



SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

APRIL NINTH, TWO THOUSAND AND SIXTEEN
SPRINT CENTER
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

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

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

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

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

[The logo and fanfare fade...

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

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

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

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and that black slowly fades to the star-filled sky that hung above Minute Maid Park at SuperClash VII. After a moment, the drums to Halestorm's "Scream" kick in along with its signature call at the outset.]

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

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

#Oh-ohohohoh-ohohohohoh!#

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

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

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

#Oh-ohohohoh!#

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

#The seeds in my head
Visions in red#

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#Scream#

#Scream#

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

#Scream#

#Until they hear you#

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

#Scream#

[The black screen "shatters" into a live shot outside the Sprint 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 Kansas City, Missouri at the Sprint 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 lime green sportscoat over a sunburst yellow dress shirt. He's opted for a bleached white bowtie on this night as he turns his back to the camera, jerking a thumb at "BIG BUCKS" flashing in twinkly lights across the back of his coat.

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: Kansas City has had pro wrestling in the bloodstream for decades! You think back to 1973 when Terry Shane Jr. lost the World Title to Cameron O'Connor - both competitors the fathers of men who've competed inside of the AWA ring. You think about Hamilton Graham. You think back a handful of years ago to the wars between Jack Lynch and Demetrius Lake. Kansas City has seen it all and done it all and tonight, the AWA has come to town to present the gold standard of professional wrestling in 2016! And what a show we've got here tonight, Bucky.

BW: That's right, daddy. That puffed-up goof Gladiator is finally going to understand the true meaning of war when he goes into battle with Ultra Commando 3!

GM: We've got tag team action with Downfall taking on the Shadow Star Legion!

BW: And don't forget the World Television Title on the line with Supernova defending against Derrick Williams!

GM: It's a jam-packed night of action so let's get things started with-

[Suddenly, over the Sprint Center PA system, the opening riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" comes blaring throughout the arena. In what continues to be an odd moment, the crowd actually gives a somewhat lukewarm response to this rather than throw things.

From the entrance portal emerges "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a brown pair of slacks, a light blue dress shirt with a brown tie and vest, covered by a long camel colored overcoat. His long blond hair spills over his shoulders. He soaks in the crowd reaction before beginning his trek towards the ring.]

GM: I still can't get used to hearing this music accompanied by cheers.

BW: Me either. It's disgusting.

[Dufresne reaches the ring and requests a microphone which is delivered. He paces around the ring a few moments while the crowd dies down.]

CD: So I learned two weeks ago that it wasn't just the guy who got called a jellyfish for the past eight years who has a spine around here.

[A smirk from the former World Champion.]

CD: Can someone go find the closest teenage girl merch stand and bring me Travis Lynch, please? I need to say this to his face.

[Dufresne turns his attention to the entranceway and stares at it for a long moment as nothing happens.]

BW: Leave it to Stench, believing that he's too good to come out here when-

[The classic and unmistakable opening of "Tom Sawyer" by Rush erupts throughout the Sprint Center cutting Bucky Wilde off in mid-sentence. As Travis Lynch emerges through the entranceway, the high pitch screams of the lovely ladies of Kansas City nearly drown out the rock classic.]

GM: Here comes the AWA National Champion!

BW: I liked it a lot better when Stench was staying in the back, it was easier to hear myself think.

[The National Champion, attired in blue jeans and a super smedium black T-shirt with TRAVIS written in stylized gold lettering, the AWA National Championship belt around his waist, jogs down the aisle.]

GM: I wonder what Calisto Dufresne could possibly want to say to Travis here.

BW: He probably wants to compare notes on how compared to the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson, they're both losers.

GM: Come on, Bucky! You know very well that Detson barely retained his title against both of these men!

[Travis stops by the timekeeper's table and takes a microphone before he climbs the ringsteps. The AWA National Champion cautiously enters the ring.]

CD: I'll be honest, Trav. I'm not used to being this close to a Lynch without wanting to punch one in the face. So this is difficult for me.

[Dufresne pauses, running a hand through his blonde hair.]

CD: But thank you.

[A nod from Dufresne which Lynch returns.]

CD: Thank you for saving me from the suspension I was bound to get from the epic beatdown I was getting ready to unleash on the so-called "Kings" of Wrestling two weeks ago. My Maserati doesn't pay for itself after all.

[A roll of the eyes from Travis, but Dufresne continues on.]

CD: Here's the thing, my young friend. I've got a lot more experience dealing with these types of hyenas than you do, considering I am one. I spent over a year as part of the greatest collection of wrestling talent the industry has ever seen, the Southern Syndicate. And if Tiger Claw and Casey James would like to come out here and debate that with me, they're welcome to, by the way.

[The crowd snickers a bit since every person in attendance is aware that Dufresne wants no such thing to happen.]

CD: And when you want to deal with a gang of hyenas, you need a gang of your own. Which is where you come in.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Travis looks puzzled.]

CD: There's only one piece of historic AWA hardware missing from my trophy case, Travis. I've been a National Tag Team Champion. I've won the Stampede Cup. I've been a National Champion. I've been a World Champion.

But I've never had my hands on the World Tag Team Titles.

[The crowd gives a huge pop at the idea.]

CD: So what say you, Lynch? Can you pull yourself away from the One Direction fans long enough for you and I to beat Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor from pillar to post at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[The crowd continues to cheer the proposal as Travis rubs his chin for a moment before beginning to speak.]

TL: Since SuperClash, the AWA has been sent into a tailspin. You've got Juan Vasquez runnin' roughshod, droppin' people with piledriver after piledriver.

[Travis shakes his head.]

TL: And yet nothin' has been done about it. The former so-called People's Champ has gotten away cripplin' people just 'cause the guy in charge believes it should be handled in the ring. I stood in this ring and...

[Calisto looks at Travis with a quizzical look on his face. Travis notices it and cracks a quick smile.]

TL: Don't worry, Dufresne... I'll get to you in a second. At the Eighth Anniversary Show, I told everyone if you want to break the line, I'd be right there!

[The crowd cheers.]

TL: And luckily for you, Dufresne, I'm a man of my word, since those so-called Kings of Wrestling were lookin' to put you down... and I can honestly say I never thought I would be the first man to rush to your aid. I never once thought I would be standin' in this ring listenin' to you thank me.

[Travis pauses.]

TL: Yet here we are... you thankin' me and me tellin' you, "you're welcome."

[The Sprint Center cheers once again.]

TL: You say you need a gang to fight a gang. For my entire life, Dufresne, I've had Jack and James - my blood - by my side so I've never needed a gang before. I always knew who I could turn to. But James is back home in Texas. Jack's back home too taking care of business... so here I am for the first time in my life not knowin' who has my back.

[Travis paces for a moment, looking Dufresne in the eyes as he does so.]

TL: So imagine my surprise when a self-proclaimed hyena is askin' me to stand by his side to take on the AWA World Tag Team Champions.

[The National Champion pauses again, shaking his head.]

TL: Now, I'm sure Jack would have a tale about how one time in Kansas City... heck, maybe in this very building... well, I'm guessing that story would end with him sayin' that the enemy of my enemy is my friend!

[The crowd cheers as if they can sense what Travis' decision is.]

TL: So Calisto, let's beat Taylor and Donovan pillar to post and show Lau's little gang that just 'cause you call yourself a King doesn't make you one!

[Lynch lowers the mic, extending his hand towards Dufresne who cracks a grin at the response...

...and accepts the handshake to a big cheer from the Kansas City crowd!]

GM: Whoa! How about that, Bucky Wilde?! A challenge has been issued for Memorial Day Mayhem in Seattle, Washington where Calisto Dufresne and Travis Lynch want to get their hands on Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, and the World Tag Team Titles!

BW: Who in the heck do these two think they are?! They haven't beaten anyone! They're not on the top contenders list!

GM: Maybe not but Travis Lynch is the National Champion and Calisto Dufresne - as he said - has won just about every piece of gold in this company except one. And now the Ladykiller's got his eyes set on the World Tag Team Titles AND he's got the partner to take those titles!

BW: We'll see about that. The Kings of Wrestling are scheduled to be in the building tonight too, Gordo, and I bet they'll have something to say about this.

GM: I'm sure they will. Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who is standing by! Mark?

[We go to backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Standing next to him is "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson, who is dressed in a black sweater, blue jeans and her trademark headband.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... and joining me right now is "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson, who we have seen in action several times in the past month. Lori, when you came to the AWA, you said you wanted to provide a good example for the women who make up the current roster. I wanted to know what your impressions are thus far.

LW: Mark, it has been an interesting time, for sure. We've already seen a lot of great talent coming from Japan, a place in which you'll find no shortage of talent. There's been a few younger girls who I've already had the chance to talk to, find out what their hopes and aspirations are, as they get some tryout matches here. It's just exciting to see how much interest Emerson Gellar has taken in putting this division together and to see so many young women get the opportunity.

MS: Are there any individuals you can name in particular?

[Lori pauses, as if thinking about that question.]

LW: I will say I'm intrigued about what Ayako Fujiwara can do. I've seen the footage of her in action in Japan and there's no question she's talented. The exciting thing is that she hasn't even reached her full potential yet. I'm looking forward not only to her eventual debut, but to seeing how she does in realizing all that she can do in that ring.

MS: Many are interested in the arrival of Fujiwara, but I was wondering more about what you thought about some of the talent that has already made their debuts here in the AWA.

LW: [nodding] Well, let's just say I'm keeping a close eye on a few people in particular. You see, I've been in this business for 20 years and, when I first started, there was a lot I had to learn. As I got older, I became wiser, realized that success wasn't so easily achieved, and that you had to give it 100 percent, every single

time you stepped into that ring. There never was a shortcut to success and there were no easy ways out of anything.

MS: So what exactly are you getting at, Lori? Is there something more specific you can talk about?

[Lori pauses again.]

LW: Let's just say I see a few people here who have a lot to learn about this business. And, tonight, I'm going to be keeping a close eye on what's developing.

[She walks off the set.]

MS: Well... I'm not sure what Lori could be referring to... but perhaps we'll find out in the future. Let's go back down to ringside for our opening matchup!

[Fade to the ring which has several people in it at the moment - four of which are dressed for battle.]

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 497 pounds... the team of the Sicilian Stud and "Outback" Zack Kelly!

[The international duo raise their arms to cheers from some in the crowd.]

GM: Two long-time AWA fan favorites teaming up in this one... and quite the international flair to this duo, Bucky.

BW: An Italian and an Australian walk into the ring... sounds like the start to a joke. Give me a few minutes to come up with the punchline.

GM: I'm glad you're taking this seriously.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 449 pounds... from the Long Hard Road... Paulie Italiano and Matt Rogers... the BROS OF ANARCHY!

[Italiano plays to the crowd while a disinterested Rogers lurks in the corner with a grimace.]

GM: Now this is an interesting duo, Bucky.

BW: Bros of Anarchy. Rogers I can buy on a hog but Italiano probably is still on a ten speed, Gordo.

GM: You know, I was talking to Paulie Italiano earlier today, trying to understand how this team came to be. He says that he and Rogers are a lot more alike than anyone would imagine.

BW: Matt Rogers is trying to overthrow the government and Italiano is trying to get his hair to stay in place 24/7... yeah, I can see the similarities.

[As the ring announcer steps out, referee Scott Ezra speaks to all four competitors, watching as the Sicilian Stud stays in for his team. Italiano offers his partner a high five... but Rogers ignores him, stepping out to the apron.]

GM: Alright, it appears as though it's an Italian clash coming up.

BW: Paulie Italiano is no more Italian than the Olive Garden. They're not a sponsor, are they?

GM: Not after that comment although I am a fan of their unlimited breadsticks.

[Italiano looks at his unslapped hand, shaking his head at Matt Rogers with an anguished "Brooooooooo." He slowly turns to face his opponent who has a hand offered.]

GM: The Sicilian Stud with a show of sportsmanship... and listen to Matt Rogers demanding that Italiano refuse the handshake.

[Italiano looks disappointed at having to throw a dismissive gesture at the Stud who shrugs as the bell sounds.]

GM: And here we go... collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring.

[The Stud quickly takes advantage of his twenty pound weight edge, pushing the New Jersey native back into the neutral corner where the referee immediately calls for the break. The Stud steps back as an agitated Italiano shouts, "BRO! WATCH THE HAIR!" to some cheers.]

GM: And there's that.

BW: You knew it was coming.

[The Stud retakes the center of the ring, waiting for Italiano to adjust his hairdo and make his way out to join him...]

GM: Another tieup... and this time, it's Italiano who backs the Stud up into the corner. Will we get a clean break this time?

[Matt Rogers is shouting at Italiano from the apron...

...and as he breaks, Italiano throws a shoulder into the midsection of the Anarchist.]

GM: Ohh! Italiano does NOT break clean, going down into the gut.

[Rogers claps as Italiano looks towards him for approval...

...and then looks back at his opponent who uncorks a right hand to the jaw that sends Italiano sailing into the air before crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: Oh! The Stud breaks out the fisticuffs early!

[The Stud grabs a handful of Italiano's hair, grinning as he does, pulling him to his feet, rushing across the ring with him...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the top turnbuckle, sending Italiano bouncing high into the air before sprawling out on the canvas again!]

GM: Down goes Italiano... and he's immediately checking out his hair...

[As he does, the Stud drags him up by the back of the trunks, lifting him high into the air, dropping him down on a bent knee, sending him flying facefirst into the corner where the Australian awaits a tag... and gets one.]

GM: The tag is made... in comes "Outback" Zack Kelly...

[Kelly steps in, swinging his arms together in a bell clap on Italiano's ears. The New Jersey native staggers across the ring but Kelly hooks him by the multi-colored trunks before he can get to his corner...]

GM: Kelly cuts him off... swings him around...

[A big haymaker puts Italiano back down on the mat again.]

GM: What a shot to the jaw! Kelly and the Stud are looking good so far in this one.

[Italiano crawls across the ring, grabbing the ropes as he tries to get to his feet. The Australian comes barreling in after him...

...but Italiano catches him under the chin with a back elbow!]

GM: Ohh! He caught Outback Zack coming in!

[Italiano steps up onto the second rope, throwing himself back into another elbow, taking Kelly off his feet.]

GM: And how about that one, Bucky?

BW: And the bartender says, that's not Italian sausage! No... that's not it.

[Getting back up, Italiano hears a shout from Rogers, grimacing as he puts a pair of boots to Kelly before turning with a "you satisfied?" gesture. Rogers shakes his head, sticking out his own hand which Italiano quickly slaps.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the Anarchist, Matt Rogers.

[Rogers slips through the ropes, rushing towards the rising Zack Kelly, leaping into the air to throw a leg lariat across the chest, knocking him back down.]

GM: Rogers takes him down!

BW: You gotta watch the kicks - the feet and legs in general really - of Matt Rogers.

[Rolling up to his feet, Rogers lashes out with a pair of soccer kicks to the ribs, forcing Kelly over towards the ropes. He plants a boot down on the windpipe, leaning over the ropes and grabbing them for leverage as the referee starts a count.]

GM: Rogers with a blatant choke!

BW: There are no rules for Matt Rogers. Anarchy rules for him!

[Rogers has a similar statement for Scott Ezra as he breaks his choke at four and a half, leaving the Australian gasping for air on the canvas.]

GM: Rogers wasting time with the official...

[He breaks into a charge, bouncing off the ropes...

...and DRILLS Rogers with a baseball slide dropkick to the chest, sending Kelly rolling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Perfect precision on the dropkick and Kelly hits the floor at ringside!

[Rogers gets up, throwing a glance at Italiano before moving towards the ropes. The official cuts him off...

...and Italiano reluctantly drops off the apron, rushing over to pull Kelly off the floor by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ITALIANO SENDS HIM ILLEGALLY INTO THE STEEL!

BW: Hey, this kid might actually be learning something. "No, it's a wallaby!" Nope.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Rogers drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes despite the protests of the official. He grabs Kelly off the railing, smashing his face into the ring apron before rolling him under.]

GM: Both men back in the ring now...

[With Kelly down on the mat, Rogers leaps into the air, dropping a headbutt down into the torso!]

GM: Jumping headbutt... and Rogers makes a cover. One... two... that's all though.

[Climbing back to his feet, Rogers gives a signal to Italiano who sits on the middle rope, holding the top as he leans back, raising both feet into the air as Rogers ROCKETS Kelly facefirst into the feet. With a nod, he slaps Italiano by the hand. Italiano slips through the ropes, pulling Kelly off the mat...]

GM: Right hand... left hand... right hand...

[With Kelly staggered, Italiano pauses to pump his fist a few times at the crowd before racing to the ropes, rebounding across...]

GM: Italiano building steam...

[Leaping high into the air, Italiano aims to land his leaping leg lariat known as the Belmar Blast...

...but Kelly ducks down, avoiding it.]

GM: Swing and a miss!

[Italiano hits the far ropes, stumbling a bit as he rebounds back towards Kelly who shoves him skyward...

...and backs up, watching as Italiano crashes chestfirst to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY! Outback Zack with the perfectly-timed counter... and he's looking for a tag, staggering across the ring towards the Stud...

[But Rogers ducks in, charging across and smashing a forearm off the back of Kelly's head, putting him down on the mat. The crowd jeers as Scott Ezra steps in, shouting at Rogers and ejecting him from the ring.]

GM: Rogers comes in with the illegal assist and-

[On his knees, the Australian reaches up...]

GM: TAG!

[The Stud pumps his fists, stepping through the ropes, charging in towards the rising Italiano.]

GM: The Sicilian Stud's in... big right... another... another...

[With Italiano stunned, the Stud flattens him with a haymaker across the jaw!]

GM: The Stud takes him down! What a shot!

[The Stud leans down, grabbing Italiano by the hair...

...but the official steps in, shaking his head!]

GM: What the...?!

BW: Illegal tag! The ref didn't see it!

[The Stud pleads his case as Scott Ezra backs him across the ring...

...and Matt Rogers comes rushing in, building momentum until he uncorks a running one-legged dropkick, sending the Stud through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Rogers in illegally again!

[The referee spins around on Rogers, shouting at him as he tries to get him out of the ring again. Paulie Italiano gets off the mat while all this is going on, spotting Zack Kelly getting up to his feet in a daze...

...and Italiano surges forward, leaping into the air, and connecting with the Belmar Blast, dragging Kelly down to the mat under him!]

GM: OHH!

[Italiano dives across the chest, pulling the legs into a double hook!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

BW: Holy- Italiano got him?!

GM: He sure did! The Bros of Anarchy with a big win here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

BW: Wait, wait... I got it! An Australian, two Italians, and an Anarchist walk into a wrestling ring. The referee takes one look at them and says, "What is this, some kind of a joke or something?"

[Bucky laughs at his own joke as Gordon sighs.]

GM: Fans, while we all try to recover from that, it's time for our first commercial break of the night. We'll be right back with more AWA Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then back up to live action where Sweet Lou Blackwell looks very concerned.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest this week has been locked and focused on regaining the AWA World Television title since he lost it at SuperClash VII to Supernova. I don't mind telling you that he has not been in his right mind ever since. My guest this week, Shadoe Rage.

[Lou Blackwell looks off camera anxiously as Shadoe Rage steps into the shot stage left. The tall, muscular warrior is dressed in his ring gear, black sleeveless leather robe, metallic black tights, long black elbow sleeve on his right arm and a single fingerless black glove. His face is shrouded in a black hooded scarf, casting his handsome features in shadows. His eyes are hidden behind mirrored sunglasses. He carries his daughter swaddled in blankets in his arm. He nuzzles her with his nose as she coos and flails fat little brown thighs.]

SLB: Shadoe Rage, I see you've brought little Adrianna with you. I've got to say she is a darling.

[Shadoe Rage stares down Blackwell until he bows his head sheepishly.]

SR: Of course she's darling, Blackwell. She's young, pure and innocent.

[The child grips one of her father's dreadlocks and pulls at it happily.]

SR: She is the greatest thing in my life, Blackwell. And no one will take her from me.

Just like they will not take the AWA World Television title from me.

[Rage holds Blackwell in his stare for an uncomfortably long time. Blackwell tries to meet the Bohemian brawler's unflinching glare but eventually is cowed.]

SR: If you look back in that locker room, Blackwell, there are dozens of wrestlers who think about nothing more than getting paid. They go out and wrestle to make a living. But they don't aspire to much more. They don't have the hunger for greatness. But then there are a select few who strive to be great. They strive to transcend wrestling.

I strive to transcend wrestling.

[He again glares at Blackwell to make sure he doesn't speak.]

SR: I will not be content to say that I was champion once upon a time and fade into obscurity. My family name will be remembered. Men like Blackjack Lynch have tried to erase it from history once before. That will never happen again. The name Rage is as great as Lynch, as James, as Martinez. And I will not let it be dragged down any farther. I am the greatest AWA World Television champion and I am STILL the AWA World Television champion.

SLB: How can you say that after SuperClash?

SR: That title was stolen from me by Supernova and his pet, Melissa Cannon. That will not be allowed to stand. He may be wearing Her but he is not the champion. Supernova knows it, Melissa Cannon knows it and every one of these people know it. Why do you think he keeps trying to prove that he is a fighting champion? That is not special. You must be a fighting champion to wear Her. You must have the courage to hold on to her. And I held onto her like I am holding on to my child. I dare you to try to touch my child, Sweet Lou.

[For the fans at home, Rage's strangled voice has been terribly quiet and intense. It's as if he doesn't wish to disturb his daughter. The threat hangs in the air. Sweet Lou simply shakes his head 'no.']

SR: They changed the rules of the championship to take Her from me. They brought in a crooked referee to take Her from me. And now they dare to demean me by not giving me my rightful, contractual rematch. They think that I'm going to go quietly into the dark and be proud of the fact that I was champion. That is what most of the wrestlers in the back would do. But I am not most men. I am above that. I will not be cheated. I will not be put in my place. And Derrick Williams...

You will not take what is mine.

[Rage snuggles his daughter close to his bearded cheek, rubbing her face with his chin.]

SR: This is my world. SHE is my championship. You will not usurp my place, boy. My daughter will not grow up knowing that her father was a man who simply stepped aside and laid down. You want to climb the ladder, Williams.

I AM THE LADDER!

[Adrianna begins to get upset as her father's anger is unleashed. Rage gathers her against his chest, rocking her gently. Nevertheless, he stares a hole through the camera.]

SR: You see what you made me do. You made Adrianna upset. You'll pay for that. Tonight, you shall feel MY wrath. This match shall not take place.

SLB: What are you going to do? Are you going to try to interfere in the AWA World Television title match between Supernova and Derrick Williams tonight?

SR: Yes.

SLB: But Derrick Williams will have a former World Champion in Kevin Slater out there to watch his back!

SR: Kevin Slater? You think he will be a factor to me? You think he will save Derrick Williams my wrath? Kevin Slater, you are nothing but a relic to me. You disappeared into the shadows a long time ago. Don't try to step back into my light. It is too strong. It is too bright. You will die, Slater, if you stand between me and my goals. You will die tonight... in darkness.

SLB: Those are some tough words, Shadoe Rage. And in front of your daughter no less!

[Rage shushes him sharply.]

SR: They are tough. The wrestling business is a tough business. And I am the number one professional wrestler in this business, Blackwell, believe it or not. I will not be denied. Watch what happens tonight! What is mine will come back to me. She is coming home. Nothing and no one will stop me.

[With that, Shadoe Rage embraces his child tightly to his chest and exits from the screen stage right.]

SLB: (making sure Rage is gone) Strong threats from Shadoe Rage to disrupt the AWA World Television title match tonight. Somebody is going to have to do something about him. He's a danger. Gordon Myers, Bucky Wilde, back to you.

[Fade out with Blackwell shaking his head in disbelief.

"He had his baby out here! Whatta nut!"

And then back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: This next contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring... he hails from Indianapolis, Indiana and weighs in at 253 pounds... here is KERMIT... RIVERS!

[A pudgy blonde man with an unkempt mullet paces back and forth in the ring, shouting out at the crowd. The man wears a bright blue singlet, with a single strap draped over the right shoulder. On his rear end, he has a horseshoe that looks a little bit like the logo for the Indianapolis Colts.]

PW: And his opponent...

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

MC: About to come down the aisle... from Parris Island, South Carolina... weighing 281 pounds...

...he is a proud American!

...CAPTAIN JOE FLINT!

[The first few bars of the Marine's Hymn play through to the approval of the fans, before a duo of Marine reserve members march out, serving as a color guard. Longtime AWA enhancement talent Charlie Stephens joins the duo. He carries the Stars and Stripes, while the reserve members fly the Marine flag, and the flag of Missouri, leading the way for Captain Joe Flint.]

GM: A pretty snazzy entrance by Joe Flint, don't you think, Bucky?

[Bucky scoffs, as Flint makes his appearance. 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 camo fatigue 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.

Flint slaps hands all the way down the aisle, passing out small American flags as he goes. He makes a few stops for the children in the aisle. Spotting a couple of veterans, he shakes hands with them before moving on. The Marine's Hymn cycles in the background as he takes his time, moving down the aisle and all the way around the ring. Stephens makes sure to keep a respectable distance away from Flint, waving the flag the whole way down.]

BW: Yeah, yeah, yeah, milk it for all it's worth. I swear, Gordo, you can probably have a two hour show dedicated for this entrance.

GM: C'mon Bucky, it's not THAT long. Besides, it's nice to see someone with real American values here in the AWA.

BW: Patriotism is passe, Gordo. Ever see the Internet? So many people make being a 'patriot' seem so uncool.

GM: I can assure you, Bucky, that Flint is not like any of those so-called Patriots.

[Finally, the former (don't dare call him "ex-") Marine climbs the ring steps and enters the ring. He pumps a fist to the crowd, who roar their approval. The chant begins as Stephens stands at ringside...]

"U! S! A! U! S! A! U! S! A!"

[As Flint goes to the ropes, cupping his ear and encouraging the chant, Kermit Rivers approaches from behind, slamming a double axehandle into the back of Flint.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Rivers just wanted to get this show on the road!

GM: Flint wasn't paying attention and got hammered from behind by Rivers, who is just slamming double axehandles right now. Rivers is a house of fire to start the match!

[Unfortunately for Rivers, while he got the drop on Flint, it doesn't seem to have much effect as Flint is absorbing the blows. Rivers jumps in the air to try to get some extra oomph on a double ax-handle, but Flint quickly juts an elbow out, catching Rivers on the chin!]

GM: Flint with a nice elbow to stop Rivers' early assault here, and Flint now is on the attack, throwing haymakers and sending Rivers scrambling!

BW: Nothing says All-American like punching a guy repeatedly in the face.

[Flint after a few punches to the forehead of Rivers, scoops up Rivers and hurls him to the mat. He reaches down, picks him up, and simply slams him again, holding onto the hair.]

GM: Flint yanking Rivers to his feet, picking him up and.. down with an atomic drop!

BW: I've been the victim of many of those atomic drops over the years. Someday, Gordo, the referee will call for the bell. Those things always go low, take it from me!

[As Rivers comically waddles forward, feeling the effects of the atomic drop, Flint comes up from behind, hooks him and falls back!]

BW: Russian leg-sweep!

GM: Actually, he would rather refer to that as an American leg sweep!

[Bucky snorts, as Flint makes the cover, but he only gets a two count.]

GM: Two count here, Bucky, as you gotta think that Flint's gonna finish this one off... and... OH! Rivers goes to the eyes.

[Flint pulled Rivers to his feet, but Rivers quickly lunges out and rakes the eyes, temporary blinding Flint. Rivers goes behind and rakes the back of Flint, then turns towards the crowd and yells at them.]

BW: I don't think you learn how to counter a poke to the eyes in the Marines, Gordo, but Rivers can't be jawin' with these fans. Stay on him!

[Rivers spins Flint around and yells out that he's gonna get payback for the Atomic Drop. He grabs Flint and goes for an Inverted Atomic Drop, but Flint jumps back before Rivers can make impact. Flint wags his finger as Rivers seems confused, then Flint blasts him with a standing lariat!]

GM: Standing lariat! He blasted him like a Howitzer!

[Rivers rolls to the corner and pulls himself to his feet, but is quickly met by a charging Flint who nails him with a lariat in the corner.]

GM: Another lariat.., Irish whip to the opposite corner.. Flint charges in with a third lariat! He's breaking out the heavy artillery now, Bucky!

BW: Hardee har har, I get it. Flint the military guy hitting him with weapons. How droll.

[Rivers stumbles back, as Flint winds up and cracks him right in the face! The crowd cheers as Flint grabs his wrist and yells out to the crowd. Rivers stumbles to his feet, dizzy after the devastating wind up punch.]

BW: This is like Sgt. Snorkel beating up Beetle Bailey in the comics every week. What's he gonna do now, put Rivers in latrine duty? Have him peel potatoes? What now?

[Flint quickly sneaks up behind him and locks in a Cobra Clutch!]

GM: It's the Liberty Clutch, Bucky! It's earned him a lot of victories all around the world, and it looks like he's gonna earn himself another medal of honor tonight!

[As Rivers slumps down to the canvas, Flint has the clutch locked in tight. Rivers quickly realizes that he's going nowhere and taps out!]

GM: And that's all she wrote, Bucky! Flint with a huge win here on AWA Saturday Night!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Armed Forces Hymn starts back up as Flint releases the hold. Stephens is still on the outside, waving the flag as Flint points and salutes the flag.]

BW: Let's hope his exit is nowhere near as long as his entrance was.

GM: Well, it looks like you're gonna get your wish Flint is leaving the ring and making his way to the back, with Stephens in tow. A nice win for Joe Flint, and you have to wonder if Stephens picked up something while watching Flint tonight. Flint offered him the flag tonight, and it appears that there may be a partnership in the future between the two. Those two might make one heck of a team, Bucky!

BW: Perish the thought.

GM: Joe Flint making his return to the AWA in fine fashion which brings to mind another member of AWA history who we've been following along as he tries to find the diamond in the rough, looking for a new managerial charge to bring back with him to the AWA. Of course, I'm referring to Louis Matsui... and let's take a look at Matsui's latest video from the road.

[Fade away from live action...

...and fade in to the exterior of what looks like a two-story red brick building. Louis Matsui, in a brown zip-up jacket and blue jeans, leans against a silver four-door sedan of Japanese make, of course, hands in his pockets. He looks up, noticing the cameraman's approach.]

LM: Sorry they wouldn't let you in. You missed one heck of a show... St. Louis is a wrestling town, of course; some of the big names in the AWA either started here, or passed by on their way to where they are right now, and, tonight, one month into my search, I'm starting to feel a little better about the whole thing. I'm starting to see potential. More importantly, I'm starting to see hunger, and it makes me wonder how many of these kids never got the chance simply because they weren't being seen by the right people, some of whom are just across the state getting ready for Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Matsui pushes himself off the car, and walks over to the driver side.]

LM: I'm not saying those guys I saw could be the next Demetrius Lake, or the next Jack Lynch; I'm not even saying that I'm looking for a Lynch or a Lake. I'm just saying, with the right kind of attention and the right person guiding them, they could make their own names in the AWA too.

[He opens the door and gets into the car. The engine starts. The passenger side window rolls down and we see Matsui lowering his head slightly so he can look at the camera.]

LM: I'll be in touch.

[The window rolls back up. The car pulls away from the curb and Matsui drives off...

...and we fade from the pre-taped footage back to the ring where Phil Watson awaits.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time at a combined weight of 415 pounds...

RANDY "THE HEAT" BURNS AND ZACK "FREE STYLE" WILDER!

HOT AND WILD!!!

[Burns and Wilder are both in their early twenties, athletically built with slender frames, and wearing long red wrestling tights with black boots. Both men have red wrist guards with flame-like patterns shooting out of them.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Hip hop beats hit the speakers followed by the voice over of Rick Ross before "Yacht Club" strikes a chord and fires up!]

PW: Weighing in at a combined weight of 475 pounds and residing from their early spring vacation home in Newport, Rhode Island...

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

THE YACHT CLUB!!!

[The beats continue to pump over the airwaves as the Yacht Club waltz out from the back. 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: Well, I don't know too much about either of these teams, Bucky, but what I do know is that the AWA is searching for the next team to step up to the plate against Donovan and Taylor of the Kings of Wrestling.

BW: It would be quite the step up for both teams. These guys can't weigh more than two-ten soaking wet!

GM: You just never know what you're gonna get until you see them go, Bucky.

[The Yacht Club make their way to the ring. Banks and Rose remove their blazers and shirts, snapping at a ringside attendant to come grab them which quickly happens. Rose calls for a mic and points his finger at Phil Watson who begrudgingly comes back to the ring.]

GM: Not sure what's going on exactly but Phil is back in the ring.

PW: It is with my sincerest apology that I retract the announcement from moments ago. Standing in the ring at this time...

[Phil pauses, Teddy nods.]

PW: PRESTON "BIG MONEY" BANKS AND TEDDY "TRUST BUSTER"...

[Teddy snaps the mic from Phil.]

TR: Excuse this...

[He just shoos Phil away after that entire ordeal.]

TR: It's pronounced...ROSÉ!

[The crowd isn't digging it.]

TR: Before we exchange arms with the filth across from us allow me to properly introduce ourselves. Preston Banks and I are indeed The Yacht Club, I'm surprised you were able to pronounce that properly but pleased to say the least. We are the true upper echelon of society. We don't drive Beamers and Benzes, we get around in style in Bentleys and Rolls Royces. We don't go to tailors to get these dapper suits you saw us wearing, the tailors come to US. We are the real deal in the real world and after tonight...

We are going to be the realest thing this tag team division has ever seen. Preston?

[Banks grabs the mic from his partner.]

PB: Preston T. Banks here but you can call me Big Money. It is your distinct pleasure Missourians to witness first hand the inauguration of The Yacht Club into the AWA and on this night we offer up-

[Suddenly, "Give Him Everything You've Got" by Craig Armstrong hits the speakers.]

GM: Oh. My. Stars.

BW: Here comes the MUSCLE MONSTA!

[The Strong Island powerhouse stalks out of the back and makes a beeline for the ring. Teddy Rosé can be heard by those in the front three rows shouting obscenities, eloquently of course, at the officials near the ring.]

BW: Flex Ferrigno is in the house, daddy!

GM: I don't think he's the welcoming party for these four either.

[Ferrigno thumps his way to the ring, flipping off his gold chainmail headdress and ripping his AWAShop.com exclusive QUADRASAURS black tee off as he eventually trucks up the ring steps, shoves his way through the ropes, and stomps right past the Yacht Club without so much a look in their direction.]

GM: Apparently it's Hot & Wild he's after!

[Flex SHOVES Wilder into the buckles. He staggers back, right into the waiting arms of Ferrigno who swings his hips and DESTROYS him with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: What a throw by Ferrigno!

[Burns dashes forward only to have Ferrigno catch him in his arms, pivot, and SLAM him down with a side belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: Burns is down! Wilder is back to his feet and racing in from behind on Flex and-

BW: You were saying?

[Wilder stops on a dime as Flex turns towards him. He looks Ferrigno up and down and then turns away, trying to bolt for the ropes...

...only to have Ferrigno snag him by the back of his trunks, reel him in, wrap him up, and HEAVE him overhead!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: He's got the goods, Gordo!

GM: He sure does.

[And drive him down with a ferocious thud!]

BW: This is the best popcorn eating material in town!

[Wilder remains folded in half on the mat while Banks and Rosé continue to protest on the side of the ring. Burns, now on his feet, stumbles towards Flex who shoves his knee into his mid-section, wraps his arm around his neck, and pumps him up into the air

GM: He's got him up in that stalling suplex position.

[Flex holds him...

...and holds him...

...and finally shoves him forward, driving him downward as he sit-outs into a THUNDEROUS powerbomb!]

GM: WHITE THUNDER DRIVER! Wilder is out cold!

BW: I'm beginning to think Randy Burns wishes he was too because for some reason unbeknown to me he is back on his feet and headed for the Quadrasaurus.

[Flex jumps up and a sprinting Randy Burns races towards him. Flex side steps him, shoves him in the back increasing his momentum, Burns hits the ropes and comes back with a full head of steam right into the arms of Flex who SHOVES him into the air...

...catches his twisting body...

...and DRIVES him neck first overhead and right down on the canvas!]

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A POP-UP GERMAN, BUCKY! HE JUST SUPLEXED HIM RIGHT DOWN NEXT TO HIS PARTNER!

BW: You're looking at a star, Gordo. The Muscle Monsta from Strong Island is no joke, daddy.

[Randy Burns lays motionless next to the limp body of Zack Wilder. Ferrigno calls for a mic and Phil Watson happily obliges, racing one over to him.]

FLEX: YAAAAAAA KNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOW!!!

[Ferrigno gets his pose. Double bicep at it's finest.]

FLEX: These rag-a-muffins ain't deserve this but somebody has gotta feed the machine when he's hungry. You two yuppities can crawl back to your daddy's lambo because ya don't want nothin' to do with the Quadrasaurus!

[Preston Banks jumps up onto the apron. Flex more than willingly feints in his direction and "Big Money" is quick to hop back down.]

FLEX: That's what I thought pip-squeak! Gellar...ya watchin' back there in your comfy office? We ain't got time for you to try out these smalltown playas week after week...you've got the REAL big money playa lookin' ya straight in the face and tellin' ya that he's ready right here...RIGHT NOW.

If ya keep runnin' farm boys and charm toys out to the ring I'm gonna keep comin' down here and puttin' them through ABOMINATION ALLEY and eventually...yer gunna run out of dumpsters to put them in. The secret is out, Gellar...the cat is out of the damn bag.

[Flex grins.]

FLEX: GRAND MASTER FLEX HAS GOT THE GOODS...

[One final tricep pose.]

FLEX: AND THE STORE...IS...OPEN!

[And slams the mic down.]

Ferrigno pushes his way through the ropes, hops down, and yells "GET OUTTA MY WAY" at the Yacht Club members who part like the red sea to let the MONSTA MUSCLE stomp through them.]

GM: Flex Ferrigno may indeed have the goods, Bucky. That remains to be seen when he gets in the ring with some real competition.

BW: I don't need convincing. But I've got a list of guys Gellar can put him in there with.

GM: You do?

BW: Hernandez, Sweet Daddy Williams, any stinkin' one of the Stenches...

GM: Give me a break. Fans, we've got to clean the ring up of this mess of bodies but we'll be right back after this break so stick around!

[Fade to black.]

We fade up on a dark parking lot. A motorcycle pulls in off the street, ending up in one of the spots. The person on it dismounts their cycle, pulling off their helmet and leaving it hanging off a handlebar. They're dressed in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a black leather jacket. We follow their footsteps through the parking lot, splashing through a muddy puddle before ending up pushing through the door into a sparsely-occupied saloon. The person walks in - our camera serving as their eyes as they look around the room, walking towards the only well-lit area of the place - a

neon-covered jukebox. All eyes are on this newcomer as he strides to the jukebox, dropping change into it as he presses a couple of keys...

...only to hear the sounds of "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest. Nods of approval from the bar's customers as the man walks back towards the bar, slamming a hand down on it... and the World Television Title falls down on the bar next to that.

The camera cuts to a shot over the young bartender's shoulder, now showing us Supernova sitting at the bar. No sign of his trademark facepaint behind a pair of dark sunglasses. Cut again, this time showing the bartender looking at Supernova, batting her eyelashes.]

"Nice song."

[Supernova looks up, pulling off his sunglasses with a smile. He leans towards her.]

"There's more where that came from."

[We cut, showing Supernova hitting a pool trick shot with "Tom Sawyer" by Rush playing in the background.

Cut again, Supernova beating a biker in an arm wrestling match as the ever-catchy "Can't Hold Us" belts out.

Another cut - Supernova throwing darts...

...and we cut to a graphic advertising "AWA: The Album" as a scrolling list of songs appearing on the soundtrack goes by including "Vox Populi", "Kashmir", "Black Skinhead", and more.

And then back out to the parking lot where Supernova is climbing on his motorcycle, the bartender's arms around his waist as she sits behind him. He grins at the camera, pushing the sunglasses back into place.

One last cut shows the motorcycle driving out of sight as Supernova's howl fills the air.

Fade to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area where the "true voice of the AWA," Colt Patterson is standing. Patterson is in a blue and white tie-dyed tank top and a blue bandana.]

CP: Kansas City, you may still be riding high off the Royals World Series victory but tonight, you'll reach a new peak of excitement as my guest at this time...

[As Patterson continues to speak "Red Hot" Rex Summers emerges into view. The Steal the Spotlight holder is decked out in a purple robe covered in gold sequins. Beside Summers is the evening's Summers Sweetheart who's attired in a form fitting white dress. Summers smirks at the camera as Patterson says his name.]

CP: ...the man with the best physique the AWA has ever seen, "Red Hot" Rex Summers. Rex, once again thank you for taking the time to join me.

[The Steal the Spotlight winner nods his head and winks at the camera.]

RS: Always a pleasure to spend time with the only man in the AWA who knows true talent when he sees it, Colt.

CP: Last weekend, we saw you compete on the Power Hour where you picked up a win over Chester O. Wilde, a man fans affectionately refer to as...

[Patterson's voice drips with sarcasm.]

CP: ...COW.

[Summers chuckles.]

RS: That's right, Colt... the fans call Wilde COW which is an insult... not to Chester, but to all the heffers here in Kansas City.

[The fans in the Sprint Center boo loudly.]

RS: Let me tell you, Colt, wrestling Wilde was a horror... sweat poured off his body and the odor...

[Summers waves his hand in front of his nose.]

RS: Well, I refuse to relive that memory, Colt.

[Patterson nods in understanding.]

CP: Fair enough, Rex... but to me, that victory was a statement.

RS: You're right, it was a statement, Colt. It was a statement to each and every champion here in the AWA. The Heat Check can and will end your title reigns just as quickly as it ended Wilde's hope to impress his uncle.

Supernova, it took you months and months to capture the WORLD Television Championship from Shadoo Rage. And tonight, you defend that very title against Derrick Williams... could it be one of you that I cash the Steal the Spotlight in on?

Or will it be the last Lynch standing that looks across the ring from the "Red Hot One" and counts the remaining seconds he holds the National Championship?

[Patterson nods his head and smiles widely at this idea.]

RS: Or will "Red Hot" Rex Summers sit upon the AWA throne...

[The Summers Sweetheart unwraps the belt of the robe, opening it and revealing the oiled and ripped abdominals of the Steal the Spotlight holder.]

RS: ...with the golden AWA World Heavyweight Championship wrapped around this waist? Colt, you know I have the utmost respect for Johnny Detson, but unfortunately for him, that championship belt around his waist is a massive target.

[Colt nods.]

CP: Lots of choices and lots of options and seeing as though I'm the man who gives the fans what they want to know... how about you tell me right now when you're going to cash in that Steal The Spotlight contract and who it'll be against?

[Summers strokes his chin in thought, a smirk crossing his face.]

RS: Colt, my friend, you've got a deal. I'm going to cash this contract in-

[Summers pauses, his smirk twisting into a sneer as his gaze drifts off-camera.]

CP: You?! This is a private interview and I'll-

[The camera pulls back to reveal AWA Director of Operations Emerson Gellar with a smile on his face and his hands raised up defensively.]

EG: Oh, I'm not here to interrupt, Mr. Patterson. I'm simply here as an interested observer. Because as Mr. Summers here knows, his status as the Steal The Spotlight contract holder means that he is entitled to cash it in against an opponent of his choice with advance notice...

[Summers grins, nodding.]

EG: Of course, he also knows that status means that until he cashes it in - per my ruling - he also must defend it. So, you can imagine that - while congratulations are in order for defeating Cesar Hernandez to retain the contract - my curiosity is very strong surrounding the answer to the question you just asked, Colt.

[Gellar stands, staring at Summers with anticipation. The Steal The Spotlight holder looks flustered, snatching the red briefcase away from the Summers Sweetheart and slapping his hand on it.]

RS: This is MY contract, Gellar! I won it! And as far as I'm concerned, there's not anything that anyone can do about it! You want to know when I'm cashing it in? The whole world wants to know when I'm cashing it in?

[Summers nods.]

RS: I've told you before Gellar, I'll cash in the Steal the Spotlight contract when I am damn good and ready!

[Summers is absolutely fuming now, flush in the face as he glares at Gellar who nods and smiles.]

EG: We'll see about that.

[And without further comment, Emerson Gellar turns and walks away, leaving an agitated Rex Summers behind as we fade out to another part of the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, the man who is set to clash with the Gladiator in mere moments - Ultra Commando 3!

[The hulking masked man steps into view beside Mark Stegglet. He looks down on Stegglet.]

UC3: A-TEN HUT, PUNK!

[Stegglet snaps to attention.]

UC3: That's more like it. You see, that's what is lacking in the world today, Stegglet. Discipline. Parents don't discipline their kids and their kids leave graffiti everywhere. Teachers can't discipline their students and test scores across the country continue to drop. And Emerson Gellar doesn't discipline his wrestlers who are out of control and they STAY out of control. Absolutely pathetic.

[He lifts a gloved open hand.]

UC3: Which brings me to The Gladiator. For over a year, the Gladiator has dominated everyone who got in his way. Big, small, short, tall - he has left a trail of broken bodies behind him.

But that trail stops right here. That trail stops with me. Because while the Gladiator thinks he knows everything about the art of battle...

[The masked man shakes his head.]

UC3: He knows nothing. He has fought a bunch of red shirt soldiers. Punk kids who never stood a chance and didn't belong in the same ring with him.

But again, that all changes tonight. Tonight, the Gladiator experiences battle for the first time.

[The open hand turns into a fist.]

UC3: Tonight, the Gladiator experiences WAR for the first time. And that's a hell of an experience to have. I've been there, Stegglet... I've done that, you maggot. And I can guarantee that when the Gladiator feels what war is like, he'll wish he'd never stepped foot on my battle field. You're going to feel the agony of defeat, Gladiator... and I'm going to be the one to show you what war is all about.

[UC3 turns slightly, looking at Stegglet again.]

UC3: At ease, chump.

[Stegglet's shoulders slouch as the masked man exits and we fade again to a different part of the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Fans, in just a few minutes, we will see Ultra Commando 3 in action against my guest at this time, The Gladiator...

[And that's the cue for the man who claims to be a Roman gladiator from the past to walk onto the set. He's dressed in his wrestling attire, gladiator helmet and...]

G: Arrrgghh arrrgghh arrrgghh.

[...he's doing that. Gladiator paces around behind Sweet Lou.]

SLB: All right, Gladiator, Ultra Commando 3 challenged you two weeks ago... this man claims that you do not know what warfare is all about and that, tonight, he's going to teach you a thing or two about warfare.

[Gladiator stops pacing about and turns to Sweet Lou, speaking in a hushed voice.]

G: Ultra Commando speaks about warfare but fails to understand it... he fails to understand that warfare is not about how many battles are won and lost, but about what you learn from those battles. It is about learning what is necessary to become stronger, what it means to show courage, what it takes to overcome the obstacles that are put before you. And though men like Ultra Commando recognize that one can become stronger in warfare, it happens not through intimidation or machination of the elements, but in how one overcomes the intimidation and machination of the elements by those who oppose you.

[Gladiator turns to the camera, raising a finger and his voice.]

G: I HAVE STRIVED TO OVERCOME THE INTIMIDATION AND MACHINATION OF OTHERS AND IT HAS MADE ME STRONGER! AND THE MORE I LISTEN TO THE GUIDANCE OF JUPITER AND JUNO, THE MORE I UNDERSTAND HOW WARFARE HAS REALLY MADE ME STRONGER! AND THE MORE THAT I FEED OFF MY GLADIATORS WHO FOLLOW ME INTO BATTLE, THE MORE I KNOW HOW THEY MAKE ME STRONGER! THESE ARE THINGS THAT YOU, ULTRA COMMANDO, CAN NEVER

REALIZE BECAUSE YOU ARE UNWILLING TO UNDERSTAND THEM! YOU ONLY SEE WARFARE AS YOUR MEANS TO AN END, WHICH IS WHY YOU ONLY GROW WEAKER IN BATTLE WHILE I GROW STRONGER!

[And then...]

G: SNORT snaaarrll SNORT!

[...that happens. Gladiator then breathes deeply as Sweet Lou continues.]

SLB: Gladiator, thus far, you have yet to be defeated in singles competition. And you have previously made it clear that you were none too pleased with some of the events that have gone down recent months... do you see tonight's match with Ultra Commando 3 as the chance to take a step closer to addressing some of those events?

[Gladiator again speaks in hushed tones.]

G: I have made it no secret that I do not approve of the machinations of many of the individuals who have brought what have been called dark times upon these lands! But I understand that the journey to dealing with those machinations shall take time, shall require patience and shall require more tests to prepare me for what lies ahead! How soon those moments come to pass is not for me to say... all that I know is that the journey has led me to Ultra Commando!

[Once more, he raises a finger and his voice.]

G: AND YOU, ULTRA COMMANDO, WILL LEARN ON THIS DAY WHY NO MACHINATIONS ON YOUR PART SHALL ACHIEVE YOUR OBJECTIVES! FOR AS LONG AS MY GLADIATORS AND I FORGE OUR PATH AHEAD IN THE MANNER THAT BEFITS WHAT WE ARE, WE SHALL EVENTUALLY REACH WHATEVER DESTINATIONS WE MAY FINE, WHILE THOSE LIKE ULTRA COMMANDO WILL BE LEFT BEHIND, FORCED TO REALIZE THAT THEY HAVE NEVER LEARNED THE REAL PURPOSE OF WARFARE!

[He raises his arms above his head.]

G: THE TIME HAS ARRIVED FOR THE GLADIATOR TO MARCH INTO BATTLE AND TAKE ANOTHER STEP CLOSER TO THE ULTIMATE DESTINYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[That last letter continues to hang as Gladiator strides from the set.]

SLB: The Gladiator, on his way to the ring... Phil, the floor is yours, my friend!

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

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

[A brief bugle call blasts over the PA, and a snare drum follows with a long uninterrupted drum roll. The fans jeer as a tall muscular man in a camo mask and bodysuit strides through the curtain with an arrogant swagger in his step. He wears a military helmet in a color that matches the dominant color of his camo, with a long piece of camo fabric covering the sides and back of the neck. He also sports a dark tan leather bandoleer with many pouches. His boots are combat boots and his gloves are black and well-worn.]

PW: Introducing first... coming down the aisle... from a classified location... weight unknown...

...ULTRA... COMMANDO... THREE!

[The crowd continues to boo as the Commando marches on down at his own pace, moving with a bearing that suggests extreme confidence. He points threateningly to a fan waving an American flag before stepping through the ropes and into the ring. Moving straight to the referee, Ultra Commando III starts giving the referee instructions.]

GM: Ultra Commando 3 has been on quite the roll as of late but he faces a very stiff challenge here tonight in the form of the Gladiator.

BW: I think tonight is the night when the Gladiator discovers what the true meaning of warfare truly is, Gordo.

[After finishing with the referee, the Commando slowly begins to divest himself of the bandoleer as the drumroll fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

[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: Introducing, from parts unknown, weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

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

GM: The fans here in Kansas City are on their feet! Talking to fans here in KC over the past few days, this was one of the matches that everyone was looking forward to and I can't blame them, Bucky.

BW: Power versus power. Strength versus strength. This should be a good one.

[Referee Andy Dawson has words for both men, getting things under control before the bell sounds.]

GM: There's the bell - we're off and running in this one!

[The Gladiator strides out to the center of the ring, daring the masked man to join him. The Commando obliges and the two hulking warriors stare each other down.]

GM: These two look to be about the same height... maybe even about the same weight...

[And suddenly, they come together in a collar and elbow tieup, pushing hard against their evenly-sized opponent.]

GM: Lockup in the middle... both men trying to overpower the other.

BW: I'm not sure either of them can. This might be a stalemate.

[The Gladiator holds his ground as UC3 tries to push him backwards...

...and then with a bellow, he HURLS UC3 a few feet away, sending him falling down to his rear on the canvas to a big cheer.]

GM: Wow! What a show of strength on the part of the Gladiator!

BW: He must've had a handful of mask there or something. There's no way he can do that to a man that size!

GM: This man can do a lot of things that people wouldn't expect out of him. Incredible strength. Dazzling speed and agility for a man of his size.

[The Gladiator nods his head, waving a hand for the masked man to get back up. The Commando slowly rises, dusting himself off...

...and then rushes forward, arm drawn back for a running strike but the Gladiator ducks down, scooping him up...]

GM: Big slam by the Gladiator!

[Pumping his arms in the air, the Gladiator waits as the Commando scrambles up, charging back in and getting lifted into the air, slammed down to the mat for a second time!]

GM: A second slam by the Gladiator!

[The crowd is roaring as the Commando gets up again, starts towards the Gladiator...

...and then thinks otherwise of it, stumbling backwards, falling to the mat, and then rolling out to the floor.]

GM: Oh my! The Gladiator has got the Commando on the retreat after two big bodyslams in the middle of the ring!

BW: It's time to draw up a new battleplan, Commando.

[Out on the floor, the Commando paces back and forth, taking a moment to shout at a ringside fan - "SHADDUP, YOU BUCK-TOOTHED MAGGOT!" - to jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Ultra Commando 3 giving these fans a hard time as the referee starts his count.

[The Gladiator paces around the ring for a bit...

...and then decides to go out to the floor, chasing after the Commando.]

GM: Here we go! The Gladiator's coming for him!

[Swinging around the ringpost, the Commando rolls under the ropes into the ring, winding up his arms as the Gladiator rolls in as well...

...but comes up empty on an elbowdrop, smashing down into the canvas!]

GM: The Commando misses the elbow!

[With the Commando down on the mat, the Gladiator climbs back to his feet, pulling the masked man back up...

...and lights him up with a knife edge chop across the chest, sending him staggering back into the buckles.]

GM: The Commando backs up into the corner...

[Approaching the buckles, the Gladiator lands a boot to the gut before two clubbing forearms that force him to his knees. The warrior continues to throw blows, battering the masked man through the ropes and out to the apron while the referee steps in, shouting for him to back off.]

GM: The Gladiator risking disqualification right here... backing out to the middle of the ring. The Commando is out on the apron, trying to get back to his feet as the referee starts his ten count again...

[But the fired-up Gladiator isn't about to wait, stalking back in, brushing the referee aside as the Commando gets to his feet...

...and sticks his fingers into the eyes of the powerhouse, raking them!]

GM: OH! The Commando goes to the eyes! Cheapshot by the man from a Classified Location!

BW: All's fair in war, daddy.

GM: The Gladiator is stunned after that and... look out!

[Hooking his hands around the Gladiator's head, the Commando drops off the apron, snapping the Gladiator's throat down on the top rope!]

GM: And there goes the Gladiator, gasping for air as he staggers out to the middle of the ring!

BW: Simple but effective!

[Reaching under the ropes, the Commando hooks the ankle, yanking his opponent's leg out from under him. He drags the Gladiator under the ropes to the floor, wrapping his arms around the torso...

...and DRIVES his lower back into the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The small of the back DRIVEN into the edge of the ring apron, fans!

BW: And if you've never felt that happen, I don't have the words to describe it. It's like every nerve ending in your body gets lit up simultaneously.

[Stepping back from the apron, the Commando keeps his arms around the body...

...and rushes forward, SMASHING the back into the apron a second time!]

GM: Again into the apron! And this can't be the match that the Gladiator was expecting!

BW: He's run over just about everyone he's faced in record time, Gordo. This is a stiff test for him though and we'll see what he's made of.

GM: The Gladiator remains undefeated here in the AWA so far but if the Commando has his way, that's about to change.

[Twisting around, the Commando takes aim...

...and with a bellow, he charges forward...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: SPINEFIRST INTO THE STEEL! OH MY!

[The Commando straightens up, watching as the Gladiator melts back into the railing. He grabs him by the head, rifling him under the ropes.]

GM: A series of attacks on the floor to the back of the Gladiator... and Ultra Commando 3 has certainly turned this match around just like that.

[Sliding back into the ring, the Commando approaches the Gladiator from behind, slamming a double axehandle down into the back, taking him down to his knees. A hard boot to the small of the back puts him on all fours.]

GM: UC3 targeting the back here, perhaps thinking ahead to that Bunker Buster powerbomb!

[Two more heavy double axehandles land on the back, putting the Gladiator facefirst on the mat. He plants a foot in the small of the back, raising his arms to jeers from the Kansas City crowd.]

GM: The jeers getting under the skin of UC3 here... some more hard stomps down to the lower back...

[Reaching down, UC3 hauls the Gladiator up by the back of the tights, pulling him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Ultra Commando 3 lifts him up! Holding him... holding him...

[The Commando shows off his power before dropping the Gladiator down in a spine-rattling back suplex!]

GM: Oh my!

[UC3 rolls into a lateral press, planting his forearm against the cheekbone.]

GM: The Commando gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! Two count only!

[The Commando pushes up to his knees, glaring at the official. He slaps his hands together faster, shouting "THAT WAS THREE, YOU PUKE!"]

GM: UC3 taking issue with the speed of referee Andy Dawson's count.

[Climbing back to his feet, the Commando drags the Gladiator up, lifting him up into the air...

...and drops him down across the knee with a backbreaker!]

GM: BACKBREAKER!

[UC3 shoves the Gladiator off his knee, putting him down on the canvas. He rises up, using the toe of his boot to roll the Gladiator over onto his face before walking towards the corner...]

GM: The Commando backs into the corner, stepping up onto the middle rope...

BW: What's he got in mind here, Gordo?

GM: Nearly three hundred pounds up there on the second rope... taking aim at the Gladiator...

[And with a shout, the Commando leaps off, tucking his arm back...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...but again hits the canvas as the Gladiator rolls out of the way in time!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE ELBOW!

[The crowd starts cheering, urging the Gladiator to get off the mat and get back into the battle.]

GM: And listen to these fans in Kansas City! They're trying to get the Gladiator up! They're trying to get him back into this thing!

[Pumping an arm, the Gladiator rises to a knee, throwing his head backwards, looking up at the ceiling...]

GM: The Gladiator's trying to draw that power! Trying to draw that strength! Trying to-

[...and then gets up, shaking his head violently up and down!]

GM: THE GLADIATOR IS UP!! AND THE FANS ARE GOING WILD!

[Pumping his arms in the air, the Gladiator races to the ropes, bouncing off. He runs past the Commando who is trying to get back to his feet.]

GM: The Gladiator off one side... off the other...

[And as UC3 gets to his feet, the Gladiator leaps into the air, driving a flying shouldertackle into the masked man!]

GM: FLYING TACKLE!

[The Gladiator gets back up, pumping his arms into the air again, drawing the support of the KC fans. He turns back to the Commando, dragging him up by the arm, firing him into the corner...]

GM: RUNNING CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[The Gladiator backs off, watching as the Commando staggers out to the middle of the ring. The powerhouse throws himself backwards, bouncing off the ropes, looking for another clothesline...]

...but the Commando snatches him up under the arm, driving him down into a side slam!]

GM: SIDE SLAM! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Grabbing the leg, the Commando leans back into a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! NO!

[A powerful kickout draws cheers from the crowd as the Commando angrily glares at the official again.]

GM: The Commando thought he had him with that side slam out of nowhere...

[Climbing back to his feet, UC3 winds up with a right hand to the skull of the Gladiator who is back to a knee...

...to no effect.]

GM: Uh oh!

[The Commando throws a quick series of hammering blows to the skull...

...to no effect.]

GM: The Gladiator's in the zone!

[UC3 winds up with a pair of double axehandles to the head...

...but the Gladiator gets up, giving a roar!]

GM: THE GLADIATOR IS UP! HE'S UP!

[A desperate Commando reaches out, digging into the eyes again!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Smart move!

[With the Gladiator blinded, the Commando rushes to the ropes, rebounding back off towards his opponent...

...who HURLS himself into a spear tackle, cutting the masked man down to the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Nodding his head to the cheering fans, the Gladiator climbs back to his feet, pumping his arms in the air. He leans down, dragging the masked man up...]

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

[...and HOISTS him into the air, pushing him up in a military press!]

BW: HOLY-

[The Gladiator suddenly lets go, catching the masked man on his shoulder on the way down...

...and DRIVES him down with a powerslam!]

GM: THAT'S IT!

[The Gladiator plants his palms on the chest, extending his arms and nodding his head along with the count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: The Gladiator is victorious here in Kansas City!

[The people are cheering loudly as the muscled warrior climbs to his feet, looking down at his vanquished opponent.]

GM: And this win has got to put him in line for championship gold, Bucky.

BW: I’d imagine so. He was already the #3 contender to the World Heavyweight Title headed into tonight so this one just puts him even closer to the top.

GM: A tough battle for the Gladiator as Ultra Commando 3 pushed him further towards his limits than we’ve ever seen before but in the end, the Gladiator picks up the victory. Fans, we’ve got to take a break but when we come back, it’ll be the legendary Hamilton Graham addressing the fans here in Kansas City and you do NOT want to miss that!

[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

was 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 fade back up to Sweet Lou Blackwell in front of the AWA logo.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here LIVE on The X from Kansas City, Missouri where we're in the midst of another hot show and we're really just getting started. Joining me right now is a duo who we'll be seeing in action later tonight - a duo that has stirred up a lot of controversy in the AWA Women's Division since their debut. They are Mamba and Copperhead, the Serpentes.

[The camera pans right to reveal the Serpentes. Lauryn Rage is in front of them, finger combing her bright pink hair. Mamba and Copperhead stand behind her, arms folded over their chests, muscles bulging and their serpentine eyes glaring.]

LR: Umm, don't forget the kid, ya dig?

SLB: Who could ever forget you, Lauryn? You've made quite the impression in the AWA since your arrival.

LR: Thank you, Blackwell. You know, I kinda like you.

SLB: Thank you.

LR: Yeah, you know, unlike some people who handle microphones around here you ask good questions. I gotta say, my big brother thinks you are pretty good. So don't let us down with the next words out of your mouth.

SLB: Shadoe Rage said something nice about me? I don't mind telling you I find that hard to believe. Tell me, Lauryn... later tonight, are you going to be at ringside with the Serpentes?

LR: These are my sisters. Of course I'm going to be out there cheering them on. Isn't that what friends do?

SLB: Some might say that they're not your friends but rather your hired goons!

[Lauryn's eyes pop as she stares down a suddenly sheepish Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

LR: Let me ask you something, Blackwell. Do these girls look like someone you would just hire out of the backpages?

SLB: I have no idea where you would ever find women like this.

LR: You grow up with them, you train with them and when you can give them an opportunity, you do it. That's what's going on here. We're all gettin' money together. We're all making waves together. We're taking over, Blackwell. And it's a lot of fun. I'm having fun beating up on Melissa Cannon and 'em. The Serpentes are having fun beating on all these irrelevant heffas they got up in here. You know who won't be having fun, Blackwell?

SLB: I suspect you're going to say their opponents tonight.

[Rage nods.]

LR: Damn right they won't be having fun tonight. I mean, I never heard of them but they must be some kind of competitors to want to take on the Serpentes, right?

SLB: Yes, they must.

LR: And they must be out their Got Dang minds if they think they ever gonna beat the Serpentes, right?

SLB: (peering up at Mamba and Copperhead) I guess so. Do they ever speak?

[The Serpentes glare at Blackwell, offended. Sweet Lou shrinks back from them as Mamba's lips curl in disgust and Copperhead shakes her head in warning. Lauryn holds up a hand, calming them.]

LR: Don't Stegglet up this interview, Blackwell. They talk to me all the time. They just like speaking with their hands in the ring, you know? Action over words. And Rasmussen and Campbell are just plain going to have a bad night. You know who else will have a bad night against the Serpentes?

SLB: Who?

[Lauryn glances over her shoulder at Copperhead. She nods her head as if to say 'go ahead.' Copperhead steps towards Sweet Lou on the microphone.]

C: Everybody!

[Both woman step around Lauryn Rage to flex their massive and ripped biceps on either side of her. They glare into the camera, hissing and flashing their fanged teeth.]

LR: (ducking under their arms) You probably don't wanna ask any more questions, do you?

SLB: I think I'm good.

LR: Ladies, let's be out!

[Lauryn snaps her fingers and swaggers off set as the Serpentine glower at the screen and follow her out.]

SLB: (fiddling with his collar) I gotta tell you, I used to think the scariest woman I ever met was my mother-in-law. But she's a teddy bear compared to those Serpentine. My goodness.

[We fade away from Sweet Lou Blackwell and back out to the interior of the Sprint Center which has been darkened. A single spotlight is on the ring, lighting up a man in a black and yellow CENTRAL STATES WRESTLING t-shirt along with a pair of what appear to be sweat pants. The handsome afro and magnificent facial hair mean only one thing - Hamilton Graham has arrived.]

HG: Kansas City!

[Big cheer!]

HG: KANSAS CITY!

[Bigger cheer!]

HG: It seems as though you have forgotten your pro wrestling history, Kansas City, because if you remembered it, right now each and every one of you would be on your feet, paying homage to the GREATEST... PROFESSIONAL... WRESTLER... OF ALL TIME!

[Well, that did it. Definitely more boos than cheers now... just the way the Living Legend likes it.]

HG: They say that dark times are upon us in the world today. They say that the world needs heroes for the children to look up to and aspire to be... well, look no further, Kansas City, because a TRUE hero is standing right in this ring!

[More boos! For some reason, Graham looks agitated this time.]

HG: You... you boo that?! You boo me?! ME?! I'm a former World Champion, damn it! I'm a Living Legend and the greatest of all time! My student, Demetrius Lake-

[Graham gets cut off by overwhelming boos!]

HG: -stood in this ring and beat everyone the AWA could put before him! He put Dave Bryant in a hospital bed...

[Graham grins.]

HG: ...with my help of course.

[Even more boos for the sidelining of a former AWA World Champion.]

HG: He broke Jack Lynch's mind to the point where Lynch hasn't been seen or heard from in months! And the only reason he's not the World Champion right now is because of politics... politics and backstage dealings that saw a punk kid like Ryan Martinez get the opportunities that the King of Wrestling deserved. Well, we saw what happened when Martinez clashed with a TRUE Hall of Famer... not that blown up lumbering brawler like his old man...

[Graham's hitting all the right buttons with this crowd, turning the fans who were cheering him against him.]

HG: But Demetrius Lake isn't here... the King's off in Japan showing the other side of the world what being a Hamilton Graham protege is all about. Larry Wallace, he's not here either. The AWA gave him the night off and told him they'd see him next week. That's how little they care about the people of Kansas City...

[The boos pour down again.]

HG: A city, I should add... that USED to be built on honor... it USED to be built on respect. I USED to be able to walk these streets and be treated like a GOD. I didn't pay for a beer at the local bar... I couldn't buy my own dinner if I begged to do it... every taxi became mine. People would watch me walk down the street and say, "That's Hamilton Graham... the greatest of all time!"

Respect! Honor! But you upjumped trash don't know nothing about that! You people look at Hamilton Graham walk by and say, "Hey, that's Hamilton Graham... he USED to be someone."

"USED to be someone."

[Graham shakes his head with disgust.]

HG: So, I told the suits back there that if they couldn't give you Lake... and they didn't want to give you Wallace... then they needed to give you SOMETHING to remember why Hamilton Graham is the greatest there ever has been.

[The former World Champion pulls off his t-shirt, flinging it aside.]

HG: And that's why I'm dressed to wrestle tonight!

[Now THAT gets a cheer.]

HG: The problem is that I don't have an opponent... because all of those punk kids in the locker room feel like you do... that I USED to be somebody... that beating me doesn't mean anything anymore... that they're lowering themselves while fighting an old man.

Well, this "old man" is standing here and he's calling YOU out. All of you! Each and every one of you! So, if you're sitting back there and you think you've got what it takes to tangle with a Living Legend... with the best of all time... with the greatest there ever was... then let's make it simply. Come on down to MY world and show these people - and me - what you've got.

[Graham looks down the aisle, giving a "bring it on!" gesture.]

GM: Well, this is an interesting turn of events. Former World Champion Hamilton Graham calling out the locker room... offering to take on anyone back there who has the guts to-

[The familiar break beat and "Fur Elise" piano riff brings the crowd to their feet as Nas' "I Can" blasts through the arena.]

GM: Oh my!

BW: You've gotta be kidding me.

[Jordan Ohara comes bouncing out onto the stage, bopping and playing "air piano" in time with the music. The young lion is dressed in his Carolina blue tights and white with black-heeled boots. He wears a Willie Hammer T-shirt as well.

Graham looks disgusted, throwing his arms up in annoyance with a "WHAT IS THIS?!"

GM: Jordan Ohara is heading towards the ring and it doesn't look like this is what Hamilton Graham had in mind, Bucky.

BW: This punk kid has the audacity to step up to a Living Legend like Hamilton Graham?! I hope Graham takes him up on it and splits that pretty little face like a melon.

[Ohara bounces down to ringside, stopping with pockets of fans to rock out with air piano, air drums and air guitar. Women scream, little kids shriek and grown men pat him on the back as he smiles up at Graham before he finally gets to the ring. He bounces around the ring, playing air guitar. He smiles sheepishly at Hamilton Graham before he backs up, holding out a hand for the ring attendant to give him a microphone.]

JO: I'm sorry to interrupt your moment, Mr. Graham. But I came out here to-

[Graham delivers a two-handed shove into the chest of Ohara, sending a ripple of shock through the crowd.]

HG: I know what you're here for and I'm ready, you little runt! I've been chewing up and spitting out punks like you my entire career and-

[Ohara steps forward, raising the mic again.]

JO: Wait a minute!

[Graham's jaw drops, shaking his head slightly.]

JO: I didn't mean that I accepted the challenge to wrestle you. Mr. Graham, I was raised right. I was raised to respect legends in this sport. And I won't disappoint my parents by wrestling a retired legend who's my dad's age.

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Graham fumes.]

HG: Your dad? YOUR DAD?!

[Graham spins away, kicking at the bottom rope. He swings back around, glaring at Ohara.]

HG: You think your dad would be disappointed by you wrestling me?! Your parents should be HONORED that you got to wrestle me! Your parents should be FLATTERED that I'd even waste my time getting your hair gel all over my boots! You think they'd be disappointed that you wrestled me but I'm betting they're more disappointed that a disgrace like you even carries their name!

JO: Mr. Graham, I remind you that you're a legend. You should act like one.

[Ohara stands face-to-face with Hamilton Graham as the crowd buzzes at the staredown.]

JO: I'm only out here for one reason. And that's to accept the challenge made by your protege, "Flawed" Larry Wallace.

[Big cheer! Ohara turns slightly to nod in recognition at the crowd.]

JO: You tell him that it was no fluke that I beat him the first time and it will be no fluke when the Once in a Millennium talent beats him again!

[Ohara turns to make his exit...

...when Graham grabs him by the arm, spinning him angrily around. He sticks a finger into his face.]

HG: You think you're gonna come out here and interrupt MY moment and then walk out?! You think that a Living Legend like me is going to tolerate such disrespect?!

[As Graham reads Ohara the riot act, the crowd begins to buzz with warning.]

GM: Bucky! Larry Wallace is-

[Graham continues.]

HG: You arrogant little worm! You think you're a once in a millennium talent but the fact is that I've seen pumped-up punks like you for decades! Kids who think they're something special! Kids who think they're destined for greatness! Kids who think-

[As Ohara fumes at Graham's verbal tirade, he doesn't notice the growing crowd buzz as "Flawless" Larry Wallace reaches the ring, quickly scaling the ropes behind Ohara...

...and then leaps off, DRIVING both feet into the back of Ohara's head, knocking him down to the canvas to a mixed reaction from the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wallace scrambles off the mat, burying boot after boot into the ribs of the downed Ohara as Hamilton Graham shouts instructions.]

GM: Ohara didn't see him coming! Larry Wallace - Graham said that Wallace wasn't even HERE tonight!

BW: Suckers!

GM: Ohara's getting stomped into the mat by Larry Wallace...

BW: Who is doing it flawlessly I might add.

GM: And now Hamilton Graham is getting in on the action, stomping and kicking Ohara relentlessly!

[Graham steps back, directing traffic as Wallace pulls Ohara off the mat, yanking his arms behind him as Graham grabs a handful of hair, laying the badmouth on Ohara as he winds up...]

GM: Ohh! Big fist to the eye of Ohara!

[Holding the hair, Graham slams his fist into the eye area over and over and over...

...until the crowd begins cheering at the sight of a stream of competitors coming out of the locker room.]

GM: And here comes the cavalry!

[The incoming fan favorites cause Wallace and Graham to bail out of the ring, leaving Ohara laid out on the canvas.]

GM: And Graham and Wallace bail out of there like the cowards that they are!

BW: Don't let Hammy hear you call him a coward. He'll come over and pretend he's back in the World Title scene and you're Blackjack Lynch or Cameron O'Connor or some washed-up has-been.

GM: Jordan Ohara came out here to accept the challenge of Larry Wallace for a rematch... and Wallace and Graham, this HAD to be have been a setup, Bucky.

BW: Maybe it is and maybe it isn't but that dumb kid Ohara never saw it coming!

GM: Ohara down on the mat, being tended to by AWA medical personnel as the locker room stands over him. I sure hope this young man is okay. We'll try to get you and update as soon as we can but right now, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet. Mark?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. A terrible scene out there in the ring with the attack on Jordan Ohara - one of the TPP Four - at the hands of Wallace and Graham and, Emerson Gellar, come on in here.

[The camera shot pulls back to reveal the AWA's Director of Operations standing alongside Stegglet.]

MS: I suppose what happened out there is another situation you feel should be handled inside the ring between the competitors.

EG: A rematch has already been agreed to. You really think Jordan Ohara would rather a fine or suspend someone than let him get his chance to exact physical retribution on Larry Wallace?

[Stegglet sighs, shaking his head.]

MS: Emerson Gellar, I asked for this time with you to address the big news that came out of the show two weeks ago - the debut of the final member of the TPP Four - Noboru Fujimoto!

[Gellar nods.]

EG: I know it was shocking to see Fujimoto in the ring... yet thrilling at the same time, Mark. Noboru Fujimoto is one of the best professional wrestlers all over the world. He's charismatic. He's explosive. He's dynamic. He's the prototype of what the modern professional wrestler should look like.

MS: And it's no wonder the signing of Fujimoto caused such a strain in the relations between Tiger Paw Pro and the AWA.

EG: Absolutely. Fujimoto is a multi-time holder of the Global Crown Championship. He's fought - and won - some of their biggest matches. He's headlined their biggest events. He was one of the pillars their company was built on.

MS: And now he's here.

EG: He is... and while it's still a little bit of a mystery as to how that happened... as to WHO signed the deal to bring him here, I can confirm that it was NOT Miss Sandra Hayes. I spoke to Miss Hayes personally this week and she provided me with legal documents assuring me that she sold her American contractual rights to Noboru Fujimoto to another individual shortly after leaving the AWA last year.

MS: And that person is?

[Gellar smiles with a shrug.]

EG: She also informed me she was under a non-disclosure agreement. She is legally unable to give me the name of that individual. Mr. Fujimoto has also refused to give it to me... at this time... but he has promised that when the "time is right," all will be revealed.

MS: So, I suppose we'll just have to wait and see... but speaking of Japan, many have asked if this thawing in relations with Tiger Paw Pro could potentially lead to the return of the Rising Sun Showdown event which produced two amazing shows that are amongst the most popular DVD and digital sellers for both the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro.

[Gellar pauses, shaking his head.]

EG: Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Mark. We continue to try to bridge that gap with Tiger Paw Pro... and we're making great strides in that area. Earlier this week, I struck a deal to send the Dogs of War to Japan for their next tour which will feature a six man tag team tournament. We, of course, wish them the best of luck in that event... but in exchange, the AWA has been given the right to negotiate with Tiger Paw Pro competitors to potentially compete in the Battle of Boston tournament coming up in July.

MS: Wow! That IS big news. Who will it be? Kenta Kitazawa? Yoshinari Taguchi?

EG: Again, let's not get ahead of ourselves... but as that tournament starts to come together over the weeks ahead, we will certainly be taking a hard look at those two men along with many others as we attempt to put the 24 greatest competitors in the world in Boston on the 4th of July weekend.

MS: Mr. Gellar, thank you for your time... and for all the big news. Right now though, let's head over to Sweet Lou Blackwell who is out at the interview platform in the arena standing by. Lou?

[We cut to the interview podium back inside the Sprint Center's arena bowl where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands alongside the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers is to his right, dressed in a pair of blue jeans and black polo shirt. Daniel Harper is to his left, dressed in a pair of jeans and a white AWA T-shirt.]

SLB: All right, fans, I'm here with Next Gen... Howie Somers, Daniel Harper, two weeks ago you made it no secret that you have issues with the Kings of Wrestling; specifically, the AWA World Tag Team Champions, Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor. I gotta ask you, though, there are a number of tag teams - including the new duo of Calisto Dufresne and Travis Lynch - here in the AWA who are lining up to get a crack at the tag team titles. What would you say to any other team who wants to lay a claim to such a title shot?

HS: Sweet Lou, we understand that there's a lot of tag teams that are waiting in line to have their shot at the titles. But our issue isn't just about the titles... it's about the way Donovan and Taylor look down upon everyone else, thinking that because they are rubbing elbows with a Hall of Fame manager like Brian Lau and a longtime veteran like Johnny Detson that they don't have to show respect for anybody else who has paid their dues, who has paved the way for others to have their chance in the business. Sure, we want to beat the best that's out there, but we understand that you can't turn your noses up at anybody who wants to give you real advice, and you certainly don't flaunt your accomplishments in other people's faces by embracing all the materialistic things that come with success.

SLB: Still, Howie, the tag team scene has become wide open as of late with many duos who are looking to make their mark in the AWA. How soon do you believe it will be before you get your shot at the titles, and just as importantly, do you believe that's going to come before anybody else?

HS: Sir, all I can say is that our chance will come in due time. We understand that we have to work our way up the ranks like anybody else does... we understand that there's a lot of teams we're gonna have to face before we get the shot, that we can't just demand a shot and expect it be given to us with no questions asked. That's why we've signed those open contracts to face any team at any time... because we want to earn our way to that title shot...

[His voice trails off and he and Daniel turn toward two men who are approaching the podium... the Bros of Anarchy. Matt Rogers goes up to the podium first, followed by Paulie Italiano. Sweet Lou steps toward the Bros of Anarchy.]

SLB: Hold on a minute... Matt Rogers, I'm doing an interview here and...

[Rogers snatches the mic from Sweet Lou.]

MR: That's just it, Blackwell... you're doing an interview with a team other than the team that was just wrestling in the ring earlier tonight! See, my new partner and I have grown tired of the lack of respect that's been shown by everybody in the AWA. First, we both get jumped before a match by... well, let's just call him He Who Must Not Be Named, even if I do hate those Harry Potter books! Then we get jumped again by Johnny Detson, even though we had nothing to do with his issues. And then we get made a promise by Dave Cooper that we might get named to the Lion's Den, only for him to never return a call or a text!

PI: That's right, he won't return our calls!

MR: And now we just had a match, our first match on Saturday Night Wrestling as a tag team, and we expect that we're going to get to a chance to voice our grievances, only to find out that you, Blackwell, insist on talking to these two chumps about how they're entitled to a tag team title shot!

PI: Yeah, they're entitled!

MR: And about all these tag teams they think they're gonna go through... well, if they think they're gonna get past the Bros of Anarchy, they better think again!

PI: Think again!

MR: Because we're going to straight to the top!

PI: To the top!

MR: And then we're gonna make Johnny Detson pay by taking it out on his new buddies who happen to be wearing the tag team titles!

PI: Make him pay! Make him pay!

MR: [turning to Paulie] You gonna keep repeating everything I just said?

[That's when Daniel Harper snatches the mic away from Rogers, snapping Rogers to attention.]

DH: You know, it's not just attitudes like the Kings of Wrestling that stink... it's attitudes like yours! You talk about lack of respect but you aren't willing to show it to anybody! You come out here, you interrupt our interview, when you could have

just talked to anybody you wanted before you even came out for a match, and then you start telling us how we act entitled! If you were being honest, the only person acting entitled is you, Matt Rogers!

[Rogers jerks a finger at Daniel and says "Oh yeah?" as Paulie just smirks and shakes his head.]

DH: And if you've been paying attention, you'd know we have an open contract! You could sign it at any time you want, but rather than sign on the dotted line, all you do is complain, while your new partner can't think for himself, given how he just repeats the same thing you say like he's a trained dog!

[That remark causes Paulie's smirk to vanish and he raises his own finger.]

PI: Just who are you calling a dog?

[Before anything more can happen, Sweet Lou steps in between both teams... bravely, one would guess.]

SLB: Hold on a minute! Please... let me have that mic!

[Daniel's tense facial features relax a bit and he hands the mic back to Sweet Lou. Howie steps closer to his partner.]

SLB: It sounds to me that we may have a challenge right here! Next Gen against the Bros of Anarchy... what about it?

[Daniel and Howie look at each other and nod.]

HS: If that's what the Bros of Anarchy want, then we'll be happy to oblige, sir!

[Paulie looks ready to accept, but Rogers holds up his hand.]

MR: Hey, wait a minute... you two have been teaming up for more than a year, but Paulie and I have just gotten started. But you know what... if you let us get at least another tune-up match like we got tonight, then we'll take you on! Heck, you guys can go out and find another tune-up match yourselves... even though it's only going to be tuning you up for disappointment, because it'll be the Bros of Anarchy who take that first step toward the tag team title shot that we deserve!

[Paulie looks at Rogers briefly, then nods.]

PI: We deserve it, baby!

MR: Come on, Paulie, let's go... we'll let these two lovebirds figure out what to do to keep themselves entertained.

[The Bros of Anarchy leave the podium. Daniel points a finger at them.]

DH: Go ahead and get all the tune-up matches you want... the fact is, all you're doing is stalling for time because you aren't confident enough to get the job done! But when that moment does arrive, you'll learn what it really means to deserve respect!

[Howie puts a hand on Daniel's shoulder, trying to calm him down.]

SLB: Well, I guess there'll be a match down the road between these two teams as the AWA tag team division is like a powderkeg waiting to explode! Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, it's the AWA Women's Division on display!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up to live action in the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first... already in the ring... the team of Ginette Rasmussen and Nancy Campbell!

[The two wrestlers in the ring are pretty non-descript. Rasmussen has mousy brown hair and a pretty basic outfit of purple yoga pants and a halter top. Campbell is in navy tights and a matching top. She has bleach blonde hair badly in need of a touch up at the roots.]

PW: And their opponents... being accompanied to the ring by Lauryn Rage... they are the Mamba and the Copperhead... the SERPENTINESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!

["Money, Power, Respect" blares over the speakers as the Serpentes arrive. Lauryn prances down the aisle first in her pink and gold ring gear. She waves off the fans that boo her. Next comes Copperhead. The copper-colored Dominicana curses out the fans and hisses at them with her fanged teeth. Finally, the camera catches the Mamba standing at the top of the ramp. The shot cuts to a rear view of her broad back as it blots out the rest of the screen. She spreads her lats impressively before she marches down the aisle, posing and flexing.]

GM: And the Serpentes make quite the entrance.

BW: If I were Rasmussen and Campbell, I'd get outta Dodge. They can't be getting paid enough to want to take this kind of a beating, Gordo.

GM: The AWA has the best women's competitors in the world. And these two want their shot. They can beat the Serpentes if they stay focused.

BW: With a tag team specialist like Lauryn Rage out there directing traffic? I don't know, Gordo. She has won tag team championships with Marissa Monet in her teens. They say she got the best of everything from the Rages... except maybe height.

GM: The numbers game is against the team of Rasmussen and Campbell with Lauryn Rage out there as well.

[The Serpentes stop at ringside as Lauryn brings them into a huddle. Both giant women bend their heads for some last minute instructions before Lauryn can be heard to yell "Break!" Immediately, the Serpentes rush both women in the ring.]

GM: Oh, come on! The bell hasn't even rung yet!

[Copperhead tackles Campbell to the mat and starts pounding away on her while Mamba grabs Rasmussen and tosses her over the top rope to the floor.]

BW: We saw them do this last time, Gordo! They make sure both partners are hurtin' so you can't tag in a fresh woman. You know who used to do that?

GM: Who?

BW: The Prophets of Rage. Shadoe Rage taught his baby sister and she is passing on the lessons of greatness to the Serpentes, daddy.

GM: I don't know if I would call this greatness. Scott Ezra has lost control of this match already!

[Copperhead continues to beat down Campbell while Mamba scoops up Rasmussen and slams her on the floor.]

BW: Ohh! Powerful slam on the floor! Right down on those thin protective mats, Gordo.

GM: There's not a lot of padding out there either.

"This little maggot wants to fly!"

GM: What did Copperhead yell?

[Copperhead drags up Campbell and hurls her violently over the top rope to fall to the floor with a loud splat!]

GM: Oh my! And Copperhead sends Campbell over the top to the floor as well!

BW: These two are absolutely brutal... just pure domination.

GM: But the match hasn't even started! All this has happened before the bell, Bucky!

BW: You think it's going to be any easier for their opponents once the bell rings?

[Quickly, Mamba tosses the dazed Rasmussen into the ring as Lauryn Rage yells at the timekeeper to ring the bell. After a moment, so does referee Scott Ezra.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're finally underway!

BW: And now the Serpentes have the advantage. Rasmussen and Campbell are both behind the eight ball before the bell even rings. Campbell has nobody to tag out to, Gordo. And she needs a tag badly.

GM: It's blatant cheating.

BW: Boo hoo.

[In the ring, Copperhead pounds away with rapid fire fists and knees to the downed Rasmussen. She yanks her up by the hair and decks her with a hard slap. The crowd boos as Rasmussen goes spinning into the ropes.]

BW: Was that a tooth I saw go flying?

GM: It might have been and look at Lauryn Rage celebrating on the outside for this carnage.

[Lauryn Rage mockingly follows the flight of the "tooth" by shielding her eyes and looking from the ring way out into the crowd. She breaks out laughing.]

GM: How mature.

BW: Hey, dominant performances should be recognized! Lauryn has helped her friends to success in the AWA!

GM: Friends or henchwomen?

BW: Whatever language you choose to use.

[In the ring, Copperhead charges hard at Rasmussen who is stunned against the ropes and crushes her boot into Rasmussen's jaw.]

GM: Quick tag to Mamba after the big running boot... and Campbell is still slumped in her corner, trying to shake off the cobwebs.

[Mamba comes in with another ring-shaking scoop body slam before driving an elbow down into her supine opponent.]

GM: Everything these two do is so impactful and you have to imagine that Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon are looking on backstage and wondering if they've made a mistake in calling out the Serpentine.

[Rolling over Rasmussen, Mamba does pushups, glaring into her face with each repetition.]

BW: If that isn't intimidation, Gordo. I don't know what is.

GM: The Mamba apparently making a point. Wait... where is Copperhead going?

[Back to attack Campbell. She yanks her off the ring apron to take a hard spill to the floor. As Scott Ezra rushes over to admonish her, Mamba gouges Rasmussen's eyes and viciously bites her forehead causing her to scream in pain.]

GM: Turn around, ref!

BW: Now Lauryn Rage has got his attention as Copperhead pounds away at Campbell.

[Pulling Campbell back up, Copperhead ties up her arms and hurls her down onto the thinly-padded floor with a butterfly suplex.]

GM: He should just disqualify them! This is out of control!

[Lauryn points Ezra towards the action in the ring as Copperhead throws Campbell onto the apron and strides back to her corner. Ezra turns in time to see Mamba yanking Rasmussen up for an inverted atomic drop that has Rasmussen wobbling on her feet.]

GM: And the referee has his attention back on the action inside the ring. Mamba to the second rope... flying clothesline! And that turned Rasmussen inside out!

[The crowd "ooohs!" as Rasmussen flips in the air and crashes to the mat.]

BW: Mamba standing over Rasmussen, flexing those biceps... and Lauryn is loving this.

[Lauryn hops onto the apron, cheering for Mamba, bringing Scott Ezra towards her again. The distraction allows Copperhead to drop off the apron and stalk Campbell, rushing forward to throw a dropkick that sends Campbell bouncing off the steel railing!]

GM: More brawling out on the floor and I don't know what Scott Ezra is waiting for, Bucky. He's clearly got no control over the Serpentes who are doing whatever they want out here.

[The crash into the steel causes Scott Ezra to peel away from Lauryn Rage, shouting at Copperhead who backs off, leaving Campbell down on the floor.]

GM: After another brutal attack on the floor, it looks as though Copperhead is going to tag back into this. Rasmussen could really use a tag but you can see that Campbell is completely out of it. There's no way she can tag in, Bucky.

BW: Probably not... and even if she could, I'm not sure that helps her team at all.

[Mamba makes the exchange with her partner, bringing Copperhead back in to pull Rasmussen up by the hair.]

GM: Irish whip by Copper-

[She charges forward and absolutely levels Rasmussen with a flying shoulder tackle! Copperhead yells out at the crowd!]

"Who's the baddest, huh? Who?"

GM: A devastating flying tackle... and then some trash talk for good measure as the Serpentes continue to dominate this matchup.

[Rasmussen is flat on her back as Copperhead gets a head of steam and bounces off the ropes. She leaps over Rasmussen on the return and then rebounds again. This time, she leaps high in the air to crash across Rasmussen with a big body splash.]

GM: And that has to be it.

[But it isn't. The crowd boos as Copperhead picks her up at two!]

GM: This match was over! That's uncalled for!

BW: She's still having fun in there, Gordo. Would you deny her the opportunity to have a little fun?

GM: This isn't fun... this is tormenting your opponent for crying out loud!

"You don't get off that easy."

[Copperhead tags in Mamba.]

GM: Uh oh... and now both Serpentes are in the ring, pulling Ginette Rasmussen off the mat...

[Both women slap a hand around the throat, lifting in tandem, pausing in tandem, and driving Rasmussen to the mat in tandem with the double chokeslam.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[On the outside, Lauryn Rage points out the pinfall for Nancy Campbell as the referee mercifully counts to three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: Here are your winners... the Serpentes!

[“Money, Power, Respect” plays as Lauryn Rage rolls into the ring. She raises the Serpentes’ hands high as the crowd boos. Lauryn Rage shouts back.]

“You can boo all you want, but you know what this is. This is dominance! AWA, look out. Melissa Cannon, you washed! Julie Somers, you can get it too, ya dig? I mean be my personal shopper or something, buy me some fruit or something, but don’t get in my business. The Kid is going to conquer!”

GM: Lauryn Rage certainly full of herself as the Serpentes rack up another tag team victory. Fans, I’ve had about enough of this. Let’s go backstage to Mark Steglet! Mark?

[We go to backstage where Mark Steglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Standing next to him is Supernova, who is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame. The AWA World TV Championship belt is strapped around his waist.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Ladies and gentlemen, in just a few minutes, Supernova will be facing Derrick Williams in a rematch for the World Television Title. Supernova, the last time the two of you met, Williams came very close to winning the title before Shadoo Rage intervened, and this came after you gave Williams a five-minute extension beyond the time limit. First of all, what was going through your mind when you gave that extension?

S: Mark, I knew that I had been in a tough match after I went to the time limit with Williams, but my philosophy ever since I won the title is that I want to beat the man I’m facing to consider it a successful title defense, and if it goes the time limit, I’m gonna ask for an extension. I do that because I don’t believe a time limit draw proves anything about who is the better man. And, truth be told, I don’t think Derrick Williams thinks that way, either. The way to prove you are the better man is to get your hand raised in victory and a time limit draw should leave a little doubt in your head as to whether you proved that.

MS: Well, that brings me to this: Not only has Williams been granted the rematch, but he will have his mentor, Kevin Slater, in his corner tonight. How are you going to contend with Slater’s presence?

S: Mark, I trust that Kevin Slater is only there to make sure the match stays between me and Williams. I know Williams well enough to feel confident that he doesn’t want somebody interfering on his behalf. But with that said, I’m aware of Slater’s history and, if we’re being honest, it wasn’t exactly what you’d call squeaky clean! So, yeah, a part of me does wonder if Slater might have a bigger agenda. Even so, I trust Williams when he says that Slater is just going to be there to ensure a fair fight, plus I want to give Slater the benefit of the doubt, because even if Slater’s past isn’t unblemished, I know he’s done a lot of good things and he obviously did a good job preparing Williams for the business. So while Slater’s presence may be in the back of my mind, I don’t have any reason to not take him at his word, that he’s only there to ensure a fair match.

MS: Need I remind you that it was Shadoo Rage’s interference in the last meeting between you and Williams that prompted Slater’s presence at ringside tonight. And

you heard what Shadoe Rage has said... that it better be you walking out with the TV title tonight.

S: [his eyes grow wider] You don't have to remind me about Shadoe Rage, Mark. First of all, his stunt is a reason why I wanted a rematch with Williams so we could truly find out who was the better man between us. Second, if Shadoe Rage is telling people that I better be the man who wins tonight, I can only read between the lines and conclude that he's intent on getting involved again. Well, I'll say this to you, Shadoe Rage... I know you want your rematch, but you aren't going to get it by interfering in a match against another opponent and leaving me with that doubt as to whether or not I proved to be the better man! So I'm going to leave you with something to think about: The more you get involved in my title defenses, the less likely it is you'll be getting that rematch! Because you know from experience that I don't accept an inconclusive outcome, and that the more I get such an outcome, the more I want another match to get to a conclusive outcome!

MS: So are you saying that the only way you'll grant Shadoe Rage his rematch is if he stays out of tonight's match?

S: I'm saying, Mark, that if he wants his rematch, he may find himself waiting longer for it the more he tries to manipulate the playing field! And right now, it's Derrick Williams standing at the front of the playing field and I aim to find out if I am the better man or not.

[A slight grin.]

S: Of course, I do plan on winning tonight's match... after all, any champion's goal is to successfully defend his title! Regardless of the respect I have for Williams, or what I think of Slater, or how much Rage is crowing about the outcome he wants, none of that is going to stop me from bringing the heat and defending this belt.

[He slaps the belt around his waist, then cups his hands to his mouth and howls. He walks off the interview set.]

MS: A very determined Supernova looking to prove himself against one of the rising stars in the AWA but Derrick Williams sounded much the same way earlier tonight when I interviewed him. Let's take a look at that previously recorded footage!

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside Derrick Williams whose gear is already on, his hood already up.]

MS: Thanks guys, and I'm here with the challenger to the AWA World Television Title tonight, Derrick Williams, who will have Ke-

[Williams puts up a hand to stop Stegglet.]

DW: Kevin Slater will not be in my corner, Mark. He's made it real clear that the only reason he's there is to keep Shadoe Rage out of the match so it stays one on one between me and Supernova. That's it.

Now, four weeks ago at the Anniversary Show, Nova and I beat the tar out of each other.

First, we went ten minutes... and that wasn't enough. And then we went five more... and it still wasn't enough because we don't know what would've happened, Mark. We don't know.

[Williams shakes his head.]

DW: Half the wrestling world says I was about to win the title that night... that I had him set up... but the other half?

[Williams grimaces.]

DW: The other half wonders if I had enough left in the tank to finish him off. The other half wonders if even if I'd hit the Neuralizer, did Supernova have enough left to kick out?

Would I be standing here tonight as the World Television Champion?

No one can answer that... thanks to Shadoo Rage.

[Williams lifts his right arm, slamming it into his open palm.]

DW: And that leads us to tonight. Tonight, Supernova and I are going to do it again... and thanks to my trainer and mentor, we're going to do it with a surefire way to keep Shadoo Rage out of it.

Rage is old school, Kev is from the old school, and you better believe that he'll keep Rage occupied and keep the match between Supernova and I. Kevin Slater may be retired but if Shadoo Rage gets up in his face, I'm betting there's still a little of that Wild Thing left for him.

[Williams throws his arms apart.]

DW: That means it's one on one this time. That means that this time, there will be no excuses, no interference, no one stopping one of us from getting the win when it matters the most.

This time, we're going to find out who is the rightful World Television Title... and this time, when I hit Supernova with the Neuralizer, you better believe he's going down for the one...two... three.

This time, I walk out as the World Television Champion.

[And the determined challenger turns, making his exit as we crossfade back to live action where Phil Watson awaits.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA World Television Title! Introducing first, he is the challenger...

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

PW: From Brooklyn, New York... weighing in at 270 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater...

DERRRRRRRIIIIIICK WILLLLLLLLLLIAMMMMSSSS!

[At the announcement of his name, Derrick Williams enters the arena to the cheers of the crowd. His brown hair frames his face, wavy coming down to his chin, matching his brown eyes and a shade darker than his olive skin. He has a short beard growing on his face, and does have generic tribal tattoos on his arms and back, like many of his generation. His ring gear consists of short, thigh length glossy black tights with "DW" in a stencil font enclosed in a silver circle, in silver, with "Brooklyn" written smaller in a similar font on the bottom left front. He wears black boots, coming up to mid-calf, with black knee pads. His wrists are taped with glossy black athletic tape, with black, half finger weightlifting gloves on his hands, and black neoprene elbow pad/braces, the one on the right adorned with Skull in silver on the pad portion.]

GM: And here comes the young lion himself, Derrick Williams... along with the former World Champion and Williams' trainer in Kevin Slater.

[Slater comes out after his charge, applauding him but keeping his distance to let Williams have the spotlight to himself. Williams turns, pointing at his trainer, getting some cheers for the Wild Thing.]

GM: We know Derrick Williams wants to do this on his own... but Kevin Slater says he's out here for only one reason. He wants to make sure no one gets involved.

BW: And by no one, he's referring to Shadoc Rage.

GM: Of course.

BW: Do you REALLY think Kevin Slater could stop Shadoc Rage if he decided to get involved?

GM: Slater's a former World Champion, Bucky.

BW: Who hasn't competed full time in years. Shadoc Rage is facing the best in the world each and every week. This is no contest if you ask me.

[Williams makes his way down the aisle in his silver-hooded black glossy vest, slapping the hands of the fans. Slater does the same, smiling at the reaction of the Kansas City crowd. As Williams reaches the ring, he climbs the stairs, entering the ring while pulling down his hood, appealing to the crowd before removing his vest. Slater takes his spot at ringside as Williams makes some adjustments to his gloves and elbow pad while being checked by the ref.]

PW: And his opponent...

["You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

PW: Introducing, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

THIS...

IS...

SUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame. The Television Title belt is secured around his waist.

As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.]

GM: This is a rematch from the Anniversary Show where these two battled to a ten minute draw... then asked for five more minutes, a period where it looked like Derrick Williams might very well capture the title when Shadoc Rage interfered. Hopefully that doesn't happen here tonight.

BW: I kinda hope it does. I want to see what Old Man Slater's got left in the tank.

[Williams makes his way out to the center of the ring as Supernova does the same. The young lion points to the title belt as 'Nova unhooks it, handing it over to referee Ricky Longfellow.]

GM: Derrick Williams making it quite clear that he's come here tonight to Kansas City to walk out as the World Television Champion.

[The referee holds the title belt in the air before backing up, handing the title belt out to the timekeeper as both champion and challenger touch knuckles before backing off to their respective corners.]

GM: And here... we... go!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Williams sprints forward, lowering his shoulder to catch Supernova around the torso, driving him back into the buckles.]

GM: Oh my!

[Williams grabs the middle rope, slamming his shoulder into the gut once... twice... three times...]

GM: Williams starting off hot, not wanting to risk a time limit draw this time.

[Straightening up, Williams throws a jaw-jacking elbowstrike that gets an "ohhhh!" from the crowd.]

GM: Good grief!

[Grabbing Supernova by the arm, Williams whips him from corner to corner. Williams gives a quick pump of the arm, charging across the ring towards his cornered opponent...

...who leans back, raising a boot to catch Williams in the chin!]

GM: OHH! Both men coming out strong out of the gate, Bucky!

[Supernova steps up to the second rope, leaning back, cupping his mouth, and giving a howl...]

GM: NOVA OFF THE ROPES!

[...and leaps into a crossbody attempt that Williams catches, twisting around to DRIVE Supernova down into the mat with a powerslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERSLAM! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The challenger stays on him, tightly cradling the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! MY STARS, I THOUGHT HE HAD HIM!

[Having narrowly avoided losing his title, Supernova rolls under the ropes to the floor, fleeing from the attacking challenger who slams a fist down into the canvas. Kevin Slater watches from ringside, nodding his head but not saying a word.]

GM: Kevin Slater said he wouldn't be playing a role in this other than watching their backs. He wasn't going to corner Williams and give him advice and cheer him on but right now, he seems to be living up to that.

BW: Who cares about Kevin Slater?! Derrick Williams almost won the Television Title! He caught Supernova by surprise and the champ is reeling.

[Back on his feet, Williams pursues Supernova, stepping out on the apron near him. He leans down, grabbing Supernova by his crew cut hair, pulling him up on the apron.]

GM: Both men out on the apron now. This is a dangerous place to be.

[Williams lays in a pair of heavy elbowstrikes to the side of the head, leaving Supernova clinging to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: 'Nova's in trouble!

[The challenger backs off, giving a pump of the arm as his back presses into the steel ringpost. With a head of steam, he charges down the apron towards Supernova, leaping into the air to land another big elbowstrike!]

GM: Good grief! Supernova is in a daze out on the apron!

[Williams grabs Supernova, lifting him up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry. The crowd instantly starts buzzing with concern over what Williams might have in mind.]

GM: Oh my, he's got Supernova up on his shoulders on the apron!

[The challenger turns his back to the ropes, holding Supernova in position...]

GM: Supernova's trying to fight out of this! Elbows and knees and-

[He slips out, landing inside the ring and leaving Williams off-balance out on the apron. Supernova grabs the top rope, pulling himself into a back elbow to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Supernova stuns him!

[Racing to the far ropes, Supernova bounces off, coming back with a running shouldertackle that sends Williams sailing off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: Williams goes flying off the apron! Supernova backs off and-

[The champion runs to the same ropes again, springing off, building up momentum...

...and HURLS himself over the ropes into a crossbody on a surprised Derrick Williams!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY SUPERNOVA! THE CHAMPION WIPES OUT THE CHALLENGER DOWN HERE AT RINGSIDE!

[Climbing back to his feet, Supernova gives a howl that the KC crowd echoes. He pulls Williams off the mat, shoving him back under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Both men are off to a quick start. We're barely three minutes into this and both men have busted out some big weaponry early on.

BW: That time limit draw back at the Anniversary Show is in both of their heads, Gordo.

GM: That appears to be the case as both men are bringing the attack hot and heavy to try to get a quick win.

[Supernova pulls himself up on the ring apron, stepping through the ropes as Williams staggers to his feet. A big boot to the gut doubles up Williams as Supernova walks into a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck...]

GM: The champion takes him up waaaaay up high... and brings him down with a big suplex!

BW: Shook the ring on that one.

[Supernova floats through the suplex into a lateral press, earning a two count before Williams kicks out.]

GM: Two count right there on the challenger but he kicked out in time.

[The champion climbs to his feet, leaning down to drag Williams up.]

GM: Supernova staying on his challenger, scoops him up... and slams him down!

[With Williams on the mat from the bodyslam, Supernova races to the ropes, rebounding back...]

...and leaps HIIIIIGH into the air before dropping a big elbow down into the sternum!]

GM: ELBOWDROP CONNECTS! OH MY!

[The champion makes another cover, getting another two count before Williams kicks out.]

GM: Another two count there for the champion, trying to put the young lion from Brooklyn away.

BW: Brooklyn versus Southern California. This is the wrestling version of Biggie and Tupac, Gordo.

GM: I don't even know how to respond to that.

[Pulling Williams to his feet by the arm, Supernova whips him the short distance into the corner. He rushes forward, leaping up onto the second rope, lifting his right hand up into the air...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[...and then shifts his feet to the upper thighs of Williams, grabbing him by the back of the head, and flipping him through the air to the canvas with a monkey flip!]

GM: Supernova takes him up and over...

[Williams scrambles up off the mat, turning to face the incoming Supernova who catches him with a right punch - left backhand - right punch combo that sends Williams falling back into the corner.]

GM: The challenger back to the corner... Supernova shoots him across!

[Backing into the corner, Supernova throws his head back with a howl, charging across the ring...

...but as he leaps, Williams pushes off the buckles, catching the flying Supernova with a STIFF right hand to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing the stunned Supernova, Williams lifts him up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry...

...and then shoves him over his head, dropping down to a knee!]

GM: GUTBUSTER!

[Supernova pops back up, clutching his midsection as Williams gets up, hooking him from behind, lifting him skyward, and dumping him on the back of his head with a backdrop suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Right on the back of the skull!

[Williams rolls across into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg as the referee delivers a two count.]

GM: Williams couldn't hold him down for a three count...

BW: You know, Gordo, I've noticed the kid has a tendency to not hook a leg sometimes and you have to think that might cost him against higher level opponents like Supernova.

GM: An excellent observation, Bucky, as Williams pulls Supernova to his feet...

[Holding the champion up by the back of the head, Williams throws three stiff elbowstrikes to the side of the head, sending him spinning away, falling chestfirst into the ropes.]

GM: Derrick Williams has earned a reputation as one of the hardest hitters in the entire AWA locker room, throwing those big elbowstrikes that'll certainly ring your bell.

[Approaching Supernova from behind, Williams goes to secure a rear waistlock but Supernova is hanging onto the ropes.]

GM: Williams might be looking for a German Suplex here!

[Williams tugs harder but the champion is hanging on for dear life.]

GM: Supernova wisely using the ropes to keep on his feet. He's reeling after those elbowstrikes but he knows that if he can stay up on the ropes, he can probably stay away from that suplex.

BW: Williams can't get him loose no matter how hard he tries.

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES!"

[Taking a step back, Williams rears back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Three clubbing shots to the back of the head and neck break Supernova's grip on the ropes as Williams hooks the waistlock again...]

GM: He's going for the German again!

[Suddenly, Supernova rushes forward, ducking down and causing Williams to smash his upper body into the top rope, bouncing him back into a roll as Supernova pulls back through. Williams rushes forward, hitting the ropes as Supernova turns around, moving forward...]

...which results in Williams being right behind Supernova as he turns around again, connecting with a clothesline from the blindside!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Williams dives across Supernova again, earning another two count.]

GM: Still can't keep him down for a three!

[Williams again slams a fist down into the mat, shaking his head in disappointment.]

BW: Williams needs to keep his cool... keep his focus. He's close to keeping Supernova down. He's close to being able to get that three count and walking out of Kansas City as the World Television Champion.

GM: The challenger climbing up to his feet again, still talking to the official.

BW: Forget about the referee, kid.

[Williams is still shaking his head as he leans down to pick up Supernova...]

...and gets plucked into a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! WILLIAMS GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

BW: Wow, that was close!

[Supernova isn't as fast to get to his feet as Williams who buries a short knee into the jaw of the champion, stunning him.]

GM: Williams caught him with a knee... grabs the arm...

[The Irish whip puts Supernova in the corner as Williams charges in after him, leaping up and landing a forearm shot to the jaw!]

GM: Leaping forearm by Williams... and look out now!

[With a shout, Williams hooks Supernova by the side of the head and absolutely starts HAMMERING the champion with brutal elbowstrikes to the skull!]

GM: Williams is all over him! With just under four minutes left in the time limit for this World Television Title match, Derrick Williams is looking to beat the World TV Title from around the waist of Supernova!

[Suddenly, Supernova grabs Williams under the arms, swinging him around so that Williams is up against the buckles. The dazed Supernova winds up, throwing a forearm... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: SUPERNOVA HAMMERING AWAY!

[The crowd is whipped into a frenzy as Supernova returns the favor, battering Williams with a series of quick and impactful forearms!]

GM: SUPERNOVA POUNDING WILLIAMS BACK INTO THE CORNER!

[A fired-up champion with the crowd roaring in support grabs Williams by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner. A keen-eyed viewer would notice Williams raising his foot, planting it on the turnbuckle to cushion the blow into the buckles.]

GM: Supernova to the corner! HERE HE COMES!

[The World Television Champion barrels across the ring, leaping into the air...

...but Williams grabs the ropes, pulling himself clear as Supernova SLAMS chestfirst into the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Supernova staggers out of the corner!

[The champion stumbles out to the middle of the ring as Williams steps off the ropes, raising his right arm to cheers from the KC crowd!]

GM: Wait a second! Williams is setting for the Neuralizer!

BW: If he hits it, it's over! If he-

[Suddenly, the Sprint Center lights cut to black.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: The lights just went out in the arena!

GM: We can't see a thing out here! We can't- Bucky, can you see anything?

BW: Not a thing! It's pitch black in here and- hey, what's that?! Something's going on over here next to us! I can't see but-

[There's a few more moments of darkness...

...and then with a flicker, the lights come back up, showing a confused Derrick Williams standing in the ring, arms up in a defensive posture.]

GM: The lights are back on but-

BW: Oh man, Gordo... look!

[The camera shot cuts to ringside near the announce table where "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater has been laid out at ringside, blood streaming from his forehead.]

GM: Oh my stars! Kevin Slater - under the cover of darkness, someone has assaulted Kevin Slater!

[Spotting his former trainer on the floor, Williams slides out to check on him, moving to take a knee next to him...]

GM: Derrick Williams immediately out here to check on Kevin Slater. Look at the expression on his face, fans. He doesn't know what happened - none of us do - while the lights were out but he knows that someone came after the man who got him into this business.

BW: Williams is a tough kid but when he talks about Slater, you can really tell how much he cares for him. A trainer. A mentor. Even a hero of sorts since Williams grew up watching the likes of Kevin Slater in the ring.

GM: The referee's trying to get Williams back in the ring. The match is still going. It isn't over, fans.

BW: He's going to count out Williams?!

GM: What choice does he have, Bucky? The match has to continue! Williams is still out on the floor... I think he knows he's being counted out but I also think he's more concerned about the condition of Kevin Slater than he is about continuing his challenge for the title.

BW: The kid... I think he had the match won, Gordo! He had that Neuralizer wound up and ready to fire away.

GM: The referee is begging him to get back in!

BW: Supernova is on his knees, he doesn't know what's going on and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And sadly, this match is over, fans.

BW: Derrick Williams just got counted out in the ultimate dumb kid move! He gave up what was almost a certain World Television Title victory so that he could play nurse to an old man who was no longer in danger!

GM: How do YOU know he was no longer in danger?! We don't know what was done to Kevin Slater! We don't who hit him or with what! He could be in a very serious medical situation and as the medical team rushes out here to tend to him, Derrick Williams looks very concerned.

[The camera zooms in on Williams who looks on with compassion as the medical team members kneel down next to Kevin Slater.]

GM: Who could've done this, Bucky? Who could've made this attack on Kevin Slater?

BW: If I have to answer that question, Gordo, you're as dumb as Derrick Williams.

GM: Do you think... do you actually think...

BW: Shadoe Rage did everything except walk out here with a spotlight on him and inform the world that he planned to interfere at that exact moment. He wants the title... he'll stop at nothing to get his shot at it... and Kevin Slater got in his way of doing that.

GM: I can't believe that Shadoe Rage would stoop so low. Fans, we've got to get Kevin Slater taken care of. We need to get this situation settled but... well, Supernova retains the World Television Title here tonight in Kansas City but you better believe this was NOT how he wanted this one to go down. We'll be right back!

[As the medical team continues to work on Kevin Slater, we slowly 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.

[We fade from black back to live action where the camera is following along with a VERY angry Derrick Williams as he walks through the hallways with a purpose.]

GM: We're back here LIVE on Saturday Night Wrestling and we're-

[Williams shouts, cutting off Gordon.]

DW: RAAAAAAGE!!!

[He shoves open a door, taking a look.]

DW: RAAAAAAAAAAGE! Come out here! I know it was you!

[The young lion pushes open another door, checking inside for the former World Television Champion.]

DW: I AIN'T WAITING, RAGE! I AIN'T WAITING!

[He spins, slamming his arm into another door, knocking it open as he checks inside.]

GM: Derrick Williams is searching the backstage area, trying to find Shadoc Rage apparently. Bucky, it looks like Williams is blaming-

[Williams comes to a stop in front of an unknown wrestler in a dual-strapped black singlet.]

Unknown Wrestler: Hey man, what are you-

[Williams isn't in the mood for small talk.]

DW: Rage. Where is he?

[The unknown wrestler (UW) shrugs.]

UW: No idea, brother. You think he did that stuff out there?

[Williams seethes, exhaling slowly.]

DW: I don't THINK he did it... I KNOW he did it. I've done my homework - Death In Darkness, right? It's in his playbook.

[The unknown wrestler slowly nods.]

UW: Well...

[He looks around in an exaggerated fashion.]

UW: He ain't here, chief. Maybe try catering.

[The unknown wrestler gives a chuckle as Williams shakes his head, turning to leave until...]

UW: Guess your boy can't handle himself anymore, huh?

[Williams pauses as the other man continues to laugh...]

...and in one move, Williams spins around, dropping the unknown wrestler with a Rolling Elbow!]

GM: OH!

[Williams steps towards the downed wrestler, standing over him, looking down for a moment before storming off...]

...and we cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left, from Reno, Nevada, at a combined weight of 512 pounds... TAHOE TRAYLOR AND DYLAN DICE!

[Traylor, the bigger of the two, wears a black two-strapped singlet and his hair is cut in a flat top. He scowls as he raises an arm to the crowd. Dice, the smaller wrestler, has black hair slicked back and pink trunks with a pair of dice on the rump and pink boots. He smirks as he shakes his right hand as if rolling dice.]

"Compter Les Corps" by Vulgares Machins plays over the PA, going straight to the chorus and drawing cheers. Jogging down the aisle comes the Northern Lights, Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet. Both men wear white satin ring jackets with "NORTHERN LIGHTS" stitched on the back in blue, and the Quebec and Maine flags intercrossed on a patch on the right chest. Both wear white trunks, kneepads, and boots (the same flag logo is on the boots). They wear blue wristbands, and Choynet wears full forearm supports in blue. Rousseau has a raven-black mullet and Choynet sports dark brown hair in a ponytail. Both have the classic clean-faced good looks popular with the ladies, and the cheers are definitely high in pitch. Rousseau and Choynet are on either side of the aisle, slapping hands as they run down.]

PW: And their opponents, from Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine respectively... at a combined weight of 448 pounds... RENE ROUSSEAU... CHRIS CHOINET... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[The duo proceed in opposite directions upon reaching ringside, slapping hands all the way around the ring. They do a high five as they cross opposite the aisle, and go past one another to complete the circuit.]

GM: The Northern Lights set for tag team action tonight... and they've had their issues as of late with Dave Cooper and the Samoan Hit Squad.

BW: They had the opportunity of a lifetime, Gordo, and they turned it down. Even after that, Cooper still kept the offer open and they aren't smart enough to take him up on it!

GM: I think the Lights are confident enough in their abilities that they don't want somebody like Cooper giving them direction.

BW: Gordo, you know that every man who has hooked up with Cooper has had nothing but success. If the Lights really want to get to the top of the tag team ranks, they need somebody like Cooper to give guidance. Now Cooper's giving it to the Samoans instead and the Lights are gonna regret it!

[Upon meeting on the opposite side of the ring, they both ascend to the apron and leap over the top rope into the ring. Rousseau bounces on his heels while Choynet goes up to the second rope, both firing up the crowd.]

GM: A warm reception from this crowd tonight.

BW: Yeah, that and four bucks will get you a frappuccino at Starbucks, but it sure won't get you the World Tag Team Titles.

GM: Never underestimate what the fans' support can do for a tag team, Bucky!

BW: You think any of these fans can coach up a tag team to greatness, Gordo? Come on... all fans can do for you is increase your Twitter following, while a man like Dave Cooper can increase your chances of winning the gold! I know which one every wrestler would rather have.

[The bell rings and Rousseau steps forward for his team, while Traylor steps forward for his.]

GM: Rousseau and Traylor starting things off... lockup in the center of the ring... and Traylor's power advantage is evident as he backs up Rousseau into the corner.

[The referee calls for the break, and as Traylor starts pulling back, he suddenly slugs Rousseau in the midsection.]

GM: And we do not get a clean break from Traylor.

BW: You know, I bet if Traylor and Dice got under Cooper's tutelage, they could go far, too.

GM: You have any idea if Cooper is interested in them?

BW: No idea, but my point is that if Cooper can help those two, then it's easy to see he can help the Lights, too!

[Traylor drives a pair of shoulders into Rousseau's midsection, ignoring the referee's call for a clean break.]

GM: Again, I think it's been well established that the Lights prefer to do things their way.

BW: Yeah, and a lot of good that's doing them right now!

[Traylor grabs Rousseau by the arm and whips him across the ring.]

GM: Hard Irish whip by Traylor... he charges in...

[Just before Traylor makes contact, Rousseau moves out of the way and Traylor crashes into the turnbuckles.]

GM: He missed! Rousseau measuring Traylor... dropkick connects! Traylor knocked off his feet but gets back up... and another dropkick!

[Traylor crashes to the mat and Rousseau is on top of him, pulling him up and into a side headlock.]

GM: Looks like you spoke too soon, Bucky... Rousseau is in control now!

BW: Yeah, compare that to how the Samoans do things... they take control right away! That's what a man like Cooper can do for you!

[Traylor shoves Rousseau off into the ropes and tries to catch him with a hiptoss, but it's reversed by Rousseau.]

GM: Rousseau reversing the hiptoss... nice work using the momentum to take the larger man off his feet!

[Traylor pulls himself up, but Rousseau is quick to grab him by the arm and tag Choisnet.]

GM: Tag is made to Choisnet... both Lights in the ring as Rousseau whips Traylor... right into a double clothesline!

[Traylor crashes to the mat in a heap as Rousseau exits and Choisnet runs off the ropes.]

GM: And Choisnet with an elbowdrop! Nicely done!

BW: I don't understand this Choice-net kid... he acts like he knows everything.

GM: You mean like he knows he doesn't need a man like Cooper in his ear?

BW: See, Gordo? He doesn't know everything... otherwise, he'd be getting somebody like Cooper to guide him!

[Choisnet pulls Traylor off the canvas and snares him in a waistlock.]

GM: Waistlock applied by Choisnet and... OH MY!

[Choisnet hoists the big man up and over into a belly-to-belly suplex.]

GM: Choisnet takes Traylor off his feet with the belly to belly!

BW: All right, I'll give him that... Traylor's a big man and taking a big man like that off his feet isn't easy!

[Choisnet plays up to the fans as he drags Traylor to his feet, but Traylor gets in a quick shot to the midsection.]

GM: Traylor fighting back! Shots to the gut... now heads to the corner and tags Dice!

BW: And there, Gordo, is the problem with Show-night. Spends too much time worrying about these fans and lets his opponent take advantage!

[Dice charges Choisnet and connects with a dropkick, then shakes his right hand in the air, drawing boos.]

GM: Dylan Dice catching Choisnet off guard... now approaching him and backing him into the rope. Here's an Irish whip...

[Dice ducks down for a back body drop attempt, but Choisnet puts on the brakes.]

GM: Choisnet with a kick right to the face! He saw the back body drop attempt coming! I'd say Choisnet is smart enough to know what to do without needing somebody like Cooper.

BW: Yeah, just wait until the Samoan Hit Squad gets their hands on him, Gordo!

[Choisnet hoists Dice up onto his shoulders.]

GM: Choisnet has Dice up... airplane spin!

[After spinning Dice around several times, Choisnet pushes him off his shoulders into a slam.]

GM: And into a fireman's carry slam!

[Choisnet gets to his feet first, pulls Dice up and tags Rousseau.]

GM: And Rousseau back in the ring... Choisnet with an Irish whip... double dropkick takes Dice down!

[Traylor rushes into the ring, trying to catch the Lights by surprise.]

GM: In comes Traylor... another double dropkick!

[Traylor rolls underneath the ropes to the floor. The Lights play up to the crowd and Choisnet exits the ring.]

GM: The Northern Lights staying in control of this one... Rousseau has Dice set up... lifts him into a gutwrench suplex!

[Rousseau points to the corner and climbs to the second rope.]

GM: Rousseau mounts the second rope... Dice getting to his feet... but Rousseau leaps off and a double axehandle connects!

BW: You know, Rousseau's got a lot of experience but it hasn't paid off for him that much in AWA, Gordo.

GM: Let me ask you something, Bucky... is Dave Cooper putting you up to be his personal spokesman for his services?

BW: Why not? I'd offer my services but I'm a busy man with leading this commentary team and Cooper has plenty of openings for clients!

GM: I'm sure you are a busy man, Bucky.

[Meanwhile, Rousseau has picked up Dice for a powerslam.]

GM: Powerslam by Rousseau and a cover... count of one... two... Traylor breaking it up!

[Traylor kicks Rousseau in the back of the head, which prompts Choisnet to enter the ring.]

GM: But here comes Choisnet... elbow to the chest connects!

BW: He's in there illegally!

GM: The referee trying to get some control, but Rousseau and Choisnet have Traylor and whip him into the ropes... double back body drop!

[Traylor rolls underneath the ropes as the referee orders Choisnet back to his corner.]

GM: Rousseau dragging Dice back off the canvas... tag is made to Choisnet... and now Rousseau sets Dice on the top rope.

[Rousseau steps aside as Choisnet goes up after Dice, hooking him in a front facelock as Rousseau climbs up after him and gets Choisnet on his shoulders.]

GM: Look at this... it's the Aurora Borealis!

[Choisnet takes Dice over with the fisherman superplex, aided by Rousseau's hoist onto his shoulders.]

GM: And that should do it! There's a count of one... two... and three!

[The bell rings and Choisnet releases Dice from the bridge, rising to his feet and exchanging a high five with Rousseau.]

PW: The winners of the match... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[The referee raises the hands of Rousseau and Choisnet, who plays up to the fans some more.]

GM: Another win in the books for the Northern Lights. I'm sure they have their eyes on the Samoan Hit Squad, who we will be seeing in action later tonight, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, and that's when you're going to see how a team under the tutelage of Dave Cooper gets-

GM: Sorry to interrupt you, Bucky... but we're being told that Derrick Williams just found Shadoe Rage backstage and-

[An abrupt cut to the backstage camera shows Derrick Williams pounding Shadoe Rage with clenched fists down on the floor of the locker room. A few nearby wrestlers grab at Williams, trying to pull him off of the former champion.]

BW: He attacked the man in his own locker room! What a punk!

[Williams ends up getting dragged off of Rage who gets back to his feet...

...and rushes the few feet towards Williams, leaping into the air and blasting Williams with a haymaker to the temple, knocking him (and the wrestlers holding him) down into a pile on the floor!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! Derrick Williams apparently believes that Shadoe Rage had something to do with the lights out attack on Kevin Slater!

BW: He's got no proof!

GM: He's got his gut instinct and-

[Rage pulls Williams off the floor, dragging him across the locker room as shouts from all around try to break it up...

...but Williams reverses Rage's grip, swinging him around and flinging him bodily into the metal lockers!]

GM: OHH!

[Williams rushes forward, slamming his shoulder into the torso and driving Rage back into the lockers again...

...when the locker room door swings open and the room is flooded with AWA officials demanding that Williams back off! We stay on the scene for a few moments before cutting back to the ringside announce table.]

GM: Whew. A wild scene back there in the locker room between Shadoo Rage and Derrick Williams for sure, Bucky.

BW: Williams assaulted a man from behind in the safety of his own locker room... with no reason for that matter! An unprovoked assault!

GM: Well, Williams certainly was provoked when his trainer and mentor - Kevin Slater - was assaulted out at ringside.

BW: No proof!

GM: Alright... well, changing gears, fans... it's been several weeks now that Charisma Knight has been coming out here and serving up an Open Challenge, inviting the best in the world to come to the AWA and take her on.

BW: She's beaten 'em all, Gordo!

GM: She certainly has. After some questionable choices, the AWA started bringing in some of the toughest competitors for Knight but she's been able to beat them all so far. Will that winning streak continue tonight?

BW: You better believe it will! I talked to Charisma before the show and she told me that she has it on good authority that tonight is the night that Ayako Fujiwara is going to debut... and she's ready for her! She's been training for her... studying her... and getting ready to ruin Emerson Gellar's big signing's debut.

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, let's go up to Phil Watson and find out who will be answering the challenge here tonight!

[We 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 a match in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first...

[The lights in the arena dim as "I'm About To Break You" by New Year's Day starts to play over the arena.]

PW: From Cleveland, Ohio... weighing in at 150 pounds... here is...

CHARISMA KNIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Charisma Knight steps from behind the curtain into the entrance way, her bright red chin length hair matches the color of her floor length ring robe.. She walks toward the ring at a normal pace, occasionally stopping to give a smirking condescending laugh or two toward the fans in the aisle way.]

GM: Charisma Knight looks full of confidence here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Why shouldn't she be? She knows who her opponent is! It's a lock! It happens right here tonight!

[Knight climbs the steps to the ring, walking along the apron on the hard camera side, stopping at the middle and facing the crowd, holding out her arms and raising her head. She lowers her head, looking around the crowd with a slight sneer before entering the ring, removing her robe to reveal her matching flame emblazoned black, red, and orange gear, consisting of kick pads over wrestling shoes, upper thigh length tights, and a closed off modest halter length tank top. She motions for the microphone from Phil Watson.]

GM: Apparently Charisma Knight has something to say before she-

[Knight cuts off Gordon.]

CK: Enough talk. Enough of Emerson Gellar screwing around with me and stalling it out. I've beaten everyone tossed in my way. I've proven that I am the best in the AWA... in fact, I am the best in the world.

[The crowd jeers!]

CK: I am the Spotlight, the Center of the Galaxy. I AM the highlight of the AWA, and I'm not doing anymore waiting. I come out here week after week and put away the top competition... and yet I'm still disrespected by the Committee and ranked behind the Golden Girls. Have either of them even won a match with real competition since SuperClash? But after tonight... oh, after tonight, the Championship Committee will have no choice but to recognize me as the Number One Woman in the AWA.

[She circles the ring to the chorus of boos from the crowd, smirking again.]

CK: Boo me all you want, you all know it's true. And you just hate the truth that your beloved autograph signers and Instagram junkies aren't as good as me.

[More boos as Knight puts a foot up on the middle rope, looking down the aisle.]

CK: Tonight, I get to show you again that I'm the best in the world... because tonight it happens.

[Knight nods confidently.]

CK: I have it confirmed that in a few moments when I'm done addressing you idiots...

[Knight smiles at the boos.]

CK: I have in confirmed that FINALLY Ayako Fujiwara is going to walk down that aisle!

[Big cheer! Knight kicks at the rope, shouting off-mic at the crowd.]

CK: You want her? YOU WANT HER?!

[Another big cheer!]

CK: Well, me too! Because when she gets down here, I'm gonna snap her knee in two! I'm going to put Gellar's big signing on the shelf and when I do, I will no longer be denied!

So... the wait is over, sound man. Hit her music.

[Knight turns back toward Watson.]

CK: You call her name.

[She turns to the referee.]

CK: You ring the bell.

[She turns to the announce team.]

CK: And you two get ready to call my rising to a whole new level!

[Knight turns back to the aisle.]

CK: Let's get this over with.

[Knight turns back to Phil Watson, slapping the mic back in his hand with a sneer.]

GM: Charisma Knight seems very certain that Ayako Fujiwara is going to be her opponent here tonight. Quite frankly, I haven't heard anything of the sort but I've been eagerly anticipating the debut of Fujiwara.

BW: This is gonna be great! Do it, Watson!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And her opponent...

[Knight waits as a pregnant pause fills the air...]

GM: Well, who is it going to-

[The sounds of "Warning" by El Gran Silencio fill the air. Knight arches an eyebrow, still looking down the aisle.]

PW: From Guadalajara, Mexico... weighing in at 119 pounds...

PELLLLLLIGROOOOOOSAAAAA!

[Knight angrily kicks the bottom rope as the luchadora known as Peligrosa emerges through the curtain with an energetic leap and yelp. Clad in a black vinyl halter top with "DANGER" written in bold yellow text across the chest and back, Peligrosa is wearing a yellow mask. The mask covers her upper head, eyes, and cheeks but is cut away to expose her nose, mouth, and chin. Her long blonde hair with scarlet streaks is pulled through a hole in the top of the mask before it spills loose. Red full-length vinyl tights and boots round out the ensemble as she slaps the hands of the fans along the aisle.]

GM: Well, fans, this is NOT Ayako Fujiwara but rather the competitor known throughout Mexico as Peligrosa!

BW: What a scam! Gellar pulled a fast one again!

[Peligrosa slaps as many outstretched hands as she can, getting down to the ring quickly. She climbs up on the apron, saluting the fans before using the top rope to catapult over the top in a somersault...

...where Knight BLASTS her with a clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH, COME ON! CHEAP SHOT BY CHARISMA KNIGHT!

[A fired-up Knight puts the boots to the luchadora as the fans jeer.]

GM: From what I know, Peligrosa is a young lady - maybe not the most experience.

BW: And it shows because she took her eyes off Charisma Knight who lowered the boom on her!

[Knight pulls the lady from Mexico off the mat by the hair, using the grip on the hair to fling her back into the corner before rushing in after with a back elbow to the chin!]

GM: The bell hasn't even rung yet and Knight is all over her!

[Using the hair again, Knight flips her out of the corner in a snapmare, leaving her seated on the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Kick to the spine! Good grief!

[The masked woman howls in pain, rolling over to all fours, trying to push up off the mat as Knight takes aim, dropping to her knee and driving the point of her elbow down into the lower back.]

GM: Charisma Knight is not listening to the official at all... not one bit as referee Ricky Longfellow tries to get her back and give Peligrosa a chance to recover.

BW: Why should she?! Why should she give this woman a chance to recover after Emerson Gellar pulled a fast one on her?!

[Knight climbs to her feet, backing off as the official kneels down, checking to see if the luchadora can continue.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow trying to find out if Peligrosa can compete in this after a brutal pre-match attack by Charisma Knight!

BW: One she had coming.

GM: I'm not even going to dignify that with an argument - it's so ridiculous.

[Knight shouts "COME ON!" at the official who turns to hold her back with an outstretched hand. Longfellow and Knight are arguing loudly as Peligrosa pushes up to a knee.]

GM: Charisma Knight showing no respect for the referee and-

[Knight shoves past the referee, moving in on the luchadora...

...who springs up, throwing a forearm shot into the jaw of Knight!]

GM: Oh my!

[Longfellow backs off, waving for the bell.]

GM: Here we go! The match is official now!

[Peligrosa peppers Knight with short forearms, backing her into the corner. She steps up to the second rope, grabbing two hands full of Knight's hair, swinging her knee up into the face as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"
"TWO!"
"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Twisting around, Peligrosa leaps off the second rope, slamming Knight facefirst into the canvas with a faceslam!]

GM: Knight's face meets the mat... and Peligrosa slides into a cover!

[A two count follows before Knight kicks out. An angry Peligrosa slips into the mount, grabbing a handful of hair, smashing her fist down into the skull over and over as the crowd cheers her on.]

GM: Peligrosa showing some of the fiery temper she's known for!

[The referee backs her off at the count of four. The luchadora climbs up off the mat, shaking her hand in pain as she walks around the ring.]

GM: Peligrosa may have hurt her own hand with those punches, moving back in on Knight...

[Knight climbs off the mat, stumbling forward into a knife-edge chop from Peligrosa that sends her falling back into the ropes. The luchadora advances, grabbing her by the arm...]

GM: Mexican whip sends her across...

[As Knight rebounds back, Peligrosa drops down, forcing Knight to hurdle over her, bouncing off the ropes...]

GM: Knight coming off... headscissors takeover!

[The rana snaps Knight down to the mat, flinging her across the ring. She staggers up to her feet quickly...

...and a running leg lariat sends her toppling over the ropes, crashing down to the floor at ringside!]

GM: Oh my! A hard fall to the floor for Charisma Knight and Knight is absolutely reeling so far in this one!

BW: What do you expect, Gordo?! She expected one opponent and got a completely different one! Where the heck is Fujiwara?!

GM: She's not here and Charisma Knight better get her head in the game or this one's going to be over real quick!

[With Knight down on the floor, Peligrosa catapults over the top rope, landing on the second rope...

...and MOONSAULTS off, crashing down on top of Knight, wiping her out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE ON THE FLOOR! Peligrosa living up to her name because that was pure danger!

[The crowd is still buzzing as the masked female comes up off the floor, shoving Knight under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: Knight's back in... Peligrosa back up on the apron... and she's heading up top again!

[The luchadora steps to the second... then to the top, raising her arms high and getting a good reaction from the Kansas City crowd...]

GM: Peligrosa is going to fly! Peligrosa is looking to end this one quickly and-

[Down on the mat, Knight pushes up to all fours, waving the official towards her.]

GM: What... is Charisma Knight injured or...?

BW: She's waving the referee over. Longfellow's trying to check on her.

[Knight suddenly springs forward, shoving the official backwards, sending him sprawling into the ropes...]

...which knocks Peligrosa off balance, causing her to fall forward from the ropes, the back of her head SLAMMING into the canvas!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Hahaha! I love it! What a brilliant move by Charisma!

GM: Another cheap shot! She used the official to knock Peligrosa down off the ropes and-

BW: When you want to be a winner... when you want to be a champion, you do whatever has gotta be done, Gordo! That's what Charisma Knight just did! That's what Charisma Knight is all about!

[Knight backs off, slapping her leg twice, keeping her eyes on Peligrosa as the luchadora slowly tries to get off the mat...]

GM: Peligrosa is trying to rise! Peligrosa is trying to get to her feet after that hard fall and-

[And as she does, Knight comes barreling off the ring, leaping off one foot and kicking with the other...]

GM: LETHAL INJECTION!

[...and DRIVES her boot into jaw, knocking Peligrosa backwards, sending her violently crashing into the buckles, creating a whiplash-like effect!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The luchadora collapses forward to the canvas, crumpling into a motionless heap as Knight scrambles into a cover, hooking both legs tightly.]

GM: This one's over, fans.

[The three count follows as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Charisma Knight picks up the win here in Kansas City.

[As Knight rises, Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... CHARISMA KNIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Knight has her hand raised by Ricky Longfellow...

...and then rushes forward, viciously stomping the head of the downed luchador!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for this!

[The fans are all over Knight as she stomps the head of Peligrosa!]

GM: Get her back, ref!

[Longfellow is loudly protesting, ordering Knight to back off...

...and she finally does, soaking up the jeers of the crowd before snatching the mic away from Phil Watson.]

CK: Were you watching, Gellar?! Did you see?!

[Knight gestures to the downed Peligrosa, Ricky Longfellow kneeling next to her.]

CK: This... this is what's going to happen. You want to mess with me?! You want to screw with my head?! This is what happens when someone tries to get inside my head!

I... I want Fujiwara! You send this? I send 'em back on a stretcher!

[Knight grabs at her own head.]

CK: I've trained for her! I've prepared for her! I'm ready for her! And you...

[She shakes her head.]

CK: ...you send me THIS?!

Emerson Gellar, you've got two weeks to see the error of your ways. You send me Fujiwara... you BRING me Fujiwara.

Or I send you another one...

[She gestures to the downed Peligrosa, now being tended to by AWA medical personnel.]

CK: ...just... like... her.

[Knight throws the mic angrily down to the canvas before ducking through the ropes.]

GM: Charisma Knight with a very serious message aimed towards the AWA's Director of Operations.

BW: Think he got it, Gordo?

GM: Time will tell, I suppose. Fans, while the AWA doctors are tending to Peligrosa, we're going to take a commercial break. But when we come back, it's time to hear from the Russian War Machine himself, Kolya Sudakov! Stick around for that one 'cause we'll be right back!

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

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

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

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

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

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

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

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

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

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

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

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

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

[We fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where we find Mark Stegglet standing next to Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.]

MS: Welcome back to SNW on The X, fans, where I have been joined by Emerson Gellar who has a very special announcement.

[Gellar nods.]

EG: Thanks for having me back, Mark. Earlier tonight, Derrick Williams was perhaps on the verge of becoming the World Television Champion when the lights went out in the arena and someone assaulted former World Champion Kevin Slater. It was a brutal, heinous attack-

MS: The kind of issue that can be settled in the ring, I'm sure.

[Gellar raises an eyebrow in Stegglet's direction.]

EG: Perhaps... IF we knew who had done it. Many backstage believe this attack was the act of Shadoe Rage but we certainly have no evidence of that at this time. But we do have evidence of is that two top contenders are in line for another shot at the World Television Title and with Memorial Day Mayhem just around the corner, we have quite the dilemma.

[Gellar pauses.]

EG: Therefore, it is my official ruling that two weeks from tonight in Minneapolis, Minnesota, we will see Shadoe Rage compete with Derrick Williams... and the winner of that match will go on to challenge the World Television Champion - whomever it may be - at Memorial Day Mayhem in Seattle.

MS: Wow! Big breaking news here in Kansas City! Williams vs Rage, two weeks from tonight, the winner gets the title shot in Seattle! Mr. Gellar, can you also address what we just saw with Charisma Knight?

[Gellar nods.]

EG: Charisma Knight needs to not worry about guessing who her opponent is and be ready for anyone. And if she wants to see Ayako Fujiwara in action, I suggest she be watching the Power Hour a week from tonight because we'll be showing a match from Japan featuring the newest addition to the Women's Division.

MS: Mr. Gellar, I'm not Charisma Knight will be satisfied with that.

[Gellar gives a dismissive gesture.]

EG: The world will see Ayako Fujiwara soon enough, Mark... and if I was Ms. Knight, I would strongly consider an old saying.

MS: Which one is that?

[Gellar grins knowingly.]

EG: Be careful what you wish for because you just might get it. Thanks, Mark.

[The Director of Operations exits the shot as we fade inside the Sprint Center and find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing at the in-arena interview platform.]

SLB: We are LIVE here in Kansas City where we've had quite the night already and things keep on going as we head down the road to Memorial Day Mayhem in Seattle. And this man just might be a part of that big event. Joining me now at this time, the former AWA National Champion... the Russian War Machine... Kolya Sudakov! Kolya, come on in here...

[Kolya enters the frame in his street clothes, raising an arm to salute the cheering crowd.]

SLB: Kolya, we knew you wanted to be here tonight in Kansas City to address the comments and the challenge made by Jackson Hunter and Maxim Zharkov two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Sudakov slowly nods.]

KS: Kolya remembers, Lou Blackwell. Kolya remembers how Zharkov and the serpent Hunter challenged him before. How they did not believe that Kolya could survive five minutes with Tsar. But Kolya...

...Kolya survives.

[The crowd cheers.]

KS: Kolya came to America many years ago with one goal - to show the world that Russia was still Number One. That Russia still produced the toughest, strongest, greatest champions in combat.

Kolya has conquered everywhere he has fought. Europe. Japan. Here.

Kolya came here and dominated.

[Sudakov pauses.]

KS: Much like Comrade Zharkov.

[He raises a hand, pointing to the camera.]

KS: But Zharkov is not Kolya Sudakov.

Zharkov, he may be Soviet Champion. Zharkov may be Russia's new favorite. But, Kolya... he is Russian War Machine... and always will be Russian War Machine. Kolya is ready for war, Zharkov!

[Big cheer!]

KS: And if you and Hunter want Kolya... one more time... one final battle...

[Sudakov pauses, staring into the camera.]

KS: You've got-

[A somewhat familiar voice interrupts.]

JH: Hey!

["Sweet" Lou turns around to discover that Jackson Hunter is standing twelve inches behind him.]

SLB: AH! Jackson Hunter, how do you do that?!

JH: I transcend time and space, Lou; everyone knows that.

[Hunter manages to keep "Sweet" Lou between him and Sudakov, who begins snarling with rage.]

JH: Kolya, you are so dense that light bends around you; if you keep avoiding Mr. Zharkov's challenge, you are going to feel the thump of a harpoon in your sternum! If you don't—ERK!

[Sudakov's right hand finds itself wrapped around Hunter's throat; his left easily takes the microphone from Blackwell.]

KS: Kolya accepts your challenge! Kolya accepts your rematch! Kolya will see Zharkov at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Kolya pulls the flailing, gasping Hunter closer in.]

KS: But you, serpent... Kolya will make sure you do not see Memorial Day.

[Sudakov drops the microphone, choking Hunter with both hands now.]

BW: Somebody get some help out here! Kolya's snapped and Sweet Lou's just standing there!

[Hunter is flailing about with his arms and legs, trying to get free...

...when suddenly a massive presence bowls over Sudakov from behind!]

GM: Oh! That's Zharkov!

[Zharkov kneels over Sudakov, raining massive palm strikes down upon him. His arm looks to be covered in a gauntlet made of red leather, from the knuckles to mid-forearm. A heavy-gauged metal chain hangs around his neck.]

GM: What is that on his hand? Zharkov attacking Sudakov with some kind of loaded glove there!

[The stage swarms with referees and road agents, but none dare interfere with the Tsar. Hunter is still doubled over, gasping for breath.]

GM: This is out of control!

BW: This is totally deserved, Gordo! Sudakov put his damn hands on Jackson Hunter!

GM: Zharkov is pummeling Sudakov into the ground!

[Satisfied that Sudakov is fully subdued. Zharkov rises and takes the microphone, speaking in his ominously calm manner.]

MZ: Da, tovarisch. Let it be Memorial Day Mayhem. And...

[He takes the chain from around his neck.]

MZ: ...we will be bound... by this.

[Zharkov drops the chain across Sudakov's torso.]

MZ: Do svidaniya, Kolya.

[Zharkov turns back to the entryway, grabbing the still hacking Hunter by the back of his suit jacket and dragging him with him.]

GM: Was... wait a second, was that a challenge?!

BW: Sure sounded like one, Gordo!

GM: Maxim Zharkov wants Kolya Sudakov in a Russian Chain match at Memorial Day Mayhem! Zharkov wants to put his undefeated streak on the line in Seattle against the Russian War Machine, Bucky!

BW: It's a bold move - a bold statement from Zharkov and Hunter as they continue to try and climb the ladder of contention. You know Hunter wants Zharkov in the title picture and a win over Kolya Sudakov - in a Russian Chain match no less - could be the trick to making it happen.

GM: You'd have to imagine that a competitor - a man - as proud as Sudakov will accept that challenge but we'll try to get that answer later tonight. Fans, let's head backstage and hear from one of the teams about to hit the ring!

[We cut to what appears to be some pre-taped footage of the duo made up of Kenji Nakamura and GEMINI Hashimoto - the Shadow Star Legion. Both are dressed for action but are wearing matching red and white nylon jackets over their bare torsos.]

KN: For many years, we watched AWA... from far. We watch and we learn. We have one goal... same as always have... to be best in the world. For years, we walk towards that goal in Japan.

Tonight, we take first step toward that goal here.

[Nakamura inclines his head, inhaling slowly.]

KN: Sadisuto-san, the history of our people here in wrestling... here in America... is...

[He pauses, looking for the word.]

KN: Clouded. Many years ago, they were all like you. They...

[Nakamura and Hashimoto have an exchange in Japanese before Nakamura turns back to the camera.]

KN: They... thrive... on American fear... on American anger. They... embarrass themselves and our people.

Now, American fans respect Japanese wrestlers like Fujimoto-san... like Kitzukawa-san... but you still here. You still... problem.

[Big GEMINI Hashimoto shakes his head.]

KN: And you bring others to do your fight for you. We don't. We fight for ourselves. We fight for our people.

Tonight, we show people the fighting spirit of Japan. We show honor... respect. We show them all that.

And you...

[Nakamura points a finger.]

KN: We show you why Shadow Star Legion... best in world.

[Hashimoto growls in the direction of the camera, slapping himself hard across the chest before the former Global Tag Crown Champions fade away...]

...and we find a full ring with Phil Watson in the middle of it all.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... from Parts Unknown... at a total combined weight for 597 pounds... being accompanied by their manager, Mr. Sadisuto...

[The crowd jeers and Sadisuto cackles, impeccably dressed in a formal suit with a black derby hat. The veteran from Tokyo carries a wooden cane with a carved dragon's head handle.]

PW: MAD DOG... THRASH... DOOOOOOOWNFAAAAAAALLLLLLL!

[The two masked brutes are nearly identical in size and shape, clad in black studded leather vests, black armbands with half inch silver spikes covering nearly every inch of them, full length black wrestling tights with silver waistbands and black wrestling boots. Their faces are covered by white masks, which have a red circle in the center of them. They pull the masks off upon the introduction, revealing their painted faces. Mad Dog's forehead down to the nose is painted a solid red while the lower portion of his face is covered in jagged diagonal red and white lines. Thrash's face is predominately red, around both eyes are black diamonds and there is a thin black stripe that which runs down the middle of his face. Thrash glares into the camera as Mad Dog opens his mouth, extending his vibrant, red tongue down towards his chin.]

PW: And their opponents... at 255 kilos... from Japan... Kenji Nakamura... GEMINI Hashimoto...

THE SHADOOOOOW STAAAAAAR LEEEEEEGION!

[Big cheers from the Japanese duo. Nakamura removes his jacket, tossing it over the ropes to reveal his slender swimmer's physique. He claps his hands together over his head a few times, a silver and red star painted around his left eye. He wears red full-length pants, billowing out around his black boots. Hashimoto is the larger of the duo... you might even call him plump. He wears bright white full-length tights with red "claw" marks across the thighs and red boots. He also sports a white bandana with a burning red sun on it that holds back his jet black hair.]

GM: This should be a good one, Bucky.

BW: Two of the top contenders in the tag team division jockeying for the top spot... absolutely.

GM: And when you say they're jockeying for the top spot, that might be the reality of the situation with the current Number One Contenders - the Dogs of War - going out on tour to Japan.

[Sadisuto gives some final words to his charges before exiting the ring, leaving them behind. On the far side, GEMINI Hashimoto steps out to the apron after patting his partner's shoulder.]

GM: It looks like it'll be Kenji Nakamura starting things off with... Mad Dog of Downfall.

BW: Both of these teams have been on a roll as of late but only one can win tonight and keep that momentum going.

[With one man in and one man out on both sides of the squared circle, referee Davis Warren signals for the bell to start the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, the two men circle one another for a bit before coming together in a collar and elbow.]

GM: Immediately into the tieup at the bell. These two are wasting no time in getting right to it.

[Mad Dog's power advantage is evident as he easily shoves the struggling Nakamura back against the buckles. The official is immediately on the scene, calling for the break.]

GM: And I find it highly unlikely we'll get a clean break from Mad Dog of Downfall.

[Mad Dog steps back, opening up with an overhead forearm smash aimed at Nakamura's head...

...but the smaller man ducks out, sliding from the corner as Mad Dog's arm slams down into the turnbuckle to cheers.]

GM: Oho! Nice show of speed on the part of Kenji Nakamura.

BW: And that's where Nakamura is going to have the edge in a match against Downfall. Two big three hundred pound hosses on the other side of the ring so he's gotta stick and move in there to stand a chance.

GM: Of course, the Shadow Star Legion have held the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown on multiple occasions so we know quite a bit about them. Downfall on the other hand remains a bit of a mystery.

BW: Just the way Mr. Sadisuto likes it.

[Mad Dog shows a little annoyance as he stares at Nakamura with his hands on his hips. Nakamura has struck a martial arts pose, beckoning Mad Dog out of the corner.]

GM: Mad Dog moving in... and here we go again, back into the tieup...

[But again, Mad Dog powers Nakamura back, this time against the ropes on the far side of the ring. The referee calls for a break and as the face-painted brute backs off, he comes up swinging with a right hand that Nakamura ducks under and a left that Nakamura spins away from, ending up back in the middle of the ring to cheers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Again, the quickness of Nakamura on display... look out!

[An angry Mad Dog stomps towards him, locking up again, pushing him back against the ropes for a third time...

...and this time, he swings his knee up into the midsection of Nakamura, stunning the smaller competitor.]

GM: Ohh! Right up into the breadbasket...

[A clubbing forearm across the shoulderblades follows. A second lands right after it, knocking Nakamura down to all fours. A snarling Mad Dog unleashes a series of quick and impactful double axehandles to the back.]

GM: Mad Dog hammering away, putting Nakamura down into the mat...

[With a bark at the official, Mad Dog hauls Nakamura up by the arm, backing him into the ropes and whipping him across.]

GM: Irish whip shoots Nakamura across... ducks the elbow... off the far side... ducks the clothesline as well!

[Building speed, Nakamura hits the ropes for a third time, coming back strong as he leaps into the air, extending his leg and catching Mad Dog right under the chin with a boot!]

GM: Oh my! Flying kick by Nakamura connects and down goes Mad Dog!

[Nakamura scrambles up off the mat, beating Mad Dog there by a hair. He swings his leg up and to the side, catching the face-painted brawler in the midsection.]

GM: The kicks of Nakamura are so effective, Bucky.

BW: One of the best kickers on the roster.

[He snaps off three more to the abdomen, leaving Mad Dog reeling as Nakamura steps up, leaping into the air and swinging his right foot up into the painted face with a leaping front kick!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[The blow sends Mad Dog staggering back, falling into the corner of the Shadow Star Legion. Nakamura steps in, making the tag to his larger partner to cheers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes big Hash!

[Moving out of the corner, each man takes an arm to shoot Mad Dog across the ring. Nakamura dives to the mat, causing the rebounding Mad Dog to hurdle over him. As he lands, Big Hash is waiting...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”
“OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!”

[...and CONNECTS with a devastating knife-edge chop across the chest that takes Mad Dog off his feet, putting him down on the mat!]

GM: Goodness, Hashimoto lit up Mad Dog with that blow!

[Mad Dog stumbles back to his feet where Hashimoto is waiting.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Another big chop takes him back down!

[Mad Dog scrambles off the mat again where an overhead chop connects, knocking him back down as Hashimoto drops into a lateral press.]

GM: Hashimoto covers... but he only gets a two count off the chop!

[Hashimoto quickly pushes up off the mat, pulling Mad Dog off the mat by the hair. He uses the hair to snap mare Mad Dog into a seated position...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and delivers a skin-blistering overhand slap to the back of Mad Dog!]

GM: GEMINI Hashimoto is one of the hardest hitters in pro wrestling and if you don't believe me, you can ask Mad Dog right about now as Mr. Sadisuto shouts at his men from out on the floor.

[Hashimoto steps to the front of Mad Dog, uncorking a short kick to the chest, knocking him back down to a prone position before dashing the short distance to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: OH MY!

[...and leaps into the air, dropping all of his weight down backfirst across the chest of Mad Dog!]

GM: BACKSPLASH BY HASHIMOTO!

[He flips over, applying another lateral press but again only getting a two count.]

GM: Two count only again! Hashimoto is busting out the heavy weaponry early on in this one and he keeps looking for the win. The Shadow Star Legion knows how important a victory like this one could be with the tag team division so wide open right now. A big win here and there can really propel a team up the ladder and into a shot at the World Tag Team Titles.

[Climbing back to his feet, Hashimoto looks to the corner as Mad Dog tries to get off the mat. Grabbing Mad Dog by the arm, Hashimoto whips him into the SSL's corner, following in with an impactful clothesline in the buckles that lifts Mad Dog off his feet for a moment before he settles back down.]

GM: Big clothesline and big Hash makes the tag, bringing Nakamura back into the match.

[They move Mad Dog out of the corner again, getting some verbal "thrashing" from his partner as they do. Nakamura whips him across as Hashimoto moves into position.]

GM: Nakamura with the kick to the body...

[And Hashimoto rushes in, delivering a running kneelift to the doubled-up Mad Dog, sending him crashing down to the canvas.]

GM: Nice doubleteam by the former Global Tag Crown Champions. You know they'd love to add the AWA World Tag Team Titles to their trophy case, Bucky.

BW: Who wouldn't? Being the AWA World Tag Team Champions means you're the best tag team in all the land... just ask Wes and Tony.

GM: "Just ask Wes and Tony." Boy, Lau has you deep in his pocket.

BW: I resent that! I just have a lot of admiration for the lifestyle they live. The cars, the food, the fine wines... the women.

GM: I don't know what kind of self-respecting women would associate themselves with those vultures.

BW: Let me introduce you to the world of Instagram.

[Hashimoto exits the ring during the banter, leaving his partner to lean over, dragging Mad Dog off the mat. He turns to say something to the crowd...

...which is when Mad Dog strikes, digging his fingers into the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Mad Dog goes to the eyes!

[Grabbing the blinded Nakamura by the hair, Mad Dog smashes his skull into the Japanese opponent's with a headbutt!]

GM: Mad Dog tosses Nakamura into the corner... and there's the first tag of the match for Downfall.

BW: Nakamura made a big mistake there, Gordo. He looked away from his opponent... I think he was going to say something to these idiot fans in Kansas City and it cost him.

GM: Not yet but as Thrash steps in, it certainly may.

[Inside the ring. Thrash lays into Nakamura with a series of kicks to the body, leaving him gasping for air as Mad Dog steps back out to the apron. The referee steps in, ordering Thrash to back off...]

...which is when Mad Dog loops the tag rope around the throat of the Japanese competitor, choking the life out of him!]

GM: Oh, come on! Blatant choke in the corner!

BW: It's not blatant if it's behind the referee's back, Gordo. Then it's just smart.

[Mad Dog lets go before the official can turn around, leaving Nakamura in trouble as Thrash comes back in, pushing Nakamura's face back and laying in a heavy forearm smash to the sternum.]

GM: Hard, clubbing blow to the chest by Thrash as Mr. Sadisuto shouts instructions from out on the floor... and another one!

[The referee again backs off Thrash, leaving Mad Dog to loop the tag rope around the throat again. Hashimoto shouts a complaint in Japanese from across the ring but again, the illegal activities have ceased by the time the referee turns around.]

GM: Sadisuto has got these two working in perfect harmony, breaking the rules at every turn... and there's a tag.

BW: Already? Mad Dog couldn't have had enough time to recover yet.

[Standing side by side near the cornered Nakamura, Mad Dog and Thrash throw kicks to the body as the referee protests nearby.]

GM: Kick after kick into the midsection by Mad Dog and Thrash, much to the enjoyment of Mr. Sadisuto out on the floor...

[At the count of four, Thrash steps out, leaving Mad Dog behind...]

...who tags him right back in.]

GM: Quick tags by Downfall... and more kicks to the body, both men teeing off on Kenji Nakamura in the corner.

[Hashimoto shouts encouragement to his partner from across the ring as Mad Dog steps out at four... and then tags right back in.]

GM: Downfall repeatedly tagging in and out to kick at Nakamura. Simple but very effective.

[A four count later, Mad Dog tags back out as Thrash steps in. Together, they hook Nakamura under the arms and HURL him very high up into the air before he crashes down to the canvas with a double biel throw!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Nakamura, down on the mat, immediately starts scooting towards the corner and his partner's outstretched hand...]

...but Thrash rushes across, grabbing him by the ankle, dragging him back towards the center of the ring before dropping an elbow down across the small of his lower back!]

GM: Downfall absolutely punishing the body core of Nakamura - shots to the midsection, shots to the back.

[Climbing to his feet, Thrash lands a few short stomps to the lower back before dragging Nakamura up by the hair, pulling him into a double underhook.]

GM: Thrash has got him hooked... lifts him up!

[The crowd buzzes as Thrash simply holds Nakamura upside down in the butterfly hold... waiting... waiting... waiting...]

GM: Look at the strength!

[...before finally dropping him down in a ring-shaking double underhook suplex!]

GM: Oh my! And Thrash rolls right into a cover!

[Another two count follows before Nakamura gets the shoulder off the mat. Thrash, on his knees, shoves Nakamura back down onto his back before raising his arms over his head...]

GM: Oh! Hard double arm sledge to the chest! And another!

[The crowd jeers as Thrash hammers Nakamura like a hammer pounding a nail with repeated double axehandle blows while kneeling on the mat. A half dozen land before Thrash grabs the leg, attempting another pin.]

GM: One! Two! But that's all! Kenji Nakamura showing tremendous fighting spirit just like he said they would.

[Dragging Nakamura back up, Thrash marches to the corner, slapping Mad Dog's hand. Mad Dog lifts his leg through the ropes, allowing Thrash to slam Nakamura's head into his raised knee.]

GM: Effective doubleteaming so far in this one out of Downfall.

BW: Like you said, Gordo, Sadisuto has these two running like a well-oiled machine! He's ready to send them all the way to the top and these two Rising Sun rejects are standing in their way.

[With Nakamura reeling and attempting to stagger towards his corner, Mad Dog steps in, hooking him by the back of the tights and yanking him into a short forearm to the kidneys!]

GM: Oh! Right to the lower back! Continuing to punish the core of Nakamura.

[Grabbing an arm, Mad Dog shoots him into the ropes, dropping him with a back elbow on the rebound!]

GM: Elbow up under the chin takes Nakamura off his feet...

BW: Nearly put his head into the third row too.

GM: And now Mad Dog's putting the boots to Nakamura, viciously stomping the lower back of the man from Japan!

[Sadisuto nods approvingly, slapping his cane down on the mat a few times as Mad Dog nods in response.]

GM: Mad Dog dragging Nakamura up off the mat...

[But as he does, Nakamura surges forward to connect with a stiff forearm on the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Nakamura caught him on the way up!

[The blow stuns Mad Dog as does the quick snap kick to the sternum that follows, sending Mad Dog stumbling backwards.]

GM: Nakamura putting up a fight! Not going down without giving it his all!

[Mad Dog shakes off the offense, taking a wild swing at Nakamura who ducks under, coming up swinging around...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and connecting with a high kick to the head!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HEAD KICK!

BW: He ain't no Kolya Sudakov but he's got him stunned!

[Mad Dog drops to a knee, grabbing at the side of his head as Sadisuto shouts angrily in at his charge. Nakamura gives a shake of his head, clearing the cobwebs as he dashes to the ropes...]

GM: Nakamura maybe should've made the tag there but he's got a chance to-

[The crowd jeers as Nakamura hits the ropes and suddenly falls down, landing facefirst on the mat.]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: What?

GM: Sadisuto hooked his ankle with that cane!

BW: Are you sure about that?

GM: I saw him do it!

[The referee moves in, shouting at Sadisuto who pleads innocence as Mad Dog pushes back to his feet, staggering to the corner to tag in Thrash.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Come on, referee! It was as plain as the nose on your face!

BW: I didn't see it... maybe Warren didn't either.

GM: Obviously, he didn't... but he knows something is up!

BW: Maybe but he can't call what he didn't see, Gordo. You know that.

GM: And now both of Downfall are back in the ring, whipping Nakamura across the ring...

[Joining hands, Downfall bulldozes Nakamura, taking him back down to the mat with a running double clothesline!]

GM: OHH!

BW: That might be it!

[Thrash drops down into a lateral press as Davis Warren spins away from his argument with the Japanese manager to count the pin attempt.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[Nakamura's shoulder pops up off the canvas just in time!]

GM: Oh my! Nakamura refuses to stay down! Refuses to give in!

[Sadisuto again shouts in Japanese into the ring as Mad Dog exits, leaving Thrash to climb back to his feet...

...and suddenly, a loud cheer goes up from the Kansas City crowd!]

GM: The fans here in KC reacting to something. I haven't seen-

[The shot cuts to the aisleway, revealing Allen Allen in street clothes of jeans and a Combat Corner t-shirt walking down the aisle, pointing angrily at the ring.]

GM: Hey! It's Allen Allen!

BW: What is that toeheaded goof doing out here?!

GM: Allen's got history with Downfall and Mr. Sadisuto and it looks like he's not through with them!

BW: After what Downfall did to Tombstone Anderson the last time Allen was in the ring with them, you'd think he'd curl up in a ball and hope they forget he exists.

GM: That's not Allen Allen's style at all.

BW: Judging by those jeans and that t-shirt, his style is Homeless Living.

GM: Bucky!

[Reaching the ringside area, Allen Allen marches over towards Sadisuto, reading his former tag team partner the riot act.]

GM: Allen Allen is hot under the collar over what Sadisuto just did to Kenji Nakamura and he's letting him have it, fans!

[While those two bicker on the floor, Thrash has got Nakamura in the neutral corner, throwing heavy right hands into the midsection of the Japanese grappler.]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED IN THE TIME LIMIT! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Ten minutes left - we've reached the halfway point in this one as Thrash lays in some big shots to the body of Nakamura who desperately needs to make a tag.

[Grabbing Nakamura by the arm, Thrash fires him across the ring into the turnbuckles. With a shout, he charges across the ring, driving his near three hundred pounds towards the corner...

...where he SMASHES Nakamura against the buckles with an avalanche, jumping back out as Nakamura staggers towards him...]

GM: Up on the shoulders... SAAAAAMOAN DROP!

[Thrash stays on his back, reaching to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the shoulder pops up off the mat again, causing the crowd to cheer while GEMINI Hashimoto shouts encouraging words to his partner in Japanese. Mr. Sadisuto angrily smashes his cane down on the apron as Allen Allen cheers.]

GM: Nakamura showing incredible fighting spirit in this one, staying in this match despite taking a tremendous amount of punishment.

[Allen cups his hands to his mouth, shouting in at Nakamura as Sadisuto threatens Allen with his cane from several feet away.]

GM: Nakamura's gotta make a tag though! He's gotta get Big Hash in there!

[Thrash climbs back up, throwing a glare at Allen Allen, shouting in his direction.]

GM: Allen Allen's proving to be a bit of a distraction for Downfall out there.

BW: That's why he shouldn't be out here, Gordo!

GM: It's evening the score if you ask me! Sadisuto's out here!

BW: Sadisuto is a legally licensed manager! The only license Allen Allen has is to drive that pile of junk scooter he drives to the arena!

[Thrash is still barking in Allen's direction as he hauls Nakamura up to his feet by the hair, smashing his head into the turnbuckle before turning him around, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Big whip on the way...

[As Nakamura rebounds, he ducks under a wild clothesline attempt, hitting the far ropes as Thrash sets for a backdrop...]

GM: Nakamura off the far side... BOOT!

[The Japanese superstar catches Thrash between the eyes with a front kick, sending him staggering backwards. Mr. Sadisuto suddenly tries to climb up on the apron behind Nakamura, shouting at him...

...but Allen Allen rushes into the fray, wrapping his arms around Sadisuto's plump form, keeping him down on the floor!]

GM: ALLEN! ALLEN!

[The crowd is roaring for Allen's actions as Sadisuto tries to get free. Thrash shakes off the effects of the kick, making a charge at Nakamura...

...who sidesteps, throwing Thrash through the ropes into Sadisuto and Allen, knocking all three down to the floor! Another big cheer goes up as Nakamura slumps to his knees, dropping to all fours!]

GM: Nakamura with a timely counter and now's the time, fans! Now is the time for Kenji Nakamura to crawl across that ring and make the tag to his partner who has been waiting several minutes to get back in there!

[Nakamura starts crawling on all fours, looking up at GEMINI Hashimoto who has his arm outstretched, waiting for the tag...]

GM: Nakamura's going for it!

BW: He's got a long way to go!

GM: He does but if he can get there...

[Nakamura continues to crawl, the crowd cheering him on as Mad Dog shouts at his partner to get up and stop him.]

GM: Nakamura's got a few more feet to go! Reaching out with every inch of length he can muster!

[Seeing Nakamura get in range, Mad Dog comes through the ropes, looking to intervene...

...but the referee dives in front of him, cutting him off...]

GM: No, no! Davis Warren stops Mad Dog and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Kenji Nakamura dives into a tag, slapping the hand of GEMINI Hashimoto!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES BIG HASH!

[The bigger member of the Shadow Star Legion steps through the ropes to a big cheer, throwing his arms up into the air...

...but before he can strike, the referee jumps in front of him, waving his arms frantically...]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: No! No! The referee didn't see it! He can't call if he can't see it!

GM: Nakamura made the tag! You saw it, Bucky!

BW: I ain't the guy in the stripes, daddy!

[As Hashimoto frustratedly protests the decision, Mad Dog rushes in behind the official's back, dragging Nakamura back to the middle of the ring by the ankle. Thrash crawls back in, joining him as they stomp Nakamura into the mat.]

GM: Come on! This is uncalled for!

[As the official turns around, Thrash and Mad Dog pull Nakamura to his feet, using a double whip to send him across the ring. They join hands again, looking for another double clothesline...]

GM: Nakamura off the ropes... ducks the clothesline...

[...and as he rebounds off, he leaves his feet, splitting his legs...]

GM: DOUBLE DROPKICK!

[And sends both members of Downfall down to the mat with a split-legged dropkick!]

GM: What a move by Nakamura! What a move to save himself! And again, he's crawling towards the corner! This time, there's no one to get in his way... no one to stop him...

[HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: TAG! HASHIMOTO MAKES THE TAG AND THE REFEREE SAW IT THAT TIME, BUCKY!

[With the KC crowd on their feet, Hashimoto comes through the ropes as Downfall gets back up off the mat. Mad Dog is coming at him first until a knife-edged chop takes him off his feet!]

GM: Big chop takes down Mad Dog!

[As Thrash gets to his feet, he gets caught with a Mongolian chop that sends him falling back into the corner. Hashimoto grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring. He charges in after him, shouting as he does...

...and delivers a ring-shaking clothesline that lifts Thrash's feet off the mat before he settles back down!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! What a clothesline!

[Hashimoto spins around, spotting Mad Dog coming at him from behind...

...and FLIPS him with a second clothesline!]

GM: HOLY- I changed my mind... that one gets a "What a clothesline!"

BW: He turned a near-three hundred pounder inside out! My god!

[Hashimoto turns back towards Thrash who is stumbling out of the corner, ducking in behind him...]

GM: Waistlock!

[Hashimoto lifts Thrash into the air, dumping him on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A SUPLEX!

[Thrash, the legal man in the ring, rolls out to the floor as Hashimoto climbs off the mat, turning his attention back towards Mad Dog.]

GM: Hashimoto all alone in there with Mad Dog-

BW: Who's NOT the legal man!

GM: I believe you're right about that, Bucky.

[Hashimoto grabs the rising Mad Dog by the hair, charging to the corner where he smashes him headfirst into the turnbuckles, turning his back into the buckles. He squares up in front of him, giving a very loud shout in Japanese before he lurches into action...]

"WHAAAP!"
"WHAAAP!"
"WHAAAP!"
"WHAAAP!"
"WHAAAP!"
"WHAAAP!"
"WHAAAP!"

[A barrage of short palm strikes to the body leave Mad Dog reeling...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and an open-handed uppercut snaps Mad Dog's head back as Hashimoto grabs him by the arm, whipping him across to the opposite corner. A dazed Thrash climbs up on the apron, heading back inside the ring but the referee cuts him off, shouting at him to stay in the corner.]

"FIVE MINUTES LEFT! FIVE MINUTES!"

BW: Thrash is legal! Let him in!

GM: Mad Dog hits the buckles... here comes Hashimoto!

[Mad Dog grabs the ropes, pulling himself clear of the charge...

...but Hashimoto pulls up short, preventing himself from crashing into the buckles...]

GM: Sadisuto on the apron! He's got the cane!

[Sadisuto pulls the cane back, ready to take a swing at Hashimoto...

...but suddenly, Allen Allen is on the apron as well, grabbing the cane before it can do any damage!]

GM: ALLEN'S GOT THE CANE! ALLEN'S GOT THE CANE!

[Having successfully taking the cane away from Sadisuto, Allen falls back as Hashimoto charges Mad Dog, looking for a clothesline...

...but Mad Dog ducks, sending Hashimoto crashing into Sadisuto and knocking him back to the floor!]

GM: DOWN GOES SADISUTO!

[Mad Dog whirls around, making a grab for Allen Allen and the cane...

...but Allen's got other ideas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE DRILLED HIM! HE DRILLED HIM RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[Mad Dog staggers back into the waiting arms of Hashimoto who elevates him up into a fireman's carry. Kenji Nakamura slips back into the ring, dropping down to a knee...

...and Hashimoto elevates Mad Dog, adjusting his attitude by dropping him backfirst across Nakamura's bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINAL SHATTERSTAR!

[Nakamura rolls up as Hashimoto applies a press, hooking the leg. The smaller SSL member rushes across the ring, throwing himself into a flying forearm that sends Thrash falling back through the ropes to the floor as Davis Warren dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THE SSL WINS IT!

[Nakamura climbs to his feet, stumbling into an embrace with GEMINI Hashimoto as the Kansas City crowd roars their support for the Japanese duo.]

GM: The Shadow Star Legion - the #4 contenders to the World Tag Team Titles - have just toppled the #3 contenders and that should cause a shakeup in the rankings to see who will climb the ladder and become the top contenders to Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan.

BW: Gordo, there's so much wrong with this decision... it stinks like old cheese!

GM: They got the one-two-three in the middle of the ring and-

BW: Don't even try to play that with me. You saw it as well as I did. You saw Mad Dog get pinned and not the legal man Thrash. You saw Allen Allen - that miserable punk - use an illegal weapon to lead directly to the pin... and he shouldn't have even been out at ringside anyways! Hashimoto put his hands on Sadisuto too! This is the epitome of a miscarriage of justice, Gordo.

GM: I don't know about all that but-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Thrash uses the fallen cane of Sadisuto to smash it across the back of Hashimoto's head, knocking him down to his knees!]

GM: OHH! Cheapshot from behind by Thrash and-

[Nakamura lands two quick palm strikes to the chest before Thrash smashes his head into his foe's...

...and then jabs the point of the cane into the throat, sending him down to the mat gasping for air, clutching his neck.]

GM: Thrash uses that cane and he's put both members of the SSL down with-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES OF HASHIMOTO! COME ON!

[Hashimoto slumps to the mat at Thrash's feet. He winds up again, ready to strike...

...but again, Allen Allen rushes in, grabbing the cane to cheers!]

GM: ALLEN'S GOT THE CANE! ALLEN'S GOT-

[But as the former enhancement talent wheels around...]

GM: OH! SALT! POWDER! SOME KIND OF POWDER IN THE EYES!

[Allen collapses to the mat, rubbing his eyes fiercely as Sadisuto stands over him, swinging his knee up into the jaw. Sadisuto and Thrash take turns stomping Allen as the KC crowd jeers wildly.]

GM: We've got a two-on-one on Allen Allen... and don't look now, fans, but it's about to become a three-on-one!

[Climbing to his feet - clutching his lower back - Mad Dog joins the fray, stomping Allen alongside his partner and his manager.]

GM: This is awful! The SSL is down and unable to help... and all Allen Allen wanted to do was make this a fair fight! All he wanted to do was make sure the Shadow Star Legion had a fair shot to win this match!

BW: Balderdash and poppycock, Gordo! He was trying to cheat and help these foreign menaces beat these fine upstanding young men in Downfall.

GM: Fine upstanding... have you lost your mind?!

BW: Tell me that you wouldn't want your daughter marrying Mad Dog. Mrs. Mad Dog! I can see it now!

[Pulling Allen to his feet, Mad Dog holds the arms as Thrash and Sadisuto take turns pounding away at him.]

GM: This is out of control! We need help out here for Allen! Where is security when you need-

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks into cheers!]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Tombstone! Tombstone Anderson is heading for the ring!

BW: I thought he was still laid up from the LAST time he tangled with Downfall!

GM: Apparently not! He's headed for the ring and he looks like he means business, Bucky!

[His cheeks puffing in and out, the six foot nine Tombstone Anderson comes stomping down the aisle in his black trunks and big furry boots. He rolls under the ropes, coming to his feet as Thrash charges at him...]

GM: The man from Hell's Half Acre hits the ring and-

[Tombstone meets the incoming Thrash with a whirling dervish of arms, swirling and twisting, battering the face-painted brute with wild blows that take turns landing flush and barely grazing him.]

GM: Tombstone Anderson is a man on a rampage!

[The battering of blows causes Thrash to cover up, backpedaling across the ring as Mad Dog hurls Allen Allen to the side, moving to assist...

...and buries a running knee into the lower back of Anderson!]

GM: OH! Cheapshot from behind!

[The duo known as Downfall take turns battering the lower back of Anderson with double axehandle, each landing a harder blow than the one coming right before it.]

GM: They've got Tombstone down!

BW: They're gonna put him back on the shelf, daddy... they're gonna send back out of Kansas City in the back of a meat wagon!

[Pulling Anderson off the mat, Thrash lifts the big man up under his arm, lowering him down into a backbreaker as Mad Dog hops up on the middle rope.]

GM: Oh no... no, not this!

[As Mad Dog sets to deliver the elbowdrop off the ropes, the crowd ERUPTS again!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

[The clanging and clanking of a cowbell fills the air as another man comes charging down the aisle!]

GM: IT'S SAM TURNER! IT'S SAM TURNER! HANG 'EM HIGH!

BW: We haven't seen him for months!

GM: We're seeing him now and-

[Sliding into the ring, Turner bunches up the bullrope in his hand, the cowbell hanging loose...]

"CLANK!"

[...and BASHES Mad Dog between the eyes with it, sending him toppling over the top rope, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: OH MY!

[Turner wheels around, at the ready as Thrash comes to his feet...]

"CLANK!"

GM: AGAIN OFF THE SKULL! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

[Thrash hits the mat, rolling out to the floor as Sam Turner takes another wild swing with the bullrope at him.]

GM: Thrash is out! Mad Dog is out! And look at Sadisuto running for his life, Bucky!

BW: Of course he is! There's a lunatic with a rope in the ring hitting people with a BELL! You'd be some kind of a raving loon to stay in there!

GM: And just like that... Sam Turner has hit the ring, cleaned house, and saved the day for his tag team partner, Tombstone Anderson! Not to mention young Allen Allen.

[A grinning Tombstone embraces Turner before turning to bodily yank Allen Allen to his feet, patting him roughly on the back. After a few moments, GEMINI Hashimoto and Kenji Nakamura are aided to their feet as well. The fans cheer the collection of fan favorites inside the ring.]

GM: Wow! And the AWA Tag Team Division gets even a little more interesting with the return of Sam Turner... and presumably the Rotgut Rustlers! The Shadow Star Legion pick up the win here tonight... but you've gotta imagine that we haven't seen the end of Downfall with EITHER of these teams, Bucky.

BW: Mr. Sadisuto is a man who knows how to hold a grudge. I'd say both those teams' days are numbered, daddy.

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, we're going to have Juan Vasquez in the house to answer the challenge laid down two weeks ago by Sweet Daddy Williams. Stick around for that!

[The fan favorites are still chatting it up in the ring as we fade to black.

A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to a grainy handheld camera, walking around the ringside floor of a small arena. Dimly lit and filled to capacity, the arena boasts a crowd that is loud and rowdy.]

VOICEOVER: The whole world has its eyes on Dallas, every Saturday Night.

[We get a couple of quick clips from Saturday Night Wrestling, of major stars in action. Juan Vasquez hitting the right cross on Stevie Scott. Alphonse Green nailing Dave Cooper with the Hunger Strike. Jack Lynch chasing Demetrius Lake in an effort to Claw him. After this, we go back to the handheld. The user is climbing the ring steps, giving us a first person view of what it must be like for a wrestler to enter that ring.]

VOICEOVER: But what about those two weeks in between? You hear us promote the great action all over Texas and nearby states. And every summer, we travel all around the world. No TV production; just a gala featuring the AWA stars and a few thousand of their closest friends.

[The cameraman walks around the ring, filming the crowd. There are about five thousand here, and a sign that bids all welcome to the Cal Farley Coliseum in Amarillo, Texas.]

VO: What great matches have we never seen? How much blood was spilled in the pursuit of a dream, and we never knew?

[Now more clips... in less professionally-produced areas. The clips feature not only current, but former AWA stars. We see Rick Marley with a flying headscissors taking down Shadoe Rage. We see The Rave diving out of the ring at the Blonde

Bombers. We see MAMMOTH Maximus pressing Kolya Sudakov overhead. We see Calisto Dufrense using the ringpost to free himself from the grip of Glenn Hudson. And we see Hannibal Carver slugging it out with Hercules Hammonds.]

VO: They're called "house shows". Classic matches, held in arenas all over the United States, seen only by the fans in attendance. But the AWA did have cameras at some of these events... and captured some of these intense battles. And now, for the first time ever, you can witness them too.

[We get a product screen featuring a DVD Set: AWA Signature Series Volume Three: House Show Classics. The cover features a montage of images from each clip shown above.]

VO: The AWA Signature Series, Volume Three. House Show Classics, featuring unaired matches from the entire AWA run.

[As each match below is mentioned, we get a clip of it...]

VO: See... From 2013, Calisto Dufrense defends the AWA World Heavyweight Championship against the World Television Champion Glenn Hudson.

From 2012, James Monosso defends the very same title against Dave Cooper.

From 2009, a 15-man West Texas Bunkhouse Battle Royal.

From 2010, Stevie Scott defends the National Title against Vernon Riley.

From 2013, Dave Bryant defends the World Television Title against Mr. Sadisuto.

From 2011, Nenshou defends the same belt against James Lynch.

From 2013, The Blonde Bombers defend the World Tag Team Titles against The Rave.

[Back to the product splash.]

And besides these seven great matches, there are eleven other great contests. Eighteen matches in all, on a two DVD set. Special features include...

[A clip of a variety of young wrestlers setting up a ring... some of whom we recognize as stars today.]

VO: ...a behind the scenes documentary on the travels and travails of life on the road...

[And then another of a training session at the Combat Corner.]

VO: ...and an exclusive look inside the Combat Corner over the years. See some of the friendships and rivalries that formed before they were stars!

AWA Signature Series Volume Three, House Show Classics. Available today from Amazon, Best Buy, and AWAsShop.com. Get yours today!

[One last look at the product screen, and the commercial ends...

...and we fade back up on "Sweet" Lou Blackwell who is standing by backstage in front of an AWA banner.]

SLB: We are back LIVE here in Kansas City and, fans, don't forget to download Sweet Lou's Hotline app, available on the App Store and Google Play, so you don't

miss the latest AWA news and happenings, including what we might expect to see at the upcoming annual mega-event Memorial Day Mayhem! Right now, I've got someone coming in who would love to be a part of that event in Seattle and he's requested this time here tonight...

[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 singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front.]

SLB: Callum, does this have anything to do with Kerry Kendrick's behavior, which we saw on the last Power Hour?

CM: No, Sweet Lou. Kerry is a Self Made Man. He does what he wants. He says what he wants.

SLB: But you and Rex Summers were seen applauding his actions. Do you approve of what he did?

CM: Sometimes, Sweet Lou, you need to let a fella rant. You need to let a fella blow off some steam. You've got to ease the pressure, Sweet Lou, or a fella could just, you know, blow a lid. But that's not why I asked for this time.

SLB: Then, does it have anything to do with Pure X calling you and Kerry Kendrick out for your sneaky, totally uncalled for attack on him?

CM: Pure X spoke out of turn and got rightfully beat down. We knew he'd show his ugly mug here again and I'm quite ready to put him down for good myself, but, then, he had to do something stupid like call both Kerry and I out. So, the way I see it, Kerry and I have got no problem giving Pure X what he wants and, more importantly, what he needs. But that's not why I asked for this time either, Sweet Lou.

SLB: Alright, Callum, so why exactly DID you request this interview time?

[Mahoney seems to consider the question for a moment... then nods confidently.]

CM: Supernova.

[He nods again.]

CM: I asked for this time so I could address our World Television Champion who had some things to say about Rex, Kerry, and I on Power Hour. Supernova says he's sick and tired of us. He says that we deserve a world-class butt kicking and that he just might be the guy to deliver it. He calls us a gang of thugs and welcomes Rex to use the Steal The Spotlight contract to challenge him for the World Television Title.

Well, champ, I cannot speak for Rex Summers, but I can speak for myself and, Mister Cameraman, I want you to come in closer so Supernova can look into my eyes and hear what I have to say...

[The cameraman does so, zooming in, so that only Mahoney's face is framed in the shot.]

CM: Supernova, earlier tonight you fought Derrick Williams... and you walked away with your belt. And then Emerson Gellar said that at Memorial Day Mayhem, you're gonna face either Williams or Shadoe Rage for the title.

And then... there's me.

[Mahoney pauses.]

CM: If somehow you survive Mister Rage... Supernova, why don't you take that world-class butt kicking to me? Rex can do whatever he wants with his Steal The Spotlight contract, and he'll do it when he wants to do it.

[The shot pulls back from Mahoney's face.]

CM: As for me, champ, I'm staking a claim to a shot at your title, so why don't you back up your words and put it on the line one-on-one against me? If the Championship Committee and Mister Gellar are watching, I'm sure they'll find some way to make this match happen. Otherwise, they'd just be proving what Kerry and Rex have been saying all along.

[And with that, Mahoney turns around and exits the shot.]

SLB: How about that? Another challenge issued! And this time, Callum Mahoney - the Fighting Irishman - wants himself a shot at Supernova and the World Television Title! And knowing Supernova like I do, you know he'll be eager to accept that challenge, fans!

[The corners of Blackwell's mouth curl up into a smile.]

SLB: I only hope that Juan Vasquez walks out to that ring in a few moments and accepts Sweet Daddy Williams' challenge! He owes him that much! Fans, let's go down to the ring and find out.

[We fade from Blackwell to the inside of the Sprint Center's arena bowl, showing the crowd buzzing with anticipation of what they're about to see when suddenly...]

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

[A MASSIVE roar of boos fills the Sprint Center as "Ain't No Sunshine" by DMX plays and the crowd sees Juan Vasquez emerging from the entrance way. Vasquez is dressed in a tailored two-piece blue suit sans tie and wears a pair of sunglasses and the smuggest of smirks on his face. He makes his way down the aisle, stopping along the way to jaw with fans, take selfies with the few remaining fans he does have and making a general show of himself.]

GM: And here comes a man who is in the eyes of many, Public Enemy Number One in the AWA today.

BW: Are you kidding me, Gordo? Juan Vasquez is the biggest name and biggest star in all of professional wrestling! A legitimate Hall of Famer and the disrespect he's being shown by these fans is, quite frankly, disgusting!

GM: Juan Vasquez has no one but himself to blame for these fans' reactions. He's done nothing to endear himself to anyone since SuperClash. And between Sweet Daddy Williams and Alex Martinez, I'm sure one of them will get their hands on him sooner or later and make him pay.

BW: HA! As if they could!

[Reaching the ringside area, Juan steps in between the ropes and removes his sunglasses, before producing a microphone from his back pocket.]

JV: KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI! THE STAR OF THE SHOW HAS ARRIVED!

[Juan looks around at the loudly jeering crowd with a smile.]

JV: You know, after all the drama from the last show, after everyone searched high and low for yours truly, you'd think SOMEONE would be out here ready to kick my teeth in.

[He laughs.]

JV: And instead, I come to find out that your so-called heroes are all talk and no action. Fifty of them can band together to form a wall preventing me from entering an arena, but when it comes right down to it, there ain't a single man willing to confront me one-on-one.

[A snort.]

JV: So it turns out they're all a bunch of cowards. Big shock.

[Huge boos! Juan grins, amused at the crowd's reaction.]

JV: Anywaaaays...after taking a break from cashin' checks and breakin' necks, I'm ready to get right back to action! And while everyone's father of year, Alex Martinez...

[The crowd cheers, drawing a look of disgust from Vasquez before he continues on.]

JV: ...while Alex Martinez still can't find a doctor crooked enough to take a payoff and clear him for in-ring action, my old, DEAR ex-friend, Sweet Daddy Williams laid down the challenge from Willie Hammer's hospital room. He wants payback for what I did to his boy. And he's right... the opportunity to finish off Sweet Daddy once and for all is just too good to pass up. So against my better judgment, I'll make it official. Amigo...

[Juan pauses for dramatic effect.]

JV: ...I ACCEPT your challenge!

[The crowd roars in excitement, only to quickly quiet down when Juan says his next words.]

JV: On one condition.

[He holds a finger up into the air.]

JV: In order to receive the honor... the PRIVILEGE of stepping into the ring with me one last time, I have one small request.

[A big grin suddenly forms on Juan's face.]

JV: Well, actually... fifty thousand small requests.

[The crowd begins to grumble, slowly realizing what Juan's implying.]

JV: You see, back when me and Sweet Daddy Williams were on the same page and saw eye to eye, Stevie Scott demanded that Sweet Daddy put up fifty thousand dollars for the right to face him.

Well, now I'm doing the same!

You want the match? You want the spotlight? You want to face me?

You put up fifty thousand dollars, fatboy!

[And those low grumbles turn into a massive roar of boos!]

JV: That's right, amigo! You want another shot at me? You wanna avenge your "son"? Put up the cash and make this worth my while! Compensate me like the superstar I am and I'll be more than willing to give you the opportunity to get a piece of me!

[Juan cups a hand to his ear.]

JV: What's that? What's that, Sweet Daddy? You don't HAVE fifty thousand dollars? Well, then how'd you get the money last time to fight Stevie Scott?

[He slaps his forehead.]

JV: Oh, that's right. JUAN VASQUEZ. The man you called garbage. The man you called scum. The man who YOU turned your back on as soon as possible 'cause it's easier to side with the crowd than stand by the side of a friend...he GAVE you that fifty thousand dollars!

[A bitter chuckle.]

JV: Well, this wallet's closed to an ingrate like you now, Williams...so you're gonna have to trick another sucker into betting on a losing horse like you. Maybe one of your new buddies can lend you the cash. I'm sure Alex's got the money... if he hasn't spent it all paying off ex-wives and all his illegitimate kids around the world.

[The crowd jeers again.]

JV: Or maybe one of those dumb kids from the Combat Corner can start a collection plate for you. I'm sure that Ohara kid can spare a yen note and Travis Lynch can throw in the nickel that BlackJack lets him keep for his allowance.

[The boos keep on coming, but Juan's still not finished.]

JV: Hell, now that Willie Hammer's gonna' be suckin' his food through a straw for the rest of his life, I'm sure the AWA gave him a VERY generous severance packa-

[And that oughta do it!]

GM: HERE COMES SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS!

[Absolutely fuming, Williams comes stomping down the aisle in a green and white Combat Corner t-shirt and a pair of jeans. Williams marches down the aisle towards the ring where Vasquez has lowered the mic, a wide smirk slowly spreading across his face...]

JV: Was it something I said?

[Williams comes under the bottom rope, rolling up to his feet where Vasquez extends the mic towards him...]

...but Williams hasn't come to talk, rushing at Vasquez, throwing himself into a double leg takedown that rips Vasquez off his feet, depositing him on the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: WILLIAMS TAKES HIM DOWN! HE TAKES DOWN VASQUEZ!

[The rotund fan favorite is pouring down haymakers at the skull of the Hall of Famer as Vasquez tries to lift his arms to cover up. Williams' fists bounce off the arms as he tries to hammer his way through.]

GM: Williams is pounding him down to the mat!

[Climbing up off the mat, Williams grabs Vasquez by the hair, hauling him to his feet...]

...and HURLING him over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHHH! ALL THE WAY OVER THE TOP AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR!

[A fired-up Williams steps through the ropes, dropping down off the apron near where Vasquez is sprawled out on the floor.]

GM: Both men out on the floor now... Williams pulling Vasquez up again...

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Williams leans in close and shouts something that's enough to trigger a moment of silence from the Fox Sports X censors...]

...and then ROCKETS Vasquez facefirst into the steel ringpost, smashing his skull into the solid steel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[Vasquez bounces off the steel, falling down to his knees before flattening facefirst down to the ringside mats.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams DROVE his head into the steel, putting Vasquez down on the floor!

[Williams turns, screaming at no one in particular.]

GM: So much pain. So much anguish. Sweet Daddy Williams has been through so much over the past month after his protege... his son in many ways, Willie Hammer, was injured at the hands of his former friend!

[Williams marches over to Vasquez, pulling him to his knees by the hair, revealing a nasty gash on the forehead and a steady stream of blood pouring from the wound as the crowd buzzes at the sight of it.]

GM: Oh my! Williams busted him open!

[Holding Vasquez by the head, Williams SLAMS a fist down into the cut.]

"YOU WANT MY MONEY?!"

[He hits him a second time.]

"YOU WANT FIFTY GRAND?!"

[And a third.]

"YOU WANT BLOOD MONEY, VASQUEZ?!"

[And a fourth... and fifth... and sixth... and seventh...]

"I WANT YOUR BLOOD!"

[And eighth... and ninth... and tenth...]

"BLOOD FOR BLOOD! BLOOD FOR BLOOD!"

[The punches continues to fly down, the knuckles bouncing off the bloody forehead of Juan Vasquez...]

...when suddenly the ringside area fills with AWA officials and security, lunging at Williams, trying to drag him off the Hall of Famer.]

GM: We've got help out here, trying to break this up... blood all over the knuckles of Sweet Daddy Williams! Williams had heard enough... he'd been through enough... and he couldn't take it anymore. He couldn't handle it anymore, Bucky. After what Vasquez did to Willie Hamm-

BW: Who gives a DAMN what Juan Vasquez did to that punk kid?! What we've got here is an upjumped son of a... he put his hands on a Hall of Famer! He's not on Juan Vasquez' level, Gordo! He shouldn't even DREAM of putting his hands on Juan Vasquez and if he does, he should wake up and apologize!

[With AWA officials physically dragging Williams off the bloodied Vasquez who slumps to the floor, the crowd is absolutely roaring with a "LET THEM FIGHT!" chant that rings out over and over throughout the Sprint Center.]

GM: The fans want to see it! We want to see it! Let's make it happen! Let's get Williams a REAL shot at getting even! Let's get him a REAL chance to settle the score!

[Williams is screaming at Vasquez... screaming at the officials... screaming at everyone all around him as we fade to black.]

We fade up on a dark parking lot. A motorcycle pulls in off the street, ending up in one of the spots. The person on it dismounts their cycle, pulling off their helmet and leaving it hanging off a handlebar. They're dressed in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a black leather jacket. We follow their footsteps through the parking lot, splashing through a muddy puddle before ending up pushing through the door into a sparsely-occupied saloon. The person walks in - our camera serving as their eyes as they look around the room, walking towards the only well-lit area of the place - a neon-covered jukebox. All eyes are on this newcomer as he strides to the jukebox, dropping change into it as he presses a couple of keys...

...only to hear the sounds of "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest. Nods of approval from the bar's customers as the man walks back towards the bar, slamming a hand down on it... and the World Television Title falls down on the bar next to that.

The camera cuts to a shot over the young bartender's shoulder, now showing us Supernova sitting at the bar. No sign of his trademark facepaint behind a pair of dark sunglasses. Cut again, this time showing the bartender looking at Supernova, batting her eyelashes.]

"Nice song."

[Supernova looks up, pulling off his sunglasses with a smile. He leans towards her.]

"There's more where that came from."

[We cut, showing Supernova hitting a pool trick shot with "Tom Sawyer" by Rush playing in the background.]

Cut again, Supernova beating a biker in an arm wrestling match as the ever-catchy "Can't Hold Us" belts out.

Another cut - Supernova throwing darts...

...and we cut to a graphic advertising "AWA: The Album" as a scrolling list of songs appearing on the soundtrack goes by including "Vox Populi", "Kashmir", "Black Skinhead", and more.

And then back out to the parking lot where Supernova is climbing on his motorcycle, the bartender's arms around his waist as she sits behind him. He grins at the camera, pushing the sunglasses back into place.

One last cut shows the motorcycle driving out of sight as Supernova's howl fills the air.

Fade to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing, a bit of a frantic look on his face.]

MS: Fans... welcome back to SNW on... right here on The X, fans... where we just saw-

[Stegglet's eyes shift quickly to the side as a blur of motion breaks into view, shoving Stegglet violently back against the wall, snatching the mic away from him. It's a blood-covered Juan Vasquez.]

JV: WILLIAMS! YOU SON OF A BITCH!

[Vasquez wipes a hand across his blood-stung eyes, shaking his head.]

JV: YOU WANT A MATCH?! YOU WANT BLOOD?! I'LL GIVE YOU BLOOD, MOTHERF-

[The audio cuts out suddenly as Stegglet's eyes bug out.]

JV: No one... NO ONE... pulls this CRAP on me, Williams. You've been around long enough to know that.

You want blood?

[Vasquez nods.]

JV: Well, I want MORE than blood. You put your hands on me and THIS...

[He gestures to his split forehead.]

JV: ...was the best you could do. When I get my hands on you next, fat man...

[Vasquez points a blood-covered hand at the camera.]

JV: Enjoy the last two weeks of your career because the next time we're on Saturday Night Wrestling, we're ending this once and for-

[Now it's Vasquez' turn for his eyes to go wide as a BIGGER blur of motion storms into view, wrapping two massive hands around his throat, lifting him up into the air, shoving him back against the wall!

Vasquez drops the mic, his limbs flailing at the seven foot form trying to strangle the life out of him.

The Last American Badass himself, Alex Martinez.

The seven footer digs his fingers into the throat of Vasquez who gurgles, trying to catch a breath as he limply slams his arm down on the back of Martinez' head.

Mark Stegklet wildly waves his arms off-camera, shouting at whoever will listen...

...and here comes the cavalry again - a sea of officials, security, and wrestlers storming onto the scene. It takes all of them (well, almost) to pull the seven footer back. The audio repeatedly cuts out as Martinez shouts at Vasquez who is down on the floor gasping for air, blood still streaming out of his head.

And then we abruptly cut to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where Colt Patterson, his usual self stands backstage. Beside him, Erica Toughill: backwards ballcap covering her head, a baseball bat resting on the back of her neck, her two wrists draped over either end. She is, as always, industriously chomping a wad of bubblegum.]

CP: Erica Toughill, the Queen of Clubs, and the jungle cat of the AWA Women's Division... I know you're busy keeping Rex Summers from being swarmed by ladies in heat, protecting Callum Mahoney from being backstabbed, and making sure Kerry Kendrick gets a fair shake, so I won't waste your time like that pretender Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol.

[Toughill clicks her tongue and rolls her eyes at the mention of Cristol's name, then nods and listens politely to Colt.]

CP: Word around the locker room has it that the AWA is planning to award a Women's World Championship in the very near future... but now you've been challenged by The Pistol, who lost to you months ago, but apparently thinks she deserves another shot.

[Toughill emits a dry snicker.]

CP: And if I'm right, I'm guessing that you have no reason to accept her challenge on the road to Memorial Day Mayhem!

[A soft, pink bubble inflates between Ricki Toughill's lips...]

CP: You're an Empress Cup winner!

[...and keeps inflating...]

CP: You've participated in all four Angels and Amazons events!

[...and keeps inflating...]

CP: The only thing you haven't been is a World Champion.

[The bubble pops with a gentle ripping sound.]

CP: But I've studied your resume, Ricki, I know that you didn't come back from what would have been a career-ending back injury that put you on the shelf for most of 2014 just to satisfy every little girl who wanted to make a name for herself.

[Toughill churns the remains of the bubble with a stern look on her face.]

CP: So I gotta ask: what do you think of The Pistol's challenge?

[Finally, Patterson gives the taciturn Toughill a chance to speak. She drops the baseball bat to her side and takes a deep breath...

And raises her fist to the microphone, pressing her thumb to each finger's knuckle. A series of four pops, from pinkie to index finger is her response.

And with a click of the gum in her mouth, she's off camera and back to work.]

CP: Truer words were never spoken.

[Colt chuckles, shaking his head at the departing Toughill as we fade back to live action where we find Phil Watson standing inside the ring.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following tag team contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, from Mexico City, at a combined weight of 470 pounds, the team of La Fuerza and Super Fuerza, LOS FANTASMAS DEL MIEDO!

[La Fuerza and Super Fuerza are in the ring, dancing. They both wear black bodysuits with stark white masks with black circles over the eyes and skeletal toothy grins. Super Fuerza is the smaller of the two, despite his name.]

GM: A whole lot of drama going on backstage between Juan Vasquez and Alex Martinez, fans, but Los Fantasmas del Miedo are here tonight and they're always a favorite with the fans!

BW: Yeah, but wait until they see their opponents!

[The unmistakable notes from the tuba that signals the start of "The Theme from Jaws" kicks in over the PA system.]

PW: And their opponents, 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... MAFU... THE SAAAAAAMOOOOOAN 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: The Samoan Hit Squad has been on a tear ever since they returned to the AWA.

BW: And with a man like Dave Cooper guiding them, they are more dangerous than ever before!

[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.]

GM: I'm sure the Northern Lights are watching this one closely.

BW: If they are, they'll learn quickly what a mistake they made when they turned down Cooper's offer to join the Lion's Den!

GM: Again, I don't understand why Dave Cooper would keep an offer open to another tag team after taking one under his guidance.

BW: Didn't you hear Cooper? They wouldn't have to team... they could wrestle singles! Remember, he said it's all about doing what's best for the group!

GM: I think Cooper is more interested in doing what is best for himself, Bucky.

[The bell rings and Cooper gives the Samoans some last-minute instructions before ducking between the ropes. La Fuerza steps out of his corner and starts to strut, drawing the attention of Scola and Mafu.]

GM: La Fuerza giving these fans some entertainment before this match gets underway.

[Suddenly, Mafu rushes forward, connecting with a thrust kick under the chin.]

BW: Now that's what I call entertainment... watching Mafu nearly take somebody's head off!

GM: Mafu with a vicious attack... now he's got La Fuerza by the mask... look at this!

[Mafu bites Fuerza across the forehead, drawing a warning from the referee.]

GM: Mafu biting La Fuerza! Now taking him to the ropes... he drags him across the top rope!

[The ropeburn by Mafu causes Fuerza to stagger about, holding his head.]

BW: See, Gordo, this is what I talked about earlier, how the Samoans take control right from the start!

GM: Mafu has La Fuerza backed up against the ropes... headbutt knocks him for a loop!

[Mafu laughs as he whips La Fuerza across the ring.]

GM: Here's an Irish whip... Mafu connects with a dropkick!

[As Fuerza hits the canvas, Mafu is quick to pull him right back to his feet.]

GM: Mafu setting up Fuerza... drives him facefirst into the canvas!

[A reverse Russian legsweep sends Fuerza straight to the mat, then Mafu takes him by the mask and rubs Fuerza's face into the canvas. Outside the ring, Dave Cooper smiles and chuckles, pleased with what he's seeing.]

GM: Mafu has been relentless in his assault since the opening bell.

BW: As I told you, Gordo, this is the difference that Dave Cooper makes. He keeps his team focused from the start of the match.

GM: Mafu dragging La Fuerza up... tag is made to Scola.

[The bigger of the Samoans enters the ring as Mafu whips La Fuerza across the ring.]

GM: Mafu with a back body drop... and Scola catches him... OH MY!

[Scola drops La Fuerza straight into the canvas with a powerbomb.]

BW: How's that for a double team move, Gordo! Let's see La Fuerza try dancing around after that!

[Scola goes for a cover, but pulls La Fuerza up at two. Outside the ring, Cooper motions to Scola, shakes his head and says "Not yet... show 'em more of what you got!"]

GM: Dave Cooper telling Scola to keep up the assault... I don't get this.

BW: Hey, may as well make sure the Lights know what they're getting into if they dare to challenge the Samoans!

[Scola grabs La Fuerza around the waist and lifts him overhead.]

GM: And a vicious overhead belly to belly throw! La Fuerza has to be out of it!

[La Fuerza lands in his corner and Super Fuerza reaches out to tag him.]

GM: But the tag is made to Super Fuerza.

BW: Yeah, good luck, kid... Scola has nearly a 50-pound advantage on you!

[Super Fuerza rushes forward, hitting a dropkick that staggers Scola, then another one.]

GM: Super Fuerza showing some fight! Those dropkicks have Scola off balance!

[A third one connects and Scola falls to the canvas.]

GM: And he took him down!

[The crowd swells as Super Fuerza scales the turnbuckles as Scola gets to his feet.]

GM: Super Fuerza on the top rope! He's gonna fly!

[Super Fuerza leaps at Scola...

...but the larger of the Samoans catches him in midair and powerslams him to the canvas.]

BW: And he gets crushed! What power by Scola!

GM: Super Fuerza flying high and Scola catches him like he was a feather!

[Outside the ring, Dave Cooper claps his hands, then turns to the camera and says "now that's how you stop a guy in his tracks."]

Scola pulls Super Fuerza off the canvas and traps him by the arms, then delivers a series of quick headbutts. The masked wrestler collapses to the mat after Scola releases him.]

GM: And a vicious series of headbutts by Scola! What could he be setting up for now?

BW: Whatever it is, it can't be good for Super Fuerza!

[Scola's facial features remain stoic as he picks Super Fuerza off the canvas and whips him into a neutral corner.]

GM: Super Fuerza crashes hard to the corner... here comes Scola... OH MY!

[Scola charges and crushes Super Fuerza with an avalanche.]

BW: He's squashing him like a bug, Gordo!

GM: That has to be it for Super Fuerza... he's out on his feet!

[Scola makes the tag to Mafu, who smiles as he climbs to the top rope.]

GM: Mafu going to the top rope... Scola has him up for a suplex... what is this?

[Mafu leaps off the top rope, connecting with a cross body block on Super Fuerza and Scola delivers the suplex.]

BW: What's this? I'd call it the end of the match, Gordo!

GM: Mafu covers Super Fuerza... and indeed, there's the three count!

[The referee's hand slaps the mat three times as Mafu waggles his tongue and grins. He rises to his feet and unleashes a stomp on Super Fuerza.]

GM: Come on, the match is over... Mafu won't let up on Super Fuerza!

BW: The Samoans are sending a message to every other tag team! You don't want to mess with these two!

GM: Dave Cooper directing Mafu to the top rope... what does he want him to do?

[Scola walks over to the corner where Mafu stands and picks him up in superplex position. He then tosses Mafu onto the prone Super Fuerza.]

GM: A devastating splash! All right, I think the Samoans have done enough!

BW: And here comes La Fuerza... this isn't smart!

[La Fuerza hammers away at Scola, who suddenly grabs the masked man and unleashes the arm-trap headbutts. La Fuerza crumples to the mat as Cooper points to the top rope again.]

GM: No, this isn't right... Mafu back up top again... Scola has him...

BW: Two for the price of one, Gordo!

[Scola launches Mafu from superplex position and Mafu big splashes La Fuerza.]

GM: All right, you've made your point! Somebody get the Samoans out of there!

[Scola and Mafu being stomping away on the masked wrestlers, egged on by Cooper outside the ring and ignoring the referee's repeated warnings.]

GM: Somebody has to stop this before...

[Cheers then go up from the crowd as two individuals rush down the aisle.]

GM: Here come the Northern Lights!

BW: Obviously here to accept Cooper's invitation!

[Rene Rousseau and Chris Choisnet slide underneath the ropes and leap at Scola, flooring him with a double dropkick.]

GM: You were saying, Bucky?

BW: Are you kidding me? They're here to play the hero? Makes me sick!

[The Lights leap at Mafu and floor him with a double dropkick as well. Scola is up to his feet, but Rousseau and Choisnet charge him and knock him over the ropes with a double clothesline.]

GM: Scola is out of there! Mafu to his feet and... OH YEAH!

[Mafu gets knocked over the ropes with a double clothesline as well, landing at the feet of Cooper, who points and shouts at the Lights. In the ring, Choisnet and Rousseau take up defensive positions.]

BW: This was the biggest mistake the Lights could have made! They could have had everything and threw it away!

GM: I think it's clear the Northern Lights believe otherwise... they have made it clear where they stand when it comes to the Lion's Den!

[Scola regroups with Mafu and Cooper outside the ring, Cooper pointing to the ring and threatening the Lights...

...as we fade backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell, who stands before an AWA backdrop, and next to him is Julie Somers. She is dressed in her wrestling attire: a red halter top with matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, red kneepads and white wrestling boots. Her long, wavy, brown hair is pulled behind her back.]

SLB: Julie Somers, in just a few minutes, you will be in action, but I wanted to ask you about your decision to place yourself alongside Melissa Cannon, who has had her issues with Lauryn Rage and The Serpentes. Are you concerned that Rage and her allies will decide to make you a target now?

JS: The way I look at it, they already chose to make me a target when they attacked me along with Melissa when we were set to have our match. If they thought for one minute that I was just going to step aside and let them get away with what they did, get away with what they have been doing to Melissa, they are sorely mistaken! All the AWA fans know that I'm not the type to look past somebody attacking me because they've got a problem with Melissa or somebody else. Perhaps Lauryn should be talking to Charisma Knight about what happens when you get on my bad side and how persistent I'll be until I've settled things myself!

SLB: Still, Julie, you know that Lauryn Rage comes from a long line of wrestlers, a line that includes more than her brother Shadoc, but a host of accomplished wrestlers and all-time greats. Do you think you are prepared to face somebody who has gained knowledge not just from so many accomplished wrestlers, but wrestlers who happen to be family members? After all, they say blood is thicker than water.

JS: I know Lauryn Rage comes from a long line of talented wrestlers, but they all seem to have the same chip on their shoulders, as if the whole world is against them. But they aren't the only ones that come from a long line of talented wrestlers, who learned from some of the best in the business.

[She slaps her chest.]

JS: Right here, you've got another who has learned from the best. Not to mention somebody who you might say has the same chip on her shoulder and isn't going to rest until she's settled some issues... issues that happen to involve none other than Lauryn Rage!

SLB: Do you think those issues could be a distraction for your match tonight?

JS: [shaking her head] Don't count on it, Sweet Lou... regardless of what has happened...

[Her voice trails off because another woman has just walked onto the set. She has straight brown hair with the ends dyed blonde and is dressed in a white halter top and blue tights with white wrestling boots. She has an arrogant smirk on her face.]

SLB: Wait a minute... [motioning to the other woman] Melanie Brown, the woman who calls herself the Modern Day Miracle... what in the world are you doing here?

MB: Isn't it obvious, Blackwell? I'm her opponent tonight! [Jerks a finger at Julie] Emerson Geller gave me a tryout match tonight, one I shouldn't have to go through to begin with, and it's my chance to demonstrate my superiority against another one of the favorite daughters of the AWA.

JS: [her eyes narrowing] Yeah, I've heard of you, Melanie Brown... heard a lot from my friend Stephanie Harper about what an attitude you have, how you think you are the perfect woman, how you look down on anybody who's just trying to make their mark in this business.

MB: [slight laugh] I don't just think I am the perfect woman... I know I am.

[Her face grows serious.]

MB: And if you knew anything about me, you'd know that I was wrestling at SuperClash long before you even set foot into the AWA and I was running circles around the likes of Melissa Cannon, with the promise that there would be women's wrestling, only for those promises to never materialize. And the fact that I, the Modern Day Miracle, would have to wrestle a tryout match disgusts me! But believe me, I'll take great pleasure in running circles around you and leaving no doubt in Geller's mind that I should be the centerpiece for this Women's Division!

[She waves a dismissive hand.]

MB: I'll see you in the ring, but you stand no chance of measuring up to the epitome of excellence!

[Melanie walks off the set as Julie shakes her head.]

SLB: Julie, it seems clear that Melanie Brown isn't happy about having a tryout match against you... in fact, she sounds bitter that you have emerged as one of the fan favorites in the AWA.

JS: Sweet Lou, like I was about to say earlier, regardless of what has happened in the AWA, I'm focused for tonight's match. And you can bet I'm not going to let somebody who's stuck on herself, thinking she's better than everyone else, get the better of me tonight. Melanie Brown can talk all she wants about how she's a modern day miracle... the only thing that's going to happen tonight is that the Spitfire right here is going to prove, once again, just how much heart,

determination and persistence she has to get the job done! In fact, you might say Melanie is going to need a miracle to get past me tonight!

[She walks off the set.]

SLB: All right, Julie Somers set for a big challenge tonight... we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll see Julie Somers taking on Melanie Brown so don't you dare go away 'cause we'll be right back!

[Fade to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegklet, 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 live action where we see Alex Martinez being led out of the building in handcuffs towards a police car with flashing lights. Emerson Gellar is running alongside Martinez.]

EG: Alex, I'm sorry... you're not licensed, you're not under contract, and Vasquez is-

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: He called the police himself! Says he's pressing charges for assault against you.

[Martinez snorts back a laugh, shaking his head as they near the car.]

EG: We'll settle this, Alex... we'll straighten all of this out. I'm... Alex, I'm sorry.

[Martinez stops at the car, turning to look at Gellar.]

AM: No. The only one who is going to be sorry... about all of this... is him.

[The Last American Badass cooperates with the police, ducking down into the back of the police car before the door is slammed shut and the driver pulls away, leaving Emerson Gellar behind as we fade through black...]

...and then back up to a panning shot of the Sprint Center crowd as the opening notes of Saliva's "Ladies and Gentlemen" play over the PA system.]

PW: Wrestling fans, the following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, making her way toward the ring... from Cleveland, Ohio, and weighing 132 pounds... "THE MODERN DAY MIRACLE" MELANIE BROWN!

[Melanie Brown strides out from the entranceway, dressed in a white halter top, blue wrestling tights and white wrestling boots. Her long brown hair, the ends dyed blonde, falls just onto her shoulders. An arrogant smirk forms on her lips and she waves a dismissive hand toward the crowd.]

GM: As we come back live here in Kansas City, Melanie Brown is getting a tryout match here for the AWA's Women Division... and if you'll recall, it was years ago that Brown teamed with Holly Hotbody to face Lori Dane and Melissa Cannon in a tag team match at SuperClash. She is no stranger to the AWA, Bucky.

BW: That's right, Gordo, but explain to me this: Why is Melanie Brown having to wrestle a tryout match when she's already proven herself on the biggest stage of them all? She's a rare talent who would be an excellent addition to the roster!

[Brown struts down to the ring, tossing her hair and scoffing at fans who are reaching over the railing or casting a thumbs down in her direction.]

GM: I don't doubt she would be, but we know that Emerson Gellar has been scouting a lot of talent worldwide and is making some difficult decisions as to who will comprise the roster in the Women's Division.

BW: Oh, come on, Gordo, this is clearly a case of Gellar wanting to hold back a tremendous talent and build the division around his favorites. It's not a coincidence that Melissa Cannon has been made a cornerstone of the division at the same time that somebody she's faced before has to get a tryout match just to get anyone's attention!

[Brown slides underneath the ropes and rises to her feet, spreading her arms to the side and twirling about in the ring. She strides to the corner and leans against the turnbuckles.

"Ladies and Gentlemen" fades and is replaced by Donna Summer's "She Works Hard for the Money," drawing cheers.]

PW: And her opponent, making her way toward the ring, from Boston, Massachusetts, and weighing 145 pounds... ladies and gentlemen, she is "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

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

GM: What an ovation for this young lady from Boston, the niece of former AWA tag team champion Eric Somers! The fans have really taken to the Spitfire!

BW: It's another one of these women who has been declared a cornerstone of the new division and is keeping somebody like the Modern Day Miracle from getting a chance to make her mark, Gordo!

[After a moment, Julie struts down the aisle, reaching out to slap hands with fans, a big smile on her face. In the ring, Melanie sneers at her opponent.]

GM: Bucky, I don't think for one minute that either Melissa Cannon or Julie Somers are denying others the opportunity to make their mark in the AWA... if anything, they'd welcome the competition from women such as Melanie Brown.

BW: If Cannon was really serious about competition, she would have been lobbying for that division a long time ago. Instead, she saw somebody like Brown, somebody who outclassed her, and didn't say a word because she didn't want to be upstaged! Now she's doing it again, and now she's got Julie Somers alongside her doing the same, don't deny it, Gordo!

[Somers slides underneath the ropes, rolling to her feet and heading right to the corner. She climbs onto the second turnbuckle and raises her arms, motioning with

her hands to encourage the fans' cheers again. Melanie Brown tries to advance, but the referee steps in front of her.]

GM: Fans, I'm just going to let my colleague engage in his conspiracies while I focus on what should be a great match tonight.

BW: Don't tell me about conspiracies, Gordo! Again, if Gellar would admit to the truth about what a talent the Modern Day Miracle is, she'd already have a contract, not be trying out for one!

GM: I have no doubt she'll get that contract if she wins tonight's match... but she'll have to do it against a talented wrestler in her own right, a woman who has been on a roll since her victory at SuperClash!

[Julie Somers climbs down from the ropes and turns to face Melanie Brown, who points a finger at her. The two approach one another and start exchanging words.]

GM: And this one has already gotten heated.

[As the two trade barbs, Brown suddenly hauls off and slaps Somers across the face.]

GM: Oh my! Melanie Brown slapping the taste out of Julie Somers' mouth!

BW: That's what happens when you try to keep a great talent down, Gordo!

[The referee waves for the bell and admonishes Melanie, who brushes past him and unleashes a kick to the midsection.]

GM: Melanie Brown kicking at Julie's ribs... several shots with Somers trapped in the corner!

BW: Look at this, Gordo... look at the Modern Day Miracle tell Somers how things are going to be!

[Brown grabs Somers by the hair and jerks a finger at her, jaws at her, then slaps her upside the cheek...

...but as Melanie goes for a punch, Julie blocks it.]

GM: Right hand blocked by The Spitfire! Somers spins Melanie Brown around into the corner!

[Julie hauls off on her, driving several chops into her chest.]

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

"WHAP!"

GM: Oh my! Brown feeling the effects of those chops!

[Melanie grimaces as Julie Somers hits her own kick to the midsection, then drags her out of the corner and snapmares her to the canvas.]

GM: A snapmare takes Melanie Brown off her feet... Somers going from behind with a chinlock.

BW: Too soon in this match to go for a move like that. Look how quickly Brown gets to her feet!

[Melanie Brown pushes herself up and starts delivering blows to Julie Somers' ribs, backing her into the ropes.]

GM: You may be right, Bucky... Brown has Julie Somers backed into the ropes... now whips her across the ring... going for a clothesline... but it's ducked!

[Somers bounces off the opposite strands and leaps toward Brown, catching her with a clothesline of her own.]

GM: And Julie Somers does not miss with her clothesline!

[Brown is dazed on the canvas as Somers pumps a fist, drawing cheers from the crowd.]

GM: The Spitfire staying on the attack... drags her up... takes her over with a vertical suplex! Goes for a quick cover... one... two... no, a kickout!

BW: She may have the advantage now, Gordo, but they don't call Melanie Brown the Modern Day Miracle for nothing!

[Brown rolls to her knees as Julie advances. She catches Somers with a shot to the midsection, then jams a finger into the eye.]

GM: Melanie Brown going to the eyes! I take it you think that's what being the epitome of excellence is about, as Melanie describes herself, Bucky?

BW: Hey, the Greco-Roman eye poke is a foolproof method of turning the tide!

GM: I'll bet.

[As Somers staggers, Brown grabs her from behind and takes her down with a backdrop suplex.]

GM: It's Melanie Brown in control... a suplex, followed by a kneedrop! Right to the skull!

BW: Now there's a better example of what an epitome of excellence is like, Gordo! And you're about to get another one!

[Melanie Brown drags Somers to her feet once more, kicking her in the ribs again, then hoisting her up for a gutwrench...

...only to drop to one knee and spin Somers around in midair, driving her back across the knee.]

GM: Oh my! Gutwrench into a backbreaker!

[Brown rises to her feet, spreading her arms and smirking, drawing boos.]

GM: And these fans are none too pleased with the Modern Day Miracle.

BW: It's called jealousy, Gordo! They can only wish they were as good as her!

[Julie Somers arches her back in pain as Melanie Brown moves in again, dragging her to her feet and locking in an abdominal stretch.]

GM: Abdominal stretch applied by Melanie Brown! She's got her in the center of the ring!

BW: Better prepare to ring that bell, Gordo!

GM: I'm not sure about that... doesn't look like Brown has it fully applied. She can't quite get her other leg down for the maximum leverage.

BW: It's still having an effect, Gordo! Look at the pain on Somers' face!

[Julie Somers cries out in anguish, but shakes her head when the referee asks if she's ready to give it up.]

GM: We've seen Somers fight back against all odds before, Bucky! Don't count out the Spitfire!

[Brown pulls back harder, but somehow, Somers is able to flip Brown over with a hiptoss to break the hold.]

GM: And there it is! Somers escapes the submission hold!

BW: She's in no position to follow up, though! Melanie Brown will take advantage!

GM: Brown to her feet... hammers Julie Somers with forearms! Now sends her across the ring!

[Melanie leaps up and catches Julie square in the face with a dropkick.]

GM: And look at the elevation on that dropkick!

BW: What do you think now, Gordo? Looks like Melanie Brown is about to seal the deal on getting herself that AWA contract!

[Brown gloats to the booing crowd before going to the corner.]

GM: Now Brown going to the top rope... she's taking a chance here!

[Julie Somers pushes herself to her feet as Brown reaches the top.]

GM: Brown leaps at Somers... going for the axehandle...

[But at the last moment, Somers raises a fist and catches Brown in the midsection.]

GM: The Spitfire counters! She still has some life!

BW: I can't believe it, Gordo!

[Melanie Brown turns around, raising a forearm, but Somers blocks it and goes for a kick...

...but Brown catches the foot and has Somers off balance.]

GM: Melanie Brown blocks the kick! Julie Somers in trouble!

BW: You were saying something about Somers still having some life left in her? Not for long now!

[But as Brown smirks at her opponent, Somers leaps up and swings her free leg into the air, catching Melanie Brown across the head.]

GM: Julie Somers got her with the kick to the back of the head! Looks like you spoke too soon, Bucky!

BW: Lucky shot, that's all it was!

[Somers gets to her feet first, pumping her fist several times, as if feeding off the fans' cheers.]

GM: The Spitfire getting this crowd behind her! She brings Brown to her feet... sends her into the ropes... flying forearm connects!

BW: She's still pressing her advantage... has her up again. Where does she get this energy?

GM: Never underestimate how much the fans' support can push you on... back body drop by The Spitfire!

[Melanie Brown sits up and grimaces as Somers moves forward, dragging her opponent to her feet again.]

GM: Somers now setting up Brown... trying to go for a swinging neckbreaker...

BW: No, no... Brown's got the counter... her own back body drop and...

[But Somers sees it coming, rolling through into a sunset flip attempt. She struggles to find the enough leverage to pull Brown over though.]

GM: Somers trying to get her down and-

[Brown kneels down on the shoulders.]

GM: Melanie Brown counters that! Hold on, she's got the ropes!

[Brown grabs the middle strand, but when the referee's hand hits two, he stops and notices the illegal leverage move.]

GM: The referee saw it! He won't count the pin!

BW: That's a three count and you know it, Gordo! Deny it all you want!

GM: It's an illegal pin attempt, Bucky! The referee admonishing Brown!

[She innocently holds up her hands and argues with the referee, but that allows Somers to raise her legs and pull her opponent over.]

GM: Julie brings Melanie's shoulders down! One... two... no, a kickout!

[The fans groan as Brown slaps her legs across the head to break up the pin attempt.]

GM: And it's Brown to her feet first... a shot to the ribs!

BW: And a pair of kicks for good measure! She sends her into the ropes!

[As Brown tries to lift Somers up and over, Julie catches herself in midair and lands onto Melanie's shoulders.]

GM: Wait... Julie Somers trying to take Brown over!

[But before Somers can gain any leverage, Brown hangs on and DRIVES Somers into the mat with a powerbomb.]

GM: OH MY! Melanie sends Julie hard into the canvas! Hooks the leg! One... two... thr-

[Julie Somers raises her shoulder off the mat just before the count of three.]

GM: NO! Julie with the shoulder up!

BW: That's a slow count, Gordo! And the Modern Day Miracle is letting the referee hear about it!

[Brown raises three fingers and shouts at the referee, who shakes his head.]

GM: The referee standing by his count! Melanie Brown not happy about it!

BW: You wouldn't be either if somebody was trying to keep you from getting that contract you deserve!

GM: Will you give that a rest, Bucky?

[Melanie drags Julie to her feet once more, signaling to the crowd she's about to finish this.]

GM: Melanie Brown setting up Somers... she may be going for the Northern Lights suplex!

BW: If she hits it, consider it over, Gordo!

[Brown grabs Somers around the waist, but can't lift her up.]

GM: Julie Somers blocking it! Brown can't get her up and over!

[Somers manages to drives a pair of fists into Brown's ribs, then grabs her by the legs and topples Brown to the canvas.]

GM: Julie counters the suplex! She's got Melanie by the legs... she catapults her over!

[Somers sends Brown with a slingshot into the corner, causing Melanie to crash face-first into the turnbuckles.]

GM: OH MY! She goes into the buckles!

BW: Somers may have knocked her for a loop! Melanie is dazed!

[As Melanie Brown staggers and turns around, Julie Somers leaps onto her shoulders.]

GM: Headscissors takedown! Somers plants Brown into the canvas!

[Somers swiftly rises to her feet and points to the corner, drawing cheers.]

GM: She's going to finish this, Bucky! Melanie Brown out of it!

BW: She's going to the top rope... Melanie better get up!

[Brown remains motionless on the canvas as Somers scales the turnbuckles, her back to her opponent, before leaping off in a backflip.]

GM: MOONSAULT! She got all of it!

[Julie Somers hooks the leg and the referee drops down.]

GM: One! Two! Three! It's over!

BW: I can't believe it, Gordo!

["She Works Hard for the Money" plays as Julie Somers rolls off her opponent, rolling to her knees and catching her breath.]

PW: The winner of the match... "THE SPITFIRE" JULIE SOMERS!

[Julie allows the referee to raise her arm in victory. She pushes back a strand of hair from her face and smiles, then gets to her feet.]

GM: What a hard-fought win for Julie Somers, as she continues her winning ways and proves why she will be one of the top contenders for the Women's World Title, whenever that is announced!

BW: Well, if Gellar is smart, he'll still give Melanie Brown a contract... after all, she did push The Spitfire to the limit!

GM: It remains to be seen if that happens, but I will give Melanie Brown credit.

[Melanie Brown has rolled underneath the ropes and out of the ring as Julie Somers climbs to the second turnbuckle and pumps her fists at the crowd.]

GM: Big win for Julie Somers here tonight in Kansas City and-

[Suddenly, the lights go out.]

GM: What in the... what's this all about?

BW: You never know what's gonna happen at an AWA show when the lights go out, daddy.

GM: I can't see a thing out here but-

[With the arena in darkness, "I'm The Best" plays and the big screen winks to life with images of Lauryn Rage in all her glory as the "like counter" climbs.]

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

BW: Of course the lights would go out! Lauryn Rage wants the spotlight only on her!

GM: No doubt about that. But-

[The lights come back on...

...and Lauryn Rage and the Serpentes are in the ring behind Julie Somers! The crowd reacts with a mix of shock and horror, trying to warn Julie of the impending danger.]

GM: Oh my stars! Where did THEY come from?!

BW: Somers better dive out of there if she knows what's good for her!

[Rage rushes forward, blasting Somers in the back of the head with a forearm smash!]

GM: Oh! Lauryn Rage from behind!

[Somers tumbles to the mat and at a signal from Rage, the Serpentes converge on her, beating her down beneath a flurry of fists, feet and forearms. As Julie slumps to the canvas, the Serpentes lift their arms in the air and roar at the crowd.]

GM: Somebody stop this!

BW: She shouldn't stick her nose in another woman's business, Gordo!

[Mamba yanks Somers up by the hair as Copperhead gets set. Mamba whips her hard into the ropes and dives at her feet on the rebound. Somers instinctively hops over her, leaving her completely exposed as Copperhead wipes her out with a discus clothesline.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Somers hits the mat hard and at a bad angle.]

GM: Goodness! The Serpentes absolutely-

[With Somers down, Lauryn Rage leaps onto her chest with a sitting senton splash!]

GM: Right down on the chest!

[Rage leans over, slapping Somers across the face.]

"You wanna be on the Kid's hitlist? Okay. You're on it, kiddo. Sit her up!"

[The Serpentes follow Lauryn's command as she backs towards the ropes.]

"I see you too, Cannon!"

[Rage charges forward and drives a running knee into Somers' face, knocking her flat on her back.]

"I can steal moves too, Cannon!"

BW: Wow, Lauryn Rage sending a message here tonight!

[An irate Rage barks into the camera as Mamba and Copperhead put the boots to Somers down on the mat...

...and suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: Speak of the devil!

[Melissa Cannon comes charging down the aisle towards the ring, diving headfirst under the bottom rope...]

GM: Cannon hits the ring!

[As she comes up, she ducks a double clothesline attempt by the Serpentes, throwing herself into a spear tackle on Lauryn Rage, taking "the kid" off her feet!]

GM: CANNON TAKES HER DOWN!

[Grabbing Rage by the hair, Cannon uncorks a series of short forearms to the side of the head!]

GM: Look out, Melissa!

[Cannon comes back to her feet, ducking a wild right hand from Mamba, bridging back to avoid a high kick from Copperhead as the crowd ooohs. She does a quick three-step run, sliding under the ropes to the floor...

...and then reaches back in, grabbing Julie Somers by the feet, dragging her out to the floor just before Lauryn Rage can grab her!]

GM: And Melissa Cannon pulls Julie Somers to safety!

[Cannon holds Somers up, backing down the aisle as the trio stands in the ring, fuming at having their fun ruined by Cannon.]

GM: Julie Somers scores the win but Lauryn Rage and the Serpentes tried to spoil all that.

BW: I'm telling you, Gordo... Cannon might've gotten Somers out of there before she ended up in the hospital but this one's not over.

GM: It's absolutely not. There will come a time and a place where Somers and Cannon are going to meet the Serpentes in tag team action... just like there will come a time when Lauryn Rage has to pay for all that she's done in her short time here in the AWA.

[The women are trading words from their respective spots as we fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

We fade through black to backstage where Lou Blackwell is nearly lost among a trio of other men. The first of them is the AWA's favorite underdog, Allen Allen, Allen's eyes are still bright red from the salt treatment he received earlier. On Allen's right is the imposing, six foot nine frame of Tombstone Anderson, his wild eyes visible beneath his curly brown hair and over his bushy brown beard. And on Allen's left is the returning Sam Turner, Mr. "Hang 'Em High" a ball of kinetic energy, pacing back and forth, bellowing at no one in particular.]

SLB: It was pandemonium earlier, as chaos broke out. And at the center of the storm was you, Allen Allen. How are you feeling right now? How are your eyes?

[Before Allen can answer, he has to duck the swinging bullrope let loose by Turner.]

AA: Well, I won't lie Lou. My vision is still a little blurry. But if there's one thing you can count on when it comes to me, it's that I'll always be back. No one is ever going to keep me down!

SLB: And now you've got two men in your corner. Though I dare say your partners may be as dangerous as your opponents!

AA: Well, make no mistake, Tombstone and Sam are two rough and tumble guys. But...

[Allen eyes the Rotgut Rustlers warily but finally nodding his head resolutely.]

AA: There's no one else I'd rather have on my side!

SLB: Well, no one has ever doubted the toughness of the Rotgut Rustlers. But the last time we saw you, Mr. Anderson, you were the victim of quite the beating.

TA: Well, lemme ask you this, Lou Blackwell? You think I got this pretty face from avoidin' fights?

[The camera zooms in on Anderson's so-called "pretty face," to get his point across.]

SLB: Well, there's no doubt that you've been in plenty of fights, Mr. Anderson!

TA: That's right, Lou Blackwell! You know what old Tombstone's day is like? Well, lemme tell ya, Lou Blackwell.

Ya see, first thing I do is I wake up in the mornin' to the sound of a rooster crowin'. And then you know what I do, Lou Blackwell? I go outside and I punch that rooster right in his face for wakin' me up!

SLB: Somehow, I believe it.

TA: You should, Lou Blackwell. Tombstone Anderson ain't no liar! And then I go inside, and my old lady has made me breakfast. And lemme tell ya what, Lou Blackwell, that's the biggest fight of the day, because my old lady don't like to share food, and every bite of eggs and bacon I get happens after I've dodged a fryin' pan, and my old lady is a world champion fryin' pan swinger, I tell you what!

Then I go out for the day, but I don't go to no gym, Lou Blackwell. No, I go out and I find the meanest, nastiest people I can find and I tell 'em all how ugly their mothers are, and then I fight them, Lou Blackwell. And everywhere I go, I look for someone to fight.

And come the end of the day, I pull into the bar, and I fight that whole bar, that's what I do, Lou Blackwell! So if you think what them two idiots, Pitbull and Crush...

SLB: Mad Dog and Thrash...

TA: Them too!

If you think those two have done somethin' that ain't never been done before, then you just don't know who I am, Lou Blackwell!

SLB: But surely, you know how dangerous those two men, not to mention their manager Mr. Sadisuto are.

TA: You're right, I do know how dangerous they are! I won't deny it. Them two Downfalls, they got a lotta muscles, Lou Blackwell. But you know what? I do too! I got a pair of big old arms, and some tree trunk legs, and a big, broad chest. They're tough, and I know it, Lou Blackwell.

But old Tombstone Anderson is as tough as they come, and that's for sure.

And yeah, they got scary paint on their face. But my face is naturally scary, ain't that right, Lou Blackwell?

SLB: You're not wrong, Mr. Anderson.

TA: So yeah, I know what them Downfalls bring to the table. And I know it'll be a fight. But I like havin' fights, Lou Blackwell!

SLB: Speaking of people who like to fight. Sam Turner, welcome back and where have you been?

ST: I'll tell you what, Lou Blackwell. That ain't really none of yer business and I forgot how dang intrusive you like to get but I'll overlook it this one time just because I'm still riding a high of bashing a couple of face painted polecats in their ugly mugs. Y'see, there was this one night in Tal--

[Turner is nudged in the gut by his partner Tombstone Anderson, who shakes his head violently in the negative.]

ST: In... some town, it don't matter what town. The Rustlers got done putting down yet another tag team and we was out to paint the town red in celebration. We shut down more than one tavern after drinking them dry, and don't get me wrong... we know that being here in the AWA is a whole new world from when we was bustin' open skulls in the far east. We know there's a lot of kids watching, same as my nine kids and my big ol' darlin' wife are back in Sweetwater watchin'. We can't be irresponsible. So we stopped at a Burge--

[Sam gets another nudge from Tombstone.]

ST: Some fast food place, it don't matter which one. What is this, an inquisition?

[Turner fixes Blackwell with an accusatory gaze before continuing on.]

ST: Anyway. the long and short of it is they thought it would be a whole barrellful of laughs to say that they was closed and couldn't sell us no burgers, and I thought it would be an even bigger barrel to kick down their door!

SLB: And this was all...

ST: To be responsible role models so all them kids out there know to not stray from the straight and narrow, yes sir. So the upshot was the brass said ol' Sam here should take some much needed rest and relaxation... but after one too many times

seeing those varmints running roughshod over good men was all I could stand and I can't stand no more!

AA: Lou, if I could, I have something to say.

SLB: Certainly, Mr. Allen.

AA: Well, Downfall and Mr. Sadisuto have spent a lot of time having the numbers advantage. They jumped me, they jumped Tombstone. But you saw tonight that, tough and scary as they are, in a fair fight, we've got every chance in the world to win.

So that's what I want – a fair fight. Myself and the Rotgut Rustlers against Mr. Sadisuto and Downfall. Anytime, anyplace. All you need to do is sign on the dotted line!

SLB: Quite the challenge! Mr. Anderson, any final thoughts.

TA: Here's my final thought, Lou Blackwell. The Rotgut Rustlers are back, and there's gonna be a whole lotta butt kickin' in the future. It starts with you Downfall, so you two paint up them faces and put on all your leather, because we're comin', and we ain't stoppin' until we got your paint all over our fists and you ain't got nothin' but red blood on your faces!

SLB: That's a sentiment I assume you share, Mr. Turner?

ST: Well shoot, I wouldn't be here if I didn't! If you think I'm going to sit on my duff while a couple of hornytoads with more makeup on than the counter girl at Bloomingdale's have a good time at my partner's expense you've got another thing happen. And so do they. They may have been going from town to town like a couple of banditos holding people up and hurting innocent folks, but the ride stops here. Their horses are about to run off the road right before running into these two big oak trees--

[Sam pokes a thumb at his chest and nods at Tombstone.]

ST: -- gives them a WAGON CRASH!

[Sam raises his cowbell high in the air, hollering at the top of his lungs as Tombstone looks wildly in the air as we cut to a panning shot of the Sprint Center crowd.]

GM: We are back here LIVE in Kansas City for what has already been an exciting edition of Saturday Night Wrestling... and for our fans in the Great Lakes area, we will be in Minnesota for the very first time two weeks for tonight. Tickets are still available but make sure you act fast because they're going quickly.

[And then...

Static.

There's a mild buzz in the crowd as the ghastly sounds of Ture Rangstrom's Symphony No. 4 begins resonating throughout the arena. The shadowy expressions are soon uplifted by a rapid drum beat and the heavenly screams of an organ blasting over the airwaves. Spiraling spotlights marry into a single glow on the man standing in the entrance way.]

GM: Missouri's own Terry Shane III is in the house, Bucky.

BW: Well, I guess he can't fair much worse than the last time he made an appearance here.

[Shane's jet black hair is groomed tight; shaved on the sides, parted into an angular fringe on the top, and trimmed down to a freshened up look along the jaw-line. He's wearing a dark green sleeveless hoody which is zipped half way up, dark green wrestling tights with white and gold patterns air-brushed up the legs, and white wrestling boots with a gold swoosh on them.]

GM: It's great to see Shane making it a point to come out here tonight. We had heard all the hype about Hamilton Graham making an appearance this evening but Shane's father Terry Shane Jr. is a legend here in Missouri as well. He went to war with guys like Cameron O'Connor and Gran Kadamono just down the street at the old Kiel Auditorium and while the fans may have not embraced his son like they did with him, he seems to want to prove to them that he deserves their accolades just like his father.

[Shane enters the ring, mic in hand, and slowly surveys the arena while soaking in the reaction from the fans.]

TS3: Thank you.

[The applause seem to get overdrawn by the burst of boos that follow that response.]

TS3: To those of you that have welcomed me back...it sure is good to be home.

[Some of the boos diminish.]

TS3: To those of you that still question my intentions, well, I can't say I blame you for one second.

Truth is... I rarely think about where the AWA is going next or who we are going to be competing in front of. I don't have a list of places to visit in each town, bars to crash, or anything like that. All I really care about is a gym to train at and a place to put my head down. Most of the time I couldn't care less if we are in New York City or Mobile, Alabama.

But there's something about this place... the air here, the people here, that will forever make Missouri my home.

[There are more cheers than boos for the hometown appeal.]

TS3: As much as I would have never admitted it then... it brought me a lot of personal shame and sorrow in 2014 at Guts & Glory in this very state to come up short. Something about Independence Day weekend has never been kind to the Shane family. My father had his arm broken by Jack Stein...

[There's a strong outburst of boos and Shane can't help but to crack half a smile.]

TS3: I hear you on that. He had his arm broken by Stein's stooge while wrestling him for the Missouri State Title back in '71 and then 33 years later after telling my own allies not to interfere in my World Title match with Dave Bryant, they came out anyway and cost me a shot at glory in front of all of you.

And as much as I can point fingers at Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson and...

[Shane grits his teeth.]

TS3: ...that spoiled little spoon-fed brat Sandra Hayes... I really should only be pointing a finger at myself. I built that army and that army cost me everything. It cost me my dignity, it cost me the gold, it sent me into a whirlwind I never was able to escape...

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS3: ...and it cost the great people of Missouri a chance to see one of their OWN win and raise the World Title in an AWA ring for the first time EVER.

Unlike Hamilton Graham... I was BORN in this great state and I am DAMN proud of it!

[The crowd reacts, cheering out loud.]

TS3: And I assure you the next time the AWA comes back here that all of you will be proud to recognize me as one of your own and I will be even prouder to stand before you...

...A CHAMPION!

[Shane raises a fist in the air, a good portion of the fans are buying in.]

TS3: But before I can do that, I KNOW that I need to prove my worth again. I need to show all of you, my father, and Emerson Gellar that I am worthy of the Shane name and capable of climbing back up to the top of the AWA.

A week ago, I asked the wrestlers in the AWA a question - "WHO wants to step in the ring with me?"

WHO has the merit and the GUTS to face me man to man between these four steel posts?!

[Shane paces.]

TS3: And surprise, surprise... NOBODY answered. Not a single man in the back walked into Gellar's office and demanded, "GIVE ME SHANE!" For all the barking about guys wanting to earn their spot, when the opportunity stared them dead in the eyes not a single one stepped forward. So tonight, in THIS ring, in front of MY people...

...I'm not leaving until someone, ANYONE, walks down this aisle and-

"WHOA! WHOA! WHOA!"

[The boos in the Sprint Center are loud and proud as the shot cuts to the entrance where Callum Mahoney is standing, dressed to compete in the same attire we saw him in earlier.

Behind him are Kerry Kendrick and Rex Summers. Summers is in his robe. Kendrick is in a pair of jeans and a graphic t-shirt, the cover of "Grinderman 2" on the front; he is also notably unshaven. Kendrick leans over to whisper something agitatedly to Summers, while gesturing emphatically towards the ring. Striding through the entrance way behind them is the Queen of Clubs herself, baseball bat slung over her shoulder.

Mahoney continues talking as he starts walking down the aisle, followed by the rest.]

CM: Who do you think you are to be making such demands? You might think yourself the hometown hero, but things have changed since the last time you went away. You might have built yourself an army... The Shane Gang, was it? You might have been a contender for the World Title, but, in case you missed it, WE run things around here NOW!

You wonder why nobody answered your challenge? That's because nobody thought you deserving of a response! [Motioning to Kendrick.] Not the Self Made Man, not me, and certainly not the holder of the Steal the Spotlight contract, who is the only one who ought to be demanding matches, since he can get any match he wants!

[He hands off the microphone to Erica Toughill, who holds it in front of Kendrick's face.]

KK: And, believe me, I would slap you upside your head, just like I would if you were Pure X, but...

[He trails off.]

KK: ...I've been given the night off apparently, because I'm the one who needs to cool off, according to the Madison Avenue whiz kid who brought you here. The one who was so impressed with you coasting on your reputation and family name that he's bought into your act one hundred percent. I ought to be the one calling you out, because unlike you, I am the Heart and Soul of the AWA. I am THE AWA Original, Shane.

[Toughill turns and holds the microphone back to Mahoney.]

CM: So, you're probably wondering, if we thought you undeserving of any response, why would we be out here, right? Well, thing is, we were in the back waiting to give these fans what they really want and we heard you making your demands and holding up OUR show, so we just had to come out here and, well, show you your place!

[The Steal the Spotlight steps forward and Toughill holds the microphone for him.]

RS: Callum, I'm sure Terry Shane the third knows his place.

[Summers pauses and looks at to the fans packed into the Sprint Center.]

RS: His place is on the corner of No One and Cares with the rest of these Kansas City cretins!

[Boos radiate throughout the Sprint Center as the Steal the Spotlight holder continues to speak.]

RS: Yet somehow you aren't there right now. No, somehow you convinced Emerson Gellar to give you one more chance...

[Summers shakes his head in disgust.]

RS: And now you're standing in OUR ring puffing out your chest... making demands and spreading lies like you will one day be a champion.

[Summers lets forth a throaty chuckle.]

RS: You already flamed out once, Shane. So why do you want to embarrass yourself and your family again? I mean honestly Shane, do you think the old man's ticker can take seeing you lose over and over and over again?

[The Red Hot One pauses.]

RS: You need to accept the truth, Shane, you're not going to resurrect your career... you're not going to be the feel good story of 2016... so you oughta just be happy that Gellar let you back on TV!

[Summers looks at Mahoney and Kendrick and a smirk crosses his face.]

RS: Callum is right - you're not deserving of anything, Shane. You're especially not deserving enough of the honor to stand in OUR ring...

So, boys... whaddya say we remove him?

[The mic is dropped as Summers, Mahoney, and Kendrick move on the ring, causing Shane to assume a defensive stance to try to hold off the trio.]

GM: Uh oh... I don't like the looks of this for Terry Shane, Bucky.

BW: Shane's a loner too. There's not a single soul in that locker room who feels the slightest bit of sympathy that he's about to get his tail kicked. If you're one of the handful of Terry Shane fans out there and you think he's about to get saved by the cavalry, think again. He's all alone!

GM: Kendrick, Summers, and Mahoney taking up a spot on separate sides of the ring - Toughill with the bat on the other, fencing in Terry Shane. Shane's outnumbered by far and-

[As the three men and Toughill surround the four sides of the ring and look to climb up, "Elektra" by SBCR vs. Refused interrupts bringing a cheer through the crowd and a pause to the four invaders' advancement.]

GM: Pure X! Just when it was looking bad for Terry Shane III, here comes some help!

BW: But what kind of help, Gordo? I don't imagine Pure X's broken ribs magically healed already.

[Indeed, as Pure X quickly walks to the ring, he still clutches at his midsection - one can even spy the tightly wrapped white bandages hugging his rib cage as he cautiously approaches the ring area, mic in hand.]

PX: Summers, Mahoney, Kendrick? THAT ring? That is NOT your ring!

[X, mic in one hand and midsection in another, pauses briefly as he passes Toughill - glaring at all four before ever so carefully sliding into the ring. As Pure X uprights himself, he winces slightly before starting up again.]

PX: Now I laid down a challenge last time out here, to all of you... Which I take it from none of you stepping up means you're all cut from the same cloth as that coward-

[X points over at Kendrick, who yells back something thankfully not picked up by any microphone.]

PX: But now? I figure, hey, you got two of you -

[X looks back Shane, who's still unsure but nods back in agreement.]

PX: Why not two of us?

[Big cheer!]

GM: Oho! I think that's a challenge, Bucky!

BW: A challenge?! For what?! Pure X is actually going to TEAM with Terry Shane?!

GM: It certainly seems that way.

BW: Is he even medically cleared to compete?

GM: I don't have the answer to that but... hey, it looks like Callum Mahoney has accepted! And it looks like it's going to be Mahoney and Summers taking on Pure X and Terry Shane!

[Kendrick is arguing loudly with his allies who are trying to talk the hot-headed youngster down.]

GM: We've gotta get a referee out here and when we do, it'll be time for tag team action, fans! We'll be right back after this short break!

[Fade to black.]

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.]

And we fade back up to find the match underway as Pure X has Rex Summers trapped in a side headlock in the center of the ring.]

GM: We are back here live in Kansas City where this impromptu tag team battle has begun, fans.

[Summers grabs the wrist of Pure X, trying to twist his way out.]

GM: Summers trying to escape this hold and with his upper body strength, you've gotta think he's got a chance to do that.

[His muscles trembling, Summers powers out of the hold, twisting it all the way around to apply a side headlock of his own on the technician as Mahoney and Kendrick cheer from the corner.]

GM: And just like that, Summers turns it around.

[Cranking on the hold, Summers is talking trash all the while.]

GM: Rex Summers seems to have a burr under his saddle, Bucky.

BW: A burr under... whatever! Of course he's upset! Wouldn't you be if a loose cannon like Emerson Gellar kept sticking his nose in your business?!

GM: Mr. Gellar is only living up to what he promised. Rex Summers is either going to cash in that contract or he's going to defend it. It's his choice to make.

[X grabs the wrist, deftly twisting his way out of the hold...

...but a hairpull from Summers puts X back in the side headlock.]

GM: The referee asking about a hairpull there but Summers denies it.

BW: I didn't see anything.

GM: Of course not.

[With Summers hanging on, X backs into the ropes, getting a little momentum to throw the Red Hot One across the ring where he bounces back...

...and runs right over X with a shoulder block, taking him down to the mat.]

GM: Big tackle knocks the technician right off his feet!

[Summers stands over the downed X, striking a double bicep pose before dashing to the ropes, rebounding back towards the rising X...

...who drops back down, using a drop toehold to take Summers facefirst down into the canvas to a cheer from the KC crowd.]

GM: X takes him off his feet... anklelock!

[The crowd roars as Pure X grabs the left foot of Rex Summers, attempting to apply his signature anklelock...

...but a scrambling Summers throws himself around the bottom rope, forcing referee Scott Ezra to call for a break.]

GM: Ohhh... that was a close one there for Rex Summers.

[X lets go, backing off while holding his ribcage as Summers rolls out to the floor, huddling up with Kerry Kendrick.]

GM: And Rex Summers feels the need to regroup after that.

[Summers and Kendrick are talking as Pure X walks around the ring, wincing as he grabs at his ribs.]

GM: Pure X sure seems to still be feeling the effects of that blow to the ribs from Erica Toughill's baseball bat, Bucky.

BW: Hey, she's a lil' slugger.

[Summers climbs back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes as Pure X steps closer, raising his hands into an attacking position...

...but Summers shakes his head, holding up his hands as he backs into the corner, tagging in the Fighting Irishman.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes the Armbar Assassin... and this should be a very interesting tangle, Bucky.

BW: Two of the best grapplers on the roster for sure.

[But as Mahoney steps into the ring, he points across the ring...

...right at Terry Shane.]

GM: And it appears as though Mahoney wants Terry Shane in there!

[Pure X looks irritated but obliges, backing up and slapping Shane's hand, bringing the eager grappler into the ring to a decent amount of cheers from his home state crowd.]

GM: Terry Shane's in the ring in front of his Missouri fans... and he looks ready to go!

[Shane balls up his fists, waving Mahoney forward.]

GM: Well, where one technician steps out, another steps in.

BW: Terry Shane's got the mat skills but he's also got the temper to be pulled into a brawl. Mahoney's going to need to tread carefully here.

[Edging out of the corner, Mahoney extends his arms, walking towards Shane who surges forward, ducking under to secure a rear waistlock.]

GM: Quick go-behind by Shane, hanging on as Mahoney tries to get loose.

[Mahoney grabs the hands at his waist, trying to pry them apart...

...and then drops down, using a scissorhold on the ankle to take Shane off-balance and down to the mat.]

GM: Nice takedown!

[Mahoney scrambles over Shane, spinning across the back to secure a front facelock...

...but Shane quickly spins out of it, holding the wrist and moving into a grounded hammerlock, shoving Mahoney's face down into the mat.]

GM: Shane with the counter into the hammerlock... wrenching up on that arm...

BW: That's Shane trying to send a message to the Armbar Assassin.

[Shane grits his teeth as he cranks up on the arm, spinning around with a grip on the wrist, driving his knee down into the back of the head.]

GM: Oh my... Shane moving from one submission hold to the next very smoothly.

[Showing a little bit of his mean streak, Shane grinds the knee back and forth on the head, rubbing Mahoney's face into the mat while still hanging onto the arm.]

BW: That's illegal! Ring the bell!

[Kendrick shouts something similar from the floor, drawing a glare from the official.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick out here at ringside after a controversial outing on the last edition of the Power Hour - a match that many said shouldn't have even aired on AWA television.

[Climbing to his feet, Shane traps the arm between his legs, facing down towards Mahoney's feet. He claps his hands a few times, getting cheers from the KC crowd...

...and then drops back to his back, using his legs to wrench the arm in the wrong direction. Mahoney howls in pain, clawing at the mat as he slips his knees under him. Shane grins, staying seated on the mat with the arm trapped.]

GM: Terry Shane putting a whole lot of pressure on the arm of the Armbar Assassin... turning the page on Mahoney for once.

[Shane plants his hands on the mat, bridging his back to put more pressure on the arm...

...and Mahoney grabs the bottom rope with his free hand, forcing another break.]

GM: The official calls for the break... Shane lets go...

[And Mahoney scrambles up, shaking his left arm as he tries to get up before Shane does...

...and catches the rising third generation grappler with a right hook to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! So much for the grappling!

[Grabbing Shane by the hair, Mahoney marches him to the corner, smashing him headfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Into the corner they go... and Mahoney's putting the boots into the body of Shane in the buckles!

[The crowd is jeering the corner assault until Ezra breaks it up at four, backing him off. Mahoney brushes past the official, walking in and swinging his knee up into the gut.]

GM: The Fighting Irishman goes downstairs, pulling Shane out by the hair...

[Mahoney hooks a loose single underhook, swinging his knee up into the chest a few times...

...and then leaps off, driving both knees into the face!]

GM: Wow! Unique offense on the part of Mahoney, sending Shane down to the mat.

[Mahoney backs up, slapping Rex Summers' hand. The Steal The Spotlight contract holder moves quickly, a scowl on his face as Mahoney pulls Shane up, pushing him back to the ropes...]

GM: Double whip coming up...

[And as Shane rebounds, the rulebreakers lean over in tandem, launching Shane into the air and sending him crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Double backdrop by Summers and Mahoney!

[Mahoney exits the ring as Summers takes a moment to strike a pose, swiveling his hips in the direction of the hard camera to (mostly) jeers from the Kansas City crowd.]

GM: Rex Summers wasting some valuable time right there if you ask me, Bucky.

[And as Summers goes to pull Shane up, a single leg takedown puts Summers down on his back with Shane holding his leg...]

GM: Wait a second!

[The KC crowd erupts in cheers at the sight of a very familiar hold to long-time wrestling fans from the area!]

GM: SPINNING TOE HOLD!

[Shane cranks the leg, causing Summers to cry out in pain, slamming his arm down into the mat.]

GM: Shane's got it locked in in the middle of the ring!

[And here comes Callum Mahoney, rushing across the ring...

...but Pure X is a hair quicker, tripping up Mahoney before he can save his partner.]

GM: ANKLELOCK!

[The KC crowd is on their feet, screaming and shouting at the sight of Rex Summers and Callum Mahoney trapped side by side in submission holds at the hands of Terry Shane and Pure X!]

GM: They've got it locked in on both of 'em!

BW: No, no, no! Someone's gotta do something about this!

[On cue, Kerry Kendrick pulls himself up on the apron, drawing Scott Ezra towards him...

...which is Erica Toughill's chance to climb up on the apron, baseball bat in hand!]

GM: TOUGHILL'S COMING IN!

[She steps through the ropes into the ring, looking back and forth from Shane to Pure X, trying to decide on a target...

...when suddenly, the KC crowd breaks out into cheers again!]

GM: THE PISTOL! KAYLA CRISTOL IS COMING FOR TOUGHILL!

[Cristol dives headfirst under the bottom rope on the run, coming up as Toughill spots her, winding up with the bat...

...and ducks under a swing, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back towards the off-balance Toughill...]

GM: Baseball slide between the legs!

[Cristol comes up to her feet, launching herself into a forearm to the jaw of Toughill!]

GM: And now the women are fighting as well!

[Summers and Mahoney remain trapped as Cristol batters Toughill across the ring, using a clothesline to take her over the top to the floor just as a puzzled Scott Ezra turns around...

...and Kerry Kendrick nearly knocks him down as he rushes into the ring past him, throwing himself into a forearm to the back of Pure X's head!]

GM: OHH!

[Kendrick wheels to the side, tackling Shane off of Rex Summers as the referee signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The match is over but-

[Climbing to his feet, the controversial Self Made Man is putting the boots to the downed Shane... then to Pure X...]

GM: OHH!

[...who throws himself into a double leg takedown, knocking Kendrick down to the mat!]

GM: All heck is breaking loose in this one! The referee's thrown out the match! This one is going to go down as a no contest but the fight continues in the ring... out on the floor with Toughill and Cristol too!

BW: Look out, Gordo!

[Down at ringside, Cristol slams Toughill's face into the ringside announce table, causing Gordon to pitch sideways into Bucky.

Back inside the ring, Rex Summers is on his feet and kicking Terry Shane in the ribs in the corner alongside Callum Mahoney...

...when suddenly AWA officials come flooding into the ringside area, trying to break up the brawl!

Gordon can be heard talking but we can't hear a thing before we abruptly cut 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 St. Louis, the World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson, defends the gold against Calisto Dufresne!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Monday night, we'll be in Cincinnati where Supernova, Shadoo Rage, and Melissa Cannon are on the card!"

[And again.]

"Thursday in Louisville, Kentucky sees the Kings of Wrestling in the house!"

[And again.]

"It's Friday night in Indianapolis, Indiana with the National Title on the line!"

[Again.]

"Saturday in Nashville, Tennessee 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.]

Fade back up to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Beside him are the Northern Lights, Chris Choiset to his right and Rene Rousseau to his left. [

SLB: Earlier tonight, these two men, The Northern Lights, came to the aid of Los Fantasmas del Miedo after a vicious assault by The Samoan Hit Squad... gentlemen, I think it's clear that the two of you are not going to be taking up Dave Cooper's offer any time soon.

CC: We already told Cooper that we wanted nothing to do with the Lion's Den! Now he's taken it upon himself to not only attack us from behind, but to have his new team attack an opponent after a match for no particular reason! Rene and I knew we weren't going to sit back and let that happen! And we've had enough of Cooper and the Samoans trying to push other people around... we want them in the ring!

SLB: Wait a minute... you two are issuing a challenge to the Samoan Hit Squad?

RR: You heard my partner... and while I may have been considering what Cooper had to offer at one point, my mind is much clearer now... I want nothing to do with him! Chris doesn't have to ask me whether or not we should challenge the Samoans... he has my backing all the way, and believe me, the Samoans are going to find out what happens when you draw the ire of the Northern Lights! We love our fans, we love to fight the fair fight, but when push comes to shove, we can throw down with the best of them! Dave Cooper, get the contract ready because we want you in two weeks' time, and you'll find out the hard way that we don't need your advice to get the job done in that ring!

[The two walk off the set, clearly irate.]

SLB: The challenge has been issued! I understand Mark Stegglet is standing by with the Samoan Hit Squad!

[We cut to Mark Stegglet standing in a hallway, "The Professional" Dave Cooper by his side. Off to the side are Scola and Mafu, Scola staring menacingly and Mafu with a wild, twisted look on his face.]

MS: Dave Cooper, the Northern Lights have just challenged your tag team to a match on the next Saturday Night Wrestling... what is your response?

DC: First of all, if the Northern Lights aren't going to be smart enough to take the opportunity of a lifetime when they see it, then that's their fault! If they'd rather fight us than join us, then we'll demonstrate to them why that was the wrong decision! I'm going to talk to Emerson Gellar right now, get a contract drawn up and the Samoans right here will be more than happy to face the Lights!

[He points to the camera.]

DC: But all you nickel and dimers better believe that these two men don't like being embarrassed! Scola and Mafu are going to be fired up, ready to destroy the Lights and make them realize that you don't want to be an enemy of the Lion's Den! It'll be the end of the Northern Lights in two weeks' time, and Stegglet, that is the end of the discussion!

[He walks off as Mafu stares at Stegglet for a moment and sadistically laughs, then follows Cooper. Scola stares at Stegglet for a moment, then grunts and brushes past Stegglet.]

MS: There you have it, fans... the Samoan Hit Squad and the Northern Lights meet up in two weeks! You can only imagine what implications that will have for the tag team rankings! Let's get back out to ringside for more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[We fade back out into the arena where we get a great closeup of a young family enjoying the action. Dad's wearing a new AWA polo, pointing excitedly at the logo while his blushing bride points out the camera to the kids. The young son is in a "FEEL THE HEAT!" Supernova t-shirt while his sister is waving a homemade sign that reads "FUTURE WOMEN'S CHAMP!" with drawings that appear to be Julie Somers and Melissa Cannon on it.

Suddenly, the lights drop, and the screen at the head of the aisle lights up to resemble a computer desktop. There are several windows open, some displaying an endless feed of code, some containing medical scans with lines bouncing around reporting on heart rates and whatnot. A window in the upper right shows two computer models of wrestlers with their arms out, spinning around as if being scanned. The largest window shows a command prompt, and words start to appear...]

SPECIMEN SCANNED. PROCESSING...

PHYSICAL ANALYSIS... COMPLETE.

MENTAL ANALYSIS... COMPLETE.

SCAN COMPLETE. UPLOADING COMMAND PROTOCOLS...

COMMAND PROTOCOLS UPLOADED. INSTALLING.

[Red lights begin flashing, and an alarm begins to sound...]

COMMAND PROTOCOLS REJECTED. WARNING: INTEGRATION OF COMMAND PROTOCOLS FAILED.

CONTAINMENT BREACH. CONTAINMENT BREACH.

SPECIMENS HAVE ESCAPED.

[The arena is dark except for the last message flashing on the screen. With a loud crack, the head of the aisle is lit in bright white light, and fog blows out from the entrance. "Roots" by Sepultura begins to play and the crowd cheers as Tiger Claw and "Blackheart" Casey James step out to the head of the aisle. Both are in black T-shirts and jeans, with Casey's shirt reading, "Give me your clothes, your boots, and your motorcycle." They pause for a moment to acknowledge the mostly positive crowd reaction.

After a moment, they walk down the aisle, Casey slapping the occasional hand. Claw gives the crowd a look from time to time and to his credit, the look isn't a death glare.]

GM: The Syndicate getting a good reaction from these fans tonight! Casey is looking in much better shape this time around than he was at the Legends Royale.

BW: I'd be careful where you go with that line of commentary, Gordo.

GM: I wasn't... [sigh] I'm just pointing out that it looks like he continued that cardio training after the Legends Royale. He's looking healthier!

[James and Claw have made it down to the ring, and they step in, both with mics in hand. Again, they take a moment to let the crowd do their thing. Both men glance at one another with a bit of confusion, but take the cheers in stride. Finally James waves the crowd down.]

CJ: Okay, okay, guys... That's good. I... [turns to Claw] I guess we had that coming? [to the crowd] With our last few appearances, it looks like we picked up a few fans? Is that what's going on?

[The crowd responds again with mostly cheers, and Casey and Claw both shrug a bit.]

CJ: Alright, that's cool. Weird, but it's cool. I'll admit it's nice being back in the ring for the ol' AWA. Nice to see you guys haven't forgotten us... Or think that we're dead or something.

[Casey glances at Bucky Wilde with a smirk. Bucky leans back, holding his hands in the air.]

BW: Okay, okay... As a broadcast journalist, sometimes you get a bad source. He's been dealt with. We're good, though... [motions to Casey] We're good?

CJ: Yeah, we're good, ya big chucklehead... But that's not why we're here... The reason we're here is because someone made the decision to have us in a video game. If you pre-order now, you can unlock me and this guy here [points at Claw] as playable characters. You dig that? Finally, you all get the chance to pretend to be the baddest men in wrestling, The Syndicate! It's the first time we've been in a video game!

TC: [Shaking his head] No it's not.

CJ: What? When were we in anything like this?

TC: In the 90s. Almost every promotion we were in had a game... Not to mention there was Firepro.

CJ: Firepro!? Can... we say that?

TC: Sure. I think. They'll censor it if we can't. Firepro.

CJ: Firepro?

TC: Yeah, Firepro. You remember Firepro, don't you?

CJ: I LOVED Firepro!

TC: Me too. Firepro was good.

CJ: But this one is better than that! Firepro never filmed us doing our moves!

TC: Well, Firepro was 16 bit, so...

CJ: In AWA 2016, when you do our moves, you're seeing our actual moves, with us doing them! It's freakin' amazing! When I play, I _feel_ like Casey James.

TC: You are Casey James.

CJ: Well, yeah, for real... But I've never felt like me when I play video games.

TC: [raises an eyebrow].

CJ: You don't even have to take my word for it... Check out this footage from the studio!

[The lights dim a bit, and the big screen starts showing a video package. Right away, we see both Claw and Casey standing in a wide open studio space wearing black body suits with ping pong balls attached to all the significant motion points. Both men look at each other, clearly overwhelmed by the sheer amount of options to make fun of each other with.

Footage cuts to Casey running the ropes in his mocap onesie.

Cut to Claw squaring off against another guy in a mocap suit, throwing the occasional leg kick.

Cut back to Casey in the ring with another mocap guy. He mouths, "you ready?" and the assistant nods. In a flash, Casey lunges forward and slams his fist into the guy's chest with a Blackheart Punch, nearly removing him from his mocap shoes.

Cut to Claw firing a roundhouse shin kick and connecting with the head of his mocap guy, who collapses to the mat and stays there for a little too long. As others enter the ring to help the assistant out, Claw turns to walk away, but catches the camera with his eye. He gives a small shrug.

Cut to Casey standing outside the ring being talked to by what looks like a director. Casey nods enthusiastically with a big grin on his face while he holds a comically large and sloppy sandwich. He takes a bite, most of which ends up in his beard. The director says something, and Casey breaks into laughter, causing more sandwich to end up in his beard. He claps the guy on the shoulder and walks away, leaving the guy standing there with a hand print of what one can only assume is mayo or ranch dressing on his shirt.

Cut to Claw back in the ring with a different mocap assistant, this one wearing protective headgear. Claw launches forward, grabs the guy's neck, and starts driving knees into the guy's midsection. After a few knees, Claw disengages, and the guy staggers back into the ropes, and slowly drops to the mat. He also stays there for a little too long. Claw gives an irritated look.

Cut to Casey up on the top rope with his mocap assistant just as he picks the guy up, turns, and drives the assistant down with the rarely seen Black Death. After impact, Casey immediately moves so that he's face to face with the now nearly unconscious assistant, and roars "EAT IT!" at him. The rest of the crew watch uncomfortably.

Cut to Claw in the middle of choking a guy out with the kata ha jime. Oddly enough, only one of the pair appears to be enjoying this. Determining which one is an exercise left to the reader. Hint: It's Claw.

Cut to a final shot of the production crew and The Syndicate together in a group shot. It should be noted that there's a group of guys with various bandages and casts, and they're sitting as far as possible from Tiger Claw. Most in the shot smile and wave... except Claw, who glares.

The video package fades out, the lights come back up, and the camera cuts back to The Syndicate in the ring.]

CJ: How cool was that!?

TC: [Shrugs] It was pretty alright.

CJ: It was super cool! Folks, when you hit someone with one of Claw's kicks in AWA 2016, you know that's a knockout shot. Because Claw knocked that kid into next week. It was awesome!

TC: What was that move you nearly killed that kid with? The spinebuster?

CJ: Dude... It's the Black Death. It's my finisher.

TC: I thought your finisher was the Blackheart Punch. I've never seen you...

[A few fans react to a sleazy presence that has entered the ring, in much the same way one would react to a bootleg Ed Hardy shirt.]

CJ: No, the Blackheart Punch is the setup for the Black Death. It's just that it's such a good setup that I never need to follow it up.

TC: Of course.

CJ: Besides, it's hard dragging the dead weight up to the top rope. I really should have thought that through a bit m—

[Casey's mic is hijacked by the greasiest man in wrestling, Jackie Bourassa, who nudges his way in between Casey and Claw.]

JB: Hey, okay guys! D'accord les guys! And if you come to my club, "Popular Girl" in Dorval just outside the airport, okay, and you order the 20 chicken wings for ten bucks—vingt chicken wings pour yinque dix dollars... a pretty good bargain okay, chtedi—you get a code for the AWA 2016 DLC, gratuit, okay?

[He tosses some photocopied flyers on pastel colored paper around ringside.]

JB: Garsa! Come on up to "Popular Girl," see Leslie Bontemps-Roules and Jann Harden shake their things on the stage, and the DLC to unlock the "Bra et Culotte" mode.

[Bourassa looks Casey and Claw up and down.]

JB: Heyyyyyy, c'mon guys. D'accord les guys! Hey, Griffes de Tigre, vadontoé! Show some respect for the Coin de Combat's top graduate! M'a ty crisse'n'volé, guy!

[He turns back to the crowd.]

JB: Okay guys! Tsé, I'm also givin' away a Playstation Quatre if you come up to "Popular Girl!" Garsa!

[Bourassa holds up what is obviously an early model Playstation 2 with the number "4" written in Sharpie on a square of duct tape. Casey tries to get a word in edgewise, but Bourassa nudges his aside.]

JB: Anweille! Aute toé d'là, guy! I'm sellin' this Game Boy, because now I'm playin' with power! Go back to the 8-bit era. Crisse moi patience!

[He gives Tiger Claw a dismissive shove. The crowd gives a collective "Oooh" as Claw stands there and glares at the part of his arm Bourassa touched. Claw closes his eyes, takes a deep breath...

... and round kicks the Playstation Quatre into the side of Bourassa's head!]

GM: OH MY!

[Casey James' eyes light up and he almost starts giggling. Bourassa has somehow managed to stay upright despite the impact, but he staggers around on uneasy footing. James watches with a big grin on his face and starts following Bourassa around, intently watching to see if Bourassa's going to fall. Bourassa manages to get to the ropes to help steady himself, but James is still right there.

CJ: Hey, man, you alright? You gotta watch out for that BAAAMMM!

[The "BAAAMMM" accentuates a lightning quick Blackheart Punch right into the chest of Bourassa. He goes limp, but the impact of the punch sends him between the second and third ropes, and he spills out onto the floor.]

GM: OH MY! I'm not sure how he stayed on his feet for the first shot, but he's definitely staying out after the second!

[Claw watches Bourassa tumble to the floor, then turns to Casey with a confused look on his face.

TC: Did you manage to catch any of that?

CJ: Not a freakin' word. What was that, Dutch?

[The duo look out at the downed Bourassa with a collective shrug and exit the ring as the metal sounds of Sepultura start back up and the crowd cheers. We cut to ringside to a chuckling Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Well, Jackie Bourassa just learned the hard way that it's never a dull moment when the Syndicate is in the house. Fans, Casey James and Tiger Claw will be all over the place doing media and appearances for the next month or so so be sure you visit the AWA website to find out when and where they'll be in your area. Plus, don't forget to pre-order your copy of AWA 2016 which will be out this week online

and in stores everywhere! And I was just told if you pre-order from Amazon, you'll receive a special CCW bonus pack with a playable version of the Crockett Coliseum, a special training mode to learn new moves, and three CCW superstars - the future of the AWA - available to use in the game.

BW: And even if you don't pre-order, go pick up the game and get specially recorded commentary from us!

GM: Absolutely. Fans, we're going to take another break but when we come back, I'm told the Kings of Wrestling will be out here to answer the challenge that we heard at the top of the show! Will Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan defend the World Tag Team Titles at Memorial Day Mayhem against Calisto Dufresne and National Champion Travis Lynch? We're about to find out 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.

Black...

The unmistakable opening to the Terminator 2 theme starts up.

We slowly fade up from black on a post-apocalyptic scene that looks pretty damn expensive. Demolished buildings litter a torn-up street. Abandoned cars sit on the side of the road, flames licking up from several of them into the dark night sky. Smoke creeps out, filling the air with an almost fog-like look.

Quick cut to a shot of boots on the ground, heavy black boots marching through the scene.

The shot pans up, showing blue jeans...

Then a black t-shirt with the sleeves clinging to bulging muscles...

...and then finally on the man we've come to know as Mason.

The camera circles around him, spinning several times before coming to a halt on his face. His piercing eyes stare into the camera as the music reaches a crescendo.

A gigantic explosion goes off behind him.

He doesn't flinch.

He doesn't blink.

He is Mason.

We abruptly cut to black...

...and to a graphic that reads "MASON IS COMING... MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM."

The graphic fades out, leaving a panning shot of the Sprint Center crowd.]

GM: The mysterious Mason. We've been hearing about him since the Anniversary Show and now we can confirm that he will arrive here to the AWA on Memorial Day in Seattle!

BW: All the hype, all the promotion... he's finally coming to town and I can't wait to see what this is all about, daddy.

GM: It won't be long now... and it also won't be long now until we hear the answer to the challenge that came tumbling down at the top of the show. Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne intend to challenge Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan for the World Tag Team Titles on Memorial Day in Seattle... but will one-half of the Kings of Wrestling accept the challenge? It's time to find out!

[The theme music for the Kings of Wrestling, which we haven't chosen yet, but certainly will soon, blares over the loudspeakers. Unsure whose arrival the music heralds, there's a restless and anticipatory buzz among the AWA faithful.]

Which lasts right up until the fans see who is about to grace them with their presence. Then their anticipation turns into hatred. Raw, unadulterated hatred, the boos deafening and only growing louder.]

GM: In just the span of two weeks, these men, the King of Wrestling, have managed to truly get under the skin over the fans, haven't they?

BW: Of course they have! People always hate being reminded of their mediocrity. And when you find yourself looking at the KINGS of Wrestling, well, that's bound to make you feel mediocre!

[At the very front of the line is Brian Lau. The only manager to make his way into the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame is decked out in a white suit, the white broken up only by his red tie. His Givenchy Navigator sunglasses shiny and new, never worn until tonight, and sure to be discarded before morning.]

GM: The manager of champions making a bold fashion choice, given what happened two weeks ago.

BW: Can't you see, he's just daring that damn Dufresne to try something again!

[Coming up right behind him is the World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson. Detson is wearing a tee shirt with four playing cards in the front. The King of Hearts has a picture of Johnny Detson, the King of Clubs is Brian James, the King of Spades has Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor together and the King of Diamonds is Hall of Fame Manager Brian Lau. Below the image is the words "OF WRESTLING". Available now at AWAShop.com! Detson also has on a pair of jeans and the AWA World Heavyweight Title is secure around his waist.]

Behind Detson, walking side by side, are the World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Donovan is decked out in his ring gear - minus his usual hooded track jacket. Taylor's also in ring gear, patting the title belt draped over his shoulder that is covered in a black tank top.

And finally, bringing up the rear is The AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James. The son of the Blackheart wears a tight fitting black tank top as well as a pair of baggy workout pants, white on one leg and black on the other. There's a white towel covering James' head, hints of his scowling face visible beneath it.]

BW: I hope you're watching carefully, Gordo. You see the way those five men are moving? That's what you call "owning the room." That kind of swagger and confidence only comes when you're at the very top of your game. You only get that when you're a King of Wrestling!

GM: You certainly seem to be on the bandwagon, Bucky. Let me guess, Brian Lau picked up the check and dropped off a few talking points?

BW: I can neither confirm nor deny that, Gordo!

[Lau steps onto the apron, and sets himself between the top and middle rope, holding it open for the four Kings to enter the ring. With Lau joining them, the five stand in the center of the ring, oblivious to the escalating volume of the boos that greet them.]

BL: To coin a phrase, it's good to be the Kings!

[More boos.]

BL: Now, earlier tonight, Callisto Dufresne...

[Cheers.]

BL: And Travis Lynch....

[Enormous cheers. Cheers that match the earlier boos.]

BL: ...came out here and they had themselves a little get together. And apparently, when you put a lowlife degenerate lothario together with a man who calls himself the "Lady Killer," what you end up with is a shared delusion of grandeur.

Now, before I address this pathetic "challenge" laid out by the man who must remind you of all of the things he accomplished years ago, and his best buddy, the least of the Lynches, there's something else that needs to be addressed.

I, Brian Lau, have to offer up an apology.

Two weeks ago, what should have been a grand unveiling was ruined by Callisto Dufresne and his inexplicable access to fake blood and the control booth.

So to you, my Kings of Wrestling, I offer you my deepest and sincerest apologies. I should have known better, and I should have taken precautions.

But, like I said, it's good to be the Kings. And you know what? It's not only good to be the Kings. It's GREAT to be a Brian Lau guy. And you my friends, are certainly Brian Lau guys.

So, to make up for the ruined outfits, I have specially commissioned for you, something that I hope will replace the ruined parts of your wardrobe. And not only that, but your gifts come wrapped around a second gift.

So, Khandi, Destinee, Triniti and Cherri, if you would.

[With names like that, these can only be a quartet of Lau's Instagram Models. And sure enough, the curtains part, and out walk four gorgeous ladies of Instagram. Each of them wears a long purple satin jacket, and given the expanse of bare leg visible under the bottom of the jacket, one isn't sure what else they're wearing.]

GM: I... fans, if the screen suddenly goes black, well, let's just say that right now, I am certain that Fox Sports X is very thankful for the seven second delay!

[The four women enter the ring, and each stands in front of one of the Kings. As the camera zooms in, we can see that the four jackets are similar in design, but each has also been personalized.

Running down the right arm of each of the jackets, in a stylized cursive font are the words "KINGS OF WRESTLING" done in gold. On the back of each of the jackets is a patched logo of a five pointed crown that appears to be "breaking through" the standard AWA logo, along with another golden "Kings of Wrestling" logo beneath.

The Instagram models peel off their jackets, revealing that they are all wearing midriff bearing purple tank tops and purple short shorts beneath.

The first jacket belongs to Johnny Detson. In the front, over the right pectoral is the word "Johnny" in the same font with the same gold lace, while on the left it reads "Champ." Wes Taylor's jacket says "Wes" on the right and "Outlaw" on the

left, while his partner's says "Tony" on the right and "TKO" on the left. Finally, Brian James' says "Brian" on the right and "Engine" on the left.

All four men put on their jackets, with Brian James remaining stoic, Johnny Deston strutting, and Wes and Tony complimenting one another.]

BL: Now, as to the challenge laid out be the League of Losers...

Well, of course we accept!

[Cheers from the crowd.]

BL: But, on one condition!

You see, when you're the Kings of Wrestling, well, you don't let valuable items pass beneath your notice. And there is nothing in the AWA more valuable than a title belt. Now, we already have the World Tag Team Titles and the World Heavyweight title, but there's still a National Title and a World Television Title which we've yet to claim.

So Travis Lynch, you're going to need to put your money, or in this case your belt, where your grandstanding mouth is! You want a shot at the World Tag Team titles? Well, you got it.

But only if you put that belt on the line too.

So what do you say, champ? Have you got the guts to accept? Are you ready to lose that title you never deserved?

[Lau smirks as he hands the microphone over to Tony Donovan, who is visibly chuckling.]

TD: Speaking of shots at the World Tag Team titles... you know, the belts held by two of the best looking, two of the most vicious, two of the most dangerous men the AWA has to offer..

[Donovan grins and flexes briefly but carefully - can't ruin the new jacket, after all.]

TD: Sure are a whole lot of chumps lining up to get themselves wrecked. Starting with Lynch and Dufresne...

[Tony holds up one finger.]

TD: ...then we've got, oh, I suppose the Dogs of War sort of count.

[The crowd boos and Tony laughs.]

TD: Next Gen...

[Tony looks at Wes and shakes his head slightly.]

TD: Downfall...the Shadow Star Legion...and anybody else that I'm forgetting, I'd apologize, but I just can't dredge up a damn to give about you right now.

[Again, the crowd takes the opportunity to boo Tony.]

TD: Look, the point is that when you're on top of the mountain...hell, when you're the KINGS of the mountain...everybody lines up to take their shot, and everybody brings everything they've got to do it. I hate to break it to you...to ALL of you...but, well, everything you've got?

[Tony shakes his head.]

TD: Won't EVER be enough.

[As Donovan finishes, the microphone is passed to Brian James. As the camera zooms in on the massive Engine of Destruction, he reaches up, pulling the towel off his head. We can see that during his time away, James has let his once close cropped hair start to grow out, and now his dirty blond hair is pulled into a short ponytail. He's also begun to grow a goatee, the color the same dirty blond.]

BJ: If you were paying attention, then you saw that two weeks ago, I wasn't happy with the James Gang becoming the Kings of Wrestling.

[There's a tense moment, as the camera pans across the ring, following James' gaze until both settle on Johnny Detson.]

BJ: But that was then. That was when I was blinded to the truth.

Like I've said before, I had to earn the name "James." It didn't come easily. It came only after years of blood and sweat. I didn't get to call myself a James until after I became the only man to survive the Claw Academy. I didn't get to be a James until I forced my father to acknowledge who I was. So it wasn't easy to let the name James Gang go.

But the fact is, no matter what we call ourselves, I am still a James. I am still the Son of the Blackheart. I am still the pinnacle of martial combat, and I am still the deadliest force in combat sports. But now, now I'm something else. Now I am part of something greater than all of that.

Now, I am one of only five men who can call themselves a King of Wrestling.

And that unit, that collective organization, it means more than just one name. Because when you're a King of Wrestling, you are more than just the best individual. You are one of the men who set the standard. To be a King of Wrestling means that you run at peak efficiency every second of every day.

This right here...

[James motions to all of the men in the ring.]

BJ: This is the standard of excellence in professional sports. To be a King of Wrestling is a higher achievement than a Stanley Cup, a Golden Glove, a Lombardi Trophy, an NBA ring, or any other prize or accolade a man can earn.

You go to the GFC and you won't find a man who can beat any of us. You go to SWLL and you'll find nothing more than an entire organization who dream of being one tenth of the man any of us are. You go to Tiger Paw and all you'll hear are pro wrestlers thankful that our tours are brief, and fans who wish we came around more often.

I was a member of the James Gang, and we achieved great things. But now I am a King of Wrestling, and you are all about to learn just how great an achievement that is.

[The mic gets handed off to Johnny Detson who walks across the ring, looking Brian James in the eye for a moment before taking the microphone. He steps back, looking to his left and to his right before breaking out in a huge smile.]

JD: Calisto Dufresne and Travis Lynch have decided that they want a shot at the World Tag Team Titles!

[The crowd cheers the idea of that showdown.]

JD: But what they've also decided is what I've always known... that they are no competition at all for YOUR World Champion!

[Detson points at his title as the crowd showers him in boos. Laughing, Detson continues.]

JD: And since they decided to turn tail and run, it looks like YOUR World Champ needs a match for Memorial Day Mayhem. Who could it be? Brian? Any ideas?

[Lau smirks at the World Champion.]

JD: Even the greatest manager in the history of this sport doesn't have an idea who could take on that challenge because when you look at the list of people looking to challenge for the AWA World Heavyweight Title...

...you realize that NONE of them can hold a candle to me, and that they aren't really any challenge at all!

[Again, Detson laughs as the crowd continues to get on him.]

JD: So after consulting with Hall of Fame manager Brian Lau... we've decided that at Memorial Day Mayhem... Johnny Detson...

[Detson nods, building anticipation.]

JD:... WILL BE TAKING THE NIGHT OFF!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion at first and then bursts into jeers. Detson nods in approval with himself, shooting a glance at Brian Lau who gives a thumbs up in response.]

GM: No World Title match on one of the biggest nights of the year?! Who does he think he is?

BW: He's a King, Gordo. A King of Wrestling and they set the rules.

GM: Is that right? I'm betting Emerson Gellar will have something to say about that.

[Still chuckling at his announcement, Detson slaps Wes Taylor on the back as he hands over the mic.]

WT: That guy... that guy right there...

[Taylor tucks the mic under his hand, applauding the World Champion.]

WT: From the night I stepped foot in the AWA, I told Tony - "We've gotta find a way to be associated with Johnny Detson!" Because where Johnny Detson is... the gold is... the money is... the glory is... and the women... oh, that's where the women are too!

[Taylor grins at the Instagram models at ringside.]

WT: On that very first night, I took Black Beauty - a gift from my uncle who couldn't be here tonight because he's... what was it, Brian?

[Taylor looks questioningly at Brian Lau.]

BL: He's on special assignment... washing my car.

[Lau chuckles as Taylor nods.]

WT: I took that glove and I handed it to Johnny that night and said, if you ever need us, we'll be there. Two weeks ago, Johnny shook my hand backstage and said the exact same thing. We'll be there for him and he'll be there for us. The circle of life keeps this thing going... it's what keeps us the World Tag Team Champions just like it'll keep that World Heavyweight Title around Johnny's waist.

Now... in just a few minutes here, two guys from the back are going to get the chance of a lifetime... their brush with greatness when they climb in this ring against Tony and myself and try to take these titles off our waists.

[Taylor shakes his head, wagging a finger.]

WT: Not... going... to happen! Not tonight! Not any night! The teams are lining up to knock the Kings from the mountaintop just like my partner said! But none of 'em... NONE OF 'EM... have what it takes to climb inside this ring, put our shoulders down for a three count, and take this gold off of us... because unlike them, we're willing to do WHATEVER IT TAKES to keep the titles!

You think Next Gen is willing to do that? Maybe the Northern Lights? Maybe the Shadow Star Legion? Not a chance!

And now Travis Lynch is hitching his wagon to a fading star to see if they can get the job done.

Spoiler alert, scumbag... you can't!

[Taylor grins.]

WT: Because you're dealing with the Last Outlaw... you're dealing with TKO... you're dealing with the Engine of Aggression... you're dealing with the World Champion... you're dealing with the greatest managerial mind EVER...

When you deal with one of us... when you jump on one of us... you jump on ALL of us, Travis! And Dufresne, history tells us that you're a master of getting people to do your dirty work for ya. But even you... aren't gettin' dirtier than us!

[The "Last Outlaw" points to the locker room.]

WT: Tonight... tonight is about sending a message to that entire locker room and everyone sitting back there watching.

The Kings of Wrestling have arrived, boys.

Long live the Kings.

[The "Last Outlaw" cracks a grin, stepping back and looking down at the title belt as he hands the mic over to Phil Watson.]

GM: The World Tag Team Titles on the line coming up next!

[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 on the sea of television monitors that can only mean the return of the Control Center.

After a moment, we fade up on Mark Stegglet standing in front of a green screen with a flapping American flag, waving in the breeze on a perfect blue sky day.]

MS: Hello everyone, and welcome to the very first Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center of 2016! I'm Mark Stegglet and as we stand here about seven weeks away from one of the biggest events on the AWA calendar every year, the pieces are starting to fall into place of what will be on the card when we come to you LIVE from the KeyArena in Seattle, Washington on Monday, May 30th!

[The shot of Stegglet fades and is replaced by Supernova who is standing with the World Television Title over his head.]

MS: Earlier tonight, we learned that Supernova will be defending the World Television Title - providing he still is the champion at the time. His opponent will be revealed two weeks from tonight in Minnesota at the Target Center when Derrick Williams and Shadoe Rage do battle to see who will earn that shot at the gold in the Pacific Northwest... and we've just been informed that despite suffering some minor injuries here tonight in Kansas City, former World Champion Kevin Slater WILL be at ringside again for that battle! Regardless of who comes out on top, you better believe Supernova is in for a tough battle in Seattle.

[The shot of Supernova changes to the graphic that reads "MASON IS COMING."]

MS: For several weeks, we've been seeing the mysterious video segments telling us that the man known only as Mason is coming to the AWA. Tonight, we found out that not only is Mason coming... but he's coming to Seattle, Washington where he'll make his official AWA debut at Memorial Day Mayhem! What will he be doing? We'll have to wait and see to get that answer.

[Another graphic change, this one showing Kolya Sudakov down on the interview platform with Maxim Zharkov standing over him, steel chain in hand.]

MS: How about this one - Maxim Zharkov versus Kolya Sudakov... in a RUSSIAN CHAIN MATCH! After Zharkov's actions earlier tonight, you know that the former National Champion will be looking to put down his younger Russian counterpart once and for all!

[And one final graphics change, showing Wes Taylor, Tony Donovan, Calisto Dufresne, and Travis Lynch.]

MS: And the challenge has been offered up and it has been accepted! At Memorial Day Mayhem, it'll be a Winner Takes All affair when Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan defend the World Tag Team Titles against National Champion Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne. If either Taylor or Donovan pin Lynch or make him submit, they will become the National Champion as well! What a battle that one's going to be!

[We fade back to Mark in front of a digital version of the MDM logo.]

MS: It's the AWA's annual kickoff to the heat of the summer... it's one of the biggest events of the year... it's Memorial Day Mayhem... and if you can't be with us live in Seattle, you can join us LIVE on PAY... PER... VIEW! Contact your local cable or satellite operator for details or stream it LIVE on the AWA website! Fans, we're sure to be learning more about this major event in the weeks to come and you can bet I'll be right there every step of the way to make sure you know all about it. From the Control Center, I'm Mark Stegglet!

[We fade away from Stegglet back to the ring where Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan are in their corner, getting ready for battle as Phil Watson steps out to the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is for the AWA World Tag Team Titles! Introducing first... they are the challengers... from Seattle, Washington and Twinsburg, Ohio respectively... weighing in at a total combined weight of 512 pounds... the team of BEEF BONHAM and DYLAN HARVEY!

[The challengers could not look more different - Bonham a bulky 330 pounds with his black hair shaved into a mohawk and wearing a black singlet with "BEEF" written across the gut in white block font while his partner is slender bordering on skinny with his stringy hair pulled back in a tight ponytail. His trademark feature are his bright blue eyes... almost cold, boring into their target. They get a decent reaction from the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Instant jeers.]

PW: From Pittsburgh, P-A and Phoenix, Arizona... weighing in at 503 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by their manager, Brian Lau, and representing the Kings of Wrestling... they are the AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

TOOOOOONYYYY DONNNNNNOVANNNN AND WESSSSSS TAAAAAAAAYLOOOOOR!

[Donovan and Taylor raise the title belts over their heads, shouting at the booing fans as Lau applauds.]

GM: We're just about set for tag team title action... and thankfully, referee Ricky Longfellow was able to get Johnny Detson and Brian James out of here so these two have a fighting chance.

BW: A fighting chance? These two schlubs? They've got a fighting chance to not end up in the hospital if they walk away right now. If they stick around until the bell rings, who knows what's going to happen.

[The official gives some final instructions to both teams before waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go. One fall, twenty minute time limit for the World Tag Team Titles.

[A quick high five is exchanged between the tag champions as Wes Taylor ducks out to the apron, leaving Tony Donovan in the ring with Beef Bonham.]

GM: The big man from Seattle starting things off for the challengers.

[Donovan strides across the ring, a confident smirk on his face, and jabs his finger into the wide torso of Beef Bonham.]

GM: Donovan getting right up in the face of Beef Bonham.

[The crowd is booing as Donovan starts trash-talking one of the challengers, jabbing his finger into the chest again... and again...

...and finally Bonham reaches out, shoving Donovan down to the mat where he flips head over heels before coming to a halt on his knees, looking up in shock at Bonham as the crowd cheers the big man.]

GM: Oho! How about that, Bucky Wilde?!

BW: It's one thing to push a guy off his feet. Quite another to get a three count and win championship gold.

[Donovan scrambles back to his feet, angrily stomping back across, getting right up in the face of Beef Bonham who responds with a big right hand to the jaw as the fans shout "BEEF!"]

GM: Big haymaker by Bonham!

[The crowd continues to chant as Bonham continues to throw.]

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

[The barrage of Beef sends Donovan back into the neutral corner where Bonham grabs an arm, flinging him across the ring. With a shout, Bonham charges from corner to corner, throwing his arms out...

...and delivers a big running avalanche in the corner!]

GM: OHH! Big splash in the buckles!

[Bonham bounces back out, waiting as Donovan stumbles towards him, and then clashes his arms together on Donovan's ears, knocking him down to the canvas.]

GM: Wow! And this can NOT be going the way that Tony Donovan expected!

BW: Absolutely not... and you can hear Brian Lau out here, shouting guidance to his man...

[Donovan slowly starts to rise as Bonham swoops back in on him, scooping him up and slinging him over his shoulder...]

GM: Bonham may be setting for a running powerslam here, fans.

[But Donovan's got other ideas, wriggling free and landing on his feet behind Bonham, reaching out to slap the hand of Wes Taylor.]

GM: Quick tag by the champions... in comes Taylor...

[Taylor runs into the ring, coming at Bonham from behind...

...and gets scooped up in Bonham's arms. The big man swings around, dropping down in a side slam!]

GM: Ohh! Big slam by Bonham!

[Staying down on the mat, Bonham rolls back, holding the legs...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[...but Taylor pops the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count only there... and can you imagine the reaction if Bonham and Harvey are able to pull off this upset, Bucky?

BW: Talk about an upset. I'd put better odds on Donald Trump being President AND the Cubs winning the World Series, daddy!

[Bonham pulls Taylor up by the hair, walking him back towards the corner where he slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes young Dylan Harvey who you might recall was in a serious car accident several months ago and has slowly been making his way back into the ring since then. A graduate of the Combat Corner to boot.

BW: Lot of good that does him.

[Harvey slingshots over the top rope, grabbing an arm as Bonham grabs the other.]

GM: Doubleteam on the way, sending Taylor across...

[The big man dives to the mat, forcing Taylor to hurdle over him...

...where Harvey leaves his feet, lashing out with a standing dropkick that takes him off his feet!]

GM: Taylor down off the dropkick... and Harvey with his first cover of the matchup!

[The count gets to two before Taylor kicks out. Harvey scrambles up to his feet, dashing to the ropes as Taylor gets up to a knee...

...and throws himself at Taylor, hooking his legs around his head, flipping him over to the mat!]

GM: OHH!

[A stunned Taylor rolls out under the ropes to the floor, angrily slamming his arms down on the apron as Dylan Harvey gets to his feet, smiling at the crowd's reaction as he paces around the ring...

...and then breaks into a sprint, bouncing off the far ropes as with Taylor in his sights...]

GM: SUICIDE DIIIIIV-

[But as Harvey's head comes through the ropes, Taylor strikes, leaping up and catching the high-flying youngster with an uppercut!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT AN UPPERCUT!

[Taylor stands out at ringside, smirking at the jeering crowd while shaking out his hand.]

GM: Taylor with an incredible uppercut, cutting off Dylan Harvey in the middle of that death-defying dive to the floor!

[Grabbing the middle rope, the "Last Outlaw" climbs up on the apron, pulling Harvey - who is hanging over the second rope - into a side headlock. He sneers at the fans, slamming his fist up into the face three times before backing away, moving back to rest his back against the steel ringpost.]

GM: Taylor backing away... look out!

[Running down the apron, Taylor slams his cowboy boot up into the side of Harvey's head, sending him falling back inside the ring.]

BW: Boom! Taylor kicked the tar right out of this kid!

[Shouting at a ringside fan, Taylor ducks back through the ropes into the ring, stomping Harvey into the mat before walking over to Tony Donovan and slapping his hand.]

GM: The tag team champions make the exchange as Donovan steps back into the ring.

[Pulling Harvey to his feet, the duo whips him across the ring...]

GM: Harvey off the far side!

[The champions duck down, LAUNCHING Harvey into the air, flipping him over, and sending him crashing down to the canvas with a backdrop!]

BW: HOLY-

GM: Incredible elevation on the backdrop!

BW: Dylan Harvey should've changed the lights while he was up there, daddy!

[Taylor and Donovan exchange a high five before Taylor exits the ring. Donovan delivers a hard kick to the ribs of Harvey before leaning over to drag him up by the ponytail.]

GM: Donovan trashtalking Harvey... and flings him into the corner.

[The third generation competitor rushes across the ring, smashing his 260 pound frame into Harvey in the corner...

...and then twisting to hook a side headlock, charging out of the corner and dropping Harvey facefirst into the mat with a bulldog headlock!]

GM: Donovan with the bulldog... and a quick cover by Donovan.

[Donovan gets a two count before Harvey lifts a shoulder up.]

GM: Two count only for Tony Donovan as the champions continue to try and successfully retain those titles with Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne waiting for them in seven weeks' time at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Pulling a dazed Harvey off the mat, Donovan hooks him around the torso, charging across the ring and driving him back into the buckles. Wes Taylor reaches over the top rope, tagging himself in.]

GM: Another quick tag by the champions... Taylor's in and- oh, what a right hand across the jaw while Donovan was holding him!

[With Donovan stepping out, Taylor throws another right hand, forcing Harvey down to his butt as Taylor starts stomping the smaller man.]

GM: Wes Taylor- get him out of the corner, ref!

[Taylor continues stomping, using every bit of the five count before walking away, arms raised...

...and then he charges back in, blowing past the official to deliver a soccer style kick to the chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big kick connects!

[Taylor grabs Harvey by the foot, dragging him out and settling into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE! TWO! But again, Harvey kicks out! What guts on the part of this kid!

[Taylor glares at Ricky Longfellow, slapping his hands together three times.]

GM: Taylor thinks it was a three count but it looked just short to me.

BW: Your vision is colored by your overwhelming bias, Gordo.

GM: MY bias? Talk about the pot calling the kettle black.

[Out on the floor, Brian Lau implores Wes Taylor to keep his focus on the match as the Phoenix native climbs back to his feet, hands on his hips as he looks down at Harvey who is back on his knees, crawling towards Taylor.]

GM: Taylor looking down on Harvey, watching the young man try to battle to his feet...

[Holding the hair, Taylor measures his man and BLASTS him between the eyes with a right hand!]

GM: Oh! Hard right hand!

[Harvey falls back down to the mat as Taylor stands over him, stomping the chest a few times.]

GM: Wes Taylor in total control of this one as the tag champions look to put this challenge to bed.

[Dragging Harvey up by his slender arm, Taylor whips him towards the ropes, sending him bouncing back towards him...

...where he BURIES a running knee into the midsection, sending Harvey flipping over him and down to the mat!]

GM: Taylor with the kitchen sink and down goes Harvey!

BW: Hittin' him with everything AND the kitchen sink, daddy!

[Taylor puts the boots to the downed Harvey before walking back to his corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Another tag by the champions.

BW: Quick tags, moving in and out, keeping the fresh man in. These are signs of a world class caliber tag team and that's exactly what the Tag Team of the Year for 2016 is!

GM: It's a little premature to call them that, don't you think?

BW: Really? Who is going to beat these two? Next Gen?

[While the announcers chat, Taylor and Donovan take Harvey down with a double back elbow up under the chin.]

GM: Possibly. That young duo is certainly climbing the ladder very quickly. They've got a lot of similarities to the champions in terms of the business being in their families.

BW: But that's where the similarities end. Harper and Somers aren't on the level of Taylor and Donovan. That much is clear.

GM: What about the Memorial Day Mayhem battle with Travis Lynch and Calisto Dufresne? That's one heck of a threat to the titles if you ask me.

BW: If they were facing them in two singles matches, maybe. But this is a tag team match and when you've got two egos like Lynch and Dufresne, they don't stand a chance of working as a unit... and if you're gonna beat these two for the gold, you've gotta work as a unit.

[Out on the apron, Beef Bonham is shouting for a tag but Dylan Harvey is unable to get there as Donovan drags him up to his feet again, pulling him into a waistlock.]

GM: Donovan hooks him up from behind... looking for a suplex, I believe!

[But as Donovan uncorks a German Suplex, releasing Harvey who sails through the air, flipping over...

...and landing on his feet!]

BW: WHAT THE-?!

GM: Wow! Incredible agility on the counter by Dylan Harvey... ducks a clothesline and-

[Running towards his corner, Harvey makes a lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Beef Bonham steps through the ropes into the ring, coming right at the surprised Donovan who flails a right hand at him that Bonham easily blocks before throwing a right of his own!]

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

[Grabbing Donovan by the hair, Bonham swings his right hand around, "revving" it up...]

"BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE"

[...and DRILLS Donovan with a haymaker that takes him off his feet!]

"BEEEEEEEF!"

[Bonham nods to the cheering crowd, jerking his thumbs at his singlet with a loud "BEEF!" of his own. He leans down towards Donovan who is crawling on all fours towards the corner, pulling him up by the singlet...]

GM: Donovan lifted right up off the mat... up into the air... ATOMIC DROP!

[Donovan is stunned, grabbing at his tailbone as Bonham races to the ropes, bouncing off towards Donovan, flattening him with a running clothesline!]

GM: And Beef Bonham has completely flipped the switch in this one as he's in control of this match and these Kansas City fans are loving it!

[Bonham whirls around, pumping his fists, pounding his chest, drawing the cheers of the crowd again before he turns back to the rising Donovan...

...and wraps his arms around his torso!]

GM: Wait a second! Bonham ties him up and-

[He hoists Donovan into the air, twisting around, and driving him into the canvas!]

GM: BELLY TO BEEF SUPLEX! That might do it!

[The referee dives to the mat, counting one... two... thr-]

GM: OHH! TAYLOR WITH A DIVING SAVE!

[Ricky Longfellow reprimands Taylor for being in the ring as Bonham climbs up, grabbing at the back of his head. He shakes his head as he bounces to the ropes...

...where Dylan Harvey slaps his shoulder.]

GM: What the... blind tag by Harvey!

BW: He's in no condition to get back in this match!

[Beef Bonham seems to be telling the youngster the same thing but Harvey is blindly focused on the action, shouting at Bonham to get out of his way as he grabs the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Harvey out on the apron...

[The youngster leaps into the air, springboarding off the top rope...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[...and Donovan comes off the mat, leaping into the air, lashing out with an extended leg!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK! MY GOD, HE SUPERKICKED DYLAN HARVEY RIGHT OUT OF THE SKY!

[A motionless Harvey is on the mat as a grinning Donovan stumbles back to the corner, tagging in his partner.]

GM: Quick tag to Wes Taylor... Donovan pulls Harvey up, lifting him off the mat over his shoulder...

BW: You know what's comin' up now, Gordo!

GM: I certainly do as Taylor hooks the front facelock and...

"THOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOUD!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: ...they SPIKE him down with the elevated DDT!

[Taylor rolls into a cover as Donovan rushes to the corner, keeping Bonham from getting back inside the ring.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: And that takes care of that.

GM: Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan retaining the World Tag Team Titles here tonight in Kansas City as we wrap up another exciting edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling, fans.

BW: The Kings of Wrestling are standing tall in KC!

GM: But will that be the case in Seattle, Washington at Memorial Day Mayhem when Taylor and Donovan put the titles on the line against... wait a second!

[The crowd jeers as Donovan suddenly clubs Beef Bonham in the back of the head from behind. The boots start raining down on Bonham, kicking him into the mat as a smirking Wes Taylor joins in...]

GM: There's no call for this, Bucky!

BW: The Kings are making sure that everyone is watching... that everyone is learning that in the world that is the AWA, no one steps up to the Kings!

[But the beatdown doesn't last long before...]

GM: LYNCH! DUFRESNE!

BW: What the heck?! What business do they have out here?!

GM: And they're not comin' alone, fans!

[With the KC crowd cheering them on, Dufresne and Lynch come charging down the aisle, both holding steel chairs in their hands as they slide into the ring...]

...where Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan bail out to the floor to jeers!]

GM: Ohh... and there go the so-called Kings... running off like thieves in the night!

BW: Who's gonna stick around and fight with two thugs with chairs?!

GM: Let's call them equalizers because you know James and Detson are lurking out there somewhere!

[Brian Lau huddles up with his charges, guiding them away from the ring with a "Another time, boys... another time..."]

GM: The Kings are on the run if you ask me! Fans, we're out of time- what? Now? Okay, fans... we've got breaking news backstage with Sweet Lou and Emerson Gellar. Gentlemen, make it quick!

[We cut to the locker room interview area where an excited Blackwell is standing with Emerson Gellar.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Gellar, I am told you've got an announcement for us regarding our next Saturday Night Wrestling coming up in Minneapolis, Minnesota at the Target Center!

[Gellar nods.]

EG: The AWA is heading to Minnesota for the very first time and a big show like that deserves a big Main Event. Just moments ago, I spoke to both competitors and made the deal. On April 23rd at the Target Center, it will be Juan Vasquez taking on Sweet Daddy Williams...

[Dramatic pause.]

EG: ...in a STREET FIGHT!

[Blackwell's jaw drops and Gellar grins, letting that hang in the air as we slowly fade to black.]