wilde! That was the Axis of Evil in action. Vasquez down, Hunter provides the distraction, and Zharkov lowers the boom! And boy, did he ever lower the boom! A devastatingly hard fall to the floor, smashing down onto that barely-padded floor and Jordan Ohara may be in serious trouble after that, fans!

[With Ohara down in a wreck on the floor, Vasquez rolls under the ropes, a dastardly grin on his face as he walks towards him, raining down kicks and stomps on his prone form as the fans jeer even louder.]

GM: Vasquez putting the shoe leather to Jordan Ohara outside the ring - thanks to the advantage created by Hunter and Zharkov.

BW: You're a conspiracy theorist like those lunatics on the Internet who think the Triple Cross was an inside job and that Lee Harvey Oswald acted alone.

GM: He DID act alone.

BW: Psssh. And I suppose you believe we really landed on the moon too.

GM: Oh brother.

[Pulling a limp Ohara off the ringside mats by the hair, Vasquez walks him along the ring apron...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and BOUNCES Ohara facefirst off the announce table!]

GM: Oh!

[Myers and Wilde vacate the area as Vasquez shouts in their direction.]

"ARE YOU GIVING ME MY PROPER RESPECT? DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM, MYERS?!"

BW: Answer the man, Gordo.

GM: I'd rather not. Juan Vasquez and I have nothing to discuss.

BW: That's not the way he sees it.

[Vasquez glares at Myers for a few more moments before shoving Ohara back under the ropes inside the ring.]

"This? This is for you, old man."

[With a smirk, Vasquez pulls himself through the ropes back inside the ring.]

BW: Hey, a dedication. That's nice of him.

GM: Hardly.

[Vasquez steps towards Ohara, pulling his limp form to a kneeling position. He circles around him, sneering at the kneeling Phoenix...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Good grief!

BW: Right to the ear!

[Vasquez circles around again, standing behind Ohara this time.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Gaaah!

BW: I think Juan Vasquez is giving us a little trip down memory lane, Gordo. Those look like the same kind of slaps that Raphael Rhodes used to use on him when Vasquez first came to the AWA.

GM: Those devastating open-handed slaps to the ear, trying to bust up someone's eardrum.

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Good god! Enough is enough!

[The referee seems to agree, stepping in to protest but Vasquez holds up his open hand, slapping his hands together.]

BW: But Vasquez is rightfully pointing out it's a legal blow, Gordo.

GM: It may be legal but-

[An annoyed Vasquez shouts, "YOU WANT ILLEGAL?!" at the official, yanking Ohara's head back, hooking his fingers in both sides of the mouth as he pulls hard.]

GM: AHHH! Vasquez with the fish hook, ripping and tearing at the mouth of Jordan Ohara!

BW: So long, pretty boy!

[The referee starts an insistent five count, ordering Vasquez to break the hold...

...which Vasquez does at four and change, raining down a 12-6 elbow between the eyes of Ohara.]

GM: Oh! What a shot right there!

[Hanging on to the hair, Vasquez rains down elbow after elbow, landing about a half dozen...]

GM: Break it up, ref! Get him off the man!

[...until Vasquez leans over, sinking his teeth into the forehead of Ohara!]

GM: AHHH! He's biting him!

[The pressure of the teeth on his flesh seems to snap some life back into Ohara who flails his arms, struggling to get free when Vasquez suddenly steps back...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with another slap to the ear, sending Ohara down to the mat in a heap, clutching the side of his head in pain.]

GM: Good grief. Vasquez might've done it. He might've popped that eardrum, Bucky.

BW: Certainly could have. Ohara went down like a rock after that last slap to the ear.

[Vasquez stands over Ohara, a sadistic smile on his face as the referee gets right up in his space, shouting at him for the blatant breaking of the rules. The Hall of Famer turns, his eyes flashing with anger at Davis Warren...

...and then leans down, yanking a dazed Ohara off the mat by the back of the trunks, hooking a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and SNAPS Ohara over, dumping him on the back of his head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it! Vasquez flips over, stacks him up!

[A standing Vasquez leans over the legs of Ohara, pushing him down so that his shoulders are on the mat as Davis Warren dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Ohara's shoulder pops up off the mat to big cheers from the Boston crowd!]

GM: Two count only! Ohara gets that shoulder up in time...

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: ...and speaking of time, we've reached the halfway point in this thirty minute time limit. These two are really going at it, fans, but that call over the PA system has to shift them into another gear. They know they've got fifteen minutes left to end this thing and if they don't, they're BOTH going home!

[With Vasquez standing, staring at the official with his hands on his hips, Jordan Ohara flips to his belly, trying to drag himself across the ring. Jackson Hunter grabs the ropes, shouting at Vasquez to finish off the Phoenix.]

GM: You can hear the desperation in the voice of Jackson Hunter. With Zharkov eliminated from the tournament, Juan Vasquez is the only hope for the Axis of Evil to move on to tomorrow night's final night of the tournament.

[Vasquez' gaze drifts away from the official, locking on the crawling Ohara who is trying to get to the corner of the ring. The Hall of Famer slowly walks towards him, watching with a twisted smirk as Ohara grabs the ropes, dragging himself back to his feet...

...where he's greeting with a big looping right hand to the ribcage!]

GM: And back to the ribs goes Vasquez... and again!

[The fans are jeering as Vasquez unleashes blow after blow to the body, chopping the younger man down and putting him into a seated position against the buckles.]

GM: Vasquez knocks him down against the buckles and...

[Vasquez swings his right leg back, ready to deliver a knee...

...and then pauses. He backs out of the corner, looking out at the Boston crowd with a smile on his face. He grabs Ohara by the ankle, dragging him back out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: What's Vasquez doing now?

[Looking out at the Boston crowd, Vasquez gives a nod of his head before leaping into the air, stomping down on the right arm of Ohara. He smirks at the small amount of fans who immediately start booing before leaping into the air, stomping down on the left arm...]

GM: Oh, come on!

[...and now the Boston fans are REALLY letting him have it as Vasquez leaping stomps his way around the body of the prone Jordan Ohara.]

GM: That's... well, that's the Boot Party, Bucky!

BW: Sure is!

GM: It's one of the signature maneuvers of... someone we really shouldn't mention by name here on our show but... well, a former AWA employee who is very well associated with the city of Boston.

BW: That's one way to put it.

[As Vasquez "carves" up the downed Ohara with stomp after stomp, he ends up with one foot on the sternum, slowly reaching up to cup his hand to his ear, listening to the jeering fans who are about to blow the roof off the TD Garden...

...and then leaps into the air one final time, driving a stomp down on the side of Ohara's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez "dusts off" his hands before settling down onto his knees, leaning over in a lateral press.]

GM: Vasquez covers!

[The referee drops down, counting once... twice...]

GM: KICKOUT!

[The crowd EXPLODES for the kickout as Vasquez' smirking face twists into one of rage, turning to glare at Davis Warren who insistently puts up two fingers.]

GM: TWO! TWO COUNT ONLY!

[Vasquez screams at Warren, accusing him of a slow count.]

BW: What the heck is wrong with Davis Warren, Gordo?!

GM: Absolutely nothing! There was not a thing wrong with that count!

BW: That's not how the Axis sees it!

[Jackson Hunter is also giving Warren an earful as Vasquez climbs to his feet, pointing an accusing finger at Warren who holds up two fingers again. Vasquez shakes his head with disgust, leaning down to grab a hurting Ohara by the hair, dragging him to his feet...]

GM: Ohara with the right hand!

[But Vasquez immediately swings a knee up into the ribs of Ohara, cutting him off. He shakes his head at the cheering crowd, holding a finger up to his lips to quiet them... which just makes them boo louder. He grabs Ohara by the arm, whipping him across the ring to the far corner...]

GM: Irish whip sends Ohara across...

[But as he nears the corner, Ohara leaps up to the midbuckle, steadying himself, leaping off as he twists around for a crossbody...]

GM: CROSSBODY FOR THE COUNTER!

[...but Vasquez simply steps to the side, watching as Ohara crashes and burns on the canvas. Vasquez smirks at the crowd's reaction, wagging a reprimanding finger at the Phoenix.]

BW: Now THAT'S a veteran instinct right there, Gordo.

GM: Ohara with the big attempt to get back into this but Vasquez makes him pay for it, vacating the premises just in time for Ohara to hit nothing but canvas.

[Vasquez stands over Ohara who pushes up to all fours, using the flat of his boot to shove Ohara in the face, knocking him back down.]

"Come on, kid!"

[Another boot push knocks a struggling Ohara back down.]

"This the best you can do?"

[A third boot push knocks Ohara over onto his back as Vasquez steps over him, winding up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"THAT'S ALL YOU'VE GOT?!"

[...and on cue, Ohara swings a right hand from his back, catching Vasquez on the jaw! Vasquez spews a wad of spit into the air as he staggers backwards away from Ohara who scrambles to a knee, the crowd cheering him on loudly. Vasquez comes back in, ready to pummel the upstart young man...]

GM: Ohara's trying to get back up! Trying to get this crowd behind him and-

[The crowd ROARS for a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Ohara goes downstairs!

[He throws a second, doubling up the Hall of Famer!]

GM: And a second one finds the mark as well!

[The kneeling Ohara throws a backhand strike to the face of the doubled-up Vasquez, sending him staggering backwards as Ohara regains his feet, giving a shout as he winds up...]

GM: Vasquez coming back in...

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: BIG CHOP BY OHARA!

[Vasquez hits the canvas off the chop, quickly scrambling back up as Ohara sets his feet...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[And a second knife-edge blow knocks Vasquez off his feet as well!]

GM: And another one puts Vasquez down!

[Ohara grabs at his own ribs, grimacing as he takes a few steps backwards. Vasquez climbs off the mat again, charging Ohara from behind...]

...but Ohara sidesteps, sending Vasquez flying past, hitting the ropes...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and connects with one more big chop across the body, sending Vasquez staggering backwards, falling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OH MY! OHARA SENDS VASQUEZ TO THE FLOOR WITH THAT CHOP!

[Ohara immediately steps out to the apron, ready to come for him...]

...but finds Maxim Zharkov standing over his ally, blocking any Ohara offense. Ohara angrily ducks back through the ropes, protesting loudly as the crowd jeers the Axis of Evil.]

GM: Oh, come on! He’s standing right over him, ref!

BW: The official’s telling Zharkov to give Ohara room. What more do you want?

GM: I want a fair fight!

[And now it’s Ohara’s turn to wave an arm towards the locker room.]

GM: Wait a second!

[The Boston crowd ERUPTS in cheers at the sight of Derrick Williams jogging through the curtain, heading straight down the aisle. Jackson Hunter rushes to the side of Zharkov, warning him of what’s coming. The Russian turns, facing the aisleway as Derrick Williams approaches, pointing at the Tsar!]

GM: And now... NOW it’s even!

[Ohara grins at the arrival of his ally as Hunter and Zharkov back away from Vasquez, regrouping at this new wrinkle in the game.]

GM: Derrick Williams has arrived - just like he told Ohara he would when needed - and when Jordan Ohara called for him, Williams was on the scene in a flash, fans! Derrick Williams is itching for a fight - he always is - and if Zharkov makes a move like that again, you better believe Williams will be there to meet him!

[Reaching through the ropes, Ohara pulls a dazed Vasquez up on the apron...]

GM: Ohara looking to bring the Hall of Famer in the hard way and- ohh! Vasquez to the eyes again!

[The official barks at Vasquez who ignores him, moving quickly to the corner, heading up the ropes as Ohara wipes at his eyes, Williams shouting out him to inform him of where Vasquez is going and what he's doing...

...which sends Ohara rushing into the corner, catching Vasquez up top!]

GM: UH OH!

[Vasquez shakes his head, begging off as the crowd roars for Ohara to make him pay...

...and the young lion obliges, HURLING the former National Champion off the top rope, throwing him down to the canvas in impactful fashion!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG SLAM OFF THE TOP!! OH MY STARS!!

[Vasquez lands hard, recoiling as he grabs at his lower back, arching his body in pain on the canvas as Ohara gives a double fist pump to the roaring fans, firing them up even more as he moves in on the Hall of Famer!]

GM: And Ohara's not done with him as we cross the twenty minute mark in the match! Ten more minutes to go as Ohara pulls Vasquez off the mat... big backhand chop sends him back to the corner...

[Grabbing Vasquez by the arm, Ohara shoots him across, watching as Vasquez SLAMS backfirst into the buckles, staggering back out...

...and LAUNCHES him into the air, sending Vasquez flipping through the sky before CRASHING down on the mat courtesy of a backdrop!]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY OHARA!

[Vasquez pushes up to a knee, cradling his lower back as Ohara claps his hands together, getting the Boston crowd on their feet sensing the potential of a major upset. Williams shouts to his ally, cheering him on as Ohara moves in on Vasquez who comes to his feet, urgently throwing a right hand that Ohara deftly ducks under...]

GM: Ducks the right... LIFTS!

[...and Vasquez SLAMS down to the canvas again as Ohara leaps into the air, dropping the former champion with a leaping backdrop suplex!]

GM: Big suplex! Ohara with the cover!

[Ohara rolls to his back, cradling both legs tightly as the crowd counts along with the official...]

"ONE!!!"

"TWO!!"

"THR- OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NO! NO! VASQUEZ GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

[Ohara sits up, shaking his head in disappointment... and then SLAMS his open hand down on the mat.]

GM: A little bit of frustration seeping through on the part of the Phoenix. He's gotta stay focused, Bucky.

BW: He's fighting the match of his life, Gordo. One big break goes his way and this kid makes history!

GM: Ohara pulls Vasquez off the mat... big chop!

[The blow bounces off the chest of Vasquez who shouts... and holds his ground!]

GM: What the...?

[Ohara winds up, throwing another.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And again, Vasquez gives a shout, soaking up the pain, defiantly shaking his head.]

GM: Vasquez is trying to fight through this!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez drops back a step, looking down at the mat as he shakes his head...

...and then defiantly lifts his head, shaking it as he stares into the shocked face of Jordan Ohara. Vasquez lowers his arms, sticking out his chest, almost daring Ohara to hit him again!]

BW: This is nuts!

[Ohara nods his head, giving a shout of his own as he explodes into a flurry of chops.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[He switches deftly in mid-stream to forearms to the jaw, landing blow after blow on Vasquez - a half dozen strikes landing in a blur before he goes back to the chops.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[But in mid-swing, Vasquez LUNGES forward, smashing his skull right into Ohara's, knocking the young lion down to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD! WHAT A HEADBUTT!

[A fired-up Vasquez, wobbling with every step, stands over Ohara. The flesh on his chest is rapidly turning red as he lays the badmouth on Ohara, talking trash from above him. The referee nearby is watching in equal surprise, his jaw dropped at what he just saw.]

GM: Vasquez not even bothering with a cover! He's more concerned with talking trash to this young man!

BW: Jackson Hunter's SCREAMING at him, begging him to make a cover!

GM: But Vasquez is still screaming at Ohara, leaning down to-

[Ohara suddenly pops up, hooking Vasquez by the hair, dragging him into a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VASQUEZ KICKS OUT! MY GOD IN HEAVEN, VASQUEZ KICKS OUT _JUST_ IN TIME!

[A fired-up Vasquez is coming up fast to his feet but the younger man is JUST a hair faster, getting there first, leaping into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: ENZUIGIRI! BOUNCED THAT FOOT OFF THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Vasquez' eyes roll back in his head as he slowly falls forward, smashing facefirst into the mat as the Boston crowd ERUPTS in cheers again. A fired-up Ohara gives a loud shout, leaning down to slap both hands on the canvas...]

...and then points to the corner, striding across the ring as the Boston fans rise to their collective feet, eager to see what's about to happen!]

GM: Ohara's heading to the top! Jordan Ohara is set to fly!

[Ohara ducks through the ropes, stepping to the corner as Vasquez tiredly rolls over onto his back...]

GM: Ohara steps to the second rope... now heading to the top!

[The crowd is roaring as Ohara gets closer to being in position to take off with the Phoenix Flame...]

...which is when a desperate Jackson Hunter can be heard yelling "GO! GO! GO!" to Maxim Zharkov who tears around the ring towards where Ohara is climbing. Hunter jumps up on the apron, shouting at Davis Warren, drawing the referee's attention.]

GM: They're gonna try it again! They did this earlier and-

[But as soon as the Russian gets up on the apron to strike, Derrick Williams YANKS him down to a DEAFENING ROAR...]

...and BLASTS him with an elbowstrike to the jaw, knocking the off-balance Zharkov to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! ZHARKOV GOES DOWN!

[The momentary tussle is enough to get Vasquez back on his feet, staggering in a circle despite Hunter's cries of warning...]

...and Ohara leaps into the air, fully extending his body as the crowd roars!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME!

[Ohara SMASHES into Vasquez' torso, knocking him off his feet, putting him down on his back with the Phoenix on top of him, tightly cradling both legs!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS with disgust at the sight of Jackson Hunter dragging Davis Warren under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

BW: HUNTER PULLED OUT THE REF!

GM: OHARA HAD THIS WON!

[The official shouts at Hunter, threatening to disqualify Vasquez...]

...when suddenly Derrick Williams comes tearing around the ringpost, chasing after Hunter who makes a break for it!]

GM: Hunter's got Williams on his tail! The referee slides back in!

[Ohara looks pleadingly at the official who waves for the match to continue. A frustrated Ohara pulls Vasquez off the mat, throwing a big chop down between the eyes, sending him falling backwards towards the corner.]

GM: Ohara's gotta stay on him!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Five minutes left in the time limit as Ohara leans down, lifting Vasquez up onto the top turnbuckle!

[Holding the hair of Vasquez, Ohara throws one overhead chop... two... three... four before stepping up to the second rope!]

GM: Ohara's got him up top... maybe looking for a superplex?

BW: Five minutes to go in the time limit and if they hadn't kicked it into overdrive before, they're certainly going to need to right about now!

[Ohara grabs Vasquez by the hair, pulling him into a front facelock...

...when suddenly, Maxim Zharkov is up on the apron, making a move towards the corner where Ohara and Vasquez are perched.]

GM: ZHARKOV ON THE APRON!

[But before the Russian can strike, Derrick Williams abandons his pursuit of Hunter, jumping up to catch Zharkov in the knee with the Drive-By dropkick!]

GM: OHH! Williams takes down Zharkov again!

[On the other side of the ringpost, Jackson Hunter pops up into view. The referee rushes over, trying to intervene...

...but Ohara makes short work of Hunter, using a push kick from his perch to shove Hunter down on his rear before he rolls off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Zharkov's down! Hunter's down! And now it's Ohara all alone with Vasquez!

[But as Ohara repositions his feet, the Hall of Famer reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes...

...and RAKES HARD!]

GM: AHHHH!

[Ohara blindly takes a swing at Vasquez who avoids it, grabbing him by the hair and PASTING him with a headbutt between the eyes...

...and another...

...and another!]

GM: Headbutt after headbutt! Skull-splitting blows on Ohara!

[And with a mighty shove, Vasquez HURLS Ohara off the ropes, throwing him down to the mat with a hard crash!]

GM: OHARA'S DOWN!

[With the young lion blinded, stunned, and down on the mat, Juan Vasquez suddenly steps to the top rope, takes a deep breath...

...and HURLS himself into the air, pumping his arms and legs...]

GM: MAGIC CARPET RIDE!

[...and CRASHES down onto the prone Ohara with his borrowed version of the frog splash!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: STRAIGHT OUT OF HIS BEST FRIEND’S PLAYBOOK!

[Vasquez reaches back, snatching both legs, rolling into a back press as the official dives to the canvas...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ROARS with irritation at the sound of the bell as Vasquez throws his arm up into the air in triumph.]

GM: By hook or by crook, Juan Vasquez wins the match and he’s moving on to the Quarterfinals!

BW: I told you, Gordo! I told you it was a done deal!

GM: A done deal?! A done deal because Juan Vasquez raked the eyes! A done deal because Juan Vasquez had two of his cronies out there with him to help him cheat! That’s why it was a done deal!

BW: Semantics.

GM: You’re unbelievable! This tournament is all about the spirit of competition and after one hell of a match - one tremendous effort by Jordan Ohara - Juan Vasquez stoops to that level to advance? Disgusting!

[Back on his feet, Vasquez has his arms raised over his head as an applauding Jackson Hunter joins him inside the ring. Nearby, Derrick Williams is taking a knee next to his partner, checking his condition as Maxim Zharkov steps in behind Vasquez, arms crossed over his massive chest as he nods approvingly.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is moving on to the Quarterfinals - like it or not - but take comfort, fans, in knowing that he’s got the former World Champion and the man who wants to get his hands on Vasquez more than anyone else - Ryan Martinez - waiting for him!

BW: The same Ryan Martinez that Juan Vasquez dumped on his head a few months ago! The same Ryan Martinez who got injured training for this tournament! The same Ryan Martinez that Maxim Zharkov absolutely DOMINATED earlier tonight and who only advanced to the Quarterfinals thanks to a bad referee’s call!

GM: Bad call?! Zharkov literally- what the...?!

[And on a gesture from Juan Vasquez, The Tsar storms forward, blasting Derrick Williams in the back of the head with a forearm smash. Zharkov knocks Williams to his back and starts putting the boots to him to the jeers of the Boston crowd.]

GM: Oh, come on! There’s no call for this! You guys won the damn match!

[A smirking Vasquez looks out at the jeering crowd.]

“YOU BOO ME?! YOU HATE ME?! I’LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO HATE!”

[Vasquez snatches Jordan Ohara by the hair, looking out with a sadistic expression on the TD Garden crowd who are buzzing with concern...

...and YANKS him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Oh my god. Oh god, no, please. Don't do this, Juan! For the love of god, don't do this!

[The crowd ROARS as Derrick Williams comes off the mat, throwing big elbowstrikes to the side of Zharkov's head, battering him backwards!]

GM: WILLIAMS IS FIRING BACK ON ZHARKOV!

[The Russian retreats backwards as Vasquez looks on in shock, shoving Ohara aside as he rushes to assault Williams from behind, smashing a forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: OHH! Vasquez nails Williams from behind!

[Vasquez lays the badmouth on Williams, smashing him repeatedly with blows across the back...

...but again, Williams fires back, landing a big forearm to the jaw... and another... and a third sends Vasquez staggering away in a circle. Williams points out to the cheering crowd, patting a closed fist against his chest...]

GM: Williams sliding in behind Vasquez...

[And as the Hall of Famer turns around, Williams snares him in a three-quarter nelson to a DEAFENING REACTION...]

GM: OH MY STARS! WILLIAMS HAS HIM HOOKED! WILLIAMS IS LOOKING FOR SOME LONG-AWAITED PAYBACK FOR AN OLD FRIEND!

[...but a desperate Vasquez SHOVES Williams off, sending him sailing towards a spinning Zharkov who DESTROYS the young lion from Brooklyn with a discus clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ZHARKOV HITS THE PEACEMAKER ON WILLIAMS! GOOD GRIEF!

[With Williams laid out on the mat, Zharkov kicks him under the ropes to the floor as Vasquez turns his attention back to Ohara, pulling him off the mat. He looks him in the eye, talking off-mic to him...

...and then yanks him back into the standing headscissors a moment before the TD Garden crowd ERUPTS into one of the loudest ovations of the night!]

GM: MARTINEZ! RYAN MARTINEZ!

[The AWA's White Knight comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring, diving under the bottom rope. His upper right arm is heavily taped as he comes to his feet, rushing forward as Vasquez hurls Ohara to the side...

...and connects with a clothesline that takes the Hall of Famer over the top rope, sending him sprawling out on the floor!]

GM: OH YEAH!

[Zharkov lifts his arms over his head, stampeding towards Martinez from behind...

...but the White Knight is ready for him, ducking down and pulling the top rope with him, sending the Russian toppling from the ring as well!]

GM: AND THERE GOES ZHARKOV AS WELL!

[Martinez slams his arms down on the top rope, shouting at Zharkov, Hunter, and Vasquez who are out on the floor, beckoning them back inside the ring.]

GM: And the one-man cavalry of Ryan Martinez may have just saved the career of young Jordan Ohara! He told him earlier tonight that he'd have his back if he needed him and he lived up to that in a big way tonight here in Boston, fans!

[Zharkov and Hunter help a furious Vasquez to his feet, holding him by the arms to prevent him from going back inside the ring. They drag him towards the entryway as Martinez shouts at Vasquez who tries to break free from their grip again only to be held firm.]

BW: Vasquez doesn't look like he's about to back away from this fight, Gordo!

GM: Maybe, maybe not... but Ryan Martinez is ready for him if he wants to do this right now!

[After a few moments, the aisleway has a handful of AWA officials including Emerson Gellar in it, trying to get the Axis to vacate the premises. Vasquez seems to settle down, an arrogant smirk crossing his face as the former World Champion kneels down to check on Jordan Ohara.]

GM: What a chaotic scene here in Boston as we wrap up Night Two of the Battle of Boston... and I'm being told that Sweet Lou Blackwell is coming out here to see if he can get some words with the Axis of Evil before... yes, okay... let's go to Lou right now.

[As Vasquez and Zharkov back up the aisle, Juan spots "Sweet" Lou Blackwell on the sidelines and motions for him to come over. Breathing heavy and face covered in sweat, Vasquez does not look pleased at the presence of Ryan Martinez inside the ring or at the fans' reactions towards him.]

SLB: Juan Vasquez, you and this man Maxim Zharkov have caused nothing but mayhem and destruction tonight! What do you have to say for yourself?

[As Juan goes to speak, a HUGE roar of boos go up.]

JV: First off, Sweet Lou, if these people wanna hear what I'm about to say, they need to shut their damn mouths and listen up, 'cause the star of the show is speaking!

[This only intensifies the boos directed at Vasquez and Zharkov. In fact, a soda gets thrown Juan's way, which he manages to barely get out of the way of.]

JV: As I've told you and everyone else, *I* run this show! If I don't think you belong on MY show, then I'm getting rid of you like yesterday's garbage! And in that moment, after I defeated him like I knew I would, there wasn't a bigger piece of trash on MY show than Jordan Ohara!

[That really gets the crowd going.]

SLB: How can you even say that!? Ohara fought his heart out and to hear you disparage that young man after that performance he put inside the ring is-

JV: I wasn't finished!

[Seeing the crazed look in Vasquez' eyes, Sweet Lou decides not to press the issue.]

JV: Yeah, he put on a hell of a performance and I'll give him credit for it! He put on the performance of his damn life! But you don't run your mouth off at Juan Vasquez for months on end and expect to get away with it!

[Juan rolls his eyes.]

JV: Anyways, as I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, there wasn't a bigger piece of trash on MY show than Jordan Ohara. So me and Maxim are taking care of business... that is until his meathead of a friend Derrick Williams gets involved. But that's fine...he's his pal...I understand that you gotta' protect your own. Still, he got in OUR way and he got run right the hell over!

[The boos are almost deafening now as a confident Zharkov flexes his Peacemaker arm. A grinning Hunter points it out to the jeering fans. Vasquez then points his finger up the aisle right at Ryan Martinez.]

JV: But what really gets to me... what REALLY pisses me the hell off-

SLB: You can't use that kind of langu-

JV: Shut your damn hole, Blackwell! I can do whatever the hell I want!

[A protesting Emerson Gellar seems to take issue with that from the aisle but Vasquez continues.]

JV: What pisses me off is THAT punk right there!

[HUGE cheer for Martinez who again beckons Vasquez back inside the ring.]

JV: Lemme tell you one thing...

[However, before Juan can get another word out...]

"LET'S GO RYAN!" *Clap!-Clap!-ClapClapClap!*

"LET'S GO RYAN!" *Clap!-Clap!-ClapClapClap!*

"LET'S GO RYAN!" *Clap!-Clap!-ClapClapClap!*

"LET'S GO RYAN!" *Clap!-Clap!-ClapClapClap!*

"LET'S GO RYAN!" *Clap!-Clap!-ClapClapClap!*

[...and the look of disgust on Juan's face couldn't be more evident.]

JV: Yeah, sure... "Let's go Ryan". Chant your little hearts out. Do you have any more stupid, meaningless chants you wanna' get outta' your system? How about "MAR-TI-NEZ! MAR-TI-NEZ!" Or you know, how about daddy's favorite little useless diddy...

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"HOLD THE LINE!"

[The crowd jeers loudly as Juan chuckles. Meanwhile, inside the ring, some might notice Ryan Martinez's demeanor changed dramatically at the mention of his father.]

JV: Yeah, that's a great one. How'd that one work out for you? Made all of you believe in good ol' Alex...

[Vasquez looks straight at Ryan up the aisle and smirks, letting him know he's talking directly at him.]

JV: ...right up until I sent his ass back to Hollywood and put him out of wrestling for good!

[And that's enough of that as Ryan Martinez surges forward, coming through the ropes to the floor. He rushes towards the Axis as the officials try to form a wall between the two warring individuals. Martinez shoves two officials aside, throwing himself in makeshift Fierro Press that topples Vasquez to the floor. He immediately goes to work, throwing right hands as fast as he can as Jackson Hunter screams for someone to "DO SOMETHING!"]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[After a moment, Vasquez manages to flip Martinez over, battering him with right hands of his own as the officials try to intervene. They manage to get Vasquez pulled off Martinez, dragging him back towards the ring as Martinez struggles to get to his feet...

...and SHOVES Tommy Fierro down to the floor to a shocked "OH!" from the crowd before he rushes back in, leaping into the air to smash Vasquez with a forearm. With the officials trying to hang on, Martinez and Vasquez are trading blows in something resembling a hockey fight more than a wrestling match as the Boston crowd goes wild!]

GM: We've got officials out here - they can't seem to stop this!

BW: I'm not sure ANYONE can stop this! I'm not sure if anyone-

[Martinez gets pulled away by an influx of security, holding him as he struggles to get free. He spins away, stumbling from the group...

...and walks RIGHT into a spinning clothesline by Zharkov!]

GM: OHH! PEACEMAKER AGAIN! GOOD LORD!

[Martinez is down on the floor as the powerful Russian stands over him, staring down at him as the AWA faithful boos endlessly and with great vigor.]

GM: Zharkov laid out Martinez! That sneaky no good Russian just laid out the AWA's White Knight and-

[Security manages to create enough of a gap that a smirking Vasquez peels away, rolling back into the ring where the ring has been cleared by medical personnel of Ohara and Williams. Vasquez leans through the ropes, snatching the mic out of Rebecca Ortiz' hand.]

JV: Chico, I've had just about enough of you!

[Vasquez approaches the ropes, looking out on Martinez angrily. Martinez is down on the floor as security gets Zharkov and Hunter away from him.]

JV: If you're so eager for me to finish the job that I started on you... if you just can't wait for me to send you right back to intensive care... if you wanna' spend tonight laid up in a hospital bed...

...then we don't have to wait until tomorrow night!

[The crowd is abuzz with excitement at what Vasquez just said.]

JV: Yeah, you heard me right. We're both here and we're both as ready as we're gonna' be. If you want to fight me that badly, then we can have our match RIGHT NOW!

[Vasquez hurls the mic aside, beckoning Martinez into the ring. Emerson Gellar can be heard shouting, "NO! ABSOLUTELY NOT!" as the AWA medical staff tries to tend to Ryan Martinez. Martinez has rolled to his hip, cradling his neck in pain as Vasquez shouts "COME ON, YOU SON OF A-" before the audio cuts out for a few moments.]

GM: This is ridiculous, Bucky! Ryan Martinez, after getting hit with that Peacemaker right there, is in NO condition to compete right now!

BW: Hey, he's the tough guy wanting to fight everyone! Get up and fight if you're so tough, Martinez!

GM: Bucky, he's obviously been hurt... he's obviously not at one hundred percent...

BW: You think Vasquez is at one hundred percent after the match he just had with Ohara?! He's willing to do it!

GM: He wasn't just laid out by that Russian brute!

BW: Just because Vasquez has better friends than Martinez-

GM: Oh, shut up!

[Still reeling, Martinez manages to get to a knee, looking up at the ring as Emerson Gellar moves to his side. The camera moves closer, trying to catch their conversation.]

"Ryan... listen to me... you don't have to do this. You SHOULDN'T do this! Don't fall for this! He knows you're not ready-"

"I'm... ready."

[Gellar shakes his head.]

"You're not! You're in no condition to wrestle!"

"Get... get out of my way."

[Gellar sidesteps, moving out of Martinez' way as the former World Champion climbs to his feet on the floor. Vasquez smirks inside the ring, beckoning him forward with both hands.]

"Ryan... this is your last chance. If you get in there, the match is official. I can't stop that. You need to listen to me... you need to-"

[And a fuming Martinez, shaking with rage, goes tearing towards the ring, rushing past security and AWA officials alike, diving headfirst under the bottom rope as referee Davis Warren shrugs his shoulder, signaling for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! We've got a bonus match despite the wishes of Emerson Gellar!

[Martinez is a blur of motion, throwing forearms with his taped right arm as fast as he can. Vasquez is reeling from the blows, falling backwards into the ropes where Martinez keeps on coming!]

GM: Listen to these fans! Martinez is trying to take Vasquez' head clean off his shoulders with those forearms!

[Grabbing Vasquez by the arm, Martinez shoots him across the ring...

...and scoops him up on the rebound, twisting around, and PLANTING him with an impactful powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! MARTINEZ WITH THE COVER!!

[The referee's count gets to two before Vasquez slips a shoulder out and Martinez quickly takes the mount, unleashing frustrated right hands to the skull of the Hall of Famer!]

GM: Martinez is all over him, battering Vasquez into the mat!

[The referee's count is swift and gets to four and change before Martinez finally gets up, shaking out his right hand, grimacing a bit as he grabs at his taped arm. He walks around the ring, obviously fuming as Vasquez rolls to all fours, trying to crawl across the ring to create some space...]

GM: Vasquez is down, Martinez is-

[...and with a war cry, the White Knight barrels across the ring, laying in a heavy soccer kick to the ribs that causes Vasquez to flip back over onto his back, wincing as he grabs at his ribcage!]

GM: What a kick that was!

[Martinez reaches down, hauling Vasquez off the mat by the hair, Holding the hair with his left hand, he lays in a few right-armed forearm strikes to the jaw...

...and then uncorks a spinning back fist that knocks Vasquez off his feet, putting him back down on the canvas!]

GM: And a big spinning backfist to boot! Vasquez might need to check his dental work after that one!

[Again, Vasquez rolls to all fours, crawling across the ring as Martinez walks around, still fired up...]

GM: Martinez moving in behind Vasquez...

[Leaning down, the former World Champion locks his arms around the waist of the Hall of Famer...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and with a steely-eyed focus, Martinez deadlifts Vasquez off the mat, holding him dangling there as Vasquez struggles to get free...]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

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

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Martinez instantly grabs at his taped arm, wincing as he walks over, dropping to his knees before applying a lateral press without hooking a leg with his right arm.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But again, Vasquez' shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Near fall right there! Juan Vasquez just came incredibly close to having a tremendous regret over taking this match at less than full strength!

BW: Oh, I thought it was Ryan Martinez who was being suckered in! Now you're saying it was Vasquez?!

GM: I don't think this was a wise decision for either man, no... but I believe Ryan Martinez is coming into this match in worse condition than Vasquez, yes.

[Martinez claps his hands together at the near fall, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers. With a silent nod, the White Knight regains his feet, leaning down to haul Vasquez off the mat, shoving him back into the corner...]

GM: Martinez puts him into the buckles... moving in on him now...

[Again, Martinez grabs Vasquez by the hair... again, Martinez throws a series of right-armed forearm strikes, each one seemingly more impactful... more vicious than the one before.]

GM: Look at Martinez, just hammering Vasquez relentlessly!

BW: He's trying to take out months worth of frustration in one night, Gordo, but that's no way to win a match.

GM: Totally ignoring the pain in his taped-up right arm - the arm we've been told he injured during training for this tournament!

[With Vasquez reeling, Martinez grabs him by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner...]

GM: Big whip across... ohhh! Big running clothesline by the former World Champion!

[Vasquez starts to stumble out but Martinez shoves him back in, shaking his head defiantly.]

GM: He's not done with him, fans! Ryan Martinez is out for a reckoning tonight here in Boston!

[Grabbing the arm, Martinez whips Vasquez across the ring again, throwing him HARD into the buckles. Martinez rushes across the ring a second time...]

GM: ANOTHER CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[Martinez bounces out, physically shaking out his arm as he walks towards the middle of the ring. He leans over, doubling up as he grabs at his taped arm.]

BW: Look... right there. You talked about him ignoring the pain in his arm like it was some kind of a hero's trait. Look at him now, Gordo. Look at him feeling every bit of every single effort he's putting into that limb. A smart wrestler works around

their injuries, they don't ignore them. Martinez isn't fighting with brains right now, he's fighting with heart... and heart gets you into some bad places, daddy.

GM: Heart can carry you to the top of a mountain.

BW: Psssh, they don't give championships for heart.

[Martinez is still leaning over as Vasquez wobbles out of the corner towards him...

...and then the White Knight unfolds, twisting around to throat a huge standing lariat that flips Vasquez inside out, dumping him chestfirst on the canvas!]

GM: LAAAAARIIIAAAAAAT!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez again grabs at his arm, dropping to his knees, using his head to flip Vasquez over onto his back before diving across his chest, again failing to hook a leg.]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! VASQUEZ GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

BW: And when do you start giving Juan Vasquez some props for his resiliency? For his refusal to stay down? For his never give up attitude?

GM: I've been giving Juan Vasquez "props" as you say for the better part of a decade! It's not my fault he decided to throw all that away because of his jealousy... his bitterness... his ego!

[Martinez rolls off Vasquez, sitting on the mat, cradling his right arm in his left. He looks out at the crowd, still cheering... still begging for him to vanquish the evil Vasquez and move on in this tournament.

We cut outside the ring where Emerson Gellar is standing at end of the aisleway, watching intently. He is surrounded by AWA officials and security who are preventing Jackson Hunter and Maxim Zharkov from getting anywhere NEAR the ring.]

GM: Emerson Gellar still out here, making sure this one goes down without any interference from the Axis of Evil!

[Cut back inside the ring where Martinez slowly drags himself to his feet, still holding onto his arm. He looks down on Vasquez who rolls over to all fours...

...and uses the flat of his boot to push Vasquez' head, much as Vasquez did to Ohara earlier in the night.]

"Get up."

[Another boot push to the head.]

"Get up."

[Another.]

"GET UP!"

[Another, a little harder this time.]

“GET! UP!”

[And a furious Juan Vasquez pushes up off the mat, dragging himself to his feet, looking dead into the eyes of the man he put in the hospital many months ago. He says something off-mic...

...something that gets under the skin of Ryan Martinez who SLAMS a left forearm into the jaw!]

GM: Martinez fires away!

BW: With the left arm though - did you see that? He switched up from the injured arm!

[Vasquez stumbles back... and then comes back in, throwing an overhead chop to the chest. Martinez grimaces but holds his ground, looking down at the red welt left behind...

...and throws another forearm shot!]

GM: Another forearm to the jaw!

[This time though, it's Vasquez who holds his ground, shaking his head defiantly. He waves a hand at Martinez, saying "do it again!" and Martinez obliges with another stiff left forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Good grief! That'll knock out your fillings!

[Vasquez steps back... but steps right back up, shaking his head again...

...and again gets a forearm... and another... and another... and another, knocking Vasquez down to a knee!]

GM: Martinez hammers him down... to the ropes...

[Vasquez rises up off the mat, leans back...

...and SPITS right in the face of Ryan Martinez!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: Oh my... he SPAT right in his eye, Gordo! Vasquez, ever defiant, letting Ryan Martinez know that he hasn't beaten him... not yet!

[Martinez reaches up, wiping the spittle from his face as an arrogant Vasquez looks on, a smirk on his face...

...until the former World Champion lunges into a double leg takedown, lifting Vasquez off the mat, and DRIVING him down into the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!

[Martinez slides right back into the mount, angrily raising his right arm back, throwing it down in a devastating elbowstrike time after time!]

GM: He's trying to elbow Vasquez into oblivion!

[Vasquez covers up, trying to defend himself as the blows come raining down on his arms, trying to force their way through to his face. Martinez leans back, ready to really uncork one...

...but Vasquez rolls to the side, twisting the off-balance Martinez off him. Both men scramble up, looking to be the first to get to their feet.]

GM: Both men up... both men on their feet!

[Vasquez leans back, swinging his head forward for a skull-splitting headbutt...

...but Martinez is quicker, throwing his right arm out.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The open-handed blow catches Vasquez right across the cheek, stunning him. He tries to steady himself but Martinez is a whirl of action, swinging both right and left arms alike...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The barrage of blows has the TD Garden crowd on their feet as Juan Vasquez staggers in front of the AWA's White Knight. Martinez turns, dashing to the ropes, rebounding off towards the dazed Vasquez...

...who LUNGES forward, smashing his skull right into the incoming Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADBUTT! HEADBUTT CONNECTS!

[The blow knocks Martinez backwards, sending him falling back into the ropes in a circle. Vasquez slides in behind him, grabbing one arm around the waist while the other slips up into a half nelson...]

GM: NO!

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RELEASED SUPLEX! RIGHT ON THE NECK!

BW: The neck that put Martinez in the hospital for weeks! That put him on the sidelines for MONTHS! That robbed him of the AWA World Title!

[Vasquez crawls across Martinez, diving across the chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez defiantly lifts his arm, shoving his shoulder off the mat as his hand reaches up to the sky, fingers outstretched towards his supportive fans who let him know how much they appreciate his effort!]

GM: NO! NO!

[Vasquez gets up off the mat, looking down at Martinez with disdain. He throws a glance at the official who again holds up two fingers. With a dismissive gesture, Vasquez waves off Davis Warren as he walks around the ring, circling Martinez like a vulture looking to finish off his prey.]

GM: Vasquez watching... waiting... considering what more he can do to Ryan Martinez to put him down for a three count.

[He watches... still circling as Ryan Martinez sits up off the mat, grabbing at the back of his neck. The official leans in, checking to see if Martinez wants to continue. Emerson Gellar has stepped closer to the ring, shouting in at the official who waves him off, saying Martinez wants to keep going.]

GM: Ryan Martinez, refusing to stay down... refusing to give in...

[Vasquez snatches the seated Martinez by the hair, hauling him up to his feet. He pulls Martinez towards him, looking him in the eye, running his mouth in the direction of the White Knight...

...and then lifts him up over his shoulder as the crowd buzzes with concern!]

GM: He's going for it! He's going for the City of Angels!

[One of the pillars of the AWA walks out to the center of the ring, ready to drive his rival's head into the canvas and potentially finish him off...

...but Ryan Martinez has other ideas, shaking, wiggling, and twisting his way down the back of Vasquez, pulling him into a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP OUT OF NOWHERE!! ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

[But Vasquez slams his legs together on the ears of Martinez, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: No, no... still couldn't get him!

[Vasquez is up before Martinez, burying a short knee into the midsection. He grabs Martinez by the hair, pulling him across the ring, and throwing him bodily into the buckles. A smirk crosses Vasquez' face as he looks out on the crowd, nodding his head as he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Knife edge chop in the corner!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Another one!

[Looking out at the crowd, Vasquez sneers at them, shouting in their direction...]

"WHAT?! NO CHANTS FOR ME?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Another knife edge chop bounces off the chest of Martinez.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A trio of them leave Martinez clinging to the ropes, trying to stay on his feet.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Vasquez smirks again, turning to look out at the fans, pointing at them...

...but as he turns back, Martinez grabs him by the shoulders, swinging him around into the corner.]

GM: Wait a second!

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

[Martinez pauses, taking a breath, grabbing his right arm that he's been using to deliver all of these blows as the fans chant for more. Ever a man of the people, young Ryan obliges. This time, the barrage of chops is slower, as is the fans' chant.]

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

"MAR [CHOP!] – TI [CHOP!] – NEZ [CHOP!]"

[With Vasquez reeling and Martinez' arm ravaged with pain, he grabs the Hall of Famer, whipping him from corner to corner...]

GM: Martinez shoots him across... sets in the corner...

[The White Knight barrels across the ring, swinging his leg up...]

GM: YAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAA!

[...and DRILLS Vasquez with a running big boot under the chin!]

GM: HE GOT HIM! YOU KNOW WHAT COMES NEXT!

BW: I can't believe this!

[Dragging Vasquez out of the corner, he pulls him into a front facelock with the crowd roaring, cheering him on...]

GM: He's going for it, fans! He's going for the Brainbuster!

BW: We haven't seen this in months!

[Martinez lifts Vasquez up into the air, getting him fully vertical...]

...but he almost immediately lets go, allowing Vasquez to flip over the top, landing on his feet behind Martinez who instantly grabs at his right arm, his face etched in excruciating pain as Vasquez lifts him up on his shoulder, pulls him into City of Angels position...]

GM: No, no!

[...and with a diabolical smirk, drops him down on Vasquez' own bent knee, his knee jamming up into Martinez' neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez shoves him down to the mat, twisting around into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

[But at the LAST possible second, an exhausted Martinez weakly raises a shoulder off the mat, his hand outstretched towards the people again. Vasquez angrily glares at the official, screaming something about a slow count at him. The official defiantly shows two fingers as Vasquez gets to his feet, anger pouring off him as he reaches down towards Martinez' still raised left hand, locking his fingers into Martinez'...]

GM: What's he...?

[He reaches down, grabbing the right arm, yanking it hard as he pulls his fingers into that hand as well...]

GM: Oh no...

[...and STOMPS Martinez right in the face... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Stop this!

[...and again... and again... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: For the love of...

[...and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Finally... finally, Juan Vasquez stops.

[And as he lets go of Martinez' hand, he watches... waiting to see what happens.]

GM: Martinez... my stars... can you believe this?

[A warrior til the end, Martinez leaves his arm in the air, hand stretched out towards the people... his people. Vasquez stares at the hand as the crowd roars, shaking his head...

...and then snatches the wrist, yanking a limp Martinez to his feet, spinning him around. He again wraps his left arm around the waist, hooking his right arm around the back of the neck in a half nelson.]

GM: Not again!

[No, Gordon. Not again.

This time, Juan Vasquez has a very different idea. A ruthless, cold-blooded, ice-hearted idea.

He lifts a defenseless Martinez off the mat, holding him in front of his torso for a moment...

...and then bends Martinez forward as Vasquez drops down to the mat in a split-legged slam, DRIVING the back of Martinez' head and neck into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY GOD!

BW: That was the Big City Driver! Another one of Luke Kinsey's finishing maneuvers!

[Vasquez angrily flips Martinez to the side, taking a knee as he looks out at the jeering crowd...

...and then drops into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg... not needing to hook a leg as the referee counts one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The TD Garden has fallen to a hush, barely a sound being heard at the bell. No boos. No jeers. Just silence.

Juan Vasquez grins at the sound, music to his ears as he looks down on the man who sought to ruin his weekend... the man who he has once again potentially put on the shelf.]

GM: Ryan Martinez... fans, the White Knight gave it his all... gave all of us his all! He gave us every single thing he had here tonight and-

BW: And it wasn't enough!

[Vasquez rises to his feet, demanding that the referee raise his hand as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is moving on to the Semifinals of this tournament, fans. And he's doing it right over the broken body of the former World Champion.

[Vasquez steps across Martinez' form, a leg on either side as he triumphantly raises his arms over his head, soaking up the reaction of the crowd. The silence has broken. There are boos now but they are not as strong as they were before. They don't have the emotion in them - the heart that they had before.

Because on this night in Boston, Juan Vasquez has ripped the heart from the AWA faithful.]

GM: I... I don't truly know what to say, fans. For so long... for so many years, Ryan Martinez has been the burning fire of hope for the fans of the AWA. When there was darkness to be fought, it was Ryan Martinez who would fight it. And on this night, when the Axis of Evil was present... it was again Ryan Martinez who stepped up to fight it.

[Vasquez' sadistic smile fills the screen.]

GM: But on this night... Ryan Martinez... has failed.

[Cut to a shot of Martinez' motionless form on the canvas.]

GM: For Bucky Wilde and the rest of the team here at the TD Garden, I'm Gordon Myers. Fans... I... well... good night everyone.

[Hold on Martinez... and then back to the grinning Vasquez, arms still raised...

...and we fade to black.]