



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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and then very slowly fades back up to black and white footage of the old WKIK TV Studios. The voice of Gordon Myers echoes over the shot.]

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It is my great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on this, the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance. And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... \_real\_ professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas."

[The voice echoes for a few more moments before fading away to a shot of the Crockett Coliseum, completely empty. This shot was obviously taken during the period of time that the AWA inhabited the arena full time as the banners celebrating the current champions were hanging from the rafters. This time, the voice of Bucky Wilde is heard with the same echo effect.]

"This IS a huge night! The fans are roarin', the locker room is buzzin', even the suits look a little nervous, daddy. It's Homecoming tonight in a big way for the AWA as we're back home in Dallas AND we've got a new building to break in like only we can!"

[The voice echoes off into nothing as we fade to black. The sound of "Fight Song" by Rachel Platten fades up over slow motion footage now in color of our some of our current AWA superstars.]

#Like a small boat  
On the ocean#

["Cannonball" Lee Connors snaps off a standing Shooting Star Press, wrapping up the long legs of a competitor no longer with the company.]

#Sending big waves  
Into motion#

[Connors leaps to his feet, celebrating one of the biggest upsets in AWA history.]

#Like how a single word  
Can make a heart open#

[Skylar Swift leaps into the air, twisting around...]

#I might only have one match  
But I can make an explosion#

[...and lands her corkscrew roundhouse kick to the skull!]

#And all those things I didn't say#

[Bobby O'Connor winds up his arm, driving an overhead elbow down between the eyes of an opponent.]

#Wrecking balls inside my brain#

[The Gladiator holds someone in a press slam position before swinging them into a powerslam.]

#I will scream them loud tonight#

[Mason swings his muscular arms back, roaring triumphantly after vanquishing another victim.]

#Can you hear my voice this time?#

[Ayako Fujiwara hoists an opponent off the canvas, driving them back with a thunderous released German Suplex.]

#This is my fight song#

[Supernova and Shadoo Rage trade wild fisticuffs at one of their many battles over the past year and a half.]

#Take back my life song#

[Jeff Matthews snaps off one of his legendary Foxdens on young Jayden Jericho as he sails through the air towards him.]

#Prove I'm alright song#

[Jordan Ohara leaps through the sky, putting Juan Vasquez through a ringside table.]

#My power's turned on#

[Dave Bryant snaps off a Call Me In The Morning superkick on "Flawless" Larry Wallace.]

#Starting right now I'll be strong#

[Cody Mertz rotates through the air, taking down a foe with his Broussard Special Fujiwara Armbar.]

#I'll play my fight song#

[Julie Somers dives from the top rope onto a surprised foe.]

#And I don't really care if nobody else believes#

[Rene Rousseau makes his return after months on the shelf, coming to the aid of his friends.]

#'Cause I've still got a lot of fight left in me#

[Travis Lynch hoists the National Title belt high over his head as the chorus repeats.]

#And all those things I didn't say  
Wrecking balls inside my brain#

[Brian James and Johnny Detson go nose to nose, shouting and screaming at one another as Brian Lau struggles to play peacemaker.]

#I will scream them loud tonight  
Can you hear my voice this time?#

[Casey James and Tiger Claw brutally assault Jayden Jericho and Allen Allen on the last Saturday Night Wrestling before security intervenes.]

#This is my fight song  
Take back my life song#

[Melissa Cannon trades blows with AWA Women's World Champion Lauryn Rage... cut right to a shot of Lori Dane using a Singapore Cane in the Women's Rumble.]

#Prove I'm alright song#

[Daniel Harper and Howie Somers battle The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley out at the ringside area.]

#My power's turned on  
Starting right now I'll be strong#

[A montage of shots of Supreme Wright hitting Fat Tuesday on victim after victim after victim...]

#I'll play my fight song#

[AWA World Champion Jack Lynch locks the Iron Claw on Johnny Detson as the crowd erupts to their feet all around him.]

#And I don't really care if nobody else believes#  
'Cause I've still got a lot of fight left in me#

[Ryan Martinez, bloodied and battered, rises up off the canvas.]

#A lot of fight left in me#

[And a young AWA fan proudly lifts a sign that says "WHITE KNIGHT!" on it as the music dies and we fade to black...]

The black screen "shatters" into a live shot outside the American Airlines Arena - a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath a digital marquee with the name of the building and the words "HOMECOMING" in black block text as the chorus to "Fight Song" plays again. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE back home in the United States of America! We are LIVE back home in Dallas, Texas! We are LIVE right here in the American Airlines Arena that has been SOLD OUT for weeks as they prepare to welcome home all the superstars of the American Wrestling Alliance!

[Another cut brings us inside the building. It's your standard arena setup with rows upon rows of permanent seating mixed with the steel folding chairs that immediately surround the roped ring of red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view.]

A quick cut takes to a floor level shot of the entranceway which is made up of a small entrance opening covered by black curtains and surrounded by LED lighting that is currently flashing a red and white pattern. There are lights to the left and right of the doorway along with lighting above it. Above the lighting is a decent-sized video screen that has the Homecoming logo spiraling around it. As the camera pulls back a bit, we see an illuminated ten foot tall version of the AWA logo off to one side. On the other side is a small elevated platform that will serve as an interview "stage." The entranceway leads directly out to a black carpeted ten foot wide aisleway that will take the combatants to the ring.

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

GM: It is that once a year tradition we've come to know as Homecoming! We've been across the pond and back again and fans, I must say that it is absolutely TREMENDOUS to be back in Dallas, Texas!

[The camera shot shows Bucky Wilde for the first time. The colorful color man is sporting a jacket with the British Union Jack splashed across the back.]

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo. Over in London, they treated me like a King... over here in the States, they worship those idiot Stenches!

GM: And it's a grand homecoming here tonight for Jack Lynch above all others as he gets to appear for the very first time in front of his hometown fans as the AWA World Champion!

BW: Hah! It may be the first time, Gordo, but it's also the last time because in my estimation, there is absolutely ZERO chance that Lynch retains the title against the former champion, Johnny Detson, right here tonight!

GM: That, of course, will be our Main Event but this show is absolutely jammed with matches! We've got the National Title on the line in an Open Challenge... we've got the TV Title on the line when Mahoney challenges Kendrick... Lauryn Rage defending the title against Lori Dane - can you believe that? - in a No Disqualification match!

BW: Supernova and Shadoc Rage in a cage! Martinez and MAWAGA!

GM: The trip down through the AWA history books when Juan Vasquez meets "Hotshot" Stevie Scott perhaps for the final time! Plus... well, they're not here yet obviously...

[We cut a shot in the front row of two chairs that are marked "RESERVED FOR THE SYNDICATE."]

GM: ...but we're told that at some point tonight, Casey James and Tiger Claw WILL be here in Dallas to speak to Emerson Gellar LIVE up inside that ring to try and settle the differences between the Syndicate and the AWA. All of that plus much, much more including Brian Lau who has gathered the Kings of Wrestling inside the ring right now for this allegedly HUGE announcement he's been talking about for well over a week now! Let's go to the ring and hear the so-called big announcement!

[The camera cuts to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell, who stands in the center of the ring, a microphone in his hand.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my guests at this time - the Kings of Wrestling!

[As the fans cheer the AWA's hardest working interviewer, the guitar and drum combo of "Evil Walks" by AC/DC blares over the loudspeakers, the cheers transforming into boos from the vociferous Dallas crowd.]

GM: Brian Lau promised an earth-shattering announcement to kick us off, Bucky... what do you think it could be?

BW: I don't know what it is, Gordo, but I promise you that it will be worth the wait.

GM: Maybe Brian Lau will address all of the problems within the Kings of-

BW: Stop that right now, and repeat after me - the Kings are fine!

GM: Oh brother.

[In the lead is the brains behind the Kings of Wrestling, the only manager in the pro-wrestling Hall of Fame, Brian Lau. Lau is dressed in his usual outfit - black bespoke suit, designer sunglasses, Italian leather shoes. Despite the abuse hurled at him by the fans, Lau is all smiles.]

Directly behind him is the former World Champion, Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed in a black suit jacket with black slacks and a blue buttoned down shirt with the top two buttons undone.

Walking shoulder to shoulder behind Detson are the World Tag Team champions. Wes Taylor is in a black suit with a bright white dress shirt, the top few buttons unbuttoned at the top. He carries the title belt in his arms, cradled like a baby. Tony Donovan has foregone the suit jacket for a red dress shirt and black slacks. He's wearing a pair of red-tinted sunglasses with the title belt slung over his shoulder.

And finally, trailing behind them, a sneer on his face, is the AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James. Tonight, James is dressed rather simply, wearing a black compression shirt stretched tightly over his muscular frame, bearing the Tiger Claw Academy Logo on the right shoulder and the Kings of Wrestling logo on the left, as well as a pair of loose fitting black workout pants and thick soled leather boots.]

GM: I'm sure it has escaped no one's notice that there are two men standing between Johnny Detson and Brian James.

BW: Stop causing trouble, Gordo! The Kings are-

GM: Fine, I know.

BW: Now you're getting it.

[The five members of the Kings of Wrestling enter the ring and move to the center. As Lau stands in front of Blackwell, Detson and James maintain their distance, the tag champs between them at all times.]

SLB: Mr. Lau, with only Johnny Detson scheduled to compete tonight, one wonders why every member of the Kings of Wrestling are here.

BL: That's your problem, Blackwell. That's everyone's problem. They expend their limited and diminished capacities trying to figure out what the Kings of Wrestling are up to. Haven't you figured it out by now, Blackwell? The Kings of Wrestling are light years ahead of everyone else in this game. You'll never understand our motives, so just stop trying!

But since I know you'll bug me until I give you some answer, here you go.

Tonight, at great expense to myself, I have acquired one of the luxury suites here at the American Airlines Arena. And trust me Blackwell, I've spared no expense. We've got the finest food, the best champagne...

SLB: Instagram models?

BL: Of course! We never go anywhere without proper companionship! And before you ask, no, you are not invited, Blackwell!

[The camera cuts to a despondent Blackwell.]

BL: And tonight, I've brought these fine young gentlemen...

[Lau gestures to Taylor and Donovan.]

BL: So that they can do a bit of scouting of their so-called competition. Teams like The British Bashers, The American Idols, The Northern Lights, the Samoans.

Not that any of these teams really need much scouting. Isn't that right, champs?

[A smirking Wes Taylor takes the offered mic.]

WT: Greetings and salutations, Dallas... from YOUR 2016 Tag Team of the Year!

[Taylor lowers the mic, spreading his arms wide as Donovan looks aside, chin up, posing as the boos pour down.]

WT: Ah, I see. Denial isn't just a river in Egypt, it runs right through the heart of Dallas, Texas too!

[More boos.]

WT: Look, just because we've sent every single one of your favorites running doesn't mean you can't just embrace that greatness that is the Kings of Wrestling!

[Even more boos from the Dallas crowd. Taylor looks a little frustrated.]

SLB: Wes Taylor, I believe these people take umbrage with your statement that the tag team division has been cleaned out! Your man, Lau, here just mentioned a quartet of teams you haven't beaten yet... and he just happened to leave off the team I think just might be the biggest threat to your title reign, Next Gen!

[Donovan chuckles, snatching the mic.]

TD: Next Gen? NEXT GEN?! Those two don't even deserve to hold the name of their team let alone these titles, Blackwell! Who the hell are those two to call themselves the next generation of ANYTHING?! Howie Somers is the nephew of one of the biggest wastes of talent this place has ever seen! And Daniel Harper... well, his mama might be a Hall of Famer to the masses but to the Kings, she's nothing but yesterday's news. But on the other hand... you've got Wes Taylor... the son of the Outlaw... the man born in blood and baptized in violence... and then there's me. Forget about my old man for a minute.

WT: Done... and... done.

TD: And let's talk about my grandfather. "Tough" Tony Donovan. Now THAT was a man, Blackwell. THAT was a top flight professional wrestler. A part of the Beale Street Bullies, the original faction that ruled the roost, made the fan favorites quake in their boots, and bathed in the tears of the fans.

You want to talk about the next generation of pro wrestling?

[Donovan gestures between Taylor and himself.]

TD: You're looking at it.

[A chuckling Lau snatches Blackwell by the wrist, twisting the mic back in front of him.]

BL: Well said, champs. And, Blackwell... you know why Mr. Detson is here. He's here to reclaim a title stolen from him. He's here to right a wrong, and I promise you, Blackwell, there will be a new World Champion by night's end.

SLB: And Brian James?

[The camera cuts to the scowling Engine of Destruction.]

BL: Well, Blackwell, do you want to be the person to tell Brian James he can't be somewhere?

SLB: You make a very good point.

But the real question is this – what have you come to announce? Two weeks ago, you promised a blockbuster announcement. So now's the time, Mr. Lau.

[Lau is all smiles, as he nods his head.]

BL: Oh I've got something to announce, Blackwell. And I promise you, it's big. I know how much the fans hate bait and switches. But a King never disappoints.

And this is a very important announcement. Because this is an announcement that will put an end to all of the fake news out of there. It will show that all of the rumors and innuendo surrounding the Kings of Wrestling is nothing more than the conjecture of people who are not there in the room with the Kings of Wrestling the way I am.

It will prove, once and for all, that the Kings of Wrestling are fine!

SLB: Cut to the chase, Lau.

BL: Get right to it! Is that how you are, Blackwell? I bet your wife must love that.

But very well, I won't make you or any of the mouth breathers out there wait any longer.

For weeks now, I've been in high level negotiations with the FOX Network, explaining to them how important it is for them to showcase the hottest commodities in the AWA. Of course they agreed, but they had to meet my demands, and showcase us in the proper spotlight. And finally, I've secured just that.

[Lau pauses, letting the suspense build as a smile crosses his face.]

BL: Coming up THIS FRIDAY NIGHT... LIVE on prime time network television beamed across the world... the FOX Network will be presenting a very special ALL-STAR SHOWDOWN!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER! Lau nods in agreement.]

BL: Yes. You're welcome. But that's not all. Because the centerpiece of that special is the match the WORLD has been begging for.

[Another pause as the crowd hype grows.]

BL: On one side of the ring... the Kings of Wrestling...

[He gestures to his assembled men.]

BL: ...and on the other?

[A smirk crosses Lau's face.]

BL: THE AXIS OF EVIL!

[HUUUUUUUGE ROAR from the crowd at the idea of that showdown!]

SLB: WHAT?!



BL: You heard me, Blackwell! And on Friday night with the entire world watching, we will PROVE once and for all - that the premier group - not only in the AWA but in the whole of combat sports... is the Kings... of... Wrestling!

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Unbelievable. I've gotta say, Mr. Lau, that IS a huge announcement. But what are we talking about? A singles match? A tag? Who will be representing each group in this matchup?

BL: I'm getting there, Blackwell... stop rushing me.

Representing the Axis will be the man that Juan Vasquez chose when he couldn't get anyone else, Derrick Williams, and Brian James' favorite punching bag, Riley Hunter.

And representing the Kings of Wrestling...

[The grin on Lau's face grows to epic proportions.]

BL: The Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion... the 2016 Battle of Boston tournament winner... the Engine of Destruction... BRIAN JAMES!

[James slams his fist into an open hand, flexing his ample muscles as he glares into the camera.]

BL: And his partner will be the former... and FUTURE... AWA WORLD CHAMPION... JOHNNY DETSON!

[The camera catches the stunned and angry expressions on the faces of James and Detson.]

SLB: You're putting those two men in the ring together?!

BL: The Kings stand together, Blackwell. United!

Don't they?

[Lau gives both men a hard stare.]

BL: You both know what's at stake.

I will NOT be humiliated on live nationwide prime time television. You two need to work together, and let bygones be bygones.

We are the Kings of Wrestling. But what is everyone talking about? They're talking about the Axis. They're talking about Juan Vasquez, when Johnny Detson is about to win, for the second time, a title that Vasquez has NEVER held.

They're talking about MAWAGA, whose main claim to fame is that he can wear a suit!

They're talking about Riley Hunter, whose most notable accomplishment was getting turned into a flippy-floppy grease stain by Brian James at the Battle of Boston.

And they're talking about Derrick Williams! Derrick freaking Williams! The guy who "learned" to wrestle from Kevin Slater, and whose biggest accomplishment is managing to carry all of Vasquez' bags under one arm!

You two have the chance to stop all that talk. You two have the chance, on live television, to prove why you're the Kings of Wrestling and why everyone else is a distant second!

SLB: With a pitch like that, how can you say no, Mr. James.

[James takes Blackwell's in his hand, raising the microphone, but his eyes never leave Detson.]

BL: For the Kings of Wrestling, and for you, Mr. Lau...

[James exhales, but never blinks as he continues to stare a hole into Detson.]

BL: I'm in.

[James releases Blackwell, who then turns to the former World Heavyweight Champion.]

SLB: So what do you say, Mr. Detson?

[Detson strokes his chin a moment, shaking his head.]

JD: What do I say?

[Detson stops and looks at James, locking eyes with the man who arguably cost him the World Title...

...and then quickly looks at Lau, the two sharing a smile.]

JD: How about NO?!

[The crowd reacts to that with a mix of happiness and shock. Lau's smile vanishes in an instant. Detson turns back towards the son of the Blackheart, pointing at him while taking a step back. Wes Taylor visibly slides to the side, edging himself in front of a fuming Brian James.]

JD: You can stare at me all you want, buddy, but this is your fault, YOUR FAULT... and no one else's!

You are the reason... AND THE ONLY REASON... why the AWA World Title isn't around my waist right now!

[Lau tries to interject.]

BL: Johnny, hey... let's talk about-

JD: NO! I'm sick of talking around this issue. There's only one problem here... and that's him!

[Detson points at James again who tries to step forward but Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are blocking his path.]

JD: And the way I see it, James... since you caused this problem... you can SOLVE this problem!

Because at the end of the day, James... you owe me!

Your head got a little too big and it cost me.

[Detson shakes his head and now takes a step closer to James, still pointing at him.]

JD: There's only ONE WAY to make this right, and you know what that is. And after you do the right thing...

[Detson lowers his finger and smiles a huge grin.]

JD: ...I'm all in with the Kings, and I'll wrestle those two chumps into the ground with you... MY BROTHER!

[The sarcasm drips off those last two words as the scowl returns to Detson's face.]

JD: Until then...

[Detson simply flips the microphone to the canvas to a large THUD and walks to the ropes and out of the ring. As Detson departs, Blackwell turns to Lau, but is cut off before he can speak.]

BL: No more, Blackwell! We're done! If anyone wants us, we'll be in the luxury suite!

[And with that, the remaining Kings take their leave.]

GM: Bucky Wilde, a HUGE announcement on the part of Brian Lau and the Kings of Wrestling! All-Star Showdown... LIVE on the FOX Network... coming this Friday night and featuring the Axis vs the Kings in tag team warfare when Hunter and Williams meets James and Detson... but what about the words of Johnny Detson, Bucky?

BW: What about them?

GM: To me, Johnny Detson just made it quite clear that he expects Brian James to interfere in that World Title match later tonight and to hand-deliver the AWA World Title to him!

BW: How in the world would you read that into his comments?

GM: Are you kidding me? It's obvious!

BW: The only thing that's obvious to me is that the Kings are fine and on Friday night, they're gonna prove it, daddy!

GM: Unbelievable. Fans, right now, we're going to take a moment to update you on the condition of young Dylan Harvey. Harvey, of course, made headlines about a month ago when he defeated the monster known as Varag. Draco Romero, Varag's manager was displeased by this and offered Harvey a gift last week in London. Take a look at what happened next...

[We cut to footage marked "Saturday Night Wrestling in London" where Dylan Harvey is angrily addressing Draco Romero in front of a large white paper-wrapped box.]

DH: So, you came out here to make some big gesture. I'm out here to see what garbage you're pulling this time... so why don't you stop wasting all of our time and show me this "gift" so I can toss it in the trash can?

[Romero suddenly steps back, clearing the way as a massive arm comes ripping through the white paper wrapped box, tearing a hole. Harvey looks stunned as an even more massive body follows.]

GM: My stars, it's-

[The body quickly surges towards Harvey, striking hard and fast with a stiff-fingered thrust to the throat that leaves the smaller man gasping. An overhead chop to the side of the head follows, putting Harvey down on his knees as the London crowd gasps in horror.]

GM: IT'S EBOLA ZAIRE! DRACO ROMERO'S BROUGHT EBOLA ZAIRE BACK TO THE AWA!

[Blackwell scurries off the podium, waving an arm towards the locker room as Zaire dips into the front of his baggy pants that barely contain his morbidly obese body. His hand shoots up into the air, gripping an object.]

GM: What does he have there? Is that a fork?!

[Zaire flashes a grin dripping in bloodlust as he swings his arm down, driving the prongs of the fork into Harvey's forehead.]

GM: AHH!

[He brings it down in a stabbing motion again... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Somebody stop this!

[...and again... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: He's carving up Harvey! He's ripping his head apart!

[And with the blood starting to flow, Zaire tightens his grip around Harvey's throat as he digs the fork into the cut forehead, dragging it back and forth, shredding the flesh as blood pours from the wound.]

GM: This is... this is terrible! For the love of- can we get some damn help out here?!

[Zaire throws back his head, his eyes glazed over as Romero lightly applauds from nearby as Harvey slumps to an unconscious mess on the platform, blood pouring from his head.]

GM: Ebola Zaire, the African Madman himself, has returned to the AWA and... well, he's done so in shocking and disgusting fashion.

BW: Now THAT is a monster, Gordo.

GM: No doubt about that... oh no, he's not done!

[Zaire grabs a handful of Harvey's hair, pulling him back up to his knees where he drives the fork into the bloodied head again, digging the prongs in deep as Romero looks on, obviously pleased.]

GM: This is too much. If you can hear me in the truck, dump out of this. Get this off our TV now! Get this-

[Abrupt cut to black...

...and then fade back to live action where Gordon Myers shakes his head with disgust.]

GM: It was a horrifying scene in London and even many days later, it still sickens my stomach to see it unfold. We've received concerned e-mails and Tweets from fans all over the world wanting to know the condition of Dylan Harvey after that vicious assault and I can tell you now that Harvey suffered severe lacerations that had to be sealed with stitches and in one case, staples. We're told that Harvey has not been cleared to compete as of this time - however, he will be back on Saturday Night Wrestling in just about two weeks' time to address what happened to him in London. But right now, let's head back up to the ring for more action!

[Fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest in the AWA Women's Division is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first from Lafayette, Louisiana and making her AWA debut...

"VIOLENT" VIVVY VIOLETTE!!!

["Problem" by Natalie Kills kicks into gear...Vivvy Violette strolls out into view wearing a large black hat, dark shades, a black crop top with black bottoms and mesh netting running down her legs into her black boots. Over all of her get up is a white fur coat, flowing well beneath her hips and tossing from side to side as she struts with some real swagger towards the ring.]

GM: Vivvy Violette making her first appearance on AWA television but I've been told she has made her rounds on the independent circuit and even made a quick appearance in the Combat Corner before being called up to the big time.

BW: No better place to sink or swim than at one of the biggest shows of the year, Gordo. That's what I always say!

GM: I've never heard you say that.

BW: You're not listening hard enough but you better be watching this girl real close, Gordo. Miss Violette comes highly recommended from a certain Mr. Dane and I'm not talking about that choir boy, Jason.

GM: Are you telling me that the Maniac himself sent this girl to the AWA?

BW: Sent? I wouldn't say that, but he sure gave his blessing.

RO: And her opponent... hailing from MONTREAL, CANADA!

[A sizable reaction as "Dukes" by the synth-pop band Repartee kicks in mid-song with the belting voice of Meg Warren ripping across the airwaves.]

#'CAUSE YOU'RE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!#

RO: "THE DREAM GIRL" SKKKKKKKKKKKYLAR SWWWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIFT!!!

#C'mon over and we'll settle it right

Put your dukes up  
'Cause I'm ready to fight

For you

I'll fight for yooooou#

[The Dream Girl bursts through the entrance portal, raising both fists into the air which draws a resounding cheer from from the crowd. Her honey-brown hair is still tied up into a bun with a few errand strands rolling down her cheeks near her baby blue eyes. Skylar Swift is bedazzled to the nines as has become the norm as she makes her way to the ring...she has glistening silver suspenders with little fleur-de-lis symbols running down them over a white crop top with "DREAM GIRL" written across her chest. Her ring trunks are just as shiny, sparkling silver with a blue line down the side that expands as it flares out around her ankles over her black boots.]

#Don't want the pain  
But I'll take it in stride

Put your dukes up  
'Cause I'm ready to fight

For you

I'll fight for yooooou#

[Swift soaks in the cheers from the crowd as she makes her way to the ring. She does her best to slap every little girl's hand who spills over the railing. She pauses for a moment, taking a snapshot with a young girl wearing a "DREAMER" shirt and then hands her the disposable camera as she soars up to the apron, gliding through the ropes and bouncing towards the center of the ring.]

GM: Skylar Swift has been HUNTING down the suspended Charisma Knight –

BW: I'm going to stop you right there Gordo because that's a bit of a lie.

GM: Oh? Do tell.

BW: She's been straight up STALKING Charisma Knight. Following her all over the WORLD. That ain't cute... that's crazy!

GM: By following her all over the world do you mean partaking in the AWA European tour?

BW: You can spin it anyway you want but I believe a restraining order would be in Knight's best interest.

GM: Oh please. Look at Swift... she's the girl next door, the prom queen, the - -

BW: When is the prom queen ever the good girl in the movie? Answer me that!

GM: Nevertheless, Charisma Knight hasn't even been on the European Tour! In fact, she was indefinitely suspended by AWA management pending a full physical AND mental evaluation after her breaking and entering of Fawcett Manor recently.

[Swift stretches her right leg up on the top rope and clasps her hands around the ring ropes as she extends back, stretching her limbs out...

...just as Vivvy Violette races across the ring with and leaps into a sideways body block and SMASHES into the ribs of Swift!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Miss Violette isn't wasting anytime and Skylar Swift seems to always be on the wrong end of before the bell attacks or even before she even makes it to the ring as we saw in the first ever Women's Rumble awhile back.

BW: She'll never learn.

[Violette begins stomping repeatedly on Swift's neck and shoulder area and Swift does her best to shield her head with arms as Davis Warren tries to carefully separate the two. Violette, not caring too much for his efforts, screams out at the official who backs away for a moment before she continues to stomp on Skylar Swift's back!]

BW: This is the sort of attitude and spunk the Women's Division needs, Gordo.

GM: She's flat out ignoring the official's warning!

BW: Some of the men should take notes.

GM: Skylar Swift is moving very slowly, Bucky. I'm not sure if that attack took her by surprise or if she didn't quite bring her A game here tonight.

[Violette lets up for a moment... only to switch from stomping with her right foot to her left and the beatdown continues. Swift wraps her arms around the bottom ropes and tries to pull herself out of the ring but Vivvy Violette has another idea as she shoves half her body through the ropes and begins kicking the back of Swift's head who has to let go over the ropes to protect herself.]

GM: Come on! Get off her!

[Finally, Warren begins a stern count and as he reaches five he nearly has no choice but to call for the bell but the Violent One backs off and back steps away.]

GM: Davis had every right to call for the bell there, Bucky, and there's not a single thing we could have to protest otherwise.

BW: I beg to differ. I would have been very vocal on Twitter shaming him for not being able to control a women's match thirty seconds into it.

GM: The crazy part is you'd think this match had been going on for ten minutes by the look on Swift's face. She looks exhausted. Maybe it's jet lag... maybe it's something else... but she needs to get her head into this match before Vivvy Violette pulls off the upset of the night thus far.

[Violette, breathing heavily, backs off for a moment and Swift tries to regain her composure and really struggles just to get up to one knee. As she does so, Violette sprints towards her, ducks under the flailing arms of the official and connects with a basement style drop-kick right into the ribs of Swift who flattens back out half way out of the ring.]

GM: Violette finds the mark with that dropkick and again, she's not done attacking Swift who is down on the mat!

[Violette, now grabbing the bottom rope, begins alternating left and right machine gun like kicks into her chest and inch by inch trying to force her out of the ring. Warren begins the count once again and this time he gets to four and fearing the safety of Swift PRIES Vivvy Violette off of Skylar Swift. She begins kicking the air and screaming as he pulls her back.]

BW: He can't lay his hand on the talent!

GM: I think it was a matter of safety there, Bucky.

BW: I think it was a matter of playing favorites.

[The official really lays into Violette who just sort of smiles and holds her hands out in a “Who, me?” manner. He redirects his attention back towards Swift who tries to pull herself up. The official begins asking her if she’s alright to continue. Meanwhile...]

GM: Is she...?

BW: I believe Miss Violette is taking off her right boot.

[As Davis checks on Swift, Vivvy Violette, boot in hand, runs towards her opponent and lets out a screeching war cry as she rears back and launches her boot...

...and it connects square into the jaw of Swift...

...and knocks her from the apron to the floor!]

GM: MY GOD! This girl is nuts! She should be disqualified!

BW: For what?!

GM: She... I mean... she attacked her with a boot!

BW: It was HER boot, Gordo. How is that worse than kicking someone while wearing it?!

GM: I – I... it can’t be allowed!

BW: Well, whatever. The referee didn’t see it so that’s all that matters.

[Swift, now on the floor, holds onto her jaw while Davis Warren begins questioning Vivvy Violette who does the only thing she can really do as a peace offering...

...she hands the official her other boot.

Davis Warren stares at the object in his hands and that’s the only opening Vivvy Violette needs to charge forward... lunge through the ropes... and torpedo herself towards Skylar Swift on the outside!]

GM: VIVVY VIOLETTE IS AIRBORNE!!!

[At the last moment Skylar bends her limber frame back, planting her hands on the ground and Vivvy Violette SMASHES into the railing on the outside!]

GM: SWIFT CHANNELING NEO WITH THAT MATRIX-LIKE EVASION!

BW: I’m absolutely stunned... stunned that you’re aware of that reference.

[Violette winces in pain, clutching onto her shoulder, as Skylar Swift is finally able to stand up for the first time since the match started and gather her bearings. She looks up at Davis Warren with her hands out at her side and he just sort of shrugs and motions for the match to continue. Swift turns back towards the now bootless Vivvy Violette and drags her up to her feet.]

GM: I think my instincts are spot on, Bucky. Swift was almost begging for Davis Warren to call the match and bail her out. Her head isn’t in it tonight, Bucky... she needs to buckle down, get it together, and end this thing quickly which may not be an easy task as Violette has another idea on her agenda.

[Swift, letting out a big exhale, does her best to shove Vivvy Violette up onto the apron and shove her slowly into the ring.]



GM: Swift has amazingly recovered from that initial assault and she has quickly realized she's not exactly in a wrestling match, Bucky. She's in the middle of, I don't even know... a street fight?

BW: More like a prison fight.

[Swift climbs up on the outside of the turnbuckle and perches herself up top. She patiently awaits for Violette to gain some composure and just as she begins to stand up Swift LEAPS from the top...

...and snares her legs around the neck of Violette and spins around her before launching her into the corner!]

GM: Picture perfect headscissors from the top rope by Swift! She may not be throwing boots but her technique is near flawless!

BW: There's only one Flawless athlete in the AWA, Gordo. It ain't her.

[Violette, hunched in the corner, gets her up for just a moment as an on-coming Sklar Swift dashes towards her and lunges into the air with her knees aimed at the helpless Vivvy Violette, and DRIVES both tucked knees into the head of Violette, smashing her in the corner to a roar from the Dallas crowd!]

GM: What impact! A beautiful double knee smash from the Dream Girl!

[Swift, now perched in a fighting stance a couple feet away from Vivvy Violette who pulls herself up to her knees, begins launching an assault of rapid fire kicks into the chest, shoulders, and ribs of Violette whose body begins bouncing around like a pinball.]

GM: SWIFT KICK PARTY! MY STARS, BUCKY... THESE STRIKES ARE LIGHTNING FAST...

[Violette can't even seem to summon the strength to lift her arms up to protect herself and Davis Warren sets to step in and break up the onslaught but an eerie and downright creepy smile from Violette stops him and Swift dead in their tracks.]

GM: Is she -- smiling?!

BW: She's definitely a Morgan Dane protégé.

[Swift, not letting it rattle her, bounces back a step before leaping forward...]

GM: SUPERKICK!

[...and SMACKS her heel into the jaw of Violette who bounces off the buckles so hard that it propels her up to her feet!]

GM: SWIFT BACK ON THE ATTACK!

[Swift winds up, launching her body around 360 degrees.]

GM: BEAUTIFUL DREAMER AND IT CONNECTS! SWIFT DRILLS HER WITH THAT TORNADO ROUNDHOUSE KICK! THE COVER!

ONE! TWO! THREE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What a comeback by the Dream Girl!

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.

RO: HERE IS YOUR WINNER...

"THE DREAM GIRL!" SKYYYYYYLAR SWIIIIIIIIIIIFT!!!

GM: The Violent One, Vivvy Violette, came with a master plan of sorts tonight, Bucky, and it nearly paid off. She brought the intensity...she brought boots and proceeded to throw one at Skylar Swift...but in the end it wasn't enough as the Dream Girl continued her winning ways and picked up a big win here at Homecoming.

[Swift, mic in hand, breathes heavily as she leans against the ropes, her eyes darting around the arena as the camera cuts in close on her. She uses her entire arm to push errant hair away from her eyes as she finally engages with the hard camera locked on her.]

SS: That was...

[She takes another HUGE breath...her chest pushing out as she inhales and diving back in as she lets it out.]

SS: I can't even explain it. The match...

[Her eyes tighten, she shakes her head.]

SS: My life. There's someone... or something... I'm not even sure really. It's not an excuse for what happened out here tonight. I won. It wasn't my best. It's not what I expect of myself but this past week...

[Her eyes dart around again.]

SS: There was someone at my house.

I know it.

Things are...

[She looks over her shoulder.]

SS: ...not the same.

Someone is...

[She nervously pans over the crowd.]

SS: ...watching.

There!

[She points out... her body freezing. Even the crowd turns towards where she is pointing.]

SS: Do you see it? Do you... hear it?

The music.

[It's silent. Dead silent. The crowd is flat, still even. There's nothing. No music. No sounds at all.]

SS: It's so clear. It's... everywhere. Everywhere I go I hear it. Shhhhh.

[She raises a hand and lowers it as if to silence the audience that is already silent.]

SS [whispering]: I hear it.

GM: Bucky...

BW: Wait.

SS [loud] SHE'S here!

[Suddenly, Swift drops the mic and ducks under the ropes. She nervously looks around as she plants her feet on the floor. She storms back down the aisle as the crowd begins to stir, looking around confused.]

GM: Fans, I'm not sure what that's about at all. We'd all heard the news about someone breaking into Skylar's house this week... apparently it has her more rattled than we knew. But... well, what's all that about with the music?

BW: The only music I hear is the fat lady singing for Jack Lynch's title reign!

GM: Give me a break. This is a serious situation, Bucky, and... well, I hope Skylar Swift was on her way back to the locker room to talk to someone... anyone... about what's going on with her. Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back with more AWA action right here at Homecoming so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

Open to a wide shot of former AWA tag team champion, City Jack, in front of a green-screened "A" and some swirly designs. Jack's wearing a "Bluegrass Kentucky Fed" t-shirt, jeans, and black knee brace. Beside him on the screen are the following words:

Knee Pain?

Back Pain?

Call Toll Free! 800.555.1548!]

CJ: Hey my wrestlin' family, ol' City Jack here to let you all in on a little somethin' special!

[Jack, very excitedly, pumps his fists.]

CJ: Have any ya'll had some pain recently? You know, in them there knees?

[Jack points to the knee-braced knee.]

CJ: Or maybe that back of yours been hurtin' after slavin' away so long on the docks, right?

[Jack flashes a smile as he lifts up his t-shirt a bit to show a back brace that's straining against his girth.]

CJ: Well this ol' sob says don't let it get ya! You call this here number?

[Jack thumbs over to his left where the 800 number is.]

CJ: And you tell 'em you got some pain, but ol' Doctor CJ sent ya to get some RELIEF! And my friends here at the Medical Warnin' Center will send ya some good stuff to cure what ails ya! And hey!

[Jack wags his finger over for the camera to close in, like Jack's got a secret to tell.]

CJ: Ya got Medicare? Well, got some good news cause all them relief? My friends could get ya a brace for just some pennies or even no cash needed! Just like me!

[Jack points to both braces that he wears.]

CJ: So make the call, will ya? It's just a couple numbers on ya cell phone - 1-800-555-1548! And hey, tell 'em City Jack sent ya!

[Jack winks at the camera before the shot fades...

...and then fades back up to the interior of one of American Airlines' luxury suites. The sounds of debauchery are in full effect. From loud voices to clinking glasses to the giggles of Instagram Models. But one person doesn't seem to have joined in the revelry. In a corner of the room is Brian James. James is in front of a small, twelve-inch-high bench, which he is constantly stepping onto and off of. James has already worked up quite a sweat as he engages in the step test, ignoring the world around him. As the camera concentrates on him, a voice calls to him from off camera.]

"Brian. We've got to talk!"

[With those words, Brian Lau steps into the frame.]

BL: I know you heard what Johnny said tonight. So now, you've got to make a choice. Where do you stand?

[James stops and turns around, using his hand to wipe the sweat out of his eyes, flicking his fingers to send the perspiration flying.]

BJ: Where I've always stood. You know that. You know how I feel about family. How I feel about my brothers. I stand behind them, through everything.

Anything Wes or Tony asks for? They know they can rely on me.

BL: And Johnny? Is he family?

BJ: He's a King...

[Lau lets out an exasperated sound.]

BL: That isn't an answer, and you know it!

BJ: It's the only answer I'm giving.

BL: What about tonight? What about what Johnny said?

BJ: What about it?

[Another irritated sound passes Lau's lips.]

BL: Don't do this, Brian! I came out of retirement for you! I helped out Wes and Tony for you. I formed the Kings of Wrestling with Detson for you! You're the lynchpin of all this. And we're so close! We could have everything.

All you have to do is hold steady. All you have to do is-

BJ: You say hold the line and we're going to have trouble.

BL: Are you kidding me? I'd never say something that stupid.

But you know how important this is. You know what tonight means. You know what it will mean when you and Johnny crush the Axis at All-Star Showdown. Can you do that? Can you step up and be a King?

BJ: I will always be a king. And I will always stand by my brothers.

BL: Again, that's not an answer!

BJ: It's the answer you're getting. And now, my heart rate is slowing.

[James returns to the ceaseless stepping, ignoring Lau.]

BL: Fine, you won't listen to me, I'll find someone you will listen to!

[Lau storms out of sight as we fade back down to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma... weighing 199 pounds... Johnny Laredo!

[The crowd jeers the fake-looking cowboy as he tips his cowboy hat to the crowd before "firing" a finger gun and blowing on the barrel.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights cut out to black. The crowd buzzes with anticipation, waiting to see 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"

[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.]

RO: From DEEEEEEEEEEE-troit, Michigan... weighing in at 285 pounds...

MAAAAAAAAAAAAAASONNNNNNNNNNN!

[The enigmatic powerhouse climbs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to enter the ring.]

GM: And we now pause for the Bucky Wilde Silent Section of the show. Isn't that right, Bucky?

BW: ...

GM: For those who've missed it, my esteemed colleague here has sworn NOT to speak during a Mason match until Mason steps it up to the next level of competition. Did I get that right, Bucky?

BW: ...

GM: You know, the only thing stronger than Bucky's adherence to this self-imposed silence is his love for the Lynch family. Right, Buckthorn?

BW: Gord-

[Bucky suddenly goes silent again with a growl. Gordon chuckles as the undefeated Mason gets ready for action.]

GM: Mason stepping in. Unbeaten in his time here in the AWA, he's mowed through everyone that he's come in contact with to date.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds and Mason springs out of the corner like a hungry predator, surging towards Johnny Laredo. Laredo throws himself into a front roll, ducking under a wild right hand from Mason. Laredo pops up, grinning as he points to his temple...

...and then turns around into a massive clothesline that flips him inside out before dumping him on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: What a clothesline out of Mason! And Johnny Laredo may be finished already!

[With Laredo struggling to get up off the mat, Mason pulls Laredo up to his feet, effortlessly flinging him across the ring. As Laredo stumbles back, Mason scoops him up, pressing him high overhead...]

GM: Military press! Look at the power!

[The Texas crowd roars for Mason’s show of strength as he lowers Laredo so that his stomach touches the top of Mason’s head... and then presses him right back up before stepping forward, allowing Laredo to plummet downwards and crash facefirst off the canvas!]

GM: Faceful of canvas for Johnny Laredo and Mason looks like he might be moving in for the kill already. Anything to add, Bucky?

BW: ...

[Mason snatches Laredo by the flailing arm, yanking him so hard to his feet that he might’ve pulled the arm out of socket. The undefeated fighter from the Motor City turns to look at the camera, intensity evident in his every movement.]

“GAME... OVER!”

[Mason snatches Laredo in a front facelock. He pauses, looking out at the crowd who roars in response...

...and then hoists the Oklahoma native up into the air, holding him straight up and down for a vertical suplex...

Holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...]

GM: Look at the power!

[...and then finally swings him out, letting go and standing tall as he HURLS him down in a ring-rattling powerbomb!]

GM: DEVASTATION! It’s over, fans!

[Mason dives across the torso of Laredo, nodding his head along with the referee’s count of one... two... and three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Mason pushes up off the mat, a focused expression on his face. The referee goes to lift his hand but Mason storms past him, ducking through the ropes, dropping down to the floor.]

GM: Well, we're used to him having no time for the announcers but apparently Mason also has no time for the referee here tonight as he... what's this about?

[Mason approaches the ringside barricade...

...and locks his eyes on the empty seats reserved for Casey James and Tiger Claw.]

GM: Oho! Well, this just got interesting.

[Mason stands there, staring at the empty seats for a few moments as the fans cheer the implication. With a nod, Mason turns away, heading towards the aisle.]

GM: I don't know what that's all about exactly, fans, but that certainly has piqued my interest. Mason remains undefeated here at Homecoming and maybe... just maybe... he's got his eyes on elevating the level of opposition like you're hoping for, Bucky.

BW: It's about time.

GM: Ahh, silence WAS golden.

BW: HEY!

GM: Fans, we'll be right back with more of Homecoming here LIVE on The X!

[Fade to black...

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

"DEAD END" EVANS: "You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else."

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: "You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you."



"For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century."

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH "THE SHERIFF" COLTON: "What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that."

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: "We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!"

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: "What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever."

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of a ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] "Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!"

"Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at [AWAshop.com](http://AWAshop.com)."

[Fade to black...]

...and then back up on a nearly abandoned locker room. It's a peaceful scene as former World Champion Dave Bryant sits on a bench, wrapping white tape around his wrist.]

DB: There comes a time in every man's life when he realizes his days in being an athlete... of competing in sports... is over. It's a day when the aches and pains are too much to bear. A day when the THOUGHT of jumping off the ropes makes you hurt.

For me, it's a day when throwing a superkick sends a jolt of pain through your knee.

A day that that man will never forget.

[Bryant shrugs.]

DB: But unfortunately for you, Larry Wallace... today's not that day. Today is a very different day. Today is a day when the entire world remembers just who in the hell Dave Bryant is. And Larry Wallace, in case you've forgotten, I think it's time to remind you too.

Dave Bryant is a former World Champion... two-time World Champion to be exact.

[He holds up two fingers.]

DB: Dave Bryant is a guy who beat Juan Vasquez and Supreme Wright in the same tournament.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: Dave Bryant is guy who should be retired by now but came back for one more run and never left because he realized just how damn good he's always been,

Dave Bryant might... just might be... a future Hall of Famer.

And tonight, Wallace... Dave Bryant is the guy who is going to superkick your pretty teeth right out of your big mouth and leave you laying as Rebecca Ortiz calls MY name as the winner.

[Bryant snaps off the white tape, slapping it down on his wrist as he gets to his feet.]

DB: Today is that day, Wallace... and you'll never forget it.

[Fade through black out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The PA comes to life.]

"ABSOLUTELY FLAWLESS!"

[And as V.I.C.'s "Flawless" kicks in, the Dallas crowd erupts into jeers.]

RO: From Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at 233 pounds...

"FLAWWWWWWLESSSSSSSSSS"

LARRRRRRYYYYYY

WALLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAAACE!"

[The jeers get louder as Larry Wallace strides through the curtain in a pair of purple trunks with white boots. A sparking purple and silver cape hangs around Wallace's neck, fastened with a silver chain. Some purple-tinted sunglasses round out the ensemble as he strides down the aisle with purpose.]

GM: "Flawless" Larry Wallace heading down to the ring, looking to turn 2016 back in his favor. Things truly haven't been going his way so far this year, Bucky.

BW: Not at all... but a win over Dave Bryant, a former AWA World Champion, would certainly turn things around in a hurry.

[Wallace reaches the ring, ducking through the ropes and going into a spin that makes his cape twirl around him as the crowd continues to jeer.]

GM: Wallace, the second-generation star, takes the ring and now settles back into the corner to await the arrival of his opponent.

[The Flawless One unhooks his cape, tossing it over the ropes to a ringside attendant. He removes his sunglasses as well, hopping up and down in the corner in an attempt to stay loose.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[“Bad Seed” by Metallica comes grinding over the PA system to the American Airlines Arena as the fans rise to their feet to pay tribute to the man about to walk through the curtain.]

RO: From Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 228 pounds... he is a TWO-TIME former AWA WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMPION...

He is the DOCTOR OF LOOOOOOOOOVVVVVE...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE  
BRYYYYYYYYYYYYANNNNNNNNNNT!

[The cheers intensify as the former World Champion strides through the curtain, a huge grin on his face.]

GM: My stars, it is good to see Dave Bryant back in action and listen to the reaction from these fans for him!

[Bryant soaks up the standing ovation, looking out from the top of the aisle in his deep blue sequined and feathered robe with “Doctor of Love” scrawled in silver across the back. He grins with a nod to the crowd again before making his way down the aisle.]

GM: The Doctor of Love, the former World Champion and perhaps future Hall of Famer, heading towards the ring where Larry Wallace is waiting for him. And to think, Bucky, this all goes back over a year ago.

BW: It was Dave Bryant’s feud with Demetrius Lake and Hamilton Graham that started us down this path. Graham, of course, helped Lake put Bryant on the shelf for months and then went on to manage Larry Wallace. So, when Bryant returned to the AWA earlier this year, he went after Graham and Wallace... putting Graham on the shelf in response. And that brings us here to Homecoming.

GM: Homecoming is always the kickoff to SuperClash season, Bucky, and you have to think that the outcome of this one could have a major impact on what comes next for both of these men on the road to New Orleans.

[Bryant scales the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes, keeping his eyes on the always-opportunistic Wallace. Wallace smirks at Bryant as the veteran sheds his robe, dropping it over the top to a ringside attendant. Referee Ricky Longfellow steps out to the middle, waving the two men to mid-ring.]

GM: The official wants some final words from both of these competitors.

[The two combatants meet in the middle, listening as the official runs down the rules...

...and when he calls for them to shake hands, Wallace reaches out to pieface Bryant a few steps back!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[A smirking Wallace steps forward...

...and Bryant pops up, opening his hand and letting it fly.]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: OHHH!

[Wallace recoils from being slapped...

...and then as the bell sounds, he throws himself into a double-leg takedown, sweeping Bryant's legs out from under him, taking him down to the canvas.]

GM: Wallace with the takedown! Here we go!

[Wallace pounds away on Bryant, pistoning his fist into the side of the former World Champion's head...

...and then suddenly, Bryant flips it over to a huge reaction, going to work with his own right hand!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! This one's not going to be pretty, fans!

[Bryant pounds on Wallace for a few moments as the official counts. At the count of four, Bryant comes to his feet, holding Wallace by the hair...

...and then tears across the ring, slamming Wallace headfirst into the top turnbuckle. Wallace sails backwards through the air, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my!

[Wallace grabs at his head as he gets up off the mat, staggering in a circle near the ropes...

...where Bryant sends him sailing over the top rope with a clothesline, dumping him out on the floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WALLACE GOES DOWN HARD TO THE FLOOR!

BW: You gotta be kidding me! This can't be what Larry Wallace had in mind, Gordo!

GM: Absolutely not. Bryant pummels Wallace from pillar to post at the outset of this one and... wait a second! He's going out after him!

BW: Bryant's no stranger to bending the rules out on the floor, Gordo.

GM: He pulls Wallace up and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: Bryant FIRES him into the ringside steel steps! Oh my!

[Peeling Wallace off the floor, Bryant uses his grip on the hair to rocket him back under the ropes. He grabs the middle rope, climbing up on the apron as Wallace scrambles up, rushing the ropes...

...but Bryant sidesteps, swinging his knee up between the ropes to catch the incoming Wallace in the midsection!]

GM: Bryant goes downstairs!

[Bryant grabs Wallace by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Bryant's looking for the suplex!

BW: What?! A suplex to the floor?!

[Bryant slings Wallace's arm over his neck, setting up for the suplex...]

GM: He's going to try and break Wallace in half right here!

[The crowd is on their feet, buzzing with anticipation as Bryant attempts to suplex Wallace over the top rope.]

GM: Bryant's trying for it! He's trying to get him up!

[But at the peak of the lift, Wallace's flailing limbs force Bryant to set him down on the ring apron.]

GM: Oh! Both men out on the apron now!

[Bryant throws a pair of right hands, stunning Wallace out on the apron. He buries a boot into the midsection, snatching another front facelock.]

GM: He's going for it again!

[Bryant again lifts Wallace off the mat, trying to suplex him onto the ring apron!]

GM: Wallace is up and-

[A well-timed knee to the noggin forces Bryant to put Wallace down... all the way down in fact to the floor where Wallace reaches out, snatching Bryant by the ankles, and YANKS hard!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The off-balance Bryant topples backwards, the back of his head and... well, back... smashing down into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Good grief!

[Bryant howls in pain as Wallace slides along the torso, smashing his forearm down repeatedly into the Doctor of Love's sternum.]

GM: Bryant is down and Wallace is going to town on him!

[Wallace snatches the veteran by the hair, dragging him off the apron by it.]

GM: Wallace... what's he-?!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SCOOP AND A SLAM OUT ON THE FLOOR! MY STARS!

[Wallace sneers at the nearby cameraman, shoving him aside with a "GET OUT OF MY WAY!" before stomping Bryant once... twice... three times. He drags him up off the mat, wrapping his arms around the torso...

...and DRIVING the lower back into the edge of the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wallace continuing to target the lower back of Dave Bryant after that hard fall on the apron!

BW: Smart move. Take the veteran's mobility out and he's going to be an easy target for the BEST... DAMN... DROPKICK... IN THE WORLD!

[Wallace shoves Bryant under the ropes back inside the ring. He rolls himself back in as well, crawling into a pin attempt.]

GM: One... two... but that's all.

[Wallace swings a leg over Bryant's torso, pinning him down as he snatches a handful of hair.]

GM: The son of Battlin' Burt Wallace putting his father's fisticuffs to good use here, battering the skull of Dave Bryant.

BW: You know, I saw Battlin' Burt recently.

GM: Oh?

BW: Still looks like an upside down bowling pin.

GM: Don't let him hear you say that. I've grown rather fond of you over the years.

[At the four count, Wallace rises to his feet, reaching down to pull Bryant off the canvas. He shoves him into the ropes where Bryant's chest hits, bouncing back into a short forearm shank into the lower back!]

GM: Wallace again to the lower back and-

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Wallace drops down to a knee, yanking Bryant down across his own knee!]

GM: Hairpull backbreaker! Unusual offense right there!

[Wallace plants his palm on Bryant's chin, using the other arm to hold down the legs as he bends the back across his knee.]

GM: Stretching out Bryant, bending that spine, causing an extraordinary amount of pain to shoot through the lower back!

[Bryant cries out a few times but refuses to give up before Wallace angrily shoves him off his knee to the canvas.]

GM: Wallace back on his feet, slowly walking around the ring, considering his next plan of attack.

BW: He should stay on him. If you can't think of anything else, just kick him... stomp him... punch him... waffle him with a chair!

GM: Bucky!

BW: Okay, maybe not that one. You want the winner's paycheck.

[Wallace circles Bryant, waiting until the Doctor of Love starts to climb to his feet off the canvas...

...and then slams a double axehandle down into the lower back, putting Bryant down on all fours!]

GM: Wallace hammering away!

[Two more hammer blows land, leaving Bryant down on all fours as Wallace steps over him, reaching down to secure a chinlock.]

GM: Modified camel clutch being locked in here by Wallace!

[Wallace pulls back on Bryant's neck, shouting "ASK HIM!" to the official who obliges.]

GM: Bryant refusing to give up despite that camel clutch continuing to do damage.

BW: Well, it's no Sultan Azam Sharif, Gordo, but it's sunk in well. If he keeps it on, Bryant may have no choice but to call it quits.

[Wallace yanks back again, again asking the official to check for a submission.]

GM: Wallace again trying to get Bryant to quit but no dice.

[With Bryant down on all fours, Wallace suddenly breaks the hold, leaping into the air, driving his butt down into the small of Bryant's back.]

GM: Ohh! And Wallace breaks down Bryant!

[Wallace stands over Bryant, watching as the former World Champion tries to push up to all fours again...

...and then leaps high in the sky, dropping all of his weight down on the lower back a second time!]

GM: Again down on the lower back!

[Wallace smirks at the reaction of the crowd, looking out at the jeering Dallas fans as he holds up a finger with a loud "ONE MORE?" He asks two sides of the arena as he waits for Bryant to push up again...]

GM: Wallace watching and waiting...

[The Flawless One leaps up for a third time...

...just as Dave Bryant flips over to his back, raising both legs into the air and causing Wallace to crash groin-first down on the raised shins!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Wallace grimaces, sliding backwards to sit on the canvas, clutching his groin as Bryant rolls to his knees, pushing up off the canvas. With a grin, he dashes to the ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Leaping forearm smash! Right to the mouth!

[And this time, it's Bryant's turn to take the mount, battering Wallace with right hands to the skull!]

GM: And the Doctor of Love is all over Larry Wallace!

[Bryant comes up off the canvas, giving a shout to the roaring crowd as Wallace reels on the canvas. The Doctor of Love grabs him by the hair, pulling him to his feet where he lifts him up over his shoulder...]

GM: INVERTED ATOMIC DROP!

BW: The Flawless One is going to need to cancel his post-match plans!

[Bryant backs into the ropes, bouncing back with a running clothesline that takes Wallace down to the canvas. The Flawless One staggers up and gets dropped by a second clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline after clothesline has Larry Wallace in a bad way, rolling under the ropes to the floor...

[Wallace rolls to the outside, falling to a knee as Bryant approaches the ropes, grabbing the top with both hands...]

GM: Look at this! Bryant's going for broke here in Dallas!

[...and slingshots over the top, flying through the air, and coming down on top of Wallace with a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But almost immediately, Bryant reaches down to grab his right knee, howling in pain as he does. Referee Ricky Longfellow instantly slides under the ropes, rushing to kneel down next to Bryant. He reaches out, grabbing Bryant by the hand as the shot cuts away to the front row of ringside fans, cheering and screaming for the big dive without realizing what happened.]

GM: Bryant... fans, I think Dave Bryant might be seriously hurt!

BW: It's the knee, Gordo. Something happened to the knee on that dive.

GM: A dangerous move for any competitor to attempt but when you consider the age and injury history of Dave Bryant, the risk only multiples. He hit it... he definitely hit it... but he also came up holding his knee in pain. The official is out here checking on him but...

[Pushing up to a knee, Bryant shoves a protesting official away. He grimaces, trying to avoid putting weight on the right leg as he moves towards Wallace who has crawled over towards the ringside barricade. Bryant approaches the railing where a pair of young fans shout his name as he leans down, pulling Wallace off the floor, smashing his head into the steel railing as an elderly fan shouts at him.]

GM: Bryant pulling Wallace towards the ring, shoving him under the bottom rope.

[The Doctor of Love rolls under the bottom rope, using the ropes to pull himself up to his feet. Wallace is still down on the canvas as Bryant stands, looking towards him as the official moves to check on Wallace...]

GM: What is- Larry Wallace grabs the ref! He's got the referee tied up and-

[Suddenly, the elderly fan comes climbing over the railing...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Wielding a metal crutch, the man winds up and takes a full force swing, driving the crutch into the back of Bryant's right leg!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



GM: OH MY STARS!

[Bryant crumples to the canvas, screaming in pain as the elderly fan ducks down below the sightline of the ring apron, leaving a confused Ricky Longfellow to look around puzzled as Wallace lets him go. Wallace scrambles to his feet, rushing across the ring where he grabs Bryant by the right ankle, dragging him out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Wallace pulls him to the center! Who in the heck was that, Bucky?!

BW: I don't-

[The camera shot changes to reveal the "elderly fan" out on the floor, desperately trying to shield his face from the camera.]

BW: I can't tell who it is, Gordo.

GM: Neither can I but whoever it is, he has turned this match around as Wallace is figure-fourling the legs with his arms and... what's this?!

[Flipping Bryant onto his stomach, Wallace uses his arms to apply pressure to the inverted Texas Cloverleaf, pushing down hard on the injured right knee. Bryant howls in pain, clawing at the canvas.]

GM: I've never seen this out of Larry Wallace as far as I can recall, Bucky.

BW: Me neither but I know someone who knows this hold very well! This is The Supremacy! This is one of Supreme Wright's signature submission holds!

GM: And we all remember that Wallace was once a part of Team Supreme! There's no doubt who taught him this hold and it's expertly applied as Bryant screams and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's over!

[The crowd roars with disappointment at the sound of the bell... but that reaction quickly turns to anger as Wallace refuses to release the hold!]

GM: Wallace is hanging on to the Supremacy! He's not letting go!

BW: Wallace is going to make Bryant pay for everything he's done!

GM: Come on, referee! Come on!

[After a few more moments, Wallace lets go of the hold, leaving a pain-ravaged Bryant down on the canvas. The Flawless One looks down with disdain on him...

...and then breaks into a smile at the sight of the "elderly fan" inside the ring with him, bent crutch in hand.]

GM: What in the world just happened, fans?! What in the-

[Suddenly, the "elderly fan" reaches up, yanking his white beard and wig off...]

GM: That's no fan! That's-

[Yes it is.]

GM: That's Hamilton Graham! Damn it!

[A smirking Graham dives into an embrace with Larry Wallace.]

BW: Yes! What a reunion, Gordo! What a reunion!

[Graham looks down at Bryant, shouting angrily.]

"After everything you've taken away from me... now I'm taking away everything from you!"

[Graham raises the steel crutch over his head, swinging it down on Bryant's knee once... twice... three times as the official steps in, forcing Graham to back off!]

GM: Come on, damn it! There's no call for this! There's no call for any of this!

[Wallace snatches the legs of Bryant again, folding them up a second time as he reapplies the Supremacy!]

GM: Wallace locks it in again! The referee- damn it! Graham's holding the referee!

[With the former World Champion holding Ricky Longfellow around the waist, preventing him from intervening, Wallace continues to torture the damaged knee of Dave Bryant who is absolutely screaming in pain...

...when suddenly, the crowd breaks into cheers!]

GM: JORDAN OHARA! THE PHOENIX IS COMING!

[The Phoenix comes tearing down the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring. Hamilton Graham shoves the official towards Ohara, using the distraction to bail from the ring. Larry Wallace also rolls from the ring, leaving Ohara standing over Bryant but without anyone to attack.]

GM: Jordan Ohara clears the ring and... this is a bad scene, fans. He got there but I don't know if he got there in time.

[Ohara kneels down next to the writhing-in-pain Bryant, placing his hand on the veteran's shoulder as AWA medics come charging down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Fans, Dave Bryant is in a bad way on the mat... and... well, I'm no doctor so I don't know the extent of his injury but I can only say that things look very, very bad for him right now. Very bad indeed. We'll be right back.

[Ohara keeps by Bryant's side as the medical team hits the ring, a gloating Wallace and Graham retreating back up the aisle as we fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and fade back up on the ring in the middle of the American Airlines Arena. In the center of the squared circle stands Doctor Harrison Fawcett dressed in a completely white three piece suit, the only splashes of color being a blood red necktie and handkerchief folded neatly in the left breast pocket and the "bodyguard" for the Kings of Wrestling, Shane Taylor. Taylor, as always, is in a pair of ratty, stained cut-off blue jeans that have been turned into shorts and a tanktop that used to be white. He's carrying a steel chair in his hands and looks quite pleased with himself.]

"D"HF: Ladies and gentlemen... I present to you the man who took care of Kings of Wrestling business in jolly ol' England... Shane Taylor.

[Taylor lifts the chair over his head to jeers from the crowd.]

"D"HF: Brian Lau and I had a public discussion - as you saw - over the fate of Cody Mertz. Mr. Mertz, you see... has been a thorn in the side of the Kings of Wrestling since his return. At every opportunity, he's expressed his anger towards Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan over their actions at the start of the year that left the AWA sans Air Strike. He's told the world that he wants a piece of the Kings of Wrestling... that he wants a piece of Taylor and Donovan.

But that particular showdown wasn't in the cards.

[The crowd jeers.]

"D"HF: It's simple mathematics really. Johnny Detson has no time for Cody Mertz because he's one win away from being the World Champion again... and when that happens, Cody Mertz is nowhere near the list of top contenders to that throne. Brian James has no time for Cody Mertz either because he's the Battle of Boston winner and can't be bothered with the whims of the meek and pathetic.

[More boos pour down on Fawcett.]

"D"HF: Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are too busy clearing out the AWA Tag Team Division and proving to the world why they were declared the 2016 Tag Team of the Year before the year even began. Now if Mr. Mertz could locate his better half and bring him back from Japan, perhaps then he'd be of interest to the World Tag Team Champions but flying solo... well, that bird will not catch the prey it seeks.

[A sneer on Fawcett's face tells his disdain for Mertz.]

"D"HF: And with all that business on the plates of the Kings of Wrestling, Brian Lau certainly has no time for the likes of Cody Mertz. So, he delegated that authority to me... and I take on the task with great honor and focus.

Mr. Mertz, you refused the easy way. I offered you money beyond your dreams and you threw it back in my face.

So, we move on to... the hard way...

[Fawcett gestures to Shane Taylor who soaks up the jeers with a grin.]

"D"HF: Shane Taylor came to me and said, "I want an opportunity to prove that I belong with the Kings of Wrestling." And never let it be said that I - Doctor Harrison Fawcett - am not a man of opportunity.

So, Mr. Taylor was given his opportunity...

[Fawcett grins.]

"D"HF: ...and he made the most of it.

[Fawcett hands over the mic to Shane Taylor.]

ST: For months now, I've gotten the e-mails... I've gotten the Tweets... "where ya been, Shane?" Well, I've been sittin' on the sidelines to tell the truth because the men whose backs I'm supposed to have don't trust me. They don't trust me to be there when it matters! They don't trust me to be there when it counts!

I was the winner of the very first Steal The Spotlight this company ever had!

And still, people look at me as the Outlaw's kid brother who never amounted to nothin'. They look at me as the guy whose nephew had to beg to get him a job.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

ST: Nah, that's not good enough for me. In this life, you only get one go-around so you gotta make it count... and yeah, maybe I wasted my glory days on cheap booze and cheaper women... but I ain't done yet. And that means that if I'm gonna be more than a footnote in history, I gotta seize every chance that comes my way.

In London, I seized my chance.... and when I went upside Cody Mertz with this steel chair...

[Taylor grins.]

ST: ...a whole new world opened up in front of me. Maybe I can be in the next Steal The Spotlight! Maybe I can challenge for a title here! Maybe I can still be somebody in this thing! Maybe I can be a full-fledged member of the Kings and not just the flunkie who gets the liquor and the girls for the boys.

One swing of the chair... CRACK!... and I was born anew. One swing of the chair and-

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS in cheers as Cody Mertz comes sprinting through the curtain, tearing full speed down the aisle towards the ring. He dives headfirst under the bottom rope, coming to his feet as Taylor takes another big swing with the chair..

...but Mertz ducks under it, racing to the far ropes where he bounces off, leaving his feet to land a dropkick that sends the chair smashing into Taylor's own face!]

GM: Oh my!

[Taylor rolls from the ring as Mertz scoops up the chair, turning his focus onto Doctor Harrison Fawcett. Fawcett is stumbling back towards the ropes, mouth agape at what just happened...

...and he falls clumsily through the ropes, bouncing off the floor as Mertz whiffs on his chairshot, smashing the steel down into the ropes. He angrily tosses the chair aside, shouting "COME ON!" at the rising Shane Taylor out on the floor who is holding his head.]

GM: Cody Mertz has cleared the ring and you've gotta think that his business with the Kings of Wrestling isn't over! Not yet!

BW: He'd better hope it is or he's going to end up a greasy spot on the mat.

GM: Fans, later tonight, we're going to see a matchup that pits the American Idols - Chaz and Chet Wallace - against the Shane Brothers of Terry and Jimmy Jack. This will be Jimmy Jack's first sanctioned AWA appearance in a long time and his first under a full-time contract. Earlier this week, Terry Shane visited his family home in Amarillo to tell his brother of the good news... and our cameras tagged along. Let's take a look...

[We fade to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK."

Amarillo, Texas. Our vantage point is a handheld camera. We know we're in Amarillo because we just panned past a sign that read exactly that, "Welcome to Amarillo." All we see is a right arm hanging over open window frame of a car door as we continue to speed by road signs and desolate landscape.]

"Wow, it's been awhile."

[The voice is familiar. It's low, usually not filled with much emotion, but today there's a very small dosage of affliction in it. It's the voice of Terry Shane III. ]

TS3: No, not just because of Europe. Though that was a wild six weeks and it's good to be back. Truth is... up until pretty recently, it had been a couple of years since I'd been here. These days? Even a few weeks away feels like an eternity.

[He pauses, pointing out the window and when he speaks again, there's a break in his voice.]

TS3: There... right there...

[Our camera crew in the car with Shane pans in the direction of his gesture.]

TS3: That's... home.

[It's our first glimpse of Shane residence. It's also our first glimpse of the famed training grounds known as The Yard where men like Bobby O'Connor, Tyson Thomas, Elijah Livingston, and of course the Shane brothers were broken into the business. It's where MISTER Oliver Strickland and the Wizard himself, Terry Shane Jr., have broken the dreams of hundred of students who thought they had what it took to become professional wrestlers while building the foundation and core nucleus of fundamentals of those that do.]

TS3: Yeah... pull up right there.

[The car comes to a halt. Shane straightens up and exits the vehicle, walking up to the backside of the home near a ring in the backyard where a couple of wrestling hopefuls lock up in the center of the ring. The stockier of the two whips a large wrestler up into the air and flattens him on his back.]

TS3: That's one of the Watters boys... my old man told me that kid's got it just like his dad did. Keeps sending me tapes. Might be seeing him in the Corner some time soon. [pause] Follow me.

[The footage dips in and out... when it picks back up we're inside of the home. There's pictures and knick knacks all over it. The house is dated, well-kept, but definitely hasn't seen a face lift in quite some time. It looks like what you would expect from an older home in Texas where all of the sons thrived in sports growing up. Pendants, ribbons, medals, trophies lining entire walls.]

TS3 [deep inhale]: Smell that?

[He points to the right.]

TS3: Gold. Still smells the same as the first time I ever saw it in person. Right there [gesturing]. That's history.

[The camera zooms in tight on the actual IWA World Heavyweight Title once worn by Terry Shane Jr.]

TS3: More importantly... it's a reminder. Do you see what's underneath it?

[The camera slowly pans down to a pair of hooks. Empty hooks.]

TS3: Nothing. Nothing yet. I was hoping to put my World Title there a couple years ago but Dave Bryant, well, the good Doctor wasn't quite as sentimental and had another idea. But one day...

[Shane sighs deeply.]

TS3: One day, that space will be filled.

[A smile crosses Shane's face as he points to another spot on the wall.]

TS3: Right there... that photo. I was fifteen and about seventy pounds lighter when I won the state wrestling title for the first time. And there...

[It's a wooden chair. Well, part of one.]

TS3: I'm pretty sure Jimmy Jack stabbed someone with that in his first wrestling match. Seems weird, right? JJ wasn't even in the match, that's the real weird part. Dad likes it... for some reason.

But that...

[You can hear Shane's voice soften as he looks at another photo.]

TS3: Man... it only happened one time...

[Zoom in on a photo. Terry picks it up, his right hand covers up part of it but we can see Terry, his father, and Jimmy Jack all standing with their arms around one another.]

TS3: The only time all three of us were in the ring together. Pops could barely walk to the ring but somehow the old bastard could still twist Hamilton Graham's leg around. I didn't think he had it in him.

[He pauses, staring at the picture when a female voice shouts out from behind Terry which causes him to snap his neck around.]

"Terry!"

[And she runs up, throwing her arms around him.]

TS3: Hey!

[Shane throws a glance over his shoulder.]

TS3: Aunt Carol. Dad told me you were... never mind, come here.

[And he returns the warm embrace. Her eyes dart towards the camera and she casually looks away.]

TS3: Where is he?

AC: Your father?

TS3: No, Jimmy. I've got some big news for him. The best kind of news he's heard in years.

[Aunt Carol shrugs.]

AC: He's... uhh... he's down at the creek... walking on water.

[Terry arches an eyebrow.]

AC: Trying to at least. He saw something on the TV. Said if you concentrated hard enough, you could-

[Terry shakes his head.]

TS3: Of course he did. Let's go get him. Grab a towel, would ya? Maybe a rope too.

[Terry places the picture frame back down and as the screen begins to dissolve and we see Aunt Carol on the left side with her eyes beaming over at the three men...

...and then fade back up on a small stream running south just beyond the outskirts of the Yard. Sure enough, standing fully clothed in overalls, work boots, and a white dress shirt is Jimmy Jack Shane. He stands inches away from the water on a stack of rocks and slowly places one foot forward...

...onto another pile of rocks in the creek. A big smile comes over his face as he leans forward, leading with his other leg this time...]

TS3: Jimmy!

[Only this time there is no pile of rocks...

...and this time Jimmy Jack's boot touches on the water as he grins... only for his entire body to go splashing into the water as he sinks neck deep into the creek. Before Terry can say much else Jimmy Jack lunges up from the water coughing and sputtering. Terry flings a rope out to his brother who flails his arms around as he gasps for air. He takes a deep breath, talking to nobody in particular.]

JJS: The trick is to distract yourself. At the last second, you gotta notice something else and your brain don't know that it's not supposed to be walking on water.

TS3: Jimmy.

[Jimmy Jack splashes around some more.]

TS3: Jimmy Jack!

[Jimmy Jack takes a deep breath, falling back into the water, and then leaps back up for a moment before bopping around again.]

TS3: Jimmy Jack Shane. Stand up!

[Jimmy Jack pauses, only his eyes and a big mop of hair visible from above the water... before slowly standing up with the water stopping waist high. Terry throws a towel at him and Jimmy Jack nonchalantly catches it and begins walking towards him, ascending higher out of the water with each step before coming back up on dry land.]

JJS [excitedly] Terry!

TS3: No. Stop. Jimmy!

[Jimmy Jack barrels forward, throwing his arms around his brother just as Aunt Carol did earlier, only this time putting Terry momentarily in a good-natured side headlock... water splashing all over Terry who cringes and wrestles himself free.]

TS3: Jimmy-

"JIMMY JACK SHANE, YOU GET OVER HERE!"

[Behind Terry we see Aunt Carol fumbling for footing as she runs towards Jimmy Jack Shane. Behind her, not moving with quite as much fire... alright, he's basically hobbling in their direction is Terry Shane Jr. Aunt Carol grabs the towel out of Jimmy's hands and begins frantically wiping it over his head.]

JJS: I can do it myself!

AC: Boy, you're liable to catch your death out here! Hair all wet!

JJS: I said I can do it myself!

AC: Hold still, will you? I'm almost done!

[And then Jimmy Jack belts out in response.]

JJS: MAMA, STOP IT!



[There's a pause. A long pause. A long, awkward, you could hear a pin drop pause. "Aunt Carol" looks at Jimmy whose eyes beam wide and then over at Terry Shane III who looks at her, at the camera, and then back at her.]

AC: It's Aunt Carol, Jimmy.

TS3: Mom.

AC: Aunt Carol!

[Terry reaches out, putting his hand on her shoulder.]

TS3: Mama, it's alright. You see I came here to tell you something [pause] Jimmy. You too, Dad. And you... [another pause] this is about you just as much as it is about the rest of us, Mom.

[A few tears begin to fall down her face, Junior puts his arm around her and pulls her in tight as Terry Shane III grabs the towel she's holding and gently brushes her cheek with it...

...and we fade back up to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: That was Part 1 of our trip to the Shane family home, Bucky, and... well, certainly a surprise there at the end.

BW: You didn't tell me it was a zombie movie, Gordo.

GM: A what?

BW: Shane's mama just came back from the dead!

[Gordon grimaces.]

GM: We'll have more from the Shane family a little later in the show before their tag team match but right now, let's go to the ring.

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

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen-minute time limit, and is a featured AWA Women's Division contest.

[The arena fills with the sound of an ominous synths as a sullen presence appears in the entry way. As "Another One" by Night Club kicks in, Erica Toughill makes her way down the aisle, seemingly having found a new baseball bat to sling over her shoulder after the last one was turned into kindling by Gladiator. She pays very little attention to the fans and focuses on the ring, snapping a wad of pink bubble gum the whole time.]

RO: Introducing first... From Rochester, New York... weighing 170 pounds...  
ERICAAAA TOUGHILL!

GM: She is an Empress Cup winner. She is an Angels and Amazons Rumble winner. Thirteen years of wrestling experience. Erica Toughill is considered by many to be the best brawler in the history of women's wrestling.

BW: And I ain't gonna argue any of those facts with her. She's bad and she knows she's bad. Erica, you can do whatever you want.

GM: This showdown has been simmering for months on end and it's about to explode right here.

[Erica Toughill rolls into the ring under the ropes, and props herself up with the baseball bat. she wears a black neoprene crop top, long black tights accented with (tasteful) mesh cutouts around the hip and upper thigh, and shiny knee-length black boots. Her attire is also decorated with designs in bright turquoise and neon orange, the symbol for the clubs playing card suit on her chest. Most prominent among her half-dozen tattoos is the large octopus occupying her right shoulder. She prowls back and forth along the ropes like a caged panther, mashing her gum industriously and impatiently.]

BW: Speaking of being ready to explode, look at Ricki Toughill.

GM: Toughill reportedly benches over 200 pounds - we've heard that she has been working on her cardiovascular conditioning leading up to tonight. She's going to need it when facing this caliber of opponent.

[The guitar riffs that kick off "Is She With You," the Wonder Woman theme from the DC Cinematic Universe, kick in over the PA system, drawing cheers from the crowd.]

RO: And her opponent, from Boston, Massachusetts and weighing 145 pounds... ladies and gentlemen, she is "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[Somers emerges from the entranceway, an energetic smile on her face. She wears a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She stands at the top of the ramp, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans to cheer.]

GM: One of the founding pillars of the AWA Women's Division, and arguably the best athlete of the division. Her match against Charisma Knight at SuperClash last year was considered by many to be the final catalyst to establishing a full time Women's Division in the AWA.

BW: Well, Gordo, that's a matter of opinion. This all started when Erica Toughill pointed out that she's the one with the resume and the pedigree to be the cornerstone of the division.

[After a moment, she jogs down the ramp and aisle, reaching out to slap hands with fans. Upon reaching the ring, she slides underneath the ropes, rolling to her feet and heading right to the corner. She climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms, motioning with her hands to encourage the fans' cheers again.]

GM: That may be the case as to how you believe the seeds of this match were planted, Bucky, but the fuse was lit earlier this summer when Erica Toughill was eliminated from the Rumble to crown the AWA Women's World Champion by Julie Somers, only for her to re-enter the ring illegally and remove the Spitfire from the match. From there, Julie Somers has been chasing Erica Toughill to agree to a match to settle things once and for all.

BW: Ricki was going to sign for this match anyway, but she's not about to be bossed around by a Julie Come-Lately.

[Somers takes a moment to look down into the ring and locks eyes with her opponent, wary of any sneak attacks. Toughill busies herself with squats and lunges against the ropes in the opposite corner.]

GM: It was only after Toughill's manager's license was temporarily suspended that she formalized this match. I understand that in the lead-up to this match Julie Somers has stepped up her strength training, perhaps anticipating that she may need a little extra "oomph" to take out a notoriously resilient wrestler like the

Queen of Clubs. She's also being coached by "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson on what to expect from a veteran like Toughill.

"DING DING DING!"

GM: And off we go! Women's Division action tonight between two of the top female stars in the business!

[Both wrestlers cross calmly to the center of the ring, Somers with defiance in her eyes, and Toughill with an icy glower.]

BW: There's a lot of tension in that ring, Gordo. You know when male competitors fight there can a lot of macho posturing. There's no pretense between these two women.

GM: There is real enmity between these two, Bucky; no doubt about that. "The Spitfire" Julie Somers in the red and white. "The Queen of Clubs" Erica Toughill in black, orange, and blue.

[Toughill opens the proceeding with a dismissive shove to the collarbone of Somers. Somers budes slightly, but doesn't break gaze with Toughill.]

GM: Toughill will try to intimidate opponents.

[Toughill shoves Somers again with both hands, this time with both hands. Somers stumbles back a bit, but recovers and gets back in Toughill's face, shaking her head back and forth.]

GM: But "Spitfire" Somers won't be intimidated!

[Toughill takes a wild swing, but the quicker Somers anticipates it coming and ducks, countering with a knife-edge chop to Toughill.]

GM: Toughill tries to strike first but it's Somers that opens the match! A chop! And another chop! Toughill can't seem to block it!

[Somers follows up with a kick to Erica Toughill's hip. She goes for a second one, but Toughill catches her leg.]

BW: Oh now she's got her where she wants her.

[With Julie Somers' right leg trapped and left hopping on her left, Toughill takes a second and smirks before blowing a pink bubble and churning it back into her mouth. She extends her palm over Somers' face and gives it a malicious push.]

BW: Colt Patterson called Toughill a big jungle cat. Well, daddy, this cat has caught a mouse and is just playing with it too.

[Somers leaps and twists into the air.]

\*CRACK\*

GM: A back brain kick from Julie Somers! The Queen of Clubs is down... No, she's back up again!

[Toughill gets up right in front of Somers, though...]

GM: Dropkick from Somers! And a beauty! And Toughill bails to the outside!

[The "Queen of Clubs" prowls the floor, hands on her hips, gritting her teeth.]

GM: Trying to regroup here. I think she was expecting the Spitfire to be a pushover.

BW: Look out, she's trying a sneak attack!

[Somers steps through to the apron and quickly leaps to her opponent, hands raised overhead for a double axehandle...]

ET: "ee-YAH!"

...but Toughill turns around in time and catches Somers with a fist to the midsection that knocks the wind out of her. Somers crumples to her knees and doubles over as she lands.]

GM: High risk move not paying off there. Julie Somers has been studying hours and hours of tape from across Erica Toughill's dozen years in this sport, and she knows to stand a chance against her, she has to pick her spots.

[Somers doesn't get a moment's rest, as she is yanked upright by her ponytail and tosses face-first into the edge of the ring mat.]

GM: ...And Toughill... every move of hers is executed with so much spite. My stars, she is a deadly diva outside that ring.

[Toughill shoves Somers under the ropes, taking a moment to backtalk to the official admonishing her for the hairpull.]

BW: You know, Colt Patterson has a point about all these long-haired wrestlers: that ponytail of Somers is such an easy target to gain a quick advantage.

GM: I'm not surprised that you would suggest such an unsporting tactic, Bucky.

BW: No, but take a look at Toughill: she keeps her hair shoulder-length and she wets it down before coming to the ring.

GM: Toughill would certainly risk disqualification - she's danced on that line before and... Oh, she's looking for the Shrew's Fiddle already!

[Somers is back up, with Toughill trying to lock in the Cobra Clutch, but the Spitfire reverses into an armdrag takedown.]

GM: Somers reverses it! She saw it coming!

[The faster Somers gets to her feet first. Toughill stumbles upright and goes on the attack again, only to be scooped up by Somers.]

BW: No way does she...

GM: Somers with a big body slam on Toughill! Ricki Toughill was sitting right where you are now in Spain a couple of weeks ago, Bucky, and she saw Julie Somers practicing that body slam. She was not paying attention obviously.

BW: Yeah, that sounds like every other woman in your life, shutting you out.

[Toughill sits upright, hand on her middle back.]

GM: Somers knows that Toughill spent a year on the shelf with a back injury - she knows where to target! Somers following up with a seated surfboard. Not tying up Toughill's legs though, that could be a-

[Toughill tears herself free from Somers' grasp quickly.]

ET: "YAAAAH!"

GM: ...mistake! Double leg takedown on the Spitfire!

BW: Look at the fur fly!

[After taking Somers down, Toughill brutally rains punches down on her opponent.]

BW: It doesn't matter how much you prepare, Gordo. To quote one of the greatest poets and philosophers of the 20th Century, "everyone has a plan until they get punched in the face!"

GM: "Spitfire" Julie Somers is a world-class athlete and a blue chip talent, but her opponent tonight is a woman considered by many to be the best female brawler of all time. That's been the story thus far in this match: when the Spitfire's on offense, it's been because she has the speed and technique advantage, and when Toughill has been in charge of the action, it's been through sheer brutality.

[Toughill concludes her strike flurry with a rake of Somers face that draws a warning from the referee.]

GM: And this tigress has been flaunting the rulebook throughout this match - referee Scott Ezra is showing an awful lot of leniency here.

BW: These are two of the top ranked female wrestlers in the world, Gordo, but it's gotten real personal, daddy. Sometimes you've got to step aside and let them get it out of their system.

GM: The referee making Toughill back off to allow Somers to return to a vertical base. Toughill with that underground "no rules" background is probably used to being able to press the advantage in a situation like that.

[Toughill backs off long enough to get into position for a slap to the face.]

ET: "hh-YAH! Come on!"

[Somers retaliates with a chop. Toughill doesn't budge.]

ET: "Come on, Spitfire!"

GM: Toughill goading Julie Somers, maybe trying to get under her skin...

[Somers goes for another kick to Toughill's hip. Again, Toughill seems unaffected.]

ET: "Come on, little girl! Come on, Barbie doll!"

[Somers goes for another, stronger kick, which Toughill catches once again. But this time...]

ET: "nn-YAH!"

[...Toughill pulls Somers into a short-range lariat.]

GM: That seems to be Erica Toughill's strategy here, and we don't often see strategy from the Queen of Clubs. Into a cover...

One...

Two...

Two-count off a lackadaisical cover.

BW: If I was Somers, I'd just let Ricki win rather than let myself in for more punishment.

GM: Julie Somers has too much competitive spirit to just roll over and let a bully win - look, she's even trying to intimidate the referee.

[Toughill backs the referee into the corner, as they bicker back and forth.]

BW: Ricki's had some concerns about the deck being stacked against her, maybe she's worried about some underhanded officiating.

GM: Erica Toughill is not exactly the face of anxiety... she's been making an awful lot of eye contact with the official, taking her eye off her opponent - case in point!

[Somers is back up, and she hits the ropes. Just as Toughill turns around, the Spitfire leaps onto Toughill's shoulders.]

GM: Julie Somers with a hurric - oh my stars!

BW: I think she caught her!

[Toughill has indeed stopped Somers in mid-hurricarana, holding her on her shoulders. She falls forward, holding on to the waist.]

GM: Into a powerbomb! Oh my, the impact on that! Holds on to the waist and that could be it already... Two, and... Thr- NO! Somers somehow gets a shoulder up! I don't know that I've ever seen anyone kick out of that powerbomb of Toughill's!

[Toughill scoots back to the ropes, perturbed.]

GM: And from the look on Toughill's face, I don't know that she has either!

BW: It usually only takes a few big moves from Erica Toughill to send her home early. Why is Somers prolonging the inevitable?

[As Somers crawls to the ropes, Toughill pulls herself upright and looms behind her.]

GM: Erica Toughill has not been challenged like this, at least in the AWA. She has to be thinking, 'what do I-' oh no, not this!

[Toughill raises her boot over Somers, and mashes it down swiftly onto Somers' calf. Somers howls in pain.]

BW: Ohhh, I can't watch!

GM: My stars, how heinous will Erica Toughill get to try to break Julie Somers?

[With Somers in the ropes, Scott Ezra again has to intercede and draw Toughill away. Somers quickly pulls herself up, finding herself hobbling.]

GM: We've seen Erica Toughill use that spiteful calf stomp... The Spitfire is having difficulty putting any weight on that leg. Very likely she could be suffering from some deep bruising as a result of that.

[With the lull, the fans begin taunting Toughill.]

"I-RON BEA-VER!" \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clap-clap-clap\*  
"I-RON BEA-VER!" \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clap-clap-clap\*  
"I-RON BEA-VER!" \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clap-clap-clap\*  
"I-RON BEA-VER!" \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clap-clap-clap\*

BW: Leave it to the Texas crowd to be all class. Feh.

GM: I won't address it specifically, but they are not chanting for Manzo Kawajiri.

[Toughill glowers truculently, and sticks her fingers in her ears. She mouths, "la la la I can't hear you."]

BW: I hate to say this, but Somers brought this on herself. She wandered down this dark alley to find this big alley cat.

GM: Julie Somers did want this match and it has probably not gone the way Somers had prepared for. She is one of the top female athletes in the world - one could make the argument that she is *the* top athlete. But as this match devolves into an alley fight as you called it, Bucky, she is looking in bad shape.

BW: And if these people out here keep egging this poor shrinking violet on, something really bad is going to happen to the Spitfire.

[Toughill charges back in and shoves Somers back first into the turnbuckles.]

"I-RON BEA-VER!" \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clap-clap-clap\*  
"I-RON BEA-VER!" \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clap-clap-clap\*  
"I-RON BEA-VER!" \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clap-clap-clap\*  
"I-RON BEA-VER!" \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clap-clap-clap\*

[Toughill stomps to the opposite corner, turns her back to the crowd and slaps her posterior three times for the crowd. The crowd's chant drowns out the three syllables she shrieks with each slap, but you can probably guess.]

BW: Gordo, you got your lip balm ready? She just told everyone here what they could do.

GM: Toughill with a head of steam...

ET: "YAAAAAAAAAAAAAH-ugh!"

[Somers dodges to one side half-a-second before the Queen of Clubs turns and collides back first with the turnbuckles, audibly knocking the wind out of her.]

GM: ...Nobody home! And the Spitfire is far, far from done tonight!

[With one leg dragging slightly, Somers leaps onto the middle rope.]

GM: Monkey flip out of the corner! No... Toughill rolls through!

[Toughill with surprising quickness of her own, bounds back, taking the arm of Julie Somers and twisting it around.]

GM: Into a Shrew's Fiddle, and she's got it locked in this time!

[Toughill, however, fails to note her proximity to the corner as Somers runs the ropes and rolls Toughill onto her back.]

GM: Excellent counter into a pinning predicament! One... two... and th- no! Erica Toughill with the wherewithal to release that Shrew's Fiddle before being counted to the mat. The Spitfire seems to have that hold expertly scouted!

BW: Julie Somers used the ropes, Gordo! Now \*that\* ought to be a DQ!

[When both wrestlers rise, Toughill ducks a wild swing by a limping Somers and grabs a hold of the Spitfire's ponytail, holding on to it as she drops into a hangman neckbreaker.]

GM: Neckbreaker with a handful of hair! What do you call that Bucky?

BW: Perfectly legal: Somers brought that long hair into the ring, and she knows it could be used as weapon.

GM: A weap- what?

BW: That long hair... you can whip someone with that!

GM: Julie Somers' ponytail looks to be less than a foot long. A whip, Bucky? Please.

[Toughill kneels on Somers' shoulders, hooking one of Somers' legs.]

GM: Two-count off the neckbreaker. The Queen of Clubs has been dominating the lion's share of this contest, but it looks to me like she was not expecting Julie Somers to withstand this onslaught.

[Toughill rolls back into a seated position, roaring with frustration.]

ET: "AUUGGGGGHH!"

BW: Let it out, darlin'. Let it out.

[Toughill climb on top of Somers, and rains deliberate, powerful mounted strikes onto her opponent.]

GM: And while Somers may have spent hours breaking tape with Lori Wilson, she has not yet had an answer for Erica Toughill's ruthless fists!

BW: The Spitfire's been sheltered from street fighters like Ricki Toughill all her career.

[Toughill raises Somers to a seated position; her face becomes more visible.]

GM: Oh... oh my...

BW: They didn't promise us the Women's Division would be pretty, Gordo.

GM: It is not. Julie Somers is sporting a very serious cut in the vicinity of her eyebrow. If it gets much more serious this match may be decided at the discretion of the medical sta- Oh my stars! Enough!

[Erica Toughill lights up Julie Somers with a series of knee strikes to head. Then she kneels down, locking in the cobra clutch again.]

GM: And another Shrew's Fiddle! Let's see if she's got it.

BW: She's got it. Just end the match.



[Somers is fighting it, pushing both wrestlers to their feet. Somers gets her elbow free.]

GM: Somers breaks out again! A big elbow to the cheekbone of the Queen of Clubs!

BW: She had a handful of Toughill's hair!

GM: I thought it was too slick to get a handful of, Bucky. The Spitfire is showing tremendous wherewithal... Irish whip sends Toughill to the ropes... a big flying clothesline to Toughill takes her down! One of her legs may only be at half power, but Julie Somers still has a lot of reserves left.

[Somers puts her hand to her eye and shakes her head. Seeing Toughill down, she begins to ascend the ropes. But her ascent is slowed and Toughill has time to recover.]

GM: The Spitfire is looking to execute the Somerssault, but she doesn't see Toughill up! She's liable to...

[Toughill grabs Scott Ezra by the collar and flings him to the ropes nearest the corner Somers is ascending.]

GM: Hey!

[Somers loses her balance on the buckle, slipping backwards over the buckle, her leg snagged between the top and middle ropes. Ezra is already shaking his head and signaling for the ring bell.]

"DING! DING! DING! DING!"

BW: I think Toughill's inner ear was jostled when Somers pulled that hair - she must have lost her balance there.

GM: Toughill deliberately provoked a disqualification! Erica Toughill finally ran in to another wrestler she couldn't push around, so she's taking the back door out of this match!

"DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!"

[With Somers hung upside down to dry in the corner, Toughill grabs on to the ropes and jams her boot into Somers' jaw and throat.]

GM: And of course now that Julie Somers can't defend herself, Erica Toughill has decided she wants to fight some more.

BW: You take it where you can get it, Gordo!

[A trio of officials swarm the ring and pull the raging Queen of Clubs off of Julie Somers. One gets shoved to the mat, but Toughill is finally extracted from the ring.]

GM: Fans, there's going to be some fines here. It's unfortunate that a match between these two elite-calibre wrestlers was terminated due to one participant's emotional immaturity.

[Somers is helped down from the buckles by the medical staff, who offer a clean towel for her cut and cold pack for her leg.

But her eyes show that she is sternly focused on the woman screaming back at her as she backs up the aisle. As the camera closes in on Toughill...]

ET: "You couldn't last two minutes in my world, Somers. You couldn't last two minutes in a FIGHT!"

[Toughill sneers at the jeering crowd's reaction to her.]

BW: Well, you heard her, Gordo. She says Somers wouldn't last two minutes in a fight with her!

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky... and after this one, I'd imagine we're going to find out at some point. But right now, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it's Part Two of our trip to see the Shane family so don't you go away!

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then back up to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK." The scene is picking up where we left off earlier, Terry Shane's arm around the woman he just called "Mom." He smiles as he gestures to the camera.]

TS3: You see these folks? They came down here to get our story. They came down here because they're running a story on wrestling families. For the first time ever, Sports Illustrated wants to put a true family filled with generations of wrestling lineage in their magazine and they wanted to meet you all. Even you.

[Terry lays one finger on his mother's chin.]

TS3: Our country and sport is filled with dozens of families who have paved the way for future generations of wrestlers. Idols. Heroes. Mentors. But only a handful of us [he looks at his brother] are lucky enough...fortunate enough... BLESSED enough... to have those people....those posters on their walls....be it their father [he nods at his dad] or even their grandfather. But I have to warn you that the chances of the Shanes ending up on Sports Illustrated...especially after that little [laugh] slip a moment ago...aren't exactly in our favor.

I mean... look at Grandpa Shane. The Cornerstone of the Shane Family. Your hero, dad. A former World Champion. A man who practically invented the spinning toe hold. And you...

[He looks to his father.]

TS3: Just like your father... another former World Champion...a man who risked it all to break away from the juggernaut organization that had a monopoly and dictatorship over the business with his friends to start their own wrestling company...a move that paved the way for promoters and wrestlers all over the world to be subject to fair pay and royalties for their name and hard work. You'd think you two alone would land us that coveted spot on the cover of Sports Illustrated!

[Shane smirks.]

TS3: And then there's us. It gets a little...

[He looks at Jimmy Jack who is covered in filth.]

TS3: ...muddy when you hit this corner of the Shane gene pool, doesn't it? First, there's me...the guy who let himself be convinced that the right move for him was to let Lori Dane's daughter latch onto him despite never stepping foot in a wrestling ring.

[He shakes his head.]

TS3: She led me around by the nose... made a fool out of me... twisted my mind against my family and my friends... dragged our family's name through the pits of that war with the Wise Men and...

[He sighs.]

TS3: ...made me not only LIE about the whereabouts of my mother but tell the world that she died when I was born.

[Shane looks apologetic towards the woman we were introduced to as "Aunt Carol" and then chuckles...]

TS3: Which doesn't even make damn sense when you see Jimmy Jack over there... but we weren't allowed to talk about that either.

[He shakes his head.]

TS3: This poor woman here... our MOTHER... did WHATEVER we told her to because god bless her she thought it would be good for us. For our careers. For our FAMILY. So even though it KILLED her inside and it kept her up night after night in tears!

[The camera cuts close on Terry Shane III. His eyes are glossed over, his lips pursed tight together as he tries to fight off this dump of emotion.]

TS3: This woman... this real hero... didn't say a single word when I went on television week in and week out and denounced her very existence. And then there's Jimmy Jack.

[Who for some reason is no longer in the family shot.]

TS3: This lady will be the first to tell you... Jimmy Jack is a GOOD kid. He is. A guy like me couldn't ask for a better brother really. But... Jimmy Jack is different.

[The camera cuts away from the Shanes to ten feet away where, still dripping wet, Jimmy Jack Shane steps forward with his arms out wide and one foot in front of the other...

...and completely falls back in the creek again. Shane chuckles again.]

TS3: But by god, I love him with all my heart too and wouldn't trade him for anything or anyone else. And then there's this one...

[He points to his father, Terry Shane Jr.]

TS3: He loves us both unconditionally. He may not say it much... but I know. You can see it in his eyes when he watches us in the ring. You can tell he's always been proud of me because of what I've done in the ring but... Jimmy... Jimmy hasn't gotten the same chances... the same opportunities that I have. So, Dad and Jimmy... well, they've found other ways to be proud of each other.

[The eldest member of the Shane family smiles, looking at his youngest son.]

TS3: The Shanes - by most accounts - are one of the best pure wrestling families to ever be in this sport which is why I had to dig down deep to try and make my old man mad enough to stop selling me as the golden child to his friends and the press. I mean...

[Shane chuckles.]

TS3: I deliberately wrapped a branding iron in hot pink tape and hit people over the head with it just to get this guy to say something bad about me!

He knows I didn't need to do it and would call me after the shows and scream at me... that's when I thought deep down that it was all worth it. For us. For our family. For HER sacrifices. That's how much this business means to our family. I went against every single thing this man taught me.

I became a brawler. I became reckless. I took chances and risks when the calculated move was to stay true to what I knew best and you know what? I'd probably have been a World Champion by now if I stuck to my roots.

But I went against the grain because that's what was asked of me... that's what was expected of me. This man here trusted me with our name even though deep

down I knew what he was thinking. Let Jimmy do it. Let Jimmy Jack be “that” guy. He’s the brawler. He’s the bloodthirsty one. He doesn’t know a chinlock from a chestnut.

[Jimmy Jack looks up.]

TS3: You don’t.

[Then Jimmy Jack looks back at the water.]

TS3: Jimmy Jack Shane is as TOUGH as they come. The AWA doesn’t want you to see what he did in Boston... in Atlanta... all over Texas from Dallas to South Laredo. In Puerto Rico... whew... I’m not even sure if I want you to see what happened in Puerto Rico. I had just wrestled in a chain match...

TSJ: That wasn’t wrestling.

[Junior, straight faced, stares at his son. Shane III rolls his eyes but there’s good-natured humor in the gesture.]

TS3: ...and I HAD to fly to Puerto Rico right after the match to donate blood because this son of a gun bled out so much. I still had fresh wounds and my left eye was swollen shut and they needed me to help take care of him.

But... as they say... you should’ve seen the other guy. Jimmy Jack... he took a stand of barbed wire and sawed the other guy’s head like he was going to scalp him or something.

JJS [off-screen]: I just wanted to count the rings to see how old he was!

TS3: Yes, we know. And then...

[Long pause.]

TS3: ...there’s the Rottweiler Incident and you all know I’m not talking about Rufus Harris. Or do you? Do you REALLY know what happened because the AWA has done all but burn down every single last tape they could get their hands on. Amazon, eBay, Craigslist... hell, they sent a fleet down to Mexico... to make sure they destroyed any and all of evidence. You may know that Jimmy Jack bit that...

[Shane pauses.]

TS3: ...you know, never mind. Some things are better off being legends.

JJS: Yeah! Like that time two guys wrestled in a woman’s-

[Mama Shane cuffs her youngest in the back of the head.]

MS: Jimmy Jack! Watch your mouth!

[Terry III chuckles.]

TS3: Like I said... legends.

I could go on and on and on....and you know what? We’ll probably end up with the Keenings or the O’Connors or the Martinezes on the covers.

But this here?

This family?

This IS wrestling.

This IS the depths generation after generation has gone to to preserve our name and our legacy on this business. The Shane family has invested their lives to this business and cover or no cover...we DEFINE wrestling.

If Sports Illustrated wants a cute picture, I've got Travis Lynch's number on speed dial and I can text it to you. But if you want a story, you're looking right at it.

It doesn't get ANY better than this.

Meet the Shanes.

[Terry gestures towards his family. Jimmy Jack, his father, and his mother.]

TS3: All of them.

[Slowly the camera pans out, fading slowly on a panoramic shot of the Shanes near the creek... and their home... and the Yard... before fading out...

...and then back up on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

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

[The sounds of Calvin Harris' "This Is What You Came For" rings out over the PA system as the house lights start to flash in rhythm to the music creating a dance party atmosphere.]

RO: From the Shibuya area of Tokyo, Japan... at a total combined weight of 342 pounds... Chaz and Chet Wallace...

THE AMERRRRRRRICAN IIIIIIDOLLLLLS!

[The Wallaces spring through the curtain in long golden shimmering tights, trading a leaping high five before heading down the aisle towards the ring. They taunt the occasional fan with a crotch chop or insulting comment as they head to the ring.]

GM: The American Idols looking to put the Shanes in their rear view mirror here tonight in Dallas as they try to set their focus on the World Tag Team Titles currently held by the Kings of Wrestling.

BW: And what an international incident that would be, Gordo, for the Dead Man's Party and the Kings of Wrestling to collide.

GM: It would certainly set some social media on fire.

[Climbing up on the apron, Chaz and Chet grab the top rope, using a double slingshot to go over the top, landing on their feet and striking a double bicep pose with Chet kneeling in front of Chaz.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[Static.]

RO: Originally from Amarillo, Texas... at a total combined weight of 459 pounds... Terry and Jimmy Jack...

THE SHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANES!

[As the sounds of Nazareth's "Hair of the Dog" rocks out over the Dallas PA system, Terry Shane emerges from the curtain. Shane looks a little different on this night. Gone is his usual fancy bejeweled robe. He's wearing his standard green trunks with white trim and boots to match. But he's also wearing a ratty looking t-shirt that reads "THE YARD" across the front... and a very big smile on his face.]

GM: Terry Shane taking it old school here tonight! This isn't the Terry Shane we're used to seeing out here, Bucky... I think teaming with his brother has brought out a different side of him!

BW: And that can only be considered bad news for the Wallaces... but speaking of that lunatic, where the heck is Jimmy Jack?!

[The Wallaces seem to be asking the same question, shouting down the aisle at Terry as he slowly approaches the ring...

...and then the cheers from the Texas crowd get even louder!]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd roars as Jimmy Jack Shane comes over the barricade, rolling under the ropes into the ring. The younger (and wilder) brother of Terry has a body that is the clear result of a life spent working on farms. His slightly curly black hair that reaches his shoulders is kept out of his eyes with a scrap of old t-shirt made into a makeshift headband. He's wearing his own "THE YARD" t-shirt along with another bandana pulled up around his face like a train robber. The bandana covering his face really draws the focus to his eyes... wild, animalistic...]

GM: There he is! He's in the ring!

BW: Guys, behind you!

[The Wallaces quickly turn, their eyes going wide at the sight of the unhinged and unpredictable Jimmy Jack who lets loose a loud "WOOOOOOOOO!" as he leaps into the air, stomping down hard with both feet...

...and then tears across the ring, dropping both Wallaces with a double clothesline to a huge cheer from the Dallas crowd!]

GM: DOWN GOES THE WALLACES!

[Jimmy Jack leaps into the air, stomping down with another "WOOOOOOOOOO!" as Chaz Wallace comes off the mat first. Jimmy Jack grabs him by the hair as referee Davis Warren signals for the bell...

...and then BLASTS him between the eyes with a haymaker that sends Wallace into the air, sailing several feet away!]

GM: Big right hand by Jimmy Jack!

[Turning around and finding Chet Wallace trying to sucker him from behind, Jimmy Jack points at him, drawing another big cheer. Chet backs off, hands raised, looking for mercy...

...which is when he suddenly eats a facefirst of canvas as Terry Shane trips him up from outside the ring, pulling him out to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! Terry Shane drags out Chet Wallace and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -HURLS him into the steel!

BW: Don't forget, Gordo, Terry Shane's first year in the AWA saw him battling the likes of Steve Spector and... some other guy... in brawls that were as wild as anything we'd seen! He's no stranger to a fight!

GM: Absolutely not!

[Back inside the ring, Jimmy Jack grabs the rising Chaz by the wrist, whipping him across into the corner. With a few stomps to take him to the other side, Jimmy Jack gives another "WOOOOOOOOO!" before running across, twisting his body to throw a running back elbow in the buckles!]

GM: Ohhh! Hard back elbow under the chin!

[Jimmy Jack stays in the corner for a moment, a grin crossing his face before throws a series of back elbows - the right elbow jamming the jaw of Wallace over and over and over as the referee orders Jimmy Jack to step out of the corner which he finally does...

...and then drives his leg back, his boot catching Wallace in the midsection!]

GM: Mule kick by Jimmy Jack leaves Wallace down on a knee, sucking wind...

[Turning around, Jimmy Jack grabs Wallace by the hair, swinging a knee up into the chest a few times...

...and then switches his grip to the ears, yanking Wallace up to his feet by them where he bulldozes across the ring, smashing him back into the corner where Terry Shane awaits.]

GM: Tag is made and the Shanes make the first exchange of the matchup...

[Terry steps in, directing traffic with his kid brother as they each grab an arm on Wallace, whipping him across the ring to the opposite corner. Chaz bounces off the buckles, staggering back towards them as they duck down in tandem...]

GM: HIIIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY THE SHANES! OH MY!

[Jimmy Jack departs the ring, slapping his brother happily on the back as he does, leaving Terry to deal with the rising Chaz Wallace.]

GM: Terry Shane grabs the arm of Chaz Wallace, twisting it around in an armwringer...

BW: And that's what makes Terry Shane such a dangerous competitor inside the ring, Gordo. He may be the butt of plenty of jokes for the things he's done outside the ring but inside the ring, his ability to brawl and switch to technical wrestling so seamlessly makes him a very tough competitor to plan for.

GM: Shane is nothing if not unpredictable - something he and his brother have in common, I believe.

[Shane cranks the arm around a second time, swinging his elbow down across the bicep as Wallace grimaces in pain. His twin brother - in the meantime - has taken his spot in their corner and is now shouting for Chaz to escape and make the tag to him.]



GM: This one settling down into a traditional tag match right about now as Terry Shane tries to cut the ring in half and keep Chaz Wallace on the Shanes' side of the squared circle.

[Another armwringer follows, Wallace bouncing on his tiptoes as Shane wrenches the arm around tightly...

...and then yanks Wallace into a short-arm shouldertackle that jams the twisted arm... and again... and again...]

GM: Shane doing a number on the arm of Chaz Wallace.

[Shane lets go of the arm, lifting Wallace up and slamming him down with a bodyslam near the Shanes' corner. He grabs the arm, extending it from Wallace's side, and then leaps into the air, landing backfirst across the limb.]

GM: Ohh! Standing backsplash down on the arm... and there's a tag back to Jimmy Jack.

[Jimmy Jack slides in, getting a running start, and leaps into the air, dropping his hind quarters down on the arm.]

GM: Oh! Seated splash on the arm as well! And another tag!

[Shane steps in, hopping up to the middle rope, and leaps off again, dropping another senton across the arm. Chaz Wallace flails about on the canvas, grabbing his arm in pain as Terry Shane snatches it from him, applying a kneeling armbar on the limb.]

GM: And right back into the armbar for Terry Shane. Like them or not, that was a heck of a show of teamwork, Bucky.

BW: I'd expect them to have SOME teamwork, Gordo. After all, they're family.

[Wallace quickly works his way back to a vertical base as Shane hangs on to the arm. Chaz Wallace backs Shane across the ring into the ropes, pushing him back as the referee steps in to call for a break.]

GM: The referee laying his count down... Shane lets go of the hold and-

[The crowd groans as Wallace goes downstairs with a strong right hand to the midsection. He grimaces as he shakes out his left arm before grabbing Shane by his own arm...]

GM: Wallace shoots him acro- no, reversed!

[Shane turns the whip around, sending Chaz Wallace bouncing off the far ropes. But as Wallace rebounds, he ducks under a clothesline attempt, leaping up onto the second rope where he springs off, twisting around into a crossbody...]

GM: Chaz off the middle rope!

[...but Shane bottoms out, causing Wallace to slam chestfirst down to the canvas to a mix of cheers and laughter from the crowd!]

GM: Oh my! Chaz Wallace goes down hard and... Shane reapplies the armbar!

[With Wallace down on his chest, Shane snatches the arm, straddling the back of Wallace and taking a knee to increase the pressure on the limb and the difficulty in escaping.]

GM: Terry Shane had that move well-scouted, Bucky.

BW: Hey, the kid's always had a knack for being well-prepared. I'm not surprised at all about that.

[Wallace screams "NO!" at the official asking if he wants to submit as Shane cranks the arm. Sliding to put both knees on the right side of Wallace, Shane keeps his grip on the wrist, pulling the arm back into what resembles a modified Fujiwara armbar.]

GM: Oh my, the pressure is REALLY on the arm now!

[Again, Wallace cries out "NOOOOO!" to the referee as he searches for an escape to the painful hold. He wriggles until he's able to roll to his side... then to his back before swinging his free hand up into Shane's midsection.]

GM: Wallace again trying to fight his way free...

[Shane brings Wallace to his feet still in the armbar, walking him back to the Shanes corner where he makes the exchange again.]

GM: Jimmy Jack tags back in...

[The younger brother steps up to the second rope before leaping straight up, smashing his head down into Wallace's extended arm.]

GM: Unusual offense out of Jimmy Jack Shane right there, headbutting the arm... and quickly tags Terry back in. Boy, you've gotta be impressed with the teamwork of the Shanes so far in this one, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. They're doing very well for themselves so far... but it's still early, Gordo.

[Terry Shane steps back in, grabbing the arm again...

...and Wallace goes to the eyes, raking across them!]

GM: Oh, cheap shot!

[Chaz Wallace grabs his shoulder, wincing as he tries to walk across to Chet's outstretched hand...

...but Terry Shane hooks him by the tights from behind, pulling him back towards him. He quickly pulls the arm up behind Chaz' back, lifting him into the air, and dropping him onto his own arm with a back suplex!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Wallace cries out, yanking his arm out from under him, shaking it violently as Terry Shane suddenly dashes to the ropes...

...and ends up tumbling through them, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! What the-?!

[A smirking Chet Wallace tiptoes away from the scene of the crime, turning his back to the ring and putting a hushing finger to his lips towards the jeering fans.]

GM: Chet Wallace pulled the ropes aside and Terry Shane takes a violent spill to the floor!

[The referee spins Chet around, accusing him of that very thing but Chet Wallace begs off, shaking his head back and forth.]

GM: Of course, Chet Wallace is denying it.

BW: Did you expect him to just admit it? Come on, Gordo. This is the real world!

[Jimmy Jack loudly protests, stepping through the ropes which causes Warren to intervene to block his path...

...and allows Chet Wallace to slide out to the middle of the apron, throwing a look back over his shoulder...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[...and wipe out a rising Terry Shane with an Asai Moonsault to the dismay of the Texas fans!]

GM: CHET WALLACE WITH A DIVE TO THE FLOOR WIPES OUT TERRY SHANE!

[Chet Wallace gets up, smirking as he climbs the ringsteps, again pleading innocence as the referee turns around.]

GM: Chet Wallace again striking behind the referee's back... Chaz making his way across the ring now, still holding onto the arm...

[Chaz reaches out, tagging his brother who gives a grin as he scales the turnbuckles.]

GM: Chet Wallace is going up top... Terry Shane down on the floor, trying to recover...

[And as the crowd roars in disapproval, Wallace hurls himself off the top rope, taking Shane down with a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Chet Wallace pops back to his feet, moving into a little hip-shaking bump and grind to the jeers of the crowd (well, most of them at least) before pulling Shane off the mat, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Chet Wallace puts Shane back in after that dive off the top...

[Wallace scrambles up on the apron, doing another little jig down the apron before he slingshots over the top, crashing down in a senton on the laid-out Terry Shane!]

GM: Slingshot backsplash and a beauty... Wallace with the cover gets one... he gets two... he gets-

[Shane's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the count.]

GM: Just two! Terry Shane hanging in there after a series of high flying attacks by Chet Wallace.

[Wallace comes up off the mat, smirking as he grabs Shane by the hair, dragging him to his feet.]

GM: Wallace lifts Shane across his shoulders in a fireman's carry, taking a lap around the ring with him.

[He shrugs Shane over his head, dumping him down in a slam on the mat before he rushes the corner, leaping up to the middle rope, snapping off another moonsault onto the prone Shane!]

GM: Another moonsault! Another cover!

[The referee drops down, slapping the canvas...]

GM: And another two count for Chet Wallace!

[Wallace angrily pushes up off the canvas, holding up three fingers.]

GM: Wallace thinks he should've had three right there but the official believes otherwise.

[Wallace gets to his feet, stomping Shane once... twice... three times...]

GM: Jimmy Jack in the corner, shouting for his brother to get across and make the exchange...

[Chet Wallace turns towards the Shanes' corner, mocking Jimmy Jack by stomping his feet and clapping his hands...]

...and the wild-eyed member of the Shane family comes storming into the ring!]

GM: Jimmy Jack's coming in!

BW: Get him out! Get him out!

[The referee runs across the ring, depositing himself in front of the protesting Jimmy Jack Shane...]

...which allows Chet to wave Chaz back into the ring.]

GM: Both Wallaces in now...

[Chaz joins Chet in viciously stomping Shane into the canvas over and over and over...]

...and then Chet ducks out, leaving his twin brother in.]

GM: Wait a... isn't that Chaz in the ring?

BW: Can you really tell them apart, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure but I think the Wallaces just made an illegal exchange.

[Chaz pulls Shane off the mat, shoving him back into the Wallaces corner. He grabs the top rope, throwing kicks to the body...]

...and then steps up on the middle rope, throwing a kick to the temple that stuns Shane in the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Hard kick to the side of the head and Terry Shane is reeling!

[Chaz Wallace backs down the length of the ropes, gesturing to his brother...]

GM: What's coming up here?

[Chaz runs down the length of the ropes, leaping up to throw a dropkick just as Chet uses the top rope to swing his leg up to catch Shane with an enzuigiri to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness! Hard shot in the corner to the skull of Terry Shane and just like that, the American Idols have completely turned this match around, fans.

[Chaz reaches out, slapping his brother's hand.]

GM: The Wallaces make the tag... Chaz, I believe, pulling Terry Shane from the corner.

[Chet steps in to join to his brother, backing Shane into the ropes together.]

GM: Double whip by the Wallaces...

[And as Terry Shane rebounds back, the Wallaces catch him with a double back elbow to the midsection. They both spin out into a back legsweep, taking Shane off his feet and down to the canvas...

...and then pop up into somersaults, one dropping a senton as the other drops a somersault legdrop!]

GM: OHHH! What a doubleteam maneuver!

[Chaz rolls out as Chet dives across the chest.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[Shane's shoulder pops off the canvas, breaking up the three count.]

GM: No, no! Two count only there as Shane gets the shoulder up in time!

[Chet Wallace comes to his knees, again shouting at the referee who holds up two fingers. Wallace drags Shane up by the arm, twisting it around before throwing a hook kick to the chin, knocking Shane down into a seated position on the mat.]

GM: Wallace puts him down on his backside... to the ropes he goes, building up speed...

[The crowd reacts as Wallace hits a basement dropkick on Shane, rolling into another cover.]

GM: The dropkick is the favored weapon of choice for the Wallaces and they just hit a beauty right there... one... two... another two count!

[Wallace smashes a fist into the canvas before getting to his feet, reaching out to tag Chaz back in. Chaz notably favors his arm, giving it a shake as he gestures to Chet to bring Shane to his feet.]

GM: Another whip to the ropes.

[As Shane rebounds, the Wallaces drop down into the double back elbow to the midsection again. Getting up, they lace their arms under Shane's flipping him over in a double hiptoss slam, overrotating him to put him on his butt.]

GM: The Idols hit the ropes... and a DOUBLE basement dropkick there!

[Chet rolls out as Chaz covers, earning another two count before the shoulder comes up.]

GM: Terry Shane continues to resist, continuing to kick out time and time again...

[Chaz comes off the mat, turning to shout at Jimmy Jack...

...which again draws Jimmy Jack Shane into the ring, spitting and frothing with rage as Chet slides in, helping Chaz lift Shane into the air, depositing him on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Shane's up top and-

[The duo snaps off a double dropkick, knocking Shane off his perch, sending him sailing through the air where he CRASHES down hard on the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HARD FALL TO THE FLOOR FOR TERRY SHANE! OH MY STARS!

[The Wallaces get up, gloating over their attack as Jimmy Jack continues to try to get past the official and get his hands on the punk kids. Chaz fires off a crotch chop in Jimmy Jack's direction before ducking out of the ring, leaving Chet to bump and grind the air to the jeers of the Dallas crowd.]

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one as the Wallaces have put Terry Shane in a bad way out on the floor here in the American Airlines Arena at Homecoming!

[Chet walks along the ropes, throwing a glance out at Terry Shane as the referee starts a ten count on the former leader of the Shane Gang.]

GM: The referee's count is up to three. Can Terry Shane recover from that fall to the floor? That was a long way down, Bucky.

BW: A long way down and not a lot of padding when you get there. I'm not sure if he's getting up from that.

[Shane is writhing in pain on the floor as Chet Wallace hops up on the second rope on the far side of the ring, throwing a crotch chop at the jeering fans. Jimmy Jack takes a couple of steps towards him before Wallace jumps down to the mat, wagging a finger at the younger Shane brother.]

GM: The fans here in Dallas are imploring Terry Shane to get back into the ring, cheering him on. Slowly but surely, every week here in the AWA, Shane gains more and more followers who believe he's a changed man. Slowly but surely, he gains the trust of more competitors in the locker room. And now, with his brother by his side, perhaps Terry Shane can feel comfort in his own skin... he can be the man he was always meant to be... he can truly be the son of Terry Shane Jr., the former World Champion.

[Jimmy Jack is in the corner, smashing a hand down into the top turnbuckle as he stomps his foot on the apron, driving the Dallas crowd to clap along with him, cheering on Terry Shane who is starting to move out on the floor as the referee counts six.]

GM: The official is up to six and Terry Shane is still down on the floor. Chet Wallace asking the referee to count faster..

BW: It's not that hard. Let me count! Seven, eight, nine, ten! Ring the bell!

[The count of "SEVEN!" rings out throughout the American Airlines Arena as Shane struggles to crawl towards the ring.]

GM: Terry Shane crawling towards the apron, desperately trying to get there before the count reaches ten!

["EIGHT!" is the call as Shane reaches up, locking his fingers around the apron, tugging and pulling on it for support...]

GM: Can he get there? Can he make it in time?

BW: Count faster, you idiot!

["NINE!" is shouted out as the Wallaces both are waving their arms, begging Davis Warren to end it...]

GM: Shane trying... desperately trying...

[...and just before the ten count, Shane yanks himself under the ropes, rolling back inside the ring to the cheers of the Dallas crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! He made it in time!

[Chet Wallace shouts angrily at no one in particular before stepping on the middle rope, leaping up to drop a knee down into Shane's ribcage. He does it again... and again... and then drags Shane by the arm and leg away from the ropes to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Wallace pulls him to the middle...

[He grabs the leg of Shane, turning towards Jimmy Jack with a wink and a "this one's for you, kid!"]

GM: Chet Wallace is... he's going for the spinning toehold!

[The crowd jeers Wallace's attempt to use the Shane family hold as he tries to wrench the leg... but Terry Shane is fighting it!]

GM: Shane's fighting it! Shane's refusing to let him lock in that hold!

[Wallace tries again but again Shane is able to block it!]

GM: Terry Shane is refusing to be put into his family's own hold!

[Wallace angrily straightens up, looking at the official and asking for a check on the time. The official turns to speak to the timekeeper...

...and Wallace DROPS a knee down into the groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Cheap shot! What a horrible cheap shot out of Wallace!

[Smirking as the official turns around with the remaining time, Wallace nods as he goes to apply the spinning toe hold again, twisting the leg around, bending down low...

...and getting plucked into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wallace just BARELY kicks out in time! Oh my!

[Wallace scrambles up, turning towards Shane who is crawling towards his corner and Jimmy Jack's outstretched hand...

...and then races forward, throwing his leg up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?! HE JUST SUPERKICKED JIMMY JACK SHANE OFF THE APRON!

[The referee shouts at Wallace, reprimanding him for attacking the man on the apron. Chet simply shrugs, grabbing Shane by the legs and dragging him back across the ring. He gets a higher grip, locking his arms around the thighs as he lifts Shane off the mat into a wheelbarrow position...

...and Chaz slingshots over the top, bringing his leg down on the back of Shane's neck as they DRIVE Shane facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! What a doubleteam!

[Chet rolls Shane over, sitting back on him as he hooks both legs and Chaz rolls to the outside.]

GM: That might be enough!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHANE KICKS OUT! TERRY SHANE KICKS OUT AGAIN! OH MY!

[Chet Wallace glares angrily at the mat as Chaz Wallace smashes his right arm repeatedly into the ring apron. He winces, holding his left shoulder as Chet gets to his feet, throwing a glance at him.]

GM: Chaz up on the apron... there's the tag again...

[Chet pulls Shane up, whipping the short distance into the corner as Chaz goes across the ring into the opposite neutral corner. The two Wallaces lock eyes and with a grin, deliver a shout in unison...]

"DROOOOOPKIIIIICK PARRRRRTYYYYYYY!"



[...and then Chaz barrels across the ring, leaping up to drive both feet into Terry Shane's face with a dropkick. Chet comes in right behind him, hitting a dropkick of his own. And so it goes - over and over, the Wallace twins alternate hitting running dropkick on Terry Shane. After about four of them, Shane slumps down in the corner, ending up on his butt as the dropkick start landing at a lower elevation...]

GM: The Dropkick Party is taking Terry Shane down and potentially out of this match!

[But as Chet Wallace drops back to the corner to deliver another one, he gets his legs pulled out from under him before being dragged out to the floor!]

GM: It's Jimmy Jack! Jimmy Jack's got Chet Wallace and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A wild-eyed Jimmy Jack HURLS Chet Wallace backwards, throwing him bodily into the ringside barricade!]

GM: JIMMY JACK PUTS HIM INTO THE STEEL AND-

[The younger Shane rampages forward, connecting with a clothesline that flips Chet Wallace over the railing, dumping him into the front row of seats at ringside!]

GM: JIMMY JACK IS FIRED UP, FANS!

[Chaz Wallace throws a glance out at Jimmy Jack who has momentarily disposed of Chet. Chaz quickly pulls Terry Shane out of the corner, lifting him up into a front slam. He steps towards the corner, ducking through the ropes and swiftly climbing to the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Chaz Wallace is up top! Chaz Wallace is looking to fly, fans!

[Wallace sets his feet and then leaps into the air, flipping forward in a full somersault...]

GM: 450 SPLASH!

[...but Shane brings up his knees, causing Wallace to CRASH down on them!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TERRY SHANE GOT THE KNEES UP! THE KNEES CAME UP AND WALLACE GOES DOWN HARD!

[Shane shoves Wallace off his knees, rolling to all fours as the Dallas crowd roars in response!]

GM: And now Terry Shane is looking to make the tag!

[Jimmy Jack is jumping up and down with anticipation, arm outstretched as he waits for the tag from his big brother...]

GM: Shane crawling across the ring, looking to escape and give his brother a chance to win this thing for them!

[Jimmy Jack is all worked up into a frenzy as Terry gets closer... and closer... and closer...]

GM: Terry's getting there! He's almost to the corner! He's almost to-

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: TAG!

[Jimmy Jack Shane lets loose a loud "WOOOOOOOOOO!" before he ducks through the ropes, rampaging across the ring to hit a clothesline on a rising Chaz Wallace that completely flips Wallace inside out before dumping him back down on the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!

[Jimmy Jack doesn't wait for Wallace to get up, yanking him back to his feet, shoving him back into the turnbuckles. He steps closer, lifting a finger to his lips to silence the cheering crowd...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and after spitting on the palm of his hand, Jimmy Jack uncorks an overhead chop that knocks Wallace off his feet, causing him to slump down in the corner!]

GM: Good grief! You could feel that one in the fifteenth row, fans!

[Jimmy Jack grabs Wallace by the arm, rocketing him across the ring into the far corner...]

...and then goes charging in after him, leaping up and lashing out with a single leg dropkick, punctuated with a "HIIIIIIYAAAAAAA!"

GM: Jimmy Jack with a Dropkick Party of his own! And he's got Chaz Wallace reeling, fans!

[Jimmy Jack snatches Wallace by the hair, pulling him out as he slides in behind him, lifting him up into atomic drop position...]

...and then charges out of the corner, getting halfway across the ring before he DUMPS Wallace down on a bent knee!]

GM: Running atomic drop!

BW: Looks just like the one Oliver Strickland used to do!

GM: That's MISTER Oliver Strickland to you, buddy!

[The atomic drop sends Wallace flying into the air, his face smashing into the top turnbuckle. He stumbles blindly back towards Jimmy Jack who drops down, rolling him into a schoolboy!]

GM: SCHOOLBOY FROM THE BLIND SIDE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But a DIVING save through the ropes by Chet Wallace breaks up the pin attempt!]

GM: Ohh! Chet Wallace breaks it up!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Five minutes left in the time limit for this one as Chet Wallace stomps and kicks Jimmy Jack Shane!

[And Chet's focus is so much on Jimmy Jack, he fails to notice Terry Shane slip in behind him, hooking a half nelson, lifting Wallace up into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKBREAKER BY TERRY SHANE!

[The high impact backbreaker forces Chet Wallace to roll back out to the floor as the referee forces Terry Shane to step back out to the apron.]

GM: Jimmy Jack getting back to his feet.

[As he does, he spots Chaz Wallace crawling across the ring into the corner. The wild-eyed member of the Shane clan stomps in after him, grabbing the top rope with both hands. He looks out at the cheering head, nodding his head approvingly...

...and STOMPS...

...and STOMPS...

...and STOMPS...

...and STOMPS...

...and STOMPS...

...and STOMPS...

...and finally pauses, taking a few deep breaths as he wipes the sweat from his brow...]

BW: Looks like all that time drinking beer and being blackballed has taken the ring shape away from ol' Jimmy Jack.

[...and then uncorks more as he STOMPS...

...and STOMPS...

...and STOMPS...

...and STOMPS...

...and STOMPS...

...and STOMPS...

...and STOMPS...

...before stepping away, high stepping around the corner, and lands one final BIG stomp to the mush to the roars of the crowd!]

GM: Oh my!

[Jimmy Jack grabs Chet by the ankle, pulling him from the corner to dive across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But this time, the count is broken up by Chaz Wallace grabbing Jimmy Jack by the ankle, dragging him under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: OHH! COME ON!

[Chaz goes for a haymaker but Jimmy Jack blocks it, uncorking one of his own that takes Chaz off his feet and puts him back down on the floor. A fired-up Jimmy Jack looks around wildly...

...and snatches up the ring apron, looking underneath.]

GM: Wait a second! What's going on here?!

BW: This lunatic is looking for plunder!

[A few moments pass before Shane yanks a wooden chair out from under the apron, giving a howl as he lifts it up over his head to big cheers from the sold out crowd!]

GM: Jimmy Jack's got a chair but-

BW: Ring the bell now! He's got a weapon for crying out loud!

GM: But he hasn't used it... yet.

[Shane spits on both hands, grabbing the chair legs, swinging it back over his head...

...which is when Chet Wallace reaches over the top rope, grabbing the chair before it can be used on his brother! The crowd jeers loudly as Wallace prevents the attack!]

GM: Chet Wallace grabbed the chair! He's got the chair!

[Jimmy Jack angrily spins away, crawling back inside the ring where Chet Wallace holds the chair in his hands. Jimmy Jack barrels towards him but Chet sidesteps, causing Jimmy Jack to smash into the turnbuckles in his own corner...

...where Terry Shane subtly slaps his arm.]

GM: Was that a tag?!

BW: Where?! I didn't see one!

GM: I think Terry Shane just tagged himself in!

[Tossing the chair aside, Chet Wallace grabs Jimmy Jack from behind, pulling him out of the corner. He tosses him down to the canvas to his knees, stomping his foot once as he sets up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK ON JIMMY JACK!

[The blow snaps Jimmy Jack's head to the side as he kneels on the mat...

...and with a grin, he points at Wallace.]

BW: What is this idiot doing?!

[Or rather... behind Wallace.]

GM: Terry! Terry's in!

[Shane grabs Wallace, spinning him around, and drags him quickly down into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: They did it! They did it! The Shanes win it!

[Terry Shane promptly rolls out of the ring, joining his jubilant brother out on the floor. The two Shanes race into an embrace, enjoying the cheers of the Dallas crowd as they celebrate their victory!]

GM: Can you believe-

BW: NO! I CAN'T! The Idols got robbed! Jimmy Jack brought a chair into the ring and he should've been disqualified for that!

GM: Technically, it was Chet Wallace who brought the chair in the ring! Besides, it never got used!

BW: Not for lack of effort! He tried to waffle Chaz Wallace with it!

GM: But he didn't... and in the end, I believe that's why the referee let the match continue and when he did it, it was Terry Shane scoring the win for he and his brother in front of their home state fans here in Texas! Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, it'll be Ryan Martinez against the mighty MAWAGA! Don't you dare miss that!

[The Shanes continue to celebrate on the floor as the Wallaces protest to the official and we fade to black.

And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black,..

...and then fade up backstage where Mark Stegglet stands with Ryan Martinez on his right hand side. The former World Television and World Heavyweight Champion is dressed simply tonight – a plain black t-shirt, and his familiar "young boy" ring attire of black trunks and black boots, along with a black "sleeve" on his injured arm and black kneepads. As always, intensity radiates from the White Knight.]

MS: We are back here LIVE at Homecoming and it's been called your year from hell, Ryan Martinez. I have to think that, if anything, that's an understatement.

[Martinez nods.]

RM: It hasn't been easy, Mark. But, unlike some people, I've never been content to take the easy way. I didn't get into this business because it was easy.

The good fight, Mark, is always the hardest fight.

MS: And it's fair to say that no one fights harder than you.

RM: Thanks, Mark.

MS: And that brings us to tonight, and the challenge you're up against.

RM: Before we get to that, Mark, there's something I need to say.

[Martinez exhales slowly, and turns to look straight into the camera.]

RM: Derrick Williams, I heard everything you said in London, and I'm here to tell you, Williams, that talk is cheap.

It's real easy to stand next to Juan Vasquez, with a big trash-eating grin plastered across your face. It's easy to let Vasquez call you the future of wrestling.

But any time you think you're ready to be the future, you come see me, and I'll show you that it's easier said than done.

[Martinez goes silent, letting the words sink in as Stegglet continues.]

MS: There are many people who would love to see you take on Derrick Williams. But tonight, you've got another member of the Axis in front of you. I'm talking

about the Suited Savage himself, MAWAGA. And I have to say, your year of hell is about to get worse.

[The AWA's White Knight nods, a grim expression coming to his face.]

RM: You're right, Mark. Tonight, I'm going in there with something more than a man. MAWAGA is a force of nature. Nobody knows much about MAWAGA.

But everyone knows he's dangerous.

MS: And you're going face to face with him. That has to give even you pause.

RM: Oh, it does. I'm not a fool, Mark. I know that my body isn't what it once was. And I know that no one has found a single weakness in MAWAGA yet.

Everyone has got their questions. Does MAWAGA have a weak spot in his armor? Can MAWAGA be lifted into the Brainbuster? Is it possible that I can kick him in the face hard enough to even stagger him, much less bring him down to the ground?

And somewhere in the American Airlines Arena, there's a man that is, at this very moment, getting down on his knees and praying to any god that will listen that MAWAGA puts an end to me tonight.

And that man is Juan Vasquez.

[The grimness in Martinez' expression turns into fiery determination.]

RM: You're a big, strong man MAWAGA. You might be most dangerous man in the entire AWA. But for all your strength, that's not what you're about.

You're about weakness, MAWAGA. The weakness of your master.

Like I said earlier, it's easy to stand around talking trash. It's easy to say that you're on top of the world. It's easy to fool yourself into thinking that no one can stop you. But those were all lies, Vasquez. Stories you told yourself to keep the truth out of your mind.

But the moment I put my boot into your face, Vasquez, you were hit with the truth.

You're not strong, Vasquez. You're weak. You're not a legend, you're in the final, gasping moments of your star burning away into nothing.

MS: Strong words.

RM: If Vasquez was everything he said he was, then why is he sending MAWAGA to do his dirty work?

Because Mark, the moment we were face to face, he had nothing.

That's the difference between you and I, Vasquez. I've asked many men to fight WITH me, but I would never ask another man to fight FOR me. You? Well, look at how many men you're putting between us. And you can tell whatever lie you like, but we both know the truth.

MS: You don't think he wants you in a fair fight?

RM: I know he doesn't, Mark.

Vasquez can take me down when my back is turned, or when his goons have already done his dirty work for him. But face to face?

Well, you saw which one of us was standing, and which one of us fell.

So you send MAWAGA, Vasquez, and I'll fight him with everything I've got. And to be honest, I don't know how, but I know that I'll get through him.

They say that justice, like lightning, should appear to few men's ruin, but to all men's fear. And you better fear my justice, Vasquez, because it's coming for you.

And if I have to send that lightning bolt through every crony and sycophant you've got surrounding you? All the better.

Justice is coming for every member of the Axis, and it will be delivered, whether it be a chop, a Yakuza kick, or a brainbuster... one lightning strike at a time.

Count on it!

[And with that, Ryan Martinez makes his exit.]

MS: Ryan Martinez calling on a little help from the weatherman here tonight. Does the forecast call for thunderbolts and lightning? Very, very frightening. Rebecca Ortiz, take it away.

[We fade from Stegglet out to Ortiz in the ring.

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

[The lights in the American Airlines Center go dark, as the grim face of MAWAGA can be seen on the video wall in extreme close-up. The Tongan speaks in his native tongue, repeating the same words he said in England, before he brutally destroyed his opponent.]

MAWAGA: Tateo tae goy!

[At the bottom of the screen, the words are finally translated...

"I'M GOING TO KILL YOU"

...and the video wall fades out, leaving us in complete darkness as "Duel of the Fates" by Galactic Empire begins to play.]

#KOR-AHHHHHH

#MAH-TAH

#KOR-AHHHHHH

#RAH-TAH-MAAAAH

[The crowd immediately ROARS with boos at the sight of Jackson Hunter stepping out from behind the curtains, followed closely behind by the monstrous MAWAGA.]

RO: Introducing now...accompanied to the ring by Jackson Hunter...he hails from the Polynesian Islands...weighing in at 290 pounds and representing the AXIS...

MAAAAAAAAAAWWWAAAAAAAAAGGGGAAAAAAAAA!!!

[As MAWAGA emerges from behind the smoke, he executes a short kata at the top of the aisle and upon completion, lets loose a primal roar. He is a bulky, dark-skinned Polynesian male with a stony face and a wicked Jheri curl hairdo tied back into a ponytail. To the ring, he wears an open black and gold satin robe over black Hakama pants. He throws shadow punches on his way to the ring, shouting at the camera in indecipherable Tongan, as he passes by.]



GM: MAWAGA heading to the ring alongside Jackson Hunter. We've been told that Juan Vasquez - despite requesting this match - will not be out here until his showdown with "Hotshot" Stevie Scott later tonight. Also no sign of Riley Hunter, Maxim Zharkov, or Derrick Williams but where one member of the Axis of Evil is, you know the others aren't far away.

BW: Absolutely. So if Martinez gets any wise ideas, he should know he could be one versus an army in a blink of an eye.

[MAWAGA climbs into the ring, shouting in Tongan at the referee who scampers away wisely. The usually-Suited Savage stalks around the ring, glaring out at the jeering crowd as Jackson Hunter looks on pleased from the ring apron.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[There is the light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity, as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers.]

RO: Coming to the ring now, hailing from Los Angeles, California...

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

RO: ...weighing 255 pounds..

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

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

RO: He is the White Knight...

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

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

RO: HE IS... RYYYYYYYAAAAAANNNNNNNN MAAAAAARRRRRTIIIIINEEEEEEEZ!

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

GM: There he is, fans! Former World Champion! The AWA's White Knight! And on this night, he is the man who stands against the Axis of Evil!

[As the crowd cheers him wildly, Ryan gives them a single nod, and then races down to the ring, pausing only at the apron, before stepping between the top and middle rope. His hoodie is unzipped and thrown over the turnbuckle in a corner. Ryan wears a pair of short black trunks, black boots with white laces, black knee pads with a white "X" in the center of the knee, and a long, black pad on his right arm that extends from the middle of his forearm to just under his armpit, the elbow portion of it heavily padded. Both wrists are tapped with glossy black tape. Ryan steps to the middle of the ring, bouncing up and down, as he waits for the bell to ring. Just before the bell rings, the chorus of "Vox Populi" the last of his music reverberates through the arena.]

#This is a call to arms, we own the night

This is a battle song, we own the night#

[And as special troubleshooting referee Jack Marshall signals for the bell, MAWAGA dips down in a bow, a show of honor before the war to come...

...and with a flourish, Marshall spins to signal for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Here we go!

[Martinez and MAWAGA come out of their respective corners, circling the middle of the ring, both men looking for an early opening...]

GM: Jackson Hunter instantly barking orders to his Tongan enforcer from out on the floor... the former World Champion, Ryan Martinez, trying not to make an early mistake as he battles to get back into the same headspace he was as the World Champion...

[The two come together in a collar and elbow but MAWAGA outpowers Martinez with ease, backing him across the ring into the far corner. Hunter’s voice is like a running soundtrack through the action, constantly trying to advise MAWAGA on what comes next...

...but what comes next is Ryan Martinez using his technique to spin away from the corner, grabbing MAWAGA’s arm as he does, and using an armdrag to take MAWAGA down to the canvas to cheers from the Dallas crowd!]

GM: Martinez with the armdrag, taking MAWAGA off his feet!

[MAWAGA deftly rolls to his feet, getting there before Martinez does but he doesn’t rush the White Knight, instead staying in place and watching Martinez’ every movement.]

GM: Martinez back up but so is MAWAGA and we’re right back to these two squaring off, circling one another once more...

[Martinez slowly extends his arm, his fingertips wiggling as he stretches out towards MAWAGA who extends his own arm to meet it, briefly locking fingers with the former World Champion before he lashes out with a kick to the body, sending Martinez stumbling back.]

GM: It looked like a test of strength might’ve been on the way there but MAWAGA had other ideas, striking downstairs with a kick... and there’s a big hooking blow to the ribcage to follow, putting Martinez into a retreat.

BW: Listen to Hunter shouting “stay on him!” That’s good advice, Gordo.

GM: It might be good advice but I wish someone would hit the mute button on him. He’s driving me batty out here.

[A second hooking blow sends Martinez back into the corner where MAWAGA lashes out with another front kick to the body... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: MAWAGA with a series of kicks to the body, chopping Martinez down to size in the corner...

[The referee reprimands the Tongan as he reaches out, pulling Martinez off the mat by the head and neck. He moves him out of the corner along the ropes, grabbing the wrist for an Irish whip...]

GM: MAWAGA shoots Martinez across...

[The Tongan reaches back, his arm at the ready to strike...

...but Martinez drops into a baseball slide, avoiding the strike and coming up to his feet behind MAWAGA. Martinez quickly winds up and as MAWAGA turns around...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: Big chop by Martinez! Knife edge blow right across the chest!

[MAWAGA stumbles back, a red welt forming on his chest, but then steadies himself, squares up, and fires off a chop of his own...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: Goodness!

BW: How about that one, White Knight? Maybe you’ve found someone who chops just as hard as you do!

[Martinez looks a little surprised before he winds up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and MAWAGA again returns fire.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: These two warriors are trading chops in the middle of the ri-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: Good grief! You could feel that one in your chest, Bucky!

[Reeling from Martinez’ latest blow, MAWAGA shakes it off, setting his feet and letting it fly...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

BW: I felt THAT one for sure!

[With a shout, Martinez lays in another one...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and as MAWAGA stumbles backwards, Martinez turns to dash to the ropes.]

GM: Martinez hits the ropes, coming back and-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts as MAWAGA throws a devastating savate kick, catching Martinez right up under the chin, snapping his neck back and putting him down on the canvas. MAWAGA strikes a martial arts pose, swinging his arms around in a kata after flooring the former World Champion!]

GM: Goodness! We don't know a lot about MAWAGA, fans, but we do know that he's obviously got martial arts training. That kick did a number on Ryan Martinez, completely wiping out the former World Champion!

[Cut to a shot of Martinez rolling around in pain on the mat, clutching his chin with one hand and the back of his neck with the other.]

BW: And there you see Martinez grabbing the neck, Gordo. That neck that Juan Vasquez injured with the piledriver at the start of the year that is STILL giving Ryan Martinez trouble. Between the bum neck and the arm he injured training for the Battle of Boston, there are a lot of people who think Martinez shouldn't even be in the ring right now.

GM: Try telling him that.

BW: I would but I'm not sure he'd hear me right now after MAWAGA nearly kicked his skull over the Mexico border.

[MAWAGA lands a big stomp to the upper body, keeping Martinez down on the canvas as he stands over him, Hunter still shouting "keep him down! Keep him at your feet!"]

GM: Can someone put a muzzle on that guy?

[MAWAGA swings his arms around in a flourish before lashing out with a stiff-fingered blow, driving his extended fingers into the throat of Martinez. The former World Champion immediately grabs at his throat, coughing and gasping as he rolls around on the mat.]

GM: Illegal strike to the throat. The referee is letting MAWAGA hear it right now. Does he even speak English, Bucky? Have you learned that in all your free lunches with the Axis?

BW: MAWAGA's a mystery and I'm pretty sure the Axis would like to keep it that way.

[As Martinez rolls towards the ropes, MAWAGA pursues him, reaching down and dragging the former champion off the mat before he can exit the ring.]

GM: MAWAGA cuts off the White Knight's escape route, bringing him back to his feet...

[Lifting Martinez under his arm, MAWAGA walks out to the center of the ring, dropping him down across a bent knee.]

GM: Backbreaker by MAWAGA! Right down across the knee!

BW: He's not done either.

[Holding Martinez in place, MAWAGA rises to his feet once more, looking out on the jeering crowd before he brings him down across the knee a second time!]

GM: Back to back backbreakers... and there's a cover!

[A two count follows before Martinez gets the shoulder up. Jackson Hunter can be heard very clearly shouting "that was three, ya blind oaf! One-two-three! It's not that hard!" Jack Marshall glares at Hunter, flashing two fingers in his direction as MAWAGA climbs back to his feet, continuing to menace Martinez who is trying to catch a breather, stomping his lower back viciously.]

GM: Big stomp to the small of the back by MAWAGA! Martinez trying to roll away, trying to create some space and-

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!”

[A short soccer kick to the lower back causes Martinez to cry out in pain as MAWAGA stands over him, watching as Martinez pushes off the mat, crawling away from the Tongan enforcer.]

GM: Martinez to his feet, backing into the corner... trying to get a chance to regroup in there...

[With Martinez reeling in the corner, MAWAGA winds up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Martinez falls back hard in the buckles, his arms looping over the ropes to stay on his feet.]

GM: What a shot across the chest that was!

[MAWAGA reaches out, grabbing Martinez by the arm...

...and a desperate Martinez fires off a headbutt, trying to save himself!]

GM: Headbutt and- oh, I don't think that paid off for Martinez!

[Clutching his skull, Martinez falls back into the corner as MAWAGA simply shakes his head defiantly, grabbing Martinez by the shoulders with both hands...

...and SLAMS his skull into Martinez', knocking the former World Champion down to his knees!]

GM: MAWAGA with the devastating headbutt, putting Martinez down on the mat again! And this has got to be feeling horribly familiar to Ryan Martinez right now as yet another member of the Axis are having their way with him at the moment. Juan Vasquez beat him at the Battle of Boston... Maxim Zharkov beat him recently as well... and now, is it MAWAGA's turn? And if so, what does that do to Martinez as he attempts to fight his way back into the World Title picture?

[Pulling Martinez to his feet, MAWAGA whips him from corner to corner, sending him crashing into the far buckles as he charges in after him...]

GM: Ohhhh my! Big running clothesline in the corner, putting all his weight into that!

[With Martinez pinned against the corner, MAWAGA tees off, throwing a rapid barrage of hooking blows to the body, forcing Martinez to drop his arms to defend himself and opening up the head as MAWAGA switches to clubbing and wild blows to the head and neck of the former World Champion!]

GM: Come on! Get the man out of the corner!

[After a four count passes, MAWAGA backs off, his arms still whirling around in a flourish as Martinez staggers in a daze from the corner...

...and MAWAGA surges forward, landing a second big headbutt, taking Martinez back down to the canvas!]

GM: Another headbutt! Goodness!

[MAWAGA drops to his knees, applying another pin attempt. Hunter's voice shouting "You got him! You got him now!" is heard as the referee delivers a two count and Martinez' shoulder goes flying off the mat!]

GM: Ohhh! A near fall right there! MAWAGA almost scored what would be... maybe not an upset but a shocking victory over a former World Champion.

[Hunter shouts at MAWAGA, ordering him to put the boots to Martinez. He obliges, viciously stomping Martinez' ribcage, forcing him to roll over onto his side...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

[...where MAWAGA lands another soccer kick to the lower back, causing Martinez to arch his back, groaning in pain.]

GM: Good grief. MAWAGA physically dominating Martinez at this point of the contest... again bringing him back to his feet so that he can- oh! Hard chop to the side of the neck sends Martinez back into the corner once again and I think MAWAGA has shown tonight that this is NOT where you want to stand and fight against him.

[MAWAGA grabs Martinez by the arm again, whipping him from corner to corner. He turns, saying something in Tongan to Jackson Hunter before he dashes across the ring, following the White Knight to the corner...]

...where Martinez raises his feet, catching the incoming MAWAGA under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Martinez caught him coming in! MAWAGA made a mistake when he stopped to say something to Hunter and Martinez made him pay for it!

BW: Yeah, but can he take advantage of it, Gordo?

GM: We may be about to find out. Martinez trying to gather himself up for a burst of offense here...

[MAWAGA storms in a second time as Martinez leans back.]

GM: Boom! Again to the jaw! Martinez caught him a second time!

[MAWAGA stumbles backward, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as Martinez straightens up, ready to fight once more.]

GM: Here comes the Tongan a third time!

[But this time, Martinez sidesteps, causing MAWAGA to run chestfirst into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Ohhh! He missed! He missed the charge!

[...and the White Knight slides in behind him, wrapping his arms around MAWAGA's waist...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and takes MAWAGA up and over, throwing him halfway across the ring and dumping him on the back of the head and neck with a German Suplex!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX BY THE-

[The crowd buzzes with shock as MAWAGA rolls through it, getting right back up to his feet...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and then races forward, catching the rising Martinez with a running lariat that flips him through the air, dumping him down on the back of his neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it! That might be it!

[MAWAGA drops to his knees, folding up Martinez in a jackknife press, leaning over the legs to put pressure on the downed shoulders.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NO! NO! MARTINEZ KICKS OUT IN TIME! OH MY!

[MAWAGA pushes to his knees, turning to angrily shout at Jack Marshall in Tongan. Marshall backs off, showing the Tongan two fingers as Hunter screams at MAWAGA to finish him off.]

GM: MAWAGA looking to finish off Martinez at Hunter's instructions here, pulling the dazed former World Champion to his feet...

[Grabbing Martinez by the arm, MAWAGA looks to whip him the three-quarters distance across the ring...

...but Martinez reverses it, charging in after him!]

GM: YAAAAAAAAAKUUUUUUUZAAAAAAAAAA!

[MAWAGA's head snaps back on the impact of the running boot to the chin. Martinez backs off, giving a war whoop as MAWAGA stumbles out towards him. The White Knight buries a boot in the midsection.]

GM: Martinez goes downstairs!

[He snatches MAWAGA in a front facelock, slinging the Tongan's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: Martinez is calling for it! He's looking for the Brainbuster! He's-

[But as Martinez attempts to lift MAWAGA into the air, he almost immediately has to put him back down, reaching up to grab his tricep area...

...just as MAWAGA's hand darts out like a snake, his fingers wrapping around the throat of Martinez!]

GM: DEATH GRIP! THE TONGAN DEATH GRIP IS LOCKED IN!

[Martinez' hands shoot up to his throat, his eyes wide with panic as he attempts to pry MAWAGA's grip off the nerves in his neck.]

GM: MAWAGA's got the hold locked in! I'm not sure if Martinez is getting out of this, fans! He's trying but-

[Martinez stumbles backwards, eyes fluttering as MAWAGA keeps the hold locked in...

...and then the White Knight falls into the ropes, hooking his arms around them!]

GM: Oh! He got to the ropes! Martinez gets to the ropes!

[But MAWAGA doesn't even appear to consider breaking the hold as the referee starts his five count on the Tongan.]

GM: MAWAGA's not letting go! He's not letting go, fans!

[The count gets to three... to four...]

GM: He's going to be disqualified!

BW: Do you think he cares?!

[With Jackson Hunter egging him on, MAWAGA keeps the hold applied as Jack Marshall counts to five and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it! MAWAGA's been disqualified!

BW: But he ain't lettin' go, Gordo! He's got that Death Grip still applied!

[Martinez is clawing at the arm, trying to swat it away as he battles to free himself from the devastating hold!]

GM: Martinez trying to fight his way out of this but...

BW: He's fading, Gordo!

[Martinez' eyes flutter again as he swats weakly at the arm gripping his throat... and again... and again...]

GM: Martinez is trying to get out and-

[The crowd reacts with concern as Martinez falls to the canvas, MAWAGA driving him all the way down to the mat...

...and then gets up, letting loose a bellow as he stands over the motionless White Knight!]

GM: MAWAGA knocked him out! He laid out the former World Champion!

[MAWAGA is still shouting in indecipherable Tongan as he menaces the fallen White Knight. Jackson Hunter joins MAWAGA in the ring, looking down with a smirk at the motionless Martinez...]

GM: Fans, Ryan Martinez, the AWA's White Knight, has been brought down off his mighty steed by MAWAGA! By the Axis of Evil! And by Juan Vasquez!



BW: So much for Martinez summoning the lightning, Gordo!

GM: So much indeed. This is yet another horrible bump in the road - the comeback trail - for Ryan Martinez and once again, we're left to wonder if Martinez' glory days are behind him. Once again, we're left to wonder if ANYONE can stand up, stand tall, and stand defiant in front of the Axis of Evil.

[MAWAGA plants his foot on the chest of Martinez, barking at the camera as we slowly fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back to a panning shot of the American Airlines Arena crowd. "I Can" by Nas blares over the arena as the Dallas fans go crazy for the arrival of Jordan Ohara. The first wave of cheers subsides and then suddenly the crowd loses it again as Ohara bursts through the curtains. The young tiger is dressed in his shiny ring gear, a white T-shirt with a Carolina blue phoenix emblazoned across the chest and Carolina blue Air Jordan XIII's on his feet. He rips off his shirt and tosses it into the crowd, revealing a sharply defined upper body as he charges towards the ring.]

GM: Listen to this crowd go crazy for Jordan Ohara. It's hard to believe this young man from Charlotte hasn't even completed his rookie year here! He's rocketing up the ranks. But he looks like he's all business after what happened earlier to Dave Bryant.

BW: And sticking his nose in where it doesn't belong. He's lucky Graham didn't bust his eyebrow open again. He's jumping the line just like Derrick Williams said he was!

GM: You can't possibly believe that, can you?

BW: Is it wrong?

[Jordan Ohara grabs a microphone before he rolls into the ring.]

JO: I just came back from sitting with Dave Bryant, a legend... a future Hall of Famer... a former World Champion.

[Ohara looks down dejectedly.]

JO: The doctors say there's a good chance he will never wrestle again... his career may be over. It makes me sick because when I was going around the horn with Wallace and Graham, it was Dave Bryant who stood by me. And now he may have lost his livelihood.

[Ohara stares into the camera, his brow knit with anger.]

JO: And that's on you, Larry Wallace. That's on you, Hamilton Graham! But it's also on me! It's on all of us who sit by and let these things happen! Wallace and Graham are nothing more than symptoms of a much bigger problem around here.

BW: I didn't do anything!

[The crowd listens closely.]

JO: The Axis of Evil. That group of miscreants is trying to destroy the AWA all for the feeding of Juan Vasquez's ego! Maxim Zharkov... the man cashes all his decadent American checks with no qualms. Jackson Hunter drags on his coattails. That snake I never trusted, Riley Hunter, is on the ride too. MAWAGA is just hired muscle to block for the King.

Thanks to them everywhere I turn guys are getting jumped from behind... people are interfering in matches...

[A pause.]

JO: People are stabbing each other in the back.

[He looks up, staring right into the camera.]

JO: Isn't that right, Derrick? You, Derrick Williams, you make me the maddest of all... and you know why?

[Ohara pauses a moment, allowing Bucky Wilde to speak.]

BW: Because he left you laying?

GM: Please!

[Ohara speaks again, this time looking out at the crowd.]

JO: Do all of you know why I'm so mad?

[Some shouts from the crowd. Ohara lets it die down before he speaks again.]

JO: Because I should have seen it coming.

[The crowd buzzes at this revelation, obviously confused.]

JO: Derrick Williams was my brother. My best friend here in America. I loved him just like I loved my best friends back in Japan... Jun Maeda... Hachiro Kinoshita... the young tigers I came up with through the Dojo.

Derrick Williams was just like them, I thought. Because I thought he was a man. I thought he was a wrestler in his heart and soul... just like me.

But I was wrong... Derrick Williams is just a wannabe!

[Ohara pauses to let that insult sink in.]

JO: Derrick Williams just wants to be seen with the next hot thing.

When he first showed up, he hitched his wagon to a guy who didn't want a friend... didn't want a protege... all he wanted was someone sober to drive him from town to town and Derrick Williams was happy to oblige, just so he could be near a superstar!

Then his old trainer, Kevin Slater, showed up. Now, I have all the respect in the world for Kevin Slater. He helped pave the way for guys like me but the minute he showed up, Williams was right there by his side - making sure everyone saw him the presence of a legend.

And when Slater was gone... then there was me.

[Ohara pauses, shaking his head.]

JO: "We can be great together, Jordan!" "We can win those tag titles!" "We're the future of this business!"

But then I pinned him at the Battle of Boston... and from that moment on, I should've known. I should've been ready.

[He looks down again and then suddenly snaps his head up.]

JO: I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

[His voice strains from the emotion... and then settles back down.]

JO: I should've known then and there that he was going to jump to the next person he thought would carry him to the top.

Juan Vasquez.

[Ohara stares at the crowd in disgust as he speaks the name.]

JO: Derrick Williams came out in front of all you people recently and said that he didn't sell out... that he bought in.

[A slight smile crosses Ohara's face as he shakes his head.]

JO: No, no... he BAILED out! Again! Again, Derrick Williams realized that he can't do it by himself. Again, he realized that unless he's got someone better than him... a bigger star than him shining the light on him, that he can't get it done.

Juan Vasquez thinks he got himself a soldier in the Axis with Derrick Williams... but what he hasn't realized yet is that all he got was a weak link.

[The crowd "ooohs" at that.]

JO: It's true. Derrick Williams will never be all that he can be... because he could be great... just like Vasquez said two weeks ago. He COULD be the future of the business. But he doesn't have the courage to reach for it by himself. He talks about me jumping the line...

[He looks down at the mat.]

JO: I don't see a line, Derrick. I see a mat. I see a mat soaked in the blood, sweat and tears of wrestlers past and present who gave everything they could for this sport and these fans.

[Ohara kneels to touch the mat. He rubs his fingers together.]

JO: But I know your blood, sweat and tears aren't here, Williams. Because you never worked for anything a day in your life.

It takes more than a fancy new suit to prove to people that you've come up, Derrick. And when you sit there and ask yourself what I've done in months what you couldn't do in years, know it's because I worked for EVERYTHING that I got.

I trained. I prepared. I was ready from Day One to do everything myself!

And you? You were never able to stand on your own. And you obviously still aren't.

[Ohara gets back up, pointing to the camera.]

JO: It seems destined now, doesn't it? Someday. Sometime. Someplace. You and I are going to get in this ring together... you're going to come out here and you're going to try me.

And I'm going to be ready.

Alone if I have to... like I always have been.

[Ohara cracks a grin.]

JO: But every day, Williams, I hear the talk in the back. I feel the anger in the air... the fighting spirit rising to the top. Everyday, I hear people getting more and more disgusted by what you and your buddies are trying to do.

The Phoenix rises, Williams... and so does that locker room.

And so, I'm standing here tonight calling on everybody... and I do mean EVERYBODY.

It doesn't matter if you're Allen Allen or Ryan Martinez... if you're the Cuban Assassin or Cody Mertz... I want all of you to stand up right now to the Axis of Evil... stand up before they take over.

Because together, we will beat them back and break them down.

[Ohara nods as the crowd cheers.]

JO: But Williams... after that locker room has risen up and put down your buddies Hunter... and Zharkov... and Vasquez...

Then that'll leave you... and that's a good thing, Derrick, because you're all mine!

I'm going to get you inside that ring and expose you as the lackey... the sycophant... the hanger-on...

...the COWARD that you are!

[Big cheer!]

JO: And when the Axis is nowhere to help you, Williams, you're going to stand there and wonder... "can he do it? Can Jordan Ohara take me down?"

[Ohara nods with a confident expression on his face.]

JO: Believe me when I tell you, Derrick Williams... I can.

[Ohara leans over, placing the mic on the canvas as the Dallas fans roar their approval for his words.]

GM: Jordan Ohara with some very pointed words aimed at his former friend and the rest of the Axis of Evil, Bucky.

BW: The kind of words that might end up putting him in a retirement village next to his pal, Dave Bryant.

GM: We'll see about that. Personally, I think this young man's on a mission and he will not rest until he sees the Axis of Evil crumbled down all around him. Speaking of crumbling down, the Kings of Wrestling could very well be crumbling down all around Brian Lau. Of course, at the start of tonight's show, Brian Lau announced that this Friday night LIVE in prime time on the FOX Network, the AWA will present All-Star Showdown featuring a tag team match pitting Riley Hunter and Derrick Williams of the Axis against Brian James and Johnny Detson of the Kings of Wrestling... of course, that's only going to happen if Detson agrees to team with the Engine of Aggression.

BW: The Kings are fine!

GM: So you say. But Detson seemed to make it quite clear earlier tonight that he'll only team with James if James helps him regain the World Title here tonight. So far, Brian Lau hasn't been able to convince James to do that... but I don't think he's given up quite yet. Let's go up to the luxury suite that the Kings are occupying this evening and see if we can get a comment from Brian James!

[We cut back to the luxury suite that on this night is the home of the Kings of Wrestling... most of them at least. In the background, we can see several Instagram models chatting, drinking, and enjoying their evening. In the foreground, Brian James has resumed his step workout, soaked with sweat by this point. The cameraman speaks to him.]

C: Can we get a word, big man?

[The look on James' face says all you need to know about the answer to that question. He keeps his workout going for several more moments until a voice rings out.]

“How about us then?”

[The camera pulls back to reveal the World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, standing before Brian James. Both have shed their dressier clothes from earlier in the evening and are in their ring gear, covered up with t-shirts. The tag title belts are over their shoulders as well.]

BJ: Mr. Lau get you a match?

[Taylor chuckles.]

WT: Yeah. Something about showing the world that the Kings are fine.

[Taylor smirks as Donovan shrugs.]

BJ: Good.

[Taylor and Donovan exchange a glance for a moment until Taylor nudges his partner forward.]

TD: Hey, uhh... Brian... you know why we're here, right?

BJ: Mr. Lau sent you to ask me what I intend to do tonight.

[Donovan nods.]

TD: Well... just between us...

[Donovan throws a glance at the camera.]

TD: What ARE you going to do tonight?

BJ: Tony, you guys - of all people - should know that I'm going to do what I think is best. For me... and for us.

TD: When you say “us,” do you mean the Kings of Wrestling?

[James pauses his workout, coming to a halt.]

BJ: You know... that name has never set right with me. Before Detson came along, we were the James Gang... and we were damn good too. We put down the Dogs of War - the team they said nobody could beat... we beat them and then sent them mewling out of town with their tails between their legs. WE did that. The James Gang did that. Johnny Detson had nothing to do with it. Those tag titles on your shoulders... YOU did that. Johnny Detson had nothing to do with it. The Battle of Boston... I did that... and Johnny Detson had nothing to do with it.

TD: What are you saying, Brian?

BJ: I'm saying that maybe Johnny Detson isn't as important to this group as he - or Mr. Lau - thinks he is.

[James resumes his workout as Taylor and Donovan look on.]

WT: Hey Brian, you and I have been friends for a long time now... and you know that I will ALWAYS shoot straight with you.

[James doesn't acknowledge this, continuing to step up and down.]

WT: But Johnny brings something different to the table. I mean, he's a former World Champion...

[James stops again, leveling a glare at his friend.]

BJ: And you think he's the only one who can do that?

[There's a chill in the air behind that statement that only gets broken when James starts his workout again.]

WT: Of course not. We all saw what you did in Boston. We all know what you're capable of. It's just... I think the Kings are stronger WITH Johnny than without him. That's all I'm saying.

[James has no response, continuing his stepping.]

WT: Just... think about it, will ya?

[James gives the slightest of nods to Taylor, still doing his workout as the tag champions exit the same way they came in...

...and we fade back down to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time... from Catania, Sicily, Italy and weighing in at 250 pounds here is... THE SICILIAN STUD!

[The crowd applauds politely as The Sicilian Stud raises both his arms into the air. He rolls both of his shoulders back a few times as a sultry voice comes over the sound system.]

"Ohhh, Rexy... you're soooo sexy"

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

"STROKE ME, STROKE ME"

[As Mickey Avalon finishes saying it's "As easy as one, two, three" the curtain opens and out walks the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers and an auburn haired beauty. She smiles widely as her arm is wrapped around Rex's. She is wearing a red cocktail dress with very little left to the imagination - just the way Sexy Remy likes it.]

BW: Soak it in, Gordo! Here comes the man who is the "AND TWO" in the Gladiator's record, The Red Hot One.

GM: You say that like he truly earned a victory over Gladiator in London.

BW: Of course he earned the victory, Gordo!

GM: A disqualification and a questionable one at that!

BW: As you've told me before a win is a win. But you can't blame Summers for the Gladiator being an animal and unable to control his emotions in the ring.

[Rebecca Ortiz' voice can be heard in the background.]

RO: From St. Paul, Minnesota... weighing in at 251 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by...

[The next words are dripping with disgust.]

RO: ...the luckiest girl on the planet tonight...

"RED HOT"... REEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMERRRRRRRRRS!

[Summers is dressed in a full-length blue robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig-zag formation across the front. He walks slowly down to the ring, a cocky strut showing off his arrogance. We catch the words "Red Hot" spelled out in sequins on the back of his robe as he walks past the camera, the Summers Sweetheart by his side. They walk up the steps together where she sits on the middle rope, allowing Summers to easily step into the ring where he snatches the mic out of Ortiz' hand.]

RS: Cut the music!

[The fans in Dallas begin to rain boos upon Rex Summers as he holds the microphone in hand. Summers looks around at the crowd with disgust.]

RS: Being in the land of the Lynches, I wouldn't expect anything but that type of reaction for the man who transformed Dallas, Texas into the place to be if you wanted to be a star in this business.

[Summers smirks as the boos continue to rain upon him.]

RS: It wasn't your Lynches or their lackeys that made Dallas famous for wrestling. It was the man who made the Lynch boys famous by beating them from pillar to post night after night just for the fun of it.

[Summers pauses.]

RS: It was that man that made this city famous for more than Troy Aikman, Emmitt Smith and a bunch of cheerleaders. Though the Red Hot One does have a collection of highlights starring those cheerleaders.

[A throaty chuckle comes forth from Summers before another smirk crosses his lips.]

RS: It was the man who continued to make history by becoming the "and two" in the Gladiator's record in London.

[The crowd answers by once again booing Summers. The Summers Sweetheart shakes her head as a disgusted look forms upon her face.]

RS: That's right, Dallas is famous because of Rex Summers! And it won't be long before you see the Red Hot One with the title belt around his waist. But tonight, I'm going to give you all the thrill of a lifetime...

[Rex drops the mic, and as the music starts to play again; he begins to disrobe as the auburn-haired beauty stands behind him taking the glittering garment off his shoulders, folding it neatly, as the chiseled Summers flexes a little for the crowd.]

BW: Summers gracing us all with a new pair of tights.

[The camera focuses in on the white tights with the face of the Gladiator upon them and on both legs is the phrase "and 2".]

BW: Showcasing how he is the second man to defeat the Gladiator here in the AWA.



GM: After the way the match in London ended, I'm not sure it is a good idea for Summers to be rubbing salt into the wounds.

BW: Oh, Summers isn't allowed to showcase his record but it's okay for Travis Stench to remind people that he defeated Juan Vasquez twice.

GM: A very different situation. And it is my understanding, fans, that the Gladiator again has not been seen or heard from since that recent loss... no doubt that is why Summers feel secure in taunting the man.

BW: Hah! Sexy Remy would wear these tights if the Gladiator was sitting ringside with his momma!

GM: Highly unlikely.

[Summers places his hands behind his head; extending his right leg and flexes his quad to show off the "and 2". A smirk crosses the lips of Summers as the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds Summers pops a double biceps pose, to a mix of high pitched shrills and boos, before motioning for The Sicilian Stud to come to the center of the ring.]

GM: Enough with the posing, let's get with the wrestling.

BW: Hey, he's just giving the poor, desperate women of Dallas what they paid for, Gordo!

[The Sicilian Stud though pops a double biceps pose to some cheers from the Dallas faithful.]

GM: Haha! Take a look at that!

BW: Come on Stud. Did you really think these fans would cheer you after looking at the masterpiece that is Rex Summers?

[Summers is aggravated as the two lock up in the center of the ring, using his strength advantage to force the Stud back to the corner where the referee calls for a clean break. To the shock of no one, he doesn't get one as Summers drills a stiff back elbow to the jaw of the Stud who grabs at his jaw with his right hand before throwing a left hand in response.]

GM: The Stud wasting no time, firing back with left hand after left hand on Summers!

[But Summers slips in a quick and stunning jab to the jaw.]

BW: The so-called Sicilian Stud is about to learn the hard way you don't want to try punches with The Red Hot One as Summers with a quick jab to the jaw and there's another one. Look at the Sicilian Stud's eyes, he's on Dream Street already.

GM: I wouldn't go that far but he definitely is in trouble as Summers grabs him by the hair, taking him back to the corner... ohh! Right hand to the midsection by the Stud!

[With the blow causing the grip on his hair to loosen, the Stud drives a knee up into the body, doubling up Summers. Hooking a handful of hair, the Stud takes aim and

POPS Summers on the jaw with a European uppercut to a huge reaction from the AWA fans in Dallas!]

GM: And how about this, Bucky? The Sicilian Stud giving Summers a tough fight in the opening moments of this one!

BW: It's still early, Gordo. Don't get the champagne out just yet.

[Grabbing Summers by the arm, the Stud rockets him across the ring, extending his arm for a clothesline...]

BW: Mr. "And 2" ducks the clothesline...

[The Red Hot One reaches up, snatching the Stud by the hair, and drops down to the mat with him...]

GM: Ohhh! What a counter! A modified neckbreaker by Summers and that puts the Stud down HARD, fans!

BW: Hah! I told you, Gordo. It was only a matter of time.

[Summers rolls over, placing both his hands on the chest of The Sicilian Stud and begins to do push-ups.]

GM: You have to be kidding me! Summers is doing push-ups... does the arrogance of this man have no limits?!

BW: He's just trying to get an extra workout in, Gordo. You don't develop a body like the Red Hot One's by skipping workouts.

GM: What? The match isn't enough of a workout for him?!

BW: Apparently The Sicilian Stud doesn't measure up.

[Climbing to his feet, Summers blows a kiss to the crowd before grabbing the rising Stud by the head...

...who pops off another right hand to the jaw to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: The Stud refusing to stay down!

[A flash of anger goes across the face of Summers before he lashes out with a standing clothesline that drops the Stud hard.]

GM: Ohhh!

[Summers immediately goes to work, stomping the side of the downed Stud's head.]

BW: We've seen this side of Summers before and even I have to feel a little bad for the Sicilian Stud right now as Summers continues to make the Stud taste his shoe leather.

GM: You talked about the Stud being on Dream Street earlier. He certainly may be changing addresses right about now as Summers pulls him over towards the corner.

[A chorus of boos erupts from the crowd as Summers begins to bounce The Sicilian Stud's head off of the turnbuckles.]

BW: Summers is just unrelenting at this moment. I really hope the so-called Stud wasn't banking on a possible modeling career after his AWA career is over, cause his face is being rearranged right now.

[Summers spins The Sicilian Stud around and shoves him into the corner where he drives a series of right hands into the midsection.]

GM: Working him over in the corner now. The referee calling for a break but I can't imagine Summers will oblige. Nope, Irish whip on the way.

[A hard whip causes the Stud to SLAM into the buckles, his entire body being jolted by the impact. Summers turns to the crowd, swiveling his hips to a (mostly) negative reaction before charging across the ring, laying in a huge running clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Big clothesline in the corner!

[Nudging the Stud out of the corner where he falls to his back, Summers hops up to the midbuckle, lifting his right hand up and planting a kiss on his fist...]

GM: Summers measuring his man here...

[...and leaps into the air, driving his fist down into the forehead!]

BW: Got him!

GM: Fistdrop off the middle rope connects... a cover perhaps- no, he's going to pour on the punishment!

[With the Stud down on the mat, Summers pistons his fist into the forehead.]

BW: One, two, three, four, and five right hands to the forehead of The Sicilian Stud. What you're all witnessing is exactly why Rex Summers defeated the Gladiator in London.

GW: Unfortunately, Gladiator cost himself that match. It had nothing to do with what Summers did in there.

[Rex smirks as he places his hands behind his head and begins to gyrate his hips.]

GW: That is completely inappropriate!

BW: He's giving the ladies here in Dallas a show.

[A grinning Summers backs into the ropes, leaning there as he waits for the Stud to get back to his feet.]

GM: Rex Summers very methodical in there tonight, not wasting any energy...

[And as the Stud works his way up to his feet, Summers throws his weight into the ropes, bouncing off, and charging forward to catch the back of the Stud's head with a lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NORTH STAR LARIAT!! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[A smirking Summers steps over the prone Stud, popping a double biceps pose to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Summers in full showboat mode tonight.

BW: When you're as talented as Rex Summers, you deserve to showboat. Plus The Sicilian Stud's is a new home owner on Dream Street right now so it's not like he even knows what is going on at the moment.

[Looking out at the crowd, Summers grabs the Stud by the arm, hauling him up to his feet where he twists the arm around...]

...and then YANKS the Stud right into a knee to the midsection!]

GM: Oh! Short-arm knee to the gut and we've seen that before be the setup for... yes, here it comes! He hooks the arms in a double underhook and-

[Summers drops down, DRIVING the Stud skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! HEAT CHECK DDT!

BW: And it's all over but the shouting now, Gordo.

GM: It absolutely is... there's one... there's two... and there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rebecca Ortiz can be heard making the official announcement in the background as "Stroke Me" starts back up over the PA system. Summers climbs to his feet, smiling as he allows the referee to raise his hand... but the boos from the crowd seem to infuriate Summers as he pushes the official aside and begins driving his boots into the chest of the Stud!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for this! The match is over and this completely uncalled for!

[Summers continues to stomp the Stud as the referee loudly protests the post-match assault. Abandoning his stomping session, Summers snatches the Stud off the mat, dragging him into an inverted facelock...]

GM: Come on, referee! Stop this guy!

[Summers tightens his hold, wrenching the Stud's neck and spine in a Dragon Sleeper before lifting his free arm up to flex. The smirking Summers plants a kiss on his bicep as the crowd jeers.]

GM: This is absolutely disgusting!

BW: He's sending a message to the entire locker room, Gordo! He wants them to know - he wants the Stenches to know - that he's coming for their titles and no one's going to stop him!

[It's only as the official threatens a disqualification that Summers finally breaks his hold, dropping the Stud down on the back of his head.]

GM: And finally the hold is released. The referee let that go on a little too long if you ask me.

BW: Gotta let the people get their show, Gordo.

GM: Give me a break.

BW: Mr. "And 2" picks up the win here at Homecoming and you gotta love it!

GM: I most certainly do not Fans, don't you dare go away because we'll be right back with more AWA action LIVE right here on The X after this break!

[Summers strikes another double bicep pose, celebrating his win as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then fade back up on the ring where a pair of enhancement talents are loosening up.]

RO: The following non-title matchup is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Austin, Texas... weighing in at a combined 454 pounds... the team of Lance Steele and Jackson Norton!

[The duo raise their arms, getting a smattering of cheers from the Dallas crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The crunchy guitars of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers and Hell Raisers" rings out over the PA system to jeers from the sold out crowd.]

RO: They are accompanied to the ring by Brian Lau and represent the Kings of Wrestling... weighing in at 503 pounds... they are the AWA WORRRRRRLD TAG TEAM CHAMMMMMPIONNNSSSS...

WES TAAAAAYLOR AND TOOOOONYYY DONOVANNNN!

[The duo comes through the curtain, clad in their ring gear with the title belts slung over their respective shoulders. Taylor's shoulder-length dirty blonde hair hangs down onto his Kings of Wrestling jacket. Donovan's singlet is visible underneath his own jacket. Brian Lau brings up the rear, looking anxious as he claps for his tag champions.]

GM: Well, an unexpected matchup here for the tag champions tonight. My understanding is that they weren't scheduled to compete here at Homecoming but after the opening to the show, Brian Lau went to Emerson Gellar and requested that this match be added.

BW: And of course, when Brian Lau asks, the suits deliver because he is where the power lies.

[Taylor and Donovan are all business as they make their way down the aisle, going quickly up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes...

...and they rush across the ring, ambushing their opponents while still wearing their ring jackets!]

GM: Sneak attack by the champs!

[Donovan slams a knee up into the midsection of Jackson Norton before grabbing him by the back of the head, rocketing him between the ropes out to the floor. A barrage of Taylor fists backs Lance Steele back into the corner. The referee signals for the bell and is immediately on the scene, ordering Taylor to back off. The champion obliges, shrugging out of his jacket, tossing it over the ropes to Brian Lau before he heads back in on Steele...

...who comes charging from the corner, landing a big right hand... and another... and a third that brings the crowd to their feet!]

GM: Lance Steele firing off on Taylor!

[Steele lays in a boot to the gut, grabbing Taylor by the hair, marching him towards the buckles...]

GM: Headfirst to the corner- no, Taylor blocks it!

[Taylor brings up his boot on the middle rope, breaking the faceslam...

...and then reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes.]

GM: Oh! Taylor rakes the eyes!

[Taylor returns the favor, smashing Steele's head into the top turnbuckle, turning Steele's back against the corner. The son of the Outlaw twists around, throwing a back elbow into the side of the head... and again... and again...]

GM: Back elbows in the corner! Taylor trying to chop Steele down to size!

[Grabbing Steele by the arm, Taylor fires him across the ring into the far turnbuckles, sending him stumbling back out...

...into a running knee to the midsection, flipping Steele over and dumping him down to the canvas.]

GM: Taylor with the kitchen sink... and there's a tag to Tony Donovan.

[The six foot six Donovan slips through the ropes, swiftly moving in on the rising Steele. He slides in alongside him, muscling him into a lift, and drops him down with a back suplex, holding a picture perfect bridge.]

GM: One! Two!

[Steele kicks out, breaking the pin but Donovan doesn't even acknowledge it, quickly getting back to his feet where he starts putting the boots to the downed Steele to the jeers of the crowd and the protests of the official.]

GM: Donovan pulls Steele off the mat, throwing him into the neutral corner...

[Approaching the corner, Donovan leans over, wrapping Steele's left leg around the middle rope. He jams his knee into it before backing off, laying in kick after kick to the trapped limb as the referee protests.]

GM: Donovan going right after the leg... the referee counting him off...

[At the four count, Donovan backpedals away, turning to slap the outstretched hand of his partner who steps in, takes aim, and barrels across the ring, connecting with a running back elbow up under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! That one found the mark!

[But with Steele in a daze, Taylor grabs the top rope, laying in kicks to the knee yet again.]

GM: And this time, it's Taylor going after the leg.

BW: These two can beat you so many different ways, Gordo. Wrestling, submissions, brawling. Donovan's got a crazy arsenal of suplexes. Taylor continues to show that he's got the blood of the Outlaw running through his veins every time they get into a fight.

[The referee steps in, ordering Taylor to step back. The tag champion obliges...

...and then steps back in, fist cocked and at the ready.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Uppercut on the mark!

[Taylor steps back, smirking as he blows on his hand. Steele slumps down in the corner, hanging onto the ropes to stay on his feet as Taylor steps back in, grabbing the top rope to deliver a stomp to the chest... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Taylor going to town on Lance Steele, driving him down in the corner!

[The Phoenix, Arizona native backs off at the referee's four count, leaving Steele reeling as he sits in the corner. Taylor walks across the ring to the opposite corner...

...and then turns, dashing across at top speed...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OH H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H H!"

GM: RUNNING KICK TO THE CHEST! OH MY!

[The soccer kick leaves Steele down on the mat as Taylor grabs him by the ankle, hauling him out of the corner towards the middle of the ring where he balls up his fist, takes aim, and drops to his knees, driving his knuckles down between the eyes of Steele!]

GM: Falling fistdrop, right between the eyes! Taylor with the North-South cover... but only a two count again...

[The two count gets an unusual amount of cheers...]

GM: Wait a second, fans... it looks like we've got a special guest making his way out here to watch this match.

[...and as the camera cuts to the aisle, we see former tag team champion Cody Mertz walking towards the ring. An irate Taylor shouts at Mertz from his knees, pointing him out to his partner. Tony Donovan walks down the apron, turning to face the aisle and fires off a few words of his own as Brian Lau stewes out at ringside.]

GM: Nobody from the Kings of Wrestling is happy to see Cody Mertz out here, fans. Taylor's upset! Donovan's upset! And Brian Lau seems to be the angriest of all!

BW: After what that maniac Mertz did to Shane Taylor and Doctor Harrison Fawcett earlier, who knows what he's got planned?! They've got every right to be upset! He's got no business out here!

GM: He seems to feel otherwise as he's been chasing this trio since returning to the AWA, Bucky.

[Taylor climbs to his feet, hands on his hips as he looks down the aisle, not noticing as Lance Steele crawls across the ring towards his corner. A shout from Lau draws Taylor's attention to it as he dashes forward, dropping an elbow down on the back of the head before Steele can tag in Jackson Norton.]

GM: Ohh! Taylor cuts off the tag!

[Grabbing the ankle, Taylor hauls Steele all the way across the ring, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: Donovan tags in...

[Taylor pulls Steele to his feet, whipping him into the ropes. The young man dives at Steele's feet, forcing him to hurdle over...

...which makes him leap right into the waiting arms of Tony Donovan who pivots beautifully, DRIVING Steele into the canvas with great impact!]

GM: Spinebuster slam by Donovan!



[On his knees, Donovan swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture, folding up Steele in a jackknife cover.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THR-

[But Jackson Norton rushes in, stomping the back of Donovan's head to save the match for his team...

...which results in Wes Taylor sprinting in, ambushing Norton from behind and shoving him through the ropes to the floor. The referee shouts at Taylor, trying to get him back out of the ring when Brian Lau climbs up on the apron, waving his arms at the official.]

GM: It's breaking down a little out here. Taylor illegally in the ring. Lau up on the apron and-

[The crowd ROARS as Cody Mertz rushes forward, grabbing Lau from behind, and YANKS him down off the apron, sending him stumbling backwards and falling down on the floor!]

GM: Oh my! Mertz yanks Lau down!

[The former tag champion shouts at Lau, reading him the riot act as Taylor is forced from the ring. Taylor hops down off the apron, moving to check on his manager as Mertz stands at the ready for a fight. Inside the ring, Tony Donovan angrily shouts out at Mertz as he drags Steele off the canvas. Donovan lowers his shoulder into the midsection, driving Steele back into the corner.]

GM: Donovan grabs the arm, shoots him from corner to corner...

[Donovan pauses, turning to shout at Cody Mertz who has his eyes locked on Wes Taylor...

...and then charges across the ring, looking to strike.]

GM: AVALANCHE!

[And the crowd ROARS as Steele pulls himself clear, causing Donovan to slam chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: He missed! Donovan misses the corner splash annnnnnnnd... TAG!

[Jackson Norton comes through the ropes, giving a shout as he rushes along the ropes, hitting Donovan with a clothesline that takes him off his feet!]

GM: Clothesline by Norton!

[Norton pivots, catching an incoming Wes Taylor in a scoop, slamming him down hard on the mat!]

GM: Big slam on Taylor! Jackson Norton's battling the World Tag Team Champions all on his lonesome, fans!

BW: Mertz has screwed all of this up! He's got everyone out of sorts!

[Norton grabs Taylor by the hair and Donovan as well, bringing them together and smashing their skulls into one another!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER BY NORTON!

[Taylor stumbles forward, falling through the ropes as Norton follows after the dazed Donovan, pulling him by the back of the trunks towards him, lifting him skyward for a back suplex, spinning around, and sitting out in a powerbomb!]

GM: OHHH! NORTON WITH THE BIG SLAM! COULD HE DO IT HERE?!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Donovan's shoulder just BARELY comes off the canvas in time!

[Mertz stays outside the ring, menacing Lau and keeping him from getting too involved.]

GM: Norton thought he had him there... now he's getting back up. What's he got left to put down one-half of the World Tag Team Champions?

[Norton leans down, helping Donovan back to his feet. He spins him around, hooking a rear waistlock...]

GM: Norton looking for a suplex perhaps...

[But Donovan reverses it into a rear waistlock of his own.]

GM: Standing switch by Donovan, hooks the-

[But Norton reverses again, ending up back in control of the waistlock. He rushes forward, bouncing Donovan's chest off the ropes, rolling backwards into a reverse cradle.]

GM: ROLLING REVERSE CRADLE!

[Outside the ring, Lau shouts something in the direction of the official who comes over to yell at Cody Mertz for stalking Lau...]

GM: The referee's distracted! They've got Donovan pinned and-

[And on cue, Wes Taylor rolls under the bottom rope, climbing up to his feet, surging forward to snatch a front facelock...]

...and DRIVES Norton skullfirst into the canvas with a ring-shaking DDT!]

GM: DDT! TAYLOR WITH THE ILLEGAL DDT!

[And Taylor rolls right back out, allowing Donovan to flip over, throwing an arm across Norton's chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Taylor and Donovan score the win... thanks to a distraction by Brian Lau...

BW: Wait a second, Gordo... wait ONE damn second! Are you seriously going to besmirch the good name of Brian Lau after that pencil-necked twit Cody Mertz put

his hands on him! That's the ONLY Hall of Fame manager in pro wrestling history! The ONLY one! And that-

[Cody Mertz shouts another warning at Brian Lau as Lau scrambles to his feet, wincing and grabbing at his lower back. Taylor and Donovan make their way to Mertz' side.]

GM: We've got a showdown out here at ringside! Cody Mertz staring down Taylor and Donovan! He's wanted to get his hands on them since the day he came back from injury and-

[Suddenly, Lau waves his men off, shaking his head, pushing them both back...]

GM: And apparently Brian Lau wants no part of this!

BW: There's no money in it, Gordo. Beating up Cody Mertz might be a public service but the World Tag Team Champions don't work for free.

GM: And here comes come officials from the back, making sure things don't break down any further out here... and fans, we're going to be right back after this quick commercial break so don't you dare go away.

[Fade to black on Cody Mertz shouting at the tag team champions...]

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black.]

We fade up on footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" as a black town car pulls up to the American Airlines Arena parking area. The camera slowly pans to street level as a black boot hits the pavement. The shot zooms out and we see the living legend Jeff "Madfox" Matthews stepping out of the back seat of the car. Jeff is decked out in his favorite casual attire consisting of his black leather motorcycle jacket unzipped, white short sleeve shirt, quite possibly the same worn out blue jeans he's owned since he was 26 and his black lace up boots.

He reaches back into the car, pulling out a black duffel bag before he closes the door. He gives a quick tap on the top of the roof and the car pulls away. Jeff looks up to the LED crawl outside the arena and sees "AWA Homecoming" up in the bright lights. He just smirks as he acknowledges the camera and makes his way towards the wrestler entrance.]

JMM: I've been doing this a long time.

[Jeff continues making his way through the parking area.]

JMM: I think I was three years old when I saw my ol' man wrestle for the first time. It wasn't the glamorous production you see nowadays like tonight's event here at Homecoming. But it was the greatest thing I'd ever seen or experienced. There wasn't all the pageantry, the lights, the montages... hell, there was barely a

spotlight to shine on the entrance when the wrestlers came from the locker rooms. But it was wrestling. It was pure and I loved it.

[The former World Champion gives a few fist bumps to the security guards as one of them opens the door for him, a smile on his face like a kid opening presents on Christmas morning.]

JMM: Since that time, I learned to love wrestling even as I pursued other sports and a career in the military when I left college. Every time I have the honor of lacing up these boots and walking down the aisle to the ring, I can't help but reminisce.

The gyms, the armories, the VFW posts...

[He continues down a long hallway... seemingly slowing his pace.]

JMM: Pay Per Views, championship matches, worldwide tours...

[The Madfox enters the locker room area and quickly finds his locker. He tosses his bag onto the bench, flips open the locker door and points to a few EMWC posters he has hanging on the inside of his locker.]

JMM: New York City, Atlanta, Los Angeles... Dallas, Texas...

[Matthews tosses off his jacket into the locker. He then points to pictures of him wrestling the likes of Alex Martinez, Chris Courtade, and his nemesis, Caleb Temple]

JMM: All the memories, all the matches, all the wrestlers...

[Jeff points to another picture of him holding up the EMWC World Title.]

JMM: All these years and I find myself doing the same thing I used to watch my father and my brother do before me. I remember everything that made me love this sport. I remember every moment that shaped my career and the man that I became. You see, those are the things that I think about every day.

[Matthews grabs and holds the silver crucifix hanging around his neck in his fingers.]

JMM: You all might ask why I'm going on rambling about memories, and feelings...

[He takes off the crucifix and hangs it in his locker.]

JMM: Quite frankly it's because I haven't given a thought to my opponent tonight. Now I'm not underestimating the kid. It's just that I know where I've been and what I've gone through to get where I am. I remember everything in my Hall of Fame career that led me to that pinnacle. And I don't ever want to go back to the base of the mountain after having climbed for so long.

It's your turn to climb, kid, but you're gonna have to use someone else as your stepping stone. Tonight is just another step in the right direction for me...

[The Hall of Famer smirks.]

JMM: And that's a promise.

[We fade from the pre-taped footage back to live action. We've got a shot of a hallway where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Jeff Matthews looking back on his career as he gets set to face Jayden Jericho in just a few-

[Stegglet is cut off as the sound of incoherent shouting can be heard. A moment later, the source of those shouts can be heard, as a red-faced Brian Lau comes storming down the hallway. Lau rushes past Stegglet who looks puzzled but then gestures to his cameraman to pursue. The cameraman is forced to move swiftly to follow Lau, who charges straight towards a locker room door and shoves it open, stomping inside.]

BL: What the HELL was that?!

[The camera changes angles to reveal that "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett is in the locker room.]

BL: I thought you said you handled this! I thought you said you were going to handle him!

[Fawcett arches an eyebrow in Lau's direction who responds with an agitated tone.]

BL: Cody Mertz! Is that so hard, Fawcett?!

I've got my hands full with Brian James trying to tear Johnny Detson's head off and Detson going rogue every five minutes!

Now you're telling me you can't even handle Cody Mertz?!

[Lau is vibrating with rage.]

BL: You had one job!

ONE JOB! HANDLE MERTZ!!

If you can't deal with the small stuff anymore, maybe you're not cut out to be a part of this group!

[Lau glares at Fawcett, letting his thread hang over him.]

BL: Well? What do you have to say for yourself?

[Fawcett blinks, taking a moment to wipe his brow with a blood red handkerchief. He's not sweating, it's clearly just a ploy to buy some time.]

"D"HF: My sincerest apologies, friend. I understand your frustration... but you know what they say about the best-laid plans of mice and men.

[Lau huffs out a breath.]

BL: Listen, you know how much pressure I'm under.

Just... handle this, all right?

[Fawcett barely hides a scowl. He lets out a slow, long breath. In an instant, the brief show of real emotion is gone, replaced by his customary mask of friendly composure.]

"D"HF: Of course. I owe you so much... and you will be rewarded handsomely.

BL: That's all I needed to hear.

[Lau turns, finally noticing the cameraman.]

BL: And you. Get the hell out of-

[Lau palms the camera lens, shoving it away as we abruptly get a burst of static and then cut back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Well, Bucky-

BW: The Kings are fine!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Of course they are. Our next match is a rematch from Jeff Matthews' return to the AWA and Jericho's AWA debut. The Hall of Famer came out on top in that one but "Playboy" Ronnie D, the father/manager of Jericho demanded this rematch and the Madfox obliged. Let's go up to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions!

[Cut the lights.]

GM: Oh brother.

[A heartbeat echoes out throughout the arena. It beats faster as a line appears on the big screen, pulsing with the beat. It beats faster and stronger until it suddenly flatlines, a shrill tone filling the air...]

...and a giant heart icon fills the screen with "PRODIGY" written across it in swirly text. It "bursts" into pieces as a "BOOM!" accompanying some minor pyro goes off. "Playboy" Ronnie D clad in red leather pants and a sparkling silver shirt runs into view with a loud "YEAAAAAAH, BAYBAAAAAY!" He slides to a stop, throwing his arms up as the sounds of "Immortal" by Eve To Adam starts up.]

#I am immortal... I'll never fade away  
I'm a legacy that lives beyond... far the grave.  
I am immortal. I'll never rest in peace.

And you're never gonna be... never gonna be... never be meeeeeeee!#

[Another "BOOM!" goes up as "The Prodigy" Jayden Jericho walks through the curtain, obviously a bit embarrassed by all the pomp and circumstance for his arrival. He looks out in awe at the American Airlines Arena crowd, a grin crossing his face as the crowd responds with jeers.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. First, from Toronto, Canada... weighing in at 215 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by his manager and father, "Playboy" Ronnie D...

[D pops to his feet with a "YEAAAAAAH, THAT'S RIGHT!"]

RO: ...he is the Prodigy... JAAAAAAAYYYYDENNNNN JERRRRRRICHOOOOO!

[Jericho raises his arms over his head, getting more jeers. He looks a little disheartened, pumping his arms with a "COME ON!" but his father is right by his side, waving an arm dismissively at the crowd. Clad in silver full-length tights with red hearts littering them and a crimson red shimmering vest over his oiled-up bare torso, Jericho starts walking down the aisle towards the ring, his father "YEAH, BAYBAYing" him all the way down to the ring, D climbing the steps and ducking through the ropes, going into a spin and leaving his son on the apron. Jericho grabs the top rope, slingshotting into the ring. D slides out to the middle of the

ring, dropping to a knee and striking a double bicep pose as his son slides behind him, standing with his arms crossed.]

GM: Never one for subtlety, Ronnie D's flair seems to have rubbed off on his son...

[The music fades as the Dallas crowd begins to cheer preemptively.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

[Sounds of gunfire reverberate throughout the arena as the opening guitar part starts up to "One" by Metallica. There's a huge reaction from the Dallas fans as the spotlight hits the entranceway. It stays there focused for a few more seconds as the song gets to James Hetfield's voice.]

#I can't remember anything, can't tell if this is true or dream.  
#Deep down inside I feel the scream, this terrible silence stops me.  
#Now that the war is through with me, I'm waking up I can not see.  
#That there's not much left of me, nothing is real but pain now

[The crowd joins in on..]

#HOLD MY BREATH AS I WISH FOR DEATH... OH PLEASE GOD WAKE ME!

[Out from behind the curtain steps Jeff Matthews, decked out in his ring attire which consists of crimson colored wrestling tights and high, laced up black boots. The former World Champion's body is covered with the tattoos of Temple and the scars which he has endured throughout his career. The Hall of Famer slowly slides the black elbow pads into place and methodically makes his way to the ring, every so often looking to the crowd.]

RO: From Durham, North Carolina... weighing in at 259 pounds... he is the Madfox...

JEEEEEEEEEEEEFF MAAAAAAAATHEWWWWWS!

[Matthews draws near the ring, especially on his guard after what happened in their last encounter. He keeps his eyes on Jericho as he slides along the railing towards the ringsteps, climbing up and ducking through to get into the ring.]

GM: Former World Champion! Hall of Famer! One of the all-time greats! And Jeff Matthews is a part of the AWA locker room, looking to climb right back to the top of the mountain where he once stood as a World Champion.

[Matthews' music fades as he steps to the corner, preparing for the battle to come as Jayden Jericho stands across the ring from him.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're off and running this one - one fall, fifteen minute time limit.

[The two competitors circle one another for a few moments before coming together in a collar and elbow tieup, jockeying for position in the center of the ring. A few moments of struggle ensues before Jericho breaks out into an armdrag, throwing the veteran down to the canvas.]

GM: Armdrag by the Prodigy takes him down! This 18 year old young man from Toronto, Canada showing some nice technique there.



[Matthews nods his head in appreciation as he comes back to his feet, giving his arm a few shakes before he walks towards Jericho, locking up a second time.]

GM: Back to the collar and elbow... Matthews has a size advantage over the younger Jericho, backing him across the ring...

[But Jericho suddenly breaks free, dipping down for a single leg takedown, pushing Matthews down to his back. Holding the leg, Jericho spins around it in a spinning toe hold effort but Matthews shoves him off with a boot to the butt, sending Jericho towards the corner where he stops himself short of hitting the crowd.]

GM: And Jericho with a nice takedown, looking for a leg hold there but Matthews fights free.

BW: Matthews is an accomplished superstar down on the mat so it's surprising to see him taken down at all, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps the Hall of Famer has taken this young superstar a little too lightly.

[Matthews slides back up to his feet, looking a little agitated as "Playboy" Ronnie D runs his mouth on the floor.]

"You're nothing, Madfox! You're an overrated hype machine who rode the reputations of better wrestlers! You're nothing without Martinez and Temple! Nothing!"

[The Madfox fires off a few angry words in Ronnie D's direction as Jericho looks out at his father with a pleading expression...

...and Matthews rushes in on Jericho, pushing him straight back against the turnbuckles. As the referee calls for a break, Matthews shifts his stance.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big chop on Jericho!

[Matthews squares up, snatching Jericho by the hair, smashing his forearm into the side of the jaw once... twice... three times.]

GM: Matthews going to work on Jericho in the corner... here comes a whip...

[The Irish whip sends Jericho across the ring but the super-athletic Prodigy runs right up the turnbuckles, backflipping through the air over the charging Matthews who slams on the brakes as Jericho lands behind him...

...and Matthews blindly reaches back, snatching a three-quarter nelson to a huge reaction!]

GM: FOXDEN!

[But Jericho feels it coming and shoves Matthews towards the corner. Matthews turns, harmlessly hitting the buckles and grinning at the wide-eyed Jericho. The Madfox holds up two fingers, showing how close he came to putting Jericho out.]

GM: Matthews letting the rookie know he was a heartbeat away from ending this right there... and Jericho looks shellshocked, Bucky.

BW: You gotta be careful in there with Matthews. He's got that Foxden that'll turn your lights out in an instant... but he's also got the Foxtrap, that Figure Four leglock, and the Fujiwara Armbar. Any of those spell defeat in a heartbeat.

[Jericho backs off to his corner, his father leaning up to speak to him as Matthews walks out to the middle of the ring, beckoning Jericho forward with both hands.]

GM: Jeff Matthews wants to continue this in the middle of the ring... and Jayden Jericho seems set to oblige...

[The tieup in the center follows, the two looking for an edge...

...and this time, it's Matthews who spins out of the hold, locking in a rear waistlock. He muscles Jericho off the mat immediately, throwing him down chestfirst on the canvas. The Madfox slides forward, slapping on a side headlock.]

GM: And there's that mat wrestling skill on the part of Matthews that we spoke about, wrenching on that side headlock as Jericho tries to fight his way back to his feet.

[Matthews turns up the pressure, causing Jericho to cry out as the referee makes sure that the rookie doesn't want to submit.]

GM: No submission on the headlock.

BW: I wouldn't think so. You gotta have guns like Flex Ferrigno to get a submission on a side headlock, daddy.

[Jericho manages to get his legs under him, battling back to his feet.]

GM: Both men back on their feet now... Jericho backs to the ropes, shoots him off...

[As Matthews rebounds, Jericho leaps into the air, leapfrogging over him.]

GM: Matthews off the back side... oh my! Blind leapfrog by Jericho!

[And as Matthews rebounds again, Jericho deadleaps up, scissoring the head between his legs, snapping the Madfox over with a well-executed rana to a reaction from the crowd.]

GM: It's funny, Bucky. At times, it seems like the crowd wants to cheer this young man for his athleticism and high flying skills... but then they remember his father out there on the floor.

BW: It's hard to cheer anyone associated with the Playboy, daddy.

[As Matthews scrambles back to his feet, Jericho rushes him, throwing a quick 1-2-1-2 of rights and lefts...

...and then leaps up, snapping his foot into the back of Matthews' head!]

GM: Ohh! Leaping head kick by Jericho... and there's a cover!

[A two count follows before Matthews rolls Jericho off him, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only off the kick... but that one stunned the Madfox.

[Jericho is quickly to his feet, trying to take advantage of the situation while Ronnie D barks at the official about a perceived slow count.]

GM: The Playboy taking issue with the count - looked fine to me.

BW: Those are mindgames, Gordo. Get in the referee's head about the count now and maybe he counts a little faster in your favor later on.

[Jericho grabs Matthews by the arm, hauling him up to his feet...]

GM: Big knife edge chop across the chest! And another!

[Matthews goes to throw a right hand but the smaller and quicker Jericho ducks under it, popping up to land a forearm uppercut!]

GM: Wow! Such quickness on the part of Jayden Jericho!

[Jericho snatches the dazed Matthews, flipping him over into a seated position with a snap mare...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Hard soccer kick to the spine!

[With a dash, Jericho hits the ropes facing Matthews, bouncing back at high speed...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Low dropkick to the face! And Jericho covers again!

[The referee dives to the mat, delivering the one... the two... and that's all as Matthews raises the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Another two count for Jayden Jericho and if you're Ronnie D, you have to like what you're seeing so far, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. The kid looks good in the opening minutes but can he keep it up against a former World Champion.

[Again, Jericho works quickly, not giving Matthews time to recover as he pulls the older competitor to his feet.]

GM: Jericho's moving very quickly in there, Bucky... not wasting any time at all.

BW: Ordinarily, I'd be concerned about burning too much energy by working that quick of a pace but with a young man as in shape as Jericho, he's probably just fine and it might even be a good strategy against an older competitor like Matthews.

[Snatching a front facelock, Jericho SNAPS Matthews up and over with a suplex.]

GM: Snap suplex executed to perfection... and now it looks like Jericho's going to fly, fans!

[The fans in Dallas start to buzz as Jericho approaches the ropes, grabbing the top to slingshot over them to the apron. He starts climbing the corner turnbuckles as Matthews struggles to recover on the canvas.]

GM: Jericho's heading to the top rope, his father cheering him on as Jeff Matthews is rising to his feet!

[But as Jericho gets there, Matthews surges forward to bury a right hand in the midsection.]

GM: Big right hand downstairs! That'll cut off whatever Jayden Jericho had in mind!

[Matthews lands a second right hand before he too steps up on the ropes.]

GM: And now it's Matthews on the ropes as well - another big right hand, this one to the side of the head!

[With Jericho reeling, Matthews reaches up to snatch him in a front facelock. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as the Madfox prepares to superplex Jericho from his perch.]

GM: Look out here now... Matthews trying to get Jericho into position for the superplex...

[But Jericho continues to fight, throwing some short right hands to the ribcage, battling his way free. He grabs Matthews by the hair, winding up a right hand as he stands with one foot on the top. Matthews, with both feet on the middle rope, blocks the punch from Jericho and uncorks a big one of his own, causing Jericho's head to snap back as he staggers, the crowd getting louder with anticipation of a big fall!]

GM: Jericho's in serious trouble, fans!

[Matthews winds up, throwing another right hand!]

GM: The Madfox connecting with those solid shots and Jericho's in a precarious position up there on the ropes!

[Another one lands, snapping Jericho's long hair back as he teeters... totters...]

GM: Matthews winds up again...

[And this time, when the Hall of Famer lands his big haymaker, Jericho goes sailing through the air, flying off the top turnbuckle and CRASHES down hard on the barely-padded floor to a huge reaction from the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES JAYDEN JERICO! OH MY!

[Matthews stays on the middle rope, looking down at the floored Jericho as "Playboy" Ronnie D rushes around the ring to kneel by his son's side. The Playboy fires off a few harsh words towards Matthews who shakes his head, placing a foot on the top...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Is Jeff Matthews going to jump off the top rope?!

GM: It's been done by him before but-

BW: Not in years! His body might not be able to handle such a dive!

GM: You're absolutely right... and if I'm Jeff Matthews right now, I'd be having second thoughts about such a dive.

[The crowd is roaring with anticipation as Matthews looks down on the floored Jericho...]

...and then erupts into boos as "Playboy" Ronnie D camps himself in front of his son, arms crossed, defiant as he refuses to allow Matthews to dive onto the fruit of his loins!]

GM: And Ronnie D forms a protective wall, keeping his son from harm's way.

BW: You gotta respect a father like that.

GM: There's very little to respect about "Playboy" Ronnie D in my estimation, Bucky.

[An annoyed Matthews hops down off the buckles, ducking through the ropes to the apron, and drops down to the floor. He points a menacing finger at D who backpedals away, wanting no part of the Madfox who goes to retrieve the fallen Jayden Jericho.]

GM: Matthews out on the floor now - he's no stranger to battles out there as well.

BW: Not at all. Jeff Matthews made much of his stardom in the Land of Extreme... plus there was that stint where he LITERALLY pretended he was Caleb Temple for months.

GM: Ahh, the wonders of pro wrestling from the 1990s.

[Matthews pulls Jericho to his feet by the arm, winding him up...]

GM: Irish whip!

[Jericho SLAMS backfirst into the edge of the ring apron, arching his back in agony as he hits the hardest part of the ring.]

GM: Right into the apron... and that'll send you on a trip to see a chiropractor.

[Matthews twists Jericho around, shoving him back under the ropes inside the ring. The Madfox grabs the ropes, pulling himself back up on the apron...

...which is Ronnie D's cue to race around the ring, grabbing hold of Matthews from behind, preventing him from getting back in the ring. The crowd jeers loudly as the Madfox struggles to get free!]

GM: Look at this! Ronnie D blatantly interfering in this match! The referee is shouting at him, demanding that he let go...

[Matthews finally gets loose, climbing back inside the ring. He angrily turns, glaring at D and shouting at him as the official does the same.]

GM: Well, the referee would certainly be within his rights to disqualify Jayden Jericho for that outside interference - even though I don't even think Jericho knows any of it happened.

BW: Looks like the ref is going to let it go though.

[Matthews angrily throws a dismissive gesture at D, turning back towards the crouching Jayden Jericho...

...who pops up, uncoiling to snatch Matthews around the head, dropping down to his tailbone and JAMMING Matthews' jaw into the shoulder!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He calls that Heartbroken! One of Jericho's signature moves!

[With Matthews prone on the mat, Jericho dives across his chest, wrapping up both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kickout! Kickout! Matthews out JUST in time!

[Jericho rolls over onto his back, slamming an open hand down on the canvas as Ronnie D SCREAMS instructions in to him.]

"DON'T GIVE UP NOW! GET UP! GET UP! DO SOMETHING, KID!"

[A weary Jayden Jericho sits up on the mat, breathing heavily as he looks at the downed Matthews. The Prodigy gets back to his feet, heading towards the corner...]

GM: And it looks like Jericho's going to fly once more!

[The Prodigy steps through the ropes, then onto the second rope, slowly climbing as Matthews writhes around on the canvas...]

GM: Jericho's heading to the high risk area! Looking to finish off the Hall of Famer and REALLY make a name for himself here in the AWA!

[He puts a foot on the top rope, measuring the downed Matthews. A few deep breaths are visible before he puts both feet on the top, looking out over the sold out American Airlines Arena crowd...]

GM: Jericho up top! Jericho set to fly! HE LEAPS!

[Flashbulbs pop as the super-athletic Jericho soars through the sky towards his downed opponent, leg pulled back and at the ready...]

GM: HEARTBREAKER KNEEDROP!

[...but at the last moment, the veteran rolls out of the way, causing Jericho to SLAM his knee into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He missed the knee! Jericho missed the knee!

[Matthews quickly gets off the mat, grabbing the leg that just slammed into the mat.]

GM: Matthews is looking for the Foxtrap - the Figure Four leglock!

[He wraps up the leg in the spinning toe hold... then drops back to the mat, applying pressure to the damaged knee.]

GM: He's got it on! The Foxtrap is locked in! Jericho's trying to fight it!

[The young man does try to fight it for a few moments... and then shouts "YES! YES! I QUIT!"]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers at the bell as Ronnie D angrily slams his arms down on the apron, shouting "NOOOOOOO!" as Matthews immediately releases the hold. He comes to his feet...

...and finds Ronnie D charging at him, ready to attack...

...but Matthews leaps up, snatching the three-quarter nelson, and DRIVES the Playboy skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: FOXDEN! FOXDEN! HE NAILED IT!

[Matthews sits up on the mat, a big grin on his face as Ronnie D rolls from the ring, dropping off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Matthews uses the Foxtrap to defeat the son and the Foxden to lay out the father! Oh my! And these Dallas fans are loving it, Bucky!

BW: He puts his hands on a defenseless manager and-

GM: Ronnie D is HARDLY defenseless... and he was the one attacking Matthews!

BW: He didn't lay a hand on Matthews!

GM: Only because the Madfox caught him before he did! Bucky, you saw it as well as I did and... well, The Hall of Famer and former World Champion, Jeff Matthews, picks up another victory here at Homecoming and if he keeps this up, the Madfox is going to work himself into title contention in a very swift fashion.

BW: Not a Skylar Swift fashion hopefully. Matthews has a history of being a little nutty so-

GM: Hold on.

[The shot of the ring where Matthews is celebrating his win is disrupted by the arrival of a familiar face in the ring. He quickly confronts Rebecca Ortiz, asking for the house mic.]

GM: Fans, Jason Dane is in the ring and... well, this certainly wasn't on my format sheet. We haven't seen Jason Dane in quite some time and... it looks like he has something to say.

[Ortiz shrugs, handing over the mic to Dane.]

JD: Thanks, Rebecca... I appreciate it.

[Dane awkwardly clears his throat, turning to face the camera.]

JD: Most of you don't know this but... for several weeks now, I've been trying to get a meeting with AWA management. Bobby Taylor's office put me on hold. Jon Stegglet's took a message. My own brother-in-law, Todd Michaelson, set an appointment... for November.

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: But this is urgent. There are wheels in motion and if they're not stopped, there are going to be catastrophic results for us all. You see, the world has all heard the rumors about the AWA being purchased by the Korugun Corporation... and I'm here to tell you that the Korugun Corporation is-

[Suddenly, Dane's mic cuts out. He's still talking but no one can hear him. Dane, looking frustrated, taps the head of the mic a few times. Hearing nothing, he grimaces, looking around...

...and the crowd starts booing at the sight of Emerson Gellar leading AWA security down the aisle.]

BW: Well, so much for that.

GM: Indeed.

[Within moments, Dane has been removed from the ring and is being escorted right back up the aisle as we cut to black.]

We cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell who sits behind a large desk. Beside him is a rotary dial phone. Yeah, there are apparently some of those still around.]

SLB: Some people accused me of not wanting to change with the times. That some things were better left in the past.

[He raises his arm and swats the rotary phone away. It falls to the ground before him with a clatter.]

SLB: And the more I've thought about it... they were right!

[He pulls from underneath the desk... a smartphone!]

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

[The camera cuts to a smartphone screen and the shot moves in closer to see an icon featuring Sweet Lou's face imposed over an AWA logo. Beneath it are the words:

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

V/O: That's right, AWA fans, Sweet Lou Blackwell's hotline is going high tech! Get on Google Play and iTunes and look for the Sweet Lou's Hotline app! Download it today and you can stay on top of all the latest rumors, gossip and breaking news, delivered only by Sweet Lou Blackwell! Plus exclusive interviews and plenty of insights from Sweet Lou about the latest developments in the AWA and the history of pro wrestling!

[We cut back to Sweet Lou at the desk.]

SLB: It's a free app, but kids, don't forget to get your parents' permission before you download!

[He looks down at the smartphone and seems puzzled.]

SLB: Um... can someone tell me how to set up the wifi connection again?

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up to where Theresa Lynch stands before the AWA interview set. She's got an iPad in hand as she is watching something. She smirks before she looks up at the camera.]

TL: Welcome back to Homecoming, fans. I'm Theresa Lynch backstage here in the American Airlines Arena and as good as it feels for me to be back home... I'm guessing my guest might not feel as good to be here tonight because she has one



heck of a match lined up for her when she takes on a former Women's Champion... the Queen of Extreme... Lori Dane, in a No Disqualification Match. Please welcome my guest, the Women's World Champion... Lauryn Rage.

[Da Kid bounces onto the set dressed in satin booty cutter shorts and a baseball jacket. She's got a Philadelphia Eagles baseball cap tilted on her black braided hair so that the logo is featured prominently to the camera. She completes her outfit with knee high striped athletic socks and Converse Chuck Taylors. There is a definite bop in her step.]

LR: Reesy Lynch, what's good, girl?

[She claps her on the back. Theresa looks surprised.]

TL: Well, I have to say that I'm a bit surprised by your good mood considering everything that's going on lately.

[Lauryn squints.]

LR: Whatchu talkin' bout, Reesy?

TL: Well, first, your brother Derek's been fired.

LR: (frowning) That's family business, Reesy. As people like to say around here - we're fine. Okay, so that's no real reason for me to be upset. So what else should have me in a bad mood? I'm the champion! I'm pretty! I got the night off tonight!

[Theresa looks confused this time.]

TL: The night off? You're facing Lori Dane in a No Disqualification match!

[Rage gives a dismissive gesture.]

LR: Yeah yeah, I know. Look, I ain't gonna lie to ya, Reesy. When Gellar first sprung this on me, I was shook. You know... I heard about Lori Dane, the Queen of Extreme and who wants that? But then I thought about who I was and I was like 'cool.'

I'm Da Kid! I'm the AWA Women's World Champion and in my athletic prime, ya dig! And Gellar diggin' out a retiree for me to trounce? Man, I'm a run this place forever.

[Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Aren't you being a little dismissive of Lori Dane?

[Rage grins.]

LR: Let's be real, if you're giving me Lori Dane, it's because you know all your other so-called competitors can't stack up to me. And we know this, Reesy. All these other irrelevant wrestlers round here just wanna be like me. They wanna be in demand and be champ like me. But none of these tricks are bad like me. That's why I'm the favorite on IG. Ah ha, didn't know Da Kid had bars, didja?

[Theresa pauses.]

TL: You know... there's gotta be a reason for all this confidence here tonight.

LR: I'm that good, Reesy. C'mon now.

[Lynch grins.]

TL: Maybe... or maybe you've just never seen Lori Dane in action.

[Rage arches an eyebrow before waving Lynch off.]

LR: Don't need to.

[Lynch shrugs.]

TL: Then I guess you wouldn't be interested in watching this footage of Lori Dane training for this match that I picked up on the Combat Corner's YouTube channel this morning... or would you?

[Rage pauses and then throws an arm around Theresa Lynch which draws an uncomfortable flinch from the interviewer. Nonetheless, she holds up the iPad for Lauryn to watch and takes a certain glee in pressing play. Muted screams can be heard coming from the screen. Lauryn watches for a moment, a grin plastered over her face. Slowly, though, that grin fades as Lauryn's jaw drops. Her eyes widen in horror. At one point she gapes, stunned and horrified by whatever she is watching on screen.]

LR: Wait... that's Lori Dane in there?

TL: Indeed.

LR: When was this taken?

TL: Last week.

LR: Did she just take her-?

TL: Yup.

LR: And then just stuck it-

TL: Sure did.

[Lauryn's knees go weak. She holds her stomach.]

LR: I gotta sit down.

[She actually sinks to her knees on the set.]

LR: I don't feel good.

TL: You look a little pale.

LR: (wiping her mouth) I gotta... I gotta... Where's my belt? Excuse me, umm, yeah... yeah.

[Lauryn struggles to her feet and wanders off stage in a daze, muttering "What the hell am I gonna do?"]

TL: Well, there you have it. Da Kid might have realized that her mouth bit off a little more than she can chew in Lori Dane... who actually took the time earlier tonight to speak to our cameras.

[Theresa takes one more look at the iPad screen and makes an 'ouch' face before she breaks into a smile...]

TL: Let's take a look.

[We fade to some obviously pre-recorded footage. The shot is of a woman's back. She has her hair tied back in a tight braid that hangs over a yellow skin-tight jumpsuit. The shot is tight so we can't see the rest of her body yet.]

"Pride."

[She slowly turns to reveal herself to be former Women's Champion Lori Dane.]

LD: That's what tonight is about for me. Pride.

I've got pride swelling in my heart every time I see the women of the AWA take the ring. Pride for what my protege - my student - has been able to accomplish as she helps bring women's wrestling into a whole new era. Pride for people like Ayako Fujiwara, Julie Somers, Lori Wilson, Kayla Driscoll... so many others... Skylar Swift... for what they've been able to bring to the table.

Pride for them being able to do what I never could.

[Dane looks down with a shake of her head, biting her lower lip.]

LD: I tried, you know. Here... Los Angeles... Tokyo, Japan... so many places over the years... I always had a vision of what women's wrestling could be and thought I knew how to make that vision a reality. But I just never could get it done.

"There are cultural differences," they told me... "Men don't want to see women wrestle on the same show with men." "There's no room on the shows - we'd have to have less men's matches."

[Dane nods.]

LD: "Women don't know how to work the same style - we'd have to train them all from scratch!"

[Another nod.]

LD: "There's no money in it."

[A final nod.]

LD: There are only so many times you can run into a wall and get knocked down before eventually you expect it to win every time. And somewhere along the way, I hit that point. I expected the wall to always win so I stopped running into it.

But they didn't. Melissa, Julie, Ayako... the rest... they kept running into that wall... over and over... until eventually...

[Dane raises her arms with a smile.]

LD: The walls came tumbling down.

I have pride for what those women did. And that's one reason I'm here tonight.

[Dane lowers her arms.]

LD: But I'm here for another reason too... and that's to find something that I've been lacking for a long, long time now.

And that's pride in myself.

[Dane grimaces.]

LD: That's something that I've been missing for too long... because when I look in the mirror, I'm horrified by what I see.

I'm horrified that I handed the AWA over to the Unholy Alliance a few years ago because I was trying to make up for what I'd done to a daughter I'd walked away from.

Horrified that I've been absent the last few years from the AWA altogether, ashamed by what I'd done.

Horrified that after all these years, I'm still unable to be the mother than I want to be... that she needs me to be.

[Dane looks up.]

LD: Horrified that I sat behind a table for a decade, cracking jokes about my sex life, and being a walking punchline just to stay in this business that I love.

Horrified that I couldn't get done when these ladies have gotten done.

[Dane pauses.]

LD: I don't know that I can wash all that horror away with one match, Lauryn Rage. I'm not sure it can be done.

In fact...

[Dane reaches off camera, pulling a Singapore cane into view with a smile on her face and a cheer from the crowd.]

LD: I might have a whole new reason to be horrified after this night. I might be horrified at all the terrible things that I convinced myself to do to you.

I have no dislike for you, Lauryn Rage. No reason to beat you bloody.

But...

[Dane runs the back of her hand along the wooden cane.]

LD: I am the Queen of Extreme.

So, I suppose you can say... it's in my blood.

[A smirk crosses her face.]

LD: For years, I sat there and I watched men do unspeakable things to one another. Men like Caleb Temple... like Simon Ezra... like Alex Martinez... like Casey James... like The Gremlin... Serge Annis... Gary Grayson... Robert Donovan... so many others.

I watched...

[She lowers the cane, pointing it at the camera.]

LD: ...and unfortunately for you, Lauryn Rage, I learned.

So when it comes time for us to step in that ring... there's very little you won't do to keep that title around your waist... I know that.

But you should know something too.

You should know that there is absolutely NOTHING that I won't do to show those women how proud I am of them.

And there's absolutely NOTHING that I won't do to show myself that I DESERVE to be proud of the woman I am once again.

Absolutely... nothing.

[Dane gives one final nod at the camera.]

LD: See you soon... champ.

[Dane's smirk is still present as we slowly fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer!]

RO: This battle for gold will have NOOOOOO DISQUALIFICATION!

[BIGGER CHEER!]

RO: Introducing first... she is the challenger...

[The lights drop down to black, causing an "oooooh" from the crowd. They stay there for a few moments before the quiet panflute introduction of Zamfir's "The Lonely Shepherd" begins to play over the PA system. A pale yellow lighting fills the American Airlines Arena, covering the crowd... the ring... and, of course, the entryway where we see that a figure is kneeling on the platform, holding a Singapore cane with both hands in front of her.]

RO: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 160 pounds...

She is a former Women's Champion...

She is the QUEEEEEEEEN OF EXTREEEEEEEEME!

Ladies and gentlemen...

LORRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIII DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers for the former Women's Champion as she rises to her feet, showing off her yellow jumpsuit that looks much like her protege, Melissa Cannon's ring attire. However, Dane has opted for skin-tight vinyl, cut into a v-neck to show off some cleavage. She stands atop the aisle, smiling at the crowd's reaction...

...and then points the wooden sword towards the ring before starting her path down the aisle as the music switches to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity."]

GM: And here comes the Queen of Extreme, Bucky, ready to take the fight to Lauryn Rage right here tonight in Dallas, Texas!

BW: This isn't right, Gordo, and you know it.

GM: What are you talking about now?

BW: I'm talking about the fact that Lori Dane is NOT a top contender for this title and doesn't deserve this shot she's getting tonight.

GM: Perhaps that's true, Bucky, but it was Lauryn Rage herself who said she wanted this match!

BW: She was... she just said it to get under Melissa Cannon's skin!

GM: Well, she asked for the match... and now she's got it!

[Lori Dane quickly moves up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to another big ovation from the crowd. She swats the Singapore cane down on the mat a few times, turning towards the aisle she just walked down, beckoning her opposition forward. The music fades as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent...

[The house lights turn pink as Nicki Minaj's "I'm the Best" starts up over the PA system. The video wall flashes shots of Lauryn Rage in action as a like counter climbs.]

RO: From Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 150 pounds... she is the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONNNNN...

LAURRRRRRRYNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The crowd jeers the announcement of the Women's World Champion, necks craning towards the entrance to see her arrival.]

GM: All eyes turn to the entryway and... well, how about that?

[Lauryn Rage enters from behind the curtain. It is a different Lauryn than we're used to. She looks scared, eyes darting around wildly as she reluctantly walks towards the ring. She clutches her World Championship like a security blanket.]

GM: Lauryn Rage looks COMPLETELY uncomfortable with the idea of competing in this match, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame her?! Lori Dane's up in there calling herself the Queen of Extreme... saying how she learned things from Temple and Martinez and Ezra and... and she's already got a damn weapon in the ring!

[Rage is moving very slowly down the aisle, looking unsure of every step as Lori Dane waits for her inside the ring...

...and about halfway to the ring she shakes her head and storms back up the aisle.]

"No way!" "No way!"

GM: Is Lauryn Rage walking out?

BW: She's choosing not to fight! She's the champ! That's her prerogative! It's the way that she wants to live!

[Lori Dane takes one look at this and then bails from the ring, leaving her Singapore cane behind as she barrels down the aisle after the Women's World Champion!]

GM: Here comes Lori Dane! She's not going to let this happen!

BW: She has to! It's not her decision!

[Dane leaves her feet a bit, slamming a forearm into the back of Rage's head and sending her toppling over to the floor to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh my! Down goes the Women's World Champion!

[The veteran looks down on Rage...

...and then picks up the title belt, holding it over her head to a big ovation from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Listen to these fans! They're ready to see a new champion, Bucky!

BW: I don't care how ready they are, Gordo, they're not gonna see one tonight!

[Dane tosses the belt back down on top of Rage before leaning down, hauling Rage up to her feet by the hair...]

GM: Lori bringing the champion to her feet...

[...and SMASHES her headfirst into the lighting rig framing the entrance curtain!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the... what is that? The lights?

BW: The metal frame holding the lights up, yeah.

[Rage stumbles away from the entrance as Dane grabs hold of it. She quickly puts up a foot into the framing, climbing about five feet off the floor...

...and then hurls herself off, wiping out Rage with a crossbody that sends the Dallas crowd into a big roar!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A small group of fans near the entrance break into a chant that is sure to draw a smile to faces of longtime fans of Mrs. Dane-Michaelson.]

"SHE'S HARD-CORE!" "SHE'S HARD-CORE!" "SHE'S HARD-CORE!"

[Dane comes to her feet, grinning at the chant as she pursues a crawling Lauryn Rage.]

GM: Rage is desperately trying to get away from the challenger in this one... and I don't even think the bell has sounded yet, Bucky.

BW: It hasn't! That idiot referee is letting all this go on illegally!

GM: Well, the match has no disqualification so no matter if the bell has rang or not, it's still totally legal.

[Reaching the large ten-foot illuminated AWA logo, Rage tries to use the giant letters to pull herself to her feet but Lori Dane is right behind her, grabbing her by the hair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE SIGN!

[The lights flicker on the "W" as Dane smashes Rage's head into the letters a second time.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands, fans!

[Keeping a grip on Rage's hair, Dane drags her back over towards the entranceway where she turns her around, scooping her up in her arms...]

GM: BIG SCOOP...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...AND A SLAM DOWN ON THE COLD, UNFORGIVING CONCRETE FLOOR! OH MY!

BW: There ain't no give up there either!

[With the Dallas crowd cheering her on, the Queen of Extreme watches as Rage writhes in pain on the floor.]

GM: Lauryn Rage may have injured her back on that slam, Bucky. She seems to be in a lot of pain.

BW: Wouldn't you be?! She got bodyslammed on concrete for crying out loud!

[Dane stands over Rage as the Women's World Champion rolls to her belly, crawling down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: And I think Lauryn Rage just learned the hard way that she'd prefer to be INSIDE the ring against Lori Dane than outside of it.

[The veteran pulls Rage up by her hair, the latter giving a yelp as she's dragged down the aisle by it and flung under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Dane puts her in, rolling in after her... and THERE'S the opening bell!

[Rage quickly crawls across the ring, having spotted the Singapore cane resting on the canvas. She reaches out her hand, snatching the cane in it...

...which is when Lori Dane STOMPS down on the cane, defiantly shaking her head as she pins the cane to the mat!]

GM: Not so fast, champ!

[Dane reaches down, grabbing Rage by the hair again, pulling her struggling frame off the canvas...

...where Rage drives her own head into Dane's midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Rage goes downstairs on her challenger!

[Rage straightens up, lifting Dane over her shoulder...]



GM: She's got her up and we've seen this before!

[...but as Rage barrels across the ring with her, Dane manages to slide down Rage's back, dragging her down in a sunset flip!]

BW: Looks like Dane's seen it before as well!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The near fall is broken up as Rage clashes her legs together on Dane's ears, breaking up the sunset flip attempt.]

GM: Two count only but boy, was that close!

BW: Too close! She almost lost it all right there, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[Rage scrambles up off the mat, shaking her head in disbelief at how close she came to losing her title...

...which is when Lori Dane SWINGS her Singapore Cane like a baseball bat, crashing it across the ribs of the champion!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Lori Dane using that cane for the first time in this matchup!

[Rage clutches at her ribs, doubled over and in pain as Dane raises it back a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOOOOOOWN ACROSS THE BACK! OH MY!

[Rage splats facefirst down on the mat as Dane stands over her, cane still in hand as the crowd buzzes with excitement for what they're witnessing. A grinning Dane kneels down, sliding the cane across Rage's face as she pulls back in a modified Camel Clutch!]

BW: AHHH!

[The crowd's cheers quickly shift to jeers as someone walks through the curtain, drawing their attention.]

GM: Wait a second... what is THIS about, Bucky?!

BW: Hey, they said she couldn't be at ringside for Kerry Kendrick's match as a manager... but they never said she couldn't come out here and support her friend!

GM: This is... that might have been the rule but you know very well this violates the spirit of that ruling!

[Erica Toughill comes marching down the aisle, baseball bat in hand, as she stares up at the ring where Dane is wrenching the neck of Rage with the Cane Clutch...

...but she abruptly cuts it off, getting to her feet and pointing with the cane at Toughill who defiantly crosses her arms, almost daring someone to try and remove her from ringside.]

GM: Lori Dane's got that Singapore cane, pointing at Erica Toughill with it...

[Toughill blows an obnoxious bubble and then gestures at Dane, inviting her outside the ring if she wants to tussle.]

BW: If Lori Dane is smart, she'll stay in the ring because if she goes out there with Ricki, I'm guessing she's getting a beating like she's never had before.

[Dane grimaces, glaring at Toughill...

...which causes her to get blindsided by Lauryn Rage who smashes her in the back of the head with a lunging forearm, both women toppling over to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Sneak attack by Rage!

[Rage angrily snatches Dane by the hair, raking her face viciously back and forth on the canvas.]

GM: And she's going right after her now! Erica Toughill provided a timely distraction and the Women's World Champion is taking advantage of it!

[Rage gets to her feet, stomping Dane's back a handful of times before she walks away, grabbing at her ribs.]

GM: The champion showing some discomfort from that shot across the ribs earlier.

[The champion slowly walks around the ring, trying to regroup as Dane starts to get up off the mat. She circles back to Dane, grabbing two hands full of hair, swinging her knee up into the midsection once... twice... three times...

...and then as she steps back, she yanks Dane's head down so she can deliver another knee, this one to the face!]

GM: OHH! What a shot that was!

[Hanging onto the hair, Rage flings her into the air, tossing her like a frisbee down to the canvas by it!]

GM: The referee reprimanding Rage for the hairpull... for all the good that does Lori Dane right about now.

[Rage moves in on the downed Dane again, dropping a knee down between the shoulderblades. She grabs two hands full of Dane's hair, repeatedly yanking back as she screeches in Dane's ear.]

"YOU WANNA FIGHT?! WE CAN FIGHT!"

[Getting back to her feet, Rage brings Dane up with her and flings her through the ropes, tossing her out to the floor below...

...right in front of Erica Toughill.]

GM: Rage shoots her out to the floor... and I don't like the looks of this.

[Rage slips an arm around the referee's shoulders, walking him across the ring, pointing out to the crowd...

...which is when Erica Toughill pulls Lori Dane off the floor, spinning her around, and SLAMMING her facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the hardest part of the ring!

[A second smash into the apron lands before Toughill aggressively shoves her back under the ropes, walking away popping a bubble as a smirking Lauryn Rage rushes in, delivering a soccer kick to the ribs of Dane!]

GM: Good grief! That attack by Toughill wasn't even illegal in a No DQ match but Rage hid it anyways - force of habit, I suppose.

BW: Maybe she didn't want to risk Toughill getting ejected from ringside.

[A cackling Rage delivers a second kick to the ribs, leaving Dane to roll onto her back, gasping for air.]

GM: Lori Dane having trouble catching a breath in there... and I suppose that's no surprise considering how long it's been since she's been in a singles match at all... let alone a championship match or a No Disqualification match.

[Rage stands over Dane, looking down at her...]

"WHAT HAPPENED, GIRL?! I THOUGHT YOU WERE BAD! I THOUGHT YOU WERE TOUGH!"

[...and reaches down...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! There's absolutely no call for that, Bucky! No call at all!

BW: Well, she's the champ and the champ gets to-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: OH MY! MELISSA CANNON IS HEADED FOR THE RING!

[And boy, does she EVER look pissed!]

GM: Erica Toughill taking advantage of Melissa Cannon's mentor! Lauryn Rage taking advantage of Melissa Cannon's teacher... a woman she looks up to as a mother figure in her life!

[Cannon storms her way to ringside, shouting a threat towards Toughill as she camps herself out on the apron, slamming her hands down repeatedly on it, shouting for her friend.]

GM: Melissa Cannon had seen enough and now she's going to make sure that her mentor gets a fair shake out here tonight!

[Rage turns, shouting in Cannon's direction before turning back towards the rising Dane, smashing a knee into her ribs, putting her back down on the canvas.]

GM: Lauryn Rage continuing to taunt Melissa Cannon, making her watch as she torments her teacher...

[Rage pulls Cannon off the mat, flinging her into the corner. She smirks as she backs across the ring, slapping her hands against her butt repeatedly...

...and then barrels across the ring, leaping into the air to drive her rear end into the chest and face of Dane!]

GM: Ohh! Flying hip attack in the corner!

[Grabbing the arm, Rage whips Dane across the ring again, charging in after her a second time...]

GM: Another leaping hip attack!

[She snatches the arm, whipping Dane across once more.]

GM: Lauryn Rage repeatedly driving in that hip attack... looking for it again...

[But this time, Rage stomps out of the corner, walking over towards Melissa Cannon, shouting at her before planting a kiss on her hand and then slapping her ass with it to jeers from the crowd. Toughill smirks, clapping as Melissa Cannon tries to get up on the apron but the referee cuts her off.]

GM: Rage back to the corner again, measuring Lori Dane again...

[And as the Women's World Champion barrels across the ring, she leaps into the air...

...and SLAMS her hindquarters into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: She missed! She missed the hip attack!

[Rage hobbles out of the corner, clutching his rear end as Dane retrieves her Singapore cane off the canvas...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CANE ACROSS THE... ACROSS THE...

BW: Just say it, Gordo.

GM: ...ACROSS THE REAR END!

BW: Coward.

[Rage yelps, leaping into the air at the shot to her butt, falling down into a seated position on the canvas. Dane circles around her, cane in hand. She comes to a stop in front of Rage, raising the cane... measuring her... sizing her up...]

GM: Lauryn Rage down at the mercy of Lori Dane! Begging! Pleading!

[Rage looks to be on the verge of tears as Dane rears back with the cane...

...and Erica Toughill springs into action again, leaping up on the apron, snatching the cane with both hands, preventing Dane from using it!]

GM: OH! COME ON!

[Dane struggles to pull the cane free, turning around and spotting Toughill on the apron with her hands on it...

...and then rushes forward, going into a spin, and DRILLING Toughill with a rolling elbow that sends Toughill flying backwards off the apron to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: ROLLING ELBOW! SHADES OF HER HUSBAND, TODD MICHAELSON!

[The crowd is roaring for Dane as she retrieves her cane, gripping it in her hands as Lauryn Rage comes quickly to her feet...

...and Dane spins around, swinging the cane down!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: RIGHT DOWN BETWEEN THE EYES!

[The blow drops Rage like a rock, the cane splintering on the blow. Dane dives across her chest, hooking a leg...]

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

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd groans as Rage’s shoulder just BARELY squeaks off the canvas in time!]

GM: NO! LAURYN RAGE GETS THE SHOULDER UP TO SAVE HER TITLE!

[Dane rolls off Rage, sitting on the canvas exasperated as Rage rolls to her stomach.]

GM: Lori Dane was a half count away from winning the Women’s World Title right there! She almost had it... and now she needs to find a way to stay on top of it, Bucky. She’s gotta do something else to keep Rage down.

BW: With her cane all busted up? What else can she do?

[On cue, Dane rolls from the ring. She walks over to the timekeeper’s table, looking to retrieve the chair but gives it a double take, shaking her head as she turns towards the railing...]

GM: Dane didn’t like the timekeeper’s chair.

BW: Can’t blame her. Feels like I’m getting splinters from this one.

[Reaching over the railing, Dane retrieves a fan’s metal folding chair, walking towards the ring with it. She slides it under the bottom rope, rolling in after it.]

GM: Both competitors back inside the ring now... Cannon with the chair in hand...

[Dane climbs to her feet, gripping the chair in her hands. She looks down at Rage who is trying to get off the mat. The Queen of Extreme walks across the ring, turning the chair sideways and wedging it between the turnbuckles.]

GM: Dane pulling Rage off the mat, pointing to that chair...

[But as Dane approaches the corner, ready to slam Rage's head into the chair, the Women's World Champion raises a leg, blocking the slam...

...and suddenly whips her head back, her long braid snapping around and catching Dane across the face!]

GM: OH!

BW: Did... did she do that intentionally?!

GM: I think she did!

[The referee turns her around, reprimanding her but she shouts "NO DQ!" at him. He grimaces and nods, waving for the match to continue as Dane tries to get off her knee.]

GM: I think Rage's hair caught Dane across the eyes, Bucky. She seems to be having trouble clearing her vision.

[Rage pulls Dane off the mat by the hair...

...and digs her fingernails into Dane's eyes, raking hard!]

GM: Oh, come on! Again to the eyes!

BW: It's all legal, Gordo! Just the way that sadist Emerson Gellar wanted it!

[The blinded Dane staggers into the corner as Rage turns to taunt Melissa Cannon again. Erica Toughill angrily smashes an arm into the mat, pointing furiously at Dane, imploring Rage to finish her off. Rage advances on Dane, lifting her up off the mat and depositing her into a sitting position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Dane gets dropped up top...

[Rage reaches up, slapping Dane across the face again!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Cannon grabs the ropes, starting to pull herself up on the apron when Erica Toughill comes around the corner, jabbing at Cannon with her baseball bat. Cannon drops down, shouting at Toughill as the referee tries to keep them calmed down. Rage turns, joining the shouts at Cannon...]

GM: Toughill getting involved again.

BW: Only because Cannon was trying to interfere!

[Rage rushes in on Dane who extends a leg, catching Rage with a boot to the mush!]

GM: Ohh! Dane caught her coming in!

[But Rage simply reaches out, yanking Dane's leg hard, sending her crashing down hard to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Rage yanks her down!

[A furious Rage grabs at her jaw, wincing as she stomps viciously.]

GM: Lauryn Rage all over Dane again, putting the boots to her!

[Rage backs off, still working her jaw back and forth as Dane writhes in pain on the canvas. Cannon looks into the ring, showing concern for her mentor as she slaps at the canvas.]

GM: Rage pulling her challenger off the mat again, slinging her over the shoulder...

[Turning to face the corner where the chair is wedged, Rage backs into the far corner...]

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: But never with a chair in the corner! This could be disastrous for Lori Dane!

BW: So much for the Queen of Extreme!

[But as Rage starts to run, Dane reaches out with both hands, hooking the top rope.]

GM: Dane's hanging on! She's hanging on for dear life!

[Toughill climbs up on the apron, raising the bat over her head to swing at Dane's hands...

...but Cannon hops up on the other side of the apron, leaning over to smash a forearm into Toughill's jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[Cannon steps up on the ropes, grabbing Toughill by the hair and slamming her face down into the top turnbuckle, causing her to drop the bat! Rage, in the meantime, drops Dane down on the mat, whirling around to confront Cannon...

...who DRILLS her with a forearm shot, knocking her back into a Lori Dane schoolgirl rollup!]

GM: SCHOOLGIRL OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The referee dives to the canvas as the crowd surges to their feet.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! MY STARS, WHAT A KICKOUT AT THE LAST MOMENT!

[A panicked Lauryn Rage sits up, looking at the official with desperate eyes. The official gives a nod, holding up two fingers as Rage clutches at her chest.]

GM: And Lauryn Rage thought it was over too! Look at the fear on her face!

[On her feet, Lori Dane circles around behind Rage, waving her arms around, waiting for Rage to rise...

...and as she does, Dane buries the boot in her midsection!]

GM: Dane goes downstairs!

[Dane yanks Rage into her grasp...]

GM: She hooks one arm!

[The crowd roars in anticipation!]

GM: She hooks the other!

[But a desperate Rage straightens up, backdropping Dane over the ropes...

...but Dane hangs on to the ropes, managing to land on the apron safely. Rage wheels around, throwing a big slap but Dane ducks under, popping up with the aid of the ropes to snap a foot off the ear of Rage!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Kick to the head!

[Dane snatches Rage by the hair, pulling her into a front facelock...]

GM: She’s going for a suplex... TO THE FLOOR!

[...but Rage is fighting it, clinging to the ropes...]

GM: Dane can’t get her up and-

[Rage suddenly breaks free, reaching up to loop her hands over Dane’s head, dropping down to her knees and snapping Dane’s throat over the top rope!]

GM: Ohh!

[With Dane barely hanging on to the ropes, Rage dashes to the far ropes...]

GM: Rage off the far side... look out here!

[Rage leaps into the air, looking to throw a hip attack that’ll knock Dane off the apron...

...but Dane steps aside, causing Rage to wedge herself between the ropes as Dane slips back into the ring, dashing across, hitting the far ropes...]

GM: LORI DANE BUILDING UP SPEED AND-

[The Queen of Extreme barrels across the ring towards Rage who is caught up between the top and middle ropes...

...and LEAPS up!]

GM: SPEEEEEEEAAAAAAR!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Dane connects with a flying spear that takes them both through the ropes, crashing down to the floor with a momentous thud as both Toughill and Cannon rush along the ring to check on their respective allies!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[The announcers fall out for a moment, letting the crowd noise carry the scene as Dane and Rage are both motionless on the barely-padded concrete, faces etched in pain.]



GM: Goodness. I can't believe... Bucky, can you believe that Lori Dane just did that? She'll kill me if she hears me say this but... at her age, what in the world was she thinking?

BW: Pride, Gordo. Pride.

GM: I suppose you're right.

[A concerned Melissa Cannon kneels next to her friend and mentor, taking her hand and squeezing to ensure she's okay. Toughill looks less concerned for Lauryn Rage, nudging her and telling her to finish this off.]

GM: A suicidal dive through the ropes by the Queen of Extreme and both of these women are down. The referee isn't counting... he could though... this match is No Disqualification.. it is NOT No Countout.

BW: I think the referee wants to see how this ends as much as we do, Gordo.

GM: I think that's true... but he's out there checking on them both after that and- what in the world?

[Erica Toughill suddenly pulls Lauryn Rage up by the arms, lifting her up over her shoulder, walking her over to the apron where she shoves her back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Toughill puts Rage back in! She's trying to help her friend and-

[The referee reprimands Toughill for getting involved and she responds by threatening to punch him in the mouth. The official backs off with a shake of his head, waving for Lori Dane to get back inside the ring as well...

...but Dane simply reaches up, pulling Melissa Cannon closer to her, whispering to her friend and student.]

GM: Dane speaking to Cannon...

[Cannon's face flashes with confusion for a moment and then she nods, getting off her knees and walking over towards the timekeeper's table. She looks back at Dane who is getting to her knees, nodding at Cannon who reaches under the table...

...and pulls out a black cloth bag, holding it high for all to see as the crowd cheers with anticipation!]

GM: What in the world is THAT, Bucky?

BW: It could be... anything, Gordo. Knowing that nuthouse where she was an announcer all those years... who the heck knows what's in there? Thumbtacks, barbed wire, fire...

GM: Fire? There's fire in the bag? Wouldn't the bag be BURNING if there was fire in there?

BW: Who knows?! I'm just... I'm overwhelmed with concern for Lauryn right now! Can you please... just give me a minute!

GM: Oh, brother.

[Cannon returns with the bag for her mentor who smiles at Melissa, softly placing a hand on her cheek before she stumbles towards the ring, rolling under the ropes

with the bag in her hand. The crowd cheers as the referee waves for the match to continue!]

GM: They're both in the ring now and... well, if we wanted to know what was in the bag, I guess we're not going to have to wait too long!

[Standing in the middle of the ring, Dane dips her hand into the bag...

...and then pulls its contents into view.]

GM: Oh my god.

[The crowd reacts with a mix of shock and horror.]

GM: Is that...

[She grins a bloodthirsty smile as she raises the weapon into view.]

GM: That's a...

[Dane nods as she grips the trigger.]

BW: A STAPLEGUN?!

GM: No, no... this can't happen.

BW: The Queen of Extreme is delusional! She's forgotten where she is! We don't do this kind of thing here!

GM: Somebody... anybody... are we SERIOUSLY going to let this happen?!

[Dane approaches the rising Rage who has worked herself to her knees, snatching her by the hair, and YANKING her head back so that she can see the rusty old staplegun right in front of her eyes.]

GM: This can't... how is this happening?!

BW: She's channeling her lunatic brother - and I don't mean that nutjob Jason!

[Rage's eyes flash with fear, frantically shaking her head as Dane holds her steady, nodding confidently as she raises the staplegun...

...and presses it to the forehead of Lauryn Rage who wails in fear!]

GM: Don't do it, Lori! Don't-

[The cries of Lauryn Rage causes Erica Toughill to pop up onto the apron again. A furious Dane pivots towards her, racing at her with the staplegun in hand. Toughill's eyes go wide as she drops off the apron out of Dane's reach...

...which allows the Women's World Champion to get to her feet, racing at Dane from the blindside!]

GM: Rage with a clothesli- ducked by Dane!

[Dane pivots, staplegun in hand...

...and opens FIRE on the ample rear end of Lauryn Rage!]

"KAAAAAAAAAAAA-CHINK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE STAPLED... SHE STAPLED... SHE STAPLED HER...

BW: HER ASS! SHE STAPLED HER ASS, GORDO!

GM: BUCKY!

[Rage howls in pain, hopping up and down, clutching her rear end as Dane grins, tossing the staplegun aside as Rage bounces in a circle...]

...and Dane buries a boot into her midsection, pulling her into a standing headscissors again...]

GM: Here we go! Dane hooks one arm!

[The crowd ROARS with anticipation!]

GM: She hooks the other!

BW: NO!

[JUST before she hooks the other arm, Rage slips free, lifting Dane up over her shoulder, charging across the ring at top speed...]

...and HURLS Dane forward towards the buckles...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BUCKLE BUSTER!

[The spinebuster into the buckles sends Dane SMASHING backfirst into the wedged steel chair in the corner as well. She stumbles out, pain on her face as Rage grabs her by the hair, turning her in a full circle...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[The crowd groans as Lori Dane's head is DRIVEN into the wedged steel chair, leaving her draped across the buckles as a shocked Melissa Cannon grabs the ropes, looking to intervene as Rage drags Dane from the corner, throwing her down to her knees.]

GM: Rage tosses her down... and now SHE'S got the chair!

[Lauryn Rage steps forward, looking across at Melissa Cannon, steel chair in hand...]

GM: No, no.. don't do it, Lauryn!

[Rage nods her head at Cannon, her hands gripped with white knuckles as she stands menacingly over the kneeling Lori Dane...]

...and then draws it all the way back, staring Cannon right in the eyes as she prepares to smash the chair over the woman who Cannon calls "Mom."]

GM: Damn it, don't do this! Don't-

BW: She doesn't have a choice! Cannon can stop this!

GM: She-

[Suddenly, Melissa Cannon pulls off her t-shirt, revealing her sports bra underneath, and flings her shirt into the ring at the referee's feet. The official takes a look down at the shirt at his feet, throwing a glance at Cannon to make sure of her intent...

...and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd instantly deflates at the sound of the bell as Cannon slides inside the ring, rushing to the side of her friend. She drops to her knees, allowing Dane to collapse into her arms as Rage smirks at the scene before her...]

GM: Melissa Cannon just threw in the proverbial towel for her friend... her mentor and trainer.. the woman she often refers to as "Mom." She couldn't stand the idea of Rage potentially smashing Dane over the head with that steel chair and I can't... well, I can't blame her, Bucky.

BW: No, not at all... of course, that just goes to show how Emerson Gellar didn't give a damn that Lori Dane was in no condition for a title match like this. Gellar cares about ratings... period! He didn't give a damn that Lori Dane might've ended up in a wheelchair facing the Women's World Champion!

GM: I don't believe that for a second, Bucky... and as Lauryn Rage and Erica Toughill make their exit back up the aisle...

[Tears are in Cannon's eyes as she embraces her friend, watching the aisle as a smirking Rage holds the title up in the air to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Lauryn Rage keeps the title around her waist, fans, and when we come back, it'll be time to find out if Kerry Kendrick can do the same! Don't go away!

[Melissa Cannon's gaze is locked on the Women's World Champion as she vacates the premises and we fade to black...

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

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could \_really\_ fight.

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

Kids: \*gasp\*

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

Kids: Dave Bryant!

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

Kids: WOAHH!

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

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

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

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

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

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

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

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

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

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

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

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like Gladiator is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Larry Wallace. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

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

[Barging in through the door are Lauryn Rage, Charisma Knight and Erica Toughill, who rush into the dining room, where Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers and Lori Wilson

just happening to be waiting for them! Then we see a couple of girls playing with the six action figures.]

Announcer: And there's even Torin the Titan!

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

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

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

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

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

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and then fade up where Callum Mahoney is backstage, standing in front of a Homecoming backdrop. The sandy-haired competitor is dressed to compete in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. Mahoney also has on a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels, over his wrestling attire.]

CM: Homecoming... The AWA's return from its tour of Europe... A return to where it all started, right here in Dallas, Texas... And, tonight, the World Television Championship comes home with me! I might have gotten my start in Europe, but these days, and I have no doubt about it, I am proud to call the AWA home. So, as proud as I am of the accolades I have won elsewhere, AWA gold has so far eluded me...

Until tonight. Of course, I have to beat Kerry Kendrick to get to my first AWA championship... A man whom I consider like a brother to me. When Kerry won the World Television Championship, I was right there celebrating alongside Rex and Ricki. I cheered when he beat the likes of Supernova and Shadoe Rage, and, if, by some chance, he beats me tonight, I'm going to shake his hand and applaud him for it...

If...

Because, while brothers have each other's backs, and brothers might fight sometimes, brothers know what the other is capable of. With Ricki and Rex being spared having to pick a side, with it coming down to a one-on-one match between Kerry and myself, I am confident I have what it takes to overcome what Kerry's got.

Emerson Gellar might think he's driving a wedge between us, brother, but, Kerry, all we're doing is keeping it in the family. Only, tonight, the World Television Championship comes home with me!

[We fade through black out to the ring where both champion and challenger in the World Television Title match have made their way out to the ring for action.]

GM: The bell sounds and we're off and running here at Homecoming with the World Television Title on the line.

[Kendrick and Mahoney exit their respective corners, circling one another out in the middle of the ring. Kendrick glares at the official as he comes to a halt, protesting the fact this match even exists. Mahoney doesn't join in, simply waiting with his hands on his hips...

...when Kendrick suddenly suckerpunches him on the jaw!]

GM: Oh!

[Mahoney staggers in a circle as the World Television Champion hooks him, dragging him down in a schoolboy.]

GM: Kendrick wasting no time in trying to steal this one!

[A two count follows before Mahoney kicks out. Kendrick stays on him, kneeling on the canvas as he snatches a handful of hair, hammering home a right hand into the skull of the challenger. He climbs to his feet, bringing Mahoney up with him...]

GM: Irish whip to the corner... Kendrick follows him in!

[But Mahoney sidesteps, causing Kendrick to slam backfirst into the buckles on a back elbow attempt. He stumbles out into a big haymaker to the jaw, falling back into the corner in a circle...

...and then gets dragged down in a schoolboy!]

GM: Mahoney turning the tables for one... for two...

[Kendrick kicks out of the pin attempt but as soon as he does, Mahoney transitions into an armbar, scissoring the arm between his legs as he makes a grab for the wrist, looking to hyperextend the elbow...]

GM: The challenger looking for the armbar! Looking to slap on his signature hold!

[But before Mahoney can secure it, Kendrick reaches out, snatching a handful of ring rope, forcing the referee to call for a break. Mahoney waits a few seconds and then obliges, a slight smile on his face as he climbs to his feet. Kendrick though, rolls under the ropes to the floor, clutching his elbow in his other hand, angrily storming around the ringside area.]

GM: And Kerry Kendrick decides to bail out and take a second to regroup. This has NOT started off the way he expected, I'm sure.

BW: Kendrick taking a nice, long walk around the ring... and if nothing else, he's ticking valuable seconds off that clock.

GM: Remember, fans, only a ten minute time limit when it comes to the World Television Title so the more Kendrick can stall out there, the better for him.

BW: He's not stalling, he's regrouping!

GM: Of course.

[At the referee's count of six, Kendrick pulls himself up on the apron, glaring in at his challenger and ally. He waits a few more moments, ducking through at the eight count.]

GM: Both men back inside the squared circle now... Kendrick edging out of his corner...

[Mahoney waits for Kendrick in the middle of the ring, not making any rash movements towards him but when he gets within range, Mahoney lunges into a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Into a lockup... and I'm not sure this is where Kendrick wants to be with Mahoney. Kendrick's got a fine technical background but whenever Mahoney gets his hands on you, you're in jeopardy of ending up tapping out.

[Kendrick spins Mahoney around, pushing him back against the ropes. The referee steps in to call for a break and Kendrick obliges...

...but not before he swings a knee up into the challenger's midsection.]

GM: Kendrick going downstairs... another knee... and a third!

[Grabbing Mahoney by the arm, the so-called Self Made Man whips him across the ring. He drops down to a knee, burying a right hand into the challenger's gut on the rebound. Kendrick straightens up, shaking out his hand as he points to the ropes, dashing towards them..,]

GM: BELLRINGER!

[...but Kendrick whiffs on his trademark running knee lift, staggering past Mahoney who hooks him by the back of the trunks, slamming his forearm down repeatedly into the back of the head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Pulling the struggling Kendrick into his arms, Mahoney elevates him and then drops him down on the back of his head with a suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Back suplex by the challenger and into a quick cover!

[A two count follows before the TV Champion escapes the pin. Mahoney promptly gets up, takes aim, yanks down his black kneepad, and DROPS his knee down into the cheekbone of Kendrick.]

GM: Oof!

[He applies another cover, this time grinding his forearm bone into the cheek of Kendrick and earning another two count.]

GM: Another two count for the challenger... and Kerry Kendrick rolls back out to the floor yet again.

[The crowd jeers the TV Champion for fleeing the ring as Mahoney looks a little frustrated inside the squared circle.]



GM: Kendrick bails out a second time... no Erica Toughill out here tonight which has gotta be upsetting to the champion.

[Kendrick again takes his time in circling the ring, this time rubbing his cheek vigorously a few times as the referee counts him.]

GM: Kendrick, again, appears to be stalling to me, Bucky. He very much appears like he's trying to run out the clock.

BW: Well, we're only a few minutes into this match, Gordo, so if he's doing that, he's got a long way to do.

GM: But you don't deny that might be what he's trying to do.

BW: I know that in the eyes of Kerry Kendrick, any night when he walks out as the champion is a win... so if he goes to the time limit, that's a win to him, daddy.

GM: An interesting perspective to be sure.

[Again, Kendrick is up on the apron at six. Mahoney takes a step towards him but Kendrick leans back, shaking his head. He shouts at the referee, demanding he back off the Fighting Irishman as the official obliges.]

GM: Kendrick steps back inside the ring, ready to defend his title once again.

[Kendrick barrels across this time, locking up and shoving Mahoney straight back into the buckles.]

GM: Kendrick showing some aggression now, maybe changing his battleplan.

[The referee steps in, calling for a break...

...but when Kendrick backs up, he slips a right hand up under the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Kendrick with the cheap shot!

[Mahoney is reeling in the corner as Kendrick backs off, smirking at his actions. The crowd jeers him as he goes to move back in...

...and then suddenly cheers as Mahoney grabs him, spinning him back against the turnbuckles...]

GM: Mahoney turns it around and-

[...and SMASHES home a European uppercut up under the chin!]

GM: -oh my!

[Mahoney lands another... and another... and with the crowd support growing behind him, he uncorks a series of rapidfire uppercuts that end with Kendrick down on his butt in the corner, Mahoney shouting triumphantly in the center of the ring, and the referee warning him for a failure to break.]

GM: Callum Mahoney bringing the thunder here in this one and just like that, he puts Kendrick down on the mat as we approach the halfway point in the time limit for this matchup.

[Moving back in, Mahoney methodically lifts his leg, planting his foot down on the throat of Kendrick. He grabs the ropes, leaning back for leverage as he strangles the air out of the champion!]

GM: And that's a blatant choke in the corner! Give these two credit, Bucky, they're not holding anything back against each other.

BW: Absolutely not. They're treating each other like total strangers fighting for championship gold.

[Mahoney breaks off his choke at four, strolling around the ring as Kendrick gasps for air in the corner...

...and then rolls under the ropes to the floor to tremendous jeers yet again!]

GM: Kerry Kendrick bailing out of the ring for a third time and...

[The crowd suddenly and unexpectedly cheers!]

GM: ...and it looks like Callum Mahoney has seen enough of that!

[The timekeeper's call of "FIVE MINUTES REMAINING!" is heard over the PA system as Mahoney slides out to the floor, spinning a surprised Kendrick around and laying him down with a mighty headbutt!]

GM: A headbutt takes the champion off his feet here in Dallas, Texas!

[Mahoney leans down, dragging Kendrick off the floor...

...when Kendrick suddenly goes to the eyes, raking away his ally's vision!]

GM: Ohh! Kendrick to the eyes!

[The TV Champion grabs the ropes, scurrying up onto the apron. He backs down the ropes, giving himself room to maneuver...

...and then charges down the apron, laying into Mahoney with a huge soccer kick to the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big kick knocks Mahoney off his feet, putting him down on the ringside mats as a smirking Kendrick ducks back inside, gesturing for the referee to count Mahoney out of the matchup.]

GM: Mahoney is down on the floor, yet another shot at the World Television Title potentially slipping through his fingers. While Callum Mahoney has won multiple titles overseas over the years, he has yet to hold AWA championship gold in his time here.

[Kendrick continues to shout at the official, telling them to count faster as they reach two.]

GM: Kendrick desperately trying to get his SM&K ally counted out of the ring on this one...

[Kendrick waves his arm, counting along with the official as Mahoney tries to get up off the floor.]

GM: The count is up to four... Mahoney trying to get to a knee...

[Kendrick looks at the official with dismay, screaming at him to count faster... which actually causes the referee to break his count, turning to shout at Kendrick to back off.]

GM: Hah! That actually backfired on Kendrick!

BW: That idiot referee is supposed to be counting!

GM: He WAS counting until Kendrick wouldn't stop running his mouth at him.

BW: That... he... he can't... I...

GM: Cat got your tongue?

[Grabbing the apron, Mahoney pulls himself up to his feet at the delayed count of six, pulling himself under the ropes...

...where Kendrick drops to his knees, driving the point of his elbow down into the back of the neck!]

GM: Ohhh! And Kendrick lowers the boom on him!

[Sneering, Kendrick gets to his feet, grabs the top rope, and starts viciously stomping the back of Mahoney's head and neck.]

GM: Kendrick all over him now, stomping away at his ally!

BW: So much talk about the Kings of Wrestling being fine, you've gotta wonder if SM&K will be fine after a battle like this.

[Kendrick drags Mahoney off the mat by the hair, turning to walk him across the ring, smashing him headfirst into the top turnbuckle. With Mahoney in a daze, Kendrick grabs him by the arm, whipping him to the opposite corner where he charges in after him...]

GM: Back elbow in the buckles!

[Mahoney staggers out towards Kendrick who lifts him up, depositing him down on a bent knee in an inverted atomic drop. He dashes behind the staggered Mahoney, running back in and connecting with a hard clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Right to the back of the head!

BW: That might do it, Gordo!

[Kendrick flips Mahoney over, putting his own forearm on Mahoney's cheek as he demands a count... and only gets two. Kendrick again shouts at the official, pulling at his own hair in frustration as he gets back up, looking around.]

GM: Kendrick couldn't get three there, looking for his next attack as he backs into the corner, hopping up on the middle rope...

[The champion takes aim, leaping from his perch as Mahoney rises, smashing a double axehandle down across the back of his head, putting him right back down on the mat.]

GM: Kendrick drops him again! But is it enough this time?

[Again, the champion attempts a cover, jamming his forearm into Mahoney's cheekbone for another two count before the Fighting Irishman escapes.]

GM: Another two! Mahoney continuing to fight back!

BW: He's one of the toughest guys in the locker room, Gordo. Don't sound so surprised.

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Three minutes left in the time limit as Kendrick leans down, dragging Mahoney up again...

[With Mahoney on his feet, Kendrick reaches out, wrapping his arms around Mahoney's torso...]

GM: He's looking for the belly-to-belly!

[But as Kendrick goes to lock his arms, Mahoney lashes out at him with a headbutt to the bridge of the nose!]

GM: OH!

[Kendrick stumbles back, tears in his eyes as he grabs at his face.]

GM: Mahoney playing a little dirty himself right there!

[Mahoney grabs Kendrick by the back of the head, rifling in a trio of European uppercuts, snapping his head back...]

...and then flings him facefirst into the corner where Kendrick stumbles back out.]

GM: Waistlock!

[The Fighting Irishman lifts Kendrick into the air, dumping his ally on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: German Suplex by the Irishman... and I don't think he's done!

[The crowd buzzes as Mahoney hangs on to the waistlock, rolling back up to his feet...]

GM: He's going for another one! Dragging Kendrick out to the middle of the ring...

[But instead of snapping off another suplex, Mahoney spins Kendrick around, booting him in the midsection...]

GM: Mahoney goes downstairs... hooks the arm...

[Leaping up, Mahoney SLAMS Kendrick down to the canvas with a single arm DDT, putting severe strain on the shoulder...]

...and then flips Kendrick onto his back, scissoring the arm between his legs, and falling back with it!]

GM: CROSS ARMBREAKER! MAHONEY'S LOOKING FOR THE CROSS ARMBREAKER!

[Kendrick immediately locks his hands, the best known defense against Mahoney's signature hold!]

GM: Mahoney's fighting to lock it in while Kendrick's fighting to keep it off!

BW: Kendrick's been in Mahoney's corner enough times to know that if that hold gets locked in, his reign as the World Television Champion is coming to a quick and painful end!

"TWO MINUTES! TWO MINUTES LEFT!"

GM: Two minutes left in the time limit - Kendrick trying desperately to hang on.

[The camera zooms in on the grip, showing Mahoney breaking the grip apart one finger at a time...]

GM: Kendrick's hanging on to his title by his fingertips!

BW: Literally!

[...and then Mahoney snaps the grip apart, jerking the arm back, hyperextending the elbow as Kendrick cries out in pain, flailing about, stretching his arms and legs as far as he can, trying to reach the ropes...]

GM: Kendrick's trying to get to the ropes but there's none close enough! Can he hang on?!

BW: For almost two minutes?! No way! He's gotta find a way out now or it's over!

GM: Kendrick reaching... stretching... annnnnnd...

[Kendrick suddenly starts slapping the canvas wildly as the referee leaps to his feet, waving an arm to the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! MAHONEY WINS THE TITLE!

[Mahoney immediately breaks the submission hold locked on his friend, sliding to a knee as he buries his face in his hands. The referee walks over to retrieve the title, coming back to hand it to the Armbar Assassin as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match... annnnnnd NEW AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNNNN...

CALLLLLLLLLUMMMMMMM MAAAAAAHOOOOOONEEEEEYYYYY!

[Mahoney is handed the title as he comes to his feet, holding the title over his head. There are some cheers from some of the crowd as Mahoney pulls the title to his chest, embracing it tightly as Kendrick sits up, looking disappointed.]

GM: Mahoney has done it! After all this time in the AWA falling short, Callum Mahoney is the brand new AWA World Television Champion, fans! What a moment for the Fighting Irishman!

[Mahoney slings the title belt over his shoulder, leaning down to offer a hand to Kerry Kendrick. The now-former champion looks up at Mahoney, locking eyes with him...

...and then takes the offered hand, allowing himself to be pulled to his feet. Kendrick pulls Mahoney towards him, embracing his SM&K brother as some in the crowd cheer again.]

GM: And it looks like SM&K is going to be a-okay! What a moment for Mahoney and fans, as he celebrates this title victory, we've got to take another break. But we've got more action still to come at Homecoming that you won't want to miss.

[Kendrick takes Mahoney by the hand, raising his arm in triumph as we fade to black...

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

# I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

# 'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

# Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: [AWAshop.com](http://AWAshop.com).

Fade through black on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black,..

We cut to backstage where we see Emerson Gellar talking to another individual. The person has his back to the camera, but his height, girth and broad shoulders give a few hints as to who he might be...

...as does the jersey he's wearing. New England Patriots, No. 87 for Rob Gronkowski.

We catch what appears to be the final words of the conversation.]

"Thank you for having me here tonight, Emerson. I promise I won't take up too much time."

[He shakes hands with Gellar, then turns around, revealing his identity: Eric Somers. His brown hair with gray tones has been cut short and he sports a goatee. In his right hand, he holds a white towel.]

GM: Eric Somers is here tonight! What an unexpected surprise for Homecoming!

BW: Come on, Gordo, Eric Somers is the equivalent of yesterday's newspaper -- it's only good for throwing in the garbage can!

GM: Bucky!

[Somers walks down the hallway, his eyes showing little emotion. He passes by a couple of stagehands and gives them each a slight nod.

The next person he meets, though, causes him to stop. That person happens to be his former tag team partner, "The Professional" Dave Cooper. He is dressed in a navy blue button-down shirt and white slacks. Cooper sizes up Somers and smirks.]

DC: Amazing how Gellar will let anybody who had a cup of coffee in the AWA show up again.

[Somers doesn't reply. His facial expression doesn't change -- he just stares back.]

DC: Oh, no witty reply for me? Shouldn't be surprised, considered how every time you opened your mouth, you made yourself look like a fool.

[Cooper steps closer to Somers, who doesn't respond, doesn't flinch.]

DC: You know, you and I, we could have been the greatest tag team the AWA had ever known. Only you didn't know when to keep your mouth shut. Or when to watch your temper. Or when to pick your spots. You may have been the big man of Rough N' Ready, but we all know who did the heavy lifting.

[Somers keeps staring at Cooper, who tilts his head and smirks again.]

DC: What's the matter? You can't even say one word to me? Can't even figure out how to speak for yourself?

[Somers still doesn't speak. Cooper shakes his head.]

DC: What can I say... you don't have a retort, so all you can do is stand there and...

[That's when Somers raises his left hand and points a finger at Cooper, who stops and draws back a step.

And, for the first time, Somers speaks.]

ES: Oh, I have plenty of retorts I'd like to give. But I told Emerson Gellar I wanted to have a few minutes in that ring to say what's on my mind. And I promised I wouldn't take too long. And by the looks of things...

[He pulls his hand back and glances at it, as if looking at a watch.]

ES: You've already wasted two minutes of that promised time.

So I'll tell you what you can do... you run along and go find some Q-Tips so you clean the wax out of your ears and then you'll be able to listen to what I have to say...

[And then, he casts a slight grin at Cooper.]

ES: Old friend.

[With that, Somers walks off. Cooper turns his gaze toward him, gritting his teeth and seething.

We cut to the arena and there's no music playing as Somers emerges from the entranceway. A mixed reaction goes up from some of the fans, though others are quiet, as if not knowing what to expect.]

GM: Eric Somers making his way to the ring, and as you can see, the fans here are quite divided.

BW: What's there to be divided about, Gordo? He's a washed-up, big lug who just disrespected the man responsible for him getting a chance to wear an AWA title belt.

GM: Bucky, that's not even close to the truth. Rough N Ready is a legendary tag team in the AWA, but the key word is team.

BW: Well, Cooper did do the work of two men, so if you want to call that a team, okay!



[Somers walks down the aisle and stops by the ringside table to retrieve a mic. He climbs up the ring steps, ducks between the ropes and looks around, as if he's trying to judge the crowd's reaction.]

ES: Yeah, I know. Lot of you are surprised I'd show my ugly mug around here again.

I know my old friend was. And believe me when I say that Dave Cooper was my friend, that was no joke. He and I go way back -- all the way back to the days of the NWCI, a federation of which hardly any of you know about, but I have to mention it, because it's part of my history.

Just like the MBC was. And the LEW -- though that was as a referee, if you can believe it. The same for the IWWA. Heck, even the UWF is part of it.

And, yeah, the AWA is very much part of my history, and that's why I'm glad Emerson Gellar let me come here to ramble for a bit.

[He strokes his goatee.]

ES: But that brings me back to you, Dave Cooper -- you are part of my history, too. And, again, you were my friend. I always had your back and I thought you'd do the same for me. Even when you were running promotions and I was working as a referee, even when I went solo as a wrestler for a while, you were always a phone call away. And when you learned about the AWA and what it could offer, you were on that phone, asking me if I'd join you as a tag team.

We had our wars with The Bishop Boys. We got frustrated when we had a chance to become tag team champs and missed out. And, yeah, there was the day we made the deal with the devil and got our hands on those tag team titles -- as some might say, it was a small price to pay to achieve tag team glory.

Except when we had our wars with Violence Unlimited, we faced a team that could hit just as hard as we could. And when they finally won the belts, I'll admit it... I lost my cool and convinced you that we should take our frustrations out on a referee and it cost us.

But that was when you went behind my back, made your deal with Jim Watkins, and never bothered to make that phone call to say goodbye.

[He takes a deep breath.]

ES: And ever since then, you've been bouncing around from idea to idea, talking about how much you want to be part of a team, all while ignoring the fact that you had a partner that you abandoned.

But, hey, you've got your latest attempt at a partnership with two men who keep telling themselves that this is the guy who won't possibly give them empty promises. So more power to you... old friend.

[The crowd remains quiet, though a few people give slight applause.]

BW: How many minutes did Gellar give this man, anyway?

GM: Bucky, let the man speak.

BW: Why, Gordo, you want to see if his speeches are a cure for insomnia?

[Somers takes another deep breath.]

ES: But as everyone knows, I got the chance to come back to the AWA and serve as Johnny Deston's hired help. Yeah, Detson, don't think I forgot about you. I'll admit it -- you caught me when I was a bit desperate. Thought it would be a chance for me to show I could work together with somebody else, maybe even get the chance to step back into that ring.

But you were never interested in working together, Detson. You never have been.

Go look at the list of people who stood by your side, Detson, and how you treated everyone the same way -- as disposable. Heck, when you tell everybody about how many title defenses you made this year, you just pulled out the number of people who have designated as you as a no-good son of a female dog who should never be trusted.

[That draws more than a few "oooohs" from the crowd -- and a few cheers.]

BW: He can't say that!

GM: He's toeing the line, but in a way, I don't blame him!

ES: But hey, Detson, you got your run with the World Title after about a hundred tries before Juan Vasquez felt sympathy for you, so mazel tov.

And to show you I'm not bitter about how things turned out, I brought you a present tonight.

[He holds up the towel.]

ES: This is a crying towel. I'll be sure to drop it off at your dressing room after Jack Lynch beats the daylights out of you for the second straight time!

[Well, THAT remark drew a lot of cheers. And it brought that trademark grin to Somers' face.]

ES: All right, I've got all that out of my system, so I'll be as quick I can now. I gave a lot of thought about stepping into the ring and beating people up again like I used to, but I realized that's not in the cards. It's time for me to hang it up. And I won't bore you with why it's time -- as most people would say, you just know.

Besides, I already have some offspring -- or, in one case, offspring of someone who is still my friend -- who are doing quite well for themselves. I just want to tell them how proud I am.

Julie, it's amazing to see how far you've come. I know you won't leave things unsettled with Erica Toughill, and I know you'll keep showing them you never go down without a fight.

Daniel Harper, I knew you were going to be something special. Your mom has every right to be proud of you.

And Howie, I know you bit your tongue many times when I hooked up with Detson. Truth be told, you probably should have torn me a new one when I first did that. But when I realized that later, and had the chance to sit down and talk to you about it, in the end, you told me you forgave me.

For that, I thank you... and I can't wait to see the day when you and Daniel do what I did... and that's become tag team champions.

[That draws cheers, too. Somers glances at his imaginary watch again.]

ES: All right, I've probably exceeded my time allotted, so I'll close by saying-

[Before we can find out what Somers was going to close by saying, we hear the screams that can only mean the arrival of Slaughterhouse.]

GM: Now what in the world is THIS about?

BW: I don't know but if Eric Somers has a single firing brain cell left, he'll get the heck out of there before-

[The curtain parts as The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley lead the way, walking with purpose down the aisle in their ring gear. Anton Layton comes behind them, walking in his black velvet robe with the crescent moon on the back, gripping the crystal known as the Eye of Tyr in his hand, holding it over his head as The Hangman trails behind him, noose around his own neck, the end of the rope dangling down towards the floor.]

BW: Too late.

GM: I don't like the looks of this at all, Bucky.

[Eric Somers walks over towards the timekeeper's table, gesturing towards them. The timekeeper gets up and seems about to hand off his chair but Crowley arrives, putting his foot down on the table with a loud "NO!" Crowley puts his elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand as smiles up at the hulking Somers.]

GM: The Lost Boy and Crowley out here on the floor... The Hangman as well...

[Anton Layton makes his way over to Rebecca Ortiz, a sickening smile on his face as he rubs the back of his hand on her cheek...]

GM: Ew. I need to shower just seeing that.

[...and then snatches the house mic from her, smirking as he scales the ringsteps, dropping the hood on his robe to reveal his pasty white flesh and bleached blonde hair.]

AL: Ohhhh, mighty Somers.

It has been too long, my friend. Too long indeed.

[Somers' eyes are floating back and forth, keeping his gaze moving from the Slaughterhouse members, barely even acknowledging that Layton is in the ring talking to him.]

AL: Your words are strong, mighty Somers... they even manage to warm the heart of a monster like the Prince of Darkness... the one chosen to bear the Eye... the one who sees all because of it...

[Somers finally looks at Layton with a "what the hell are you talking about" expression.]

AL: And I DO see, mighty Somers... I see the truth in your words... and the pain in your heart. I see how you grieve for your bond with Cooper. I see the regret for the things you've done to sully your legacy.

And I see the love for your family. For young Julie. For young Howie.

[Somers arches an eyebrow, perhaps finally understanding the reason for this intrusion.]

ES: Look, I've got nothing to say to you, Layton.

[Layton chuckles.]

AL: Ehehehehehe. Ehehehehehehehe. EHEHEHEHEHHE!

I do NOT doubt that, mighty Somers! But I have something to say to you... rather a message for you to deliver...

[Layton suddenly lashes out, swinging a stiff-fingered blow up into the throat of Somers! Somers sinks to his knees, coughing violently as Porter Crowley and the Lost Boy slide into the ring, swarming him!]

GM: What in the-?! What is going on here?!

[The Lost Boy, Porter Crowley, and Anton Layton are putting the boots to Eric Somers to the jeers of the Texas crowd...

...who suddenly break into cheers!]

GM: NEXT GEN! NEXT GEN!

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper come tearing down the aisle, having obviously been ready for this fight. Harper dives under the bottom rope...

...and finds the Hangman waiting for him, reaching out and grabbing Harper by the throat!]

GM: Oh no! The Hangman's got Harper! The Hangman's got!

[But the Hangman simply spins Harper around, holding his arms as Howie Somers comes under the ropes, ready to fight as Anton Layton stands at the wait...]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[...and HURLS a fireball at the face and torso of the incoming Howie Somers!]

GM: AHHHH!

[The fireball strikes Somers flush, sending him down to the mat, rolling over to his stomach, trying to soothe the burns as Layton stands over him, cackling madly. Eric Somers manages to crawl away from the Slaughterhouse, throwing his battered body over his nephew!]

GM: This was... that was a trap, Bucky! That had to be a trap! Layton was waiting for him!

BW: It sure looked that way, Gordo. Layton was waiting with that fireball as soon as Somers got in the ring... and they were making Harper watch! The Hangman held Harper and made him watch!

[Harper wriggles free from the Hangman's grip, diving to his knees as he tries to tend to his screaming partner. Layton is still cackling loudly as he gestures to his men, coordinating their exit from the ring as Harper and Eric Somers tend to the burnt Howie Somers as AWA medical team members come steaming down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Here comes the medical team and... wow. I can't believe we just saw that, Bucky.

BW: I can. Anton Layton is a master strategist and Howie Somers and Daniel Harper are just a couple of dumb kids.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Fans, we're going to give our medical team some time to work on Howie Somers. We've got... what do we have? Okay, yeah... we're going to commercial. We'll be right back.

[Somers is howling in pain as the medics try to tend to him while we fade to black.

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

"DEAD END" EVANS: "You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else."

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: "You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you."

"For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century."

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH "THE SHERIFF" COLTON: "What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that."

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: "We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!"

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: "What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever."

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of a ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] "Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!"

"Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at [AWAshop.com](http://AWAshop.com)."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action. We're down at ringside with Gordon and Bucky. Bucky is looking up at the ring as Gordon speaks.]

GM: Welcome back to Homecoming, fans. Moments ago, we saw a horrific attack on the part of Anton Layton and his Slaughterhouse on Howie Somers. During our break, Howie was taken back to the locker room area where I'm told he's currently awaiting transport to a nearby hospital for serious burns. We'll try to update you if we- can I get your attention over here, Bucky?

BW: Are you kidding me right now? Look at what's going on in that ring!

[On cue, we cut to the ring. Kerry Kendrick is seated in a steel folding chair in the middle of the ring. A bevy of officials surround the ring, but no one dares enter: Kendrick's bodyguard Erica Toughill and her trusty baseball bat prowl the ring.]

GM: Fans, we'd like to move on to setting up for our cage match... but Kerry Kendrick came back out here during the break... he's camped himself out here in the ring. We've got AWA officials out here trying to get him to leave but-

BW: But he's got a microphone and they're afraid of what he might say?

GM: I don't think that's it at all but-

[Bucky starts audibly sniffing.]

BW: Oh, Gordo... There's a smell in the air.

GM: Do I dare to ask what smell?

BW: It's the smell of burning bridges.

GM: Well... we certainly have heard some rumblings about what would happen in the event that Kendrick lost the Television Championship tonight. He seems to be holding the show- yes, we are!

[Toughill shouts down to the announce position.]

ET: "I said Kerry wants to know if we're back on!"

GM: Yes! Yes we're back live!

ET: "You better not be lying, Myers!"

BW: Yeesh. She was less scary when she didn't speak and would just stare daggers into you.

[Toughill walks past Kerry Kendrick, making an off-mic comment to him. He nods, raising the mic.]

KK: This is how it ends, huh? You know, week after week, they've been advertising Homecoming and starting that ad off with... with me. Me as a teenager. Me as a raw rookie. Me as someone who had to know his place on the AWA food chain. Almost like the brass was trying to remind me of my place. They can't seem to process that Keith Smith would become a Self Made Man.

And right now, I hear a lot of snickering coming from the general vicinity of the locker room, and not all of it is from Emerson Gellar. So it's time that I do what no other wrestler around here has the guts to do; it's time to wipe some smiles off of everyone's face.

You know what? I'm sick of hearing that I don't deserve to be TV champion. You see, unlike every other title holder in that locker room for the past six months, I was concerned with raising the profile of the TV title, not sitting back and resting on my laurels like a punk. Or a LYNCH.

[The boos rain down from the partisan Texan crowd towards Kendrick for that shot.]

KK: Or just standing there doing NOTHING and letting the entire wrestling world line up and kiss my shiny, robot ass like Supreme Wright.

[The Dallas crowd is getting a little agitated now, jeering Kendrick again.]

KK: "I am best trained wrest-ler. I am most ath-let-ic wrest-ler. I will win match."

And y'know what? I'm glad the TV title is going to a good home. I'm glad it's staying in the family with Callum Mahoney. But the sad fact of life is that I should have had more to show for myself than the Television Title.

See, when they called me back from CCW a year ago after sending me there by mistake, they promised me all sorts of matches. All sorts of ways I could make a name for myself. They said, 'Kerry, we're going to put you up against Cal Doo-frezz-nee.'

[A cheer from the crowd for Calisto Dufresne.]

KK: And where's he? Come to find out Cal Doo-frezz-nee... is a FLAKE! Cal Doo-frezz-nee is top-stepping, purple lipgloss-wearing... FLAAAAKE! Cal Doo-frezz-nee tucked his tail between his shaved legs and minced out of the AWA rather than be beaten by me. He RAN from me.

And then they said, 'okay, okay, sorry about Doo-frezz-nee. How about this? Adam Rogers thinks that you're the future, Kerry; how would you like him as your mentor?' And I'm kind of wary of anyone who wants to gravy train me, but hey, I'm always interested to hear what the masters say, so like a gullible idiot, I say, 'yes.' And what happens?

As soon as I win that TV title, he sees that I'm already two steps ahead of his "mentoring," and he blows out of town too. All these blown promises to me. And what is Gellar doing with Fox's money? He's spendin' it on NBAers to fight Zharkov. He's spending it on baseball players. He's spending it on the cast from Hamilton!

He's spending it on that mushmouthed braindead Flex Ferrigno!

[The crowd "oooohs" at that one. Kendrick nods in response.]

KK: Yeah, I guess since I'm going out swinging, I can let my legal department off the hook for this one. You're all wondering why I threw that match on Power Hour, last spring, aren't you? Yeah, I got up in Flex's oily face and I told him what I thought of him as a wrestler. And then like the chunkhead he is, he took an unprovoked swing at me. And then, yeah, I went out and I threw that match! So, Flex, before I go I just want to-

["Give Him Everything You've Got" by Craig Armstrong fires up! Kendrick's eyes go wide, as he looks to the entryway.]

GM: Oh no... He's not...

[The methodical tones of metal being struck, the eerie wind up, and finally the score kicks in with the violin instrumental and rapid escalation of beats. Flex bursts through the entrance portal, fists beating across his massive physique, and then exploding outward.]

GM: Ask and ye shall receive, but... after the nonsense and grifting that Kerry Kendrick has been spouting, I sincerely doubt that the man they call the Quadrasaurus is going to raise the level of discourse here at Homecoming.

[He's got the chainmail headdress...he's got the mirrored Aviator glasses...he's got gobs and gobs of baby oil lathered across his pecs. He storms past the officials and brazenly climbs into the ring. Erica Toughill quickly puts herself and her baseball bat between Ferrigno and Kendrick.]

FLEX: YAAAAA KNOOOOOOOOOOOOW...

[Toughill grips the bat in both fists, ready to throw down with Flex.]

FLEX: Hey, Mrs. Kendrick. Is your little boy Kerry at home? The Monsta Muscle wants to explain somethin' to him.

[Toughill scowls and inches closer to Flex, clearly not intimidated.]

FLEX: Hey, Iron Beavah: If you can squat down and slap that big old tail on the ground three times for the Quadrasaurus, Ol' Flexxy here will take you home and put a little pep in your step.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Toughill's jaw drops, scandalized and aghast.]

GM: Oh dear. Ohhh dear. This... is what's it's come to.

[She ambles around the ring in shock for a few seconds before snapping to and raising the bat overhead. Kendrick tries to restrain her, then relieves Toughill of her baseball bat.]

FLEX: Hey little man, are you gonna step up and try take out the Monsta Muscle with that little bitty baseball bat?

[Kendrick smirks, raising the mic with his free hand.]

KK: No, I wasn't gonna hit you with the bat...



...I was going to stick it straight up your ass!

[The crowd "ooooohs" again as Gordon mutters on the mic.]

GM: Oh dear god in heaven. Can someone put a stop to this?

BW: Breathe, Gordo, breathe...

GM: Parents, if you have children at home watching-

[Gordon doesn't even get his warning out before Ferrigno continues with a smirk.]

FLEX: That's real cute, Keith...Kenny... whatever you want us to call ya now. But let me ask you a question...

Was she gonna hold her hand while ya did it just like she did when ya won that title? Is that your schtick? She holds the stick, you carry the strap?

[Flex looks around, mockingly dumbfounded.]

FLEX: Oh wait... where did it... where'd it go, tough guy?

[The crowd reacts to Ferrigno's shot across Kendrick's bow. As does Kendrick who gets fired up, stabbing at Ferrigno with the bat.]

KK: Listen to me, you-

FLEX [interrupting]: I was talking to her.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ferrigno motions to Toughill who reaches back for the bat but Kendrick tells her to ease up.]

GM: Someone just end this now.

BW: We're breaking down walls!

GM: We're breaking contracts with our sponsors, I know that much.

[Ferrigno continues as Kendrick and Toughill bicker over her permission to club the Quadrasaurus with her baseball bat.]

FLEX: Now I know ya said my name ten times but that ain't why I'm out here. It's not even because of your cute little song and dance about what happened the last time we were in the same ring together. These people...

[Ferrigno looks around the American Airlines Arena.]

FLEX: ...some of them aren't stupid.

[He takes a second glance.]

FLEX: On the other hand, most of them are. I'm only here lookin' for one thing and one thing only...

I'm lookin'...

[He mockingly looks around, his hand up to shield his eyes.]

FLEX: ...for a FIGHT!

[The crowd buzzes at this notion. Kendrick nods his head as he turns to face Ferrigno, getting into a fighting stance with the baseball bat drawn back and ready to swing.]

FLEX: But Kerry... I don't want to stress that little hot pocket next to ya out too much. So, my FIGHT... it ain't with either of you.

[The crowd's buzz turns to boos as they realize they're not getting the throwdown they were looking for.]

FLEX: Nah, you see... I got some beef with Gellar too. You and me... we ain't so different. In fact, if you were twice your own size, hell, we may even be the same.

[Kendrick looks agitated at the slight but starts to lower his fists.]

FLEX: See, I've been begging' to get in this ring for months now with a real opponent and when I finally got a chance to put the world on blast that out of shape, overweight, batboy tried to steal MY moment.

And Gellar? He's just lettin' that diamond douchebag make a mockery of guys like US. This here... this ring is for men like you and me. Two chums off the street who made some'ed out of themselves without our daddies gettin' our feet in the door. The AWA wants to gift wrap opportunities for all of these second and third generation darlings when they've got two first generation ass kickers standin' in the ring right now lookin' to put take this place to the next level.

[Kendrick nods, his hands almost fully down now.]

FLEX: What do we have to do, kid? What do we have to do to get OUR chance?

[Kendrick holds his hands out and mouths, "who knows".]

FLEX: Maybe we outta aim that stick towards someone else instead of each other to get their attention. Who do ya got in mind, Kerry? Who do ya think we gotta prod to get Gellar to pull the dogs back and let guys like us make an impact?

Whose head do we need to kick in to get their attention? What has been do we have to drag outta the nursery home and make an example out of to let Emerson Gellar let us do our thing?

[Ferrigno walks over to the ropes, staring down at the empty seats reserved for the Syndicate as he says this last part. The crowd reacts, smelling what Ferrigno is cooking. Kendrick smiles as he raises the mic.]

KK: Well, ya knooooooooooooow what, Flex?

[He tosses the bat to Toughill, who has calmed down enough to catch it.]

KK: I'm thinking that your problems with lawyers, with Gellar, with other people making YOUR money... I'm thinking your problems and my problems overlap.

[Kendrick and Ferrigno both nod at this.]

FLEX: I'm thinkin' you're right, Kendrick. I'm thinkin'... that if a Self Made Man and a Gunzilla Thrillah pushed their desks together, then Big Papi wouldn't be able to hide behind his team any more and I ain't talkin' bout the ones he plays stick ball with on the field.

[Kendrick nods, stomping over to the ropes, turning to shout down the aisle.]

KK: Hey Gellar! You want your show back? I know you do because you've got silver spoon babies like the Lynches and Supernova still to feature. I know you do because you haven't had your ego stroked enough yet tonight so you gotta get out here and man up to the Syndicate.

So, if you want it, Gellar... you got it...

[He raises a single finger... no, not that one.]

KK: On one condition. Earlier tonight, Brian Lau told the world that we're going LIVE on broadcast television next weekend... it's All-Star Showdown! And we're going to be a part of it.

So, you bring David Ortiz...

[Kendrick waggles a finger.]

KK: You open up FOX's wallet and you get him there. I don't care how. You get him there on planes, trains, or automobiles... you just get him there... LIVE... in this ring...

Oh, and in the interest of balance and neutrality...

[Kendrick jerks a thumb at himself.]

KK: I get to conduct the interview!

[Kendrick smirks as the crowd reacts to this stipulation.]

KK: You put the Monsta Muscle...

[He points to a flexing Flex who gets jeered.]

KK: ...in the ring with the...

[Kendrick strokes his chin.]

KK: ...the Green Monster... and with my guidance you can start printing the cash!

[Kendrick leans over the ropes, addressing the camera.]

KK: Whaddya say, Gellar? Do have a deal?

[Kendrick smirks.]

KK: And all we want in return...

[Kendrick pauses, scratching his chin.]

KK: What do we want...?

[He turns back to Ferrigno, leaning in close to whisper to him. The Monsta Muscle whispers back. Kendrick nods, turning again.]

KK: Well, we're let you know later what we want in return!

[Both men emphatically nod as Ferrigno raises the mic.]

FLEX: Now hit the music! Both of ours... at the same time!

[There's a long pause. Eventually, both their entrance themes crank up over the speakers. It's a hot mess but Ferrigno and Kendrick look appeased as they jump down from the ring with Toughill at the shoulder of Kendrick as they begin briskly walking towards the back.]

GM: What in the world did we just witness?

BW: Emerson Gellar's... or the censors'... worst nightmare?

GM: Both of those two are loose cannons on the best of days... and together? Oh, brother. Fans, we sincerely apologize for some of the language heard during that... whatever that was. But this show will not stop for anyone - let alone those two - so let's go right now to some pre-recorded footage from earlier today. One of our camera men was brave enough to record Shadoe Rage after his arrival at the arena and listen to what this poor man had to go through.

BW: I gotta say, that young man deserves hazard pay!

[The shot switches to a shot inside the AWA dressing room. The camera is tilted and we see half of Shadoe Rage's body. He is only in tights, bare-chested. We see his gear bag open behind him and the rest of his costume and "civilian" clothes piled up in a heap. Rage can be heard arguing with the camera man, his ragged, raspy voice already at a fever pitch.]

SR: Is this thing on? Turn the cameras on! Turn this thing on right now! I got something to say! I got something important to say right now!

CM: It's on! We're recording!

[Rage is still right up in the lens, fouling the shot.]

SR: This better be on! It better be on or I'm gonna break your neck! Do you hear me? I'm gonna break your neck. Yeah, I know your name and I know where you live! Turn this thing on right now or I break your neck! Yeah, I'm getting rid of everything standing in my way! No matter how big or how small! You hear me? He's gone. Supernova will be gone. Turn this thing on or you will be gone too! You'll be gone too!

CM: It's on! Let me just get the shot, please.

[Rage violently grabs the camera and the shot swings on an intense close up of his face. The crazed wrestler is staring hard into the camera, his dreadlocks flying everywhere. His red hot hazel eyes burn through the lens.]

SR: Back home in North America, Supernova! Back home in Dallas, Texas. Homecoming. It's not going to be a pleasant homecoming for you! No! It's a homegoing. Yeah, I'm all dressed in black because it's funeral colors! You hear me! It's funeral colors for you! It's your funeral and I hope all the executives at the AWA send flowers to Melissa Cannon. Yeah, I know all about you two. Conspired against me to steal the World Television Championship from me at SuperClash and you stole it from me again in London at the O2 Arena!

Couldn't bear it that I was going to be a two-time AWA World Television Champion and make the title that YOU couldn't hold onto great again! So you had to stick your nose in! You had to help Kendrick cheat to keep me away from Her and now no more AWA World Television Championship for me! She's dead to me! She's gone!

But now that means all my attention is on you, Supernova! Yeah, you! Yeah, you! I'm gonna break your neck for what you did! Thousands and thousands of people in London saw the crime of the century and millions and millions more saw it WORLD WIDE!!!!

[Rage shoves the camera back so that we get a fuller shot of his body. He's extremely twitchy. He twists and flexes and shakes and flaps his arms, trying to burn off some of the excess rage. His well-defined body shines with baby oil, making him seem even more dynamic, even more out of control.]

SR: You just wait until I'm ready, Supernova! Because you're going to pay!

Make sure you're recording every word! Make sure! Because I'll break your neck too just like I'm going to break that painted face coward's neck!

[Rage turns his attention back to the camera.]

SR: Yeah, I'm looking at you, Supernova! Right through the lens! I'm looking at you, right through your black heart! You painted face coward! What are you going to do inside that fifteen foot high steel cage? Huh? Nowhere to run now! Nowhere to hide! This is it for you! No one to save you! I've waited nearly a year to get my hands around your neck and now I get to crush you with my bare hands inside a steel cage! No escape for you! No excuses! I get to rip out your eyes! I get to break your neck! I get to show your cowardly face to the world! No more, Supernova, after this! Bye bye! Inside the steel cage, you die!

[To the camera man.]

SR: Make sure Supernova sees this. Make sure everybody sees this! Or I'll break your neck, too!

[To the camera.]

SR: Tonight is going to be my night! Homecoming I break Supernova's neck and end his career once and for all! And then I go to see my family announced as the greatest wrestling family in the history of the business! Immortality is coming for me! And for the rest of you? You all die... in darkness!

[To the camera man.]

SR: Now get out of here and let me get ready! This is the end of Supernova! You hear me? Bye bye, Supernova! Time for you to die! Fifteen foot steel cage! I fly! You die! I fly! YOU DIE!

YOU DIE!

YOU DIE!

YOU DIE!

[The shot cuts off with a visual of the deranged Rage glaring into the camera as we go live backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands before an AWA backdrop. Next to him is Supernova, who is dressed in his wrestling attire, consisting of black tights with yellow flames running up the sides and black wrestling boots. His face is painted black and yellow to resemble a flame.]

SLB: Supernova, it has been more than a year since you and Shadoe Rage first crossed paths. Some might say that what started as your pursuit of your first AWA championship belt has turned into something more personal. Tonight, you face

Shadoe Rage inside a steel cage. You said you wanted this match to settle things once and for all, but knowing how dangerous such a match can be, do you believe you may be risking too much to settle things?

S: Sweet Lou, let's not forget that I've been involved in dangerous matches like this before. I had to go through a Tower of Doom in a legendary battle against Sultan Azam Sharif and the Russians. I went into WarGames to take on Percy Childe and his Unholy Alliance. I know the risk that comes with a match like that. But when you have somebody who continues to be a thorn in your side, sometimes you have to go to great lengths to settle matters, once and for all.

So while I know the risk that comes with such a match, I don't believe I'm risking too much. All I believe is that this is the only way to allow me some closure, to get that thorn that is Shadoe Rage out of my side and to move on to whatever may come next. And by putting this match inside the steel cage, with locked door rules and no special referee, there won't be any more excuses for Shadoe Rage after it's over.

SLB: Yes, Shadoe Rage has claimed that the deck has been stacked against him every time you and he faced each other. But knowing how dangerous this man can be, especially when he is obsessed with bringing somebody down, do you not believe you may have stacked the deck against yourself?

[Supernova takes a deep breath before answering.]

S: Sweet Lou, I know you like to ask the tough questions, but you seem to be implying that I wasn't thinking before I made this challenge.

SLB: Well, not at all, Supernova. I'm simply wondering if you put yourself into a difficult situation, given how desperate Shadoe Rage can get when wanting to achieve a goal. And after your arrival during his TV title match against Kerry Kendrick, I can only imagine how much he wants to achieve the goal of perhaps ending your career, like he tried to do almost a year ago.

[Supernova rubs his chin.]

S: You know, I understand how desperate Shadoe Rage is to get the World Television Title back. Or to wear any championship belt, for the matter. I know how much he kept telling people how they couldn't have her, as he called that title belt he once wore. And all I have to do is look at his eyes and hear his ramblings to know how desperate he can be.

But for as desperate as he can be, he -- and with all due respect, Sweet Lou, you -- need to remember how much I have to get off my chest.

Like how I won't forget how Rage put me on the shelf with that knee to the head.

Or how Rage kept insisting he deserved another shot when he couldn't beat me in the rematch at Memorial Day Mayhem.

Or how Rage kept putting his nose into my matches with Derrick Williams when, at least at the time, Williams was simply looking to prove his worth against me.

Or how Rage decided he'd cost me the World Television Title to ensure he'd get another shot at it.

You see, Sweet Lou, I have more than enough reasons to be desperate myself -- desperate to want to settle this affair, to leave no question in Rage's mind that I'm not just some flash in the pan, but that I've proven to be for real, to be worthy of that TV title, and that as good as he is, he hasn't been able to beat me yet.

[He stares hard at the camera.]

S: But the way I see it, my reasons are not about desperation, but determination. When he put me on the shelf, I was determined to get back into that ring, just like the last time I got put on the shelf. When he complained about a biased referee at SuperClash, I was determined to prove at Memorial Day Mayhem that a referee had nothing to do with my win. And when he got involved in my matches, and ultimately cost me the belt, I was determined to find a way to settle this, once and for all.

That's what you're going to see in tonight's match, Sweet Lou. While he'll be fighting out of desperation, I'll be fighting out of determination, that this will be the match that will demonstrate why I once called myself the franchise of the AWA, that this will be the match that allows me to move on from this issue and focus on whatever comes my way next, and most of all, that this will force Rage to confront the truth he refuses to recognize.

That while he'll be able to tell everyone about every accomplishment he has earned, that while he'll be able to brag to his children and grandchildren about all the battles he fought in that ring, and that while he'll be able to tell everyone about how his resume should earn him a spot in the Hall of Fame some day, there's one thing he's going to have to admit when he talks about all that.

That he couldn't beat Supernova, because Supernova proved to be the better man.

[He gives a quick nod to Blackwell.]

S: I think you know how the rest goes, Sweet Lou.

[With that, he walks off the set -- no signature howl from him this time. Blackwell stands there for a moment.]

SLB: I suppose it would be along the lines of how hot the action is about to get. Gordon, let's get back to you.

[We fade back to a panning shot of the American Airlines Arena where a steel cage has been assembled surrounding the ring. The crowd is roaring with anticipation for what comes next.]

GM: There it is, fans. Over a year and a half of warfare between these two men is about to be settled inside the confines of that solid steel cage. It is said that a steel cage is perhaps the most violent of battlefields in our sport. It is a structure that can tear flesh in an instant. A structure that can maim. It is a match that has shortened the careers of those who step inside it... and in some cases, even has ended those careers. It is the steel cage match. And it starts right now.

[We cut to the middle of the cage where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your STEEEEEEEEL CAAAAAAGE MAAAAAATCH!

[Big cheer!]

RO: There are no countouts. No disqualifications. No time limit. The only way to win is by pinfall or submission. This match will also be conducted under LOCKED DOOR RULES so if anyone interferes in the match, they will face an immediate and indefinite suspension from the AWA!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: After over a year and a half of violence between these two men... it is time!

[Ortiz lowers the mic as the bassline for Johnny Cash's "God's Gonna Cut You Down" signals the entrance of Sensational Shadoo Rage. The biracial dreadlocked wrestler bursts through the curtains, robed and cowed in black.]

RO: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in tonight at 244 pounds... he is the FORMER AWA World Television Champion...

He is... SENNNNNNSAAAAATIONALLLLL...

SHAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOE

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage scowls at the fans as he strides determinedly towards the ring, displaying none of the pageantry of his usual entrance.]

GM: Shadoo Rage not making a show of things tonight. He's serious, Bucky. Deadly serious.

BW: What gave it away? When he started screaming "YOU DIE!" like a looney bird in his pre-match interview?

GM: That was the first clue, yes.

[He reaches the cage, stopping to stare at the structure. He rips off his cowl and sheds his black robes at ringside to reveal his well-defined, muscular body and the radiating insanity in his bright eyes. Instead of entering the cage, Rage deliberately grabs the chainlink and scales the structure, making his way to the top of the cage where he straddles the top, arms thrown out wide, beckoning for Supernova to come get his.]

GM: This match hasn't even started and Rage is already on top of the cage!

BW: Supernova didn't think this through, Gordo. Win or lose, he's trapped himself in a cage with a wild man who has nothing to lose and everything to gain! Remember the scaffold? We saw what a tame Shadoo Rage did to Donnie White! Now? God only knows.

[With Rage atop the cage, his music fades and Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The ripping guitars of the hard rock classic "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest fills the air to a HUGE reaction from the AWA faithful!]

RO: From Venice Beach, California... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is a FORMER AWA World Television Champion...

THIS!

IS!

SUUUUUUUUUPERRRRRNOOOOOOOVAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[As the crowd ERUPTS into even louder cheers, the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]



GM: There he is, fans! One of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA! A man who has been the World Television Champion! A man who has won the Rumble! A man who fought for the AWA against the Wise Men! A man who been in the Main Event of SuperClash! Tonight, Supernova steps into that ring with none of that stuff on his mind... tonight, he's only looking to end this war that has waged for so very long!

[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 aisle, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade...

...and then he pulls up to a halt as he reaches the end of the aisle, looking up to where Shadoe Rage is perched, waving him up to join him.]

GM: Supernova may be having some second thoughts right about now with Rage perched up there...

[Shaking his head determinedly, Supernova rushes forward, grabbing the side of the cage and starts climbing!]

GM: OH MY! SUPERNOVA IS CLIMBING THE CAGE!

[The Dallas crowd LOSES IT at the sight of Supernova scaling the cage towards Shadoe Rage who looks back and forth in disbelief!]

GM: I don't think Rage thought for a second that Supernova would take him up on his offer but that's exactly what he's doing! Supernova is not about to back down from this fight!

[The shot pulls back, showing Rage sliding from his straddle position to standing with both legs inside the cage. But he too isn't backing down, staying right there as the face-painted fan favorite continues to come towards him.]

BW: He's as crazy as Rage is! You know how easy it is to hurt yourself doing something like this?! He could miss a step, fall right off there... bust up his head, his arms... who knows?!

GM: We've heard stories over the years of wrestlers suffering severe knee injuries - torn ACLs, ruptured patellas - making a climb up a cage just like this so Nova certainly is taking a chance...

BW: And when he gets to the top, then what happens?! Shadoe Rage is standing there waiting for him!

[Supernova gets just a couple of steps away from Rage as Bucky finishes that statement. Rage is wide-eyed and wild as he waits for Nova to get in range...

...and then reaches over, taking a swipe at his rival. Supernova avoids it, grabbing the arm!]

GM: Oh my god!

BW: He's trying to pull Rage off the top of the cage!

[Rage grabs the cage with his off-hand, holding on for dear life as Supernova takes another step up...

...and BLASTS him with a right hand to the side of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand!

[A second one lands, causing Rage to slump backwards, still hanging on to the cage as Nova lets go of his arm.]

GM: Rage is in trouble!

[Reaching out, Supernova grabs Rage by the hair, and SMASHES his face down into the top of the cage, a blow that causes Rage to slowly fall backwards, crashing down on the canvas from his perch near the top of the cage!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: THAT MIGHT BE IT ALREADY! RAGE FELL OFF THE TOP OF THE CAGE IN THE OPENING SECONDS!

[Supernova looks down at Rage, the crowd roaring as he climbs over the top of the cage, lowering himself down to stand on the top rope, keeping his fingers locked in the steel mesh...]

GM: Shadoo Rage is down on the canvas... the referee is right there, making sure he can even... well, I guess making sure he can START this match! Shadoo Rage went sailing off the top of the cage and I can't believe it!

BW: It was only a matter of time that he came off the top of the cage, right? I just didn't expect it before the seats got warm!

GM: Supernova still standing on the top rope, looking down at Rage...

[A wild-eyed and shaken-up Rage grabs hold of the referee's shirt, dragging himself off the mat. Referee Davis Warren tries to get loose, squirming to get out of Rage's grip, shoving him away...]

...and Rage staggers in a circle, right to where Supernova is waiting for him!]

GM: OFF THE TOP!

[The crowd EXPLODES for a top rope flying clothesline that wipes out Shadoo Rage!]

BW: HOLY-

GM: SUPERNOVA STRIKES FROM THE SKY AND RAGE IS DOWN!

[Supernova pushes up off the mat, trying to regroup from the hard fall, and then crawls over towards Rage...]

GM: Supernova with a cov- no! He's not gonna cover! He's gonna make Shadoo Rage pay! He's gonna make him feel the heat!

[Snatching a handful of Rage's hair, Supernova BLASTS him with a right hand to the skull... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Measured right hands to the head of the Sensational One... and the referee is right there, looking to get Nova to back off.

[Supernova looks up at the referee...]

...and then grins as he pistons his fist in quickly and repeatedly as the crowd goes wild!]

GM: There are no disqualifications in this cage match! Anything goes!

[Nova finally gets up off the downed Shadoc Rage, throwing back his head and cupping his hands to his mouth in a loud howl!]

GM: Oh yeah! Supernova is - pardon the fun - on FIRE here tonight in Dallas at the outset of this one, fans!

[The California native takes a long circle around the ring, working his way back towards Rage as the Canadian struggles to get back to his feet...

...and then rushes towards him, leaping up, grabbing the cage to steady himself as he gives a fistpump from atop Rage, and then takes him down with a traditional flying headscissors!]

GM: Supernova takes Rage down again! Back on his feet...

[Nova leans down, grabbing Rage's feet.]

GM: He's going for the Solar Flare! He's trying to finish it early!

[But Rage wriggles and kicks his way free, sliding backwards as Supernova advances on him. Rage gets to his feet just as Supernova reaches him, lashing out with a boot to the midsection... and another... and another... and another.. Again, Supernova just unloads with kick after kick to the body until Rage slumps down in a heap against the buckles, the crowd roaring for the explosion of offense from their hero!]

GM: Oh my! Supernova kicks Rage down to the mat... and look at this!

[Placing his boot on Rage's throat, Supernova uses the cage for leverage as he leans back, driving the air out of his rival.]

BW: He's choking him!

GM: It's totally legal in this one... and not unexpected considering the utter hell that Shadoc Rage has put Supernova through over the past year and a half.

BW: Gordo, remember back at SuperClash when Supernova broke Rage's record-setting title reign and we thought the issue between these two was settled - boy, were we wrong!

[With Rage coughing and gasping for air down on the mat, Nova leans down, dragging him up to his feet. He shoves him back against the buckles, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip shoots him across...

[Supernova throws himself back against the turnbuckles, again cupping his hands to his mouth and letting loose his trademark howl...]

GM: Here he comes! Supernova bearing in on him... HEAT WAVE!

[Rage throws himself out of the corner, trying to avoid the flying splash in the buckles...

...but Supernova simply extends his arms, reaching out and grabbing the top rope with both hands and preventing himself from slamming into the corner!]

GM: Oh! `Nova counters the counter!

[He turns around, watching as Rage crawls on his hands and knees to the next corner. Rage grabs the ropes, dragging himself to his feet, pointing to his head...]

GM: Rage hasn't got a clue that Supernova didn't-

[...and as he turns around, Supernova lets loose a warcry and runs him down with a clothesline to a big cheer!]

GM: -and down goes Rage again! The crowd in Dallas is on their feet, cheering on every blow that Supernova throws in this grudge cage match.

[Reaching down with both hands, Supernova drags Shadoe Rage back to his feet, holding him up by the hair as he says something to him...

...and then charges across the ring, HURLING Rage into the air where his head SLAMS into the steel mesh!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES SHADOE RAGE! OH MY!

[Rage bounces hard off the cage, falling back to the mat. His arms come up over his head as he writhes in pain on the canvas. Supernova moves back towards him as the crowd starts to chant...]

"ONE! MORE! TIME!"

"ONE! MORE! TIME!"

"ONE! MORE! TIME!"

[Supernova pauses, looking out at the crowd as the chant gets louder and louder. He smiles as he holds up a finger, asking "ONE MORE?!" to a huge positive response.]

GM: The fans want to see it again!

[Supernova leans down, dragging Rage up by the hair again...

...and then runs across the ring to the next side of the cage!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE CAGE AGAIN!

[Rage bounces off the cage a second time, falling to the mat and rolling out to the middle of the ring, trying to shield his head from more attacks as Supernova stands in the center, looking out at the roaring crowd.]

GM: These fans are loving what they're seeing right now - absolutely loving everything that Supernova is doing to Shadoe Rage so far in this one!

[Supernova again takes a long walk around the cage, circling back towards Rage who is trying to get up off the canvas. The Californian grabs him by the arm, whipping him hard into the nearest set of turnbuckles.]

GM: Supernova perhaps looking for the Heat Wave again...

[But instead, he advances on the corner, stepping up to the midbuckle, raising his fist to the crowd who roars in response.]

BW: ...or not.

GM: Supernova's got him trapped in the corner!

[With the crowd counting along, Supernova slams his right hand into Rage's skull repeatedly...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

[But at the count of eight, Rage manages to wriggle free, sliding under Supernova's legs and ending up behind him where...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! Rage drives one through the uprights!

[Supernova doubles over, still standing on the middle rope when Rage hooks him by the yank of the tights, YANKING him off the ropes and throwing him violently down on the back of his head!]

GM: Good grief!

[Rage falls back into the corner, taking a few moments to recover as Supernova grabs at the back of his head down on the mat...]

...and then Rage rushes forward, diving to his knees, smashing a hammerfist down on Supernova's face. He brings it down in a stabbing motion repeatedly, smashing 'Nova's face over and over and over...]

GM: Come on!

BW: Hey, there's no DQ in this one, Gordo! You said it yourself! Everything is legal in this!

[Rage suddenly switches from the pummeling blows to wrapping his hands around the throat of Supernova, screaming wildly as he tries to strangle the air out of the face-painted fan favorite!]

GM: And now he's choking him!

BW: Turnabout is fair play! Supernova choked him earlier!

[Rage throttles 'Nova back and forth, smashing the back of his head into the mat over and over as the referee tries to intervene.]

BW: What the hell is Davis Warren doing?! He can't call for a break!

[The wild-eyed Rage springs to his feet, putting a hand under the chin of Warren, menacing him with a closed fist as he backs him across the ring.]

GM: He can call for a break but with no disqualifications, Rage certainly doesn't have to oblige... and now Rage - the lunatic that he is - is bullying the official!

BW: Shadoo Rage believes he'd still be the World Television Champion today if it wasn't for biased officiating last year at SuperClash... you better believe he's NOT about to let that happen again.

[Rage backs the official into the buckles, still threatening to lay him out with a right hand...

...and then angrily spins away, charging across the ring to lay a soccer kick into the ribs of Supernova who had risen to all fours!]

GM: Oof! Hard kick to the body!

[Rage again drops to a knee, grabbing Supernova by the hair, and slams his fist into his rival's head... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Measured right hands by Rage.

[Keeping his grip on the hair, Rage climbs back to his feet, scooping up Supernova in his muscular arms, slamming him down hard to the canvas...

...and immediately gets back up, dropping an elbow down into the heart of Supernova!]

GM: Elbowdrop down HARD across the chest!

[Rage regains his feet, dropping the elbow a second time...]

GM: Another one!

[...and a third.]

GM: Rage looks like he's trying to put Supernova THROUGH the mat with those elbowdrops!

[Scrambling back to his feet, Rage leaps high into the air, bringing his knee down across the sternum!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: You were saying? Good lord, what a kneedrop!

[Rage starts to go for a cover out of instinct but shakes his head, climbing to his feet. He plants a foot on the chest of Supernova, extending his arms and beckoning for the crowd to react. They predictably boo the savage Canadian as he screams, "HE'S NOT DONE! HE'S NOT DONE YET!" With a snarl, Rage turns away from Supernova, stalking around the ring, shouting at the ringside fans who are giving him a hard time...]

GM: Rage seems even more out of control than usual, Bucky... like he's just barely hanging on to any shred of sanity.

BW: Rage's entire life for... what? Well over two years now... has revolved around the World Television Title. Winning it, defending it, trying to get it back... and Supernova denied him of what many feel will be his last chance to get it for quite some time recently. Now, the AWA brass stuck him inside this cage with a chance to get revenge for all that. I'm surprised he's as in control as he is.

[As Supernova slowly gets back to his feet, Rage comes back to him, throwing a left-handed jab to the jaw... and another... and another...]

...and then switches to an overhead elbow smash down between the eyes, sending Supernova staggering backwards, falling into the ropes.]

GM: The signature elbowsmash of Shadoe Rage - always so effective... and look at this, Bucky!

[Turning Supernova's face towards the cage, Rage pushes his face against the mesh, using his forearm to dig the skin-tearing steel into the flesh of Supernova as he trashtalks in his ear.]

"YOU WANNA MAKE ME BLEED?! YOU WANT MY BLOOD?! COME TAKE IT, YEAAAH! COME TAKE IT!"

[Rage shifts his stance, throwing a back elbow to the back of 'Nova's head, smashing his face into the steel again and then grabs the top rope, giving it a yank and snapping Supernova back, sending him falling down to the mat again. Rage again turns to the fans, arms stretched out as he calls for their reaction. Again, they boo the former World Television Champion lustily as he walks around the ring.]

GM: Shadoe Rage seems obsessed with the reaction of these fans here tonight. He's actually enjoying their hatred for him, I think.

[A snarling Rage approaches the rising Supernova from the blind side, grabbing him by the back of the head...]

...and HURLS him facefirst into the steel cage, sending 'Nova bouncing off and down to the mat again.]

GM: Ohh! And Supernova gets a little bit of his own medicine there as we saw him do that to Shadoe Rage moments ago.

"YOU LIKE THAT?!"

[Rage pulls Supernova to a seated position, checking the forehead of Supernova to see if there's any blood...]

...and then smashes his right hand into the target once... twice... three times before an overhead elbow punctuates the assault, putting 'Nova right back down on his back.]

GM: The ever-vicious Shadoe Rage seems to be on the hunt for blood here in Dallas tonight.

BW: To the shock of no one who ever saw his father compete.

GM: Adrian Rage, Shadoe Rage's late father, was one of the most vicious competitors in the history of our sport. The legend of Adrian Rage is one littered with mentions of bloodshed... of violence... of things like sharpened pencils being used to cut an opponent to pieces... of fire being used to scorch their flesh.

BW: There's a reason he was blacklisted from competing all over the world, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[Rage circles around Supernova, waiting for him to get up to a knee again, dragging him the rest of the way up. He uses a grip on the hair to turn a full circle...

...and HURLS Supernova over the top rope, sending his entire body crashing into the steel mesh!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Goodness! Supernova actually left his feet there, his entire body hitting the steel!

[Rage walks across the ring, leaning against the ropes as Supernova - on the other side of the ropes, smashing against the steel mesh - struggles to regain his feet...

...and then Rage barrels across the ring, leaping into the air to smash a flying knee into the back of Supernova, driving his torso and head into the mesh again!]

GM: Good grief!

[Rage grabs Supernova by the hair, preventing him from slipping back down to the mat. He pushes his rival's face against the skin-tearing metal once more, raking it back and forth. The camera cuts to the other side, showing Supernova grimacing in pain as Rage rakes his face repeatedly across the steel, shouting wildly as he does so.]

“GIVE IT TO ME! GIVE ME YOUR BLOOD! I WANT IT ALL!”

[Rage backs off, leaving Supernova leaning against the steel, a trickle of blood coming from his forehead.]

GM: And if Shadoe Rage wants blood, he's got it! He has split open the forehead of Supernova here inside this steel cage.

[The brutal Shadoe Rage's eyes light up at the sight of the blood as he grabs the hair of Supernova with both hands. Still trapped behind the ropes, there is little room for Supernova as Rage pulls his head back...

...and BASHES it into the steel mesh!]

GM: Ohh! Into the steel facefirst!

[He pulls 'Nova back again... and again SMASHES his now-bleeding head into the steel!]

GM: He's trying to REALLY open him up now!

[Rage smashes Supernova's head into the cage a third time before allowing him to slump down against the cage, lying on the ring apron. He reaches under the ropes, dragging Supernova back inside the confines of the ropes, looking down at his bloodied face.]

GM: Supernova's been split wide open and look at Shadoe Rage smile at that sight!

[The bloodthirsty Rage nods approvingly as he yanks Supernova into a kneeling position, showing the streaming crimson for all to see. The fans jeer the sight as Rage winds up, driving the point of his elbow down into the forehead once... twice... three times before diving into a lateral press.]



GM: Rage with his first cover of the match! He gets one! He gets two!

[But the blood-covered Supernova kicks out, breaking the pin to cheers.]

GM: Not yet. Not enough to put down the former champion.

BW: They're BOTH former champions, Gordo!

GM: They certainly are... and that's the crux of this rivalry. Supernova took the title from Rage last year at SuperClash. Rage couldn't win it back earlier this year. And ever since, Rage has been trying to figure out how to get that title back... constantly plotting and scheming against Supernova. But now, it all comes down to this final battle inside this unforgiving steel cage.

[Rage climbs off the mat, dragging Supernova up with him. He marches to the corner, smashing Supernova facefirst into the top turnbuckle, putting him up against the buckles.]

GM: Supernova trapped in the corner, Rage looking to go to work on him...

[Twisting his body to put his back against Supernova's chest, Rage violently strikes back with the point of the elbow to the side of the head, repeatedly driving the elbow in about a half dozen times.]

GM: Elbows in the corner, working over Supernova!

[He twists around, grabbing the top rope as he raises his knee up into the ribcage a few times.]

GM: Now going after the ribs of his rival...

[Pulling Supernova's head back, Rage stares him dead in the eyes...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAPS him right across the face at full force!]

GM: Oh, come on! Blatant disrespect on the part of Shadoe Rage!

[The slap seems to wake Supernova up though, his eyes flashing as he's struck across the face. He straightens up in the corner, the crowd cheering as they realize what's happening.]

GM: And that may have been a mistake, Bucky!

BW: Hit him again!

[Rage winds up a second time...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Supernova's head turns away from the impact...

...but as he snaps his head back, glaring at Rage, the crowd ROARS!]

GM: Uh oh! Supernova's getting a second wind here at Homecoming!

[Rage backs off, shaking his head in disbelief, going into a circle...

...and then charges in, fist drawn back, but Supernova blocks a right hand before connecting with one of his own!]

GM: Big right hand by Supernova!

[Rage winds up, throwing another blow that 'Nova easily blocks before returning fire!]

GM: Another right hand by the man from California!

[A third one lands, causing Rage to backpedal across the ring. A fourth one sends him stumbling back even further, almost up against the ropes this time.]

GM: Supernova battering Shadoe Rage across the ring!

[Rage, pinned up against the ropes, lashes out with an overhead elbow down between Supernova's eyes, bouncing off the bloodied forehead...

...but Supernova simply stands tall, shaking his head, and delivering a trademark howl before UNCORKING a huge haymaker that connects, sending Rage flying over the ropes, into the steel, and down on the canvas between the ropes and the cage!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERNOVA WITH ONE HECK OF A RIGHT HAND PUTS RAGE IN A BAD WAY, FANS!

[Supernova turns his back on Rage, pounding his fists into his chest for a moment as the Dallas fans roar for the fan favorite's comeback. Rage grips the mesh in his fingers, dragging himself off the mat, still trapped between the ropes and the steel...

...which is when 'Nova grabs him by the hair and SMASHES his face into the steel cage to a huge cheer!]

GM: Supernova returning the favor from earlier!

[Rage's face meets the steel a second time... a third time... and a fourth time, leaving him leaning against the steel, barely able to stand!]

GM: Supernova's got Rage in some serious jeopardy here!

[With a howl, Supernova backs across the ring, a dazed Rage in his sights...]

BW: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[...and goes charging across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!

[...and HURLS his body into the back of Shadoe Rage, smashing his face between Supernova and the steel mesh!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rage slumps down, falling through the ropes back inside the confines of the ropes. He lands on his rear end, looking up to reveal that he too has now been lacerated.]

GM: And now Shadoe Rage is busted open as well!

[The crowd roars at the sight of the bleeding Shadoe Rage as Supernova does a full lap around him, circling as Rage sits on the canvas. The fan favorite pulls him to his feet by the hair, pointing to one side of the cage...

...and again ROCKETS Shadoe Rage facefirst into the mesh!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And now it’s Supernova looking to split that head open more! Looking to make that cut bleed!

BW: Supernova may be the lily white Boy Scout in this one, Gordo, but he’s got blood on his hands too!

GM: Of course he does! And after the things that Shadoe Rage has done to him over the past year and a half, who could blame him?!

[As Rage struggles to get off the mat, Supernova pulls him up by the arm, rocketing him into the corner where Rage slams hard into the buckles before staggering out...

...right into a HUUUUUGE gorilla press!]

GM: PRESS! LOOK AT THE POWER! FULL EXTENSION!

[Supernova takes a few steps with Rage pressed over his head...]

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[..and HURLS Rage skullfirst into the side of the cage! Rage’s head smashes the cage first, causing his neck to torque as his body follows into the fence with little give. He crashes down from the impact, sprawled out on the mat as the Dallas fans roars the physical punishment they’re seeing Rage receive...

...and then gets louder as ‘Nova attempts a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd groans as Rage’s shoulder pops up off the canvas, his finger extended into the air as he breaks the pin attempt!]

GM: NO! Near fall but not enough to keep Rage down for three!

BW: Gordo, I just was told we’ve passed the fifteen minute mark in this one but remember, there’s no time limit! These two can punish each other all night if they want and I think they DO want to!

GM: Supernova thought he might’ve had him there, looking a little disappointed as he comes back to his feet, questioning the official.

[Davis Warren flashes two fingers at ‘Nova who nods as he leans down to retrieve Shadoe Rage.]

GM: Rage being dragged to his feet... blood streaming down his face now...

[Supernova lands a big right... and another... and a third that sends Rage falling back into the corner, arms hooking around the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: The bloodied and weary Shadoe Rage trying to hang on as Supernova turns up the heat on him...

[Grabbing the arm, Supernova rockets Rage across the ring, sending him crashing into the buckles. Supernova drops back in the corner, letting loose another signature howl before charging across the ring, looking to hurl himself into the air...

...but before he can, Shadoe Rage comes tearing from the corner himself, leaping into the air, and DRIVES his knee into Supernova's chin before he can take flight!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER BY RAGE!

[With both men down on the canvas, Rage flips Supernova over onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But Supernova's shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas before the three count as an anguished and frustrated Rage rolls off into a seated position, fists balled up as he slams them down into the mat.]

GM: Rage thought that might've been enough! He countered the Heat Wave with that flying knee, hit all of it, but it still couldn't put down his most bitter rival!

[Rage rolls to a knee, climbing off the canvas as he angrily stomps around the ring, circling back to put the boots to Supernova briefly, leaving him prone on the canvas as Rage turns and heads to the corner.]

GM: And Shadoe Rage is heading to the top! His launch zone of choice!

[Rage quickly scales the turnbuckles, grabbing the cage for extra support as he reaches the top rope, standing tall for all to see...

...and as Supernova regains his feet, Rage leaps from his perch, bringing the double axehandle down across the skull!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Rage throws an arm laterally in a "it's over" gesture before applying a cover.]

GM: He's got him down! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And again, Supernova kicks out! Just barely getting that shoulder out of there in time!

[Rage rolls to all fours, repeatedly slamming his fists down into the canvas angrily, letting loose a guttural roar!]

GM: Rage thought he had him there but Supernova continues to show the heart that has made him one of the most popular wrestlers all over the world!

[Rage snaps his head back, blood streaming into his eyes as he gets to his feet. He winds up his right arm, dropping to his knees as he drives the point of his elbow down into Supernova's throat!]

GM: OH! Right into the throat!

[Supernova clutches his throat, flailing about on the canvas as Rage kneels next to him...

...and then suddenly slaps 'Nova's hands away, wrapping his hands around Supernova's throat, pressing his thumbs into the windpipe, shrieking like a madman as he tries to choke the life out of his rival!]

GM: That's another choke - again, totally legal in this cage battle!

[Rage throttles Supernova back and forth as the bloodied fan favorite tries to free himself from Rage's grasp.]

GM: Supernova's trying to pry Rage's hands off his throat! Trying to get himself free!

[But Rage has the dominant position, keeping his hands locked as he tries to wrench the life out of 'Nova!]

GM: The referee is asking Rage to break the hold but in this match, he has no authority to MAKE him do it as we said earlier. Davis Warren just has to stand there and watch! Rage is well beyond the traditional five count here... well beyond it and-

BW: Supernova's starting to fade!

[The bloodied fan favorite's arms have slowed, slumping back down to the mat as the wild-eyed Rage digs his fingers in deeper, shouting "SLEEP! SLEEEEEEEP!" at him...

...and then eventually pops up to his feet, arms spread wide as the Dallas fans jeer his illegal and savage actions!]

GM: The fans in Dallas letting him hear it... and Shadoe Rage may be on the verge of winning this match, Bucky.

BW: Supernova's out! He's completely out! Rage could just cover him right now and-

GM: But that's not what Shadoe Rage intends to do. He wants to make sure that Supernova doesn't get up again... perhaps ever!

[Grabbing 'Nova by the foot, Rage drags him into position, and then climbs to his feet, pointing to the turnbuckles...]

GM: And he's going up again, fans! Shadoe Rage is going up again!

[With the crowd buzzing with concern for the downed Supernova, Rage ducks through the ropes, stepping up onto the bottom rope... then to the middle... and finally to the top rope, his favorite perch...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is on top, looking down at Supernova who still hasn't moved! Shadoe Rage is looking to put an end to Supernova right here in the middle of this cage in Dallas! Shadoe Rage is-

[Rage suddenly leaps into the air, tucking his arm up by his side...

...and IMPACTS down across the chest of Supernova, bouncing off of him with the flying elbow!]

GM: OHH! ANGEL OF DEATH DROP CONNECTS!

[Rage rolls to a knee, looking to cover...

...and then pauses.]

GM: He's got Supernova down! He's got him out!

BW: So what is he waiting for?!

[Rage slowly looks back to the turnbuckle he just leapt from and his gaze slowly drifts...

...up...

...up...

...up...]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me! He's done! Pin the man! You won, you looney tune!

GM: Shadoe Rage rising to his feet... and I think he's got something else in mind, Bucky. One more move... one more incredible move to try and finish off Supernova once and for all!

[Rage makes his way to the corner, muttering to himself, nodding his head as he climbs the ropes from the inside.]

GM: Rage is climbing those ropes... these fans in Dallas are buzzing! It's electric here in the American Airlines Arena as Shadoe Rage goes to the top...

BW: And he ain't stopping there, Gordo!

GM: He certainly isn't! Shadoe Rage reaches the top rope and he keeps on climbing!

[The Dallas crowd rises to their feet, watching as the madman continues to ascend, scaling step by step up the wall of the cage.]

GM: Shadoe Rage, bloodied and battered, is looking to cement this moment in the history books as the night he ended Supernova!

BW: Rage is up to the top, Gordo.

[Rage swings a leg over the top of the cage, very slowly positioning himself in this awkward and dangerous spot...]

GM: Things get very dangerous when you're up that high, Bucky.

BW: One bad slip, one bad step... he's been wrestling... he's sweaty, bloody... a little wet. This could end very badly for Shadoe Rage.



GM: Supernova, fans... after a year and a half of battles, has finally vanquished his demon! He has beaten Shadoe Rage inside this steel cage and there can be no arguments here. He IS the winner.

BW: He's the winner for sure but... Rage! That crazy fool nearly broke his body in half jumping off the top of that cage!

GM: He certainly did... and I would imagine that many fans will say that Shadoe Rage may have - in fact - had the match won with that Angel of Death drop off the top rope but he elected not to cover... elected to climb to the top of the cage and drop the elbow again, trying to put Supernova on the shelf once and for all.

BW: We all saw his pre-match interview. All the talk about breaking Supernova's neck and ending him. That's what he tried to do, Gordo. That's EXACTLY what he tried to do. I think winning the match wasn't enough for Rage there. He felt like he needed more. He felt like he needed to END Supernova to win this war.

GM: Supernova slowly starting to stir now, being helped up to a knee by the referee as these Dallas fans pay tribute to him. He's been a part of this company for so long... such a major part... it's only fitting that he score this huge victory in front of the fans who've supported him from the start.

[With the aid of Davis Warren, Supernova gets to his feet, gingerly taking a step as he raises his arm, blood still streaming down his face.]

GM: What a win. What a victory for the man from Venice Beach, California, fans!

[Supernova hobbles towards the cage door, making his exit through it. He turns back, taking one last look at Shadoe Rage who has managed to roll to his stomach, pushing himself up on his elbow as he stretches his arm out towards Supernova... one last grab... one last reach towards the man who just put him down. His eyes are still wild, blood pouring down between them. The look of manic desperation is there... of a man losing his fingertip hold on reality... and with a blood-curdling cry, he flops facefirst to the mat as Supernova gives a nod, turning away from his rival for the final time as he starts back up the aisle, the crowd cheering his every step...

...as we fade to black.

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!



Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and we come back up on the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are standing, the steel cage still being removed from the ring in the background.]

GM: Welcome back to Homecoming, fans. We are just a few minutes removed from that brutal cage match and Bucky, what do you think is next for those two warriors after that battle?

BW: It's hard to say, Gordo, but with Supernova coming off that big win and his recent run with the World Television Title, you would think he'd have plenty of options ahead of him. Maybe pursuing that nincompoop Travis Stench and the National Title? Maybe even taking another shot at the big gold.

GM: And for Shadoe Rage?

BW: Shadoe Rage is unpredictable, Gordo. You never know what he'll try to do and when he'll try to do it. But I gotta imagine that this loss is going to sit uneasy with him for quite some time to come.

GM: Well, both competitors put on one heck of a fight inside that cage and it truly could've gone either way. An entertaining battle nonetheless for all of these fans here in Dallas and... well, Bucky... let's talk about an entertaining battle on a different front that will be coming to theaters next spring.

BW: Do we have to?

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Roll it.

[The screen goes black, and over the black screen, a booming voice is heard.]

"Between the time when the oceans drank Atlantis."

[The black screen dissolves into a tall figure standing on a corpse strewn battlefield. Dress in leather, and swinging a bloody sword, the man's dark hair hangs in sweat-soaked strands over his face, hiding it from the camera.]

"And the rise of the sons of Aryas."

[There is a quick-cut montage of the sword wielding man cutting down various foes. One after the other, all of his enemies fall to his blade.]

"There was an age undreamed of."

[The warlord strides off the field, and steps into a castle, reaching down to pull a golden throne off a dais, before settling into a large throne. Slowly, the man lifts his head to look into the camera.]

"Hither came Conan, the Cimmerian, destined to tread the jeweled thrones of the Earth under his sandaled feet, and to wear the jeweled crown of Aquilonia upon a troubled brow."

[The camera pulls in tight to reveal an angry face that is familiar to all wrestling fans. A scar runs diagonally across his scowling visage. But slowly, a grim smile comes to his face, as he leans back in his jeweled throne. As he does, words appear at the bottom of the screen.]

SPRING 2017.....

ALEX MARTINEZ IS....

KING CONAN!!!!

[And we fade back to the American Airlines Arena where the crowd is reacting HUGE to what they just saw.]

GM: How about that, Bucky?!

BW: A starring role for the Last Aquilonian Badass!

GM: Of course, all of us here at the AWA wish Alex Martinez the very best of luck in his cinematic career and I, for one, can't wait to see the big man up on the big screen next spring. And right now, let's head up to the ring to see Travis Lynch and another National Title Open Challenge!

[We cut to a panning shot of the American Airlines Arena crowd...

...and when "Tom Sawyer" by Rush kicks in, the crowd EXPLODES into cheers! A few more moments pass before Travis Lynch emerges through the curtain. However, Travis isn't dressed in his usual attire. Nor does he even smile at the rabid reaction his appearance causes. Instead, Travis stands at the top of the aisle in his trunks and boots...

...and that's it.]

BW: Hey. Wait a second... if this is a National Title Open Challenge, where the heck is the National Title?

[The lack of the National Title over Travis' shoulder or around his waist is obvious as an upset-looking Travis Lynch starts walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: I... uh... well, there were rumors that Travis Lynch... that the National Title had been... well, at some point during the European tour, the title belt went-

BW: It's gone, Gordo! What the heck?

GM: Let's just... Travis Lynch heading to the ring... and while he may not have the title with him, he IS the champion and the title IS on the line.

[Lynch makes it to the ring in near record time, rolling under the ropes, and climbing to his feet. The crowd is still cheering for the Texas Heartthrob as he does a circle around the ring.]

GM: And it looks like Travis Lynch has something to say...

[Lynch draws close to the ropes where the house mic is being offered up to him...

...but Lynch shakes his head, waving it off. He instead steps up on the middle rope, waving a hand towards the back.]

BW: ...or not.

GM: Travis Lynch is all business here tonight in Dallas, waiting in the ring for his opponent...

[And without delay, a brief bugle call blasts over the PA, and a snare drum follows with a long uninterrupted drum roll.]

GM: ...and his opponent he's gonna get!

BW: Wow! This is going to be a stiff challenge for that title on the spur of the moment, Gordo.

[The fans jeer as a tall muscular man in a camo mask and bodysuit strides through the curtain with an arrogant swagger in his step. He wears a military helmet in a color that matches the dominant color of his camo, with a long piece of camo fabric covering the sides and back of the neck. He also sports a dark tan leather bandoleer with many pouches. His boots are combat boots and his gloves are black and well-worn. He produces a mic.]

UC3: At ease, maggot.

[Lynch shouts down the aisle, waving a hand.]

UC3: Obviously patience isn't your virtue, Lynch. Of course, as half the women in this building could testify, having virtues isn't exactly your virtue either!

[There's a squeal from some of the women as the Commando starts walking again.]

UC3: I can see that when the AWA was off on their invasion of a foreign land... you seemed to have left something behind.

[Lynch grimaces, shouting again.]

UC3: So disappointing. How will these people know that I'm their champion in just a little while when I can't hold up MY new title?

[The Commando nears the ring as Lynch steps up on the second turnbuckle.]

UC3: I suppose they'll just have to use their imagination.

[The masked man sets the mic down on the apron as he climbs up the ringsteps, walking down the apron. He turns, shouting at the front row fans...

...which is when Travis Lynch charges him from behind, throwing a dropkick that sends the masked man off the apron to the floor, the crowd cheering the sneak attack!]

GM: Ohh! Travis Lynch from behind and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: -and here we go, fans! The National Title on the line and... Travis Lynch is going out after him!

[Lynch slides out to the floor, pounding the rising Commando with forearms across his broad back. As the Commando gets to his feet, Lynch grabs him by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHIPPED HIM INTO THE RAILING!

[The fans are going wild at ringside as Lynch approaches the big masked man, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Knife edge chop by Lynch!

[Lynch reaches up, dragging the masked man's head into a side headlock, balling up his free hand...]

...and starts pounding the masked skull repeatedly as the Texas crowd cheers!]

GM: The Ultra Commando III can NOT be happy about how this match is starting out. Lynch dragging him back towards the ring now... and OH! He bounces his head off the apron!

[Lynch shoves the near-300 pound Commando back under the ropes, rolling him inside the ring. Grabbing the ropes, the Texan climbs back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes as he gets back into the ring where the Commando is struggling to get back to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another chop by Lynch!

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And another, sending the Commando back into the turnbuckles!

[Grabbing the Commando by the arm, Lynch whips him across the ring at full speed. The Commando SLAMS into the corner, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet. The Texan follows him in, stepping up on the second rope, balling up his fist.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down off the second rope as the referee shouts at him. The Texan shouts back.]

GM: Whoa. A little bit of a tense situation there between Travis Lynch and the referee. A little out of character for Travis who - you can tell - is frustrated here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Well, if I lost the National Title in some pub, I'd probably be upset as well.

GM: Would you stop? I don't believe for a single second that that's what happened.

[Lynch turns away from his confrontation with the official back towards the Commando...

...who comes barreling out of the corner, hands clasped together as he SLAMS a double axehandle into the chest of a surprised Lynch!]

GM: OHHH! HEAVY FIRE OUT OF THE CORNER!

[The blow topples Lynch as the Commando dives on top of him, gesturing to the referee to count.]

GM: The Commando looking to steal this one!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: SHOULDER UP! MY STARS, HE JUST BARELY GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Ultra Commando III angrily and loudly complains to the official as he gets to his feet, gesturing to Lynch who is down on the mat, clutching his sternum in agonizing pain.]

GM: Travis Lynch got caught up in arguing with the referee and it almost cost him everything!

BW: Can you imagine if Lynch drops the title tonight? If that record-setting reign gets shattered by the Ultra Commando? They'd be issuing flash flood warnings for all the Lynch fans' tears!

[The Commando moves back in on Lynch, driving a boot down into the head a few times before he drags the Texan to his feet, walking him across the ring, and rifling him shoulderfirst into the turnbuckles.]

GM: The Commando puts him in the corner, turning him around now...

[With Lynch trapped in the corner - his chest up against the buckles - the masked man lays in a heavy forearm strike to the lower back... and another... and a third.]

GM: Ultra Commando III laying in some heavy artillery there in the corner, trying to soften up the lower back. Of course, the Commando likes to use that Bunker Buster to finish off his opponents - that modified powerbomb. And so, any damage he can do to the back would take steps towards making that even more effective.

[The masked man steps out as the referee counts to four...

...and then charges back in, shoulder lowered as he SLAMS it into the lower back, causing Lynch to howl in pain.]

GM: Big shoulder driven right into the back...

[Straightening up, the masked man hooks a loose side headlock, pushing Lynch's face down on the top rope...

...and walks a few steps towards the middle of the rope, dragging Lynch's face against the rope!]

GM: Ahhh! Raking the face along that rope.

BW: Hold on, Gordo. I think that flash flood warning is comin' in over the PA system.

GM: Would you stop?!

[With Lynch reeling against the ropes, the Commando shoves his throat down on the top rope, hooking his arm around the head and neck, pulling down and choking the air out of the National Champion as the referee starts his five count again, reaching four before the Commando breaks the choke, giving the rope a yank to snap Lynch back down to the canvas.]

GM: And down goes the champion. This one can't be turning out the way he was hoping for. Remember, fans... Travis was in total control of this match until that costly mistake when he wasted valuable seconds arguing with the referee and the Commando took advantage of it.

[The Commando measures the downed Lynch, taking aim before he drops a big elbow down into the chest, rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: The big elbowdrop gets a one for the Commando... a two... but that's all as Lynch escapes again.

[The cheers from the fans for the escape get louder as they try to inspire their Texas Heartthrob to get back to his feet and keep fighting.]

GM: The Commando staying on him.

BW: Of course he is, Gordo. If his time in the military taught him anything, it's to stay on an enemy until they're defeated.

GM: Do you really believe that man spent time in the military?

BW: Who are you to doubt the Ultra Commando III?!

[With the Texas crowd roaring, the Commando leans down to pull Lynch up by the hair...

...and gets a left hand to the midsection!]

GM: Lynch goes downstairs!

[A second left lands as well!]

GM: The Texan firing back, this crowd solidly behind him!

[Lynch gets to his feet as he lands a third, sending the Commando staggering a few steps back as Lynch advances on him.]

GM: And now it's Travis Lynch trying to follow up and finish off an opponent.

[Lynch grabs the Commando by the arm, looking for an Irish whip across the ring into the ropes but the Commando reverses it with ease, sending the Texan bouncing off the ropes where he comes right back at the masked man who lifts him under his arm, spins around a full 360...

...and DROPS Lynch down across a bent knee!]

GM: OHH! Backbreaker!

[The Commando shoves Lynch off his knees, waving his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before attempting another cover.]

GM: The Commando gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch again fires his left arm up into the air, narrowly avoiding the pinfall.]

GM: Wow! How close was that? We almost saw one of the most shocking upsets in AWA history right there, fans. Take nothing away from Ultra Commando III but I think everyone in this building is expecting Lynch to retain the title against the masked man.

[Again, the masked man turns his focus on the referee, shouting at him as he climbs back to his feet.]

GM: Ultra Commando wasting valuable time right here if you ask me, fighting with the official over what he thought was a slow count.

[Shaking his masked head, the Commando drags Lynch off the mat again by the arm, rocketing him towards the nearest set of turnbuckles, sending him bouncing HARD out of the corner...]

GM: What a whip to the corner!

[...and right into the waiting arms of the Commando as he's lifted skyward and then military pressed way up high in the air!]

GM: Oh my! Look at the power! Look at the strength of the Commando!

[But a wiggling and wriggling Travis Lynch manages to slip free, sliding down the back of the Commando as he hooks him in a sunset flip, dragging him down to the mat as the referee drops down to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Lynch climbs to his feet, looking down with disdain at the masked Commando as the referee raises his hand in victory.]

GM: Travis Lynch scores the win, retaining his title, and keeping that record-setting title reign going, Bucky.

BW: Well, good for him... and these idiot fans who keep cheering him.

GM: Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, Sweet Lou's going to get some words with the National Champion so don't you dare go away!

[Lynch turns towards the fans with a smile, raising his hands in victory as we fade to black...

...as we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then fade back up to the elevated interview platform where the fans are still cheering for their native son, Travis Lynch, as he celebrates his successful title defense, who is standing alongside Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Fans, welcome back to Homecoming and - as you can see - I have caught up with the AWA National Champion and Dallas, Texas' native son, Travis Lynch!

[The AWA and Dallas faithful cheer loudly as the sweaty Travis Lynch nods his head before he runs his right hand through his hair.]

SLB: Travis, let me be the first - besides this sold out crowd in your hometown - to congratulate you on your victory just now.



[Travis nods.]

TL: Thanks, Sweet Lou. It feels good to once again be back in the good ol' US of A... right here in Dallas, Texas...

[Big cheer! Travis smiles.]

TL: Actually, scratch that... it feels DAMN good to be HOME!

[An even bigger cheer comes forth from the American Airlines Arena crowd!]

TL: It's been a long time since I've been here in Dallas doin' what I love in front of the people I love even more!

[Another big reaction is highlighted by the squeals from the womenfolk.]

SLB: The reactions we've been hearing all night from them towards you - just like that one right there - can only mean they love you as well, Travis. And based on some of the females here that I've spoken to tonight... I'm guessing some of them love you even more.

[Another high-pitched cheer rings out as Sweet Lou chuckles and Travis grins, patting Lou on the back.]

SLB: Switching gears here, since your return to action from the injuries you suffered at the Battle of Boston, you've successfully defend your National Title against challengers like Brian James, Larry Wallace, and now Ultra Commando III... yet, Travis... there are still those out there who are questioning if you deserve to be the longest-reigning National Champion of all time.

[Travis grimaces.]

TL: Look, Lou... all those people out there who continue to doubt me need to look right here into my eyes...

[Travis points to his eyes.]

TL: ...and when they do, they'll see the desire that I have to be the greatest National Champion the AWA has ever seen. Not just the longest reigning but the greatest! Those people need to realize the pride I carry in my heart and soul continues to push that desire to be the best... continues to push me to show the world, night after night, why I'm the longest reigning National Champion in this company's history, Lou.

And on September 17th in Houston, Texas... I'm going to walk down that aisle again, Lou... and I'm going to defend the National Championship belt against whoever wants a shot at it!

[Blackwell nods and then grimaces a bit.]

SLB: Speaking of the National Championship belt, Travis... I'm sure I'm not alone in noticing the absence of that title belt here tonight...

[Travis shakes his head.]

TL: Blackwell, this interview is over.

[And with that, the National Champion simply walks away, still shaking his head as Sweet Lou looks shocked at what just went down.]

SLB: I... uh... well, was it something I said?

[Blackwell delivers a humorless chuckle.]

SLB: Maybe I'll have better luck with another Lynch. Theresa, take it away!

[We fade to the backstage area where Theresa Lynch is standing between the members of The Northern Lights. To her left is Chris Choynet and to her right is Rene Rousseau. The Northern Lights are dressed in their wrestling attire.]

TL: Thanks, Sweet Lou! Tonight, The Northern Lights are set for tag team action against The Samoan Hit Squad. Rene Rousseau, several months ago, Mafu put you on the shelf after hitting you with a big splash on the floor. But you made your return at the end of the European tour when you came to the aid of your tag team partner here, Chris Choynet, and your close friend Cesar Hernandez. I first have to ask you, how is your neck doing?

RR: Theresa, I'll admit that was in a lot of pain as I recovered from that neck injury. But the good news is I no longer feel any pain and I'm at full strength once more. And I'm more than ready to get back into the ring with Chris Choynet and settle things with the Samoans once and for all.

TL: What about Cesar Hernandez stepping in for you while you recovered? Do you have anything to say to your friend?

RR: I do appreciate what Cesar did -- his willingness to step up in my absence. But I will say that, with all due respect to my friend, it couldn't make up for how much I wanted to get back into that ring and get my hands on the Samoans. It's pretty clear that this all goes back to how upset Dave Cooper was that Chris and I decided not to join the Lion's Den. He used that as an excuse for that attack on me. But now, I'm back and I'm ready to show the Samoans that they can't keep a good man down.

[Lynch pivots to speak to Chris Choynet.]

TL: Chris, what are your thoughts about getting back into that ring with Rene to face the Samoans?

CC: Theresa, I can't tell you how much I've looked forward to this moment! Scola, Mafu, you two thought you could just write off The Northern Lights after your attack on my partner, but you found out I wasn't going to let you get away with it! Neither was Cesar Hernandez! And tonight, you'll find out that Rene Rousseau isn't going to let you get away with it either! The two of you have done nothing but jump from manager to manager, thinking that somebody is going to give you an easy route to the top, but you didn't count on people like Rene, Cesar and myself standing up to bullies like you! Tonight, at Homecoming, we settle this!

TL: And what about Dave Cooper?

CC: What about him, Theresa? What more do I have to say about him? I told him once and I'll tell him again, I have no interest in working for him! Neither does Rene! If he thinks he can use the Samoans to coerce us into working for him, or to use the Samoans to take us out for good, tonight is when he'll find out that he'll get neither outcome!

[He slaps Rousseau on the shoulder. Rousseau nods back.]

RR: That's right -- the only outcome he'll get is learning that The Northern Lights are back and out to prove we can't be intimidated -- and that we are destined to be the best tag team in the AWA.

CC: Couldn't have said it better, my friend! You ready to get back into that ring?

RR: You know I am, Chris. Let's go!

[The Northern Lights walk off the interview set.]

TL: Fans, it's been a while since we've seen The Northern Lights in action, but it sure sounds like they are ready! Let's go back to ringside!

[We fade to a panning shot of the crowd as Gordon and Bucky speak.]

GM: Alright, fans... the Northern Lights - together again at long last - taking on the Samoan Hit Squad and these two teams have been waiting quite some time for this to go down once more.

BW: Look, I've never been the biggest fans of Rene Rousseau and Chris Schwanee but even I thought they were smarter than this, Gordo. Rousseau's been on the shelf for months and in his first match back, he wants to go head on against the team who took him out to begin with? He's as dumb as they come, daddy!

GM: We'll find out if this was a brave decision... or a bad one... as Rebecca Ortiz makes the introductions.

[We cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing. Some of the combatants are already in the ring with her.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... they are accompanied to the ring by their manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper... they are Mafu and Scola...

THE SAAAAAAAAMOAN HIT SQUAAAAAAAAD!

[The crowd jeers the wild Samoans as Cooper tries to keep them herded into the corner, giving both men some final advice as Rebecca continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The fans' jeers turn to cheers as "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgares Machins plays over the PA, going straight to the chorus. Jogging down the aisle comes the Northern Lights, Rene Rousseau and Chris Choisset.

Both men wear white satin ring jackets with "NORTHERN LIGHTS" stitched on the back in blue, and the Quebec and Maine flags intercrossed on a patch on the right chest. Both wear white trunks, kneepads, and boots (the same flag logo is on the boots). They wear blue wristbands, and Choisset wears full forearm supports in blue. Rousseau has a raven-black mullet and Choisset sports dark brown hair in a ponytail. Both have the classic clean-faced good looks popular with the ladies, and the cheers are definitely high in pitch. Rousseau and Choisset have skipped their usual high-fiving of the fans - all business as they head towards the ring with a focused and determined expression on their faces.]

GM: The Northern Lights making their return to the ring tonight... and this looks like a different Northern Lights, Bucky.

BW: Well, none of their usual baby-kissing and hand-shaking, I guess... but they're still the same creampuffs who are going to get sent to the doctor's office by the Samoans.

[Choisnet is the first on the apron, shouting across the ring at the Samoans and Cooper as Rousseau joins him. They both enter the ring, ready for a fight as the ring announcer departs. Inside the ring, Chris Choisnet is still fired up, shouting across at Cooper and the Samoans who have some words of their own for the Maine native.]

GM: This one seems like a powderkeg that could go off at any moment, Bucky.

BW: It does... but Rousseau, the guy who should be the hottest under the collar, seems pretty calm. He's trying to keep Shawney from blowing a gasket.

GM: And that's always been the relationship between these two. Choisnet the emotional element, always ready to blow... and Rene Rousseau, the veteran who has seen it all and can keep a level head in every scenario.

[Rousseau seems intent on convincing Choisnet to let him start the match but when the bell sounds, the Maine native breaks away from his friend and partner, dashing across the ring where he leaps into the air to bounce a forearm off the side of Mafu's head! The crowd roars for the early offense as Cooper and Scola vacate the ring, leaving Choisnet and the Samoan Wildman inside the squared circle.]

GM: Choisnet starting things off with Mafu... battering him back against the buckles with right hands to the body.

[Grabbing Mafu by the arm, Choisnet whips him across the opposite corner where he smashes into the buckles before staggering out...

...and getting launched skyward, thrown down to the canvas with a sky high backdrop!]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY CHOISNET!

[Choisnet pumps his fists in celebration, the crowd solidly behind him as Mafu struggles to get up off the mat. As he does, Choisnet greets him with a forearm uppercut as Dave Cooper shouts instructions from the floor.]

GM: Both of these teams on the fringe of making a major impact in the tag team ranks and a win in this one could certainly put them well on their way to a shot at the World Tag Team Titles.

[Grabbing Mafu by the hair, Choisnet walks towards his corner, reaching out to slap the hand of Rene Rousseau.]

GM: And for the first time in quite a while, Rene Rousseau is the legal man in this tag team battle.

[Choisnet continues to hold Mafu by the hair as Rousseau climbs the turnbuckles from the inside, leaping off the middle rope with a double axehandle down between the eyes.]

GM: A nice doubleteam by the Northern Lights to start this one off... and look at that, another tag right away.

BW: The Lights have a ton of experience together, Gordo. It's no surprise to see them working together like a well-oiled machine.

[A double whip sends Mafu across the ring...

...and a double back elbow under the chin takes him off his feet as Rousseau ducks back out to the apron.]

GM: In and out, quick tags by the Northern Lights...

[Choisnet grabs the leg of Mafu, giving it a twist in a spinning toe hold...

...and then drops down on it, jamming his knee into the leg!]

GM: And now Choisnet appears to be going after the leg of the wild Samoan, perhaps trying to take away some of that high flying ability that we've seen from Mafu on occasion.

[Kneeling on Mafu's leg, Choisnet gets a two-handed grip on the ankle, twisting and bending the leg as the crowd cheers him on. The referee lets Choisnet know that Mafu is not giving up and the Maine native gives a nod as he climbs to his feet, still holding the leg...

...and drops an elbow down into the knee joint!]

GM: The man from Portland, Maine continuing to work on the knee of Mafu and Dave Cooper - the Professional - doesn't seem too happy about it.

[A red-faced Cooper slams a hand down on the apron on cue, shouting in to his man as Choisnet gains his feet, flashing a grin at the emotional Cooper. Keeping the grip on the ankle, Choisnet drags Mafu to the corner where he tags Rene Rousseau back into the ring.]

GM: There's another tag for the Northern Lights, bringing Rene Rousseau into the fray.

[Each man grabs a leg on Mafu, looking out at the crowd...

...and then yanking the legs apart in a wishbone maneuver that gets big cheers!]

GM: And I'm sure the Lights were wishing for a big win here tonight in this one, fans.

[Grabbing the legs of Mafu, Rousseau looks to apply his Quebec Crab to the roars of the crowd but Mafu quickly flails about, getting to the ropes where the referee calls for a break.]

GM: Rousseau was looking to finish this one off early but Mafu wanted no part of that Quebec Crab.

BW: If he locks that in, Gordo, it's over.

GM: It certainly is and Mafu knew it thanks to Dave Cooper, I'm sure.

[As Rousseau breaks the hold, Mafu drags himself under the ropes to the floor where Dave Cooper rushes to his side, speaking quickly as he advises Mafu on his next move.]

GM: Mafu taking a breather out on the floor... and Rene Rousseau makes the tag back to Chris Choisnet...

[The fired-up Choisnet rushes towards the ropes, ducking through them to grab Mafu and Cooper by the head...

...but Mafu lashes out with a stiff-fingered blow to the throat, leaving him gasping for air as he falls back to his knees in the center of the ring.]

GM: Oh! Mafu caught him good right there!

[Mafu rolls back under the ropes into the ring, reaching up to slap the hand of the powerhouse of the team.]

GM: In comes the mighty Scola off the tag.

[Grabbing the kneeling Choynet off the mat, Scola whips him HARD into the turnbuckles. He walks across the ring to where Mafu is standing in the opposite corner, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Doubleteam on the way... and Scola WHIPS Mafu right into a running hip attack in the corner!

[Scola storms in after him, connecting with a big clothesline as Mafu steps out of the way!]

GM: Goodness!

[Mafu ducks out of the ring as Scola steps back, glaring at the dazed Choynet who staggers out of the corner towards him...]

...and Scola hoists him up into his powerful arms, twisting him through the air, and DRIVING him down with a ring-shaking powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAAAAM!

[Scola presses his palms down into Choynet's chest, pushing up to his arms at full extension... but only gets a two count as the fan favorite lifts his shoulder up.]

GM: Two count only off the powerslam... and it seems like Dave Cooper disagrees with the cadence of the count, fans.

[Cooper can be heard shouting "that's three, ref! That's three!" from out on the floor.]

GM: The biggest man in this match, Scola, dragging Choynet off the mat. Scola is all of six foot six inches, 285 pounds, just muscling Choynet around...

[Grabbing Choynet under the armpits, Scola elevates him into the air, flinging him back into the turnbuckles where his head snaps back. Scola backs up, slapping his arms as the referee orders him to let Choynet out of the corner...]

...and when Scola charges in, Choynet goes into a front roll, avoiding it!]

GM: Ohh! Scola SLAMS into the buckles!

[And with a moment's respite, Choynet crawls across the ring, making a lunge...]

GM: TAG! Rene Rousseau gets the tag!

[Rousseau comes in hot, hitting a right hand on Scola... and then getting an incoming Mafu with one as well. He throws a dropkick next, knocking Scola off his feet.]

GM: Rousseau is a French-Canadian house of fire in there!

[The Montreal native is right back up, throwing a dropkick at Mafu as well, sending him down to the canvas!]

GM: Dropkicks by the bushel for Rene Rousseau!

[Rousseau grabs the rising Scola by the arm, whipping him across the ring...

...and leaping into the air, dragging Scola down to the mat with a necktie clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Scola off that clothesline!

BW: Rousseau is taking on both Samoans all by himself, Gordo!

[As Mafu charges again, Rousseau ducks under a wild right hand, lifting him up into atomic drop position, twisting around...

...and drops Mafu backfirst on the torso of Scola!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: Mafu forced to drop a senton on his own partner!

[Rousseau grabs Mafu by his wild hair, pulling him to his feet...

...and ROCKETING him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Rousseau clears out Mafu... turning his focus back to Scola...

[The Canadian reaches down, grabbing Scola's legs under his armpits as the crowd ROARS in recognition!]

GM: He's going for the Crab again!

[But Scola uses his powerful legs to kick Rousseau off, sending him flying backwards towards the ropes...

...where Mafu pulls the middle rope down, sending Rousseau tumbling through the ropes, crashing down backfirst on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Mafu with the illegal assist from the floor and-

[A fired-up Choisnet drops off the apron, charging around the ring to BLAST Mafu with a fist between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! And now we've got a fight on the floor!

[The crowd roars for Choisnet and Mafu trading punches for a moment until the referee slides out to the floor, separating the two men and forcing Choisnet back to his corner...

...which allows Mafu to lift Rousseau up off the ground, scooping him up in his arms, and SLAMMING him down on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Scoop slam on the floor! Gaaah!

BW: And that was ALL Sahawanay's fault, Gordo! If he'd stayed in the corner, Mafu never would've been able to do that without the referee seeing it!

GM: That's garbage, Bucky. Mafu would've done it if the referee was watching or not and you know it!

[Choisnet is still arguing with the referee as Mafu pulls Rousseau off the floor, rolling him back inside the ring where Scola is waiting for him, viciously stomping the downed Canadian before tagging Mafu in.]

GM: The Samoans make the exchange and now it's open season on Rene Rousseau for this very dangerous duo!

[Scola pulls Rousseau off the mat, trapping him in a bearhug and lifting him up off the canvas. Mafu steps up to the second rope, takes aim, and leaps off, throwing his body horizontally at Rousseau and slamming his thick skull into Rousseau's!]

GM: Ohh! Flying headbutt by the Samoan savage and- he's going for the win here!

[A two count follows and...]

GM: Two and- NO! Choisnet makes the save!

[The referee again backs Choisnet out of the ring as he pumps a fist at having saved his partner from defeat. Mafu climbs off the mat, throwing a glare at Choisnet who dares him to attack...

...but a shout from Dave Cooper keeps Mafu's focus on the matter at hand, stomping Rousseau several times before he drags him to his feet by the hair, flinging him into the Samoans' corner.]

GM: Mafu puts Rousseau in the corner... ohh! Another martial arts thrust right in the throat!

[Rousseau coughs and gags, leaning in the buckles as Mafu slaps Scola's outstretched hand.]

GM: Another quick tag for the Samoans... and just like the Lights dominated the early part of this match with their teamwork, now it's the Samoans' turn to do the same with theirs.

[Scola and Mafu each grab a handful of hair, walking Rousseau out to mid-ring where they give a shout before CRUSHING his skull with a double windup headbutt, leaving him laying on the canvas.]

GM: Goodness!

BW: Ain't nothin' to compare that to, Gordo. That's just two of the hardest heads in wrestling smashing yours at the same time.

[Scola stands over the prone Rousseau as Mafu exits the ring, plotting his next attack as Chris Choisnet walks up and down the apron, clapping his hands and getting the fans riled up in support of Rene Rousseau.]

BW: These fans can clap all the want, Gordo, but Rousseau ain't gettin' up on his own after that headbutt.

GM: We'll see about that, Bucky.

[The Samoan powerhouse reaches down, dragging Rousseau to his feet...

...and wraps his powerful arms around the Canadian's torso, looking for an overhead belly-to-belly throw.]



GM: Scola sets him up and-

[The crowd cheers as Rousseau leans back, driving his forearm down on the bridge of Scola's nose!]

GM: Oh! Rousseau is fighting back!

[A second forearm lands in the same spot before Rousseau spreads his arms wide, clashing them together on the ears of Scola!]

GM: And Rousseau breaks the hold!

[Chris Choynet hustles back to his corner, stretching out his hand towards Rousseau who staggers towards him...

...but Scola snatches a handful of the back of Rousseau's trunks, yanking him backwards into a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! And that puts Rousseau right back down on the mat. No escape for the Canadian... not yet at least.

[Scola sits up on the canvas, looking out to Dave Cooper who continues to give his team instructions.]

GM: It looks like Cooper's calling for a tag here... and Scola obliges.

[Scola slaps Mafu's open hand and with Rousseau laid out on the canvas, Mafu decides to go to the top rope.]

GM: Mafu's climbing, the Samoan savage headed to the top!

BW: I don't know what he has in mind, Gordo, but I have a feeling that if he hits it, it's all over, daddy.

GM: Mafu on the second rope... now stepping to the top...

[Mafu gets to the top rope, arms spread as he lets loose a guttural shout in another language...

...and HURLS himself into the air, soaring through the sky!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[But Rousseau rolls to the side at the last moment, causing Mafu to SLAM down into the canvas to a huge reaction!

GM: He missed! He missed the flying headbutt!

[Rousseau pushes up to his knees, the crowd cheering him on as he looks around in a daze...]

GM: Rousseau is down and he's stunned... but can he get to the corner to Chris Choynet? Can he...

[The Canadian turns the right direction as Scola starts to come back in...

...and makes a dive towards his partner!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES CHOISNET!

[Choisnet ducks through the ropes, snatching the incoming Scola, and lifting him up on his shoulders!]

GM: WHOA!

[The crowd ROARS as the 221 pound Maine native goes into an airplane spin, sending the much-larger Samoan around and around and around...]

GM: Choisnet with the airplane spin - around and around he goes, where he stops...

[Choisnet suddenly slams on the brakes, flipping Scola off his shoulders to the side with a big slam!]

GM: ...there he stops and Scola definitely knows it after slamming down into the canvas!

[Turning away from Scola, Choisnet snatches the incoming and dazed Mafu in a bodylock, lifting him into the air, twisting him around in picture perfect form...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas!]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY ON MAFU!

[The Dallas crowd is ROARING at this point as Choisnet dives across Mafu, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[...but the crowd groans as Scola rolls over, throwing an arm down across Choisnet's back and breaking up the pin!]

GM: Ohhh! And Scola saves the match for his squad right there!

[The referee reprimands Scola, getting him to his feet and backing him across the ring. Choisnet angrily gets up, shouting at Scola as he leans down, dragging Mafu off the mat. He drills him with a right hand between the eyes... and another... and a third...]

GM: Choisnet teeing off on Mafu! He's got him dazed!

[And the fired-up Maine native drops backwards towards the ropes, looking to build up momentum for a big blow...

...only to run RIGHT into Rene Rousseau, sending the Canadian sailing off the apron, crashing into the ringside railing!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY!

BW: Whoops!

GM: Choisnet was looking to hit the ropes but in the process, he knocked his own partner off the apron!

[Choisnet turns around, a look of concern on his face. He shouts to Rousseau, trying to check his condition...

...but then turns back to the match only to get a thrust kick from Mafu up under his chin!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: THRUST KICK FINDS THE MARK! OH MY!

[With Choisnet down on the mat, Mafu makes his way to the corner, slapping Scola’s hand...]

GM: There’s the tag! Mafu dragging Choisnet to his feet... Scola standing nearby...

[The wild Samoan hurls Choisnet towards the ropes with an Irish whip, waiting as he rebounds back. He leans over, using a backdrop to flip Choisnet through the air...

...where Scola catches him in picture perfect powerbomb position, DRIVING Choisnet down into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: POWERBOMB!

BW: That’s it, Gordo!

[The referee drops down to deliver the one... two... and three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: The Samoans pick up the win!

[Scola rolls off of Choisnet, sticking out his tongue as Mafu stands behind him, doing the same pose. A smirking Dave Cooper is applauding as he joins his charges inside the ring.]

GM: After all of that, the Samoans still manage to put down the Northern Lights. It was a tough battle that easily could’ve gone the other way in my estimation but in the end, it’s the Samoan Hit Squad with Dave Cooper who wins this one with that doubleteam powerbomb maneuver.

BW: Look at poor Rousseau out here on the floor... I think he’s gonna cry!

[Rousseau, wincing in pain from his fall into the railing, stares up in the ring at the triumphant Samoans...

...and with a wave of his arm towards the ring, he turns to walk back up the aisle.]

GM: Wait a second! Rene Rousseau is leaving!

BW: Well, he lost. No need to stick around.

GM: His partner’s in there! Chris Choisnet is still down on the mat and Rene Rousseau is... he’s walking away from his own partner, fans!

BW: Hey, Schwannee dropped the ball in a big way. I can’t blame Rousseau for being hot about it.

GM: Being upset is one thing but walking out on your partner. Choisnet could be hurt! He could need assistance... but Rene Rousseau doesn’t seem to care one bit!

He's walking back up the aisle and he's not looking back, fans! We need to try and get a comment from him. Is anyone back there who can... okay, fans... I'm being told that Mark Stegglet is backstage. Mark? Are you there?

[We abruptly cut to the backstage area near the Chimpanzee Position where Mark Stegglet is jogging to get into position. He's a bit out of breath as he approaches the curtain where Rene Rousseau should be coming through in just a moment.]

MS: I'm... I'm here, Gordon, yes. Fans, we just saw Rene Rousseau abandon his-

[At that point, Rousseau walks onto the scene, going right past Stegglet.]

MS: Excuse me, Rene Rousseau, could I talk to you about-

[Rousseau spins around, a glare on his face.]

RR: Talk to me? You saw what went down, you know what happened!

MS: But you just left Chris Choisset behind and-

RR: Of course I left him behind! I'm tired of having to carry him around!

MS: Excuse me?

RR: You haven't been watching? For too long, I've given Chris chance after chance to prove himself and he keeps screwing it up! Tonight was the last straw, Stegglet! I'm sick of his inability to get the job done and I'm sick of him dragging my career down!

MS: Hold on, Rene... that man, Chris Choisset, stood by your side when you were out with a serious injury and-

RR: [waving a hand and raising his voice] What are you talking about, Stegglet? The first thing Chris did when I got hurt was run to Cesar Hernandez for help because Chris isn't good enough to get the job done himself! Chris is lucky that, after how he screwed up, I just left him behind!

[Stegglet is about to ask another question, but Rousseau jabs a finger at him.]

RR: No more questions, Stegglet! But you can tell Chris Choisset that it's over! And you can tell him that I could have done much worse than just leave him behind!

[With that, Rousseau spins around and storms off.]

MS: Fans... I don't know. I can't blame Rousseau for being upset about the loss, but to be this upset? [Shakes his head] We'll be right back.

[Stegglet is still puzzled at what he's witnessed as we fade to black...

And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black,..

...and then fade back up to the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside Director of Operations Emerson Gellar and an unknown man in a black suit.]

SLB: Alright, fans... the moment that so many of us have been waiting for has arrived. Gentlemen, come on in here. Of course, you can see I've been joined out here in the ring the AWA Director of Operations Emerson Gellar and Mr. Gellar, the floor is yours.

[Blackwell hands off the mic, stepping to the corner as Gellar takes center ring with a big grin on his face.]

EG: Thanks, Sweet Lou, and hello Dallas!

[Big cheer!]

EG: It is so great to be back in the Lone Star State for this once a year event that we call Homecoming... and that means I can also say that it feels great to be home!

[Another big cheer!]

EG: Texas has always been at the heart of everything the AWA is about. Of course, our longtime fans know that for many years, the bulk of our shows every year was run right here in Texas... down at the studios in downtown or later over at the Crockett Coliseum. Texas is at the heart of what the AWA represents to this business. And while the AWA has always looked towards the future of our sport,

we've also been very respectful of the past. You look at things like the Stampede Cup... the Longhorn Heritage Title... both paying tribute to the Longhorn Wrestling Council that thrilled fans down the road in South Laredo for so long. And you can't forget the parade of legends who've actually made their way through the AWA at one point - men like Steve Spector... like the Epitome of Cool... like Caleb Temple and the Keenings... like Adam Rogers and Alex Martinez and so many others. Well, tonight... we're here to pay tribute to another important part of the history of our great sport and that's family.

[The crowd cheers that.]

EG: This business is very fortunate to feature some of the greatest families in the world. Their bloodlines run strong in our sport - the legacy being passed from father to son to brothers and sisters and all other combinations. So, several weeks ago now, the fine folks at Sports Illustrated reached out to us and said, "We want to do a story for an upcoming issue about all the great families in the history of pro wrestling. We want to look at the Keenings... we want to look at the Lynches... we want to look at the Shanes, the O'Connors, the Wallaces... and so many others." And of course, we were happy to oblige and so we helped set up interviews and tape sessions and all that kind of thing.

And then they called and said, "We want to pick the greatest wrestling family... and stick them on the cover of an issue of Sports Illustrated." Now, fans... I don't have to tell you what a big deal it is to be on the cover of Sports Illustrated, joining the likes of people like Clayton Kershaw, like Magic Johnson and Kobe Bryant, like Mike Tyson... and so, we were thrilled at the idea of that. So, we sat down with the folks at SI and we came up with a list... and we whittled down the list... and we whittled it down further and further until there was one clear family remaining. One family that we knew - amongst them all - was the greatest family in pro wrestling history.

And so... here to help us celebrate some of that history is one of the editors of Sports Illustrated... Kevin Liston!

[The other suited man in the ring shakes hands with Gellar, taking the mic to a smattering of cheers.]

KL: Thank you, Emerson... and can I say what an honor it is to be here for AWA Homecoming?

[More cheers!]

KL: Now, before we get to the Main Event of the night by announcing who will grace the cover of a future issue of Sports Illustrated, we wanted this to be about more than just the winners. We wanted this to be about ALL the great families who we discussed in our feature story. So, we've invited a bunch of them here tonight to celebrate this moment with us... so... Sweet Lou, if you'll do the honors.

[Blackwell steps forward, taking the mic...]

SLB: Alright, fans... let's hear it for...

[Blackwell consults his notecards.]

SLB: THE O'CONNORS!

[A big cheer goes up from the AWA faithful as some generic music comes up over the PA system as Karl, Cameron, and Bobby O'Connor start walking down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: The O'Connors headed to the ring, fans. Of course, Karl and his son Cameron are both former World Champions and if I had to wager, Bobby will join them with that honor someday.

BW: He had his chance twice this year and blew it, Gordo!

GM: I don't know if I'd put it that way.

BW: I would!

[The O'Connors climb inside the ring as Blackwell raises the mic again.]

SLB: Let's show some AWA love for the Shanes!

[Another cheer goes up as Terry Shane Jr, Terry Shane III, and Jimmy Jack Shane (in a tuxedo t-shirt with several large stains on it) make their way down the aisle.]

GM: Certainly one of the most controversial families in wrestling history, it's good to see them all together here tonight.

[Blackwell continues.]

SLB: How about the Wallaces?

[Boos rain down on the Wallaces as Chaz, Chet, and Larry lead their pops, "Battlin' Burt, down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: "Battlin' Burt Wallace looks like he could climb up inside the ring right now and lay someone out, Bucky.

BW: Tougher than a two dollar steak... and just as cheap. That guy slept on more motel floors than a cockroach.

GM: Give me a break.

[The Wallaces have a few words for the Shanes as they get in... all of them.]

SLB: Gentlemen, please. Some decorum if you will.

[Gellar has off-mic words for both families as Blackwell continues.]

SLB: Dallas, Texas - show some love for the Lees!

[Some more cheers for the Kentucky-based Lee family.]

GM: Bucky, so many great families represented here and a whole lot more I'm told couldn't be a part of this ceremony tonight.

BW: Hey, how come I didn't get invited to be a part of this?

GM: You?!

BW: Yeah, my no-account nephews might be worthless but my other nephew...

GM: I don't think any of us want to talk about your other nephew.

[The ring is getting pretty full now.]

SLB: This one might prove to be unpopular with these fans... but let's hear it for the Rages!

[A spitting, snarling, and limping Shadoe Rage emerges to heavy jeers from the sold-out crowd, very slowly making his way down the aisle as he reels from the effects of the cage match earlier.]

SLB: Wow. I'm a little surprised to see Shadoe Rage even out here after the punishment he's took tonight inside that cage. I know Lauryn is backstage at with the AWA staff getting the staples removed from her ... well, you know where.

[The boos continue as Rage climbs the steps, glaring at Gellar who attempts to avoid eye contact.]

SLB: And last... but certainly not least... Dallas, Texas... give it up for your hometown heroes... the Lynches!

[A HUUUUUUUGE ROAR goes up from the crowd as Blackjack Lynch comes through the curtain, James Lynch walking behind him and Theresa with her father's arm, all grins as they head down the aisle to the ring together.]

GM: Wow! Listen to that reaction for the Lynches!

BW: I'd say that Blackjack paid 'em off but if he did, it'd be the first payoff he delivered in this town.

GM: Bucky!

[The Lynches join the mass of humanity inside the ring.]

SLB: So many other families couldn't join us here tonight - the Martinezes, the Jameses, the Keenings - just to name a few. But they're all with us here in spirit and Mr. Liston, I believe you're going to do the honor for us.

[At this point, a large easel has been brought into the ring with a white sheet over it.]

KL: Thanks again, Lou... and thank you to all of you who could join us here tonight. After spending time reading so many of your stories over the past few weeks, it is awesome for me to get the chance to meet all of you. Thank you.

[Polite applause from the crowd.]

KL: Now... the moment we've all been waiting for. After much deliberation by the SI editorial staff, the family who has landed the cover of our upcoming issue is...

[Dramatic pause as Liston grabs the white sheet, giving it a yank to reveal...]

KL: ...THE LYNCHES!

[The crowd ROARS for the not-so-shocking announcement. A beaming Theresa throws her arms around Blackjack's neck who smiles, patting his daughter on the back as James grabs his father's shoulder lovingly.]

KL: Dallas, Texas... let's hear it!

[More cheers for the Dallas-based Lynches as Blackjack takes off his hat, waving it to the crowd who continue to cheer. Blackwell retakes the mic.]

SLB: Fans, we're going to take a quick break but don't go away because when we come back, I'll be getting some words with the Lynch family about this magnificent honor!



And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black,..

...and as we fade back up, we see that the other wrestling families have vacated the ring. Some seem to have left altogether but a handful are out at ringside, clapping for the Lynches as Blackjack, James, and Theresa take center stage alongside Sweet Lou. The easel proudly displays the cover shot of the Lynch family as Blackjack smiles at it.]

SLB: Alright, fans... welcome back to Homecoming where we learned, moments ago, that the Lynch family will be on the cover of an upcoming Sports Illustrated as they receive the honor of being named the greatest family in professional wrestling!

[Another HUGE cheer from the Dallas crowd, earning a grin from Blackjack.]

SLB: I'm here with three members of that legendary family and, Blackjack, this has gotta be a great moment for you and your family.

[Blackjack nods.]

BJL: Whew. A great moment doesn't begin to describe it, Lou. You saw all the families out here... great families in the history of this business... I can't count how many times I was on shows Main Evented by one of the Shanes or the O'Connors... and my boys have had their share of tussles with the Wallaces. When you look at the tremendous history of this sport, Lou, to be held up among all these tremendous families as THE best...

[The patriarch shakes his head.]

BJL: That's a hard honor to beat, you know? Because it doesn't just pay tribute to what I accomplished in the ring or in running PCW... but it also honors my boys. Travis as the longest reigning National Champion. Jack as the World Champion. James here with the success he had in the AWA. Jack winnin' tag team gold with both of his brothers. All the great stuff Theresa is accomplishing outside the ring.

[The loving daughter blushes at her father's praise.]

BJL: It's great. It's truly great. But I have to thank someone, Lou - a whole lot of someones to be exact. Because the Lynches wouldn't have ever done a thing in this business if it wasn't for all these great fans in the great state of Texas!

[HUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

BJL: And I just have to say that-

[Blackjack stops short as his gaze drifts across the ring to where Shadoe Rage is back inside the ring, clutching a mic in his hand.]

SR: This is BULL! Complete and utter BULL!

[Rage marches towards Blackjack, forcing himself right up into his face. James Lynch attempts to step forward to defend his father but Blackjack calmly extends an arm, keeping his son behind him. Rage locks his eyes on James Lynch for a moment before turning back to Blackjack.]

SR: The Lynches win! Big surprise, right? You know who is surprised, old man? No one! No one is surprised!

How much did you pay for this, huh?! How much did you pay?! You know the Lynches ain't nothin'! Not Jack! Not this half man here.

[He gestures to James who shouts something off-mic at Rage who ignores him. Rage turns his head slightly towards Theresa.]

SR: Not you! You got this job through him!

[Rage arches an eyebrow.]

SR: But we all know how you keep it.

[Theresa turns red at the implication but Blackjack holds firm, glaring daggers at Shadoe Rage.]

SR: None of 'em mean nothin', old man... especially not that paper champion, Travis.

[The Dallas crowd is all over Shadoe Rage as he continues to insult their hometown heroes.]

BJL: Even if I hadn't been told, I'd know that you're one of them Rage boys.

[Lynch slowly nods.]

BJL: Ya know why? Cuz all of ya got the same blood, and that bad blood runs deep.

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Shadoe seethes at the remark.]

BJL: I sat here and listened to all that poison comin' outta your mouth. Well, now ya said your piece, so why don't ya quit right now? Ya had your moment in the sun, got everyone lookin' at ya now... just the way you like it. So, why don't you call it a day, head to the back, strap on some ice packs after that cage match from earlier, and let my family have this moment together?

[But Rage isn't going anywhere.]

SR: This moment together? This **STOLEN** moment! You **STOLE** this moment from me, old man... just like you and your kids have been stealing from wrestlers better than them for years! You paid every hard-working wrestler who stepped into a ring for you peanuts and then used that blood money to run your company... to buy your ranch... to get your kids out of trouble with the police! You don't think I know about Travis wrecking that car? You think he fell asleep at the wheel?!

[The crowd jeers loudly, some buzzing at Rage's fired shots.]

SR: The greatest wrestling family in the business? **BULL!** The greatest family in this business are the **RAGES!**

[Another explosion of boos! Rage sticks an accusing finger in the face of Blackjack Lynch.]

SR: You know it, old man! You know it's true! You stole that award from me! You stole it from my father just like everything else you stole from him! You're nothing but a thief, old man! Nothing but a thief!

[Blackjack grimaces.]

BJL: Look here, son.

[Rage seethes at being called "son."]

BJL: Your father and I never got along... everybody knows that. But the last thing I'm looking to do tonight is settle old grudges. Your father is gone... you oughta let his hatred for me and my family go with him.

Now, I've asked nicely...

And out of respect for having shared a locker room with your father before, I've let you say what you wanted to say.

[Lynch steps closer to Rage, staring him in the eyes.]

BJL: If I have to ask you to leave again, son... it's not going to be as polite. Especially not all the trash you've said about my kin.

[Rage stares at Blackjack long and hard, taking a few steps back, keeping his eyes on him. James Lynch steps closer to Blackjack, saying something off-mic. Blackjack insistently shakes his head, mic still in hand as he speaks to his son.]

BJL: Too much of his daddy in that boy...

[Rage stops, his face twisting in disgust. He rubs at the bandages at his forehead as he twitches.]

SR: Too much of my father in me? Too much of my father? Maybe I don't have enough, Blackjack! Maybe I don't have enough!

[Blackjack turns, obviously concerned about the tone of Rage's voice.]

SR: Your kids all have too much of you in them! Jack, Travis, Theresa... even that black sheep Matt... oh, and let's not forget "Wheels" there! Makes you sick watching me fly, doesn't it?

[James Lynch has heard enough, pushing past his father to make a move towards Rage but Theresa cuts him off, shouting "NO!" at her brother. James Lynch grimaces, shouting across the ring at Rage.]

SR: Nah, nah... you don't want none of this, Wheels. You don't want none of this! What the Bullies did to you ain't a damn thing compared to what I'd do to you! Not a thing! Uhh huh! You'd never be put together again!

But your other kids, old man... you got them thinkin' they're hot stuff... thinkin' that they're better than guys like me. When all that's going on is you backstage pulling all the strings... that's right. You backstage making sure your daughter gets her own show. You backstage making sure Jack gets a shot at the World Title when I held that World Television Title for a year and NO ONE gave me a shot! NO ONE! And then there's Travis... Travis who gets to go to Europe to sign autographs... Travis who gets to go to Europe to pose for pictures... but NEVER has to defend his title against me! NEVER has to put it on the line!

[Rage is violently stalking the ring, shaking his head.]

SR: NEVER... NEVER... NEVER... and then he doesn't even bring the belt back with him?! Then he gets lost in some pub with some liquored-up wench and loses the thing you got him! Uhh huh!

Politics. It's all politics. It's all politics and bull.

Just like the Lynches... see, the Lynches built their name off politics and bull!

[Rage nods.]

SR: But the Rages? The Rage family name is built off breaking down walls and defying expectations! Yeaaaaah, that's right... it is... it is. You know that, old man... you know that when you say that I've got too much of my father in me because that's what he did when he came to work for you, right? He broke down walls... walls you worked hard to build. He defied expectations. Expectations you put in place to make yourself look good.

You couldn't make him bow down to you... no you couldn't... because he was BETTER than you and he knew it!

Just like me, old man. Just like me.

I'm better than Wheels back there...

[James makes another move towards Rage but Blackjack and Theresa again keep him back.]

SR: I'm better than Jack... World Title or not.

And I know... I KNOW... and YOU know... that I'm better than Travis too... yes I am.

[Rage pauses, stepping forward again.]

SR: And I'm damn sure better than you, old man.

[The crowd is buzzing as Shadoe Rage and Blackjack Lynch exchange a stare down in the middle of the ring. Theresa steps towards her father, grabbing him by the arm, trying to pull him away from the volatile Rage...

...who turns on a dime, shoving his fist up under her chin, tilting her head back!]

SR: YOU STAY OUT OF THIS! THIS ISN'T ABOUT YOU! YOU GET IN MY WAY AND I'LL KNOCK YOUR DAMN-

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as Jack and Travis Lynch come tearing down the aisle towards the ring.]

SR: Here they come! Bring 'em on! Bring 'em to me! YEAAAAH!

[Rage steps on the middle rope, defiantly calling for the Lynches to join him in the ring. But Blackjack Lynch races towards the ropes, mic in hand.]

BJL: NO! STOP!

[A puzzled Jack and Travis stop cold out on the floor, looking up at their father curiously.]

BJL: You two better remember what I said to ya all those years ago. Ain't nothin' good that'll come from tangling with a Rage. I ain't gonna let him drag either of you two down. None of my kids are gonna get involved with him.

[Lynch throws a gaze towards Rage again.]

BJL: Besides... I've got this handled.

[Rage turns towards Blackjack again, fury in his eyes.]

SR: HANDLED?! HANDLED? YOU GOT NOTHING HANDLED, OLD MAN! NO YOU DON'T! YOU CAN'T HANDLE ME! YOU CAN'T-

[Suddenly, Blackjack reaches out his massive right hand, enveloping the head of Shadoe Rage as the American Airlines Arena crowd EXPLODES into a roar!]

GM: OH MY STARS! THE CLAW! BLACKJACK HOOKS THE CLAW!

BW: WHAT?! WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING?!

[Rage is flailing about, his arms twisting in the air as an angry Blackjack digs his fingers into the head of the former World Television Champion!]

GM: BLACKJACK LYNCH HAD HEARD ENOUGH OF THIS LUNATIC DISPARAGING HIS FAMILY! SHADOE RAGE TRIED TO RUIN THIS NIGHT FOR THE LYNCHES AND-

BW: HE BUSTED HIM OPEN, GORDO!

[The bandages have come loose with the pressure of the Claw, revealing the bloody forehead of Rage which has opened back up as rivulets of crimson start streaming down his face.]

GM: BLACKJACK'S MAKING RAGE PAY FOR WHAT HE SAID! HE'S MAKING HIM PAY!

BW: Well, we knew it wouldn't be Blackjack paying, that's for sure.

[And with a mighty shove, Lynch sends Rage falling through the ropes, crashing down to the floor where Jack and Travis are standing, big smiles on the faces of the brothers, watching as their father did what he has done to so many times over the years.]

GM: Blackjack Lynch has cleared the ring!

[The bloodied Rage pushes up to his feet, looking to storm the ring but Emerson Gellar has arrived, flanked by security, keeping Rage back as Jack and Travis join their family inside the ring to celebrate their moment. The Lynches stand center ring, arms raised as the Texas crowd goes nuts for their hometown heroes. The camera cuts to the bloodied Rage being restrained by security as he shouts off-mic at the ring.]

"YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THIS, OLD MAN! YOU'RE GONNA DIE! YOU'RE GONNA DIE!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up. Once more, we are back in the luxury suite overlooking the American Airlines Arena. By now, the place looks thoroughly trashed. There are giggling Instagram models lounging about, and there is plenty of "rubble" from empty bottles of champagne to silver trays with forgotten hors d'oeuvres on them. The camera wanders through the decadent wasteland, and finally finds Brian James in the corner. The AWA's Engine of Destruction has ceased his step routine, and has turned his attention to a makeshift "punching bag" set in the corner where two walls meet. The punching bag looks like someone's duffel bag, and it's probably easy to guess who it belongs to. James is distracted by a bellicose voice heard from off camera.]

CJ: Hey, kiddo... You, uh, enjoying the party?

[Both Brian James and the camera turn, and there stands the Engine of Destruction's father, the Blackheart himself, Casey James. Dressed in beat up jeans and a black Claw Academy hoodie, he steps into view, kicking a number of bottles out of the way.]

CJ: Looks like Lau still knows how to throw a shindig.

BJ: How'd you manage to get backstage?

CJ: Ha! I got carte blanche, kiddo. I go where I wanna go.

[The Blackheart's son scoffs.]

BJ: So Mr. Lau got you in?

CJ: [snorts] Yeah... Like I said, carte blanche. Mr. Lau gets me in all over the place...

TC: Gets \_us\_ in...

[The second voice belongs to none other than the legendary Tiger Claw, who steps out from behind Casey James. Claw is dressed similarly to the Blackheart - jeans and an Academy hoodie - but he manages to pull it off in a completely different, not bordering on slobby way. Brian's demeanor immediately changes, as he stands at attention and executes a deep, respectful bow.]

BJ: Master Claw.

[Claw gives a slight bow of the head in response.]

CJ: Hey, how come nobody ever bows to me?

[Casey's complaint is ignored, as Brian turns a knowing eye to the legendary duo.]

BJ: I know why you're here. I know why Mr. Lau sent you. It's because of Detson. Because of what he wants me to do tonight.

[Both Claw and Casey nod their confirmation.]

BJ: I don't know how much attention you've paid, but you have to know what he did. He cost me the National Title! And now, I'm supposed to do what? Just give him the World Title?!

TC: You are a brotherhood. It's that simple. You entered into this knowing what it would entail... You knew there were going to be times where things weren't about you. Sometimes, mistakes will be made, and tempers flare, but you do what's best for the organization, always. And when you need it, the organization provides, but you have to be patient. You call Donovan, Taylor, and Detson your brothers. If they are, then you make sacrifices.

BJ: SACRIFICES?! Master Claw, what has he ever sacrificed for me? What has he ever done but treat me like the help. I'm supposed to sacrifice for that egomaniac?

[Claw points to Casey.]

TC: You think he was always a picnic?

CJ: HEY!!

BJ: I learned from the both of you that a man fights for what he wants, and doesn't wait for something to be given to him. If he wants it, he takes it, and breaks as many bones as he can along the way.

Johnny Detson has never earned anything, and tonight, he expects me to just give him that title. And for what? So I can stand quietly behind him and not get my own shot at the belt?

[Casey crosses his arms over his chest.]

CJ: Hey, that's the nature of the beast. Only one guy can go after the big title at a time, right? So today it's Detson, but maybe tomorrow it's not. Maybe tomorrow Lau gets you in there for a shot, and Detson takes his turn watching your back... because that's what Lau does. He takes care of his guys. He takes care of us. You know that, right?

BJ: To be honest, I don't know anymore.

TC: I haven't taught you enough to question Lau.

BJ: I... sorry, master, I...

TC: Not yet, anyway. That time will come. For now, you still have a lot to learn, and Lau has a lot to teach. For the time being, let's just say that you're a professional... And sometimes, professionals have to do things they'd rather not have to do. Like watching the back of a loudmouth jackass who isn't even paying attention now, is he?

[Brian and Claw both look over and Casey is indeed staring off in the direction of the Instagram models, only now just noticing that there's a pause in the conversation...]

CJ: Yeah, yeah, professionals... Plus, I mean hey, look at all this...

[Casey points to the lounging models, and all of the other evidence of decadence.]

CJ: Are you seriously considering giving all this up?



BJ: None of that matters to me.

CJ: WHY NOT!? Kid, this was why I was in the business in the first place!

[Brian exhales slowly, and gives both his father and his sensei a nod.]

BJ: I hear you... I really do. And I'll consider it.

But I am guessing you two need to go. There's some front row seats waiting for you.

CJ: Well, something's waiting for us, anyway. Don't sweat it kid, this is all part of the job, you know? If it were easy, anyone could do it!

TC: We'll talk more about this later. For now, yes, I think we have some people to upset.

[Claw shakes Brian's hand, and Casey forces a big, back-clappy hug that Brian is clearly still not sure how to react to. Both men pick a path through the party rubble out of the suite as we fade...

...backstage to Theresa Lynch in footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." She is with Ringkrieger. Oliver St. Laurent and Karsten Marquardt are in matching 'Ringkrieger' merchandise and stand at attention behind the massive MISTER, who is in his burgundy grand coat. They are ready for action.]

TL: It's going to be an exciting night of action here in Dallas, Texas tonight... just like it was an exciting tour of Europe that just concluded. However, these three men joining me right now - Ringkrieger - stowed away on our trip home. Gentlemen, I know this is your first time wrestling here in the United States - welcome to Dallas, Texas.

M: Thank you, Theresa. We in Germany have become quite familiar with the AWA and all the great wrestling that came from this city. It is good to be here. It's... quaint. What's the word? Rustic.

[The look on Theresa Lynch's face says that she know when shade is being cast, but she continues on.]

TL: It's been quite a summer for you and Karsten Marquardt on the AWA's tour through Europe, but Ringkrieger has been shadowed by the "Iron Badger" Manzo Kawajiri, and now he's found backup in the form of the British Bashers—Rory Smythe and Robbie Storm. What are your thoughts heading in to this 6-man tag team match?

M: The British Bashers are not a team unfamiliar to us. They represent the worst wrestling has to offer. As wrestlers, they lack integrity—they always seem to be able to find their way to the pub, but never to the gym. The British Bashers can fight, and Manzo Kawajiri can fight... but Ringkrieger, not only can we fight, we can wrestle. We can overpower. We can strike. The AWA is full of the best talent in the world today, and I look forward to showing the AWA as it joins the world stage, that Team Ringkrieger are elite athletes and that we will set the bar with the best match of the night, like we always do. You have seen what I can do in that ring, you have seen what Karsten Marquardt can do in that ring, and tonight, you will see what Oliver St. Laurent can do in that ring.

[St. Laurent steps forward to speak. He is bald, with an old-fashioned handlebar mustache. When he speaks, he does so with a definite American accent, a number of broken teeth visible.]

OSL: At its core, wrestling is like any combat sport. With respect, sir... MISTER says that Ringkrieger are top athletes. And he's right: myself, MISTER and Karsten... we're three of the top athletes in the world. But what happens in that ring can ultimately be summed up... as violence. Rory... Robbie... chums... why don't you tell Manzo what you know about me? Tell 'em about my forearm shots. Tell 'em what happens when my forehead jams into your shoulder. Tell 'em about the Slice of Reality.

I am an elite athlete, and as an adherent of Ringkrieger, I don't break rules. But I'm not squeamish about breaking bones... or dislocating joints... or ripping tendons.

M: And so Theresa, tonight we intend to respect the canvas.

[And on that, we fade to another part of backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is surrounded by a quartet of intense looking men. On his right, and standing very close to him is The Iron Badger, Manzo Kawajiri. Kawajiri wears a black t-shirt with the simple #PBK logo in red across the chest, with a white towel around his shoulders. He also wears his "bicycle style" ring trunks and black boots. As always, the Badger is scowling and just itching for a fight.]

Next to him is "Prince" Colin Hayden, dressed in a gray houndstooth suit over a black waistcoat, or vest, as you Americans call it, over a burgundy shirt. In his hand is a black cane, tipped with silver and topped with a silver roaring lion's head, with a pair of red gemstones for its eyes. Hayden is backed by the British Bashers: the lean-built Robbie Storm, who has lightly tanned skin, light brown eyes and slicked back, short, wavy, brown hair, and the taller, more muscular Rory Smythe, who has golden tanned skin, hazel eyes and wavy, dark brown hair, closely-cropped around the sides and back. Both men are dressed to compete in tights that are white for the most part, except for the Union Jack design, which covers most of Smythe's left thigh and most of Storm's right thigh.]

SLB: It's a war that has raged all across Europe. It began with two men, but it has now expanded to six. I'm talking, of course, about the confrontation that reaches his culmination tonight in what promises to be mayhem. And this all started with you, Mr. Kawajiri.

[The Iron Badger shakes his head.]

MK: Kawajiri sorry, Lou-san, but it did not start with me. War started because Ringkrieger disrespected AWA.

No one disrespects AWA when I am listening, Lou-san. No one.

SLB: Something I am certain that every AWA fan is happy to hear. Regardless of who started it, I know that you plan on finishing it tonight, on this, your first Homecoming event, and what truly is your homecoming here in the AWA.

[Kawajiri nods.]

MK: Hai, Lou-san.

Ringkrieger... you know what you are. You know what Kawajiri thinks of you. Tonight, Kawajiri and Bashers show the world what you are. Tonight, you know what these three letters mean.

[Kawajiri points to the #PBK on his t-shirt.]

SLB: And we'll leave that to the viewers to figure that out for themselves.

MK: You know what it means, Lou-san. It means...

SLB: Whoa, let's not go there. Mr. Hayden, I can only imagine that you've got your two charges in the right mindset for tonight's war?

[Hayden gives a firm nod.]

CH: MISTER says that the Bashers are not a team unfamiliar to Ringkrieger, but clearly they do not know the Bashers all that well if they think that this here is a team that's only good in a fight... If they think Robbie's developed his speed and athleticism only in a pub... If the physical specimen that is Her Majesty's Might has not put in his time in the gym!

Now, I am no stranger to these fans in Dallas, thanks to the friendship of the Lynch family, and having wrestled here before, but, tonight, the AWA Galaxy gets to see for themselves not just the Bashers taking the fight to Ringkrieger, alongside the Iron Badger, but also watch Robbie run circles around them... Watch Rory match the Ogre of Innsbruck in terms of size and strength... And, most importantly, watch the Bashers work the sweet science that they've been taught by myself and some of the best to have come out of British wrestling! Ringkrieger, doubt these men if you must; you do so, as you will find out soon enough, at your own peril.

MK: Just remember Lou-san. Bashers are here in AWA to prove they are Saikō no... the best tag team! And world will see tonight that Ringkrieger are just...

[Blackwell tries to stop the Iron Badger, but Rory Smythe, the Basher's mountain of muscle, holds up a hand to silence him.]

MK: PUNK BITCHES!!

[Blackwell shakes his head in dismay as we cut back to live action, and a loud orchestral hit echoes through the American Airlines Arena: the climactic scene of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." The fans rise to their feet and look to the entryway.

Another orchestral hit and three wrestlers appear, standing at ease, their arms clasped behind the back: the full contingent of Ringkrieger. Fade to one side of the entrance, where a bass-baritone opera singer sings the opening notes of the climactic scene of "Don Giovanni." (A helpful nameplate identifies him as Jon-Paul Decosse.)]

"DON GIOVANNI... A CENAR TECO... M'INVITASTI... E SON VENUTO"

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, the following 6-man tag contest is set for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, at a combined weight of 749 pounds... KARSTEN MARQUARDT...

[Kartsen Marquardt is young and lean, almost dapper, with a neatly trimmed light brown haircut. His cauliflower ears and stern expression betray his experience as a ferocious veteran athlete. He wears a t-shirt with the art deco "Ringkrieger" logo over his basic black wrestling tights and shinguarded boots. A white scarf with black lettering is around his neck.]

RO: ...OLIVER ST. LAURENT...

[Oliver St. Laurent looks hard-bitten with a bald head and an old-fashioned waxed handlebar moustache. His lean physique looks like it's been sculpted from iron. He wears plain black wrestling boots and trunks with the "Ringkrieger" art deco logo on the waistband. A white scarf with black lettering is around his neck.]

RO: ...and MISTER...

[MISTER, despite being impeccably groomed and radiating class and respect, lives up to his nickname as "Der Oger aus Innsbruck." His forehead slopes sharply, and his head seems to rest on his pallid, stocky torso without a neck between. Under the gold-buttoned grand coat the color of red wine he wears to the ring, he wears basic black tights and boots. A white scarf with black lettering is around his neck.]

RO: ...They are... RINGKRIIEGERRRR.

[Upon climbing the ring apron, they wipe their boots before stepping through the ropes. They stand in a line in the ring, facing out to the audience. All three clasp their hands behind the back.]

GM: And what a combination we are looking at in that ring right now. They train hard, they fight hard, and now here they are, joining us at Homecoming.

BW: They are the model of efficient wrestling, Gordo. You've got a young tactician like Marquardt who is only going to get better as time goes on, a cagey wrestling surgeon in Oliver St. Laurent, and the Ringmarschall, MISTER, one of the best superheavyweights in the world. The ogre has his men prepped for tonight!

RO: And their opponents...

[The traditional military march "The British Grenadiers" starts to play over the arena speakers. Colin Hayden comes striding through the entranceway, brandishing his cane: black, tipped with silver and topped with a silver roaring lion's head, with a pair of red gemstones for its eyes. As we saw earlier, he has on a gray houndstooth suit over a black vest, over a burgundy shirt. Hayden is followed by the Robbie Storm and Rory Smythe, who both have on tights that are white for the most part, except for the Union Jack design, which covers most of Smythe's left thigh and most of Storm's right thigh. Holding the cane aloft and pointing it towards the ring, Hayden leads his team down the aisle.]

RO: Coming down the aisle, weighing in at combined weight of 439 pounds, and being accompanied by "Prince" Colin Hayden, they are the team of Rory Smythe and Robbie Storm...

THE BRITISH BASHERS!!!

[As they make their way down the aisle, Smythe and Storm each take a side, trying to reach out and touch as many outstretched hands of fans as they can. Reaching the ring, Hayden climbs the ring steps, onto the apron and steps through the ropes into the ring. Storm hops onto the apron and wipes the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes. Smythe follows Hayden, climbing the ring steps, onto the apron, and also wipes the soles of his boots on the canvas, before stepping through the ropes.

Hayden stands in the center of the ring, while Smythe and Storm head to the corners on either side of him and climb onto the second rope. They raise their arms in the air, while Hayden holds up his cane and points it at his charges. As the music fades, Smythe and Storm climb off the ropes and all three men go to the team's corner to huddle, discuss strategy and await the arrival of their partner.]

RO: And their partner...

[The classic 80's guitar riff of Accept's "Balls to the Wall" brings the hometown crowd to their feet.]

RO: From Kawasaki, Japan... weighing in at 240 pounds... He is the IIRIIIIIIIIIRON BADGER... MAAAAAAAAAAAAANZOOOOOOO KAAAAWAAAAJIIIIIRIIIIII!

[The moment the introduction is made, the fans start chanting.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[As the song continues, out steps a man who is, frankly, not all that impressive looking. Five feet ten, bald head, a physique that resembles an egg or a bowling pin. And yet, as the camera focus on his snarling, determined face, the fans can be seen to be going crazy all around the scowling Kawajiri. Kawajiri strides forward, stopping in the center of the aisle to raise his hands, encouraging the chant. Over his chest, Kawajiri wears a black t-shirt, with the phrase "#PBK" written across the chest in red letters, while around his shoulders is a black towel. Kawajiri tears into the ring, tossing his towel down, and charges directly at MISTER!]

GM: Oh, fans, here we go! We knew this was a possibility!

[Kawajiri hammers MISTER with a strike to the abdomen to temporarily double him over and lay in elbow strikes, and the Bashers take their cue from the Badger.]

BW: It's a full blown international incident in the AWA!

[Smythe and St. Laurent lock on to each other and exchange ruthless forearm strikes to the face, while Robbie Storm and Karsten Marquardt grapple aggressively on the ropes.]

GM: Ringkrieger is in full force, but it looks like they have all they can handle with Manzo Kawajiri and the British Bashers!

[MISTER shrugs Kawajiri off long enough to open him up for a chop.]

"KRRACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kawajiri absorbs the attack and replies with some signature heavy chops of his own.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Daddy, it sounds like a gunfight at Homecoming!

[MISTER blocks a fourth chop and replies with his own.]

"KRRACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Manzo covers up for a second, then slams his head into MISTER's torso. The Ogre from Innsbruck stumbles back.]

GM: MISTER bails out of there, and the rest of Ringkrieger take a powder on the floor; they need to regroup.

[Kawajiri, Smythe, and Storm circle inside the ring. "Prince" Hayden waves his cane in victory.]

BW: That's no fair! Ringkrieger is out here trying to class this place up, and then these three yobs come storming in here.

GM: "Yobs?"

BW: Yeah. I picked up some lingo from Ol' London Town.

[Ringkrieger finish their strategizing outside the ring, sending Oliver St. Laurent in, while MISTER and Marquardt take their places on the apron.]

GM: And it looks like...

"DING DING DING"

GM: ...We're underway here, back under control. And it will be Oliver St. Laurent against that raging Iron Badger Manzo Kawajiri. Collar-and-elbow tie-up. Manzo Kawajiri with the lower center-of-gravity and probably the strength advantage... Ringkrieger's St. Laurent with the leverage advantage...

[Manzo pushes St. Laurent back into the neutral corner. Almost too easily...]

GM: Will we see a clean break here? The first we saw of Oliver St. Laurent he blindsided Manzo Kawajiri with a pair on knuckle dusters...

[Kawajiri slowly backs off of St. Laurent, both arms raised.]

GM: And yes, it is a clean break.

BW: What a wasted opportunity. But if I read St. Laurent right, he never likes to show his hand.

GM: Yes indeed. I usually pride myself on trying to find out as much as I can about the athletes who compete in that ring, but Oliver St. Laurent is something of an enigma. He's billed from "Cold Harbour, United Kingdom," but we know he's from somewhere near San Francisco, possibly Redwood.

BW: The man says he's from the UK. You just gotta go with that.

GM: Another collar-and-elbow tie up... again the Iron Badger backing St. Laurent into that corner. Again, the referee about to apply the count. Will we see another clean break? Apparently...

[Manzo charges back into the corner, but St. Laurent has already cleared out, and the Badger finds only turnbuckle.]

GM: ...Not! Oliver St. Laurent suckered Kawajiri in and there was no one home! And now look at this, going to work on the arm!

[St. Laurent steps through to the apron, lacing Kawajiri's arm around the ropes and applying pressure.]

GM: Look at that. St. Laurent knows exactly where and how to attack that arm of the Iron Badger. I don't know if that'll slow him down, but it could create a weak point for Ringkrieger to exploit later.

[OSL releases Kawajiri before the ref can count five, and quickly steps back into the ring. He wrings Kawajiri's arm.]

BW: We don't know much about St. Laurent, but we know he's a surgeon inside that ring.

[With Kawajiri's arm twisted, St. Laurent executes a series of headbutts on the Badger's elbow area, then pulls Kawajiri into the Ringkrieger corner.]

GM: Tag is made to Karsten Marquardt. Ringkrieger may be looking to isolate Manzo Kawajiri early in this match.

[With St. Laurent holding on to the arm, Marquardt scales the ropes and somersaults off, catching his stocky opponent in a neckbreaker.]

GM: Beautiful overhead dive from the son of legendary German wrestler Christian Marquardt. Karsten Marquardt is the most agile member of Ringkrieger. Some fans I spoke to across the pond consider Marquardt and Robbie Storm to be a potential dream match.

BW: That's assuming that Manzo ever tags out to him, Gordo.

GM: Marquardt now with a seated wristlock to Manzo Kawajiri... trying to hyperextend that arm... A lot has been made about whom in the AWA has the best knife-edge chop: Ryan Martinez is certainly in the conversation... We've seen MISTER absolutely devastate the opposition with his chops... The Iron Badger too has some deadly chops and this could certainly slow him down.

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"  
clap clap clapclapclap  
"I-YURN BAD-GER!"  
clap clap clapclapclap  
"I-YURN BAD-GER!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

[Kawajiri powers himself up to his feet as the crowd rallies behind him, but Marquardt maintains control of the arm. Manzo yanks himself backwards, launching the smaller Marquardt into the corner of the Bashers.]

GM: Big counter by Manzo Kawajiri, tagging in... I believe that's Rory Smythe there.

[Marquardt turns around into a European Uppercut from Smythe that staggers him again.]

GM: Forearm shot from Smythe... he likes to use those... Marquardt trying for a kick to thigh of Rory Smythe, but the Basher blocked it... Catches Marquardt in a front facelock...

[Marquardt has the wherewithal to push himself and his more powerful opponent back to Ringkrieger's corner, allowing Oliver St. Laurent to tag himself in.]

BW: Battle of the Brits here!

GM: I'm not sure about the authenticity of Mr. St. Laurent's British wrestling pedigree, but I don't doubt its efficacy... A huge European Uppercut to Rory Smythe and now it's the Londoner versus the man from Cold Harbour, via Redwood, California.

[Smythe doesn't flinch from OSL's strike, replying with a forearm shot of his own.]

GM: Back and forth here! Anyone who has the preconceived notion that British wrestling is all about technique is having their prejudices tested here! These are two very tough, very hard-hitting combatants.

[A surprise kick to the abdomen doubles Smythe over and St. Laurent capitalizes with a gutwrench suplex...

...Rory Smythe is up quick as a cat though. St. Laurent tries again with a deep armdrag, but Smythe rolls through again, replying with a deep armdrag of his own. St. Laurent scrambles to his feet, but walks straight into a massive spinebuster.]

BW: Are we watching two heavyweights? 'Cause these two are movin' like SWLL wrestlers!

[Cheers pour in from the Dallas crowd as Smythe pounds his chest, pumped up.]

GM: St. Laurent is choosing the better part of valor, as he backs into the corner and tags out to Marquardt.

[The camera cuts to Smythe, who is in his team's corner. All three men share a chuckle, with Smythe pointing to Laurent. After a few more exchanged words, Smythe tags out to Storm.]

GM: Storm and Marquardt move towards the center of the ring. They're both looking a little wary.

[The two men lock up, collar and elbow, each of them jockeying for an advantage.]

GM: Marquardt is taller and heavier Bucky, but it looks like Storm is pretty good at controlling his momentum, and sometimes technique is enough to compensate.

BW: Hey, Marquardt has plenty of technique, Gordo.

[Marquardt eventually gets out of the collar and elbow and executes a standing switch. He attempts to deadlift Storm into a German suplex, but is blocked by Storm hooking his leg behind Marquardt's.]

GM: He can't get the German, Bucky.

BW: He's repositioning himself, he's got him in the air.

[Marquardt doesn't throw Storm backwards, but forwards, putting Storm down on the mat belly first.]

GM: He floats over, he's got a good headlock there on Storm!

BW: Marquardt pointing to his head, letting us all know that Ringkrieger isn't just physically superior, but mentally as well!

GM: That arrogance can cost him, Bucky.

[And sure enough, it does as Storm rolls his hips and turns Marquardt onto his shoulders.]

GM: One count only! But it forced Marquardt to release his hold.

[Both men come up and Marquardt sends Storm into the ropes.]

GM: Marquardt goes for a clothesline and Storm ducks. Marquardt turns around and... OHHHHH! Huge standing dropkick from Storm!



BW: That was right on the button Gordo!

[Storm rushes in for a cover, but is tossed off before the referee can even get into position. With both men on their feet, Storm sends Marquardt into the ropes and leaps in the air, leaping up to put his feet on Marquardt's shoulders, his body falling backwards.]

GM: HUGE HURRACANRANA! COVER! ONE... TWO...

BW: He kicked out Gordo!

[Storm pops up, arms thrust into the air, as he soaks in the fan's cheers.]

GM: Marquardt comes at him from behind... OHHH... Hard forearm shot, right to the kidneys!

BW: That's what you get for showboating, Gordo!

[Storm manages to do a forward roll into his corner, and his extended hand is tagged by...]

GM: Kawajiri! The Iron Badger is back in.

[Marquardt leaps for his corner, arm extended for a tag, but he is not as lucky as Storm, as his ankle is caught and he does a face first flop on the mat.]

GM: Kawajiri has Marquardt in a waistlock.... He got the German!

BW: With a German!

[Instead of going for the pin, Kawajiri whips Marquardt hard into the corner and follows him in, hitting Marquardt with a hard clothesline.]

BW: Oh, that had to hurt Gordo!

[Kawajiri stands Marquardt up in the corner and begins to wail on him, throwing an elbow to his face with one arm, and then following it up with a chop from his other arm. Over and over, elbow-chop-elbow-chop, the fans howling their approval the whole time.]

GM: A beating like this really makes you reconsider your choice of professions.

BW: The referee begins his count.

GM: Kawajiri needs to be careful he doesn't get disqualified.

[As the referee gets to four, he decides to intervene, and grabs Kawajiri by the arm, pulling him back. Suddenly, Kawajiri turns on the referee, bellowing at him.]

GM: Don't do it Manzo!

[As Kawajiri yells at the referee in Japanese, OSL drops to the concrete and goes over to the corner, grabbing the fallen Marquardt and literally dragging him across the ring, until he is in his comrades' corner.]

GM: Marquardt tags out to MISTER! I don't think Kawajiri knows!

BW: The referee does! That nod just acknowledges it.

[Der Oger aus Innsbruck charges at Kawajiri. The Iron Badger turns around just in time to eat a huge boot.]

BW: No one would ever pick Kawajiri as a man to win a beauty contest, but if he ever had a chance, MISTER's boot just put an end to those ambitions!

[Kawajiri is limp on the mat and MISTER hooks his arms under the Badger's hoisting him in in the air and then bringing him down crashing on the mat.]

BW: Huge belly to belly suplex. I think it's fair to say the tide has turned!

[As Kawajiri is brought up once more, the camera zooms in on his eyes, and while the lights are on, no one is home. Kawajiri is sent into the ropes, MISTER leans forward and as they make contact, Kawajiri is sent into the air.]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP!

[MISTER comes bouncing off the ropes and leaps in the air, legs extended.]

BW: Leg drop across the throat! He's got him covered Gordo!

[Just as the referee's hand is about to hit the mat a third time, the Iron Badger manages to conclusively thrust his shoulder off the mat.]

GM: He only gets two!

BW: Yeah, but that was more of a shrug than it was a kickout!

GM: MISTER is all over Kawajiri as he brings him up to his feet, bends him over and delivers a clubbing forearm to the back.

[MISTER takes hold of Kawajiri's trunks with one hand and the other grips him by the shoulder, and he throws Kawajiri forward, right into the turnbuckle that stands flanked by St. Laurent and Marquardt.]

BW: The Iron Badger is deep in enemy territory now!

GM: You're right Bucky, that's a veritable No Man's Land, as far as Manzo Kawajiri is concerned!

[MISTER tags out to St. Laurent, and OSL stands in front of Kawajiri. He takes several steps backwards.]

BW: He's measuring him up, Gordo!

GM: Yes, but for what?

[That is answered a moment later, as OSL delivers a huge palm strike right to the face.]

GM: Good grief! I think that knocked one of my teeth out!

[OSL stands over the fallen Kawajiri, taunting him, and then delivers a kick to the face. A second kick seems to stir Kawajiri, who slowly pulls himself up, as he comes up, he gets hit with a second hard palm strike. This one however, does not have the desired effect!]

BW: That didn't do anything but make Kawajiri angry!

[After a loud yell, Kawajiri starts to come charging out of the corner, but before he can take more than a step, MISTER leans forward and hooks a thick arm around the Badger's throat, pulling him back in the corner.]

GM: He's choking him Bucky! Where is the referee?

BW: He has until the count of four!

[The light is beginning to fade from the Badger's eyes. As the referee hits four, MISTER raises his arms in the air, releasing Kawajiri, but he's free only long enough to be hooked by Marquardt.]

GM: Give me a break!

[Before the referee can start the count again, he's got someone, or someones, else to deal with.]

GM: Storm and Smythe in the ring!

[As the referee goes to push both of the Bashers back to their corners, all three members of Ringkrieger enter the ring, and begin to put the boots to Kawajiri.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! This is not right, Bucky!

BW: You know as well as I do, Gordo, that the rulebook says that everything the referee doesn't see is perfectly legal.

GM: Will you stop!

[The referee finally gets the Bashers into their corner, and turns around, but MISTER and Marquardt have already exited the ring. OSL drags Kawajiri out of the corner, and stretches his arm out. St. Laurent bounces off the ropes, and hits a headbutt right to Kawajiri's outstretched arm.]

GM: That'll make you reconsider throwing a forearm!

[Kawajiri is brought up once more and sent to the ropes. OSL kicks Kawajiri in the gut and as Kawajiri doubles forward, OSL hooks him up and drops him to the mat with a double underhook suplex.]

GM: St. Laurent looks like he's considering a pin. No, he tags to Marquardt instead.

[Marquardt comes in and sends Kawajiri into the ropes immediately. Marquardt is up in the air, and hurls himself at Kawajiri, twisting his body around the Badger's.]

BW: He's going for the Octopus hold Gordo! If he gets it, it could be all over!

GM: He's got it hooked in! Kawajiri is trapped!

BW: The ref is asking him. He's going to tap!

GM: Kawajiri is staggering, lurching from one side to the other. I think he's completely dazed, Bucky.

[Not quite, as it turns out. The Iron Badger is moving from one side to the other, but its to build momentum. Momentum he eventually seizes upon to drive Marquardt's back into the corner.]

GM: Kawajiri escapes! Can he make it to his corner?

[The camera pulls back, as both Kawajiri and Marquardt struggle towards their corners. Two arms on either side of the ring are stretched out, and the fans make it clear who they're rooting for.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

clap clap clapclapclap

BW: Marquardt tags to St. Laurent!

[St. Laurent comes racing into the ring, Kawajiri is still crawling. With one last valiant effort, he leaps forward....]

GM: HE MAKES THE TAG! SMYTHE IS IN THE RING!

[Smythe is the proverbial house of fire as he drills a closed fist into the charging St. Laurent's face. Marquardt comes into the ring and is taken down by another fist.]

GM: SMYTHE IS CLEANING HOUSE, BUCKY!

BW: WATCH OUT FOR MISTER!

[MISTER and Smythe come nose to nose in the center of the ring. MISTER hauls back and...]

"WHAAAAAAPP PPPP!!!!!"

GM: Good lord almighty, that chop!

[Smythe staggers, but doesn't fall. He's clutching at his chest, and as the camera zooms in, there's already an enormous red hand print on his chest.]

GM: The referee trying to restore order, trying to get MISTER out of the ring. Here comes Storm to do it for him. Dropkick to MISTER.

BW: He just swatted him away Gordo!

[Kawajiri enters the ring and now all six men are in.]

GM: Its chaos and pandemonium in the ring, Bucky!

[The referee tries to get control, but to no avail. As all six men battle, a sudden cheer raises from the crowd as Smythe lifts St. Laurent over his head and holds him there.]

GM: Press slam! St. Laurent is higher than he'll ever want to go. His back is almost touching the ceiling lights.

BW: And when you're that high, you're only heading in one direction.

[Smythe hurls St. Laurent down onto the mat, which bounces the moment the ersatz Brit's back hits it.]

GM: Marquardt charges Smythe... and he's lifted in the air... another press slam! Marquardt rolls out to the floor.

BW: Smythe turns around, and MISTER is waiting for him....

[The crowd screams and howls as Smythe does something that seems nearly impossible. He hoists MISTER into the air, holding him high overhead. As the fans roar their approval, Smyth pumps his arms up and down three times.]

GM: HE'S DOING REPS BUCKY!

[MISTER comes crashing down hard on the mat. Dazed, he begins to sit up. But as he does, Kawajiri comes bouncing off the ropes.]

GM: Sliding lariat!

[The momentum causes both men to go sailing out of the ring, MISTER landing first, with Kawajiri crashing on top of him.]

GM: Near as I can tell, Smythe and St. Laurent are the legal men in the ring.

BW: St. Laurent is slowly getting to his feet. Smythe is behind him. He's got him hooked. He's calling to his partner.

[Storm nods his head and then stomps his foot on the mat three times, before he comes charging forward.]

GM: Superkick! He caught him flush!

[Smythe uses the momentum to bring St. Laurent backwards, hitting a German suplex. He holds the bridge and the referee leaps into position.]

GM: ONE... TWO... THREE!! IT'S OVER!

DING DING DING!!!

RO: HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS... THE TEAM OF THE  
BRRRRRRRIIIIIITTTTTTTTTTIIIIIIIISSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHH

BBBBBBBAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHEEEERRRRSSSSSSSS

AND

MMMMMMMMMAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNZZZZZZZZZZOoooooooo

KKKKKKAAAAAAWWWWWWAAAAAAAJJJJJJIIIIIIIIIRRRRRRRRRRIIIII!!!!

GM: It started overseas, but it ends right here in Dallas, Texas. What an amazing Homecoming these three men have had.

BW: Don't overlook Ringkrieger. They've got nothing to be ashamed of.

GM: I agree with that assessment, Bucky. But nonetheless, the British Bashers and Manzo Kawajiri earn the victory tonight. Now, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou!

[The camera cuts back to the interview area backstage, with "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing in front of the Homecoming banner.]

SLB: Thank you gentlemen, at this time, I'm going to be joined by the two newest members of the Axis, Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter. And you two men are going to have your hands full this weekend against the Kings of Wrestling's contingent of Johnny Detson and Brian James...

[First into frame is Derrick Williams, wearing a bright white suit with a black shirt and matching white tie, also sporting a pair of Ray-Ban Clubmaster sunglasses. Then enters Riley Hunter in a similar suit, his black shirt unbuttoned at the collar, his familiar John Lennon shades buried in a mass of curly blonde and blue hair.]

SLB: Now, gentlemen, the challenge was laid out-

[Williams cuts Lou off]

DW: First, Lou... that's "The Future" Derrick Williams, and second, yeah, the Kings, who must be fine, came up with this battle here.

Now, I COULD address a couple things first but it seems like talk is cheap, and Ryan Martinez won't be doing any of that for a few days thanks to MAWAGA.

And... well, I COULD talk about Jordan Ohara and all that "Fake News" he spouted earlier, but what's the point of giving the Import that wants attention any more than the minimum needed?

[Williams chuckles. Hunter snickers.]

RH: "Import..." I like that... I'm gonna use that, Duke.

DW: But the Kings? See, I'm familiar with Brian Lau... I've heard his story... and what seems to be crystal clear to me is that Lau decided to take his biggest guns and put them up against who he believes to be the Axis' weakest guns.

[Hunter looks shocked. Shocked, I tell you.]

DW: All to keep running this nothing that "the Kings are fine."

[Williams snorts.]

DW: The Kings AREN'T fine, Lou. We all know that's a bunch of crap... so the joke's on Brian Lau. Because when it comes to the Axis... there ARE no weak links. This isn't going to be some workout match where the Kings get a feel good win over the B-team. Because we're no one's B-Team! We're a machine, Lou! Focused... on the same page... there's no dissension here. Just one clear, consistent message. I mean, you don't see Jackson going around whispering in our ears while focusing all of his attention on Juan, do you?

[Hunter speaks up.]

RH: No, no... and if there are two people that the Cousins Hunter know well, it's YOU... Brian James! And it's YOU... John Detson!

Big Bad BJ... bro, you can tell the world how easy it was to get past me in the Semi-Finals at the Battle of Boston but there are only two people in the world who know how much that match balanced on the edge of a coin for so long. You know you were fancy on the edge of a Day of Lavos... and if you get hit with that just once... or if you step into one of the Duke's Blackouts...

[He gestures at Williams who snaps his fingers.]

DW: You go out. No questions.

RH: And Johnny... heh... you must be having serious deja vu. See, my cousin... he knows you. He knows things about you.

DW: He knows you better than Lau knows you.

RH: He knows you better than your own mother, John. He's in your blood. He's in your DNA!

[Williams smirks.]

DW: Look, Brian Lau is one hell of a salesman and he may have sold you guys on this one. He may have sold you that this is going to be an easy night at the office for you. He may have sold you the idea that Jackson and Juan are going to send us into the ring against the Kings unprepared. But the fact is that when you look in the ring this weekend, you're going to look at the Kings' corner... and what do you think you'll see?

RH: Two guys that think they're the top dog and will fight each other to get it?

DW: Exactly! And when you look at the Axis' corner, what will you see?

RH: Two guys gelling like we've been teaming for decades running circles around the "Big Dogs"?

DW: Exactly! You two... Detson and James... you keep doing what you're doing, snipping at each other, and Riley and I will be doing what we do best.

And then come this weekend, we're going to KNOW who's "fine" and who are really just pretenders to OUR throne.

[Williams grins, arching an eyebrow.]

DW: Of course, that's assuming there's even a match this weekend, right? It sounds like - once again - Detson needs his dirty work done for him and if James decides to be his own man...

[He whistles through his teeth as Hunter steps in.]

RH: And Lou, keep in mind... everything we do is for the good of the AWA.

[Williams and Hunter fist bump before heading out of the interview area, leaving Lou on his own.]

SLB: The Axis seems ready for All-Star Showdown... will the Kings be ready as well? We'll find out later tonight but right now, we've got to take another break but when we come back, Director of Operations Emerson Gellar will be joining us for some special announcements that you do NOT want to miss, fans!

[Fade to black...

Fade up on a nondescript hotel room. The footage appears to be shot on a cellphone that's been leaned up against a lamp or something. After a moment, the controversial Japanese cruiserweight known as KYOSUKE walks into view, sitting down in the chair, a smirk on his face.]

"Konichiwa, motherfu-"

[The shot disappears in a burst of static with an error tone...

...and then up to a shot of the exterior of the Nippon Budokan. A voiceover begins.]

"One of Japan's most legendary venues..."

[We get a rapidfire montage of The Beatles playing there in 1966, Led Zeppelin in the 70s, and Prince in the 90s. The footage "burns up in flames" leaving a shot of an empty arena, a wrestling ring in the middle with the Tiger Paw Pro logo in the middle of it.]

"...goes up in BURNING GLORY!"

[Cut to some Tiger Paw Pro footage to the sounds of "Light In The Dark" by Bridear...

Yoshinari Taguchi using a released Tiger Suplex to throw an opponent on the back of their head before wrapping them up in a double armbar bridging submission.

TORA diving through the ropes, wiping out an opponent with a tope con hilo.

Hercules Hammonds catching a rebounding opponent, throwing them skyward and then vacating the premises as they crash facefirst to the canvas.

Isaiah Carpenter of the Dogs of War sailing off the top rope with a springboard kneestrike, knocking a victim off the shoulders of Wade Walker.

Isamu Kobayashi trading vicious open-handed strikes with Takeshi Mifune... the latter of which batters Kobayashi back before using a knee to the sternum to knock him through the ropes where he's swarmed by a sea of unnamed attackers all sporting similar attire.

And finally, KYOSUKE crossing his arms on the top rope in an "X" before delivering a flying doublestomp.]

"On September 11th... on Fox Sports X... a very special presentation..."

[More footage.

Brian James delivering a head kick to an opponent, causing their eyes to roll back in their head before collapsing to the canvas.

A wild eight man tag team match with several dives over the top rope to the floor.]

"BURNING GLORY."

[Cut to white and silence. After a moment, KYOSUKE - now dressed in a bright red suit and swinging a golden pocketwatch on a chain walks into the middle of the screen, turning and speaking in broken English.]

"Don't miss it..."

[A devilish smirk.]

"...assho-"

[And cut to black.

We fade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing outside the door marked "LOCKER ROOM."]



MS: Tiger Paw Pro's BURNING GLORY super event is under a week away, fans, and will be broadcast right here LIVE on The X - you do not want to miss that. Ladies and gentlemen, we are back here live at Homecom-

[A loud "CLANG!" is heard from inside the room, causing Stegglet to freeze in his verbal tracks and jump slightly. He grimaces.]

MS: And inside this room is the former AWA World Champion Ryan Martinez who-

[Another loud "CLUNK!" is heard.]

MS: -obviously is experiencing some frustration after his match with MAWAGA earlier tonight. He may have picked up the win in that one but he was physically dominated and... well, let's see if we can get a word.

[Stegglet takes a deep breath before he pushes the door open, finding the AWA's White Knight in his ring gear, sitting on a wooden bench with his head down. The room is in obviously disarray with some chairs overturned and a locker door barely hanging on to the hinges. One of his boots has been removed and the other is sitting unlaced on his foot. He's breathing heavily as Stegglet approaches.]

MS: Ryan...

[No response.]

MS: Ryan, if I could get a quick word...

[Martinez sighs deeply as he looks up at Stegglet.]

RM: What? What could you possibly want right now, Mark?

[Stegglet approaches.]

MS: I think the fans - everyone really - wants to know your state of mind after what happened earlier.

[Martinez lets loose a humorless chuckle.]

RM: My state of mind, huh?

MS: Sure. You're obviously upset... probably frustrated...

[Martinez surges to his feet, his boot in hand as he whips around and hurls it into a locker, leaving a healthy dent in the metal and a clanging sound echoing through the room. He spins back towards Stegglet who takes two steps back.]

RM: FRUSTRATED ISN'T THE DAMN WORD FOR IT, MARK!

[Martinez is fuming mad at this point, his entire body heaving with every exhale.]

RM: Look... everyone knows what I've been through this year... physically... emotionally. My title... the neck... the arm...

[He slaps his belly which is getting more in shape but still has a little roundness to it.]

RM: Not being able to get back in ring shape quick enough... not being who I used to be in there.

[He shakes his head.]

RM: So yeah... it's frustrating. But not as frustrating as sitting back and watching Vasquez and his buddies run roughshod over this place. I try to stand up to them... and I've failed over and over again, Mark. So, yeah... you can say I'm frustrated for su...

[Martinez trails off as the door swings open. An agitated-looking Chris Blue walks into view. He throws a glance at the camera.]

CB: Maybe I'll come back later.

RM: You're already here, just spit it out Blue - what do you want?

[Blue bites his lower lip nervously as he looks at the camera again and then speaks.]

CB: Alright, sure. Did you see what happened to Jason out there?

[Martinez sits back down, shaking his head.]

RM: Jason who?

[Blue steps closer, sitting next to him.]

CB: Jason Dane, Ryan. Did you see what happened to Jason Dane?

[Martinez again lets loose that humorless chuckle, turning to look at the AWA co-owner.]

RM: Chris, why in the hell would anything that happened to Jason Dane matter to me right now?

[Blue looks confused.]

CB: Ryan, he went out there with a live mic... he tried to tell everyone the truth.

RM: And? He failed, right? Just like I did with the Axis.

CB: They cut him off. They wouldn't let him talk. I went and found him, Ryan. He's going to do it. He's going to expose them.

[Martinez is looking down at the floor.]

CB: Ryan, are you listening to me? He's going to expose the-

[Martinez surges to his feet again.]

RM: I DON'T CARE!

[Blue leans back, caught off-guard.]

RM: I... I'm sorry, Chris... but I don't care. I know I should. I know I should be getting ready for the fight to come but... all I can think about is Vasquez. He's there all the time. When I sleep... when I wake up... he's in my nightmares. When I'm at the gym, he's all I can see. When I'm signing autographs, everyone wants to know when I'm going to take him down. Don't you get it, Chris? I can't do a damn thing... I'm of no use to you at all... until I finish off Juan Vasquez and the Axis.

[Blue gets to his feet, shaking his head.]

CB: Ryan, who the hell cares about the Axis right-

RM: I DO!

[A pause.]

RM: I do, Chris. It's all I care about.

[Blue nods.]

CB: I get it.

RM: Do you?

[Blue nods again.]

CB: Yeah.

[The disappointment in his voice is obvious as he heads towards the locker room door.]

RM: I'm sorry.

[But Blue does not respond, exiting the room and walking out of view, leaving Ryan Martinez and Mark Stegglet behind.]

RM: Well... got your story?

[Stegglet is speechless as he looks at the AWA's White Knight.]

MS: Thanks, Ryan.

[Martinez gives a nod as we slowly fade through black to another part of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing, an eyebrow arched at what we just saw.]

SLB: Some obvious tension between former World Champion Ryan Martinez and AWA co-owner Chris Blue about something... but right now, my guest has a big night of his own to deal with. Emerson Gellar, come on in here...

[The shot pulls back as Gellar steps into view alongside Blackwell.]

SLB: It's been a wild and exciting night of action here at Homecoming and your night, sir, is only just getting started because at some point this evening, you intend to address Casey James and Tiger Claw inside that ring.

[Gellar nods.]

EG: That's certainly the plan. We know that James and Claw are in the building so I'm hopeful that once the three of us can get in that ring as men, we can hammer out some sort of an accord to put this nasty situation behind us.

SLB: Good luck to you on that, Mr. Gellar, but I also understand it's that time of the night when you've got a couple of announcements for us.

EG: You're absolutely right, Lou. First, I want to talk about this coming weekend and the All-Star Showdown that will be going down LIVE in prime time on the FOX Network. Of course, we're very excited about this event and I wanted to take a moment to run down some of the matches you can expect to see that night.

[Gellar pauses.]

EG: As everyone heard earlier tonight, one of the featured matches will be a tag team showdown pitting members of the Axis - Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter - against members of the Kings of Wrestling - Brian James and Johnny Detson. I know I'm looking forward to that one.

Also, earlier tonight, we heard Flex Ferrigno and Kerry Kendrick make some demands... and moments ago, I received a phone call from David Ortiz himself. Big Papi is coming to All-Star Showdown!

[Big cheer inside the building to a smile from Gellar.]

EG: So, Kerry Kendrick will get his wish... he'll conduct a live interview on FOX with David Ortiz.

One other match to announce for this one... the Women's Division will be on display at All-Star Showdown. Now, as of right now, we don't have the exact match but my team is working on it and I hope to have that announcement later tonight, Lou.

SLB: Alright, big news all around. Mr. Gellar, I've gotta ask the question. Earlier this week, there were a lot of rumors swirling about a major international show coming to the AWA in 2017. I know the AWA usually announces all that at SuperClash but what about it? Do you have a scoop for us here tonight at Homecoming?

[Gellar grins.]

EG: In fact, I do, Lou. We're still hammering out the details but I can tell you that in 2017, the AWA will be heading to Mexico for a major live event!

[Another big cheer inside the building!]

EG: The whens and wheres are still being sorted out but in honor of this big announcement, we've invited some of our friends from SouthWest Lucha Libre to join us on the September 17th Saturday Night Wrestling to be in action and I can't wait for that.

SLB: More big news for the AWA and of course, now it's time to get down to why you've joined us right now... the host city for next year's SuperClash!

[Gellar nods.]

EG: That's right, Lou. As everyone knows, we've spent the last several weeks crossing cities off the list of potential host sites for SuperClash. Well, this week, we'll be knocking one more off the list... but we'll also be announcing the venues in competition for the biggest event of the year for the AWA as well. You ready, Lou?

SLB: You bet. Can we throw that list up on the screen for the fans at home please?

[The graphic comes up revealing the list in question: Toronto, London, Tokyo, Los Angeles, Atlanta, and Chicago.]

SLB: There it is, fans... the final six cities still under consideration to host SuperClash next year. Well, Mr. Gellar... which one comes off the list this week?

[Gellar pauses.]

EG: Lou, as we get closer to narrowing this list down to the end, these decisions get harder and harder for our team. And we had such an amazing time in London - the crowd, the atmosphere... but London has been removed from consideration for next year's SuperClash.

SLB: Jolly ol' England gets the bump which leaves us with Toronto and Tokyo as our international destinations and with Los Angeles, Atlanta, and Chicago as our options back here at home. Now, you said you wanted to announce the arenas and stadiums in each city vying for the biggest show of the year.

EG: That's right. Now, first up... I don't think it'll come as a surprise to anyone that in Tokyo, we're considering the site of the first two Rising Sun Showdown events, the Tokyo Dome.

SLB: Fair enough. How about in Chicago?

EG: There were a lot of good sites in Chicago but at the end of the day, the one that intrigued us the most was Wrigley Field - home of the Cubbies!

SLB: What a night that would be, fans... how about our other international destination, Toronto?

EG: When we sat down and really looked at Toronto, there really seemed to be one option that stood out over the other - a building that has hosted a ton of great pro wrestling over the years. The former SkyDome - the Rogers Centre.

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: And down in Los Angeles?

EG: Another interesting city with lots of options for venues. We thought long and hard about this one as well and ultimately landed on the potential to make major history. In Los Angeles, we would be looking at the Memorial Coliseum and an attendance that would shatter any previous record... well over 100,000.

SLB: Goodness! And lastly, what about Atlanta?

EG: Atlanta has proven difficult for us, Lou. Atlanta really came into the picture when the city approached us about closing out the historic Georgia Dome for them. The Dome is set for demolition at some point late in 2017 and, well... many wanted us - including many in our own locker room - to be the final event there. At this time however, the venue is set to be demolished BEFORE SuperClash. Negotiations are ongoing however so right now, we've pencilled in the Georgia Dome as a potential host venue of SuperClash but that is definitely subject to change.

SLB: There you have it, fans. Five great cities remaining with five great venues to choose from! Mr. Gellar, we're about to head back down to ringside for what should be an outstanding battle between two old rivals - perhaps the final encounter between "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez! I know you will not want to miss that so I'll let you take your leave.

[Gellar smiles with a nod as he exits.]

SLB: And with that, I take you to footage captured earlier tonight when the former AWA National Champion "Hotshot" Stevie Scott talked with our own, Gordon Myers. Let's roll it!

[We fade to pre-recorded footage where Gordon Myers is standing alongside former AWA National Champion and AWA Original, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Scott, at this time, is dressed in a pair of blue jeans with an old "SWEET HEAT" t-shirt.]

GM: I am here with "Hotshot" Stevie Scott just hours before what many have speculated may be his final match in professional wrestling when he takes on his old rival, Juan Vasquez, in front of the crowd that made their feud famous here in Dallas, Texas. Stevie, I'm sure the emotions are running high here tonight.

[Stevie nods.]

HSS: That's putting it mildly, Gordon. My head is just overrun here today. As I was driving to the building tonight, I drove past the old Studios downtown where Vasquez put me through a wall. I drove past the Crockett where... so many memories there too.

[Stevie pauses, shaking his head.]

HSS: It's hard to believe that in just a little while, this might be all coming to an end.

GM: So, the retirement speculation is real? This is it for you?

HSS: Gordon, I've always believe that you won't know you're done until you're done. So, could I walk down that aisle tonight, put a beating on Vasquez the likes of which he hasn't felt in years, and decide that I've got one more run left in my body... sure, it could happen. Or I might get out there, do what needs to be done, take a deep breath, and say, "Yeah. That's it." I don't know which one will happen tonight, Gordon... but I know this is going to be special.

The marquee says it all, Gordon.

Juan Vasquez. "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Dallas, Texas. One more time.

[Gordon smiles.]

GM: One for the ages.

HSS: That's right, Gordon. Look, I've never been one for humility. This company has turned into a global juggernaut... but I remember climbing into the ring that first night in a TV studio in Dallas, talking to Tin Can Rust. It was... it was special, Gordon. You could feel it was special. And I think we all knew it was special. The boys, the office, the fans.

But until Stevie Scott climbed inside that ring with Juan Vasquez, the entire world didn't get let in on wrestling's best kept secret. But once we hooked it up as Big Jim would say... then the whole world knew it was special too.

We fought for months... over a year. We traded wins back and forth. Traded the title back and forth. We spilled blood. We broke bones. We shortened each other's careers.

[Stevie grabs at the back of his neck.]

HSS: Maybe one of us got shortened more than the other. But through it all, we put this company on our backs and made it the place to be. Made it the place where the stars of the past wanted one more run and the stars of the future wanted to make their mark.

We helped build this place, Juan... which is why I can't understand why you'd try to tear it down.

[Gordon interjects.]

GM: I think Juan Vasquez would take issue with that, Stevie. He says he's trying to make the AWA great again... trying to take it back to a time when you and he were on top of the world.

HSS: Trying to make it great again, huh? By running with a pack of jackals like Hunter and Zharkov and Williams? By ruining matches? By trying to hurt people - good people like Willie Hammer and Sweet Daddy Williams? That's how you're going to make the AWA great again?

Look, I'd like to be on top of the world again too. I'd love to be able to relive our glory days, Juan... but you and I know that's not going to happen. You and I both know that we're a lot closer to the end of our careers than the beginning.

So, unless you've got a Time Machine to go along with that Right Cross, our time has passed, Juan. But unlike you, I've decided to let it go. I've decided to walk away while I can still walk. I don't want to spend the rest of my days like James Monosso or Eric Preston. I want to spend my days walking on the beach with my wife and playing ball with my kids.

You're willing to risk it all for one more chance... one more day... one more time on top of the wrestling world. And not only are you willing to risk it all physically... but you're willing to burn your soul to ash to do it too.

[Scott pauses.]

HSS: That's why I showed up at SuperClash last year. I could see it in your eyes. I knew this was coming and I thought I could stop it. I thought I could talk you down like I did so long ago.

I was wrong.

And so I stepped aside and let others try to do what I couldn't. And in doing so, I watched good men like Ryan Martinez... like Hannibal Carver... like Willie Hammer...

[Stevie jerks a thumb at his "SWEET HEAT" t-shirt.]

HSS: ...like Sweet Daddy Williams get put down by you. I failed them. Their blood is on my hands because I couldn't do what needed to be done almost a year ago. This match should've happened then. This fight should've been what came next after that night.

But I wasn't sure I could do it anymore. I wasn't sure I could get back in that ring and fight you without risking everything in my world. Everything I walked away to save.

But when I saw what you did to Sweet Daddy...

[Scott shakes his head.]

HSS: I couldn't stand by and do nothing any longer. Someone needed to stop you. Someone needed to stand up and put you down.

Who better than the guy who built a legacy fighting you?

[Gordon speaks again.]

GM: Stevie, your history of neck issues is well known. Are you afraid of the piledriver?

[Stevie takes a deep exhale.]

HSS: I'd be lying if I said I wasn't, Gordon. Don't forget, I felt Vasquez' piledriver before... and that one put me on the path to all of these neck problems. My doctors have made it clear to me that if I take that piledriver tonight, there's a chance I end up in a wheelchair.

But it's a chance I feel like I have to take, Gordon. It's the right thing to do for all of those people that he's already put out... and the right thing to do for all of the people he might still get this hands on.

Now, that doesn't mean I won't fight like hell if he goes for it...

[Stevie and Gordon chuckle.]

GM: In wrapping this up, Stevie... if this IS the end of the line for your career, how do you want the people to remember you?

[Stevie pauses, stroking his chin for a moment.]

HSS: That's a tough one, Gordon. I've been a villain. I've been a hero. I've been the guy who would break every rule in the book to win a piece of gold and be even worse to keep it. I've been the guy who will stay until the end of the night, signing every autograph in the place. I've been a challenger... and I've been a champion.

So, I don't know how the people will remember me, Gordon. Maybe all of that gets washed aside and the only thing they remember is tonight. Maybe this is the night that puts me in the Hall of Fame or leaves me standing on the sidelines.

Maybe it all comes down to this.

Vasquez. Scott. Dallas, Texas. One more time.

[And there it is... the STEVIEGRIN~!]

HSS: Not a bad way to go out.

[Scott turns, shaking Gordon's hands.]

HSS: Gordon, it has been a pleasure. Thank you for all you've given this business over the years.

GM: Likewise, Mr. Scott. Likewise.

[Stevie Scott turns to exit, walking out of the camera's frame as we fade to a shot of Juan Vasquez, standing inside his dressing room. Vasquez is dressed in his usual wrestling attire, consisting of black leg-length tights with blue flames running up the sides. He's pacing back and forth with his head lowered in thought, before he finally stops right in front of the camera.]

JV: "Stevie Scott vs Juan Vasquez"

[He clenches and unclenches his hands, as if he can't quite grasp all the excitement presented to him.]

JV: It just sounds right. It just FEELS right.

But after tonight?

[He freezes.]



JV: Never again.

[Juan levels his gaze with the cameras. He does not look happy.]

JV: Because you're a relic of the past, Stevie Scott. A reminder of the greatness that was and the greatness that can once again be. But I'm not just a piece of the AWA's glorious past, Stevie. No no no. I'm SO much more.

I'm its heart. I'm its soul. I'm a piece of its glorious past...but I'm also the man that will be responsible for its amazing, wondrous future!

[An angered sigh.]

JV: And yet, here you are again, Stevie, standing in my way.

[Juan rolls his eyes.]

JV: I've always said that when Juan Vasquez put his mind to something, there wasn't a damn thing in the world that could stop him. And twenty years of clawing, scratching, and fighting for every single bit of fame, fortune, and respect that came my way says that I ain't wrong about that.

[He holds up a finger.]

JV: But you almost did it, Stevie Scott.

[Juan tenses up when he says that, as if he's deeply disturbed by that statement.]

JV: In all my years of wrestling, only one man ever came close to making me quit and walk away. Only one man ever outmanned, outplanned, outgunned, and outclassed Juan Vasquez. And in one brief moment of weakness, I was ready to admit you were the better man.

[A smirk.]

JV: Of course, I DIDN'T actually do that because I'm Juan Vasquez and I'm not a pathetic quitter...but the thought did cross my mind and honestly, that's more than anyone else has ever been able to accomplish.

I've faced them all: Martinez, Courtade, Langseth, Matthews, Annis...the list can go on and on. Some of the greatest to ever lace up a pair of wrestling boots and I didn't sweat any of them. You know why? Because when it came right down to it, I knew they didn't have what I have right here...

[He points to his temple.]

JV: ...and right here.

[He points to his heart.]

JV: But YOU did, Stevie Scott, you magnificent son of a bitch. Who would have ever thought you'd turn out to be the greatest opponent I ever had?

[Vasquez laughs, almost in disbelief.]

JV: Do you ever look back and wonder to yourself how your life would have been if Juan Vasquez never stood in your way?

Would they still tell the world how the greatest wrestling promotion the world has ever seen was built on the back of your blood, sweat, and tears? Would they still call you the greatest National Champion the AWA ever had? Would they still remember you as a legend?

Hell, would there still be an AWA?

[He shakes his head, dismissing that line of thinking.]

JV: We made each other great, Stevie. That's a FACT. We needed each other to reach that level of rarefied air that so many in this sport can't even begin to dream of. And by making each other great, we made the AWA great.

[A big grin forms when he says that last line.]

JV: But I'll tell you right now, there's not a damn man in the AWA lockerroom today worthy of stepping into your shoes.

And yet, the world expects me to pass the torch and leave this kingdom we built to those same men. To those disappointments. To those underachievers. To this group of disrespectful, ignorant dumb children who haven't even experienced a fraction of the adversity we had to go through to even begin to understand what it truly means to be great.

For them, they're asking, they're begging, they're DEMANDING that the greatest wrestler the world has ever known to step aside.

[His expression turns deathly serious, his voice a defiant, hate-filled hiss.]

JV: I'd sooner let the AWA burn.

[There's no tension-cutting smirk or disarming laugh. He's completely serious.]

JV: If any of these pissants were worth a damn, they would've actually held the line. They would've resisted. They would've gave as good as they got and they would've won my respect as a worthy adversary.

Just like you did.

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: But it was too easy, Stevie. It was too damn easy. Compared to you, there's no comparison at all.

The brightest minds and the most brilliant talents the AWA had to offer have all stood against me...

...and I've barely broken a sweat.

[He grins.]

JV: Do you know why I stay on top of the world?

Because no one else deserves to be here.

[A beat.]

JV: Maybe once upon a time you did, Stevie, but when I gave you that piledriver at SuperClash II, I didn't just take away your neck... I took your heart. I took your

desire. I took away everything that made you great and you were never the same again.

Because you were my equal, Stevie...

...and the only way to defeat you, was to end you.

[There's no theatrics from Vasquez. That's just a simple statement of fact.]

JV: And I know you'll admit I'm right, because you were equal and you knew that's also the only way you'd ever defeat ME.

[A sigh.]

JV: But that was forever and a day ago, Stevie, and the man that was once my equal, ain't the man that he used to be. Maybe you can turn back the clock. Maybe you can capture a little bit of that ruthlessness, that passion, that desire that made you the greatest man I ever faced inside a wrestling ring.

Maybe.

But you've already seen your ending: Husband. Father. Family man.

The worst thing I ever did to you was civilize you and make you realize there was a world beyond the AWA.

[Juan tilts his head to the side and smirks.]

JV: Are you ready to give all that up just to end me? Tell me old man, do you still have it in you to do what must be done?

[The smirk turns into a grim scowl, as Vasquez stares deeply at the camera, his voice filled with barely-held anger and unwavering conviction.]

JV: Because I'll tell you right now, Stevie, there's NOTHING I wouldn't sacrifice...

...to make the AWA great again.

[Fade to black...

...And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black,..

...and then back up to a panning shot of the American Airlines Arena crowd buzzing over what they're about to witness.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen... whether you're joining us tonight for the 100th time watching AWA television or the very first, you should know that you're about to witness something special. When the AWA was in its infancy, there was one match... one rivalry... one feud that set the standard for what the AWA was about. Some have said the AWA itself was built on the back of this feud. Two of the greatest to ever lace up boots not just for the AWA but for the wrestling world in totality will step into that ring tonight to face each other for what most believe will be the final time. The names "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez are synonymous with the American Wrestling Alliance and for the final time - fittingly tonight here at Homecoming in Dallas, Texas - those two names are set to collide. This... is going to be special. Very, very special indeed. Rebecca Ortiz... the floor is yours.

[We cut to the ring where Rebecca is standing.]

RO: The following contest is one-half of tonight's DOUBLE MAIN EVENT!

[Big cheer!]

RO: It is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The lights throughout the American Airlines Arena cut to black prompting an "oooooooooh" from the crowd.]

A few moments in darkness pass before the opening chords to Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Free Bird" ring out over the PA system. The roar of the Dallas crowd is earsplitting, ready to welcome home one of their heroes who is responsible for the sold out crowd jammed in the building.]

RO: From St. Louis, Missouri... weighing in tonight at 252 pounds... he is a former TWO-TIME AWA National Champion... he is one of the pillars that the AWA was built on...

He is...

"HOTSHOOOOOOT"

STEEEEEEEEEEVIEEEEEEEEEEEEE

SCOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOTTTTTTTTT!

[A spotlight hits the entryway as "Hotshot" Stevie Scott arrives - a little heavier than his peak in-ring days... a little more facial hair than we might remember. He's dressed in a deep crimson robe, trimmed in silver with gems sprinkled all over. Scott smiles at the crowd's reaction, soaking it in as he does a slow turn, showing off the robe to all who can see him. Across his back in silver are the words "One More Time."]

GM: There it is, Bucky... one more time.

BW: You can never say never in this sport, Gordo... but I believe we're about to see "Hotshot" Stevie Scott inside a professional wrestling ring for the final time.

GM: And if that's the case, there can be no better final opponent for Stevie Scott than Juan Vasquez. It was the Main Event of the very first SuperClash in a rivalry so hot that it was also the Main Event of SuperClash II! Tonight, it's the co-Main Event of Homecoming and I can't think of a more fitting city to see this final showdown than Dallas, Texas.

[Scott climbs the ringsteps, gesturing to referee Davis Warren who steps over to sit on the middle rope - just like old times - as Scott steps through. He does another spin as the spotlights hit the middle of the ring, shedding the robe before handing it off to a ringside attendant to reveal a pair of white trunks with "HOTSHOT" written across the rump. He grabs the top rope, giving it a few tugs, staying all business as he awaits the arrival of his long-time rival and his music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The American Airlines Arena goes dark, as Franz Schubert's "Ave Maria" begins to play. On the big screen, we see a shot of Juan Vasquez and rest of The Axis of Evil, making their way down a corridor towards the entranceway. As they walk, there's slow fade outs, jumping from Jackson Hunter to Maxim Zharkov to Derrick Williams MAWAGA to Riley Hunter and finally to Vasquez, their demeanor all business. As they reach the curtain, the rest of the Axis stops and Vasquez steps through. As he does so, the video on the big screen cuts out and we're left in total darkness and "Ave Maria" stops playing over the PA system, replaced by a more familiar piece of music.]

#It's dark...and hell is hot#

[Suddenly, large columns of flame erupt from the top of the aisle.]

"WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!"

[DMX's "Ain't No Sunshine" plays as the top of the ramp is flooded in white light, where we see a silhouette with both arms thrust triumphantly into the air. As the lights return to normal inside the arena, the boos immediately begin when we see Juan Vasquez standing in front of the big screen, where in ten foot high lettering, we see the words "MAKE THE AWA GREAT AGAIN" appear.]

RO: He hails from Los Angeles, California... weighing in tonight at 238 pounds... he represents the Axis of Evil... he is a TWO-TIME AWA National Champion... he is a former World Champion... he is a member of the professional wrestling Hall of Fame...

Ladies and gentlemen...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VASSSSSSSSQUEEEEEZZZZZZZ!

[Vasquez lowers his arms and begins his walk towards the ring, looking more serious and focused than usual. He 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 wears the same wrestling tights he had on before, black with blue flames on the side. In his hand, he clutches the metal briefcase that contains his newly-won Steal The Spotlight contract as he stares up at the ring where Stevie Scott is standing and waiting for him.]

GM: There it is, fans. The conflict we've been waiting months for. Ever since Stevie Scott made his return to the AWA and made this challenge, we've been waiting to see what comes next.

BW: The time for waiting is over, Gordo - 'cause we're about to find out.

[Vasquez pulls himself up on the apron, turning to berate the crowd that is reading him the riot act.]

GM: Oh, come on! Leave the fans alone, Vasquez! You've got bigger problems than-

[On cue, Gordon Myers is proved correct as Stevie Scott slides to the floor, quickly snatching up the timekeeper's chair.]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[Scott slides back in, sizing up Vasquez who still has his back to the Hotshot...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

[The blow sends Vasquez falling off the apron to the floor as the Dallas crowd roars for the sneak attack!]

GM: Stevie Scott with that steel chair from behind!

BW: Vasquez never saw it coming!

GM: He certainly didn't... and now Stevie Scott is going outside the ring... he's going out after him!

[Scott pulls Vasquez off the floor, still in his ring jacket. Scott promptly grabs him by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and whips him spinefirst into the barricade at ringside!]

GM: VASQUEZ MEETS THE STEEL!

[Scott approaches Vasquez who is reeling against the ringside barricade, grabbing him by the hair, pulling him into a side headlock where he repeatedly drives his clenched fist into the face!]

GM: The Hotshot is opening up on Vasquez - right hand after right hand to the skull!

[The crowd at ringside is roaring as Scott pushes Vasquez' face back, opening him up over the railing, and SMASHES an overhand chop down across Vasquez' chest. He grabs him by the arm again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sends him crashing backfirst into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Good grief, Bucky!

BW: Stevie Scott didn't come to Dallas to wrestle, daddy - he came here to fight!

[Scott ducks down, digging under the ring apron.]

GM: Wait a minute! This isn't a No Disqualification match! He can't-

[Scott retrieves a pair of steel chairs, flinging them recklessly over the ropes into the ring, sending the referee scurrying away. He ducks down again, pulling a metal trash can into view to a big cheer!]

GM: Scott's got a trash can! He's gonna take out the trash here at Homecoming!

[The Hotshot winds up with the metal can overhead, ready to drive it down...

...and the fans erupt into jeers as Vasquez rolls under the ropes to the safety of the ring before he can.]

GM: Juan Vasquez flees to the ring, crawling across towards the official... oh! Scott rockets that can over the top, almost landing right on top of Vasquez as well.

[The Hotshot rolls back into the ring, the referee reprimanding him as he gets to his feet...

...which is Scott's cue to grab Davis Warren by the hair, run across the ring, and HURL him over the top rope to a huge mixed response!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: That's it! Ring the bell!

GM: But the match hasn't even officially started yet! He can't disqualify Stevie Scott before the match even starts... can he?!

BW: I'm not sure but someone needs to get control of Stevie Scott!

[Scott retrieves one of the steel chairs off the mat, lifting it over his head as Vasquez continues to crawl on all fours across the ring...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER BLOW WITH THE CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK! GOOD GRIEF!

[Scott smirks as he unfolds the chair, setting it down on the mat...]

GM: What's he got in mind here?

[...and then takes a seat in it, drawing some laughter from the crowd as he grabs the downed Vasquez by the hair, pulling his head up so that he can look into his rival's eyes.]

"This is on me, Juan. I should've ended this before it started. I can't go back and do it... but I can do it now!"

[Scott abruptly gets up and SLAMS Vasquez facefirst into the seat of the chair!]

GM: This is a total brawl before the bell even sounds!

[Scott lifts Vasquez' face off the steel again... and SLAMS it down a second time!]

GM: Juan Vasquez did NOT see this coming at all, Bucky.

BW: No way. He thought this was going to be a wrestling match but Stevie Scott is proving otherwise here tonight in Dallas.

[Scott reaches around behind him, tugging at something in the back of his tights...

...and pulls a leather belt into view to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Scott smirks at the crowd's reaction, nodding his head as he reaches down, yanking Vasquez' jacket off. He throws it down to the mat, raising the leather belt back over his head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He whipped him!

BW: And he's not done!

[Scott winds up again and again, lashing down with the belt.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[As Vasquez writhes in pain on the mat, Scott takes the belt in both hands, flipping Vasquez over onto his stomach...]

GM: What's this now?

[...and loops the belt around his rival's throat, planting his boot between the shoulderblades and YANKING back with both hands!]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking Vasquez with that leather strap!

BW: Somebody's gotta put a stop to this, Gordo! He's going too far!

[Scott slips his boot up onto the back of Vasquez' head...



...and DRIVES his face into the mat with a ferocious curbstomp!]

GM: CURBSTOMP! Stevie Scott taking a page right out of Vasquez' own playbook, fans!

[Scott tosses the belt aside, standing over Vasquez with his hands on his hips.]

GM: And listen to these fans! They are showing every bit of their love for Stevie Scott right now in the American Airlines Arena!

[Walking around the ring, Scott picks up the metal trash can that he tossed into the ring earlier, waiting as he watches Vasquez crawl to the corner, dragging himself to his feet with the aid of the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: TRASH CAN RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[Vasquez slumps forward, falling to his knees in front of his longtime rival who looks down at him...]

...and then slides the dented trash can over his head!]

GM: What the...?

BW: Come on! Somebody put a stop to this! Somebody-

[Scott retrieves another chair off the mat, this one the wooden chair belonging to the timekeeper. He winds up with it...]

GM: Uh oh!

[...and freezes as the crowd starts jeering wildly. But the AWA faithful has not turned on Stevie Scott - rather they've caught sight of Jackson Hunter, the managerial mind behind the Axis of Evil, jogging quickly down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: It's Hunter! Jackson Hunter heading out here!

BW: Thank the maker!

[Hunter is screaming at the ring, waving his arms wildly as he climbs up on the ring apron, shouting at Stevie Scott who arches an eyebrow in response...]

GM: Hunter is reading Stevie Scott the riot act!

BW: If nothing else, he's buying Juan Vasquez time to recover, Gordo.

GM: That much is true. Scott staring at Hunter and-

[Scott rushes Hunter, taking a baseball type-swing at Hunter who yelps as he drops to the floor, narrowly avoiding getting his head taken off by the Hotshot...]

...which allows Vasquez enough time to crawl across the ring, shedding the trash can as he does...]

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[...and swing his arm up between Scott's legs, driving it into the Hotshot's soft spot!]

GM: LOW BLOW! Vasquez with the low blow!

BW: There's still no referee! Stevie Scott took out the referee!

GM: We've got chairs in the ring! We've got a trash can in there! A leather strap! This has been wild from the outset and we still don't even have an official match yet!

[With Scott reeling from the low blow, Vasquez regains his feet, snatching up the metal trash can...

...and BASHING it down between the eyes of the Hotshot, sending him down to the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! What a vile shot with that trash can!

[With Scott prone on the canvas, Vasquez swings the dented can down, smashing it against Scott's torso...

...and then walks the short distance to the corner, stepping up on the middle rope. He gives a shout at the fans, shouting "MAKING THE AWA GREAT AGAIN!" to big jeers as he hurls himself to the sky!]

GM: BACKSPLASH!

[Vasquez CRUSHES the metal can beneath him, driving it down into Scott's torso as the crowd groans with sympathy for the Hotshot. Vasquez sits up on the mat, wincing in pain, arching his back as Jackson Hunter slaps the canvas, shouting his approval for what he just saw.]

GM: Jackson Hunter just told Vasquez not to let up! He told him to finish the job! They don't care about winning this match, Bucky, they care about hurting Stevie Scott!

BW: Well, I'd imagine winning the match is important to Juan Vasquez because of their history but putting Scott in the hospital - or worse - might be just as good as a win to them too.

[Vasquez is holding his back as he climbs off the canvas, looking down at the still-prone Stevie Scott. He looks around the ring for a moment and then retrieves one of the metal chairs on the canvas. He opens it up, setting it down on the canvas before pulling Scott to his feet.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this, Bucky. Not one bit.

[And with the aid of Jackson Hunter, Vasquez pushes Scott back against the ropes, tying up his arms so that they're wide open, leaving his head full exposed. Hunter stays on the apron, holding onto the ropes as a smirking Vasquez backs up, snatching up the metal chair...]

"Say good night, Stevie!"

[...and pulls it back over his head, ready to strike!]

GM: No, no! This will do serious, permanent damage, damn it! Somebody stop this! Somebody-

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: OHARA! JORDAN OHARA! THE PHOENIX IS COMING!

[The young rookie SPRINTS down the aisle towards the ring, diving headfirst under the bottom rope behind Vasquez. He pops to his feet, snatching the chair with both hands, yanking it out of Vasquez' grip!]

GM: Oh! Ohara takes the chair away from Vasquez!

[The irate leader of the Axis spins around, right arm cocked back and ready to fire but Ohara is ready for him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and lands a big knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Ohh! Ohara lands a chop... and another... and a third!

[Vasquez gets backed across the ring by the youthful Ohara's knife edge chops, putting him up against the ropes...]

...where a big clothesline takes the leader of the Axis over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the floor!]

GM: And Jordan Ohara clears the ring! Ohara gets Vasquez out of there!

[Hunter rushes to Vasquez' side out on the floor, trying to check on him as Ohara moves to the other ropes, untying Stevie Scott's trapped arms.]

GM: Ohara freeing Scott from the ropes. What a valiant move by young Ohara who has no tie... no connection to Stevie Scott that we know of. But we heard what he had to say earlier tonight... we heard his words aimed at Derrick Williams and the rest of the Axis!

BW: Speak of the Devil, daddy!

[And the jeers from the crowd pick up again as Derrick Williams and Riley Hunter come walking down the aisle, heading straight for the ring.]

GM: Here comes trouble for Ohara!

[Jordan Ohara gets Stevie Scott free. The Hotshot drops to a knee, reeling in pain as Ohara whispers to him...]

...and then turns, charging across the ring at top speed...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope, throwing himself onto both Williams and Hunter with a big dive that wipes both men out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHARA TAKES OUT HUNTER AND WILLIAMS! THIS KID'S COME TO FIGHT, FANS!

[A pissed-off Vasquez storms around the ring apron, running at a full clip as Ohara gets back up...]

...and Vasquez DRILLS Ohara in the back of the head, knocking him down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHH! VASQUEZ NAILS OHARA FROM BEHIND!

[Vasquez is putting the boots to Ohara out on the floor when suddenly a flood of security comes pouring from the locker room area. Emerson Gellar is right there with them, shouting orders to "get them the hell apart!"]

GM: The crowd here in Dallas is at a fever pitch! Security's out here! Emerson Gellar is out here! He's trying to establish some control and... okay, fans... we're going to take a quick break but-

[But as the flood of people at ringside grows, Stevie Scott climbs to his feet, marching across the ring towards the corner...]

GM: No, we're not! No we are not! Stay with this, guys! Don't go to commercial!

[Scott quickly climbs to the second rope, throwing a glance out at ringside as the Dallas crowd surges to their feet, getting louder and louder as he steps to the top rope, turning his back to the growing pile of bodies at ringside...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! STEVIE SCOTT ON THE TOP ROPE! STEVIE SCOTT IS-

[...and he HURLS himself backwards in a moonsault off the top, flipping sloppily through the air as he CRASHES down on the pile of bodies underneath, sending them all falling down like dominoes as the crowd ERUPTS in a massive surprised roar!]

GM: OHHHH MYYYYY STAAAARRRRRS!

[The decibel level is near "dull roar" as Scott comes to his feet, throwing his arms up in triumph. He looks around the pile, spotting a laid out Vasquez. Scott yanks his rival off the floor, chucking him under the ropes into the ring...

...and then grabs a nearby Scott Ezra by the hair, pointing him towards the ring!]

GM: Stevie Scott's found himself a new official for this match!

[Ezra slides in, kicking the chairs out of the ring as he waves for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Are you kidding me?! NOW this match is official?!

GM: It would appear that way! A pile of bodies down on the floor! Stevie Scott slides in, he's going for a cover!

[Scott starts to make a lateral press... then pauses, shaking his head, and getting back to his feet.]

GM: What in the world is that about?

BW: Stevie Scott says he's going to end Vasquez' reign of terror here tonight! He can't do that with a lateral press, Gordo! He needs to END Juan Vasquez to be able to raise that big Mission Accomplished banner!

GM: What does that even mean?! A hospital?! A stretcher ride?!

BW: I think we'll know it when we see it and-

GM: I think we're about to see it!

[The Dallas crowd ROARS once more as Scott grabs his dazed rival by the hair, dragging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE PILEDRIVER! Years ago, it was Stevie Scott who first brought the piledriver to the AWA! Of course, at SuperClash II, it was that same piledriver that put Stevie Scott on the shelf with a serious neck injury that many say he never recovered from!

[But before Scott can lift Vasquez into the air, the desperate leader of the Axis straightens up, backdropping the Hotshot over onto the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! And you can hear the disappointment ripple throughout the American Airlines Arena! I think these fans want to see Juan Vasquez ended as badly as Stevie Scott wants to do it!

[Out on the floor, we get a shot of Emerson Gellar and security restoring order. Gellar orders security to form a wall on both sides of the ring, keeping the Hunters and Williams on one side while Jordan Ohara is on the other, cheering on Stevie Scott. Vasquez glares at Ohara with disdain as he pulls Scott off the mat, shoving him back into the corner nearest Ohara.]

GM: Vasquez moving in on Scott...

[Winding up, Vasquez pops Scott across the chest with a stiff knife edge chop!]

GM: Ohh! Big chop by the Steal The Spotlight contract holder!

[On his follow-through, he comes back the other way with a forearm shot across the jaw...

...then another chop!]

GM: Vasquez going to work in the corner!

[Forearm. Chop. Forearm. Chop.]

BW: He's throwing a little violence party for Stevie Scott and the Hotshot's the only one invited, daddy!

[The blows land quicker and stronger until Scott slumps down, falling into a seated position in the corner. Vasquez seamlessly switches positions, grabbing the top rope with both hands as he DRIVES his knee into Scott's face, causing his neck to whiplash backwards...]

GM: Kneestrikes now! Referee, get the man out of the corner!

[Knee after knee to the face repeatedly causes Scott's neck to snap back... and back... and back, putting more and more strain on it.]

GM: Vasquez going after that surgically-repaired neck! Stevie Scott had two vertebrae fused several years ago and you better believe Juan Vasquez knows it!

[Scott Ezra finally wedges himself between Vasquez and Scott, forcing a fuming mad Vasquez to back off...

...but then he runs back in, the official narrowly diving out of the way as Vasquez SLAMS a running knee into the face, causing Scott's neck to snap back one more time before he slumps down to a pile on the canvas.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is a man possessed right now, fans!

[Vasquez turns to look at Ohara...]

"Don't let this happen to you, kid."

[...and gestures mockingly at Scott as Ohara slams his arms down on the canvas, shouting at Vasquez who turns back to his opponent, grabbing him by the legs and dragging him out of the corner towards the middle of the ring.]

GM: Vasquez drags his longtime rival out to the middle of the ring, taking aim at him now... big elbow down to the back of the neck...

[The Hall of Famer gets right back up, dropping another elbow aimed at the neck... and another... and another...]

GM: Elbow drop after elbow drop down to the back of Stevie Scott's surgically repaired neck!

[Scott's body trembles with every blow to the neck as the crowd jeers Vasquez' vicious and calculated attacks.]

GM: And if Stevie Scott was looking to win this by ending Juan Vasquez, I think we're witnessing the very same gameplan on the part of Vasquez, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Every blow to the neck is one that makes Stevie Scott regret the moment he stuck his nose in the business of Juan Vasquez in 2016. Juan was willing to live and let live... but now it may be time to live and let die!

[Juan Vasquez gets to his feet, ready to deliver another elbow but instead throws a dismissive gesture at the downed Scott, turning away from him...]

GM: A little bit of mercy perhaps-

[...and then turns right back, leaping into the air, dropping backfirst down across Stevie's exposed neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Damn him! Damn you, Juan Vasquez!

[Jordan Ohara echoes those words - perhaps a little stronger - from his spot out on the floor as Vasquez sits up on the mat, a shit-eating grin on his face as the Dallas crowd lets him have it.]

GM: Juan Vasquez showing no mercy and that's because Juan Vasquez HAS no mercy, fans. Every bit of the man that we knew for years... the man who so bravely fought Stevie Scott and the Southern Syndicate back seven or eight years ago... that man is dead! He's dead on the inside and all we've got left is this violent, bitter shell of a human being!

[Vasquez gets to his feet, looking down at the motionless Scott, gesturing for him to get up.]

"Don't give up now, Stevie. We've still got some pages to write in AWA history. Just a few more."

[A hard stomp to the back of the neck follows as Vasquez shouts "GET UP!"]

GM: How the hell is the man going to get up if you're stomping his neck, damn it?!

BW: Settle down, Gordo. Hell, you didn't even like Stevie Scott for years.

GM: That was a different time and he was a different man then... just like Juan Vasquez.

BW: Are you saying Juan Vasquez isn't your hero anymore?

GM: That Juan Vasquez has been gone a long time.

[Vasquez leans down, dragging a limp Scott off the canvas, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: No, no! Somebody stop this! If he does this on Stevie Scott's surgically repaired neck, I don't even want to think of what might happen.

[Jordan Ohara is the first to act, leaping up on the apron to protest. Simon Ezra rushes over to confront as the Axis shouts at Ohara from across the ring. Ohara and the official are arguing, catching Vasquez' attention momentarily...

...which is when Stevie Scott sweeps Vasquez' legs out from under him, dropping back...]

GM: CATAPULT!

[...and sending Vasquez toppling over the top rope, crashing down backfirst to the barely-padded floor to a huge reaction!]

GM: OH MY! Stevie Scott with a timely - and effective - counter right there!

BW: Thanks to that meddling idiot Ohara!

[Ohara pumps a fist, dropping off the apron to watch as Vasquez writhes in pain on the floor, cradling his lower back as Stevie Scott pulls himself to his feet, slowly approaching the ropes.]

GM: Stevie Scott has taken a world of punishment, fans, but somehow he's on his feet... and somehow he's going out after Vasquez!

BW: That seems like a really, really bad idea, Gordo.

GM: You may be right but I think guts like this is what we've come to expect from Stevie Scott over the years.

[Scott drops down off the apron to the floor, pulling Vasquez up by the hair, walking him across the ringside area towards the timekeeper's table...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAM!"

GM: Facefirst into the wooden table!

[Scott pulls his head up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAM!"

GM: Again off the table!

[Wincing in pain, Scott ducks down, lifting Vasquez up on his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

GM: Wait a second! We've seen this before! We've seen him do this before!

BW: We've seen them BOTH do this before, Gordo!

[...and with the slightest of Steviegrins, he muscles Vasquez up off his shoulders, dropping him facefirst down on the table!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! Juan Vasquez got a faceful of that wooden table right there and these Dallas fans are loving it!

[With Vasquez sprawled out on the floor, Stevie Scott takes a breather, leaning against the apron, holding the back of his neck.]

GM: Stevie Scott showing that no matter how much training you do in the gym, nothing can get you ready for a match except being inside that ring competing, fans. He's definitely showing signs of fatigue out here.

BW: He hasn't been in the ring full-time in years, Gordo. And tonight, he's facing one of the best in the world. There's a reason that he started this off by trying to use chairs and belts - he knows he doesn't have the stamina to go one-on-one with Juan Vasquez in a WRESTLING match in 2016.

[Scott pushes off the apron, stumbling towards the downed Vasquez. He reaches down, grabbing a handful of hair. Dragging Vasquez to his feet, Scott looks to act but before he can, Vasquez surges forward, clashing his skull into the Hotshot's!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a headbutt!

BW: Vasquez has one of the hardest heads in our sport, Gordo, and if Stevie Scott forgot that fact, he's remembering it right now!

GM: He might not remember anything after that headbutt! Goodness!

[With Scott reeling backwards, Vasquez grabs him by the head, pulling him forward as he slips an arm up under Scott's...]

...and FLIPS him over onto the timekeeper's table with a hiptoss!]

GM: Ohh! That hiptoss sends Scott down on the table!

[The fans are jeering Vasquez as he pushes Scott down on the wooden table, hammering his forearm down into the sternum over and over again.]

GM: And it's not that long ago that that hiptoss would get huge cheers from these fans - not anymore!

[Making sure Scott is down, Vasquez looks out at the jeering crowd with disgust before climbing up on the table...]

GM: The Hall of Famer is getting up on that table with Scott! Clear out of there, guys!



[The timekeeper and Rebecca Ortiz clear the premises as Vasquez reaches down, dragging Scott up to a knee on the table.]

GM: What in the world does Vasquez have in mind now?

[Vasquez again shouts at the ringside fans before pulling Scott into a standing headscissors as the crowd begins to buzz with concern.]

GM: Oh no... oh... oh no! Somebody's gotta stop this!

[But Vasquez has managed to be on the Axis side of the ring and Jordan Ohara's attempts to get over there are thwarted by the AWA security presence keeping him back.]

GM: Ohara can't help him! Stevie Scott's in serious trouble!

[Vasquez reaches down, wrapping his arms around Scott's torso...]

GM: He's going for it! This is exactly what he did last year at SuperClash to-

BW: If he hits Scott with this, he'll do exactly what he did to that bum - put him out of the sport for good!

[...he leans over, looking to hoist the Hotshot into the air!]

GM: He's going for it! He's-

[But as Vasquez attempts the backdrop, Scott straightens up...]

GM: OH MY!

[...and backdrops Vasquez through the air, sending him soaring over the top and CRASHING down on his back on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Scott slumps down to his knees, breathing heavily as he lunges through the ropes, rolling across the canvas as the referee kneels to check to see if he can continue.]

GM: Stevie Scott saved himself from a horrible situation right there... and the Axis is beside themselves!

[Williams is shouting at Ohara from his side of the security "wall" as the referee turns back towards the ringside area and starts counting.]

GM: Vasquez is down out on the floor! Could this be it? Could this be enough for Stevie Scott to pick up a countout victory?

BW: Is that even good enough for him?! He came here to END Juan Vasquez... not squeak out a narrow win!

GM: You may be right, Bucky, but with the abuse he's taken in this one, Stevie Scott may have to settle for a countout victory!

[Scott crawls to his knees, leaning in the corner, watching as the referee is counting... and counting... and counting...]

GM: The count is up to six already... Vasquez is still trying to get to his feet. His back has taken a tremendous pounding so far in this one already, Bucky. He may not be able to beat the count. He may not-

[Suddenly, Jackson Hunter surges into motion, pulling Vasquez to his feet, walking him towards the ring, and shoving him under the ropes to break the count at eight!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! That's blatant interference!

[Referee Scott Ezra shouts at Hunter from inside the ring as Stevie Scott regains his feet, leaning against the turnbuckles...]

GM: The referee looks like he's going to let it go but he's not happy about it - not one bit!

[Vasquez uses the ropes, dragging himself up to his feet...]

GM: Vasquez standing...

[...and as the Hall of Famer turns, Stevie Scott surges forward!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

GM: HEATSEEKER! HEATSEEKER!

[The superkick catches Vasquez FLUSH under the chin, snapping his head back and sending him down to the canvas. Scott collapses to his knees from the effort, breathing heavily alongside a motionless Vasquez!]

GM: He got all of it! But can he cover?! Can he take advantage of it?!

[Scott again looks to cover...

...but again pauses, shaking his head.]

GM: It's not enough! Stevie Scott says that Heatseeker is not enough!

[A weary Scott climbs off the canvas, defiantly shaking his head at the buzzing crowd as he reaches down, grabbing a stunned Vasquez by the hair...

...and pulls him to his knees, tugging him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: And again! Again, Stevie Scott is going to look for the piledriver! He truly wants to end Juan Vasquez' reign of terror here tonight at Homecoming and this may be the only way to do it!

[The buzzing crowd gets louder as Scott reaches down, wrapping his arms around Vasquez' torso...]

GM: He's going for it! The Hotshot is looking to end the reign of the Axis here tonight!

BW: He's trying to cut the head off the snake!

[A concerned Jackson Hunter has a leg up on the apron, panic in his eyes as he grabs the ropes, waiting to see what's next.]

GM: Scott's trying to get him up but Vasquez drops back down to a knee!

[Scott straightens up and opens fire, slamming his arm down onto Vasquez' shoulders and neck...]

"WHAAAAAAM!"

"WHAAAAAAM!"

"WHAAAAAAM!"

"WHAAAAAAM!"

"WHAAAAAAM!"

"WHAAAAAAM!"

[...and then reapplies the standing headscissors!]

GM: And here we go again! Scott's got him hooked for the piledriver! Can he get it this time?!

[He leans down, wrapping his arms around Vasquez' torso, looking to lift him off the mat...

...but as he does, Jackson Hunter climbs up on the apron, waving his arms and shouting at referee Scott Ezra!]

GM: Get him down from there! Get him-

[As Hunter and the referee are arguing, Scott gets distracted by the scene, letting go of Vasquez...

...which allows Derrick Williams to slide under the bottom rope, briefcase in hand!]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow across the back from "The Future" causes Scott to drop to his knees as Williams quickly bails from the ring...

A little too quickly as it turns out as he finds himself on the wrong side of the "wall."]

GM: OHARA!

[The crowd ROARS as the Phoenix charges the length of the ring, leaping onto Williams' back, dragging him down to the floor!]

GM: OHARA AND WILLIAMS! OHARA AND WILLIAMS ON THE FLOOR!

[But inside the ring, Juan Vasquez is back on his feet, looking down at the kneeling Stevie Scott. Scott looks up at Vasquez who stands over him, a cocky smirk on his face...]

"And so it ends."

[...and he SNAPS OFF a Right Cross, driving his clenched fist into the side of Scott's head, snapping his head to the side as he slumps motionless to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS!

[Vasquez dropsto the mat, leaning across Stevie Scott in a back press.]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd deflates at the sound of the bell, looking on in sadness as Stevie Scott’s likely final match ends with a Juan Vasquez Right Cross.]

GM: It’s over!

BW: Not just the match but Stevie Scott’s career and in some ways, it’s the end of an era as well, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is.

[The crowd’s reaction suddenly picks up again as Riley Hunter slides into the ring, rushing across, and hurling himself over the ropes onto Jordan Ohara!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HUNTER TRYING TO BAIL OUT HIS PARTNER! HE’S GOING AFTER OHARA!

[Hunter lands a few hard shots on Ohara before tossing him under the ropes into the ring where Vasquez is waiting to put the boots to the Phoenix.]

GM: And now it’s Jordan Ohara who has a problem as well!

[Moments later, Derrick Williams joins his allies in the ring in the attack. Jackson Hunter gets in the ring, waving an arm towards the back...]

GM: Oh, hell.

[The crowd echoes that response as MAWAGA and Maxim Zharkov come striding powerfully down the aisle towards the ring as well.]

GM: We’ve got a problem here, fans!

[Zharkov climbs into the ring just as Williams and Hunter double whip Ohara towards him as he spins...

...and FLIPS Ohara inside out with a devastating Peacemaker discus lariat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[MAWAGA joins Williams and Hunter in stomping Ohara as Zharkov and Vasquez turn their attention back towards Stevie Scott. The big Russian pulls Scott off the mat at Vasquez’ orders.]

GM: Oh, come on! Stevie Scott’s been through enough, damn it!

[Zharkov shoves Scott towards Vasquez who catches him coming, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: No, no! Vasquez is setting for that piledriver again! Winning the match isn’t enough for him! He’s gonna-

[The crowd suddenly EXPLODES into cheers!]

GM: MARTINEZ! THE WHITE KNIGHT IS RUSHING TO THE RING!

[Vasquez shoves Scott aside, greeting the incoming Martinez with a boot to the chest. The Russian joins him, swarming the former World Champion.]

GM: Martinez manages to save Stevie Scott... for the moment at least... but he's being outnumbered!

[The crowd jeers as Zharkov and Vasquez trap Martinez in the corner, putting the boots to him there.]

GM: The Axis is standing strong here in Dallas! These fans are livid but-

[Williams pulls Ohara off the mat, hooking a three-quarter nelson on him...

...and SPIKES his head into the canvas with a Blackout!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON!

[The jeers are even louder as Riley Hunter flops around on the mat next to Ohara, mocking the young Phoenix. Martinez tries to battle out of the corner, throwing right hands...

...but he's soon swarmed by the big Russian and the Hall of Famer again!]

GM: The numbers are too much for Ohara and Martinez! Stevie Scott is barely able to stand right now so he can't help! These two need help against the Axis! They can't stand alone! They can't-

[Suddenly, a DEAFENING ROAR goes up from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS! IT'S ALEX MARTINEZ! IT'S ALEX MARTINEZ! THE LAST AMERICAN BADASS IS HERE IN DALLAS, TEXAS AT HOMECOMING!

[And he's not coming alone - he's got a steel chair equalizer in his hands. Vasquez breaks away from the younger Martinez, pointing with concern at the incoming seven footer. Jackson Hunter looks around frantically, trying to find a way out of this situation for his men...

...but the seven footer steps over the ropes, ready to aid his son!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ON ZHARKOV!

[The big Russian falls from the ring as the elder Martinez wheels around, ready to strike again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF!"

[...and sends Derrick Williams SAILING over the top rope to the floor with a big shot across the back!]

GM: WILLIAMS IS OUT!

[Riley and Jackson Hunter bail out of the ring as the seven footer turns his attention towards Juan Vasquez who backpedals away, arms raised, begging off...

...and then dives from the ring as MAWAGA steps in front of the seven footer, blocking his path!]

GM: UH OH!

[The Dallas crowd ERUPTS with excitement at the idea of the Last American Badass colliding with the Suited Savage.]

GM: We've got something here, fans!

[The elder Martinez throws down the steel chair, bouncing it off the canvas and out of the ring. He steps forward, getting right up in the face of MAWAGA who does NOT back down an inch!]

GM: Oh my! MAWAGA is showing no fear of the Hall of Famer! No fear at all!

[And suddenly, Alex Martinez lashes out...]

GM: Right hand! Right hand! Right hand!

[...and then wraps his hands around MAWAGA's throat to a HUGE REACTION!]

GM: FIREBOMB! HE LIFT-

[But MAWAGA slaps away Martinez' massive hands, extending his own rapidly to clutch the Last American Badass by the throat!]

GM: DEATH GRIP! MAWAGA WITH THE TONGAN DEATH GRIP!

[The elder Martinez swats at MAWAGA's arms, desperately trying to free himself as MAWAGA stares him dead in the eyes...]

GM: MAWAGA'S GOT HIM BY THE THROAT! MARTINEZ IS TRYING TO GET FREE!

[But no matter how many times the much-larger Martinez hits MAWAGA's arm, he's unable to break free. MAWAGA gives a guttural shout as he increases the pressure...

...and to the shock of all, Alex Martinez begins to sink to a knee!]

GM: He's taking him down, Bucky! He's taking down Martinez!

BW: I don't believe it!

GM: The Tongan Death Grip is taking Alex Martinez off his feet and-

[Outside the ring, the timekeeper gets shoved out of his chair by Ryan Martinez who seizes the wooden chair that he was sitting on, rolling back inside the ring with it, coming to his feet...]

GM: THE WHITE KNIGHT!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the seat of the wooden chair down with enough force to put MAWAGA's head THROUGH the wood, leaving the chair hanging around his neck as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

[The crowd's reaction gets even louder as Ryan Martinez looks on in shock into the eyes of MAWAGA who not only did not drop from being hit with the chair now hanging around his neck... but he seems stronger than ever, his eyes wide and wild as he continues to keep the hold locked on the elder Martinez!]

GM: HE'S STILL GOT IT ON! MAWAGA DID NOT FALL! MAWAGA DID NOT FALL!

[And with Ryan Martinez staring on in disbelief, the locker room empties!]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Spotting the cavalry coming to save the day, Jackson Hunter signals the troops... and it takes Maxim Zharkov with all of his might to drag MAWAGA off of Martinez, causing the Last American Badass to slump lifelessly to the mat as the Axis exits the ring...]

GM: Wow.

[The ring quickly fills with fan favorites looking to check the conditions of the fallen warriors as the Axis makes their way to the aisle, backing down it in a celebratory fashion. Vasquez is all smiles as he looks up at the ring where the AWA's White Knight is staring down at him. He mockingly waves at Martinez as they back down the aisle...]

...and we fade to black.

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

"DEAD END" EVANS: "You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else."

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: "You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you."

"For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century."

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH "THE SHERIFF" COLTON: "What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that."

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: "We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!"

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: "What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever."

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of a ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] "Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!"

"Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at [AWAshop.com](http://AWAshop.com)."

[Fade to black...]

...and then back to the locker room area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing outside a door.]

SLB: Welcome back to Homecoming where, fans, we are just a short while away from tonight's massive Main Event pitting the World Heavyweight Champion, Jack Lynch, defending the title against the former champ, Johnny Detson. Now, as you know, there's been drama all night long with the Kings of Wrestling as they-

[Blackwell pauses.]

SLB: You. What could you two possibly want?

[The camera pivots to reveal the World Tag Team Champions - Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - standing in the hallway. Both are in street clothes with the World Tag Team Title belts over their shoulders and big grins on their faces.]

TD: Move aside, worm... we're here to see the next World Champion.

[Blackwell grimaces but does indeed step aside as Taylor gives a brief knock on the door before pushing it open. The champions enter the room with Blackwell and his cameraman trailing behind them. As they enter, we find Johnny Detson standing in front of a mirror, dressed for ring action, throwing punches with taped hands at his reflection.]

TD: Hey champ...



[Taylor grimaces, nudging Donovan with an elbow.]

TD: Well, he will be again soon enough, right?

[Detson turns towards the champions.]

JD: I wondered if you two would show up.

WT: What? Of course we would. You're our brother in the Kings too, right?

[Detson nods.]

JD: I saw you went to see... him... so I just thought maybe...

[Taylor shakes his head, putting a hand on Detson's shoulder.]

WT: Look, Johnny... you and I have known each other for a while now. Don't forget who it was that gave you Black Beauty there long before there was such a thing as the Kings of Wrestling.

[Taylor gestures to the studded glove on the bench near Detson.]

WT: We're brothers. And brothers stick by each other. So, I wanted you to know that whatever you need tonight out there... Tony and I have you covered.

[Detson pauses, his glance flicking between the two tag champions for a moment...]

JD: I haven't forgotten, the two of you are what make this group special. When I've needed back up who help me.

WT: We did.

JD: And when the Tag Team of 2016 needed help who was there?

TD: You were.

JD: Of course I was. Now guys I know what we are and I know where we stand but you're not coming down there to help me tonight.

[Donovan and Taylor look confused.]

TD: No? Johnny, I don't think-

JD: I said no, Tony. Look... my problem isn't with the two of you. You guys... we've always been strong. He's the problem, he's always been the problem.

WT: Johnny, you can't be like that. Brian's wired differently. He thinks differently. He acts differently. When the three of us are drinking the finest champagne, riding in limousines with the finest of female companionship...

[Taylor slips an arm over Donovan's shoulder who looks a little uneasy.]

WT: ...Brian's down at the gym or in his film room studying the next guy he's gonna break in half. This business - the actual battle between the ropes - is everything to him. So, he doesn't quite understand the way things work for the rest of us, you know?

TD: That's right. When you decided to cost him the National Title against Lynch... well, that set off a whole new level of problems with him. That's something... well, he may eventually forget it, Johnny... but he may never forgive you for it.

[Detson's heard enough and snaps.]

JD: HE COST ME! And yet you want to talk about what I cost him! I didn't start this, I wasn't the one who tried to pick a fight the first chance he got! Brothers got to fight... before the World Title... before the National Title... brothers got to fight.

[Taylor goes to say something but Detson cuts him off.]

JD: And you want to say that later, him costing me the World Title was just an accident!

WT: Johnny, that WAS an accident! And it's an accident that Tony and I can fix here tonight.

JD: NO!

WT: Johnny, come on... be reasonable.

JD: NO!

[Detson sticks a finger in Taylor's face.]

JD: Look, we're good... the three of us. We watch each others' backs and I'll always be there for you guys. But tonight I don't want to see you down there.

Tonight is about him... it's about Brian James making things right.

[Detson pauses.]

JD: And that's the ONLY way the Kings will be fine... ever.

[Taylor and Donovan look frustrated but then Taylor gives a short nod, turning to exit.]

TD: Good luck out there tonight, Johnny.

[Detson sneers.]

JD: If your boy James does his job right, I won't need luck.

[Donovan nods, turning to exit as well. Detson turns back towards the mirror, sneer still in place as we fade through black...

...and out to a wide shot of the ring. AWA Director of Operations Emerson Gellar stands in the middle of the ring, mic in hand. Surrounding the ring, 4 per side, are largish men dressed in black, the word "SECURITY" in bold, authoritative letters on the front and back of their shirts. All of the security staff face outward, looking into the crowd or up the aisle, as if they're expecting trouble from somewhere in the audience. Gellar stares in the direction of the two empty seats reserved for the Syndicate at ringside, shaking his head with an obviously frustrated look on his face. As if snapping out of a dream, Gellar addresses the audience and begins to speak.]

EG: Ladies and Gentlemen, I'd like to take a moment to apologize. In London, I made a statement to Casey "Blackheart" James and Tiger Claw, The Syndicate. I invited them to come here tonight to explain their recent, unprovoked attacks on

AWA talent, going so far as to give them front row seats for the show. But as we can see, despite them absolutely being in the building tonight...

[Gellar motions to the pair of empty seats at ringside]

EG: ...The Syndicate has apparently decided to no-show.

[The crowd boos in disappointment. Gellar nods and looks to the fans, visibly upset.]

EG: Yes, I know. I know there are a lot of you that are still excited to see Casey James and Tiger Claw in this ring, and you wanted to know why they've been doing what they're doing. I want to know too. But these two... individuals... they don't seem to care.

[More boos from the crowd. Gellar appears to be putting a lot of effort into keeping his cool.]

EG: It's frustrating, because I know they're here tonight, it's just... No, they DON'T care. They don't care about me, the AWA, the AWA wrestlers... They don't care about YOU, the people who made them the stars they are today. Their names were on the card, and you paid to see them, but they don't even care about that. All they care about is themselves and how much money they can stuff into their wallets. Some of you fans remember! The wrestlers who worked with them remember! They'll all tell you the same thing. The Syndicate are selfish and when things don't go their way, they throw a tantrum. They're a menace. A MENACE!

[The crowd just sort of watches as Gellar's patience unravels. The mic he holds starts to shake a little bit.]

EG: For whatever reason, The Syndicate have taken it upon themselves to run roughshod through the AWA, and we simply can't have that. I tried to give them the opportunity to be heard... something I thought they wanted, but they don't even have enough respect for me, you, and the AWA to do that. These pieces of TRASH couldn't even-

[Gellar is cut off by the crowd reacting to something off camera. Looking into the crowd, the look on his face goes from one of frustration to one of almost complete anger.]

GM: Wait... What... What's going on here?

[Cut to a wide angle shot of the crowd, where Casey James and Tiger Claw are calmly walking toward the ring, dressed in jeans and Claw Academy hoodies and carrying baseball bats.]

GM: Here they come... and don't they look proud of themselves?

[Claw leads the way as he usually does: Focused on the ring with a scowl. Casey is eating this whole thing up with a smirk on his face that would challenge anyone to not want to slap him across it. They eventually navigate the crowd to the ringside barricade, where Casey lifts his bat up to point at Gellar. The crowd gives a mixed but strong reaction.]

GM: They're supposed to be here for an interview! What's with the bats? They can't bring those with them!

BW: This is... This could go really bad really fast. Wait... Oh god, security is going to try and deal with them. Gordo, find some cover.

[Gellar lowers his mic and begins shouting at the security guys at ringside. Five of them join up on The Syndicate, their arms up, pleading with the Syndicate to hand over their bats. Casey's smirk gets even more infuriating. Claw just glares at them.]

GM: Take those bats or get these guys out of here!

[Casey starts to mock the security staff asking for his bat, giving them a patronizing look and a general, "what are you gonna do about it?" demeanor. In the ring, Gellar begins shouting into his mic.]

EG: Why are you doing this!? You wanted to be out here for this, then you show up late, carrying bats around!? What is wrong with you!? I'M GIVING YOU WHAT YOU WANT!

[Casey is apparently having too much fun trying to provoke the security guys by holding the bat in front of his... lower abdominal region... to notice Gellar, but Claw hears him. He taps Casey on the shoulder with the back of his hand, immediately getting the larger man's attention and interrupting Casey's tastefully done gestures. Claw glances at Casey and gives him a nod.]

GM: They're handing over the bats! Finally!

BW: We're not out of the woods yet. These guys don't need bats to be dangerous. The ringside area is an arsenal to a guy like Casey James. Speaking of which, hide your pen, Gordo.

[Both Claw and Casey, now relieved of their baseball bats, are allowed to hop over the barricade by security. Casey has resumed his smirking at Gellar, who by this point is just fuming in the ring.]

GM: Look at Casey James. That smug sonova -

BW: Woah, Gordo, lower that volume a bit. He's right there.

GM: I don't care if he hears! Gellar is right, these guys are a menace! Wherever they go, misery isn't far behind!

[Claw and James have reached the ring apron at this point and are stepping through the ropes when Gellar advances a bit.]

EG: Is this what you call "professional," guys? Late and causing a scene? I asked for you guys to sit at ringside, and you can't eve -

[The mic is snatched out of Gellar's hand...]

CJ: SHUSH!

[The crowd gives a strong but mixed pop. Casey and Claw stand in front of Gellar, side by side. Claw appears to be incredibly focused on some quality in Gellar's face.]

CJ: Gellar, you gotta understand... People of our stature... We don't bother with the undercard.

[The crowd's mixed reaction solidifies and Casey needs to pause for a second to accommodate the boos.]

CJ: [Waving the crowd off] Nah, you guys won't get it, because you haven't lived it. Claw and me... We're bonafide GOD DAMN legends in this business.

GM: Watch that language, this is a family show!

[The crowd boos even more as Casey gives another smirk.]

CJ: So as legends, we get to take advantage of certain... perks. And one of those perks is not having to sit through a couple of hours of guys who'd be curtain jerking nobodies back in the good ol' days. Seriously, where do you find these schmucks?

[Gellar is close enough that he can be heard through the mic in Casey's hand.]

EG: Seriously? You came here to disrespect our guys? That's what you want?

CJ: What we WANT, Gellar, is for you to shut up and listen. No, this isn't about the collection of stiffos you've got in the back. This is about how you use the talent you've got. This is about how you've misused one of the greatest tag teams you've ever had on your roster. How you misused two Hall of Famers. How you misused two LEGENDS on the AWA roster.

[Gellar looks puzzled.]

CJ: You took the two of us... The Syndicate. Me, Casey "Blackheart" James. If I stood here and listed my championships, we'd have to book another segment for next week to get enough time. I was the longest defending IIWF World Champion of ALL TIME. I've been kicking ass all around the world so long that there are guys with scars that are older than some of your wrestlers. I'm the King of the DAMN DEATH MATCH!

And Claw...

[Claw steps toward Casey and taps him on the shoulder... Casey turns, and Claw holds out his hand. The crowd begins to pop a bit as Casey shrugs and hands Claw the mic.]

TC: And Claw will speak for himself.

[Badass pop! Claw squares up and stands right in front of Gellar, staring him down so hard it almost makes a sound.]

TC: I don't brag often, but when I do you know that I can back up everything I say. What I've accomplished in this business goes beyond titles and wins. You see it every night in every ring across this country.

From every rinky-dink bingo hall to every stadium, as long as they have a wrestling ring inside, you see what I've accomplished in this business.

Every tap out, every knockout, every high impact striking match you watch, you see what I've accomplished in this business.

Every time you see some kid come out here with some pseudo MMA strong style bullsh[BLEEP], you see what I've accomplished in this business.

The simple fact of the matter is that I brought that to pro wrestling. I INVENTED that style. I was using Muay Thai and submission holds before anyone here knew what they were. For the last 20 years since my retirement, I've watched people - people like YOU, Gellar - I've watched you make money off of cheap imitations of me. If it wasn't for ME, you'd all be still watching meat vendors beating up on guys that have metal fists.

GM: That's a ludicrous claim!

[Claw quickly turns to face the commentary team. When he speaks, he's got noticeably more bass in his voice, like he's yelling without raising his voice.]

TC: I've got a waiting list of kids at my gym who want to learn how to kick like ME. Who want to learn how to roll like ME. Who want to learn how to fight... like... ME. Don't try and tell me my business, Myers.

[Claw turns back to stare at Gellar.]

TC: Maybe instead you should just be thanking ME.

[Claw passes the mic back to Casey while Gellar looks confused.]

CJ: Our point is that we are two of the biggest names in this business, and we didn't get that reputation for taking it easy. When you saw our names on the marquee, it meant you were going to see a fight... until we got here.

You took one of the most dangerous teams in the business, and you made them a comedy act. You had us running around backstage like idiots setting up the Legends Royale. You had us doing promo crap for some ridiculous video game... Christ, you had me doing shots with the Frat Boys!

[Gellar shouts something off-mic at James who ignores him.]

CJ: You had a pair of lions, and you treated them like... What's the opposite of a lion?

TC: [Without missing a beat or breaking eye contact with Gellar]: Pandas.

CJ: Yes! Pandas! YOU TREATED US LIKE PANDAS, GELLAR!

[Gellar stands still, watching Casey with the eyes of a man who has no clue what's going on. Casey regains his composure with a deep breath, and continues...]

CJ: Okay, forget the pandas, Gellar, it's about respect. THAT is what we want. It's pretty simple: When you make us out to be a couple of clowns, we don't feel like we're being shown respect... And that's a problem for us. I mean, come on... we could take out your entire roster if we wanted to. There's not a single guy back there who could stop us. You know it, and we know it. I think that deserves some GODD[BLEEP] RESPECT!

[The crowd starts to get a bit antsy along with the security at ringside. The expression on Claw's face goes blank and he drops into a more square stance. Casey looks around and gives the universal hand signal for "take it easy"]

CJ: Woah, easy, Rent-o-Cops. We're all good here. Nothing's gonna happen. Listen, we're way outnumbered. I ain't going to try something when you guys could clearly get in and break it up before it could happen, right? So let's everyone just chill out for a second.

[Casey holds his hands up and takes a step back from Gellar. He looks to several members of the security team and gives them the "take it easy" signal. A couple of seconds pass, and the tension in the air starts to dissipate. James puts a hand on Tiger Claw's shoulder, who's been staring at Gellar this whole time. Gellar looks like a deer caught in headlights, clearly wanting to look away from Claw, but not being able to. Gellar's legs start visibly shaking. James steps between Claw and Gellar and convinces Claw to step back. With the eye contact broken, Gellar seems to relax just a little bit.]

CJ: Okay... Jeez, that could have gotten ugly... [turns to Gellar] Right? [laughs nervously] Hoo boy...

\*THUD\*

[The mic drops to the mat as Casey quickly grabs Gellar under the armpits and hoists him up as high as he can Claw bolts in, jumps up, gets the 3/4 nelson on Gellar, and...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POP UP SYNDICUTTER ON EMERSON GELLAR! THOSE PIECES OF GARBAGE!

BW: Security's rushing the ring!

GM: And The Syndicate are retaliating! It's all going down right now!

[Sixteen security guys suddenly realize they need to be in the ring to stop Emerson Gellar from being further assaulted. A well coordinated team might stand a chance with all sixteen guys entering at the same time and overwhelming The Syndicate. Unfortunately, this team doesn't quite meet that standard. The team trickles in like black ninjas, nullifying much of their numbers advantage. Claw and Casey each take a half of the ring and start knocking down security guys two at a time, Casey with big forearm shots and Claw with knees and elbows.]

GM: They are decimating the security team here! We need backup! We are under attack and we need backup!

BW: Look at the head of the aisle!

[At the sight of their leader being laid out by an enemy force, the locker room empties as we see an avalanche of competitors charging down the aisle towards the ring...

...perhaps shockingly led by Supreme Wright!]

GM: HERE THEY COME! GET 'EM, GUYS! GET 'EM!

[Casey's the first one to see the backup coming down the aisle. He shoves the closest security guy into the next closest one and turns to Claw...]

CJ: BOOK!

[Claw hears Casey and finishes throwing a knee into his last security guy's midsection. Both Claw and Casey demonstrate the benefits of planning these things ahead of time and simultaneously exit the ring without tripping over one another. Take a lesson, Security Guys.]

GM: The Blackheart and Tiger Claw are hopping the barricade and running off into the crowd! I see how it is! Not so tough when you're facing guys that can fight back!

[Wright hits the ring first, sliding in...

...and he doesn't even bother to check on Gellar, walking straight over to the ropes, looking out into the crowd where James and Claw are making their escape.]

GM: Thank heavens for this group of competitors coming from the locker room. They took a bad situation and saved it from potentially getting much, much worse.

[Wright's eyes are boring into the exiting Syndicate as we spot Bobby O'Connor and Cesar Hernandez inside the ring checking on Emerson Gellar.]

GM: We... uhh, we're going to need some help in the ring for Emerson Gellar if anyone can hear me. I repeat, we're going to need medical help for Emerson Gellar if-

[Dr. Bob Ponavitch comes jogging down the aisle with some more of the AWA's medical team.]

GM: Fans, we're going to take a quick break and try and get this situation under control. We'll be... yeah, okay... we'll be right back after this.

[Fade to black...

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker.')

[Brian Lau raises the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donavon...]

# If you are the dealer  
I'm out of the game #

[...Lau shakes the hand of "Dr." Harrison Fawcett...]

# If you are the healer  
It means I'm broken and lame #

[...Brian James looks over his shoulder as Lau raises the arm of Johnny Detson...]

# If thine is the glory then  
Mine must be the shame #

[...Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all triple teaming the Gladiator...]

# You want it darker  
We kill the flame #

[...Shadoe Rage looking around the ring with maniacal eyes ...]

# Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name #

[...The Hangman, shot from below, slowly tightens his noose around an invisible neck...]

# Vilified, crucified, in the human frame #

[...Flex Ferrigno with some poor victim's skull trapped in a powerful headlock...]

# A million candles burning for the help that never came #

[..."Flawless" Larry Wallace and his Best Damn Dropkick In The World in magnificent slow motion...]

# You want it darker #



[...Laurn Rage makes her way down the aisle, Women's World Championship belt in one arm, phone extended at arm's length in the other...]

# There's a lover in the story  
But the story's still the same #

[...Erica Toughill cracks her knuckles, a slow-motion bubble emerging from between her lips...]

# There's a lullaby for suffering  
And a paradox to blame #

[...Another woman in a darkened space, the light forming a halo around her: the silhouette is in the general shape of Charisma Knight...]

# But it's written in the scriptures  
And it's not some idle claim #

[...Anton Layton fondles the Eye of Tyr, visibly giggling between Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

# You want it darker  
We kill the flame #

[...Derrick Williams nailing Jordan Ohara with a Blackout, fading to Riley Hunter similarly betraying Ohara with an Instant Karma...]

# They're lining up the prisoners  
and the guards are taking aim #

[...Jackson Hunter trying to pull the Suited Savage MAWAGA off his prey...]

# I struggled with some demons  
They were middle class and tame #

[...Maxim Zharkov applying the Gorynych to a chained Kolya Sudakov...]

# I didn't know I had permission  
to murder and to maim #

[...Juan Vasquez piledriving Ryan Martinez, fading to a smile on Vasquez's face...]

# You want it darker #

[The stark monochrome montage is suddenly bathed in a golden light. A solitary figure is seen in the distance, standing tall.]

# I'm ready, my lord... #

[Before we get a good look at him or her, a metallic font splashes on screen.]

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

"The American Wrestling Alliance presents: SuperClash VIII: Thursday, November 24th, live from New Orleans."

[Fade to black...]

...and then fade back up backstage, where Mark Stegglet stands with the AWA's World Heavyweight Champion, Jack Lynch. The Iron Cowboy is dressed for combat,

wearing a long white duster over his bare chest, along with his white wrestling gear. Pro-wrestling grandest prize – the World Title belt, is slung over his shoulder, while his white cowboy hat rests tilted forward on his head.]

MS: We are just moments away from tonight's Main Event, when we see our World Heavyweight Champion defend against the man he won that title from, Johnny Detson. Mr. Lynch, how are you feeling tonight?

JL: Well Mark, first off, let me just say that it is an honor and a privilege to be here tonight, in my hometown of Dallas in the great state of Texas. This ain't just AWA's Homecomin', ya understand, this is mine too.

And believe me, I'm lookin' forward to seein' my baby girl Jamie Christina and eatin' a home cooked meal made by my beautiful wife Tammy Kay just as much as I'm lookin' forward to puttin' fist to face when I get in the ring with Detson tonight.

Not only is just bein' here in Dallas an honor, but what a night it's been for my family.

MS: You're of course referring to the honor given to the Lynch family by Sports Illustrated.

JL: That's right.

MS: Despite the... antics of Shadoe Rage, I know your whole family is riding high.

JL: Yeah well, Shadoe Rage tried to ruin the moment, but he learned what a lotta men have learned over the years.

When Blackjack Lynch says "I got this," you better believe he's got this.

MS: Let's turn back to the man you'll be facing tonight. Johnny Detson has made no bones about what he expects tonight. He's demanded that Brian James ensure his victory tonight.

[Lynch nods, and then lets out a chuckle.]

JL: Well, ya know what they say about how insanity is doin' the same thing over and over again and expectin' different results? I think that means Johnny Detson is a textbook example of that. Because last time Detson relied on the big man, it didn't work out too well for him, did it?

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Indeed it did not. But still, you're going to need eyes in the back of your head tonight.

JS: You're right Mark. And let's be honest, when there's a two hundred and ninety pound Engine of Destruction breathin' down your neck, that ain't nothin' to take lightly. But Brian James? I ain't afraid of you, and I ain't lettin' the prospects of you stickin' your nose in my match worry me.

You come and take your best shot. But just remember one thing.

[A twinkle comes into Lynch's eyes.]

JL: While its true that sometimes brothers gotta fight, real brothers always have each other's back.

MS: Of course, just the challenge of Johnny Detson is enough. He is a former World Champion.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: He is, Mark. And I've been thinkin' a lot about what it means, bein' World Champion. It means that, at that moment, you're the very best. For as long as you're carryin' a gold belt around, you are the greatest in your chosen profession.

And there's been a lotta great men who've been World Heavyweight Champion. Not just in the AWA, but in the history of this great sport. I'm talkin' Brody Thunder and JW Hardin. I'm talkin' Alex Martinez and Jeff Matthews. And this belt right here? Well, you're talkin' about a title whose lineage includes guys like Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright.

That's same rarefied air, Mark.

But seein' the guys from Sports Illustrated out here tonight got me to thinkin' about other men who've been Heavyweight Champion of the World. Not just in pro-wrestlin', but in all of the combat sports. And it got me to thinkin' about the one man who truly was The Greatest. A man we lost about three months ago.

I'm talkin' about the man who brought the "sweet" to the sweet science. The man who went to the jungle and took out the scariest man on planet Earth.

The man who told ya when he was gonna put someone down and then did just that. The man who said no when the government tried to make him fight in an unjust war.

The man who said "my name ain't Cassius, its Muhammad," and knocked the teeth outta any fool who wouldn't call him by his name.

He's gone now, but he's still The Greatest, in my book.

[The King of Cowboys tips his head in honor of the fallen icon.]

JL: And that's who ya have to be, if you're gonna be World Champion, Mark. It ain't about cashin' checks or ridin' in limos or all of the other things that Johnny Detson seems to think its about. It ain't about braggin' unless ya got the chops to back those words up with your fists.

So I ask myself – has Johnny Detson ever done anything to earn bein' called The Greatest?

MS: I'm guessing I know your answer.

[Lynch nods his head, and then, after a grin, shakes his head "no."]

JL: Johnny Detson, when I take the measure of you... I find you lackin'. And it ain't about whether I like ya or not. Take a guy like Supreme Wright, someone who'll never be on my Christmas Card list, it ain't hard to see that the man has earned everything he's ever won. I'll never like Supreme Wright, but I can find my way to respectin' him.

But I don't like or respect you, Detson.

You've lived your life on a golden perch, Detson, havin' everything handed to ya. You've spent your life sweet talkin' and brown nosin' your way up to the top. In fact, there's only one thing you've earned, Detson.

And that's the ass kickin' I'm about to deliver.

Ya may have won this belt once before Detson, but you've never earned it. You've never deserved the honor of bein' called The Greatest. You haven't bled, sweat and paid the price that I, or most of the other man who've been World Champion have.

You ain't the man, Detson, and your big mouth has brought ya right here, to Dallas, Texas, where I'm gonna take ya outta contention once and for all.

Because when it comes to bein' considered The Greatest? Well, you just don't measure up, Mr. Detson.

[Lynch takes in a deep breath and exhales slowly, his eyes filling with fire.]

JL: Put all of the drama outta your mind, Detson. Tonight ain't about whether or not the Kings are fine, or whether or not you're gonna be able to weasel your way into victory.

Because Detson, while it's true that you used to be World Champion, I am World Champion right now, and on this night, in this city, in this arena, you don't have what it takes to stand up against me.

I know what this belt costs, and I know what holdin' it means. And all those men I named before? Well, someday, I want my name to be on that list. And to do that, I gotta go through you.

And trust me, that'll be my pleasure.

MS: Strong words.

JL: Words I'm aimin' to make true, Mark.

MS: Well, good luck, and it makes me happy to say this, Champ.

[Lynch tips his hat to Stegglet and then steps away, ready to go to the ring and earn immortality...

...and we fade through black to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

RO: It is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA WORRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE!

[The cheers get even louder as Ortiz lowers the mic...

...but soon turn to deafening jeers at the opening notes of Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir."]

GM: Here comes the challenger.

BW: The challenger for just one more time.

GM: We'll see about that.

[After a few more moments pass, former World Champion Johnny Detson walks into view, getting even louder jeers from the crowd as they realize he's being joined by his manager, Brian Lau.]

GM: Well, Johnny Detson is not coming to this ring alone... but he's also not coming with the man he hoped would be on his side here tonight. There's no sign of Brian James, Bucky.

BW: Maybe... maybe he's coming later?

GM: Or maybe he's decided not to come down here at all. Maybe he's decided to be his own man and let Johnny Detson fight his own battle against the World Champion. Maybe the Kings AREN'T fine!

BW: The Kings are fine, damn it!

[Detson is wearing a black zippered sweat jacket with the FOX Network logo embroidered over his left breast - no sign of Kings of Wrestling apparel at all. His long gold tights and black boots are obvious as he walks the aisle, talking to Brian Lau who seems to be almost pleading with Detson with every step, throwing an occasional glance over his shoulder like he's looking for someone to join them.

Upon reaching the ring, Lau takes a spot on the apron as Detson climbs in, a look of disgust on his face as he yanks off his hooded sweatshirt, flinging it aside and waiting for his opponent.

The opening chord line of Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead Or Alive" sends a huge ovation rippling through the Dallas crowd. A few moments pass before the World Champion emerges from the curtain to an even louder ovation from his hometown fans. Jack Lynch smiles at the reaction, standing in a white duster and Stetson along with white trunks and boots. He slowly raises his right hand, covered in a white fingerless glove.]

GM: And the World Champion has arrived here in Dallas, Bucky!

BW: I think I'm gonna be sick. Listen to these idiots!

GM: Oh, I can hear them! I think the whole world can hear the fans in Dallas, Texas right now, showing their love for their hometown hero, Jack Lynch, as he comes home with the World Title around his waist! What a moment! What a night for the Lynches!

BW: Oh, it's a great night for the stinkin' Stenches alright! And I can't wait for Johnny Detson to ruin it all! Hah!

[Lynch quickly makes his way down the aisle, the title belt around his waist and visible under his duster as Detson paces back and forth inside the ring. The crowd's reaction somehow gets louder as Lynch runs up the steps, ducking through the ropes, and mounts the midbuckle to salute the roaring Dallas crowd!]

GM: Wow!

BW: Oh, shaddup!

[The flashbulbs are popping for the grinning Lynch as he hops down off the middle rope, turning to face the opposition as the music fades and Rebecca Ortiz takes center stage.]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner to my right...

[The boos pick up again!]

RO: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds... he is a former AWA World Champion... being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Brian Lau, and representing the Kings of Wrestling...

JOHNNNNNNNNNNYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNNNNNN!

[Detson steps from the corner, slowly raising both arms over his head as the boos shower down from all sides of the American Airlines Arena.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Huge cheer!]

RO: From Dallas, Texas...

[Even bigger cheer!]

RO: He weighs in at 265 pounds... he is the AWA WORRRRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNN... the Iron Cowboy... the King of the Cowboys...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK  
LYNNCH!

[Lynch throws the gloved right hand, now holding the title belt in it, up into the air to another huge ovation. He grins at the Dallas crowd before lowering the belt, planting a kiss on the face of it, and handing it over to referee Ricky Longfellow who holds it high for all to see while Lynch sheds his duster and Stetson, handing them out to a ringside attendant.]

GM: Alright, fans... both men set for action in this - the Main Event of Homecoming. You heard it from Rebecca Ortiz. One fall, sixty minute time limit rematch for the World Heavyweight Title.

[The referee calls both men to the middle of the squared circle, going over some last minute instructions before he signals for the bell.]

GM: And we're off and running in this one.

[Lynch makes a lunge at Detson who scampers away, shaking his head.]

GM: Jack Lynch trying to get off to a quick start but Johnny Detson is thinking otherwise.

[Out on the floor, Brian Lau has several words of encouragement for the former World Champion as Detson and Lynch circle one another a few times at the outset of the match.]

GM: Both men looking for an opening early on in this one... Detson backpedaling away...

[And after a few moments, Detson backs right up into a corner, shaking his head at the advancing Lynch and ordering the referee to "get him back." Ricky Longfellow obliges, backing Lynch halfway across the ring as Detson slinks out of the corner, looking to get an advantage.]

GM: Detson with a little bit of swagger in his step, Bucky. You'd think he was coming into this match as the World Champion.

BW: Johnny Detson is never lacking for confidence, Gordo, and rightfully so.

[As Detson comes back out, he and Lynch finally tie up with the big Texan getting an edge as he pushes Detson back against the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for a break as Jack draws his fist back, ready to let it fly... but the referee's presence dissuades the Iron Cowboy who looks back and forth between the official and Detson who has his hands up in front of his face, trying to defend himself against any punch thrown in his direction.]

GM: The referee right in there, calling for a break... and he gets one as the World Champion backs off.

[Detson shouts at the referee, mimicking the closed fist. The official warns Jack Lynch who doesn't appear to listen as Detson waggles a finger at the man who beat him for the title...

...and a smirking Lynch holds up the gloved right hand in the shape of the Lynch family legacy, the Iron Claw, in a gesture that causes the Dallas crowd to roar with delight as Detson looks around nervously.]

GM: Johnny Detson doesn't like to be reminded of that Iron Claw... especially when there's no sign of Brian James coming out here to help him, Bucky.

BW: Keep your pants on, Gordo - the Kings are fine!

GM: So I hear.

[The two come together in the middle of the ring again, lunging into a collar and elbow tieup that Detson quickly turns into a side headlock, walking Lynch around the ring for a moment before flipping him onto his back with a headlock takedown.]

GM: Nice takedown by the challenger, Detson, who is trying to control the tempo of this match with that hold.

BW: It's a smart move, Gordo. We know that Jack Lynch is capable of breaking every rule in the book to keep his title. And we know that he's just looking to drag Johnny Detson into a fight because that plays to his strengths. If Detson can use some sweet science, ground his opponent, and wear him down, that'll go a long way towards putting the title back around his waist.

[Down on the mat, Lynch searches for an escape, making sure his shoulders stay off the canvas as he stretches up with his arms.]

GM: Lynch trying to find a way out of this, Detson keeping all his weight on the head and neck, trying to wear down the champion.

[Lynch reaches up, locking his hands across the cheekbone of Detson and pulls down hard, straining Detson's neck as he tries to power his way out of the hold.]

GM: Lynch trying to force his way out here... Detson trying to hang on... a battle of wills early on in this one.

BW: Lynch has no leverage at all from that position and- hah! Detson cranks on the headlock and keeps the hold locked in.

[Almost instantly, Lynch switches his grip to one around Detson's body, rolling to the side and rolling the challenger onto his shoulders.]

GM: Nice counter by Lynch - gets one... gets two...

[Detson rolls back the other way though, defiantly shaking his head at the official and telling the referee that Lynch had a hold of his tights.]

BW: Did you hear that, Gordo?! Typical cheating Lynches!

GM: Johnny Detson insisting that Jack Lynch used the tights to pull him over onto his back but I saw no such thing.

BW: Typical for you too.

[Lynch starts rolling his hips back and forth, trying to get some momentum behind him and then suddenly twists over onto his knees, surging up to his feet as Detson continues to crank on the side headlock, trying to soften up the neck.]

GM: Both men back to their feet now... Lynch backs to the ropes, shoving Detson off...

[Detson hits the ropes, rebounding hard...

...and shockingly runs the larger Lynch down with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Whoa! Detson knocks the champion right off his feet - and even he looks surprised at that, Bucky.

BW: Detson's gonna do it again too.

[The challenger hits the ropes again, rebounding towards the lanky Lynch who leapfrogs over him in an athletic move that gets a big cheer from the partisan Dallas crowd.]

GM: Leapfrog and a beauty... Detson off the far side...

[Lynch spins around, leaping into the air, and drives his knee up under the chin of Detson, drawing a huge cheer as Detson flops down to the canvas!]

GM: High knee connects early in this one! Lynch might be trying to end this one in a hurry!

[But as the Texan brings Detson up off the mat, he applies a side headlock of his own before quickly taking the challenger back off his feet, swinging him down to the mat.]

GM: Side headlock takeover by Lynch now - returning the favor from earlier on.

BW: But Detson rolls through it, got him down!

[Another two count follows before Lynch rolls back the other way, sitting up on the mat as he cranks on Detson's head and neck with the headlock. Detson, down on his belly, flops around on the mat, looking for an exit as Lynch gives him a little of his own medicine.]

GM: Lynch using those long arms to really put some pressure on the neck of Johnny Detson here.

[Detson stretches an arm up, grabbing a handful of hair and yanking back on it. But the official is right there to slap the hand, forcing him to break his grip. Detson again wraps his arms around Lynch's torso, rolling him to his shoulders.]

GM: One! Two! No, Lynch rolls himself right back to a sitting position and gives that headlock a hard crank for good measure.



[A few more moments pass before Detson slides his knees up under him, struggling to get back to a standing position.]

GM: The challenger fights his way up to his feet... and he's gonna try to power out of this.

[The crowd jeers Detson as he grabs Lynch by the wrist, twisting his way out of the headlock and fighting for an overhand wristlock.]

GM: Can Detson power out of this into the wristlock? He's fighting for it!

[But with the Dallas crowd jeering him on, Detson soon finds himself twisted back the other way, ending up down on a knee back in the confines of Lynch's side headlock.]

GM: No! Lynch uses his power advantage to regain control of the hold, keeping Detson down... and another hard crank of that headlock, putting more pressure on the neck.

[Detson throws a forearm into the ribs... and another... trying to fight his way free.]

GM: Detson's trying to battle his way out of this thing... and he shoots Lynch off to the ropes...

[A rebounding Lynch runs full speed into Detson, knocking him flat with a big shoulder tackle to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Oh my! Down goes the challenger off the tackle!

[Lynch dashes to the ropes again, hurdling over Detson who throws himself at his feet, hitting the far ropes.]

GM: Lynch off the far side...

[Detson somehow manages to leapfrog over the rebounding Lynch as well, sending Lynch into the ropes again as Detson sets his feet...]

GM: Hiptoss!

[But Lynch reverses the hiptoss, landing on his feet, and flipping Detson over to the mat with a hiptoss of his own to another big cheer from the Dallas crowd!]

GM: Oh my! Reversal by Lynch puts Detson down on the mat and the challenger is reeling at this point in the contest!

[As Detson arches his back, reaching around to grab at it, Lynch secures the side headlock again, flipping Detson over onto his back, and bridges back to put his weight across Detson's chest, forcing his shoulders down to the canvas.]

GM: Lynch puts him down - one! Two! No! Detson slips out in time!

[Lynch is forced back into a seated position on the mat, Detson flat on his stomach as the big Texan cranks the headlock again.]

GM: And you've gotta be impressed by Jack Lynch showing he can go hold for hold with Johnny Detson, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I'm thrilled by it.

GM: Sarcasm duly noted as Detson again looks for a way out of this.

[Detson tries to push up off the mat, looking for an escape but as Lynch cranks the hold, Detson falls back down on his stomach. Lynch shakes his head, refusing to let go as Detson slides an arm up again, snatching another handful of hair, pulling Lynch's head back as the referee calls for him to let go.]

GM: Detson finding ways to bend and break the rules even from that awkward position, fans.

BW: Hey, he broke before the five count.

GM: That doesn't mean he wasn't cheating to begin with.

[Detson manages to push himself off the mat, getting to a knee as Lynch uses his leverage advantage to crank... and crank... and crank the side headlock, putting more pressure on the neck.]

GM: Detson's neck is taking a lot of punishment early on in this one, finally back to his feet now as he backs Lynch across the ring into the turnbuckles...

[Detson backs him to the corner as the official calls for a break.]

GM: We got a clean break from Lynch earlier... I highly doubt we'll see the same from Johnny Detson.

BW: Slander. You don't even know yet!

GM: No, but I have a very strong suspicion and-

[Detson suddenly swings a leg up, catching Lynch in the midsection with a knee.]

GM: Uh huh.

BW: Alright, fine, Mr. Smarty Pants.

[Detson grabs Lynch by the arm, looking for an Irish whip.]

GM: Big whip coming up... no, reversed!

[Lynch rockets Detson across the ring, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles chestfirst... or more specifically, armfirst as Detson tries to shield his body from the crash with his arms. He comes out wincing, swinging his left arm in pain as Lynch snatches hold of it, twisting it around.]

GM: Lynch switches to the wristlock... and now into the armbar, forcing Detson down to the mat!

[Lynch takes a knee, driving his other knee into the shoulder area once... twice... three times before he settles into the armbar, putting pressure on the trapped limb.]

GM: And down into the armbar on the canvas, cranking on that arm.

[Detson shakes his head defiantly on the mat, screaming "NOOOO!" repeatedly as the official asks him if he wants to quit. Lynch switches his position, sliding his knee over onto Detson's collarbone, pinning him down as the Iron Cowboy leans back, putting more pressure on the arm.]

GM: Wow! Look at the torque on that armbar! Lynch might just rip that arm right off the challenger, Bucky.

BW: Maybe he learned a few things getting tortured by Supreme Wright.

GM: Perhaps he did.

[With Lynch keeping his grip on the arm, Detson manages to slide out from under him, wriggling over onto his knees. Lynch stands tall, using his leverage advantage to put more torque on the limb. He leans low, twisting the arm a few times, causing Detson to cry out as he does.]

GM: So much pressure on the arm right here. Detson trying to hang on, trying to find a way out...

[Detson pushes up to his feet, standing tall as Lynch keeps the arm trapped...

...and Detson balls up his fist, smashing it into Lynch's jaw!]

GM: Oof! But Lynch hangs on!

[Another right hand lands, the referee reprimanding the challenger as he switches to a knife edge chop...

...but is still unable to break Lynch's grip on his wrist!]

GM: Detson with another chop by Lynch won't let go!

[Detson grabs Lynch by the hair, rushing the corner, smashing his head into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! But Lynch is still hanging on!

[The King of the Cowboys gives the arm a twist, causing Detson to cringe as Lynch yanks the arm under his armpit, reapplying the armbar to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Jack Lynch, the World Champion, showing great resilience there to keep that armbar applied.

[Lynch quickly switches to a hammerlock, forcing Detson down to the canvas, cranking on the arm as Detson lands on his belly, grabbing at his own hair in pain.]

GM: And down to the canvas in the hammerlock, Lynch pushing up on that left arm...

[Detson again cries out "NO!" to the official who is kneeling nearby, checking to see if the challenger wants to submit.]

GM: Detson trying to get his other arm under him, using it to push himself off the mat.

[He winces as Lynch pushes up on the arm again as Detson gets to a knee.]

GM: Detson fighting his way up but Lynch is making him pay a heavy toll, working that arm relentlessly...

[A few moments later, both men are back on their feet where Lynch goes back to the wristlock, wringing the arm around...

...which is when Detson yanks him into a kneelift to the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Detson goes downstairs again!

[A hard knife edge chop follows.]

GM: Big chop! And another one breaks the hold!

[Detson rushes to the ropes again, rebounding with a big shoulder tackle that knocks Lynch down to the canvas.]

GM: And back to the tackle, putting Lynch down on the canvas!

[Detson dashes to the ropes once more, building up momentum...

...and gets taken down with a drop toehold, crashing back to the canvas as Lynch hooks the arm, reapplying the hammerlock!]

GM: And right back to the hammerlock!

BW: This has gotta be frustrating for Johnny Detson, Gordo. Every time he finds a way back up to his feet, Lynch finds a way to get a hold locked back in on him.

GM: Brian Lau out here at ringside looks pretty frustrated as well.

[Lau looks agitated as he shouts into the ring towards Johnny Detson. He pauses, throwing a glance over his shoulder at the aisle.]

GM: Lau seems like he's taking a look to see if Brian James is coming down here to help his ally... but no dice.

BW: Yet.

GM: I suppose that's true.

[Detson again struggles against the hold, rolling to his hip.]

GM: Lynch keeps Detson down on the mat, working that arm... and Bucky, I'd have to imagine that this is not working out according to the gameplan that the Kings of Wrestling worked up tonight. We're almost ten minutes into this matchup and Jack Lynch has been working on the mat for the bulk of that. Very unusual for him because we know he likes to fight.

BW: I think this is Lynch proving to the world that he can go on the mat as well. Yeah, we all know he can fight. We know he can fight with the best of them. Ask Demetrius Lake if you can track him down in Japan. But right now, we're finding out that the World Champion - and I can't believe I just said that without gagging on the words - can go on the canvas as well.

GM: But Detson managing to get back to his feet again...

[Lynch tries to twist the arm to maintain control but Detson has the edge, hooking the back of Lynch's trunks to force him back into the turnbuckles. The referee again steps in to call for a break...]

GM: Again, we're looking for a break and... oh, come on! Again, Detson lands the knee to the stomach!

BW: That's been a very effective weapon for him tonight, Gordo.

GM: It certainly has... and a big chop in the corner puts Lynch down on the mat!

[Sitting against the buckles, Lynch looks up as Detson grabs the top rope, raining down some stomps into the chest as the crowd jeers every blow.]

GM: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[Detson lands one final stomp, right to the face of Lynch before he backs off, a smirk on his face. He spreads his arms wide, inviting the jeers of the Dallas crowd as Lynch tries to recover in the corner.]

GM: Lynch trying to get up off the mat... but Detson's right there on him...

[The jeers are still loud as Detson throws a right hand to the jaw in the corner, sending Lynch staggering out alongside the ropes. Detson follows, measuring his man...]

GM: Oh! Another big right hand puts Lynch right back down on the mat!

[Detson smirks as he backs off, blowing on his knuckles, gesturing to the downed Lynch as the crowd jeers. He snatches a handful of Lynch's hair, pulling him to his feet...

...and throws a short kneelift to the jaw, snapping Lynch's head back, putting him down on the mat!]

GM: OHH! What a knee!

[Detson stands over Lynch, spreading his arms again as the boos pour down on him. He turns towards Lau, saying something that brings a smile to Lau's face as Detson reaches down to drag Lynch off the mat...

...and gets a big right hand to the gut from the kneeling Iron Cowboy to a big cheer!]

GM: Lynch goes downstairs on the challenger!

[Detson recoils from the shot to the gut before grabbing Lynch by the hair, smashing an overhead elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: Elbowsmash in response!

[Lynch drops down to all fours as Detson leans down to grab the hair..

...and gets another big right hand to the gut!]

GM: Oof! Lynch catches him with another gutshot!

[Detson is doubled over as Lynch winds up, throwing a big uppercut from his knees that straightens the challenger up, causing him to send a wad of saliva flying through the sky!]

GM: Oh! Detson might need to get his dental work checked after that one!

[An angry Detson yanks Lynch up, using a snapmare to take him over into a seated position. He leans forward, looking to apply a rear chinlock but Lynch spins out of it, dragging Detson back down to the mat with the grounded hammerlock!]

GM: And right back to work on the arm! Lynch bending that arm up, putting the torque on the elbow... on the shoulder...

[Detson swings his right arm back, trying to land an elbow but Lynch grabs the arm with his left arm, bending it back...]

GM: Whoa! Double armlock applied by Lynch, pulling back on both limbs...

BW: This is a pin attempt, Gordo! He's trying to get Detson's shoulders down!

[The crowd is roaring as Lynch continues to struggle, trying to secure the pinning predicament. They get louder and louder as their native son gets closer and closer to getting it...]

GM: Lynch puts his chin on the chest of Detson, trying to add any little bit of pressure he can, forcing the shoulders back... and down!

[The referee dives to the mat, counting once... twice... thr-]

GM: Oh! Close call there for the challenger but he shrugs that left shoulder up off the canvas just in time!

BW: Too close there... and Brian Lau looks like he agrees, Gordo.

GM: A sheen of sweat on the forehead of Brian Lau who is usually as cool as a cucumber in there. He knows that if Lynch retains the title here tonight, it may be quite a while before Johnny Detson manages to get another shot at the gold.

[Lynch pushes up on his knees, leaning on Detson's right shoulder, forcing it back down to the mat.]

GM: Longfellow counts one... two... th- no! Again, a shoulder comes up!

[And with Lynch weary from putting on so much pressure, Detson is able to sit up on the mat, twisting into Lynch, battling his way up as Lynch manages to keep the hammerlock applied despite their chest-to-chest position on their knees.]

GM: Both men battling to their feet, still tangled up with that hammerlock and-ohh! Detson with a short right hand to the ribcage! That'll break the hold!

[Grabbing Lynch by the arm, Detson shoves him out and then whips him into a short-arm back elbow, sending Lynch spinning away and down to the mat! Detson walks around the ring, shaking out his left arm in pain as he circles the downed World Champion.]

GM: Goodness! That elbow was RIGHT on the money, Bucky!

BW: Good. Maybe it'll finally shut Lynch's fat mouth up once and for all.

GM: Bucky, I feel like someday you're going to cross the line and these Lynches are going to make you eat every last word you've ever said about their family.

BW: They're welcome to try but if you come at me, you better finish me because I'm the last man you want still breathing with a grudge, Myers.

[Measuring the downed Lynch, Detson takes aim, stepping out and dropping an elbow...

...but Lynch rolls to the side, causing Detson to crash down onto the canvas!]

GM: Swing and a miss with the elbow by Detson!

[The World Champion struggles to his feet, taking aim himself...]

GM: Lynch with the leaping elbowdrop!

[...and whiffs as well, slamming down hard on the canvas!]

GM: And Lynch misses as well! Perhaps neither of these men are as worn down as the other anticipated! Both men miss the elbowdrop when their opponent rolls out of the way! Fans, we're closing in on the fifteen minute mark of this one and what a battle we've seen so far.

[Detson is the first one to his feet, using a handful of hair to drag Lynch up before drilling him between the eyes with a right hand, sending Lynch falling back into the ropes.]

GM: The World Champion on the ropes here... Detson opens fire with a big chop... and another!

[With Lynch reeling against the ropes, Detson snatches a handful of hair, smashing the point of his elbow down between the eyes again!]

GM: Another elbowsmash as well... oof! And another big right! Detson working him over hard against the ropes, the referee shouting at him to back off and get it back in the middle.

[Detson grabs Lynch by the arm, looking to whip him across...]

GM: Irish whip... no, reversed by the champion!

[Lynch drops his head, setting for a backdrop...]

...but Detson pulls up short, swinging a boot up into the mush of the Texan!]

GM: Ohh! The backdrop gets cut off by Detson... handful of hair and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd collectively groans as Detson uses the handful of hair to rush the ropes and HURL the Iron Cowboy over the top rope, sending him crashing down on the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

GM: A hard fall to the floor right there, courtesy of Johnny Detson! Good grief!

[And with the fall to the floor, Detson stumbles over towards the far ropes, taking a breather as the referee steps over to the ropes, starting his ten count on the World Champion.]

GM: Referee Ricky Longfellow starting a count on Jack Lynch and... well, as everyone knows, the title can NOT change hands on a countout or disqualification so if Detson wants to regain the title... if Lau wants to bring the title back to the Kings of Wrestling... they need to hope Jack Lynch can beat the count and get back in the ring.

BW: They may have to force him back in, Gordo. That sneaking cheat Lynch would be more than happy to take a dive, get counted out, and save his title!

GM: Highly unlikely, Bucky... highly unlikely.

[As the referee's count hits three, the timekeeper calls out over the PA system.]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: You hear the time called right there. Fifteen minutes into this sixty minute time limit. Plenty of time left in this World Title Main Event battle here at Homecoming.

[The count of five rings out as Jack Lynch struggles to get to his feet, wobbling back towards the apron where Johnny Detson is waiting for him. Detson reaches over the ropes, snatching Lynch by the hair, hauling him up on the apron.]

GM: Detson bringing Lynch back in... pulling his head back over the ropes...

[The crowd jeers as Detson smashes the point of his elbow down on the bridge of Lynch's nose!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[Detson pulls him back by the hair a second time and delivers another elbowsmash to the nose, this one causing Lynch to slump down, lying on his back on the apron as the referee reprimands Detson for not allowing Lynch to get back inside the ring.]

GM: Detson ignoring the referee, watching as Lynch crawls through the ropes back into the squared circle...

[The challenger grabs Lynch by the hair, bringing him to his feet and landing a big right hand to the jaw that knocks the Texan back into the corner.]

GM: Detson laying in another right hand. You know, Detson usually shies away from brawling with his opponent but at the moment, it seems to be serving him well.

[Pulling the hair back, Detson winds up and BLASTS Lynch in the bridge of the nose with a right hand!]

BW: Yikes. That'll make your eyes water for sure.

[Lynch sinks to his knees, flopping back against the buckles as the referee warns Detson for the closed fist. A smirking Detson mimes using an open hand, earning more jeers from the partisan crowd.]

GM: That was NOT an open hand, fans, no matter what Johnny Detson claims.

[Detson moves back in on Lynch, pulling him to his feet in a loose side headlock, turning his back to the official, and DRIVING a closed fist up into the face of Lynch again, sending him stumbling across the ring and falling into another corner.]

GM: Another closed fist.

BW: The ref didn't see that one though and you can't call what you don't see.

GM: That much is very true.

[Moving in on Lynch again, Detson snatches him by the hair, swinging his forearm up in an uppercut to the underside of the chin!]

GM: Oh! European uppercut - right on target!

[With Lynch reeling, Detson grabs him by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner. He rushes in after him, swinging a knee up into the midsection, doubling up the big Texan!]



GM: Running kitchen sink knee, right on target... and he's gonna do it again!

[Whipping Lynch back across the other side, Detson charges in after him...]

GM: And a second big knee to the gut, trying to take the wind out of the World Champion's sails!

BW: Which is a smart move, Gordo. Look, we know that Johnny Detson can go the distance. He and Ryan Martinez had that Iron Man match for the World Title before. But Jack Lynch...

GM: Jack Lynch has only been in two of the most brutal wars in AWA history against Demetrius Lake and Supreme Wright two years running at SuperClash. Is that what you were going to say?

BW: Not exactly.

[With Lynch doubled over from the knees to the gut, Detson POPS him with an uppercut, snapping Lynch's head back and leaving him hanging over the top rope.]

GM: Lynch is reeling after that uppercut... and now Brian Lau is looking pretty confident in his man's chances... even with no sign of Brian James out here yet.

BW: Gordo, what happens if Johnny Detson regains the World Title WITHOUT Brian James' help? What happens then?

GM: Well, I'd imagine Brian Lau will tell us that the Kings are fine.

BW: Now you're learning.

[Detson plants his forearm on the back of Lynch's neck, pushing his throat down into the top rope as the referee counts for a break.]

GM: That's a choke!

BW: And the referee is counting it. What more do you want?

[Detson breaks the choke at four and change, dragging Lynch out towards the middle of the ring where he uses a snapmare to take the Texan over, depositing him on the mat.]

GM: Detson puts Lynch down again... and look at this!

[The crowd jeers as Detson tugs down his kneepad, exposing his bare knee as he slowly walks towards the downed Texan...]

GM: Kneedrop on the way!

[...and then leaps over him, a smirk on his face as he throws a weak back kick to the cheek of the Texan!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Hahahaha! I love it!

[The crowd is all over Detson at this point as he stands in mid-ring, looking out at them mockingly...]

...which is when Jack Lynch reaches up, dragging Detson down in a schoolboy!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NO! HE GOT THE SHOULDER FREE!

[An angry Detson gets up quickly, smashing a short kneelift into the chin of the rising Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch was trying to get up first but no dice there... snapmare again takes Lynch down...

[Detson leaps up, driving his bare knee down into the forehead of the World Champion.]

GM: ...and THERE'S the kneelift for real this time! Cover by Detson gets one! It gets two! It gets-

[But the World Champion's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking up the pin to cheers from the Texas crowd!]

GM: Shoulder up! The World Champion lives to keep on fighting!

[A fired-up Detson snatches a handful of Lynch's hair, still down on his knees as he pistons his fist into the forehead a half dozen times before climbing up to his feet, dragging Lynch up with him...]

GM: Another big right hand, sending Lynch falling back into the turnbuckles!

[Detson approaches, shaking out his right hand as he winds up again...]

GM: And another big haymaker! Detson's trying to punch Lynch out tonight!

[He nods to the crowd, winding up a third time...]

GM: Big right- blocked!

[The crowd roars as Lynch returns fire with a right hand of his own!]

GM: Oh! Lynch lands a heavy shot!

[Detson, in a daze, throws another one that Lynch blocks before landing his own!]

GM: Lynch firing back! Battering Detson across the ring!

[Detson throws a third weary blow that Lynch easily slaps aside before landing a huuuuge haymaker that sends Detson into the air, crashing down to the canvas from the impact...]

...and the crowd ERUPTS as Lynch holds up his gloved right hand!]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! Lynch is calling for the Iron Claw!

[Grabbing the rising Detson by the arm, Lynch whips him towards the ropes, swinging his gloved hand into position...]

...but Detson sees it coming, hooking his arms on the top rope, slamming on the brakes. He drops down to the mat, rolling out to the floor as Lynch angrily storms the ropes, swatting the ropes with both arms as the fans jeer the near-finish!]

GM: Lynch had him in his sights, Bucky... he had that Iron Claw set and ready to deliver but Detson saw it coming!

BW: Of course he did! He's a master strategist and you're not gonna get him that easy!

GM: Detson out on the floor, here comes Lau to talk to him...

[But Detson is hot and as Lau approaches, he shouts "STAY AWAY FROM ME!" at his manager...]

GM: What's that all about?

BW: Detson's losing his cool out there and-

[And as Lau continues to try to talk to Detson, the former World Champion reaches out with both arms and SHOVES Lau off his feet, knocking him down to the floor with a shocked look on his face! The crowd ROARS in surprise as well as Detson stands over him, fury burning in his eyes!]

GM: Detson just shoved Lau down! He just knocked him right off his feet! I can't believe what I'm seeing, Bucky!

BW: I can't either! That's the only manager in the Hall of Fame, Johnny! Listen to him!

GM: You still want to claim that the Kings are fine?!

BW: I... uhhh... yes, yes... of course!

GM: Brian Lau is still down on the floor and-

[The crowd suddenly ERUPTS in a mixed reaction!]

GM: OH MY STARS! HERE COMES TROUBLE!

[The camera shot cuts to the aisleway where an enraged Brian James comes stalking down the aisle.]

GM: Brian James is heading for the ring and Johnny Detson may have just made the biggest mistake of his life, Bucky!

[A panicked Detson spots the Engine of Destruction coming down the aisle and rolls back inside the ring where Jack Lynch is there to greet him, drilling him with one right hand... and another... and a third.]

GM: Lynch is teeing off on the challenger... and Brian James looks fit to be tied, fans!

[A hurting Brian Lau gets to his feet, approaching his charge and strongly shakes his head, shouting "NO! NO! I'M OKAY!" at him. James' burning gaze is locked on Detson as Lynch whips him across the ring.]

GM: Detson off the far side... big right hand downstairs!

[With the challenger doubled up, Lynch steps forward, wrapping his arms around Detson's body...

...and hoists him into the air, throwing him down with a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Big suplex by the champion!

[Lynch gets back to his feet, measuring the downed Detson, running towards him as he leaps high in the air, dropping a big knee down across the sternum!]

GM: Bombs Away! The big knee to the chest!

[Lynch applies a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[...but Detson's shoulder pops up off the canvas again!]

GM: No, no! Two count only!

[Lynch pushes to his knees, burying his face in his hands for a moment before getting back to his feet. He reaches down, grabbing Detson by the arm, hauling him to his feet into an armwringer before whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Lynch shoots Detson to the corner again... follows him in...

[But as the Texan leaps up, looking to land a flying knee against the buckles, Detson pulls himself clear as Lynch SMASHES his own knee into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: OHH! He missed! He missed the flying knee!

BW: But more importantly, Gordo, he opened a big window for Detson to finish him off! That knee just took a hard shot and if Detson can lock on some kind of a leglock, he may be able to get the win here.

[Detson grabs the leg, dragging Lynch from the corner towards the middle of the ring where he stomps the knee once... twice... three times...]

GM: Detson's going after the knee! He senses the opening that you mentioned, Bucky! He senses that regaining the World Title may be within his reach!

[Detson grabs the leg again, flipping Lynch to his stomach as he slides his knee into the crook behind Lynch's hurting knee...

...and DROPS down to the canvas, driving the knee into the mat and causing Lynch to SCREAM in pain!]

GM: Ohh! That did major damage, fans! You can tell from the expression on Jack Lynch's face that that did major damage!

BW: Detson's not a big submission wrestler but he does have a couple variations of a Boston Crab in his arsenal.

GM: And that may be what he's going for right here, Bucky!

[Grabbing the leg, Detson pulls it up under his armpit...

...but Lynch draws back his other leg, kicking Detson off to cheers from the Dallas crowd!]

GM: Lynch fighting his way free!

[Detson scrambles up, grabbing the leg a second time, pulling it closer...]

GM: He's going for the Crab again and-

[Lynch kicks him off a second time to a big cheer!]

GM: And again he fights out of it! Lynch is desperately fighting to save his title right here!

[The challenger scrambles up a third time, frustration on his face as he dives into the mount, pounding Lynch over and over with closed fists to the head. The referee starts a count, warning Detson to break off the attack...

...and when he pauses to shout at Longfellow, Detson finds himself rolled onto his own back with Lynch on top of him, opening fire with big right hands to the head!]

GM: LYNCH IS ALL OVER HIM! RIGHT HAND AFTER RIGHT HAND!

[The Dallas crowd is ROARING for their native son as he attempts to pummel Detson into the canvas!]

BW: Now THIS is the Jack Lynch we're used to seeing.

[Out on the floor, Brian Lau is speaking a mile a minute to Brian James, quietly so no one else can hear as James looks on, watching the action inside the ring as the big Texan climbs off Detson, wincing as he tries to put weight on the banged-up knee.]

GM: Lynch is back up, trying to fight off the pain of that leg as he pulls the challenger off the mat...

[But Detson has other ideas, grabbing Lynch's leg and giving it a yank, sweeping the leg out from under him.]

GM: Single leg takedown... he's going for the half Crab again!

[Detson is struggling to turn Lynch over when Lynch reaches up, snatching him by the head, dragging him down into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!!

[The strategically-placed camera shot catches Brian James putting a hand on the middle rope, seemingly about spring into action...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! Lynch almost retained the title right there! He almost did it!

[James lets go of the ropes but stays near the apron, watching as the World Champion struggles to get off the mat. But Lynch is a little slow to rise with the banged-up knee as Detson scrambles up, takes aim, and DRIVES his shoulder into the back of Lynch's knee!]

GM: OHHH! He clipped him! He clipped the knee!

[Detson turns, glaring at James for a moment as he drags Lynch out towards the middle of the ring, leg under his armpit.]

GM: He's got it hooked! All he has to do is turn it over!

[But Lynch again draws his other leg back, kicking off hard and sending Detson flying backwards towards the corner where he slams backfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! He kicks his way free again... and Lynch is getting back up now!

[The big Texan sucks down the pain, charging the short distance towards the corner...

...but Detson uses Lynch's mobility problem against him, diving clear as Lynch misses a running clothesline, smashing into the corner and then falling through the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Ohh! He missed the clothesline!

BW: And he's right out here in front of Brian James now. If James was ever going to do something, he's gotta do it now!

GM: In front of the referee?!

[Detson slowly approaches the ropes, leaning over to pull the World Champion up by the hair...

...and then drags him quickly alongside the ropes...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES Lynch skullfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Lynch goes flying off the apron, smashing down on the barely-padded floor, arms up over his head as Lau gives a loud "YES!" and the fans jeer loudly.]

GM: A hard fall to the floor for the World Champion after having his skull DRIVEN into the ringpost! Is he okay? Can he even continue after that?

BW: If he can't, we've got a new World Champion, Gordo!

[The referee slides out to the floor, rolling Lynch onto his back to check on him and revealing a gash on his forehead that is oozing crimson.]

GM: Oh my, fans! The World Champion has been busted wide open!

[And as Detson sees that, his eyes fill with glee. He quickly steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor where he shoves the official aside!]

GM: Oh! Detson needs to be careful, fans!

BW: Absolutely. He doesn't want to risk a disqualification when he's so close to winning his title back.

[Kneeling down over Lynch, Detson grabs Lynch by the hair, driving his knuckles down into the cut forehead again... and again... and again, each blow deepening the cut and increasing the flow of blood. The referee is loudly protesting as Detson climbs to his feet, pulling the World Champion up and rolling him back inside the ring.]

GM: Detson rolls Lynch in... oh, look at this!

[There's a tense moment on the floor with Detson and James staring one another down. The crowd buzzes in anticipation of a possible physical encounter but gets none as Detson turns, rolling back in, crawling into a cover.]

GM: Detson covers the bloodied World Champion for one! He gets two! He gets thr- no! NO! SHOULDER UP!

[The crowd roars with relief as Lynch just barely gets the shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: He got the shoulder up in time! Detson was less than a half count away from winning this match and regaining the World Title but he couldn't get it done... not yet at least!

BW: That may be about to change, Gordo!

[The crowd grumbles with concern as Detson grabs the bloodied Lynch by the hair, dragging him to his feet where he buries a boot in the midsection.]

GM: Detson's got him! He's got him right where he wants him!

[Detson pulls him into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook one arm...]

GM: He hooks one arm!

[Detson nods at the jeering fans as he reaches down for the other.]

GM: He's got both arms hooked! Can he hit the Wilde Driver?! Can he regain the title?!

[But before he can execute his signature match-ending maneuver, Detson has his legs yanked out from under him by the World Champion!]

GM: NO! LYNCH WITH THE COUNTER!

[On his feet, Lynch has the legs under his arms...

...and drops back, shooting Detson up in a catapult!]

GM: SLINGSHOT!

[Detson SMASHES facefirst into the ringpost, stumbling backwards as Lynch surges to his feet...

...and LOCKS his hand around the skull of the challenger!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW! LYNCH HOOKS THE CLAW!

[Detson's arms are flailing, trying desperately to get free as Lynch's fingers dig deeper into his temples, blood streaming down the face of the World Champion!]

GM: Lynch has got the Iron Claw locked in! They're in the center of the ring! Detson's fighting it but I don't know if he can get out!

[Cut to the floor where Brian James is watching intently. Brian Lau is right beside him, shouting at him to do something.]

GM: Lynch has the Claw sunk in deep! Detson's starting to fade!

BW: Lau's begging BJ to do something!

[James stares into the ring...

...and then surges forward, climbing up on the ring apron!]

GM: James is on the apron! What's going to happen here?! What's he gonna do?!

[The pleas from Brian Lau are soon overwhelmed by the pleas from Johnny Detson, begging James to act. Lynch keeps an eye on James but keeps the hold locked in, putting more and more pressure on the temples of Johnny Detson, cutting off the flow of blood to the brain...]

BW: It's time for Brian James to make a decision, Gordo! It's time for him to decide the future of the Kings of Wrestling!

[James stands there, eyeing Lynch and Detson...

...and then drops off the apron, crossing his arms defiantly as Lau's face sinks!]

GM: He's not gonna do it! He's not going to help Detson! He's not going to-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE QUIT! DETSON QUIT!

[Lynch lets go of the hold, throwing his arms up in the air as Detson slumps to the mat, falling to his rear as he looks up angrily at the man who just defeated him.]

GM: Jack Lynch and the Iron Claw score the victory here tonight at Homecoming... and just listen to the reaction from these Dallas fans for that!

BW: I'm gonna be sick.

GM: What a moment for Jack Lynch! What a night for the Lynch family!

[Brian Lau stands next to Brian James, shaking his head in disbelief...

...and then his face twists into shock as James grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He gestures to Rebecca Ortiz, snatching the house mic as he ducks through the ropes.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Oh, NOW he gets in the ring?!

GM: It looks like Brian James has something to say, fans.

[The cheering fans quiet down as James taps the top of the mic a few times, staring at the World Champion.]

BJ: All night long people have been coming up to me, telling me I needed to do the right thing. Telling me I needed to help you out, Detson.

And that's exactly what I did.

[James smirks at the downed Detson who is still down on the canvas.]

BJ: Not by giving you the World Title, but by teaching you a lesson.



You see, a man's got to learn his limitations. And now you know yours, Detson. Now you know that, one on one, you can't beat Jack Lynch.

[HUGE CHEER from the Dallas crowd!]

BJ: You're welcome, Johnny...

...and now for you...

[James then turns his attention to the World Champion who arches an eyebrow.]

BJ: And now, it's time for you to learn your lesson, Lynch. Because I know that, one on one, you can't beat me... any more than your brother could.

[The crowd jeers the verbal shot towards Travis Lynch.]

BJ: So what do you say, champ?

How about you give me a shot?

[The crowd reacts at the idea of James vs Lynch, watching intently as Lynch edges closer to James, extending his hand for the mic. James hands it over to the World Champion who raises it to his mouth.]

JL: No one in my family... and I mean NO ONE... has ever backed down from a challenge before... and no one ever will.

So, Brian James... my answer to you is-

#It's dark and hell is hot#

[And as DMX's "No Sunshine" rings out over the PA system, all eyes in the American Airlines Arena - including those of Jack Lynch, Brian James, and Brian Lau - turn towards the entryway...

...where Juan Vasquez is standing, still in his ring gear...

...and still holding the now-dented Steal The Spotlight briefcase in his hand.]

JV: His answer to you, Brian James, is get... the hell... in line!

[James shouts something off-mic towards Vasquez who throws a dismissive gesture at him.]

JV: I can't quite hear you, James... but I doubt what you've got to say is going to matter after this weekend anyways when my boys, Riley and Derrick, put you and ol' Johnny there down and out.

So... stand there and be quiet, kid... let the grownups talk.

[James is fuming mad at this point and looks like he'd physically separate Vasquez' head from his torso if he was within reach.]

JV: Jack Lynch...

[The crowd buzzes at this development. Lynch stares down the aisle, waving a hand inviting Vasquez towards the ring.]

JV: Oh, you're so kind. But you see... Juan Vasquez doesn't fight for free... ask Jon Stegglet. Hey Jon Boy... call me.

[He makes a phone gesture with his hand.]

JV: Now, I was listening earlier tonight and I heard Lau down there talking about how the boys at FOX put this All-Star Showdown together for him.

[Juan fake laughs, grabbing at his stomach.]

JV: That's a good one, Brian. But I think everyone around here knows that this night like every Saturday Night Wrestling... like every Memorial Day Mayhem... damn sure like every SuperClash...

They are ALL the Juan Vasquez Show Starring Juan Vasquez.

Just like this Friday night on FOX will be.

[Vasquez smirks.]

JV: Because at All-Star Showdown, it's going to be you, Jack Lynch...

[Vasquez slowly raises the dented briefcase.]

JV: ...defending the ONE title that I've never won - the AWA World Title - against me!

[Huge reaction from the Dallas crowd! Lynch nods his head, holding up the title belt for Vasquez to see.]

JV: And oh, what a night it'll be. Jack, I know how much you love telling your little stories... well, after Friday night, you'll have the greatest story to tell ever. Because you're going to be right there...

[Vasquez makes the belt gesture.]

JV: ...when I make the AWA great again!

[Vasquez drops the mic, waving at Lynch who is shouting down the aisle at his new challenger. Brian James is still standing there, glaring up the aisle at Juan Vasquez who interrupted his own challenge...

...until suddenly, he's jerked around by the arm!]

GM: Whoa!

[Johnny Detson steps right up into James' face, sticking a finger in accusingly. He's shouting at James who returns fire right away. Brian Lau tries to get between the two, attempting to wedge himself physically in there.]

GM: Fans, what a night it's been... and what a night it's going to be this FRIDAY NIGHT on the FOX Network for All-Star Showdown! Lynch vs Vasquez for the World Title! The Kings vs the Axis in tag team action! David Ortiz in the house to confront Flex Ferrigno! And who knows what else is going down this Friday?! It's been a fantastic night here at Homecoming and for everyone here at the AWA, we wish you good night... and we'll see you at All-Star Showdown! Oh my!

[Detson and James are shouting at each other as Lynch holds the title over his head while Vasquez watches with a smirk...

...and we fade to black.]