

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING
FEBRUARY 13TH. 2016
LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

**"No light, but rather
darkness visible".**

Milton, Paradise Lost 1.62

[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 GFC. The Daytona 500. The 2015 Women's World Cup. 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 slowly fades to the star-filled sky that hung above Minute Maid Park at SuperClash VII. After a moment, the drums to Halestorm's "Scream" kick in along with its signature call at the outset.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Travis Lynch emerges from behind a curtain, throwing a hand up into the air.]

#Oh-ohohohoh-ohohohohoh!#

[The Gladiator stands at the top of the ramp at SuperClash, his fellow gladiators standing before him.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Jordan Ohara walking alongside a barricade, slapping all the hands in sight.]

#Oh-ohohohoh!#

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, throwing his head back in a howl.]

#The seeds in my head
Visions in red#

["The Professional" Dave Cooper puts the boots to a downed opponent.]

#All that I dream
And all that I've bled#

[Allen Allen uses a three-quarter nelson to roll up Mr. Sadisuto for a three count... right into Derrick Williams using a spinebuster on Callum Mahoney.]

#My mind is a gun
I won't be out done#

[Brian James throws a devastating Blackheart Punch while Brian Lau looks on with pride... right into Kerry Kendrick blindsiding Caspian Abaran, knocking him flat.]

#Say what you want
While I shoot for the sun#

["Flawless" Larry Wallace leaps into the air, landing the "Best Dropkick In The World"... right into Maxim Zharkov and Alex Martinez trading words over a crowd of security and officials.]

#All you doubters and haters#
Actors and fakers
I don't have time for you all#

[Shadoe Rage comes sailing off the top rope, landing a flying elbow on a prone form... right into Michael Aarons dropping a flying elbow of his own onto Danny Morton at SuperClash.]

#You're feeding the fire
That's taking me higher
Coming like a cannonball#

[The Dogs of War use a combination powerbomb/Lungblower on Marcus Broussard in the Combat Corner... right into Rex Summers dropping Cesar Hernandez with the Heat Check DDT.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Johnny Detson lands the Wilde Driver on Calisto Dufresne.]

#It's kicking down your door
Kicking down your door#

[Supreme Wright locks the Sugar Hold on Jack Lynch, causing the cowboy to scream in pain.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper run down a helpless foe with a double shoulder tackle... right into Mike Sebastian being hurled by Andrew Tucker off the top rope, using a Rocket Launcher on a prone opponent.]

#So what ya waitin' for?
What ya waitin' for?#

[Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan hurl Isaiah Carpenter off the stage at SuperClash.]

#Scream#

#Scream#

[Juan Vasquez puts Hannibal Carver through a table with a piledriver.]

#Scream#

#Until they hear you#

[A bloodied Ryan Martinez thrusts the World Title up into the air as the shot freezes for a split second... and then fades to black as we hear the final lyric.]

#Scream#

[The black screen "shatters" into a live shot outside the Mandalay Bay Events Center - a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath the digital marquee with the name of the building and the words "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in fancy digital text as "Scream" continues to play. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in Las Vegas, Nevada at the Mandalay Bay Events Center! And we are LIVE for Opening Night of SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING!

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

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

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find the colorful Bucky Wilde. Wilde is sporting a lime green sportscoat over a sunburst yellow shirt. He's opted for a bleached white bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at "BIG BUCKS" flashing in twinkly lights across the back of his coat.]

BW: Well, it ain't too often that I get to do this... especially on the first show of the year but-

[Bucky grabs at his earpiece.]

BW: Throw it to Gordon?! Oh, come on! It's my-

[He grabs at it again.]

BW: Fine. Let's go to the ring to Gordon Myers. Jerks.

[As Bucky grumbles, we cut to the ring where the AWA's esteemed play-by-play man is standing in the middle. He's wearing a black suit, white dress shirt, and electric blue tie.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to the 2016 season premiere edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X. For the first time in the history of the business, a pro wrestling company just had their first off-season and tonight, we are ready to get things going in a big way. Of course, few could ever forget how SuperClash VII - our season finale if you will - went off the air with Juan Vasquez shocking the world with a stunning assault on Ryan Martinez and that brutal attack on Hannibal Carver.

[Gordon shakes his head as if he still can't believe it.]

GM: I was there watching it happen up close and personal... and that's why I requested time here tonight to have Juan Vasquez come to this ring... to look me in the eyes... and to give me the answer to the question on everyone's minds. "Why?"

[Gordon lowers the mic. The crowd in the Mandalay Bay Events Center starts to buzz, understanding what they're about to see.]

The iconic beginning to "They Reminisce over You" does not play. Instead, a slow, haunting piano chord is heard, as DMX's "Ain't No Sunshine" begins to play over the PA system.]

It's dark...and hell is hot#

[The crowd responds with a DEAFENING roar of boos as they see Juan Vasquez walking out onto the entrance way.]

Ain't no sunshine when it's on #
Only darkness every day #
Ain't no sunshine when it's on #
Cuz when it's on, ya' gonna' be gone #
Every time cuz we don't play

[The former People's Hero has changed his look slightly, sporting a buzzcut with a five o'clock shadow's worth of facial hair. He's dressed in a gray-blue sportcoat, a powder blue dress shirt sans tie underneath, and white slacks...along with one hell of a smirk on his face when he hears those jeers. Laughing to himself, he strolls to the ring with an amused look on his face as the fans shower him with hate. He walks up onto the apron and wipes his loafers on the mat, before stepping through the ropes and meeting Gordon in the center of the ring as the music fades.]

GM: You know why you're out here, Juan. And I know I don't have to tell you what you meant to these people and to the AWA. So I'm just going to ask you why-

[Juan cuts him off.]

JV: Are you serious?

[There's an incredulous look on his face.]

JV: You're gonna' ask me "Why?"

[He cups a hand to his ear.]

JV: You hear the reaction these people...supposedly...

[He makes air quotes.]

JV: ..."MY PEOPLE"...are giving me and you're asking me WHY I did what I did? Gordon, I know you're gettin' up in your years, but you ain't deaf and you ain't stupid. The only reason I turned my back on anyone...is 'cause they turned their back on ME!

[The crowd roars with boos at Vasquez's accusation. Juan rolls his eyes at their reaction.]

JV: Gordon, lemme ask you a question.

What would you say about the Juan Vasquez that walked outta' the ring after the National Title match at SuperClash? That he could hold his head up high? That he could wake up the next day able to live with himself because he didn't commit a horrible act inside the ring? That even though he didn't win the National title...at least he did the "right" thing?

GM: Well...yes!

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: Well, here's the thing, Gordon...I might've left the ring to those cheers, I might've walked to the back with my "pride" intact and knowing I did the "right" thing...

[He leans in close to Myers, almost like he's telling him a secret.]

JV: ...but I swear, I've never felt so dead inside.

[There's a shocked look on Gordon Myers' face as Juan flashes him a big smile.]

JV: You can talk all you want about how I did the "right" thing, but I didn't walk outta' that ring feeling like anything except the biggest damn idiot in the world. And when I went back to my dressing room, I took a good, long hard look in the mirror.

And you know what I saw?

[He shakes his head.]

JV: I simply saw a loser. A loser that just wasted five years of his life.

Five years, Gordon...I threw away FIVE years of redemption and dreaming...five years of chasing the National Title for what? To spare the neck of some entitled brat that tried to lay the blame for Unholy War on me? So I can put smiles on the faces of the same people that just threw me aside like a piece of trash for that same brat?

[Myers shakes his head.]

GM: Now Juan, you know that's not what...

[Juan seems to be getting annoyed.]

JV: NO! You're not gonna' stand here and tell me what's right and wrong! You're not gonna' twist and manipulate what I heard and saw out there!

[The Hall of Famer pauses for a moment and looks out into the crowd, his contempt for each and every one of them evident on his face.]

JV: They BOOED me, Gordon.

ME!

They turned their backs on me. After all I've done for this them and this company. After all the battles and wars I've gone through to defend the AWA. After I've spent years destroying my body and dedicating myself to be a hero to these people and that's the sort of gratitude and respect I get?

No, Gordon. After what they did to me, they ain't got ANY right to tell me what I've done was right or wrong.

[Gordon looks absolutely baffled, like he doesn't recognize the man standing in front of him at all.]

GM: Juan, I...I can't even believe I'm hearing this from you. I can't believe that the man I've known for all these years would actually say that about his fans!

[Juan smiles and shakes his head.]

JV: It's funny, everyone keeps saying the man they saw at SuperClash wasn't the Juan Vasquez that they knew. Everyone keeps acting like they're surprised that I was capable of doing those things. Well, I guess that's the problem, ain't it? Everyone THINKS they know Juan Vasquez. Well, I hate to break it to you people, but if you were shocked by anything I did at SuperClash, then you don't know a DAMN thing about Juan Vasquez.

'Cause the Juan Vasquez I know?

[He laughs.]

JV: He would've spiked Travis Lynch on his damn skull in a heartbeat if it meant it'd get him back the National Title!

[That really riles up the crowd. Juan shrugs.]

JV: The Juan Vasquez *I* know is a World Champion! The Juan Vasquez I know is the biggest damn star in professional wrestling! The Juan Vasquez I know headlines shows all across the world and sells out arenas and is worshipped by millions!

[Juan turns to Gordon and stares him straight in the eye.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Juan nods.]

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

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

BW: Uh oh!

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

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

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

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

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

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

BW: Look what you started, Gordo!

GM: What I- am I even on?

BW: Yeah, we gotcha.

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

...and then loops it around the throat of Martinez, pulling back on it!]

GM: He's choking him! Vasquez is strangling the World Champion!

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

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

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

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

GM: Martinez puts him in the corner!

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

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

GM: Oh!

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

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

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

GM: OH! VASQUEZ GOES TO THE EYE!

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Oh god, no!

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

GM: What in the...?

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

GM: Martinez is down! Martinez is out!

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

GM: Juan Vasquez...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Martinez is down. He's not moving at all. We've got Emerson Gellar out here... Dr. Bob Ponavitch is in the ring checking on Martinez. They're bringing a stretcher from the back and-

[With Vasquez being escorted out to the side of the entryway, he takes one last look back at the ring, a smile on his face...

...a smile that twists to rage as "Kashmir" suddenly kicks in over the PA system,]

GM: What the-?!

[The curtain parts and here comes Johnny Detson into view, dragging a surprised official Andy Dawson with him.]

GM: Detson's coming out here... and he's got a referee with him!

BW: Why?

GM: I have no idea... Emerson Gellar is on his feet, grabbing the mic off the mat...

[Gellar tries to cut off Detson's arrival.]

EG: No, no... get out of here. We've got a situation out here and-

[Detson shoves the official under the bottom rope before rolling himself into the ring as well. He comes to his feet, gripping a piece of paper in his other hand. He leans over Gellar's mic.]

JD: Read it!

[Gellar looks annoyed at Detson, taking the paper.]

JD: OUT LOUD!

[Gellar looks MORE annoyed... but obliges.]

EG: "By the power of the office of the AWA President, I, Landon O'Neill, hereby declare that the contract won by Johnny Detson at SuperClash for a future title shot..."

[Gellar's gaze drifts up to Detson who is smirking like the cat that ate the canary. Gellar continues, his voice notably different... dripping with disgust.]

EG: "...will be an "anywhere, anytime" title shot..."

[The crowd ROARS with dismay. You can actually hear a few shouts of "NO!" from off-camera as Gellar finishes.]

EG: "...meaning Johnny Detson alone has the authority on when he will receive his title opportunity."

[Detson jerks the mic out of Gellar's hand.]

JD: That's right! Landon O'Neill signed, sealed, and delivered his part of the deal... and now it's time for mine. I'm here. The ref is here.

[He jerks a thumb towards the unmoving World Champion.]

JD: And oh yeah... he's here too. Ring. The. Bell.

[Gellar looks dismayed... but powerless to refuse. He looks at the official, shaking his head...

...and then gives a nod, stepping through the ropes to the apron as referee Andy Dawson reluctantly signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: No, no, no... this can't be happening.

BW: It is, Gordo!

[A smirking Detson walks around the prone Martinez...

...and SHOVES Dr. Ponavitch down to the mat, jerking a thumb at himself.]

"HE'S MINE! He'll be with YOU in a minute!"

[Detson leans down, grabbing Martinez by the hair, pulling his head off the mat. The crowd groans... then jeers as they realize Detson is moving an individual with a serious head and neck injury who should NOT be moved.]

GM: Somebody needs to stop this!

[Detson grunts, putting forth a lot of effort to lift Martinez' dead weight off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors. He smirks at the jeering crowd as he reaches down to hook one arm...]

GM: Come on. Somebody. Anybody.

[...and then the other...]

GM: Please. Somebody do somethi-

[Detson leaps into the air, DRIVING Martinez' face down into the mat!]

BW: WILDE DRIVER!

GM: Aggggh!

[Detson makes a big show of flipping Martinez over, pressing his palms down into the chest...]

GM: Not like this.

[Dawson slaps the mat once...]

GM: Please not like this.

[...twice...]

BW: NEW WORLD CHAMP!

GM: No, no...

[...and a final time as the crowd drops into stunned silence for a moment before ERUPTING into jeers!]

GM: ...no.

[Detson leaps off the canvas, arms thrown into the air. He gestures wildly towards the referee who ducks through the ropes, retrieving the World Title belt that Martinez dropped earlier as Phil Watson's voice rings out.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

[Watson sounds as sick about it as everyone else.]

PW: ...and NEW AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

[Detson is absolutely ecstatic as he snatches the title belt out of the referee's hands.]

PW: JOHNNNNNNYYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNNNNNNN!

[The boos get louder as Detson jumps up to the second rope, thrusting the title belt up into the air! The grin on his face tells the story as he pulls the belt down, looking down in shock at it.]

GM: Johnny Detson has... I can't even say it.

BW: I can! He's done it! He's the new World Champion! Detson wins! Detson wins! Detson-

GM: Oh, give me a break. He picked the bones on a man who was already laid out. The World Cham- pardon me, fans... the now-former World Champion Ryan Martinez came out here for a fight with Juan Vasquez. Vasquez got the advantage with a low blow and then put Martinez down with a piledriver. Only THEN did Detson come out here with a contract giftwrapped by President O'Neill and... well, now you see the result.

BW: I certainly do! The Wilde Driver brings the World Title home to "Hollywood" Johnny Detson!

GM: My broadcast colleague is obviously overjoyed by this... but other than Johnny Detson, I'd say they'd be the only ones. Nobody. Nobody else is happy about this. And as Dr. Ponavitch checks on Ryan Martinez, my thoughts switch to concern for this young man's future. He took the piledriver, likely injuring his head and neck and... Bucky, as you know, the first rule of treating a head or neck injury is to not move the victim. Detson certainly moved him and certainly made things worse with that Wilde Driver.

BW: Hey, Martinez may be out for a long time after that... months... maybe even a year... so it's a good thing we've all got a World Champion we can be proud of here in his absence!

GM: Juan Vasquez shocked me... disgusted me... with his actions here tonight... and then Johnny Detson follows it up with some disgusting actions of his own. Fans... the celebration continues for Detson. The medical team is trying to get Martinez quickly on that stretcher. He's definitely got a trip to a nearby hospital coming and... if you thought that the ending of SuperClash foretold a dark future for this company, what in the hell does this tell us? Unbelievable. Fans, we're going to take a break... I can't watch any more of this... get us out of here.

[Detson is still on the ropes, taunting the fans as he holds the World Title belt high in the air...]

...and Ryan Martinez is secured with a neck brace, being placed delicately on a stretcher as we fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area where a distraught Mark Stegglet is standing next to an obviously-upset Sweet Daddy Williams who is pacing back and forth, running a hand through his thinning hair. Willie Hammer is by his side, trying to calm him down.]

MS: We're... fans, we're back here in Vegas and... well, you'll excuse me if I'm... if we're all a little thrown off. Ryan Martinez... just a few seconds ago, Ryan Martinez was wheeled past us here on a stretcher, heading for an ambulance, his father by his side... Travis Lynch by his side... Supernova... Air Strike... so many of his friends here in the AWA. Including these two men by my side right now... Willie Hammer and-

[Williams, red-faced and furious, leans over the mic.]

SDW: DAMN IT, MARK!

[Stegglet nods in understanding.]

SDW: I've been here... I've been in the AWA since DAY... ONE!

[He holds up his index finger.]

SDW: I've seen it all. I've seen the Russians. I've seen the Southern Syndicate. I've seen Mizusawa. I've seen the Wise Men. I've seen Fawcett and his minions... Childs and his... the Unholy Alliance... ALL OF THEM!

And every damn time I saw one of them stand up and cover this company in a shadow so dark, you couldn't see out the other side... Juan Vasquez stepped up next to me, the brightest shining light you'll ever see... and he lit the way to the other side.

No more... no more...

[Williams runs a hand over his head again.]

SDW: The people... they've been asking me since Thanksgiving Night... since the blackest of Black Fridays that I can remember... they said, "You were there, Sweet Daddy. You were right there. Why didn't you do it? Why didn't you reach out and throttle Juan Vasquez for what he did?"

[The AWA Original looks down at the floor.]

SDW: I didn't know how to answer it for days... weeks. I talked to Willie here... I talked to Supernova... I talked to Mertz and Aarons... I talked to Travis... none of us could make heads or tails over what happened in Houston.

And then finally it dawned on me.

It... Mark, it didn't seem real.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: I know what you mean.

SDW: No... no, you don't, kid. You don't. Because you never stood next to the man in the ring... you never went to battle with him. There was a time when Juan Vasquez and I were as close as I've ever been to anyone in this business. Allies... tag partners... friends.

It didn't seem real that the same guy who fronted me his own money to get me a shot at someone was the guy who... Carver was one thing, you know? Carver was a son of a bitch who I never liked... a whole lot of guys in that locker room didn't like and he didn't give a damn about any of us. That's obvious now.

But to do what he just did to Ryan.

[Williams turns away, shaking his head.]

MS: Willie Hammer, do you have something to add to all this?

[Hammer grimaces.]

WH: Look here, Steggs. I ain't never been the best of friends with Juan Vasquez but I'd be a fool to not respect the man. He was in the Combat Corner, helping out when I first got there and when I got in this business, it was watching guys like him... like Luke Kinsey... like Shane Destiny... like Devon Case and Chris Courtade. Those guys were MY legends... MY heroes.

But this man...

[Hammer puts a hand on Williams' shoulder.]

WH: He's my blood. Vasquez, you walk around this place like you better than everybody else... always have to hear tale. They say you think this is your spot... your joint.

Nah, nah... this is OUR joint. This is the place that lives and dies in the veins of guys like Pops here... like the Lynches... like Air Strike... like...

Like Ryan Martinez.

You take one down... the rest of us don't go with 'em, Vasquez.

[Hammer shakes his head.]

WH: The rest of us stand... the hell... up.

[Hammer stands tall, nodding.]

WH: You got kicked out of the building tonight... but I'm gonna bet my big ol' butt that you're gonna be there two weeks from now in Phoenix...

[The youngster gestures at himself and Williams.]

WH: ...and we're gonna be waitin' for ya, playa. Ain't that right, Pops?

[Williams' fury-filled stare turns on the camera again.]

SDW: That's right. I'm gonna be there. Willie's gonna be there. Every single man in that locker room who trusted you is gonna be there. And if you want in that building, you're gonna have to come through all of us, you son of a...

[Hammer steers Williams away, letting him trail off as Mark Stegglet watches. We slowly fade from Stegglet...

...and then back up. We are in a locker room area. There's plastic covering the walls, over to the left is a bunch of ski goggles, and next to that champagne bottles after champagne bottles on ice... and a few bottles of beer for good measure.

Then there's the guest list - a collective who's who of one side of the locker room. There's Pete Colt and Jim Colt. Tony Donovan standing with Brian Lau and Wes Taylor. Jackson Hunter, Callum Mahoney, Kerry Kendrick, Colt Patterson, Hamilton Graham and "Flawless" Larry Wallace among others. Several of them already have champagne and other have goggles on their head.

In the center of all of this stands "Sweet" Lou Blackwell looking around with an absolute look of disgust on his face.]

SLB: Folks, I'm standing here awaiting the arrival - and I can't believe I'm saying this - of the NEW AWA World Heavyweight Champion-

[A loud cheer goes up from those in the room. Blackwell shakes his head at their reaction.]

SLB: -Johnny Detson to arrive. And I thought this would be a one on one interview but apparently the celebration has started early.

[Another loud cheer goes up from the people in attendance as Blackwell can hardly hide his disgust. Then the door swings open and into the room saunters Johnny Detson, box of cigars in his left hand, AWA World Heavyweight Title in his right. A freshly lit cigar in his mouth is barely hiding the huge smile on his face.

As soon as he puts the box of cigars down, the room goes crazy with champagne flying anywhere and everywhere as all the people in the room, minus one interviewer go crazy. As the new champion is doused in the liquid, he throws on a pair of goggles and goes over to where Blackwell is standing, himself drenched in champagne.]

SLB: Johnny Detson, you ARE the new World Champion but you attacked a severely injured man to win that title - probably further complicating an already grim medical prognosis - and you're here celebrating!

[Detson removes the now barely lit cigar from his mouth.]

JD: Of course I'm celebrating, Blackwell... I'm champion of the WORLD!

[Detson stretches out his arms as more hooting and hollering as the champagne flies.]

SLB: I don't know how any of you can live with yourself but that was quite a surprise when you revealed your title shot won at SuperClash was an anywhere, anytime contract!

[Huge smile forms on the champ's face as he lets Blackwell continue.]

SLB: So the question would be, are you in league with the AWA President?

[Detson scoffs before throwing the title over his shoulder, making sure his hand covers the plate that reads "Ryan Martinez".]

JD: That old-timer? He'd be so lucky. No, you see President O'Neill was so scared that a certain recently departed wrestler who, by the way, has never beaten me...

[Detson holds up two fingers.]

JD: ...any way, he was so scared that a certain someone was going to win the title that he wanted to make sure he had a back-up plan in case that happened. And heck, I was more than happy to help. But when that guy didn't win because he's a loser, I was free to do whatever I wanted with that shot, whenever I wanted to do it. All I had to do was – AH!

[Detson is momentarily paused as Wes Taylor has poured a bottle of champagne over the champ's head. Detson cringes and then wipes the excess off his forehead and through his hair.]

JD: Woooo! Wes Taylor! I love this guy... gonna be a huge star! Make sure your grab a cigar, Wes... top of the line!

[The new World Champion grins, turning back to Blackwell.]

JD: You see, Lou, with this shot all I had to do was wait for that dumb kid Martinez to go charging into another battle he couldn't win and then I could be there to pick up the pieces... and my World Heavyweight Title!

[Detson stares at the title as Blackwell loses his composure.]

SLB: PICK UP THE PIECES! The man had a serious head and neck injury and you went out there with no regard to his health and safety! You sir, are no better than... than...

[The interviewer seems too upset to finish his thought but then Blackwell is stopped by Detson.]

JD: You know something?

[Detson snatches the microphone away from Blackwell.]

JD: You're really bringing this party down.

[Boos come from the party.]

JD: Where's Colt? Colt Patterson, get over here.

[Patterson walks over and stands between Blackwell and Detson striking a double bicep pose as a grinning Callum Mahoney pours champagne over the arms, making them shiny.]

JD: Colt, show them how it's done. Someone gets this guy outta here!

[Detson hands the microphone to Colt as Kerry Kendrick and Pete Colt appear at either side of Blackwell and lead him out.]

CP: It's about time we sweep away these geeks and dweebs and let a real man interview a real champ! Champ, let me ask you, how does it feel to be on top of the mountain?

JD: Well Colt, let me first say that's a way better question than anything that other guy was asking. But to answer your question it's extremely humbling. I stare at this title and I think about the AWA history. I think about Marcus Broussard, about Ron Houston, about Koyla Sudakov, and about Stevie Scott...

[Detson stares at the title for a moment before looking back up at Colt with a huge smirk on his face.]

JD: And how I'm better than EVERY SINGLE ONE OF THEM! Because I'm the AWA World Champion and they never will be! I climbed that mountain, I beat the odds, I bested every single one of those storied careers. I'm the AWA World Champion and there's nothing anybody can do about the fact that this title...

[Detson holds up the title.]

JD: ...THIS TITLE! Means I'm the absolute best! So with that said, let's party!

[The new World Champion snatches a bottle of champagne from Jackson Hunter's hands, starting to tip it back...

...when he suddenly stops, the room getting quiet as someone walks into view - the AWA's new Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.]

EG: Mr. Detson...

[Detson doesn't respond, staring at Gellar.]

EG: ...and the rest of you. I don't mean to interrupt your celebration. Obviously, after such a...

[He smirks.]

EG: ..."hard fought" victory, you have cause to celebrate.

[Detson shakes off the sarcasm.]

JD: That's right! You come to join us? My relationship with Landon O'Neill has proven to be pretty fruitful so I wouldn't turn down a drink with the new boss.

[A glass of champagne is offered up by Brian Lau to Gellar who looks down at it.]

EG: No thank you. I'm actually not here to celebrate... rather I'm simply here to say congratulations.

[Detson looks suspicious. Gellar shrugs.]

EG: I may not like how the title was won... but it was won. And that victory was by the books as far as I can tell so that win will stand. You are indeed the new World Champion.

[A big cheer goes up from the assembled rulebreakers as Detson lifts the bottle, ready to take a drink. Gellar lifts a hand, quieting them again.]

EG: However, I have to point out that if this...

[He gestures to Detson and the title.]

EG: ...is the type of deal that Mr. O'Neill was making, I think I've arrived just in time.

[The implied threat hangs in the air.]

EG: You're the World Champion, Mr. Detson... and now that you are, you must prove that you deserve that honor. That's why in two weeks' time, you will be defending that World Championship...

[Detson grimaces.]

EG: ...against the man who, in my opinion, is the Number One Contender... the National Champion, Travis Lynch!

[A big cheer goes up from inside the building as Detson's scowl grows. He glares at Gellar who smiles in response.]

EG: Good luck... champ.

[And the Director of Operations makes his exit, leaving the celebration party as a mass of grumbling wrestlers and managers...

...as we slowly fade out to the ringside area to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Wow! Huge breaking news right there as Johnny Detson may indeed be the new World Champion but he's also got his first title defense on the books. Two weeks from tonight in Phoenix, he'll defend the title against Travis Lynch!

BW: Travis Lynch? TRAVIS LYNCH?! In what weird wacky universe is Travis Lynch the Number One Contender?!

GM: Apparently this one. Of course, the National Champion has always been the de facto Number One Contender even if it doesn't always play out that way. A huge announcement nonetheless, fans, and we're going to try and get some comments from the man who will challenge for that title later tonight. Of course, the fans here in Las Vegas are still in shock - as am I - over what happened between Juan Vasquez and Ryan Martinez. Vasquez was in the middle of explaining his actions at SuperClash when... well, let's take a look...

[We fade to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO..." where Ryan Martinez is unleashing chops in the corner.]

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

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

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS!

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

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

GM: OH! VASQUEZ GOES TO THE EYE!

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

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

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

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

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

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

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

GM: Oh god, no!

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

GM: What in the...?

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

GM: Martinez is down! Martinez is out!

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

GM: Juan Vasquez...

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

...and we fade back to live action where Gordon is shaking his head.]

GM: In all my time here in the AWA, I never imagined we'd see Juan Vasquez responsible for something like that.

BW: No? The signs were there, Gordo. The piledriver he used on Stevie Scott at SuperClash II. That period of time where he was obsessed with Calisto Dufresne and would do whatever it took to get his hands on him.

GM: But this? The attack at SuperClash... and now here tonight? Bucky, you made a comment about that piledriver... a “quick-shot piledriver” is the term you used. Can you explain a little more on that?

BW: Sure. When people think of a piledriver, they think of your traditional one - the one we saw at SuperClash... the one we saw Demetrius Lake due to Dave Bryant last year... the one determined to put someone out of action for... well, sometimes forever. It's a career-altering move... and sometimes a career-ending move.

GM: And the one Vasquez used tonight?

BW: It's... different. By not pausing, letting the blood drain to the head, getting maximum impact... think of it as a snap suplex as opposed to a drawn out vertical suplex. It still hurts. It still does damage. But maybe it doesn't do as MUCH damage, you know?

GM: Why? Why would Vasquez choose that over one designed to cripple Ryan Martinez?

BW: That I can't answer, Gordo. Maybe he's sending a message. Maybe he wants Martinez to come back so he can prove something. The only one who can answer that question is Juan Vasquez and unfortunately, he was kicked out of the building.

GM: Nevertheless, a piledriver like that can be devastating to one's health.

BW: Absolutely. Martinez is still looking at months on the shelf... maybe worse. That quick-shot piledriver can be just as bad as the full version in the right hands...

GM: Or the wrong ones. We've dispatched a camera crew to the hospital, following the ambulance taking Ryan Martinez there. We'll be trying to get an update throughout the night on the physical wellbeing of the... now-former World Heavyweight Champion. But as they say, the show must go on so let's go down to the ring to Phil Watson.

[Cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Reno, Nevada... the team of Tahoe Traylor and Dylan Dice!

[The bulky Tahoe Traylor shouts at some jeering ringside fans as Dylan Dice pretends to be rolling dice across the mat, pumping his fist as he sees the imaginary outcome.]

GM: The team of Traylor and Dice looking confident here tonight but if I were about to face the duo they're about to face, I might not be as confident.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of "Burst The Gravity" by Altima come to life over the PA system... and as the electronic sounds kick into overdrive, Watson makes the introduction.]

PW: From the Land of the Rising Sun... weighing in at 255 kilos...

GEMINI HASHIMOTO!
KENJI NAKAMURA!

THE SHAAAAAADOOOOOW STAAAAAARRRRR LEEEEEEGIONNNNNN!

[The lights die down as the silhouettes of golden stars illuminate the walkway, leading a path down to the squared circle. The two members of the Shadow Star

Legion emerge from the shadows, getting hit with a spotlight as each stands before the entrance curtain.

GEMINI Hashimoto is the larger of the two men - some might even call the man plump. He's shirtless which does little to dissuade that claim as his ample midsection loops over his waistline. A pair of bright white full-length tights with red "claw" marks across the thighs and red boots round out his attire. He's also sporting a white bandana with a burning red sun on it holding back his jet black hair. He tilts his head back, revealing a well-drawn red and white star surrounding his right eye and splashing down his cheek.

Kenji Nakamura is by his partner's side, slender but muscular - more of a swimmer's physique than a pro wrestler's. He claps his hands together over his head a few times, drawing more cheers from the crowd. He jerks a thumb at the similar painted star around his left eye. Nakamura is sporting red full-length pants, billowing out around his black boots. He slaps his chest as the duo starts to make their way down the aisle, red and white stars filling the video screen as the crowd cheers the new duo.]

GM: The Shadow Star Legion... former tag team champions in Japan... heading to the ring. This isn't their first time on Saturday Night Wrestling, Bucky, but it IS their first time as official members of the AWA roster.

BW: That's right. These guys have accomplished everything there is to accomplish in Japan. They've held those titles you mentioned on several occasions. They've won their big tournament - their version of the Stampede Cup more than once as well. So, it's no surprise they've come to the AWA to try and prove that they're more than just a local success... they want to succeed on the biggest stage of them all.

GM: And not to take anything away from their arrival but with Jordan Ohara and the Shadow Star Legion making up three of the so-called Japan Four that the AWA recruited late last year, you have to wonder when we'll be seeing the mysterious fourth competitor and just who that might be.

[Nakamura grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron as his bulky partner opts to climb the steel steps before ducking through the ropes. Tahoe Traylor aggressively moves across the ring, pointing and shouting at the Japanese duo who hold their ground, looking on stoically...]

GM: Earlier today, we caught up with the Shadow Star Legion who had these words to say about their debut here tonight - translated for your convenience.

[We get a small square in the corner of the screen where GEMINI Hashimoto and Kenji Nakamura are standing in their ring attire. We can hear their words in Japanese first before an English voiceover helps us understand.]

KN: (It is our great honor to finally arrive in the American Wrestling Alliance. For a long time, we have wanted to be here to show the entire world that the Shadow Star Legion belongs to be mentioned as one of the top teams in the world. Now is our chance to prove it.)

GH: (GREETINGS! Fueled by the fighting spirit of our ancestors, we come to America to fight hard. And we will fight hard. We will earn our spot at the top. We come for success and we will achieve it.)

[The duo grin as the inset square spins away, leaving a shot of them getting ready for action.]

GM: Alright, Bucky... what do you know about the fighting style of the Shadow Star Legion?

BW: I know Hashimoto is the muscle... well, the size anyways. Not a lot of muscle on ol' Porky there.

GM: Bucky!

BW: And Nakamura is a kicker. Watch the feet, Creek.

GM: Creek?

[The Japanese duo trade a short embrace to mockery from Dylan Dice who waits for Nakamura in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Looks like it'll be Dylan Dice starting things off against Kenji Nakamura.

[Dice steps out to the middle of the ring, pointing at Hashimoto and Nakamura. He does a little dance on his tiptoes, thrusting his hips at them.]

GM: I... have no idea what this is.

BW: Not sure he does either.

[Dice turns to his corner, laughing as he points back at the Japanese duo. Traylor nods with the slightest smile before turning...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and catching a leg kick that rips his leg out from under him, putting him down on the mat. The crowd cheers as Dice grabs at his leg, wincing in pain, scooting backwards on his butt as Nakamura grins. Nakamura does a similar tiptoe dance, mocking Dice to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Heheheh.

BW: Well, that didn't work out too well for Dice.

GM: No, I should say not.

[Dice pulls himself up off the mat, rushing across the ring at Nakamura who catches him with a rounding kick to the midsection. He spins, turning his back towards Dice, swinging his left leg back up to catch Dice with a heel to the forehead, pitching him backwards and down to the mat.]

GM: Oh! The dangerous feet of Nakamura that Bucky Wilde warned us about on display.

[Nakamura turns around, striking a martial arts stance, waving a hand at Dice who clutches the bridge of his nose. He shouts "HE BROKE MAH NOSE!" at the referee who waves for the match to continue.]

GM: Dice getting back to his feet... and he's had enough, tagging in the big man - Tahoe Traylor.

BW: Real big man. This guy's gotta be over 300 pounds, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. My understanding is that he's got a dayjob in Reno as a corrections officer - a prison guard if you will.

[Traylor marches across the ring, wrapping up Nakamura in a collar and elbow, pushing him back against the ropes with ease. The referee steps in, calling for a break...

...and he delivers it, before SMASHING his forearm down across the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! Big forearm to the chest!

[Grabbing an arm, Traylor whips Nakamura across the ring, running towards him and landing a knee to the gut, flipping Nakamura over and dropping him down to the canvas.]

GM: Traylor brings the kitchen sink, putting Nakamura down on his back!

[Backing into the ropes, Traylor comes off, leaping into the air...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...but Nakamura rolls out of the way, sending Traylor crashing backfirst to the mat!]

GM: He missed! Nothing but canvas for Tahoe Traylor as Nakamura sues his speed to bail out of the way of that running elbowdrop... and Nakamura makes the tag...

[The crowd buzzes as GEMINI Hashimoto steps through the ropes as Traylor climbs off the mat.]

BW: Now this is what I was waiting to see, Gordo. The two big hosses colliding.

GM: A whole lot of beef inside the ring right now.

[Traylor slaps his right hand across the left side of his chest and then the left hand across the right side, shouting at Hashimoto to hit the ropes and bring it.]

GM: Looks like Traylor wants to show Hashimoto he's not afraid of his size.

[The nodding Hashimoto dashes to the ropes, bouncing off, running right into a big tackle...

...but Traylor holds his ground with a roar, shaking his head!]

BW: No effect!

GM: Tahoe Traylor hanging on to his footing... and now Hashimoto is telling Traylor to return the favor...

[The big man from Reno races to the ropes, coming back strong towards Hashimoto. A second big crash occurs...

...but Hashimoto doesn't budge, wagging a finger at Traylor after impact.]

GM: That one didn't accomplish anything either, Bucky.

BW: Nope. Both of these guys are-

[Suddenly, Dylan Dice slaps Traylor on the shoulder with a "MY TURN, BABY!" He steps through the ropes, wiggling his fingers as Hashimoto looks on amused.]

GM: Dice to the ropes, coming back off...

[He runs RIGHT into Hashimoto, an act that sees him sprawling backwards before crashing down to the canvas. The crowd laughs at Dice as he rolls backwards to a knee, looking surprised. Hashimoto chuckles, leaning over and waving him back to his feet.]

GM: That didn't turn out like Dylan Dice wanted, Bucky.

BW: Not exactly, no.

[Dice gets to his feet, shouting at Hashimoto, stomping across the ring towards him...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and slaps the super heavyweight across the face!]

GM: OH!

[Hashimoto doesn't even budge, staring right back into the eyes of Dice.]

GM: Uh oh.

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow snaps Dice's head around, taking him off his feet, putting him down on all fours on the canvas as the crowd continues to buzz at the impact. Hashimoto appears to be fuming mad now as he swings his right leg up into the air, bringing his heel down into the kidneys of Dice!]

GM: Axe kick down into the back!

[Hashimoto stands over the downed Dice, reaching down to hook a waistlock on Dice as he pushes back up to all fours...]

GM: What in the...?

[The crowd ROARS as Hashimoto muscles Dice up off the mat, holding him across his upper chest in a rear waistlock...]

...and then DUMPS Dice down on the back of the head with a deadlift German Suplex!]

BW: GERMAN SUPLEX!

GM: Hashimoto with the bridge for one! TWO!

[But Traylor rushes in, kicking Hashimoto in the ribs, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Tahoe Traylor saves the match for his team right there!

[Traylor backs out of the ring as Nakamura shouts angrily in Japanese from the ring apron. Hashimoto slowly gets off the mat, glaring at Traylor as he pulls Dice off the mat, grabbing him under the armpits...]

...and HURLS him through the air, sending him crashing backwards into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Hashimoto is angry and... well, I've got a hunch that his opponents aren't going to like him when he's angry!

[Hashimoto squares up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[The big chop lands squarely on the chest, lifting Dice off the mat and dumping him down into a seated position in the corner. Hashimoto spins off, tagging in Nakamura.]

GM: The tag is made...

[Nakamura goes to the far corner as Hashimoto plants his boot on the chest of Dice, holding him in place...

...and then the big man clears out as Nakamura comes tearing in, landing a running kick to the sternum!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Nakamura clears out as Hashimoto charges across the ring, flinging himself into a front somersault...]

GM: CANNONBALL!

[...and CRUSHES Dice under over 300 pounds!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hashimoto rolls out as Nakamura retrieves Dice off the mat, pulling him up by the hair. He grabs the wrist, twisting it around before throwing a kick into the midsection, doubling up Dice.]

GM: Nakamura going back to work with the skilled feet...

[Nakamura grabs Dice around the head and neck, using a snapmare to take him over into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG KICK TO THE SPINE!

[Dice flattens out, his leg twitching on the canvas as Nakamura circles around him, keeping an eye on Traylor who takes a swing at him. The official reprimands Traylor as Nakamura goes to pull Dice off the mat...

...and Dice rakes the eyes!]

GM: OH! Cheap shot by Dylan Dice!

[Dice gets to his feet, grabbing two hands full of Nakamura's black hair, yanking backwards and sending the Japanese star's head bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: Nakamura sent down to the mat... and Dice makes the tag!

[Tahoe Traylor steps back into the ring, joining Dice in a series of brutal stomps on the downed Nakamura. The referee's count reaches four before Dice backs off, hands raised.]

GM: Dice steps out... Traylor pulls Nakamura up by the arm...

[A STIFF uppercut to the chin sends Nakamura falling back into the corner. Traylor follows after him, lifting his leg up, planting his boot on the throat of Nakamura.]

GM: That's a choke, ref! Get in there!

[Again, a four count is used up as Traylor chokes the air out of his opponent before grabbing his arm...]

GM: Irish whip... here comes Traylor!

[Traylor races across the ring, leaping into the air, and smashes Nakamura in the corner under his 300+ pounds!]

GM: Big splash in the corner!

[The big man pulls Nakamura out with him, lifting him up across his chest, slamming him down to the mat before reaching over to tag Dice back in.]

GM: Quick tags and the Shadow Star Legion is having some trouble here in their debut tonight. Dylan Dice climbing the ropes... gets up top...

[He delivers a "WHOOOOOAAAA, YEAAAAH!" before leaping into the air.]

GM: BIG SPLASH!

[But Dice rolls snake eyes, crashing down to the canvas as Nakamura rolls out of the way. The crowd cheers as Nakamura gets to all fours, crawling across the ring as Dice tries to get to his own corner.]

GM: Nakamura's looking for the tag... trying to get to GEMINI Hashimoto who is waiting for it...

[Nakamura gets closer and closer, Hashimoto reaching out his arm...]

GM: Almost there... annnnnnnnd...

[On the other side of the ring, Dylan Dice tags Tahoe Traylor back into the ring. Traylor comes charging in...

...and BLASTS Hashimoto with a running haymaker, sending him falling to the floor. Traylor shakes out his hand, wincing from the impact of the blow as he turns back towards Nakamura, pulling him to his feet.]

GM: Traylor pulls Nakamura up, shooting him into the ropes...

[Traylor winds up his right arm, drawing it way back...

...and Nakamura drops down, sliding between the legs, coming up to his feet, leaping into the air, and catching the turning Traylor with an enzuigiri!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Nakamura pushes back to all fours, making a lunge towards Hashimoto who is back on the apron...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Hashimoto comes in, using a running chop to drop the incoming Dylan Dice who falls to the mat, clutching his chest, rolling under the ropes to the floor. Hashimoto turns back towards the rising Traylor, giving a shout in Japanese...]

GM: Palm strikes!

[Hashimoto lights up the recovering Traylor with a series of stiff palm strikes, sending him staggering back into the corner where a spinning back kick to the midsection doubles him up.]

GM: Hashimoto goes downstairs on Traylor!

[Hooking a front facelock, Hashimoto drags Traylor out of the corner, unleashing three quick kneestrikes to the chest before he drops to a knee, swinging a leg back into a legsweep that takes Traylor down to the mat. Hashimoto is back to his feet in a flash, leaping up and dropping over 300 pounds down on the chest in a senton!]

GM: OHHH! Heavy backsplash by Hashimoto!

[The heavyweight rolls to a knee, looking out at his partner who is kneeling on the apron. Hashimoto turns back to Traylor, pulling him up by the arm...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

GM: One of those devastating chops finds the mark!

[Hashimoto steps into the corner, winding up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

GM: Good grief!

[Hashimoto backs off at the orders of the referee...]

...and then hurls himself forward, flipping in a somersault, bouncing his heel off the face of Traylor!]

BW: KOPPO KICK IN THE CORNER!

[Hashimoto has the crowd buzzing as he pulls Traylor out of the corner, tossing him into the ropes...]

...and getting a HUGE reaction as he leaves his feet, catching the rebounding Traylor with a spinning leg lariat, taking him off his feet!]

GM: SPINNING KICK CONNECTS!

[Hashimoto points to the corner where his partner is back on his feet. The big man stomps across the ring, slapping Nakamura's hand. Nakamura quickly scales the ropes, taking to the top...]

GM: Nakamura's up top! He's gonna fly!

[...and leaps into the air, tucking his legs up...]

GM: HE LEAPS!

[...and DRIVES his feet down into Traylor's head!]

BW: DOUBLE STOMP OFF THE TOP!

[Nakamura's double stomp leaves Traylor motionless as he flips him over, diving across...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Hashimoto catches an incoming Dylan Dice with a running kneestrike to the side of the head, sending him back to the floor as the referee slaps the mat a third time.]

GM: THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And the Shadow Star Legion picks up the win in their AWA roster debut here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Hashimoto turns to embrace a rising Nakamura as the crowd cheers.]

GM: I'm going to try and get a word with these two gentlemen.

BW: You are? Do they even speak English?

GM: I think we're about to find out, Bucky.

[We hear Gordon's headset hit the desk as he rises from the announce table. A few moments pass and we cut to a shot at ringside where he's standing, mic in hand.]

GM: The AWA tag team division continues to heat up with the arrival of Japan's hottest export - the Shadow Star Legion! Gentlemen, come on in here...

[After a moment, GEMINI Hashimoto and Kenji Nakamura join Gordon at ringside.]

GM: I understand that... you, Mr. Nakamura... you speak some English?

[Kenji Nakamura smiles a grin that gets the girls squealing as he nods.]

KN: Little bit, yes.

[He holds up two fingers close together to indicate "little bit."]

GM: I see. But your partner speaks none?

[Hashimoto shrugs at Gordon, looking at Nakamura who smiles again.]

KN: More... more little bit?

[Gordon smiles in response, nodding.]

GM: I understand. Well... let's try to make this simple. How does it feel to be here in the United States... in the AWA?

[Nakamura listens, nodding.]

KN: It feels... ahhh, good. Very good. We fight long time to be best. The best?

[Gordon nods.]

KN: AWA is where you go to prove it.

GM: I can't argue that. Later tonight, Air Strike will be defending the World Tag Team Titles against Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Can I assume you'll be watching?

[Nakamura nods.]

KN: World Tag Title... Number One goal. Air Strike is... best in world. They beat-

GM: We all know who they beat. They beat a team that you two are very familiar with to win those titles at SuperClash. But there are a lot of teams in between you two and the World Tag Team Titles. You look at teams like the Longhorn Riders... like the Wilde Bunch... like-

KN: Many teams to face. Many teams to beat. We... are... ready.

[Gordon nods.]

GM: Well, I'm sure your fans here in the AWA are happy to hear that but I want to pivot to-

[Suddenly, someone else walks into view, drawing jeers from the AWA faithful. It is the kilt-wearing form of Bryson Page who also sports a white t-shirt with "SAVIOR" written across the chest in red.]

GM: Bryson Page... this is not your time to speak.

[Page glares at Gordon.]

BP: Not my time, not my time...

[Page taps at his bare wrist where a watch might go.]

BP: The way I see it, I got nothin' but time! Your front office said that I can't wrestle. Bum ankle that I got stepping in a bad spot on a ring in Puerto Rico while I was carving up the local hero, making the blood flow like the money out of the pockets of the tourists on the Strip here in Vegas.

They say they won't medically clear me.

They say I can't wrestle.

But they didn't say I can't talk.

[Page gets an arrogant smile.]

BP: When I showed up at SuperClash, I wanted to make an impact, El Gordito... and if I can't do it in the ring, I'm gonna do it right out here on the floor.

[Page pulls a card into view.]

BP: You see that, Myers... put on your trifocals if you can't... can someone get a seeing eye dog for the old man over here?!

[Gordon squints at the card that Page is moving around obnoxiously.]

BP: It says "OFFICIAL... LICENSED... MANAGER!" That's right!

GM: Manager? What do you know about being a manager?

BP: You seen the list of managers who've traipsed through these parts, Myers? Let's run it down.

[He lifts a finger.]

BP: Ben Waterson, a manager so great that when his clients dumped him... he ended up in the minor leagues clinging to a genetic freak who'll dump him too when he gets here. Count on it!... oh, sorry... too soon?

[Gordon grimaces.]

BP: What about Miss Sandra Hayes whose back has been on more canvasses than her clients... and that's saying something, jack!

[Gordon leans in.]

GM: Wait a second, this is a family show...

BP: Oh, that I agree with. Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by nepotism. You got the owners' family and friends wrestling... managing... announcing. I think I even saw Blue's niece out in the parking lot before the show selling t-shirts out of the back of a Honda Civic. But we're talking about managers and I'd be remiss if I didn't talk about the so-called greatest manager of 'em all here in the AWA.

[Pregnant pause.]

BP: ...

GM: Are you going to finish?

BP: I'm trying to. I can't think of anyone.

GM: The greatest manager in AWA history? Percy Childes? Brian Lau? Louis Matsui?

BP: Bless you.

[Page shakes his head.]

BP: Louis Matsui?! The guy has a predilection for fat guys... and hey, not that there's anything wrong with that but like you said, Gordon, this is a family show and he needs to take his fetishes down the street to Fremont where they're into that kind of thing.

Brian Lau?

[Page pauses.]

BP: He still close with Claw?

[Gordon nods.]

BP: Great guy! Love him to death!

But when you talk about Percy Childe... are we still allowed to talk about Percy Childe? I know we're not allowed to talk about Hannibal Carver or Violence Unlimited or-

[Gordon cuts him off, yanking the mic out of reach.]

GM: Hey now!

BP: You take that mic away from me again, you're gonna pull back a stump, ya hear me?

[Page's eyes tell you he means what he's saying... and then suddenly seems to notice the other two men at ringside.]

BP: Gordon... Gordon... you failed to be a gentleman and introduce me to your friends here...

[Oh yes, the Shadow Star Legion is still there and they're glaring at Page.]

BP: Of course, they need no introduction to me - the greatest manager in AWA history.

[Page extends his hand.]

BP: Bryson Page. Savior. Manager to champions. Good to meet you.

[Nakamura stares at the offered hand for a moment... and then slowly lifts his gaze to meet Bryson Page who looks agitated for a flash... and then settles back into his smooth-talking ways.]

BP: Ah hah... that's the way it is, huh?

[He turns slightly, looking at Hashimoto.]

BP: How 'bout you, big man?

[Hashimoto also refuses to shake the offered hand.]

BP: Never did like Japan. Place smells like fish and a slight shake of the ground might get you microwaved from Original Recipe to Extra Crispy like that.

[Page snaps his fingers.]

BP: You know something, son? The last time I saw something Japanese that big, the peasants were running through the streets...

[Page leaps up and down, pointing wildly, shouting "GOJIRA! GOJIRA!" He pauses, staring at Hashimoto who is stoic.]

BP: Nothin', eh?

[Page steps forward, sizing him up.]

BP: Didn't know you could get this fat off rice and fish heads.

[He pokes Hashimoto in the stomach...

...and gets his hand slapped away to a cheer! He recoils back, shaking his hand.]

BP: Temper, temper. The only thing fatter than your stomach is your head, man.

[Hashimoto goes to step forward but Nakamura puts an arm in front of him to keep him back.]

BP: Ah... you... you must be the brains in this gang, boy.

[He turns to Nakamura, lifting a hand to point at the face paint.]

BP: Cute makeup. Sephora?

[Nakamura doesn't reply.]

BP: Your sister teach you to put mascara on like that, boy? Your mama? No, it couldn't have been your mama. I've seen pictures of your mama. Putting makeup on a face like that is like putting a fresh coat of paint on a condemned house, you know what I'm-

[Nakamura understood enough of that, stepping forward and shoving Page who goes falling out of frame, landing in Gordon's seat. The crowd cheers as Page gets up, looks like he might attack Nakamura...

...and then locks eyes with Hashimoto, opting to back away, shaking his head and talking a mile a minute off-mic.]

GM: Gentlemen, please... let's keep this under control out here. The Shadow Star Legion are victorious here tonight and... well, Bryson Page has had better evenings. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we're going to hear from the NEW World Television Champion, Supernova! Don't you dare go away!

[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: AWAsShop.com.]

[We cut to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Fans, I still can't get over what happened earlier tonight...

[He takes a deep breath and shakes his head, as if trying to regain his composure.]

SLB: I don't think I'll get over what happened for a long time. I know a lot of wrestlers backstage were appalled about what went down, too. I have with me, at this time, one of the many wrestlers who was left in shock not only by the events at SuperClash, but at the events that happened tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling. Supernova, come on in here.

[The new AWA World TV Champion walks onto the set. Supernova has his face painted yellow and black. He wears a black Supernova T-shirt and blue jeans. The AWA World TV title is fastened around his waist. The look in his eyes suggests a mixture of anger and worry.]

SLB: Supernova, I know this should be an exciting time for you, after you won your first title in your nearly six-year career in the AWA. But given the events that have gone down as of late, I understand if you aren't in the mood to talk about at the moment.

S: Sweet Lou, you know me too well. Yeah, this should be the moment that I talk about how much I gave of my blood, and my sweat, and my tears to win this title belt around my waist. But it seems for too long in my AWA career, I've had to watch certain people take a back door route to get themselves a championship. I can remember the Fourth of July show when I was in the Tower of Doom, when half the roster ganged up on Juan Vasquez to allow Calisto Dufresne to win the National Title, the top title at the time. I still remember the night that Dave Bryant won a hard-fought match for the World Title, only for Supreme Wright to show up afterward and demand his title shot, right then and there.

So along comes Johnny Detson, who decides he's gonna take the same back door to get himself the World Championship. To think that Detson would proclaim how he doesn't need Dufresne, how Dufresne was holding him back, only to turn around and steal a page from the Dufresne playbook.

[He takes a deep breath.]

S: And I can't believe I sound like I'm defending Dufresne. He and I aren't exactly friends, after all.

But as far as Johnny Detson goes, I'm getting a little sick and tired of guys who want to take these back door routes to get themselves a title belt. I spent a year chasing after Shadoo Rage, went through hell and back, just to get one final shot at him, and after all the hard work I put forward, it paid off. And to watch somebody like Detson take that short cut to get himself a championship, makes me sick to my stomach!

[He raises a finger toward to the camera.]

S: Detson, I'm sure you're celebrating your triumph somewhere, but you better hope I don't find out where you're at and come crash the party, because celebrations will be the furthest thing from your mind when I get my hands on you!

[He shakes his head and sighs.]

SLB: Supernova, there's another issue that has to be covered, and that's Juan Vasquez. I know you have had past associations with the man... you teamed him with once in a War Games, you stood by his side on more than one occasion, and some have said you considered the man one of the people you looked up to. What about what Vasquez did at SuperClash, what he did tonight to Ryan Martinez, the things he said earlier tonight? Certainly you have strong feelings about what he said.

S: Sweet Lou, to be honest, there are a few things I can relate to about Juan. I know the frustration that comes from getting to the top and having a shot at a major title, only to come up short, then to spend your time waiting for that next opportunity, only for it to never come, for whatever the reason may be, to the point you wonder if you'll ever get that chance. And, like him, there was a point I had to sit on the sidelines for months, watching as the people who took me out ran amok and caused more trouble, wondering what I had to do to get back in that ring so I could clean things up. Most of all, I'll never pretend that the way Juan lost the National Title was anything but a travesty.

But I never used those reasons, those feelings as a reason to dump certain principles, to turn my back on people who stood by my side, or to attempt to put people out of wrestling for good. I learned to channel those feelings and turn them into a positive, rather than take the easy way out. And Lord knows I've been tempted a few times to do that, but I always reminded myself that the instance I did that, it never made things better. It would only make things worse.

[He puts his hand toward his face and rubs his temples, then lowers his hands and gets a wild look in his eyes.]

S: Yeah, Juan, you're right, I don't know you at all. Oh, I knew about your past and you did a lot of things that many people wouldn't be proud of, and that you weren't always a nice guy who wanted to play the hero. No, what I thought I knew, but turns out I didn't know, is that you learned some lessons from your past, realized the mistakes you really made and swore you wouldn't take such short cuts because you found out it didn't really make you the better wrestler.

But no, I was wrong. You proved at SuperClash, and earlier tonight, that you were right. I didn't know you at all. A lot of us didn't know you at all. But I know now exactly what you are. For the past few years, you've been nothing but a fraud, because you never really changed at all! You're still the self-centered, selfish jerk who succumbs to the easy way out and you were never worthy of being called the people's hero!

[He shakes his head again.]

SLB: Supernova, those are some strong words... I know you've prided yourself on being a franchise player for the AWA, but let me ask you this: With Ryan Martinez likely to miss some time, and Jack Lynch nowhere to be seen, what exactly can we expect from you? Are you willing to step forward and become that people's hero?

S: Well, Sweet Lou, it sounds like you're ready to slap a label on me, but hey, I don't mind! Yeah, I've prided myself on everything I've done for the AWA, because it's the company that gave me my big break. Todd Michaelson could have just kept saying no, but when he saw that I had worked hard to get better and would listen to advice, he gave the green light to Sarah Sharpe to bring me on board. Jim Watkins didn't have to sit down and talk to me, but when he saw I was a good listener and didn't think I was bigger than the men who wrestled before my time, he wanted to share with me as much knowledge as he could because he saw

something in me. And the man who trained me, "Iron" Brett Bryant, he called me up after SuperClash and told me how proud he was for how far I had come and for always believing I can do better and never being satisfied.

So I owe a lot to those people who believed me, to the fans out there who believe in me, to everyone who believes in the AWA and what it stands for, and I'm not going to disappoint them! I don't believe I'm the only one willing to step forward and be the people's hero, though. I know guys like Travis Lynch, Gladiator, Cody Mertz, Michael Aarons, Derrick Williams and others like them are eager to step forward and give the fans something to be proud of. But I need to do my part, and it starts tonight by me defending this title right here.

[He slaps the belt.]

S: I have already signed my first title defense, and that happens later tonight, when I step into the ring with a young man who has grown by leaps and bounds over the past few months, proving to everyone that, no matter what odds you might face, you can accomplish great things if you put your mind and heart to it. So tonight, I'm defending that title against Allen Allen! And should I come out with the belt after tonight's match, I can promise you I will keep finding worthy contenders to face. If I'm going to prove myself worthy of being the people's hero, I have to go out there and face anyone who wants to step into that ring with me!

The heat is on, Sweet Lou, and it's not going to cool down any time soon!

[He cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then walks off camera.]

SLB: All right, fans, Supernova is already set to defend that title and Allen Allen is getting the shot! That should be an interesting matchup! Gordon, let's go back to you!

[We crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me! Allen Allen is getting a shot at the World Television Title and Supernova thinks that's a worthy contender?! He's about five months removed from getting his face kicked in every week. This is ridiculous, Gordo.

GM: I happen to think it's a fine selection for a challenger.

BW: It's a fine selection for a tomato can! Hey, if Supernova wants to add some days on his reign by facing pushovers and wannabes, I can't blame him for that. I'd do the same if I were him. But for him to go out and call this guy a worthy contender... come on!

GM: Well, joining us right now, in fact, is the man who will challenge for the World Television Title later tonight, Allen Allen.

[The screen suddenly splits to show Gordon on one side and a wide-eyed Allen Allen on the other.]

GM: Mr. Allen, I know you had asked for this time to make a challenge but now you find yourself in - by far - the biggest match of your life later tonight when you take on Supernova with the World Television Title on the line. Your thoughts going into this huge showdown?

[Allen is silent. Just flat out silent. He stares into the camera, not saying a word.]

GM: Mr. Allen, can you hear me back there?

[Allen continues to stare, not speaking... not even blinking.]

BW: Gordo, I think he's popped a cord. He's not even conscious.

GM: Mr. Allen!

[Suddenly, the former preliminary wrestler blinks a few times.]

AA: Hey, uhh, Gordon... hey.

GM: Mr. Allen, I wanted to get your thoughts on that World Television Title match later tonight.

AA: Oh... uhh, sure... yeah. Who's in it?

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: It's you, son. You're challenging Supernova for the World Television Title. Didn't you just hear the announcement?

AA: Me? Seriously? I thought... well, I thought I was hearing things. Are you sure it's me, Gordon?

GM: Pretty sure.

AA: Allen is a pretty common name. Maybe it's... uhh... Allen Wilson?

GM: I don't know who that is.

AA: Maybe it's Barry Allen! The Flash would make a GREAT opponent for Supernova!

GM: That's not a real person.

AA: Maybe it's-

GM: Young man... please. It's you, Mr. Allen.

[Allen grabs at his chest.]

AA: Me. But... how? Why? I can't be a top contender!

BW: I told you, Gordo!

AA: There must be some sort of mistake... a misprint... a typo! I mean... I'm honored... sure, of course. It's a dream come true! But...

GM: But nothing, young man. Tonight, you're going to wrestle Supernova for the World Television Title.

[Allen is suddenly breathing hard... very hard.]

AA: I gotta... I gotta... I gotta...

GM: Calm down. Allen... come on... focus.

AA: I gotta do something! I gotta call somebody! I gotta-

GM: Allen...

[The youngster suddenly jerks to the side, racing out of view.]

GM: ALLEN, YOUR CHALLENGE!

[Allen steps back into frame... just barely... as the camera adjusts to cover for him.]

AA: My challenge? Yeah... okay, yeah. Uhh... two weeks from tonight... Sadisuto... no, no... Downfall! You, uhh... you bring Downfall!

GM: And who will you be bringing?

[Allen suddenly gets a sly smile on his face.]

AA: Oh, that's for you to know and me to find out, Gordon.

[Gordon audibly sighs as Allen realizes his mistake.]

AA: I mean... uhh... well, you know.

GM: Indeed we do. Good luck, young man, in your title challenge later tonight.

[The split screen cuts away back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

BW: Schmuck.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Fans, we're going to take another quick break but when we come back, the Saturday Night Wrestling in-ring debut of the youngster Jordan Ohara and you do NOT want to miss that so don't touch that remote 'cause we'll be right back!

[Fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...]

As we come back from commercials, we're backstage in the arena and Sweet Lou Blackwell is in front of the AWA banner. The Saturday Night Shill is energetic.]

SLB: SuperClash VII is in the books and what a show it was! If you missed that fantastic night of wrestling, what a shame! You missed the crowning of new World Tag Team Champions in Air Strike! You missed the end of Shadoe Rage's record-setting World TV Title reign! Supreme Wright got what was coming to him in the Towel match and the World Title match was a shock to all! But maybe nobody drew as much interest on my hotline app as my guest this week. He calls himself the Phoenix... one of the so-called Japan Four and AWA newcomer... Jordan Ohara!

[Jordan Ohara enters stage right. He is shirtless, muscles rippling on his powerful upper body. The young kid bows politely to Blackwell. You can tell he's a little uncomfortable in the interview slot. His eyes struggle to look towards the camera.]

SLB: Oh Jordan, don't be shy now! Not after one of the most spectacular debuts in SuperClash history! You went toe-to-toe with some bad men and more than held your own! You've got to be feeling good about your performance that night!

JO: (quietly) Thank you, Mr. Blackwell. I've spent a lot of time watching the tape of that match seeing what I could do better. The competition in the AWA is exactly what I've always wanted and why I came to the biggest stage of them all. The competition in Japan was tough, but this is the AWA and if I'm going to do my mother proud I have to be ready for the best.

SLB: (chuckling) Oh you're a humble man, indeed. Your mother raised you well. Let me ask you something, with everything that's happened since SuperClash, you have to feel like you're caught in a whirlwind!

[Jordan's voice is reflective, low and phlegmatic as he speaks.]

JO: You know, Mr. Blackwell, just tonight our great champion, Ryan Martinez, was jumped from behind and given the most dangerous move in wrestling – the piledriver -- and then had his title stolen from him by Johnny Detson. I have to admit, and I don't want to speak too much out of turn, but the actions of Juan Vasquez and Johnny Detson disgust me. I mean, Juan Vasquez should be an idol. He should be someone to look up to. He called himself the People's Hero and Mr. Blackwell, in my opinion, he should have stayed in that lane. I must say, I'm not impressed with his actions and he needs to be brought to heel. A man can't let his ego run so wild.

SLB: It is Juan Vasquez that we are speaking about after all. Tell me this, Jordan Ohara, are you stepping up to challenge him in the ring?

[Jordan's eyes light up as he thinks about the possibility. A small smile plays over his lips.]

JO: I think that in times like these when tyranny is running rampant you need men who will stand up to these men and say that their way will not succeed. Professional wrestling is a contest of wills and skills, Mr. Blackwell.

[Ohara lifts his head towards the camera, his voice raises slightly.]

JO: I don't respect anyone who cheats their way to the top. I don't respect our new World Champion because he took advantage of an injured man. That is not the act of a champion. That is the act of a coward.

SLB: (surprised) Those are strong words for a rookie!

JO: If I don't speak up - who will? I may be new to the AWA but I've been wrestling long enough to know right from wrong and selfish men like Vasquez and Detson are not good for the sport. You need talented athletes who inspire all the people watching them to follow their example. There is nothing wrong with being a role model. And I think I can be a role model. I have to... I've been given a once in a millennium talent. I can't waste it.

SLB: You know, words like these will paint a target on your back.

JO: Maybe, but I don't fear that. I have to be heard. And if somebody has a problem with it, there's a 20 by 20 ring out there where we can settle it. I don't really like to argue things back and forth. I like to settle them in the ring.

SLB: You know, you come off as shy, but you're certainly very confident!

[With Blackwell's questions back on Jordan's character, he becomes more quiet and subdued.]

JO: Well, Mr. Blackwell, I believe that through training and preparation, a man can overcome a lot in this sport. I train and I prepare constantly.

[Jordan angles his eyes up towards the camera. He locks eyes with the television audience.]

JO: (with strong resolve in his voice) It would be a mistake to underestimate me, because when I'm down and out, I come back like the Phoenix and my light shines bright, Mr. Blackwell. It shines very very bright!

SLB: Thank you, Jordan Ohara, we'll see if you can back up your words in the ring!

JO: Thank you for your time, Mr. Blackwell.

[The youngster bows respectfully before he leaves the set.]

SLB: The kid kinda reminds me of Ryan Martinez. We'll see if he can back up those strong words as he makes his debut right now on Saturday Night Wrestling. Let's go down to the ring and find out! Take it away, Phil Watson!

[We crossfade from backstage back to the ring where Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... weighing 254 pounds... Kelly Chippota!

[The strong-looking wrestler raises a fist in the air for cheers that do not come. He sneers at the crowd and paces around the ring.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The drumbeat kicks in as the piano riff of Beethoven's "Für Elise" combine into Nas' hip hop anthem "I Can!" The crowd jumps to their feet!]

PW: From Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing 225 pounds... he is the Phoenix...

JOOOOOOORRRRRDAAAAAN OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[The young fans and the women in the audience go crazy as the chorus hits.

#I know I can
Be what I wanna be
If I work hard at it
I'll be where I wanna be!#

With that chorus, Jordan Ohara bounces through the curtains. He is bare chested, wearing Carolina blue tights and white boots with black heels. Again, the fans roar as he bounces around just beyond the entryway playing air guitar, playing air piano, bopping and dipping. He slides and hops to ringside, slapping hands with the ringside fans.

#I know I can
Be what I wanna be
If I work hard at it
I'll be where I wanna be!#

The young muscular man bounces around the ring, slapping hands with every fan. Jordan chants "I know I can" with some of the ringside kids and then dances the "Rockaway" with them as they fawn over him.]

GM: Oh my, the fans are responding very positively to Jordan Ohara as he makes his Saturday Night Wrestling debut after quite the showing at SuperClash.

BW: Shows you that good taste isn't really a thing, Gordo. This punk boy scout gets on my last nerve with his shy act.

GM: Act?

BW: He can bow and scrape to everybody and pretend to be this little goof, but this is professional wrestling. I don't believe that he wants what's best for the sport. He wants what's best for him! If not, why is he even competing?

GM: Some people are good for goodness sake.

BW: And some people like to have soccer moms fawn over them. Look at these women embarrass themselves over this kid.

[Jordan vaults onto the ring apron and steps onto the second rope to leap over the top and land in the ring. There is plenty of applause and more than a few audible "I love you, Jordans" that ring out as he salutes the crowd with a karate flurry and drops into a kata in the middle of the ring.]

BW: Uh.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway, Jordan Ohara bowing to his opponent in a nice show of respect.

BW: He's pandering.

GM: And a bow to the referee as wel- oh! Kelly Chippota with a thumb to the eye!

[Jordan drops to one knee, clutching at his face as Chippota rakes his back and then pounds on him with forearms.]

BW: See what all that bowing and scraping gets you?!

[Chippota grabs Jordan by the back of his tights and turns him in a circle before he throws him over the top rope and wipes his hands to the audience.]

"The kid's got nothing!"

[The kid didn't hit the ground. He's holding onto the top rope still, staying on the apron. Chippota turns around to locate Ohara and suddenly is greeted with a foot to the face as Ohara leaps up, swinging a leg into the air!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a gorgeous display of balance and strength there! Ohara with a shocking kick to the head.

BW: You're going to celebrate that? He could have broken the man's nose!

[Ohara steps through the ropes back into the ring. Chippota scrambles to his feet, rushing towards Ohara who drops and sends Chippota flying with a deep arm drag that bounces the bigger man off the canvas.]

BW: Whoa!

[Chippota scrambles up again... charges again... and goes flying again with a second deep arm drag!]

GM: Jordan Ohara is as quick as a cat out here. Oh my goodness, beautiful hip toss from Ohara and a standing dropkick sends Chippota through the ropes and right out there onto the floor!

[The crowd cheers as Ohara rocks out on the air guitar while Chippota tries to recover.]

GM: Jordan Ohara off to a quick start here on Saturday Night Wrestling just like he was back at SuperClash when he came on very strong in that Steal The Spotlight encounter.

[Chippota climbs onto the apron at the count of four, complaining to the referee that his hair was pulled.]

GM: Kelly Chippota says his hair was pulled but I'm not buying it.

BW: I am! No other way that Ohara could have got that height on those armdrags!

GM: What about the power and grace behind the dropkick?

BW: It was alright but it certainly wasn't flawless, Gordo.

[Jordan waits now while Kelly Chippota argues with the referee. Finally, he gets fed up and steps forward to grab the ropes. He pushes forward and then yanks them back, sending Chippota slingshotting over the top to land in a heap on the mat in the ring.]

BW: And how is that fair, Gordo? Chippota was talking to the referee!

GM: He was stalling for time and preventing the referee from continuing his ten count!

BW: Oh, will you stop- wait, isn't this supposed to be the other way around?

GM: Most times, Bucky.

[Back in the ring, Ohara ducks under several clumsy lunges from an increasingly angry Kelly Chippota before he comes back with a spinning chop that floors Chippota. Jordan drops into a kata stance and roars as the crowd cheers him.]

BW: That's an illegal strike to the throat! He could have killed him! And you're going to say this is okay?

GM: Will you stop, Bucky? That reverse knife edge chop is painful, but there's nothing illegal about it. It was a chop to the chest not the throat.

[Chippota comes back up, rushing in and Ohara comes out of the kata into another knife edge chop that echoes throughout the building and puts Chippota down on the mat again.]

GM: Tremendous chops by Ohara, showing off that martial arts background.

[And as a struggling Chippota gets up again, Ohara throws a reverse thrust kick to the midsection that sits Chippota down on the mat...]

GM: Chippota taking a rest and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The seated Chippota gets DRILLED with a kick to the jaw that sends a resounding crack throughout the building.]

GM: And Kelly Chippota is on Dream Street! That kick turned his lights out!

BW: Somebody needs to teach this punk a lesson. You can't just go around kicking people in the face and pretending to be a boy scout! He wants to call out men like Johnny Detson and Juan Vasquez, they're going to teach this goof what hard men really are about! We're not gonna see Martinez around here any more. The Stench boy couldn't hack it any more. This punk thinks he's going to step into the void? I don't think so!

GM: We saw this young man make his debut in the Steal the Spotlight match and shock the world with his ability... he may not have come out of that match victorious but as an AWA rookie making his debut at SuperClash, this kid more than made a splash! The sky is the limit for the kid called the Phoenix.

[As the debate rages, Jordan leaps over the ropes to the apron. He then deadleaps to the top rope. He perches himself on the top rope as Chippota staggers to his feet, confused. The crowd cheers as Jordan rocks out on the air guitar.]

GM: And Jordan Ohara is going to fly!

[A series of flashes go off as Jordan leaps high into the air and pikes his body at the top of his leap! He comes down in a beautiful arc, crashing body to body with the flying cross body press. The momentum of the move sends both men to the canvas with Jordan on top for the lateral press.]

BW: Chippota's head really bounced hard off the canvas!

GM: He calls that the Phoenix Flame!

BW: Whatever.

[The ref registers the three count and Jordan springs to his feet, cheering along with the fans as Nas' "I Can" picks up throughout the arena!]

PW: Here is your winner... JOOOOORDANNNNNNNN OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

GM: What a spectacular display of skill and athleticism in his debut match! Say what you will about his soft-spoken demeanor outside the ring, but inside the ring this kid is something special.

BW: He's a flash in the pan, is all.

[Jordan jumps out of the ring to go rock out with his fans. The shot fades to commercial with Jordan bopping with the fans.]

We cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell who sits behind a large desk. Beside him is a rotary dial phone. Yeah, there are apparently some of those still around.]

SLB: Some people accused me of not wanting to change with the times. That some things were better left in the past.

[He raises his arm and swats the rotary phone away. It falls to the ground before him with a clatter.]

SLB: And the more I've thought about it... they were right!

[He pulls from underneath the desk... a smartphone!]

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

[The camera cuts to a smartphone screen and the shot moves in closer to see an icon featuring Sweet Lou's face imposed over an AWA logo. Beneath it are the words:

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

V/O: That's right, AWA fans, Sweet Lou Blackwell's hotline is going high tech! Get on Google Play and iTunes and look for the Sweet Lou's Hotline app! Download it today and you can stay on top of all the latest rumors, gossip and breaking news, delivered only by Sweet Lou Blackwell! Plus exclusive interviews and plenty of insights from Sweet Lou about the latest developments in the AWA and the history of pro wrestling!

[We cut back to Sweet Lou at the desk.]

SLB: It's a free app, but kids, don't forget to get your parents' permission before you download!

[He looks down at the smartphone and seems puzzled.]

SLB: Um... can someone tell me how to set up the wifi connection again?

[We fade to black...

...and then back up backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands next to Charisma Knight, who is wearing street clothes highlighted by a black t-shirt with "Conspiracy Victim" written in blue.]

SLB: We are right back here LIVE in Las Vegas for the Season Premiere of Saturday Night Wrestling and I'm here right now with Charisma Knight, who had a magnificent match at SuperClash although came up shor-

[Charisma interrupts - almost screaming into the mic]

CK: Short? Short? I was robbed of my moment at SuperClash, Blackwell! I am the victim of a conspiracy headed by Melissa Cannon. First, she shows how horrible of a referee she was, literally stealing the World Television Championship away from Shadoc Rage. Then she pulls her strings to get that she-witch Miyuki Ozaki sitting at ringside, and not only that, but they she goes off and wins Ozaki's mutual admiration society tournament, and I DON'T GET INVITED?

[Knight is fuming.]

CK: Cannon didn't win anything, Blackwell, because I wasn't in it. I will not let this stand... I will not let this blatant show of favoritism toward Cannon stand! I will have my revenge for this. I will get my hands on Julie Somers again and take her out. I will get my hands on Cannon one last time and do away with her once and for all.

And in two weeks, I'm issuing an open challenge for any woman in the world to step in the ring with me, and I will show that even though our precious little Melissa won the Empress Cup, that I am truly the best women's wrestler in the world.

[Charisma smiles.]

CK: And I will show exactly while Mr. Gellar and Mr. O'Neill should create a Women's Championship... and why I will win that and be recognized as the greatest wrestler in the world.

[Charisma walks off camera as Lou wraps it up]

SLB: Strong words and an open challenge to anyone which should be quite the sight to see. Gordon, Bucky... back to you guys at ringside!

[We fade back to our announce duo.]

GM: Thanks for that, Lou. Charisma Knight certainly is hot under the collar here tonight in Las Vegas, Bucky.

BW: And rightfully so if you ask me. Yeah, she lost at SuperClash but the real insult came when Miyuki Ozaki invited all of the women competitors here in the AWA - except Charisma - to compete in her annual Empress Cup tournament in Japan! How can you have a tournament saluting the best in the world and not include one of THE best in the world?

GM: An excellent question. Of course, it's well-established that there is some lingering animosity between Charisma Knight and Miyuki Ozaki so I'm not surp-

[Gordon is cut off by the sounds of "All American Nightmare" by Hinder as it starts over the PA.]

BW: What is that?

[As the music kicks in full gear, Derrick Williams enters the arena to the cheers of the crowd. His brown hair frames his face, wavy coming down to his chin, matching his brown eyes and a shade darker than his olive skin. He has a short beard growing on his face, and does have generic tribal tattoos on his arms and back, like many of his generation.

His ring gear consists of short, thigh length glossy black tights with "DW" in a stencil font enclosed in a silver circle, in silver, with "Brooklyn" written smaller in a similar font on the bottom left front. He wears black boots, coming up to mid-calf, with black knee pads. His wrists are taped with glossy black athletic tape, with black, half finger weightlifting gloves on his hands, and black neoprene elbow pad/braces, the one on the right adorned with Skull in silver on the pad portion. Rounding out the ensemble is a black glossy vest with a silver hood, pulled up as he walks along the aisle, slapping hands with the fans as he does. He hits the ring and ascends the stairs, entering the ring the pulling down his hood, appealing to the crowd before heading over to Phil Watson and taking the mic.]

DW: If you'll all indulge me for a moment, I came out here to talk about the future... and a little about the past. You see, over the past year and a half for me, I've lost focus. I came here, to the AWA, to become the best. To win titles, to work my way up and become champion.

But along the way, at about SuperClash VI, I lost that focus. Because I got drug into personal matters. I let things get personal and didn't keep it business. I went after KING Oni to get even for my trainer, Kevin Slater, and while I did get better

for it, it almost cost me an arm and some ribs. Kevin told me to knock it off and go my own way, and don't let fighting with Oni drag down my career... and I listened.

But then you know what I did? I went and decided that Callum Mahoney was disrespecting me and I let that become my sole focus.

[Williams shrugs as he continues.]

DW: Now, you can argue that I am better for it... that I improved. I came close to winning Steal the Spotlight and I beat Mahoney in that match. But while I've started to become my own man in this ring, I'm still pretty much right where I was a year ago at this time. So here's what I'm going to do.

This year... is MY year.

[The crowd cheers at the bold statement. Williams nods before continuing.]

DW: This year... is the year I make the splash that I said I was going to make when I first showed up here.

This is the year I climb that ladder... that I step up... that I win the big matches... that I beat the vets and make my name... and that I win my first title and right now, I've got my eye on the World Television Title!

[Big cheer! Williams nods.]

DW: But that's going forward. Tonight, I do have ONE last piece of personal business to get out of the way.

[Williams smiles, looking down toward the aisle way from the ring]

DW: Callum Mahoney, we've had our differences the last six months. You almost broke my arm, I put your lights out. You blew me off without a thought, I knocked you out of Steal the Spotlight. We got personal, yeah, but that's over tonight.

Tonight, no partners, no tag outs, no running... just you and me in the ring one on one... right now.

[Another big cheer. Williams is fired up now, stepping toward the ropes, waving an arm towards the locker room.]

DW: I know you're back there, Mahoney... and I know you're a little miffed at me for putting you out at SuperClash, so let's settle this now!

[Williams lowers the mic, pacing back and forth for a bit as he waits. The crowd is waiting as well, looking towards the entrance...]

GM: Derrick Williams is right. Callum Mahoney is backstage here tonight but will he answer the challenge of the young lion.

BW: I've never seen nor heard of Mahoney backing down from a fight, Gordo. He's Callum Mahoney and he LOVES to fight.

[A few more moments pass as an impatient Williams paces around when suddenly "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains starts to a big negative reaction as Callum Mahoney shows up dressed to compete in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front, black knee pads and a pair of black laceless boots.]

BW: Challenge... accepted!

GM: It would certainly appear that way as the Armbar Assassin starts to make his way towards the ring.

[He makes his way down the aisle and takes another microphone as Williams removes his own vest.]

CM: For months now, I've been knocking you about like a cat would to its favorite toy, and somehow that's not enough for you. You ELIMINATED ME from Steal the Spotlight, and somehow that's not enough for you! You came this close to winning the match, and somehow that's not enough for you. See, fella, I've just about as tired of this as you are, so if you want to end this tonight?

[He pauses a beat.]

CM: Right now?

[Williams nods.]

CM: Let's do it.

[The crowd cheers as Mahoney tosses the mic aside and slides into the ring, coming to his feet where he's met by Williams.]

GM: Here we go!

[Williams is firing right hands with ferocity as Mahoney gets off the mat but after a mere moment, Mahoney is returning fire with haymakers of his own.

GM: And right away, they're at it again, fans! Williams and Mahoney are firing away on one another! This is a long time coming and it sounds like they want to settle it once and for all right now!

BW: This wasn't scheduled though, Gordo. We've got no ref out here - this is just a fight plain and simple!

[After a handful more blows land, referee Davis Warren comes jogging down the aisle on cue. He quickly makes his way over to Phil Watson, speaking briefly to the ring announcer before sliding into the ring where the brawl continues.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, by order of the AWA Director of Operations Emerson Gellar, this is now an official one on one match!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: NOW it's official! The bell sounds and we're off!

BW: NOW we're off? They've been fighting for the past minute!

GM: Be that as it may, we have a referee, the bell has rung, and now these two are picking up right where they left off back at SuperClash.

[The crowd grows in volume as Williams starts to get the upper hand, multiple looping right hands staggering Mahoney whose arms are down, exposing his head to the blows.]

GM: Williams has got him reeling... winds up the right arm... BOOM!

[A big blow between the eyes sends Mahoney crashing down to the mat to cheers. The Fighting Irishman scampers back to his feet but another haymaker puts him back down.]

GM: Mahoney's not faring too well in the early part of this one as Williams has come to fight and is doing so to the enjoyment of these fans here in Las Vegas.

[Getting up again, Mahoney has his right hand pulled back, ready to throw it...

...but when he gets there, he finds Williams waiting for him with his own haymaker at the ready. Mahoney brakes hard, falling backwards onto his butt before rolling out to the floor, shaking his head.]

GM: And Callum Mahoney decides he wants no more of those haymakers from Derrick Williams - not right now at least.

BW: Smart move by the Irishman. Get out to the floor and regroup after that punk kid jumped him before the bell!

GM: Before the- they were BOTH fighting before the bell!

BW: Yeah, but Williams threw the first punch.

[The referee orders Mahoney to get back into the ring, starting a debate with the grappler as Williams slides unnoticed out of the ring on the far side. He comes quickly around the ring, heading towards Mahoney who catches a glimpse of him, rolling back in, getting quickly to his feet...

...and BOOTING Williams in the side of the head as he tries to slide back in!]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[Williams drops to the mat, rolling to his back as Mahoney falls to his knees, slamming his forearm repeatedly down across the bridge of the nose.]

GM: Mahoney caught Williams coming in and now he's pummeling him down on the canvas!

[The crowd jeers and the referee shouts at the unsportsmanlike tactic as Mahoney gets up, dropping a knee down into the sternum. He keeps his knee in place, smashing a fist down into the eyesocket of the young lion.]

GM: Mahoney brings a very physical style into the ring every time he steps in there and Derrick Williams better not have underestimated the Fighting Irishman here tonight in Las Vegas.

[Mahoney gets up, dragging Williams up with a clutch on the wrist, twisting the arm behind Williams into a hammerlock.]

GM: Both men on their feet and right into a hammerlock.

BW: The whole world knows that Mahoney's going to be looking for that Armbar so he might as well lay a little groundwork for it.

[Mahoney walks with Williams who is searching for a way out of the hold, cranking up on the limb as Williams gets within reach of the ropes. He shakes his head, pulling the arm and bringing Williams back to the center of the ring.]

GM: Mahoney keeps Williams in the center of the ring, wrenching up on that arm, perhaps trying to take away a little of the explosive firepower from Derrick Williams who can throw strikes with the best of them.

[Mahoney cranks the arm again, shouting at Davis Warren to check his opponent.]

GM: Derrick Williams says no, he will not submit... no surprise there, Bucky. This kid has a lot of heart.

BW: Heart will only get you so far, Gordo. If Mahoney locks on his patented Cross Armbreaker, Williams WILL submit.

GM: You may be right about that. Of course, in the early days of this rivalry, we saw that Armbar Challenge by Mahoney that Williams accepted. He believes he can break that hold.

BW: He's wrong. Period.

[Still standing in the center of the ring, Williams lashes out backwards, landing a stiff elbow on the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Hard elbow connects!

[Mahoney hangs onto the arm but his grip loosens after a second one lands.]

GM: Williams trying to find a way out of the hammerlock...

[A third elbow sends Mahoney stumbling away, breaking the hold as the Irishman staggers, leaning chestfirst over the top rope. Williams shakes out his arm for a moment before trying to take advantage of the situation.]

GM: Williams spins him around... right hand downstairs!

[With Mahoney's back on the ropes, Williams lights him up with a half dozen rights and lefts to the midsection. He grabs the arm, whipping Mahoney across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip, Williams sets...

[But as he does, Mahoney comes in, hooks a front facelock, lifts the left arm...

...and DROPS to the mat in a single arm DDT, violently jamming the shoulder into the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! He calls that the Pogue Mahone and that could cause serious damage to the limb of Derrick Williams!

[Still down on the mat, Mahoney grabs the wrist with both hands, planting his foot against the shoulder and YANKS back hard!]

GM: A lot of pressure being put on the arm and shoulder right here as Mahoney tries to pull the arm out of the shoulder socket.

[Mahoney pulls back again... and again... and again... each time causing Williams to cry out in pain. After a bit, Mahoney keeps his grip on the arm, spinning to a knee where he plants it in the shoulder socket, grabbing the wrist with both hands and pulling the arm against the grain.]

GM: Oh my! Right into an armbar and look at the torque on that!

BW: The human arm isn't supposed to bend like that, Gordo.

GM: Maybe not but Mahoney seems determined to MAKE IT bend like that!

BW: Hey, maybe that's a future release from the AWA. I can see it on marquees in every cineplex in the known world - Bend It Like Callum.

GM: Oh, brother. And as Mahoney continues to work on the left arm of Williams, you have to wonder why he chose to go after Williams' off-arm. Why not target the right arm - the source of the majority of Williams' devastating strikes including those elbows he's prone to throwing?

BW: That's a good question, Gordo. Maybe Mahoney saw something at some point to make him think this was a better strategy... or maybe it's a mistake on the part of the emotional Irishman.

[Climbing to his feet, Mahoney holds the wrist with his left hand as he STOMPS the shoulder with his foot!]

GM: Oh!

[Another stomp!]

GM: Get in there, referee!

[Another stomp!]

BW: Hey, those are completely legal. The flat of the boot. You may not like it but Davis Warren's got no reason to stop 'em.

[Still holding the wrist, Mahoney pulls Williams to a knee, slamming an elbow down overhead onto the shoulder. A second blow follows before the Irishman pulls Williams to his feet, whipping him across...]

GM: Mahoney ducks down...

[But this time, the backdrop attempt fails Mahoney as Williams leaps up and over, dragging Mahoney down in a sunset flip.]

GM: SUNSET FLIP GETS ONE! TWO!

[Mahoney swings his legs together, clashing his boots on the ears of his rival to break the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only... Williams trying to beat Mahoney to his feet...

[But the Fighting Irishman is a hair faster at this point of the match, catching the rising Williams with a hooking right hand to the jaw that snaps his head around!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OH! WHAT A SHOT!

[With Williams' back turned, Mahoney grabs a handful of trunks and RIFLES Williams between the ropes, sending his shoulder into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHH! SHOULDERFIRST TO THE STEEL!

BW: They don't call Mahoney the Armbar Assassin for nothing, Gordo. He has that arm picked out, and he's going to grind it into dust.

[As he pulls Williams back out by the trunks, he grabs the arm, yanking it back into a hammerlock position.]

GM: Mahoney goes back to the hammerlock - look out here!

[The Fighting Irishman lifts Williams into the air, still trapped in the hammerlock, and drops him down in a back suplex on his own arm!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Williams howls in pain as Mahoney rolls to the side, applying a lateral press with Williams' own arm still trapped underneath him.]

GM: Mahoney covers for one! He gets two... but that's all.

BW: Impressive kickout for Williams. He had to do that without one arm available to him.

GM: Mahoney slides right into the mount... kneedrop down on the shoulder... and another... and another!

[Kneeling on the shoulder, Mahoney punches Williams right in the mouth, earning a warning from the official.]

BW: And as Mahoney keeps on the shoulder and arm, you've gotta wonder how much more of this Williams can take, Gordo.

GM: The protege of "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater can take quite a bit, Bucky.

[Mahoney gets back to his feet, backing off as Davis Warren lets him have it.]

GM: Mahoney says it was an open hand but anyone with eyes knows that's not true.

BW: You calling Mahoney a liar?

GM: I... well, I suppose I am in this instance.

BW: I think he's okay with that. Just checking.

[The Armbar Assassin drags Williams off the mat by the hair...

...and BLASTS him with a vicious European uppercut that sends Williams falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by Mahoney!

[Grabbing the arm, Mahoney attempts an Irish whip but the young lion reverses it, sending Mahoney into the ropes instead...]

GM: Reversed the whip... Williams with a clothesli- ducked by Mahoney!

[Mahoney comes off the far side as Williams spins around...

...and Williams catches him as he goes by, locking a waistlock as he races towards the ropes, driving Mahoney's chest into the ropes.]

GM: Rolling reverse cradle!

[Williams is sitting back on the legs, trying to get enough leverage to hold his rival down for a three count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Mahoney grabs a handful of tights, dragging Williams back down to the mat, reversing into a double leg cradle of his own.]

BW: REVERSED! ONE!! TWO!!

GM: HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

BW: THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! How close was that?!

[A frustrated Mahoney glares at Davis Warren as he gets up off the mat, turning to take aim at the rising Williams...]

GM: Running boot to the shoulder of Williams!

[With Williams on a knee, the running kick spins him away, dropping him facefirst to the mat if it wasn't for Mahoney grabbing him, pulling him back to his feet.]

GM: Williams gets hit hard again as Mahoney grabs the arm...

[He turns to look at the crowd, yelling out "it's over now!" as he hooks the arm he's been working on the entire match.]

GM: This could be it right here. Mahoney's looking for the Armbar...

[With Williams doubled up, Mahoney jumps up, looking to roll through into the cross armbreaker..

...but they are close enough to the ropes that Derrick Williams is able to hook his right arm around the ropes, keeping him standing as Mahoney loses control, crashing down on his back on the mat.]

BW: How lucky can this kid get?

GM: That wasn't luck, Bucky. That was an excellent counter by Williams!

[Mahoney is a little slow in getting off the mat this time, giving Williams time to lean against the rope, regaining some fire...]

GM: Williams bounces off the ropes... BOOM! Big elbow upside the head!

[The blow sends Mahoney staggering backwards.]

BW: And just like we talked about, the right arm hasn't even been touched in this match so he's able to throw it without concern for hurting himself one bit.

[Williams steps forward, landing a second elbowstrike that sends Mahoney pinwheeling backwards towards the ropes.]

GM: Derrick Williams with those devastating elbowstrikes... and there's a third one! Sending Mahoney back against the ropes!

[Grabbing hold of Mahoney's head, Williams lets loose a shout before unleashing a series of elbowstrikes...]

GM: ELBOW AFTER ELBOW TO THE SKULL OF THE FIGHTING IRISHMAN!

[The referee steps in, forcing the break as Williams backs off, grabbing his left shoulder as he looks out at the crowd...]

GM: Williams turns back... Mahoney staggering off the ropes towards him...

[Mahoney lunges at Williams who spins away, ending up behind him as Mahoney turns...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OPEN-HANDED SLAP - RIGHT ACROSS THE FACE! GOOD GRIEF!

[The blow staggers Mahoney, knocking him down to a knee. Williams stands over him, giving another shout to the crowd before unleashing a stiff chop across the chest!]

GM: And a chop follows in kind! Mahoney's known for being one of the hardest hitting competitors in the entire locker room but Derrick Williams is showing that he's right there with him in that!

[Williams pulls Mahoney off his knee...

...and Mahoney ERUPTS upwards with a brutal European uppercut!]

GM: OHH!

BW: These two are beating the heck out of each other, Gordo!

[Mahoney grabs the back of the head, snapping off a series of uppercuts.]

GM: Forearm after forearm, lifting Williams up off his feet as Mahoney cracks the underside of the jaw!

[Mahoney backs off, sizing up Williams for a moment before dashing to the ropes...

...but Williams is two steps behind him. Mahoney hits the ropes first, rebounding back... but stops at not seeing Williams waiting for him. He quickly turns around to find Williams rebounding into a big clothesline!]

GM: WHOA MY! What in the world was that?!

BW: Mahoney didn't even see it coming, daddy!

GM: Derrick Williams is building some momentum here... pumping that right arm into the air, looking out at these cheering fans in Las Vegas. Williams to the ropes again...

[And as Mahoney sits up on the mat, facing Williams, Williams drops down into a baseball slide, driving his elbow into the jaw of the seated Mahoney!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it! A sliding elbow for Williams - right into the backpress cover for one! He gets two! But that's all! Davis Warren says it was two as Williams gets

up, looking to finish off his rival here tonight on the Season Premiere of Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Pulling Mahoney to his feet, Williams ducks under, hooking one arm around the head and neck and the other around the leg...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and HOISTS Mahoney into the air, hurling him over his head and bouncing him off the canvas with an Exploder Suplex!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A SUPLEX!

[Davis Warren drops down as Williams rolls into another cover, this time on his side as he hooks the leg.]

GM: Sidepress cover for one... for two!

[But again, Mahoney lifts the shoulder up in time!]

GM: Another two count as it's Callum Mahoney's turn to show us his resilience.

BW: Yeah, he's getting out of all these pinning predicaments but he needs to stop this momentum. Williams is building steam... he's getting on a roll and when he does, it's pretty tough to stop him.

GM: Williams brings Mahoney back to his feet again and- OH! Right to the eye!

BW: And that's one way to stop him short!

[With his rival blinded, Mahoney rushes to the ropes again, rebounding back towards the young lion who shakes off the eyepoke, blindly grabbing the incoming Mahoney around the upper thighs, lifting him up into the air, spinning around...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER! WILLIAMS GOT ALL OF THAT!

[Williams pushes up to his knees, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before rolling into another side press, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS... then deflates as the shoulder comes off the canvas in the nick of time!]

GM: No, no, no! Mahoney slips out just in time!

BW: Mahoney kicked out and is still alive! Williams has put a lot of people away with that move, Gordo, but tonight, Callum Mahoney found a way to escape. Maybe the injured arm couldn't get enough height... enough speed... I don't know but whatever it was, Mahoney got out in time and he's still got a chance.

[Back on his feet, Williams gives a shout, lifting his right arm into the air...]

GM: And now Williams says he's going to finish him off! He's got that arm up!

BW: He was dishing out Rolling Elbows like helpings of stuffing at SuperClash - he might be going for one here!

[Williams, leaning over, starts clapping his hands together in rhythm, getting the Las Vegas crowd to do likewise as they cheer him on. Soon, the entire arena is

filled with the rhythmic hand clap as Williams stays at the ready, watching as Mahoney gets to his feet...]

GM: Williams with the spin!

[But Mahoney steps inside, ducks down, and hoists Williams into a fireman's carry before flipping forward!]

GM: Rolling Samoan Drop by Mahoney!

[Mahoney flips over, applying a lateral press as he reaches back for the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd roars as Williams again escapes a near fall situation.]

GM: No! Mahoney got close there but not close enough as Williams slips out in time!

[Mahoney angrily claps his hands together, climbing quickly back to his feet, dragging Williams up with him.]

GM: He grabs the arm...

BW: I think he's going for the Emerald Cutter!

[Mahoney turns Williams, looking to loop the arm around his neck but Williams spins through it, yanking his arm free as he faces Mahoney's back. The Irishman quickly tries to turn.]

GM: Williams spins!

[And as he does, he CRACKS a surprised Mahoney with an elbowstrike to the jaw!]

GM: ROLLING ELBOW!

BW: Mahoney's still standing, staggering around...

[He staggers in a circle, facing away from Williams who winds up the right arm again, spinning a second time...

...and BLASTS Mahoney in the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Mi- a devastating blow to the back of the head! Mahoney might be out!

[Williams drops to his knees, flipping Mahoney to his back, diving across in a lateral press...]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Williams comes to his knees as "All American Nightmare" starts playing over the speakers again and Davis Warren raises his hand.]

PW: Here is your winner... DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[Williams climbs to his feet, looking down with satisfaction at the motionless Callum Mahoney. He gives a nod before turning to salute the cheering Las Vegas fans.]

GM: Derrick Williams has put to bed that so-called "personal business" that was distracting him and now the young man says he's got his eyes set on the World Television Title.

BW: Beating Mahoney will certainly go a long way to earning him a shot at the gold, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we hope to have an update on the condition of now-former World Champion, Ryan Martinez, so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voice over speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voice over speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Everytime we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade out...

...and then back up to a live shot of a young lady quite familiar to fans of Combat Corner Wrestling.]

"Hello, fans... I'm Theresa Lynch, backstage reporter for the American Wrestling Alliance..."

[And so she is in a yellow spaghetti strap dress and heels standing in front of what appears to be a hospital.]

TL: Following the events of earlier tonight, I was sent here...

[She gestures behind her.]

TL: ...to Spring Valley Hospital here in Las Vegas to get an update on the medical condition of former AWA World Champion Ryan Martinez. Details have been sketchy thusfar but I can tell you that several AWA officials including Jon Stegglet himself have been here to see Mr. Martinez. Of course, his legendary father is here as well and as I understand it, he is standing vigil outside Ryan's hospital room. As far as Mr. Martinez' condition is concerned, I have been told by unnamed sources that Mr. Martinez is experience loss of sensation in his extremities and is undergoing testing for a possible neck injury.

[Theresa's got a solemn look upon her face.]

TL: I'll be bringing you updates as I receive them throughout the night but right now, let's go back to the arena to Sweet Lou Blackwell!

[Cut back to the backstage area where the aforementioned man with the app is standing.]

SLB: Thanks, Theresa... make sure everyone knows that they are in our thoughts and prayers back here at the arena. And now, joining me at this time, the AWA Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.

[The new Director of Operations steps into view, a thin-lipped smile on his face.]

SLB: A busy first night so far for you, sir.

EG: Absolutely. And it's not over yet.

[Blackwell smiles.]

SLB: While the thoughts of many here tonight are on Ryan Martinez, the show keeps rolling on and I'm told you asked for this time to introduce a new signing here to the AWA.

EG: That's right, Lou. When I signed my contract to come on board, I met with people from all over the company to get a feel for what needed to be done. And one of the things I heard many times was that the AWA needed some fresh blood. The locker room needed some new competitors on the scene... some people who were hungry for opportunity and desperate for a chance to show their talents... and

so, I've set out to work on that. Tonight - and in the weeks ahead - you will see the debut and the return in some cases of some new members of the roster. Including the man I'm about to introduce to you.

[Gellar straightens up.]

EG: This competitor is someone I was told flat out didn't "fit" within the AWA. I don't know what that means but in my world, ANYONE could fit within the AWA. I don't do pigeonholes and I don't abide by rules, Lou. If you can fight... and if you can make money for this company... then you're fair game in my book. Even if I have to bend the rules to make that happen.

[Blackwell looks puzzled.]

SLB: I'm not sure I understand.

EG: Let's run this clip and then I'll explain.

SLB: You heard the boss. Roll it!

[We fade from Blackwell and Gellar to a darkened alley at night. Rain cascades gently down from the blackness, providing a sickly sheen to the overturned trashcans, oil slicked blacktop and garbage-strewn fire escapes.

Dumpsters provide a drum for the larger droplets, a muffled background staccato to the small, scurrying forms darting in and out of cover in their search for a meager scrap to eat, lit by the fires

The camera pans around the dumpster and comes to rest on large huddled form squatting against the wall behind it. Dark dreadlocks cascade down over a pale face, partially obscuring the icy blue eyes. The form is covered in a ragged black trench-coat fingerless black gloves, a black tank top and blue jeans.]

"Horrifying, isn't it?"

[The voice comes like almost a whisper, but against the rain, it's presence is overwhelming...almost jarring.]

"We sat here and watched...we sat here and waited. We bided our time among the cast offs of society...amongst the decay...amongst the offal...amongst the vermin. We waited on the call.

We witnessed the former scions of truth and champions of the downtrodden cast themselves low in their pursuit of baubles. We quietly laughed as we witnessed legacies destroyed, friendships betrayed and role models laid low.

We watched and knew that the time for waiting had passed.

Like a great beast crouched in the darkness, avarice has gripped the heart of the AWA locker room in its vice-like grip, highlighting the disease that rests deep within its character. It calls to us, begging for release. Begs us to free The Beast from its shackles and allow it free reign. To give it license to feed on would be predators and prey alike.

Such a time begs for a hero to arise. For someone to appear to fight back the darkness, which leads us to ask: without the dark, could there be light? If the darkness is deep enough, will it snuff out the light completely? We aim to discover the answer."

[The broad shouldered ghoul stands, turning his neck slowly first right, then left and allowing it to crack loudly, which sends rats scurrying for cover.]

"We have been asked to join the ranks of The American Wrestling Alliance, to bare our teeth and bathe its mats in blood, to baptize our opponents in pain. Friend Gellar has made a request of us: to help him in his quest to see AWA reborn."

[The pale, dreadlocked figure smiles into the camera, his blue eyes reflecting the light from the barrel fire from beneath his black dreadlocks.]

"Thankfully, we happen to be something of an expert when it comes to Rebirth.

So we've come: not to fight for this title or that, but to lay claim to a far greater prize: the heart of the American Wrestling Alliance. We ...a fight for the very souls of the wrestlers in the locker room...destroy the hopes of the assembled fans in the arenas and in their homes..

In short, The Spectre has arrived to teach them all to fear the dark."

[Cut to black...

...and then back up to Blackwell and Gellar.]

SLB: The Spectre! Now that IS a surprise, Mr. Gellar.

[Gellar nods with a smile.]

EG: I thought it might be. Because to bring a competitor like The Spectre to the AWA, certain... accommodations... had to be made.

SLB: Accommodations? What are you talking about?

EG: I... well, I have arranged for The Spectre to make his official Saturday Night Wrestling debut right now. I think I'll let what you're about to see speak for itself.

SLB: Now I'm intrigued. Phil Watson, you heard the man.

[The camera cuts back to Phil Watson, standing in the center of the ring, mic in hand.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and will be conducted under the "Rules of Rebirth" which means - No disqualifications and no count outs!

[The crowd buzzes at that announcement.]

BW: The Rules of Whatnow?

[Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring, standing six foot three inches tall and weighing in at two hundred seventy pounds, hailing from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, he is JAMES REED!

[The wrestler in the ring holds up his right hand to a small scattering of applause. He has dark brown feather-cut hair and blue eyes. Full length forest-green tights under black trunks, with black kneepads and boots

PW: And his opponent... standing six foot four inches and weighing in at two hundred seventy five pounds, hailing from New York City, New York, he is THE SPECTRE!!!!

[The arena lights suddenly cut to pitch black without warning.]

BW: Uh oh.

[Over the PA system, the faint sound of a heartbeat begins after ten seconds of complete silence.]

Thump-thump

Thump-thump

Thump-thump

"Do you fear the Dark?" a gravelly voice asks in a whisper.

A single red spotlight cuts through the blackness, illuminating the solitary form of The Spectre as "Beautiful People" by Marilyn Manson cuts in over the PA System. Spectre, clad in a pair of cutoff jeans, a black t shirt and combat boots, stands with his taped forearms held up at angles away from his pale, scarred body as the combination of his dark dreadlocks and the red lighting paints a ghastly picture over the ghoulish wrestler.]

BW: Will you look at that freak, Gordo? Looks like the circus has come to town.

GM: That so-called circus freak has a reputation as one of the most sadistic men in the business today, Bucky. Quite frankly, I'm a little surprised to see him here. Longtime AWA fans will remember The Spectre making an appearance during the inaugural World Title Tournament to crown the first AWA World Champion. At that time, I'm told there were discussions surrounding a full-time contract but the decision was made that The Spectre was too brutal... too violent... dare I say, too extreme... for the AWA.

BW: Apparently under Emerson Gellar... there's no such thing. All bets are off!

GM: Apparently so.

[As the music picks up, the lights start flashing in time with the beat, creating almost a strobe-like effect as The Spectre makes his way towards the ring, ignoring the fans lining the aisles as they start to boo with greater force. As he reaches the apron, the pale skinned grappler speeds up to a run and slides smoothly under the bottom rope, standing and stalking towards the ropes in front of the announce table. Climbing to the second rope, he stares coldly at the announce team for a moment before stepping down and moving to his corner to await the start of the match.]

BW: I take back whatever I just said. He seems like a charming man.

GM: The fact that he's here in the AWA is a bad sign for everyone in the locker room if you ask me, Bucky.

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Right now it just looks like a bad sign for James Reed, Gordo!

GM: You're not kidding! The Spectre charged just as the bell was ringing and nearly took Reed out of his boots with a vicious running lariat.

[Spectre wastes no time, putting the boots to Reed as he tries to blink away the cobwebs from the big clothesline. Reed rolls over to the ropes and grabs them, which brings Referee Davis Warren over to try to force a break, which Spectre simply ignores.]

GM: Here's the danger of these no DQ matches, Bucky. There's nothing that Davis Warren can do other than just stop the match to protect either of the wrestlers!

BW: Right now the only thing that needs protecting are the bottom of those shoes that The Spectre's wearin', daddy! He's stomping a hole into Reed!

[Not getting a respite from the ropes, Reed rolls out to the floor with a thud. Spectre moves to follow him, but Davis Warren moves to block him, drawing a cold glare from the dreadlocked wrestler. Davis leans between the top and middle ropes to check on Reed, which gives The Spectre a chance to walk around him and roll out to the floor along with James Reed.]

BW: I don't think he's going out to make sure Reed's comfy, daddy!

GM: I don't think so either, Bucky. Reed is up, leaning on the ring apron and Spectre's stalking him from behind him.

[Spectre quickly closes the distance, grabs a handful of Reed's brown hair and smashes him facefirst into the ring apron.]

GM: Ohh! Reed's face goes bouncing off the apron!

[Then again. And again. And again. A fifth attempt is blocked as Reed throws a desperate elbow into Spectre's gut that breaks his grip.]

GM: James Reed trying to save himself from this brutal assault on the floor!

[Reed follows with a second elbow. And a third, then stands and fires a punch that staggers Spectre back away from him.]

GM: Reed fighting his way free, knocking the Spectre backwards, creating some space...

[Sensing an opening, Reed charges, only to have Spectre quickly catch him in a drop toe hold that sends Reed's forehead smashing into the metal barrier on the outside of the ring area.]

GM: Oh my stars! James Reed's skull just bounced off of that steel barricade, Bucky!

BW: Looks like that might have been Spectre's plan, Gordo! That mop topped nut lured him in and tried to take off his head!

[Spectre comes to his feet and offers a small smile to the prone form of James Reed before grabbing him by his hair and bringing him back to his feet once again.]

GM: The Spectre's not hesitating at all, getting right back into the fight as he pulls Reed up... look out!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Irish whip sends Reed for a ride that ends abruptly as Reed smashes into the steel ringsteps shoulderfirst, sprawling out on the floor as the referee looks on helplessly from inside the ring.]

GM: If you're just joining us, fans... we learned that Emerson Gellar signed The Spectre at some point in the past few months, agreeing to allow at least some of his matches under these Rules of Rebirth - no countouts and no disqualifications.

[As Reed lies prone, Spectre walks over to where he lies and picks up several TV cables from under the mat.]

BW: Spectre doesn't look like a qualified electrician, Gordo. What's he doing down there?

GM: I don't think that James Reed is gonna want to find out, Bucky.

[Spectre punches Reed twice in the forehead, then wraps the cables around Reed's throat, using them to choke him/haul him to his feet at the same time. Reed's face quickly turns red and Davis Warren rolls outside to start to threaten Spectre, who looks over at the official, then releases the choke.]

BW: I don't get it, Gordo. Why did Spectre let go of the choke? He can't get disqualified...

GM: I think...dear lord, Bucky. I think that Davis Warren threatened to call the match if he didn't let go. He wanted to keep going longer...to do more damage to this young man! That's despicable!

BW: I'm starting to like how this guy thinks, daddy!

[Spectre waits a moment, then grabs the wire about ten feet away from where James Reed is, wraps it around his right arm, gives it some slack, and PULLS as hard as he can, yanking Reed off his feet by his throat and leaving him gasping for air.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BM: He's focused, you've gotta give him that, Gordo.

GM: He's not focused on winning this match, he's only focuses on hurting James Reed! Davis Warren has to stop this thing!

[Warren is in Spectre's face, pointing a finger at the dreadlocked goth as he gives him a warning about stopping the match once again. Spectre looks at him, then finally offers the slightest of nods before walking around him, unwrapping the wire from Reed's throat, picking him up and tossing him into the ring.]

GM: At least Reed won't have to worry quite so much about foreign objects in there.

[A split second later, Spectre tosses a steel folding chair over the top rope.]

BW: You spoke too soon, Gordo. I could get used to these Rules of Rebirth!

GM: I've gotta wonder what our new Director of Operations was thinking when he agreed to this.

BW: You've gotta admit, it's exciting.

GM: There's a lot of things that are exciting that I don't think are appropriate for the world of professional wrestling... and these Rules of Rebirth fit right inside that category.

[Spectre rolls in, then picks Reed up by the hair once again, this time sending him for a ride into the turnbuckle, following him in closely with a vicious running knee strike to the midsection.]

GM: Ohh! Big running knee - and as you watch The Spectre in there, you have to notice that he's a talented competitor on his own. He doesn't need all this garbage he's bringing into the mix.

BW: Nope, that part is just for fun.

[As Reed slumps in the corner, Spectre lunges at him and begins to bite and gnaw at his forehead, leading to Reed thrashing around as if he were being electrocuted... or eaten.]

GM: That's got to be enough, Bucky! Someone's gotta stop this!

BW: James Reed knew what he signed up for when he got into this match, Gordo.

GM: Did he?! Did James Reed know about the Rules of Rebirth?! Did he know he was climbing in there with a monster?!

BW: If he didn't, he might want to read the contract next time!

[Davis Warren pulls Spectre physically off of Reed, then checks if he wants to continue while Spectre sets up the chair in the middle of the ring.]

BW: I don't suppose he wants to just sit down for a rest, does he?

GM: Unlikely. He's setting that up with bad intentions, Bucky.

[The moment the referee moves out of the way, Spectre is there, pulling a groggy James Reed over to the middle of the ring facing away from the chair, then sending him crashing through it with a high velocity Russian Legsweep.]

GM: OHHH! That's gotta be it! James Reed is done!

BW: He was done when the bell rang, daddy! The Spectre has absolutely destroyed this poor chump... and he's not done. He's right back up on his feet, pulling Reed up to his.

GM: He's killed him, Bucky! I think he's killed James Reed!

[The dreadlocked wrestler locks on a front facelock under his right arm, hooks Reed's right leg with his left arm, then drives him down in one vicious motion with a fisherman's DDT!]

GM: MY STARS!

BW: He calls that the Rebirth... and I don't think anyone's getting up from that, daddy. No way, no how.

[The referee quickly and mercifully slaps the mat three times.]

GM: The Spectre wins this one... victorious in his AWA debut.

[The crowd showers the ghoulish goth with boos as he stands, looking out into the area...]

GM: And I can't pretend I understand Emerson Gellar's motivations when he signed this man but... you cannot deny that The Spectre is dangerous and effective.

BW: Absolutely.

GM: Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we're going to see The Gladiator in action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black...

...and then back up to live action in the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by with a smile on his face.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, it's my pleasure to introduce to you at this time, the two-time AWA World Tag Team Champions... Air Strike!

[Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons collectively known as Air Strike walk into the picture and take their spot on either side of Stegglet. Aarons is dressed to wrestle in his long green tights with a white vertical stripe down each leg, Mertz with his long white tights with a green stripe down each leg and noticeably on his left shoulder is the KT tape in a crisscross pattern. Both members proudly have the AWA World Tag Team Titles around their waists.]

MS: Gentlemen, congratulations on the big win at SuperClash last November!

[Both members nod.]

MS: But Cody, I have to ask as we see your shoulder... how are you feeling?

CM: I feel great, Mark, and ready to compete. I won't lie and say this break wasn't beneficial because it was. The reports weren't lying when they say I was hurting. The battles we faced took their toll. But in the end, you could say those battles were worth it.

[Mertz pats the title around his waist and smiles.]

MA: Stegs, we said we were going to climb to the top of the mountain and we did. We said we were the best team out there, and we proved it. Those teams that tried to stand in our way all left and faded away, proving once and for all who the best team in the world today really is!

CM: And now Mark, we can get down to business. And business will be defending these championships with the honor and integrity that they deserve. To make sure each one of those fans out there get see and have champions they can be proud of.

MS: I couldn't help but notice that given the actions of earlier tonight that statement takes on a little extra weight.

[Mertz grimaces as Aarons quickly steps in.]

MA: We like Ryan and hope he's okay. Ryan is -- was a great champion. Johnny Detson is what Johnny Detson is. But you have Supernova and you have the dynamic team of Air Strike representing the tag division like only we can.

MS: I understand. Well, tonight the AWA Championship Committee wasted no time in putting you in a championship match against the team of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, a team who also had a very impressive night at SuperClash beating the Dogs of War.

[Aarons scoffs.]

MA: Taylor and Donovan, The James Gang, or Team Daddy Issues, whatever you call them - they are going to find out once again why Air Strike is the best team going today, and why it's a whole different ballgame when B James ain't there helping them out.

CM: Defeating the Dogs of War is a daunting and impressive task to be sure, but what Wes and Tony will find is that beating the very best tag team in the world today is just as formidable.

MA: That's right because Team Daddy Issues ain't just fighting any one. They're fighting the high flying, death -

[Aarons is interrupted by an assistant producer who produces a folding note.]

AP: Excuse me, sorry, I was told to give this to Cody immediately.

[The producer hands the note over to Mertz who seems confused, but it's Aarons, ticked at being interrupted, who snatches it. With a glare from Aarons, the producer leaves as Aarons unfolds the note.]

MA: "Cody, I've tried to reason with you. You now have less than one hour to decide."

[Aarons looks from the note over to his partner who stares back.]

MA: Is this from - ?

[Mertz gives a slight nod confirming. Anger renewed, Aarons looks at the note and back at Mertz one more time before crumpling the paper into a tight little ball with one hand.]

MA: Agreed?

CM: Agreed.

[Aarons reaches out his fist towards Mertz as he returns the gesture and the duo exchange a fist bump. Aarons smirks as Mertz smiles back.]

MA: Let's do this then.

[With that the duo walks off, leaving a very confused Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Guys, I have no idea what that was about, but regardless Air Strike seems determined and ready for the match at hand tonight! Let's go back to the ring for more action!

[Cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Seattle, Washington, and weighing 232 pounds... JACK JOHNSON!

[A short man with a crewcut raises his arms to no reaction.]

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

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

PW: And his opponent, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

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

GM: Gladiator is undefeated in singles competition in the AWA! And listen to this crowd... they have really taken to this man!

BW: I'll admit it, Gordo, I didn't think he could beat KING Oni but he did! That definitely put him into title contention!

GM: Gladiator is the Number One Contender for the National Title and he's ranked fourth in the World Title rankings. He has to be thinking about a title shot in the near future!

BW: Thinking implies that the man knows how to use his brain, Gordo!

GM: Are you going to argue with the way he's found success, Bucky?

BW: No, but I'd argue a man who actually thinks before he does has a better shot at winning a title! Just ask Johnny Detson! Ha ha!

GM: I don't need another reminder about that disgraceful act, Bucky.

[The bell has rung and Gladiator charges right at Johnson, who looks ready to lock up, but is met with a hard clothesline instead.]

GM: And look at this! Gladiator takes down Johnson right away!

BW: See, that kind of approach isn't going to work against a thinking man's wrestler!

GM: Perhaps not, but Gladiator is having his way with Johnson!

[Johnson gets to his feet, but Gladiator keeps moving along the ropes and floors him with another clothesline.]

GM: Johnson taken off his feet again... and a third clothesline! Gladiator not giving this young man a chance!

BW: And look at him talking to the ceiling again! Thinking men don't do things like that!

[Gladiator is reaching upward, as if calling out to the heavens above, the crowd cheering in response.]

GM: Gladiator turning back to Johnson... he lifts him up onto his shoulder!

BW: And look at this... Gladiator just walking around the ring with him on like Johnson was nothing!

[Johnson offers no resistance as Gladiator marches around the ring, then Gladiator rushes forward and drives Johnson into the canvas.]

GM: Running powerslam! And Johnson is ripe for the pickings!

BW: And Gladiator still isn't done with him! Or talking to the ceiling, for that matter!

[Gladiator drags Johnson to his feet and reaches skyward, then runs in place, drawing more cheers.]

GM: Johnson out on his feet... Gladiator running into the ropes... now off the opposite side... OH MY!

[Gladiator leaps forward and hits Johnson with a spear tackle.]

GM: Spear tackle and Johnson is out of it!

BW: That was what led to his win over KING Oni... but in this case, we know how Gladiator really wants to finish this!

[Gladiator presses his hands upward, drawing more cheers, then turns back to Johnson.]

GM: Indeed, Gladiator has dragged Johnson back up... lifts him up and overhead!

[Gladiator presses Johnson over his head and turns in a circle, allowing all four sides of the arena to witness the feat.

Then Gladiator releases Johnson and drives him down to the mat.]

GM: OVERHEAD PRESS INTO A POWERSLAM! This one is over!

[Gladiator kneels on Johnson's chest and raises his arms skyward as the referee delivers the three count.]

BW: Yeah, it's another win for Gladiator, but if he wants to be a champion, he'll have to face someone much better and smarter than the likes of Jack Johnson!

[Gladiator gets to his feet and allows the referee to raise his hand in victory.]

PW: Here is your winner... THE GLADIATOR!

[Gladiator soaks in the cheers of the fans before he ducks between the ropes and heads up the aisle.]

GM: Indeed, if Gladiator wants to become a champion, it won't be as easy as it was tonight, but I wouldn't bet against this man! Let's go up to Sweet Lou Blackwell!

[We cut to the interview podium where Sweet Lou is standing by.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome The Gladiator!

[The fans cheer as Gladiator heads up to the podium. He turns to face the crowd, raising his arms upward and shouting.]

G: SOUND THE BATTLE CRY, MY GLADIATORS!

[The fans roar in response.]

SLB: Gladiator, what a win you are coming off at SuperClash, and it's worth nothing nobody has heard from KING Oni, Doctor Harrison Fawcett, or any of his men since then! I gotta ask you, what is next in The Gladiator's future?

[Gladiator turns toward Sweet Lou, his eyes wide but a look of seriousness to them... well, serious for Gladiator, anyway.]

G: WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR THE GLADIATOR CANNOT BE PREDICTED, BUT THE GLADIATOR KNOWS WHERE HIS CALLING NOW LIES! I HAVE ALREADY SILENCED THE FALSE PROPHECIES OF HARRISON FAWCETT AND HIS EMPIRE NOW LIES IN RUINS! BUT IT HAS BECOME APPARENT THAT OTHERS ARE ATTEMPTING TO BUILD THEIR OWN EMPIRES ON THEIR OWN FALSEHOODS AND TWISTED AGENDAS!

[He turns to the camera and raises his finger.]

G: JOHNNY DETSON, YOU HAVE SHOWN THE ENTIRE WORLD THAT YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A MONGREL WHO CANNOT MEASURE UP IN COMBAT AGAINST THE GREATEST IN THESE LANDS, AND CAN ONLY ACHIEVE YOUR OBJECTIVES THROUGH UNDERHANDED MACHINATIONS AND SHORTCUTS! YOUR ACTIONS HAVE ONLY BROUGHT SHAME AND DISGRACE TO THE REWARDS THAT OTHERS HAVE ACQUIRED THROUGH SHEDDING THEIR BLOOD IN THE CONFINES WHERE REAL GLADIATORS DO BATTLE! AND IN DUE TIME, IT MAY BE MYSELF WHO CONFRONTS YOU AT THE TIME YOU RECEIVE YOUR COMEUPPANCE AND ARE SENT BACK TO THE WASTELANDS WHERE MONGRELS LIKE YOU ROLL IN THE MUCK!

[Doesn't matter if the fans can make sense of it; they cheer him anyway.]

SLB: Gladiator, are you saying that you want a shot at Johnny Detson and the World Title?

[Gladiator raises a finger toward Sweet Lou.]

G: WHAT I DECLARE IS THAT WHENEVER THE SHOT YOU SPEAK OF BECOMES REALITY, THAT JOHNNY DETSON WILL ANSWER FOR ALL THE MACHINATIONS HE UNDERTOOK, HOW HE MADE A MOCKERY OF ALL THE WHITE KNIGHT WORKED HARD TO ACHIEVE! JUPITER AND JUNO HAVE MADE CLEAR THAT THE WHITE KNIGHT SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO DETERMINE HIS OWN FATE, HIS OWN DESTINY, BUT TO BE THERE IN WAITING SHOULD THE WHITE KNIGHT CHOOSE ANOTHER PATH! BUT I WILL PROMISE JOHNNY DETSON ONE THING, AND THAT IS THE INEVITABLE OUTCOME, SHOULD HE EVER STEP FORWARD TO DO COMBAT WITH ME AND MY GLADIATORS, WILL ONLY BE HIS SWIFT DEMISE!

[The fans roar again as Gladiator turns to them.]

G: SOUND THE BATTLE CRY ONCE MORE, MY GLADIATORS!

[He raises his arms, soaking in their cheers.]

SLB: I have to ask you as well, Gladiator... you know the role Juan Vasquez played in the events that unfolded earlier tonight... he was a man that some referred to as The People's Hero and...

[Gladiator turns to Sweet Lou and raises his finger, cutting him off.]

G: JUAN VASQUEZ PROVED EARLIER HE IS NOTHING MORE THAN A TRAITOR TO THOSE WHO SEEK GLORY ONLY THROUGH HONOR! NO INDIVIDUAL WHO SEEKS GLORY THROUGH ANYTHING LESS THAN HONORABLE CAN EVER BE CALLED A HERO! HE CAN ONLY BE KNOWN AS THE SCOUNDREL THAT HE IS! BUT EVEN IN THE DARKEST HOUR THAT THESE LANDS NOW FACE, I CAN PROMISE TO ALL THAT THERE SHALL BE SOMEONE TO LEAD EVERYONE TO THE LIGHT! MY GLADIATORS KNOW I AM THAT ONE, AND THEY SHALL HOP ON MY BACK AS I LEAD THEM ALL TO VICTORY AND LEAVE THOSE WHO STAND IN MY WAY ANNIHILATED!

[He lets that last syllable hang as he marches off the interview podium.]

SLB: Oh my, it sounds like if I were Johnny Detson or Juan Vasquez, I would want to have eyes in the back of my head when it comes to that man, The Gladiator! Fans, we'll be right back after this!

[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 live action on the interview area where the one and only Mark Stegglet is standing by. The camera focuses on Mark for a few moments before pulling back and the cheers from the ladies of Las Vegas grow.]

MS: We are back here live in Las Vegas for the Season Premiere of Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X and fans, earlier tonight, we heard a blockbuster announcement from Director of Operations - Emerson Gellar - that my guest at this time...

[The camera continues to pull back revealing the National Champion, Travis Lynch standing to Mark's right. Travis is attired in a super smedium "Born in Texas, Raised a Lynch" T-shirt, a silver crucifix rests on top of the T-shirt. He's wearing blue jeans and his black cherry ostrich cowboy boots and around his waist is the AWA National Championship belt. Yet, his normal brilliant smile is missing.]

MS: ...Travis Lynch will be challenging the newly-crowned Johnny Detson for the AWA World Championship in a mere two weeks!

[Travis runs his hand through his long, wavy blonde hair.]

TL: You're talkin' two weeks from tonight, Mark. I promise you I'll get to that but I need to start back at SuperClash...

[Travis drops his head, looking down at the floor.]

BW: We're down to one Stench in the AWA and it seems the pretty boy wants to channel the broken down Jack Stench!

[The Texan continues.]

TL: A night where a man I call a brother had his arm broken by a man obsessed with one thing and one thing only, the fifteen pounds of gold currently around the waist of Johnny Detson. And I know Supreme Wright was runnin' his mouth claimin' it was to make Jack realize his potential... to help Jack finally become a championship caliber wrestler... but that's a crock! Those fifteen pounds of gold drive Wright and they drove him to break Bobby's arm!

[Travis pauses for a moment and runs his right hand through his hair again.]

TL: To Supreme there was a golden glow at the end of the tunnel. But breakin' Bobby's arm brought out a beast from deep within Jack... a beast that nearly crippled him!

[The AWA faithful in Vegas cheer loudly.]

TL: But now Jack is at home with Tammy and Jamie Christina... and after that war with Supreme... well, I don't blame him, Mark. So you want to ask me about the AWA World Championship, the championship every man in that locker room wants... the championship that has cost me my family?

[Travis glares at the camera.]

TL: Then let's talk about it! Johnny Detson, you were back there poppin' bottles celebratin' the fact that you FINALLY scored a victory over Ryan Martinez and FINALLY, FINALLY became the AWA World Heavyweight Champion! Normally I would congratulate you... but I can't... I just can't. Tonight, you didn't EARN the AWA World Championship against Ryan, you STOLE IT!

I don't care that you're poppin' bottles back in the locker room telling whoever else feels like listenin' to your lies, that you're the champion... cause you aren't a champion, Detson... you're a damn disgrace!

[Big cheer!]

TL: In under five minutes, you've taken the battles sixty-four men waged to be crowned the first World Champion and spit on them! You spit on the legacy of James Monosso, a man who literally put his body on the line with each title defense...

["The Texas Heartthrob" shakes his head in disgust.]

TL: You made a mockery of the blood spilled by Dave Bryant and Ryan Martinez to bring that title to greatness!

But I get why you had to steal the title, Detson. I get it. You had stepped into the ring twice before with Ryan and both times you failed to get the job done! Heck, even Shadoe Rage won his title in the center of the ring, against a man who was ready for him.

[Lynch grins at the shot before looking at the interviewer.]

TL: Now I know, Mark, it took me a couple of chances to win this...

[Travis pats the AWA National Championship belt around his waist.]

TL: But I won it honorably! I didn't sneak in the back door and win it by cashin' in a contract! Now night in and night out, I defend this title against all comers, includin' the man you owe your victory to Johnny, Juan Vasquez.

[And Vegas loudly begins to boo the man they once looked to as a hero.]

MS: Since you've brought him up Travis, one of the questions on everyone's mind is what do you think of Juan's actions at SuperClash?

TL: What do I think? What do I think?!? Oh it's simple, Juan Vasquez proved just how low he truly is!

[The crowd cheers in agreement.]

TL: And tonight, when you think he couldn't possibly sink any lower, he does! He comes out here, blames the fans and blames me, but you know when he looks into the mirror, he's staring directly into the eyes of the man to blame. And he's the one who has to live with memories of driving someone's skull through a table with a piledriver... he's the one who has to live with the fact that he's the reason the AWA World Championship belt is now being tarnished around the waist of Johnny Detson.

And on the first night the AWA returns to the airwaves... another of my family falls! All because of the fifteen pounds of gold around your waist, Johnny Detson!

[The AWA National Champion pauses and lowers his head for a brief moment, allowing Mark to speak again.]

MS: Travis, you have the opportunity to make history in two weeks! You can be the first man hold both the AWA National Championship and the AWA World Championship belts at one time.

TL: Let me tell ya somethin', Mark... in two weeks, it's not about makin' history! It's about how Johnny Detson disgraced the AWA World Heavyweight Championship and every man in that locker room! It's about that former supportin' actor claimin' that he's the best in the AWA today! Well, he's not and I'm gonna prove that to all you great people out there.

In two weeks time, Mark, with the good Lord Almighty by my side and these great fans supportin' me... I'm gonna be walkin' tall to that ring and when the night is over, you can bet I'll be standin' tall with the AWA World Heavyweight and National Championship belts held high for all to see!

[Lynch claps his hands together, raising an arm to cheers from the Las Vegas crowd as he turns to make his exit.]

MS: Alright, fans... you heard him right there! The Texas Heartthrob and the current National Champion is heading to Phoenix where he'll get a chance to take the World Title right off the waist of the man who stole it earlier tonight. We're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more action!

[Fade to black.]

We fade up on a dark parking lot. A motorcycle pulls in off the street, ending up in one of the spots. The person on it dismounts their cycle, pulling off their helmet and leaving it hanging off a handlebar. They're dressed in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a black leather jacket. We follow their footsteps through the parking lot, splashing through a muddy puddle before ending up pushing through the door into a sparsely-occupied saloon. The person walks in - our camera serving as their eyes as they look around the room, walking towards the only well-lit area of the place - a neon-covered jukebox. All eyes are on this newcomer as he strides to the jukebox, dropping change into it as he presses a couple of keys...

...only to hear the sounds of "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest. Nods of approval from the bar's customers as the man walks back towards the bar, slamming a hand down on it... and the World Television Title falls down on the bar next to that.

The camera cuts to a shot over the young bartender's shoulder, now showing us Supernova sitting at the bar. No sign of his trademark facepaint behind a pair of dark sunglasses. Cut again, this time showing the bartender looking at Supernova, batting her eyelashes.]

"Nice song."

[Supernova looks up, pulling off his sunglasses with a smile. He leans towards her.]

"There's more where that came from."

[We cut, showing Supernova hitting a pool trick shot with "Tom Sawyer" by Rush playing in the background.]

Cut again, Supernova beating a biker in an arm wrestling match as the ever-catchy "Can't Hold Us" belts out.

Another cut - Supernova throwing darts...

...and we cut to a graphic advertising "AWA: The Album" as a scrolling list of songs appearing on the soundtrack goes by including "Vox Populi", "Kashmir", "Black Skinhead", and more.

And then back out to the parking lot where Supernova is climbing on his motorcycle, the bartender's arms around his waist as she sits behind him. He grins at the camera, pushing the sunglasses back into place.

One last cut shows the motorcycle driving out of sight as Supernova's howl fills the air.

Fade to black.

We fade back up from black to find Mark Stegglet standing inside the ring alongside the AWA's new Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.]

MS: Welcome back to the Season Premiere of Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X and... Mr. Gellar, you've been extremely busy here tonight - unexpectedly so in many ways - but one thing we've all been waiting for since SuperClash on Thanksgiving night was this moment right here... the moment you promised "Red Hot" Rex Summers was coming. For our fans at home, let's take a quick look at what I'm referring to.

[We cut to footage marked "BACKSTAGE AT SUPERCLASH VII." Rex Summers is standing backstage, celebrating his Steal The Spotlight victory with Callum Mahoney and Kerry Kendrick when interrupted by Emerson Gellar.]

RS: Okay, so you're the new boss... and you wanted to introduce yourself because you saw me win Steal The Spotlight earlier and you thought you should get to know the guy who is going to be the next big thing around here?

[Summers breaks into an arrogant laugh. Gellar laughs along with him. Summers stops laughing. Gellar does not, keeping his gaze on Summers. He continues laughing for an uncomfortable few moments longer.]

EG: Something like that.

[There's a brief staredown before Gellar extends his hand. Summers takes it for the handshake.]

EG: Congratulations on your win tonight. Go out. Enjoy yourself.

[Summers nods, starting to walk away but Gellar hangs on.]

EG: But I'll need to see you at Saturday Night Wrestling...

[Summers raises an eyebrow, slowly nodding.]

EG: ...in the ring...

[Summers continues to nod. Gellar lets go of his hand, walking past him. He pauses before stepping out of view, reaching back to rap his knuckles on the metal case.]

EG: Oh, and make sure you bring this with you.

[Gellar smiles at Summers, walking out of view, leaving a confused Rex Summers behind as we fade back to live action of Stegglet and Gellar in the ring.]

MS: Mr. Gellar, I'm assuming you have something specific in mind to discuss with Rex Summers here tonight.

EG: I absolutely do. But what I have to say tonight doesn't just affect Mr. Summers... it affects the entire AWA.

[Gellar gestures towards the locker room as he says it.]

EG: The AWA's always been big on tradition. The yearly Rumble for a title shot. The Stampede Cup. The trips to Dallas for the Homecoming shows. And Steal The Spotlight.

When Steal The Spotlight began, Mark... it was a five on five elimination tag team match at SuperClash with the winner getting a contract that guaranteed them a future match of their choosing. That was... what? Eight years ago?

[Stegglet nods.]

EG: And now... it's still the same thing. Look, I'm not a guy changing things for the sake of changing things but what I am is someone who looks for opportunities to make things better... to make things different... to make things more exciting. And when it comes to Steal The Spotlight, there is an opportunity... a unique opportunity some might say... to make things different... to make things better... to make things more exciting. So, I'm here tonight to-

[Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me" begins to play over the arena sound system cutting Emerson Gellar off in mid-sentence.]

"STROKE ME STROKE ME"

BW: And here comes the 2015 Steal The Spotlight winner, "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[As Mickey Avalon finishes saying it's "As easy as one, two, three" the curtain opens and out walks the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers and a buxom red head. She smiles widely as her arm is wrapped around Rex's. She is wearing an Egyptian blue halter top and a pair of form fitting white pants. In her other hand, she is carrying the red Halliburton briefcase, which carries Rex Summers' Steal The Spotlight contract.

Rex is attired in a pair of black dress slacks, highly polished black dress shoes and a red dress shirt, the sleeves are rolled up neatly and the top two buttons are undone.]

GM: Summers looking as smug as ever, now that he has the Steal the Spotlight contract.

BW: And as well he should be! We saw earlier tonight what can happen when you have a contract for a match of your choice, when Johnny Detson ended the reign and maybe even the career of Ryan Martinez!

[The duo of Summers and his Sweetheart have entered the ring and Rex paces around Emerson Gellar and Mark Stegglet before he stops and stands next to Mark. Rex glares at both men for a moment before he begins to speak.]

RS: With the sounds of the slot machines and the sobs of failure as another Vegas vagrant just lost their shirt, I HAVE to believe my ears are playing tricks on me, Emerson Gellar. 'Cause I cannot believe that you just said you want to make things better and... was it more exciting you said?

[Emerson Gellar nods his head and says "That's right." As he does, Rex looks towards the ceiling of the Mandalay Bay Events Center, a look of anger upon his face.]

RS: Hi there Emerson. Remember me? If you need someone to remind you, grab one of the many women who want to be a Summers Sweetheart and they'll tell you I'm the sexiest man in the entire world! They'll tell you no one does it better than "Red Hot" Rex Summers in the squared circle or anywhere else for that matter.

[Rex flashes a sly smile to the camera and winks as he continues to speak.]

RS: And I've proved that night in and night out from Vegas to Vancouver from Tulsa to Tokyo and I put an exclamation point on it in Houston when I won the Steal the Spotlight! Show it to them, honey.

[The Summers Sweetheart holds up the custom made red Zero Haliburton briefcase with the words "Red Hot" in silver writing in a half moon upon it.]

RS: I captured the spotlight here in the AWA, but let's be honest, the spotlight is drawn to Rex Summers! You want more excitement, Emerson Gellar? When I cash in the Steal The Spotlight

[Before Rex can finish his sentence, the AWA's Director of Operations begins to speak.]

EG: Which brings me to my reason for having you out here. You won Steal The Spotlight. You carry the contract. And with that contract, you have the right to cash it in, take any match you want with advance notice. That will not change.

[Summers nods, grinning happily.]

EG: However...

[Gellar lifts a finger, earning a glare from Summers.]

EG: What WILL change is that I'm tired of seeing people sit on that contract. I'm tired of someone waiting on their moment with no risk to them. Effective immediately, if you carry that Steal The Spotlight contract...

...then you must DEFEND it as well!

[Summers lets loose a "WHAT?!" as the crowd roars.]

EG: You'll defend the contract until you cash it in. And once it's been cashed in, we're not waiting until SuperClash to give that contract out again! Steal The Spotlight will be a year-round event here in the AWA!

[Another big cheer!]

EG: So, Mr. Summers... at our Eighth Anniversary Show coming up in about a month, I pose a challenge to you. On that night, you will either cash in that contract for the match of your choice...

[He holds out one hand...]

EG: ...or you will DEFEND that contract against the opponent of MY choice.

[Gellar smiles as the crowd cheers. Summers shakes his head.]

EG: The choice is yours. I expect an answer in two weeks.

[Rex Summers is seething with anger as he stares at Emerson Gellar.]

GM: Rex Summers is beside himself right now.

BW: And he has every right to be, Gordo! I mean no one else has ever had to defend the Steal the Spotlight contract!

GM: Things are changing here in the AWA, Bucky. It's a brand new year and with the arrival of Emerson Gellar, it sounds like things are going to be shaken up a bit. Rex Summers just found that out the hard way. So, now he has a decision to make. Does he defend that Steal The Spotlight contract in four weeks' time at our Anniversary Show? Or does he cash it in for the match of his choice... perhaps even a title match?

BW: He shouldn't have to make that decision!

GM: Maybe not but that's the choice facing him in two weeks' time... and speaking of title matches, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell who is standing by with the two men who will challenge for the World Tag Team Titles later tonight!

[We fade in from the ring backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell standing between two members of the James Gang - Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Taylor is in a pair of black trunks that extend to mid-thigh along with a black vest over his bare chest. His right hand is heavily taped but he's got one heck of a grin on his face. Tony Donovan's wearing a track suit, the hood of his jacket thrown back and a big ol' grin covering his face.]

SLB: It's been an unpredictable night of action here in Las Vegas and gentlemen, you're hoping to make it even more unpredictable later tonight when you two get a shot at the World Tag Team Titles currently held by Air Strike. You two are coming off one heck of a victory at SuperClash when the James Gang handed the Dogs of War their first defeat in six man tag team action.

[Taylor nods.]

WT: One HECK of a victory is right, Sweet Lou. They said it couldn't be done! They were wrong! And when you fast forward from Thanksgiving to tonight, again... they're saying it can't be done. They're saying that two punk kids who have been a team for just over a year can't stand up against the so-called best team in the world.

SLB: How can you deny that Air Strike is the best team in the world? They're the World Tag Team Champions! They won the Stampede Cup! They beat-

TD: How can we deny that Air Strike is the best team in the world? Well, hell, Lou, it's real simple -- first, I take a breath, fill my lungs, and stand right here, stare into the camera...

[Tony proceeds to do just that.]

TD: ...and say that a better team stands right here before you! Air Strike hasn't been the better team in any single match they've won for the past year, Blackwell, but they've got a lucky streak a mile wide and the most golden of horseshoes jammed straight up their --

[Blackwell hurriedly cuts Donovan off.]

SLB: Speaking of accomplishments, you two have made it clear that you think you're going to be the Tag Team of the Year for 2016...

WT: There's no thinking about it, Lou... we WILL be the Tag Team of the Year for 2016 and there's no better way to start that run than right here tonight when we snatch those belts right off their scrawny little waists. Michael Aarons don't mean nothin' to me. Cody Mertz don't mean nothin' to me. You know who means something to me, Lou? This guy right here... my brother. I don't have a blood brother but I got three brothers that I walked into war with at SuperClash.

SLB: Speaking of which... where is Brian Lau? Where is Brian James?

TD: Don't worry about where Brian James is, Sweet Lou, because worrying will just give you grey hairs and raise your blood pressure. As for MISTER Lau, well, he's polishing off the strategy Wes and I plan to execute to perfection tonight...and ordering the champagne for the celebration to come, naturally.

SLB: I see. Now, we all know that Cody Mertz is going into this match tonight hurting.

WT: Of course we do. Mertz hurts. Mertz hurts. It's all we've heard for months.

SLB: Do you really think it's fair to force them into a tag title defense here tonight?

WT: You think Cody Mertz is the only one hurting?

TD: Did you WATCH SuperClash, Blackwell? Did you see what the three of us put ourselves through just to put down a trio of mangy, worthless mutts? Did you see all that blood left in the ring, all the bones we damn near broke, all the bruises, the welts, the contusions? We left a hell of a lot out there in that ring!

WT: That's right. And yet, we're still standing. I hurt. He hurts. Mertz hurts. Aarons probably hurts too. But at the end of the day, you tape up the ribs... you take some Advil... and you get yourself into the ring and fight for the gold. You know the best painkiller on Earth, Lou?

SLB: I'm not sure we should talk about-

WT: Winning, you simple-minded goof! Victory makes the pain go away and winning championship gold to hear Brian Lau tell it is the best of it all. We haven't felt that yet, Lou. Tonight... that changes.

TD: At SuperClash, there was pride on the line and revenge to be had, and don't get me wrong, those are two of the most powerful motivations you can ever feel...but tonight, Blackwell, tonight there's a championship to be seized. Those belts tell the locker room -- hell, they tell the WORLD that by hook, crook, or if you're Air Strike, immeasurable luck, you're the best team in the best promotion this business has to offer.

WT: Before it's all said and done, Lou, they're gonna talk about tonight as a turning point in the history of tag team wrestling. And just think, you got to be a part of it.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

WT: To you, Sweet Lou, I got two words for ya... you're welcome... and to Air Strike, tell 'em, Tony...

TD: Start running.

WT: Oh, and Lou... you're invited to our victory party. See you soon.

[Blackwell is left behind shaking his head as we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest has been scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... he hails from Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada... weighing in at 249 pounds... "CONCRETE" JOHN YEATES!

[Boos go up for the well-built man with chest hair, thick shoulders, and a lantern jaw as he tugs his leather forearm support on his left arm into place, throwing his arms up with a "YAAAAAAAAAAH!"]

PW: And his opponent...

[A trumpet fanfare leads into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" and the crowd cheers. Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and takes a deep theatrical bow to the audience.]

PW: From Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico... weighing 242 pounds... CESAR HERNANDEZ!

[A tall, rangy, dusky-skinned man with voluminous shoulder-length black hair, Hernandez sports a toothy smile as he waves to the fans, jogging confidently down the aisle. He fistpumps and claps, exhorting and greeting the fans on both sides of the aisle. It takes him little time to cover the distance to the ring, and he hops the rope, coming up in a big uppercut fistpump as the fans cheer. The clean-shaven Mexican bears the scars of years of battle, yet despite it all retains a handsome visage. He's wearing white trunks and boots (both of which are monogrammed with his initials), matching kneepads, and white wrist tape. His ring jacket is a very stylish one, with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso... it bears the color of his trunks, along with white and silver lining and trim.]

GM: One of the most popular men in the AWA locker room hits the ring, looking to get back on track after failing to win Steal The Spotlight back at SuperClash.

BW: But thanks to Emerson Gellar, he might get another shot to do it at some point. He shouldn't... but he might.

GM: An excellent point as we learned just moments ago that the Steal The Spotlight contract will now need to be defended by "Red Hot" Rex Summers until he decides to cash it in and... well, that's exciting news, Bucky.

BW: Emerson Gellar has been running around here all night long making big decisions, hiring people, changing the way things work around here. I may not like all of the decisions that he's made but you've gotta admit that he's not here to let the AWA rest on its' laurels, daddy.

GM: Absolutely not. Coming off perhaps the greatest show in AWA history at SuperClash, many would sit back and back in the glory but Emerson Gellar is coming in hot and shaking up the ship.

[Hernandez takes a slow jog about the ring, pumping his legs to limber up, as he greets and urges on the fans on each side...

...and gets blindsided by "Concrete" John Yeates who shouts "SHAAAA!" as he connects with his leather forearm support to the back of the head.]

GM: There's the bell and John Yeates deciding he didn't want to wait for it, coming right after Cesar Hernandez.

BW: I like that strategy. Try and get an early advantage. Put yourself in position to win the match. Yeates a heckuva competitor, Gordo.

GM: A 20+ year veteran of the squared circle, John Yeates' best days are likely behind him but you better believe he's got a good fight in him every time he steps inside that ring.

[Turning Hernandez around, Yeates slams home a fist into the midsection, earning a reprimand from referee Scott Ezra.]

GM: One of our new officials who debuted at SuperClash, Scott Ezra trying to get him to back off and give Hernandez a chance.

BW: Fat chance of that.

[Another fist to the gut has Hernandez reeling, grabbing at his midsection as Yeates grabs him by the arm, whipping him across with a "YAAAAAA!"]

GM: The veteran into the ropes, coming off the far side towards Yeates...

[And Hernandez elevates his 242 pound, taking Yeates down to the mat with a crossbody. Knowing it's not enough to get a pin, Hernandez scampers to his feet, ready and waiting as Yeates struggles to get up off the canvas...]

GM: Yeates on his way up... and Hernandez takes him right back down with an armdrag!

[With Yeates down on the mat, Hernandez gives the left arm a jerk before dropping to a knee, hooking the arm under his armpit as Yeates exclaims, "NONONONONO!"]

GM: Cesar Hernandez wasting absolutely no time in going after the left arm of John Yeates.

BW: The INJURED left arm, I might add.

GM: Injured?! Are you talking about that leather brace?! He's been wearing that for two decades now!

BW: Hey, it's a bad injury. He's considering surgery on it.

GM: Give me a break.

[Climbing to his feet, Hernandez hangs on to the wrist before dropping a leg across the bicep causing Yeates to cry out with a "AAAAHHHHNO!" Hernandez grins as he gets back up, watching as Yeates rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: "Concrete" John Yeates bailing out of the ring.

BW: Good call. Things weren't going his way so why stick around for more? Get on out of there and regroup.

[Yeates walks around the ringside area, shaking out his left arm.]

GM: John Yeates getting a ten count out there on the floor as Hernandez shouts for him to get back in the ring.

BW: That's one of Hernandez' worst traits on display. He's got that temper, Gordo.

GM: He certainly does. One of the hottest tempers in the AWA.

BW: He gets this look on his face when that temper flashes and-

GM: You saw that look when he broke your leg?

BW: We're not talking about that.

[Gordon chuckles as Yeates climbs up at the apron at the count of eight, waving a hand, shouting at the referee.]

GM: Yeates wants Hernandez out of the way as he gets back in...

[Hernandez rushes in at him...

...but Yeates ducks back through the ropes, his torso between the ropes with a "GETIMBACKGETIMBACKREF!"]

GM: The crowd getting on "Concrete" John Yeates' case for this one...

BW: Like he cares. Yeates has been getting booed for over twenty years. The opinions of these goofs in Vegas aren't going to hurt his feelings.

[Hernandez watches as Yeates comes back through the ropes and rushes in again...

...only to have Yeates duck back through the ropes again to loud jeers from the crowd!]

GM: This is ridiculous, Bucky. Does the man want to compete or not?

BW: Of course he does... but on his terms... not Cesar Hernandez'.

[Hernandez complains loudly to the referee, his temper growing as Yeates smirks. Yeates waits until Hernandez has been backed up before ducking back through. Hernandez pushes past the referee, coming at Yeates who ducks through the ropes with a "NONONO!"]

GM: Yeates does it again and...

[This time, Hernandez shakes his head, reaching over the ropes to BLAST Yeates with a right hand, sending him falling back...

...but the ropes swing him back up where Hernandez smashes the fist in again to big cheers!]

GM: Oh my! A little rocking chair action here in Las Vegas!

[Hernandez lands a third blow when Yeates is swung back into range by the ropes, this one causing Yeates to fall out of the ropes, landing on the ring apron where the Latino veteran reaches over the top, grabbing him by his curly black hair.]

GM: Hernandez hauling him up to his feet, pulls him into the front facelock... looks like he's going to bring him in the hard way...

[He slings Yeates' arm over his neck, elevating him as Yeates goes "NONONONO!" while being lifted into the air...

...and dropped down in a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: Big suplex up and over the top!

[Hernandez climbs to his feet, pumping a fist to the cheers of the crowd. He walks in a circle around Yeates as the veteran journeyman tries to get up off the mat...

...and gets BLASTED with a right hand between the eyes, sending Yeates staggering back, his arms hooking over the top rope!]

GM: Hernandez has got Yeates on the ropes... another big haymaker on the jaw!

[This time, it's Hernandez who earns the warning for the illegal actions but he ignores the official, grabbing an arm, twisting it around. He gives it a hard yank before slipping his hand behind Yeates' neck, pushing down to flip him over and onto his back...

...and then leaps into the air, dropping his knee down on the leather arm guard!]

GM: Oh my! And right back into the armbar!

[Hernandez yanks on the arm, shouting "ASK HIM!" to the official who obliges. Yeates responds with a "NONONONOOOO!"]

GM: Cesar Hernandez working a typical Cesar Hernandez style here - starting with the arm, wearing it down, and you can assume at some point, he'll switch to the leg in hopes of setting up for the figure four leglock.

[Yeates quickly slips a knee under him, pushing up off the mat as Hernandez hangs on to the armbar.]

GM: Hernandez to his feet... and now Yeates does the same in this battle of 20+ year veterans.

[Putting his hand over Hernandez' nose, he pushes him back against the ropes where the official calls for a break...

...and he pulls his left arm free before BLASTING Hernandez with a forearm shot across the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Yeates!

BW: You call it cheap, I call it effective.

[Yeates shakes out the left arm again before lunging forward, driving a knee up into the midsection!]

GM: Yeates goes downstairs!

[Grabbing the arm, Yeates whips Hernandez across the ring, throwing a left hand to the midsection as he rebounds, doubling up Hernandez. Yeates swings around, moving in behind him...]

GM: Yeates hoists him up...

[But in mid-lift, Hernandez drives a series of right hands into the skull of Yeates, reversing the backdrop suplex attempt into a headlock takedown to big cheers!]

GM: Oh my! Nice counter out of Hernandez as he-

[Sliding to a knee, grabbing a handful of curly hair, Hernandez DRIVES his fist down between the eyes repeatedly!]

GM: He's beating the maple syrup right out of the Canadian!

[Hernandez breaks at the count of four, climbing to his feet and grabbing Yeates by the leg. Yeates shouts, "NONONONO!" as he grabs the bottom rope, trying to pull himself to safety...

...but Hernandez pulls hard on the leg, dragging him away. Still holding the leg, Hernandez drops an elbow down into the knee joint!]

GM: Big elbow down across the knee!

[Hernandez gets up, dropping the elbow again...]

GM: And another one!

[Getting back to his feet again, still holding the leg, Hernandez does a front flip, snapping the hamstring viciously!]

GM: Ohh!

[Yeates flails about on the mat, grabbing at the back of his leg as Hernandez rolls back to a knee, nodding to the cheering crowd. Yeates starts crawling across the ring as the Latino veteran climbs to his feet, walking after him...]

GM: Yeates over by the ropes, trying to get off the mat...

[Sweeping in behind him, Hernandez lifts Yeates into the air, turning to face the ring as he drops him down across a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Shinbreaker by Hernandez!

[Still holding the leg, Hernandez leaves Yeates bouncing on one foot for a moment before he uses his leg to back trip "Concrete" John, putting him down on the mat.]

GM: Hernandez puts him down... wraps up the leg...

[The crowd ROARS as Hernandez falls back in the figure four leglock!]

GM: FIGURE FOUR!

[Yeates shouts and screams, slapping at the canvas for a few seconds...

...and then the official breaks away, waving for the bell.]

GM: Oh yeah! Cesar Hernandez picks up the win with the figure four leglock!

[Breaking the hold, Hernandez does another fistpump as he climbs to his feet, saluting the cheering crowd. He allows the referee to raise his hand as the ring announcer makes it official.]

GM: And Cesar Hernandez is about to join us here at ringside for-

BW: Us? Here? I don't think so. I'm out of here, Gordo.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Some wounds never truly heal, I suppose.

[We cut to a shot of ringside where Bucky Wilde is scampering out of view as Gordon Myers rises from his seat, mic in hand.]

GM: Joining me here in just a moment will be... here he comes now...

[Cesar Hernandez walks into frame, his body shining from the sheen of sweat he worked up in the match. He pats Gordon on the shoulder as he approaches.]

GM: Cesar, mi amigo... congratulations on another victory.

[Hernandez nods.]

CH: Gracias, gracias, Gordon. It's always good to be in front of a hot crowd here on Saturday Night Wrestling...

[Big cheer from the "hot crowd!"]

CH: ...and it feels even better to pick up a win especially against a tough competitor like John Yeates.

GM: That couldn't have been the first time you and Mr. Yeates have clashed.

[Cesar chuckles.]

CH: No, no... not at all. In the over twenty years we've both been in this business, our paths have crossed a lot of times and... well, let's just say it feels good to get this win, Gordon.

GM: Well, not to spoil the mood but let's talk about SuperClash where you did NOT get the win.

[Hernandez grimaces.]

CH: I walked into Houston hoping to beat the odds. Professional wrestling is a young man's game, Gordon. The office... the media... the fans... they're always looking to see who's going to be the next big thing whether it's mi amigo, Ryan... you're in my thoughts, champ...

[Cheers from the crowd.]

CH: ...or someone like Jordan Ohara who came on the scene hot at Steal The Spotlight... or even someone like Max Magnum who hasn't even made the roster yet but is still one of the most talked-about wrestlers in the world. They're not really thinking about someone like me or Sweet Daddy Williams but they should be because on any given night, we can succeed to the level we have our entire career. That's what I wanted to do at SuperClash but I'll be the first to admit that I failed...

...and now that...

[The veteran shakes his head.]

GM: Easy, Cesar.

CH: Sorry, Gordon. That guy gets my temper hot.

GM: Red hot?

[Hernandez chuckles.]

CH: Absolutely. Usually, seeing his face makes me want to punch it... but a little while ago, we found out that Rex Summers' win at SuperClash didn't have the happy ending he thought it did. We found out that he's going to have to defend that contract for as long as he has it.

[The veteran holds up his index finger.]

CH: And I'm gonna be the first in line to get my shot at it. Sign the contract, Summers... and bring that contract 'cause I'm gonna take it! Vamos!

[He throws another fistpump before exiting out of view to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: A fired up Cesar Hernandez is on the hunt for Rex Summers and the Steal The Spotlight contract! Fans, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling right here LIVE on The X so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"With the very best trainers in the business, the AWA Combat Corner is the most-equipped training facility to get you in shape and get you in the ring in the shortest amount of time."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"So, stop by the Combat Corner today... call our offices... visit our website... and let them know that you want to be the next AWA Superstar! You want to be the future of the business! You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...]

As we come back from commercials, drums and horns signify the beginning of Samuel Barber's "Adagio for Strings". The arena lights go black as a single white spotlight shines on the entrance way.]

GM: We are back here on Saturday Night Wrestling and... what is this? Whose music is this?

BW: I don't recognize it, Gordo.

[The curtains part and a figure robed and caped in black emerges onto the stage. He stands for a moment, letting the cameras get a close look at his face beneath the hood.]

GM: It's the former World Television champion, Shadoc Rage!

BW: Should still be the World Television champion to be honest. He got robbed royally in that match!

GM: Will you stop?

BW: Did I lie?

[The King of Rage Country looks a lot different than when we last saw him enter the arena at SuperClash. Not only has the music changed, but he has changed. He is robed in black tights and boots with silver accents. He wears a black underskirt and flaring black leather surcoat over top. His shoulders and head are draped in a tattered hooded cape. Underneath his visage is cruel. His beard is fuller and not twisted into braids. His eyes aren't hidden behind sunglasses. They are cold eyes. Rage moves smoothly down the ramp to the ring. He glides up the steps and flows between the ropes. He stands center ring as the boos wash over him, one black-gloved hand extended for the microphone a ring attendant brings him as the Las Vegas crowd starts a chant.]

"YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!"
clap clap clapclapclap
"YOU CAN'T HAVE HER!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[Rage glares up at the crowd under his hood. He stares into the hard camera as he raises the microphone to his lips.]

GM: New look for the former World Television champ.

BW: Looks like he's been inspired by that new Star Wars flick, Gordo.

[Rage begins to speak. His raspy voice issues calmly to the hateful crowd.]

SR: You can mock me all you want, but the fact remains that I AM the greatest World Television champion of all time. And I HAVE the most successful title defenses of any World champion in AWA history. So go ahead and mock me. Go ahead and mock me. That's as close as you'll ever come to greatness. Go home and brag to your friends that you heckled Shadoo Rage. See if they don't pat you on the back. See if they don't laugh. See if they don't look at you like you're special. Because you got close to greatness and you're just basking in my reflected glory. And you're celebrating the World Television championship being stolen from me because it makes you feel better about your pathetic lives.

Don't worry. I know what you expect. I know you expect me to come out here and throw a tantrum. I know you expect me to rant and rave and lose my mind. I know. I'm not going to give you that satisfaction. I'm not going to give Supernova that satisfaction. I'm not going to give Melissa Cannon that satisfaction. No... no way, man. Be too easy for you all to sit around and laugh.

[Rage uses his left hand to throw back his hood. His sharply handsome features become clear. His locks spill out over his shoulders. He looks more serious than he ever has before.]

SR: Funny things seem to happen to your favored champions round here.

[He looks directly to the spot where Juan Vasquez laid out Ryan Martinez.]

SR: Some records were made to be broken, I guess.

[The crowd boos as Rage blinks and looks up at them. The corner of his lip curls up into a sneer. Suddenly, he steps out of the ring and heads to ringside.]

GM: Where is he going?

BW: Looks like he's going to confront the crowd head on!

[But Rage stops in front of a woman... a very tall, very strong-looking woman with a big natural afro.]

GM: Is that Marissa Monet?

BW: What she handing him?

[Yes, it is Marissa Monet in the crowd and she hands Rage a blanket-swaddled bundle. Rage stares at the bundle with a strange expression on his face before he heads back into the ring. He faces the hard camera, lifting the little bundle close to his face to reveal a little brown-skinned baby, snuggling against his hairy cheek.]

SR: Say hello to Adrianna.

[He pecks her on her forehead.]

SR: This is my firstborn child. She was born nine months after SuperClash VI. I won more than the title in New York!

[The camera cuts to an embarrassed Marissa Monet.]

GM: Where is this going?

BW: I have no clue.

[Rage continues.]

SR: SuperClash VII she was supposed to see her father triumph. She was supposed to see how great her father was! It was supposed to be a celebration. But she didn't get to see that. No, she got to see what a cruel world this world is. She got to learn a harsh lesson at three months old. When you're great, they hate.

BW: It's true, Gordo! He's got a point!

GM: So you're admitting the Lynches are great?

BW: Watch your mouth!

[Rage drops to a tailor-fashioned seat, cradling Adrianna in his free arm.]

SR: I never lost the AWA World Television title. You all know that. They stole it from me to protect their White Knight! They stole it from me to reward the company man, Supernova. It didn't work. Because now everybody knows what I always knew, Supernova was way outclassed. Ryan Martinez wasn't good enough to outlast me as a champion. Johnny Detson, you made my heart sing when you took the other World title from him. Let him know what it feels like.

And Supernova, you're going to know what it feels like because I'm coming to take my title back. What's mine can never be taken from me. But for now, enjoy your run. You'll learn what it means to be a great World Television Champion. You insulted the men in the back that are the foundation of this title when you said I never faced anybody important for it.

I guess Donnie White wasn't important? Sweet Daddy Williams wasn't important? Rex Summers? Rashan Hill? Amos Carter? Cesar Hernandez? Maybe you're right. They don't matter to a man like you. You're a self-centered coward. I can't wait to see your list of contenders. A champion is his challengers, Supernova. I made that belt. I defended it night and day. Anywhere. Against anyone. And that's what made me the greatest World Television Champion around. And now that you stole greatness away from me, you have the responsibility. You better defend that belt against everyone. Everywhere. Every time. It's a massive responsibility. You can't show up once every thirty days. You better grind, Supernova. Keep the title great. Because when I come back for her and you've let her down... I don't know what I'll do.

[Little Adrianna's fingers find their way into her father's mouth. He smacks them with his lips and gums them before he gently pulls away.]

SR: Adri, I don't know what your father will do to that man if he lets her down.

[He gums at her arm.]

SR: Maybe break his arm.

[He taps her legs with his head.]

SR: Break his legs.

[He nuzzles her face with his cheek.]

SR: Break his neck? I don't know.

BW: This is the most erratic we've ever seen Shadoe Rage.

GM: He was always crazy, but now it looks like he's gone insane. That's his daughter in there with him for crying out-

[Rage's words cut off Bucky.]

SR: Adrianna, you're going to learn another lesson. No matter what happens to you in this world, if someone wrongs you... you get even. Hear me? You get even. And there's one person that I'm going to get even with no matter what.

Melissa Cannon, you just signed a death warrant.

[The crowd rumbles with shock.]

GM: Did he just threaten Melissa Cannon? A woman?

BW: He did!

[Rage continues.]

SR: You had one job to do! Enforce the rules! A man is outside the ring? Count him out. A man breaks the rules? Disqualify him. A man says he submits? Ring the bell. But you didn't do any of that, did you? You refused to follow any of the rules. You made certain that Supernova was gifted the title.

Why? Jealousy? Envy? You're upset that I asked for you to be a referee?

It wasn't like you had a lot on your schedule, though, was it Melissa? You couldn't get to SuperClash on your own so you should have been thankful for one night I made you relevant. But your jealous and hateful nature got the best of you again. You struck me? You refused to count me out? You refused to disqualify me? You pretend like I submitted when I was marshaling my strength to escape the Solar Flare? You rob these people of a chance to witness greatness? Why? Because your feelings got hurt that you weren't good enough to get a match at SuperClash. Well, that wasn't my fault. And what happens next isn't my fault. It's your fault.

[Rage nods, looking around at the crowd.]

SR: It's going to be Cannon versus Rage!

[Big shocked reaction from the Las Vegas crowd!]

SR: Because you wanted it that way. You want to play with the big boys? I'm a big man. I'm more man than you're used to. I'm more man than Supernova. And that's too much for you. Don't believe me? Find out. Two weeks from tonight in Phoenix, I'm throwing out the challenge! Cannon versus Rage! I put this on Adrianna, you will pay for what you did to her father. I will humiliate you and crush you in this ring. You want to play with me?

[Oddly, he starts rocking Adrianna back and forth, making her coo with joy. Rage looks up from his child and lets the threat hang in the air. He gets to his feet and slips back to ringside, returning his child to Marissa Monet. He walks back to the ring, climbing up the ring ropes to stand on the top turnbuckle.]

SR: I would love it!

["Adagio for Strings" begins. Rage pulls his hood back over his head.]

SR: I would love it!

[Rage is still mumbling to himself as we slowly fade away from him...

...and we cut to what looks like a typical city neighborhood, where Gordon Myers, who wears an overcoat over a navy suit coat, white shirt, red tie and navy suit pants, stands in front of a small, gray, two-story house. He stands next to the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers stand to Gordon's left and Howie is dressed in a Boston Bruins jersey and blue jeans. Next to Howie is Daniel Harper, who wears a black jacket over a dark blue T-shirt and blue jeans.]

GM: I'm here in Boston with the members of Next Gen... specifically, at the home of Howie Somers' parents. His parents were gracious enough to allow me to visit so that we can get to know the members of Next Gen a little better. Howie, I understand you and your sister lived here for most of your lives?

HS: That's right, sir. We were born and raised in Boston, some might say we were raised on a seafood diet, cheered on the Red Sox, loved every moment of the Patriots' dynasty, and better know everything there is to know about Aerosmith, the Boston Marathon and the ride of Paul Revere.

GM: Not only that, but you and your sister are the niece and nephew of Eric Somers, one half of former AWA tag team champions Rough N Ready. I understand we're going to learn plenty about life for you growing up and how you decided to enter professional wrestling.

HS: Yes, sir, and it's also a good time for my partner here [motioning to Daniel] to learn more about my background, too.

DH: You see, Gordon, while we've been teaming together for nearly a year, I haven't had many opportunities to visit my partner's old stomping grounds. Besides, it's a chance to let everyone know just how much Howie and I were connected in terms of our wrestling roots and how there's no way we're ever gonna disappoint those who came before us!

GM: Fans, we're going to head inside and have a look at a few things.

[The three walk up the pathway toward the front door.

The shot cuts to inside the home. Gordon, Howie and Daniel all stand in a hallway, Gordon and Daniel having removed their coats. Between Gordon and Howie is a photo of what appears to be Howie as a young boy, dressed in hockey goalie gear. Gordon motions to the photo.]

GM: Fans, you'll notice behind me that this is a photo of Howie Somers from his days playing youth hockey. Howie, as I understand it, hockey was your first love?

HS: Yeah, here in Boston, the Bruins have a long, storied history with this city and it's hard not to fall in love in hockey. I played goalie for about six years, until I was 14 years old. I guess I just loved the fast pace of the game, but the way I was

built, as you can see here, I had a stocky build, so of course they made me a goalie.

DH: You gotta have fast reflexes to be a goalie, though, don't you? I mean, you can't just sit there in front of the net and expect to block everything with your body!

HS: [shakes his head] No, you can't, my friend, but see, I did have pretty good reflexes and agility for a kid of my size. So I was able to stick around in youth leagues and hold my own, even if I wasn't the best at what I did.

GM: So what made you decide to get out of the sport?

HS: [sighing] To be honest, sir, I realized I wasn't good enough to make it in the big leagues. I always kept myself in good shape and I had good reflexes, but that wasn't enough to keep up with the best of the best. Now, I have no regrets doing it, because anything you can do as a kid to keep yourself busy is a good thing, but just as importantly, you find out what you excel at and what you do well. And my parents always told me, when you realize something isn't for you, you need to move on, but when you do, make sure you know you did your best, and I went out of hockey knowing I did my best.

GM: I take it that influenced you as you started your wrestling career?

HS: It did, sir. Every time I step into that ring, I want to do my best, no matter the situation. Now, my partner and I, we've had our ups and downs but we've always gone out there expecting to do our best, every single time. And not just from my time in AWA, but from my time elsewhere, I've learned that the world of professional wrestling is where I was meant to be.

GM: Well, that would bring us to the influence of another one of your family members, Howie, which we will get to in just a few minutes.

[The shot fades away and cuts to a closeup photo of Eric Somers. He looks younger in this photo. The shot pulls back and we see that the photo rests alongside an end table, next to a small couch, on which Howie sits nearest to the photo and Gordon sits next to him. Daniel stands next to the table.]

GM: Of course, Howie is the nephew of Eric Somers, and as I understand it, it was your uncle who sparked your interest in wrestling. Howie, what can you tell us about how you got involved?

[Howie reaches over to grab the picture of his uncle.]

HS: My uncle got his start in the Northwest at a company called the Northwest Wrestling Conference, later called NWC. Long story short, it was a regional company that started in Portland, but got forced out and went on a tour of other regions before a new arena was built in Seattle, where the company settled down. My uncle wrestled alongside his longtime friend Dave Cooper, but after NWC closed its doors, my uncle spent time working as a referee but never found it to his liking. As he once told me, it was a lot more fun to be tossing wrestlers around than keeping them in line.

DH: And then there was the MBC... you gotta tell him about MBC, Howie!

HS: [smiling and nodding] Ah, yes, MBC. Mr. Myers, I'm sure you knew my uncle was pretty eccentric, some might say he was off the wall, and MBC... well, to say that place was off the wall would be an understatement. He fit right in with that promotion and its offbeat approach to the business. And it landed him a UWF contract for a short period, but while he liked wrestling on that big stage, it never

felt like home to him. And when he went back to MBC, he started bringing me and my sister to all the shows and that's when I fell in love with this business.

GM: What were some of the things you learned from your uncle?

[Howie places the picture back on the end table.]

HS: The one thing my uncle always told me is you have to follow your own mind and your own heart when it comes to what you want to do. Now, I won't say I've approved of everything my uncle did... after all, sir, you know about some of the things he did in the AWA, how he and Dave Cooper won their first tag team championship and how he hung around with Johnny Detson. I knew that relationship wasn't going to end on a good note, but the only reason I didn't tell him so early on was because I remembered how he told me that you have to follow your own mind and your own heart. I don't have to like what he did, and not too long ago, I told him as much.

DH: And I'll tell you right now, Gordon, I had to bite my tongue for too long when I saw his uncle palling around with Detson. I never liked that man from the day I set foot in the AWA locker room!

HS: [holding up his hand] Easy there, my friend, I get what you're saying... but my point, Mr. Myers, is that I never forgot what my uncle taught me, and when I knew in my heart and in my head that I wanted to be a professional wrestler, my uncle was more than happy to make sure he helped train me. And Dave Cooper, back when he was somebody I felt comfortable approaching, he taught me a lot about the business, too. Sarah Sharpe, the woman that got us contracts, she taught me a lot of things, too. And I spent time listening to others backstage at UWF and especially MBC events. Alex Extreme might have been one of my biggest influences, Mr. Myers.

GM: [nodding] Certainly is interesting to learn that Dave Cooper is one of the people who helped prepare you for your wrestling career... I can imagine you would have plenty of things to say about what he's done as of late.

DH: You don't want to get me started on that, Gordon!

HS: [holds up his hand] Yeah, we better not, Daniel, as much as I might like to talk about that. [Turns to Gordon.] And, no, we're not considering membership in the Lion's Den, before you ask.

GM: I'm sure your fans will be glad to know that... but what we'd like to talk about next is your start in the wrestling business.

[The shot fades out and cuts to one in which Gordon, Howie and Daniel are seated around a kitchen table, each with a glass of water in front of them. Howie holds in his hand a black mask.]

GM: Howie, tell us about what this mask is all about. I understand that this has something to do with your first years in the wrestling business.

HS: That's right, sir, when I started out in this business, I wrestled under a mask alongside my sister, Julie.

GM: [sits up straighter, as if surprised] Really?

HS: Yeah, that was MBC... like I told you, MBC was off the wall. Marched to a beat of its own drum, you might say. It was not unusual to see men wrestling women or men teaming with women and that was by design. More importantly, Julie and I had

grown up together for so long, we didn't want to start our careers apart. So we put on masks and called ourselves The Chromosomes, X and Y.

DH: Believe me, Gordon, we could be here all day for the stories about MBC. My mother had a few stories to share with me. How long have you got, huh?

GM: Well... what you have to share, Howie, is most unusual, but OK...

DH: Like I asked you, how long have you got?

HS: [holding up his hand] Daniel, easy does it... I don't think Mr. Myers could process everything there was to know about MBC, so let's keep ourselves focused, huh?

GM: [nodding] Yes, that may be for the best. Now, Howie, what exactly did you learn from your time wrestling in MBC?

HS: [holds up the mask] For one thing, you find out how difficult it is to wrestle wearing this thing. It's sometimes hard to see out of the eye holes, it sometime fits too tight. I know there are a lot of guys in this business who spend their entire careers wearing masks, and that down in Mexico, many of them wear them outside the ring, too. I understand in places like Mexico there's a lot of tradition, but when it came to my sister and I, we just wore them to keep people guessing as to who we really were. But, yeah, while I know for some wrestlers, the mask carries a lot of great meaning, it's not something I'd want to do all the time.

GM: What about the importance of working together as a team? I know that was your sibling you teamed with, but I would imagine there's more involved than that.

HS: [nodding] You learn there's a lot involved with figuring how you complement one another's styles. You look around in the AWA and you can see the variety of teams that are out there. Some are like Air Strike, in which they each wrestle similar styles but they learned how to be a cohesive unit. Others may be like the Wilde Bunch, where you have two big men, one bigger than the other, but each of them can do different things well and they figure out how to mesh them together. But regardless of who you are, what you can do or how you are related, you have to find out how you best work together if you are going to make things work out. If you don't do that, you aren't going to get far in tag team wrestling.

GM: I have to ask you one other thing, Howie. Your sister competed at SuperClash but you and Daniel were not on the card. What are your thoughts about that?

[Howie sets the mask aside.]

HS: Honestly, sir, I'm disappointed we didn't get on the SuperClash card. It was a rough first year for Daniel and I, but we had hoped we might find our way into some opportunity, whether it was Steal the Spotlight, a straight-up tag match or something else. Now, I'm happy for my sister, that she got to live her dream, but now I've got a dream to fulfill, and that's to get on the SuperClash card in 2016. My partner Daniel, we've got our work cut out for us to get there, but there's a big opportunity as well, knowing that the tag team scene is looking so much different this year. Believe me, we're going to get ourselves focused and on track in 2016, because we don't want to be left off the SuperClash card for two years straight.

GM: I'm sure your fans will be pulling for you to realize that dream. I thank you for taking some time to let people know more about yourself. Daniel, we'll be taking time to get to know you in the future. I do look forward to our upcoming visit to El Paso, Texas.

DH: That's right, Gordon, and believe me, you'll learn a lot about the legacy I have to live up to and why I'm not about to miss out on the next SuperClash, no matter what it takes!

[We cut back to live action to Gordon and Bucky down at ringside.]

GM: That was Part One of my up-close visits with Next Gen... and I can't wait for Part Two when we learn more about the son of a Hall of Famer, Daniel Harper.

BW: All that "Mr. Myers" and "Sir" stuff... ugh.

GM: Of course you'd have a problem with young men showing some respect in this business.

BW: Respect is one thing. Sucking up is another. They just want you to sing their praises on the mic, Gordo.

GM: I highly doubt that. I think they're two fine young men who have their entire future ahead of them here in the AWA... and speaking of two fine young men, it's time for our World Television Title showdown with Supernova defending the title against Allen Allen!

BW: What a joke. Supernova is picking his challengers... hand-picking them... and he's picked a guy who-

GM: Who defeated Mr. Sadisuto late last year and has been on a roll since then?

BW: A few months of success doesn't override years of failure in my book, Gordo. I think this is a sham of a TV Title defense... and I bet Shadoe Rage had no idea when he was out here that THIS was what Supernova had in mind for his first defense.

GM: It wouldn't surprise me in the least to find out that Shadoe Rage is living in his own world and has absolutely no idea of anything else happening around him. He may have no clue at all that Supernova is even defending the title here tonight - he certainly didn't seem to when we heard from him earlier. But I believe this is going to be a stiff challenge for Supernova.

BW: You're as delusional as... as...

GM: Shadoe Rage? Fans, let's go to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA World Television Championship! Introducing first... from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing in at 207 pounds... ALLEN ALLLLLLLLLLLENNNNNNN!

["Good Time" by Owl City and Carly Rae Jepsen breaks out over the PA system. Come on, everybody... sing along!]

GM: The first man to challenge for the World Television Title is about to come through that curtain!

[Allen Allen comes jogging into view, wearing a silver duster with his name written on the back in red glittering script. He's wearing red trunks and white boots, slapping all the offered hands he can reach.]

GM: And there he is, fans! Perhaps eternally an underdog but Allen Allen has arrived here in Las Vegas with a dream in his heart and the stars in his eyes!

BW: With a... are you kidding me?! This is ALLEN ALLEN!

[The nervous-looking Allen quickly makes his way down the aisle, climbing through the ropes where he throws an arm into the air to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: What an opportunity for Allen Allen tonight... a chance to become the World Television Champion!

BW: I still don't understand how this guy gets a title shot. Wasn't Supernova saying that Shadoe Rage didn't face enough worthy contenders?

GM: After what Allen Allen has done the past few months, I'd say he has made himself a worthy contender, Bucky.

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

PW: And his opponent, hailing from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... he is the reigning AWA World Television Champion...

THIS...

IS...

SUPERNOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame. He has the AWA World TV title strapped around his waist.

As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade.]

GM: Supernova coming off a hard-fought victory at SuperClash, and now we'll see how he fares in his first title defense. And listen to these fans, Bucky... they love this man!

BW: Well, Supernova may have come away with the title, but now he's got to show he can keep it! And he's got a lot of people who want their shot... I know Shadoe Rage is waiting for his rematch. But this match... it makes you wonder if Supernova is afraid to give Rage that rematch.

GM: I doubt that very much. There are many worthy contenders and Rage will get his chance again, but this was the match signed for tonight, and it's Supernova's way of showing he'll take on any challenge.

BW: Yeah, any challenge but the former champion!

[Supernova reaches the ring and climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl. He unstraps the TV title belt and raises it above his head, drawing loud cheers.]

GM: Here we go, fans... the first TV title defense for Supernova! Either he'll start the new year on a high note, or it could be Allen Allen with the biggest win yet of his career!

BW: Can you imagine Allen Allen winning the TV title? They might want to check the temperature under the earth to see if the devil is wearing earmuffs!

GM: You are one of a kind, Bucky.

[Supernova hands over the World TV Title to the referee, who holds it above his head for all to see. He hands it over to Phil Watson, who takes it with him to the ringside table.]

GM: The referee is calling for the bell... this one will be underway!

[Supernova walks to the center of the ring and extends his hand to Allen Allen.]

GM: And a gesture of sportsmanship by the new TV champion!

BW: Oh, come on, I wouldn't put it past Supernova to sucker him in for a cheap shot!

GM: I doubt that very much.

[Allen cautiously extends his hand and the two shake. The challenger nods at Supernova and the two circle each other and lock up.]

GM: Collar and elbow tie-up... Supernova with the advantage and pushes Allen to the corner.

BW: Well, he is the larger of the two, the stronger of the two. I'm still waiting for that cheap shot, though.

GM: Oh, give it a rest, Bucky.

[The referee calls for the break and Allen raises his arms. Supernova slowly backs off toward the center of the ring, sizes up Allen and nods.]

GM: A clean break, Bucky. What do you have to say now?

BW: He's lulling Allen Allen into a false sense of security.

GM: You have got to be kidding me.

BW: Hey, I'd do the same thing, Gordo!

GM: I'm sure you would.

[Allen approaches Supernova and the two lock up once again. Supernova is quick to apply a side headlock to the challenger.]

GM: Supernova with the headlock and Allen trying to find a way to get out.

BW: See, this is where Supernova can sneak in an eye gouge when the referee can't see it.

GM: I doubt Supernova would ever employ your strategy.

BW: It's a winning strategy, Gordo! Look up my track record for the proof!

[Allen manages to push Supernova into the ropes and the referee calls for a break, but Allen shoves the champion off to the opposite side.]

GM: Supernova coming off the ropes... and a shoulder tackle sends Allen to the canvas!

[Supernova reaches down and brings Allen to his feet, then clamps on the side headlock again.]

GM: The champion going back to the headlock.

BW: Supernova is keeping it basic so far. Maybe that's enough against Allen Allen.

GM: It's still early in the match, Bucky.

[Allen is able to push Supernova into the ropes again and shoves him off.]

GM: Supernova sent into the ropes... here's a clothesline... but Allen ducks it!

[Supernova comes off the opposite side, but Allen Allen is waiting for him and hiptosses the champion to the mat.]

GM: A hiptoss! And Supernova getting to his feet.

[Supernova stands near the corner, sizing up Allen, who looks a little surprised, but his eyes show a hint of confidence.]

GM: A nice move by Allen Allen and Supernova nodding at the challenger.

BW: He did catch the champion off guard, I'll give him that.

[Supernova and Allen approach each other again and lock up, and this time, it's Allen clamping on the headlock.]

GM: And now Allen Allen with a headlock! And he's got it locked tight, Bucky!

BW: Now, if Supernova isn't gonna take my advice, Allen Allen should! Break out the old Greco-Roman eye pull! Or the Greco-Roman throat shot!

GM: I doubt Allen Allen wants your advice either, Bucky.

BW: Too bad for him. I'd take him straight to the top, Gordo!

[Supernova shoves Allen back into the ropes and then sends him to the other side.]

GM: Allen Allen coming off the ropes... Supernova with a hiptoss!

BW: He's going right after Allen... no, Allen puts his feet up and pushes him away!

GM: Both men to their feet... Allen leaps and a standing dropkick!

[Supernova falls to the canvas and rolls to the corner, getting to his knees as Allen stands in the center of the ring, taking a defensive posture.]

GM: Allen Allen showing some good moves early in this match... Supernova looks a bit surprised.

BW: You wonder if Supernova might be looking past Allen Allen?

GM: I doubt that very much. But perhaps Supernova didn't expect Allen to strike as quickly as he did.

[Supernova rises to his feet and approaches Allen, the two locking up once more. Allen clamps on a side headlock again.]

GM: Another headlock by the challenger... Allen Allen looking good so far.

BW: And against the World TV Champion! I think Supernova is looking past this guy, Gordo!

[As Allen keeps the headlock applied, Supernova lifts him off his feet, then falls backwards with him to the mat.]

GM: Oh my! A belly-to-back suplex by Supernova! That's one way to break the headlock!

[Supernova is up first and drags Allen to his feet. He gives him a kick to the midsection, then whips him into the ropes.]

GM: Supernova catches Allen on the rebound... OH MY! GORILLA PRESS!

[Supernova hoists Allen into the air and holds him up for several seconds, before slamming him to the mat.]

GM: Down goes Allen Allen! And he's in pain!

BW: All right, so maybe Supernova isn't looking past this guy, but he'd better follow up on that!

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouths and howls.]

BW: And that's not what I mean by following up!

GM: But Supernova is going back on the attack! He's got Allen Allen up and... NO, INSIDE CRADLE!

[The referee slides into position but only counts to one before Supernova kicks out.]

BW: See what I mean, Gordo! If he follows up quicker, that doesn't happen!

GM: Well, let's give Allen Allen some credit, that was unexpected... and Supernova with a quick kick to the ribs before Allen can get up!

[Allen crawls toward the ropes, but Supernova pulls him up to his feet and hooks him in a front facelock.]

GM: Supernova has Allen Allen...hoists him up... vertical suplex!

[Supernova rolls across Allen with a lateral press, but Allen kicks out before two.]

GM: And Allen with the kickout! Supernova staying on top of him, though.

[Supernova drags Allen to his feet and sends him into the ropes, going for another press slam.]

GM: Supernova lifting Allen up... but Allen slides down his back! Pushes him into the ropes... ROLLING CRADLE!

[Allen pushes Supernova's legs down and tries to hold the pin attempt, but Supernova kicks out at two.]

GM: And another near fall!

BW: And look at this... Allen Allen quickly turning around... he caught Supernova!

[As Supernova tries to get to his feet, Allen fires off a hard kick to the side of the face, causing the champion to fall back into the corner.]

GM: My goodness, a vicious kick! Allen Allen showing some aggressiveness!

BW: He's got Supernova backed into the corner... a kick to the midsection!

GM: He's got him by the arm... Irish whip!

[Supernova crashes into the corner and Allen charges in, leaping with a dropkick.]

GM: Dropkick in the corner! Supernova had nowhere to go!

[Allen follows in quickly, clamping a side headlock on Supernova and signaling to the crowd.]

GM: Allen Allen may be setting up for the bulldog and... NO! Atomic drop by Supernova! What a counter, Bucky!

BW: Allen Allen took a moment to pander to the fans, Gordo! And it cost him the chance to win this match!

[Allen winces in pain as Supernova spins him around and fires off a rapid series of forearm smashes.]

GM: Look at this! Supernova with those quick strikes, rocking Allen Allen! He's staggered... STANDING DROPKICK!

[Allen falls to the canvas and Supernova cups his hands and howls once more.]

GM: Here comes Supernova off the ropes.... ELBOWDROP...

[But as Supernova leaps into the air, Allen rolls out of the way.]

GM: He missed! Allen Allen with presence of mind!

BW: Another delay by Supernova! You have to stay on top of your man!

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point of the time limit as Allen Allen climbs back to his feet, taking a look down at the champion...

[Allen gets to his feet and runs off the ropes, leaping and catches Supernova with his own elbowdrop.]

GM: And Allen's elbowdrop does not miss! A cover! One... two... and Supernova kicks out!

BW: And I'll give credit to Allen Allen for not wasting time! He was that close to winning the TV title, Gordo!

[Allen pulls Supernova up and takes a moment to work the crowd, who cheers in response. He backs Supernova into the corner and delivers a pair of kicks to the midsection, then whips him to the opposite side.]

GM: Look at Allen Allen... he's in control of this match! He comes charging in... but Supernova moved!

BW: And Supernova's going right to the opposite corner... you know what's coming!

[Allen staggers out of the corner and turns around, just as Supernova comes charging in.]

GM: It's the Heat... NO! Allen Allen moved and Supernova hits the buckles!

BW: Look at this... ROLLUP FROM BEHIND!

[The referee is in position for the count, but Supernova kicks out at two.]

GM: Only a two count! Allen Allen a second away from winning the title!

BW: He's gotta stay on top of him, Gordo! This might be his chance!

[Allen meets a rising Supernova with a dropkick, then motions to the crowd.]

GM: Look at this... Allen Allen going outside! He's going to take a chance here!

BW: He better move fast... Supernova is rising to his feet!

[Allen scales the turnbuckles, but as he reaches the top, Supernova is there to catch him.]

GM: Allen Allen got caught! Supernova has the challenger... slams him off the top rope!

[Supernova signals to the crowd and goes outside himself.]

GM: And the champion is going to take a chance!

BW: It backfired on Allen Allen! It could backfire for Supernova, too!

GM: But Supernova is up on the top rope... Allen rising to his feet... OH MY!

[Supernova flies off the top rope, crashing into Allen with a flying bodypress.]

GM: Supernova has the legs hooked! ONE! TWO! THREE!

[Allen makes a last effort to kick out, but not before the referee's hand slaps the canvas a third time and the bell rings.]

GM: Supernova with a successful title defense, but he had to fight for that one! Let's get the official word!

[Supernova rises to his knees and catches his breath, then pushes himself to his feet as the referee raises his hand.]

PW: The winner of the match... and STILL the AWA World Television Champion... SUPERNOVA!

[The referee hands the belt back to Supernova, who raises it above his head. He then turns to Allen Allen, who sits on the canvas, head bowed in disappointment.]

GM: Supernova with a successful title defense, but that didn't come easy, Bucky! Allen Allen was close on a couple of occasions to winning the match!

BW: He may have come close, but it wasn't enough! Allen Allen is gonna have to go back to the minors for seasoning!

GM: Bucky, give the man some credit. Allen Allen showed he has come a long way in the AWA, even if he did come up short tonight.

[Supernova walks over to Allen and leans down, saying something to him. Allen looks up at him and Supernova extends his hand. Allen allows the champion to pull him to his feet and they share a brief embrace, then Allen raises Supernova's arm up.]

GM: And look at this... a display of sportsmanship by both men. What a match, Bucky!

BW: Well, take a look, Gordo, because somebody's up by the entrance and he's not in the mood for sportsmanship.

[Supernova turns away from Allen and looks up the aisle. The camera cuts to the former champion, Shadoe Rage, standing at the entranceway, a hard yet intense look in his eyes.]

GM: Shadoe Rage standing there... clearly he wants his rematch and I'm sure it will come soon.

BW: Why wait? Let's do it now! Surely Landon O'Neill put something in the contract just like he did for Johnny Detson!

GM: I don't even want to think about that right now, Bucky.

[Supernova walks over to the side of the ring, motioning to Rage and pointing at the title belt in his hand. Cut to Rage, who keeps the same hard yet intense look, his eyes never leaving the champion as we fade to black...

...and then cut to Sweet Lou Blackwell who sits behind a large desk. Beside him is a rotary dial phone. Yeah, there are apparently some of those still around.]

SLB: Some people accused me of not wanting to change with the times. That some things were better left in the past.

[He raises his arm and swats the rotary phone away. It falls to the ground before him with a clatter.]

SLB: And the more I've thought about it... they were right!

[He pulls from underneath the desk... a smartphone!]

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

[The camera cuts to a smartphone screen and the shot moves in closer to see an icon featuring Sweet Lou's face imposed over an AWA logo. Beneath it are the words:

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

V/O: That's right, AWA fans, Sweet Lou Blackwell's hotline is going high tech! Get on Google Play and iTunes and look for the Sweet Lou's Hotline app! Download it today and you can stay on top of all the latest rumors, gossip and breaking news, delivered only by Sweet Lou Blackwell! Plus exclusive interviews and plenty of insights from Sweet Lou about the latest developments in the AWA and the history of pro wrestling!

[We cut back to Sweet Lou at the desk.]

SLB: It's a free app, but kids, don't forget to get your parents' permission before you download!

[He looks down at the smartphone and seems puzzled.]

SLB: Um... can someone tell me how to set up the wifi connection again?

[Back from commercial and the camera pans to the AWA announcing duo of Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde.]

GM: Welcome back fans, we're back here on the Season Premiere of Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X where it's time for tag team action!

BW: We're about to see Mr. Sadisuto's tandem Downfall in action for the first time.

GM: First time? Mister Sadisuto and his tandem as you want to call them, tried to cripple Allen Allen mere weeks before SuperClash VII.

BW: They didn't try to cripple him, Gordo. Mr. Sadisuto has told everyone that Allen Allen isn't made for this business and the fact that he didn't even know he had a shot at the WORLD Television Title tonight has proven that fact!

GM: That young man deserved his chance and I was proud to see Supernova giving him that chance.

BW: A chance that should have been given to someone like Callum Mahoney, "Flawless" Larry Wallace or even the Steal the Spotlight winner "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[As Bucky Wilde finishes his sentence, the camera pans to the ring where the Blue Brothers - Andy and Will - are standing.]

PW: Introducing first, from Anderson, South Carolina. They weigh in at a combined weight of three hundred and sixty-seven pounds, Andy and Will...

THE BLUE BROTHERS!

[There's a mild reaction to the brothers as the sound of a drum being struck twice is followed by the opening guitar of 'The Ghoul' by Pentagram. The lights in the arena fade and a spotlight shines upon entrance way. Out from behind the entrance curtain emerges Mr. Sadisuto, impeccably dressed in formal suit with a black derby hat. The veteran from Tokyo carries a wooden cane with a carved dragon's head handle. Sadisuto is smiling broadly and making slow but purposeful motions with the cane, much like attack katas. The crowd boos him persistently as fog slowly begins to form along the aisle way.]

PW: And their opponents... being accompanied towards the ring by their manager Mister Sadisuto...

[Mr. Sadisuto pauses and touches the dragon's head to the brim of his derby hat, seemingly signaling someone or someones. Two brutes emerge from behind the curtain. They are nearly identical in height and size and walk with a purpose behind Mr. Sadisuto. The men are clad in black studded leather vests, black armbands with half inch silver spikes covering nearly every inch of them, full length black wrestling tights with silver waistbands and black wrestling boots. Their faces are covered by white masks, which have a red circle in the center of them.]

PW: They weigh in at a combined 597 pounds... Here are Mad Dog and Thrash...

DOWNFALL!

[Mr. Sadisuto ascends the ring steps and waits upon the apron as the members of Downfall enter the ring.]

GM: Look at the size of these two men...

[Before Gordon can continue, the two masked man charge across the ring and slam their massive forearms into the back of Andy and Will driving them into the ring ropes.]

GM: Oh come on! This is exactly what they did to Allen Allen!

[Andy is spun around and a massive right hand is thrown into his midsection. A second one connects to the midsection doubling the young man over. As he gasps for his breath, Will is hit with a forearm.]

GM: Come on, referee - get in there! These two men are still wearing those studded masks and arm bands!

[Will grabs the side of his head and as he does the masked man drives the boot into his gut. Mister Sadisuto slaps the mat as Andy's forehead collides with the studded mask of one of the members of Downfall.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The referee is waving frantically for the bell.]

GM: It looks like the referee is throwing this match out before it has even begun.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell continues to ring and Downfall does not care in the least. Andy Blue is met with another headbutt causing him to stumble back into the ropes. As one brother falls against the ropes, the other gets whipped hard across the ring.]

GM: Will Blue off the far side and-

[One member of Downfall charges forward, slamming a double axehandle into his chest!]

GM: Ohh! Devastating hammer blow to the heart! The match has indeed been thrown out by the referee but Downfall and Sadisuto don't seem to care at all!

[Another headbutt lands on Andy Blue, stunning the smaller competitor.]

GM: Three headbutts from that studded mask and this brute isn't done yet.

[The big man scoops Andy up off the canvas, dropping him in a thunderous powerslam in the middle of the ring!]

GM: Big powerslam!

BW: The ring shook on that one and it might be about to again, Gordo!

GM: It certainly might. That big behemoth is back on his feet, hitting the ropes...

[He leaps into the air, dropping all his weight down in a senton on the chest of Andy Blue!]

GM: Ohh! That masked man just demolished Andy Blue underneath him!

[Climbing off the mat, the masked man finally grabs his mask and pulls it off. His forehead down to the nose is painted a solid red while the lower portion of his face is covered in jagged diagonal red and white lines.]

BW: I don't know what's more intimidating, Gordo - the mask or that paint job!

GM: I'm not a fan of either one, Bucky... and I think that one may be Mad Dog.

BW: How can you tell?

GM: Just a guess.

BW: Mad Dog it is then.

[Mad Dog seems to finally be done with Andy Blue as he has yanked him back to his feet and tosses him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: Andy Blue goes down HARD to the floor... and what's the other one's name? Thrash?

[The referee is trying to plead with Thrash as he pulls Will Blue back to his feet and whips him hard back first into the corner. Will slumps a bit in the corner as Thrash charges forward.]

GM: Avalanche! Will Blue was just crushed in the corner by a nearly three hundred pound freight train!

[Thrash finally pulls the mask off of his to reveal his face which is predominately red, around both eyes are black diamonds and there is a thin black stripe that which runs down the middle of his face. Thrash takes a step back and Will Blue drops to the mat.]

GM: Mr. Sadisuto taps the mat with his cane and... did he just say finish him?

BW: I think he did, Gordo.

GM: What more could they do to him?!

BW: You sure you really want to ask that?

[Thrash pulls Will Blue up to his feet as Mad Dog climbs to the second rope, sitting down up top.]

GM: Oh no. We've seen this before!

[Mad Dog sits there, gesturing as Thrash lifts Will Blue into the air, depositing him on Mad Dog's shoulders. Mr. Sadisuto nods, a sadistic smile on his face as Mad Dog stands up, a helpless Will Blue in his grasp...

...and leaps off, DRIVING Blue into the canvas with a powerbomb off the second rope!]

GM: OH MY STARS! SUPERBOMB OFF THE ROPES!

[A smiling Mr. Sadisuto begins to climb the ring steps as the referee drops to his knees and checks on Will Blue.]

GM: Thankfully, this mugging is finally over... wait a second... Mad Dog is screaming for a microphone! We're finally about to hear from these two.

[But no. As soon as Mad Dog has the mic, he hands it over to Mr. Sadisuto with a bow.]

S: Surprised Allen-san? Surprised they suffah?

[Mr. Sadisuto runs his hand over his fu manchu.]

S: Surprised my Downfall can make men suffah? You shouldn't be .. Mr. Sadisuto makes men suffah! Mr. Sadisuto made Martinez-kun suffah...

[Mr. Sadisuto pauses for a moment.]

S: Everyone say Vasquez-san and Detson-san end Martinez-kun tonight... not true! Martinez-kun finished long ago... for over year Martinez-kun suffah from Mr. Sadisuto's wrath! Every time sun rise he suffah... he suffah when he closed his eyes... all from Mr. Sadisuto. So no surprise my Downfall creates suffahing!

[Mr. Sadisuto hands the microphone to Mad Dog.]

MD: You see this?!?

[Mad Dog motions to the prone form of Will Blue on the canvas.]

MD: You see this, BOY!?

[From off camera the hand of Thrash appears, grabbing the camera lens and pulling it down to get a better view of Will Blue.]

MD: That's what you want!?

[The camera pulls back framing the trio in the screen.]

S: Hahahahahaha!

[As Mr. Sadisuto laughs, Mad Dog drops the microphone and the three men begin to leave the ring as 'The Ghoul' by Pentagram begins to play.]

GM: I suppose that means that Downfall and Mr. Sadisuto have accepted the challenge we heard from Allen Allen earlier as he - and a partner of his choice- will take on Downfall two weeks from tonight in Phoenix.

BW: Oh, I can't wait for that one, Gordo.

GM: I'm actually kind of dreading it. Fans, we need to get some help out here for the Blue Brothers but we'll be right back with more AWA action!

[Fade out on Downfall and Sadisuto exiting the ring...

...and fade upon 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 live action where Melissa Cannon is standing next to Mark Stegglet, dressed in black pants with a yellow jacket over a black tanktop.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where we've seen a lot of craziness go down on this - our Season Premiere - but perhaps nothing more crazy than the fact that Shadoe Rage laid down a challenge earlier tonight towards... you, Melissa Cannon.

[Melissa gets a very serious expression on her face.]

MC: What's so crazy about that?

[Stegglet looks on, his jaw dropped.]

MS: I mean...

MC: You think a woman can't get in that ring and hold her own against a man?

MS: Well, maybe under the right-

MC: Is that what you're saying to me, Mark?

[Stegglet is stuttering and stammering when Melissa starts laughing.]

MC: I'm just messing with you, Mark. Calm down.

[A flushed Stegglet chuckles nervously.]

MC: Shadoe Rage has got his knickers in a twist because he lost the World Television Championship to Supernova at SuperClash and he wants to blame me for it. Sure, I get it... go ahead... blame me for enforcing the rules the way the fans wanted to see them enforced.

No, they didn't want to see you save your title by getting intentionally disqualified... so I didn't call it.

And they didn't want to see you get yourself counted out either... so I didn't call it.

And when you took offense at it and put your filthy hands on me... yeah, I gave you one upside the jaw like Marissa should've done years ago.

[Cannon shakes her head.]

MC: I put these boots back on because I wanted to help this company get into the modern era... I wanted to see them treat female athletes the way they deserve to be treated in the form of a Women's Division that they take seriously.

I didn't put them on to be in some sort of sideshow with an intergender match.

[Cannon raises a finger.]

MC: But I also didn't put them on with the goal of ducking a challenge. So, yeah, Shadoe... if you can get the office to sanction it, I'll meet you in the ring... and I'll give you all you're looking for and then some.

But let me give you a piece of advice... make sure Adrianna stays up to watch so she knows what a real wrestler... a real athlete... and a real woman looks like.

[Cannon storms off, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Challenge accepted... but will the AWA sanction an intergender match?! We'll find out but right now, let's go up to the ring for our World Tag Team Title match!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing firs-

[Before Watson can get another word out of his mouth, the crowd reacts in shock. The camera cuts to the top of the aisle where Michael Aarons is laid out on the floor just beyond the entranceway.]

GM: What the-?!

[A moment later, Cody Mertz comes flying through the curtain too, bouncing off the floor. Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, and Brian Lau are in hot pursuit, racing through the curtain to jeers from the Vegas crowd. Lau is directing traffic as Taylor and Donovan grab Mertz off the floor, pulling him up the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: We've got a sneak attack on our hands! A real Pearl Harbor job on the part of the challengers here tonight who have obviously struck backstage before either team could get through the curtain!

[Lau is positively gleeful as Taylor and Donovan get Mertz to ringside, each grabbing a handful of tights...

...and ROCKET his taped-up shoulder into the steel ringpost!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: INTO THE POST! INTO THE UNFORGIVING STEEL RINGPOST!

BW: And that was that bum shoulder hitting the post too, Gordo! The one he injured back at SuperClash when they regained the World Tag Team Titles!

[Lau nods approvingly at his charges' actions before shouting “AGAIN!” Taylor nods, pulling Mertz up...

...and gets a left hand smashed into his jaw!]

GM: Mertz fighting back! Cody Mertz, never lacking in heart, is fighting ba- ohhh! Donovan nails him from behind!

[Donovan grabs the handful of tights again as Taylor does the same...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and DRIVE him into the post a second time!]

GM: TWICE! TWO TIMES THAT SHOULDER HITS THE STEEL!

BW: They've got Mertz in trouble, Gordo!

[Taylor kneels down on the floor, grabbing Mertz by the hair, smashing his fist repeatedly down into the forehead as Donovan scoops up the title belt, holding it up into the air to even louder jeers.]

GM: Put that down! That title doesn't belong to you!

BW: Not yet maybe.

GM: Not yet CERTAINLY!

[Donovan circles back, helping Taylor put the boots to Mertz out on the floor as Michael Aarons comes staggering down the aisle towards the ring to cheers from the Vegas fans, pleading with him to save his friend, ally, and partner.]

GM: Michael Aarons heading down the aisle! Michael Aarons coming to help his friend!

[Donovan spins around as Aarons gets to ringside, leaping forward to smash a fist into the side of Donovan's head! Big cheers as Aarons flails about, landing lefts and rights to the skull!]

GM: Aarons is all over Donovan on the floor!

[He grabs Donovan by the hair, flinging him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Aarons throws Donovan in... and he's going after him!

[Aarons rolls under the ropes into the ring where the referee steps in, trying to prevent him from going after Donovan.]

GM: Let him go, ref! Let him get his hands on that no-good piece of-

BW: Easy, Gordo... but the referee's telling Aarons he's not going to start the match but I think Aarons is... is he DEMANDING the match be started?!

GM: It certainly sounds that way. That might not be the smartest decision by Michael Aarons but he wants to get his hands on these two thugs!

[Aarons can clearly be heard shouting, "START THE MATCH!" as the reluctant official turns and signals.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There it is! There's the bell!

[Aarons pushes past the official, rushing across the ring, leaping up to catch the stunned Donovan with a forearm smash to the ear against the turnbuckles!]

GM: Donovan's in the corner and Aarons is comin' for him! Rights and lefts, hammering away at the challenger!

[Grabbing the arm, Aarons whips Donovan from corner to corner, bouncing him off the far turnbuckles...

...and running him down with an impactful clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline takes him down!

[Out on the floor, Brian Lau grabs the bottom rope, shouting in at Donovan while Wes Taylor continues to pummel Cody Mertz out on the floor!]

BW: In the meantime, Wes Taylor's turning Cody Mertz into a smear on the highway out there! Look at him!

[A cut to the floor shows Taylor rifling blows into the head repeatedly.]

GM: This is ridiculous, Bucky! These two are no better than Johnny Detson taking advantage of Ryan Martinez earlier tonight!

BW: Three, Gordo... three. Never doubt for a second that this is the mental handiwork of Brian Lau, the only manager in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame!

GM: I'm sure you're right about that but as Michael Aarons pulls Tony Donovan off the mat to his feet... ohh! Big right hand by Aarons sends Donovan staggering backwards!

BW: Aarons is absolutely feeding off emotion here tonight, Gordo. He's hot under the collar and he's letting that anger drive him. It can be a good thing but he's gotta be careful not to let his emotions blind him.

[Aarons turns away from Donovan, grabbing the top rope...]

GM: SLINGSHOT!

[...and launches himself into a dive onto a shocked Wes Taylor, wiping him out on the floor to big cheers!]

GM: AARONS TAKES DOWN TAYLOR ON THE FLOOR!

[Staying on a knee, Aarons grabs Taylor by the hair, smashing his fist between the eyes repeatedly as the fans encourage him to take it to the son of the Outlaw.]

GM: Aarons pulls Taylor off the floor... big right hand to the jaw!

[Taylor falls back against the ringside barricade as Aarons takes aim, hitting him a second time...]

GM: Aarons is all over Taylor on the floor... but here comes Donovan!

[Donovan leaps off the apron, smashing a forearm down between the shoulderblades!]

GM: Ohh!

[Donovan checks quickly on his partner who gives him a nod before they toss Aarons back under the ropes into the ring. Taylor pauses to stomp the now-bloodied Cody Mertz a few times before he climbs up on the apron while Donovan slides back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Donovan's back in... Taylor on the apron. At least they've stopped attacking Cody Mertz. That's the only good news I can give you right now, fans, as Michael Aarons is battling a two-on-one situation with the World Tag Team Titles on the line!

[The third-generation grappler pulls Aarons off a knee, eating a right hand to the midsection in the process.]

GM: Ohh! Aarons goes downstairs!

[Grabbing Donovan by the back of the head, Aarons charges the corner, hurling him headfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Into the buckles!

[Spinning Donovan around, Aarons grabs the top rope with both hands, laying a boot into the body... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Aarons is putting the boots to Tony Donovan in the corner! Listen to these fans in Las Vegas cheer him on!

[Suddenly, Brian Lau scampers up on the apron, drawing the focus of the referee...

...which allows Wes Taylor to slip into the ring, smashing a double axehandle down across the back of Aarons' neck!]

GM: Oh, come on! Cheap shot by the challengers!

BW: Hey, the titles are on the line. You do whatever it takes - just like Johnny Detson showed us earlier tonight!

[Grabbing the arms of Aarons, Taylor holds them back as Donovan shakes off the attacks from one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, taking aim, and hammering a pair of fists into the skull of Aarons!]

GM: Donovan with some big right hands... to the ropes...

[He hits the ropes, building up momentum as he rebounds back...

...and Aarons gets free, causing Donovan to smash a forearm into Wes Taylor's jaw, knocking him down to a big cheer!]

GM: AARONS MOVES!

[Lau drops down to the floor in annoyance, shouting at his charges as the referee turns to find Aarons in a two-on-one situation... but winning it as he throws a dropkick to the chin of Donovan, taking him down as well.]

GM: Taylor is down! Donovan is down! Michael Aarons is giving it his all here in Las Vegas as he tries desperately to hand on to the World Tag Team Titles! Cody Mertz was assaulted before the bell and he hasn't played a role in this match as of yet at least.

BW: No way he's getting into this match, Gordo. He's a bloody mess! His injured shoulder was driven TWICE into the steel ringpost!

[We cut to a shot on the floor of Mertz on a knee, being begged by AWA officials to return to the locker room area but he's shaking his head, refusing to go.]

GM: You can see right there the condition of Cody Mertz. Bloodied, battered, but never broken as he is defying the orders of those AWA officials, refusing to abandon his partner in his time of need! What heart! What fighting spirit on display by that young man from El Paso, Texas! They say that everything's bigger in Texas and Cody Mertz' heart may be proving that to be true right now here in Las Vegas, Nevada on the Season Premiere of Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Cut back to the ring where Tony Donovan has managed to reverse an Irish whip, sending Aarons slamming into the turnbuckles. He staggers across the ring where Donovan scoops him up, powerslamming him down to the canvas.]

GM: Big swinging powerslam by Donovan!

[Donovan pushes up to his knees, taking a few deep breathes before leaning into a lateral press.]

GM: One! Two! But Aarons slips out, saving the World Tag Team Titles!

[The third-generation grappler doesn't waste any time, staying right on him with a trio of right hands on the grounded Aarons before getting to his feet, pulling Aarons with him...]

GM: Ohh! Knife-edge chop by Donovan!

[A second chop sends Aarons falling back into the turnbuckles where Donovan moves in, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whip across... and Donovan's coming after him!

[Donovan flings himself into an avalanche in the corner, twisting to wrap his right arm around the head, charging back out of the corner, dragging Aarons with him...]

...and leaps into the air, DRIVING Aarons' face into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG OUT OF THE CORNER!

[The Pittsburgh native rolls Aarons to his back, diving across again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[But Aarons' shoulder comes flying off the canvas, earning cheers from the crowd!]

GM: No, no! Near fall right there but Aarons hangs on to save the titles!

[Donovan looks up at the referee with a glare, slapping his hands together three times quickly. The official shakes his head, holding up two fingers in response.]

GM: The referee says it was a two count only and that looked right by my estimation as well.

BW: Donovan disagrees. Taylor disagrees. And Brian Lau disagrees! I'll take their word over yours, Gordo. Slow count by the referee... make it so!

[Donovan is still barking at the official as he climbs to his feet, hauling Aarons up with him. He backs to the corner, slapping the hand of Wes Taylor.]

GM: Wes Taylor tags in legally for the first time in this match.

[Donovan shoots Aarons into the ropes as Taylor steps in, rushing across, leaping into the air and throwing an absolutely vicious back elbow to the jaw, snapping Aarons back down to the mat!]

GM: Oh my! Devastating move by Taylor!

[Taylor crawls back into a lateral press.]

GM: For the titles!

[But a two count is all that follows before Aarons lifts the shoulder.]

GM: Michael Aarons, much like his partner on the floor, is showing tremendous fighting spirit to stay in this match despite fighting the whole thing as a handicap match!

[We cut to the floor again where more AWA officials have joined the cause, trying to get Mertz to leave the ringside area but he continues to refuse, trying to get to his feet. Back in the ring, Taylor pulls Aarons into a side headlock, delivering a series of clenched fists to the face with his back turned on the referee!]

GM: Those are closed fists, ref!

BW: Taylor used his own body to shield the official though. Beautifully done!

[With Aarons dazed, Taylor scoops him up in his arms, slamming him down to the canvas...

...and instantly leaps into the air, dropping a big knee down across the chest!]

GM: Leaping kneedrop! Taylor's got one! He's got two! He's got- no!

[The crowd cheers as Aarons avoids defeat again. Taylor glares at the official as he climbs back to his feet. He stands over Aarons, pointing at the official...]

"This is on you!"

[...and then falls to his knees, driving his fist down between the eyes!]

GM: Fistdrop! Good grief!

[Taylor grimaces, shaking out his hand as he kneels on the mat. This time, he doesn't even bother going for a pin, climbing to his feet where he tags Tony Donovan back into the match.]

GM: Taylor makes the exchange with his partner again, keeping the fresh man in the ring. Both men grab the arms... double whip across...

[Taylor grabs Donovan by the wrist...]

GM: Double clothesline! Oh my!

[The blow floors Aarons as Taylor and Donovan exchange high fives with the crowd jeering them.]

GM: Michael Aarons has put on one heck of an effort but no one can take on two competitors for very long... especially competitors at the level of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. Aarons let his emotions get the better of him when he had the referee start the match after he and his partner got attacked in the locker room and it may cost him the World Tag Team Titles here tonight.

[Taylor exits the ring as Donovan puts the boots to Michael Aarons...

...and the crowd starts to stir as a bloodied Cody Mertz gets to his feet, shoving away officials as he tries to get to the corner.]

GM: Cody Mertz is up! Cody Mertz is on his feet!

BW: He can't... he can't possibly think he's going to WRESTLE, can he?!

GM: It certainly looks that way! Cody Mertz is heading for the corner! The fans are on their feet here in Vegas, cheering him on! The kid wants to fight and he's gonna fight, Bucky!

[Donovan tags Taylor again, throwing a glance over his shoulder towards the corner where Cody Mertz is shaking off a final plea from AWA official Tommy Fierro as Taylor steps in.]

GM: Taylor and Donovan with another double team, lifting Aarons into the air... we saw this at SuperClash!

[The duo hoists Aarons up in a double military press, hurling him down to the canvas!]

GM: Big double slam... Taylor with a cover!

[The referee dives down to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

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

GM: Another near fall but again, Aarons hangs on! Fighting with everything he's got to save the World Tag Team Titles time and time again!

BW: And will you look at this... this lunatic Cody Mertz is up on the apron!

[With the crowd roaring and the officials pleading with him, Mertz defiantly kneels on the apron, wiping the blood from his eyes as Taylor looks over in disbelief at what he's seeing.]

GM: Wes Taylor can't believe it! He thought Mertz was out of this match but Cody Mertz is proving him wrong!

[Taylor pulls Aarons off the mat, shoving him back into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Big knife edge chop... and another!

[He switches to haymakers, throwing right hands at the skull of Aarons!]

GM: Taylor's hammering away at Aarons, pounding him back into the corner.

[The son of the Outlaw changes his stance, throwing a brutal back elbow into the ear... and another... and a third that knocks Aarons down, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet. Taylor grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi-

[Aarons leaps to the second rope on the whip attempt, blindly leaping back, twisting around, and landing a crossbody on a surprised and charging Taylor!]

GM: CROSSBODY!! ONE!! TWO!!

[Taylor rolls him off, breaking the count.]

GM: Two count only! But Aarons is showing that he's still got fight left in him! He's still got wind left in his sails!

[Taylor is quickly to his feet, greeting the rising Aarons with a running knee to the midsection, hurling him towards the challengers' corner where Aarons falls to his rear, flopping back against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Into the corner goes Aarons... and Taylor's coming for him!

[Taylor is laying in stomps to the chest of Aarons, leaving him gasping for air in the corner as Taylor walks out, looking across at Mertz who wearily shouts at him. Taylor smirks, turning back towards Aarons, racing in...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING KICK TO THE CHEST!

[Taylor spins around, walking across the ring, shouting at Mertz who takes a swing at him...

...and falls off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Oh!

BW: Hah! Mertz can't even stand on the apron! How the heck is he going to ever get in the ring and wrestle?!

GM: The kid is trying, Bucky! He's trying to help his partner keep those titles they fought so long and hard to win back!

[Taylor turns back towards Aarons, dragging him to his feet...]

GM: OHH! Big uppercut!

BW: You could hear that one down on Fremont Street!

[Aarons staggers backwards, falling against the ropes in his own corner as Cody Mertz pulls himself up on the apron, reaching over the top...]

GM: Cody Mertz is- TAG!

BW: Are you kidding me?!

[Cody Mertz comes through the ropes, rushing into the ring...]

GM: Mertz is in!

[A flurry of right hands has Taylor on his heels, the crowd roaring as Taylor falls back into his own corner...]

GM: Another tag! Donovan's coming in as well!

[But a dropkick from Mertz catches Donovan on the chin, sending him falling back against the turnbuckles!]

GM: Mertz caught him... and up on the ropes he goes!

[Hopping up on the second rope, Mertz raises his right hand...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Mertz hops back down, stumbling as he does, dropping down to a knee before getting back up, grabbing Donovan by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip!

[The whip sends Donovan bouncing off the turnbuckles where Mertz doubles up...]

GM: BACKDROP!

[...and sends Donovan smashing down into the canvas!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY CODY MERTZ!

[The bloodied Mertz sinks to his knees, nodding at the cheering fans for a moment before climbing to his feet, ducking through the ropes to stand on the apron. He slaps the top rope a few times, grabbing it with both hands...]

GM: Mertz is on the apron! Mertz grabbing the top rope!

[As Donovan regains his feet, Mertz leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[...and comes sailing through the air towards the dazed Donovan who sets his feet, leaping into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK!! SUPERKICK! MY STARS, WHAT A COUNTER BY DONOVAN!

[With Mertz completely laid out on the mat, Donovan stomps across the ring, making the tag.]

GM: Tag! Taylor's in!

[Donovan pulls the bloodied and limp Mertz off the mat, lifting him up over his shoulder as Taylor rushes in, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: They've got him set!

[...and in tandem, they drop to the mat, DRIVING Mertz' skull into the canvas!]

GM: ASSISTED DDT! GOOD GRIEF!

[Taylor flips Mertz to his back, diving across, hooking both legs.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! WE'VE GOT NEW WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

GM: I can't believe it!

BW: BELIEVE IT, GORDO! TAYLOR AND DONOVAN HAVE SHOCKED THE WORLD!

[Sweeping around the ringpost, Brian Lau scoops up the two title belts, thrusting them up into the air as he jumps for joy. Wes Taylor kneels on the mat, actually looking quite shocked at the result as Tony Donovan rushes forward to embrace his friend and partner.]

GM: For the second time tonight, fans, we have seen an AWA title change hands and for the second time tonight, I am absolutely stunned at the outcome! First, Johnny Detson captured the AWA World Title from Ryan Martinez and now... now Air Strike has lost the tag titles to Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan!

BW: What a night!

GM: Taylor, Donovan, and Lau are celebrating in the ring... Cody Mertz is still down and he's hurt bad, fans. I'm afraid that Cody Mertz might be quite severely injured at the hands of Taylor and Donovan.

[Taylor and Donovan have the title belts now, celebrating as the fans jeer loudly.]

GM: The fans here in Las Vegas aren't happy about this turn of events but... wow. What a night it's been here in Sin City... you're certainly right about that, Bucky.

BW: This is great!

GM: My broadcast colleague is certainly overjoyed by this turn of events but he is certainly in the minority in my opinion. Fans, we're going to take a break-

BW: What?! In the middle of their celebration?!

GM: Absolutely. We'll be right back.

BW: How dare you?!

[Taylor, Donovan, and Lau continue to celebrate as we fade to black.]

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black...

...and as we come back from black, we find a scene very reminiscent of something we saw earlier in the show. It's a Vegas party - Brian Lau style... and you know what that means. Instagram models!

Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan have one on each arm, holding bottles of champagne as Brian Lau stands in the midst of it all, the title belts slung over his shoulders. Sweet Lou Blackwell stands next to him, mic in hand.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, we've got brand new World Tag Team Champions in the form of-

[Lau interrupts.]

BL: I told you, Blackwell! I told the world that these two young men were the future of this business... but none of us knew just how close to the future we were! The future... is... now!

[Lau grins as a shower of champagne comes splashing down over his head thanks to Wes Taylor.]

BL: I only wish Brian could be here for this. He'd be as proud of you two as I am for bringing the first pieces of championship gold to the James Gang!

SLB: But I have to question the way they won the titles.

WT: One, two, three right in the middle? What's there to question?

SLB: You know exactly what I mean, Wes Taylor. You two attacked Air Strike before the match in the locker room, reinjuring the shoulder of Cody Mertz and-

WT: Doesn't it just figure that you'd have it all wrong, Blackwell. Ever since going high tech with your little app, you just don't have the sources anymore because if you did, you'd know that we were headed to the curtain, minding our own business when that hot-headed Michael Aarons showed up and had the nerve to start insulting Mr. Lau here. And that's something you just don't do, Blackwell!

[Blackwell shakes his head disbelieving.]

SLB: Are you trying to convince me that Michael Aarons PROVOKED that attack?

WT: Would I lie, Lou? Boy Scout's honor.

SLB: I don't believe you've ever been a Boy Scout, Wes Taylor.

[Taylor chuckles, looking to the blonde on his right arm.]

WT: Caught me there, Lou... but on my honor, I'm going to do my best to take these young ladies out on the town tonight. To keep myself physically strong...

[He looks at the redhead on his left arm.]

WT: ...mentally awake...

[And then grins back at Blackwell.]

WT: ...and morally straight.

[Very noticeable wink there, young man. Subtle.]

SLB: Brian Lau, I have to-

[Blackwell is cut off by another voice booming in from off-camera.]

"BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!"

[Lau looks at the source of the voice as he comes bounding into view, dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a white wifebeater, a cigarette tucked behind his ear.]

SLB: Shane Taylor! What in the world are you doing here?!

ST: What am I doing here?! This is a family celebration, ain't it? My nephew just won his first title! Where else would I be, Blackwell?!

SLB: I suppose that's true but-

ST: Besides, Wes here is closer than a nephew to me. I ain't never had any kids of my own...

[Shane lifts a hand, shielding his mouth from the camera.]

ST: ...that we know about...

[And lowers the hand.]

ST: ...but this kid has always been like a son to me! I'm so proud right now, Blackwell... I'm so proud of you, Wes... for doing what I never got a chance to do in this joint... being a champion.

[Wes Taylor nods at his uncle.]

WT: Thanks, Uncle Shane... but we're a little busy-

[Uncle Shane interrupts.]

ST: I can see that... I can see that.

[Shane rubs his chin.]

ST: Since Kandi dumped me, I find myself a... free agent so to speak. How 'bout it, ladies? One of you want to find out while they call ol' Shane Taylor "Scorchin'"?

[The ladies seem inclined to stick with their current - and much younger - escorts.]

ST: It's like that, is it? Alright then. But Wes, I've been meaning to talk to you. You got a heck of a thing going on here with Tony and Brian and...

[He jerks a thumb over his shoulder at Brian Lau.]

ST: ...the other Brian there. This James Gang is really something else.

[Wes nods.]

ST: You know... your Uncle Shane is on some hard times lately. Not a lot of work out there for a hard-working pro wrestler.

BL: With your reputation.

[Shane throws a glare at Lau.]

ST: Maybe, maybe... sure, okay... I've made my share of mistakes. Who hasn't? You managed Danny Dynamite!

[Lau grimaces at the memory as Shane continues.]

ST: I was just wondering if maybe... you know...

[Wes looks uneasy at this request.]

WT: You want to be in the James Gang?

[Shane beams brightly at the idea.]

ST: You got it, kid! What do you say? Your ol' uncle runnin' side by side with the three of you...

[Lau interrupts.]

BL: Four.

[Shane glares at Lau again.]

ST: Sure, right... four of you. Didn't mean to forget you, Brian.

[This time, it's Tony Donovan who interrupts.]

TD: It's Mr. Lau.

[Shane eyes Tony Donovan with a nod.]

ST: Okay, sure... Mr. Lau it is. What do you say?

[Shane looks at his nephew... then at Tony Donovan... then at Brian Lau who looks thoughtful...]

BL: Perhaps... we can find something.

[Shane (and Wes) Taylor smile in relief as Lau gestures to his men.]

BL: But for now, we celebrate.

TD: To Caesars?

[Lau grins.]

BL: Soon enough, my friend. Let's ride!

[Blackwell watches in dismay as the foursome makes their exit and we fade back to the ring to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, from parts unknown, weight unknown, THE EXECUTIONERS!

[Two men dressed in black skull masks and black singlets raise their arms to the crowd.]

GM: Tag team action here on Saturday Night Wrestling is imminent and after what we just saw, it takes on all-new importance, fans.

["Compter Les Corps" by Vulgares Machins plays over the PA, going straight to the chorus. Jogging down the aisle comes the Northern Lights, Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet. Both men wear white satin ring jackets with "NORTHERN LIGHTS" stitched on the back in blue, and the Quebec and Maine flags intercrossed on a patch on the right chest. Both wear white trunks, kneepads, and boots (the same flag logo is on the boots). They wear blue wristbands, and Choynet wears full forearm supports in blue. Rousseau has a raven-black mullet and Choynet sports dark brown hair in a ponytail. Both have the classic clean-faced good looks popular with the ladies, and the cheers are definitely high in pitch. Rousseau and Choynet are on either side of the aisle, slapping hands as they run down.]

PW: And their opponents, from Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine respectively, at a total combined weight of four hundred forty-eight pounds, RENE ROUSSEAU and CHRIS CHOISNET... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[The duo proceed in opposite directions upon reaching ringside, slapping hands all the way around the ring. They do a high five as they cross opposite the aisle, and go past one another to complete the circuit.]

GM: The Northern Lights have been on a tour of Japan the past few months, following another stint wrestling in Canada, and now, they are back in the AWA and ready to go!

BW: You know, some would say the tag team division in AWA is wide open for anyone to step up and become the top contenders for the World Tag Team Titles... especially after those titles changed hands tonight, Gordo. These guys have been around in the AWA for some time, and now would be a great time for them to find that killer instinct and step forward!

GM: I'm not sure what you refer to as killer instinct, Bucky, but the Northern Lights are more than capable of rising to the top of the tag team ranks.

BW: It's not a question of capabilities, Gordo. It's a question of finding that extra edge to take you over the top. Ask somebody like Supreme Wright about that!

GM: I think the last person I'd ask is somebody with an ego as massive as Supreme Wright.

BW: Well, you can't argue with his success, Gordo! Imagine if Rousseau and Shawnee learned a few things from Wright, just how good they could be.

GM: For the record, fans, that name is pronounced "Shwa-nay."

[Upon meeting on the opposite side of the ring, they both ascend to the apron and leap over the top rope into the ring. Rousseau bounces on his heels while Choynet goes up to the second rope, both firing up the crowd.]

GM: The bell has sounded and this one will get underway, and we've got Rene Rousseau starting things off.

BW: Rene's been wrestling for a long time now. Don't you think he'd be expecting more than what he's gotten so far?

GM: Well, I can imagine Rene's has hoped to find championship gold, but I know he's been more than happy teaming with Chris Chonisnet.

[Rousseau locks up with one of the Executioners and applies a side headlock.]

GM: Side headlock applied by Rousseau... I guess we'll call the man in the ring Executioner No. 1.

BW: But what if that's No. 2?

GM: You know how to tell the difference?

BW: Of course I do, Gordo! One of them is in the ring, the other one is on the apron!

GM: I had to ask.

[The Executioner backs Rousseau into the ropes and shoves him off, but Rousseau hits him with a shoulderblock on the rebound.]

GM: And Rousseau takes him to the canvas... now running off the ropes again as the Executioner gets to his feet. Here's a hiptos... no, Rousseau with a reversal and the Executioner goes down!

[The Executioner rises to his feet, but is met with a dropkick that sends him back down.]

GM: And Rousseau takes Executioner No. 1 down again! Now drags hm back to his feet... there's a bodyslam!

BW: You know, Gordo, with the Lights spending all their time away from the AWA, that seems to be keeping them from rising higher up the ranks. Someone who could give them focus and keep them here might take them to the top.

GM: What do you mean by someone who could give them focus?

BW: Let's just say I've heard a few things through the grapevine... but unlike Sweet Lou Blackwell, I'm keeping them a secret rather than revealing them on a smartphone app!

[Meanwhile, Rousseau has pulled the Executioner back to his feet and snapmares him to the canvas, then reaches over to tag Chonisnet.]

GM: And there's the tag... Rousseau bringing the Executioner up and sends him into the ropes... Chonisnet joining Rousseau... there's a double clothesline!

BW: See, Gordo, this Shawnee kid has been wrestling for about five years now and is still missing that spark. You think he would have found it by now, wouldn't you?

GM: I don't see Chonisnet missing a spark at all... in fact, he's well in control of Executioner No. 1 right now.

[Chonisnet takes the Executioner over into a vertical suplex and rolls on top of the masked wrestler, but only gets a two count.]

GM: Chonisnet with a near fall... now dragging Executioner No. 1 up... he's got him up on his shoulders.

BW: He's going for the airplane spin, Gordo!

[Choisnet spins the Executioner around several times, before hoisting him off his shoulders and slamming him to the canvas.]

GM: Fireman's carry slam! And there's another cover... but again, only a two count!

[Choisnet pulls the Executioner up and slams him, then runs off the ropes.]

GM: Here comes Choisnet off the ropes... elbowdrop... but he missed!

BW: See, there's that something missing, Gordo! With the right guidance, Shawnee would have his timing down better!

[The Executioner rolls to his corner and tags his masked partner, who charges at Choisnet.]

GM: Executioner No. 2 comes into the ring... but runs right into a back body drop! I'd say Choisnet timed that very well!

BW: OK, so he timed it well that time, but he needs to time it every single time!

GM: Choisnet dragging Executioner No. 2 to his feet... there's a belly to belly suplex!

[Choisnet covers and gets a two count, then drags the masked man to his feet.]

GM: Another near fall, but Choisnet backs him into the Lights' corner... tag made to Rousseau.

BW: Look at this double teaming here... double kick to the midsection in the corner.

GM: And they pull Executioner No. 2 out of the corner... double vertical suplex!

[The referee ushers Choisnet back to his corner as Rousseau brings the Executioner to his feet.]

GM: Rousseau set up Executioner No. 2... gutwrench suplex takes him down!

BW: He's going to the corner now... he may be taking an unnecessary risk here!

GM: Rousseau up on the second rope... the Executioner getting to his feet.

[As the masked wrestler stands up, he falls back to the canvas after Rousseau leaps off and hits him with a double axehandle.]

GM: Flying axehandle finds the mark! Here's a cover... but only a two count!

BW: He wants to finish him off, Gordo... he's grabbing the legs!

GM: We could be seeing the Quebec Crab!

[Rousseau starts to turn over the masked wrestler into his patented submission hold, but the other Executioner runs into the ring to break it up.]

GM: Executioner No. 1 stops that! But here comes Choisnet! Dropkick finds the mark!

BW: The referee's gotta get control of this one!

[The Northern Lights double up on the first Executioner, whipping him into the ropes and taking him over with a double back body drop.]

GM: Executioner No. 1 taken down! He's trying to get to his feet... but look at that double dropkick!

[The first Executioner rolls under the ropes and to the floor as the referee ushers Choynet back to his corner.]

GM: Rousseau with Executioner No. 2... he sends him into the ropes... and what a clothesline!

BW: And there's the tag to Shawnee... what are they setting up for now?

[Choynet hooks the Executioner in a front facelock and grabs his right leg, setting up for a fisherman suplex. Rousseau gets behind Choynet and lifts him up.]

GM: Look at this, Bucky... the stacked fisherman suplex! The Lights call that the Aurora Borealis!

BW: I'd call this one over, Gordo!

[Rousseau goes to the Lights' corner as Choynet bridges and the referee counts to three.]

GM: You're not kidding, Bucky! There's the three count and the Lights get the victory!

[Choynet releases the Executioner and rises to his feet, where Rousseau meets him and the two exchange a high five.]

PW: The winners of the match, THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[The referee raises the arms of the Lights, who pump their fists, acknowledge the cheering fans and exit through the ropes.]

GM: The Northern Lights come away with the victory and we have Sweet Lou Blackwell standing by... he'll try to get a word with these gentlemen!

[We cut to the interview stage where Sweet Lou stands.]

SLB: We just witnessed some exciting tag team action, fans, and now I want to get a word with these gentlemen... Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet, come on up here!

[The Northern Lights walk up to the stage, each raising their arms and soaking in the crowd's cheers.]

SLB: Rene Rousseau, it has been a while since we saw you and your partner in the AWA. I understand you've been in Canada and Japan, showcasing your talents. How excited are you to be back here in the AWA?

RR: Sweet Lou, I'm really glad to be back here, I know my partner is glad to be back as well, but I will say that I wish we had come at a happier time. I couldn't believe what happened earlier tonight, what Juan Vasquez did to Ryan Martinez, how Johnny Detson took advantage of the situation... [Shakes his head] I didn't like that one bit, Sweet Lou. I've prided myself on making the right choices to achieve life goals, and what went down earlier tonight, I know the path Juan chose, the path Johnny chose, that wasn't the right path regardless of what they got out of it.

SLB: [turning to Choisnet] Chris Choisnet, I would assume you feel the same way.

CC: [nodding] All I'm gonna say about what went down is that I'm glad that there are many others here in the AWA that are above that sort of the thing, who understand you don't look for shortcuts to the top or become bitter because things didn't go your way. The good thing is there are still champions can be proud of here... guys like Supernova, who isn't wasting any time defending that TV title. Guys like Travis Lynch, who I know will be looking forward to his next title defense. And guys like Air Strike who unfortunately just lost their titles through some questionable methods but when they're one hundred percent, there's no team better in the world. I can only hope that men like them start taking the lead against people like Vasquez and Detson, and I can promise you that the Northern Lights will be there as well!

SLB: You mentioned Air Strike, Chris, and how they lost their titles just a few moments ago. Some have said that the top challengers for the titles could be any of the current teams in the AWA. Do you and Rene believe that you should be up there for a title shot?

CC: Sweet Lou, we respect Air Strike a great deal, but if Cody Mertz is hurt and they can't get their rematch, we'd love nothing more than to get a chance at those titles.

RR: We know there are a lot of teams deserving of a title shot, Sweet Lou, but my partner is right. We'd love nothing more than to get that chance ourselves, and should that opportunity come, we'll make the most of...

[He stops talking and his eyes turn to his left. Choisnet's eyes widen and Sweet Lou looks surprised, because striding onto the stage is "The Professional" Dave Cooper, who is dressed in a navy blue button down shirt and khakis. The Lights each take up a defensive stance.]

SLB: Wait a minute... Dave Cooper, what in the world are you doing out here? This isn't your interview time!

DC: [holding up his hands] Settle down, everyone... just relax. I just want to talk to these gentlemen, that's all.

SLB: What are you talking about?

DC: Blackwell, just keep quiet for a few minutes, all right?

[Rousseau and Choisnet eye Cooper suspiciously.]

DC: I heard the two of you talking about how it's a wide-open race to determine who will be next in line to challenge for the World Tag Team Titles. Well, I'm here to tell you that I think you have the talent to be in that spot, but the fact that you haven't committed yourselves full time to the AWA is an issue. But with that said, it doesn't have to be. Imagine if you did commit yourselves to the AWA full time, and what you can do with the proper guidance, especially when it comes from a former tag team champion.

SLB: Wait a minute, Dave Cooper... I know you have been recruiting for the Lion's Den. Are you saying you want the Northern Lights to be part of that group?

DC: [holds up his hand] Blackwell, can't you stay quiet? [Turns to Rousseau.] You know, Rene, I've wrestled you before and you earned my respect that day. [Turns to Choisnet.] I look at you, Chris, and there's a lot of untapped potential. And just a few minutes ago, you showed everyone how could you work as a tag team. All I see

missing is that extra push to take you to the top, and I'm the kind of guy who can give you that. Having a former tag team champion by your side... I mean, think about it. What could be a better way to get to the top of the tag team ranks here than having somebody like me to advise you and find that edge you need.

[Sweet Lou is about to speak, but Cooper holds up his hand, indicating for him to be quiet. He motions to Rousseau, who has pressed a hand to his chin.]

RR: You know... if you are offering your services to us, I won't deny that it sounds appealing. But I would ask that I take some time to discuss it...

[Choisnet taps Rousseau on the shoulder and shakes his head.]

CC: Hold on, Rene... I won't deny that getting advice from a former tag team champion is a good thing, but is this really the former tag team champion you want to talk to?

RR: Chris, easy does it, OK? [Turns to Cooper.] Hold on, let me talk to him.

[The two step away from the others and talk to each other privately.]

SLB: [turning to Cooper] Dave Cooper, this sounds like a serious offer.

DC: All right, Blackwell, yes, I am offering the Northern Lights a spot in the Lion's Den. I've seen their matches, I know what they can do, and I think they can be a major part of it. All they have to do is say the word.

[The Lights turns back to the others, with Rousseau stepping forward.]

RR: All right, Dave, I will say that as good as your offer sounds, my partner here has a point. We want to do things the honest way, the honorable way, and the way you've done things as of late, it's neither honest nor honorable. As much as I like the offer...

[He shakes his head.]

RR: We're gonna have to turn you down. Sorry.

DC: [holding his hands to his sides] Say what?! You want to turn down the services of a former tag team champion?!

CC: [raising his finger] We're turning down the services of a man who is no better than the likes of Johnny Detson and Juan Vasquez! Former tag team champion or not, we don't want any part of your Lion's Den! So, yeah, we are turning you down!

RR: [tapping his partner on the shoulder] Come on, Chris, let's go. We don't need to get into a long argument here... we've made up our minds.

[The Northern Lights leave the interview stage. Cooper still has his hands spread to the sides, as if he can't believe the Lights rejected him.]

SLB: Well, it looks like Dave Cooper's first offer for Lion's Den membership has gone unfulfilled.

[Cooper shouts something off-mic at Blackwell.]

SLB: Hey, it's not my fault, pal! Tell your story walking!

[And as Blackwell storms away, we fade to black.]

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

...and then fade up to the interview platform once more where Mark Stegglet awaits, mic in hand.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me here at the interview station is AWA newcomer "Golden" Grant Carter.

[The man that steps in front of the camera doesn't exactly fit the mold of the typical AWA debut: He's a tall, lanky man with a fake-looking tan, whose long curly blonde hair hangs slightly past his shoulders. His mustache and goatee are well-groomed and frame his absurdly white teeth. Wearing a black t shirt with the words "Put 'Em Up" emblazoned on the front over a pair of hands wearing gold weight lifting gloves (with the arms cut off)...but that's not the jarring part. "Golden" Grant Carter is old for a rookie. Mid 30's at least. He's almost like one of those embarrassing uncles that so many people have, but...much like those uncles, there's just something about him that makes you like him.

Beaming, he takes hold of the mic in Mark Stegglet's hand and looks out over the crowd, taking it in for a moment.]

GGC: Brother, you don't know how long it is that I've waited ta hear that roar.

[He looks from Stegglet back out over the crowd, holding his hands up over his head and soaking in the applause and nodding before he lowers the mic once more.]

GGC: Before we get into it, let's run down some of the obvious. Yeah, I ain't no spring chicken. My path into the squared circle took a few more twists, turns and detours than any of the other guys in this joint. I had some false starts and ended up here in the show way later than anybody. I got told over and over again that I wasn't good enough. Wasn't fast enough. Wasn't strong enough. Damned sure wasn't young enough...but did I let that stop me?

No way, man.

You see, one thing that I knew right from the start was that this was for me. This is what I wanted. This chance. This shot. A shot to shine. To strike...heh...gold, baby. I held onto that drive and I held it close. I focused on the fact that even though I know I'm just one in seven billion that... hell, man...I'm ONE in seven BILLION and I'm here to make some noise.

MS (taking control of the microphone back from Carter): And what does taking control look like for you, Golden Grant Carter.

GGC: (laughing) Sorry, got a big grabby with your goods there, Mark. Won't happen again. Fact is that I know that I can't do this alone. I'm here livin' out not only MY dream, but the dream of hundreds or thousands of other people just like me. People who's shot didn't come when they wanted it to, but people who are willing to fight for it just the same...so I brought these.

[GGC reaches behind him and holds up a pair of gold-colored weight lifting gloves.]

GGC: I had a buncha these things made, an' every time I win a match, I'm gonna give 'em out to somebody in the crowd. Soon, we'll all be able to look out there and see a sea of gold.

MS: (pointing at his shirt) And you'll have everyone 'Put 'em up'?

GGC: Spot on, Stegglet. The people out in the crowd are gonna rise up an' shine.

But first we got some business...'cause it's time to Put 'em Up!

[GGC flashes a broad smile at Stegglet and the crowd, then heads off camera and towards the ring as we fade to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring: standing six foot two inches tall and weighing in at two hundred seventy five pounds, hailing from San Cristobal, Dominican Republic, he is ANGELO CORDERO!

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening notes to Bon Jovi's "It's My Life" starts up to a cheer from the crowd.]

PW: Introducing... from Asbury Park, New Jersey... weighing in at 262 pounds...

[Watson pauses just as the lyrics begin and "Golden" Grant Carter bursts through the curtain into view to a bigger cheer, throwing his arms up in a "V" with his left fist clenched and pressed into his fully-extended right palm.]

PW: "GOLLLLLLLDEN" GRAAAAAAANT CAAAAAARRRRRTERRR!

[Carter throws his arms apart, a big grin on his face at the crowd's reaction. He hops a couple of times, pointing out at the cheering fans before he starts striding down the aisle, quickly making his way down towards the ring.]

GM: Look at that crowd reaction to "Golden" Grant Carter, Bucky. The crowd loves him!

BW: No accounting for taste, Gordo. This guy belongs in a retirement home, not making a debut as a rookie here. Why doesn't he just get a convertible like everyone else having a mid-life crisis?

[About thirty seconds into the song, he pulls himself up on the apron, turning towards the crowd, cupping his hand to his ear as he "listens" to the lyrics.]

#I ain't gonna be just a face in the crowd
You're gonna hear my voice
When I shout it out loud#

[The music pauses for a second as Carter reaches over his head, clapping his hands together twice in rhythm with the beat and then points out to the crowd, encouraging them to sing along with the chorus.]

#It's my life
It's now or never
I ain't gonna live forever
I just want to live while I'm alive

It's... my... life#

[A grinning Carter ducks through the ropes, throwing his arms up into the same gesture we saw earlier as he faces his opponent, pointing at him and the music continues to play, ending with the very symbolic lyric.]

#It's... my... life#

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're off!

BW: This is gonna be the shortest career in AWA history.

[GGC and Cordero meet in the middle of the ring with a collar and elbow tie up that ends with Cordero slapping a side headlock onto Carter.]

GM: Angelo Cordero snags the side headlock, muscling Carter around the ring but not for long as Carter shoves him off to the ropes... coming back strong...

[Cordero runs down Carter, knocking him flat with a shoulder block.]

GM: Big takedown by Cordero with that tackle.

[Not wanting to waste the advantage, Cordero dashes to the ropes a second time, rebounding back. Carter dives at his feet, forcing Cordero to hurdle over him, hitting the ropes again as he comes back towards Grant Carter who surges to his feet and catches the returning Cordero with a hip toss]

BW: He's pretty nimble for a 70 year old.

GM: Would you stop. He's 35, Bucky. Plenty of great athletes have had productive careers after that age. We have many wrestlers on our roster that are his age or older including the new World Champion!

BW: But they've had more than one match here, Gordo.

[Cordero comes back to his feet quickly and charges Carter, who ducks underneath a big left handed lariat attempt, then spins as Cordero stops and turns himself.]

GM: Carter opens fire with a right hand... and Cordero returns the favor!

[The two men exchange punches in the middle of the ring with Carter getting the upper hand, sending Cordero stumbling back into the ropes.]

GM: Carter's fists are finding the mark, leaving Cordero dazed...

[As Cordero wobbles back off the ropes, he walks straight into a big uppercut that staggers him, allowing Carter to slip in next to him and hit a quick Russian Legsweep.]

GM: Textbook Russian Legsweep from "Golden" Grant Carter onto Cordero...and he floats over into a pinning predicament!

[A two count follows before Cordero kicks out.]

GM: Strong kick out from the Dominican!

BW: Gonna take more than that to beat an actual pro, daddy. Carter's got a long way to go.

[Both men arrive back to their feet at roughly the same time, ending up back in a collar and elbow tieup. This time Cordero immediately hits Carter with a knee lift to the midsection, doubling over the New Jersey native.]

GM: Angelo Cordero goes downstairs on the debuting Grant Carter... big right hand... one more to follow.

[With Carter reeling, he throws a wild haymaker that catches Cordero on the chin!]

GM: Oh! Carter with a right out of nowhere!

[But Cordero cuts off the comeback attempt, raking the eyes and drawing a warning from the referee as Carter stumbles away.]

BW: There's something that you don't learn tanning at the Jersey Shore, daddy! That's good ol' wrestling know how.

GM: That was an eye rake, Bucky. We're not talking about the Sugar Hold here.

[Cordero follows Carter, hitting him across the back with a heavy, clubbing forearm. And a second. And a third that finally sends Carter down to the mat.]

GM: And the rookie is finding himself in a bad way at this point of the contest.

[Cordero sneers, bending down and grabbing Carter's mop of curly blond hair before sending him into the ropes...]

GM: Cordero fires him off the ropes and - OH! BIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP!

[Cordero runs over and goes for a quick cover (along with a handful of tights.)]

GM: Cordero with the cover!

[The referee counts to two before Carter forces his way out.]

BW: So close!

GM: But not close enough! Carter shoots his shoulder up at 2 1/2! Cordero takes some time to complain to the official but is quickly back over to Carter as GGC staggers back to his feet!

BW: GGC? Really?

GM: How many times can I say "Golden" Grant Carter without looking for an abbreviation?

BW: Fair enough.

[Cordero throws a big punch, then ducks a return haymaker from Carter and locks his arms around Carter's midsection.]

BW: Time to give up, old timer!

GM: Cordero with his patented bear hug locked around the midsection of "Golden" Grant Carter here in his AWA debut. He's wrenching away at that lower back region, torquing the taller man for all he's worth!

BW: Carter's got three inches on him, daddy, but I don't think that's doing him any favors here. It just opens up that back as an easier target.

[True to Bucky's word, Cordero has the bear hug locked in. Carter clenches his fists, closing his eyes tight and screaming in pain and frustration. He fires a pair of weak punches into the forehead of Cordero, who shrugs them off without apparent effect.]

GM: Carter trying to fight his way out to no avail. This could be the end of his night.

BW: And his dream of being in this business.

GM: Perhaps.

[Carter's arms start to droop, his eyes fluttering...then they lock onto the golden weight lifting gloves he's wearing...and he throws up his hands.

And so do several hundred people in the crowd, who start to chant...]

"GGC! GGC! GGC! GGC!"

BW: What are these idiots doing, Gordo?

GM: They're showing their support for "Golden" Grant Carter.

[Carter starts to shake his arms, nodding his head...then throws his arms wide and brings them together in an ear box.]

GM: Carter smashes the ears of Cordero!

BW: But he can't break loose!

[Then a second. Then a third that finally breaks the bear hug and sends Cordero staggering backwards.]

GM: And a third one gets him free! Wow! Grant Carter continues to fight hard... continues to not give up...

[Carter falls to his knees as Cordero charges in. Without warning, Carter surges to his feet, turns, grabs Cordero's head and lunges forward in one fluid motion, driving Cordero's head into the canvas with a nasty snapmare driver.]

BW: What in the world was that?!?!?

GM: OH MY STARS! Golden Grant Carter pulls that move out of nowhere! The notes call it a Gold Strike...and I think that makes the three count a formality...

[Carter grabs both legs, rolling through into a back press.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: You gotta be kidding me!

[Carter rolls to his knees, looking down at the mat, arms pulled up over his head as he slowly slumps forward in disbelief.]

GM: This is your night, Grant Carter... tell 'em about it, Phil!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner... "GOLLLLLLDEN" GRAAAAAAANT CARRRRRTER!

[Carter comes slowly to his feet, holding his arms out to the side, closing his eyes and looking up at the ceiling as the chorus of cheers cascade onto him, then throws his hands up over his head, smiling at the crowd. Rolling out of the ring, he takes off the gloves and tosses them as far as he can into the crowd (back into the cheap seats), then hops the railing and heads into the fans.]

BW: Where's that idiot going, Gordo? The locker room has its own entrance and everything!

GM: Carter is showing his appreciation for the fans that helped him through that match, Bucky. He's just giving back...and I think it's just what we need considering some of the darkness we've seen around here as of late. Mark Stegglet, I'm sure you'll agree!

[We go to backstage where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Next to him is Julie Somers. The young woman has her wavy, brown hair pulled back behind her head. She is dressed in a Powerpuff Girls T-shirt and white shorts.]

MS: Absolutely, Gordon... I think this place could use a little bit of light... and joining me at this time is someone who knows a little something about that... Julie Somers, fresh off her victory at SuperClash. Julie, you had a hard-fought win, no doubt about that. How are you feeling right now?

JS: Mark, I'll tell you it was a dream come true to not only wrestle at SuperClash, but to come away with a win in my SuperClash debut, well...

[She pauses, a smile of satisfaction crossing her face.]

JS: I can't say enough about how great it feels, Mark. To walk off the grandest stage of them all with a victory... it's just an incredible feeling, Mark. It's a moment I'm never going to forget!

MS: You were one of the many competitors from around the world who went to Japan to compete in the Empress Cup. What can you tell me about that experience, Julie?

JS: Mark, it was an honor to be part of that event and I'm so happy that Miyuki Ozaki thought enough of me to invite me to be involved. I'm guessing I impressed her at SuperClash... I had heard a lot about the Empress Cup and know that some of the best of the best have won that tournament in the past. To simply be invited to that was a big honor.

MS: Of course, Melissa Cannon won the Empress Cup, but that brings me to this, Julie. I'm sure you heard the comments from Melissa when she was revealed as the special guest referee for the World TV Title match between Shadoc Rage and Supernova. Melissa sounded disappointed that she wasn't a part of the SuperClash match. Do you have any response to that?

[Julie pauses a bit before answering.]

JS: I wish I had faced Melissa at SuperClash but, unfortunately, it wasn't meant to be. In fact, we still haven't faced each other, one on one, since the time I was denied the chance to accept her open challenge several months ago. And during the Empress Cup, we never did meet up. I would love nothing more than to face her in that ring, knowing that the two of us could put on quite a show. While it would have been nice for that to have happened at SuperClash... and I know in no way it can replace a chance to wrestle on the AWA's grandest stage... I am prepared to issue a challenge to Melissa Cannon herself, to give all the AWA fans the great match they deserve to see and...

[Julie's words trail off as Emerson Gellar walks into view, smiling at the female competitor.]

MS: Mr. Gellar... I wasn't aware-

[Gellar raises his hands.]

EG: I know, I know. And I apologize to you, Miss Somers, for interrupting your interview time but I had something to say and I thought you'd like to hear it.

[Somers nods.]

EG: For several months now, there has been a consistent call from the fans of the AWA... as well as many in the locker room... to bring women's wrestling back to the prominence that it once held in this business. We look around at a rapidly-changing world - a world with the Williams sisters in tennis... with the US Women's Soccer team... with the WNBA... with women's gymnastics and even with our friends in the Global Fighting Championship and their Women's Division. Women are everywhere and are competing at a level as good - if not better - than the men.

And nowhere is that more true than right here in the AWA.

[Somers smiles, nodding in thanks.]

EG: Women's wrestling has its' spot... I'm sorry... it has EARNED its' spot here in the AWA thanks to you... and Melissa Cannon... and Erica Toughill... and yes, even Charisma Knight.

And with that in mind, your wait is over, Miss Somers.

As of right now, the American Wrestling Alliance PROUDLY offers up a Women's Division to compete in.

[Big cheer from inside the arena. Gellar smiles upon hearing it.]

EG: And I think they approve.

[Gellar starts to leave when Stegglet calls out.]

MS: Mr. Gellar... that answers one question... but what about the call for a Women's Championship?

[Gellar smiles.]

EG: That day will come, Mr. Stegglet... but until then, congratulations Miss Somers... to you and to the rest of the women who worked so hard to make this happen.

[Emerson shakes hands with Julie Somers before he walks off the set as Mark turns to Julie.]

MS: Well, there you have it, Julie. It's official... a full-time Women's Division and a title belt, just as you asked for after your match with Charisma Knight! What do you have to say about that?

[Julie has a huge smile on her face, her eyes glowing with excitement.]

JS: Mark, this is the best news I've heard all day! I'm glad the AWA has finally recognized that the women will get their due, their chance to keep proving to the fans that we deserve our moment to shine! And I can promise you one thing: I'm aiming to be the first-ever Women's Champion the AWA has! I can't wait to get back in that ring and prove myself again!

MS: Thank you, Julie, and I'm sure many AWA fans share in your excitement! Gordon, Bucky... let's get back to you!

[We cut back to inside the arena where Gordon and Bucky are seated at ringside.]

GM: Wow! Huge news again here tonight on the Season Premiere of Saturday Night Wrestling! The Women's Division is official, Bucky!

BW: Hey, I've always been one to give credit where it's due and those women deserve it, Gordo. Kudos to them.

GM: And I know that I look forward to calling some Women's Division action in the weeks to come... but right now, let's go back down to the ring for more tag team action!

[Phil Watson begins.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for-

[Phil is in mid-sentence when Pedro Perez and Wade Walker come tearing down the aisle, not bothering to wait for their usual entrance music. The referee signals for the bell as Walker drops down, driving one opponent back into the turnbuckles with a shoulder tackle as Pedro Perez uses a flurry of haymakers to force the other through the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: The Dogs of War are here and man, they look hot about something!

GM: I'm guessing it's the news-making loss to the James Gang that has them- OH!

[Walker whips their opponent across the ring into a Pedro Perez one-man flapjack, bouncing the victim facefirst off the mat. The referee is shouting at both competitors as Perez gets up, putting the boots to the opposition.]

GM: We never even got the introductions. I don't even know what to call these two men they're facing, Bucky.

BW: Dead meat.

GM: Appropos, I believe, at this point as Perez steps out, leaving Wade Walker to pull this young man off the mat...

[Walker hoists him over his head, holding him at full arm extension in a military press...

...and then steps out, causing his victim to bounce facefirst off the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

[Walker stomps to the corner, slapping the hand of Pedro Perez who steps through the ropes, moving to the corner as Walker pulls the young man up, flinging him across the ring with an Irish whip into the far turnbuckles. He steps back, grabbing Perez by the arm...

...and whips his own partner into a devastating leaping clothesline that ends with Perez through the ropes and out on the apron.]

GM: The Dogs of War are a blur of brutal offensive tactics here tonight in Las Vegas on the Season Premiere of Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Perez reaches back over the top rope, pushing the opponent's head, sending him staggering out of the corner...

...and then runs along the apron, delivering a devastating soccer kick to the chest of the other opponent!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: That oughta take that guy out of the mix.

[Perez sneers at the downed opponent as he walks back to the middle of the apron, grabbing the ropes as the other staggers towards him...

...and slingshots through the ropes, using a spear tackle to take him off his feet. He pushes up, planting his fists down on the chest.]

GM: That's it. One... two...

[The crowd groans as Perez pulls the man up by the hair, shaking his head.]

BW: I think Pedro Perez is going to decide when that's it, Gordo.

GM: Apparently so as he pulls the young man up. He had him beaten right there but Perez didn't care and he's out to send a message here tonight.

[Perez flings the young man by the hair into the corner, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: Wade Walker tags in and conspicuous by his absence is Isaiah Carpenter who took a couple of very hard falls at SuperClash and we're told he's still not medically cleared to compete after that.

BW: They call it "high risk" for a reason, daddy.

[Wade Walker steps into the ring, marching all the way across to the far turnbuckles. He grabs the top rope, slamming his right arm down across the top turnbuckle three times before turning, sprinting, and DRILLING his stunned opponent with a double axehandle hammerblow across the sternum!]

GM: OHHH!

[Walker slaps his partner's hand, pulling the dazed opposition out of the corner. Walker yanks his legs out from under him, twisting him around into wheelbarrow position where he lifts him up...

...and throws him violently facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: Wheelbarrow slam!

[Perez steps to the middle rope, twisting his fingers into a pistol...]

"TIME TO DIE!"

[...and leaps off, driving both feet down in a double stomp on the back of the prone opponent's head, smashing his face into the canvas!]

GM: And there's the double stomp! That's it!

[Perez flips him over, planting his knee into the sternum, staring out at the camera as the referee mercifully counts to three. He promptly gets up, putting the boots to the nearly-unconscious opponent, driving him out to the floor alongside his partner. Wade Walker silently pumps a fist at the three count as Perez shakes his head, sticking his torso through the ropes and demanding the house mic from Phil Watson. Watson reluctantly hands it over to the volatile Perez.]

PP: History was made at SuperClash! I'm not talking about Supernova winning the Television Title. I'm not talking about Air Strike. I'm not talking about my ol' pal Vasquez showing his true colors.

I'm talking true history. The kind of thing that goes into a history book.

And in the pages that will be written about the Dogs of War, it'll say that on Thanksgiving Night 2015, the Dogs of War were defeated by the James Gang.

[A mixed reaction to that. Perez nods.]

PP: You know what has been ringing through my head for the past three months? What two little words?

"And one."

Whatever number goes to the front of it... and you can bet it's a big one... the Dogs of War now have the words "and one" at the end of it. We took our first loss as a unit.

[He spreads an arm out, pointing to Wade Walker who snatches the mic.]

WW: We lost more than a match in Houston. Isaiah is still not cleared to wrestle after going through that ladder!

[Some cheers from the crowd for that daredevil moment. Perez nods as his partner continues.]

WW: That's right. He's a tough son of a bitch and he deserves every single one of you on your feet cheering for him the night he walks back through that curtain... and he WILL walk back through that curtain. Believe that.

But you can believe one other thing.

"And one" doesn't sit right with us. "And one" puts a bad taste in our mouths. "And one" makes me want to vomit.

And so... James Gang... enjoy your night. Sit back there and pop champagne and celebrate what's happened for you over the past few months. Call up James and tell him that his running boys struck gold

And then you tell him that wherever he is... whatever he's doing... he'd better get ready because we're coming for you. We're coming for James... we're coming for Taylor and Donovan... hell, we're even coming for those World Tag Team Titles.

[Walker hands the mic back to Pedro Perez.]

PP: That's right. My mama always said I looked good in gold and when those tag titles are around our waists, ain't no one gonna look better in 'em. You hear me, Gellar? We want OUR shot at the titles... and if we get it, we're going to have one hell of a welcome back gift for our brother.

[Perez smirks.]

PP: Donovan's got himself a little catchphrase now. The kind of thing they put on t-shirts and make fists full of cash over. That's good... that's real good. But there's only one problem, Donovan.

Because the way we see it, it ain't us who needs to start running...

...it's you.

[Perez spikes the mic as many in the crowd cheer...

But those cheers soon turn to boos.]

GM: What is he doing here?

BW: Say a great man's name, and he is bound to appear, Gordo!

[And who has appeared? None other than the greatest manager in AWA history (just ask him), the only manager in the wrestling hall of fame, the manager of the new World Tag Team Champions, the man who controls the AWA's Engine of Destruction. The inimitable, indomitable, invincible Brian Lau. Dressed to the nines in black sharkskin suit, Italian leather shoes and designer sunglasses that cost more than what most of the audience makes in a month.

And next to him? Still in blue jeans and a wife beater is Shane Taylor.

The two of them stop at the top of the entrance ramp, well away from the Dogs, who are being held back, though just barely, by the referee.]

BL: I will say this; you boys don't lack for ambition.

Did I just hear you say that you wanted a shot at the World Tag Team titles, currently held by the Tag Team of 2016, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan?

[The camera cuts to Perez, who is nodding his head vigorously.]

BL: Keep dreaming, boys.

I mean, until tonight, you two haven't won a match since before Thanksgiving! You really think someone who hasn't won a match in four months deserves a title shot?

[That draws a loud reaction from the crowd, all of them on their feet, booing Lau. The two Dogs charge at the ropes, but again are held at bay by the referee.]

BL: You boys need to do a heck of a lot more than win one match against, well, less than top notch competition.

I mean, let's do the math. The Ultimate Outlaw and the Donovan Daredevil went out tonight and defeated Air Strike. And Air Strike defeated Violence Unlimited, the only team to ever win the Stampede Cup twice. Now, I am guessing that neither of you paid much attention in school, but mathematically, that means that Donovan and Taylor are, indisputably, the greatest tag team in AWA history.

And you think that you have any chance of beating them? After they already beat you at SuperClash?

You Dogs of War have a lot of dues to pay before you even allow the thought of taking on the James Gang to enter your head again!

As for coming after Brian James?

[Lau shakes his head and begins to mockingly laugh.]

BL: On your best day, the three of you combined don't have one quarter of the natural ability or skill that Brian James contains in his left little toe.

I'm here to tell you, and please deliver this message to your wounded little buddy too, that Brian James is done with you. He's got bigger fish to fry and more important opponents to destroy.

You're so far out of Brian James' league that it's not even the same sport!

No, you don't get Brian James. Not now, not ever. Brian James said everything he had to say when he put the big guy's head through the stairs.

[Once again, the camera cuts to Perez and Walker, who are not pointing at Lau.]

BL: Oh, you want me?

[Lau pulls his sunglasses down the bridge of his nose, looking at the Dogs over the top of them.]

BL: Well, maybe a one hundred and fifty pound non wrestler is more your speed. Though I should remind you, I am a former World Cruiserweight Champion!

[Lau executes a Casey James-esque bicep pose. Which he at least thinks is intimidating.]

BW: It's true, he is!

GM: Will you stop?

BL: But I am long retired, and I would hate to humiliate you two by coming out of retirement and trashing you myself.

But if you do think you want a piece of me?

Well, I have bad news for you. Because you see, just this night, I have retained the services of the roughest, toughest, baddest, meanest, nastiest, ruthless hombre ever to set foot in a wrestling ring. And if you want a piece of me? Well, you're going to have to go through my bodyguard first. And just who is this man? Well, you're looking at him!

Shane Taylor is my bodyguard, and if you want me, you better take it up with him!

[The camera cuts to a confused Shane Taylor, who was clearly not expecting this bombshell. But already, Lau is standing behind Taylor, using him as a shield.]

GM: This is ridiculous. Shane Taylor is Brian Lau's bodyguard?

BW: Hey, only the best for Mister Lau!

GM: Are you kidding me Bucky? No offense to Shane Taylor, but he is no one's idea of a bodyguard! Clearly, Brian Lau is trying to take advantage of Shane Taylor's less than stellar life circumstances!

BW: Hey, if Brian Lau thinks he can do it, who am I to question the genius who orchestrated the first and only defeat of the Dogs of War!

BL: So that's how it is, boys.

You don't get The James Gang. You don't get a title shot. You don't get the privilege of being beaten again.

And if you don't like it?

Take it up with Shane!

[And with those words, Lau is off, leaving a still confused Taylor standing at the entrance ramp, staring at a pair of very angry men. Taylor holds his ground briefly...

...and then turns to follow Lau, leaving an empty stage - and a booing crowd - in his wake.]

GM: Some bodyguard. Shane Taylor just ran for it!

BW: Well, there wasn't an imminent threat to Brian Lau so...

GM: I highly doubt this is what Shane Taylor had in mind when he asked his own nephew if he could join the James Gang earlier tonight.

BW: No?

GM: He looks more surprised than anyone when Lau announced that!

BW: Hey, the way I look at it, he should be grateful for the gig.

GM: Not if that means he's gotta get between Brian Lau and the Dogs of War who appear to be setting their gaze on the World Tag Team Titles! Fans, let's shift gears here and talk about something that happened at SuperClash - specifically what happened as part of Maxim Zharkov's Proletariat Challenge. First, let's take a look at some highlights of the match and then we'll come back to discuss the controversy surrounding it. Roll it.

[In the corner of the frame, the DVD cover of SuperClash VII is superimposed over footage from the event with the caption: "Available at AWAsShop.com"]

These are stills from the event, of course. No reason to give away the action for free on The X, after all.]

GM: [voiceover] Zharkov following to the outside, and the Russians are cornering Delacruz on the floor!

[Stills of Tanner Delacruz suddenly finds himself surrounded with Maxim Zharkov slowly advancing.

A still of Sudakov grabbing on to Delacruz's shoulders.]

GM: [voiceover] And these men are not participants in this match!

[With malice, Zharkov rears back his massive right arm, palm open...]

GM: [voiceover] HE DUCKED!

[...And accidentally levels Kolya Sudakov with a massive palm strike to the chin!]

GM: [voiceover] WHAT A TSAR BOMB!... and THREE! Three challengers down!...

[A still of Zharkov's bridging pin of the much smaller Delacruz. Then Sudakov storming the ring, flagpole in hand.]

BW: [voiceover] WHAT THE...?

GM: [voiceover] KOLYA SUDAKOV HAS JUST BROKEN A FLAGPOLE OVER THE BACK AND SHOULDERS OF MAXIM ZHARKOV!

[Stills of Sudakov smashing to pole across Zharkov's back, and then shouting angrily down to Zharkov on the canvas, clutching his shoulder in pain.]

BW: [voiceover] WHAT IS SUDAKOV DOING?!

[Jackson Hunter and the Russians storming the ring, trying to restrain Sudakov.]

GM: [voiceover] SUDAKOV SHOVES KOSTOVICH TO THE GROUND! DOWN GOES JACKSON HUNTER! SUDAKOV IS INCENSED AND OUT OF CONTROL!

[One final shot of Sudakov storming up the ramp, back turned to the Russian contingent in the ring.

Back to live action in Las Vegas. At the announce position, Bucky and Gordon are looking straight into the camera.]

GM: Fans, in a night full of shockers, we cannot forget another aftershock from SuperClash... former AWA National Champion Kolya Sudakov seemingly turning his

back on "The Tsar" Maxim Zharkov and the Russian squad—including his own uncle Vladimir Velikov—right in the middle of the Proletariat Challenge...

[Cut to Sudakov, who is live in front of a studio backdrop.]

[Caption: "Live via satellite – Biloxi, MS."]

GM: [voiceover] ...And joining us now to speak to us for the first time in what seems to be ages is Kolya Sudakov, coming to us via satellite from Mississippi, where he currently resides. Mr. Sudakov, you and I have known each other for several years now... I never expected something like that to transpire.

KS: Gordon Myers... as you say, you know Kolya many, many years. And above all, Kolya is proud Russian, no?

GM: Absolutely.

KS: Kolya trains in Russia. Kolya fights in Russia. Kolya live in Russia much of year. Kolya is Russian War Machine!

[He smashes a clenched fist across his heart.]

KS: Kolya is proud Russian... but Kolya is proud man too. Kolya stand in Russia, watching...

[He pauses, biting his lip before speaking.]

KS: Propaganda! It is propaganda, Gordon Myers! Zharkov is great fighter but he is great fighter propped up by money and politics and...

[The former AWA National Champion shakes his head.]

GM: [voiceover] Have you spoken with any of your former associates since leaving the corner of "The Tsar" at SuperClash?

[Sudakov sighs, his conscience heavy.]

KS: I have not.

[He inhales and exhales deeply.]

GM: Neither Ivan Kostovich or Vladimir Velikov, your uncle, have offered any comment on your present status either; it seems that they did not want to call attention to your move Stateside.

KS: More propaganda. Russian government turned Zharkov into national hero... great hope to conquer America. He is no hero. He is no hope. Kolya call Zharkov what he is - a puppet!

[Suddenly, we cut back to the arena at Mandalay Bay, where Jackson Hunter is charging around ringside furiously to the announce position.]

KS: [continuing in voiceover, unaware] It is not the same from when Kolya came to the AWA. It is not- YOU!

[Hunter picks up a spare headset and shouts into the microphone impatiently, standing behind Bucky and Gordon.]

JH: PUT ME ON WITH HIM! PUT ME ON WITH HIM NOW!

KS: [talking over top] Bud' ty proklyat! You goat! Pig! Mu'dak!

[Transition to a split screen, of Jackson Hunter in the arena, and Sudakov live via satellite. They shout invective over top of each other for what must be half-a-minute.]

JH: [over top of each other] Look at you, hiding away! Run from Zharkov, Kolya!

KS: [over top of each other] You coward! Zharkov coward! Bring him to Kolya!
BRING HIM TO KOLYA!

JH: [over top of each other] Did you know that 90% of dust is dead human flesh? That's you, Kolya! That's what you are.

KS: [over top of each other] I will break you!

JH: Kolya, if you are sitting there in that redneck wasteland with your new family, getting fat off of milkshakes and chicken-fried ice cream, I will be SORELY disappointed! You had better damn well been about to say you were training for your comeback to the AWA!

KS: Two weeks!

[Hunter's jaw drops.]

KS: Kolya talk to Emerson Gellar today. Kolya will be in Phoenix in two weeks.

[Hunter's mouth opens and closes but form no words, obviously surprised by this news.]

KS: Kolya is coming for you, Hunter! Kolya is coming for Zharkov! Kolya is-

JH: GOOD! Because Mr. Kostovich and your poor, dear uncle Vladimir have returned to Russia. The Magadan Coalition has left me and Mr. Zharkov alone to decide upon your punishment for deserting us at SuperClash, and for nearly deep-sixing the Proletariat Challenge.

[Hunter is still incensed, but now speaks in measured tones. Sudakov merely glowers at the camera like he wants to burn a hole through Jackson Hunter's head with his mind.]

JH: And I will leave it up to you, whether it is in this ring... or outside of it. Do you know how easy it is to infuse polonium-210 into a cup of tea, Kolya?

You know. You know how it works in Russia. Think about it, Kolya. You have...

[He glances at his clipboard.]

JH: ...One month to prepare. In fact, you're close enough to being an American.

[He chuckles.]

JH: Let's see YOU last five minutes with Zharkov!

[Sudakov snarls, nodding.]

KS: Good, good. In two weeks, Kolya remind AWA who is Russian War Machine. In one month, Kolya will be there. Kolya be at Eighth Anniversary.

[Big cheer from the crowd in the building!]

KS: I will face Zharkov. Kolya bring high kick! Kolya bring Sickle! And when Zharkov is at Kolya's feet...

[He smiles a threatening grin.]

KS: ... Kolya will have your THROAT in my FIST!

[Sudakov storms out of the studio, leaving Hunter to shout impotently at the camera.]

JH: My throat in your fist?! Fat chance! Zharkov will tear you apart! We've only just started!

GM: Fans, we'll be right back after this break.

JH: Don't cut me off! I'm not done yet! Sudakov, you better—

[His microphone gets cut as we go to black.]

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black...

We cut to the interior of a hospital waiting room. The room has been cleared save for two people. The first is young Theresa Lynch, the blonde reporter sitting in a chair next to a man very familiar, not just to AWA audiences, but all wrestling fans - Alex Martinez.

The Last American Badass, all seven feet and three hundred and fifty pounds of him, barely fits in the chair, and his discomfort is obvious. But even more obvious is the distress in the eyes of the black leather jacketed Hall of Famer. His trademark mirrored shades are off, and in his craggy, scarred face, we can see the pain of a father facing the possibility of his son being paralyzed for life. Martinez is full of quiet intensity, rage and grief both threatening to spill out at any moment.]

TL: Mr. Martinez... I am not even sure where to begin. It's no secret that you were in town to film scenes for your upcoming part in the newest Hangover movie, and that you were invited by Emerson Gellar to attend tonight's AWA show. But I know none of that matters right now.

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AM: No Theresa, I'd say that filmin' movies and sittin' in the crowd ain't what's on my mind right now. Hell, there's only one thing that matters to me right now. And he's layin' in a bed, hopin' that sooner or later he's gonna be able to wiggle his toes or lift his hand.

TL: It sound like the prognosis for Ryan Martinez isn't good.

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AM: Right now Theresa, it ain't good at all.

And I'll be honest, I'm tryin' right now to remember all the things my son has been sayin' for the last two years. I'm tryin' to remember every time he stood up in front of an audience and told 'em not to lose hope. I'm tryin' to remember all the times he promised the people that, if they just believed, things would get better.

And I'm tryin' to remember all the times his promises came true.

But all that I can really think about right now is the sound my boy's neck made when his head hit the ground. And all I can see in my mind is him layin' in that bed, starin' up at the ceilin', tryin' to will himself to move, and not bein' able to.

[Martinez falls into a brooding silence.]

TL: And tonight, Maxim Zharkov...

[Martinez gives Lynch a sharp look that silences her.]

AM: Theresa, tonight ain't the night to talk about Zharkov. I promise ya, there'll come a time and a place when he'll get dealt with.

But tonight, I can't be thinkin' about no Maxim Zharkov.

Not after what Vasquez did.

TL: At one point, you and Juan Vasquez were friends.

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AM: No Theresa. Someone who did what he did to Carver. And then to Ryan wasn't ever my friend. Juan Vasquez is now what he's always been – nothin' but a coward and a piece of garbage. All them years people spent believin' Vasquez was some kinda hero? That was just all of us choosin' to believe a lie. Juan Vasquez didn't change, he didn't turn, he didn't become somethin' he wasn't. All he did was show us that he wasn't never no hero.

But that's okay. Because I ain't never been a nice guy myself.

[Martinez' eyes narrow, and his body begins to vibrate with intensity.]

AM: You know what the best day of my life was Theresa? The day I stood in an AWA ring, and my son, Ryan, told me to go home. The day he told me that he was the World Champion, and I wasn't needed no more.

Ryan Martinez, my son, my blood, has never, in his life, asked me to fight his battles for him. He's never wanted the old man to step in. And I've never had to. That kid was born knowin' right from wrong, and he came out swingin', ready to stand up for what he believed in. I walked away and I went to Hollywood, because I didn't need to be here. I didn't need to fight his fights. Because Ryan went out and found his own allies. Good men who had the same beliefs and ideals he did. Ryan didn't need me, not when he had Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch at his side.

But Bobby is out, and Jack has vanished. And with them gone, that son of a bitch Vasquez got to him. Ryan stood tall as long as he could. All his friends are gone.

So I guess that means family's gotta step in.

So here it is, Theresa, I'm standin' for my boy. Standin' for him until he can stand for himself again.

TL: I... well, that is an amazing statement Mr. Martinez. But you have a full time career in the movies now. And you have not been medically cleared to wrestle. I hesitate to ask this, but is this realistic?

[Martinez inhales sharply, and exhales slowly.]

AM: You know somethin', you're right Theresa. I am an old man now. And my body has been broken by twenty years of fightin'. And I am a part timer who needs to get his ass to the doctor's and pass a physical. That's all true.

But there's still one more fight left in this body.

And it ain't a fight against Vasquez. And it ain't a fight against Zharov. And it ain't a fight against Detson, or Supreme Wright or the James Gang or any other one person. It's a fight against all of 'em.

It's the fight that Ryan Martinez began when he stood up to the Wise Men.

This is the only fight that matters. And from here on out, its my fight.

But you're right Theresa. It ain't a fight I can do on my own.

So here it is. If you're listenin' to my voice and you've ever wanted to take a stand. If you've ever wante to say "here is the line, and I will not let you cross it," if you've ever wanted to say "this far, and no further," then stand with me.

Stand for Ryan.

I ain't no one's idea of a hero. I ain't no White Knight. Hell, most days, I ain't even all that good of a guy. But I am still Alex Martinez.

I'm still The Last American Badass.

And if you're with me, then I promise you. All the Maxim Zharkovs and Juan Vasquezes of the world are gonna get...

BURNED!!

[The camera zooms in on Martinez' eyes.]

AM: Count on it!

[We slowly fade away from the Hall of Famer...

...and then back up to the arena where as we fade in for the final segment of the night, we find Mark Stegglet inside the ring next to - who else - Emerson Gellar.]

MS: We are LIVE here in Las Vegas for the Season Premiere of Saturday Night Wrestling and Mr. Gellar, judging by the amount of times we've seen you tonight, I'm starting to wonder if you're getting paid per appearance.

[Gellar smiles.]

EG: If only. But in all honesty, Mark... there are some things that needed to be addressed here tonight and hopefully, as I get settled in and my initiatives start to kick in, I'll get some time to kick back in a corner office like President O'Neill too.

[Stegglet returns the smile.]

MS: Tonight has been a wild night here in Las Vegas but I understand that you've got a cherry you'd like to drop on top of this nutty sundae.

[The AWA's new Director of Operations nods.]

EG: Absolutely. One of the keys to the success of this company is the near-constant influx of new talent... fresh blood... whatever you want to call it. We've

taken some steps towards that goal over the past few months and I'm sure we're going to be taking more steps in that direction over the next few and beyond. Tonight, you've already seen some beneficiaries to this so-called New Blood Drive that I've instructed the Talent Relations office to undertake. I want to see new faces... I want to see returning faces... I want to see the same people that all of YOU want to see.

[He gestures to the crowd who cheer in return.]

EG: And I think this will help accomplish that.

Ladies and gentlemen, the newest signee to the American Wrestling Alliance... making his long-awaited return after years away... one of the greatest technical wrestlers on the planet... PURE X!

[Twin sets of white lights and green lasers beam from the bottom of the ramp as the opening beats to the remixed version of "Elektra" by SBCR vs. Refused play. After each beat, the lights and lasers move up the ramp, until eventually getting to the top and focus on the entrance way as the lyrics kick in...

#They stack the bodies a thousand high
A cardinal monument to touch the sky
They crown the peaks
So far estranged
But down in the dirt, nothing has changed
Nothing has changed!#

#Nothing has changed!
Nothing has changed!
NOTHING HAS CHANGED!#

And with that, the green lasers shoot upwards as portions of the crowd cheer for the returning man known as Pure X. Now in his late twenty's, X shows a slightly bigger, toned frame than last scene years ago in AWA. His long hair's now gone, sporting now a short cut to his brown hair. For his attire, X has on his street clothes - a pair of dark blue jeans, black boots, and a tight dark green t-shirt. He's also sporting a pair of silver aviators.

Pure X stalls a bit on the top of the ramp, looking around at the Vegas crowd - many who cheer him for his time once competing here and others cheering him as fans of his work overseas. Pure X finally does stride down to the ring, acknowledging the fans with a nod as he passes by. Once in the ring, he shakes the hand of Emerson Gellar and take the mic.]

PX: Thank you, Mister Gellar and thank you, AWA!

[Of course, some easy pandering gets those easy cheers.]

PX: It's been too long... Too long away from THIS ring!

[X looks around the ring as the crowd lets out another cheer.]

MS: Pure X, it has been a while since you last entered an AWA ring and in the time since, you traveled

PX: Let me tell you something, Mark - professional wrestling's my blood, my body, MY LIFE, Mark! From when I was a little boy, watching my favorite wrestlers on TV... watching them fight in the ring from the stands... and even to when I started, being trained and twisted between these ropes as a teen, I dreamed of this...

[X gestures around the ring, around to the fans.]

PX: To standing here, to being a professional wrestler! And getting the chance to prove myself in the absolute best, biggest promotion the world's got - right here, in the AWA!

[Look at that, more easy pops from the fans.]

PX: And yeah, I took a long journey since I last was here in this ring. I left AWA under, well let's just say what was then irreconcilable differences -

MS: You're of course referring to your uncle -

[X puts a stop to Mark from completing his thought, nodding.]

PX: Yeah, THAT. Look Mark, when I left? I felt I couldn't get out of my uncle's shadow. I felt I was inexperienced, never would've gotten chances to really prove who I am... So I left AWA, came here to Las Vegas -

[The crowd gives out a hometown pop as X lets out a smile.]

PX: And then Europe, then Mexico, then Japan - even came back to the AWA for a cup of coffee before running back. But no matter where I went, no matter what I did? I... I realized I couldn't just keep running.

[X shakes his head.]

PX: Me, running FROM my name, from my uncle's legacy? I realized I wasn't going to succeed that way. I am who I am - I AM a Langseth! I AM my uncle's nephew! But that doesn't define me nor will I let it! And see -

[X looks down at Stegglet.]

PX: Once I got that? It finally made myself - lived up to almost everything I ever expected. I won in Japan, beat some of most legendary fighters they have, and proved to the WORLD that I am PURELY the greatest technical wrestler inside ANY ring -

[The crowd cheers X's emotion, but X holds up his hand to stop the cheers.]

PX: Except, Mark, the AWA! And that's why I came back, why I took Mr. Gellar's call - to come back HOME and prove -

[Pure X is interrupted by...]

"I WANT IT ALL."

"I WANT IT ALL."

"I WANT IT ALL."

"AND I WANT IT NOW!"

[The lights dim as "I Want It All" by Queen blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges from the back. Well built with a bleached blond buzzcut, he's a good looking guy with a tan; his dress sense seems firmly mired in 2002, though, with a silver choker around his neck and a bowling shirt that Guy Fieri would be embarrassed to be seen wearing. Behind him lurks Erica Toughill, a sullen-looking woman with a perpetual scowl on her face, baseball bat in her fist, a pink bubble inflating between her lips.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick? What business does he have out here?

BW: He ain't alone, Gordon, and I'm not just talkin' 'bout his bodyguard.

[Callum Mahoney follows Toughill and Kendrick. He is still dressed in a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front; black knee pads, and black laceless boots. He also has a white towel draped around his neck. "Red Hot" Rex Summers and his Summers Sweetheart follow the rest of the trio. Summers is visibly upset but his Sweetheart smiles widely for the camera. She is wearing an Egyptian blue halter top and a pair of form fitting white pants. In her other hand she is carrying the red Halliburton briefcase, which carries Rex Summers' 2015 Steal the Spotlight contract. Rex is attired in a pair of black dress slacks, highly polished black dress shoes and a red dress shirt, the sleeves are rolled up neatly and the top two buttons are undone. The camera pans back to the buxom Summers Sweetheart, who leans forward and blows a kiss to the camera.]

GM: I don't know, Bucky. I'm smelling a set-up here.

[Erica Toughill quickly rolls into the ring, followed by the three men. Menacingly, she strides up to Mark Stegglet, holding the bat upright. With little more persuasion than narrowing her eyes, she plucks the microphone from his hand, slings the bat over her shoulder with one hand, and extends the microphone to Kendrick with the other.]

KK: CUT THE DAMN MUSIC!

[The damn music is cut as Kerry Kendrick holds court in the ring. Toughill holds the microphone to Kendrick's face, never taking her eyes off of Pure X or Stegglet.]

KK: Now I know, that Mr. Gellar is relatively new here, and I don't expect him to remember every single piece of AWA apocrypha, but I'm the type of guy who was here for the first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. And though we've had our ups and downs, I've been loyal to this promotion through thick and thin.

[He half-extends his arm, pointing at Pure X with his index finger.]

KK: Now, you, Pure X... I remember when YOU put in your first appearance on Saturday Night Wrestling seven years ago! I remember how you said you were disgusted by what went on in this ring, as though you appointed yourself message board critic, quality control manager, and AWA spokesperson all rolled into one!

[Pure X raises his eyebrows and mouths something back as Toughill pivots slightly, holding the microphone to Callum Mahoney.]

CM: Unlike my friend, I was not here seven years ago. But who has not heard of Pure X? One of the greatest technical wrestlers in the planet... Back. In. The. Day! You usually put a welcoming committee together like what you see here for someone who is supposed to be kind of a big deal. All I see is someone who is, frankly, a little long in the tooth.

[X opens his arms, signaling back that he's ready. Toughill turns again, holding the microphone up to "Red Hot" Rex Summers. The Steal the Spotlight winner looks towards Emerson Gellar for a moment, and then begins a small mocking golf clap.]

RS: Emerson, I must say I am absolutely floored, just floored right now. I mean Pure X, the living legend himself! How, how were you able to sign Pure X, Emerson?

[The is no doubt in the minds of the fans the "Red Hot" one is being sarcastic as they begin to boo him. Rex looks to the crowd to Pure X and then back to the crowd one more time. As he turns his attention back to the microphone in Erica's hand he slowly shakes his head.]

RS: Pure X, I'm so sorry for the way these Vegas Vagabonds are treating you right now.

I mean... honestly they should have started booing you the second you stepped into this ring!

[The boos for "Red Hot" Rex Summers intensify.]

RS: Listen to them. Half of them hate you and the other half don't even remember your name. So let me give them a quick history lesson. The last time you were in the ring was... what? Five or six years ago and you were wrestling in a warehouse somewhere in a back alley here in Las Vegas, weren't you? Trying to earn ten bucks and whatever else you could scrape together hawking those masks of yours.

[Callum Mahoney places his hand on the shoulder of Rex and whispers something in his ear. The "Red Hot" one seems shocked as he stares at Pure X.]

RS: You're kidding me. You're telling me that's not a mask ... that he's just that damn ugly? Here's a bit of free advice... talk to La Fuerza, he may have something to cover that thing you call a face up.

[Rex smirks as X narrows his eyes back with a sneer.]

RS: Even though you have the face that...

[Summers pauses and just continues to stare at Pure X.]

RS: I'm not even sure your mother can love that face, but yet here you are, back in the AWA. Being touted as the biggest talent the AWA has seen since... well me!

[Rex casts a quick glance at Emerson Gellar and he once again begins his mock golf clap.]

RS: Better? More exciting? If this is the best you got, Gellar, you may as let "Wheels" Lynch roll his way back into the AWA!

[Toughill glances side-eyed, coolly at Summers, then holds the microphone up to Kendrick again, who glares daggers at Pure X.]

KK: Lemme tell you something, you sanctimonious phony. People like Red Hot here... like Callum... we've been here all this time, X. We've been here in the trenches, putting in our time, paying our dues. You think you can walk back through the door, sashay your way down that aisle and use our promotion... MY promotion... like an ATM?

Do think people like us who show up week in and week out are here to service YOUR needs, X? Do think that you are a Made Man in this industry?

[Kendrick turns to the fans.]

KK: This town built on the foundation of organized crime knows what I'm talking about, don't ya? But for the lumpy tourists in attendance, let me explain it to you: being a Made Man supposedly gives you all the privileges, and all the benefits, and all the responsibilities that the pro wrestling mafia sees fit to bestow on you. Like placating an arena full of people who blew their mortgages on the slot machines and stumbled in here half-drunk on a Saturday night!

[That seems to strike a nerve with the Las Vegas audience who begins booing more heartily. Toughill scans the crowd with a frown on her face. Kendrick just chuckles.]

KK: Well, I don't need to do any of that, Pure X. I... am a SELF MADE MAN, jack! Guys like Callum Mahoney, tearing tendons and burying knives between shoulderblades just to keep people from doing it to him: SELF Made Man! Guys like Rex Summers, who's never had anything handed to him in his life and who doesn't need to Steal the Spotlight, 'cause he earned it: SELF Made Man.

And me? I've been around, X! I've been here since Day One! And I'll be here years after you're gone and forgotten. In fact...

[Kendrick undoes his bowling shirt and strips to his jeans.]

KK: Rex, Callum, Ricki... guys... gimme some room here. Sorry Mr. Gellar, but I'm going to taint your little New Blood Transfusion.

[Summers and Mahoney clear the ring. Toughill dawdles for a second, gripping the bat tight, but Kendrick urges her to exit the ring as well, and she obeys with a shrug.]

GM: Wait a second... are we going to get some kind of a match here?!

BW: Sure looks that way.

GM: Pure X is in street clothes for crying out loud!

BW: So is Kerry Kendrick. That oughta make it even!

[Emerson Gellar has exited the ring, trading words with Rex Summers out on the floor as Kendrick swings his arms back and forth in front of him, grabbing the top rope to stretch out a few times.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick looks like he's getting ready as Pure X pulls off his t-shirt...

[And as Kendrick steps out of the corner, Pure X hurls his t-shirt into his face to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Flagrant show of disrespect by Pure X and-

[A furious Kendrick goes charging across the ring towards Pure X who simply drops down, using a drop toehold to take Kendrick down, bouncing his face off the canvas!]

GM: Nice move by-

[Pure X rolls to a knee, grabbing Kendrick by the ankle...]

BW: What the-?!

[...and CRANKS the ankle, twisting it around as Kendrick screams out in pain!]

GM: THE X! THE X! PURE X LOCKS IN HIS TRADEMARK ANKLE HOLD!

[And within seconds, Kendrick is slapping the canvas repeatedly!]

GM: He's tapping out! Kendrick is tapping out! Kendrick is-

[A furious Rex Summera and Callum Mahoney come sliding into the ring, charging Pure X who releases his submission hold...

...and then bails out of the ring, leaving a fuming Summers and Mahoney in the ring shouting at him!]

GM: Oh my! Pure X just humiliated Kerry Kendrick in the middle of the ring!

BW: That wasn't a match! That wasn't legal!

GM: Maybe not but Kerry Kendrick just tapped out to The X in the middle of the ring!

[Out on the floor, Pure X has a grin on his face as Mahoney shouts threats over the ropes at him. The technician is backing down the aisle, the fans cheering loudly for him.]

GM: What a night! It was a night full of debuts, returns, and some of the craziest surprises I can recall! The Season Premiere is over! The new season is on! And I can't wait to see what happens next! For Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon Myers and we'll see you next time... at the matches! So long everybody!

[Erica Toughill helps a fuming Kerry Kendrick to his feet where he hobbles to the ropes, shouting angrily at Pure X...

...as we fade to black.]