



*The Biggest Stage
Of The Summer!*

Memorial Day Mayhem

May 30th, 2016
Key Arena
Seattle, Washington

[The shot fades up to a 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 as we fade through black to a shot of the American flag flapping in the breeze atop the USS Lexington. The voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

"Francis Marion Crawford once said... 'They fell, but o'er their glorious grave floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.'"

On this Memorial Day, we proudly send our thoughts and our prayers to the memories of those who have died for their country and to the loved ones they left behind."

[A silent moment, still holding on the flag before fading back to black...

...and then back up on a dimly-lit room. There is a large assemblage of people - men, women, and children - staring straight ahead. Light flickers upon their faces as we can hear a voice.]

"This is the year we make AWA great again."

[A quick cut switches our perspective, showing the screen lit up with the laughing faces of Jackson Hunter and Juan Vasquez. We can see the bodies in the audience from behind now, looking up at the twenty foot tall screen. Words flash by intermittently, breaking up the black and white footage.]

"GREATNESS"

"DOMINATION"

"FRANCHISE"

[A super closeup of Juan Vasquez' face, filling the overwhelming majority of the screen appears, showing his trademark smirk as his words from nine days ago ring out.]

"I am a leader! I am a savior! I am the AWA's only hope!"

[More laughter from Vasquez filling the air. Cut back to the shot of the crowd, all looking on blankly at the screen, sitting in chairs wearing plain black jumpsuits. The bluish coloring to the footage gives off a unique feel - old fashioned yet futuristic all at the same time.]

"I am a righteous man fighting for a cause that's greater than your kid's neck!"

[The word "AXIS" flashes repeatedly in bold font as we see Maxim Zharkov staring at the camera, clutching a heavy metal chain in his hand. Jackson Hunter's voice is heard.]

"I am so, so, so tired of hearing all these big, tough guys saying how bad they want to stick it to us."

[Hunter's on-screen face breaks into laughter as Zharkov wrings his powerful hands together. It cuts out and is replaced by the word "EVIL" flashing in bold font much like "AXIS" did moments ago.]

"You know NOTHING of what it's like to have an entire promotion biased against you."

[Quick shots flash by of Juan Vasquez delivering piledrivers to Hannibal Carver at SuperClash... to Willie Hammer... to Sweet Daddy Williams... to Ryan Martinez. That one loops over... and over... and over...]

"I can't wait for the day that Juan Vasquez piledrives every alleged AWA Original and Makes the AWA Great Again!"

["MAWAGA" flashes in bold font on the screen...

...and as we cut back out to the crowd, one man rises from the assembled masses. That man is Kolya Sudakov, steel chain draped across his shoulders. He whispers... softly at first...]

"Hold the line."

[The giant faces of Hunter, Zharkov, and Vasquez look down at him - the latter of which utters three words in response.]

"Bend the knee."

[Sudakov stares up, defiantly looking up at the giant-sized faces.]

"Hold the line!"

[They respond.]

"Bend the knee!"

[Sudakov looks around, looking at the masses around him...

...when another man stands up two rows behind him. This man is the Last American Badass, Alex Martinez. He too has three words for the Axis of Evil.]

"Hold the line!"

[They respond.]

"Bend the knee!"

[Martinez and Sudakov shout in unison.]

"HOLD THE LINE!"

[And they respond.]

"Bend the knee!"

[The dueling shouts get louder, now bolstered by some in the crowd who feel emboldened to rise, standing alongside the AWA Original and the Hall of Famer.]

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

[The groundswell of support gets louder and louder, more and more people rising up to shout at the screen where the Axis of Evil is standing.]

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

[The room suddenly floods with face-masked riot gear wearing officers, rushing into view wielding batons and shields. They start pushing the rebelling masses backwards, clearing a pathway as Kolya Sudakov and Alex Martinez stride towards the screen. The shouts continue all around them, despite the presence of the armed guards.]

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

[Sudakov is trapped by several guards as he wraps the chain around his fist, swinging at everything at moves, shouting for his ally to "keep going." Martinez obliges, shoving everyone aside, drawing closer... and closer... and closer... to the giant screen.]

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

[Martinez gets into the aisleway, knocking two guards flat with a pair of haymakers, stepping up to the screen as several of the rebellion step away, having sprayed some kind of liquid on it.

The Last American Badass reaches into the jumpsuit, ripping it apart to reveal one of the now-familiar #holdtheline t-shirts. He digs into his jeans pocket...

...and produces a Zippo lighter.]

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

"HOLD THE LINE!"

"Bend the knee!"

[With his off-hand, Martinez slides his mirrored sunglasses on and with a flick of his thumb, sends a flame from the lighter, dancing seductively on the lenses of his eyewear. He lifts the lighter, a slight smile on his face.

The room falls to a sudden silence as Martinez shows the flame...

...and flips the burning lighter at the screen, sending a burst of flames up the screen with a "WHOOSH!"

Martinez steps back, staring at the screen as the "HOLD THE LINE!" chants start up again, this time scattered and ragged. No more unity. No more solidarity. But one man here. One man there. All fighting for their own beliefs.

The flames dance in the mirrored sunglasses as the chaos continues all around Martinez whose mouth forms a very familiar word silently.]

"Burned."

[Cut to black.]

We fade up to footage that is preceded by a voiceover.]

"The following footage was recorded earlier today."

[And the Director of Operations, as tired as he looked on the Pre-Game Show, is staring into the camera, a very serious expression on his face.]

EG: Ladies and gentlemen, I welcome you to Memorial Day Mayhem. This event is very important to me. This is the biggest show for the AWA since my arrival here and it is very important that things go well.

This week was slated to be a celebration of all things AWA here in the city of Seattle and all around the world.

As things often do... that did not go according to plan.

[Gellar pauses.]

EG: By now, I am sure the overwhelming majority of you have heard the news of the horrific incident perpetrated on behalf of the AWA earlier this week. This news has been everywhere. ESPN... TMZ... your local newspapers... and it has, of course, been all over social media.

As you know, Casey James and Tiger Claw have been on a media tour for the past several weeks promoting this year's video game release that they are on the cover of. They have proven to be very popular guests on many different platforms and earlier this week, they were sent to appear on Fox Sports One's The Herd with Colin Cowherd to talk about the video game and tonight's event.

[Gellar noticeably grimaces.]

EG: Because of the overwhelming demand to see the footage, we have reached an agreement with Fox Sports and with our legal team to show the footage right now... this one time... and never again.

[We slowly fade from the Director of Operations to footage of an interview already in progress. Text on the screen reads, "Earlier this week: Courtesy of Fox Sports." Colin Cowherd sits across from Tiger Claw and Casey "Blackheart" James, asking questions in that stilted sort of yelling! every! word! kind of way Sports Guys do that would get irritating to read after a while.]

CC: You guys are great! Seriously!

[Claw raises an eyebrow. Casey's response has all the enthusiasm of a veteran telemarketer's pitch.]

CJ: Thanks, man, thanks. It's great to be here.

CC: Now, the video game... You guys are looking great in there... How does it feel to see yourselves back in the ring? I mean, you have to miss it! It's been forever!

CJ: We were in the Legends Royale not that long ago. Like 6 months ago, tops.

CC: Ha! That's that snappy wit we're used to!

[Claw and Casey give each other a confused look.]

CJ: Okay?

CC: That's what I love about you guys! This interaction! The classic comedy duo!

[Claw looks back at Cowherd.]

TC: Excuse me?

CC: I think it's great! I love how you guys have gone into this role! You two are probably one of the best comedy acts in the business right- URRRK!

[Claw moves out of his seat so fast that Cowherd doesn't even know the elbow is coming until it slams into the side of his head. The camera shot goes wide as Cowherd spills out of his seat and on to the floor. Then the twitching starts. Claw stands over him, a feral grin on his face.]

TC: How funny was that!?

[Casey James has been stunned this whole time. His eyes are wide and his mouth is stuck in the position to yell "OH!" but he can't stop laughing.]

CJ: Oooh, hohoho... Yes. Yes! YES!

[The Blackheart grabs on to the edge of a nearby decorative table and flips it over as he gets up.]

CJ: YES! BURN IT DOWN!

[Casey goes into the back pocket of his jeans and pulls out his signature black fingerless gloves. He paces around madly as he puts them on. People in the studio are starting to realize this isn't part of the show and are starting to shout.]

CJ: Oh, here we go... Here we go!

[Claw is still standing over the unconscious Cowherd. The grin has cooled into a vicious smirk as he adjusts his suit jacket. What can be best described as a ruckus begins off camera.]

CJ: YEAH! WILD WEST BABY!!

[Security staff rushes into the studio as the video cuts out. Sound can still be heard of a melee between security and the Syndicate, but gradually fades out as the two are presumably subdued and removed from the studio. Cut back to Emerson Gellar.]

EG: We here in the AWA have all the respect in the world for our broadcast partners at Fox Sports and we humbly apologize to them as well as to Colin Cowherd for the actions of Casey James and, especially, Tiger Claw. Mr. Cowherd is not a professional wrestler... a fighter at all... he is a broadcast journalist and Tiger Claw showed a stunning lack of professionalism in assaulting him.

And make no mistake... that's exactly what this was... an assault.

I am told that Fox Sports and Mr. Cowherd are considering their legal options against Mr. Claw and we support them in this trying time.

[Gellar clears his throat.]

EG: With that said, I have personally met with AWA legal and AWA ownership to discuss this situation... and while we will always treasure the memories that Mr. James and Mr. Claw have given us inside the squared circle...

[Dramatic pause.]

EG: We have no choice but to immediately terminate the AWA Legacy contracts that we had with both competitors. They are no longer representatives of this company and will not be representing us in any fashion.

In fact, effective immediately, Casey James and Tiger Claw are BARRED from appearing on AWA television ever again.

[Gellar pauses again.]

EG: We do not take this decision lightly and we know it will upset many fans of the AWA as well as some current AWA employees. However, it is a decision that had to be made and it is a decision that is final.

You have seen the last of Casey James and Tiger Claw at an AWA event.

Thank you. And enjoy the show.

[Fade through black...

...and up on a two shot of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde. Wilde is shaking his head while dressed in a horrifically bright red, white, and blue plaid suit with matching dress shirt and tie. It's just... bad.

The Dean of professional wrestling announcing, Gordon Myers, is in a black sportscoat with white dress shirt and American flag style tie. He is smiling at the camera as it comes upon him.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to the biggest stage of the summer, Memorial Day Mayhem! We are LIVE here in the shadow of the Space Needle... right here in the KeyArena in Seattle, Washington and... fans, if you were not watching our Pre-Game Show, boy, did you miss out! We've got three huge pieces of information right out of the gate, Bucky.

BW: Well, you just heard one of 'em straight out of Gellar's mouth. The Syndicate is gone! Banned! Finished! Done!

GM: Absolutely. I think Emerson Gellar said it all on that front and we'd probably be better off to not even mention it any further... but what about the news we heard a couple of days ago? Calisto Dufresne has been attacked! The Kings of Wrestling perpetrated a brutal attack on Dufresne.

[We cut to a wider shot, showing off the setup of the building. We've got the ring right in the middle - red, white, and blue ropes and a white canvas - with the ringside announce table and timekeeper's table next to it. Black protective mats cover the floor, black metal barricades surround the ring and continue on down the aisle towards an elevated stage with a large video wall hanging above the entrance to the stage. The video wall currently has a waving American flag on it because... 'Merica.]

GM: It was footage we were scheduled to show you as part of the Pre-Game Show but ran out of time so that footage will air here a little later tonight. But the big news coming out of that situation is that Travis Lynch is going to have to find himself another partner here tonight! The National Champion is still going to take

on Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan in the Winner Takes All match later tonight but we have no idea who his partner is going to be, Bucky.

BW: Travis Lynch may have made the mistake of his career here tonight, Gordo. He's now on short notice to find himself a partner to take on the World Tag Team Champions with. And not only that but he's gotta rely on this new partner out of nowhere to help him DEFEND his National Title as well. This could be a huge error in judgment in my estimation, Gordo.

GM: We're going to find out later tonight but what about the bombshell dropped as we went off the air, Bucky.

BW: No, no, no! We're not talking about this!

GM: But Bucky-

BW: I said no! It's not happening, it can't happen!

GM: Bucky-

BW: NOOOOOOOO!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Let's go to Mark Stegglet.

[We cut back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing, an excited look on his face. He speaks in a soft tone as we come up though.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. I am standing right outside the office of Emerson Gellar and...

[Stegglet gestures off-camera. The cameraman pivots to show Gellar speaking quickly on a cell phone.]

MS: ...for the past several minutes, the AWA Director of Operations has been on the phone with AWA legal. He is DESPERATELY trying to find out if the Gladiator can do what he says he's going to do. The Gladiator says that if he wins Steal The Spotlight here tonight, he intends to challenge Johnny Detson for the World Title later tonight! Of course, we know that Johnny Detson is supposed to have the night off but...

[Stegglet gestures at Gellar again.]

MS: ...obviously those conversations are ongoing. I am told that the Kings of Wrestling are en route to the building in their personal limousine and... well, we're going to the ring right now! We're about to find out if the Gladiator can best Summers and if his idea to challenge later tonight will matter at all! Let's go to the ring!

[We fade from backstage to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Memorial Day Mayhem's OPENING CONTEST is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT CONTRACT!

[Big cheer from the Seattle crowd!]

PW: Introducing first...

[A single trumpet blasts a loud fanfare over the PA as the crowd turns toward the entranceway. A deep, ominous wardrum follows shortly thereafter, accompanied by further trumpets and the sounds of many footsteps marching in lockstep.

That is when the man known as The Gladiator comes out through the entranceway. He is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a gladiator helmet on his head. He stops before the entranceway, removing his helmet and dropping to one knee. He sets the helmet to the side, then bows his head down, and takes his right hand, placing it on the ground before him, as if he is feeling out his surroundings.]

PW: Introducing, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

[As the wardrum and trumpets come to a climax, a ram's horn blasts, drowning it all out, and immediately the Gladiator's head snaps upwards. His eyes gaze at the ring as if looking through it to the universe beyond. Wild speed metal plays over the PA, replacing everything that came before (though, notably, the chord is the same as the trumpets from earlier). Leaving his helmet laying in the aisle, the Gladiator sprints into the ring at top speed and dashes off the ropes like a human missile.]

GM: The ever-energetic entrance of the man known as The Gladiator who is set for the biggest match of his AWA career - a career that has seen him undefeated in that time, Bucky.

BW: That's a heck of a streak but you know what you do when you're on a streak?

GM: What's that?

BW: You get a Heat Check... and it's all over.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The Gladiator finally slows down, dropping to a knee in the middle of the ring, looking down as his music starts to fade...

...and is replaced by the sounds of Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me" to tremendous boos from the Seattle crowd. A sample of Billy Squier's classic 'The Stroke' is easily recognized...]

#STROKE ME, STROKE ME#

#It's as easy as one, two, three...#

GM: And here comes the man who won the Steal The Spotlight match and contract last year at SuperClash...

BW: And he ain't comin' alone, Gordo.

[Summers pauses just beyond the entrance, sans his Summers Sweetheart, on this night. He clutches a red Haliburton in his hand, presumably containing his Steal The Spotlight contract. A confident smirk crosses his face as Kerry Kendrick and Callum Mahoney - still in their ring gear from their Pre-Game Show victory - move to flank him. Erica Toughill brings up the rear, smacking the barrel of her baseball bat into her open palm.]

GM: The gang's all here for this one... and I've gotta wonder about this, Bucky. Someone needs to check for some managers' licenses or something.

BW: Oh, Erica has hers. I've seen it.

GM: She might but what about the rest of these SM&K jackals?!

BW: Jackals?! How dare you, sir!

[Phil Watson continues as the quartet heads down the aisle.]

PW: From St. Paul, Minnesota... weighing in at 251 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by the rest of SM&K... he is the 2015 Steal The Spotlight winner...

He is... RED HOT...

REEEEEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMERRRRRRRS!

[Summers is dressed in a full length yellow robe with golden 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 and disdain for his opponent. Summers simply smirks as he approaches ringside, and we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe as he walks past the camera, SM&K by his sides.]

GM: No Summers Sweetheart out here with him tonight, Bucky.

BW: This one is all business, Gordo. Summers doesn't have time for the women here tonight.

GM: He had one with him on the Pre-Game Show.

BW: Rex has certain pre-match superstitions, Gordo.

GM: I think we've heard enough.

[Upon reaching the ringside area, the quartet huddles up at the end of the aisle. The Gladiator is still down on a knee, breathing deeply as the referee shouts at Summers, ordering him into the ring.]

GM: Referee Davis Warren trying to get Summers up into the ring to get this one started...

[SM&K break up the ringside strategy session, slowly fanning out. All of them have a devious smirk on their faces.]

GM: Now, what is this all about?

BW: It looks like they're surrounding the ring, Gordo!

GM: What do you mean?

BW: What did I say?!

[After a few moments, there is indeed a member of SM&K on each side of the ring. Mahoney and Kendrick across from one another as Summers and Toughill take up the other two spots. Toughill has her bat, smacking the ring apron with it as Summers sheds his robe, slapping his hand against the Haliburton a few times. The Gladiator remains down on his knee.]

GM: Does the Gladiator even know what's going on?! He looks like he's in some kind of a battle trance!

[The official moves over towards Kendrick and Mahoney, shouting at them from inside the ring but neither acknowledges him.]

GM: I don't know what SM&K has in mind here but they're risking disqualification if they do anything physical.

BW: Disqualification? The match hasn't even started yet!

GM: Well, I suppose that much is true but-

[The crowd breaks into a nervous roar as the foursome moves into action. Kerry Kendrick is the first one in, sliding under the ropes, popping up to his feet, rushing to deliver a haymaker to the kneeling Gladiator...]

...whose eyes pop open, unflinching as Kendrick rains down blows on him!]

GM: Kendrick attacks but I'm not sure it's working!

[Kendrick backs off, looking back and forth in a panic. He gestures for help and in comes Callum Mahoney, attacking the Gladiator from behind with a running forearm smash to the back of the head!]

GM: Mahoney's in as well!

[The referee jumps in, shouting at Mahoney...]

...who grabs him by the hair, flinging the referee through the ropes and out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: Oh, that's going to cost him!

GM: Callum Mahoney put his hands on an AWA official, damn it! That son of a-

[Mahoney circles back to the Gladiator, raining down blows on him alongside his partner, battering the Gladiator back into the ropes where they each grab an arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Double whip across...

[The Gladiator hits the far ropes, coming back towards a double clothesline from Kendrick and Mahoney...]

...and runs right through the arms, breaking the grip!]

GM: The Gladiator runs through it!

[Coming off the ropes again, the powerhouse bounces back, using a double clothesline of his own...]

...but dragging Kendrick and Mahoney across the ring, using his muscular arms to flip them both over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OH MY!

[The Gladiator glares down at them as Rex Summers slides in, winding up with the red Haliburton...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BRIEFCASE ACROSS THE BACK!

[The blow...

...does nothing.]

GM: Oh... my... stars.

[The Gladiator slowly turns, glaring at Summers who can't believe what he's seeing, backpedaling away with a panicked look on his face. Summers raises his hand, begging off as the Gladiator advances on him.]

GM: Rex Summers has got a MAJOR problem now!

[Summers is shaking his head as he retreats. He turns, shouting to his allies. Kendrick and Mahoney are nowhere to be seen...

...and as we cut to the floor, we see why as new troubleshooting official Jack Marshall has led AWA security to the ring and is forcing Kendrick and Mahoney back up the aisle!]

GM: Jack Marshall's getting SM&K out of here!

BW: Not all of 'em, daddy!

[Erica Toughill slides into the ring on cue, winding up with her baseball bat. She takes a big swing...

...and the Gladiator turns around, catching the bat under his arm as the crowd ROARS!]

BW: WHAT IN THE- this guy's not human, Gordo!

GM: The Gladiator caught the bat! She's been using that bat for months on SM&K's opponents and the Gladiator just caught it... and RIPS IT RIGHT OUT OF HER HANDS! OH MY!

[A wide-eyed Toughill bails from the ring as the Gladiator turns around, staring at a stunned Rex Summers...

...and BREAKS THE WOODEN BAT over his knee, flinging the pieces aside to an even louder cheer!]

GM: OH MY STARS! THE GLADIATOR IS UNSTOPPABLE!

[Summers again shakes his head in disbelief, winding up with the briefcase over his head...

...and suddenly finds himself unable to swing it!]

GM: JACK MARSHALL! JACK MARSHALL'S GOT THE BRIEFCASE!

[Marshall snatches it away from Summers who turns around angrily to confront him as Marshall shouts in response...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A panicked Summers wheels around, throwing a right hand that the Gladiator easily blocks. A left hand follows but it's blocked as well as the Gladiator grabs Summers under the armpits, lifting him easily into the air and flinging him back into the corner. Summers staggers out into a devastating standing clothesline that takes him down to the mat!]

GM: The Gladiator with the big clothesline... pulling Summers back to his feet...

[And a desperate Summers goes to the eyes, raking his fingers across them!]

GM: Summers to the eyes... and to the ropes now...

[Summers attempts a shoulder tackle but falls back to the mat after slamming into a 270 pound mountain. The crowd cheers as a stunned Summers slides backwards on his rear, trying to get away from the Gladiator who advances on him.]

GM: No effect!

[Summers rolls under the ropes to the floor... and the Gladiator steps out to follow him. The crowd cheers as Summers spots the Gladiator and starts running for it with the Gladiator chasing him in pursuit...]

GM: Summers is running for his life!

BW: And that maniac is chasing him!

[The fans are roaring for the footrace as Summers swings around the ringpost, rolling back in...

...and Toughill steps up, getting right in the Gladiator's path. The Gladiator slams on the brakes, glaring down at Toughill who is almost daring him to physically assault her.]

BW: Look at the guts! The bravery! The courage! The-

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[The Gladiator angrily steps back, grabbing the ropes to climb back into the ring while saying something to Toughill who pops a bubble in response. As the Gladiator pulls himself up on the apron, Summers rushes at him, blasting him with a forearm shot but the Gladiator hangs on to the ropes, staying on the apron.]

GM: Summers with the cheap shot, dragging the Gladiator back into the ring now...

[With Gladiator's torso hanging between the ropes, Summers quickly pulls him into a double underhook...]

BW: HEAT CHECK!

[...and drags him down skullfirst into the canvas, the Gladiator awkwardly falling through the ropes to the mat!]

GM: He didn't get all of that! The ropes caused the Gladiator to not hit with full impact but it might be enough!

BW: It WILL be enough! Cover him, Rex!

[Summers flips the Gladiator over, diving across his torso.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the Gladiator FIRES a shoulder up off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: No! No! Two count only there for "Red Hot" Rex Summers who almost broke the Gladiator's undefeated streak right there!

BW: Gordo, if he'd hit the Heat Check cleanly, we coulda counted to twenty!

GM: You could be right about that but Rex Summers is letting referee Jack Marshall have it as he gets to his feet. Troubleshooting referee Jack Marshall is having a busy first night on the job, fans!

[Marshall doesn't back down from Summers, returning verbal fire as the "Red Hot One" glares at him. Summers turns back to the Gladiator, slamming a double axehandle down on the back of the head and neck once... twice... three times as the Gladiator tries to battle up from his knees.]

GM: Summers is hammering away, trying to keep the Gladiator down but the Gladiator keeps on getting up...

[Summers pulls the Gladiator the rest of the way up, turning him back against the ropes, driving a knee up into the midsection. A second knee follows as Summers grabs him by the wrist...]

GM: Irish whip shoots the Gladiator across... and a big clothesline takes him down!

BW: Summers drawing himself a bullseye on the neck of the Gladiator, going right after it, softening it up for another Heat Check.

[The Gladiator rolls over to his stomach, trying to push up off the mat as Summers takes aim...

...and DRIVES the point of his elbow down into the back of the neck, falling to his knees as he delivers the blow.]

GM: Driving elbow smash to the back of the neck!

[Summers shoves the Gladiator over onto his back, leaning across into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The Gladiator's shoulder again goes up off the mat, breaking the count to Summers' disapproval.]

GM: Another pin attempt and another two count for Rex Summers who just can't keep him down for a three count.

BW: Patience, Gordo... patience.

[Back on his feet, Summers stomps the back of the Gladiator's head as he tries to get up off the mat. He stomps again and again, trying to keep the Gladiator down to no avail.]

GM: Summers with blow after blow but the Gladiator keeps getting up!

[With the Gladiator rising, Summers makes a dash to the ropes behind the powerhouse, bouncing off them...]

GM: Summers from the blind side...

[...and BLASTS the Gladiator in the back of the head and neck with a running clothesline, knocking the Gladiator back down to the mat!]

GM: NORTH STAR LARIAT CONNECTS!

BW: That's it, daddy!

GM: Summers flips him over... another cover!

[Referee Jack Marshall dives down to the mat to deliver the one... the two...

The crowd ROARS as the Gladiator does a huge press, shoving Summers up into the air, and flinging him out of the lateral press!]

GM: Kickout! Powerful kickout by the Gladiator!

[Summers' eyes go wide at the kickout as he slowly gets back to his feet, looking around at the cheering crowd in a bit of a panic.]

GM: The Gladiator just flung Summers into the air like he was nothing, Bucky!

BW: He's strong as an ox, no doubt about that but he's still getting his tail kicked by Rex Summers right now and that's how it's gonna stay!

GM: The Gladiator's coming up off the mat... Summers with a big right... and another... and another...

[But the Gladiator continues to rise, shaking his head at Summers who is throwing bombs as quickly as he can...]

GM: Summers is hammering away to no effect! The Gladiator continues to get up off the canvas.

[Summers throws a kick to the gut, catching the Gladiator and stunning him for a moment. He lowers his shoulder into the midsection, driving the Gladiator back into the corner.]

GM: Summers puts him in the buckles... backs off...

[And with the Gladiator on the ropes, Summers hauls off and connects with a knife edge chop across the chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: NO EFFECT!

[Summers winds up again.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: AGAIN WITH NO EFFECT!

[Summers shakes his head in disbelief as the Gladiator holds his ground, pumping his arms towards the cheering fans.]

GM: Summers is throwing everything he's got at the Gladiator but nothing seems to be working!

[A straight right hand by Summers connects but the Gladiator keeps on coming towards the center of the ring, pursuing the backpedaling Summers. Summers again throws a kick to the body, stunning Gladiator long enough to grab an arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by the Gladiator!

[Summers comes off the far side, slamming on the brakes and sliding down to a knee as the Gladiator swings and misses with a clothesline, continuing on to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: Now it's Gladiator off the ropes and-

[Summers swings his knee up into the midsection, flipping the Gladiator up and over and down to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! And the shot downstairs turns it around for Rex Summers who was in some trouble there, Bucky.

BW: You know the biggest difference between these two, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure you're about to tell me.

BW: It's that Rex Summers has the intelligence of a ring veteran in there, knowing exactly what to do and when to keep things going his way. And the Gladiator has the intelligence of a dust mite, barely able to remember to breathe.

[With the Gladiator down on the mat, Summers gives him a few hard stomps, forcing the Gladiator to roll over onto his stomach.]

GM: The Gladiator down on the mat... and Summers hooks a seated chinlock, yanking back on the chin and putting even more pressure and torque on the neck that he's targeted all match long.

[Summers sits down on the back, yanking back hard on the neck as he shouts at Marshall to "ask him!"]

GM: Referee Jack Marshall checking for a submission but the Gladiator refuses. I would imagine it would take a lot of effort to get the Gladiator to say "I quit," Bucky.

BW: I would imagine it would take a TON of effort to get the Gladiator to SPELL "I quit," Gordo.

GM: Would you stop?

[Summers pulls back again, his muscles rippling as he pulls on the head and neck of his challenger. He again shouts for the referee to "ask!" but again Marshall comes back with a reply of no.]

GM: Summers hasn't been able to get a submission... not yet at least.

[The Gladiator slides his arms underneath him, planting his hands down on the canvas as Summers continues to wrench the neck...]

...and starts pushing back to his feet!]

GM: The Gladiator's starting to come back! Starting to try and escape this punishing hold!

[The crowd is rallying behind the Gladiator as he pushes up to all fours, still trying to push out...

...when Summers suddenly lets go, leaping into the air, driving his rear down into the lower back of the Gladiator, forcing him back down to the mat as the crowd deflates.]

GM: Ohhh... and that's one way to get the Gladiator back down on the mat.

BW: That's what I'm talking about, Gordo. The Gladiator's down there just using his big, dumb muscles, trying to power out but Sexy Remy had the technique and the experience to get him right back in the hold.

[Summers reapplies the hold, locking his fingers under the chin and pulling back, putting pressure on the neck once again.]

GM: Summers gets that hold back on, punishing the neck... all trying to soften it up for the Heat Check.

[The Gladiator stays on his stomach for a few more moments, getting his head pulled back in an awkward position...

...and then goes to slide his hands back underneath him.]

GM: The Gladiator's looking to power out again!

BW: See, back to those stupid muscles!

[Summers yanks on the head again, pulling it back as the Gladiator presses his palms into the canvas, pushing hard right up to all fours. The Seattle crowd again is rallying behind him, cheering for him to escape the hold.]

GM: The Gladiator is fighting his way out! Fighting to get back to his feet and out of this hold!

[Summers again lets go of the hold, looking for the same counter as before, leaping into the air with his legs spread wide...

...as the Gladiator rolls to his back, bringing up his knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh... my! A delicate landing right there!

BW: That's an assault to a national treasure!

GM: And if the Summers Sweetheart is watching in the back, she just might want to book herself some other plans for the evening!

[Summers stands up, wincing as he grabs at his nether regions, staggering across the ring as the Gladiator sits up on the mat, rolling to his hip as the crowd cheers him on.]

GM: And that might be what it takes to turn this thing around! Rex Summers is reeling and the Gladiator is rising!

[The powerful challenger climbs to his feet, wincing as he does before striding across the ring towards Rex Summers, swinging him around by the arm, lifting him up over his shoulder...

...and bringing him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Strike two!

BW: This is a crime against humanity! Think of all the Seattle sweatogs!

[The Gladiator puts his hand under Summers' chin, lifting his head up...

...and BLASTS him with a huge haymaker, sending him flying through the air and down to the canvas!]

GM: WHAT A SHOT BY THE GLADIATOR!

[The Gladiator approaches Summers, grabbing him by the hair and dragging him off the canvas, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Summers hits the buckles... staggering out...

[And a big clothesline connects, knocking Summers off his feet!]

GM: Clothesline takes him down!

[The Gladiator pulls him up again, flinging him into the opposite corner, sending him staggering back out into a second clothesline!]

GM: And another one! The Gladiator takes him down a second time!

[The powerhouse challenger turns to look at the crowd, pumping his arms up and down in the air..

...when Erica Toughill pulls herself up on the apron, angrily gesturing at the Gladiator with half of her broken wooden baseball bat!]

GM: Toughill is up... Jack Marshall over to get her down... but the Gladiator is distracted.

BW: He might be distracted by something shiny in the crowd. Don't blame Ricki!

[With the Gladiator looking the other way, Rex Summers climbs back to his feet, approaching from the blind side, reaching out and digging his fingers into the eyes of the challenger!]

GM: Oh! Summers goes to the eyes!

[The illegal attack sends the Gladiator staggering forwards, rubbing at his eyes as Summers smirks, moving quickly to attack, burying a boot into the midsection, pulling the Gladiator off the ropes and into a double underhook...]

GM: HEAT CHECK!

[...but the Gladiator straightens up, tossing Summers overhead and down to the mat with a backdrop!]

GM: NO! GLADIATOR FLIPS HIM OUT OF IT!

[The Gladiator sinks to a knee as Summers lies flat on his back on the canvas. After a moment though, the challenger climbs to his feet, raising his arms, looking out at the cheering crowd. He nods his head in response, rushing to the ropes, bouncing off them once... twice... three times...

...and as Summers rises to his feet, the Gladiator EXPLODES into a spear tackle, catching Summers flush in the torso, taking him down to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A SPEEEEEAAAAAR!

[With Summers down on the mat clutching his ribs, the Gladiator rises to his feet, looking out at the crowd once more with a nod. Reaching down, the Gladiator grabs the stunned Summers by the hair, hauling him up to his feet, pulling him closer...

...and hoisting him off the canvas, pressing him high up into the air...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[The Gladiator slowly walks out to the middle of the ring, holding Summers up at full arm extension as Mahoney and Kendrick try to fight past the wall of security holding them at bay...]

GM: If he hits this...

[...and he lets go of Summers, dropping him down across his shoulder, and DRIVES him down into the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: ...IT'S OVER!

[The Gladiator stays down on him, applying a press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: OH MY STARS, HE DID IT! THE STREAK CONTINUES!

[The Gladiator pushes up off the mat as his speed metal music starts up once more, raising his arms over his head in triumph as the Seattle crowd goes absolutely ballistic!]

GM: He's done it! The Gladiator has done it!

BW: I can't... this can't... this didn't...

GM: And Bucky Wilde is as shell-shocked as the rest of SM&K is!

[Cut to the aisle where Kendrick and Mahoney are standing, jaws dropped at the shocking result. Fans all around them are jubilant, earning a few angry shouts from the duo.

Cut back to the ring where the Gladiator mounts the midbuckle, holding up one finger as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner and new holder of the Steal The Spotlight contraaaaaact...

THE GLAAAAAAAAADIAAAAAATOOOOOORRRRR!

[The Gladiator nods at the roaring crowd, emphatically holding up that one finger again.]

GM: Wow! And the Gladiator holding up that one finger... saying one down, one more to go.

BW: He's really going to do it?! He's going to try and challenge Johnny Detson here tonight?!

GM: It certainly sounds like it! He has to officially do it but... well, the question is, does Emerson Gellar have an answer yet? Fans, let's go back and find... wait... what? The Kings are here?!

BW: That idiot Blackwell is probably back there to ambush them!

GM: That's exactly where he is! Sweet Lou, I know you're going to enjoy this. Have fun, my friend!

[We cut to the parking area where a black stretch limo has just pulled up. As the driver gets out opening the back door, we see Sweet Lou Blackwell running to the door with a microphone in hand.]

SLB: Guys, I've been waiting for AWA World Heavyweight Champion Johnny Detson to arrive and it looks like the Kings of Wrestling are here!

[The driver opens the door and out comes seven or eight of the infamous Instagram models who are now surrounding Blackwell as he makes his way to the back door.]

SLB: Ladies. Ladies please... if I could... I'm a journalist please!

[Out next is Dr. Harrison Fawcett in a blindingly white suit, white shirt, and blood red tie, followed by Brian Lau, dressed tonight in a red suit, with white shirt and red tie. One can almost imagine his eyes narrowing behind his designer sunglasses as he catches sight of Blackwell. The AWA World Tag Team Champions are next - Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - both in black suits and white shirts that are unbuttoned a few notches. Donovan visibly winks at one of the Instagram models as she rests a hand on his shoulder.]

BL: Step back, Blackwell, and put that microphone away. The Kings of Wrestling are not currently available for interviews.

SLB: But-

BL: But nothing, Blackwell. Mr. Detson, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Donovan, and of course, "Doctor" Fawcett have all been enjoying the ride over...

[Blackwell leers at the Instagram models and then chuckles.]

SLB: I'll just bet!

BL: Blackwell! Get your mind out of the gutter!

As I said, this has been a wonderful night so far, and I will not allow you to ruin it with your charlatanism and chicanery! Shoo Blackwell, shoo!

SLB: Well, maybe you don't want to hear what I have to say, but I know for a fact that your client will.

[Bypassing Lau, Blackwell moves towards the limo. Making his way out of the limo is the AWA World Heavyweight Champion. He is wearing a navy blue Kiton K50 suit with a red pinstriped tie. Sunglasses on his face, World Heavyweight Title safely cradled over his left shoulder looking like he doesn't have a care in the world.]

SLB: Johnny Detson, I'm here to get your thoughts on the events of the night so far.

JD: Thoughts on the night? What do you mean - my custom-made suit? Maybe my custom-made cuff links?

[Detson displays the King playing card cuff links similar to the ones he showed off on The Call of the Wilde.]

JD: I got them for my brothers here and I just couldn't resist a pair for myself.

[Detson smiles at the tag champs completely carefree.]

SLB: No, I meant about the Gladiator.

[Detson stops smiling and looks at Blackwell annoyed, removing his sunglasses.]

JD: The Gladiator? This is my off day and you want to ask me about work? You know what? I'm in a giving mood, Blackwell, so I'll humor you. What about the Gladiator?

SLB: He just beat Rex Summers to win the Steal the Spotlight briefcase.

[For the briefest of seconds, a hint of worry flashes on the champ's face, but that is for a future time. Quickly he recovers, chuckling and dismissively waving his hand.]

JD: So? Good for the Gladiator.

[Blackwell smirks, baiting the hook.]

SLB: I guess your limo doesn't get Pay Per View because The Gladiator said that if he won the contract here tonight that he was going to use that contract to challenge you...

[Detson's eyes get worried.]

SLB: ...for the World Title...

[Detson's eyes get wide.]

SLB: ...tonight!

[Detson's eyes almost come out of his skull and his face gets red.]

JD: What are you doing here, Blackwell? You trying to rile me up? Get me upset? Nice try, I held that briefcase and you can't do that... you have to give advanced notice.

SLB: Emerson Gellar is on the phone with AWA legal right now to see if the Gladiator's challenge is, in fact, legal considering your "night off" status. He said-

JD: HE SAID WHAT??!! OH NO!! NOT HAPPENING!! I have the night off! He lost! He said I didn't have to wrestle. LOOK AT ME! I'm not dressed to wrestle! I didn't bring my gear! HE CAN'T DO THIS! I will sue him... Stegglet... Michaelson...

[Detson is in full on rant as he points at Wes Taylor.]

JD: His dad! I'll sue them all! Everyone! WE HAVE A DEAL!

[Detson storms off ranting and raving as Blackwell turns to Lau.]

SLB: Mr. Lau, your thoughts?

[Lau has been standing still, frozen in place, as he listened to Blackwell and Detson. Now, his head whips around and he glares at Blackwell.]

BL: You're enjoying this, aren't you?

SLB: Hey, don't shoot the messenger!

BL: This is an outrage! This will not stand! Gellar cannot do this! He's talking to his lawyers? Well, wait until he talks to MY lawyers, Blackwell!

This is a travesty, a miscarriage of justice! I will get an injunction! There will be no match tonight!

SLB: For all your bluster, I don't think you can stop what's about to happen tonight, Mr. Lau.

[Suddenly, Detson comes storming back into the picture.]

JD: This isn't over, I'm not agreeing to ANYTHING! There will be no match tonight! NO MATCH!!

[Detson then pivots to Fawcett pointing at him.]

JD: FIX THIS!

[Detson then turns and points to Lau.]

JD: FIX THIS!

[And with that Detson storms off again ranting and raving before bellowing, "AND FIX IT NOW!"]

SLB: The World Champion is decidedly unhappy!

BL: Oh really? What was your first clue, Blackwell?

SLB: The real question is, what are you going to do about it?

BL: Oh, I've just begun. What am I going to do? Well, you just wait and see what I'm going to do. Because I'm going to do something! And you've got my word, that snorting freak is going to rue the day he ever let thoughts of the Kings of Wrestling enter that minuscule brain of his!

SLB: But what exactly-

BL: No, you know what, Blackwell? This interview is over! We're done here!

[The remaining Kings of Wrestling storm off, leaving Blackwell in their wake. Lau can be heard yelling "Johnny! Champ! Wait up! I'll fix it!"

And we fade back inside the building in the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside Director of Operations Emerson Gellar.]

EG: Okay... okay... are you sure? We can't make...

[Gellar's voice trails off as he listens to the person on the other end of the line.]

MS: Fans, we are back here backstage where Emerson Gellar continues to speak to AWA legal to find out if-

EG: Okay, yes. I understand. Thanks for the help.

[Gellar lowers the phone, putting in his pocket before finally looking at Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Mr. Gellar, you've been on the phone for some twenty minutes now as AWA legal reviewed... well, whatever it is they had to review to find out what takes priority. The terms of the Steal The Spotlight or your wager - for lack of a better term - with Johnny Detson to give him the night off.

[Gellar nods.]

MS: And what did they determine?

[Gellar pauses, looking down... and then slowly looking up...

...and smiling.]

EG: The legal department says that the Steal The Spotlight contract specifically states that the holder may cash in the contract for a match of their choosing at ANY time as long as they provide their opponent with sufficient notice. I think that-

[And that's when The Gladiator appears on the set, hoisting the briefcase that contains the Steal the Spotlight contract.]

G: IF SUFFICIENT NOTICE IS REQUIRED FOR ME TO TAKE ONE STEP CLOSER TO MY ULTIMATE DESTINY, THEN CONSIDER THIS TO BE THE NOTICE GIVEN! I HOLD IN MY HAND THE PRIZE THAT I RIGHTFULLY CLAIMED IN COMBAT TONIGHT, AND NOW I RIGHTFULLY GIVE NOTICE TO THE WORLD CHAMPION THAT IT IS NOT HIS NIGHT TO LIVE IN THE LAP OF LUXURY LIKE THE INFIDELS DO, BUT TO DO THE HONORABLE THING AND FACE ME IN COMBAT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP! NOW THAT I HAVE FULFILLED MY REQUIREMENT, I ONLY ASK OF YOU, EMERSON GELLAR, THAT YOU MAKE COMBAT FOR THE WORLD TITLE OFFICIAL, AND ALLOW ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO ONCE MORE ACHIEVE GLORY, JUST AS YOU DID WITH THE COMBAT EARLIER TONIGHT!

[And then...]

G: SNORT snaaarrlll SNORT!

[...that happens. The Gladiator storms off, smashing his hand repeatedly into the metal briefcase as he vanishes. Emerson Gellar looks a little shell-shocked as he turns back to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Mr. Gellar, I believe that was as clear as it gets from the Gladiator. He is cashing in Steal The Spotlight! He wants his title shot against Johnny Detson right here tonight!

[Gellar nods.]

EG: Mark, I believe that if I schedule that match - The Gladiator challenging Johnny Detson for the World Heavyweight Title - later tonight, that would be the contractually-required "sufficient notice."

MS: In other words?

EG: The match, Mr. Stegglet... is on!

[HUUUUUUUGE ROAR from inside the KeyArena as Gellar strides out of view.]

MS: Are you kidding me?! What was already a huge night of action just somehow got even BIGGER! Johnny Detson's going to defend the AWA World Title against the Gladiator... TONIGHT! Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We cut back to ringside where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are seated. Bucky looks hot.]

GM: Fans, I-

BW: NO, NO, NO! This isn't happening, Gordo! This is NOT happening!

GM: Oh, I beg to differ, Bucky. No matter how much you - and the Kings of Wrestling - don't like it, we ARE going to see Johnny Detson defend the World Heavyweight Title here tonight against the Gladiator! We're going to have a World Title match after all!

BW: This isn't... this isn't right, it isn't fair! Gellar and AWA legal are trying to rob Johnny Detson of his World Title! They're trying to pull a fast one! I wouldn't be surprised to learn that this is what Gellar had planned all along!

GM: Fans, Bucky Wilde is beside himself but that doesn't change the fact that later tonight, we're going to see something we did not expect here tonight. Johnny Detson taking on the UNDEFEATED Gladiator with the World Heavyweight Title on the line!

BW: GRRRRAAAAARRRRGH!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: But right now, let's take you to a very special announcement.

[We fade through black onto a waving flag. A voiceover begins.]

"May 24th, 2008."

[We cut to a shot of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde standing at ringside. On this night, the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing is in a spiffy black tuxedo. Bucky is in a glittering gold jacket with an orange dress shirt underneath. Both look several years younger than they do in present day as Gordon's voice is heard.]

"Good evening, fans, and welcome to the Fort Worth Convention Center right here in Fort Worth, Texas. We are LIVE for the next three hours here on WKIK as we bring you Memorial Day Mayhem! This is the biggest night in the short history of the AWA thusfar and Bucky Wilde, I am honored to be out here to call this event for the fans of the AWA and I know you are as well."

[The voice of Gordon Myers fades away as the voiceover returns.]

"On that night... with that event... the American Wrestling Alliance let the wrestling world know that we had arrived."

[A quick montage of action from that show - Tumaffi yanking Ricky Royal out of the sky and throwing him down to the canvas with a uranage slam... Tin Can Rust lighting up Stevie Scott with a series of haymakers... Mark Shaw devastating Marcus Broussard with a Backdrop Driver.]

"And the state of Texas let the world know that we were home."

[A quick shot of screaming fans in the crowd - young and old, all shapes and sizes - showing their support for their favorites.]

"On May 29th, 2017..."

[The shot cuts to black.]

"The AWA is coming home."

[We cut to a beautiful overhead drone shot of an open-air football stadium.]

"For the 10th Memorial Day Mayhem, the AWA is going back to where it all started: Fort Worth, Texas..."

[A spinning shot above the stadium.]

"...and Hell's Half Acre will be hotter than ever!"

[The shot of the stadium bursts into flames, cutting back to black where three lines of text appear in bold white font with the loud clang of metal striking metal accompanying each line.]

"MDM X.

May 29th, 2017.

Fort Worth, Texas."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands with Julie Somers, Melissa Cannon and "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson. Somers, who is to Blackwell's right, is dressed in a red halter top and matching Spandex shorts, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Cannon is in her trademark yellow pants and top, hair tied back in a braid. Wilson stands just behind Blackwell and she is dressed in a black blouse and blue jeans and has her "Lady Lightning" headband around her head.]

SLB: Amon G. Carter Stadium, we're coming to you next year but right now, fansm we are just moments away from women's tag team action, in which The Serpentes will be facing these two young ladies beside me, Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon. For several months, you have witnessed The Serpentes assault their opponents, not just looking to beat them, but some would say to beat them up. I know that's been an issue for both of you, especially since the two of you were victims of an assault at their hands.

JS: See, Sweet Lou, that's exactly what this has been about... Melissa and I were prepared to face each other in a match the fans really wanted to see, when The Serpentes took it upon themselves to join Lauryn Rage in attacking Melissa and myself. Sure, they might have been concerned with Melissa more than with me, but there are two things to keep in mind.

[She turns to the camera and jerks her finger toward it.]

JS: First of all, there was a zero chance that I was going to just stand there and watch Melissa be on the receiving end of a three-on-one beatdown. Second, I hear Lauryn Rage is claiming that I chose to get involved... well, that's wrong! You got me involved, Lauryn, no matter how much you may tell yourself otherwise, when you and those Serpentes chose to jump me from the start. And ever since then, The Serpentes have tried to intimidate me, intimidate Melissa, even intimidate Lori Wilson here [jerks a thumb back to her] by bullying every opponent they've faced.

[She lowers her hand and shakes her head.]

JS: Don't think for one minute that any of us are intimidated, though. All you've done is made us mad as hell! Tonight, The Serpentes find out exactly what happens when you try to intimidate any of us! And Lauryn Rage, that goes for you as well, and I promise you'll get yours down the road!

SLB: Melissa, this night is a chance for you to settle a score.

MC: That's right, Lou. For months, the Serpentes have been beating up everyone they get their hands on. They've beaten up veterans and rookies... they've beaten up women I've never met before and women that we both consider friends of ours. They don't care who's in front of them because their gameplan is clear - just keep on bulldozing until there's no one left.

Well, that's where you two have a problem because tonight, your particular bulldozer is running into a mountain that you two can't budge. Julie and I came together because we saw an opportunity to stop someone that didn't care about competing... they don't care about winning... they care about hurting people. And I can't abide by that, Lou.

Because Julie and I are here to win. We're here to compete. We're to put our names at the top of the list when it comes time for Emerson Gellar to stop playing games with Johnny Detson and announce when, where, and how we're going to crown the first Women's World Champion. And if we have to go through the bulldozers tonight to get on top of that list, that's exactly what we're going to do.

[Melissa pauses.]

MC: And Lou, I'm glad that Lauryn Rage is going to be out there tonight because my issue with the Serpentes comes directly from her. She sent them after me... she sent them after Julie... and when we're done with them, we're comin' for her...

[The former ring announcer chuckles, jerking a thumb at Lori Wilson.]

MC: If Lady Lightning doesn't get her first that is.

SLB: Lori Wilson, your thoughts about what these two women can do in their first time teaming together.

LW: Sweet Lou, I've had experience in tag team wrestling, both with a partner who I regularly teamed with and those who weren't regular partners. But the one thing I found is that when you have two people who think the same, who have the same goals in mind, and they come together as a unit, there's no limit to what they can accomplish. I'm confident in Melissa, I'm confident in Julie, that they'll function as a unit and get it done tonight. And as for you, Lauryn Rage, you know from experience that I'm not so easily taken down, and if you think you're going to get one up on me or the two women standing with me again...

[She steps forward, placing a hand on Julie's shoulder, the other hand on Melissa's.]

LW: You're going to find out how hard lightning can strike... and you might find something that strikes you even harder than that.

SLB: These three women sound like they are ready. Now, let's go down to the ring and find out!

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The (heavily censored) sounds of The Lox' "Money, Power & Respect" starts up over the PA system to jeers.]

PW: They are accompanied to the ring by Lauryn Rage... at a total combined weight of 380 pounds... they are Mamba and Copperhead...

THE SERRRRREPENTIIIIINES!

[A few moments pass before the trio makes their way through the curtain out onto the entrance stage. Lauryn Rage is the first one through, running her mouth as quickly as she can. She's flanked by Mamba and Copperhead as they enter to a chorus of loud boos.

Copperhead stands on Rage's left, the mohawked Dominicana hissing at the jeering crowd. She wears orange snake eyes and fang fronts in her mouth, standing in a long-sleeved midriff-baring black halter and black trunks.

Mamba rounds out the trio as the powerhouse of the group, striking a double bicep pose to show off her powerful muscles. She's wearing a one piece black unitard with a racer back. Her creepy white snake eye contacts get a moment of spotlight as we zoom in on them before they start heading down the aisle.]

GM: A big night here for the Serpentine, Bucky. They've had a lot of success in tag team matches so far but a win tonight could also put them into the discussion for this Women's World Championship as well.

BW: Well, it could... but I think Lauryn Rage might have a problem with that.

GM: Lauryn Rage has a problem with a lot of things... not the least of which are the three women who are about to walk that aisle to the ring to face her and her Serpentine.

BW: No, no, no... this isn't a trios match, Gordo. Don't get it twisted.

GM: Don't... what?

BW: Lauryn told me to say that. Anyways, she's going to be outside the ring for this one so those three jiggadolls better keep their hands off her.

GM: Jigga... what?

BW: Don't they still say that?

GM: I truly have no idea.

[The rulebreaking trio climb up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring as the Seattle fans continue to jeer. After a few moments, their music fades.]

[With a barrage of heavy blows, Mamba knocks Melissa Cannon off her feet, turning to move across the ring, smashing a double axehandle down across the back of Somers, putting her down on her knees.]

GM: I think a slugfest isn't the right strategy for this one.

BW: Absolutely not. Look at the size of Mamba in there. Six two, 200 pounds... she towers over Cannon and Somers.

[The Serpentine pull Somers up to her feet, flinging her effortlessly into the ropes...]

GM: Somers off the far side... ducks the clothesline...

[Leaving her feet, Somers leaps through the ropes, extending her legs and driving both feet into the face of Lauryn Rage, sending her flying away from the ring and back up the aisle!]

GM: Ohh! Somers with a dropkick on Rage through the ropes!

BW: She's not even in the match!

[Turning their attention to Cannon, Mamba and Copperhead send her into the ropes, joining hands again...]

GM: Another double clothesline attempt... ducked by Cannon...

[Coming off the far ropes, Melissa Cannon drops into a baseball slide, going under a second double clothesline attempt. She comes up to her feet...

...and gets grabbed around the throat by both Serpentine!]

BW: They got her! They got her!

[The Serpentine pull Cannon out to the middle of the ring, ready to throw her down with a violent double chokeslam...

...but Cannon bails out of the way as Somers comes flying off the top rope, connecting with a missile dropkick on Mamba that sends the much larger competing staggering across the ring, falling over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A MOVE!

[Copperhead is stunned by the high-flying save, allowing Cannon to throw three quick forearm strikes to the jaw, knocking her off-balance before throwing a leaping knee strike to the mush that brings her down. Cannon dives into a pin attempt as Lauryn Rage rushes around the ring, screaming all the while...

...and wraps her arms around the timekeeper's torso, holding him tightly and screaming, "DON'T YOU RING THAT BELL!" The official is waving for the bell to be rung to start the match but Rage is persistently hanging on!]

GM: Oh, come on! Lauryn Rage is trying to keep the match from starting and-

[Here comes Lori Wilson, charging around the ring, fist balled up before she BOUNCES it off the skull of Lauryn Rage, sending her sprawling to the floor as the timekeeper lunges forward...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go! Andy Dawson down to count! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Copperhead is easily out of the pin attempt as she shoves Cannon off.]

GM: Two count to start things off... but Copperhead is out of there...

[Cannon comes to her feet...

...and the crowd jeers as Copperhead rolls right out to the floor, leaning against the apron to regroup.]

GM: And apparently Copperhead doesn't like how things are going so far in this one, fans.

BW: The bell rang like... ten seconds ago, Gordo.

GM: A rough start is a rough start.

[Cannon backs off, looking out at the cheering crowd, pumping an arm. With Copperhead still looking the other way, Cannon dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back across the ring...

...when suddenly, Mamba comes under the ropes, coming up to her feet, and LAYS OUT Cannon with a big boot to the side of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Referee Andy Dawson immediately gets up in the face of Mamba, threatening an immediate disqualification if she doesn't stick to the rules. Mamba smirks, raising her arms as she backs across the ring, stepping out to the apron as Copperhead rolls back in, going to work on the downed Cannon.]

GM: Copperhead taking advantage of her partner's assault, grabbing Cannon by the hair... wham! She slams the back of her head into the canvas!

[A second and third hairpulling slam of the head into the mat follows before Copperhead gets to her feet, stomping Cannon's torso a half dozen or so times. Julie Somers shouts to her partner from the apron as Copperhead fires off some verbal vitriol in her direction.]

GM: Copperhead is never at a loss for words much like Lauryn Rage.

[Copperhead leans down, dragging Cannon off the mat by her braid, jerking her head back and forth by the hairpull. She leans in, talking trash up close and personal this time before slapping Cannon across the face once... twice... three times...

...and then Cannon slaps the hand holding her hair away, throwing a stiff elbowstrike across the cheekbone!]

GM: OH!

[Cannon uncorks a second elbow... and a third before dashing to the ropes behind her as Copperhead grabs the official by the collar...

...and Lauryn Rage pulls down the top rope, sending Cannon toppling over the ropes and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GIVE ME A BREAK!

[Julie Somers hops down off the apron, angrily approaching Lauryn Rage as the referee slides out to the floor, waving his arms and ordering her back into the corner. Lori Wilson is right behind Somers, trying to get around the official as Rage taunts them from several feet away.]

GM: Lauryn Rage with an illegal - and dangerous - assist from out on the floor! What a horrible fall over the ropes to the floor by Melissa Cannon!

[Mamba moves out to the floor, pulling Cannon off the thinly-padded concrete and shooting her under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Mamba puts her back in... Copperhead pulling her to her feet...

[Copperhead yanks her up by the hair again, ragdolling Cannon back and forth before flinging her to the side where Cannon falls over the middle rope, her throat on top of it.]

GM: Copperhead just tossing her around like she's nothing!

[The Brooklyn native plants her shin on the back of Cannon's neck, pushing her throat down into the rope.]

GM: That's a choke, referee! She's choking Melissa Cannon over the second rope!

[The official's count reaches four - Copperhead running her mouth all the while - before she backs off, leaving a coughing and gasping Cannon down on the canvas. The referee reprimands Copperhead who brushes past him, stepping out to the apron and dropping down to the floor.]

GM: Copperhead going back out to the floor, dragging Cannon under the ropes... ohh! Elbowstrike down across the throat!

[Cannon tries to sit up, again coughing violently as Copperhead shakes her head with a "nah, nah... that ain't happening" as she pulls Cannon back down on her back, driving her elbow down into the throat again.]

BW: And if Melissa Cannon was daydreaming about the first Women's World Champion, she better get her mind back on this match, Gordo, because right now, the Serpentes are having their way with her.

[Copperhead pulls herself back up on the apron, turning to gesture at Cannon, getting loud jeers from the Seattle crowd. She nods, slowly backing down the apron, resting her back against the ringpost...]

GM: What does Copperhead have in mind here?

[She takes a few long steps, leaping into the air...]

GM: BIG SPLASH!

[...and CRASHES down on Cannon's torso, her victim still sprawled across the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Copperhead rolls off Cannon, landing on the floor on a knee, a grin on her face as the fans continue to jeer. Cannon clutches her ribs now after having 180 pounds crash down on her.]

GM: The big splash out on the apron doing some damage to the ribs, fans. Melissa Cannon is hurting and she's in a bad way fairly early in this contest.

BW: Add in the brawl and they've been going at it for about five minutes though.

GM: It's still early as Copperhead rolls back in, dragging Cannon in with her.

[Walking across the ring, Copperhead slaps her partner's hand, bringing the 6'2, 200 pounder.]

GM: And in comes the largest woman in this match, the Mamba.

[Grabbing Cannon by the arm, Copperhead whips her into the Serpentine's corner, rushing in after her with a clothesline. She holds her there as Mamba strides across, striking a double bicep pose right in the face of Julie Somers who takes a wild swipe at her that Mamba avoids, smirking before dashing across...]

GM: Ohh! Big running forearm shot to the jaw in the corner! Mamba borrowing a page from the Melissa Cannon playbook!

[As Copperhead exits the ring, Mamba pivots to press her back against Cannon, holding her place before pushing out and swinging back in with a back elbow up under the chin... and again... and again...]

GM: Mamba doing a number on Cannon in the corner...

[Reaching up, Mamba grabs Cannon by the hair..

...and uses the long braid to swing Cannon into the air and down to the canvas, spinning her out of the corner on the way down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Mamba and Copperhead are absolutely vicious in there, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, ain't it great?

GM: I suppose some might feel that way but I have to wonder what they'd be capable of if they focused more on winning matches than hurting their opponents.

BW: That's like asking what a lion would be capable of if he worked on a best-selling novel rather than being the King of the Jungle, Gordo. Hurting people is in their nature. It's what they do. It's what they are. You can't ask them be what they aren't are.

GM: I don't even know how to respond to that.

[Mamba strikes another double bicep pose to jeers from the AWA faithful before she leans over, dragging Cannon back up. Cannon extends her arms towards her corner but she's nowhere near a tag as Mamba drags her back to the middle of the ring, pulling her into a front facelock.]

GM: And this is an absolutely punishing hold, Bucky.

BW: You better believe it. Look at the powerful arms and shoulders on the Mamba, dragging Cannon around the ring like a small child.

[Getting to the Serpentine's corner, Mamba reaches out to slap the hand of Copperhead.]

GM: Quick tag there. The Serpentine's showing they've got the basics of tag team wrestling down pat.

BW: Of course they do, Gordo. The Combat Corner may get all the hype around these parts but you can't disrespect the level of training that wrestlers from all over the globe are getting at Medusa Rage's wrestling school in Brooklyn. You'll see when we get to Canada.

GM: What does that mean?

BW: The Canadian fans have a certain adoration for their own. These American fans may disrespect Lauryn and Shadoc Rage but in Canada, they'll be gods!

GM: I highly doubt that.

BW: You'll see, Gordo... you'll see.

[As the announcers discussed the Rage family and Canada, Copperhead comes off the middle rope with a double axehandle down across the back of Cannon, putting her gutfirst down on the canvas.]

GM: An effective doubleteam there, showing off the tag team training they received at the hands of Hall of Famer Medusa Rage that you were talking about.

[As Mamba steps out, Copperhead pulls Melissa Cannon back up to her feet, wrapping her six foot frame around her, twisting her body into an abdominal stretch.]

GM: Abdominal stretch locked in, twisting and pulling at the body of Melissa Cannon.

[Copperhead cranks on the hold, trash talking right into Melissa Cannon's ear.]

"You think you got somethin' on us? You're nothing! You're no one!"

[Andy Dawson leans in, checking for a submission as Julie Somers slaps her hand down on the top turnbuckle a few times, shouting "COME ON!" to her partner as Lori Wilson shouts encouragement from the floor as well.]

GM: Melissa Cannon refusing to give up as Copperhead leans back...

[And with the referee checking on Cannon, Copperhead grabs the middle rope, tugging on it for extra leverage.]

GM: She's got the ropes! She's grabbed hold of the rope for an illegal assist!

[Cannon cries out, shouting in pain as the official checks for a submission...

...and then gets suspicious, quickly getting up to check Copperhead who has let go of the rope by this point. The official eyes Copperhead warily, asking if she was grabbing the rope.]

GM: Well, of course she's going to deny it!

BW: Are you calling her a liar?

GM: Bucky, you SAW her grabbing the ropes with your own eyes!

BW: I think she was just trying to keep her balance. Nothing wrong with that.

[Gordon sighs as the official goes back to Melissa, checking her again...

...and again Copperhead grabs the middle rope, yanking on it to increase the pressure on the torso of Melissa Cannon.]

GM: She's got the rope again, fans! Plain as day! Bucky, are you going to deny it this time?

BW: I think... whoops, I dropped my wallet over here. Hang on a sec, Gordo. I'll take a look in just a second.

GM: Give me a break!

[Again the official pops up as Cannon screams louder, checking for illegalities. But Copperhead is standing tall, denying any impropriety as the official points at the shaking middle rope.]

GM: Yes! There's evidence right there! The rope is shaking!

BW: Oh, hey... my wallet was in my pocket the whole time. What did I miss?

GM: Exactly what you wanted to miss, Bucky!

[The official casts a suspicious eye at Copperhead before leaning down. She immediately grabs for the ropes again...

...and this time, Andy Dawson spins right around Cannon, spotting the illegal assist on the far side. He starts a five count... and then kicks the rope, breaking Copperhead's grip on the ropes and allowing Melissa Cannon to hiptoss the shocked Copperhead down to the mat!]

BW: He STRUCK a woman, Gordo!

GM: He did not! He kicked the rope!

BW: Not from where I'm sitting.

GM: We're sitting in the same place!

[With Copperhead flipped over to the canvas, she angrily gets up, grabbing Andy Dawson by the collar and shoving him back into the neutral corner. She's shouting right in his face as Dawson suddenly jerks free, sticking a finger in her face, shouting in response to big cheers from the crowd!]

GM: And I think the referee has had enough of the Serpentes' bullying tactics!

[Copperhead backs up, hands raised to beg off as Dawson backs her a few steps back...

...right into a schoolgirl rollup!]

GM: ROLLUP GETS ONE!! GETS TWO!! GETS TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: No, no! Two count only!

[Copperhead comes up swinging, going into a full spin and BLASTING Cannon with a discus lariat, knocking her back down to the canvas. Lauryn Rage is all smiles outside the ring, encouraging her friends to "put her through the mat!"]

GM: Copperhead back up... and back to another tag to Mamba.

[The bigger of the two Serpentes comes back into the ring, nodding to Lauryn Rage who throws an arm up in the air. The two snake Amazons do the same, signaling to the jeering crowd.]

GM: They're calling for that double chokeslam, fans!

BW: And if they hit it, this one is going to be all over, daddy!

[Mamba yanks Cannon to her feet, steadying her in the middle of the ring as they each reach out and goosle her around the throat...]

GM: They've got it hooked!

BW: This one's over!

GM: Not yet it isn't!

[And as the Serpentes go to lift Cannon into the air, she swings her left leg up, catching Copperhead under the chin with a kneestrike, breaking the hold and sending her staggering backwards. Cannon drops back to the mat, grabbing the off-balance Mamba and dragging her down to the mat...]

GM: CROSSFACE! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Cannon locks her hands, pulling back on the head and neck of the larger of the two Serpentes!]

GM: Melissa Cannon turned that double chokeslam attempt into a crossface submission hold and Mamba's in trouble!

[Cannon cranks back on the hold, giving a shout of exertion as she tries to force a submission out of the larger woman. Referee Andy Dawson is right down on his knees, checking to see if Mamba gives up. Lauryn Rage is frantically slapping the canvas, screaming at her friend to "hold on!"]

GM: Cannon's got it locked in deep, Bucky!

BW: Mamba's gotta get out of this and she's gotta do it fast!

[Mamba's arm comes up off the mat, the crowd roaring in anticipation of the match-ending tapout...]

...when Copperhead lunges back into the scene, diving on top of Cannon with a double axehandle blow!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And that'll break the hold!

[An irate Copperhead pulls Cannon off the mat by the hair, ready to attack but the referee intervenes, ordering her back to the corner.]

GM: Great call, referee! Mamba is the legal competitor!

[With Copperhead arguing with the referee, Melissa Cannon rolls to all fours, crawling across the ring towards where Julie Somers is desperately encouraging her to make the tag.]

GM: Cannon's on her way, heading for the corner! Can she get there?

BW: No way... no way, Gordo. Mamba's getting up already.

GM: The six two monster of the Serpentes regaining her feet...

[Mamba grabs Cannon by the back of the hair, yanking her to her feet, and pulling her back into Mamba's powerful arms as she lifts her up, spins around, and SLAMS Cannon down, bouncing with the impact!]

GM: Devastating bodyslam! She shook the entire ring with that one!

[Mamba strikes another double bicep pose before dropping an elbow down across the chest of Cannon, sliding into a lateral press. A two count follows before Mamba slips off, doing push-ups right next to Cannon's prone form.]

GM: Really? Is that necessary right now?

BW: Look at the power!

GM: I'm looking at the power but I'm also looking at a total waste of time! She had Cannon covered but she got off her on her own accord to do these pushups!

[Climbing to her feet, Mamba looks arrogantly out at the jeering crowd as Lauryn Rage applauds her friend's actions, shouting "Do it to her, Roch!"]

GM: Mamba pulling Cannon off the mat again, dragging her back to the corner... and there's a tag to Copperhead...

[Copperhead ducks through the ropes, grabbing an arm as the Serpentes whip Cannon across the ring...]

GM: Cannon off the far side...

[Mamba crouches down, popping Cannon up into the air as Copperhead prepares to attack...

...and Cannon comes flying down, knees first on a stunned Copperhead, smashing her down into the canvas to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: OH MY! What a counter! And this might be her chance, Bucky! This might be Melissa Cannon's chance to make that tag!

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one as Cannon again tries to crawl across the ring.

[Mamba goes to intervene but again Andy Dawson is on the scene, pushing her back to the corner and out to the apron as Lauryn Rage throws a fit out on the floor, screaming at her allies as Cannon crawls across the ring. Somers and Wilson start a rhythmic clap that the Seattle crowd soon joins in.]

GM: The fans are behind her! Her friends are behind her!

BW: If she don't hurry up, Copperhead's gonna be behind her too!

[But Cannon is drawing closer to the corner as Copperhead rolls to a knee, clutching her chest in pain. Rage is absolutely screaming at the top of her lungs now, ordering Copperhead to "STOOOOOOP HERRRRRR!"]

GM: Cannon's getting close! She's so close, you can practically-

[Copperhead falls forward, stretching out and grabbing Cannon by the ankle.]

GM: Oh!

BW: Hah! You were saying!

GM: Copperhead's hanging on to that ankle, trying to drag Cannon back from the corner...

[Copperhead climbs to her feet, still holding the ankle...

...when Cannon rolls to her back, pulling her legs towards her chest and kicking off, shoving Copperhead down to the canvas to another big cheer!]

GM: Oh my! That creates some space and Cannon back over on her hands and knees... almost there annnnnnnnd...

[Cannon makes a lunge!]

GM: TAG!

[To a tremendous cheer, Julie Somers slingshots over the top rope, racing across the ring, leapfrogging over a rising Copperhead, leaping into the air again and drilling Mamba with a dropkick that knocks her off the apron to the floor!]

GM: MAMBA DOWN TO THE FLOOR!

[Somers pops back up, wheeling around, charging towards the rising Copperhead...]

GM: Somers leaps...

[Hooking Copperhead's head between her legs, Somers flips her over to the canvas with a rana!]

GM: ...and takes her down!

[The crowd cheers the big rana takedown as Somers comes back to her feet, pumping a fist as Copperhead gets back up near the neutral corner, falling back into it as Somers approaches.]

GM: Somers has her caught in the corner!

[Somers squares up, winding up her arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The barrage of chops has Copperhead reeling as Somers grabs her by the arm, shooting her from corner-to-corner...

...and then ducks down as Copperhead staggers out, launching her up into the air!]

GM: HIIIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP!

[Somers again pumps her fists, the crowd solidly behind her as she strings together this comeback against the physically-dominant Serpentine.]

GM: Julie Somers is rocking and rolling here in Seattle and there may be no better town to do it in! The Spitfire is living up to her nickname as she's burning up the ring right about now!

[As Copperhead struggles back to her feet, Somers peppers her with a few short forearms, sending her falling back into the ropes. Somers quickly pursues, grabbing her by the arm again...]

GM: Another whip... Somers off the ropes as well...

[Leaping into the air, Somers bounces her forearm off the skull of Copperhead, knocking her flat!]

GM: Flying forearm connects! That might be enough!

[Somers slides into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Rage is screaming and shouting as the referee's hand goes up for the potentially match-ending three count...]

GM: TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: No, no! Two count only!

[Out at ringside, Rage fans herself at the near fall as Mamba angrily shouts to her partner from her spot in the corner. Somers pulls Copperhead off the mat again, whipping her into the ropes one more time...

...and leaps into the air, throwing her body towards the rebounding Copperhead, extending her arm in a leaping clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline takes her down as well!

[Somers dives into another lateral press, hooking a leg...]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And another near fall right there! Julie Somers so close to picking up the win for her team right there!

[Somers gets back up, clapping her hands together in frustration as she grabs Copperhead by the ankle, dragging her into position...

...and then points to the corner!]

GM: Somers is calling for the moonsault! Her signature move!

[The Boston native approaches the corner, slapping the top turnbuckle twice before stepping up to the second rope, facing the roaring crowd who are cheering in anticipation...]

GM: Somers is climbing the ropes... to the second... to the top...

[Which is Lauryn Rage's cue to hop up on the apron, screaming and shouting at Somers who pauses for a moment, staring at Rage...

...who suddenly gets yanked down off the apron by Wilson...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK! WILSON LAYS HER OUT AGAIN!

[A grin from Somers flashes before she leaps into the air, flipping backwards through the sky...]

GM: MOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLT!

[...and CRASHES down across the chest of Copperhead! Somers reaches back, hooking the legs!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAMBA BREAKS IT UP! MAMBA JUST BARELY BREAKS IT UP IN TIME!

[The referee gets right up in Mamba's face...

...just a moment before a charging Melissa Cannon leaps into the air, crashing into Mamba with a forearm smash, sending them both falling back towards the Serpentes' corner! The crowd is on their feet as Cannon tees off on Mamba, hammering away with elbowstrikes to the temple.]

GM: MELISSA CANNON ON MAMBA!

[The referee moves to the corner, wedging himself between Cannon and Mamba, pushing Cannon back...

...which creates enough space for Mamba to charge out, arm stretched out as Melissa shoves the official out of the path of the stampeding Mamba!]

GM: CLOTHESLI- DUCKED!

[And Cannon hooks Mamba in a rear waistlock as she goes by. The crowd roars in anticipation just before Cannon lifts Mamba into the air, taking her down with a DEVASTATING German Suplex on the back of the head and neck!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WAISTLOCK SUPLEX ON A 200 POUND MAMBA!

[Cannon pops up as Somers pulls Copperhead up, throwing her towards Cannon who boots her in the gut. She steps into a standing headscissors, reaching under to double underhook the arms. The former M-DOJO and Combat Corner student

looks out at the cheering crowd with a nod, lifting Copperhead into the air, twisting her around, and DRIVING her down with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: BILLION DOLLAR BOMMMMMMB!

[And with Copperhead laid out on the mat, Julie Somers scampers up to the top rope, raising an arm to big cheers before flipping backwards...

...and CRASHING DOWN onto their opponent again!]

GM: MOOOOOOONSAULLLLLLLT!

[Somers hooks the legs as Cannon stands guard.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Cannon pumps a fist in triumph as Somers comes back to her feet, all smiles at the win as Lori Wilson rolls in to join them. The fans are roaring as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winners of the match... the team of JULIE SOMERS AND MELISSA CANNNNNNNONNNNNN!

[Another big cheer as Cannon grabs Somers by the wrist, raising her hand as Lori Wilson applauds their victory.]

GM: What a win over two physically dominating opponents! Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon declare victory here tonight in Seattle and... look at this poor sport now.

[Rubbing her jaw, Lauryn Rage backpedals down the aisle, glaring up at Cannon, Somers, and Wilson in the ring. She is muttering to herself, waving an arm with a loud “I’M DONE WITH Y’ALL! DONE!” as she turns to walk back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Well, Lauryn Rage may not be too happy about the result of this one but these fans in Seattle certainly are, Bucky.

BW: They’ve got no taste. They liked Nirvana. Bunch of noise.

GM: You’ll have to excuse Bucky Wilde, fans. He’s a little upset at this turn of events much as Lauryn Rage and her Serpentes are. However, it’s a jubilant scene here in Seattle and, fans, let’s go backstage to some pre-recorded comments from Sweet Lou Blackwell and his guest who is no doubt hoping he has better success than his sister just did, Shadoe Rage!

[We fade to footage marked “EARLIER TONIGHT” where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing backstage with his microphone.]

SLB: As the action continues at Memorial Day Mayhem, I’m standing here with someone who is heading into one of the most hotly-contested matches of the night as he tries to regain the AWA World Television championship he lost to Supernova at SuperClash... allow me to introduce Shadoe Rage!

[Shadoe Rage steps into the shot. He is dressed in a shiny silver leather robe with a matching bandana. He stops and stares at Sweet Lou Blackwell, drawing off his sunglasses so he can turn the full power of his baleful hazel eyes on the interviewer. Blackwell falls a step back and bumps into the Misfits as they surround him from

behind. Blackwell eyes them uncomfortably before he returns his gaze to Shadoo Rage. Rage reaches out and takes the microphone from Blackwell who foolishly resists for a moment before he relinquishes it with a pained and disgusted look. Rage turns to the camera, raising the microphone to speak. He glances back at Blackwell in disgust before he speaks.]

SR: Supernova, it may not be Sunday but I'm taking you to church. I'm leading you to the truth.

Supernova, you broke the 9th Commandment... thou shalt not steal. You stole the AWA World Television title from me.

And tonight you will suffer the consequences.

[Rage glowers into the camera.]

SR: I made the AWA World Television championship the greatest title in the AWA. I was the greatest AWA champion. Once, She was forgotten. Now she is the most coveted title in the AWA. For one year, She was mine! And then you stole Her from me with the help of a crooked referee.

[Rage shakes his head in disgust as he tries to compose himself.]

SR: Supernova, you wear a mask like a thief. But tonight you can't steal Her from me again. There's no Melissa Cannon to cheat for you. There's no time limit to save you. I'm going to have my revenge. I'm going to savor this. I'm going to make you suffer before I take Her back.

They used to cut off thieves' hands.

I'm gonna cut your head off, Supernova!

[In the background, Sweet Lou Blackwell winces.]

SR: You can't run. You can't hide. YOU CAN'T KEEP HER FROM ME!

I am the Number One Contender. I have my contractual rematch. And I AM the rightful champion. And tonight, you're facing your Day of Reckoning.

[Rage takes a long, deep breath.]

SR: Supernova, you also broke the eleventh commandment. You shall not take Her from me.

Now you die in darkness!

Misfits, we go to regain Her!

[Rage stuffs the microphone back into Blackwell's hands. He glares at him one more time before he walks away. The Misfits laugh as they follow behind their leader. Blackwell watches them leave as he cradles his microphone protectively. He seems frustrated and dismayed.]

SLB: I... I...

[He rubs the microphone unconsciously.]

SLB: The nerve of that man.

[We go from pre-recorded comments from Shadoe Rage and Sweet Lou over to live footage of Mark Stegglet standing in the same location. With him is Supernova, who is dressed in his wrestling attire, his face painted black and yellow and the AWA World Television title.]

MS: In just a few minutes, fans, Supernova will be defending his World TV title against the former champion, Shadoe Rage, in a long-awaited rematch between the two. Supernova, you agreed to waive the time limit for this matchup, just as you got Rage to do in your previous meeting at SuperClash. It sounds to me that you want to ensure things are settled once and for all between you and Shadoe Rage.

S: Mark, it's been going on almost 15 months since Shadoe Rage and I first crossed paths. And it all started when I just wanted to prove that my time had come to earn my first championship. Sure, Rage and I never saw eye to eye on just about anything, but the only thing that concerned me at that point was I wanted the title and Rage wasn't about to give it up. But as you know, over time, it started getting personal. It became more than about a title, but who had the spotlight thrust upon them, who wanted the attention the most, and then, Rage took it upon himself to put me on the shelf for good!

[He pats the belt around his waist.]

S: But when it was all said and done, I finally proved I had what it took it to become a champion. And I know a few people would say that maybe the rematch should have come a little sooner... I get that, I really do. But it wasn't long before Rage started trying to force the issue, went after Derrick Williams, a young man who reminds me a lot about how I was when I first started, wanting to make his mark in the AWA and ultimately getting his first chance at a title shot. And that's when Rage started getting directly involved, as if he believed the only way winning the belt back would mean anything is if he took it from me personally.

[He points a finger at the camera.]

S: Well, Rage, congratulations. You got your chance to take it from me personally. But you know what? You know what I have to say about that?

[His eyes grow wild and he slaps the belt again.]

S: SHE'S MINE! YOU CAN'T HAVE HER! SHE'S ALL MINE NOW!

[At that point, he cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before turning back to Stegglet.]

S: Sorry, Mark, I just have to blow off a little steam every now and then. You take it now!

MS: Well, that brings us to tonight's match. With the time limit waived, you certainly want to ensure there will be a winner. But do you believe you have what it takes to go the distance against Rage again? After all, some would say you had to pull out everything you had to beat Rage at SuperClash!

S: Yeah, I hear that a lot, Mark! I don't doubt that Rage knows about everything that I can throw at him, everything that I can do. But I also know everything that he can do, too! And some might say he had to throw everything he had at me at SuperClash as well! The way I see it, this isn't about who can surprise who, because there's hardly anything either of us could do to surprise the other!

[A slight laugh, then that crazed look in his eyes returns.]

S: Or perhaps not! Because ever since SuperClash, I've heard nothing but complaints from Rage, I've had nothing but trouble from him, and I'm started to growing a little tired of having to deal with it all! So this might be the night that Rage finds out what happens when a Supernova with an even wilder streak, perhaps a meaner streak, perhaps even a hotter streak than the last time! After all, the way I see it, the time has come for me to close another chapter in my career and that means proving, once and for all, that I am the better wrestler, that I deserve to be the World Television Champion, and that Rage has to accept after all this time...

[He slaps the belt again.]

S: SHE'S MINE NOW! YOU LOST HER! YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!

[And he raises the finger to the camera again.]

S: The heat is coming for you once again, Rage, and it might just burn you alive!

[He lets loose another howl and walks off the set.]

MS: Supernova looking to settle things with Shadoe Rage once and for all! Gordon, Bucky... let's go back to you!

[We fade back to a panning shot of the interior of the KeyArena.]

GM: Thanks for that, Mark. Bucky, we've all been waiting a long time for this one.

BW: If you think YOU'VE been waiting a long time for it, think about how Shadoe Rage is feeling. He lost the title at SuperClash through chicanery on the part of Supernova and Melissa Cannon and had to wait SIX MONTHS to get his rematch while the likes of Derrick Williams and Allen Allen took their shot at the gold. Rage is a powderkeg and it don't take much to light that fuse, Gordo.

GM: It certainly doesn't and I have no doubt that Shadoe Rage is going to be a man willing to do whatever it takes here tonight in Seattle... but when you look at Supernova - a man who is finally holding gold after so long here in the AWA without it - you have to feel like he's going to be willing to do the same thing.

BW: Supernova wants to put this matter to bed once and for all, Gordo. He doesn't want any question after this one. He doesn't want another rematch. He wants this one to be settled but I'm guessing he won't like the result.

GM: We're about to find out. It's time for our first title match of the night, fans, so let's go to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Cut to Phil Watson standing inside the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and has NO TIME LIMIT!

[Big cheer!]

PW: It is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE...

[Another big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[Barber's "Hymn for the Fallen" sends a hush over the arena.]

PW: At 244 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... accompanied to the ring by his Misfits... he is the former AWA World Television Champion...

SHAAAAAADOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The curtains part and Shadoe Rage sweeps out, dressed in his more energetic silver and fuchsia color scheme. The Misfits bound out behind him, their energy contrasting with the dirge that plays.]

GM: And right there is a potential problem for Supernova tonight... those Misfits.

BW: What's wrong with the Misfits?

GM: Supernova is coming out here all alone and we already talked about Shadoe Rage being willing to do whatever it takes to regain the World Television Title here tonight.

[The Misfits shout at the crowd as the trio walks towards the ring.]

AC: SHE'S COMING HOME!

RH: THE KANG WILL RETAKE HIS THRONE! YA FEEL ME?

[Rage takes the ring, shedding his garb. He is laser focused, moving to his corner. He shakes his hands and tugs at the ropes, but his blazing hazel eyes never leave the entrance ramp.]

PW: And his opponent...

["You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

PW: Introducing, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNN... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...

IS...

SUPERNOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.

As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.

Referee Ricky Longfellow approaches, taking the title belt from the champion. He holds the title over his head, showing it to the cheering KeyArena crowd, and then hands it through the ropes to the timekeeper.]

GM: No time limit for the World Television Title. Supernova's six month title reign at stake here tonight, fans, and this one should be something else.

[The referee's back is turned as Supernova lifts his boot up on the second rope, looking to adjust his boot laces...

...which gives the former champion the opening he's looking for, sprinting across the ring at top speed, BLASTING Supernova in the back of the head with a double axehandle to the skull!]

GM: OH! Sneak attack by Shadoe Rage!

[The Misfits shout their approval from the floor as Rage grabs his rival by the hair, rifling him headfirst into the top turnbuckle once... twice... three times, pulling him back out of the corner, scooping him up and slamming him down. The official signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's all official now as Rage hits a big slam near the corner... and look at this!

[The Seattle crowd roars with anticipation as Rage hops through the ropes, quickly moving to scale the turnbuckles.]

GM: Rage is going up top! Rage is going to try and finish this early!

BW: He wants the title back and he's showing early that it's all about the gold, daddy!

[Rage reaches the top rope, raising his arms over his head...

...but Supernova is already up on his feet, burying a right hand into the midsection of Shadoe Rage, doubling him over as Supernova grabs him, flinging him off the top rope, throwing him down to the canvas!]

GM: BIG SLAM OFF THE TOP! OH MY!!

[Rage instantly rolls over, grabbing at his lower back as he crawls towards the corner, using the ropes to regain his feet as Supernova throws himself back into the opposite buckles, tossing back his head for a howl before he breaks into a sprint across the ring...]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

[But as Rage spots his rival homing in on him, he grabs the ropes, diving through them to the floor. Supernova comes to a halt, looking annoyed as Rage staggers around the ringside area, the fans jeering him for bailing out.]

GM: And Shadoe Rage gets out of there in time to avoid the Heat Wave.

BW: Both men showing they're not wasting any time here tonight, Gordo. This match may have no time limit but it doesn't mean that they're going to be taking it slow in there. With the title on the line, they're both looking to get the win whenever and however they can.

[The World Television Champion approaches the ropes, leaning over them and shouting at Rashan Hill and Amos Carter as they huddle up with Shadoe Rage out on the floor.]

BW: Looks like a little strategy session out on the floor.

GM: With those two? Are you kidding me?

BW: Hey, Hill and Carter BEAT Supernova nine days ago. They might have an insight on how to do it again.

GM: They only won that match after Shadoo Rage interfered SEVERAL times so unless he's going to interfere for himself, I don't think the Misfits have anything to add to the discussion.

[With the referee counting, Supernova decides he's had enough, dropping to the mat and rolling out to the floor. As Rage spots him approaching, he shoves Carter at Supernova who DROPS him with a right hand!]

BW: Oh, come on! There's no call for that!

GM: Supernova drops Carter... and there's one for Hill as well!

[With the Misfits down, Supernova pursues Rage who backpedals away from him, circling around the ring...]

GM: Rage rolls in... Supernova coming in after him...

[Rage boots 'Nova in the chest on his way in, kicking him a few more times before dragging him up to his feet by the arm, turning him into an Irish whip towards the corner...]

GM: Whips him- no, reversal!

[As Rage goes rushing towards the corner, the impact of the amped-up throw sends him toppling over the ropes, landing on his feet out on the apron where he dashes down them towards the adjacent corner...

...and gets knocked off the apron with a running clothesline by Supernova!]

GM: DOWN GOES RAGE AGAIN!

[Supernova throws back his head, delivering another howl as Carter and Hill scamper over to check on the downed Shadoo Rage...

...only to find Supernova charging across the ring, LEAPING OVER THE TOP ROPE, and laying them both out with a big dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS, WHAT A DIVE OUT OF THE CHAMPION!

[With Carter and Hill dazed on the floor, Supernova pulls Shadoo Rage back to his feet, rifling him back under the ropes into the ring. He climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes where he finds Rage on his back, scooting backwards, begging off as the champion advances on him.]

GM: Rage is looking for mercy but he's not about to find any here!

[Supernova shakes his head as Rage reaches the ropes, dragging himself off the mat, throwing a kick at the incoming champion...

...but gets his foot caught!]

BW: He caught the kick! Supernova's had an answer for Shadoo Rage's every move so far, Gordo!

[Rage bounces on one foot as Supernova pulls him towards the middle of the ring and then spins him around, lifting him up into the air, bringing him down tailbone-first on a bent knee...]

GM: Atomic drop!

[...sending Rage into the ropes where he bounces back towards Supernova who shoves Rage skyward, backing away and watching as Rage SLAMS chestfirst down to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!

[Supernova drops to his knees, rolling Rage onto his back and attempting a pin.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Rage kicks out, breaking up the pin...

...but Supernova swings a leg over him, taking a loose mount as he holds onto Rage by the hair, driving his fist down repeatedly between the eyes!]

GM: Right hand after right hand down on the canvas! He's beating the heck out of Shadoo Rage and making him pay for almost a year and a half of the hell they've put each other through!

[The referee starts a count, getting to four before Supernova gets off of Rage, shaking out his hand as Rage drags himself towards the ropes again.]

GM: Supernova warned Rage that he might be facing a different Supernova here tonight!

[But as Rage reaches the corner, Supernova shakes his head, refusing to allow Rage to escape. Supernova grabs him by the foot as Rage tries to get off the mat, again back on one foot, clinging to the ropes...]

GM: Rage is hanging on for dear life!

[Supernova lets go of the foot, drilling Rage with a right hand!]

GM: Oh my, what a shot!

[With Supernova on the attack, Rage grabs a handful of hair, spinning him around in the buckles, drilling him with a right hand...

...but Supernova simply shakes his head in response.]

GM: No effect!

[Rage winds up, throwing another haymaker but again Supernova shakes his head, refusing to feel the effects as a panicking Rage does a full spin, cocking his arm overhead, driving the point of his elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: Rage brings out the elbow but again Supernova is just walking right through it!

[With a howl, Supernova sticks out his tongue, striking a big pose as Rage backpedals, shaking his head in disbelief, walking backwards across the ring to the far corner as Supernova follows him in...

...and nearly sends him over the top rope with a big haymaker!]

GM: OHHH! What a right hand!

[Supernova pulls Rage back down, landing a few more shots before stepping up to the second rope. He looks out at the roaring crowd, nodding his head as he balls up his right hand...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

[The World Television Champion halts his attack as Amos Carter climbs up on the apron, shouting at Supernova. The referee slides over to confront Carter, ordering him to get down...]

GM: Get him down from there!

BW: He's trying, Gordo! Show a little patience, will ya?

GM: I will-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reaction comes as Shadoe Rage slips out from under Supernova, grabbing his left leg and yanking it HARD, pulling it out from under 'Nova. He falls from the perch, getting caught by Rage who wedges him between the ropes, quickly climbing them...

...and leaping into the air, DRIVING his two knees down into the midsection of Supernova, sending him down to the mat clutching his ribs as Rage dives across, hooking a leg.]

BW: Rage has got him!

[The referee counts to two before Supernova powers out, kicking out of the pin attempt. Rage angrily points at the official before climbing back up to his feet, stomping and kicking the ribs of Supernova who tries to cover them with his arm.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is all over the World Television Champion, looking to become a two-time holder of that crown, Bucky.

BW: I've got a good feeling that he's gonna do it here tonight, Gordo.

GM: That remains to be seen. Remember, fans, no time limit in this one. These two are going at it until we've got a winner.

[Rage leans down, dragging Supernova up by the hair, winding up and drilling him with a right hand between the eyes, sending the face-painted champion stumbling back into the ropes.]

GM: And now Shadoe Rage moving to the fisticuffs, snapping that jab in under the chin...

[Several jabs land before Rage switches to an overhead elbows mash, knocking Supernova down to a knee in front of him. Rage grabs a handful of hair, pulling Supernova's head back, jabbing a finger into his face.]

"SHE'S MINE! NOT YOURS, MINE! I'M TAKING HER HOME TONIGHT, YOU FREAK!"

[Another hard right hand knocks Supernova off his knee, putting him back down on the canvas as Rage stands over him, twirling a finger in the air to jeers from the fans and cheers from the Misfits.]

GM: Shadoe Rage letting Supernova know that he thinks he's taking the title home tonight. Do you agree, Bucky?

BW: I absolutely do. He's been waiting far too long to not take advantage of this shot here tonight on the biggest stage of the summer.

GM: We're already in the midst of one heck of a night, fans, as we saw The Gladiator win the Steal The Spotlight contract in our opener and now we know that he'll cash that contract in later tonight to face Johnny Detson for the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: A crying shame. A conspiracy of epic proportions... and you'd call it that too if it wasn't for your fak-

GM: Don't you dare start with that fake news garbage again.

[Pulling Supernova back to his feet, Rage scoops the 260 pounder up in his arms, slamming him down to the canvas. Rage looks agitated at the booing crowd, cocking his right arm and dropping an elbow down into the chest!]

GM: The slam followed by the elbow... basic elementary professional wrestling moves but so effective in the right hands. And Shadoe Rage certainly has the right hands with all his experience in this sport of ours.

[Rage scrambles up, dropping another elbow... wash, rinse, repeat...]

GM: Elbow after elbow being dropped down into the heart of the champion as Rage tries to put Supernova out and walk out of Seattle as the new World Television Champion.

[After a half dozen elbows, Rage comes to his feet, leaping high into the air...

...and DRIVES his knee down into the heart before diving across the chest in another pin attempt.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! But again, the champion kicks out in time.

[This time, it's Rage's turn to grab Supernova by the hair, hammering his fist down between the eyes a few times before letting go and climbing back to his feet. He looks around at the riled-up crowd, extending his arms to his sides and gesturing for more boos... and they, of course, oblige.]

GM: The Seattle crowd getting on the case of Shadoe Rage who seems to be enjoying this, Bucky.

BW: Hey, if you're going to get booed, might as well give 'em something to boo about.

[Pulling Supernova up to his feet by the arm, Rage shoots him the short distance into the nearest corner, causing him to rebound back off into a short back elbow up under the chin, knocking the fan favorite back down to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! Down goes the champion!

[Rage extends his arms to his sides again, doing a quick twirl to more jeers from the AWA faithful as Carter and Hill applaud out at ringside. The challenger gives a slight bow to his charges before viciously stomping Supernova, causing him to roll across the ring, right out under the ropes. The official steps in, reprimanding Rage who keeps the official tied up while Amos Carter wraps his hands around the throat of Supernova, strangling the air out of him...]

GM: Carter's choking Supernova out on the floor!

BW: Yeah he is but the referee is too busy yelling at Shadoe Rage. He's not seeing any of this, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely ridiculous. It's absolutely ridiculous that they allowed Carter and Hill to stay out here for this match.

BW: Hey, he's their Coach!

GM: That logic makes no sense at all.

[Pulling Supernova back inside the ring, Rage winds up and drops another elbow down across the collarbone, making a cover... and getting another two count. Rage gets up, takes aim, and drops to his knees, driving the point of his elbow down into the forehead of Supernova!]

GM: Oof! That'll make you see some stars.

BW: Absolutely. Shadoe Rage has some of the most deadly elbows in all of wrestling... maybe the deadliest.

GM: I think Derrick Williams would take issue with that.

BW: He can take issue all he wants. Tonight's not about him. Two weeks from now - in Calgary - he gets to take issue all he wants against the World Television Champion whoever it is.

[Pulling Supernova to his feet by the hair, Rage looks out at the jeering crowd, charging across the ring at full speed...

...and HURLS the World Television Champion over the top rope, flipping through the air and crashing down to the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: OHHHH! A hard fall all the way down to the floor for the World Television Champion! Supernova went all the way over the top and down onto that thin black mats covering the solid concrete underneath!

BW: Those mats protect the concrete more than they do anyone crashing down on them.

GM: You got that right... and now Shadoe Rage is being reprimanded by the official again...

[Which gives Amos Carter and Rashan Hill time to put the boots to Supernova for a few seconds before scampering away.]

GM: The Misfits taking advantage of the situation out on the floor...

BW: Hey, Supernova put his hands on them first.

GM: Perhaps but- uh oh, fans! Shadoe Rage is headed up top!

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation as Rage scales the ropes, standing atop the buckles with his arms raised over his head...]

GM: Rage at his favorite place in the entire arena, standing on his perch...

[And as Supernova struggles to his feet, Rage leaps off the top, sailing through a sea of flashbulbs and breaking a double axehandle down across the skull of the World Television Champion!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE! He got all of that!

[Rage collapses to his knees after landing the blow, staying there with a slight smile on his face as the fans buzz at the high-risk offensive strike.]

GM: Rage came flying off the top rope and hit that double axehandle... and Supernova is certainly down out on the floor after that, fans.

BW: Rage needs to put him back in, hit the elbow, and take that title home.

GM: Hill and Carter cheering him on. They certainly like what they're seeing as do - I'm sure - any Shadoo Rage fans out there. I'm guessing there are some. Even Donald Trump has at least 1,237 fans.

[Bucky chuckles at Gordon going political as Rage rises to his feet, leaning down to pull Supernova up by the hair...]

...and RIFLES him headfirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Rage bounces his head off the hardest part of the ring!

BW: If a man's unconscious, he certainly can't kick out at two.

GM: That's the kind of strategy that made you a multi-time Manager of the Year.

BW: You got it, daddy.

[Grabbing Supernova by the arm, Rage gestures for Carter and Hill to clear a path as he goes to whip him into the railing...]

...but Supernova manages to reverse it, sending Rage SAILING through the air into the steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES RAGE!

[The challenger staggers off the railing, clutching his lower back as Supernova doubles over...]

GM: OH MY!

[...and sends Rage flying through the air, crashing down on the barely-padded floor courtesy of a backdrop!]

BW: Illegal! Illegal!

GM: Supernova with the timely counter and that one had to shake Rage from head to toe, fans!

[Rage is down on the floor, grimacing in pain as he hangs on to his lower back. Supernova slumps to his knees after delivering the backdrop, feeling the effects of the battle so far.]

GM: Fans, we've passed the ten minute mark in this match. Remember, the World Television Title typically has a ten minute time limit in all defenses so if this was your standard title defense, the match would be over and a time limit draw right about now but Supernova waived the time limit for this match much like Shadoe Rage did six months ago at SuperClash when 'Nova won the title.

[Inside the ring, the referee has started a double count on both competitors.]

GM: And as Ricky Longfellow starts his ten count on Supernova and Shadoe Rage, we should remind you that this match may have no time limit but countouts and disqualifications are certainly in effect.

BW: And it would be just like that thieving cheater, Supernova, to get himself counted out to save his title!

GM: We certainly have never seen Supernova do anything like that... unlike Shadoe Rage. But it won't do Mr. Rage any good to have that happen here tonight. If he wants the title, he needs to pin Supernova or make him submit.

BW: It's comin', Gordo... just you wait.

[In the corner, the Misfits huddle up for a few moments and when they break, Amos Carter is up on the apron, arguing with Ricky Longfellow. Carter circles around the ringpost, staying on the apron but drawing the referee's focus away from Rage and Supernova on the floor.]

GM: Amos Carter's up on the apron, causing trouble... and look out for Rashan Hill!

[Hill grabs Supernova off the mats, steadying him as he backs up, takes aim, talking a little trash...

...and then leaps forward, attempting to land a clothesline but Supernova ducks under it, sending Hill flying past him. Supernova lands a clothesline of his own, taking the off-balance Hill off his feet!]

GM: Ohh! Supernova drops Rashan Hill like a bad habit!

[Amos Carter angrily slams his arms down on the ropes, the referee following his gaze just as Shadoe Rage gets up, throwing himself into a double axehandle to the back of Supernova's head!]

GM: And Rage caught him from behind!

BW: Supernova was standing over Rashan Hill after that big clothesline and he lost his focus on his opponent.

GM: It's hard to stay focused when there's all this extra-curricular activity going on outside the ring.

BW: That's the mark of a true champion though, Gordo. Being able to stay on your game no matter what else is happening.

[Pulling Supernova off the ringside mats, Rage FIRES him headfirst into the ring apron again, sending Supernova staggering back up the aisle. Amos Carter drops off the apron to check on his partner as the official waves for the action to get back inside the ring.]

GM: Supernova's staggering up the aisle and Shadoe Rage is going after him!

BW: Look at that coward Supernova trying to walk out on this match and save the title! He knows that Shadoe Rage is closing in on winning back his title and now he's trying to bail out of here!

GM: That's not what's happening at all, Bucky!

[Getting about halfway down the aisle, they end up at the foot of the entrance ramp where Shadoe Rage catches up to Supernova, grabbing him by the hair..

...and DRIVES him headfirst into the ramp!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADFIRST INTO SOLID STEEL!

[A smirking Rage kneels on the ramp, looking down at his fallen opponent. He grabs the hair of Supernova, using it to drag his face back and forth on the metal.]

GM: Ahhh! He's raking his face on that metal floor!

BW: Too bad they don't have a hockey team here in Seattle, Gordo, because we're about to have a face-off!

GM: Oh, that's hysterical.

[Getting back to his feet, Rage looks out at the jeering crowd... then down the aisle at the official who is starting his count anew. Rage nods before leaping into the air...

...and DRIVING his knee down into the back of Supernova's head, smashing his face into the steel!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[Rage rolls off of Supernova, sitting on the ramp for a few moments before a frantically waving Amos Carter gets his attention. The former champion drags Supernova off the ramp, lifting him up over his shoulder as he walks down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Rage is physically carrying Supernova back down the aisle after using that steel ramp as a weapon!

[...and shoves Supernova under the ropes before climbing back up on the apron himself, twirling an outstretched finger in the air as he heads towards the corner turnbuckles.]

GM: Rage is heading up top again! He's headed to the corner... and he's going up top!

[And waits... and waits... and waits as Supernova struggles to get up off the canvas, shaking his head back and forth to try to clear the cobwebs.]

GM: The champion is up and-

BW: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[Rage sails off the top rope, looking to land another one of his double axehandle shots...

...and does, crashing it down between the eyes and knocking 'Nova flat on the canvas. Rage swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before rolling into a back press, cradling a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Supernova FIRES a shoulder up off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: No, no! Supernova kicks out JUST in time!

BW: Shadoe Rage was about a half a count away right there from regaining the TV Title... from becoming a two-time World Television Champion.

[An angry and frustrated Rage climbs off the canvas, holding up three fingers. Longfellow holds up two in response as Rage drags Supernova up to his feet, holding him by the hair, running towards the ropes...

...and LEAPS over the top, snapping Supernova's throat down on the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CLOTHESLINE OVER THE TOP!! THAT MIGHT BE ENOUGH!

[Rage scrambles back in, stacking Supernova up in a jackknife cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! SUPERNOVA GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Rage rolls to his back, slamming his hands down on the mat as Longfellow holds up two fingers again.]

GM: Again, Supernova kicks out JUST in the nick of time! We're on the verge of crossing the fifteen minute mark in this match and right now, things are definitely going Shadoe Rage's way, Bucky.

BW: I told you, Gordo. She's goin' home with Shadoe tonight!

[Rage rolls to a knee, glaring at the official who scampers to the side, staying out of Rage's reach as the challenger climbs to his feet. Sneering, he grabs Supernova by the arm, hauling him up to his feet...]

GM: Irish whip... no, pulls him back!

[A short-arm clothesline takes Supernova off his feet!]

GM: Rage staying on Supernova, pulling him up again... and takes him down a second time!

BW: Another one! Third time's a charm?

GM: It certainly appears that way as Rage drags him up, sets him up...

[But this time, Supernova ducks under the clothesline attempt, snagging a rear waistlock as he goes by...

...and takes Rage up and over, dropping him down with a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: OHH! WAISTLOCK SUPLEX! WITH A BRIDGE!

[The official dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[But this time, it's Shadoe Rage who kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt in time.]

GM: No! Two count only... another near fall but this time for Shadoe Rage as Supernova was a half count away from keeping that World Television Title secured around his waist!

[The suplex seems to have drained both men as they both lay on the canvas for several moments, breathing heavily as the crowd buzzes at the near fall.]

GM: Both men down. Both men hurting. Both men tired. We're over fifteen minutes into thing and Bucky, something's gotta give.

BW: You have to think it'll be whoever gets their signature move on first. Rage hasn't hit the elbow. He hasn't gone for the Eclipse. Supernova hasn't locked on the Solar Flare. I think whoever gets their move first wins this thing and walks out the champion, Gordo.

GM: Shadoe Rage slowly sitting up now. He took that suplex from Supernova but seems to still be a little bit fresher than his opponent.

[Shaking his head, the former champion climbs up to his feet, turning to say something to Hill and Carter outside the ring. Rage grabs Supernova by the arm, whipping him towards the corner...

...but as Supernova hits the buckles, he bounces right out, running down Shadoe Rage with a clothesline!]

GM: Ohhh! Big clothesline!

[Rage scrambles up off the mat as Supernova comes charging back in, knocking him down a second time. Amos Carter loudly shouts from the floor as Supernova waves a hand, waiting for Rage to get up...

...and as Shadoe Rage struggles to his feet, Supernova runs him down a third time, dropping him with an impactful clothesline! The World Television Champion turns to the crowd, throwing back his head in a howl as Carter and Hill scramble about ringside, looking to help their coach in some way.]

GM: Nova's got Rage in some trouble now, building up momentum as the challenge tries to get back to his feet!

[The champion pulls the challenger to his feet, Rage barely able to stay there as Nova grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi-reversed!

[The reversal of the whip sends Supernova towards the corner...

...and this time, it's the World Television Champion who flips over the top, landing on his feet on the apron!]

GM: Oh! Supernova on the apron!

[In a mirror from earlier in the match, Shadoe Rage runs down the ropes, trying to clothesline 'Nova off the apron...

...but 'Nova ducks under it, running up the ropes to the top, setting his feet and leaping off in a crossbody on a surprised Shadoe Rage!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another near fall for the champion! Just a half count away from keeping the title!

[Supernova climbs back to his feet, advancing on the slowly-rising Shadoe Rage, throwing a big right hand... then a backhand... then another right... then another backhand, sending Rage staggering back into the turnbuckles as the face-painted fan favorite continues to hammer away in the corner!]

GM: Blow after blow by Supernova, battering Shadoe Rage in the corner!

[The referee approaches, making his count...]

GM: The referee's counting Supernova but I'm not sure the champion even hears him! That's how fired up he is right now!

[The official loudly protests and then decides to intervene, wedging himself between Rage and Supernova, creating some space between them...

...and Rage reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes, and RAKES hard!]

GM: OHH! Cheapshot! Rage goes to the eyes!

[With Supernova blinded, he staggers backwards as the referee reprimands Shadoe Rage for his illegal attack...

...and 'Nova rushes half the distance of the ring, hurling himself into the air as Longfellow just barely clears out, allowing Rage to be crushed in the buckles!]

GM: SHORT RANGE HEAT WAVE!!!

[Rage loops his arms over the top rope, hanging on to stay on his feet as Supernova backs off, rubbing his eyes as he wobbles back across the ring to the turnbuckles, pressing his back against them...

...and then sprints across again, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Backing off, Supernova watches as Rage staggers out of the corner, collapsing to the canvas as the crowd goes nuts and the Misfits do the same for a very different reason.]

GM: That's the setup for the Solar Flare! Supernova looking to finish off Shadoe Rage in the middle of the ring here at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[With Rage flat on his back, Supernova rubs at his eyes again, leaning over to grab the legs, folding one over the other...]

GM: Supernova's going for it... going for it all!

[...but as he leans over, Supernova's eyes are exposed and Rage goes for them again, raking the eyes a second time!]

GM: OH, COME ON! Two blatant eyerakes! That's gotta be a disqualification!

[Supernova staggers backwards, rubbing at his eyes frantically as Rage slides up to a knee, lunging forward to grab at Supernova's legs, yanking them out from under him...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Oh, yes! Yes! Do it!

[Rage quickly folds Supernova's legs over one another...

...and then steps through, locking on his own Texas Cloverleaf!]

GM: AHHH! SOLAR FLARE BY SHADOE RAGE!

[The hold isn't as well-executed as it is by Supernova but it's definitely doing some damage as Supernova cries out in pain, clawing at the mat as Rage leans back on the hold...]

BW: Rage has got it locked in!

GM: Supernova's close to the ropes though. I don't know if he can see them... heck, I'm not even sure he can open his eyes at this point! That vicious eyerake - two of 'em - by Shadoe Rage has put Supernova in a bad way.

[The official kneels down on the mat, checking for a submission as Supernova stretches out an arm...

...and hooks it over the ropes!]

GM: No, no! Supernova gets to the ropes! Come on, ref! Break the hold!

[The referee's count goes to three... four... and just short of five before Rage finally lets go, raising his hands in the air. He gets a reprimand from the official for the slow break but Rage brushes past him, looking for the kill.]

GM: Rage hauling Supernova up to his feet, dragging him back out to the middle of the ring... scoop... and the big slam!

[With Supernova down on the mat, Rage points to the corner...]

BW: He's calling for the elbow! He wants to go up top and drop that big elbow on Supernova, win this match, and walk out of Seattle as the two-time AWA World Television Champion!

GM: If he hits that elbow, that may be exactly what he-

BW: HEY!

GM: Look at that! Supernova knew what was coming and he grabbed the ankle!

[A frustrated Rage tries to shake free from his rival's grip, trying to get loose so he can make the climb to the top but Supernova tightly hangs on, refusing to let his fingers slip...]

GM: Supernova knows what's coming if Rage can get away and go up top so he's just not gonna let it happen!

[Rage turns slightly, stomping down hard between the eyes once... twice... three times... four times... and a fifth breaks the grip, leaving Supernova flat on his back on the canvas.]

GM: Rage slips free...

[But instead of going up top, Rage reaches down, hauling Supernova up to his feet again, ducking down to scoop him up...

...and gets rolled up in an inside cradle!]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE! INSIDE CRADLE!

[A desperate Rashan Hill jumps up on the apron, waving his arms, trying to get the referee's attention but the official is focused on the pinning situation, slapping the canvas...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NEAR FALL! NEAR FALL FOR SUPERNOVA! A HEARTBEAT AWAY FROM RETAINING THE WORLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[But as Supernova tries to get up off the mat, Shadoe Rage hurls himself at his rival, smashing a double axehandle down across the back of the head, cutting him off before he can get to his feet.]

GM: Ohh! Rage caught him on the way up!

[Pulling Supernova off the mat again, Rage scoops him up, and slams him down hard. He spins away, heading to the corner, hopping through the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Rage is going up! Still looking for that flying elbow - that Angel of Death drop!

[Rage steps to the second rope... then to the top... arms raised high over his head!]

BW: This is it, Gordo! Remember this moment!

GM: Rage is poised on his perch... the entire world watching...

[And the former champion leaps high into the air, sailing through the sky...

...and DRIVES the point of his elbow into the chest of Supernova!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FLYING ELBOW CONNECTS!

[Rage flips over, diving across Supernova, throwing his hand in the air as he counts along with the official!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KICKOUT! MY GOD, SUPERNOVA KICKED OUT!

[Rage sits up, looking out at the crowd in shock. His jaw has dropped. His eyes are wide. The official is repeatedly thrusting two fingers up into the air, making sure everyone knows that it was only a two count.]

GM: I can't believe it! Supernova kicked out of the flying elbow!

BW: You can't believe it?! Think about how Shadoe Rage feels!

[Outside the ring, Carter and Hill are beside themselves as Rage slowly gets up off the mat, staring right at Ricky Longfellow who holds up two fingers...

...and then finds himself pushed back into the corner as Rage reads him the riot act!]

GM: Oh, come on! Why is he bullying the referee?!

BW: I don't know but it's a bad move. He's got Supernova down. He just hit the flying elbow. He should go up top, do it again, and end this thing as the new World Television Champion, daddy! Instead, he's wasting his time yelling at Longfellow who isn't going to suddenly decide it was a three count!

[Rage closes his fist, putting it under Longfellow's chin, lifting the referee's face so he's forced to look Rage in the eye.]

GM: Just like he did to Melissa Cannon at SuperClash.

BW: Well, at least Longfellow's not going to deck him for it.

[Rage is still shouting at the official who instructs him to keep the match going...

...and suddenly, Rashan Hill is up on the apron, looking to intervene. Longfellow slips out of the corner, rushing across the ring, shouting at Hill to get down off the apron...]

GM: Now it's Rashan Hill in the face of Ricky Longfellow! This is chaos out here!

BW: Look! LOOK!

[With the official tied up with Hill, Amos Carter scrambles up on the apron, leaping into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...and Supernova rolls out of the way, sending Carter BOUNCING off the canvas after whiffing on the springboard elbowdrop!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[An irate Shadoe Rage pulls Carter off the mat, hurling him through the ropes so the referee won't see him. He turns back towards the rising Supernova, flipping him over into a seated position with a snapmare...]

GM: Rage flips him over and- oh my stars!

[The challenger backs off, staring across the ring at the dazed and seated Supernova...

...and slaps his knee three times, pointing at his face-painted rival!]

GM: Rage is looking for the Eclipse! He's-

[He breaks into a sprint, charging towards Supernova...

...and at the last possible moment, Supernova drops down, causing Rage to go flying past him, crashing into Rashan Hill which sends Hill flying off the apron to the floor!]

GM: OHH!

[An off-balance Rage bounces off the ropes, stumbling backwards as Supernova gains his feet, reaching out to grab Rage by the hair, pulling him back into an inverted facelock...

...and DROPS down with a DDT, driving the back of Rage's head into the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH MY!

[Supernova flips over into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg as the official dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!!!! TWO!!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Supernova rolls off of Rage, sitting down on the mat, a smile on his face as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... and STILL AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNN...

SUUUUUUUUPERRRRRRRNOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The crowd ROARS in support for their face-painted fan favorite as he climbs up off the mat, raising his arm in the air as the official goes to hand him the World Television Title belt.]

GM: Supernova keeps the World Television Title with that devastating reverse DDT and Shadoe Rage has failed in his quest to regain the title!

BW: This is the worst case scenario, Gordo.

GM: What do you mean?

BW: Shadoe Rage was hanging on to reality by a very thin thread when he had a shot at the title to look forward to. This loss here tonight? This might put him in the back of the line and... what's he going to be like now?

GM: Well, that's a pretty good point actually. That definitely is cause for concern amongst those in the AWA locker room... but what a win for Supernova, beating back his top challenger, and now he can truly focus on the bevy of new challengers awaiting him - men like Callum Mahoney who has already laid down a challenge for

the title... or perhaps the winner of Larry Wallace and Jordan Ohara a little later tonight.

[Rashan Hill rolls in, helping his coach to a seated position. Rage looks completely dejected as the former preliminary wrestler gives him a peptalk.]

GM: Shadoe Rage can't believe this loss, Bucky. You can tell from the look on his face that he's completely overwhelmed by it.

[Supernova steps up to the midbuckle, saluting the cheering fans while raising the title over his head.]

GM: What a win! Supernova hangs on to the World Television Title, defeating the man he beat for the gold last November in the process. And speaking of title matches, we're going backstage right now to Mark Stegglet who is trying to get some words from Johnny Detson now that his title defense against the Gladiator is official! Mark?

[We cut backstage to Mark Stegglet standing outside a door that reads "KINGS OF WRESTLING" on it.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Johnny Detson has been holed up in this room - along with the rest of the Kings of Wrestling - since he arrived at the building tonight but now that his title showdown with the Gladiator is official, we NEED to get some comments.

[Stegglet takes a deep breath.]

MS: Alright... I'm going in.

[The camera follows Mark Stegglet as he steps through the dressing room door. Inside, we see Johnny Detson frantically pacing back and forth, while Brian Lau is on the phone.]

BL: What do you mean there's nothing you can do? What do you mean we have to wait until Tuesday? The last time I checked, today is Monday! Tuesday is too late!

MS: Mr. Lau...

[Lau waves Stegglet away.]

BL: Are you kidding me? How does that help us tonight? What sort of law firm are you running? I need you to fix this tonight, not Tuesday!

[Lau goes quiet for a moment.]

BL: ...fine! But understand this, you'll fix this on Tuesday, and on Wednesday, my business will be taken elsewhere!

[Lau angrily tosses his phone across the room, and then glares at Stegglet.]

BL: What, they don't have knocking where you're from? Where did you come from?

MS: I... I was sent here. Sent to get an update for the fans, who want to know whether or not we will see Johnny Detson defend his World Title against The Gladiator tonight.

JD: CONSPIRACY! SETUP! FRAUD! SHAM! And those are just the words I can say on TV! I'm the victim here. Lured into this place under false pretenses! FALSE PRETENSES! I WAS SET UP! And now I don't have the legal right to sue the pants

off this place or have my GOD GIVEN RIGHT to an injunction because they conveniently are holding this event on a major holiday! You keep going with this charade, Gellar...

[Struggling, Detson yanks at his tie loosening it down to the second button.]

JD: ...you keep this farce of a match going because come Tuesday... I'LL OWN THIS JOINT!!!

[Detson storms off again. The sound of something being kicked and crashing to the ground can be heard.]

MS: Strong words, and yet, we need an official word, Mr. Lau.

[Lau huffs out a breath, and speaks through gritted teeth.]

BL: My attorneys inform me that there is nothing that can be done to prevent this mockery of contracts, this breach of professional conduct, this severe violation of safe working environments. They inform me that there will be a match tonight. That Mr. Detson must defend against The Gladiator.

MS: That is good news for the fans.

BL: Let me assure you, Stegglet, that this is not good news for anyone. And let me promise you this. Tomorrow, we will be filing suit against Emerson Gellar.

MS: For what?

BL: For breach of contract for one! For luring Mr. Detson here under false pretenses. For creating an unsafe work environment!

MS: But this is professional wrestling, by definition, it isn't safe!

BL: My client was told that he had the night off! As such, he has not had the chance to prepare himself for a title match. A World Champion is entitled to adequate training time, and should be afforded the opportunity to properly prepare himself.

MS: How much time did Ryan Martinez have to prepare for Johnny Detson demanding a title shot?

BL: Immaterial and irrelevant, Stegglet!

MS: With Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor not certain who Travis Lynch's partner is tonight... with Brian James in Japan tonight... and now, with Mr. Detson being forced to defend his World Title on short notice, I have to ask, is this the end of the Kings of Wrestling?

BL: What? Are you serious? The end of the Kings of Wrestling?

This is just the beginning, you twit!

This is the night that everyone will come to understand that the Kings of Wrestling will never die. This will be the night remembered as the Kings overcoming the dirty dealings of Emerson Gellar. This will be the night when everyone sees that, in the face of adversity, the Kings persist and persevere.

This is our night, Stegglet. And nothing will get in our way. Not Travis Lynch and whatever bottom feeding scumbag he dupes into taking a beating for him. Not Gladiator and all the gods in the pantheon.

Tonight, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan keep their World Tag Team titles and one of them will become the first double champion in AWA history. Tonight, Brian James will win the CAGE title and give the Kings victory on two continents, and tonight, Johnny Detson will make history by being the first man to pin the Gladiator.

[Detson comes storming back into the room, shaking his head, and not really paying attention to the other two people in the room.]

MS: Strong words. Mr. Detson, what is going through your mind right now?

JD: My mind? What about my body. I haven't had time to train, to prepare, I just got off a plane from Bora Bora! I have jet lag! But they want this maniac to run through me like tissue paper. Emerson Gellar is so jealous of me that they rather have an insane person as their World Champion through nefarious means than the person who earned this title, who has defended this title over one hundred fifty five times?!

MS: That doesn't seem like a realistic number.

[Detson glares a hole through Stegglet.]

JD: Realistic? Like illegally forcing your World Champion to defend this title unprepared? You think that's going to stop me? You think this is the end?

[Detson lets out a frustrated scream before storming off again, worried look on his face. As he leaves he can be heard screaming, "CONTACT ANOTHER LAW FIRM! GET ME THE NINTH CIRCUIT!"]

MS: Mr. Lau, you seem very confident. But the Gladiator is not someone to be taken lightly.

BL: You don't think I know that? You don't think I know that he's a maniac more suited for a rubber room than a wrestling ring?

MS: Then I ask you the same question you were asked earlier. What are you going to do? And I want to know exactly what you have planned.

BL: This interview is over!

[Stegglet's answer is calm, but his voice is steadfast.]

MS: No it isn't.

BL: What?

MS: Every time someone puts a hard question to you, you say "this interview is over." Not any longer. I want to know what you're going to do. I want to know what the plan is.

BL: I don't owe you anything.

MS: So you don't have a plan? So you can't think of a way to stop the Gladiator?

BL: I...

All you need to know is that I will think of something!

MS: The clock is ticking, Mr. Lau.

[A frustrated Lau looks stuck and helpless to come up with an answer as the World Champ storms back into the room, perhaps eager to hear the answer himself.]

MS: One final question.

[But before he can get it out, Doctor Harrison Fawcett enters the room, looks disdainfully at Stegglet, and then turns towards Detson and Lau with an arched eyebrow.]

"D"HF: Gentlemen, I believe I have an idea that might solve this particular issue.

[Lau returns the arched eyebrow as Fawcett nudges Stegglet aside, leaning forward to whisper in the ear of Brian Lau. Lau leans back, stroking his chin, nodding slightly as Fawcett waits for a response.]

BL: That might work. Can you get it done? Are you certain?

[A devious smile crossed Fawcett's face.]

"D"HF: It shall be done.

[Lau nods again, looking at Detson who looks puzzled at what's going on.]

BL: Then make it happen! I'm counting on you, "Doctor." Johnny is counting on you!

[Fawcett inclines his head towards the World Champion.]

"D"HF: Time is of the essence then. Gentlemen, I take my leave.

[Fawcett turns, exiting the room as a strangely confident Lau rests his arm across Johnny Detson's shoulders.]

BL: Well, how about that Stegglet? You think the wheels are coming off? Think again. But not here.

Now, this interview really is over!

MS: But-

BL: But nothing!

Never bet against the Kings, Stegglet. Never. That is all that you, and everyone else needs to know!

[And with that, Lau shoves both Stegglet and the cameraman out of the dressing room, slamming the door in their faces as we slowly fade to the black and white shot of a bottle. A voiceover is heard.]

"What if a drink could control you?"

[The camera moves in closer to the bottle.]

"What if another drink could change you, put you in control?"

[The shot of the bottle fades, replaced by the cover of a book, the title reading

SIX PACK: EMERGENCE

And the voiceover continues.]

"Those questions will be answered by The Six Pack, in the new release by B.W. Morris, Six Pack: Emergence. Look for it on ebook at Amazon and Barnes and Noble."

[The cover disappears, replaced by the black and white shot of the bottle.]

"Drink up."

[Fade to black.

We cut backstage and all we see right off the bat is "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, mic in hand, standing in front of a MDM:X banner with "Fort Worth, Texas" written underneath -- hey it's never too soon to start shilling next years event!]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen... joining me once again is Terry Shane III. Terry, yourself and Pure X came up a bit short earlier this evening but rumor has it you have thrown your name in the hat at the Battle Royal coming up in just a bit.

[Shane allows Blackwell's comments to hang for a moment. No sudden movement, no eyes darting, no emotion other than his stare fixated on the camera in front of him. It's Blackwell who breaks posture first as you can sense the panic in his wondering eyes.]

TS3: You're right, Lou. We missed the mark out there tonight. We came up short and I know...I KNOW...in the back of your mind you're only thinking about one thing.

SLB: What's that?

TS3: That when Ricki Toughill slid that bat into the ring...when Kendrick tried to hit X with it...when Mahoney eventually did...your eyes and everyone else's shot to the entrance way. Your minds shot to the words that came out of my mouth earlier. Where was the cavalry? Where was the help? Where were the men and women who Terry Shane III convinced himself would come to his aid because of the choices he made in Los Angeles to stand up for the AWA?

[Blackwell nods.]

TS3: I wondered that too, Lou. I wondered if all this time, all this rebuilding, all of the damage control I have been doing was for nothing... NOBODY... but for myself.

[Shane's eyes narrow.]

TS3: I understand that one night of decision making doesn't erase a lifetime of mistakes and if it wasn't clear before it is MORE than evident as I stand beside you right now, Lou.

I was the one that stood in the streets in Dallas several years ago and talked about how the AWA stonewalled the Shane family out of its territory.

I was the one that kicked down the front door and claimed I would break the spirit and the bones of all the phony legends the AWA spoke of in only hush tones and held under the most prestigious of lights.

I was the one that called out the rebellious heroes of the fans who I didn't feel epitomized what being a PROFESSIONAL WRESTLER meant and stood for.

I was the one that formed a Gang and bullied...and battered...and berated any man who dared to defy my cause at NO EXPENSE OR CARE for anyone other than myself.

And I...

[He jabs a finger into his chest.]

TS3: I...did all of this with a chip on my shoulder and a big fat fake smile on my face that needed to stretch from ear to ear because inside...inside my heart and my soul I knew what I was doing was wrong...that it was contradictory...that it went against the purpose I was spitting and vomiting from my mouth at anyone and everyone within earshot. I needed to convince myself that I was right and that I would go down swinging and shattered and become only a shell of myself before I would ever admit fault or wrong doing.

And I did, Lou.

I went down and I went down hard. It didn't matter...you saw it first hand tonight... it didn't matter that I tried to change the colors of the flag that I carried or the tune of my song and dance. These people...the fans...they aren't stupid, Lou. YOU...all of you...aren't fools. The guys and girls in the back? They aren't dumb either. What I did...what I've done...the people I hurt...the things I said...they can't and won't be forgotten with the snap of a finger but what I realized tonight...what I TRULY realized is...

...I can't drag down a man like Pure X any longer.

I won't.

SLB: What are you saying?

TS3: That this fight...this battle...this...whatever this was with Summers, Kendrick, and Mahoney. I made it worse for a man who has been nothing but a friend to me, Lou. I need to let IT go...and I need to let HIM go. Pure X is a real warrior. He's a real talent that doesn't need to be deflecting questions and decisions of my past. If he needs me, Lou...if he REALLY needs me...I'll be there for him.

But I know... I know in my heart of hearts... that he doesn't, Lou.

He extended an olive branch because he saw a man who was still crippled inside and needed a ray of hope instilled in his life. He gave that to me and I will forever be grateful because it made me whole again. It was never about winning or losing to me against those fools and that will be the first and last time you ever hear those words come out of my mouth.

It was about salvation.

It was about being liberated from my past.

It was about finding the purpose and reason for why I NEEDED to be here.

SLB: And did you find it? Did you find that reason, Terry?

[Shane's head inches to the left and then to the right...its slow and subtle and if you blinked you probably missed it.]

TS3: No.

SLB: Well-

[Shane raises a hand, cutting Blackwell off.]

TS3: But I remembered what it was. I remembered some of the first words that came out of my mouth the very first time I ever stepped foot in front of an AWA camera. I remembered talking about being its Savior...its HOPE...I remember telling everyone that when the AWA came back to Texas that I would be there waiting.

Waiting.

Waiting, Lou.

[Now Shane nods.]

TS3: The waiting is over. I made a promise to a man who picked me up out of the ashes of my burned down life, dusted me off, and SAVED me. He gave ME hope. He's been on the sidelines sitting quietly and he too has been waiting.

Wait no more, my friend.

Wait no more.

[Shane makes his exit, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: You still didn't answer if you're going to be in the Battle Royal!

[Blackwell shakes his head at the lack of an answer.]

SLB: I guess we'll all find out later tonight but right-

[Blackwell is cut off by loud voices coming from off-camera. The interviewer turns, a look of confusion on his face as the camera follows his gaze to rest on a scene that can only be described as chaotic. Building security is rushing around in a frenzy. There's Vernon Riley and Tommy Fierro and members of the production staff rushing around the corner towards the commotion. Off camera, we can hear a deep powerful voice shouting amidst the commotion.]

"I'm here! You tell them all I'm here!"

[As the camera arrives, we can't see the source of the voice with the crowd of people although there's a very large man's head peeking through as we get closer. Vernon Riley shouts at him.]

VR: You're not welcome here!

[The voice shouts back, the man possessing it trying to shove his way past security.]

"Open Invitational Battle Royal, right? I'm here for it. You said it was Open Invitational!"

[Tommy Fierro goes to grab the man by the arm.]

TF: Don't make this hard for yourself. You know you're not welcom-

[The booming voice rings out again.]

"Too damn bad!"

[The camera is close enough now to catch security swarming a giant black man in a black turtleneck and a Shaft-style caramel-colored coat. He laughs as security struggles to hold him back. His face is briefly visible in full before Fierro's voice is heard again.]

TF: Get the damn camera out of here!

[A hand reaches out, shoving the lens down as the voice calls out again.]

"I'm coming!"

[And we abruptly cut back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky look kind of shell-shocked.]

GM: I... well, that was...

BW: Gordo, was that Derek Rage?

GM: I... yeah, I don't think we're supposed to talk about that.

BW: First the Syndicate, now this? What kind of free press is this?!

GM: I just think it's best we move on. Let's just move on to... what's next?

[There's a moment of silence while Gordon listens to instructions over his headset.]

GM: Okay, let's go to some pre-recorded comments from one of the competitors in our next match!

[We cut backstage to Jordan Ohara and Sweet Lou Blackwell, a shot that has a "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" graphic attached. The Phoenix is dressed in his ring gear, hair tied back with a fabric headband. He looks intense and ready to compete.]

SLB: Jordan Ohara, let's get right to it. Tonight is your chance to settle the score with Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham.

JO: Mr. Blackwell, tonight I DO settle the score with Lawrence Wallace. Not only do I settle the score but I embarrass Lawrence Wallace tonight.

SLB: That's a strong statement, Jordan Ohara, can you back it up?

JO: A strong statement? Mr. Blackwell, Lawrence Wallace knows I am better in the ring than he is. That's why he tried to end my career.

He is nothing but a disgrace. He is supposed to be a second generation wrestler. This business is supposed to be in his blood. He is supposed to be better than his father, Battlin' Burt Wallace. He was supposed to surpass Hamilton Graham. He was gifted at birth knowledge that most of us only acquire as young men and women. He should understand the discipline, the intricacies of the sport... but he does not. And that, Mr. Blackwell, is why he must cheat.

SLB: Are you afraid that these words may come back to bite you? Larry Wallace will be trying to humiliate you.

JO: Mr. Blackwell, I will show Lawrence Wallace what he could have been. Mifunesan's training is superior to the flawed and arrogant training of Hamilton Graham. I shall show him the error of his ways.

SLB: Are you sure you want to poke the bear that is Hamilton Graham too?

JO: Mr. Blackwell, not only am I a better wrestler in the ring than Lawrence Wallace, but I am smarter, too. If Hamilton Graham wants to get involved I'm ready for him.

SLB: Speaking of which, you told us recently that you've got someone who will be watching your back out there tonight. Any hints?

[Ohara smiles.]

JO: I think the world will find out soon enough, Mr. Blackwell... at the same time that Wallace and Graham do. Mr. Blackwell, everything is in place for this one...

You asked me if I could back up my words? Watch and you will see that...

Yes I can.

[Ohara bows to Blackwell before he walks off the camera.]

SLB: That's one confident young man, fans. I hope, for his sake, that he can back them up. Hamilton Graham is one of the toughest... most vicious men in the business. And Larry Wallace may just be the same.

[We fade away from the pre-recorded Sweet Lou to a closeup of Larry Wallace's glittering silver cape with the word "FLAWLESS" written in purple across it. The voice of Mark Stegglet is heard.]

MS: Jordan Ohara brimming with confidence as he heads to the ring tonight to take on my guest at this time, "Flawless" Larry Wallace, who will have the former World Champion Hamilton Graham in his corner. Gentlemen, are you ready for this showdown?

[Wallace chuckles, spinning to face the camera.]

FLW: Mark Stegglet, as Jordan Ohara himself would tell you, I was BORN ready. In fact, that's all that Jordan Ohara seems to be talking about. As I was preparing for this match this week, all I kept thinking is how this is a night when I'm going to take Mr. Ohara to school... but that's not right at all.

MS: It's not?

FLW: Nope... because he's already there, Stegglet. Jordan Ohara has spent the better part of the past few months calling me names like a first grader. He thinks I'm the Flawed One.

That's cute, Ohara. Did your mommy and daddy teach you that?

And now he's moved on to insulting my family and my friends like the wonderful young sportsman that he is.

[Wallace points at the camera.]

FLW: Let's make one thing abundantly clear, Ohara. My father, Burt Wallace, has forgotten more about this business than a punk like you will ever know. And I can't stomach the idea of going home this summer to see my family if I lose tonight. I can picture the look on my father's face - the disappointment, the disgust that I got into the ring with an overhyped twerp like you who hasn't accomplished a damn thing to earn that hype and failed.

If I can't beat you, Ohara, I'm not even going to bother going home this summer... and that hurts me because I love going home in the summer. The fresh air. Family BBQs. Fishing with Pops. That one is the best, you know?

[Hamilton Graham smiles, rubbing his hands together menacingly.]

MS: Can we get back to-

FLW: Going down to the lake with ol' Battlin' Burt, putting a couple of lines in the water, just sitting and chatting and talking about life and the business... and if you're patient enough, sooner or later, you'll get a tug on the line, right Stegglet?

MS: I'm not sure what-

FLW: And you'll fight and struggle with it for a bit but eventually you'll reel it in! A nice, big, fat wide-mouthed bass...

[Wallace smirks.]

FLW: ...or what I like to call an Ohara!

[Wallace and Graham laugh at the joke as Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Gentlemen, if you could possibly be serious for a moment, let's talk about you, Hamilton Graham. You've been a frequent source of interfere-

HG: No, no, no... guidance, Stegglet. Advice.

[Stegglet looks doubtful.]

MS: Alright, call it what you want but that "advice" has helped Larry Wallace win several matches as of late and with you two attacking Jordan Ohara a few times, Jordan Ohara has gone out and found someone to stand in his corner tonight to watch his back. Does that concern you at all?

HG: Concern me? Me, Hamilton Graham? Me, the greatest to ever lace a pair of boots in this sport?

MS: That's a strong-

HG: THE. GREATEST. EVER.

[Stegglet seems less inclined to argue to avoid his eyebrow being busted open.]

HG: I'm not afraid of a damn thing, Stegglet. And you can tell whatever do-gooder from the locker room that Ohara thinks can help him that if they get near me...

[He holds up a clenched fist menacingly.]

HG: ...I've got one of these waiting for 'em.

[And with that, Graham and Wallace make their exit, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: Alright, fans... both men feeling on top of the world as they head into this rubber match encounter! Phil Watson, take it away!

[We fade from backstage out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The jeers from the Seattle crowd pour down at the sound of V.I.C.'s "Flawless", a song that heralds the arrival of "Flawless" Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham.]

PW: Now residing in Miami, Florida... weighing in at 233 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by the legendary Hamilton Graham...

"FLAAAAAAWLESS"
LAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRYYYYYY
WAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLAAAAAAAAACE!

[Larry Wallace, sporting reflective purple sunglasses on his face, saunters into view. He's wearing a pair of royal purple trunks and a silver cape secured around his throat with a gold chain. His well-toned upper body is glistening with baby oil as he nods at the cameraman, gesturing to himself as Hamilton Graham walks out behind him, shouting at the jeering fans to "SHOW SOME RESPECT!"]

GM: "Flawless" Larry Wallace is one of the most-talented second generation stars we've seen in a long, long time, Bucky. If only his attitude was as good as his skill inside the ring.

BW: When you're Flawless, you gotta let the world know!

GM: You truly don't... but he certainly seems like he feels the need to.

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

GM: And of course, this is going to be the rubber match in this rivalry as Jordan Ohara and Larry Wallace have both won one match going into this one. Who will come out on top in this one? We're about to find out.

BW: You know what might make the difference, Gordo? Who the heck did Ohara find to stand in his corner and try to keep Hamilton Graham in check? That's a brave soul.

GM: I think we're all about to find out.

[As "Flawless" fades out, we hear the positive hip hop beat of NaS' "I Can" pump through the arena to a big reaction]

#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 onto the entrance stage.]

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

JORRRRRDAAAAAN OOOOOOOHAAAAARAAAA!

[The cheers intensify as Ohara hops up and down, pointing out to the fans in the KeyArea. The young, muscular man bounces around the stage, slapping himself in the chest, firing up the crowd and himself in his Carolina blue tights and white boots with black heels. He slides a hand across his torso as his music fades out and he produced a mic.]

JO: Seattle, today it's Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Big cheer!]

JO: Not that long ago, "Flawless" Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham tried to end my career with the most heinous move in professional wrestling... the piledriver.

[The crowd boos as we cut back to the ring where Wallace gestures at himself with a (fake) shocked expression and a "who?! Us?!" Cut back to a determined Ohara who nods.]

JO: But they didn't. And tonight, I prove to the so-called Flawless One that I am better than him. I am the once in a Millennium talent in the AWA and I can beat anybody one-on-one.

But Lawrence Wallace doesn't want to fight one-on-one.

[Ohara shakes his head.]

JO: You'd think the son of Battlin' Burt Wallace wouldn't need to rely on a tarnished legend to fight his battles, but he does. And so I have to counter that. I found someone to watch my back. Someone who hates the piledriver as much as I do. Seattle... please say welcome back to...

[Dramatic pause.]

JO: A former AWA World Champion and the Doctor of Love... DAVE BRYANT!

[The crowd absolutely loses it at the announcement!]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Dave Bryant! The former World Champion!

[And as the curtain parts, the Doctor of Love walks into view, standing at the top of the aisle with a smile on his face...

...but he's also wearing a neckbrace and walking with the aid of a cane, a sight that seems to dull the reaction of the fans a bit.]

BW: Hah! THAT'S who is going to be Ohara's backup?! What did he do? Drag him out of the old folks' home?

GM: Dave Bryant is here in Seattle, fans, and it's great to see him back. It's been almost nine months since we've seen him at an AWA event... September 5th of last year at Homecoming is when he was hit with that spike piledriver by Hamilton Graham and Demetrius Lake.

BW: He's here but... Gordo, look at him...

[Bryant gingerly walks towards Ohara, exchanging a delicate handshake with him as Wallace and Graham huddle up in the ring. Graham has a big smile on his face as he sees the result of his actions from last year's Homecoming. Together, they start walking the aisle towards the ring. Ohara takes the lead, slapping hands with the fans as Bryant walks much slower, slapping the occasional hand as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: Bryant and Ohara walking down the aisle together, heading towards the ring where "Flawless" Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham await them.

[Upon reaching the ring, Ohara walks Bryant to the corner, unfolding a steel chair for him to sit down in. Bryant visibly winces as he takes his seat, nodding in thanks

to Ohara as the Phoenix climbs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to cheers from the Seattle crowd.]

GM: Well, you're right, Bucky. In Dave Bryant's current physical condition, I'm not sure how much help he's going to be watching Ohara's back but at the end of the day, this match is in the hands of Ohara and Wallace anyways. Graham and Bryant are just icing on the cake.

BW: The greatest icing of all time in the case of Graham.

[Graham gives his charge some final advice before stepping out to the apron, walking down the ringsteps to take his spot in the corner as Wallace grabs at the ropes, stretching out his well-toned muscles.]

GM: This match is just about set to begin...

[Wallace suddenly walks across the ring towards the opposing corner where Ohara is saluting the fans...

...and swings Ohara around by the arm, getting right in his face.]

GM: And these two men just don't like one another, fans.

[Wallace is shouting at Ohara, sticking a finger in his face as the referee tries to get Wallace to back up...

...but as Wallace turns to address the official for the slightest of moments, Ohara hooks his arms on the top rope, leaning back to drive both boots into the chest of Wallace, sending him flying backwards to land on his back. The crowd cheers as Ohara steams forward, grabbing the legs and flipping over into a double leg cradle as the official signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Scott Ezra calls for the bell! Quick cover... and a quick kickout.

[Both men scramble up off the mat as Ohara grabs the incoming Wallace by the arm, flipping him over with an armdrag.]

GM: Deep armdrag takedown by Ohara!

[Letting go of the armdrag, Ohara and Wallace scramble quickly to their feet again, ready to strike...

...and again Wallace ends up getting thrown down to the canvas with an armdrag!]

GM: Another armdrag by Jordan Ohara! The Phoenix is moving quickly tonight!

[A third time both men come to their feet. This time, Wallace feints the charge in, causing Ohara to set for another armdrag but Wallace throws a short forearm to the cheekbone instead, cutting him off.]

GM: Wallace with the forearm to the jaw, grabs the arm, whips him in...

[Ohara hits the ropes, rebounding off towards Wallace who leapfrogs in the air, sending Ohara under him. As the Phoenix comes off the ropes again, Wallace drops down to the mat, causing Ohara to hurdle over him.]

GM: Look at the speed being built up by Ohara as he continues to hit the ropes...

[Wallace squares up, winding up a right hand...

...but Ohara drops down into a baseball slide, going under Wallace's wide base, popping up to his feet behind him, and armdragging Wallace back down to the mat as Wallace turns to find him!]

GM: And another armdrag by Ohara! Oh my!

[Wallace scrambles up, embarrassed and angry this time...

...and finds Ohara waiting for him, ready to deliver a knife-edge chop, a sight that causes Wallace to slam on the brakes, stumbling backwards, and rolling out of the ring to the floor where Hamilton Graham quickly moves to his side to the jeers and catcalls of the Seattle crowd!]

GM: Lightning quick action to start this one off, fans!

[Ohara isn't satisfied with Wallace bails out, approaching the ropes and grabbing the top with both hands...]

GM: Look out below!

[...and slingshots over the top, looking for a crossbody, but as Wallace and Graham wisely bail out, Ohara hangs on, landing on his feet on the apron.]

GM: Whoa! Nice show of athleticis-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd cheers as Ohara runs down the apron, laying in a hard kick to the chest of Wallace, sending him down onto the thin mats at ringside. Ohara hops down off the apron, pulling Wallace to his feet and shoving him back inside the ring.]

GM: Jordan Ohara showing an aggressive side here tonight but always wanting to keep the match inside the ring.

BW: Yeah, he's a real Boy Scout alright.

[As Ohara re-enters the ring, he grabs the rising Wallace by the wrist, twisting the arm around in an armwringer.]

GM: And now the pace slows down a bit as Ohara goes to work on the arm of the Flawless One...

[With Wallace's arm trapped, Ohara winds up and smashes his own forearm down across the bicep area a few times, causing Wallace to wince in pain.]

GM: Ohara getting off to a quick start in this one.

[Still holding the wrist, Ohara twists the arm a second time, tucking it under his own arm as he applies an armbar. Wallace again grimaces, grabbing at his shoulder as Ohara cranks on the limb.]

GM: Wallace looking for a way out of this...

[Doubled up in pain, Wallace quickly front flips forward to relieve the pressure, kipping up to his feet and reversing into an armwringer of his own...

...that Ohara counters right back into his own before using a short armdrag to take Wallace over. He pins the wrist to the mat, pushing up into the air, and drops his knee down across the bicep.]

GM: Wallace hasn't been able to get on track in this one yet. Even when he thinks he's got things going his way, Ohara finds a way to turn it right back around.

[Ohara drops a second knee down across the arm before pulling the arm back into an armbar. Hamilton Graham shouts some advice on the floor and soon Wallace has worked his way back to a vertical base...

...and simply walks to the ropes, hooking them and shouting at referee Scott Ezra to break the hold. A count ensues and Ohara releases right away, backing away with his arms raised.]

GM: Jordan Ohara, always looking to follow the rules and respect the authority of the official... a refreshing change in a time when we see people like the Serpentes who can't be bothered to do either of those things.

[Wallace shakes out his arm, grimacing as he keeps an eye on Ohara who beckons him forward. The Flawless One nods a couple of times, edging away from the ropes, leaning over with his arms extended.]

GM: Looks like we're ready for Round Two in this one... Wallace coming out slowly... and here we go! Collar and elbow tieup!

[Wallace pushes hard, forcing Ohara back into the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for another break...

...and when Wallace breaks, he also clubs a forearm down across the sternum!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot on the break by Wallace... but I suppose we shouldn't expect anything less from him.

[Grabbing the arm, Wallace looks for an Irish whip but Ohara reverses it.]

GM: Ohara shoots him in instead...

[Setting his feet, Ohara waits as Wallace rebounds and then LIGHTS HIM UP with a knife edge chop across the chest, sending him down to the mat as a loud "WHAAAAAAP!" echoes through the KeyArena!]

GM: Oh my!

[Wallace scrambles up, looking to attack...

...and another big chop connects, sending him right back down to the mat!]

GM: Another knife edge takes the Flawless One off his feet!

[Wallace comes up again, sees Ohara at the ready, and again bails out, diving out to the floor where a red welt is already starting to form on his chest. A disgruntled Hamilton Graham moves over to converse with him again. Ohara waits for a moment, hands on his hips as he looks out at the duo...

...and again decides to act, coming over towards the ropes, grabbing the top...]

GM: Slingshot over the top to the floor but Wallace rolls back in!

[Back in the ring, Wallace grabs the ropes, looking for his own attack but Ohara reaches in, sweeping the legs out from under him. He pulls him by the legs so that they dangle over the ring apron, lifting the left one high...

...and SLAMS the back of Wallace's knee down into the edge of the apron!]

GM: OHHH!

[Ohara grabs the leg a second time, ready to repeat the attack but Hamilton Graham intervenes, coming in hot towards Ohara who lets go of Wallace, rearing back for a chop...

...and Graham comically slams on the brakes, pinwheeling his arms as he falls to his butt on the floor. The fans laugh at Graham's pratfall as Dave Bryant comes out of his chair, clapping for Ohara before slowly sitting back down.]

GM: And it doesn't look like Hamilton Graham is too eager to mix it up with Ohara either!

[Back in the ring, Wallace scoots across, wincing as he grabs at his knee.]

GM: Lost in all of that is Jordan Ohara attacking the knee, perhaps looking to take the dropkick away from Larry Wallace.

BW: I believe you mean the BEST DROPKICK IN THE WORLD!

GM: Sure. That one.

[Wallace uses the ropes to pull himself up to his feet as Ohara climbs up on the apron, ducking back in. Ohara goes charging across the ring, looking to strike...

...and Wallace sidesteps, shoving Ohara towards the ropes. Wallace staggers back to the middle of the ring, pointing at his head...]

GM: Uh oh!

[...and not noticing that Ohara is hung on to the top rope, using his upper body strength to "skin the cat" and pull himself back over the top from a dangling position, retaking his feet inside the ring behind a gloating Wallace. Graham shouts a warning a hair too late as Ohara delivers a vicious kick to the back of the left knee, sweeping Wallace's leg out from under him, sending him flying into the air where he lands hard on the back of his head!]

GM: Oh my! Hard fall for Wallace off that kick to the leg!

BW: Larry Wallace took his eyes off his opponent for a moment and it cost him, Gordo.

GM: Didn't seem too flawless right there to me.

BW: It's still early.

[Grabbing Wallace by the leg, Ohara twists the leg around in a spinning toehold, cranking on the limb...]

BW: And a hold like this looks pretty simple but you wouldn't believe the pain it puts you in... the amount of damage it does. So much pressure on the knee ligaments from the torque of that twisting motion.

[Ohara holds the leg between his own, leaping into the air, and driving his own knee down on Wallace's.]

GM: Ohhh! And another punishing maneuver targeting the knee of Larry Wallace!

[Still kneeling on the knee, grinding his own knee into it to provide more pressure, Ohara delivers a big overhead chop down between the eyes of Wallace as he sits up in pain, knocking him back to the mat.]

BW: That chop was in the eyes, Gordo! The referee better keep an eye on that!

GM: He's warning Jordan Ohara right now as Ohara climbs back to his feet, looking to grab that leg again...

[But as he tucks it under his arm, Wallace scoots and crawls, wrapping his arms around the ropes which forces the official to call for another break as the fans jeer.]

GM: Larry Wallace has used the ropes or the floor to save himself several times in this match already, fans. He looks completely outmatched at this point in the battle.

[Ohara backs off, arms raised as Wallace uses the ropes to get back to his feet...

...which is when the Phoenix moves back in, brushing past the official, taking aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and throws a big kick to the back of the knee, causing Wallace to go sailing up into the air, flopping back on the back of his head!]

GM: Good grief!

[Wallace rolls under the ropes to the apron, grabbing at his knee as Ohara stays on him, leaning over the ropes to grab Wallace by the hair, hauling him back up to one foot. The other foot is in the air as Wallace tries to avoid putting weight on that leg.]

GM: Ohara's going to bring him in the hard way!

[Ohara tugs Wallace into a front facelock, slinging the Flawless One's arm over his neck...]

GM: Suplex on the way and... wait a second!

[The crowd jeers as Hamilton Graham snakes an arm up, grabbing Wallace by the back of the trunks, keeping him down on the apron. Ohara tries again but Graham's grip is too strong...

...and that Seattle fans begin to roar as Dave Bryant comes out of his chair again, striding slowly towards Graham!]

GM: Here comes Bryant! Bryant's coming after Hamilton Graham!

[Bryant extends his cane towards Graham, threatening him with it as Graham pivots, backing off a step with his hand raised...

...the same hand that was preventing Wallace from being suplexed which leads to him crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: Ohara lands the suplex... thanks to Dave Bryant.

[Graham and Bryant exchange words outside on the floor as Ohara floats into a lateral press, earning himself a two count.]

GM: Two count only there for Ohara.

[Coming back to his feet, Ohara strides towards Wallace who is trying to crawl away, looking to get some distance. He grabs Wallace by the back of the trunks, hauling him up to his feet.]

GM: Ohara brings him back up...

[Leaning over, Ohara hooks the leg, lifting Wallace into the air, bringing him crashing down shinfirst on a bent knee!]

GM: Shinbraker by Ohara!

[He hangs on to the leg, allowing Wallace to straighten up, and then quickly spins, using a dragon screw legwhip to take Wallace off his feet!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: That's a quick way to rip out a knee!

GM: Ohara's doing a good job of working on that leg, taking that strong vertical leap away from the Flawless One.

[Back on his feet, Ohara grabs the leg again but Wallace has managed to get to the ropes again, shouting at the official to back him up.]

GM: The referee steps in, ordering Ohara back...

[Wallace suddenly sits up, grabbing the front of Ohara's tights...

...and YANKS hard, sending Ohara flying through the ropes, flipping over, and crashing down backfirst on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Leverage move on the part of Larry Wallace!

BW: I love it, Gordo! That's the kind of thing you'd expect to see out of Hamilton Graham... out of Battlin' Burt Wallace!

GM: I called it a leverage move charitably, fans, but of course we all saw the yank of the tights involved with that.

[As the referee reprimands Wallace for pulling the tights, Hamilton Graham makes his way around the ring, approaching the rising Ohara...

...and BLASTING him in the eyebrow with a right hand, sending him falling back down to the floor!]

GM: Hamilton Graham with the assist outside the ring... and this is why Dave Bryant is out here, fans!

[Graham pulls Ohara up by the hair, takes aim, and SMASHES his face into the ring apron before Dave Bryant can get into the shot, again menacing Graham with his cane.]

BW: Bryant ain't gonna be anyone's savior, Gordo. Look at how slow he is. He's still wearing a neckbrace for crying out loud! Ohara pulled him straight out of physical rehab for this!

GM: Dave Bryant may have overestimated his recovery, Bucky, but he wanted to be here tonight to watch young Jordan Ohara's back.

BW: Right now, he's watching as Hamilton Graham beats some respect into this punk kid.

[Graham backs away from Bryant who thrusts the cane at him, watching as Ohara grabs the ropes. Still trying to avoid putting weight on his banged-up knee, Larry Wallace gets to his feet, ducking through the ropes to grab Ohara by the hair, hauling him up onto the ring apron...

...and then charges down the length of the ropes, looking to slam Ohara's head into the ringpost...]

GM: INTO THE- NO! BLOCKED!

[The crowd cheers as Ohara swings a leg up, planting his foot on the buckle to prevent the headslam. A quick back elbow stuns Wallace, sending him staggering backwards as Ohara quickly scales the turnbuckles, standing tall...]

GM: Ohara's gonna fly!

[...and leaps into the air, soaring through the sky, and drops an overhead chop down between the eyes!]

GM: TOP ROPE CHOP CONNECTS!

[And with Wallace down, Ohara dives into a cover, hooking the near leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[...and the crowd groans as the referee breaks off his count, pointing out the far leg of Wallace resting on the bottom rope as Hamilton Graham stands nearby, trying to look innocent.]

GM: Foot on the ropes! That... Hamilton Graham did that!

BW: Did you see that happen? That's slander, Gordo! Slander!

GM: I'm comfortable saying that's EXACTLY what happened. Hamilton Graham is... and here comes Bryant again!

[This time, Graham doesn't see Bryant coming until...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OHH! BIG SHOT ACROSS THE BACK WITH THE CANE!

[Graham slumps to all fours as Bryant nearly topples over, grabbing the apron to steady himself. The Doctor of Love shouts at the downed Graham as Ohara smiles at the action on the floor. Pulling Wallace to his feet, Ohara grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish wh- reversed by Wallace!

[And as Ohara comes bouncing off the ropes, Wallace leaps into the air, extending his legs for the dropkick...]

...and catches Ohara squarely in the chest!]

GM: Ohh! The dropkick! The dropkick connects!

BW: But he couldn't get the elevation on it, Gordo. Ohara did enough damage to the knee, Wallace could only land the dropkick to the chest! That's not going to be enough to get a three count.

GM: And look at Wallace, grabbing at his knee...

["Flawless" Larry Wallace grimaces, biting his lower lip as he grabs at his leg, rolling back and forth on the canvas.]

BW: He couldn't get enough height on the dropkick AND he did more damage to the knee putting that level of exertion behind it. Wallace is in some trouble here, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is and as-

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Halfway through the time limit for this one as Ohara comes back to his feet...

BW: And from the look on his face, you can tell that dropkick hurt but you usually want those feet right up under the chin to get the KO blow.

GM: Ohara pulling Wallace up off the mat...

[Getting back to his feet, Hamilton Graham slides around the ringpost to where Dave Bryant is standing. Graham gets up in his face, pointing and shouting at him...]

...and Jordan Ohara abandons Larry Wallace, shouting at Graham as he approaches.]

GM: Ohara's seen enough! He's not going to let Graham put his hands on Dave Bryant!

BW: But this completely defeats the reason that Bryant is out here, Gordo. He's supposed to be watching Ohara's back... keeping Hamilton Graham in check. If Ohara has to protect Bryant...

[And with Ohara's back turned, Larry Wallace lowers the boom from the blind side, connecting with a big forearm smash to the back of the head and neck, knocking Ohara down to the mat. A cackling Hamilton Graham backs away from Bryant, nodding his head, pointing at Ohara as Bryant shouts encouragement to the Phoenix.]

GM: Graham and Wallace showing exactly why they're such an effective duo out here, Bucky. Graham with the distraction and Wallace takes advantage of it.

BW: It's masterfully done which is no surprise when you realize you're talking about the greatest of all time and the man who is absolutely... wait for it...

GM: I won't wait for it as Wallace puts the boots to Jordan Ohara, kicking him down into the canvas.

[Wallace leans down, dragging Ohara up to his feet, pushing him back against the ropes and hooking his arms over the top.]

GM: Big clubbing forearm, shades of his father, Battlin' Burt Wallace, right there, Bucky.

BW: Wait for it.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Wallace switches to some knife edge chops of his own, landing two before he goes into a mocking martial arts stance, swinging his arms around in a makeshift kata before he throws a third complete with a "HIIII-YAAAA!"]

GM: Larry Wallace taking a moment to mock Jordan Ohara's martial arts prowess. Grabs the arm now, shoots him across...

[As Ohara rebounds, Wallace goes downstairs with a right hand to the gut, doubling him up before the Flawless One runs to the side, hitting the ropes himself...]

GM: Wallace coming in strong... BIG KNEE LIFT! And strategically he uses the good knee to deliver it... again, right out of the playbook of his father, Bucky.

BW: Wait for it.

[With Ohara down on the mat, Wallace taunts the jeering crowd as he stalks towards him, leaning over to drag him up to his feet...]

GM: Wallace brings him up again... hooks him...

[Grimacing a bit as he steadies his knee, Wallace SNAPS Ohara over with an impactful snap suplex, floating into a lateral press.]

GM: Wallace with the snap suplex expertly execut-

BW: FLAWLESS!

[A two count follows before Ohara gets the shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Wallace gets a two count off the suplex... again, back up... stomping Ohara into the canvas...

BW: You've gotta wonder, Gordo, if Wallace can't use the dropkick with the banged-up knee, what CAN he use to put away Jordan Ohara?

GM: I think he's trying to figure out the exact same thing right about now, Bucky.

[Wallace grimaces as he leans on the ropes, shaking out his knee again. Hamilton Graham slides closer, talking to his charge as Wallace nods.]

GM: Some advice from the floor from Graham to Wallace.

[Ohara is climbing up off the canvas as Wallace pushes off the ropes, coming towards him from behind, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whip... reversed by Ohara!

[The whip sends Wallace into the ropes but as he rebounds, he baseball slides between the legs of Ohara, reaching up as he slides under to drag him down into a schoolboy...]

GM: Schoolboy out of nowhere! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Ohara kicks out of the pin attempt, sending Wallace sprawling. Ohara quickly regains his feet, dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Ohara off the ropes... Wallace ducks the clothesline...

[Reaching back, Wallace grabs Ohara by the arms, dragging him down into a backslide, leaning forward and pushing hard to get the leverage behind him...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But again, Ohara kicks out of the pin attempt as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Back to back near falls as Wallace breaks out a pair of pinning predicaments, getting back to his feet...

[Wallace grabs the rising Ohara by the arm, flinging him towards the corner...]

GM: Irish whip into the buckles... Wallace coming in behind him...

[Wallace leaps up, looking to drive his knee into Ohara's head but Ohara front rolls out, leaving Wallace standing on the second rope, facing the wrong way. Ohara leaps up to the second rope next to him, springing into the air, twisting his body over to wrap his arms around Wallace and takes him down to the canvas with a high impact sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[But Wallace's shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas to break the pin!]

GM: Another near fall!

[Ohara comes up to his feet first, catching the rising Wallace with one knife edge chop... a second... a third that sends Wallace falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Ohara's chopping the heck out of him! Those bright red welts being left on the chest of "Flawless" Larry Wallace!

[Grabbing the arm, Ohara shoots Wallace across the ring again...]

GM: Ohara shoots him from corner to corner, coming in hot!

[But the Phoenix runs right into a raised boot from Wallace, sending him staggering backwards!]

GM: Counter by Wallace!

[Wallace steadies himself, charging out with a running high kick of his own but Ohara front rolls under it, leaping up to the second rope, springing into the air, twisting around into a crossbody. The referee who has wandered into the wrong part of town dives to the mat, avoiding the crossbody attempt just barely as Ohara takes Wallace down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Wallace again gets the shoulder up just before the three count, rolling Ohara off of him. Wallace comes up off the mat as Ohara does the same and the Phoenix immediately leaps into the air, lashing out with both feet...]

GM: DROPKICK!

[...but as Wallace ducks out of the way, Ohara's feet catch the official in the face, sending him flying backwards and down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN GOES THE OFFICIAL!

[The timekeeper gives a call of "FIVE MINUTES REMAINING!" as Ohara gets back up, immediately moving to check on the referee as Hamilton Graham's eyes light up. He rolls into the ring, moving in behind the kneeling Ohara, arms raised over his head...]

GM: Graham's in! He's right behind-

[But Ohara senses him coming in, popping up to catch him with a knife edge chop across the chest. A second one sends Graham staggering backwards into the corner where he collapses against the buckles.]

GM: Ohara caught him and now he's gonna make him pay for all the garbage he's pulled over the past few months!

[With the Seattle crowd behind him, Ohara climbs up to the second rope, ready to rain down fire on Graham...]

...but before he can, Larry Wallace slips in behind him, takes aim...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW ON OHARA!

[With a yank of the tights, Wallace flings Ohara down to the canvas. He checks on Hamilton Graham who gives a nod...]

...and then gestures for the piledriver to the overwhelming jeers from the KeyArena crowd!]

GM: Oh no... oh, not this again...

BW: Hammy wants to put this kid out for good!

GM: Hamilton Graham telling "Flawless" Larry Wallace that he wants to go for that spike piledriver again! The same move he used to take Dave Bryant out of action for over nine months!

[Bryant shouts at Graham from the floor, grimacing as he tries to pull himself up on the ring apron. A smirking Graham steps up to the second rope as Wallace grabs the standing headscissors...]

GM: And this time, it's going to be Larry Wallace who delivers the piledriver!

BW: Gotta start your kids early on these kinds of things, Gordo.

GM: Wallace sets... he hooks him... and-

[Hamilton Graham points at Dave Bryant, taunting the former World Champion who has somehow managed to get up on the apron. Bryant is pleading with Graham to stop...]

GM: Come on! Somebody needs to stop this! Somebody needs to-

[And the crowd ERUPTS as a smile crosses Dave Bryant's face as he rips off the neckbrace, hurling it aside before stepping into the ring...]

GM: BRYANT! BRYANT'S IN THE RING! BRYANT IS-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: CANE! CANE TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD AND GRAHAM GOES ALL THE WAY TO THE FLOOR!

[A stunned Larry Wallace looks on as his mentor plummets out to ringside...

...and doesn't move fast enough as Dave Bryant twists around, takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: CALL ME IN THE MORNING! THE SUPERKICK CONNECTS!

[Wallace collapses to the canvas as Bryant rolls out to the floor to the cheers of the raucous Seattle crowd. Outside the ring, the former World Champion approaches the downed Graham, grabbing him by the legs...

...and turns him over in a Boston Crab!]

GM: IRON CRAB! BRYANT LOCKS ON THE IRON CRAB ON HAMILTON GRAHAM!

[Graham is screaming in pain, clawing at the floor...

...and inside the ring, Jordan Ohara is stepping out to the apron, climbing the buckles as the referee slowly gets back to a knee, shaking the cobwebs.]

GM: The official is up... and so is Jordan Ohara! Ohara's on the top rope!

[And with the crowd on their feet, Ohara flashes the "I love you" hand signal before taking flight, leaping high into the air, pumping his arms and legs...]

GM: FROG SPLASH!

[...and CRASHES down on the prone Wallace, reaching back to hook the leg!]

GM: THE PHOENIX FLAME CONNECTS FOR THE ONE!! TWO!!!

[The weary referee raises his arm...]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Ohara springs to his feet, arms held high in the air as Larry Wallace rolls from the ring and Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... JORRRRRDAAAAAN OOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAA!

[The cheers continue for Ohara as Dave Bryant rolls into the ring, shaking hands with the Phoenix.]

GM: Dave Bryant came out here and pulled a fast one on Hamilton Graham and Larry Wallace, fans!

BW: He pulled a fast one on all of us, Gordo! He tricked us!

GM: We all thought that Bryant wasn't healthy enough to be out here but in the end, he was simply baiting the hook for Wallace and Graham to bite and that results in a victory for Jordan Ohara here tonight in Seattle!

[Ohara and Bryant raise one another's hands in triumph as the fans continue to cheer.]

GM: A big win for the youngster as he looks to climb up the ladder of title contention here in the AWA! And he's not alone in that as we've got competitors all over this building trying to climb up that ladder... including the tag team standing by right now with our own Sweet Lou Blackwell! Lou?

[We go backstage to where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing, and standing next to him are both members of American Pride. Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens are both carrying American flags. The team is dressed in matching camo outfits, and they're both wearing similar style Aviator sunglasses. The duo look stern as Blackwell's getting ready to interview them.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... I'm here backstage with the tag team known as American Pride, and it's fitting that you two would be here for Memorial Day Mayhem!

JF: That's right, soldier! We can never forget the sacrifices millions of men and women have made for this country. I am thankful that our military has been able to send most of them home, but there are still many out there that never got the chance to come home. I would like to lead a moment of silence for those that can't be watchin' us tonight.

[Flint and Stephens lower their heads, and Blackwell does so as well when he notices what's going on. There's a brief pause as the three observe the moment of silence.]

JF: Thank you!

SLB: Well, I have to ask about the last Saturday Night. The two of you had to deal with the Axis that has vowed to make the AWA great again, and you two have had to bear the scars of that vicious assault after Charlie Stephens' match with Maxim Zharkov.

JF: Unfortunately, Sweet Lou, that's how people like Zharkov, Vasquez, and that screwheaded, shaved poodle-headed maggot...

that slime....

that wwwoo

JACKSON HUNTER!

[Flint clears his throat.]

JF: That's how they operate. Cameraman, [Flint points to his forehead.] zoom in.

[The camera zooms in and we get a close up look at a couple of scars still on Flint's forehead. They are mostly faded, but still serve as a reminder of what happened on the last AWA Saturday Night.]

JF: Sometimes, yer gonna take yer fair share of lumps on the field of combat. Ya can't win every battle, especially against those filth that will never play fair under any circumstances. This ain't G.I. Joe, the bad guys ain't gonna miss every shot. That's something every soldier learns in basic training.

Rest assured, we may have lost the battle, but Kolya Sudakov and Alex Martinez are gonna make sure tonight that the war is far from over.

[Stephens snaps his head up, and speaks for the first time in this interview.]

CS: SIR!

[Flint and

CS: I... could have beaten Zharkov. I didn't need Sudakov's help.

[Flint nods his head.]

JF: Stand down, solider. We went over this. Sometimes a nation may go rogue and take matters in their own hands, especially against those that have an understandable beef. We just happened to be in the middle of it that night.

Yer a fine soldier, Charlie. I believe that you could have won, but don't hold it against Sudakov. He could very well be a valuable ally. This is gonna be somethin' that ain't gonna be over any time soon.

CS: [Hesitating] Yes, sir.

SLB: [Interrupting.] If I may ask one more quick question, gentlemen? Even though Zharkov and Vasquez are busy with their own matters tonight, it's obvious you two are both dressed for combat.

JF: Indeed, soldier. There are still spots open in the Battle Royal to determine who gets into the Battle of Boston, am I right?

[Sweet Lou nods his head.]

JF: Well, the two of us are still in the mood fer a war, and what better way to wage war is to go into that Battle Royal, and win it! Sure, only one of us could win that Battle Royal and move on to the tournament, and we're ready for the possibility that it could come down to the two of us.

[Stephens nods his head as Flint slaps him on the shoulder. A grin forms on Flint's face for the first time in this interview segment.]

JF: So to all of our heroes that are going to be in the crowd tonight, and for those of all that have made the greatest sacrifice of them all that are looking down upon us from above.. we're gonna make ya proud. our win tonight will be for you!

TEN-HUT!

[American Pride both salute Blackwell, and turn to leave off camera.]

SLB: There you have it, folks, American Pride are in the mood to continue their battles here in the AWA and have entered themselves in tonight's Open Invitational Battle Royal! Right now though, we're heading over to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with Charisma Knight!

[We cut to another part of the backstage area where yes, indeed, Mark Stegglet is standing alongside Charisma Knight. The camera is only shooting the upper bodies

of both, and Knight wears a black AWA t-shirt, and a large black knit hat on her head that is covering all her hair. She crosses her arms, pink shiny wrist tape showing as Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Thanks, Sweet Lou! And Charisma Knight, we are just moments away from one of the most highly-anticipated matches in quite some time when you take on Ayako Fujiwara who will be making her AWA in-ring debut. Ms. Knight, there are a lot of eyeballs on this match and a lot of people are wondering if you can back up your statements from the past couple of months.

[Knight sneers at Stegglet before speaking.]

CK: Back up my statements? You think I can't back up my statements? The "fans" of the AWA Galaxy think I can't back up my statements? I suppose Myers out there doesn't think so? I suppose Gellar doesn't think so? I even suppose Fujiwara herself is sitting across the building in her locker room thinking I can't back it all up. Let me tell you, Stegglet, I can back them up. I spent every Saturday Night Wrestling, every live event, every DAY, proving that I am without a doubt the best female wrestler in the AWA. Me, not The Golden Girl Cannon, not Miss Marketable Somers, not Wilson, not Cristol, and not the big name signing Fujiwara. Me. And now, I'm going to go out there and prove that I am the best yet again, and I will beat Fujiwara.

MS: That's all well and good, but there are some that say that some of your competition the past few months has been a bit suspect.

CK: Suspect? You think I've been taking things lightly? I didn't pick my competition, it was all hand picked by the Competition Committee and Emerson Gellar, not me. So if there's a problem, take it up with them.

MS: Charisma, some have been wondering why so focused on Ayako Fujiwara since her signing was announced. You've seemed a bit obsessed with her, haven't you?

CK: Obsessed? You're right, Stegglet, I have been. She gets signed, with so much fanfare, highest contract in the AWA Women's Division, more than the Golden Girl, more than Somers, more than me, and I was the showcase at SuperClash, and this woman gets a huge contract because Miyuki Ozaki took a shine to her?

Again, it's back to Ozaki and that she's the center of the friggin world? How much more do I have to prove? SuperClash was a fluke, I've soundly beaten Cannon and Somers, I've been undefeated this year this far. Fujiwara has been the prize, the last step. I beat her, soundly, I prove that I'm right, that I am the top, that I should be the centerpiece of the AWA Women's Division, that I'm the Ace of the division.

She will NOT steal my spot, I will not have my rightful place in wrestling taken again by a charge of the Empress and be forgotten by a hype machine. I can beat Fujiwara and I will and I will be vilified!

[Knight's voice is off, becoming a little higher pitched]

CK: And I will put this woman down, and I will either break her knee or kick her head off, and I will be recognized as number one, and there won't be a thing that Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers, Miyuki Ozaki, Emerson Gellar, Todd and Lori Michaelson, or Ayako Friggin Fujiwara can do about it. I will have what is mine! This conspiracy against me will end, I WILL NOT BE BEATEN! SHE WON'T DO IT! I CAN BEAT HER! ENOUGH WITH YOU, STOP GETTING IN MY HEAD!

[Knight storms off as Stegglet looks equal parts shocked and confused]

MS: Well, that was certainly interesting to say the least, but will she make good on her word, only time will tell. And now, let's go back down to the ring where I'm told we've got a very special announcement!

[We fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing alongside another familiar face - Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, here to make a special announcement is the AWA Director of Operations... EMERSON GELLAR!

[Gellar smiles at the (mostly) cheers from the crowd, accepting the mic from the ring announcer.]

EG: Thank you, Phil... and HELLO, SEATTLE!

[Big cheer!]

EG: It's been a tremendous night of action already so far here on the biggest stage of the summer and it's only going to get better. Now, traditionally, Memorial Day Mayhem is the kickoff for the summer season here in the AWA which has always been one of the hottest times of year! And this year promises to be the hottest one yet with our upcoming first-ever tour of Canada... with the Battle of Boston coming up on 4th of July weekend... and with our big European tour coming up after that.

But right here tonight, I'm going to announce another big event being added to the AWA summer schedule.

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

EG: A little less than a year ago, one of the all-time greats in the world of women's wrestling came to us and said she wanted to be a part of the Rising Sun Showdown in Japan, taking on an AWA competitor. We told her we had no such thing... there was no Women's Division in the AWA but we allowed her to make the challenge and told her if someone accepted, we'd sanction it.

Well, someone accepted... and that someone was victorious earlier tonight alongside Julie Somers in a tag team match. Of course, I'm referring to Melissa Cannon.

And in the months that followed, we saw Cannon and Somers and Charisma Knight battle all over the country representing the AWA, fighting to make their dream a reality. And shortly after SuperClash, it was made official - the AWA Women's Division was born.

[Big cheer! Gellar nods in agreement.]

EG: Since that time, we've been reaching out to some of the greatest female competitors that our sport has to offer... women like Lauryn Rage... like Lori Wilson and Kayla Cristol... like Erica Toughill... and like the woman who will be debuting here in just a few short moments, Ayako Fujiwara!

[Another big cheer - this time for the debut yet to come.]

EG: With so many talented females on the roster, it became only a matter of time before we announced the brand new Women's World Championship.

And tonight, I'm here to announce when and how we will crown the first to wear that gold.

[Dramatic pause as the fans cheer.]

EG: The date is Saturday night, July 16th... and the place is the World's Most Famous Arena... MADISON SQUARE GARDEN! For the first time since SuperClash V, we're going back to the Garden and on that night, we will crown the very first Women's World Champion.

But how we're going to do it was a dilemma on its own. We discussed so many different options and considered so many different methods. But in the end, we decided that if we're going to make history... let's make history...

So, for the very first time, one of the AWA's staple attractions every year will belong to the women of the AWA...

[Another dramatic pause.]

EG: Because on Saturday, July 16th on Saturday Night Wrestling, we will be featuring the annual RUMBLE to crown the very first champion!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

EG: We will be bringing in competitors from all over the globe for this match and I can't wait for you all to see it. We're going to have a lot more information in the coming weeks but right now, I'm going to hand this mic back over to Phil Watson so he can bring two of the women who I can already confirm will be in that Rumble to the ring.

[Gellar hands the mic over, waving to the fans with a smile as he exits.]

GM: Wow! Huge news from Emerson Gellar! July 16th on Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE on The X from New York City... from Madison Square Garden... the Rumble is back but this year, it's going to be the match that crowns the very first Women's World Champion! Incredible!

[Phil Watson lets the crowd noise die down a bit before he speaks.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is in the AWA Women's Division!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The lights in the arena dim as "I'm About To Break You" by New Year's Day starts to play over the arena.]

PW: From Cleveland, Ohio... weighing in at 147 pounds... here is...
CHAAAAARISMAAAAA KNIIIIIIIGHT!

[Charisma Knight steps from behind the curtain, drawing boos from the crowd. She looks more composed than she was in the interview previously. She also looks different, wearing a robe of pink trimmed with feathers dyed a pastel purple. Underneath her kickpads are a pastel purple with her wrestling shoes underneath a bright pink. Her kneepads match the kickpads, her lower tights the pink with purple stripes, her halter top has the same color scheme as the lower tights. And finally, the striking difference, is her shoulder length hair, dyed an uncharacteristic blonde. She looks over the crowd from eyes behind dark eye shadow, holding her arms out before walking toward the ring.]

GM: Charisma Knight heading out here, dressed more brightly than we're used to seeing out of her.

BW: Come on Gordo... this is psychological warfare. Pink and pastels, blonde hair... do I have to draw you a roadmap? She's dressed like Ayako's mentor, Miyuki Ozaki, who always seems to be on Knight's mind.

GM: You could be right, Bucky, but will this faze Ayako Fujiwara at all?

BW: We don't know enough about her to even guess. But if Charisma Knight is doing it, you know she's hoping that it will.

[Knight climbs the steps to the ring, walking along the apron on the hard camera side, stopping at the middle and facing the crowd, holding out her arms and raising her head. She lowers her head, looking around the crowd with a slight sneer before entering the ring, removing her robe. She stays away from the ref attempting to check her, jawing at the crowd, yelling "I'M THE BEST, I'M GOING TO PROVE IT!" at the crowd as she walks around the ring, then waving toward the entrance way "BRING HER ON!"]

PW: And her opponent...

[The lights in the KeyArena go out as a lone spotlight hits the side of the entrance stage. There, we see a Japanese woman seated behind a large Koto, a traditional harp-like Japanese stringed musical instrument on a long board. She begins to play, as we hear "Oedo Nihonbashi", a traditional Japanese folk song. As she plays, we see several small girls, dressed up in red kimonos in the traditional style of a Kamuro (servant girl) carrying red Japanese paper lanterns, emerging from the entrance. As they line up in formation on either side of the entrance and lay down their lanterns, the woman stops playing on the Koto and the spotlight disappears, leaving only the red glow of the lanterns.

We then see Ayako Fujiwara, dressed in an elaborate black Susohiki-style kimono, with a geisha mask and decorated black wig on, emerging from behind the curtains and walking through the illumination of the lanterns. There's applause from the crowd when they see the Olympic gold medalist, as she walks through the lined up Kamuros, who begin to encircle Ayako. The Kamuros help her disrobe, as she throws off her kimono and removes her mask and hairpiece, letting down her unicorn metallic purple, pink and blue ombré hair. She then throws her arms back and lets loose a loud roar to a cheer from the crowd as the Kamuros scatter and "The Cyborg Fights" by YellowExxhy begins to play.]

GM: We've been waiting months for this moment, fans! The hottest free agent in all of women's wrestling has arrived! Ayako Fujiwara is here and these fans in Seattle are going crazy!

[We get our first good look at Ayako in the flesh: She is powerfully built, thickly muscled with broad shoulders, large arms and thighs and an athletic frame. She is dressed in a sleek, sleeve-less black catsuit with a corset-like top tied together with red string, fingerless elbow-length gloves, an elaborate gold embroidered belt sash, and knee-high boots.]

GM: The 2012 Olympic gold medalist in freestyle wrestling! A member of one of Japan's most famed wrestling families! A student of the legendary Miyuki Ozaki! A two-time winner of the Empress Cup! A former VLPW champion!

BW: Her resume is as long as your arm, Gordo, but that don't mean nothing until she's stepped inside that ring... and the woman waiting in that ring for her does NOT like her and will stop at nothing to ruin this big moment here tonight.

[Ayako makes her way down to the ring, walking with purpose. Stopping as she reaches the ring, she grabs the edge of the apron with both hands and bows

deeply, before leaping up and sliding in under the bottom rope. As she pops up to her feet, Ayako is suddenly bombarded by red and white streamers from all sides by the ringside fans. She spins around, letting herself be wrapped completely by them!]

GM: Wow! What a moment and what an entrance for one of the most anticipated debuts in recent memory! Ayako Fujiwara has arrived, wrestling fans!

[The referee and the ringside attendants start clearing the ring of the streamers as Charisma Knight flashes a disgusted look across at Fujiwara who hasn't made eye contact with her opponent... not yet.]

GM: Fujiwara in the corner, showing absolutely no fear of Charisma Knight as she turns her back on her.

BW: Charisma should suckerpunch her right now, Gordo... show her how we do things here in the AWA.

GM: THAT'S how we do things here in the AWA?

BW: If I was in charge, we would.

GM: Thank heavens for small miracles.

[As the crowd volume gets louder, growing with anticipation for the showdown, Fujiwara slowly turns around, finally locking eyes with the fuming Charisma Knight. Knight nods her head, flipping her blonde hair to draw Fujiwara's attention to it.]

GM: And there are the mindgames you talked about, Bucky, making sure that Ayako Fujiwara sees the blonde hair.

[Fujiwara edges forward as Knight mirrors her movement, slowly coming together in the center of the ring as the crowd roars their approval for the showdown!]

GM: The fans of Seattle are on their feet! They've been waiting for this one!

BW: This is gonna be something else, Gordo. Charisma Knight's been waiting for this match for months just like we all have!

GM: It definitely has a big fight feel in the air here at Memorial Day Mayhem as these two go nose to nose in the middle! And check it out, Bucky... our newest official is on the scene to call it!

[A female in the AWA referee attire steps forward, speaking to both competitors as they stare one another down.]

GM: That's referee Laurel Quinn, newly hired and making her debut here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Quinn speaks to both women, giving them instructions but neither acknowledges her, their eyes locked on one another.]

GM: The electricity that's in the air, you can cut it with a knife, Bucky.

[The official slides an arm between the two, forcing them a few steps back from one another before she whirls dramatically, swinging her arm to call for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: AND HERE WE GO!

[The two close the distance on each other, foreheads pressing against each other's...

...and then Knight steps back, arm cocked back...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The open-handed slap bounces off the face of Fujiwara, sending the Olympic gold medalist stumbling two steps back...

...until she LAUNCHES herself forward, shooting into a HUUUUUGE double leg takedown, lifting Knight up off the mat, jumping up herself, and throwing Knight down to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A TAKEDOWN!

[Fujiwara quickly moves into the mount position, throwing a quick barrage of haymakers but Knight bucks her hips, pushing Fujiwara off-balance as Knight slips out behind her, securing a rear waistlock on the on-all-fours Olympian.]

GM: Knight into the waistlock...

[But Knight's mat skills are no match for an Olympic gold medalist who grabs Knight by the wrist, twisting her hips and flipping Knight off of Fujiwara's back and onto her own.]

GM: Fujiwara with the reversal... into a side headlock...

[With Knight's shoulders down on the mat, Laurel Quinn delivers a one count before Knight twists her torso, quickly getting out of the pinning predicament, wrapping her arms around Fujiwara's torso, rolling her back onto her own shoulders.]

GM: One! Two!

[But Fujiwara escapes as well, rolling back the other way, reapplying the headlock. Knight grabs the wrist, twisting out of it, pushing Fujiwara onto her stomach, and grappling to secure an armbar...]

GM: Fujiwara armbar!

BW: Fujiwara?! You don't think-

[Before Knight can fully sink in the hold, Fujiwara plants her feet under her, front rolling out of the armbar attempt right up to her feet where she somehow has Knight already in a gutwrench position...]

BW: What the-?!

GM: How did she do that?!

[The powerful Fujiwara lifts Knight clear up off the canvas, letting her dangle in the grasp of the gutwrench...

...and then flips Knight over, dumping her down in a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Nice execution on the gutwrench and... she's not done!

[Holding on, Fujiwara rolls over, lifting her up off the canvas again...]

GM: She's still got the gutwrench on! Incredible focus! Incredible power!

[And from the deadlift position, Fujiwara gives a big shout, powering Knight all the way up onto her shoulders in powerbomb position...

...and then charges towards the corner, flinging Knight up into the air, sending her CRASHING into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERBOMB INTO THE BUCKLES! OH MY!

[Knight crumples from the impact, staggering forward towards Fujiwara...

...who swings up her leg, driving a powerful push kick into the chest, sending Knight flying backwards into the corner, crashing into the buckles a second time!]

GM: Wow! What a kick!

[Knight faceplants to the mat, bouncing off the canvas as Fujiwara gives a huge bellow to the fans who roar in response. A somewhat-embarrassed looking Fujiwara gives a little wave to the fans as Knight scrambles up to her feet...

...and then falls through the ropes, crashing down to the thin mats at ringside!]

GM: Knight falls from the ring... she took some hard shots there, Bucky.

BW: She sure did. The powerbomb to the buckles... that kick to the chest... the gutwrench suplex, all in the span of a very short period has her reeling and feeling the need to badly regroup. This match is NOT going the way Charisma Knight has envisioned for the past few months, Gordo.

GM: And now that you say that, I have to wonder if Charisma Knight is in her own head a bit, Bucky. She's been looking forward to this match for months... preparing for months... to the point where every time she came to the ring, she thought the match might happen. Perhaps she's over-prepared if such a thing can happen.

BW: It certainly can happen and it's certainly possible but I think Charisma just is a little shell-shocked right now. She'll get back into this. Just you watch.

GM: Wouldn't take my eyes off this match if I could, Bucky.

[Knight is pacing on the floor, shaking her head, muttering to herself. She grabs at the back of her head, grimacing as she continues to walk around the ring. The ringside fans are giving her a hard time, earning a few shouts from her as she continues to pace.]

GM: Charisma Knight, wisely perhaps, using every bit of the referee's count to try and clear the cobwebs and get back into this. She needs a new gameplan and she needs it now.

[As the referee's count reaches six, Knight grabs the ropes, pulling herself up on the apron. A very loud "YOU SUCK, CHARISMA!" draws her angry attention. She wheels around, looking for the source of the cry, shouting at the general area of it...

...which is when Ayako Fujiwara approaches that side of the ring, stepping up to the second rope, and leaning down to lock her arms around Charisma Knight's torso!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: There's no way, Gordo!

GM: Fujiwara on the inside, locking in that waistlock... we know from the video packages that she's done this befo- OHH!

[A sharp back elbow from Knight catches Fujiwara flush on the side of the face, stunning her. Knight reaches up, hooking her around the head and neck...

...and DROPS down off the apron, snapping Fujiwara's throat across the top rope, sending her flying backwards and down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! What a counter by Charisma Knight!

BW: I told you, Gordo! I told you she was going to get back into this match!

GM: That move certainly did the trick, taking Fujiwara down hard and putting her on the canvas...

[Knight slides back into the ring, crawling into a lateral press but only getting a two count.]

GM: Two count off the necksnap... but that one move has completely turned the tide in this one, putting Charisma Knight in control.

[Climbing to her feet, Knight starts putting the boots to Fujiwara, loudly shouting with each stomp landed.]

GM: Charisma Knight stomping Fujiwara into the canvas... but now she pulls her up by the hair...

[Knight uses the grasp on the hair to fling Fujiwara backwards into the buckles, snapping her head back on impact. She grabs the middle rope, throwing a series of kicks into the midsection as referee Laurel Quinn starts her five count, demanding Knight break off the attack.]

GM: Knight backs away, risking disqualification there with the attack in the corner.

[Stepping back in, Knight uses a rolling sole butt to the abdomen to bring Fujiwara down to her knees.]

GM: Fujiwara off her feet for the first time in this match and, in fact, her AWA career.

[With Fujiwara kneeling on the canvas, Knight uses the flat of her foot to push Fujiwara's face, trashtalking as she does.]

"That all you got?!"

[Another light push kick.]

"These people thought you were something special!"

[Another.]

"You're nothing, you hear me?! NOTHING!"

[Another push kick before she drags her up by the hair, again flinging her back into the buckles. Knight stays on her this time, clinging to the top rope as she buries knee after knee into the midsection of her opponent.]

GM: Charisma Knight targeting the body of Fujiwara, trying to take away some of that strength and power by going after the ribcage.

[The referee again steps in, forcing a break as Knight repeatedly slams her knee into the gut. Knight obliges, backing off with her hands raised as Fujiwara cradles her midsection.]

GM: Knight moving back in now...

[She leans over, scooping Fujiwara up and setting her down across the ropes in the corner, facing down towards the. Knight backs off again, mockingly clapping her hands together to the jeers of the crowd...

...and then charges back in, swinging her knee up into the exposed ribcage of Ayako Fujiwara!]

GM: OHHHHH! Big running knee to the body of Fujiwara! What a shot!

[Fujiwara slumps back down into the ring as Knight flings her down to the mat by the hair, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: Knight covers... but a two count only right there.

[An angry Knight swings her leg over Fujiwara, applying a loose mount as she grabs a handful of hair, slamming her forearm into the temple of her opponent.]

GM: Knight just teeing off on Fujiwara, trying to knock her silly down on the mat.

BW: And now Charisma Knight is showing the world the woman who says she's the Number One wrestler in this division. She wants to go into New York City... into Madison Square Garden... and walk out as the first Women's World Champion.

GM: But so does Ayako Fujiwara, Bucky.

BW: Well, the entire Women's Division... heck, every women's wrestler in the world wants that gold but only one of 'em is going to get it, Gordo.

[Climbing back to her feet, Knight viciously stomps down into the ribcage of Fujiwara who rolls to her stomach, trying to protect herself from Knight who is standing over her menacingly.]

GM: Knight again hauling Fujiwara up to her feet...

[A weakened Fujiwara throws a forearm shot of her own, bouncing it off the skull of Knight to cheers from the Seattle crowd...

...but Knight rushes back in, scooping her up in her arms...]

GM: Knight's got her up and... DOWN! DOWN ACROSS THE KNEE!

[The devastating backbreaker aimed at the ribcage leaves Fujiwara in a bad way on the canvas, rolling back and forth while clutching her ribs.]

GM: Ferocious backbreaker, continuing to target those ribs that Knight's been going after for the past couple of minutes.

[Knight gets back up, dropping down to a knee, jamming her shin into the ribs of Fujiwara who cries out in pain. A second knee follows as Knight gets back up, gesturing for the fans' reaction.]

GM: The Seattle fans are letting Charisma Knight have it, trying to get under her skin as she tries to spoil the debut of Ayako Fujiwara here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Knight gives the fans a dismissive gesture as she pulls Fujiwara back up by the arm, whipping him halfway across the ring into the turnbuckles. She backs up to the opposing corner, clapping her hands mockingly again before charging across...]

GM: Here she comes... and a big running splash in the corner!

[Turning slightly, Knight grabs Fujiwara by the back of the head, tossing Ayako from the corner, rolling her out to the middle of the ring where she wobbles back to her feet as Knight comes charging out, leaping off one leg, swinging up the other...]

GM: CHARISMA INJECTION!

[But as Fujiwara steadies herself, she hunches down slightly, ending up catching Knight's kicking leg over her right arm...]

GM: CAUGHT!

[A look of panic crosses Knight's face as Fujiwara reaches around her head and neck with the left arm, clasping her right wrist, pulling Knight's head and leg towards each other...]

...and HURLS Knight overhead, bouncing her off the canvas with a Capture suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Incredible counter to the Charisma Injection! Knight was looking to finish it off but Fujiwara had other ideas!

[Climbing off the mat, clutching her ribs, Ayako Fujiwara looks down at Knight who is crawling across the ring to create space.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"GYAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Fujiwara slaps herself across the face repeatedly, giving a wild primal scream to fire herself up as she stalks towards Knight who is on all fours, trying to get across the ring...]

GM: Uh oh. I think Charisma Knight's in some serious-

[Fujiwara yanks Knight off the mat in a deadlift double chickenwing, holding her... holding her...]

...and then DUMPING her on the back of her head with a released Tiger Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Fujiwara doesn't hesitate as she pulls Knight back up, locking her arms around her torso, lifting her off the canvas in a bearhug... walking around the ring to the desired position.]

GM: Incredible! Charisma Knight is not a 100 pound cruiserweight in there, Bucky. Ayako Fujiwara is power personified!

[Still holding Knight, Fujiwara sets her feet, flinging Knight up, over, and down to the canvas with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Charisma Knight is entering the Danger Zone right here, fans! She needs to recover from this barrage of suplexes and quickly or this night’s going to be over for her.

BW: Something’s just not right with Charisma tonight, Gordo. She’s not her usual self in there and-

GM: Fujiwara pulls her up again...

[With Knight barely able to stand, Fujiwara tucks her head underneath the armpit, wrapping her arms around Knight’s torso...

...and takes her up and over with a Northern Lights suplex but instead of holding the bridge, Fujiwara pushes off with her legs, rolling back to her feet and dragging a dazed Knight up with her, switching her grip, and elevating her into a vertical suplex...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[Fujiwara DUMPS Knight down in a vertical suplex, shaking the entire ring as Knight reflexively sits up...

...and then slumps back down to the canvas as Fujiwara gets up, giving another loud shout, barely audible over the roaring crowd who are stunned but overjoyed at the show of strength they’re seeing.]

GM: Knight is down... and she’s in trouble, Bucky.

BW: She’s running out of time to turn this around. She’s... oh, leave her alone for crying out loud!

GM: Fujiwara’s not wasting any time, pulling her back to her feet again...

[Knight is in a total daze, throwing a wild right desperation haymaker that Fujiwara slaps aside, spinning Knight back the other way as she secures a rear waistlock.]

GM: Uh oh! There’s a reason they call her Miss Germany, Bucky!

BW: Are you kidding me?! I thought she was in a beauty pageant or something!

GM: Give me a break!

[Fujiwara lifts Knight off the canvas, holding her up...

...but a desperate Knight starts to flail about, swinging her right and left arms back, smashing elbows into the face of her attacker. Fujiwara survives a few of them before Knight swings her head backwards, catching Ayako in the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Oh! That’ll break the hold!

BW: It might break her nose too!

[Knight swings around, grabbing hold of Fujiwara's hair, slamming her forearm into the face once... twice... three times... four times...

...but the fifth is too slow in coming as a rocked Fujiwara lunges forward, slamming her skull into the chest of Knight!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow sends Knight falling back helplessly into the ropes, stumbling back out towards Fujiwara who scoops up Knight, standing tall in the center of the ring. The knowledgable joshi fans in the crowd start to buzz in anticipation...

...until Fujiwara does a backflip, CRUSHING Knight underneath her with a moonsault powerslam!]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH, OH MY STARS!

[But Fujiwara is not done, shaking her head as she simply stands back up, still holding the barely-moving Knight in her powerful arms. She looks out at the crowd who are on their feet, absolutely roaring now for the impressive newcomer...

...who ducks down, twisting Knight's body so that her feet hit the canvas, still holding her in powerslam position as she spins backwards, Knight's feet leading the way, and DRIVES her down to the canvas with a ring-shaking reverse spinning powerslam!]

"OOHHH!"

GM: KANPEKINAAAAAAA!

[She stays on top, holding her position as the referee drops down to count. The Seattle fans count along with him. One. Two. And three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the bell as Fujiwara pops up off the mat, giving a fist pump. She smiles at the reaction of the fans, giving a slight wave as referee Laurel Quinn moves over to lift her up by the hand...]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara has debuted in DOMINATING fashion here tonight, fans!

BW: I can't... I just can't believe it. Charisma Knight was just completely overwhelmed!

GM: She certainly was. And wrestling fans, I believe we can safely say we've got a new player in town!

[Fujiwara bows to the fans, ducking through the ropes to make her exit, obviously a little embarrassed by their reaction.]

GM: Fans, we didn't get to hear from Ayako Fujiwara before the match tonight as she was busy getting prepared... which obviously paid off for her... but Sweet Lou Blackwell is down there trying to get a word with her right now. Lou?

[Blackwell is in the aisleway, not even up on the ramp, and practically dives in front of Fujiwara, steering her back towards the camera.]

SLB: Ayako! Ayako! A moment of your time, please! Miss Fujiwara, that debut was one for the ages! You lived up to the hype and then some! What do you have to say about what just happened in the ring?

[The Olympic Gold medalist is caught off-guard by Lou's sudden appearance, placing a hand over her chest to collect herself. With the microphone stuck in her face, Ayako leans in and answers shyly in near flawless English.]

Ayako: I guess I did okay.

[The crowd laughs at Ayako's bashful response, as Lou raises an eyebrow.]

SLB: Just OKAY? You GUESS???

Ayako: Well, I made some mistakes...I probably could have done better.

[Lou doesn't seem to believe what he's hearing.]

SLB: Are you serious? You just faced one of the top women in all of professional wrestling and you dominated her! Listen to the crowd, young lady! That performance was amazing!

[Lou turns his attention to the crowd.]

SLB: What did everyone think? Were you impressed by Ayako?

[The crowd responds with a roar, before a chant spontaneously breaks out in the KeyArena...]

"A-YA-KO!!!"

"A-YA-KO!!!"

"A-YA-KO!!!"

"A-YA-KO!!!"

"A-YA-KO!!!"

[Ayako can clearly be seen mouthing the words "Oh my gosh" at the crowd's reaction to her.]

SLB: Do you hear that? How can you think what you just did was simply "Okay"?

[Her face hardens slightly, the timidity slowly fading away.]

Ayako: But this is only the first step, Blackwell-san! And Charisma Knight is only the first challenge in this journey! Defeating her is a great accomplishment but defeating ONLY her is not what I came here to accomplish! I'm here to prove the power of my wrestling and I'm aiming much, much higher!

[She points a finger into the air.]

Ayako: Lauryn Rage! [Boos!] Erica Toughill! [Boos!] Lori Wilson [Pop!] Julie Somers! [Pop!]

[There's a slight pause as Ayako puts just a bit more feeling into this one...]

Ayako: MELISSA CANNON!

[Big pop!]

Ayako: ALLLLL the women in the AWA...I wish to face and defeat them all! And then...and then...

...I will become the first AWA Women's World Champion!

SLB: Woah! Now that's what i wanted to hear!

[A slight look of embarrassment flashes across Ayako's face as she realizes what she's just said.]

Ayako: Uh...thank you for your kind response! Please continue to support me!

[And with that, Ayako makes a quick exit, leaving a grinning Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Dominant AND humble. A rare combination these days. Fans, let's go backstage and get some comments from someone who WASN'T as lucky here earlier tonight! Mark Stegglet, my friend, good luck with that one!

[Cut backstage to a grimacing Mark Stegglet. We can hear a ruckus from off-camera.]

MS: Thanks, Lou. It's certainly is a-

[Before Stegglet can continue, the former Steal the Spotlight contract holder, Rex Summers, comes storming into view. The Minnesota native is fuming as he begins to speak.]

RS: Stand there and do the only thing you're good at, Stegglet. Hold the damn mic!

[Stegglet shakes his head as an irate Summers continues.]

RS: Look here, Stegglet... I've worked for a lot of crooked promoters in my career including the man that once pinched his pennies so hard they turned into copper wire, Old Man Lynch... but I don't know if I've ever run across anyone as crooked as that thief Gellar.

MS: Thief?!

RS: That's right, thief. You and I both know that Emerson Gellar ROBBED Rex Summers right here tonight in Seattle.

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow.]

RS: Don't look at me like that, Stegglet! You know I'm right and the rest of this Seattle swine knows it too! From the moment that little toad showed his face in the AWA, he's had it out for me... and tonight, he finally made his dream come true by robbing me - the rightful Steal The Spotlight contract holder - of the prize that I earned fair and square back at SuperClash.

MS: This is all a bunch of... you lost fair and square in the middle of the ring to the Gladiator tonight!

[Summers quickly turns his head and stares at Stegglet.]

RS: Fair and square? FAIR AND SQUARE?! How is it fair and square to have to face a hand-picked babbling baboon? Does that lunatic even have a professional wrestling license, Stegglet?!

MS: I know you're unhappy with the result but it's not like you faced a mystery opponent tonight. You knew who you were facing and you've known for weeks now. You've had weeks to prepare for-

[Summers angrily interrupts.]

RS: All I've had are weeks of a target being painted on my back by Gellar. A target! I was the first man who had to defend the Steal the Spotlight, a contract I earned! I earned the right to cash that in for a match of my choosing! MY CHOOSING! NOT GELLAR'S! So congratulations Gellar, you finally succeeded at screwing Rex Summers over!

[Summers mockingly applauds before the Red Hot One runs his hand over his slicked-down hair.]

RS: But I'll tell you this, Stegglet... there's going to be payback for this.

MS: Payback? For who?

RS: Gellar. Gladiator... all of them! Anyone who was involved with this sham!

MS: Are you threatening the Director of Operations?!

[Summers starts to respond and apparently thinks better of it.]

MS: Well?

RS: All I'm saying is that Rex Summers doesn't forgive and forget. And you'd all do well to remember that.

[And with that, the FORMER Steal The Spotlight contract holder strides out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind...

...and we fade to another part of the backstage area where the former AWA National Champion, Kolya Sudakov, is standing in front of the Memorial Day Mayhem X promotional banner. Make your plans to be in Fort Worth now! Sudakov, by the way, is dressed for battle in a black two-strapped singlet with a small golden hammer and sickle on the front. A heavy, shiny silver chain hangs over his massive shoulders.]

KS: Nine years ago, Kolya come to the AWA with Uncle Vladimir to prove that the Soviet Union might be gone... but it could not be forgotten. To prove that the Russian people were still proud... still strong... still to be feared. Kolya wanted to hurt America... to embarrass it.

Much has changed since then.

Mother Russia still there. Still strong. Still proud. And Kolya still proud to be Russian.

[Sudakov turns around, showing a small American flag on the back of his singlet.]

KS: But Kolya also proud to be American. Many years ago, American people take Kolya in. They allow Kolya to live here... to work here... to... how you say... chase the American dream.

Kolya have American wife. Kolya have American children.

Kolya does not try to hurt America anymore.

[Sudakov turns back towards the camera.]

KS: Over years, Kolya has fought all over the world. But Kolya heart stay here... stay in AWA. AWA always home... and AWA always welcome Kolya back no matter who Kolya fight with.

It is hard for Kolya to not look at Zharkov as... younger Kolya.

[Sudakov smiles. A sight we're certainly not used to.]

KS: Tonight, Zharkov... we find out how much like Kolya you are. We know you are proud to be Russian. We know that you are strong... you are proud... and you are feared. But do you fight for Russian glory? Or your own?

[The Russian War Machine shakes his head.]

KS: Kolya not sure. Kolya not sure last year at SuperClash when he betrayed you. Kolya not sure now.

Kolya not sure what you fight for, Zharkov. Money. Power. Glory. Much like when Kolya was young man, you have someone pull your strings. Maybe you fight for him. Maybe you fight just to fight.

Kolya have reason to fight.

[Sudakov smiles again.]

KS: Kolya bring family to Seattle. Wife. Children are here for first time to watch Kolya fight. Because Kolya not know how many fight Kolya have left. They here... and I fight for them.

AWA fans out there. I fight for them!

Russian people back home who honor Kolya for so long. I fight for them!

What do YOU fight for, Zharkov?! What do YOU fight for?!

[Sudakov nods, pulling the chain off his shoulders and wrapping it around his hand as we fade back out to ringside to Gordon and Buck

GM: Kolya Sudakov, the Russian War Machine, with some final words for Maxim Zharkov before they come out here to do battle in a Russian Chain Match. Bucky, your thoughts on what we just heard?

BW: Gordo, if you've been listening to Sudakov since SuperClash, he sounds like a man on borrowed time to me. The injuries have piled up for him... a career of prof wrestling, kickboxing, and Mixed Martial Arts. He's got a wife and kids here in the States that he'd like to see more often. He sounds like a man tired to traveling the world to beat people up. But he also sounds like a man who just might have one more fight left in him... unfortunately for him, that fight is against Maxim Zharkov - the Tsar - who will have Jackson Hunter with him.

GM: You also have to wonder if Zharkov's ally in the Axis of Evil, Juan Vasquez, will make an appearance in this one as well like he did on Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: I have it on good authority that Vasquez has locked himself in a room to get prepared for that Unsanctioned Match later tonight. I don't think he'll be a part of this, Gordo. I think this one is down between Zharkov and Sudakov.

GM: That remains to be seen. Fans, this one promises to be brutal... it promises to be violent... and it promises to very likely be bloody. If you have small children watching, parental discretion is certainly advised for this one. With that said, Phil Watson... take it away, my friend!

[We fade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is a RUSSIAN CHAIN MATCH!

[Big cheer!]

PW: There are NO countouts and NO disqualifications! You must win by pinfall or submission!

[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.]

PW: Introducing first... From Magadan, Russia... weighing 151 kilograms... 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.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of a generic military march start up.]

PW: Now hailing from the United States of America...

[Big cheer!]

PW: Weighing in at 262 pounds... he is the Russian War Machine...

KOOOOOOOLLLLLLYAAAAA SUUUUUUUUDAKOVVVVV!

[The cheers from the Seattle crowd go up as the Russian War Machine comes through the curtain. He's added a deep crimson windbreaker jacket over his singlet, pointing to the cheering crowd as he walks down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: The Russian War Machine... one of the longest reigning National Champions in AWA history... and if Kolya Sudakov is getting ready for his final fight, he's sure picked one heck of one to go out on!

[Sudakov pulls off his jacket, throwing it down on the floor as he nears the ring, sliding under the bottom rope into the ring. He pops up to his feet, walking straight across the squared circle, getting up in the face of Maxim Zharkov who does not back away, shouting in Russian at the veteran.]

GM: Whoa my! This one almost breaking down before it even got started!

[Ricky Longfellow steps in, waving the two men apart as two AWA officials step in, carrying a long silver chain.]

GM: The official trying to get some control... and Kolya Sudakov reluctantly backs off, heading back to his side of the ring.

[The two Russians are glaring at one another as the officials work to secure the long metal chain to the wrists of both men.]

GM: And as the officials get them attached to the chain, you can see the heft of that thing... how solid it is.

BW: I picked it up backstage, Gordo. That thing is solid heavy metal.

[Zharkov gives the chain on his wrist a tug or two, making sure it stays in place as Jackson Hunter speaks to him from the corner of the apron. The Tsar nods, listening to his American representative.]

GM: Jackson Hunter with some final advice for Zharkov... and I don't know what kind of advice you give to someone about to step into a Russian Chain match, Bucky.

BW: Me neither, Gordo. Hit the other guy and try not to get hit yourself?

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: As you heard, fans, this match ends on pinfall or submission only. No countouts, no disqualifications, no dragging people around the ring to touch the corners like you often see done in a chain match. This is a war and it's only going to end when someone can't go on.

[Sudakov shakes his wrist a few times as well, feeling the weight of the chain as the officials vacate, leaving Ricky Longfellow to step out to the middle of the ring, looking from one corner to the other...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE! WE! GO!

[At the sound of the bell, both men immediately grab the chain with both hands, tugging at it.]

GM: And we've got ourselves a tug of war at the opening bell!

[The 6'2, 347 pound Zharkov is straining as he yanks on the chain being held by the Russian War Machine.]

GM: Zharkov would have a strength advantage in this one, I would think, Bucky.

BW: I don't know, Gordo. Sudakov's built like a brickhouse.

GM: The big muscles on Sudakov holding their ground so far, pulling hard on that chain as well...

[The two men are still across the ring from each other, yanking on the chain, trying to overpower the other...

...and Sudakov, jaw clenched as he exerts his strength, pulls Zharkov a step closer, folding up the chain.]

GM: Sudakov pulling on that chain, pulling Zharkov closer... and again...

[With Zharkov's weight off-balance, Sudakov manages to draw him closer and closer, folding up the chain with each step closer...

...and then suddenly lashes out, whipping the slack chain down across Zharkov's arm!]

GM: Oh!

[Zharkov recoils, stomping back across the ring...

...when Sudakov yanks the chain, spinning him back around to big cheers.]

GM: Not so fast, big fella! You're not going anywhere!

[Zharkov stands back in his corner again, staring across the ring at Sudakov. The Russian War Machine beckons him forward as Zharkov listens to Jackson Hunter.]

GM: Sudakov wins Round One there, Bucky.

BW: He won a tug of war! What could that possibly even mean in the overall scheme of things?

GM: Well, it's a moral victory.

[Zharkov sets his feet, grabbing the chain with both hands again...]

GM: And here comes Round Two.

[Sudakov holds his ground, pulling hard...

...but Zharkov is able to yank Sudakov off balance, gathering the chain's slack in his hand.]

GM: Zharkov getting the edge this time... step by step... hand by hand...

[And as the off-balance Sudakov draws near, Zharkov takes a wild swing at Sudakov's head with the slack of the chain.]

GM: Sudakov ducks!

[A backhand swing comes up empty as well as the Russian War Machine ducks to avoid it, EXPLODING forward into a double leg takedown, shooting in and taking Zharkov off his feet!]

GM: BIG TAKEDOWN BY SUDAKOV!

[Sudakov quickly loops the chain around his right hand, taking aim...

...but before he can land any blows with it, Zharkov manages to roll under the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Zharkov rolls out. He saw that chain coming for him and he got the heck out of there in a hurry.

BW: As he should. Getting hit with that chain- HEY!

[The crowd roars as Sudakov grabs the chain with both hands, pulling it hard and dragging a surprised Zharkov back under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Sudakov drags Zharkov back in!

[Zharkov pushes up to his feet, ducking out of the way as Sudakov comes tearing at him, arm extended.]

GM: SICKLE!

[But Zharkov's dodge sends Sudakov careening off into the ropes. He turns around, a slight smile on his face as the fans cheer wildly. Zharkov backs off as far as the chain will allow him, shaking his head...

...and a quick cut to a family at ringside fills the screen.]

GM: And there you see the family of Kolya Sudakov who he told us before this match were here tonight. His wife and two young sons are down at ringside, cheering on the Russian War Machine in this encounter.

BW: What kind of sicko brings his kids to their first show when you're going to get pummeled with a steel chain?

[Sudakov strides out of the corner, Zharkov walking out to meet him in the center of the ring.]

GM: We've got ourselves a staredown here, fans... these two proud and mighty Russian warriors staring each other down in the center of the ring...

[The two men speak off-mic to one another for a bit...

...and then Zharkov hauls off with a right hand! Sudakov swings one of his own to match and with the Seattle crowd roaring their approval, the two competitors batter one another in the middle of the ring!]

GM: This is a fight, fans! A down and out fight!

[Sudakov lands a right hook... and another... and a third, staggering Zharkov who lowers his shoulder into the abdomen, shoving Sudakov backwards and slamming him into the corner!]

GM: Zharkov drives him back to the corner...

[Straightening up, Zharkov throws hooking blows to the body of the Russian War Machine, rocking him over and over. Sudakov starts to step out when Zharkov lashes out with a palm strike to the chest.]

BW: PUSHKA!

[Zharkov steps back, wrapping the chain around his right hand...

...and swings a hooking blow into the ribcage with the metal enhanced hand!]

GM: OHH!

[Sudakov starts to slide out of the corner but Zharkov muscles him back again, throwing another hook to the ribs.]

BW: Getting hit with a bare hand in the ribs like that could crack one. Getting hit with solid steel in the ribs? Well, Sudakov's going to have a hard time catching his breath here in a moment.

[Zharkov grabs Sudakov by the arm, whipping him out of the corner...

...and as Sudakov gets near the middle of the ring, Zharkov yanks the chain hard, bringing Sudakov stumbling back towards him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS the Russian War Machine with a steel-wrapped fist between the eyes!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: And if steel-wrapped fists to the ribs hurt... imagine what being hit right in the noggin with it does!

GM: Well, if Kolya Sudakov didn't discover what it felt like just now... look at this...

[Sudakov gets yanked into a seated position as Zharkov steadies him, winding up...

...and DRIVING the chain-wrapped fist into the head!]

GM: Ohh! Another shot to the skull!

[And another.]

GM: Ohhh!

[And another!]

GM: Good grief! Somebody-

BW: Somebody what?! There's no DQs! This is totally legal and-

GM: Kolya Sudakov just got busted open with that steel chain! We're not even five minutes into the match, Bucky, and we've got blood!

BW: You knew it was only a matter of time with these two brutes swinging steel chains in there... and Gordo, that blood is streaming down the head of the Russian War Machine already!

[Zharkov holds Sudakov up, showing his bloodied face to the crowd, shouting something in Russian as Jackson Hunter proudly applauds. The Seattle fans jeer the show of disrespect.]

GM: These fans here in the KeyArena aren't happy with what they're seeing right now as Maxim Zharkov is showing off the damage he's done to the former AWA National Champion.

[Glaring out at the jeering crowd, Zharkov uncoils the chain from his wrist, looping it around the throat of his opponent...]

GM: Oh no... not this...

[He pulls up on the chain, the links digging into the throat of Sudakov who claws at the metal, trying to get free...]

GM: Zharkov's choking him, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, but it's all legal!

[Sudakov falls over onto his back, kicking and flailing about as Zharkov uses the chain to drag him around the ring...]

GM: He's dragging him by the throat! Sudakov's trying to get free but Zharkov's strangling him with that Russian chain!

[Zharkov lets loose a roar as he stands over Sudakov whose face is turning red as he coughs and gags from the strangulation. Jackson Hunter again applauds as Ricky Longfellow encourages Zharkov to keep the action going.]

GM: Zharkov's dragging him up off the mat... Sudakov can barely stand... barely breathe as blood streams from his forehead...

[In the middle of the ring, Zharkov whips Sudakov into the ropes, sending him bouncing back out as Zharkov stretches out a section of chain between his hands...

...and DRIVES it into the windpipe of Sudakov, sending him back down to the mat, clutching his throat as he coughs violently.]

GM: What a shot with the chain! Essentially delivering a clothesline with a section of steel chain and Sudakov's in some serious trouble in this matchup, Bucky.

BW: He's bloody. He can't breathe. Sudakov's in a LOT of trouble.

[Zharkov angrily stomps Sudakov repeatedly, sending him rolling under the ropes and out to the floor where he slumps down onto the thin mats at ringside.]

GM: Zharkov sends him out to the floor...

[Dropping down to his back, Zharkov rolls under the ropes and takes a spot on the floor next to Sudakov.]

GM: Zharkov out there after him, not relenting at all. He's not giving Sudakov a single moment to recover... to catch his breath... to clear the cobwebs.

[With Sudakov pulled back to his feet, Zharkov goes to whip him towards the railing...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUDAKOV SENDS HIM INTO THE STEEL! A desperation move by the Russian War Machine but it pays off, giving him a chance to try and recover.

[Jackson Hunter can be heard shouting encouragement to Zharkov whose arms are draped over the barricade, completely exposing his torso as Sudakov decides to march in...]

GM: Sudakov moving in now, trying to take advantage of the situation...

[The crowd cheers as Sudakov throws rounding kick to the body, swinging his right foot repeatedly into the midsection of Zharkov.]

GM: Sudakov's going to work on the body of his opponent, trying to chop down this mighty tree.

BW: And while kicks to the body are never an easy thing to deal with, Kolya Sudakov comes into every match with so much experience from the worlds of

kickboxing and Mixed Martial Arts. If there's such a thing as educated feet, Sudakov's appendages have a PhD, daddy!

[Sudakov continues to throw the body kicks, rocking Zharkov over and over with blows to the ribcage...

...and suddenly, a nervous-looking Jackson Hunter approaches, shaking his head, shouting at Sudakov...]

GM: Get Hunter out of there! Get him back!

[And as Hunter draws too close, Sudakov wheels around, cocking a fist back and sending Hunter falling backwards, landing on his butt with a yelp to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Sudakov nearly took his head off!

[But with Sudakov's back turned, Zharkov shoves off the railing, clubbing Sudakov in the back of the head with a double axehandle!]

GM: Ohh! And Zharkov takes advantage of the distraction by Jackson Hunter, taking Sudakov off his feet and down to the floor at ringside!

[Zharkov puts the boots to Sudakov, shouting at him in Russian as Jackson Hunter gets back to his feet, tugging his tie into place as the Tsar lays the heavy leather in on the Russian War Machine.]

GM: Zharkov is pounding him into the floor at ringside... now pulling Sudakov up to his feet...

[The Tsar walks Sudakov back towards the ring, shoving him facefirst against the ringpost. Hunter approaches, grabbing Sudakov by the wrists, holding him in place as Zharkov winds up with the chain...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He WHIPPED him with the chain!

[Zharkov sneers as Sudakov grimaces in pain, looking out at the crowd as he winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And he does it again!

[Hunter hangs on tight to the wrists as Sudakov tries to struggle free. Zharkov winds up a third time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ahhh! Absolutely brutal attacks with that heavy metal chain!

[Zharkov turns slightly, looking into the front row...

...and locks eyes with the wife of Kolya Sudakov.]

GM: Oh, come on now... that's the man's family for crying out loud!

[Zharkov shouts at them, pointing at Sudakov's back which is covered in red welts, one of which is oozing blood.]

GM: I don't have a clue what he's saying but... come on, that's the man's wife and kids!

[Sudakov's wife is on the verge of tears as the burly Russian shouts at her in his foreign tongue. The kids are already there, weeping as they scream at their father's plight.]

GM: This is absolutely disgusting! What kind of man IS Maxim Zharkov?! What kind of man IS Jackson Hunter?!

[Hunter lets go of the wrists, allowing a smirking Zharkov to shove Sudakov back under the ropes into the ring, rolling himself back in as well.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring now as we near the ten minute mark of this brutal Russian Chain battle between the Tsar, Maxim Zharkov, and the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov.

[Zharkov turns to the fans, gesturing at the downed Sudakov dismissively as the Seattle fans let him have it.]

BW: The Tsar is on top of the world, Gordo!

GM: For now. For now.

BW: You really think Sudakov stands a chance of coming back and beating him?

GM: I believe that Kolya Sudakov has the heart of a warrior... the fighting spirit of a champion. I also believe he's got two weapons in the Russian Sickles and that devastating high kick that if he hits either one of those, Maxim Zharkov's night is over.

[Zharkov pulls the bloodied Sudakov off the mat, wrapping the chain around his neck again, using it to flip Sudakov over with a snap mare into a seated position...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and then slaps him in the back of the head as Sudakov slumps back down to the mat.]

GM: Zharkov looking to embarrass his rival at this point...

[Zharkov viciously stomps Sudakov in the head once... twice... three times as Jackson Hunter cheers him on from outside the ring.]

GM: Maxim Zharkov physically asserting himself on Kolya Sudakov... trying to put his rival down into a position where you can finish him off.

[Grabbing Sudakov by the straps on his singlet, Zharkov yanks him up to his feet, tearing one of the straps in the process. The Tsar holds Sudakov up by the other one, shaking his head as Sudakov lifts a hand, trying to shove him back.]

GM: Sudakov showing some signs of life and-

[Zharkov grabs the back of the head, smashing his skull into Sudakov's bloodied forehead!]

GM: Headbutt!

[The Tsar is a blur of violent motion, connecting with headbutt after headbutt after headbutt, driving Sudakov down to his knees...]

GM: A series of headbutts has Sudakov down on his knees and-

[With a loud bellow, Zharkov delivers another headbutt, smashing Sudakov between the eyes and leaving him sprawled out a bloody mess on the canvas. Zharkov stumbles back, holding his own forehead from the impact of that blow.]

GM: Zharkov puts him back down on the canvas after that devastating headbutt that seems to have shaken up the Tsar.

[Zharkov leans against the ropes, nodding at a shout of "YOU OKAY?!" from Jackson Hunter.]

BW: Zharkov says he's okay and if Zharkov says it, I believe it. None of that fake news coming from the Axis.

GM: Give me a break.

[Zharkov pushes off the ropes, standing over Sudakov who is crawling towards the ropes, trying to get to his feet. The Tsar gives a shout of "UP!" at his bloodied rival as Sudakov drags himself up.]

GM: Zharkov pushes him in, shoves him off...

[And as Sudakov bounces back towards him off the ropes, Zharkov winds up with a chain-wrapped fist...

...and DRILLS Sudakov between the eyes, sending the bloodied Russian War Machine spiraling down to the canvas on his back. Zharkov nods at the jeering crowd, placing his boot on the chest of Sudakov.]

GM: Zharkov with an arrogant cover! ONE!! TWO!!

[Sudakov lifts his shoulder off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: And Sudakov kicks out. Bucky, you have to wonder what would have happened if Zharkov had gone for a REAL pin attempt there!

BW: Maybe he's just testing him... testing to see how much Sudakov has in him.

[An irate Zharkov quickly loops the chain around the throat of Sudakov, planting his boot between the shoulderblades of the Russian War Machine, yanking back on it...]

GM: And again, Zharkov is choking Kolya Sudakov! Choking him in the middle of the ring which is totally legal in this brutal Russian Chain match which we've passed the ten minute mark in.

[Sudakov is struggling on the mat, wiggling back and forth, trying to free himself from Zharkov's deadly grip...]

GM: Sudakov trying to roll to his side, trying to somehow relieve the pressure on his throat...

[The Russian War Machine rolls to his back, pulling the chain to yank Zharkov off-balance...

...and then hooks the leg, lifting it as he comes to a knee, toppling Zharkov down to the mat to cheers!]

GM: Sudakov with the counter, taking him down...

[Sudakov quickly goes on the offense, getting into full mount position where he begins raining down bare fists on the skull of Maxim Zharkov!]

GM: Punches from the mount! He's lighting him up!

[Zharkov lifts his arms, trying to cover up as Sudakov lands blow after devastating blow to the face and head! The referee slides in, checking to see if the Tsar is willing to submit!]

GM: The official is right there, checking to see if Zharkov wants to quit!

[Jackson Hunter can be heard screaming "HANG ON!" from outside the ring. Zharkov extends an arm, trying to push Sudakov back as a particularly heavy blow lands on his temple!]

GM: Sudakov's trying to knock him out and-

[Suddenly, the former Mixed Martial Artist grabs the wrist of Zharkov's extended arm, spinning out of the mount, scissoring the arm between his legs, and falling back into a cross armbreaker to a HUGE reaction from the Seattle crowd!]

GM: OH MY! ARMBREAKER OUT OF NOWHERE!

BW: Do something, Jackson!

[Hunter flips out, slamming his hands down on the ring apron, begging Zharkov to hang on as Sudakov tries to rip his arm out of its socket!]

GM: Sudakov trying to straighten out the arm, trying to dislocate that elbow!

[Zharkov stretches a hand out, trying to get to the ropes but he's just outside of reach.]

BW: Get to the ropes, Zharkov!

GM: It doesn't matter if he does! It's no disqualification!

[Jackson Hunter leans into the ropes, pushing it with both hands, putting all of his weight behind it as Zharkov reaches out...

...and grabs the rope!]

GM: Zharkov made it to the ropes but it doesn't matter like I said! Zharkov's gotta find a way to get out of this hold and fast!

[The Russian pulls... and pulls... and pulls...]

BW: Look at the power! Literally dragging himself AND Sudakov towards the ropes and...

[Zharkov slides under the ropes, tumbling out to the floor as Sudakov is unable to keep his grip on the arm. The Tsar rolls to his knee, clutching his arm in tremendous pain as the bloodied Sudakov gets up off the canvas.]

GM: Zharkov's outside the ring, feeling the effects of being trapped in that armbar and-

[Sudakov gathers up the slack on the chain, pulling hard on it, dragging Zharkov back towards the ring. Zharkov tries to grab the chain with his other arm but instantly recoils in pain before being easily dragged back in by the Russian War Machine.]

GM: Zharkov tried to fight it but he couldn't... and Sudakov sets!

[With Zharkov down on the mat in pain, Sudakov strikes a kickboxing stance, standing in Zharkov's blind spot...]

GM: Sudakov's set!

BW: He's looking for that high kick!

GM: If he hits it, it's lights out for the Tsar!

[...and as Zharkov gets to his feet, Sudakov uncorks a high kick swung with maximum velocity, aiming for maximum impact when it hits the side of Zharkov's head.]

GM: HIGH KICK!

[But the desperate Zharkov raises his bad arm instinctively...]

GM: OH!

[...and immediately howls in pain, falling to his knees grabbing his arm that he just used to block Sudakov's high kick!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: Even with that protective guard on his arm, Sudakov might've broken it with that high kick! Zharkov's arm is just hanging at his side... I don't even know if he can lift it!

[Sudakov grabs Zharkov, yanking him up and flinging him chestfirst into the corner where he promptly uses the chain to tie Zharkov temporarily to the buckles...]

GM: Sudakov ties him up! He's got him tied in the corner and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUDAKOV'S TAKIN' THE HIDE OFF HIM! A little bit of payback for what Zharkov put him through out on the floor earlier!

[The big red welts across the back of Zharkov tell a similar story to those on Sudakov's back. Taking the chain off Zharkov, freeing him from the corner, the Russian War Machine whips his opponent across the ring from corner to corner, sending him crashing into the buckles.]

GM: Sudakov shoots him across, coming in after him...

[And as he nears the corner, Sudakov pauses to wrap the slack of the chain around his ankle and shin...]

BW: What in the...?

[Sudakov takes aim, swinging his chain-wrapped leg up into the ribs of Zharkov!]

GM: Ohh!

[The blows repeatedly land in the torso, causing Zharkov to double up in agony, hanging onto the top rope with his good arm to try and stay on his feet as Jackson Hunter shouts from his spot at ringside.]

GM: Sudakov lighting up Zharkov with those kicks to the body - with a little bit of extra oomph on them thanks to that steel chain!

[Removing the chain from his leg, Sudakov pushes up to sit on the top rope, looping the chain around Zharkov's throat and lifting up on it!]

GM: And now it's Sudakov's turn to try and strangle the air out of Zharkov with that Russian chain!

[Zharkov's eyes go wide, grabbing at the metal links digging into his neck as Sudakov tries to render him unconscious!]

GM: Zharkov's in trouble, fans! Struggling to keep air in his body!

[But as Zharkov gets his feet under him, he reaches up and gives a mighty yank, pulling Sudakov off the ropes, flipping him over and down to the canvas to disappointment from the Seattle crowd!]

GM: The fans here in the KeyArena were on their feet there, fans. They desperately were hoping to see Kolya Sudakov pull this off and send Maxim Zharkov down to defeat!

BW: You realize the Tsar is undefeated, Gordo, right? He hasn't lost a single match since arriving in the AWA.

GM: That may be about to change here tonight.

BW: Oh yeah?

[With Sudakov stirring off the canvas, Zharkov comes tearing out of the corner, hands clasped together...

...and SMASHES a double axehandle blow across the chest!]

GM: OHHH! RUSSIAN HAMMER! RUSSIAN HAMMER!

[The blow bestowed upon the Tsar by Russian pro wrestling great Ivan Kostovich puts Sudakov back down on the canvas where Zharkov dives on top, hooking a leg.]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! SUDAKOV GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Zharkov fumes at the kickout, shouting angrily in Russian at the official who holds up two fingers. The Tsar swings a leg over Sudakov's torso, shoving him back down to the mat before wrapping the slack of the chain over his hand...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Zharkov wrapping the chain around his hand and-

[The crowd groans as Zharkov SLAMS his chain-wrapped fist into Sudakov's head... and again... and again...]

BW: Sudakov's covering up but it's hard to protect yourself from a steel chain being slammed into your head!

[Zharkov suddenly gets up, yanking Sudakov off the mat right into a waistlock...

...but Sudakov throws two quick back elbows, slumping down to all fours where he scoots backwards between the legs of Zharkov, pulling the chain with him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE CHAIN GETS YANKED UP INTO THE GROIN! OH MY!

[With Zharkov reeling from the low blow, Sudakov retakes his feet, using a snap mare to flip Zharkov over into a seated position again. He quickly loops the chain around his arm...]

GM: Sudakov's got the chain on his arm and- ELBOW!

[The former MMA competitor lands a 12-6 elbow down across the forehead of the seated Zharkov... and another... and another... and another, producing a cut on the forehead of the Tsar!]

GM: And now the Russian War Machine has split Zharkov open!

[Zharkov slumps to the side, dropping his head but Sudakov keeps him from falling down, swinging his chain-wrapped elbow down into the ear once... twice... three times...]

GM: To the ear!

BW: And that can REALLY mess up someone, shots to the ear like that!

[Zharkov covers up and Sudakov lands a few more chain-wrapped elbowstrikes down on the bad arm before he pulls Zharkov up, flinging him to the corner...]

GM: Zharkov back into the corner and Sudakov seems like he might be getting a second wind... that fighting spirit has taken over and is driving him towards the end of what might be his final battle! We are over fifteen minutes into this absolutely brutal war between these two tremendous competitors!

[Sudakov wraps the chain around his hand instead, swinging a hook to the body... and another... and another until Zharkov drops his arms to protect his ribcage...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINNING BACKFIST WITH THE CHAIN WRAPPED AROUND HIS HAND!

[The blow knocks Zharkov flat down on his rear in the corner as Sudakov stands over him.]

GM: Sudakov's looking to finish him off! Zharkov's in trouble and that undefeated streak is in jeopardy here in this Russian Chain battle!

[Sudakov winds up, ready to strike...

...and Jackson Hunter pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at Sudakov!]

GM: Hunter's on the apron and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The mouthy manager is a bit too close as Sudakov reaches out and BLASTS him with a steel chain shot between the eyes, knocking Hunter down to the floor below!]

GM: Sudakov flattens Hunter! Down goes Hunter! And that leaves us with these two warriors fighting one-on-one to a finish!

[Sudakov grabs Zharkov by the arm, whipping him across the ring into the buckles. The Tsar staggers out as Sudakov tears across the ring, giving a tremendous shout...]

GM: SICKLE!! SICKLE!!

[...and BLASTS Zharkov across the collarbone with the running clothesline! The Russian War Machine, sensing victory, dives across the prone Zharkov!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd's disappointment soon turns to shocked silence.]

GM: Are you... are you KIDDING me?! Did Maxim Zharkov just kick out of the Russian Sickle?!

BW: Has ANYONE ever done that?!

GM: Not that I can recall. Maxim Zharkov... somehow, someway... survives the Russian Sickle!

[Sudakov kneels on the canvas, burying his head in his hands in disbelief. He looks pleadingly at the official who holds up two fingers in response. With a nod, the former National Champion climbs to his feet, backing across the ring...

...and loops the steel chain around his arm, sending a ripple of surprise through the crowd that is quickly replaced with a buzz of excitement and anticipation.]

GM: Zharkov is down on the mat, barely able to move at this point. He may have kicked out of the Sickle just barely but... I don't know if he's getting up, Bucky.

BW: He's all alone out here! Jackson Hunter got laid out by that savage, Sudakov, and Juan Vasquez is preparing for his own battle later tonight. Zharkov's gonna have to do this on his own if he's going to do it!

[Sudakov gives a shout from across the ring, waving for Zharkov to get up. The weary Tsar stretches out, resting a hand on the ropes.]

GM: Zharkov's trying to get up... trying to get back to his feet...

[The Tsar is down on a knee, grabbing at the chain, pulling at it as Sudakov stays standing, ready to strike...]

GM: Sudakov's waiting! Sudakov's ready!

[And as Zharkov comes off the mat, barely able to steady himself, Sudakov comes tearing across the ring towards him, arm outstretched with the chain wrapped around it...]

GM: SIIIIICKLLLLLLLLLE!

[...but before Sudakov can land what would certainly be a match-ending blow, Zharkov crouches low, lifting Sudakov by the torso, throwing him up into the air...]

GM: POP-UP!

[...and OBLITERATES the falling Sudakov with a chain-wrapped forearm strike to the jaw, snapping his head back and causing him to flop motionlessly to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HE'S OUT, GORDO! SUDAKOV IS OUT!

GM: You may be right... but Zharkov's not done!

[Zharkov quickly wraps the other arm in chain as well, sitting down on the back of Sudakov and YANKING his head back into the seated full nelson enhanced by the steel chain wrapped around his forearms!]

GM: Oh my stars! The Gorynych is locked in! The chains wrapped around those powerful arms are applying more and more pressure on the head and neck of Sudakov! Sudakov's trying to hang on but-

[The referee kneels down, checking to see if Sudakov can continue...]

GM: The official is right there... trying to get a response from Sudakov. The Russian War Machine has fought so long and hard... both here tonight in Seattle and throughout his outstanding career. Does he have enough in him for one more comeback? Does he have enough in him for one last round?!

[...and then whirls, waving an arm.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: It's over!

[Zharkov hangs on to the Gorynych a little longer, allowing a four count before he lets go. He stands over the motionless Sudakov, gesturing to his hand and ordering the official to raise it.]

PW: Here is your winner... MAXIM ZHAAAAARRRRKOOOOOV!

[Zharkov nods at the announcement as the official removes the chain from his wrist, allowing it to fall to the canvas as the powerful Russian crosses his arms, standing over Sudakov triumphantly.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov passed out... he lost consciousness thanks to a combination of blood loss, that devastating pop-up forearm smash with the chain, and of course,

the Gorynch. What a fight... what a battle... but in the end, Kolya Sudakov just could not outlast the Tsar.

BW: It's over, daddy! The Russian War Machine is no more!

GM: Sudakov is motionless on the mat.

[Zharkov steps to the side, mimicking kicking dirt on his downed opponent before he steps from the ring. Lifting his manager off the floor, Zharkov swings him over his shoulder before heading back up the aisle towards the locker room, leaving the bloodied and defeated Sudakov on the canvas. We cut to Gordon and Bucky sitting at ringside.]

GM: It was a hard-fought battle but Maxim Zharkov is triumphant... and wherever he is, Juan Vasquez has gotta be pleased to see his Axis of Evil comrade victorious here tonight. What that means for Vasquez in tonight's Unsanctioned Match remains to be seen but, Bucky, your thoughts on Zharkov's huge victory here tonight.

BW: My thoughts?! I think that means that Maxim Zharkov - if he wasn't already - has now cemented himself as a top contender to any championship in the AWA that he wants to get his hands on. Johnny Detson, Travis Lynch, Supernova... they better all look out because the Tsar is comin' for 'em.

GM: There was a lot of talk coming into tonight that this may have been the final match in the storied career of Kolya Sudakov. While we don't know that for sure, Bucky, if it is... talk about Kolya Sudakov for a moment.

BW: One of the greatest combat artists of all time. Kickboxing, MMA, pro wrestling. He's fought and won titles all over the world. During the early days of the AWA, he was one of the most recognized superstars. One of the longest reigning National Champions ever. Just... so good. So very good. And if this is the end for him, Gordo, it was one heck of a fight to go out on.

GM: Absolutely... and as Sudakov is helped to his feet by Ricky Longfellow and some of our other officials, these AWA fans are giving him the love.

[There are loud cheers from the Seattle crowd as Sudakov gains his feet, looking out through blood-stung eyes at the cheering fans. The officials help him towards the ropes, where he steps through, easily lowering himself to the floor where he walks over towards his family who are alongside the barricade.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov coming over to his family now... giving them an embrace...

[Kolya kisses his wife on the forehead, reaching down to tousle the hair of his two young sons who are hugging his torso. Sudakov smiles as he walks past them, heading to the aisle...

...where slowly, a chant starts up...]

"KOL-YA!"

"KOL-YA!"

"KOL-YA!"

"KOL-YA!"

"KOL-YA!"

"KOL-YA!"

[Sudakov turns, looking around at the cheering crowd with a smile. He nods, lifting a hand in thanks before turning to make his exit as the "KOL-YA!" chant continues, fading out as we fade through black...

...and backstage where we find The Samoan Hit Squad with "The Professional" Dave Cooper. The three stand in front of an AWA backdrop. The Samoans are already dressed in their wrestling attire. Scola has his arms folded and a menacing stare as he stands to the right of Cooper. Mafu, to Cooper's left, has his long hair hanging a bit in front of his face and a wild look in his eyes and a slight smile. Cooper is dressed in a pair of black slacks and wears a blue button-down shirt, a grin plastered across his bearded face.]

DC: Everybody, take a look at the two men who stand beside me. Two of the most dangerous men in the AWA, two men who had the talent but lacked the proper guidance, until I came along! Since I've made these two men an integral part of The Lion's Den, they have had nothing but success! And tonight, it will be no different as they step into the Battle Royal, a spot in the Battle for Boston on the line! And I can guarantee all you nickel-and-dimers out there who can't afford to make the payments on those shacks that they're gonna foreclose on you before the day is done, that a lot of your favorites are going to be taken out!

[Mafu gives a slight laugh. Scola remains silent.]

DC: That starts with you, Torin the Titan! Everyone says you're the favorite to win it all, but that was before The Lion's Den became part of this match! I've got two men right here who are not afraid to face you and who, together, are more than enough to send you out of that ring! And I see that Chris Choynet and his newfound partner in idiocy weren't smart enough to stay out of the match! So be it... the two of you are just going to be two more victims! Howie Somers, I see the apple doesn't fall far from the tree... you may think you're gonna get payback for your uncle, but the only thing that's gonna happen to you is you and that teenage sidekick of yours becoming another stepping stone for us toward the World Tag Team Titles!

[Mafu laughs again. Scola's glare gets more intense.]

DC: As for the rest of you, you can send Supreme Wright at us, but he's never been in the ring with two men as vicious as the Samoans, and all the holds in the world aren't going to be enough to get the job done in a match like this! Or you can send The Hangman, but The Lion's Den will just have to send him back in a pine box! Send anyone you like, it doesn't matter, because the Samoan Hit Squad are gonna reign supreme, taking everybody out, one by one, until it's the two of them... and then, all I can say is may the best man win, because either way, it's a win for The Lion's Den!

M: [points his finger at the camera] We're coming for all of you! Ha ha!

[Scola gets just a hint of a wicked smile on his face as we cut to another part of the backstage area - the MDM X backdrop with the members of Next Gen standing in front of it. Howie Somers and Daniel Harper are both dressed in their wrestling attire.]

HS: Daniel, it looks like we got quite the field wanting to have that first spot in the Battle of Boston, so we know we don't have an easy road there. But I can't help but notice how many of the tag teams in the AWA have entered themselves into this match... I can only imagine a lot of them believe that a good showing tonight would give them a shot at the World Tag Team Titles, but I can promise you this, the one

team that is going to demonstrate who deserves the title shot the most is you and I, am I right?

DH: [nodding] You got that right, my friend! When we step into that ring, it could be anybody from the Samoan Hit Squad to BCIQ to The Wilde Bunch and who knows who else might be out there. But we made our case a couple weeks ago about why we believe we deserve the next shot at the tag team titles and a good showing tonight will not only help strengthen that case, but don't forget that there's the spot in that big tournament. Now, the month Battle of Boston takes place, it's my 21st birthday, and I can't think of a better birthday present than the chance to prove myself in a massive tournament like that! What do you think, my friend?

HS: [slight smile] That's all well and good, Daniel, but you better not forget that Boston happens to be my hometown and nothing would please me more than the chance to wrestle in a large tournament in my hometown! So you better believe I have as much motivation to win this Battle Royal as you do, and if it comes down to you and me, I'm gonna give it my all and I wouldn't expect any less from you. But regardless of which one of us wins it, we can promise everyone that Next Gen is going to make its mark tonight and prove to everyone that we should not only be the next in line for the World Tag Team Titles, but that we just might be the next World Tag Team Champions when all is said and done.

DH: It's our time to shine, my friend... let's do this!

[They exchange a high five as we fade away from Next Gen to a shot backstage where we see the monstrous Cain Jackson, standing before us. Jackson is dressed in a black hoodie zipped all the way up with the letters CJ in a stylized logo on the left breast along with metallic blue wrestling trunks with silver flames running along the sides. He stares straight into the camera with an intense glare.]

CJ: There's a tradition in the prison yard...it's not obscure or unknown, but it's very relevant to the Battle Royal.

It's said that if you want to earn respect, you've gotta' find the biggest, meanest looking guy in the yard and take him down. And once upon a time, the biggest, meanest looking guy in the yard...

[Jackson points a thumb to his chest.]

CJ: ...was me.

[He shakes his head.]

CJ: But the AWA is a whole different world from the one I knew. Here, I'm not the biggest and I'm not the meanest, but tonight I'm gonna' enter that ring and I'm gonna' walk up to the biggest, meanest looking guy in that yard...whether that's Torin the Titan or The Hangman or someone else...and I guarantee before I'm done, everyone WILL respect me.

[Suddenly, a familiar voice calls out to Jackson off-camera.]

"There's just one problem with that, Cain."

[The camera swings around and there we see...Supreme Wright.]

SW: The biggest, meanest looking guy in the ring isn't the one you should be worried about.

[Wright's eyes narrow at his former charge.]

SW: It's ME.

CJ: I didn't forget about you, Supreme. And I should be the last person you need to remind about what you're capable of.

[Jackson walks right up to his former mentor and stares him straight in the eye.]

CJ: But if I'm going to kick your face off and win this Battle Royal, I prefer to save you for last.

[This actually draws a chuckle from the usually stoic Wright, who nods in agreement.]

SW: Then I guess I'll be seeing you at the end, Cain.

[And then Wright holds out his hand for a handshake, which Cain immediately accepts.]

SW: May the best man win.

CJ: I wouldn't worry about that, Supreme.

[Jackson visibly tightens his grip around Supreme's hand. Wright, as is his nature, doesn't even so much as flinch.]

CJ: I will.

[And with that, Jackson releases the handshake and walks off. Wright watches him leave, opening and closing his hand to regain the feeling, before smirking to himself and walking off in the opposite direction as we fade to a plain backdrop and standing there is The Electric Dragon, Noburo Fujimoto. Fujimoto is dressed in black leather pants with a black silk shirt with a bright orange and purple dragon embroidered from one side of the shirt around the back to the other. Spiked golden orange hair, and a pair of mirror sunglasses on his face.]

NF: There are people in this company who think they can take on the Dragon! There are people in this company who don't see the Dragon in front of them!

[Fujimoto laugh, shaking his head.]

NF: To take on the Dragon is a fool's errand as the Dragon will snatch you up and spit you out. But to not notice the Dragon? To not see the magnificence? Not see the greatness?

[Fujimoto sneers in disgust.]

NF: Then you're an even bigger fool than the ones who charge the Dragon head on!

[Fujimoto tears off his glasses as he stares at the camera.]

NF: I am Noburo Fujimoto! The Electric Dragon! And just like a dragon I will snatch up every single person in this Battle Royal and one by one they will be spit out. Then you will all see that you can't take on the Dragon... the magnificence... the greatness! You ignore the Dragon at your own foolish peril!

[Fujimoto casually slides his glasses back on his face.]

NF: I will not be ignored and I will not be defeated. You want to take on the Electric Dragon? Well, the Dragon is waiting for you!

[Fade to a shot of Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: It's been a wild night here in Seattle and we've still got a whole lot more to come including what's coming up next this - this Open Invitational Battle Royal with the winner getting a spot in the upcoming Battle of Boston tournament that will be held over 4th of July weekend... but Emerson Gellar, you've asked for this time because you're here to raise the stakes for this next match.

[The camera pulls back to reveal the Director of Operations.]

EG: That's right, Lou. This night is called Memorial Day Mayhem for a reason and from what we've seen already with the Kings of Wrestling... with Calisto Dufresne... with the Gladiator... let's just say this night is living up to its name. It's all about mayhem... and I believe what I'm about to say is going to kick things up another notch.

SLB: Care to shed some light on that for us?

[Gellar nods.]

EG: Later tonight, the Gladiator is going to cash in the Steal The Spotlight contract and face Johnny Detson for the AWA World Title. Win, lose, or draw... that contract is being cashed in, Lou.

SLB: That's right.

EG: Which means that in about an hour, we won't have anyone holding the Steal The Spotlight contract.

SLB: That's... true, I suppose.

EG: Well... the winner of this Battle Royal tonight is going to get a fantastic opportunity to shine in Boston... but I think I'm also looking to provide... a unique opportunity here tonight.

SLB: What are you saying?

EG: I'm saying that not only does the winner of this Battle Royal tonight get a prize... but the Final Four do as well. The Final Four in this Battle Royal will be made team captains.

[Blackwell looks confused.]

SLB: Team captains? For what?

EG: Let's look ahead a little bit. At the end of July, the AWA is going to Europe for the first time, right?

SLB: That's right.

EG: So, let's bring the Europeans something special. On July 16th at MSG in New York, we're going to have ourselves a little draft. The Final Four in this Battle Royal will pick teams until each has a five man squad including themselves. Then on July 30th in Berlin, two of those teams will collide in an elimination tag. On August 13th in Berlin, the other two will. And the survivors of those two elimination matches will meet in Wembley Stadium on August 27th - on the last night of our European tour - to crown the new Steal The Spotlight contract holder.

SLB: Wow! That's a huge opportunity!

EG: I think so... and we're all about opportunity here in the AWA, Lou, so I'm looking forward to seeing the effort out there tonight with this added prize. Good luck to you all!

[Gellar turns and exits.]

SLB: This HUGE Battle Royal is coming up next and Emerson Gellar just completely flipped the switch on this one! Now, it's not just the winner getting the big prize... three others will as well! Gordon, Bucky... the stakes just got raised here in Seattle!

[We cut back to ringside to our announce duo.]

GM: Wow! Huge news there, Lou... and Bucky, Emerson Gellar continues to shake things up here in the AWA.

BW: Absolutely. The Steal The Spotlight tag match has been an annual attraction at SuperClash for years now... Emerson Gellar just said we're going to do those matches in Europe this year to find out who will hold the contract!

GM: And as the bodies start to fill this ring...

[We cut to the ring that is slowly starting to fill up.]

GM: ...you have to wonder about how this will change their strategies. Now it's not just about winning... although that's the ultimate goal... it's about surviving to make sure you're a part of the Final Four.

[It looks like the tag teams got sent out first as we see Next Gen, the Samoan Hit Squad, the Wilde Bunch, the Slaughterhouse including Anton Layton, BCIQ, Chris Choynet and Cesar Hernandez, American Pride, and the Shadow Star Legion making their way to or in some cases already standing in the ring.]

GM: Fans, I'm told that this ring has been specially reinforced here tonight because of the sheer amount of tonnage in here.

BW: Tonnage is here?! I know this is Open Invite but that's ridiculous!

GM: I... just meant that there was a lot of weight in the ring.

BW: Well, yeah... if Tonnage is here!

[We see some more competitors headed down the aisle to the ring: Dylan Harvey, Allen Allen, Jackie Bourassa, Michael Weaver, Ultra Commando 3, the Golden Grappler, and to a large amount of cheers from his hometown fans, Beef Bonham.]

GM: The chants of "BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!" are in the air tonight for the hometown favorite, Beef Bonham, who has a shot at glory here tonight... alongside his occasional partner, Dylan Harvey.

BW: With all these tag teams out here, you have to start to wonder if they stand a better chance than the rest. Having an ally out here with this many people in the ring can't hurt.

[Another batch comes from the locker room including Laredo Morrison, Flex Ferrigno, Terry Shane, Pure X, Canibal, and Derrick Williams.]

GM: You see some of the competitors who've already been in action earlier tonight taking a crack at this Battle Royal.

BW: Like these two! My money might be on one of them, Gordo!

[The fans jeer as Callum Mahoney and Kerry Kendrick come walking through the curtain into view followed closely behind by Nightmare Woods and the Hangman.]

GM: This ring is starting to get dangerously full.

BW: No kidding. We must be trying to set some kind of a record here tonight.

GM: Well, it WAS Open Invitational and so many people want to be a part of the Battle of Boston tournament without having to go through the Selection Committee.

[There are some cheers for a CCW contingent as Sid Osborne (his jaw heavily taped,) Bret Grayson, and John Law come through the curtain.]

GM: Even the kids down in Combat Corner Wrestling looking for a big break here tonight. Some of them have been waiting for their opportunity for quite some time and tonight they get the chance to MAKE their own opportunity.

[There's a mixed reaction at the sight of Noboru Fujimoto and Cain Jackson coming into sight.]

GM: The former Tiger Paw Pro champion in there as well... as is former Team Supreme member, Cain Jackson.

[The crowd ERUPTS into jeers.]

GM: And speaking of Team Supreme... former two-time World Champion, Supreme Wright, has entered himself in this Battle Royal as well.

BW: You know how much he'd love to win this thing to stick it to Gellar who couldn't even find a spot for him on the show.

GM: And that leaves one, Bucky...

[The crowd ROARS, coming to their feet as the Eiffel Tower himself, Torin The Titan, strides through the curtain, heading down the aisle towards the ring that is over-stuffed with wrestlers.]

GM: Wow! Look at the size of that man! Without a doubt, the odds-on favorite to walk out of Seattle with a spot in the Battle of Boston, it is this man - Torin The Titan! Seven foot two inches, 472 pounds! Absolutely incredible!

[Torin climbs the steps, waving to the fans as he steps over the top rope, joining the mass of humanity already inside the ring.]

GM: We've got... how many? 41 competitors in there? That's gotta be some kind of a record for a Battle Royal but with the spot in Battle of Boston AND a chance to compete for Steal The Spotlight on the line, they've come out of the woodwork for what Emerson Gellar has deemed a unique opportunity.

[Referees Andy Dawson and Jack Marshall each climb up on the apron, quickly explaining the rules...

...and just before Dawson signals for the bell, someone else makes their presence known!]

GM: Wait a second!

[A very imposing man comes over the railing dressed in street clothes, shoving his way past an AWA cameraman and diving under the bottom rope.]

BW: Gordo, that's Derek Rage! Derek Rage has come out here in street clothes and he's... is he the 42nd man in the Battle Royal?!

GM: He's telling Marshall to ring the bell! He's screaming that he's in this thing! We... well, fans... if you were watching earlier, you saw Derek Rage kicked out of the building when he tried to come backstage but apparently he found another way in and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Is Derek Rage in this thing?!

GM: Apparently he is! Derek Rage is the 42nd man in and-

[Rage promptly grabs Michael Weaver by the back of the head, nearly palming his skull as he flings Weaver over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: Wow! Weaver's gone!

BW: Holy... was that some kind of a record?!

[Rage pivots, swinging wildly at anyone who comes near him. A pair of blows catches Chester O. Wilde off-guard and with Rage grabbing him by the head, the seven footer flings Wilde over the top as well!]

GM: That's two! Just like that, Derek Rage has eliminated two competitors from this Battle Royal!

BW: And thank the heavens that my idiot nephew won't have a chance to embarrass me at the Battle of Boston!

[Rage turns again, looking for another victim...

...and instead finds himself swarmed by several competitors including Cain Jackson, Beef Bonham, Kerry Kendrick, Joe Flint, and Sid Osborne. With a collective effort, they put Rage against the ropes, half of them leaning down to lift his struggling legs off the mat.]

GM: They've got Rage up! Rage is fighting for his life in there but-

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He's gone! Derek Rage is eliminated!

[The crowd cheers as the seven foot Rage slams down to the barely-padded floor below, security quickly rushing to his side to escort him back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Derek Rage is out of here... and it looks like he's being kicked out of the building again.

[We cut to a wide shot of the ring, showing the remaining 39 competitors battling it out all over the squared circle...

...and the wide shot shows us Torin The Titan delivering a headbutt to Kenji Nakamura before tossing the young Japanese competitor over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: And Torin The Titan picks up his first elimination of the night! One of what I will assume is many to come in this wild brawl.

[Torin The Titan turns his attention towards The Golden Grappler, sending him flying backwards with an overhand chop before GEMINI Hashimoto rushes into the fray, throwing big knife edge chops to the chest of the Frenchman!]

GM: Big Hash going to work on Torin, lighting him up with those chops...

[And after a few moments, we see Noboru Fujimoto alongside his fellow Japanese competitor, working together to try and get the French giant over the ropes and down to the floor.]

GM: Torin The Titan being doubleteamed now by Hashimoto and Fujimoto, taking turns with those heavy chops across the chest...

[We cut to the other side of the ring where Pure X has Kerry Kendrick leaning over the ropes, trying to toss him out. Nearby, Allen Allen is trading right hands with Cesar Hernandez.]

BW: Battle Royals make for strange bedfellows and strange battles.

GM: They absolutely do. Can you imagine Allen Allen and Cesar Hernandez going at it on a regular night? But in a match like this with the stakes so high, they're looking to fight it out.

BW: Allen Allen... can you imagine that poor schlub in the tournament? Or with the Steal The Spotlight contract?

GM: I absolutely can.

[We cut to another part of the ring where Scola and Mafu are taking turns battering Daniel Harper.]

GM: And while this match may be every man for himself, you can bet that partners and friends are going to find themselves fighting alongside each other for as long as they can.

[A few more blows land before Chris Choynet is in the mix, spinning Mafu around into a right hand.]

GM: Chris Choynet getting involved, trying to get some payback for his partner, Rene Rousseau, who we're told is recovering nicely and should be back in action in the very near future.

[Another quick cut shows John Law with his hand around the throat of Manny Imbrogno, pushing him back against the ropes as BC Da Mastah MC throws heavy forearms across the back of Law.]

GM: John Law looking to make a big impression here tonight on the fans of the AWA as he tries to break out of the CCW pack into the big time.

[Another cut finds Derrick Williams down on the mat with Nightmare Woods' boot pressed down into his throat...]

GM: Some tough battles going on all over the ring... look out here!

[The crowd buzzes as Flex Ferrigno lifts Charlie Stephens up over his head, walking towards the ropes...]

...but drops him when Joe Flint catches him with a big haymaker to the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Joe Flint coming to the aid of his tag team partner as well, battling with Flex Ferrigno now.

[A quick cut shows Supreme Wright backed against the ropes as Laredo Morrison throws big looping right hands at him. A handful land but as Morrison spits on his hand for one final shot, Wright ducks down, upending him over the ropes where he slams down onto the apron before slumping to the floor!]

GM: Laredo Morrison is eliminated by Supreme Wright!

[And Wright nearly gets run over by Howie Somers who connects with a running clothesline that sends The Lost Boy over the ropes, down on the floor next to Morrison!]

GM: And the Lost Boy goes right behind him!

BW: And then there were 36 competitors left in this Open Invitational Battle Royal, fighting it out for a guaranteed spot in the Battle of Boston tournament and now we've learned that the Final Four are being put into this Steal The Spotlight series down the road.

[We cut to another part of the ring where Buddy Loney is pushed up against the ropes as Cain Jackson tries to force him over the top.]

GM: And look out here as Cain Jackson tries to toss Buddy Loney out - one of the largest men in the match... and it looks like Callum Mahoney's going to try and give him a hand.

[The two set about trying to get Loney over the ropes as we see Cesar Hernandez go sailing over the ropes, courtesy of Scola and Mafu!]

GM: The Samoan Hit Squad eliminates Hernandez!

BW: My kind of team, Gordo... my kind of team.

[Chris Choynet leaps up, hooking Scola around the head and neck with a sleeperhold...]

GM: Choynet with an aggressive move on Scola... and-

[Mafu winds up, delivering a mighty headbutt between the shoulderblades, causing Choynet to slump down. He holds the arms of Choynet, allowing his partner to tee off on one-half of the Northern Lights as Dave Cooper looks on from the floor.]

GM: The Samoan Hit Squad working together in there... you know that Dave Cooper would love to get them involved in a Steal The Spotlight situation. That could be their ticket to a World Tag Team Title match.

[Cut to another part of the ring where Daniel Harper has Porter Crowley trapped in the corner, teeing off with European uppercuts on Pretty Porter. Nearby, Anton Layton has his hands wrapped around the throat of Dylan Harvey, choking him and trying to shove him over the top at the same time.]

GM: Still a lot of bodies in the ring... not giving them much room to move.

BW: You know, Gordo, a lot of old-timers have said that Battle Royals are one of the most dangerous matches in all of wrestling. Never mind that you have to take a hard spill to the floor to be eliminated but with all those bodies in there, those swinging limbs... it's easy to take a stray finger to the eye... to accidentally roll an ankle by stepping on someone else's foot.

[Cut to another part of the ring where Canibal has Bret Grayson halfway over the ropes, trying to toss him to the floor. The crowd buzzes as the Golden Grappler comes to help.]

GM: The Olympic gold medalist in some trouble here! Trying to hang on!

[Jackie Bourassa suddenly appears, joining in to try and toss Grayson who is hanging on for dear life now.]

GM: We've got three people trying to get Bret Grayson over the top!

[And to the cheers of the Seattle fans, Beef Bonham rushes into the fray, throwing a right hand at Bourassa...]

"BEEF!"

[...and then one at the Grappler...]

"BEEF!"

[...and then one at Canibal...]

"BEEF!"

[The fans continue their chant of "BEEF!" as he grabs Bourassa by the hair, slinging him over the ropes to the floor to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: BOURASSA IS GONE!

[Beef turns around, jerking a thumb at his singlet bearing his name...

...and then ducks down, backdropping the Golden Grappler over the top as well!]

GM: Another one! Two eliminations for Beef Bonham!

[Bonham breaks away, blasting Anton Layton with a double axehandle across the back, bailing out his sometimes-partner Dylan Harvey.]

GM: And now Bonham makes the save for Dylan Harvey! The Beef Train is runnin' wild in Seattle!

[Cut across the ring where BCIQ has the Hangman trapped in the corner. Imbrogno is pushing at his head while BC tries to lift the legs...]

GM: And look at this! BCIQ trying to get the Hangman over the top!

BW: That'd be huge if they can pull it off! A guy with the size of the Hangman is one of the favorites in this one!

[But Callum Mahoney spoils their efforts with a kick to the back of BC's knee, dropping him down to the mat. The Hangman disposes of Imbrogno temporarily with a hair-whipping headbutt as he looks at Mahoney who offers his hand...

...and instead gets a hand around the throat to a big cheer!]

GM: HANGMAN'S GOT MAHONEY! HANGMAN'S GOT MAHONEY!

[Mahoney backpedals to the middle of the ring as he's choked the Hand of Justice...

...only to have his ally, Kerry Kendrick, rush into the scene to blindside the Hangman with a forearm to the ear. Kendrick is pounding the Hangman, trying to get free...]

GM: Kendrick firing shot after shot on the Hangman, trying to-

[The crowd ROARS as the Hangman hooks Kendrick around the throat with the other hand!]

GM: Oh my! He's got 'em both! SM&K trapped in the grasp of the Hangman!

[The powerful Hangman backs them across the ring, pushing them up against the ropes. He leans forward, his center of gravity up towards the ropes as he tries to toss them both...

...when suddenly BCIQ rushes in, each grabbing a leg and flipping the Hangman up and over the ropes to the floor! Huge shocked reaction from the Seattle crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS! BCIQ JUST ELIMINATED THE HANGMAN!

BW: It just goes to show what can happen when you've got a partner you can rely on inside that ring with you, Gordo!

[Imbrogno and BC trade a celebratory high five...

...and then get jumped by Kendrick and Mahoney, knocked back from the ropes towards the center where they disappear back into the mix.]

GM: We've gotta be getting close to 30 guys left in this, I think.

BW: There's too many to count, Gordo.

GM: It's still a bit of a mess in there. Over in the corner, Supreme Wright and Torin The Titan have tangled up, resuming their battle from earlier this year.

[We cut to a shot of that, Wright repeatedly hammering Torin with forearm strikes to the skull as the giant leans against the buckles. John Law comes in to assist but Wright pivots and drills him as well.]

GM: Oh! Well, I guess Wright doesn't want any help with this giant problem.

[Wright goes back to work on Torin but this time, the giant is waiting for him with a massive overhead strike that sends Wright tumbling away. Ultra Commando 3 approaches, trying to take advantage of Torin's situation...

...but a massive headbutt leads to UC3 being chucked over the top and down to the floor!]

GM: Torin eliminates another one!

[Torin pushes out of the corner, stalking across the ring towards Wright, carving a path through the mass of bodies still in the ring. A right hand sends Terry Shane flying to the side... a chop knocks Sid Osborne for a loop... a headbutt drops Porter Crowley to the mat...

...when suddenly Allen Allen leaps off the middle rope at Torin who catches him over his shoulder, walks to the ropes, sets him down on the apron...]

GM: Uh oh.

[...and BLASTS him with a big right hand that knocks Allen to the floor!]

GM: Allen Allen is eliminated!

BW: So much for the great Cinderella story!

GM: And one of our tremendous production assistants says with that elimination, we're down to thirty competitors remaining battling for that treasured spot in the Battle of Boston tournament as well as a chance to be a part of the Steal The Spotlight series later this summer.

BW: The odds certainly aren't ever in their favor yet.

[Torin leans against the ropes after disposing of Allen Allen, making him easy prey as Anton Layton and Porter Crowley swoop in from the blind side, hammering the giant with clubbing forearms across the back.]

GM: And the Slaughterhouse strikes. Bucky, do you find it unusual that Anton Layton would choose to compete tonight when we haven't seen him step into the ring as a competitor since taking guidance over Crowley and the Lost Boy?

BW: Anton Layton is all about power and is one of the most unpredictable men in all of wrestling so nothing he does surprises me, Gordo. Although I have to question the strategy involved in attacking the giant right now. You need a small army if you're going to make that move.

GM: But it looks like he's getting one, Layton calling for more assistance... John Law from CCW coming over to help... here comes GEMINI Hashimoto and Callum Mahoney as well. We've got a five on one situation and this may spell trouble for the giant!

[Torin leans against the ropes as he takes a beating from all five aforementioned competitors. Mahoney suddenly takes strategic control, ordering Hashimoto and Law to each grab a leg on Torin as he, Layton, and Crowley try to hold the arms and tip Torin backwards...]

GM: Torin's in trouble, Bucky!

BW: And if they can get the giant out, that's going to be huge, Gordo! He's gotta be considered the favorite and if they can toss him, that makes the door wide open as to who is going to win this thing.

[Suddenly, with a "giant" bellow, Torin swings his arms together, sending Mahoney and Layton crashing into one another. A big headbutt stuns Porter Crowley as Torin lifts his left leg, holding Mahoney's head against his knee and SMASHING the Fighting Irishman's head into his knee as he slams his leg down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Torin's fighting them all off!

[And the giant reaches out, grabbing John Law by the head, flinging him over the ropes and down to the floor.]

GM: John Law's gone! He's eliminated!

[As Crowley gets up off the mat, Torin hooks him by the back of the tights, tossing him with ease over the ropes as well.]

GM: And Crowley's gone too! Wow! Torin's a human wrecking machine in there, Bucky!

[The sight of Torin tossing bodies seems to dissuade most of the other competitors from getting anywhere near him so he gets a reprieve as we cut to the other side of the ring where Kerry Kendrick has Dylan Harvey down against the buckles, using his boot to choke him.]

GM: Still a lot of competitors to go in this Battle Royal... so much at stake in this one. Of course, everyone all over the globe wants to be a part of the Battle of Boston tournament but the added stakes of being involved in the Steal The Spotlight Series later this summer has gotta weigh heavily on the minds of all those men still in the ring as well, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. You think back to men like Johnny Detson... like Supreme Wright... that Steal The Spotlight contract can be a guaranteed ticket to the World Title.

GM: Will that be the case for the Gladiator later tonight? We'll find out in just a little while but right now, fans, take a look at this as we've got a party of people trying to get another big man, Buddy Loney, over the top rope.

BW: Just put a stack of pancakes out there on the floor, he'll jump over the top to get at them.

[We cut to another part of the ring where Buddy Loney is back against the ropes as Manu, Scola, Flex Ferrigno, and Terry Shane are trying to get him over the top.]

BW: Another sound strategy here. This is another guy you want to gang up on and eliminate as early as you can. As much as I hate to say it, he's going to be an odds-on favorite as well because of his girth.

GM: What a proud uncle you'd be if Buddy won this thing.

BW: Ugh.

[As Loney is struggling to save himself, the crowd reacts as we see Daniel Harper and Howie Somers use a double clothesline on GEMINI Hashimoto, sending him toppling over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Hashimoto is gone! Both members of the Shadow Star Legion are eliminated from this match now - the last of them thanks to Next Gen working in tandem!

BW: I told you, Gordo. Being a part of a tag team or a group is advantageous in this one. So many bodies, you almost have to have someone watching your back if you want to survive.

GM: Twenty-seven competitors left in this thing.

BW: Twenty-eight and a half if you count Torin.

[Gordon chuckles as we cut to another part of the ring where Charlie Stephens is hammering away on Beef Bonham. A few feet away, Captain Joe Flint is tangled up with Canibal against the ropes.]

BW: And as more people go out, more space gets created and the remaining wrestlers get more room to move around in there.

GM: Plenty of top flight competitors still in this ring... plenty of tag teams as well like the Samoans, like BCIQ...

BW: You're calling the rhyming reject and his fat friend a top flight tag team?

GM: BCIQ is certainly one of the most popular tag teams in the entire AWA, Bucky, even you can't deny that.

BW: There's no accounting for taste with AWA fans... that much is for sure.

[Manny Imbrogno is struggling to get Daniel Harper towards the ropes when Howie Somers intervenes with a forearm across the shoulderblades. A second one follows before Pure X grabs Somers by the hair, pulling his arms back and holding them so Terry Shane can land a haymaker to the midsection of Somers.]

GM: Nightmare Woods, a judo expert who has made quite the name for himself in pro wrestling rings all over the world, is looking to make an immediate impact here in the AWA tonight in this Battle Royal.

BW: Can you imagine coming from out of nowhere to win this thing?

GM: What are the odds on something like that?

BW: I don't know but for a guy like Woods whose typical Saturday night is a fight like this, they've gotta get better.

[Woods is throwing some stiff jabs to a cornered Supreme Wright while Cain Jackson tries to fight off Derrick Williams and Canibal who are suddenly working together to try and eliminate the larger competitor.]

GM: And you talk about strange bedfellows, it doesn't get much stranger than Canibal and Derrick Williams working side by side.

[We cut to another part of the ring where Noboru Fujimoto has Flex Ferrigno backed into a corner and is throwing vicious back elbows to the jaw. He bails out as BC Da Mastah MC charges in, squashing Ferrigno under all his weight against the buckles.]

GM: Ohh! That'll shake Flex Ferrigno from his head all the way down to his toes!

[Fujimoto leans over, lifting one of Ferrigno's legs off the canvas as BC pushes at his upper body, trying to tip him over the ropes. Suddenly, Bret Grayson slides into the mix, grabbing the other leg and lifting it up...]

GM: And now it's Ferrigno in some trouble!

[Nightmare Woods walks across the ring, pulling Grayson off by the hair, smashing a headbutt between the eyes. He turns and drills Fujimoto as well, allowing Ferrigno to get back down on the mat.]

GM: I can't say that I understand that one, Bucky.

BW: Nightmare Woods doesn't like anyone at all, Gordo. He's just going to keep swinging, no matter who he's aiming at.

GM: It seems like he should've joined in to try and get one of the stronger men in this match over the ropes.

[Woods turns back to Grayson who wraps his arms around Woods' torso, using an overhead belly-to-belly to HURL him over the ropes, sending him off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Nightmare Woods is eliminated!

[Woods crashes down to the floor in a heap to a surprised reaction from the crowd. Grayson pops up, smirking at the eliminated Woods...

...until Flex Ferrigno strikes, sending Grayson over the ropes to the floor thanks to a clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: OHH! GRAYSON'S GONE AS WELL!

BW: Down to 25!

[Ferrigno lives up to his name, striking a double bicep pose as Grayson and Woods start to bicker out on the floor. AWA officials rush to get between them as Ferrigno arrogantly turns around, looking for another victim.]

GM: Twenty-five competitors remaining. Remember the stakes of this one. For the winner, a spot in the Battle of Boston tournament without having to go through the Selection Committee. And for the Final Four, a chance to take part in the Steal The Spotlight Series later this summer during our first-ever European tour.

[We cut to another part of the ring where Sid Osborne is standing on the second rope, pummeling Daniel Harper with right hands to the skull. Howie Somers is on his way to intervene for his partner again when Kerry Kendrick cuts him off, trading haymakers with the Next Gen member.]

GM: Battles going on all over the ring... and you can see Torin The Titan trying to fend off Callum Mahoney and Anton Layton now.

BW: What a terrifying team those two make.

GM: You're not kidding.

[Mahoney and Layton are trading off throwing bombs at Torin who is up against the ropes. While they're working the giant over, Dylan Harvey wanders into the mix, throwing a shot of his own at the giant.]

GM: Dylan Harvey getting involved. He's gotta be overjoyed to still be in this thing. The young man has certainly had quite the hard life, looking to crack into the big time here in the AWA...

[Layton obviously wants no part of Harvey's help, using a haymaker to knock the youngster back down to the mat.]

GM: Oh! Come on! The kid was just trying to help!

[Harvey scrapes himself up off the mat, moving in again...

...and another right hand from Layton dispatches him!]

GM: Harvey keeps trying to get into this and Anton Layton - the so-called Prince of Darkness - isn't about to let it happen. He and Mahoney are-

BW: Here Harvey comes again, Gordo.

[Another right hand knocks the young man down to the mat as Layton turns his attention away from the giant, coming after Harvey now.]

BW: And I think Layton's gonna make this kid pay for getting in his face.

[Layton grabs Harvey by the hair, dragging him off the mat...

...where the 182 pound Harvey launches into a series of palm strikes.]

GM: Oh!

[There's not a ton behind the blows but they come so quick and in such high quantity, Layton is stunned by the sudden show of offense. With Layton wobbling, Harvey tucks his head underneath his chin...

...and then drops down in a split-legged jawbreaker!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Where the heck is this coming from from the kid?!

GM: I have no idea but-

[Harvey grabs the dazed Layton by the hair, HURLING him over the top rope and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HARVEY TOSSES LAYTON! HARVEY TOSSES LAYTON!

[Harvey looks around in shock, almost stunned at what he just did. He looks out at the roaring crowd, a big grin on his face...

...until Callum Mahoney hooks him from behind, flinging him over the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And just like that, Dylan Harvey is gone as well!

[Down at the feet of Anton Layton, the Prince of Darkness pulls Harvey to his feet...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and ROCKETS him headfirst into the steel ringpost, sending Harvey flying into the air, twisting around the post on impact before slumping down to the floor below.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no cause for that!

[A flood of AWA officials are on the scene right away, trying to get Anton Layton back up the aisle as the brawl continues inside the ring.]

GM: Twenty-three competitors left in this...

BW: You've got a former World Champion in there. A former Rumble winner. Several tag teams. Not to mention a giant.

GM: A Tiger Paw Pro champion as well in Noboru Fujimoto.

BW: Gordo, let's talk about this tag team situation for a moment. Right now, we've got Next Gen, the Samoans, BCIQ, Kendrick and Mahoney, Shane and Pure X, and

American Pride all in there. Now, I may not think highly of all of them..., and a team like Shane and X aren't even a team anymore... but they're allies and that makes for a very interesting situation. You said twenty-three left in the ring... more than half of the remaining people in this ring are a part of an alliance and therefore have someone watching their backs. At this point, I think I'd be more surprised if none of them won this thing!

GM: You could be right, Bucky, but on the other side of the ledger, you've got guys like Torin The Titan, Supreme Wright, Noboru Fujimoto, Flex Ferrigno... those are some tough competitors too.

[Cut to another part of the ring where Chris Choisnet is trapped in the corner, being worked over by Canibal. A few feet away, Derrick Williams is repeatedly slamming his elbow into the side of Terry Shane's head.]

We pull out to a wide shot where Cain Jackson appears to be trying for a body slam on Buddy Loney.]

GM: Is he going for a slam?!

BW: I can't imagine that's going to turn out very well for him.

[Jackson struggles and strains while Loney stands there with a big goofy look on his face. A few more moments pass before Loney reverses the effort, slamming Jackson down to the mat with ease. He grins, giving the crowd a thumbs up...

...until Kerry Kendrick slips by and rakes his fingers across the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by the AWA Original, Kerry Kendrick... and he's dragging Buddy over to the ropes by the hair, trying to figure out a way to upend the big country boy!

[In an odd scene, suddenly half the competitors go to one side of the ring, trying to get Buddy Loney over the top rope. The other half head to the other side, attempting to hoist the giant up and over.]

BW: Now THAT is smart, Gordo. The remaining twenty-three in this match have split up and are going after the two biggest men in the match. Half on Torin, half on that redneck reject!

GM: And if either one of these groups is successful, it'll completely change the complexion of this match!

[Buddy and Torin are fighting for their lives, trying to shove people away from them as they struggle to stay in the match...

...and a big cheer goes up as Torin delivers a headbutt to Charlie Stephens, flinging him over the ropes!]

GM: Oh! Torin tosses one trying to save himself!

[On the other side of the ring, Buddy Loney leans over, backdropping Daniel Harper over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: Harper's gone as well! And just like that, Bucky, two of the tag teams you were talking about remaining in the match are taken out of the equation. Charlie Stephens went out first and Daniel Harper followed right behind him, leaving us with only half of American Pride and half of Next Gen remaining in the match.

[Torin and Buddy continue to struggle, trying to get out from under the mass of humanity attacking both men...

...and the fans cheer again as Sid Osborne gets tossed on one side of the ring and Pure X goes sailing over the ropes on the other side.]

GM: Two more are gone and we're down to nineteen remaining!

[Both of the big men manage to battle their way free, flinging their attackers down to the mat...

...and suddenly find themselves staring one another down in the middle of the squared circle to an enormous reaction!]

GM: Oh my! And this is what many people were hoping to see tonight!

[The wrestlers back off, giving Torin and Buddy some much-needed space as they approach one another in the middle of the ring. They stand toe-to-toe, Torin towering over Buddy who outweighs the giant with ease.]

GM: What's going to happen when the tallest man in the match meets the heaviest? We're about to find out!

[Buddy Loney is the first to act, swinging a country-sized fist up against the giant's head... and another... and another, causing Torin to wobble backwards as the crowd cheers the big hillbilly on.]

GM: Buddy's backing him across the ring!

BW: Well, I'll be damned. I never thought I'd see that!

[But as Torin's back is put against the ropes, he responds by blocking the next right and using one of his own... and another... and another, chasing Buddy across the ring towards the far ropes.]

GM: Torin's returning the favor! And so far, it's a stalemate!

[Until Torin grabs Buddy by the ears, delivering a skull-crushing headbutt that sends Buddy toppling towards the ropes...

...and the giant upends the heavy hillbilly, dumping him over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! TORIN DUMPS BUDDY!

[Torin wipes his hands together in a "dusting off" motion, turning around into a double clothesline from BCIQ that stuns him. He leans against the ropes for support as the tag team partners try and shock the world.]

GM: BCIQ trying to toss the giant!

BW: Good luck with that.

[As they struggle and strain, we cut to another part of the ring where Chris Choynet is tangled up with Terry Shane, trying to get the third generation competitor over the ropes and down to the floor.]

GM: Choynet's trying to get Shane out of there. We're down to eighteen competitors remaining which means this thing is starting to get a little more

interesting now for these men battling to be in the Final Four and to ultimately win the spot in the Battle of Boston tournament.

BW: Which isn't to say that some of these guys couldn't lose the Battle Royal but still end up in the tournament, right?

GM: That's my understanding. But a win tonight locks them in and they don't have to wait and find out if the Selection Committee puts them in on their prior merits - something that would be huge for someone like Beef Bonham or Flex Ferrigno who may not have the highest string of top notch victories yet.

[While Choisnet is distracted, Mafu slips in from behind, tossing him over the ropes to the floor. Terry Shane goes over the top as well but he manages to hang on, clinging to the ropes to stay on the apron.]

GM: Oh! Choisnet is eliminated!

[Mafu slaps his chest, taunting the disappointed Choisnet who is out on the floor...

...which allows Beef Bonham, of all people, to come charging across the ring, grabbing the back of the distracted Mafu's tights, rifling him over the ropes as Terry Shane pulls them down!]

GM: And how about that?! Beef Bonham has eliminated Mafu in front of his hometown fans... and listen to this response!

[A grinning Bonham looks out on the Seattle fans repeatedly chanting "BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!" at him.]

GM: What a moment for this young man who is certainly becoming one of the most popular AWA competitors!

BW: Sixteen guys left in there, Gordo.

GM: Some heavy hitters left in there... Supreme Wright, Scola, Flex Ferrigno, Cain Jackson, Callum Mahoney among others. A few surprises as well in the form of BCIQ and Beef Bonham.

[Cut to the far side of the ring where Callum Mahoney has Howie Somers down on the mat, his fingers hooked in the corner of Somers' mouth, ripping and tearing at his skin as Somers howls in pain.]

GM: Good grief.

BW: Nothing illegal in a match like this, Gordo.

GM: Certainly not but that's not going to help you throw someone out of a Battle Royal.

BW: Been in a lot of Battle Royals over the years, have you?

GM: You know I haven't but-

[Gordon gets cut off by a shot of Joe Flint exchanging heavy blows with Noboru Fujimoto.]

GM: One-half of American Pride doing battle with the former Tiger Paw Pro champion. What an interesting battle that would one-on-one in a ring at some point.

[Nearby, we can see Scola taking his shot at Torin, smashing his forearm upside Torin's massive jaw. Cain Jackson moves in to help, battering the giant with heavy clenched fists.]

GM: Two of the strongest men remaining in this match taking their shots at the Eiffel Tower himself... and in comes Kerry Kendrick to add himself into this attack force.

BW: You know, Gordo... everyone talks about Torin being the favorite based on his massive size alone but you also have to think about how he's a constant target in there. And very rarely is it one guy coming after him... it's two... three... four... ten. In the meantime, someone like Canibal or Derrick Williams has basically slipped under the radar the whole time and isn't getting in over his head at all. It could be someone like that to walk out the winner.

GM: Another great point and what a great coup it would be for the careers of either one of those competitors. Canibal, of course, picking up a "W" on the Pre-Game Show tonight against Caspian Abaran while Derrick Williams has a World Television Title opportunity waiting for him against Supernova in a couple of weeks.

[And with a pissed-off roar that implies "I HAVE HAD ENOUGH!", Torin rears up, flinging bodies aside. Kerry Kendrick stays on his feet, throwing a panicked right hand that Torin slaps away, grabbing Kendrick by the hair, and FLATTENING him with a headbutt!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Torin pushes off the ropes, reaching out for the next closest body, hooking Joe Flint by the hair...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Canibal and Noboru Fujimoto are next, both being dispatched with a mighty smash of the skull.]

GM: HEADBUTTS!

[Howie Somers tries to slow the giant, pounding away at his back as Torin catches hold of Manny Imbrogno, sending him sailing through the air with another strike.]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Spinning around, Torin grabs a struggling Howie Somers, delivering another blow.]

GM: HEADBUTT!

BW: This is insane, Gordo!

[Recovering from being thrown to the mat, Cain Jackson and Scola rush in to attack but Torin catches them both, slamming their heads together, keeping them that way...

...and headbutts BOTH men simultaneously!]

GM: HEADBUTTS!

BW: I've never seen anyone do that!

[The big giant rubs his head a moment after headbutting the Samoan powerhouse, allowing himself to be overrun by Callum Mahoney and Derrick Williams who are pounding on him, driving him backwards towards the ropes...

...but a pair of headbutts sends them both flying away as well.]

GM: HEADBUTT!

BW: Ain't no party like a headbutt party 'cause a headbutt party don't stop.

GM: There's only five men left standing!

[Fearless, Beef Bonham runs into the fray...

...and goes flying backwards before landing a single blow, boos raining down after he gets headbutted as well.]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Torin blindly reaches out, grabbing a nearby Terry Shane for a headbutt... and then wheels to find Flex Ferrigno about to attack, giving him one as well!]

GM: HEADBUTTS!

[BC Da Mastah MC shrugs his shoulders, rushing into the fray and goes flying back out as quickly as he went in, leaving a pile of bodies all over the ring...

...except for one. The crowd goes NUTS upon seeing this particular showdown again.]

GM: The only man left standing is Supreme Wright, the former World Champion who LOST to Torin in his debut in under five minutes!

[The rampaging giant reaches out, grabbing Wright by the head but the accomplished grappler spins out of his grasp, throwing a series of short leg kicks to the back of the knee, causing Torin to slump down onto that leg.]

GM: Wright's trying to chop down the mighty redwood!

[Grabbing the giant's head, Wright tees off with a series of forearm smashes to the side of the jaw, trying to pound him down to the canvas...

...but from his knees, Torin shoves Wright backwards, powerfully sending him into the ropes where Wright bounces back...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[And Supreme Wright bounces into the air, landing on the mat alongside everyone else as Torin stands tall, the crowd roaring at the impressive display!]

GM: Headbutts for one and all and the Eiffel Tower is on top of the world, fans!

BW: Even the Space Needle's feeling a little envious right now, daddy.

GM: Absolutely.

[Torin turns to see one of his first victims, Howie Somers, getting up off the mat alongside Scola who is doing the same...

...which is the giant's cue to grab them both by the back of the head, flinging them over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: SCOLA AND SOMERS ARE GONE! We're down to fourteen remaining!

BW: So much for the idea that it was going to be a tag team member to survive this thing. We're down to one tag team left... actually make that two. Forgot those BCIQ goofs.

[All around the ring, wrestlers are starting to stir, gravitating away from the giant who is on his feet, wincing as he leans in the corner, trying to get the blood flowing in the leg that Wright attacked.]

GM: Flex Ferrigno is back up... and he's turning his attention towards Beef Bonham.

[Pulling Bonham off the mat, Ferrigno lifts the bulky preliminary wrestler up in his powerful arms, walking towards the ropes with him with the intent of throwing him to the floor...

...but Bonham grabs the ropes, hanging on for dear life as Ferrigno tries to muscle him over!]

GM: Bonham's hanging on! The crowd favorite hanging on with all he's got!

[The crowd is roaring, imploring their hometown hero to stay in this thing...

...when suddenly BCIQ swoops in from behind, flipping the distracted Ferrigno over the top rope and dumping him to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! FERRIGNO GETS DUMPED BY BCIQ!

BW: WHAT?! Those two pencil-necked goofballs just tossed the Mighty Muscle?!

[Out on the floor, Ferrigno looks up in disbelief at BCIQ who are taunting him.]

GM: I guess payback's a you-know-what, Bucky! He interrupted their interview time on Saturday Night Wrestling and they just returned the favor by tossing him from this match! What a shocking turn of events and Ferrigno is the most shocked of all!

[Climbing back to his feet, Ferrigno can be heard shouting, "I'm going back in there!" but AWA officials form a wall between him and the ring, denying his entrance as Manny Imbrogno taunts him with a "bye, bye" wave. A frustrated Ferrigno stalks around the ring...]

GM: Ferrigno coming over here by-

[Ferrigno leans over, screaming at the two announcers loud enough to be heard on their headsets.]

GM: What the... I know you're disappointed but why are you over here yelling at us?! We didn't do anything!

[Another barrage of shouts follows as Gordon and Bucky get up from their seats, trying to get back from the raging Ferrigno.]

GM: Look here... you need to get yourself under control before you do something you'll regret...

[That seems to set Ferrigno off more, screaming "REGRET?! SOMETHING I'LL REGRET?!"

At which point, he grabs the edge of the announce table, flipping the whole thing over. It topples to the floor with a crash, sending equipment, papers, drinks, the whole thing down to the floor. Gordon and Bucky jump out of the way as AWA security joins the mix, grabbing Ferrigno by the arm. He yanks his arm out of their grip, threatening to backhand a security guard before finally allowing himself to be escorted from ringside to a cascade of boos from the capacity crowd.]

GM: Fans, we apologize... Bucky, you okay?

BW: Yeah, that got intense in a hurry, Gordo.

GM: It certainly did. Mr. Ferrigno is being escorted to the back right now where I'm sure Emerson Gellar is going to have some words with him over this particular situation... but let's try to keep our focus on this tremendous matchup where we're currently down to... what is it now?

BW: Thirteen.

GM: Thirteen competitors remaining in this one after BCIQ eliminates Flex Ferrigno.

[The camera pulls out to a wide shot of the ring where we can take roll of who is remaining: Canibal, Derrick Williams, Joe Flint, Callum Mahoney, Kerry Kendrick, Terry Shane, Beef Bonham, Cain Jackson, BCIQ, Noboru Fujimoto, Supreme Wright, and Torin The Titan.]

GM: And as they work to get our table back in order, we're starting to get down to the nitty gritty here in Seattle as these thirteen competitors look to be in that treasured Final Four.

[Terry Shane soon finds himself being attacked by Callum Mahoney and Kerry Kendrick, absorbing a barrage of blows. Nearby, we see Derrick Williams hammering away at Cain Jackson.

We cut across the ring where Noboru Fujimoto has Joe Flint on the ropes, trying to flip him to the floor alongside Canibal.

Emboldened by their success against Ferrigno, BCIQ turns their attention towards Torin.]

GM: Look at this, Bucky! BC and Manny Imbrogno are going to take a shot at the giant!

BW: For being the so-called World's Smartest Man, this is a pretty dumb move by Imbrogno!

[Each man grabs a leg on Torin, trying to lift them off the canvas.]

GM: This is going to be a tough struggle... and as we get closer and closer to the end of this Battle Royal, it's going to be harder for these competitors to get Torin over the top rope. They're running out of people to do it because it's going to take a village to eliminate the giant.

BW: These two schlubs can't even get his legs off the mat.

[The popular tag team struggles and strains, trying to get the big man up...

...until Supreme Wright swoops in, hooking Imbrogno by the tights and chucking him over the top to the floor!]

GM: Mr. Mensa is gone!

[BC swivels around in shock...

...and gets a fierce elbowstrike to the jaw that sends him reeling backwards where Torin grabs him, flinging him out after his partner!

GM: And BC's gone as well! We're down to eleven!

[Wright and Torin stare each other down for a moment before the former World Champion pivots, rushing across the ring...

...and delivering a jumping kneestrike that sends Joe Flint flipping over the ropes, crashing down to the floor as well!]

GM: Good grief! Supreme Wright eliminates Joe Flint!

BW: And then there were ten!

[Wright turns again, surveying the ring, looking for somewhere to strike...

...and finds one, rushing towards the exposed back of Derrick Williams as he's tied up in the ropes with Cain Jackson. Wright reaches under the legs of Williams, flipping him over the ropes and sending him down to the floor, taking Cain Jackson with him!]

GM: OHH! JACKSON AND WILLIAMS ARE GONE!

BW: I don't think he meant to do that, Gordo, but Supreme Wright just eliminated his former Team Supreme ally!

[Cain Jackson is now out on the floor, looking up in disbelief at Wright.]

GM: Jackson is stunned... and I think you're right, Bucky. Wright was trying to eliminate Williams but Jackson was collateral damage in this case. But right now, the former World Champion is on a rampage, leaving us with eight men left in the ring in short order!

[The shot pulls back to a wide shot of the ring again, revealing the final eight: Torin The Titan, Supreme Wright, Noboru Fujimoto, Terry Shane, Kerry Kendrick, Callum Mahoney, Canibal... and Beef Bonham?!]

GM: The final eight... now just four more people to be eliminated before we know our team captains for Steal The Spotlight later this summer!

BW: This just got really real for the remaining guys in there... I mean, Bonham's still in there for crying out loud!

GM: By the skin of his teeth, Beef Bonham - the hometown hero - is indeed still in this match. But he's in there with some real sharks at this point, Bucky.

BW: That's right. It won't be long now before he's over the top and out of there, crushing the dreams of all these flannel-invested twits.

GM: The Seattle fans have been nothing but fantastic to all of us here in the AWA all week long and we are so grateful for their hospitality despite what my broadcast colleague has to say about it.

[With eight men remaining, the battle lines are quickly redrawn as Noboru Fujimoto and Supreme Wright are tangled up in the corner. Terry Shane is fighting back out from under Kendrick and Mahoney. And the mighty giant finds himself under assault by the much-smaller Canibal.]

Oh, and then there's Beef Bonham who manages to stay out of all of it, slumped down in the corner trying to recover from the beating he's taken all match.]

GM: Remember, fans, the final four in this one are fighting for one heck of a prize but the winner will have earned a spot in the prestigious Battle of Boston tournament coming up on 4th of July weekend.

BW: It's just around the corner, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[Terry Shane uncorks a series of haymakers, backing Mahoney and Kendrick off... but Kendrick goes to the eyes, leaving Shane blinded and staggering towards the ropes.]

GM: Terry Shane rubbing at his eyes, trying to clear his vision...

[Kendrick and Mahoney quickly confer and then act, Kendrick running across the ring, looking for a clothesline to end Shane's night...

...but Shane ducks his head at the last moment, throwing Kendrick over the top, flipping through the air, and crashing down on the floor with a backdrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KENDRICK'S GONE!

[A shocked Mahoney follows in, also charging Shane...]

GM: Here comes Mahoney!

[...but this time, Shane drops down, pulling the top rope with him, and Mahoney tumbles over the ropes and down onto his ally at ringside!]

GM: HE'S GONE AS WELL!

BW: We're down to six!

GM: SM&K is having a rough night and it just ended abruptly for them when it seemed like things were going their way. They won the Pre-Game Show tag match but after what happened to Rex Summers earlier tonight, I'm guessing SM&K is wishing they'd never stepped foot in the city of Seattle.

[Pushing off the ropes, Shane staggers across the ring to try and help Canibal and Beef Bonham eliminate the giant...]

GM: And now there's a three-on-one on the giant once again as Bonham, Shane, and Canibal are trying to get Torin over the ropes and down to the floor to really send a shockwave through what's left of this match.

[Torin struggles to stay on his feet as Bonham and Shane each grab a leg as Canibal throws martial arts blows to the upper body, keeping him off-balance.]

BW: Gordo, we're about a half hour into this Battle Royal and I've gotta start to wonder how much gas Torin has left in the tank. It takes a lot of energy to drag that big body around the ring and it's not like he's been standing quietly in the corner all night.

GM: An excellent point, Bucky. You're just full of them tonight.

BW: You're full of something too, Gordo.

GM: Thanks for that.

[Torin is struggling to get free, smashing an overhead haymaker into the skull of Beef Bonham, knocking him aside. A big shove sends Canibal rolling across the ring as Torin grabs Shane by the hair...

...and HURLS him over the top to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! Terry Shane is gone!

BW: We're down to five!

[Canibal pops back up, eyeing the giant warily...

...and then turns around, grabbing Beef Bonham by the hair, and HURLING the hometown hero over the top to HUUUUUGE jeers!]

GM: OH! BEEF'S GONE!

BW: Gordo, how brilliant was that?! How calculatingly brilliant was that?! Canibal knew he could go right back in on Torin and try to increase his odds of winning the whole thing... OR he could pick off the gazelle down by the creek sipping on water and earn himself an easy spot in the Steal The Spotlight Series!

GM: A very strategic move out of Canibal... and as you mention the Steal The Spotlight Series, we now know who will be our four team captains for that event.

[The camera pulls back to reveal Torin The Titan, Supreme Wright, Noboru Fujimoto, and Canibal each in a corner of the ring.]

GM: The mighty giant, the former World Champion, the former Tiger Paw Pro Champion, and the demonic luchador are your Final Four and will advance as team captains for the Steal The Spotlight Series later this summer... but now, the stakes kick up a notch because now that they've all won something, now they've gotta shoot for the big prize - a spot in the Battle of Boston tournament.

BW: All four of these guys probably deserve a spot in the tournament... and heck, they might all end up in there after the Selection Committee does their thing but one of these men is going to cash his ticket into the event tonight. He'll get to spend the next month planning and plotting and won't have to worry about what those idiots down in Dallas have to say about it.

GM: Which of these four men will add their names to the list of guaranteed entrants here tonight? We know that Brian James is in - we learned that nine days ago. We also know that the singles champions here in the AWA after tonight will be entered. So, Supernova is already in but it remains to be seen whether it will be Travis Lynch and Johnny Detson making the field or if it'll be their challengers tonight in Seattle at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[The crowd is buzzing for this four way showdown as the competitors eye one another from afar, waiting to see who will be the first to strike...

...and perhaps not surprisingly, it is Supreme Wright, on a mission to make some sort of statement here tonight to the rest of the wrestling world. But he does not pick his preferred target of the night - the mighty giant - instead peeling off to go after Canibal.]

GM: Here we go!

[Wright easily catches Canibal off-guard, driving him back to the corner with a series of leg kicks and short forearms. Canibal tries to cover up as Wright unleashes forearm after forearm to the skull.

In the opposite corner, Noboru Fujimoto attacks Torin The Titan with a running leaping forearm smash. Turning his back to the giant, he unloads with a series of alternating back elbows, left-right... left-right... left-right...

...until Torin has had enough, grabbing Fujimoto by the hair and SMASHING his skull into the back of Fujimoto's head, sending him stumbling forward out of the corner.]

GM: Fujimoto with a barrage of offense but one quick - and devastating - shot from Torin completely turns things around in a hurry.

[Torin steadies himself against the buckles...

...and then gets a two (giant) step run out of the corner, leaping into the air (slightly) to catch a surprised Fujimoto with a crossbody block, flattening (and squashing) Fujimoto underneath it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Coming up off the mat, Torin rises just as Wright whips Canibal towards him. Torin scoops up the approaching Canibal with ease, walking around the ring with him...

...and throws him down with a one-armed bodyslam!]

GM: Good grief! The giant has been unleashed here in Seattle once again!

[Grimacing, Wright comes out of the corner, charging in hard. He lands a leaping forearm smash to the side of Torin's head, staggering the giant. He pulls Torin's head down, snagging a tough-looking cravate, and swings his knee repeatedly up into the massive skull of the Eiffel Tower!]

GM: Kneestrikes to the skull! The former World Champion has not forgotten that embarrassing loss to the giant a few months back and now he's taking it out on him in the middle of the ring at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Backing off, Wright takes aim at the doubled-up Torin, throwing a series of vicious open-handed slaps to the ears of the giant, each one harder than the one before it!]

BW: Wright trying to destroy the balance and equilibrium of the giant!

[With Torin reeling, Wright secures a front facelock, turning very slowly over like he's going to execute a reverse neckbreaker...

...and with a spin and a leap, he DRILLS Torin in the back of the head with an elbowstrike!]

GM: ROLLING ELBOW TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Torin stumbles forward, extending his arms to grab the rope, preventing himself from falling flat on his face. Wright looks agitated at Torin's ability to absorb some of his strongest strikes. As Torin spins, falling into the ropes, Wright hits the far ropes, ready to come back at him...

...but Canibal steps back in, throwing a thrust kick into the kneecap of the rebounding Wright, causing the former World Champion to double up, grabbing at his leg...]

GM: Canibal strikes and... STRIKES AGAIN!

[The crowd "oooohs" at a devastating axe kick by Canibal that knocks Wright flat on the canvas. Canibal does his double thumb throat slit taunt, turning towards the dazed giant...

...but instead finds Noboru Fujimoto waiting to hook him around the head and neck, violently and quickly twisting to the side...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FALLING LASER LASSO!

[The quickstrike blasts Canibal's face into the mat, bouncing him back off staggered and dazed...

...which is when Fujimoto HURLS him over the top rope, scoring the elimination!]

GM: CANIBAL IS GONE! WE'RE DOWN TO THE THREE!

[Fujimoto pops back towards the center of the ring, spreading his arms wide as the fans give a mixed response. The former Tiger Paw Pro champion advances on Torin, landing three big forearms to the side of the head, keeping him up against the ropes before dashing to them...

...where Canibal yanks the top rope down, sending Fujimoto tumbling out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FUJIMOTO IS ELIMINATED!

BW: Thanks to Canibal!

GM: Absolutely! Canibal pulled the ropes down as payback for Fujimoto eliminating him and-

[As Fujimoto gets off the floor, he charges Canibal, taking him off his feet and starting a wild brawl out on the floor...]

GM: And we're down to the two men that most people expected to see in there at the end all along! Torin the Titan... Supreme Wright... one of these men is going to Battle of Boston for sure!

BW: We've got a fight on the floor between Canibal and Fujimoto, both going into the Steal The Spotlight Series but neither one guaranteed to be in Boston for the biggest tournament in all of pro wrestling, daddy.

[Wright straightens himself up, staring across the ring at the gentle giant as the crowd roars at the idea of this "rematch."]

GM: And just like we saw a few months ago, the former World Champion and the giant are about to square off with major stakes!

BW: Gordo, as big of a fan of Supreme Wright as I am, I gotta ask the obvious question here - how in the heck is ANYONE going to get Torin The Titan over the top rope on their own?

GM: An excellent question but I'd wager if anyone can figure out a way to do it, it's Supreme Wright.

[Wright breaks into a charge towards Torin who is up against the ropes. The giant lowers his head, looking for a quick and easy elimination but Wright pulls up, throwing a front kick to the face, snapping Torin back up.]

GM: Wright on the attack, going to work with forearms... with elbows, battering the giant back up against the turnbuckles.

[The former World Champion grabs Torin by the arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

BW: No way. Torin's too big for that.

GM: The giant holding his ground, not allowing his 472 pounds to be sent across the ring...

[Wright gives a second hard pull on the arm but can't budge the Frenchman.]

GM: Another attempt comes up empty and-

[Spinning back to the corner, Wright steps up on the second rope, swinging his knee into the side of Torin's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Leaping knee strike by Wright - looked like something Brian James might use!

[With Torin reeling in the corner, Wright dashes across the ring to the far side, pressing his back against the buckles for a moment before tearing back across the ring...]

GM: RUNNING EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!

[...and SLAMS his forearm up into the underside of Torin's chin!]

GM: Wright charges to the opposite corner again, coming back strong...

[And a second running European Uppercut snaps Torin's head back, causing him to loop his arms over the top rope, desperately trying to stay on his feet. Wright grabs Torin by the back of the head, throwing uppercut...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...after uppercut...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...after uppercut...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...after uppercut...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...after uppercut...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...after uppercut...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He finally steps back, sizing up the giant. Wright ducks down, grabbing Torin's massive left leg under his right armpit, trying to lift it up off the mat...]

GM: Wright's going for it! Wright's trying to lift the giant up off the canvas!

[Getting the leg high enough, Wright rests Torin's left ankle on the top rope, ducking down to grab the right leg under his armpit instead...]

...and a clubbing hammerfist to the back of the skull sends him facefirst down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! And with one single shot, Torin The Titan turns things around!

BW: Wright had a decent idea there but it took too long. Getting one leg up at a time might be one of the only ways to get him over the top but it leaves you exposed to things like that hammerfist. He's going to need to go back to the drawing board.

GM: Bucky, you've managed a lot of people over the years into Battle Royals like this. What do you do when you're one-on-one with a giant?

BW: Pray... and Supreme Wright don't seem like the religious type.

[Torin pulls his leg down off the ropes, grimacing as he leans down, lifting Wright off the canvas by the back of his singlet...]

...lifting him straight up into a belly-to-back style hoist, walking out towards the center of the ring...]

GM: Uh oh! He's got Wright up!

[Torin walks towards the ropes, looking to send Wright over the top - the crowd buzzing with anticipation...]

...and Wright starts swinging his elbow down into the massive skull of the Frenchman!]

GM: Wright's trying to fight back, trying to fire away...

[Wright twists into the giant's grasp, locking his arms around the head and neck of the Eiffel Tower...]

BW: Guillotine choke! Wright locks it in!

GM: Great counter by the man who many consider the greatest professional wrestler in the world today... getting that choke locked in with that counter... but you've gotta wonder how in the world this accomplishes anything. Say he chokes

Torin out... say he puts him down... there's no way that Wright is muscling nearly five hundred pounds over the top to the floor. Absolutely no way!

BW: I hate to admit it, Gordo, but you're absolutely right.

[Wright cranks on the hold, clenching his jaw as he tries to cut off the flow of blood to the giant's brain...

...but Torin steps forward...]

GM: Torin's trying to get to the ropes still!

[Wright throws a glance over his shoulder, cranking the hold tighter...

...but Torin steps forward again.]

GM: Giant step by giant step, Torin The Titan is getting closer to the ropes despite Supreme Wright trying to lay him out with that choke!

BW: Wright's hanging on for dear life, Gordo!

GM: Wright's trying to choke him out before Torin can get there! Can he do it?! Can the former World Champion avoid being sent over the top to the floor?!

[Torin takes another big step, stumbling a bit...

...and sets Wright down on the apron!]

GM: Wright's out on the apron!

BW: But that crazy son of a gun is hanging on! He's as focused as it gets and he's trying to keep that hold locked in so Torin can't knock him to the floor!

[Torin tries to straighten up but Wright cranks harder, keeping the giant leaning over the top rope...

...but with a mighty bellow, Torin rips Wright's grip apart!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[Grabbing a struggling Wright by the head, Torin winds up with his own massive skull...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[But a desperate Wright swings both of his arms up, blocking the headbutt with his forearms!]

GM: Blocked!

[Wright recoils in pain, shaking out his arm as Torin stumbles back. The former World Champion ducks back through the ropes into the ring, ready to strike...

...when Torin hooks him around the throat with both hands, lifting him high overhead in a double choke!]

GM: OH MY STARS! TORIN LIFTS HIM TO THE SKY!

[Torin steps closer to the ropes, choking the life out of Wright who flails away at Torin's skull to little effect.]

GM: Torin's trying to toss him out that way! Stepping closer to the ropes again...

[But as he does, Wright manages to pull his legs up, hooking a figure four around the head and neck of the Eiffel Tower!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: TRIANGLE CHOKE!

GM: Wright hooks it out of nowhere! What a counter! What an incredible counter!

[Wright grabs the right arm with his left, freeing up his right arm to rain down elbows on the skull of Torin from the top, bringing them down at a 12-6 angle, repeatedly landing them between the giant's eyes!]

GM: Elbows from the top! The choke applied as well! Torin's in trouble! Torin's in-

[Suddenly, Torin lunges forward, pushing into the ropes and leaning over as Wright tumbles backwards, still hanging onto the triangle choke!]

GM: He's still got the hold applied, hanging backwards over the top rope, cutting off the flow of blood to the brain of the giant, hammering away with his own elbow to the head as well!

[Wright is absolutely tenacious in keeping the hold applied while raining down elbows to the head as Torin slips further over the top rope...

...and then goes tumbling over the top...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...as Wright just barely hooks the ropes, landing on the apron as the giant crashes to the floor!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd roars with shock at the sight of Torin on the floor as a weary Wright hangs on to the ropes.]

GM: He did it! Supreme Wright has won the Battle Royal!

BW: He's going to Boston, daddy!

GM: He absolutely is! The best in the world are coming to Boston to take part in that tournament and you better believe that Supreme Wright is going to be right there with them!

[The official slides in, raising Wright's hand as Wright falls to a seated position on the apron, breathing heavily as he looks at the fallen giant.]

GM: And it may not have been a victory in a one-on-one match but Supreme Wright has to feel a little bit of payback has been achieved for Torin's victory over him earlier this year!

BW: Absolutely.

GM: Wright wins. Wins the Battle Royal. Wins the spot in the Steal The Spotlight Series later this summer. Wins his spot in the Battle of Boston tournament. On this night, everything is coming up Supreme Wright, fans!

[There are a handful of reluctant cheers from the Seattle crowd for the former World Champion as he sits on the apron, soaking up their reaction for his victory...

...as we fade to Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage.]

SLB: Goodness! Gordon, it's been quite a night here in Seattle - a night that certainly is living up to the name "Mayhem." Emerson Gellar, my friend, come on in here.

[The AWA Director of Operations walks into the shot, looking like he's had a pretty rough night so far. He forces a smile at Blackwell and the camera.]

EG: You better believe it, Lou. You know, Memorial Day Mayhem is one of the biggest nights every single year in the AWA and I'm quite proud of the night we've had on our hands and the excitement still coming up for us.

SLB: Of course, of course... but... what in the world is going on here tonight?

[Gellar chuckles.]

EG: It certainly has been an interesting night. An interesting week in fact. The attack on Dufresne. The Gladiator cashing in. Derek Rage showing up. Dave Bryant pulling a fast one on everyone. I don't-

[And then...

...CRAAAAAA-CCCCCK!!!]

SLB: WHAT IN THE?!

"GELLLLLLLLLLAR!"

[The camera jumps from Blackwell and Gellar and towards the crashing noise and the belting war cry...

...of a very ENRAGED Flex Ferrigno.]

FLEX: WHAT KINDA PONY SHOW YOU RUNNIN' HERE, GELLAR?!

[Gellar grimaces... a look that quickly changed to anger.]

EG: You. Can I get security over here?!

[Gellar's off-camera shout seems to agitate Ferrigno even more.]

FLEX: Security?! You better call for the [BLEEP] damn army, son!

SLB: Look, why don't we all just calm down and-

[Ferrigno cuts off Blackwell with an open hand shoved right up close to his face.]

FLEX: I AIN'T GONNA CALM DOWN! I AIN'T GONNA DO NOTHIN' OF THE SORT!

[The muscular man swings his hand towards Gellar, causing the Director of Operations to take a step back as Ferrigno points at him.]

FLEX: YOU! YOU NEED TO TAKE A LONG HARD LOOK AT YOURSELF... THEN AT ME... THEN BACK AT YOURSELF, GELLAR!

[Ferrigno's chest pounds in and out, he wipes the saliva from his mouth and starts to calm himself down about as much as humanly possible at this point.]

FLEX: You're lookin' in the eyes of a star, Gellar. You're lookin' at the future of the AWA and I ain't happy... hell, I'm PISSED.

[Gellar looks agitated now, stepping forward towards Ferrigno.]

EG: YOU'RE pis...

[He trails off, looking at the camera.]

EG: If anyone around here has the right to be mad, it's me, Ferrigno! You got eliminated from that match fair and square and-

[Ferrigno angrily cuts him off.]

FLEX: CRAP! We all know that battle royal was rigged! RIGGED! That was MY shot. That was MY moment Not that over sized oompa-loompa or that finger twisting ninny! I'M TIRED OF THIS CRAP!

EG: You know what I'M tired of, Ferrigno?! I'm tired of this right now. I'm tired of you being back here running your mouth at me after I've had a really long night! I'm tired of you throwing a tantrum out there flipping over the announce table! I'm tired of guys like Taylor and Donovan... like Summers... like Detson and Lau and Fawcett... like Derek friggin' Rage wherever the hell he came from... and yeah, I'm tired of you! So, you need to back off right now before you do something you're going to regret! Just settle down and-

[Ferrigno steps forward, bumping his chest against the Director of Operations.]

FLEX: SETTLE?! FLEX FERRIGNO SETTLES FOR NOBODY! NOT SECOND BEST...NOT SECOND PLACE...AND NOT SECOND FIDDLE TO THAT RIFF RAFF CIRCUS SHOW YOU PUT ON OUT THERE TONIGHT. YOU WANT SETTLE?!

[Flex pauses, looks around for a moment, then his eyes lock on a table of snacks and beverages for the talent.]

FLEX: Settle on this... boss.

[Ferrigno lunges for the table and in one swoop upheaves it, not only tipping it over but TOSSING it across the hall where bowls of fruit and plates of food go soaring into the air. Gellar jumps back and as he does so several security guards close in on Ferrigno who almost welcomes the troops.]

FLEX: TRY ME! JUST TRY ME!

[Several security guards quickly turn into a swam of them as the first few are shoved away with ease and timid to tackle the Monsta Muscle. Eventually eight or so guards at the direction of Tommy Fierro surround Flex and he mockingly concedes, dangling his arms up in the air.]

EG: Get him out of here, Tommy.

[Gellar starts to walk away and as he does, Flex belts out at him one more time.]

FLEX: I'D HAVE AT LEAST ANOTHER TEN OF THESE GOONS TO WATCH MY BACK IF I WERE YOU!

[Eventually, Gellar has had enough.]

EG: GET HIM OUT. NOW!

[Flex's fingers patter up and down and he flashes a big grin as the guards begin to escort him down the hallway. Gellar takes a deep breath, adjusts his collar, and walks off in the other direction as we fade back towards the ringside area.]

GM: Wow. A hot scene unfolding backstage here in the KeyArena tonight.

BW: Hey, I get why Flex is hot under the collar, Gordo. There were some real high stakes in that one and he came up empty.

GM: Of course, that much is understandable... but to take it out on us out here earlier... on Emerson Gellar backstage... it's just too much and I wouldn't be the least bit surprised to hear that Flex Ferrigno is going to be fined for all that. Fans, it's been a wild night here in Seattle and we're still not done yet. We've still got two big title matches... the debut of Mason... and that Unsanctioned Match yet to come so if you were thinking of changing the channel to see what else is on TV on this Memorial Day, I'd think better of it because this night is red hot and it's only getting hotter! Now, let's go up to Phil Watson for our next matchup!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The crowd reacts with a tinge of surprise.]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Um, okay... well, apparently Emerson Gellar has decided that enough notice has been given to Johnny Detson and-

BW: This is a sham! A travesty! A miscarriage of justice!

GM: Miscarriage of justice?! You sound like my old pal, Chimpanzee Typhoon, Bucky!

BW: That fat old ape?

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[For the second time tonight, a single trumpet blasts a loud fanfare over the PA as the crowd turns toward the entranceway. A deep, ominous wardrum follows shortly thereafter, accompanied by further trumpets and the sounds of many footsteps marching in lockstep.

That is when the man known as The Gladiator comes out through the entranceway. He is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a gladiator helmet on his head. He stops before the entranceway, removing his helmet and dropping to one knee. He sets the helmet to the side, then bows his head down, and takes his right hand, placing it on the ground before him, as if he is feeling out his surroundings.]

PW: Introducing, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLAAAAADIIIIIAAAATOOOOOOR!

[As the war drum and trumpets come to a climax, a ram's horn blasts, drowning it all out, and immediately the Gladiator's head snaps upwards. His eyes gaze at the ring as if looking through it to the universe beyond. Wild speed metal plays over the PA, replacing everything that came before (though, notably, the chord is the same as the trumpets from earlier). Leaving his helmet laying in the aisle, the Gladiator sprints into the ring at top speed and dashes off the ropes like a human missile.]

GM: The Gladiator won the Steal The Spotlight contract from "Red Hot" Rex Summers at the start of the show and has elected to cash in that contract right here tonight, fans!

BW: This is wrong. This is so very wrong. Gordo, that contract clearly states that the person cashing it in has to give ADVANCE notice of his intent to challenge.

GM: It does indeed.

BW: And?!

GM: And Emerson Gellar in consultation with AWA Legal says that the couple of hours of notice is sufficient to be considered "advanced notice," Bucky.

BW: AWA Legal? You know the difference between a lawyer and a liar, Gordo?

GM: I'm afraid to even ask.

BW: Pronunciation.

[The Gladiator is pacing around the ring as his music starts to fade.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Nothing fancy, not like there was time to plan anything anyway, as "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin begins to play to its normal negative reaction.]

PW: Weighing in at 248 pounds... hailing from Hollywood, California and representing the Kings of Wrestling... being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Brian Lau... he is the AWA World Heavyweight Champion...

JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNNN!

[The boos continue from the crowd as the Gladiator continues to pace back and forth in the ring. Watson as well as the rest of the crowd focuses on the entrance ramp where...

...Johnny Detson is NOT appearing.

Phil Watson waits a moment, looking down the aisle. The referee walks over, talking to him for a moment. Watson shrugs, raising the mic again...]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the AWA World Heavyweight Champion...

JOHNNY DETSON!

[The boos pick up again as all eyes turn towards the entrance to the arena...

...where still nothing is happening. After a moment, the song abruptly cuts off, leaving silence except for the Seattle fans booing their hearts out.]

GM: Fans, I have no idea what's going on right now but I'm told that we've got Mark Stegglet on the scene backstage. Mark, can you hear me?

[The shot cuts to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing right next to Brian Lau and Johnny Detson. The tie from the World Champion's suit is gone, the top three buttons on his shirt are undone. Gone are the cufflinks from earlier, but he still has his suit on and the AWA World Heavyweight title in his left hand. Detson is pacing back and forth shaking his head.]

MS: I can hear you, Gordon... and I'm trying to get to the bottom of this situation right now. Mr. Lau... Mr. Detson... we are now just moments away from this World Title matchup... all we're missing is... well, you.

[Stegglet points at the World Champion who grimaces.]

MS: What in the world is the holdup, gentlemen?

[Detson scowls at the interviewer's question.]

JD: Oh, I'm sorry! Am I causing a delay in this sham?! I guess we have to get this conspiracy against me moving along, huh? Not only do they set me up for this match under false pretenses, but they won't even give me until the end of the show to prepare for a match I didn't even know I was having!

MS: You can't--

[But Stegglet is cut off.]

JD: Don't you tell me what I can and can't do! I've got a lot of people telling me what I can't do today. "Johnny, we can't have the lawyers block the match - it's a holiday!!" "Johnny, we can't fly Brian James in from Japan on such short notice - it's not logistically possible!" "Johnny, we can't figure a way out of this match!"

[Detson shakes his head in disgust as he looks over at Lau.]

JD: Well, I'll tell you what... Johnny Detson has found a way out of this match, and it's right out that door! Back into my stretch limo and back in my penthouse suite. Now if you'll excuse me, tell that overgrown freak in the ring to enjoy his countout victory against the Champ!

[And with that, Detson marches straight over for the door marked "EXIT." Right before he reaches the door however, he is cut off by about five security guards with their arms outstretched, holding Detson back and shaking their heads.]

BW: What? What's this? This is entrapment!

GM: Detson trying to take the easy way out again and it doesn't look like that's going to work for him this time!

[We cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing in the ring still with a finger to his ear. He picks his head up and clears his throat.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, I have just been informed that Emerson Gellar has stated that if Johnny Detson does not enter the ring for this match...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: ...he will forfeit the match... AND the AWA World Heavyweight Title!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as we cut back to the backstage area where the World Champion's eyes are bulging out of his skull.]

GM: Wow!

BW: WHAT?! What is this? Gellar has gone drunk with power! This is the most one-sided, blatant favoritism thing I have ever seen! This isn't fair to Detson! This isn't fair at all!

GM: Fair or not, it's happening! If Johnny Detson doesn't get down that aisle to the ring and defend his title, we're going to have a new champion crowned here in Seattle by forfeit!

[The World Champion is in full tantrum mode now, yelling and screaming incoherently at anyone and everyone. The security guards are pointing towards the entrance to the building, moving forward slowly, forcing Detson backwards towards the curtain.]

BW: This is ridiculous! How can this even be considered fair?! How can-?

[Bucky is interrupted by "Kashmir" as it once again begins playing throughout the arena to the cheers from the crowd - not for the individual - but for the fact the match is near.]

BW: Gordo, in all my years in this business, I've never seen someone as drunk with power as Emerson Gellar is tonight! He's throwing people out of the building! He's letting people have mystery partners for tag title matches! He's making spontaneous World Title matches! This is ridiculous!

GM: Exciting, isn't it?

BW: Not the word I had in mind... and the words I have in mind would result in me getting kicked off the air.

GM: Heaven forbid.

BW: All I know is that I hope Brian Lau and the Kings sue the pants off Emerson Gellar and we can get some REAL leadership back in this place. Someone get Percy Childes on the line!

[Suddenly, Johnny Detson bursts through the curtain, waling backwards and pointing threateningly at the security guards who continue to nudge Detson out onto the stage. They stop just beyond the curtain as Brian Lau wiggles through them, rushing to the World Champion's side, trying to calm him down. Detson wheels around angrily, throwing his custom suit jacket down on the ground, stomping it in another tantrum.]

GM: Johnny Detson looks like a small child who just got his cookies taken away from him, Bucky.

BW: How dare you?! He's the AWA World Champion! He is the greatest professional athlete on the planet!

GM: Then he should act like it! If you're the best, get in that ring and prove it!

[Detson continues to walk backwards down the ramp, shaking his head as Brian Lau is talking a mile a minute to him. The World Champion twists, shouting angrily at some fans alongside the ramp giving him a hard time.]

GM: Detson's about halfway down the aisle, taking his sweet time.

BW: That's his right as the World Champion!

GM: I don't believe that's true... but at last, he's getting close to the ring.

[The Gladiator remains inside the ring, pacing back and forth, tense with anticipation of getting his shot at the World Heavyweight Title. Detson pulls up short at ringside, staring up at the Gladiator. He points at him, turning to talk to Brian Lau who nods his head, walking alongside Detson as they walk around the ring...]

GM: They're over here by us now...

[Off-mic, we can hear Detson and Lau shouting at the announce duo.]

BW: I know! That's what I've been saying! An illegal World Title match for sure!

[More shouting.]

GM: Oh, come on! You're the World Champion for crying out loud! Get in the ring and-

[Lau gets closer, his voice clear now.]

"You tell that tyrant Gellar that if he gets us a REAL challenger, Johnny's going to get in the ring! This isn't a real challenger! This is a muscled-up goon... just a step beyond that gorilla they gunned down a couple of days ago at that zoo! Harambe lives and he's in the damn ring, Myers!"

GM: You might not think he's a real challenger but he's cashing in Steal The Spotlight and your man has been ORDERED to get in that ring to defend the title or to forfeit it!

[Detson starts shouting at Myers also...

...when the Gladiator decides he's been waiting long enough!]

BW: Johnny, look out!

[The challenger slides out of the ring, coming around the ringpost towards where Lau and Detson are standing. Lau bolts, clearing out as the Gladiator reaches Detson, blasting him off his feet with a right hand!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: The bell hasn't even rung yet! This is illegal too! Everything about this whole match is illegal!

[The Gladiator leans down, dragging Detson off the floor, rolling him under the ropes. The challenger climbs up on the apron and Brian Lau makes a run for it, throwing himself at the Gladiator, hooking him by the leg...]

GM: You want to talk about illegal! Look at Brian Lau!

BW: The bell hasn't even rung yet! How can it be illegal?!

[Detson whirls around, ambushing the Gladiator with a right hand to the skull. He throws a second... a third... a fourth while referee Ricky Longfellow calls for Lau to let go of the Gladiator so he can officially start the match.]

GM: Let go of the man!

[Detson winds up again, swinging another right hand...

...but the Gladiator blocks it, throwing one of his own that connects flush, sending Detson off his feet, rolling backwards onto his stomach...]

GM: Oh my!

[And the Gladiator turns around, grabbing Brian Lau by the hair...]

GM: He's got Lau! He's got Lau!

BW: Let go of him! That's not right! He's done nothing wrong! He's a Hall of Famer, for pete's sake!

[The Gladiator lifts Lau right up off the floor by the hair, grabbing him by the shirt collar...

...and HOISTS him over his head, standing on the apron as Johnny Detson staggers up to his feet...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The crowd ROARS as the Gladiator HURLS a panicked Brian Lau onto Johnny Detson, knocking the World Champion off his feet. The challenger steps through the ropes, pumping his arms up and down as Lau weakly rolls from the ring and the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And it's officially underway now! Johnny Detson is down and the Gladiator is looking to finish him off early to become the AWA World Champion!

[As Detson regains his feet, the Gladiator runs him down with a clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline by the challenger... and continues right on to the ropes, bouncing off them again... and again...

[And as the World Champion climbs to a standing position once again, he gets run right over by the rampaging Gladiator!]

GM: Another clothesline!

[The Gladiator keeps on running, hitting the ropes... again... and again... and again... building up steam as Detson gets up to his feet...

...and gets flattened a third time!]

GM: AND A THIRD!

[The Gladiator pulls to a stop, pumping his arms towards the heavens as he reaches down...

...and Detson goes to the eyes, digging in and raking hard!]

GM: Ohhh! Cheapshot by the World Champion!

[Detson rushes to the ropes, rebounding back towards the Gladiator who is trying to clear his vision...

...and the World Champion gets lifted into the air, twisted around through the sky, and DRIVEN down to the canvas below with a thunderous tilt-a-whirl slam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT A SLAM!!

[The Gladiator rolls into a lateral press, pressing up and nodding along with the count...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[Detson’s shoulder pops up off the canvas as the crowd roars in disappointment!]

GM: Oh my! Near fall right there! We were a half a count away from crowning a new World Champion right here at Memorial Day Mayhem in Seattle, fans!

BW: The Gladiator is starting off hot... too hot... Johnny Detson’s gotta find a way to cool him off and he needs to do it quickly, Gordo.

GM: The Gladiator’s right on top of him though, pulling the World Champion to his feet... big whip to the corner...

[He charges in after the champion, connecting with a thunderous running clothesline that takes Detson up into the air, almost dumping him over the ropes before he settles back down on his feet. The Gladiator stomps out of the corner, arms pumping wildly, thriving off the support of the roaring fans who are on their feet, sensing a World Title change is near...

...and scoops up Brian Lau’s fallen sunglasses off the canvas.]

BW: No, no... leave those alone!

GM: Uh oh! The Gladiator’s got Lau’s sunglasses and-

[He holds them up for all to see...

...and SNAPS them in half, flinging the pieces into the crowd!]

BW: NOOOOOO!

GM: An offering to the gods here tonight perhaps as the Gladiator snaps those sunglasses.

BW: Those glasses cost more than you make in a month, Myers!

[The Gladiator wheels around, spotting Johnny Detson as the World Champion stumbles out of the corner towards the Gladiator...

...who catches him coming out, lifting him up, and pressing him over his head!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

BW: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

GM: The Gladiator’s trying to finish him right here and now! He’s trying to-

[The crowd bursts into jeers as they see Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor SPRINTING down the aisle towards the ring!]

BW: Here comes the cavalry!

GM: The World Tag Team Champions are out here and-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as the Gladiator gets a running start, HURLING the pressed Johnny Detson over the ropes and down onto the approaching Taylor and Donovan, wiping out both men!]

GM: MY GOODNESS!

BW: This is insane! Somebody’s gotta stop this lunatic!

[Nodding his head as he shakes his arms, pounding on his chest, the Gladiator rolls from the ring...]

GM: And he’s going after Johnny Detson - not even giving the World Champion a chance to try and stay out there on the floor and take the countout!

BW: Great idea! HEY JOHNNY!

GM: Would you sit down?!

[Out on the floor, the Gladiator pulls Detson off the floor, grabbing him by the dress shirt and ripping it from his torso.]

BW: Personal property is being damaged all over the place by this criminal! Somebody call the law!

[A heavy knife edge chop follows, sending Detson staggering away towards the timekeeper’s table.]

GM: Big chop across the chest!

[The Gladiator approaches from behind, looking to grab Detson by the hair...

...but Detson swings an elbow back, catching the Gladiator in the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Detson fires back!

[Grabbing two hands full of the Gladiator’s long brown hair, Detson SMASHES the Gladiator’s head into the timekeeper’s table!]

GM: OHH! Into the wooden table!

[Detson wheels around, tossing his challenger under the ropes into the ring. The World Champion pulls himself up on the apron, nodding to Brian Lau who is out on the floor.]

BW: Now he’s got him, Gordo!

GM: We’ll see about that as Detson climbs back in himself... moving in on the Gladiator...

[Detson winds up as the Gladiator gets to a knee...]

GM: Big right hand- blocked! Big left hand- blocked as well!

[The Gladiator rises up, staring right in the eyes of Johnny Detson who backpedals away, begging off...]

GM: The Gladiator just slapping away the blows from Johnny Detson and... oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd jeers loudly as the World Champion sticks out a hand, offering up a handshake...]

GM: Detson wants a handshake!

BW: What a sportsman! What a great human being! After all the dirty tricks that's been pulled on him tonight, he's still willing to show good sportsmanship!

GM: Give me a break!

[Detson sticks out the hand again, offering it up to the Gladiator who looks around at the crowd encouraging him to turn it down...]

...but the Gladiator brings out his hand, grabbing Detson's...]

BW: Oh yeah! Good sportsman- HEY!

[...and squeezing it!]

GM: Look at the power! Look at the strength!

[Detson goes up on his toes, jumping up and down in pain as the Gladiator tries to mangle the fingers of the World Champion...]

BW: He's trying to break his hand! What kind of a monster does such a thing?!

GM: The Gladiator's doing it!

[Detson drags the Gladiator back towards the ropes, wincing in pain as he grabs the ropes. The referee calls for a break but the Gladiator ignores him, watching as Detson goes over the ropes to the apron...]

GM: Detson's outside the ring, trying to get loose and-

[The crowd roars again as the Gladiator drags him over the top rope inside the ring!]

GM: Detson gets pulled back in! The Gladiator again with the power and-

[Back on his feet, Detson shoves a thumb into the eye!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot!

[Detson charges the Gladiator as he staggers back, swinging a knee into the kidneys. He shoves the challenger back into the corner, raining down blows on him as the fans jeer.]

GM: The World Champion taking advantage of that eyegouge!

[The World Champion winds up, throwing an overhead chop...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...but the Gladiator stands up straight, shaking his head...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[He lands another... to no effect.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Detson throws a third blow but the Gladiator steps forward, causing Detson to backpedal away...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and the Gladiator steps forward again, causing Detson to back up again.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[The Gladiator gives a shout, pumping his arms as Detson flees backwards, ending up with his back against the turnbuckles. The challenger steps forward, grabbing Detson by the arm, whipping him across the ring...

...where Detson crashes into the buckles, sailing over them and crashing down to the floor below!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HARD FALL TO THE FLOOR!

[Brian Lau rushes to Detson’s side, checking on the floored World Champion as Tony Donovan hops up on the apron...

...and gets knocked back down with a right hand!]

GM: Wes Taylor up on the other side!

[And he too gets knocked back down with a haymaker!]

GM: Taylor’s down as well! The Gladiator’s fighting all of them himself!

[Climbing up off the floor, Detson shakes his head, waving a dismissive arm at the ring. Brian Lau comes over to join him and makes the same gesture as the World Champion and the Hall of Fame manager decide to call it a night.]

GM: And the World Champion is leaving, Bucky! He’s heading back up the aisle!

BW: Rightfully so. We’ve got this ridiculous match... this ridiculous opponent! Illegal! Unfair! Unjust!

GM: My broadcast colleague has apparently lost the ability to form complete sentences as Brian Lau and Johnny Detson are trying to run out of Seattle like thieves in the night!

[But the Gladiator’s not going for that, rolling out to the floor, chasing up the aisle after the fleeing duo. Lau sees him coming and bails out, leaving Johnny Detson behind as the Gladiator knocks him down with a clubbing forearm to the back of the shoulders!]

GM: Down goes Detson... and the Gladiator’s not done with him! He’s not done with this match until he walks out of Seattle as the World Heavyweight Champion!

BW: Not going to happen. You've been watching the Kings for months now, Gordo, and you know they've always got a plan!

GM: What kind of plan could they have, Bucky? Brian James is in Japan. Taylor and Donovan are out here but they haven't made an impact yet. What kind of plan could they have?!

BW: They've always got a plan! Doctor Harrison Fawcett said he had an idea! He said he could fix this!

GM: Well, he may be running out of time, Bucky!

[The Gladiator hoists Detson over his head, pressing his arms to full extension again, walking down the aisle back towards the ring...]

GM: Look at the power!

[...and HURLS Detson through the ropes, tossing him back inside the ring!]

GM: Detson gets tossed back in... and again, the Gladiator is coming for-

[But before the challenger can get back into the ring, he's swarmed by the World Tag Team Champions!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Taylor and Donovan are pummeling the Gladiator down on the floor, pounding him with fists and forearms as the muscular challenger tries to absorb the attack...]

BW: Ring the bell! That's a disqualification!

[But after a few moments, the Gladiator begins fighting back, throwing big bombs at both members of the World Tag Team Champions, eventually sending them sprawling on the floor. The referee slides out to the floor, stepping in front of Taylor and Donovan...]

"YOU! OUT!"

[...and gestures angrily towards the back, causing a big reaction from the Seattle crowd!]

GM: Oh my stars! Taylor and Donovan just got EJECTED from ringside!

BW: WHAT?! More abuse of power!

GM: They tried to get Detson intentionally disqualified to save the title and Ricky Longfellow's having none of that! He just kicked them out of the ringside area... and Brian Lau is beside himself! So much for their big master plan, Bucky!

[A protesting Taylor and Donovan start the long walk up the aisle as the Gladiator slides in, finding Detson climbing to his feet in the corner. The challenger grabs him by the back of the head smashing his head into the top turnbuckle as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

[...and Detson slumps down, falling against the buckles as the Gladiator grabs him by the arm, rocketing him across the ring against into the far corner. With a head of steam, the challenger charges across, flinging himself into the air with his arm outstretched...]

GM: CLOTHESLI- OHHH! Detson moves! Detson moves!

[The World Champion collapses to the canvas, falling to all fours as the Gladiator's chest and throat slam into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: He missed the leaping clothesline in the corner!

BW: Because he's in there with a real ring general... not some pie in the sky flashy rookie who thinks he's hot stuff!

GM: Detson's down on the mat... the Gladiator's down on the mat... and Brian Lau's shouting at the World Champion, telling him to finish him off!

[Detson climbs off the mat, stumbling across the ring to lay his shoe into the ribcage of the Gladiator. A second kick follows, rolling Gladiator over onto his back where Detson plants the sole of his shoe on Gladiator's throat, grabbing the top rope for leverage!]

GM: He's choking him! Detson's choking him near the ropes!

[The referee's four count causes the break as the World Champion backs off.]

GM: Detson coming back in... another hard kick to the ribs, rolling the Gladiator out on the apron.

[Detson steps out on the apron, not letting up as he drives his shoe down repeatedly between the eyes of the Gladiator.]

GM: The World Champion stomping the challenger into the mat outside the ring...

[The referee steps in, ordering Detson back in and as the World Champion obliges, Brian Lau loops his arms around the throat of the Gladiator, pulling down as he hangs on...]

GM: And now Lau with the illegal assist, choking the Gladiator from the floor!

[Detson keeps the referee tied up for a moment, allowing Lau to do some damage before the Hall of Fame manager backs off, straightening his tie as Detson moves back in. The Gladiator rolls back inside the ring as Detson drags him up against the ropes by the hair, throwing a right-left-right to the body before grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The reversal shoots Detson into the ropes where he rebounds back...

...and gets flattened with another big clothesline before the Gladiator dashes to the ropes, looking for a 270 pound splash!]

GM: LEAPING BODY SPLAAAAASHHHH- OHHHHH!

BW: Knees up! Detson got the knees up!

[The two knees catching Gladiator right in the midsection has him reeling as Detson rolls to his knees, smirking and pointing at his temple...]

BW: That's right! If the Gladiator had two firing synapses, he might've seen that coming but he doesn't, he didn't, and now the World Champion is back in control.

[On his feet, Detson measures Gladiator before stomping him viciously in the back of the head, causing the challenger to roll over onto his back, grimacing. Detson lands two more stomps, these down between the eyes before he leans over to pull the challenger off the mat.]

GM: Two vicious stomps with those shoes which are hardly legal ring wear, Bucky.

BW: That's not his fault! He didn't bring his gear tonight! Blame Gellar!

GM: I thought a true pro wrestler ALWAYS brings his gear!

BW: He was told he had the night off! Gaaaaah!

[With Bucky on the verge of a meltdown, Detson whips the Gladiator across the ring to the corner. He rushes in after him, burying a knee into the midsection!]

GM: Big running knee to the gut... and a hard uppercut to follow!

[The Gladiator straightens up on the uppercut, falling back against the turnbuckles as Detson grabs the ropes, laying in another knee to the midsection.]

GM: Detson firing away, more shots to the gut...

[Grabbing the Gladiator by the arm, Detson whips him across the ring again, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Gladiator staggers out of the corner... boot downstairs!

[With the Gladiator doubled up, Detson yanks him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Detson's going for the Wilde Driver!

[But as he goes to underhook the arm, the Gladiator yanks his legs out from under him, holding them under his arms...]

GM: Gladiator with the counter and... SLINGSHOT!

[...and falling backwards, catapulting Detson into the air, sending him crashing facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GLADIATOR SENDS HIM INTO THE CORNER!

[As Detson staggers back, the Gladiator drags him down into a sloppy sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NEAR FALL! SO CLOSE RIGHT THERE!

[A shot of Brian Lau at ringside shows him nervously clutching his chest, looking concerned at the action in the ring as the Gladiator climbs up off the mat, pointing a finger out to all his supporting fans in the KeyArena who roar in response.]

GM: The Gladiator's looking to end it! Looking to find a way to finish him off and walk out of here as the AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[The Gladiator slowly circles the ring, coming back to Detson who is down on all fours, crawling across the squared circle...

...and gets grabbed by the back of the pants, yanked right up to his feet!]

GM: Uh oh!

[The Gladiator turns Detson around, lifting him up into the air...

...and pressing him high overhead!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

BW: No, no! Somebody stop this! Somebody stop-

[Brian Lau leaps up on the apron, screaming and shouting. The Gladiator throws a glance to the side, spotting Lau...

...which is just enough of a distraction for Detson to reach down, raking the eyes, and landing on his feet behind him!]

GM: OH!

[Detson rushes into the ropes, bouncing off and leaping forward, shoving the Gladiator towards the other ropes with a well-placed knee into the lower back!]

GM: The Gladiator goes down!

[Hanging over the middle rope, Detson plants his shin on the back of the neck, choking the Gladiator fiercely as Lau turns towards the aisle, waving an arm. The referee shouts at Detson who backs off, leaving a gasping Gladiator laid out over the middle rope...

...and suddenly, Detson wraps his arm around the official pulling him back with him...]

GM: What is he-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as someone comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: Who is... it's Rex Summers! IT'S REX SUMMERS!

["Red Hot" Rex Summers comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring, red Haliburton briefcase in hand...]

GM: What's HE doing out here?!

BW: I don't know but-

[Summers doesn't slow down at all, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Summers backs off, a HUGE dent now on the side of the metal briefcase. He smirks at the dent, slapping it twice, and then turns around, running right back up the aisle the way he came.]

GM: Rex Summers out of nowhere with that metal briefcase! He hit the Gladiator right over the head with it and... oh no... no, no!

[Releasing the official, Johnny Detson races across the ring, pulling the dazed Gladiator off the ropes, tugging him into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook both arms...]

GM: NOT LIKE THIS!

[...and LEAPS into the air, driving the Gladiator's face into the canvas!]

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

GM: NO!

[Detson flips the Gladiator over, diving across his chest, tightly hooking both legs with a hopeful look on his face.]

BW: ONE!!! TWO!!!

GM: This is...

[The referee's hand goes up...

...and slaps the mat for a third time, ending the match and the undefeated streak of the Gladiator!]

BW: THREEEEEEEEEEEE! THE CHAMP MAKES HISTORY, DADDY!

[Detson drops back, thrusting his arms in the air as Brian Lau leaps into the air on the floor, arms held high!]

GM: I can't believe it!

BW: Believe it, daddy! The King is still on his throne!

[As Detson celebrates in the ring and Brian Lau celebrates on the floor, Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... and STILL AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONNNNNN...

[The crowd is booing rabidly again at this point.]

PW: JOHNNNNNNYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNNNN!

[The title belt is handed to Detson who climbs up off the mat, clutching it to his chest as Brian Lau rolls in to join him.]

"I told you, Johnny! I told you we could do it, champ!"

[Detson and Lau embrace, the title held up between them as the Seattle crowd lets them have it for their shenanigans. The duo exit the ring, the celebration continuing as they head back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: This is wrong. This is just plain wrong, Bucky.

BW: Then why does it feel so right, Gordo?! Johnny Detson walked into Seattle... got forced into a match he knew nothing about against an opponent he wasn't ready for... and won the match! He kept the title! And in the process, he beat a guy who was UNDEFEATED until he ran up against the very best professional athlete in the world today! Forget about Clayton Kershaw! Tell Tom Brady to stick it! The so-called King, LeBron James has been dethroned! Johnny Detson is on top of the world!

GM: The Gladiator... I'm not going to say he had the match won, Bucky, but it was clear that he was dominating this match despite the best efforts of Detson and Lau... Taylor and Donovan... and in the end, it's "Red Hot" Rex Summers who cost him everything.

BW: A man who was clearly acting alone.

GM: A likely story...

[Down on the mat, the Gladiator is starting to stir at the urging of the official.]

GM: And as you see the Gladiator getting back up... having been hit in the head with a metal briefcase... having been hit with the Wilde Driver... how disappointing this must be for him, fans. This is not how he wanted this night to turn out. This is not... what? Fans, we're being told that Mark Stegglet is backstage and- okay, let's go... let's go now!

[We cut backstage to the locker room area where we find Mark Stegglet, just barely illuminated by a small light. He speaks in a whisper.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... and right around this corner is a sight that I believe AWA fans DESERVE to see themselves. Quietly now...

[He gestures to the cameraman who slides around the corner, taking aim down the hallway...

...where we find "Red Hot" Rex Summers being handed a leather briefcase by Doctor Harrison Fawcett.]

GM: What in the...?

[Summers grabs the briefcase, cracking it open as the camera zooms in closer...

...and reveals stacks upon stacks of cash money.]

BW: Oh my...

GM: Money?! This was about money?! Rex Summers just interfered in this match for money?!

BW: Maybe the good Doctor owed him some cash.

GM: I think he did! He owed him some cash for interfering in that match, Bucky! He owed him some cash for saving the World Title! THIS was Fawcett's big master plan?! Money?!

BW: Hey, after the garbage that Gellar and Gladiator pulled on him tonight, I'm sure Rex Summers had no problem getting involved... but cash always makes you do something with a smile on your face, daddy!

[Summers nods excitedly, closing up the suitcase, and turning to make his exit...

...when the camera suddenly shifts off shot with a loud bellow breaking through!]

GM: What the...!?

[And as the camera refocuses, we see the Gladiator stalking down the hallway towards where Rex Summers and Harrison Fawcett are standing...

...or were standing because the first glimpse of the Gladiator sent them both running in the opposite direction!]

GM: They're running for it! Fawcett and Summers are running for it!

[The Gladiator picks up the pace, running down the hallway after them as the cameraman tries to keep pace...]

GM: The Gladiator's in hot pursuit! He's chasing after them!

[He runs out of view and as the cameraman catches up, we see the Gladiator busting through a pair of doors to the outside of the building. The cameraman pursues, ducking through...

...and just barely gets a shot of Fawcett and Summers diving into a waiting limo, tearing out of sight as the Gladiator sinks to his knees, roaring into the Seattle sky as the camera holds on him.

And we cut to black.

A voiceover begins.]

"What would happen if the best professional wrestlers in the world came together for one weekend?"

[Very faintly, we can just barely make it a wrestling ring surrounded by fans. It continues to fade up very, very slowly as the voiceover continues.]

"To fight.

To battle.

To wage war."

[By this point, we can just about see the entire shot.]

"To determine the very best professional wrestler in the entire world."

[And at this point, the shot is fully faded in, showing the ring surrounded by cheering fans as Dropkick Murphys "I'm Shipping Up To Boston" plays in full effect.]

"4th of July weekend. Boston."

[The Battle of Boston logo appears on the screen.]

"We all find out."

[Fade to just a shot of the logo, holding it for several seconds before it fades back to black.]

We fade up from black to our announcers down at ringside.]

GM: The Battle of Boston is coming which is sure to be one heck of an exciting weekend of action but right here tonight, Memorial Day Mayhem has also been very exciting and we're not done yet. Of course, we still have our Winner Takes All tag team match to come.

BW: Not to mention the Unsanctioned Match.

GM: That's right. For the second year in a row, we'll be seeing an Unsanctioned Match here at Memorial Day Mayhem when Alex Martinez takes on Juan Vasquez. That's going to be a happening. But coming up right now, we've got one of the most hyped debuts in AWA history...

BW: And on a night when we saw the debut of Ayako Fujiwara, that's saying something, Gordo.

GM: For weeks... months now actually... we've been hearing about the debut of the man known only as Mason. Mason was introduced to AWA fans by Emerson Gellar several weeks ago through a promotional package... the same kind of package we've been seeing on AWA shows for some time now. We know very little... almost nothing actually... but for someone to be so hyped... to be so anticipated... well, I expect this should be a sight to see, Bucky.

BW: You may be right, Gordo, but there's a whole lot of guys in that locker room that want to know what this is all about. They want to know if this guy is worth the hype. They want to know why the promotional machine is saddled to him and not to them. This guy is a marked man before he even steps foot through the curtain.

GM: No doubt. But now we get to find out if he's ready for that. I'd love to add more but... well, we don't know anything else to add. This is perhaps one of the most mysterious debuts in AWA history so... Phil Watson, the floor is yours, my friend.

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Portland, Oregon... weighing in at 271 pounds... Nelson Cruz!

[The bodybuilder-esque looking Cruz strikes a double bicep pose to a mixed reaction from the Pacific Northwest crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights cut out to black. The crowd buzzes with anticipation, waiting to see the person who is about to appear. After a moment, a drumbeat familiar to just about anyone on the planet rings out.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[The crowd quickly begins clapping along, stomping along, smacking the railing in rhythm to create quite the sound as the opening synthesizer notes kick in. Steam

and smoke pour into the entryway, completely covering it. Strobe lights start to fire in rhythm as well, lighting up the smoke and steam.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

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

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

PW: From DEEEEEEEEEEE-troit, Michigan... weighing in at 285 pounds...

MAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASONNNNNNNNNNNN!

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

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

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

GM: Wow! What an entrance for the man known as Mason who is stalking down the aisle, heading for the ring... and muscles are not, I would NOT want to be in Nelson Cruz' boots right about now!

BW: Well, it's a great entrance, sure... but like you said, we don't know anything about this guy! He could be as skilled as... well, you... inside that ring!

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky.

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

...and then snaps his head back, staring dead into the eyes of his victim.]

GM: Oh... my.

[The lights come back up as the referee signals for the bell. Nelson Cruz comes barnstorming out of the corner, throwing rights and lefts at the kneeling Mason who absorbs them all...

...and then stands up, lifting Cruz over his shoulder, standing tall, and then violently swinging him back down, throwing Cruz down in an angry man's spinebuster, shaking the ring from the impact!]

GM: OHHHH MY!

[Mason throws his arms apart, snarling with a "it's over!" gesture. The Seattle fans roar in response to his intensity as he twists around, grabbing the dazed Cruz by the hair, dragging him to his feet, pulling him right into a standing front facelock.]

GM: Mason's got him hooked!

[His icy blue eyes are on display as the camera catches a closeup of him just before he powers Cruz up, holding the 272 pounder straight as an arrow...

Holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...]

GM: OH MY STARS! LOOK AT THE POWER!

BW: He's had Cruz up there for a half hour already!

[...and then finally swings him out, letting go and standing tall as he HURLS him down in a ring-rattling powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY STAAAAAARRRRRRS!

BW: You can count to twenty after that one, daddy.

[Mason drops to the mat, settling into a lateral press as he shoves two clenched fists into the chest of his opponent.]

GM: One. Two. And three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The theme to Terminator 2 starts up again as Mason rises off the mat, looking down at the helpless Cruz. The referee steps towards him, looking to raise his hand but a cold stare from Mason changes his mind. Mason nods at a job well done before exiting the ring, marching back up the aisle.]

BW: Well, that's a guy who doesn't get paid by the hour, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. The mysterious man known as Mason with an absolutely dominant victory here at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[The camera follows Mason's muscular back as he heads back up the aisle.]

GM: Well, Bucky, did Mason live up to the hype?

BW: So far, I'd have to say he did, Gordo... but now let's see what happens because like I said, he's got a giant target on his back and a whole lot of people waiting to show him what it's like being a part of this company, daddy.

GM: Indeed. Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with the World Tag Team Champions!

[We fade backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing between Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, the World Tag Team Champions, who have their Hall of Fame manager, Brian Lau, between them mostly blocking Stegglet.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... gentlemen, after what we saw the Gladiator do to the two of you... check that, the three of you...

[Lau frowns.]

MS: ...earlier tonight, you've gotta be hurting heading into this Winner Takes All match!

[Taylor snorts with derision.]

WT: Stegglet, as usual, you fail to understand the reality of the situation. The only things hurting the three of us right now are our sore cheekbones from smiling so much over Johnny keeping that pretty gold belt snapped around his waist. The only things hurting us are our ears from being on the phone getting play by play about what BJ is doing over in Japan - you know they've got Instagram models over there too, right?

BL: Don't worry though. Brian knows that women make for weak legs. He'll be ready for tonight.

WT: Of course, of course... but there's one more thing hurting on us right now, Stegglet, and it's our heads. Our heads are absolutely throbbing trying to figure out what the heck my old man was thinking when he let that weasel Emerson Gellar slip in the side door to run this joint. Johnny had it bad enough tonight. Gellar tried to rob him of the title... but what about us? What kind of scam is this that our regularly scheduled opponent goes down with an injury and-

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Goes down with an injury? Thanks to the two of you! Let's roll that-

[This time, it's Brian Lau's turn to interrupt.]

BL: That footage has not been cleared by our attorney, Stegglet... and I won't let you slander the good names of the Tag Team of the Year for 2016 by trying to show some kind of doctored footage!

MS: This footage hasn't even been edited yet! Roll the-

TD: Stegglet, no one needs to see anything you've got to show them. By now, everyone's heard about what a klutz Calisto Dufresne is.

[Donovan shakes his head with a "tsk, tsk."]

TD: Accidentally slamming your own hand in the car door. What kind of a person makes a mistake like that? Especially so close to their big title match here tonight. You won't find finely tuned athletes like us making such a mistake. We'll leave that to a dewdropper like Dufresne.

[Taylor arches an eyebrow at his partner.]

TD: Dewdropper.

[Taylor shakes his head, looking at Lau who shrugs.]

TD: Whatever! Emerson Gellar's out here flexing his muscles, saying that if Dufresne can't go, Travis Lynch can pick a partner of his own. We'd be worried about that if it weren't for the fact that the only one who thinks enough of Travis to team with him is his mama.

[Taylor chuckles, speaking again.]

WT: The fact of the matter is that Travis Lynch can go get whoever he wants. He can scour the locker room and beg anyone the Lynches have backstabbed...

TD: Lots of those.

WT: Sabotaged.

TD: Them too.

WT: Even short-changed by the old man.

TD: He's going to send you a bill for mentioning him.

[Taylor snaps his fingers.]

WT: Ask 'em all, Travis... and when they all tell you to hit the bricks because the Lynches are the most hated family in all of this whole sport... you trot yourself down to ringside all by yourself... and make sure you bring that gold with you... you climb on up in that ring... and you beg. You beg... and you plead... and you pray that someone, somewhere shows your some kind of mercy.

TD: 'Cause it ain't gonna be us.

WT: That's right. Because just like Johnny earlier tonight, we're going to keep these shiny gold belts around our waists. And then we'll hit the town with Johnny and Mr. Lau here...

BL: Brian. Please.

[Taylor nods.]

WT: Brian... and we're going to show all of Seattle a real good time, Kings of Wrestling style. And anyone out there who doesn't like it, we've got a suggestion for you...

[Tony Donovan leans over the mic with a sneer.]

TD: Start running.

[And with that, we fade from the World Tag Team Champions and their Hall of Fame manager to another part of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Alright, fans... during the Pre-Game Show here earlier tonight, I broke the news that Travis Lynch would STILL be participating in the Winner Takes All match

here tonight even without his tag team partner, Calisto Dufresne, and with that match just around the corner...

[The fans in the KeyArena begin to cheer loudly as Travis Lynch makes his way towards "Sweet" Lou Blackwell. The National Champion is decked out in his ring attire, classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them, his two knee pads and wrestling boots are also white and his trademark super smedium black Travis t-shirt, as the AWA National Championship belt rests snugly upon his waist.]

SLB: ...it is time to get a few comments from the AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch!

[The twenty-first century Adonis smiles at the camera as he slaps Blackwell upon his shoulder.]

SLB: Travis, I know you told Mr. Gellar that you have a partner for tonight's matchup but the fans and myself need to know why you didn't take the opportunity to postpone this match? You have to realize you've placed yourself at a huge disadvantage now.

[Travis nods his head as he begins to speak.]

TL: I know the stakes tonight, "Sweet" Lou. I know that after nearly two months of taggin' with Dufresne at various AWA live events, that walkin' into that ring with another partner could very well cost me this...

[Travis slaps the AWA National Championship belt.]

TL: But let me tell ya somethin', "Sweet" Lou, I'm not goin' let those cowards walk out of the KeyArena with this championship belt OR the World Tag Team Championships!

[The AWA faithful cheer loudly again.]

TL: Not a chance!

[Travis grabs the silver crucifix around his neck.]

TL: The good Lord up above gave us an opportunity, but the Kings of Wrestlin' decided to try and tear it away. But you see, "Sweet" Lou, the big man continued to smile down upon me and Mr. Gellar allowed me to keep this opportunity tonight! So while Taylor and Donovan showed their true color of YELLOW, I'm still goin' walk down that aisle and deliver on my promise to these great fans... and a promise I even made to Dufresne.

[Blackwell looks slightly taken aback.]

SBL: A promise to Calisto Dufresne?

TL: That's right. You see, "Sweet" Lou, after that attack in the parking lot, I went to the hospital with Dufresne...

SLB: You went with him?

TL: Of course I did, Lou! When I walked out into that parking lot and saw Dufresne laying there at the hands of a Donovan, I saw James lying in the ring all over again. I saw Sweet Daddy Williams, I saw Ryan...

[The National Champion shakes his head before slowly running his right hand through his dirty blonde hair.]

TL: And it's about damn time the bodies stopped pilin' up here in the AWA! I promised Dufresne if the good Lord made it so I still had the opportunity...

[Travis is once again holding the crucifix in his hand.]

TL: I would make sure that Taylor and Donovan paid for their actions. So when Mr. Gellar called me up last night and presented me with this opportunity...

[Travis flashes his pearly whites at the camera.]

TL: I knew it was just a matter of finding the right man to stand by my side tonight.

SBL: And who will that be, Travis?

TL: You and these great fans will find out in just a few minutes.

[Travis claps Sweet Lou on the shoulder, walking out of view to the cheers from those inside the KeyArena.]

SLB: Alright, fans! Travis Lynch has got a partner and we are just moments away now from finding out who it is! But will it be enough for him to not only walk out of Seattle tonight as STILL the AWA National Champion but to have that World Tag Team Title around his waist as well? We're about to see for ourselves. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We cut back to a panning shot of the KeyArena crowd, buzzing with anticipation for the Winner Takes All showdown.]

GM: Thanks, Sweet Lou. This is it, fans... the Main Event of Memorial Day Mayhem, the biggest stage of the summer. Winner Takes All. One member of these two teams could walk out with two championships. Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, the World Tag Team Champions. Travis Lynch, the National Champion, and... whoever he's bringing to the dance. This is going to be a fight.

BW: I'm going on record right now, Gordo. This is the biggest mistake of Travis Lynch's career and considering he's a Stench, that's saying a lot. He's putting his championship in the hands of someone he's never teamed with... someone he's calling into action on one day's notice... and he's doing it against the World Tag Team Champions! Mark it down on the calendar, Gordo... this is the beginning of the end for Travis Lynch.

GM: The time for talk is over so let's head up to Phil Watson for the Main Event!

[We crossfade to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is WINNER TAKES ALL! Both the AWA National Title AND the AWA World Tag Team Titles are on the line!

Introducing first... the challengers...

[The crowd rises, looking towards the entryway as we wait... and wait... and wait...]

BW: Looks like ol' Stench might've wised up and-

[Bucky's cut off by the sounds of Rush's "Tom Sawyer" rocking out through the KeyArena to a HUGE cheer!]

GM: Not so fast, Bucky! Because that music can only mean the arrival of one man...

[And after a moment, that man appears in the same attire we saw him in moments ago. He unclasps the National Title from his waist, lifting it into the air to another big cheer from the AWA faithful.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 252 pounds... he is the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPIONNNNN... the Texas Heartthrob...

TRAAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The cheers get louder as Travis grins at the reaction, nodding his head in approval before breaking into a slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his arms and shoulders.]

GM: Travis Lynch won the National Title on August 15th of last year right down the road in Portland, Oregon. Since then, he's defended the title with honor and pride at every opportunity. Tonight, he puts the title on the line under unique circumstances. Remember, fans, if Travis Lynch is pinned or made to submit here tonight, he'll lose the National Title to whichever man did it. If his partner suffers the same fate, Travis will walk out with the title.

BW: Speaking of his partner... where is he?!

GM: An excellent question, Bucky - one that I can't say I have an answer to at the moment. Maybe they wanted a separate entrance?

BW: Always a good sign for a TEAM!

[As Travis gets closer to the ring, he approaches the barricade, leaning over for high fives and hugs... and a few kisses from the ladies to boot. He grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He pulls off his t-shirt, drawing a BIG cheer from the ladies as he tosses it into the crowd to a lucky female fan. He pulls off his silver crucifix, planting a kiss on it before he hangs it around the ringpost. The chaps come next, falling off into a pool on the floor. He turns, pointing to the fans before ducking through the ropes inside the ring, lifting the title belt into the air one more time before handing it over to the official.]

BW: Say goodbye to the gold, Stench. Your days as a champion are up and it couldn't happen to a more deserving man!

GM: Is it time to find out who this mystery partner is?

[Travis leans over, speaking to Phil Watson a moment. Watson nods his head as the rock classic starts to fade out.]

PW: And his opponents...

[A ripple of concern washes over the capacity crowd.]

BW: His opponents?! I knew it, Gordo! I knew he couldn't find a partner!

GM: I... well, I'm not sure what the implications of this are. If Travis Lynch is out here alone-

[Gordon doesn't get to finish that thought as the sounds of "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers" by ZZ Top kicks in over the PA System. The fans respond appropriately with a savage greeting.]

PW: Representing the Kings of Wrestling and being accompanied down the aisle by their manager Brian Lau and his bodyguard Shane Taylor... at a total combined weight of 503 pounds... they are the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMMMMPIONNNNNSSSSS...

WES TAYLOR AND TONY DONNNNOVAAAAAN!

[The curtain parts as Lau, the Taylors, and Tony Donovan make their way out on stage. Brian Lau is dressed the same as we saw him earlier... minus the sunglasses that the Gladiator snapped in half. Shane Taylor is in his standard stained denim shorts and white wifebeater. He looks dejected alongside Lau who is quite obviously berating him with every step he takes.

The World Tag Team Champions bring up the rear, both wearing the Kings of Wrestling jackets that were gifted to them recently. Taylor wears black trunks, kneepads, and boots under his. Donovan's jacket is open enough to reveal his standard double-strapped singlet that ends around mid-thigh, black boots, and red kneepads. Both men are carrying the World Tag Team Titles around their waists as they trade a high five before making their way down the aisle, confident grins on their faces.]

GM: Well, the champions don't look concerned right now.

BW: Why should they, Gordo? It's obvious that Travis Stench couldn't get anyone to lower themselves to team with him! This is gonna be a handicap match and with Travis Stench in there, it was ALREADY a handicap match.

GM: Would you stop?! Of course, Taylor and Donovan being accompanied to the ring by Brian Lau who has been quite busy here tonight.

BW: Thanks to that scoundrel Gellar.

GM: Shane Taylor joining them as well - the first time we've seen him tonight.

BW: Yeah, where the heck was he when Brian Lau was having his physical dignity besmirched by that pumped-up goof, The Gladiator?!

GM: A good question... and I'm sure that's the source of Shane Taylor getting read the riot act by Lau on their way down the aisle.

[As the quartet reaches the ring, Lau orders Shane Taylor to the corner as he hops up on the apron, smirking at Travis Lynch as he sits on the middle rope, holding them open for the World Tag Team Champions as they climb into the ring. Wes Taylor wastes not a single second in stomping across the ring, pointing a finger at Travis Lynch as referee Davis Warren steps between them, holding up his hands.]

GM: Referee Davis Warren with his first appearance since the beginning of the show when Callum Mahoney tossed him to the floor. We're told he told AWA medical that he wasn't about to miss this one.

BW: Even the referees in this joint have fighting spirit, Gordo.

GM: Taylor and Donovan... and Lau... continue to berate Travis Lynch and I guess the moment of truth is at hand.

BW: Don't waste your time wonderin', Gordo. There's no one on God's green who wants to associate himself with a Stench!

GM: You know as well as I do that nothing could be further from the truth, Bucky. In fact, many of the AWA's finest have stepped up over the years to stand with-

[Gordon's words get cut off as darkness fills the KeyArena, the lights in the building going completely dark.]

BW: What the-?!

GM: I... I'm not sure. I don't know if this is a technical issue or-

[Again, Gordon is cut off as the video screen above the entrance way flashes to life, displaying the vast, wide open landscapes of the Texas Badlands. A tumbleweed blows across the landscape, and then there is the sound of spurs, as a figure slowly approaches from across the horizon. The sun is over the figure, and his head is bent down, the brim of his cowboy hat obscuring his features. The jingling of spurs grows louder and louder as the figure comes closer. As this is happening, music is playing faintly in the background, the synth sound of a keyboard growing louder and louder until the guitar kicks in, and Jon Bon Jovi's voice carries over the crowd.]

#It's all the same, only the names will change
Everyday, it seems we're wastin' away
Another place where the faces are so cold
I drive all night just to get back home#

[With the words to "Wanted Dead or Alive" blaring, the crowd starts to come alive.]

GM: Can it be?

BW: No, damn it! Not him!

#I'm a cowboy, on a steel horse I ride#

[With those words, the video fades, and a single spotlight cuts through the ensuing darkness, shining over the elevated entrance. In the center of that spotlight is the same figure from the monitor, standing tall and proud.]

#I'm wanted
Dead or alive#

[With those words, the white cowboy hat comes off, and there he stands, drinking in the adulation of the crowd.]

GM: He's here! He's back! The King of Cowboys!

BW: No! This isn't right, Gordo! He was gone! He was gone and never coming back!

GM: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... JACK LYNCH HAS COME BACK TO THE AWA!!!

[Gordon isn't the only one screaming. There isn't a fan in the entire KeyArena who isn't on their feet, screaming at the top of their lungs.]

GM: It's been years, Bucky, YEARS since Jack Lynch has teamed up with his brother. But tonight, he's going to do it! And Taylor and Donovan are not happy!

[As the now white-clad Lynch makes his way down to the ring, the camera cuts to Wes Taylor, who is screaming “no! not Jack Lynch!” while Tony Donovan is kicking the bottom rope in frustration. Brian Lau is literally hopping mad as he jumps up and down, ranting at the referee!]

BW: Travesty! Injustice! This isn’t right, Gordo! He has no right to be here! Supreme Wright broke him! He was never supposed to come back!

[The Iron Cowboy enters the ring, and immediately rushes to his brother’s side. The two Lynches embrace, sharing words of encouragement. Travis slaps his older brother on the back, and then the two separate. Lynch removes his white duster, to reveal white trunks and white boots underneath. His cowboy hat comes off, and both Lynches stare holes into the World Tag Team Champions.]

GM: On a night of debuts and returns, this ranks right up there as the biggest and most surprising of them all, Bucky! Jack Lynch has returned. And he’s on his brother’s side!

BW: This stinks, Gordo! I bet this was a set up all along! I bet those Stenches colluded!

GM: They colluded to have The Kings of Wrestling attack Callisto Dufresne? Give me a break! And now the Kings of Wrestling may have outsmarted themselves! Now they’ve gotta face two brothers... two men who have known one another and been on each other’s side all of their lives! Now they’ve gotta face a man in Jack Lynch who is a former AWA National Tag Team Champion AND a former Stampede Cup winner!

[Taylor and Donovan pull into a huddle with Lau, going over strategy as Shane Taylor stands on the floor, looking on in shock.]

GM: Nobody saw this coming! Taylor and Donovan may be kings... but Travis Lynch had an ace in the hole!

[Referee Davis Warren steps to the middle of the ring, instructing both teams to get one man out on each side. The Lynch brothers share an embrace in their corner while the Kings of Wrestling continue to plan last-minute strategy.]

GM: Of course, fans, when we refer to Jack Lynch as a former National Tag Team Champion and Stampede Cup winner, those successes were alongside his brother, James Lynch. Tonight, he’ll attempt to make history with his brother, Travis, as well.

[An anxious-looking Taylor and Donovan share a double high five with each other and then an encouraging pat on the back from their manager Brian Lau before he drops off the apron. Tony Donovan steps out to the apron, leaving Wes Taylor in the ring across from the National Champion, Travis Lynch.]

GM: It looks like it’s going to be Travis starting things off with Wes Taylor here tonight in Seattle in a showdown that’s been a long time in coming, Bucky.

BW: That’s right. This all goes back to the beginning of the year when Travis Lynch and Brian Lau had an encounter that led to Taylor and Donovan getting physically involved. Ever since, we’ve been on a collision course that’s led us right here.

[The official signals for the bell as the two men begin circling one another.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And we're off and running in our Main Event here tonight. Fans, at the conclusion of this match however, we invite you to stick around for the Unsanctioned Match between Juan Vasquez and Alex Martinez that promises to be a real barn burner. But right now, we're going to focus on the matter at hand - this Winner Takes All battle.

BW: Taylor and Lynch looking for an opening early. Taylor at 6'4 and 243... a lanky kid squaring off with Travis Lynch who may only be about ten pounds heavier but the kid is built like a tank.

GM: Collar and elbow tieup near the neutral corner, both men jockeying for position in the opening moments...

[And the Seattle fans ROAR as Travis Lynch muscles Wes Taylor down to the mat, sending him flipping backwards before rolling back to a knee, looking across the ring at the National Champion in shock.]

GM: Whooooa nelly! Some power on display by the National Champion here at the outset!

[Taylor pops up, charging towards Lynch who flexes his arms out in front of him in a most muscular pose, sending Taylor sliding backwards as the fans cheer louder.]

GM: Wes Taylor rethinking his options there as Lynch shows off those muscles that put him down to begin with... and he backs Taylor into the corner.

[Lynch lands two big shots to the midsection...

...before Tony Donovan steps through the ropes into the ring, clubbing Lynch across the broad shoulders!]

GM: Sneak attack from the blind side by Donovan, trying to get an early advantage as the referee tells him to get out of there...

[Taylor and Donovan whirl Lynch around, each grabbing an arm as the referee continues to reprimand them. They shoot Travis across to the opposite neutral corner where he bounces out towards them...]

GM: DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

[...but Donovan ducks it as Lynch sends Taylor down to the mat to more cheers! Donovan arrogantly points to his temple as Lau shouts at him to turn around...]

GM: Donovan thinks he outsmarted Lynch but-

[...and then Donovan gets run down by a clothesline as well! The Seattle crowd is going nuts at this point as the Kings of Wrestling try to regroup down on the canvas.]

GM: Donovan rolls out to the floor - these fans are on their feet in the KeyArena, showing their support for the Lynch Brothers as Travis pulls Wes Taylor off the mat, shooting the legal man across...

[And as Taylor rebounds back, Travis muscles him up, pivots, and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous powerslam to even louder cheers!]

GM: It feels like the roof is about to come off this place!

BW: WHAT?! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

[Coming up off the mat, Travis Lynch holds up his left hand, drawing another big cheer as Jack Lynch gives the same signal from the apron.]

GM: Travis is calling for the Claw! The Lynch family legacy may be coming to pass here in Seattle!

BW: Already?!

GM: The fans are on their feet! They may be on the verge of witnessing history in stunning fashion here! Travis pulls Wes Taylor up off the mat and-

[The crowd EXPLODES into cheers as Travis Lynch grips the skull of Wes Taylor in the palm of his left hand, digging his fingertips into the temples of one-half of the World Tag Team Champions!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT! TRAVIS LOCKS IN THE CLAW!

BW: Somebody's gotta do something! Fast!

[And on cue, Brian Lau scrambles up on the apron, shouting at the official, drawing Davis Warren's attention as Tony Donovan slips in from the blind side, kicking Lynch in the back of the knee, causing him to break the hold and fall to the canvas as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Mission accomplished as Brian Lau drops back down to the floor, tugging at his lapels as he looks on anxiously. Donovan, back on the apron, extends his arm over the top rope, eagerly taking a tag from his dazed partner who is feeling the effects of the Iron Claw.]

GM: Tag made by the champions, in comes Donovan...

[Donovan scoops the leg he kicked moments ago off the mat, dropping his elbow down into the knee... and again...]

GM: Tony Donovan's got a reputation for liking to go after the leg of an opponent, trying to break them down, and that's exactly what we're seeing right here.

[Pinning Lynch's leg down to the mat, the third generation grappler drops a knee down across it... and another...]

GM: Breaking down the leg of Travis Lynch, trying to take away his vertical position to make him vulnerable.

BW: Sounds just like a former Team Supreme student, doesn't it?

GM: It absolutely does.

[Donovan drops about a half dozen knees across the leg before using the leg to drag Lynch back towards the Kings' corner, slapping his partner's hand as he drops to the mat, stretching out the leg...]

GM: Quick tag back to Wes Taylor who steps in, measures his man, and drops a knee of his own across that leg.

[Taylor quickly keeps on the attack, dragging Lynch towards the ropes, draping his ankle on the bottom rope before springing off the second, dropping his butt down across the knee. Lynch recoils in pain, crawling across the ring as the referee warns Taylor against that type of attack.]

GM: The Kings of Wrestling, trying to constantly stay on Travis Lynch, not giving him a second to recover and regroup after this early onslaught by the champions.

BW: You know, Gordo, Taylor and Donovan have been telling the world for months that they're the Tag Team of the Year for 2016 and they come out here and prove it night after night but I don't hear anyone giving them the credit for it. They could have folded up their tent and called it a night after this ambush from the Stench clan but they're staying in it, they're bringing the fight, and right now, they've got the match going their way.

GM: They absolutely do... and I don't think anyone discounts the talent of these two men. It's their attitudes that I don't particularly care for.

BW: You can have swagger when you're the best, daddy, and these two are the best in the world at what they do right now.

[As Travis crawls away, Wes Taylor goes to pull him off the mat but the National Champion fights back, swinging a right hand into the midsection from down on a knee...]

GM: And now the champion - the National Champion, I should say - starting to battle back... right hand downstairs... and another... and a third...

[The crowd starts to rally behind the resilient Travis Lynch as he fires away at Wes Taylor...]

...who drops to the mat, using a drop toehold on the injured leg to take Lynch back off his feet, stretching out and tagging Tony Donovan back into the ring.]

GM: And another quick tag by the tag champs.

BW: Quick tags, cutting the ring in half, keeping an injured opponent on your side of the ring. These are hallmarks of great tag teams and the Kings have got 'em in spades, daddy. This could be a great night for the Kings if they can send Jack Lynch back to the farm with nothin' to show for his big surprise return.

[Donovan steps in while Taylor hangs onto the leg, winding up and dropping a clubbing forearm down across the back of the knee.]

GM: Down onto the knee again go the tag champions, really trying to take Travis Lynch out of this matchup as Jack Lynch paces back and forth on the apron, rallying this crowd behind his brother. And you've gotta believe that Jack Lynch is absolutely aching to get inside this ring. It's been almost six months since we've seen the Iron Cowboy inside an AWA ring - not since that brutal and exhausting Towel Match with Supreme Wright back at SuperClash.

BW: I thought he would never come back, Gordo. I seriously thought we'd never see him in an AWA ring again.

GM: There was talk of lengthy contract negotiations. There was talk of Jack Lynch wanting time with his family after a tough year of travel. There was talk of needing physical and mental rehabilitation time after that war with Supreme Wright. I don't know what's true and what's not but the important thing is that he's here, fans, and he's battling for the World Tag Team Titles here tonight at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Donovan, who was clubbing the knee a few more times during that discussion, stands up, grabbing the leg, twisting it around for a spinning toehold...]

...but Travis puts his foot on the butt of the third generation competitor, kicking him off, sending him across the ring where he CRASHES into the buckles, sending his own tag team partner down off the apron for a moment!]

GM: OHH! TRAVIS KICKS HIM TO THE CORNER! AND THAT'S HIS OPENING, FANS!

[With the Seattle crowd roaring their support, Travis Lynch flips over to all fours, crawling across the ring towards the outstretched arm of his big brother...]

GM: Travis trying to get across the ring, trying to get to his brother before-

BW: Donovan makes the tag!

GM: Taylor slides back in, coming for Travis and-

[HUUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: TAG! TAG! JACK LYNCH MAKES THE TAG!

[Taylor backs off, hands up as he begs off while the King of Cowboys steps through the ropes into the ring for the first time in six months, blowing the roof off the KeyArena as he stands before Wes Taylor, fists balled up, pumped up to the max, feeding off the energy of the sold-out crowd...]

GM: Right hand on Taylor! And another!

[The second one sends Taylor down to the mat as Tony Donovan comes in, trying to strike but Lynch catches him coming in with a sharp backhand to the cheekbone before turning towards him, using another big haymaker that sends Donovan stumbling backwards, falling down to the canvas.]

GM: Down goes Donovan as well!

[A fired-up Lynch grabs Taylor by the hair, pulling him off the mat and walking him over towards Donovan. He grabs the member of one of his family's most hated rival families by the hair as well...

...and CLASHES their skulls together. Donovan falls backwards, slumping to his knees in the corner as Taylor staggers away only to be put down by another haymaker from Jack Lynch!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[Lynch turns his attention to the legal man, Taylor, raising an arm to a big reaction as he walks towards Taylor who is getting up off the canvas. Lynch pushes him back against the ropes, whipping him across the ring before hitting the ropes himself...]

GM: Both men off the ropes...

[And as they come together, Jack Lynch leaves his feet, extending his arm and catching Taylor FLUSH across the collarbone!]

GM: LARIAT! LARIAT! THAT MIGHT DO IT, FANS!

[Lynch crawls back towards Taylor, looking to make a cover...

...when Brian Lau pulls himself back up on the apron again, waving his arms wildly. Jack Lynch gets up off the mat, glaring at Lau, as Tony Donovan slips back into the picture, spinning Lynch around by the shoulder...]

GM: Donovan back in...

[A big cheer rings out as Lynch drops Donovan with a big haymaker!]

GM: ...and Donovan back down!

[But as Lynch drops into a lateral press and the referee spins around, dropping to make a count...

...Donovan has bought Taylor JUST enough recovery time to slip a shoulder up before the count of three!]

GM: OHHH! How close was that, Bucky?!

BW: Too close for the liking of the Kings, Gordo. Taylor, Donovan, Lau... the whole gang had their stomachs drop to their knees after that near fall. They were a half second or less away from seeing those World Tag Team Titles change hands here in Seattle.

[Lynch grimaces at the near fall but stays on Taylor, bringing him back to his feet again, backing him to the ropes to shoot him across...]

GM: Another whip across...

[And as Taylor rebounds, Lynch wraps him up, hooking his arms around the head and neck to a big cheer!]

GM: SLEEPERHOLD! LYNCH LOCKS IN THE SLEEPER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

[Taylor immediately starts to fight it, searching desperately for an escape as Lynch tries to constrict the flow of blood to the brain and knock out the champion.]

GM: Jack Lynch has got that hold in deep as Wes Taylor tries to get to the ropes, trying to find a way out of this situation!

[Taylor staggers towards the ropes, dragging the big Texan with him...]

GM: Can he get to the ropes before he loses consciousness? That's the question at this point in the contest!

[Taylor moves forward slowly, step by step as Lynch tries to hold him back...

...and then makes a lunge, grabbing the middle rope with both hands to the disappointment of the KeyArena crowd!]

GM: He got there! Taylor makes it to the ropes! The referee starts a five count, ordering Lynch to release the hold.

[But the Texan does not oblige, shaking his head as he keeps the hold locked in...

...until Taylor somehow manages to drag them both through the ropes, falling out to the floor!]

GM: Oh! Both men out to the floor now!

BW: That breaks the hold! That cheating Stench!

[But only for a moment as Jack reapplies the hold outside the ring to another big cheer!]

GM: He's got the sleeper on out on the floor!

[Tony Donovan loudly protests, walking down the apron as the official cuts him off, preventing him from getting physically involved.]

BW: Sure, he's got the hold on but what good does it do him out there? Don't tell me Jack Lynch is too dumb to know they can't win the titles on a countout! Actually, go ahead and tell me that because I'm never surprised at how dumb the Lynches are, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure Jack Lynch is aware of the AWA rulebook, Bucky.

BW: I don't know about that. He's still using that illegal Claw hold, right?

GM: The Iron Claw is perfectly legal no matter what Hamilton Graham continues to tell people.

BW: Gordo, did you ever hear the story about Jack Lynch's first day of school?

GM: No, I don't believe I have.

BW: The old sow Henrietta looked at her son and told him, "You know, son, brains aren't everything. In fact, in your case, they're absolutely nothing."

[Bucky cackles as Gordon sighs. In the meantime, Jack Lynch has left Wes Taylor laying on the floor with the sleeper, rolling back inside the ring at the referee's orders. Tony Donovan is down on the floor, propping up his partner and rubbing the back of his neck vigorously, trying to get the blood flowing again.]

GM: The referee continues his ten count on Wes Taylor as Tony Donovan tries to get him back up on his feet after that sleeperhold did a number on him, fans.

[As Jack Lynch paces the ring, the crowd rallying behind him, Wes Taylor is boosted to his feet and sent towards the apron at the count of six.]

BW: Ordinarily, Gordo, after being ambushed like this, I'd advise the champions to take the countout and cut their losses but with Travis' National Title on the line too, this is a golden opportunity for the Kings of Wrestling.

GM: Boy, you know Brian Lau would absolutely love to add another piece of hardware to the Kings' collection after Johnny Detson retained the World Title earlier tonight.

BW: And beat the now-formerly-undefeated Gladiator in the process!

GM: He absolutely did... thanks to Rex Summers.

BW: Ahh, semantics.

[Taylor is up on the apron, Lynch moving in on him at the count of eight when Taylor slings his torso between the ropes, catching the incoming Lynch with a shoulder to the breadbasket.]

GM: Taylor goes downstairs on Lynch...

[Grabbing Lynch by the hair, Taylor walks him the short distance to the buckles, slamming his head into the top!]

GM: Headfirst to the corner sends Jack staggering out... and it's giving Wes Taylor an opportunity to climb the ropes, Bucky!

BW: This isn't exactly in Wes Taylor's wheelhouse right now but desperate times do indeed call for desperate measures sometimes.

[Taylor steps up to the second rope, gingerly adjusting his footing, looking very uneasy as he prepares to step to the top...

...but Jack Lynch catches him with a right hand to the gut, cutting him off!]

GM: Jack Lynch caught him! It took Wes Taylor too long to do whatever it was he was thinking of doing right there!

[Lynch reaches up, grabbing Wes Taylor...

...and HURLING him across the ring with a mighty slam! The crowd ROARS for the big slam as Lynch pumps a fist in jubilation.]

GM: Perhaps a premature celebration there on the part of the Iron Cowboy but he certainly does have the World Tag Team Champions on the run at this point of the contest, fans.

[Lynch spins around and slams that pumped fist between the eyes of Tony Donovan, sending him down off the apron to another cheer as Brian Lau loudly protests and then starts berating Shane Taylor down at ringside for no apparent reason.]

GM: Jack Lynch is hitting everything that moves and for some reason, Lau's getting all over Shane Taylor again! How is anything that's going on here in this one his fault?!

BW: Shane Taylor's responsibilities are numerous, Gordo. You wouldn't understand.

GM: Oh no? From what I've seen, he's essentially Lau's lackey! Fetching him coffee, checking his e-mails, opening doors for him.

BW: Gordo, you have no idea what you're talking about.

GM: No?

BW: Nope. There's no way Brian would ever let him check his e-mails. Those are top secret.

GM: Give me a break.

[Tony Donovan leans between the ropes, slapping his partner's shoulder but the referee cuts him off, saying the tag has to come over the top.]

GM: Davis Warren with a proper enforcement of the rules there, not allowing the tag...

[As Donovan and Warren argue about it, Jack Lynch pulls Taylor to his feet, shooting him across the ring again...

...and Brian Lau hooks Lynch's ankle as he drops back into the ropes himself.]

GM: Oh! Lau tripped him from outside the ring!

[The trip brings a protesting Travis Lynch into the ring but the referee quickly cuts him off, trying to get him back out...]

...which allows Tony Donovan to slip through the ropes behind Jack Lynch's back, going into a spin, and DRILLING the Texan with a discus lariat!]

GM: OHHH! Tony Donovan drops the Iron Cowboy with that big clothesline!

[Donovan, in the chaos, rolls his partner from the ring before diving across Jack Lynch's prone torso, shouting to the official who turns around quickly, making a count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd cheers as Jack Lynch kicks out, throwing his shoulders up off the canvas. A frustrated Donovan stays down on his knees, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only but a near fall there for the World Tag Team Champions who wouldn't have won the National Title with a pin of Jack Lynch right there but they certainly would've kept their own gold.

BW: Such a hard balance to strike with stipulations like this, Gordo. You want to fight to keep your own titles but you really would like to get Travis Lynch back in there to see if you can win his to boot.

GM: An unusual match to plan for for sure... and when you add in the mystery partner circumstances, you have to wonder if the Kings are willing to accept victory as escaping with their own gold at this point, Bucky.

BW: Maybe they are, maybe they aren't... or maybe they just want to spoil Jack Lynch's big comeback.

[Donovan pulls Jack Lynch off the canvas, backing him up into the ropes as Brian Lau shouts encouragement from out on the floor. The third generation grappler whips him across...]

GM: Irish whip by Donovan, bounces him off the far side...

[...and as Lynch rebounds, Donovan lifts him up by the upper thighs, pivoting, and DRIVING him down into the canvas with a thunderous spinebuster! Donovan swings his arms apart, indicating that it's all over as he attempts another cover.]

GM: Donovan thinks it's over but is it enough?

[Again, the referee makes a two and 3/4 count before Lynch's shoulder comes flying up off the canvas to cheers! Brian Lau angrily pounds his fists into the ring apron, shouting in to Donovan who attempts another cover, getting another two count before Lynch escapes.]

GM: Tony Donovan trying to hold those shoulders down to no avail and the young man from Pittsburgh, P-A is showing some signs of frustration at not being able to do it.

[Donovan climbs back to his feet, dragging Lynch up with him. He ducks in behind him, hooking a side waistlock, taking a moment to set up for his next attack...]

...but as he does, Lynch wraps his left arm around the head, securing a headlock before peppering Donovan with several blows to the skull!]

GM: Lynch firing back on Donovan... reversed!

[And as the crowd cheers, Lynch lifts Donovan up into the air, dropping him with a back suplex of his own!]

GM: Ohhh! Lynch drops him on the back of the head! And now Jack Lynch needs to get out of there! Jack Lynch needs to make the tag as we approach the fifteen minute mark of this Winner Takes All battle!

BW: But he's going the wrong way, Gordo!

[The disoriented Jack Lynch starts crawling towards the Kings' corner before realizing his mistake, turning back the other way just as Tony Donovan rolls into a tag.]

GM: Wes Taylor back in...

[The crowd noise builds with anticipation as Jack crawls across the ring - the right direction this time - but Taylor cuts him off, using two hands full of hair to haul him to his feet, turning him around and driving an overhead elbow down across the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Taylor!

[With Lynch stumbling back towards the neutral corner, Taylor advances on him, burying two right hands to the gut. Lynch pushes out of the corner but a big right uppercut that echoes throughout the KeyArena puts him back down on his knees.]

GM: Some devastating fisticuffs on the part of Wes Taylor, trying to make sure Jack Lynch stays inside the ring at this point of the contest.

BW: It's a sound strategy. He's been worked over. He's softened up. We know that he's probably fighting a lot of ring rust tonight having been out of action for six months. As much as the Kings want the National Title, beating Jack Lynch might be their best option for success at this point, Gordo.

GM: Earlier, we talked about keeping the opponent in your part of the ring, not allowing them to tag out... and you can see that right here as Jack Lynch has been in that ring for an awfully long time right now.

BW: Almost ten minutes of action.

[Taylor pulls Lynch up, backing him into the ropes again, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Taylor shoots him in... clothesline... ducked by Lynch, off the far side!

[Taylor doubles up, looking for a backdrop...

...but a charging Lynch somehow slams on the brakes, reaching down to hook his opponent around the torso...]

GM: Lynch pulls up short and... GUTWRENCH!

[The big suplex SLAMS Taylor down to the canvas to big cheers from the Seattle down!]

GM: Jack Lynch with the impactful counter!

BW: But he went down too, Gordo! He got the suplex in there but he can't take advantage of it!

[Travis Lynch steps up on the second rope, clapping his hands together over his head, driving the Seattle fans to do the same thing for the King of Cowboys who is down on the mat, stretching out an arm towards them, drawing on their support.]

GM: The fans in Seattle are on their feet - clapping, stomping, shouting, cheering on the Iron Cowboy, trying to urge him to championship victory here tonight in his return to the AWA!

[Lynch rolls to his hands and knees again, trying to crawl across the ring as Taylor does the same - but a much shorter distance - to his own corner, slapping the hand of Tony Donovan.]

GM: Donovan in off the tag... and that'll stop Jack Lynch in his tracks as Donovan pulls him to the neutral corner..

[The crowd jeers as Donovan lands a half dozen blows to the midsection, trying to cut the wind out of Jack Lynch's sails before grabbing him by the arm, shooting him from corner to corner...]

GM: Donovan sends him to the buckles, charging in after him...

[A collective groan rings out as Donovan hits a running splash in the buckles, twisting to apply a side headlock...]

GM: He's looking for the bulldog!

[Donovan comes charging from the corner, dragging Jack Lynch with him as he leaps into the air...]

GM: HERE IT COMES!

[...but Lynch reverses it, flinging Donovan off in mid-leap, sending him crashing down onto his back as Lynch slumps down to his knees once again!]

GM: Lynch countered the bulldog! But again, it is enough to be able to get to the corner and make the tag to his younger brother who is absolutely dying to get inside that ring at this point of the contest!

[Travis Lynch gives a big whoop, pacing down the apron, waving an arm at the fans, again drawing them to their feet to cheer for the big Texan as he crawls towards his waiting brother.]

GM: Both men are down after the failed attempt at the bulldog headlock! But again, Tony Donovan is much closer to his corner after that counter... and fresher as he's only been in for a minute or so in contrast to Jack Lynch who is over ten minutes inside that ring now.

BW: Some people might wonder why that's significant, Gordo. After all, we've seen Jack Lynch in epic wars for the past two SuperClashes that went much longer than that. The thing that makes that time substantial here is twofold - first, Jack Lynch hasn't been in a ring for over six months at this point... every single breath he takes in that ring probably burns like the worst smog you can imagine... and second, he has to face a constant barrage of freshness. Taylor and Donovan are tagging in and out seemingly at will and Jack Lynch is always facing a fresh man in there. That's what makes it exhausting to be in his boots... the ugly white cowboy boots he's got on.

GM: Now you're making fun of the man's clothing?

BW: Hey Gordo, have you ever heard the story of the day Jack Lynch was born?

GM: Oh, shut up!

[And in the meantime, both men have gotten closer to their respective corners but Tony Donovan is right there, able to slap the outstretched hand of his partner.]

GM: Wes Taylor tags back in, coming in quickly to cut off Jack Lynch, walking him back across the ring to the disappointment of the fans here in Seattle and all over the world watching on Pay Per View, I'm sure.

[Dragging Lynch back to the neutral corner, Taylor pulls him into a front facelock, hopping up on the middle buckle, sitting on the top rope with Lynch trapped in his grasp...]

GM: And Wes Taylor's looking to end this thing, fans!

BW: He's looking for his signature tornado DDT and the one-two-three, daddy!

GM: Taylor's got it locked...

[He throws a glance out to the floor to Brian Lau.]

"This one's for you, Brian!"

[And as the arrogant Taylor kicks off the buckles, twisting in mid-air...

...Jack Lynch shoves him off, sending him helicoptering through the air, and CRASHING facefirst down to the mat to a HUGE CHEER! Lynch again slumps down to his knees as his brother repeatedly slams his hand down on the top turnbuckle, cheering Jack on!]

GM: What a counter! Again, Jack Lynch avoids disaster by countering his opponent's big shot and again, Jack Lynch gives himself an opportunity to make the tag, bring his brother back into this match, and see if they can give themselves a chance to win this thing and walk out of Seattle as the World Tag Team Champions!

[The crowd is on their feet once more, roaring for Jack Lynch as he starts crawling across the ring, eyes locked on his brother's outstretched arm.]

GM: Lynch, the big, proud Texan is crawling on his hands and knees across the ring, desperately trying to get to his brother!

BW: Every time he's tried for the past ten minutes or so, the champions have been able to stop him. Can they do it again?

[Lynch gets about halfway across the ring when he encounters Wes Taylor, back on his feet, clutching his ribs. Taylor cuts him off, pulling him up by the hair.]

GM: Taylor with the right hand...

[But the crowd ROARS when Lynch holds his ground, throwing one of his own!]

GM: ...and the Iron Cowboy returns fire!

[Taylor throws another right...]

GM: Taylor fires back... and again, the Texan rocks him!

[This one stuns Taylor, causing him to stagger in a circle. He throws a dazed right hand that Lynch easily blocks before retaliating a third time, sending Taylor falling into the corner where Tony Donovan slaps his hand.]

GM: Donovan tags in... Lynch in a dazed!

[But Donovan gets tangled up in the ropes on the way in, giving Lynch just enough time to wobble towards his corner. Donovan slips in, charging fast, looking to hit Lynch from behind...

...but the big Texan collapses into the corner, finally slapping his brother's hand!]

GM: TAAAAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Travis Lynch comes through the ropes at Tony Donovan while Jack falls through the ropes out to the floor.]

GM: Travis Lynch is in!

[A pair of right hands sends Donovan stumbling back as Lynch grabs him by the arm, shooting him towards the ropes...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP ON DONOVAN!

[Lynch pumps a fist as he straightens up, meeting an incoming Wes Taylor with a left hand between the eyes!]

GM: Down goes Taylor as well! Travis Lynch is on fire, fans!

[With Donovan staggering back to his feet, Lynch lifts him up over his shoulder, bringing him down in an inverted atomic drop. The Texan drops back into the ropes, bouncing off to build up steam, and leaps into the air, smashing his forearm between the eyes!]

GM: Flying forearm by Travis drops Donovan again!

[But before Lynch can attempt a cover, a staggered Wes Taylor is back in the picture...

...until a running clothesline takes him off his feet, sending him rolling out of the ring as the Seattle crowd roars in response!]

GM: The fans in Seattle are on their feet once more as Travis Lynch tries to find a way to put the Kings of Wrestling away here at Memorial Day Mayhem! It was one year ago at Memorial Day Mayhem in Lafayette, Louisiana that Lynch failed to win the National Title due to excessive blood loss. But tonight, he's got a chance to erase the memory of that by becoming a double champion here in the AWA!

[Turning his attention back towards the legal man, Donovan, Lynch greets him as he gets back to his feet with a pair of left hands, sending him falling back into the neutral corner. With a balled up fist, Lynch mounts the midbuckle, raining down blows as the fans count along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down, grabbing Donovan by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip... HARD to the buckles...

[And as the former Team Supreme member staggers out, Travis Lynch locks his left hand around his skull again!]

GM: CLAW! HE LOCKS IN THE CLAW AGAIN!

[But it's only on for a split second before Wes Taylor charges in, smashing his forearm into the kidneys of Lynch, breaking up the hold. He lands a second forearm to the back before Jack Lynch comes charging...

...and BLASTS him with a right hand, knocking him back into the corner. Lynch continues to pound away on Taylor as the referee tries to get them both out of the ring!]

GM: We've got chaos breaking loose in this one! Jack Lynch and Wes Taylor are tangled up with the referee over in the corner and... what is this?!

[Brian Lau can be heard shouting at Shane Taylor who suddenly breaks into action, moving quickly to the timekeeper's table, shoving the timekeeper out of his chair. He scoops up the metal folding chair, folding it up as he climbs up on the apron, holding the chair up...]

GM: Shane Taylor's got a chair! Shane Taylor's got a chair and he's calling to Tony Donovan!

[Donovan, shaking off the effect of the Iron Claw, is on his feet, grabbing for a kneeling Travis Lynch...

...who reaches up, hooking the front of Donovan's singlet, giving it a yank...]

GM: OH!

[...which CATAPULTS Donovan headfirst into the steel chair, sending Shane Taylor sailing off the apron!]

GM: DONOVAN HITS THE CHAIR! DONOVAN HITS THE CHAIR!

[And staggers backwards, collapsing to the mat as Travis Lynch dives across, tightly hooking both legs as Jack Lynch hangs on to Wes Taylor!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[Brian Lau makes a desperate move at the last moment, trying to get through the ropes to intervene...

...but trips over the ropes, falling to the mat as the referee slaps the mat a third time!]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT, FANS! THE LYNCH BROTHERS ARE THE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[Travis Lynch pops up to his feet, thrusting his arms up into the air. Jack Lynch lets go of Wes Taylor, watching Taylor slump to his knees as he climbs to his feet, racing to embrace his brother as the KeyArena crowd goes banana!]

GM: Jack and Travis Lynch have won the Winner Takes All match! Jack and Travis Lynch are the AWA World Tag Team Champions and listen to this reaction!

BW: Listen to my reaction: BOOOOOOOOOO!

GM: Oh, knock it off! The fans in Seattle are on their feet! What a moment for the Lynch boys and for AWA fans all over the world!

BW: They cheated! They used a steel chair!

GM: They used a steel... are you kidding me?! Shane Taylor introduced that steel chair! It backfired on them though and now we've got new World Tag Team Champions!

[The Lynch celebration continues in the ring as Taylor drags Tony Donovan to the floor, Brian Lau coming to join them. Lau angrily is glaring at Shane Taylor whose head is bowed, looking dejected at his nephew.]

BW: That buffoon Shane Taylor ruined everything! EVERYTHING!

GM: You can blame anyone you want and I'm sure the Kings of Wrestling will do exactly that but the fact remains that Jack Lynch returned to the AWA from a six month absence and is walking out of Seattle as one-half of the World Tag Team Champions!

[Phil Watson makes it official as Davis Warren carries the belts across the ring to the new champions.]

PW: Your winners of the match...

...and NEW AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONNNNNNS...

THE LYNNNNNNNNNCH BROOOOTHERRRRRRSSSSS!

[The two brothers thrust the title belts into the air, celebrating their big win as the Kings of Wrestling slowly walk back up the aisle, the Taylors practically carrying Tony Donovan up the aisle as Brian Lau continues to shout at Shane Taylor's back.]

GM: What a night it has been, fans... and in a way, it's not over yet but part of our show is about to end. However, before it does, let's go backstage and hear from the two combatants in tonight's Unsanctioned Match!

[Fade to a shot backstage, inside the dimly lit, almost dark dressing room of Juan Vasquez. He sits on a bench alone, head lowered, shirt-less and in black wrestling tights with blue flames on the side. Without so much as acknowledging the camera, he begins to speak.]

JV: A father returns to the ring to avenge his son. An old man returns to the sport that's passed him by to defend the AWA against the greatest evil it's ever faced.

That's the story they're feeding you...but don't believe it for a second.

[He chuckles to himself, but keeps his head lowered.]

JV: I know the real reason why Alex Martinez came back and it sure as hell wasn't to defend his son's honor. I know the real reason why Alex Martinez came back and it wasn't out of any great love for the AWA. I know the real reason why Alex Martinez came back...

[Suddenly, dramatically, Vasquez raises his head and we see it...the facepaint. The horrifying "Dia de Muertos" skull painted on his face.]

JV: ...and it's because he's sick.

Diseased.

Afflicted with an illness festering deep in his heart with no cure.

[Juan smirks.]

JV: He misses the spotlight.

[A chuckle.]

JV: I know what you're thinking..."You're full of crap, Juan. Alex Martinez is a big time movie star!"

[He shakes his head.]

JV: But it's not the same, snowflakes. Not even close. To stand in the middle of the ring, having tens of thousands of people cheering for you, chanting your name, worshipping your every move, being showered in their absolute love and adoration...knowing that millions of eyes are watching you and only you...there's not another feeling in the world like it. And no matter how many cinematic "classics" Alex can churn out, watching himself up on a 100 foot high screen in a dark theatre with sticky floors and an overpriced tub of popcorn in his lap just ain't the same.

[He stares right into the camera, speaking directly to it...or rather to someone.]

JV: And you know damn well, I'm speaking the absolute truth, Alex. You just can't let go.

From the very first moment they stopped calling Ryan, "Alex's son" and started calling Alex, "Ryan's father", that sickness in his heart grew.

And from the very moment I spiked his little brat on his head, you better believe that Alex didn't see a vile act committed against his family that needed to be avenged...

[He sighs and shakes his head disapprovingly.]

JV: ...no, what he saw was an opportunity. An opportunity to come through those doors like some superhero here to save us all from the big, bad Juan. But let's be honest here and call this for what it is...

...a mistake.

[The amusement drains away from Juan's painted face.]

JV: You never should've come back, Alex. You're standing in the way of progress. You're standing in the way of inevitability. You're standing right in the path of

something bigger and greater than anything you've ever done in your godforsaken career...

...and you're about to get run over.

[A sinister grin forms on his face.]

JV: Because I'm fighting for something with meaning. I'm fighting for something with purpose. I stand for something far more important than your selfish grab for one last moment of glory. Something far greater than petty revenge for your inadequate son.

[Juan snorts.]

JV: Your son.

The one that eclipsed your star. The one that stole your fame and your glory. The one that you believed was destined to be greater than you ever were. The one that they tried so, so hard to proclaim as the people's new hero and savior. They wanted me to step aside for your son, the AWA's new hero...

...so I cut him down in an instant.

[He happily nods at that thought.]

JV: Because I AM great, amigo. And once upon time you WERE great, Alex. And people like us, we know exactly why I had to do what I did. Why I had to cut him down. Because your perfectly average, unremarkable, manufactured false prophet of a son?

I knew it from the moment I first laid eyes on him.

Greatness was not destined for young Ryan Martinez.

[Juan lets that one sink in for a second.]

JV: But in your anger, you might not understand it, but the AWA needed me to do it. The AWA needs me now more than ever, amigo. It NEEDS me.

And I can hear it.

[He closes his eyes and cups a hand to his ear...listening to words spoken only to him and him alone.]

JV: It wants to be saved. It wants to be made great again. It wants to be rid of the defective stars like your son that are crushing its spirit and breaking its soul. It wants to be rid of YOU. It calls out to me to save it...it calls out to me.

[His eyes snap open.]

JV: And I WILL save it, Alex.

I will save it.

[A beat.]

JV: You can't stop me.

[Fade out...]

...and then back up to where Mark Stegglet stands backstage, microphone in hand. For the moment, he is by himself.]

MS: From the beginning, people have argued about which wrestler is the greatest of all time. Is it Hamilton Graham? Is it Brody Thunder? J.W. Hardin? Casey James? What about Caleb Temple or Joe Reed? In my opinion, there is not, and never will be, a consensus answer.

But if you ask this question – what wrestler has had the greatest career, then I believe there are only two candidates worthy of consideration. The first is Juan Vasquez.

And the second is the man about to join me.

[Stegglet turns, and as he does, a man strides forward. A man with perhaps the most unmistakable silhouette in pro-wrestling. Seven feet tall, three hundred and fifty pounds. Wearing a studded black leather jacket and a pair of blue jeans. His eyes covered by a pair of mirrored sunglasses.

There is only one Alex Martinez, and he's here.]

MS: Mr. Martinez. Normally, my job would be to ask you questions. But I know that you have a lot on your mind, and I know you don't need any prompting from me. So I'm just going to hold the microphone and let you speak for yourself.

[Stegglet moves to the side, holding the microphone up, but otherwise remaining out of the way.]

AM: Every time I think about tonight, I find that my mind comes back to one thing. It ain't the fact that this is an unsanctioned match. It ain't all of the garbage you've done. It ain't even the beating I'm plannin' on layin' on ya tonight. No, Juan, the thing my brain keeps comin' back to is somethin' ya said in Boise.

"Do you know who I am?"

Ya asked that question Juan, and it's been on my mind ever since. And here's the thing, amigo – yeah, I know exactly who ya are.

You're a two time National Champion. You're the man who beat Stevie Scott and put an end to the Southern Syndicate. You're the man that put Dave Cooper outta action, and you're the man that stood on the front lines in some of the darkest days the AWA ever saw. You're a Hall of Famer who has won gold everywhere he's gone. You're a bonafide legend in this sport, Juan. You've had every honor and every accolade there is to be given bestowed on ya. You're one of the toughest men this sport has ever seen, with a right cross that has felled kings, giants and monsters. That's who ya are, Juan, and I know it.

But that ain't the end of the story, Juan.

[The Last American Badass exhales slowly.]

AM: You're a man livin' in a world that's just about to pass him by. You're a man who's got both barrels of time pointed directly at ya. You're a man who's comin' to understand that the world don't stand still for him or anyone else. You, Juan Vasquez, are a man who's comin' to face the harshest truth of all. That the number of good days behind ya is a hell of a lot bigger than the number of good days ahead.

You're a man who's lost a step. When ya wake up in the mornin', ya hear the crackin' and poppin' in your back and knees. You're hands ache when its cold and

your head don't turn all the way to the side anymore. You're someone who needs an extra aspirin and who can't stay as long on the treadmill as ya used to.

Do I know who ya are Juan Vasquez? Yeah, I do. You're the man who used to rule the roost and put down every young punk that tried to knock ya off your high horse. But now? Now you're the man who lost to Travis Lynch.

Twice.

[A slight smirk crosses Martinez' face.]

AM: And that's what all of this has been about, hasn't it? This ain't nothin' but a temper tantrum from someone who can't bring himself to accept the truth. There ain't no turnin' back the clock. The next generation will always overtake the previous one.

The world keeps spinnin' Juan, and it ain't gonna wait for your old ass to catch up.

[The smirk widens.]

AM: You used to be on top of the world. This used to be your place. This used to be the Juan Vasquez show starrin' Juan Vasquez. And in those days, there wasn't anything else it should've been. But them days are gone, Juan. And they ain't comin' back.

This ain't your AWA no more.

Somewhere along the way Juan, you found yourself operatin' under the mistaken assumption that the AWA owes ya somethin'. Ya started to believe that you were owed somethin', and that your place was standin' on top of everyone else's back.

Well, allow me to disabuse ya of that notion.

[The smirk is gone now, replaced by a look of absolute menace.]

AM: This AWA belongs to Travis Lynch's Believers. It belongs to Jordan Ohara's Millennial Army. This is the land of Gladiator's Legion and Supernova's All-Stars. The people ain't yours no more, Juan. They ain't your amigos. These days, the people...

They're White Knights.

[Overcome by emotion, Martinez stops, swallows, runs his fingers through his hair. His hands open, clench, and then open again.]

AM: I know what you're goin' through Juan. Because the same thing happened to me. Supreme Wright choked my ass out in the middle of the ring and he took my full time career from me.

But that's the difference between you and me, Juan. When the world told me it was over, I had the grace to accept that fact. I didn't try to fight it. I didn't try to destroy this place just because my time was up.

I found somethin' else.

Since that day, I've been here when I was needed, and left when I wasn't. I was here when my son needed me against the Gaines family. I was here when ya needed me to help fight the Dogs. It ain't gotta be about me no more Juan. The AWA doesn't need to give me anything. Because I'm happy bein' the guy who gives it all the AWA, and I ain't expectin' worship in return.

I said it before, and I'll repeat it. I know that I only got a few fights left in this old body. Sooner or later, there won't be no more Alex Martinez in the AWA.

But one of them fights I got left in me is happenin' tonight, uan. And goin' out gracefully don't mean I'm goin' out quietly.

I'm goin' out Juan, but you're goin' first.

Which brings me to back to what I said in the beginning. Yeah, I know who ya are Juan. But the thing is, I don't think ya know who I am.

So let me tell ya.

[Martinez reaches up, pulling off his mirrored sunglasses.]

AM: I'm Alex Martinez.

I'm the Last American Badass.

And I ain't no White Knight.

[The intensity radiates from Martinez' dark eyes.]

AM: You expect me to bend the knee? Well, let me tell ya somethin' amigo. This knee of mine ain't bent in a long damn time.

I'm not a man who goes quietly. I'm not here to give you respect or pay homage. I'm here for one reason, and one reason only.

I'm here to make you pay.

My son operates on a code of honor. He believes in ideals. He's a damn hero. You deal with him, you'll get justice dealt honorably. But ya stabbed him in the back and damn near crippled him. If you'd wanted to fight him straight up, Ryan would've been happy to accommodate ya. But ya already knew that ya can't beat him like that. So ya took the coward's way out.

And now ya got me to deal with.

I ain't got no code of honor. All I got is the code of the streets. And I know you know what that code is, because you and I come from the same streets and we learned the same things. Its real simple. You come at me and mine, and you get put down.

What I do to you won't be heroic or honorable. Last year, on this very show, Ryan Martinez put an end to the devil himself, and he did it after he threw away a chair. He snuffed out an evil son of a bitch without losin' his soul in the process. He's a better man than I could ever hope to be.

But tonight, I ain't tryin' to follow in his footsteps.

I'm here for one reason – I'm here to beat ya to a bloody pulp. I'm here to kick your ass and then Firebomb ya into the middle of next week. I'm to show you that, in the final accountin', who ya are, Juan Vasquez, is the next man to get...

BURNED!!!

[The sunglasses come back on, and Martinez steps away, leaving a speechless Stegglet in his wake...]

...and we slowly fade back out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: It's been a long night of action here in Seattle on the biggest stage of the summer... but that show... the official show anyways... is over, fans. What comes next is something that if Emerson Gellar had his way, you would NOT be seeing. One year ago, I sat in this chair and told you that we did not know what we were about to see. That holds true here tonight as well. The reputation of both of these men are well known. We know what they can do. We know what they are capable of doing. But we do NOT know what they WILL do.

BW: I've seen Alex Martinez in some of the most dangerous, most violent matches... if you can even call them that... that anyone will ever see. The man they call the Last American Badass is a product of that era. A time when this sport revolved around a place that was born in violence and baptized in blood. He is a man who knows how to swing a chair... to put someone through a table... to fight with barbed wire... with broken glass... with thumbtacks... with fire. Those are the kinds of things we don't see in 2016, Gordo. Places like that are gone... and with any luck, they'll never come back. But men like Martinez remain. Men who thrived in that world and from time to time, revisit it like nostalgic schoolboys remembering their youth.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: On the other side, Juan Vasquez has been a pillar of this company since the day he arrived. There are many to credit with the meteoric rise of the American Wrestling Alliance - a company that started in high school gyms and tiny TV studios... taking in the talent who many overlooked... many had forgotten... many never cared about to begin with... to the global powerhouse you see today. A company that has run Madison Square Garden... that has sold out 50,000 plus seat stadiums... that will visit Canada this year and Europe as well. Many can be given credit for that. But among all of them, Juan Vasquez is a man that nearly everyone will agree - we would not be here if it was not for Juan Vasquez. A man who brought global notoriety to the little company that could. A man who hoisted the company on his back and made the world take notice. But that man is gone. That man has changed forever. And in his place is a bitter, cold, uncaring, unforgiving, ruthless human being. The kind of man perhaps he always was, hiding behind a shadowy mask. The kind of man who broke an opponent's leg for his own amusement. The kind of man who was feared and hated everywhere he went... until he came here. He's a man who says that only he can make the AWA great again... a claim forged in ego and distorted by jealousy.

[Gordon pauses.]

GM: Two amazing competitors... legendary competitors... two members of the Hall of Fame. On paper alone, this is the epitome of a Dream Match. But to many, this match isn't about Alex Martinez... this match at its core is about Ryan Martinez, the former World Champion and the AWA's White Knight.

[Bucky nods.]

GM: It was Ryan Martinez who stepped to the forefront of the AWA during Juan Vasquez' intermittent absences. It was Ryan Martinez who led the AWA into war against the Wise Men and came out the other side victorious. It was Ryan Martinez who stepped from his father's shadow and made the wrestling world recognize that there was a new superstar on the scene... a new hero of the masses... a new soldier on the front lines. And at the end of the day, that soldier was struck down by a bitter, angry, and jealous Juan Vasquez who saw the young man taking a spot he believed was still his. At the end of the day, it was that fallen soldier who

brought his father back into the spotlight, standing tall... holding the line on the battlefield for his son who was facing a potentially career-ending injury at the hands of Vasquez.

BW: All this talk of soldiers and battlefields makes you think of war, Gordo, and that's what we're going to see tonight. Two one man armies... with violent and brutal legacies of their own behind them... coming together to do battle. Juan Vasquez wants to prove that this place still belongs to him. That it's still the Juan Vasquez Show Starring Juan Vasquez. But more importantly, he wants to prove that in a battle of titans... in a battle of legends... in a match that you can truly and legitimately call a Dream Match... that he stands atop the mountain.

GM: While Alex Martinez has less grand goals. This isn't about a title to him. It's not about gold or money or even legacy. This is a personal fight for him. This is a proud father who had to stand by helpless and watch his son assaulted and hurt by someone Alex Martinez had come to trust... who has watched his son fight his battles for him and suffer for the sins of his father. This is a father who is facing the end of his days in the sun and knows that if there was ever a time to put all he has left into a fight - it's this one. One chance, one opportunity to hold that line and take a pound of flesh out of the man who betrayed and hurt his pride and joy.

[Gordon pauses, taking a breath.]

GM: The rules have been thrown out for this match. The AWA wants nothing to do with it. As a father... as a parent... there are choices that you must make for your children. Difficult choices. This may be one of those. Should you allow your children to have their innocence tainted by the bloodshed about to unfold? Only you know the answer to that. But when you think about it... think about what Alex Martinez is about to do... think about what Alex Martinez HAS to do. Think about what you would do for your children... what you would do to someone who tried to hurt them.

Think about that...

[On cue, the lights turn out. The crowd roars, waiting... waiting... and waiting...

...and the lights come back on to a big cheer!]

GM: The lights have been turned off. That is the signal that Memorial Day Mayhem is over. A night filled with dramatic debuts and returns. A night filled with tremendous action and championship matches. A night we will never forget... and now?

[The shot cuts to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

GM: Perhaps a war we'll all wish we could. Phil Watson... my friend... take us there.

[Crossfade to the ring where a solemn Phil Watson is standing. An uncomfortable hush has fallen over the crowd as the ring announcer begins.]

PW: The following contest is an UNSANCTIONED MATCH! This match is being conducted outside the legal authority and protections of the American Wrestling Alliance.

There will be no countouts... no disqualifications... no time limit. ANYTHING GOES!

The only way to win will be via pinfall or submission... the referee does NOT have the authority to stop the match.

[Watson lets that sink in before continuing.]

PW: Introducing first...

[The lights go out in the Key Arena, but instead of flickering back on as they did previously, a single spotlight turns on overhead, highlighting a man in the middle of the arena. The man is not seated but kneeling, and his head is bent, and as it slowly rises, the first notes of a song play over the loudspeakers. The song is rendered acapella, the voice a woman's. The voice is fragile and tremulous, yet packed with conviction for all of its fragility.]

#Mine eyes have seen the glory
of the coming of the lord#

[The man slowly rises, coming off his knees and to his feet. The spotlight glints off the silvered lenses of his mirrored sunglasses. He wears a black leather jacket and blue jeans. He stands tall and proud, chin lifted up in defiance.]

#He is trampling out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are stored#

[As the singer's voice grows in intensity, going from quavering to confident, the spotlight swirls, traveling the middle row all along the Key Arena. More men, all of them dressed the same, rise from their knees. Downtrodden no longer, they unzip their jackets, pulling them open to reveal a white t-shirt underneath. The camera is too far away to read the logos on the shirts, the words emblazoned on their chest still blurry.]

#He hath loosed the fateful lightning
of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on #

[The men stand up and extend their arms outwards, each man's arms crossing over the chest of the man next to him. Arms lock, the men all standing tall and unified. And as they do, the camera zooms in on the first man's chest, and then rapidly pans across each man's shirt, the words now visible.]

#Glory! Glory ! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah
Glory! Glory ! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on#

[As the song fades, the fans begin to chant, their voices screaming the words written on the shirts of each man.]

"HOLD THE LINE!

HOLD THE LINE!

HOLD THE LINE!"

[The chant is deafening, but as smoke wafts along the entrance ramp, the crowd seems to instinctively quiet, just long enough to hear Rob Halford's voice.]

#It's alright
It's alright
It's alright
I'm just...#

[Quiet no longer, the fans go...]

A LITTLE CRAZY!!!#

[And as “Little Crazy” by Fight kicks into full gear, the spotlight leaves the crowd and settles on the entrance way. And there he stands. Five times a World Champion. Hall of Famer. A bonafide legend.]

The Last American Badass.]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ IS HERE!!

BW: WHAT?! I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

GM: Small wonder. The last time this man wrestled, it was November 28th, 2014. Eighteen months, Bucky. But here he is!

BW: And to thicken the plot a little more, when he stepped into the ring that night, Gordo, he was TEAMING with the man he's facing here tonight!

GM: This is a crazy world in which we reside, wrestling fans.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 350 pounds... he is a former World Champion... a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame... a living legend...

THE INSTITUTION...

THE IMMORTAL...

THE LAST AMERICAN BADASS!

ALLLLLLLLEEEEEEX MAAAARRRRRTIIIIINEZZZZZZZ!

[The Seattle crowd ERUPTS into a deafening roar as Martinez begins a slow, deliberate walk towards the ring. All of the accoutrements of his iconic silhouette are there. The mirrored shades. The black leather jacket. Instead of wrestling pants, Martinez wears a pair of sturdy blue jeans. And instead of wrestling boots, he has on a pair black leather biker boots.]

GM: Choose your cliché. Standing room only! The fans are literally hanging from the rafters! It doesn't matter how you describe it, there isn't a man, woman or child in this building who isn't on their feet right now!

[Martinez stops outside the ring, and turns to the crowd. As he looks out over the sea of outstretched hands, he fixes on a target, and moves towards the steel barricade. There, he spots a young child, a girl about six or seven years of age, sitting on her father's shoulders. The seven foot tall Martinez is just about eye level with the girl, and he reaches up, pulling off his sunglasses and sets them over the girl's eyes, as the audience roars its approval.]

GM: Will you take a look at that, Bucky?

BW: At which part, the deadbeat dad who didn't have the sense to get his kid out of here before the bloodshed began, or old man Martinez asking someone to hold on to his bifocals?

GM: Will you stop?

[Martinez steps up the ring steps and moves across the apron. One long leg and then the other goes over the top rope. Martinez pauses in the corner, removing his

leather jacket, to reveal that he too is wearing a white "#HOLDTHELINE" t-shirt. Martinez exhales, and then moves to the center of the ring, his face a mask of burning intensity, as he prepares for the war to come.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The KeyArena is engulfed in darkness as the jumbotron lights up, showing iconic scenes from AWA past:

Juan Vasquez diving off the top of a steel cage and crushing Raphael Rhodes with a splash.

Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott trading punches in the center of the ring at the first-ever SuperClash.

Juan Vasquez choking the life out of Stevie Scott with a steel chain.

Juan Vasquez and Supernova shaking hands.

Juan Vasquez and an army of AWA fan favorites holding off the Southern Syndicate.

Juan Vasquez triumphantly holding the AWA National title into the air as the fans cheer wildly.

The mood then abruptly shifts, as the video becomes static, garbled and then turns to black and white as we see images of the more modern AWA...

Shots of Ryan Martinez, Travis Lynch, Willie Hammer, Sweet Daddy Williams, Jordan Ohara...fans cheering Calisto Dufresne...Eric Preston getting his head smashed in with a steel chair...Supreme Wright losing the AWA World title via screwjob by a corrupt referee...The Wise Men in all their glory...Caleb Temple and family...the "Wall" of fan favorites led by Alex Martinez standing defiantly in Juan's way...

...and then finally, repeated shots of Juan Vasquez delivering piledriver after piledriver to his many victims all in rapid succession, until finally we fade out and the words are seen clearly on the screen...

"MAKE THE AWA GREAT AGAIN"

...and as boos fill the KeyArena, the slow, haunting piano chord from the beginning of DMX's "Ain't No Sunshine" is heard.]

#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 black M-65 Army field jacket with the words "IN JUAN WE TRUST" stenciled along the left arm and "DEUS VULT" on the right. Underneath, he is shirtless and wears black wrestling tights with blue flames on the side. And his

face, is a fearsome sight, painted in his familiar "Dia de los Muertos" skull facepaint.]

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 moves his attention towards the ring, walking slowly down the ramp as the crowd shouts their hate and rage towards the man that betrayed them all.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds... he too is a former World Champion... he too is a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame... he too is a living legend...

THE FORMER HERO OF THE PEOPLE...

THE PILLAR OF THE AWA...

JUAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAASSSSSQUEZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[The boos get louder as he's officially announced. Vasquez doesn't seem to mind that at all, looking out with a pleased expression at his vocal detractors jammed into the KeyArena. As Vasquez reaches the ring, he pulls up, wagging a finger at an overanxious Martinez who looks ready to go, approaching the ropes.]

GM: Juan Vasquez isn't quite ready to get in there.

BW: Can you blame him? He's got a seven foot monster in there waiting to attack him! Get that savage back, ref!

[Ricky Longfellow places a hand on the chest of Martinez, backing him up a step. The Last American Badass tosses a glare towards Longfellow, making the referee back off, hands raised...

...and with Vasquez still on the floor, Alex Martinez has waited long enough to get his hands on him.]

GM: Martinez is coming after him!

[The seven footer swings a leg over the top rope, stepping out on the apron to the cheers of the Seattle crowd!]

GM: The Last American Badass is looking to get his hands on Vasquez, chasing him around the ring...

[But despite Martinez' long legs, Vasquez has a speed advantage and is safely out of reach before rolling under the ropes inside the ring. The referee steps towards him and gets shoved back as Vasquez rushes to the ropes perpendicular to where he rolled in, leaping into the air as Martinez' torso comes under the bottom...

...and CRASHES backfirst across the upper back of Martinez!]

GM: OHH! SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

[Vasquez scrambles back to his feet, grabbing the top rope with both hands as he stomps down on the back of Martinez' head and neck.]

GM: He's stomping Martinez into the mat! Over and over!

[The official protests the attack but can't do a thing about it as he shrugs his shoulders, signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The match is officially underway and-

[Vasquez continues to stomp Martinez, violently driving the sole of his boot into the back of the seven footer's head!]

GM: -good grief! Vasquez is all over him, Bucky!

BW: This is what the former AWA National Champion is going to need to do if he wants to win this thing, Gordo. He's going to need to stomp this seven foot monster into the dirt!

[The man formerly known as "El Cholo" peels away from Martinez, screaming and shouting angrily. He stalks across the ring, pointing out at the fans who let him have it, lifting his right hand to the sky, wiggling his fingers before drawing them together in a clenched fist...]

GM: Martinez is trying to get up off the mat but-

BW: Forget about that - look at Vasquez! He's got that right hand cocked and at the ready!

[The seven footer pushes up to his knees, a bit of a dazed expression on his face as Vasquez stares him dead in the eyes...]

"BEND! THE! KNEE!"

[...and UNCORKS one of the most devastating knockout blows in all of professional wrestling - the Right Cross!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez crumples sideways from the impact, falling limply to the canvas where he lies motionless on the mat as Vasquez' eyes shoot open, staring at the clenched fist before him as the crowd recoils in shock at what they just saw.]

GM: My stars! He hit the Right Cross! He hit the Right Cross!

BW: This one's already over, Gordo!

GM: Vasquez isn't going for a cover though, staring out at these fans in Seattle!

[The rabid KeyArena crowd is on their feet, screaming their lungs out at Vasquez who glares in disgust at them. After a few moments, he turns back to Martinez, dropping to his knees in a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts with shocked anger as Vasquez pushes up off the mat, pulling Martinez up by the hair, looking out at the crowd with an arrogant smirk on his face.]

GM: Vasquez wouldn't finish it!

BW: That... well, that might be a mistake, Gordo.

GM: It certainly might! Juan Vasquez, I believe, fans... I believe that Juan Vasquez could have won this match right here and there and decided instead that he wants to hurt Alex Martinez... he wants to torture Alex Martinez... he wants to punish Alex Martinez...

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, shaking his head at the jeering AWA faithful as he leans down, grabbing Martinez by the hair, hauling the 350 pounder up to his feet, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE PILEDRIVER! HE'S GOING FOR THE PILEDRIVER!

BW: Can he get him up?!

[Vasquez sets his feet, reaching down to hook his arms around the big man's torso...

...but before he can try to lift him up, Martinez slumps down to a knee, still feeling the effects of the Right Cross.]

GM: Martinez drops down...

BW: And I think that was pure instinct there. His sense of self-preservation kicking in as-

GM: Vasquez pulls him back up! Setting up for it again!

[But this time, Alex Martinez rises up to the entirety of his seven foot frame, a move that LAUNCHES Juan Vasquez into the air...

...and sends him SAILING over the top rope, flipping through the air, and CRASHING down on the barely-padded concrete floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKDROP TO THE FLOOR! BACKDROP TO THE FLOOR! OH MY STARS!

[Martinez slumps back down to his knees, planting his hands on the mat.]

GM: Martinez is still feeling the effects of that devastating Right Cross... still down on the mat but what a devastating fall to the floor out of Juan Vasquez right there, fans!

BW: The padding on the floor is thin, Gordo... you know this. That could do some serious damage to someone's spine to take a fall like that. Vasquez might be seriously hurt down here on the floor.

GM: Martinez now, dropping to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor.

[The big man brings the writhing-in-pain Vasquez up to his feet by the hair, saying something off-mic to him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ HURLS HIM INTO THE BARRICADE!

[The crowd groans and then cheers as Vasquez gets thrown right off his feet, flying sideways into the steel railing, knocking it a few inches back from the impact. Martinez looks focused and angry as he stands against the ring apron, gesturing for Vasquez to get back up to his feet.]

GM: Vasquez' back takes two hard shots early on in this one, fans, and if these two keep throwing bombs like this, this one may be over a lot quicker than anyone expects. Remember, fans, no countouts in this one... no disqualifications either.

BW: And no time limit, Gordo. This one can only end by pinfall or submission.

GM: I can't begin to imagine what it would take to get Alex Martinez to say "I quit" here tonight. It's not a phrase that the Martinez clan knows the meaning of, Bucky.

BW: There are a whole lot of words that family doesn't know that meaning of, Gordo.

[With the aid of the barricade, Juan Vasquez drags himself up off the floor...

...and Alex Martinez surges towards him, swinging up his massive leg, catching Vasquez FLUSH under the chin with a big boot, flipping Vasquez over the barricade and into the front row!]

GM: OHHH! MARTINEZ WITH THE BIG BOOT SENDS VASQUEZ INTO THE CROWD!

[A fired-up Martinez comes over the railing as well, staying after his fellow Hall of Famer...]

GM: Now, both men are up in the crowd... both men are in the front row here at ringside...

[The camera gets close, the fans surrounding the competitors, forming a small circle as Martinez hauls Vasquez up off the floor by the hair...

...and SMASHES his head down into the back of the chair, sending Vasquez staggering away from him!]

GM: Martinez slams his head into the steel...and he's going after him! These two are brawling in the seats here at ringside and you just have to hope these fans can stay clear of the situation!

BW: For the sake of AWA legal, let's hope so because I don't know if Martinez or Vasquez will care at all about them right now, Gordo.

[Martinez wades through the fans who are roaring their support. The Last American Badass makes a grab for Vasquez who ducks away, moving further away from his pursuer.]

GM: Vasquez is trying to create some space, trying to get away...

[As Martinez gets through the aisle, he accepts a fan's offered weapon - a metal crutch!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY! MARTINEZ BREAKS THAT CRUTCH ACROSS THE BACK OF JUAN VASQUEZ!

[The blow across the shoulderblades causes Vasquez to slump down to his knees as Martinez takes the piece of the broken crutch, bearing down on his opponent...

...and loops the steel across the windpipe of Vasquez, yanking back on it!]

GM: Martinez choking Vasquez outside the ring with that metal crutch!

BW: What kind of hero is this, Gordo?!

GM: Alex Martinez said it himself earlier tonight, Bucky - what he's here to do tonight is not going to be heroic! He's not trying to follow in the footsteps of his son, the White Knight! Once upon a time, Alex Martinez was known as the Black Knight and THAT is the man we're going to see tonight, Bucky!

[With Vasquez down on his knees, struggling to get air into his lungs, Vasquez gropes on the floor for an equalizer...

...and finds some help, scooping up a red plastic cup, flinging the contents backwards and up into the eyes of Martinez!]

GM: Oh! Beer in the eyes of Martinez!

BW: That's gotta sting. It ain't gonna hurt for long but it's gonna hurt long enough for Vasquez to get loose!

[Coughing violently, Vasquez crawls away from Martinez, moving up the aisle back towards the railing separating the crowd from the ringside area...]

GM: Martinez vigorously rubbing at those eyes, trying to clear the sting and burn away and restore his vision as Vasquez gets back to his feet...

[Getting a running start, Vasquez steps up on a chair, flinging himself into the air, bowling over his opponent with a makeshift Fierro Press, sending them both down on the exposed concrete at ringside!]

GM: We're about five minutes into this war and these are beating the heck out of each other! Vasquez pounding those fists into the big man's skull out here on the floor!

[Having landed about a dozen blows, Vasquez comes back to his feet, dragging Martinez up with him...

...and HURLS him back over the railing and into the ringside area!]

GM: Vasquez fires him back over the top... but he's not coming back in yet... pushing those ringside fans out of the way, stepping up on the front row of seats here...

[The former World Champion steps over onto the metal barricade, steadying himself...

...and then leaps into the air, throwing himself into a somersault towards the dazed Martinez!]

GM: SOMERSAULT DIVE!

[But the crowd ERUPTS as Martinez catches Vasquez in mid-dive, catching his legs over his shoulders, ending up with Vasquez in powerbomb position. The momentum of the dive causes Martinez to stagger back for a moment... steady himself... pivot...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and POWERBOMB Vasquez so that his upper back is JAMMED into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: GARCIA SPECIAL! GARCIA SPECIAL CONNECTS! GOOD GOD, THE PHYSICAL PUNISHMENT ON A MOVE LIKE THAT!

BW: That powerbomb into the apron is absolutely devastating!

[Vasquez slumps down to his knees, falling down facefirst on the barely-padded floor. From inside the ring, Ricky Longfellow implores them to bring the action back inside the squared circle but neither man seems to have any desire to do that... not yet.]

GM: Vasquez is down off that powerbomb into the edge of the apron... and he's gotta be in tremendous pain after that. His back has taken some severe punishment already in this matchup as Alex Martinez is having his way with his fellow Hall of Famer!

[Martinez drops to a knee, breathing heavily as Vasquez is down on the floor.]

GM: Alex Martinez not taking advantage of this situation yet, fans.

BW: You have to remember, Gordo. Eighteen months! Eighteen months since this seven foot, 350 pound beast has been inside that ring. And that's a long time to be out of action. You can pump as much iron as you want. You can do as much cardio as you want. There is no substitute for being inside that ring so no matter how ready you think you are... you're never ready enough to get back inside the squared circle after a long period of time on the shelf, daddy.

GM: Martinez slowly but surely getting to his feet... reaching back over the railing for something...

[And the Seattle crowd ERUPTS as Martinez holds a steel chair up high for everyone to see...]

GM: He's got a chair! Alex Martinez, steel chair in hand...

[...and SMASHES it down across the back of Juan Vasquez as he pushes up to all fours!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Vasquez slumps back down to the floor as the crowd roars in response to the violence unfolding before them. Martinez recklessly flings the chair backwards, sending it over the ropes before it bounces into the ring, narrowly missing Ricky Longfellow.]

GM: Martinez tosses in the chair... and he puts Vasquez back inside the ring as well.

[The seven footer crawls through the ropes to get back into the squared circle, rising to his feet. He steps forward, picking up the steel chair. He taps it against the ropes a few times, waving a hand for Vasquez to get up as the crowd buzzes in anticipation...]

GM: Vasquez trying to get up off the mat... his back has been put through the wringer already in this one and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER SHOT ACROSS THE BACK! OH MY!

[Martinez nods at the roaring crowd as Vasquez writhes in pain on the canvas, clutching his lower back. The Last American Badass unfolds the steel chair, setting it down on the canvas in its proper position.]

BW: Martinez looking for a break here? Going to take a load off?

GM: I don't think so, Bucky. I think Mr. Martinez has some evil intentions in mind for Juan Vasquez!

[Sneering at his downed opponent, Martinez stands over Vasquez, shouting "UP! GET UP, YOU PIECE OF TRASH!" But as the former AWA National Champion can't do that, Martinez simply reaches down, dragging him bodily to his feet.]

GM: Martinez pulls him up... and now picks him up, up under the arm!

[Martinez stands tall, stepping closer to the steel chair so that Vasquez is positioned over it...]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kid-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Martinez dropping down to his knees, SLAMMING Vasquez' spine down into the seat of the metal chair, mangling the steel underneath as Vasquez slides off to the floor, arching his back in pain as Martinez looks down, showing no signs of mercy for his former friend.]

GM: I... I have no words for that, Bucky!

BW: An absolutely brutal... violent... and yeah, I'm gonna say it... EXTREME... act by Alex Martinez. There's a reason this guy was called the Institution in the Land of Extreme, Gordo! There's a reason why so many of his most famous matches are bloody wars that left his opponents never to be seen again. Think about it, Gordo... think about the most noted rivals of Alex Martinez. Think about Jeff Matthews who we haven't seen in the ring in YEARS! Think about Caleb Temple who had to have YEARS away from the ring before he could come back last year! Think about Mark Langseth who hasn't been seen in YEARS!

GM: Could Juan Vasquez be on the verge of joining that list, Bucky? Alex Martinez is not his son! Ryan Martinez' ultimate goal is to win a professional wrestling match and to do it with honor! Alex Martinez is looking for blood... he's looking for violence... he's looking for payback!

[Martinez angrily kicks away the mangled chair, sending it clattering across the ring as the referee shouts at the Last American Badass to attempt a pin. Martinez looks down at Vasquez who is writhing in pain on the mat, clutching his lower back in agony...]

...and gives a very clear piece of sign language to Ricky Longfellow that draws a big cheer!]

GM: Well, how do you do?

BW: I think that's a no, daddy!

[Martinez stands over Vasquez, staring down at his pain-filled face, his gaze boring into the eyes of his fellow Hall of Famer...

...and suddenly reaches down, wrapping his hand around the throat of Vasquez whose eyes shoot wide open in surprise!]

GM: Uh oh!

[With a mighty lift, Martinez pulls Vasquez off the mat, deadlifting him down onto his feet...

...and then reaches out with the other hand, applying a double choke!]

GM: He's got it hooked! Martinez looking for the Firebomb!

[But a desperate Juan Vasquez has it well-scouted, reaching up and raking his fingers across the eyes of Martinez!]

GM: OH! Vasquez goes to the eyes!

[Martinez falls back, staggering as he rubs at his eyes. Vasquez coughs twice before stepping forward, grabbing his opponent by the hair, delivering a skull-splitting headbutt between the eyes, sending Martinez falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Headbutt by Vasquez!

BW: The kind of headbutt that staggers Japanese giants!

[Vasquez grabs the hair again, throwing a second headbutt... and a third... and fourth, knocking Martinez down to a knee. Grabbing at his own forehead, Vasquez stumbles away, trying to keep his balance...]

GM: Vasquez might have knocked HIMSELF loopy from that!

[On the other side of the ring, Vasquez scoops up the mangled steel chair, doing his best to fold it up...]

GM: Vasquez has got the chair now! Juan Vasquez has got that banged-up, dented steel chair and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE THREW THE DAMN CHAIR AT MARTINEZ' HEAD! GOOD GOD!

[Martinez slumps back down on the mat, grabbing at his head as Vasquez falls back against the ropes, soaking up the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: I can't believe what I just saw!

BW: Now you know what our bosses went through back in the late 90s, daddy!

GM: You said it earlier, Bucky. Born in violence and baptized in blood!

[Vasquez pushes off the ropes, stumbling across the ring, gesturing at the jeering fans as he moves in towards Martinez, raising his right arm...]

GM: Elbowdrop down to the back of the neck...

[The former World Champion scrambles up, dropping a second...]

GM: Repeated elbows, down across the back of the neck over and over!

BW: And that's no coincidence, Gordo. Eighteen months Alex Martinez has been on the shelf... and when they talked about him not being able to get medically cleared to compete tonight, that's because of that match. That's because of the Dogs of War and what they did to his neck! And guess who was in the ring to watch the whole thing go down? Juan Vasquez, that's right, daddy.

[Vasquez is moving a little slower as he gets up again, dropping another elbow... and when he gets up the next time, he pauses, taking a few deep breaths before deadleaping into the air, dropping all his weight down on the back of the neck!]

GM: OHHH! Standing backslash on the neck!

[The former National Champion swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before flipping the Last American Badass onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: Vasquez makes a cover! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Martinez' shoulder shoots up off the mat, breaking up the pin attempt! An aggravated Vasquez slams a fist down into the mat as the fans cheer. He climbs back to his feet, looking at Ricky Longfellow who scampers away, not wanting to get too close to either man in a match with no DQ for striking the referee.]

GM: Two count only and Juan Vasquez is now on the attack, stomping Martinez once... twice... three times...

[Standing over Martinez, Vasquez leans over, reading him the riot act...]

GM: Vasquez wasting valuable time right here and-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez reaches up from his back, grabbing Vasquez around the throat...]

GM: He's got him! He's got him!

[...but Vasquez slaps the hand away, quickly locking it up in a knucklelock. Martinez raises the other hand to try and free it but Vasquez ties that one up as well, ending up in a double knucklelock...]

GM: Vasquez has got both hands locked and- OHHH!

[The crowd groans as Vasquez violently stomps Martinez' face!]

GM: Martinez can't defend himself!

[Stomp!]

GM: He can't get his arms in front of his face!

[Stomp!]

GM: Martinez is in trouble, fans! Ricky Longfellow is right there!

[Stomp!]

BW: Yeah, but he can't do a damn thing about it, Gordo!

[Stomp!]

BW: The referee can't stop this Unsanctioned Match!

[Stomp!]

GM: Someone's gotta do something!

[Vasquez looks out at the jeering crowd, letting him have it. He nods, grinning sadistically as he raises his foot again...

Stomp!

Stomp!

Stomp!

Stomp!

...and then lets go of the hands, leaping high into the air to drive home one more leaping stomp to the mush!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it, fans! Vasquez into another cover!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Again, Martinez' shoulder comes off the mat... but with a little less force this time. Vasquez pushes up to his knees, looking around the ring, trying to figure out his next attack as the fans continue to jeer his every movement.]

GM: It's amazing, Bucky. Truly amazing to realize how much things have changed for Juan Vasquez in such a short period of time. It wasn't that long ago that if you were ranking the Most Popular competitors in the AWA, this man - Juan Vasquez - would be right at the top of the list. Now, these people cannot stand him and all that he stands for.

[Vasquez rises to his feet, looking out at the crowd as Alex Martinez rolls to his belly, dragging his seven foot frame across the ring...]

GM: Vasquez is up... and look at him... just look at him shouting at Martinez... ordering him to get up...

[The twisted and evil Vasquez claps his hands in rhythm, shouting "AL-EX! AL-EX! AL-EX!" to the jeers of the fans. Martinez ends up in the corner, dragging himself to a seated position as Vasquez moves in on him.]

GM: Alex Martinez is in a bad, bad way after those stomps to the face...

[Planting his boot against his opponent's face, Vasquez violently rakes the leather across his face... and again... and again... and again...

...and then twists around, rushing to the ropes, rebounding back...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and throws himself into a running dropkick facewash, ending up standing out on the floor as Martinez reels in the buckles!]

GM: Vasquez trying to literally remove the face of Alex Martinez with those boots to the corner!

[Vasquez smirks at the jeering crowd, nodding his head as he approaches the ringside barricade, barking at a pair of vocal fans in the front row - both wearing #holdtheline t-shirts and both letting the former People's Hero have it. Vasquez reaches over the railing, grabbing one of their chairs and yanking it back over the barricade.]

GM: Juan Vasquez grabbing another steel chair, taking it to the ring...

[He flings the chair into the air, sending it flipping over the ropes and bouncing off the canvas. Vasquez turns again, shouting at a ringside fan before sliding under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Climbing back in now...

[A dazed and hurting Martinez uses the ropes to climb up to his feet, clinging to the ropes to stay standing as Vasquez picks up the steel chair...

...and jabs the business end of it into the midsection of Martinez!]

GM: Ohhh... right in the ribs...

[Martinez staggers out of the corner, doubled up as Vasquez watches, and then rears back with the chair...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DEAR GOD!! STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF MARTINEZ!

[The heavy chair shot puts Martinez down on all fours which seems to shock Vasquez a bit.]

GM: Martinez sent down to his knees and...

BW: Vasquez ain't done, Gordo!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: AHHHHH! An absolutely VILE chairshot by Juan Vasquez puts Martinez down on the canvas! Good grief!

[The referee recoils in horror from the vicious chairshot, staring slack-jawed at Vasquez who smirks at the crowd's reaction to his offensive attack.]

GM: Martinez is down off that pair of steel chair blows across the back... and now what's Vasquez got in mind?

[Vasquez places the chair down on the back of Martinez' head...

...and then turns to the corner, pointing to the top rope.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: He's REALLY gonna finish him off now, Gordo!

GM: Vasquez- look at this!

[Ricky Longfellow steps in Vasquez' way, pointing to Martinez, imploring him to make a cover... but gets some harsh words in response before Vasquez shoves him aside, sending him back into the corner. The former National Champion sticks a finger in Longfellow's face, shouting at him angrily before he ducks through the ropes.]

GM: Vasquez wasting valuable time with the referee right there, fans.

BW: Not like it's his fault! The referee got in his way!

GM: Ricky Longfellow was trying to get Vasquez to make a pin attempt but Juan Vasquez is having none of it right now. He's trying to put a hurting on his fellow Hall of Famer in a major fashion... wait a second... he's not going to the top rope after all.

[Vasquez is still barking at Longfellow as he drops off the apron, ducking down to pull it up.]

BW: I think Longfellow upset him so much, Vasquez decided to go for something a little worse! He was going to jump off the top rope onto Martinez but... oh my!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Vasquez pulls a wooden table into view.]

GM: Vasquez has got a table! He pulled a table out from under the ring... and now he's setting it up out there on the floor!

[Vasquez unfolds the legs, depositing the table on the floor. He gives it a hard slap, making sure it's secure before climbing back up on the apron...

...where a rising Alex Martinez greets him with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by Martinez! Vasquez took too long out there on the floor and Martinez is trying to make him pay for it! Another right hand by the Last American Badass!

[Martinez steps out to the apron alongside Vasquez, delivering a kick to the midsection that doubles up the former National Champion...

...and pulls him into a standing headscissors to a HUGE REACTION!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Martinez has got him hooked! Martinez is-

BW: Is he going to powerbomb him off the apron through that table?!

GM: Martinez looking to send Juan Vasquez straight to the depths of hell!

[The super heavyweight reaches down, hooking his arms around Vasquez' torso as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

GM: He's going for the powerbomb! He lif- no! Vasquez down to a knee and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY VASQUEZ!

[Vasquez stumbles backwards, leaning against the ringpost as Martinez sinks to a knee...]

GM: The King of the Low Blows lands another one - in timely fashion - to save himself from certain defeat right there! If he'd been powerbombed through that table on the floor, this match would be over, Bucky!

BW: Ifs and buts aren't worth the air used to say 'em, Gordo. Vasquez knew what he had to do to get out of it and fortunately for him, that low blow was absolutely legal!

[Vasquez pushes off the post, walking towards the hurting Martinez, pulling him by the hair into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh my god... oh my god!

BW: He's going for the piledriver?!

GM: Vasquez is trying to cripple Martinez! Trying to finish him once and for all!

[Vasquez struggles and strains, trying to lift the 350 pound Martinez up into the air...]

...but the seven footer has other ideas, straightening up again, backdropping Vasquez off the apron, narrowly missing the table on his way down to CRASHING on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And again! Again, Juan Vasquez' back slams into that barely-padded concrete floor!

BW: His back has got to be an absolute wreck at this point, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does but somehow he keeps finding a way to stay in this match. Both of these legendary competitors showing the world how they've both won World Titles on numerous occasions... how they built their Hall of Fame careers!

[Martinez slumps to a seated position on the mat, taking several deep breaths before joining Vasquez out on the floor. He leans down, dragging his opponent up by the hair...]

...and SMASHES his face down into the wooden table!]

GM: Facefirst into the table! And again!

[Vasquez slumps over the table as Martinez muscles him up on it, laying him out on it as the crowd buzzes with anticipation...]

...when suddenly, Jackson Hunter comes stalking down the aisle, screaming and shouting in the direction of the ring. His head is bandaged from where Kolya Sudakov hit him with a steel chain earlier in the night.]

GM: What's HE doing out here?!

BW: He's perfectly legal being out here!

GM: Says who?!

BW: Well, he's got a manager's license for one... and for two, this match is Unsanctioned! The Pope could come down and be in Juan Vasquez' corner if he wanted to!

[Hunter is quickly down the aisle, shouting at Alex Martinez who turns towards the source of the noise.]

GM: Hunter's trying to get Martinez' attention and he's succeeded! Hunter is shouting at the Institution and-

[Martinez angrily turns away from Vasquez' prone form, pointing a warning finger at Hunter who beckons Martinez forward, still shouting at him.]

GM: He's like an annoying little gnat out here, Bucky.

BW: A gnat who is doing his job to perfection! He's got Martinez' focus off putting Vasquez through that table and that's exactly what he needed to do right there, Gordo.

GM: I suppose you're right about that and... wait a second!

[Climbing off the table, Vasquez reaches under the ropes, grabbing the steel chair that he'd left behind, takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR TO THE BACK OF ALEX MARTINEZ' KNEE! Right to the back of that left knee!

BW: And Martinez is notorious for having problems with that knee, Gordo. Someone once said that knee is made of tissue paper at this point and if that's true, Martinez is in trouble now!

GM: Martinez is down on the floor, screaming in pain and-

[Turning the chair in his hands, Vasquez aims the edge of the chairback at the knee...

...and DRIVES it down into the joint!]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[And again.]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[And again.]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[Vasquez again flings the chair back into the ring, sneering at the downed Martinez. He gestures to Jackson Hunter who gives a nod, quickly going to work, pulling Martinez up and shoving him up onto the table, holding him in place as Vasquez goes back up on the apron, turning to take a look at Martinez...]

GM: Hunter's holding Martinez down on the table while Juan Vasquez is heading to the top rope!

[Vasquez nods his head, slowly climbing the ropes, keeping Martinez in his sight as he scales the turnbuckles...]

GM: Somebody needs to get Hunter off Martinez! Martinez is fighting for his life, trying to get out from under Hunter and-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez shoves Hunter off of him, sending him flying through the air and landing hard on the floor...]

...and then sits up, looking up at Vasquez whose eyes go wide at Martinez getting up off the table!]

GM: Alex Martinez refuses to stay down! He refuses to stay down!

[Martinez climbs off the table, moving towards the apron where he grimaces, dragging himself up on it, throwing himself into a big right hand on Vasquez before he can get back down...]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[The Last American Badass reaches up, exhaustion on his face as he grabs Vasquez, hooking him for a slam off the top...]

...that would almost certainly send him crashing through that table!]

GM: Vasquez is trapped! Martinez has got him!

BW: Hunter! Look at Hunter!

[The manager desperately makes a lunge at the table, flipping it over and shoving it out of the way just before Martinez HURLS Vasquez off the top. The crowd jeers loudly at the sight of the table being knocked aside. Martinez turns, spotting the missing table as well...]

...which is Vasquez' cue to go to the eyes again, raking his fingers across them and causing Martinez to let go of him!]

GM: OH! Vasquez to the eyes again! He raked the eyes and-

[Martinez suddenly rebounds back, blinding throwing his right arm up and very, very hard...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with an impactful clothesline, flipping Vasquez over the buckles and back down onto the canvas!]

GM: WOW! WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!!

BW: I don't even think Martinez knew where he was!

GM: He certainly couldn't see him! A blind leap of faith, connecting with that clothesline and putting Vasquez down HARD inside the ring.

[Martinez stays on the apron for a moment, breathing heavily over the turnbuckle as he tries to regain his vision. Vasquez is laid out in the ring, having crashed down hard off the clothesline over the ropes. Outside the ring, Jackson Hunter is back on

his feet, dragging the table further away from the action, leaving it set up on the far side of the ring.]

GM: Hunter trying to keep that table out of Alex Martinez' grasp... we know that the Last American Badass certainly know how to use a table, Bucky.

BW: He sure does... that savage.

GM: Savage? Remember, it was Juan Vasquez who INTRODUCED that table into this Unsanctioned Match. Anything goes in this one, fans. No countout, no DQ... you can only win by pinfall or submission.

[Sliding down to the floor once more, Martinez pauses, taking another pair of deep breaths before he drops to a knee, digging under the ring apron. He comes up with a chair, flipping it over the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Another chair in there. These two are turning the ring and the ringside area into their own personal warzone here tonight in Seattle... but Martinez isn't done. What else could he be looking for under there?

BW: Who knows. They used some crazy weapons back in his heyday in Los Angeles. You never know what he's looking for. Light tubes... C-4... a weedwhacker... a watermelon!

GM: A watermelon?

BW: Long story.

[But as Martinez pulls the ring apron higher, giving his target a yank, we see the object of his desire...

...and the crowd... goes... nuts!]

GM: Oh... my... god.

BW: No, no, no! He can't use that!

GM: He can! It's anything goes! He can use whatever he wants and right now, what he wants to use is that... that...

[I believe the technical term is "plywood wrapped in barbed wire," Gordon. Or for the folks at home...]

BW: A BARBED WIRE BOARD?!

[The Seattle fans are whipped into a bloodlust as Martinez lets the camera rest on the piece of wood wrapped over and over in barbed wire for a moment before he picks it up, shoving it under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Alex Martinez obviously put that under the ring tonight! He was prepared, Bucky! He was prepared for war! And he was prepared to take this Unsanctioned Match to the extreme!

[With the fans still buzzing and Jackson Hunter looking on in slack-jawed amazement, Martinez slides back into the ring, retaking his feet as he gingerly puts weight on the left knee. He walks towards the middle of the ring, opening up one chair and putting it down on the mat.]

GM: What in the world is he doing, Bucky?

BW: The kind of thing that most wrestlers only have nightmares about, Gordo.

GM: Martinez opening up the other chair, setting it across from the first...

[With the chairs in position, Martinez puts the barbed wire icing on the cake, setting the board across the two chairs, bridging them...]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: What kind of sick, demonic mind comes up with something like this?! This is a professional wrestling match - not some kind of sick, twisted, sadistic-

GM: Martinez has got this set up... the crowd is on their feet as he pulls Vasquez up...

[Martinez tugs Vasquez into another standing headscissors...]

GM: He's gonna powerbomb him through THAT?!

BW: Jackson, do something! Where the heck is Zharkov?! Somebody stop this!

[Martinez sets his feet, locking his arms around Vasquez' torso...

...and LIFTS him into the air!]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE POWERBOMB! HE'S GOING FOR THE POWERBOMB!

[Vasquez struggles, pounding Martinez in the head, trying to find a way out of this perilous set of circumstances...]

GM: Vasquez is fighting for his life! Martinez trying to hang on!

[Martinez takes a step back, stumbling a bit to keep his balance...

...and Vasquez slips out, landing on his feet behind the off-balance Last American Badass. With a dash, Vasquez runs to the ropes, bouncing off to build up momentum...]

GM: Vasquez off the far side...

[But as Vasquez attacks, Martinez ducks his head...

...and LAUNCHES the former El Cholo high into the air, using his seven foot frame to propel the Los Angeles native high into the sky, flipping through the air...]

"CRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where he CRASHES through the propped-up barbed wire board, splintering the board under the impact of his flesh smashing down into the skin-tearing barbed wire!

The announcers fall silent as the crowd ROARS in one of the loudest cheers of the night. They're on their feet throughout the KeyArena and likely in living rooms all around the globe as they witness the most hated man in all of the American Wrestling Alliance finally get what's coming to him.

Vasquez writhes in pain on the mat, rolling back and forth, ripping his own flesh on the metal barbs.]

BW: AHHHHH!

GM: Juan Vasquez is being ripped apart! His skin is being torn to shreds by that barbed wire! And the fans in Seattle are loving every second of it!

BW: These bloodthirsty savages!

GM: We warned you before this match began, fans, that this would not be for the weak of heart! This would not be for young boys and girls wanting to witness their heroes in displays of athleticism and fighting spirit! This would not be a catch-as-catch-can classic! This is a war! This is violence in its purest form! This is Unsanctioned!

[Martinez is down on a knee, looking out on the roaring crowd as Vasquez continues to howl in pain from the barbed wire doing a number on him.]

GM: Alex Martinez, the Last American Badass, is slowly getting to his feet... perhaps looking for the coup de grace, the nail in the coffin of Juan Vasquez' quest to "make the AWA great again" whatever that means. The AWA is pretty damn great if you ask me!

[The former World Champion turns his gaze onto Vasquez who is trying to pull himself from the barbed wire, blood now criss-crossing his back from the lacerations. Martinez grabs him by the hair, pulling him down onto his knees. He towers over Vasquez as he looks down on his painted face, reaching over towards the board, pulling a strand of barbed wire closer...]

GM: Oh god. Fans, please... be advised to-

BW: AHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd recoils in horror as Martinez grabs the skin-tearing strand with both hands, digging it into the forehead of Juan Vasquez!]

GM: He's ripping and tearing at the flesh of the former National Champion!

[Martinez, a bloodthirsty gleam in his eye, starts sawing the wire back and forth, causing blood to pour down the painted face of Juan Vasquez as the referee leans in, asking Vasquez if he wants to submit!]

GM: Vasquez being asked if he wants to quit! Trying to hang on through some of the most spine-tingling pain I can imagine!

[As Martinez rakes the barbed wire back and forth across Vasquez' shoulder, drawing blood from the man seeking to make the AWA great again, Vasquez howls in pain, looking for an escape. Ricky Longfellow leans in, offering him one...]

GM: Longfellow checking to see again - does Juan Vasquez want to give up and get out of this bloody, violent war?!

BW: He might not have a choice, Gordo! This thing might shorten his career!

GM: Or worse!

[Vasquez screams, "NOOOOO!" to Longfellow's request...

...which causes Martinez to loosen his grip for a moment, looking down at the bloodied Vasquez...]

GM: Finally, Alex Martinez lets up and-

[...and then lowers the barbed wire, pulling it back so that it's across the mouth of Vasquez!]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! OH-

[Vasquez' wails of pain fill the KeyArena as the barbed wire cuts into the corners of his mouth. Martinez grits his teeth, pulling back harder as he screams "QUIT!" at his bloodied opponent...

...but Juan Vasquez will not quit and after a few more pain-filled moments, Martinez shoves the barbed wire aside, looking briefly at the cuts on his hands as Vasquez slumps over to the mat, blood streaming from his wounds onto the canvas.]

GM: This is... this is getting difficult to watch, fans. I am no fan of Juan Vasquez... not anymore... and this is getting hard for me to watch, Bucky.

BW: Alex Martinez is reliving his youth... reliving those days in Los Angeles when he fought Matthews and Temple and Langseth and the Gremlin and... so many others in bloody, savage, brutal, career-shortening wars!

[A weary giant looks out on the crowd, buzzing over what they just saw...

...and raises two hands towards the sky with a roar. The fans echo the roar, knowing exactly what's coming next.]

GM: He's calling for the Firebomb! Alex Martinez is calling for the Firebomb right here in the middle of the KeyArena!

[Reaching down to the canvas where Vasquez has curled up into a ball, Martinez locks his two-handed iron grip around the throat of his bloodied opponent...

...and deadlifts him off the mat, hoisting him straight up into the air, holding him high for all to see!]

GM: ZHARKOV!

[The crowd ROARS with jeers as Maxim Zharkov comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring, hopping up on the ring apron as Martinez flings the bloodied Vasquez aside, scooping up one of the fallen steel chairs...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CAVES in the skull of Maxim Zharkov with a brutal steel chair blow that sends the Russian flying backwards off the apron, crashing down hard on the back of his head on the floor to a tremendous roar from the crowd!]

GM: CHAIR TO THE HEAD OF ZHARKOV!

[Beside himself, Jackson Hunter leaps up on the ring apron, screaming and shouting at Ricky Longfellow... and then turns his focus to Alex Martinez, screaming at the seven foot giant...

...who surges forward, grabbing Hunter around the throat!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT JACKSON HUNTER!

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez yanks Hunter over the top rope, dragging him into the ring by the throat, staring into the eyes of the agitating manager...

...and lifts him skyward, holding him up for all to see...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FIREBOMB!! FIREBOMB ON JACKSON HUNTER!!

[The manager is flat on his back, completely motionless as Martinez slowly climbs back to his feet, looking out on the roaring crowd...]

...and then turns back to the struggling Vasquez who has managed to get back to his feet, falling into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Vasquez in the corner... Martinez slapping that knee, trying to get some life into it...

[And with a mighty roar, Martinez lumbers the half distance of the ring towards the bloodied Vasquez, swinging his leg up...]

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[...and SNAPS Vasquez' head back with a jaw-jacking Yakuza Kick!]

GM: Shades of his son right there! Alex Martinez paying a little tribute to his son, Ryan Martinez! This... all of this is for him! Everything Alex Martinez has done here tonight is for his son!

[And as the bloodied Vasquez stumbles out of the corner towards the elder Martinez, the Last American Badass pulls him into a front facelock...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's going for the Brainbuster!

BW: Are you kidding me?!

GM: We've seen his son do this so many times before! Alex Martinez has him hooked, slings the arm over his neck...

[Martinez lifts his left leg, shaking the knee a few times, trying to keep the blood flowing through it...]

GM: HE LIFTS!

[...but as he does, the left leg buckles, allowing the bloodied Vasquez to slip right out over the top, landing on his feet. As the off-balance Martinez turns around, Vasquez leaps into the air, catching him under the chin with a kneestrike that sends Martinez falling through the ropes to the apron!]

GM: OH! Right on target!

BW: But unfortunately for Vasquez, Martinez fell out to the apron!

[Vasquez slumps to the mat after the kneestrike, blood pouring from his head, oozing from his back.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is a bloodied mess, wrestling fans, and we're not done yet!

[Martinez is down on a knee on the apron, trying to get back to his feet as Vasquez crawls across the ring, creating space between himself and the Last American Badass.]

GM: Both men have gotta be wondering what the hell it's going to take to put the other away as we-

[Suddenly, Vasquez surges to his feet, fire in his eyes as he tears across the ring towards Martinez...

...and leaps into the air, turning himself into a Martinez-seeking missile as he sails between the top and middle ropes, SLAMMING his shoulder into the ribcage with a body-shaking spear tackle...

...a blow that sends both men sailing off the apron...

...towards the table that Jackson Hunter relocated earlier in the match!]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The two men SPLINTER the table upon impact, shattering it into pieces as they crash down onto the barely-padded floor as the Seattle crowd ERUPTS in a mix of elation and surprise once more!]

GM: DEAR GOD ALMIGHTY, HE'S BROKEN IN HALF!

BW: What a move by Vasquez! A desperation move but the move of a ring general to see that table out there and to put his own damn body on the line to try and finish off this seven foot terror!

GM: They're both down!

BW: Hell, they both might be out after that!

[There is several moments of silence from the announcers as the crowd continues to roar over the daredevil move they just witnessed.]

GM: An incredible move by Vasquez - an incredible attempt to try and finish off Alex Martinez once and for all!

BW: Yeah, but can he take advantage of it? He put himself through that table as well, Gordo!

GM: It was Martinez who suffered the bulk of the impact... and as Juan Vasquez pushes up to all fours, you can see he suffered his share of shock and awe as well, going through the ropes for that hard fall to the floor.

[Vasquez rolls onto his back, wincing in pain as he tries to sit up on the floor.]

GM: Vasquez starting to stir, trying to get up off the floor...

[The bloodied and weary Vasquez is on his feet after a moment, collapsing against the ring apron as he tries to steady himself. The fans are jeering the Hall of Famer.]

GM: Vasquez is up but just barely. He's having a very hard time moving around out there... trying to get Martinez up now...

[Struggling with all his strength, Vasquez pulls the seven footer back to his feet, shoving him back inside the ring.]

GM: Martinez is back in now... Vasquez trying to take advantage of this situation...

[With Martinez back in, Vasquez crawls under the ropes before crawling towards Martinez' prone form, throwing an arm across his chest as the referee drops down to count...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!!

[The hand goes up, ready to deliver the match-ending three count...]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd EXPLODES as an exhausted Martinez just barely flops his left arm up off the mat, his shoulder coming up with it. Vasquez rolls onto his back, reaching up to cover his face.]

GM: I thought he had it! You thought he had it! Juan Vasquez thought he had it!

BW: The whole world thought he had it, Gordo!

GM: I believe so. But Alex Martinez shows the heart that made him a multi-time World Champion! Alex Martinez shows the determination that made him a Hall of Famer... the fighting spirit that passed from him to his son, the AWA's White Knight! He kicks out and he continues to fight!

[Vasquez pushes himself off the mat, sitting on the canvas. The Hall of Famer gives the slightest of nods as he wipes the blood from his eyes, rolling to a hip and taking a knee, shouting at Martinez.]

"You won't stay down, you son of a bitch?! I'm going to MAKE you stay down... for good!"

[With that, the wicked Vasquez climbs off the canvas, stumbling and reaching out to the ropes to steady himself. He grimaces as he turns back to Martinez who is trying to sit up but is not having success.]

GM: Martinez can't get up... he's trying, Bucky, but he can't get off the canvas.

BW: Perfect. Now, finish him, Juan!

GM: For the life of me, I cannot understand that, Bucky Wilde. You are an AWA Original. You've been here from the beginning. You've seen this company grow into what it is today! You know what this company's DNA is... what it's heart is... what it's soul is... and you know damn well that when Juan Vasquez talks about making the AWA great again, it's an ego-fueled delusion from him. This company IS great! And you know that... so how can you root for him? How?

[But before Bucky gets a chance to answer that, Juan Vasquez wobbles towards Alex Martinez, grabbing two hands full of the seven footer's hair, dragging him off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

BW: Here it comes, Gordo! The end of Alex Martinez! Just like that drunken oaf Carver... just like Willie Hammer... just like Sweet Daddy Williams... and just like his whitebread son!

[Vasquez sets his feet, reaching down to hook Martinez around the midsection...]

GM: He's going for it! He's got it set!

BW: But can he get a 350 pounder off the mat for it?

GM: I think we're about to find out! I think we're-

[...and with a grunt, Vasquez tries to get him into the air!]

GM: He can't do it! He tried right there but he just can't get a seven foot, 350 pounder up!

BW: He's not done trying!

[Frustrated and exasperated, Vasquez steps back, pounding Martinez across the back of the neck with clubbing forearm shots. A half dozen fall, knocking Martinez to a knee before Vasquez hooks him again, pulling him towards him and back to his feet...]

GM: He's going for it again!

[Again, Martinez' legs come up off the mat but almost immediately go back down. This time, Vasquez reaches behind him, wincing in pain as he grabs at his back...

...which gives Martinez enough time to straighten up his seven foot frame once more. This time, however, he doesn't backdrop Vasquez, holding him dangling over his back as he reaches back with his right arm, cradling Vasquez' head and neck...]

BW: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

GM: Martinez hooks him! Martinez hooks him!

[...and DROPS down to the canvas, planting the back of Juan Vasquez' head into the mat with his very own signature maneuver!]

GM: CITY OF ANGELS! A SEVEN FOOT CITY OF ANGELS!

[A weary Martinez rolls over, applying a North-South cover as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

GM: My stars in heaven, how in the world do these two keep going?! How in the world can they keep fighting?! They've given it everything they've got in this war of attrition and yet they keep on going!

[Martinez rolls off Vasquez, staring up at the lights, blinking away the sweat as the Seattle fans roar in disbelief as Vasquez' near miss.]

GM: Both men are down again. What's left? What more can they do? What can they dig deep and pull out to put the other man away?

BW: We're about to find out, daddy... because the giant is getting up!

[With the Seattle fans driving him forward, an exhausted Alex Martinez rolls to all fours, pushing up off the canvas...

...and slowly raises the two hands again, getting a big cheer of anticipation.]

GM: Again, he's calling for the Firebomb! He hasn't hit it yet and if he does, this one is over!

BW: Ask Jackson Hunter!

[Martinez pulls the bloodied Vasquez - who is cradled up in the fetal position - off the mat, dragging his weakened form out to the middle of the ring...

...and locks the two hands around his throat!]

GM: He's got it locked! Right in the middle of the ring! Right in the-

[And with a wild gleam in his eye, Juan Vasquez swings his right arm up, a glint of something shiny catching on the light as he lashes out towards the skull of Alex Martinez, stabbing down towards his forehead!]

GM: What the-?!

[Vasquez strikes again... and again... and again... and again, repeatedly stabbing down into the flesh of his opponent. He pauses for a moment, long enough for the camera (and the fans) to see what he's doing.]

GM: Oh my god!

BW: He's got a fork! He pulled that fork out of his boot when he was down on the mat!

[Martinez slumps to a knee as Vasquez pulls around behind him, looping his left arm around the throat to keep him up as the right fork-wielding hand repeatedly stabs down into the forehead, crimson starting to spurt from a wound on the forehead of Martinez.]

GM: He's stabbing him with that fork! This is... my god, this is savage! This is sickening!

[With red-stained teeth, Vasquez grins as he digs the tines of the fork into the skin of Martinez, working it back and forth as Martinez cries out in pain!]

GM: Vasquez is ripping his skin apart! Tearing him to pieces with that fork!

BW: And this ain't the first time we've seen Vasquez use a fork like this. He's not a beginner at this, Gordo!

GM: He certainly isn't!

[And with blood pouring down the forehead of the kneeling Martinez, Vasquez lets go, allowing him to slump down to all fours, crimson dripping off his face onto the canvas. Vasquez flings the fork aside, taunting the fans as he moves around to stand in front of Martinez...]

GM: Vasquez taunting Martinez... begging him to get up... begging him to keep fighting...

[Vasquez continues his taunting for several moments...]

"Weak. Pathetic."

[He reaches out, slapping Martinez across the back of the head.]

"Just like your son."

[Another slap to the back of the head...

...and this time, Martinez whips his hair back, staring wide-eyed up at Vasquez who looks down in disbelief!]

GM: Vasquez might've said the wrong thing right there, Bucky!

BW: FINISH HIM!

[Vasquez suddenly draws back his right hand, looking to deliver a match-ending Right Cross...

...when a roaring Martinez comes to his feet, hooking Vasquez by the throat with both hands, lifting him up into the air...]

GM: FIREBOMB! FIREBOMB!

[But the roar of anger turns into a cry of pain as Martinez drops back down to the mat, clutching his left knee as he falls to a knee. Vasquez scrambles back, catching his breath at the near-miss...

...and then steps forward, right hand drawn back just as a hurting Martinez pushes back to his feet!]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The heavy blow across the face snaps Martinez' head back...

...sending him staggering backwards, stumbling backwards...]

GM: He caught himself on the ropes! Vasquez hit the Right Cross and Martinez DID... NOT... FALL!

BW: Thanks to the stupid ropes!

[Vasquez shakes his head in disbelief, looking around the ring for a moment as the crowd roars, encouraging Martinez to stay standing and finish off his bloodied opponent...]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: He's got a chair!

[Vasquez, chair in hand, takes aim. He bats it against the canvas a few times, sizing up his bloodied and weakened prey...]

GM: VASQUEZ!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and hits Martinez DIRECTLY over the skull with the steel chair, smashing him good with the weapon!]

GM: GOOD GOD!

[Vasquez steps back, dented chair in hand, watching as Alex Martinez slumps against the ropes, sliding down into a seated position against the buckles.]

GM: Alex Martinez is... I think he might be out, fans! His eyes are rolling back in his head! He took the Right Cross! He took the steel chair across the skull - one of the sickest swings with that chair I've ever seen in my life!

[Vasquez stares down at Martinez, shouting at him.]

"Give up! Tell him you quit!"

[Vasquez gestures at Longfellow who steps closer, checking to see if Martinez does indeed want to surrender. The blood-covered Last American Badass looks up into the wild eyes of Juan Vasquez, staring up at the man who was once his colleague... his partner... his ally...

...and gives his response.]

"Go to hell."

[Vasquez angrily steps forward, raising his right hand as he sets his feet...]

GM: NO!

[...and DELIVERS the Right Cross, SLAMMING it violently into the face of the Last American Badass, jamming his skull into the middle turnbuckle in the process!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez' head snaps back, flopping to the canvas as Vasquez grabs him by the foot, hauls him out of the corner, diving across his chest. The referee drops to count, slapping the mat once...

Twice...

...and a third definitive time, causing the crowd to deflate at the sound of the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What... what a war, fans.

[The exhaustion of Gordon Myers is evident in his voice as Juan Vasquez pushes up off the mat to his knees, smirking at the reaction of the boisterous crowd in Seattle.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has done it... he has vanquished Alex Martinez - the Black Knight - right here in the middle of the ring in Seattle, Washington. Incredible.

BW: It was an incredible effort. An incredible battle. Those two truly showed why this was a Dream Match going in, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. But despite the very best efforts - all the heart and fighting spirit of Alex Martinez - Juan Vasquez comes out on top.

BW: Lots of casualties in this war though, Gordo. Zharkov. Hunter. And Vasquez doesn't look so hot himself.

GM: He'll be feeling the effects of this one... we all will, Bucky, for some time to come.

[Vasquez is on his feet now, soaking up the jeers of the fans as he stands over a motionless Alex Martinez who is still down on the canvas. The Hall of Famer wipes the blood from his eyes, watching as Maxim Zharkov crawls back inside the ring, holding his head as he approaches his ally...

...and raises his hand, gesturing to Vasquez in a move that only increases the jeers from the AWA faithful.]

BW: The Axis of Evil is standing tall at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Zharkov gestures outside to the ring, pointing to Jackson Hunter who is still barely moving after the Firebomb...

...and then gestures back to Alex Martinez. Juan Vasquez nods approvingly.]

GM: Now, what is this all about?

BW: Oh, they're not done, Gordo!

GM: Zharkov grabbing Martinez by the hair, trying to get him off the canvas...

[Vasquez walks around the ring, getting himself hyped up for what's about to happen, taunting the fans who are letting him have it...]

GM: This is totally uncalled for!

BW: What?! Martinez put his hands on Jackson Hunter! This is TOTALLY called for!

GM: No, not at all... not one bit! Zharkov bringing Martinez to his feet...

[Vasquez nods his head, beckoning for Zharkov to deliver the Last American Badass to him. Zharkov shoves him forward, right into a waiting Vasquez' arms as he pulls him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Vasquez has got him hooked!

BW: He kept trying for the piledriver all match long but he couldn't get the 350 pounder up! With Zharkov's help, he certainly can, Gordo! He certainly can!

GM: If anyone in the back can hear me... if anyone at all can hear me... we need some help out here! Alex Martinez is in desperate need of some help! We all are! If anyone can hear-

[Zharkov leans over, trying to lift the legs of the powerful Institution...]

GM: Zharkov's trying to provide the assist, trying to get Martinez up and-

[And suddenly, the crowd EXPLODES into one of the loudest cheers of the night!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING HERE?!

[The figure comes swiftly down the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope, coming up to his feet with a steel chair in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN ACROSS THE BACK OF ZHARKOV!

[The chair-wielding savior wheels around, eyes locked on the bloodied Juan Vasquez who shoves Alex Martinez down to the mat, holding his ground. The crowd is on their feet, screaming and shouting for the showdown in the ring!]

GM: WE'VE BEEN WAITING MONTHS TO SEE THIS!

[On one side of the ring - blood caked to his face, his chest, his back - stands the man who betrayed those closest to him... denigrated the very company he helped build... laid waste to those who stood in his path...

The most hated man in the AWA, Juan Vasquez.

On the other - steel chair gripped in his hands - stands the man who we have not seen in several months... representing honor, pride, dignity, and fighting spirit perhaps more than any other... wearing a neckbrace, a symbol of the betrayal that turned his dreams to dust... fighting back the obvious pain to stand in protection over the man who fought so hard for the cause he believes in...

The White Knight himself, Ryan Martinez.

It is a showdown.

Good vs evil.

The light. The dark. All of it.

And on this night, the light prevails as the dark slowly backs off, stepping through the ropes, and living to fight another day.

On this night, the forces of good stand tall.

On this night.

And as the AWA fans continue to cheer their hearts out, we get one shot of the ring, showing Ryan Martinez with the chair in hand, kneeling down next to his fallen father. Slowly, he winces, reaching up to grab at the back of his neck, trapped inside the brace.

And one shot of Juan Vasquez who watches the scene in the ring...

...and smirks, his white teeth breaking up the crimson mask.

Fade to black.]