

The graphic features the text "AWA POWER HOUR" in large, bold, white capital letters with a slight glow effect. Below it, "JUNE 18TH, 2016" is written in a similar but slightly smaller font. The background is a dark blue field filled with numerous bright, jagged white and yellow lightning bolts that create a sense of intense energy and power.

AWA POWER HOUR

JUNE 18TH, 2016

[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 that black cuts to a fast-paced sequence of AWA action shots accompanied by "The Power" by DJ Fresh.

After about thirty seconds of action, we break into a shot of the AWA Power Hour logo. It sits stationary for a moment before spiraling away and leaving us with our first glimpse of the Power Hour set.

Let's just assume it's a green screen somewhere since Theresa Lynch currently appears to be standing in outer space. The young daughter of one of wrestling's most famous families is grinning, standing in a gold and black dress.]

TL: Two weeks have come and gone and I'm right back here for another edition of the Power Hour. Hello everyone, I'm Theresa Lynch and I'm your host for a special super-sized one hundred and twenty minutes of AWA action from all over the world. It's a special night as we come to you from the Canadian tour... a special night as we get ready for the Battle of Boston. So special that not only did Fox Sports X think we needed extra TIME here tonight... but they also thought we needed TWO special co-hosts. We've got a whole Canadian theme going here tonight and since the Women's World Title Rumble is just around the corner, we thought we'd give the ladies a chance to shine here on the Power Hour. Lauryn Rage, Skylar Swift... welcome to the Power Hour!

[We cut to a different shot, revealing Swift and Rage standing nearby... but deliberately trying not to stand next to each other.]

SS: Thanks, Theresa. It's an honor to get a chance to-

[Rage interrupts angrily.]

LR: No, no, no! This ain't how this is goin' down, Lynch! Look, your family and mine never gonna see eye to eye... I get that... but you're disrespecting me here tonight. This is Canada... this is MY house. This is the AWA... this is MY house. Ain't nobody got time for this lil' know-nothing princess.

[Rage gestures disparagingly at Swift who shakes her head.]

TL: Sorry, ladies. I don't make the rules, I just follow them and Emerson Gellar wanted you both here tonight so here you are.

LR: Disrespect.

TL: How about we move right along and change the subject to some of the great action we'll be seeing here tonight? We've got Women's Division action as we count down the days until the Women's World Championship Rumble.

LR: 28 days, sister. 28 days until The Kid brings home the gold.

SS: We'll see about that.

LR: We can see about it right now if you're up for it!

[Rage and Swift start to square off when security runs in from off-stage.]

TL: Ladies, please.

LR: I see how it is! Protecting the cover girl! Trying to keep her pretty! She ain't gonna be pretty after I get my hands on her in NYC, ya hear?!

[Swift makes a move towards Rage but security holds her in place.]

TL: I... this is out of control already. I told Mr. Gellar I thought this was a bad idea but... you know what, let's just go to our opening matchup while we try to get some control over all this. Roll it!

[We fade through the star field to previously-recorded action with Rebecca Ortiz in the middle of a poorly-lit arena.]

RO: The following is a women's wrestling contest set for one fall. Introducing first, in the ring at this time, from Lansing, Michigan, and weighing 115 pounds, SUZANNE HENDERSON!

[A petite blonde-haired woman, dressed in a white sports bra and black spandex shorts, raises her arms to the crowd, a cocky smile on her face.

The opening drum beats of "Light of Day" by Joan Jett and the Blackhearts start up over the PA system.]

RO: Her opponent hails from Jacksonville, Florida, and weighs 125 pounds... here is "LADY LIGHTNING" LORI WILSON!

[As the music kicks in, "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson emerges from the entranceway. She is dressed in a black singlet with white lightning streaks on the front, back and sides, black kneepads and wrestling boots, the boots with a lightning bolt on the sides. She also wears a black headband with three small lightning bolts on it.]

MS: Lori Wilson set for singles competition, and Colt, this 20-year veteran of women's wrestling has a chance to become a champion once again... how incredible would it be to see her win a championship when she's nearing the age of 40?

CP: You know, Stegglet, I've asked myself if it's even possible for somebody that old to come away with a championship, but then I remember that Johnny Detson, a man with more than 20 years in the wrestling business, walked out with the AWA World Championship earlier this year. So who's to say that Lori Wilson can't do the same thing with the women's title?

[Wilson walks down the aisle and slaps hands with fans stretched over the railing. When she reaches the ring, she climbs onto the apron and ducks through the ropes, walking to the center of the ring and raising her arms to the crowd, a smile on her face.]

MS: In order to do that, Lori Wilson will have to beat 19 other women in the Rumble match in Madison Square Garden. Ten entrants have already been announced and the field is already shaping to be a strong one.

CP: When you have wrestlers with the family heritage of Lauryn Rage, the pedigree of Charisma Knight, the world-wide experience of Ayako Fujiwara -- and that's just the start of the list -- if Lori Wilson can overcome that field, that's quite the accomplishment!

[Wilson ducks through the ropes and climbs off the apron, removing her headband and presenting it to a young girl, who appears to be about eight years old, at ringside, then rolls back in under the ropes, gets to her feet and takes her position in the corner.]

MS: And Lori Wilson giving a young girl a souvenir, as she sets for singles action tonight. We got comments earlier tonight from Lori Wilson about the Rumble... let's hear what she has to say.

[We go to a split screen with, on the right, Wilson moving forward and circling Henderson, while on the left, Wilson stands in front of an AWA backdrop, a look of determination on her face.]

LW: I have seen it all in this business and I have done it all in this business... singles titles, tag team titles, beaten the best of the best... and now I have the chance to add yet another title to my resume. To be the first AWA Women's Champion would be a wonderful distinction, one that some might say would be particularly because I've been in this business for such a long time, that some may wonder if I've got anything left. Well, when the AWA gets to Madison Square Garden, and the Rumble match is underway, I'm going to show the other 19 women that I have more than enough left in me to walk out with the championship! Ladies, don't be looking past me just because I'm getting up there in years, because if you do, you just might find yourself walking into a lightning strike!

[The split screen is gone and Wilson has now locked up with Henderson, who manages to grab Wilson by the arm and take her over with an armdrag.]

MS: Certainly Wilson sounds confident, but just now, Henderson taking her over with an armdrag... and the veteran giving a nod to her opponent.

CP: Wilson was talking about how the rest of the Rumble field shouldn't look past her, but right now, Wilson better not be looking past Henderson... you have a young competitor there who wants to make a name for herself.

[Henderson sneers at Wilson as she circles her and the two lock up once more. That's when Wilson manages to hook Henderson and take her over with an armdrag as well.]

MS: And Wilson takes Henderson down... I don't think Henderson expected that, Colt!

CP: Hey, I'm not going to deny that Wilson knows what it takes to get the job done. All I'm saying is she better be focused on her opponent tonight, not be thinking too much about the Rumble.

[Henderson complains about Wilson pulling her hair, but the referee refuses to acknowledge the complaint, while Wilson leans forward and motions for Henderson to come at her.]

MS: Now Lori Wilson daring Henderson to bring it on... Henderson scrambling to her feet and charging her... but walks right into a hiptoss!

[As Henderson sprawls to the canvas, she pushes herself to her feet, only to be met with a standing dropkick.]

MS: And there's a dropkick... Henderson rising to her feet... but another dropkick by Wilson! And once again, Henderson is up... but Wilson with a third dropkick! And Henderson has had enough!

[Henderson slides underneath the ropes and slaps the apron in frustration. In the ring, Wilson motions to the crowd, encouraging their cheers.]

CP: Henderson doing the right thing... get out of the ring and regroup, because Wilson has got the momentum on her side.

MS: Henderson not pleased with herself... meanwhile, Colt, I'd say it's clear Wilson does have her attentions on her opponent.

CP: I will give her that... it is clear she's focused on the match, but she's still can't take Henderson too lightly!

[Henderson pulls herself onto the apron and, as Wilson steps forward, Henderson shouts at the referee to get her to back off.]

MS: Henderson taking her time to get back in the ring and Wilson not looking pleased with her stalling.

CP: Hey, she's got a 10 count to get back into that ring. She needs to let the referee do her job.

[Henderson slowly ducks through the ropes and walks up to Wilson, jawing at her.]

MS: Henderson trying to intimidate the veteran... I don't know if that's such a smart tactic.

[Suddenly, Henderson hauls off with a hard shot right to the jaw, catching Wilson off guard.]

MS: And what a vicious shot there! I don't know if Wilson expected that!

CP: That's a smart move, Stegglet... and besides, she's letting Wilson know that she's far from being beaten!

[Henderson follows up with a kick to the midsection, backing Wilson into the ropes, then hauls off with a hard forearm to the side of the head.]

MS: Henderson has Wilson trapped against the ropes... the referee warning her about a closed fist.

CP: Hey, I think that's an open hand.

MS: Henderson with a couple more shots... now sends Wilson into the ropes...

[Leaping toward Wilson, Henderson catches her on the rebound with a spinning leg across the chest.]

MS: And a spinning kick in midair by Henderson! Give her some credit, that was impressive!

CP: That is definitely impressive, Stegglet, and now Henderson's in control against the veteran!

[Henderson takes a moment to gloat, before going to the corner and scaling the turnbuckles.]

MS: It's Henderson going to the top rope... Wilson still dazed from that kick, but now getting to her feet.

[Henderson leaps off the top rope, grasping her hands into an axhandle...

...only to be met with a fist to the midsection from Wilson.]

MS: Wilson saw it coming! Henderson now doubled over... and Wilson not wasting any time.

[Wilson stands behind Henderson, wrapping her leg around Henderson and grabbing her around the neck, then falling backwards.]

MS: And there's a Russian legsweep! Wilson now quick to cover... gets a count of one... two... but there's a kickout!

CP: Henderson had better be more careful going for a high risk move like that again. Now Wilson is back in control!

[Wilson pulls Henderson up and hits her with a pair of forearm smashes, before hooking her into a front chancery.]

MS: And now Wilson taking Henderson over... snap suplex by Lady Lightning! Like you said, Colt, Wilson back in control and Henderson is in trouble.

CP: And Wilson wise to stay right on the attack... obviously, she's realized that she can't waste time between moves, given what Henderson showed she's capable of!

[Wilson drags Henderson off the canvas, backing her into the ropes and whipping her to the opposite side.]

MS: Wilson sends Henderson into the ropes... comes jumping at her... there's a flying forearm! And another cover attempt by Wilson... she gets one... two... and that's all she'll get!

[Wilson pulls Henderson up once more, backing her into the ropes and again and sending her across with another Irish whip.]

MS: Wilson not wasting any time, like you said, Colt... going for a clothesline but missing... but here comes Henderson!

[Henderson leaps into the air and flies right at Wilson with a dropkick.]

CP: Whoa! Look at the height on that dropkick! She's on Larry Wallace's level right now!

[Wilson falls to the canvas as Henderson takes a moment to gloat again.]

MS: But Henderson not following up... this could be a mistake if she gives Wilson time to recover!

[Wilson pulls herself up into the corner, where Henderson unleashes a pair of kicks to the ribs.]

CP: Hey, she's following up now... we might be seeing an upset here, Stegglet!

MS: Henderson has Wilson by the arm... sending her to the opposite corner!

[Henderson comes charging toward Wilson...

...but at the last second, Wilson sidesteps her.]

MS: But there's nobody home! Henderson goes right into the buckles and Wilson is measuring her!

[As Henderson staggers backwards, Wilson gets behind her, tapping her right foot.]

MS: Could we be seeing the Lightning Strike?

[When Henderson turns around, Wilson greets her with a hard superkick right to the jaw.]

MS: Yes, there it is! Wilson got all of that! She drops down for the cover.... and there's the three count!

[The referee's hand hits the mat three times and Wilson gets a smile on her face as she pulls herself to her feet.]

RO: Here is your winner... "LADY LIGHTNING" LORI WILSON!

[Wilson allows the referee to raise her hand, waving to the cheering fans.]

CP: I have to give credit to Lori Wilson... when Henderson went crashing into the corner, she knew she had the chance to finish her off and went right for the Lightning Strike! I have to give the woman her due, Stegglet!

[Wilson steps away from the referee and approaches the camera, directing a finger at it.]

LW: Right there, ladies, is why you can never predict when lightning is going to strike!

[With that, she ducks through the ropes and climbs down from the ring apron, then walks around ringside to slap hands with fans.]

MS: Lori Wilson with the win and a message to the rest of the women in AWA! Certainly we look forward to what she can do in the Rumble and, perhaps, she'll be the one who becomes the first AWA Women's World Champion!

[We fade from the arena back to the studio where Swift and Rage have been positioned on either side of Theresa Lynch who does not look happy about the change in body arrangement.]

TL: A victory for the Lightning Lady, Lori Wilson, as she gets in a tune up heading to Madison Square Garden and the 20 Woman Rumble to crown the very first Women's World Champion. Skylar, what did you see out of Lori Wilson tonight?

SS: I saw a veteran who knows the game inside and out. She knows what she's doing in that ring and what she NEEDS to do to get the job done. She knows-

[Rage interrupts abruptly.]

LR: BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH!

[Theresa turns her attention towards Rage with an eyeroll.]

TL: You have something to add?

LR: How come you don't ask me what I saw?! Because what I saw is a tired, haggard old lady who doesn't have enough left to get the job done. What I saw is some old bird who likes to peck at the young 'uns and tell us we don't do things right... we don't do things like she did. "When I was your age..."

[Rage makes a rude noise with her mouth.]

LR: Get out of here with that tired act.

[Theresa nods.]

TL: Okay, two very different viewpoints on what we saw out of Lori Wilson and... well, I'd imagine that much of this night will be that way, fans. We're going to take

a quick break but before we do, let's hear from the Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound himself, BC Da Mastah MC!

[We transition spin to footage marked "CALGARY: AFTER THE SHOW" where BC Da Mastah MC is pacing angrily alongside Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Fans, in this special Power Hour exclusive, I-

[BC angrily turns, shouting into the camera.]

BC: HANGMAN!

[Blackwell jumps at the sound of it as BC runs a hand over his head.]

BC: Hangman, you... you crossed a line, brother! For months now, this whole locker room saw you comin'... we knew you were there! But we let you be... because no one wanted to be the one to find out if the Hangman really is the real thing... if the Hangman really is the Boogeyman come to life.

But now... now you crossed a line, jack... and this ain't a time to be rhymin' and rollin', nah nah. This is a time to get down to business.

And you and me...

[He gestures at the camera and then back at himself.]

BC: After what you did to my lil' homie tonight, you and I got business, playa.

Two weeks from tonight... Toronto... you bring your scary self down that aisle...

...and I'm gonna show you just how real it gets.

[BC looks determined into the camera.]

BC: Word.

[BC bumps his own fists together in front of him, making an exit and leaving Sweet Lou behind.]

SLB: Wow! Wrestling fans, I'd call that a challenge! BC Da Mastah MC looking for payback for his "lil' homie" Manny Imbrogno. He wants the Hangman and he wants him in Toronto. You gotta imagine the Hangman and Virgil Rockwell will have no problem accepting that challenge.

[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 a private box above Calgary's Saddledome. Rebecca Ortiz can be heard in the background, hyping the crowd during a commercial break. At the front row of the box sits a mass of blue and dirty blonde hair. Underneath the hair: Riley Hunter in black jeans, and black t-shirt, a silver distressed American flag with a "Dead Man's Party" logo superimposed on the front. His cowboy boots rest on the rail in front of him, and his round John Lennon shades perch on the end of his hawk-like nose.

A young Asian female, Sugita Onisha, approaches. English is not her native tongue, so it seems this footage is courtesy of Tiger Paw Pro.]

SO: Good evening, Riley.

RH: Oh hey. Did Cousin Jax let you in? Can he feel his arm again after The Sheriff ambushed him?

SO: This is your home town.

RH: It is. Despite the Colton family doing all they could to keep me out of here. They can't keep a good ninja down. I sat down there on my dad's lap in 1989 to watch the Flames clinch Game 5 of the Stanley Cup Finals.

SO: In one month, you are entered in the biggest tournament in American wrestling. Battle of Boston.

RH: It is. The biggest names from around the world.

SO: What are your thoughts?

RH: [chuckling] Another day, another dollar. All these bright lights, all these LED video walls. The AWA has all these bells and whistles, but it's time for them to evolve. They've finally reached the point where they can run a show up here in Calgary. They've finally reached that Five Star level.

[He shrugs.]

RH: For some people, that would say "yes yes! That's good enough." A lot of people would just give up, rest on their laurels, and pat themselves on the back for a job well done. The AWA, they can't do that when they feel the black wind howling outside their arena. They can't call themselves a Five Star wrestling promotion when there's a Seven Star Wrestler drawing everyone's eyes. You've seen it here, Sugita. You see all those people wearing shirts with my name and my face and the seven stars.

You know, the Lynch family has done very big business in the United States. Alex Martinez and Ryan Martinez too. Supernova as well. I think you'll find they aren't guaranteed big business in say... Calgary, or London, or Tokyo. Do you see Supreme Wright leading this business into the next decade? Or Jordan Ohara? I am entering the Battle of Boston to say to John Q. Wrestling-Fan that there is a better way; the stars of your AWA Galaxy only extend so far. I am no star. No no. I am the quasar at the edge of your universe that burns so bright and so hot that it cannot be overlooked.

[Onisha seems perplexed by the metaphor so she moves on.]

SO: You have had an early viewing of the brackets. Do you have any comments?

RH: Well, I do have to commend the AWA for giving me a bye to semi-finals of the Graham bracket. Of the thirty-two competitors, I can say I've been in the ring with over half of them, and the other half have not yet approached the calibre of matching up with a Seven Star Athlete. No no. So it seems that they have set me up against Noboru Fujimoto to replicate the match that drove him in shame and humiliation from Tiger Paw Pro, only to see me again.

[The sounds of "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers" by ZZ Top kicks in over the PA System. Riley sits upright and briefly glances over his shoulder into the arena.]

RH: Ah, but that seems to be our time, Sugita. Anata no jikan o arigatō. "Aloha" means "goodbye." I suppose we'll talk further when I slip on a custom-made Green Jacket to celebrate my victory at the Battle of Boston, after I deliver a July 4th Day of Lavos/End of Time combo. And until next time...

[He pauses dramatically for effect, pointing his index finger upward in front of his face.]

RH: ...GOOD NIGHT NOW!

[He pushes the shades up his nose and leans back in his seat, arms clasped behind his head in the mop of blue and dirty blond hair before we fade back to our announce trio in the Power Hour studio.]

TL: Riley Hunter with some inflammatory words much like his cousin Jackson.

SS: Jackson Hunter is an embarrassment to all of Canadian wrestling so I'm not going to waste my breath talking about him. His cousin though... I've seen his matches in Japan. He's impressive, Theresa... in more ways than one... and I think he's going to be one to watch at the Battle of Boston.

TL: Miss Rage?

[Lauryn Rage is looking off-camera, filing her nails.]

TL: Lauryn?

[Still no response.]

TL: Well, I suppose you have nothing-

[Rage wheels around on Theresa.]

LR: You're right! I've got nothing to say because the only thing that's going to be worth watching at the Battle of Boston is my big brother, Shadoe, tearing through all those bums and standing on top of the wrestling world right where he belongs. Two weeks after that, I'm going to be the first Women's World Champion, standing right up there with him. And then, ain't no one going to be talking about the Martinez family... or the Wallaces... or the O'Connors or any of the rest of those suckers. Especially your brothers, Reese.

TL: Please don't call me-

LR: Not your brothers! Mine! Not your family! Mine! 2016 is when the world finally recognizes that the Rage family is the greatest family in pro wrestling history. Not the Lynches. Not the Coltons. Not the-

SS: I think we get it. Don't we have another match to watch or something?

LR: You want to shut me up, girlie? Come try!

[Swift and Rage start shouting at each other again as Theresa rolls her eyes and gestures towards the camera...

...and we transition spin away from the arguing duo to Mark Stegglet standing backstage with Pure X at a recent live event.]

MS: Pure X, you requested some time here before you head to the ring. Now last we saw you, you had some rather heated words with AWA President Emerson Gellar during the Battle of Boston press conference. Does the announced line-ups for the Battle of Boston chan-

PX: Yeah.

MS: Oh, wait, sorry, I -

PX: Look Mark, I'm excited, really am! Finally, I'll get something that I've wanted ever since I came back - a one-on-one wrestling match. Just two wrestlers trying to prove who's the better man. And let me repeat that, Mark - wrestlers. Grayson? I know he's a wrestler - an amateur pedigreed wrestler. I mean, FINALLY Mark! FINALLY someone who's going to the ring to, imagine it, WRESTLE! Not break bones, not shed blood, not get the assistance of three other people or whatever. No, WRESTLE! So for that? I'm excited! It seems like my -

[Pure X does the hand quotes.]

PX: "Heated words" actually got something done.

MS: Let me just clarify that the draws were random, but going back to the press conference, that seemed out of character for you recently - what was that about?

[X narrows his eyes briefly and gives a quizzical look at Stegglet before nodding.]

[X bursts out of the entrance way as the remixed version of "Elektra" crescendos, microphone in hand. He's dressed in his normal wrestling gear of dark green tights with lightning bolted "X" on each leg, black t-shirt and wrestling boots. He largely ignores the crowd as he passes, focusing only on the man in the ring who would be his opponent.]

MS: Like I said while talking to him, Pure X has been acting a little differently ever since Memorial Day Mayhem.

CP: It's called frustration, Stegglet. Pure X came back to the AWA with some fanfare but he's got nothing to show for it. Now how much of that is his fault and he just doesn't want to admit it? Hey, maybe that's why he's cracking a bit.

MS: I wouldn't say he has nothing to show for it, but it has been an uphill climb for Pure X in his return.

CP: Then what's he done? Besides being on the wrong end of Toughill's baseball bat every other week? Or the guy Terry Shane thought was enough of an anchor that he had to let him go? Face it, Pure X has hit rock bottom and it's not sitting well. Sometimes you need to hit that low to get your eyes opened.

[Before the ref can call for the bell, Pure X holds his hand up.]

PX: Now, now, now, I said I'd come out here for a display and this man here -

[X motions to his opponent, a young wrestler with long brown hair in a ponytail and a slight frame in basic white trunks and boots.]

PX: Will help me show what's been missing here in the AWA and that's a small pure display of WRESTLING! So tonight? I'll pin this man -

[X's opponent yells something at him for that slight.]

PX: -using ONLY three maneuvers! I'll show the AWA Galaxy what wrestling is in just three - THREE! - different moves... before beating this guy.

[X thumbs in the direction of "the guy", who puts up his fists in reaction and says he's had enough by charging at X. Pure X ducks and swivels out to the other side of the ring, gripping the ring ropes as the ref steps in to motion for the bell.]

MS: And there's the bell to get this match started in what I guess Pure X is calling a "wrestling display".

CP: Only three moves the entire match? This should be entertaining...

MS: And just for the record, Pure X's opponent tonight is Jeff "Amen" Stallman, a Calgarian who recently started-

CP: Amen?

MS: That's what the bio says.

[In the ring, X and Stallman circle each other before Mr. "Amen" charges in for a takedown that X twists to avoid. Stallman pivots with another charge, this time for a clothesline that X ducks under. Breaking, Stallman turns for a solid punch that X blocks and steps back from.]

MS: A game of cat and mouse so far between these two.

CP: Lots of Stallman action, I guess Pure X is really saving those three moves for the right time.

[Stallman yells at X to "come on", but the Los Angeles technician ignores the goading as he slowly circles away. Stallman sets in, lifting his hand up for a test of strength but X waves him off.]

MS: Stallman trying to initiate anything here, but Pure X isn't going for the offer.

CP: I guess if he locked hands, that would count? Why waste a move, right?

[Pure X circles again as some of the crowd gets on him to do something. X stops to look at the crowd before resuming his circling. Having enough, Stallman charges in again but this time X doesn't just avoid the offense.]

MS: X caught him this time as he twists into a hammerlock!

CP: Never thought I'd be this excited for a hammerlock, but at least it's something.

[The crowd gives a mocking applause as X keeps the hammerlock applied. Stallman tries to reverse out of it, but X blocks that attempt and twists the lock in a little harder.]

MS: X has that lock in deep, maybe Pure X intends to just win with this move?

CP: I doubt even a guy like "Amen" Stallman would tap out to that, Stegglet.

[Stallman tries to reverse out of the hammerlock again, but gets blocked once more. "Amen" tries another tactic, a back elbow which does release the hammerlock but in doing so allows X to slip both arms out and around Stallman's shoulders to lock in a different hold.]

MS: Full nelson now locked in by X-

CP: That's two! With what he's got locked in, I can see how X finishes this one out.

[Indeed, X wastes no further time as he lifts Stallman up and over with a bridging dragon suplex.]

MS: PURE IMPACT! ONE! TWO! And THREE! Pure X get the win in his "wrestling display".

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: That would be WRESTLING! display.

[Pure X hops up and holds his right arm to the ref, who lifts it in victory.]

PW: Here is your winner... PURE X!

[X motions at his eyes and yells to the crowd that he's opened their eyes before the shot cuts out.

As we fade back up, we once again find ourselves looking at the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. Thankfully, a voiceover confirms.]

"Here with your Battle of Boston Control Center, it's Mark Stegglet!"

[Fade to a shot of Steggle in front of the monitors with the BOB logo taking up a portion of the screen.]

MS: Fans, we are just a few short weeks away from this one. July 2nd, July 3rd, and July 4th at the TD Garden in Boston, Massachusetts. The best professional wrestlers in the world descending on Boston for one magical weekend to find out who the best in the world is. Now, we've got a lot to cover tonight here in the Control Center so let's get right down to it.

[The BOB logo spins out and is replaced by one that says "International Wild Card."]

MS: One week ago on Saturday Night Wrestling, I talked about the International Wild Card, revealing competitors from all around the globe who will be battling it out for one final spot in this tournament. We've got competitors from the UK, from Japan, from Canada, Mexico, New Zealand... so many more! And since last weekend, this part of the tournament has been going hot and heavy. Tonight, we're going to take a look at the first round of that International Wild Card tournament as we go from 32 competitors down to 16.

[A graphic comes up that reads "EUROPEAN BRACKET."]

MS: We start things off in Europe where our friends at United Kingdom Grappling put on a show last Saturday night and again last night, helping us to crown a winner in the European bracket.

[We get a graphic showing "Prince" Colin Hayden on one side and Pietro Sandini on the other.]

MS: Two veterans squared off in the tournament's opening matchup as Colin Hayden, a longtime friend of the Lynch family who returned to the United Kingdom after many years competing here in the States, took on Pietro Sandini. Sandini, longtime wrestling fans might recall, was one of the longest reigning EMWC Television Champions of all time but returned to his home country of Italy to open a wrestling school after his reign ended. For both of these competitors, a win here just might open the door for them to return to the States.

[We catch a series of short highlights - Hayden attempting his superkick but Sandini rolling under it... Sandini connecting with a middle rope dropkick... a big dive off the apron by Sandini that Hayden ducks out of the way of, sending Sandini down hard to the canvas.]

MS: Both men traded some high impact offense but often used their experience to outmaneuver their opponent. However, in the end, Hayden was able to use his legendary superkick...

[Boom. We see that one catch Sandini right on the chin.]

MS: ...to pick up the win and move on to the next round of the European Bracket. That one took us to our second match of the night with Malcolm Sweeney taking on Aiden Brooker. Brooker was an overwhelming favorite to take home the win in this one as a former UKG British Heavyweight Champion... but Sweeney came to fight.

[A quick series of clips showing Sweeney trading big bombs with Brooker who opts for the traditional European uppercut. A little later in the match, Sweeney's mouth is busted open when he headbutts Brooker right in the nose. And a little later still, both men have crimson coming from their mouths and noses as Sweeney hits a big running kick to the chin.]

MS: Malcolm Sweeney surprised many in attendance when he caught Aiden Brooker with a bridging German Suplex and scored the win. Big upset here but Malcolm Sweeney is moving on to Round 2.

[A new graphic comes up, showing Logan Blackburn on one side and "Wolfman" Wulfstand Wylde on the other.]

MS: A battle between two Brits came up next as the man known as the Wolfman collides with the man known as the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel, Logan Blackburn. The Wolfman, Wulfstand Wylde, is perhaps best known for his trademark beard... bushy and wild... kinda like he is. We got a few words from Wylde right before his matchup so let's take a look at that...

[Cut to pre-taped footage of the man known as the Wolfman. His hair is slicked back, plastered to his head, as a wild beard hangs off his face. It is matted, tangled, and completely unruly... much like its owner.]

WWW: AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[That was an attempt at a wolf's howl.]

WWW: These AWA blokes are 'avin themselves a little tournament, yeah? They want the best in the world, yeah? That's all good except they didn't call on the Wolfman! How can you 'ave the best in the world without the Mayor of Beardtown innit?

[He reaches up, running a big paw through his tangled beard.]

WWW: They tell me the Innernational Wild spot is up for grabs though... and I like that news quite a bit. Because that means there's a door to get in... and if there's a door to get in, the Wolfman can kick the bloody thing right down! And that's what I aim to do tonight in Blackpool no matter who they got in front of me.

[Someone says something from off-mic.]

WWW: Blackburn?

[Wylde's face twists into one of disgust.]

WWW: AY! Can someone get me some more finger tape?! Bloody son of...

[Wylde's voice trails off as he walks out of view as we fade back to a chuckling Mark Stegglet.]

MS: One of the most colorful personalities in the game, the Wolfman was set for action against Logan Blackburn. Let's take a look at a couple of the highlights.

[We cut to footage of the match with Stegglet providing the voiceover.]

MS: Early on in the match, the Wolfman brought his power-based offense...

[That's the cue to show footage of the Wolfman hurling Blackburn across the ring with a biel throw and then running him down with a shoulderblock that sends Blackburn bailing out to the floor.]

MS: ...but it wouldn't be long before the dastardly ways of the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel would catch up to him.

[Blackburn with his short boxed beard, black hair shaved on the sides and held up in a samurai-style manbun top knot steps in and shouts "TEST! OF! STRENGTH!"

We cut ahead a little bit where Wylde is obliging, tying his fingers up with Blackburn on one hand...

...while the other darts out and jabs him in the eye. The fans jeer as Blackburn mockingly turns to them, rubbing away the "tears" from his eyes before giving them an unfriendly gesture.]

MS: Logan Blackburn is no favorite to the fans wherever he goes but he'd use his cruel and sadistic style throughout the match...

[Cut ahead where Blackburn stomps the hand of Wylde down on the mat, leaving him clutching his fingers. Blackburn gives a sadistic grin before landing a leaping stomp on the shoulder as well.]

MS: Eventually, the Wolfman would battle through the trickery of his opponent...

[Blackburn does a backrake in the corner, drawing more jeers from the fans to which he responds with two more...

...and suddenly, Wylde whips around, cheeks puffing as he fires up. He throws a series of haymakers followed by a big European uppercut that lifts Blackburn off the mat, sending him several feet away before he crashes down.]

MS: ...and seemed to be on the verge of victory.

[A well-placed running knee to the gut in the corner doubles up Blackburn as Wylde drags him out, lifting him up onto his shoulders...]

MS: The Wolfman, looking for the Wolf's Prey finishing maneuver... that big Death Valley Driver...

[But Blackburn slips out, shouting "CHICKEN WING!" right before he applies the hold of the same name, dragging Wylde down to the canvas, and getting a fairly quick tapout before we fade back to Steggle.]

MS: Logan Blackburn with what many are deeming an upset, moving on to the next round and the Wolfman... well, I suppose he'll have to settle with getting some new roads built in Beardtown. And in our final first round matchup in the European Bracket, it was the former powerlifter, the Finnish Superman, Eero Korhonen taking on former EMWC Junior Heavyweight Champion, Macht Kraftwerk. Kraftwerk, by the way, has been leading a bit of a renaissance in German pro wrestling over the past year or so and we're looking forward to seeing some of the German talent when the AWA visits Germany later this summer.

[The graphic comes up promoting this final European Bracket first rounder.]

MS: Let's take a look at what happened in this tremendous styles clash.

[For this one, we're back to a series of short highlights accompanied by the crowd noise. The much smaller Kraftwerk getting run over with a Korhonen shoulder tackle. The Finnish Superman executing a multi-rep press slam. Kraftwerk getting turned inside out with a clothesline.]

MS: Korhonen absolutely dominant at the outset... but the veteran, Kraftwerk, had one big weapon up his sleeve.

[The Finnish Superman attempts another press slam but as he does, Kraftwerk slips out behind him, using a superkick to the back of the knee to put him down on his knees. Kraftwerk hits a superkick to the back of the head to follow... and then one last superkick on the chin of the kneeling Korhonen to score the three count.]

MS: A series of superkicks later and our European Bracket was in the books with Macht Kraftwerk, the German veteran, moving on to the Semifinals in that bracket.

[Back to Stegglet in the Control Center.]

MS: Alright, let's take a look at what the Semifinals of that Bracket are going to look like...

[We fade to a new graphic.]

MS: On one side, we're going to see "Prince" Colin Hayden collide with Macht Kraftwerk in what you'd have to consider a battle of the superkicks at this stage. And of course, that means the other side will pit Logan Blackburn against Malcolm Sweeney. Two big matches that I, for one, can't wait to see. Now, the results of those matches will come later this week in a special AWA.com only version of the Control Center. Don't you dare miss that... and now, let's talk about one of the other brackets in this International Wild Card tournament... the so-called Everywhere Else. This, of course, features competitors not from Europe, Asia, or North American and there's quite the eclectic bunch in this mix. Let's take a look at some of the action from this one...

[We cut to a split-screen - the matches in the Everywhere Else bracket across the bottom of the screen while highlights of the action play across the top.]

Tomas Silva unleashes a ferocious barrage of strikes on Reginal Levois from the get-go, the Brazilian crowd erupting as the referee waves it off and declares the former MMA star the winner.

Jack Watts, the big kickboxer from New Zealand, absorbing a springboard enzuigiri from Sergio Salazar from Chile before uncorking a roundhouse kick to the head that turns his lights out.

A wild brawl between Savea and CCW competitor Arawak Jack Veles. We get clips of them throwing each other into the ringside railing, trading punches near the announce table, and finally have Savea leaping off the announce table with a flying splash on the floor. Cut to a shot of Savea with his hand raised.

And finally, "Kiwi" Luke Boyd clubbing Omar Mohammed about the head and neck with what appears to be a piece of a flag pole as the New Zealand flag lays draped over the ropes nearby. Cut to later in the match where a bloodied Boyd hits a hanging DDT off the middle ropes for a three count.

And then back to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Tough battles in that Everywhere Else bracket, matches that took place this past week in New Zealand and in Brazil. In the end, we've got a second round of Tomas Silva taking on Jack Watts in a battle of two former MMA competitors. We've also got Savea taking on "Kiwi" Luke Boyd in one that I'm personally very intrigued by. Fans, it's the International Wild Card and don't go away because later tonight, I'm going to have a second edition of the Control Center to give you the results of what went down in the North American bracket and the Asian bracket! Incredible stuff that you will not want to miss!

[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.

And we come back up to pre-recorded action at a live event where Rebecca Ortiz is standing in mid-announcement.]

RO: ...from Moncton, New Brunswick... weighing in at 140 pounds... Maylo McCormick!

[There is little crowd reaction for the petite wrestler with the mousy brown hair in the yellow hamburger mask and blue body suits with a yellow loin cloth and belt.]

MB: And this Canadian crowd here in Windsor fairly unimpressed with Maylo McCormick. Her fashion sense definitely leaves something to be desired.

GM: It certainly does, Marcus. I understand McCormick is a product of the Age of Rage wrestling school looking to get a break in this business.

MB: Well, wrestling on an AWA show should help. You're competing in front of the fans of the greatest promotion in the wrestling world. She better be ready to bring it.

RO: And her opponent...

[#HEY KIDS! LET'S GO!#

The opening guitar strains of Living Colour's "I Wanna Know" get the crowd hyped.]

RO: ...from Jackson, Tennessee and now making her home in Toronto, Canada... weighing 160 pounds... VICTORIA JUNE!!!!

[The crowd cheers as Victoria June prances through the curtains. The first thing we see is her shocking tawny afro. The next thing is her big toothy grin. And then the

freckles dotting her fair-skinned face. She is dressed in a black leather vest over cut off jeans, torn stockings and Doc Marten boots.

She bounces around the stage for a bit before she bounds down the aisle, throwing herself against the fans and whirling and stomping like a crazy woman on her way to the ring. She rolls into the ring and jumps up onto the middle ropes shouting and waving at the crowd to get them pumped up. She rips off her vest to reveal a hot pink dashiki printed long-sleeved leotard top underneath. She hops down off the turnbuckles, pulling off her round sunglasses. She runs her hands through her big reddish blonde afro, hyping up the crowd as she messes up the unruly mass of hair. "It's about to be on!" she screams in her Tennessee accent.]

GM: These fans here in Windsor certainly appreciating this ball of energy Victoria June!

MB: She is definitely a contrast in size and energy to Maylo McCormick. She might run out of energy before the bell rings the way she's leaping around pandering to the people of Windsor.

GM: Will you stop. She is not pandering.

MB: She isn't conserving her energy for the match at hand - that's for sure.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway. Victoria June is a big deal in Canada it seems and I am curious to see what she brings to the big stage. This is my first opportunity to watch her.

[McCormick and June approach each other in the ring, looking for the lockup. Their finger tips brush and pull away, each wrestler looking for the advantage. Finally, they lock up. Victoria June uses her height and size advantage to hook an armwringer. She winds it up once and then twice before McCormick grabs a handful of her afro and yanks her down to the mat. The crowd boos as June complains to the referee.]

GM: Referee Davis Warren telling McCormick to stay out of the hair.

MB: That's almost impossible as big as that afro is. But Victoria June may just have been crying wolf and McCormick got her with a legitimate leverage move.

GM: You can't be serious.

[June scrambles to her feet, nodding her head at McCormick as they lock up again. McCormick stomps June's instep and then takes her down with a hair assisted hip lock. She dives down on June and slaps on an armbar.]

GM: Maylo McCormick is certainly not above bending and breaking the rules to get an advantage.

MB: She has an opportunity on the biggest stage of them all. Of course she is going to pull out every stop.

[June struggles to her feet as she tries to break the leverage. McCormick moves her around so Warren is out of position and again uses a handful of afro to yank June down to the mat. She unleashes a series of stomps and elbow drops before she pops to her feet, yelling to the crowd. "She's nothing!"]

GM: And the crowd is booing her intensely.

MB: That's because they don't like winners.

[June jumps to her feet, pointing and angrily. Her temper is piqued as she backs McCormick into a corner. She grabs McCormick by the ears and drills her with a headbutt that staggers the smaller competitor. As the crowd roars, June looks out at them and then drives repeated headbutts into McCormick's forehead before she bounces out of the corner, whooping and stomping as McCormick staggers out of the corner and then pitches face first down onto the canvas as the crowd cheers.]

GM: And Victoria June celebrating here for the crowd.

MB: It's called moshing, Myers. This June is rooted deeply in the punk scene, it appears.

[June throws herself off the ropes and charges forward, dropping a running knee across the back of McCormick's head. She rolls to her feet, yelling at the crowd.]

"This I'll filly done mad me mad!"

[June yanks McCormick up by the hair and howls out at the crowd as she delivers a series of knife edge chops that crack sharply out against beautiful single leg drop kick that leaves McCormick flat on her back. June jumps out of the ring and circles ringside, headbanging with the fans and flashing the horns with her pinky and thumb.]

GM: She certainly likes to have a good time in that ring.

MB: All this dancing is putting her at risk of a count out, though.

[As June climbs back onto the apron, McCormick meets her with a knee to the midsection. She bends June back over the ropes and clubs a forearm across her chest before raking her eyes. McCormick then shoves the ropes sending June flying to crash into the guard rail shoulder first! The crowd shrieks with concern and then falls hush as June gingerly cradles her damaged arm.]

MB: You see, if she would just focus on the match she wouldn't be in this predicament. Now what is she going to do?

GM: And Maylo McCormick telling Davis Warren to count. This girl obviously isn't afraid to take a count out win.

MB: Why should she be? I wouldn't be scared of a count out ... a win is a win.

[At the count of six, June gets to her knees and walks on her knees to the ring. She pulls herself up with one arm at the count of eight. And rolls under the ropes to the applause of the crowd at nine and a half.]

GM: McCormick beside herself here. She thought she had this one won!

MB: She came very close. Now focus on that shoulder and get the victory.

[And McCormick does focus on the shoulder, applying a hammerlock and driving June back to her knees as she cranks on the pressure. She drives a few elbows down into the trapezius muscle and collarbone.]

GM: And Victoria June is feeling the sting of that attack as she tries to fight her way to her feet. Maylo McCormick with a short arm whip, yanking June back by that injured shoulder! OH MY GOODNESS!

[The crowd cheers as June leaps up and drags McCormick to the ground with a Fierro Press. With her good arm, she grabs McCormick by the hair and rams the back of her head into the mat before McCormick cuts off the rally with a well-placed poke to the eye.]

GM: What a cowardly thing to do!

MB: I'm not going to tell you again. This is what you have to do to win!

[McCormick presses her advantage going back to the hammerlock. She grabs June's free arm and yanks it back, stretching both shoulders now with the combination hold.]

MB: And Davis Warren right in there to see if there's a submission but of course Victoria June is saying no.

GM: And McCormick falling backwards, rolling her over into the pin!

[The crowd gasps as Victoria rolls through the pin at 2 and escapes. She rolls to her feet, shooting a thrust kick into McCormick's midsection as the latter pushes forward to press her attack.]

"YEAHHHHHHH!!!!!!"

[The crowd rallies behind June who shakes out her ailing shoulder. She grabs McCormick and hoists her up and over with a hiptoss into a powerslam. She rolls off, clutching her shoulder.]

MB: June was unable to press her advantage due to that injured shoulder. But she got enough of that hiptoss into a powerslam to make this even. McCormick rolling into the corner. That might be a mistake. Get out of the ring!

GM: And here comes June... ooh... knee lift in the corner.

[Screaming with each shot, June delivers five consecutive knees in the corner before she drags McCormick to her feet. With another shout, she charges forward and crushes McCormick with her version of the Heatwave.]

MB: And somebody has been watching their Supernova footage. She does that about as well as the face-painted champion.

[Screaming with adrenaline, June pulls McCormick out of the corner and picks her up like a slab of concrete, holding her across her chest. June drops forward, crushing McCormick with the front falling slam.]

"IT'S OVER!"

[The crowd cheers as June scoops up McCormick's legs and grapevines them. She steps through, turning McCormick onto her stomach as she reaches forward and underhooks McCormick's arms. With a scream, June wrenches back, lifting McCormick off the back and trapping her in a Scorpion Crosslock. McCormick battles for maybe three seconds before she submits.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner... VICTORIA JUNE!!!!

[The crowd goes crazy.]

MB: Victoria June picking up a good win here on the Power Hour. You know, she's an interesting character. She could be a wild card if she finds herself in the Rumble to crown the Women's World Champion at Madison Square Garden!

GM: Marcus, I agree with you. I'm surprised by her toughness and character. Whether that could get her into the Rumble and carry her to the championship remains to be seen.

[We fade from the arena back to the Power Hour set.]

TL: Nice win there for the newcomer, Victoria June. Ladies, you might find yourself with some new competition in the Women's Division if Miss June finds herself in that Rumble coming up.

LR: That redneck ain't bringin' anything to the dance that scares me, Reesa. If she gets in that Rumble... if she comes at me, I'm gonna snatch me two hands full of that big ol' afro and toss her to the floor!

TL: Skylar?

SS: Victoria's someone I've seen on the indy circuit for a while now. She's got the goods, Theresa, and if she does end up in that Rumble, she's going to be one for all of us to watch out for. Even you, Rage.

LR: You comin' at me too?!

TL: Ladies, please. Let's not start that again. The Women's Division certainly is heating up here in the month of June as all roads lead to Madison Square Garden and the Rumble for the Women's World Title. We'll be going to a special edition of the Control Center a little later to hear the next batch of entries in that Rumble but that's coming up later. But right now, let's go back to the Control Center and here about the International Wild Card tournament and the Battle of Boston!

[As we fade back up, we once again find ourselves looking at the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. Thankfully, a voiceover confirms.]

"Here with your Battle of Boston Control Center, it's Mark Stegglet!"

[Fade to a shot of Stegglet in front of the monitors with the BOB logo taking up a portion of the screen.]

MS: Back again to talk about the International Wild Card. Four competitors left in the European Bracket... four left in the Everywhere Else bracket so now let's put our attention on the Asia Bracket and the North America Bracket.

[A graphic comes up that reads "NORTH AMERICA BRACKET."]

MS: The North America Bracket puts the focus on competitors from Canada and Mexico, battling it out to get to that treasured opportunity in Boston and our first matchup was a battle between two long-time members of the SouthWest Lucha Libre roster - El Caliente and El Corazon Negro. Let's take a look...

[Cut to a series of highlights: a wacky lucha-style takedown and submission attempt from the veteran El Corazon Negro... El Caliente with a springboard dropkick that knocks ECN off the apron followed by a king-sized Asai Moonsault to the floor... an El Caliente 450 splash attempt where ECN brings up the knees.]

MS: These two competitors know each other so well, they went back and forth for over twenty minutes before an El Corazon Negro flying headbutt attempt was

missed. A La Majistral later led to a three count for Caliente who will move on to the next round. The next contest saw a clash of Mexico vs Canada as the death-defying Destro Star took on Teddy Cote.

[Cut to another series of highlights: Teddy Cote, the youngest of the Cote wrestling family, ties up the high flyer in a half Boston Crab... Destro Star firing back with a series of short forearms followed by a standing enzuigiri... the luchador hits a front backbreaker, steps through, and connects with a standing moonsault.]

MS: The high-flying of Destro Star seemed overwhelming at times for Cote, the technician, but the Cote family is well-known for their determination and grit and young Cote kept battling back.

[With his arms tied up in the ropes, Star runs across the ring, delivering a shotgun dropkick to the chest. As he flings Cote down to the mat, Star runs to the ropes, building up speed, coming back towards Cote who lifts him up, twists him around, and drives him down across the knee!

We cut a little further in the match where Cote grabs the legs, looking for a Boston Crab...

...but Destro Star kicks up off the mat, using his legs to fling Cote down to the mat, sending him rolling out of the ring.]

MS: These two were incredibly well-matched and it showed and as the time limit started to tick down, things picked up in intensity.

[With Cote outside the ring, Star strikes a pose like he's aiming wrist-mounted rockets at Cote, hitting the ropes once... then twice... then diving through the ropes in a high speed, high impact tope that sends the crowd into a frenzy!]

MS: And with Cote in trouble, Destro Star mounted the buckles, looking for the kill...

[But before the luchador can strike, Teddy Cote ran up the ropes alongside him, hooking him around the head and neck...

...and backflips off the top, bringing them both crashing down to the canvas!]

MS: ...and Cote with the killshot counter, picking up the one... two... three! Two men advanced so far in the North American Bracket with two more matches still to come... including this next one...

[We cut to a graphic showing Jackie Easton on one side of the screen and the "Calgary Stampeder" Rocco Robinson on the other side.]

MS: In a battle of Calgary natives, Jackie Easton looked to bring his daredevil ways down onto Rocco Robinson who spent some time with AWA officials last week, gauging the interest in a future AWA deal. Robinson, a former two-sport star in Canada, was ready for a fight... and Easton was itching to give him one.

[We cut to a series of highlights: Jackie Easton starting things off with a pair of cartwheels to avoid tieups... Robinson getting a mouthful of boot when Easton backflips away from him... Easton using a corkscrew moonsault on a standing Robinson to take him down to the canvas.]

MS: Easton showing off the high-flying skills that has made him a YouTube sensation but the fans of Canada were solidly behind Rocco Robinson, the former Calgary Stampeder AND Calgary Flame.

[Getting his hands on Easton, Robinson lights him up with a series of short kneelifts to the face, flinging him into the ropes where he puts him down with a spear tackle, knocking Easton flat for a near fall.]

MS: Robinson just kept coming and coming no matter what Easton threw at him...

[Easton lands a spinning back roundhouse followed by spinning back the other way into a leaping enzuigiri. A standing double stomp gets him a two count but Robinson kicks out.]

MS: ...and in the end, the Calgary Stampeder delivers the finishing move with his own nickname in it...

[An attempt at a top rope moonsault is caught by Robinson who - with Easton over his shoulder - charges the corner, smashing him into the buckles before wheeling around, coming out towards the middle of the ring...

...and DRIVES him down with a big powerslam, banging his head along with the referee's three count!]

MS: And that sends Rocco Robinson on to the North American Bracket's Semifinal where he will face his fellow Canadian, Teddy Cote. But that leaves us with one more match in the North America Bracket... the battle of two marquee attractions in Mexico, Javier Perez and Guerrero Azteca.

[We cut to a graphic hyping that very match.]

MS: This one took place Friday night - last night - in Mexico City with thousands of fans on hand to see it. Javier Perez, the former masked superstar Lince de Plata, hit the ring first...

[Cut to footage of that entrance, Perez walking the aisle, slapping the hands of the fans, leaning in to embrace some of them, tears streaming down their faces.]

MS: One of the most popular superstars in all of Mexico... something his opponent knows nothing about... Guerrero Azteca...

[Cut to that entrance. Azteca is a masked man with an incredible physique. This guy doesn't have a six pack - he's got an eight pack. His elaborate mask has a golden base but is designed to look like an eagle, the front jutting out into a predator's beak. As he walks the aisle, he's wearing an enormous headdress. On the front is a ceramic mask - painted gold - with a multitude of colorful feathers trailing behind.]

MS: Azteca with his usual elaborate entrance and attire... but these fans are not cheering for Guerrero Azteca on this night... not one bit. Javier Perez is the man of the people and he's who they will be supporting.

[We cut into the match where Azteca has a wristlock applied on Perez who is looking for a way out. Perez suddenly somersaults forward, twists under, and takes Azteca down with a fireman's carry before applying an armbar of his own.]

MS: These are two of the finest competitors in all of Mexico at the moment, fans, and they were on their game here in this one, trying to get closer to that treasured spot in the Battle of Boston tournament.

[Cut deeper into the match where Azteca has Perez trapped in the corner, laying in heavy, stiff kicks into the body. He reaches under the arm, hooking Perez by the head, and hurls him from the corner with a massive biel throw...]

MS: The power of Azteca on display, sending Perez a mile high and just as far before he crashes down to the mat.

[Cut again, this time as Azteca is attempting a running spear tackle...

...but Perez leapfrogs him, sending him crashing facefirst into the turnbuckles.]

MS: A timely counter there may have saved Javier Perez, sending Azteca to the corner where he'd come up suffering some damage.

[Azteca rolls under the ropes to the floor, reeling from his crash to the corner as Perez grabs the ropes, slingshotting over the top, connecting with a crossbody on a surprised Azteca to big cheers!]

MS: Perez used the counter to string together some offense, putting Guerrero Azteca on the run...

[Cut again, this time as Perez hooks a spinning toehold on a downed Azteca.]

MS: The spinning toehold! Picked up during some time that Javier Perez spent training with Terry Shane Jr. as a youth. Perez had it sunk in deep in the center of the ring but he couldn't force a submission out of Azteca.

[Another cut has Perez going for a German Suplex...]

MS: And you're about to see the end right here as Perez was going for the German Suplex but Azteca grabs the referee, pulling them in...

[...and the masked man swings his leg back up in a mule kick, driving his foot into the groin of Perez!]

MS: OH! A foul as they call it South of the Border!

[But the referee didn't see it which allows Azteca to hook the hurting Perez, lifting him up a short distance off the canvas, and driving him down with a small package driver!]

MS: Tlacochtli!

[Azteca rolls him up for a three count as the fans jeer.]

MS: And there you go... Guerrero Azteca picks up the questionable victory in the final match of the North American bracket, moving on to the Semifinals... and let's take a look at our updated bracket.

[A graphic comes up advertising the next round of matches.]

MS: It's Mexico vs Mexico! It's Canada vs Canada! El Caliente vs Guerrero Azteca! Teddy Cote vs Rocco Robinson! I can't wait to see how those two turn out, fans, but before we head on our of here, let's talk about the Asia Bracket.

[The graphic changes to show us our Asia Bracket:

Yoshinari Taguchi vs Akira Shinashi
Sho Yoshida vs Johnny Sone
Chui-Moo Choi vs Isamu Kobayashi
Kiaan Lal vs "The Iron Badger" Manzo Kawajiri]

MS: We've got representation from Japan, from Korea, from India... and leading that bracket off is one of the most eagerly-anticipated matches of the entire

tournament over in Japan. Yoshinari Taguchi, the former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion, taking on the final man to wear the Triple Crown for the legendary G-Pro promotion, Akira Shinashi! Would Shinashi have enough in the tank to tangle with one of the best in the world? Would Taguchi-san let down Tiger Paw Pro by losing to a freelancer? We're going to get there but let's go to the other matches first...

[The graphic changes to showcase Kiaan Lal vs Manzo Kawajiri.]

MS: Kiaan Lal, coming to us out of India, taking on the man known as the Iron Badger... a rather unique nickname but when you see him in action, you better believe he lives up to that moniker. Let's take a look at some action from that one.

[We cut to a series of highlights. Lal using a hiptoss to take Kawajiri down to the mat... Lal using a monkey flip to do the same...]

MS: Kiaan Lal, a relative newcomer to our sport - a rookie out of India... and perhaps a little overmatched as we'd soon learn...

[Lal goes for another hiptoss that Kawajiri blocks before headbutting him right in the sternum, knocking Lal flat.]

MS: Oof! We've often talked about the hard headbutts of men like Juan Vasquez and Raphael Rhodes but there is perhaps no harder headbutt than that of the Iron Badger. And with Lal down, Kawajiri went to work...

[We cut to another series of highlights: Kawajiri lighting up Lal's chest with chops against the ropes... a vicious running kick to the ear of a doubled-up Lal... and a big German Suplex that dumps Lal on the back of his head and leaves him completely motionless on the mat.]

MS: What followed was essentially sanctioned slaughter as Kawajiri slammed and slapped Lal around at will before connecting with this...

[With Lal in a daze seated on the mat, Kawajiri comes off the ropes, dropping into a running, sliding lariat that flattens his opponent...]

MS: OHH! And that, wrestling fans... was that.

[Kawajiri gets the three count as we fade back to Stegglet who shakes his head.]

MS: Absolutely devastating and you can only hope that young Kiaan Lal gets another shot down the road. Our next match saw another Tiger Paw Pro competitor, Sho Yoshida, taking on another Japanese freelancer, Johnny Sone. Sone, a former AWA competitor who recently competed exclusively for another promotion, recently became a free agent and a win of this International Wild Card might pave the way for an AWA return. Let's take a look at this one...

[We cut to the beginning of the match where the arrogant Sho Yoshida is running down his opponent verbally, his bright red mohawk standing tall on this night. Johnny Sone ignores him, gesturing dismissively at him...

...until Yoshida shoves him in the chest, knocking him backwards to the ropes. Sone charges back out and a brawl breaks out at the opening bell.]

MS: Seems like a little bad blood in this one at the outset...

[We stick with the footage as Sone and Yoshida trade leg kicks, each trying to chop down the other.]

MS: Yoshida says that it's "Sho-time" every time he gets inside the ring...

[A well-placed kick to the side of the knee drops Sone down to a knee as a smirking Yoshida runs to the ropes, building up speed...

...and runs right back into a leaping enzuigiri by Sone who gets a two count off it.]

MS: ...but Johnny Sone quickly showing he's learned a lot since his time in the AWA.

[We cut a little deeper into the match where Sone is being snapmared out of the corner by Yoshida who swings an axe kick down into the back of the neck.]

MS: Oh! A hard kick there by a former protege of one of the greatest junior heavyweights of all time, LION Tetsuo.

[Cut again, this time with Sone and Yoshida battling it out on the apron. A well-placed front kick by Sone catches Yoshida under the chin, sending him staggering backwards from the blow...

...but he comes right back, throwing a low dropkick to the shin, taking Sone down to his knees as Yoshida slips off the apron to the floor, moving around into position...]

MS: One of Yoshida's favorite maneuvers coming up here, reaching back and...

[The crowd groans as Yoshida uses a snapmare to take Sone off the apron, flipping him over and down to the barely-padded floor!]

MS: Mmm! A snapmare off the apron to the floor!

[Cut again, this time showing Yoshida back up on the apron but not the same one he was just on, leaning against the buckles, keeping an eye on the rising Sone...

...and then runs down the length of the apron, leaping up to the second rope, and springing off in a somersault over the buckles, crashing down onto Sone!]

MS: An incredibly athletic dive!

[We cut one more time, showing Sone in the midst of a comeback, throwing a series of kicks to the body. A kick to the thigh catches Yoshida, hobbling him as a snapping thrust kick to the body puts him down on his knees...

...and one final roundhouse to the skull of the kneeling Yoshida puts him down. Sone dives into a lateral press, earning a near fall. He protests to the official before getting back up, hooking a front facelock...]

MS: And Johnny Sone seemed ready for that Waru Quake he's so fond of...

[...but Yoshida breaks free, hooking Sone around the head and neck, connecting with a sitout uranage slam that he quickly transitions into an Anaconda Vice...]

MS: Yoshida was ready for him though, hooking in this submission hold...

[And the bell sounds.]

MS: And Sho Yoshida scores the win, moving on to the Semifinals of the International Wild Card tournament! Two more matches to go in the Asia Bracket... and we're going to keep on going. Korea being represented in this tournament by a former MMA competitor... the Ironman, Chui-Moo Choi... and he takes on a man

that my good friend Jason Dane once described as the "Travis Lynch of Japan," Isamu Kobayashi.

[We get a graphic spotlighting this next match.]

MS: We talked earlier about clashes of styles and this one... the hard-hitting striking skills of Choi against the high-flying of Kobayashi... now THIS is a styles clash. Let's take a look...

[As the bell sounds, we see Choi barnstorming across the ring throwing rights and lefts as Kobayashi ducks, ducks, avoids... and then backflips away once... then twice, ending up hopping up on the middle rope where he front flips over Choi, coming to his feet and beckoning Choi towards him. Choi wheels around, coming on fast again...

...and runs right into a Kobayashi leaping knee strike to the chin that stuns him!]

MS: What a flying knee!

[Kobayashi slides in behind Choi, hooking a half nelson with one arm and a half chickenwing with the other...

...and DUMPS Choi on top of his head, scrambling to his feet, leaping into the air, flipping backwards, and connecting with a standing Shooting Star Press, tightly hooking both legs and scoring the quick - and perhaps shocking - victory!]

MS: Wow! And just like that, it's over! Isamu Kobayashi with the victory, moving on to the Semifinals of the Asia Bracket... and then there was one. So much hype for this one. A sold out crowd for Tiger Paw Pro's event last weekend to witness this one. 41 year old Akira Shinashi, a freelancer who has been dominating wrestling in Japan for over a decade taking on Yoshinari Taguchi who is - arguably - the most successful wrestler currently competing in Japan. Multiple times a Global Crown Champion. This one promised to be something else and... well, when you see this the highlights, you're going to see exactly why. Let's take a look...

[We cut to highlights, showing Akira Shinashi waiting in the corner for his opponent. He has changed drastically from his glory days competing in G-Pro as father time has caught up with him. Gone is the long black hair, replaced by a salt and pepper Caesar cut to hide the receding hairline. He has a beard - mostly white on the chin. And there's a little... just a little... extra padding on the midsection as he stands in his black tights with red and yellow flames on the right leg and a stylized red phoenix on the left leg.]

MS: The final man to wear the historic G-Pro Triple Crown. There was a time that G-Pro was THE top promotion in Japan and at that time, Shinashi was one of the best in the world. He's still one of the best in the world but there is no doubt that he's lost a step. But on this night, he's looking to show that he's still got it.

[And as Shinashi awaits his opponent... the video walls light up, one screen at a time with the champion's name. The crowd chants along with the screens.]

"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"

[The screens light up again, a little faster this time as the crowd chants again.]

"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"

[The screens repeat the pattern, faster still. It happens over and over, building to a faster pace as the crowd chants faster.]

"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"
"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"
"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"
"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"
"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"
"TA!" "GU!" "CHI!"

[With the crowd chanting his name repeatedly, the arena lights up with a red and white strobe light, flashing quickly to illuminate the rising platform as Yoshinari Taguchi appears before the crowd. He raises his left hand in a fist, getting a returned salute from the giant crowd as his name is cried out.]

"TAAAAAAGUUUUUUUCHIIIIIII! YOOOOOOOSHIIIIINAAAARRIIIII!"

[Taguchi strides down the ramp. Taguchi is in full length tights, one leg red and one leg white as the fans cheer. Cut back to Shinashi who leans over, hands on his thighs, awaiting his opponent's arrival.

And we cut into the match where the two are set to square off for the first time.]

MS: A magical moment in Japan. You can see all the flashbulbs firing. This encounter made the front page of many newspapers in Japan.

[And we cut deeper where Shinashi has Taguchi trapped in the corner, laying in some heavy forearm smashes across the chest. He grabs an arm, whipping Taguchi across...

...but Taguchi steps up on the midbuckle, flinging himself backwards with an elbow on the incoming Shinashi!]

MS: In the early part of the match, it seemed like Yoshinari Taguchi had an answer for every move that Akira Shinashi brought...

[Cut again to show Shinashi going for a right-armed running lariat on a standing Taguchi who ducks it. Shinashi slams on the brakes, going for one with the left arm that Taguchi ducks as well before throwing a spinning leg lariat that takes Shinashi off his feet.]

MS: However, as the match went on, Shinashi's hard-hitting style seemed to wear down Taguchi...

[Holding the wrist in preparation for a short-armed clothesline, Taguchi whips Shinashi out, pulling him back...

...and Shinashi DRILLS him with a left hand on the jaw that drops Taguchi cold!]

MS: Right there! Right there, he scores with the left hand to drop Taguchi-san!

[With Taguchi down, Shinashi goes to work with kicks to the body as we cut again...

...and this time, we see Shinashi working over a cornered Taguchi, lighting him up with palm strikes, backhand chops, and finally Mongolian chops until the referee forces him out of the corner.]

MS: The striking skills of Shinashi wearing down the former Global Crown Champion...

[Deeper in the match, Taguchi attempts a lariat but whiffs as Shinashi ducks under, spinning to deliver a rolling elbow to the back of the head, knocking Taguchi prone for a near fall.]

MS: ...ALMOST gets him the victory right there. And with Taguchi in jeopardy near the twenty minute mark, Shinashi goes for his killshot, looking for that fisherman DDT...

[But as he reaches for the leg, Taguchi manages to grab Shinashi's leg, twisting it violently in a dragon screw legwhip. He rolls his opponent back up, delivering a second legwhip...]

MS: Two legwhips have Shinashi in a bad way as Taguchi flips Shinashi to his stomach, locking up the legs, hooking the arms...

[With the arms and legs tied up, Taguchi rocks back, hooking the Four Leaf Clover.]

MS: ...and the Four Leaf Clover is applied! And as any member of the Tiger Paw Pro roster will tell you... once this hold is applied, there is very few who ever manage to escape. Shinashi hung on... trying to find a way out... trying to survive but eventually...

[The referee wheels, signaling for the bell as Taguchi lets go, dropping a pain-filled Shinashi down to the mat.]

MS: ...he gives in and it's all over!

[A weary Taguchi rises, allowing his hand to be raised as the fans continue to cheer and we fade back to Mark Stegglet who looks as tired as you might expect.]

MS: And that... wrestling fans... is that. A tremendous first round of action for the International Wild Card - an event with so many great competitors from around the globe battling it out for the final spot in the Battle of Boston tournament... and an event with many who would love to be a part of the AWA locker room looking to impress the powers that be. Now, let's take a look at the next round of action...

[We get a full screen shot of the next matches:

"Prince" Colin Hayden vs Macht Kraftwerk
Malcolm Sweeney vs Logan Blackburn

Tomas Silva vs Jack Watts
Savea vs "Kiwi" Luke Boyd

El Caliente vs Guerrero Azteca
Teddy Cote vs "The Calgary Stampeder" Rocco Robinson

Yoshinari Taguchi vs Isamu Kobayashi
Sho Yoshida vs "The Iron Badger" Manzo Kawajiri]

MS: Look at that. And if you're a professional wrestling fan, you have to be excited about the possibility of some of these matches. Silva and Watts in a battle of two former MMA competitors. Sweeney and Blackburn. The Canadian battle. Taguchi and Kobayashi should be outstanding! So many great matches with so many great competitors looking to take that treasured final spot in the tournament. We've gone from thirty-two to sixteen and the next time we chat, we will be down to eight! The Battle of Boston is going to be a happening and I'd make sure your calendar is clear. Make sure you're going to be in town for the weekend. Get your charcoal, your burgers, and hot dogs... but don't worry about the fireworks because the AWA LIVE on The X all weekend long has got you covered. That's going to do it for this... extended... edition of the Control Center, fans. We'll see you next time with the results of the second round!

[We fade away from the Control Center... finally...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#Every little stop sign#

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

#All the red lights like#

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

#A preacher on a Saturday night#

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

#The devil's in the details#

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

#Pretty little females#

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

#Tell me all your sweet sweet lies#

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

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

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

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

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

#Time to take the highway highway highway#

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

#Baby take the highway#

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

#Ima' take the highway#

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

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

[And then... black.

We come back up from black on a shot of Rebecca Ortiz in a darkened arena.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall ... introducing first ... from Terrace, British Columbia ... weighing at 230 pounds ... he is ... LOGAN SMITH!!!!!!

[The Torontonians cheer as Smith hops from foot to foot, rubbing his hands together. The fierce-looking buzz-cut Canadian wears jeans and a ragged wife beater and wraps around his wrists. He looks a little grizzled and a lot in need of a shave.]

MS: All right, we're underway here for competition and this is going to be a meeting of two of Canada's own ... Logan Smith here is on the come up and his opponent tonight is a Canadian wrestling legend.

[The crowd goes crazy as John Williams' "Olympic Theme" hits.]

RO: And his opponent ... from Halifax, Nova Scotia ... weighing in at 244 pounds ... he is the longest reigning World Television champion in AWA history ... he is ... SHADOE RAAAAAAAAGE!!!!!!!

CP: And the people of Canada know that they are in Rage Country, Stegglet. Listen to these cheers for one of their own. It was like this for me every time I walked down the aisle as World Champion.

MS: I'm shocked that the people of Toronto are still supporting Rage after his fiendish actions on AWA television.

CP: What are you accusing him of doing this time?

MS: He choked out Jeremiah Colton! Another Canadian legend!

CP: I don't know about legend, Mark. He's just been around a while because he's old.

MS: You resemble that remark, don't you, Colt?

CP: Watch your mouth, Stegglet. I may be retired but I'm not dead.

[Shadoe Rage sweeps out onto the stage. As is usual now, he is dressed in all black ... hooded scarf, black leather cape, black tights, long black boots and a single black glove and elbow sleeve.]

MS: Ever since he lost the World Television title to Supernova, Rage has been muted in his color scheme and his entrance. There's none of the usual exuberance we're accustomed to seeing.

CP: Well, if you had a championship reign ended by chicanery, Stegglet, you might not be too excited either. The powers-that-be have been doing everything to keep him separate from that title and you know that that is tearing him up inside.

[Rage takes the ring. He removes his entrance gear, stripping down to his bare-chest and black tights. He removes his sunglasses, shooting his piercing glare through Logan Smith.]

MS: There's definitely an intensity in the air surrounding this match up.

CP: Shadoe Rage is a legend in these parts and his family taught Logan Smith everything he knows. Smith might be thinking that this is the perfect opportunity to show what he can do by knocking off the most famous member of the Rage clan.

MS: He certainly has nothing to lose.

CP: Nothing at all, Stegglet.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Both wrestlers lunge into a collar and elbow tie up. They push and shove, trying to get leverage. Smith releases the left elbow hook to drive a sharp hook into Rage's side. Rage winces away before lashing out with a series of right and left jabs that pepper Smith, rocking his head back until he retaliates with a push kick that shoves Rage towards the ropes. The two men stare at each other again as the crowd cheers the stalemate.]

MS: That was quite the exchange, Colt. Neither man getting a clear advantage, but both men letting the other know that this kind of brawling is right up their alley.

CP: Styles make fights, Stegglet. You've got two great strikers here. You may not see much in the way of mat wrestling, but each man has some devastating moves and strikes.

[Rage fakes a lock up and drives a knee into Smith's midsection, doubling him over. He crashes a 12 to 6 elbow straight down into the back of Smith's neck before he grabs him by the back of the head and races towards the ropes. He leaps off and drags Smith neckfirst down across the top rope. Smith slingshots back into the ring, holding his throat as Rage alights to the top rope, waiting.]

MS: Rage from high up above and sails off ... DEATH FROM ABOVE!

CP: That vicious double axehandle found its mark. Down goes Smith. We'll see if he can get up from that move. Rage got all of it that time.

[But Rage doesn't even attempt a cover. He poses for the crowd, twirling his finger in the air and then throwing his arms out and pirouetting for the people.]

CP: Now this I disagree with. Forget showing off for these Canadian fans. Yes, you might be from here, Stegglet, but that doesn't mean you should take your eye off the ball like Rage is doing right now.

[Smith struggles to his feet as Rage approaches. The brawler from British Columbia lashes out with a hard right hand that stuns Rage. Smith bull rushes Rage into the corner and starts laying into him with shoulders until Rage buries an elbow between the shoulder blades and then charges out of the corner with a left-handed bulldog lariat that drags Smith to the mat.]

MS: A look of shock on the face of Shadoe Rage as he rests on his knees, trying to recover his breath.

CP: Stay on him this time. Smith is showing that he is a tough out. You can't play around with wrestlers like that.

[Rage works his way to his feet, dragging Smith up to his feet by his wife beater. Rage stares Smith in the face and slaps him hard across the mouth. Smith defiantly spits back in his eye and delivers a stunning headbutt before scooping up Rage and body slamming to the mat. Rage rolls out of the ring to regroup.]

MS: Rage is shocked by the fight in Logan Smith.

CP: Well, he definitely thought this would be an easier match up than it is proving to be. However, this is a smart move to get out of the ring and regroup.

[The referee pushes Smith back as Rage climbs to the top rope, pointing and threatening Smith.]

MS: Will he try the Death from Above again? That double axehandle is deadly but Logan Smith has him sized up.

CP: This is just an intimidation move. Rage isn't that crazy ... WHOA!!!!

[Rage flies off the top over the referee to crash into Smith at the same time Smith buries an uppercut to his solar plexus. Both men go down in a heap.]

MS: You were saying, Colt?

CP: Well, Rage did go for it after all. He got Smith and Smith got him. Both men are down and hurting.

[Rage sits up first, gritting his teeth and holding his ribs as he forces himself towards the ropes and uses them to pull himself up. Smith is a few steps behind. His back is to Rage as Rage gets a running start]

MS: High knee to the back of Logan Smith and over the top he goes!

[The crowd gasps as Smith hits hard on the outside. Rage drops to his back in the ring, regaining his breath.]

CP: Rage isn't following up right away. He's trying to catch his breath. He's taken some strong blows to the ribs in this match. It might be more difficult for him to catch his breath than he is letting on.

[Rage gets to his feet as Smith does. Rage walks to the apron and reaches over the ropes to grab Smith. He steps onto the middle rope as he drags Smith to the apron.]

MS: What is Rage doing here? Front face lock applied. Is he going to try to suplex him back into the ring?

CP: Rage is going for a high risk move here. He's actually the one precariously balanced on the middle rope.

[As Rage goes for the hoist, Smith switches the angle of his body and lands on top of Rage in the middle of the ring. A stunned Rage barely kicks out two.]

MS: And Rage came just that close to losing!

CP: And Rage quickly getting the advantage back with an elbow to the back as Smith tries to get back to his feet. That was very nearly an upset.

[Rage scoops up Smith and plants him with a gutwrench suplex. He drops an elbow to Smith's heart and then another and then another and then another until he gets to nine consecutive elbow drops. Rage leaps in the air and delivers a crushing knee drop across Smith's chest. He rests on top of Smith, breathing hard, staring down at his opponent and then at the crowd.]

MS: Rage thinking about his next move here as he collects his wits.

CP: Rage is usually a more instinctive wrestler. That Logan Smith has him wondering what next to do is surprising.

[Rage pulls up Smith to his feet and backs him into the ropes.]

MS: Irish whip by Rage ... reversed ... Rage coming off the ropes ... Smith goes low ... Rage jumps over him ... off the rebound ... CROSS BODY BLOCK BY RAGE!!!

[And both men go down with Rage on top. Rage kneels over Smith and pounds away with mounted elbows. As the referee intervenes he rolls away, stalking Smith on all fours.]

MS: And what's he doing now?

CP: Rage is getting ready to finish this. He's measuring Smith.

[As Smith gets to his feet, Rage crawls into his blindspot before he rushes forward, pouncing on Smith's back. He grabs him around the face from behind and falls back, driving his knees into Smith's back.]

CP: Beautiful move out of Shadoo Rage and you can tell he's just about done with Logan Smith.

[Rage follows up the lungblower with another gutwrench suplex, putting Logan on his back. He drops down for the cover.]

MS: Smith kicks out at two.

CP: Rage can't believe he can't put him away. Here he is with another cover.

MS: Kickout at one this time!

[A savage Rage pulls Smith up to his feet and starts pounding away with elbows, fists and knees. Smith comes right back with elbows, fists and knees of his own! The crowd is cheering the brawl until Smith whips Rage into the ropes ... Rage jumps onto them and springboards off corkscrewing in the air]

“CRACK!”

[The crowd explodes as Rage hits the 540 kick out of nowhere. Rage collapses across Smith for the three count.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

MS: What a maneuver out of Shadoe Rage!

CP: That was the kick he used to put Donnie White out of wrestling for a while in that scaffold match back at Memorial Day Mayhem two or three years ago! We haven't seen him use that in a while!

RO: Here is your winner ... SHADDDOEEEEEE RAAAAAAGE!!!!

MS: Well, that was certainly a hard fought victory for Shadoe Rage on this part of his return home on the AWA's Canadian tour. He is definitely building momentum heading into the big show at the ACC!

[We crossfade back into the studio where Lauryn Rage is looking quite smug about what we just saw.]

TL: A hard-fought victory for Shadoe Rage... possibly harder fought than he anticipated...

LR: Naw, naw... you hush with all that. My big brother knew exactly what he was getting into. That guy he beat? He was trained by my family so you know he's gonna be good. Shadoe wants to be on top of his game for next week in Toronto when he and I are gonna make history.

TL: You're talking about that mixed tag team match.

LR: What else would I be talking about?! I'm talking about a night that lil' Lissy Cannon ain't never gonna forget. She got all up in my family's business at SuperClash last year and next week in Toronto, we're going to make sure she regrets it.

SS: You don't even know who her partner is!

LR: It doesn't matter who her partner is, little girl! We comin' to take care of business in front of our whole family - the first family of Canadian wrestling, you hear me?

[Swift chuckles.]

LR: Did I say something funny, girlie?

SS: You sure did. There's no chance that the Rages are the first family of anything... other than being backjumping embarrassments to-

LR: I'M GONNA RIP YOUR EYES OUT!

[Rage makes a lunge at Swift who is ready to defend herself. Theresa lets loose a shriek, backpedaling away as security rushes to the stage again, trying to pull Rage off of Swift. Her hands are locked in Swift's hair, ripping and tearing as she

continues to scream. Suddenly, the audio goes silent - a good sign that Lauryn's vocabulary has drifted into a lack of family friendliness...

...and we fade to pre-recorded footage of Theresa backstage at the Saddledome one week earlier. Theresa is with a heavy-set woman in her late thirties, who has salt-and-pepper curly hair, glasses, and a clerical collar. Her expression and demeanor are almost that one would expect from a teddy bear.]

TL: Lucie Richter.

LR: Hello, Theresa.

TL: You've had quite a career, haven't you? You're been an Olympic-level powerlifter, you've been a wrestler, and now you are a pastor!

LR: Pastor of the Lutheran Assembly, Cremona, Alberta! I've been very blessed in my life. And it's so good to see that people remember me and the Colton family.

TL: And it's not over yet. You've been in contact with the AWA office about a potential comeback.

LR: That's right. Part of the reason that I got out of wrestling years ago is that competition was too hard to find, and I didn't like to travel to find it. But I was approached with a one day contract... and I'm going to finally see New York next month!

TL: You've entered into Rumble to crown the first AWA Women's World Champion?

LR: I feel like I didn't end my wrestling career on my terms, and even though I've been called to the cloth, it would be nice to go out in the right way. The AWA has collected some of the most talented women in the world and I feel that this could be my last chance to test myself against them and see what I could do.

TL: Well, Pastor Richter, we will see you on Saturday Night Wrestling in New York next month, but before we do, we're going to be showing footage of you in action against one of the women you may be facing when you were both just starting out in your respective careers. Thank you for your time, Lucie!

[Zoom in on Richter; she looks directly into the camera and sticks her tongue out, heavy metal style, and hisses.

Transition from the Power Hour logo to some older footage.

CAPTION: "05/10/04 - From 'Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas,' available at AWAshop.com"

It's the Chinook ring from their standard television taping in Calgary's Pumphouse Theatre, a few risers betraying the relatively small crowd of about a hundred. There is a match in progress already.]

AP: And Lucie Richter, looks like she's dominating another opponent easily.

[The woman in the black sleeveless coveralls with the satanic red facepaint is a monstrous sight, picking up and slamming her smaller opponent, a woman in a white sports bra, black flared yoga pants, and ponytail high on her head. She looks familiar...]

AP: Erica Tuff-hill, fighting out of Rochester, New York... but she's not putting up much of a fight here. Not really as Tough a hill as her name suggests.

[Yep. That's Ricki Toughill, twelve years younger and thirty pounds scrawnier, dressed like Sporty Spice. Richter drops an elbow across her chest.]

AP: Into a cover and this one will be over in just over a minute... No, Tuff-hill kicked out!

[Richter shouts at the referee.]

LR: "THREE!"

AP: No, Lucie, that was two. Give Tuff-hill credit: no one wants to step into the ring with a catastrophizing girl like Lucie Richter, but she's showing a lot more heart than smarts right now.

[Richter grabs Toughill by the ponytail and yanks her upright with alarming ease. A diminutive man in a Hawaiian shirt begins to argue with the official; he's the same man who emceed last week's Chinook reunion, Ratt Klyczofvski.]

AP: That Ratt is again getting in the official's face. And now, look at this! She's fighting back!

[There is some minor buzz among the fans as Toughill rears back with a few wild knife-edge chops.]

ET: "EEEE! EEEK! EEEK!"

[The younger Toughill punctuates her strikes with shrieks in a higher pitch than in the AWA. Richter doesn't flinch with any of them.]

AP: Into the ropes...

[Toughill runs to the ropes, gaining a head of steam. She charges in with a lariat...]

AP: No sale, Tuff-hill!

[...and Toughill bounces off Richter like she was trying to clothesline a tree.]

AP: Who is going to defeat this 285 pound monster Lucie Richter, I wonder? She's defeated everyone in the territory! And everyone who has come in to challenge her! Look at this!

[Toughill has now resorted to trying a single leg takedown, but she's about as effective as Bugs Bunny trying to take down The Crusher.]

AP: No one can move this woman, and OHHHH!

[Richter smashes Toughill across the back with a double-axe handle.]

AP: A posterizing shot across the back from Lucie Richter—that could have cracked a rib on this poor young lady from Rochester.

[Richter clasps her wrists around Toughill's waist and yanks her into the air, inverted.]

RK: "Make her beg for mercy!"

LR: "BEG FOR MERCY, LITTLE GIRL!"

ET: "NO!"

LR: "BEG FOR MERCY!"

[Richter falls forward, crushing Toughill to the mat face-first.]

AP: OH NO! Richter making a flesh-and-mat sandwich with this poor girl Tuff-hill!

[Richter raises both fists in the air in the direction of the stands, sticking her tongue out. Ratt jumps up and down in support. The crowd rains boos down upon both.]

AP: Someone's going to come along and stop you, Lucie. Maybe not tonight, but some night soon!

[As Toughill continues to writhe on the mat, arms to her midsection, Richter closes in. She raises her boot...]

AP: And Richter is going off the scale...

[...And brings it down onto the canvas with force. Ratt helpfully dramatizes this by jumping almost two feet into the air. The referee grabs the ropes to balance himself. Toughill responds to the tremor by seemingly bouncing into the air and landing on her back. Richter grabs Toughill by the arms and drags her to the nearest corner.]

AP: This is probably the closest approximation of what happens when the tree decides she's going to chop YOU down.

[Richter begins mounting the buckles until she stands on the middle rope, facing the fans. She drags her thumb across her throat, tongue hanging out of her grinning mouth. She drops into a vertical splash.]

AP: Magnitude 10! One, two, and thankfully this week's slaughter is over!

[As the Chinook ref and Ratt try to negotiate Richter into removing her 285 pound frame from Erica Toughill, transition back to the "Power Hour" studio where Theresa Lynch has some new guests. Yes, Skylar Swift and Lauryn Rage are still there but they're now separated by a wall of security as well.]

TL: Well, now... now that you two have been separated, what do you have to say about the addition of Lucie Richter to the Rumble?

[Rage is glowering past Theresa at Skylar Swift who seems oblivious.]

SS: Theresa, I grew up watching Chinook Wrestling. I've got old tapes... I've already watched the new DVD so many times... Lucie Richter was... is the kind of woman that everyone was afraid of. Her personality may have changed since those days but her talent hasn't. And her size definitely hasn't. I'm guessing she's going to be a tough out in the Rumble... and if we're lucky, she'll toss ol' Motormouth over there to the floor.

LR: MOTORMOUTH?! Get yourself over here! You want to shut me up, shut me up, little girl!

TL: I can't deal with this. Both of you back to your corners.

[Security bristles as it looks like Rage might make another dash towards Swift as Theresa steps forward, speaking again...]

TL: Saturday night in Calgary saw the AWA television debut of Canada's own "Cowboy" Virgil Reed. Unfortunately for Reed, it was in a match for an AWA contract against another man making his AWA television debut, Joe Estrada. Suffice to say,

Reed was not happy and felt like the match was a big set-up. The Coltons, too, were apparently unhappy at the way somebody they consider one of their own was treated. Reed went to Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, after the match and requested another shot at not only an AWA contract, but also at the men he feels embarrassed him in front of his family and friends. He was granted that opportunity and, so, we take you now to the ring. My broadcast colleagues Mark Stegglet and Colt Patterson are on commentary and joining them is Louis Matsui.

[Referee Scott Ezra stands in the center of the ring. In a corner to his right is Virgil Reed, dressed in a pair of red trunks, black knee pads and tan boots, designed to look like cowboy boots. Across the ring from him is the man he faced in his debut, dressed in a pair of black shorts and taped feet, his shaved head and bare torso already glistening with perspiration.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

MS: A rematch here and... unlike their previous encounter, Estrada comes charging out of his corner! Estrada with a flurry of shots to the ribs of Reed! He whips Reed into the ropes...

[As Reed rebounds, Estrada winds up, throwing a knife edge chop that Reed ducks under, hitting the far ropes...]

CP: Swing and a miss by Estrada... Reed coming back hot... OHH!

[An impactful clothesline finds the mark, flipping Reed through the air and dumping him down on the canvas.]

CP: He ducked the chop but he couldn't avoid that clothesline, jack!

LM: See, Reed asked for this. You've got to be careful what you wish for, you know?

[Hauling Reed off the mat, Estrada hooks him around the head and neck, looping his arm in as well...

...and throws him overhead, bouncing him off the canvas with a head and arm suplex!]

MS: Devastating suplex by your man, Joey Savage...

LM: Tsk, tsk, Marky Mark... you heard the man last week. He wants to be called Joe Estrada now.

MS: My mistake as Estrada drags Reed up to his feet, locking him up again...

[Estrada throws Reed up, over, and down to the canvas a second time!]

MS: Another big suplex by Estrada... and he's not done apparently.

LM: Good things come in threes, Mark.

[Back on his feet, Estrada switches his grip, using an Exploder suplex to hurl Reed through the air, bouncing him off the canvas!]

MS: Down goes Virgil Reed for a third time! And this rematch is NOT going the way he was hoping, I'm sure.

[Estrada comes back to a knee, sweat glistening on his torso as he nods his head, satisfied with the action so far as he moves in on Reed again.]

MS: What's he got in mind this time, Mr. Matsui?

LM: I think you know EXACTLY what he has in mind.

[Dragging Reed to his feet, Estrada locks on a half nelson, placing his forearm behind Reed's neck, then wraps his left arm around Reed's neck, under his chin. Unlike the last time, Estrada falls back to the mat and wraps his legs around Reed's midsection.]

LM: That, my friends, is called the Savage Clutch... and it is only a matter of time...

"DING! DING! DING!"

CP: Once again, Estrada chokes Virgil Reed out!

LM: Beat him down. Choke him out. It might not be flashy, but it is most certainly effective.

CP: I might know a little something about flash, Louis, but I also know grit and determination when I see it, and Estrada looks like he's packing as much grit and determination as his five foot nine, two hundred forty-eight pound body can carry.

MS: Joe Estrada stands victorious, while Virgil Reed comes around to disappointment yet again.

[Estrada is standing tall and triumphant 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...

We fade up to the bank of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center. A voiceover confirms.]

"In the Control Center... Sweet Lou Blackwell!"

[Another fade takes us to Blackwell standing in front of the bank of monitors.]

SLB: Alright, wrestling fans, I'm coming to you live from the Control Center. Earlier, you heard from Mark Stegglet about the Battle of Boston coming up on 4th of July weekend but that's not the only big event going down in the next month. On July 16th in New York City... the Mecca, Madison Square Garden... the AWA will be hosting a very special event that will see the crowning of the very first AWA Women's World Champion!

[Cut to a different shot of Blackwell now with a logo highlighting the Women's World Championship Rumble.]

SLB: The Rumble is coming, wrestling fans. The twenty-woman Rumble to be held in MSG with the winner striking gold! On Saturday Night Wrestling, I gave you the first ten names to enter the Rumble. Let's take a quick look at that list...

[As "That's My Girl" by Fifth Harmony begins to play, we get a stylized montage of studio shots, the women moving in slow motion facing the camera with lighting and smoke effects illuminating the background. These are shorter shots than we saw on SNW, cutting from one to the next as Blackwell reads off their names...]

SLB: We'll have Copperhead and Mamba, the Serpentine. "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson. The Canadian Dream Girl, Skylar Swift. From Russia, Xenia Sonova. Charisma Knight. Melissa Cannon. The Spitfire herself, Julie Somers. Lauryn Rage. And last but certainly not least, Ayako Fujiwara.

[The music continues to play in the background as we get a new set of shots, introducing the next five to enter the Rumble.]

SLB: We're at the halfway point in the lineup for the Rumble so let's get five more right here today on the Power Hour!

[The woman with the big tawny afro and big toothy grin who we saw earlier in the show appears. She tugs at the black leather vest over her cut-off jeans, grinning at the camera.]

SLB: We saw this young lady make her debut earlier tonight and apparently she made quite the impression as Victoria June joins the field of 20 in this Rumble for the World Title!

[A flash of light takes us to our next competitor - another familiar face to fans who've been watching recent AWA television. A heavy-set woman smiles at the camera, looking sheepish before letting loose a ferocious roar.]

SLB: How about this one for a surprise? We saw her during last week's Chinook Wrestling tribute and heard the news a little earlier. A true Canadian superstar, Lucie Richter, is in the Rumble and as she carries all of about 300 pounds, she could be a real challenge to get up over those ropes and down to the floor.

[Another flash changes our shot, showing off a pretty young lady with long blonde hair and blue eyes. She has a sleek, lithe form and sun-tanned complexion, smiling innocently at the camera in a red crop top.]

SLB: Another newcomer to the AWA here... but one with family ties to the world of pro wrestling. The little sister of Tawny Blake... from Hotlanta, GA... Shiloh Blake is in the Rumble!

[Flash! This time, we get another familiar face. This attractive, farmer-tanned young woman with black hair is sporting a pink studded crop top that cuts off at the base of her ribcage, a pair of crossed pistols silkscreened on the front. She makes pistol fingers at the camera with a smile.]

SLB: Making her return from injury, "The Pistol" Kayla Cristol, is coming to New York City with championship aspirations!

[One more flash, this time showing the stoic face of someone who doesn't budge... not an inch. She doesn't show off for the camera. She doesn't play to it or smile. She means serious business...

...until her pink bubblegum pops.]

SLB: And no surprise here with the 15th entry into the Rumble as Erica Toughill has entered the match. Last week on Saturday Night Wrestling, there was some discussion about Toughill's Rumble experience... about her victory in a match called Angels and Amazons. This week, the AWA reached out to the promoters of that event and got ourselves a little highlight reel put together of Toughill's win in that match. Take a look...

[We fade to footage marked "Courtesy of Angels And Amazons 2009." There's a ring filled with brawling women, trying to clear the squared circle and declare victory as a countdown begins.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The buzzer sounds as Erica Toughill strides through the curtain with purpose. Over the action, the sounds of "Bad Reputation" by Joan Jett and the Blackhearts is heard.]

#I don't give a damn 'bout my reputation
You're living in the past it's a new generation#

[Toughill slides into the ring, squaring off with the largest woman in the ring, Shawna Wilde. Wilde and Toughill begin throwing bombs at one another as the crowd in the background goes wild... no pun intended.]

#A girl can do what she wants to do and that's
What I'm gonna do#

[Wilde seems to be getting the better of her exchange with Toughill until the smaller woman responds with a hard uppercut, staggering Wilde before she hits the ropes, rebounding back with a clothesline that takes Wilde over the ropes and down to the floor! One of the announcers' voices cuts through the music.]

"That's it! Toughill ending Wilde's run!"

#An' I don't give a damn 'bout my bad reputation#

[Toughill has no time to catch her breath, as Roxy Mayhem tackles her and the two start trading shots.]

#Oh no not me#

[We cut deeper into the match. With two women near the ropes, one trying to upend the other, Toughill swoops in from the blind side, connecting with an elbow to the back of the head before landing a vicious headbutt!]

#An' I don't give a damn 'bout my reputation
Never said I wanted to improve my station#

[A little further along, Toughill is scooped up by another competitor who is looking to toss her from the ring but the ever-resourceful Toughill digs her fingers into the eyes, breaking up the attempt.]

#An' I'm only doin' good
When I'm havin' fun#

[With another foe down on the apron, Toughill shows off her mean streak by viciously kicking and stomping her.]

#An' I don't have to please no one#

[Toughill uses a Russian legsweep to take an opponent down, rolling over to choke her on the canvas.]

#An' I don't give a damn 'bout my bad reputation#

[A young woman leaps up, attempting a rana on Toughill who retaliates with a spine-rattling powerbomb...

...and then leans down to choke her!]

#Oh no, not me
Oh no, not me#

[A brutal spear tackle by Toughill takes an opponent off her feet!]

#I don't give a damn 'bout my reputation
I've never been afraid of any deviation#

[A charging competitor gets lifted into the air by Toughill who drives her down with a running spinebuster!]

#An' I don't really care
If ya think I'm strange#

[Toughill hoists an opponent into the air, dropping her across a bent knee with a pumphandle backbreaker!]

#I ain't gonna change#

[She dispatches another opponent over the top rope with a clothesline.]

#An' I'm never gonna care 'bout my bad reputation#

[With just two competitors left in the ring, Toughill drops her opponent with a Hangman's neckbreaker.]

#Oh no, not me#

[Toughill drops down, pulling the top rope with her, flipping her final opponent over the ropes to the floor to claim victory!]

#Oh no, not me#

[We can hear the call of the ring announcer.]

"The winner of the 2009 Angels and Amazons Royal Rumble...

ERICA TOUGHILL!"

[Upon the announcement, Toughill is quick to rise to her feet and raise her arms, a satisfied smile crossing her face as the music and the footage fades, taking us back to the Control Center.]

SLB: You know, fans... a lot of people have written off Erica Toughill's chances in this Rumble considering how much of her time is spent being the muscle for SM&K but watching something like that right there... you've gotta think Toughill just might be one of the odds-on favorites to walk out with the gold.

[The Women's World Title graphic appears again.]

SLB: That's going to do it for this edition of the Control Center, fans. Don't forget to join us here in one week's time to hear some of the final entries in this Women's World Title Rumble!

[We fade from the Control Center back to the Power Hour set.]

TL: And as we get near the finish line for this super-sized edition of the Power Hour...

[Theresa looks from side to side at Swift and Rage who've been moved even further apart.]

TL: ...do I even dare to ask the two of you if you have comments about the names we just heard added to the Rumble?

[Rage shouts from her spot in the studio.]

LR: IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO THAT PIGEONHEAD GELLAR ADDS, I'M GONNA TOSS 'EM ALL AND WIN SOME GOLD! AND I'M GONNA START WITH YOU, GIRLIE! I'M COMING FOR YA!

[Swift raises her right hand, mocking Rage's ever-running mouth.]

SS: I can't wait. Theresa, there's a lot of great competitors in there-

LR: NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR ALL THAT! TALK AT ME! TALK AT ME, PRINCESS!

SS: I... sorry, Theresa. I can't deal with this anymore.

[Swift shakes her head, turning away from the scene.]

TL: You're not the only one. Fans, I want to thank one and all for tuning in here tonight for this special Canadian Power Hour... and well, if we're going to spend this night talking about these great shows in Canada and we're going to have these... lovely... Canadian women on to co-host with me, it only seems fitting that we call it a night with perhaps the most famous Canadian pro wrestler of all time.

LR: WE GONNA RUN ANOTHER SHADOE MATCH?!

TL: Can someone cut her mic please? Thank you very much. Of course, I'm referring to Mister Maple Leaf himself...

[We hear a still-loud off-mic "WHAT?!"]

TL: ...the Idol Of Millions, Eddie Van Gibson. Earlier this week, we caught up with Mr. Van Gibson to get his thoughts on the Battle of Boston tournament and the brackets that were announced last week. And after that, we have very special footage from the J*STAR Festival many years ago... Eddie Van Gibson taking on Devon Case in an outstanding matchup that we'll be joining in progress. You won't want to miss that either. So, as this night comes to an end, let's hear what Mister Maple Leaf has on his mind just weeks before he steps back inside the ring... and thanks for joining us, fans. Good night.

[We fade from the sparking smile of Theresa Lynch...

...and up on on a rather, well, "opulent" is a word that is rather overused, but in this case it would make sense so let's go with that. An opulent green room. Music can be heard thrumming against the walls, the type of music that is comprised entirely of the best parts of mediocre songs and set to a rhythmic beat by young people with oversized headphones and too many tattoos. The room itself is in a relative state of use, with pillows, blankets, and half-empty bottles of various liquors stacked in interesting ways and configurations while, seated in a plush armchair in the exact center of the room with legs crossed and a full bottle of Corona balanced on the inside of one knee and an small ornate bottle of vodka on the other, is a man who is likely to be a bit too old to be enjoying such a room with such exuberance is none other than the Idol O' Millions, the Yin that Yang'd, the Man so Nice they Named Him Thrice, Eddie Van Gibson.

And he seems to be just a weee bit intoxicated.]

EVG: Come out for the weekend, Eddie, just the weekend. We'll put you up nice, all you have to do is show up at the show and get the crowd all riled up for the DJ.

[Eddie rolls his eyes as a particularly loud blast of bass rocks the room.]

EVG: Of course, what they don't tell you is that the DJ is a prattling little high school drop out who couldn't mix a beat if his life depended on it, and that half the crowd is made up of bachelorette parties comprised of women who must have paid for their husbands on Buy a Mate Dot Com.

[Eddie lifts his hand and slowly waggles a finger at the camera.]

EVG: Let this be a lesson to you, little GoPro camera, and all the peoples watching from home, always read the fine print on your contracts or you too will be stuck at Tao Vegas on a Friday night with nothing but an open bar and several willing servers to keep you company.

[Eddie chuckles a bit and leans back, somehow miraculously not tipping over either bottle on his knees.]

EVG: Fine print is important, you know. Important for peeps like myself - to make sure I get my 49 exact yellow sour patch kids - and for guys like Dave Bryant... who needs to think long and hard about who he may run into once or twice in his life.

[Eddie reaches out, tapping the lip of the corona bottle.]

EVG: See Davey Boy, you are a lot like this bottle of Corona here. You seen one? You've seen them damned all. And sadly? They are all over the damned place. Every single person who goes anywhere in the world? Knows what to expect when they order one, from the frigid cold of British Columbia to the crap Tiki Bar in the middle of the ocean.

[EVG winks at the camera.]

EVG: And just like this little bottle of heaven, Davey Boy? I know exactly what to expect when I see your name pop up next to mine on those fancy little brackets. The same damned thing that has happened every single time you and I went head to head, be it physically?

[Eddie laughs and dramatically rolls his head before launching into a very bad Dave Bryant impression.]

EVG: "Oh no! My poor head is hurting too much from that belt shot, Canuckle Duster, and The Move That Shalt Not Be Named, Mister Eddie, please don't hurt me anymore."

[Eddie chuckles to himself for a minute more, then returns his gaze to the camera.]

EVG: Or mentally...

[This causes Eddie to pause for a moment, and then tap the bottle again.]

EVG: Like when we ran as High Society for all that time, my little friend, and I knew that entire time that the whole plan was to just keep you eating out of my hand just a little longer until I managed to get that belt around my waist yet again.

[Da' Grin spreads wide as Eddie taps the vodka bottle in turn.]

EVG: Now me? I'm more like this lovely, ice cold, perfectly maintained and ready to be drained Stolichnaya. Rare, hard to get a hold of, and despite how long it may stand on the shelf?

[Da` Grin becomes a smirk.]

EVG: Never out of shape or out of style.

[Eddie leans back, lacing his hands behind his head.]

EVG: Now, I hear all of you wondering. Wondering if the ol' Eee to the Vivvy Gee can still go. If he still has the razzle that dazzles and if he can still, after making many incredible direct to pay per view action films that have grossed an impressive amount of money, rock that casbah and bring the thunder to the world of professional wrestling.

[Eddie chuckles softly.]

EVG: Now, I'm not going to answer that question. You know why? Because, at the very least, at the very very least? You all know at least two things. One? If I didn't know in my blackest of little hearts that I could still stand toe-to-toe with guys like Dave Bryant, MAMMOTH Hippo Guy, or someone who actually - with a damned straight face - calls himself the White Knight? I would have never returned the numerous phone calls. And two?

[Eddie unlaces his hands, grips the vodka bottle and cocks his finger behind the bottle of Corona.]

EVG: Whoever they throw down in front of me? Whomever they pretend will actually give me a run for my money before I knock them silly upside their pretty little heads? The result will stay the same.

[Eddie flicks the Corona bottle off his knee, where it falls with a clang to the carpeted floor, covering the sound of Eddie taking a long gulping pull from the vodka bottle, which he follows with a loud sigh of satisfaction.]

EVG: A lot of "Oh Eddie, please stop hurting me. You are far too much a symbol of masculinity and awesomeness for me to ever want to fight again" followed by three little words.

[Eddie holds up his free hand and lifts three fingers in turn.]

EVG: One... Two... Three.

[Eddie Grins!~ and rests the bottle on his knee as he leans back.]

EVG: So what do you say, Davey Boy? Let's give these kiddies one more show. One more round of Kick the Bryant Around the Ring. One more Let's Pretend You Have a Chance... Because, the worst thing that can happen?

[A wink.]

EVG: I'll make you relevant again.

[And we fade through black...

...to footage marked "September 5th, 2004 - J*STAR FESTIVAL NIGHT TWO - Los Angeles, California - EDDIE VAN GIBSON vs DEVON CASE" on the graphic. As that graphic fades and we start to get oriented with what in the world is going on, we also get a graphic that reads "Viewer Discretion Is Advised."

As we settle in, we can hear Monster Magnet's "Space Lord" blasting over the PA system as Eddie Van Gibson stands at the top of the ramp. He's dressed in a pair

of loose fitting white leather pants and a pair black boots with red tassels. He's also got a sleeveless red and black robe... and that grin... oh, that grin.

Devon Case is staring down the aisle in response as we hear Jon Stegglet and Todd Michaelson on the call.]

JS: I'd have to see this crowd is pretty evenly split, Todd.

TM: Two of the most popular... and actually, hated... superstars in wrestling history going toe to toe in the center of the ring? Yeah, I'd say a split reaction sounds about right.

JS: Case is glaring down the ramp... staring at the man who he idolized upon getting into this business.

TM: But the Golden God is not opposed to crippling his heroes. Ask Tiger Claw.

JS: We miss ya, Claw! Wish you were here.

TM: Amen.

[Eddie reaches the ring to the cheers of the crowd and steps into the battlefield, cracking a GRIN~! in Case's direction as the younger man bounces up and down in place, trying to stay loose.

Still holding the smirk, EVG drops to his knees in one fluid motion, throwing his hands in the air as fireworks shoot up from behind him, the crowd roaring with excitement.]

JS: And Eddie may have just one-upped Devon Case in the entrance department.

TM: I have a feeling a lot of this match will be oneupsmanship. These two have heard one anothers names for years. EVG was the trailblazer... leading the way for men like Case and Kinsey. Devon Case couldn't go anywhere, couldn't read one press clipping without being compared to EVG. And likewise, EVG couldn't truly enjoy retirement with the question constantly being asked... "Who would win a match between EVG and Case?"

JS: Tonight, we will answer that question.

TM: We sure will... and hopefully for both these men, they'll be able to put this issue to rest and move on with their lives.

JS: EVG standing in the corner, getting checked by referee Dick Longfellow. He hasn't taken his eyes off Case and hasn't removed that grin from his face.

TM: It's an early attempt to get in Case's head... and I don't know that'll work with him. Devon Case has played this game before... he knows how it works. It'll be interesting to see if one of these men can get the other one off their game with some mindgames.

JS: Case's eyes are locked on Eddie Van Gibson as well... but there's no smile on his face as the official pats him down. He's very, very serious going into this. He wants to end the talk... you recall he was reluctant to even speak to our interviewers heading into this event. He wanted to do all his talking in the ring.

TM: Which was odd for someone with his reputation. But now indeed, the time for talk is over. It's time for one of the biggest dream matches our sport has ever known.

JS: Dick's concluded his search.

[And stepping back to the middle of the ring, Longfellow signals for the bell which brings a huge ovation from the sold-out Staples Center crowd.]

JS: Here we go! It's time for this dream to become reality!

[The two men immediately walk to the center of the ring, glaring into each others' eyes as they make the journey. They stop in the middle, eyes locked on one another.]

JS: We've got ourselves a staredown... what a moment this is.

[And with the roaring crowd going absolutely nuts... a chant starts to develop.]

"GOLD-EN GOD!"

"GOLD-EN GOD!"

"GOLD-EN GOD!"

[A grin crosses Case's face as he nods his head defiantly at his opponent, raising his arms to embrace the cheers of the capacity crowd...

...but as he does, a second chant begins... growing louder and louder until it overwhelms the first.]

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

"ED-DIE!"

[This time, it's Van Gibson who cracks a shit-eating grin, pointing to the fans that now cheer his name. Case's smiles fades... then changes to an expression of wonder as the chant picks back up.]

JS: My god, Todd... listen to this place!

[The dueling chants are deafening, filling the entire arena with an electric atmosphere.]

JS: They're split right down the middle! No one's the favorite tonight!

TM: They hate and love these two evenly!

[The chant continue... and soon it's not the crowd that are the only ones talking.]

JS: Uh oh. Looks like we've got some trash talking going on.

[Zooming in, the camera catches the animated faces of both men, spewing venomous words towards each other but out of earshot... damn.]

TM: I'd love to be able to read lips right now, Steggs.

JS: Me too.

[The time to hesitate is through.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd explodes in a mixed pop as Case reaches out and violently slaps Eddie Van Gibson across the face, leaving a red welt behind.]

JS: Slap! Case slapped the veteran!

TM: A blatant show of disrespect by Case! He wants EVG to know right off the bat that he's not his hero anymore... he wants EVG to know that he'll break his damn neck if that's what it takes to walk out of Los Angeles as the winner of this dream match!

[Van Gibson stands still, face partially turned away from the arrogant youngster...

...and then spins quickly, blasting the Golden God with a right hand! Huge pop!]

JS: Right hand by Eddie! He's not going to take- another right hand! Right to the mush of the Golden God!

[The crowd roars as the Idol O' Millions unleashes a series of hard right hands that knocks Case a few steps back... before Van Gibson takes him down to the mat with a hiptoss.]

JS: Eddie takes Case down to the mat... but the kid is right back to his feet.

[Case springs up, charging in again... right into another haymaker to the jaw!]

JS: Oh! Another shot to the side of the face! Eddie goes downstairs with a boot to the gut... DOUBLE UNDERHOOK!

TM: [muted] DRIV-

[But the roaring crowd falls to a hush as Case wriggles free from the double underhook, hurling himself through the ropes and out to the floor. He lands on his feet, shaking his head at EVG.]

JS: Eddie almost had him, Todd. He almost had that double underhook... he almost had the [muted] Driver.

TM: And I guarantee you that if he hits that split-legged facedriver in this match, we're going to have a winner. Devon Case will not kick out of the Asshole Driver.

[Case walks around the ringside area, shouting into the ring where Gibson is standing...

...as we cut ahead a little in the match to where Van Gibson is sitting on the second rope, telling Case to climb back in. Case refuses, still walking on the floor as Van Gibson shakes his head...

...and then spits over the ropes, right on the face of the Golden God!]

JS: He spit on him!

TM: I think the lack of respect may be mutual.

[Case's eyes go wide with rage, diving under the bottom rope and popping to his feet where he bumps chests with Van Gibson.]

JS: Case is screaming at him... he's all over Eddie and-

[A big shove sends the Hall of Famer sailing across the ring.]

JS: Case shoves him back... oh! Eddie returns the favor! They're pushing each other around the ring and-

[The Golden God rears back and uncorks a right hand of his own but has it blocked by Eddie Van Gibson who cocks his right hand back.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JS: Eddie returns the favor!

TM: Slap me and I'll slap you back!

JS: "Digital Underground" Todd Michaelson in the hizzy.

TM: Steggs, don't ever say "hizzy" again.

[An irate Case lunges forward, unleashing a series of right hands to the face of Eddie Van Gibson, knocking him backwards across the ring to the far ropes.]

JS: Eddie's on the ropes... whip!

[And as Van Gibson rebounds off the far ropes, Devon Case sprints towards him...]

JS: YAAAAAAAAAKUUUUUUUZ-

TM: Duckered by Eddie!

[But before the veteran can recover, Case leaves his feet and drives them both into the kneecap of Van Gibson, knocking him down to a knee on the canvas...

...which brings the fans to their feet!]

JS: Eddie to a knee! You know what that means!

TM: Here comes Case!

JS: SHINING WIZAAAAAAARRRR-

[However, Case never gets the chance to score with his springing knee strike as Eddie Van Gibson sees it coming, diving through the ropes to the floor. Huge mixed pop!]

TM: Case avoided the [muted] Driver... EVG avoided the Shining Wizard. And as much as Eddie Van Gibson wanted people to believe he didn't know who Case was, we obviously see now that he has him _very_ well scouted.

JS: Indeed. And I'd expect nothing less than that. Eddie Van Gibson didn't become a two time EMWC World Champion by mistake, Todd.

TM: No, he didn't. We all remember the Upset Heard 'Round the World when he knocked off the legendary "Crimson" Joe Reed to win that title for the first time before chasing Reed out of the EMWC... and then beat even bigger odds when he outlasted Kevin Slater, Mark Langseth, and the ever-dangerous Tiger Claw to win the title the second time around.

JS: Eddie Van Gibson is no stranger to big matches... and this is one of the biggest he's ever had. Many would look at this as an easy night for EVG since he's retired now... but I can tell you this match may mean more to EVG than any he's had in his career.

[Van Gibson walks around the ring, glaring at the grinning Case...

...and we cut a little ahead in the match again just as Case pulls his idol up by the hair, shoving him back into the turnbuckles.]

JS: Van Gibson in the corner...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JS: Ooof! Kick to the ribs by Case!

[The Golden God uncorks a few more stiff kicks to the ribs, causing Van Gibson to lean over, clutching his midsection...

...but getting straightened back up when Case leaps into the air, snapping off a spinning back kick to the chest of his opponent.]

JS: Those deadly kicks of Devon Case... a skill he never really utilized until his epic match with Tiger Claw.

TM: Case has a lot of different facets to him as a wrestler, Steggs. We saw him trade holds with Jake Shaw... we've seen him go to the air in breathtaking fashion... we've seen him in bloody brawls... and yes, we even saw him attempt to trade kicks with Tiger Claw.

JS: Those kicks are being put to good use right now. Eddie's got his arms draped over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet. Case is- oh! Another leaping back kick right to the jaw!

TM: And that one knocks EVG down to the mat, sitting down in the corner.

[With his opponent down, Case firmly plants his boot in Van Gibson's throat pushing down on the windpipe again.]

JS: Another blatant choke!

TM: Towards the end of the EMWC, we had seen Case move away from this style of fighting to more of a fan-friendly style. But in a match like this... with this much spotlight on it... I guess you go with what brought you to the dance.

JS: I'd say we'll see these guys do anything if it means winning this match, Todd.

TM: I think you're right.

JS: Referee Dick Longfellow is right there again...

[The crowd cheers for the official as he physically pushes Case out of the corner, breaking the choke. The commentary goes silent for a moment as Case angrily shouts at Longfellow to "keep his [muted] hands off him".]

JS: Eddie manages to pull himself back to his feet... Case moving back in on him and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WOOOOOOOOOO!"

JS: Big chop finds a home across the chest of the Golden God!

[Case stumbles backwards from the impact of the blow, allowing Van Gibson to escape from the corner.]

JS: Eddie moving in!

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WOoooooooooooo!"

TM: Another hard chop on target. Eddie's trying to chop the fire out of Devon Case... trying to take the wind right out of the kid's sails.

JS: That won't be easy to do. We've seen that man go sixty minutes... ninety minutes even... in a match before.

TM: He definitely can go as long as he needs to to get the job done... but Eddie's no slouch in that department either.

JS: But he hasn't wrestled in a long, long time. His stamina may be limited by that.

TM: Good point. Wow, Stegglet... you really _did_ learn from me over all those years.

[A pair of knife-edge chops puts Case back into the opposite turnbuckles, Van Gibson still on the attack.]

JS: EVG's got him cornered!

[A big kick to the gut connects... and another... and another... and soon, Van Gibson is kicking in rapid fire motion, taking Case down to the mat in a seated position...

...but Eddie continues to stomp away!]

JS: Eddie's trying to put him _through_ the mat!

[And once Case is down on the mat like he was, Van Gibson presses his boot to the younger man's throat.]

JS: Mister Maple Leaf returning the favor! He's choking Case with that boot!

TM: In a lot of ways, these two are mirror images of one another, Steggs.

JS: You've got that right.

[Once again, Dick Longfellow wedges himself between Van Gibson and his downed opponent, shoving EVG backwards to break the choke. GRIN~!ing, EVG simply pats Dick on the head and moves back in, leaning down to pull Case up off the mat.]

JS: DOUBLE UNDERHOOK!

[But instead of driving Case facefirst into the canvas, Van Gibson snaps him over to the mat with a butterfly suplex... and hangs onto the underhook, rolling through it to apply a butterfly lock.]

JS: Oh!

TM: Nicely done by the man once known as the EMWC's "Franchise". He's using that butterfly lock to stretch out the neck and arms of Case. I don't think I've ever seen EVG use this before... so that just shows how hard he's been at work preparing for this match.

JS: It's always good to be able to pull a few new moves out of the closet in a big match atmosphere. The opponent usually has you so well-scouted, hitting something new can sometimes be all the difference.

[Van Gibson cinches the hold in tighter, telling Longfellow to ask Case if he wants to quit... but of course he doesn't. And soon, the Las Vegas native is able to get his feet under him, pushing both men back to a vertical base.]

JS: Back up to their feet... oh! Eddie drives a knee up into the chest of Case!

TM: Eddie continues to take advantage of Case's arms being tied up. A few hard knees to the upper body while still tweaking the arms and neck with that butterfly hold.

[Van Gibson breaks the hold and delivers a hard chop that knocks Case back into the ropes again.]

JS: Eddie with a whip... Case off the far side...

[The Idol O' Millions drives a boot into the midsection of his opponent before sprinting to the adjacent ropes, rebounding back to hook Case before driving him down to the canvas!]

JS: Oh! Big swinging neckbreaker by Eddie Van Gibson! And we've got our first cover of the match!

[A two count gets the crowd going but Case easily kicks out.]

JS: Not a chance. It's way too early for that.

TM: You know when a basketball player that's on fire throws up a bad shot as a heat check? Just to see if he might make it?

JS: Yeah.

TM: That's what that was. Eddie was feeling the moment and wanted to see if he could score the quick pin. You said it yourself... it's been a long time since he's been in that ring. He probably would like to end it quickly before his stamina gets tested.

[Van Gibson quickly rolls Case onto his stomach and drives a few punches into the back of the neck.]

JS: EVG targeting the neck... maybe softening him up for the [muted] Driver.

TM: It's a sound strategy. We'll have to see if he can execute it or if Case will be able to disrupt it with some strategy of his own.

[Dragging Case back to his feet, Van Gibson backs to the corner where he climbs up to sit on the top rope, pulling the Golden God into a front facelock.]

JS: He's going for a tornado DDT! He's going right for the neck of- he leaps!

[And twists through the air, ready to spike his opponent's skull into the canvas...

...but Devon Case is having none of it.]

JS: Blocked! Case blocked the tornado DDT and-

TM: NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[But Case's lift for the suplex is aborted by a hard knee to the face by Van Gibson, forcing him to set the Canadian back down on the mat. The two men become untangled from one another.

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[DEAFENING POP!]

JS: My god! They slapped each other! They slapped the taste out of each other's mouth at the same damn time, Todd Michaelson!

TM: Great minds think alike I suppose.

JS: Look at their eyes! The fire in their-

[A massive pop erupts as the two men charge towards each other, tumbling down to the mat where Van Gibson gets the edge, firing right hands wildly at his opponent...

...and we cut a little bit more ahead into the match where both men are outside the ring on the concrete floor, Case grabbing Van Gibson by the arm.]

JS: SPINEFIRST TO THE RAMP! Eddie slammed into that wooden ramp and he's going to be feeling that one for a while!

[Staggering away from the elevated entryway, Van Gibson catches a boot to the gut before snap suplexed on the floor!]

JS: Oh my!

TM: A brutal snap suplex on the floor... on the concrete floor. Eddie Van Gibson has just taken two very hard shots to his back on this concrete floor and that can't be good news for the fans of the former Franchise.

JS: What the hell is Case doing now?

TM: It looks like a Boston Crab. But why would he go for a submission outside the ring?

[Holding the legs, Case drops back, catapulting Van Gibson chest and facefirst into the wooden ramp! Big mixed pop! The Golden God pulls Van Gibson off the floor, rolling him back into the ring before hopping up to the ring apron and... waiting.]

JS: Case is up on the apron... why isn't he getting in the ring?

TM: He's waiting for Eddie to get to his feet. I think the Golden God is about to fly!

JS: Van Gibson trying to get off the mat, thinking he'll be better off on his feet but I don't- CASE LEAPS!

[Showing the ability that made him famous, Case deadleaps into the air, springing off the top rope, spinning through the air...

...and nearly _decapitating_ Eddie Van Gibson with a spinning leg lariat to the back of the head! Huge mixed pop!]

JS: OHHHH MY!

TM: What a kick! Right on the back of the neck! Devon Case doesn't seem to be targeting any one body part on Van Gibson... but he's done a little bit of damage to a lot of places.

JS: He doesn't have to work on a body part if he's going for a killshot like that. A move like that could knock Eddie out cold and end this match in a hurry.

[Case flips Van Gibson onto his back, diving across with a lateral press... but only scoring a two count before Eddie manages to slip out the backdoor.]

JS: Not enough. I thought he stood a chance there. It was definitely designed to be a knockout blow. Case might be flashing back to his war with Claw... he went for a lot of knockouts in that one as well.

TM: And Eddie Van Gibson actually has been knocked out in a match before. He lost a match to Casey James once by getting knocked out. So, it's not totally unheard of.

[The Las Vegas native pops back to his feet, pulling Van Gibson up... and dropping him back down across his knee with a backbreaker before heading towards the corner.]

JS: Devon Case is heading for the ropes. He's going to show off more of that high flying ability.

TM: One of the best high flyers we ever had the honor of watching in the ring, Steggs.

JS: He certainly is.

[Reaching the turnbuckles, Case leaps to the middle rope... then up to the top in one motion before flipping backwards...]

JS: MOONSAULT!!!

[...and crashing right down across the chest of a stunned Van Gibson!]

JS: ONE!!!! TWO!!!!

[Big pop!]

JS: Eddie gets the shoulder up. He's a fighter, Todd.

TM: He certainly is. He's battled some of the toughest men in our business without blinking an eye. He may have acted the role of a coward at times but there's nothing about Eddie Van Gibson that would make you believe it.

JS: Devon staying right on him though, pulling him off the mat.

[As he gets EVG to his feet, Case shoves him backwards into the ropes.]

JS: Eddie staggers off....

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: ROUNDHOUSE! ROUNDHOUSE KICK TO THE HEAD!!!

[Van Gibson collapses to the canvas like he's been shot, allowing Case to dive atop him for another cover.]

JS: ONE!!! TWO!!!

[But Van Gibson lifts his shoulder up off the mat again, drawing a cheer from his many supporters jammed into the Staples Center.]

JS: Eddie gets the shoulder up! And we talked about Eddie Van Gibson wanting to end this match quickly... but right now it looks like Devon Case may be looking to do the same.

TM: He's been wrestling on and off, Steggs... he may not feel too comfortable in that ring either. He may want to win this thing and go home to Vegas.

[Case backs away, waving for Van Gibson to get back to his feet. He shouts something loud enough to cause a buzz from those who heard it.]

JS: Did he just say...?

TM: He sure did!

[And as the Idol O' Millions staggers up to his feet, Devon Case lunges forward, slapping on a very familiar judo choke that sends the crowd into a frenzy!]

JS: KATA HA JIME! CASE SLAPS ON THE KATA HA JIME!!

TM: And Eddie Van Gibson's in trouble! If you don't get out of this hold fast, you're in-

[Knowing full well that Todd's right, Van Gibson plants his feet and drives Case backwards so that his back slams into the turnbuckles... but Case manages to hang on.]

JS: Eddie tried to counted but Devon won't let go! Devon Case is trying to choke out Eddie Van Gibson in the middle of Staples Center! He's trying to-

[The crowd roars again as Van Gibson drives back to the buckles again... this time with enough force to break the hold.]

JS: He got out of it... Eddie Van Gibson broke the Kata Ha Jime!

TM: Lucky for him because he was about to get his lights turned out.

JS: He staggers away... trying to regroup...

[And as Case staggers out as well, suddenly it becomes Eddie's turn. Pop!]

JS: CROSSFACE CHICKENWING!!!

TM: No, no, no! He used to call this the Bawk Bawk Gatame!

JS: Oh dear god.

[The crowd roars as Case struggles against the crossfaced chickenwing, desperately looking for a way out before Van Gibson manages to separate his shoulder.]

JS: Devon Case is trying to get out of this, trying to-

[Case desperately lunges for the ropes, dragging Eddie Van Gibson with him... and together the two men tumble through the ropes and back out to the concrete floor to a huge gasp from the capacity crowd!]

And we cut again, still to a scene out on the floor where Eddie Van Gibson lifts Case for an atomic drop, dumping him crotchfirst on the steel barricade.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Case grimacing on the railing, Van Gibson reaches under the ring, pulling a steel chair into view.]

TM: I don't know if that chair is legal in this... under classic EMWC rules, it sure would be.

JS: But the referee is trying to stop him... trying to prevent EVG from-
"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[HUGE POP!]

JS: OH MY GOD!! A big chairshot to the arm and shoulder... and Devon Case just got knocked out into the crowd! He got knocked into the first row!

[Referee Longfellow is all over Van Gibson's case for the chair usage... but EVG simply shoves him aside, opening up the chair and setting it on the floor.]

JS: What's going on here?

TM: Dick's getting tired of being shoved around for one thing. He's warning Van Gibson that if he does it again, he'll end the match.

JS: Think he will?

TM: Not if he wants to prevent a riot in this building.

[Van Gibson suddenly races towards the chair, springing off its' seat, sailing over the barricade...

...and snaring Case's head with his legs, snapping him down to the cold concrete below! Big pop!]

JS: WHOA!

TM: A rana off the chair to the floor! Out of nowhere!

[Van Gibson emerges from a pile of screaming fans, lifting an arm in triumph as he pulls Case off the concrete floor into a front facelock...

...and snaps him over to the ground with a suplex! Big pop!]

JS: Good lord! We've got these two brawling in the crowd now. A big suplex on the floor just like Eddie took earlier in the match.

TM: These fans are going nuts, Steggs. It's crowd interaction at its' finest!

[And as the Franchise pulls himself off the concrete floor, he raises a hand...

...and the crowd goes nuts for the Corona bottle he clutches in it!]

JS: Oh jeez.

TM: The official sponsor of Corona is back, baby! And J*STAR would like to thank that fan for donating his beer to the Idol O' Millions.

[Eddie tilts his head back, chugging the bulk of the beer. He grins as he swallows it down, still holding the bottle.]

JS: Case is down... and Eddie Van Gibson is drinking?!

TM: All work and no play makes Eddie a dull boy, Steggs.

JS: I suppose.

[A rabid fan slaps Eddie on the arm... and tilts his own head back. Van Gibson looks at him quizzically... and then realizes what the fan is hoping for.]

JS: He wants Eddie to give him some of the beer?

TM: An Eternally Extreme moment, I suppose.

JS: AND EDDIE'S GONNA DO IT!

[Van Gibson cracks a big GRIN~! as he lifts the bottle up, over the fan's open mouth...

...and then pours it down his own gullet instead, simply shrugging his shoulders at a teasing shower of boos from the fans.]

JS: Ahhh... gotta love him.

TM: Eddie Van Gibson is a true original, fans. There'll never be another quite like him.

[And as Devon Case regains his feet.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

[DEAFENING POP!]

JS: HE BROKE THE BOTTLE OVER CASE'S HEAD!!! That empty Corona bottle just got shattered over the skull of the Golden God!

[With a grinning Van Gibson standing over Case, we cut deeper into the match again.

When we come back up, a bloodied Devon Case is climbing the ropes with Van Gibson prone in the middle of the ring.]

JS: Devon Case is up top! The Golden God is set to fly!

[And suddenly, he _hurls_ his body from his perch, pumping his arms and legs...

...and _crashing_ down onto a prone Van Gibson! Huge pop!]

JS: FROG SPLASH!! THE FIVE STAR FROG SPLASH!!!

[Cradling his ribs, Case throws himself across Van Gibson.]

JS: ONE!!!! TWO!!!! THR-

[BIG POP!]

JS: NO! NO! EDDIE KICKS OUT!

[Case slaps the mat in frustration, glaring at Dick Longfellow who shows two fingers to Case... who shows one in retort. Dragging himself off the mat, Case hits the ropes, tumbling across the ring...

...and crashing down across Van Gibson's chest with a senton.]

JS: Rolling Thunder!

[And seamlessly rolling up to his feet, leaping to the middle rope...

...and slamming back down with a quebrada! Huge pop!]

JS: Beautiful move! ONE!!!! TWO!!!! THR- So close! So very close!

[We cut again, digging deeper into the match...

...and we come back to Van Gibson leaning against the far ropes, waving for Case to get up off the mat as Case struggles to use the ropes to get on his feet. He's just about there when Van Gibson sprints across the ring, connecting with a huge clothesline that sends both men toppling over the ropes and crashing down onto the wooden rampway! Huge pop!]

JS: TO THE RAMP! Both men over the ropes and down onto the ramp!

TM: Luckily for both men, that wasn't a very far fall. The ramp is even with the ring apron so it was just a very short fall on that wooden ramp... won't do much more damage to either man.

JS: The referee is telling them to get back into the ring... but you can be sure he won't count them out. Not at this show.

TM: The former High Society leader pulls himself off the wooden ramp first. He seems a bit more fresh at this point of the match. They've been fighting incredibly hard so far.

[Reaching down, EVG pulls Case up by the hair, scooping him up...

...and slamming him down on the ramp! Big pop!]

JS: Body slam on the ramp! Right down on the middle of the ramp.

TM: And more importantly, right down on the back that Van Gibson just punished with that Boston Crab. Case cried out when he hit the mat so you know he's hurting for sure.

JS: It looks like Eddie's going back to the rin- no. What's he doing?

[Van Gibson checks Case's position and steps up to the middle rope. He pauses for a moment, then steps to the top, immediately hurling himself backwards...

...and down across the empty ramp as Case rolls out of the way! Big mixed pop!]

JS: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE MOONSAULT!

TM: And that high risk move came up snake eyes for Eddie. His ribs slam down on the wooden ramp... and he's gotta be hurting bad now.

[The Idol O' Millions rolls onto his back, arms cradling his now-hurting ribcage.]

JS: Devon Case avoided the high-risk moonsault and now it's the Golden God's turn to try and figure out a way to put Eddie Van Gibson away.

TM: He should probably do it in the ring too. It's too dangerous out there on the ramp or the floor for these guys. You could get hurt very, very badly out there. That ramp wasn't designed to be bodyslammed on.

[Case drags himself to his feet using the ropes, reaching down to pull Van Gibson to his feet by the back of the tights.]

JS: Devon pulls him- waistlock!

[Van Gibson flails his arms, trying to free himself...

...but it's too late!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

JS: German suplex on the ramp! He drove the back of Eddie's head and neck on the damn wooden ramp.

TM: That can't be good news for EVG. He needs to get back into the ring to stand a chance in this one. His old battered body is taking more of a beating the longer he's outside the ring.

JS: Case hangs on... rolling back up with him...

[The former Redemption member quickly switches his grip, applying a double chickenwing.]

JS: You've gotta be kidding me. HE LIFTS!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: TIGER SUPLEX ON THE RAMP!!! Again down to the back of the head and neck.

TM: And that may be Devon Case softening up Eddie Van Gibson for either the Case Closed or Murder Is The Case. Either one of those would be a severe blow to the neck and would likely end the match if Case keeps up this assault on the neck.

JS: Case is rolling up again!

[The crowd buzzes as Devon Case keeps his double chickenwing grip, rolling back to his feet again.]

TM: He's trying to win the match right here and now, Stegglet.

JS: He may be on the verge of doing exactly that! But he can't win the match outside the ring... he can't-

[A roar from the crowd goes up as Case switches his grip, applying a full nelson.]

JS: Oh god.

TM: Case is going for the killshot! He wants Eddie Van Gibson to be absolutely unconscious when he goes for the cover!

[But before he can take Van Gibson up and over with it, Van Gibson manages to snake a leg around Case's, blocking the lift.]

JS: Yeah! Eddie blocked it! He blocked the suplex!

[Case breaks his grip and tees off on the neck of Van Gibson.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd groans with each and every blow rained down on the injured neck of the former Franchise.]

JS: He's pounding the neck, trying to soften him up!

[Case reaches with one arm around the waist of Van Gibson, turning their bodies...

...so that a suplex would dump Van Gibson on the concrete floor. The crowd begins buzzing even louder now.]

JS: Oh my god! Tell me he's not going to do this, Todd! Tell me he's not-

TM: He's going for a... yeah, a half and half suplex off the ramp to the floor! That'll snap Eddie like a damn tree branch, Steggs! His neck and spine would be splintered in a million pieces!

[With one arm around EVG's waist and the other applying a half nelson, Case sets his feet.]

JS: HE LIFT- no! Blocked! Eddie drops down to a knee to block it!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JS: He pounds the head and neck of Van Gibson again! And he yanks him right back up to his feet! Dammit, Devon... don't do this! Don't do-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!!

TM: Eddie Van Gibson was desperate, Steggs! He knew he had to get out of that move... he knew it and he did whatever was necessary to get the job done. He drove his foot right back into the groin of the Golden God!

[Case drops to a knee, grimacing from the back kick to the groin.]

JS: Case is down... Eddie Van Gibson pushes himself back to his feet.

[And pulls the Golden God into a standing headscissors.]

JS: Oh my god! Is he setting for a powerbomb?!

TM: If he is, he's gonna spike him to the floor, Steggs!

JS: He can't do that! He'll cripple him!

TM: Payback's a bitch! Case was going to do it to him... Eddie may be looking to do it first!

[Van Gibson locks his arms around the midsection of Case, trying to hoist him up...

...but the wily youngster drops down to a knee to avoid it.]

JS: Blocked! Case blocks the-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JS: Egads! What a pummeling to the back of Case!

TM: Eddie's gonna try it again! He's going for the powerbomb to the floor! He lift-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: LOW BLOW PART TWO!!! This time, it's Case who scores with the uppercut to the groin! He blocked the powerbomb!

[Van Gibson staggers away from Case, allowing the Golden God to regain his feet, hooking an inverted facelock...

...and _driving_ the back of EVG's head into the wooden ramp! Huge pop!]

JS: STRIP! Case scores with the Strip on the ramp!

TM: Right on the back of the head... and that might knock someone out too, Steggs. That's Case's old finisher and he used it to great effectiveness for a long, long time.

JS: Case rolls Eddie under the ropes... now rolls in behind him... cover! ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[MASSIVE POP!]

JS: EDDIE GOT THE SHOULDER UP! Case hit him with a ton of stuff out on the ramp but it was not enough. Eddie Van Gibson is showing off the fighting spirit that made him a Hall of Famer, Todd.

TM: He's as tough as nails and if you want to beat him in a match this big, you may have to kill him to do it.

[We cut again, moving deeper into the match once more...

...and come back up as Van Gibson executes a rana on Case who is seated on the top rope, flinging him down to the canvas, scampering into a cover for a two count and change.]

TM: He took the brunt of that rana on his back rather than on his head and neck... which is good for him but it's bad for EVG if he thought he could get the pin with

that. Eddie's going to have to dig deep to come up with something high impact to put this kid down for a three count.

JS: We've seen Case survive hellacious wars with some of the toughest men in our business. He can take a tremendous amount of punishment. If EVG wants to win this match, he'll have to pull out all the stops to finish this feisty young man off.

[Van Gibson shakes his head in disbelief as he climbs to his feet, slowly walking to the corner where he starts to climb again.]

JS: Eddie's going up top!

TM: This isn't the usual place of Eddie Van Gibson. Occasionally, you'll see him bust out a moonsault or the like... but it's very unlike EVG to go to the high risk offense. And if he's doing it here, he's realizing what we're saying. He needs to go beyond what he usually would do if he wants to defeat Devon Case here tonight.

JS: Van Gibson to the second rope... he's taking too long, Todd.

TM: He looks a little shaky. All that high impact offense may be getting to him.

JS: He steps to the top! He step- whoa! He almost fell!

[The crowd buzzes as Van Gibson desperately tries to steady himself, shaking his head to try and clear the cobwebs.]

JS: HE LEAPS!!!

[Van Gibson backflips through the sky, rotating so that his feet will hit the canvas first.]

JS: DOUBLE STOMP!!!

[The crowd _erupts_ as Case rolls aside, causing Van Gibson to land feet first on the canvas...

...where he immediately drops to a knee, clutching his right leg.]

JS: Oh! He missed the double stomp and I think he may have hurt his leg! He may have-

[Case immediately surges forward, springing off the bent knee.]

JS: SHINING WIZZZZZZZZAAAAAARRRRRRRD!!!

[An explosion of cheers goes up as Case's knee slams into the side of Van Gibson's face, toppling the Hall of Famer to the canvas.]

JS: Eddie's down! The Shining Wizard was on target!

TM: If Case can cover him, I think it's over, Steggs!

JS: Devon Case is crawling towards him, trying to make a cover...

[But before he can be covered, Van Gibson rolls away from Case, under the ropes where he falls hard to the concrete floor!]

JS: Oh! Hard to the floor!

TM: But a very smart move... a _very_ smart move. Eddie Van Gibson got hit with the Shining Wizard and he knew if he was covered there was a good chance this match would be over. So, instead he rolls out to the floor where Case can't pin him. Incredible show of ring intelligence and presence.

JS: Case slaps the mat... he knows he had this match won if he could have made the cover. But instead, he rolls out to the floor with Van Gibson.

TM: And this isn't good news for EVG. He's basically defenseless out there right now, Steggs. He can't fight back at all at the moment I think. Case may have almost knocked him out cold with the Shining Wizard.

[An exhausted Case drags Van Gibson off the floor by the hair, cradling his foot.]

JS: SHINBREAKER!

TM: An interesting choice. Case must have noticed EVG hurting the leg on the attempted moonsault stomp. And if he did? EVG may be in more trouble than we thought.

JS: Devon Case didn't hesitate for an instant when he had the chance to cripple Tiger Claw... his other idol... his other hero. And you can bet he won't think twice about snapping that leg if it means winning this match.

[Still holding the leg as Van Gibson attempts to stay balanced on one foot, Case dragon screws him down to the floor sending a cry of pain into the electric atmosphere of the Staples Center.]

JS: Dragon screw!

TM: Case using one of Eddie's favorite moves against him... and that move could rip a knee out. I've known a lot of wrestlers who've suffered major injuries off that legwhip.

[Case peels off of Van Gibson... and grabs the discarded chair that both men used earlier.]

JS: He's got the chair! Devon's got-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Chairshot to the knee! Right across the kneecap of Eddie Van Gibson!

[Turning the chair in his hands, Case drives the edge of the seatback into the knee joint of his opponent, sending another scream of pain into the air.]

JS: Devon Case has snapped, Todd! He's snapped!

TM: He just wants to win this match so damn badly, Steggs. It would mean so much to him... so much to his career. We all know that Devon's been trying to retire for the past year. A win tonight? Might finally give him the peace of mind to do it.

[A few more hard shots to the knee with the steel chair cause Van Gibson to curl up into a ball, trying to avoid further punishment to the leg.]

JS: Case pulls him off the floor, shoving him back into the ring. And now Devon rolls in there with him. Looks like he's still going after the knee too.

TM: He's calling for the figure four! This is one of Eddie's signature moves!

JS: Spinning toehold and he reaches down for-

[HUGE POP!]

JS: INSIDE CRADLE!!! ONE!!!! TWO!!!! THRE-

[MASSIVE MIXED POP!]

JS: SHOULDER UP! Case just barely got the shoulder up!

[And an irate Devon Case springs to his feet, stomping and kicking the injured limb before Van Gibson can regain his feet... and we cut again...

...and then come back up to find Van Gibson trying to balance himself on one leg as Case moves in towards him. But as the Golden God gets close, Van Gibson lunges out of the ropes, grabbing Case's leg...

...and whipping him down to the mat! Big pop!]

JS: Dragon screw! EVG with the dragon screw! Trying to rip and tear the tendons and ligaments in the knee of Devon Case! Trying to do a little bit of damage back just like Case did to him.

TM: But Eddie's one of the best in the world at this move. I saw a tape of him using it off the top of a steel cage once. Incredible.

JS: There's no steel cage here tonight, but he's hanging onto the leg... rolling back to his feet...

[And lightning quick, he snaps him back down to the mat with another dragon screw legwhip!]

JS: Ohhhh my!

TM: Case let out a horrid scream there, Steggs. Eddie may have done some major damage with that one. Case is clutching the knee... but Eddie's pulling him off the mat again, still holding that leg.

[Van Gibson gets to his feet, holding the injured limb of his opponent and simply shrugs his shoulders before taking him down to the mat one more time!]

JS: Another one! Three dragon screw legwhips in a row!

TM: Case's knee has got to feel like Jello right now, Steggs. I bet he can't even tell he _has_ a leg right now. The pain's gotta be shooting through his entire body... it's gotta be-

[MASSIVE POP!]

JS: EDDIE'S CALLING FOR THE FIGURE FOUR! HE'S CALLING FOR-

[But as he turns in the spinning toehold, Case uses his good leg to push Van Gibson chestfirst into the corner... then uses his arms to push himself to his feet, hopping towards Van Gibson.]

JS: Both men barely able to stand... barely able to move... oh! Right hand by Eddie! And Case returns the favor!

TM: There's not much behind either of those punches, Steggs.

JS: There's certainly not. They're trying to punch either out but are too weak to do it. Weak exchange of punches.

[Reaching out, Van Gibson turns Case into the corner.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JS: Oof! Big chop by EVG!

TM: And just that one chop was enough to knock Case off his feet. He's down on his ass in the corner... choke!

[The crowd roars with a mixed reaction as Van Gibson blatantly chokes Case with his boot.]

JS: That's an obvious choke! The referee's right there to- Dick pushes him back, pushing him all the way back to the opposite corner.

TM: Longfellow's being very physical tonight... wanting to try and keep law and order established. Van Gibson's trying not to put any weight on that leg though... trying not to stand on it.

[But with Case downed, Van Gibson cracks a GRIN~!, knowing what he has to do.]

JS: What the hell?

TM: Van Gibson trying to run across the ring... but it's more like a hobble. It's more like he's limping across the ring and-

[The crowd _erupts_ in a mixed pop as Van Gibson executes a Bronco Buster, repeatedly thrusting his crotch into a helpless Case's face.]

JS: Hehe. Only Eddie Van Gibson would put himself through agonizing pain to an injured knee to embarrass his opponent.

TM: And that's exactly what he's doing, Steggs. This isn't an offensive move... this is something to humiliate Devon Case.

[Van Gibson pulls away from the corner... and STRUTS!]

JS: Hehehe. Gotta love him.

TM: I don't think Devon Case does.

[Enraged by Van Gibson's actions, Case pops up to his feet, willing the pain away in his leg as he races across the ring. Van Gibson slowly turns...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

JS: YAAAAAAAAAKUUUUUUUUUZAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!

[The brutal mafia kick to the jaw sends Van Gibson sailing back to the corner where he collapses in a heap on the canvas, the turnbuckles the only thing preventing him from falling flat on his back.]

JS: Whoa! FIGHTING SPIRIT!

[Case immediately drops to a leg, clutching his injured knee.]

TM: It hurt him to do it... but his pride was insulted. He did what his heart told him to do... and now his body's telling him the consequences of doing it.

[Climbing his teeth, Case forces himself back to a standing position and hobbles to the corner where a dazed Van Gibson is resting, sucking wind into his lungs.]

JS: Eddie's down in the corner... and Case is moving in on him.

[Reaching the buckles, Case firmly plants his boot against the face of Van Gibson and pushes down across it, raking his boot across Eddie's face!]

JS: Oh my! Facewash by the Golden God!

[The crowd groans in unison as Case rakes the boot across the face again... and again... and again...]

JS: This is hard to watch, Todd. Eddie Van Gibson is barely moving and he's just being taken apart by Devon Case right now.

TM: And the average man on the streets has _no_ idea how painful that is. What Devon Case is doing? It's one of the most painful things you can have done to you in a wrestling ring. Not to mention how embarrassing it is.

[After a couple more bootscrapes, Case drags Van Gibson off the mat.]

JS: Case pulls him up... double underhook!

[The crowd explodes as Case sets to attempt the Asshole Driver...]

...but Eddie Van Gibson drops to a knee, refusing to be driven down to the mat by his own move.]

JS: Van Gibson drops to a knee to block it.

TM: Or maybe he collapsed out of exhaustion.

JS: A definite possibility. We've all got to remember he hasn't wrestled a match like this in... well, I'd have to say at least two years... maybe more. This has gotta be absolutely draining to him both physically and mentally.

TM: Case hasn't wrestled very much as of late either... but at least he's active. Both of these men are running on fumes right now but the question is... who has more left? Who has more of a will to win?

[With Van Gibson kneeling, a winded Case breaks his double underhook grip.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd groans as Case repeatedly drives forearms into the back and neck of Van Gibson.]

JS: Case is trying to soften him up... trying to weaken his resistance to the [muted] Driver.

TM: And wouldn't it be the ultimate insult to lose to your own finishing move?

JS: Some people get pretty upset about that, I've heard.

[The Golden God reapplies the double underhook, trying to pull Van Gibson off the canvas.]

JS: Trying to get him back up... trying to bring him to his feet.

[But again, Van Gibson drops down to a knee... and this time, he scissors Case's legs, taking him down in a drop toehold...

...that slams Case chestfirst across the middle rope!]

JS: Uh oh!

TM: If the situation was reversed, I know what we'd see... but- well, can he do it?

JS: You know he wants to!

[Van Gibson gets to his feet, looking around at the roaring crowd, egging him on.]

JS: Here we go!

[Much as Case did moments ago, Van Gibson bites back the pain, running across the ring. At the last moment, he leaps into the air, grabbing the top rope and swinging his legs back in the direction of Devon Case's face...

...but finds no one home as the Golden God throws himself backwards to avoid the Sayama Feint Kick he made famous! Massive mixed pop!]

JS: He missed! Eddie missed the Sayam-

[As he lands on his feet, Case wildly swings his leg to knock Eddie's legs out from under him.]

JS: Legsweep! Case back to his feet and-

[And somehow throws himself in the air, trying to execute the standing 450 splash he used so often...

...but is unable to get the height, his back crashing down across Eddie's chest instead.]

JS: He couldn't get all the way around! The injured leg wouldn't let him get all the way around on the standing 450!

TM: It was basically a somersault senton cause he couldn't get the height on the jump to rotate all the way around.

[Reaching back with his arm, Case cradles a leg and yells for the referee to count.]

JS: That's a cover! ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE- Shoulder up! Shoulder up! My god, he got a shoulder up!

[Case sits up, slamming his fists into the canvas and screaming at Dick Longfellow.]

JS: Case thinks it was a three count... but he's wrong, Todd.

TM: But when you're fighting in a match like this, you have no idea if you're right or wrong, Steggs. Devon Case wants this match to be over... he wants to walk out the winner... he wants to end this dream match right here and now.

JS: Case crawling towards the corner... still arguing with the referee.

[The Golden God pulls himself to his feet using the ropes and then steps out to the apron.]

JS: He's going up top?!

TM: With an injured leg, this is a dangerous move, Steggs.

JS: He can't even put pressure on that leg to climb. He's climbing the ropes with one leg and his arms... that's it. He can't even- oh! Look! He tried to use that other leg and nearly fell!

[But with a motionless Van Gibson on the canvas, Devon Case seemingly has all the time in the world to step up to the top rope.]

JS: On the second rope... he's sitting on the top, but that's not what he wants to do. He's trying to get those legs underneath him so he can stand up there.

TM: He'd better be careful. If he tries to stand on that leg, he may take a header to the floor.

JS: He's got one leg... yes! He's standing up top!

[Perhaps the most awkward "poised" on the top rope moment you've ever seen as Case wobbles and tries to steady himself without putting more pressure on that leg.]

JS: Case is up top! Eddie's not moving!

[Sucking down the pain, Case puts his other foot down... and forces himself into the air... into a front flip...]

JS: 450 SPLASH!!!!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[DEAFENING MIXED POP!]

JS: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE 450!!!

TM: Eddie was playing possum! He was playing possum the whole time that Case was climbing the ropes and-

[Popping up to his feet, Van Gibson pulls Case into a double underhook, leaping into the air and splitting his legs as he _drives_ the Golden God facefirst into the canvas!]

JS: [muted] DRIVER!! HE HIT THE [muted] DRIVER!!!

TM: That's it! Eddie's gonna win it!

[Van Gibson flips Case onto his back and starts to cover...

...then stops.]

JS: What the-?! What the hell is he doing?!

TM: I don't know! He's got the match won! He's got the win! All he needs to do is hook that leg and make the cover!

[The Idol O' Millions looks down at the stunned Case... and slowly shakes his head, pushing himself up to his feet.]

JS: I don't get it! Why won't he-?!

[And the crowd grows louder... and louder... and louder as Eddie Van Gibson bounces off the closest ropes, slowly raising one fist to the air as he hooks his thumb to point at himself...

...and _drives_ the fist down into the skull of his motionless foe! MOTHER OF ALL POPS!]

JS: CANUCKLEDUSTER!! EVG AND THE CANUCKLEDUSTER!!!

[And now? He covers.]

JS: ONE!!!! TWO!!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

[The crowd ERUPTS...

...until...]

JS: NO!!! NO!!! CASE GOT THE SHOULDER UP! BY GOD, DEVON CASE GOT THE SHOULDER UP IN TIME!!`

[And this time, it's Eddie Van Gibson's turn to be irate, pushing up to his knees and glaring at Dick Longfellow.]

JS: EVG's taking it out on Longfellow but that was so close! He thought he had it won... and quite frankly, so did I!

TM: I think it was the Canuckleduster, Steggs. If he'd gone for the cover after the [muted] Driver, this match would be over right now. If he'd gone for it, we'd have a winner.

[As Van Gibson yanks Case off the mat by the hair, still yelling at the official, we make another cut, going deeper into the match...

...as both men are coming to their feet off a failed pin attempt, trying to beat the other to a standing position.]

TM: They're running on fumes... on instinct. There's no way they have any idea what they're doing. Their bodies aren't even telling them how badly they hurt. Their brains have shut down completely.

[Case quickly gets to his feet... and catches a boot to the gut.]

JS: [muted] DRIV-

[The crowd deflates as Case lunges forward, slamming Van Gibson's back into the turnbuckles.]

JS: Ohhh! Case blocked the [muted] Driver! Van Gibson is dazed... staggering out...

[POP!]

JS: HOOKED!!

[And somehow... someway... Devon Case takes him up and over to the canvas.]

JS: EXPLOOOOOOOOIIIIIDDAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

TM: One guess where he learned that one.

JS: Case crawling towards him... looking for a cover...

[The Golden God inches closer and closer... and throws an arm across his opponent's chest.]

JS: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

[EARTHSHATTERING POP!]

JS: Oh my god! Oh my god!

TM: Eddie Van Gibson refuses to lose! Refuses to stay down!

[Case rolls onto his back, barely moving as the crowd settles from it's deafening roar.]

JS: My god, Todd. What the hell is it going to take?

TM: Devon Case is flat on his back... he can't believe it. He thought for sure he had it won right there. But Eddie Van Gibson is showing why he was a two time World Champion... why he is a Hall of Famer... and why men like Devon Case looked up to him coming into this business.

JS: Case can't believe it! I can't believe it! These fans can't believe it! What more can he do to Eddie Van Gibson?!

[Shaking his head, Case sits up... then stands... and rips off his kneepad to a huge pop!]

JS: You know what that means! He's calling for the Shining Wizard!

TM: And with that kneepad gone, it becomes even more dangerous!

[Case leans against the ropes, waving for Van Gibson to rise... waving for his opponent... his longtime idol to get to a knee.]

JS: He's waiting... just waiting for Van Gibson to get in position.

[And soon? He does.]

JS: CASE!!

[The Golden God sprints across the ring, stepping up to Van Gibson's bent knee, lashing out with his other knee...

...and finding it snared in the waiting arms of Eddie Van Gibson who somehow twists the leg, snapping Case down to the canvas!]

JS: DRAGON SCREW!! HE COUNTERED THE WIZARD WITH A DRAGON SCREW!!!

[Case screams in pain upon hitting the canvas... which is all Eddie Van Gibson needs to hear as he gets to his feet, tying up the leg of Devon Case...

...and dropping down to the canvas, applying pressure on the badly injured knee of his opponent.]

JS: FIGURE FOUR!! EVG's got the figure four applied!

[Screaming in agony, Case sits up, clutching for his legs, blood streaming down his face.]

JS: The pressure is on the knee! Case is screaming in pain... screaming in total agony. He needs to find a way out!

TM: He's pumping the arms... trying to get to the ropes... trying to turn it over... whatever he needs to do.

JS: The referee is right there... right there to see if he gives up... right there to see if-

[Case screams out.]

"AHHHHH GOD. YOU'RE BREAKING MY LEG!! AHHHHHHHHH!"

[Van Gibson does not relent, leaning back, torquing the leg as much as he possibly can. Dick Longfellow is right there... close enough for Case to reach up and grab his shirt, pulling him towards him.]

JS: Dick's trying to... look out, ref! He needs to back off!

[Longfellow slaps Case's arms away, stepping back... asking again. And this time? He gets an answer.]

"YES! YES! I QUIT!"

[The crowd erupts as Longfellow calls for the bell to end the match.]

JS: HE GAVE UP! CASE GAVE UP!!

TM: EDDIE VAN GIBSON HAS DONE IT!!!

[Van Gibson breaks the hold, rolling away from a screaming Devon Case who reaches down to cradle his injured knee.]

KG: Ladies and gentlemen.... your winner by submission...

EDDIE
VAAAAAAAAAAAAANNNNNN
GIBSONNN!!!

[An enormous roar goes up from the J*STAR Festival crowd... paying tribute to both men for their efforts in the battle they've just been through.]

JS: What a match! What a battle! And in the end, Eddie Van Gibson makes Devon Case give up!

TM: He may have broken his damn leg in the process, Steggs.

[The crowd continues to roar as EVG climbs up to his feet, raising a victorious arm and then looks down at Case, still clutching his knee in pain. The referee is right there to check on him, trying to help him to his feet.]

JS: Fans, Devon Case may be hurt. Eddie Van Gibson's keeping an eye on him... he looks a little concerned as well. We may need some help out here for-

[A large ovation goes up as the referee helps Case to his feet. The Golden God stands on one leg, trying to keep pressure off the other. He stares across the ring at Van Gibson who returns the gaze...

...and gives a brief nod of the head to the Idol O' Millions before rolling out onto the ramp, being helped to the back.]

JS: And from a man like Devon Case... that may be as close as a sign of respect as you'll get. He knows that on this night... he was beaten by the better man.

TM: It's a hard thing to do. Your ego takes a beating to show respect to someone who just beat you... let alone made you submit. But Devon Case, I think, just did. Congrats to both men. That was one hell of a matchup.

[With Case exiting the building with the aid of two officials, Eddie Van Gibson stands in the ring, soaking up the cheers of the Staples Center crowd paying homage to him...

...and the Power Hour graphic comes up one more time as we slowly fade to black.]