

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

JULY 16TH, 2016 NEW YORK CITY

[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 most famous arena in all of sports and entertainment, Madison Square Garden - 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 the city that never sleeps, NEEEEEEW YORK CITY! We are LIVE in perhaps the most famous arena to ever open its doors to fans around the globe, Madison Square Garden! 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 ever-present Gordon Myers - 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: Almost two years ago, the AWA came to Madison Square Garden for the very first time to be a part of SuperClash VI and what a night that was. And if tonight is even a fraction of that historic night, we're in for one heck of an evening, Bucky Wilde.

[The camera shot shows Bucky Wilde for the first time. The colorful color man has gone with a deep crimson sports coat and pants alongside a bleached white dress shirt and a tie with light-up apples that illuminate in rhythm.]

BW: New York, New York - the city so nice, they named it twice! This is my kind of town, Gordon Myers, and when the AWA comes to New York, you know we're coming to make history and that's the case right here tonight because on this night, we're crowning the very first Women's World Champion, daddy!

GM: Without a doubt, we are! Twenty of the finest female competitors from all over the globe have come right here to New York City to battle it out in the AWA's annual Rumble and when it's all said and done, we're making history just like you said. Throughout the night, we're going to be hearing from many of the competitors in that matchup but right now, let's shift gears a little bit. The last time we joined you here on The X, it was the epic Battle of Boston tournament - a three night battle that when the final bell rung, saw Brian James emerge victorious as the winner!

BW: All hail the Kings, daddy!

GM: The Kings of Wrestling are certainly in the mood to celebrate and as you look up at that ring right now... well, it looks like we've got a party on our hands.

[We fade up to the ring where we see balloons hanging from the ringposts, streamers draped across the ropes. A red carpet has been put down over the ring mat and some tables have been set up inside with glasses and plates set up on it.

Suddenly, "Evil Walks" by AC/DC blares over the loudspeakers, the heavy guitar and drum combo almost, but not quite, drowned out by the vociferous boos of the New York crowd.]

BW: Here they come, Gordo!

GM: Something tells me they're going to be even more insufferable than usual tonight.

BW: Hey, when you're a King, you don't bother worrying about what the peons think!

[With the fans reaching a fever pitch in their boos, out they come, the Kings of Wrestling. In the lead is the brains behind the brawn, Brian Lau. Tonight, Lau wears a jet black suit with a red tie and white shirt underneath. Reaching inside his jacket, Lau pulls out a pair of Bentley Platinum sunglasses, which he is quick to cover his eyes with.

At Lau's side, silently conferring with him is the mysterious and malevolent "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett. Fawcett is dressed head to toe in white, the only splash of color being a blood red handkerchief in his breast pocket. He pauses momentarily to take it out, dabbing sweat from his bald head before continuing on.

Behind Lau and Fawcett is the AWA's World Heavyweight Champion, Johnny Detson. Detson is dressed in a grey three piece suit with a red power tie. The AWA World Heavyweight Championship is secure around his waist.

Coming up behind the World Champion, walking shoulder to shoulder are the AWA's World Tag Team Champions, Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan. Taylor is wearing his Kings of Wrestling jacket (available at AWAShop.com right now) along with a pair of black slacks. His half of the World Tag Team Titles is dangling over his left shoulder as he heads down the aisle. Donovan also carries his half of the tag titles and he's wearing clothes... we think.

Behind them is the hulking form of the AWA's Engine of Destruction, and the inaugural winner of the AWA's Battle of Boston, Brian James. The Son of the Blackheart has his dirty blond hair slicked back and pulled into a tight ponytail. Like Lau, he wears a black suit, white shirt and red tie, the suit tailored to his body and designed to highlight his physique even while covering it. Over his right shoulder is the CAGE Openweight Championship. James pauses to look over his shoulder, casting an angry glare at the four people behind him.

The first man is the whipping boy of the Kings of Wrestling, Shane Taylor. Unlike his well attired brethren, Taylor remains in the same dirty wife beater and torn jeans ensemble he seemingly always wears. Joined by a trio of other flunkies, they labor under the burden of carrying the massive silver trophy earned by James in winning the Battle of Boston. From James' constant glares and gestures, it is clear that the trophy is more valuable than any of those four men.]

BW: Gordo, if you looked up "top of the world" in the dictionary, it would say "see Wrestling, Kings of!"

GM: There's no doubt that right now, these men are riding high. But if I've learned one thing sitting at this table, it's this – the higher the rise, the sharper the fall!

[With Lau holding the ropes open, the Kings make their way into the ring, as the last notes of "Evil Walks" fade away, replaced by a solid chorus of boos from the fans.]

BL: Damn, it feels good to be a King!

But let me show you just how good it is.

[Lau raises his hand and snaps his fingers.]

BL: Ladies!

[On cue, down the aisle come a half dozen lovely women. All of them in black dresses that highlight all the right places and cover none of the rest.]

BW: LOOK GORDO... NYMPHS! NO WAIT, INSTAGRAM MODELS!

GM: Oh brother.

BW: No, no, I got it... THE NYMPHS OF INSTAGRAM!

[The, ahem, Nymphs of Instagram wheel out a large cart, covered in all the finest foods, as well as bottles of champagne. Shane Taylor and the rest of the lackeys move quickly to help get it all into the ring. As the nymphs pour the champagne and feed the Kings caviar and crackers, Taylor and his goons are relegated to the task of polishing Brian James' trophy.]

BL: Tonight is a special night. We are in the most legendary sports venue in history. And now, that venue has the distinct honor to host the most legendary unit in the history of professional wrestling, the Kings of Wrestling.

Gentlemen...

[Lau lifts his champagne flute.]

BL: To us!

[All of the Kings hoist their glasses and join in the toast.]

BL: It warms my heart beyond belief, seeing all of you here. It's been a long, hard road to the top. And look at all that we've accomplished.

[Lau turns to Taylor and Donovan.]

BL: You too are two time World Tag Team Champions! You've defended those belts with honor and dignity. You helped eliminate those bastard Lynches! You've beaten every comer, and you will beat any and all who come next!

You boys make me proud!

[Taylor takes the offered mic.]

WT: Aw, Brian... you're making us blush out here. But there's not a soul in this building or watching at home that can argue with ya. We said we were going to be the Tag Team of the Year for 2016 and we're damn sure proving it! I mean, look at the teams running to get away from us.

[Donovan leans in over the mic.]

TD: Downfall?

WT: Gone!

TD: The Shadow Star Legion?

WT: Back to the land of geishas and honey!

TD: The Rustlers?

WT: Gone to... wherever they got dragged out of to begin with. And that's just the top of the list. The fact is - we stand before you here tonight with a major problem on our hands, isn't that right, Tony?

TD: Absolutely right. And that problem is...

[And in unison as true tag teams would.]

TD/WT: We've cleaned out the division!

[The crowd jeers that proclamation.]

WT: There's no one left for us to face! There's no one else who can challenge us! So, I say we end 2016 right now, get us our awards, and while you're at it, start warming up our spot in the Hall of Fame because no one's gonna stop us now, baby.

To the Kings!

[More champagne all around as Brian Lau reclaims the mic.]

BL: And I owe so much to you...

[Lau turns to Fawcett.]

BL: My close friend and personal physician. You...

[Lau shakes his head, the champagne making him sentimental.]

BL: What a great man you are, what a brilliant mind you have. We would not be where we are without your guidance and counsel.

[Fawcett smiles humorlessly.]

"D"HF: You flatter me, Brian. For it is I, who should be ever thanking you. I was at my lowest point in my entire life before the bright shining light of the Kings showed me back to the land of milk and honey. I may have once walked with a KING...

[Fawcett shakes his head.]

"D"HF: But it was not until I walked side by side with you, guiding the fortunes of the most elite group of athletes this world has ever known that I knew true royalty. All hail the mountaintop from which we reign, never to fall from its apex.

BL: And of course, who can talk about reaching the apex, about the view from the mountaintop without speaking of the man who is at the very top.

[Lau turns to Detson, who is already preening under the praise, only to quickly turn towards Brian James.]

BL: Forget the talk of pedigree. Forget being the Son of the Blackheart. You are Brian James, and right now, that is more than enough. Your legacy belongs to you now, Brian. You are, as some might say... DAMAN~!

[As the fans boo, the camera cuts to Johnny Detson, who is visibly upset at being passed over, and at hearing another man being praised so lavishly.]

BL: Tell these people, Brian, tell them what it's like to stand over everyone else.

[James reaches for the microphone, only for the World Champion to all but snatch it out of his hands.]

JD: Yes, yes congratulations to every one of us for we are truly the Kings! From Donovan and Taylor, the backbone of the Kings of Wrestling! The most dominant team in AWA history! To Brian Lau, the only, and deservedly so, Hall of Fame manager this sport has or needs! To the Engine of Destruction, a man I have been telling everyone for months was going to win the Battle of Boston!

[Detson smiles at James which does not get returned.]

JD: But of course what would the Kings be without the man who sits at the top of the mountain... me! And let me tell you something about-

[Before Detson can finish his thought, James reaches out and grabs the microphone. Detson instinctively pulls it back, but a raised brow from James stops him in his tracks and Detson relinquishes his hold.]

BJ: Actually, Johnny, it's you I want to talk about.

[A pregnant pause hangs in the air as a buzz begins in the crowd. Not exactly a cheer, but more an outward expression of the fans sensing something big is about to happen.]

BJ: At the Battle of Boston, I stomped the National Champion into the dust. Once I'd flattened him, I showed the world that Riley Hunter was all flash and no heart.

And speaking of hearts, I sure stopped the heart of the World Television Champion, didn't I?

And Johnny, I know you were watching when I choked out Supreme Wright. And people started thinking to themselves, "well, if you beat the National Champion, the

top prospect, the Television Champion, and the former World Champion, there's only one person left for you to beat."

[Lau moves closer to James, but James extends his arm, halting Lau from speaking.]

BJ: I've said for months now that you men, all of you, you're my brothers, and I meant those words. You are more my blood than anyone else in this world. You're my family. Now, Johnny... as long as you are a part of this group, you will always be a King of wrestling... and you'll always be one of my brothers. But sometimes in life...

...brothers gotta fight.

[With those words, the crowd explodes. Everyone in the ring seems to freeze in place. Especially James and Detson who stand toe to toe facing off in the middle of the ring. With the fans all but hanging from the rafters, the Kings seem set to explode.]

GM: Trouble in paradise!

BW: No way! Lau will fix this. Brian! Fix this!

[The camera cuts close to Detson, the flash of anger is undeniable. However, after the initial adrenaline rush, the wheels start turning as he stares at Brian James. He takes the slightest of steps back beginning to consider the reality of the man standing in front of him. Now, Detson nervously tugs at the edge of his collar. Finally, Lau manages to get between the two kings.]

BL: Brian, Johnny. Let's all just take a breath. Have a drink. Have two drinks. Don't give these idiots what they want. We're a unit. We're strong together. We're The Kings of-

[Lau's voice is overlaid with another voice.]

"Kings of Wrestling!"

[Another AWA Manager's voice. Jackson Hunter.]

JH: Kings of Wrestling, please attend carefully...

[Hunter appears at the head of the aisle, flanked by the hulking form of Maxim Zharkov in track pants and a red "CCCP" t-shirt and the well-dressed MAWAGA, a savage in a suit. Hunter grins at the duo on either side of him, feeling well armed for whatever is about to happen next.]

JH: ...Because you are about to be addressed by the Axis upon which your kingdom rotates. Mister... JUAN... VASQUEZ.

["Ain't No Sunshine" by DMX plays over the PA system and the crowd ROARS with massive boos when they see Juan Vasquez, dressed in an all-white suit three-piece suit, open-collared and sans tie. Joining his comrades at the top of the aisle, Vasquez shoots a smile at The Kings gathered inside the ring. With Hunter holding the microphone for him, Juan begins to slow clap.]

JV: Bravo, Brian James... bravo! I've been watching you for a long time now...and what you did at the Battle of Boston was truly spectacular. It was something not just anyone could do. It was amazing, it was astounding, it was a feat worthy of... worthy of...

...me.

[James shakes his head, once again holding the mic.]

BJ: You? Last time I checked, the guy who took you out of the tournament is the same guy I choked out to win the whole thing!

[The crowd roars at James' insult, but Vasquez's smirk merely grows into a wide smile.]

JV: And you're welcome, amigo. You really don't think you could've beaten Supreme Wright if I didn't soften him up for ya', do you?

[Vasquez chuckles as James fumes at his words.]

JV: Hell, I don't know, kid... maybe you could have!

[He stops laughing, his expression turning serious.]

JV: But what I do know is this, James - winning that tournament should get you an immediate shot at the AWA World Title. If I had to guess, though... that little gnat Lau buzzin' in your ear right now is tryin' to keep the peace and telling you to wait your turn. Telling you to stay outta' Detson's way, 'cause he KNOWS you can take that title off Detson's waist and well...

[Juan shoots Lau a knowing look.]

JV: ...maybe you'll finally get a clue and realize you don't need his dead weight holdin' you back anymore.

[A red faced Lau interjects.]

BL: Dead weight. Do you know who I am? I am the only manager in the Hall of Fame! I'm the man who-

[Jackson Hunter interrupts Lau for a second time.]

JH: Brian! Brian! You and I have shared stories by the water cooler, but if you're getting up into the face of my man Mr. Vasquez, I'll ask you to observe strict formalities and deal with me.

[Lau spins around, facing Hunter.]

BL: Is that so? What's your master plan here, Hunter? You going to play human shield?

[Hunter spots Johnny Detson in the ring and points him out.]

JH: Johnny! Johnny, you know what I'm capable of. Have you not told Mr. Lau what I do to people when I decide to summon all my forces of managerial darkness when I get in one of my moods?

[The crowd's anticipation gets louder as the Axis reaches the ring...

...and doesn't hesitate to get right up in it. MAWAGA leads the way, putting himself right between Brian James and the rest of the Axis, showing no fear of the Engine of Destruction. Hunter and Zharkov are in next, Zharkov moving a little too close to Johnny Detson for the World Champion's tastes as he backs away, moving to the sides of the World Tag Team Champions. Lastly, Juan Vasquez joins the mix,

smiling at the scene surrounding him.]

BJ: Let's get clear on two things, Vasquez. First, there's not a soul in this ring who doesn't have respect for what you did to build this place.

[Vasquez looks pleased by that.]

BJ: But, there's also not a soul in this ring who doesn't know that your time is up.

[There's a flash of anger in Vasquez' face before he breaks out laughing.]

JV: That a fact, kid? Before you say something that gets you in some serious trouble, lemme speak my piece. Maybe you've heard me make this sales pitch before, but I'm sure you're a much more reasonable man than Supreme Wright will ever be, Brian. So I'm just gonna say it...

...join me.

[A massive roar of boos immediately fill the arena as The Kings react with outrage. However, Brian James appears to be... listening to Vasquez' offer!?!]

JV: Join The Axis and help us make the AWA the greatest it's ever been!

Join us and I'll make DAMN sure you get that World Title shot that you so richly deserve!

Join us...

[Juan pauses and stares straight at Johnny Detson, giving him a wink, before turning his full attention back to James.]

JV: ...and I'll guarantee you'll be the greatest World Champion this sport has ever seen!

[James shakes his head defiantly.]

BJ: You think it's that easy, Vasquez? You think I'd sell out my brothers, and for what? So you can give me something I've already earned?

When I take my shot at the World Title, it won't be because you gave me something. It'll be because I got it by myself.

None of us...

[James points to Lau, Taylor, Donovan and then Detson, giving each a nod.]

BJ: ...are Kings because we're lackeys...

[James points his finger at MAWAGA.]

BJ: ...Sycophants...

[James levels a finger at Hunter.]

BJ: ...or fools.

[James' eyes rest on Zharkov.]

BJ: We're together because we're friends and brothers. Because, even if we fight, we serve a common cause – each other. We make each other better. We don't bow

down to the ego of an old man past his prime.

[Vasquez rolls his eyes and waves his hand dismissively.]

JV: Friends, brothers, bonds...that's all well and good, amigo...but how long do you think that ever lasts? I understand where you're coming from, Brian...I really do. When I was your age, I was exactly where you are now. I was raisin' hell with my friends...rulin' the land of Extreme with my BROTHERS by my side. And I thought it was gonna' last forever...

...but you don't see any of'em standing with me now, do you?

[He looks to his left and then to his right and shrugs.]

JV: Nothing lasts forever, amigo, nothing except the legacy you leave behind. And for all the wonderful memories, for all these Instagram Snapchat Twitter social media floozies throwing themselves at you, at the end of the day all that really matters...all ya' really need is the money and the gold.

[Juan rubs his fingers together, making the universal sign for money.]

JV: And who else knows more about getting any of that than yours truly, amigo?

[He grins.]

JV: It ain't a hard choice, Brian. You know deep down in your heart the only way you're getting any of that is with The Axis. 'Cause right now? Your little weasel of a manager don't got the stones to dump Johnny Detson for the next big thing!

[The crowd "oooooooohs" in reaction to that, leading to a bit of silence.]

BW: This is escalating quickly.

GM: It certainly is. This feels like a powder keg that just needs one more thing to make it go boom!

[And here comes the match. A voice ringing out over the PA system.]

"Ya know, this is what my old runnin' buddy mighta called a 'Fortuitous escalation of circumstances' or some other combination of big words."

[All eyes turn to the entranceway, and an enormous roar rises from the crowd.]

BW: Get him out of here! No one wants that jerk here!

GM: These fans disagree, Bucky!

[The man standing there, eying all gathered in the ring is none other than the King of Cowboys, Jack Lynch. Dressed in all white, Lynch flicks the brim of his cowboy hat before taking a step forward.]

BW: Keep walking, Stench! Get in the ring and run your mouth!

GM: You just want him to go in there and watch as all of those goons gang up on him.

BW: You're damn right!

[Lynch only takes a few steps towards the ring, before he stops.]

JL: Way I see it, that ring is filled to the brim with scum. And lookin' at y'all standin' together, I'm startin' to get myself an idea.

BW: It'll die of loneliness in that empty head of yours Stench!

[Lynch continues.]

JL: I'm thinkin' that tonight... we take every single one of ya out!

[Everyone in the ring starts shouting at Lynch to get in the ring. Lynch chuckles.]

JL: Come on boys, I was born at night, but it wasn't last night.

I didn't come out here to take y'all on by myself.

I mean, what kinda cowboy would I be if I didn't have me a posse?

[On cue, Lynch looks over his shoulder, and to the massive cheers of the crowd, the AWA's heroes begin to step out. First is Jack's partner in TexMo Connection, Bobby O'Connor. Out next is Lynch's brother, the AWA's National Champion, Travis Lynch. Hot on his heels is the AWA's World Television Champion, Supernova. Finally, the heroes are joined by the once in a millennium superstar himself, the rising phoenix, Jordan Ohara. They move as one towards the ring, but don't yet step in.]

JL: Calm down, boys. This ain't riot time.

This is the time when we tell ya that we ain't havin' this no more.

This is the time when you find out about all of the ass kickin's we'll be dolin' out tonight.

And it begins with you, Champ.

[The crowd roars as Lynch points to the World Champion.]

JL: And your brother. I'm talkin' to you, big boy.

[As Lynch stares at Brian James, the Engine of Destruction starts towards the ropes, only to be stopped by Brian Lau.]

JL: Now I hear ya say that you want a shot at the World Title. But James? As far as I'm concerned, the line to get a piece of Detson starts behind me!

[Huge cheers from the crowd at those words.]

JL: But you want to fight? Well then, let's have us a fight. You and Detson.... Against me and Bobby! Kings versus TexMo, what do ya say? Heck, maybe when we're done with you two, Bobby and I will take a look at Taylor and Donovan, and I'll get my third tag team title!

[As the fans cheer wildly, Brian James screams "you got it!" The camera cuts to Detson, who seems less enthusiastic, but he finally nods his head.]

JL: Now that we've got that established...

[But before Lynch can continue, the crowd comes alive as the opening chords of Hinder's "All American Nightmare" start blaring in the Garden and the hometown boy, Derrick Williams steps through the curtain. He stands a moment, taking in the crowd before walking around the entrance stage pumping his arm as the crowd cheers it's local boy made good. He hops up on to the interview stand so he can

see over the floor crowd to the crowded ring area, and takes a mic as the music dies down]

DW: Excuse me. Trav, Bobby, Jack, 'Nova, J, pardon my interruption here, you can get to sticking your fists down the Kings' throats in a moment, but before they slink out of here, I've business with the Axis.

[The crowd cheers this. Jackson Hunter shouts back, as though he is trying to shield Zharkov. Zharkov raises an eyebrow quizzically. Juan merely smirks, not even making eye contact with Williams.]

DW: You see, back in November of last year, as I sat in the Trainer's Room with a good friend of mine whose name I was warned not to mention, him and I had a discussion. Vasquez committed an act that my friend wouldn't be able to issue a receipt for, and that's fine, we discussed, and when the time was right, I would act in his stead and pay Juan back.

And last week, up in Boston, the stars aligned and everything was laid out and dammit Juan, I had you. It was in, you weren't getting out, I just needed to drop down and plant your face into the canvas but no. I was pinched at the post, by your Comrade there, Maxim Zharkov.

[He pauses a moment...]

DW: Vasquez, you're not off the hook and if you survive the coming months when you least expect it I'll be coming back around to fulfill my obligation but in the meantime, Zharkov and I have an issue. Last week, while Ohara was whipping Vasquez's tail around the ring I had to run circles keeping Zharkov and Hunter at bay, and during that time I had a realization and getting hit with the Peacemaker, cutting me off from making Juan black out gives me reason.

Maxim Zharkov, I said last week I didn't sweat you and after throwing hands with you that holds true. Look around Zharkov, we're here in the Greatest City in the World...

[Big NYC Cheer]

DW: ... and I went back to the matchmakers and I asked nicely and got my schedule cleared up for tonight because tonight Zharkov, right here in Madison Square Garden I don't just want a piece of you Zharkov, I want the whole thing.

Tonight, Zharkov, You, Me, in that ring.

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of that battle.]

GM: Oh my! This night is turning out to be even bigger than we thought!

[As the cheers die down, another voice rings out. This one belongs to Juan Vasquez as the camera cuts back to him.]

JV: Well, I can see you've all made plans for the night and none of you have the stones to call me out so I think I'll make my way down to Broadway and grab a front row seat for Hamilton... you all have a good night and-

[A voice interrupts.]

"Juan Vasquez, you son of a..."

[The camera cuts to Jordan Ohara who looks less than happy.]

JO: It may not be tonight... it may not be next week or the week after... but I WILL see you again inside that ring, I promise you that. And next time? Things will be different.

You want to say you took everything out of Supreme Wright for James to win the Battle of Boston? Well, who was the one who took you to your limit? Who forced you to cheat to even get to Supreme? That would be me.

So after Derrick Williams gets through dismantling your Russian mule here, you're going to be left without protection. You're going to be forced to wrestle one-on-one. And Supreme already proved that you can't win like that. I'm going to confirm it, Vasquez. Martinez will confirm it. We are going to hold the line and your Axis cannot win. I know we can! I know we will!

[Ohara points deliberately at Vasquez as he lowers the microphone. He continues to issue challenges to Vasquez off mic.]

GM: The tensions continue to rise here in New York City and-

[Again, someone gets interrupted as a voice rings out. This time it belongs to the AWA Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, as he arrives at the top of the aisle, a sheet of paper in hand.]

EG: You guys sure know how to spoil someone's hard work, don'tcha? I've been sitting back there all day, putting together the matches for tonight and for this upcoming European tour and in the span of a few minutes, you torch it all.

Well...

[Gellar rips the papers in his hands in half, tossing them to the side to cheers from the crowd.]

EG: ...let's do this the way "Big" Jim Watkins would do it! Let's hook 'em up!

[Big cheer!]

EG: Tonight... in that ring... Brian James and Johnny Detson will team up to take on Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor... the TexMo Connection... and you can consider that match official!

[Another cheer!]

EG: And it sounds like Derrick Williams wants to get his hands on Maxim Zharkov here tonight in his hometown!

[Hometown cheer for Williams who grins in response.]

EG: You have a problem with that, Mr. Hunter?

[Hunter goes to respond...]

JH: As a matter of fact, I-

[...and Gellar cuts him off.]

EG: I didn't think so. So, that match is going down right here tonight as well!

[Another big cheer as Hunter fumes inside the ring, conferring with Zharkov inside the ring.]

EG: Let's see... who else...

[Gellar snaps his fingers.]

EG: How about MAWAGA?

[The camera cuts to the Suited Savage who glares up the aisle at the sound of his name.]

EG: My office was informed this week that he is officially licensed for ring action... so let's see what he's got. Tonight, MAWAGA makes his official AWA debut!

[Less cheers for this as MAWAGA nods his head, flexing his fingers as he stares at Gellar.]

EG: And how about the World Tag Team Champions?

[The crowd cheers as Taylor and Donovan start to look more than a little nervous.]

EG: You think you've cleaned out the division, huh? Well, I think differently. And tonight, we're going to find out because you two will be defending the AWA World Tag Team Titles against the Number One Contenders... NEXT GEN!

[Another big cheer! Donovan grimaces as Taylor kicks the ropes in annoyance.]

EG: We already know that Supernova will be defending the World Television Title later tonight against Kerry Kendrick... and sorry, Travis... but that banged up hand has you not cleared to compete tonight... so I suppose that takes care of everyone...

[Gellar's words drift off.]

EG: Oh... no... no, not quite.

[Gellar grins.]

EG: Juan Vasquez.

[The crowd jeers loudly as Vasquez steps closer to the ropes, eyeing Gellar warily.]

EG: It seems like you have unfinished business with Jordan Ohara... and while Mr. Ohara has already been signed to compete in action here tonight... I was looking at our European Tour and it looks like we've got an opening.

On August 13th, in Milan, Italy... we will see Juan Vasquez...

[The crowd jeers.]

EG: ...go one-on-one with Jordan Ohara...

[Big cheer!]

EG: ...and just to make things interesting, I have assigned a Special Guest Referee to make sure it's a fair fight.

[Vasquez can be heard off-mic shouting "WHO?! WHO IS IT?!"]

EG: And that Special Guest Referee will be the man that you will be facing at Homecoming, Juan Vasquez... "HOTSHOT" STEVIE SCOTT!

[The NYC crowd roars as an irate Vasquez proceeds to throw a fit inside the ring, shouting and screaming up the aisle as Jackson Hunter rushes to his side to calm him down.]

EG: And that... takes care of that. Enjoy the show everyone!

[The crowd cheers as Emerson Gellar makes his exit, leaving chaos in his wake.]

GM: Oh my stars! Zharkov vs Williams! Taylor and Donovan vs Next Gen! James and Detson vs the TexMo Connection! This night just got even crazier!

BW: And Ohara versus Vasquez in Italy... with Stevie Scott as the referee?! That's not fair at all!

GM: Fans, we've got to take our first break of the night but when we come back, it'll be time for our opening matchup so don't go away cause we'll be right back!

[There is shouting and screaming amongst the various wrestlers all over the ring and ringside area as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then back up on a graphic advertising the night's Main Event - the Women's Rumble. As the graphic shrinks down to a smaller portion of the screen, we see Ricki Toughill, a pink bubble emerging from between her lips; it bursts and she churns it back into her mouth. She is unnervingly calm, speaking in measured tones.]

ET: I've been wrestling for just over thirteen years now. And July 4th, 2016 was one of the most humiliating nights of my life.

The chants? The chants were bad. But ya know, I've been called a lot worse things... a lot more malicious things than that... So you know what? Chant it. Chant "I-YURN BEE-VERR" at me and go home and congratulate each other on your internet forums while posting about how unflattering that prom dress was on me; I've dealt with that from my first match, okay?

[She snaps the gum in her mouth.]

ET: What humiliated me was Julie Somers coming down to ringside and sticking her nose in my business, and the business of my friends. What humiliated me was the silence from Kerry, and Rex, and Callum. Their buddy Rick who always had their back failed them when it mattered the most, and it's because of you, Julie. But really, it's not just you that I hate, Julie... you're just symptomatic of most of the stinkin' women in that match tonight.

Cannon... I hate her. Skyler... I hate her. Cristol... I broke her ribs with my bat because she annoyed me. Richter... I've waited YEARS for the moment when I could punch her stupid holy roller face in! Miyuki Ozaki? I HATE HATE HATE Miyuki Ozaki - hate every insincere, overhyped cell in her body...

Lucie Richter broke my ribs and punctured my lung on my first day on the job, and I'm still here. I've slept in my car on subzero nights for weeks at a time, and I'm still here. I've given fake names at hospitals because I couldn't afford health insurance, and I'm still here. I've wrestled on broken glass, and I'm still here. I had to have back surgery a couple of years ago, and I'm still here. Poet Wright slit me wide open in a match, and took almost two pints of blood out of me.

I nearly died, and I'm still here

I won Angels and Amazons. I won an Empress Cup. But I have never been a World Champion. All that sorrow and heartache in my professional career... I need to know that it was worth it. I... need... that belt.

So my question for you, Miyuki, and anyone else who gets up into my face out there tonight - and I'm talking to you too, Julie...

[There is a long pause as a pink bubble inflates from her mouth. It pops and she reels the remains back in.]

ET: ...Do you think a mere taser could stop me?

[We remain on Toughill as she resumes chomping her gum as the Women's Rumble graphic overtakes her for a bit...

...and then fades away as we end up on the backstage area of Madison Square Garden. The hallowed halls of the world's most famous arena are the scene for Mark Stegglet as he stands before one.]

MS: History is in the making here tonight in the City That Never Sleeps as later tonight, twenty of the best competitors in the world will climb inside that ring, battling it out in the AWA's annual Rumble with the winner becoming the very first Women's World Champion. But as you saw moments ago, that's not all that's going on here in NYC. We've got the TexMo Connection against Detson and James! We've got-

[Stegglet pauses, his eyes drifting to the side.]

MS. Mr. Blue?

[As the camera drifts back a bit, it is indeed former EMWC owner and current member of both the AWA ownership group and the AWA front office, Chris Blue. He's well-dressed in a black suit with a copy of Rob Chernow's "Alexander Hamilton" tucked under his arm. He nods slightly to Stegglet as he approaches.]

CB: Mark. Always a pleasure. I hate to sound like a broken record but have you seen-

MS: Jason Dane?

[Blue smiles, nodding slightly.]

MS: No, I haven't. Are you expecting him tonight?

[Blue's smile fades as he reaches up to stroke his chin.]

CB: Let's just say that we have some common interests that I would like to discuss with him. If you see him, can you direct him towards my office?

MS: Of course.

[Blue pats Stegglet on the shoulder before starting to take his leave. Stegglet clears his throat, stopping him in his tracks.]

MS: Mr. Blue, this is the second show in a row we've seen you at an AWA event looking for Jason Dane. Does this... well, I'm not even sure if I should ask.

[Blue smiles, his arms drifting open in an inviting gesture.]

CB: Ask away, my young friend.

MS: Well, the last time we saw Jason, he was trying to get Emerson Gellar to talk to him about the Korugun Corporation.

[A nod from the former EMWC owner.]

CB: And?

MS: And... with the recent rumors... I suppose I'm asking if you're looking to talk to Jason about the same topic.

[Blue pauses, looking thoughtful for a moment and then snaps his fingers.]

CB: You're right, Mark.

MS: I am?

CB: Yes. You probably shouldn't even ask.

[He grins again, slapping Stegglet on the shoulder before making his exit as we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: MADISON SQUARE GARDEN!

[Big cheer!]

RO: NEEEEEEEW YORRRRRRRK CITYYYYYYYY!

[Bigger cheer!]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from right down the road in Boston, Mass...

[Jeers. Predictably.]

RO: ...and weighing in at 272 pounds... he is... PETE WOOOOOLLLFE!

[A barrel-chested pasty white man hops up on the midbuckle, throwing back his head and... yep, you guessed it... howls like a wolf. His black double-strapped singlet gets a snap of the straps as he hops down, turning to face his opponent.]

GM: Rebecca Ortiz, still filling in for the injured Phil Watson, using her signature style to let us know that someone has followed us down from Beantown in the form of the big guy there, Pete Wolfe, who has a very interesting opponent ahead of him.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... in the corner to my left... from Winnipeg, Canada... weighing in at 177 pounds...

He is "CANNONBALL"... LEEEEEEEEE CONNNNNNNORRRRRRRS!

[Connors steps up to the midbuckle as well, still dressed in a white karate gi top as he bows deeply towards the fans...

...and then uncorks a standing backflip off the midbuckle, landing on his feet in a stereotypical martial arts pose that the kid pulls off well enough to make you believe it's legit. He grins a dopey lop-sided grin as he unties the black belt around his waist, draping it over the corner post as he shrugs out of his karate gi. He hands it out to a ringside attendant.]

GM: "Cannonball" Lee Connors is going to be giving up... what? Just short of a hundred pounds in this one. This is Connors' official AWA in-ring debut after his shocking impromptu match victory over Derek Rage back in Toronto a few weeks ago.

BW: This kid's got a thing about facing off with guys much bigger than him.

GM: That "thing" might just be bad luck, Bucky. But I'm sure this former student of the legendary Colton wrestling family up in Calgary will be giving it his all in this one.

[Connors now stands in his corner, sloppy black hair hanging every which way. His babyface puts him just barely out of high school... maybe junior college. His torso doesn't show a sign of musculature at all. He's not fat either but just... quite average. He plants his fist in his open palm, taking several deep breaths as he raises the joined hands up in front of his face...

...and then opens his eyes as the bell sounds.]

GM: And here we go! Our opening match here in New York City with Pete Wolfe taking on "Cannonball" Lee Conn-

[Gordon's words are cut off by a raucous harsh laugh coming from Pete Wolfe as he points at Connors. He is still standing across the ring from Connors who is still in his "focus" position. Wolfe does a mockery of it, putting his hands together in a similar pose and then breaking out into a terrible impression of a karate kata to jeers from the New York crowd.]

GM: Pete Wolfe having a good time at Connors' expense, Bucky.

BW: Well, the kid does look pretty goofy in there, Gordo.

GM: Oh really? I'll just say looks can be deceiving as Derek Rage found out the hard way.

[Wolfe steps out to the middle of the ring...

...and yes, he raises his arms high, going into an impression of the Crane Kick from the 80's classic, The Karate Kid.

Lee Connors is not amused.]

GM: Wolfe trying to-

[With a "HAIIIIIII!", Connors comes charging out of his corner, leaping into the air with both knees raised...

...and gets high enough that he catches Wolfe on the upper torso, riding him down to the mat with a crashing thud!]

GM: OHHHHH MY!

[Connors pops up to his feet, arching an eyebrow at the cheering crowd as Wolfe cradles his chest down on the canvas. He spins around, grabbing a rising Wolfe by the arm, dragging him off the mat...]

GM: Connors bringing Wolfe up to his feet...

[But the bulky Wolfe swings the free arm at Connors, whiffing badly as Connors sidesteps to the side. He shakes his head as Wolfe winds up again, throwing a haymaker that Connors ducks under with ease, spinning around to face the off-balance Wolfe who gives a shout, charging at Connors...]

GM: Wolfe coming in hot this time and-

[...who drops back to the mat in a picture perfect arched bridge, causing Wolfe to stumble past him as Connors drops to his shoulders and then kips right back up to his feet, wagging a finger at the air. He spins around as Wolfe attempts to attack again, throwing a leaping front kick to the chest, sending Wolfe falling back into the corner.]

GM: Connors backs Wolfe in the buckles...

BW: I don't think that's where you want to be against this guy, Gordo.

GM: Pete Wolfe might be about to agree with you, Bucky.

[With Wolfe in the corner, Connors throws a right kick to the body... then a left kick... then a right kick... then a left kick... throwing them quicker and quicker before he becomes a blur of motion, jumping back and forth from foot to foot to land blow after blow to the body, leaving Wolfe a huddled up mess...

...before Connors leaps to the middle rope, springing into the air, and DRIVING his foot into the back of Wolfe's head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[Wolfe staggers out of the corner, slumping down to his knees as Connors regains his feet...

...and in a blur, ducks through the ropes and mounts the top turnbuckle in a blink of the eye!]

GM: Whoa! Connors as quick as a whistle to the top! Pete Wolfe is down on all fours and-

[Connors suddenly leaps as high as he possibly can throw his 177 pound frame, tucking his arms and legs as goes into a front flip, popping out to full extension as he SLAMS backfirst down on the back of Wolfe who was still on all fours!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: HE CALLS THAT THE ATOMIC CANNONBALL! AND I THINK THAT'LL DO IT!

[Connors flips Wolfe over, tightly hooking both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Connors rolls off of Wolfe, popping up to his feet with an enthusiastic leaping fist pump. The New York City crowd cheers the young underdog as he rushes to the corner, hopping up on the second rope to celebrate his victory.]

GM: And just like that, "Cannonball" Lee Connors picks up a victory in this - his first official match in the AWA!

BW: Did you see that Atomic Cannonball, Gordo? That was something else!

GM: The leaping somersault senton off the top rope spelled certain defeat for Pete Wolfe for certain. And right now, our own Sweet Lou Blackwell is getting ready to talk to young Lee Connors but before he does, Bucky, walk us through this replay.

BW: Alright...

[The screen goes to slow motion footage of Connors arching back to avoid a running attack from Wolfe before popping back up, wagging a finger...]

BW: Lee Connors showing some great athleticism, avoiding the attack from Wolfe... boom! And then scores with a flying kick of his own!

[...and then unloads a leaping kick to the chest that knocks Wolfe back to the corner.

We cut a little deeper into the match where Connors steps up to the second rope, snapping his foot off the back of Wolfe's head.].

BW: Then he landed that leaping enzuigiri in the corner, leaving Wolfe dazed and confused and easy prey for this...

[And then Connors comes sailing off the top, flipping through the air, and landing backfirst on Wolfe's back as he gets to all fours.].

BW: ...the ATOMIC CANNONBALL! And that's all she wrote - one... two... and three!

GM: Your winner, "Cannonball" Lee Connors... and he's standing by with Sweet Lou. Lou?

[After seeing the replay, we cut back to the in-arena platform where "Cannonball" Lee Connors has joined a waiting Sweet Lou Blackwell.].

SLB: Thanks, Gordon! Joining me right now is one of the newest athletes to join the AWA roster... the so-called karate kid who took the world by storm back at our Saturday Night Wrestling in Toronto, "Cannonball" Lee Connors! Young man, that was quite the debut we just witnessed!

[Connors beams proudly, looking wide-eyed at Blackwell.].

LC: Mr. Blackwell... it was... what I want is...

[He shrugs dumbfounded.].

LC: I promised myself I wouldn't get all tongue-tied and twisted and here I am, I guess. Sorry.

SLB: After what we just saw you do inside that ring, young man, you have absolutely nothing to apologize for. A truly unique blend of high flying and martial arts... perhaps the likes of which we haven't seen since someone like a certain Hall of Famer who will remain nameless.

[Connors blinks... and again.].

LC: Wow. That's quite the compliment, Mr. Blackwell. Thank you.

SLB: Lee, you've been having quite the past few weeks. Of course, I mentioned the debut in Toronto. Can you tell me what was going through your mind, sitting in the crowd, watching that big bully Derek Rage attempt to terrorize the AWA?

[Connors grimaces.].

LC: Look, I was trained the right way by the Coltons. I know to respect the veterans who paved the road for guys like me. And Derek Rage is a veteran. He's a guy who fought in places that I've only seen on TV like Portland and Los Angeles... he's been champions in those places for crying out loud!

[Connors gets seriously, pointing a finger at the camera.].

LC: But that doesn't give him the right to be a bully. And anyone who knows me... knows the kind of life I've led... the childhood I had... they know that if there's one thing I can't stand, it's a bully. So when I saw Derek Rage doing what he does and saying what he was saying, I knew someone had to step up.

[Connors grins again, a sheepish smile.].

LC: I'm just glad it was me.

SLB: In that moment, Lee, it was David vs Goliath. How did you manage to do what we saw you do?

LC: I shut down the butterflies in my stomach, closed my eyes, took three deep breaths, and let every bit of training from the Coltons to my old karate Sensei to everyone else... I let it all go through me... to guide me. And... well, it worked!

SLB: It certainly did... and in no time, what you did went viral on the Internet, earning you a newly-signed AWA contract... and apparently more than just a few people were impressed by what they saw because - as we learned before we came on the air - former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion, Noboru Fujimoto, drafted you to be a part of his team for the upcoming Steal The Spotlight Series!

[Connors shakes his head in disbelief.]

LC: It's unreal, Mr. Blackwell. I can't tell you how many Friday nights I've spent with my buddies, watching DVDs and downloads of matches of Mr. Fujimoto from Japan against Taguchi... against Kitzukawa... against so many of the best in the world. And now I'm going to TEAM with him?! This is all a dream come true!

SLB: Well, I look forward to seeing that dream be a reality for you... but I also have to ask you about something that might be a bit of a reality check. Derek Rage has been making noise on social media as of late - it's plainly obvious he's looking for a contract here in the AWA, something you deprived him of landing in Toronto. Are you concerned that he'll go to... extreme measures to get that contract and that you'll be the target?

LC: Mr. Blackwell, if you'd told me two months ago that one of the biggest concerns that I'd have is that Derek Rage - a guy who just might be a future Hall of Famer with his brother, Shadoe - would be hunting for me, I'd have laughed and wondered if you'd been hanging out with Chester down at the bowling alley who keeps telling the same Burning Man story over and over.

[Blackwell looks puzzled as Connors continues.]

LC: And I'm never going to say that I'm not worried about a seven footer with a grudge gunning for me. But if Derek Rage wants another shot at me and the AWA wants to make that happen... and hey, I get it if they do because everyone's talking about what happened the last time we faced up... then he just better know that it's not some wet-behind-the-ears student waiting for him...

[And one more time, the big grin as he strikes a bit of a fighting pose.]

LC: ...it's an honest-to-goodness AWA superstar!

SLB: Alright, wrestling fans! "Cannonball" Lee Connors is here and he means business as he starts to make a name for himself here in the AWA! Right now, let's get some previously recorded comments from the mysterious entity known as The Hangman before his matchup later tonight!

[We crossfade from the interior of the arena bowl to... well, probably the basement somewhere. The room is dark. A sputtering light bulb is breathing its very last high strung breaths as it strives to survive.

The disembodied voice of Virgil Rockwell speaks over the creepy scene.]

VR: Tick tock...tick tock... tick tock. Manny Imbrogno, your fancy words have done little but put you on course for a collision with time. And time, my friend, is certainly not on your side.

[Rockwell chuckles deeply.]

VR: I wish I could say this would be easy for you, kid. That it would be quick and painful and that when it was all over, you could be carried off into the sunset to fight another day.

I can't say that. Because you've crossed a line. You've angered my Hangman. And no longer does he only seek justice for your actions. He seeks a reckoning for them.

He intends to hurt you, Manny. And he intends for it to take as long as it needs to until you understand all that you've done wrong.

[A silver pocketwatch, gripped in a brown leather glove slides into frame.]

VR: As you sit there, Manny, worrying about what's coming your way, I hope you've reached some kind of inner peace. I hope you're settled with what you've done and what's coming for ya.

Because the Hangman is comin', kid. And the Hangman is real.

And when you feel that rope get tight around your neck... when you feel it cutting into your flesh, pulling your life's blood out into the open... when you feel your throat constrict and the light behind your eyes start to fade... when you feel the catch of breath in your throat, wondering if it's your last...

When all that happens, Manny...

[The glove snaps the pocketwatch closed, leaving it in the frame.]

VR: Your time is up... and justice... has been served.

[The shot of the gripped watch slowly fades...

...and we end up back on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left, from Erie, Pennsylvania, at a combined weight of 480 pounds, David Thomas and Daniel Taylor, they call themselves DOUBLE TROUBLE!

[Two men, one with short, brown hair and the other with long, black hair, each dressed in black trunks with the letters "DT" printed on the back in white lettering, plus black kneepads and wrestling boots, raise their arms to the crowd.

[A trumpet fanfare leads into "Himno del Chivas de Guadalajara" and the crowd cheers.]

RO: Their opponents, at a total combined weight of 463 pounds, this is the team of CESAR HERNANDEZ and CHRIS CHOISNET!

[Hernandez is the first to emerge from the entranceway. He is a tall, rangy, dusty-skinned man with shoulder-length black hair and dressed in a pair of white wrestling trunks with his initials monogrammed on them, plus matching kneepads and wrestling boots. Hernandez also wears a stylish jacket with pleated sleeves and

frills along the torso. He smiles at the crowd, pumping his fists as he jogs down the aisle.

His partner, Choisnet, is a dark brown-haired man who is dressed in a pair of bright blue trunks with white striping down the sides and waistband, white wrestling boots with his initials emblazoned on the sides, blue kneepads and elbowpads. He also wears a University of Maine letterman jacket, blue and white. Contrasting Hernandez, he has a serious look on his face.]

GM: Cesar Hernandez and Chris Choisnet set for tag team action... we heard from them on the Power Hour that they are far from finished with the Samoan Hit Squad.

BW: Why do these two want to keep tempting fate? Have they forgotten what happened to Rene Rousseau?

GM: They certainly haven't forgotten that, Bucky, and that's why they want the Samoans in the ring again.

BW: Then that's their own fault if they wind up in the hospital, too. And don't think for one minute I'm sending them any flowers!

[Hernandez is more than happy to slap the outstretched hands of fans. Choisnet does the same, though he never smiles, unlike Hernandez. When they reach the ring, they climb up onto the apron, where Hernandez pumps his fist again, and they duck between the ropes and remove their jackets.]

GM: And this tag team match about to get underway... they'll be facing the team of Double Trouble, who is getting a tryout match tonight.

BW: I can tell you plenty about Double Trouble already, Gordo.

GM: Well, then, enlighten us, Bucky.

BW: David Thomas has the short hair and Daniel Taylor has the long hair. They both have initials of DT, which also stands for Double Trouble. How about that, Gordo?

GM: But what can you tell me about their background in wrestling, Bucky?

BW: I said I could tell you plenty, but that doesn't mean I'm going to look up useless trivia!

GM: I see.

[The bell rings and Hernandez steps forward for his team, as Thomas steps forward as well. The two circle each other and lock up.]

GM: Lock-up in the center of the ring... both men about even in terms of size and weight.

[It's Hernandez who manages to gain an advantage, slowly backing Thomas into the corner.]

GM: But the veteran Hernandez gains leverage and he has Thomas in the corner... referee calling for the break.

[As the referee moves forward, Hernandez slowly raises his arm and backs away...

...only for Thomas to fire off a kick to the midsection.]

GM: But Thomas won't let it be a clean break!

BW: Nah, he just knew Hernandez was gonna give a cheap shot, so he acted in self defense!

GM: Give me a break, Bucky! Thomas now shoving Hernandez into the corner and working him over with rights and lefts!

[Thomas smirks and, ignoring the referee's warnings, grabs Hernandez by the arm.]

GM: Thomas with the Irish whip into the opposite corner.

BW: He's going right in after him!

[But as Thomas charges, Hernandez comes right out of the corner with a clothesline.]

GM: Hernandez countered! Clothesline takes Thomas off his feet!

[Thomas rolls back to his feet, but before he can react, Hernandez hooks him around the arm.]

GM: Armdrag takedown by Hernandez! Thomas up again... but Hernandez with another armdrag!

[This time, Hernandez holds onto Thomas and applies an armbar, then reaches toward his corner.]

GM: Hernandez with the armbar and tags in Choisnet... what are they setting him up for now?

[Hernandez and Choisnet each take Thomas by the arm, then twist his arms around.]

GM: They wring the arms... now a double chop to the chest!

BW: Get Hernandez out of there!

GM: The referee is doing his job, putting the count on Hernandez, but he's leaving now.

[Hernandez ducks between the ropes as Choisnet applies an armbar.]

GM: Choisnet continuing to work over Thomas' arm... Thomas trying to break loose.

[Trying to find leverage, Thomas manages to push his free arm up under Choisnet's chin and back him into the corner.]

GM: Now Thomas has Choisnet trapped... Choisnet pulls his arms away... and Thomas with a fist to the midsection!

BW: Once again, he beat a cheater to the punch! You know Shawnee was gonna trying something sneaky!

[Thomas fires off a few more blows before grabbing Choisnet and attempting a bodyslam.]

GM: Thomas scoops him up... but Choisnet slides over his back! And look at this...

[In a quick motion, Choisnet manages to slip his leg around Thomas's, then wrap his arm around him and snap him backwards.]

GM: Russian legsweep by Choisnet! What a nice maneuver!

BW: He pulled the tights!

GM: How in the world could he pull his tights when his hands weren't even close to them, Bucky?

BW: It's Hernandez, Gordo! That no-good sneak taught him how to cheat without being caught!

GM: You are unbelievable, Bucky.

[Choisnet, meanwhile, goes for a pin but only gets a two count.]

GM: Thomas kicks out at two... Choisnet now trying to go for a suplex... but a thumb to the eye by Thomas!

[With Choisnet staggered, Thomas runs off the ropes and catches Choisnet with an elbow.]

BW: Hey, that's a nice elbow smash by Thomas, Gordo!

GM: It was, indeed, but only after Thomas went to the eyes.

BW: Oh, sure, don't give Thomas any credit!

[Thomas goes to his corner and tags in Taylor, then the two grab Choisnet and whip him across the ring.]

GM: Double Trouble with a double-team effort... double clothesline takes Choisnet down!

[The referee orders Thomas out of the ring and Taylor drags Choisnet up again.]

GM: Taylor with a front chancery... he's going for a suplex.

[Or, at least he tries, but Choisnet is able to block it.]

GM: Choisnet not letting him, though... Taylor trying to gain leverage..

[As Taylor tries to lift Choisnet, he finds himself being pulled up instead.]

GM: And Choisnet with the reversal! Nicely done!

BW: He grabbed the tights!

GM: Of course he would grab the tights when executing a vertical suplex.

BW: So you admit he cheated!

[Choisnet gets to his feet and drops an elbow onto Taylor's chest, then reaches over to tag Hernandez.]

GM: Hernandez back in the ring... a double Irish whip... double back body drop! What elevation!

[Taylor crashes to the canvas and arches his back in pain as Choynet leaves the ring and Hernandez sizes Taylor up.]

GM: Hernandez approaching Taylor, who is getting to his feet... but Hernandez spins him around... winds up the arm...

[And Hernandez delivers a hard shot between the eyes.]

GM: Caught him right in the kisser with that windup pitch!

BW: That's a closed fist, Gordo! How can you ignore how Hernandez fails to set an example for all the children watching at home? No wonder they feel so entitled!

[Taylor crashes to the mat as Hernandez bounces off the ropes.]

GM: An elbowdrop finds the mark! Hernandez going for the cover... but here comes Thomas!

[Thomas tries to drop an elbow of his own but Hernandez senses it.]

GM: Hernandez rolls out of the way! And Thomas just hit his own partner!

[Choynet enters the ring as Hernandez drags Thomas off the canvas.]

GM: Look at this double team... Hernandez with an Irish whip right to Choynet, who catches him in a waistlock.

[And in a quick motion, Choynet takes Thomas up and over.]

GM: A nice belly to belly suplex!

BW: Get him out of there! He's not legal!

GM: The referee ordering Choynet out... Thomas rolls from the ring, but Taylor is up... Hernandez catches him!

[Hernandez blocks a punch attempt and fires off one of his own, then backs Taylor into the ropes.]

GM: Hernandez with an Irish whip... leaps at Taylor... catches him in a flying headscissors!

[With Taylor dazed on the mat, Hernandez pumps a fist into the air and slaps it.]

BW: Closed fist again! Don't let him do it, ref!

GM: Hernandez running into the ropes... comes at Taylor...

[Hernandez hits Taylor with a crushing flying fist to the side of the head.]

GM: El Misil de Jalisco! Taylor is out like a light!

[Hernandez drops down across Taylor and the referee delivers the count.]

GM: A count of one... two... and three! That will do it!

BW: He hit him with a closed fist!

GM: Bucky, enough already... let's get the official word.

[Choisnet joins Hernandez in the ring and the two exchange a quick high five.]

RO: Here are your winners... CESAR HERNANDEZ AND CHRIS CHOISNET!

[The referee stands between Hernandez and Choisnet, raising their arms as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Chalk up another win for Hernandez and Choisnet... but it looks like we need to go to Sweet Lou Blackwell and... hold on, who does he have with him now?

[We go straight to the interview podium, where Sweet Lou Blackwell is there, but he's not alone.]

SLB: Fans, I was waiting to talk to Hernandez and Choisnet, until I got some unexpected visitors and...

[One of those visitors has taken the mic... it's "The Professional" Dave Cooper, who is dressed in a pair of brown slacks and a light blue, button down shirt. Standing with him are Scola and Mafu, the Samoan Hit Squad. The Samoans are in their wrestling attire, Scola with a hard glare on his face and Mafu with a crazed smile seen through the hair hanging over his head.]

DC: I'm gonna cut right to the chase... I heard that Hernandez and Choisnet think that they're gonna be challenging Taylor and Donovan for the tag team titles... maybe they forgot that my men, the Samoan Hit Squad, have been dominating everyone, and that includes Hernandez and Choisnet!

[By this point, Hernandez and Choisnet have noticed Cooper and the Samoans and they duck through the ropes, Choisnet pointing a finger in the direction of The Lion's Den.]

DC: If anybody should be in line for a tag team title shot soon, it's The Lion's Den, and the Kings of Wrestling know it's true! But some people still live in a world of denial, and that brings me to Hernandez and Choisnet... the two of you think you're gonna get the shot, you better get your heads examined, because I'm representing the only two men who deserve that shot!

[Hernandez and Choisnet have reached the podium. Blackwell stands in front of The Lion's Den, holding his hand up and saying something the camera doesn't pick up. Cooper steps beside Blackwell.]

DC: Nah, don't you try to play negotiator here, Blackwell... let these two come up here and run their mouths off! Makes no difference to me... we beat them already, we'll beat them 10 more times if that's what it takes to get the message to them!

[Choisnet is up on the podium first and he snatches the mic from Cooper. That prompts Mafu to step forward, a wild look in his eyes, but Cooper holds his arm up and Scola places his hand on Mafu's shoulder.]

CC: Cooper, all you proved the last time is how you can only beat me and any partner I have by throwing out the rulebook! You think you can beat us again, then why don't you get in the ring with us again? And this time around, Hernandez and I will prove who is really deserving of facing the tag team champions!

[Cooper sneers at the duo. Hernandez pulls Choisnet back and says something to him that the mic doesn't pick up, then takes the mic from Choisnet.]

CH: Dave Cooper, you could have done so much more for everybody back there in that locker room who wants to make a name for himself, who needs a mentor they can look up to and give advice. And all you've done for the past few years is joined

up with men who have no interest in doing anything but hurt people or cause trouble, then you go out and do the same! And I'm backing my friend here in challenging you to another match, so I can show all those who look up to me why you don't give up that easily, and just as importantly, that those who do nothing but hurt people or cause trouble will pay for it in the end!

[Blackwell reaches over to take the mic from Hernandez.]

SLB: Dave Cooper, the challenge has been laid out... what about it?

[Cooper smirks and shakes his head, but Mafu leans over and whispers into Cooper's ear. Cooper turns and nods, then motions to Mafu to talk.]

M: Hernandez! Choisnet! On behalf of my manager and my brother, I accept your challenge! And the only thing you're going to prove is that you should have given up a long time ago, because my brother and I will destroy you, and that's a promise!

[Scola slaps his hand on Mafu's shoulder again, but his facial expression never changes. Cooper motions toward Mafu]

DC: You heard the man... you got your challenge! And Hernandez, the only thing those up and comers in the locker room are going to learn is that when The Professional offers you a spot in The Lion's Den... a spot for a chance at greatness... you shouldn't turn it down! We'll see you in a couple of weeks!

[With that, Cooper directs the Samoans to follow him away from the podium. Mafu jabs a finger toward Hernandez and Choisnet and shouts something, while Scola continues to glare, keeping his eyes on the others as he walks off. Choisnet steps toward Blackwell and points at The Lion's Den members.]

CC: Don't you ever think I'm going to reconsider that offer! I don't associate with cowards like you!

[Hernandez grabs Choisnet by the shoulder and pulls him back, trying to calm him.]

SLB: Fans, looks like we've got a rematch in the works! A lot going down here on Saturday Night Wrestling, and to think, there's a lot more to come! We're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more action LIVE here from New York City!

[The crowd cheers the reference to their town as we fade to black.

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

“DEAD END” EVANS: “You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else.”

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: “You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you.”

“For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century.”

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH “THE SHERIFF” COLTON: “What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that.”

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: “We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!”

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: “What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever.”

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of a ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] “Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!”

“Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at AWAshop.com.”

[Fade to black...

...and then back on the graphic promoting tonight's Main Event - the Women's World Championship Rumble. As the graphic reveals the next participant, Xenia Sonova stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Or, rather, she stands in front of three women who are standing before the AWA backdrop. All four women are in matching tracksuits, black with a white logo over the right side of the chest, formed by the letter X superimposed over a stylized S. Sonova herself has her dark brown hair braided and pulled around the side to the back of her head.

Directly behind her, looming at almost a head taller than Sonova, is a blue-eyed, square-jawed blonde, her hair pulled back into a ponytail. To her right is a woman who looks similar to Sonova, down to the similarly braided hair, only her eyes are gray and her hair lighter. The woman standing to Sonova's left is slimmer and looks

East Asian. She has her wavy black hair, with reddish-brown highlights, down, falling naturally past her shoulders.

Sonova speaks, betraying a slight hint of an accent, a crisp English more than Russian.]

XS: Six years ago, I made my American debut in a Rumble at Angels and Amazons. Needless to say, I did not do particularly well then. I wish I could say I have done much better in the wrestling ring since then, but truth be told, I've been busy dominating the Hexagon. In the cage, one-on-one, there are very few women who worry me. So, you must be wondering how I feel heading back into the ring tonight, in a situation that will not necessarily be one-on-one, and trying to throw some women out of that ring.

Well, it's the same strategy that's proven useful these past few years... Hit fast... Hit hard... And don't give them time to think about where they're about to end up... Which is laid out on the barely-padded floor surrounding the ring. Because, unlike the Hexagon, there won't be a cage to hold you up and keep you in when I knock... YOU... OUT!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the backstage area where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell looking quite uncomfortable on footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT."]

SLB: We are back here at Madison Square Garden, fans... and I tell ya, this place has seen it's fair share of oddities over the years but perhaps nothing like the trio joining me right now. Being accompanied by the Prince of Darkness himself, Anton Layton, I'm talking about Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy... the Slaughterhouse!

[The camera pulls back as the black silk hooded Layton stalks into view, the lower half of his face visible under the hood. The Lost Boy is pulling his own wild hair that is trapped in a sloppy topknot while barking loudly, causing Blackwell to jump back, bumping into the chest of Porter Crowley who is rubbing the side of his face while staring into a broken hand-held mirror.]

AL: Oddities, Blackwell? Oddities? What is so odd about the collection of twisted humanity you stand with?

[Blackwell's jaw drops as his eyes dart back and forth.]

SLB: You gotta be kidding me, right?

AL: I'm not one for humor, Blackwell. You look upon us and see oddities. I look upon us and see... power.

SLB: Power? What kind of power?

AL: The only kind that matters, Blackwell... the power to hold the fate of another in your hands.

[He raises one of his hands, tightly clutched around the crystal that longtime AWA fans know as the Eye of Tyr.]

SLB: Hey now... you keep that mind-melter away from me!

[Layton chuckles softly.]

AL: Worry not, Blackwell. Your mind is not worth the effort to possess. But there are those out there whose strengths I seek to ally to our own. Men... and women...

who possess the qualities that I desire when looking for someone to add to our midst. The Slaughterhouse stands at three... but we're always looking to add a room to our structure.

SLB: Enough of this talking in riddles, Layton! Tonight, your man Crowley here has a match with Jordan Ohara, the Phoenix!

[Layton sneers.]

AL: The tale of the Phoenix appeals to so many who desperately cling to the idea that they are more than they are. Jordan Ohara says I'm not a weakling... I'm not the pathetic creature who tried to rise beyond his station and beat Juan Vasquez... I'm a man who - once beaten - will erupt into flames and emerge anew. Stronger. Better.

But what Ohara fails to realize, Blackwell, is that when Jordan Ohara plays with fire... he just might end up burned.

[Blackwell leaps backwards as a burst of fire erupts from the hands of Porter Crowley.]

SLB: WHAT THE-?! Is that a threat, Layton?

AL: A threat? What sort of creature makes threats? No, no... this is a vision. A vision of a pretty young face scarred by the flames of his own hubris.

And that vision takes a step closer to reality tonight.

[He holds up the gem, letting the light dance off it.]

AL: Power, Blackwell... is in the eye... and the hands... of the beholder.

Eheheheh.

Ehehehehehehhehe.

EHEHEHEHEHEHHEHHEHE.

[With Layton still cackling, we slowly fade back to live action backstage at MSG where Sweet Lou Blackwell, shaking his head at the footage we just saw, is standing alongside the man known as the Phoenix, Jordan Ohara. The handsome young wrestler is still in his ring gear of Carolina blue tights, white boots with black heels and an AWA T-shirt emblazoned with a Phoenix taking flight with wings of fire in the chest and Jordan and Ohara arching over and under the image. Blackwell wastes no time with the smarmy introductions. He gets right into the interview.]

SLB: The Slaughterhouse and Anton Layton... those guys send a chill running down my spine and I'm not the one getting in the ring with them. My guest right now though is about to. Jordan, all of a sudden for someone still in their rookie year here in the States, it looks like you're caught up right in the thick of things here in the AWA!

JO: Sweet Lou, I was raised by my mother to never back down and to always stand up for what's right. The AWA right now is being assaulted. The Kings of Wrestling are running roughshod over everyone by any means necessary and the Axis of Evil is selfishly threatening every tradition that makes the AWA special all in the name of Juan Vasquez's ego.

SLB: That sounds like a challenge to me!

JO: If we don't stand up, Sweet Lou, if we don't hold the line then we'll all suffer. There has to be a tradition. There has to be a foundation for the AWA to leap forward. I left Japan on my excursion to come to the AWA not because it was the biggest promotion on the Earth but because it was the best. It had a history that was as rich, if not richer, than Tiger Paw's and everything ... absolutely everything ... meant something to the fans, to the front office, to the boys. The AWA is about passion! It is about pedigree! It is about heritage! And because of that winning in the AWA means something more than just self-gratification.

[Jordan pauses for a beat to let that sink in. He glances into the camera, making sure to make eye contact with all the viewers as they hear the importance of his beliefs. Blackwell simply holds the mic, hanging on Ohara's next words.]

JO: It's no secret, Sweet Lou, that I want to be the best wrestler on the planet. In truth, I want to be the best wrestler in history. And sometimes I have to check my ego a little bit and say, be patient, wait your turn, this isn't your time. But Juan Vasquez's actions have made me think a little differently. Maybe a little more American if you will. I've got to create the opportunity.

At Battle of Boston, I did what I said I was going to do. I beat Juan Vasquez.

[Blackwell makes a surprised and confused face. Ohara acknowledges the oddness of that statement with a self-deprecating chuckle.]

JO: Sweet Lou, oh I know he pinned me...

...but I beat him.

SLB: You're going to have to explain that one to me.

JO: Sweet Lou, I outwrestled him. I outperformed him and he was forced to cheat to put my shoulders down. I exposed his weaknesses and then Supreme Wright finished him off. Ryan would have beaten him too if he wasn't already hurt going into the match. We showed all the great fans out there exactly what would happen when traditional professional wrestlers stood up against the thug bully and we showed the fans that Juan will not always get his way.

SLB: You did say that if he cheated, you will have proved your point. And some might say that cheat he did.

JO: I say it. Everyone who saw the match says it. But it's okay. I took his best shots. Me, a rookie. But speaking of shots... Juan, on a personal note...

Keep my mother's name out of your mouth.

[The camera focuses in on Jordan's sudden seriousness. The wrestler has silently ramped up the intensity. His eyes narrow. His jaw tics. His muscles unconsciously tense and flex.]

JO: You are a twenty year veteran. Your name is synonymous with the greatest names in all of wrestling history. You are the most financially successful wrestler of all time, and at one time you were my idol. But keep my mother's name out of your mouth. Sergeant Maxine Ohara is too fine a woman, too fine a soldier, too fine a veteran, too fine a person for you to try to embarrass her to get to me. You don't need to stoop so low. You want me? Just tell me when and where.

[Blackwell remains silent as the air of menace from Jordan passes. The kid from North Carolina and Japan relaxes. He sees the effect he's had on Blackwell. He claps him good naturedly on the shoulder.]

JO: I know, this sounds like big talk coming from a rookie who lost in the first round of the Battle of Boston, but sometimes you lose a battle to win the war. Juan Vasquez, you awakened the flame in me. The same flame that led me to win the Young Tiger Cup in Japan after I graduated from Mifune-san's dojo. The same fire that me going even though I had to come from behind round after round to win. There were three of us Mifune-san saw as the future of Tiger Paw Pro but even he didn't expect me to win... to be the Young Tiger to beat and that's why I called myself the Phoenix. I would rise from the ashes and win. So yes, you got the first round, but I'm still here.

[Ohara stares into the camera again.]

JO: Vasquez, I want you to watch very closely. Porter Crowley, my opponent, is a savage in that ring. He is as dangerous and unpredictable as you want to be. He is more concerned with disfiguring his opponents than beating them. Something it seems you're aspiring to these days. And I admit that I am still hurting after the Battle of Boston, but I won't let the pain slow me down. I won't let Crowley's ruthlessness frighten me. Anton Layton and the Slaughterhouse Family are a force to be reckoned with just like your Axis. They want to run roughshod over the AWA, too. But I'm going to show them that they cannot break the line. I'm holding it. And I'm sending you a message, Vasquez. This Phoenix will fly high and set the world on fire.

[The camera focusses tightly on Jordan.]

JO: I know I can!

[The camera shots cuts back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is ready to go to work.]

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

[As the symphony of screams rings out over the PA system, Porter Crowley leans against the buckles, using a broken brush to style his messy hair as he looks into the broken mirror.]

RO: Weighing in at 260 pounds, he hails from Parts Unknown... being accompanied to the ring by the Slaughterhouse...

He is PORRRRRTERRRRR CROOOOOWLEYYYYYYY!

[Crowley lurches forward out of the corner, letting loose an anguished howl as he flings the broken mirror aside. The ring announcer backs off, watching as Anton Layton, gripping the crystal in hand, shouts instructions at Crowley, forcing him to settle back against the ropes, whimpering in pain as he does.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The positive hip hop beat of NaS' "I Can" pumps through the arena.

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

With that chorus, Jordan Ohara bounces through the curtains. He slides and hops to the ring, slapping hands with the ringside fans. The young muscular man bounces around the ring, slapping hands with every fan. He is bare chested wearing Carolina blue tights and white boots with black heels. Jordan chants "I

know I can" with some of the ringside kids before he vaults onto the ring apron and steps onto the second rope to leap over the top and land in the ring. There are plenty of applause and a few audible "I love you, Jordans" that ring out as he salutes the crowd with a karate flurry and drops into a kata in the middle of the ring...

...which is Porter Crowley's cue to stampede across the ring, blasting him in the back of the head with a running elbowsmash!]

GM: Ohh! Crowley with the sneak attack from behind!

[Crowley drops down to his knees, grabbing Ohara by the hair with both hands. He lifts the youngster off the canvas...

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the mat as the bell sounds!]

GM: Ohara's face gets smashed into the canvas!

[Crowley lifts Ohara up a second time, smashing his face into the mat again. He leans over him, shouting "PRETTY, PRETTY BAAAAAYBEEEEEEE!" into his ear before grasping the hair again...

...and rubbing Ohara's face into the mat back and forth!]

GM: He's trying to rip the skin right off Jordan Ohara!

[The referee's count reaches four and change before Crowley climbs to his feet, lurching around the ring as Anton Layton shouts encouragement from out on the floor. Crowley stumbles towards the downed Ohara, raising his leg...

...and DROPS a knee down into the back of the head, smashing the face into the canvas again!]

GM: Good grief!

[Crowley flips Ohara onto his back, driving his forearm into the cheekbone, grinding it back and forth as he applies the first pin attempt of the mat.]

GM: One! Two!

[But the young lion kicks out at two, thrusting his shoulder off the canvas. Crowley shoves himself up to his knees, angrily balling up his fist and slamming it down into the face of Ohara!]

GM: Hammerfist blows to the face by Crowley, beating the tar out of the Phoenix!

BW: Boy, Crowley loves to bust up someone's face.

GM: Especially when it's a good looking young man like Jordan Ohara. Women all around this crowd tonight would hate to see that happen.

[Crowley grabs a handful of hair, dragging Ohara up to his feet, stomping across the ring and rifling him facefirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Into the corner goes Ohara!

[Crowley angrily smashes him into the buckles again, causing Ohara to slump down to his knees. With a wild howl, Crowley presses Ohara's face into the second buckle with his foot, leaning back as he hangs off the top rope!]

GM: Crowley trying to maul Ohara back in the corner!

[The referee steps in, laying down his count on Crowley as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Three... four... fi- Crowley breaks it up, just in time!

[Grabbing Ohara by the hair, Crowley drags him up and shoves him back into the turnbuckles. Holding the grip on the mane, Crowley headbutts Ohara between the eyes!]

GM: Headbutt by Crowley! Another! And a third!

[Ohara is hanging off the ropes, trying to stay on his feet as the referee backs Crowley out of the buckles.]

GM: Crowley moving back in on Ohara who can barely stand at this point.

[Grabbing Ohara by the arm, Crowley whips him across the ring to the opposite corner...]

...where Ohara leaps up on the second rope, balancing there as Crowley rushes towards him...]

GM: Ohara on the middle rope!

[Ohara leaps off, twisting around, and catches Crowley across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: Ohhh my! What a move out of Ohara!

[The Phoenix reaches back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[...but Crowley powers out, flinging Ohara off of him!]

GM: But that's all!

[Crowley scrambles up off the mat, ready to strike again but Ohara is a step quicker, snatching an arm and flinging Crowley down to the canvas with an armdrag!]

GM: DEEEEEEEP armdrag out of Ohara!

[Both men scramble to their feet again, trying to get there first...]

...and again, Ohara uses his armdrag to take Crowley off his feet, hanging onto the arm this time as he pops back up, holding the wrist and dropping a leg across the bicep!]

GM: A second armdrag takes Crowley down and Ohara goes right after the arm!

[Ohara slides into an armbar, pressing his knee down into the bicep, bending the limb back as Crowley grimaces on the mat. The Lost Boy howls madly, jumping up and down at ringside as Anton Layton stares into the ring at his charge.]

GM: Ohara trying to take that arm away from Crowley, trying to break down that weapon...

[Climbing to his feet, Ohara presses Crowley's wrist down to the mat, kicking his legs up into the air and bringing his knee down on the bicep.]

GM: Ohh! Ohara brings the knee down on the arm!

[Ohara goes back to the armbar, stretching the limb as Crowley writhes in pain on the canvas.]

GM: Ohara's got that arm barred, stretching out the limb.

[But the hulking Crowley moves to his knee, forcing Ohara to get back to his feet, still holding the arm...]

GM: Crowley struggling to get up off the mat...

[Crowley winds up, throwing a right hand to the midsection.]

GM: Big right hand downstairs!

[Ohara hangs on, shaking his head doggedly as Crowley winds up to throw a second blow to the gut.]

GM: Another shot to the stomach, trying to battle his way out.

[A third haymaker to the torso has Ohara wobble away, clutching at his abdomen as Crowley climbs off the canvas...]

GM: Crowley's up on his feet...

[Snatching the back of Ohara's tights, Crowley yanks him backwards...

...and then uncorks a standing clothesline aimed right at the face of Ohara!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Crowley snarls and spits, strings of saliva falling from his mouth as he falls back against the ropes. Ohara grasps at his face, rolling back and forth in pain.]

GM: Ohara took a devastating shot right to the face! A clothesline RIGHT to the face, Bucky!

BW: Crowley's a dangerous competitor in there, Gordo. The Slaughterhouse is a dangerous tag team - one of the best in the division - and now Porter Crowley is showing what a brutal beast he is in singles action too.

[Crowley slides along the ropes, his tongue lolling out of his mouth as he leans over to run his tongue along the rope...]

GM: Ugh! Absolutely disgusting!

BW: Nobody ever said he was a gentleman and a scholar, Gordo.

GM: Crowley moving to the corner... look at this! The near three hundred pounder up on the middle rope!

[Crowley holds his arms up over his head, grinning sadistically as he takes aim at the downed Ohara...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[...and swandives forward, aiming his skull at the head of the downed Ohara who rolls to the side just in time, sending Crowley smashing facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE HEADBUTT OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!

[An agitated Layton slams his fist down into the apron as The Lost Boy falls to his knees, howling in pain at his partner's fate. Ohara uses the opportunity to roll to his hips, dragging himself up off the canvas. He grabs at the bridge of his nose, checking for blood as the crowd cheers him on.]

GM: Ohara trying to put together a rally here, trying to find a way to put Crowley down for a three count!

[After a few moments, Crowley staggers up off the canvas, wobbling badly as Ohara takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and lands a big chop across the chest, sending Crowley spiraling away, taking a swing at the air as he falls back against the ropes. The Phoenix steps closer, winding up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: A second big chop by Ohara! He's got Crowley reeling!

[Moving forward, Ohara grabs Crowley by the arm, whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Crowley off the far side...

[Ohara winds up, lashing out with a big chop across the ribcage that lifts Crowley off his feet, dumping him down to the canvas as Ohara sinks to a knee, holding a martial arts pose as the New York City crowd cheers him on!]

GM: And the kid is fired up, Bucky! He's got this crowd behind him and he's looking to finish this one off!

BW: But can he do it, Gordo? Can he actually finish off Porter Crowley?

[With Crowley fighting to get up off the mat, Ohara snatches him in a double underhook...]

GM: Can he get him up?!

[...and hoists Crowley into the air, flinging him down with a leaping butterfly suplex!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A SLAM BY OHARA!

[Ohara kips up off the mat, pumping his fists to big cheers.]

BW: And if I didn't know better, Gordo, I'd say that battle with Vasquez at the Battle of Boston has really kicked this kid into a whole new level intensitywise! He's bringing the fight here tonight!

[A slight smirk crosses the face of Ohara as he suddenly dashes to the ropes, bouncing off...]

...and leaps high in the air, dropping backfirst across the prone Crowley!]

GM: Oh ho! Ohara taking a page out of Juan Vasquez' playbook - and there's another cover!

[Ohara gets another two count before Crowley kicks out, escaping before the three comes down. The Phoenix sits up, clapping his hands together in frustration before climbing to his feet...

...and pointing to the corner to a big cheer!]

GM: And this might be it, fans! Jordan Ohara is looking for the Phoenix Flame!

[Ohara approaches the corner, ducking through the ropes to the apron as Anton Layton shouts at Crowley who is still down on the mat, trying to get up to his feet.]

GM: Ohara up to the second rope... now to- wait a second!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Layton climbs up on the apron, drawing the referee's attention as The Lost Boy gets up on the opposite side, snagging the climbing Ohara by the leg, hanging on tight!]

GM: The Lost Boy's got Ohara by the leg! Ohara was trying to get up top but The Lost Boy is trying to stop him!

BW: Don't look now, Gordo, but he IS stopping him! Ohara can't get free!

[Ohara is struggling, trying to pull his leg out of The Lost Boy's grip as Layton continues to hassle the official and keep his focus. With his partner running interference, Porter Crowley manages to regain his feet, stomping towards the corner where he BLASTS Ohara with a forearm shot to the face, sending him sailing off the second rope and down to the barely-padded concrete floor with an impressive thud that draws a loud collective groan from the MSG crowd!]

GM: OHHH! Hard fall to the floor thanks to Crowley and The Lost Boy and-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: -and don't look now, fans, but the young lion from Brooklyn, New York - Derrick Williams - is heading down the aisle!

BW: Hasn't he caused enough trouble for one night?!

[Williams comes charging down the aisle, a determined look on his face as he reaches the ringside area, still running. He circles around the corner, still charging...

...and leaps up, landing on the apron as both feet catch The Lost Boy right in the mush!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DRIVE BY DROPKICK! OH MY!

[The Lost Boy slumps to the floor as Williams sits up on the apron, shouting something off-mic to him as Crowley drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes outside the ring. He approaches the downed Ohara, dragging him off the floor by the hair.]

GM: The Lost Boy gets taken out of the picture by Derrick Williams but is it too late as Crowley looks to finish off Ohara?!

[Crowley slings Ohara over his shoulder into powerslam position, stomping around the ringside area over to where Anton Layton is back on the floor, nodding approvingly as his charge approaches the apron...

...and muscles Ohara off his shoulder, dropping his facefirst down on the hardest part of the ring!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Another hard blow to the face of Jordan Ohara by Porter Crowley who pulls Ohara up, rolling him under the ropes...

[Crowley rolls back in, crawling right into another cover.]

GM: This might do it!

[But at about two and a half, Ohara barely squeaks his shoulder up off the mat. A wild-eyed Crowley pounds his fists angrily into the canvas at the near fall as Layton can be heard shouting “FINISH HIM!” from outside the ring.]

GM: Crowley almost had him right there but came up just short.

BW: Not for long though, Gordo.

GM: Crowley drags him out to the middle of the ring - and I think he’s looking for Damaged Goods!

[He muscles the much-smaller Ohara up onto his shoulders in a fireman’s carry, walking around the ring like a hunter with his prize slung across his back. He steps to the middle of the ring, looking out at the crowd urging Ohara to find a way to escape and come back.]

GM: Right out in the middle - if he hits this, I think it’s all over, fans!

[Crowley waits... and waits... and then suddenly goes to shove Ohara up into the air, looking to put him to sleep with a kneestrike to the face...]

GM: Ohara lands on his feet!

[And as he does, the Phoenix grabs the rising leg under his arm, using a dragon screw leg whip to take Crowley down to the mat!]

GM: Legwhip!

BW: That can rip a knee into pieces!

GM: Ohara’s not done either!

[Coming back to his feet and bringing Crowley with him, Ohara goes to secure the leg for a second legwhip...]

“WHAAAAAAAAP!”

[...and gets rocked with a straight right hand to the nose!]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[Ohara slumps back, grabbing at his face...

...and then surges forward, swinging for the fences with a high roundhouse kick to the side of the head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY!

[The blow stuns Crowley, his eyelids fluttering from the impact as Ohara drops down to the mat, swinging his leg backwards and catching the back of Crowley's knee, toppling him to the mat!]

GM: Legsweep takes Crowley down... and look at Ohara!

[The crowd roars as Ohara rushes the corner, leaping over the ropes to the apron where he quickly scales the buckles as Derrick Williams raises both arms outside the ring, saluting his ally before Ohara hurls himself into the air, tucking his arms and legs...

...and SLAMS down across the chest of Crowley with a high impact frog splash!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME!

[Ohara reaches back, snatching the leg he attacked moments ago, hanging on tightly as the referee slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: HE GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Ohara rolls off of Crowley, throwing an arm up in the air as Williams pumps a fist out on the floor, climbing up on the apron and stepping inside the ring to join his friend.]

GM: Big win for Jordan Ohara here in New York City, putting that Phoenix Flame to good use to get the three count... and a partial credit to Derrick Williams for coming out here and keeping Layton and the Lost Boy from getting involved.

BW: Williams has no business being out there, Gordo! The Slaughterhouse just got robbed!

GM: A likely story. Derrick Williams has just as much right to be out at ringside for his friend Jordan Ohara as The Lost Boy does being out there for Porter Crowley.

BW: What?! The Lost Boy is Crowley's partner! He's got every right to be out there!

GM: Well, Williams is Ohara's friend so...

BW: You're out of your ever-lovin' gourd, Gordo.

GM: Nevertheless, victory for the young man known as the Phoenix! But right now, we're going to take a look at some pre-recorded comments from another young man who has NOT had the best luck as of late... "Flawless" Larry Wallace. Roll it.

[We fade to pre-recorded comments marked "After the Battle of Boston..." by a white chyron. Sitting on a wooden bench, head down, still in his ring gear is the Flawless One himself, Larry Wallace. He does not look happy.]

FLW: What a weekend.

[Wallace shakes his head.]

FLW: And you...

[He gestures at the camera.]

FLW: ...I suppose you've come to gloat, huh? Yes. It was a terrible weekend for me. Yes, I lost my match. Yes, I got embarrassed by Van Gibson and Bryant and... everyone else.

[Wallace shakes his head and then throws a glance at the buzzing phone on the bench next to him.]

FLW: Dad again. I don't even want to take that call because I know what it sounds like.

"You've embarrassed the family name. All my old timer buddies are calling and laughing at me because of you. Why can't you be as successful as your little brothers?"

Dave Bryant.. this...

[He gestures around him.]

FLW: All of this is on you. You got in my head back at Memorial Day Mayhem and I haven't been able to get you out. And this... this oh-so-Flawful weekend... it's all on you. This should've been MY weekend. My crowning achievement. My chance to show the world that "Flawless" Larry Wallace IS the future of this business and not guys like Ohara or Martinez or all the rest.

But you ruined it. And now you have to pay for it.

[Wallace shrugs.]

FLW: But the more I watch your big comeback, Dave... the more I wonder if the moment comes when I introduce my boots to your smug little face will carry any satisfaction at all. When the announcer calls it out... "And your winner..." will it mean a damn thing.

Yes, you're a former World Champion. Yes, you've got Hall of Fame credentials.

And now you're losing to the likes of Riley Hunter, the guy who my brothers made drunken fools of themselves with in Roppongi every night?

[Wallace sighs.]

FLW: That's not what I want, Bryant. I want to beat the guy who was the EMWC World Television Champion. I want to beat the guy who was part of Redemption. I want to beat the guy who thrilled people around these parts by taking on a guy named Bullywug.

I want the guy who beat Supreme Wright. I want the guy who beat Juan Vasquez.

I want the former World Champion.

[Wallace stands up, raising a finger angrily.]

FLW: Because when I beat THAT guy? Then it'll mean something. Then it'll matter.

I want the real Dave Bryant.

[Wallace's angry drips away, replaced by an arrogant smirk.]

FLW: Somebody let me know when he shows up.

[And with a wink at the camera, we slowly fade to black...

...and then come back up on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing inside the squared circle.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, from Newark, New Jersey, and weighing 225 pounds, DAVID MCALLISTER!

[A slender young man with short, blond hair and dressed in a pair of green tights, kneepads and wrestling boots, raises his arms above his head.

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.]

RO: And his opponent, from parts unknown and weighing 275 pounds...

THE GLADIATOR!

GM: It's been months since we've seen The Gladiator inside the squared circle... we might have seen such a match sooner had it not been for those circumstances surrounding his scheduled Battle of Boston match.

BW: It was only a temporary delay of my suffering to go through watching the man that likes to touch the concrete, then talk to the ceiling!

GM: Gladiator's mannerisms may be odd, but there's no denying how tough he is in that ring, Bucky.

BW: If by tough, you mean tough to figure out how a guy like this got a job with the AWA, then yeah, I'd agree with that.

[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: I'm sure Rex Summers will be watching this match closely.

BW: As he should, after Gladiator stole the Steal the Spotlight contract from him, then wasted it on a match he had no chance of ever winning!

GM: That's not even close to what went down, Bucky, and you know it.

BW: You're right, Gordo. He wasted on a match that should never have been held to begin with!

[The referee calls for the bell and Gladiator immediately goes on the attack, charging McAllister in the corner and delivering forearm smashes.]

GM: Gladiator wasting no time going after McAllister! Look at the impact behind those forearm smashes!

BW: Look at how he attacked McAllister without giving him a chance to prepare. What a role model!

[Gladiator grabs McAllister by the arm and whips him into the opposite corner. He then rushes toward his opponent.]

GM: Gladiator with a clothesline in the corner! McAllister had nowhere to go!

[McAllister slumps in the corner, while Gladiator stares heavenward, reaching up with his hand.]

BW: Gordo, would you care to explain how talking to the ceiling helps Gladiator in his matches?

GM: Bucky, did you ever consider that you shouldn't argue with the method if it works for the guy?

BW: Okay, fine. I'll remember that the next time you object to, for example, Johnny Detson's methods!

[Gladiator turns back to McAllister and hooks him in a front chancery, then takes him over with a vertical suplex.]

GM: Suplex by Gladiator... now he pulls McAllister up again. He's handling him quite easily, Bucky.

BW: Just wait until Rex Summers gets Gladiator in the ring again -- he won't have it easy the next time around.

GM: Somehow I doubt Summers wants to get back in the ring with Gladiator again.

BW: Hey, considering how much Summers got ripped off at Memorial Day Mayhem, I'm sure he'll put up with Gladiator's body odor long enough to get revenge!

[Gladiator hoists McAllister onto his shoulder and leaves him draped over it as he walks about the ring.]

GM: Look at this... Gladiator carrying around McAllister with ease. And now...

[Gladiator suddenly runs forward and leaps into the air, driving McAllister into the canvas.]

GM: Powerslam! This one is just about over!

[Gladiator rises to his feet and reaches upward, moving both hands up and down, the crowd cheering.]

GM: And Gladiator signaling for his finisher!

BW: You sure he's not trying to communicate with the rafters again?

[Gladiator reaches down to pull McAllister off the mat, then presses him overhead.]

GM: And look at the power displayed by Gladiator!

[After a few seconds, Gladiator suddenly drops his opponents, catches him on his shoulder, then drives him into the canvas once more.]

GM: The press into the powerslam! That should do it!

[Gladiator covers McAllister and nods along with the referee's three count.]

GM: And it's over! Gladiator with the win! Let's get the official word.

[Gladiator rises to his feet and allows the referee to raise his arm in victory.]

RO: Here is your winner, THE GLADIATOR!

[The fans cheer as Gladiator pumps his fists, then ducks between the ropes and exits the ring.]

GM: Gladiator with the win and now he'll move forward to the Steal the Spotlight series that will take place in the coming weeks.

BW: How in the world does Gladiator get to be part of that and not Rex Summers? That's not fair to the man who Stole the Spotlight last SuperClash!

GM: You'd have to ask those who selected the teams, Bucky.

BW: Oh, sure, dodge a legitimate question, Gordo! If they aren't going to give Summers his contract back, you know he deserves a chance to win it back!

GM: And Summers knew he'd have to defend that contract as long as he chose not to cash it in, Bucky. Fans, let's take you to Sweet Lou Blackwell, who will get a few words from The Gladiator!

[The camera cuts to the podium where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands, a mic in hand.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest, The Gladiator!

[The Gladiator marches onto the podium, then turns to the crowd, raises his arms and shouts.]

G: SOUND THE BATTLE CRY, MY GLADIATORS!

[The fans roar in response.]

SLB: Gladiator, you disappeared from the scene after Memorial Day Mayhem, only to return at Battle of Boston when some wondered if you would show up at all. Can you enlighten us as to where you had been for the past few months?

[Gladiator raises a finger as he talks.]

G: THERE ALWAYS COMES A TIME WHEN A GLADIATOR MUST DO SOME DEEP SOUL SEARCHING, WHETHER IT IS ROAMING THROUGH THE DOMAIN OF PLUTO, JOURNEYING ON THE HUNT ALONGSIDE DIANA, WALKING THROUGH FIRE THAT VULCAN SET BEFORE THEM OR RELAXING ON THE HEARTH AS CERES GIVES THEM GUIDANCE! BUT WHAT I HAVE DONE IS SPENT MY TIME WATCHING, WAITING FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO RETURN TO THESE LANDS, AND BOSTON WAS THE PLACE

WHERE I REVEALED MYSELF AGAIN! AND THOUGH CIRCUMSTANCES PERPETRATED BY THOSE WHO CALL THEMSELVES GREAT MEN DENIED ME THE OPPORTUNITY FOR AN HONORABLE BATTLE WITH A TITAN, I NOW MOVE FORWARD WITH RENEWED FOCUS AND GET MYSELF BACK ON THE PATH TO ULTIMATE GLORY!

[The fans cheer, though they probably didn't understand everything Gladiator said.]

SLB: Gladiator, you may have that opportunity to take big steps down the path to glory, as you have been selected by none other than Torin the Titan to be on his team for the Steal the Spotlight series! Do you see this as your chance to perhaps get another shot at the World champion, Johnny Detson?

G: THERE WILL BE MANY PATHS TO GLORY IN THESE LANDS, SWEET LOU, MANY THAT WILL LEAD TO THE BIGGEST PRIZE OF THEM ALL, THAT WHICH THE KING OF SCOUNDRELS, JOHNNY DETSON, CURRENTLY POSSESSES! AND, INDEED, ONE OF THOSE SHALL BE THE CHANCE TO ONCE AGAIN CLAIM THE SPOTLIGHT! THE TITAN HONORED ME WITH HIS SELECTION TO HIS BATTALION, AND NOW WE, ALONG WITH THE REST WHO SHALL STAND BESIDE US, WILL ALL STRIVE TO PROVE WHO IS WORTHIER OF THAT SPOTLIGHT! BUT WHILE THERE ARE THE PATHS TO GLORY THAT I SHALL CONTINUE TO EXPLORE, THERE IS ONE PATH IN PARTICULAR THAT I AM DESTINED TO TRAVEL, ONE THAT WILL MEAN GLORY FOR ME, BUT THE DESTRUCTION FOR THE OTHER!

[He then turns away from Blackwell and to the camera, still with his finger raised.]

G: THE OTHER IS YOU, REX SUMMERS! YOU HAVE CONTINUED TO WALLOW IN THE MUCK WITH YOUR FELLOW MONGRELS AND THE MACHINATIONS THAT YOU NOT ONLY LEVERAGED AGAINST ME AT MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM, BUT HAVE CONTINUED TO LEVERAGE IN EVERY ATTEMPT TO ADD TO YOUR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS! THE MOMENT WILL SOON COME UPON US WHEN WE MEET DOWN THAT PATH, WHERE THERE WILL BE NO FORK FOR YOU TO PICK A NEW DIRECTION, NO MEANS OF TURNING BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME AND NO MEANS OF NAVIGATING THE OBSTACLE IN YOUR WAY! THE ONLY OUTCOME WILL BE FOR YOU TO FACE ME IN COMBAT AND YOUR ONLY DESTINY WILL BE OBLITERATION AS THE HAND OF THE ONE AND ONLY, THE GLADIATOR!

[And then...]

G: SNORT snaarrll SNORT!

[...that happens, and Gladiator growls and raises his arms above his head, then marches away from the podium.]

SLB: Clearly, even with Steal the Spotlight, Gladiator is not done with Rex Summers! Fans, we've got to take another quick break but when we come back, it'll be The Hangman taking on Manny Imbrogno! So stick around for that one, won't you?

[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 the Women's Rumble graphic which fades to reveal Lucie Richter, standing in profile, facing off-camera to the right. The nearly 300-pound powerlifter is a humble-looking woman in her mid-thirties, her curly hair lightly tinged with flecks of grey.]

LR: When Melissa Cannon started lobbying for the AWA to have a Women's Division a year ago, I couldn't help but think what a blessing it would have been to have had someone with her character and her devotion a dozen years ago before I made the decision to become a woman of the cloth. I think of all that I could have accomplished had women in wrestling been afforded the respect they deserved, rather than treated as a sideshow attraction.

[Richter slowly pivots away from the camera, turning her back, then stands 180 degrees opposite. The left side of her face is painted with satanic red patterns. She begins speaking in a guttural, hissing voice.]

LR: I thhhink of all the sssouls I could have ssswallowed, gathhhered in one ssspot... All the little innossscent girls that would beg for my merssscy when the RICHTER sssSCALE reachesss Magnitude 10... Only to find none ass I sssplatter nineteen other little carcassesss on the canvasss!"

[Her tongue snakes out, almost touching her chin as she emits a final hiss...

...and we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... he is accompanied by his tag team partner, BC Da Mastah MC... weighing in at 238 pounds... he is the self-proclaimed world's smartest man...

"MR. MENSA"...

MANNNNNNYYYYYYY IMBROOOOGNNOOOOOO!

[Standing in his tweed blazer with elbow patches, Imbrogno gives a bow with a flourish towards the cheering fans. He shrugs out of the coat, asking for the microphone.]

BW: Oh jeez, do we really have to sit through this?

[Imbrogno turns towards the camera.]

MI: From the day I stepped upon this stage
There's one thing beyond all doubt.
When it comes to comparing intellects,
It truly is a rout.

I am beyond comparison.
I am without peer.
And as I step into this ring,
Tonight's challenge is quite clear.

No one has put down this man.
No one has even made a dent.
But I have watched all his matches,
Strategic time well spent.

So, bring forth the mighty Hangman,
Who claims to cherish law.
For all who steps onto his path,
It's destruction that they saw.

It's a tale as old as time.
The brain versus the brawn.
And when my synapses fire,
A strategy they'll spawn.

A way to bring down the bigger man.
A plot to put him on his back.
To bring the referee on down,
The canvas his to smack.

For on this night in MSG,
One thing will be plain to see.
When I finish off this Hangman,
It'll be one... two... three.

[The crowd cheers as Imbrogno bows again, handing the mic back to the ring announcer. BC pats his partner on the back, giving him some encouragement as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights drop to black.]

BW: Oh brother...

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

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

FO: From The Deadwoods... weighing in at 301 pounds... being led down the aisle by Sheriff Virgil Rockwell...

He is...

THE HANNNNNNNNNNNGMANNNNNNNNNN!

[As we cut to a long shot of the aisle and see the tall drink of water known as The Hangman striding down it in an open brown leather full-length trench coat, faded and worn from time. His brown leather gloves are a perfect match. His face is barely visible with a brown Stetson pulled down over his eyes. Gripped in his right hand tightly? A noose, by God... a noose.

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

BW: Over the years, Gordo, we've heard Manny Imbrogno referred to as the World's Smartest Man many a time.

GM: And?

BW: And I'm really starting to think that was a bold-faced lie to get in there with The Hangman!

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

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

The Hangman stares across at Manny Imbrogno who is huddled up with his tag team partner in the corner, discussing strategy as the big man reaches back slowly, hanging the noose over the ringpost with care. Rockwell steps from the ring as The Hangman stares out into the crowd, right at a pale young man holding up a sign that reads "THE HANGMAN IS REAL!"

GM: Wherever the Hangman travels, those devoted followers of his seem to follow... and you have to wonder if we'll see them on the upcoming European tour as The Hangman has been selected to compete in the Steal The Spotlight Series as a member of Canibal's squad.

BW: Birds of a feather flock together. Canibal's as wacked out as the Hangman is!

GM: I'm told that we will - in fact - be hearing from Canibal following this matchup as he gets set for battle.

[And as the bell sounds, BC and Manny share a quick high five before the Rotund Rapper drops down to the floor. The Hangman slowly plods from the corner, walking towards Imbrogno.]

GM: And here we go... one fall, ten minute time limit...

BW: I'll be surprised if the Hangman needs half that time, Gordo.

GM: This is The Hangman's stiffest challenge perhaps since that battle with Cain Jackson on the Power Hour a couple of months ago. Can Imbrogno succeed in ending the undefeated streak of the Hand of Justice? We're about to find out.

[The Hangman lunges towards Imbrogno, looking for a collar and elbow grab but Imbrogno ducks down, using a front roll to avoid the Hangman's reach. He pops back up to his feet, grinning as the Hangman stumbles past him.]

GM: And Imbrogno perhaps giving us a sneak preview of his gameplan for this matchup. Quick movements, using his speed and agility to keep the bigger man off his balance.

[The Hand of Justice slowly turns, ready to engage again...

...but again, Imbrogno's front somersault takes him out of the Hangman's reach. This time, Imbrogno points to his temple gleefully upon avoiding the lockup.]

BW: Imbrogno taking a moment to let everyone know how smart he is. If you ask me, the time to show that would've been when they put the contract for this match in front of his face.

[The Hangman slowly turns again, whipping his wet hair back to show his steely gaze locked on Imbrogno who dances from one foot to the other, waving the Hand of Justice towards him...]

GM: Here we go again...

[But this time, as Imbrogno goes for the roll, The Hangman pivots to confront and DRILLS the rising Mr. Mensa with an uppercut that sends him falling backwards into the ropes.]

GM: Oh my! What a shot by the big man!

[And the Hangman is swiftly on the move, throwing a right hook to the ear that sends Imbrogno staggering down the length of the ropes, ending up near the corner. The Hangman squares up, trapping him there as he balls up his fists, throwing them repeatedly at the right and left side of the exposed ribcage!]

GM: The Hangman repeatedly hammering away at the body of Imbrogno!

[The referee steps in, starting a swift count to back the Hangman out of the corner. The Hand of Justice obliges at four, backing off as Imbrogno tries to recover, stumbling forward...]

...but the Hangman snatches him, hoisting him bodily off the mat and throwing him back into the buckles!]

GM: Oh!

[Stepping back in, the Hangman swings his lengthy leg up, pressing his boot into the throat of Imbrogno, strangling the life out of him.]

GM: He's choking him in the corner! The referee right there to count again!

[Another four count passes before The Hangman lets go of the choke, leaving Imbrogno coughing and gasping in the buckles as the Hand of Justice stalks around the ring. BC Da Mastah MC shouts some encouragement to his partner as the Hangman circles back, getting a running start...]

GM: Here he comes!

[...but Imbrogno leans back in the corner, lifting both legs up, driving his feet into the chest of the incoming Hangman, sending him stumbling backwards to a big cheer from the MSG crowd!]

GM: Imbrogno with the counter, boots to the chest!

[The World's Smartest Man hops up on the midbuckle, taking aim at the surprised Hangman...]

...and hurls himself off the middle rope in a front flip, crashing down onto the Hangman and knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH MY! HE TOOK HIM DOWN, BUCKY! HE FLOORED THE HANGMAN!

BW: It took every single bit of his 238 pounds to do it but he did it, Gordo! He knocked the big man down!

[Imbrogno comes up off the mat, looking out at the cheering crowd. He snaps off a picture perfect cartwheel, dropping down across the chest of the Hangman in a splash!]

GM: Unusual offense out of Imbrogno but is it enough?!

[The referee drops to the mat, delivering a two count before the Hangman kicks out with ease.]

BW: No way... not a chance!

[Imbrogno scrambles up, getting his feet underneath him as the Hangman rises to a knee. Mr. Mensa rushes in, hooking a side headlock, rifling his fist into the skull of the Hangman.]

GM: Blow after blow to the skull by Imbrogno!

[But his fists don't have enough of an effect as the Hangman wraps his arms around Imbrogno's waist, climbing to his feet and lifting the smaller man up into the air...

...and then leaps up into the air, dumping Imbrogno down on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Well, so much for that flurry of offense, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. The Hangman dumps him down on the back of the head with that suplex and... well, this might be the beginning of the end.

[Rolling back to his knees, The Hangman looks out to Virgil Rockwell who nods approvingly, a big smile on his face. The near-seven foot monster gets to his feet, the Hangman reaching down to grasp Imbrogno around the throat, lifting him right up off the mat and pushes him back into the turnbuckles with it.]

GM: Another choke in the corner, strangling the air out of Imbrogno!

[Another four count follows before the Hangman lets go, grabbing him by the arm, whipping him across the ring, and charges in after him, landing a big running clothesline in the buckles!]

GM: Ohhh! He got all of that!

[Grabbing Imbrogno by the arm, the Hangman twists it around...

...and then slowly climbs the turnbuckles, climbing to the top rope as the New York City crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

GM: The Hangman's up top!

[Holding onto the arm, the Hangman walks the top rope, showing incredible balance as he walks to the middle of the ring...

...and then leaps into the air, slamming his forearm down into the back of Imbrogno's neck, putting him down on the canvas!]

GM: Wow! Incredible show of athleticism on the part of the Hangman!

[The Hangman looks out at Virgil Rockwell who again nods his head, lifting his arm up over his head. The Hand of Justice leans down, grabbing Imbrogno by the wrist, dragging him up to his feet...]

GM: Irish whip...

[The Hangman drops back into the ropes, bouncing off, leaping into the air and bringing his arm crashing across the collarbone of Imbrogno, taking him off his feet with a flying lariat!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Gordo, if this is a message to the rest of the locker room what to expect as part of the Steal The Spotlight Series, I'd be shaking in my boots right about now if I was a lot of those guys.

GM: The Hangman showing the entire world right now what they might see as part of the Steal The Spotlight Series... and as he pulls Imbrogno off the mat, scooping him up...

[But as the Hangman attempts a body slam, Imbrogno slips out behind him, landing on his feet behind him...]

GM: Imbrogno slips free! Dropkick on the chin! And another!

[The Hangman stumbles backwards, arms pinwheeling as Imbrogno tries to string together a comeback...]

GM: Imbrogno's got the Hangman reeling!

[With the Hangman stunned, Imbrogno rushes to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope... then steps to the top...]

GM: He's up top! Imbrogno looking to strike from up high!

[Mr. Mensa leaps high into the air, clasping his hands over his head...]

GM: AXEHANDL-

[...but the Hangman reaches up, snatching him around the throat with a gloved right hand!]

GM: CAUGHT!

[And with a powerful lift, the Hangman hoists Imbrogno right back up into the air...

...and HURLS him down with thunderous impact!]

GM: CHOKESLAM! OH MY STARS!

[The Hangman stands over Imbrogno, looking down at his prone form as BC Da Mastah MC recoils in shock on the floor, covering his face as he stumbles away from the ring.]

BW: That's it, Gordo! Ring the bell! Stop this thing!

GM: The Hangman with a mammoth chokeslam and... I think you're right, Bucky. I don't think there's any chance that Imbrogno's getting up after that.

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

GM: That signature call from Virgil Rockwell, demanding that the Hangman finish off Imbrogno...

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

BW: There's the sign, Gordo... we know what's coming up next...

[Reaching down and grasping Imbrogno by the throat, The Hangman lifts him back to his feet, turning him before lifting him up into a torture rack, walking back out to the middle of the ring as the crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

GM: And when the Hangman brings them up into position, there is only one direction to go next.

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE ROPE'S END!

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

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

GM: The match is over... Manny Imbrogno goes down to defeat and-

[BC Da Mastah MC rushes into the ring, kneeling down next to his tag team partner...

...and at an enthusiastic point from Virgil Rockwell, The Hangman surges forward, looping his noose around the throat of the four hundred pounder!]

GM: AHH! HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT THE NOOSE AROUND THE THROAT!

[The Hangman stands behind the kneeling BC, yanking back hard on the noose as BC struggles to get air into his body as the New York crowd jeers the Hangman's actions.]

GM: He's choking the life out of BC with that damn noose, Bucky!

[Turning his back to BC, the Hangman muscles him up off the mat, strangling the air out of him...

...and then drops down to his tailbone, sending a jolt down the spine of BC with a modified neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[The Hangman rolls to a knee, looking down at the stunned BC who is writhing in pain on the canvas.]

GM: And just like that, the Hangman has taken out BOTH members of BCIQ!

[A smirking Virgil Rockwell approaches, patting his Hangman on the back before gesturing towards the ropes.]

GM: Thankfully, at least, it looks like no one is going to be dragged out of here tonight with that noose... and I've gotta say, Bucky, this is the most impressive performance by The Hangman to date which is truly saying something.

BW: Canibal chose wisely in getting the Hand of Justice on his side, Gordo. That Steal The Spotlight squad is going to be a tough one to take down.

GM: Absolutely... and speaking of Canibal, Sweet Lou has managed to catch up with the luchador to get his thoughts on the team he's assembled to head into battle for the upcoming Steal The Spotlight Series. Lou?

[We cut to "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing ready in the backstage area. The experienced interviewer looks a little unnerved as his eyes dart to the side.]

SLB: I'm here, Gordon... and... well... I can't say that I'm happy about it because this guy gives me the creeps! I am ... uh ... standing here with one of the team captains of the Steal The Spotlight Series. I am sure he is ready to share why he chose the individuals he did for his team... Canibal!

[The camera zooms out a little to show ... nobody. Blackwell is standing alone in the corridor. The camera pans to the side a couple of feet to show Canibal, wearing a tattered denim jacket, a black t-shirt with Hellraiser's Pinhead printed on it and faded jeans, sitting on a crate. He is hunched over, his elbows resting on his knees and his face is partially obscured by his hair. The luchador makes no move, nor does he seem to acknowledge "Sweet" Lou.]

SLB: Canibal, would you be so kind and...

[The words linger in the air. Canibal reacts by raising his hand and beckoning the interviewer with a crooked index finger come closer to him. Blackwell bristles and glances with a mixture of frustration and exasperation at the camera before he steps closer to the wrestler, who does not bother to look up.]

SLB: Canibal, do you want to talk to the AWA fans or not?

[He extends the microphone towards the other man, who reacts with a hoarse chuckle.]

C: Why so hesitant, Blackwell? I won't bite... today, yes?

[His accent is as hard to place as ever.]

C: And, believe me utterly, I do not care one tiny bit to address the faceless and mindless mass that congregates in the stands of the Madison Square Garden.

[He gently takes hold of the microphone before Lou can withdraw it. Canibal raises his head and glares at the camera with cold maliciousness.]

C: Instead, I direct my message to the men who are flocking together even now to oppose the group I have assembled, La Bestias Del Mal.

[He slowly licks his lower lip.]

C: I see all of these... very talented ... wrestlers. Very skilled ... athletes. Pretty much all of them, gifted and professional.

[The words are dripping with disdain.]

SLB: You are correct. Some of AWA's finest compe-

[Canibal pulls the microphone closer to him as he straightens his back, his posture becoming more and more tense.]

C: Competitorssssss. That's what they are.

What I bring to Europe are _monsters_. Porter Crowley, the Lost Boy, Hangman and Flex Ferrigno... they are not interested in making the audiences happy. They do not care about how their matches are valued by so-called experts.

They crave the same thing I hunger for... making your victims suffer.

[Blackwell struggles to get a question in while still trying to keep a reasonable distance.]

SLB: But what about the victory? How will you win if neither you nor your team are interested in the actual contest?

C: You can be dubious, little man, because tonight, you still lack the imagination of the horror, the dread our opponents will feel once that bell rings. It is easy to be courageous in the here now but once you stand across from the Hangman and the Slaughterhouse and Flex Ferrigno and ... and Canibal ... once we start to batter and demolish their bodies with no regards for their vaunted "skills" ... once pride and confidence make way to pain and trauma ...

Perhaps then you ... and everybody else ... will recognize the night nightmares still hold in this world.

[Canibal shoves the mic back towards Blackwell who quickly backpedals a few steps.]

SLB: There you have it, folks. The team captain of La Bestias Del Mal with some very graphic threats here tonight. You sure do not want to miss seeing them in action!

Back to you, Gordon!

[We cut back to a panning shot of the Madison Square Garden crowd as Gordon Myers begins to speak.]

GM: Thanks, Lou. Canibal with some menacing words there directed at the rest of the Steal The Spotlight Series teams. Of course, that draft took place earlier tonight here in New York City - the results of which were announced on AWA social media earlier this evening but you've gotta be impressed by some of the teams assembled, Bucky.

BW: Oh, no doubt, Gordo. Twenty of the best in the world are heading into that Series that'll take place over the next month or so during our European tour but as buddy buddy as they all are right now, they should all remember that in the end, only one of 'em can win that contract. What happens when Canibal has to take on The Hangman for it? Or Supreme Wright and Brian James have to square off again?

GM: So many great competitors will take part in that event, it can only lead to some tremendous action as we-

[The words of Gordon Myers are interrupted by another voice... a pair of voices actually. High-pitched. Annoyed. Aggravating. Yes, the Wallace twins have arrived.]

Chaz: Gordon, Gordon, Gordon! Give it a rest, old timer!

Chet: That's right! Lean back and give your voice a load off because we have arrived!

[The camera cuts to the aisleway where Chaz and Chet are walking into view in matching stars and stripes flag t-shirts with "AMERICAN IDOLS" glittered onto the front in gold and silver. They're also sporting blue jeans and cowboy boots. Chaz pauses to look into the camera, twisting his fingers into the same hand gesture we saw him use at the Battle of Boston - the signature gesture of the Dead Man's Party.]

Chaz: Your heroes.

Chet: Your saviors.

Chaz: The men who make the ratings climb higher than Willie Nelson in late April!

Chet: YOUR...

[Dramatic pause.]

Chet/Chaz: ...AAAAAAMERICAN IDOLS!

[The crowd jeers - most of them at least. As the camera pans over the crowd, we can see a few fans in "DMP" t-shirts (available at your local Hot Topic most likely next to the Fall Out Boy gear.)]

Chet: And damn, I must say it is good to be here in... NEW... YORK... CITAAAAAY!

[Even the cheap pop attempt doesn't get the cheap pop, boos pouring down on the Perpetual Pains in the-]

Chaz: New York City, you gotta understand how happy we are to be here tonight. You see, we've been a million places and we've rocked 'em all.

Chet: We've thrilled 'em in Tokyo!

Chaz: Bedazzled them in Boston!

Chet: Chilled 'em in Chicago!

Chaz: Loved 'em in London!

[Chet grins.]

Chet: Well... really... they loved us if you know what I'm saying.

[Yes, we do. Unfortunately.]

Chaz: But we've never... EVER... been right here in New York City to do what we do best. So, that's why we're over the moon to be here tonight to tell you that it ain't no party like a Dropkick Party... and even though we're not booked...

[Chet taps his chest, pointing to the ceiling.]

Chaz: ...we're here tonight to make an Open Challenge!

[The Wallaces reach the ring, rolling under the bottom rope before getting to their feet.]

Chet: More like a... Open Invite! Because after all, this is a party!

Chaz: Truth, truth. So, I suppose the question on everyone's minds is...

[Chaz gets close to a camera... too close really.]

Chaz: Who wants to dance with the Wallace boys? Hmm?

[There's a moment of silence, the crowd buzzing as they wait to see what happens next.]

GM: Well, that's a challenge from the American Idols and... earlier tonight, we heard the tag team champions talking about how they've cleaned out the division. They haven't beaten these two, Bucky.

BW: They haven't, no... but we heard Riley Hunter talk about it at Battle of Boston. I'm not sure the world is ready to see the Kings of Wrestling take on the Dead Man's Party.

GM: The Wallaces are here in the States now, Bucky. The Dead Man's Party may still be wreaking havoc in Japan but they've got no presence here.

BW: Someday we may see about that.

GM: But right now, I'm wondering who is going to-

[And then...

Static.]

GM: Looks like the Wallace twins have company, Bucky!

BW: Why won't this guy just give up?

[Standing in the aisle..]

GM: Love him or hate him -

BW: Haaaaaate.

GM: - Terry Shane III is cut from the same cloth as his old man... and the Shanes don't know the meaning of the term "give up". This is the same Terry Shane that with just over a year in the business outlasted twenty-nine other men and won perhaps the most star-studded Rumble in AWA history. The same Terry Shane that went three falls with [pause] one of the sickest men in the sport of wrestling. The same -

BW: We get it. We get it. Shane is glutton for a butt kicking, nobody is doubting that. The Wallaces left him for dead in Boston, Gordo. Dead!

[In full stride with Chaz and Chet egging Shane on, Terry Shane III thinks better of his intentions and comes to a stop mid-way down the aisle. He turns to the crowd,

some cheering him on, some still not sure what to make of the new Ring Leader, and some downright disgusted with his very existence and shouting obscenities at Shane. Nevertheless, Shane stands stoic in the aisle, mic in hand, now staring down at the Idols who lean across the ropes closest to him.]

TS3: In Boston...

[The crowd moans at the mere mention of their rival city.]

TS3: ...you two clowns...

[Shane pauses, visibly fighting back to bite his tongue.]

TS3: You... you got me.

[You can hear Chet belting out, "YEAH WE DID!"]

TS3: You got me good, boys. I limped into battle... no partner... no friends... nobody at my side... and you made sure I was carted out of the building for even thinking I stood a chance against the two of you. I admit... I was a fool to show up and hope... pray... that someone would walk into battle beside me without any sort of assurance. I was a fool to claim I could distribute something or someone I was incapable of delivering. I was a fool... Chet, Chaz... a fool to think I could crash the Dead Man's Party of two alone in Boston and come out ahead.

[As Shane speaks from the aisleway, Chet Wallace raises the mic.]

Chet: As much as I love hearing you tell the world how big of an idiot you are, I'm here hoping...

[He bows his head, mocking Shane.]

Chet: ...praying... that you have a point. Because our point is that as we look down the aisle here in New York City, we've got some math to do. Now math isn't our strong point...

Chaz: Which is why we've got a really good accountant who cashes all our big ol' checks.

Chet: But even we can do this math, Shane.

[He holds up two fingers.]

Chet: Two of us...

[And then points at Shane.]

Chet: ...and one of you. The city may be different, Shane, but the math is the same. This is the same problem you had in Boston, kid. Nobody likes you. Nobody out here...

[He gestures at the fans.]

Chet: ...and nobody back there either!

[He points back to the locker room. The crowd jeers the Wallaces as Shane raises the mic, nodding his head.]

TS3: You're right. Last time, two Wallaces were too much for one Shane. No matter how much I think of myself, no matter how confident I am in my own

abilities, no matter how hard I have worked at honing my craft and pushing myself to be better... to be THE BEST... on that night, I was the fool... and you two were everything you said you were going to be.

But tonight?

Tonight, Terry Shane wants another shot!

[There's some cheers from the crowd at the determination of Shane. Chaz and Chet look at each other... then at Shane... then back at each other before bursting out laughing. Shane raises the mic again.]

TS3: Laugh all you want, boys. But the last go around, I learned something. I learned something important. I learned something that was staring me dead in the eyes for the past two years. Whether I was standing beside Sandra Hayes or the Wise Men. Whether I was fighting side by side with Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and Donnie White. Whether I was in the ring with Steve Spector or Dave Bryant or even the Sultan... NOBODY could replace the feeling of having my own blood standing in my corner. I thought family... well, I thought very little of family, so much so that I thought I could throw it all away and BUILD my own.

I thought so much of myself that I could take any men off the street, and that's exactly what I did, mold them... fine tune them... and craft them into the perfect soldiers to have at my side. But as good as they were... as much as we accomplished as a team... they could never replace the feeling of certainty that your own flesh and blood gives you. Hell, I'll be bold and even stare you two and anyone else listening in the eyes and tell you they weren't my friends.

What they were was soldiers.

Who became great wrestlers.

And deserving champions.

But they weren't my family.

They weren't MY blood.

And if you two idiots can stop jaw-jacking for one second even you would agree that nobody... NOBODY... can replace the blood of your own family.

Your own...

[As Shane continues speaking, drawing the attention of the Wallaces, a stir breaks out at ringside.]

BW: GORDON! GORDON! BEHIND US!

[The camera quickly cuts, showing a wild-haired man lunging for the barricade, diving over it and falling in a heap on the floor, clinging to the steel chair that was once underneath him in his hands.]

TS3: ...BROTHER!

[Security rushes towards the man who is climbing off the floor.]

GM: NO! IT CAN'T BE! HE'S NOT ALLOWED IN THE BUILDING!

BW: JIMMY JACK SHANE! IT'S JIMMY JACK SHANE, GORDO!

[With a chair gripped between his fingers, the formerly-exiled Jimmy Jack Shane takes a wild swing at a security guard, sending him sprawling to the floor. Shane rushes forward, diving under the ropes. The crowd is ROARING now but the Wallaces are too occupied laying the badmouth on Terry Shane who is still in the aisle as Jimmy Jack puts the chair between his legs, exaggeratedly spitting in both hands before picking it back up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The blow across the back of Chaz Wallace sends him pitching forward, flying between the ropes in a front flip before crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: MY STARS AND GARTERS! HE JUST CRACKED CHAZ WALLACE ACROSS THE BACK WITH THAT CHAIR!

[Chet Wallace's eyes go wide at the sight of the wildman of the Shane family... the black sheep if you will... who rears back over his head with the steel chair. Chet's arms fly up, desperately trying to defend himself as Shane swings the chair back down...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CROWNS him across the skull with the chair, causing Wallace's eyes to roll back in his head before he slumps down to his knees, pitching facefirst down to the mat. The New York City crowd is roaring for the arrival of Jimmy Jack Shane as AWA security quickly forms a ring around the squared circle, looking to contain Shane before he spills back outside the ring.]

GM: We've got security all over the place out here, trying to keep Jimmy Jack Shane in there!

[Shane looks in all directions, looking for a way out...

...and then shrugs his shoulders, snatching up the chair again!]

BW: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[A clubbing blow down across the back of the prone Chet Wallace lands solidly. Terry Shane creeps closer to the ring, a smile on his face as his brother repeatedly clubs Wallace with the chair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OVER AND OVER WITH THE CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

[Diving under the bottom rope, Chaz Wallace grabs his twin brother by the ankle, attempting to drag him out of the ring as Jimmy Jack Shane raises the chair over his head again...

...and gets a big whiff as he misses Wallace for the final time. Chaz pulls his brother into his arms as Jimmy Jack stalks towards the ropes, spewing muted expletives at the duo!]

GM: Egads! Fans, we apologize for-

[And then hurls the chair as well, sending it bouncing off the floor just narrowly missing the Wallaces! Security surges towards the ring as Terry Shane rushes through them, diving under the bottom rope to stand by the side of his brother as the crowd roars for the show of solidarity!]

GM: And would you look at this?! The Shane Brothers are standing side by side here in New York City!

[Jimmy Jack is still near the ropes, shouting at the Wallaces as Chaz is essentially dragging his brother up the aisle. Terry Shane stands alongside his brother, grabbing him by the wrist and lifting his arm to more cheers from the crowd.]

GM: And if some of these fans were still on Terry Shane's case to start this night, it sounds like the arrival of Jimmy Jack Shane and the show of these two brothers standing in unity has turned them to supporting the Shanes! Listen to them, Bucky! Listen to these fans in Madison Square Garden!

BW: They're supporting Terry Shane because he's suddenly buddies with his lunatic brother who was BANNED from appearing at any AWA show years ago?! How the heck did he even get in the building tonight?! Who's in charge of the lax security around here?!

GM: I can't tell you how Jimmy Jack Shane got in the building but I can tell you he's here and he made an immediate impact all over the bodies of the Wallaces with that steel chair!

BW: I bet that lunatic isn't even licensed to be in the ring. Heck, he's probably not even allowed in the state of New York! He's probably got a half dozen warrants out for his arrest! Look it up! Put it in your Google machine!

[Finally, security surges into the ring, moving to envelop the Shane brothers. They swarm Terry but more urgently, they move in on Jimmy Jack who is shouting, screaming, cursing, and spitting at anyone who gets close to him...

...but he doesn't fight them off as they move to restrain him, shouting to the fans as his arms are pulled behind him and handcuffs are brought into the mix.]

GM: They're handcuffing Jimmy Jack Shane, fans... much to the dismay of this capacity crowd here in New York City...

BW: To their safety though. You never know what that maniac is going to do at any given moment.

GM: Fans, while security tries to address this situation, we're going to take a quick break. But when we come back, it's Shadoe Rage taking on Callum Mahoney so stay tuned for that one!

[Fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

We fade back up to the Women's Rumble graphic which stays on the screen for a moment before fading away to reveal the backstage area of MSG where Theresa Lynch is standing by with the eccentric-looking Victoria June. Where Theresa is staid and classically put together, June is an explosion of big tawny hair, a constellation of freckles on her unusually pale skin and a starburst of big horsey teeth. June is dressed in her ring gear of cut off denim shorts, torn fishnet stockings, Doc Marten boots and a denim vest festooned with safety pins over wrestling halter.]

TL: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... a historic edition of Saturday Night Wrestling and I'm here with Victoria June as she gets set for what has to be the biggest opportunity of her life, the AWA Women's Rumble to crown the first ever AWA Women's World champion!

VJ: Theresa, you know it, I'm excited as all get out. I mean, I've been dreaming of opportunities like this since I was a little girl and my father would help promote shows down in Tennessee. Heck, I'd sneak backstage and pester all the wrestlers for advice and pointers. I'd tell em all how much I loved their energy and spirit and how I wanted to be just like them one day. Well, that day is here and today under the brightest lights of them all I'm gonna go out there and grab my dream!

TL: Victoria, I've got to say, you have perhaps one of the most unique backgrounds and looks of all the competitors out there. I mean, you're from Jackson, Tennessee, but you know you don't look like any Southern Belle I've ever seen.

[Victoria laughs a hearty laugh.]

VJ: I know. I know. Everybody tells me: 'You look strange.' I mean, they thought I was an albino growin' up. They laughed at my freckles. My mom always tried to get me into frilly dresses for Sunday morning church and tried to get me to spend all day Saturday in the beauty salon gettin' this mess of hair laid to the side, but

that just isn't me. I ain't no belle. I'm a free spirit, like my dad. You know, Tennessee produces all kinds and I kinda was always a rebellious type so I kinda got pulled into the allure of Afro-punk. You know, it's all about freedom of expression. And that's what I'm about, freedom. So I put on the wildest clothes I can find and let this big ol' afro free. And then when I get into that ring I can really get loose and fight free and wild just like I like it, Ms. Lynch. I can rock out and stomp around and feel like my dreams are coming true.

TL: You're not a book that can be judged by its cover?

VJ: No ma'am. I go by feel. Whatever I feel like doing or being when I wake up is what I'm going to do or be. And right now I feel like being the AWA Women's World Champion. The folks back home will see that that crazy little roughneck girl made something of herself. And I'm gonna make my family proud.

TL: Do you have a strategy going into this Rumble? You have to compete with 19 other women. There are some really tough competitors in this match like Melissa Cannon, Miyuki Ozaki and even Lauryn Rage.

VJ: Theresa, you just named some legendary greats in our sport. Any one of them deserves to be champion just walking through the door. But this isn't just any ol' match. This is a Rumble. It's something they may not be as comfortable with as me.

TL: You specialize in these kind of matches?

VJ: (throwing her arm around Theresa's shoulders) Theresa, a battle royal ain't nuthin' more than a big ol' mosh pit, you know what I'm sayin'? There's gonna be a bunch of bodies colliding against each other from all sides and all angles, banging away until there's only one gal left standing. Well, I've been in mosh pits since I was sixteen. I got eyes in the back of this big ol' mess.

[She runs her hands through her tawny afro.]

VJ: It just comes down to who wants it more, Theresa. And I know I want it more. I want it so bad I can taste it. And yeah, there are lots of women out there with more experience than me. There are girls bigger than me. Tougher than me. Stronger than me. But there ain't nobody out there as determined as me.

[She slams her fist into her forehead.]

VJ: See, I been hardheaded since I was a little filly. If you ever been to Jackson, Tennessee, Theresa, you'll know it's not a cosmopolitan hub. And it's not the richest town around, but the people there put in their day's work to get better and make it. My daddy would work four jobs and 18 hours a day to raise his kids. Now, it's my turn to take care of the family and the AWA will give me that opportunity. So, if you think somebody's going to dash that dream from me by trying to throw me over the top rope, well, you plumb lost your mind. I won't give up so easy.

[She flashes that big grin that makes her green eyes light up.]

VJ: Jackson's Finest will be wrapping that belt around her waist, Theresa. My dreams will come true.

TL: Well, you've certainly sold me! I gotta say, I love your spirit. You don't say die, you don't quit and you believe in yourself.

VJ: (laughing) Think I could go outside lookin' like I do if I didn't, Theresa?

[Theresa looks June over with an affectionate glance.]

TL: I guess not. Thanks for taking the time out to share your dreams with us and good luck in the ring tonight.

VJ: Thanks, Theresa. And New York, I hope you're behind me too! Let's make dreams come true! See y'all out there!

[June throws up the rock and roll sign with her index fingers and thumbs and bangs her head against the air as she exits the stage.]

TL: Well, that was Victoria June, one of the twenty competitors here tonight. I gotta say, I like her. Let's see if she can really make these dreams come true later tonight.

[We fade away from Theresa...

...and back up to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in the corridors once more.]

MS: It's been an exciting night of action here in New York City already and I feel like we're just getting started. We just saw a wild scene out at ringside between the Wallaces and the Shanes... we know we've got this big tag team match coming up later tonight between the TexMo Connection and the Kings of Wrestling... the World Television Title will be on the line in just a short while and...

[Stegglet's words trail off as his gaze drifts.]

MS: Seems like I can't get anything done tonight without being interrupted.

[The camera shot pulls out as Stegglet breaks into a grin at his long-time friend, Jason Dane. Dane is a far cry from what we saw last time: clean cut, well-dressed, he looks like his old self again.]

MS: Good to see you back.

JD: Thanks. Um... have you...

[Dane throws a glance at the camera watching his every word.]

MS: Blue? Yeah, he's looking for you.

[Dane nods.]

MS: I'll take you to his office but you've gotta tell me what's going on. What's going on with the Korugun Corporation and how are you and Blue tied up in it?

[Dane bites his lower lip nervously, looking at the camera.]

JD: Some things aren't meant to be televised, Mark. I'll tell you what I can when I can.

[Stegglet stares at his friend silently for several moments.]

MS: I'm going to hold you to that.

[Stegglet gestures at the camera, signaling for the feed to be cut as he starts to walk down the hallway with his friend...

...and the camera shot switches to a dark room. The only source of light seems to come dimly from somewhere above and off to the side. The camera tracks a little bit until it comes upon the three quarter profile of Shadoe Rage. The dark, brooding warrior seems pensive. His intense hazel eyes stare off at nothing and seem to see everything at the same time. The crazy is writ large on his face. You can see the demons wrestling inside him, struggling to get out. When Rage speaks, his voice is uncannily subdued.]

SR: They won't distract me, you know.

[He turns his gaze towards the camera, inviting the viewer into the shot with him.]

SR: They are trying to make me forget about Her.

[He pauses again, allowing himself to remain calm and under control.]

SR: Callum Mahoney, that's why they're putting you in the ring with me.

[A wry smile crosses his lips.]

SR: I'm sorry for you. I'm sorry for what I will do to you. I don't want to do this, but I have to.

They have to learn.

I will never be distracted from Her. She is MINE. And she will come back to me.

[A muscle jumps at the corner of his jaw. His eye twitches. He tries to suppress it, but it comes clawing its way out of his throat in his signature strangled rasp.]

SR: I am _SHADOE RAGE_ and that means _something_. They like to pretend that it doesn't. They are fixated on my past. My lineage. They're so fixated on trying to keep me in my place.

They can't though. I am too strong, too determined, too powerful for that to happen!

[Rage shakes his head. His breath is ragged as he struggles to keep calm. The process is painful to watch as he pulls at his dreadlocked hair and grimaces and convulses until the moment passes and he is unnaturally calm again.]

SR: (his voice soft and empty) They hope you can do what Supernova could not. They hope you can keep me from Her. Maybe even injure me.

I know. You want to hurt me. It's your nature, isn't it? You sell your soul to the highest bidder. And you wonder why you've never amounted to anything.

[Rage's charcoal stare burns through the camera as he lets that point sit there.]

SR: (intensely) I will not sell my soul. I will not lie down for the machine. No, I will rage against it. I will rage against it with my dying breath. And they will see, even your mercenary heart isn't enough to prevent me from regaining Her. Their rules won't prevent me from regaining Her. Nothing will prevent me from regaining Her. Understand that, Callum Mahoney. I remember you well. You tried to break my face once in a battle royal way back when I first came back to this promotion. Called me a pretty boy if I recall. You were acting as a mercenary then, too, because somebody backstage didn't like how the fans were responding to me at the time. Maybe they were mad that I left once and they wanted a receipt. I don't know. I don't care.

The important thing is, Mahoney...

I know your heart.

[Rage's words come faster and faster as emotion spills out of him.]

SR: You stand for nothing. So you mean nothing. The Armbar Assassin? A cliché to sell T-shirts. As ruthless as you may imagine yourself to be... as deadly as that armbar may be... know that I am a man with a Cause. I have everything to lose. It costs you nothing to lose. So in this war of attrition, you will lose. Because I'm going to hurt you. You're going to make me hurt. I know that and I accept it. But who will quit first? The man with nothing to lose or the man with everything to lose? You know the answer, Mahoney. You'll quit first. I don't blame you. I would too, if I were in your shoes. And you'll be fine. You'll continue to get matches because they know they can play you like an instrument. You'll always be the good little mercenary to sell out to the highest dollar. So that's the difference. They sent you to destroy me, but I'm ready for you. They bill this the AWA's toughest brawler versus the AWA's most unpredictable wrestler.

[He slams to a stop as the stream of consciousness comes to an end. Rage rolls his neck, letting the tendons crunch and pop loudly as he tries to relax. Again, he waits until the fit of pique has passed before he holds the camera again with those insane eyes.]

SR: Am I really unpredictable? I will always do whatever it takes to win.

And what it takes to win Her back is breaking you. So I will do it. You should have known that since Toronto. I tried to help you there. And now you're using it to try to create a false justification for this battle? Know, I what really is motivating you. You want to be in the favor of somebody who will remain nameless in the AWA. Eventually I will get to him, too. And there will be a reckoning. I will not be held back any longer. She is coming home to me, Mahoney. And you?

[Rage's eyes seem to up their intensity. The charcoal burn has become a raging fire as they pop wide open.]

SR: You will fall beneath my knee.

[Rage lets a smile spread across his face.]

SR: Soon they all will.

[And the camera fades out as Rage holds the audience with his brooding intensity...

...and then back up to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

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

[Cut to a sweeping shot of the crowd in the Garden as "Brian Boru's March", as performed by The Chieftains, starts to play over the arena speakers, causing the majority of the crowd to start jeering. Another cut takes us to the entranceway from which Callum Mahoney, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, emerges, dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots. Mahoney stands with his hands on his hips, a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.]

RO: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds... he is the Armbar Assassin...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Just as in Boston, a small segment of the crowd is actually cheering Mahoney, some of them waving the flag of the Republic of Ireland, and it is to this section of the crowd that he raises his right fist in acknowledgment, as he makes his way down the aisle. Reaching the ring, Mahoney climbs the ring steps, onto the apron, wiping the soles of his boots on the mat before stepping through the ropes. He immediately shrugs off the jacket, walks over to his corner and drops it on the apron. As the music fades, Mahoney paces the corner, occasionally pulling on the top rope to help him stretch.]

GM: SM&K did not have the best weekend at the Battle of Boston but they're hoping to turn things around here tonight as Mahoney takes on former World Television Champion Shadoc Rage and Kerry Kendrick gets his opportunity at Supernova and the World TV Title.

BW: Ironically, Rage is hoping to defeat Mahoney and get himself back into the TV Title picture.

GM: But he can't get another shot at the title as long as Supernova is the champion so both Mahoney and Rage may be cheering on Kerry Kendrick a little later tonight.

[The lovely Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The drums beat and the trumpets sound in mournful fanfare. The "Hymn to the Fallen" summons Shadoc Rage. The black-robed Rage emerges from the curtains.]

RO: Hailing from Rage Country... weighing in at 244 pounds...

He is SENNNNNNSAAAAATIONALLL...

SHAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The sad dirge accompanies him as he stands atop the ramp, his head covered in a black hooded cape, his eyes shielded behind mirror silver sunglasses. He is swaddled all in black surcoat and cape, belted at the waist. He strides down the aisle as the music reaches its crescendo. The skirts of his surcoat fly at his slow march. He does not make eye contact with the crowd. He simply stares into a space slightly above the ring.]

GM: The former World Television Champion has been in quite the mood as of late, Bucky.

BW: If "as of late" you mean since SuperClash last year when he lost the World Television Title, you'd be right. He's obsessed with that title and will stop at absolutely nothing to get it back.

GM: And his failure to get his hands on Supernova at the Battle of Boston seems to have really gotten under his skin. I truly believe he thought he could beat Supernova during the tournament and force Emerson Gellar's hand in granting him another title rematch.

[He steps through the ring ropes to take the center of the ring. Rage removes his sunglasses to reveal his bright, staring hazel eyes. They don't blink regularly. The dead stare is eerie. Calmly, he removes his hood to reveal his dreadlocks tied back

in a ponytail. He sheds his cape and undoes the belt to shrug out of the surcoat. He wears knee high wrestling boots in black with silver laces and soles. He wears black knee pads. His tights are glossy black spandex and he wears a match glossy black spandex top. His right arm is covered in a long black sleeve, elbow pad and he wears a black fingerless leather glove. His left arm is bare save for black athletic tape around his wrist, over his palm and around the tips of his index and pinky finger.]

GM: This should be quite the interesting encounter, Bucky. Of course, we all know that Shadoe Rage loves using those elbowstrikes to soften up an opponent... and occasionally uses that top rope elbow to finish one off. Callum Mahoney on the other hand will be looking for that cross armbreaker and if he hooks it, Shadoe Rage will have to choose between tapping out and having his arm snapped.

[Rage leans against the buckles, shaking his head back and forth as he stares across at Mahoney until the bell sounds.]

GM: And here we go! One fall, ten minute time limit and-

[The crowd roars in surprise as Rage tears across the ring, throwing himself backwards in an elbowsmash up under the chin, knocking Mahoney back into the corner.]

GM: Whoa! Rage with an attack at the bell!

[Rage steps back, snapping his jab up under the chin of Mahoney before bringing the point of his elbow down between the eyes.]

GM: A lightning quick start for Rage, really knocking Mahoney off his game from the outset.

[Stepping from the corner, Rage hooks a loose side headlock, pressing Mahoney's face down on the top rope and walks down the length of it, dragging Mahoney's skin across the rope. As he lets go, Mahoney stumbles away, clutching at his own face as the referee reprimands Rage.]

GM: Mahoney trying to create some space, give himself a chance to recover...

[But Rage rushes forward, leaping up to drive his knee between the shoulderblades of Mahoney, knocking the Fighting Irishman through the ropes and out to the floor at ringside!]

GM: And just like that, Callum Mahoney spills out to the floor at ringside!

[Rage nods his head, happy with his performance so far, as he approaches the corner, stepping up to the middle rope...]

GM: The former Television Champion is heading up top...

[Rage steps up to the top, raising both arms straight up over his head...

...and leaps off his perch, crashing down with a double axehandle across the back of Mahoney's head, knocking the SM&K member over towards the ringside barricade!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE OUT ON THE FLOOR!

[Rage rises off the floor, looking out at the jeering crowd. He shouts at a ringside fan in a Supernova t-shirt, threatening a backhand as ringside security steps in his

path. He is practically frothing at the mouth as he reaches Mahoney at ringside, pulling him up to his feet...]

GM: Rage grabs the wrist of Mahoney and- look out!

[The crowd groans as Rage SLAMS Mahoney's elbow down on the barricade at full extension. Mahoney cringes as he turtles up by the railing, trying to protect his arm as Rage kicks at him from a standing position.]

GM: The referee putting the ten count on both men from inside the ring...

[Rage ducks away from Mahoney, rolling back inside the ring...

...and then back out to the floor, successfully breaking the count in the process.]

GM: The official starting his count anew as Mahoney tries to get up off the floor.

[Rage buries a boot into the gut of the rising Mahoney, grabbing him by the arm, pulling him over towards the ringpost. He steps to the other side of the post, pulling Mahoney's shoulder into the steel!]

GM: Ohh! And Rage is very clearly attacking the arm of Mahoney, perhaps trying to neutralize that armbreaker!

[Rage plants his foot on the post, pulling hard to put more pressure on the shoulder as Mahoney struggles to free himself.]

GM: He's trying to get loose but Rage isn't about to have it!

[With Mahoney reeling from the attack on the floor, Rage rolls him back inside the ring before sliding in after him, crawling into a cover.]

GM: Rage covers for one! That's two!

[But Mahoney slips out before the three count.]

GM: Two count only there for Shadoe Rage who is quickly back to his feet, circling Mahoney...

[Stalking Mahoney like a predator hunting wounded prey, Rage takes aim, and drops down to his knees, driving the point of his elbow down into the back of Mahoney's head as the Fighting Irishman tries to get up off the mat.]

GM: Big elbow connects...

[Pulling Mahoney to his feet, Rage lands another overhead elbow, sending Mahoney staggering back into the ropes. The former World Television Champion pursues, balling up his fists...

...but Mahoney catches him with a boot to the gut!]

GM: Mahoney goes downstairs!

[Mahoney snatches Rage by the back of the head, snapping off a European uppercut to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Grabbing Rage by the arm, Mahoney fires him off into the ropes, ducking down for a backdrop...

...but Rage pulls up short, driving his elbow down into the back of Mahoney's head!]

GM: And Rage saw the backdrop coming and made Mahoney pay for it!

[As Mahoney staggers away, Rage swoops in behind him, spinning him around and up into his arms...]

GM: Scoop... and a big slam down on the canvas!

[With Mahoney down, Rage grabs the wrist, pinning the left arm down to the canvas...]

GM: Up... and DOWN on the arm with a kneedrop!

[Rage spins to the side, applying another lateral press and earning another two count before Mahoney escapes.]

GM: Another two count. Rage still not able to keep him down for three.

BW: Gordo, I gotta say that I'm surprised by this attack plan from Shadoe Rage. We're totally used to Mahoney going after the arm in his matches but seldom do we see Rage going after a body part like this. I'm still not sure it's the right strategy but it's got potential.

[The Canadian drags the Irishman up by the arm, twisting it around before whipping him into the turnbuckles...]

...and dropping him with a back elbow up under the chin!]

GM: Rage puts him down again! Right on the jaw!

[Rage stands over Mahoney, leaning down to shout at him.]

GM: And now Shadoe Rage wasting valuable time to lay the badmouth on Mahoney!

[Rage is pointing at Mahoney, going to town verbally...]

...when suddenly Mahoney reaches up, snatching the wrist. He quickly rolls back on his shoulders, swinging his legs up to catch Shadoe Rage around the head and neck!]

GM: Wait a second! Mahoney caught him!

BW: A triangle armbar?! I don't think I've ever seen this out of Mahoney!

[Mahoney cinches it tighter, trying to trap the arm as Rage looks for an escape, frantically kicking at the back of the Armbar Assassin!]

BW: Rage might've thought it was witty to make fun of Mahoney being the Armbar Assassin, saying it's a clever line for a t-shirt but if you've been in the ring with Mahoney, you know it's the truth and Shadoe Rage is finding out firsthand right now!

[As Rage continues to try to get free, Mahoney swings the point of his elbow down into the skull of the former World Television Champion!]

GM: And now it's Mahoney delivering elbows to the head of Rage!

[Rage is still trying to battle out when Mahoney abandons the triangle attempt, swinging his legs down to scissor Rage's ankle, taking him off his feet. Mahoney floats over, planting his knee between the shoulderblades, forcing Rage's torso down into the mat...

...and then hooks his fingers in the nostrils, pulling up on Rage's face to a big cheer from the crowd!]

BW: AHHHH!

[The referee starts a five count on Mahoney who allows it to get to four before letting go and STOMPING the back of Rage's head, driving his face into the canvas.]

GM: Goodness! What a stomp to the skull!

[Rage rolls over to his back, reaching up to grab at his face as Mahoney sinks down to a knee, grabbing Rage by the hair...]

GM: Forearm shot from the mount! And another!

[Mahoney tees off, repeatedly driving his forearm into the side of Rage's head, battering him relentlessly as Rage lifts his arms, trying to protect his face...

...which is exactly what Mahoney was looking for, grabbing a wrist as he pivots to the side, swinging his legs across the torso of Rage, holding his upper body down as Mahoney attempts to hyperextend the arm!]

GM: ARMBREAKER! ARMBREAKER! MAHONEY'S GOING FOR IT!

[Rage clasps his hands together, trying to block the Cross Armbreaker from being locked in as Mahoney tries to pull the arm back.]

GM: Mahoney's trying to get that hold locked in... trying to extend that arm so he can put pressure on the elbow...

[But Mahoney suddenly breaks away, scrambling to his feet as he shakes out his left arm...]

GM: He couldn't do it! The attacks to the arm weakened it enough to keep him from being to lock it in!

[Mahoney rushes forward, burying a soccer kick into the ribcage of the rising Rage. He drops down, dropping a knee across the back of the head, again driving Rage's face into the mat...

...and then grinds his knee back and forth!]

GM: Mahoney showing his sadistic side, really trying to do some damage right here.

[An angry Mahoney yanks Rage off the mat into a kneeling position, standing behind him as he winds up...]

GM: OHH! CROSSFACE FOREARM!

[...and SMASHES Rage across the cheekbone with his right forearm! He winds up again, throwing the blow a second time... a third time... a fourth time as Rage tries to shield his face from the attacks!]

GM: Mahoney's all over him from behind!

[Pulling Rage up by the hair, Mahoney hooks him, reaching down to grab the leg as well...

...and hoists him up, dumping him down on his back with a cradle back suplex!]

GM: Oh my! What a suplex!

[The official dives to the mat, counting one... two... but Rage kicks out, breaking up the pin just in time!]

GM: Two count only!

[A desperate Rage tries to flee the attacks of Callum Mahoney, rolling under the ropes to the apron but Mahoney pursues, snatching a handful of hair before Rage can get to the floor. The New York crowd cheers as Mahoney drags Rage back up to his feet...

...and Rage snatches the left wrist, dropping off the apron and snapping the arm over the top rope!]

GM: OHH!

[Mahoney staggers backwards, grabbing at his elbow. Rage quickly gets back up on the apron, rushing towards the corner, climbing up to the turnbuckles...]

GM: Rage is up top again! Taking aim!

[Leaping off the top, Rage brings his clasped hands down on the back of Mahoney's skull!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE!

[Rage flips Mahoney over onto his back, leaning into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! NO! Mahoney kicks out again!

[Climbing back to his feet, Rage angrily stomps Mahoney's chest over and over... and then leaps high in the air, bringing his knee down across the sternum!]

GM: Leaping kneedrop connects... and another cover!

[Another two count follows before Mahoney kicks out to cheers from the crowd and a shout of frustration from Shadoe Rage.]

GM: Rage thought he had him there, pulling Mahoney off the mat again... scoop and a slam!

[Rage backs off, slapping his knee a few times...]

GM: Wait a second! Shadoe Rage is calling for the Eclipse!

BW: That running knee strike has ended its share of careers, including former World Television Champion Tony Sunn!

[Rage is in the corner now, waving his arms, calling for Mahoney to get back into a position where Rage can strike...]

GM: Rage is ready and waiting as Callum Mahoney rolls over to all fours, trying to get back to his feet!

BW: If he gets to a knee or two, Rage is gonna try to turn his lights out with the Eclipse!

[Mahoney pushes up, now on his knees. Rage's eyes light up as he surges forward, ready to deliver a match-ending strike...

...but Mahoney surges to his feet, leaping into the air!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: ENZUIGIRI! OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The blow staggers Rage, sending him staggering into a rising Mahoney who hoists him up onto his shoulders with ease. He walks around the ring with him, the New York crowd getting louder in their support for Mahoney...

...who rolls forward, driving Rage down into the mat with a rolling Samoan Drop!]

GM: Ohh! That might do it! That might be enough!

[Mahoney spins around, diving into a lateral press as the official dives down to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd groans as Rage's shoulder flies up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: OHH! He almost got him! He almost had him right there!

[Mahoney swings a leg across Rage's torso, taking a mount position as he drives his right hand down into the skull... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Mahoney's pounding away from the mount! Closed fists to the skull as the referee warns him against it and-

[The crowd reacts as Rage grabs Mahoney by the arm, rolling him to his back so that Rage ends up atop Mahoney and returns the favor, swinging his closed fist down repeatedly into the jaw of the Fighting Irishman!]

GM: We've got a slugfest on our hands!

[Rage is pounding away as the referee shouts at him...

...and then Mahoney turns it over again, taking his chance to swing his fist down into the face of Rage!]

GM: The referee is losing control of this one! He's laying that count on both men but neither one of them seem to be listening at all!

[Rage flips it over again, blood now smeared across his lower lip as he pistons his fist into the face of Mahoney, totally ignoring the official as the count reaches three... four... five!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd groans with disappointment at the sound of the bell as Mahoney flips a surprised Rage over onto his back again, smashing his forearm into the bridge of the nose before going back to work with his fist!]

GM: Rage and Mahoney are all over each other! The bell has rung! I don't know what the decision is yet but-

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks into jeers.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick is headed down the aisle to the ring!

[The Self Made Man dives headfirst under the bottom rope, snatching two hands full of Rage's hair, dragging him off of Mahoney, throwing him down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh! Kendrick throws Rage down to the mat!

[Mahoney gets up off the mat, a smear of blood on his right nostril as he makes a lunge at Rage, tackling him back into the corner. Rage throws elbows at the back of Mahoney, trying to battle his way out of the buckles as Kerry Kendrick rushes in, smashing a fist into Rage's jaw!]

GM: We've got a two-on-one on Shadoe Rage now and-

[The crowd reacts again as the tag team duo known as the Misfits come rushing down the aisle, diving under the ropes and getting right into the mix with Kendrick and Mahoney, brawling with the SM&K members as the bell rings again... and again...]

GM: We're going to need some help out here! It's breaking down!

[The brawl continues for a few more moments before several preliminary wrestlers rush into the fray, trying to pull everyone apart.]

GM: Fans, the referee has just informed us that he's thrown out the match! This one's a no contest and out of control! We've got some guys trying to get this under control and... we're going to take a break! Hopefully when we come back, things will have settled down! Stay tuned because we'll be right back!

[The wild scene continues in the ring as we fade to black...]

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the graphic advertising tonight's Main Event - the Women's Rumble to crown the first Women's World Champion. As the graphic fades, we go backstage where "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson stands in front of an AWA backdrop. She is dressed in her wrestling attire, consisting of a black singlet with white lightning streaks on the front, back and sides, black kneepads and wrestling boots, the boots with a lightning bolt on the sides. Over her head is a black headband with three small lightning bolts on it. Her light brown hair touches her shoulders.]

LW: Tonight is the night that all the women of the AWA get to be part of history and one who will make history. The first ever Rumble match the AWA has held that features 20 women from throughout the world, with the chance to become the first

ever AWA Women's World Champion. And some people may be betting on a young up and comer, such as a Skylar Swift or a Julie Somers, while others may be betting on the woman with the family background of a Lauryn Rage, and still others would pick the woman considered the best in the world today, Miyuki Ozaki.

To those who bet on such things, I need only remind you that experience goes a long way. And while some may think that a person like me has seen her best days goes by, I've never been one to believe such things. After all, as Lauryn Rage has found out on more than one occasion, there's no telling when lightning is gonna strike next.

So bring on not just Lauryn Rage, but Charisma Knight, Erica Toughill, anybody you want to send after me, because I know I can count on my experience to get the job done and become the first-ever AWA Women's World Champion.

[We fade away from Lori Wilson...

...and end up backstage where Theresa Lynch stands in front of an AWA backdrop next to the World Television Champion, Supernova. The champion has his face painted black and yellow, is dressed in his wrestling tights and boots and has the AWA World Television title strapped around his waist.]

TL: Supernova, you are about to defend your World TV title against Kerry Kendrick, but first, I wanted to talk to you about Battle of Boston. You fell short in the Finals and some might ask the question about whether you see tonight's defense as the chance for you to bounce back from that loss.

S: Theresa, you don't have to dance around the subject, because you know I'm the type of guy who can take a line of tough questioning. The truth is, any time I take a loss in that ring, I always see the next match as the chance to bounce back, because I need to keep proving the doubters wrong, every single night. And I'm sure those doubters were, once again, whispering about how I don't have what it takes to win the big prize, after I didn't get it done in Boston. But I already showed earlier that I'm not going to back away from the Kings of Wrestling just because one of their own beat me in Boston, and I'm not going to stop finding other ways to prove those doubters wrong and show that I can win the big one some day, just like I won this belt around my waist back at SuperClash!

[He slaps the belt.]

TL: Yet ever since winning the title, Supernova, the challengers have been lining up, and tonight, Kerry Kendrick will be the next one to face you. You saw what he did at Battle of Boston, in which he scored what some considered an upset when he beat a former World Champion in Adam Rogers. And he was just a win over his ally Rex Summers away from facing you in the semifinals. You also know that Kendrick and his allies are never far from each other, as evidenced by Callum Mahoney attacking you before that match with Summers.

S: [slight smile] You don't have to remind me about anything when it comes to Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick! Those three are among the many who have done nothing but cause trouble for me and everyone else who has crossed paths with them the past few months! They represent everyone who has to travel in a pack because they aren't good enough to get the job done on their own! And I'm sure Kendrick and company will try to pull something off like Mahoney tried at Battle of Boston to help his buddy out, but just like at Battle of Boston, it's not gonna work out the way they think!

[He raises a finger toward the camera, a serious look on his face.]

S: Because, you see, Kendrick, the one thing that most annoys me about you is that attitude you have about how it's everyone's fault for your inability to achieve greatness, that it's everyone's fault that your road to the AWA got blocked, rather than owning up to the things you should have addressed yourself! Like learning when it's time to listen to those who have good advice, which you never wanted to do in the Combat Corner! Or not waving a dismissive hand at one of the guys who has seen it all go down and just wants to give you a tip or two. Or, most of all, owning up to when you made a mistake instead of trying to pin the blame on whoever you thought was the ideal scapegoat candidate!

It's that attitude of yours that rubs me the wrong way, because I spend my early years in the AWA working to find my way, learning to deal with roadblocks and setbacks, listening to those who had good advice and understanding what led to the mistakes I made instead of looking for an easy answer!

So tonight, I'm going to show to you, to all the doubters and to anyone else who thinks they have an easy answer why I earned this title and why taking it from me is going to be easier said than done!

[He turns to Theresa and smiles.]

S: Or to put it another way, Kerry Kendrick is gonna feel the heat tonight!

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls, then walks off the set.]

TL: Fans, Supernova certainly wants to teach Kendrick a few lessons and I can imagine my dad would be proud! Back to you, Gordon!

[We cut back to a panning shot of the Madison Square Garden crowd, buzzing with anticipation over what's coming next - the first title match of the evening.]

GM: Thanks for that, Theresa, and Bucky, Supernova seems very confident going into this World Television Title showdown.

BW: You've gotta be, Gordo. If you're not confident in there, you might as well stay on the sidelines or sit out in the crowd with the peons. Now, whether or not that confidence is warranted is another story.

GM: You think Kerry Kendrick has what it takes to strike gold tonight in NYC?

BW: I think Kerry Kendrick is capable of winning any match on any given night. He proved that in Boston when he knocked off the final man to hold the EMWC World Title, Adam Rogers. You put him in there tonight with Supernova and it's anyone's guess who walks out with the gold in my opinion.

GM: Does Supernova's trip to the Finals of the Battle of Boston tournament leave him with momentum for making it or does his failure to win the tournament hurt him?

BW: I think it could go either way, Gordo. Supernova could use it as motivation to prove to the world that he's all that he says he is... or it could have him in a bad headspace with Kendrick poised to take advantage of it.

GM: It's title match time here in Madison Square Garden, fans! Now, let's go up to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions!

[We cut to the ring where the aforementioned Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first, he is the challenger...

[The lights dim as "I Want It All" by Queen blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges from the back. Well built with a bleached blond buzzcut, he's a good looking guy with a tan, wearing midnight green trunks with platinum detailing, and matching kneepads and boots, covered with a matching midnight green satin robe. Pausing at the top of the ramp he extends both arms out to either side, palms pointed at the sky.]

RO: From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing 235 pounds...
KERRRRRRRRYYYYYYY... KENNNNNNDRICK!

[Kendrick walks the aisle with a distinct sneer on his face. Arriving at the ring, he steps in, moves to the center and holds his hands out to his sides, pausing to "soak up the cheers" (there aren't any)...then doffs his robe, dropping it over the top rope, where a ringside attendant catches it. Kendrick leans back-first into the top turnbuckle, nonchalantly unimpressed.]

GM: Kerry Kendrick, the challenger arrives in the ring... and one thing that is instantly noticeable, Bucky, is the absence of Erica Toughill.

BW: I talked to Kerry about that before the show and he said he didn't want to take one bit of Toughill's focus off that Rumble tonight even when he's out here for one of the biggest matches of his career.

GM: That's... kind of noble of him actually. I'm honestly surprised to hear that.

BW: He's a good kid, Gordo. Just because you're biased against him doesn't mean that he's not a stand up guy.

GM: No, it's his actions in and out of the ring that usually means that.

[Kendrick gives the top rope a tug as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnnnd 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.]

RO: From Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen... he is the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONNNNNN...

THIS...

IS...

SUPERNOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[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 World Television Title is draped over his shoulder.]

GM: And here he comes, fans. The AWA World Television Champion! Supernova captured that title from Shadoc Rage last November at SuperClash and has faced a non-stop lineup of opposition ever since. Kerry Kendrick is just another in that long line of challengers here tonight.

[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, handing the title belt off to referee Ricky Longfellow.]

GM: Supernova steps back into the corner, getting ready for yet another World Television Title defense.

BW: And that's a good way to look at it, Gordo. "Yet another." Look, being a champion of any sort is grueling. You've got title defense after title defense, public appearances, things like the Today Show and all the late night gigs. It's an exhausting lifestyle but the World Television Title just might be the hardest because you're defending that title on television just about every week. Whereas we might go months without seeing the World Title defending on TV, the World TV Champion is out there just about every week. It's tiring, it's grueling, it's exhausting... and sooner or later, it's going to catch up to Supernova.

[The bell sounds, bringing both men out of their corner.]

GM: One fall for the World Television Title with that signature ten minute time limit of all TV Title matchups.

[Kendrick eases out into the middle, taking his time as he approaches the face-painted fan favorite...

...and then surges into a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Lockup in the middle, both champion and challenger jockeying for an early advantage...

[The larger Supernova muscles Kendrick across the ring, pushing him back against the ropes where the referee calls for a break...

...and gets one as Supernova steps back, cups his hands to his mouth, and howls right in the face of the AWA Original who simply glares in response.]

GM: Kendrick with a very serious expression on his face. He knows how rare a title opportunity can be and he's not going to waste this one by standing out there and running his mouth.

[Kendrick gestures for Supernova to back off and the champion obliges, a smile on his face as he bounces back to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Both champion and challenger similar in age. Supernova turned 26 earlier this year and Kendrick will cross that mark in about a month. It's easy to think of Supernova as a veteran in this sport considering how long he's been around the AWA but really, he's still very much a young man and part of the future of the sport.

BW: It's hard to think of him as a young man when he Main Evented SuperClash at the age of 22, Gordo.

GM: A major accomplishment all on its own.

[The two competitors lock up again, this time Kendrick using a high grip to force Supernova back against the ropes. The referee again steps in, calling for a break.]

GM: And I'm not sure you'll get the clean break here you got out of Supernova.

[The referee's count reaches three before Kendrick straightens up, hands raised as the crowd murmurs in surprise...

...and then jeers as he buries a boot into the gut of Supernova!]

GM: Uh huh. That's what I thought.

[Kendrick winds up, teeing off with a pair of right hands to the ear before grabbing Supernova by the arm, whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Irish whip shoots him across, Kendrick goes downstairs with the right hand!

[And with Supernova doubled up, Kendrick backs off, slaps his knee once, and charges back in...]

GM: Kendrick going for the Bellringer early!

[...but Supernova sees it coming, sidestepping as Kendrick goes flying past him, and then drags him down into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd groans as Kendrick explodes into a last moment kickout!]

GM: Wow! How close was that, fans?! Supernova nearly got him - taking advantage of an early mistake by Kerry Kendrick.

[Kendrick rolls under the ropes to the floor, grimacing as he stalks around the ringside area. The crowd jeers him as the official steps closer to the ropes, starting his ten count.]

GM: A ten count underway on Kendrick as he tries to regroup from that.

[Supernova walks around the ring, obviously pumped up and full of energy as he calls for Kendrick to get back inside the ring. Kendrick takes his time, waiting for the count to get elevated before he climbs back up on the apron, shouting at Supernova.]

GM: Kendrick with some words for the champion... and here comes the champion to respond!

[As Supernova draws near, Kendrick reaches out, sticking a thumb in his eye!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot out of the challenger!

BW: Effective though, ain't it?

[Grabbing Supernova by the back of the head, Kendrick rushes down the apron, looking to slam Supernova's head into the top turnbuckle...

...but Supernova raises his leg, blocking the head slam by putting his boot on the buckle!]

GM: Blocked!

[Supernova responds with a back elbow to the mush, stunning Kendrick. The face-painted champion grabs Kendrick by the hair, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle instead and sending Kendrick falling down to the floor in a heap as the MSG crowd cheers!]

GM: Oh my! Supernova turned things around there and Kendrick goes down hard off that!

BW: And one thing that concerns me about Kendrick being out on the floor so much, Gordo, is the time limit. That ten minute time limit makes things very difficult when you try to win the title. Kendrick needs to get back inside that ring and do some damage if he wants to have a chance to walk out of here with the title tonight.

[Kendrick slowly gets up off the floor, grabbing at his head, looking around in a daze.]

GM: You know, Bucky... I have to wonder how much not having Erica Toughill at ringside will affect Kendrick in this one. He's not used to not having someone out there for him. Maybe he should have brought Mahoney or Summers with him.

BW: He's a Self Made Man, Gordo. That means he can do it alone.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Kendrick approaches the ropes, shouting up at Supernova who responds in kind, drawing closer to the challenger...

...who lunges at the legs, yanking Supernova's ankle and dragging him under the ropes out to the floor. Kendrick swings a knee up into the midsection, stunning Supernova.]

GM: And now Kendrick brings Supernova out to the floor!

[Grabbing Supernova by the head, Kendrick FLINGS him backwards so that his back jams into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Supernova grimaces as he slumps down to a seated position on the floor. Kendrick grabs the nearby ropes, raining down stomps to the torso as the NYC crowd jeers his every action.]

GM: Kendrick's all over him out on the floor, really putting the boots to the champion!

[Grabbing Supernova by the head, he pulls him off the floor, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Look out here!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Supernova gets WHIPPED into the steel! Oh my!

[Kendrick nods at the jeering crowd, gesturing at his waist as he approaches the hurting Supernova.]

GM: Supernova hit the steel incredibly hard, Bucky, and I'd say the champion is in some trouble right about now.

BW: He absolutely is. Kendrick turned this entire match around in one sneaky attack, dragging Supernova to the floor where he could do some serious damage.

[Kendrick grabs Supernova in a loose side headlock, smashing his fist into the facepaint a few times before pulling Supernova over near the ropes, shoving him under the bottom as the referee breaks off his count.]

GM: Supernova rolled back in... and Kendrick rolls in after him, right into a lateral press...

[A two count follows before Supernova kicks out.]

GM: Two count only... and look at Kendrick now!

[Pouring on the offense, Kendrick springs to his feet, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat once... twice... three times before attempting another cover, getting another two count.]

GM: Two count again...

[Grabbing Supernova by the back of the head, Kendrick lays into him with a half dozen blows to the skull before shoving him back down to the mat, climbing to his feet to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: And listen to these fans in New York City give the business to Kerry Kendrick for his actions here in this one.

[Kendrick leans down, dragging Supernova off the mat to his feet. He leans over, hoisting Supernova up before dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: A jolt gets sent up the spine of the champion!

[And with Supernova reeling, Kendrick dashes to the ropes, rebounding off and DRILLING Supernova with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: OHH! What a shot that was! Kendrick flips him over, not wasting any time here!

[The challenger dives across Supernova again, barking at the official to count. Another two count follows... a little closer this time before Supernova gets the shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Another two count for Kendrick! Getting closer with every attempt to becoming the World Television Champion perhaps.

[Climbing to his feet, Kendrick has a few words for the official before he lays in a leaping stomp to the sternum of Supernova, keeping him down on the mat before he backs to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope...]

GM: Kendrick up on the middle turnbuckle... taking aim...

[Kendrick leaps off the second rope, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat again!]

GM: Ohhh! Kendrick DRIVES the elbow down into the throat! Could that be it?

[Kendrick stays down on Supernova, reaching back to hook the leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Supernova kicks out before the three count comes down, sending the NYC crowd to their feet to cheer!]

GM: Near fall right there! We almost saw the title change hands right here on this historic night in Madison Square Garden!

BW: And this is the spot that Kendrick wants to be in, Gordo. We're closing in on the six minute mark... over halfway there but he's got Supernova in trouble. He's got quite a bit of time left to finish him off and become the World Television Champion.

GM: Kendrick with a right hand to the jaw of Supernova, trying to keep him down on the mat as he gets back to his feet...

[Kendrick again has some words for the referee as he gets to his feet, backing him up as he points aggressively at him.]

GM: And this is NOT what Kerry Kendrick wants to be doing, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not, Gordo. He's gotta keep his cool and stay on the man. If he wants to win the title, he can't waste time arguing with the official. That won't do him a lick of good.

[Leaning down, Kendrick hauls Supernova off the mat, dragging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Kendrick sets him up... and takes him over!

BW: One of the best snap suplexes in the business, daddy!

GM: Could this do it?

[Kendrick rolls into another lateral press... and again gets a two count and change before Supernova gets the shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Another two count! Supernova showing the heart - the resilience - that has kept that title around his waist since last November.

[And as Supernova kicks out, fire flashes in the eyes of Kendrick as he suddenly wraps his hands around the throat of the World Television Champion, pushing him back down to the mat in a blatant chokehold!]

GM: He's choking him! Right in front of the referee!

[The official starts his count as Supernova flails about, kicking his legs repeatedly.]

GM: Kendrick breaks just in time...

[The referee shouts at Kendrick who backs off to the corner as the referee leans in, checking on Supernova...

...and Kendrick approaches the corner where he starts working on the turnbuckle.]

GM: Wait a second! Kerry Kendrick is trying to remove that turnbuckle pad! He's trying to expose that steel turnbuckle!

[But the buzz of the crowd seems to alert the referee who rushes over, stopping Kendrick and shouting at him, pointing for him to get back to the action as the official re-secures the buckle cover.]

GM: Hah! He got caught, Bucky!

BW: It was loose! He was just trying to fix it!

GM: A likely story. I think we all know that Kerry Kendrick had some nefarious plans in mind when he started in on that turnbuckle cover but luckily Ricky Longfellow caught him!

[Kendrick moves back towards the rising Supernova, blasting him with a right hand to the temple before pulling him up, shoving him back into the opposite corner.]

BW: We just passed the seven minute mark in this match, Gordo. Kendrick's gotta start looking for the big finish.

[Holding onto the top rope, Kendrick lays in knee after knee into the midsection until the referee backs him off again. The official and Kendrick trade words once more before the challenger shoves the official aside, moving back in...]

GM: Kendrick oughta be careful in there. Putting your hands on a referee like that could cause a disqualification and of course, the title will not change hands on a-

[The crowd roars as Supernova fires off a right hand to the skull of the incoming Kendrick!]

GM: Big right hand by the champion!

[A second one lands, sending Kendrick backpedaling across the ring.]

GM: Supernova with a second right hand sends Kendrick scampering away!

[With a third haymaker, Supernova sends Kendrick back to the opposite corner...

...and then tees off on him, landing a boot into the midsection before switching to forearm smashes.]

GM: Here we go!

[The forearms start flying fast and furious, bouncing off the skull of Kendrick over and over... getting quicker and quicker as they land, forcing Kendrick to cling to the ropes to stay on his feet...

...and then Supernova breaks away, giving a howl to the capacity crowd who howls in response...]

GM: Supernova's heating up here in NYC with less than two minutes remaining in the time limit!

[Reaching out, Supernova grabs Kendrick by the arm, whipping him across the ring where he slams into the buckles, staggering back out towards the powerful champion...]

GM: GORILLA PRESS! KENDRICK UP HIGH IN THE SKY... AND DOWN HARD ON THE CANVAS!

[Supernova pounds his chest a few times as Kendrick crawls across the ring, trying to get to the corner to buy himself some time to recover but the champion is in hot pursuit.]

GM: The champion's right on top of him, pulling him back up... right hand... ohh! And a big chop across the chest!

[Grabbing the arm again, Supernova whips Kendrick from corner to corner again...]

GM: Supernova shoots him in! He's calling for the Heat Wave!

[But as he does, the crowd explodes in jeers at the sight of Callum Mahoney tearing down the aisle, pulling himself up on the apron. Supernova peels off before he can go for the Heat Wave, pointing at Mahoney, shouting at him to the official...]

GM: Callum Mahoney's on the apron! Supernova shouting at him to get down from there!

BW: We're almost at nine minutes, Gordo! They're running out of time!

[Mahoney and Supernova are engaged in a war of words...

...when suddenly the crowd erupts in jeers a second time!]

GM: Shadoo Rage?! What the heck is he doing out here?!

BW: Maybe he's not done with Mahoney!

[Rage comes charging down the aisle and grabs Mahoney by the leg, yanking him down off the apron...

...and DRILLS him between the eyes with a right hand to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh! What a right hand! Down goes Mahoney!

[The shocked expression on Supernova's face tells the story as his archrival has laid out the man looking to interfere in his match.]

GM: Supernova can't believe that just happened and neither can I!

[The voice of Rebecca Ortiz breaks up the moment.]

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! ONE MINUTE!"

[At the call from Ortiz, Supernova snaps out of his daze, moving in on Kendrick who has staggered out of the corner...

...and flattening him with a clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline takes the challenger down! Under sixty seconds left on the clock now! Is it enough for Supernova to claim victory? Can he find a way to hit the Heat Wave or to lock in the Solar Flare?

[Pulling Kendrick up, Supernova pushes him back against the corner, stepping up to the second buckle...]

GM: And now Supernova's got him in the corner once more, ready to lay in some blows!

[The NYC crowd counts along as Supernova opens up a barrage of blows to the head.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[But while Supernova was battering Kendrick in one corner, Shadoe Rage slid up into the opposite corner, removing the turnbuckle cover that Kendrick tried to earlier. He hops back down before he can be seen.]

GM: Rage took off the turnbuckle cover?! Why?!

BW: Supernova's got Kendrick, shoots him across!

[Kendrick slams back into the corner with the missing turnbuckle cover...]

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

GM: Thirty seconds left! Can Supernova get there in time?!

[With Kendrick leaning against the corner, Supernova throws himself back into the opposite set of buckles, howling to the crowd who responds in kind before he charges across the ring...]

GM: HEAT WAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE!

[But at the last moment, Rage shouts something to Kendrick and the Self Made Man lunges out of the way, causing Supernova to sail through the air...

...and SLAM facefirst into the exposed steel buckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Supernova's knees go weak at the shot to the head, slumping forward into the corner as Kendrick swoops in from behind, yanking him out of the corner and into a bodylock...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[...and lifts Supernova into the air, twisting around in picture perfect execution before DRIVING him down to the canvas with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: OHHH! BELLY TO BELLY! Just like his mentor, Marcus Broussard, used to use!

[Kendrick stays on Supernova, hooking a leg as the referee dives down.]

BW: I think Supernova's out!

[The referee slaps the mat once...]

GM: No, no... not like this!

[...twice...]

GM: It can't end like this!

[...and the third and final time before calling for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! WE'VE GOT A NEW TELEVISION CHAMPION!

GM: This isn't right, damn it! Shadoo Rage did this! And look at the look on that weasel's face!

[A grinning Rage immediately starts backing down the aisle, thrusting his arms up into the air in triumph.]

GM: He did this! Rage did this because they told him he'd never get another shot at the title as long as Supernova held it... well, now he can get another shot at the title, I suppose.

BW: Absolutely brilliant! What a magnificent strategy on the part of Shadoo Rage!

[Cut back to the ring where the referee is handing the World Television Title over to Kerry Kendrick who is elated!]

GM: In the meantime, we do indeed have a new World Television Champion and-

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the maaaaaaatch...

...and NEEEEEEEEEEW AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNN...

KERRRRRRRRRRYYYYYYY KENNNNNNNNDRICK!

[Kendrick pushes up off the mat, thrusting the title belt up into the air. He clutches the title belt to his chest, hanging on for dear life as the New York City fans jeer his tainted victory for the title.]

GM: On a historic night here in Madison Square Garden, history has been made early as Kerry Kendrick has defeated Supernova - by hook or by crook - to become the AWA World Television Champion... thanks to Shadoo Rage!

[The celebration in the ring continues as Callum Mahoney, Rex Summers, and Erica Toughill hit the ring to celebrate with the new champion. Smiles and high fives are all around as the crowd boos the turn of events.]

GM: SM&K is out in full force to celebrate this big moment for them... hoping they have another big moment later tonight during that Women's Rumble. Fans, it's a wild scene here in New York City that promises only to get wilder before the night is out and...

[Gordon's words trail off as the camera cuts to the top of the aisle where former World Champion "The Natural" Adam Rogers has emerged from the locker room, looking quite interested at what's going on in the ring.]

GM: Now, what is THIS about?

[Kendrick spots Rogers, turning to confront him, pointing to the title as Rogers looks on with interest...

...and we fade to black.

[The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voice over speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voice over speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Every time we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up to the graphic promotion the Women's Rumble. As it fades, we find a locker room where Charisma Knight sits in her gear, her hair a stringy mess of faded blonde with her brunette roots clearly visible. She sits, rocking back and forth]

CK: Six years. I've waited six years for this.

Six years to work my way up... to go from working VFW's and bingo halls, hitching rides off others to get here, to the top. I've been locked out, blackballed, held down, told I wasn't good enough, told I'm nothing more than a manager, but I kept going.

Now, I'm here in a Rumble, for the Women's World Championship.

I'm the best women's wrestler in the AWA, period. I've had a downturn since Memorial Day, but it's a bump in the road, it's a small stop. I'm the best, and tonight I prove it. I'm going to be the World Champion. This is what I've been waiting for. Nothing else will stand in my way. I will become the champion.

[Her rocking gets faster, and her voice seems to get a little more frantic]

CK: That's all there is to it, I'll eliminate anyone who gets in my way tonight. I don't care if it's Fujiwara, Somers, Cannon, Swift, Toughill, Rage, or even Ozaki, whoever is there I'll toss out. I won't be denied what's mine, I worked too hard for this. Too hard to be stopped now. I'm going to win, I'm going to be champion. You hear me?! I'm going to be the champ.

[She stands, grabbing the camera and pulling it in close, face to it, her voice almost cracking]

CK: I'm going to be the champ.

[She releases the camera and walks out...

...and we fade to another piece of footage. Mark Stegglet is standing backstage again. This time, he's strategically parked right next to a door.]

MS: Welcome back, fans, to Saturday Night Wrestling... and as you can see, I've camped myself right outside the door of Chris Blue's office. There's something going on here tonight... something with Blue... with Jason Dane... with the Korugun Corporation, I think... and I want answers. I want to know what in the world is going on. Jason's been in there...

[Stegglet gestures at the closed door.]

MS: ...for quite some time now and...

[Suddenly, the door swings open. It's Chris Blue... and he looks like Daniel Spreadbury just walked over his grave.]

CB: Stegglet... I... uhh...

[He looks at the camera.]

CB: I don't have time for this, Mark. Not right now. There's...

[Blue looks down, noticing the book clasped in his hand. It's still the Hamilton bio.]

CB: ...well, there's 32,000 troops in New York harbor.

[Stegglet looks puzzled.]

CB: And I need to find my right...

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: Mark, is Ryan Martinez in the building?

[Stegglet looks surprised, staring slack-jawed at Blue as we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

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

[Lana Del Rey's creepy cover of "Once Upon A Dream" from the Maleficent soundtrack plays over the PA system. After a few moments, a slender man dressed in black from head to toe emerges from the entrance portal - the man we now know as Draco Romero. His jet black hair is slicked back and his pencil-thin mustaches is wet down, giving a greasy look to it. He looks very much like the guy trying to sell you a used car that might blow up on your way home... and that smile... oh, that devious smile. He pivots, giving a slight bow as he waits.]

GM: Now, this guy gives me the creeps, Bucky.

BW: You said that before! I can't imagine why! He's a very fine upstanding gentleman... plus he's friends with Doctor Harrison Fawcett!

GM: Thanks for proving my point.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: From Parts Unknown... accompanied to the ring by Draco Romero... HE IS VAAAAAAAAAAAAAG!

[And soon enough, through the curtain walks a man dressed in a pair of black vinyl pants with a silver studded belt. He wears a matching mask with small slits for his eyes and mouth. A silver studded collar around his muscular neck is present as he flexes his fingers, his bare torso rippling with muscles as he walks past the slender man who nods with an approving smile, turning to follow him down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: And that's the man... pardon me, the monster as Draco Romero refers to him... known as Varag.

BW: An impressive specimen to be sure.

GM: Well, he's only had a couple of matches here in the AWA so far but they have been impressive, yes. It remains to be seen how he does against advanced competition.

BW: It's going to stay that way because it looks like that fat slob Beef Bonham drew the short straw again.

GM: A rematch from a few weeks back taking place here in New York City and for Mr. Bonham's sake, I hope he's ready for this rematch.

[Varag grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He lets loose a roar before stepping inside the ring as Draco Romero takes his place in the corner, watching with a curious eye.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his oppon-

[Ortiz gets cut off by the lumbering Varag tearing across the ring, blasting Beef Bonham between the eyes with a running double axehandle!]

GM: Ohh! Varag coming right out of the gate, not even waiting for the bell!

[Grabbing the top rope, Varag viciously stomps Bonham into the mat as the crowd jeers the assault on the cult favorite.]

GM: The fans in New York City don't seem too fond of Varag or Romero, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure they're all torn up inside about that.

GM: Bucky, since you seem to be such good friends with Romero already, I want to know what he was talking about recently when he said he was here in the AWA following orders. Orders from whom?!

BW: I'm really not at liberty to discuss that, Gordo.

GM: Do you even know?

BW: It's probably best left alone.

[Pulling Bonham to his feet in the corner, Varag assaults him with a trio of back elbows against the cheekbone before grabbing him by the arm as the official reluctantly rings the bell.]

GM: Well, I guess this match is officially underway although it probably shouldn't be...

[The powerful arms of Varag fire Bonham across the ring to the opposite corner. With a roar, he charges in after him...]

GM: Clothesline on the way- no! Bonham avoids it!

[The crowd cheers as the beefy Bonham scampers out of the corner, causing Varag to slam chestfirst into the corner. A shot of Draco Romero at ringside shows him looking displeased, steepling his fingers up under his pointed chin as he watches.]

GM: And now it's Bonham coming for Varag!

[With Varag reeling in the corner, Bonham winds up, throwing a snapping jab at the masked man as the NYC crowd responds appropriately...]

"BEEF!"

[Bonham looks around at the crowd with wide-eyed excitement, nodding his head as he winds up again...]

"BEEF!"

[And now Bonham's on a roll...]

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

[Bonham breaks away, spinning his arms around each other...

...and Varag snaps his head back with a hard uppercut!]

GM: Oh! What a shot by Varag!

[Bonham staggers back out of the corner, clutching his chin as Varag stomps from the corner...

...and throws himself forward into an impactful clothesline, knocking Bonham off his feet and down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh my! Varag takes him down hard!

[Kneeling on the mat, Varag turns towards Romero who nods approvingly.]

GM: And it seems as if Draco Romero likes what he's seeing right about now.

BW: It's hard not to, isn't it? Varag is showing that he's all that Draco Romero has told the world he is and then some.

[Varag climbs back to his feet, reaching down to drag the 330 pound Bonham off the mat by throat. He steadies Bonham before grabbing him around the head and arm, lifting him into the air, twisting around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: TWISTING SLAM BY VARAG!

BW: And imagine the power that it takes to do something like that to a 330 pound slab of Beef!

[Dragging Bonham off the mat, pulling him into the same position, Varag stands in the middle of the ring as a smile crosses the face of Draco Romero...]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

BW: I don't think so, Gordo. I think he's got something else in mind this time!

[And on cue, Varag lifts Bonham into the air, twisting around...

...and THROWS him down across a bent knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: URANAGE BACKBREAKER!

GM: We've seen that one before! He's used it on Bonham before... he's used it on Shane Taylor and... that's it, Bucky.

[The referee delivers a swift three count, signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The masked man gets up, staring down at Bonham as he reaches up, touching the side of his masked face.]

GM: Varag scores another victory...

BW: But the question is - is he done, Gordo?

GM: Well, I'd certainly hope so but a few weeks ago in Toronto, we saw him go for some post-match extracurricular activity only to have-

BW: He's gonna do it again, Gordo!

[Reaching down, Varag peels the stunned Bonham off the mat, grabbing him by the throat...]

GM: Varag's going after Bonham again! He's not satisfied with the win... he's going for-

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks into cheers!]

GM: And look at this! It's almost like a repeat of what we saw in Toronto, fans! Dylan Harvey is coming to the aid of his occasional tag team partner! Get in there, kid! Get yourself some!

[Harvey comes charging down the aisle at full speed, diving headfirst under the bottom rope. Varag sees him coming though, shoving Bonham aside as he swings his leg up for a big boot...

...but the incoming Harvey ducks underneath it, avoiding the big blow...]

GM: Harvey moving fast!

[As Harvey rebounds, he leaps into the air, throwing himself into a spinning leg lariat to the jaw of the masked man that staggers him!]

GM: Oh my! Varag didn't see that one coming!

[Harvey pops up, throwing himself towards Varag with a leaping forearm smash under the chin... and another... and another...]

GM: Can you believe this?! Look at Harvey rocking Varag!

[Getting another running start, Harvey bounces off the ropes, throwing himself into a dropkick to the chest that sends Varag spilling through the ropes out to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! Harvey clears the ring! Dylan Harvey clears the ring!

[With a loud shout, Harvey stands over his partner, shouting at Varag to get back in the ring. The masked man seems ready to oblige but Draco Romero, face red with anger, steps in and plants a firm grip on the shoulder of Varag, pulling him down from the apron.]

GM: Draco Romero is beside himself! His monster just got embarrassed by... well...

BW: By a guy who is 180 pounds soaking wet if you tie barbells to his ankles?!

GM: That's... not entirely wrong!

[Romero storms over towards the announce desk, his fingers buried in the eyeholes of Varag's black vinyl mask as he drags him behind him.]

GM: What are you- hey!

[Romero snatches a mic off the table.]

DR: YOU!

[Harvey turns towards the shouting Romero.]

DR: You have willed yourself into becoming my monster's next victim. Twice now you have interfered with our business... and twice we have allowed it.

[Romero shakes his head.]

DR: No more. Young man, you have thirteen days to visit your loved ones... to cross the items off your bucket list... to make your peace with your Maker... because on Day 14, you belong to Varag.

May the Gods have mercy on your soul... because my Monster will not.

[The corner of Romero's mouth bends upwards in a twisted grin as he calmly deposits the microphone back on the table.]

GM: That's a challenge, fans! Draco Romero wants Dylan Harvey in the ring with his so-called monster in two weeks' time and... well, Mr. Harvey seems eager to oblige!

[Harvey is still waving Varag back towards the ring with the crowd cheering him on.]

GM: Fans, it's time to take another break but when we come back, it'll be Mark Stegglet with Emerson Gellar and a VERY special announcement that you do not want to miss! But before that, let's go backstage with Sweet Lou and a special guest. Lou?

[With Romero and Varag backing down the aisle, we slowly fade to the locker room where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands with Jackson Hunter, who seems to be on the verge of spontaneous combustion: his tie is already loosened, beads of sweat cover his face, a phone to his ear. He's probably been pacing back and forth in the same spot for nearly an hour.

SLB: Alright fans, earlier tonight, Derrick Williams laid down the challenge and Emerson Gellar—

JH: Do you mind? I'm on hold here! As much as I'd like to bicker with you about taking care of what's left of your hair, I'd rather get Type 2 diabetes.

[Sweet Lou continues, almost with malicious delight at Hunter's anxiety.]

SLB: Fans, earlier tonight Emerson Gellar made the match coming up shortly: Maxim Zharkov vs. Derrick Williams. It's the Peacemaker vs. the Neutralizer. Jackson Hunter, what are your thoughts on this surprise match-up?

JH: [on phone] Yes—hello. This is number I was given for the American Wrestling Alliance legal department 24-hour emergency line. With whom am I speaking?

[The other end answers.]

JH: Kimberly. Kimberly. Okay, I'm writing that name down right now.

Who are you speaking to? Let's just say I'm your worst nightmare—this is Jackson Hunter calling, and I—

YES! I am calling AGAIN! This is a Legal Department emergency. Your guy Gellar overstepped his bounds and put my guy Zharkov into a match that he is not legally obligated to accept. So what I need is for you, Kimberly, is to call Gellar and tell him that he can't do that without at least 24 hours notice. My guy gets the night off, okay Kimberly?

[The other end answers.]

JH: Oh, don't give me that! It's not "out of your hands!" You're going to tell me you can't do anything? This isn't some kid out of Combat Corner you can low-ball into a

contract! I'm 42 years old and I think I know how this business works—that's 42 Canadian Winters, young lady, and I survived all of them.

[Blackwell's hand covers his mouth, desperately trying to stifle a snicker.]

JH: Do you know how many DVDs I sold this company when I moonsaulted off that cage?! Don't you think I'm entitled to a little bit back from that? Don't tell me you can't do anything—I used to do your job! And even if that is a lie, you're too damn young to know the difference. Let me tell you something, Kimberly: I place one phone call on Monday morning to my contact in the head office, and a certain manipulative, Snaptweeting cowbag is going to find herself out of a job—

[He abruptly pulls the phone away from his ear.]

JH: ...You've put me on hold again, haven't you, you Insta-facing, hipster, f—

[He thankfully wanders off-screen still ranting at his phone at arm's length. Blackwell cannot indulge his schadenfreude, however.]

Maxim Zharkov, seemingly the picture of serenity, walks up to Blackwell. Beneath his mighty moustache is a smirk, but his massive, furrowed eyebrows tell a different story. He gently guides the microphone upward, speaking in his precise, accented, and sinisterly calm English.]

MZ: Mr. Blackwell. Please forgive my advisor's tone. He is a good and wise man, but... anxious and paranoid. He is concerned.

[He turns to face the camera to address the fans in attendance.]

MZ: New York City has a reputation for violence and hooliganism.

[Audible boos from the fans in attendance. There are a few “U-S-A!” chants in the background.]

MZ: Mr. Williams, I am sure he will do his best to represent his home town. A victory over me... over the Last Son of the Soviet Union. That would send him to head table with Mr. Detson, Mr. Vasquez, myself, and the man who called me “fool.”

He hears the criticism—that he could be so much more. He lacks that one distinctive win that will finally give him salvation. All he needs, he thinks, is to be able to use the Neutralizer once.

But as we say, “vidit oko, da zub neymyot.” The eye sees, but the tooth cannot bite. How much will you put yourself through chasing salvation?

How much will you risk using the Neutralizer?

Do you bet that the Neutralizer is quicker than the Peacemaker? If it is not...

Lights out, tovarisch.

[Zharkov looks down at Blackwell., no longer slightly smiling. A curl in his upper lip cues Blackwell to make his quick exit as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

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

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up to the graphic promoting the night's Main Event - the Women's Rumble. As the graphic fades, the words "Recorded Earlier Today" flash across the bottom of the screen and we see Theresa Lynch, standing in the backstage area.]

TL: Hello everybody! This is Theresa Lynch and I'm standing here, waiting for the arrival of a very special guest. The woman that many are calling the odds-on favorite to win the Rumble tonight and become the first-ever AWA Women's World Champion. For any follower of professional wrestling, she needs no introduction. I'm talking about...

[Just then, something catches Theresa's eye and her mouth opens agape, as she can only manage to let two words escape her lips.]

TL: Oh my.

[The camera then cuts away to the source of Theresa's shock, as we see a large procession of female humanity. At the front are two familiar faces to any self-respecting fan of Joshi puroresu...the masquerade ball mask-wearing Mistress Nightshade and Ayako Fujiwara's eternal rival, the honey-haired megalomaniac, Michiko Sanada. These two giants of Japanese female wrestling are not what catches everyone's attention, however...

...because behind them, carried on the shoulders of several tracksuit-clad young girl trainees, is the Empress herself...

Miyuki Ozaki.

The reigning and ruling undisputed mother goddess of the female wrestling universe signals for her charges to stop, as she rises off their shoulders and touches down onto the ground. She is dressed in a white fur coat, over a black Gothic Lolita-styled ruffled, Princess Punk dress, oversized pink star-shaped sunglasses, and atop her head is a crystal tiara. As the mass of humanity parts open for her like the Red Sea, she approaches Theresa, arms crossed over her chest. She removes her sunglasses and makes an exaggerated, dramatic gesture of tossing her bleach-blonde hair, before turning right towards the camera with a smirk on her red painted lips.]

Miyuki: Hiiiiiiii!!!

[She waves excitedly with both hands.]

Miyuki: Greetings, lowly worms!

[She then turns to Theresa with a sultry look in her eyes and leans in closer, whispering seductively in her ear.]

Miyuki: Hello, lover.

TL: Ack!

[Theresa's face immediately pales as she looks completely mortified. Miyuki tries to hold her expression, but bursts out in laughter as everyone else joins in at deriving pleasure from Theresa's embarrassment.]

Miyuki: HAHA! Ohmygosh! Should see look on your face, Lynch-san! I just kidding!

[Miyuki waves her hands dismissively.]

Miyuki: As if beautiful and pure maiden like me would allow likes of you to corrupt her. You not even my type! Besides, everyone already know you betrothed to Roosevelt-sama's offspring anyway.

[Theresa's eyes bug out.]

TL: What!?

[Miyuki rolls her eyes at Lynch's emotional outburst.]

Miyuki: Enough with the talk of romance, silly woman. I have not graced you with my presence to speak of affairs of the heart! Your empress is here to conquer! To destroy! To bring terrible wrath and make world tremble in fear of her awesome might!

[She cutely scowls at the camera and makes a fist.]

TL: Right. Miyuki, last time we saw you, you made a shocking appearance in Boston and attacked Melissa Cannon, rendering her unconscious with that mysterious blue mist...

[Miyuki beams proudly.]

Miyuki: Was my own recipe!

TL: ...and almost electrocuted Julie Somers with your tazer baton.

[Miyuki sighs.]

Miyuki: Regretfully, could not get machete and blow torch past security.

[Theresa pretends she didn't hear that.]

TL: But by bringing so much attention to yourself, you've made yourself the prime target of several competitors in tonight's Rumble. How do you believe you can overcome such overwhelming odds and still become the first-ever AWA Women's champion?

[Miyuki ponders the lowly worm's question for a moment, before laughing to herself. She then turns to Theresa.]

Miyuki: Allow me to ask YOU a question, Lynch-san.

[Theresa doesn't seem to like where this is going.]

TL: Okay...

Miyuki: What was you doing when you were fourteen years old?

TL: Well...

Miyuki: Don't even need to answer! I already know what basic women like you doing at that age! Chasing boys! Idolizing useless singing males on the television! Kicking Travis-san's girlfriends out of barn! Avoiding clawhold from Blackjack-sama!

TL: Now wait a minute...-OH!

[Miyuki gets right up into Theresa's face.]

Miyuki: But let me tell you what Miyuki-chan was doing!

[She smiles a _very_ dangerous smile.]

Miyuki: I was a _wrestler._

And they called me a prodigy. Greatest talent of my generation. Of all generations! If Ohara-san talent once in a millennium, then Miyuki-chan a damn unicorn!

[She snaps her fingers in the shape of a Z.]

Miyuki: Because you never going to see creature as rare and unique ever again! Was a champion before I old enough to drive! Recognized as best female wrestler in the world before I could even drink alcohol! Best-selling author! Have own animated series! Make three number-one albums! Speak twelve languages! Created Empress Cup! Trained greatest generation of Joshi Puroresu talent world has ever seen! Hero and inspiration to millions!

And you ask WHY I think I can win?

[She giggles.]

Miyuki: Because Miyuki-chan does not fail, Theresa-chan. Does not know HOW to fail. Has NEVER failed.

[A smirk.]

Miyuki: Miyuki-chan succeeds. Utterly. Completely.

ALWAYS.

[She taps a perfectly manicured finger to her lips.]

Miyuki: Who can possibly stop me?

Melissa Cannon? Julie Somers? Little Rage sister?

[Miyuki pauses and smirks.]

Miyuki:Charisma Knight?

[Miyuki turns to her entourage.]

Miyuki: Hey everybody...CHARISMA KNIGHT!

[They all proceed to laugh, as if privy to a joke only they seem to get. Miyuki turns her attention back to Theresa.]

Miyuki: Little sister Ayako?

[She rolls her eyes and blows a raspberry.]

Miyuki: Tonight, it not about making history. Or even HERstory. Nononononono...

[She shakes her head furiously.]

Miyuki: ...tonight, it about MYstory.

[She sneers.]

Miyuki: Bow down, little girls...

...your Empress has arrived.

[And with a toss of her hair, Miyuki puts her sunglasses back on. As she turns around, her entourage once more parts open as she walks past them all. They all follow behind her as she removes herself from our presence...]

...and we fade to live action in another part of the backstage area where Colt Patterson is standing, microphone in hand. Next to him, with his back to the camera, stands "Red Hot" Rex Summers. The sequins upon the red robe of Summers are reflecting the light in all directions. The lovely Summers Sweetheart, attired in a tight black dress smiles at the camera as Patterson speaks.]

CP: Fans, welcome back to Colt on the X and I'm joined by the man with the best body this industry has ever seen, the one and only Rex Summers!

[Summers rolls his shoulders forward as the Summers Sweetheart nods her head approvingly at Colt Patterson's statement.]

CP: Earlier this evening, the fans here in New York watched the Gladiator return to the ring and defeat David McAllister..

[The microphone picks up a snort of derision from Summers as he slowly turns around to look towards the camera. Summers does not look pleased as he glares into the camera.]

CP: ...and by the look on your face, Rex, I can tell you are not impressed one iota.

[Summers sneers.]

RS: Were you impressed by that?

[Patterson and the Summers Sweetheart both shake their head no.]

RS: Then why would the Red Hot One be impressed? You remember who you're talking to at the moment don't you, Colt?

CP: Of course, Rex.

RS: Then you know you are standing with the 2015 Steal the Spotlight winner. The man who had that contract stolen from him!

And now... now Steal the Spotlight is returning and once again Rex Summers is being screwed ... and not in a way I enjoy. Four so-called captains all failed to draft the last Steal the Spotlight winner! Now I do not have the opportunity to regain the contract that I never lost! I don't get the opportunity that was stolen from me! But Jordan Ohara, Lee Connors... who the hell is Lee Connors, Colt?

CP: We also saw him earlier-

RS: I don't actually care who Lee Connors is. The point is, Colt, clowns like that and the biggest clown of them all, The Gladiator, were drafted to be a part of Steal the Spotlight and I wasn't. So the only thing I am impressed with at this moment is the absolute lack of mental capacity those so-called Steal the Spotlight captains have.

The Gladiator...

[Rex Summers shakes his head and lets out another snort of derision.]

RS: A man who couldn't handle a loss and ran away with his tail between his legs? And you thought for a moment that I would be like these New York nimrods and be impressed that he returned? Please, Colt. Let these nimrods scream and cheer that he's back, let them cheer that he's claimed the planets, the stars, and the Gods have given him guidance. The guidance to come after the Red Hot One! The guidance to come after Rex Summers!

[Summers smirks.]

RS: If the Gladiator wants to follow the words of his false prophets, that's fine. But he needs to understand, his Gods are not giving his guidance to ultimate glory... snort snarl snort!

[The Summers Sweetheart covers a smile with her hand as Summers mocks the Gladiator.]

RS: They are allowing him to sign his death warrant! Gladiator, anytime you want to walk down that aisle and face off with this...

[The Summers Sweetheart removes the robe from Summers revealing his well chiseled and oiled abdominal muscles.]

RS: ...be my guest! I will gladly be the "and two" in your record!

[The Summers Sweetheart rubs her hands over the abdominal muscles of Summers.]

SSH: Oh REXY, you're so sexy.

[A throaty chuckle comes from Rex Summers before he blows a kiss at the camera. The Summers Sweetheart wraps her arm around his and the two leave Colt Patterson standing before the AWA banner before we fade back out to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: Our next contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. First...

[The sound of an artillery strike echoes throughout the building, kicking off the "Soviet March." Enter through the curtains Maxim Zharkov - the towering specimen from Siberia. A dark teal robe, trimmed in red and gold, conceals his frame. His thickly eyebrowed and mustached face is mostly stoic, occasionally belying a disdain for the American spectators. Behind him, advisor Jackson Hunter, a middle-aged man with a perpetual scowl on his face, his ubiquitous clipboard under his arm.]

RO: From Magadan, Russia... weighing 151 kilograms... he is accompanied to the ring by Jackson Hunter and he represents the Axis of Evil...

MAXIM... THE TSAR... ZHARKOV!

[Zharkov, with one swift motion, leaps onto the ring apron, throws his arms upward, casting his cloak off. He quickly steps through the ropes and begins a quick series of last-minute stretches on the corner.]

GM: Maxim Zharkov looks to be in tremendous condition as always, Bucky.

BW: If Derrick Williams thought this was going to be some Cinderella story of a hometown boy coming back and knocking off the big bad dragon... well, he might have missed the mark on that one, daddy.

GM: Zharkov and Hunter conversing in the corner, looking to get back on the winning track here tonight in New York City...

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The crowd comes alive as Hinder's "All American Nightmare" starts up over the MSG PA system, roaring in support of their hometown fighter.]

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

DERRRRRRRRRRRICK WILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLIAMS!

[At the sound of his name and the roar of the crowd, Derrick Williams enters the world's most famous arena to the cheers of the crowd. His brown hair frames his face, wavy coming down to his chin, matching his brown eyes and a shade darker than his olive skin. He has a short beard growing on his face, and does have generic tribal tattoos on his arms and back, like many of his generation.

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

GM: And listen to this reaction for the kid from New York!

BW: Birds of a feather. All these losers in the Big Apple are taking to their own.

GM: You're ridiculous. Derrick Williams saluting all these fans, making his way down the aisle towards the ring for a matchup that could be one of Williams' toughest tests to date. And as Williams makes his way to the ring, let's take a look at some last minute comments recorded moments ago...

[A small rectangle appears in the corner of the screen where Derrick Williams is standing in his ring gear, speaking to the camera.]

DW: Can you feel it? That feeling of something special happening in the town tonight? Tonight, in only a minute or two, I'm walking out into the ring in Madison Square friggin Garden! I'm going one on one with Maxim Zharkov. Two weeks ago in Boston, I threw hands with Zharkov and he's tough, but he's human. And if he's human, he can be beat. And beat him is what I'm going to do tonight.

[Williams smiles, hands on his hips]

DW: Little over a year and half ago, I walked into this arena. Steal The Spotlight match... even had a SuperClash moment later on. Tonight... tonight I step into an arena I sat in, watching the greats throughout the years, and now it's my shot. Me, one on one, and against a wrestler the caliber of Maxim Zharkov. This isn't an appearance, it's going to be a war, one I've been ready for for a long time now. One I've been thinking about since last week. One in which I finally step up and join the front end of the pack. Tonight it's the All American Nightmare vs The Last Son of the Soviet Empire, East versus West, man against man. Tonight, I'm not going out there and making my mark, this is the shot I've been waiting the last two years for, and tonight, I'm not throwing away my shot. Tonight, Zharkov, I'm coming out there, and either knocking you out, or maybe make you Blackout.

[Williams pulls up his hood as the shot of Williams entering the ring, pulling down his hood fills the full screen. He appeals to the crowd before removing his vest, then starting some adjustments to his gloves and elbow pad while being checked by the ref while Hunter cups his hand over Zharkov's ear, whispering some last minute strategy to his charge.]

GM: And I'm intrigued by this matchup, Bucky. What do you think we're going to see out of this?

BW: Derrick Williams is gonna be swinging for the fences. I think his best chance to win this is to land a lucky knockout... hit one of those elbows or forearms in the sweet spot and put Zharkov to sleep.

GM: And for Zharkov?

BW: Bully the man. Throw him around, beat him up... and when the time is right, you've got all the weapons in the world to put him down for the three count including that devastating spinning clothesline - the Peacemaker.

[The referee speaks to both competitors, making sure they're ready for action...

...and then signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[At the sound of the bell, Williams sprints out of the corner, racing across the ring where he leaps into the air, landing a heavy forearm strike to the jaw that knocks Zharkov back against the buckles to a big cheer!]

GM: Whoa! Williams right out of the gate looking to take the fight to Zharkov!

[Grabbing Zharkov by the head, Williams tees off with his right arm, repeatedly slamming it into the temple of the Russian...]

GM: Over and over in the corner, pounding Zharkov repeatedly!

[The referee's count reaches four before Williams steps back, grabbing Zharkov by the wrist, rocketing him across the ring...]

GM: Williams FIRES him across with an Irish whip... here he comes again!

[But this time, Zharkov pulls himself out of the corner, causing Williams to whiff on the leaping forearm, crashing into the corner. Zharkov moves back in, leaning over...]

GM: Big shoulder downstairs... and another one... third time's a charm!

[Straightening up, Zharkov winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and DRILLS Williams with an overhand slap chop to the chest!]

GM: Goodness! What a shot by-

[But Williams returns fire, throwing a big forearm strike that catches Zharkov by surprise, sending him stumbling backwards!]

GM: Williams caught him! Zharkov is stunned!

[Williams steps forward, winding up and throwing another big shot to the jaw, sending Zharkov pinwheeling backwards towards the ropes!]

GM: Another heavy strike to the jaw!

[Williams shouts to the New York fans, drawing energy from them before laying in another shot, sending Zharkov falling back against the ropes. Hunter shouts to his charge from the floor as Williams backs off...]

GM: Zharkov is reeling against the ropes, trying to stay on his feet!

[...and then with a roar, he spins around, rushes in, and connects with a clothesline that takes the Tsar over the top rope, depositing him out on the floor in a heap as a shocked Hunter rushes to his side!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WILLIAMS TAKES ZHARKOV OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

[Williams bounces back to the middle of the ring, throwing his arms down with another roar to the energized New York City crowd!]

GM: And Derrick Williams is unlike we've ever seen him before, feeding off his hometown fans' energy! This is incredible!

BW: But now he's allowing Zharkov out on the floor to regroup with Hunter... that's a big mistake.

GM: Or is he? Williams is heading out after him!

[Dropping to his back, Williams rolls under the ropes on the far side. He crouches low, rushing around the ring. The crowd is buzzing as he moves quicker, circling the ringpost to where Zharkov is standing with Hunter next to him...

...and leaps into the air, throwing a dropkick at the burly Russian!]

GM: FLY BY DROPKICK!

[The dropkick sends the unsuspecting Zharkov pitching to the side, knocking Hunter down to the floor!]

GM: And down goes Hunter as well!

[Williams rolls back under the ropes inside the ring, climbing to his feet as the fans salute his offensive flurry to start the match. Out on the floor, a kneeling Zharkov tends to the fallen Hunter as the fans roar.]

GM: Derrick Williams off to a hot start here in New York. He's back in the ring now as the official starts his ten count on Zharkov.

BW: Zharkov's already getting back up... he's just concerned about his manager... and rightfully so. Hunter is invaluable out there.

[Zharkov pulls Hunter back to his feet, dusting him off as the irate former grappler looks up inside the ring at Williams...

...and then angrily points at him, demanding that Zharkov attack!]

GM: Zharkov coming back in now...

[Williams moves quickly to intercept, catching the rising Zharkov with a knife edge chop that puts him back against the ropes. He grabs him by the arm, ready to shoot him across...]

GM: Irish whip... no, reversed!

[But Zharkov hangs on, yanking Williams back towards him, and taking him off his feet with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Oh yeah! Maxim Zharkov showing that American weasel that he's got the game to put him down for good.

GM: American weas... you DO understand that you're an American too, right?

BW: The Tsar made me an honorary comrade. It was a lovely ceremony, Gordo. You really should have been there.

GM: An honorary comrade?! Give me a break!

[With Williams down at his feet, Zharkov drives a series of stomps into the ribcage, keeping him down on the mat. Dropping to his knees, Zharkov locks his massive arms around Williams' head and neck in a front facelock, pushing all of his weight down on the back of Williams' neck.]

GM: And now Zharkov trying to ground Williams, really trying to punish him.

BW: Look at how he puts all of his weight on the back of the neck, really forcing Williams to struggle to keep his head up. That's the kind of thing that'll wear someone down... maybe even put them out...

GM: The referee is right there checking for that... also likely checking to make sure Zharkov doesn't turn this into some kind of a choke.

BW: Oh, he'd never do that. He's too much of a sportsman.

GM: I can't believe half of what you're saying anymore.

[Zharkov suddenly spins to the side, maintaining the front facelock as he rolls over to his stomach...]

GM: Nice Gator Roll there by Zharkov, disorienting Williams while keeping that punishing hold applied...

[Williams struggles to get his knees under him, trying to push his way to his feet...]

GM: Williams trying to get that 350 pounder off him, pushing his way up...

[Getting to his feet, Williams steadies himself before surging forward, driving Zharkov back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Big tackle back to the corner!

[Holding the middle rope, Williams delivers a second shoulder tackle to the gut... then a third...]

GM: Williams trying to chop Zharkov down to size, take some of the wind out of his sails...

[But as Williams goes for another shoulder tackle, Zharkov swings a knee up into the face to cut him off!]

GM: Oh! Zharkov caught him!

[The big Russian swings behind the stunned Williams, hooking a waistlock...]

GM: Look out here!

[...and LAUNCHES Williams, flinging him three-quarters of the way across the ring before he lands on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: OHHH! EAST GERMAN SUPLEX OUT OF THE TSAR!

[Zharkov pops back to his feet, looking out on the jeering crowd as Hunter applauds proudly. The big Russian points to the fans, mimicking breaking Williams in half as the fan favorite writhes in pain on the canvas.]

GM: Zharkov's not done, Bucky. I think this crowd booing him is getting under his skin a little bit. He seems to want to punish young Derrick Williams.

[Slowly walking across the ring, Zharkov keeps his eyes locked on Williams as the New Yorker struggles to get up off the mat, his face towards the buckle and his hands on the ropes using them for aid...]

...which allows Zharkov to hook him from behind a second time!]

GM: He hooks him again...

[The big Russian HURLS Williams over his head a second time, sending him bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: ...and another big German Suplex!

BW: EAST German, Gordo. EAST German.

GM: Whatever you say, Comrade Wilde.

[Williams is again down on the canvas, cradling the back of his head and neck in pain as Zharkov gets to his feet, turning slowly to look at the downed young lion.]

GM: Zharkov moving very slowly out of the corner, methodically... taking his time as he tries to torment Derrick Williams...

[Williams rolls over to his stomach, trying to push himself up off the canvas as Zharkov slowly approaches, leaning down to grab Williams by the hair, dragging him to his feet where he shoves him back into the corner...]

GM: Zharkov pushing him back into the buckles... come on, ref!

[With the official laying in his count, Zharkov throws a heavy overhead forearm to the chest of Williams, causing his knees to buckle as he drops down to them in front of him!]

GM: Goodness! He shook Derrick Williams down to his toes with that one!

[Reaching down, Zharkov grabs Williams under the armpits, physically lifting the 270 pounder up, tossing him back into the corner where he grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Russian whip coming up, shoots him across...

[Williams hits the corner, staggering out towards Zharkov who rushes forward, barreling into the young lion with a shoulderblock that takes him right off his feet to even more jeers from the New York crowd.]

GM: Oh my! Big tackle takes him down... and these fans are NOT happy about it, Bucky.

BW: Hey, you throw your support behind the hometown guy and occasionally you get burned for it.

[Zharkov stands over Williams, looking down at him...

...and then plants his boot on his chest, barking "COUNT!" at the official who obliges.]

GM: One! Two! No, Williams slips the shoulder up!

[Zharkov glares at the official for a moment, watching as Williams rolls away, trying to crawl to create some space between himself and the big Russian...]

GM: Williams trying to get away, get some room to get back up...

[The Russian swoops in behind him, reaching down to snatch him by the back of the thighs, yanking Williams up to his feet...

...and BURYING a forearm shank into the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! That'll take some of the wind out of Williams!

[Zharkov grabs Williams by the head, slowly turning him around...

...and Williams snaps off an elbowstrike to the side of the jaw!]

GM: OH! WHAT A SHOT!

[But Zharkov simply shakes his head, grabbing Williams around the head and flipping him over in a snapmare where he SLAPS Williams across the back of the head!]

GM: Oh, come on! Zharkov trying to embarrass the kid now!

[Zharkov steps around to the other side, booting Williams in the face and knocking him back down to the mat.]

BW: Nothing like a face full of shoe leather to put you down!

[Hunter nods approvingly as Zharkov backs off, making room to charge back in, and drops a big elbow down across the chest!]

GM: Running elbowdrop... and Zharkov stays there, applying the cover!

[Another two count follows before Williams lifts the shoulder off the canvas, breaking the count.]

GM: And again, Zharkov gets a two count on him.

[Climbing back to his feet, Zharkov looks agitated as he stomps Williams a few times. The official steps in, warning him to let Williams up... but Zharkov has other ideas as he backs to the corner, hopping up to the midbuckle...]

GM: What's going on here? It's incredibly rare that you see Zharkov climbing the ropes and... Williams is down below him! What does Zharkov have in mind right here?!

[With Williams prone, Zharkov raises his arms over his head, shouting loudly...

...and then leaps into the air, pulling both legs up for a double kneedrop to the torso...]

GM: BOMBS AWAY KNEES!

[...but Williams rolls to the side at the last moment, causing Zharkov to SLAM down on his knees as the crowd roars!]

GM: Oh my! And that'll wreck the knees of Zharkov, giving Williams a chance to recover!

[Grabbing at the ropes with the crowd cheering him on, Williams manages to regain his feet...]

GM: Williams moving in on him, grabbing him by the head...

[With Zharkov on his knees, Williams hauls off and drills him with an elbowstrike to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[Still holding the back of the head, Williams uncorks a pair of European uppercuts to the chin!]

GM: He's swinging for the fences, trying to knock the big Russian into the middle of next week!

[With Zharkov down on his knees, Williams moves in behind him, hopping up on the middle turnbuckle...]

GM: Williams from behind!

[...and leaps off, throwing a dropkick to the back of the head that knocks Zharkov flat on his chest!]

GM: Could that be enough? Could that blow to the back of the head be enough to get a three count?

[Williams flips the 350 pounder over onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: Williams with the cover - he's got one! He's got two!

[But that's all as Zharkov kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: Two count only!

BW: And it wasn't even close! It's going to take more than that to put Zharkov down for a three count!

[Williams balls up a fist, slamming it into the canvas before climbing back to his feet. He moves in on the rising Zharkov, hooking him from behind...]

GM: He's looking for that Ripcord Elbow!

[Grabbing Zharkov's wrist from behind, Williams gets a big cheer from the crowd in anticipation of what comes next...]

...but Zharkov is ready for him, swinging his head back to smash it into the middle of Williams' face, sending the New Yorker stumbling backwards.]

GM: Oh! Zharkov slips out...

[Spinning around, Zharkov winds up with a loud "PUSHKA!" throwing his signature palm strike into the chest of Williams, sending him falling backwards through the ropes and out onto the ring apron.]

GM: Williams gets sent through the ropes, managing to hang on to the apron though...

[Zharkov moves in on Williams, not giving him time to recover as he ducks down, reaching through the ropes to grab him, pulling him off the apron...]

...where Williams scores with a kneelift to the jaw of Zharkov!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT GOT HIM!

[Williams, having scored with the big shot, grabs a dazed Zharkov by the head, rushing down the length of the apron to SLAM his skull into the top turnbuckle, sending him staggering backwards!]

GM: Williams comes back in... Zharkov's in trouble...

[With a shout, Williams leans over, slamming his hands down onto the mat before going into a spin...]

GM: NEURALYZER!

[...throwing his rolling elbow aimed at the jaw of Zharkov who sidesteps, hooking him as he flies by...]

GM: FULL NELSON BY ZHARKOV!

[With Williams trapped in the full nelson, Zharkov puts his foot on the back of Williams' knee, trying to force him down to the canvas so he can apply the full nelson camel clutch he calls the Gorynch...]

GM: He's going for the Gorynch! Trying to get it locked in! The unpinned Maxim Zharkov looking to extend that epic winning streak!

[Planting his feet on the canvas, Williams drives Zharkov backwards, slamming him into the corner!]

GM: Williams trying to fight his way out of the full nelson attempt! Once into the buckles... now twice!

[The second one seems to have shaken up Zharkov who loosens his grip enough for Williams to slip out. Grabbing Zharkov by the arm, Williams whips him hard across the ring, dropping to a knee from the exertion. The Russian SLAMS into the opposite buckles, staggering out towards the New Yorker...]

GM: Zharkov's in a daze! Can Williams get him down and break the streak?!

[And as Zharkov approaches, Williams hoists him up by the upper thighs, pivoting, and DRIVING him down into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[Williams throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before sliding into the cover, not bothering to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED OUT! ZHARKOV KICKS OUT AND THE STREAK IS STILL ALIVE!

[The New York fans deflate on the near fall as Williams falls back to his butt, resting his head in the palm of his hand for a moment as he considers what comes next for him.]

GM: Williams thought he had him, fans... you can tell that he did. That spinebuster has finished off many a competitor here in the AWA in Derrick Williams' time in the promotion.

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one - both men struggling to find a way to finish off their opponent. Right now, it's Derrick Williams looking to do that... looking for some way to put the big Russian down for three and shatter that unpinned streak that Zharkov's held for so long now.

[Williams climbs up off the mat, obvious frustration on his face as he moves towards Zharkov who is using the ropes to get up off the canvas. The New Yorker turns him around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Knife edge chop by the hometown kid!

[A second chop follows, leaving Zharkov reeling as Williams grabs him by the arm again...]

GM: Williams whips him across again...

[As Zharkov rebounds, Williams goes downstairs with a boot to the gut, doubling up the Russian as Williams sprints to the adjacent ropes, rebounding back with a running knee lift that snaps Zharkov's head back, sending him staggering in a circle across the ring...]

GM: Williams again has Zharkov in a bad way...

BW: But can he finish him off?!

[With Zharkov reeling, Williams again leans down, smashing his hands into the canvas with a roar. He drops down, crouching low as he watches Zharkov stumble away from the ropes towards him. Jackson Hunter is screaming at the top of his lungs at the Russian as Williams puts him in his sights...]

GM: Williams is ready! Williams is set!

[The young lion goes into a spin, making a full 360 before uncorking a wild elbow smash aimed at the skull of Zharkov...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The rolling elbow catches Zharkov flush on the jaw, sending him spinning away, falling towards the ropes where he flops down over the top, hanging on for dear life as Jackson Hunter shouts at him again. Williams winds up his arm a second time, ready to land the big rolling elbow again...]

GM: Zharkov's on the ropes, hanging on!

[...and Williams goes into another spin, looking to hit Zharkov in the back of the head!]

GM: NEURALIZER!

[But a shout from Hunter warns Zharkov what's coming and the Tsar grabs the top rope, yanking himself clear as Williams throws himself at him...

...and ends up tumbling over the top rope, crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

GM: He missed! He missed! And Williams goes all the way over the top to the floor!

[A dazed Zharkov slumps down to the mat, crawling through the ropes to the apron, dropping down to the floor as Hunter gets closer, shouting and screaming, gesturing wildly at Williams. Zharkov gives a weary nod as he pulls Williams off the floor by the hair, hanging on tight...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[Zharkov rushes alongside the ring apron, taking aim...]

“CLANK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRIVES Williams’ skull into the steel ringpost. Williams collapses in a heap up against the post as Zharkov leans against it, nodding his head at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Zharkov can barely stand after that rolling elbow but he just SMASHED Derrick Williams’ head into the solid steel ringpost and... isn’t that a disqualification?!

BW: That’s completely at the referee’s discretion and he appears to be letting it go, Gordo.

GM: A questionable call if you ask me... and listen to Hunter, screaming like a banshee, ordering his charge to put Williams back in the ring. Williams might be out!

[Peeling Williams off the floor, Zharkov fires him under the bottom rope, rolling in after him...]

GM: The big Russian is back in as well... and he’s looking to finish him off!

[Zharkov drags Williams off the mat, dragging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: We’ve seen this before!

[A weary Zharkov looks out at the camera, mustering up a “TSAR BOMBA!” before settling in, wrapping his arms around Williams’ torso...

...and powering him up into the air, hoisting him up by the armpits!]

GM: He’s got him set! Williams waaaaaay up high!

[Zharkov falls forward, DRIVING Williams down on the back of his head and neck with a crucifix powerbomb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: That’s it! It’s over!

[Zharkov crawls forward, diving on top of the prone Williams as the official dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd deflates at the sight of the Last Son of the Soviet Union gaining victory over the hometown son. Zharkov rolls off of Williams, throwing his arms into the air to loud jeers as Jackson Hunter rolls in to join him.]

GM: Zharkov scores the win with that powerbomb!

[Hunter is overjoyed, leaping up and down as he raises Zharkov's hand, pointing wildly at him as the New York crowd continues to boo.]

BW: What a win!

GM: Zharkov keeps that undefeated streak alive, gaining a victory over Derrick Williams here tonight in New York City... but Williams has nothing to be ashamed of, Bucky. He came very close to securing victory himself.

BW: He did, he did... but he couldn't get the job done!

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky.

[Hunter and Zharkov are on their feet now, arms raised as Williams lies unstirred at their feet. The boos continue to pour down for the Axis of Evil duo as they celebrate their victory.]

GM: There will be another time... another night for Derrick Williams... but right now, fans... we've got to take another break as Jackson Hunter and Maxim Zharkov celebrate this victory in the world's most famous arena. Don't go away, fans... we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling live right here on The X!

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then come back up on the graphic promoting tonight's Women's Rumble. As the graphic fades away, we see the beautiful young lady we've come to know as the "Dream Girl" Skylar Swift. Swift, often dressed in adorable girl next door type get ups is dressed to fight tonight. Her strawberry blonde hair is collected back into a ponytail by a white scrunchie, but for once those luxurious locks aren't quite as attention-grabbing as the rest of her attire.

Swift looks like a model despite her best efforts to avoid this stereotype... clad in extremely tight sky blue shorts that grip the curvaceous features of her lower half. A quick glance up reveals a small peekaboo sample of cleavage cradled in a matching baby blue top with white suspenders connecting the upper and lower pieces of her ring attire. She blows a stray strand of hair from her face and then her baby blue eyes focus on the hard camera in front of her.]

SS: Are you ready...

[A sparkle forms in her eye.]

SS: To be Swiftified?!

[A girlish smirk.]

SS: When I first got into this business... that's all any promoter would ever let me say. All they wanted from me was to stand here, look adorable, flash my [pause] pearly whites, show some skin, and be the eye candy of every teenage male in the audience. The only boots I got to lace up were knee highs under a mini skirt and the only moves I was doing were stereotypical sexual advances on my male counterparts.

I'd love to say this was ten plus years ago but I'd be lying to you...I'd be lying to myself. This wasn't so long ago. If a girl like me wanted to be a real star, a real WRESTLER... we had to join promotions that only featured female talent in the ring unless you were one of the lucky ones who broke through and made it to the top. But those spots? They were minimal. Maybe a dozen girls. A dozen of the hardest working performers in the business. But recently...

...that all started to change.

That all became a thing of the past as the biggest promotion on the PLANET stepped forward and decided to put us girls on the map in a big way. Some of the girls who are getting into the ring tonight have been doing this since before I knew the difference between a candy bar and an armbar. Thank you. Thank you ladies for paving the way for girls like me to have a moment like tonight.

Tonight I have an opportunity along with nineteen other phenomenal athletes to be crowned the first EVER AWA Woman's Champion.

[Swift nods her head.]

SS: And that's FREAKIN' awesome.

[A big smile.]

SS: But don't let my smile and admiration for my competitors fool you. Tonight... Skylar Swift came to fight! Tonight I made the flight from Canada to get in the ring and put on a performance of a lifetime. While all the girls here have been blazing a trail to this night, I've been training harder than ever. I didn't come here just to be a part of history...

...I came here to MAKE HISTORY.

I came here to claim the title as the greatest female wrestler in the world.

I came here to Swift Kick Charisma Knight in the nose one more time.

I came to show that I can do more than SWIFTIFY...

[A coy smile.]

SS: I can deal a whole heap of swift punishment on nineteen other ladies, defy the odds, cement my name in the record books, and make the world's head stop on a dime not just because of my good looks...

[A quick shrug.]

SS: Hey, call it what you want, I still look damn cute too.

[Her shoulders lower back down.]

SS: But because when the heels of my boots smack each and every single one of you in the jaw the lights are gonna go out and three words will haunt you.

[Her lips tighten.]

SS: Fear the Dream.

[Kiss. Cut.]

And we're back out to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. First... in the corner to my right... from New Jersey and weighing in at 202 pounds... Willis Foster!

[A young African-American man with a shaved head and slender physique hops into the air, throwing up an arm to a few cheers.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights cut out to black. The crowd buzzes with anticipation, waiting to see who is about to appear. After a moment, a drumbeat familiar to just about anyone on the planet rings out.]

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

"DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN"

[The crowd quickly begins clapping along, stomping along, smacking the railing in rhythm to create quite the sound as the opening synthesizer notes kick in. Steam and smoke pour into the entryway, completely covering it. Strobe lights start to fire in rhythm as well, lighting up the smoke and steam.]

“DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN”

“DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN”

“DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN”

[After a few more moments, the physical specimen known only as Mason strides out through the curtain. He stands, head down amongst the smoke and the steam, breathing in deeply.]

“DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN”

“DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN”

“DUN DUN DUNDUNDUN”

[As he emerges, dressed in his standard red trunks, boots, kneepads, and single deep crimson glove, Mason exhales sharply, spewing smoke from his lungs like a fire-breathing dragon. He tilts his head up, looking down the aisle and into the ring with his icy blue eyes. A low growl comes from him as he eyes his victim for the night. He speaks - barely above a whisper - just enough for the camera (and the entire world watching) to hear.]

“The end... is... now.”

[He storms forward, throwing an uppercut at the air just in front of the camera, spotlights shining on him as he heads towards the ring. Mason slaps himself on either side of the head, trying to fire himself up as he moves swiftly towards his victim.]

RO: From DEEEEEEEEEEE-troit, Michigan... weighing in at 285 pounds...

MAAAAAAAAAAAAAASONNNNNNNNNN!

[The enigmatic powerhouse climbs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to enter the ring.]

GM: And Mason arrives to the ring. The only man to be featured in a non-tournament singles match at the Battle of Boston, Bucky.

BW: Look, it's hard to deny the man's skill... his charisma... but that move was all Gellar, getting his golden boy on TV when the entire world was watching.

GM: Well, if the entire world was watching, they saw one heck of an impressive performance out of Mason and I'm willing to wager that we're about to see another one because every time out of the gate, Mason has dominated whoever has been put in front of him.

BW: Oh yeah? Let's put someone like Brian James in front of him. Let's put someone like Maxim Zharkov or Rex Summers in his path.

GM: Boy, I'd pay good money to see any of those go down.

[Mason stands across the ring from Willis Foster, waiting... waiting... waiting...

...and then the bell sounds.]

GM: Here we go!

[Mason tears across the ring towards Foster...

...who wisely slingshots over the top rope, landing on the apron and causing Mason to slam chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Oh!

BW: Smart move by Foster! And that big dummy Mason ran right into the buckles!

[Foster nods as he leaps to the top, springboarding off towards the center of the ring where Mason has stumbled back to...

...and gets snatched out of the sky as Mason catches him in mid-cross body!]

GM: CAUGHT!

BW: Well, it was fun while it lasted.

[Mason walks around the ring, holding a struggling Foster across his chest, looking out at the cheering crowd...

...and then drops backwards, hurling Foster over his head, and bouncing him off the canvas!]

GM: Fallaway slam sends Foster flying across the ring!

[Mason gets right back up, sticking out his tongue and giving himself a stiff shot to the side of the head. He slowly turns, crouching down as he eyes Foster trying to get up off the canvas...]

GM: Foster's trying to get up but Mason's going to be right there waiting for him.

[And as soon as Foster struggles to his feet, Mason rushes across the ring, leaping high into the air, and BLASTING Foster upside the jaw with a Superman punch, sending Foster flying backwards through the ropes, landing on the apron in a tangled-up heap...]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A LEAPING RIGHT HAND!

[Mason stalks around the ring, constantly moving as he awaits his next attack. Foster is completely stunned on the apron as the crowd buzzes at Mason's dominance...]

GM: Mason putting on an absolute show for these people in New York City!

BW: Got that, Gellar? Gordon hears you loud and clear over the headset! He's telling the people just how great your golden goose is!

GM: Would you stop?! I'm just calling things as I see them and even you can't deny the dominance of Mason!

[The Detroit native approaches the ropes, reaching over to haul Foster up to his feet by the wrist, tugging him into a full nelson.]

GM: What's this now?

BW: Hey dummy! He has to be in the ring for you to get a submission!

[But Mason has other ideas as he jerks Foster into the air by the full nelson, getting him high enough to clear the ropes...

...and THROWS him down to the canvas with a full nelson slam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Now THAT is power. Pure and simple explosive power! And I can’t imagine this one’s going too much longer after that.

[Mason circles the downed Foster, breathing heavily, looking for his next opening. He snarls, swinging his arms across his chest, bouncing from foot to foot for a moment as the fans buzz at what they’re seeing. He throws his arms apart in a “its over!” gesture with a roar before grabbing Foster by the hair, dragging him off the canvas.]]

GM: Mason dragging him back to his feet... right into a front facelock...

[He pauses, looking out at the crowd who roars in response...

...and then hoists Foster up into the air, holding him straight up and down for a vertical suplex...

Holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...

...and holding...]

GM: Look at the power!

[...and then finally swings him out, letting go and standing tall as he HURLS him down in a ring-rattling powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY STAAAAAARRRRRRS!

BW: Good lord.

GM: Stick a fork in this one, fans... he’s done.

[Mason drops to the mat, settling into a lateral press as he shoves two clenched fists into the chest of his opponent.]

GM: One. Two. And three.

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And that’s it for this one. Another victim for the man known as Mason.

[The Terminator theme starts back up as Mason climbs to his feet. He allows the official to raise his hand, soaking up the cheers of the NYC crowd before exiting the ring...]

GM: And... really? Okay, fans... I'm told that Mark Stegglet is going to try and get some words out of Mason.

BW: Hah! This should be good.

[We cut to the aisleway where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Thanks, guys. Another impressive victory for the man known as Mason - the man that Director of Operations Emerson Gellar says is the future of this industry. And to date, no one has gotten Mason to speak to them. I'm about to try and change that.

[Stegglet takes a deep breath as he prepares, presumably seeing the stomping Mason coming straight towards him.]

MS: Mason? Sir? A quick word for the AWA fans.

[Mason must not be stopping because Stegglet looks a little more urgent the second time.]

MS: If we could just get a quick comment or two... the fans want to know something about you... everyone is curious about the man known as Mason...

[And Stegglet's voice gets more urgent.]

MS: Mason... Mason... MASON!

[But Stegglet gets brushed to the side as the powerful and intense Mason stomps past him, heading up the aisle towards the locker room. Stegglet delivers an audible sigh on the mic, shaking his head as he turns back to the camera.]

MS: No luck on this night, fans. But I'm not done trying. Now, let's go backstage to Sweet Lou. Lou?

[We go to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands between the members of Next Gen. Howie Somers, who stands to Blackwell's right, is dressed in blue jeans and a Next Gen T-shirt -- a simple white T-shirt with the words "THIS IS THE NEXT GEN" printed across the front in navy blue lettering (get yours now at AWAShop.com). His brown hair is cut short. Daniel Harper is to Blackwell's left and he is dressed in a white polo shirt and khakis. His short, black hair is parted to the side.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark. I am here with the members of Next Gen, Howie Somers and Daniel Harper, who will be heading to the ring shortly for a World Tag Team Title shot against the current champions, Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor. Gentlemen, you earned this shot with your victory over The Slaughterhouse a few weeks ago. Earlier tonight, we saw Donovan and Taylor proclaim that they have cleaned out the tag team scene in the AWA and there's nobody left to challenge them.

[Somers takes a deep breath and runs a hand over his chin, as if he is trying to maintain his composure.]

HS: I heard everything they had to say, Sweet Lou... how they take credit for chasing off all the other tag teams that were part of the AWA scene. How they should just be named the AWA Tag Team of the Year right now. And like you said, Sweet Lou, how they believe there's nobody left to challenge them. Well, Taylor,

Donovan, you've been overlooking a certain tag team that has earned the right to face you for those titles.

[He motions to himself, then to Harper.]

HS: The two of us right here. We're still here, we're still standing and we're getting that shot -- the shot we have earned -- we're getting it tonight, here in Madison Square Garden, one of the greatest venues in the world today. And my partner and I are going to prove to the two of you that, as good as the two of you have been throughout the year, you aren't going to just coast past us to whatever awards you're demanding, and you're especially not going to just walk into the Hall of Fame because you think you've proven you have no equal.

Tonight, every word that came of your mouth, Taylor, is gonna come back to haunt you when Daniel and I walk out as the World tag team champions.

[He gestures to Harper.]

HS: Isn't that right, my friend?

[Harper has an agitated look in his eyes, as if he's waited too long to speak his mind.]

DH: You better believe it, Howie! Wes Taylor, for you and Tony Donovan to think that you're even close to deserving a spot in the Hall of Fame alongside those who gave so much more to this business -- people like Alex Martinez, Joe Reed, Scott Daniels, Luke Kinsey, and, most of all, my mother Stephanie Harper -- really gets on my last nerve!

Those people were among the many who I met when I was backstage for shows, who took the time to say hello and who, as I got older and trained for this business, were happy to give me advice. I'll never forget what they did for me, you better believe that! And for people like you, Taylor and Donovan, people who do nothing more than thumb their noses at those who paved the way for you, then turn around and demand that they should be given the highest honor all because they think they got rid of all the competition in the AWA...

[He pounds his right fist into his left palm.]

DH: It makes me want to wipe those smirks right off your faces!

And tonight, Howie and I are gonna do just that. We're not just gonna show you that you're far from earning a spot in the Hall of Fame. We're not just gonna show you that you're far from earning a year-end award. And we're not just gonna show you that you haven't come close to eliminating all competition in the tag team ranks.

We're gonna show you that Next Gen is destined to become the next World tag team champions!

[Howie slaps his chest and points to his T-shirt.]

HS: Like it says right here, Donovan and Taylor, this is the Next Gen, and if you want to call yourselves Kings of Wrestling, then we're about to remove you from your thrones.

[He turns to Harper and the two exchange a high five.]

DH: Let's show them how it's done!

[They walk off the interview set.]

SLB: Fans, when Wes Taylor said there was no one left to face, I gotta ask... will he be eating those words after tonight? We'll find out... right now, let's go back to ringside!

[We crossfade back down to the ringside area where Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are standing.]

GM: Thanks for that, Sweet Lou... and Bucky, what do YOU think of this claim by Taylor and Donovan that they've cleaned out the division?

BW: Look, there might be a few teams here and there left... Next Gen, the Slaughterhouse... but when they say they've cleaned out the division, they're not far from it in my opinion. Who's left to challenge them? When they beat Next Gen right here tonight, who will truly be left to put up a legitimate challenge to the World Tag Team Champions? The American Idols are megastars but they just got here. The Slaughterhouse is more interested in wrecking bodies than collecting gold if you ask me. They've beaten the Lynches.

GM: What about the TexMo Connection?

BW: How many title shots does Jack Stench get before he goes home and gives everyone else a shot?

GM: You're absolutely ridiculous! You know as well as I do that the TexMo Connection are a legitimate threat to the World Tag Team Titles!

BW: I know no such thing. Heck, if it were me, I'd start looking for some old fossils for Taylor and Donovan to knock off. What's City Jack up to these days outside of hocking health insurance? Maybe one of those Portland teams like Cold Spell can give them a run for- ahh, who am I kidding? The 2016 Tag Team of the Year, daddy!

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, let's go up to Rebecca for the introductions for this World Tag Team Title showdown!

[We cut to the ring where the lovely Miss Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Our next matchup is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is for the AAAAAAAWA WORLD TAG TEAM TITLES!

[Big cheer!]

RO: First, they are the challengers...

["Wake Up" by Story of the Year plays over the PA system to a big cheer from the New York crowd.]

RO: From Boston, Massachusetts and El Paso, Texas respectively... at a total combined weight of 495 pounds... HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER...

THEY ARRRRRRRRE...

NEEEEEEEEEEXT GENNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The crowd surges to their feet, cheering for the Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles as all eyes turn towards the entrance awaiting their arrival.]

GM: Here they come, fans... the top contenders to the World Tag Titles and a team that I believe just might walk out of here with gold tonight.

[We wait... and wait... and wait...]

BW: Where are they, Gordo?

GM: I have no idea, Bucky. The music still playing for Harper and Somers but they're nowhere to be seen.

BW: Oh, I get it. Maybe they realized how bad of a beating they were going to get at the hands of Taylor and Donovan and made a run for it.

GM: Highly unlikely. But this is a little concerning.

[The music cuts off, Rebecca Ortiz looking back and forth confused. She gets a signal from someone as the music starts up again.]

GM: Now, here we go!

[Ortiz tries it again.]

RO: THEY ARRRRRRRRRRRRE... NEXT GENNNNNNNNNNNNN!

[The crowd cheers again, turning towards the entrance, awaiting the arrival of the fan favorite tag team...

...and see no one coming through the curtain. The cheers turn towards a confused murmur at this turn of events.]

GM: I don't understand. They've got a World Tag Team Title opportunity and they're...

[Gordon's words trail off.]

GM: Fans... I'm sorry but I understand we've got something going down back in the locker-

[The camera shot cuts, revealing both Somers and Harper laid out on the ground right by the Chimpanzee Position. Both are writhing in pain and Harper has a broken piece of lumber laying by his head. AWA officials are in the area, calling for medical assistance for the duo.]

GM: Harper and Somers are down, fans! I repeat, Harper and Somers are down!

BW: I did see a wet spot back there earlier. I told that idiot one-eyed janitor to clean it up!

GM: Would you stop?! This isn't a slip and fall, Bucky! It's plainly obvious that someone has assaulted these two men!

BW: That's a bold statement, Gordo... a strong accusation considering you didn't see anything.

GM: There's a broken 2x4 by Daniel Harper for crying out loud!

[The scene is chaotic as medical personnel rushes in, kneeling down to check on the fan favorites as AWA officials try to sort out what happened...

...and the camera pulls back to reveal the World Tag Team Champions walking into view, ready for ring action.]

WT: What the hell happened back here?

TD: Looks like an accident of some kind, Wes.

WT: It sure does. Boy, I hope these two kids are okay.

[The sarcasm in Taylor's voice is a dead giveaway as backstage agent Tommy Fierro gets up in their faces.]

TF: HEY! Did you two do this? Do you have something to do with this?

[Donovan shakes his head, his jaw dropped.]

TD: How dare you, good sir? How dare you besmirch the reputation of the Kings of Wrestling?! We were back in our locker room getting ready for our title defense and we have the testimony of a dozen fine young women who can attest to that.

[Donovan nudges Taylor who grins.]

WT: Yes but if you're going to the Kings' locker room to ask them... I'd knock.

[A sleazy wink at the camera follows.]

TF: Alright, alright... well, obviously the match is off so you two get out-

WT: Wait, wait... the match is off?!

[Taylor grins.]

TD: Which means... these guys forfeit?!

TF: I don't know if I'd-

TD: Which means...

[Taylor and Donovan look at each other, clanking the faces of their title belts together.]

WT/TD: WE WIN AGAIN!

[Taylor turns to the camera, holding up the title belt.]

WT: Hey Gellar... now do you consider the Division cleaned out?

[A chuckling Taylor and Donovan make their exit, leaving the medical team and AWA officials to help Next Gen as we fade back out to ringside.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Those two just assaulted Next Gen to get out of this title match!

BW: Slander! You've got no evidence of that and they just told Fierro they've got witnesses as to where they were!

GM: Those... Instagram girls?!

BW: And now you're impeaching the integrity of those fine young women?! For shame, Gordo... for shame!

GM: Well, granted that we didn't see Taylor and Donovan attack Next Gen but I'd hardly put it past them... would you?

BW: I... really don't think that's what we should be talking about. We should be talking about the Division being cleaned out!

GM: It's not-

BW: CLEANED! OUT!

GM: Give me a break. Fans, we're going to take a quick break and regroup since our scheduled tag title match is off. Don't go away because we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[Fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

And then back to the graphic advertising the night's Main Event - the Women's Rumble. As the graphic fades, we see the very popular Kayla "The Pistol" Cristol."

KTPC: Don't matter. Don't matter if I'm comin' back too soon from an injury. Don't matter if I'm just some country girl lost in the Big Apple. Don't matter if that big bully Toughill wants to put me outta business again, or if she's hidin' behind those city folk Barbie dolls with the dyed hair and dead brains like Laur'n and C'risma again. Don't matter if I'm scrapping with a machine like A-yoko, the Yankee Spitfire, Missy Cannon who I watched call the matches when I was just a little girl wantin' to be in there too like the Lynches... Or even if its Mi-yoo-kee herself... I'm the

toughest, I'm the baddest, and I want it more than any women steppin' into that ring.

And as long as the beer is cold and the Good Lord is willin', I'm gonna be standin' there clippin' my holster shut with one hand and holding up that belt with th' other.

[We fade from the pre-taped footage to Sweet Lou standing backstage.]

SLB: As we continue to count down the minutes until the AWA makes history with the Women's Rumble later tonight, you can feel the anticipation backstage for all of these fine competitors looking to become the first Women's World Champion. But as we've been showing you pre-taped interviews with them all night... you also need to see what happened when we tried to get another one of those interviews a little earlier... this one with Queen Bee. Take a look.

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where we can see Theresa Lynch standing by Queen Bee. Theresa is in street clothes, not the clothes we saw her in earlier, so it would appear she doesn't plan to be on camera for this.]

TL: Okay, so when you see the red light, you can start... got it?

[The masked luchadora nods her head.]

TL: Alright... guys, are we ready? Okay... three... two...

[A loud roar comes from off-camera. A panicked shout (likely from Theresa) is heard before the camera goes falling down to the floor, slamming down hard. The shot goes black as we can hear muffled sounds like someone being assaulted. Theresa can be heard screaming for help as a louder thud is heard.

A few more such thuds are heard before a rush of loud voices enters the mix, presumably security arriving on the scene. After a few moments, the voices fade away and we're left with Theresa softly asking "are you okay? Do you need...?" and then shouting for a medic as our audio fades and is replaced by Sweet Lou once more.]

SLB: Not the most captivating visuals thanks to a broken camera but the result of that was Queen Bee being taken into our medical area to be treated. I'm told that moments ago, Queen Bee was told that she can NOT compete in tonight's Rumble due to the injuries she suffered in that footage so... it appears as though we have an open spot in the Rumble! Oh, and you might be asking yourself who the attacker was... well, Theresa Lynch says it was a large woman who was wearing a hood of her own. Theresa could not identify her because of said hood but it was obviously someone looking to make a statement on this historic night in Madison Square Garden. Now, speaking of making a statement, I'm told that Mark Stegglet is standing by in one of the Garden's luxury boxes with the one and only Riley Hunter. Mark?

[We fade back out to a panning shot of the MSG crowd. After a moment, the shot holds and zooms on a luxury box. Then, we cut to a shot inside said box where Mark Stegglet is standing with the blue-haired "American Ninja" Riley Hunter. He is in a sky blue t-shirt with chibi interpretations of the American Idols drawn on the front.]

MS: Thanks, Lou. Riley Hunter, before we talk about the Steal The Spotlight Series taking place on the AWA's upcoming summer tour of Europe, talk to us about your experience two weeks ago, making it to the semi-finals of the Battle of Boston.

RH: Am I disappointed I didn't go all the way? Yeah. But I am not defeated. Tell me who made the biggest impact, Mark. Check the merchandise sales. Those people

out there wearing Dead Man's Party shirts sure think that I had a shot at making the finals and going all the way. I respect Brian James, just like I respect Kawajiri, Fujimoto and the Doctor. Brian James won the day, but the American Ninja was not defeated by the Engine of Destruction. If the opportunity comes up again, I would push my chips to the middle of the table one more time, betting on beating you. Ask Fujimoto how easy it is for me to pick up new tricks and new ways to win.

MS: Well, on the subject of Noboru Fujimoto, earlier this week the Steal the Spotlight draft was held and the Electric Dragon chose you as his first pick. What are your thoughts on this surprising turn of events.

RH: It makes so much sense. Fujimoto is a lot of things and one of them is that he is very very proud of his reputation and abilities. Two weeks ago, he was bested by me in front of the world, and I know it eats him up inside to have someone beat him in his ring. We all carry an ego, Mark—that's what makes him the Electric Dragon and me a Seven Star Athlete. His ego is saying, "avenge that loss, PDQ." And what's the soonest opportunity to face me down on a high profile stage?

MS: Steal the Spotlight.

RH: Exactly. He knows that if he drafts me for his team, he's got the best shot of going deep into the series. He can't risk me ending up with Torin or Canibal. Hell, there's an off chance Supreme Wright might acknowledge my existence and draft me. No, Fujimoto knows talent when he sees it. Cannonball may not look the part, but I've felt his kicks bruise my kidneys. Jones I know brings it when he gets near a spotlight. And hey... maybe this is the kick in the pants Jordan Ohara needs to turn from Woodstock from "Peanuts" into the cassowary that's waiting inside him.

Mark, thank you for your time. "Aloha" means "goodbye." And until we meet again across the Atlantic Ocean...

...

...

...

...

GOOD NIGHT NOW.

[Stegglet shakes his head as we fade from the luxury box to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first...already in the ring at this time... from Salt Lake City, Utah... weighing 205 pounds... here is...

RICKY! TAAAAAANNER!

[Some light applauding.]

GM: Tanner is still looking to make a name for himself here in the AWA, Bucky. He's a former MMA fighter who saw some success in the GFC. He never made it to that upper echelon but he found some moderate success including some highlight reel knockouts.

BW: This isn't MMA, Gordo. We all saw what happened in Boston when a MMA champion stepped into an AWA ring with one of our former World Champions... need a reminder? He got CHOKED out!

GM: Harris is still new to our sport. I'll give him credit, he stepped into the biggest wrestling tournament on the biggest stage and put up one heck of a fight. Tanner... he's been training hard for quite some time now with the likes of MISTER Oliver Strickland and his training sessions...they're anything but a laughing matter! This kid still has a chance to make it in our business.

RO: And his opponent...

["Give Him Everything You've Got" by Craig Armstrong strikes a chord...building slowly, methodically, eerily...before building momentum behind a chorus of violins and escalating beats!]

BW: You were saying?

RO: Hailing from STRONG ISLAND...

[The crowd ERUPTS.]

GM: Are they cheering this monster?!

BW: He's one of their own, Gordo!

RO: Weighing in at 287 pounds..he is the MONSTA MUSCLE...THE KING OF TWISTED STEEL AND SEX APPEAL... THE QUUUUUUADRASAURS! THE LONG ISLAND LOOSE CANNON KNOWN AS...

FLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEX FERRRRRRRRIGNOOOOOOO!!!

[The man with the muscle peaks the size of Mt. Everest bursts through the entrance portal. Amidst some AWA loyalist boos is some hometown love for the MONSTA MUSCLE who stomps forward. Bleached hair, gun metal mirrored shades, crisp sun-kissed tan, a metal headdress draped down his head and shoulders, and a summer glow brought to you by the wonders of baby oil. He's here, he's huge, and he's as yolked as ever.]

BW: It doesn't matter how many times I see him...he gets more impressive looking Every. Single. Time. Flex is a freak of nature, Gordo. Nobody in our sport has found an answer for him yet and quite frankly I think he's starting to get bored.

GM: David Ortiz seemed to have an answer, Bucky.

BW: Oh please! He's a coward! He hid behind those other cowards! He saw Flex coming in hot and he cowardly ducked out of the way and got lucky! He wouldn't last seven seconds in the ring with Flex!

GM: Regardless, it was quite the spectacle to see future Hall of Famer David Ortiz standing toe to toe...

BW: More like belly to washboard abs!

GM: ...with Flex Ferrigno in the ring. I don't stand behind Flex's behavior, Bucky. He's lucky to even be allowed in the arena tonight and not be suspended. But I got goosebumps...down my neck and across my arms...and I think the buzz behind it and the amount of attention it's getting is the only reason he dodged fines and suspensions.

[Tanner remains on the apron, thinking better than to just wait like a sitting duck in the ring as Flex stalks down the aisle. The Quadrasaurus thumps up the ring steps

and stomps onto the apron where Tanner shoots him a glare. Flex motions to go into the ring...

...and then decides charging down the apron towards Tanner is a more formidable option and he SMACKS him across the head with a huge bicep across the face!]

GM: Down goes Tanner!

BW: I don't think Flex is in a mood to waste anytime tonight. He's been itching to take out his frustration, anger, ring rage...yeah, ring rage...on someone. Anyone.

[Tanner collapses down to the outside. Official Davis Warren practically leaps through the ropes and positions himself in front of Flex who shouts out, "OUTTA THE WAY! MOVE!"]

GM: Davis Warren better get control of this or this is going to get out of hand quick. The seasoned official is holding his ground and Flex seems just too annoyed to argue at this point.

[Ferrigno climbs into the ring, barking out at the New York crowd who seem to feed off his obnoxious behavior.]

GM: Our official is down on the floor, checking on Ricky Tanner... this match hasn't even officially started yet.

[The former MMA fighter - filled with pride - is back on his feet, brushing off the official and telling him he's ready to go. Tanner rushes past him, diving under the bottom rope...

...where he's instantly met with a clubbing arm over the back. A second one flattens him out on the mat as the referee slides back into the ring, signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well, we're officially underway with Flex Ferrigno taking it right to the former MMA fighter. Tanner is desperately trying to get up to his feet and every effort is met with another massive right arm across his back. Ferrigno pummeling him here early!

BW: Sounds a lot like his MMA career.

[Tanner finally resorts to what he knows best and he shoots for the legs of Ferrigno!]

GM: Tanner with a double leg!

BW: With zero success.

[Tanner, gripping onto Flex's legs, tries to force him down and Ferrigno just stares down at him and eventually slaps him across the back of the head. Tanner refuses to give up though, continuing to try and score the takedown.]

GM: Look at the tenacity of Ricky Tanner, trying to get him off the mat...

[The Strong Island Loose Cannon has other ideas though, reaching down to wrench his arms around the waist of Tanner...]

GM: Oh my stars! Look at the power!

[...and hurls him through the air, throwing him down to the canvas with a thunderous gutwrench suplex!]

GM: Good grief! That's impressive!

BW: That's a 205 pound man he just deadlifted right up off the mat and tossed across the ring like a small child!

[The released gutwrench suplex sends Tanner across the ring, bouncing off the canvas where he rolls to the far corner. The former MMA competitor though quickly regains his senses, coming back to his feet...]

GM: But Tanner's back on his feet!

[Tanner rushes back in, ready to strike.]

GM: Tanner coming in hot!

[He leaps into the air, looking to land a kneestrike to the chin of Ferrigno who simply reaches his massive arms out, lifting Tanner even higher so that his knee comes up empty as Ferrigno shoves him backwards, flinging him into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Ohh! What a counter by the man from Strong Island... and he follows right in with a clothesline that nearly lifts Ricky Tanner off his feet!

BW: Did you see Tanner's head and neck snap upon hitting the corner? That's a serious case of whiplash, Gordo, and Davis Warren might want to get in there and see if this thing is over before it really got started.

GM: Our referee is right in there doing exactly that, checking on Tanner... but look at that! Tanner says no! Tanner says he's good to keep fighting and you've gotta respect the heart of this kid from Salt Lake City, Bucky.

BW: Sure, I'll even respect his heart when Ferrigno rips it out of his chest and shows it to him.

GM: Bucky!

[Tanner struggles to stay on his feet, using the ropes for support as Ferrigno rushes in a second time, looking for another clothesline...]

...but this time, Tanner lunges clear and Ferrigno runs chestfirst into the buckles to a loud jeer from the partial New York City crowd!]

GM: He missed! Ferrigno comes up empty on the second clothesline and now he's reeling, giving Tanner an opportunity to strike!

[Sliding in behind Ferrigno, Tanner grabs one of his muscular arms in a loose chickenwing, using his other hand to pepper the midsection with blows. Ferrigno doesn't bother to block the blows but after a few more, he uses his trapped arm to swing Tanner around, throwing him into the corner.]

GM: Goodness!

[The powerhouse raises both arms over his head, clasping his fingers together in a double axehandle...]

...but the smaller, quicker Tanner ducks out of the corner, sliding in behind him for a German Suplex attempt!]

GM: Oh!

BW: There's no way, Gordo!

[Tanner digs his heels into the mat, lifting Flex up!]

GM: He almost got him there but Ferrigno might just be too big for him! He's gonna try it again!

[But a second failed suplex allows Ferrigno to execute a standing switch, ending up behind Tanner as he hooks a waistlock of his own...

...and RIPS him off the canvas, dumping him on the back of his head and neck with a full release!]

BW: GERMAN!

GM: MY STARS, WHAT IMPACT! TANNER JUST BOUNCED OFF THE BACK OF HIS HEAD!

[Ferrigno stares down at Tanner, nodding his head.]

GM: And look at that, Gordo. His eyes right back on Tanner. Not long ago, we would have seen some posing or pushups but Flex Ferrigno appears to be all business this week after being embarrassed by David Ortiz at the Battle of Boston and quite frankly, that scares me, Bucky. If he can eliminate all those childish antics to focus on the task at hand, he just might be unstoppable.

[But Ferrigno doesn't follow up on the suplex, staring down at Tanner as the fiery fighter tries to get back to his feet, struggling to get up off the canvas...]

GM: Tanner's trying to get up!

BW: Dumb move, kid. Stay down and tell the ref to ring the bell.

GM: Tanner desperately trying to get back to his feet, trying to stay in this fight. You've gotta admire his fighting spirit, fans.

[Tanner's knees bend like Jello as he gets to his feet, nearly falling right back down. He weakly raises his arms in a fighting stance, moving toward a waiting Ferrigno who shakes his head, shooting in on him...]

GM: Ferrigno's going for the side headlock! If he locks this in, it's over as crazy as that is to say!

BW: Talk about a skull-crusher!

[But Tanner, on pure fighting instinct, drops down to one knee, causing Ferrigno to whiff on applying the headlock. He pops up behind the man from Strong Island, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed with ease...

[Ferrigno swings a big clothesline at Tanner who ducks under, racing to the far ropes where he bounces off again...]

GM: Off the ropes again...

[Showing unlikely quickness, Ferrigno drops down to the mat, causing Tanner to hurdle over him, hitting the ropes for a third time as he bounces back towards Flex who pounces right back up, ducking his head a little too early...]

GM: Ferrigno sets too soon - SUNSET FLIP!

[Only as Tanner leaps over the head of Flex and tries to hook his waist, Ferrigno grabs his legs and straightens up as Tanner's momentum comes to a halt...]

GM: Uh oh.

[...and Flex SNAPS him back in the other direction!]

GM: MY GOD! MY GOD!!!

BW: A WATERWHEEL SLAM STRAIGHT THROUGH ABOMINATION ALLEY!

[Tanner's head SMASHES into the canvas and his body instantly goes limp!]

GM: HE'S OUT! HE'S GOTTA BE OUT THIS TIME, BUCKY!

[The official dives to the mat, grabbing Tanner's hand, talking to him as Ferrigno stands tall, looking down at him...]

...and the referee pops up, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And that's it. He's out cold and the referee just stopped this thing.

[The official shields Tanner from any further assault by Ferrigno who first looks confused and then shrugs, backing off with his arms raised to a bit of a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

GM: These fans were solidly behind Flex Ferrigno for this entire match but... I'm not sure they like what he did to Ricky Tanner right there. There sure does seem to be a few more boos than there were a few moments ago.

BW: Forget about these New York knuckleheads, Gordo. Let's talk about what we just saw right there. First off, what a counter, right? We've given Flex all the credit in the world for being big and strong and powerful... but he just showed us all what a terrific mind for the sport he has too. He felt that sunset flip coming and he made Tanner pay for it! And that's gotta be one of the roughest landing I've ever seen, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. Tanner's head snapped back... his head slammed into the canvas. There's no wonder that he went out like a light as soon as it happened.

BW: And once again, pro wrestling proves its dominance over MMA.

GM: How do you figure?

BW: The guy took punches to the mush for a living in the GFC Hexagon but here in the AWA, it took one big slam for Flex to knock him into the middle of next week. That just shows you how strong Flex is.

GM: That combination of strength and intensity is really what-

[The growling voice of Ferrigno on the mic cuts off Gordon.]

FLEX: Stop flappin' your old dirty gums, Myers. Nobody is here to listen to ya yammer on and on.

[The camera cuts to Gordon who looks annoyed but stays silent as Ferrigno approaches the ropes, leaning over to shout at our esteemed play-by-play man.]

FLEX: That's why so many people bought tickets to the show... to mute you... and to see the greatest professional ATHLETE of their generation. 'Cause that's what you're lookin' at.

[Cheers from the majority of the crowd as the Strong Island native nods approvingly.]

FLEX: That's what EVERYONE is lookin' at. Perfection. God himself couldn't sculpt a better physical specimen and he tried... trust me he tried...

[Ferrigno smirks as he walks across the ring away from the announce duo.]

FLEX: Now, while the meat wagon gets this slab of nothing out of my ring...

[He gestures at the still-motionless Tanner as the medical team tends to him.]

FLEX: ...let's talk about the thing the whole world is talking about. You seen it on Fox Sports... you seen it on ESPN... you seen it on Kimmel... on Fallon... on Ellen... hell, even those fat slobs on The View were talkin' 'bout it.

I'm talkin' 'bout the Battle of Boston...

[A cheer goes up from part of the crowd, drawing Ferrigno's gaze.]

FLEX: And I'm talkin' 'bout the cheap shot that yours truly got from that... that...

[Ferrigno is starting to get angry now, fuming as he continues.]

FLEX: THAT DISGUSTING... DISGRACEFUL... OVERWEIGHT SWEATHOG... THAT DARES... DAAAAAARES TO CALL HIMSELF A PROFESSIONAL ATHLETE...

[Ferrigno is in mid-sentence when the lights in Madison Square Garden dim a bit and the big screen comes to life with a shot of someone sure to get some boos... a lot of boos... an overwhelming amount of boos from the New York fans. He does, drawing a grin from him as the screen splits.]

BW: Wait a minute -- is that?

GM: I can't... it is! It's him, Bucky!

[On one side of the screen is a fuming Flex Ferrigno, glaring up at the big screen. And on the other...

...is first ballot lock-to-be Major League Baseball Hall of Famer David Ortiz of the Boston Red Sox!]

GM: It's David Ortiz! Big Papi himself!

[Ferrigno explodes in Ortiz' direction, angrily pointing at the screen.]

FLEX: WHAT THE...?!

[Ferrigno kicks the ropes, turning to grab one of the AWA officials in the ring by the collar.]

FLEX: WHO THE HELL PUT THAT FAT ASS UP THERE?! WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING ON MY SHOW?!

[The official pleads innocence as Ferrigno shoves him away.]

FLEX: GELLAR, YOU NO-NECK LITTLE WEASEL! YOU BEHIND THIS?! WHAT KIND OF GAME ARE YOU PLAYIN' WITH THE QUADRASAURUS, YOU LITTLE WORM?!

[After a moment, the grinning Ortiz pipes up.]

DO: Brother, do you EVER get sick of hearing your own voice?

[Some laughter breaks out in the crowd as Ferrigno paces around the ring angrily.]

FLEX: WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT, ORTIZ?! YA GOT NO BUSINESS HERE 'CAUSE IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, WE AIN'T IN BOSTON THIS WEEK! WE'RE IN NEW YORK! WE'RE IN _MY_ HOUSE, BIG BOY!

[Ferrigno grins as Ortiz nods his head.]

DO: That's right, that's right. Tonight, we in your house... but two weeks ago, you came to MY house!

And in case you forgot in that thick head of yours... I THREW YOU OUT OF MY HOUSE!

[There are a scattering of cheers for Ortiz but like Flex said... this is his house and the fans are showing him the love. Ferrigno laughs loudly, shaking his head.]

FLEX: Is that what this is about? You get lucky one time... you get over on me one time... the world runs that clip over... and over... and over... and now you think you can show up on my show and run your mouth at me, fat boy? Well, it's a good thing you are wherever you are right now because if you were standing in this ring with me... if you were standing in MY house... I'd shut your mouth permanently!

[Ortiz laughs this time.]

DO: But that's what I'm here to tell you, brother...

[Ortiz spreads his arms, the camera pulling back to reveal that he's standing in the middle of Yankee Stadium. The jeers from the crowd get louder as Ferrigno's eyes go wide.]

DO: ...I _AM_ IN YOUR HOUSE! And just like two weeks ago when you were in my house and I beat you... tonight, I walked into your house and I beat your boys here in this stadium like I've done so many times before!

[The boos intensify, Ferrigno angrily slamming his arms down on the top rope as he shouts into the mic again.]

FLEX: LISTEN HERE, FAT BOY!

[Ferrigno shakes his head, fuming mad.]

FLEX: YOU... you... that's MY house... that's MY backyard, you fat...

[Ferrigno trails off as a nearby Tommy Fierro gives him a glare.]

FLEX: You just made the biggest mistake of your life. I was willing to let it go, Ortiz. I was willing to let you have your moment in Boston and move on with my life. I got bigger fish to eat around these parts than the likes of you.

But now...

[He shakes his head.]

FLEX: Now, you and I have a problem... a serious problem.

[Ferrigno gestures to the New York crowd.]

FLEX: And now these people... MY people... have a problem with you too. Because they don't care about seeing your fat ass at the plate at the Stadium. They don't give a damn about that.

But what they do care about is seeing you walk out the door, catch an Uber, and get your tail down here to the world's most famous arena...

[Ferrigno smirks.]

FLEX: ...just in time for you to get the world's most famous ASS KICKING!

[Big cheer from the partial New York crowd!]

DO: Is that right? Is that right? You tellin' me you didn't get enough the first time?

[Ortiz grins a big toothy smile.]

FLEX: Nah, nah... I didn't get enough... and it's obvious you're stalling right now so you don't have to get humiliated in front of all these people so I'm gonna make you a deal, fat boy.

The calendar says that the AWA is heading to Europe right after this show tonight. And we won't be back until the summer is just about over because the Flexnation over there in Europe is about to get all it can handle.

[Flex strikes a huge bicep pose.]

FLEX: But when I get back... when the Quadrasaurus is back on America's shores...

[He turns the flexed arm into a pointed finger at the big screen.]

FLEX: ...then I'm comin' for you.

[Another big cheer rings out!]

FLEX: This gun? It's got one bullet in it with your name on it, hear me?

So, when the AWA comes back to the States... wherever we are... wherever we go... I expect to roll your sloppy ol' belly out of bed, hitch your pants up around your floppy manboobs...

[Ortiz chuckles, grabbing one of said manboobs.]

FLEX: ...and show up for the beating your mama should've given you a long time ago. Whaddya said, punk?

[Ortiz leans down, snatching up a baseball bat off the ground.]

DO: You want a piece of me, Ferrigno?

[Ortiz nods his head, slapping the barrel of the bat against his palm.]

DO: You got it!

[And the New York crowd ROARS at the idea of that. Flex's eyes flash and then a huge grin crosses his face.]

FLEX: The world just heard you, brother... there's no backing out now.

DO: I wouldn't dream of it... just don't be surprised when I bring along...

[He takes a swing with the bat.]

DO: ...A LITTLE BACKUP!

[And with that, the split screen fades, leaving Ferrigno in the ring as the crowd roars for what they just heard.]

GM: BUCKY! I CAN'T BELIEVE... DID WE JUST HEAR THAT?!

BW: We heard it but can they even do that?! Can David Ortiz - a guy in the middle of the baseball season - get in the wrestling ring with a trained professional in Flex Ferrigno?! We just saw Ferrigno turn out the lights of a trained fighter - what the heck is he going to do against a baseball player whose belly is bigger than his batting average?!

GM: The AWA brass must be besides themselves! What a moment! And after Ortiz and Ferrigno have been on just about every sports and entertainment broadcast the past two weeks - after that footage has gone viral worldwide... this might be one of the most anticipated showdowns in AWA history, Bucky!

BW: IF it happens. We're headed to Europe and that gives Ortiz a long ol' time to back out!

GM: I don't... I can't even imagine what happens if those two square off, fans! This is incredible! Someone get Emerson Gellar out here and let's find out if he can make that match!

BW: If that happens, Gordo... it's not going to be a match... it's going to be a fight! For crying out loud, Ortiz threatened to bring a bat with him!

GM: Fans... wow. The fans here in Madison Square Garden are still buzzing after that confrontation and... well, we've got to take another break. We're going to try and get Emerson Gellar to speak on this subject but... okay, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE right here on The X!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the soon-to-be-crowned Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to the graphic promoting the night's Main Event - the Women's Rumble. After a moment, the graphic fades as we cut to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell looks a little hot and concerned as he prepares for his next interview.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, I am backstage where we are counting down the minutes to tonight's Main Event - the first ever Women's Rumble in AWA history, designed to crown the very first AWA Women's World Champion. What a contest that's going to be with twenty of the finest female competitors from around the world taking part. Names like Charisma Knight, Julie Somers, Erica Toughill, Melissa Cannon, Ayako Fujiwara, and my guest at this time... Lauryn Rage.

[Lauryn Rage swaggers onto set. The Canadian grappler is decked out in her gold unitard with her bright pink glove on her right hand. Her hair this week is a deep, rich cerise. Sweet Lou stares at in amazement.]

SLB: How do you manage to change colors every week?

[Lauryn fixes him with an annoyed stare.]

LR: Really? You just gonna come at me like that?

[She sucks her tooth loudly.]

LR: Look here. Just hold the mic and don't say another word.

[She adjusts Blackwell's arm so that the mic is in place. Blackwell looks aggrieved, but holds it firmly in place.]

LR: AWA, it's your girl, Lauryn Rage, coming to you live and direct from Madison Square Garden! You know, Madison Square Garden has been a special place for the Rage family throughout our history. Let's not forget that at SuperClash VI my big brother, Shadoe Rage, knocked Tony Sunn into unconsciousness and retirement and won the AWA World Television championship! Remember that, Lou?

SLB: I do.

LR: And he went on to become the longest-reigning World Television Champion in history.

[Lauryn's big toothy grin lights up the screen. She rubs her hands together eagerly.]

LR: And tonight, I'm going to make sure history repeats itself and another Rage is going to win an AWA World Championship and make history right here in Madison Square Garden again. I'm going to win to the AWA Women's World Championship and defend it with honor!

[Blackwell looks skeptical at that remark.]

LR: Blackwell, to win a Rumble isn't like wrestling someone one-on-one or even a Texas Tornado tag-team match. You've got no friends out there. No partner. And all it takes is for you to get tossed to the floor to be eliminated. Imagine that, you can be hit from anywhere by anyone and eliminated. So it takes skill to win a Rumble. It takes cunning. It takes determination. You don't have to be the biggest, the strongest or the fastest, but you have to be the best. And that description fits me to a 'T.'

[Lauryn checks with Blackwell to see if he disagrees. Blackwell begins to open his mouth, but thinks better of it and lets it pass.]

LR: Now, I know everybody out there is thinking that the Superfriends are going to team up and eliminate the field, but let me explain you a little something about Melissa Cannon. She is a no good backbiting snake. I bet Julie Somers is the first person she dumps out.

SLB: How dare you say that!

LR: I say that because I know the type of woman she is. Look, Blackwell, I've never denied who or what I am. Because I don't apologize for who I am. However you want it, I can give it to you. You know, what I mean? You've watched my matches. I've tapped girls out. I've hit them with high risk moves. I've fought busted knuckles and knees to the gut. I've turned girls into pretzels. I'm an all rounder. And I don't take no mess from anybody. And I don't pretend to, not like Cannon, not like Fujiwara who won't admit she's in Ozaki's pocket. See, these girls put on one face for the camera, but behind the scenes, man ... if you only knew what a mess that locker room is. They aren't fit to be champions. Not like tha Kid, ya dig?

SLB: Well, you may say all that, but aren't you the one making yourself a target right now. I mean, let's look at what you did to your supposed friends, the Serpentes!

LR: What I do to them?

SLB: You left them high and dry after they lost at Memorial Day Mayhem!

LR: Did not!

SLB: Did too!

LR: Did not!

"Did too!"

[Lauryn straightens up and her eyes boggle as the Serpentine flank her on either side. Even Blackwell seems concerned.]

LR: Mamba, Copperhead, how you doing? Long time no see!

C: Don't give us that crap! You turned your back on us and now at the Rumble it's time we got our revenge, chica. You think the Serpentine are something to play with? In New York? Naw, baby bird. It ain't goin' down like that.

M: I wouldn't bet a lot of money on you winning that championship, Lauryn. I wouldn't even bet on you walking out of that match alive.

[She grips Lauryn's shoulder with bone breaking fingers.]

LR: (squirming) Girls, I think we have a misunderstanding here. I mean, okay, I got mad. You know that Melissa Cannon really gets on my nerves, so I couldn't handle seeing her cheat her way to victory again and again. I wasn't mad at you, I was mad at the situation. Honestly! I'm not lying!

C: Your lips are moving, girl. You're a liar!

LR: I promise I'm not! Look, I'll prove it to you. Tonight, why don't the three of us make sure one of us is the winner.

M: One of us?

[She squeezes harder.]

LR: (knees buckling) Well, one of you if it comes down to it. But look, let's make it to the final three and then you can take out whatever frustration you have on me if you can.

[The Serpentine look at each other.]

C: That ain't a bad plan, Mamba.

[Mamba drags Lauryn up. She releases her grip on Laura's shoulder and brushes it off.]

M: You got a deal. But I warn you, don't think about stabbing us in the back again because it's a long way over the top rope to the floor and it would be a shame if that pretty little neck of yours got broke in the fall.

[Copperhead tousles Lauryn's hair.]

C: See you in the ring, chica.

[But the Serpentine don't move, making it clear that it is Lauryn's cue to leave. She glances at each Serpentine as she gingerly rolls her shoulder and makes her exit.]

M: Blackwell, you see that.

SLB: Yes, ma'am.

M: That's why we will be the AWA's Women's World Champion.

SLB: We?

C: Si, papi, when one of us wins we both win. We gonna defend the title together, you know?

SLB: That's... is that even possible?

M: (towering over Blackwell) Who is going to tell us we can't?

SLB: Definitely not me.

C: Exactly.

[With that, the Serpentes walk off camera.]

SLB: Well, this is just a glimpse of how crazy things can get in a Rumble situation. It's going to be...

[Blackwell trails off as Lauryn Rage creeps back onto the screen. She peers around to make sure the Serpentes are gone.]

LR: I was talking! Now, it's on. Those Serpentes better stick to that deal or I swear I will slap the taste out of their mouths.

SLB: You're going to say that with them right over there?

[Lauryn jumps.]

LR: Where?

SLB: Made you look!

LR: (laughing sarcastically) You all think you've embarrassed me. We'll see who has the last laugh when I'm holding that championship.

[She checks over her shoulders for the Serpentes before she slinks away.]

SLB: Mighty tough talk from Lauryn Rage when there is no one to stand up to her. We'll see how it plays out in the ring. And right now, fans, let's go down to the ring for our next matchup!

[We cut from the backstage area to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a...

[Ortiz does a doubletake at her index cards, shaking her head before continuing.]

RO: ...a specially-requested FIVE minute time limit.

[The crowd buzzes with confusion at the shortened time limit.]

GM: Five minutes? Really?

BW: Somebody's feeling pretty confident here tonight, Gordo.

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: Introducing first... from Arlington, Virginia... weighing 251 pounds... RONALD HALL!

[A tall, well-built young man with shaggy hair and full-length red tights raises his right arm with index finger extended into the air.]

RO: And his opponent...

["Duel of the Fates" by Galactic Empire begins to play as the crowd immediately ROARS with boos at the sight of Juan Vasquez and Jackson Hunter stepping out from behind the curtains, followed closely behind by the monstrous MAWAGA.]

RO: ...accompanied to the ring by Juan Vasquez and Jackson Hunter...he hails from the Polynesian Islands and represents the Axis of Evil... weighing in at 290 pounds...

MAAAAAAAAAAWWWAAAAAAAAAGGGGAAAAAAAA!!!

[Mawaga is a bulky, dark-skinned Polynesian male with a stony face and a wicked Jheri curl hairdo tied back into a ponytail. To the ring, he wears an open black and gold satin robe over black Hakama pants. He shouts at the camera in indecipherable Tongan as he passes by. As he reaches the ring, Vasquez moves towards the announcers table, joining Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Well folks, it looks like we're going to be joined here on commentary with-

JV: No need for introductions, Gordon. Is there really anyone out there that wouldn't recognize the star of the show?

[Inside the ring, MAWAGA sheds his robe, handing it off to Jackson Hunter on the outside, as the manager shouts some last second instructions at him.]

GM: This will be our very first look at MAWAGA in a sanctioned one-on-one matchup... a five minute matchup I might add. I suppose that's your doing.

JV: Hey, MAWAGA don't work cheap and I figured I'd let Mr.... Hall, was it?

GM: Yes.

JV: Let's let Mr. Hall know roughly how long he'll be out here in case he wants to have the ambulance standing by.

GM: I see. Well, seeing as this is our first time seeing him in the ring, is there anything you can tell us about him, Mr. Vasquez?

JV: [chuckling] He has to be seen to be believed, Myers. Our friends at the Korugun Corporation gave us one hell of a gift.

GM: Right, the Korugun Corporation...they've been making a lot of noise around here lately.

JV: Are you trying to imply something? Those people are salt of the Earth, Myers!

GM: I'm sure they are...

[MAWAGA turns to Hall, bowing to his opponent as the bell rings...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...as Hall immediately charges at him...]

GM: OH!

BW: What a shot!

[...and runs right into a palm strike. MAWAGA takes a step back...]

SMAAAACK!!!

[...and darn near takes Hall's head off with a savate kick!]

GM: OHHH! A huge kick knocks Hall flat on his back!

BW: I think he's out cold, Gordo!

JV: I'll tell you this much, amigo...that ain't some simple savage inside the ring. That man's got feet so educated, they graduated cumma sum laude! Haha!

[Dragging a groggy Hall back to his feet, MAWAGA shoots the Virginia native into the ropes. As he comes back, the Islander grabs him under the armpits and shoots him high up into the air. As Hall falls back towards the canvas, MAWAGA throws both arms back and shoots forward head-first...]

"CRAAAAAAACCKKK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...SMASHING Hall skull-to-skull with a sickening headbutt!]

GM: DEAR LORD!

JV: You know, as much as I love talking to you guys, I've got an appointment to make. Gotta' meet up with some very important people way way WAY above Gellar's paygrade. I think we should wrap this up.

[Juan shouts at Jackson Hunter...]

"END IT!"

[Hunter nods, catching MAWAGA's attention as he's picking a limp Hall up for more punishment. He drags his thumb across his throat and the big guy nods in affirmation. Within a blink of an eye, MAWAGA's right hand shoots out, his fingers locking into Ronald Hall's neck!]

GM: That's the same hold we saw MAWAGA use on Stevie Scott! That...that nerve hold!

JV: It's called a Tongan Death Grip, Gordo! And just like Stevie Scott found out, there's no escape from it!

[Hall flails his arms for a moment, but quickly goes limp as MAWAGA keeps the hold on, taking him down to the canvas. The referee doesn't even check if Hall's still conscious, quickly calling for the bell as the Virginian begins to foam from the mouth!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and- come on! Get him off the man!

[MAWAGA snaps his head back, eyes glaring at the camera as he keeps his fingers locked on the throat of Hall.]

GM: The referee's ordering him to let go but he's not even listening!

BW: Well, the man is from another country. Maybe he doesn't speak English so well. Let's try and be compassionate towards the immigrants in our great country, Gordo.

GM: Give me a break!

[And now its Jackson Hunter and Juan Vasquez trying to convince their "gift" to let go of the young man twitching on the mat.]

GM: Even Vasquez and Hunter can't get him to let go! Come on! Somebody's got to-

[Finally, MAWAGA releases his nerve hold, climbing to his feet as a nervous-looking Jackson Hunter tugs at his tie while a chuckling Juan Vasquez claps Hunter across the shoulder with a - "see?! Nothing to worry about."]

GM: They finally got Hall free and... I'm afraid he's going to need some kind of medical attention after that brutal assault. He could have... well, I don't even feel qualified to speculate considering the symptoms we saw with the foaming of the mouth and... look at how happy Vasquez is. That man is a far cry from the Juan Vasquez I thought I knew. In fact, I'm sick of looking at his smile. Let's go to break and get him off my monitor.

[The shot stays on the AXIS for a few more moments until we fade to black...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the graphic promoting tonight's Women's Rumble. The graphic fades into a shot of Ayako Fujiwara, standing before us. She is wearing a crimson red version of her sleeveless catsuit with a corset-like top tied together with black string, fingerless elbow-length gloves, an elaborate gold embroidered belt sash, and knee-high boots. Her metallic ombré hair is tied up into a high ponytail. She looks all business, with her arms crossed over her chest and an uncharacteristic look of annoyance on her face.]

Ayako: For the past few weeks, I've had to endure rumor and accusations; attacks on my character and integrity, all because of someone else's actions. But let me make one thing clear.

[She narrows her eyes.]

Ayako: I am my own woman and I am NOT Miyuki Ozaki's keeper. Don't try to tie me into any of your conspiracies or wild fantasies. If you have a problem with her actions at Battle of Boston, take it up with her. I'm sure big sis won't have any problem with showing any of you what she thinks about your opinion.

[The slightest of smirks.]

Ayako: Maybe it's my fault. Maybe I've been too nice. Too humble. Too quiet. Too much of a pushover. And because of that, people can't even take me at my word when I tell them I'm only here to prove my worth as a wrestler.

[She shakes her head sadly.]

Ayako: But don't mistake my silence for guilt. Don't mistake my innocence for ignorance. Don't mistake my kindness for weakness. Because when I step into that ring tonight...

...kind and weak is not going to be what you remember about me.

[She cracks her knuckles.]

Ayako: I was the first female gold medalist to ever compete inside a wrestling ring. The first ever woman to win the Empress Cup TWICE. And tonight?

You better believe I plan to become the first-ever AWA Women's champion.

[Ayako stares into the camera with a fierceness we've never quite seen from her.]

Ayako: My actions have always spoke louder than any of my words.

And NOTHING will speak more loudly...

[She smiles.]

Ayako: ...than when I raise the AWA Women's title over my head.

[We fade away from Ayako...

...and back up on Mark Stegglet somewhere in the backstage area.]

MS: Fans, there is a lot going on these days here in the AWA. We're fresh off the Battle of Boston... we've got the Women's Rumble here tonight... of course, we know that Homecoming is just two months away and SuperClash is just around the corner after that... but right now, let's talk about the first-time ever European Tour that the AWA is about to embark on. Six weeks, going all throughout Europe, with Saturday Night Wrestling tapings in Germany, Italy, and the UK. It promises to be one heck of a tour and when you add in the fact that during this tour, we will see the very first Steal The Spotlight Series to boot... whew. Now, earlier tonight, the participants in that Series were chosen by the team captains - Supreme Wright, Torin The Titan, Noboru Fujimoto, and Canibal. And right now, I have the pleasure to be speaking via Skype to one of the participants. From his hometown in Oberammergau, Germany is one of the surprise selections on Team Titan, former light heavyweight champion, Macht Kraftwerk!

[Screen goes to a split screen with Stegglet on the left and Kraftwerk, in a much grainier feed, on the right. Only Macht's masked face is seen as the German cruiser holds his phone a little too close.]

MK: Ach, danke Mark Stegglet! Myself, myself is much too happy with the selection!

MS: You found some success in the Battle of Boston International Wild Card tournament, just falling short of a spot at BOB. Do you contribute that success to Torin the Titan's pick?

[Macht holds the phone out slightly to show his hand held up, wavering in a "yes and no" fashion.]

MK: Maybe Mark Stegglet, maybe! While not the fast man I was once, I showed I could still go! But is that why the mighty Titan chose myself?

[Macht pauses, shoves the phone back to take a swig of water, and then resumes.]

MK: Not so much! The might Titan and myself go back to good times here in the older world, traveling together many, many times. He knows what myself can still get done in the ring and how I can do well to better his mighty team!

MS: Well, we're happy to welcome you back to AWA, especially as we make our own European tour.

MK: JA! Welcome of much myself will when you come here! I cannot wait to hold open my arms for all when you come to the Deutschland! And myself will be of same welcome to all my friends on the might Titan's team!

[Macht's other hand pumps in the air, during which he apparently drops his phone and cuts the call. Stegglet chuckles.]

MS: Macht, of course, couldn't join us here in the States tonight since his selection was a bit of a surprise... but I do have a second guest with me right now who was selected. At this time, allow me to welcome another competitor who will take part in the Steal The Spotlight Series - Pure X!

[Pure X steps into the frame next to Stegglet, dressed in jeans and newly pressed heather grey hoodie with the words "Pure Wrestling, Inc." encircling the gripping, taped hands emblazoned on the front - now available on AWAshop.com!]

PX: Stegglet...

MS: Pure X, for the Steal the Spotlight teams, the very man who eliminated you at the Battle of Boston selected you for his team. How is being part of Supreme Wright's team sitting with you?

[Pure X looks away from Stegglet for a moment, not really showing much emotion.]

PX: How does it sit? How does the fact that the man who booted me out from MY chance at glory - my chance at proving that I'm the greatest WRESTLER in this place - picked ME? How do you think I feel?

MS: Well, that's why I ask-

PX: It feels GREAT, Stegglet! Look, I hate teaming - it goes against my core to prove that me and myself alone is the best at what I do. But here? To have Supreme Wright select me? For yet another opportunity at greatness? Why would it not be right!

I mean, first, look - at Battle of Boston, I took Wright to the limit. I was close many times, but I'll admit that that night, he was the better man in that ring, that hallowed ground of our SPORT! So there's is absolutely no ill will - in fact, I was disappointed he didn't win the whole thing.

MS: And your team...

PX: Yeah, this team! This is a team of bonafide, proven WRESTLERS if there ever was one! There's no team, Stegglet - NO TEAM that can match this one. Grayson's golden amateur accolades, James' trophied brutality, and Mifune's scary skillset

with my PURE ability? All led with honor and pride by Supreme Wright? Tell me, Mark - who better than the Supreme Squadron?

Who better? No one!

[And with that, Pure X makes his exit.]

MS: Strong words from Pure X as he seems really and willing to be a part of the Supreme Squadrom as they head into the Steal The Spotlight Series! Now, speaking of teamwork, let's go down to the ring for tag team action!

[We cut to the ring where The Sleigh Bells "Crown on the Ground" blares through the arena with its lo fi noise as the Misfits emerge onto the stage. The fans cover their ears and complain, but the Misfits aren't in the mood for it tonight. Amos Carter and Rashan Hill emerge on the stage. Shadoe Rage takes up position behind them. The black-garbed warrior orders them down the aisle and the soldiers march forward as commanded, foregoing the usual celebratory shucking and jiving they do.]

RO: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing ... at a combined weight of 485 pounds ... and accompanied to the ring by their captain and coach, Shadoe Rage, they are ... AMOS CARTER and RASHAN HILL ... THE MISSSSSFITSSSSSSSS!!!!

GM: The Misfits look to be in an ornery mood tonight after what went down in the match between Shadoe Rage and Callum Mahoney.

BW: Yeah, I've actually never seen them like this. Carter and Hill were happy to be getting regular checks and eatin'. That don't look to be satisfyin' them any more, Gordo. These boys are mad!

GM: Well, we have prerecorded comments from the Misfits taken backstage after the altercation between the Misfits and SM&K.

[A little inset box switches the shot as the Misfits entrance goes to a small corner of the screen. A larger image of the Misfits takes center stage.

AC: Listen, what the boss wants, the boss gets. And he wants Her back. The World Television title is rightfully his and Rashan and I are tired of the disrespect the AWA is putting on the Rage name. Your boy, Supernova? We made sure he isn't an obstacle any more. Isn't that right, Rashan?

RH: Dawg, you know it. That guy is out of here. And we comin' for that title, feel me? I mean the name Shadoe Rage stands for greatness. Greatest tag-team wrestler ever. Check. Former World Champion. Check. Greatest wrestling coach ever! Check! Savior? Double check. And the greatest World Television champion of all time? Awww Hell, triple check that, dawg. So why the Hell don't he get the fanfare of a Supernova or a Ryan Martinez ... or a Supreme Wright ... Hell, he don't even get the respeck on his name those no good Lynches get. That's gonna change. So we gon be his soldiers and take down his enemies. Feel me?

AC: And if you're wondering who his enemies are? Well, that's easy. Everybody!

[The Misfits bump fists as the shot switches back to a single shot of the ring.]

GM: And the Misfits have firmly drank the Kool Aid as they are ready to go here against the Blue Brothers.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And the action underway here in Madison Square Garden as Amos Carter starts out against Will Blue.

BW: You know, I don't know how you can tell these two apart. They're the same height. Bout the same weight and both stink like Henrietta's kitchen after Burrito Night!

GM: Will you stop, Bucky?!

[Amos immediately calls for a test of strength. As Will looks up at his hand, Carter kicks him in the midsection and drives the point of his elbow into the back of Blue's neck sending him face first to the canvas as Carter follows up with immediate stomps to the neck and upper back.]

GM: This is brutal. I've never seen Amos Carter so vicious!

BW: Seems that Rage is getting through to these two. If you want to eat with the big dogs, you can't play with your food!

[After one more angry stomp, Carter tags out to Hill who slingshots over the top rope with a leg drop across the neck.]

GM: Show of athleticism on the part of Rashan Hill right there, dropping the big boom down on Will Blue.

BW: He's not done either. Hill just a blur of offense in there, pulling him right back up...

[Hill fires Blue across the ring, taking him right back off his feet with a spinning leg lariat. He rolls up to a knee, glaring at a helpless Andy Blue in the corner.]

"You want some? You want some, boy?"

GM: Rashan Hill dragging Will Blue over to his partner, offering to let him tag in his brother...

[But as soon as Andy extends a hand to make the tag, Hill snatches Will away from the corner, using a high hard hip toss to throw him across the ring to the opposite corner. Hill turns, mocking Andy Blue which causes the spunky perennial loser to make a lunge at him. The official steps in, trying to keep 'em separated as Carter leans through the ropes, pulling Will to his feet and back into the buckles.]

GM: Illegal assist while the referee is distracted...

[With Carter holding the legal Blue, Hill dashes across the ring, leaping high into the air and crashing hard into the chest of Will Blue with his version of the Heatwave splash!]

GM: Ohh! Rashan Hill perhaps sending a little message to Supernova right there...

[Shadoe Rage nods with approval from the floor, grinning broadly at what he just saw...

...when suddenly the crowd BURSTS into a roar!]

GM: SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA IS IN THE AISLE!

[But the former World Television Champion is being flanked on all sides by AWA officials trying to keep him back. The din in the aisle catches Rage's attention as he

scampers up on the apron, pointing down the aisle at Supernova and shouting loudly at the face-painted fan favorite.]

GM: Supernova wants a piece of Shadoe Rage after what happened here earlier tonight! Rage cost Nova his title and Supernova wants payback!

BW: If he wants payback, he's gotta come through both Misfits and all those AWA officials to get it! Keep him back there! He's got no business out here!

[The former champion struggles to get past a new swarm of security clogging up the aisleway as the action continues inside the ring. Hill shouts at Supernova as well before making the tag to his partner.]

GM: The action continues inside the ring and... Carter headed to the top rope...

[With Will Blue prone on the mat, Carter takes to the sky, dropping a beautiful moonsault down across the chest!]

GM: The moonsault connects... and Shadoe Rage is still up on the apron, keeping an eye on Supernova as he tries to get free...

[Inside the ring, Carter makes another tag as Hill steps back in, shouting again at the aisle as he scoops up Blue under his arm, dropping him down across a bent knee in a backbreaker as Carter points to his head...]

GM: What's this all about?

[Dashing to the ropes, Carter leaps into the air, springboarding off the middle rope with another moonsault...

...but this time he twists his body, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat of Will Blue to a reaction from the crowd at the athletic attack!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Oh, that's gotta be it!

[Carter rolls to the floor, taking a protective stance in front of Rage as Hill gets to his feet, planting his boot on Will Blue's chest.]

GM: One... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: A decisive win for the Misfits... and it looks like a decisive win for AWA security for now as well as they manage to get Supernova back toward the locker room. You have to feel this isn't over though, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Supernova thinks he's been wronged which means he's not going to stop until he gets his hands on Shadoe Rage again.

[Supernova stops just beyond the entrance, still staring at the ring as Shadoe Rage steps into the ring, running across and pulling Andy Blue over the ropes by the hair!]

GM: What the-?! Come on! The match is over!

[Rage slides away, watching, licking his lips as Andy Blue pushes up to his knees...

...and Rage rushes forward, DRIVING his knee into Andy's skull, knocking him flat and motionless to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ECLIPSE! ECLIPSE!

[Rage leans over the ropes, staring up the aisle at Supernova who nods his head, shouting "this isn't over, Rage! Not by a long shot!" at his longtime rival.]

BW: Well, Gordo... I'd say a message has just been sent and delivered.

GM: Absolutely. And you heard Supernova too. This isn't over... not by a long shot. I look forward to seeing the two former champions in the ring with one another again. Fans, let's go back to Mark Stegglet.

[We fade back up on the hallways of MSG. Mark Stegglet is walking alongside Chris Blue. The camera picks them up in mid-conversation.]

MS: -in here is what I've heard. But he's asked no one to bother him. Emerson Gellar was in there earlier, trying to get him to wrestle tonight but-

CB: Okay, thanks. I don't need him to wrestle... I just need him to understand.

MS: Understand what?

CB: Another time, Mark, okay?

[Stegglet stops cold.]

MS: No! No, it's not okay! Look, I get that you've got important stuff going on but I've got a job to do, Mr. Blue. And my job is to inform these people watching at home. So, when you walk in that room to talk to Ryan Martinez, I'm going with you.

[Stegglet's words are strong, his voice unwavering as Blue looks at him... and with a heavy sigh, the former EMWC owner waves him towards the door he was about to walk through. Stegglet turns to the camera, giving a thumbs up as he pushes the door open. The camera follows, catching a glimpse of Ryan Martinez rising off a wooden bench. He looks tired... like he hasn't slept well in days. The "war wounds" from the Battle of Boston are present too as he stands in street clothes.]

RM: Mark, I told you I wasn't going to talk to...

[The AWA's White Knight's words trail off as he spots the third member of this invading party.]

RM: You.

[Blue shrugs.]

CB: I suppose.

[Martinez stares at Blue for a moment before turning his back.]

RM: I've got nothing to say to you.

[Blue nods, stepping further into the locker room.]

CB: That's good because I don't plan on letting you talk very much right now. Why don't you sit down and let me-

RM: Why don't you try not telling me what to do unless you want a punch in the mouth?

[Blue pauses, his teeth shining in a smile.]

CB: Fair enough. Just a few quick words. If I finish and you still want to punch me... well, I doubt there's anything I could do to stop you, is there?

[Blue gestures to Ryan's vacated seat. The former World Champion settles back in with a sigh, looking down at the floor.]

CB: Ryan, there are things coming our way that I don't think we're ready for. Terrible things, dark and awful things and considering the place I used to run, you know I know what I'm talking about when I say that. But that's not what tonight is about. Eventually, I'm going to need you... we all are... but I'm going to need the REAL you... not this...

[Blue gestures at Martinez dismissively.]

CB: Whatever this is.

[Martinez looks up at Blue with a glare and then lowers it again.]

CB: Alright, let's see if I can assess this situation correctly.

[Blue sighs, looking around the room.]

CB: Well, first off... you came back too soon from the piledriver.

[Martinez doesn't argue, his head down.]

CB: And then you got hurt in training and were too dumb and proud to tell anyone that you couldn't go.

[The White Knight's head comes up, his eyes flashing with rage. He seems about to speak when Blue raises a hand to cut him off.]

CB: Hey, I'm just speaking from experience. I used to know someone who would do things like that. Wrestle when the doctors said no, come back too early, fight odds that were impossible. I've got a lot of experience standing across from that guy, telling him no, and then shrugging when he told me to go to hell.

[Martinez stares at Blue who grins, shaking his head.]

CB: You're just like your old man, you know that?

[Martinez listens for a moment and then lowers his gaze again.]

CB: Look, kid... this business is hard... and it doesn't always go the way any of us expect. Your old man once went from being the World Champion to jerking the curtain in a single year. Everyone wrote him off and left him for dead. He was going to be another tragic story in our business... a guy who burned out too quickly and left a legacy behind but not a legend.

But he came back. He fought hard and he came back. He won more titles. He put himself in the damn Hall of Fame.

You, Ryan Martinez, are your father's son through and through... and if he could do it, then I know that you can too.

But just as much as you're Alex's son... you're very much not too.

[Blue nods.]

CB: Because you're looking ahead at more than the next guy across the ring. You want to get your hands on Vasquez, I don't blame you... and I can help you. But you've gotta look ahead too.

A few years ago, when Jason Dane was running around talking about the Wise Men, you were the only one who gave a damn... you were the only one who would listen... and in the end, you were the only one who could stop them.

I'm here telling you now that this... this thing coming our way... it's gonna be worse.

[Blue pauses, shaking his head, looking up at the ceiling.]

CB: If half of what Dane says is true, we're looking at... I don't even know what to call it... we'll be facing down gods and monsters, kid!

So, get up... nah, nah... rise up... wise up... and put your eyes up... because there's a war coming and if we're going to stand a chance, you need to be ready.

You need to get ready.

History has its eyes on you, kid... and when it's all said and done, they'll tell the story of tonight.

[Martinez looks up at Blue... staring... staring... staring...

...and then slowly gets to his feet, locking eyes with one of the AWA's owners who cracks a smile at Martinez as we fade through black out to the interior of Madison Square Garden. The world's most famous arena has the lights dropped, a single spotlight on the ring.

A voice rings out.]

"Ladies and gentlemen... it is with great pride and pleasure that the American Wrestling Alliance presents the moment you are all waiting for..."

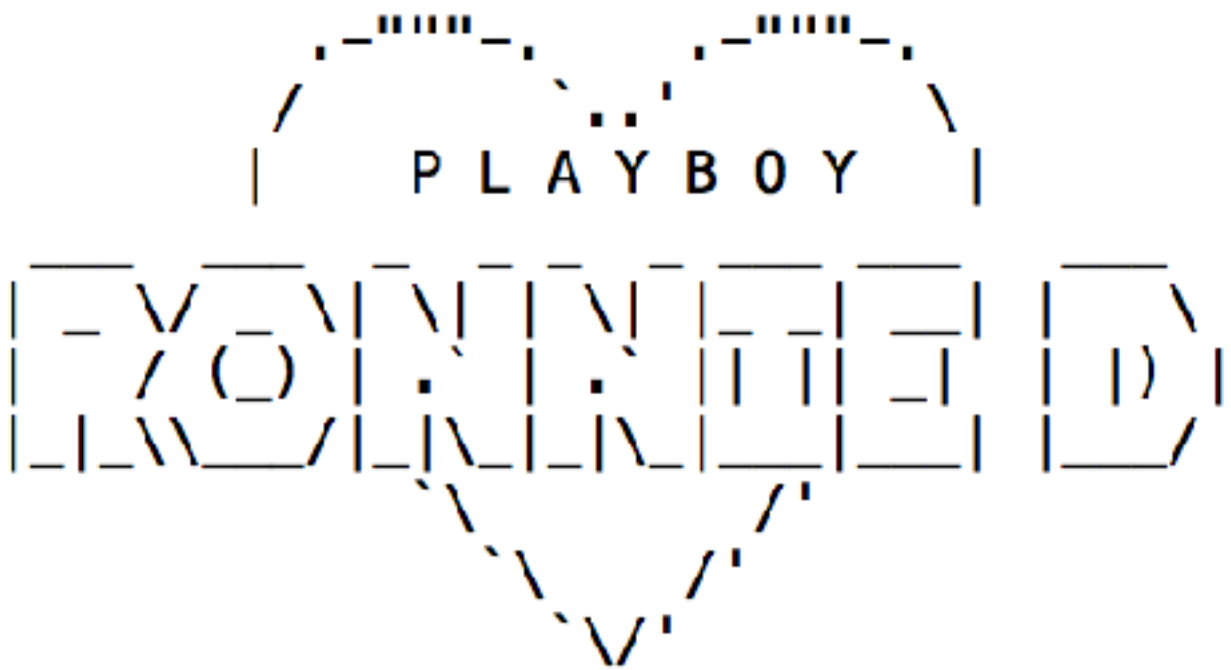
[Silence... silence... lots of silence.

And then...]

GM: Oh brother.

[The video screen lights up with the graphic that we were all dreading. A moment later, "Playboy" Ronnie D bursts through the curtain into a broad pink spotlight. He goes into a spin, showing off a zebra-striped jacket and matching pants. He's foregone the shirt underneath the jacket, going with a bare torso and... well, time has not been good to the Playboy as his formerly-chiseled physique has drifted into a bit of a Mooselips gut. He raises a mic to his mouth as he stands on the entrance stage.]

D: Two weeks ago, I walked into the city of Boston...



[Cue the boos from the New York faithful.]

D: Yeah, I thought it was pretty miserable too. I walked into that stinkhole of a city and I told them that all their prayers had been answered... salvation was cast upon them... and that if they tuned in on their televisions to this night of pro wrestling action from the City That Never Sleeps...

That they would see the second coming...

[D smirks.]

D: ...of me. You see, the fruit of my loins has been trained by yours truly, polished like the diamond in the Canadian rough that he is, and brought forth to the world of pro wrestling where he - like his father before him - will become the crown jewel of this sport.

And when his career is over, you will be unable to deny him like you've done me.

He will win the World Title that I never won.

He will EARN the respect that I never got.

And at the end of it all, he will be put into the Hall of Fame like I so richly deserve but get denied year after year after year.

[D starts walking down the aisle, the pink spotlight following him to the ring as he continues to speak.]

D: And from the looks of the show tonight, we've arrived JUST in the nick of time. I saw Adam Rogers out here earlier. Apparently they sent him out early to make sure he could make it before Denny's stops serving the Early Bird.

[The crowd groans at the old age joke.]

D: The Lynches. Yeah, I've heard of them. I've heard that they've barely got two brain cells to rub together and that the only thing they draw to come see them wrestle are flies.

[And here come the boos as D reaches the ring, climbing up on the apron.]

D: And then there's Ryan Martinez.

[Cheers from the crowd!]

D: Yeah, I'm glad to see Ryan Martinez is here... because by the way that his old man was procreating back in the day, I figured the only way his kids would ever get a job is if Galavision decided to remake Eight Is Enough!

[And here comes the boos again as D takes to the center of the ring, giving a gesture as the lights go up.]

D: But enough about the AWA locker room... I'm here to bring to you a star that will shine so bright, he'll have his OWN locker room in no time... which is a good thing because do you know hard it is to get Supernova's makeup out of the Italian leather boots my boy is wearing?!

Ladies and gentlemen... it is the honor of my lifetime to present to you the future of this sport... my boy... my son... the son of the Playboy... the fruit of my loins... the chip off my family jewels...

THE ONE...

THE ONLY...

[D takes a deep breath.]

D: JAAAAAAAAAYDENNNNNNNN JERRRRRRRRRICHOOOOOOOOOO!

[And as "Immortal" by Eve To Adam starts to play over the PA system, Jayden Jericho makes his AWA debut. Jericho is slender but well-built... an Olympic-level swimmer's physique would be the best description. His dark brown hair has dyed blonde streaks in it. He's a good looking kid, smiling at the ladies in a pair of bright red leather pants and a matching jacket. He too has no shirt under the jacket, showing off his body as he approaches the ring.]

GM: So, this is the guy with all the hype behind him, huh? Jayden Jericho, the son of the Playboy.

BW: Doesn't quite have the same ring as "son of the Blackheart" but hey, the kid looks to be in phenomenal shape.

GM: That he does... and I suppose he can't help who his father is.

[Reaching the ring, Jericho pulls himself up on the apron, turning his back to the ropes to look out at the crowd who - so far - is giving him some light jeering. He tucks his arms over the top rope, leaning back and flipping into the ring as D claps with a loud "That's my boy!"]

GM: Now... I may be mistaken but I was under the impression that Jayden Jericho was going to wrestle tonight, weren't you?

BW: I did think that was true, yeah. But he's certainly not dressed to wrestle.

[Jericho walks around the ring, hopping up to the middle rope. He puts his hand above his eyes like he's looking far out into the distance. He drops down off the ropes, walking out to the middle of the ring where he shakes his father's hand to jeers from the crowd. The music starts to fade.]

D: Look at him... just look at him... six foot one... 215 pounds of chiseled steel and sex appeal... 18 years old... you heard me right, ladies - the kid is legal!

[Jericho looks slightly embarrassed by this, turning his head away as there are some squeals from the crowd.]

D: Jayden, this is it... this is your moment. This is THE moment that they'll be talking about for years to come... decades to come! When you go into the Hall of Fame - with me inducting you of course - and you go to give your speech, this is the moment they'll all remember... the first time they saw you... the birth of a legend... the birth of an ICON...

[Jericho looks down at the mat, nodding slightly at his father's hype.]

D: So... I know you've got something you want to say...

[Finally, Jericho looks up, nodding as he extends his hand towards the mic. D goes to hand over the mic and then pulls it back.]

D: This is it, kid. Whatever you say is right now is going to be immortalized forever.

[Jericho nods, stretching out for the mic.]

D: You're ready? I mean... you're ready.

[D nods, looking down at the mic anxiously... and slowly lifts it so that Jericho can grab it. The youngster pulls the mic towards himself, smiling at the crowd.]

JJ: NEW... YORK... CITY!

[There are some cheers for that.]

JJ: After all the waiting... after all the hype...

[Jericho throws a glance at his father.]

JJ: I have to say that this... right now... is the greatest night of my life.

[There are some cheers for that as well.]

JJ: Now, there's some talk going around that I'm the biggest free agent signing in the history of the AWA and I just have to say that-

[Cut the lights!]

GM: Whoa! What the...?

BW: It's the night the lights went out in New York City!

GM: Bear with us a moment here, fans... we've got no lights and-

[And in the darkness, four very familiar guitar chords ring out and the New York City crowd LOSES THEIR EVERLOVIN' MINDS!]

GM: Wait a minute!

[The guitar work continues - one of the most familiar riffs in rock music history... and in pro wrestling history as well. The crowd is getting louder and louder as the opening solo rings out over the MSG PA system.]

GM: Can it be?!

BW: That music, Gordo! I know that music!

GM: There's not a professional wrestling fan anywhere on the planet that DOESN'T know that music, Bucky! But we haven't seen... check that, NO ONE in the wrestling world has seen this man in ages!

[And as the lyrics kick in, it becomes official as the curtain parts...]

#HOLD MY BREATH AS I WISH FOR DEATH... PLEASE GOD WAKE ME!#

[...and the former World Champion and Hall of Famer walks into view for all to see.]

GM: OH MY GOD!! JEFF MATTHEWS IS HERE! THE MADFOX IS HERE!

BW: Holy... I can't believe it, Gordo!

GM: One of the world's most famous wrestlers has just walked into the world's most famous arena and... we may need to pay some construction costs because I think the roof just BLEW OFF this legendary building!

[Standing at the top of the aisle is the legendary Jeff Matthews. He stands in a black leather jacket over a black shirt. Blue jeans and work boots round out the ensemble as he looks around at the roaring capacity crowd, a grin on his face. As he stares out on the crowd, we see that he's aged much better than what one would have thought after all the hell he put himself through over the years.

Yes, he has quite a bit of scar tissue around his left eye. Yes, his body is littered with tattoos and scars. He's sporting a salt and pepper beard, trimmed neatly.

And just to make sure we know it's him, the cross-shaped scar in the middle of his forehead is plain as day.

This is the Madfox.

This is the former World Champion.

This is the Hall of Famer.

This is Jeff Matthews...

...and he's heading for the ring!]

GM: And that's gotta be who Sweet Lou was talking about, Gordo! Jeff Matthews is the free agent! Jeff Matthews is one of the biggest free agent signings in the history of the AWA - not Jayden Jericho! Jeff Matthews is the one that Sweet Lou said signed one of the biggest contracts in AWA history - not Jayden Jericho!

[Matthews swiftly reaches the ring, pulling himself up on the apron to another tremendous ovation as he looks in, locking eyes with a man he's seen in the ring on more than a few occasions in "Playboy" Ronnie D.]

GM: And that means that if anyone belongs in that ring right now on this night, it's Jeff Matthews - not Jayden Jericho!

[The Madfox ducks through the ropes, climbing inside the AWA squared circle for the first time in quite a while.]

GM: What a moment, wrestling fans!

[The crowd is on their feet, roaring for the arrival of the legend as he looks almost awed by their reaction. Jayden Jericho also has a look of awe on his face, clapping for Matthews' entrance until a stern look from his father stops him cold.]

GM: Jeff Matthews has arrived here in New York City! He's arrived on Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE on The X! He's arrived in the American Wrestling Alliance... but why?! Why after all this time is Jeff Matthews back? Why after all this time is Jeff Matthews here?!

[As the lights come up, Jeff Matthews walks out to the middle of the ring where Jericho and D are standing, the cheers still going. Jericho smiles at the arrival of Matthews, extending his hand towards him...

...but Ronnie D snatches the mic away, stepping in front of his son.]

D: You.

[Matthews smirks, nodding his head.]

D: Who... in the HELL... invited you out here?!

[The crowd jeers Ronnie D, obviously pleased with Matthews' arrival.]

D: Who... in the HELL... said you could interrupt this moment for me and my son?!

[Matthews leans around D, eyeing Jericho.]

D: Yes, that's my son, you insolent little bug!

[Matthews arches an eyebrow.]

D: You... you meant nothing to me in the 90s and you damn sure mean nothing to me now! My son is here to fight the best in the world... names like Ryan Martinez... like Supreme Wright... like Johnny Detson...

He's not here to waste his time with a relic of the past like you!

[D jabs a finger into Matthews' chest as the crowd "ooooohs."]

D: If I wanted my son hanging out with people your age, I would've sent him to Jurassic Park!

[Another "oooooooooh" as D jabs a finger into Matthews' chest again.]

D: The last I heard, you haven't even been in the business for years. What happened? Social Security run out?!

[D turns, laughing at his own bad joke. His son grimaces as his father slaps him on the shoulder.]

D: That was a good one, right, kid? Social Security!

[Jericho shakes his head as D continues to laugh...

...and then pivots, looking to suckerpunch Matthews who uncoils, leaping up, snagging a three-quarter nelson...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: FOXDEN! FOXDEN! HE NAILED IT!

[Matthews rolls to a knee, throwing a glance up at Jericho who started towards him and pulls up short. The Hall of Famer grins, beckoning the rookie forward with a lone finger...

...but as Jericho doesn't come for him, Matthews rolls out of the ring to a tremendous reaction. He starts walking back up the aisle as the NYC crowd gets to their feet, roaring for him as he makes his exit.]

GM: I can't believe it! Jeff Matthews has returned to the world of wrestling and on his first night in, he just laid out Ronnie D like it was 1997, fans!

BW: Let's do the time warp again, daddy!

GM: I can only imagine the mood that Ronnie D is going to be in when he gets up from that Foxden... and Jayden Jericho doesn't look too thrilled with this turn of events either. Jeff Matthews may have just made himself an enemy on his first night in!

BW: Somehow, I don't think the Madfox cares!

GM: But through all that, he didn't say a word! We still don't know why he's here - why he came back! We still don't know where he's been all of these years! We still don't know anything! Fans... wow. When we said this was going to be a historic night of action here in New York City, this was NOT what I had in mind but... wow. Jeff Matthews is here in the AWA and... what else can you say, Bucky?

BW: We'll be right back!

GM: Indeed.

[Matthews turns, saluting the cheering fans as he backs up the aisle and we fade to black.

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and back up on the Women's Rumble graphic promoting the night's Main Event. The graphic pulls aside to reveal Melissa Cannon - already in her ring gear- gripping a piece of paper in her hand.]

MC: Tonight's the night.

[She exhales slowly with a smile.]

MC: After so many years of dreaming of this moment... of getting in the ring with the best in the world with a chance to become a champion... it's almost hard to believe it's here. But it is... and it's in the world's most famous arena to boot.

For weeks now, I've been preparing for this match...

[Cannon shrugs.]

MC: Who am I kidding? I've been preparing for this match my whole life. Ever since I was a little girl, watching An Evening To The Extreme on my TV, cheering like a fangirl for guys like Jeff Matthews and Kevin Slater and Alex Martinez...

...and wondering why the only women on the show were treated like garbage or used as a cheap prop.

[She grimaces.]

MC: No offense, Lori. You're still the best.

Fast-forward all these years and it fills my heart with joy to climb in there tonight, knowing there's a little girl out there somewhere watching. Knowing there's a little girl watching just like I was... and she loves Ryan Martinez and the Lynches and Supernova and Jordan Ohara...

But tonight... tonight, she doesn't just have to love the guys. The girls are getting their chance to.

Tonight, the girls are getting the opportunity they've fought their entire lives for... and we're doing it for little girls like her who are watching and thinking someday it might be them.

[Melissa lifts up the sheet of pink paper in her hand, waving it.]

MC: Little girls like this one. I got this letter a while ago and it meant so much to me, I've kept it pinned up wherever I go. The gym, the weight room, the training mats... in the car... everywhere I go, this goes with me because this is my inspiration tonight.

If I may...

[She lifts the paper to read.]

"Dear Melissa... my name is Danielle and I'm five years old. My dad helped me write this - hope that's okay. I asked if we could write you a letter because I wanted you to know how much I hope you win the World Title. My family loves wrestling - it's the one show we're all willing to watch together and not fight over who gets to pick the next show. Everyone has their favorites. My mom's a big fan of Ryan Martinez. I think Dad might be jealous - tee hee. Dad says that he likes the tag teams. He wants you to see if Air Strike can come back."

[Melissa lowers the paper, winking at the camera.]

MC: I'll look into it.

[And then continues.]

MC: "My big brother roots for the bad guys but Mom says that's just him going through a phase. I get so mad when he roots for Shadoo Rage and Juan Vasquez though. Boys are silly.

And then there's me. At Christmas last year, Grandma asked what I wanted to be when I grew up. I told her a pro wrestler. Everyone laughed and laughed and said how cute I am. But I don't want to be cute. I want to be... like you."

[Melissa lowers the sheet of paper for a moment, blinking her eyes a few time. When she speaks again, her voice cracks a bit with emotion.]

MC: "I already told my Mom and Dad that I want to go as you for Halloween because you're my hero. You fight all the bad guys and never cheat. You're nice to Julie too... I like her also but not as much as you."

[Cannon grins, doing the "dust off my shoulder" gesture before continuing.]

MC: "You're my hero, Melissa... well... you and Princess Sofia."

[Melissa laughs at reading the line, shaking her head before continuing.]

MC: "Do you ever get a chance to watch Sofia The First? You should. Sofia sings a song that I think might help you - it's one of my favorites. In it, she's talking about how she knows she can be anything she wants... she says, "The only way to win is to try and try again. They wanna count me out but I'll make them count me in. I can be anything, I can see anything. I can do anything... so can you. Anything that you try. Look and see, you can be anything."

Melissa, you can do anything... you can be anything... and I believe you can be the Women's World Champion.

Best of luck... and keep being you.

Love, Danielle."

[Melissa lowers the paper, folding it up and pressing it against her heart.]

MC: Thanks, Danielle, for all the great advice. And...

[She points towards the ring.]

MC: ...this one's for you, sweetheart.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

["Evil Walks" kicks in to a burst of boos from the MSG crowd. After a few moments, Brian Lau emerges through the curtain, a confident expression on his face as he's trailed by the championship duo heading to the ring.]

RO: Being accompanied to the ring by Brian Lau and representing the Kings of Wrestling...

First, the son of the Blackheart and the winner of the 2016 Battle of Boston tournament... BRIIIIIIAAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAAMES!

[James nods his head at the crowd as Lau claps for his charge.]

RO: And his taaaaaag teeeeeeeam partner... he is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAAAAAMMMMPIONNNNNN...

JOHNNNNNNNNYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNNN!

[And the AWA World Champion raises an arm, soaking up the jeers of the New York City crowd as he joins his partner and his manager in the walk down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: An uneasy partnership perhaps heading down the aisle...

BW: Uneasy partnership!? According to who?

GM: Well, anyone with eyes and ears saw the tension between these two men as we kicked off the show. Brian James made it very clear that he believes his victory in the Battle of Boston tournament should put him in line to challenge for the AWA World Title in the near future. Based on his reaction, I'm guessing Johnny Detson wants no part of that.

BW: Slander! Slander, lies, and deceit!

GM: So you say... but I know what I saw and I know what I heard. I believe these two men - maybe not tonight or tomorrow - but they are on a collision course in the future, Bucky.

BW: All this propaganda you're spreading... you're just trying to bring the Kings down!

[Reaching the ring, Lau scales the steps first, holding open the ropes for Brian James and Johnny Detson. The two partners immediately move to opposite corners, Lau looking concerned at their lack of pre-match communication.]

GM: Look at this, Bucky. They don't even want to talk to each other!

BW: Well... that's because of people like you trying to stir things up!

[Lau goes to one corner, speaking to James for a moment and then walks across the ring to talk to Detson as the music fades and Rebecca Ortiz continues...]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The moment that George Thorogood and the Destroyers' "Who Do You Love?" hits the loudspeakers, Madison Square Garden is once more hit with a deafening roar of applause and cheers.]

RO: At a total combined weight of 530 pounds... they are...
"THE IRON COWBOY" JACK LYNCH and "BUNKHOUSE" BOBBY O'CONNOR.....

THE
TEXXXXXXMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
COONNNNNNNNNEEEEEEECCCCCTTTTTTTTIIIIIIIOOOOOOONNNNNNNNN!!!

GM: And listen to the ovation for the TexMo Connection as they arrive here for this big tag team matchup!

[The King of Cowboys and his partner enter simultaneously, standing side by side. Both men look out over the crowd, pausing a moment to soak in the adulation, before they break into a full sprint, dashing down the aisle, racing up opposite steps, and then seeming to be in a rush to make it to the center of the ring. Once there, both men thrust their arms in the air, once more to the approval of the crowd. Jack throws an arm around Bobby's shoulders, as the two engage in a pre-match confab.]

GM: And immediately, these two come together for a last minute strategy session... very different body language than what we saw from James and Detson.

[Lynch throws a glance at Detson who suddenly has worked his way back to the corner where Brian James is glaring across the ring.]

GM: Alright, fans... Ricky Longfellow the man in the middle for this one as we get ready to get this featured matchup underway. Remember, fans... still to come is the Women's Rumble - the 20 woman battle to become the very first AWA Women's World Champion.

[The official speaks to both teams before moving to the middle of the ring, waving for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded... both teams with some final discussions...

[On one side of the ring, Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch trade a high five before the Iron Cowboy steps out to the apron, leaving his partner inside the squared circle. Detson eyes O'Connor for a moment before nodding his head, turning back to James. The camera cuts to a closer shot as Detson pats James on the shoulder, telling him "I've got this one, brother." James arches an eyebrow before Lau gives a few words from the floor, bringing forth a shrug as the Battle of Boston winner steps out to the apron himself. Detson trades a high five with a reluctant James.]

GM: And it looks like it's going to be the World Champion starting things off for his squad against...

[And with Detson's back turned, O'Connor ducks out and Lynch steps back in so when the confident World Champion turns around...

...he finds himself face to face with the King of the Cowboys. His eyes go wide and he backpedals a few steps to laughter from the crowd as Lynch beckons him forward.]

GM: It sure appears as though Johnny Detson wants NO part of Jack Lynch, Bucky.

BW: Looks can be deceiving, Gordo... he's just baiting him in.

GM: Perhaps but after Detson was directly responsible for Lynch being eliminated from the Battle of Boston tournament-

BW: Hey, Lynch was responsible for Detson being eliminated too!

GM: Not... exactly but I'll concede the point that he was involved in the finish to that showdown as well.

[Detson looks around a bit panicked as James shouts at him, "You got this, brother!" and gives him a half shove out of the corner. The World Champion throws a look at James over his shoulder, creeping out of the corner towards the middle of the ring where Jack Lynch awaits.]

GM: Here we go, fans... one fall, thirty minute time limit and I've been looking forward to this one all night.

[Detson eases forward... and eases forward... and eases forward... and then suddenly rushes at Lynch, locking up in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: The two men tie up in the middle of the ring... and Detson goes right into the side headlock.

[Holding the headlock, Detson grimaces as he squeezes tighter, nodding his head as Lau shouts encouragement from the floor.]

GM: Detson wrenching on that headlock as Lynch looks for a way out.

[Backing to the ropes, Lynch uses them to shove Detson off, throwing him across the ring.]

GM: Detson off the far side and-

[The crowd roars as Detson runs right into a shouldertackle that takes him off his feet!]

GM: -and down he goes from a big tackle by the Iron Cowboy!

[Detson scrambles up to his feet...

...and spots the Iron Claw drawn back and at the ready. He promptly falls backwards, his arms pinwheeling as he falls to his rear end in the corner, reaching up a hand blindly towards Brian James...]

GM: Detson looking for a tag already...

[...who has chosen this moment to take a stroll down the apron, turning to shout at a ringside fan. Brian Lau shakes his head at this as Detson pulls himself up, looking at James with his hands on his hips.]

GM: ...but Brian James is nowhere to be found.

[An angry Detson shouts at James, getting his attention. The son of the Blackheart pleads innocence, shaking his head at the World Champion...

...who gets plucked into a schoolboy rollup as he's in mid-sentence!]

GM: Schoolboy for one! For two!

[Detson kicks out before three, scrambling off the mat again...

...and as he sees the Iron Claw drawn back and at the ready a second time, he tumbles backwards through the ropes, falling out to the floor at ringside to the gales of laughter from the MSG crowd. Brian Lau rushes to the World Champion's side as the official starts a ten count.]

GM: This match is just a minute or so old but it's plain to see that the Iron Claw is sending a chill down the spine of Johnny Detson who has bailed out backwards twice now at the threat of it.

BW: Well, it's an illegal hold! Of course he wants no part of it!

GM: And of course, we all know it's not REALLY an illegal hold no matter how often Bucky Wilde claims that it is.

BW: It was! There's gotta be some credit given to precedent, doesn't there?

GM: Not in this case, no.

[As the announcers bicker, Johnny Detson has shrugged off Brian Lau's words of wisdom, stomping around the ringside area angrily...

...and then snatches the World Title belt off the timekeeper's table, slinging it over his shoulder with a loud "That's it! I'm out of here!" to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Where the heck is he going?

BW: He's had enough of this Stench's cheating and lying. He's the World Champion, damn it! He's better than this!

[With the crowd booing loudly, Detson walks to the aisleway and starts making his way back up it...

...but the boos turn to cheers as Bobby O'Connor hops off the apron, charging down the aisle after him. A big ovation rings out as O'Connor grabs Detson by the hair, spinning him around into an overhead elbow between the eyes!]

GM: Bunkhouse Elbow out on the floor!

[The title belt clatters to the floor as O'Connor grabs Detson by his long blonde hair, dragging him back up the aisle where he fires him under the ropes inside the ring. As he gets up, Lynch snatches him in a side headlock, flipping him over to the mat with a headlock takeover. Detson quickly rolls him to his shoulders, earning a two count before Lynch settles back down, cinching the headlock a little tighter.]

GM: And the Iron Cowboy grounds the World Champion with the headlock, taking him off his feet...

[Lynch holds him there for a bit, causing Detson to work himself into a fit trying to get loose. After a few moments, both men come back to their feet off the mat, Detson burying an elbow into the ribs, trying to break free.]

GM: Detson goes downstairs into the ribs, looking for a way out...

[A second and a third elbow follow before Detson is loose, starting to walk away from Lynch, his arm outstretched towards the corner...

...but Lynch hooks him by the back of the tights, hoisting him into the air, turning to face the TexMo Connection corner before dropping him down into an atomic drop that sends Detson hopping towards a waiting Bobby O'Connor who drills him with a right hand between the eyes, knocking him back towards Lynch!]

GM: The TexMo Connection are pinballing the World Champion between them!

[A right hand by Lynch sends Detson back to O'Connor who fires off a second time and as Detson staggers back towards Lynch, the Texan scoops him up, slamming him down to the mat before slapping the offered hand of the Missouri native.]

GM: And there's the tag, bringing in Bobby O'Connor to a big cheer from the New York crowd!

[O'Connor steps into the ring, takes aim, and drops a big elbow down across the chest before rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: O'Connor covers for one... for two... but that's all.

BW: And don't think for a second that after the Battle of Boston was a bust for Bobby O'Connor that he won't try to jump right back up the ladder of title contention by knocking off the World Champion here tonight.

[The Missouri native climbs to his feet, reaching down to bring Detson with him.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh my! Knife edge chop across the chest! You could hear that one down on Wall Street!

[The blow sends Detson staggering backwards, wincing as he falls against the ropes. O'Connor approaches, slinging Detson's arms back over the ropes as he winds up again, this time with his arm over his head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!"

[The overhead chop across the chest leaves a red handprint behind as Detson cringes, wobbling alongside the ropes towards the neutral corner as O'Connor follows behind him.]

GM: And this is where the TexMo Connection has an advantage in this one, Bucky. They are a tag team. They've teamed - successfully I should add - on several occasions so they know how to do things like keep the weakened man in, cut the ring in half, and use the double team maneuvers to their advantage. As good as Detson and James are as singles wrestlers, their tag team skills are certain to be lacking.

[O'Connor grabs Detson by the hair, rifling him headfirst into the top turnbuckle. He repeats the process as the crowd counts along...]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Detson staggers out of the corner, taking a wild swing at empty air as he does.]

GM: I'm not sure the World Champion has a clue where he's at right now.

[O'Connor slips in behind Detson, swinging him around...

...and lands another overhead elbow, taking Detson down to the mat again!]

GM: And another Bunkhouse Elbow puts Detson down on the canvas!

[O'Connor drops to his knees, diving into another lateral press...]

GM: Another two count for the TexMo Connection who aren't wasting any time in trying to punish the World Champion in there - they want the win.

BW: Well, I mentioned O'Connor really wanting this win over the World Champion - you can bet that Jack Lynch does as well. He's been telling anyone who'll listen since the Battle of Boston that he deserves a shot at the World Title. If he can pin Detson here tonight, he might cement his case.

GM: But don't forget about Brian James out there on the apron. He mentioned a shot at the World Title earlier tonight - a win in this one could go a long way to getting that match signed as well.

[O'Connor drags the World Champion towards the TexMo corner, tagging the Iron Cowboy before pulling Detson's arms back. Lynch steps in, takes aim, and buries a gloved right hand in the midsection to cheers from the crowd before O'Connor vacates the ring.]

GM: Nice double team work by the TexMo Connection who you have to imagine might also be a potential challenger for Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan despite their claims of cleaning out the tag team division.

BW: Maybe, maybe not. That might also depend if they can win this match.

[Pulling Detson away from the ropes, Lynch snares him in a front facelock, lifting him up and putting him down with a vertical suplex.]

GM: Up and over with the suplex and so far, the TexMo Connection have been dominating Detson and James in this one.

BW: Well, they've been dominating Detson. James hasn't even tagged in yet.

GM: And he looks real upset about that.

[The camera - on cue - cuts to Brian James who certainly doesn't look too disappointed at watching Johnny Detson get slapped around by Lynch and O'Connor.]

GM: Lynch climbs back to his feet... hits the ropes...

[On the rebound, the Texan leaps high in the sky, bringing all of his 265 pounds down across the chest of Detson with a leaping kneedrop. He slides right into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: Kneedrop gets him one... and two... and that's all.

BW: You gotta give Johnny Detson some credit, Gordo. The World Champion's been in there all alone for... what? Almost ten minutes already?

GM: He's getting close to that mark. Look, no one ever said that Johnny Detson isn't a fine competitor - one of the best in the world. He wouldn't be the World Champion if that wasn't true.

[Lynch is back on his feet, pointing over to O'Connor who raises a leg through the ropes, allowing his partner to slam Detson's head into a raised knee before making the tag.]

GM: Another tag by the TexMo Connection... double team on the way...

[Each grab an arm, backing Detson into the ropes for a double whip that sends him across the ring. They clasp hands...

...and run the World Champion down with a double clothesline to a big cheer! Lynch vacates the ring as O'Connor dives into another pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! No! Again, Detson slips a shoulder off the canvas!

[O'Connor claps his hands together, showing some frustration as he climbs back to his feet. He leans down, dragging Detson up as well before shoving him back into a neutral corner...

...and lands a stiff left jab... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: O'Connor firing off those left hands in the corner!

BW: Get in there, referee! That's the World Champion he's beating up like a schoolyard bully!

[And as the referee moves in to count, O'Connor uncorks a right handed uppercut that snaps Detson's head back, lifting him off the canvas where he almost goes over the ropes before O'Connor pulls him back down.]

GM: This night can't be going the way Detson or Brian Lau expected. Lau continues to shout at Detson but the World Champion just can't seem to get on track so far.

[O'Connor grabs Detson by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner. He rushes in after him, throwing a big clothesline that bounces off the collarbone.]

GM: Clothesline in the corner connects... backing up now, waving Detson towards him...

[The World Champion staggers out of the corner, falling towards O'Connor who hoists him off the mat, slinging him over his shoulder into powerslam position.]

GM: And it looks like O'Connor's going for a powerslam!

[The Missouri fan favorite walks around the ring, playing to the fans with Detson over his shoulder...

...and as he walks past the Kings of Wrestling corner, Brian James reaches out and slyly slaps Detson's shoulder.]

GM: Wait! I think there was a tag there!

[Not noticing a tag, O'Connor charges out to the middle of the ring, driving Detson down with the powerslam. He dives across the prone World Champion as the referee drops down to count...

...and then waves it off, pointing to the outside of the ring where Brian James is quickly coming in...]

GM: O'Connor's being told that Detson's not the legal man and-

[And as O'Connor climbs to his feet, Brian James runs him right over with a running high kick to the point of the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! O'Connor just got blindsided by Brian James!

[James stands over the downed O'Connor, leaning over to deliver some trash talk as a bemused Brian Lau looks on from the floor.]

GM: Brian James has really been on a roll so far in 2016, fans... well, even going back to the end of 2015 when the James Gang ended the undefeated streak of the Dogs of War. But 2016 has seen him capture the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Championship and now the Battle of Boston tournament crowd. Who knows what else awaits this young man in 2016?

[James reaches down, grabbing O'Connor by the head and pulling him to his feet. He swiftly locks his hands behind the head of O'Connor, applying a Muay Thai clinch. The crowd buzzes with concern as James tees off, throwing heavy knees to the body of O'Connor, alternating his blows so that O'Connor struggles to defend

himself as his ribcage is pummeled on both sides before being hurled bodily into the neutral corner.]

GM: James throws him into the corner - look out here!

[With O'Connor reeling, James tears into him with a series of rights and lefts to the body, hammering away. He grabs the top rope, switching to kneestrikes to the ribcage of O'Connor once more.]

GM: And the son of the Blackheart is going right after the body with those heavy knees!

[Leaning down and ignoring the official's count, James lifts O'Connor off the mat, setting him down so that his body is draped across the top rope facing down. James backs off, shouting at a jeering fan in the front row...

...and then charges back in, landing a brutal running leaping knee to the body that brings O'Connor back inside the ring, falling to a heap in the corner. Jack Lynch can be heard shouting support to his partner as James slowly walks around the ring, soaking up the jeers from the New York City crowd.]

GM: Brian James absolutely dominating Bobby O'Connor in the corner, leaving him in a bad way as Jack Lynch calls for his partner to make the tag. We're passing the ten minute mark in this time limit, fans... plenty of time left for these two teams to score a victory in the world's most famous arena.

[Moving back to the corner, James approaches as O'Connor drags himself off the mat with the aid of the ropes...

...and throws a heavy body kick to the abdomen, knocking O'Connor back into the corner again. Hanging onto the top rope, James swings his leg up over and over in rib-cracking kicks to the body.]

GM: Look at James, tearing into Bobby O'Connor!

[The referee steps in, forcing James to back off as O'Connor struggles to get a deep breath of oxygen into his lungs.]

GM: James moving in again, ignoring the official...

[Grabbing O'Connor by the side of the head, James tees off with a trio of hard elbows to the temple, knocking the Missouri native for a loop as the referee steps in again.]

GM: The official forcing James back a second time... the Battle of Boston winner showing tremendous ferocity in this one.

BW: It's MSG, daddy! It brings out the best in everyone!

GM: Well, there are twenty women standing back in that locker room who are hoping it brings out the best in them in just a few moments as they battle to make history and become the very first AWA Women's World Champion - that's for sure.

BW: Absolutely.

[James walks around the ring as O'Connor reels in the corner, barely able to stand from the onslaught of strikes he just absorbed. By this point, Johnny Detson has made his way back up on the apron, leaning over the ropes as James moves back in on O'Connor...

...who fires back with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: O'Connor with the haymaker!

[James stumbles back but then moves in again, walking into a second roundhouse right to the skull!]

GM: "Bunkhouse" Bobby bringing the fire that's made him one of the most popular superstars in the sport!

[O'Connor straightens up, ready to come after James but James surges forward, stepping up to the second rope, and SNAPPING the Missouri native's head back with a kneestrike to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW! ABSOLUTELY DEVASTATING KNEE FINDS THE MARK!

[James backs off again, watching as O'Connor slumps down into a seated position in the corner, unable to stay on his feet any longer...

...and the son of the Blackheart drifts a little too close to his own corner as Johnny Detson reaches over the top rope, slapping James on the shoulder.]

GM: Detson tags himself back in!

[The TPP CAGE Champion glares at Detson as the World Champion races by. James shakes his head, exiting the ring as Detson grabs the top rope, raining down stomps on a downed O'Connor as the referee shouts in protest.]

GM: Detson being forced back out of the corner by the referee...

[But the World Champion busts out a spin move, ducking around the official and charging back in to stomp O'Connor a few more times before the referee gets in his face again. Ignoring the protesting Longfellow, Detson drags O'Connor off the mat and whips him to the opposite neutral corner.]

GM: The champion fires him across the ring, coming in after him...

[The crowd groans as Detson lands a running knee to the midsection.]

GM: Ohh! Detson lowers the boom downstairs... and a hard uppercut to follow!

[O'Connor clings to the top rope, trying desperately to stay on his feet as Detson grabs the top rope, swinging his knee up into the body repeatedly.]

GM: And just like Brian James before him, Johnny Detson is working the body of Bobby O'Connor, trying to knock the wind out of him.

[Grabbing the arm again, Detson whips O'Connor across the ring. This time, he pauses to lay the badmouth on some TexMo fans in the front row before he charges across the ring...

...where O'Connor has vacated the premises!]

GM: He missed! He missed! Nobody home on the running knee and Detson gets a facefull of turnbuckle!

[With Detson reeling in the corner, O'Connor starts crawling on his knees, pulling on the ropes to guide him towards his waiting partner's outstretched hand...]

GM: And O'Connor's looking for the tag! Crawling across the ring towards Jack Lynch!

BW: Hey dummy! He's the other way!

GM: Would you stop?!

[O'Connor gets closer and closer as the crowd gets louder and louder, roaring with anticipation...]

GM: Can he get there in time? Can he get there before...?

[Detson shakes his head, clearing the cobwebs. He throws a glance at his corner where Brian James insistently shoves out his hand, calling for the tag...]

...but instead, the World Champion stumbles after O'Connor.]

GM: We've got ourselves a footrace now!

[O'Connor draws close, stopping just a few feet from the corner, taking several deep breaths as Detson swoops in from behind, grabbing two hands full of hair to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Detson cuts him off, pulling him back up now...

[Grabbing the wrist, Detson tries to pull O'Connor towards a waiting clothesline but the Missouri native ducks underneath...]

GM: Detson misses the short-arm and...

[As Detson wheels around, O'Connor catches him with an overhead elbow down between the eyes!]

GM: Bunkhouse elbow!

[Detson rocks and reels as O'Connor winds up again...]

GM: Another one - right on target!

[Detson stumbles towards him as O'Connor sidesteps, landing a third one!]

GM: Three big elbows and I think the World Champion is on Dream Street!

[A weary Detson winds up, throwing a big right hand that O'Connor ducks, coming up to slap the hand of Jack Lynch as Detson staggers forward off-balance.]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ROARS as Jack Lynch steps through the ropes, dropping the off-balance Detson with a gloved right hand!]

GM: Down goes Detson!

[With momentum on his side, Lynch rushes the corner, leaping up to throw a dropkick that sends Brian James off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: And the Iron Cowboy clears out James as well!

[Coming back to his feet, Lynch takes a look for Detson who is slowly getting up off the canvas...

...and then drops down into a three point stance!]

GM: The former pro footballer ready to go... HUT!

[And as Detson gets to his feet, Lynch rushes forward, throwing a big tackle at the upper thighs, flipping the World Champion all the way over before dumping him down to the mat in a heap!]

GM: HE SACKS THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[A grinning Lynch straightens up, looking out at the roaring New York crowd.]

GM: The last time Jack Lynch fought in front of this crowd in this building, he battled Demetrius Lake in one of the damndest things I've ever seen in that Texas Death Match...

[Lynch throws his gloved hand up into the air to a huge cheer. He pulls it down, flexing the fingers as he waits for Detson to get up to his feet. A dazed Detson is still down on the mat...

...which is when Brian James reaches under the bottom rope, snaking Jack Lynch by the ankle!]

GM: Oh, come on! James grabs the ankle! He grabs the ankle and-

[With the crowd roaring their displeasure, Bobby O'Connor comes tearing down the apron, leaping off with a Fierro Press that knocks James down to the floor with the wild-eyed Missouri native on top of him!]

GM: OHHHHH MY STARS! O'CONNOR WIPES OUT BRIAN JAMES!

[The camera shot cuts to the floor where O'Connor is hammering away at the Battle of Boston winner...

...and then back inside the ring where the World Champion is slowly stumbling to his feet.]

GM: Detson's starting to stir and Jack Lynch is waiting for him! Jack Lynch is waiting for him and so is the Lynch family legacy, the Iron Claw!

[As soon as Detson gets up, Lynch surges forward...]

GM: HE'S GOT IT!

[...and locks his white-glove covered fingers around the skull of the World Champion!]

GM: JACK LYNCH LOCKS ON THE IRON CLAW IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

[We cut to the floor where O'Connor continues to hammer away at Brian James as Brian Lau shouts to his charge from nearby. Cut back to the ring where Detson is flailing wildly as Lynch presses his fingers into Detson's temples!]

GM: The Iron Claw is locked on and Detson's in trouble! Detson's in SERIOUS trouble!

[Detson stretches out his arms, trying to get to the ropes as Lynch stabilizes his right wrist with his left hand, increasing the pressure as Detson cries out in pain.]

GM: Detson's got no one to help him! He's got no way out!

[The champion slumps to his knees, his arms starting to slow...

...and then Lynch pushes him back, putting him down on his shoulders, the Claw still locked on as Detson falls motionless!]

GM: The Claw is on! The ref is down!

[The official drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! JACK LYNCH HAS PINNED THE WORLD CHAMPION!
HE PINNED THE WORLD CHAMPION!

BW: NO, NO, NOOOOOOOO!

[Lynch climbs to his feet, a huge grin on his face as Bobby O'Connor joins him in the ring, embracing his friend and partner.]

RO: YOUR WINNERS OF THE MAAAAAAATCH...

THE TEXMOOOOOOOOO CONNECTIONNNNNNNNNNN!

[The New York City crowd ROARS at the triumph of one of the AWA's most popular duos as they celebrate their big win. Brian Lau is shown at ringside, jaw dropped in disbelief as he stares at the ring. He shakes his head in defiance, refusing to believe what he just saw as Johnny Detson rolls from the ring, dropping to a knee on the floor. A few moments later, they're joined by Brian James who has a red welt on his cheek from the fisticuffs of Bobby O'Connor. James looks down at Detson - a look resembling... disgust perhaps? He shakes his head as he grabs Lau by the arm, steering him towards the aisle as the cheers roar out throughout Madison Square Garden. Detson is aided to his feet by Lau who insists that James help hold the World Champion up as they head down the aisle...]

"Hey, Detson!"

[The crowd quiets as Jack Lynch has taken a mic and is staring down the aisle at the retreating - and beaten - World Champion. Lynch is breathing a bit heavy, sweat still pouring off him as he speaks.]

JL: When you got yourself involved... in my business... and Trav's business... a month or so ago...

[A deep breath or two.]

JL: When you snatched the tag titles right off our waists and put 'em on your boys, I was upset.

I was about as hot as I've ever been about something... and then I was talkin' to the old man and he made one hell of a good point.

[Lynch pauses.]

JL: As much as I loved being champs with my brother, not having those tag titles opened one heck of a door...

[The crowd buzzes, starting to anticipate what Lynch is saying.]

JL: One that I damn sure intend to walk through. Because if I'm not defending the tag titles with Trav...

[Lynch grins, a twinkle in his eye.]

JL: ...that means my dance card is all open to come after that beautiful piece of gold in your arms, Detson!

[Detson shakes his head defiantly, clutching the title belt to his chest.]

JL: Because in case you just missed it, I just pinned your ass in the middle of this ring.

[Another big cheer!]

JL: And the way I see it, that puts me right at the top of the line to get a shot at the AWA World Title!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER! Detson can be heard off-mic screaming "YOU'RE NOT WORTHY! YOU DON'T DESERVE IT!" as Brian Lau swiftly leads him through the curtain to the locker room.]

JL: You can run, Johnny... but ya can't hide forever. I'll see ya soon.

[Lynch drops the mic to big cheers as he trades a high five with Bobby O'Connor who pats him on the back, whispering to his friend.]

GM: Oh yeah! That's a challenge, Bucky!

BW: No, no! Lynch doesn't deserve a shot at the title, Gordo. Who has he beaten?!

GM: Well, for one... he beat former champion Supreme Wright back at SuperClash in one of the damndest matches any of us have ever seen. And for another, he JUST pinned Johnny Detson!

BW: In a tag match! It means nothing to the World Title!

GM: Well, we'll see about that because I'm being told that after this commercial break, we have finally caught up with Emerson Gellar and we're going to get some answers on all the stuff going on here tonight in New York City! Fans, you do NOT want to miss that so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black,..

...and then back up on the graphic promoting the night's Main Event - the Women's Rumble - which is now just moments away. As the graphic fades, we find "The Spitfire" Julie Somers standing in front of AWA backdrop. She has her long, wavy brown hair pulled back behind her head and is dressed in a red halter top and matching Spandex shorts that come just above her knees, along with red kneepads and white wrestling boots. She has her hands on her hips and a slight smile on her face.]

JS: It was almost a year ago that I put aside being a manager for my brother and one of my best friends because I knew where my heart really lied. And that's when I let everyone know that I had to be doing what I loved the most, and that's wrestle! I pleaded my case, made it be known that I wasn't going to let happen what happened before, where somebody like Lori Dane would state her case and it would fall upon deaf years.

And all I can say now is... look how far things have come.

[A quick nod.]

JS: It went from me earning the right to wrestle on the grandest stage of them all, SuperClash, then to the official formation of a Women's Division. And now, at long last, the division will have its own champion. Here, tonight, in one of the greatest arenas in the world today, 20 women in one match, all for the chance to become the AWA Women's World Champion.

And I've learned from my time here in the AWA about why you have to be careful not to let an opportunity slip by. Because when Miyuki Ozaki came out and challenged anyone in the AWA to face her at Rising Sun Showdown, I could have answered that challenge but never did, because I didn't believe it might lead to something bigger.

It was only after my friend Melissa Cannon answered the challenge that I realized that I had let a grand opportunity pass me by. I told myself that I would never let that happen again. And as everybody knows, when the opportunity to get onto the SuperClash came about, I seized that opportunity and it paid off.

So you can only imagine what I'm thinking about tonight... how there is yet another opportunity in front of me, the opportunity to become the first ever AWA Women's World Champion, and that I'm not going to let this one pass me by!

[Her eyes narrow and the slight smile goes away.]

JS: And I know there's a few women in this match who want to stand in my way of that opportunity. I know Erica Toughill has had a lot to say about me, about how I have been this golden girl who had everything handed to me. Well, Erica, I can tell you from missing out on Rising Sun Showdown more than a year ago that things weren't going to be just handed to me, and that I earned my way to that SuperClash match and have earned everything since that time. I don't expect things to be handed to me and neither should you... just like you shouldn't have expected to get away with interfering with every match at Battle of Boston involving one of those men you hang around with.

I'm sure Charisma Knight hasn't forgotten about how I beat her at SuperClash and that she thinks she's going to break her streak of bad luck. But as much as you might want to break that streak, Charisma, you know how much I put up a fight when there's something on the line that I value so much. And I can promise you that I value the chance to be the first-ever AWA Women's World Champion, so you know the fight that's coming for you.

And then there's Miyuki Ozaki... now, I have no idea if Ayako Fujiwara really knew you were going to appear at Battle of Boston, but I'll tell you right now that you showed what a coward you were by attacking me and my friend Melissa Cannon. I don't forget things like that, Miyuki, and if you think your reputation as the greatest women's wrestler in the world today is going to intimidate me, think again. Tonight, I aim to prove that I will be the greatest women's wrestler in that ring and walk out as the AWA Women's World Champion.

[She pauses and takes a deep breath.]

JS: And Melissa Cannon... you are a good friend of mine, but like I said earlier, I can remember how you seized that opportunity to face Miyuki at Rising Sun Showdown. I don't blame you for my failure to respond to that challenge, but that failure of mine is exactly what has motivated me to respond to any challenge presented and then meet it. This is nothing personal, Melissa, it's simply about my desire to be the best, and the only way to be the best is to beat you and the 18 other women in the Rumble tonight.

So, ladies, regardless of who you are, what you think or where you come from, you better realize that I've seen how far things have come in a year's time, that I remember the times when I failed and don't want to experience that feeling again, that I want to build on the successes that I have had, and that I want to demonstrate not only how far things in the AWA have come as far as women's wrestling goes, but how far I've come since I pleaded my case more than a year ago.

[Her slight smile returns.]

JS: And what better way to show how far I've come than to become the first-ever AWA Women's World Champion.

[We cut to footage marked "DURING THE BREAK..." of the backstage area - right at the Chimpanzee Position to be exact - where a fuming mad Brian Lau is standing alongside Brian James. Mark Stegglet is nearby, his mic arm extended but silent as Lau appears ready to rant all on his own.]

BL: GAAAAH! I HATE THOSE LYNCHES!

[Lau suddenly spins, yanking his designer sunglasses off his face, hurling them into the concrete wall where they shatter instantly.]

BJ: Calm down, Mr. Lau. Don't get yourself so worked up.

BL: Seriously?! How can you be so calm?! We lost to those redneck buffoons AGAIN! AGAIN! And now... now Johnny might have to defend the title against one of them!

[James offers a shrug, but his face suggests something more than calm. Almost as if he wants to see the World Champion suffer.]

BJ: Detson's a grown man. He can take care of himself.

[Lau rolls his eyes in the Battle of Boston winner's direction.]

BL: 2016 is supposed to be our year, Brian... OUR YEAR! Not them! And already they've won the tag titles from us once. If something like that happens again...

[Lau's words trail off as he shakes his head... and a moment later, "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett arrives on the scene.]

"D"HF: I saw what happened, gentlemen. My apologies.

[Lau looks up at Fawcett, annoyance on his face.]

BL: And just where in the hell have YOU been? I dragged you out of the gutter to help us with crap like this and I'm stuck out there watching them lose to Lynch and O'Connor while you... what? Hang out with Japanese investors?

[Fawcett visibly grimaces for a moment.]

"D"HF: Hence the apology, my friend. You're right... I should have been there. But I'm here now... how can I help?

[Lau leans against the wall, smashing his open palm into the concrete.]

BJ: This isn't like you, Mr. Lau. You're getting so worked up over these two hicks. You really hate them that much?

[Lau's jaw drops.]

BL: Of course I do! But the better question is - why the hell don't you? You ever listen to them talk? You ever hear their old man running around telling everyone that his kids are the future of this business... even the one he doesn't like!

BJ: Travis?

BL: No, the other one!

[James shrugs in Fawcett's direction as Lau continues.]

BL: They think they're God's gift to this sport... they think that they're the only family worth a damn in this business. They think they're better than the O'Connors... than the Wallaces...

[Lau's gaze drifts onto the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion.]

BL: ...the Jameses.

[That seems to get Brian James' attention as he straightens up, clenching his fists. Lau throws a glance at Fawcett, slightly inclining his eyebrows.]

"D"HF: You're right, Brian. I can't stand the idea of any of those Lynches winning any more gold this year. It's bad enough that we've all got to stand around and watch Travis Lynch rub it in about being the National Champion.

BJ: He's not the only one with a belt around here, you know.

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: Of course, of course... but... well, the AWA National Title is special, isn't it? It was the first title in the AWA. It's the title that was held by Broussard... by Sudakov... by Vasquez and Stevie Scott... it means something to the people who've been watching this place since the beginning.

BL: I've heard Travis Lynch tell people that his title is the most important title in the sport. That it means more than anything else.

"D"HF: Plus, when you think about how long he's held the title... it really does have a certain level of honor to wear it.

[James stares at Fawcett for a long moment.]

BJ: Then I guess it would mean even more to be the man who beat him for it. Especially...

[One can almost see the light go off behind James' eyes.]

BJ: ...If it's the second time I beat him.

[And with that, James turns to walk away, leaving Lau to slide from the wall, grinning as he loops an arm over the shoulders of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett whose evil smirk is quite unsettling as we fade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside Emerson Gellar.]

MS: Alright, fans... we are now just moments away from tonight's historic Main Event - the twenty woman Rumble to determine the very first Women's World Champion. All night long we've been hearing from the competitors... all except Queen Bee of course who was violently assaulted. Mr. Gellar, what can you tell us about Queen Bee's condition and her status for this Main Event matchup?

[Gellar shakes his head, looking disappointed.]

EG: Unfortunately, the attack put her in a bad way. She's currently at a nearby hospital and will be unable to compete.

MS: Does that mean we now have a nineteen woman Rumble?

EG: No. Actually, we got lucky that a very famous competitor from Japan was in town for some business and she has agreed to take the open slot.

MS: Any hints as to who it might be?

EG: I think we'll leave this one as a surprise, Mark.

MS: Well, speaking of surprises, Mr. Gellar... I'm not sure there is anything more surprising tonight than the appearance of David Ortiz via satellite and his challenge directed at Flex Ferrigno. Have you spoken to Mr. Ortiz? Is this challenge legit?

[Gellar nods.]

EG: I have spoken to Mr. Ortiz' representatives and have been told it is a legitimate challenge. However, Mr. Ortiz' legal team is unsure if such a clash could take place. Discussions are ongoing and I hope to have more information on this situation in the weeks ahead.

MS: Alright, well... let's talk about what we just saw. Jack Lynch pinned the World Champion, Johnny Detson, clean as a whistle in the middle of the ring with the Iron Claw. Lynch made it clear that he's looking for a shot at the World Title. Johnny Detson seems to think that the Iron Cowboy isn't a worthy challenger. Your thoughts?

EG: Mark, I believe that Jack Lynch is MORE than a worthy challenger and his pin of the champion tonight cemented that thought in my head. Tomorrow morning, I will be instructing the Championship Committee to draw up contracts to put Jack Lynch in the ring with Johnny Detson with the World Heavyweight Title on the line at the earliest opportunity.

[Stegglet's eyes go wide.]

MS: Wow! That's huge breaking news! Will that match happen during the European Tour? Maybe in Lynch's hometown of Dallas, Texas at Homecoming?

[Gellar grins.]

EG: That remains to be seen, Mark. But we're going to get to work on it, I promise you that. But don't forget the other strong title contenders. Detson's going to have his work cut out for him in the months to come.

MS: Supernova pinned him at the Battle of Boston.

EG: Which makes the former Television Champion a viable World Title challenger in my book.

MS: And Brian James?

EG: That one... that one may be difficult. I'm going to discuss it with Mr. Lau but I suspect he won't be so eager to sign that particular contract.

MS: Mr. Gellar, I got you here to ask all these questions but I'm told that you actually had an announcement of your own that you were hoping to make before we went off the air tonight.

[Gellar nods.]

EG: That's right, Mark... I do. Everyone already knows that SuperClash VIII will take place this year in the Superdome of New Orleans... but it's never too early to

start thinking about SuperClash IX in 2017. And that's exactly what I've been spending much of my recent time doing. Meeting with representatives from cities all over the globe, looking to bring SuperClash IX to their city. It's a truly flattering process to see how many cities want to be a part of the world's biggest professional wrestling show. But of course, only one city will ultimately get the nod. Tonight, I'm here to tell you the finalists - the cities still being considered to be the host city of SuperClash IX.

[A graphic appears on the screen, the cities showing up one by one as Gellar reads them off.]

EG: Our friends in Canada truly enjoyed the very first AWA shows earlier this summer and we loved being there. That's why three cities from Canada... both Calgary and Toronto, the hosts of this year's Saturday Night Wrestling broadcasts in Canada... made the list as did a city where we hosted a live event, Montreal.

[The graphic updates to show Calgary, Toronto, and Montreal on there.]

EG: But they weren't the only international pitches to draw our interest. In just a couple of months, the AWA will be having their very first show in London. They have also put forth a bid to host SuperClash and are currently under consideration.

[London joins the Canadian cities.]

EG: We've also enjoyed a lot of success over the years in Japan. So, when the Tokyo Dome made their offer, we were certainly listening. They've made the list of finalists as well.

[The international cities are bolstered by Tokyo appearing on the screen.]

EG: And our final international city under consideration is one that may surprise a lot of people considering our... rough history in this country... but Mexico City has made an intriguing proposal and are currently being considered as well.

[And that rounds out the international options.]

EG: But how about a little bit closer to home? The first U.S. city on our list was actually the home to this year's Memorial Day Mayhem. Of course, I'm talking about Seattle.

[Add that one to the graphic.]

EG: There has also been a very strong proposal from our friends in Los Angeles, looking to host another SuperClash. The former home base of the EMWC is on the list.

[The graphic changes again.]

EG: One of my favorite cities to visit... the South just might rise again as Atlanta, Georgia makes an offer to bring SuperClash to town.

[And again.]

EG: What about one of the world's biggest cities when it comes to tourism? The home of Disney World and Universal and so many others... yes, Orlando, Florida is in the mix as well.

[You can almost see the AWA-themed mouse ears as the graphic changes.]

EG: And for our final two entries, we move to the Midwest of the United States for two cities that the AWA has never visited before. The Motor City is looking to bring the AWA to town for the very first time. Could SuperClash IX take place in Detroit?

[Detroit slides onto the graphic.]

EG: And for our final city under consideration... one of the greatest towns for pro wrestling in all of our sport's great history... the Windy City itself... SuperClash in Chi-Town?! It could happen!

[And with our completed graphic, we see the SuperClash IX finalists:

Calgary
Toronto
Montreal
London
Tokyo
Mexico City
Seattle
Los Angeles
Atlanta
Orlando
Detroit
Chicago

The graphic fades, leaving a smiling Emerson Gellar.]

EG: In the months to come, we will be announcing eliminated cities every week on AWA television, shrinking the list one by one until we get to SuperClash VIII in New Orleans where we will be making the big announcement!

MS: Big news all around. Mr. Gellar, thank you so much for your time. I'm going to let you go because I know you won't want to miss a second of the Main Event... the Women's Rumble!

EG: Absolutely! Best of luck to all of the competitors and I look forward to seeing the new... make that the very first AWA Women's World Champion... at the end of the night!

[Gellar grins again before hustling out of view.]

MS: Let's go back out to ringside to Gordon and Bucky! Guys?

[We cut back out into the arena bowl of Madison Square Garden, the fans buzzing over what's still to come. The panning shot doesn't last long before moving onto the announcers at ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. Bucky, we've been saying it all night... for weeks now actually... but this moment truly is history in the making. In the history books of the AWA, they will put down this moment as the one where the American Wrestling Alliance officially went all-in on the idea of women's wrestling.

BW: Absolutely. Gordo, it was a long road to get here... not just for the women in this match but for the company itself. You look back at the false starts with competitors like Holly Hotbody and Lori Dane and... well, it was through sheer will of the women involved that we're here today. They kept forcing the issue and fighting for their spots and... eventually the fans came around and put pressure of their own on AWA management and here we are.

GM: A moment that many thought we'd never see. Just a few years ago, AWA fans were polled on their interest in a Women's Division and over 60 percent said they had absolutely no interest at all. With this Madison Square Garden crowd sold out and waiting for this match, I'd imagine that number would be far different today, Bucky.

BW: Enough hype, Gordo! We've been waiting long enough! Let's do this!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Alright, for the final time this evening, let's go up to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz! Take it away, young lady!

[Cut to the ring where the lovely Miss Ortiz is standing.]

RO: It is now time for the MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

RO: It is now time to crown the very first AWA Women's World Champion!

[Bigger cheer!]

RO: It is now time for an annual event here in the AWA...

IT'S TIME TO RUMBLE!

[HUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

RO: Earlier tonight, twenty of the finest female competitors in our sport drew numbers at random. In just a few moments, the competitors who drew Numbers One and Two will make their way to the ring where they will compete. Every two minutes the next participant will enter the ring in order until all twenty competitors have entered. The only way to be eliminated is to go OVER the top rope and have both feet touch the floor.

And when there is one woman left standing at the end of it all, that woman will go down in history as the very first AWA WOMEN'S WORLD CHAMPION!

[Another huge cheer! Ortiz grins broadly.]

RO: And now... the competitor who drew #1!

[The lights drop down to black, causing an "oooooh" from the Japanese crowd. They stay there for a few moments before the quiet panflute introduction of Zamfir's "The Lonely Shepherd" begins to play over the PA system. A pale yellow lighting fills Madison Square Garden, covering the crowd... the ring... and, of course, the entryway.]

RO: MELISSA CANNNNNNNONNNNNNN!

[After a few moments, the Origin of the AWA Women's Division walks into view. She is standing in her signature yellow jumpsuit, brown hair tied back in a tight braid. Cannon stands for a moment, head bowed as the crowd cheers her entrance...

...and as she lets loose a loud shout, the music switches to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity."]

GM: Well, I suppose it's only fitting, Bucky. Melissa Cannon is the one who got this whole thing started when she stepped up, abandoning her role as an announcer, to accept the challenge laid down by the woman who many consider the greatest women's wrestler in the world, Miyuki Ozaki. It was that match and the battles with Charisma Knight and Julie Somers that followed that convinced the AWA front office that there was fan interest in a Women's Division...

BW: And more importantly, that there was money in it.

[She marches down the aisle to a big reaction from the New York crowd, walking with determined purpose as she heads towards the ring for the biggest match of her life.]

GM: Melissa Cannon came here to Madison Square Garden tonight to fulfill a lifelong dream of being a champion and with fans all over the world supporting her, she hopes to do exactly that.

BW: Hopes and dreams are one thing, Gordo... reality is something else and the reality of the situation is that drawing Number One means that if Melissa Cannon is going to make history as the first AWA Women's World Champion, she's going to have to last at least forty minutes inside that ring tonight.

GM: A very tall task indeed but one that I feel Melissa Cannon is more than capable of.

BW: We're about to find out.

[Cannon reaches the ring, bowing towards it as she steps through the ropes. She settles back against the far ropes, turning to face the entryway as she waits to see who is coming next...]

RO: And now, the competitor who drew #2...

[Dramatic pause.]

GM: Who's it gonna be?

[The lights in Madison Square Garden drop to black as the wailing opening to "Followed The Waves" by Melissa Auf Der Maur begins to play over the PA system.]

GM: Oh... my... stars.

[Smoke fills the entrance way and within moments, the Empress of Joshi Puroresu herself, Miyuki Ozaki, walks into view. She smiles at the ring, waving a hand at Melissa Cannon who looks agitated at this turn of events.]

GM: And if it was fitting for Melissa Cannon to be the first one in there since - in many ways - she's responsible for much of this... then it's also fitting for Miyuki Ozaki to be the second one in since it was her Open Challenge back at Rising Sun Showdown 2 that kicked over the first domino!

[Ortiz continues.]

RO: THE EMPRESS OF JOSHIIIIIIII... MIIIIYUUUKIIII OOOOOZAAAAAKIIIIII!

[Ozaki, much to her own regret no doubt, is already in her ring gear, having foregone any kind of elaborate entrance. She walks down the aisle, waving to some fans, blowing kisses to others as Melissa Cannon fumes inside the ring. Ozaki gets closer, turning her back to the ring in a full 360 spin, soaking up the reaction of the crowd which is mostly split.]

GM: Miyuki Ozaki and Melissa Cannon are the first two in the ring for this Women's Rumble and the first two in the quest to become the Women's World Champion. Ozaki is considered by many to be the best in the-

[Without warning, Cannon breaks into a full sprint...

...and HURLS herself between the ropes, jamming her elbow into the jaw of Ozaki, knocking her for a loop and sending her sprawling backwards to the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The Madison Square Garden crowd comes to their feet for the big dive as Cannon grabs Ozaki by the head, slamming her forearm repeatedly into the side of the skull!]

GM: Melissa Cannon couldn't wait for Ozaki to get inside the ring! She remembers what happened a couple of weeks ago in Boston when Ozaki assaulted her out of nowhere and now she's looking for some payback!

[Cannon pulls Ozaki off the ringside mats, chucking her under the ropes into the ring where the veteran tries to scramble off the mat before Cannon can get in. Cannon is up on the apron, ducking through the ropes when Ozaki lashes out with a spinning back kick, burying her heel in the ribs of Cannon as the bell sounds.]

GM: And the 2016 edition of the Rumble is officially underway, fans!

[Ozaki shoves Cannon back into the corner, grabbing the top rope as she snaps off a series of hard kicks into the chest of the former Todd Michaelson student...

...but Cannon starts to fire back, throwing a forearm to the jaw that sends Ozaki stumbling back out of the corner!]

GM: Cannon caught her solid on the jaw right there!

[Stepping out, Cannon grabs Ozaki by her hair, landing a second forearm... and a third...]

GM: Cannon's knocking her back across the ring! A rally of will on the part of Melissa Cannon, sending Ozaki stumbling back across the ring and-

[As Cannon approaches, Ozaki reaches out, digging her fingers into the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! She raked the eyes!

[Grabbing Cannon by the hair with one hand, Ozaki winds up, rearing her head back so far, she lifts her leg into the air...

...and screeching with rage, she throws everything into it with one giant skull-cracking blow!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The headbutt knocks Cannon down to her knees, a glassy look in her eyes as Ozaki steps back, grabbing at her own forehead for a moment. She wobbles around Cannon, stepping behind her...

...and then plants her elbow on the top of Cannon's head, leaning over to deposit her chin in her open hand, and blinking in an exaggerated fashion as she poses for the ringside photographers.]

GM: Would you look at that? There's absolutely no call for that, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Miyuki Ozaki is all about the show. She just happens to be the best in the world at kicking your butt while putting on a show, daddy.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Ozaki straightens up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and buries a soccer kick into the spine of the kneeling Cannon, causing her to pitch forward facefirst on the canvas.]

GM: Just over a minute gone... another minute to go for these two to go one-on-one before they're joined by a third competitor who could make all the difference.

BW: That's right. Ozaki's got allies in this one like her student Ayako Fujiwara and Cannon's got allies like her Superfriend Julie Somers. Either one of those two showing up right now could turn this thing on its head.

[Ozaki prances around the downed Cannon for a bit, shoving at her head with the toe of her boot, earning some jeers from the New York City crowd. She leans down, grabbing a handful of hair, dragging Cannon up to her feet...

...where Cannon explodes with an elbowstrike to the temple that sends Ozaki spiraling away, staggering across the ring!]

GM: And where Ozaki is lethal with her kicks, Melissa Cannon is known to throw some of the hardest forearms and elbowstrikes in the sport!

BW: We're almost at the two minute mark! Almost time for one more!

[Cannon moves towards the dazed Ozaki, shoving her towards the ropes. As the Empress of Joshi rebounds back, Cannon drops down to the mat, hooking Ozaki by the ankle as she goes by...

...and rolls right up into a half Boston Crab!]

BW: Wait a second! That's... that's the Rainbow Bridge! Cannon just ripped off Ozaki's own move!

[Ozaki angrily pounds at the canvas, shrilly screaming as Cannon leans back on the half Crab.]

GM: She can't get a submission in this one but that's gotta sting the ego of Miyuki Ozaki to be trapped in her own hold in the center of the world's most famous arena!

[And as Ozaki claws at the canvas, the fans in Madison Square Garden start their countdown...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

GM: Here we go... who drew #3?!

[A few moments pass before the sounds of "The Cyborg Fights" by YellowExxhy rings out over the PA system!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Good luck, Cannon! Your night is just about over!

[The crowd responds with a lot of cheers but a few boos as the former Olympic gold medalist, Ayako Fujiwara, jogs into view.]

GM: The Olympian, Ayako Fujiwara, is the third one in!

[Fujiwara heads down the aisle toward the ring, looking a little bit uneasy as she approaches the squared circle. She pauses at the end of the aisle, looking inside the ring.]

BW: What the heck is she waiting for?! Get in there!

GM: I'm not sure this is the situation that Ayako Fujiwara was hoping for tonight. I'm not sure she wanted to get in there and potentially have to face down her teacher and mentor!

[Fujiwara looks back and forth at the crowd, the cheers getting louder, and finally she pumps a fist before rolling under the ropes inside the ring...]

GM: Fujiwara is in! She draws #3!

[Seeing Fujiwara coming, Cannon lets go of the half Crab, staring into the eyes of the former Olympian...]

GM: And now THIS is quite the showdown.

[The crowd is roaring at the idea of Cannon and Fujiwara going to battle as Cannon slowly walks towards Fujiwara, keeping her eyes locked on her.]

GM: The fans in MSG are on their feet, waiting to see what happens when Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara go to war!

[Cannon inches closer, nodding her head, wiggling her fingers with anticipation as she gets closer... and closer...]

...and then Miyuki Ozaki swoops in from behind, hitting a running forearm to the back of the head, knocking Cannon towards Fujiwara who clasps her around the torso...]

GM: Wait a second!

[Fujiwara hoists Cannon into the air, twisting her body, and driving Cannon down to the canvas underneath her with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: Ohh my!

BW: I thought for sure she was looking for one of those overhead belly-to-bellies to toss Cannon to the floor!

GM: You're not the only one, Bucky.

[Fujiwara pops up to her feet, soaking up the cheers of the roaring crowd...

...and then finds herself face to face with her trainer, Miyuki Ozaki!]

GM: And this is ANOTHER interesting situation, Bucky!

[Ozaki smiles at Fujiwara, batting her eyelashes at her former pupil. Fujiwara extends her hand, offering a show of sportsmanship to her teacher.]

GM: Fujiwara looks like she wants to make sure that whatever happens tonight, the relationship between these two lives on...

[Ozaki looks down at the hand, slowly raising her own...]

GM: And it looks like we're about to get that handshake - believe it or not...

[But as soon as Ozaki locks hands with Fujiwara, she twists herself over, dropping down in a one-handed handstand, swinging a leg up to catch a surprised Fujiwara on the side of the head!]

GM: Oh! What the heck was that?!

[Fujiwara stumbles backward, grabbing at her ear as Ozaki slides in behind her, wrapping her arms around her student's waist in a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[But as Ozaki sets to deliver a German Suplex, Ayako Fujiwara suddenly straightens up, a defiant expression on her face...]

GM: Ozaki's going for the German but I think Fujiwara has other ideas!

[Ozaki attempts to snatch Fujiwara off the mat a second time...

...but Fujiwara simply holds her ground, shaking her head this time.]

BW: Third time's a charm?

[But as Ozaki goes for a third try, Fujiwara executes a standing switch, ending up behind her trainer with her arms wrapped around her waist...]

GM: Uh oh! Fujiwara's got her this time!

[...and to a tremendous ROAR from the New York City crowd, Fujiwara easily lifts Ozaki off the canvas, throwing her down on the back of her head and neck with a violent spine-shaking suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MISS GERMANY IS IN... THE... HOOOOOUUUUUUSE!

[Fujiwara kips up to her feet, looking down at her fallen trainer who writhes in pain on the canvas...

...as the countdown starts again.]

“TEN!”

“NINE!”

“EIGHT!”

“SEVEN!”

“SIX!”

“FIVE!”

“FOUR!”

“THREE!”

“TWO!”

“ONE!”

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

“HEY HO, LET’S GO! HEY HO, LET’S GO!”

[The Ramones’ “Blitzkrieg Bop” brings it’s raucous energy over Madison Square Garden as the fans give a polite response Victoria June dances out onto the stage, moshing and headbanging around for a bit before she bounds to the ring.]

GM: Victoria June, the Canadian newcomer is the fourth one in the Rumble!

[June is garbed in torn fishnet stockings, cut off and torn denim shorts and a ragged cropped T-shirt knotted above the breastbone. She is all horsey teeth, a patchwork of freckles visible under the Afro-punk style make up dots and a big unkempt blondish afro. June leaps onto the steps, banging her head and throwing up the ‘horns’ sign with her index finger and pinky before she jumps into the ring.]

GM: In she comes... and she’s going right after Ayako Fujiwara!

[A running back elbow up under the chin catches Fujiwara off-guard!]

GM: Oh!

[A flurry of rights and lefts has the Olympian covering up, stumbling backwards...

...and June swings to the side, running to the ropes, bouncing off, and changing direction to run right at Melissa Cannon, leaping into the air, taking her down with a Fierro Press!]

GM: June's hitting anything that moves!

[Grabbing Cannon by the head, June smashes the back of her head into the mat once... twice... three times. She peels off of Cannon, turning her attention to the third woman in the ring. Ozaki, still stunned from the German Suplex from her student, is easy prey to be picked up...

...and with an excited whoop, June rushes towards the ropes, looking to throw the Empress of Joshi over the top rope!]

GM: The Canadian's looking to eliminate one of the favorites!

[A mighty throw sends Ozaki over the ropes...

...but she hooks the top rope as she goes over, managing to swing herself onto the apron, avoiding elimination. June has already peeled away though, thinking she'd succeeded as she moves back towards the rising Cannon and the stunned Fujiwara, grabbing them both by the back of the heads...]

GM: Look out here!

[...and clashes their skulls together!]

GM: Ohhh my! A meeting of the minds in the middle of the 2016 edition of the Rumble - featuring the AWA Women's Division for the very first time!

[Cannon and Fujiwara stumble away from each other as Victoria June pumps her fists, getting more support from the New York crowd for her flurry of offense. She turns around, spotting Ozaki coming back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Ozaki managed to avoid elimination but June's not done with her yet...

[Pulling Ozaki to her feet, June lights her up with a big knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Wham! What a shot by Victoria June!

[A second chop has Ozaki reeling when June grabs her by the arm.]

GM: Victoria June has come on like a house of fire in the #4 slot in this Rumble and she's doing a number on everyone, Bucky!

BW: Quite the surprise if you ask me. I thought the Canadian redneck would be a gimme for one of these more experienced competitors.

[June whips Ozaki across the ring, turning slightly to bury a back heel kick into the gut on her return trip before dashing to the ropes, rebounding off at high velocity...

...and sends Ozaki flying through the air with a big running kneelift!]

GM: Ozaki goes down hard again... and would you look at this?!

[And THAT, my friends, is a good-sized reaction for the Canadian newcomer as she bangs her head in the middle of the ring, celebrating her Rumble so far...

...as the countdown begins again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[“Good Cop, Bad Cop” by Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet kicks in to a slightly-bigger-than-Victoria-June reaction.]

BW: Uh oh! The super heavyweight is comin’ to town!

[That reaction gets larger when they see the hulking form coming through the curtain.]

GM: Five foot eight, 284 pounds! It’s Lucie Richter!

[Richter is a mountain of an athlete with short, curly dark brown hair. She wears baggy black sleeveless coveralls, tucked into black wrestling boots with her face painted in satanic red and silver.]

GM: Lucie Richter, fans, may have the better part of her career behind her at the age of 38 but she’s big enough and strong enough to make a major impact in this Rumble. She was set to be part of Canada’s Olympic powerlifting team in 2000 when a triceps tear destroyed those plans. From there, she went through training at the hands of the legendary Colton family and became a star in Chinook wrestling in Calgary.

BW: But it’s what she did after her career was over in 2008 that’s the strangest part of the story, Gordo.

GM: That’s right. She entered the seminary and now serves as a Pastor at Cremona, Alberta, Canada’s Lutheran Parish.

BW: If she’s looking for some divine intervention, I doubt she’ll find it here.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[And with that, the announcers have bought enough time for the lumbering super-heavyweight to reach the ring, coming up the ringsteps. She ducks through the ropes into the ring...

...and finds all four of the other competitors staring right at her.]

BW: Maybe she’s got time for a quick prayer...

[And they quickly swarm her, fists a flying at the near 300 pound Richter as the New York crowd roars to life!]

BW: ...or maybe not!

GM: Lucie Richter's got her work cut out for her, fans! All that weight and size is going to help her... but will it help her fight off an attack from FOUR other competitors?!

[Cannon and Ozaki seem to be leading the assault, the former throwing elbowstrikes to the larger woman's temple and the latter trying to chop her down to size with kicks to the over-sized legs.]

GM: Ozaki's trying to cut the big Redwood down while Cannon is headhunting!

[Fujiwara ducks down, trying to secure a single leg on the massive competitor while June buzzes around, swatting at any part of Richter's form she can get a hand on while the fans watch with interest.]

BW: The thing about someone the size of Lucie Richter in there, Gordo, is that they can't just cut her down. Ozaki can throw all the leg kicks she wants but if she gets Richter down on the canvas, it does them absolutely no good. They need to keep her on her feet, get her by the ropes, and then all work together to topple her over the top.

GM: Can it be done though? Lucie Richter comes into this match knowing this might be her one and only shot at winning the AWA Women's World Championship. Is that motivation enough for her to survive this onslaught?

[Richter begins to fight back, pounding the struggling Fujiwara with forearm after forearm to the back of the head. A wildly-swung haymaker catches Cannon on the ear, sending her sprawling to the canvas.]

GM: She's fighting out of it! Cannon's down!

[Grabbing Ozaki by the hair, she winds her up...

...and uses Ozaki's head to smash into the back of Fujiwara's head, knocking the latter down!]

GM: Oh! And down goes the Olympian!

[Victoria June spots the opening, diving in to go after Richter, throwing rights and lefts at the ample midsection...

...but Richter grabs her by the back of the head, lifting her up, and SMASHING June's face down into Richter's knee, sending June flopping to the canvas.]

GM: June goes down as well and... oh brother!

[And now the near 300 pounder has Miyuki Ozaki by the hair, walking her away from the ropes and out to the middle of the ring. Ozaki starts begging off, pleading for mercy into the painted face of Lucie Richter!]

GM: Ozaki's in trouble! She's all alone right now and-

[The New York crowd ERUPTS in cheers as Lucie Richter ducks down, scooping Ozaki off the mat...

...and PRESSES HER OVERHEAD!]

GM: OH MY STARS! LOOK AT THE POWER!

[And with perhaps THE odds-on favorite in her clutches, Lucie Richter steps closer to the ropes... and closer... and closer...]

GM: SHE'S GONNA TOSS OZAKI INTO THE THIRD ROW!

BW: Somebody help Miyuki! This beast... this isn't fair!

[As Richter gets closer and closer to the point where she could conceivably launch Ozaki over the top rope to the floor, the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The boos pour out from the AWA faithful at the sight of one-half of the Serpentes, Mamba, jogging down the aisle to the sounds of "Money, Power, Respect" by the LOX.]

GM: Well, if anyone wants to take a shot at standing toe-to-toe with Lucie Richeter, it might be the six foot two inch, 200 pound Mamba, Bucky!

BW: It might. She's still giving up almost a hundred pounds but what she lacks in weight, she makes up in intensity.

[Mamba gets to the ring quickly, diving under the bottom rope, and popping up right in Lucie Richter's path. Richter stands her ground, holding the struggling and squealing Ozaki as Mamba gestures at herself, slapping her chest.]

"BRING YO' FAT ASS TO ME!"

[Richter obliges, hurling Ozaki at Mamba...

...who snatches the much-smaller competitor out of the sky, holding her across her chest to the "oooooohs" of the crowd.]

GM: Now THAT is impressive power from the woman from right across the river in Rahway, New Jersey!

[Mamba swoops Ozaki through the air, throwing her down with a ring-shaking spinning body slam...]

...and then turns back to Richter, smirking for a moment before the two biggest women in the match (at the moment at least) come together in a mammoth clash!]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Mamba is throwing heavy forearms at the jaw of Richter, trying to knock the larger woman off her feet...]

...but a mighty shove from Richter sends Mamba back into the ropes, bouncing off into a heavy forearm smash across the chest that puts Mamba down on the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH!

[In another part of the ring, we can see Melissa Cannon and Victoria June tangled up in the corner, trading blows as Ayako Fujiwara swoops in, grabbing June by the leg.]

GM: The action continues throughout the ring. You can't win a Rumble this early, Bucky, but you certainly can lose it.

BW: Absolutely. Any one of these six women can be tossed over the top rope at any given time so you gotta keep your head on a swivel. I'd also suggest staying the heck away from the ropes.

GM: You can't eliminate anyone if you stay away from the ropes, Bucky.

BW: No, but you don't get extra credit for eliminating people. The goal is to survive and if you only eliminate one person in the match, it doesn't matter as long as it's the last one left besides you.

[Richter backs into the ropes, lumbering back out with her massive form...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...but Mamba rolls out of the way, causing Richter to SLAM down hard on her back on the canvas! She grimaces through the face paint as Mamba regains her feet, moving back in to deliver some hard stomps to the downed Richter. In a matter of moments, Mamba is joined by Miyuki Ozaki with some stomps of her own to the Canadian super heavyweight!]

GM: And now there's a two-on-one on Richter with Mamba and the woman she just bodyslammed a few moments ago.

BW: The Rumble makes for some strange bedfellows, Gordo. You just never can tell who will end up on the same side working together... and for that matter, you never can tell who you think is your best friend that will stab you in the back for a chance to be the first Women's World Champion.

GM: We know that Copperhead, Mamba's tag team partner, is still back in that locker room waiting for her opportunity. For that matter, so is Lauryn Rage who brought the Serpentes into the AWA but seemed to abandon them earlier this year.

BW: From that pre-match interview, it sounds like they're on the same page here tonight though, Gordo. They plan on working together if they get in there at the same time... at least until they can't work together any longer.

GM: And fans, while we wait the precious moments until the next competitor enters the fray, it seems like a good time to mention that in addition to Queen Bee being replaced in the match due to injury, we've been informed that another competitor who was advertised to compete - Shiloh Blake - was unable to get to the arena due to travel difficulties and will be replaced as well. A tough break for Shiloh Blake, Bucky.

BW: Wait your entire life for a shot to be a World Champion and a bus with a flat tire takes you out of it? Yeah, that's a tough break.

GM: I highly doubt it was a bus but-

[Gordon is cut off as the countdown begins again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

["I'm About To Break You" by New Year's Day starts to play over the PA system. The crowd reacts with a shower of boos as Charisma Knight comes through the curtain.]

GM: Charisma Knight is #7!

[Knight shouts at a fan in the crowd, standing with her stringy faded blonde hair with the brown roots peeking through. She's not wearing her ring jacket, revealing 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.]

GM: Knight heading down the aisle... and taking the time to berate half the fans in Madison Square Garden it seems.

[The rulebreaker heads towards the ring, shouting erratically at this fan and that fan, approaching the squared circle where the battle is still going...]

GM: Knight sure is taking her time getting to the ring...

BW: You know, I really miss her old hair, Gordo. This blonde and brown mix isn't really working.

GM: Knight's had a rough go of it over the past several months - the loss to the debuting Fujiwara... the loss to Skylar Swift. She's hoping to get right back into the mix in the Women's Division with one big swing tonight but it remains to be seen if she can accomplish that.

[Reaching the ring, Knight doesn't immediately go inside, slowly making her way around the squared circle, trading words with the ringside fans and then looking up into the ring...

...and suddenly, as she rounds the corner ringpost, she acts, leaping up on the ring apron, grabbing two hands full of Victoria June's afro...]

GM: KNIGHT'S GOT HER! SHE-

[And with a mighty tug, Knight yanks June over the top rope, flinging her down to the barely-padded floor with a thud to jeers from the fans!]

GM: And Victoria June is the first woman eliminated in the 2016 Rumble! She's gone! She's eliminated from this match!

[Knight smirks as she drops back off the apron, getting some angry shouts from the fans in the front row. She taunts them as she continues to walk around the ringside area, ignoring the angry shouts from Victoria June as a pair of AWA officials order her back to the locker room.]

GM: Knight scores the first elimination of the match and she hasn't even gotten inside the ring yet!

BW: You gotta be impressed by that, Gordo!

GM: Impressed wasn't the word I was looking for.

[Knight continues her slow trek around the ring, throwing an occasional glance up towards the squared circle. Looking up, she spots Mamba with Melissa Cannon up against the ropes, trying to shove her over the top...

...and she springs into motion again, leaping up on the apron, grabbing Cannon by the hair. She gives a hard yank, pulling Melissa halfway over the ropes as she drops off to the floor, trying to drag one of her rivals out over the top!]

GM: She's got a hold of Melissa Cannon! Can she get her out the same way she got Victoria June out?!

[Knight is manic, her teeth clenched as she tries to drag Cannon to the floor. Inside the ring, Mamba grabs a leg, trying to dump one of the favorites out of the match...

...when suddenly, Miyuki Ozaki tears across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide and driving her feet into the face of Charisma Knight!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Knight recoils from the blow, toppling ass over teakettle across the ringside area. Cannon gets her momentum going back the other way, throwing a back elbow to the chops of Mamba, sending her backpedaling away.]

BW: Are you kidding me?! Did Miyuki Ozaki just save Melissa Cannon?!

GM: Well, we talked about strange bedfellows and-

"OOOOOZAAAAAKIIIIII!"

[Her eyes filled with rage, Charisma Knight tears towards the ring, clambering up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...where Melissa Cannon greets her with a solid kneelift to the mush, snapping Knight's head back!]

GM: OH!

[Cannon pulls Knight back through, straightening her up on the apron...

...when a grinning Ozaki slides in next to her, flashing a wink at the woman she faced in the Tokyo Dome.]

GM: Wait a second!

[Ozaki reaches over the ropes, grabbing Knight under the arm as Cannon does the same...

...and a double hiptoss sends Knight sailing over the top rope, crashing down in a heap on the canvas!]

GM: OHHH MY!

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

[As the countdown continues, Cannon and Ozaki pull Knight off the mat, whipping her across the ring, landing a double dropkick to the knees that sends Knight flopping facefirst to the canvas!]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

[Knight pushes herself up to her knees, wobbly in her movements as Ozaki and Cannon give each other a brief stare...

...and with a sweeping bow, Ozaki gestures to Knight.]

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[All eyes turn towards the entrance...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and then snap back on the ring where Melissa Cannon has just BLASTED Charisma Knight across the chest with a stiff kick!]

GM: And here comes the Lightning Lady! Lori Wilson is the eighth entry in the 2016 Rumble! Almost halfway there!

[Wilson comes jogging down the aisle, a smile on her face as she rolls under the ropes into the ring...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...just as Miyuki Ozaki throws a kick of her own into the chest of Knight!]

GM: Lori Wilson is in but right now, the focus is on Melissa Cannon and Miyuki Ozaki actually working TOGETHER in this matchup! It was just two weeks ago that Cannon had mist blown in her eyes by Ozaki and now they're seeing who can kick Knight the hardest!

[Wilson gets up, looking around the ring for a target...

...and goes for the biggest bull in the bunch!]

GM: Wilson charging across, big leaping right hand to the jaw of Lucie Richter!

[The 38 year old Richter is leaning against the ropes at this point, breathing a little heavily as Wilson is joined by Mamba. The unlikely duo trades off throwing forearms at Richter...

...when suddenly, Ayako Fujiwara walks into the picture, giving a stream of instructions in Japanese. Wilson turns, looking puzzled at Fujiwara who waves both Wilson and Mamba back...]

GM: What is this all about? Does Fujiwara think she can take on Richter all on her own?

BW: If she does, she's crazier than...

GM: Her teacher?

[Fujiwara looks out at the New York crowd, now urging her on as she leans down, grabbing Richter's right leg around the knee...

...and lifts it off the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: She's got one leg up! Fujiwara showing off that power we all know she's got!

[Reaching down, Fujiwara wraps her right arm around the other knee, exhaling sharply again... and again... and again...

...and with a loud bellow of exertion, she muscles Richter's other leg off the mat. The crowd is absolutely going nuts as Fujiwara stands in the middle of the ropes, holding the near 300 pound Richter's legs off the mat!]

GM: SHE GOT HER UP!

BW: But there's no way she gets her out, Gordo! No way at all!

GM: She might be able to do it! She's got the legs off the mat! Somebody should help her!

[Richter, realizing she's in danger, swings her right arm down, clubbing it across the back of Fujiwara's neck once... twice...]

GM: Fujiwara's hanging on! Richter's blows mean nothing to Ayako Fujiwara, the former Olympian!

[Mamba moves back in, wrapping up Richter's arm and pushing back on her torso, trying to get her balance going the other direction...]

...but Richter swings the free arm, jamming it into Mamba's ear and sending her toppling away. A sharp downward elbow between the shoulderblades of Fujiwara sends her down to the mat and allows Richter to put her feet back down on the canvas...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! WILSON HITS THE SUPERKICK!

[Richter's eyelids flutter as she absorbs the full impact of the thrust kick to the underside of the chin...]

...and falls backwards, arms hooking the top rope as she sits down on the middle rope, barely able to hold herself in that position as Wilson slams a fist into her open hand.]

BW: Wilson landed that superkick but I think she was hoping Richter would go over the top rope from it! Richter's sitting on the middle rope... she may be out... but no one is getting her out of the ring in that position.

[And the countdown begins again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[As the buzzer sounds, the crowd jeers the sight of the ninth entry into the Rumble.]

GM: Uh oh... and as Copperhead starts making her way to the ring, this is going to give the Serpentes a distinct advantage in there, Bucky.

BW: It sure will... plus whenever Lauryn Rage draws her number, it'll be an even bigger edge!

[Copperhead is trashtalking her way down the aisle as she jogs the last half, diving under the bottom rope. She comes to her feet, rushing across the ring to grab Ayako Fujiwara by the hair, hurling her down to the mat and off of Copperhead's partner.]

GM: And right away, she comes to the aid of her tag team partner...

[Mamba thanks her ally and together, they grab the nearest foe - Lori Wilson. Wilson is swarmed by the Serpentine duo, hammered beneath a barrage of forearms and fists, battered down to her knees and then down to all fours where Mamba and Copperhead take turns using double axehandles across the veteran's back!]

GM: Look at the Serpentes go to work on Lori Wilson!

[Stumbling into the mix, Melissa Cannon pulls Mamba off of Wilson, decking her with a forearm shot to the jaw!]

GM: And now Cannon coming to the aid of the Lightning Lady...

[Copperhead buries a boot in Cannon's gut, cutting her off before she can cause any more damage. Mamba grabs Cannon by the arm as Copperhead grabs the other, whipping her across the ring...

...and taking her down with a double shoulder tackle!]

GM: Ohhh! And the Serpentes are working to establish control of this Women's Rumble!

[Copperhead raises her partner's arm, soaking up the jeers of the New York crowd...

...and then Mamba gives her partner a nudge, gesturing across the ring.]

GM: Oh, look at this, Bucky! They're going after Lucie Richter!

BW: And if there's anyone who can get Richter over the top, it just might be the combined strength of the Serpentes, daddy!

[Richter pushes off the ropes, slowly plodding towards Mamba and Copperhead as they approach...

...and then rush forward, hands clasped...]

GM: Double clothesline on Richter!

[The big blow stuns the nearly 300 pound Canadian but she stays on her feet, stumbling back a pair of steps. Mamba gestures at her, pointing to the ropes...]

GM: They're going for it again!

[Mamba and Copperhead dash to the far ropes, bouncing back with their hands clasped...

...and run right into Richter, landing a second double clothesline that sends Richter falling back several feet into the ropes, hanging onto the top rope to stay on her feet!]

GM: Wow!

BW: A lot of impact but they still can't get over the top.

GM: It might take another one. They've got her against the ropes now and... here they go, off the ropes...

BW: Third time's a charm?

[But as they get near, Lucie Richter pushes herself off the ropes with a loud bellow...

...and takes BOTH Serpentes off their feet with a double clothesline of her own!]

GM: OHHHHH! THE FORMER POWERLIFTER TAKES 'EM BOTH DOWN!

[Richter pounds her fists into her chest, looking down at the prone Serpentes. She reaches down, dragging Copperhead off the mat by the arm, whipping her into the corner...

...and then charges the half distance of the ring to smash Copperhead into the buckles with an avalanche!]

GM: OHHH! SHE SQUASHED COPPERHEAD IN THE BUCKLES!

[Richter steps out, watching Copperhead stumble forward before throwing a standing clothesline, knocking Copperhead off her feet near the corner...

...and with a wide-eyed expression, looking out at the crowd, Richter slams her hand down into the turnbuckles a few times before stepping near the corner.]

GM: She's going for the Richter Scale! She's looking to drop all that weight down into the chest of Copperhead and-

[Gordon gets cut off by the countdown starting up again while Richter steps up to the bottom rope...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The tenth entry into the Rumble draws big jeers as she jogs down the aisle, looking out at the ring...

...and then breaks into BAMF walk, chomping her gum all the while.]

GM: Erica Toughill is #10! She's the halfway point in this one!

BW: And can you believe that we're halfway through this match yet only one person - Victoria June - has been eliminated so far?

GM: I'm guessing the enforcer of SM&K is looking to change that!

[Toughill swiftly reaches ringside, rushing up the ringsteps where Richter is standing on the second rope. Toughill steps up on the second rope, shocking the Canadian super heavyweight as she reaches out and snares her in a front facelock!]

GM: What in the-?!

BW: What's with these women trying to get eliminations before they even get in the ring?!

GM: Toughill's got her hooked in that guillotine choke, trying to... Bucky, I think she's trying to pull her out over the top rope!

BW: I think you're right! Toughill's giving up a lot of size here but there's no love lost between her and Lucie Richter - that's for sure. We saw that footage on Power Hour of Richter just absolutely destroying her as a rookie and you better believe Toughill's been waiting a long time for this moment.

[Toughill's like a bulldog, cranking on the hold as Richter throws weak punches to the ribcage...

...and the crowd begins to buzz as Ayako Fujiwara swoops in behind Richter, ducking down...]

GM: What in the... what is she doing?!

[Fujiwara gets herself in the right position and raises up, settling underneath Richter so that Richter's thighs are on Fujiwara's shoulders!]

BW: It's gonna be the mother of all squats, daddy!

[Fujiwara grits her teeth, giving a loud shout as she lifts up, hoisting Richter off the buckles as Toughill continues to pull her towards the ropes...]

GM: Fujiwara with some unbelievable power and-

[...and Richter goes tumbling over the ropes, falling to the floor as Toughill grabs the ropes, clinging to them to stay on the apron as the super heavyweight bounces off the floor!]

GM: RICHTER'S GONE! LUCIE RICHTER IS ELIMINATED!

[The crowd roars for the impressive elimination...

...and as Fujiwara offers a high five of congratulations to Toughill, she's grabbed by the hair and yanked over the top rope!]

GM: FUJIWARA IS- no! No! She hangs on! She's on the apron!

BW: Yeah, but she's on the apron with Toughill which means she's on the verge of getting eliminated, daddy!

[Grabbing Fujiwara by the hair, Toughill lays in a stiff kneestrike to the chest and then a second one bounces off the chin, leaving Fujiwara dazed as Toughill tries to push her to the floor for the elimination!]

GM: Toughill's hanging onto the ropes, using the flat of her boot to try and push Fujiwara to the floor!

BW: That'll be huge if she can do it! Fujiwara's one of the favorites in this match and if Toughill can toss her at the halfway point, that's one less contender she has to concern herself with later.

[Toughill drags Fujiwara up to her feet, throwing a pair of forearms that bounce off the ear of the Japanese superstar as she clings desperately to the ropes, trying to stay on the apron...]

GM: Toughill's trying to batter Fujiwara off the apron to the floor. Remember, fans, Fujiwara DID go over the top. If she falls to the floor here, she'd be eliminated from this matchup!

[Fujiwara suddenly pushes herself off the ropes, lashing out with a right-handed elbowstrike of her own with a loud "YAA!" The blow stuns Toughill who steps back a few steps as Fujiwara pursues, winding up the left arm...]

"YAA!"

[The left-armed elbowstrike has Toughill grabbing the ropes as Fujiwara squares up...]

"YAA!" "YAA!"

"YAA!" "YAA!"

"YAA!" "YAA!"

[The barrage of right and left elbows leave Toughill reeling as Fujiwara swings her right arm around and around a few times...]

"YAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[And connects with an elbowstrike that spins Toughill around, her back to Fujiwara...]

...who quickly snatches a waistlock!]

GM: Waistlock! On the apron!

BW: No, no, no! Somebody stop her!

[Seeing an opportunity, Miyuki Ozaki comes barreling across the ring, leaping into the air for a dropkick...]

GM: Ozaki from the blind side!

[...but instead of hitting Fujiwara with it, she hits Toughill, knocking her out of Fujiwara's grasp and sending her sprawling out on the floor!]

GM: OH!

BW: Was that intentional?! Was she aiming for Toughill?!

GM: I'm... I'm not really sure but that doesn't do anything to Toughill! She wasn't in danger of being eliminated there and-

[Fujiwara turns, staring suspiciously at her teacher who shrugs and shouts "YOU'RE WELCOME!" in an exaggerated fashion. Fujiwara says something in Japanese, ducking through the ropes and pointing out at Toughill. Ozaki replies in Japanese, a little heated as she gets closer to Fujiwara.]

GM: We've got ourselves an argument... I think.

BW: I'd kill for subtitles right about now.

[As the argument seems to get more and more heated, Erica Toughill regains her feet, reaching under the ropes...

...and hooks Ozaki by the ankle, dragging her kicking and screaming under the bottom rope to the floor where she grabs the Empress of Joshi by the head...]

GM: Look out!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and HURLS her bodily into the steel ringside barricade, shifting it visibly as Ozaki lands parallel to the floor against it!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Toughill glares down at Ozaki, popping a bubble before turning back towards the ring...

...where Ayako Fujiwara gets a running down, hurling herself off the apron in a crossbody on a surprised Toughill to a huge reaction from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY! FUJIWARA TAKES OUT TOUGHILL ON THE FLOOR!

[And as Fujiwara and Toughill hits the floor, we see Lori Wilson go flying over the top rope, crashing down near them to jeers from the crowd. A quick cut back to the ring shows Mamba dusting off her hands and Copperhead leans over to trash talk the eliminated Wilson.]

GM: And in the middle of all that, the Serpentes managed to eliminate Lori Wilson! The veteran is eliminated!

[And as the crowd reacts to that, the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[Inside the ring, we see Melissa Cannon trying to flip Charisma Knight over the ropes. Mamba and Copperhead see an opportunity and quickly make their way across the ring as all eyes turn towards the entranceway.]

GM: Who is it? Who drew #11?

[The opening strands of "Black Water" by The Doobie Brothers play over the PA system to cheers from some of the more knowledgeable fans in the building. After a moment, the woman known as Tamara "Tommy" Jackson" emerges from the entranceway.]

GM: Tamara Jackson! She's #11 and one of the surprise entries in this matchup!

BW: Tamara - Tommy to many of her friends and fans - did her time in the UWF like just about every female competitor from her era. She also saw time in MBC and became the Women's Champion in SPW as well.

[Jackson is dressed in blue overalls with a white T-shirt underneath and is in bare feet. Her long, wavy black hair hangs about over her shoulders and face, as if she hasn't combed in for some time. She has brown eyes and a friendly smile on her face. She walks down the aisle, happily slapping hands with fans who have their arms outstretched. Upon reaching the ring, she ducks between the ropes and gives a friendly wave to the crowd...

...and gets blindsided by Charisma Knight who has managed to slip away from the attacking Serpentes!]

GM: Ohh! Knight from behind! Stomping and kicking Jackson into the canvas!

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Knight drags her up to her feet...

...but Jackson fires back with a headbutt right to the bridge of the nose, sending Knight stumbling away, holding her face in pain!]

GM: Oh!

BW: She might've broken Charisma's nose with that! What kind of a savage does something like that!

[Jackson pursues Knight towards the corner, grabbing her by the hair, pointing out to the New York City fans...

...and smashes Knight's head into the top turnbuckle repeatedly as the fans count along with her!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Knight stumbles away as Jackson quickly scans the ring, looking for someone else to go after. She turns her attention towards Copperhead who - coincidentally - is coming for her as well...

...and she WHAPS the incoming Copperhead with a left hook that snaps her head back, sending her staggering!]

GM: Whoa! What a left hand!

[Grabbing Copperhead by the shoulders, Jackson flings her into the corner where she starts laying into her with kicks to the midsection...]

GM: Big kick downstairs over and over and over...

[The crowd is roaring for the flurry of offense from the surprise entry.]

GM: Jackson's been a Women's World Champion before and she'd love to capture a second title right here tonight in New York City and shock the world!

[Jackson is still laying in boots to the body as Mamba approaches from behind, hands clasped over her head for a double axehandle...

...but as she draws near, Jackson grabs her, flinging her back into her own partner, and starts lighting up Mamba with kicks to the body as well!]

GM: Oh my! Tommy Jackson is taking the fight to BOTH of the Serpentes!

[With the NYC crowd roaring, Jackson grabs Mamba by the arm, dragging her out of the corner towards the middle of the ring...]

GM: Jackson hooks a side headlock!

[And again, the more knowledgeable fans in the crowd react, knowing what's coming...

...and then jeer as Copperhead comes charging out, drilling Jackson with a running forearm to the back of the head, breaking up her attack.]

GM: Ohh! I don't know what Tommy Jackson had in mind right there, fans, but Copperhead was having none of it...

[Each Serpentine grabs an arm on Jackson at this point, whipping her across the ring as they both double up, looking for a double backdrop...]

GM: Jackson off the far side... slams on the brakes!

[And as she hits the brakes in front of the doubled-up Serpentine, she spins around, applying a double side headlock...

...and leaps straight up into the air, coming straight back down to drive their faces into the canvas!]

BW: SHE CALLS THAT THE TOMMY DOG!

[The crowd cheers as Mamba and Copperhead roll around on the mat, clutching their faces as Jackson climbs to her feet, celebrating her offensive attack...

...and as Charisma Knight attempts an attack, Jackson buries a boot in her midsection as well, turning to hook the side headlock...]

BW: Again?!

[...and leaps into the air, driving Knight facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: AGAIN! TOMMY DOG ON CHARISMA KNIGHT AS WELL!

[Jackson pops up, pumping her fists towards the cheering crowd!]

GM: And just like, Tamara Jackson has laid out half the people in the ring, Bucky!

BW: But she hasn't eliminated anyone yet... although that looks like it might be about to change.

[Jackson waves to Melissa Cannon, calling her over as she pulls a dazed Charisma Knight off the canvas. Each grab a handful of tights, rushing towards the ropes in tandem...

...and HURL Knight over the top rope!]

GM: KNIGHT'S GONE! KNIGHT'S-

BW: NO, NO! SHE GRABBED THE TOP ROPE!

[Knight somehow manages to hook the ropes going over, scrambling to hang onto the apron. Her right leg swings down low, her toes scraping the floor before she pulls herself back up.]

GM: One foot touched but BOTH feet have to touch for the elimination to be official! We had a referee right there to spot that as well - good call, Mr. Referee!

[As Knight clings to the ropes, trying to stay on the apron, Melissa Cannon tries to kick her off the apron as the count begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The fans cheer as Kayla "Pistol" Cristol comes jogging from the locker room area. She gets halfway down the aisle, lets loose a loud war whoop, and sprints the rest of the way down.]

GM: Here comes Kayla Cristol! The Pistol making her return from injury right here tonight and-

[As Cristol dives under the bottom rope, she makes a beeline for Erica Toughill, jumping on her back from behind, swinging her fist around to bash Toughill in the face over and over as the fans go wild!]

GM: And she's all over the woman who put her on the shelf to begin with!

[Toughill staggers back towards the corner when Cristol hops off, swinging her back into the buckles. She squares up, throwing some big forearms to the chest... then up to the jaw, battering Toughill down to a seated position in the corner where Cristol plants her boot on Toughill's throat!]

BW: That's a choke!

GM: Everything's legal in this one, Bucky!

[Toughill coughs and gags as Cristol throttles her in the corner...

...and we cut to a shot on the floor where Charisma Knight is still trading shots with Melissa Cannon - Knight out on the apron, Cannon in the ring by the ropes.]

GM: There's no love lost between these two, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. You know either one of them would love to be the one to eliminate the other...

GM: Speaking of eliminations... look at this!

[Miyuki Ozaki is crawling on all fours around the outside of the ring, stifling a giggle as she sneaks up on the distracted Knight...]

GM: What is Ozaki doing?

BW: Remember... Knight went over the top so if she hits the floor without getting back inside the ring, she's gone!

[Ozaki suddenly pops up, snatching the ankle of Knight in her hands. She gives a hard yank, getting Knight's attention as Knight wraps both arms desperately around the top rope, allowing Cannon undefended shots to the head as Knight tries to save herself from elimination!]

GM: Ozaki's trying to pull her to the floor! If she does it, Knight's eliminated!

[Knight has a wild expression on her face, shaking her head in defiance as she screams, "NO! NOOOOOOOOOO!" Barely hanging on, Knight swings her free leg back, catching Ozaki under the chin with a boot!]

GM: Oh! Ozaki got caught!

[And with that, Knight is able to scamper away from Cannon and Ozaki long enough to duck through the ropes and get back in the ring. She smirks at the jeering crowd, pointing at her temple...

...and then her eyes go wide in shock as she finds herself wrapped up in the arms of Ayako Fujiwara!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Hold on, lady! You going for a ride!

[Fujiwara leans back, DUMPING Knight on the back of her head and neck with a brutal and impactful released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MISS GERMANY STRIKES AGAIN IN NYC!

[Fujiwara pops back up, smiling at the reaction of the Madison Square Garden crowd as Ozaki applauds from out on the floor, winking at her protege. Ozaki grabs the ropes, pulling herself up on the apron...

...when Melissa Cannon comes charging down the length of the ropes, CREAMING Ozaki with an elbowstrike to the side of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[She quickly hooks Ozaki, looking to bring her over the ropes with a suplex...

...but Fujiwara swoops in behind her, lifting her up on her massive shoulders!]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: Electric chair!

[Fujiwara backs away from the ropes, Cannon pummeling her head with hammerfists, trying to free herself as Ozaki shakes the cobwebs, shouting angrily in Japanese at Cannon before leaping into the air, springboarding off the top rope...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[...and connects with a missile dropkick that sends Cannon FLYING off the shoulders of Fujiwara before crashing down hard to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF, BUCKY!

BW: Hey, there's a reason they call her the Empress of Joshi, daddy!

[Ozaki pops back up, dropping down in a bow to the crowd, many of which are cheering her show of athleticism when the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The heavy metal sounds of "Demonizer" by Judas Priest rings out over the PA system to an EXPLOSIVE ROAR from the more knowledgeable fans in the building!]

BW: OH... MY... GOD!

[The action in the ring comes to a virtual halt as the curtain parts to reveal a monster of a woman.]

GM: Bucky, I... is that who I think it is?!

BW: THE BLOODY SHE-WOLF OF TOKYO! THE LADY OF PAIN HERSELF! THE WINNER OF THE INAUGURAL EMPRESS CUP... BANNED FROM ALL OTHER EMPRESS CUPS AFTERWARDS! THE CURRENT LVPW CHAMPION!

GM: It is! It's The Darkness herself... KURAYAMI IS HERE IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN!

[Kurayami is a large, imposing heavysset, full-figured Japanese woman with a pear-shaped body. She has a short textured, steel Mohawk with the sides shaved short and kept black. Her face has several piercings, including a vertical labret, Philtrum, and anti-eyebrow. She is pale white, but wears black lipstick and has a black band of face paint across her eyes. Her right eye is a black sclera with a white iris and her left is red. To the ring, she wears a spiked, black leather jacket over a tattered, cut up Judas Priest t-shirt that she wears over a basic black wrestling leotard along with knee high boots...

...and as she stands at the top of the aisle, you can see a flash of fear in the eyes of Miyuki Ozaki. Kurayami nods her head, storming down the aisle.]

BW: Five foot eleven... 250 pounds... this monster among mere mortals is one of the most fearsome competitors - man or woman - in all of Japan! And now she's here to battle for the AWA Women's World Title!

[Inside the ring, Ozaki can be seen shouting at Fujiwara in Japanese, waving her over to stand by her side. Nervously, Ozaki scans the rest of the ring and then physically grabs Melissa Cannon, speaking quickly to her, gesturing at the incoming Kurayami as she nears the ring.]

BW: Ozaki's putting an army together! She's no stranger to Kurayami, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not. If I've done my research right, Kurayami once put Ozaki out of action for an extended period with several running splashes!

BW: Ozaki is also the reason that Kurayami is blacklisted from the Empress Cup!

[Kurayami climbs up on the apron, ducking through the ropes to stand in the ring where the action has frozen. The knowledgeable part of the crowd is going absolutely bananas at this point as Kurayami stands in the ring, locking eyes with Ozaki. She takes a step towards her when...]

GM: Uh oh!

[The sudden arrival of the Serpentine in her path stops Kurayami cold. Copperhead immediately starts laying the bad mouth on the massive woman as Mamba (who actually is taller than Kurayami) looks down on her.]

GM: I'm not sure this is the best idea for the Serpentine.

BW: Copperhead should probably beg for forgiveness right about now. I'm not sure even a two-on-one is enough to stop her.

[Copperhead delivers a two-handed shove to the chest of Kurayami, earning an "oooooooooh" from the crowd. Kurayami's response?

Laughter. A deep, booming laugh in Copperhead's face.]

GM: This is going to be a problem.

BW: Yeah? For who?

GM: That remains to-

[Suddenly and without warning, Kurayami reaches out, grabbing Copperhead by the hair...

...and HURLS her over the top rope to the floor before Mamba has a chance to react!]

GM: OHH! COPPERHEAD IS GONE! COPPERHEAD IS GONE!

[Mamba rushes forward, pummeling Kurayami from the blind side, hammering away with forearms across her broad back, angrily shouting at her for eliminating her partner!]

GM: Mamba's all over her, battering her back against the ropes!

[But what Mamba can't see is the expression on Kurayami's face - amusement turning into blind rage. She slowly turns around, staring right at Mamba, showing that the taller woman's clubbing blows are having no effect on her...]

GM: Mamba can't believe it! What the heck does she have to hit her with to do some damage?

BW: A tank?

[And suddenly, Kurayami lashes out with a standing lariat, knocking Mamba down to the mat in a heap. Kurayami glares across the ring, almost daring someone else to come after her...]

...and again locks eyes with Ozaki who sticks out her arms, keeping Cannon and Fujiwara by her sides.]

GM: Miyuki Ozaki isn't ready to tangle with Kurayami... not yet at least...

[Kurayami pulls a limp Mamba off the mat, lifting her up over her head...]

GM: Oh my stars... look at the power! Look at the strength!

[And with ease, she tosses the very large Serpentine over the top rope, throwing her on top of the still-angry Copperhead!]

GM: Mamba is eliminated as well... and the massive Kurayami just eliminated BOTH of the Serpentes in seemingly no time at all!

[Kurayami again slowly turns around, glaring out at the ring to see who is next...

...as the countdown begins again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

GM: Nine competitors currently in the ring - who is going to be #10?

[Nightwish's "Endless Forms Most Beautiful" plays over the arena speakers as Xenia Sonova steps through the entranceway.]

GM: The Russian fighter, Xenia Sonova draws #14!

[Sonova is dressed in a white tank top, a pair of black pants and black boots. She also has on a pair of MMA-style fingerless black gloves. Her jaw set, unsmiling, Sonova holds up her right fist, her arm perpendicular to the ground, the back of her hand to the crowd, then thumps her fist once against her chest, before making her way towards the ring.]

BW: And if I was Sonova, I might stop and get a beer before getting in there because Kurayami still looks hungry for fresh meat.

[Sonova reaches the ring, rolling under the bottom rope...

...and as she comes to her feet, Kurayami reaches out with a big bear paw, wrapping it around her throat, looking positively terrifying as she throttles her back and forth, dragging her to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Sonova just got in there!

BW: You think Kurayami cares?!

[But before the Japanese superstar can hoist her into the air, Kayla "Pistol" Cristol comes running out of the corner, leaping up to connect with a dropkick to the back of Kurayami!]

GM: What the...?

BW: Oh, she's dumber than I thought which is nearly impossible since she was trained by the Lynches.

[Cristol scampers back to her feet, throwing rights and lefts at the ribs of Kurayami who shoves Sonova down to the mat, slowly turning to face Cristol, an incredulous look on her face.]

GM: Look! Kurayami can't believe that Kayla Cristol is doing this either!

[Kurayami seems like a volcano ready to explode all over young Kayla...

...when Erica Toughill slips in from behind, snatching Cristol by the hair, and flinging her over the ropes, throwing her down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! Toughill eliminates the Pistol!

[Toughill smirks at the eliminated Cristol, turning around...

...and running right into Kurayami!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Now THIS is interesting, Gordo!

[The fans seem to agree, buzzing to life as Toughill and Kurayami stare one another down from inside the ring.]

GM: Now, my research didn't tell me about these two having a history but I certainly wouldn't be surprised, Bucky.

BW: Nothing would surprise me in this match anymore. I mean, look at Cannon and Ozaki... they were #1 and #2 and they're still in here! They're close to a half hour in the ring and they're still fighting... well, sort of. Right now they're standing side by side, staring at Kurayami...

GM: Cannon, Ozaki, Fujiwara, Knight, Toughill, Jackson, Kurayami, and Sonova are the eight competitors currently still in this match with six more still to come including Julie Somers and Lauryn Rage - two of the odds-on favorites to win this thing.

BW: And the deeper we get into the match without them in here, the more their odds get better, daddy.

[Toughill shows no fear in the face of Kurayami, staring her down as the two stand in the center of the ring...]

GM: We've got ourselves a staredown and-

[Gordon gets cut off as the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The houselights filter pink, bathing the arena in a fuchsia light. A single gold light shines through the pink and spotlights the stage as Nicki Minaj's "I'm the Best" plays over the arena.]

GM: Hey! We were just talking about her!

[Suddenly, on the stage, Lauryn Rage emerges. She is holding a pose, one hand on her hip, the left hand out to the fans to kiss her rings. Her head is down, cerise hair covering her face.]

GM: Lauryn Rage is #15!

BW: That's a heck of a draw, Gordo. She could win it all from that spot.

[Rage starts power walking down the aisle towards the ring, running her mouth all the while...

...and then draws to a halt by the ringside area as she spots Mamba and Copperhead making their way back up the aisle.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: They failed her, Gordo. This can't be good.

[Rage glares at the duo who returns the stare...

...and then, of course, she can't resist giving them the business for it.]

"YOU DROPPED THE BALL! BOTH OF YA!"

[Mamba glares at Rage, holding the back of her head as she walks by.]

"WE WERE SUPPOSED TO DO THIS TOGETHER... THIS IS WHY I DUMPED YER ASSES!"

[And that's quite enough for the hot-headed Copperhead who twists around, rushing at Rage who looks shocked as she's bowled over by her former ally. Copperhead is wildly flailing at Rage, pounding her into the floor as AWA officials rush to try and get control!]

GM: Well, it's hard to say she didn't have that coming, Bucky.

[Back inside the ring, Erica Toughill gets blasted with a short forearm to the jaw... and a second... and a third, battering her backwards towards the corner. Kurayami shoves her back into the buckles, flailing forward with an out-and-out assault of clubbing forearms, battering Toughill relentlessly as the crowd roars!]

GM: Toughill's taking a pounding at the hands of Kurayami!

[The 250 pound powerhouse backs up, giving herself room to move as she charges back in...

...and Toughill leans back, raising her feet so that Kurayami runs facefirst into the boots!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Toughill caught her coming in!

[Toughill hops up to the middle rope, eyeing the stunned Kurayami...

...and leaps off, throwing a back elbow up under the chin, sending her staggering away from Toughill!]

"NOW!"

[And at a shout from Miyuki Ozaki, the trio of Ozaki, Melissa Cannon, and Ayako Fujiwara rush the larger competitor!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[A flurry of forearm strikes from Melissa Cannon finds the mark as Ozaki throws kicks to the legs and Fujiwara throws roundhouse kicks to the chest!]

GM: And if the two-on-one of the Serpentes wasn't enough to take down Kurayami, maybe the three-on-one of this unlikely trio would be enough to get the job done!

[Ozaki backs off, directing traffic as Cannon and Fujiwara each grab an arm, whipping the larger competitor across the ring.]

GM: Double whip shoots her across...

[The Empress of Joshi leads off, throwing herself into a spinning leg lariat that catches Kurayami under the chin...

...but does not bring her down!]

GM: Ozaki again directing traffic, shouting in Japanese at Cannon and Fujiwara.

BW: Does Cannon SPEAK Japanese?

GM: Not that I'm aware of but I suppose some things in this sport are universal in any language.

[Cannon hits the ropes behind her, building up momentum as she leaps into the air, driving an elbowstrike into the temple that staggers Kurayami...

...but does not bring her down!]

GM: Ozaki couldn't drop her! Cannon couldn't drop her!

[Fujiwara takes her turn, rolling her neck, hopping up and down as she considers her shot...

...and then lunges in like she's going for a double leg takedown but comes in higher around the waist of Kurayami!]

GM: What is she... oh my stars! She's trying to pick her up!

BW: She can't! There's no way!

[Wrapping her arms around Kurayami's frame the best she can, Fujiwara grits her teeth...

...and with a massive roar of effort, she muscles Kurayami up onto his shoulder, draped over it!]

GM: OH MY GOD! SHE GOT HER UP! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

[Fujiwara slowly walks to the middle of the ring... slowly... slowly... looking out at the roaring crowd...

...and then DROPS backwards, smashing Kurayami into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ozaki leaps up in jubilation, pumping a fist...

...which is when Charisma Knight slides in behind her, snatching her by the hair, and flinging her over the ropes!]

GM: OZAKI IS- NO! OZAKI HANGS ON!

BW: AGAIN! How does she keep doing that?!

GM: Miyuki Ozaki has lots of experience in Battle Royals and Rumbles! In fact, my sources tell me that she is 3-0 in Rumbles in her career! UNDEFEATED in Rumbles! I don't know if I've ever heard anyone be able to make that claim before!

[Knight rushes the ropes, trying to knock Ozaki to the floor with a running forearm smash between the eyes but the Empress hangs on as the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as the theme to the DC Universe's "Wonder Woman" kicks in over the PA system...]

GM: IT'S JULIE SOMERS! THE SPITFIRE IS NUMBER SIXTEEN!

[...and Julie Somers appears on the entryway, tearing down the aisle in a sprint!]

GM: And she's wasting no time in making herself part of this match, fans! One of the most popular women in the entire division is heading to the ring!

[Somers scrambles up on the apron, leaping off the top rope with a dropkick that sends Charisma Knight tumbling away from the ropes, freeing up Miyuki Ozaki!]

GM: DROPKICK OFF THE TOP ON KNIGHT!

[Somers comes back to her feet, rushing across the ring again, leaping into the air...]

GM: What in the...?!

[The Spitfire snags Tamara Jackson's head between her legs, hanging onto the ropes as she flips backwards, using a rana to toss Jackson over the top rope, throwing her down to the floor as Somers lands on the apron!]

GM: OH MY! TOMMY JACKSON IS ELIMINATED!

[Xenia Sonova goes for Somers, trying to eliminate one of the favorites. She comes in swinging with a right cross but Somers ducks down, using the middle rope to swing forward and drive her shoulder into the midsection.]

GM: Somers goes downstairs on Sonova!

[Slingshotting over the top rope, Somers snatches a front facelock...]

...and DRIVES Sonova facefirst into the canvas with a DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A MOVE BY JULIE SOMERS!

[Somers pops back up, ducking a wild clothesline attempt from Charisma Knight. As Knight approaches the ropes, she spots Miyuki Ozaki trying to pull down the ropes but Knight slams on the brakes...]

...and flashes a middle finger at Ozaki!]

GM: Oh... well, we apologize for that one, fans... and-

[With Knight shouting at Ozaki, Somers rushes in behind her, throwing a dropkick to the back of Knight, sending her falling towards the ropes...

...where Ozaki pulls the ropes down, sending Knight tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: CHARISMA KNIGHT IS GONE! ONE OF THE FAVORITES IS GONE!

BW: WHAT?!

GM: Julie Somers is living up to her nickname! She's a house of fire in there right now!

[Somers pops back up, throwing a glare at Miyuki Ozaki who smiles, waving at the woman she assaulted with a taser two weeks ago...

...and Somers comes charging at her, ready to take her out of the match!]

GM: Somers trying to get at Ozaki and- OHH!

[The crowd groans as Erica Toughill blindsides Somers with a running elbow to the side of the head, knocking the Spitfire down to the mat!]

GM: Toughill takes Somers down with an elbow... and Ozaki's in, helping Toughill put the boots to Julie Somers!

[The camera cuts to a wide shot of the ring to show Kurayami trapped in the corner where Cannon and Fujiwara are trading shoulder tackles to the gut of the intimidating force. Toughill and Ozaki are working over Somers down on the mat. Xenia Sonova is down on a knee, watching the action...

...and Lauryn Rage is out on the floor, just barely peeking over the ring apron, watching to see what's happening.]

GM: Wait... isn't that...

BW: Haha! It's Lauryn Rage! We forgot all about her after she got into it with the Serpentes!

GM: But... she hasn't even gotten into the ring yet!

BW: That's what makes it so brilliant, Gordo! If you don't get in the ring, you can't get eliminated!

GM: I don't believe it! What kind of champion would SHE make?!

BW: A brilliant one!

GM: We're about to see #17 in the ring... hopefully it's someone who sees what Rage is doing and puts her in that ring!

[We stay on the wide shot as the countdown begins.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[“Dukes” by Repartee kicks in to a HUGE CHEER from the NYC crowd!]

GM: SKYLAR SWIFT! THE CANADIAN DREAM GIRL IS HEADING FOR THE RING!

[Swift comes through the curtain, pumping a fist at the cheering crowd as she starts running down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Swift’s not wasting any time, looking to get right in there to-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts with shock and horror as Charisma Knight pops up from out of nowhere, steel chair in hand, and BLASTS a running Swift right across the face with it, knocking her flat!]

GM: That... I can’t believe that! Charisma Knight’s been eliminated from this match, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, well... Skylar Swift might be now too!

GM: That’s not funny! We heard comments from Swift earlier, talking about finally being taken seriously as an athlete and not just another pretty face and-

BW: Knight might’ve taken care of that pretty face problem.

[A wild-eyed Knight stands over Swift, chair still in hand as AWA officials swarm the scene, trying to get the weapon away from her.]

GM: She was bitter and angry that she just got eliminated and she made Skylar Swift pay for it!

[Back in the ring, we see Xenia Sonova join Toughill and Ozaki in stomping Somers into the mat...]

...and on the other side, Kurayami is fighting her way out of the corner against both Cannon and Fujiwara!]

GM: Look at this!

[A Kurayami headbutt sends Cannon flying backwards, falling down to the canvas as Fujiwara throws a flurry of elbow strikes, trying to keep her back...]

...and a cross-armed chop to the throat sends a gasping Fujiwara down to the mat as well.]

GM: Kurayami fighting to get out of the corner!

[Spotting Kurayami on the warpath again, Ozaki gestures at her current allies towards the corner...]

...and Erica Toughill breaks into a sprint, throwing herself backwards in a stunning back elbow smash in the buckles!]

GM: Toughill takes her shot on Kurayami!

[Ozaki points to Kurayami to Sonova who nods her head confidently, rushing in at the much-larger competitor...]

...who lifts Sonova up with ease, twisting around and dropping her gutfirst across the top turnbuckle!]

GM: OH! What a counter tha- OHHH!

[And a hard kick to the stomach lifts Sonova off the buckles, causing her to slide off them down to the floor where she almost lands on a still-hiding Lauryn Rage!]

GM: Kurayami eliminates Sonova!

[Sonova clutches her abdomen as AWA officials come to escort her back to the locker room, Lauryn Rage creeping away as they shout at her to get inside the ring...]

...as a fired-up Miyuki Ozaki rushes the corner, throwing a big running dropkick to the back that sends Kurayami crashing chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Ozaki connects with the big dropkick... now what in the-?!

[With Kurayami in a daze, Miyuki Ozaki scrambles to her feet, throwing a look over her shoulder as she steps to the second rope... then to the top...]

BW: High risk move by Ozaki! All it takes is one misstep and she's gone!

[Fujiwara, Somers, and Toughill rush to hold the arms of Kurayami as Ozaki steadies herself...]

GM: RAGE! LOOK AT RAGE!

[Lauryn Rage suddenly scrambles up on the apron, making a lunge at the legs of Ozaki...]

...but comes empty as Ozaki HURLS herself backwards, floating through the air with a breathtaking moonsault!]

GM: MOOOOOONSAUUUUULLLLLLLT!

[And Ozaki SLAMS into the pile, sending all four women (plus herself) tumbling down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd is ROARING for the daredevil move in the middle of the Rumble...]

...and then somehow get even louder as Melissa Cannon looks across the ring and spots Lauryn Rage standing on the apron. Rage lifts her hands, begging off, shaking her head as Cannon slowly stalks across the ring towards her!]

GM: Yeah! Yeah! Get her!

BW: Listen to you, Myers! How unbiased is that?! "YEAH! YEAH! GET HER!" You sound like a teenage cheerleader with too much testosterone in your diet, old man!

[And suddenly, Cannon breaks into a sprint, sliding under the bottom rope to the floor as Rage drops down off the apron...

...and off they go, Rage running around the ring with Cannon running right behind her, trying to get her hands on her rival!]

GM: We've got a footrace on the floor!

BW: Cannon's been in the ring for... what? Over a half hour? There's no way she's catching up with Lauryn!

[After one lap around the ring, Rage rounds a ringpost, rolling under the ropes into the ring as Cannon continues to follow her. Rage runs straight to the ropes, rebounding back towards Cannon who ducks her attempt at a clothesline, both women hitting the ropes and bouncing back again...]

GM: They're on a collision course!

[And Cannon dives into a double leg takedown, yanking Rage's legs out from under her and putting her down on the canvas...]

GM: She takes her down! And how sweet this must be for Melissa Cannon!

[Cannon grabs Rage by her weave, laying in shot after shot to the head with her forearm from the mounted position as the countdown begins again!]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The opening drum beats of "Break It Down Again" by Tears for Fears play over the PA system. At that moment, a British flag is lowered from the rafters, the crowd swelling.]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: You've gotta be kidding me!

[And as the tempo of the song kicks in, "British Bad Girl" Lisa Drake emerges from the entranceway. She is dressed in a white jacket with the British flag on the back. The jacket is open, revealing her wrestling attire: a singlet covered in stripes, forming the British flag on front and back, plus white kneepads and white wrestling boots, the boots with a small British flag on the sides, near the top.]

GM: LISA DRAKE! Former tag team champion! Former singles champion!

[Drake stands at the top of the ramp, no traces of emotion on her face. She walks down toward the ring, her eyes focused ahead and nowhere else...

...until she gets to Charisma Knight who is still standing over Swift with the chair, arguing loudly and erratically with the AWA officials that she isn't going anywhere.]

GM: Drake's headed for the ring and-

[The crowd ROARS as Drake makes a hard left turn, BLASTING Knight in the jaw with a right hand!]

GM: OH!

[Drake leans over, grabbing Knight around the torso...

...and DRIVES her back into the ringside railing, causing the barricade to shift its position as fans leap out of the way!]

GM: I have no idea what got into Lisa Drake! What drove the British Bad Girl to take a swing at Charisma Knight?!

BW: This is one where my research has failed me, Gordo. I don't know any connection between these two.

GM: Wait... I... Bucky, do you remember a while back that Charisma assaulted a young woman also named Lisa Drake? A Canadian competitor who apparently took her ring name after this Lisa Drake?

BW: I do! I totally remember that! Is THAT what this is about?!

GM: I'd have to think it is!

[With Knight pushed back against the railing, Drake tees off with a series of hard forearm shots to the head and chest.]

GM: Lisa Drake's still working over Knight out on the floor and-

[Grabbing a handful of Knight's stringy hair, Drake charges from one side of the aisle to the other, HURLING her over it and into the crowd!]

GM: OHH! DRAKE TOSSES KNIGHT INTO THE CROWD!

[Leaving Charisma Knight behind, Lisa Drake marches towards the ring...

...and with a smirk, she snatches up the injured Skylar Swift by the hair, dragging her towards the ring to the jeers of the crowd and the loud protests of the AWA officials at ringside!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second! She got hit with a chair! She can't compete!

BW: That's not what the British Bad Girl thinks!

[Drake chucks Swift under the bottom rope, rolling in after her.]

GM: Both Drake and Swift in the ring now. Nine women in the ring... two more still to enter.

BW: Which means that everyone in the ring and still to come have about a nine percent chance of walking out tonight as the AWA Women's World Champion!

[The wide shot of the ring shows Drake putting the boots to Swift down on the mat, Cannon working over Lauryn Rage in the corner, Ozaki and Somers are tangled up near the ropes, Fujiwara is catching a breather down on the mat, and Toughill has her boot planted on Kurayami's throat in the corner as the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The strings make their ominous pass, building to the crescendo and the crash of the horns as Mussorgsky's "4th Movement of the New World Symphony" plays and the New York fans are in shock.]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

BW: I HAVEN'T HEARD THAT THEME MUSIC IN YEARS!

GM: IS IT?! CAN IT BE?!?

[The curtain parts and Medusa Rage steps out to a HUGE ROAR!]

GM: IT IS! MEDUSA RAGE! THE FORMER WORLD CHAMPION AND HALL OF FAMER IS HERE AND SHE'S IN THE RUMBLE!

[The Matriarch of the Rage family and the Hall Of Famer soaks in the crowd cheers. She is still quite muscular, though not like her prime. There is more grey in her now thick shoulder-length dread locks. She wears a dark red top over her black tights. She raises the gloved fist of her right hand as she charges the ring.]

GM: I can't believe it! We talked about history being made here tonight

BW: Gordo, Medusa Rage retired after a Battle Royal that was Miyuki Ozaki's debut! History has come full circle!

GM: Medusa Rage is heading down the aisle - a lot of tough competitors still inside that ring right now. She may be one of the greatest of all time but she's also got her work cut out for her if she thinks she's gonna be the first AWA Women's World Champion!

[Rage slides inside the ring, looking around for a moment...

...and then rushes the corner, snatching Melissa Cannon backwards with two hands full of hair, pulling her off of her little sister.]

GM: Medusa Rage coming to the aid of Lauryn!

[Medusa pulls Cannon's arms back behind her, holding them as Lauryn throws a series of elbow strikes to the head...

...and then BURIES a vicious left hook to the ribcage! Cannon slumps down to the canvas as the Rages exchange a double high five and embrace in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Ten women in the ring! One more to come!

BW: And Cannon and Ozaki are STILL in there, Gordo... incredible!

GM: Ayako Fujiwara was right behind them at Number Three too, Bucky. Those three women have put their time in tonight, outlasting a whole lot of others to make it to the end.

BW: Well, they haven't made it to the end just yet - the Rages are pulling Cannon up and she might be headed out, Gordo!

[Each Rage grabs Cannon with a handful of tights, rushing towards the ropes with her...

...but Julie Somers does the same, rushing to the ropes ahead of them, leaping to the middle rope...]

GM: SOMERS!

[...and springs off, twisting around into a crossbody over Cannon and wiping out both of the Rages!]

GM: OH MY! What a move by Julie Somers! What a move by-

[With Somers coming up off the mat, Toughill grabs her by the hair, rushing towards the ropes before she can regroup...]

GM: TOUGHILL TOSSES SOMERS!

[But as Somers tumbles over the top, she hooks the ropes with both hands, dangling with her feet just inches from the floor...

...but Toughill, who thinks she was successful, turns her attention towards Skylar Swift who is leaning against the ropes.]

GM: Toughill thinks she eliminated Somers but Julie's hanging on!

[The Spitfire uses the ropes to pull herself back up, depositing herself back inside the ring...]

BW: Somers skins the cat! Behind you, Ricki!

[Grabbing the back of Toughill's tights, Somers rushes the ropes, tossing her over as Swift drops down, pulling the ropes with her...]

...and Toughill slams down on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TOUGHILL'S GONE! ONE OF THE FAVORITES IS ELIMINATED!

[Toughill sits on the floor, staring up at the ring in disbelief as Julie Somers trades a high five with a weakened Skylar Swift, celebrating the elimination.]

GM: And that's gotta feel good for Julie Somers after the problems she's had with Toughill in recent weeks!

[Toughill is glowering up into the ring as the final countdown begins.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The Rages are in the middle of doubleteaming Cannon in the corner, landing some heavy strikes on the woman who has been in the ring the longest so far in this Rumble.]

GM: The final entry in the Rumble is...

["The Lonely Shepherd" by Zamfir starts off very quietly, the sounds of the panflute giving off a beautiful, almost haunting sound as smoke trails out from behind the entrance curtain.]

GM: Wait... I don't understand... we've heard this song already tonight.

BW: We have, yeah, but... Melissa Cannon's not the only one who uses this!

[As the rest of the song kicks in, Lori Dane emerges from the curtain to a HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: OH MY STARS! LORI DANE IS NUMBER TWENTY!

[Dane stands in a set of skin-tight yellow vinyl pants and top that appears to be made of the same material. The front of the top is slit dramatically to reveal the lovely Ms. Dane's assets. Her dark brown hair is pulled back in a ponytail and she appears to be all business...

...oh, and she's carrying a Singapore cane.]

GM: The Queen of Extreme is in the building!

[Dane points the cane down the aisle, getting a big cheer from the New York crowd as she starts making her way towards the ring...]

GM: Lori Dane is headed to the ring, one of the owners of this company!

BW: That's right! She owns the place! She can't be the champion too, can she?!

GM: I think Lori Dane can do pretty much whatever the heck she wants, Bucky!

[Dane marches down the aisle, heading towards the squared circle...

...when she spots Charisma Knight coming over the railing, steel chair gripped in her hands, babbling madly to herself...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SINGAPORE CANE TO THE SKULL! GOOD GOD!

[The blow causes Knight to let go of the chair, flopping over the railing into the entryway. A grinning Dane steps over her, diving under the bottom rope into the ring. She twirls the cane around once...

...and goes exactly where you might expect her to!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CANE ACROSS THE BACK OF MEDUSA RAGE!

[The Hall of Famer cringes, slumping down to her knees near the corner where she was assaulting Dane's prize student. A shocked Lauryn Rage turns around, eyes going wide as she spots Dane with the cane...

...the cane that BOUNCES right between her wide eyes a moment later!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! LAURYN RAGE TAKES THE CANE BETWEEN THE EYES!

[A grinning Dane reaches down, helping her student up to her feet. An exhausted Melissa Cannon looks on in shock before falling into a happy embrace with her trainer.]

GM: Oh yeah! What a moment for Melissa Cannon who has fought so hard to get here... and it's only right that her teacher...her trainer... her mentor... the woman who was almost like a second mother to her... is here too!

[Dane breaks the embrace, offering half the cane to her student. Cannon happily grabs it...

...and together, the duo rushes across the ring with it, catching a rising Medusa Rage across the throat with it, knocking her back down to the canvas!]

GM: Down goes the Hall of Famer!

[Dane takes the cane from Cannon, winding up as she spots someone else getting to their feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOT ACROSS THE BACK OF LISA DRAKE! THE BRITISH BAD GIRL TAKES A HARD SHOT THERE!

BW: And when you think about Lori Dane being the EMWC Women's Champion way back in the mid-90s, you have to think about matches like Lori Dane versus Medusa Rage... or Lori Dane versus Lisa Drake... that we never got to see because she retired and became an announcer... because the opportunity wasn't present for her to be a wrestler on the level she wanted to be!

GM: Well, I'd say that opportunity is there now... and Lori Dane has a window of opportunity to become the AWA Women's World Champion right here tonight!

[Lisa Drake stumbles towards the ropes...

...when suddenly a screaming and shouting Charisma Knight dives under the bottom rope. She's gripping the steel chair in white-knuckled hands and has a stream of blood coming down her face from where Dane hit her with the Singapore Cane!]

"I'M NOT DONE! I'M NOT DONE! THIS IS MY MOMENT!"

[Or maybe not as Miyuki Ozaki rushes in from behind, leaping up to scissor Knight's head between her legs...

...and SNAPS her over with a reverse rana, spiking Knight headfirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the move actually bounces Knight back up to her feet, the chair falling from her hands...

...and Lisa Drake comes charging across the ring, connecting with a clothesline that topples both women over the ropes! Knight goes falling to the floor, sprawling out on the barely-padded concrete as Drake manages to stay on the apron...]

GM: Drake almost eliminated herself! Almost! She managed to hang on and-

[But just for a moment before Lauryn Rage charges across the ring, leaping into the air to smash her hindquarters into Lisa Drake, sending her flying off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Ohhh! Flying hip attack and Lisa Drake is eliminated! She's gone! We're down to nine!

[The camera pulls back for a moment as everyone looks to regroup from Knight's bizarre interruption. The Rages are in one corner, Lauryn pulling Medusa off the mat, pointing to various parts of the ring. Lori Dane is standing guard next to Melissa Cannon, gripping the Singapore cane in her hand. Miyuki Ozaki and Ayako Fujiwara are also paired up, Ozaki whispering in her charge's ear. In the final corner stands Skylar Swift and Julie Somers.

And in the middle of it all... still standing through it all...

Kurayami.]

GM: What a showdown this is!

BW: And if there was ever going to be a moment to get Kurayami out of the ring, this might be it! This might be the chance!

[And suddenly, Lori Dane goes first, stepping up to the plate...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[But this time, the "OHHHH!" comes when Kurayami catches the cane under her arm, jerking it away from Dane's grasp...

...and SNAPS it in her hands, tossing the pieces aside with a roar in the direction of Dane who backpedals, her eyes wide in shock.]

GM: Well, there goes the equalizer for Lori Dane...

[Snatching Knight's fallen steel chair off the mat, Lauryn Rage takes aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF KURAYAMI!

[There's a moment... a moment where the women in the ring are hopeful that Lauryn Rage has done it. That she's hit the largest woman in the ring hard enough to get her out of the ring...

...until Kurayami snaps her head back, turning towards Rage with a sadistic laugh. In the background, we see Ozaki clutch Fujiwara's shoulder, looking nervous at what she just saw. Sensing her trainer's trepidation, Fujiwara sprints away from the corner, leaping into the air to land a big flying elbowstrike to the temple of Kurayami!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Melissa Cannon slides out of her corner as well, bouncing off the ropes, landing a leaping elbowsmash of her own!]

GM: Cannon joins in!

[Skylar Swift comes next, dashing away from the corner, leaping into the air to throw a running front dropkick to the chest of Kurayami, forcing her to step back a few steps.]

GM: This might be working, fans! All of the women are coming together to fight Kurayami and it might be working!

[Lauryn Rage is next, hitting the ropes, bouncing off to throw another flying hip attack that sends Kurayami another step backwards. Julie Somers takes her turn, throwing a flying dropkick to the chin...]

GM: Kurayami's like... two steps away from the ropes! Can they get her those two more steps and then get her OVER the top?!

[And all eyes turn to Miyuki Ozaki who shakes off her nervousness, striding out to the middle of the ring, staring Kurayami in the eyes, shouting at her in Japanese...

...and snatches a handful of mohawk, rearing her back so far that she raises her leg in the air, screeching with rage before throwing everything into a HUUUUUGE headbutt that knocks Kurayami the two steps back into the ropes!]

GM: Ozaki puts her on the ropes! She knocked her back into the ropes!

[Ozaki gives a fist pump, shouting in Japanese as she dashes across the ring to the opposite ropes, bouncing off, charging across the ring...

...and as she draws near, Kurayami reaches out, snatches two hands full of Ozaki's hair...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and lifts her by the hair, swinging her wildly over the ropes, and HURLING her out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OZAKI'S GONE! OZAKI'S ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers, having gained respect for the Empress of Joshi throughout the match. She lies on the floor, having been in the ring for well over forty minutes at this point.]

GM: What a showing for Miyuki Ozaki but one of her biggest rivals in Japan just eliminated her from this match... this quest to become the very first AWA Women's World Champion!

[Kurayami turns around, sneering at the field...

...and extends her arm, beckoning anyone to come forward. Skylar Swift obliges, rushing Kurayami.]

GM: Skylar Swift! The Canadian Dream Girl!

[Swift rains down rights and lefts on Kurayami, trying to do some damage. A well-placed kick to the ribs sends Kurayami falling back into the turnbuckles where Swift grabs her by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip- no, reversed!

[Swift hits the corner as Kurayami gives a big shout, barreling across the ring towards her...

...but Swift pulls herself clear!]

GM: Kurayami hits the corner! Could this be the chance for Skylar Swift?!

[The Canadian gets to the middle of the ring, dashing back in, leaping up to land a leaping splash in the corner...]

GM: Here comes those Skylar Splashes!

[Swift backpedals, running back in for a second one. She turns, twisting Kurayami into a side headlock...]

GM: She's going for the bulldog out of the corner!

[But as Swift charges out, Kurayami lifts her into the air...

...holding...

...holding...

...and DUMPING over the top rope, throwing her down to the floor!]

GM: Swift is gone as well! Oh my!

BW: Kurayami might be unstoppable! She might be completely unstoppable!

[The super heavyweight turns around, ready to strike again...

...which is when the Hall of Famer rushes in, burying a boot into the ample midsection!]

GM: Medusa Rage goes downstairs!

[Twisting around, Rage snatches Kurayami by the head and neck, leaping into the air...

...and drops down on her tailbone, jamming Kurayami's jaw into her shoulder!]

GM: SNAKEBITE!

[Kurayami staggers backwards...

...and here comes Ayako Fujiwara, rushing forward with serious intent!]

GM: Fujiwara ducks down... oh my... oh my stars... CAN SHE DO IT?!

[Fujiwara slides Kurayami into fireman's carry position...

...and with an earsplitting bellow, she muscles Kurayami up until Fujiwara is standing up...]

GM: SHE'S GOT HER UP! SHE GOT HER UP AND...

[Fujiwara leans to the side, flipping Kurayami over the top rope and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHE DID IT! FUJIWARA ELIMINATES KURAYAMI! OH MY STARS, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

BW: We're down to six, Gordo!

GM: Melissa Cannon, Ayako Fujiwara, Lauryn Rage, Julie Somers, Medusa Rage, and Lori Dane! One of these six women are going to be the very first AWA Women's World Champion!

[And as the participants look on in shock at the elimination of Kurayami, Lauryn Rage snatches Lori Dane from behind by the hair...

...and HURLS her over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: OH! Dane got caught! She was watching what was going on with-

[And the crowd ERUPTS as Melissa Cannon throws herself into a tackle, driving Rage back into the turnbuckles, repeatedly driving her shoulder into the midsection of her rival...]

GM: Melissa Cannon just saw her trainer and mentor get eliminated and she snapped, pounding Cannon into the mat!

[But the Hall of Famer has other ideas, snatching Cannon by the hair, dragging her up to her feet...

...and Cannon wheels around, BLASTING Rage with an elbowstrike to the jaw, knocking her off her feet!]

GM: Cannon drops Medusa Rage too!

[The crowd roars as Cannon reads the Hall of Famer the riot act from her feet. Cannon turns around, pulling Lauryn Rage out of the corner, burying a boot into her midsection...]

GM: Oh yeah! You can tell these fans know what's coming now!

[Cannon reaches down, snatching one arm... then the other...]

GM: Melissa Cannon's got her set!

BW: The one move that even Todd Michaelson can't screw up teaching his students!

GM: Cannon's got her locked up, turning her to the middle of the ring and-

[The crowd ROARS in shock as Medusa Rage steps forward, spewing something into Cannon's eyes!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: DEADLY VENOM SPIT! RIGHT IN THE EYES!

[Cannon staggers backwards, screaming in pain as she falls into the corner, frantically rubbing at her eyes. Medusa Rage smirks at her screams of pain as she pulls Lauryn Rage up off the mat, patting her sister on the shoulder...]

GM: The Rages are ruling the roost right now!

[Julie Somers rushes forward, spinning Medusa Rage around into a right hand to the jaw to a big cheer!]

GM: Somers from behind!

[She pivots, blasting Lauryn Rage with a haymaker as well!]

GM: Somers is taking on both of the Rage sisters!

[Another pair of haymakers follow before Somers reaches out, grabbing both by the hair...

...and SMASHES their heads together!]

GM: Ohh! Double noggin knocker!

[With the Rages in a daze, Somers goes to kick Medusa in the gut but the Hall of Famer catches her foot...

...which allows Somers to leap back up, slamming her other foot into the back of Medusa's head!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ENZUIGIRI ON MEDUSA!

[Somers pumps her fist as she gets back up...

...but Lauryn swoops in, snatching her by the back of the tights, charging towards the ropes!]

GM: LAURYN RAGE FROM BEHIND!

[Rage goes to throw Somers over the top...

...but Somers reverses it, tossing Rage over the top instead! Lauryn reaches out, hooking the ropes, a look of panic on her face as she tries to stay on the apron.]

GM: Rage is on the apron! Somers needs to knock her off to eliminate her!

[Grabbing Lauryn by the hair, Somers throws a big forearm to the jaw... and another... and another...]

GM: Somers trying to knock Rage to the floor!

[Stumbling up to her feet, the Hall of Famer - Medusa Rage - rushes forward, smashing Somers in the back of the head with a forearm. She grabs Somers by the hair, flinging her down to the mat!]

GM: Ohhh! Somers goes down hard off that!

[Medusa sits on the ropes, bringing her sister back inside the ring. Lauryn falls into an embrace, thanking her sister profusely...

...and then steps back, putting her open hand up in Medusa's face.]

GM: What the...?

[And then surges forward, connecting with a clothesline that sends her big sister, the Hall of Famer, over the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHOA! LAURYN RAGE JUST ELIMINATED HER OWN SISTER!

BW: Hey, it's every woman for herself trying to be the first Women's World Champion!

GM: And it all comes down to this, fans! Melissa Cannon, Ayako Fujiwara, Lauryn Rage, and Julie Somers! One of these four will walk out having made history to become the first Women's World Champion!

[A smirking Lauryn Rage blows a kiss at her disbelieving sister who shakes her head as she makes her way up the aisle, soaking up the cheers from her hometown crowd.]

GM: Remember, fans... Melissa Cannon has been in this match for about fifty minutes now. Ayako Fujiwara is right behind her... just a couple minutes less since she was #3. Lauryn Rage came in at #15 and Julie Somers at #16 which means they're relatively fresh compared to the other two.

[Rage backs to the corner... in fact, all four ladies back to a corner, placing their spines against the ring buckles.]

GM: All four women remaining in this match taking a breather. They know what's at stake. And it's only fitting, I think, that three of these four women were amongst the first to debut in this Women's Division. Ayako Fujiwara, of course, debuted at Memorial Day Mayhem but the other three have been here quite some time now.

[With a deep breath, Melissa Cannon walks out to the middle of the ring. She turns, looking at Fujiwara... then to Rage... and then to Somers. She smiles, raising a hand to point at her occasional Superfriend tag team partner...]

GM: And I think that's a challenge to Julie Somers! We know these two are friends but-

[But a pissed-off Lauryn Rage, agitated at being "passed up" by Cannon, storms out of her corner and bashes Cannon in the back of the head with a forearm smash.]

GM: OHH!

[Rage angrily snatches Cannon off the mat, shouting at her for her "disrespect" as she lays a heavy knee into the body...]

...and Julie Somers comes charging out of the corner. Rage shoves Cannon aside, hoping to stop Somers but Somers leaps into the air, snagging her in a rana, flipping her over to the mat!]

GM: Somers takes Rage down!

[Fujiwara stomps out of her corner, looking to snatch a running Somers who ducks under Fujiwara's grasp, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back...]

...and leaps up, snagging another rana, flipping Fujiwara over to the canvas!]

GM: Somers is moving fast and with great impact so far!

[Somers climbs off the mat, raising an arm over her head, pointing a finger to the fans as she backs to the corner, eyes locked on Lauryn Rage...]

...which is why she's not paying the slightest bit of attention when Erica Toughill is suddenly on the apron, grabbing a stunned Somers by the arm, and YANKING her off the top rope, flinging her down recklessly to the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?! WHERE THE HELL DID TOUGHILL COME FROM?!

BW: I think she never left, Gordo! I think she never left at all! She's been out here since she got eliminated by Somers earlier, waiting for her moment... and she just grabbed it, daddy!

GM: The AWA officials are all over her but-

BW: But there ain't a damn thing they can do about it! Ricki Toughill just cost Julie Somers her chance at the World Title!

[Toughill drops down off the apron, standing over the prone Somers, taunting her for the elimination...]

GM: I can't believe what I just saw but... fans, we're down to three! Will it be Ayako Fujiwara, Lauryn Rage, or Melissa CANNNNNNNONNNNNNNN?!

[Gordon's shout comes as Cannon DIVES through the ropes, wiping out Toughill with a diving elbowstrike!]

GM: And Melissa Cannon is coming to the defense of her friend!

[Cannon stays on top of Toughill, throwing a series of elbows to the side of the head as Lauryn Rage rolls to her feet, watching the action on the floor with disbelief. Ayako Fujiwara seems surprised as well, asking a ringside official about it as she gets closer to the ropes...]

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

BW: Well, this may make Melissa Cannon look like a real hero to these idiot fans but it doesn't change a damn thing about what just happened to Julie Somers, Gordo! She's gone! She's out! All gone, bye bye, woohoo!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Lauryn Rage slowly backpedals away, sliding along the ropes, shouting at a ringside fan...]

...and then suddenly spins around, charging Fujiwara's exposed back, hitting her with a running elbowstrike to the back of the head, sending the Olympian tumbling over the top rope!]

GM: FUJIWARA GOES OVER... BUT SHE'S HANGING ON!

[A frantic Lauryn Rage starts stomping and kicking Fujiwara, trying to knock her off the apron to score the elimination!]

GM: Lauryn Rage is giving it everything she's got to knock Fujiwara off the apron!

[Dropping down to a seated position on the mat, Rage grabs the middle rope, pressing her feet against Fujiwara, leaning back to try and shove her off the apron.]

GM: Can she do it?! Can she send Fujiwara to the floor and put it down to her and Melissa Cannon with the title on the line?!

[Fujiwara's grip on the ropes is iron, refusing to go off the apron no matter how much Rage screams like a banshee at her. The Halifax native scampers to her feet, watching helplessly as Fujiwara rolls under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: And Fujiwara's back in...

[Rage yanks her up by the hair, throwing her back into the buckles. She grabs the top rope, laying in kick after kick to the body. Grabbing the top rope, Rage switches to knees to the body...

...and then grabs the hair to deliver one brutal kneestrike to the head, knocking Fujiwara backwards, hanging onto the ropes to stay on her feet!]

GM: Lauryn Rage is putting a beating on the Olympian...

[Grabbing Fujiwara by the arm, Rage whips her from corner to corner. A shouting match between Toughill and Cannon on the floor is loud and clear in the background as Rage races across the ring, going into a handspring, flinging herself backwards in an elbow!]

GM: OHHH! Handspring elbow in the corner!

[A snapmare follow, flipping Fujiwara into a seated position before Rage leaps into the air, burying both feet in the back of the head with a dropkick!]

GM: And another hard shot to the back of the head!

[Rage scrambles back to her feet, grabbing Fujiwara by the hair, pulling her to her feet...]

GM: Rage is going for it here! She's trying to toss her out!

[But as she tries to do it, she runs into Melissa Cannon who is back up on the apron, blocking Rage's path. Rage shouts "WHY?!" before spinning around to go back the other way...

...and the momentary hesitation allows Fujiwara to reverse it, flinging Rage over the ropes...]

GM: RAGE GOES OVER...

[...but Rage just BARELY snags the top rope, pulling herself onto the apron!]

GM: ...BUT HANGS ON!

[Fujiwara turns towards Rage, swinging a right armed clothesline at her but Rage ducks it, running down the apron and right up the ropes as Melissa Cannon steps in, charging towards the corner...

...and but Rage leaps off the ropes before Cannon can get there, driving both knees into Cannon's chest and putting her into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! Big diving knees by Rage! She takes Cannon out of the way!

[Rage pops up to her feet, taunting the downed Cannon, running her mouth like only she does...

...until her eyes go wide at two powerful arms being locked around her waist!]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[Fujiwara yanks Rage off the canvas, holding her in front of her body as she walks around the ring with her...]

GM: Look at the power! Look at the strength!

[...and then snatches her over, dropping her with an impactful German Suplex, leaving her folded in half on the canvas as Fujiwara gets back to her feet, shouting to the crowd in Japanese!]

GM: The Mt. Fuji suplex... and could that be enough to get Fujiwara in position to win this thing. She's... well, that's surprising. Instead of going after Rage and trying to eliminate her, she's going after Melissa Cannon instead.

BW: I'm not sure I understand that... but you've gotta remember, she's still very new to this sport, Gordo. The pressure of the big moment might be getting to her... she might be cracking a bit.

GM: I'll believe that when I see it.

[Fujiwara moves over to Cannon, pulling her up off the mat...]

GM: Cannon with an elbow!

[The exhausted Cannon throws a second blow, sending Fujiwara stumbling back as Cannon falls back into the ropes, hanging onto the top rope, trying to stay on her feet.]

GM: Cannon's barely able to stand, Bucky! She's running on fumes!

BW: Nah, she's running on the dream of being the World Champion, daddy!

[Fujiwara slowly moves back in, fatigue slowing her down as well. Leaning back, Cannon swings a leg up for a front kick...

...but Fujiwara catches it!]

GM: Fujiwara catches the kick... walking Cannon away from the ropes...

[Back towards the middle of the ring, Fujiwara takes a deep breath...

...and then yanks Cannon up into the air, catching her in her powerful arms, cradling Cannon and DUMPING her down across a bent knee!]

GM: OHHHH! BACKBREAKER! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Cannon's face is etched in exhaustion and pain, writhing on the canvas as Fujiwara stands over her...]

GM: Fujiwara's taking some deep breaths, her tank being driven further than perhaps it ever has before as well...

[And as she throws her head back, she lets loose a shout "KANPEKINAAAAA!" The crowd roars for the call of her signature move.]

GM: She's calling for it! Calling for the Kanpekina!

BW: Okay... but why? Again, I think this is a mistake, Gordo. What good does a powerslam do her here? She needs to throw Cannon over the top rope, not pin her!

[Fujiwara, breathing deeply, leans down to haul a barely-moving Cannon off the mat. She leans over, moving into scoop slam position...

...where an absolutely frantic Melissa Cannon swings the point of her elbow down into the temple... and again... and again... and again!]

GM: Cannon's trying to fight her way out!

[Grabbing Fujiwara by the hair, Cannon swings her knee up to the head... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: KNEESTRIKES!

[And with Cannon pulling Fujiwara into a standing headscissors, she doesn't notice Lauryn Rage roll out to the apron, dragging herself up the ropes.]

GM: Where is Rage going?

BW: She's going up top, daddy!

GM: Why?! What's she going to do up there?!

BW: I have no idea!

[Cannon reaches down, snaring one of Fujiwara's arms...]

GM: She hooks one arm!

[The crowd roars as Cannon reaches down, snatching the other...]

GM: Melissa Cannon setting up for the Billion Dollar Bomb! But she's so tired! Can she do it? Can she get Fujiwara up?!

[Cannon tries to lift... but with a grunt, she sets Fujiwara back down.]

BW: No! She can't do it!

GM: She's gonna try it again!

[With a roar this time, Cannon attempts the lift a second time...]

...but again is forced to put Fujiwara back down. This time, an exhausted Cannon slumps forward, her torso against Fujiwara's back!]

GM: Cannon can't even-

BW: RAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The crowd ROARS with surprise as Lauryn Rage leaps from her perch, tucking her legs up...]

...and DRIVING her feet down onto the back of Cannon's head with a double stomp!]

GM: DOUBLE STOMP OFF THE TOP!!

[The two feet being driven into the back of Cannon's head drives her down but she immediately springs back up, staggering backwards as Fujiwara straightens up...]

...and then ducks down, scooping Cannon up!]

GM: She's got her! She's got her!

[Fujiwara walks across the ring, pausing to readjust her grip near the ropes. She turns, dipping down low to put Cannon's head nearly touching the canvas before rapidly swinging back the other way, getting all her momentum twisting towards the ropes...

...which is when a crawling Lauryn Rage surges upwards, hooking her arms between the legs of Fujiwara...]

GM: NO!

[...and FLIPS her over the top rope, sending both Fujiwara and Cannon toppling to the floor!]

GM: NO!

BW: YEAH! SHE DID IT! SHE DID IT!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh my... I can't believe this!

BW: Oh, I can! I knew she could do it, Gordo! I knew she could do it!

[Lauryn Rage sinks to her knees, burying her face in the canvas as the ring announcer makes it official...]

RO: Your winner of the 2016 Rumble...

...and the very first AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMMMMPIONNNNNN...

[Deep breath.]

RO: LAURRRRRRRRRYNNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage throws her arms in the air, jeers pouring down on her from the AWA faithful who are stunned by this result.]

GM: I can't... of all the people who could have won this title... who could have represented this division and this company with dignity and honor... Melissa Cannon, Julie Somers, Ayako Fujiwara... so many others. This is...

BW: She outlasted 'em all, daddy!

[Rage drags herself to her feet, snatching the title belt away from Emerson Gellar. She rushes to the ropes, stepping up to the second, gesturing to herself, shouting at the fans as she holds the title belt up in the air!]

GM: Lauryn Rage is celebrating in front of these fans and-

[A loud burst is heard as white and gold streamers erupt from the upper reaches of the world's most famous arena, pouring down all over the crowd and the ring where the new champion is celebrating.]

GM: What a moment! You may not like the winner and the first Women's World Champion but you have to respect the battle to come out on top! So many great efforts! Women like Medusa Rage and Lisa Drake showing up to take another swing at becoming a World Champion! Debuts of people like the massive Kurayami! This has been one heck of a night and... well, I'm sure Lauryn Rage is going to have plenty to say about her victory in the days to come!

BW: Check her Snapchat! She's already celebrating!

[And yes, as she holds the title belt up, we can see someone has already slipped her a phone that she's talking into as bursts of pyro shoot up into the air above the AWA faithful jammed into Madison Square Garden!]

GM: Give me a break. Fans, what a night it's been here in the world's most famous arena and what a way for the American Wrestling Alliance to say goodbye to our home country for a month or two! The next time we'll be on the air, we'll be LIVE from Berlin, Germany! For all of us here in the AWA, we wish you a good night on this historic evening where Lauryn Rage has put herself in the history books as the very first AWA Women's World Champion!

[Closeup on Rage, shouting "I TOLD YA! I TOLD YA THE KID WOULD GET THE JOB DONE!"]

GM: And heaven only knows what comes next. Good night everybody!

[Rage stands on the ropes, slapping the face of the gold title belt with the white leather strap as confetti and streamers continue to fall as pyro bursts in the sky behind her...

...and we fade to black.]