



[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#

[Shadove 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 Target 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 Minneapolis, Minnesota for the very first time at the Target Center! And we are LIVE for another 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 very orange sportscoat over a bleached white dress shirt. He's opted for a lime 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: It is the very first time for the American Wrestling Alliance here in the North Star State of Minnesota and on a night where Bucky Wilde has opted for a citrus ensemble, it's good to be here!

BW: Citrus?! Gordo, you may think it's sweet to be here amongst the gophers but I think it's sweeter to be in the land of 10,000 lakes 'cause I got plenty of 'em to tell people to go jump in!

GM: Oh, you're such a sourpus. Fans, it's going to be an exciting night here in our debut in Minneapolis capped off by that Street Fight between Juan Vasquez and Sweet Daddy Williams.

BW: After what went down two weeks ago, Williams may be out for blood but I think Vasquez is out to end a career.

GM: We've also got a match with Memorial Day Mayhem implications when Derrick Williams meets Shadoc Rage with the winner earning the World Television Title match at Supernova.

BW: You really think Williams is going to be able to focus on winning that match when Old Man Slater is out there on the floor to be protected? I'm calling it right here and now - we're FINALLY going to get our SuperClash rematch in Seattle when Rage regains the TV Title from Supernova.

GM: We've got the Kings of Wrestling in action, tag teams on display, and the Women's Division to boot... but right now, we're going to the ring where Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, has asked for time to address this sold-out crowd.

[Myers gives a nod as we fade to the ring where a well-dressed Gellar is standing in his custom-made suit, hair perfectly in place as he begins to speak.]

EG: Good evening everyone. It is my distinct pleasure to be out here tonight in the Target Center on what's sure to be another exciting edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Cheers from the Minnesota fans.]

EG: It is rare that I have something to say that I feel is so important that it has to be addressed before anything else happens on this show... but tonight is such a night.

Two weeks ago, the card for Memorial Day Mayhem coming up in Seattle started to come together and before I sign one more match, there is a burning topic here in the AWA that has to be addressed.

So tonight, in front of a crowd in Minnesota for the very first time...

[The crowd cheers for themselves as Gellar smiles in response.]

EG: ...I need to speak to one of Minnesota's own. Ladies and gentlemen, the 2015 winner of the Steal The Spotlight contract... "RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

[Mickey Avalon's "Stroke Me" begins to play over the arena sound system. A sample of Billy Squier's classic 'The Stroke' is easily recognized...

"STROKE ME STROKE ME"

As Mickey Avalon finishes saying it's "As easy as one, two, three," the curtain opens and out walks the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers and his Summers Sweetheart for the evening, a fiery red headed beauty. She smiles widely as her arm is wrapped around Rex's. She is wearing an Egyptian blue halter top and a pair of form fitting white pants, in her hand she carries the red Halliburton case that contains the Steal the Spotlight contract.]

BW: Here he comes, the 2015 Steal the Spotlight Winner and the greatest creation to ever come out of Minnesota!

GW: Laying it on a bit thick already tonight, aren't you, Bucky?

[Summers waits for a moment as the Summers Sweetheart ascends the ringsteps first and sits on the middle rope, holding it open for Rex Summers.]

GW: Glad to see chivalry isn't dead.

BW: Rex Summers is all about equal rights.

GM: I'm sure he is.

[Summers enters the ring and walks to the center of the ring towards Emerson Gellar.]

EG: Mr. Summers, you and I have had our disagreements in the past about the Steal The Spotlight contract... about how it should be handled... about when it should be cashed in... and I will admit that when I stated that you either need to cash in or defend it, you defended it and kept the contract... even if you did so through some questionable means.

But several weeks have passed since you defended the contract and as I look at my watch this evening...

[Gellar does indeed look at his watch.]

EG: It's decision time, Mr. Summers. It's time for you to make a choice and it's the same question as before.

Will you choose your time and place to cash in that contract and seize your opportunity for the match of YOUR choice?

[Gellar pauses as Summers stares him down.]

EG: Or will you defend the contract once more at Memorial Day Mayhem against the opponent of MY choice?

[Gellar lowers the mic, waiting for an answer as Summers slowly raises a mic of his own.]

RS: Emerson, Emerson. How many times are we going to do this little song and dance? This contract...

[Summers points at the red Halliburton case as the Summers Sweetheart raises it into the air for all to see.]

RS: ...is my opportunity! My opportunity as you just said to choose the match of MY choice, MY place, and more importantly MY TIME! And well Emerson, I don't feel as though it is MY time just yet to cash in this golden ticket!

But don't fret Emerson, when I am damn good and ready to cash in the Steal the Spotlight contract, to seize MY opportunity... well, you will be the first one to know.

[Summers lets out a throaty chuckle as Gellar shakes his head.]

RS: So go ahead Gellar, throw your best at the "Red Hot One." Go back into that locker room and handpick the man you want to step into the ring against me for the Steal the Spotlight contract.

[He raises a finger.]

RS: But know this, Gellar... with your favorite wrestler Kerry Kendrick, the next Television Champion Callum Mahoney, and the star of the Women's Division Erica Toughill by my side... there's no one you've got that I can't beat.

[Gellar nods but is actually smiling to the surprise of many.]

RS: What's the matter, Gellar? Couldn't hear me? I said I'm going to-

[Gellar raises a hand to interrupt.]

EG: I heard what you said, Mr. Summers... and I assumed before I came out here tonight that that would be your answer.

[Summers nods, turning to exit.]

EG: Before you go, Mr. Summers... I would like to make you an offer... an offer that I feel you cannot possibly refuse.

[Summers arches an eyebrow before making a "go on" gesture.]

EG: Mr. Summers, you may not believe that I respect your talents in this ring but you'd be wrong. You see, I've done my research. I know the talent that you have. I know what you accomplished down in Texas... in Florida... and right here in your home state of Minnesota!

[Another cheer for the state! Summers looks around annoyed.]

EG: I've done my research and despite your obvious talent, I know that you've had trouble achieving your Number One goal - to be "the guy." Yeah, you've held titles. Yes, you've been in some Main Events. But none of those places have given you the chance to be "the guy"... the top guy... the Main Event player. But Mr. Summers, I believe in you. I believe in your talent.

And I believe that you can be THE guy here in the AWA if given the right opportunity.

[Summers looks surprised by this but is still listening as the crowd buzzes at what they're hearing.]

EG: Two weeks ago, the Memorial Day Mayhem lineup started to come together... and as part of that tremendous show in Seattle, we're going to see the National Champion Travis Lynch...

[HUGE CHEER!]

EG: ...and perhaps the most decorated superstar in AWA history, Calisto Dufresne...

[Smaller cheer but still substantial.]

EG: ...teaming up to take on the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan, in a Winner Takes All Main Event!

[Big cheer!]

EG: Now, I love that match and I can't wait to see it happen... but I also have a problem with it because it took two of the top challengers to the World Title off the table. It meant that Johnny Detson and Brian Lau could sit back, kick their feet up, say there's no worthy challenger available and that they're taking the night off.

[Boos pour down as Gellar nods.]

EG: I don't like that any more than you people do. So I spent the last two weeks thinking... and thinking... and thinking... and when I got off the plane in Minnesota last night, the answer was right in front of me.

[Gellar raises his arm, pointing at Rex Summers whose jaw drops.]

EG: You, Mr. Summers. You have been searching for an opportunity like this your entire career. One night. One HUGE night. Live on Pay Per View. The entire world watching. A chance to become the AWA World Champion. A chance to become... "the guy."

I'm talking about "Red Hot" Rex Summers cashing in the Steal The Spotlight contract to challenge Johnny Detson for the World Heavyweight Title!

[Big reaction from the crowd! Some cheers, some boos but they're all making noise. Summers looks around at his home state crowd.]

EG: This is your chance... your opportunity, Mr. Summers... what do you say?

[Summers rubs his goatee with his left hand, obviously intrigued by the offer.]

RS: Let me get this right, Gellar. You want ME to challenge for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[Emerson nods in agreement as he says "What do you say?" again off-mic.]

RS: Gellar, as you know, without question those fifteen pounds of gold are THE measuring stick in this business today. That belt makes you the envy of each and every single man in this business... and it also makes you a target for all of them too. But you're right... when you hold that gold, you ARE the man, the top dog.

We've all witnessed the wars that have been fought over that belt. We sat and watched the first man ever to hold it - James Monosso - forced into retirement from the abuse he endured to win and hold onto that title.

We watched this...

[He raps his knuckles on the red briefcase.]

RS: ...be cashed in before, stealing one man's dream come true so that another could fulfill his destiny, ascending to the top of the AWA mountain.

And being on top of that mountain is what each and every man in that locker room wants.

[Summers pans his eyes across the crowd urging him to accept the offer.]

RS: You said it true, Emerson Gellar... I've been to the top of smaller mountains and each time I've put them on the map! And the opportunity to be the man in the AWA, to climb to the top of this mountain...

[Summers once again rubs his goatee with his left hand.]

RS: That's a peak I have yet to lay claim to.

[He pauses as the crowd continues to buzz, waiting to for his answer. Summers nods, looking out on the fans.]

RS: What I want, Emerson Gellar... what I want is...

[His mouth twists into a sneer.]

RS: What I want right now is for each and every one of you dim-witted, overstuffed Minnesota gophers to sit down, shut up, and picture the AWA World Heavyweight Championship wrapping around this sculpted waist...

[The arena fills with boos as the Sweetheart runs a hand across Summers' chiseled abs.]

RS: ...and picture "Red Hot" Rex Summers as your World Heavyweight Champion!

[Summers pops a double bicep pose, soaking in the mixture of boos and cheers from the Minnesota crowd.]

RS: Are you picturing it, people?

[A louder reaction - again a mixed response from his home state fans.]

RS: Are you picturing it, Gellar? 'Cause I know she is...

[Summers motions towards the Summers Sweetheart with his head and winks at her as she smiles broadly.]

RS: ...and she likes the idea.

[Gellar raises the mic.]

EG: The fans are picturing it, she's picturing it, I'm picturing it. It seems like the whole world wants you to seize this moment right now.

But what about you Mr. Summers? Do you want this opportunity?

[Summers doesn't say anything for a long moment as he just looks at Gellar.]

EG: Before you answer... since it's obvious I've piqued your interest... let me close the deal.

Ever since these Kings of Wrestling reared their heads, I've been walking around that locker room and it seems like a whole lot of competitors are nervous about challenging ANY member of the Kings because when you take on one, they're all there.

[Summers nods.]

EG: So, here's the deal...

If you take this match... if you cash in that contract... if you seize your opportunity...

[Dramatic pause.]

EG: I'm going to BAN every single member of the Kings of Wrestling from ringside for your shot at the title!

[HUUUUUGE REACTION! Summers looks VERY interested now, nodding his head silently. Gellar raises his hand.]

EG: And I'm going to give you some time to think it over. Go in the back. Talk to your friends. Think about your career and what you want.

You've got a big decision to make, Mr. Summers...

...and I'll be waiting for your answer.

[Emerson Gellar exits the ring leaving Rex Summers standing in the center of the ring. He slowly nods his head and looks at the red Halliburton brief case in the hands of the Summers Sweetheart. He turns his attention to the aisleway and watches Gellar disappear into the entrance way.]

GM: Wow! What a way to start the show, Bucky! Emerson Gellar with an offer that he believes Rex Summers can NOT refuse. He wants him to cash in that contract and take his shot at Johnny Detson and the World Heavyweight Title at Memorial Day Mayhem coming up in Seattle in just over a month! That's huge!

BW: It's a huge offer... and with the Kings of Wrestling barred from ringside, Rex Summers may never have a better shot of achieving his dream of climbing to the top of the mountain!

GM: We're going to get an answer to that offer later tonight but... wait... before we... fans, before we go to the ring for the opening match of the night, I'm told that Mark Stegglet is trying to get a word from Brian Lau backstage.

[Cut to backstage, where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of a door labeled "KINGS OF WRESTLING ONLY! ALL OTHERS WILL BE BLACKHEART PUNCHED!"]

MS: Just about half a second ago, Shane Taylor came rushing out of the door you see behind me, muttering something about being sent on a, well, he said a coffee run. And I've been knocking on the door ever since, but there's no answer.

[Just as Stegglet says that, the door comes flying open, and a red faced, clearly irate Brian Lau emerges. The black tie he's wearing has been loosened and is askew, suggesting he's been tugging on it. His designer sunglasses have fallen down low on his nose, and now Lau is glaring at Stegglet over the top of them.]

MS: Mr. Lau, I'm hoping I can get a comment from you in light of Mr. Gellar's blockbuster announcement.

BL: A comment, you want a comment? You want a comment from me, Stegglet?

MS: That is what I said.

BL: Don't get snippy with me, Stegglet. I didn't take lip from your untalented uncle, and I'm not here to be given grief by his cut rate, non-union equivalent!

MS: Be that as it may, Emerson Gellar has all but put an end to Johnny Detson's plans to take Memorial Day Mayhem off...

[Lau's entire body shakes in anger.]

BL: And that is why, Stegglet, I don't have a comment for you, but I do have two questions. And the first question is this, who does Emerson Gellar think he is?

MS: Well, Mr. Lau, everyone knows that Emerson Gellar is the AWA's Director of Operations!

BL: Exactly!

Emerson Gellar is a pencil pushing, clock punching, bean counting suit! Emerson Gellar is not the reason why there is a humanoid every eighteen inches out there in the arena. Emerson Gellar is not a man whose persistence, perseverance and perspiration has created a foundation for the AWA to stand upon. Emerson Gellar is a man, no... he's a... tick! A tick riding on the rump of the stallions that have made the AWA what it is.

And Emerson Gellar is going to offer someone a shot at Johnny Detson's World Title?

Well, now that we know who and what Emerson Gellar is, let me ask you this Stegglet? Do you know who I am? Do you know who Johnny Detson is?

MS: You're-

BL: We're the Kings of Wrestling, that's who we are!

[Stegglet starts to say something, but Lau is on a roll and isn't about to stop.]

BL: And in the entire history of mankind, no King has ever bent himself to the will of some puffed up bureaucrat.

Kings dictate, Gellar, they are not dictated to. Johnny Detson will defend his title at the time and against the man of his choosing. And perhaps he will decide to give Rex Summers a shot. But if he does, that will be Mr. Detson's choice, not yours, Gellar.

I did you a favor a week ago, Gellar. When you came to me, begging to sit next to that insipid little Barbie Doll you hired to host your show. But don't mistake my generosity and largesse as a sign that I am a pushover.

I did not come out of retirement to be told what to do. I do not spend my days advising the Kings of Wrestling so that some hotshot who got his MBA from some online diploma mill could imagine that he's got the right to tell us what to do.

You, Emerson Gellar, are here to see to the needs of the Kings of Wrestling. Don't ever forget that! Kings do not bow, Gellar.

Kings are bowed to!

MS: So are you saying that Johnny Detson is refusing to defend his title? Might I remind you that the AWA bylaws allow for the stripping of a title from a man who refuses to defend against a worthy contender.

[Lau opens his mouth to respond, but then stops short, as he thinks through the implications of those words.]

BL: Once again, for the hard of hearing the slow of wit, I am saying that Johnny Detson will defend his title on his own timetable.

And now I am saying goodbye to you, Stegglet!

[Lau spins on his ankle, and pulls open the Kings of Wrestling's locker room door. Stegglet, ever determined to get the scoop, starts to follow him in, only to have the door slammed shut in his face.]

MS: I... well, I guess that answers that. Let's go down to the ring.

[We fade from a fuming Stegglet to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Wrestling fans, tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit and is an AWA Women's Division featured contest!

["Gettin' Down on the Mountain" by Corb Lund plays over the sound system.]

GM: And here comes a young lady that has been making quite a name for herself, despite her inauspicious debut.

[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!

[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.]

BW: Inauspicious debut?!

["The Pistol" hops down from the buckles and quickly discards the pink chaps over her tight denim shorts, shifting into warm-up mode as her warm country music theme changes to her opponent's cold, synthetic synths of "Everybody Knows" by Leonard Cohen.]

BW: That's one way to put it. Roll the footage!

[Cut to footage from last year. Kayla Cristol looking much like she does versus Erica Toughill in an ill-fitting black singlet.]

CAPTION: "Saturday Night Wrestling – Last Year."

GM: Late last year, Kayla Pistol debuted facing Erica Toughill, and to our surprise at the time, Toughill just dominated her!

[Assorted footage of Toughill jabbing knees into Cristol's head, a nasty backdrop suplex, a Shrew's Fiddle applied, etc.]

BW: It ain't a surprise now, Gordo, now that we know that Ricki Toughill is probably the most experienced cat in a locker room full of kittens. And we aren't gonna see anything but a repeat of that slaughter here tonight.

[Cut back to live action, where a sullen, scowling Erica Toughill has sulked her way down the aisle. She eyes up "The Pistol" from the floor, and her opponent reciprocates, trying to egg her on.]

PW: And her opponent... From Rochester, New York... weighing 170 pounds...
ERICAAAA TOUGHILL!!!

[A pink bubble emerges from between Toughill's lips as she takes the long way around the ring. She grips her ever-present baseball bat tightly as Kayla Cristol grows more agitated; the referee has to warn her off.]

GM: She's stalling for time, Bucky; I have the suspicion that deep down, Erica Toughill knows that she wants no part of Kayla Cristol. The last time these two locked up on Saturday Night Wrestling it looked like a tornado had blown through the ringside area!

BW: I have the suspicion that Ricki Toughill could hold The Pistol upside down by the ankles and mop the floor with that rat's nest on her noggin; she's just too polite to.

GM: Two weeks ago if you recall, Erica Toughill looked to be ready to strike with that baseba—baseball slide!

[Toughill is knocked back into the barricade by a baseball slide dropkick from The Pistol; her backwards cap goes flying before she steadies herself.]

BW: That's a dirty sneak attack! Kayla Cristol has turned out to be nothing but a rotten cheat!

GM: The Pistol is evidently tired of waiting!

[The ringside fans are brought to their feet as Cristol leaps onto Toughill, raining forearm strikes down upon her in rapid style. Toughill tries to push her off, but only the referee manages to pry them apart.]

BW: And that's the second time on the second straight Saturday Night Wrestling that Kayla Cristol...

GM: Bucky, she's holding a baseball bat!

BW: Gordo, she's vulnerable! She's got the right to defend herself from... say... Pistol Cristol.

[Toughill rolls into the ring to regroup, but The Pistol slides in quickly behind her and continues laying in elbow strikes.]

GM: There's the bell—The Pistol knows the stakes involved in this match and she knows to defeat an opponent like Erica Toughill, she has to take any opening she can.

[Toughill finally blocks one of the strikes and responds with a closed fist.]

BW: Look at that, Gordo! Cristol landed about twenty or thirty unanswered shots there, and Erica Toughill flattened her with ONE PUNCH!

GM: Toughill known to favor that roughhouse style. Some have called her the best female brawler in wrestling...

[Toughill kneels over The Pistol, grasping a handful of hair from the crown of her head, responding with her own quasi-legal strikes.]

ET: "n-YAH! n-YAH! n-YAH! n-YAH!"

GM: ...And if you tuned in expecting a scientific match-up, you're bound to be disappointed. Because every indication shows this match to be a Pier 6 brawl between these two women!

BW: Colt Patterson called her the jungle cat... looks like this tigress is staking her territory!

[Toughill finishes her onslaught with a headbutt.]

GM: My stars! This woman is just sadistic!

[Cristol rolls to the apron to recover.]

BW: I can't call this a brawl, Gordo; it's gonna turn into a buttkicking of Biblical proportions once Toughill gets rolling.

[Toughill finally has the chance to remove her orange hoodie, throwing it to the mat, then closes in to continue her onslaught as The Pistol staggers on the ring apron.]

GM: Toughill locking up The Pistol's arms—there's that cobra clutch! The Shrew's Fiddle!

BW: It's over already!

GM: It's not over—they're tangled up in the ropes, though Toughill trying to muscle The Pistol into the ring! Referee Ricky Longfellow beginning the count and—

[The Pistol drops to the floor in desperation, stunning Toughill over the ropes.]

GM: And Kayla Cristol doing the only thing she could do—for all we know Ricki Toughill could have held on to that Shrew's Fiddle for a full count and got herself disqualified.

BW: Ah, come on Gordo. You know the jungle cat is not going to take a disqualification when there's a ranking at stake.

[Cristol pulls herself into the ring and scrambles for a side headlock on Toughill.]

GM: A very good point, Bucky. We've heard the rumors involving the Women's Division and the future Women's World Title, and both these ladies are considered to be "on the bubble" as far as being ranked goes.

[Toughill shoves Cristol off of her to the ropes.]

GM: Toughill sending The Pistol to the ropes, maybe looking for—nice baseball slide... right between Toughill's legs... Pistol back up...

[This time, Erica Toughill is faster than Cristol.]

GM: Lariat! Sending Pistol Cristol through the ropes to the floor!

BW: Ricki Toughill's going out after her!

[Toughill rolls out behind The Pistol. She takes either side of her midsection and rams her forwards into the nearest ring post with a bloodcurdling howl.]

ET: "EEEEEE-YAAAAAAH"

BW: That is not the place you want to be caught when you're fighting this woman!

GM: Erica Toughill spent a large amount of her career specializing in death matches and other dubious underground organizations; you're right, Bucky. Taking on Erica Toughill out on the floor could well be a losing proposition.

[Toughill grabs Cristol by the hair and smashes her head into the ring apron, before tossing her to the barricade, which clatters a few inches into the knees of the event security.]

GM: What's she planning here?

BW: Winding up for something...

[Toughill backs up a couple of feet, then twists 360 degrees with her arm extended.]

GM: Big discus clothesline sends the Pistol into the crowd! Toughill heading back for the ring... but only for a second.

BW: Smart, smart, smart plan from Toughill—if she can keep breaking the referee's count, she can stay out there in her domain as long as she needs.

GM: Toughill is most certainly dictating the pace, showing her experience.

[Toughill grabs Cristol by the arm from the other side of the barricade and hoists her onto her shoulders in a fireman's carry.]

GM: And for someone who was sidelined for a year with a back injury, Toughill sure doesn't show any lingering aftereffects!

[Toughill sprints for a few paces along the floor before leaping back, planting Cristol with a Samoan Drop.]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Wow!

GM: And Toughill not wasting time following up, rolling Pistol Cristol into the ring after that devastating Samoan Drop onto the floor! Unorthodox cover—the first of this match...

[Toughill kneels across Cristol's shoulders, one hand on her hip.]

GM: Two count only. Two-and-a-half.

[Toughill slaps her palm on the mat, then drags Cristol up by her wrist, then laces her arm around her face.]

GM: Going for it again!

BW: She's got it! Shrew's Fiddle time!

GM: "The Pistol" still has gas in the tank though!

[Cristol remains upright and begins trying to pull Toughill behind her. She dives into the corner, dragging Toughill behind her. Toughill's head bounces off the middle turnbuckle as The Pistol slides to the mat.]

GM: Well-scouted counter from Kayla Cristol.

BW: Hey! And she's cheating again!

[Cristol, with Toughill's orange neoprene shoulderstrap in one hand, plants a series of elbow strikes to her back with the other.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow trying to keep Kayla Cristol in line. We know she can burn hot.

BW: Stop makin' excuse for her! You know and I know that she's trained by the Lynches and I know that Lynch playbook of dirty tricks when I see it.

GM: And Toughill... maybe she is favoring that back... backed into the corner and The Pistol looking to get a head of steam here...

[Cristol, from the opposite corner, charges in and leaps at Toughill with a back elbow smash.]

GM: Big back elbow smash!

BW: And for cryin' out loud, did they bother to teach her about any other moves than the back elbow?

GM: Pistol circling back... she's going to go again! Another big elbow! And Bucky, you know as well as I do she has the Boggy Creek Buster, which no one has yet kicked out of—

BW: Yeah, taught to her by Jack Lynch—surprise, surprise!

[Pistol circles back to the opposite corner again, hopping up and down.]

GM: Kayla Pistol feeling it! She can feel the momentum of this match changing!

[Cristol points her index fingers at her opponent, and mimes firing them like pistols. She charges in again...]

GM: One more time—Toughill...

[Toughill takes a couple of steps pre-empting The Pistol's strike with a bicycle kick that sends Cristol exploding backwards.]

BW: The Pistol eats nothing but the Queen of Clubs' Chucks!

GM: Pistol Cristol is back to square one!

BW: You see that, Gordo? Ricki Toughill was barely fazed. The Pistol is outclassed here! What was she thinking?

[Toughill slowly emerges from the corner as The Pistol struggles to rise in the middle of the ring. Toughill rubs the octopus tattoo on her shoulder, then grabs a handful of Cristol's hair, bending her over and straddling her.]

GM: Royal Octopus!

BW: And the Tigress slaps those tentacles on!

GM: I... think we may have lost the spirit animal analogy here, but you can't discount the effectiveness of this hold. Toughill is not looking to gain a submission here, and I think those early attempts to lock in the Shrew's Fiddle were just to assert dominance.

BW: There's no doubt, Gordo! Erica Toughill is more experienced, stronger, tougher, meaner than this Lynch rat!

GM: Bucky!

BW: I'm just saying that Erica Toughill's been in that ring for thirteen years, paying more dues than just about anyone else in this industry—heck, she lost every match for the first three years of her career. Do you think she should take it easy on Kayla-Come-Lately?

GM: There's a fine line between demanding respect as a veteran and being a bitter and insecure bully in this case; that was the point Pistol Cristol was trying to make by challenging Toughill in the first place.

BW: Yeah, and look where it's got her: tied up in the middle of the ring. Did you know that Erica Toughill can squat 200 pounds? Can you imagine that pressure coming down on this scrawny swamp rat's neck?

GM: The Royal Octopus is a more vicious cousin to the classic abdominal stretch; it puts pressure on the neck, obliques and pectorals, and with the trunk extended, it can be tough to get a good breath of oxygen too, not to mention that Kayla Cristol has to carry the majority of her opponent's weight.

BW: You callin' her fat, Gordo?

GM: I—I said no such thing!

BW: She's had people callin' her fat her whole life, you know. That's part of the reason she's flown under the radar for thirteen years. You're part of the problem, judging people like that.

GM: I... did... I did no such thing!

BW: Matter of fact, I'm going up there right now and telling her that you thought she was fat.

GM: I did NOT call Erica Toughill "fat." You sit right back down!

BW: You just said Erica Dough-hill, Gordo. You're not foolin' anyone. You know, Summers, Mahoney, and Kendrick all really like Ricki Toughill like she was their baby sister. You want me to tell them?

GM: Sit down! Call the match!

ET: "ee-YAH! Ee-YAH!"

"C'mon, open the hands, Erica!"

[In the meantime, the referee admonishes Toughill who, with her free arm, pounds her fist into Cristol's exposed ribs and kidney area. Being scolded seems to irritate Toughill, who releases the Octopus to glower at the match official.]

GM: Toughill easily establishing dominance in this contest... but she has that volatile disposition that can get her in trouble.

BW: I don't think the swamp rat has the brains to capitalize.

GM: And how exactly do you know Pistol Cristol's plan?

BW: All I'm saying is that the Cristol family tree never branches.

GM: Bucky!

BW: There's a very real possibility that her parents shared a grandfather!

GM: BUCKY!

BW: It's Texarkana, Gordo! They're not known for their opera scene down in those river bottoms!

GM: [ignoring him] Toughill with a standing headscissors on the Pistol... waistlocking her—what's she got planned...? OH MY STARS!

ET: "hyaaa-AAAAGH!"

BW: Damn, girl!

[Toughill hoists Cristol upright into the air with a guttural shriek and thrusts her opponent forward, dropping to her knees.]

GM: A MASSIVE powerbomb, holding on to the waistlock... TWO! THR—NO! The Pistol kicks out at two-and-three-quarters! The damage she is sustaining in this match is accumulating, though.

[Toughill slaps her palms together three times and maliciously scowls at the referee.]

BW: Hey Gordo, I could get you a summer cottage in Texarkana. You know, if you get a home warranty there, it's good at any paint and body shop in the United States.

GM: Stop. It. Ricki Toughill, now sitting The Pistol up—she's got a handful of her hair, ref!

BW: But you're okay with the swamp rat grabbing at whatever she feels like?

GM: Oh my! Kayla Cristol is being HAMMERED with those kneelifts to her neck and head.

BW: Don't bring a pistol to a bazooka fight! I saw this show last year, and—spoiler alert, internet nerds—it doesn't end well for the swamp rat!

GM: And now... oh no, not another powerbomb. Erica Toughill setting the Pistol up for another powerbo—SMALL PACKAGE FROM THE PISTOL! ONE! T—one count only!

[Toughill powers out of the cradle and responds to her prey fighting back with a series of fists to the tanned face of the Pistol.]

GM: And I don't know what Ricky Longfellow is thinking here—he's letting Erica Toughill take too many liberties with her opponent, in my opinion.

[Toughill drags Cristol to her feet by the wrist while still clutching her hair.]

BW: I don't know, maybe he's intimidated by her.

[Toughill positions herself back-to-back with Cristol, both hands still clutching her hair. She drops down with a scream.]

ET: "ua-AAAAH!"

GM: Ricki Toughill... with a SPITEFUL neckbreaker to her opponent... You have a point, Bucky. I know I'm intimidated by this banshee. And there's the cover... this could be it...

[Toughill kneels across her opponent's shoulders, and wraps both arms around one of Cristol's legs for good measure.]

GM: TWO! AND—NO! The Pistol is STILL fighting!

BW: A slow count!

GM: I don't know how Kayla Cristol powered out of that cradle... Erica Toughill looked to have her wrapped up snug! And Ricki Toughill can't understand it either

[Toughill face shows obvious frustration, pounding the mat over and over with her fist. The fans begin to rally behind her opponent.]

"LET'S GO PISTOL, LET'S GO!" *clap clap*

"LET'S GO PISTOL, LET'S GO!" *clap clap*

"LET'S GO PISTOL, LET'S GO!" *clap clap*

[The Pistol pulls herself to a knee, but anything she might have planned is pre-empted by Toughill's Converse boot, which lands firmly in her ribs.]

BW: I would have just taken the pinfall and put an end to this butt-kicking. This kid has gotta know that she's in there with someone bigger and meaner than her.

GM: Ricki Toughill with an Irish whip, sends The Pistol to the ropes—spinebuster, and with malice!

BW: Just bouncin' her like she was a third-grader... physically a third-grader, not just mentally.

GM: Another cover, hooking the leg again... Referee right there!

BW: She's got her now!

GM: KICKOUT JUST BEFORE THREE AGAIN!

"LET'S GO PISTOL, LET'S GO!" *clap clap*

"LET'S GO PISTOL, LET'S GO!" *clap clap*

"LET'S GO PISTOL, LET'S GO!" *clap clap*

GM: I've never seen anyone survive this long against the punishment that Ricki Toughill can dish out!

[Toughill grabs two handfuls of her own greasy black hair and emits a frustrated screech.]

ET: "NAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

[She leaps to her feet and furiously stomps around the ring, kicking the bottom rope.]

BW: Cool it, Ricki! You're lettin' it get to you!

"LET'S GO PISTOL, LET'S GO!" *clap clap*

"LET'S GO PISTOL, LET'S GO!" *clap clap*

"LET'S GO PISTOL, LET'S GO!" *clap clap*

[With rage in her eyes, Toughill tears The Pistol off the canvas and throws her entire weight into hammer throwing Cristol to the far turnbuckles.]

GM: And Toughill looks to be on the brink of exploding! I don't know if that's any better or worse for The Pistol to face an angry jungle cat than a cold, calculating jungle cat.]

[Toughill takes a breath then steadies her nerves before following up on The Pistol.]

BW: She's smarter than that, Gordo; she knows she can't lose her temper when the stakes are this high.

[The Pistol tries to cut off Toughill's attack with a couple of feeble forearm strikes, but Toughill shrugs them off and replies with a headbutt that sends her back into the corner.]

BW: Y'know what: credit to the swamp rat. Good try, but she's got nothin' left in the tank. She gave it the old college try... or in her case, the old remedial try.

GM: I dispute with you the match being over, Bucky—nothing Ricki Toughill has done has yet been able to put The Pistol away.

[Toughill scoops The Pistol up, tying her in a Tree of Woe, smirking to the chanting fans as she crosses to the opposite corner.]

BW: Well, you just hang on, Gordo, and watch this.

GM: We've seen what Ricki Toughill does when ties her opponent up like this.

[Toughill slaps her behind three times in as many seconds, then charges to the opposite buckle.]

GM: Looking for that jumping hip attack—AND THE PISTOL IS UP!

[The fans come alive as Kayla Cristol pulls herself out of the Tree of Woe, dodging Erica Toughill's posterior.]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! TOUGHILL HITS NOTHING BUT THE BUCKLE!

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

BW: BEHIND YOU, RICKI!

GM: TOUGHILL IS STUNNED AND THE PISTOL... LOADING UP THAT BOGGY CREEK BUSTER. SHE—NO! A RAKE OF THE EYES!

[Kayla Cristol's Calf Branding is blocked by Toughill scratching at her face; Toughill then press slams The Pistol off the middle rope to the canvas. She spends a few seconds doubled over, holding her hand to the small of her back before exits through the ropes to the apron.]

BW: Toughill too smart to get caught by that!

GM: And where is she going now?

BW: Oh boy!

GM: Toughill is outside climbing the ropes!

[With one foot on the top rope, Toughill scowls down at The Pistol, who is flat on her back on the canvas below. She draws her thumb across her throat menacingly.]

GM: If she comes off the top rope, this could be it!

BW: If she comes off the top rope, all that'll be left of the swamp rat will be smeared bronzer and the faint odor of Bud Light Lime on the canvas!

ET: "ee-YAAAAAH!"

[With a shout, Toughill somersaults off the top turnbuckle, but...]

GM: THE PISTOL ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY!

[Toughill splats back-first to the canvas with all the grace of a sack of cement, sitting bolt upright, elbows to her side, palms stretched out, face contorted in a (for-once) silent scream.]

GM: The Queen of Clubs may have done some serious damage to her own surgically-repaired back!

"LET'S GO PISTOL, LET'S GO!" *clap clap*

"LET'S GO PISTOL, LET'S GO!" *clap clap*

"LET'S GO PISTOL, LET'S GO!" *clap clap*

[Newly energized, Kayla Cristol pulls herself upright on the ring apron, and begins climbing the buckles herself. Toughill struggles to her feet and staggers in to attack once again...

...But Pistol Cristol is prepared for her, and yanks Toughill's face into the top turnbuckle.]

BW: THAT WAS A BLATANT PULL OF THE HAIR! This swamp rat oughta be disqualified!

GM: Toughill's reeling—turns her around... BOGGY CREEK BUSTERRRRRR!

[Cristol rolls Toughill over, hooking both legs.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREEEEEE!

[Toughill tries to squirm out of the cradle, but only escapes a fraction of a second too late.]

GM: The Pistol wins! The Pistol wins!

[Kayla Cristol leaps to her feet, ecstatic, with many of the fans at ringside cheering and applauding. Toughill merely sits up, jaw on the floor in shock.]

GM: And Ricki Toughill can't believe it!

BW: That is not FAIR! Ricki spent years trying to get to the AWA!

GM: Fair? FAIR?!

BW: Yes! It's unfair!

GM: Ricki Toughill spent most of this match trying to throw her weight around and taking every shortcut in the book—

BW: And there you go with the “fat” comments again!

PW: The winner of this contest... KAYLA... “THE PISTOL” CRIIIISTOLLL!

[Cristol doesn't even seem to believe the extent of her victory until it's announced and the referee raises her hand. She grins widely, even as she winces, holding her hand to her bruised ribs.]

GM: I made no such comment, Bucky—stop putting words in my mouth! Kayla Cristol fought a very gutsy match here against an embittered veteran who tried to intimidate and belittle her at every turn, and came out with a clean and deserved victory. I can't think of anything more fair than that, and it proves there are some people willing to stand up to the bully.

BW: It ain't fair! Erica Toughill deserves better than losing to some swamp rat!

[The Pistol raises her fists to the air in celebration...

...leaving her injured ribs utterly unprotected to the baseball bat that swings squarely into them.]

GM: OH... MY GOD!

[The pistol crumples to the mat in agony, wailing and doubled over, as Ricki Toughill stands over her, baseball bat clutched in her taped fist, staring icicles at The Pistol.]

GM: Ricki Toughill just has to be a despicable sore loser!

BW: Oh, I feel for the poor girl—she must just be heartbroken. It's a tough loss, sweetheart. I'm so sorry.

GM: Someone has to get out here—oh, poor Ricky Longfellow.

[The official tries to call Toughill off, but she shoves him aside with surprising ease. She towers ominously in the ring as Cristol rolls on the mat, arms crossed over her abdomen, paralyzed by pain.]

GM: We need some help out here; Kayla Cristol very likely has cracked ribs from the ball bat attack, and she doesn't look like she's done yet!

[The crowd comes to life as half the female locker room empties down the aisle; Julie Somers, Melissa Cannon, and Lori Watson all storm the ring.]

GM: HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

[All three hold steel chairs, and form a wall between Toughill and The Pistol.]

[Toughill doesn't budge an inch and holds the bat up, ready to strike. The crowd buzzes at the looming showdown.]

GM: Oh, this could get ugly fast.

[Wilson, Somers, and Cannon all stand ready with chairs. Wilson glances back and forth between Toughill and Cristol, who withdraws to the corner, holding her side, grimacing in pain.]

BW: These three should not be sticking their noses where they don't belong; it's Erica Toughill's business and her business alone what she does out here.

[For what seems like ages, Erica Toughill stares down the other three wrestlers...
...then gingerly drops down and slides to the floor.]

"BOOOOOOOOO."

GM: And Ricki Toughill isn't so brave now. Not that I'm surprised.

[Lori Watson quickly turns around and assists the referee in assessing the damage done to Pistol Cristol, while Cannon and Somers stand guard. Disappointment finally crosses Erica Toughill's face as she sulks her way back up the aisle to the dressing room, holding one her hand to her back, the other still firmly gripped to her baseball bat.]

GM: A shameful display unfortunately staining what was a stunning triumph for Kayla Cristol; we'll keep you updated as to her status, fans. And while our medical team is tending to her, we're going to take our first break of the night. We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action right here on The X so don't you dare go away.

[One last shot of Kayla Cristol slouching against the bottom turnbuckle, a look of vengeance in her eyes as she watches her opponent walk 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 fade back up to a shot looking in through the window of a diner from probably across the street. The name "Carl's" is decaled across the glass in a black, flowy script. We see a waitress in a pink uniform and blue apron refill the coffee mug of an old man, his white cap doing nothing to hide his thinning hair. He stares blankly out the window, as he drinks his coffee. In the corner, a middle-aged woman, with mousy brown hair, wearing a bright red turtleneck sweater, also sits and stares blankly ahead of her. A chyron appears on the bottom right-hand side of the screen that reads, "NEWTON, NC."

At a table in the middle of the dinner, we see the bespectacled Louis Matsui. He is back to dressing in his sports coats; this time a dark blue one. He is gesturing animatedly, talking to a man whom we can only see the back of. The man is dressed in a crisp white shirt. His shoulder-length, dishwater blond hair is tied in a ponytail. The man is taller and broader than the portly Asian.

Suddenly, Matsui reveals that he is aware of the camera, as he gives a thumbs up, presumably unseen by the unknown man. We see him nod emphatically to something the man is saying, the signature Matsui smirk creeping slightly back in, before we see him reply to what the man said. Both men rise from their seats, and we see that the man is at least a head taller than Matsui, as he extends his right hand towards the man, who takes it in his and shakes it. As the unknown man turns to go, we see Matsui wave his fingers under his chin, across his throat, signaling the camera man to stop recording. The footage cuts abruptly...

When the footage starts up again, Matsui is alone at the table. The waitress hands him his check and we see him say something to her. She walks away, as Matsui reaches into his sports coat and pulls out some folded bills, which he places on the table. As he gets up and exits the diner, the camera man approaches with the camera.]

LM: So, that went well... Saw him last night at the Newton Armory.... Convinced him to meet me for a chat... He could be the one, or one of a few. Let's just say the search is starting to bear some results and I do have a shortlist. You may be wondering who that man is, or who any of the other individuals on the shortlist are, but I am not prepared at this time to reveal any more details. There are a couple more places I've got to check out... A few more folks I've got to see in action... But, if all goes well, I would say that the AWA should start preparing for my return.

The AWA should get ready...

...For the Matsui Dynasty.

[With a bounce in his step that we have not seen in a while, Matsui walks to his car and gets into it. He drives off, leaving the camera man behind as we fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands before the AWA backdrop, microphone in hand.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, the AWA is dedicated to bringing you the finest wrestling competition from all over the globe. Part of that dedication has been bringing you the top female competitors in the business. Already tonight, we saw Erica Toughill and Kayla Cristol in action. We have the likes of Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon working our rings. And then we have my guests right now - Lauryn Rage and her Serpentine.

[Lauryn Rage swaggers into the shot. She is dressed in her pink and gold wrestling unitard. Her hair is dark purple this week. Behind her, the Serpentine amass. Copperhead is on her right. Mamba on her left. They nearly crowd Blackwell out of the shot.]

SLB: Lauryn.

[He shyly bows his head in front of the taller Serpentine.]

SLB: Ladies.

[Lauryn stares at him hard for a moment until Blackwell simply extends the microphone.]

LR: (ignoring Blackwell) I hope you were paying attention to the Kid, Cannon. I hope you were paying real close attention. Because you think it's cute that you stole my move? I did your finisher better than you.

[Blackwell winces at the recollection.]

LR: Cannon, you washed. Matter o' fact, next time I see you I'm gonna throw Clingfree sheets at you 'cause you washed. Time to hit the dryer and get outta here. You think we forgot what started all this? You got blessed by the Rages. I mean, sure, you wanted to be the centerpiece of the Women's Division and Gellar and crew went along with it. But damn, girl, let's really take in your resume. You lost to Miyuki. You lost to Charisma Knight. You got blessed with a pay day to be a referee during my brother's title match because he thought you'd be fair and understanding and you decided to cheat to get the spotlight on you. So I've been punking you ever since. Steal from me? Naw, B. You ain't stealin' from me. You're not blessed like that, Pancakes.

[Rage holds up her hands for blind high fives from the Serpentine. She never removes her large hazel eyes from the camera. Slowly, Lauryn lowers her hands and addresses the camera again.]

LR: So, I hope you payin' real close attention tonight, Cannon, because this girl reminds me of you. No talent. No chance. And when I put her down like the dog you are, you better think about what you're doing and who you're messing with. Cannon, you're way outclassed. You got anything you wanna ask me, Blackwell?

[Blackwell considers it and then looks into the eager eyes of the Serpentine.]

SLB: No, I think you covered it.

[Rage smiles and pats Blackwell on his head.]

LR: See why I like you, baby? Ladies, let's blow this popsicle stand.

[Lauryn Rage and the glowering Serpentes leave the set, leaving Blackwell to shake his head in disbelief at their passage. He looks sheepishly at the camera.]

SLB: Let's just move on. Let's just move on.

[Blackwell shakes his head again as we fade back out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a two on one handicap match set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... at a total combined weight of 475 pounds and residing from their early spring vacation destination home in Newport, Rhode Island...

PRESTON "BIG MONEY" BANKS AND TEDDY "TRUST BUSTER" ROSÉ...

THE YACHT CLUB!!!

[The Yacht Club are - as expected - dressed to the nines. Both men sport white slacks, navy blue blazers with their club emblem on their left breast pocket, white dress shirts, white socks, and white dress shoes. Preston has a pair of aviator sunglasses, finely groomed blonde hair parted to the right, and a faintly grown in mustache. Teddy has chestnut brown hair tied into a ponytail, is clean shaved, and has his sunglasses tucked into the unbuttoned collar of his dress shirt.]

GM: We caught a brief glimpse of Banks and Rose-

BW: It's Rosé, Gordo!

GM: Ahem, Rosé... two weeks ago in Kansas City and they were not too pleased with the actions of the man they are set to square off against in just a moment

[Banks and Rosé remove their blazers and shirts, snapping at a ringside attendant to come grab them which quickly happens. Rosé snaps at Phil Watson to hand him the mic and begrudgingly Watson hands it over.]

TR: Pardon me.

[The crowd hisses at Banks and Rosé.]

TR: I repeat, I beg your pardon!

[Not much better.]

TR: You people disgust me and it is time that someone teach you degenerates and one Mr. Flex Ferrigno a lesson in civility and class. As the fine gentlemen that we are, we are willing to turn our cheek and forgive the despicable act of Mr. Ferrigno in Kansas City and spare him the comeuppance that he justly deserves.

BW: What noblemen.

GM: What a joke.

TR: All Mr. Ferrigno must do is come down to ringside and apologize for his actions and for interrupting our squabble.

PB: And kiss our feet!

TR: Now, now, Preston. Do you really want that? There is no telling where Mr. Ferrigno's lips have been nor if he has even showered in the past two weeks since disposing of that filth Hot and Wild.

So, Mr. Ferrigno, this is your final --

["Give Him Everything You've Got" by Craig Armstrong fires up!]

GM: Looks like they're about to get their answer, Bucky.

BW: My gut says they ain't gonna like it, daddy.

PW: And their opponent...hailing from Strong Island standing 6 foot 3 weighing in at 287 pounds...He is the GRAND PAPPY OF PAIN, THE KING OF TWISTED STEEL AND SEX APPEAL, THE HAMMER AND THE CHISEL...

FLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEX FERRIGNO!!!

[Ferrigno steps out. Living up to his name, he is quite the physical specimen with a hulking frame with muscles on top of muscles. A gold chainmail headdress covers his short bleached blonde hair, gun metal mirror shades over his eyes, and he has a crisp sun kissed tan which is accentuated by goblets of baby oil for an immaculate shine. His delts explode out in massive peaks from underneath the gold mesh, peaking and diving into cannonball biceps and forearms. Around his waist is a torn up QUADRASaurus shirt now available on AWAShop.com for \$19.99 while supplies last.]

BW: The Monsta Muscle is on his way to the ring and judging by his pace he's not coming to shake hands or deliver an apology!

GM: Flex has been as advertised and more since his debut, Bucky. He's destroyed competitor after competitor.

BW: Word in the back is that last week at a live event, Flex hit a guy so hard with a clothesline that he broke his collarbone and knocked both shoulders out of socket. It was originally supposed to be shown on Power Hour but I guess it was just too much power for one hour, Gordo.

[Ferrigno stomps up the ring steps, shoves his body through the ropes, and stalks towards Banks and Rosé.]

TR: Now Mr. Ferrigno-

[Without slowing down his stride, Ferrigno thrashes his right arm forward and clubs Preston Banks across the jaw sending him flopping across the ring and tumbling over the bottom rope!]

GM: WHAT A CLOTHESLINE, BUCKY!

[Ferrigno spins towards a begging-off Rosé, shoving his boot into the mid-section, doubling him over, cinching his arms around his waist, and rips him off the canvas...]

BW: THERE GOES TEDDY!

[...and SLAMS him back first with a suplex that rattles the ring!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Looks like the Yacht Club got their answer!

GM: Ferrigno better be weary of what he's running into, Bucky. I don't care how big and bad you think you are, facing two professional wrestlers by yourself is no easy task.

BW: Maybe not for the common man, Gordo. But this is the Quadrasaurus we're talking about!

[Rosé crawls back up to his feet before Ferrigno grabs him by the neck and HEAVES him through the ropes! On the far side of the ring, Banks climbs back in, racing towards Ferrigno from behind and clubbing him over the back to which Ferrigno just shrugs off, turns around, and stares him down.]

BW: Talk about bad ideas.

[Banks winds up, throws a right hook which Ferrigno just swats away. With a grin, he raises his own right arm and clubs Banks across the head and knocks him flat on his back. Ferrigno instantly pounces over him, straddling his torso and begins punishing him with vicious forearms and elbows.]

GM: This isn't a wrestling match, Bucky, this is a mugging!

BW: Be careful what you wish for.

GM: I wouldn't wish this upon my worst enemy.

BW: That's encouraging.

[Ferrigno peels Banks off the mat, scoops him up over his shoulder, and begins effortlessly walking him around the ring. Finally he points to the far turnbuckle and he rushes towards it, SLAMMING Banks into the corner and leaving him dangling over the ringpost and top buckle.]

GM: Looks like Ferrigno is headed to the outside.

BW: Obviously bored with Preston Banks whose daddy couldn't buy him out of this beating.

[Ferrigno steps onto the floor and measures up Rosé who for some unknown reason begins crawling towards him. Teddy finally finger walks up Flex's boots and begins pleading him for him to stop. Ferrigno kicks his hands away, yanks him up, wraps his arms around his entire upper body and swings his hips around...]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX ON THE OUTSIDE! MY GOD, BUCKY! HE MAY HAVE JUST BROKE THE MAN'S BACK!

BW: If not, he may be just be about to.

[Ferrigno grabs a floored Rosé by the arm, yanking him to his feet, and whips him around... he flies across the screen, CRASHES back first into the ring barricade and crumbles to the floor. Ferrigno casually rolls back into the ring, pushes himself up onto one knee, and strikes a massive bicep pose!]

BW: FLEX GOTTA POSE, DADDY!

GM: He's got peaks on top of peaks, I'll give him that.

[Banks falls off the buckle he was hanging on and Ferrigno stalks towards him. In one fluid motion, he grabs Banks, shoves him in the air parallel to the mat, and begins pressing him back and forth into the air.]

BW: Seven, eight, nine!

GM: Would you quit it?

[Finally, Ferrigno just shoves him up into the air for the tenth time and lets Banks land chest first on the mat where his helpless body bounces off the canvas. Somehow, on the adjacent side of the ring Teddy Rosé begins crawling under the ropes, visibly dazed and clutching his lower back as he stands up and unknowingly wonders right towards Ferrigno who lifts a knee into his mid-section, hooks both his arms before cinching his hands together, and yanks him into the air...]

GM: BUTTERFLY SUPLEX BY FLEX! MY STARS!!!

[...and drops him right on top of Banks!]

BW: Now that's how you break a man's back.

GM: This guy is a bulldozer, Bucky.

[Ferrigno roars out to the crowd and begins stomping around the ring. Banks is the first one to show a remote sign of being conscious as Flex jacks him up and across his shoulders into an inverted rack position. He begins violently spinning Banks around and around and around and eventually releases his hands from his limbs while still pivoting around and around in the ring.]

BW: U.F.O BY FLEX! Preston Banks may be immune to sea sickness but when he gets down from this one he's not going to know what planet he is on!

[Finally, Ferrigno shoves him and Banks flops into the corner. Flex belts out "WHO'S YOUR DADDY?!" just as Teddy Rosé has mustered the ability to stand back up. As he approaches Flex, he's just shoved away with both hands into the ropes...

...Rosé is catapulted back from the momentum...

...Ferrigno shoves him into the air...

...catches his twisting frame...

...and DRIVES him back head and shoulder first into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH MY STAAAARS! IT'S IMPRESSIVE EVERY SINGLE TIME, BUCKY!

BW: POP-UP GERMAN AND THAT'S ALL SHE WROTE!

[The official drops down for the easiest one, two, three he's called all night.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner by way of pinfall...

FLEX FEEEEEEEEEEEEERRIGNO!!!

[Ferrigno kicks both Banks and Rosé under the ropes where they lifelessly crash to the hard flooring. He calls for a mic, now leaning over the top rope and staring out at the crowd.]

FLEX: YA KNOOOOOOOOOOOOOW!

[Hit that muscle pose, you earned it.]

FLEX: It's becoming quite apparent... that every single time Flex Ferrigno steps through those ropes... that ALL men are NOT created equal, daddy. Ain't nobody back there... got a pair quite like the Quadrasaurus!

[Ferrigno delivers a picturesque double bicep pose that draws some shouting from the crowd.]

FLEX: So color me unimpressed by the garbage that's been thrown at me. HE don't got the goods!

[He points at Preston Banks who is laid out on the ground.]

FLEX: He don't got the goods!

[He points at Rosé who is crumbled up in a ball near the railing.]

FLEX: Ain't nobody... AND I MEAN NOBODY... got the goods but ME!

[A huge grin as he jaws at a fan in the front row off mic.]

FLEX: Tonight ya saw two men walk into Abomination Alley and ya saw two men go through the meat grinder, chewed up, and spit back out. The Monsta Muscle is gettin' sick and tired of bein' sick and tired, daddy. I came to the AWA to fight the BEST not this garbage.

[Flex spits out over the ropes.]

FLEX: So until I get a REAL fight...ain't none of you gettin' the goods!

[Ferrigno looks out at the crowd.]

FLEX: THE STORE...IS...CLOSED!

[And flings the mic down.]

GM: Another impressive outing for Flex Ferrigno who says he wants tougher competition, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? He's been dominating anyone the AWA puts in front of him. Of course he wants tougher competition!

GM: All I can say is that Mr. Ferrigno best be careful what he wishes for because there's a locker room full of VERY tough competitors who would be more than happy to take him up on his offer, Bucky.

BW: Bring 'em on. Bring 'em all on.

GM: Let's go backstage and hear from the man who hopes to earn himself a Pay Per View shot at the World Television Title later tonight - the former champ, Shadoe Rage.

[We fade backstage to where Shadoe Rage stands before the AWA backdrop. He is alone, dressed in his black leather robes and his monk's cloth hood. He glares balefully at the camera, his beautiful features contorted into a cruel mask.]

SR: Derrick Williams, I don't know who you think you are... I don't know what kind of man you are... this used to be about Supernova stealing my World Television title and refusing to give me my fair rematch... but no... you had to stick your nose in where it isn't involved. You had to try to force yourself into the title picture. And then, when I wouldn't step aside, what do you do? You attack me backstage? You attack me knowing full well my daughter could have been with me?

This will not stand.

[Rage breathes raggedly. He flips down his hood so that his savage hazel eyes burn through the camera.]

SR: Derrick Williams. You decided to make it personal. That's a big mistake. I didn't attack Kevin Slater. I don't need to attack Kevin Slater. Kevin Slater means nothing to me. His name. His legacy. His very existence... they all mean nothing to me. He's a Nobody as far as I'm concerned.

You used to be a Nobody too.

[Rage stabs his finger at the camera and then claps his hands before spinning in a circle. His dreadlocks shake like serpents with his twitchy movements. Rage collects his thoughts before he speaks again in his strangled rasp.]

SR: Now you want to be somebody. You want to be just like Supernova. You want to try to steal my title from me and you want to steal my dignity from me? Attack me from behind? Jump me when I'm with my daughter? Humiliate me? Terrify a child. No, you're not getting away with this. You're not going to claim the moral high ground.

[Rage's voice lowers to a ragged whisper.]

SR: What you're going to do is suffer. And you're going to suffer unimaginably.

[He nods his head, agreeing with himself.]

SR: Think you're a hotshot and ready to move up, huh? Think you got it in you to play with the big boys? Because you got that pretty little elbow from your mentor there that couldn't cut it in the AWA.

This is my elbow.

[Rage raises his elbow to the camera. He pulls away the pad and the sleeve covering it to reveal a hard, sharp protrusion. The elbow is seamed with a fine tracery of scars and rough skin.]

SR: These scars are the scars of twenty-five years of destroying men like you. Men in Portland. Men in Toronto. Men in Halifax. Men in Los Angeles. Men in Calgary. Men in Dallas, Texas. Men in New York. Men in Brooklyn, Derrick Williams. Unlike you, men who actually meant something in this business. It isn't smooth like yours.

You didn't want to make this personal. But you did. You think you're ready for this? You're not. So now you're going to fall off the ladder. Now you're going all the way down.

[Rage jerks his thumb violently towards the ground.]

SR: Tonight, I dedicate this match to Adrianna. Tonight, I'm going to show my daughter what a man is. Tonight, I'm going to show her that you are not a man.

You are nothing but an obstacle. And I'm going to remove you from my path to the AWA World Television championship.

[Rage lets out a long, slow whistle as he refocuses.]

SR: Think you have me figured out? Know my history? Die in darkness isn't just a catchphrase, Derrick Williams. Tonight, I'm gonna kill you and put an end to this charade that I'm not the AWA World Television champion!

[We fade out...

...and back up to the ring where Phil Watson is getting ready to introduce the competitors for this upcoming tag team match. Two small masked men slither into the ring. One of them starts doing karate poses, while the other tries to intimidate Watson, who does not flinch. Disappointed that he could not get a reaction from Watson, the man slithers off to a corner.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Already in the ring, allegedly from a mysterious, EVIL headquarters somewhere in the Atlantic Ocean.. their total combined weight is unknown, here are the Agents of S.N.A.K.E... COLD SNAP.. and VILE VENOM!

[The two masked men start riling up the crowd. The man known as Cold Snap is dressed up as a ninja, foregoing the traditional black outfit for one of a light blue variety. The other man, Vile Venom, is dressed up in a scaly brown and black outfit, with a mask in the design of a cobra's head.]

BW: Holy mid-1980s toy commercials disguised as a action TV show, Gordo!

[Gordon chuckles in agreement as Watson prepares to introduce their opponents.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The snare drum starts up an intro and the fans cheer as they recognize the first few notes of "The Marine's Hymn" played by a marching band.]

PW: Heading to the ring.. at a total combined weight of 516 pounds...

..."CAPTAIN" JOE FLINT....

...CHARLIE STEPHENS....

THEY ARE...AMERICAN PRIDE!

[The first few bars of the Marine's Hymn play through to the approval of the fans, before a trio of Marine reserve members march out, serving as a color guard. They fly the Stars And Stripes, the Marine flag, and the flag of Minnesota, leading the way for the duo of Captain Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens, the duo known as American Pride.]

GM: Alright! It's time to see some good ol' fashioned red-blooded proud to be Americans in action!

[Flint is a big, burly fellow. His barrel-chested physique isn't a picture of rock-solid conditioning, but it is a battle-scarred picture of toughness and raw power. The Captain keeps his hair in a military high-and-tight, and his prominent jaw and nose are the primary features of a face that strongly resembles a famous American actor of long ago... which is the reason many call him "The Duke". He wears camouflage pants and black combat boots, his hands are taped up, and he sports a single elbow pad on his left arm which is emblazoned in American red, white, and blue.

Stephens is wearing a white T-Shirt with "USA" on it in red, white, and blue lettering. The physique can be seen through the shirt, as it's a tight fit. Stephens keeps his hair in a military buzz-cut, and his jaw is nice and square, showing that his jaw is a solid symbol of American pride. Stephens wears simple camouflage wrestling trunks, with black knee pads and black boots. His right hand's fingers are taped in red, white, and blue tape.]

GM: Captain Joe Flint and his top recruit, Charlie Stephens, decided to come together as American Pride and... well, when you take a look at some of the stuff coming out of our politicians these days, I think we can all use a little bit of American Pride, Bucky.

[Flint slaps hands all the way down the aisle, passing out small American flags as he goes. Stephens is more business like, but he's patient as he waits for his partner to finish greeting the crowd, slapping hands as well. Flint stops for children and anyone with any emblem that indicates that they are a veteran, shaking hands with them before moving on. Stephens gives a salute to the veterans as he passes by as well. The Marine's Hymn cycles in the background as they take their time, moving down the aisle and all the way around the ring.]

BW: I really am happy that Flint's a proud American. After all, as a fellow patriot I also bleed red, white, and blue. Sometimes, ya gotta think it's a bit too much.

GM: We really do need someone to take up the mantle of someone that's proud to be an American. These two men sacrificed time and their bodies to protect this country from evil influences around the world! I'm glad that if anybody's gonna stand up for the good ol' U-S-of-A, it's these two.

[You can hear Bucky sigh and mutter something about the show having to go on sometime. Finally, the former (don't dare call him "ex-") Marine and Army Private climb the ring steps and enter the ring. Flint pumps a fist to the crowd as Stephens gives a salute. The crowd roars their approval, and the chant begins...]

Crowd: "U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A!"

[The Marine's Hymn dies out, but the chant keeps going as Flint goes to the ropes, cupping his ear and encouraging the chant. Stephens stretches against the ropes, waiting for the match to start.]

GM: We're about to get our first look at American Pride here on AWA Saturday Night. A couple of weeks ago, the veteran Joe Flint took Charlie Stephens under his wing after Stephens was embarrassed by Kerry Kendrick on AWA Power Hour.

BW: Flint's been through a lot of wars over his career, daddy.

GM: Indeed, and Flint feels that Stephens is a worthy partner to go to war with here in the AWA.

[Flint takes his place on the apron and Vile Venom does as well. Stephens and Cold Snap circle each other as the bell rings.]

GM: The bell sounds and we're underway! Stephens and Cold Snap are starting things off for their respective teams.

[Stephens found himself too close to the Agents of S.N.A.K.E's corner and Vile Venom takes a swipe. While Venom missed, it caught Stephens' attention, and Stephens turns to warn Venom.]

BW: Looks like Flint's gonna have to teach Stephens something about letting the opponents get in his head.

GM: Stephens not paying attention, and Cold Snap is about to take advantage... but Stephens turns just in time!

[Cold Snap stops in his tracks, raising his arms up in the air. Stephens admonishes Cold Snap and gets ready to lock up. Cold Snap, however, has other plans.]

GM: My stars! Cold Snap with a hard slap across the face of Stephens, and that obviously got Stephens riled up in a hurry!

[The slap set off a nerve, and Stephens charges Cold Snap, who quickly scurries over to the ropes, stepping partially out onto the apron. Stephens balls his right hand, looking to get a little payback as the crowd shouts encouragement.]

BW: What are ya waitin' for, kid? Hit him!

GM: Stephens is the kind of guy that's never gonna bend, let alone break the rules, Bucky.

BW: Well, that's the sort of thinking that let Kerry Kendrick push Stephens around on the Power Hour a few weeks back, Gordo.

[The referee steps in the middle and gets a clean break, giving the evil ninja a chance to sneak a quick jab into Stephens' face. Stephens stumbles back to the center of the ring as the ref admonishes the light-blue clad ninja, who winds up for a big punch.]

GM: The referee accidentally gave Cold Snap a chance for a cheap shot, and he's looking to take further advantage of it right here. He winds up, swing, and a miss!

[Cold Snap whiffs badly on the right hand as Stephens runs towards the ropes. He bounces off the ropes as Cold Snap turns around and gets taken off his feet by a double leg takedown! The crowd starts roaring as Stephens balls up his fist again, ready to punch Cold Snap in the face. The referee starts to warn Stephens.]

BW: He's got this guy prone on the mat! Show off some of that Army training and punch the guy for disrespecting your service and your country!

[Stephens holds off again...

...and this time Cold Snap reaches up and sticks a thumb in Stephens' eye.]

BW: Ninja eye poke! That technique's obviously been handed down from many generations of.. uh.. ice ninjas? But, see what I mean, Gordo?

[Cold Snap, freed from Stephens' grasp, clambers to his feet and drives a two handed blow into Stephens' abdomen.]

BW: He's got no killer instinct for a guy who has quite a bit of combat experience from his time in the Army! You're gonna need that killer instinct if you're gonna turn your career around in the AWA. Look, he had a recent match with Supreme Wright and Wright pretty much wrestled circles around him!

[Cold Snap pulls Stephens up by the crew cut. In the Agents of S.N.A.K.E. corner, Vile Venom puts his foot on the turnbuckle, and Snap throws Stephens' head into Venom's outstretched boot. Snap makes a tag, and Venom enters the ring.]

GM: Indeed, but Wright's a former World Champion. He's a generational talent, easily a future Hall of Famer. Training from Joe Flint can only help Stephens succeed, but he's gonna need...

BW[interrupting]: At this rate, years?

GM: Stephens in a little bit of trouble as the Agents of S.N.A.K.E. work him over in the corner here.

[Venom stomps at Stephens' midsection in the corner, then he starts digging into Stephens' eyes. Stephens yells out, and the referee tries to slide in between to separate Venom from Stephens.]

BW: If he's letting these two guys get the better of him, it may take him a decade, minimum, before he can even be mentioned in the same paragraph as Wright.

[While Venom is distracting the referee, Cold Snap wraps the tag rope around the throat of Stephens. Over in the other corner, Flint is slapping the turnbuckle, getting the crowd to get behind Stephens.]

BW: Ya gotta admit, no amount of Army training can prepare a soldier for these kinds of secret ninja techniques.

GM: Secret ninja techniques? Come on, Bucky, this is just standard illegal tag team wrestling!

BW: Well, perhaps it's a little extra training from whoever's in charge of the Agents of S.N.A.K.E... I don't know much about these two, Gordo, except that they're out to take over the world!

GM: Oh brother!

[The ref finally turns towards the villains' corner, where Cold Snap quickly undoes the tag rope from Stephens' throat. Cold Snap denies any wrong doing, and Venom approaches to inflict further damage. However, Stephens lashes out, catching Venom in the sternum with a surprise thrust kick! Stephens then reaches back and clocks Cold Snap in the head with an elbow.]

GM: Stephens finally fighting his way out of the corner here. He's catching his breath as Venom gets back to his feet.

[Venom moves in, but Stephens gets a second wind and grabs Venom, and takes him up and over with a exploder suplex, sending Venom crashing upside down in the corner!]

GM: Oh my! Big overhead suplex into the corner... and Stephens may be looking for the tag here!

[The crowd cheers as Stephens quickly clears the cobwebs and rushes over to tag Flint in. Meanwhile, Cold Snap reaches down and tags himself in.]

GM: There's the tag! Flint's finally in this match!

[Cold Snap throws a few karate chops at the broad chest of Flint, who just shrugs them off.]

BW: The karate chops are having no effect! Quick, give Flint your patented Ninja Eye Poke!

[Cold Snap, frustrated at his chops not working, throws a kick to Flint, who just grabs the leg. Flint is wagging his finger as Snap begs off. Flint then spins Cold Snap around, and grabs him by the waist, lifting him up in the air.]

GM: Flint's got Cold Snap up in the air, and he's making him think about what he's done so far! Stephens asking for the tag, and he's got it! Stephens enters the ring, and Flint delivers a devastating atomic drop!

[Cold Snap wiggles in pain as Stephens reaches down to grab him. He puts him up on his shoulders and starts spinning around!]

GM: Airplane spin by Stephens! Round and 'round the ninja goes.. oh! Here comes Vile Venom!

[Venom rushes over to try to help, only for Stephens to spin and cause the flailing legs of Cold Snap to hit Venom in the head. Venom falls to the mat and rolls all the way out of the ring. Stephens rotates a couple more times, then throws Cold Snap to the mat. He roars in triumph, although he stumbles a bit back towards his corner due to effects of the airplane spin. Flint, who had exited the ring, tags himself back in.]

BW: Flint's back in the ring, and he's loading it up, Gordo. I hope we don't hear any gun related puns this week.

[Stephens stumbles back onto the apron as Cold Snap rises to his feet. The cheering crowd encourages Flint to ready, aim, fire.. and Flint does just that, winding up and blasting Cold Snap back down to the mat with his devastating lariat known as the Howitzer.]

GM: Howitzer! This could end the match right now, but I think Flint has other ideas. He pulls Cold Snap to his feet, scoops him up... and drops the ninja stomach first on his knee!

[Instead of letting Cold Snap fall to the mat after the stomach buster, he holds on to the hapless ninja. He gets back to his feet, scooping Cold Snap back up into a bodyslam position. He shuffles over to his corner, holding Cold Snap, and tags Stephens in.]

GM: Tag made, looks like a double team coming up here, Bucky.

[Flint then swings Cold Snap up into a bear hug. Stephens leans against the ropes, waiting for Flint to bring Cold Snap into position. Once Flint gets in position in the center of the ring, Stephens runs to the opposite set of ropes. Flint starts to kneel down, as Stephens comes back, kicking his feet out and collaring Cold Snap around the neck with a neck-tie lariat!]

GM: That's the Patriot Missile! Cold Snap is down and out, and Stephens makes the cover!

[The referee slaps the mat three times as Flint stands triumphantly, daring Vile Venom to slither back into the ring. Venom, seeing that he's not going to get a chance to rescue his buddy, thinks better of it and lets his partner take the pinfall.]

GM: And that's gonna do it! American Pride pick up their first victory as a tag team!

BW: The Agents of S.N.A.K.E. will get them next time, Gordo. They're just need an evil secret weapon the next time around, I guess.

GM: Well, evil doesn't prevail in the face of good ol' fashioned American Pride! "Sweet" Lou Blackwell's making his way to ringside to talk to American Pride, take it away, Lou!

[Fade to ringside where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell has made his way to ringside. Flint and Stephens exit the ring near Blackwell, hyping up the crowd following their win.]

SLB: Folks, American Pride has vanquished the evil Agents of S.N.A.K.E. in their first match as a tag team..

CS: SIR!

[The booming voice of Stephens takes Blackwell and Flint by surprise.]

CS: I allowed the enemy to get the drop on me at the start of the match. Captain! I will not allow that to happen again, SIR!

[Flint chuckles.]

JF: That's all right, private. Remember the old phrase, it's a marathon, not a sprint.

[Stephens nods his head.]

SLB: Well, as I was about to ask, you two were able to overcome your opponents tonight. Joe Flint, I bet you're proud.

JF: Well, pilgrim, it always feels good to get rid of un-American slime like these two evil-doers. We gave 'em a taste of good ol' American Pride, and now they're retreatin' with their tails between their legs. They're gonna be tellin' their leaders that they best not mess with the good ol' United States of America!

[Stephens yells out an enthusiastic "That's right!", and waves the American flag back and forth.]

JF: But ya know, "Sweet" Lou, these two guys we beat tonight were only mere maggots. Cannon fodder, if you will. In the long run, they're no threat to anyone here in the AWA.

[Flint clears his throat.]

JF: As far as we know anyway. We made a step forward here tonight, but there's a lot more work that needs to be done, am I right, soldier?

CS: That's right, SIR!

[Flint nods his head.]

JF: We gotta start somewhere, folks. There are a lot of people here in the AWA that are actual threats, and we're here to help rid the streets of the scumbags runnin' around thinkin' they're ownin' the joint.

[Flint puts a hand on Stephens' shoulder.]

JF: Stephens knows one quite well.

[Stephens nods his head.]

CS: Kendrick.

JF: Charlie's got a gleam in his eye, thinkin' about getting revenge on Kendrick for what he did a few weeks ago. We see this little gang of Kerry Kendrick's runnin' their mouths each and every Saturday Night, jumpin' some good men and leavin' 'em laying like the cowards that they are. Kendrick, Mahoney, Summers... we're keepin' an eye on you, and sooner or later our paths are gonna cross. We'll be locked and loaded and ready for battle.

[Flint chuckles.]

JF: Heck, bring that Toughill gal along if ya like. She's obviously wearin' the pants in your relationship.

SLB: Strong words, but that's still four people you've called out, Joe.

JF: Indeed, but I know on the last Saturday Night, Mahoney called out Supernova and wants a shot at his Television title once he's done with that earwig Shadow Rage. Hate to say it, but that slime does deserve a shot at that belt. We know he'll be doin' anything he can to get his hands on that gold. We'll be makin' sure the numbers are equal whenever that match happens, am I right, Charlie?

CS: That's right, sir! Supernova! You've got an ally in us!

JF: Well, then, it's always a pleasure talkin' to ya, "Sweet" Lou, now if ya excuse us, it's time to hit the mess hall. Forward, MARCH!

[Flint and Stephens leave off camera as "Sweet" Lou looks on. Blackwell turns towards the camera.]

SLB: Well, guys, strong words from American Pride as they look to make their way up the rankings of the AWA. They've already set their sights on the trio of Callum Mahoney, Rex Summers, and Kerry Kendrick and I'm looking forward to when they square off! Back to you guys!

[We fade back to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Thanks for that very special interview, Lou. The fireworks will definitely be flying if those teams collide - just like the fireworks were exploding last weekend on the Power Hour when Brian Lau was the co-host with our own Theresa Lynch.

BW: Your own. I claim no ownership of any of those Stenches. If someone left me one of them in a will, I'd ask for a second opinion.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: The Power Hour is quickly becoming can't miss television as it promises to be next weekend when Jordan Ohara is the guest co-host.

BW: Ohara and Theresa Lynch. Two people who've never worked for a thing in their lives and have had everything handed to them. I can't think of a more fitting pairing, Gordo.

GM: You're just bitter that Theresa hasn't invited you to be her co-host yet.

BW: I wouldn't lower myself to being in that close of a proximity to a Lynch unless it was their funeral, Gordo.

GM: Nevertheless, coming up this week on the Power Hour, former National Champion Kolya Sudakov will be on hand to comment on the actions of Maxim Zharkov two weeks ago as well as his upcoming Russian Chain Match at Memorial

Day Mayhem against the Tsar! You do NOT want to miss that! But right now, let's go up to the ring!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Macon, Georgia, and weighing 235 pounds... JOSHUA DAWSON!

[A man with short blonde hair, dressed in navy blue wrestling trunks and boots, raises his arms to the crowd, a smirk on his face.]

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: Listen to these people, on their feet for The Gladiator!

BW: Shows what terrible taste these people have!

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

GM: Gladiator remains undefeated in singles competition... can you think of any man who has what it takes to defeat him?

BW: Oh, I can name a lot of people, Gordo, but the question is if The Gladiator has the guts to get in the ring with them!

GM: Bucky, The Gladiator has taken on everybody from Ultra Commando 3 to KING Oni, so I don't think there's a man who Gladiator isn't unwilling to face.

BW: Are you implying it's others who don't have the guts to face him?

GM: I implied nothing, but you seem to be inferring that.

BW: Don't you spin that around on me, Gordo!

[The bell rings and Dawson rushes The Gladiator, hammering him with several blows to the chest and midsection, but Gladiator just stares at him.]

GM: Dawson attempting to brawl with Gladiator... I don't think that's a wise course of action.

[After taking several blows, Gladiator raises both arms above him and drives them down across Dawson's shoulders, staggering him.]

GM: And Gladiator showing why you don't want to brawl with him!

BW: Well, Dawson has guts to get in the ring with him... of course, it didn't make him intelligent.

[Gladiator grabs Dawson around the waist, hoists him up, then drops to one knee, driving it into Dawson's spine.]

GM: Inverted atomic drop! Dawson feeling the effects!

[As Dawson turns around, Gladiator picks him up from behind,]

GM: And a regular atomic drop! Gladiator twice rattling Dawson's spine!

BW: And he runs right into the ropes... clothesline!

[Dawson falls to the canvas and Gladiator raises his arms skyward, as if in conversation with somebody up above.]

BW: And I still don't get why he keeps talking to the ceiling!

GM: Well, there are those gods that Gladiator pays... well, homage to.

BW: Spare me the talk about the gods, Gordo! A guy who talks to the ceiling is never in his right mind!

[Gladiator pulls Dawson off the canvas and hooks him in a front chancery.]

GM: Gladiator has Dawson set up... picks him and takes him over with a vertical suplex!

BW: He lifted him up with ease, too, Gordo! I don't like the man, but there's no denying how strong he is!

GM: Would you say that's one reason nobody has been able to defeat this man, Bucky?

BW: You know what I said earlier... he may have faced a few tough wrestlers, but a lot more are waiting for him!

[Gladiator drags Dawson off the canvas once more, grabbing him by the arm and whipping him hard into the corner.]

GM: Dawson sent to the corner! Gladiator following him in... he's got him by the arm! Whips him right into the opposite corner!

[Before Dawson can recover, Gladiator charges his opponent, crushing him with a clothesline.]

GM: Clothesline right in the corner! Dawson has nowhere to go!

BW: Nowhere except right into The Gladiator's arms! Look at this!

[Gladiator quickly drags Dawson forward and lifts him up, pressing him overhead and turning so all four sides of the arena can see the feat.]

GM: Gladiator pressing Dawson overhead! It can only mean one thing...

[Suddenly, Gladiator drops Dawson down, catching him and driving him into the canvas with a devastating powerslam.]

GM: And there's that patented powerslam! This one is over!

[Gladiator kneels over his opponent, raising his arms above his head and looking up above as the referee delivers the three count.]

BW: Still undefeated... for now.

GM: Let's get the official word!

[The referee calls for the bell and Gladiator rises to his feet, pressing his hands overhead and soaking in the cheers from the fans.]

PW: The winner of the match... THE GLADIATOR!

[The referee raises Gladiator's arm in victory. A wild look forms in Gladiator's eyes and he approaches the camera, pointing his finger at it.]

G: JUPITER AND JUNO HAVE MADE IT CLEAR WHERE MY JOURNEY SHALL TAKE ME! IT SHALL TAKE ME TO MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM, WHERE I WILL AWAIT MY DESTINY AND SET RIGHT WHAT HAS BEEN MADE WRONG! ENSURE THAT THE MONGRELS AND SCOUNDRELS THAT HAVE DESECRATED THE TROPHIES THAT MATTER ARE HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR THEIR ACTIONS, AND ENSURE THAT THOSE WHO RESPECT THE IDEALS OF HONOR AND SACRIFICE ARE ALLOWED TO TAKE THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACE! AND SO IT SHALL BE AT MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM, WHEN ME AND MY GLADIATORS CHARGE INTO BATTLE, VANQUISH THOSE WHO STAND BEFORE US, AND PROVE BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT THE PATH OF A GLADIATOR IS THE ONLY PATH TO LEAD TO VICTORY!

[Gladiator then ducks between the ropes and walks back up the aisle, raising his arms over his head as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Gladiator talking about Memorial Day Mayhem... I'm not sure what to make of those words, Bucky.

BW: This is news to you, Gordo? Who can ever understand what he's talking about? He's saying he'll be at Memorial Day Mayhem when he doesn't even have a match on the card yet!

GM: I'm assuming it will only be a matter of time before he gets such a match... the question is, who will he be facing?

BW: I doubt even The Gladiator himself knows the answer to that! Unless he thinks his gods are gonna put a minotaur or a hydra in the ring to battle him!

[Gordon chuckles as we fade to black.]

The words "December 1994" appears in white scrawly text. The black screen fades to reveal the founder of the EMWC, Adam Thompson. Thompson's years are showing at this point. He leans towards the camera.]

"In the mid-90s, getting anyone to bankroll pro wrestling was a hard sell. The whole business was in the toilet so if you wanted to stand a chance, you started small and put in the work."

[A black and white still photo of a bloodied Colt Patterson - then known as Narcissus - battling Lorenzo Vasquez appears. The word "Extreme" etched in a deep crimson is "written" across them as the voice of Patterson is heard.]

"Extreme was the thing. Hell, my dad had been doing extreme down in the South for years - cages, bullropes, Texas Death, whatever. He just didn't know it had a name. Did I like the idea of going through tables almost every night? Not really. But I was the champ. I was the guy. It was either do it or they'd find someone else who would. Ultimately, my career paid the price but it was a good run while it lasted."

[The shot of Patterson fades to a still photo of Chris Blue standing in a ring with Adam Thompson. Blue looks much younger than his modern counterpart who we see a moment later.]

"I bought out Adam Thompson as soon as I put the money together. I had a vision, he had a vision... too many cooks in the kitchen. I'll always be grateful to him but I think history has shown that he made the right call to take the money and let me run the place."

[A series of stills flash by - Casey James, Tiger Claw, Steve Kowalski, Creed, Brody Thunder, Serge Annis, and JW Hardin. Blue appears again.]

"It was a war. It was a total war between us and Portland. Talent, territory, ratings, buyrates... you name it, we fought over it. I fought a lot of those kinds of wars over the years but none of them were as fun as the fight that Spreadbury put up."

[More stills. This time with some of the most famous names in EMWC - men like Mark Langseth, Alex Martinez, Kevin Slater, Jeff Matthews, "Dreamlover" Trey Porter, Curtis Hansen, Eddie Van Gibson, Simon Ezra, Luke Kinsey, Chris Courtade, and others flash by in rapid-fire before fading back to Blue.]

"You know what they don't tell you? It's a hard fight to get to the top... but when you get there, sometimes it gets a little boring. I was constantly fighting with myself to stay motivated. I'd pick fights with promotions just to try and get my competitive fires burning. It was just never the same though."

[And then another series of shots - this time with some of the names synonymous with the end of the EMWC - names we'll choose not to name to protect the innocent... and the guilty. Back to Blue.]

"The writing was on the wall long before I shut the doors, I think. It was... I don't know. Bad timing? We were fighting to stay afloat for a while. We were having financial troubles, creative difficulties, you name it. Then out of nowhere, one of my best friends got leukemia and died. That was..."

[Blue pauses, turning his head to the side as we fade to black as a title comes up - "The Rise And Fall Of The Empire - available on DVD and Digital Download now. The shot of a smiling Blue comes back up.]

"Damn. It was a good run though, wasn't it? A hell of a run. Maybe the best ever. But even the best things have to end."

[Blue smiles, staring off-camera, daydreaming of days gone by as we fade to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area where the trio of Mr. Sadisuto and Downfall stand, surrounding "Sweet" Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Fans, two weeks ago, we saw my guests at this time defeated by the Shadow Star Legion. Now, as you can see I am currently joined by Mr. Sadis-

MD: That's Master Sadisuto to you!

[Blackwell jumps at the interruption, shaking it off to continue.]

SLB: And his duo of Mad Dog and Thrash, Downfall.

[As "Sweet" Lou Blackwell looks between both members of Downfall, whose faces are currently covered by white hoods which have a red circle in the center of them, one of the hooded men grabs him by the arm, pulling the microphone towards him. The gravelly voice of Thrash begins to speak.]

T: The Rotgut Rustlers have returned...

[Thrash removes the hood from his face revealing his painted face. It is painted predominately black but around both eyes are gold diamonds and there is a thin gold stripe that which runs down the middle of his face.]

T: ...to meet their downfall!

[Sadisuto cackles approvingly, nodding his head.]

T: Tombstone Anderson came running down the aisle when he wasn't wanted - didn't you get enough the first time, boy?!

[The still-hooded Mad Dog begins to speak.]

MD: I don't care if he did or not! Allen Allen, Tombstone Anderson, and you, Sam Turner! You three have signed your death warrants! You cost us a win against the Shatter Star Legion... perhaps at another time that could be overlooked but-

[Sadisuto angrily interrupts, smashing his cane down into Mad Dog's chest.]

S: NO!

[Mad Dog cringes at the angry voice.]

S: NEVAH OVERLOOKED!

[The wily manager pivots, gesturing at the camera with his cane.]

S: My Downfall will nevaH overlook! Allen-kun, you stole from my Downfall! Rustlahs, you stole from my Downfall! You shall SUFFFFAHHHH! Understand? SUFFAH!

[The still-hooded Mad Dog and Thrash quickly bow their heads.]

MD: Master Sadisuto has spoken...

[A low growl comes forth from under the hood.]

MD: ...and you three shall pay.

[Sadisuto speaks up again, waving his arms.]

S: Not pay! SUFFAH! SUFFAH! Hahahahaha!

[A cruel smile forms upon the lips of Mr. Sadisuto as his laughter trails off.]

SLB: Mr. Sadiusto, that laughter, the smile, and quite frankly your desire to see these men suffer... this seems very personal.

S: Allen-kun, brought this upon himself! He said he would be good partnah, told me he would be a warrioah, be worthy to be champion... HE LIED! Allen-kun let me down again and again! He reason the Rotgot Rustlahs have victory over me! But Allen-kun suffah for that! Allen-kun suffahed at the hands of my Downfall! Hahahahahaha!

[Thrash grabs the arm of "Sweet" Lou Blackwell and pulls the microphone back towards him.]

T: But he hasn't learned that it's time to turn the page! Time to move on, Allen Allen! For the sake of your safety... for the sake of your family...

[Mad Dog finally removes the hood and reveals his own painted face. Mad Dog's forehead down to the nose is painted a solid black while the lower portion of his face is covered in jagged diagonal red and white lines. He opens his mouth, extending his vibrant, red tongue down towards his chin.]

MD: Anderson, you already know what Thrash and I can do so I assume you're just as dumb as Allen and don't know what's good for you! Sam Turner, when we're done with you, you will question why you decided to return to the AWA!

S: Hahahahahahaha!

[Sadisuto continues to cackle as we fade through black out 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. Introducing first... already in the ring... from Long Island, New York... Anjali Patel!

[Anjali Patel is a petite Indian wrestler in shiny bright orange and purple tights and a matching sports bra. She wears her silky black hair in a genie like ponytail.]

PW: And her opponent... from Halifax, Nova Scotia... being accompanied to the ring by the Serpentes...

LAURRRYYNNNNN RAAAAAAGE!!!!

[Nicki Minaj's "I'm the Best" pipes in over the PA as the video screen winks to life with pictures of Lauryn Rage in action interspersed with pictures of her posing. A like counter climbs in the bottom left corner of the screen. This week, the counter hits 575,000 before Lauryn appears on stage, right hand on her hip, left hand stretched out to the crowd. Copperhead and Mamba, known collectively as the Serpentes, flank her. The massive, muscular, snake-styled women fold their arms imposingly at her back.

Lauryn waits for the cheers that never ever come. As the crowd boos, her eyes pop in shock and she waves off the fans before she struts down to ringside in her long sleeved gold and pink wrestling singlet. She flips her dark purple hair as she strides to the ring and takes center stage in the middle of the squared circle. The Serpentes take up positions at the entranceside ringposts. All three glower at Patel. Lauryn looks her up and down, particularly disgusted. She scowls at Patel, shouting loud enough to be picked up by the ringside mics.]

"Seriously? They sent you, huh? Okay. You about to be on Worldstar!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: There's no call for that!

BW: An open hand slap is perfectly legal in professional wrestling, Gordo. Lauryn Rage didn't hit her with a closed fist.

[Patel reels from the hard blow, turning her back to Rage who rushes from the blind side, leaping up into her back with a hard hip attack. The collision collapses Patel over the middle rope helpless.]

GM: Cheapshot from behind by Rage... and this is the Lauryn Rage that we're used to seeing, Bucky.

[Bouncing off the far ropes, Rage leaps onto the back of Patel in a rocking horse guillotine before sliding through to the floor, posing for the crowd.]

"I'm the best doing it!"

GM: She is certainly full of herself, isn't she?

BW: She deserves to be. She's showing this Patel kid that she's way outclassed inside that ring.

[Patel is still sprawled out on the middle rope as Lauryn climbs to the apron. She grabs her victim's head and pummels her with hard knees to the face.]

GM: Come on, referee!

[The official lays a quick count on her, ordering a break before Rage drops an elbow down onto the back of Patel's head, snapping her back inside the ring.]

GM: That was a vicious serious of moves out of Lauryn Rage... who is back up on the apron already and looks to- yes, she's climbing to the top rope! What is she planning here?

BW: Nothing good. She is determined to send a message to everybody watching and all the girls in the back. She believes she is the Number One Contender to the future Women's World Championship and she won't let anybody else tell her differently.

[Patel staggers to her feet as the crowd warns her not to turn around. Of course, she does and Rage leaps off the top rope with a flying hip check to her face that sends her tumbling end over end. Rage lands on her feet and drops to one knee, laughing.]

"Cannon, you can't do it like me."

GM: Lauryn Rage taking a moment to fire off some words towards Melissa Cannon who I'm told will be in action this week on the Power Hour. I'm looking forward to that but Rage is clearly in a feisty mood this week. Poor Anjali Patel hasn't been able to get out of the blocks against a fast paced attack from Lauryn Rage.

BW: She's showing us an aerial attack this week. Dipping a lot into her brother's style of sticking and moving.

[Rage drops an elbow on Patel's chest. Then she drops another. Then a third. And a fourth. A fifth. A sixth. A seventh. An eighth.]

GM: Elbow after elbow being driven down into the heart of her opponent as Lauryn Rage takes a page out of her brother's playbook.

[After the ninth straight elbow drop, she leaps up and drives both knees into her opponent's chest. The Serpentine's pound the apron in celebration.]

GM: Those repeated elbow drops and that kneedrop to finish it off are absolutely devastating, Bucky. I don't believe Anjali Patel is capable of mounting any kind of offense in the face of this assault.

[Lauryn Rage flips Patel onto her back and mounts her from behind. She drapes Patel's arms over her knees and wrenches back in a camel clutch. Rage grabs a handful of hair and pulls.]

GM: Get in there, referee! She's pulling her hair!

BW: That ponytail is a perfect target.

[Rage releases the hold at four only to grab the hair again with her left hand. The referee complains and puts a count on her again. Lauryn Rage releases at four... only to grab the hair with a right hand again. All the while Patel screams for relief.]

GM: Illegal tactics left and right by Lauryn Rage to keep Patel in this submission hold.

BW: Tap out if you want to get out of that hold.

GM: Lauryn Rage is playing games with the referee! She and the Serpentine's do this sort of nonsense all the time. The referees should put a stop to it. It's ridiculous!

BW: Lauryn is following the rules. It's not her fault that there are grey areas, Gordo. She's just smart enough to exploit them. Lauryn is mean, smart, and nasty, daddy.

[Rage grows bored playing with the referee and she flattens Patel with a buttdrop to the lower back.]

GM: Ohh! Right down into the back again... and Patel is in a bad, bad way, fans.

[Squatting over the downed Patel, Rage wraps her arms around her waist and deadlifts her off the ground. She swings her up and then right back down with the wheelbarrow facebuster.]

GM: OHHH!

BW: That might be it!

[Mamba raises her fist in the air. Copperhead hollers "She's nobody! Nobody at all!" Rage walks over to the Serpentine's and slaps hands with them before she returns to her prey.]

GM: She could have got the three count off that, Bucky.

BW: She could have, but she doesn't want it just yet.

[Dragging Patel up, she hooks the leg in a standing grapevine, turning to shout at the camera.]

"Cannon, are you watching?"

[Rage falls backwards into the Russian leg sweep and then floats over, pulling Patel over onto her stomach. She keeps the leg hooked in the grapevine and then works her way around her back to lock on the half nelson choke. Smiling, Lauryn rears back.]

“Smile for the camera!”

GM: And Lauryn Rage applies the Pretty Mess! We’ve seen her punish Melissa Cannon with that very hold before! She’s very definitely sending a message, Bucky.

BW: And that message is that Melissa Cannon picked the wrong family to mess with. Yes she did!

[Patel screams for the camera in the hold and quickly taps out.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And there’s the bell!

BW: That means the match is over but the fun is just beginning, Gordo.

[The Serpentes enter the ring as Lauryn releases the Pretty Mess. Climbing to her feet, Rage wipes her feet on Patel’s backside before she gestures to the Serpentes to have at her.]

GM: Oh, come on now... there’s no call for this.

[Copperhead smiles as she pulls Patel up. She lifts her into the electric chair position as Mamba rebounds off the ropes and leaps high, delivering a drop kick to the midsection as Copperhead drops backwards with the impact. Patel hits the mat hard.]

GM: Somebody stop this!

[Jumping into the mix, Rage drags her downed opponent up, grabbing Patel in a single underhook, and suplexing her over to the mat.]

GM: You won the match for crying out loud! There’s no call for ANY of this!

[Rage quickly takes the mount, holding Patel’s top in her left hand as she slaps Patel forward and back with her right hand.]

“Tell them girls to watch the Kid conquer!”

BW: Are you hearing this, Melissa Cannon? Julie Somers? Are you hearing this?

GM: The better question is if they’re watching this. If they’re seeing the damage that Lauryn Rage is showing she can do alongside her Serpentes. If they’re-

[Suddenly, the Minnesota crowd bursts into cheers!]

GM: I THINK THEY WERE WATCHING, FANS!

[With the crowd roaring, Somers and Cannon come charging down the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring. Lauryn Rage slips under the ropes to the floor, leaving Mamba and Copperhead to battle the two fan favorites.]

GM: Here we go! Here we go! We’ve been waiting weeks to see this one!

[Cannon uncorks a series of stiff forearms to the side of Copperhead's jaw, battering her across the ring as Mamba catches Somers coming in with a knee to the gut, grabbing her by the arm.]

GM: All four women are in the ring... and where the heck did Lauryn Rage go?!

[Mamba whips Somers towards the ropes, throwing an arm out in a sloppy clothesline attempt. The Spitfire ducks under it, bouncing off the far ropes, leaping into the air to scissor Mamba's head between her legs, spinning around in a satellite headscissors...

...and flings her down to the canvas!]

GM: Nice move from Julie Somers!

[With Mamba rolling out, Somers turns to help Cannon in the corner. Together, they each grab an arm on Copperhead, whipping her across the ring.]

GM: They shoot her across!

[Grabbing Somers by the arm, Cannon whips her across the ring after Copperhead where the Spitfire lands a leaping dropkick in the corner. Cannon comes charging in after her, stepping up to the second rope and snapping Copperhead's head back with a leaping kneestrike to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The superfriends of the AWA Women's Division have got the Serpentine reeling after a series of attacks and-

[Cannon turns around...

...and gets flattened by a running clothesline from Lauryn Rage!]

GM: OHH! Rage from behind!

[Rage starts stomping Melissa Cannon into the mat as Julie Somers gets dragged under the ropes to the floor by Mamba!]

GM: We've got a fight inside the ring! We've got a fight on the floor!

[Rage swings her knee up into the chest a few times as she clutches Cannon in a front facelock...

...but Cannon rushes forward, slamming her back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Oh yeah! Cannon fighting back!

[Stepping out, Cannon uncorks a series of stiff forearms to the jaw, battering Lauryn Rage down into a kneeling position, leaning against the turnbuckles...

...and Copperhead lumbers across the ring, swinging her knee up into the lower back of Cannon!]

GM: Copperhead from behind!

[Grabbing Cannon by the hair, she flings her off of the downed Rage before going into a spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FLATTENING Cannon with a discus clothesline!]

GM: Good grief!

[Having thrown Julie Somers into the barricade, Mamba joins her allies in the ring. Lauryn Rage climbs back to her feet, anger all over her face as she shouts at them to "finish the bitch off!"]

GM: We apologize for the language of Lauryn Rage as she... she's telling them to get Cannon up in the air! She's-

[But before they can, Julie Somers is up on the apron, scaling to the top rope...

...and hurling herself off into a crossbody on Mamba, wiping her off her feet!]

GM: SOMERS TAKES OUT THE MAMBA!

[Copperhead moves in after her, smashing a double axehandle off the back of the rising Somers, knocking her back down to the mat. Lauryn Rage steps in, delivering a soccer kick to the ribs.]

GM: Copperhead's got Somers down! Rage has got Cannon down! And both of these women are putting the boots to their rivals. Both of them are-

[Big cheer!]

GM: Wait a second! That's Lori Wilson! Lady Lightning herself is heading for the ring!

[She dives under the bottom rope as Lauryn Rage turns to confront her...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and gets DROPPED courtesy of her trademark superkick!]

GM: OH MY STARS! SHE KNOCKED OUT LAURYN RAGE!

[The superkick absolutely floors Rage, sending her tumbling through the ropes where she lands unmoving on the floor outside the ring!]

GM: What a shot!

BW: That was one in a million, Gordo.

GM: Melissa Cannon can't believe it. Julie Somers can't believe it... but Lori Wilson just knocked Lauryn Rage out cold! Incredible!

[Sliding out to tend to their ally, the Serpentes drag Rage to her feet, pulling her back up the aisle.]

GM: Look at her, Bucky! She's out cold!

BW: I... I can't believe it!

GM: And you want to talk about people looking to make a name for themselves and get into the Women's World Title picture, Lori Wilson may have just done exactly that, coming to the aid of Somers and Cannon and delivering a one way ticket to Dreamland for Lauryn Rage!

BW: You're loving this, aren't you?!

[Gordon chuckles as Cannon, Somers, and Wilson stand tall in the ring, watching the exit of their rivals...]

...and we fade through back to the backstage area where Jordan Ohara stands before the AWA backdrop. He is dressed in his wrestling gear and a Willie Hammer T-shirt. The handsome young man rubs his hands together pensively as he looks at a spot on the ground. He collects his thoughts for a moment before he lifts his eyes to watch the screen.]

JO: Flawed Larry Wallace, I told you that there was only one Once in a Millennium talent and that was Jordan Ohara. You didn't believe me. But now you know better, don't you?

[Jordan is normally reticent before the camera. But the idea of competing has brought out a fire in him. He is a little more comfortable in front of the camera.]

JO: I pinned your shoulders to the mat despite everything you and the old man tried to pull to cheat me out of victory. And now you can't say that I'm a flash in the pan. You can't say that I didn't beat anybody, can you? Because you believe you're somebody and the world knows that I beat you.

[Ohara slaps his hands together three times.]

JO: Hamilton Graham thinks he can guide you to greatness? I think he's wrong. I think he's very wrong. Hamilton Graham may be losing his grip on reality if he thinks that he sees a champion in you. I don't see it, Flawed Larry Wallace. I see a man who relies on shortcuts and help. I do not see a man willing to commit the time and effort to becoming the best.

[Ohara shakes his head in disgust.]

JO: If you think that I am a flash in the pan, you're wrong. I am a fire. I am a flame. And now you're getting into the ring with me again because you want to prove that it was just a fluke that I beat you last time. I almost respect that, Larry Wallace. But I don't see or hear that you've put any more work in and that's why you won't beat me in a fair fight.

[Ohara locks his gaze directly onto the camera. He stares through the screen at the audience and probably Larry Wallace if he is watching on the monitor.]

SR: Tonight we clash... two hungry young lions eager to climb the rankings in the AWA. Do you have what it takes to rely on your skills, Larry Wallace?

I do.

My competitive fire burns hot like the Phoenix. I believe my competitive fire burns hotter than yours. So when we meet in that ring there's no way you will be able to beat me one-on-one, Larry Wallace. No way.

[Jordan Ohara launches into a kata before he comes to a stance. He breathes harshly into the camera as he grits his teeth in determination.]

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 to pre-taped footage of "Flawless" Larry Wallace standing in front of a mirror with a row of lightbulbs atop it. The room is dark other than those light bulbs but there's enough of them to make most of the shot clear as day.]

FLW: Jordan Ohara thinks he's clever... and Jordan Ohara thinks he's special.

When I was growing up right down the road from here, I ran across a lot of kids like you, Ohara. On the playground, you know, is where I spent most of my days... and I'd see kids like you who thought they were oh-so clever and special. They'd run around and they'd tease the other kids. They'd poke and prod the fat one. They'd laugh at the one with the freckles. And the nicknames... oh, the nicknames.

So, when you call me "Flawed," Jordan Ohara, I can see the twinkle in your eye and know that you're no better than one of those kids were.

Those kids who were tough and strong... until someone like me smacked them in the mouth and made them cry.

[Wallace smirks at the memory.]

FLW: Make fun of my old man for dropping a fall to Terry Shane Jr., will ya?

Jordan Ohara, what happened the last time we met in the ring was nothing more than a fluke - plain and simple. You're good... don't get me wrong... maybe even better than I thought before we climbed into the ring together.

But you're not great... not yet.

And you're certainly not...

[Wallace inhales, striking a pose in the mirror...

Holding it...

Holding it...

Holding it...

...and then a slow inhale as he speaks again.]

FLW: ...absolutely flawless. So, make your jokes, Ohara. Tell everyone how lucky they are to witness your "Once In A Millennium" talent in action.

But while you're doing it, I want you to do some thinking. I want you sit down and ponder...

"What will I say?"

[Wallace nods.]

FLW: Because tonight, when I get you back in that ring, there will be NO fluke. There will be NO accident. Tonight, you're going to learn why Minnesota's favorite son is yours truly.

Tonight, you will lose...

[A smirk cracks the stony visage of Wallace.]

FLW: And what will you say then?

[He winks at the camera as we slowly fade through black out to the ringside announce table where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are seated.]

GM: Confident words coming out of "Flawless" Larry Wallace as he prepares to do battle with Jordan Ohara in a rematch from their encounter about a month ago, Bucky.

BW: Oh, you mean when Jordan Ohara fluked his way to victory?

GM: That's not how I saw it all. In fact, let's take a look at how that match ended...

[We crossfade into footage marked "Saturday Night Wrestling - March 26th, 2016" where Jordan Ohara has Larry Wallace backed up into the ropes, grabbing him by the arm. The voiceover is live from Minnesota.]

GM: Alright, you can see here that Ohara was in control, going for a hammer throw across the ring...

[But Wallace reverses the whip, sending Ohara in but he stumbles back out as Hamilton Graham clearly hooked the ankle.]

GM: Blatant interference from the former World Champion, Hamilton Graham, out on the floor.

BW: Huh? I didn't see anything.

[With Ohara distracted by Graham, Wallace slips into position, waving his hands for Ohara to turn around...]

GM: And as the Phoenix turns... BOOM! Larry Wallace connects with the standing dropkick...

BW: The Best Dropkick In The World?

GM: If you say so... but the impact of the dropkick sent Ohara through the ropes to the floor despite Wallace's best efforts to keep him inside the ring so he could attempt a cover.

[With Ohara out on the floor, a frustrated Wallace rolls out after him, pulling him up and swiftly shoving him back in.]

GM: Wallace put him back in as quickly as he could... gets back on the apron so he can get himself back in...

[But as Wallace ducks through the ropes, Ohara hooks him around the head, dragging him down into an inside cradle.]

GM: But Ohara wraps him up in a small package - one! Two! And three!

[The bell sounds as Ohara rolls to his knees, thrusting his arms into the air in triumph as we fade back to live action.]

GM: Ohara with the clean as a sheet victory, Bucky.

BW: Maybe you oughta run a black light over that sheet, Gordo, because it looks pretty dirty from where I'm sitting. That punk kid saved himself by diving to the floor after the dropkick... then he pulled Wallace's hair to get him into the cradle and held the tights to keep him there!

GM: I saw absolutely none of that.

BW: Might be time for another trip to the eye doctor, daddy.

GM: Nonetheless, an upset Larry Wallace demanded a rematch and Ohara accepted... before being brutally attacked by both Graham and Wallace two weeks ago. Wallace hit that flying dropkick off the top to the back of the head and you have to wonder if Ohara is one hundred percent going into this one.

BW: Ain't a soul in the business EVER at one hundred percent, Gordo. If Ohara is, he's not trying hard enough in there.

GM: I've been looking forward to this one so let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Crossfade to the ring to where the ring announcer is standing.]

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

[There's a bit of a mixed reaction from the Minnesota crowd 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"

LAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRYYYYYY WAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAACE!

[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.]

GM: And it sounds like there's more than a few fans here in Minnesota willing to claim Larry Wallace as one of their own.

BW: An AWA crowd with taste in who they cheer for? Who would've guessed?!

[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 as the flashbulbs pop.]

GM: Fans all over the Target Center capturing the moment as Larry Wallace gets to the ring but what will the reaction be like when his opponent walks through that curtain?

BW: We're about to find out.

[“Flawless” fades out as 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... he is the Phoenix...

JORRRRRRRDAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAA!

[The cheers pick up as Ohara flashes the “I love you” hand signal to the Minneapolis crowd.]

GM: Larry Wallace is absolutely beside himself in the ring right now! Just listen to the reaction for this young man from North Carolina!

BW: Remember what I said about taste? Yeah, these folks are just like the rest.

[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: Ohara working his way down the aisle, slapping the hand of every fan in sight. This young man has quickly become one of the most popular superstars on the roster and here in Minnesota is no different!

[Ohara reaches ringside, pausing to look out at the cheering fans with a smile...

...which is a fuming Larry Wallace’s cue to strike, charging across the ring...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[Wallace’s baseball slide attempt comes up empty as he slides under the ropes, landing on his feet in front of Ohara who side-stepped his way to safety. Ohara quickly gets in a martial arts stance, blasting Wallace across the chest with a skin-blistering knife edge chop!]

GM: Ohh! What a chop!

[Ohara lands a second chop, sending Wallace stumbling backwards, arms pinwheeling in the air. He grabs Wallace by the back of the head and SMASHES his face into the ring apron!]

GM: FACEFIRST TO THE APRON!

[Wallace stumbles backwards, falling into the ringside barricade as Hamilton Graham looks to sneak up on Ohara from behind...]

GM: Hamilton Graham’s coming up behind him!

[...but Ohara spins around, shaking his head as he draws back his right hand for another chop. Graham stumbles backwards, arms flailing in the air before he falls down on his butt to laughter and cheers from the Minnesota crowd!]

GM: Haha! Down he goes!

BW: You think that was funny?! The man is a Living Legend and a national treasure, damn it!

[Ohara flashes a smirk at the downed Graham, moving to grab the recovering Wallace by the back of the trunks, firing him under the ropes inside the squared circle.]

GM: Ohara puts Wallace back in... and the referee signals for the bell to officially start the matchup. Jordan Ohara up on the apron now and... wait a second! He's going up top!

[The crowd is buzzing as the North Carolina native steps up to the second rope, waiting for Wallace to get up off the mat...

...but as he does, Hamilton Graham comes back to his feet, climbing up on the apron, shouting at Ohara!]

GM: Get him down from there, referee!

[Ohara and Graham are trading angry words from their respective positions...

...when Larry Wallace comes suddenly up off the mat, rushing across the ring, hopping up to the second rope where he hooks Ohara by the arm, flinging him down to the canvas off the top rope with an armdrag!]

GM: WOW! Top rope armdrag!

[Wallace springs back up to his feet, throwing his arms wide and drawing a mixed reaction from the crowd. He shakes his head, moving across the ring towards Ohara who is crawling towards the far corner.]

GM: Ohara trying to create some space, looking to recover after that hard fall off the top...

[Reaching the corner just as Ohara gets to his feet, Wallace shoves him back into the buckles, looping his arms over the top rope...

...and BLASTS him with a clubbing forearm to the sternum!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Straight out of his daddy's playbook.

GM: Absolutely. Burt Wallace loved to tie back those arms and then hammer someone in the chest just like that.

[The referee starts a count on Wallace as he winds up, laying in a second forearm... and a third... and a fourth. Suddenly, he backs off, raising up his arms as the referee reprimands him.]

GM: Wallace absolutely punishing Jordan Ohara in the corner...

[Moving back in, Wallace grabs Ohara around the head and neck, flipping him over into a seated position with a snapmare...

...and DRILLS him in the spine with a hard soccer kick!]

GM: OHH! Hard kick right to the back!

[Ohara cringes from the blow, twisting his body and coming to a knee as Wallace nods confidently, hooking a front facelock that he uses to drag Ohara up off the mat, slinging his arm over his neck...]

GM: Wallace hooks him up in the middle...

[...and SNAPS him over with a hard suplex, causing Ohara to instantly sit up, wincing in pain as he grabs at his back!]

GM: Perfectly executed snap suplex by "Flawless" Larry Wallace!

[We cut to the floor where Hamilton Graham smiles as he claps for his charge.]

GM: Hamilton Graham certainly seems to be pleased at what he's seeing so far, fans.

[Wallace rises to his feet, spreading his arms wide and turning to the fans again. There are a few more jeers this time than last as Wallace waves his hands, calling for cheers.]

GM: Wallace certainly imploring this Minnesota crowd - his home state - to cheer him on but he's not getting the reaction he's looking for at the moment.

BW: I mean, these people are fans of the Vikings, the T-Wolves, and the Twins. They're used to cheering on losers like Ohara.

[Wallace angrily grabs Ohara by the hair, dragging him back into a seated position. He balls up his fist, standing behind his opponent before smashing his fist down into the temple once... twice... three times... four times...]

GM: Wallace pounding the head of Ohara!

[Jamming his knee into the back of the neck, Wallace takes a knee, clasping his hands under Ohara's chin and yanking backwards...]

GM: A punishing reverse chinlock hooked in right here, cranking back on the head and putting a lot of pressure on the neck.

BW: And this may not look like much to you nine-to-fivers at home but believe me, it's painful.

GM: You've been in one of these, Bucky?

BW: When you managed for as long as I did, you're used to those cheating fan favorites hitting you with and locking you in all sorts of stuff, Gordo.

GM: Especially Sweet Daddy Williams.

BW: If Juan Vasquez wants to do me a favor, he'll break Williams' leg tonight just like he did to me back in the day.

GM: Hopefully we don't see anything like that in that Street Fight in tonight's Main Event but it's certainly possible.

BW: No rules with the bad blood between those two? It's going to be absolutely brutal.

GM: That's late tonight but right now, it looks like Jordan Ohara is battling back to his feet.

[With both men back up, Ohara buries an elbow back into the gut of Wallace...]

GM: Ohara fighting his way free...

[...and a second... and a third breaks the hold as Ohara dashes across the ring, bouncing off the ropes...]

GM: Ohara off the far side, trying to build some momentum...

[But Wallace is ready, shifting his weight to go for the hiptoss on Ohara...]

GM: Hiptoss...

[Ohara flips through the air, landing on his feet beside Wallace as he's done before...

...and Wallace **THROWS** himself into a devastating clothesline, dropping to his knees after delivering the blow!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!

[Wallace slides into a cover, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[...but Ohara slips out from under the pin, kicking out in time.]

GM: No, two count only!

[Wallace stays down on a knee, hammering Ohara with closed fists to the head. He lands a few before climbing to his feet, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Larry Wallace giving the official a hard time but it didn't even look close to three if you ask me. Guys like Wallace constantly think they're getting short-changed by someone.

[Wallace leans down, going to drag Ohara off the mat...

...but Ohara reaches up, hooking the head, dragging him into a small package just like he did a month ago!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice...

...but Wallace's shoulder flies out **JUST** before three!]

GM: WOW! How close was that, fans?! How close was that?!

[An angry Wallace gets to his feet, rushing the rising Ohara from the blindside and smashing a forearm into the back of his head, knocking him down to his knees. Wallace again grabs a loose chinlock, battering Ohara with right hands to the skull.]

GM: Wallace is all over him! He's mad as heck as he's beating Ohara to a pulp with clenched fists!

[Wallace angrily pulls Ohara up, talking trash as he flings him bodily into the turnbuckles. He rushes in after him, landing a running knee into the midsection.]

GM: Wallace grabs him by the arm, hammer throw across...

[The Flawless One comes tearing across the ring, looking to strike again...

...but Ohara sidesteps, sending Wallace crashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! OHARA MOVES!

[Ohara lashes out with a thrust kick to the chest, knocking the staggering Wallace back into the turnbuckles. With a shout to the crowd, Ohara mounts the second rope, raising his right hand...]

GM: Ohara's got him in the corner!

[...and starts raining down martial arts thrusts between the eyes of Wallace as the crowd counts along!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[With an excited whoop, Ohara jumps down off the second rope, grabbing Wallace by the arm, whipping him across the ring with all his strength, sending the Flawless One crashing into the corner.]

GM: Ohara trying to turn this thing around... charging across!

[Ohara rushes in at full speed, heading towards Wallace who loops his arms back over the top rope...

...and swings his leg up at the last moment, catching Ohara in the chest with a kick!]

GM: OHH! Wallace caught him coming in!

[Ohara stumbles backwards from the kick, breathing hard as Wallace sets his feet, charging out...

...and FLATTENS Ohara with a running front kick to the chest!]

GM: Wallace drops him with the boot!

BW: Cover him, kid!

[Wallace does exactly that, reaching back to snag a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But again, Ohara slips a shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Near fall right there! Wallace was a half count away from putting Ohara down and getting the one-two-three right here in his home state of Minnesota.

[Climbing to his feet, Wallace drags Ohara off the mat, tugging him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Wallace may be setting for that backbreaker we've seen out of him before.

[Elevating Ohara into the air, Wallace looks to put him down across his knee...

...but Ohara backflips out of it, dropping to a knee. A surprised Wallace turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Knife edge chop by Ohara!

[Ohara twists his body, throwing another blow...]

GM: Overhand chop across the chest!

[Another knife edge chop sends Wallace staggering backwards towards the corner where he bumps into the buckles, stumbling back out into Ohara's waiting arms...]

GM: Big scoop, turns around, and slams him down in the center of the ring!

[With Wallace down on the mat, Ohara gives a shout, ducking through the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: And Ohara is heading up top again!

[Wallace is slowly starting to recover on the mat as Ohara climbs to the second rope... then to the top, standing there with his arms raised, fingers curled into the "I love you" gesture to the fans...]

GM: Ohara's gonna fly!

[The TPP Four member leaps into the air, extending his body as he attempts a crossbody off the top...

...and catches Wallace across the chest, knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: CROSSBODY CONNECTS! THE PHOENIX FLAME!

[Ohara hooks a leg as the referee goes to count...

...and then pulls up short, rushing to the ring apron where Hamilton Graham is standing!]

GM: Graham's on the apron! Ohara's got the cover but Graham is on the apron!

[The referee and Hamilton Graham are in a heated argument as Ohara angrily slaps the mat three times.]

GM: He's got him pinned, Bucky!

BW: Maybe but Ohara's count isn't the one that matters, daddy! It's gotta be the referee and he's not there to make it!

GM: Hamilton Graham just saved this match for Larry Wallace!

[Ohara gets up off the mat, turning towards the side of the ring where Graham is standing...]

GM: Ohara grabbing the ref... telling him that he had Wallace beat...

[The official defends his actions, pointing at a smug Hamilton Graham who shouts in Ohara's direction...]

...and gets DROPPED with a knife-edge chop, sending Graham falling off the apron!]

GM: OH! GRAHAM TO THE FLOOR!

[With Ohara standing by the ropes, Larry Wallace comes to his feet, rushing Ohara from behind, hooking a waistlock. He pushes Ohara into the ropes, bouncing off into a rolling reverse cradle...]

GM: CRADLE!

[...but Ohara uses the momentum to keep on rolling, reversing the cradle into one of his own as the official drops down to the mat to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But before the three can come down, Wallace reaches up, snagging the tights of Ohara, pulling him down into yet another reversal!]

BW: REVERSED!

[The referee stays down, ready to count...]

...as Larry Wallace grabs two hands full of tights, pulling back for extra leverage as the referee counts.]

GM: No, no, no! He's got the tights!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: Ref, he's got the-

[...three times.]

GM: -tights!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh, come on!

[Larry Wallace falls out of the pin attempt, rolling out to the floor as the crowd jeers what just went down in front of them.]

GM: Larry Wallace had the tights as clear as day, Bucky!

BW: I must've missed that. What a win though, huh?

GM: You missed... give me a break! Larry Wallace and Hamilton Graham are running out of here like two thieves in the night, fans.

[Phil Watson makes it official as Wallace and Graham backpedal down the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Jordan Ohara was robbed out here tonight!

BW: Cry me a river, Gordo. He accepted the rematch. He's gotta live with the results. He lost fair and square.

GM: It was not fair and square. He lost to two men AND a handful of tights!

[In the ring, Jordan Ohara demands a microphone.]

BW: What's this kid gonna cry about now?

JO: Larry Wallace! You are nothing but a low down disgusting cheat! Hamilton Graham, you are an embarrassment to your legacy. Larry Wallace, you know I had you beaten. One-on-one, you can't defeat the Phoenix. Get back in this ring and compete with me and I'll prove it! I want a rematch!

GM: Could we see this match again?

[The fans are cheering for it.]

BW: These idiots want to see Jordan Ohara lose again. That's fine by me. The boy scout is cracking.

JO: Let me know if you have the guts, Larry. I say we do this at Memorial Day Mayhem! Jordan Ohara versus Larry Wallace... one-on-one... one... more... time!

[Ohara flings the mic down as we cut to the camera in the aisle, showing Graham "restraining" Wallace from charging back to the ring.]

GM: A challenge has been issued, Bucky. Wallace vs Ohara one more time at Memorial Day Mayhem and I personally hope to see that one go down.

BW: Me too.

GM: Really?

BW: Yeah, we didn't get to see Larry dropkick this kid in the mush this time so we gotta have a rematch!

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: You really are too much. Hopefully, we'll get an answer to that challenge later tonight... just like right now we're going to get an answer to Emerson Gellar's offer to Red Summers earlier tonight. Sweet Lou - as always - has got the scoop. Lou?

[We cut to the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by, microphone in hand.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. And of course, joining me at this time is the 2015 winner of the Steal The Spotlight contract, "Red Hot" Rex Summers.

[Summers steps into view, joined by the red-headed Summers Sweetheart. For once, Summers is the one holding the red Haliburton while his lady is empty handed.]

SLB: For those fans who are just joining us, well, you've missed a lot of great action but at the top of the show, the Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar presented Mr. Summers here with an offer that he believed he couldn't refuse. And now, it's time to get Mr. Summers' answer.

[Summers nods.]

SLB: Mr. Summers, will you be cashing in that Steal The Spotlight contract to challenge Johnny Detson at Memorial Day Mayhem for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship with the Kings of Wrestling banned from ringside?

[Rex Summers rubs his goatee with his hand as "Sweet" Lou Blackwell holds the microphone, awaiting his answer.]

RS: "Sweet" Lou, for the last hour or so, I've been mulling over this decision that was presented to me and I would be a fool to say it isn't an intriguing offer.

[Summers holds up his hand like he's reading the marquee.]

RS: The opportunity to challenge for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship with the Kings of Wrestling barred from ringside.

[Summers shakes his head, turning to look at Lou.]

RS: Any man in this locker room would jump at the chance.

[Blackwell arches an eyebrow.]

SLB: Is that a "yes?" Will you be challenging Johnny Dets-

[A look of annoyance forms on Summers' face as he cuts off Blackwell.]

RS: You're beginning to sound like a broken record, Lou.

"Will you? Will you? Will you?"

[Summers shakes his head.]

RS: Why don't you shut your mouth for a few moments and let me finish? And when I'm done, I promise that you... Gellar... Johnny Detson... all of you will have your answer.

[Summers glares at Blackwell for a few moments, composing himself before speaking again.]

RS: I'd be lying if I claimed Emerson Gellar was wrong when he said the "Red Hot One" wants the opportunity to be the man. The opportunity to be the headliner... the Main Event player...

[Summers smirks.]

RS: THE guy who carries the AWA through 2016 and into the future. And Memorial Day could very well be that day...

Blackwell, can you picture a better time...

[The Summers Sweetheart opens the robe of Rex Summers, showing off the highly sculpted and well oiled abdominal muscles.]

RS: ...for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship belt to be wrapped around the greatest masterpiece the world has ever seen?

Picture it, Lou... live on Pay Per View... millions of people witnessing the AWA World Heavyweight Championship resting upon this waist.

[A throaty chuckle comes from Rex Summers as he smiles.]

RS: So the answer you've been waiting for, Lou... the answer you've been dying to hear... is...

[Summers waits... and waits... and waits...

...and twists his lips into a devilish smirk.]

RS: Yes.

[Blackwell's eyes light up.]

RS: Yes, Rex Summers is ready to cash in the Steal The Spotlight contract at Memorial Day Mayhem to challenge for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship! Gellar...

[Summers points off-camera.]

RS: ...you've got your Main Event!

[The camera shot pulls back a bit as the Director of Operations, a huge smile on his face walks into view.]

EG: That's great news... great news! Of course, we've got paperwork to sign before we can make it official but it gives me great pleasure to stand here... right here and right now on Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE on The X... to announce that the Main Event for Memorial Day Mayhem will now be "Red Hot" Rex Summers challenging Johnny Detson for the World Heavyweight Title... under LOCKED DOOR rules! Everyone is banned from ringside to make sure that we have a true opportunity to see who the better man truly-

[Gellar's words are cut off by Summers.]

RS: Wait a second... hold on one second...

[Gellar looks puzzled at Summers.]

RS: What do you mean...? What is this about EVERYONE being banned from ringside?

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: It's the only way to make sure we have a fair match. It's the only way to make sure that the better man walks out as the World Champion.

[Summers raises his hands, shaking his head.]

RS: No, no, no! That wasn't the deal, Gellar! That wasn't the damn deal! What kind of game are you trying to play?! An hour ago, you told me the Kings of Wrestling would be banned from ringside! And I agree to that! But you didn't say a damn thing about banning your best pal Kerry Kendrick, Callum Mahoney, and Erica Toughill... not a damn thing!

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: I thought... if one group is banned, it's only fair to make sure BOTH groups are banned, Mr. Summers. Otherwise, it's an unfair advantage for-

[Summers is furious now.]

RS: Unfair advantage?! Having my trusted allies, advisors, and friends out there with me is an unfair advantage?!

EG: Of course it would be! I can't... Mr. Summers, I can't allow them to be out there with the Kings banned.

[Summers looks at Gellar with disgust.]

RS: You... you make me sick, Gellar. I don't know who the HELL you think you are trying to pull a fast one like this but I'm NOT going for it!

[Gellar protests.]

EG: Hold on. Before you do something you'll-

RS: No, no... you know what, Gellar? You can take your opportunity...

[He holds up the red Haliburton...

...and hands it back to the Summers Sweetheart who turns away with a pout on her face, turning her back to an exasperated Gellar.]

RS: ...and you can STICK IT! You just lost your Main Event, pal!

[Summers storms out of view, trailed by the Sweetheart as a stunned Emerson Gellar looks on.]

SLB: Mr. Gellar...

[Gellar's jaw is dropped as he shakes his head in disbelief.]

SLB: Mr. Gellar, do you have a comment on this turn of events?

[He lowers his gaze to the floor, cheeks flushing red.]

SLB: Mr. Gellar, the Main Event-

[Suddenly, Gellar looks up, eyes flashing with anger.]

EG: You know what, Lou?! These people around this place got used to having someone in control that they can push around! Well, I'm not that guy!

SLB: Mr. Gellar-

[Gellar blows right past Blackwell's interruption.]

EG: Rex Summers, you're too afraid of standing on your own like a man and cashing in that contract? Fine. That means that instead of challenging for the World Title at Memorial Day Mayhem, you're going to be DEFENDING the Steal The Spotlight contract!

[Blackwell nods.]

SLB: I think we all saw that coming... but who will-

EG: If Summers wants to be a tough guy, we'll see how tough he is when he gets into the ring, defending that contract... against a man who is UNDEFEATED in singles competition...

SLB: Wait a second, are you saying-

EG: I'm saying that at Memorial Day Mayhem, Rex Summers will be defending the Steal The Spotlight contract...

[Dramatic pause. A grin crosses Gellar's face.]

EG: ...against THE GLADIATOR!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers inside the arena as Blackwell's jaw drops.]

EG: Stick THAT, Mr. Summers.

[And with that, Gellar strides out of view, leaving Sweet Lou - stunned at the turn of events - behind as we fade to black.]

The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voice over speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voice over speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Every time 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 to black...

...and back up to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO" backstage where Mark Stegglet awaits outside Lauryn Rage's dressing room. He has an expression on his face that is almost smug.]

MS: We're backstage waiting for Lauryn Rage who I'm told is on her way back here after the events we saw in the ring. Let's see what she has to say.

[Lauryn Rage staggers into view. She is rubber-legged and her eyes are glassy. She holds an ice pack to the side of her head. The Serpentine's support her.]

MS: Lauryn! Lauryn, do you have anything to say about what happened out there?

[Rage's glassy eyes struggle to focus on Stegglet as the Serpentine's glare at him.]

LR: (voice ragged and hollow) Lori Wilson wants... to... jump... the Kid?

[She nearly collapses as her knees go weak.]

LR: Bring it... one... on... one, boo boo.

[Rage takes a knee for a moment. Eventually, Mamba and Copperhead lift her to her feet. The Serpentine's shoulder past Stegglet, helping Lauryn into her dressing room. The door slams shut behind them. Stegglet looks after them and then to camera. His mouth twists into something verging on a smile before we fade back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are. Gordon is chuckling to himself.]

BW: What's so funny, Gordo?!

GM: That loudmouth Lauryn Rage finally got her mouth shut for her by the Lightning Lady, Lori Wilson! Got kicked right in the mouth, Bucky... even you should see some humor in that.

BW: I see nothing funny about a bunch of dirtbags like Cannon, Somers, and yes, Wilson sticking their noses in Lauryn's business! Nothing funny at all!

[Gordon gives another little chuckle that he stifles before carrying on.]

GM: Well, something that obviously Mr. Emerson Gellar doesn't think is funny is Rex Summers backing out of the title match with Johnny Detson that he had agreed-

BW: Hold on one second. If anyone was backing out of an agreement, it was Gellar! He said the Kings of Wrestling would be banned from ringside. He didn't say a thing about Kendrick, Mahoney, and Toughill being banned too!

GM: Perhaps not but even you can understand the desire for an even playing field. If one of the groups is going to be barred, BOTH of them need to be. That's only fair, Bucky.

BW: Fair schmair, I'm going by what the Director of Operations said. He changed the deal and he lost his Main Event because of it. You know, Gordo, it's been really tough for one person to stay in power here over the years. We've seen Jim Watkins, Karl O'Connor, Landon O'Neill...

GM: Stephen Ross back in the day.

BW: Exactly. Gellar keeps making blunders like that, he might be the next one on the way out.

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: I'm sure we're going to have more on this situation as the night goes on but for now, let's head down to the ring for tag team action!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... at a total combined weight of 432 pounds... the team of Dylan Harvey and the Sicilian Stud!

[Cheers go up for the likable duo...

...which turn into a concerned buzz rippling through the Minnesota crowd as the haunting sounds of Slayer's "Dead Skin Mask" begins playing over the PA system.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Welcome to your nightmares, 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: Fans, we saw this duo in action on the Power Hour in a match that basically ended before it got started thanks to the overwhelming lack of control these two monsters have... and I suppose that Anton Layton has over them.

BW: No, no, no... Anton Layton's got all the control in the world over them, Gordo. He could make these two chew glass at a word. He could make them walk through fire at a gesture. But he chose not to... he chose to let them send a message to every single tag team in the division that The Slaughterhouse is a force to be reckoned with.

[Harvey and the Stud huddle up, looking down the aisle as the dark trio approaches the ring. The Lost Boy rolls under the ropes, entering the ring. 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: There's that lack of control on the part of The Lost Boy. When you think back to all the good that Travis Lynch had done with him, this is really a sad sight to see, fans.

BW: Are you kidding me? That Stench kid tried to NEUTER The Lost Boy. It was Harrison Fawcett and now Anton Layton that uncaged the animal within and let him realize his true potential.

GM: Give me a break.

[Crowley backs the Lost Boy into the corner, getting in his face. The two men are snarling and snapping at each other as Layton looks on with glee...

...and at the sound of the bell, Crowley wheels around, charging across the ring at full speed, and DRILLS Dylan Harvey with a running forearm smash that knocks him through the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: OHH!

[The Sicilian Stud tries to take advantage of the momentary distraction, smashing a double axehandle across the back... and another... and another...]

GM: The Stud with some early firepower being put to work...

BW: And slowly I turn...

[Crowley slowly turns around, a maniacal grin on his face as his eyes settle on the Stud who switches to haymakers, trying to make a dent in the bulletproof facade of Crowley...

...who suddenly ERUPTS with a clothesline right across the middle of the face, putting the Stud down on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Crowley dives right on top of the Stud, pinning him to the mat with a shin across the chest as he batters him with hammerfists aimed at the face.]

GM: Get him off the man, referee! Those blows are illegal!

[The official shouts to be heard over Crowley who grunts fiercely with every shot, pummeling the Sicilian Stud relentlessly. Crowley pops up at the 4.5 count, glaring at the referee who frantically backpedals, raising his hands.]

GM: These two are out of control, Bucky... and when you add Anton Layton to the mix...

BW: I'm telling you, Gordo. They're IN control... or rather, Anton Layton is in control. They're simply doing exactly what he wants them to do.

GM: A terrifying thought.

[Crowley rushes back in as the Stud sits up, smashing his boot into the face of the seated fan favorite, knocking him back down to the canvas. The referee reprimands the sneering Crowley as he throws a glance out to Anton Layton who nods approvingly.]

GM: Porter Crowley dragging the Stud to his feet... and listen to these fans here in Minnesota getting on his case.

[The jeering fans launch into a "PRET-TY POR-TER!" chant that quickly washes over the entire crowd. Crowley shoves the Stud backwards, sending him falling back to the corner before the wildman stomps away, cupping his hands over his ears.]

BW: These cruel savages are getting in his head!

GM: I believe that's the intention of the fans here in the sold-out Target Center that is witnessing Saturday Night Wrestling live for the very first time.

[Crowley continues to stomp around the ring as Anton Layton grabs the middle rope, shouting at his charge.]

GM: Layton's trying to get Crowley back under control but-

[As Crowley spins around, eyes clenched tight, he totally misses the Stud pushing off out of the corner, landing a big haymaker to the temple!]

GM: Oh my! The Stud is fighting back!

[Two more haymakers follow as the Stud rallies, lifting Crowley up over his shoulder and putting him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: A jolt sent up the spine of Crowley... the Stud backs to the ropes, coming back...

[Leaping up, the Stud lands a forearm smash between the eyes, knocking Crowley down to the canvas. The crowd continues to cheer, getting louder as the Stud shouts "GET UP!" at Crowley who rises as a second leaping forearm catches him between the eyes, sending him falling back to the mat.]

GM: The Stud's got these people behind him, pulling for him!

[The Sicilian Stud turns to the fans, pumping his arms, giving a shout as the Minnesota fans urge him on. He grabs the recovering Crowley by the back of the head, charging across the ring and smashing him facefirst into the top turnbuckle!]

BW: Not the face!

[Crowley staggers back, covering his face with both arms as the Stud leaps up to the midbuckle, giving a pump of the fist before leaping off...

...and Crowley suddenly lunges forward, recklessly throwing his skull into the face of the leaping Stud!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Stud crumples to the canvas, rolling to his chest as he covers up his head, kicking his feet on the mat in pain.]

BW: HOLY-

GM: He took him right out of the sky!

BW: A skull-shaped cruise missile knocked the Stud flat!

GM: Porter Crowley showing absolutely no regard for his own safety... for his own welfare. He saw the Stud coming off the ropes and he did what he needed to do to put his opponent down on the canvas.

[Reaching down, Crowley grabs the Stud by his short brown hair, dragging him across the ring towards the corner of the Slaughterhouse, slapping the hand of The Lost Boy.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the true wild man of the team.

[Crowley hauls the Stud to his feet as The Lost Boy steps in. Both men grab a handful of the Stud's hair...

...and deliver a crushing double headbutt, sending the Stud falling down to the canvas, clutching his face.]

GM: Ohh!

[The Stud is down again, rolling back and forth on the mat as Crowley exits the ring, leaving his wild partner behind. The Lost Boy promptly delivers a boot to the head of the Stud... and a second... and a third before stepping on the throat of the Stud, leaning against the ropes for leverage as he chokes the life out of the Stud.]

GM: The referee's trying to get the Lost Boy to back off... I'm not even sure he understands him, Bucky.

[But at the count of four, the Lost Boy wanders away, grabbing at his head as Anton Layton shouts at him from the floor.]

GM: Layton keeping up a steady stream of instructions for his men.

BW: Hey, I like this team but they're not exactly what you might call "thinkers," Gordo.

[Turning back towards the Stud, the Lost Boy drags him back to his feet...

...and sinks his teeth into the forehead, causing the Stud to backpedal to the corner, leaning against the buckles as the Lost Boy buries knee after knee into the midsection.]

GM: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[The Lost Boy hooks him under the arm, flinging him high into the air before the Stud crashes down to the canvas.]

GM: Good grief! What a throw!

[Stalking across the ring, The Lost Boy buries a running boot into the ribs, sending the Stud falling towards his corner. Back on the apron, Dylan Harvey bravely stretches his arm over the top rope, looking for a tag...]

GM: Dylan Harvey wants in there...

BW: Why would ANYONE want in there with these two?

[Grabbing the Stud by the wrist, The Lost Boy stretches out the arm and allows Harvey to slap the hand.]

GM: Unusual tag there and-

[Harvey grabs the top rope, leaping up and swinging his foot into the head of The Lost Boy!]

GM: OH! You could hear that one!

[The Lost Boy wildly swings his left arm that Harvey ducks as he runs down the apron, leaping up to the second rope, springing back into a somersault over the ropes, knocking The Lost Boy down to the mat!]

GM: Wow! What in the world was that?!

[Coming quickly to his feet, Harvey reaches down, hauling The Lost Boy up by the top knot, throwing himself into a series of forearms.]

GM: Harvey putting every bit of his 182 pounds behind those forearms!

[Grabbing the wildman by the arm, Harvey whips him into the corner, actually falling to his chest from the effort he puts behind the hammer throw.]

GM: Ohh! Into the corner goes The Lost Boy! Dylan Harvey giving it everything he's got in there!

[Harvey goes barreling across the ring, throwing his smaller frame into a spinning leg lariat, catching the Lost Boy flush before floating over the ropes, landing out on the apron as The Lost Boy staggers out of the corner.]

GM: Harvey strikes again! The kid is building up momentum!

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Harvey gives a shout as he watches the wildman stumble out to the middle of the ring...

...and then leaps into the air, looking to springboard off the top rope...

...but The Lost Boy rushes forward, throwing his body at the ropes, causing Harvey to flip forward off the ropes, landing HARD on the back of his head on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! A horrible fall off the ropes there by Dylan Harvey! He was looking for... a springboard of some sort, I believe, and The Lost Boy made him pay for it!

BW: There's a reason they call 'em high risk moves, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[And with Harvey down and motionless, The Lost Boy tags his partner back into the match.]

GM: Crowley back in...

[Lifting the dazed Harvey up on his shoulders, Crowley walks out to the middle of the ring, pausing...

...and then shoves the limp Harvey up into the air, swinging his knee up as Harvey plummets downwards!]

GM: OHH! DAMAGED GOODS!

[Crowley flips Harvey over, applying a lateral press as The Lost Boy stands watch.]

GM: It's academic from here... one, two, and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Crowley pushes up off the prone opponent as The Lost Boy yanks him up by the hair, dragging the unconscious Harvey to his feet.]

GM: Oh, come on! The match is over and-

[The crowd jeers as The Lost Boy RIFLES Harvey over the top rope, sending him flipping down onto the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: Good grief! There's no call for that! The match was over and this is just these two lunatics trying to-

[Suddenly, a laugh breaks up the words of Gordon Myers.]

"Ehehehehehehe."

[The trademark evil cackle of Anton Layton is evident as Layton scales the ringsteps, mic in hand.]

AL: Goooooooood! Good!

[Layton walks out to the middle of the ring, holding there as his charges move into flanking positions, kneeling down on either side of him.]

AL: With every time these men step into the ring, they become better... they become stronger... they become more vicious... more brutal.

With every time out, they show the world what I mean when I talk about absolute power... unlimited power.

[He turns to The Lost Boy.]

AL: Unbridled aggression. A once-cowed animal re-awoken as the beast they all knew lurked beneath. A force of nature that there is no way to stop... no way to avoid.

[And then to Crowley.]

AL: A monster unleashed. The one your parents warned you about. The creature underneath your bed. The thing that hides in the shadows, waiting for his moment to rip you from the world you thought was safe.

[And back to the camera.]

AL: The AWA tag team division is...

[Layton's words trail off as he spots...]

GM: What is he doing out here?!

BW: More importantly, when's the last time he had a shower?

[An unshaven, unkempt man is seen making his way down to the ring. Upon closer inspection, we can see that it is in fact "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett who has clearly seen much better days.]

GM: Doctor Harrison Fawcett coming out here. Other than that investigation piece by Jason Dane, we haven't seen Fawcett since SuperClash, Bucky.

BW: Looks like he hasn't seen a MIRROR since SuperClash either.

GM: Fawcett was once standing right where Layton is, guiding The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley. But what purpose could he possibly have for coming out here at this time? After all these months, what has brought him back to the AWA?

[Fawcett wipes his mouth on a shabby sleeve of a long sleeve black buttoned shirt, the first to buttons undone as his trademark blood-red tie is hanging off messily to the side.]

BW: I need to flag him down and give him my stylist's number.

[Fawcett grabs a mic from ringside before entering the ring. He takes a second to attempt to straighten his tie before pointing at Layton.]

"D"HF: You are enjoying yourself, yes?

[Fawcett looks at The Lost Boy, and then at Crowley.]

"D'HF: Enjoying taking the exquisite pieces I have formed from the crudest of clay?

[The Lost Boy growls, looking quizzically at Fawcett.]

"D"HF: Ah, if only that were the entirety of your betrayal. If only you merely came in like a simple thief in the night and robbed my home of its most precious treasures.

[Fawcett's eyes fall on the gem that Layton has clutched in his left hand, seemingly mesmerized by it. He shakes his head, refocusing on Layton.]

"D"HF: For you pickpocketed the only man in this world that was there with an outstretched hand of friendship towards someone like you. There you were, destroyed beyond recognition by the hand of the Hangman. Any reputation in this profession damaged beyond compare. This company refusing to even return one of your many phone calls.

[Layton frowns at this, gritting his teeth.]

"D"HF: When you were in that most pathetic of states, it was one man and one man only that turned the tides of fate in your favor once more.

[Fawcett jabs a thumb at his own chest.]

"D"HF: ME. I was the one that had the powers that be willing to give you another look. It was me that oversaw that every word in the contract was in your favor. And it is me...

[Fawcett takes a step forward Layton.]

"D"HF: ... that you will now return what is mine, and return to your rightful place at my side!

[Layton raises the fist gripping the gem and places it under his chin, thoughtfully. He then opens his hand, the gem gleaming in the light.]

BW: That ain't good.

[The Lost Boy and Crowley suddenly leap to action, advancing on Fawcett as Layton throws his head back with laughter.]

GM: The Slaughterhouse is advancing on Fawcett! He's trapped, Bucky!

[Fawcett's eyes go wide, immediately backing off. He speaks again, the bravada gone from his voice, replaced with desperation.]

"D"HF: No! P-please, I just need it back! I don't know what to do with myself anymore!

[Fawcett falls to his knees, continuing to plead as he backs up, intimidated by the hulking beasts standing over him.]

"D"HF: Forget what I said. You can keep it. Just let me be the one that stands by YOUR side.

[Layton arches an eyebrow, watching from across the ring as his charges stand over their former leader. Fawcett lowers his head, his voice almost dropping to a whisper.]

"D"HF: I just need it, I just need to be near--

[Crowley kicks Fawcett to his side as he and his tag partner loom over their former manager's prone form menacingly. Layton joins them, laughing at the pathetic begging form before him.]

GM: I am no great fan of Harrison Fawcett, but this is three on one!

[Fawcett is whimpering into the mic now as Layton stands over him, holding the man's fate in his hands.]

GM: I would say that someone needs to put a stop to this but who on Earth would possibly help Harrison Fawcett?

[Layton raises the crystal once again, and the ferocity leaves his charges eyes immediately. He looks down at Fawcett one more time...

...and then steps over him, shaking his head with disgust as he and his beasts leave the ring.]

GM: Wow.

BW: Not even worth attacking in the eyes of Layton. Fawcett is like... like dirt under his shoes.

[The camera stays in the ring on Fawcett who is down on the mat, his body shaking, his arms up over his face to shield it from view. A pathetic moan escapes into the air, getting caught by the camera.]

GM: This is... this is awful. Can we get the camera off him? Can we go to something-

[We abruptly cut.

From a close-up of the downed "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, the camera pulls back, to reveal that the sight was displayed on a backstage television monitor. The camera draws further back, and the audience sees that Brian Lau witnessed the entire sad spectacle. The Manager of Champions is visibly upset by what he's watching. The camera cuts to the man standing beside Lau, the incomparable "Sweet" Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: That was indeed a disturbing sight.

[Lau jumps, only now becoming aware that he has company.]

BL: Blackwell! Haven't I told you about sneaking up on me like that? And quite frankly, "disturbing" is what happens when you come to dollar shot nights at the local Road House. That... that was far beyond disturbing.

SLB: As we all know, "Doctor" Fawcett is your close friend...

BL: Close friend and personal physician, Blackwell! Get it right!

SLB: So the question becomes, just what are you going to do to help your close friend and personal physician?

[Lau casts a glance back to the screen, still frozen on the image of the fallen Fawcett.]

BL: I.... that's personal business, Blackwell! And you know I don't discuss personal business with the likes of you! I am not here to talk about that. I am here to talk business.

Kings of Wrestling business.

SLB: Well, not long ago, we learned that "Red Hot" Rex Summers will, in fact, not be wrestling Johnny Detson on Memorial Day. Which once again leads us to the question, just who will Mr. Detson defend his world title against at Memorial Day Mayhem?

BL: Asked and answered, Blackwell!

Johnny Detson has declared his intention to take the night off. And if the World Heavyweight Champion wants a night off, who is going to tell him no? Are you going to do that, Blackwell? Why don't you march over there right now, get in the esteemed Mr. Detson's face and tell him he has to wrestle? Maybe he'll decide you are the only worthy contender! Wouldn't that be something?

[Blackwell visibly reddens.]

SLB: That's outrageous! I am not a wrestler! I am a journalist!

BL: You're a huckster with an app guaranteed to turn a smart phone into a useless brick!

SLB: Well, if you won't discuss the World Champion, perhaps we can return to the topic of-

BL: No, there won't be any returning to topics, Blackwell. There won't be anything but you standing there and listening to me.

Now, I said it an hour ago, so maybe you have already forgotten. But I represent the Kings of Wrestling. You hear that word, Blackwell?

Kings!

The Kings of Wrestling are the single greatest unit in the history of professional wrestling. And you know my pedigree, Blackwell. So you know exactly who I am comparing them to! No one tells any King of Wrestling what to do.

If Johnny Detson wants to take Memorial Day off, then he has earned that right. And if Johnny Detson decides, of his own volition, that there is some worthy competitor, then he will defend his title on Memorial Day.

Until that decision is made by Mr. Detson, naturally after I've offered my own advice, then Mr. Detson will make his own announcement, on his own time, in his own way. Unless and until that happens, I advise you, Blackwell, and I advise the man using you as his own personal sock puppet, Emerson Gellar, to cease his harassing behavior where Mr. Detson is concerned.

I have other business tonight.

[Lau pauses, his head looking back to the TV monitor, still frozen mid-plea as Lau shakes his head and exhales slowly.]

BL: Goodnight and goodbye, Blackwell. Don't bother me again tonight!

[Lau steps off, leaving Blackwell standing next to the monitor where Fawcett's image remains, frozen in his pathetic state...

...and we slowly fade out to the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: We are LIVE right here for Saturday Night Wrestling on The X and what a tremendous night we've had so far. Tonight has been great but so many of us are looking ahead - 35 days away - to Memorial Day Mayhem and the huge Winner Takes All tag match which will put the current AWA World Tag Team Champions, the Kings of Wrestling duo of Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan against the most decorated competitor in AWA history, Calisto Dufresne, and my guest at this time...

[The shrill screams erupt as Travis Lynch comes up alongside Mark Stegglet.]

MS: ...the current AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch!

[The champion is decked out in a pair of blue jeans, black cherry ostrich boots, and a skin tight black Under Armour black tank top with gray trim. Upon the tank top rests his silver crucifix and slung over his left shoulder is the AWA National Championship belt.]

MS: Let's get right down to business, Travis, as I have a lot of questions for you tonight.

[Travis flashes a pearly white smile to the camera and Stegglet.]

TL: I'm sure you do, Mark.

MS: First, I've gotta know... do you think you can trust Calisto Dufresne at Memorial Day Mayhem?

TL: Can I trust a self-proclaimed hyena? Can I trust a man who forced James Monosso into retirement with a swing of a steel chair? Can I trust the man who picked over the carcass of Juan Vasquez...

[A loud chorus of boos fills the arena at the mention of Vasquez.]

TL: ...to win this...

[Travis slaps the AWA National Championship belt.]

TL: ...very belt? Can I trust a man who throws a fireball into City Jack's eye?

[Travis runs his right hand through his curly dirty blonde hair as the crowd jeers the memory of that action.]

TL: Mark, there's only two men in this business I truly trust and that's my brothers. So can I trust Dufresne?

[Lynch shrugs.]

TL: Who knows?

[The crowd buzzes.]

TL: But I know Dufresne will do anythin' to capture a championship when he sets his mind to it. His methods and mine are like oil and water but at Memorial Day Mayhem when that bell sounds, he's goin' do everythin' to win this title he hasn't held. That much I'm sure of, Mark.

MS: I don't understand, Travis. If you can't trust him, why on Earth would you risk teaming with him?

TL: Opportunity! You see Mark, teamin' with Dufrense gives me the opportunity to step into the ring with two of so-called the Kings of Wrestlin'... two men who jumped me from behind and slammed my head into a wall.

[Travis again runs his hand through his hair as if feeling the spot where his head hit the wall.]

TL: And it gives me the opportunity to take a pound of flesh out of ol' Robert Donovan's kid. Tony, your dad may have tucked his tail and run from the AWA but I... well, I've never forgiven him for the part he played in James injury so any chance I have to make him pay I WILL take it.

Oh, I know Tony, you and the ol' man don't talk... but you're still his flesh and blood, so no matter how hard he tries not to... he's always goin' care deep down... 'specially since you're the one carrying on the Donovan legacy. So at Memorial Day Mayhem, each left hand, each stomp, and each discus punch will have just a bit extra on it in his memory.

MS: But Travis, you put up the AWA National Championship to get this match!

[Travis grabs his silver crucifix with his right hand.]

TL: The good lord above presented me with this opportunity and unlike some people in the AWA, I jump at opportunities when they are offered. So you're damn right I did! Like I said Mark, it's for the opportunity! The opportunity to hit the Kings of Wrestlin' where it hurts! Brian Lau claims these five men are the best in the business, the best there will ever be... so what better way to prove him wrong than to take the World Tag Team Championship belts from them? What better way to show the Kings of Wrestlin' that they can't measure up to a Lynch!

Memorial Day Mayhem, I can walk out as one-half of the World Tag Team Champions and the AWA National Champion... so you tell me, Mark, is there a better way to prove to the Kings of Wrestling and Brian Lau, that the Lynch they constantly overlooked is the one they have to fear?

[With that, Travis turns to make his exit to the cheers of the Minnesota fans.]

MS: Travis Lynch is out to prove a point in 35 days at Memorial Day Mayhem... but can he trust the man going into battle alongside him? We'll find out together in Seattle... but right now, let's go down to the ring for a very special attraction!

[Cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing alongside four competitors and a referee.]

PW: The following contest is an eight-man tag team match scheduled for one fall. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... the team of Hugh Jenner, Outback Zack Kelly, and the Blue Brothers!

[There's a decent amount of cheers for the lovable losers as they celebrate being in action on SNW.]

PW: And their opponents...

[A pregnant pause fills the air until the first chords of AC/DC's "Evil Walks" begins to play over the PA system to overwhelming boos from the Minnesota crowd. The opening of the song plays in its entirety.]

GM: These guys sure do like to make an entrance.

[And as the tempo picks up, the curtain parts as Brian Lau strides into view, nodding at the jeering crowd. He turns slightly, pointing to the curtain as the Engine of Destruction, Brian James, walks out first. James has a black towel hanging over his head as he makes a beeline down the aisle past Lau.

Still nodding, Lau claps as the World Tag Team Champions - Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - come through the curtain. The title belts are secured around their waists. The championship duo pauses to exchange high fives with Brian Lau, turning to a nearby camera to speak into it.]

WT: You're looking at the best thing goin' in professional wrestling!

TD: And don't forget it!

[The duo follows Brian James towards the ring as Lau stays behind, waiting for the arrival of the AWA World Heavyweight Champion... who walks through the curtain to even louder jeers. Johnny Detson pats the title belt over his shoulder, beaming at the reaction as Brian Lau approaches, slipping an arm over his shoulders. They're in lockstep for a few paces, taunting the fans along the aisle until Detson takes the lead, heading to the ring as Brian Lau brings up the rear, still reading the fans the riot act.]

GM: The Kings of Wrestling came together back in March at the Anniversary Show and in just a short time, have become the group that is dominating the AWA. The World Champion, the World Tag Champions, perhaps the most dangerous man in the entire company in Brian James...

BW: A Hall of Fame manager in Brian Lau.

GM: Exactly... and if they manage to capture the National Title in that Winner Takes All match at Memorial Day Mayhem, they may wind up in total control of this entire company, Bucky.

BW: The men with the titles hold the power... they make the money... they call the shots. When Johnny Detson says he's taking the night off at Memorial Day Mayhem, Gellar can fight it all he wants but I'm betting that Detson is gonna do exactly that.

[The quartet of wrestlers reaches the ring, each taking a spot on the apron, raising each other's arms as they look out on the crowd. Brian Lau stays on the floor, smiling as he applauds his terrifying unit.]

GM: Well, I admire the moxy of the four competitors who signed on for this match.

BW: You admire their what?

GM: Moxy.

BW: The blue-haired freak from Portland and LA?

GM: No... never mind.

[The foursome steps into the ring, staring across at Hugh Jenner, Outback Zack Kelly, and the Blue Brothers.]

GM: This should be very interesting. Our first time seeing the Kings of Wrestling compete as a unit. We know they can jump people in a four-on-one situation but we haven't seen what they can do together INSIDE the ring yet.

BW: Well, we're about to... and I'm being told that this is Brian James' first match here in the AWA since SuperClash. That's almost five months of time to further develop into the ultimate fighter.

GM: And it looks like Brian James will be the one starting off for his team. No discussion at all there as James just stayed in the ring until the others gave up and left.

[Brian James pulls the towel off his head, flinging it aside as Hugh Jenner gives a wave to the fans. He hops up and down a few times in the corner before turning around, walking out to the middle of the ring as the bell sounds...

...and getting caught with a leaping kneestrike right under the jaw that knocks him flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My... my stars! Brian James just knocked him out cold!

[James stands over Jenner, looking down at him as Taylor, Donovan, and Detson bust out laughing at the scene. Brian Lau's eyes go wide, slowly nodding at what he just saw.]

GM: Brian James can end this match right now if he wants to, Bucky.

BW: I've got a pretty good feeling that he wants no such thing.

[James leans down, dragging the limp Jenner off the mat, hurling him bodily into the corner where he collapses against the buckles...

...and Outback Zack Kelly tags himself in.]

GM: There's the tag and in comes the Australian, Outback Zack... the man from Wagga Wagga...

BW: That can't really be the name of a city, can it?

GM: We'll see if the Aussie can put up more of a fight against Brian James than his partner did.

[The 5'10", 247 pounder steps through the ropes, giving a whoop to the fans as James stars at him, unmoving from his fighting stance. Kelly edges out of the corner slowly, waiting for James to come for him.]

GM: Outback Zack Kelly taking his time, not wanting to make a mistake...

BW: Like Hugh Jenner did.

GM: Jenner is out on the floor and still hasn't moved. Hopefully his wife wasn't watching this week.

BW: She's always watching... now she's just found out what a real man looks like.

[With a bellow, Kelly rushes to the ropes, rebounding back at top speed (for him) and blasts James across the chest with a clothesline.]

GM: Clothesline by Kelly connects... but no effect!

[Kelly lets loose another bellow, running to the ropes behind James, hitting him with another clothesline...

...but James simply stares at him, giving a very slight shake of the head.]

BW: Kelly better re-think this strategy, Gordo.

GM: To the ropes a third time... perhaps the third time is a charm...

[But as Kelly rebounds, James twists his body, grabbing the extended arm, turning his back and using the arm to whip Kelly over him and down to the mat with a judo throw.]

GM: Wow! What a takedown!

[Still holding the arm, James twists around, lifting his leg and stomping the face of Kelly once... twice... three times... four times... five times... six times... seven times... eight times... nine times... ten times.]

GM: Good grief.

[James lets go, watching the Australian's arms go limp on the mat. The referee dives in, sliding to his knees, checking to see if Kelly can defend himself further...

...and gets shoved aside by James who shakes his head at the official.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Brian James isn't letting the referee stop this match.

[James pulls Kelly off the mat, ignoring the protesting official as he flings Kelly's limp body in the corner where Andy Blue slaps the shoulder. Blue reluctantly comes through the ropes, looking at Brian James who holds up a hand.]

GM: What's this about?

BW: No clue.

[James points to Will Blue.]

GM: He wants Will instead of Andy?

BW: Not... quite.

[Andy looks puzzled as James raises the other arm, pointing at Andy. The crowd begins to buzz loudly at the challenge.]

GM: Oh my stars! He wants them both?!

BW: Oh yeah!

[Will Blue ducks through the ropes, joining his brother and tag team partner in the ring. They huddle up in the corner as the referee protests the two-on-one action...

...and then they charge towards James in tandem, ducking a double clothesline attempt from the larger competitor.]

GM: The Blues are going for it!

[Spinning around, Andy and Will Blue begin throwing fists as fast as their skinny pale arms can. The blows land on James' head, growing in speed and intensity as James lifts his arms, trying to cover up...]

GM: James is trying to defend himself but he's given himself to a two on one situation willingly!

[Battering James back to the ropes, each Blue grabs an arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Double whip and-

[...the crowd jeers as Johnny Detson slaps the shoulder of the rebounding James, tagging himself into the match.]

BW: Tag! In comes the World Champion!

[Brian James throws a look at Detson before stepping out to the apron, kneeling down to speak to Brian Lau as Detson orders the official to get the illegal Blue brother out of the ring. The crowd jeers as Will exits, leaving Andy and Detson together.]

GM: Well, it looks like the World Champion didn't want the two-on-one situation that Brian James did.

[Detson lunges into a collar and elbow, twisting out into a side headlock, cranking the head of Andy Blue.]

GM: Into the headlock, cranking away on Blue... and then quickly into a hammerlock...

BW: Detson showing off his tremendous mat wrestling that he doesn't always get a chance to display.

GM: I guess you can show off all sorts of skills when your opponent is overmatched like Andy Blue is.

[Detson ducks down, tripping up Blue, putting him facefirst on the mat as Detson leaps up, dropping an elbow down on the back of the head. Grabbing a side headlock from the seated position, Detson slams his fist into the skull a few times before rolling to his knees...]

GM: Oh, come on! He's rubbing his face on the canvas!

BW: Perfectly legal... in some territories.

GM: Name one.

BW: I think Guam. Guammish Championship Wrestling allows it, I believe.

[Detson pulls Andy Blue off the mat, hooking a front facelock and backing across the ring where Wes Taylor tags himself in, stepping in and up to the second rope. He gives a shout before leaping off with a double axehandle across the back.]

GM: Nice doubleteam there out of the Kings.

[With Blue down on all fours, Taylor takes aim, driving a hard soccer kick into the ribs, putting Blue down on the mat.]

GM: Wes Taylor, one-half of the World Tag Team Champions, will be looking to add the National Title to his resume at Memorial Day Mayhem in that Winner Takes All battle.

BW: And can you imagine that? Wes Taylor's only been in this sport for about a year and a half. It's already huge for him to be one-half of the tag champs... but to follow in the footsteps of names like Broussard, Vasquez, and Stevie Scott would really be something else.

[Taylor stomps Blue a few times before dragging him up by the hair, whipping him into the ropes. As Blue rebounds, Taylor twists and throws himself into a running leaping back elbow, wiping out Blue with it!]

GM: Wow! A whole lot of impact behind that elbow... and Taylor with a cover...

[The referee's count gets to two when Taylor lifts him up, shaking his head. He walks Blue back towards the corner, reaching out to tag his championship partner.]

GM: And in comes Tony Donovan...

[Taylor and Donovan back Blue into the ropes together, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Double whip by the champions...

[...and as Blue goes by, Donovan hooks him in a waistlock as Taylor runs to the same ropes that Blue just hit, rebounding back to hit the far ropes that Blue is facing...]

GM: Taylor building up steam!

[Coming back fast, Taylor leaps into the air, extending a leg to drive a leaping one-legged kick into Blue's chest, tipping his momentum backwards as Donovan lifts...

...and DUMPS him on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee pleads with Donovan to pin Andy Blue but as Donovan comes to his feet, he seems to have other ideas.]

GM: Donovan not even giving Andy Blue a single second to recover... to even catch his breath as he pulls the smaller competitor to his feet again, flinging him into the corner...

[Will Blue tags himself in, full of fire at what his brother has gone through, and rushes into the ring towards Tony Donovan...

...but Donovan catches him coming in, lifting him by the upper thighs, pivoting, and DRIVING him into the canvas with a thunderous spinebuster! Donovan pops back up to his feet, pumping a fist as his allies cheer him on.]

GM: Tony Donovan with one heck of a spinebuster puts Will Blue down... and that's gotta be it, right?

[Donovan looks to move in on the downed Blue but a shout draws his attention. He turns to find Brian James, calmly standing in the corner with his hand extended.]

GM: And it looks like the Son of the Blackheart is not done here tonight.

[With a nod, Donovan approaches his partner, slapping his hand. James climbs through the ropes, moving quickly to pull Blue off the mat. He grabs Blue by the arm, twisting it around and holding it up behind Blue's own head...

...and SLAMS his right fist squarely into the chest of Will Blue, sending Blue flopping backwards to the mat.]

GM: BLACKHEART PUNCH!

[James stares down at the motionless Blue...

...and then plants his foot on the chest, gesturing for the referee to count.]

GM: We've got one... we've got two... and we've got three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[James looks disdainfully at his victim as he removes his foot from the chest, welcoming his celebrating partners with high fives all around. Brian Lau waves them from the ring, the crowd still jeering.]

GM: Victory for the Kings of Wrestling!

BW: You sound surprised, Gordo. Or maybe that's disappointment.

GM: It's neither. When you put four of the very best in the world in the ring together, I believe you'll find it difficult to find a four man team who can match up to them.

BW: Well, for once we agree... although I can't wait to see people try.

GM: It appears as though the Kings of Wrestling are making their way over here to join us... apparently they've got something to say about all the happenings going on here tonight.

[Gordon rises from his seat as we cut down to ringside. Brian Lau is already on the scene, looking supremely confident in his group's talents after what we just saw. In a moment, Wes Taylor walks into view, trading a high five with Lau before settling in next to Gordon, resting an arm on his shoulder. Gordon looks irritated as Tony Donovan steps in on the other side and even more irritated as Brian Lau steps forward, grabbing the mic.]

BL: I just know that you've spent the last few minutes talking about what an impressive, imposing, dominating force the Kings of Wrestling are!

BW: One of us has, Mr. Lau!

BL: What you saw here tonight was the least of what we can do. I'm looking around, and I don't even see a single drop of sweat on any of the Kings' brows. But I've said too much already. No one wants to hear what I, a humble manager...

GM: Oh brother!

BL: Excuse me! No one wants to hear what I have to say, not when you could be listening to the Kings of Wrestling. Anthony, why don't you tell these fine folks what's what?

[Tony grins like the cat who got the canary.]

TD: Gordon, you saw what just happened, right?

GM: Well-

TD: Of course you saw it. Everybody saw it! Brian described what just happened tonight as the least we can do -- and it still left those four bums staring up at the lights, hoping to God Almighty that the match was over so they could crawl back to the locker room and nurse their wounds!

[Tony laughs.]

TD: What you all saw tonight is the slightest taste, the smallest sample of what's comin'. We-

[Tony motions towards his three partners.]

TD: -came together for a reason, and I'll be damned if I didn't feel the world shake when we did!

[A grinning Wes Taylor leans in over the mic.]

WT: An earthquake of royal proportions... but that was just the beginning, Gordon Myers. You know, there's a lot of talk around here tonight about the Main Event of Memorial Day Mayhem and who Johnny is going to defend the title against.

[Detson waves his arms in front of him, shaking his head.]

WT: Exactly. Johnny's already said he's taking the night off and Emerson Gellar, you're looking at your Main Event! And what a Main Event it's gonna be with me and Tony taking on Dufresne and Lynch and capturing the AWA National Title.

[Taylor gestures to his torso.]

WT: Man, that title belt is going to look good around my waist...

[Tony Donovan gives him a playful shove.]

WT: ...or yours, partner! It doesn't really matter which one of us it is that wins it... what matters is that the Kings of Wrestling are adding another piece of gold to our collection come Memorial Day.

[Gordon interrupts.]

GM: You make it sound like it's a foregone conclusion!

WT: Oh, it is! It is! Because I saw Travis Lynch out here, talking in our direction... but where oh where was Calisto Dufresne, Gordon?

GM: You know very well that Mr. Dufresne is on a promotional tour and couldn't be here tonight.

WT: Sure he is, sure he is... even if that's true, Gordon, what do you want to bet that it was Travis Lynch or his crooked old man who got Dufresne on that tour? Because the way I look at it, Travis Lynch can't trust Calisto Dufresne... and Calisto Dufresne can't trust Travis Lynch. They're not a tag team, Gordon... they're not a unit. They're two guys who think they can strike gold when they climb in the ring with the most dangerous team in all of wrestling - the AWA World Tag Team Champions and soon-to-be the Tag Team of the Year for 2016!

But they're wrong... dead wrong.

What they are is about five weeks away from learning the hard way that when you mess with the Kings...

[Taylor smirks.]

WT: ...the world finds out what commoners you really are.

[Taylor cackles, stepping back as the mic is steered towards the Engine of Destruction. Brian James holds up his right hand, fingers splayed wide.]

BJ: Five fingers. Five Kings of Wrestling.

[James' hand closes into a tight fist.]

BJ: One fist!

The world saw what our fists can do at SuperClash. The world knows that when we stand together, there is nothing that can stop us.

We are the fist that will pummel the AWA into submission. We have no rivals, we recognize no man as our equal.

And if you think differently? Step up.

And get knocked down like all the rest!

[Detson steps up to Gordon, adjusting the title that is thrown over his left shoulder as he smiles at the crowd.]

JD: I hope all you people enjoyed that display of dominance in there because it's the last time you see your World Champion in the ring until June!

[Detson laughs as the crowd boos.]

JD: I told you, I told Gellar... I told everyone! Johnny Detson is taking Memorial Day Mayhem off! And as I've successfully defended this title seventy-five times since winning it I think I deserve it.

GM: That's not even possible, let alone the fact that I think these fans deserve to see this title defended at one of the biggest shows of the year!

JD: The fans?! THE FANS?! What about me? What I deserve from all these fans is the respect I've so richly earned!

[Detson scowls as Lau, Taylor, and Donovan all nod in agreement.]

JD: I am your World Champion. (points at Gordon) I am your World Champion! (points to the back) And I'm Emerson Geller's World Champion! Yet he tries to dictate to me, to us? Kings don't get dictated to, THEY DICTATE TO YOU! The Kings lead, the rest... they follow! And since you're not a King, Gellar, I would definitely learn to fall in line.

[Detson pauses, tapping his chin with his index finger a few times.]

JD: But maybe you're right, Gordon. Maybe these fans do need to see their World Champion on Memorial Day!

[Small cheer from the crowd at the notion of a World Champion match as Detson gives a small, curt nod.]

JD: That's why Johnny Detson will be at Memorial Day Mayhem...

[Bigger cheer at the announcement.]

JD: ...supporting my brothers-in-arms as they dismantle Lynch and Dufresne while I'm enjoying my night off!

[Detson laughs as he's greeted once again with deafening jeers. Detson exchanges a high five with Wes Taylor, he signals the rest that it's time to go.]

BL: We now return you to your regularly schedule non-Kings broadcasting.

[Lau puts a hand on Myers' shoulder, giving him a mournful look.]

BL: I'm sorry, pal.

[With a cackle, Lau joins his men in leaving the scene as Gordon Myers shakes his head.]

GM: Fans, we'll be right back after these messages.

[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 come back up live in the backstage interview area where no interviewer is standing. Just a pacing Derrick Williams, hood on his vest down, a serious look in his eyes.]

DW: Rage... Rage... Rage... Where to start?

Two times, I had Supernova dead to rights, a Neuralizer away from becoming TV Champion.

Two times you stuck your nose into my business because of this obsession you have with the TV Belt.

[Williams shakes his head.]

DW: Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me. I thought that you just MIGHT not have interfered again. That the presence of someone that can take you down MIGHT keep you away. But it didn't. You found a backdoor.

And I made a dumb kid mistake.

Which, a year ago, would've been fine. Today, not so much.

[Williams stops pacing.]

DW: Yeah, I took some crap from Slater for forgetting I was in a match. Gave me a blast for not finishing it off and winning the title. And he's right. So tonight, I have to get myself back into the spot. And I take down you, Rage, to do it.

It's great, you want to scare me with the whole "You don't know me!" routine. It's fine that you think I don't know the first thing about Death in Darkness. Outstanding that you want to show off your old calcified elbow as something that scares me.

Because I watched tapes, I've seen you wrestling with the lights going off with landmines, flying around like a madman and getting into absolute wars in the ring.

[He points at the camera.]

DW: I know the book on you, Rage, because the book's so damn long. I've paid attention over the years, I've trained with guys that have been through the wars, I drink with guys that continue to go through the wars. I might've made a dumb kid mistake or two, but they're getting fewer and farther between. And yeah, you got a real nasty elbow...

[Williams holds up his padded arm.]

DW: But so do I, and I don't need an extra 20 feet and gravity to put people out with mine.

And tonight, Rage, I'm GOING to put you out with mine. Because tonight is my night, it's my time, and tonight, I put you out and behind me, so I can go on to Memorial Day Mayhem where the third time will be the charm.

I have Supernova's number and you know what, Rage, I'm pretty sure I have yours too.

Tonight, I make your nightmares real, and the only real question is - do I just hit you hard enough to win, or hard enough that you don't even remember what happened when you wake up tomorrow.

No more talking, Rage, let's do this.

[Williams pulls up his hood and walks off set as we fade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Standing next to him is Supernova, who is dressed in a Supernova T-shirt and blue jeans. His face is painted black and yellow and the AWA World Television title is around his waist.]

MS: Supernova, in mere moments, it will be Derrick Williams taking on Shadoe Rage to determine who will challenge for the AWA World Television Championship. I know you have kept a full schedule with defending the Television title, but I am interested to know what your thoughts are about tonight's matchup.

S: Mark, I'm gonna be keeping a close eye on this match for one reason... because I can almost guarantee that Shadoe Rage was behind the attack two weeks ago on Kevin Slater and that he's got something planned for tonight's match, too. I know how badly he wants to regain the World Television title, but if he's going to want that chance, he's going to have to prove he can get past Derrick Williams without any tricks. Believe me, if I suspect anything is gonna go down in that match, I'll be there to ensure a level playing field!

MS: You've heard the talk from Shadoe Rage... he has been determined to get back in that ring with you for a rematch for the TV title... some might say he's become obsessed with the TV title!

S: Hey, I know that Shadoe Rage can be protective of his own. I may not like the man, but you have to respect a man who values his family so much. Who values

those close to him... his brothers, his sister, his wife, his daughter. I wouldn't blame any man who wants to protect his family. But you know what, Shadoo Rage?

[He slaps the belt around his waist.]

S: You treating this belt like it was family... like it was your lover, even... that's when I know you've gone off the deep end, pal! Sure, I value the belt I won, but I don't act like it's my daughter or lover! What I see here is a symbol of excellence, a sign that I have proven myself to be one of the best wrestlers in the AWA! And you keep telling everybody that they can't have her... this belt that's around my waist? Well, you can tell that to anyone you like, but you know what I think?

I think you're gonna find out the hard way that what I consider a symbol of excellence is not something I'm gonna give up so easily, pal! In other words, you value your family as much as you wish and I'm not gonna argue with you, but you want to tell people that they can't have her?

[He points to the belt and his eyes widen.]

S: You can't have her, either, Rage! If you want it so badly... you better earn your shot tonight, then earn it from me! And don't think for one minute I won't put everything on the line to make sure I keep this symbol of excellence around my waist!

MS: But what about Derrick Williams? Twice he has come close to winning the TV title... you must know that you have somebody else who would love nothing more than to achieve the excellence you have achieved.

S: [nodding] I know Derrick Williams wants another shot at me... I wish him the best of luck tonight because he's in the ring with one of the greats. And if he does earn the shot at Memorial Day Mayhem, I wish him nothing but the best of luck there, too. But the last two times we met, I know things didn't end the way he wanted... but they didn't end the way I wanted, either! So believe me, if it's Williams and me, he's going to get everything I have, because I'm gonna make sure I keep this symbol of excellence around my waist!

MS: You do realize that there are a host of other challengers waiting for you... in fact, it was just weeks ago that Callum Mahoney laid a challenge before you!

S: You know, Mark, I've lined up a whole host of challengers in the coming weeks... I just came off a tough title defense against Caspian Abaran, I've got a defense lined up in a house show in a couple of days against one half of the Longhorn Riders, and if I get through that, I've got one half of the Mechanics set to face me! And I know Callum Mahoney has his hands full with the likes of Pure X and Terry Shane III, but I can always make time for Mahoney! Just get with Emerson Gellar and put your name on the list and you can bet I'll be waiting for you in that ring! And that goes for anyone else who thinks they have what it takes to beat me for the symbol of excellence I wear!

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

S: Memorial Day Mayhem is coming, Mark! Somebody's gonna feel the heat, I promise you that!

[He walks off the set.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, the TV champion certainly has his eyes on Rage, Williams and anyone else who wants to challenge him! Let's go back to you, Gordon!

[We fade back to a panning shot of the Target Center crowd as Gordon and Bucky speak.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. The World Television Title scene is as hot as can be heading into the start of summer in 35 days. Supernova's looking at challenges from Derrick Williams... from Shadoe Rage... from Callum Mahoney... from all the rest.

BW: It's only a matter of time now, Gordo. The World Television Title just might be the hardest title to keep around your waist. You're constantly defending it... constantly putting it on the line... constantly fighting off challenge after challenge after challenge. It wears you down, it makes you hurt and tired... and then one night, BOOM! Title change.

GM: Will that night be Memorial Day Mayhem? And who will be across the ring from the World Television Champion on that night? We're about to find out so let's go to Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is to determine the Number One Contender to the World Television Title!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The drums beat and the trumpets sound in mournful fanfare. The "Hymn to the Fallen" summons Shadoe Rage.]

PW: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 244 pounds... he is...

SHAAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The black-robed Rage emerges from the curtains. The sad dirge accompanies him as he stands atop the ramp, his head covered in a black hooded cape, his eyes shielded behind mirror silver sunglasses. He is swaddled all in black surcoat and cape, belted at the waist.]

GM: The former World Television Champion is looking to get himself into back into a match with that very title on the line. If he defeats Derrick Williams here tonight, he will take on Supernova - or whoever the champion may be - in Seattle at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: And if you ask me, it's a crying shame he even has to "qualify" for that match. He is the former champion. He **DESERVES** a rematch for the title.

GM: No one is arguing that point and he certainly will get one win or lose... but if he wins, he gets it on the biggest stage of the summer - Memorial Day Mayhem!

[He strides down the aisle as the music reaches its crescendo. The skirts of his surcoat fly at his slow march. He does not make eye contact with the crowd. He simply stares into a space slightly above the ring. He steps through the ringropes to take the centre of the ring. Rage removes his sunglasses to reveal his bright, staring hazel eyes. They don't blink regularly. The dead stare is eerie. Calmly, he removes his hood to reveal his dreadlocks tied back in a ponytail. He sheds his cape and undoes the belt to shrug out of the surcoat. He wears knee high wrestling boots in black with silver laces and soles. He wears black knee pads. His tights are glossy black spandex and he wears a match glossy black spandex top. His right arm is covered in a long black sleeve, elbow pad and he wears a black fingerless

leather glove. His left arm is bare save for black athletic tape around his wrist, over his palm and around the tips of his index and pinky finger.]

GM: Shadoe Rage getting ready for action and I, for one, hope there's no chicanery with the lights like we saw two weeks ago, Bucky.

BW: That was a fluke. That was Gellar forgetting to pay the light bill.

GM: I highly doubt that. "Death in darkness" is the saying we've heard from Shadoe Rage for years - he even has a match named after it - so you can understand why so many are suspicious of him being behind the lights situation.

BW: Slanderous trolls.

[As Rage tugs at the ropes, the music changes to Hinder's "All American Nightmare," bringing the fans to their feet to cheer on the man who it means is heading towards the ring.]

PW: And his opponent... he hails from Brooklyn, New York and weighed in at 270 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by his trainer and mentor, "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater...

[Big cheer for the former World Champion!]

PW: DERRRRRRRIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLLIAMS!

[At the announcement of his name, Derrick Williams enters the arena to the cheers of the crowd with a clapping and smiling Kevin Slater trailing behind him.]

GM: A big reaction to one of the young lions here in the AWA, one of these young competitors looking to break through to the next level. A win here tonight would put Williams on his way to the upper echelon for sure.

BW: But a loss says, "Sorry, kid... you just couldn't hack it!"

GM: I don't know about that... and look at the joy on the face of Kevin Slater at seeing his student in front of this sold-out crowd in a match of this magnitude.

[Williams' brown hair frames his face, wavy coming down to his chin, matching his brown eyes and a shade darker than his olive skin. He has a short beard growing on his face, and does have generic tribal tattoos on his arms and back, like many of his generation. His ring gear consists of short, thigh length glossy black tights with "DW" in a stencil font enclosed in a silver circle, in silver, with "Brooklyn" written smaller in a similar font on the bottom left front. He wears black boots, coming up to mid-calf, with black knee pads. His wrists are taped with glossy black athletic tape, with black, half finger weightlifting gloves on his hands, and black neoprene elbow pad/braces, the one on the right adorned with Skull in silver on the pad portion. Rounding out the ensemble is a black glossy vest with a silver hood, pulled up as he walks along the aisle, slapping hands with the fans as he does.]

GM: Kevin Slater, fans, suffered some minor injuries two weeks ago when he was assaulted when the lights went out - hence the bandages you see on his face and head - but he says he wouldn't miss this chance to watch his student's back for all the world.

BW: You mean he wouldn't miss a chance to get his face back on camera after so many years where people said, "Hey, didn't you used to be somebody?" I know how these old-timers operate, Gordo. Always looking for a way to milk a couple of extra bucks out of the next promoter who wants them to sign autographs at a Holiday Inn.

[Williams hits the ring and ascends the stairs, ducking through the ropes and pulling down his hood, appealing to the crowd before removing his vest. Shadoe Rage dashes at him...]

GM: Look out!

[...and then pulls up as Kevin Slater steps in front of Williams' back, fists balled up and at the ready. Rage backs off, shouting and pointing at Slater who gestures him forward.]

GM: Kevin Slater, of course, was one of the top stars of the EMWC during its heyday back in the late 90s while Shadoe Rage was working for the competition in Portland. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that there's still some bad blood between these two from that time period.

BW: Memories last a lifetime, Gordo... especially bad ones... and ESPECIALLY in this business where you can take a grudge from your rookie year all the way to the grave.

[Slater walks to the corner, putting one arm around the shoulders of Derrick Williams as he gestures across the ring at Rage. Williams nods in understanding as Slater ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the floor.]

GM: Alright, fans, we're about to get this one started. Twenty minute time limit with a ticket to Memorial Day Mayhem and a shot at the World Television Title on the line.

[Referee Davis Warren speaks to both men, getting a nod from each...

...and then signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Rage again dashes forward, pulling up abruptly. He smiles at Williams... and then just as quickly goes cold, pointing and shouting as Williams shakes his head.]

GM: The ever-unpredictable Shadoe Rage with some words for his opponent before the match gets going.

[Rage slaps his own biceps, walking in a circle around Williams who turns to keep his eyes on his opponent. Suddenly, the former TV Champion makes a dive, trying to grab a leg on Williams but Williams spins away from it, attempting a soccer kick but Rage rolls to avoid it.]

GM: Quick exchange to start things off and that's the one area that Rage will have an advantage in. Williams may be bigger and stronger but Rage has the speed advantage despite being about twenty years older than his youthful opponent.

[Back on his feet, Rage moves swiftly into a collar and elbow, trying to shove Williams backwards. Williams holds his ground, refusing to budge under the smaller man's efforts...

...and then throws Rage to the ground with a roar! The crowd cheers as Rage rolls backwards, coming to rest on his knees, grabbing at the back of his head as he looks up incredulously at Williams.]

GM: Pure strength on display by Derrick Williams, hurling the former World Television Champion to the canvas!

BW: I think he had a handful of hair, Gordo. Can we check the replay on that?

GM: Sure, let's-

BW: Oh, no time for that!

[Climbing back to his feet, Rage is ranting and raving in the direction of Williams as he eyes the larger opponent. Williams beckons him forward to the middle of the ring as Rage inches away from the corner...]

GM: Rage slowly moving in, considering his strategy...

[Lunging into another tieup, Rage plants his feet, struggling and straining, trying to knock Williams down...

...and then slips his hand back into the hair of Williams, pulling back on it. The fan favorite starts to complain as the referee steps in.]

GM: He's got the hair, ref! Clear as day!

[As the official protests, the wily veteran slips his right leg behind Williams' and gives a hard shove, tripping Williams and shoving him down to the mat.]

BW: Hah! And Rage returns the favor!

[The former champion strikes a double bicep pose, showing off his muscles as the Minnesota crowd jeers.]

GM: Rage sure is proud of himself despite needing an illegal advantage to get Williams off his feet.

[As Williams starts to rise, Rage rushes to the ropes, rebounding back towards Williams in the middle, squaring up for a shoulder tackle...

...and goes flying backwards, slamming down to the mat again to cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Well, it looks like the size of Williams thwarted those plans, Bucky.

BW: You sure he didn't grab the hair again?

GM: The only one grabbing hair in this match so far is Shadoe Rage!

[Rage angrily gets up off the mat, grabbing the back of his head as Williams smiles, waving him forward. The veteran glares at him and then points to the ropes, gesturing.]

GM: Rage wants Williams to deliver a shoulder tackle this time.

BW: Watch this, Gordo. Rage is gonna show this kid up.

[Williams obliges, dashing to the ropes, bouncing off towards Rage who bucks up, ready for the collision...

...and goes flying backwards on impact, crashing down to the mat again as the fans cheer and Williams mocks the downed Rage with a double bicep pose.]

GM: Haha! I love it!

BW: You would.

[And now Rage rolls out to the floor, waving his arms at the ring in a dismissive gesture.]

GM: And apparently, Shadoc Rage is looking to regroup after not getting anywhere in the early moments of this one.

[Rage walks around the outside of the ring, milking the count as Williams shouts at him to get back in. The former TV Champion stops near Kevin Slater, shouting at him with a finger in the face...

...which brings Derrick Williams out to the floor, getting between his opponent and his mentor. The crowd cheers as Williams advances on Rage who backpedals away, rounding the ringpost before rolling into the ring.]

GM: Rage back in... Williams up on the apron...

[As Williams stands up on the apron, Rage reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes of his opponent.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Grabbing the blinded Williams by the hair, Rage runs down the length of the ring ropes, smashing his skull into the turnbuckle - a blow that sends Williams falling off the apron and down to the barely-padded concrete floor in the Target Center.]

GM: Down goes Williams to the floor... and look out here! This is where Shadoc Rage likes to operate!

[With Williams down, Rage gets to the top rope in the blink of an eye. He extends his arms over his head, letting the crowd see what's about to happen...

...and then leaps off the top rope, coming down with a double axehandle across the skull!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE... ALL THE WAY FROM THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

[Rage climbs back to his feet, extending his arms and going into a spin on the floor, earning the jeers from the crowd before he leans over, pulling Williams to his feet and shoving him back inside the ring.]

GM: Rage puts him back in... coming back in himself now...

[Not wasting a moment, Rage crawls into a cover, grabbing for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Williams kicks with the free leg, breaking up the pin at two. Rage quickly swings a leg over, taking the mount as he grabs a handful of hair before smashing his fist down between the eyes.]

GM: Right hands by Rage, hammering away at the man who hopes to challenge Supernova for the World Television Title at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Climbing back up at the count of four, Rage hauls Williams up by the arm, twisting it around in an armwringer before whipping him a short distance into the nearest

turnbuckles where Williams staggers back out into a back elbow up under the chin, knocking him back down to the mat.]

GM: Down goes Williams again... and Rage with another quick cover.

[This pin attempt also earns a two count before Williams kicks out.]

GM: Another two count for the former champion.

BW: And Shadoe Rage is showing just how badly he wants his shot at the World Television Title to go down at Memorial Day Mayhem, Gordo. He's not messing around, not toying with Williams, not playing any mind games. He's attacking fast and hard and going for covers at every opportunity.

[Rage climbs to his feet, stomping Williams a few times, sending the younger competitor rolling towards the ropes.]

GM: Williams trying to create some space, give himself a window to recover.

[Near the ropes, Rage steps up to the second rope, springing into the air and dropping a knee down into the sternum!]

GM: Oh! Impactful knee off the ropes!

[Rage repeats the attack, bringing his weight down on the ribs of Williams.]

GM: Shadoe Rage down across the knees this time, knocking the wind out of Williams.

BW: If a man can't breathe, he can't fight. Karate Kid 3 taught me that.

[Rage leaps off the ropes a third time, bringing a knee down across the collarbone...

...and then slides his shin over across the throat.]

GM: He's choking him! Referee, get in there!

[Davis Warren starts his count as Rage pleads innocence. Williams kicks at the mat as Rage strangles the air from his lungs, waiting until four and change before getting up, leaving Williams coughing and gasping down on the mat.]

GM: Dangerously close to a five count there. Rage was taking a big risk at getting disqualified.

[As the official reprimands Rage, Williams rolls under the ropes to the floor, still trying to get air into his lungs. Rage glares at the official, blaming him for Williams' escape as he marches over towards the ropes, grabbing the top with both hands.]

GM: Rage slingshots over the top, all the way to the floor.

[He stalks Williams who is crawling away from him, reaching down and hauling him up by the back of the trunks. Rage hooks a side waistlock, lifting him up into the air...

...and DROPS him down on the back of his head on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Back suplex on the floor! Good grief!

[Kevin Slater can be heard loudly protesting to the official who slides outside the ring, getting right up in Rage's face, backing him off as the former champion pleads innocence. The Wild Thing rushes to his student's side, kneeling down next to him to check his condition.]

GM: Kevin Slater right to Williams' side. An incredibly hard fall on the back of the head on an incredibly unforgiving surface!

[Rage is beaming at the crowd's jeers, gesturing at his waist.]

GM: Shadoe Rage telling these fans in Minnesota that he's well on his way to regaining the championship he believes he never should have lost.

BW: He SHOULDN'T have lost it. Anyone who is looking at the situation with unbiased eyes knows that Melissa Cannon cost Rage the title... something she's paying for at the hands of Lauryn Rage and the Serpentes these days.

GM: "Unbiased eyes"... give me a break.

[Rage pushes past the official, moving in on Williams. Slater rises up, standing in front of Rage who loudly protests to Davis Warren who reluctantly orders Slater to step away.]

BW: Look at that cheater Slater trying to get involved. He's trying to save his boy and there ain't no chance of that. Shadoe Rage has got him now.

[Hauling Williams up with two hands full of hair, Rage chucks him under the ropes into the ring. He climbs up on the apron, pointing towards the corner...]

GM: Wow! Shadoe Rage is looking to finish it! He's looking for the Angel of Death drop early in this match. We're... what? Just over six or seven minutes into this.

BW: Yeah, but Williams has taken a lot of punishment in those minutes... especially that suplex on the floor. That had to ring his bell something fierce.

[Rage gets up to the second rope, turning his gaze towards Kevin Slater who is creeping near. Rage launches into a hostile diatribe, shouting at the Wild Thing from his perch. Slater returns fire, throwing his own verbal harpoons.]

BW: No, no... Shadoe, stay focused! Forget about Slater!

GM: Shadoe Rage wasting valuable time here with Kevin Slater... and Rage instigated it, I should add.

BW: He... what?! Slater got all up in his business and of course, Rage is concerned he's going to attack him. He saw what kind of garbage Slater got into in Los Angeles and they were even here at the same time during Rage's cup of coffee with the AWA years ago! You really think Slater's above attacking Rage to try and get some attention?

GM: Of course I do! I've spoken with Kevin Slater and he's not the same man he was when he was in the AWA before. He's-

[Rage actually turns towards Slater now, threatening to come off the top on him. Referee Davis Warren slides out to the floor, putting himself in front of Slater, standing and shouting at Rage to focus on the action inside the ring...

...where a dazed Derrick Williams is on his feet, staggering towards the corner.]

GM: Williams is coming and Rage doesn't see him!

[Straightening up, Williams throws a big haymaker at the gut of Rage, stunning the former champion to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: He goes downstairs!

[Reaching up, Williams grabs Rage by the hair, pulling him over, and throwing rapid-fire elbowstrikes to the temple!]

GM: Williams is hammering away! Elbow after elbow to the skull of the former champion!

[The blows stun Rage, causing him to sit down on the top turnbuckle. Williams backs off, giving a nod as he steps back in, moving to climb the buckles.]

GM: Williams is... he's climbing the ropes himself now!

[The young lion steps up to the middle rope, throwing a pair of right forearms to the head of Rage before tucking his head into a front facelock, slinging Rage's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for a superplex! Williams looking to turn this thing around!

[Williams reaches back, hooking Rage by the tights for leverage as he tries to get his opponent up into the air...]

GM: Williams trying to get him up but Rage is hanging on!

[The crowd buzzes as Rage wraps his leg around the ropes, hanging on for dear life as Williams tries to rip him free...]

GM: Williams trying to lift him up and Rage trying to stay right where he is! It may come down to who wants it more at this stage of the contest, Bucky, as we near the ten minute mark of the match!

[Rage buries a few short right hands into the ribs of Williams...

...and then slips out from under his grasp, dropping down to the mat, crawling between the legs to come up on his feet behind Williams!]

GM: Rage slips free and-

[The former champion grabs the off-balance Williams by the leg, giving it a yank, sending him flying sideways where the back of his neck SLAMS down into the top rope before Rage catches him, wedging him between the top and middle ropes!]

GM: OH!

BW: The kid hit hard again, Gordo.

GM: He certainly did! The back of his neck smashing off that top rope... creating a whiplash-like effect...

BW: Look at Rage!

[With Williams where he wants him, Rage steps up to the second rope, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and leaps into the air, bringing both knees down on the torso of Williams and riding him all the way down to the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Williams is laid out on the mat as Rage dives across again, rolling to his side as he hooks the right leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[The shouts of Kevin Slater draws everyone’s attention to Derrick Williams’ left leg which is resting on the bottom rope.]

GM: Foot on the ropes! Williams got a foot on the ropes!

BW: Thanks to Slater! He put it there!

GM: He did not... he absolutely did not, fans! Bucky Wilde is telling tall tales here in Minnesota and... Shadoe Rage believes you, Bucky!

BW: I speak truths, daddy.

[An irate Shadoe Rage is on his feet, screaming at Slater who backs off, arms raised in the air.]

BW: Slater’s denying it but you can see the guilt all over his face!

GM: Bucky, we have him on camera doing NOTHING when Williams got his foot on the ropes! Explain that!

BW: CGI.

GM: You’re unbelievable.

[Rage is ranting and raving, pacing around the ring as Derrick Williams rolls out to the ring apron, breathing heavily as Rage shouts at Slater... at Davis Warren... at the fans.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is having a meltdown here in Minnesota!

BW: And as cold as it is in this place, that’s pretty tough to do.

GM: It’s actually a very nice day in Minneapolis, Bucky.

BW: No day in Minneapolis is nice.

GM: Is there ANY city that you like?

[Finally, Rage turns his attention back towards Williams, marching across the ring to where Williams has taken a knee on the apron, clutching his ribs. The former champion reaches over the ropes, hauling him up to his feet where he winds up and PASTES him between the eyes with an overhead elbow smash!]

GM: Ohh! Elbow on target by Rage, hanging onto Williams to keep him there...

[With Williams stunned, Rage steps up on the second rope in the middle of the ring, nowhere near the buckles for support...]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: I've seen him try this before, Gordo... but Williams is 270 pounds! Rage is strong but I don't even know if he can do this.

GM: He's got a front facelock on Williams, slinging the arm over his neck...

[The crowd is buzzing as Rage attempts to muscle Williams up for a mid-apron superplex...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Ten minutes left in the time limit for this Number One Contender's match.

BW: What happens if it goes to a draw? Who gets the shot at Supernova?

GM: I'm not sure.

BW: They should let me pick.

GM: That seems highly unlikely as Rage continues to try and get Williams up into the air for this superplex!

[Williams steps one foot up on the ropes outside the ring, trying to fight against Rage's lift attempt...

...and then uses that foot to spring up into the air, hooking Rage by the hair...]

BW: What the...?

[...and SNAPS Rage's throat down on the top rope as Williams falls to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY! WHAT A COUNTER OUT OF WILLIAMS!

[Rage goes SAILING backwards, landing on his back on the canvas, grabbing at his throat as the crowd cheers the big counter by Williams. Kevin Slater claps, slapping the mat with a "LET'S GO, DERRICK!" shout.]

GM: Kevin Slater cheering on his student, trying to get him back up to try and finish this off!

[Williams, down on his knees on the floor, reaches up, grabbing the ring apron as the crowd cheers him on.]

GM: The young lion starting to stir on the floor, trying to get back inside the squared circle where Rage is still down from that incredible and timely counter from the Brooklyn native.

[Climbing up off the floor, Williams lunges through the ropes, rolling back into the ring. With the fans cheering, both Rage and Williams are down on their backs on the mat.]

GM: Both men are down. Both men are hurting. Both men know they've got less than ten minutes to finish off the other and cash their ticket to Memorial Day Mayhem and a World Television Title match!

[With the fans cheering loudly, Williams rolls to a hip, getting his arm underneath him as he tries to get up. On the other side of the ring, Shadoo Rage is crawling on his belly towards the ropes.]

GM: Both men are moving now... each trying to beat the other to their feet...

[Williams continues to roll, moving to all fours as Rage wraps his arms around the ropes, using them to drag himself to his feet...]

GM: Rage is up first!

[A wobbly former Television Champion staggers across the ring to where Williams is up on a knee...]

...and BURIES a right hand into Rage's abdomen!]

GM: Big right hand downstairs!

[Williams climbs the rest of the way to his feet, turning towards Rage who is wobbling in a second time, this time with his arms back for a double axehandle...]

...and this time, Williams swings a right hand into the gut again!]

GM: To the breadbasket a second time!

[With Rage doubled up behind him, Williams gets a three-step run before cracking Rage with a running kneelift, sending him flying into the air before he crashes down to the mat. The crowd is cheering as is Kevin Slater as Williams pumps a fist.]

GM: The young lion dragging Rage up off the mat, shoving him back into the corner...

[Williams does another short three-step run, burying a shoulder into the midsection of Shadoo Rage!]

GM: Big shoulder to the midsection!

[The referee steps in, calling for the break as Williams grabs a handful of hair, swinging his right elbow up into the side of Rage's head over and over, the crowd roaring for the explosion of offense!]

GM: WILLIAMS ALL OVER HIM IN THE CORNER!

[The barrage of elbows has Rage reeling as Williams grabs him by the arm, rocketing him from corner to corner, sending him flying into the air before he slams backfirst into the buckles, staggering back out...]

...and Williams doubles up, LAUNCHING Rage through the air where he crashes down on the canvas with a backdrop!]

GM: HIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY WILLIAMS!

[Williams looks out at the crowd, "cocking" his right arm as he turns back towards Rage, waving his up with the left hand...]

GM: Williams is set! Williams is ready! He's ready to go to Memorial Day Mayhem! He's ready to fight for the World Television Title!

[Rage rolls to his knees, trying to push up off the mat as Williams stands behind him, arm at the ready...]

GM: Rage doesn't know he's there! Shadoo Rage has no earthly clue that Derrick Williams is standing behind him, ready and waiting to uncork that Neuralizer!

BW: If he hits it, it's over! If he hits it, it's-

[And suddenly...

...the lights go out!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Gellar, you idiot! Set up automatic payments!

GM: That's not what this is about! This is- hold on... there's some kind of commotion over here near us! I can't see a thing but- Kevin Slater is shouting! I think he's trying to defend himself! I think-

BW: Hey! Can anyone in the truck get themselves a flashlight?! We can't see a thing out here! We can't-

[And with a flicker, the lights come back on...]

GM: The lights are on here in the Target Center and... oh my stars!

[Kevin Slater, for the second Saturday Night Wrestling in a row, is laid out on the ringside mats.]

GM: Slater's down and he's been busted open again!

[A concerned Derrick Williams rushes over near the ropes, looking down to check on his mentor...

...which is Shadoo Rage's cue to rush in behind him, grabbing him from behind, and pulling him down into a schoolboy!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[Rage pulls Williams down, pinning his shoulders to the mat as the referee dives down to count...]

BW: ONE!!!

[...and with the referee focused on the shoulders as he should be, Rage kicks his legs up, putting his feet on the middle rope!]

BW: TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: He got him!

GM: I can't believe it!

[Rage drops down off the ropes, rolling out to the floor as the crowd jeers. He raises his arms in victory as the official joins him to raise his hand.]

GM: Shadoo Rage is your winner... heading to Memorial Day Mayhem for his long-awaited World Television Title rematch... but the way he won it...

BW: Through intelligence and timely wrestling?

GM: Through another lights out sneak attack on Kevin Slater... through putting his feet on the ropes for illegal leverage...

[The crowd is jeering as Rage walks around the ring, taunting the ringside fans.]

GM: A victory... a big victory... for Shadoe Rage...

[Derrick Williams climbs to his feet, glaring at the official who holds up three fingers. Williams buries his head in his hands before stepping out to the floor, kneeling down next to his trainer.]

GM: Williams is distraught... distraught over losing the match... distraught over what happened to Kevin Slater yet again. He looked like he had this match won, Bucky.

BW: Looks can be deceiving, daddy!

GM: They can... but Derrick Williams was set for the Neuralizer, he was ready to knock Rage out cold...

BW: So close but so far away.

[Rage rolls back into the ring, raising his arms again, making the belt gesture to the fans as a fuming Derrick Williams looks up into the ring. Kevin Slater is sitting up, wiping the blood from his face...

...and Williams suddenly slides headfirst under the ropes into the ring, climbing to his feet as the crowd gets louder, buzzing with anticipation!]

GM: Williams is in the ring! Williams is in the ring!

[Rage is still taunting the fans, making the belt gesture as he turns...

...and ducks a running clothesline from Williams who slams on the brakes as Rage does the same. The young lion does a quick spin before Rage can duplicate the move...]

GM: OHHH! NEURALIZER CONNECTS!

[The rolling elbow to the back of the head connects strong to the skull of Rage, knocking him facefirst to the canvas. Williams stands over him, glaring down as the fans cheer him on.]

GM: Derrick Williams... I think he's knocked him out! I think he knocked Shadoe Rage out cold, Bucky!

BW: A sneak attack AFTER the match. What a great role model Kevin Slater was for this punk kid!

GM: Williams is standing over a motionless Shadoe Rage and these fans are loving it!

BW: They can love it, you can love it, Williams can love it! But the fact is that Shadoe Rage wins... Shadoe Rage is going to Memorial Day Mayhem... and Shadoe Rage is gonna beat that face-painted goof Supernova to become a two-time World Television Champion!

GM: We'll see about that... but right now, let's go backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by!

[Cut to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell who is standing by backstage in front of an AWA banner.]

SLB: Fans, there are some major international names being floated for Battle of Boston and you can hear all about them through Sweet Lou's Hotline app, available on the App Store and Google Play! Speaking of international names, my guest at this time is the Fighting Irishman...

[Cue Callum Mahoney, who steps into the shot from Blackwell's left, dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels, over a black Power Hour T-shirt, with "MR." scrawled above the logo across the front, and a pair of blue jeans.]

SLB: The Armbar Assassin, Callum Mahoney. Now, Callum, two weeks ago in Kansas City, you and your compatriots tried to, as you said, put Terry Shane the Third in his place. Pure X would come out to even the odds and the end of the impromptu match between the two of them and Rex Summers and yourself saw you and Summers locked in the anklelock and spinning toe hold respectively. Not only that, you failed to score a win, since the official had to throw out the match due to Kerry Kendrick and Erica Toughill's interference. Would you agree that you and your friends failed to achieve what you set out to do?

CM: No, no, no, no, no, Sweet Lou! That was NOT how the match ended! The match ended with Rex, Kerry and I laying a beating on those two fellas. The match ended with security and some of AWA's finest saving X and Shane from being PUT IN THEIR PLACES! Those fellas knew they could not beat us, so they goaded a hot-under-the-collar Kerry, they PROVOKED him, they forced his hand! And, then, they had Cristol prevent Ricki from holding Kerry back and talking him down! All because Team X's and D'ohs needed an out from the IMPOSSIBLE situation they had gotten themselves into.

SLB: So, is it correct to assume that you and your associates are not done with Pure X, Terry Shane and, now, Kayla Cristol?

CM: Ricki will deal with Cristol the way she sees fit and the way Cristol deserves... especially after what we saw earlier tonight.

As for X and Shane? Done with them? We've barely started. And we needn't even have started had those two fellas known where they belong. Let's face it, either of them one-on-one against Rex, Kerry, or myself? It would be a foregone conclusion, and we very much welcome those fellas to put it to the test.

SLB: Now, two weeks ago, you also challenged current World Television Champion, Supernova to put the title on the line against you, were he to successfully defend it against Derrick Williams, a man you are familiar with, and Shadoe Rage, a former World Television Champion himself. We saw a Number One Contender's match a short time ago. Tell me, honestly, do you think it should have been you fighting for that Number One Contender's spot? Are you just going to sit back and wait for the champ to grant you your match, or could we see you enter the fray before that?

CM: See, Sweet Lou, that match tonight would not have been needed, if said former champion had taken his pills and kept his paranoia in check! Had Williams versus Supernova been allowed to reach its natural conclusion, Rage had the right to ask for a rematch against whichever fella walked out of the match as champion. Now, he had to fight for the Number One Contender's spot for the TV title, for which he was already owed a rematch.

[Mahoney shakes his head.]

CM: It's just like Kerry says - this Gellar fella don't have a clue what he's doing... but let's make one thing clear as can be. I am coming for that title... and it doesn't matter if it's Shadoe Rage... or that face-painted sissy Supernova...

Supernova, my challenge to you still stands. You say my pals and I deserve a world-class butt kicking and that you just might be the guy to deliver it?

[Mahoney holds his right hand out, palm facing up, in front of him, then crooks his fingers.]

CM: Come on, then.

[And with that, Mahoney balls his hand into a fist, pretends to throw a punch to Blackwell's jaw, before turning around and leaving the area.]

SLB: A challenge has been issued by Callum Mahoney... and Supernova seemed to have no problem with that. When will this one go down? That remains to be seen. Fans, don't go away because we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action right here LIVE on The X!

[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.

Fade to black... and then back up to Phil Watson, standing in the middle of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is Charisma Knight's Open Challenge!

[A mixed response for that one.]

PW: It is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit in the Women's Division.

[The crowd stirs as Demi Lovato's "Confident" starts playing over the PA. A few seconds later, as the lyrics start, a young 5'5" woman comes out of the entrance way, pumping her fist and appealing to the crowd, wearing long red tights to match her red boots, with a red halter tank top. Her hair is long and brown and tied in a ponytail as she moves down the aisle, slapping hands with the fans]

PW: Introducing first, from Buffalo, New York... weighing in at 125 pou-

[Watson gets cut off as he spots Charisma Knight, seemingly out of nowhere, coming for the unnamed woman, diving full force into the woman's knee in a chop block and immediately sends the other woman screaming in pain down to the floor.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Charisma strikes!

GM: She strikes but... she's attacked the woman - her opponent - during the introductions! This is a whole new low for Charisma Knight, Bucky! What about her wanting to fight the best in the world?!

BW: She don't get paid by the hour, daddy... plus Charisma is still pretty mad about two weeks ago from what she told me.

GM: She's not even dressed to wrestle! She planned this all along!

[Indeed, Knight is out, dressed in a black polo with the AWA logo on the right breast in red, white, and blue, along with black track pants and her white and pink cross trainers. A sneering Knight drags her crawling opponent up by the hair, pulling her down the aisle.]

GM: Where is she going now?!

BW: She's coming over here by us!

[Knight passes the announce table...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS her headfirst into the steel ringside barricade!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Knight grabs the top of the barricade, angrily stomping the unknown woman into the barely-padded concrete floor.]

GM: Get her- someone get her off of this woman!

[The referee assigned to the match slides out to the floor, wrapping an arm around Knight's shoulders, pulling her back.]

GM: Referee Scott Ezra is pulling her away from-

BW: Hey, he can't put his hands on her!

GM: Well, he is! And in my view, rightfully so! Charisma Knight is out of control, attacking this young woman... who we're now being told that her name is Lisa Drake. Lisa Drake, an up and comer on the independent scene was selected by the AWA to compete tonight. And Charisma... what's she doing? Oh no... no, no, no, NO!

[Gordon's horror is Knight picking Drake up, folding the leg she clipped under her then running full steam, ramming Drake injured leg first into the ring apron before letting her drop in a crumpled heap on the floor.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Well, if that leg wasn't hurt before, it sure is now!

GM: Absolutely horrible. Charisma Knight has crossed a line here tonight... and she's not done!

[Knight picks up the now-hobbling on Drake, rolling her into the ring near the corner. She grabs the legs, pulling one on either side of the post before she grabs the injured leg, looking out at the jeering crowd...]

GM: Somebody needs to stop this! The referee needs to stop this!

[Scott Ezra is screaming and shouting...]

...to no avail as Knight SLAMS Drake's knee into the steel ringpost, wrapping her leg around it!]

GM: OHH!

[Knight looks out at the jeering crowd.]

"ME?! YOU'RE BOOING ME?!"

[Knight SLAMS the knee into the post again... and again... and again...]

GM: Knight's snapped! She's lost it!

[Drake screams in pain as Knight lets go of the leg, letting it dangle limp off the apron.]

GM: This is too much. Charisma Knight has gone too far...

BW: She's not done, Gordo.

[Knight walks over to the timekeeper's chair, shoving the timekeeper down to the floor before snatching up the steel chair he was sitting on.]

GM: Knight's got the chair! She's got that steel chair in her hands!

[Knight turns back towards Drake, holding the chair up...]

...but a sea of AWA officials flood the scene, putting themselves between Knight and the injured Drake.]

GM: Thank heavens we got some help out here, forming a wall, keeping Charisma Knight and that steel chair back...

[An angry Knight flings the chair over the top rope, sending it bouncing off the canvas before she climbs up on the apron, shouting down at the AWA officials.]

GM: She's getting in the ring now.

[Picking up the chair, she unfolds it, snatching the mic away from Phil Watson before taking a seat. The crowd is jeering the beaming Knight as she raises the mic to her mouth.]

CK: How's THAT for your Open Challenge, Gellar?

[The crowd continues to jeer as Knight leans back, running a hand through her red hair, down to the now-showing brunette roots.]

CK: You know what, Gellar? I've had it! I'm sick of it all. I'm sick of this...

[She gestures at the downed Drake being tended to in the corner.]

CK: I'm sick of them...

[She gestures at the crowd.]

CK: ...and I'm sick of YOU!

[She points at the camera.]

CK: Since the moment my Open Challenge has started, I've left a trail of broken bodies in my wake... and what do I have to show for it? Miss Adorably Marketable sits at Number One without doing a damn thing! I send the ratings through the roof... and no bonus for Charisma... because my money got spent on someone who hasn't even bothered to set foot in an AWA ring since she was signed OVER A MONTH AGO!

[Knight's rantings have the fans letting her have it. She shakes her head at the crowd's reaction.]

CK: Again, Gellar... again I showed up on Saturday Night Wrestling. Again, I showed up ready to face the best in the world... I showed up waiting for the one person that I've been training non-stop for.

And again, you keep her from me. Again, you protect her from me!

THIS...

[She points to Lisa Drake, being loaded on a stretcher, the tights around her right knee have been removed, showing a visibly purple, swollen knee area.]

CK: ...IS ON YOU, GELLAR! And from this moment forward, every time I come out here to compete and I DON'T get Ayako Fujiwara... my opponent is going to end up JUST... LIKE... THAT!

[She jabs a finger in the air again, gesturing at Drake.]

CK: And just like tonight, I won't be sorry at all if I do it.

The choice is simply, Gellar. Give me Ayako or I put someone else in the hospital. You've got two weeks... give me what I want! Gellar, give me what I want! Ayako, GIVE ME WHAT I WANT!

[A fuming Knight turns towards the downed Drake again...]

CK: Or this.

[Knight takes a step towards Lisa Drake as the referee protest...

...and suddenly, the crowd begins to buzz as someone comes charging down the aisle.]

GM: Someone's heading for the ring but I'm not sure-

BW: Who is that?

GM: I have no idea.

[Diving under the bottom rope, the young lady, who stands about 5'4" and weighs about 125 pounds, comes into view. She has honey brown hair about 2/3 of the way down her back. Her black leather pants and white tanktop that reads "Dream Girl" in pink cursive across the chest round out the look as she throws herself at the incoming Knight with a forearm smash!]

GM: Whoever she is, she's coming for Charisma Knight! She's seen enough and she's coming for Charisma Knight!

[A series of short forearms have the surprised Knight backpedaling towards the ropes where she throws herself back, charging at the newcomer with a clothesline...

...that the young lady avoids by dropping back, arching her back and "ducking" the move to a big "OHHHHH!" from the crowd!]

GM: What the-!?

BW: Who does something like that?!

[Knight wheels around, off-balance and surprised by the show of athleticism...

...and gets knocked right off her feet by a spinning roundhouse kick to the ear, knocking her down to the canvas!]

GM: HIGH KICK!

[The kick puts Knight down where she promptly rolls out of the ring, grabbing at her ear. The crowd is cheering wildly for this young lady as she waves Knight back in, daring her to get back inside the ring with her.]

GM: I don't... we still don't even know who this is!

BW: She looks sort of familiar.

[The young lady turns to the crowd, whipping her arms up into the air, getting even more support from the Minnesota crowd as she stands over Lisa Drake, kneeling down to check on her as Knight backpedals up the aisle.]

GM: And it looks like Charisma Knight's decided to give up the fight for this night.

BW: There's no money in this fight.

GM: I suppose that's true... but Knight looks to be absolutely livid as she walks out of here, Bucky. Fans, don't go away 'cause we'll be right back with more action here on The X!

[The crowd is still cheering as we fade 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...]

"STOOOOOOOOP!"

[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 Shadoe 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 to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing just beyond the curtain, waiting eagerly. The graphic reads "Moments Ago..."]

MS: Fans, I'm standing right here backstage, waiting for-

[Charisma Knight, face flushed with anger, storms through the curtain.]

MS: Charisma! Charisma, a quick wor-

[Knight physically shoves Stegglet back against the wall, shocking the reporter as she storms by.]

MS: I... ow... I guess that's a no comment. Well, Charisma Knight may have nothing to say but I do. Gordon and Bucky may not have known who that young lady in the ring was but I do! Earlier today, I was introduced to that same young woman by Emerson Gellar. She was here putting together some promotional material for the AWA's upcoming tour of Canada where she will be competing as a special guest for the company. Her name is Skylar Swift! "Dream Girl" Skylar Swift from Quebec... and Lisa Drake came here WITH her! She also competes on the Canada wrestling scene and-

[Stegglet turns as Lisa Drake is wheeled through the curtain on a stretcher, wincing and grabbing at her knee as the medical team pushes her through the area. A concerned Skylar Swift is jogging behind her, trying to keep up.]

MS: Miss Swift! Miss Swift, a quick word?

[Swift says something off-mic about "not now" as she continues after her injured friend...

...and we fade through black back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following tag team contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, at a total combined weight of 490 pounds... Bruce and Greg Steele, also known as THE STEELE CITY STALLIONS!

[Two men, one with short, blonde hair and wearing black wrestling trunks and boots, the trunks with a stallion's head on the rear, and another with shoulder-length brown hair and the same style of trunks and boots, raise their arms to the crowd, both smirking.

"Wake Up" by Story of the Year plays as the members of Next Gen emerge from the entranceway.]

PW: And their opponents, from Boston, Massachusetts, and El Paso, Texas, at a total combined weight of 495 pounds, ... HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER... THEY ARE... NEXT! GEN!

[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. They stand at the entranceway, slight smiles on their faces, before exchanging a high five.]

GM: Next Gen set for tag team action tonight. Howie Somers and Daniel Harper have their sights set on the World tag team championship.

BW: Well, not only will they have to get in line, but they're gonna have to face the facts that nobody can compare to the Kings of Wrestling! Especially when the likes of Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor have the legendary Brian Lau guiding them!

GM: I won't dispute that Donovan and Taylor are a talented team, and their bloodlines can't be forgotten, but the same would apply to Next Gen, Bucky.

BW: One of Next Gen has an uncle who got carried by Dave Cooper. The other one is a momma's boy. Big difference as far as bloodlines go, Gordo!

[Next Gen makes its way to the ring, where Howie and Daniel climb onto the apron and duck between the ropes. There, Howie and Daniel spread their arms to the sides, before extending them toward themselves, thumbs pointed toward the "Next Gen" each has printed on their attire.]

GM: The only way we'll know for sure is when those two teams meet in the ring... of course, Next Gen has been preparing themselves by facing whatever team signs on the dotted line.

BW: Yeah, but they have the Bros of Anarchy to contend with in two weeks' time. Now there's a duo that's looking to get their shot at the tag team titles!

GM: I don't understand why Matt Rogers insisted that the Bros wait for a couple of weeks. Why not face them this week?

BW: You heard Rogers. He and Paulie Italiano need time to prepare. Scout Next Gen some more, get comfortable with each other... you can't pick everything up overnight, Gordo.

[The bell rings and Howie Somers steps forward to face Bruce Steele, the blonde-haired member of the Stallions and the larger of the two.]

GM: It'll be the two big men of each team facing off first... Bruce Steele at a slight weight disadvantage, though, giving up about 15 pounds to Howie Somers.

BW: Like that's going to be a big deal, Gordo. I'll bet Bruce Steele can match power with him any day of the week!

[The two wrestlers lock up and Somers manages to push Bruce Steele hard to the corner, catching the Stallion off guard.]

GM: You were saying, Bucky?

BW: He pulled the hair!

GM: Or so you claim.

BW: Bruce is telling the referee he did! Who are you to doubt Bruce Steele?

[Steele protests to the referee but to no avail. Somers spreads his arms apart, motioning with his hands.]

GM: Somers daring Steele to come at him.

BW: Be careful what you wish for, kid!

GM: Steele charging... Somers ducks a clothesline. He spins Steele around... oh, what a headbutt!

[Steele staggers into the ropes and Somers takes him by the arm and whips him across the ring, then takes him over with a back body drop.]

GM: And Steele goes up and over! Somers taking control of this one!

[Somers drags Steele back to his feet, hooking him in a front chancery.]

GM: Now Somers takes him over with a vertical suplex! Steele gets to his hands and feet.

[As Steele rises, Somers clasps his hands together and drives them down toward Steele's back.]

GM: And a series of double axehandle blows! Steele taking a lot of punishment!

BW: Hey, I'll give Somers credit for staying on top of his opponent, but it's gonna take more than that to be the likes of the Kings of Wrestling or any other tag team!

GM: Somers pulling Steele to his feet... now the tag is made to Daniel Harper!

[Harper ducks between the ropes as Somers whips Steele across the ring, then he links hands with Harper and they rush Steele.]

GM: Double clothesline takes Steele down!

BW: The other Steele has seen enough!

[Greg Steele, the smaller wrestler with the brown hair, rushes Harper from behind.]

GM: Greg Steele attacking Harper! Series of forearm smashes!

BW: And Somers is going after him! The referee needs to get him out of there!

[Somers backs Greg Steele into a corner as Harper recovers from the forearms. Somers drives a series of shoulders to Steele's midsection.]

GM: The referee warning Next Gen, but they're paying him no mind!

BW: How does he let them continue this double teaming?

GM: Well, Greg Steele did enter illegally.

[Harper kicks Steele in the midsection, then whips him across the ring to the opposite corner.]

GM: Harper with the Irish whip... now he's got Somers...

[Harper whips Somers after Steele and Somers crashes into his opponent with a shoulder to the midsection.]

GM: Greg Steele gets the wind knocked out of him! And he rolls out of the ring!

BW: And the referee is finally getting Somers out of there!

[As the referee directs Somers to his corner, Bruce Steele is back on his feet, swinging a fist at Harper, who ducks it, then spins around.]

GM: And it's Harper with that patented European uppercut! The move he learned from his mother and, as I understand, runs in the family!

BW: Like I said, he's a momma's boy!

GM: Will you stop it, Bucky?

[Harper leaps into the air and floors Bruce Steele with a dropkick, then rolls to his feet and grabs Steele by the legs.]

GM: And Harper has Steele down on the canvas! Looking out to this crowd for support!

[The crowd cheers as Harper raises his boot and plants it into Steele's midsection.]

GM: Boot right to the gut! Steele rolling to his corner!

BW: There's the tag... not smart. Harper's letting the fresher of the two into the ring!

GM: Given that Greg Steele was on the receiving end of an assault from Next Gen, it may not matter.

[Greg Steele charges Harper, who ducks underneath a clothesline attempt, then grabs Steele in a waistlock.]

GM: German suplex and a beauty!

BW: But he's not holding the bridge!

GM: Doesn't look like he's done with Steele yet, Bucky.

[Harper pulls Steele off the canvas and hoists him up, then drops him back first across a bent knee.]

GM: Side backbreaker by Harper... now the tag is made to Somers.

BW: They're gonna double team! Ref better keep the five count on them!

[Somers stands on the apron as Harper grabs the top rope, slingshotting his partner into the ring.]

GM: What a move by Next Gen! Harper launched Somers into that slingshot splash!

[Harper goes out to the apron as Somers drags Steele to the mat and sends him into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by Somers... he comes off the ropes... OH MY!

[Somers jumps into the air and hits Steele with a leaping shoulder tackle.]

GM: What a shoulder tackle from Somers! Almost knocked Steele right out of his boots!

BW: And Bruce Steele has seen enough!

[Bruce Steele rushes Somers and hammers him with blows to the back of the head.]

GM: But here comes Harper! We have all four men in the ring!

[Harper drags Bruce off his partner and the two exchange blows, as Greg slowly gets to his feet and Somers backs him into the corner.]

BW: Why doesn't the referee put the five count on Next Gen?

GM: It was Bruce Steele who instigated this! And now Next Gen is about to answer the hard way!

[Somers and Harper each have a Stallion backed into a corner and they whip them toward each other.]

GM: Irish whips by Next Gen and the Stallions collide! And now... OH MY!

[Harper leaps toward the Stallions, connecting with a dropkick to Bruce Steele's head and sending him into Greg Steele.]

GM: The Stallions bump heads! Bruce Steele rolls out of the ring!

BW: And Harper finally got out of the ring... about time!

[Somers lifts Greg Steele up and onto his shoulder, then leaps forward.]

GM: And Somers has Steele up... drive him into the mat with a powerslam!

BW: He's tagging Harper back in... more double teaming? How is the referee letting them get away with this?

GM: It's a legal tag and they have a five count!

[Somers hoists Steele into a fireman's carry and Harper reaches up to grab Steele by the neck.]

GM: The Generation Gap! Harper with that swinging neckbreaker out of the fireman's carry!

[Harper drops down for the cover and the referee makes it official.]

GM: And there's the three count! Another win for Next Gen!

[The bell rings and Harper rises to his feet. He turns to face Somers and they exchange a high five.]

PW: The winners of the match... NEXT GEN!

[The referee raises the arms of Harper and Somers, who duck between the ropes and head up the aisle, slapping hands with fans.]

GM: Next Gen picks up the win and will look to do it again when they face the Bros of Anarchy in two weeks! We'll see the Bros of Anarchy in action on the Power Hour, but right now, let's go up to Mark Stegglet.

[We cut to Stegglet standing at the podium.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, Next Gen comes away with another victory as these two young men look to earn themselves a shot at the World Tag Team Championship... Howie and Daniel, if you could come on up here.

[Somers and Harper head up to the podium, Somers taking a position to Stegglet's right and Harper to his left.]

MS: In two weeks, you will be facing the Bros of Anarchy... I know the two of you are wanting a shot at the World Tag Team Champions, Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor, but as you know, those two will be defending the titles at Memorial Day Mayhem against Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne, two men who have never teamed up with each other. What are your thoughts about a first-time duo getting a shot at the World tag team titles?

DH: Mark, all of our fans know that we'd love nothing more than to get our hands on Donovan and Taylor, but my partner and I knew that we'd have to earn our way toward that title shot. So I can understand your thinking... why should we be happy to see two men who have never teamed up getting a title shot out of the blue?

But sometimes, in this business, you have some personal matters to settle and I know enough about what Travis and Calisto have gone through to know those matters go beyond the tag team titles! Travis Lynch is a good friend of ours, we know how much he values honor and how much pride he takes in what he does in that wrestling ring. Like Howie and I, he wants to do his family proud and he wants to do things the right way! And after he's lost his chances to become the World Champion, thanks to a lot of dirty tricks by the Kings of Wrestling, I can understand why he'd want to get his hands on them any way he can!

As far as Calisto goes, I'm not gonna sugarcoat it... there are a lot of things that man has done in the AWA that make me sick to my stomach! But with that said, my family always told me that men like Calisto may reach a point in which they

reconsider the path they take, even if their attitude doesn't change. More importantly, watching the way the Kings of Wrestling have ganged up on Calisto, I can understand that things have gotten personal for him, too! So Howie and I, we don't have issues with he and Travis getting a crack at the tag team belts, because we know that for he and Travis, there's a lot more at stake than just winning titles!

[He raises a finger toward the camera.]

DH: But believe me when I say this: Howie and I are going to want our shot at the gold in the near future, and when we meet the Bros of Anarchy in two weeks' time, we're going to prove we deserve the next shot at the champions after Memorial Day Mayhem, whoever they may be! And Matt Rogers, you've got quite a mouth on you, and I'm gonna be the one that shuts it! As far as Paulie Italiano goes, I don't know why you got mixed up with somebody like Rogers, but if all you're going to do is echo whatever he has to say, then I'm just gonna have to shut your mouth, too!

MS: Howie, it sounds like your partner wants the next shot at the tag team titles... but don't you think you might be looking past the Bros of Anarchy?

HS: Sir, I can promise you that Next Gen isn't looking past anybody! Matt Rogers and Paulie Italiano, our focus is on the two of you and we are going to prove how far we have come in the past few weeks, that we are ready to take the next step forward and prove ourselves worthy of a title shot. Rogers, you were the one who wanted to run his mouth off at us, but it doesn't matter how much you talk unless you can back it up. You and Italiano get your chance to do that, but the way my partner and I are rolling... I think you're gonna find backing up that talk is easier said than done.

And if any other tag team wants to step forward and take us on... [Slight smile] We'll welcome any such challenge. And the more challenges we overcome, the sooner we'll get to face whoever it is who holds the World Tag Team Championship. Now, I'd love nothing more than for it to be Donovan and Taylor, two guys about our ages, but who think they suddenly get to look down upon the rest of us because of the company they keep, calling themselves Kings of Wrestling. Nothing would please me more than to burst their bubbles and make them realize that they're not as untouchable as they think they are.

But if it should be Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne opposite us, all I can say is may the best team win... and believe me, Daniel and I intend to prove we are the best!

[He and Daniel exchange a high five and leave the podium.]

MS: All right, it'll be Next Gen against the Bros of Anarchy... could a tag team title shot go to the winner of that match? We'll find out in two weeks! Fans, we'll be right back after this break!

[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 Green Bay, the World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson, will be in action!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Monday night, we'll be in Milwaukee where Supernova meets Cesar Hernandez for the World Television Title!"

[And again.]

"Thursday in Louisville, Kentucky sees the Kings of Wrestling in the house!"

[And again.]

"It's Friday night in Duluth with the National Title on the line!"

[Again.]

"Saturday in Fargo, North Dakota 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...

...and we fade up backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, we are just a few weeks away from Memorial Day Mayhem, and we'll be learning about a few more matches that will be added to what is already shaping to be a tremendous card. On top of that, there are some rumored surprises and developments that could take place on the show... you can learn more on my new Hotline app, in which you will also get to hear my exclusive interview with Hamilton Graham! Kids, remember that data charges will apply, so be sure to get your parents' permission!

[At that moment, "The Professional" Dave Cooper walks onto the set, dressed in a pair of tan slacks and a white button-down shirt. He stands next to Sweet Lou and is flanked by the members of the Samoan Hit Squad. Scola, the larger of the two, has an afro, a pair of black tights with a blue floral pattern and white wrestling boots, and takes his place behind Cooper, folding his arms and glaring at the camera. Mafu, with unkempt black hair hanging down the sides of his face and dressed in similar tights but no boots, stands next to Cooper, a sadistic smile on his face.]

SLB: All right, Dave Cooper and the Samoan Hit Squad, you have had your issues with The Northern Lights as of late. Tonight, you will be facing Chris Choynet and Rene Rousseau in that ring. This could be the biggest test yet for the Samoans since their return to the AWA, and Dave Cooper, I have to ask you, do you believe these men have what it takes to get past a fairly successful duo in the AWA, a duo that you, in fact, wanted to be part of The Lion's Den?

DC: [smirking] Blackwell, I'm not gonna deny that I wanted The Northern Lights in The Lion's Den, but now, that ship has sailed! They've made it clear that they are standing against me, so all bets are off! Rousseau, Choynet, this could have been your big chance, your chance to go to the next level, receive my guidance and become champions! Now, the two of you are merely obstacles! And right here, I have two men who had no issues with receiving my guidance, because what they want to become are champions! And because the two of you are obstacles to those championships we seek, we are going to do what you always do to any obstacle, and that's get it out of the way! And as far as whether or not these two have what

it takes to get past the Lights, Blackwell, you've seen what they've done in the ring, have you not?

SLB: Well, yes, I have seen what these men can do in the ring... they have been most impressive, but surely you have seen what the Lights have done in the ring as well.

DC: And what I have seen in the ring are two men who had all the potential in the world to be something bigger, but failed to realize that they needed the proper guidance, which I was happy to provide until they kept spitting in my face! So now they're nothing better than all the five-and-dimers who plod their way through the doors to the arena, watching as men such as myself lead men like the Samoans to greatness, longing for the day that they can get more recognition than just an Employee of the Month certificate or a discount on their meals at the fast food joints they work at all day long!

SLB: Be that as it may, Dave Cooper, you have drawn the ire of The Northern Lights, with your men ambushing them when you lured the Lights into the ring with your impromptu challenge, and last Saturday Night, assaulting Los Fantasmas del Miedo after you had beaten them in a match. What on earth would provoke to engage in such dealings?

DC: If you don't understand the importance of sending a message to people, then maybe you need to brush up on those journalistic skills you claim to have, Blackwell! And I'm not just talking about the message sent to the Lights, but to all the tag teams here in the AWA! There's a lot of teams that are claiming that they are gonna be the next ones to challenge Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor, but all these teams fail to realize that while they think they are breathing down the necks of Donovan and Taylor, right here are two men who are breathing down the necks of those same teams! Tonight, it starts with the Lights, and after tonight, it continues with any other team that the AWA who dares to oppose us!

SLB: Well, I don't suppose I can get a word from the Samoans about tonight's match... [looking at Scola] if you are willing to say something, Scola...

[Scola's eyes widen into a menacing stare.]

SLB: All right, never mind... [turning to Mafu] perhaps you have something to say...

M: [laughing] Tonight is the night The Northern Lights go out! And my brother and I shall prove why every team in AWA should fear the Samoan Hit Squad!

DC: [slaps Mafu on the shoulder] I couldn't have said it better myself! Let's get to that ring!

[Cooper leads the Samoans away from the interview set.]

SLB: All right, we are just about set for tag team action, but first, let's get to my colleague, Mark Stegglet!

[Cut to Mark Stegglet, who is in a locker room and surrounded by The Northern Lights. Rene Rousseau is to his left, a raven black mullet, white trunks, kneepads and boots, and a white satin ring jacket. To his right is Chris Choisset, his dark brown hair in a ponytail and dressed in the same attire.]

MS: Northern Lights, the two of you will get your chance to face the Samoan Hit Squad in just a few minutes. You have made it clear you have no interest in being part of The Lion's Den... now, you get to face two of its members.

CC: Mark, that's right... there was never any chance of Rene or I ever wanting to align ourselves with the likes of Dave Cooper! I don't need advice from the likes of Cooper when Rene is right here, giving me the advice I need, to never take the easy way out, to realize there are no shortcuts to success! And I certainly don't need to be hanging around with the likes of the Samoan Hit Squad, who show no consideration for any team they ever face, who throw out the rulebook when it doesn't suit them and whose only interest seems to be in hurting people!

RR: Mark, I've taken a lot of pride in teaching Chris how to do things the right way in this business, and most of all, to take to heart the most important lesson of all, and that is nothing is ever given in this business, it's earned! I can recall all the times Dave Cooper grew impatient about not getting a tag team title shot he thought he deserved, so when he finally got it, the first thing he did was cast his lot with people who had no regard for anyone's well being and adapted that mindset himself! It's too bad, because Dave Cooper is somebody who could really do a lot of good things for the younger guys in the locker room, but chose to throw it all away! And if he thinks that his Samoans are gonna push us around, are gonna bully any tag team they face and that Chris and I will just sit back and let it happen, they're gonna find out otherwise!

CC: Tonight, Mark, Rene and I are going to set things right, prove to the Samoans that there is no easy way to the top, prove to Cooper that we don't need his advice, and prove to our fans that 2016 is going to be the year of The Northern Lights and that we are heading straight to the top of the AWA!

RR: [exchanges a high five with Chris] Come on, Chris, let's show them how it's done!

[The two jog out of the locker room.]

MS: The Northern Lights looking to make a statement tonight and perhaps take a step closer to the World Tag Team Titles! Phil Watson, the floor is yours, my friend!

[We cut to the ring where the ring announcer is waiting.]

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

[The fans turn to cheers as "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgares Machins plays over the PA, going straight to the chorus. Jogging down the aisle comes the Northern Lights, Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet.]

PW: Now coming down the aisle... from Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred forty-eight pounds... RENE ROUSSEAU and CHRIS CHOINET... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[Both men wear white satin ring jackets with "NORTHERN LIGHTS" stitched on the back in blue, and the Quebec and Maine flags intercrossed on a patch on the right chest. Both wear white trunks, kneepads, and boots (the same flag logo is on the boots). They wear blue wristbands, and Choynet wears full forearm supports in blue. Rousseau has a raven-black mullet and Choynet sports dark brown hair in a ponytail. Both have the classic clean-faced good looks popular with the ladies, and the cheers are definitely high in pitch. Rousseau and Choynet are on either side of the aisle, slapping hands as they run down.]

GM: The Northern Lights are long-time fan favorites here in the AWA but their win-loss record doesn't quite reflect their popularity, Bucky.

BW: It's like I've always said - the cheers of the fans might be nice but they sure don't win you matches. These two are perfect examples of that. Maybe if they'd

have taken Dave Cooper up on his offer, they'd be changing all that but with him in the other corner, I'd say the Lights are getting turned out tonight, daddy.

[The duo proceed in opposite directions upon reaching ringside, slapping hands all the way around the ring. They do a high five as they cross opposite the aisle, and go past one another to complete the circuit.]

GM: We've known these two a long time, Bucky. Did you ever really think there was a chance they'd end up in the Lion's Den?

BW: If they were smart, yes. Unfortunately, they're Canadian.

GM: Despite the insult to our friends to the North, I'd point out that Rene Rousseau is Canadian but Chris Chonisnet is from Maine.

[Upon meeting on the opposite side of the ring, they both ascend to the apron and leap over the top rope into the ring. Rousseau bounces on his heels while Chonisnet goes up to the second rope, both firing up the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The unmistakable notes from the tuba that signals the start of "The Theme from Jaws" kicks in over the PA system.]

PW: Being led toward the ring by their manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper, from the Isle of Samoa, at a combined weight of 530 pounds... Scola and Mafu... THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

["The Professional" Dave Cooper comes through the entrance first. He has thinning brown hair and a mustache, and is dressed in a pair of tan dress slacks and a white button-down shirt. Walking behind him are Scola and Mafu. Scola, the larger of the two, has an afro and is dressed in a pair of black tights with a blue floral pattern and white wrestling boots. His partner, Mafu, has unkempt black hair that hangs down the sides of his face, is dressed in a similar pair of tights, but he does not wear wrestling boots, although his bare feet have white tape wrapped around them.]

GM: Dave Cooper leading his team down the aisle. You know, many doubted that Cooper could make the transition from wrestler to manager but so far, he seems to be doing a solid job of it.

BW: The Lion's Den got off to a slow start but with the Samoans in the mix, they're as dangerous as any grouping on the roster.

GM: Even the Kings?

BW: Okay, maybe not ANY grouping.

[The Samoan Hit Squad follows Cooper to the ring, Scola keeping a stoic look on his face, a hard stare in his eyes, while Mafu has a wilder look in his eyes and a smile, as if he can't wait to tear into his opponent. Cooper has a smirk on his face as he leads his charges to the ring, Scola climbing through the ropes while Mafu chooses to slide underneath them. Once in the ring, Mafu slides toward the middle of the ring and gets on his hands and knees, as Scola steps behind him and folds his arms, Cooper pointing to his men approvingly as the Lights stand back in their corner, watching warily.]

GM: Mafu and Scola have been on a roll since returning to the AWA alongside Dave Cooper but it remains to be seen if they can keep things going against the Lights here tonight.

[The referee, Andy Dawson, gets to the middle of the ring, making sure the two teams stay apart as Cooper calls his men back towards their corner.]

GM: The official making sure this one starts out evenly... and there's the bell!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Rene Rousseau starting out for the Lights as Mafu starts things off for the Samoans.

[Cooper gives some final instructions to Mafu and Scola before dropping down to the floor. Mafu gives a shout, slamming his own head into the turnbuckles a few times before turning to face Rene Rousseau, stomping across the ring to where the Canadian is waiting.]

GM: Rousseau giving up about twenty pounds here. He'll need to use his quickness and his technique to stave off the attack of the Samoans.

[Mafu rushes into a collar and elbow tieup, shoving Rousseau backwards into the neutral corner. The referee calls for a break and Mafu obliges, taking a step back to throw a stiff-fingered thrust towards the throat of Rousseau but the Canadian veteran ducks under, doing a front roll to escape.]

GM: The man from Montreal escapes... back to his feet...

[Mafu rushes him again, swinging his right arm wildly but Rousseau avoids it again, dropping down to the mat and taking the Samoan wildman off his feet with a drop toehold, bouncing Mafu's face off the canvas. The crowd cheers as Rousseau rolls up the body of Mafu, securing a side headlock.]

GM: And Rousseau goes right into the headlock, looking to control the Samoan... keep him down on the mat.

BW: If he wants to succeed, this is exactly what he needs to do, Gordo.

[The Samoan gets his feet under him, pushing himself up to his feet...

...but Rousseau uses the side headlock to take Mafu over, flipping him back down to the mat.]

GM: The headlock takeover is well-executed, putting Mafu back down, pushing his shoulders to the canvas for a one count.

[Mafu lifts the shoulder, struggling to free himself from Rousseau's clutches. Again, he works his way to his feet where Rousseau swings out, twisting the arm around into a rear hammerlock.]

GM: From the headlock to the hammerlock, Rousseau is controlling Mafu with these basic holds so far.

[Holding the hammerlock, Rousseau walks to the corner, reaching out to tag his partner.]

GM: The tag is made to Chris Choynet... both men in now...

[Still holding the arm, Rousseau gives his partner a signal and Choynet moves beside him. Together, they lift Mafu into the air, dropping him down in a double back suplex... right down on his hammerlocked arm.]

GM: Wow! Nice doubleteam there by the Lights!

[Rousseau rolls out as Choynet attempts a lateral press, getting just over a one count before Mafu kicks out. Choynet promptly grabs the arm, twisting it around as he pulls Mafu to his feet.]

BW: Shwaney grabbing the arm, staying on it. They've shown their gameplan from the bell, Gordo.

GM: Choynet twisting the arm... elbow down across the tricep... and another...

[Still holding the wrist, Choynet keeps the hold locked in as Mafu struggles to escape, winding up his right arm...

...and Choynet gives the arm a yank, sending a jolt of pain down it and preventing Mafu from punching his way free. Out on the floor, Dave Cooper gives a shout to Mafu as Choynet grabs him behind the head with his free hand, giving a shove to flip Mafu over on the mat...]

GM: Choynet takes him over... and drops a leg down across the arm!

[Staying down on the mat, Choynet wraps the arm around his leg, applying a short-arm scissors to Cooper's consternation out on the floor.]

GM: This match is certainly not going the way that Dave Cooper planned so far, Bucky.

BW: The Professional had a gameplan and so far, it's a bust. But it's still early and I fully expect Sonnie to blow it soon.

GM: For the love of... why can't you pronounce the man's name correctly out of respect for him?

BW: There's nothing wrong with how I pronounce Saantee's name.

[Gordon sighs as Mafu gets a knee under him, rolling Choynet back to his shoulders for a one count before the Maine native is forced to let go of his hold to break the pin. He scrambles up off the mat as Mafu takes a swing at him but Choynet sees it coming, grabbing the arm and taking Mafu down in an armdrag.]

GM: Nice armdrag by Choynet... and there's another tag...

[Rousseau steps back in, grabbing the other arm. The duo twists the arm one way... then the other... and then put Mafu down on the mat with a double chop. Choynet steps out as Rousseau attempts a cover, earning just over a one count.]

GM: Mafu kicks out after one again. The Northern Lights are working very well together at the outset of this one though, Bucky.

BW: I'll give 'em credit. They're doing better than I thought they would against the Samoans.

[Rousseau grabs the arm, applying an armbar as Mafu works his way back to his feet again. Mafu reaches out, grabbing a handful of hair, yanking Rousseau off his feet...]

GM: Oh, come on! Blatant hairpull!

[...but Rousseau hangs on to the wrist, pulling Mafu back down to the mat as Mafu attempts to escape and tag. The crowd cheers.]

GM: Look at the force of will on the part of Rousseau, refusing to let go of the arm!

[Rousseau gets back to his feet, dropping a knee across the bicep. He kneels on the arm, cranking it a few times as Mafu slaps him on the back, trying to free himself. Climbing back to his feet, Rousseau brings Mafu up with him, walking him back to the ropes where he tags Choynet back in.]

GM: Another quick tag by the Northern Lights, keeping the fresh man inside the ring at all times.

[A double whip sends Mafu across the ring and a double haymaker to the breadbasket doubles him up. Mafu is reeling as the referee orders Rousseau out of the ring and as Choynet rushes to the ropes for momentum...

...only to go tumbling through the ropes and out to the floor as Dave Cooper pulls down the middle rope, creating a gap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DID YOU SEE THAT?!

BW: Huh? What? Clumsy Sonnet falling to the floor? Yeah, I saw it. What a goof.

GM: Dave Cooper held the ropes open! He caused that!

[A smirking Cooper walks away from the downed Choynet, dusting off his hands as Rene Rousseau shouts angrily from across the ring.]

GM: Rousseau is beside himself and who can blame him! His team had this match well in hand when Dave Cooper interfered from the floor!

BW: Cooper's gotta earn his paycheck, Gordo. If his gameplan wasn't working, you gotta find another way to help your team.

[Mafu straightens up, moving to the corner to slap the hand of the big man of the Samoans - Scola. Scola instantly drops off the apron, moving quickly around the ringpost to pull Choynet off the mat, putting his shoulder into the Maine native's midsection...

...and DRIVES the small of his back into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh! That'll send a jolt up your body!

[Scola backs off, creating some space while still holding Choynet...

...and DRIVES him into the apron a second time.]

GM: Come on, referee!

[The official reprimands Scola from inside the ring as the big man grabs Choynet under the arm and around the head and neck...]

GM: What's he-

[...and HURLS Choynet through the air, sending him sailing sideways into the steel railing, his back smashing into the unforgiving metal!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Scola stands over the downed Choisnet, staring at him as Cooper applauds from nearby, giving instructions to the Samoan. The referee's count is up to six as Scola pulls Choisnet up, firing him under the ropes.]

GM: Choisnet back in the ring... and Scola's following him in.

[The powerhouse slowly walks across the ring as Choisnet crawls, trying to get to his partner's outstretched hand. Scola puts his foot down in a stomp right in the lower back, pinning Choisnet to the mat. Scola glares into the eyes of Rousseau who shouts at the big man.]

GM: Scola dragging him off the mat by the hair...

[He flings Choisnet by the hair into the buckles, sending his back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Oh! Another hard shot to the back!

[Grabbing him by the arm, Scola fires Choisnet across the ring, sending him smashing into the buckles before he staggers out...

...and Scola ducks down, lifting him and throwing him skyward where Choisnet flips over before landing on the canvas!]

GM: HIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP!

[With Choisnet writhing in pain on the canvas, Scola turns back towards him, walking around the ring as the fans jeer.]

GM: And how quickly things can turn here in the AWA. The Northern Lights were in total control and with that one illegal act by Dave Cooper, the Samoans have turned it all around.

[Scola reaches out, slapping the hand of Mafu who ducks through the ropes, angrily stomping Choisnet over and over and over...]

GM: And here comes the Samoan wildman! The Tazmanian Devil of the Samoan Hit Squad if you will.

[Mafu grabs Choisnet by the hair, bringing him up and shoving him back into the buckles. He advances quickly, rearing back his right hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop by the Samoan! And another leaves Choisnet in trouble!

[The referee warns Mafu, ordering him to let the man out of the corner...

...and Mafu responds by sinking his teeth into the forehead of the man from Maine!]

GM: He's biting him! Gnawing away at the forehead of Chris Choisnet!

[The fans jeer and Rene Rousseau shouts at the official who tries to get Mafu to back off. Mafu waits until four before he does, grinning as saliva drips from his chin.]

GM: Absolutely disgusting.

[Grabbing Choisnet by the hair, Mafu drags him into a front facelock, snapping him over in a vertical suplex that sends a jolt down the spine.]

BW: And that's what so terrifying about Mafu, Gordo. In one second, he looks like a total savage gnawing on someone's head and in the next, he executes a suplex like he's classically trained at the hands of Roosevelt Wright or the like.

GM: Very dangerous indeed.

[Mafu rolls from the move to his knees, grabbing Choisnet in a loose chinlock, hammering his fist down into the side of the head as the referee protests the closed fists.]

GM: And right back to the savagery, pounding Choisnet into the canvas...

[At the count of four, Mafu releases, rising to his feet, slapping his chest with a sadistic grin, his tongue lolling out of his mouth as the crowd jeers. He wanders back to the corner, tagging in the powerhouse again.]

GM: And now it's the Samoans making quick tags.

[Each one grabs Choisnet by the hair...]

BW: Check this out, Gordo.

[...and a double windup headbutt by the Samoans sends Choisnet flying into the air before collapsing down to the mat.]

GM: Wow! A devastating double headbutt by the Samoans!

[Mafu slaps his partner on the chest before exiting, leaving Scola to stalk the downed Choisnet who rolls to his stomach, again trying to crawl across the ring to Rene Rousseau.]

GM: Scola dragging Choisnet off the mat, moving towards the neutral corner...

[Wrapping his powerful arms around the torso, Scola sets his feet and then LAUNCHES Choisnet over his head, bouncing him on the canvas with an overhead belly-to-belly throw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

BW: Scola's as strong as an ox... and as attractive as one. Look at the mug on that fella.

[Scola comes back to his feet, throwing a glare at Rene Rousseau who slaps the top turnbuckle a few times, calling for his partner to get back into the match.]

GM: Rene Rousseau cheering on Chris Choisnet but right now, it doesn't seem to be helping as Scola lifts Choisnet off the mat again.

BW: Swaanaay is out on his feet, Gordo.

GM: Scola hooks him again... and another overhead throw, bouncing him off the canvas!

[Scola comes back up, throwing his arms apart with a roar that gets jeers from the crowd and cheers from Dave Cooper.]

BW: Six foot six, 285 pounds of solid muscle! This is a guy who could do big things in this company, Gordo.

GM: The Samoans have been very impressive so far tonight... and as Dave Cooper gives them instructions from the floor, you have to wonder if Cooper's got his sights set on the World Tag Team Titles.

BW: He must, Gordo. Everyone who is in this division better be aiming at Taylor and Donovan... and what a fight that would be, Gordo.

GM: It certainly would. Scola dragging Choisnet up to his feet again, pulling him to the corner... and in comes Mafu again...

[Scola steps back, hooking Choisnet in a front facelock...]

GM: Wait a second... Mafu climbing the ropes... Scola's got Choisnet hooked...

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo.

GM: We certainly have. Scola lifts him up... holding... holding...

[And as Scola holds Choisnet upside down, Mafu leaps off the top rope in a crossbody, catching Choisnet across the torso and riding him down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! Absolutely devastating!

[Scola vacates the ring as Mafu stays on top, the referee diving to the canvas...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[But Rene Rousseau rushes in, diving onto Mafu's back to break up the pin before the three count comes down.]

GM: Ohhh! Rousseau makes the save!

BW: Literally! This one was over, daddy!

GM: It certainly looked that way.

[A fuming Scola steps through the ropes to attack Rousseau but the referee intercepts him, forcing him back as Rousseau exits the ring on the other side. Mafu gets up, holding the back of his head as he points a threatening finger at Rousseau.]

GM: Mafu with some words for Rousseau after the French-Canadian saved the match for the Northern Lights... but he's staying on Choisnet, bringing him back to his feet.

[Setting his feet, Mafu fires Choisnet into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip... sets for the backdrop...

[But as Choisnet approaches, he leaps over Mafu in a leapfrog, landing on his feet, spinning around, quickly wrapping up Mafu...

...and SNAPPING him back in a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: RUSSIAN LEGSWEEP TAKES HIM DOWN!

[Choisnet floats over it, ending up in a lateral press. He reaches for a leg but is unable to get it as the referee makes a two count. The free legs allow Mafu to kick out though.]

GM: Two count only... and this is your chance, Chris Choisnet! Get across that ring and make the tag!

[That's exactly what Choisnet intends to do, pushing to all fours and making the crawl...]

GM: Choisnet on his hands and knees, trying to get to his partner. These fans here in Minnesota are cheering him on!

BW: Mafu's a little shaken up from the back of his head hitting the mat so you're right, Gordo. If Swonney is going to stand a chance, this is it. He's gotta do it now.

GM: Choisnet closing the distance quickly, trying to get to his corner. Rousseau's got that arm out... listen to the fans here in the Target Center! They want to see him make the tag!

[Mafu sits up on the mat, grabbing the back of his head in pain as Dave Cooper screams at him, pointing at what's going on.]

GM: Cooper's trying to get Mafu to cut off the tag.

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Halfway through the time limit as Mafu rolls to his knees, crawling after him... trying to get there...

[The screams from the crowd get more intense as Choisnet stretches out his arm...
...and is JUST out of reach as Mafu makes a lunge, grabbing him by the legs!]

GM: Oh! Mafu cuts off the tag! Mafu got there in time!

[Dave Cooper breathes a sigh of relief as Mafu climbs to his feet, grabbing Choisnet by the arm, pulling him back to the middle of the ring, scooping him up and slamming him down to the canvas.]

GM: Scoop slam in the middle of the ring... and Mafu's heading for the corner, hopping up on the middle rope...

[With a bellow and an awkward sort of arm-swinging kata, Mafu leaps into the air, taking aim on the downed Choisnet...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[...and coming up empty as Choisnet rolls to the side to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Mafu pushes up off the mat, eyes rolling back in his head as he slumps back forward, landing on his face.]

GM: And this is the chance they've been waiting for! Chris Choisnet has GOT to make that tag right now!

BW: Mafu might've knocked HIMSELF out with that. Cooper's beside himself at ringside, screaming at the Samoan savage!

[Mafu rolls to his back, grabbing at his forehead as Choynet closes the distance, looking up at Rousseau...

...and slaps the hand!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd cheers as a fired-up Rene Rousseau slingshots over the top rope into the ring, rushing across the ring where Scola is coming in to intercept, and throwing a dropkick that knocks Scola back through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Rousseau sends Scola back the way he came!

[Spinning around, Rousseau catches the rising Mafu with a barrage of haymakers, knocking him back against the ropes. He grabs an arm, whipping him across the ring...

...where he slams into Scola who is up on the apron, sending Scola crashing down to the floor.]

GM: Malfunction at the junction for the Samoans!

[Mafu stumbles backwards towards Rousseau who rushes across the ring, leaping into the air, grabbing Mafu by the hair...

...and SLAMS his face into the canvas!]

GM: Modified bulldog headlock by Rousseau!

[The Quebec native comes back to his feet, giving a war whoop as he runs in place, throwing his arms up into the air. He turns back towards Mafu, grabbing him by the hair, dragging him up into a gutwrench...

...and takes him up and over with a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Rousseau with an expertly-done suplex!

[The French-Canadian celebrates again, nodding his head as Dave Cooper gets up on the apron, complaining loudly...

...and gets a right hand from Rousseau, knocking the Professional back down to the floor!]

GM: OHH!

BW: He hit a defenseless manager!

GM: The last thing I'd call Dave Cooper is "defenseless," Bucky.

[Grabbing the rising Mafu by the arm, Rousseau shoots him across the ring again...

...and catches him on the rebounds, scooping him up, and twisting around into a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! THAT MIGHT DO IT!!

[The referee dives to the mat as Rousseau tightly hooks a leg.]

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

[But an angry Scola grabs Rousseau by the ankle, dragging him under the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SCOLA BREAKS UP THE PIN!!

[But Scola only has an instant to celebrate as Chris Chonisnet throws himself off the apron, taking Scola off his feet with a clothesline!]

GM: DOWN GOES SCOLA! CHOISNET WIPES HIM OUT!

[With the Minnesota crowd roaring, Chonisnet helps Rousseau to his feet, sliding together into the ring.]

GM: The Lights are in!

BW: Only one of them are legal, referee!

GM: I'm sure he realizes that, Bucky.

[Chonisnet backs Mafu into the ropes, whipping him across the ring. He ducks down, elevating Mafu in a backdrop...

...and Rousseau catches the legs on the way down, putting him in perfect position to flip him over in the Quebec Crab!]

GM: LES BOMB DE ROUSSEAU!

[Mafu cries out, clawing at the canvas as the fans rise to their feet, sensing they're about to see a major upset. The referee jumps up in Chris Chonisnet's face, forcing him back out of the ring. He spins around, rushing to dive down next to Mafu, looking to see if the Samoan will submit.]

GM: Mafu is trying to hang on! Trying desperately to hang on and not submit!

[Dave Cooper can be heard screaming at Mafu from the floor...

...when suddenly, Scola slides back into the ring, steel chair in hand!]

GM: What the-?!

[The Samoan powerhouse winds up with the steel chair, unseen by Rousseau... but not by Chonisnet who tries to get there in time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK! HOLY...

BW: Scola let him have it big time right there, daddy!

[The blow knocks Rousseau to the mat as a shocked referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded - an obvious disqualification right there for the Samoans!

[Chris Choynet gets in, attacking Scola from behind with a flurry of rights and lefts. The chair falls out of Scola's hand as Choynet spins him around against the ropes, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip by- reversed!

[Choynet comes bouncing off the far ropes towards Scola who lashes out with a tremendous big boot to the jaw, sending him crashing down to the canvas in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The crowd is buzzing for the one-man Demolition Derby that is the Samoan powerhouse as he looks around the ring, almost as if waiting for someone else to step to him.]

GM: Scola absolutely LAID OUT Chris Choynet with that kick after waffling Rene Rousseau with the chair! This guy is a wrecking machine!

[Scola kicks the chair under the ropes, sending it clattering to the floor as Dave Cooper gets up on the apron, grabbing his jaw...

...and points at the downed Rousseau. Scola nods in response, moving to pull him up.]

GM: What is this all about now?! Scola pulling a barely-moving Rousseau off the mat and- LOOK OUT!

[The crowd groans as Rousseau is ROCKETED over the top rope, sent crashing down to the barely-padded floor in a heap. Scola stands by the ropes, looking down at him as Mafu climbs to his feet, grabbing his lower back...

...and then starts scaling the ropes.]

GM: Where in the world is HE going?!

BW: Oh, this can't be good.

GM: Rousseau is laid out on the floor and Mafu - this Samoan savage - is climbing to the top rope!

[Cooper looks on intently as Mafu takes his perch on the top rope, looking down at Rousseau...]

GM: He's not! Tell me he's not!

[The Minnesota crowd seems to be having the same reaction as Mafu, tongue hanging out of his mouth...

...LEAPS into the air, soaring through the sky, and plummeting down, down, down towards a prone Rene Rousseau!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd's reaction fills the air just a split second before Rousseau cries out, screaming in pain and clutching at his ribcage as Mafu lies upon him.]

GM: Top rope splash all the way down to the floor!

BW: That's a death-defying dive INSIDE the ring! Out on the floor, it's practically suicidal!

GM: Mafu crushing the ribcage of Rene Rousseau... and Rousseau appears to be hurt and hurt bad, fans!

[A grinning Cooper orders Mafu to rise, waving a hand at Scola.]

GM: And that appears to be it for the Samoans, leaving the Northern Lights laying here in Minnesota. Choynet is down inside the ring. Rousseau is down - and hurt - out on the floor.

BW: The Northern Lights won the match by disqualification but I think we all know who the real winners are in this one, Gordo.

GM: We're going to need medical attention out- okay, here comes Dr. Ponavitch now.

[The medical team rushes past Cooper and the Samoans in the aisle, running towards the downed Rene Rousseau who is still screaming in pain.]

GM: Rousseau... I don't like what we're seeing, Bucky.

BW: They've got a stretcher down here with them. They know he's hurt.

GM: They're trying to calm down Rousseau so they can examine him and... boy, this is not what we wanted to see here at the end of this one. Rene Rousseau... let's go back and take a look...

[We cut to a replay where Choynet whips Mafu into the ropes, backdropping him right into Rousseau's grasp as he applies the Quebec Crab...]

GM: A great double-team there... and the Lights had this won if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: They might have. I guess we'll never know because...

[...and on the replay, Scola PASTES Rousseau in the back of the head with the steel chair!]

BW: WHAMMO! Scola hits one right out of the Metrodome here in Minnesota, daddy!

GM: And unfortunately for the Northern Lights, that was just the beginning.

[We cut back to live action where Rousseau is being positioned over onto the stretcher.]

GM: Fans, we're going to get out of here and take care of some other business but as Rene Rousseau is taken from ringside... let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet and away from this awful sight. Mark?

[We fade away from the shot of Rene Rousseau to a concerned-looking Mark Stegglet backstage.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. A terrible scene out at ringside as Rene Rousseau is loaded onto that stretcher. He'll soon be on his way to a local medical center and if you want an update on his condition, I'm sure our own Theresa Lynch will have one this week on the Power Hour. The Power Hour is quickly becoming can't-miss television

and this week, it'll feature a can't-miss Main Event when Caspian Abaran takes on Kerry Kendrick in one-on-one action! These two have had more than their fair share of encounters over the past year but never truly got to settle their issue. Saturday night, we'll see what happened when that finally went down. It's going to be a great night with Theresa Lynch and Jordan Ohara so don't you dare miss it... just like I don't want to miss what's coming up next. Last week on Power Hour, former World Champion Supreme Wright made it clear that when he faces you, Michael Weaver, tonight in Minnesota, it is business... not personal.

[Michael Weaver walks into view in plain white trunks and boots. He is the very definition of vanilla.]

MW: Is that right? Not personal, huh? Well, it might not be personal to Supreme Wright who is desperately trying to make the Championship Committee stand up and notice him again after getting destroyed by Torin The Titan... but it's personal to me.

[Weaver raises an arm, pointing at the camera.]

MW: It's personal to me because I stood next to the Lynch family last year - my friends - and watched you torment them for no reason than to feed your overinflated ego.

[He points again, stabbing at the air.]

MW: It's personal to me because one of my best friends in this world - Bobby O'Connor - is laid up at home with a broken arm because you wanted to use him to send a message.

[And another finger jab.]

MW: And it's personal to me because in the middle of all that, you and your goons came after me.

Scores don't just go away, Wright. Scores need to be settled.

[Weaver nods confidently.]

MW: And tonight, we're settling ours.

[Weaver turns, walking out of view and leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Supreme Wright taking on Michael Weaver - it should be a good one... and it'll happen right after this break so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

After a moment, we fade back up on a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[And closer.]

"Of...MAYHEM?!"

[An explosion followed by a huge mushroom cloud of smoke. As the gray haze dissipates, three loud thumps are followed by the massive lettering of MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM stamping onto the screen over the rubble of the building -- don't worry future Combatants, it's still there.]

"In the beginning, we crowned a champion."

[Cut to footage from that inaugural event as Mark Shaw and Marcus Broussard move in unison towards the corner, Shaw's face _slamming_ into the top turnbuckle...

...the actual metal buckle previously exposed by the Super Ninja.]

GM: Hard to the corner! WAIT - WHERE'S THE TURNBUCKLE?!

[The impact of hitting the metal seems to make Shaw go limp as Broussard uses the momentum to roll backwards, pulling Shaw with him into a reverse rolling cradle.]

GM: CRADLE!

[And with his last bit of energy, Broussard throws his body back into the most picture-perfect, breathtaking beautiful bridge that he's ever managed as the referee counts to three as we fade to black.]

"And ever since, it has become one of the biggest shows of the year."

[We fade back up to footage from 2009 with Ron Houston preparing to use the Fade To Black to toss Adam Rogers over the top rope, eliminating him from the annual Rumble.]

GM: STEVIE!

[A barely standing Stevie Scott lunges into action, coiling up into a ball, and lashing out, driving his foot right under the chin of Ron Houston with a Heatseeker superkick. The blow makes sudden and harsh impact, snapping Houston's head back...

And then causing him to fall backwards, seemingly in slow motion...

All with Adam Rogers draped helplessly across his shoulders, trying desperately to grab the ropes...

To no avail as both men crash to the concrete floor.]

GM: OH MY STARS! STEVIE SCOTT HAS DONE IT! STEVIE SCOTT HAS DONE IT!

STEVIE SCOTT HAS DONE IT!

[The Hotshot falls to his knees in the middle of the ring, pumping both fists in triumph as he lets loose a wail of victory with the crowd roaring in celebration as we fade back to black.]

"We've seen memorable moments..."

[James Monosso violently swings Eric Preston around and around before SMASHING him skull first into the wood stage...Stevie Scott slapping a figure four on Sweet Daddy Williams...Joe Petrow being unmasked...Raphael Rhodes headbutting Juan Vasquez off the apron!]

“...unforgettable images...”

[Petrow hitting Scotty Storm with the iPhone allowing the Professional to cover him for the pin...Mark Langseth and Alex Martinez facing off...shots of Jeff Matthews cutting into a glimpse of The Dragon...Vasquez drilling City Jack on the jaw with the Right Cross...Supernova standing victoriously in the ring.]

“...competitors driven to the edge of glory... and beyond...”

[Glenn Hudson planting Rex Summers with a DDT and claiming the Longhorn Heritage Title...flashes of wrestlers from the past; Blackwater Bart...Ronnie D...Bad Eye McBaine...the Bishop Boys winning back the National Tag Titles from the Aces...]

“...warriors left on the field of battle in triumph... or despair...”

[Robert Donovan and Travis Lynch colliding...Skywalker Jones smashes November into the top turnbuckle with a top rope Brainbuster...Vasquez, Scott, and Kinsey battling the Unholy Alliance...Dave Cooper jamming a chair into the ankle of Sultan Azam Sharif...Brad Jacobs powerbombing Duane Henry Bishop as Kenny Stanton drops him with a leaping reverse neckbreaker...Terry Shane III scooping up both Eric Preston and Stevie Scott and heaving them over the top rope...Calisto Dufresne bending a chair over the skull and neck of James Monosso.]

“But most of all...”

[Shadoe Rage stomping Donnie White's fingers and sending him crashing from the scaffold down to the ring beneath them...Bobby O'Connor, Eric Preston, and Ryan Martinez slugging it out with Dogs of War...Supreme Wright tapping out to Dave Bryant's Iron Crab.]

“...we've seen mayhem.”

[Air Strike and the Lights Out Express heaving each other off ladders...KING Oni being unleashed...Juan Vasquez knocking Isiah Carpenter out with the Right Cross and winning the Mayhem match...The Gladiator destroying Frankie Farelli...Kraken hitting a Uraken on the GFC Heavyweight Champion...Ryan Martinez throwing down a steel chair and hooking the King of the Death Match up and dropping him with a Brainbuster...]

...and then a cut to black as the Memorial Day Mayhem logo and all the show information appears on the screen for a moment before fading back out.

As we fade back up, we find Michael Weaver already in the ring, rotating his shoulderblades to limber up for the match to come as “Room A Thousand Yards Wide” by Soundgarden plays over the PA system. He pauses to throw some shadow punches as Phil Watson speaks out.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... from Joplin, Missouri... weighing in at 242 pounds...

MICHAEL WEAVER!

[Weaver raises an arm, standing in his tan two-strap single, black boots, and kneepads. He nods in thanks to the support of the fans.]

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 WRIIIIIIIGHTTTT!!!!

[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 weeks 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: Supreme Wright heading down the aisle - no emotion, no anger, no sense of trying to settle old scores. He is all business as he sets out to prove to Emerson Gellar, the fans, the whole world... and I daresay even himself... that he is still worthy of being recognized as the best wrestler in the world and worthy of earning another shot at the AWA World Heavyweight Title.

BW: No one has ever held that title three times. Supreme Wright has held it twice. Dave Bryant has held it twice. Wright is on a mission to make history, Gordo.

GM: Wright has been on a tremendous winning streak as of late, absolutely mowing down everyone in his path. He's been competing - and winning - on every live event we have. In fact, he's undefeated in singles competition since losing to Torin The Titan.

BW: And he wants to stay that way tonight against Michael Weaver.

[Wright steps through the ropes and into the ring, lowering the hood to reveal his face. His eyes remain focused on Weaver as he removes his robe to reveal his wrestling attire underneath: crimson wrestling trunks with three white stars on the front.]

BW: Still in the Roosevelt Wright trunks.

GM: Does a change in attire signal a change in attitude? A change in mindset? That seems to be the belief of many as Wright has cast aside his allies in Team Supreme and is going it alone.

[The referee steps in, speaking to both men.]

GM: We've got a clash between a second-generation grappler, the son of Patrick Weaver - a legend in the state of Missouri and throughout that area... taking on a third-generation competitor in Supreme Wright.

[The bell sounds as Michael Weaver storms across the ring, throwing himself into a big double leg takedown, yanking Wright's legs out from under him, putting his down on his back!]

GM: Wow! Where did THAT come from?!

BW: Supreme Wright didn't see it coming... none of us did. Weaver is usually a pretty laid back guy but I guess he's hot over what happened with Wright last year, pounding him into the mat!

[Weaver's flood of fists land on Wright's head and face as the former World Champion raises his arms, trying to defend himself...

...and Weaver grabs the left wrist of Wright, slickly moving from the mount to twist the arm around his leg, kneeling down on it as he reaches to grab Wright by the

leg, pulling it towards him where he clutches the foot with both hands, twisting the ankle!]

GM: WHOA! WHOA!

BW: Weaver with some kind of ankle lock submission! Wright's screaming in pain and that undefeated streak might be over just like that, Gordo!

GM: Weaver out of nowhere with that hold, twisting the ankle, wrenching it with both hands, screaming at Wright to give up!

[With his right hand and right leg free, Wright swings his leg up towards his chest, firing it back down with his heel catches Weaver in the base of the neck, causing him to pitch forward which frees up the left hand...]

GM: Wright's trying to get free...

[He jerks his left leg back, yanking it out of Weaver's grasp as Weaver falls forward on his face. Wright scrambles up, hooking Weaver's arms behind him, flipping forward into a bridging double armbar!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Wright with a submission of his own out of nowhere!

[Weaver cries out as Wright bridges his back, cranking both arms repeatedly, trying to separate the shoulders. The referee dives in, checking to see if Weaver will submit...

...and one shout of "NO!" is all it takes for Wright to spin out of his own hold, securing a front facelock, swinging his knee up into the top of Weaver's head!]

GM: OH! OH! GROUNDED KNEESTRIKES TO THE HEAD!

[A half dozen knees connect, leaving Weaver completely stunned as Wright takes his back, trying to secure the rear naked choke that Roosevelt Wright calls the Japanese Stranglehold!]

GM: He's going for the choke! Trying to hook on that Stranglehold!

[But Weaver manages to get his arm in between Wright's left arm and Weaver's neck, blocking the attempt. He grabs the wrist with both hands...

...and spins out of the hold, twisting Wright's arm behind him in a rear hammerlock, pushing Wright's face into the mat.]

GM: Another counter - what an exchange of mat wrestling we're seeing out of these two.

BW: Hey, Michael Weaver may not be a former World Champion like Wright but there's no doubting his talents when it comes to the fundamentals.

[Weaver cranks up on the arm, putting Wright's wrist on Weaver's shoulder as he applies more pressure using his body...

...and then suddenly lets go, pinning the arm between his torso and Wright's as he wraps his arms around his neck!]

GM: WEAVERLOCK! WEAVERLOCK!

[The crowd cheers in recognition of Weaver's trademark sleeperhold.]

GM: He's got Wright down on the mat, trapped in his father's sleeperhold!

BW: And before he locked it on, he trapped Wright's arm between their bodies so Wright has to get that out before he can get loose.

[Wrenching back, Weaver pulls Wright's torso off the mat, almost adding a camel clutch-type effect to the hold.]

GM: Weaver's got that hold on... look at the pressure applied... and now the question becomes can Supreme Wright survive long enough to find a way out of this?

BW: If he can't, this winning streak is over and he's back to square one, daddy!

[Feeling a sense of desperation, Wright braces his body with his right hand, allowing him to slip a leg underneath him. Weaver keeps the sleeperhold applied as Wright forces himself up to a knee.]

GM: Weaver's got even more leverage from this position! Wright may have made matters worse trying to escape!

[Weaver wrenches the neck, trying to cut off the flow of blood to the brain and put the former World Champion out.]

GM: Weaver's got it locked in and...

[Wright reaches up with both hands, grabbing Weaver by the wrist, pulling his arm away from his head, loosening the grip slightly...

...and Weaver goes to re-apply the hold, Wright strikes, spinning out of the hold, twisting around while still holding the wrist with one hand, slipping the other arm in behind Weaver's neck and forcing him down to the mat!]

GM: Oh my stars! Cobra Clutch Crossface out of nowhere!

[Wright leans back, planting his feet on the canvas and gritting his teeth as he pulls Weaver's own arm across his face, wrenching his neck to the side...

...and soon enough, Weaver is tapping out.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it! Wright wins it!

[Wright immediately releases the hold, climbing quickly to his feet where he allows the referee to raise his hand in triumph.]

GM: A quick victory for Supreme Wright - an impressive victory as well as he works his way back up the ladder of contention, saying he will not stop until he regains the World Heavyweight Championship for the third time.

BW: He's got a long way to go though, Gordo. Beating up Michael Weaver will only get you so far.

GM: I'm sure Mr. Wright is up for the challenge... just as I'm sure that the entire wrestling world is waiting for the Memorial Day Mayhem debut of the man known only as Mason.

BW: We don't know anything about this guy, Gordo. It's a complete mystery.

GM: We DO know that Emerson Gellar personally signed the man known as Mason and that he believes this man has the ability to be a game changer here in the AWA. At Memorial Day Mayhem, we'll all find out first hand what this guy is all about but for now, let's take a look at this special clip and hear from some of the competitors who are ALREADY familiar with Mason.

[We fade through black on a single word in all white block text.

"MASON"

"Roll Tide" by Hans Zimmer off the Crimson Tide soundtrack slowly and softly begins to play in the background. A voiceover begins... by James Earl Jones (they spared no expense.)]

"In a world where everyone knows everything..."

[A few shots quickly flash by - the Wrestling World Weekly newsletter, various Twitter feeds, a CNN clip.]

"This man is an enigma."

[A smoke-filled darkened room. We can see a silhouette of someone but not make out any details.]

"Where most come from the shadows..."

[A barrage of shots of the Kings of Wrestling, of Layton and the Slaughterhouse... shots of AWA past with Ebola Zaire, KING Oni, and Morgan Dane appearing.]

"He comes from the blinding light."

[The dark smoky room from moments ago gets filled with the proverbial blinding light. Again, we can make out the form of the man but with no details]

"But no man who walks this Earth leaves no footprints."

[The shadow walks towards the camera as cut to black...

...and then come up on Jason Dane.]

"Yeah, I've seen him fight before. He's got an MMA background... a kickboxing background... some pro wrestling training in Japan. I've done my research and I can't find any record of him actually wrestling though. He's tough. Big, strong, explosive."

[Fade through black again, coming back up on Noboru Fujimoto, former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion. His words are subtitled as he looks at a photograph.]

"Ahhh, yes. I remember him now. Very young. Very strong. Most wrestlers who end up in the Dojo are smaller... submission wrestling... no, not him. Big man. Very impressive... very impressive. He is definitely someone to watch."

[Again through black, winding up on Kolya Sudakov.]

"Kolya know him very well. We train together. We fight together. In Japan, Kolya hit him with high kick in fight. He didn't go down."

[Sudakov chuckles.]

"Kolya not sure that ever happen before. Tough kid. He will be dangerous competitor in AWA."

[From black, we fade in to Brian Lau, and standing behind him, the Engine of Destruction himself, Brian James.]

"When Emerson Gellar said he spared no expense, for once he wasn't lying. When he said he found the biggest and the best, that wasn't hyperbole. When he said he found the future? Well, let me pay Mason the highest compliment. Emerson Gellar may have found himself a future King of Wrestling."

[Cut to a close-up of Brian James.]

"Big, muscular, athletic. A fearsome competitor and a man at the peak of combat sports. Now, that describes two men in the AWA. Mason – one of these days, you and I will have to prove which of us is the best. I can't wait."

[As we fade back to black, we see very small text in the background as words that were just spoken are heard - one by one at first and then slowly overlapping into a mess of sound as the text gets closer and closer.]

"Tough."

"Strong."

"Impressive."

"Fearsome."

"Athletic."

"Explosive."

[And as the text reaches full size, we can see it easily now.]

"MASON

IS

COMING."

[The graphic fades to be replaced by information about Memorial Day Mayhem. Fade to black...]

...and then back up on the bank of television monitors that can only mean it's time for the Control Center. The Memorial Day Mayhem logo fills the screen as a voiceover confirms our suspicions.]

"With your Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center, here's Mark Stegglet."

[And the logo fades to leave Mark Stegglet in front of the aforementioned TV monitors.]

MS: Hello everyone and welcome to the Control Center! We are just 35 days away from the big spectacular - the biggest stage of the summer - which will be coming to you LIVE on Pay Per View from the Key Arena in Seattle, Washington! The Pacific Northwest is gonna be red hot for this one so let me run down the lineup so far...

[The shot of Stegglet switches to him standing on the side as a large shot of Rex Summers and The Gladiator appears next to him.]

MS: Speaking of Red Hot, did Rex Summers make the biggest mistake of his career when he refused to cash in his Steal The Spotlight contract against Johnny Detson like Emerson Gellar wanted? As a result, Summers will now DEFEND that contract in Seattle... and he'll do it against a man who is unbeaten in AWA competition... of course, I'm talking about The Gladiator! That one is going to be something else, fans.

[The graphic changes to show Larry Wallace and Jordan Ohara.]

MS: Seattle will also see the rubber match go down. These two are one and one so at Memorial Day Mayhem, they're going at it one more time as "The Phoenix" Jordan Ohara takes on "Flawless" Larry Wallace., and you better believe that Wallace will have Hamilton Graham in his corner so Ohara better watch his back!

[The words RUSSIAN CHAIN MATCH appear.]

MS: How about this one, fans? Maxim Zharkov versus the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov, in a RUSSIAN CHAIN MATCH! These two have been at each others' throats since SuperClash. In Seattle, they say it's all going to end... but who will be on top when it does? We'll find out in 35 days.

[A shot of Supernova and Shadoe Rage.]

MS: The World Television Title will be on the line in a SuperClash rematch when Shadoe Rage attempts to take "her" back from Supernova. The last time these two met, there was controversy in the eyes of many so who will walk out of Seattle as the undisputed World Television Champion? We'll find out soon enough.

[One word. Five letters. MASON.]

MS: The world has heard about Mason. Mason is coming... and at Memorial Day Mayhem, the enigmatic Mason will make his in-ring debut. We don't know what's coming. We don't know what to expect. The hype is real but will Mason live up to expectations? Seattle is the place to be to find out.

[And finally, WINNER... TAKES... ALL.]

MS: And in the night's Main Event according to Wes Taylor, it's going to be Winner Takes All with both the AWA World Tag Team Titles AND the AWA National Title at stake. Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan - part of the Kings of Wrestling - will defend the gold against Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne... but Travis is defending too. If either Taylor or Donovan pin Lynch or make him submit, we'll have a new National Champion to boot. This one is going to be something else, fans.

[The graphic fades, leaving Mark Stegglet standing solo.]

MS: And with 35 days to go, there's sure to be more exciting action added to this already packed lineup. If you don't have your tickets, get online right now - I'm told that seats are limited and that we expect a sellout here in the next week. If you can't join us in Seattle, make sure you contact your cable or satellite provider and make your plans to be with us LIVE on Pay Per View! It's the biggest stage of the summer... it's Memorial Day Mayhem!

From the Control Center, I'm Mark Stegglet and we'll see you next time, fans!

[Fade out to the bank of television monitors... and then through black to a shot of Sweet Daddy Williams sitting in front of a row of metal lockers. He's dressed to compete, his head hanging down as the camera comes on.]

SDW: Here we are...

[He looks up at the camera.]

SDW: Just me and you.

[A hint of a smile crosses Williams' face.]

SDW: This is how I wanted it. I asked the office to leave Mark... Lou... all of 'em out of it. I love those guys. The AWA wouldn't be the AWA without them. But not tonight. Tonight, I can't answer their questions... 'cause I gotta answer my own.

"Why?"

That's the million dollar question and the one that I've been thinking about since SuperClash.

[Williams shakes his head, rubbing at his temples.]

SDW: I just can't make any sense of it. I don't know why. I don't know what makes a man who has everything... the money, the women, the respect, the titles... do the things you've done, Vasquez.

Sweet Daddy Williams ain't ever held a piece of gold in EIGHT YEARS in this place. But I come out here. I smile, I laugh, I have a good time. I make those people in the crowd smile and laugh and have a good time too. I give 'em everything this old body's got left and when they finish watching me, they know they got their money worth.

If anyone has a reason to be mad... to be angry... to be bitter at the final years of a career, you might think it's me. You might think that I'd sit around the locker room and stew over some young kid taking my spot. You might think that I'd stand around and point out the lack of title shots I've gotten... the number of SuperClashes that have gone on without me.

I've got every reason in the world to be mad, Vasquez...

...but I'm not. Because I've got every reason in the world not to be.

[Williams rises to his feet, gesturing broadly.]

SDW: Every night that I walk to that ring - win or lose - there's ten... fifteen... twenty thousand people plus jumping out of their seats, screaming for me. They drop their hard-earned money to come to a show to see me. They love me. They adore me. They cheer me on with every bit of their heart.

And their love has kept me going for the past eight years.

Every night when I ended up staring at the lights. Every night when I went to the pay window and got the loser's share of the purse. Every night when I went out to the parking lot, signed as many pieces of paper as someone could put in front of me, and those kids... those kids would look up at me and say, "You'll get 'em next time, Sweet Daddy."

Their love kept me in this business...

...and then you... someone like you just throws it all away?

[Williams shakes his head again.]

SDW: I don't get that. I don't understand how you can be so angry when you look at all you've accomplished in your career. You look at the titles you've won. You look at the money in your bank account. You look at your legacy... your spot in the Hall of Fame.

And it ain't enough?

The love... the blind love... the unconditional love those people out there had for you... it ain't enough?

[A heavy sigh.]

SDW: So, I can't answer the question... I don't understand why. But I DO understand what. I don't know why you're doin' the things you do, baby, but I know what you've done.

I was at SuperClash when you stabbed Ryan Martinez - a man who trusted you - in the heart. I was at SuperClash when you took Hannibal Carver - yeah, I'm gonna say the man's damn name because he deserves that level of respect - you took Hannibal Carver and you tried to end his career in front of our eyes.

I was there when you took Ryan Martinez... when you cranked up every bit of rage... every bit of self-doubt and pity... every bit of jealousy in your bones and you spiked him on his head. You tried to end his career too because he's the future and not you... because he was the champ and not you...

[Williams' voice slows, dropping in volume but not intensity as his eyes bear into the camera lens.]

SDW: I was there when you came for my boy too. I was there when you took Willie - a good kid who dreamed of being just like you... JUST... LIKE... YOU... and you dropped him on his head. You broke his neck, Vasquez. Plain and simple. A broken neck, a hospital bed, and a diagnosis that says he may never come back.

You stole his dream. You broke his heart when you broke his neck.

And you broke mine too.

[Williams chews his own lip, closing his eyes for a moment... a long moment. When he speaks again, his voice cracks with emotion.]

SDW: Right before I came to the AWA, I had an old-timer come up to me at a small show down in Alabama. He told me that he'd heard I was headed to the "next big thing." He'd heard about names like Broussard... like Stevie Scott... like Kevin Slater... he'd heard that the office was spending big and aiming for the stars.

And he told me that I had a choice to make.

I could keep doing what I was doing... making people laugh... putting on a show... giving them what I could still manage to get out of my body. And if I did that, I'd probably have a nice long career in front of me... but a career that was exactly that. A joke.

Or I could find another gear. I could go to another level. Maybe a little bit meaner... maybe a little bit darker. I could dig down deep to a place I ain't never

been before. And some of the fans would go. And some of their love would go. But I might find the success that I hadn't found in a long, long time.

[He holds up two hands, weighing the decision he made.]

SDW: Over the years, I found that gear from time to time, Vasquez. But at the end of it all - when you look back at the career of Sweet Daddy Williams, I guess people will say I chose Door #1. And that's fine. I'm happy with that choice. I'm happy with the fans I have... with their love I have. Not every man can be the World Champion... and I accept that. Not every man can make the Hall of Fame... and I accept that too.

But when I looked down at my boy... my son... my heart and soul... one of the only things keeping me from hangin' up my boots and walkin' off into the sunset... and I heard him say, "I'm sorry."

[Williams drops his head again.]

SDW: It broke my heart all over again.

He's sorry.

He's sorry because he thinks HE let ME down. He thinks he disappointed me.

I've got nothing but love for that boy. I've got nothing but every bit of my heart that hopes and prays to the Good Lord above that he can make it back and live his dream just like I've lived mine.

But in that moment, Vasquez...

[Williams looks up - eyes cold and steely, fists clenched.]

SDW: I FOUND that other gear. I dug deep and found that place that I ain't never been before. It's cold there. It's dark there. It's lonely and bleak and a miserable place to be.

But I found it.

And for one night... at least for this night... I'm glad I found it.

[Williams nods.]

SDW: Because tonight ain't gonna be a joke. It ain't gonna be a song and dance. It ain't gonna be about who wanna sit on Sweet Daddy's lap tonight - no, no, no! It's gonna be about you... it's gonna be about me...

It's gonna be a reckoning.

Because you've stepped over too many lines. You've hurt too many people. You've broken their hearts... the fans' hearts... you've broken MY heart. I look at you and see a man that I used to call a friend and it makes me sick.

You've crossed the line...

[Williams unsnaps the windbreaker covering his torso, unveiling a #holdtheline t-shirt underneath.]

SDW: ...and if it takes every single bit that's left in this old body, Ryan... I'm gonna make sure the son of a bitch goes back over it.

[We fade through black.]

The words "RECORDED EARLIER TODAY" flash across the bottom of the screen as we open to a shot of Juan Vasquez, dressed stylishly in a tailored black suit, standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

JV: Let me drop a little knowledge for you guys. Don't be afraid...taking the red pill ain't gonna' hurt.

[He grins.]

JV: In this sport, you meet a lot of people. And as sad as it is, most of'em just don't stick around for very long. So you can fight wars inside the ring with a man, make him bleed, scar him for life, earn his respect and by the very next night...you'll never cross paths with him ever again.

[Juan shrugs.]

JV: That's just the way this world works.

[He leans in close, almost like he's about to share a big secret with us.]

JV: But sometimes...sometimes, you'll meet someone that'll stick around. Someone that you'll forge a bond with as strong as any you'll ever have in your life. And you'll think that person'll be a part of your life forever.

[A sad smile.]

JV: So let me tell you about the type of man Sweet Daddy Williams really is.

[The look on Juan's face hardens ever so slightly.]

JV: For eight years, amigo...for EIGHT years, you've been a part of my life. We've been up and down these roads fighting the good fight. And outside a handful of people, I don't think anyone's ever been as close to me as you were.

[His voice becomes a low, fierce whisper.]

JV: But you turned your back on me, amigo.

[He points to himself for emphasis.]

JV: You turned your BACK.

ON.

ME.

[Staring into the camera with anger in his heart and a look of simmering rage on his face, Juan shakes his head slowly.]

JV: You didn't wait for an explanation after SuperClash. Hell, you never ASKED for an explanation. You didn't want answers and you never asked questions. As soon as it was convenient for you, ya' turned to the closest camera and denounced me to the world!

[Juan throws his head back and yells.]

jV: JUAN VASQUEZ IS GARBAGE!

[Once again.]

JV: JUAN VASQUEZ IS TRASH!

[He cups his hands around his mouth and shouts it to the heavens.]

JV: JUAN VASQUEZ IS A DISGUSTING TRAITOR THAT SHOULD BE BANNED FROM THE LOCKER ROOM!

[Juan lowers his head, tilting it at the camera with a quizzical stare.]

JV: Was I garbage when I was saving you from The Southern Syndicate every week for a year? Was I trash when you were visiting my home and swimming in my pool and eating my wife's home cooking and playing with my children?

[He takes a step towards the camera, continuing his barrage of questions.]

JV: Was I a disgusting traitor when I was destroying my body every night defending this promotion from every scumbag, con man and evil that came along?

[Juan rolls his eyes in disgust.]

JV: I always had your back. I always supported you. And when it came time for a little compassion...a little understanding?

You threw me under the bus.

[He throws his hands up.]

JV: For what!?

The approval of the fans? The "respect" of the boys?

[Juan laughs.]

JV: You chose to side with Martinez's brat and that drunk screw up Carver over me.

Just what the hell were you thinking???

[Juan pauses for a moment, waiting for an answer that's never going to come, before continuing on.]

JV: You and me? I thought we had a bond. Something stronger than that. We're a dying breed, Williams. You know that, right? We were here when the AWA was great. We were here when men were men and champions were champions. When there was actual honor and purpose in this place.

[A snort.]

JV: You know why I did what I did? Why I do what I do?

[He sweeps his hand across the space in front of him.]

JV: Just look around you! Look at the actual trash and filth that's accumulated over the years. Look at the mediocrity that's become acceptable here. World champions that never defend their titles. Disrespectful stupid kids everywhere that have no sense of the men that built this kingdom for them. And the Combat Corner...

[Juan tries hard not to laugh.]

JV: ...just when the hell was the last time anything worth a damn came out of the Combat Corner?

[He stares into the camera with a cold expression.]

JV: And that includes your "son", amigo.

[A tired sigh.]

JV: This ain't the AWA we built and you know it.

[A beat.]

JV: But I'm gonna make this place great again, Williams. I'm gonna' drain this filthy swamp of all the garbage polluting it. My AWA will be the greatest wrestling promotion this world's ever seen!

[He smiles happily.]

JV: And just like Ryan. Just like Carver. Just like your boy, Willie? You've got no place in Juan Vasquez's AWA.

Tonight?

It's the end of the line, amigo.

[He leans in close to the camera, speaking directly to Sweet Daddy Williams now.]

JV: Tonight, I end your career.

[He glares into the camera, his face now devoid of any expression except a quiet, menacing rage.]

JV: And that's all there is...to it.

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then back up from black to Mark Stegglet standing backstage with Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.]

MS: We are back LIVE here on The X and just moments away from the big showdown - the clash between Sweet Daddy Williams and Juan Vasquez in a Street Fight - but before we go to the ring, Mr. Gellar - you asked for this time to make a special announcement.

[Gellar nods.]

EG: It's been a long night, Mark... so I'm going to make this quick and get myself in front of a monitor to watch the Main Event.

With Memorial Day Mayhem only 35 days away, it's the talk of the wrestling world...

[Stegglet nods in agreement.]

EG: ...but when you're running the place, you've gotta be looking ahead. So, I'm here to announce that in two weeks' time, when the AWA comes to you live from Grand Forks, North Dakota...

I will be making the first announcements regarding talent for the gigantic Battle of Boston tournament coming up on the 4th of July weekend!

[A big cheer goes up from inside the arena. Gellar gives a smile, a nod, and then walks out of sight.]

MS: Wow! Big news here from the Director of Operations! Memorial Day Mayhem is coming! The Battle of Boston after that! The AWA is heating things up to a nuclear level and now we're heading to the ring for what promises to be one heck of a fight! Phil Watson, take it away!

[We crossfade to the AWA's esteemed ring announcer in the middle of the squared circle.]

PW: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

PW: It is scheduled for one fall with no time limit. There will be no countouts... no disqualifications... anything goes... in a STREET FIGHT!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The crowd rises to their feet in anticipation of the familiar sounds of Sweet Daddy Williams' self-styled vocals in "I Wanna Be Your Sweet Daddy."

But it does not come.

After a few moments, the sounds of Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Simple Man" begins to play over the PA system to a confused buzz from the crowd.]

GM: A change in theme music for someone here tonight.

[Phil Watson's voice rings out again.]

PW: From HOTlanta, G-A... weighing in at 302 pounds...

SWEET!

DAAAAAAAAAADDDYYYYYYY!

WILLLLLLLLLLLLLLIAMMMMMSSSSSSS!

[The crowd ROARS to life as the curtain parts. Sweet Daddy Williams emerges from the curtain. He pauses just beyond it, the spotlights on him in his blue jeans, cowboy boots, and black #holdtheline t-shirt. Atop his head is a black cowboy hat. He slowly pulls the hat off, looking up with a squint at the cheering crowd. A smile crosses his face as he reaches up with his right hand, tapping his heart a few times before he flings the black hat aside and starts walking with purpose down the aisle.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams knows he's in for the fight of his life, Bucky, and I do believe he's ready for this fight.

BW: He's talking a good game, Gordo, but he's climbing in the ring with a Hall of Famer, a former World Champion, a former National Champion, a man who went to hell and back with Ebola Zaire, a man who walked with pride into a death match with the legendary Demon Boy Ishrinku. You name it and Juan Vasquez has done it and it's going to take a hell of a lot more than a fired-up peptalk to convince me that Williams can put him down here tonight.

[As Williams approaches the ring, he pauses in front of a cameraman in the aisle, looking into the lens with a lyric from the song...]

"Forget your lust for the rich man's gold... all that you need is in your soul..."

[He raps his knuckles to his chest again, giving a nod before finishing his walk to the ring, pulling himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes, and climbing into the ring. He bows up, throwing a few shadow punches as the fans continue to roar for him.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is ready for battle... and now as the music dies down, we wait for his opponent.

[Who makes us wait a bit... because that's what he does.]

GM: The crowd in Minnesota on their feet, the anticipation sharp in the air as we are waiting for-

[The arena is engulfed in darkness as the slow, haunting piano chord from the beginning of DMX's "Ain't No Sunshine" is heard.]

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

[Suddenly, large columns of flame erupt from the top of the aisle.]

"WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!"

[All eyes immediately move up the rampway, where the entrance is flooded in white light. There, we see an approaching silhouette walking towards the entranceway, stopping and then thrusting both arms triumphantly into the air, as the lights return inside the arena and the boos reach a deafening ROAR when the people see their fallen hero...

...Juan Vasquez. The former National Champion's head is thrown back as he holds his pose, soaking in the crowd's reaction. He is dressed in a black M-65 Army field jacket with the words "IN JUAN WE TRUST" stenciled along the left arm and "DEUS VULT" on the right. Underneath, he wears a white wifebeater and black tactical pants with black cracked leather army boots, looking ready for a fight.]

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

[Vasquez lowers his head and moves his attention towards the ring, walking slowly down the ramp as the crowd shouts their hate and rage towards the man that betrayed them all. He sheds his jacket along the way, taking a straight path right towards the ring.]

PW: AND HIS OPPONENT, FROM LOS AN-

[Entering the ring, he walks right up to Phil Watson, ripping the microphone right out of his hand! Big time boos!]

JV: Before we start this match, I just have one thing to say to you... Sweet Daddy Williams. I need to ask you this, 'cause even though I can't stand the sight of you now, we were still friends once upon a time and the least you can do is answer this question. I'm dead serious about this.

[Juan stares Sweet Daddy Williams right in the eyes with steeled determination in his face.]

JV: Amigo...

[He suddenly cracks a big grin at the big guy from Hotlanta.]

JV: Did you bring my \$50,000?

[The crowd roars with boos as Sweet Daddy just stares at Vasquez in disbelief...]

GM: I can't believe he's still demanding money from Sweet Daddy Williams to wrestle this match! The nerve of this man!

BW: HAHAHA! That's great!

[...before SMASHING a right hand right into Vasquez's jaw!]

GM: OH! IT'S ON!

[The ring announcer bails out as the referee signals for the bell to kick off the match officially.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Williams grabs the recoiling Vasquez by the hair, hauling him over into the turnbuckles, smashing his face into the top buckle. He repeats the action, the fans in Minnesota counting along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIV-"

[Williams bails out in mid-slam, spinning Vasquez around, looping his left arm around the neck and holding him in place as he hammers away with the right fist to the face!]

GM: Williams is pounding Vasquez in the corner, giving it everything he's got in the opening seconds of this one!

[Grabbing Vasquez by the arm, Williams fires him across the ring into the corner, sending him bouncing back off the buckles as the man from Hotlanta storms across the ring...

...and flattens the Hall of Famer with a running clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Williams takes him down!

[The big man runs back the other way, taking Vasquez off his feet a second time with another clothesline!]

GM: Another clothesline puts Vasquez down!

[The Minnesota fans are roaring as Williams turns around, shouting at Vasquez to "GET YOUR ASS UP!"]

GM: Emotions are running high in this one, considering all that Vasquez has done of late to-

[As Vasquez comes towards Williams, the big man scoops him up...]

GM: Big slam coming up...

[...and then rushes towards the ropes, HURLING Vasquez over the top rope, throwing him down to the floor in a running slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS IN HEAVEN! SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS IS TAKING IT TO JUAN VASQUEZ LIKE WE'VE NEVER SEEN HIM DO BEFORE!

[Williams stomps around the ring, slamming his arms down on the turnbuckle, revving up the Target Center crowd which was already on their feet cheering him on!]

BW: I can't hear a thing in here, Gordo!

GM: This crowd has lost it! They're on their feet in support of THE AWA Original. He was one of the first men hired, Bucky - he was here on the very first night and on the days leading up to it!

BW: He was working for Southern Championship Wrestling down in Atlanta - just like we were - when he got the news that the AWA had bought the place. I'll never forget that night, Gordo.

GM: It changed a lot of people's lives forever - us included... and Sweet Daddy Williams included who loves the AWA... he loves the AWA more than perhaps any other man in that locker room. And when Juan Vasquez talks about the AWA changing... about the AWA being different... about making the AWA great again, it just shows how far gone he is in my opinion.

[Williams drops to his back, rolling out under the ropes to the floor as Vasquez climbs to his feet. The fan favorite comes at him from behind, blasting him with a forearm to the back of the neck that sends Vasquez falling forward into the timekeeper's table.]

GM: Oh! Look out over there!

[He grabs Vasquez by the back of the hair, pulling his head back and SLAMMING his face down onto the wooden table!]

GM: Remember, fans, this is a Street Fight! Anything goes in this one!

[Flipping Vasquez over, Williams wraps his hands around the throat of the former National Champion, digging his thumbs into the windpipe!]

GM: Oh my stars! Sweet Daddy Williams is choking the life out of Vasquez over on top of the timekeeper's table!

BW: And the referee can't do a thing about it! Ricky Longfellow just has to stand there and watch as Williams tries to pulverize Vasquez!

[Throttling Vasquez with both hands, Williams smashes the back of his head down into the wooden table a few times before letting go. A coughing and gasping Vasquez pushes away, staggering away from Williams who is in hot pursuit, coming right behind him...]

GM: Vasquez around the ringpost, rolling himself back inside the ring...

BW: That might be a safer place to be at the moment at least 'cause Williams is HOT, Gordo.

GM: And with good reason. You think back to what Vasquez did to Willie Hammer right down the street from his house in Los Angeles... what he did in front of the young man's friends and family members... it's disgusting and this is Sweet Daddy Williams' chance to get some payback for the man who is like a son to him.

[Williams rolls under the ropes as Vasquez gets to his feet, dashing to the ropes, rebounding off towards the rising Williams...]

GM: Running knee- no, sidestepped by Williams!

[Who uncorks a two-step clothesline, taking Vasquez over the top rope and sending him crashing down onto the ring apron!]

GM: Oh my! Another clothesline connects! Another chance to send Vasquez to the floor but the wily veteran hangs on, landing on the apron instead.

[Williams steps back, walking around the ring...

...and starts unfastening the leather belt secured around his jeans.]

GM: Wait a second! Williams is taking off the belt!

BW: I hope his pants stay on him. No one needs a full moon over Minneapolis of that size and brightness.

[Williams gives the leather loop a yank, pulling it into view. A large metal belt buckle is on one hand as Williams grabs both ends of the belt, forming an open circle...

...and reaching over the top rope, loops it around the throat of Juan Vasquez!]

GM: AHHH!

BW: He's strangling him! He's strangling him with the belt! Somebody stop this!

GM: Nobody can stop it, Bucky! It's anything goes!

[Williams angrily puts his foot through the ropes, kicking Vasquez' legs, knocking him off the apron so that he's dangling, the leather cutting into his throat as he rapidly turns bright red!]

GM: WILLIAMS IS HANGING JUAN VASQUEZ LIVE ON FOX SPORTS X!

[Vasquez is frantically trying to escape and after a few moments, manages to get his feet back up on the apron, relieving the pressure on this throat...

...but the belt stays in place as Williams uses it to yank Vasquez over the top, putting him back down on the canvas!]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is fighting a match unlike anything we've seen out of him before, fans! This is a man possessed on this particular night, driven into a rage of vengeance by the actions of his opponent over the past several months!

[The belt still looped around the neck, Williams hangs on with both hands, dragging Vasquez around the squared circle by it. Vasquez is coughing, kicking his legs as he tries to get loose and the crowd is roaring for what they're seeing.]

BW: Williams is taking a page out of the Hangman's playbook tonight!

[After a full circle around the ring, Williams slackens his grip, letting Vasquez escape. The Hall of Famer lies on the mat, violently coughing, grabbing at his neck where nasty red marks have started to appear.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams backing away, still holding that leather belt though...

[Folding the belt up in his hand, Williams looks out at the fans who roar in response. He points to the other side of the arena, holding up the belt and getting an even bigger cheer..

...and then turns back to Vasquez who is using the ropes to get up off the mat to his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE WHUPPED HIM ACROSS THE BACK!

[Vasquez recoils in pain, staggering across the ring to the opposite side, a red mark now forming on his back as well as Williams takes aim again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The second belt shot causes Vasquez to howl in pain as he stumbles to the adjacent corner, rolling through it to the ropes that he uses to support himself as he tries to steady his footing...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THREE TIMES ACROSS THE BACK OF VASQUEZ!

[Vasquez stumbles across the ring again, spinning around, putting his back against the ropes, defiantly lifting his fists and shouting at Williams to "BRING IT, YOU FAT PIECE OF TRASH!"

And so he does.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ACROSS THE CHEST! HOLY...

[Vasquez clutches his chest, staggering away from the ropes as Williams wraps the leather strap slowly around his fist, making sure that the belt buckle is across his knuckles...

...and BLASTS a stumbling Vasquez between the eyes with it, sending him down to the canvas on his back!]

GM: WHAT A RIGHT HAND!

BW: His hand is wrapped in that damn leather belt... AND he's got the damn buckle on his fist! That's not fair! That's not right!

GM: This is exactly what Juan Vasquez has coming to him, Bucky! Sweet Daddy Williams is taking out every single bit of frustration that he's felt with Juan Vasquez... that the fans have felt with Juan Vasquez... that people like Alex Martinez and Supernova and... even me! Yes, even I am frustrated with Juan Vasquez and his actions!

BW: Are you saying you approve of this... this... savagery?!

GM: I'm saying that there comes a time in a man's life where he cracks. Where he mentally can't take the strain. Where he just can't face another day without battling those demons. Some people go on vacation when that happens... some people retreat into the embrace of their loved ones... some people turn to Mr. Daniels and Senor Cuervo. Sweet Daddy Williams has decided to take it out with violence... extreme violence... on the man causing him such distress.

[Dropping to a knee, Williams grabs Vasquez by the hair, pulling his head off the canvas as he stares dead into his eyes...

...and SMASHES the belt-wrapped fist in between the eyes again!]

GM: The belt buckle driven into the face again!

[And again.]

GM: Oh!

[And again.]

GM: No mercy on the part of Sweet Daddy Williams!

[Blood starts to trickle down the forehead of Juan Vasquez as Williams repeatedly draws back his fist, pistoning the metal belt buckle into the flesh over and over again, splitting the cut open and bringing the trickle of crimson into a stream.]

GM: Williams has split him wide open, fans!

[Climbing to his feet, Williams throws the belt aside, sending it through the ropes and out to the floor as he looks down on his bloodied opponent.]

GM: This is what Williams wanted, Bucky. This is what he has spent the last several weeks dreaming of - getting Vasquez into an environment where he could do anything he wanted to him physically without retribution.

[Williams shakes his head, eyes clinched for a moment... almost as if he can't believe what he's done himself.]

GM: Williams looking down on Vasquez, already bleeding heavily, and perhaps wondering what he can do. What can Sweet Daddy Williams do to get vengeance? To get payback? To avenge what's been done to Ryan Martinez... to Willie Hammer.

[With a solemn nod, Williams reaches down, grabbing Vasquez by the hair...

...and pulls his bloodied opponent into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: You've gotta be kidding me.

GM: Fans... I... I can't believe what I'm seeing right here. Sweet Daddy Williams has just pulled Juan Vasquez into... he's got him in position for a piledriver!

BW: When you think back over the years... think back over AWA history at the people who've used this move.

GM: Some of the most devious, dastardly, nasty, brutal competitors the AWA has ever known...

BW: ...and then there's Sweet Daddy Williams, hero of the people and all around good ol' boy. Can he do it, Gordo? Even with all the pain he's been put through, can he actually do it?

[With another nod, Williams reaches down, hooking his arms around the midsection of Juan Vasquez...]

GM: I don't know. And to be honest, I don't even know what I want to happen.
This might be... this might be too much, Bucky.

[The crowd in Minnesota is buzzing as Williams stands, arms around the body, ready to hoist his bloodied opponent up and drop him on his head...

...but he hesitates.]

GM: Williams is... I don't know if he can do it, Bucky.

BW: I told you, Gordo!

GM: Williams has gone darker than he ever has before but I don't know if he can do this! Because you're right! He IS a good guy. He IS a hero of the people.

[Suddenly, Vasquez drops to his knees, not giving Williams a chance to make a decision on his fate...

...and SWINGS his right arm up into the groin of the fan favorite!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VASQUEZ GOES LOW ON WILLIAMS! COME ON!

BW: Hey, it's like you said, Gordo... anything goes in this one!

[The bloodied Vasquez climbs to his feet, a grin splashed across his face. The fans jeer the low blow and Vasquez relishes in that, extending his arms and making a very slow twirl as he soaks up every single boo from every single fan in the building.]

GM: And this sick son of a gun is enjoying this, Bucky.

BW: I believe you're right, Gordo. He is! What a switch! What a difference a year can make!

GM: When you're a two-faced son of a-

BW: Gordo!

GM -gun like Juan Vasquez is, I suppose you're right.

[Stepping towards the downed Williams, Vasquez raises his right arm, dropping an elbow down into the chest.]

GM: Elbow down into the heart of Williams!

[Vasquez slowly rises, raising his arm a second time... and drops a second elbow.]

GM: And another elbowdrop down on the chest. Vasquez taking his time getting up... a third elbow!

[And now they start coming faster as Vasquez scrambles back up, dropping elbow after elbow after elbow. After his last one, Vasquez simply sits up on the mat, sitting next to the downed Williams...

...and lightly reaches over to slap his former friend on the cheek.]

BW: Aww, a little love tap there.

GM: Love tap, my tail. Vasquez is trying to embarrass Sweet Daddy Williams now.

[Climbing to his feet, Vasquez slowly walks around Williams, ending up near his head where he plants his boot on the forehead...]

...and spins quickly, raking the shoe leather against the flesh!]

GM: Spinning bootscape by Vasquez!

[Williams rolls back and forth in pain, grabbing at his head as Vasquez glares down at him...]

GM: And now, Juan Vasquez is just looking to hurt his former friend... to punish him for daring to stand up to him.

[Hauling Williams 302 pound frame off the mat, Vasquez hurls him backwards, throwing him into the turnbuckles where he crashes hard before slumping down into a seated position against them...]

GM: Vasquez moving into the corner... Williams helpless up against the buckles...

[Grabbing the top rope, Vasquez presses his boot into Williams' face...]

...and then rakes across it, digging into the skin of the fan favorite!]

GM: Facewash in the corner... again... and again!

[Leaving Williams hurting, Vasquez turns to dash to the far ropes, rebounding back across the ring...]

...and throws himself into a running dropkick to the face, sending him through the ropes and out to the floor. He stands on the floor, smiling through his crimson mask at the front row fans screaming for his head.

"SCREW YOU, VASQUEZ!"

"SWEET DADDY'S GONNA KICK YOUR ASS!"

"WAIT 'TIL RYAN COMES BACK! HE'LL OWN YOUR-"

[The last one seems to get under Vasquez' nerves as he charges at the barricade in the direction of the fan, sending them jumping back as he grabs the railing, shouting at them.]

"HE'LL DO NOTHING! THEY'LL ALL DO NOTHING! THE AWA IS MINE! IT BELONGS TO ME! YOU PAY YOUR MONEY TO WATCH ME! ME!"

[Vasquez shoves the railing hard, turning his back as the fans let him have it again.]

GM: Juan Vasquez trading words with the fans out at ringside, losing his cool for a moment.

[Vasquez looks into the ring where Williams has rolled to his chest still near the corner. The Hall of Famer approaches, grabbing Williams by the arms, dragging his torso under the ropes and positioning his head so that's right up against the steel ringpost.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: This looks like... this is kind of a Concussionizer, Gordo!

GM: The very first AWA World Champion, James Monosso, used this to great effect over the years when he was trying to put an opponent on the shelf.

BW: Just ask Eric Preston!

GM: That's not funny at all. Eric Preston was a great young competitor - perhaps the future of this company - until concussion issues forced him to retire... and this very move caused some of those concussion issues, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Preston... see if they've got room for your new roommate! He'll be on his way soon!

[Vasquez backs off, wiping the blood from his eyes as he reaches the far ringpost, standing on the floor. He slowly raises an arm, pointing at Williams who is unmoving...

...and starts charging the length of the ring apron, moving in swiftly on Williams, raising his leg for the big kick that will drive Williams' head into the post!]

GM: CONCUSSIONIZ-

[But at the last possible moment, Williams pulls himself JUST out of the way, causing Vasquez to whiff on the kick and drive his own foot into the steel post!]

GM: OH!

[Vasquez immediately drops down to the floor, clutching his leg in pain, wincing as he rolls to his back.]

GM: And Vasquez may have hurt himself! He missed that kick - that devastating kick - and came up holding the ankle!

BW: Kicking the post like that could break an ankle... could break your whole foot for that matter. Vasquez is in a lot of pain, Gordo.

[Lying on his back, Vasquez cries out in pain as the referee slides to the floor, asking him if he can continue. The Hall of Famer angrily grabs Longfellow by the shirt, pulling him close and shoving him away.]

GM: Vasquez telling the official to get away... telling him he can go on.

[Sitting up on the mat, biting his lower lip, Vasquez starts unlacing his shiny black boot.]

GM: Is he taking off his boot?

BW: Sure looks like it.

[And Vasquez yanks his foot free, tossing the boot aside. He grabs at his ankle, massaging some blood into it for a moment as Sweet Daddy Williams uses the ropes to regain his feet inside the ring. He leans through the ropes, grabbing Vasquez by the hair, dragging him up on the apron.]

GM: Williams bringing Vasquez back in, the tide turning once more...

[Williams pulls Vasquez into a front facelock, reaching over to hook the back of his pants...]

GM: The man from Hotlanta looking to bring Vasquez in the hard way...

[...and hoists him into the air, holding him high for a moment...]

GM: OH!

[Vasquez suddenly lashes out with a knee, catching Williams in the forehead as he swings back the other way, dropping down on the ring apron...

...where he HEADBUTTS Williams right in the middle of the face, sending him falling down to all fours on the mat!]

GM: OH!

BW: One of the hardest headbutts in the sport! He's traded headbutts with Raphael Rhodes, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, Tumaffi, and lived to tell the tale!

[Grabbing Williams by the hair, he pulls Williams' head and torso between the top and middle ropes, swinging his knee up into the face once... twice... three times... four times... five times...]

GM: Devastating kneestrikes by the former National Champion, leaving Williams hung out to dry over the middle rope!

[Vasquez backs off, taking aim as his back hits the far ringpost...

...and charges down the apron, leaping into the air to DRIVE both feet (including the bare one) into the face of Williams before he crashes down on his own back on the apron!]

GM: OHHH!

[Williams flops backwards, landing on the mat as Vasquez stays on the apron, breathing heavily as he reaches down to grab at his ankle again.]

GM: Vasquez in pain... Williams down on the mat. What a brutal battle this one has been so far, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Williams is putting up more of a fight than I thought possible for him but Vasquez is taking all he's got and giving more in return.

[Grabbing the ropes and gritting his teeth, Vasquez drags himself up to a standing position on the apron before limping towards the corner.]

GM: Now where is he going?

BW: It looks like he's going up top!

GM: Juan Vasquez - on one leg practically - is climbing the ropes, looking down at Sweet Daddy Williams!

[He hops up to the second rope, biting his lip again before jumping to the top, putting his good leg down first before trying to rest any weight on the other leg. He raises his arms, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...and LEAPS into the air, tucking his arms and legs...]

GM: FROG SPLASH!

[...and CRASHES down onto the prone form of Sweet Daddy Williams, actually BOUNCING off of Williams and landing a few feet away, cradling his ribcage!]

GM: What height! What impact!

BW: He uses that one in tribute to his best friend, Luke Kinsey... the Magic Carpet Ride! And if he can cover, I think he's got this one won, Gordo.

GM: Maybe he does but right now, he's not in a position to make the pin!

[With the crowd screaming, imploring Williams to get up, Vasquez starts crawling across the ring, looking to finish off his former friend...

...and makes a dive into a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But at the last moment before the hand comes down, Williams' shoulder flies up off the canvas!]

GM: THR- NO! NO! WILLIAMS KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Vasquez rolls off of Williams, clutching his ribcage again, looking up at the lights as the crowd buzzes at the nearfall...

...and suddenly, the buzz turns to loud boos.]

GM: The crowd getting on the case of Juan Vasquez yet again and-

BW: I don't think so, Gordo. Not this time at least.

GM: What are you... wait a second!

[The camera cuts to the aisleway to show the reason the fans are booing at the moment... Jackson Hunter making his way towards the ring, a thoughtful look upon his face.]

GM: What in the world?

BW: Jackson Hunter! It's Jackson Hunter!

GM: I can see that but why? Why on earth would he be...?

[Hunter slowly makes his way down the aisle, watching with great interest as Juan Vasquez drags his body across the ring, ending up sitting against the turnbuckles as Sweet Daddy Williams rolls over to all fours.]

GM: Vasquez pulling himself up, trying to get up off the mat.

[Using only his upper body, Vasquez gets there, leaning against the buckles as blood pours from his forehead. He wipes his stinging eyes again, wobbling across the ring to where Sweet Daddy Williams has pushed up to his knees.]

GM: Vasquez slowly moving towards Williams, giving him all the time in the world to get to his knees...

[Vasquez' right hand can be seen clenching and unclenching... clenching and unclenching as he approaches...]

GM: Williams still down on the mat... he needs to get up...

[Williams looks up at Vasquez who stands before him, his right hand now firmly clenched...]

GM: Vasquez saying something... what could he possibly be saying to him?

BW: Wouldn't you love to be able to read lips right now?

[Suddenly, Vasquez draws his right hand back in preparation for perhaps the most feared strike in all of professional wrestling...]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[...but before he can throw it, Williams rears back and lands a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Oh! Sweet Daddy caught him!

[Williams throws a second, doubling up Vasquez...

...and a hairpull-enhanced uppercut snaps Vasquez' head back, sending him staggering away as Williams climbs up off the mat.]

GM: Williams is back on his feet...

[Vasquez staggers back towards him, rearing back his right hand again...

...but Williams lands a haymaker first, bouncing off the jaw of Vasquez!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand connects!

[Williams rears back and fires again...]

GM: Another one, right off the skull of the Hall of Famer!

[A third sends Vasquez staggering backwards, arms pinwheeling around as he falls into the corner. With a shout, Williams mounts the midbuckle, looking out at the roaring Minnesota crowd...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Williams hops down off the second rope, grabbing Vasquez by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Vasquez SLAMS into the buckles! Wow! What impact!

[With another whoop, Williams tears across the ring, extending his arm for a corner clothesline...

...but runs headlong into Vasquez' raised boot, catching him right under the chin!]

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Williams got caught coming in and-

[Vasquez steps forward, leaping up and snapping his bare foot into the back of Williams’ head!]

BW: OHHH! ENZUIGIRI! ENZUIGIRI!

[Williams slumps to his knees, falling to the mat as Vasquez desperately flips him over, grabbing at his ankle as he falls backfirst across Williams, wincing as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SHOULDER UP! WILLIAMS GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

[An irate Vasquez rolls to his knees, pushing to his feet. He reaches down, snaring Williams’ left hand in a knucklelock. He makes a grab for the right but Williams pulls it away so Vasquez raises his boot-covered foot...]

GM: STOMP!

[The crowd can be heard audibly groaning as a defenseless Williams repeatedly has a boot driven down into his face, the trapped hand preventing him from blocking them!]

GM: REPEATED STOMPS TO THE FACE!

[The referee is right there, anxiously watching as he considers stopping the match.]

BW: Vasquez is stomping Williams into oblivion! The referee’s gotta stop it!

GM: Longfellow’s taking a look... taking a long look...

[But Vasquez suddenly rips his hand away from Williams, shoving Longfellow down to the mat, shouting at him...]

“THIS IS MY COMPANY! YOU DON’T STOP MY MATCH UNLESS I TELL YOU TO!”

[The camera catches Jackson Hunter smile approvingly out on the floor, nodding as Vasquez turns back to Williams, looking to finish him off now.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams fighting a battle with unconsciousness after those stomps to the head... can he keep going? Can he keep fighting this battle he wanted so badly as Vasquez drags his 300 pound frame off the canvas, pulling him out to the middle of the ring...

[Clenching his jaw, Vasquez ducks down, scooping the 302 pounder into the air, slamming him down in the middle of the ring...]

GM: Big slam, right in the center...

[And with a blood-covered grin, Vasquez looks out at the crowd with a nod. He gingerly starts running in place, puffing his cheeks out...]

GM: Oh, you’ve gotta be kidding me.

BW: Hah!

[Vasquez gingerly runs to the ropes, favoring the ankle as he rebounds back, leaping into the air, dropping backfirst on his prone opponent.]

GM: Shades of Tommy Steph-

BW: No, no, no! That was shades of Willie Hammer, daddy! No doubt about it!

[A smirking Vasquez flips over as Jackson Hunter raises his arms out on the floor, the referee diving to count.]

GM: ONE!

[And Vasquez goes FLYING off the downed Williams!]

GM: WHAT IN THE...?!

[Williams sits up, eyes wide with rage. Vasquez leans back, raising a hand, shaking his head at Williams...]

GM: Vasquez could've had the match won and he decided to mock Willie Hammer! He mocked Willie Hammer and Sweet Daddy Williams HAS... HAD... EEEEE-NOUGH!

[Williams climbs up off the mat as Vasquez does the same. The Hall of Famer is backpedaling, shaking his head, begging off as the Hotlanta hot head advances on him. Vasquez ends up against the buckles, shoving off with a right hand attempt that Williams blocks...]

...and BLASTS Vasquez with a right hand of his own, sending him flying through the air and crashing back into the corner!]

GM: Wow! What a right hand!

[Stepping in, Williams grabs Vasquez by his bloody hair, winding up his right and letting it fly time and time again...]

GM: Big right hands in the corner, rocking the Hall of Famer!

[Ricky Longfellow stands and watches as Williams rains down blows on the former champion...]

...and when a big uppercut sends Vasquez sailing over the ropes, crashing down to the floor, Longfellow actually jumps!]

GM: WILLIAMS SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR!

[The fan favorite drops to his back, rolling out to the floor where he pulls the bloodied Vasquez up by the hair...]

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Vasquez gets introduced to the apron!

[Vasquez stumbles away but Williams is in pursuit...]

GM: Uh oh, they're coming over here by-

[Williams rushes forward, tackling Vasquez from behind, sending them both flying on top of the announce table. Papers go flying, drinks hit the floor as the announcers scramble.]

Williams takes a knee on the table, battering the bloodied Vasquez with closed fists as the Minnesota crowd cheers him on.]

GM: Are we... can anyone hear me?

BW: That lunatic knocked over my Coke! He owes me five bucks!

GM: For a Coke?!

BW: Mental anguish.

[Williams climbs to his feet, dragging Vasquez up by his bloody hair...

...and pulls him into piledriver position again!]

GM: Wait, wait, wait!

BW: They're on top of our table, Gordo!

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is going to do to Juan Vasquez what Vasquez did to Hannibal Carver back at SuperClash!

BW: And if you hear someone screaming right now, fans, that's just our producer mad that Gordon said his name!

[Williams leans down, wrapping his arms around Vasquez' midsection.]

GM: And again, I have to wonder if Sweet Daddy Williams can do this... I have to wonder if it's in his character to do something like this! I have to wonder if he can bring himself to stoop this low!

BW: If he doesn't do it, Vasquez will! This ain't ballet, daddy - it's kill or be killed!

GM: Williams has him hooked... all he has to do is lift him up and drop him down... send him crashing headfirst through a table onto concrete... potentially shorten his career... perhaps END his career! Does Sweet Daddy Williams - no matter what Juan Vasquez has done - have it in his soul to end another man's career? To put them in the hospital? To put them in a wheelchair?!

[Williams again seems to be hesitating, looking out on the crowd which is buzzing with concern over what they're seeing...]

GM: The fans don't know if they want this! I don't know if I want this! And deep down, I don't know if Sweet Daddy Williams knows if he wants this, Bucky!

BW: Stop wasting time, you fat slob! Do it! For once in your damn career, be a man and do it!

GM: Be a man?!

[Williams looks down at Vasquez for a long moment...

...and then shoves him down to his knees, shaking his head as he leans against the ring ropes. Some in the fans boo that decision but many more cheer the Hotlanta native as he shakes his head.]

GM: And in the end, Williams IS a man. In the end, Williams could not bring himself to be lowered to Vasquez' level! In the end-

[Vasquez suddenly comes up off his knees, lifting the unsuspecting Williams up over his shoulder, straining to reach back and cradle the head...]

GM: NO! NO, NO!

[...and LEAPS off the table, DRIVING the back of Williams' head and neck into the barely-padded concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ON THE FLOOR! CITY OF ANGELS OFF OUR TABLE AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR! MY GOD IN HEAVEN! MY GOD IN HEAVEN!

[Vasquez slumps back, lying on the floor next to his former friend as the crowd roars their shock and disgust at what they just saw.]

GM: Williams is down! Vasquez is down! An incredible move off the table to the floor and... I'm in great fear over the condition of Sweet Daddy Williams, fans. I'm afraid of what that move just did to this AWA Original.

[Williams is motionless on the floor as Jackson Hunter shouts at Vasquez, "FINISH IT NOW! NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!"]

GM: What in the HELL is Jackson Hunter doing out here?! We still don't have an answer to that as Vasquez sits up on the floor, blood still coming from his head - a sign of the damage that Williams was able to do early in the match.

BW: He ain't doin' any damage now, Gordo... the dumb goof.

GM: He did the right thing, Bucky. Love it or hate it, he did the right thing.

[Nodding at Hunter, the bloodied Vasquez pushes up off the floor, looking down at Williams. He grabs his former friend by the hair, starting to drag him up, looking into the ring...

...and then pauses.]

GM: What's he doing?

[Vasquez spits a mouthful of bloody saliva on the thin mats at ringside, releasing his grip on Williams' hair, letting him slump back down to the floor.]

GM: What's going on now?

BW: I have no idea.

[Vasquez steps past Williams, giving a swing of his arm at the cameraman in front of him. The cameraman doesn't move quick enough and gets shoved back into the railing by Vasquez, sending the camera's shot all crazy-like.]

GM: Good lord! Leave the cameraman alone! He's just doing his job for crying out loud!

[We cut to a different shot that shows Vasquez leaning over, digging his fingers in...

...and pulling up the thin mats covering the Target Center's floor.]

GM: Oh my god. He's pulling up the damn mats, Bucky! He's tearing up these protective mats that don't provide a whole lot of protection to the wrestlers to being with!

BW: Yeah, they're so Gellar doesn't have to pay the building for dinged up floors.

GM: The mats- oh! He throws the mat over by the fans... and he's exposed the concrete floor!

BW: But why?

GM: I have no idea but it can't be good. It cannot be good for Sweet Daddy Williams.

[Grabbing Williams by the arms, Vasquez drags his limp form the few feet from where he lies so that his face is now resting on the cold, solid, unforgiving concrete floor...]

GM: He's got him over on the floor. I don't know what he has in mind but someone's gotta stop this!

BW: It's a Street Fight! There are no rules! No one can stop this but the referee and after Vasquez threatened him last time, do you really think he'll try and stop it now?

GM: I don't know but... oh my god, Bucky, oh my god!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Vasquez stands behind Williams, loosing tying up his legs in a deathlock. He reaches down, grabbing Williams by the arms...]

GM: For the love of God, Juan... don't do this. Please... please don't do this!

[Vasquez grips the wrists, pulling back on them so that Williams' upper body is now off the floor. The Hall of Famer looks out at the jeering crowd... a look of disdain on his face.

Hatred. For Williams. For the fans. For everyone.]

GM: Somebody... please, somebody stop...

[Vasquez raises his foot, pressing it against the back of Williams' head...]

GM: NO!

[...and DRIVES Williams' face down into the exposed concrete floor with sickening impact! The crowd ERUPTS in shock... and then falls silent as they realize the result of his actions.]

GM: Oh... oh my god.

BW: Wow.

[Vasquez looks out at the near-silent crowd...

...and a sickening blood-covered grin crosses his face, bringing the boos one more. Deafening boos. Overwhelming boos. With a nod, Vasquez grabs his former friend by the arm, dragging his limp 302 pound frame off the floor, pulling him towards the ring where he rolls him under the ropes.

He rolls in after him, looking out at the crowd again... and then gestures to the motionless Williams...]

"Him? He's who you cheer? He's your hero?"

[With a smirk, he spits another mouthful of blood-tinged saliva down onto Williams' chest before he simply sits down on his chest, looking out at the crowd the entire time the referee counts once... twice... and three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds, the boos intensify, and Vasquez slowly climbs to his feet, still looking out at the fans - savoring the moment, taking in their reaction to the destruction of their hero. Jackson Hunter's applause breaks up the scene for a moment as Vasquez gives him a slight nod of appreciation.]

Vasquez raises his arms, gesturing to the crowd.]

"WHO!? WHO IS YOUR HERO NOW?!"

[The boos get louder... and louder.]

"WHO?!"

[And then... a chant begins. Softly at first but slowly gaining volume. It is one that Juan Vasquez was not expecting as his answer. It is one that causes Vasquez' eyes to flash with rage.]

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

[Vasquez shakes his head, just barely at first as he turns away from Williams, starting to exit the ring...

...but the chant gets louder.]

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

[Vasquez stops his exit, stepping back into the ring, looking out at the fans. We cut to a group of fans jumping up and down in a mix of "White Knight" and #holdtheline t-shirts as they chant...]

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

[We cut back to the ring where Vasquez shakes his head.]

"HE'S NOT HERE! HE CAN'T SAVE YOU!"

[Somehow, it gets louder...]

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

"MAR-TI-NEZ!"

[Vasquez sneers and then suddenly rushes towards the still-motionless Sweet Daddy Williams, leaning down to grab him by the hair...

...when the Minnesota crowd EXPLODES into cheers!]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ! ALEX MARTINEZ!

[The crowd is SCREAMING their heads off as the Last American Badass comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring. Jackson Hunter is shouting words of warning to Vasquez who breaks off his attack on Williams, turning to face Martinez, fists at the ready.]

BW: We're gonna get a bonus match! Minnesota don't deserve it but it's gonna happen!

[Martinez clears the barricade, looking to get in the ring...

...when he gets BLINDSIDED by a steel-chain wielding Russian!]

GM: ZHARKOV!

[The crowd turns on a dime, going back to jeers as Maxim Zharkov raises the chain over his head, bringing it down on Martinez... and again... and again...]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Inside the ring, a chuckling Vasquez turns back to Williams...]

GM: No, no...

[...and yanks him up, pulling him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Damn it, no! Somebody get in there!

[Zharkov hits Martinez with the chain again, keeping him down on the floor...

...and the crowd ERUPTS once more as the locker room empties, pouring down the aisle towards the ring. Seeing them coming, Zharkov grabs his chain, wrapping it around his fist, rolling into the ring with it.]

GM: Zharkov's in the ring now too and-

[Supernova is the first one there, leaping up on the ring apron...

...where Zharkov SMASHES a chain-wrapped fist into his head, sending him back down to the floor!]

GM: OH!

[Travis Lynch is next up... and next down. A few more follow quickly after that - Howie Somers, Cesar Hernandez, and Jordan Ohara!]

GM: Zharkov's keeping them all back with the chain! No one can get past him!

[On the other side of the ring, Jackson Hunter is using a steel chair to keep Daniel Harper and the Shadow Star Legion down on the floor...

...paving the way for Vasquez to lift Williams up, holding him there for an extended period of time...]

GM: NO!

[...before DROPPING the AWA Original down on his head, sending an explosion of grief-filled jeers out of the Minnesota crowd!]

GM: DAMN HIM! DAMN HIM!

[Vasquez rises up, looking down at the motionless Williams as Jackson Hunter gets overwhelmed by the fan favorites with the addition of Michael Weaver and Caspian Abaran. The Gladiator gets past Zharkov after a brief tussle...

...and Vasquez bails out to the floor, dragging Hunter with him. The duo is quickly joined by Zharkov and together, the three men scale over the barricade, pushing their way through rabidly angry fans. A fan makes a lunge at Vasquez but Zharkov ties him up, throwing him down to the ground as AWA security and officials rush to the ringside area, some diving into the crowd to keep a riot from breaking out.

The scene is hot in the crowd, trash being thrown in the direction of Vasquez, Zharkov, and Hunter as they try to get to safety. The wrestlers in the ring are split, most checking on Williams while a few kneels next to Alex Martinez.]

GM: The City of Angels off the table... the curbstomp on the floor... the piledriver in the ring...

[Gordon's voice trails off as we cut back to the ring where a concerned Dr. Bob Ponavitch kneels next to Sweet Daddy Williams, quickly giving his medical team instructions.]

GM: I don't... right now, I don't give a damn about Vasquez... about Zharkov or Hunter... about... it's a damn axis of evil is what it is... but I don't care about any of that right now. My concern is with the health of Sweet Daddy Williams. My concern is with his condition and...

[Gordon's voice trails off.]

GM: Fans, I apologize. This is... at my very core, I am a journalist and as a journalist, I should remain emotionless and impartial at this moment. But right now, I can NOT be impartial. Right now, I am nothing but emotion. That is... that's my friend in there... a friend to many of us... and I...

BW: Gordon, it's fine. Go.

GM: I... okay, thank you.

[A "CLUNK!" is heard and after a moment, we see Gordon Myers in the ring alongside the wrestlers, looking down at an unmoving Sweet Daddy Williams.

We cut again to the crowd where security has formed a ring around Juan Vasquez, Maxim Zharkov, and Jackson Hunter, attempting to protect them from a surging mass of humanity baying for their blood.

Back to the ring where those inside have lowered to a knee, many whispering a silent prayer for their friend as the AWA medical team tends to him. Dr. Ponavitch loudly calls for a stretcher, shouting to “get the ambulance ready!”

Cut to a different part of the crowd, tears welling in the eyes of a pair of youngsters, their mother’s hand on their shoulders.

We pull out to a wide shot of the ring, taking in the whole scene one more time...

...and we fade to black.]