



AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

MARCH 26TH, 2016 - PEPSI CENTER - DENVER, COLORADO

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and that black 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!#

[Ryan Martinez connects with a running Yakuza kick on a stunned opponent.]

#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#

[Johnny Detson thrusts his newly-won World Title up into the air... and then fades to black as we hear the final lyric.]

#Scream#

[The black screen "shatters" into a live shot outside the Pepsi Center - a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath a digital marquee with the name of the building and the words "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in black block 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 Denver, Colorado in the Pepsi Center! And we are LIVE for no other exciting night of action as we bring you the flagship show of the American Wrestling Alliance - 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 sunburst yellow sportscoat over a uber-bleached white dress shirt. He's opted for a neon green 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.

By his side is the Dean of professional wrestling announcing in a salt and pepper sportscoat and black slacks. A big smile is on his face as he speaks.]

GM: Two weeks ago, we celebrated the Eighth Anniversary of Saturday Night Wrestling and the AWA and now we're going to kick off Year Nine in style, Bucky.

BW: You got that right because we've got people in the ring who mean business and they got something to say, Gordo.

GM: Earlier this week, we were informed that the AWA World Champion Johnny Detson had DEMANDED time at the top of the show to address what went down two weeks ago in Los Angeles and sure enough, he's here... and he's not alone, fans.

[As we fade from Gordon and Bucky at ringside, we land on the ring and a scene that looks quite familiar to AWA fans who were watching the Anniversary Show two weeks ago. Five men are standing in the ring, the crowd jeering their mere presence.

A smirking Brian Lau pats his hulking returning charge - the Engine of Destruction - Brian James on the back. Both Brians are clad in custom-made suits - Lau because he's a fashion plate and James because nothing else would fit him off the rack.

Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are nearby. Taylor's wearing a black suit over a white dress shirt unbuttoned a few spots, revealing a bare chest and a gold chain. Donovan's charcoal grey suit is over a white dress shirt as well.

Of course, out on the floor is Shane Taylor in his trademark wifebeater and jeans, keeping his eyes open in his role as the bodyguard of the only manager in the Hall of Fame.

And last but not least is the World Heavyweight Champion... the man some would hype as the greatest professional athlete in the world today. He's also in a black suit, the World Title belt nowhere to be seen but he's got a big grin on his face as he looks out at the jeering Denver crowd.

Producing a mic from his jacket, Detson steps out in front of the pack to speak.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen...

[Detson immediately gets interrupted by the hatred from the crowd but instead of getting upset at the interruption, Detson smiles. He leans in and says something into Lau's ear who nods. Detson lifts the mic again.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen...

[The boos pick up again, cutting off Detson. The World Champion looks less thrilled this time.]

JD: It comes as no surprise to me that you people have no appreciation for what you're witnessing.

History. This right here is history being written before your very eyes and you people would rather hear yourselves scream and boo the men in this ring right now.

[The boos die down a bit as Detson continues.]

JD: For two weeks, I've heard the questions from everyone. The boys in the locker room. The suits. The reporters... even the fans.

"What does it mean?"

Because two weeks ago, the last thing you saw was the five men in this ring raising each other's arms... and everyone wanted to know why.

The answer is simple.

[Detson unbuttons his suit jacket, showing off the AWA World Heavyweight Title that is wrapped securely around his waist.]

JD: And it's this. This right here.

[Detson taps the title belt.]

JD: Bucky Wilde said it best two weeks ago... a true champion is willing to do whatever it takes to win a title... and whatever it takes to keep a title.

You all know what I was willing to do to win a title... working with Somers... with Dufresne... chasing Martinez for the better part of a year... getting in good with Landon O'Neill...

I did whatever it took to get this title around my waist!

[He nods.]

JD: And you better believe I'm willing to do even more to keep it. When I was in that match with Travis Lynch two weeks ago, I saw the writing on the wall. I saw Emerson Gellar being willing to do anything to get the title off me.

And so did Brian Lau.

[Lau nods as Detson gestures to him.]

JD: Brian Lau came to me and made me an offer that I simply couldn't refuse. He told me how strong I was on my own and how that strength would get even more with him... with them...

[He gestures behind him.]

JD: ...on my side.

[He slaps the title belt again.]

JD: Did you think I was going to lose this? Did you think one of your heroes was going to usurp me?

[Detson smirks and shakes his head.]

JD: That was NEVER going to happen! Now look behind me...

[Detson points to the four men behind him.]

JD: ...and see why it NEVER WILL happen! Because for all those out there too stupid to grasp the concept; this is what we call insurmountable odds!

[The boos get louder as Detson approaches Lau, resting his arm across his shoulders.]

JD: And it's all thanks to this man right here... the smartest man in the Hall of Fame... the greatest mind in this sport, past, present and future! The man who did what Percy Childes and Calisto Dufresne couldn't do, and that's put me on the pedestal I deserve to be placed on!

[Detson goes over and shakes Brian Lau's hand. As the two exchange pleasantries, the crowd continues to yell and scream at the group in the ring. Producing his own mic, Lau begins to speak.]

BL: What does a man do when he has almost everything he needs?

[Lau speaks in an officious tone, looking out over the sea of booing fans.]

BL: What does a man do when he looks to his right, and sees standing there the Ultimate Outlaw, Wes Taylor? A man born to raise hell. A man who carries on the finest and most fearsome lineage in all of professional sports.

What does a man do when he looks to his left and he sees none other than "TKO" Tony Donovan, a man who's one punch knockout power was on display two weeks ago when he drove Pedro Perez into the blackness of oblivion with a single, well placed punch?

What does a man do when he lifts his head and find himself looking into the cold eyes of the Engine of Destruction, Brian James? The scourge of stairs and the destroyer of men.

Well, when a man looks around and sees himself surrounded by such men, he asks himself – "what am I missing?" And the answer, the answer was oh so obvious.

When you gather the greatest talent that the world of professional wrestling has to offer, you simply must include the most devious, cunning, and ruthless soul that this sport has ever produced. What was missing was Johnny Detson.

And as I have said, time and time again. Brian Lau is the man who makes things happen.

So on behalf of TKO, the Outlaw, and the Engine, Mr. Detson, I would like to welcome you to the James Ga-

[But before Lau can finish, Detson cuts him off.]

JD: Hold that thought, Brian.

[Lau pauses in mid-sentence, arching an eyebrow.]

JD: For the past two weeks, I've been walking on clouds thinking about what this group can accomplish together. I mean, we've already got the World Tag Team Titles and the World Heavyweight Title, right?

[Lau nods.]

JD: But something... something just wasn't right. And I thought and I thought and I pondered and it came to me...

The name.

[Lau lowers his mic, speaking to Detson off-mic who shakes his head.]

JD: No, no... it's the name, Brian. The name has gotta go. The way I'm looking at it... the James Gang is dead!

[Detson swings his arms out angrily, overemphasizing his point as Taylor and Donovan look on confused. Lau again speaks off-mic as Brian James takes a step forward, raising a hand... but Lau cuts him off, a hand on the chest.]

BL: Johnny, I think this is something we should discuss back in-

[Detson keeps going.]

JD: The James Gang was a group of boys out to prove to their daddies how great they are. But these guys... they're not boys anymore.

[Lau has his back to Detson now, talking to Brian James who looks a bit agitated at this turn of events. The camera picks up James growing the words, "I didn't agree to this" to Lau who nods rapidly, speaking quietly to his charge.]

JD: Seriously, guys... look at the men in this ring... MEN not boys!

[Taylor nods in agreement and soon Tony Donovan does the same.]

JD: No, no... not just men... KINGS.

[Detson seems to trails off as if he's winging this, but suddenly he smiles as he continues.]

JD: How fitting it is that we all came together at the Anniversary Show in Los Angeles at that dump of a building. Once upon a time, a group of guys out in LA thought they were the Kings of Wrestling...

[The crowd cheers as Detson scoffs in response.]

JD: One of those guys could barely speak the English language... the other was Chris Courtade. One of those guys didn't know a wristlock from a wristwatch... the other guy was The Gremlin...

[Detson twirls a finger over his head.]

JD: Ryan Martinez, your father was no King and he never had the right to call himself one!

[Detson turns to Taylor and Donovan.]

JD: These men are the AWA World Tag Team Champions, the very best tag team in the world today... THESE MEN ARE KINGS!

[Detson turns to James who is still staring a hole through him, though he doesn't seem to notice.]

JD: This man right here is the Engine of Destruction! One of the single most destructive forces in the world today... THIS MAN IS A KING!

[Lau nods in agreement as Detson turns to him.]

JD: This man is the greatest mind in the sport! The only manager in the Hall of Fame... THIS MAN IS A KING!

[Detson goes back to the middle of the ring, standing in front of the group.]

JD: I AM THE KING... these men besides me... THEY are Kings. In this ring stands the true KINGS OF WRESTLING!

[In the background, we can hear Lau saying "see? Everything is fine! He's right! Listen to him!" and the camera again pulls back to reveal a stone-faced, but seemingly appeased Brian James. Lau produces the mic again, patting Brian James on the shoulder as he speaks.]

BL: You heard the champion. We are...

[Lau glances over his shoulder, but James remains calm,]

BL: The Kings of Wrestling!

Long may we reign!

[And then, in a show of unity, all five men extend their fists in the air, their knuckles coming together.]

GM: The Kings of Wrestling?!

BW: Oh yeah! What a fitting name!

GM: Johnny Detson, Brian James, Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, and Brian Lau have apparently come together as the Kings of Wrestling and... my stars, Bucky, we though the darkness was hanging over the AWA already! What does the arrival of this new group on the scene do?

BW: It doesn't matter who you are or what you think you might accomplish - no one is standing up to the Kings. No one!

[A grinning Detson holds the World Title belt over his head as handshakes and high fives are exchanged all around him...

...when suddenly a voice rings out.]

VO: I wouldn't go quite that far, Johnny boy.

[Heads swing towards the entryway as the voice reveals themselves to be none other than "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne strolls out in a pair of olive green chinos and a blue collared shirt, sleeves rolled up to the forearm, his blond hair spilling out over his shoulders. Much of the crowd cheers the interruption, which Dufresne still doesn't seem comfortable with, as the Ladykiller slowly strolls towards the ring.]

JD: Dufresne, what are you doing out here?! Didn't you get enough on the Anniversary Show or are you here to beg for your old job back?

[A smirk from Dufresne.]

CD: If by "old job" you mean being World Champion, then I suppose I am.

You see, I feel like I'm experiencing a little deja vu tonight. Like I've seen this story before. And I have. I've been inside that ring before while men like Juan Vasquez and Supernova were standing where I'm at now. What usually happened at this point is they get themselves baited and all worked up, come running into the ring where they get beaten to a pulp, five on one.

[Dufresne shakes his head with derision.]

CD: But that's not how I operate, boys. I have too much appreciation for these beautiful features to ruin them unnecessarily.

It's the opening chapter of the story and you knuckle draggers are all sitting in there laughing like trolls, patting yourselves on the back for your genius. But eventually things start to go poorly and someone has to take the blame. And believe me when I tell you, boys..

[Dufresne jabs a finger towards Detson.]

CD: ...it ain't gonna be him.

But since none of these supposed heroes in the back seem to want to help usher this process along, I guess it's going to have to be me.

But since I'm not stupid enough to get myself put in the hospital – hard to cause trouble while pissing into a bedpan, after all – I thought to myself... “Calisto, what could you do to ruin this perfect little moment without getting yourself killed?”

And then it struck me. Because I was watching SuperClash again the other day and one thing really struck me as memorable...

[A Cheshire Cat grin slowly forms on Dufresne's face.]

BW: Memorable? What is he talking about, Gord-

[And suddenly, the skies open and we have our answer...

...in the form of buckets upon buckets of red crimson pouring from the Pepsi Center ceiling to drench the men standing inside the ring!]

BW: AHHHHHHH!

[Within mere moments, the entirety of the Kings of Wrestling are soaked in red liquid - their custom suits dripping onto the canvas. Johnny Detson is beside himself, screaming at Dufresne who is smiling as broad as we've ever seen him. Brian Lau goes to shout at him and slips, falling down into the “blood.” The crowd laughs as Lau tries to get up only to fall back down.]

GM: It's a bloodbath here in Denver as Calisto Dufresne has struck a small note of payback for what the James Ga- my apologies, the Kings of Wrestling did to him back at the Anniversary Show!

BW: Those suits. Those glorious suits.

[Wes Taylor rips off his suit jacket, flinging it angrily over the ropes towards a taunting Dufresne.]

GM: The heavens opened up and... wow.

[Brian James is seething mad, trembling with anger as he stares down the aisle at Dufresne.]

GM: Fans, we've got to get someone out here to clean all this up but-

BW: We haven't heard the end of this one, Gordo.

GM: No, I'd imagine not. Calisto Dufresne may live to regret what he just did. Fans, we'll be right back after this break!

[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 backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell can barely contain himself. Blackwell is holding his sides, as he tries not to break into laughter.]

SLB: Moments ago, Callisto Dufresne had a... bloody... good time at the expensive of my guest at this time, I'm talking about Brian Lau!

[The camera cuts to the man standing beside Blackwell. The power behind the throne, the manager of champions, and right now, covered head to toe in red liquid, Brian Lau. His suit is ruined, his face is covered in red, and Lau looks beyond miserable. Standing behind him, looking like he's trying to avoid being seen is Shane Taylor. Lau's erstwhile bodyguard also seems to be working hard to suppress a chuckle.]

BL: Oh, I'm sure you think this is hilarious, Blackwell! Well, laugh it up while you can!

My suit is ruined! Do you know how much these clothes cost Blackwell? Do you have any idea what expenses I went to tonight for the Kings of Wrestling? No you don't, Blackwell, because your idea of splurging is buying Boone's Farm instead of Ripple!

[Blackwell has nothing to say, because he's devolved into fits of giggles.]

BL: Callisto Dufresne, you think this....

[Lau is so angry that he loses his train of thought, and lets out a frustrated growl.]

BL: You think you did something to me, Dufresne? What do you think? That you've won something?

You go find the Dogs of War, Dufresne, and you ask them what happens to people who think they've gotten one over on Brian Lau. Ask the man who hurts, and his little sidekick what Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor do to people that get in their face. Go up to the fourth floor of Cedars Sinai and ask Ryan Martinez what happens when someone gets in Johnny Detson's way. Go fly to Japan and ask TORA what happens when someone crosses Brian James.

The list of our victims is long, Dufresne, and you're about to be the next name!

They tell me you're some kind of big deal in the AWA, Dufresne...

SLB: Former National Tag Team Champion, winner of the Stampede Cup, former National Champion, former World Heavyweight champion!

BL: Yeah, but what has he done lately?

SLB: Dumped blood all over you and your charges!

[Lau glares at Blackwell.]

BL: Shut up, Blackwell!

Everything you've done, everything you've accomplished, it's all in the past, Dufresne. Tonight was just the death rattle of a dinosaur. There is no place for you in the AWA. You have no future after tonight, Dufresne.

And I'm going to prove it.

See, you used to be the king of the tag team division. Well, tag team wrestling has a new pair of Kings. Normally, I'd tell you to find a partner. But there isn't a bridge you haven't burned, a partner you haven't betrayed. So I'm not going to send you on some quest to find a partner.

Instead, I'm going to tell you to pick an opponent.

Wes Taylor or Tony Donovan. Pick your executioner, Dufresne. Pick the man you want to face tonight.

And let me promise you this – when tonight is over, the stuff on your face won't be syrup and food coloring.

It's going to be your blood, Dufresne.

You've laughed yourself right into retirement, Dufresne. Tonight, I'm not sending you my regards, I'm sending you to your end.

And to quote a very wise man...

Callisto Dufresne, start running!

[Lau shoves the chuckling Sweet Lou aside, storming out of view as we slowly crossfade back to Phil Watson standing in the middle of the ring.]

PW: Wrestling fans, tonight's opening contest is a tag team match set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Boulder, Colorado... weighing in at 423 pounds... Brett and Bobby Betts!

[Two young similar-looking men raise their arms in matching red and white singlets.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The haunting sounds of Slayer's "Dead Skin Mask" begins playing over the PA system.]

GM: What is this all about?

BW: Gives me the creeps, daddy.

[A few moments pass before the black-hooded form of the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton, walks into view. He stands as the music builds.]

PW: They are accompanied to the ring by Anton Layton... at a total combined weight of 562 pounds... The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley... THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[The Lost Boy and Crowley come lumbering through the curtain to flank a smiling Layton on either side. He produces an all-too-familiar crystal from his sleeve, holding it high so the camera can catch a glimpse of the glittering gem...]

...and thrusts it in the direction of the ring, sending his two monsters stomping down the aisle towards the squared circle.]

GM: Here they come... the duo that Anton Layton is now calling The Slaughterhouse... and what a dangerous duo they are, Bucky.

BW: I'm not even sure dangerous is a strong enough word, Gordo. Getting in the ring with this team is risking your career, your livelihood, and your ability to eat solid foods for the rest of our life.

GM: The Betts Brothers are showing a lot of courage signing on for this one.

[The brothers are huddling up in the ring, encouraging one another as The Lost Boy rolls under the ropes. Down on his knees, he barks and snarls in the direction of them as the official scampers to the side, trying to order Layton to keep his team back. Porter Crowley climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes where he grabs his partner by his greasy topknot, dragging him back towards the corner.]

GM: The Lost Boy barely being restrained by his partner here and...

[Crowley backs the Lost Boy into the corner, lightly slapping him on the chest...

...and then spins around, racing past the official to deliver a forearm to the back of Brett Betts' head, sending him through the ropes to the floor. Bobby Betts rushes to his brother's defense with a double axehandle to the back of the head as the official signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The match is officially underway and-

[Bobby Betts lands a few more blows to the back of the head before Crowley slowly turns to face him, his scarred face twisted into a smile...]

BW: Bad idea, kid.

[Crowley lashes out with a right hand between the eyes, sending Betts falling back into his own corner. The larger Crowley moves quickly, landing an elbow smash across the bridge of the nose.]

GM: Crowley going right after the kid's face as he always does... ohh! Facefirst into the top turnbuckle!

[The smash into the corner sends Betts down to a knee where Crowley hooks a handful of his hair, holding him in place as he swings his right knee up into the face once... twice... three times before flinging him to the canvas and stalking out of the corner.]

GM: Good grief! Porter Crowley very aggressive at the outset of this one and Anton Layton certainly seems pleased with his men right now, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. You know, with Taylor and Donovan as the champions and the former champions out of action due to injuries, the tag team division is wide open right now. Who's going to step up and challenge Taylor and Donovan next? We've got no idea but it could be these two, Gordo.

GM: I'm not sure the so-called Kings of Wrestling would want to see that happen.

[Crowley strides across the ring, slapping his partner across the bicep.]

GM: That's a tag, I guess.

[With a howl resembling a wolf, the Lost Boy stomps across the ring, driving his boot into the skull of the downed Betts.]

GM: Stomps in the corner! Come on, referee!

[The Lost Boy breaks off the stomping, planting his boot on the throat, choking the air out of his victim.]

GM: And now a choke! These two - three if you count Layton - have never met a rule they didn't want to break, fans!

[The referee's count gets dangerously close to five before the Lost Boy breaks his choke, wandering aimlessly around the ring.]

GM: This poor creature... it's hard to feel sorry for him at times but you think back to the misunderstood man who Travis Lynch tried to set on the right path and-

BW: That's not the way the Lost Boy saw it.

GM: Thanks to the twisted message... brainwashing many would say... put into his head by Doctor Harrison Fawcett.

BW: Those days are all done, Gordo. Anton Layton holds this man's fate in his hands now.

GM: Along with that gem... that crystal...

[Speaking of which, a shout by Layton accompanied by raising the gem causes the Lost Boy's eyes to glaze over before he turns back towards the rising Bobby Betts, charging in with an avalanche in the Betts Brothers' corner.]

GM: Ohh! Big crush in the corner...

[Hooking Betts under the arm and around the neck, The Lost Boy HURLS him high into the air, flipping him down to the canvas with a giant Biel throw!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Bobby Betts should've earned some extra cash and changed the light bulbs while he was up that high!

[The Lost Boy drops down to all fours, snarling and snapping as he moves towards Bobby Betts who has pushed himself to all fours...

...and gets a headbutt driven into his skull!]

GM: Kneeling headbutt by The Lost Boy! And another!

[The blows repeat, forcing Bobby Betts down to the mat where he rolls under the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Out to the floor goes Bobby Betts!

[The referee shouts at The Lost Boy to back off and nearly gets bitten for his efforts as The Lost Boy snaps at his leg.]

GM: The Lost Boy's like a wild animal in there, snapping and biting at the referee.

[Bobby Betts is down on the floor when Porter Crowley drops off the apron, ignoring the referee's protests as he pulls Betts up by the hair, turning him around, lifting him up in a scoop slam...

...and DROPS him facefirst on the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Down on the face! Porter Crowley acting illegally on the floor and... the referee is shouting at him, backing him off...

[With Betts down on the ringside mat, Anton Layton seizes the moment to put the boots to Bobby Betts, drawing jeers from the crowd.]

GM: You're telling me that the Slaughterhouse isn't dangerous enough?! They need Layton to get physically involved as well?!

BW: "Need" is a relative term, Gordo. It's just a nice side benefit.

[Layton pulls Bobby Betts off the floor, shoving him under the ropes where The Lost Boy is waiting with some hard stomps to the upper body.]

GM: Bobby Betts is completely helpless in there. He needs a tag.

BW: Sure, but is his brother likely to be in any better shape?

GM: I don't know but he's gotta find out or this one's almost over.

[The wild-eyed Lost Boy pulls Betts off the mat and at a shout (with raised crystal) from Layton, he flings Betts into the corner where Brett Betts tags in, ducking through the ropes, rushing in with a dropkick to the chest of the Lost Boy.]

GM: Dropkick by Betts!

[He winds up, throwing a second.]

GM: Another! Betts has got the Lost Boy wobbling!

[Brett Betts scrambles up, throwing a third dropkick that the Lost Boy slaps aside.]

BW: He went to the well once too often and came up dry...

[Falling back to the corner, the Lost Boy makes the tag.]

GM: Crowley in off the tag...

[Rushing across the ring, Crowley DRILLS the rising Brett Betts with a clothesline across the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT'S IT! It's over!

[Crowley sneers as he leans over the ropes, the fans jeering loudly. The official encourages Crowley to make a pin attempt but Pretty Porter is defiant, turning towards the downed Brett Betts, leaping into the air and dropping his knee down across the face.]

GM: Bone-crushing kneedrop to the face by Crowley! Come on. Make a cover, for crying out loud!

[Staying on a knee, Crowley winds up both arms, clasping his hands together, swinging them down into an axehandle to the face... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Get him off the man! Come on, referee!

[The referee is pleading with Crowley to stop and then starts a very fast count, racking up a four in mere moments...]

GM: Crowley's going to get his team disqualified!

[JUST before five, Crowley pauses, breathing heavily as he glares at the official who backs up, threatening the disqualification as Crowley gets off the mat, dragging Brett Betts with him, pulling him across the ring...]

GM: Tag!

[The Lost Boy steps in, climbing to the second rope as Crowley lifts the dazed Betts up by the upper thighs, holding him in place...]

...as his partner sails off the ropes, connecting with a flying headbutt that drops Betts down to the mat. The Lost Boy stays on top, barking and growling as the referee counts.]

GM: No chance to kickout here. And there's the easy three count.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Another dominating victory for the Slaughterhouse and... oh brother... Anton Layton is coming over here by us, Bucky.

BW: That's all you, Gordo. I left my decoder ring from Crazy to English at home.

GM: I suppose someone needs to do it so...

[We cut to ringside where Gordon is rising from his seat at ringside, grabbing the house mic.]

GM: Anton Layton... that was impressive for sure.

[The evil grin of the Prince of Darkness is clear for all to see as Layton pulls back his black velvet hood.]

AL: Impressive, Gordon Myers? That was nothing. Insignificant compared to how impressed you'll be when I unleash my full power and the full power of my monsters on the AWA.

GM: I assume you're referring to that crystal you carry.

[Layton lifts the gem, his eyes glowing as he looks upon it.]

AL: The Eye watches all, Gordon Myers. The Eye sees all and what it sees here is weakness. It sees betrayal... it sees pretenders... it sees claims of darkness where none exists. It sees... opportun-

[But before Layton can finish speaking, he gets shoved forward. Gordon Myers' eyes go wide as he steps back, throwing up an arm.]

GM: What the-?!

[The person who attacked Layton, a thin bald man, dives on top of him, shouting loudly.]

GM: Secur- we need security!

[Porter Crowley is the first to act, burying a kick into the ribs of the bald man. A second one follows before a handful of security guards rush into view, shoving Crowley back and swarming the attacker.

After a moment, we can't even see the attacker, completely encircled by security who are half trying to get him down and half trying to keep Layton, Crowley, and the Lost Boy at bay...

...and we abruptly cut back to the locker room interview area where Colt Patterson is standing in a zebra-striped black and white silk tanktop, his well-tanned and well-formed "guns" on display. He seems unconcerned with what we just saw out in the arena.]

CP: The air may be thin here in Denver but if you feel yourselves getting short of breath in the next couple of minutes, ladies, it's not your location... it's your view 'cause my guest right now is the current Steal The Spotlight contract holder... STILL holding it, I should add... "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[The former World Champion turned interviewer/commentator begins to clap his hands as Rex Summers makes his way onto the scene. Rex is attired in a pair of black dress slacks and a maroon dress shirt, the top three undone (so the ladies in attendance have just a sample of his well-defined pectorals). Beside him is tonight's Summers Sweetheart, a raven-haired beauty dressed in a form fitting white dress. She carries the custom-made red Halliburton case which holds the prestigious Steal the Spotlight contract.]

CP: Rex, my good friend, thank you for taking the time to join me here tonight.

RS: Colt, you know I can never deprive the ladies their one chance to achieve pure ecstasy as their eyes gaze upon a real man. In fact, Colt, why don't we give these ladies a bit of a show?

[Colt turns away with an unconvincing shake of his head, waving a dismissive hand at Summers.]

CP: I don't know, Rex.

RS: Come on, Colt, no need to be shy, I've seen you in the bar after a show, my friend. You turn them away in droves and they are forced to settle with the likes of Lynch and Ohara and the rest.

[Colt smiles and nods his head before both men pop a double bicep pose for the camera. The Summers Sweetheart rubs both men's biceps for a moment while Colt looks at his and then Rex's, shaking his head as he does so.]

CP: Let's get down to business, Rex. I asked you here tonight 'cause I wanted to congratulate you on becoming the first man to ever successfully defend his Steal the Spotlight contract.

[Rex nods his head.]

RS: Thank you, Colt. But let's be honest, there wasn't much doubt that I would once again defeat Cesar Hernandez. In his prime, Hernandez may have been a

great competitor but I broke him down in Texas and since then... well, good ol' Hernandez hasn't been able to get the job done anywhere.

If you don't believe me, you can just ask Isabella.

[The "Red Hot One" lets forth a throaty chuckle as Colt tries to remain professional but fails as he cracks a smile.]

CP: You won the match but it wasn't without some controversy, Rex. In fact, Hernandez was demanding a rematch backstage after the show, saying that if it wasn't for Erica Toughill, you wouldn't be holding that briefcase right now.

[Summers rubs his chin with his right hand.]

RS: A rematch? Hernandez, you were beaten in the center of the ring, spiked once again on your head with the most lethal move the AWA has ever witnessed - the Heat Check! A move that has won me championships and contracts all over the globe!

But it doesn't surprise me, Colt, that he wants to blame sweet Erica for his failure. He's been blaming Isabella for his failure as a husband and a man as long as I can remember.

[Colt tries to stay on topic.]

CP: Rex, he says Erica hit him with that baseball bat of hers... right in the back.

[A very faked look of shock comes across the face of Summers.]

RS: How dare he?! Did you see such a thing happen, Colt?!

[Patterson looks away for a moment.]

CP: Well, uhh... I didn't have a clear view of the monitor.

[Summers nods.]

RS: I'll tell you this, Colt, IF and I mean IF, Erica did something that heinous I can assure you Hernandez deserved it. The filthy things he was saying towards her in that match, even Bucky would have blushed!

Yet the fact is, Hernandez, you lost. Just like you always have done when it matters the most. You have never brought your family honor, you've never delivered for the fans when it counted and Lord knows poor Isabella never praised you for getting it-

[Colt cuts him off.]

CP: This is still a family show, Rex. I mean, sure, Emerson Gellar is a bit more lax but it's still a family show.

[At the mention of Emerson Gellar's name, Rex's demeanor changes.]

RS: Ah, Mr. Gellar, the man who feels excitement needs to be raised here in the AWA. The man who felt the need to force Rex Summers to defend the Steal the Spotlight contract. How does it feel Mr. Gellar, to see the contract still firmly in my grasp?

[Rex pauses for just a flicker of a moment.]

RS: You played your game of excitement and lost! Once again, Gellar, I am firmly in control and I will cash in my shot when I am good and damn ready!

[Rex glares into the camera for a moment before motioning for the Summers Sweetheart to leave the interview area, and he follows her just a step behind.]

CP: Rex Summers with a strong statement aimed directly at our Director of Operations! Emerson Gellar wanted Rex Summers to defend the Steal The Spotlight contract... and defend it he has. Your move, Gellar!

[Patterson points a threatening finger at the camera as we fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

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

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

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

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

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

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

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

[We fade to black...

...and then back up to live action backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Fans, standing by me is a man who two weeks ago won his match at the Eight Anniversary show against the "Self Made Man" Kerry Kendrick, but -

[The camera opens wider to show Pure X stepping into the frame, wincing slightly as his left arm clutches his ribs.]

MS: - may have lost the war against Kendrick, Rex Summers, and Callum Mahoney.
First off, what is your status?

[X glares at Stegklet for a couple of moments, letting the silence .]

PX: Won the war... Had to hear that the past couple weeks... Two cowards and a woman use a baseball bat against me after I bested Kendrick and you - they - say he won the war? No!

MS: Well, from the medical reports -

[An agitated Pure X quickly snaps back.]

PX: Let me tell you something about the medical reports, Mark! Yeah, they show that I have fractured ribs and yeah, they recommend me to stay away from the ring-

[X shakes his head and waves his right hand away.]

PX: But NO! That's NOT happening! I won't just stand by and allow Kendrick, Mahoney and the rest to claim like they proved anything! You see, I proved I was the better wrestler in that ring, one-on-one... And now? Now? I want BOTH you!

MS: But do you think that's wise-

PX: I don't care! When they tried to run me down, whatever - I mark that up to guys trying to make a name. But to try to injure me? Try to put me on the shelf?!? NO! Mark - one-on-one, two-on-one, I know I'm the better man either way! And I'm itching to prove it, no matter the condition!

[With that, Pure X angrily storms off while still clutching his ribs.]

MS: Pure X with a bold - and perhaps foolish - challenge. He wants Kerry Kendrick... he wants Callum Mahoney... he wants Rex Summers too. And he'll take them all on himself if he has to. Let's just hope it doesn't come to that. Phil Watson, the floor is yours!

[Fade back in to the Pepsi Center where Phil Watson is standing in the center of the ring.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first... from Topeka Kansas, weighing in at 272 pounds... LEE HARRIGAN!

[The crowd boos a bit as Harrigan, a very muscular young man with short brown hair, and a long face, wearing red trunks and black boots, red kneepads and spandex forearm bands, flexes in the ring at the announcement of his name]

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd comes alive as Hinder's "All American Nightmare" starts up.]

PW: From Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 270 pounds... here is...

DERRICK WILLIAMS!

[At the announcement of his name, 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 a 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.]

GM: Derrick Williams, the young lion, working his way down the aisle towards the ring. Of course, two weeks ago, Williams came up just shy of becoming the World Television Title and he looks very focused here tonight, Bucky.

BW: He looks more mad than focused... something isn't sitting right with him.

GM: It could have something to do with Shadoe Rage's actions two weeks ago at the Anniversary Show when Rage essentially snatched away his shot-

BW: Wasn't his shot to begin with, he took Rage's shot.

[He hits the ring and ascends the stairs, entering the ring while pulling down his hood, looking in not too good a mood as he removes his vest. He switches to adjusting his gloves and elbow pad while the referee checks on him.]

GM: Whatever the reason for his mood, I sure wouldn't want to be Lee Harrigan in there against him tonight.

BW: Williams has gained quite the reputation as one of the AWA's hardest hitters so any night against him is going to be a tough one. One where he's in a foul mood just makes things worse.

[Williams steps closer to Harrigan as the bell rings to start the match. Harrigan starts jawing at Williams, flexing and posing.]

GM: Harrigan doing a lot of posturing here, Williams looking like he's having none of it.

BW: Looks like Harrigan wants a posedown. I tell ya, we know Williams is strong, but he ain't built and cut like Harrigan is.

[Harrigan turns around, gesturing to the crowd and flexing.]

GM: I sure wouldn't turn my back on anyone inside that ring.

[Gordon speaks the truth as Williams is truly having none of his more cut-up opponent's shenanigans...

...and rushes forward, lifting the muscular man as he turns around by the thighs...]

GM: Double leg take... no! He takes him straight up!

[Williams pivots, still holding Harrigan over his shoulder...

...and DRIVES him down into the canvas with a spinebuster!]

GM: OHH! SPINEBUSTER RIGHT OUT OF THE GATE BY WILLIAMS!

BW: Jeez, who sneezed in his Corn Flakes?

GM: I'm guessing Shadoo Rage.

[Williams pops up, throwing his arms apart with a roar that the Denver crowd echoes.]

GM: Derrick Williams is fired up, fans! After what went down at the Anniversary Show, Derrick Williams is fired up and Lee Harrigan is the one paying the price for it as Williams pulls him up off the canvas...

[With a dazed Harrigan on his feet, Williams dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off...]

BW: Harrigan can't see what's coming!

[...moving into a full spin, raising his right arm...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS his right elbow off the back of Harrigan's head, knocking him flat on his face down to the canvas!]

GM: NEURALIZER! The rolling elbow to the back of the head puts Harrigan straight down! That's gotta be it!

[Williams flips the mat over, diving into a lateral press, and nods his head along with the official who counts to three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

["All American Nightmare" starts back up, and Williams springs back to his feet, getting his hand raised, before bailing out of the ring and heading to the interview platform, slapping a hand or two on his way.]

GM: While we let Derrick Williams make his way to the interview platform, we'll look at pretty much this entire match on replay... take it away, Bucky.

[Our screen changes to show Lee Harrigan turning his back, flexing his muscles in slow motion.]

BW: Gordo, you see here Harrigan wants to show off his physique, but this ain't an upper body business, and the kid as you said earlier is in a foul mood...

[Williams rushes Harrigan in slow motion, lifting him off the canvas by the thighs, twisting around...]

BW: As Harrigan turns around, Williams just picks him up and plants him down, and nine times outta ten, that's the set up for his cheap shot finisher...

[As Williams rebounds off the ropes, he twists around to deliver the rolling elbow to the back of the head in slow motion, really showing the impact of the dangerous strike.]

BW: Neuralizer in the back of the head! It's over, and he's on his way to talk to "Sweet" Lou!

GM: Derrick Williams with a quick and dominant victory here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling! "Sweet" Lou, the show is yours, my friend!

[The camera comes out of the replay over to the interview area where Williams has made his way up with "Sweet" Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Thank you gentlemen, and Derrick Williams, it's apparent that the results of your match two weeks ago is not sitting well with you.

DW: No Lou, it's not. Two weeks ago, Supernova and I had a great match, back and forth, evenly matched, and I was this...

[He holds his thumb and forefinger narrowly apart up to the camera.]

DW: ...close to catching Nova, and possibly having the win and the World TV Title, but that psychopath Shadoe Rage had to interfere. Shadoe Rage, who's obsessed with the World TV Title, came in and attacked both Supernova and myself. He tried to put Nova out again with the Eclipse, and again, I saved Supernova's hide.

You see Rage, I know you want... nah, you NEED that belt to feed your addiction, but I'm not letting you just push past me to get it. You want that title, Rage, you're going to have to go through me.

[Blackwell interjects.]

SLB: As a matter of fact, Derrick, just before you came out here, I was authorized to announce that the Championship Committee has indeed granted you a rematch - two weeks from tonight in Kansas City - for the World Television Title.

[Williams nods as the crowd cheers.]

DW: Great news, Lou. That's outstanding and just what I wanted, and I look forward to having another match with Supernova for the Title and settling this. This time I won't be denied.

SLB: But Derrick, you have to be concerned that Shadoe Rage will try to interfere again. The man is unhinged after all.

DW: That's something I'll have to deal with when it comes, Lou, but...

[He's cut off by the crowd cheering something off camera and as the camera pans over, it sees the man who just entered the arena wearing brown shoes, jeans, a white button up open collared shirt with a sportscoat over top, his goatee greying along with the hair around his temples.]

The crowd, viewers, and Sweet Lou recognize him as Derrick Williams's trainer, former World Champion "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater. He walks up the stairs to the platform, shaking hands with Williams.]

SLB: Kevin Slater, what are you doing here?

[Slater nods]

KS: Well Lou, I was in town this week, taking some time to hang out with some old friends in the back, and I heard about the match next week. And it was a shame two weeks ago as my best student here was so close to winning his first title, only to have it taken away at the last minute. So I came out here to say that in two weeks, when Derrick Williams challenges Supernova for the AWA World Television Championship, that I'll be there to make sure Shadoe Rage doesn't get involved.

[The crowd cheers but Williams looks a bit concerned.]

DW: Thanks Kev, but with all due respect, I want to do this by myself.

[Slater nods.]

KS: I completely understand, Derrick, which is why I won't be there in a managerial role, or a corner man role. I do have a rooting interest in the match, I won't lie. But my presence at ringside in two weeks is solely to make sure the match stays one on one. I give you my word that when you win the title in two weeks, it's YOUR accomplishment. Nothing would make me prouder than seeing my best student win his first title on his own without any coaching.

[Williams nods.]

DW: Then that's what I'll have to do... happy to have you.

[The two shake hands as Williams' music starts back up.]

SLB: There you have it, fans, in two weeks, Supernova defends the AWA World Television Championship against Derrick Williams with "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater at ringside to keep it one on one. Big announcement here on Saturday Night Wrestling... Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We cut down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Big announcement indeed, Lou. Kevin Slater makes it official that he's going to be at ringside in two weeks to make sure that Shadoo Rage doesn't get himself involved in that title showdown... and speaking of the World Television Title, our current World Television Champion, Supernova, has been defending his title against all comers. We're going to take you to some highlights of one of his most recent title defenses.

BW: Yeah, a title defense that wasn't against the former champion, Shadoo Rage. For as much as you want to play up Supernova as a fighting champion, he sure doesn't seem interested in giving Rage the rematch he's long overdue!

GM: I am aware that Rage wants his title rematch and I'm sure that will happen down the road, but it appears that others - including Derrick Williams - who have been waiting for their shot have been signing contracts for title shots first.

BW: Yeah, go ahead, cover up for the fact that Supernova is afraid to face Rage because he knows he can't beat him again!

GM: I doubt very much that Supernova is afraid to face Rage again. Right now, fans, we need to go to the highlights of Supernova defending the World TV title against Jackie Bourassa.

[We cut to footage of Supernova taking Bourassa over with an armdrag takedown into an armbar.]

MS: And Supernova with the armbar applied to Jackie Bourassa. It's not often we see Supernova slowing the pace of a match down, Colt.

CP: Hey, I'll give Supernova credit here, because Bourassa likes to go to the air and hit those high-impact moves, so slowing down the match is a good thing.

[Supernova keeps the armbar applied as Bourassa gets to his knees.]

MS: A good point about Bourassa, but we know that Supernova can also take to the air when he wants to. Perhaps not in the ways that Bourassa can, but he knows enough about that style of wrestling.

CP: Still, it's a good idea to work over a body part, especially when you're facing a smaller wrestler.

[Bourassa pushes himself to his feet and backs Supernova into the corner, with the referee calling for the break.]

MS: And Bourassa backs Supernova into the corner... Supernova has to break the hold... and Bourassa jams his fingers into the eyes!

CP: He saw an opening and capitalized. Sometimes you do what to have to, Stegglet.

MS: Bourassa with Supernova... an Irish whip to the opposite corner...

[Bourassa leaps at Supernova and connects with a back elbow to the chest.]

MS: And a jumping back elbow finds the mark!

[Bourassa turns to the crowd and gloats.]

MS: And these fans not too happy with Bourassa.

CP: Hey, that was an impressive move... they give should the man a little credit.

[Bourassa turns back to Supernova, but the champion raises his foot and kicks Bourassa in the gut.]

MS: But that delay gave Supernova a chance to recover... now a pair of forearms and he backs Bourassa into the ropes.

[Supernova whips Bourassa across the ring and catches him on the rebound.]

MS: An Irish whip into a gorilla press! And there's nowhere for Bourassa to go but down!

[The TV champ slams Bourassa hard to the canvas.

We cut to footage later in the match, in which Supernova has Bourassa trapped in a bearhug.]

MS: Supernova continues to apply the pressure to the ribs and lower back... Bourassa is going to have to find a way to get out of this one or it may be over.

CP: This is not a position that Bourassa wants to be in... Supernova has the strength advantage and the more he utilizes it, the less likely Bourassa can win this match.

[Bourassa tries to push his hands underneath Supernova's arms, trying to loosen his grip.]

MS: Supernova not letting go of the bearhug despite Bourassa's best attempts... hold on a minute!

[Bourassa digs his fingers into Supernova's eyes and rakes them, forcing the champion to break the hold.]

MS: Bourassa gouging the eyes and that's an illegal move!

CP: Yeah, but it broke the hold, Stegglet. You know what they say... desperate times call for desperate measures.

[Supernova rubs his eyes and turns back to Bourassa, but Bourassa rushes in with a kneelift to back the champion up.]

MS: Bourassa catches the TV champion... now backs him into the ropes. Irish whip to the far side... comes at Supernova... running Yakuza kick!

[Bourassa catches Supernova flush in the face, sending the champion to the canvas. Bourassa plays up to the crowd, then moonwalks, drawing boos.]

MS: And Bourassa not endearing himself to these fans.

CP: The name of the game is to win championship, Stegglet. You don't need fan approval to do that!

[We cut to later footage of Bourassa snaring Supernova in a side headlock and running forward.]

MS: Running bulldog by Bourassa and the champion is in trouble!

CP: This is Bourassa's chance to finish it! We could have a new champion, Stegglet!

[Bourassa brags to the crowd and starts moonwalking.]

MS: Bourassa backing up... Supernova is right behind him... now Bourassa leaping...

[Bourassa attempts a standing moonsault...

...but at the last minute, Supernova raises his knees.]

MS: Supernova caught him! Bourassa lands right on the knees and now the challenger is in trouble!

CP: A heads-up move by the champion... obviously, he was aware enough of what was going on to counter the moonsault attempt!

[Both men slowly get to their knees, Supernova reaching his feet first, then catching a rising Bourassa with a forearm.]

MS: Supernova with a forearm shot... Bourassa raises his arm but it's blocked... another shot by Supernova! Another block by the champion... another forearm by the champion!

[Supernova picks up steam as he hits Bourassa with a rapid-fire series of forearm smashes, until hitting one that knocks Bourassa down to the canvas.]

MS: And down goes the challenger!

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls.]

MS: And Supernova appears to have found his second wind!

CP: Yeah, but he better stay on top of Bourassa!

[We cut to later footage in the match of Supernova backing Bourassa into the corner.]

MS: Bourassa backed into the corner... Supernova sending him to the opposite side... I think we know what he wants to set him up for!

CP: Well, he can't waste time! He can't give Bourassa a chance to avoid it!

[Bourassa gets sent to the opposite corner as Supernova measures him up, then charges his opponent.]

MS: Here comes the Heat Wave!

[Bourassa ducks out of the way, but Supernova catches himself in time.]

MS: But Supernova stopped himself before he hit the corner!

CP: I don't know if Bourassa's aware of it!

[Bourassa gets to his feet and looks around as Supernova mounts the second rope and leaps...

...and Bourassa suddenly leaps up and hits Supernova with a dropkick!]

MS: Dropkick by the challenger! It looked like Supernova wants to strike with an elbow or an axhandle, but Bourassa with a nice counter move!

CP: He might have done that on instinct, Stegglet! Bourassa looks like he's out on his feet!

[Bourassa rests against the ropes for a minute, before leaping over the top strand and moonwalking on the apron to the corner.]

MS: If he's out on his feet, he's not showing it! Now he's going to the top rope... Bourassa looks like he wants to finish this!

CP: But the challenger's getting up! Bourassa better hurry!

[Bourassa reaches the top rope and gets his balance...

...just as Supernova drops his arms across the top rope, causing Bourassa to crotch himself on the top turnbuckle.]

MS: Supernova caught him! Bourassa is in a world of hurt!

CP: But can the champion capitalize?

MS: Supernova hurrying to the corner... now on the second rope....

[Supernova hooks Bourassa in a front facelock, grabs the trunks and hoists the challenger over.]

MS: He's got him hooked... and there's a superplex!

CP: And look at how Supernova rolls right on top of Bourassa!

MS: Supernova now hooking the legs... he's got one... two... three!

[The bell rings as Supernova rolls off Bourassa and sits up, catching his breath.]

MS: And Supernova retains the World Television Title, but only after a tough challenge by Jackie Bourassa!

CP: I got to tell you, Stegglet, Bourassa showed me a lot tonight, but so did Supernova! I'm not his biggest fan but he earned this victory tonight!

[Supernova slowly stands up, taking the TV title from the referee, who raises his arm. Supernova holds the belt up for a moment, then cups a hand to his mouth and howls.]

MS: Another successful title defense for Supernova, but there will be many more challengers waiting their turn.

CP: There's a lot of guys in the AWA who are worthy of a title shot, Stegglet. So as impressive as this win was tonight, I have to wonder how much longer he can hold onto the gold!

[Supernova ducks between the ropes, slings the TV title over his shoulder and slaps hands with a few fans...

...and we fade from the pre-recorded footage back to live action in the Pepsi Center where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing backstage.]

SLB: I'm backstage here in Denver at the Pepsi Center and later tonight, we're going to be seeing what I'm told will be a major debut - the final member of the so-called TPP 4. Of course, Jordan Ohara will be in action later tonight too... he's another member of that group. And the other two - gentlemen, come on in here...

[Blackwell steps back as Kenji Nakamura and GEMINI Hashimoto - the two members of the Shadow Star Legion - step into view. Nakamura is wearing a red and black hoodie and Hashimoto is shirtless, showing off his "ample" midsection. He's rocking a headband that matches Nakamura's hoodie.]

SLB: Gentlemen, I want to get your thoughts on the happenings here in the AWA Tag Team Division as of late but before I do, the speculation back here in the locker room regarding the fourth member of the TPP 4 is running wild. Do YOU know who it is?

[Hashimoto looks at Nakamura with a shrug. Nakamura speaks off-mic in Japanese, perhaps translating, before turning to the mic-holding Blackwell, speaking in heavily-accented broken English.]

KN: We have... heard rumors.

SLB: Rumors? The same kind of rumors we're hearing?

KN: We hear rumors from Japan.

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

SLB: That sounds like an inside scoop to me. Whatcha got?

[Nakamura looks at Blackwell for a moment, a smile on his good-looking face.]

KN: Mmm. Maybe we... change subject?

[Blackwell grimaces.]

SLB: Alright... well, if you feel like telling me off the air, it's just between the two of us... three and a half if you count the big guy here.

[Hashimoto does not smile. Blackwell shakes it off.]

SLB: Let's talk about the AWA Tag Team Division. A lot of top level tag teams but with Air Strike on the shelf indefinitely - Michael Aarons now off in Japan competing for Tiger Paw Pro from my understanding - there seems to be a vacuum at the top

of the division. Many are wondering who is going to step up and be the top challenger for Taylor and Donovan. Is it going to be Next Gen? Maybe Strictly Business. Maybe-

[Hashimoto interrupts, slapping an open hand across his chest hard enough to leave a red welt.]

SLB: Hey! What in the-

GH: Us!

SLB: You? Well, yes... you two certainly have the qualifications. You are former multiple time tag team champions in Japan. You've won tournaments all over the globe but this is the big time... this is the AWA... and if you're going to be the best here, you've gotta beat the best, gentlemen.

KN: That why we're here, Blackwell-san. We want to challenge... best.

SLB: A challenge? To who?

KN: Shadow Star Legion take on... all challenges. Always have.

SLB: Are you saying-

KN: Two weeks... Kansas City... SSL challenge team above us in ranking...

SLB: The team above you? Downfall?! You're challenging Downfall?!

[Nakamura smiles.]

KN: Hai. See...

[Nakamura turns to Hashimoto, speaking in Japanese again, before turning back with a nod.]

KN: See you there.

[He nods confidently and the duo walks off, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: SNW in Kansas City is getting better and better! Derrick Williams versus Supernova for the World Television Title with Kevin Slater at ringside and now the Shadow Star Legion taking on Downfall in a tag team match with Top 5 ranking implications! Fans, we've gotta take a quick break but when we come back, we're going to shed a little light on the situation with Lauryn Rage and her ssssssneaky sssssupportersssss.

[Yes, Sweet Lou just did his best Cobra Commander impression with an unabashed smile.]

SLB: 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: AWAshop.com.

[We fade back through black and up on an in-studio interview set with the words "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" in yellow script on top. Mark Stegglet is sitting in one chair. A coffee table sits between him and an empty chair. Stegglet checks his watch.]

MS: This is ridiculous. Where is she? She's 20 minutes late for her own interview.

[There's a commotion just off set as a lemon-blond-braid-wearing Lauryn Rage come prancing in in a leopard fur coat, hot pink jeggings and a midriff-baring black jersey halter top. Behind her come the two muscular Amazons who attacked Melissa Cannon. The taller and more muscular African American one has a braided Mohawk and milk white eyes with oblong pupils. The slightly less tall and less muscular Dominicana has a loose curly copper-colored Mohawk, dark orange snake eyes and a look of disdain. They flank Lauryn as she sits down across from Stegglet. Lauryn hooks on her lapel mic.]

LR: Welcome to the Lauryn Rage one-on-one.

[She slaps her fist on the table.]

LR: As you can see Emerson Gellar isn't here. He's busy chasing overseas signing Ayokoko... Keiko Mita... Yoko Ono... whoever. He signed the hottest free agent in the kid right here... so why he ain't press conference my behind like he did her?

MS: Your offensive comments aside, Ayako Fujiwara is an Olympic gold medalist and world class athlete. Her signing is a major coup for the AWA.

LR: Major coup? I'm the trending topic on Twitter. I got those Instagram likes. I think you might have tried to slide into my DMs, Stegglet. Why do you think you got this assignment?

MS: I honestly have no idea. I assume no one else wanted the job.

[Lauryn narrows her eyes at Stegglet.]

LR: You know what. You're lucky I'm in a good mood. Now ask me some questions.

MS: Why are you late?

LR: Late? I'm right on time. My own time.

[Stegglet shakes his head and then gestures to the still-standing women flanking Rage.]

MS: Are you going to introduce us to your friends? The ones you appear to have hired to attack Melissa Cannon? Your henchmen here?

[The muscular women glower and take a menacing step forward. Lauryn holds up a hand to hold them off. They pause their advance. Lauryn sets her booted feet up on the coffee table and slouches back into her seat.]

LR: Henchmen, really? What year is this?

MS: 2016.

[Lauryn narrows her eyes at Stegglet.]

LR: And are you trying to use coded language on me?

MS: (nonplussed) No. If they aren't your henchmen, then who are they?

LR: These are two of my girls I trained with in Brooklyn. This is my girl, Roch Oliver...

[Rage is indicating the taller African American woman.]

LR: ...and this is Lourdes De La Cruz Guzman.

[And now the other.]

LR: But you call them the Mamba and Copperhead. They aren't henchmen, thugs, a posse or whatever codewords you want to use. They're a tag team - the Serpentes.

[Stegglet eyes them both for a moment.]

MS: Do they speak?

LR: (sharply) Not to you, Stegglet. What else you wanna know?

MS: Why they attacked Melissa Cannon.

[All three women laugh crudely.]

LR: Because that girl ain't got a clue, but she got that spotlight on her. And I told my girls they'd get an opportunity to take the spotlight if they helped me beat that chick down. And now they got that shine, don't they?

MS: I still don't understand why you've gone after Melissa Cannon in the way you did. Why not just challenge her to a match honorably if you wanted her "shine?"

LR: Challenge her to a match honorably? What you want me to slap that chick with a glove and challenge her to a duel? She messed over my favorite big brother. I paid her back twice. This is about a family name, ya dig?

MS: I think so. So your goal here is...

[Stegglet trails off, waiting for an answer... and waiting... and waiting while Rage looks expectantly like he should know the answer already.]

LR: Domination, baby. Plain and simple. I mean, I was already signed. Not that I got any press about it.

[She rolls her eyes expressively.]

LR: So I took care of two birds with one stone. You check my photos on Instagram? I looked sweet making her cry in the Pretty Mess.

MS: The what?

LR: That hold I put on her! Don't play with the kid. You saw me put her out.

[Stegglet is at a loss for more questions.]

MS: So... you want to be the Women's World Champion?

[Lauryn pounds the table with the heel of her boot as she looks exasperatedly at Mamba and Copperhead.]

LR: How did you get this job, Stegglet? Do I want to be Women's World Champion? What kind of stupid question is that? Of course I want to be champion. If a wrestler tells you she don't wanna be champion, she either lyin or plain ole stupid. The kid wants to be champion. The kid's gonna be champion. Just a question how many gotta get their edges snatched for me to get there, ya dig?.

[She holds up her hand for a blind high five from the Serpentine known as Copperhead.]

LR: Don't ask me no more silly questions about my goals. I'm going to the top. My family is going to the top and everybody else be damned. Next question.

MS: It sounds like you're dismissing the talents of Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers, Ayako Fujiwara...

LR: Are you serious right now? Dismissing? How do I dismiss the girls that get all the pub? I gotta go through 'em to get what I want. The Serpentes gotta go through 'em to get what they want. And we will. Think I would disrespect women's wrestling? You stupid or what? This is how I make my living. I know they talented. But y'all keep overlooking me. Why you askin' these questions? I don't get it. You really think I'm delusional or something?

MS: The Rages have a reputation...

[Lauryn cuts him off with a deadly serious glance.]

LR: Watch it now. Yeah, our dad had some problems in this business but so what? Why do we keep getting painted with that brush? Why? Cause it's a convenient way to push us aside and market homegrown talent?

MS: So you and your brother and the Serpentes aren't going to constantly be fighting each other's battles?

LR: (incredulous) Fighting each other's battles? We all got our own business but right now we got common enemies. So maybe we need to form like Voltron sometimes and maybe sometimes we do solo missions. It's a family business. Find something else to talk about. I mean the kid is sitting here, a generational talent who can brawl, can fly and can wrestle and you just askin generic questions.

[Stegglet looks a little irritated at being told how to do his job.]

MS: Okay... let me ask you this then since you don't like my questions. Is that your real hair?

[Lauryn glowers at him. She deliberately removes her feet from the table and stiffly pushes herself to a standing position. She looks at Mamba and Copperhead.]

LR: You know what... tell Gellar I'm glad he didn't press conference my behind. You gonna ask me if my hair is real?

[She starts muttering to herself.]

LR: Shadoe told me these muhs would try me. They're tryin ta make me spazz out...

[She stabs her finger towards his face.]

LR: You know something, Stegglet, this is the last time you're gonna ask me anything. From now on, you just shut up when I speak. Get me?

[Lauryn yanks her microphone from her lapel and throws it down. She jerks her chin at the Serpentes and they storm off the set.]

LR: (yelling back) You'll see what we're about in that ring.

[We fade from the pre-recorded footage back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Unbelievable disrespect shown by Lauryn Rage... although I suppose it shouldn't be considering her actions since arriving here. Attacking Melissa Cannon not once... but twice. Getting Julie Somers in the mix as well. Bringing in these-

BW: Watch the coded language.

GM: I don't even know what that means. But like her or not, Lauryn Rage certainly has people talking and I'm sure they'll be talking about her ever more after that interview... and again later tonight when she makes her SNW in-ring debut, Bucky.

BW: I'm looking forward to seeing that. She dominated the live events recently as we saw on the Power Hour but when the bright lights of The X and SNW are on her, let's see what happens.

GM: Indeed we will... but before that, let's head to Phil Watson for our next matchup!

["Gettin' Down on the Mountain" by Corb Lund plays over the sound system as we fade over to our ring announcer.]

PW: The following AWA Women's Division contest is set for one fall.

[Through the entrance steps a bronze-skinned woman with unruly dark brown hair. She extends both hands in front of her, pointing her index fingers forward. She

"fires" them in quick succession, and mimes holstering them in her rhinestone and sequin-covered gun belt.]

PW: Introducing first, coming down the aisle... from Fouke, Arkansas... weighing in at 138 pounds... Kayla... "THE PISTOL" ... CRIIIISTOLLL!

GM: Fans, we saw Kayla Cristol make her Saturday Night Wrestling debut a few months ago, but she has laid low ever since, spending her winter competing in Combat Corner Wrestling where she's done quite well for herself.

[Kayla Cristol jogs down the aisle, slapping palms along the way, her white teeth glistening in contrast to her well-tanned skin. Cristol is dressed in pink leather chaps with many tassels, turquoise cowboy boots, and pink studded crop top that cuts off at the base of her ribcage, a pair of crossed pistols silkscreened on the front. She hops on the ring apron, climbs to the second ropes, and crosses her forearms in front of her, pointing her index fingers outward.]

PW: Her opponent, to my left: from San Antonio, Texas, weighing in at 122 pounds... STEPHANIE CRUZ!

[The camera cuts to the young Cruz in the ring, wearing nondescript red singlet-style tights, with white kneepads and boots, with wavy brunette hair. Cristol discards the garish pink chaps and hops up and down in place, staying limber.]

BW: Yeah, the last time we saw the little Lynch groupie she was gettin' nuked by Erica Toughill. Y'think she's gonna live up to the hype?

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell sounds and we're underway; I think "The Pistol" was a victim of not managing expectations.

[Cristol and Cruz, both crouching low, readying to lock up, warily touch palms in a display of sportsmanship.]

GM: Cristol and her opponent, shaking hands before this contest. Now locking up, both ladies realizing how important gaining the advantage early can be... Stephanie Cruz with a rear waistlock on Pistol Cristol.

BW: Hey, Gordo, I wouldn't be surprised if Blackjack spent some extra time teaching her "special holds" out on his ranch.

GM: I will not dignify that line of comment, Bucky. Kayla Cristol, of course, spent much of her formative years watching Saturday Night Wrestling, so this is not her first trip to the rodeo... makes her way to the ropes... and we have a clean break.

BW: Now, what kind of Lynch groupie is she, anyway? Shouldn't she know that she can get away with some cheap shots? I mean, if she is such a fan of Saturday Night Wrestling, she knows people have been gettin' away with that for years.

GM: Side headlock on Cruz by Kayla Cristol; neither woman able to decisively gain advantage here; Cruz pushing her off, sending The Pistol to the ropes... back in... Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol with a beautiful dodge! Just baseball sliding beneath Cruz, who I think was looking for a back body drop.

BW: Well, beautiful dodges don't win matches, Gordo. She's got a long way to go before she can match up with the Lauryn Rages and Charisma Knights of the AWA!

GM: Cruz looking to take over again, but The Pistol cuts her off with a forearm strike... now looking for a Irish Whip—no, Cruz shot into a knee strike, and she's down on the canvas.

[Cristol whips her hands outward from her hips, as though quickdrawing two pistols, firing them off in succession. She blows imaginary smoke from her manicured index fingers and “holsters” them.]

GM: Kayla Cristol definitely enjoys being a crowdpleaser!

BW: I think she's enjoy being a match-winner more, but I'm sure she knows what she's doing.

GM: The Pistol now controlling her opponent's ankle... up she goes... smashing her opponent's knee into the mat. She's not done yet...

[The Pistol places her boot onto her opponent's hip and throws herself backward.]

GM: Working on that knee and hamstring, and Cristol still has a hold of that ankle, into a single-leg Boston Crab, and we could be looking at a submission here!

[Cristol's opponent grits her teeth, and drags herself to the nearby bottom rope. The official orders the break, and The Pistol obediently releases the hold instantly.]

BW: Now what kind of instinct is that? She has that hold locked in, and a count of five to release it!

GM: Maybe Pistol Cristol believes in a sporting contest.

BW: If you can find me an example of someone who has been disqualified for refusing to acknowledge a rope break, I'd like to hear it, Gordo; see, this Texarkana Barbie is lettin' her opponent get on her feet! She's lettin' her recover!

[Cruz spring back into the fray with a knife-edge chop that makes The Pistol cover up.]

BW: And now she's payin' for it!

GM: Stephanie Cruz unloading on The Pistol with that chop, into a side headlock; the Pistol forces her way out though, Cruz into the buckles. A head of steam... a big back elbow smash.

[Without pausing, Pistol Cristol dashes to the opposite corner and charges in again.]

GM: And another! Cristol not giving her opponent a moment to rest now! Again, crossing the ring, charges in again... A third back elbow smash!

[The Pistol mimes firing her index fingers again, then mounts the second rope with her opponent still cornered, and rains down forearm strikes.]

“ONE!”

“TWO!”

“THREE!”

“FOUR!”

“FIVE!”

“SIX!”

BW: Do you think the Combat Corner has a course on the Number Seven?

GM: And the Pistol still not done, still on that rope...

[Cristol steps over Cruz—both now face the center of the ring. With her hands on her opponent's shoulders, The Pistol places her knee between Cruz's shoulderblades and shoves herself forward, driving her knee into the base of her opponent's neck as she rides her down facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Okay, that was impressive.

GM: The Pistol with what she calls the Boggy Creek Buster... hooks the leg, but it's academic. And that's a three!

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: That move should look familiar to Lynch fans, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does. Calf Branding is what we've heard it called by Jack Lynch who has used it from time to time... perhaps an homage to the family she has grown up watching compete. But she uses it to perfection and no one has kicked out after a Bobby Creek Buster delivered by that young woman!

[Kayla Cristol mimes holstering her index finger again, pats her opponent on the shoulder as Cruz rolls out of the ring, and climbs the second rope to appeal to the Denver fans.]

BW: Gotta say, I wasn't impressed until she hit that knee driver off the middle rope. When she hits that, it's over!

GM: Mark Stegglet standing by to catch up with Pistol Cristol—over to you, Mark.

MS: Thanks Gordon, and congratulations on your win tonight, Kayla Cristol. When we last saw The Pistol, it was 2015; any thoughts from you as you re-enter the AWA Women's Division in 2016.

[Kayla Cristol's thick Texarkana drawl is apparent.]

KTPC: I'll tell ya somethin', Mark. I wasn't ready. Too much too soon, an' that's why I needed to stay down for a few months to git better. Now that I'm back, I'm hearin' some folk say that these are dark days for the AWA, and lookin' at Charisma Knight gittin' away with whatever she pleases, and Lauryn Rage puttin' out hits on Melissa an' Julie... well, I can see why some folk think that.

[Cristol nods.]

KTPC: But, Mark, instead of cussin' as the dark, I'm gonna light a candle. Now Ricki Toughill... last time you an' me went eye-to-eye, I took you lightly, and got a the whuppin' that was comin' to me like I took the Lord's name in vain. An' now yer runnin' with this gang of thugs an' bullies like Rex Summers an' Kerry Kendrick an' Callum Mahoney, an' hidin' behind a baseball bat. An' yer beatin' on every poor girl who's new to rasslin' jus' to prove how big and bad you are.

[The Pistol points a threatening finger.]

KTPC: You ain't provin' nothin', Ricki! You don't believe in yerself, so the only way you can feel good about yerself is to put a hurtin' on others, and that make you nothin' more than a little insecure BULLY. Now boys like Pure X and Cesar Hernandez, they ain't gonna hit you back, cuz they ain't cut from that cloth. Me? I think you ain't that tough when yer not holdin' that bat—I'll fight back, Ricki, and I

wanna see you in this ring again, sooner rather than later. An' I'll take you down to Boggy Creek.

MS: You heard it, fans! Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol is back and she wants another match with "The Queen of Clubs" Erica Toughill! This Women's Division continues to heat up and right now, let's go back to Sweet Lou who is standing by with another member of the Division!

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

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, two weeks ago, Ayako Fujiwara announced her signing with the AWA as the newest member of the Women's Division. There has been a lot of talk about what Emerson Gellar has planned to determine the first-ever AWA Women's World Champion. I'll be discussing some of the possibilities on my app, which you can download for free at iTunes and Google Play. Remember that data charges may apply for using any app, so kids, please get your parents' permission first.

[That appears to be the cue for Sweet Lou's guest to walk onto the set. It's "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who is dressed in a white halter top and a pair of jeans, her long brown hair falling freely over her shoulders. She has a fierce look in her eyes, like she's ready to lash out any minute.]

SLB: Speaking of the Women's Division, "The Spitfire" Julie Somers is my guest at this time. Julie, on the Anniversary Show, it was supposed to be you and Melissa Cannon facing each other, but once again, it seems other people had their own ideas about that.

JS: Sweet Lou, it seems to me we have a few women in the AWA who harbor nothing but jealousy, who seem to think they're getting ignored and take it upon themselves to upstage those of us whose only desire is to give the fans what they want to see. It wasn't long ago that Charisma Knight was the person wanting to upstage Melissa Cannon and I, and now, Lauryn Rage is doing that. Now, I'm sure you can guess that to say I'm not happy about things would be an understatement, right, Lou?

SLB: I can tell from your words that you are not happy, and to be honest, I can't say I blame you. Still, Lauryn Rage brought along two other women, women who are much larger than you and Melissa who we're going to see in action in a few moments. It appears that Rage not only wants to take center stage, but she's bringing in backup to ensure she accomplishes that.

[Julie places her hands on her hips.]

JS: The way I look at, Sweet Lou, Lauryn Rage is nothing but a coward who can't accomplish anything by herself. First she has Shadoc Rage set up Melissa for an ambush, then she brings out two other women to attack Melissa and I. That tells me she's not confident she can get the job done on her own, that if she ever had to face Melissa or I one on one in that ring, that she's not good enough to get the job done! So believe me when I tell you, Lou, that I'm not going to rest until I settle this matter.

SLB: Understandable as it is that you would like nothing more than to get Lauryn Rage in the ring, I'm sure the same could be said of Melissa Cannon. In fact, I'm sure you heard what she had to say on the Power Hour, that if she had to take on Lauryn and her allies by herself, that she'd be prepared to do so.

JS: I'm not surprised that Melissa would say that. She's like me in that she's not afraid of any challenge and will not back down even when the odds are against her.

But in this case, she doesn't have to go it alone. Because right here is a woman who is willing to stand by her side and even things up.

[She slaps her chest.]

JS: It's not going to be three on one, Lou. It's going to be three on two. I'm going to stand right by Melissa's side, even the playing field, and make it clear that Lauryn Rage isn't going to take the easy way out!

SLB: This sounds like a challenge to me, Julie Somers. Are you saying you'd like to team up with Melissa to take on Lauryn and her allies?

JS: I'm saying that I'm going to be there for Melissa when that time comes. And I'm also saying that Lauryn Rage has got a lot more to worry about than Melissa. She's got my attention now and I'm going to prove a point to her, just like I proved to Charisma Knight at SuperClash!

SLB: Julie, you've noticed the likes of Lauryn Rage and Charisma Knight have each dubbed themselves the Queen of Wrestling. Would it be fair to say that you have a bigger claim to that title?

JS: [chuckling] They can call themselves whatever they want. But I don't need to give myself a title or make some bold proclamation to prove that I am the best. No, Lou, the only thing I need to do to prove that I am the best is to get in that ring and beat anybody I face. Most of all, though, the one thing I can do that will prove, beyond any doubt, that I don't need to be a queen of anything, is to go one better, and that's become the first AWA Women's World Champion.

[She points to the camera.]

JS: Because all of you know that a championship is the only title that matters in the AWA.

SLB: [nodding] Hard to argue otherwise, ladies and gentlemen. But Lauryn Rage and her... friends... may stand in your way of accomplishing that goal. We're going to see her friends in action right now so let's get back to ringside and see what they're all about!

[Fade away from Blackwell and Somers to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall as part of the AWA Women's Division. Introducing first... already in the ring... at a total combined weight of 248 pounds... Louise Wiggans and Diondra James!

[The two women - Louise with the red hair and Diondra, an Afro-American with a curly red weave - wave to the crowd as they hop and smile, eager to compete.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The LOX "Money, Power, Respect" blares as the two Snake-styled Amazons emerge from the back.]

PW: At a combined weight of 340 pounds... they are Mamba and Copperhead... The SERPENTINES!

[Mamba has a braided Mohawk and milky white snake eyes. Copperhead has a Mohawk of loose burnished wavy curls and copper-orange snake eyes. The two women glower at the ringside fans, hissing and showing the fangs in their mouth. The Mamba flexes a double biceps pose while Copperhead points at her partner's biceps and starts shouting and running her mouth as they walk towards ringside.]

GM: Well, these two are definitely impressive physically. We were introduced to the Serpentine at Lauryn Rage's so-called interview earlier tonight.

BW: We were introduced to the Serpentine when they beat the heck out of Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers, Gordo.

GM: Lauryn Rage claims these two aren't her henchmen but I don't believe a word that comes out of her mouth.

BW: She said she was giving friends an opportunity, Gordo? That's the American Way! How did you land this job?

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway here. The one they call Copperhead starting this off against Diondra James.

BW: James is giving up a lot of size and muscle in there. We can see that already. You think that's Copperhead's natural eye color?

GM: I highly doubt it.

[Copperhead is about 5'10 and 160 pounds of muscle. The copper-colored Dominican stalks her prey in an outfit that is composed of an all black halter top, bikini bottom trunks, knee high socks and kickpads over short boots.]

GM: Okay, Bucky... what can you tell me about this Copperhead?

BW: I'm not at liberty to tell you much. Lauryn sent me a DM earlier and-

GM: Give me a break. You're a journalist for crying out loud!

"This toothpick is what you bring me? I'm a carnivore! I don't eat twigs!"

GM: Copperhead running her mouth disparagingly towards Diondra James.

BW: Apparently that is one thing we know about her. She likes to talk.

GM: I hope Mamba is a mute then because between her and Rage, no one else would get a single syllable in.

[Copperhead circles her prey until she senses James' rhythm. She rushes in with clubbing forearms across the face and chest until James collapses against the ropes. The referee steps in, backing Copperhead a few feet away where she shouts into the corner.]

"It ain't patty cake, sister!"

GM: Copperhead with a handful of hair, yanking Diondra James off the ropes.

[A big slap follows, smashing James across the mouth and sending her bouncing back, falling to a knee.]

GM: Humiliating slap to the face by Copperhead!

[With James on her knee, a second slap sends her falling back, spinning away so that her torso is pressed against the ropes. Copperhead advances, planting her shin on the back of James' neck, choking her against the middle rope.]

GM: Blatant choke by Copperhead. The referee is counting but-

BW: But Copperhead don't care!

[At the count of four, she grabs two handfuls of hair, yanking James to her feet where she slams three fists to the gut before grabbing an arm, whipping her across the ring, flattening her with a big clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! That one takes James right off her feet and- where is the other one - the Mamba - going?!

[All six feet and 180 pounds of the muscular Mamba drops off the apron, rushing down to the opposite corner...]

GM: No, no!

[...and YANKS Wiggan off the apron, sending her crashing to the floor in full view of the referee who shouts at her.]

GM: There was absolutely NO reason for that! James was in no danger of tagging in her partner and-

BW: Look at her go!

[The fans jeer as the monstrous African-American woman in all black tights and halter starts stomping the life out of the smaller woman on the outside.]

GM: There's no call for this! Neither woman is legal!

BW: I don't think they care. These Serpentine are here to cause chaos.

[With the referee rushing to clean up the attack on the outside, Copperhead is free to cheat. She bites the forehead of the downed James with her "fanged" teeth.]

BW: That's gonna hurt! Those teeth look sharp, daddy!

"She tastes just like candy! Cotton candy! Soft!"

[Copperhead stage laughs as she yanks James to her feet and tosses her into James' corner.]

GM: James has no one to tag. Wiggan is down on the outside where the Mamba is- look out!

[Scooping up Wiggan in her arms, the Mamba spins in a circle before slamming her hard on the floor. The Mamba bounces on the delivery of the slam.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Cleanup on Aisle 3!

[In her corner, James extends an arm in the direction of Wiggan who is in no shape to make a tag...

...and gets a fist across the jaw from the Mamba in response!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: The fans are jeering, the referee is screaming, but the Serpentine are showing no mercy here in Denver.

[Back in the ring, the Copperhead drags the dazed James to her feet, shoving her back into the buckles. She swings her right arm up into a back elbow to the ear a few times before hooking a handful of hair, rushing from the corner, leaping up to slam her facefirst into the mat!]

GM: OHHH! Down to the canvas goes James and this one's gotta be close to over.

BW: I get the feeling it'll be over when the Serpentes decide it's over, Gordo.

[Walking to her corner, Copperhead tags in Mamba who steps through the ropes...

...and Copperhead races across the ring, sliding under the ropes where she starts flailing on the downed Wiggan with heavy fists and forearms!]

"STUPIDA! STUPIDA! STUPIDA!"

GM: This isn't wrestling! This is a mugging!

[As the referee moves back to the corner to protest, the Mamba hoists James off the mat, dumping her down with a vertical suplex.]

GM: Hard suplex, shaking the spine from head to toe of Diondra James!

BW: And if I'm Julie Somers or Melissa Cannon, I may be thinking twice right about now. Who would want to get in the ring with these two, Gordo?!

GM: I'm very confident that this display has done NOTHING to sway either of those women from taking these Serpentes on.

[The Mamba drags James up by the hair, holding her steady for a moment. She hops twice before elevating, getting up high to deliver a standing dropkick to the mush!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Wow, she really got up there for someone who's easily a six-footer!

GM: The Mamba looking out on this crowd, taunting them... and the over-matched Diondra James should call it a night.

BW: I don't think this is going to turn out like she wanted.

[The referee tells Mamba to apply a cover but gets no response as Copperhead slaps the top turnbuckle to get her partner's attention, pointing across the ring where Louise Wiggan is lying on the apron motionless.]

GM: What is she...?

"Let that maggot get some too, Mamba!"

[On the cue from her partner, the Mamba drags the downed James to the corner.]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me.

[Hanging James over the ropes, she reaches down, physically dragging Wiggan to her feet too, forcing their hands together.]

BW: WIGGAN MAKES THE TAG! WHAT A COMEBACK!

GM: Will you stop?! She's barely conscious! This is just...

[Scooping Wiggan up in her powerful arms, Mamba lifts her over the shoulder, pulling her over the ropes, walking out towards the middle of the ring where she puts her down in an inverted atomic drop, hanging on, and lifting right back up into a bear hug...]

GM: Big bearhug locked in! Wiggan can barely keep her head up but she's flailing away, her body instinctively trying to save her!

[The weak attempt at offense seems to annoy Mamba who lifts her higher, putting her down with a second inverted atomic drop. She turns towards the corner where Copperhead is grinning.]

"Hey, these people think we're devils, hermana! Let's send 'em to Hell!"

GM: This is hopelessly out of control.

[Without even tagging in Copperhead enters the ring, stopping to curse out the referee. Both Serpentes fasten a hand around Wiggan's throat, lift and double chokeslam her to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it. It's over.

BW: Only if they want it to be.

[Copperhead vacates at the referee's order as the Mamba pins Wiggan beneath a boot. The referee mercifully makes the quick count as the fans boo the needless brutality.]

GM: The Serpentes are your winners in dominant fashion... and Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon, I hope, were watching with great interest. If either of those young women plan on tangling with this team, they've got their work cut out for them, Bucky.

BW: Their gameplan better include a reservation at the hospital, Gordo.

GM: Speaking of gameplans, two weeks ago, we saw the master of the gameplan, Supreme Wright, in a surprise encounter against Torin The Titan... and shockingly, we saw things go not so well for Wright, Bucky.

BW: It was perhaps the most shocking result in AWA history, Gordo. The only thing that saves it from that is the fact that Torin is a legitimate giant! He's huge! He's massive! He's... a giant!

GM: And he's one of the most dominant pro wrestlers in the world - a fact that Supreme Wright found out the hard way in Los Angeles - when Torin defeated the former World Champion in under FIVE minutes! It was incredible to witness! Our own Sweet Lou caught up with the giant after the match two weeks ago to get his immediate reaction to his shocking victory. Let's take a look!

[Fade in on a pre-taped shot in the locker room of the Los Angeles Sports Arena. We know this because the helpful graphic says so. Sitting on a wooden bench that has seen better days is the Eiffel Tower himself, Torin The Titan. Torin is still in his ring gear after his shocking upset victory as Sweet Lou Blackwell approaches.]

SLB: Torin, can I get a quick word?

[The giant nods his head.]

SLB: Torin, quite frankly... I'm a little bit speechless. On a night when the AWA celebrates it's Eighth Anniversary, you just scored perhaps the most shocking upset victory in its history. To make your debut against a former two-time World Champion and to... well, to dominate him in that fashion...

[Blackwell seems sort of flustered as Torin shakes his head.]

TTT: Upset to you? Maybe. Not upset to me. I've wrestle all over world - big, tall, fat, short, strong, fast... no matter. Climb into ring against Torin?

[The giant swings his massive hands together, causing an almost thunderclap-type sound to ring out in the locker room. Blackwell jumps at the sound.]

TTT: BOOM! HO HO HO!

[Blackwell softly and nervously chuckles.]

SLB: I can see that. Taking on a man of your stature must be difficult for even the toughest competitor... as Supreme Wright learned tonight. But with this win, Torin, you were just catapulted into the Top Ten Contenders list no doubt. With this win, what's next for you in the AWA?

[Torin nods.]

TTT: Big win for big man. I fear no man. I take on all comer. Mr. Gellar, he find Torin top competition? Torin fight.

SLB: Anyone?

TTT: Anyone.

SLB: Then the question must be asked... if Johnny Detson retains the World Title here tonight in Los Angeles, will you face him if asked?

[Torin rubs his chin in thought.]

TTT: I once knew a woman in Paris who say Torin... look good in gold. HO HO HO!

[Blackwell turns to the camera as the camera pans off the laughing Torin.]

SLB: I'd say that's a yes. And if Detson retains the title tonight, he'd better keep one eye over his shoulder and one eye up in the air because if this giant comes for him, we may have a new World Champion, fans.

[From the pre-taped interview, we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and fade back up on the ring where Phil Watson standing.]

PW: The following contest here on Saturday Night Wrestling is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, weighing in at 264 pounds from Boulder, Colorado... Henry Tate!

[Tate raises a bulky arm to a small amount of cheers for the local.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights drop to black.

After a few chilling moments in the darkness, a set of bright orange and yellow come up... very, very slowly. The result is the look of a sunrise, casting a glow over the walkway. The camera is right by the lights so the vision is blinded for a moment...

...until darkness appears. Ennio Morricone's "Man With A Harmonica" begins to play as well, giving the whole scene quite the old Western feel.]

PW: He hails from The Deadwoods... weighing in at 301 pounds and being led down the aisle by Virgil Rockwell...

THE HANNNNNNNNNNGMANNNNNNNNN!

[As we cut to a long shot of the aisle, we see the tall drink of water known as The Hangman striding down it in an open brown leather full-length trench coat, faded and worn from time. His brown leather gloves are a perfect match. His face is

barely visible with a brown Stetson pulled down over his eyes. Gripped in his right hand tightly? A noose, by God... a noose.

Trailing a few feet behind him is Virgil Rockwell, wearing an old-timey black suit. A silver pocket watch chain hangs into view. His eyes are locked on the ring, his face etched with focus as he runs a hand through his wild black beard.]

GM: The Hangman making his way down the aisle and it never fails to send a chill down my spine to see this man in action, Bucky.

BW: You know, the few fans this guy has like to say that "The Hangman Is Real" but he just looks like some kind of ghost floating out through here.

[Upon reaching the ring, The Hangman and Virgil Rockwell climb the steps. The Hangman steps over the top rope with ease as Rockwell steps through the ropes, accepting the shrugged off trenchcoat. Underneath, we see a sweat and dirt-stained dress shirt that has seen better days along with a pair of brown slacks that are tucked right into a pair of black cowboy boots.

He's close to seven feet tall, lanky and lean but with some muscle tone on him. His skin has been blasted by the sun over the years, leaving it weathered and aged. Long strings of black hair with the beginnings of aging peeking through in streaks of grey hang down to his shoulders. His coarse facial hair comes in the form of a short beard and mustache.

The Hangman stares across at his opponent who seems to be looking for an exit as the big man reaches back slowly, hanging the noose over the ringpost with care. Rockwell steps from the ring as The Hangman stares out into the crowd, right at a pale young man holding up a sign that reads "THE HANGMAN IS REAL!"]

GM: And where the Hangman goes, that young man seems to follow.

BW: I've been followed by fans before too, Gordo... usually a whack with a roll of nickels would send 'em running but this kid seems obsessed with The Hangman.

[The referee signals for the bell and The Hangman tugs at his right glove, adjusting it in place as Henry Tate hops up and down a few times, swinging his arms across his chest.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and-

[Henry Tate rushes across the ring with a bellow, looking to strike first and hard...

...and runs RIGHT into a big boot to the mush!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The Hangman caught him coming in right there and nearly turned his lights out with a single blow!

[The Hangman steps forward, snapping his head back, sending his wet hair flipping backwards as we get a good look at his cold, hard face - chiseled from stone as he stares down at Tate... and then turns to rest his gaze on Virgil Rockwell who shouts "SEND HIM TO THE GALLOWS!"]

GM: What?! Already?!

BW: He ain't gettin' paid by the hour, Gordo.

[The Hangman nods in response before turning to face the crowd, slowly lifting his own right hand and gripping his throat with it.]

GM: That signature signal from The Hangman which inevitably means the end is near.

BW: He muscles Tate up off the mat by the throat...

[Crouching low, The Hangman lifts Tate up into a torture rack, walking back out to the middle of the ring as the crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

GM: He's got him up!

[The Hangman stares out at the crowd before swinging Tate out, dropping him into a high impact neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: THE ROPE'S END!

[The Hangman rolls into a kneeling pin, planting his palms on the chest and pressing his own torso up with his arms at full extension as he gets the easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

["Man With A Harmonica" begins to play again as The Hangman slowly rises off of his downed opponent as his cornerman enters the ring, a broad smile on his mustached face.]

GM: The match is over but from the look on Rockwell's face, I think they're not done yet.

BW: They've got a tradition to uphold, Gordo.

[Rockwell walks to the corner, lifting the noose from off the ringpost and walks over towards his charge who drops to a knee, looking up at the rope. Rockwell looks at the kneeling monster and shouts...]

"LET JUSTICE BE DONE OR THE HEAVENS WILL FALL!"

[...at which The Hangman rises to his feet, taking the noose from Rockwell.]

GM: This is despicable and Emerson Gellar needs to do something about it!

BW: Two weeks ago, Gellar said he was happy with the boys taking care of business inside the ring. If someone wants to stop The Hangman, they're more than welcome to try.

[With the referee loudly protesting, the Hangman leans down, slipping the noose over the head of Tate so that the rope is around his neck...

...and starts dragging him using the rope, choking him violently as he pulls him towards the edge of the ring. The Hangman steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor where he reaches back under the ropes, grabbing Tate by the hair, yanking hard to pull him out onto the floor with a splat. He grabs the rope again.]

GM: And once again, they're heading over here towards us which means that I must do my duty and talk to these... gentlemen.

[We hear a "CLUNK!" as Gordon puts down his headset, climbing to his feet as we cut to ringside and find him standing, watching as The Hangman drags Henry Tate towards him, Virgil Rockwell in tow.]

GM: Virgil Rockwell, there is absolutely no reason for these post-match shenanigans we've been seeing out of you and your Hangman! No reason at all!

[Rockwell chuckles.]

VR: Gordon Myers, you sit here as a messenger to the people. You tell the world the words that the AWA wants known. Whether it's hype for the next supercard... why they should cheer the hand-picked darling... or why they should despise the likes of my Hangman and myself... you are a simple messenger providing a simple message.

[Rockwell gestures at the downed Tate.]

VR: Consider this OUR message. This is our message that says - if you stand in the path of Justice, you shall be overrun because nothing stops Justice... NOTHING.

GM: You have been talking about Justice since arriving here in the AWA some time ago but all we've seen is your man brutalize foe after foe... in near record time tonight, I might add. When will we see this so-called Justice happen?

[Rockwell sneers.]

VR: Justice does not occur on your timetable, Mr. Myers. Besides, as I've told you in the past, each time we come out here, we are providing Justice for the crime of these individuals who believe they can stand in the ring with my Hangman.

GM: That's no crime.

VR: No? Aren't most crimes in the eye of the beholder? The man who steals bread for his starving family believes he is justified but in the eyes of Lady Justice, he must pay by losing a hand. So many times, we see crimes committed by those who believe they are doing what is right... what is necessary. How are these any different? Mr. Myers, I know you hunger for a day when your heroes step forward to face my Hangman and stop him from dispensing his brand of Justice... but know that those men commit a different sort of crime. Treachery.

GM: What are you...?

[Rockwell holds up a hand.]

VR: They betray the love and faith of the fans... of people like you who believe in them. Men like Supernova tell how they will always fight evil for the fans... but when a so-called evil is in his presence, he flights and does not fight. Men like Travis Lynch... like Derrick Williams... like The Gladiator... they pledge their bodies to the fans who support them. Lynch clings to his crucifix, swearing allegiance to a god who will protect him from things that go bump in the night.

We're the monster in your nightmares, Travis Lynch... Supernova... Gladiator.

We see the crimes you commit... and we stand ready to serve as your judge... your jury...

[He laughs darkly.]

VR: ...and your executioner.

[On that note, the duo turns to leave, The Hangman dragging the helpless Tate up the aisle, the noose still around his throat.]

GM: When that kind of monster is free to act without fear... that's what true darkness is all about. And right now, darkness hangs over our each and every thought and action here in the AWA, fans... I can only hope that the forces of light can fight their way through it. Now let's go back to Phil Watson for our next contest!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Already in the ring from Salt Lake City, Utah... weighing in at 205 pounds... RICKY TANNER!

[The crowd gives some applause to the ripped young former MMA fighter.]

PW: And his opponent... from Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 244 pounds...

SHAAAAADOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAGE!

[Samuel Barber's "Adagio for Strings" smothers the crowd with its sombre tones. Shadoe Rage appears on stage, dressed in his black and silver leather robes. He stands at the top of the ramp, staring daggers through his semi-reflective sunglasses.]

GM: Ricky Tanner is a former GFC fighter making the transition to professional wrestling. He's got a great background in amateur wrestling and some very fast hands. This should be an interesting test for the youngster from Utah.

BW: There are more rules in MMA about how you can and cannot hit than in professional wrestling. Our athletes are bigger, faster and way more creative in their attacks, daddy. And this man, his opponent right here, is crazy to boot.

GM: Speaking of which, let's go to some pre-recorded comments from the former AWA World Television Champion, Shadoe Rage.

[As Rage makes his way to ringside, glaring at the fans a small inset box appears in the lower left quarter of the screen. A head-and-shoulders shot of the hooded Shadoe Rage fills the little box. He begins to speak in his strangled rasp.

SR: 2016 begins a new era of the Rage Family Dynasty. Supernova, they stole my AWA World Television Championship from me to end the greatest title run of all time. But they will never separate me from Her! What is mine will always come back to me. She is MINE! What you got at the Anniversary Show in Los Angeles was just a little taste. When I take Her back...

[He pauses, shuddering in pleasure at the thought.]

SR: ...you will know the full feelings of humiliation. The utter contempt I have for you as a champion, as a man, as a sack of meat. I will bring you all the way down. And Derrick Williams, don't get in my way. Or you too will die in darkness!

[The inset frame disappears, leaving the full shot of the ring as Rage approaches.]

GM: Strong words from the former champion.

BW: Gordo, this obsession is getting dark with him. He was already in bad places. Now he seems to be going to even worse. If I were Supernova, I'd just hand the title back, apologize and maybe see if Travis Stench would give him a shot.

GM: Stop. Supernova isn't afraid of Shadoe Rage.

BW: Then he really is Stupidnova, Gordo. Cause he should be REAL afraid!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway ... Ricky Tanner giving up a lot of size and weight to Shadoe Rage. And although he is much younger, I am not sure he is much quicker if at all.

BW: Shadoe Rage's athletic ability isn't what it was at its peak, Gordo. But he's still pretty quick and his endurance is remarkable.

[Rage goes to lock up but gets peppered with some quick jabs that back him up, blinking in surprise.]

GM: Ricky Tanner demonstrating some quick hands as Shadoe Rage has to reset and maybe refocus on his opponent.

BW: That's a bad idea to have this madman focused on you.

[Rage raises his hands in a boxing stance. He takes a step forward and is met with a stinging kick to the upper hamstring. He hops back in pain, shaking out his leg as Ricky Tanner surges forward and takes Rage down with a double leg takedown.]

GM: Ricky Tanner has Shadoe Rage momentarily confused here. Tanner working to get Rage under control.

BW: That's a top mount position, Gordo. He's trying to cinch up both his arms and legs.

GM: So far he has Rage confused on the mat...

[But as Tanner leans down, looking to press the advantage, Rage responds by driving the top of his elbow down into the top of Tanner's head. The smaller man slumps off Rage dizzied by the impact of the vicious blow.]

BW: 12 to 6 elbows like that aren't allowed in MMA but they are in professional wrestling. Shadoe Rage just showed Tanner that he can strike from any position.

[Rage is furious as he gets to his feet and drags Ricky Tanner up to his feet before planting another 12 to 6 elbow to the forehead. Rage shoves Tanner back into a corner and drives his knee three times to the midsection.]

GM: The former champion working Tanner over in the corner, up against the turnbuckles.

[With Tanner sucking wind, Rage steps out at the referee's order before rushing back in, spinning to deliver a vicious back elbow to the jaw. Standing him up, he lands two more back elbows before he turns to face Tanner.]

"Who do you think you are?"

[Rage paintbrushes a slap across the face of Tanner once... twice... three times very quickly before he whips Tanner from corner to corner...]

GM: Ricky Tanner hits the far corner hard, staggering back out...

[The former champion grabs the arm again, pulling Tanner into a short knee to the midsection.]

GM: Nicely done right there and Ricky Tanner is in trouble early on in this one as Shadoo Rage is just imposing his will on the former GFC fighter.

[With Tanner folded in half, Rage delivers a vicious elbow to the back of the neck, knocking Tanner down to a knee. The former Television Champion raises an arm, giving a little finger twirl to the crowd as he dashes to the ropes, building momentum as he springs off, taking aim...

...and dragging Tanner down to the mat with a leaping left-handed clothesline! He crashes down to the mat alongside Tanner in a seated position, staying there and looking out at the jeering crowd with contempt.]

GM: These people do not like Rage's tactics.

BW: But why? He hasn't broken any rules. He's just showing the kid that professional wrestling isn't MMA.

[Rage pushes himself to his feet and stomps the downed Tanner.]

GM: Hard foot right to the chest! And Rage follows it up with an elbow drop!

BW: The kid ain't seen this in the GFC.

[Rage drops another elbow and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Elbow after elbow down into the chest of Ricky Tanner!

[As Rage finishes his ninth, he climbs back to his feet, leaping high into the air, and delivers a kneedrop to the throat. Tanner spasms and flops onto his stomach, drawing ragged breaths.]

"You disappoint me. Is this the best you've got?"

GM: Rage with some words for Ricky Tanner as he reaches down and hooks him.

BW: Standing waistlock into a gutwrench suplex. He's picking this kid apart.

GM: Rage still has the waistlock applied!

BW: He's dragging him up for another gutwrench suplex!

[Rage delivers a second and then a third gutwrench suplex which leaves Tanner staring up at the lights, fighting for breath. Rage sits down tailor-fashion on the mat by Tanner's head and watches him intently as he gasps for breath. The King of Rage Country waits for him to recover, chewing his lip in disdain.]

GM: And the crowd letting Rage have it. They don't like that he's toying with Tanner. He probably could have finished the match right there.

BW: Or gone up top for the elbow! But no, he's sending a message right now.

[Rage waits patiently as Tanner struggles to a knee and then fights his way to his feet. The kid puts up his hands even though his stance is compromised by the hits to the head, chest, throat and back. Clearly dazed, Tanner cannot defend himself as Rage begins throwing hands.]

GM: Jab by Rage! Another jab! Right and left! Those hands are flying quickly.

BW: And Tanner struggling to deflect them... that leaves him open!

[Rage bull rushes him into the corner. Tanner weakly tries throwing a leg kick but Rage catches it and swings Tanner's legs through the ropes, wedging him between the second buckle.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: This can't be good news for Tanner who is already out on his feet.

[Rage mounts the second rope and leaps up, driving a diving double kneedrop through Tanner as both men crash to the canvas.]

GM: Good grief! That'll knock all the wind right out of you!

[Rage pulls the kid up by his hair again and charges the ropes, leaping over them. He forces Tanner's throat into the top rope and lets him slingshot off, tumbling back to the canvas as Rage lands safely on the ringside mats.]

GM: Big clothesline to the floor... and now Shadoe Rage is getting back to the apron quick as a cat.

[The former champion goes straight to the top rope, standing tall with his arms raised at full extension...

...and as Tanner gets to his feet, Rage leaps off the top, smashing a double axehandle down between the eyes!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!!!

[Rage jumps to his feet, twirling in circles and taunting the hostile crowd as Tanner lies motionless on the canvas.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is trying to prove a point here. He wants the winner of the upcoming title match between Derrick Williams and Supernova and he's showing just how much of a threat he can be.

BW: Ricky Tanner is probably wondering whether GFC will take him back about now.

GM: But Rage is STILL not going for a cover.

[The referee takes a moment, imploring Rage to attempt a pin on Tanner but Rage defiantly refuses, walking around the downed Tanner, shouting for him to get up again and again.]

GM: Rage is telling Tanner to get up! He's got something else for him!

[Pausing in the corner, Rage slaps the top turnbuckle a few times, clapping and stomping the mat to "encourage" young Ricky Tanner to his feet.]

GM: This is ridiculous.

[The fans agree, really letting Rage have it now. The former champion turns to shout at them, screaming at the AWA faithful as Tanner attempts to get up off the canvas.]

GM: Look at the fight in this kid, Bucky!

BW: It may not be the best idea in the world to get back up but Tanner's trying!
The kid's got a lot of heart but it might cost him.

GM: Rage is shouting at the fans... I don't think he even knows Tanner is getting back to his feet...

[Pushing up off the canvas, Tanner steadies himself by grasping the ropes, stumbling across the ring towards Rage's exposed back...]

GM: He's got a chance! He's got an opportunity to strike right here and-

[Rage spins quickly and leaps up at the onrushing Tanner, clasping his hands around the back of Tanner's neck. He drives both knees up into Tanner's face as he falls backwards to the mat, delivering a thunderous double knee facebreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! He might have broken the kid's jaw!

[Rage pops up again, taunting the downed Tanner.]

"This is the best you can give me?!"

GM: For crying out loud, just finish the man!

[Rage throws another look down at Tanner...

...and then slowly backs into the corner.

His demeanor changes. He grows colder. His face grows remorseless as he calmly pushes his dreadlocks out of his face. He draws deep breaths as he taps his back foot against the mat.]

BW: Don't get up, kid! Don't you dare get up!

GM: I don't think Tanner has a clue that Rage is waiting for him! He's on Dream Street right now!

[Tanner rolls to his chest, trying to get his arms under him.]

GM: Ricky Tanner's trying to get up! Ricky Tanner with the heart of a lion is trying to get back to his feet!

[The former MMA fighter has just barely gotten to his knees when Rage comes rushing out of the corner, barreling in on him...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ECLIPSE!

[The charging knee connects right with Tanner's jaw, knocking the kid out. Rage kneels on his chest and covers him for the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner... SHAAAADOOOOE RAAAAAAGE!

[Before "Adagio" can play, Rage signals for a microphone. And then he points to Myers.]

GM: Why is he pointing at me?

BW: Rage is coming out here! He's coming to have a chat with you.

[Rage exits the ring and stalks towards the ringside table. Staring through Gordon Myers, he raises the microphone to his lips.]

SR: Tell everybody... I will not be made to wait any longer. She is coming back to me, Myers. I want the winner of Supernova and Derrick Williams. And it better be Supernova, Myers. Tell everybody, he better not disappoint me.

GM: Well, now that Kevin Slater is in Derrick Williams' corner, there's a good shot you may be facing him.

SR: Kevin Slater... I don't care about him.

[He points to the unconscious Ricky Tanner being revived in the ring.]

SR: He wants to try to stand in the way of my revenge...

[A cold, remorseless laugh.]

SR: Well, he can die in darkness, too.

[Rage drops the mic as "Adagio" begins to play. He nods slowly at Myers and Bucky before he makes his way to the back... and we 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...

...and then come back up to live action at the interview podium, off one side of the stage, where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell holds court. His guest is the predictably irascible Jackson Hunter, clipboard under his arm, and missing the red-decalled briefcase he has been toting for months.]

SLB: Alright fans, two weeks ago we saw Kolya Sudakov take down "The Tsar" Maxim Zharkov in a—

JH: You've already botched it—fabrications right off the top! Fans of the AWA, please attend carefully! Phil Watson, you misspoke before that match. Maxim Zharkov was, and still is... undefeated. What you saw at the 8th Anniversary was the textbook example of a TIME... LIMIT... DRAAAAW!

[Blackwell has already started rolling his eyes as Zharkov's advisor begins the familiar ranting and raving.]

JH: A classic example of a partisan overstepping their boundaries, and changing the rules to put their fingers on the scale and unlevel the playing field so the goalposts can go whoosh, and—

SLB: [interrupting] I think you're losing track your metaphors, sir.

JH: Oh, am I speaking over the head of John and Jane Q. Wrestling-Fan? Are they imbibing too much hippie lettuce now that it's legal in Colorado? Let me dumb it down for them. What's that movie they like, Blackwell?

[Lou Blackwell seems confused by the question.]

JH: The one with the guy in the rubber suit with the nipples on the outside!

[Sweet Lou's eyebrow rises.]

JH: He lives with a teenage boy and old British ninja!

[Blackwell still looks dumbfounded.]

JH: He has a million dollars, so he buys a tank to fight the clown with the skin disease! What's that movie?!

[Blackwell hazards a guess.]

SLB: "Batman?"

JH: Bat Man! That's the one! Maxim Zharkov is like Bat Man! He has all these incredible resources at his disposal. He is the hero that American wrestling needs,

but he has constantly fight the STD clown, Ace Ventura, that South African guy who talks into a Dixie Cup...

SLB: [deadpan] That is a fantastic simile, Mr. Hunter, but my sources tell me—

JH: Your sources are irrelevant!

SLB: My sources tell me that Maxim Zharkov sought medical attention but—

JH: Irrelevant. Irrelevant.

SLB: —If you'd let me finish!—Maxim Zharkov sought medical attention, but was not attended to by the AWA's Dr. Ponavitch, and now my sources tell me—

JH: [muttering] Irrelevant. Doesn't matter. Don't care.

SLB: —That there are now conflicting reports as whether Maxim Zharkov is even injured! Do you care to comment on an issue that is actually relevant?

JH: Listen, if you were a Bat Man character, you'd be Burgess Meredith in a tuxedo. With the strength of Sudakov's kicks being common knowledge, and the AWA infrastructure as a whole being opposed to the well-being of Mr. Zharkov, we felt it would be in his best interests to be independently examined by our own medical team, and not one with an agenda like your doctor. Through Mr. Zharkov's entire tenure in the United States, we have encountered nothing but favoritism to the home team. Even after Zharkov's victory at SuperClash VII, you had to make sure Alex Martinez was there front-and-center to overshadow this golden moment! Maxim Zharkov is clearly superior in every way to Kolya Sudakov and I don't know how much more we need to prove to John and Jane Q. Wrestling-Fan. If Sudakov were here tonight, I would make him accept The Tsar's demand for a rematch.

SLB: Judging from your confident tone, it's easy to infer that Kolya Sudakov is not here tonight.

JH: Well listen, Danny DeVito, if I were cleared to be in that ring, I would do to Sudakov what I would have done if he'd stepped foot in Chinook Wrestling when I was the Commonwealth Heavyweight Champion ten years ago. So I will advise Mr. Zharkov to do the same: split him down the middle like he's a popsicle and hang him upside down from the lighting rig as an example of what happens to people who stab Mr. Zharkov in the back. Sudakov, you have two more weeks. I will be there and I will hear your answer. You and Zharkov, Memorial Day, Seattle, Washington: no time limits, and there will be a winner. You can't run forever, Sudakov. Two weeks.

[He abruptly exits.]

SLB: All the charm and manners of a velociraptor... Fans, the challenge has been laid down: Maxim Zharkov wants another shot at Kolya Sudakov, and this time there must be a winner! And if you download the app now, you can read more about what exactly is going on Maxim Zharkov's medical status and who else he's been spotted talking to, and you don't want to miss that! Now, let's head down to the ring for tag team action!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall. Introducing first to my left, from The Power Plant, at a combined weight of 540 pounds... Buzz and Jolt...
STATIC ELECTRICITY!

[Two big, hulking guys with their hair spiked up, Buzz with blonde hair and Joly with black hair, dressed in neon green trunks and wearing sunglasses raise their arms and smirk.

"Wake Up" by Story of the Year kicks in over the PA, drawing cheers.]

PW: And their opponents, at a combined weight of 495 pounds... from Boston, Massachusetts... HOWIE SOMERS... from El Paso, Texas... DANIEL HARPER... they are... NEXT GEN!

[The members of Next Gen emerge from the entranceway. Howie Somers is dressed in a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, plus matching knee pads and wrestling boots. His tag team partner, Daniel Harper, wears a white singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in navy blue lettering, plus white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

GM: Next Gen set for tag team action... we haven't seen these two on Saturday Night Wrestling for a while, but I know from the time I talked to them, they have their sights set on establishing themselves as a top tag team in the AWA.

BW: They've got a lot of teams standing in front of them, Gordo. Downfall, The Longhorn Riders, The Slaughterhouse, The Samoan Hit Squad... and don't forget the hands down top tag team in the AWA, the World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan.

[Howie and Daniel each stand at the entranceway, slight smiles on their faces, before turning to each other and exchanging a high five. The duo then makes its way to the ring, the members reaching out to slap hands with fans stretched over the railing.]

GM: Next Gen definitely has a lot of work ahead of them if they want to get a tag team title shot, but as I understand it, a motivating factor is that they believe they can do the best job of representing the next generation of wrestling and do their family members before them proud.

BW: If anybody should be proud of what their offspring have done, it's Bobby Taylor and Robert Donovan... look how quickly Wes and Tony rose to become the champions! They did it in less than two years of teaming together!

GM: I've spoken to Bobby Taylor, Bucky, and he's not exactly pleased with how his son Wes has gone about his rise to the top.

BW: If Bobby Taylor was honest, he's admit that his son is just emulating some of the things he did! Let's not kid ourselves, Gordo, Bobby Taylor was far from being a patron saint in his wrestling career!

[Upon reaching the ring, Howie and Daniel slide underneath the ropes and rise to their feet. Howie hooks a thumb toward the words printed on his singlet, then slaps Daniel over the shoulder, who hooks a thumb toward the words on his singlet as well.]

GM: Perhaps not, but I know Bobby had hoped Wes might learn from some of the mistakes Bobby admits to now and forged a better path.

BW: Oh, come on, Gordo, how can it be a mistake to get under the tutelage of Hall of Fame manager Brian Lau? That man has guided all-time greats to countless championships. There's no mistake in seeking the advice of a managerial talent like Lau!

GM: I imagine Howie Somers and Daniel Harper would beg to differ.

BW: Well, that explains why they're stuck in a rut... how many people in their right mind would turn down the advice and expertise of man like Brian Lau?

[The bell rings as Buzz steps forward, motioning with his hands toward the members of Next Gen. Howie and Daniel exchange a few quick words before Daniel steps onto the apron and Howie circles Buzz.]

GM: And we start off with Howie Somers, the nephew of former tag team champion Eric Somers... there's a man who I know has made some mistakes, but it seems like his nephew is doing his best to learn from them.

BW: Again with this claim of mistakes... Eric Somers won the tag team titles and you want to claim that was a mistake.

GM: No, but I suspect Eric Somers believes it was a mistake to have associated himself with Johnny Detson, for starters.

BW: If you're talking about learning from mistakes, Gordo, then Detson is a great example! He dumps people like Eric Somers and he wins the World Title! That's who these kids should be learning from, but they're either too stupid or too stubborn to realize it!

[Howie and Buzz circle and lock up, with Howie gaining the advantage and backing Buzz into the corner.]

GM: Howie and Buzz are pretty close to each other size wise, but Howie able to gain leverage and back Buzz into the corner.

[The referee calls for the break and as Howie backs off, Buzz fires a shot and catches Howie in the jaw.]

BW: See, that's what I'm talking about... somebody like Detson would have taken the first shot there, not let his opponent do it.

GM: And it's against the rules, Bucky, and you know that. Buzz now grabbing Howie in a side headlock... but look at this!

[Howie lifts Buzz off his feet, taking him over with a backdrop suplex.]

GM: Howie showing a lot of power, taking Buzz right off his feet with that suplex!

BW: OK, so he got him there... but the thing about this Howie kid is he lacks that killer instinct. He's too passive for his own good!

GM: Right now, Bucky, Howie, is anything but passive... he's staying right on top of Buzz. Look at those blows!

[Buzz tries to get to his feet, but Howie hammers him several times with double axehandles to the back.]

GM: Howie relentless in his assault... now he's pulling Buzz up... into the ropes and a running clothesline!

[Howie drags Buzz up and reaches over to tag in Daniel Harper.]

GM: And now Daniel enters the ring.... what are they setting up here?

[The members of Next Gen cinch up Buzz in a front chancery, then lift him off the canvas.]

GM: Double vertical suplex! Buzz down on the canvas!

BW: Now here's a kid that really needs killer instinct... I mean, all I hear about is what a nice girl his mother was and how her son is just like her!

GM: I will never understand why you think being nice to the fans is such a weakness, Bucky. After all, Daniel's mother is a former champion herself.

[Daniel drags Buzz to his feet, standing behind him and snapping him back to the canvas.]

GM: Russian legsweep by Daniel Harper... now right back to his feet... look at how quickly he drops that elbow!

[Daniel goes for the cover, but Buzz kicks out at two.]

GM: Two count only! Bucky, Next Gen may be nice guys, but they have been staying on top of their opponents from the start!

BW: Like I said earlier, Gordo, they've got a lot of teams standing in the way and a lot of them have the proper guidance. It's why they're on the rise and these two are gonna get left behind.

[Daniel drags Buzz to his feet, but Buzz fires off a quick shot to the midsection, then backs Daniel into the ropes.]

GM: Buzz taking control... I don't think Daniel expected that shot to the ribs... now whips him into the ropes.

[Buzz goes for a clothesline, but Daniel ducks it and quickly spins around.]

GM: Clothesline misses... but Daniel does not miss with that European uppercut!

BW: OK, he rocked him with that... but he let him get to his corner, too!

[Buzz staggers into his corner and tags Jolt, who charges Daniel.]

GM: Jolt moving in fast... but a standing dropkick by Daniel Harper!

BW: He's back up to his feet... Daniel with a kick to the gut!

GM: Now what he's setting him up for?

[Daniel applies a front facelock, grabs Jolt's left leg and lifts him up.]

GM: Look at this... Daniel gets him over with a fisherman suplex!

BW: All right, I'm impressed by that... but he's letting him go? He could have gotten the pin!

GM: He's going to the corner and tags in Howie!

[Howie moves along the ring apron and Daniel grabs the top rope, slingshotting his partner into the ring.]

GM: He slingshots Howie in! Big splash and a cover!

[The referee counts to two, but Buzz runs into the ring and kicks Howie off.]

GM: Broken up by Buzz! And Daniel Harper comes back into the ring!

BW: We've got all four men! The referee's got to get some control!

[Daniel pairs off with Buzz, who gets the upper hand, as Howie drags Jolt up and they exchange blows, with Jolt gaining the advantage.]

GM: And it's the members of Static Electricity who have the members of Next Gen in the corners... Irish whips by Buzz and Jolt.

[But Howie and Daniel are quick to reverse them.]

GM: It backfired! Buzz and Jolt collide!

BW: And Daniel Harper leaps at Buzz... dropkicks him into his partner!

[Buzz and Jolt fall to the canvas as the referee orders Daniel out of the ring. Howie measures up Buzz, who is climbing to his feet.]

GM: Howie charging at Buzz... leaping shoulder tackle knocks Buzz from the ring!

BW: Jolt's coming up from behind!

GM: Jolt with a forearm... but Howie Somers blocks it! An elbow smash to the head... now snares him a waistlock!

[Howie hoists Jolt into the air, taking him over with a belly to belly suplex.]

GM: And look at the power behind that belly to belly!

BW: He's going back to his corner... there's the tag!

[Daniel enters the ring as Howie lifts Jolt up into a fireman's carry. Daniel reaches up and grabs Jolt by the neck, taking him over with a swinging neckbreaker.]

GM: Next Gen with The Generation Gap! Daniel Harper has the cover on Jolt!

[Buzz tries to get back into the ring, but Howie rushes forward to knock him off the apron, as Daniel hooks Jolt's leg and gets the three count.]

GM: And that's it! Next Gen picks up the win!

[Daniel rises to his feet and he and Howie meet each other in the center of the ring and bump fists.]

PW: The winners of the match... NEXT GEN!

[The referee stands between Howie and Daniel and raises their arms as the fans cheer.]

GM: Next Gen picks up the win. Let's take a look at the replay, Bucky!

[We cut to footage of Daniel Harper ducking a clothesline.]

BW: Look at this, Gordo... Daniel Harper avoiding that clothesline, then he connects with that European uppercut! He could have knocked a few teeth loose with that!

[We cut to footage of Howie standing on the apron as Daniel grabs the top rope.]

BW: And look at this... Daniel slingshotting his own partner into the ring, big splash on Jolt... that could have been it right there if Buzz hadn't broken it up!

[We cut to footage of Howie hoisting Jolt into a fireman's carry.]

BW: And here it is... Howie Somers with Jolt in the fireman's carry... Daniel comes in and the neckbreaker takes him to the mat... The Generation Gap gets the three count!

GM: Let's go to Sweet Lou Blackwell who will try to get a few words from Next Gen!

[We cut to the podium where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands with a mic in his hand.]

SLB: Fans, what a match we just witnessed, and now, it's my pleasure to have with me at this time, the members of Next Gen!

[Howie and Daniel join Sweet Lou at the podium. Both of them have serious looks on their faces.]

SLB: Howie Somers, I imagine you have to be feeling pretty good about getting the win tonight, but the look on your face tells me that you're not happy about something. Would you care to share?

HS: Mr. Blackwell, you better believe I'm not happy. I watched The Anniversary Show and what I saw go down with the James Gang... the Kings of Wrestling now, I guess... what they did in the World Tag Team Title match, the World Title match... I look at them and I ask myself what some people must be thinking about the newest generation of wrestlers, particularly those with family ties in the business, and how they really represent those legacies.

[He wipes sweat from his brow.]

HS: I've prided myself on doing things the right way, earning everything that comes your way, never looking for a shortcut to the top. I do that because I want to respect the legacy of those that came before me. And, yeah, I know my uncle did some things I didn't like, some things that he admitted to me that he's not proud of. But I also know that for all the times my uncle engaged in behavior that I didn't approve of, there were plenty of times when he did things that made me proud of him and made me realize how much I wanted to be a wrestler.

[He takes a deep breath.]

HS: And I also realized that I didn't ever want anybody to think that was I above anybody else in that locker room... not just about respecting those who came before me, but thinking of myself as one of the boys, not insisting on having any special treatment or falling for all the materialistic things that this business might sometimes involve. And that's when I look at the Kings of Wrestling and, while I see talent and a Hall of Fame manager, something I'll never take away from that man, I see a lot of things that I don't like a bit.

Showing up to the arena in a limo, getting a private dressing room, special catering just for them... the so-called Kings are the perfect example of people who not only believe that their family legacy makes them entitled to whatever they want, but the instant they get to the top of the ranks, they act like they should be above everybody! Unlike people like Travis Lynch and Supernova, who still change in the same dressing room as the other guys and don't turn their noses up when somebody asks them for advice, people like Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan not only thumb their noses at the rest of the boys in the locker room, but at their own fathers, not willing to listen to their advice and acting like their own families didn't know better!

[He jerks a thumb toward himself.]

HS: I don't act like there's nothing to learn from my family, whether it's from the good they did or the mistakes they made, because that's the only way I can truly respect the legacy my uncle had, and it's the only way to respect the legacy my partner here is striving to live up to!

[He slaps Daniel on the shoulder. Daniel nods at Howie, who addresses the camera again.]

HS: Believe me, I know we have a long road ahead of us, but we are going to work hard and do the right things to truly live up to the legacy that our families have built, do it in a way that makes them proud, show that we learned the right things to do, and never, at any point, act like we are above the rest of the locker room should we ever reach the top!

SLB: Some strong words from Howie Somers... Daniel Harper, I take it the feeling is mutual?

DH: [nodding] You better believe it, Sweet Lou! Let me tell all these great people out here who support us, we have our sights set on SuperClash and we aim to be a part of it by the time it arrives, but we also have our sights set on getting to the top of the tag team ranks! And the things I've seen from the "Kings of Wrestling"... it sickens me! To see Taylor and Donovan thumb their noses at their families, that's something I would never do because I have too much respect for what my family before me did in this business! And now they and the rest of 'em want to associate themselves with Johnny Detson, who proved to my partner's uncle what a lowlife coward he is... believe me, Sweet Lou, Howie and I are going to work not only to get ourselves onto the SuperClash card this November, but to get ourselves a shot at the World Tag Team Titles... but we're gonna do it the proper way.

[He points to the camera.]

DH: We're going to earn it by beating any team that the AWA sends our way, earn ourselves the shot and prove that we don't need somebody beating up our opponents backstage or any other underhanded tactics just to get ourselves the titles!

[Howie slaps his partner on the shoulder again.]

HS: Mr. Blackwell, some have said that there are dark times falling on the AWA again. Well, maybe it's time for Daniel and myself to shine some light back onto the scene. I know if we can do that, we'll truly make our families proud of us!

[He and Daniel exchange a high five, then leave the interview podium.]

SLB: Next Gen has their sights set on the tag team titles! I look forward to that day, whenever it may come! Now, let's go back down to the ring for a very special matchup!

[Cut to the ring, where a plain, nondescript wrestler stands in the corner, wearing a Combat Corner T-shirt, as well as a pair of black trunks. The Combat Corner shirt earns the graduate a modest smattering of polite applause as he thrusts his hands in the air.]

GM: Fans, coming up next, we've got ourselves a little Combat Corner showcase match. Right now, you're looking at Mike Thistle, someone who has been in the Corner for about a year now. AWA officials have granted him a tryout match tonight against another man looking to make a mark in the AWA.

BW: Oh man, I am so excited about this guy.

GM: Thistle?

BW: No, just wait, Gordo. Wait until you see who we've got!

[Bucky is cut off by the opening notes of Queen's "Princes of the Universe," as down the entrance ramp strides a very confident looking man.]

BW: There he is, Gordo. That's "The Head Honcho" Bobby Fashion! And I'm so excited! What a coup for Emerson Gellar! I mean, when he said he was going to sign big names, who ever thought we'd get The Head Honcho?

GM: The... who? You're kidding me, right? I've never even heard of this guy!

[Bobby Fashion is a little over six feet tall, with dirty blond hair, and what looks to be a very good physique. He wears a red satin jacket to the ring, as well as a pair of long black wrestling trunks with a white inseam. The words "Head Honcho" are written across his backside. Fashion is running his mouth the whole way down the ramp, telling everyone just how great he is.]

BW: Let me tell you something about Bobby Fashion. Not only is he a great wrestler, but he's a world renowned author! He's sold more books than John Grisham, Dan Brown and Stephen King combined!

GM: Bucky, what are you talking about? Who told you this?

BW: He did, of course!

GM: Oh brother. Bucky, if you believe this loudmouth and take him at his word, then I've got some swampland in Mongolia to sell you.

[Both men come to the center of the ring, Phil Watson standing between them.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, from Detroit, Michigan... weighing in at 215 pounds, and representing the Combat Corner...

Mike Thistle!

[Thistle thrusts his arms up in the air again, getting the same mild reaction.]

PW: And his opponent, weighing in at 230 pounds, from Herkimer, New York, he is the Head Honcho...

Bobby Fashion!

[As the crowd jeers, Fashion does the "chin flick" gesture, to let the Denver fans how much he appreciates them.]

GM: According to my notes, Fashion seems to imagine himself some sort of master of the armbar.

BW: Oh, it's not just any armbar Gordo! He can literally tear a man's arm out of his socket with it!

GM: Now I've heard it all. Time for the bell.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Both men are circling each other warily.]

GM: This should be an interesting encounter as both these men are hoping for a good showing and to be signed to the main roster.

BW: Taking their time at the outset... wanting to make sure they don't make a mistake...

[After several moments, they finally lunge into a collar and elbow tieup...

...when all of a sudden, a roar erupts from the AWA faithful.]

GM: The fans are reacting to something, I can't quite see what they are...

BW: What in the-?! What's HE doing out here?!

[The camera follows a figure as it comes storming through the crowd. A man, a very tall man in blue jeans and a black leather jacket, hops the guardrail and hits the ring, the Denver crowd coming alive and screaming their heads off.]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ HAS JUST HIT THE RING!

BW: What? I can't hear you, Gordo!

[The moment he sees the Last American Badass, Bobby Fashion dives out of the ring. The camera follows Fashion, who is now on the ground, literally curled in the fetal position.]

GM: I think your main man, the Head Honcho just wet himself, Bucky!

BW: Hey, bladder control is a serious problem, Gordo!

[Martinez stalks across the ring as his eyes fall upon Mike Thistle. Thistle is literally shaking in his boots as he finds himself face to face with the seven foot tall Hall of Famer.]

GM: I think things are about to get very, very bad for Mike Thistle.

BW: Welcome to the AWA, kid. It ain't for everyone!

[As Thistle takes a step back, Martinez rushes forward, lifting his foot and driving his boot right into Thistle's face!]

GM: YAKUZAAAAAAA! You know who that's in tribute to!

[Thistle crumples to the mat, but Martinez isn't done, as he hauls him up and sends him into the corner, rushing forward to meet him with an enormous clothesline. All of this is done to massive cheers from the crowd, who are eating all of this up.]

GM: Martinez unloading with rights and lefts all over the mangled face of Bobby Thistle!

[And as Thistle slumps down, Martinez takes to stomping on his chest and face.]

BW: What do you think is behind this assault, Gordo?

GM: We all know that Alex Martinez isn't known for being calm and even tempered. I have to think that, after Emerson Gellar sent him home two weeks ago, and then

what Juan Vasquez did to Willie Hammer must've really set the Last American Badass off!

[Martinez takes a step back, lifting Thistle by his hair, and pulling him forward, hooking on a front facelock, before throwing Thistle's arm behind his neck. Suddenly, Thistle is hoisted up in the air.]

GM: And if you didn't realize that Alex Martinez is thinking about his son... you're about to believe it now!

[Thistle comes crashing down on the mat, his head spiked into the canvas.]

BW: My god, that brainbuster! I don't think we're ever going to see Bobby Thistle again!

[To add final insult to injury, Martinez hoists Thistle up, and throws him out of the ring, where he lands, unceremoniously, near the guardrail. Once more, the rans roar their approval.]

BW: They're out for blood tonight in Denver!

GM: These fans really love Alex Martinez, Bucky. You know that. And you have to think that every AWA fan is happy to see him back in the ring.

[Martinez gestures for the microphone, when suddenly, the crowd begins to boo.]

GM: What does this idiot think he's doing?

[Which idiot? The Head Honcho himself. Bobby Fashion has snuck back into the ring, and he hits Martinez with a double sledge from behind. Martinez pitches a half step forward, and then turns around, glaring a hole right through the soon to be very miserable Bobby Fashion.]

BW: Hit him with the armbar!

GM: Bucky, if you think this goof is going to take down Alex Martinez with an armbar, you're crazy!

[Martinez puts both hands around Fashion's throat, and hoists him high in the air.]

GM: If Fashion wasn't incontinent before, this is gonna do it, Gordo!

[Everyone in the building, including the hapless Head Honcho, knows what's coming.]

GM: FIREBOMB!!! He just about put Bobby Fashion through the mat!

[Martinez stands up, and seems about ready to ask for the mic once again, when he's interrupted by the fans.]

"ONE MORE TIME!"

[Martinez looks at the crowd and then points to the prone Fashion.]

"ONE MORE TIME!"

[Martinez mouths the words "you sure?" And the crowd responds.]

"ONE MORE TIME!"

[With a nod of his head, Martinez brings Fashion up, and whips him hard into the ropes. He catches Fashion in a double choke, and brings him high into the air, as the crowd once more roars its approval.]

GM: Another devastating Firebomb! I think it's safe to say that Alex Martinez has just destroyed your top prospect, Bucky.

BW: I don't even know what I was thinking. I don't know what Gellar was thinking. Who would ever want this guy?

[Martinez gestures for the microphone, and as he takes it, he slides one arm, and then the other out of his black leather jacket, revealing a #HOLDTHELINE t-shirt underneath. Waiting for the crowd to quiet down, Martinez finally speaks.]

AM: About a month ago, I stood in front of a buildin', and I told Juan Vasquez that I wasn't gonna fight him that night. Because I had somethin' to say. I had to share these words...

[Martinez points to the words on his chest.]

AM: And that was more important than layin' a beatin' on you that night.

Two weeks ago, against my better judgment, I let Emerson Gellar send me home. And as much as Willie Hammer's blood is on Juan's hands... the truth is, that blood is on mine as well.

But I'm here tonight to tell ya somethin', Vasquez. Your days of free passes are over!

[HUGE cheer from the crowd.]

AM: My days of makin' points have come to an end. My days of listenin' to people in suits are behind me.

I ain't here to be reasonable or logical. I ain't here to lead a cause or fight for some ideal. Bein' noble, fightin' for abstract ideals, that what's Ryan does.

All this Martinez does is fight!

[As the crowd cheers, the camera zooms in tight on Martinez' face.]

AM: Let me put this in words everyone can understand.

What you got in your future is an ass kickin', Vasquez. And that's what I aim to deliver.

There ain't nowhere you can hide. There ain't nothin' you can do to not get what's comin' to you. I ain't gonna tell ya to hide. I ain't gonna tell ya to pray. I ain't gonna tell ya to ask for forgiveness.

You've earned what's comin' to ya.

I know you're listenin' right now, Vasquez. And I know you're probably tellin' your limo driver to start the engine. But let me tell ya somethin'.

All your runnin' is gonna do is piss me off.

I'm comin' for ya, Vasquez. And when I get my hands on you, it ain't gonna be pretty. It ends tonight. It ends with you gettin'...

[But Martinez' voice is drowned out by the screams of every fan in the Pepsi Center, as they finish Martinez' thought.]

BURNED!!!!

GM: Wow! A powerful statement by the Last American Badass right here tonight in Denver... and it sounds like he's going on a hard target hunt for Juan Vasquez! He's looking for Vasquez and he's going to tear this building apart until he finds him!

BW: We know that Vasquez is in Denver... but we haven't seen him here yet tonight, Gordo.

GM: If anyone can find him, it's that determined Alex Martinez who will. Fans, it's been a wild night of action here in Denver and we're just getting started! We've got to take a quick break but when we come back, the AWA Women's Division is on display once more so don't you dare go away!

[The camera follows the seven footer as he makes his way up the aisle.

Hunting season has begun.

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 come back to live action where a pissed-off Last American Badass is walking through the scene, flanked by AWA backstage workers. Tommy Fierro is immediately obvious.]

TF: Hey, big guy... take it easy now... we're not looking for-

[Martinez throws a glare at the former World Champion, sending him into silence. He pulls up to a door, shoving it open and sticking his head within.]

AM: VASQUEZ! Where are you?!

[Disappointed, he pulls back through the door frame and keeps walking down the hallway, the cameraman trying to keep pace.]

AM: I know you're here somewhere, you son of a-

[Abrupt cut out to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: One Hall of Famer stalking through the backstage area looking for another Hall of Famer... and I would NOT want to be Juan Vasquez if Alex Martinez does happen to find him backstage here tonight.

BW: Maybe, maybe not. Isn't it just as likely that Vasquez sees him coming, waffles him with a tire iron, and adds him to the ever-growing list of people he's taken out?

GM: It's certainly possible. Juan Vasquez has become one of the most dangerous men in the entire company looking back to SuperClash where he shocked the world. We're going to keep our camera crews on Alex Martinez, keeping a lookout as he continue to hunt for Juan Vasquez but that's not all we've got coming up here tonight still. At the top of the show, we saw the union of the Kings of Wrestling -

World Champion Johnny Detson, World Tag Team Champions Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, Brian James, and Brian Lau... but we saw that situation get-

BW: We saw that no-goodnik Dufresne get involved! Look, I don't know what's gotten into Calisto Dufresne, Gordo. He used to be a man of integrity... a man of honor... a man the kids could look up to!

GM: You mean back when he was taking out people's eyes and setting up plots to illegally capture titles and-

BW: Yes, the good ol' days!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Well, Calisto Dufresne did in fact spoil that moment for the Kings of Wrestling - an act that drew the ire of Brian Lau who laid down a challenge for the former World Champion. Sweet Lou is standing by with the Ladykiller himself - let's see if we can get an answer to the challenge! Lou?

[We cut backstage where we find "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing alongside "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne, who is looking quite pleased with himself.]

SLB: Fans, I'm here with Calisto Dufresne and I'm going to find out the scoop we're all waiting to hear... Brian Lau threw down the gauntlet, and he is demanding you face either Wes Taylor or Tony Donovan. What is your response to him?

CD: Well, I don't particularly care which one it is so long as they don't come to the ring looking like a Heinz 57 bottle.

[A smirk.]

CD: But I'll indulge you, Bri. I choose Tony Donovan.

[Big crowd reaction from the fans in the arena.]

CD: Your whiny old man always complained that he never got a crack at Calisto Dufresne, so I suppose I'll teach the pup the lesson I would have taught him instead. I'd say I was sorry for what's going to happen to you tonight, but...

[A shrug.]

CD: Sorry is for suckers.

[With that, Dufresne walks off, leaving Blackwell standing alone as we fade back out to a panning shot of the Pepsi Center crowd.]

GM: Wow! Calisto Dufresne is going to take on Tony Donovan and that's going to happen in tonight's Main Event, Bucky!

BW: One-half of the World Tag Team Champions! Dufresne's got his work cut out for him if he thinks he's gonna topple TKO!

GM: Let's go to the ring, fans!

[We cut to Phil Watson who is standing in the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is a featured matchup in the AWA's Women Division! Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Denver, Colorado...

[A cheer goes up for the hometown girl.]

PW: Weighing in at 132 pounds... AMANDA DUNCAN!

[The red-headed wrestler hops around, waving to the crowd. She wears green tights and a brown top.]

PW: And her opponent...

[The opening of Nicki Minaj's "I'm the Best" begins as the video screen winks to life. Filtered Instagram images of Lauryn Rage in action are interspersed with her posing for the camera. The image freezes for a moment on a picture of Lauryn with Melissa Cannon trapped in a bridging katahahime. At the bottom of the screen a like counter climbs.]

PW: From Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 150 pounds...

LAURYNNNN RAAAAAAGE!

[A few more moments pass before finally Lauryn Rage emerges onto the stage in a long-sleeved gold unitard cut cheekily short at the bottom. She completes her wrestling gear with purple boots, kneepads, kickpads and a purple fingerless glove. She poses at the top of the ramp, her left hand extended to the crowd to 'kiss her rings' and her right hand akimbo on her outthrust hip. She waits for applause that doesn't come. Lauryn stares incredulously at the crowd as she realizes they are booing her. She tosses her magenta hair and waves the crowd off before she ponystruts to the ring.]

GM: Lauryn Rage making quite the entrance here. If you watched her on Power Hour last week, she made quite the statement in her first AWA match.

BW: And she let Mark Stegglet have it in that interview earlier tonight.

GM: I wouldn't call that an interview. It was a glorified vanity session. She didn't even want to answer his questions!

BW: I wouldn't let her hear you say that, Gordo. She might come over here and let loose some of those slaps that knocked that girl silly in San Diego last week. This girl can fight.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway here in Lauryn Rage's Saturday Night Wrestling in-ring debut. Both women come together in a... well, maybe not.

[The crowd jeers as Lauryn ducks away from the lockup, turning to look at the video screen while she fixes her hair. Duncan turns to the official to complain as Rage primps.]

GM: Lauryn Rage taking a moment to check her hair. Can't she do that back in the locker room?

BW: She could... and did, I'm sure... but one of those heathens in the crowd might have tried to touch it on her way to the ring.

[Rage turns back to Duncan, waving her opponent forward. With a nod, Duncan squares up, moving in for another tieup...

...but Rage backpedals away, shaking her head as she walks back to the corner, adjusting her kneepads when she gets there as the crowd jeers again.]

GM: Lauryn Rage with the level of stalling that would make Marcus Broussard proud, Bucky.

BW: Like it or not, Gordo, she's getting under Dunvan's skin. Any minute now Duncan's gonna lose her cool and Lauryn will take advantage.

[Rage steps out of the corner, waving for a lockup again...

...and Duncan comes in quickly this time, not giving Rage a chance to duck away as she ties her up.]

GM: And now here we go!

[The two women jockey for position in the corner until Lauryn pulls away, complaining that Duncan pulled her hair.]

GM: Lauryn Rage complaining about a hairpull that nobody in the building saw.

BW: I think I saw her grab a handful of hair!

GM: You did not!

[Rage gives referee Ricky Longfellow an earful.]

"Get this chick out my hair, ref! Come on, now, this ain't no raggedy Cannon hair. I'm Lauryn Rage, ya dig?"

[Still shouting, Lauryn walks up to Amanda Duncan, reaching out to pieface her backwards...

...and a furious Duncan throws herself into a double leg tackle, sweeping the legs out from under Rage to a big cheer as the hometown girl starts swinging wildly!]

GM: Duncan's all over her! Lauryn Rage has pushed her opponent too far!

[Rage tries to cover up as the official tries to pull Duncan off her.]

GM: Count, ref! Don't put your hands on the combatants!

[Longfellow gets Duncan to her feet where Rage lands a boot to the shin from her back.]

GM: Oh! Kick from her back to the leg... and now Rage is quickly up to her feet...

[The referee steps in front of Rage who shoves him aside, diving at the leg, using it to drag Duncan back down to the mat.]

GM: Legdrag takedown by Rage! I have to admit that was impressive technique.

BW: Lauryn Rage can wrestle, Gordo. Don't let all the show distract you from that fact.

[Lauryn continues to wrap Duncan's leg with hers in a step over toehold before she leans forward and slaps Duncan hard across the mouth to a groan from the crowd.]

BW: She can fight too!

[Rage delivers three more hard slaps as she continues to trap Duncan's knee in the step over toe hold.]

GM: Come on, ref! There's no call for that!

BW: It's an open hand, Gordo. Just 'cause you don't like it doesn't make it illegal.

[Rage stands up, holding the leglock and twists, throwing herself violently to the ground. Duncan's knee is wrenched violently by the attack. The injured woman screams and grabs at her damaged knee.]

GM: I don't even know what to call that but Amanda Duncan is obviously hurting after that devastating attack on her leg... and look at this! Rage is back up, just viciously stomping away on that knee!

[The referee steps in, forcing Rage to break off her attack. She brushes past him, grabbing a handful of red hair, dragging Duncan to her feet where she whips her into the buckles.]

GM: Irish whip to the corner... in comes Rage!

[Swinging around, Rage drives her rear end into Duncan's midsection. Amanda collapses to her knees as Lauryn drives an elbow across the back of the head.]

GM: Rage using every part of her body as a weapon, taking Duncan over with a snapmare... to the ropes she goes...

[With Duncan trying to sit up, Rage leaps into the air to drop her rear end down on the chest with a sitting senton!]

GM: Ohhh! That'll crush the air out of you!

[Lauryn Rage parades around the ring, taunting the crowd.]

GM: Amanda Duncan has been struggling with Lauryn Rage's unorthodox attack. Rage has compromised her knee and now her midsection, trying to take the air out of her.

BW: Gordo, Lauryn blends some athleticism, roughhousing, and wrestling into an unpredictable mix. But everything hurts.

[With Rage taunting the fans, Duncan struggles up off the mat, holding her chest.]

GM: Duncan starting to stir though... trying to get back to her feet...

[Spotting her rising opponent, Rage turns back to her, using a series of short forearms to back her across the ring to the corner. Grabbing the arm again, Rage whips her across...]

GM: Whip to the far corner... here comes Rage again!

[This time, Rage tumbles into a handsprings, flinging herself into a flying elbow in the buckles!]

GM: HANDSPRING ELBOW!! She rocked Amanda Duncan!

[Reaching back, Rage uses a snapmare to take Duncan down into a seated position where she leaps up, driving her feet into the back of the head with a dropkick!]

BW: Did you see Duncan's head snap forward? Her neck whipping forward?

GM: I certainly did... and Amanda Duncan is in a lot of pain down there on the mat as Lauryn Rage poses for the crowd...

"We gonna snatch them edges!"

GM: Snatch them edges?

BW: Gordo, you wouldn't understand.

[Rage grabs a handful of Duncan's red hair and uses it to yank her to her feet. Lauryn steps from behind her and then swiftly sweeps the leg, putting Duncan face first on the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst down into the mat... and this one's gotta be over soon, Bucky.

BW: It'll be over when Lauryn Rage says so. Right now, she's sending a message to all the people talking about Melissa Cannon and Julie Somers as the face of the division. She wants them to know that Lauryn Rage is the face of this division!

[With Duncan facedown on the mat, Rage leaps up, dropping her butt into Duncan's lower back, snatching two handfuls of hair, dragging Duncan back into a camel clutch, pulling on the hair with one hand and the chin with the other!]

BW: Look at the pressure on that hold!

GM: That ILLEGAL hold!

GM: What is Lauryn doing now?

BW: She's got a four count to break!

[Rage does indeed break at four, climbing to her feet with a "yeah, yeah" to Longfellow before dropping another buttdrop into the lower back. She gets up, walking away as the official scolds her.]

BW: Lauryn Rage grew up in the ring. She probably knows the rulebook better than Longfellow himself.

GM: I highly doubt that. Ricky Longfellow, of course, is a second generation referee and is letting Rage know that her illegal tactics are not about to be tolerated.

BW: And I can't believe it but Duncan's trying to get off the mat, Gordo. She should just stay down.

GM: Duncan's not about to go down without a fight in front of her hometown fans!

[Duncan slowly pushes to a knee, grabbing at her lower back as Rage angrily stomps across the ring, shoving past a protesting Longfellow. She pulls Duncan up, leaning through the hook her arms between the legs of her opponent, elevating her off the mat...]

GM: Rage lifts her up... and DROPS her down on the back of the head!

BW: To all the uneducated out there, that's a teardrop suplex and it's got Amanda Duncan seeing stars right now!

GM: Unfortunately, Lauryn Rage doesn't appear to be done either, lifting Duncan right back up... right up over her shoulder...

BW: We saw this last weekend, Gordo!

[Rage rushes from corner to corner, SLAMMING Duncan back into the corner, her head snapping back as she slumps into the buckles!]

GM: The whiplash effect of that move is devastating!

BW: That spinebuster toss is devastating indeed. Now Duncan's back and neck are hurt by that one move!

GM: And what is Lauryn Rage doing now?

[Rage admires her work, pantomiming taking a photo of Duncan. She walks into the corner and boosts Duncan onto the top rope. She backs into Duncan and points towards the video wall, making sure everybody is watching the screen as Lauryn grabs Duncan's foot and yanks her from the top rope. Duncan takes a nasty spill onto the back of her head. She blinks senselessly on the mat as Rage turns, pointing to the camera as she shouts in its direction.]

"She washed!"

GM: I hope Amanda Duncan isn't hurt. That was a terrible fall from the top rope... and the referee really should look at stopping this, Bucky.

BW: I think Lauryn Rage is about to do that for him, dragging her out to the middle...

[Rage grabs Duncan's leg and flips her over onto her stomach. She steps over and grapevines the leg.]

GM: Uh oh... I think you're right.

[Lauryn drops across Duncan's back, working the grapevine as she slips one arm underneath Duncan's left arm and applies a half Nelson. She wraps her right arm around Duncan's throat to complete the kataha jime. She yanks back, applying the bridging kataha jime toe hold.]

GM: OH MY STARS! This is what she did to Melissa Cannon!

[Lauryn's previous leg work, back work and attacks to the head all come into play as Duncan barely can tap out before she goes limp in the Pretty Mess.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Let her go! She's unconscious!

BW: Lauryn choked her out!

[Longfellow has to give Lauryn a count for her to release the hold. Rage rolls to a sitting position, posing over the unconscious Duncan as she finger combs her magenta hair.]

GM: Amanda Duncan is out cold and she may be in need of some medical attention, Bucky.

BW: She very well might because Lauryn Rage just used the hometown girl to send the entire AWA Women's Division a message. She put 'em on notice, Gordo... she's here and she's not about to be ignored.

[Phil Watson makes it official as Rage climbs off the mat, ordering the official to raise her hand.]

GM: Lauryn Rage with another successful win here in the AWA. She is making her presence felt in short order.

BW: Everybody better pay attention. This girl means business. She's a Rage through and through. That means she's dangerous!

GM: Indeed.

BW: You following her on Instagram yet? Snapchat?

GM: I don't know what you're talking about... but I know that when Melissa Cannon is out here later tonight, she'll be more than happy to tell you her feelings towards Lauryn Rage. And speaking of feelings, fans... just how... how in the world could Sweet Daddy Williams have been feeling two weeks ago in Los Angeles when his protegee... his student... his family... when Willie Hammer suffered the piledriver at the hands of Juan Vasquez? How could that have made Sweet Daddy Williams feel, Bucky?

BW: Oh, I'm sure he felt awful. After all, it's all his fault.

GM: What?! How can you even say such a thing?!

BW: Because it's true! Willie Hammer was out there because of Sweet Daddy Williams! Willie Hammer got in the ring to SAVE Sweet Daddy Williams! And Willie Hammer got dropped on his skull because of Sweet Daddy Williams!

GM: Fans, our sources say that Hammer was seriously injured at the hands of Juan Vasquez and that devastating piledriver. A serious concussion... a neck injury... and of course, the mental anguish of having fought his way back from serious injury not so long ago only to find himself back on the shelf. We sent our camera crews last weekend to the hospital where Hammer is still resting and receiving treatment, hoping to get an update on his condition but what we found was... well, something quite different. Let's take a look...

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK." The establishing shot is of a hospital somewhere in the Southern California area. We hold for a moment before fading to the interior. Theresa Lynch is walking the corridors in front of our cameraman, wearing a pair of black slacks with a gold sequined blouse. She turns, walking backwards while speaking into the camera.]

TL: Hello, AWA fans, I'm Theresa Lynch on special assignment here at an undisclosed hospital in Southern California where I'm going to attempt to get an update on the condition of Willie Hammer.

[As Lynch walks, we crossfade to footage from the Anniversary Show as Juan Vasquez slides into the ring, rushing across, grabbing Willie Hammer by the shoulder, spinning him into a boot to the gut.

GM: What's he-?!

[Vasquez pulls Hammer into a standing headscissors.]

GM: NO!

[He lifts Hammer into the air, getting into position...]

GM: NO! NO!

[...and DROPS down, DRIVING Hammer's head into the canvas with the piledriver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The footage cuts ahead as Dr. Bob Ponavitch is in the ring now with his team.]\

GM: The doctors are coming to the ring. Obvious concern on the faces of everyone... oh no.

[Sweet Daddy Williams, finally with his senses about him, shoves his way through the protective ring around Willie Hammer. He shouts - a mournful, grief-filled shout as he falls to his knees, looking at his young protege.]

GM: Oh no... Sweet Daddy... please... you can't touch him.

[Williams leans forward, his head down on the mat as his body shakes. Supernova kneels next to him, a hand on the veteran's back as the doctors get to the ring, kneeling next to Willie Hammer.]

GM: This is... what a terrible scene. As we said earlier tonight, Willie Hammer was... is like a son to Sweet Daddy Williams. This wasn't supposed to happen... not tonight. This isn't what Sweet Daddy Williams had envisioned.

[Williams pushes up, his eyes glistening as he can be heard speaking to no one in particular - "It should have been me. It should've been me."

And we fade back to Theresa Lynch standing in front of a hospital room.]

TL: I have been informed that this room right here is where Willie Hammer is resting, recuperating from his injuries and-

[A loud pain-filled voice calls from off-camera.]

"HEY!"

[Theresa turns, her jaw dropping. The camera turns as well to reveal Sweet Daddy Williams. Williams is in a pair of black sweat pants and a green and white Combat Corner t-shirt. He's wearing a patchy grey-haired beard on his face unlike what we're used to seeing. A cup of coffee is gripped in his hand as he approaches, showing some red eyes and a face that looks like it hasn't seen much rest as of late.]

SDW: Don't you even think of goin' in there, girl.

TL: I'm... I'm sorry but I was asked to come here to get an update on his-

SDW: He's hurt. He's hurt bad. You need more than that?

[Williams twists his body, positioning it between the doorway and the cameraman. He puts a hand on the chest of the cameraman, pushing him back.]

SDW: The last thing he needs right now is for people to see him like this. It ain't right. Now go on... get out of-

[Theresa's reporter instincts kick in.]

TL: Sweet Daddy Williams, if we can't get comments from him, can we get some from you?

[Williams leans against the door frame, taking a long sip of coffee.]

SDW: Comments. What the hell could I possibly have to say to anyone right now, Theresa?

TL: How are you feeling?

[Williams laughs a humorless laugh.]

TL: Have you gotten any sleep lately?

[Williams gives a dismissive gesture.]

SDW: I'll sleep when I'm dead.

[Lynch looks down for a moment and then back up.]

TL: The last thing we heard you say at the Anniversary Show is that "it should've been me"... meaning you. Do you still feel that way?

[The veteran fan favorite leans his head back, his eyes closed. He's quiet for a moment. A long moment. Theresa moves on.]

TL: Are you-

SDW: No.

TL: I'm sorry?

SDW: No, I don't feel like it should've been me. Not no more. The kid talked me down from that ledge.

[He sighs.]

SDW: It's hard, you know? The kid worked so hard to get here... but when he got here, I wanted him to... you know, be on his own. I didn't want anyone to know that I was... that we're...

[Williams turns his head for a moment, his body shaking. When he turns back, his eyes are glistening.]

SDW: He's like a son to me, you know. I never had no kids of my own but he... he's like my flesh and blood. I didn't want this for him. I didn't want people comin' at him to get at me. I didn't want people lookin' at him and thinkin' he didn't deserve what he got because he was "my boy."

But he wouldn't live like that. He says that he owes his life... his life... to me and his uncle and he wouldn't for a second turn his back on that.

That's the kind of kid he is, Theresa... the kind of MAN he is.

And now...

[He shakes his head.]

TL: You say you no longer feel it should've been you...

SDW: Nope. Kid killed that instinct in me. But it shouldn't have been him either.

TL: Of course it shou-

SDW: It should've been Vasquez!

[Williams' eyes flash with anger.]

TL: What are you...?

SDW: I'm sayin' that I went into Los Angeles knowing damn well that Juan Vasquez might try something like this. I just figured that if he did, it was gonna be on me. I figured he might try to break my neck... try to put me down... try to take me out... and I could live with that, Theresa. If I go down fightin' my fight, then I go down and I can live with that.

I can't live with this...

[He gestures open-handed towards the hospital room.]

SDW: Because I know that if I had been a little harder... a little colder... a little bit more like the son of a bitch that Vasquez is that maybe this doesn't happen. Maybe instead, it's Vasquez laid up in that bed, lookin' at the ceiling, wonderin' if he'll ever lace 'em up again.

Maybe it's Vasquez thinkin' he's done and not a kid who should have his whole damn career ahead of him.

Maybe if I was more of a cold-hearted son of a bitch, that's what happens.

But that ain't me, Theresa... ain't never been me and the kid says ain't never gonna be me.

[Williams nods his head.]

SDW: Maybe he's right... but we gonna find out.

TL: Are you challenging-

SDW: You're god damn right I am.

[He raises an arm, pointing to the camera.]

SDW: Juan Vasquez, you cold-blooded bastard, I want another shot. I want more one more shot at you. You and me. In that ring. No damn rules. Take that rulebook and set it on fire because I don't want anything stoppin' me from getting my hands on you and makin' you suffer for what you did to my boy.

[Williams is trembling with anger.]

TL: Do you think... do you believe he'll accept your challenge?

[Williams exhales through his teeth, slowly nodding his head.]

SDW: He'll take the challenge... he'll take the fight... because he'll want another chance to take me out too.

Do it, kid... do it, amigo... take me out...

[Williams spreads his arms, inviting Vasquez...]

SDW: I'm beggin' ya to try.

[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 Steggle, 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 Alex Martinez to search for Juan Vasquez. We find him standing in front of Rene Rousseau of the Northern Lights.]

AM: Nothing? Nowhere?

[Rousseau shakes his head. Martinez turns slightly, looking at the Wilde Bunch.]

AM: What about you two?

[Buddy shakes his head.]

COW: Ain't seen hide nor hair of 'im, big man. Wish I had. He could use a little bit of Southern hospitality Wilde style.

[Chester punches a fist into his open hand to punctuate his sentence. Martinez nods.]

AM: Alright. If you see him, you find me... and tell me... understand?

[Everyone on the scene nods their heads as Martinez exits, still on the hunt as we fade again, this time over to Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage in front of the AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by Fox Sports X and the AWA. My guest right now has been taking the AWA by storm but tonight he faces his biggest challenge as he goes one-on-one with "Flawless" Larry Wallace! Ladies and gentlemen, the "Phoenix", Jordan Ohara!

[Jordan Ohara steps into the shot. He wears a Willie Hammer T-shirt over his Carolina blue tights. The handsome young man seems serious and intense.]

SLB: Jordan, I see you wearing a Willie Hammer T-shirt...

[Jordan cuts Blackwell off with a raised finger. He taps that finger twice in the air.]

JO: I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Blackwell. I know you were going to ask a question about this shirt. But before I talk about this shirt I want to talk about my opponent tonight, the man who thinks he's flawless, Larry Wallace.

[Blackwell looks surprised by the youngster's uncharacteristic forcefulness.]

JO: Larry Wallace, I've seen your kind before. Men like you used to come to the Dojo in Japan by the dozens, thinking that they would automatically be the best competitors in Japan because they came from America or they were the toughest men in the prefect. I watched them all. They were good. They would always tell you how good they were. They were never humble. And yet, by the end of their time in the Dojo...

They were humbled.

[Blackwell nods in appreciation for the young kid's words.]

JO: Mr. Blackwell, do you know Takeshi Mifune? He trained many of us. And Prince Izumi would come by on occasion to help as well.

SLB: Mifune-san has appeared on our television before, yes, and Ryan Martinez has mentioned Mifune's role in training him. And I'd hardly be worth my salt as a pro wrestling journalist if I wasn't familiar with the legendary Prince Izumi.

[Yes, Lou seems a little offended by the question.]

JO: Mifune-san was not a man who suffered arrogance lightly. He and the masters at the Dojo used their knowledge and their technique to break men down. They taught me. I watched them many an arrogant man brought low and be shown just how little they knew. I watched Mifune-san and Prince Izumi hit men so hard that they cried, Mr. Blackwell. I watched them torture men in holds who did not show the sport the respect. I watched their lessons and took them to heart. I can teach those same lessons, Mr. Blackwell.

So tonight, I'm going to teach Larry Wallace the lessons he's sadly lacking.

[Jordan normally keeps his eyes lowered. Now he stares directly into the camera and moves slightly in front of Blackwell.]

JO: Larry Wallace, you think yourself God's gift to wrestling. You've done amazing things. Your dropkick is a work of art. You defeated Bobby O'Connor at SuperClash when no one believed you could. But you're far from flawless, Larry Wallace. You've been blinded by ego, and led down the wrong path by Mr. Graham. You're good, but not half as good as you could be. No man is flawless, not even you, Larry Wallace.

And no matter what you think, there is only one Once in a Millennia talent in the AWA.

His name is Jordan Ohara.

[In the background, Blackwell nods his head and mouths the word 'Wow.']

JO: But you're not the only arrogant man. The AWA is crippled with arrogant men. And that is why I wear this shirt, Mr. Blackwell.

This shirt is a show of solidarity. This shirt is a message. This shirt is a message to the ultimate deluded and arrogant man, Juan Vasquez, and anybody who might be thinking of emulating him.

You will never win.

[Jordan's expression is intense.]

JO: Vasquez, I've been visiting Mr. Hammer in the hospital since you attacked him. He is hurting badly. So is Mr. Williams. And right now you're out there celebrating your disgusting act as if you're some sort of hero. Twice now you've given good men piledrivers and stopped them from pursuing their livelihoods.

[Jordan shakes his head in disgust.]

JO: Vasquez, you've ruined this place. It used to be that the AWA was a place where people could tune in and see wrestlers who were inspirational... who were aspirational. When I was a teenager, I watched Mr. Williams make this place

special. He was so full of life and spirit... and now that man is broken because Willie Hammer got piledriven for no other reason than you're having a midlife crisis and can't accept that you aren't the center of the show any more.

I mean, I heard the boys in the back joke about the "Juan Vasquez Show" but it seems you really believe this is your show and your world.

[Ohara stares directly into camera.]

JO: Vasquez, it isn't.

SLB: Those are strong words.

[Jordan takes a deep breath.]

JO: They say that all it takes for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing. I am going to do something, Mr. Blackwell. Eventually we all will. Vasquez will lose when we all unite against him. But tonight it is about me against Larry Wallace.

I'm going to make an example of Larry Wallace.

[Blackwell's eyes pop in surprise.]

SLB: An example?

JO: (staring hard into the camera) An example, Mr. Blackwell, because I can. Thank you, Mr. Blackwell.

[Ohara bows to Blackwell and then gives a deeper bow to the camera before he exits the area...

...and we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest, scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit, is part of the AWA Women's Division and is the Charisma Knight Open Challenge!

[The lights in the arena dim as "I'm About To Break You" by New Year's Day starts to play over the arena.]

PW: Introducing first... from Cleveland, Ohio... weighing in at 150 pounds... here is CHARISMA KNIGHT!

[Charisma Knight steps from behind the curtain into the entrance way, her bright red chin length hair matching the red of her ring robe. She walks toward the ring at a normal pace, looking the picture of focus this week, not paying much mind to the fans.]

GM: And here comes one of the two women to profess herself "Queen of Wrestling", Charisma Knight, convinced she knows who she's facing this evening.

BW: Well, you know, Gordo... it ain't hard to figure out. It's not like Gellar signed someone else recently.

GM: Of course, you and Miss Knight are referring to Ayako Fujiwara but at last report, she wasn't seen in the building at all today so I have to think we might be getting someone different.

[Charisma climbs the steps to the ring, walking along the apron on the hard camera side, stopping at the middle and facing the crowd, holding out her arms and raising

her head. She lowers her head, looking around the crowd with a slight sneer before entering the ring, removing her robe to reveal her matching flame emblazoned black, red, and orange gear, consisting of kick pads over wrestling shoes, upper thigh length tights, and a closed off modest halter length tank top. She heads for the corner near the timekeeper, asking for the spare mic.]

CK: Let's just cut all the crap. I know full well that Gellar wants me to fail... that you all...

[She points around to the crowd, who cheer "YES" in response as she speaks.]

CK: ...want me to fail. You want to see me beaten and down. And now you think you have the perfect tool to do it with. I'm not stupid, I didn't enter this business yesterday. I know that she was signed for a reason, I know that's who you're giving me. So go ahead, bring her down here and let's go. I'm ready and prepared for her!

[Knight tosses the mic down, waving down to the entrance, while the crowd starts cheering in anticipation.]

GM: As we were just saying, Knight is absolutely sure we're getting Ayako Fujiwara's in-ring debut here tonight, but like I also just said, I haven't seen her anywhere around today.

BW: It's tactics, Gordo, nothing less.

[And the crowd waits a beat more...

....then the joshi fans in the crowd go nuts, Charisma's usual tan skin tone turns white and her jaw drops as Nightmare's "The World" starts playing in the Pepsi Center!]

PW: And her opponent... from Nagoya, Japan... weighing in at 187 pounds...

"THE DEATH DEALER" RIKA SAITO!

[At the announcement of her name, the 5'8' Japanese woman known to Victory Ladies Pro Wrestling fans as "The Death Dealer" Rika Saito steps through the entranceway. She wears glossy black boots, with long matching tights with "DEATH" written in red kanji down the right leg, and a tank top matching the same color as the tights, with a long black glossy leather trench coat, black sunglasses, and welding a black baseball bat over her shoulder. Her hair is brown, worn loose down to her shoulders, along with black lipstick standing out on her face.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: This isn't right! Gellar set Charisma up!

[Saito walks confidently toward the ring, her expression can only be described as mean, as Knight bails out of the ring toward the announce table.]

GM: This is quite a surprise, fans, and it looks like Emerson Gellar might have been busier in Japan than he let on as Rika Saito - the Death Dealer - is a competitor in the Victory Ladies promotion in Japan, one of the top women's wrestling groups in the world.

BW: You can't pull something like this, Gordo! Rika Saito is... is...

GM: She's no journeywoman... she's no pop star... she's no pushover... Rika Saito is the real deal and if Charisma Knight was expectin-

[Knight is screaming at our two announcers and can be heard over their mics.]

CK: NO! NO WAY! THIS ISN'T RIGHT! BUCKY, WHAT'S GOING ON?

BW: Charisma, I know! I'm telling the people how unfair this is!

GM: What are you yelling at us for? We don't pick the opponents... you called anyone out, it's on you!

CK: THIS IS CRAP!

GM: If I were you, I'd get ready for your match!

[Saito enters the ring and removes her glasses and coat, holding the bat as referee Scott Ezra instructs her to leave it in the corner, and Saito plays dumb. Knight continues to throw a tantrum at ringside, pacing and yelling "THIS ISN'T FAIR!"]

GM: As Charisma has her tantrum, I'll give some of our fans that don't know why Knight is so up in arms some information about her opponent. Rika Saito - also known as the Death Dealer - is a serious brawler always at the top of the card over in VLPW in Japan. She has a very large fan following and like Miss Knight, she isn't afraid to bend a rule or two to get her way. In fact, I'd have to say this is the toughest test for Charisma Knight here in the AWA outside of Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon.

BW: Tests are always hard when you're not ready for 'em! Charisma Knight was prepared for another wrestler... a wrestler who competes in a totally different style. She wasn't training for a brawler... a fighter... someone who carries a friggin' baseball bat to the ring!

GM: Well, that's her fault for assuming her opponent! When you make an Open Challenge, you've gotta be prepared for anyone and everyone. Just because her crazy conspiracy theory brain thought that meant she was taking on Ayako Fujiwara tonight didn't make it so! Besides, I thought she was the best... the Queen of Wrestling. If she's the Queen, then she doesn't need prepping, does she?

BW: This... it's... aaaarrrgh! This is awful!

[After some lengthy stalling out on the floor, Knight slowly enters the ring, keeping her eyes locked on Saito as she sets her baseball bat on the apron near her corner. Referee Scott Ezra steps out to the center of the ring, checking to make sure both are ready for action...

...and then signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! One fall, twenty minute time limit!

[The two combatants slowly begin circling one another, neither rushing into anything as they plot their strategy. Knight raises her arms, extending them towards Saito.]

GM: Charisma Knight showing caution here as she looks for the collar and elbow tieup...

[Saito eyes her warily as Knight slowly advances towards her...

...and then closes the distance, locking up with her Japanese opponent.]

GM: Into the tieup we go... both women jockeying for position...

[And in a show of strength, Saito muscles up, shoving Knight away and down to the canvas.]

GM: Saito shoves her down!

BW: Hair pull!

GM: I don't think so... but that's exactly what Knight is claiming as she gets back to her feet.

[Scott Ezra shakes his head, asking Saito if she pulled the hair. She shakes her head in response as Knight continues to complain.]

GM: Knight's still talking up a storm as she moves in again... Saito inviting her into another tieup...

[The duo locks up again, fighting to push each other around the ring when Saito suddenly ducks down, scooping Knight up into the air, slamming her down to the canvas with a bodyslam.]

GM: Big slam by Saito... Knight's right back up, right back in...

[Big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: ...and right back DOWN with another big bodyslam! Oh my!

[Knight goes to scramble back to her feet...

...and finds Saito going into a spin, arm extended for a clothesline. She quickly bails out of the ring, sliding out to the floor, backing all the way up to the guardrail as Saito stands inside the ring, smirking as Knight.]

GM: Charisma Knight saw that coming and she got the heck out of town.

BW: She knew what was coming and she took a timeout, Gordo.

GM: Well, there are no timeouts in the world of professional wrestling as you know, Bucky, but Saito has a world-famous Spinning Clothesline that she's put away many a competitor with over the years. Knight wanted no part of that.

BW: She's an incredibly talented and intelligent competitor. She's a student of the game and you better believe she knows the major players and what they bring to the table.

GM: That would appear to be the case as she got out of there in a hurry when that clothesline presented itself.

[Knight takes a nice, long walk out on the floor, waggling a finger at Saito, pointing at her temple to inform everyone how smart she is.]

GM: Charisma Knight taking her time out there on the floor. Saito is waving her in, telling her to get back inside the squared circle.

BW: All in due time, daddy.

[As the count reaches six out on the floor, Knight walks calmly up the ringsteps, wiping her boots on the apron before ducking back inside the ring.]

GM: Knight back inside the ring now... and Saito's coming in, looking for a tieup...

[She gets one as Knight pulls back, trying to turn Saito back into the ropes but Saito holds her ground, forcing Knight to snag a side headlock, trying to crank it tighter.]

GM: Knight into the side headlock, looking to apply some pressure and wear her larger opponent down, Bucky.

BW: While Saito is the bigger woman, Knight does have a couple of inches of height advantage on her.

[Using that leverage advantage, Saito straightens up, pushing Knight back into the ropes and then shoving her off.]

GM: Saito shoots her across... Knight off the far side and-

[A big shoulder tackle out of Saito sends Knight flying through the air and down to the canvas.]

GM: Big tackle out of the larger competitor puts Knight down...

[An irritated Knight springs back up, charging in fast...

...and a knife edge chop across the chest takes her right off her feet, putting her back down to the mat!]

GM: Reverse knife edge puts her down again!

[Again, Knight bounces off the mat, rushing back in...

...and gets caught with both hands around the throat, hoisting Knight up into the air with ease!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Choke! Choke! That's illegal, ref!

[The Death Dealer holds the choke until four and change before she flings Knight down to the canvas, standing over her as Knight coughs violently, sliding backwards to get away from her opponent.]

GM: Saito's in total control at this point, looking to finish off Knight and stun the world.

[Knight slides backwards again, begging off as a confident Saito moves in on her, looking to attack...

...but the American reaches up, hooking the front of Saito's pants, yanking her facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Leverage move out of Knight!

GM: Leverage move?! She grabbed the tights!

[Scrambling to her feet, Knight gets a running start, throwing a dropkick into the back of Saito, sending her crashing facefirst into the turnbuckles again!]

GM: Twice into the corner! That'll stagger Rika Saito, the Death Dealer! Charisma Knight doesn't look like she's in a great position to take advantage of it, breathing heavily but-

BW: Hah! Look at that!

[As the Japanese star starts walking down the length of the ropes to create space, Knight grabs the larger woman's hair and wrenches her down to the canvas, shoving her down where she immediately goes to her knees, choking Saito.]

GM: Knight straight up choking Saito now, she's not even trying to hide it.

[The ref's count forces a break at four.]

GM: Scott Ezra backs her- no! She goes right back to the choke!

BW: Gotta level the playing field there.

GM: That's certainly one way to do it. Take the air away from your opponent, wear her down, and see if you can get your gameplan going. So far, Knight has been fighting Saito's match and that won't be a path to victory in my estimation.

[Climbing to her feet, Knight delivers a hard stomp to the gut, forcing Saito to sit up...

...and then jams her knee between the shoulderblades, grabbing the arms of the seated Saito, stretching them out to the sides.]

GM: An absolutely punishing hold applied by Charisma Knight, pulling back on those arms, using her knee in the back as a fulcrum to really wrench her out...

[Saito shouts a refusal to quit to referee Scott Ezra as Knight nods, pulling back harder on the arms for a few moments, and then as Knight shifts position, Saito tries to take advantage to escape.]

GM: Look at this, Bucky! Saito's trying to get her feet under her, trying to find a way to power out of this surfboard attempt...

BW: That's going to be hard to do, Gordo... Knight's got all the leverage...

[But after a few more moments of struggle, Saito is able to get up to her feet, twisting herself around and burying a boot into the gut while Knight is still holding her wrists...]

GM: Saito goes downstairs! And again... and a third one makes Knight let go!

[Saito backs up, measuring Knight for a moment. She gives a shout, swinging her leg up towards the ribs for another kick...

...but Knight catches the kick under her arm, a smirk crossing her face for an instant before twisting to the side, ripping and tearing at the leg as she yanks Saito down to the mat with a dragon screw legwhip!]

GM: Dragon screw! Knight caught the leg and Saito gets hit as quick as lightning!

BW: That's the kind of move that can rip a knee apart... and if it doesn't, this might!

GM: The dragon screw is just Step One for Charisma Knight, going right to work on the knee...

[Holding the foot, Knight drives her kneecap into the side of Saito's knee once... twice... three times.]

GM: Knight putting a target on the knee, going after it as is her trademark style.

[Holding both legs now, Knight looks down at the struggling Saito. She turns to referee Scott Ezra, asking "How much time is left". As the official turns to check, she drops a knee square in the... well, lower area.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Knight goes low!

BW: But did you see the brilliance there? Did you see her distract the official, making him check the time before she did it? Absolutely brilliant strategy, Gordo!

GM: Well, she avoided disqualification so I'll give her that much.

[With Saito folded up and rolling to her side in pain, Knight walks to the ropes, leaning against them, jawing at the crowd.]

GM: Knight letting these fans in Denver have it now as she's got Rika Saito at her mercy. This one turned around very quickly thanks to that dragon screw legwhip.

[Walking back towards Saito, Knight winds up her arm, dropping an elbow down into the temple before rolling the Death Dealer onto her back, leaning across in a lateral press.]

GM: Knight gets one... she gets two... but that's all.

[Pushing up to her knees, Knight gives the referee a verbal smack or two.]

BW: Stay one her, Charisma. Don't lose focus now.

[Climbing back to her feet, Knight walks across the ring, shaking her head as she reaches the corner...]

GM: Saito getting up to a knee, trying to get back into this match in front of this capacity crowd here in Denver.

[Knight bounces off the ropes, building momentum as she comes back towards Saito...

...who springs up to her feet, tossing Knight through the air, and driving him down with a tilt-a-whirl slam!]

GM: DOWN GOES KNIGHT OFF THE SLAM!

[Both women are down on the mat for several moments, trying to recover from their battle so far.]

GM: Saito with the quick slam, turning things around... getting back on track... trying to get her wits about her...

[Saito rises up off the mat to her feet, the crowd cheering as she turns to measure the prone Knight down on the canvas.]

GM: Knight's down and Saito's looking for the kill!

[The Death Dealer backs into the ropes, bouncing off towards Knight, leaping into the air...]

GM: Kneedrop!

[...and SMASHES her kneecap down into the canvas as Knight rolls aside, avoiding the leaping attack!]

GM: Oh my! Saito went airborne for that flying kneedrop and hit nothing but mat, really doing some more damage to the leg...

[Saito cries out as Knight rolls back to her feet, leaning against the ropes, waving a hand for Saito to get up.]

BW: And you can just feel it in the air, Gordo... the tide is turning and Charisma Knight just realized that victory is within reach for her. She's got her eyes locked on that limb...

[Saito rolls back and forth for a few moments, slowly pushing up to a hip. Knight is still leaning back, crouching low, staying out of Saito's view as she waves a hand, demanding that Saito get up...]

GM: Saito slowly starting to get off the mat, holding onto that leg...

[And as she gets to her feet, Knight rushes forward, throwing her shoulder into the back of the knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Knight goes RIGHT after that knee! The chop block connects!

BW: Illegal in the NFL, legal as a headlock here in the AWA, daddy!

[Saito is again down on the mat, screaming in pain as she clutches at her leg.]

GM: Listen to Saito scream in pain, Bucky.

BW: She might've torn something, Gordo. She sounds like she's in a lot of pain... and look at Knight!

GM: She's laughing at her! She's laughing at her opponent!

[Knight rushes in, grabbing the leg...]

GM: But Saito hooks onto the ropes! Scott Ezra's calling for a break!

[Knight pulls on the leg but Saito is hanging on for dear life, saving herself from whatever Knight has in mind.]

GM: Saito's hanging on... Ezra steps in, forcing Knight back...

[With her attacker at bay, Saito uses the ropes to drag herself up off the mat, barely able to stand on the injured wheel. Knight pushes past the official, moving to attack...]

GM: Knight comes after her...

[Saito swings a wild right hand, trying to keep Knight at bay but the American goes low, snatching the injured leg, pulling it up off the mat in her arms.]

GM: Knight got the leg! She got hold of it and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICK TO THE HEAD!

[The enzuigiri results in Saito down on the mat, clutching her knee as Knight collapses near her, grabbing the back of her head.]

GM: She got all of that and now it's Charisma Knight who is reeling!

BW: The enzuigiri caught her flush, Gordo... right on the back of the melon. You knew that Rika Saito wasn't going down without a fight considering her history... considering her status in Japan. She wasn't about to come here to the States and just roll over for Charisma Knight.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Saito pushes up off the mat to her knee, trying to keep her bad knee off the mat as the crowd cheers her on. The Death Dealer nods, giving a shout in Japanese as she crawls forward towards the downed Knight...]

...and flings herself into a rough MMA-style mount, straightening up and delivering a big right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Saito gets the mount... hammering Knight into the canvas... blow after blow to the head landing from Rika Saito!

[The referee starts a count for the clenched fists. Saito, fueled by anger, gets all the way to four and change before she lets up. She climbs off, hobbling across the ring on one leg, fists still balled up.]

GM: Saito's fired up! Scott Ezra's backing her to the ropes, giving her a warning for failing to obey the count.

BW: She's so angry right now, Gordo, I'm not even sure she HEARD the count!

GM: You could be right... but that doesn't excuse it. She's moving past the official now, moving on on Charisma Knight who is back in the corner, trying to recover from those blows to the head.

[Moving on, Saito balls up her fists and lets them fly again, landing blow after blow in the corner to the skull of Knight.]

GM: Knight's trying to cover up! Saito pounding away and Knight's trying to protect herself!

[The referee steps in again, starting his five count as Saito pounds Knight down to a knee and keeps going, pummeling the ear of Knight.]

GM: She's gotta watch the count here... three... four...

BW: Ring the bell!

[Ezra reaches five on his count, looking puzzled as he steps in, grabbing Saito by the arm, pulling her back. He sticks a finger in her face, shouting at her.]

BW: Ring the bell! That's a DQ!

[Saito shrugs before yelling "I DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH!" to a cheer from the crowd... before turning around and laying into Knight again with a heavy forearm shot to the ear, putting Knight down on the mat where she rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

BW: She doesn't speak English?!

GM: That's what she says... we know she's not afraid to bend a rule, and she's getting a lot of leeway here tonight from referee Scott Ezra.

BW: Conspiracy! Charisma's being conspired against by the AWA!

GM: "Conspired?"

BW: You heard me.

[Outside the ring, Knight wobbles along the length of the ringside area, trying to catch a breather as Saito steps out to the apron, dropping down to the floor.]

BW: Charisma, she's behind you!

[But Knight doesn't hear the color man as Saito grabs her from behind...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS her backfirst into the steel barricade!]

GM: SPINEFIRST TO THE STEEL!

[With Knight leaning against the railing, Saito lays in a few stiff elbowstrikes to the jaw, earning cheers from the ringside fans...

...and then turns, pointing towards the ring.]

GM: Wait a second...

BW: Why is she pointing over here?!

GM: I don't-

BW: Gordo, I got a bad feeling about this!

[Grabbing Knight by the hair, Saito hobbles towards the ringside announce table.]

GM: Oh my stars, they're heading this way!

BW: ABANDON SHIP!

[The guys scatter as Saito tosses Knight into the announce table, sending her flying across!

The announcers are silent as Saito turns, appealing to the crowd who cheer in response. She nods, pumping a fist in their direction.

After a moment of reveling in their cheers, she turns back towards the table where Knight is laid out. Saito leans over, snatching up Bucky's chair as she climbs up on the ring apron, holding it over her head to even louder cheers.

The Japanese brawler is in her element, winding up with the steel chair to take a full swing at Knight who is still on the table...

...and the referee grabs the chair, snatching it away from the Death Dealer to big jeers from the crowd! He's arguing with her, threatening a disqualification but Saito doesn't seem to care as she returns verbal fire in Japanese.

A few clunks are heard as Knight rolls past Saito back into the ring while the Japanese woman continues to shout at Ezra.]

BW: Are we... we on? Can anyone hear me?

[Bucky pauses, listening presumably.]

BW: Alright, Gordo is still getting his mic together after all that...

GM: Bucky, can you-

BW: I hear ya.

GM: Whew. A wild scene out here at ringside. I said that Rika Saito isn't afraid to brawl but that was pretty ridiculous. Saito has gone back in now. She's not happy about Scott Ezra's decision to take the chair from her but he - quite honestly - saved the match from ending abruptly there.

[Back inside the ring, Saito lifts her right arm, giving it a swing to cheers from the crowd - especially the more knowledgeable fans.]

GM: And that's the signal for the Spinning Clothesline!

[As Knight wobbles up to her feet, Saito goes into a spin, lifting the arm up for a discus clothesline...]

GM: CLOTHESLI- ducked by Knight!

[When she ducks, she throws herself forward into the ropes, rebounding back towards the off-balance Saito, scoring with a low dropkick to the injured limb!]

GM: OHH! Dropkick to the knee! Knight scores with the timely and effective counter... back on her feet, grabbing the leg...

[In a whirl, Knight twists the leg around, dropping back to apply the figure four leglock!]

GM: There it is! Charisma Knight applies her signature hold!

BW: In recent weeks, we've seen her use a kneebar but this is her bread and butter! And Gordo, she's not playing anymore, she's going right for the submission!

GM: I don't think she's been playing since the opening bell... ever since she realized she badly misjudged who her opponent was going to be here tonight. Rika Saito may not be an Olympic gold medalist but she IS one of the most dangerous competitors anywhere in the world!

[Knight cranks in the Figure Four, wrenching the injured leg of Rika Saito.]

GM: The Figure Four is locked in, ripping and tearing at the knee of Rika Saito, trying to force the Death Dealer to give it up right in the middle of the ring in Denver, Colorado!

[Saito sits up, screaming in pain as she grabs at her leg. Knight rocks back, forcing Saito back down to the mat, wincing as Knight rolls from side to side, changing the pressure levels.]

GM: This hold is expertly applied by Charisma Knight and after the punishment that Saito has suffered in this match, you have to wonder how much is left in the tank... how long can she hang on and avoid the submission...

BW: She's fighting it, Gordo!

GM: She certainly is! Look at this!

[With Knight rolling to the side to alter the pressure and angle, Saito rolls with it, trying to flip the hold over, letting loose a scream as she tries to reverse the hold...]

GM: Saito's trying to turn it over! She's trying to send the pressure going back the other way!

[Knight twists her body the other way, trying to keep the hold applied by Saito has an arm in the air, waving it as the crowd cheers her on, urging her to reverse the hold...]

GM: She's almost there! She's almost-

[An ear-splitting scream from Saito fills the air...

...and then cheers follow as Saito rolls over onto her stomach, reversing the pressure!]

GM: Oh my! And Rika Saito has reversed the hold!

[Knight screams and shouts, clawing at the canvas...

...and then slips out of the hold, grabbing her own leg for a moment as she crawls across the ring towards the corner, trying to create some space between herself and the Death Dealer.]

GM: We're closing in on the fifteen minute mark - remember, a twenty minute time limit in this one as Knight gets to the corner, shaking out her leg.

[A winded and hurting Saito pushes up to a knee, holding her bad leg off the mat, trying to avoid putting pressure on the injured limb.]

GM: Saito forcing her way to her feet, barely able to stand. She's trying to avoid putting pressure on the bad knee but as she walks across the ring, you can see the obvious pain that she's in...

[Saito reaches down, hauling Knight to her feet...

...and Knight pops her on the jaw with a forearm smash!]

GM: Forearm to the jaw by Knight!

[With a roar, Saito twists her body, uncorking a knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Saito returns fire with a chop!

[Knight turns herself, throwing a chop of her own!]

GM: Knight with a chop! This is intense, fans!

[With a big shout, Saito lands another chop, sending Knight falling back a step before the American comes forward with a chop in response!]

GM: The two women are exchanging chops here, blasting one another full force, trying to batter the other down to the canvas!

[Saito chops... then Knight. Saito... then Knight. Saito... then Knight.]

GM: Brutal chops being exchanged by two of the finest female competitors anywhere in the world!

[Knight lands another, sending Saito back to a knee. She grimaces...

...and then rises, shaking off the effects as she leans back, balls up her fist...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STRAIGHT RIGHT HAND! RIGHT TO THE JAW!

[The blow snaps Knight's head around, swinging tiredly at the air as she tries to keep her balance...

...and then steadies herself, winding up to throw a right hand of her own.]

GM: Big righ- blocked!

[The block turns into another big haymaker from Saito!]

GM: Knight's on Dream Street after that one! She's out on her feet!

[Shaking her head, Knight throws another wild right hand that Saito ducks under. The momentum causes Knight to swing all the way around, her back to Saito who wastes no time in securing a waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[Saito lifts Knight up off the mat, ready to drive her back down to the canvas...

...but Knight wraps her leg around Saito's, blocking the lift. She leans over, rolling through as she grabs Saito by the leg, grapevining the injured leg on her way over, rolling right through into...]

BW: KNEEBAR!

GM: She hooks the hold we've seen her use so effectively as of late! Knight rolled right through into the Kneebars, and Saito is twisting and crawling right away toward the ropes!

BW: She's gotta get there if she wants to survive this hold! Knight's gonna rip that knee apart if she doesn't!

[The crowd is roaring for Saito, urging her towards the ropes as Knight reaches for the other leg, trying to cross it over the trapped knee.]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Five minutes left in the twenty minute time limit for this incredible battle!

BW: And Knight is trying to figure four that other leg, she gets that in and it's over daddy!

GM: They're close to the ropes! Saito might have a way out before that happens! She's almost there!

[The Denver crowd is on their feet, cheering on the Death Dealer as she stretches out an arm, reaching for the ropes with all she can...]

GM: Saito stretching out every bit of her lengthy frame! So close!

[The camera shot shows her fingertips grazing the ropes a few times as Knight shouts, "NOOOOOO!"]

GM: Saito is... SHE GOT IT!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers at the escape as Scott Ezra demands a break, starting a five count. Knight holds... and holds... and holds...]

GM: Come on! Break the hold, ref!

[The count reaches JUST before five when Knight lets go, rolling to the side. The referee is reprimanding her when she shoves him away with a shout of "I DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH!" to jeers from the crowd.]

BW: Hehehe.

GM: Knight returning the favor from earlier, risking a disqualification there though.

[Saito drags herself under the ropes, rolling out to the floor where she plants her good foot on the ground, using the apron to stay on her feet as she shakes out the bad leg.]

GM: Rika Saito with one heck of a showing here in her debut, Bucky.

BW: They grow 'em tough in Japan.

GM: Saito slapping at her leg, trying to get the blood pumping through that limb as Knight... she's coming out after her!

[Blinding Saito with a forearm to the back of the head, Knight shoves the Death Dealer under the ropes back into the ring.]

GM: Knight puts her back in, not giving her a chance to recover.

BW: Smart move. Now's the time to finish her off!

"FOUR MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Four minutes left... both women back in the ring now...

[Knight rolls in, shouting at Saito to get up.]

GM: Charisma Knight's begging her to get off the mat. Knight's got something planned here but I'm not sure what it is.

[Saito grabs hold of the ropes, trying to pull herself off the mat.]

GM: Rika Saito getting to her feet... Knight to the ropes, building up steam...

[Bouncing off the ropes, Knight charges towards Saito who staggers off the ropes into a running boot to the face. The impact of the blow spins Saito around...

...and she keeps on spinning towards the off-balance Knight!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!! THE SPINNING CLOTHESLINE!!!

[Saito drops to the mat, screaming as she grabs at her leg.]

GM: An incredible counter by Rika Saito and if she can get her senses about her right now, she can win this thing! The fans are screaming at her, begging her to make the cover!

BW: But the leg is hurting too much! She can't get her weight on it!

[Saito drops to her back, dragging her injured leg behind her as she falls back into a sloppy cover, her back pressed barely to Knight's chest.]

GM: Back press! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! KNIGHT GOT THE SHOULDER UP! MY STARS!

"THREE MINUTES! THREE MINUTES LEFT!"

[Saito sits up, grimacing as she cradles her injured leg to her chest, throwing her head back and looking up at the ceiling.]

GM: Rika Saito's gotta be wondering what she can do with her leg in this condition to finish off Charisma Knight.

BW: Yeah, well, she's only got a few minutes left to figure it out, Gordo.

GM: Knight is just about out after that Spinning Clothesline though so if Saito can figure out something, she might be able to seal the deal right here on The X. These fans are certainly behind her.

[Wincing, Saito pushes up off the mat, dragging Knight up with her. She squares up, throwing a chop that sends Knight falling back into the corner. Grimacing, Saito steps in, throwing another backhand chop to the chest before grabbing an arm.]

GM: Saito grabs the arm... big whip is coming...

[The Death Dealer puts all her strength behind it, falling to the mat on the follow-through as Knight gets flung across the ring, crashing backfirst into the turnbuckles. She grabs at her lower back, staggering out of the corner as Saito comes up off the canvas...]

GM: Saito goes downstairs with a boot... front facelock!

[Slinging Knight's arm over her neck, Saito sets her feet under her...]

GM: She's going for something!

[Saito attempts to muscle Knight up into suplex position...

...but she grimaces as she tries, setting Knight back down on the mat. Grabbing Saito by the hair, Knight swings her leg up, driving her knee up into the face of Saito!]

GM: OHH! KNEE TO THE MUSH!

[Saito staggers backwards, stumbling in a circle...

...allowing Knight to hook her from behind, lifting her into the air, and dumping her on the back of the head with a back suplex!]

GM: OHH! That's it!

[Knight scrambles into a pin attempt, hooking both legs.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But Saito again lifts a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

"TWO MINUTES LEFT! TWO MINUTES!"

GM: Only two minutes to go! Can either of these fighters manage to pull off the victory?

[Back on her feet, Knight grabs Saito's injured leg, twisting it around...]

GM: She's going for the Figure Four a second time!

[...but Saito reaches up, swinging hard!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A RIGHT HAND!

[The blow lands flush on Knight's cheek, spinning her away from Saito, collapsing forward as Saito pushes up off the mat, shaking out her hand that she delivered the punch with.]

GM: Saito's back up... Knight is dazed!

[With a shout, Saito drags a thumb across her throat, approaching Knight from behind.]

BW: She just signaled for the Death Note - the Pumphandle Driver!

[Grabbing the staggered Knight from behind, Saito pushes her forward, hooking her arm...

...but a quick one-two back elbow from Knight breaks the grip, sending Saito stumbling backwards as Knight sets her feet, rushing forward into the ropes!]

GM: Knight coming back fast!

[She lands a big running boot to the chin, staggering Saito, putting her down on one knee...]

GM: The boot puts her down... but not out!

[Fade to the backstage area where “Flawless” Larry Wallace, dressed in a glittering silver robe is standing alongside his mentor, Hamilton Graham, who is in a white polo and black slacks. Wallace speaks.]

FLW: Jordan Ohara rode into the AWA on a bolt of lightning they'd have you believe. He soared in on the wings of a Phoenix, bringing salvation and deliverance to the huddled masses who worship him. That's the story they tell.

The story he tells is that he's a once in a millennium talent.

[Wallace chuckles.]

FLW: And they say I've got an ego.

No, to me and Mr. Graham, he looks more like a MILLENNIAL talent...

[Graham leans in to speak for the first time.]

HG: One of these punk self-entitled kids who believe the world should be handed to them on a silver platter and that they should never have to work for a single thing... that's Ohara alright.

FLW: It sure is... and that's the life he's living. Until now. Because now I'm here and it's time to give you a reality check, Ohara. Because until this moment what you've failed to comprehend is that you ARE that self-entitled kid.

You think the world should fall to their knees and worship this natural talent that you have... and they've done it! The people are lined up in their Jordan Ohara t-shirts to go on their Jordan Ohara Facebook page to talk to other Jordan Ohara fans to see if they saw what Jordan Ohara just did. They believe your hype... we don't.

But the suits... they do. Because they're feeding into your hype. The Phoenix. The TPP 4. We knew all about you before you ever walked in the door. What a tremendous talent you were... what a steal it was to be getting you back from Japan... how the mere signing of your god-like skill was enough to cause a rift in the relationship between two promotions who've been allied in one form or another for over a decade. Hype. Hype. Hype.

[A slight "tsk, tsk" escapes Wallace's mouth.]

FLW: Well, as my good friend Chuck D says... don't believe the hype.

But as they do and you do and the fans do, you sit back... you sit back and watch as everything is handed to you.

"Jordan Ohara wants a big debut."

"Put him in Steal The Spotlight on the biggest show in AWA history."

"Jordan Ohara wants a cool nickname."

"Get Marketing to work."

"Jordan Ohara wants to prove he can beat top level talent."

[Wallace waggles a finger.]

FLW: But that's where we have a problem because for all your hype and all your potential and all your dedicated fans, those things can't help you win a match... and since your match to prove you can beat top level talent is against yours truly - THE top level talent - you've got a major problem, Ohara.

Because as a Millennial talent, you've sat back and let people pave the road for you... nice and neat with no speedbumps or the slightest pebble to slow you down.

[Wallace grimaces.]

FLW: That's all well and good before you step through those ropes but once you do, you're in an entirely different situation. You're in a place where those who've come before you have bled... they've sweat... they've cried to get where they are. They've sacrificed.

But I'm glad you're here, Jordan... because until you got here, people said the same thing about me. That I sat back and had the world gifted to me but I think the world needs a little reminder about where Larry Wallace comes from.

Larry Wallace comes from a sweat-stinking gym in the middle of nowhere where the hardest son of a gun to wear wrestling trunks - a guy who gave this man...

[He slaps Graham on the back.]

FLW: ...a fight he'll never forget - showed me the world of wrestling. It was a world he never wanted me in so he tried to break me... his own son.

[He slaps the crook of his elbow.]

FLW: That's the blood that flows through these veins, Ohara. Hard work. Sacrifice to even get in the door of this business.

Fast forward ahead... the AWA... the big time...

And in the blink of an eye, I was on the verge of being sent home because I couldn't make it... because for all my God-given natural ability... for the finely-honed skills I'd built in stinkhole high school gyms and Armories... I wasn't good enough.

Only the best of the best belong in these rings, Ohara... and I found that out the hard way when my best friend got put in Main Events while I was shown the door.

[Wallace clenches a fist, tapping his chest.]

FLW: Supreme Wright saved me. He saw something in me when no one - not even my own father - did. He took me in... he gave me refuge... he brought me salvation... and he showed me the way.

But it wasn't an easy path to follow.

It was grueling. Body breaking. Limb stretching. Ego shattering. He broke me down to nothing before he built me back up. I wanted to quit. I wanted to walk away but he wouldn't let me. He wouldn't give up on me so I couldn't give up on myself.

[He turns slightly, beaming at his current mentor.]

FLW: And then there's Mr. Graham...

Some people will give you other names but if anyone talks about the best wrestler to ever lace a pair of boots and doesn't mention his name, they don't have a damned clue about this sport... remember that.

He put the finishing touches. He took the weapon born in ice and snow to my father... sharpened by Mr. Wright... and he put the final edge to the blade. He taught me how to use the gifts I'd been given... no, no... not given... that I'd fought for... that I had bled, sweat, and cried over...

So, you see, Jordan Ohara... what stands before you is the product of empty hype. It's the product of boardroom-created chicanery and blind love from a fanbase who too often worships style over substance. What stands before you is a shell just waiting for the slightest crack to send it shattering into pieces on the floor.

That's what stands before you right now...

...until you step out from behind the mirror and look right into these eyes.

[Close on the eyes.]

FLW: Then... and only then... will you understand what you've gotten yourself into. I'm not a keyboard jockey looking to be the cool kid. I'm not a suit with a merchandise quota.

I'm a professional wrestler.

And who knows, Ohara... maybe I'm totally wrong... just maybe you're as great as they say you are...

But even then... you're only great...

[Wallace breaks out into a smirk, spreading his arms into his trademark pose.]

FLW: And I'm... absolutely... flawless.

[We fade away from Wallace and Graham to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[The piano riff begins and the crowd goes wild for the interpolation of "Fur Elise."]

#I KNOW I CAN
BE WHAT I WANNA BE
IF I WORK HARD AT IT
I'LL BE WHERE I WANNA BE!#

[With that Nas' "I Can" rings out over the arena as Jordan Ohara bops his way onto the stage. He dips and dances, showing off his chiseled physique. There are a number of screams from the women in the crowd and cheers from the kids in attendance.]

PW: From Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing 220 pounds...

JORRRRRRRDAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAAA!

[The cheers pick up as Ohara flashes the "I love you" hand signal to the Denver crowd.]

GM: And listen to the ovation for the young man from Charlotte, North Carolina by way of Japan!

BW: He's got a few fans for sure.

GM: A few? This young man has quickly worked himself into the hearts of the AWA faithful and become one of the most popular men in the entire locker room.

BW: Something sure to turn around when Larry Wallace puts the boots to him and shows just how overrated this punk kid is.

[Jordan Ohara struts down the stage to the ringside fans. He starts drumming the air in time with the beat and then playing air piano as the fans mob him and flash selfies.]

GM: Jordan Ohara has been on a roll since his debut back around SuperClash last year but this will certainly be his toughest test to date when he goes one-on-one with "Flawless" Larry Wallace tonight.

[Ohara climbs the ringsteps, going quickly to the top rope where he poses for a moment, grinning at the fans before leaping high in the air, landing on the canvas where he uncorks a quick karate kata before bowing to the official.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The jeers from the Phoenix crowd pour down at the sound of V.I.C.'s "Flawless", a song that heralds the arrival of "Flawless" Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham.]

PW: Now residing in Miami, Florida... weighing in at 233 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by the legendary Hamilton Graham...

"FLAAAAAAWLESS"
LAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRYYYYYY
WAAAAAAALLLLLLLAAAAAAAAACE!

[Larry Wallace, sporting reflective purple sunglasses on his face, saunters into view. He's wearing a pair of royal purple trunks and a golden cape secured around his throat with a gold chain. His well-toned upper body is glistening with baby oil as he nods at the cameraman, gesturing to himself as Hamilton Graham walks out behind him, shouting at the jeering fans to "SHOW SOME RESPECT!"]

GM: "Flawless" Larry Wallace imploring these fans to show some respect... if only he'd do the same thing himself.

BW: What are you going on about now?

GM: Did you hear some of what he said about Jordan Ohara?

BW: All true.

GM: Huh?

BW: Ohara likes to tell these stories about how he was tortured in the Tiger Paw Pro Dojo by the likes of Mifune and Izumi but does anyone really believe it? Look at him, Gordo! Do you really think Mifune would let him out of the Dojo without giving him a cauliflower ear? Those stories are a sham... just like everything else about this punk self-entitled kid!

GM: You're really too much.

[Wallace reaches the ring, pulling himself up on the apron. He leans back against the ropes, gesturing at himself as Graham takes his spot in the corner. The Flawless One unhooks the cape from around his neck, tossing it behind his back, allowing Graham to snatch it out of the sky as he hops through the ropes with a flourish, going into a full spin once he's inside the ring...

...and stops his spin staring the few feet towards Ohara who is in the corner. Wallace immediately starts in on him, harpooning him with some verbal strikes right away.]

GM: Wallace right up in the face of Jordan Ohara before the bell even rings... referee Scott Ezra trying to keep these two under control. Two of the hottest young superstars in the AWA locker room clashing to see just who is the one to watch.

[Ohara doesn't back down, getting right up in Wallace's face, returning fire with some verbal shots as Ezra wedges himself between the two, trying to keep things from breaking down...

...when Wallace reaches over Ezra, piefacing Ohara and shoving him backwards!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[A fuming Ohara rushes in, leaping up and landing a forearm shot to the side of Wallace's head, nearly bowling over the referee. Scott Ezra scampers out of the way, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Ohara jumped him before the bell! What a-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A big knife edge chop across the chest sends Wallace falling back into the corner, clutching his pectorals.]

GM: Wallace is on the run... Ohara moving in on him!

[Ohara hops up to the middle rope, raising his right hand to big cheers. He swings it down, driving a martial arts style thrust between the eyes as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Ohara drops down, grabbing Wallace by the hair, charging across the ring...]

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE BUCKLES!

[The slam sends Wallace sailing into the air, crashing down to the canvas. Ohara pumps both arms, giving a shout to the fans who cheer loudly. Wallace rolls over to his back, scooting backwards as Ohara advances on him...]

GM: Larry Wallace isn't looking so flawless right now as Jordan Ohara has him on the run...

[Wallace backs to the corner, using the ropes to pull himself up as Ohara advances, throwing a kick into Ohara's gut.]

BW: You were saying?

[Grabbing Ohara by the hair, Wallace SLAMS his face into the top turnbuckle. Ohara staggers away, grabbing his face...]

GM: Wallace turns him around... oh! Big hammering forearm to the chest against the ropes!

BW: Just like his old man used to do.

GM: The son of Battlin' Burt Wallace grabs the arm, big whip on the way...

[The Irish whip sends Ohara across the ring as Wallace sets his feet, looking for a hiptoss but Ohara goes with it, front flipping and landing on his feet in front of Wallace.]

GM: Wow! Spectacular counter by- and an armdrag to boot!

[The armdrag sends Wallace down to the mat as Ohara gets back up, waving for the scrambling Wallace to attack. And attack he does, charging Ohara, arm extended...

...which ends up with him being thrown down to the mat with another armdrag!]

GM: Another armdrag and Wallace is reeling after that!

[He gets up again, ready to charge...

...and finds Ohara in a kata pose, ready to strike! Wallace slams on the brakes, gives a little yelp, and then falls back down to the mat, rolling out to the floor as the crowd laughs.]

GM: And Larry Wallace decided he wants no part of the martial arts skills of Jordan Ohara, fans!

BW: Can you blame him? Ohara uses all those illegal strikes to the eyes and the throat! He's as big of a cheater as I've ever seen.

[Wallace walks around the ring, muttering under his breath as Hamilton Graham walks over to greet him, trying to calm him down as Ohara walks the perimeter of the inside of the ring, playing to the cheering fans.]

GM: Jordan Ohara is on a roll and Larry Wallace is looking to regroup! Fans, we're going to take a quick break. If the match ends during the break, we'll bring you all the happenings so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then come back up to live action where Larry Wallace has Jordan Ohara down on the mat, kicking his ribs repeatedly.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X, fans, where Larry Wallace - with the aid of Hamilton Graham - got the drop on Jordan Ohara during the break and is busy putting the boots to him!

BW: That punk Ohara tried to put his hands on a living legend and the Flawless One made him pay for it!

GM: That would be yours - and their - side of the story, I'd imagine, but those here in the arena saw it much differently when Hamilton Graham tried to get involved in this one-on-one matchup.

[Pulling Ohara off the mat, Wallace pushes him up against the ropes, laying a pair of knees into the midsection before grabbing the arm.]

GM: Irish whip sends him across... and a big right hand downstairs!

[Ohara staggers away, gasping for air as Wallace turns to follow him.]

GM: Wallace pushes him back against the ropes...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: ...and returns the favor with a knife-edge chop of his own!

[Two more chops follow before Wallace grabs the arm.]

GM: Wallace shoots him off the ropes...

[Setting up, Wallace elevates Ohara high into the air before sending him crashing down to the canvas with a hiptoss!]

GM: High hiptoss by Larry Wallace!

BW: That time he got him... and it was Flawless, daddy!

[Hamilton Graham growls some encouragement from out on the floor as Wallace rolls Ohara to his stomach, taking aim, and dropping a knee down into the small of the back!]

GM: Kneedrop down into the back... and another... trying to slow down the athletic Jordan Ohara...

[Climbing to his feet, Wallace takes aim and leaps high in the air, dropping another knee down into the back!]

GM: Leaping kneedrop by Wallace... and look at this!

[Grabbing a handful of Ohara's hair, Wallace pulls back against the knee, stretching the spine of the youngster from North Carolina.]

GM: He's stretching him out but the referee's right there, calling for a break...

[The count gets to four before Wallace lets go, watching as Ohara slumps back facedown on the canvas.]

GM: Larry Wallace has retaken control of this one, back on his feet as the referee warns him against the hairpull.

[Wallace on his feet, looking out at the jeering crowd with a sneer.]

GM: "Flawless" Larry Wallace looking for a big 2016 after wrapping up 2015 with that upset victory over Bobby O'Connor at SuperClash, helping to injure that arm in the process.

BW: Well, I think the arm injury was more Supreme Wright than Larry Wallace but I'm sure Larry won't mind the credit.

GM: I'm sure he won't as he pulls Ohara up to a knee and-

[The crowd cheers as Ohara slams a karate thrust into the midsection!]

GM: Oh! Ohara with the shot downstairs!

[A second shot to the midsection doubles up Wallace as Ohara gets up off the mat, the crowd rallying behind him...]

GM: Ohara's trying to get back on track here!

[Grabbing Wallace by the hair, Ohara slams an overhead chop down between the eyes!]

GM: Big chop!

[Wallace is dazed by the eyes, staggering as Ohara shoves him into the ropes.]

GM: Back to the middle... Ohara with the knife-edge chop again!

[The hard chop takes Wallace off his feet as Ohara drops into a kata, getting big cheers from the crowd.]

GM: And listen to the fans in Denver letting Ohara know they're behind him!

[With a nod to the fans, Ohara stumbles towards Wallace who is crawling across the ring, trying to get to the ropes. Wallace pulls himself up as Ohara winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Another chop!

BW: You can hear those on top of the Rocky Mountains, daddy!

GM: Ohara's going to whip him across again...

[An Irish whip attempt is reversed by Wallace who shoots Ohara across the ring. The speedy North Carolina native rebounds off, charging towards Wallace, ducking under a knife-edge chop attempt of his own.]

GM: Ohara ducks the chop going one way, bouncing off the far side...

[A wild clothesline attempt comes up empty as well as Ohara rebounds under, charging across again...]

GM: Ohara off the ropes again, building up steam and-

[As he comes back this time, Wallace is ready, lifting Ohara up into the air, twisting him around, and dropping him across a bent knee in a quebradora!]

GM: TILT A WHIRL BACKBREAKER!!

[Wallace shoves Ohara off the knee, diving into a lateral press as he hooks a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Ohara slips a shoulder up, breaking the pin attempt. Wallace angrily pastes him with a right hand to the temple before climbing to his feet...

...and soccer kicks Ohara right in the kidneys!]

GM: OHH!

[With Ohara down on the mat, Wallace walks around the ring, getting a breather as the fans jeer. Graham shouts some instructions to Wallace who gives a nod before pulling Ohara up, throwing him chestfirst towards the ropes.]

GM: Wallace throws Ohara over the ropes... oh, come on!

[The crowd is jeering and the referee is shouting as Wallace uses his shin to push Ohara's throat down on the middle rope.]

GM: Wallace choking him on the ropes! The referee is counting as Wallace tries to rip the air out of the young man's lungs!

[The official steps in, backing Wallace up. Wallace raises his hands, pleading innocence as Ohara hangs over the ropes, gasping for air...

...when Hamilton Graham grabs him by the hair and PASTES him with a right hand to the eye!]

GM: OH!

BW: Hah! A whole lot of people have felt that one! Welcome to the club, Ohara!

[Graham backs off, smirking as Wallace moves in on the now-downed Ohara, stomping him a few times to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Wallace again putting the boots to Jordan Ohara.

["Flawless" Larry Wallace breaks off the attack to taunt the ringside fans who let him have it. He turns back towards Ohara as the youngster is trying to get up off the mat...]

GM: Ohara goes downstairs again!

[Wallace angrily swings a knee up into the chin, stunning Ohara and knocking him down on his rear on the mat.]

GM: But Wallace cuts him off with that short kneelift!

[With Ohara down on the mat, Wallace gives his knee a slap before dashing to the ropes, rebounding back towards him...]

...and taking flight, leaping into an impactful basement dropkick!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Not the best in the world but-

GM: Wallace with the side press, rolls through with the leg! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But again, Ohara lifts the shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt to cheers.]

GM: Two count only once more!

[Wallace angrily shouts at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: The referee telling Wallace... and now Graham... that it was only a two count.

[Wallace climbs off the mat, still arguing with the official as he pulls Ohara off the mat by the back of the trunks...]

GM: Wallace hauling Ohara to his feet... look out here!

[Pulling Ohara into a side waistlock, Wallace looks to lift him up into the air...]

GM: Wallace looking for that backbreaker!

[...but as he lifts him up, Ohara slips right up over the top, flipping through the air and landing on his feet!]

GM: Ohara on his feet... waistlock from behind!

[Wallace throws one back elbow... and a second breaks the grip.]

GM: Wallace elbows out... to the ropes...

[But as he rebounds, he runs right into a standing dropkick by Ohara!]

GM: WHOA!

BW: WHAT?! Who the HELL is this punk kid to hit Larry Wallace with his own move?!

GM: What a dropkick out of Ohara!

[A fuming mad Wallace scrambles up off the mat, grabbing at his jaw as Hamilton Graham pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at Ohara...

...who uncorks a second dropkick, sending Graham off the apron to the floor to big cheers from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Who the HELL is this kid to put his hands on Hamilton Graham?!

GM: Well, they were his feet but-

BW: Shaddup, Myers!

[As Ohara gets up, Wallace rushes him from behind...

...but Ohara sidesteps, hooking a waistlock as the duo rushes into the ropes, bouncing off, and rolling backwards.]

GM: Reverse rolling cradle! He's got Wallace down!

[Ohara tries to keep the struggling Wallace's shoulders down as the referee drops down to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wallace kicks out at the last moment, sending Ohara quickly towards the ropes where he leaps up, springing off the second rope, twisting around as Wallace rises, and flattens him with a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE MIDDLE- ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Again, Wallace rolls Ohara off of him, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Another near fall right there! Wallace back to his feet...

[Where Ohara greets him with a stiff backhand strike to the bridge of the nose, stunning Wallace!]

GM: Right between the eyes! Wallace is in trouble!

[Ohara grabs him by the arm, looking for the whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Wallace!

[The whip sends Ohara into the ropes instead where he rebounds off...

...in a stumble after Hamilton Graham hooks the ankle on the floor.]

GM: Oh! Graham tripped him! Graham tripped him!

[Ohara turns to shout at Graham...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Yes, yes... do it, Larry!

[Wallace slides into position behind Ohara, setting his feet, waving his hands for Ohara to turn around...]

GM: Jordan, behind you!

[...and as Ohara turns, Wallace leaves his feet, looking to drive both feet into the face of Ohara...]

GM: DROPKICK!

[...and connects FLUSH, driving Ohara backwards! Wallace makes a desperate lunge, trying to keep Ohara in the ring but failing as Ohara falls through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHH! He got the dropkick but-

BW: THE BEST DROPKICK IN THE WORLD!

GM: -Ohara fell out to the floor and Wallace couldn't cover him! A horribly unlucky break for Larry Wallace... and listen to Hamilton Graham shouting at him to get Ohara back inside the ring!

BW: He's right! He's gotta get him back in before he can recover!

[A frustrated Wallace leans over, slamming his hands down on the canvas before dropping down to his back on the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor. He frantically grabs Ohara by the hair, trying to get him up.]

GM: Ohara's limp in his arms! He's dead weight!

BW: That's not making it any easier. Can the referee turn around so Hammy can help him in?!

GM: That's not gonna happen, Bucky. That's not... Wallace is struggling to get Ohara to his feet...

[Wallace manages to get Ohara off the floor, pushing him up against the apron, trying to get him up on it.]

GM: Larry Wallace is having a lot of trouble getting Ohara back in... he's wasting valuable time...

BW: The referee should let Hamilton Graham help! It's the fair thing to do!

GM: There's absolutely NOTHING fair about that!

[Leaning down, Wallace grabs the legs, lifting Ohara up one leg at a time...

...and finally rolling him under the ropes.]

GM: He got him back in!

[Scrambling to try to take advantage of the situation, Wallace pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...where Ohara reaches up, hooking him by the head, and drags him down into an inside cradle!]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE OUT OF NOWHERE!! ONE!! TWO!!!

BW: NO!

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: OHARA WINS! OHARA WINS! OHARA WINS!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Ohara rolls to his knees, thrusting his arms into the air in triumph. Outside the ring, Hamilton Graham angrily slams his arms down on the apron.]

GM: Ohara with the rollup out of nowhere to snatch this victory! What a win for the young man from North Carolina!

[Wallace rolls his knees, looking up in shock at the official who holds up three fingers. He turns towards Ohara who cracks a smile before rolling out to the floor as Wallace gets to his feet, angrily stomping across the ring.]

GM: And Ohara clears out before Wallace can come after him!

[Wallace is fuming mad as he stomps around the ring, being joined by Hamilton Graham who grabs the official to complain. The referee shakes his head as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match is-

[Wallace leans through the ropes, snatching the mic away.]

FLW: No, no, no! I don't think so! I had this match won when you... when you threw yourself to the floor to save yourself! You insolent little... how DARE you put your filthy hands on Hamilton Graham?!

[Graham rubs his jaw, glaring at Ohara who is standing in the aisle.]

FLW: This isn't over... you think it is? You're wrong! I want... I want another shot! I want another opportunity to show the world just how overhyped you are...

[The trademark Wallace smirk is slowly returning.]

FLW: ...and just how flawless I am... absolutely flawless!

[Wallace spikes the mic in frustration as Ohara nods his head from the aisle, waving Wallace towards him as a pair of officials come out from the back, standing in his path.]

GM: Well, fans, Jordan Ohara picks up a surprise victory here in Denver, Colorado but it sounds like this rivalry might not be over yet, Bucky.

BW: It shouldn't be over! That punk kid STOLE a victory over Larry Wallace!

GM: That's not how I saw it! But nonetheless, it looks like if Larry Wallace wants another shot, Jordan Ohara is more than happy to oblige! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Ohara and Wallace are still trading words off-mic as we fade to black.

Fade to a field of stars. A voiceover begins.]

"The stars of the AWA galaxy are shining brighter than ever. But you don't need a telescope to see these stars - all you need is a ticket when the American Wrestling Alliance comes to town."

[A graphic comes up on the screen advertising the site and date of the next show.]

"Tomorrow night in Colorado Springs, you'll see the World Tag Team Champions in action! Shadoe Rage takes on Derrick Williams and much, much more!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Monday night, we'll be in Santa Fe, New Mexico where Travis Lynch takes on Larry Wallace!"

[And again.]

"Thursday in Amarillo, Texas sees Cesar Hernandez and Caspian Abaran challenge for the World Tag Team Titles!"

[And again.]

"It's Friday night in Tulsa, Oklahoma with Supernova in action! Plus, the National Title will be on the line!"

[Again.]

"Saturday in Oklahoma City has Supreme Wright in action!"

[Back to the AWA logo splashed across a field of stars.]

"It's the AWA and you do NOT want to miss it when it comes to your town!"

[Fade to black.

We crossfade to various photos of Ayako Fujiwara set to The Chainsmokers' "Don't Let me Down". Pictures of her from childhood...adolescence...adulthood. Shots of Fujiwara posing in her amateur wrestling singlet, holding up awards and trophies, dominating an opponent on the mat, as a young rookie under the tutelage of Miyuki Ozaki, raising the Ladies Victory Pro title into the air and so on. The photos then culminate in a still shot of a misty-eyed Fujiwara standing atop an Olympic podium at the 2012 London games with a gold medal around her neck. As the photos flash by on the screen, we hear a female voice speaking in Japanese, translated in subtitles at the bottom of the screen.]

"My earliest memory was watching my mother inside a wrestling ring and I was instantly mesmerized by what I saw. I knew early on, that was what I wanted to do with my life. Be a wrestler."

[We then fade into a shot of Fujiwara seated in front of an AWA backdrop, dressed in a leather bomber jacket and a flowery sundress underneath. In contrast to the gruff, gritty, in competition photos we had just seen, Ayako looks almost demure,

her face in make-up and her metallic unicorn purple, pink and blue ombré hair held up in a messy bun.])

Ayako: (But I don't think I ever really had a choice. My mother was a wrestler. My brother is a wrestler. My father is the top referee in Japan. I guess you could say it's a family tradition. Almost like this was my destiny!)

[She laughs as we fade out and into highlights of Fujiwara in action. We see footage of her in amateur competition, deadlifting her hapless opponents off the ground and throwing them repeatedly with a spine-crushing Karelín lift. We see her in the professional ranks, dropping foe after foe with German suplexes. We see a masked opponent leap off the top rope at Ayako, only to be caught in a bearhug and then tossed overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex. We see Ayako raising the huge Empress Cup into the air as flashbulbs inside the arena go off all around her. And finally, we see multiple shots of her making her entrance into the ring, spinning and wrapping herself in a sea of streamers tossed in by Japanese fans as the scene then fades back to Ayako in the studio.]

Ayako: (Leaving Japan will be difficult. There will be many things that I will miss, but I...I wish to show the world just how much I've grown since London and the Olympic games. I want to show the rest of the world the capacity of my wrestling.)

[She chuckles in disbelief at her words.]

Ayako: (I know it sounds silly. People tell me, "Ayako...you've won a gold medal in the Olympics! You've won the Empress Cup twice! What more do you have to do to prove your strength?")

[Her face hardens ever so slightly, the furious competitor we see in the video footage coming out.]

Ayako: (This. I must do this. I must come to America and the AWA and prove myself once again. What I accomplished in the past doesn't mean much. I can't just coast on what I've done one, two...five, ten years ago. Whatever. All that matters is if I'm able to be successful now and if I can continue to be successful in the future. That's what I believe is true strength.)

[She smiles as the shot fades out to a black screen, Ayako's voice still speaking.]

"I'm ready to take the next step in my evolution."

[Fade out to a graphic that reads "AYAKO FUJIWARA. COMING SOON TO THE AWA." Fade to black...]

...and we fade back up on the ring that looks pretty full. Phil Watson is in the middle of it all.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from Catania, Sicily, Italy... weighing in at 250 pounds... THE SICILIAN STUUUUUUUD!

[The Stud hops to the middle rope, drawing a small shower of cheers as he pumps a fist to the fans. He grins out from under his short brown hair, dropping back to the mat with his stocky build shaking the ring a bit. He wears a green singlet with the Italian flag on the front with a pair of white kneepads and boots.]

PW: And his opponent...

[His opponent is pretty clear by the drum roll sounding off in the background. But if it wasn't...]

PW: From a classified location... at weight unknown...

...ULTRA... COMMANDO... THREEEEEEEEEEE!

[A tall muscular camo-masked man verbally blasts some jeering fans before turning his focus onto the Stud.]

GM: Ultra Commando 3 has been on a roll as of late and turned some heads last week on Power Hour when he seemed to be calling out some members of the AWA locker room.

[The bell hasn't even sounded yet when the masked man rampages across the ring, rushing towards the Stud who sees him coming out of the corner of his eye, side-stepping and shoving the masked man chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Oh my! The Stud with the veteran move! SCHOOLBOY!

[The Stud only manages a two count before the powerful masked man kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only... and that one caught the Commando by surprise!

[As does the dropkick that catches right in the masked man's knee, toppling him back over and sending him rolling out of the ring.]

BW: Looks like the Commando is looking for a timeout, Gordo.

GM: There are no timeouts in the world of professional wrestling as official Andy Dawson is explaining to him right now.

[Stepping out to the apron, the Stud pumps a fist at the fans before leaping off, smashing a forearm across the back of the masked man's neck, sending him stumbling forward, grabbing hold of the ringpost to stay on his feet.]

GM: The Commando hanging on for dear life as the Stud goes after him on the floor.

[Turning his back to the post, the Commando gets lit up with right and left hooks to the ribcage by the Sicilian Stud who turns to the cheering crowd, shouting to them...

...and then gets caught with a boot to the gut as he turns back around!]

GM: Oh! The Commando goes downstairs... wait a second!

[With a handful of hair, the Commando SLAMS the Stud's head into the steel ringpost, causing him to crumple against it before sliding down to his knees on the floor.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Commando gets into a war of words with the official as the masked man stands over the Stud who slips backwards, revealing a trickle of blood coming from his forehead.]

GM: The Stud's been busted open!

[Dragging the Stud off the floor, the Commando rolls him back into the ring, climbing the steps immediately after. The official is still barking at him for the shot into the post as the masked man steps into the ring.]

GM: The masked man winds up... and drops the heavy elbow! He's gotta be close to three hundred pounds, right Bucky?

BW: Sorry, that's classified.

[Staying down on a knee, the Commando pulls the Stud up by the hair, hammering a forearm down across the back of the neck. Two more follow before he lets go of the hair, causing the Stud to flop facefirst to the mat.]

GM: Right back down to the mat goes the Sicilian Stud and Ultra Commando 3 is showing right now why he's so dangerous and so feared around the AWA locker room.

BW: Hey, UC3 may not have the top tier of win-loss records but that doesn't mean he can't hurt someone... and you talk about that list of guys he's been calling out as of late, I'd LOVE to see him get his hands on some of those punks.

GM: Travis Lynch?

BW: Absolutely! Nothing better to break the hearts of all these teeny-boppers squealing when Lynch comes out here than a broken face at the hands of the Commando.

GM: What about Supernova?

BW: UC3 might look nice with a piece of gold over his shoulder.

GM: And what about - hold that thought one moment as the Commando brings the Stud back to his feet, shoots him across the ring...

[As the Stud rebounds, the Commando takes him off his feet with a running clothesline, sending him flying into the air before the Stud crashes down hard to the canvas.]

GM: Big clothesline by the Commando! Wow! A whole lotta impact on that one!

[The Stud rolls from side to side, clutching his collarbone as the masked man glares out at the jeering crowd. The Commando plants his boot down on the Stud's cut forehead...

...and twists, raking his boot across the cut!]

GM: Bootscrape!

[The Commando gives a stern "AT EASE, MAGGOT!" to the protesting referee before leaning down to grab the Stud by the hair, pulling him up, walking him across the ring, and smashing his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Into the corner goes the Stud!

[The masked man spins the Stud around in the corner, laying in a heavy forearm across the sternum...]

GM: Big forearm shot!

BW: That'll knock the wind out of ya!

[Grabbing the Stud by the arm, the Commando shoots him from corner to corner...]

GM: Irish whip sends him across...

[The Commando lumbers across as the Stud hits the corner...

...and kicks his legs up, his feet SMASHING the incoming Commando in the jaw!]

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: The Stud with the timely counter!

[With the fans rallying behind him, the Stud hops up on the midbuckle, pumping his fist in the air...

...and leaps off, extending his arm to connect with a flying clothesline that topples the Commando!]

GM: FLYING CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS! AND THE STUD MAKES THE COVER!

[A slight trickle of blood coming down his forehead, the Stud dives across the Commando, reaching back to hook a leg desperately.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OHH! The Commando kicks out in time!

[The Stud slides off the masked man, burying his head in his hands in disappointment.]

GM: The Stud thought he had him there but the Commando was too strong!

BW: The Stud better stay on him or he’s going to find out how strong the Commando actually is, Gordo.

[Back on his feet, the Sicilian Stud paces the ring, slapping the top turnbuckle in frustration. As the Commando comes back to his feet, the Stud rushes in, landing a leaping right forearm to the side of the head!]

GM: Forearm shot to the temple! And another! He’s got the Commando reeling, falling back into the corner!

[With a war whoop, the Stud steps up on the second rope, looking out to the crowd as he raises his fist. He leans over to deliver the first shot...

...and the masked man reaches up, digging his thumbs into the eyes with both hands!]

GM: AHHHH!

[The referee is screaming at the Commando, begging him to break off the illegal attack when the Commando suddenly shoves the Stud off the ropes, sending him down to the mat where he flips over onto his stomach, screaming in pain.]

BW: The ol’ double eyegouge! A classic!

[The Commando dusts himself off as he strides out of the corner, watching as the Stud regains his feet. The Stud is blindly swinging his arms in front of him as the Commando ducks a strike, shoving him from behind, sending him chest-first into the ropes where he bounces back...

...and gets a windup punch RIGHT to the kidney!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Surgical Strike! Right on target!

[With the Stud reeling, the Commando pulls him into a side waistlock, powering him skyward, twisting him around...

...and sitting out in a massive powerbomb!]

GM: BUNKER BUSTER CONNECTS!

[Still seated, the Commando waits as the referee dives to all fours.]

GM: ONE! TWO! That's all she wrote for this one!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Commando shoves the legs of his defeated opponent aside with disgust, climbing to his feet as his music begins to play and the fans begin to boo anew.]

GM: Phil Watson's going to make it official.

[The ring announcer's voice is heard.]

PW: Here is your winner... the ULTRA COMMAAAAAN-

[Suddenly, his voice is cut off as the masked man snatches the mic away.]

UC3: You see that?! You see the difference between a man willing to fight...

[He gestures at the Stud.]

UC3: ...and a soldier willing... to go... to WAAAAAAAAAAR!

[He throws the mic down with disgust, the fans jeering even louder as he makes his exit as we slowly fade backstage where we're looking at a locker room door. Mark Stegglet is standing outside.]

MS: Fans, I'm backstage where-

[A loud "CRASH!" is heard from inside. Stegglet cringes.]

MS: Where moments ago, Alex Martinez went inside this door on a tip that Juan Vasquez was waiting inside.

[A pair of shouts is heard before what sounds like something slamming into metal. Stegglet winces.]

MS: We have no way to confirm other than... well...

[Stegglet shrugs, turning to place a hand on the door...

...when it swings open and an irritated Alex Martinez strides past. Stegglet watches and then pushes the door open. The camera's shot follows...]

MS: Holy...

[...and reveals a pile of enhancement talent laid out all over the room. Broken tables, tipped over chairs, a badly-dented locker or two all set the scene as Stegglet whistles.]

MS: No sign of Juan Vasquez though.

[He turns back towards the camera.]

MS: Apparently, the hunt continues. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[Fade to black as a beaten-up enhancement talent moans in pain.]

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 back up backstage to where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: In just a few minutes, fans, we'll see in our next matchup my guest at this time... he is none other than The Gladiator.

[That's the cue for the muscular man dressed in Roman gladiator apparel to come onto the set and...]

G: Aaaarrrggghhh aaaarrrggghhh aaaarrrggghhh.

[...he's doing that. The Gladiator paces about the set as Mark continues to talk.]

MS: Gladiator, before we get to your match, I wanted to talk to you about your impressions about what has been happening in the AWA... for example, earlier tonight, we saw that Johnny Detson has aligned himself with the former James Gang, now calling themselves the Kings of Wrestling... a move that some have said that has made dark times in the AWA only darker than before.

[The Gladiator speaks in hushed tones as he paces about.]

G: Those who say that dark times have descended upon the AWA are only the normals that cannot begin to understand the path that my Gladiators and I walk upon. But those of us who walk that path, we know that it is always darkest before the dawn, and we continue to push forward, knowing that the dawn will lie ahead, no matter what those who claim to rule above us all may otherwise claim.

[He raises a finger and his voice.]

G: THOSE WHO CALL THEMSELVES KINGS ONLY KNOW HOW TO TALK DOWN TO OTHERS, BUT WHEN THEY ARE CONFRONTED WITH THE REALITIES OF WARFARE FOR THEMSELVES, THEY LACK THE UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT IS INVOLVED TO EMERGE VICTORIOUS! ONLY THOSE WHO WALK THE PATH OF A GLADIATOR CAN EVER UNDERSTAND COMBAT, UNDERSTAND THE BATTLEFIELD, UNDERSTAND THE GRIM REALTIES OF WAR, BUT ALSO UNDERSTAND THAT A DAWN WILL COME UPON THOSE WHO ARE COURAGEOUS ENOUGH TO FACE THOSE GRIM REALITIES!

[At that moment, The Gladiator stops pacing, his eyes suddenly locked to a point off camera...]

...and we find out why, because Ultra Commando 3 has just walked onto the set.]

UC3: Attention, you maggot! You talk about warfare, you know nothing about warfare! I have seen it firsthand, experienced it firsthand, and know what those grim realities are! They are nothing like what you have done in the AWA, Gladiator! You are just as weak as every maggot I have stepped into the ring against... just like the maggot I beat a few minutes ago!

[Gladiator growls at Ultra Commando 3 as Mark Stegglet steps between them... bravely, one would suppose.]

MS: Hold on, Ultra Commando 3, what is the reason for you coming out here...

UC3: [waving a hand at Mark] You were not given permission to speak! I am here to tell this so-called Gladiator that whatever these gods tell him about the realities of war, they know nothing about it, just as he knows nothing about it! And if he were to ever face me in that ring, I'd teach him exactly what those realities are all about!

MS: Wait a minute... are you issuing a challenge to...

[Before Mark can finish this sentence, Gladiator steps forward and jerks a finger at UC3.]

G: I HAVE HEARD OF THOSE LIKE YOU WHO HAVE SEEN TRUE WARFARE, BUT WHILE MOST OF THOSE INDIVIDUALS REPRESENTED THEMSELVES WITH HONOR AND PRIDE, YOU HIDE YOURSELF BEHIND A MASK, WHICH ONLY SIGNIFIES THAT YOU REPRESENTED YOURSELF WITH COWARDICE LIKE THE MONGREL THAT YOU ARE! YOU CAN NEVER HOPE TO UNDERSTAND THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS THAT JUPITER AND JUNO HAVE PUT ME THROUGH, NOR CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THE PATH THAT MY GLADIATORS AND I WALK ALONG!

UC3: [jerking a finger at Gladiator] You dare call me a coward? Well, you tell your Jupiter and Juno that I want you in that ring, Gladiator! And though I would face you right now, for daring to call me a coward, I will grant you a reprieve, let you have your tune-up match, just as I had one earlier tonight, and then, in two weeks , I will prove to you that only I know what combat and warfare are all about!

MS: Gladiator, a challenge has been issued and...

G: [his facial features tensing] I KNOW A CHALLENGE WHEN IT IS PRESENTED AND I SHALL ACCEPT IT! YOU, ULTRA COMMANDO 3, MAY THINK IT WISE TO TEMPT FATE, AND THOUGH I GRANT YOU THAT YOU HAVE SHOWN FORTITUDE BY DARING TO FACE ME IN COMBAT, YOU MUST NOW PROVE THAT YOU CAN WITHSTAND THE RIGORS OF COMBAT THAT I ENGAGE AGAINST ALL WHO OPPOSE ME! AND THOUGH IF YOU DO, IF YOU PROVE OTHERWISE WHAT I SENSE TO BE TRUE, A GREATER DESTINY COULD AWAIT! BUT IF YOU FAIL, YOU SHALL NOT GO DOWN AS SOMEBODY WHO KNEW WHAT WARFARE WAS ALL ABOUT, BUT INSTEAD AS SOMEBODY WHO ONLY CRUMBLED WHEN FACED WITH THOSE GRIM REALTIES!

[And then...]

G: SNORT snaaarrlll SNORT!

[...that happens, followed by Gladiator walking past UC3 and on his way to the ring. UC3 watches as Gladiator goes by.]

UC3: Be grateful I went easy on you just now, Gladiator! You will find out in two weeks that what you believe is grim reality, is nothing more than your delusions! [He turns to Mark.] And as for you... you're dismissed!

[He walks off the set in the opposite direction of Gladiator.]

MS: Wow, fans, we have another match set up in two weeks! Gladiator taking on Ultra Commando 3... that could give new meaning to the word combat! Let's go back to ringside for our next matchup!

[We cut to the ring, where Phil Watson stands, mic in hand.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Reno, Nevada, and weighing 202 pounds... DYLAN DICE!

[A slender man with slicked black hair, dressed in pink trunks with a pair of dice on the rump and pink wrestling boots, smirks as he raises his arms.

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!

GM: The Gladiator set for singles competition... and can you believe it, Bucky, he already has a challenge awaiting him in two weeks!

BW: Yeah, and I can't wait for Ultra Commando 3 to give this idiot a lesson in combat! Especially after Gladiator called him a coward! How dare he!

GM: We know how Gladiator views the world, Bucky... I think his definition of cowardism and bravery would differ from yours.

BW: Hey, Ultra Commando interrupted a Gladiator interview when few people would do so... that takes a brave man!

GM: Some might say it would take a fool to do so.

BW: The only fool I see is the guy feeling the ground right now!

[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.]

BW: And now he's running down the aisle like Sweet Daddy Williams at the all-you-can-eat buffet!

GM: Will you stop it, Bucky?

BW: You're right, Gordo. Sweet Daddy Williams can't run two steps without having to catch his breath!

[The bell rings and Gladiator approaches Dice, who seems hesitant to lock up with his larger opponent, so he unleashes a kick to the knee instead.]

GM: Dylan Dice attacking Gladiator's knee to start the match.

BW: Hey, it's not a bad strategy. Gladiator outweighs Dice by nearly 70 pounds.

[But Gladiator doesn't flinch as Dice kicks him several times. He raises his forearms and brings them down upon Dice's shoulders, dropping Dice to his knees.]

GM: And just like that, Gladiator knocks Dice to his knees! What power!

BW: Now he's picking him up... there's a bodyslam! Dice should have been more aggressive!

GM: How so, Bucky?

BW: Should have gone for the Greco-Roman eye poke instead!

GM: I figured you'd suggest a strategy like that, Bucky.

[Gladiator drags Dice off the canvas and hooks him in a front facelock, then suplexes Dice with ease.]

GM: Vertical suplex by Gladiator... again, what power displayed by this man!

BW: Well, it's not gonna be that easy to throw Ultra Commando around!

GM: I don't doubt he'll present a bigger challenge, but right now, it's Dice who needs to find a way to get back into this match.

[Dice pushes himself up to his knees, but Gladiator drags him up and backs him into the ropes.]

GM: Here's an Irish whip by The Gladiator... catches him on the rebound...

[Gladiator pulls Dice off his feet, spins him around in midair, then drives him hard into the canvas with a side slam.]

GM: Tilt-a-whirl slam! Dice may be out of it!

[Gladiator rises to his feet and reaches upward, the fans cheering.]

BW: And here he goes again, talking to the ceiling! You can't do that against a guy like Ultra Commando!

[Dice is barely stirring on the mat as Gladiator drags him to his feet again.]

GM: Gladiator back on the attack... he hoists Dice to a standing position and picks him up...

[Gladiator drops down, bending a knee as he does, driving Dice's spine across the knee.]

GM: Inverted atomic drop! Dice out on his feet!

BW: And Gladiator's running into the ropes... there's a clothesline!

[Dice staggers to his feet again, only to be taken down by Gladiator once more.]

GM: A second clothesline puts Dice back down! He's trying to get up again...

[As Dice reaches his feet, Gladiator runs forward once more, hitting him with a third clothesline.]

GM: A third time! And Dice does not get up after that one!

BW: Well, give Dice credit for showing some determination!

GM: Perhaps determination, perhaps instinct... either way, Gladiator looks like he wants to finish this!

[Gladiator extends his hands overhead, making an upward motion, the cheers growing louder as he makes the movement.]

BW: But he better get to it! The more he converses with the ceiling, the more time Dice has to recover!

GM: It may not matter! Gladiator pulling Dice off the canvas... and here we go!

[Gladiator presses his opponent overhead, then turns around in the ring, staring at each side of the arena, before releasing Dice.]

GM: There it is! That devastating press powerslam!

[Gladiator stays atop Dice, nodding his head as the referee counts to three.]

GM: And that's going to do it! Let's get the official word!

[Gladiator rises to his feet and the official raises his arm.]

PW: The winner of the match... THE GLADIATOR!

[The Gladiator reaches skyward, drawing more cheers from the fans.]

BW: Yeah, talk to that ceiling all you want, but it's not gonna help you in two weeks!

GM: Gladiator with the victory and...

[Gordon stops as Gladiator locks eyes up the aisle...

...and for good reason as Ultra Commando 3 stands by the entryway. He points at Gladiator, then gives a thumbs down.]

GM: And there's Ultra Commando 3!

BW: He's letting Gladiator know that he's no coward! And that Gladiator doesn't stand a chance!

GM: I don't know about that... Gladiator remains undefeated in AWA and Ultra Commando has a tough task ahead!

[Gladiator stands in the ring, motioning with his hand, daring UC3 to enter the ring. UC3, however, waves off Gladiator and the camera catches him saying "you can wait two weeks!" before he turns away and disappears through the entryway as we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then up on the backstage area of the Pepsi Center where Melissa Cannon - ready for action - is standing alongside Mark Stegglet in footage that appears to have been captured "MOMENTS AGO" thanks to the tell-tale graphic.]

MS: We are back LIVE here on The X and it's been an exciting night of action for the entire AWA but especially for the Women's Division, Melissa.

[Melissa Cannon nods.]

MS: We've seen Charisma Knight and Rika Saito in one heck of a match. We've seen Kayla Cristol. And perhaps most of interest to you, we've seen Lauryn Rage and the Serpentine.

MC: No, it's not "perhaps most of interest", Mark... it's definitely most of interest. I'm a student of the game - the way my teacher taught me. Todd Michaelson had the kind of tape library that is a wrestling fan's dream come true. He'd sit you in his screening room and make you watch show after show and match after match.

[Cannon smiles as she imitates her former trainer.]

MC: "Did you see how Case threw that kick?" "Watch how Infierno comes off the top here." "Look at the double underhook before the powerbomb."

He made you watch... and study... and learn...

And nothing's changed for me since then. I watch... I study... I learn. And I didn't know much about the Serpentes when they attacked me two weeks ago in Los Angeles.

But now I do.

[She nods.]

MC: And Lauryn Rage has had two televised matches for the AWA now... and I learned more from watching those two matches than I ever could following her on Instagram.

[She turns to Stegglet.]

MC: How could one woman have so many pairs of shoes?

[Cannon shakes her head as Stegglet stifles a laugh.]

MC: So I watched... I studied... and I learned...

...and now I'm ready. Now I'm ready to climb in that ring with Rage... or with her minions... that coded enough for you, Rage? And I'm ready to send them right back down into whatever hole they crawled out of.

And apparently I'm not alone.

[Stegglet speaks up.]

MS: You're referring to Julie Somers and her offer to be your partner against them?

MC: Absolutely. I meant it last week on Power Hour when I said I'd do it alone if I had to... but I'm REAL glad to know that I don't have to. So, Lauryn Rage, while you're off trying out some new Snapchat filters, know that Julie and I are getting ready to send your buddies packing... and when we're done with them...

...we're comin' straight for you.

[Cannon exits, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: Melissa Cannon is heading for the ring so let's follow her out there!

[We 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 is part of the AWA Women's Division!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Mobile, Alabama... weighing in at 143 pounds... Tracy Watts!

[The pig-tailed denim shorts and black tanktop wearing bruiser gives a thumbs down to the jeering crowd.]

PW: And her opponent...

[The lights drop down to black, causing an "oooooh" from the crowd. They stay there for a few moments before the quiet panflute introduction of Zamfir's "The Lonely Shepherd" begins to play over the PA system. A pale yellow lighting fills the entryway.]

As the lights come on full blast, we see a kneeling figure just beyond the curtain. She is covered in a black cloak, her right hand gripping what appears to be a sword in its sheath. Her brown hair is tied back in a tight braid but her head is bowed, perhaps in prayer, as she slowly comes into view.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California...

[Big cheer!]

PW: Weighing in tonight at 145 pounds... MELISSSAAAAAAA CANNNNNONNNNNN!

[Melissa Cannon rises off her knee, throwing off the black cloak to reveal she's dressed much as her mentor, Lori Dane, did in her latter years in the wrestling ring. Cannon is in a yellow jumpsuit... not skin-tight vinyl as her predecessor wore but rather a cloth fabric, hanging loose from her body. Her upper body is covered in a similar yellow fabric, cut slightly into a v-neck and without sleeves. She raises the sheathed sword over her head, giving off a shout as the music switches to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity." She marches down the aisle to a good reaction from the crowd, walking with determined purpose as she heads towards the ring.]

GM: Melissa Cannon heading down the aisle... probably with a constant eye over her shoulder after the actions of Lauryn Rage and her buddies, the Serpentes, recently, Bucky.

BW: I don't know much about Tracy Watts but if Cannon isn't focused on her, she might be in for a real short night.

[Cannon reaches the ring, setting her wooden sword down on the ring apron before pulling herself up on the apron, looking out at the fans with a smile before ducking through the ropes.]

GM: The fans showing their support for Melissa Cannon - the competitor who sparked the whole idea of this Women's Division here in the AWA and she's gotta be happy as it becomes a true reality here in 2016.

[Cannon walks over to the ropes, throwing her right arm up with her fingers twisted into the "I love you" sign. She smiles at the big cheers, slowly turning back to look at her opponent who is bouncing in place in the corner, swinging her arms across her chest to stay loose.]

GM: Both competitors getting ready for action now... and there's the bell!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[With a shout, Melissa Cannon tears across the ring, leaping into the air to drive a STIFF kneestrike into the chin, snapping Tracy Watts' head back and depositing her back into the corner where she was standing.]

GM: Melissa Cannon with the quick start... and right into the elbows!

[Holding Watts' head with one hand, Cannon unleashes with a half dozen elbowstrikes to the temple complete with "AH!" as she throws each one. Switching her stance, she uses her right hand to fling Watts out of the corner. The Southerner front rolls right up into a seated position on the mat.]

GM: She tosses Watts down to the mat... and DRILLS her with a basement dropkick! Good grief!

[Cannon rolls to a knee, listening to the cheers of the crowd before climbing to her feet.]

“YOU WATCHING, RAGE?!”

[As Watts rolls to a knee, Cannon uses an authoritative hip attack to the side of the head to put her down.]

GM: Cannon borrowing some offense from Lauryn Rage right there...

BW: She doesn't quite have the same physical makeup as Lauryn to pull that off.

GM: Looked pretty effective to me as she hauls Watts up off the mat...

[A desperate Watts claps her arms together on the ears of Cannon, stunning the former Michaelson student. A second bellringer causes Cannon to stumble away as Watts comes at her from the blind side, lifting her up under her arm...]

GM: Side slam by Watts, shaking the ring!

[Staying down, she hooks the leg, leaning back into a side press.]

GM: Two count only for Tracy Watts who caught Melissa by surprise right there.

BW: Cannon started shouting at Lauryn Rage, trying to send her a message of her own, and it almost cost her.

GM: I agree. She's gotta stay focused on the opponent at hand.

[Watts climbs to her feet, burying a few mud-covered boots into the ribcage.]

GM: Disgusting. Couldn't she have cleaned off those boots before getting in the ring?

BW: She could have but then she couldn't have done this.

[Sneering at the fans, she leaps into the air, driving a double stomp down into the gut of Cannon...

...and then snaps off a standing moonsault!]

GM: Ohh! Nicely done right there... she gets one! She gets two! She gets-

[The crowd "oooooooohs" as Cannon bridges out from under the pin to her feet, grabbing at her midsection as a stunned Watts pushes to her knees...

...and gets a stiff back mule kick to the mush!]

GM: OH!

[Cannon swings around, throwing a spinning backfist at the kneeling Watts, smashing her across the cheek and sending her spinning down to the canvas.]

GM: Melissa Cannon with a devastating strike there and Bucky, would you agree that she's the hardest hitter in the AWA locker room for the women?

BW: I'd agree with that. She's a Michaelson student so that's a trademark of them. But don't forget those slaps of Lauryn Rage. She's got some stank on her strikes too, Gordo.

GM: Watts is down on all fours, trying to get up after that devastating blow...

[But Cannon decides to help her out, snatching a waistlock on her...]

GM: Look out here!

[...and powers her off the canvas, snatching her to her feet before taking her up and over with a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX! BRIDGE!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kickout in the nick of time by Tracy Watts! Just barely getting that shoulder off the canvas in time and-

BW: Uh oh.

[Climbing to her feet, Melissa Cannon backs off, creating some distance between herself and Watts...]

GM: Melissa Cannon's taking aim and we've seen this before!

[Cannon nods her head as the fans buzz with anticipation, giving her knee a couple of slaps...]

GM: Watts sits up on the mat and-

[...and Cannon tears in towards her, dropping into a slide...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KNEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The sliding kneestrike drops Watts to the mat in a heap as Cannon rolls to the side, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And just like that, it's over!

[Cannon pushes up off the mat, nodding to the cheering fans as the referee raises her hand and Phil Watson makes it official.]

GM: Melissa Cannon scores the victory here tonight in Denver, her sights set on the Serpentes and on Lauryn Rage.

BW: It was definitely another impressive showing in the Women's Division which continues to get hotter every week, Gordo.

[The shot cuts down to ringside to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Speaking of every week, Bucky, the AWA can now be seen right here on The X each and every week thanks to our new show - the Power Hour - hosted by Theresa

Lynch and a revolving co-host every other week. What a debut show we had last week!

BW: Wouldn't know. You couldn't pay me enough to watch ANOTHER show with Lynches on it.

GM: Give me a break. The Power Hour, of course, features wrestling action from live events all over the country plus interviews and a whole lot more. In fact, we're going to be taping some matches for next week's show right here tonight and Bucky, you and I will be on commentary for those.

BW: Do I get a bonus for working on two shows? I like the sound of this!

GM: So join Theresa right here next week on The X when her co-host will be the AWA World Television Champion Supernova on a night when we'll see Canibal in action... we'll see Kerry Kendrick... newcomer Flex Ferrigno... and so much more plus our featured matchup pitting "Red Hot" Rex Summers against Chester O. Wilde from the Wilde Bunch!

BW: Oh, my idiot nephew is besmirching the family name on another show now. Fantastic. You're doing us proud, ya schmuck.

GM: Fans, we're going to take another break but when we come back, we've got big news about the next Saturday Night Wrestling that you will NOT want to miss! Stick around for that!

[Fade back to black...

We slowly fade up from black on the exterior of what appears to be a medical research facility of some sort. Blue lighting on the outside of the building gives it a sci-fi kind of feel.

We cut inside the building where - sure enough - a team of white-coated lab technicians are huddled around a computer screen.

A white bearded elderly man steps in front of them, drawing their attention to this obvious authority figure.]

"Alright, team. We've been instructed to research and reanimate the greatest professional wrestler in history to send immediately into combat. Get to work."

[The authority figure steps aside as the team quickly begins talking over one another as one of the men types into the computer's keyboard.]

"Strength. They need to be strong."

"I'd want someone fast and tough."

"Someone good with their hands..."

"Knockout power."

"The most devastating finisher in history."

[The words get louder and louder, more and more qualities being shouted out. We cut to a shot of the keyboard jockey, typing urgently away as his eyes get wide. The reflection of the screen lights up his face as his fingers move at an ever-rising speed, sped up into a blur of motion.

They keep talking... he keeps typing, faster and faster still until...]

“STOOOOOOOOOP!”

[The authority figure steps back into view.]

“Well, what did you come up with?”

[He steps behind the keyboard jockey, peering over his shoulder.]

“Two? They only wanted one.”

[He shrugs.]

“Defrost ‘em both.”

[We cut to a shot of two figures being encased in solid blocks of ice being plucked by a large mechanical arm out of a carousel of other such blocks of ice. They are placed onto two large platforms as face-shield, haz-mat suit wearing figures step into view.

Closeup on one of the figures as a red laser emits from the “rifle” he’s holding. He turns the tool onto the block of ice, sending up a shower of sparks as the ice begins to melt away.

Another melting ice shot on the other figure.

Closeup of water dripping onto the floor of the lab.

The lasers are shut off as the technicians step back.]

“Here they are, sir...”

[The authority figure steps up, nodding with approval.]

“Good work. Gentlemen, welcome to AWA 2016.”

[The camera rotates from the authority figure onto the now-defrosted forms of Casey James and Tiger Claw. The two Hall of Famers look straight ahead at the scientist. James speaks first.]

“Took you guys long enough.”

[The laugh at the beginning of Ozzy’s classic “Crazy Train” is heard - the song launching in as we cut to in-game footage of the previously-mentioned AWA 2016.

Quick shots of...

Supreme Wright taking down Jack Lynch with the Fat Tuesday.

Cody Mertz of Air Strike snapping Wes Taylor off the top rope with a flying rana.

Johnny Detson and Travis Lynch trading haymakers.

The Gladiator pressing someone over his head.

Supernova diving over the top rope onto Shadoc Rage.

And a final shot of a running Ryan Martinez delivering a Yakuza Kick right into the camera before we cut back to Casey and Claw, the music cutting out. James looks

down... then looks over at his friend, looking up and down as Claw does the same. James turns back to the camera and speaks again.]

"Hey, uh... any chance we can get some pants?"

[Cut to black. The title graphic advertising the arrival of the AWA 2016 video game produced by Electronic Arts as "Spring 2016" appears on the screen. A voiceover instructing you to make your pre-order at GameStop now to receive exclusive access to Casey James and Tiger Claw is heard over the graphic as we fade to black...

...and then back up into a shot of "Sweet" Lou Blackwell backstage where a HUGE roar of boos is immediately heard once the crowd sees his guest... Supreme Wright. The former two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion is dressed a black velour fighter's robe with white trim with the hood worn down to reveal his always stoic face.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X... and Supreme Wright, you're always making headlines in the world of professional wrestling, but I don't think anyone would have ever imagined you'd be on the wrong end of the news that's been swirling around you coming out of the Anniversary Show in Los Angeles, where you faced Torin the Titan in his AWA debut and fell to the giant in five minutes!

[Wright's stonefaced glare doesn't change as the crowd can be heard immediately chanting "FIVE MINUTES!" in an effort to annoy the former World Champion. He gives the chants the barest of acknowledgement, before turning his attention to Blackwell.]

SW: Mr. Blackwell, you would be correct. My...

[He hesitates a moment before spitting out the word like poison in his mouth.]

SW: ...DEFEAT at the hands of Torin the Titan showed me that I've lost my way. I've become sloppy, unfocused, soft...

...complacent.

And that is UNACCEPTABLE.

[There's no visible change in his demeanor, but a sharp eye would notice that he's tensed up, having balled his hands into fists.]

SW: In order to return to the standards I've set for myself, in order to once again become the elite athlete that I was and in order to regain MY World Heavyweight title, I realized that I had to rid myself of all distractions. I realized that I had to rededicate myself and be prepared to make the very same sacrifices I made before that made me a World Champion.

[A beat.]

SW: And that is why you don't see Team Supreme here.

SLB: That's right, where are they? Your students practically follow your every move!

SW: They've become a crutch. A burden. A DISTRACTION to my goal. So I've stepped down as head trainer to those young men. They deserve a teacher and a mentor that is capable of giving them his full attention to mold them into the great wrestlers they will become. So as far as the AWA is concerned, as of today...

...Team Supreme is no more.

[A huge roar of disbelief can be heard from the crowd who weren't expecting to hear that.]

SLB: Whoa! That's huge news! But what about your students? What about Cain Jackson and Matt Lance? These men practically worshipped you! You're telling me you've just abandoned them?

[Supreme shakes his head.]

SW: Those young men are like...

[He pauses for a split second, almost choking on the word...]

SW: ...FAMILY to me. They understand exactly what the World Title means to me and they support my decision to focus on myself and my goal. They're my grandfather's students now, Mr. Blackwell. So if you're so curious about their progress, I suggest you ask him how they're doing.

[Blackwell pales slightly.]

SLB: Talk to Roosevelt Wright? I think I'll pass.

[Wright smirks briefly, before the cold, emotionless glare returns to his face.]

SW: As for me, Mr. Blackwell...tonight is the first step on the road back to regaining MY World Heavyweight title. So if you excuse me...

...I have a match to wrestle.

[And with that, Wright lifts the hood over his eyes and walks off camera as we fade out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first...already in the ring...already in the ring at this time, standing six feet tall and weighing in at 250 pounds... from Laredo, Texas... Miguel Cortez!

[Cortez, a burly man in red wrestling tights with black trim, raises his arm into the air to the indifference of the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The light go completely dark as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, bringing the crowd to their feet as they fill the arena with massive boos!]

PW: ...hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he weighs in tonight at 228 pounds... he is a former two-time AWA World Heavyweight champion...

SUPREME WRIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[A lone spotlight hits the top of the aisle, where we see Wright standing, dressed in the hooded black fighter's robe we saw him wearing moments ago. As always, his eyes are focused solely on HIS ring, his face devoid of any and all expression or emotion. No longer flanked by Team Supreme, Wright walks down the aisle alone, serenaded by the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: And here comes Supreme Wright, coming to the ring without any escort. No Cain Jackson, no Matt Lance...no Team Supreme. The former World Champion was for lack of a better word...dominated and defeated by Torin the Titan in humiliating

fashion in Los Angeles and he's vowed to set aside all distractions and focus solely on regaining the AWA World Heavyweight title.

BW: I still can't believe what I heard, Gordo! Team Supreme is no more!

GM: Indeed. But if this really is a more dedicated and focused...and I can't imagine how that's even possible...Supreme Wright, then the AWA better take notice.

[Wright steps through the ropes and into the ring, lowering the hood to reveal his face. His eyes remain focused on Cortez as he removes his robe to reveal his wrestling attire underneath: crimson wrestling trunks with three white stars on the front.]

GM: Well, that's a new look for Supreme.

BW: But it ain't, Gordo! Don't you recognize those trunks?

GM: I can't say that I do.

BW: Oh! Of course you don't! You weren't there! Supreme wore those trunks at the first Rising Sun Showdown! Those are the same sort of trunks Roosevelt Wright used to wear!

[As we're left to ponder the significance of that fact, Wright and Cortez approach each other for the referee's instructions. As they do, a chant suddenly fills the air...]

"FIVE MINUTES!!!"

"FIVE MINUTES!!!"

"FIVE MINUTES!!!"

"FIVE MINUTES!!!"

"FIVE MINUTES!!!"

[Cortez smirks at Wright, who doesn't so much as flinch at the crowd's attempt to rile him. Instead, he offers a handshake to Cortez, who snorts at the former World Champion derisively and simply backs away.]

GM: The crowd is certainly having some fun at Wright's expense here.

BW: Should Cortez really be smiling right now? Who knows what's going on in Wright's head when he's hearing this!

[In fact, Cortez encourages the chants, shouting "FIVE MINUTES!" along with the crowd, as Wright just stands there in the middle of the ring, waiting for the bell.]

GM: And Miguel Cortez, the veteran out of Laredo, Texas, is having some fun at Wright's expense too.

BW: There's a Darwin Award winner right there, Gordo.

[As the chants continue, Cortez walks back out of his corner and approaches Wright as the referee signals for the bell.]

"FIVE MINUTES!!!"

"FIVE MINUTES!!!"

"FIVE MINUTES!!!"

"FIVE MINUTES!!!"

"FIVE MINUTES!!!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we g-

"FIVE MI- OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[As soon as the bell rings, Supreme Wright EXPLODES at Cortez, quickly getting behind him and dropping him on his head with a lightning fast release German suplex!]

GM: WHAT A SUPLEX BY WRI-OHHH!!!

[However, before Gordon can even finish his sentence, Wright has pounced on Cortez and grabbed his right arm, pulling back on it for all it's worth with a disgusting Fujiwara armbar!]

"DING DING DING!"

GM: CORTEZ TAPPED OUT!!! Supreme Wright forces the submission before I could even get a single sentence out!

BW: You wanna' talk about a man that's focused and ready to regain the World title...you just saw him! For the last two weeks, all anyone's been talking about is how Supreme Wright lost in five minutes. Well, you just saw him win a match in five SECONDS!

GM: I don't think that's an official time, Bucky, but it had to be close to that... and what a terrifying sight that had to be for the AWA locker room as they sit back and watch Supreme Wright, a two-time former World Champion, become so focused and determined that he absolutely obliterated his opposition.

BW: And everyone knows what Wright wants. He wants the AWA World Title for the third time. He wants to be the first man to ever wear that coveted piece of gold three times... and if he keeps on competing like that, that doesn't seem outside the realm of certainty, Gordo.

GM: Indeed it does not. Fans, Supreme Wright with a victory in near record time and we'll be right back after this commercial break so stay tuned.

[Wright walks out, not even waiting to be announced as the winner as we 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...

...and then back up backstage to where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: The action here in the AWA is hotter than ever and yet somehow it just keeps getting better week after week. Two weeks from tonight, the AWA is headed to Kansas City - to the Sprint Center - for another jam-packed edition of Saturday Night Wrestling and we already know a lot of what we're going to see in Missouri. We know that the Gladiator will take on Ultra Commando 3! We know that the Shadow Star Legion has issued a challenge to Downfall for a tag team battle! Supernova will put the World Television Title on the line against Derrick Williams! Kolya Sudakov will be here to answer the challenge of Maxim Zharkov plus so much more including this breaking news.

[Blackwell takes a breath finally.]

SLB: We just now were informed that right here, two weeks from tonight, on Saturday Night Wrestling... CASEY JAMES and TIGER CLAW will be here!

[Big cheer from inside the building!]

SLB: Of course, Casey and Claw are two of the featured characters in the brand new AWA 2016 video game that will be hitting store shelves everywhere on April 12th. Just days before the game is out, two of the all-time greats in our sport will be here! You gotta love that! And you gotta love this because right now - after months of speculating - I'm being told it's time to learn who the final member of the Tiger Paw Pro 4 actually is!

[Blackwell grins, rubbing his hands together.]

SLB: I can't wait to see if ANYONE'S predictions come true. So, let's go out to the ring and find out together!

[Crossfade out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, currently standing in the ring... from Parts Unknown... Weight Unknown... Futurestar!

[The often-seen masked man known as Futurestar raises an arm in salute to the buzzing crowd.]

GM: The fans here know what they're about to see. After months upon months of speculation, Bucky, it's time to find out who the final member of the TPP 4 is.

BW: I'll one-up you there, Gordo... whoever this is was responsible for the crack in the relationship between the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro... that's how big of a name this is... that's how big of a blow to TPP this was...

GM: The fans here in Denver are buzzing - many are on their feet, looking towards the entryway as-

[And suddenly the lights cut out in the arena.]

GM: Uh oh. I'm never a fan of when this happens at an AWA show because you just never know what's-

[A loud "GONG!" rings out over the PA system, filling the air.

Softly, a horn sounds and a guitar begins playing a familiar riff. A solitary white light begins to flash.]

GM: I don't recognize the music... not yet.

BW: Who is it?! The suspense is killing me!

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

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

GM: OH MY STARS! That's... that's Noboru Fujimoto. Noboru Fujimoto is here in the AWA!

BW: He's the final member of the TPP 4! He's the straw that broke the back in the relationship with Tiger Paw Pro!

GM: And now we know why! Noboru Fujimoto is a former TPP Global Crown Champion! He's one of the top superstars in all of Japan! Many would call him the ace of Tiger Paw Pro!

BW: And now he's here! What a coup!

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

PW: ...from Kyoto, Japan. Standing six foot three... 236 pounds... and he is making his official debut under AWA contract...

He is the Electric Dragon... NOOOBBBBOOOORRUUU FUJIMOOOOTOOOOOOOO!

[With a nod, Fujimoto makes his way towards the ring. He is wearing glossy tights that go down to mid-thigh, with a gold color on the right side and white on the left. His boots and kneepads are also coordinated to the color of his tights. He climbs up the ring steps and wipes his feet before he enters the ring and makes his way to the center, arms outstretched as he spins around.]

GM: What a moment! What an incredible moment for AWA fans and for professional wrestling fans around the world!

BW: Fujimoto is here! I'm in shock, Gordo!

GM: I can't blame you for that. This young man is one of the most charismatic... most athletic competitors anywhere in the world of professional wrestling. This is one of the biggest signings I can recall and like I said, it now makes complete sense why Tiger Paw Pro reacted as they did. Losing Jordan Ohara was a blow. Losing the Shadow Star Legion hurt. But what a devastating blow losing this man would have been!

[Fujimoto slides out of his trench coat and hands it as well as his glasses to the ring attendant standing there. He begins pulling on the ropes as the bell rings.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and the first match for Noboru Fujimoto - the Electric Dragon - as an AWA competitor is underway.

BW: This isn't Fujimoto's first appearance in the AWA but it's his first time - what did they say? His first time under AWA contract?

GM: I believe so. The other appearances were on loan from Tiger Paw Pro... but not anymore...

[Futurestar edges out of the corner towards the center of the ring, eyeing Fujimoto who leans over, arms extended with his fingers wiggling in anticipation.]

GM: Fujimoto moving in slowly, not wanting to make a major mistake in his debut...

[But as the masked man goes for the tieup, Fujimoto ducks under, securing a rear waistlock, taking him down to the mat to cheers.]

GM: Quick takedown by Fujimoto, driving Futurestar down into the mat...

[Fujimoto rides Futurestar down, flattening him out as the masked man struggles to escape...

...and then the Japanese superstar quickly breaks the hold, leaning down to lightly tap Futurestar on the back with both hands, grinning as he gets back up.]

GM: Fujimoto toying with Futurestar at the outset, waving for him to get back to his feet as well.

BW: That's one of Fujimoto's most notable quirks, Gordo. He likes having fun in there with his opponent before he destroys them.

GM: Fujimoto, of course, has been in some of the finest matches in the world with the likes of his long-time rivals Yoshinari Taguchi and Kenta Kitazawa.

[Futurestar climbs to his feet, shaking his head in the direction of the good-looking Fujimoto who beckons him forward with an outstretched arm.]

GM: Looks like they'll lock up again...

[The masked man grabs the collar and elbow, pushing Fujimoto around the ring as the Japanese competitor goes with it, not putting up much resistance. Suddenly, he spins out into another waistlock.]

GM: Fujimoto back to the waistlock... and now Futurestar grabs the wrist, looking to counter...

[The masked man battles out, twisting the wrist into an armwringer before bending the limb into a hammerlock.]

GM: Nice counter there by Futurestar who would love a major upset here tonight in Denver to spoil Fujimoto's debut.

[Trapped in the hammerlock, Fujimoto looks for an exit on his feet and then opts to drop to the mat, scissoring the ankle and taking Futurestar down with a drop toehold that he quickly rolls over, securing a front facelock.]

GM: And Fujimoto with a nice counter of his own, showing that he excels down on the canvas.

[Futurestar battles up, again with little resistance by Fujimoto who uses the facelock to back the masked man against the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for a clean break...]

GM: The referee trying to get Fujimoto to break cleanly...

BW: Will he do it?

[Fujimoto suddenly pulls out, drawing back his right hand for an overhead chop...

...and then pulls up short, grinning as he gives Futurestar a little friendly push to the chest.]

GM: Again, Fujimoto taking the opportunity to toy with his opponent... and Futurestar rushes him - big forearm off the jaw!

[The masked man lands a pair of forearms, looking to string together some offense...

...but Fujimoto reaches out, drawing him into a side headlock, and popping his hips to take the masked man down to the canvas.]

GM: Headlock takeover by Fujimoto, rolling Futurestar onto his shoulders.

[A two count follows before Futurestar wriggles a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Fujimoto begins to grind down on the head of his masked opponent.

BW: And as we've seen from Fujimoto over the years, every move has a purpose and is done with precision.

[Futurestar again battles to his feet, wrapping his arms around the body of Fujimoto as he shoves him off into the ropes.]

GM: Fujimoto off the far side...

[The Japanese competitor slides through the legs of Futurestar, coming to his feet as the masked man rushes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Fujimoto who leapfrogs over.]

GM: Leapfrog up and over...

[Fujimoto swings around, charging forward as Futurestar leaps to the middle rope...

...and Fujimoto hits the ropes as Futurestar backflips off, landing on his feet just as Fujimoto rebounds and catches up to him, nearly taking his head off with a lunging lariat, falling to his own knees from the impact!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Fujimoto was a step ahead of Futurestar at every move right there and that clothesline nearly took the masked man out of his boots, Bucky!

[The big lariat sends Futurestar rolling out to the floor, looking to get a chance to recover as Fujimoto steps out to the center of the ring, motioning with his hand for the crowd to make some noise.]

GM: Fujimoto’s got the crowd on their feet, showing their support as Futurestar tries to steady himself outside the ring...

[Dashing to the ropes, Fujimoto bounces off, racing across the ring, and dropping into a baseball slide dropkick right to the masked man’s face, sending him flying across the ringside area and into the steel barricade!]

BW: SAFE! Well, not Futurestar. He was out from me to you, daddy.

GM: Fujimoto with the impressive baseball slide dropkick and Futurestar is reeling after that one.

[Out on the floor, Fujimoto retrieves his opponent before rocketing him under the ropes back inside the ring.]

GM: Fujimoto puts him back in... back up himself on the apron now...

[A big slingshot over the top sends Fujimoto flying through the air where he lands on the downed Futurestar with a senton, rolling up to a knee where he spreads his arms, striking a pose and earning a mixed reaction from the fans.]

GM: It sounds like the fans want to support Fujimoto but his attitude seems to be souring some of them on him.

[Climbing back to his feet, Fujimoto turns back towards Futurestar who is crawling across the ring in search of a breather.]

GM: Fujimoto pulls Futurestar up, snapmares him right back down...

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: A big knife edge chop to the back of the neck and-

[Wheeling around, Fujimoto throws a hard kick to the chest that puts Futurestar back down!]

GM: Oh my! The striking of Noboro Fujimoto has Futurestar in some serious trouble in this one.

[On his feet and looking down on Futurestar, Fujimoto tugs down his kneepad, exposing the kneepad before dropping his knee straight down into the head. He stands and quickly drops a second knee to the skull.]

BW: Shades of Demetrius Lake with those kneedrops, Gordo - no wasted motion at all.

GM: And by exposing the knee, he increases the amount of impact on his opponent.

[Lifting Futurestar off the canvas, Fujimoto wraps his arms around him, taking him up and over with a Northern Lights Suplex. He kicks through, rolling through the hold and back up to his feet where he pulls Futurestar right up into a vertical suplex lift...]

GM: Holy- what strength!

[...and drops him down in a spine-rattling suplex, floating through into a lateral press and earning a two count.]

GM: Two count only for Fujimoto who appears to be closing in on the victory in this one, fans.

[Pulling Futurestar back up, he flings him using the back of the head into the corner turnbuckles, charging in, leaping up, and driving a forearm smash into the side of the head!]

BW: As I said, each strike from Noboru Fujimoto has a purpose; and it looks like that purpose is now focused here in the AWA!

[Grabbing the arm, Fujimoto shoots him across again, charging the length of the ring, leaping up to land another forearm shot to the side of the head!]

GM: Another forearm!

[Backing off, Fujimoto rushes to the ropes while Futurestar staggers out...]

GM: Fujimoto off the far side and-

[He leaps into the air, twisting his body as he smashes a forearm into the jaw of the stunned Futurestar, popping up with his arms spread to a big cheer from the Denver crowd!]

GM: What a maneuver out of Fujimoto! What do you even call something like that?!

BW: It's like a corkscrew forearm strike right to an already dazed opponent, knocking him down to the mat!

GM: Whatever it was, you can add it to the list of an already effective offensive showing from Noboru Fujimoto!

[Standing over Futurestar with his arms spread, Fujimoto cracks a grin at the crowd's reaction. He leans down, hooking his fingers in the eyeholes of the mask, dragging Futurestar up to his feet...]

GM: Fujimoto pulling him up...

[And as soon as he gets him to his feet, Fujimoto surges forward, hooking his head and face with his right arm...]

...and wastes no time, quickly spinning and swinging to the left before SPIKING Futurestar's face into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: FALLING LASER LASSO! Ain't no one gettin' up from that!

[Fujimoto rolls into a press, arms extended with his palms pressed into the chest as the official delivers the three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Giving a half-hearted slap to the chest of Futurestar, Fujimoto climbs to his feet as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner... NOOOOBORUUUUUU FUJIMOOOOOTOOOOOOO!

[Fujimoto grins at the announcement as the referee raises his hand. Most of the fans are still cheering.]

GM: A big win for Noboru Fujimoto - the Electric Dragon - in his debut here on Saturday Night Wrestling... and I'm being told that Sweet Lou is on his way out to the interview platform where he's going to try to get a few words from this young man.

BW: Does Fujimoto speak English?

GM: I suppose we're about to find out as he's headed out there now.

[Cut to Sweet Lou at the interview platform, a middle-aged Japanese man standing beside him.]

SLB: A shocking development here tonight in Denver as Noboru Fujimoto - the finest Japanese export since the Honda Civic - has made his way here to the United States... to the AWA. He's on his way over here right now and we've got a lot of questions for him... you are his interpreter, yes?

[The middle-aged Japanese man nods politely as Fujimoto, his skin glistening with sweat, makes his way up the steps to join them.]

SLB: Alright, Noboru Fujimoto, here and signed with the AWA for the very first time and I suppose the first question that the fans, the AWA, and heck, even myself has is... why are you here? HOW are you here?

[Fujimoto listens intently as the Japanese man translates the question to him. Fujimoto talks back to the man and then the man nods and speaks.]

Translator: When they talk of the AWA in locker rooms around the world, it is spoken of with awe. The company who has featured the likes of Scott... of Broussard... of Vasquez... of Wright... of Martinez. The company so strong that it lured back legends like Temple... like Verhoeven... like Thunder... like James and Claw. The AWA stands alone in the spotlight...

[Fujimoto extends his arms with a nod, his head leaned back.]

Translator: ...as do I.

[There's a definite mixed reaction to the arrogant statement as Blackwell continues.]

SLB: I see. Well, no one can doubt the talent you bring into the ring. You are a former champion in Japan. You are a former champion in Mexico. Many would say you are among the best professional wrestlers in the world. But to the best of my knowledge, you are still under contract to Tiger Paw Pro!

[Fujimoto listens and smiles before speaking to the translator.]

Translator: I try not to bother myself with the legal dealings.

[Blackwell nods but presses the issue.]

SLB: That's fine but I have to. Again, I ask... how can you be here?

Translator: My time in Japan is in the past, Mr. Blackwell. And I am not here to talk about the past... only the future here in the AWA. And that future is bright for myself. Every single competitor in the entire AWA is here and now put on notice that the Electric Dragon, Noboru Fujimoto, is here. The AWA is now my home, and that is... bad news for all of you.

[More of a mixed response as Blackwell continues.]

SLB: Those are strong words considering the level of competition in the AWA locker room. But again, I have to go back to this situation between the AWA and our allies... former allies perhaps... from the Land of the Rising Sun.

For months now, we've spoken of the TPP Four. Jordan Ohara, the Shadow Star Legion, and the so-called mystery wrestler who seemed to be the straw that broke the camel's back in the relationship between the AWA and those folks over there. This is a relationship that produces many great matches - some great shows in the Rising Sun Showdowns as well and to have it broken apart is-

[Fujimoto angrily raises a hand.]

NF: ENOUGH!

[Blackwell steps back, surprised by the English outburst. Fujimoto grimaces, speaking to the translator again.]

Translator: The only thing that needs to be said about this is that I had a contract - a legally binding document that I signed in conjunction with the office in Japan as well as with your Miss Sandra Hayes.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Sandra Hayes? I don't understa-

[Fujimoto himself interrupts again.]

NF: You do not need to understand. When...

[He looks to the translator, gesturing for him to leave.]

SLB: You don't need the-

NF: The Electric Dragon can speak for himself.

[The crowd is buzzing at this revelation.]

NF: My contract with the AWA is binding. My... representative made sure of that.

[Blackwell looks puzzled.]

SLB: Representative? Are you talking about Sandra Hay-

[Fujimoto interrupts again, anger on his face.]

NF: You need not worry about any benefactor! The AWA now benefits by my presence in that ring!

[The anger cools to an arrogant smile.]

NF: All of you benefit from Fujimoto's greatness!

[Fujimoto looks down at Blackwell with a mixed look of arrogance and disdain.]

NF: Who holds my contract is irrelevant. How I am here is irrelevant. Your questions are irrelevant. I am here, not to discuss such trivial matters, but to make my mark in what is widely considered the greatest wrestling organization in all the world.

I stand here as the greatest wrestling competitor in all the world!

[He strikes the arms out pose again, drawing more boos. He looks around angrily at the fans in Denver.]

NF: The AWA speaks of New Blood. I am the life's blood of puroresu... and now I am the life's blood of this company as well. Be quiet your words about benefactors and representatives... be quiet about the politics that tried to keep me away from here.

You speak of me as a straw breaking the camel's back.

[Fujimoto pauses as he thinks for a moment before shaking his head.]

NF: No. I am the straw that stirs the drink of this entire industry!

[The crowd jeers that but Fujimoto ignores them as he storms off, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: I don't... I think we may have gotten more questions than answers, fans. Noboru Fujimoto is here... signed in the AWA... but how? And what in the world does Sandra Hayes have to do with any of this?! We'll try to find out more in the weeks ahead but right now, we've got to take a break.

[Blackwell is shaking his head in disbelief as we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[The instantly identifiable sound of the main theme to Terminator 2: Judgment Day is accompanied by flashes of a man standing, steam and smoke billowing up all around him. The cuts happen in rhythm to the beat, showing slight glimpses but not enough to take in the whole thing.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[Another series of cuts, this time letting us see a tattoo over his arm and shoulder - an eagle perched upon a flagpole with the American flag waving from it.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[A military style flat top has his blond hair cut close as his icy blue eyes are boring a hole into the camera.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[A wide shot of the man kneeling, a red-gloved covered hand down on the floor as the smoke gets more and more intense, completely obscuring him at times.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[He pops up with a roar before we cut back to black with a graphic that reads...] MASON. IS COMING.

[Fade back to black...

One quick fade later and we find ourselves backstage with a pacing Tony Donovan. Half of the greatest tag team in all the land is dressed to compete, hood of his track jacket thrown back as he stops pacing long enough to glare at the camera.]

TD: So, Dufresne, you finally got around to picking your poison -- and what a choice you've made!

[Donovan's glare lets up a bit, and he chuckles.]

TD: Kinda funny that you brought the old man up immediately, considering the fact that the last time your name got listed opposite his, you wound up running away from wrestling for what...a year? Two years? I'm sure you'll blame a particular Incident and I'm sure you'll claim as loud as you can that you would've won, but good lord, Dufresne, you should've seen how the man's face lit up when he found out that he was finally getting his shot at you.

[Donovan scratches his goatee'd chin briefly.]

TD: I know it might surprise some of you to hear me wax nostalgic about my father, but hey, every once in awhile people need to be reminded that the Donovan name is feared for _good reason_. My grandfather terrorized the south for years, my father brutalized people from Japan to Los Angeles to South Laredo to Philadelphia, and now, there's me, the ultimate product of all that blood, all that violence -- a man barely into his twenties, already wearing one of the most prestigious titles in the business, a man PERSONALLY responsible for handing the Dogs of War their very first loss as a trio...

[Tony smirks.]

TD: ...and the man who's going to show Calisto Dufresne that he was RIGHT to run away rather than face the wrath of a Donovan!

[Donovan pauses.]

TD: Normally, this is where I'd tell somebody to start running...but hey, Dufresne, let's be honest -- you're never doing anything BUT running.

[With that, Donovan turns and stalks off-shot as we fade out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! Introducing first...

[The growling sounds of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers And Hell Raisers" creeps out over the PA system to jeers from the capacity crowd.]

PW: From Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 260 pounds and being led down the aisle by Brian Lau... he is one-half of the AWA World Tag Team Champions...

TOOOOONYYYYY DONNNNNNOVAAAAAAN!

[As the curtain parts, Brian Lau - still in a now permanently stained red suit - leads the way for his charge who trails behind him. His hair and skin have a reddish tinge still as the third generation competitor heads down the aisle in a hooded track suit over his double strapped singlet that goes down to mid-thigh, black boots, and kneepads. He carries his World Tag Team Title belt over his shoulder as he heads towards the ring to jeers.]

GM: Hehe... looks like both of these men struggled to get their normal complexion back here tonight.

BW: That's not funny at all, Gordo. What the heck was that that Dufresne dumped on them anyways?!

GM: I have no idea but whatever it was, it did some damage.

[Donovan shouts, "You're a dead man, Dufresne!" into the camera as they walk by, snarling at the lens.]

GM: The very first appearance in the ring for Tony Donovan since becoming one of the so-called Kings of Wrestling and he's going to have his work cut out for him against perhaps the most decorated competitor in AWA history.

[Upon reaching the ring, Donovan rolls under the bottom rope as Lau takes the stairs. Lau steps through the ropes as Donovan comes to his feet, taking off the title belt and handing it to his manager as the boos get louder.]

GM: Tony Donovan hands over the title belt - it's not on the line here tonight. This one's about payback on both sides of the ring.

[The music fades as... hey, more ZZ Top. This time, it's "Sharp Dressed Man" which can only mean the arrival of one man.]

PW: And his opponent... from Avery Island, Louisiana... weighing in at 245 pounds... he is the Ladykiller...

CALIIIIIIISTOOOO DUUUUUUFRESNNNNNE!

[The entrance curtain parts to reveal one of the AWA's most controversial characters, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Once reviled for his every word and action, Dufresne finds himself getting cheered by many in the Denver crowd by simply standing against the Kings of Wrestling. Standing in black trunks and boots, his well-tanned physique, flowing blonde hair, and good looks are on display as he heads towards the ring where a pacing Tony Donovan awaits him.]

GM: And here he comes... former National Champion... former World Champion... former-

[But as Dufresne draws near the ring, Brian Lau jumps in his path, drawing his attention. Dufresne sneers, pointing at Lau who the referee orders to clear out.]

GM: Brian Lau with some words for Dufresne out on the floor. You know he can't be happy about what happened here earlier tonight. He had this whole thing set up to be a celebration - a coming out party of sorts - and Dufresne spoiled that for him.

[Dufresne advances on Lau, backing him off...

...while Tony Donovan slips out to the apron, charging down the length of it, flipping through the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SOMERSAULT TACKLE OFF THE APRON BY TONY DONOVAN AND HE WIPES OUT DUFRESNE!

[The crowd is buzzing for the daredevil move out of Donovan as he takes to a knee, pulling Dufresne's long blonde hair, and hammers his fist repeatedly into the skull of the former World Champion.]

GM: The match hasn't even started yet and Donovan's all over Dufresne out on the floor!

[Pulling Dufresne to his feet, Donovan walks him to the ring apron where he smashes his face into it!]

GM: Facefirst off the apron! Oh my!

[Dufresne stumbles away, grabbing the ringpost to stay on his feet as Donovan comes after him...]

GM: Donovan grabs him by the hair again... no, no, no!

[But as Donovan tries to slam Dufresne's head into the post, Dufresne brings up his well-toned arms, grabbing the steel to block it!]

GM: Dufresne blocks it! He's hanging on for dear life here!

[The referee shouts at both men to get back inside the ring as Donovan struggles to smash his opponent's face into the steel post...]

...but Dufresne swings an elbow back into the gut. A second one breaks Donovan's grip on him as Dufresne grabs him by the hair.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The Ladykiller BOUNCES Donovan's head off the steel, sending him staggering away before he slumps to his hands and knees out on the floor.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne isn't afraid to get his hands dirty out there and Donovan's going to need to remember that if he's going to stand any chance at winning this match tonight.

[Dufresne moves in on Donovan, pulling him off the floor and rolling him under the ropes.]

GM: Dufresne puts him in... now climbing up on the apron himself...

[But as the Ladykiller ducks through the ropes, Brian Lau rushes forward, grabbing him by the leg...]

GM: Wait a second! Referee, that's blatant interference!

BW: Yeah, but Warren hasn't called for the bell yet! The match hasn't even started yet! You can't disqualify someone before the bell rings!

GM: I suppose you're-

[From his back, Donovan swings his leg up into the middle rope, driving the strand up between the legs of the trapped Dufresne!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW BY DONOVAN!

[Lau lets go, grinning as Dufresne slumps through the ropes, crashing facedown on the mat holding his family jewels.]

GM: Tony Donovan goes low and the referee is standing right over Dufresne, trying to find out if he should even start the match at all!

[Warren kneels down next to Dufresne, asking if he can compete as Lau shouts at Donovan from the floor. The third generation competitor climbs off the mat, dropping down with a double axehandle to the back... and another... and another until the referee steps in, forcing him back.]

GM: Davis Warren is trying to check Dufresne's physical ability to defend himself in this match but Tony Donovan's having none of it!

[Donovan moves past the official with a pair of stomps down between the shoulderblades as Warren again forces him back.]

GM: Come on, ref! Get the man back!

BW: He's trying, Gordo, but Donovan's showing a real aggressive streak in there right now. He's trying to put Dufresne away before the match even starts.

[Donovan moves in again, winding up...]

GM: Ohh! Soccer kick - right to the ribs!

[The impactful kick rolls Dufresne over onto his back as Donovan gloats at the jeering crowd.]

GM: What a shot by Donovan, leaving Dufresne down on the mat and hurting badly. Tony Donovan, all of 22 years old, looking to make a major impact here tonight by knocking off a former World Champion.

BW: And when you think about that, Gordo, obviously his primary goal is to defend the World Tag Titles with Wes Taylor but Dufresne's not just a former World Champion, he's a top contender right now for both the AWA World Title and the National Title so if Tony Donovan can defeat him here tonight, he could be in a position to run the table so to speak here in the AWA.

GM: He certainly could... moving in again now on Dufresne who is up on all fours...

[And as Donovan draws near, Dufresne hurls himself at the legs, wrapping them up, causing Donovan to lose his balance and fall back to the mat.]

GM: Takedown of sorts... and now it's Dufresne hammering away on Donovan!

[Seeing the Ladykiller is able to compete, Davis Warren signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and we're officially underway here in the Main Event with Calisto Dufresne busting up his knuckles on the skull of Tony Donovan!

[Slipping out from under Dufresne, Donovan rolls under the ropes to the floor to jeers from the crowd...]

...but Dufresne rolls right out after him, hooking a handful of singlet, and chucking him back under the ropes to cheers!]

GM: Dufresne's not giving him a breather! He's going after him!

[Dufresne rolls under the ropes, coming to his feet just as Donovan does. Donovan rears back, throwing a right hand that Dufresne blocks before landing one of his own.]

GM: Big right hand by Dufresne!

[Striking a boxer's stance, Dufresne peppers Donovan with a series of left jabs to the jaw...]

GM: Dufresne showing off that boxing background, lighting up one-half of the World Tag Team Champions... and a big right puts Donovan back down on the canvas!

[Donovan rolls to all fours, scrambling to get up off the mat as Dufresne greets him with a right to the ribs, sending him falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Dufresne putting those boxing skills to good use, hammering away at the body of Donovan up against the ropes...

[The referee steps in, calling for a break. Dufresne backpedals away, fists still balled up and at the ready. As he moves back in though, Tony Donovan reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes of the Ladykiller!]

GM: Donovan goes to the eyes!

[And with Dufresne reeling from the eyerake, Donovan hooks a handful of trunks, firing him through the ropes and out to the floor on the other side!]

GM: And now he sends the former World Champion back out to the floor!

[Donovan steps out on the apron, taking aim as Dufresne tries to wipe his eyes clear...

...and leaps off with a clubbing forearm across the back of the neck, taking Dufresne down to the ringside protective mats.]

GM: Donovan brings all of his six foot six frame down on the back of Calisto Dufresne's neck! A clubbing blow to be certain.

[With Dufresne down on the ringside mats, Donovan puts the boots to the ribs, repeatedly kicking and stomping his opponent. The referee begins a ten count from inside the ring as Brian Lau shouts encouragement from a few feet away.]

GM: Dragging Dufresne to his feet now... look out!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: IRISH WHIP INTO THE STEEL BY ONE-HALF OF THE WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[Dufresne leans against the railing, arms hooked over the top to stay on his feet. As Donovan hears the count at four, he rolls back into the ring, moving across it as the official continues his count.]

GM: Looks like Donovan would be willing to settle for a countout win tonight here in Denver, Bucky.

BW: And why wouldn't he? A win's a win - especially against the most decorated wrestler in AWA history.

[The count is up to six as Dufresne pushes off the railing, staggering across the ringside area to the ring itself where he pulls himself up on the apron halfway before Donovan arrives to do the rest, dragging him up on it and into a front facelock...]

GM: Donovan's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[The still-reeling Dufresne finds himself elevated high into the air before being dropped down in a spine-rattling vertical suplex. Donovan floats through it, applying a lateral press that earns a two count before Dufresne escapes.]

GM: Two count off the suplex and love him or hate him, I think we all know Calisto Dufresne well enough to realize it's going to take more than a suplex to put him down for a three count at this stage of the matchup.

[Climbing to his feet, Donovan nudges Dufresne with his boot, causing the Ladykiller to roll to his stomach...]

...and that's right where the third generation grappler wants him, leaping into the air and dropping a knee down into the small of the back.]

GM: Ohh! Leaping kneedrop right down on the spine!

[Grabbing Dufresne's golden locks, Donovan yanks back on them, stretching the spine across his knee. The Ladykiller cries out in pain as the referee starts his five count, reaching four before Donovan lets go, letting Dufresne slump facefirst to the mat.]

GM: Tony Donovan absolutely punishing Calisto Dufresne at this point of the matchup and he seems to have drawn a bullseye on the back of the former World Champion, Bucky.

BW: Tony Donovan comes from the school of Supreme Wright where an opponent's weaknesses should be analyzed and have a light shined on it for the world to see. We all know that Calisto Dufresne suffered a serious back injury at the hands of Dave Bryant at SuperClash a couple of years ago when he lost the World Title so that's the perfect target if you ask me.

[Donovan stomps the lower back a few times as Dufresne tries to crawl away from him. A leaping stomp to the middle of the back puts him right back down on the mat, unmoving. With a smirk, Donovan sits down on the lower back, leaning forward to cup his hands under the chin of Dufresne and yanking back into a camel clutch type hold.]

GM: Submission hold locked in by Donovan, wrenching the neck and back of the former World Champion in the center of the ring!

[Donovan grunts "ask him!" at the official who is kneeling down right in the face of the Ladykiller. The referee obliges and gets a stern "NO!" in response from Dufresne. A shake of the head from Donovan is followed by him giving a hard yank on the chin, trying to stretch out the spine even more.]

GM: Dufresne refusing to give up so far but Donovan's really got him torqued in a bad way here, fans.

BW: Absolutely perfect technique on the hold - even Sultan Azam Sharif would be proud.

GM: And at some point - if you're Calisto Dufresne - you've gotta dig deep and find a way out of this hold, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. He's nowhere near the ropes so he's gonna have to suck it up and find another option.

[With Lau clinging to the bottom rope, shouting encouragement to Donovan, Calisto Dufresne pushes off the mat to all fours, reducing the pressure on his spine. Donovan gives a yank, pulling Dufresne's chin back, showing the grimace on the former World Champion's face as the crowd cheers the Ladykiller on, trying to urge him to get free.]

GM: Dufresne's trying to power out of it! Trying to get up off the mat!

[Clasping his arms around the legs of Donovan, Dufresne pushes, struggles, and strains...

...and eventually climbs to his feet, holding the 260 pound Donovan across his back who is looking both surprised and concerned!]

GM: DUFRESNE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[The Ladykiller dives backwards, sandwiching Donovan between himself and the turnbuckles!]

GM: INTO THE CORNER!

[But Donovan manages to hang on, still clinging to the back as Dufresne staggers out, twisting around...

...and leaps up, falling back to the mat and driving Donovan into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG TIME ESCAPE BY DUFRESNE! HE'S LOOSE!

[The counter has both men stunned and down on the canvas for several moments. The referee steps between the two, taking a closer look.]

GM: Davis Warren trying to see if these two can continue after that fall to the mat... but it looks like they'll be able to.

[With a large portion of the crowd cheering on Calisto Dufresne, the Ladykiller rolls over to his hands and knees, breathing heavily as Donovan is still flat on his back on the canvas.]

GM: Dufresne's trying to get to his feet first - to take advantage of that big slam into the canvas that he just pulled off.

[Slowly rising up to his feet, Dufresne gets there just as Donovan is getting to a knee... and lashes out with a stiff kick to the ear, sending Donovan falling back to all fours.]

GM: Dufresne pulls Donovan off the mat... whips him across...

[The Ladykiller extends an arm, looking for a clothesline but Donovan ducks, swooping under, around, and into a side waistlock that he quickly uses to lift Dufresne into the air, dropping him back into a bridging belly-to-back suplex!]

BW: Now THAT'S a counter, Gordo!

GM: Warren down to count - one! Two!

[But Dufresne fires a shoulder up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count again... Dufresne not staying down as Donovan - one of these so-called Kings of Wrestling - is trying to make a big impact here tonight in Denver on the behalf of his new group of allies.

[Donovan climbs off the mat, dragging Dufresne up with him, whipping him across the ring into the turnbuckles. He charges half the distance of the ring, rushing his 260 pounds into a corner avalanche...

...and then quickly pivots, hooking a side headlock...]

GM: Smash in the corner and... here he comes!

[Leaping into the air, Donovan DRIVES Dufresne facefirst into the canvas with a bulldog headlock!]

GM: Running bulldog!

BW: That might do it!

GM: Donovan with a cover - one! Two! T- no! Donovan can't hold him down!

[Kneeling on the mat, Donovan shows a little frustration as he barks angrily at the official who shakes his head, holding up two fingers.]

GM: Tony Donovan questioning the count and I'm sure his father - AND Supreme Wright- taught him better than that, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure you're right but sometimes in that ring when things don't work out the way you hoped, you get a little frustrated. Totally understandable but you gotta choke it down and stay on your opponent.

[Donovan climbs to his feet, still fuming as Brian Lau tries to keep him focused on the matter at hand. He leans down, grabbing Dufresne by the hair...

...but Dufresne tucks his head under the chin, dropping down in a jawbreaker that sends the crowd into cheers!]

GM: JAWBREAKER OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Donovan straightens up and then doubles up, clutching his chin as Dufresne swiftly comes off the mat, hooking a front facelock with his left arm while reaching back to hook a leg with his right like he's going for a fisherman's suplex...

...and then twists to the side, snapping Donovan down to the mat in a neckbreaker!]

GM: Oh my! Cradled swinging neckbreaker by the former World Champion!

[The impactful move seems to take a lot out of both men, leaving them both down on the canvas as the crowd buzzes at the timely counter.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne with a devastating neckbreaker out of nowhere and that might get him back into this one, Bucky.

BW: The thing about Dufresne is that he's never really out of a match, Gordo. He's one of those guys that has a one hit finish. The Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am can come at any time and when it does, it's over. No one's getting out of that. Some

guys need to set up and set up and set up their finishing maneuver... not Dufresne. At one moment, you'll be thinking about buying a new TV with the winner's share of the purse and the next, you'll be staring at the lights while Dufresne stands over you like the champion he is.

[The crowd is still buzzing, cheering their favorite to their feet while referee Davis Warren starts a double count on both competitors.]

GM: And with both men down, the race is on to see who - if either of them - can get up first.

BW: The neckbreaker took a lot out of both of them - especially Donovan who was in control until that moment.

[As the referee's count gets to four, Dufresne sits up on the mat, grabbing at the back of his head.]

GM: And it looks like the former World Champion is gonna be the first to rise...

BW: This could be key if he can get up and get back on offense. Donovan is dazed from that neckbreaker and he might be easy pickings for the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am right about now.

GM: Dufresne rising up off the canvas, trying to get to his feet...

[Walking towards Donovan, Dufresne leans down, hooking a handful of dark blonde hair, hauling him to his feet...

...and pulls him into a front facelock to a big cheer!]

GM: Wait a second! He's going for it! He's-

[The cheers turn to jeers as Brian Lau hops up on the apron, waving his arms and shouting at the official...

...which also draws the attention of Dufresne who grimaces, shoving Donovan aside and striding towards Lau.]

GM: Oh, come on! Get him down, ref!

BW: Surprising move by Dufresne. He knows how it works having a manager outside the ring. He's had Ben Waterson out there for him. Heck, he's BEEN the manager out there... he fell for the exact same trick he used to pull.

[Dufresne nears the ropes as Lau drops to the floor, shaking his head, wagging a finger...

...and to the roar of the crowd, Dufresne steps through the ropes.]

GM: Wait a second! Now he's REALLY going after him, Bucky!

BW: I don't get this at all, Gordo. Dufresne needs to forget about Lau and keep his focus on Donovan.

[Out on the floor, Dufresne advances on Lau, pointing at him as the crowd roars in anticipation of what might happen if the Ladykiller gets his hands on the irritating manager.]

GM: Dufresne's coming after Lau out here on the floor, chasing him around the ring and-

[The crowd begins to jeer as someone appears in the aisle.]

GM: That's Shane Taylor!

BW: Of course, Mr. Lau's bodyguard is needed!

[Taylor throws an annoyed glance over his shoulder towards the curtain, making one wonder if he was almost shoved right through it. He's still in his wifebeater and jeans shorts as he walks down the aisle towards the ring... yes, he walks despite the imminent danger that his employer is in.]

GM: Shane Taylor's taking his time getting out here as Brian Lau is begging for his life!

[Dufresne continues to advance on him as Lau backpedals and backpedals, begging off...]

GM: Shane Taylor finally reaching the ring, grabbing Dufresne by the arm-

[He swings the Ladykiller around...

...and gets a boot in the gut, a quick front facelock...]

GM: DUFRESNE!

[Taylor gets SPIKED headfirst into the barely-padded concrete floor with the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DDT ON THE FLOOR! ON THE FLOOR!

[Brian Lau's eyes go wide, his jaw dropping at the sight of his bodyguard unconscious on the floor. Dufresne climbs back up off the floor...

...and points at Brian Lau once more!]

GM: And no more bodyguard! It's all Calisto Dufresne and Brian Lau!

[Lau gives up on the backpedaling, throwing a glance over his shoulder and breaking into a full sprint.]

GM: Lau's running for it! He's running for his life!

[Dufresne gives a smirk before breaking into pursuit, running behind Lau, trying to catch up and get his hands on the only manager in the Pro Wrestling Hall of Fame!]

GM: Dufresne around the corner, he's almost-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Dufresne comes around the corner, a crouching Tony Donovan comes up to his feet with a big lunging clothesline, taking Dufresne off his feet and down to the ringside mats!]

GM: DONOVAN WITH THE CLOTHESLINE!

BW: I didn't even know he was there!

GM: Neither did Dufresne obviously. Neither did any of us!

[Kneeling on the ringside mats, Donovan cracks a devious grin.]

BW: He must've... Gordo, he must've rolled out there during the commotion with Shane Taylor and... wow. You've gotta wonder if that whole thing was a setup! Tell me that's not something that Brian Lau would have engineered!

[Lau also has a big grin on his face, nodding his head happily as Donovan pulls Dufresne off the mat, rolling him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: We're about to pass the ten minute mark in this one... from the opening bell, not counting all that craziness before the bell rang.

[Sliding through the ropes, Donovan uses his head to roll Dufresne onto his back, pushing into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Dufresne gets the shoulder up! Donovan thought he had him with that ambush clothesline but he comes up short again! What a battle between these two competitors here tonight, fans! You only get action like this here on Saturday Night Wrestling and right here on Fox Sports X!

BW: You can kick those other guys to the curb, daddy!

[Down on his knees, Donovan slams his hands down onto the canvas three times, giving a frustrated shout at not getting the three count.]

GM: Another near fall for Donovan and more frustration on the part of the 22 year old.

BW: Youth and inexperience can be a dangerous combo sometimes, Gordo.

[Climbing to his feet, Donovan buries a frustrated kick into the ribs a few times, sending Dufresne rolling across the ring near the ropes. He follows after him, pulling him to his feet where he strikes a boxing stance of his own, peppering Dufresne with rights and lefts to the body...]

GM: Donovan going to work with blows to the body and-

[Dufresne winds up, landing a haymaker between the eyes of Donovan, sending the younger competitor staggering backwards.]

GM: Desperation right hand for the former World Champion!

[Dufresne pushes off the ropes, leaning forward to grab Donovan...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: UPPERCUT! GOOD GRIEF! DONOVAN ROCKED HIM!

[With Dufresne dazed, Donovan grabs him by the hair, hurling him towards the ropes. As the former World Champion rebounds off, Donovan scoops him up, twisting around...

...and DRIVING him into the canvas with a powerslam!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! DUFRESNE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

[Donovan springs up to his feet, shouting at the official, backing him across the ring into the corner. The crowd jeers as Donovan reads the riot act to Davis Warren who shouts back at him. Brian Lau pulls himself up on the apron as well, shouting at the referee.]

GM: It was incredibly close and obviously these two think it was a three count but from my vantage point, Dufresne got the shoulder up in time.

[With the duo shouting at Davis Warren, he ducks under Donovan, spinning around on him as Lau grabs him, pulling him into a confrontation as a frustrated Donovan turns away...

...and dips into the front of his singlet.]

GM: Wait, wait, wait! What is he doing?!

[The jeers intensify as Donovan pulls his hand out, revealing a pair of brass knuckles.]

GM: We saw this two weeks ago! This is how they retained the tag team titles!

[Donovan nods to the jeering fans, slipping the knuckles over his hand, clenching his fist around them...]

GM: Donovan's got the brass knuckles on and I don't think Calisto Dufresne has a clue!

[Donovan walks across the ring to where Dufresne is down on his hands and knees...]

BW: Donovan's gonna knock him into the middle of next week!

[He reaches down, grabbing Dufresne by the hair, hauling him to his feet...

...where Dufresne swings around, BLASTING Donovan with a right hand that sends him flying off his feet and down to the mat in a motionless heap!]

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

[And this time, it's Dufresne who grins at the crowd, holding up his right hand to reveal a pair of brass knuckles of his own.]

GM: DUFRESNE HAD KNUCKS ON TOO!

BW: But... but... that's not fair!

GM: Hah!

[Dufresne pulls the knucks off, tucking them into his tights before diving into a lateral press. The reaction of the crowd tips off Davis Warren who breaks away from a frantic Brian Lau, diving to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: DUFRESNE WINS! DUFRESNE WINS IT!

[The Ladykiller climbs off the unconscious Donovan, raising his arm in the air as Brian Lau pitches a total fit at ringside.]

GM: Brian Lau is absolutely beside himself! On a night when Lau unveiled the Kings of Wrestling, Calisto Dufresne has been the biggest thorn in their side! He spoiled their unveiling earlier! He wins the Main Event against-

[The crowd's cheers for Dufresne's victory turns to big jeers as Wes Taylor, Brian James, and Johnny Detson come charging down the aisle.]

BW: Here comes trouble!

GM: Dufresne's gotta get out of-

[But it's too late as the three men swarm the ring, knocking Dufresne down to the canvas where they start stomping the hell out of him.]

GM: They're all over Dufresne!

[Wes Taylor drags Dufresne up, holding him by the arms as Brian James slams elbow after elbowstrike into the jaw of the Ladykiller, raining down punishment...

...and then they hurl him towards Detson who buries a boot into the gut, pulling Dufresne into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Detson's got him hooked! Detson's got-

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

BW: What the-?!

GM: TRAVIS LYNCH!

[Sprinting down the aisle from the back, Travis Lynch slides headfirst under the bottom rope...

...and he ain't coming alone.]

GM: LYNCH HAS GOT A CHAIR!

[Sliding under the ropes, Lynch comes up swinging...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS Detson across the back, breaking up his attempt at a Wilde Driver. The World Champion collapses to the mat, rolling out of the ring as Lynch spins away, driving the edge of the chair into Taylor's gut.]

GM: Lynch is swinging that chair like-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ACROSS THE BACK OF BRIAN JAMES! GOOD GRIEF!

[The blow sends James through the ropes and out to the floor as the wild-eyed Texan quickly clears the ring, taking a protective stance over Calisto Dufresne, daring anyone to come back in and face him and the steel chair.]

GM: Travis Lynch... and I can't believe I'm about to say this... but Travis Lynch just SAVED Calisto Dufresne!

[The Texan again shouts at the exiting Kings. Wes Taylor and Brian James have Tony Donovan supported between them as Brian Lau holds them back. Johnny Detson is screaming towards the ring.]

GM: Fans, we're out of time! What a night this has been! Travis Lynch is standing in that ring, standing over Calisto Dufresne... holding the line as best as he can against the Kings of Wrestling and- what? What's that? Okay, but we're almost out of... alright. Fans, we've just learned that Alex Martinez believes he found the location of Juan Vasquez! Let's... let's get back there right-

[Gordon's voice cuts out as we cut backstage where Alex Martinez rushes around a corner, the cameraman trailing close behind.]

AM: They said... over here...

[Martinez rushes down an aisle, his seven foot frame moving pretty quickly for a man of his size. He looks at the markings on a few doors before coming to a stop. He pauses a moment, lifting his arms, cracking his knuckles...

...and then KICKS the wooden door, smashing it in as he rushes into view.]

AM: WHERE ARE YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH?!

[The cameraman trails in after him, finding a luxurious looking room. Leather couches on top of rugs. Darkened lighting. And a large flat screen television hanging on the wall.

But it's empty. Not a person to be found.

Alex Martinez puts his hands on his hips, shaking his head.]

AM: They said he was...

[Martinez' words trail off as the television screen flickers a few times and then comes to life...

...on a shot of Juan Vasquez, standing outside an unknown restaurant. Behind him, we see the inside is packed, as music plays loudly. Juan is dressed in a polo shirt and khakis, with his hand in one pocket and his other holding a bottle of Corona. He seems almost annoyed at being dragged out of the restaurant to film this promo, but once he looks into the camera, his face brightens up with a smile.]

JV: So...big surprise. Shock of shocks. But it seems like I'm a popular subject tonight.

[He makes an exaggerated gasp.]

JV: After what went down in Los Angeles with Willie Hammer, I hear I'm a wanted man. Practically America's most wanted. And right now, I'm guessing the question on everyone's mind is...

"Where's Juan Vasquez?"

[Juan cracks a smile.]

JV: Well, I'll tell you where I am.

Safe and far away from your blind rage is where I'm at.

[A chuckle.]

JV: You see, I'm not just any geek off the street. I've been around too long and been through too many wars not to see where my future was headed after what happened in L.A. Everybody from that newbie Jordan what's his face from Japan to the big angry movie star Alex Martinez was going to try to hunt me down like a dog. But hell, Alex...you've been on enough television and movie sets to know how these things go.

As the star of the show, I'll show up, entertain the masses and collect my paycheck when I want to. When I have to. And on my own terms.

And tonight?

[He shrugs.]

JV: I just didn't feel like showing up.

Sorry, folks.

[Juan looks at the bottle in his hand and proceeds to pour it out on the pavement.]

JV: But while I'm still here...let me pour one out for my homey, Willie Hammer.

[He stops pouring and grins, before taking a swig from the bottle.]

JV: It didn't have to be this way, ya' know. I didn't have to put an end to that boy. He didn't have to take that bullet for my worthless old friend, Sweet Daddy Williams. Being from the streets just like me, he SHOULD'VE known better. When you step to a true thug, you better be prepared to either throw down or get beat down.

Or at least... that's how we used to do it on Ninth Street.

[Juan gives the camera a knowing look.]

JV: And that goes for everyone else. Let that be a warning to you. To Alex. To Sweet Daddy. To anyone foolish enough to think they can make a name for themselves at my expense.

[He points right at the camera.]

JV: You come into the ring looking for a fight with Juan Vasquez? Then you better realize you're putting your life and your career in my hands. 'Cause I might talk at you with a wink and smile, I might crack a joke and laugh along with all of you...

...but I RUN this show.

The AWA is MY kingdom.

[The expression on Juan's face turns into something dark...sinister. He's not smiling anymore.]

JV: And if I don't think you belong?

Well, just ask Willie Hammer what happens.

[A smirk.]

JV: I'll see you around, amigos.

[Juan holds up the bottle to toast us and begins to chuckles. A chuckle that soon becomes a roar of laughter. He walks back into the restaurant as we fade to black...

...and then back out on the shot of Alex Martinez watching the screen. His face is flushed. His chest is heaving. Every single bit of him is dripping with anger.

And with a loud scream, he lashes out, slamming his fist into the flat screen TV. The glass instantly spiderwebs under the impact of the blow. He winces as he turns away, cradling his own hand...

...and then shoves the cameraman back against the wall, stalking through the door that is now hanging limply from the hinges.

Fade to black.]