

Go to
Saturday Night Wrestling
Mediolanum Forum
8-13-16

THINGS TO DO IN MILAN ITALY

[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 Mediolanum Forum - 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! And for the very first time, we are LIVE in Italy! We are LIVE in Milan! And we are LIVE in the Mediolanum Forum for what promises to be another incredible night of professional wrestling action!

[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 specially-colored roped ring of green, white, and red ropes from top to bottom. 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 black sportscoat and black slacks. A big smile is on his face as he speaks.]

GM: As our local hosts would say, "buongiorno!" On an evening here in Milan that is absolutely jammed with top notch action, Bucky Wilde, the AWA is halfway through this big European tour with no end to the excitement in sight.

[The camera shot shows Bucky Wilde for the first time. The colorful color man is not so colorful on this night - dressed all in black from head to toe as if he's in mourning.]

BW: Gordo, two weeks ago was the darkest night in AWA history and... well, there's nowhere to go but up, right?

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Of course, Bucky is referring to the crowning two weeks ago of the Iron Cowboy himself, Jack Lynch, as the NEW AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[Bucky seems to be stifling a sob.]

GM: The new champion will be here later tonight to address this sold out crowd in Italy and I can't wait for that. We're also going to see the continuation of the Steal The Spotlight series - that'll be coming up in just a few moments. Matthews vs Jericho. The six man tag with SM&K, Shadoe Rage, and the Misfits. Martinez and Zharkov. Travis Lynch putting the National Title on the line against Brian James and... whew... so much more including tonight's Main Event that will see Juan Vasquez taking on Jordan Ohara with "Hotshot" Stevie Scott as the special guest referee just a few short weeks before he battles Vasquez at Homecoming in the match we never thought we'd see again.

BW: The only thing that can make Jack Lynch being the World Champion less painful is if Travis Lynch drops the National Title here tonight, making Brian James a double champion! If that doesn't happen... right here tonight... I... well... I...

GM: Yes?

[Bucky lets go a really long sigh.]

BW: Let's go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell.

[We fade from the ringside area back to the locker room where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing. The veteran interviewer seems nervous and skittish as he glances sideways before addressing the camera.]

SLB: Folks, welcome backstage as I am standing here with Las Bestias del Mal... well, almost all of them... and, of course, their team captain, Canibal.

[The camera zooms out a little to reveal the bizarre group of men that have assembled tonight in Milan.

There is Canibal, his face already painted to evoke the image of a skull, his hair tied backwards tightly. He seems more tense than usual as he glares at the microphone Lou holds in his general direction.

Right behind Canibal is the imposing form of the Hangman, his face carrying several days of beard stubble as he holds his noose, letting it sway back and forth over Canibal's head. Virgil Rockwell is by his side, grinning into the camera in his old-timey black suit.

Off on the other side of Blackwell stands the three members of the Slaughterhouse. The Lost Boy, face streaked with green sludge, yanks at his own dirty, greasy topknot as he howls. Porter Crowley is examining himself in a broken hand mirror, adjusting his messy hair in a shard of glass. Anton Layton stands between the two, his velvet robe's hood up over his head, dangling to cover half of his face.]

C: Blackwell, I learned that timid animals tend to obey their flight instincts ... but I need you to stay right now and fccccccce ...

[Lou visibly swallows hard, but stands his ground, never taking his eyes of the Monster Assassin despite feeling the eyes of the other men on the room on him.]

SLB: What? Face what, Canibal?

C: Yesss, what? You could say darkness, evil, fear, horror, malevolence, infamy, brutality but ... I ... would ... focus ... on ... one ... thing:

[He raises an index finger, which is still covered with pitch black paint.]

C: Agony.

Si, agonia, Milano!

[He makes a throwaway gesture towards the camera, obviously meant for the Italian fans.]

C: Our ambitious, zealous, obsessed, _clean_ opponents they ... think of themselves as the best of athletes.

[Canibal bares his teeth for a moment and hisses, which turns into a cackle.]

C: But even the greatest athlete only wants to win a fight. That is their limit. Not ours. We want to hurt and harm and maim and their limits, their rules and regimens ... we are beyond those laws.

We–

[Out of nowhere... Flex Ferrigno BURSTS into the room! The Quadrasaurus is ready for battle with his chain-mail headdress over his bleached blonde hair rocking a muscle strangling Yankees MURDERERS ROW shirt. The man from Strong Island storms right into the center of the group, dips his head back, and belts out...]

FLEX: YOOOOOOOOOOOU KNOOO –

[And stops his trademark welcoming line as he stares at the skull painted face of Canibal.]

FLEX: Who's this...

[And turns around only to find himself looking up at the Hangman... then over at the Lost Boy, and finally Porter Crowley.]

FLEX: Geezus.

[Flex stares at the group... then at himself... back at the group... and then up towards the camera.]

FLEX: I may have missed the memo for spooky tights and momma don't love me in face paint... but I ain't gonna miss wrappin' these guns....

[He motions to the camera to come close and he points to his massive right bicep, rubbing it gingerly with his other hand.]

FLEX: Soak em' in, sweatbags...THESE guns... from wrappin' up every single member of Buffoon Five, liftin' em upright, and dumpin' em on their head. And I know...and YOOOOOOOU KNOOOOOOOOOOW.... That none of those pipsqueaks....not even that cupcake eatin' Brian James...got what it takes to stand ground against the KING OF TWISTED STEEL AND SEX APPEAL. You been lookin' a little soft, brother.

[Flex mockingly rubs his stomach.]

FLEX: Now for Cream Puff Wright...you and your finger twistin' band of brothers dream team are about to go toe to toe with a band of FREAKS, brother. And this FREAK SHOW... we're gonna bust you up just like I heard these dumb Italians are gonna do on election day with false propaganda. Am I right?

[Flex turns to the Lost Boy who just looks baffled.]

FLEX: Buuuuut the only thing phony around here is the reputation you goons have. Grayson, Mifune, Z-Pack, Baby Tiger... you might have a hype rocket strapped to your backs but you're lookin' at the Mother Ship and I'm about to set sail all over you puny punks. Ya seen the highlights... ya seen the knockouts... I ain't just hype, brothers...I'm the freakin HYPOTHESAURUS whose about to go all JURASSIC PARK all over ya and stomp a hole in your heads and leave ya for dead — and I ain't talking' bout that Chris Pratt version. No, no no. I'm talking' about the OG version where Newman is eaten alive and his bones are spit back out. Maybe next time ya won't pass up on the MUSCLA MONSTA for them Pillsbury dough boys but Brian James' gut tells me...

...there ain't gonna BE a next time! Cause I got the goods....

...and the STORE...

...IS...open!

[And just like that Flex stomps off the set. Blackwell seems caught off guard but Anton Layton gets his attention when he snatches the interviewer by the wrist, steering it towards the Prince of Darkness.]

AL: Keep your focus where it belongs, Blackwell. Not on the overhyped muscles but on this... this right here...

[Layton gestures to the men remaining.]

AL: This is true darkness. This is true power. This is what Emerson Gellar fears most when he wakes in the middle of the night, dripping in a cold sweat. He fears what this is... he fears what this might be capable of. The Hunger...

[Layton gestures to Canibal who hisses as he does a sharp intake.]

AL: The Hunger brings this together... and we are grateful.

And you...

[The Prince of Darkness slowly pulls back his hood, his eyes locking on The Hangman.]

AL: You... I've been waiting for this moment for a long time.

[Layton lifts his hand, staring at the crystal that is known as the Eye of Tyr.]

AL: This moment... the moment where you and I look one another in the eye and recognize the...

[Layton's voice drops to a whisper, fingering the crystal.]

AL: ...potential. You see, there once was a source of power in this realm... deep, devastating, destructive power... that power was called the Unholy Alliance.

[Layton nods his head at the Hangman who is non-responsive.]

AL: But you... you and I...

[But before Layton can go further, Virgil Rockwell steps forward to grab the mic.]

VR: No, no... you are mistaken, sir. This...

[Rockwell gestures to the group.]

VR: This alliance is a temporary arrangement. One night only.

[Layton arches an eyebrow.]

AL: Oh?

[The crystal slowly raises, sliding into the gaze of Virgil Rockwell who swallows hard at the sight of it.]

AL: Are you... familiar... with the power I hold?

[Rockwell reaches up, tugging at his collar as he nods.]

AL: Then... if you treasure your place in this world... you would do well...

[Layton glares at Rockwell, sweat trickling down the former lawman's head.]

AL: ...to respect it.

[And Layton abruptly lowers the crystal, allowing Rockwell to exhale sharply, reaching up to wipe his brow.]

VR: This is most unseemly. Let's go.

[Rockwell gestures to the Hangman, attempting to lead him away...

...but the Hangman lingers, looking at Anton Layton... and his eyes drift downward to the crystal in his hand.]

VR: I said, let's go!

[The Hangman seems to snap out of his trace, snapping his head back and following his manager out of view. The mic drifts back towards Canibal, who licks his lips while smiling wickedly.]

C: Can you smell it?

This room reeks of ... something primal. They can try to laugh it off but, tonight, but there are no tricks ... no sleight of hand or smoke and mirrors.

Just prey ... and _hunger_!

[Again, he starts to cackle. Layton and his cohorts join in and "Sweet" Lou seems to shrink a few inches as he runs a hand over his head.]

SLB: Alright, alright, you have heard from them. Let's go over to Mark Stegglet so I can get out of here and see if I can find a priest to cleanse me after that. Mark, what's going on with the Supreme Squadron?

[We fade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of a red AWA backdrop. He is surrounded by the assembled mass of in-ring talent that makes up the Supreme Squadron. Wright is wearing his black satin jacket and crimson wrestling trunks with three white stars on the front. Standing beside him is "The Shadow Wolf" Takeshi Mifune, who is wearing simple black wrestling trunks and short black boots. Next in line on the Squadron is Pure X, wearing his normal wrestling tights, black boots, and his new "Pure Wrestling, Inc." heather grey hoodie. Bret Grayson is in a royal blue ring jacket with the hood pulled down. Peeking out from under the jacket is a singlet that extends to mid-thigh.]

MS: Thanks, Lou... and while on one side of the arena, the forces of darkness are gathering to go into battle, you can see that I am surrounded by perhaps the greatest assemblage of in-ring talent since John Wesley Hardin and Brody Thunder had a post-match beer - the group known as the Supreme Squadron!

[Stegglet looks around.]

MS: With one notable absence... Supreme Wright, you're the captain of this team - where in the world is Brian James?!

SW: I could ask you the same question, Mr. Stegglet. I haven't seen him all day.

MS: Isn't that a bit troubling?

SW: Not at all. Steal the Spotlight isn't the only match that Mr. James has tonight, Mr. Stegglet. He has a title shot against Travis Lynch...the first title shot he's _ever_ had in the AWA. And trust me, an elite athlete... no, an elite WRESTLER like Brian James would require maximum focus and preparation on a night like this. I trust a man of Brian Lau's intelligence understands the same thing and has made sure to keep him away from all distractions before his matches.

[Stegglet nods.]

SW: Besides, if he actually did blow us off for his title match, he'll have to deal with ME.

[Bret Grayson clears his throat loudly.]

BG: *AHEM*

[Supreme smirks and nudges his head towards the rest of his team.]

SW: And THEM.

[In the background, we can see Mifune make a throat slashing gesture. Stegglet slightly pales.]

MS: I see.

PX: I think we all know and understand that Brian isn't an issue tonight. Him pulling double duty? It shows he's a true fighter. It shows that at least one person knows

the value in wanting to be a champion... So Mark, James? We trust him, certainly. Besides, we?

[X looks to his Squadron partners on his left and right.]

PX: Us? We have a mission to show the world what FIVE WRESTLERS can do against a collection of sideshow and circus acts that face us tonight. The FIVE WRESTLERS you see before you will show that true "evil" and "dark powers" are not in how you dress or act.

[X waves his hand dismissively before balling it up in a fist.]

PX: No! It's how hard you hit! It's how tight you lock in that submission! It's how...

[X looks over at Mifune, pauses, and continues in a more subdued tone.]

PX: How evil you can be with just your own two hands...

[Bret Grayson steps in.]

BG: Mark Stegglet, you talk about old men like Hardin and Thunder when what you SHOULD be talking about is the legendary force that's in front of you right now. This isn't a Syndicate. This isn't Pride or Legion. And there's no Redemption to be found. But what you have is an elite fighting force that puts every team that's ever been assembled until now to shame. You can scour the annals of history - go ahead, we'll wait...

[Grayson stares at Stegglet.]

MS: You don't really expect-

BG: You don't HAVE to look, Mark, because I'm speaking the truth for you. There is NO ONE. There is NOTHING! And when the Supreme Squadron finishes putting the boots to those freaks across the way... when we're done tying them up and knots so tight, they'll need the Jaws of Life to cut themselves free from themselves... when we're done smashing and bashing their ugly faces in... when we're-

[The Shadow Wolf reaches out, grabbing Stegglet's wrist and yanking it towards him.]

Mifune: Enough talk!

[Grayson glares at Mifune, grabbing Stegglet's wrist and pulling it back towards him.]

BG: You know, Mifune... there may be a whole lot of people all over this business that are afraid of you, but me...

[He jerks a thumb at himself.]

BG: I'm not one of them! So, if you get in my way...

[Mifune steps forward, ready to shut the Olympian's mouth. There's a brief tussle as Pure X steps in front of Grayson and Wright does the same with Mifune, trying to keep things under control.]

MS: Gentlemen...

[Mifune and Grayson have a few shouted threats at one another from off-mic.]

MS: Gentlemen, please!

[No one's listening to Stegglet.]

MS: GENTLEM-

[Mifune grabs Stegglet by the wrist, ripping the mic out of his hand as Wright holds him back. Uncharacteristically, Wright raises his voice at Mifune and Grayson.]

SW: I told you two to save it for the ring!

[Grayson backs down, as Mifune begins to speak in his gravelly, broken English.]

Mifune: "Afraid of me"? Fear is WEAKNESS, Grayson-san. It is also choice. The worthless scum beneath us _choose_ to be afraid. But we are men that do not know fear because we do not choose to be weak!

[Mifune grins at Grayson, like a wolf eyeing its next meal.]

Mifune: In this world, fear is meaningless to power. All that matters is power...OVERWHELMING power!

[He locks eyes with Grayson.]

Mifune: Strong eat the weak. Strong will always survive. And we are the STRONGEST.

Am I wrong, Grayson-san?

[Grayson keeps his eyes locked with Mifune's. Begrudgingly, he agrees with Mifune, gritting his teeth.]

BG: No.

[With a deep chuckle, Mifune holds the microphone out to Wright, who takes it from his hand, as Mifune and Grayson continue to stare each other down.]

SW: I believe that says it all, doesn't it, Mr. Stegglet? Mama didn't raise no fool. When I assembled The Supreme Squadron, I knew exactly what I needed to win. Steal the Spotlight. Skill beyond comprehension. Competitiveness beyond reason. For us?

Defeat isn't an option.

Only VICTORY, Mr. Stegglet.

[In the background, we can see the other three members with confident grins on their faces, nodding in agreement with Wright.]

SW: With all due respect to Canibal's Beasts or Mr. Hunter and Mr. Ohara waiting in the finals, there's no doubt in my mind that at the end of this tournament, it's going to be all five of us standin-

[Wright looks slightly annoyed as someone unknown rushes into view. The AWA logo on his shirt and the headset on his head reveals him to likely be some kind of television producer.]

"Guys! Guys! James is down! Brian James is down! Someone got him!"

[The man waves an arm, beckoning the team to follow him. They do, trailed by Mark Stegglet and the cameraman, running through the halls of the arena until finally pushing through a door into a locker room. The room is already bustling with activity - Tommy Fierro and Vernon Riley are looking very concerned as Dr. Bob Ponavitch takes a knee next to a groaning James who is holding his ribs with one hand and his head with the other.]

MS: Oh my god.

BG: What the HELL happened here?!

[Fierro pivots, seeing the incoming Supreme Squadron. He spreads his arms, walking towards them.]

TF: Stay back, guys... stay back. We need to make room for the Doc to look at him. We need to-

SW: Who did this, Fierro?

TF: I don't know. We have no idea.

[Pure X suddenly ducks down, picking something up off the floor. When he stands up, a black leather glove with silver studs is hanging from his hand.]

PX: Oh, I think we might have some idea.

[Wright grimaces, staring at the glove as the Doctor tends to James down on the floor...]

...and we fade out to ringside.]

GM: I... well, that's a shocking way to start this show, Bucky. We were SUPPOSED to go straight to the Steal The Spotlight matchup but... Brian James is down! Brian James has been assaulted!

BW: Who would do such a thing, Gordo?!

GM: Oh, I can think of a certain former World Champion who might be VERY motivated to do such a thing after what went down in Berlin two weeks ago.

BW: SLANDER! You have no proof of that!

GM: His glove! That Black Beauty glove was at the scene of the crime!

BW: Hey, if the OJ trial taught me anything, it's that evidence can be planted, Gordo.

GM: Give me a break. Fans, we're being told right now that we're going to a backup match to give the situation backstage a chance to settle down so... well, I'm not sure what match this is exactly so let's go up to Rebecca Ortiz who hopefully does know! Take it away, Rebecca!

[Fade to the ring where a slightly-confused Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Geneva, Switzerland... weighing in at 232 pounds... Dritan Kupp!

[A young man in a red and white singlet gestures to the crowd, trying to fire them up.]

RO: Annnnnnd 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...

MAAAAAAAAAAAAAASONNNNNNNNNNN!

[The enigmatic powerhouse climbs up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes to enter the ring.]

GM: The undefeated and seemingly unstoppable Mason stepping into the ring for singles competition and... well, Bucky, do you approve of Mason's opposition tonight?

BW: ...

GM: I guess not. Fans, if you were with us two weeks ago, you heard Bucky Wilde say that if Mason didn't increase his level of competition, he would be taking a vow of silence during all of Mason's matches. So, I guess that's what we're looking at so... enjoy it while it lasts.

[Bucky clears his throat angrily as Gordon chuckles.]

GM: The Swissman, Dritan Kupp, taking on Mason tonight and... well, I'm not sure of Switzerland has universal health care but for his sake, I hope so.

[The bell sounds and Mason springs out of the corner like a hungry predator, lowering his shoulder and barreling Kupp backwards, shoving him violently against the buckles.]

GM: Ohh! Hard drive back into the corner. This man is pure intensity every single time he steps inside the ring... right, Bucky?

BW: ...

GM: I suppose it's a good thing you don't get paid by the word.

[Mason straightens up, snapping his elbow back into the side of Kupp's jaw once... twice... three times.]

GM: The referee trying to get Mason out of the corner but the man from the Motor City looks like he's going to bring them both out instead.

[A powerful whip sends Kupp rocketing across the ring, bouncing violently off the buckles before staggering back out towards Mason who scoops him up, pressing him high overhead...]

GM: Military press! Look at the power!

[The Italian crowd roars for Mason's show of strength as he lowers Kupp so that his stomach touches the top of Mason's head... and then presses him right back up before stepping forward, allowing Kupp to plummet downwards and crash facefirst off the canvas!]

GM: OH! A hard fall there for the Swissman!

[A nodding Mason circles Kupp as the Swissman struggles to get up off the mat, slipping in behind him as Kupp nears a vertical base, hoisting him up into a back suplex position...

...and then HURLING him forward, sending him bouncing backfirst off the mat!]

GM: Another crash and burn down to the canvas and this Mason is just a force of nature in there. He seems like he'd go through all the competition like a hot knife through butter.

BW: YEAH! But we'll never know because-

GM: I'm sorry? What was that?

[Bucky grumbles as he goes silent again. Mason drags Kupp off the mat by the hair, steadying him in front of him. The big man drops back against the ropes, bouncing off...

...and BLASTS Kupp with a running clothesline that sends him flying into the air before falling hard to the canvas. Mason walks across the ring, having dropped Kupp hard yet again. The intensity of Mason is apparent as he approaches the ropes, leaning over to look at the camera.]

“GAME... OVER!”

[Mason spins back around, marching across the ring towards the recovering Kupp. He snatches the Swissman in a front facelock. He pauses, looking out at the crowd who roars in response...

...and then hoists Boxler 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: DEVASTATION! It's over, fans!

[Mason dives across the torso of Kupp, nodding his head along with the referee's count of one... two... and three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Victory once again for the mysterious man known as Mason and... well, never one to be swayed, I understand Sweet Lou Blackwell is going to try - once again - to get this powerful young competitor to give us a comment. Good luck, Lou!

[We hold on Mason as he walks around the ring and his defeated opponent for a few moments. Mason ducks through the ropes, making his exit as we cut to the aisleway where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... I'm telling you, I'm making it my life's mission to get this man to say something to me. Ever since his debut, he's been silent... dominant but silent... and the AWA fans are dying to know something about him.

[Blackwell steadies himself, spreading his arms and legs slightly, like he's going to physically impede Mason's process. We cut to a shot behind Mason, showing his powerful back as he strides without slowing down towards Blackwell.]

SLB: Mason! Can we please... just a quick comment, sir!

[Mason stops by Blackwell who looks stunned. The powerhouse raises his clenched fists, planting them on his hips as he turns and faces Blackwell, staring down at him.]

M: Talk.

[Blackwell stammers for a moment, obviously surprised at this turn of events.]

SLB: Um... well, I guess... let's start with your win-loss record. You're undefeated since arriving here in the AWA but I think the question a lot of people are wondering is when are you going to level up the degree of difficulty in your opposition. When are you going to start taking on some of the bigger names in the AWA locker room?

[Mason glares at Blackwell, his gaze burning a hole through him, before delivering a strained and growly response.]

M: Ask Emerson Gellar.

[And with that, Mason simply strides away, leaving Blackwell behind.]

SLB: Well... I guess that's better than nothing. Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who has an update on the Steal The Spotlight Series matchup here tonight. Mark?

[We cut to a shot backstage. The scene is chaotic to say the least. Mark Stegglet is standing along but there is action all around him. We can hear loud voices shouting to one another. The high-pitched insistent chirp of an ambulance's siren is in the background.]

MS: Thanks, Lou... and as I stand here, Brian James - who is scheduled for two separate matches here tonight - is being taken by stretcher to an ambulance with the plan to transport him to a local hospital for treatment. It's unclear what type of injury James has suffered nor the severity of it but...

[Stegglet trails off as he spots Emerson Gellar standing alongside Supreme Wright. Stegglet makes his way over, sticking the mic in the face of the Director of Operations.]

MS: Mr. Gellar, can you give us all an update on Brian James?

[Gellar grimaces.]

EG: Brian James is currently being loaded into an ambulance... not that he's very happy about it. James has insisted that he's fine and able to compete in both of his matches tonight but Dr. Ponavitch disagrees pending a full examination by hospital staff.

MS: So, he's out of both matches tonight?

EG: Well, as I was just telling Mr. Wright here...

[Gellar gestures at the Steal The Spotlight captain.]

EG: ...James is definitely out of the Steal The Spotlight matchup which has been rescheduled to take place later tonight so that Mr. Wright has a sufficient amount of time to look for a replacement.

SW: A replacement for the Battle of Boston winner? The guy who choked me out?

[Wright grimaces.]

EG: I know, I know. It's a tall task and these aren't ideal circumstances but they are what they are, Mr. Wright. Now... I'll leave you to go find a new partner while I try to get to the bottom of what happened to Brian James. If you'll excuse me.

[Gellar walks away, leaving Stegglet and Wright behind.]

MS: Supreme Wright, you've got...

[Stegglet looks at his watch.]

MS: ...not very long at all actually to find a new partner. Any ideas?

[Wright shakes his head.]

SW: I suppose the hunt is on, Mr. Stegglet.

[Wright turns, making his exit as well, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: A wild scene here in Milan and with Brian James down... we have to wonder who will replace him at Steal The Spotlight... and for that matter, what's going to happen to the AWA National Title match between he and Travis Lynch later tonight? We'll continue to try and get answers for you, fans, but right now, we've got to take a quick break. When we come back, we'll have more Saturday Night Wrestling action so don't you dare go away!

[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 up on a shiny gold watch that reads "ROLEX" in the center of it. The second hand is ticking by... one by one as a voice is heard.]

"Tick tock, old man... tick tock."

[The camera pulls back to reveal the watch is secured around the wrist of the Flawless One, Larry Wallace. Wallace is sitting in a locker room, dress shirt halfway buttoned. His hair is wet still and judging by the bag next to him, he's fresh off a workout. The corner of Wallace's mouth twists up in a sneer as he starts to button his shirt.]

FLW: When I was a kid, my old man made me volunteer down the street from our house at one of those senior citizen houses - a big old building filled with old people wandering around aimlessly, living out their days playing Bingo and watching the People's Court. He said it would teach me respect for my elders. He said it would make me appreciate what others have experienced.

And one day, I sat down with old Philbert... Phil, we called him... he hated being called Philbert. He was 93 years old. I used to cut his meat for him... help him call his grandkids... stuff like that. We were sitting in front of this old TV one night watching a Twins game and he just stopped talking in mid-sentence. I called to him, "Phil! PHIL!" but got no response. I was scared to death... thought he'd kicked off right there next to me. But after a few moments passed, he blinked... he blinked again... and he was back like he'd never left.

And so I asked him... "Phil, where did you go right there?"

And he smiled and he said, "You couldn't hear it, could you?"

No... of course, I couldn't hear it. There was nothing to hear. The old man had lost his marbles, right?

[Wallace shakes his head.]

FLW: He told me that at different points in his life as he got older, time would stop for him... that the regular world would snap away and all he could hear was...

Tick tock... tick tock...

He thought it was... like, time sending him a message. Telling him to treasure every second he had because there weren't that many left.

And for a long time, I remembered that. For a long time, when I was having a moment I wanted to hold close and remember forever, I thought I could hear it too.

Tick tock... tick tock...

[Wallace pauses.]

FLW: And now, Dave Bryant, as I look at you, I wonder if that's what you heard the night you won the World Title - shocking the world. No one gave you a chance that night but you did it... and time stood still.

Tick tock... tick tock...

Or maybe that night when Demetrius Lake decided to put you out of this sport for good for embarrassing him. Is that what you heard when your head hit the mat, your neck compressed down into your boots, and you wondered if you'd ever get back inside the ring?

Tick tock... tick tock...

How about in Boston? In Boston when you were trying to make your big comeback... trying to prove to the world that you're ready to come back... ready for one more run?

Tick tock... tick tock...

[Wallace taps his watch.]

FLW: I can hear it right now, Bryant... but this time, it's not my time I'm hearing. It's yours. Because I went to Emerson Gellar... and I asked him if you were physically cleared to compete. He says you are... so I told him to prove it.

You. Me. Homecoming.

I'm going to give you a few weeks, Dave. A few weeks to get your affairs in order. A few weeks to sign a few more autographs, make a few more public appearances, hit the gym a few more times. Maybe come down to the arena, hang out with your old buddies. Because your time... your time as a pro wrestler... is running out.

Tick tock... tick tock...

[Wallace stands, pointing at the camera.]

FLW: And that night in Dallas when you face your own mortality?

Time's up.

[Wallace grins again, snatching his bag off the bench as he walks past the camera.]

FLW: Tick tock... tick tock... tick tock...

[We continue to hear the "tick tock" as we fade to black...

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

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

[The classic 80's guitar riff of Accept's "Balls to the Wall" brings the Milanese to the feet.]

RO: From Kawasaki, Japan... weighing in at 240 pounds...

He is the IIRRRRRRRRRIRON BADGER...

MAAAAAAAAAANZOZZZZZZO KAAAWAAAAJIIIRIIIIIII!

[As the song continues, out steps a man who is, frankly, not all that impressive looking. Five foot ten, bald head, a physique that resembles an egg or a bowling pin. And yet, as the camera focus on his snarling, determined face, the fans erupt in a deafening chant.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[Manzo Kawajiri strides forward, stopping in the center of the aisle to raise his hands, encouraging the chant. Over his chest, Kawajiri wears a black t-shirt, with the phrase "#PBK" written across the chest in red letters, while around his shoulders is a black towel. Kawajiri moves to a neutral corner, arms stretched out behind him to grip the ropes, as he leans forward, his face already set in determination.]

RO: And his opponent...

[A loud orchestral hit echoes through the hall: the climactic scene of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." The fans rise to their feet and look to the entryway.]

RO: From Leipzig, Germany...

[Another orchestral hit and two wrestlers appear, standing at ease, their arms clasped behind the back. Ringkrieger. The deep operatic bass of the Commendatore roars.]

"DON GIOVANNI... A CENAR TECO... M'INVITASTI... E SON VENUTO"

RO: Weighing in at 220 pounds...

KARSTEN... MARQUARDT...

[Kartsen Marquardt is young and lean, almost dapper, with a neatly trimmed light brown haircut. His cauliflower ears and stern expression betray his experience as a ferocious veteran athlete. He wears a t-shirt with the art deco "Ringkrieger" logo over his basic black wrestling tights and shinguarded boots. A white scarf with black lettering is around his neck.]

GM: Enter the team known as Ringkrieger... and what an impressive debut they made two weeks ago in Berlin, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely... impressive enough that the AWA invited them to be a part of this entire European tour.

[Behind him is MISTER, "Der Oger aus Innsbruck." His forehead slopes sharply, and his head seems to rest on his stocky torso without a neck between. He's in his warm-up sweats, branded with the "Ringkrieger" logo.]

GM: Of course, they also made quite the impression on Manzo Kawajiri two weeks ago which brought upon this matchup here tonight.

[Upon climbing the ring apron, they wipe their boots before stepping through the ropes. They stand in the ring, facing out to the audience. MISTER stands upright, clasping his hands behind his back, standing at ease. Marquardt takes off his scarf and holds it aloft, revealing the words on it: "RESPEKTIERE DIE LEINWAND." ("Respect the Canvas.") He turns to Kawajiri and defiantly points it in his face. The Iron Badger responds by balling up his towel and tossing it in Marquardt's face.]

GM: And we're on!

[MISTER steps through the ropes as Kawajiri and Marquardt begins trading elbows rapidly in the center of the ring.]

GM: Good lord, look at that explosiveness!

BW: These two are going at it like two oilmen at the bar on payday!

[The fans are already at a deafening level as each man throw elbows in rapid succession at each other. The noise of flesh striking flesh is even louder than the crowd, the strikes coming too fast for the eye to follow.]

BW: You better believe, Gordo, that neither man wants to take even a step back!

GM: We're not overly familiar with either man yet, Bucky, but it's plain to see that these are very proud, very tough men.

[Marquardt lands an elbow that strikes Kawajiri in the "sweet spot" and sends him sprawling forward, into Marquardt's waiting arms. With Kawajiri bent forward, Marquardt drops an elbow between the Iron Badger's shoulder blades and then pushes him back, towards the ropes. As Kawajiri rebounds, he's met with a boot to the face.]

GM: A couple of well placed, and frankly, lucky shots have given Marquardt the early advantage.

BW: Lucky? Are you kidding me Gordo!? Ringkrieger ist die Nummer eins!

GM: How long did it take you to memorize that?

BW: Not long. When MISTER tells you to do something, you do it quickly!

[Marquardt whips Kawajiri into the corner, and the Iron Badger hits back first. Backing up, Marquardt gets a running start and then drives the bottom of his boot right into the face of the Iron Badger.]

GM: Big running boot in the corner... and Marquardt's not done yet.

[Marquardt zips to the opposite corner again, but by the time he's turned around and running at Kawajiri, the Iron Badger is already recovered enough to charge forward himself, and he levels Marquardt with a nasty looking running clothesline.]

GM: Did you hear that sound?

BW: Hear it? I could practically feel it.

[Kawajiri whips Marquardt into the corner, and delivers another huge elbow to the side of Marquardt's neck. This is followed by a huge chop that gets as much of Marquardt's throat as it does his chest. Kawajiri begins to alternate strikes. Elbow-chop-elbow-chop, over and over.]

GM: The Iron Badger weathered an early storm and now he is showing the grit, the determination, and the toughness that marks the Japanese style of wrestling.

BW: No doubt about it, Gordo, Marquardt is in a lot of danger right now.

[Now it is Kawajiri's turn to leave Marquardt in the corner, running for a charge of his own. He comes at Marquardt with a full head of steam, ready to deliver another clothesline, but at the last minute, Marquardt launched a counter attack, kicking Kawajiri in the bicep. This staggers Kawajiri, allowing Marquardt to come out of the corner and hit Kawajiri with a huge European uppercut.]

GM: Kawajiri is staggering, but he won't go down!

BW: Marquardt bouncing off the ropes, shoulderblock!

GM: Kawajiri takes it! He's still on his feet! Now Kawajiri is going to the ropes. He hits Marquardt with his own shoulderblock!

BW: And Marquardt is upright!

[Now both men race to the ropes, and meet in the center, colliding, with neither going down.]

BW: We've got a standoff, Gordo!

[Kawajiri points to Marquardt's foot and then growls something in Japanese.]

GM: What do you suppose this is about?

BW: I've got no idea.

[Kawajiri repeats the gesture, and this time, Marquardt seems to understand, as he steps back, measures the Iron Badger and unleashes a hard kick to the back and kidneys of Kawajiri.]

GM: Good lord! Did you hear that, it sounded like a gunshot!

[Kawajiri buckles, he grimaces, his knees bend. But then he stands upright and shouts a taunt in Japanese at Marquardt.]

BW: I think... I think he wants more Gordo!

[Marquardt obliges, this time kicking Kawajiri hard across the chest. This puts the Iron Badger on both knees, only for him to stand up and get right in Marquardt's face]

GM: And now the madness is spreading. Now Marquardt is shouting something at Kawajiri in German!

[Marquardt continues to shout, and thumps his chest, before puffing himself up. Understanding the challenge, Kawajiri hauls back and chops Marquardt as hard as he can. It takes Marquardt a moment of staggering before he stands tall.]

GM: Kawajiri is nodding his head. And now he's sitting down.

BW: He's got his chin up, exposing his chest.

[Marquardt obliges the Iron Badger by rifling another kick to the chest. Kawajiri gets to his feet almost immediately, where Marquardt is waiting for him, shouting for another chop. Which the Iron Badger is happy to oblige. This continues, with each man testing himself against the other's strikes.]

BW: This is the damndest thing I've ever seen!

GM: That sound you're hearing fans is two men hitting each other as hard as they can!

[The camera gets in close to show the chests of both men. Both are raw and red. Finally, Kawajiri pulls way back and delivers a hard chop to the throat of Marquardt, which sends him to the mat.]

GM: Cover! One... two!

BW: He kicked out! I don't even know why he would. If someone did that to me, I think I'd call it a night!

[Kawajiri goes to pick up Marquardt, only for his attempt to get turned into a quick small package.]

BW: Two count! That was close, Gordo!

[Both men come up and go nose to nose, Japanese and German insults flying.]

BW: Remember when Germany and Japan were allies, Gordo? I think that's over!

[Marquardt rears back and swings his open palm into the Badger's jaw.]

"SMACK!"

GM: Oh my stars!

[Kawajiri head snaps to one side. His eyes go wide.]

BW: Oh, I've seen that look on Manzo's face on other men before, Gordo. That's from the look of a man with homicide on his mind. Get out of there, kid!

[Kawajiri decides to reciprocate, but the faster Marquardt ducks out of the way on his swing and ducks in behind, wrapping his arm around Kawajiri.]

GM: The sleeper! We saw Karsten Marquardt use that to great effect in Berlin.

BW: How's that gonna work, Gordo? This Badger's got no neck!

[Kawajiri flails his arms around, trying to grab a hold on Marquardt. Marquardt hops on Manzo's back to try to add leverage.]

GM: And to my knowledge this is the first scientific hold of this match with these two laying the lumber to each other in the early going—and into the corner for the break!

[Kawajiri dives backward into the buckles. He begins to walk away, but the Ringkrieger adherent holds on doggedly.]

GM: No, he's got it on again!

[Marquardt kicks a leg out from underneath Kawajiri to knock him down to a knee, then releases the sleeper.]

GM: We've seen Marquardt use that sleep to set up other holds, looking for that Christian Marquardt Special hold...

[Marquardt tries to scissor both of the Badger's arm behind his back, but Kawajiri overpowers him and bridges...]

BW: He's reversed it! Rookie mistake!

GM: Reversed into a cover, referee into position... two... three!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And that's it, just like that!

[Marquardt rolls to his feet, already disputing the count with the referee. Manzo decides to punctuate his victory with a blindside elbow strike to the back of Marquardt's head.]

GM: Now that's just unsporting!

BW: Oh no, look out Manzo...

[This draws in the hulking MISTER. He shoves Manzo.]

GM: And listen to the crowd here in Milan! They want to see these two go at it!

BW: Der Ogre and the Badger? Who wouldn't want to see these two go at it?

[Manzo grabs MISTER by the scruff of his sweatshirt and begins laying in elbow strikes.]

BW: And Iron Badger don't care! Iron Badger don't give a damn!

[MISTER shoves him back. One chop across the sternum echoes like a thunderclap through the hall.]

GM: Oh ho!

BW: Yeouch!

[Manzo doubles over in agony, then after a second, rages upright, extending his chest outward, egging MISTER on.]

GM: It's broken loose here in Milan between these international heavy hitter, and the cavalry is coming out...

[The fans boo as half-a-dozen suits and referees get between Manzo Kawajiri and Ringkrieger.]

GM: Kawajiri and MISTER are at each other's throats, screaming at each other in the ring while being held apart... and you've gotta imagine we haven't seen the last of this one!

BW: I hope not. I could watch these guys beat each other up all day and then some, daddy.

GM: Speaking of daddies...

[Gordon chuckles at his own segue.]

GM: Let's go backstage to Jayden Jericho and "Playboy" Ronnie D!

[We cut to the backstage area where the young man we've come to know as the son of the Playboy, Jayden Jericho, is standing. His swimmer's style physique is lurking underneath a shimmering sleeveless silver vest and a pair of neon green full-length tights with images of broken hearts up and down them. His dark brown hair has dyed blonde streaks littered throughout and is currently tied back into a ponytail.]

JJ: You never forget your first time.

[Jericho exaggeratedly winks at the camera and then hesitates, almost as if he had the first line ready to go and can't think of what to say next. After a few moments, he starts up again.]

JJ: My first match... a part of this history-making European tour... so you've got history being made while history is being made. I've been waiting for this night for so long, I can't even...

[Jericho trails off, a big grin on his face as he shakes his head. He reaches up, grabbing at his stomach.]

JJ: Sorry. Nerves. Pops says it'll pass when I walk through the curtain and hear that crowd. I hope so because I can't even imagine trying to get out of a Fujiwara Armbar when my stomach is doing Shooting Star Presses.

I mean... how many people have their debut against a Hall of Famer? A former World Champion? One of the greatest to ever lace up boots?

[A loud "HAH!" is heard from off camera and a moment later, "Playboy" Ronnie D appears. He's wearing a "THAT'S MY BOY!" t-shirt that is white with the text inside a pink heart. A pair of bright red pleather pants and heart-shaped pink tinted sunglasses rounds out the ensemble.]

D: I'm sorry. I heard you say that you were facing "one of the greatest to ever lace up boots" and I got a little confused because I thought you were taking on Jeff Matthews tonight.

[Jericho visibly rolls his eyes at the obvious joke.]

D: Jeff Matthews is a perfect example of why no one can take that Hall of Fame seriously, kid. Because a superstar... a legend... an ICON like me isn't in it but Jeff

friggin' Matthews is. Jeff Matthews is most famous for choking on every opportunity handed to him! He's in the Hall of Fame of Choking! HAH!

[D smirks as his son stands behind him, hands on his hips.]

D: When wrestling fans and so-called experts talk about Jeff Matthews, they might like to talk about his World Title... they might like to talk about his feuds with Martinez... with Caleb Temple... but when I talk about Jeff Matthews, I want to talk about the guy OBSESSED with stealing MY spotlight!

[D wiggles his fingers in front of him.]

D: Flashback to 1997. 1997 is when a fledgling promotion trying to get to the next level declared a search for the greatest free agent on the market. A mission to sign them to bring them to the promised land. That company was the EMWC...

...and that free agent was me!

[The Playboy shakes his head.]

D: But no! I had to SHARE that distinction with Jeff friggin' Matthews! The EMWC declared us BOTH the top free agents and signed us both... debuted us both. That was MY time, Matthews! MY moment! And you stole it away from me!

And now... almost twenty years later... you're trying to do the exact same thing to my son.

[D turns, slapping his son on the chest.]

D: And I'll be DAMNED, Matthews... if I'm going to let it happen again. So, tonight... in Milan... in my son's debut... he's going to do to you what I begged those fat cats in the EMWC to let me do to you.

He's going to take that spotlight for himself...

...and smash it right over your head!

[D smirks, chuckling...]

D: Kid... we've got history to make! Down that aisle!

[D does the overhead double point off camera. Jericho looks sheepishly at the camera, giving a shrug before making his exit 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 fade back up in a locker room somewhere in the building where Jeff "Madfox" Matthews sits in front of his locker. Jeff's decked out in his wrestling attire and holding a roll of athletic tape in his hands. Jeff nods in acknowledgement of the camera, flips his leg over and straddles the bench so to face the camera.]

JMM: So my first match back will take place against a young man who will be having his first match ever.

[Jeff wraps a bit of tape around his wrists and fingers.]

JMM: Everyone remembers their first match.

[The Hall of Famer cracks a slight smile as you can see him thinking.]

JMM: October 26th, 1995. Southern Championship Wrestling, right in my hometown of Durham. My older brother John needed a partner and my dad thought there could be no better choice than his brother.

That was over 20 years ago.

[He just shakes his head as the thought of all that time enters his thoughts.]

JMM: I remember the butterflies in my stomach. I was sweating so much, my heart was racing... I damn near thought I'd have a heart attack. There couldn't have been more than 300 people in the Bethesda Athletic Association Gym that night. But it felt like a million. I felt all the eyes on us. I felt the pressure, the rush... I was hooked.

[Jeff stands up now and tosses the roll of tape into the open locker.]

JMM: Subsequently, wrestling ended up being my life. Now truth be told Jayden, I'm sure you've got to either have a love for what you're doing or your dad has been up your butt trying to mold you into the wrestler he could never be.

I sure hope it's the former.

[The former World Champion takes off the crucifix hanging around his neck and hangs it on one of the hooks inside the locker. He grabs his black elbow pads and closes the locker door.]

JMM: You need to love this sport of ours. You need to have those butterflies in your stomach when you walk down that aisle as they announce your name for the very first time. Sweat better be running down your brow as you walk up those stairs. Your heart better be pounding a million miles per hour when you step into the squared circle.

[Matthews smirks.]

JMM: And you better be ready. Because back on that day, I was ready. All those feelings rushing at me didn't deter me, didn't stop me, didn't change what I felt and what I feel today.

I know I can wrestle and I know I'm damn good at it. And you're about to learn that first hand.

[The Madfox starts to walk away before looking back for one last thought...]

JMM: Everyone remembers their first match. Especially when it's a loss. See ya in the ring, kid.

[And we fade from the departing Hall of Famer back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

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

[The lights in the arena dim down as a flashing pink heart appears on the video wall, thumping stronger... and faster... and suddenly it cracks in half, light bursting from it as it shatters to reveal the name of the man it represents: "JAYDEN JERICHO"

"Immortal" by Eve To Adam starts up over the PA system, sending the crowd into jeers as Ortiz continues.]

RO: From Toronto, Canada... weighing in at 215 pounds... he is accompanied by his manager and father, "Playboy" Ronnie D... making his professional wrestling debut...

He is... THE PRODIGY...

JAAAAAYYYYYYDENNNNN JERICHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[A pink spotlight hits the entryway as "Playboy" Ronnie D emerges, a white towel with red hearts all over it over his shoulder as he strides into view. He smirks at the jeering crowd, dropping to a knee and pointing back to the curtain where the fruit of his loins walks into view, wearing exactly what he was during his pre-match promo.]

BW: There he is, Gordo... set to make his pro wrestling debut right here in Milan... the man they call The Prodigy... the son of the Playboy... Jayden Jericho!

GM: There he is indeed... but I just have to wonder who exactly is calling this young man "the Prodigy."

BW: Right now, it's just his dad, I think, but after he beats a Hall of Famer in his pro wrestling debut, everyone will be saying it!

GM: We'll see about that.

[Ronnie D leads his son down the aisle, running his mouth at every Tom, Dick, and Pietro in the crowd. Jericho looks nervous, his forehead already covered with a sheen of sweat. The duo arrives to the ring, D climbing the steps and ducking through the ropes, going into a spin and leaving his son on the apron. Jericho grabs the top rope, slingshotting into the ring. D slides out to the middle of the ring, dropping to a knee and striking a double bicep pose as his son slides behind him, standing with his arms crossed.]

GM: I don't even know what to say about this, Bucky. Who's wrestling this match? Jayden Jericho or his egomaniacal father?!

BW: Hey, "Playboy" Ronnie D looks in great shape to me. He could probably climb in there tonight and take that National Title right off Travis Lynch if Brian James can't compete.

GM: Highly unlikely.

[Jericho settles back into the corner, taking deep breaths as he waits for his opponent to emerge.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

[Sounds of gunfire reverberate throughout the arena as the opening guitar part starts up to "One" by Metallica. There's a huge reaction from the Italian fans as the spotlight hits the entranceway. It stays there focused for a few more seconds as the song gets to James Hetfield's voice.]

#I can't remember anything, can't tell if this is true or dream.
#Deep down inside I feel the scream, this terrible silence stops me.
#Now that the war is through with me, I'm waking up I can not see.
#That there's not much left of me, nothing is real but pain now

[The crowd joins in on..]

#HOLD MY BREATH AS I WISH FOR DEATH... OH PLEASE GOD WAKE ME!

[Out from behind the curtain steps Jeff Matthews, decked out in his ring attire which consists of crimson colored wrestling tights and high, laced up black boots. The former World Champion's body is covered with the tattoos of Temple and the scars which he has endured throughout his career. The Hall of Famer slowly slides the black elbow pads into place and methodically makes his way to the ring, every so often looking to the crowd.]

GM: And there HE is, fans! Former World Champion! A member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame! One of the all-time greats in our sport-

BW: Oh, give it a rest, Gordo!

GM: Jeff "The Madfox" Matthews... and he's heading towards the ring for his first match in many years!

[Matthews keeps his eyes on Jayden Jericho who looks like he might throw up despite his father standing by his side, talking a non-stop blur of words to his son.]

GM: Jayden Jericho may think he's the Prodigy, fans, but his opponent tonight is the real deal!

[D nudges his son... once... twice... as Matthews nears the ringsteps...

...and suddenly, Jericho sprints across the ring, HURLING himself over both the turnbuckles and the corner post, getting king-sized air as he WIPES OUT Jeff Matthews with a somersault dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: YOU WERE SAYING, GORDO?! HOLY HELL!

GM: An incredible dive out of the gate by Jayden Jericho, urged on by his father who looks incredibly pleased with himself!

[Jericho gets back to his feet, clutching his midsection as he exhales rapidly, looking down at the floored Hall of Famer.]

GM: Jayden Jericho, before the bell could even ring, with a death-defying dive to the floor and the 6'1, 215 pounder got BIG air on that one, Bucky. I've gotta admit that.

BW: Jericho's gotta stay on him though. He's a little shell-shocked at having pulled that off, I think.

[D is SCREAMING at his son, ordering him to "STAY ON HIM! STAY ON HIM, KID!" Jericho quickly nods, pulling Matthews off the floor and tossing him back under the ropes as the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Jericho scrambles up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands. He slingshots back over the ropes, dropping an elbow down on Matthews' chest before sliding into a lateral press.]

GM: Quick cover... just a one count though.

[D again shouts at Jericho who scrambles back to his feet. He looks out to his father who clenches his fist, slamming it repeatedly into his own hand. Jericho nods, grabbing Matthews by the hair and delivering a right hand that sends the Madfox falling back into the buckles.]

GM: Jericho with the snap mare out of the corner... oh!

[The crowd groans as Jericho rattles the spine of the former World Champion with a kick to the back...

...and then dashes to the far side, running back in with a basement dropkick to the mush! Jericho again scrambles into a cover, this time getting a two count before Matthews kicks out a second time.]

GM: Very quick, very impactful offense at the outset of this one by young Jayden Jericho... all of 18 years old out of Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

[Jericho pulls Matthews off the mat again, looking a little puzzled before grabbing an arm, whipping the Madfox into the corner.]

BW: And the one thing you notice about Jayden Jericho right off the bat is that he's got some work to do to get to the level of a polished performer. He seems to only be thinking about the move in front of him. He's not looking ahead... he's not thinking ahead. So, when he finishes an attack, there's a pause before he goes into what he wants to do next... and that pause can be the difference between a two count and a three count, Gordo.

GM: Or against a guy like Jeff Matthews, it can be the difference between victory and defeat.

[Jericho approaches the corner slowly, winding up to deliver a forearm smash to the jaw. He grabs Matthews by the arm, looking for another whip but the Madfox reverses it, sending Jericho smashing into the far corner.]

GM: Ohh! Jericho goes crashing into the buckles, staggering back out...

[The Madfox buries a right hand into the midsection, doubling up Jericho as he slides in beside him, wrapping him up and snapping him back with a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: And Matthews showing off that Hall of Fame attack!

[Matthews slides into a pin attempt, getting a two count of his own before Jericho slips free.]

GM: Two count there as well.

[The Hall of Famer pulls Jericho off the mat, lighting him up with a pair of knife edge chops across the chest, sending Jericho stumbling back where he falls into the ropes.]

GM: Up again the ropes...

[Ronnie D rushes to the ropes, shouting up at his son as Matthews winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh my! Big chop by the Madfox!

[D again shouts at his son as Matthews pushes Jericho back, looking for another one...

...but Jericho executes a picture perfect reversal, turning Matthews back into the corner.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Goodness!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

BW: You could hear that one over in Portugal!

[Jericho quickly grabs Matthews by the arm, shooting him across the ring again...

...and does a full spin, swinging his arm out to build up speed as he drops his opponent with a spinning knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Wow! He laid him out with that one... and Jericho again makes a cover... and Jericho again gets a two count, fans!

BW: Are you impressed yet, Gordo?

GM: Hey, the kid looks like he might have something for sure.

[Jericho turns, walking towards the corner...

...but Ronnie D lights him up from the floor, shouting at him and pointing wildly at the downed Matthews...]

GM: It looked like Jericho was going to go up top but... Ronnie D got his attention and says no.

[Jericho looks a little confused for a moment and then goes back towards Matthews, grabbing him by the hair to pull him up...

...and gets rolled into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A frantic Ronnie D pounds his fists into the canvas, screaming at his son who narrowly avoided a pinfall loss in his pro wrestling debut a moment ago.]

GM: Jayden Jericho almost got caught there! That moment of indecision was almost the difference right there!

[Jericho is quickly up, a step quicker than his older opponent, lashing out with a thrust kick to the midsection to double Matthews up. Matthews staggers in a circle, slumping down to a knee near the ropes. D shouts at his son from the floor, ordering him to attack again.]

GM: Jayden Jericho moving in...

[Jericho throws his father a reluctant look before sliding his shin over the back of Matthews' neck, using it to choke him over the middle rope.]

GM: Oh, and like father like son, I suppose! An illegal choke right there!

BW: You think a killer instinct is hereditary?

GM: I have no idea.

[Jericho breaks off the choke at three, backing off as the official reprimands him...

...which allows his father to wind up and BLAST Matthews with a right hand, sending him falling back inside the ring as D blows on his own knuckles, a wide smirk on his face.]

GM: Big right hand - a cheapshot of course - from Ronnie D puts Matthews down on the mat.

[Jericho again grimaces at his father before stepping back in, pulling Matthews up by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip by Jericho... leapfrogs up and over Matthews!

[The Madfox hits the far ropes, bouncing off again towards Jericho's back. But at the right moment, Jericho leaps into the air again, blindly leapfrogging Matthews a second time...]

GM: Wow! Blind leapfrog by Jericho!

[And as Matthews bounces off the ropes a third time, Jericho leaps up, locking his legs around the head and neck, and SNAPS Matthews over with a rana, throwing him down to the mat where Matthews promptly rolls right out to the floor...]

BW: Look at that, Gordo! Now THAT was impressive!

[Jericho comes right back to his feet, turning to look over his shoulder as Matthews who is outside the ring...

...and he dashes to the ropes, rebounding off, charging across the ring...]

GM: JERICO DIVES!

[But as Jericho sails like a missile between the ropes, Matthews explodes upwards, catching him with a big forearm shot to the jaw, stopping him cold and leaving him dangling over the middle rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MATTHEWS KNOCKS HIM OUT OF THE SKY! OH MY!

[With Jericho dangling over the ropes, Ronnie D races around the ring, looking to check on his son...

...and nearly runs right into Jeff Matthews, fists balled up and at the ready.]

GM: Uh oh! We may have a problem out there!

[Matthews threatens D who backs off, shouting at the Madfox as he pulls himself up on the apron, measuring Jericho...

...and then goes running down the apron, delivering a big running kneelift that snaps Jericho's head back!]

GM: OH!

[The Madfox turns, ducking through the ropes to get back inside the ring. He circles around, moving in behind Jericho who is still hanging through the ropes.]

GM: Waistlock! Matthews looking for the German Suplex!

[Jericho feels the suplex coming though and frantically hooks onto the middle rope, hanging on as Matthews repeatedly tries to pull him free...]

GM: Matthews can't pull him free! Jericho's trying to save himself!

[D slides into position, reaching out to grab his son's wrists, hanging on for dear life...]

GM: Oh, come on! Ronnie D is holding on to his son! He's blocking the suplex!

[But Matthews is still fighting for it as referee Ricky Longfellow spots the illegal assist. He angrily steps out onto the apron, shouting a warning at D who ignores him...

...so the referee KICKS the clasped hands, breaking the grip and sending both men falling apart!]

GM: Oh!

BW: That's illegal! The referee's not allowed to do that!

[Matthews pulls Jericho away from the ropes, taking him up and over with a picture-perfect bridging German Suplex!]

GM: OHHH! HE GETS THE SUPLEX!

[Longfellow steps back into the ring, diving down to the mat...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Jericho's shoulder goes flying off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: JERICO KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Matthews rolls to his knees, smashing a hand down into the canvas as he glares at the downed Jericho. Ronnie D climbs off the floor, grabbing the ropes as he frantically looks in at his son, trying to figure out what advice to give now.]

GM: Matthews back up, pulling Jericho off the mat...

[The Madfox scoops him up, slamming him down on the canvas before backing to the corner, hopping up on the middle rope...]

GM: Matthews on the middle rope... taking aim...

[The former World Champion leaps from his perch, jamming the point of his elbow down into the throat as Jericho's legs kick up off the mat. As he settles back down, Matthews attempts another lateral press.]

GM: He covers again... ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The shoulder pops up off the mat again as Ronnie D throws a fit on the floor, fanning himself with his hands.]

GM: Matthews almost got him there and Ronnie D knows it!

[D is absolutely screaming at his son now as Matthews pulls Jericho off the canvas...

...and reaches back, snatching Jericho in a three-quarter nelson!]

GM: FOXDEN!

[But Jericho shoves Matthews in the back with both hands, sending Matthews stumbling forward...

...and as the Madfox turns, Jericho snaps off a quick, jabbing thrust kick up under the chin!]

GM: Superkick!

[Jericho backs off, throwing a second and third... quick and stabbing with very little impact but enough to stun the Madfox.]

GM: Matthews is dazed!

[With his opponent standing, Jericho turns to dash to the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, springing off as he twists around into a crossbody...

...which is when the Madfox uncoils, popping up to snatch the three-quarter nelson, and DRIVES Jericho's skull into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FOXDEN! FOXDEN! HE NAILED IT!

[Matthews flips Jericho over onto his back, nodding along with the referee's easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING"

[The Madfox quickly gets up, raising his hand and flashing a grin at a despondent Ronnie D out on the floor. He turns a gaze towards Jericho, giving the laid-out rookie a quick nod before dropping to the mat, rolling out to the floor, and making his way back up the aisle to the cheers of the Italian crowd.]

GM: Jeff Matthews declares victory in his return to the ring, snapping off that dreaded Foxden to knock Jericho flat and claim the win... but I have to admit, it was a heck of a showing for the young rookie as well, Bucky.

BW: It was. And no matter how upset Ronnie D is at this moment, the kid showed flashes of excellence and given time, he could be a major player in the world of pro wrestling.

GM: Matthews makes his exit... it's gotta feel good for him to come out on top after so many years away from the sport, Bucky.

BW: I'm not a chanting guy but "you've still got it" seems to apply right here for sure...

GM: It certainly-

"NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. NO. NOOOOOOO!"

[The high-pitched anger of Ronnie D cuts off Gordon. The crowd is jeering loudly.]

D: This was NOT supposed to happen! My son... oh, my son...

[D looks down at the still-out Jericho.]

D: Jeff Matthews, you son of a...

[D trails off, looking down at his boots with a shake of his head.]

D: This isn't over. This isn't done. This isn't- my son WILL beat you, Matthews! My son WILL put you down! I'm... this isn't...

[The Playboy kneels down to his son, lifting him into a seated position so that they can both look into the camera even though Jayden is still slumped over.]

D: WE WANT A REMATCH!

[D flings the microphone aside, getting cheers at the idea of another Jericho/Matthews battle but boos because he's Ronnie D.]

GM: Well... that was abundantly clear right there. It was a decisive victory for Jeff Matthews over Jayden Jericho but apparently Ronnie D hasn't had enough - he wants this match again.

BW: Is he sure about that? I think the kid is still unconscious.

GM: He sounded pretty sure... but it remains to be seen if Jeff Matthews and the AWA will grant that rematch.

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

GM: Fans, this European Tour has been a very special event for us so far... and perhaps the most special part has been getting to meet so many of our dedicated fans all over the continent who have been begging us to come here for so many years. It's really heartwarming to see someone like the new World Champion, Jack Lynch, signing autographs and taking photos at a local hospital this week. Or Daniel Harper and Howie Somers taking in a soccer match and posing for pictures with the team after the game. But perhaps the man who has made the most appearances - by request mind you - is the AWA National Champion himself, Travis Lynch. While we still don't know if we'll see Travis in action later tonight, let's take a look at Travis earlier this week in London where a very special announcement was made...

[We fade to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK" where Travis Lynch is standing in a warehouse where a wrestling ring is set up. He has a huge grin on his face as he greets someone with an embrace. Wrestling fans might recognize the man as "Prince" Colin Hayden, former PCW star and longtime friend of the Lynch family.

We cut to a closeup of Hayden and Travis addressing the camera.]

CH: It's been too long, old friend.

TL: It has. I keep trying to get this guy to come to the States... come stand with Jack, Bobby, Ryan, and the rest of us against guys like the Kings and the Axis but... well, you've got quite the thing going on for yourself here.

[Travis gestures to the warehouse.]

CH: It's not a ton, brother, but it's home.

[We cut to a shot of two wrestlers in the ring in this warehouse as Hayden barks instructions from the floor. Travis watches, a grin on his face as one of the wrestlers throws a discus punch.]

CH: That one was for you, Trav.

TL: I figured.

CH: AY! Knock that stuff off. Back to the headlock!

[We cut back to a closeup of Hayden.]

CH: After all those years working in Texas, I was more than a little homesick when PCW shut its doors... so after things never quite worked out with the AWA, I came back to London and opened my own company: Battle Knights Wrestling. The ol' BK as some of our fans like to call it. We've got the school here... shows once or twice a month...

[Cut to footage of one of those shows where a lanky pale individual is wrapping up a poor victim in an excruciating-looking submission hold.]

CH: So far, we haven't had a lot of luck exporting some of our talent to the States but we've had guys work in Japan... in Mexico... across all of Europe of course. But we're hoping to change all that.

[Cut back to Travis and Colin standing side-by-side.]

TL: Which is why I'm here. The AWA sent me today to take part in a big press event with Colin.

[Cut to footage of said press event where Travis is standing in front of a scrum of reporters.]

TL: ...and it's a great privilege to announce that the AWA has officially signed a talent exchange agreement with Battle Knights Wrestling. We'll be sending some of our guys over here to compete from time to time and we expect to see some top notch British talent making their way to the good ol' US of A in the very near future.

[A grinning Hayden gets up, shaking Travis' hand as flashbulbs pop all over. We freeze frame...

...and then fade back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside. Bucky looks disgusted.]

GM: A big moment there for European fans. The AWA is always looking to bring in the best talent from all over the world and this just takes one more step in that direction for us. Our thanks go out to our new partner "Prince" Colin Hayden and his Battle Knights Wrestling group for letting us behind their curtain a little bit... and of course, to Travis Lynch who has really served as a kind of ambassador for the AWA during this European Tour, maintaining a heavy promotional schedule while continuing to defend his title week in and week out at our live events.

BW: Against Gellar's favorite tomato cans of the week. Lynch's defense schedule is about as bad as Mason's list of upcoming opponents. What a joke!

[Gordon just ignores Bucky as he continues.]

GM: Of course, Travis Lynch was scheduled to defend the National Title here tonight. If you're just joining us, you missed his scheduled opponent, Brian James, being attacked earlier tonight off-camera by an unknown assailant. James has already been removed from the Steal The Spotlight match that is coming up in a short while and is en route to the hospital. We do not have an update on his condition yet but we've dispatched our own Theresa Lynch to the same hospital to try to get us one. We'll be checking in with Theresa whenever she arrives on the scene but for now, we're going to take a quick break. Don't go away though, fans, because when we come back, it'll be tag team action with the Samoan Hit Squad taking on Chris Choynet and Cesar Hernandez!

[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 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 fade back up backstage where Mark Stegglet stands between Cesar Hernandez and Chris Choynet. Hernandez, to Stegglet's left, is dressed in a stylish jacket with pleated sleeves and frills along the torso, white wrestling trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots. Choynet, to Stegglet's right, is dressed in a University of Maine letterman jacket, blue and white, along with bright blue trunks, blue kneepads and white wrestling boots.]

MS: Cesar Hernandez and Chris Choynet, you get another shot at the Samoan Hit Squad tonight. I know both of you want to avenge the injury to a good friend of yours, Rene Rousseau, who has been sidelined him for months. But I take it that it's more than wanting to avenge what happened to Rousseau -- you have made it clear that this is more about how Dave Cooper has treated others backstage. Cesar Hernandez, would you care to expand on that?

CH: Mark, there are a lot of ways I could expand on that -- it's how the Lion's Den reminds me of every single gang that has formed throughout the AWA's existence, in which a few men who aren't secure enough in their God-given abilities to get the job done inside the ring, decide they need to band together and stack the deck against everyone who gets in their way! I look at Dave Cooper and the Samoans

and I don't see any difference between them and the Kings of Wrestling, or between them and the Axis. Their purpose is the same -- use a numbers game to intimidate anybody who dares to stand up to them!

And I'm standing right here, telling everyone that I have had enough! So, tonight, my good friend Chris and I will make our stand against the Lion's Den, defeat the Samoan Hit Squad and make Dave Cooper realize that we are not going to be intimidated by his numbers game!

MS: Chris Choisnet, I take it the feeling is mutual.

CC: Cesar couldn't have put it any better, Mark -- but there's more to it than what Cesar said. I know he'll agree with me that the likes of Cooper and the Samoans think they can do anything they please and get away with it! They thought they could take out my usual tag team partner and I'd just disappear! They thought they could send threats my way and I wouldn't respond! They thought they could make me a bad offer and act like I was just supposed to take it, no questions asked! And they especially think that Cesar and I were going to give up after one setback!

But they've been proven wrong on all accounts! And tonight, Cesar and I are going to have our final response to everything Cooper and the Samoans have thrown at us! Not only will we send a message to the Lion's Den, but to any other gang who tries to use a numbers game to intimidate others, that we aren't going to take it any more!

[He exchanges a high five with Hernandez.]

CH: Mark, it was two weeks ago that Jack Lynch inspired everyone in the AWA locker room who believes in doing the right thing that you can stand up to those who want to stack the deck against you and prove you are still the better man! Tonight, Chris and I plan to continue that, and you better believe that just as Jack had people who would back him up, Chris and I have that as well. Arriba!

[With that, he and Choisnet walk off the set.]

MS: Hernandez and Choisnet are clearly fired up about tonight's match! Let's go to Sweet Lou Blackwell who is standing by with the Lion's Den.

[We cut to another area backstage, where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop. To Blackwell's left is Dave Cooper, who wears tan slacks and a white button-down shirt. Next to Cooper is one half of the Samoan Hit Squad, Scola, who has an afro and is dressed in black tights with a blue floral pattern. Mafu stands to Blackwell's right -- Mafu is dressed in a similar pair of tights and his black hair hangs down the sides of his face.]

SLB: In just a few moments, Cesar Hernandez and Chris Choisnet will step into the ring against these two men, Mafu and Scola, the Samoan Hit Squad, with their manager, Dave Cooper. Now, Dave Cooper, as Hernandez mentioned, it was two weeks ago that Jack Lynch won the World title in what some may have called an unexpected turn of events. It sounds like that has motivated Hernandez and Choisnet to strive for what some might call an upset victory over your men!

DC: Blackwell, the only upset that's going to happen tonight is anybody taking bets on Hernandez and Choisnet winning, being upset that that bet on the wrong team! Hernandez can stand there and talk all he wants about Jack Lynch winning the World title, but that's because Johnny Detson fell into the trap of not staying focused! But Scola and Mafu are smarter than that -- all you have to do is watch what they've done since I brought them back to the AWA. No matter what the objective was, Blackwell, Scola and Mafu have accomplished it, and that's what has

allowed them to rise up the tag team ranks in the AWA. Tonight, they will continue that rise after they end this, once and for all, with Hernandez and his partner.

SLB: Dave Cooper, while your men have had a strong run of success since returning to the AWA, do you have any worries that you may be looking past Hernandez and Choynet...

[That prompts Cooper to hold up his hand and an annoyed look to form on his face.]

DC: Blackwell, I'm gonna stop you right there -- the one thing I stress with every single member of the Lion's Den is you don't look past anybody! Hernandez and Choynet may be two idiots who can't take a hint that they aren't good enough to get the job done against Scola and Mafu, but that doesn't mean they'll just shrug their shoulders about this match. Like said, the Samoans are smart men and they understand why I stress to them the things I do. And they know it's going to be exactly what leads them to the World tag team titles in the future.

[He jerks a finger toward Blackwell.]

DC: Now, I was about to say you could ask Scola a question if you wanted, but you already got on his bad side by even hinting he might look past somebody.

[With that, Cooper motions to Scola. Blackwell notices that Scola is glaring at him, a frown on his face.]

DC: But you blew it with your attempts at advancing a narrative. If you want to do that, Blackwell, you stick to your app and figure out what a hashtag is!

SLB: It's only a fair question, Dave Cooper, considering what happened with Detson and the Kings of Wrestling and...

[Blackwell is cut off as Mafu snatches the mic from him. Mafu throws his head back, his hair parting away from his face, revealing the wild look in his eyes.]

M: We aren't the Kings of Wrestling! We don't concern ourselves with petty disputes with Emerson Gellar! We only concern ourselves with whoever we face in that ring! Tonight, it's Hernandez and Choynet who we face, and we are concerned with only one thing -- destroying them! Once that's done, we will focus on whoever dares to be the next team to step into that ring with us! And that's what we'll continue to do until we get our shot at the World tag team titles!

[He turns toward Cooper and slaps him on the shoulder.]

M: Mr. Cooper has treated us with respect, unlike others before who pretended they were working in our interests, only to cast us aside because they blamed us for everything! That is why my brother and I will not disappoint Mr. Cooper! We are focused, we are ready, and we will not look past Hernandez and Choynet! We are going to end this, once and for all, no questions asked!

[With that, he shoves the mic back to Blackwell. Cooper gets a smirk on his face.]

DC: You see what you did, Blackwell -- you insulted Mafu. When he gets insulted, he gets angry. And when he gets angry -- well, he's gonna take it out on somebody, and tonight, that somebody happens to be Hernandez and Choynet. That's the end of the discussion, Blackwell!

[Cooper directs Mafu to follow him and they walk off camera. Scola, meanwhile, keeps staring at Blackwell, a menacing stare on his face.]

SLB: I suppose you haven't changed your mind about...

[Scola grunts, rolls his eyes, shakes his head and dismissively waves at Blackwell, then walks off the set as well.]

SLB: I wonder if Larry King ever had problems with a guest giving him the silent treatment. Gordon, let's go back to you!

[We fade to a panning shot of the crowd jammed into the arena in Milan as Gordon speaks up.]

GM: Thanks, Lou, and... well, Bucky, we've been waiting for this one for a while.

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo. You and all those bleeding hearts who think dopes like Hernandez and Schwanee stand a chance against two bloodthirsty savages like the Samoans have been looking forward to this. Me? I've already seen it and I ain't a fan of reruns. I expect this one to go no different than the last time - Samoans win... period.

GM: Let's go up to the ring and find out if you're right! Rebecca, take it away!

[Cut to the ring where the shapely ring announcer is standing.]

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

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

RO: At a total combined weight of 463 pounds... they are the team of...

CEEEEEEEESAAAAAAR HERNANDEZZZZZZ...

AND CHRIS CHOISSSSSSNEEEEEEEEEEEEEET!

[Immediately, Cesar Hernandez steps from behind the curtain, and takes a deep theatrical bow to the audience as Chris Choynet, a determined expression on his face, strides out behind him. He slaps his partner on the shoulder as the duo starts down the aisle together.]

GM: A popular duo here in the AWA after coming together when Choynet's usual partner - Rene Rousseau - was injured at the hands of the Samoans. Rousseau, we're told, is getting better by the day and hopes to be cleared for in-ring competition sometime in the next couple of months.

BW: In the meantime, I've gotta put up with Hernandez and Schwanee who couldn't be a more annoying team if they were genetically engineered in a lab with pieces of Joshua Dusscher, Henrietta Lynch, and The Rave.

[Hernandez and Choynet reach the ring in tandem, both pulling themselves up on the apron and ducking through the ropes to a big reaction. They play to the crowd for a bit before settling back into their corner, huddling up as they get ready for action.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The unmistakable notes from the tuba that signals the start of "The Theme from Jaws" kicks in over the PA system.]

RO: Being led toward the ring by their manager, "The Professional" Dave Cooper... from the Isle of Samoa, at a combined weight of 530 pounds... Scola and Mafu... THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!

["The Professional" Dave Cooper comes through the entrance first. He has thinning brown hair and a mustache, and is dressed in a pair of tan dress slacks and a white button-down shirt. Walking behind him are Scola and Mafu. Scola, the larger of the two, has an afro and is dressed in a pair of black tights with a blue floral pattern and white wrestling boots. His partner, Mafu, has unkempt black hair that hangs down the sides of his face, is dressed in a similar pair of tights, but he does not wear wrestling boots, although his bare feet have white tape wrapped around them.

The Samoan Hit Squad follows Cooper to the ring, Scola keeping a stoic look on his face, a hard stare in his eyes, while Mafu has a wilder look in his eyes and a smile, as if he can't wait to tear into his opponent. Cooper has a smirk on his face as he leads his charges to the ring. Scola climbs up on the apron as Mafu slides under the bottom rope...

...which is the fired-up fan favorites cue to strike!]

GM: DOUBLE DROPKICK!

[The four feet clash into the torso of Scola, sending him flying backwards off the apron. As they get to their feet, the wild-eyed Mafu awaits them, flailing about with reckless chops and stiff-fingers strikes towards anyone within range...

...but the tandem offense of Hernandez and Choynet gets the better of Mafu, driving him back against the ropes where each man grabs an arm, whipping the wild Samoan across the ring...]

GM: Double whip across...

[The fan favorites duck down, LAUNCHING Mafu overhead with a double backdrop that gets the crowd roaring!]

GM: OHHHH MY! WHAT A DOUBLE-TEAM MANEUVER!

[And at a shout from Dave Cooper, Mafu slides out to the floor, joining Scola and Cooper. Cooper huddles them up, glaring up at Choynet who approaches the ropes, shouting at them to get back in the ring.]

GM: It's unusual to see Chris Choynet - or Cesar Hernandez for that matter - attack before the bell but considering the circumstances, I also can't say I'm surprised by it. Their good friend - and tag partner in Choynet's case - Rene Rousseau has been sidelined for months at the hands of the Samoans and these two want their pound of flesh as payback, Bucky.

BW: Looking for payback against the Samoans is like trying to snatch a bone away from a Rottweiler. You may come back short one arm.

[Cooper finishes talking to his men, sending them towards the ring as the referee forces Cesar Hernandez out to the apron.]

GM: So, it looks like it'll be Chris Choynet starting things off against-

[The University of Maine graduate races across the ring, grabbing the top rope just as Mafu does the same...

...and slingshots him into a front flip, bringing the wild Samoan crashing down on the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! Choisnet coming in hot from the outset... and there's the bell! This one is official!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Choisnet quickly brings Mafu up off the mat, backing him into the ropes for another Irish whip. As the Samoan rebounds, Choisnet goes downstairs with a boot to the midsection before hitting the ropes himself, leaping up and over with a sunset flip!]

GM: Choisnet takes him down for one! For two!

[But Mafu clashes his bare feet together on the ears of Choisnet, breaking up the pin attempt. Choisnet is quickly up off the mat, grabbing the rising Mafu by the arm, twisting it around into an armwringer as he backs him across the ring and slaps Cesar Hernandez' outstretched hand.]

GM: Quick tag to Hernandez...

[The Mexican superstar steps into the ring, winding up and bringing the point of his elbow down across Mafu's shoulder.]

GM: Ohh! And right down on the arm goes Hernandez!

[Mafu wanders away, shaking out his arm but Hernandez is in hot pursuit, grabbing the arm, twisting it around again with enough force to flip Mafu over and put him down on the canvas.]

GM: Wow! That'll do some damage... as will that legdrop down across the bicep!

[Mafu grimaces as Hernandez slides into a lateral press, pushing the arm down to the mat and scoring a two count.]

GM: Another two count and Hernandez is right back on the arm, twisting it around again...

[He walks Mafu back to the corner again, slapping Chris Choisnet's outstretched hand. Choisnet ducks through the ropes, hopping up to the midbuckle, and comes off with a double axehandle across the arm!]

GM: Ohh! And Choisnet with another attack to the arm, really trying to take that weapon away from Mafu!

[Choisnet grabs the arm, wrenching it around again...

...and Mafu buries a knee up into the midsection, turning towards his corner...]

GM: Mafu looking to get out of there...

[But Choisnet keeps his grip on the arm, causing Mafu to fall back down to the canvas, his arm still trapped. The crowd cheers as Choisnet takes aim, dropping a knee down across the bicep.]

GM: Ohh! And this time, it's Choisnet dropping all his weight down on the arm.

[Kneeling on the bicep, Choisnet grabs the wrist, twisting it as he grinds his knee down on the arm. Dave Cooper shouts something to Mafu as Scola paces on the apron, waiting to get inside the ring.]

GM: Quick tags back and forth are the trademark of any good tag team and Hernandez and Choisnet are showing them off in the early going of this one, Bucky.

BW: You know when they'll need a quick tag? When Mafu is gnawing on their ear. When Scola is pressing them high enough overhead, their backs are getting burned by the lights. That's when they'll need to tag out.

[Mafu battles back to his feet as Chosinet hangs onto the arm, twisting it around again. The Samoan grimaces, grabbing at his shoulder as Choisnet applies more pressure to the limb.]

GM: Choisnet's got the arm, looking for another tag...

[But Mafu reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes of Choisnet. This breaks up the hold, leaving Choisnet blinded and frantically rubbing his eyes to clear his vision as Mafu darts across the ring, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Mafu goes to the eyes, creating enough space to make the tag!

[Scola comes in hot, barreling in on Choisnet who ducks a clothesline, sliding around into a waistlock. He rides Scola's momentum into the far corner, smashing him into the buckles before rolling him back in a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: Shades of Adam Rogers with the rollup! ONE!! TWO!!

[The powerful Scola kicks out, sending Choisnet hard towards his own corner where Choisnet hops up to the middle rope, spinning around to face the rising Scola, and leaps off...]

GM: Double axehan- caught!

[Scola catches the flying Choisnet with ease, holding him off the mat before popping his hips and hurling him overhead with a belly-to-belly, bouncing him off the canvas!]

BW: And that's pure power right there, daddy!

[The powerhouse of the Samoan Hit Squad comes to his feet, glaring at Hernandez, almost daring him to make a move but Hernandez stays in the corner, shouting encouragement to Choisnet as Scola stalks towards him, drilling the rising fan favorite with a double axehandle across the shoulderblades, sending him falling into the Samoans' corner.]

GM: Chris Choisnet is in the wrong part of town here, fans.

[Scola winds up, throwing a pair of forearm shanks into the kidneys before the referee orders him to step back...

...which allows Mafu to hook his hands behind Choisnet's head, pulling his throat down on the top rope!]

GM: That's a choke, ref! Turn around and take a look!

BW: He's doing his job and getting Scola out of the corner.

[Mafu lets go just as the official turns, leaving Choisnet gasping for air in the corner, facing out to the middle of the ring where Scola charges in, burying his shoulder in the midsection of the man from Portland, Maine!]

GM: Ohh! Big running tackle, trying to knock the wind out of Choisnet!

[Pulling the smaller man from the buckles, Scola muscles him up with ease, holding him across his chest effortlessly before stepping out of the corner, and dropping Choynet down across a bent knee!]

GM: Backbreaker by Scola!

BW: He ain't done with him either!

[Scola muscles Choynet back up, bringing him down a second time!]

GM: A second backbreaker!

[He lifts him again, this time switching his position...

...and drops him gutfirst on the knee!]

GM: And a gutbuster to round out the trio!

[Scola flips Choynet off his bent knee, sliding into a cover.]

GM: Choynet's down for one... for two... but he gets that shoulder up in time!

[The largest man in the match slowly rises to his feet, staring across the ring at Cesar Hernandez who is trying to rally the fans behind Chris Choynet. Scola reaches down, snatching a handful of Choynet's hair as he hauls him back to his feet, shoving him into the neutral corner.]

GM: Scola pushes him back to the buckles... big tackle downstairs... and another... and a third...

[Straightening up, Scola grabs Choynet by the arm, rocketing him across the ring where he crashes into the buckles, staggering back out towards Scola who muscles him up into a fireman's carry...

...and DRIVES him back down to the canvas with a Samoan Drop!]

GM: OHHH! That might do it, fans!

[Scola flips over, pressing his hands down into the chest as he covers with his arms at full extension.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, Choynet kicks out, causing Scola to fall down to the canvas. Scola angrily barks in the direction of the official, slamming his balled up fist into the mat.]

GM: Scola obviously didn't care for that count, pulling Choynet up off the mat again...

[He reaches under Choynet's armpits, hoisting him into the air and throwing him back into the Samoans' corner.]

GM: Scola makes the tag, in comes Mafu...

[Mafu steps up, throwing a stiff thrust kick into the abdomen as Scola holds him postured up. With Cooper shouting into the ring, Mafu snatches the hair of Choynet, pulling him into a side headlock and pressing his face against the top

rope, slowly walking alongside the rope, raking Choynet's face against it as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[As they near the neutral corner, Mafu lets go, raising his arms as Choynet stumbles forward into the buckles...

...which allows Mafu to dig his fingernails into Choynet's back before violently raking the skin!]

GM: Ahhh!

BW: Mafu's like a wild animal in there. No rule is sacred to him, Gordo.

[The referee is reprimanding Mafu for the blatant cheating when he snatches Choynet by the hair with both hands before delivering a skull-splitting headbutt to the back of the head, shoving Choynet forward where he slumps down to his hands and knees.]

GM: Mafu pushes him down... and Choynet's making a move for the corner!

[Choynet starts crawling across the mat, looking towards Cesar Hernandez' outstretched arm...]

GM: Choynet's trying to get across that ring and make the tag but-

[But Mafu simply grabs Choynet by the ankle, dragging him all the way back across the ring. He reaches out, tagging Scola as Choynet rolls to his back, drawing his legs in and exploding outwards, kicking Mafu's back and driving him into the corner!]

GM: Choynet kicks Mafu off of him!

[He flips back to all fours, crawling across the ring as Scola steps in, takes aim, and lowers the boom in the form of an elbowdrop down across the small of the back!]

GM: Ohh! And that'll stop Choynet short!

[Scola gets back up, kicking Choynet a few times before pulling him back to his feet. A desperate Choynet throws a right hand that the powerful Scola catches under his armpit. The left that follows gets snared as well as Scola postures up, slamming his head down into Choynet's skull once... twice... three times... four times. As he lets go, Choynet falls back against the ropes...]

GM: Scola to the ropes, building up speed!

[But as the biggest man in the match attempts a running clothesline, Chris Choynet ducks down, pulling the top rope with him, sending Scola sailing over the ropes and crashing down to the floor to a big cheer!]

GM: OH MY! CHOINET GETS OUT OF THE WAY AND DOWN GOES SCOLA!

[Dave Cooper rushes over to be by Scola's side as Choynet pushes off the ropes, staggering across the ring to where Cesar Hernandez is waiting with his arm outstretched...]

GM: Hernandez is waiting for the tag! Choynet is looking to give it to him!

[But before that can happen, Mafu ducks through the ropes, sprinting across the ring past a protesting official, and DRILLS Hernandez with a running forearm that knocks him off the apron!]

GM: OH! COME ON!

[The referee steps in, shouting at Mafu, ordering him back across the ring as Dave Cooper slides along the floor behind the referee's back, grabbing Hernandez by the hair...]

GM: Cooper's got Hernandez! Look out here!

[Cooper winds him up, looking to slam his head into the ringpost...

...but Hernandez raises his arms, grabbing the post with both hands!]

GM: Hernandez blocks! Hernandez blocks!

[And reverses, grabbing the Professional by the head and DRIVING his skull into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COOPER MEETS THE STEEL! OH MY!

[As Cooper stumbles away, falling facefirst to the floor, Hernandez pivots as he spots Mafu on the floor coming for him!]

GM: And here we go! We've got trouble out here on the floor!

[The crowd is roaring for the slugfest as Mafu and Hernandez trade blows outside the ring.]

GM: We've got a fight right here by us!

BW: If they get too much closer, I'm getting out of here, Gordo!

[Mafu catches Hernandez with a stiff-fingered blow to the throat, sending a gasping Hernandez falling back towards the announce table. We can see both Gordon and Bucky getting up from their seats as Mafu dives on top of him, knocking him back on the table with a flurry of blows to the head!]

GM: And we've been evicted from our ringside table, fans, as these two are going at it on the floor.

[In the meantime, Scola has gotten back inside the ring, pulling Chris Choisnet out of the corner, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: In the meantime, Scola charges across... big clothesline in the corner!

[Scola backs off, shouting as he charges in a second time...

...but Choisnet leans back, raising his boots up into the chest of Scola!]

GM: Oh! Great counter by Choisnet! But can he take advantage of it!

[Choisnet rushes at Scola, sliding to a knee, and dragging him down with a schoolboy...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Scola kicks him off hard, sending him flying backwards into the corner again. The Samoan powerhouse gets up off the mat, giving a big shout as he charges the corner...

...where Choisnet sidesteps, flinging Scola into the buckles!]

GM: Choisnet avoids the charge again!

[Choisnet again grabs Scola, this time smashing him back into the buckles before attempting another rolling reverse cradle...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The powerful Scola kicks out, sending Choisnet sailing towards the corner where he hops up to the middle rope. As Scola climbs off the mat, Choisnet leaps off the middle rope, twisting around into a crossbody!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: OHHH!

[The crowd groans as Mafu lowers the boom, driving a steel chair down across the back of Choisnet!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: You’ve gotta be kidding me! Mafu just waffled Chris Choisnet with that steel chair in full view of the referee! That’s an obvious disqualification, Bucky!

BW: It is but you’ve gotta wonder if Mafu even cares!

[Mafu winds up again, bringing the chair down across the back a second time as Choisnet flops off the downed Scola over onto his back. Mafu winds up again...

...but Cesar Hernandez has other ideas, reaching under the ropes and grabbing the wild Samoan by the ankles, tripping him up and causing him to drop the chair on the canvas!]

GM: Hernandez makes the save on his partner, dragging Mafu out to the floor now!

[Hernandez grabs Mafu by the hair, smashing his head into the ring apron...

...but Mafu shakes it off, eyes bugging out and his tongue lolling from his mouth as he drives a knife edge chop into Hernandez’ throat before slamming his head into the apron!]

GM: Ohh! Mafu returns the favor out on the floor...

[And he grabs Hernandez by the hair and trunks, taking aim...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HERNANDEZ GOES HEADFIRST INTO THE STEEL STEPS! OH MY!

[Mafu slides back into the ring, joining his partner in stomping the hell out of Chris Choisnet down on the mat!]

GM: And now we've got a two on one on Chris Choisset with the Samoans going to town on-

[Suddenly, the Milan crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: Wait a second! Is that-?!

[Another competitor comes dashing down the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring, snatching up Mafu's dropped chair. Mafu turns to face him, getting the edge of the seatback driven into his gut...]

GM: That's Rene Rousseau!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Rousseau BASHES the chair down across Mafu's back, knocking him down to the canvas. Scola rushes towards him but Rousseau sidesteps, winding up for a big headshot...]

...but Dave Cooper trips up his own man, frantically dragging Scola under the ropes to the safety of the floor as Rousseau takes a big cut, hitting nothing but air!]

GM: Swing and a miss but... oh my! Rene Rousseau has just bailed out his partner! He just came to the aid of Chris Choisset, his partner in the Northern Lights!

[Rousseau has some angry words in French for the departing Lion's Den, standing guard over his fallen partner.]

GM: We knew that Rene Rousseau was close to being ready to make his return but we didn't know he was this close, fans! A shocking return here in Milan and... well, it looks like this battle between the Lion's Den, the Northern Lights, and Cesar Hernandez is not over... not yet!

[Rousseau kneels down next to his partner as we 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 ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest in the AWA Women's Division is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from MILAN... NEW YORK...MIA MORRISON!

[The Italian crowd, specifically the local Milanese...sort of moan at the mention of the American city with the same name as the camera cuts to Mia Morrison raising her hands up in the air. Mia, about five foot eight and around one hundred and fifty pounds, has braided black hair halfway down her back, a nice olive complexion, and is wearing a navy blue tee cutoff around the midsection with "Moondancer" written on it and white tights and boots both with navy blue trim.]

BW: One of Milan's own making a special appearance tonight!

GM: She may be from Milan but she's hardly a local and these fine folks don't exactly seem thrilled at the idea of a New Yorker claiming anything associated with the city of Milan or their culture.

RO: And her opponent... hailing from MONTREAL, CANADA!

[A sizable reaction as "Dukes" by the synth-pop band Repartee kicks in mid-song with the belting voice of Meg Warren ripping across the airwaves.]

'CAUSE YOU'RE WORTH FIGHTING FOR!

RO: "THE DREAM GIRL" SKKKKKKKKKKYLAR SWWWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIFT!!!

C'mon over and we'll settle it right
Put your dukes up
'Cause I'm ready to fight
For you
I'll fight for you #

[The Dream Girl bursts through the entrance portal, raising both fists into the air which draws a resounding cheer from the crowd. Her honey-brown hair is still tied up into a bun with a few errand strands rolling down her cheeks near her baby blue eyes. Skylar Swift is bedazzled to the nines as has become the norm as she makes her way to the ring...she has glistening silver suspenders over a white crop top with

a blue maple leaf across her chest. Her ring trunks are just as shiny, sparkling silver with a blue line down the side that expands as it flares out around her ankles over her black boots.]

Don't want the pain
But I'll take it in stride
Put your dukes up
'Cause I'm ready to fight
For you
I'll fight for you #

[Swift soaks in the cheers from the crowd as she makes her way to the ring. She does her best to slap every little girl's hand who spills over the railing. She pauses for a moment, taking a snapshot with a young girl wearing a "DREAMER" shirt and then hands her the disposable camera as she soars up to the apron, gliding through the ropes and bouncing towards the center of the ring.]

GM: We haven't seen Swift in action since the inaugural AWA Women's Rumble where - as we saw in Germany - she did not leave unscathed.

BW: That's an understatement. Charisma Knight left her a shiner the size of the Coliseum under her eye.

GM: Can't really argue that. Since then, Swift seems to have rekindled this grudge with Charisma that initially started over the brutal beatdown Knight laid on her friend Lisa Drake but has since turned much more personal.

[Before Rebecca Ortiz is even able to exit the ring, Mia Morrison is seen sprinting towards Skylar and leaving her feet as she crashes down on the Dream Girl!]

GM: Morrison isn't wasting anytime! She just sandwiched Swift into the corner with an avalanche!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And the local official doesn't seem to even care to check on Swift as he calls for the bell!

[Morrison begins stomping on Swift who tries to pull herself up to her feet. The Moondancer lets up for a moment but only to place the heel of her boot across the throat of Swift and really dig in as she clasps her hands onto the ropes for some added leverage.]

GM: A brutal assault that started before the bell continues with a blatant choke up against the ropes! Come on, referee!

[The official begins a slow count to break the hold and a hair before five Morrison lets up, screaming out as she shakes her fists into the air which draws some boos from the crowd.]

GM: While an unethical start to the match, you have to admire the intensity of Mia Morrison. She came to make a name for herself tonight at the expense of Skylar Swift.

BW: She's trying to do more than that. She wants to earn a spot on the most competitive women's roster in all of wrestling, Gordo. The cat's out of the bag...if you're a female wrestler and you want to compete with the most athletic women on the face of the earth then the AWA is where you want to be.

[Morrison returns to Swift, pulls her up, and blasts her with a forearm that knocks Swift down to a knee.]

GM: Hard forearm shot there by Morrison... oh, and Swift returns fire with one of her own!

[A second and a third follow before Swift grabs the wrist, sending Morrison flying into the corner where her back smashes against the corner buckles.]

GM: Swift sends her into the buckles, charging in... and a leaping splash that might make Supernova proud connects!

BW: She's gonna do it again, Gordo.

GM: Swift shoots her across a second time, charging in again!

[A second leaping splash connects, leaving Morrison to wobble out of the corner as Swift hops up to the middle rope, takes aim, and leaps off!]

[Morrison wobbles out of the corner and Swift instantly hops onto the middle buckle, sizes up Morrison, and leaps!]

GM: SECOND ROPE BULLDOG! SWIFT WITH AN EARLY COVER!

[But before Swift can fully throw her body over Morrison, the Moondancer rolls out of the ring.]

BW: That's a smart move there by Mia Morrison, not allowing Swift to get a cover.

GM: But Swift's going after her... out on the apron now...

[Swift charges down the apron, leaping off to snare Morrison in a traditional headscissors before spinning her around and around and around...]

GM: WHIRLY BIRD BY THE DREAM GIRL! DOWN GOES MORRISON! Sklyar Swift is fired up tonight, Bucky!

BW: She's like an Energizer bunny. Are those things still relevant? Do kids even now what the Energizer bunny is anymore?

[Morrison tries to pull herself up and Swift shoves her back first into the ring apron.]

GM: Oh! Swift jams her back into the apron! That'll send a jolt down your spine!

[Swift shoves Morrison back under the ropes inside the ring before climbing up on the apron, ducking through the ropes herself...

...and walks right into a desperation forearm to the jaw out of Morrison!]

GM: Morrison with a brutal shot to the jaw out of nowhere!

[A dazed Swift staggers back as Morrison advances, grabbing the wrist and firing Swift across the ring...]

GM: Another whip by Morrison, Swift off the far side and-

[The crowd "oooohs" as Swift cartwheels into a handstand, hooking her legs around Morrison's neck... but Morrison quickly lifts her right up, posturing up into a powerbomb position...

...but Swift uses the momentum to flip right over the top, dragging her down in a sunset flip!]

GM: Oh my! What an exchange right there! She gets one! She gets two! She gets-

BW: No! Not quite

GM: Morrison slips out, struggling to get to her feet before Swift can...

[But both women are up at about the same time as Morrison hauls off and throws a big elbowstrike aimed at the Dream Girl who brings up both arms, swatting it away before throwing one of her own that bounces off Morrison's jaw!]

GM: Oh! And that time Swift lands the big elbow!

[Grabbing Morrison by the back of the head, Swift races with her toward the corner but Mia is able to wiggle free and shove Skylar chest first into the corner. Swift immediately bounces back and Morrison drives her back with a suplex, holding on for a bridge!]

GM: ONE! TWO! THR – SWIFT POPS A SHOULDER UP! Mia Morrison nearly stole the match from Skylar Swift with that dynamic suplex, Bucky! What an upset that would have been!

[Skylar crawls for the ropes, clutching her back. Morrison isn't about to let up though as she gets back up and drives her foot into the small of Swift's back several times.]

GM: Morrison's all over her!

BW: She smells blood in the water and she's circling Swift like a Great White Shark, daddy!

[She goes to pull Swift up and promptly flings her back down, bouncing the back of her head off the canvas!]

GM: Goodness! Mia Morrison didn't travel across the ocean just to make Skylar Swift look good, Bucky. She's making an immediate impact here tonight and fighting for a roster spot. Could we be in store for an upset of epic proportions here in Milan?!

[Morrison backs herself into the corner and begins positioning herself her feet on the middle ropes and she seats herself on the top buckle.]

GM: What's Morrison have in mind here, Bucky?

BW: I don't know but she's taking her time doing it and-

GM: SWIFT IS UP!

[The crowd ROARS as Swift kips up to her feet, sprints across the ring, climbs the ropes in a run, leaps into the air to hook Morrison's head between her legs...

...and flips backwards, tossing Morrison down to the canvas!]

GM: FLYING HEADSCISSORS BY SWIFT!

[Swift scrambles into a pin attempt, hooking a leg and rolling to her back.]

GM: BACK PRESS BY SWIFT GETS ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd roars as the referee leaps up, showing two fingers as he mimes lifting a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Morrison just BARELY got that shoulder up in time!

[Swift claps her hands together in frustration, getting back to her feet where the official insists it was a two count. She nods, turning towards the rising Morrison, clapping her hands together over her head and getting the crowd to clap along with her...]

...and as soon as Morrison finds her footing, Swift rushes forward, spinning around...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and uncorks her tornado roundhouse kick!]

GM: BEAUTIFUL DREAMER!

[The blow flattens Morrison, leaving her motionless as Swift covers to get the one... two... and three...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: THE DREAM GIRL WITH THE WIN!

[Swift rolls off of Morrison and the crowd lets her know how much they appreciated her performance and grit as she raises her hands in the air. Morrison still lays out cold on the mat as the official checks on her.]

GM: Skylar Swift comes away victorious in this one... and our own Sweet Lou is going to try to grab some words from Skylar Swift once she is able to catch her breath, Bucky.

[Sweet Lou, now in the ring, waits for a moment while Swift soaks in the cheers. She paces around for a moment before acknowledging Blackwell and slowly walking towards him.]

SLB: Okay, fans... an impressive win here tonight in Milan for Skylar Swift coming off the injury she suffered back in New York at the Rumble but... Skylar, how good does a win like this feel?

[Swift, usually full of smiles, just shakes her head a bit.]

SKY: You know, Sweet Lou... Mia here... she's a tough girl. I'm not one to look past any competitor in this ring as the AWA only brings in the most talented ladies in the world to compete with us. But tonight... I have to admit that I only had my mind on one person.

[Skylar pauses, letting out a deep exhale.]

SKY: CHARISMA KNIGHT...

[Another deep exhale.]

SKY: I told you I would show up in every city until you got back in this ring with me. But I've been told... that for whatever reason... you didn't make the flight to Italy. I'm being told... that you probably aren't going to make the flight to London because of [miming] "doctor's orders"... but you know what... I'm going to show up there anyway because even if there's a one percent chance that you're able to sleep the crazy off... I don't want to give you any reason to say that I wasn't ready to FIGHT when you showed up!

[The Milan crowd roars at this idea.]

SKY: And I'm going to stay true to my word because that's how I was raised. London, Dallas, Houston, Oklahoma City... NEW ORLEANS!

[Another pop at the mention of the site of SuperClash VIII!]

SKY: Every week, every city... I'll be there. My schedule? It's crystal clear because I only have one thing on my agenda...

SWIFT KICK THE LIGHTS OUT OF CHARISMA KNIGHT!

BELIEVE...

[And we finally get an inkling of a smile.]

SKY: ...IN THE DREAM!

["Dukes" by Repartee fires back up as Sklyar Swift holds up her hands once more for the Milan crowd who cheer for the Dream Girl!]

SLB: A victory here for Skylar Swift but it's quite clear what - and who - she has on her mind. Fans, let's go backstage to check in with Supreme Wright just moments before Steal The Spotlight and see if he's found a replacement partner for Brian James.

[We cut to a shot of Supreme Wright and the rest of The Supreme Squadron, standing by with Mark Stegglet. There's unhappy looks on everyone's faces (Although Mifune _always_ looks unhappy) as Stegglet begins to speak.]

MS: Supreme, the time has arrived. Have you found someone to replace Brian James in tonight's Steal the Spotlight match?

[Supreme looks at the rest of his teammates, who don't seem too enthused or confident about the situation, before answering.]

SW: We have.

MS: Well, don't keep us in suspense! Who is it?

[Supreme sighs with frustration, as if he's angry at himself.]

SW: It's...

"IT'S ME!!!"

[The camera pans over to the source of the voice and as soon as the crowd catches a glimpse of who it is, they immediately ROAR with deafening boos. Standing there with a smile a thousand miles wide, flanked by a beaming Jackson Hunter is the last man anyone wanted to see take Brian James' spot on this team:

Juan Vasquez.]

MS: What!? You can't be serious!

[Juan strolls into the scene, wrapping his arm around Supreme's shoulders.]

JV: Serious as a heart attack, amigo!

MS: But how!? Why!?

[Vasquez chuckles.]

JV: As much as I'd like to say it was my sparkling personality that did it, the answer is really simple. As Supreme always likes to say, Marky Mark..."mama didn't raise no fool."

[Wright looks away, biting his lower lip, almost looking disgusted with himself.]

JV: How do you replace a man like Brian James? How can you possibly even begin to replace your number one pick? One of the most dangerous men in this sport? One of the most dangerous strikers in all the world? How? How? Hooooowww?

[He grins.]

JV: Easy. You replace him with the greatest damn wrestler that's ever lived.

[If looks could kill, Juan would be dead ten times over right about now. His teammates are NOT happy.]

JV: Oh? Did I say something wrong?

[Supreme rubs his brow.]

JV: Now, don't get me wrong. It took a lot of convincing. After all, my relationship with Supreme hasn't exactly been all sunshine and lollipops lately. So even the fact that I'm... JUAN VASQUEZ! wasn't enough to seal the deal. But the thing is, he OWED me one.

[Vasquez looks over at Wright.]

JV: Don't you, Supreme?

[Wright remains silent.]

JV: Because who was it that made it possible for you to cash in on Dave Bryant and fulfill your life-long dream of becoming a World Champion in the first place? Who gave you that spot in Steal the Spotlight? Who believed in you and gave you your shot? Who? Who? Who?

[Juan leans in close and hisses at Wright.]

JV: Me. Me. Meeee.

[Juan notices Bret Grayson, staring daggers at him.]

JV: Don't worry muchacho, you ain't got a damn thing to be scared of. Tonight, I'm on your side. And like I've said before...it must be nice...

[He croons.]

JV: It must niiiccce...

...to have Juan Vasquez on your side.

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: Come on. We've got a match to win.

[And with that, Vasquez marches off to battle with Jackson Hunter following behind him. However, the rest of The Supreme Squadron hasn't moved an inch. Stegglet approaches Wright, a concerned look on his face.]

MS: Supreme, I know you probably feel like you had no other choice, but...

[Supreme raises a hand, silencing Stegglet. He stares straight ahead, the look on his face a steel resolve filled with unyielding determination.]

SW: I already told you, Mr. Stegglet. Defeat isn't an option for us, tonight.

Only victory.

[Wright then walks off in the same direction as Vasquez, with the rest of The Supreme Squadron following. Fade out.]

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

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

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

"Nice song."

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

"There's more where that came from."

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

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

Another cut - Supernova throwing darts...

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

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

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

Fade to black...

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

RO: The following contest is part of our STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT SERIES!

[Big cheer from the crowd who've been waiting all night for this one!]

RO: In just a moment, two teams of five will come to the ring to compete in an elimination tag team matchup. Eliminations can occur by pinfall, submission, countout, disqualification, or referee stoppage. The match will continue until an entire team has been eliminated. Once that has happened, the survivors on the other team will advance to the Steal The Spotlight Series Finals to be held in London, England on the final night of the European tour where they will face Riley Hunter and Jordan Ohara!

[Another big cheer!]

RO: And now, introducing first...

[The sounds of screaming fills the air for several uncomfortable moments before being replaced by Danzig's "Twist of Cain.]

RO: First... being accompanied to the ring by their manager, Anton Layton, they are Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy... THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[Layton emerges first, his pale arm extended from the velvet sleeve of his black hooded robe. His hand is gripped around the crystal we've come to know as the Eye of Tyr. The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley walk out to flank him on either side, a sadistic grin on the face of the latter and pure confusion on the painted face of the former. The trio starts to walk down the aisle in union as Rebecca continues.]

RO: Their partner... being led to the ring by Virgil Rockwell... he is THE HAAAAANGMAAAAAN!

[Rockwell is out next in his old-timey suit, staring at the back of Anton Layton. He fidgets at his tie as The Hangman brushes past him, gripping his noose in his hand as he slowly plods down the aisle towards the ring. A flash of confusion flashes across Rockwell's face as he walks down the aisle after his monster.]

RO: Their partner... FLEEEEEEEEX FERRRRRRRIGNOOOOOOO!

[The Mountain of Muscle himself walks through the curtain in his standard ring gear in chainmail. He strikes a double bicep pose, twisting around to show off his back before he follows suit, trashtalking anyone within shouting distance as he heads to the ring to join his squad.]

RO: And finally, the team captain... he is CANNNNNIBAAAAAAL!

[The luchador slithers through the curtain into the Milan arena, drawing boos from the crowd. He lolls his tongue out of the corner of his mouth, sniffing the air

hungrily as he reaches up to drag his thumb across his throat. With a twisted smile, he follows after his team.]

RO: Together, they are known as... LAS BESTIAS DELLLLLL MAAAAAAAALLLL!

[The boos rain down as Canibal rolls under the ropes, taking a knee in the midst of his dark squad.]

GM: This is like a bad dream, Bucky.

BW: It's the stuff that nightmares are made of to see those five in there together... and that doesn't even count Layton and Rockwell. Layton's the friggin' Prince of Darkness and he wasn't even wicked enough to make this team!

[Layton tosses back his hood, locking eyes with The Lost Boy first... then moves on to Crowley, leaning over to whisper something to him. He makes a gesture over his shoulder, earning an understanding nod from Crowley.]

GM: This is darkness at its worst.

BW: But can you imagine that by the time Mifune gets to the ring, one of these five might not even be the meanest guy in the match!

[Las Bestias Del Mal start to settle back to their corner, discussing some last minute strategy as we wait...

The arena goes dark, as "Kaze ni Nare" by Ayumi Nakamura begins to play over the PA system. As it plays, interspliced images of the members of The Supreme Squadron beating the living hell out of opponent after opponent are shown on the tron. Funny enough, this includes Brian James, as this video was presumably made before he was removed from the match.]

#Oshiete yo hito wa naze sagashi tsuzukeru no#
#Kagirinaku setsunai ashitano#
#Yumeeeeee woooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo#

RO: THEY ARE THE TEAM OF SUPREME WRIGHT, PURE X, BRET GRAYSON, TAKESHI MIFUNE...

[The crowd roars with cheers at each name spoken.]

RO: ...AND JUAN VASQUEZ...

[Until that one. They boo the living heck out of that one.]

RO: ...THEY ARE...

THE SUPREME SQUUUUUUAAAADDDDDRRRRROOOONNNN!!!

[The four original members of The Supreme Squadron emerge from the entrance, an intimidating sight to behold. They stand there side by side, a collective of bone breakers and grappling gods. And then, strutting out with his arms held wide apart, like he's the coolest guy in the room is the obnoxious Juan Vasquez, grinning from ear to ear.]

GM: Juan Vasquez - a last minute substitution for the injured Brian James - has gotta feel like he's on top of the world right now, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. He just got gifted the chance to win Steal The Spotlight... and who the heck knows what he'd do with that kind of power, Gordo!

[Vasquez doesn't even stop to stand with his comrades, instead walking straight towards the ring with all the confidence in the world. The Supreme Squadron follow slowly behind him, keeping a wide space between them and the most hated man in all of professional wrestling. Even then, the fans don't let the appearance of Vasquez trample on their fun, as they join in when the song hits its climax...]

"KAZE NI NARRRRREEEEEE!!!"

[The two teams mull around their respective corners, eyeing each other like rival gangs set to do battle. Slowly, one by one, the team members exit until all that is remaining is the Lost Boy and Pure X.]

GM: Well... I'd say you could hardly have two more polar opposites than these two competitors, Bucky.

BW: Pure X looks physically ill about being in the ring with the Lost Boy.

[X does indeed look disgusted, visibly protesting to the referee.]

GM: I'm not sure what he expects referee Davis Warren to do about it. The Lost Boy may be a little rough around the edges.

BW: That's being polite.

GM: But he's still a top flight competitor inside that ring and Pure X would do well to not forget that fact.

[The bell sounds, officially kicking off the second Steal The Spotlight Series matchup. The Lost Boy lurches forward, taking three quick steps that causes X to draw back. The face-painted savage pulls up short, grabbing his own topknot and yanking his head back to howl wildly. Pure X shakes his head, giving a dismissive gesture as he edges out of the corner...]

GM: Pure X may find some trouble dealing with the unpredictable nature of The Lost Boy... well, of ANY member of Las Bestias for that matter.

[The Lost Boy surges forward again as Pure X ducks down to a knee, grabbing the incoming Lost Boy by the leg, pulling it out from under him.]

GM: Single leg takedown by Pure X... and rolls him right into a half Boston Crab!

[X grins, nodding his head as he expertly applies the submission hold, leaning back to apply pressure on the knee and back of the savage as Anton Layton shouts at his man from outside the ring.]

GM: X trying for an early submission here, wrenching back on that leg...

[The Lost Boy claws at the canvas, grimacing as the referee checks for a submission. Not hearing one, he informs Pure X of the refusal to give up which X takes as a cue to twist the leg within his grasp, dropping down to apply a crossface.]

GM: Swiftly, Pure X moves from the half Crab into the STF! What a transition that was!

[X wrenches back on the neck, shouting "ASK HIM!" to the official who obliges... but quickly returns, shaking his head.]

GM: No submission for The Lost Boy...

[Suddenly, Pure X lets loose a wild scream, abandoning his effort to get the submission as he leaps to his feet, shaking his right arm. He angrily points at the kneeling Lost Boy with a loud "HE BIT ME!"]

GM: The Lost Boy apparently utilizing a... unique counter right there.

BW: Unique?! He bit the man! That's not...

GM: Careful, Bucky. Anton Layton's right by us here.

BW: That's not... the most traditional counter but it was effective!

GM: Nice save.

[Pure X stomps around the ring, looking at his arm. He holds it up to Davis Warren, shouting "DID HE BREAK THE SKIN?!" Gordon chuckles at the technician's reaction.]

GM: Pure X might be worried about catching something from the Lost Boy but we've been assured that he's had all his shots.

BW: This isn't funny, Gordo. Pure X is an accomplished ring technician and he doesn't have this type of action in his arsenal.

[X grimaces, standing near the ropes as The Lost Boy stays on his knees, his tongue lolling out of the corner of his mouth like a dog. X points aggressively at him with a "DON'T DO THAT AGAIN!"...

...which is when The Lost Boy crawls across the ring, making a lunge to push X back against the ropes, holding him around the waist...]

GM: Unusual attack by the Lost Boy, putting Pure X against the ropes and-

"AH! AH! AHHHHH!"

[The referee steps in, finding that the Lost Boy has sunk his teeth into Pure X's thigh!]

GM: He's biting him again!

BW: AHHH! RABIES! DISTEMPER!

GM: Layton.

BW: But I'm sure it's fine. It's totally fine. The Lost Boy is like a playful Cocker Spaniel in there.

[The referee's count gets The Lost Boy to back off at four, climbing to his feet where he pops Pure X in the jaw with a right hand. He grabs a handful of hair, rushing across the ring where he hurls the submission specialist over the ropes, sending him flopping down to the floor below!]

GM: OHHH! And Pure X gets hurled over the ropes and thrown down to the floor!

[X slams down on the floor, writhing in pain as the Lost Boy steps out to the apron, nodding his head without any real reason. He hops down to the floor, pulling Pure X back to his feet.]

BW: And this is not where Pure X wants to be.

[The Lost Boy keeps his grip on X's hair, winding him up and smashing his face into the ring apron!]

GM: He bounces X's face off the apron!

[X grabs the ropes, trying to get back inside the ring but The Lost Boy grabs him by the hair again, pulling his head back...]

GM: Headbutt to the base of the neck! And another one!

[The headbutts cause X to let go of his grip on the ropes...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...which allows the Lost Boy to HURL Pure X backwards, flinging him violently into the ringside barricade!]

GM: INTO THE RINGSIDE RAILING GOES PURE X!

[The Lost Boy throws back his head, letting loose a wild howl before he drags X back to the ring, chucking him under the bottom rope. He crawls in underneath them, crawling towards the downed Pure X...

...and wraps his hands around the technician's throat!]

GM: That's a choke! Blatant choke!

[Pure X kicks and flails, trying to free himself as The Lost Boy throttles him down on the canvas. A shout from Anton Layton breaks the hold just before a five count, breaking the Lost Boy back to his feet. He backs into the neutral corner, climbing up on the middle rope...]

GM: The Lost Boy is on the ropes - ready to strike!

[The face-painted savage leaps into the air, ready to drive his skull down into Pure X's...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[...but the technician rolls to the side, causing The Lost Boy to slam headfirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Pure X keeps on rolling, getting to all fours as he crawls across the ring to his corner, slapping the outstretched hand of Bret Grayson.]

GM: Pure X makes the tag and in comes the Olympian!

[The Olympic Gold Medalist is full of fire as he comes in, shouting and swinging his arms about to fire up the crowd. He steps up to the on-all-fours Lost Boy, reaching down to wrap his arms around the 300 pounder...]

GM: Gutwrench applied... can he get him up?

[Grayson easily yanks the Lost Boy off the canvas, hoisting him into the air, flipping him over and throwing him down with a gutwrench suplex...

...but hangs on!]

GM: What in the...?

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Grayson rolls right back up to his feet, still holding the gutwrench. He lifts The Lost Boy up again, letting him dangle off the canvas before snapping him over again!]

GM: A second gutwrench suplex by the Olympic gold medalist!

[Grayson keeps his grip applied, rolling through again...]

GM: He's going for it again! Incredible!

[...and lifts the Lost Boy off the canvas a third time, throwing him violently down with another gutwrench suplex. Upon hitting the mat, the uber-athletic Grayson kips up to his feet, throwing his arms apart and soaking up the cheers of the impressed Milan crowd.]

BW: Now THAT is a pro wrestler, daddy! The prototype of what you make if you're shooting for the ultimate pro wrestler!

GM: I think there are many - including some of his own team members - who would strongly disagree with that statement.

[Grayson walks around the ring, a smirk on his face and a strut in his step as he circles the downed Lost Boy. Anton Layton shouts at his fallen charge as Grayson pauses, looking Takeshi Mifune in the eye...

...and then swoops in on the Lost Boy, lifting him up to his feet...]

GM: Sleeper!

[Grayson twists the Lost Boy around, turning to stare into the eyes of Takeshi Mifune as he tries to choke the air out of the Lost Boy.]

GM: And you talk about a message being sent! Grayson is making sure that Mifune is watching him try to use Mifune's own signature move against the Lost Boy!

[The Olympian tightens his grip, restricting the flow of blood to the brain...

...and then howls in pain!]

GM: What the...?!

[The camera cuts closer to show the Lost Boy sinking his teeth into Grayson's arm!]

GM: He's biting again! The Lost Boy is biting his way out of that hold!

[Mifune smiles at the turn of events as Grayson abruptly breaks the hold, shaking out his arm...

...and then snatches a rear waistlock, powering the Lost Boy up, over, and down on the back of his head with a released German suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT DOWN ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

[Grayson flips The Lost Boy over, applying a lateral press... but Porter Crowley slides into the ring, planting a boot upside Grayson's head, knocking him out of the

pin attempt and onto his rear. Grayson glares at the departing Crowley before getting to his feet.]

GM: The Lost Boy gets saved by his partner... but he really needs to get out of there, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. The key to any tag team match is keeping the fresh man in the ring... and right now, The Lost Boy has been inside that ring on his own for over five minutes.

[Layton is shouting at the Lost Boy, calling for the tag to be made as Grayson gets to his feet, wagging a defiant finger at Layton. Grayson walks the Lost Boy into position...

...when Pure X slaps his shoulder, tagging himself back in.]

GM: A tag right there... a reluctant tag perhaps.

[Grayson throws a glare at Pure X as the technician slides back inside the ring, snatching the Lost Boy away from the Olympian, pulling him into a waistlock of his own, and takes him up and over with a quick German Suplex!]

GM: And Pure X with a German Suplex of his own!

BW: Gordo, I'm hoping that the Supreme Squadron is all on the same page in this one but you've gotta wonder a little bit. Grayson and Mifune have issues... we know that. But Grayson made his big AWA debut at the Battle of Boston... and LOST to Pure X. Things might not be all sunshine and roses on that front either.

[X gets back to his feet, slowly walking around the ring, locking eyes momentarily with Bret Grayson as he works his way back towards The Lost Boy who is barely moving at this point.]

GM: X brings the Lost Boy up... full nelson!

[The crowd roars in anticipation of Pure X's dragon suplex he calls Pure Impact...

...but the Lost Boy battles out, swinging his head back into the face of Pure X!]

GM: Oh! The Lost Boy gets loose!

[The face-painted savage turns towards his corner, stumbling towards the outstretched hands of his partner...

...and Pure X rushes forward, throwing his shoulder into the back of the Lost Boy's knee, taking him down hard!]

GM: Ohh! Pure X clips him from behind! He took out the knee and-

[Getting quickly to his feet, Pure X grabs the Lost Boy by the left ankle, dragging him back across the ring and out of reach of his Las Bestias partners...]

GM: It looks like Pure X might be going for the anklelock! He might be going for The X!

[Leaning down, X switches his grip on the leg, trying to isolate the foot and ankle...]

GM: And there it is! He's got it locked in!

[The Lost Boy howls in pain, pounding his fists into the mat as X twists his ankle...]

GM: This might be it! Can the Lost Boy escape before he has to-

[...and suddenly, Bret Grayson reaches over the ropes, slapping Pure X's back!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: That's a tag, Gordo!

GM: Grayson's coming in and-

[The Olympic gold medalist snatches up the other leg, isolating the ankle, and twists it!]

BW: DOUBLE ANKLELOCK!

[The Lost Boy's howls of pain get louder as he pummels the mat with both hands. Porter Crowley again makes an attempt to save his partner but this time, Juan Vasquez comes barreling across the ring, connecting with a spear tackle that takes Crowley down.]

GM: This is an illegal doubleteam!

BW: They've got five seconds and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: That's it! They did it!

[The referee gets up, waving his arms and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: The Lost Boy has been ELIMINATED!

[A smirking Grayson raises both arms, celebrating the elimination...

...and gets a hard shove in the chest from Pure X.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Hey, guys! You just got an elimination together!

GM: I think Pure X is upset that Bret Grayson stole HIS spotlight.

[X points at the downed Lost Boy, miming the anklelock.]

GM: Pure X seems to be telling Grayson that he could've done it on his own... that he didn't need Grayson's help.

BW: That may be true, Gordo... but he got it and it worked! So... celebrate!

GM: Pure X certainly is not celebrating.

[The two men have a few more words for one another before Flex Ferrigno steps through the ropes, marching across the ring...

...and FLATTENS both men with a running double clothesline!]

GM: OHH! Ferrigno drops 'em both!

[Ferrigno throws back his two powerful arms, giving a big triumphant shout in the direction of the Milan crowd. Pure X rolls from the ring as Ferrigno marches around, trashalking the AWA faithful as Bret Grayson struggles to get up off the canvas. He's still down on one knee when Ferrigno approaches, snatching a front facelock...]

GM: Ferrigno hooks him up... and takes him over with a snap suplex!

[Hanging on, Ferrigno rolls his hips to the side, getting right back up and taking him over with another quick suplex!]

GM: Back to back snaps by Ferrigno and there's a cover. ONE!! TWO!!

[But Ferrigno rolls off to the side, taking the opportunity to get in some pushups to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Oh, come on! Ferrigno trying to show up Bret Grayson here in Milan instead of going for the win.

[Ferrigno climbs back to his feet, leaning down to haul Grayson up by the arm. A big whip sends Grayson across the ring, smashing into the turnbuckles where he's surrounded by the remaining members of Las Bestias. He advances on the Olympian, rearing back and throwing three big right hands before the official steps in to back him up...]

GM: Ferrigno gets forced back and look at this!

[Canibal slips the tag rope around the throat of Grayson, yanking and tugging at it to strangle the air out of the Olympian as the Supreme Squadron corner complains about the breaking of the rules. The luchador lets go, allowing Grayson to stumble forward out of the corner as the referee turns around.]

GM: Grayson's in a daze after that choke...

[But Ferrigno shoots in, snatching a single underhook, swinging Grayson down to the mat. The Olympian goes to his stomach but Ferrigno gets on his back, grabbing hold tightly, pushing Grayson into the canvas.]

"YOU LIKE THAT, GOLD MEDAL BOY?!"

[Ferrigno lets loose of the waistlock, stepping up and PASTING Grayson in the back of the head with an open-handed slap!]

GM: Oh!

[And that sets off the hot-tempered gold medalist who spins on his knees, shooting into a double leg takedown, lifting Ferrigno straight up off the mat before explosively throwing him down in a big leaping slam!]

GM: OHHH! STRAIGHT OUT OF THE GFC!

[With Ferrigno stunned by the suplex, Grayson takes the mount on him, raining down rights and lefts on the powerhouse who lifts his two muscular arms, trying to cover up...]

GM: Grayson's all over him, battering him down into the mat!

[Grayson again spins out of the mount, moving down the torso to secure one of Ferrigno's legs. He postures up, trying to flip Ferrigno over to his stomach but the

powerhouse pulls his legs back, planting a foot in Grayson's chest, and shoves him off, sending him tumbling backwards across the ring!]

GM: OH! Ferrigno kicks him down!

[Flex quickly gets to his feet where The Hangman reaches out, slapping the shoulder of Ferrigno.]

GM: And here... comes... trouble!

[The Hand of Justice steps through the ropes into the ring, staring across as Bret Grayson gets back to his feet...

...and freezes in his tracks, unwilling to blindly charge in on the Hangman.]

GM: And I'm not sure, Bucky, but the Olympian looks like he might not want any part of the Hangman!

BW: Can you blame him?!

[Grayson backpedals a few steps, ending up back in his corner...

...where suddenly, everyone else has their arms down at their sides.]

GM: Hah! It looks like NO ONE wants a part of the Hangman!

[Virgil Rockwell grins confidently outside the ring, nodding his head as the Hangman stares across menacingly, waiting to see what happens next. Bret Grayson looks one by one at each one of his partners, sticking out his hand to make a tag...

...when suddenly Takeshi Mifune grabs him by the wrist, reaching out to slap him across the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Is that a tag?!

[Mifune steps through the ropes, shoving Grayson aside. Supreme Wright reaches in to grab Grayson by the arm, steering him out of the ring as the Shadow Wolf stares across the ring at the intimidating sight.]

GM: And how about this one, fans?! It's the Shadow Wolf versus the Hangman!

[Mifune stares across at the Hangman, a hint of a smile on his face as he slowly steps forward towards the Hangman who tugs on his gloves, making sure they're in place.]

GM: Now THIS should be quite the encounter.

[Mifune steps closer... and closer... and closer... almost daring the Hangman to act...]

GM: Mifune is just a few feet away and-

[The Hangman suddenly lunges forward, wrapping his gloved hand around Mifune's throat!]

GM: Oh! He's got him! He's got him hooked!

[Mifune's face twists into one of discomfort as the Hangman uses his grip to throttle the Shadow Wolf...]

...who suddenly extends both arms, bringing them down rapidly on the Hangman's elbow, breaking his grip. In a blur of motion, Mifune's arms rise back up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

[The Hangman recoils in shock from the blows as Mifune winds up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and delivers another blow that connects flush, spinning the Hangman around, his back to the Shadow Wolf who lunges forward, wrapping his arms around the Hangman's neck in his signature sleeperhold!]

GM: THE JAPANESE STRANGLEHOLD!

BW: I love this hold, Gordo! You talk about the Weaver Lock! You talk about Karl O'Connor's famous sleeperhold! None of 'em hold a candle to this one!

[The Hangman struggles under the pressure, twisting his body around as a suddenly-panicked Virgil Rockwell screams to him. He plants his feet, surging backwards...]

GM: OHH! He drives Mifune back into the corner!

[But the Shadow Wolf steps up to the second rope, lifting the Hangman off the ground for a moment with the sleeper...]

...and then steps off, scissoring his legs around the Hangman's body as the Hand of Justice stumbles forward, trying to stay on his feet. He wobbles out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: The Hangman desperately trying to survive this! Remember, we haven't seen him pinned or submitted in his time here in the AWA yet and-

BW: He's going out, Gordo! He's fading!

[The Hangman's arms have slowed at this point, slowly fading as Mifune kicks his legs loose, dropping his feet back down on the mat as he uses the sleeper to steer the Hangman down into a seated position on the canvas. He breaks into a sprint, hitting the ropes, coming back hard...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PENALTY KICK!

[The kick BOUNCES off the skull of the Hangman. His eyes flutter but he stays sitting up. Mifune glares down at him, bouncing off the ropes a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER ONE!

BW: That's it, daddy!

[Mifune dives across the prone Hangman as the referee dives to count.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: OH MY GOD! THE HANGMAN IS ELIMINATED!

[A hush falls over the Milan crowd as Mifune rolls to a knee, a creepy smile on his face as he looks out at a stunned Virgil Rockwell. Mifune gestures at the downed Hangman, climbing to his feet, beckoning someone else from Las Bestias to come to him.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... the Hangman is ELIMINATED!

[The crowd buzzes at the announcement, watching as Mifune waits to see who will come for him.]

GM: And just like that, fans, we're down to a five on three situation with Crowley, Ferrigno, and Canibal left to take on all of the Supreme Squadron.

BW: And after what we just saw, are ANY of these guys going to be willing to get in there with Mifune?

[Mifune's standing in the middle of the ring, his gaze shifting from Crowley... to Ferrigno... to Canibal...

...when suddenly there's another man on the apron, looking into the ring.]

GM: What in the...?

[The Prince of Darkness himself, Anton Layton, is on the apron...

...and he's holding his arm at full extension in front of him, the crystal known as the Eye of Tyr gripped in white-knuckled hands.]

GM: What is Layton doing up there?

BW: I have no idea.

[Layton seems to mumbling under his breath, his entire body quivering as his grip on the crystal grows tighter and tighter...]

GM: He's talking - saying something to... who? Mifune?

BW: If he's using the Eye on Mifune, God help us all, Gordo!

[Layton continues to talk, trembling as he does. Takeshi Mifune steps towards the ropes, gesturing quizzically at Layton. Supreme Wright shouts something to Mifune who turns to look at Wright...]

GM: Wright's trying to warn Mifune... trying to tell him-

[Mifune suddenly reaches out, snatching Layton by the wrist holding the crystal.]

GM: Uh oh! We've got a problem here! We've got a-

[And to a shocked ROAR from the Milan crowd, the Hangman sits up on the canvas, his head twisting so that his eyes lock on Mifune and Layton.]

GM: THE HANGMAN! THE HANGMAN IS UP!

[Rising off the canvas, The Hangman steps towards Layton and Mifune as Virgil Rockwell climbs up on the apron, looking across at the Hangman...

...and suddenly, The Hangman reaches out, snatching Mifune by the throat!]

GM: OH! HE'S GOT MIFUNE!

[A surprised Mifune swats at the Hangman's arm but is unable to break his grip as the Hand of Justice drags him out towards the middle of the ring...

...where he hoists him high before throwing him down hard to the canvas with a chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM ON MIFUNE!

[Layton grins, nodding his head as Pure X and Bret Grayson come through the ropes, looking to attack...]

GM: X and Grayson are in and- HE'S GOT 'EM BOTH!

[The two mat technicians struggle to get free from the Hangman's powerful grasp before he hoists them up as well...]

GM: DOWN WITH THE DOUBLE CHOKESLAM!

[The Hangman looks around the ring, almost daring someone else to come near him...

...and it's Canibal who does, encouraging him to finish off the members of the Supreme Squadron!]

GM: The Hangman's been eliminated but Canibal's in there trying to get him to do some of his dirty work and-

[The crowd gasps as the Hangman wraps his hand around Canibal's throat!]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: HE'S GOT CANIBAL TOO!

[And with a mighty lift, The Hangman DRIVES Canibal down to the canvas!]

GM: Another chokeslam! The Hangman's chokeslamming anything that moves in there!

[Supreme Wright ducks through the ropes, approaching the Hangman from behind. As the Hand of Justice turns, Wright ducks down, muscling him up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Wright's got him up! Wright's trying to end this rampage and-

[But the Hangman slips out, landing on his feet behind the former World Champion...

...and snatches another goozle as Wright turns around!]

GM: He's got Wright as well! The Hangman is destroying them all! He's gonna chokeslam the captain of the Supreme Squadron and-

[But before he can do it, Juan Vasquez slides into the ring...

...and he's not coming alone!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF THE HANGMAN!

[Vasquez backs off, grinning broadly at his dirty work on the already-eliminated Hangman who doesn't go down from the chairshot...

...but instead slowly turns, his eyes locked on the leader of the Axis of Evil!]

GM: UH OH! VASQUEZ COULDN'T STOP HIM WITH THE CHAIR EVEN!

[The Hangman steps towards Juan Vasquez, looking to finish things off...

...when suddenly Virgil Rockwell steps in his path, blocking him from a fleeing Vasquez who drops down to the floor.]

GM: Vasquez bails out! He saw that steel chair have no effect and he wants NO part of the Hangman!

[Rockwell spreads his arms wide, trying to keep the Hangman under control as Anton Layton lifts the crystal again, muttering to himself...]

GM: What is Layton doing now?

BW: I think he's-

[The crowd ROARS as the Hangman reaches out, wrapping his hand around the throat of Virgil Rockwell...]

GM: WHAT?! HE'S GOT HIS OWN MANAGER BY THE THROAT!

BW: I suppose this is one way to fire your manager!

[...and lifts him into the air, violently throwing him down with another chokeslam!]

GM: THE HANGMAN JUST PARTED WAYS WITH VIRGIL ROCKWELL!

[Anton Layton nods gleefully, patting the crystal as he lowers it...

...and then points a finger outside the ring at Juan Vasquez. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as The Hangman obliges, stepping through the ropes, dropping down to the floor, and starts stalking the Hall of Famer as he backpedals down the aisle, shaking his head!]

GM: And did you see that, Bucky?! The Hangman's following the orders of Anton Layton now!

BW: Oh, I saw it... and I know exactly why he's doing it!

GM: The Eye?! Are you trying to tell me you believe in that hogwash about the Eye?!

BW: I believe MY eyes and my eyes are telling me that the Hangman just dumped Virgil Rockwell like a bad habit and Anton Layton is in charge now.

GM: And with Layton in charge, the Hangman is chasing Juan Vasquez up the aisle! Vasquez is running for his life! We might not see him for days, Bucky!

BW: But... he's in Steal The Spotlight! He's facing Ohara later tonight! He's-

GM: Halfway to Rome by now! Vasquez is out of here! The Hangman is hot on his trail but Juan Vasquez is making a desperation run for it!

[With bodies strewn all over the ring, Porter Crowley slides into the ring at the orders of Anton Layton, dragging Mifune - the legal man - back to his feet and shoving him back into the neutral corner.]

GM: The actions rolls on here in Milan and Crowley's got Mifune in the corner!

[Crowley snatches Mifune by his unique hairstyle, rifling his head repeatedly into the top turnbuckle. A half dozen slams land before Mifune slumps to a knee while Crowley keeps smashing his face into the middle buckle.]

GM: The referee's trying to get Crowley out of the corner but I'm not sure anyone can control that madman!

BW: You talking about Crowley or Mifune?

GM: I suppose the description fits them both!

[Now on his belly, Mifune continues having his face driven into the bottom turnbuckle before Crowley backs off, wiping a strand of saliva from his chin as he stairs across the ring...

...and races the ropes, throwing a running haymaker at the jaw of Supreme Wright, sending him flying off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Goodness!

[Crowley chuckles mirthlessly to himself as he wobbles across the ring, grabbing Mifune by the trunks, pulling him to his feet. He pushes him back against the ropes, making a grab for the arm...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and gets a hard slap across the cheek by Mifune!]

GM: OHH!

[Crowley recoils from the blow as Mifune advances, grabbing two hands full of wild hair, swinging his knee up into Crowley's face.]

GM: Kneestrike to the mush! And another!

[A third one knocks Crowley down to a knee with Mifune standing over him, eyes bearing down on him. He backs to the ropes, building up speed...

...and gets slapped on the shoulder!]

GM: Supreme Wright just tagged himself in!

[Wright brushes past Mifune quickly, eyes flashing with anger as he pulls Crowley off his knees...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[An open-handed blow bounces off the ear of Crowley, sending him staggering backwards.]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Crowley bounces away from Wright, clutching the side of his head as he falls chestfirst into the ropes but the former World Champion swoops in behind him, yanking him away from the ropes by the tights. He swings him around, sliding a knee up into the midsection.]

GM: Oh! Wright goes downstairs!

[Wright snatches a front facelock, slowly turning Crowley over...

...and then spins out, SMASHING a rolling elbow into the back of Crowley's head, sending him flying forwards, falling through the ropes and out to the ringside floor!]

GM: Good grief! Wright knocked him clear out to the floor!

[The referee steps in, looking to start a ten count but Wright brushes past him.]

GM: Whoa. Supreme Wright isn't usually one to take the fight to the floor but I think Porter Crowley's cheapshot on him out on the apron got under his skin a little bit.

[Wright steps out to the apron, looking down with disdain at Crowley as he hops to the floor.]

GM: Both men out on the floor now - they'll have to be careful to not get counted out. That'll definitely eliminate one or both of them from this Steal The Spotlight battle and with us down to a four on three battle, it could have a major impact if someone gets counted out.

[The former World Champion snatches a handful of Crowley's wild hair, tugging him to a kneeling position...

...and swings his foot up into the face of Crowley!]

GM: Oh! Short kick to the face! Again!

[A half dozen kicks land before Wright shoves Crowley away, throwing him down to the padded floor again. He throws a warning glance towards Anton Layton who slinks too close to the action.]

GM: Layton better watch himself out there. Supreme Wright might tie him up in knots around the ringpost.

[Pulling Crowley off his feet again, Wright starts to head back towards the ring but Crowley slips his hand in, raking the eyes!]

GM: Oh!

[Wrapping his arms around Wright's torso, driving him back so that his spine SLAMS into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE POST GOES WRIGHT!

[Snatching Wright around the head and under the arm, Crowley tosses Wright through the air, sending him crashing down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! RIGHT DOWN ON THE FLOOR!

[Crowley falls backwards against the ring apron, cackling madly to himself as Layton looks on pleased. Wright writhes in pain on the floor as the referee continues to count.]

GM: And as the count reaches seven, someone... there we go, Crowley rolls back inside the ring.

[The referee shouts at Crowley for his attack on the floor...

...which allows Anton Layton to race across the ringside area, stomping Wright once... twice... three times before pulling him to his feet, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Layton puts Wright back in... after putting the boots to him.

[Crowley stumbles across the ring, kicking Wright hard in the ribcage, forcing him onto his back. The wildman slips his shin across Wright's throat, tugging on the ropes for more leverage for the choke as the referee starts counting again.]

GM: Crowley with a blatant choke out here! Come on, referee!

[Crowley abandons his choke at four, wandering around the ring as Bret Grayson shouts encouragement to Supreme Wright from out on the apron. Wright pushes up to his hands and knees as Crowley slides in behind him, grabbing him by the back of the head...

...and SMASHES his face into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh!

[A trio of faceslams leaves Wright reeling on the canvas as Crowley backs into the ropes, bouncing off to drop a bare knee down on Wright's face!]

GM: Crowley with the kneedrop - right into a cover!

[A two count follows before Wright lifts the shoulder off the mat. Crowley sneers at the official before slamming his fist down between the eyes once... twice... three... wow, we lost count there quickly. Let's just say... like... eight times before he gets up, wandering around the ring.]

GM: That could easily have been a disqualification, Bucky.

BW: It could've but would you want to be the guy to tell Crowley he's eliminated from this match for something like that? I mean... if Crowley wins this thing, I'm guessing he's going to cash it in for a tag title opportunity. Stealing that chance away for a closed fist? This ain't ballet, Gordo.

[Crowley drags the dazed Wright off the mat, walking him across the ring, shoving him back into the corner where he slaps the outstretched hand of Flex Ferrigno.]

GM: Tag into Ferrigno... and this should be an interesting matchup.

[Ferrigno steps in, pushing Wright's face backwards, bending him across the top turnbuckle, and SLAMS his forearm down across the chest!]

GM: Big clubbing forearm to the chest!

[He snatches Wright around the head and neck, hurling him high up into the air, sending him crashing down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW!

BW: Now THAT'S power, Gordo!

[The big biel throw sends Wright three-quarters of the way across the ring, bouncing off the mat towards his corner where Bret Grayson slaps Wright's hand.]

GM: And there's a tag! That was a mistake by Ferrigno and Bret Grayson may make him pay for it!

[Grayson rushes into the ring, ducking a right hand from Ferrigno, snatching a rear waistlock as he does...]

GM: Grayson hooks- oh! Back elbow to the jaw!

[Ferrigno breaks loose from the waistlock, pivoting to drive a short forearm up into the jaw before he snatches Grayson by the singlet, pulling him into his grip...]

GM: Ferrigno hooks him and-

[Ferrigno HURLS him overhead, throwing him violently into the turnbuckles in the corner of the Supreme Squadron!]

GM: EXPLOOOODERRRRRR SUPLEX!

[Ferrigno pops back to his knee, striking a double bicep pose as the crowd jeers. He gets to his feet, pointing to the downed Grayson... then to Wright who is out on the floor. He holds up two fingers and then beckons towards Pure X and Takeshi Mifune.]

GM: Ferrigno wants more!

[Pure X defiantly reaches over the ropes, slapping Grayson's hand. He steps through the ropes but Ferrigno rushes him, catching him with a running kneelift to the chest as he comes through.]

GM: Oh! Ferrigno cuts him off!

[Snatching X out of the corner, Ferrigno yanks his legs out from under him, hanging on in a wheelbarrow setup. He powers Pure X up with ease, slamming him chestfirst down to the canvas in his own corner...

...and then strikes a big power, staring Takeshi Mifune right in the eyes!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: Ferrigno's taking on all of Supreme Squadron and he's throwing them all around like rag dolls!

[Mifune sneers at Ferrigno, reaching over the ropes to snatch Pure X's wrist in his iron grip, yanking him up to a knee where the Shadow Wolf tags himself into the ring. He uses both hands, throwing them backwards in a dismissive gesture as the crowd buzzes in anticipation of this showdown. Ferrigno backs off, balling up his fists, shadowboxing as Mifune steps into the ring.]

GM: And this should be an interesting one!

[Ferrigno throws a few phantom jabs in the direction of Takeshi Mifune who smirks in response, patting his own cheek invitingly. Ferrigno steps forward but as Mifune raises his right hand, the powerhouse steps back into a defensive posture.]

GM: Hehe... maybe Flex Ferrigno is rethinking this, Bucky.

BW: He'd have to be an idiot to not think twice about squaring off against Mifune-san.

[Mifune smirks at the retreating Ferrigno, raising his arms in a mocking double bicep pose...

...which infuriates Ferrigno enough to cause him to make a mistake, rushing towards Mifune who responds by headbutting Ferrigno in the mouth, knocking him backwards down onto his butt!]

GM: OH!

[Mifune steps forward, snatching Ferrigno by the hair with one hand...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Mifune shoves Ferrigno backwards, a trickle of blood escaping the corner of Ferrigno's mouth. He drops down, slamming his shin into the sternum of the powerhouse, sliding into a pin attempt, earning a two count before Ferrigno powers out.]

GM: Two count only and-

[With a gleeful grin, Mifune brings his forearm down on Ferrigno's cheekbone, dragging it back and forth with a sadistic laugh before the official makes him back off. Mifune threatens him with a backhand as Ferrigno rolls across the ring to the corner, extending his hand towards Canibal. The team captain looks down at the kneeling Ferrigno...

...but doesn't get a chance to act before Mifune rushes in behind him, sinking his fingers into Ferrigno's nostrils, yanking back on his face!]

GM: AHH!

[A clubbing forearm across the bridge of the nose causes Ferrigno to flop back down on his back. Mifune stares at Canibal who menacingly drags his thumb across his throat...

...which Mifune responds to by leaning over, belly-laughing at the threat before straightening back up and flashing Canibal a middle finger.]

GM: Oh dear.

[Canibal shouts something in Spanish at Mifune who responds with-]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Yep. An open-handed slap bounces off the ear of Canibal, sending him flying backwards off the apron to the floor. Mifune sneers down at the luchador...

...and fails to notice Ferrigno back on his feet, snatching a rear waistlock!]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[The powerhouse pops his hips, hurling Mifune across the ring with a released German Suplex, dropping Mifune down on the back of the head!]

GM: DOWN GOES MIFUNE!

[A grinning Ferrigno comes back to his feet, pumping his arms up and down as the crowd buzzes at Mifune's hard fall to the canvas...

...which leans to Canibal slapping Ferrigno's shoulder, tagging himself into the match.]

GM: Canibal's in off the tag!

[An irate Canibal storms across the ring, snatching Mifune off the mat, swinging his knee up into the chest once... twice... three times. He backs off, running swiftly to the ropes, rebounding back with a running kneelift that sends Mifune flying through the air, crashing down to the mat.]

GM: Canibal takes him down hard!

[Mifune crawls to the neutral corner as Canibal advances on him, planting his foot on Mifune's throat. The Shadow Wolf's tongue lolls out of his mouth as Canibal shakes his entire body, throttling Mifune with the boot choke!]

GM: The referee's right there in the corner, calling for a break...

[At four and change, Canibal breaks off his choke, pulling Mifune up to his feet. He grabs the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip corner to corner... Canibal coming in hot!

[A running spinning leg lariat connects, sending Canibal floating over the ropes to the ring apron. Mifune staggers out of the corner as Canibal quickly scales the ropes, taking aim...]

GM: The team captain off the top...

[Another spinning leg lariat - this one to the back of the head - connects, knocking Mifune flat as Canibal crawls into a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Mifune lifts the shoulder off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count right there... not enough to keep Mifune down for a three.

[Canibal rises to his feet, slamming the heel of his boot down into Mifune's chest a few times before he leans down, dragging Mifune off the mat. With the Shadow Wolf in a daze, Canibal swings his leg up, driving a thrust kick into the chest, sending Mifune staggering back into the corner.]

GM: Mifune falls back to the corner... Canibal backs to the opposite corner...

[And with a shout, the luchador barrels across the ring, swinging his leg up...]

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUUZZZAAAAAA!

[The foot bounces off the chin of Mifune as Canibal turns, running across the ring again...

...but as he turns, he realizes that Mifune charged across the ring after him, swinging his leg up in response...]

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUUZZZAAAAAA, PART TWO!

[Mifune staggers backwards as Canibal stumbles towards him...

...and Mifune throws a big open-handed slap to the face, sending both men toppling down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! And both men go down after that one!

[The crowd cheers the exchange of impact moves as Porter Crowley and Flex Ferrigno stand in one corner while Bret Grayson, Pure X, and Supreme Wright stand in the other.]

GM: Canibal and Mifune - you think about this European tour... this trip across the pond where we've talked so much about global expansion. The AWA truly is the place where the best in the world come to compete and inside that ring, you're looking at it. We've seen competitors here tonight from Germany... from Japan... from Canada... and of course, Mifune is a top star in Tiger Paw Pro in Japan... Canibal was a top star in Mexico before making the jump to the AWA. The locker room for the AWA is the greatest assemblage of talent anywhere in our great sport and you've gotta love moments like this where two guys you never imagined squaring off are getting the opportunity to do so!

[Canibal and Mifune both slowly work their ways to all fours, crawling across the ring towards their opposite corners.]

GM: Both men looking to make an exit here... both men looking to escape this ring and get one of their partners in there...

[Mifune gets across the ring first where Pure X reaches out, getting his hand slapped.]

GM: Pure X makes the tag!

[The submission specialist comes in fast, racing across the ring...

...but Bret Grayson thinks he made the tag first, trying to come through the ropes as well. The referee rushes to cut him off as X races to get to Canibal.]

GM: Pure X trying to cut off Canibal before he can tag and-

[Suddenly, Canibal wheels around, blowing a red mist into the eyes of the incoming Pure X!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He was playing possum on him! He lured him in!

[Canibal backs off, setting up X as he charges out of the corner, leaping into the air to snare him in a horse collar tackle, twisting around and driving him down to the canvas!]

GM: TWIST OF CAIN! CANIBAL GOT HIM!

[Canibal quickly rolls up Pure X, cradling both legs as the referee makes his three count!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

RO: Pure X has been ELIMINATED!

GM: Wow! Out of nowhere, Canibal scores the pin on Pure X after that illegal mist and that puts us down to a three on three battle!

[Canibal rolls to a knee, his tongue lolling out of his mouth, red liquid dripping from the corner as he stares across the ring at Grayson, Wright, and the recovering Mifune. Wright shakes his head, stepping through the ropes. He walks right out to the middle of the ring, staring down at the still-kneeling Canibal...]

GM: And here's another one of those interesting matchups, Bucky. Canibal and Supreme Wright!

[Wright stands over Canibal, inviting him back to his feet...

...but Canibal has other ideas, lunging forward to hook the legs, sweeping them out from under Wright.]

GM: Oh! Canibal took him down! I don't think Wright was expecting that at all!

[Canibal slides up the torso of Wright, looking to secure the mount position. He rears back, throwing a big elbowstrike down between the eyes... and a second...

...but he rests there a bit too long as Wright throws his legs up, scissoring them around the head, neck, and arm of Canibal!]

GM: TRIANGLE! TRIANGLE CHOKE OUT OF NOWHERE!

BW: And Wright might have lured Canibal into that, Gordo!

GM: The two captains squaring off and Wright's got the Triangle sunk in DEEP!

[Canibal's arm comes up, perhaps considering a tapout that would end his participation in this match...

...but Porter Crowley has other ideas, lumbering into the ring, dropping a big elbow down across Wright's chest!]

GM: OHH! Crowley breaks it up and-

[The crowd ROARS as Bret Grayson rushes into the ring, catching the rising Crowley with a series of big haymakers, backing him across the ring. Flex Ferrigno ducks through the ropes, looking to help his partner but Takeshi Mifune is on the scene as well, charging, jumping, and smashing a forearm into Ferrigno's ear, knocking him back into the ropes. A barrage of kicks to the legs follows...]

GM: Mifune's going after the legs!

BW: That may be the weak spot on Ferrigno!

GM: You think?

BW: It's an upper body business, brother.

[A hard kick to the chest sends Ferrigno falling back through the ropes to the floor just as Grayson wraps his arms around Crowley's big torso, tossing him effortlessly over his head and down to the canvas with an overhead belly-to-belly toss!]

GM: OHHH! BIG TIME BELLY TO BELLY BY THE OLYMPIAN!

[Grayson pops up, shouting out to the fans as Wright gets back to his feet, shoving Canibal back into the corner...]

...and with a loud shout in Japanese, Takeshi Mifune charges across, throwing his boot up into the chin of Canibal again!]

GM: ANOTHER YAKUZA KICK!

[Wright ducks down, lifting the staggered Canibal up onto his shoulders, walking out to the middle of the ring...]

...and tosses Canibal up into the air, bringing him down on Wright's raised knees as he falls to his back!]

GM: FAT TUESDAY!

[Grayson and Mifune take up protective positions as Wright covers his fellow team captain for the one... two... and three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He got him!

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Canibal has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd buzzes at the surprising elimination.]

GM: And that puts us down to a three on two! Canibal - the team captain of Las Bestias - is eliminated leaving Porter Crowley and Flex Ferrigno to take on Bret Grayson, Takeshi Mifune, and Supreme Wright!

[Crowley comes through the ropes, racing across the ring to attack Supreme Wright with a barrage of fists, battering Wright back into the Supreme Squadron corner. A well-placed headbutt makes Wright's knees buckle as he slumps down to a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Crowley's back in, going right back after the former World Champion!

[Crowley grips the top rope, raining down shoe leather on the seated Wright as Grayson and Mifune exit the ring.]

GM: Crowley's all over him in the corner!

[One-half of the Slaughterhouse swings his knee in, smashing it into the face of the seated Wright once... twice... three times before he backs away, stumbling about the ring as Anton Layton shouts instructions from out on the floor..

...and Crowley runs back in, slamming his knee into the face of the seated Wright!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing Wright by the ankle, Crowley yanks him from the corner, dropping to his knees for a lateral press.]

GM: Crowley gets one! He gets two!

[Wright lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: No, no... not enough to eliminate the former World Champion... a man who has held that Steal The Spotlight contract before and in fact, used it back at SuperClash a few years ago against Dave Bryant to win his first World Title.

BW: Wright's been chasing another shot at the World Title for months now - ever since SuperClash last year. If he wins this contract, he's got it dead to rights... can you imagine a rematch from that SuperClash with Jack Lynch over the World Title?

GM: I'm exhausted just thinking about it.

[Crowley drags Wright off the mat by the arms, looping his own arms over Wright's as he smashes his skull into Wright's once... twice... a half dozen times before he uses that same grip to fling Wright overhead and down to the mat with a unique-looking suplex!]

GM: Oh my! And Crowley showing that he's more than just a wild-eyed brawler out there, Bucky.

BW: Porter Crowley's been one of the most underrated competitors in the AWA for a long time, Gordo, and he's getting his chance to prove it right here tonight.

[A running kick to the ribs sends Wright rolling out to the apron.]

GM: Crowley trying to send Wright out to the floor yet again...

[Crowley steps out to the apron, stomping the former World Champion a few times before he backs off, creating some space on the apron...]

GM: What's Crowley got in mind right here, Bucky?

BW: That's a place I'm not willing to go, daddy.

GM: Crowley backing up - all the way to the ringpost...

[Suddenly, Crowley goes dashing down the length of the apron, ready to strike Wright who is hanging onto the ropes, trying to stay on the apron...]

...and swings his leg up, catching Crowley flush on the temple!]

GM: HEAD KICK! RIGHT TO THE SIDE OF THE SKULL!!

[Crowley hooks an arm over the top rope, staggering backwards, ending up with his back against the steel ringpost again...

...and this time, it's Wright who charges down the apron, swinging his arm up under the chin of the wild man!]

GM: OHH! RUNNING UPPERCUT BY WRIGHT!

[Wright backs off again, taking aim on Crowley as he backs the length of the apron...]

GM: Here he comes again!

[But as Wright approaches this time, Crowley ducks down, lifting Wright up over his shoulder...

...and steps off the apron, dropping Wright facefirst down on the hardest part of the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Crowley was out on his feet! That was sheer instinct right there, Gordo!

[Crowley is seated on the floor, his back against the ring apron as Wright lies on the mats next to him, his arms up over his face, rolling back and forth in agony as the crowd buzzes with concern for the former World Champion.]

GM: A desperation move out of Porter Crowley puts Supreme Wright in a bad, bad way out there on the floor and if Crowley can get Wright back inside the ring, this match might be over for the former Steal The Spotlight winner.

[In a daze, Crowley uses the ring apron to drag himself to his feet. He leans against the apron, a sadistic smile on his face before pulling Wright up by the arm. He grabs a handful of tights, looking to toss Wright back in...

...or is he as he pivots, HURLING Wright headfirst into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WRIGHT GOES SKULLFIRST INTO THE RAILING!

[Wright lies limp on the ringside mats as Crowley rolls back under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself to the corner, sitting against the turnbuckles as the referee lays a count on Wright outside the ring.]

GM: We're over a half hour into this battle and we've still got five men remaining in this matchup...

BW: Maybe four if the referee counts a little faster.

GM: Supreme Wright is certainly in jeopardy of being counted out right here, fans. The count is up to three... now to four. Remember, if he's not back in before the count of ten, he'll be eliminated from this matchup and will leave this one even at

two with the winners moving on to face Riley Hunter and Jordan Ohara two weeks from tonight in London.

[Wright struggles to get to all fours as the referee counts five. Bret Grayson can be heard shouting at his friend from the corner as Wright tries to crawl back towards the ring.]

GM: Wright struggling to overcome two hard shots out there on the floor at the hands of Porter Crowley... can he get back in the ring in time?

[The count hits six as Wright drags himself towards the ring.]

GM: We're up to six now. Wright still trying to get to the ring...

[Crowley watches from his spot in the corner, looking on with interest as Wright gets to the ring apron, reaching up to grab the top of it as the count hits seven...]

GM: Wright's getting closer! He's got the apron! Can he- he pulls himself to his feet!

[And with the count at eight, Wright rolls himself under the ropes into the ring...

...and immediately gets an elbow dropped down on his chest. Crowley gets back to his feet, pulling Wright up off the canvas...]

GM: AHH! HE'S BITING HIM! HE'S BITING WRIGHT'S FOREHEAD!

[Crowley breaks off his attack at four, spitting a wad of saliva into the air with a cackle as Wright staggers back into the neutral corner. He stalks in on Wright, launching a boot into the gut with another to follow.]

GM: Crowley with the whip across... he's coming after him!

[But as Crowley nears the corner, Wright drags himself clear, causing Crowley to SLAM chestfirst into the buckles! He staggers backwards as Wright throws himself at the corner, slapping Bret Grayson's hand!]

GM: TAG!

[Grayson slides in, all fired up as he slides in behind Crowley...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

[...and HURLS Crowley through the air, dropping him on the back of his head with a German Suplex!]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX ON CROWLEY!

[Grayson pops back up to his feet, turning towards the corner, shouting a warning in the direction of Ferrigno as he storms in on the downed Crowley, lifting him back up off the mat...]

GM: He hooks him again!

[A second German Suplex sends Crowley down to the mat, the back of his head slamming into the canvas and rattling his teeth!]

GM: A second big suplex by Grayson! He's tossing Crowley around like he's-

[But Grayson wanders a little too close to the corner, allowing Mifune to slap Grayson's shoulder, tagging himself into the match...]

GM: Mifune tags in!

[But as he steps in, Grayson grabs Mifune by the arm, swinging him back around and sticking a finger into Mifune's face.]

GM: Uh oh. We knew going in that there were some issues between these two and-

[Mifune suddenly reaches up, grabbing Grayson's extended finger, twisting it violently. The Olympic gold medalist cries out in pain as Mifune uses the grip to force Grayson's hand down to the mat where Mifune STOMPS the hand!]

GM: AHH!

[The referee steps in, shouting at Mifune who glares in his direction, watching Grayson gripping his own hand as he crawls from the ring to the floor.]

GM: Mifune clears Grayson out of the ring, attacking his own partner... and look at this!

[Mifune swoops in on the downed Crowley, reaching down to lock his arms between Crowley's legs as he lifts him up into piledriver position...]

GM: Mifune's got him up! He's got Crowley up! He's got-

[But the crowd begins to buzz as Bret Grayson slides back inside the ring, steel chair in hand...]

BW: WAIT! DON'T DO-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GRAYSON JUST HIT HIS OWN PARTNER WITH A CHAIR!

[Mifune slumps to the mat, dropping Crowley harmlessly as Grayson winds up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT DOWN ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD! GOOD LORD ALMIGHTY!

[Grayson flings the chair aside, yanking down the straps on his dual-strapped singlet, shouting at the downed Mifune...]

BW: What in the hell?!

GM: The referee looks like he can't figure out what to do! Grayson didn't interfere on anyone's behalf... and he hit his own partner! It's not like he can be disqualified!

[A fired-up Grayson yanks Crowley off the mat, tugging him into position as he lifts him up into a torture rack, spinning rapidly, and DRIVING him down into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! GOLD MEDAL SLAM!

[Grayson grabs Crowley's arm, draping it over the stunned Mifune. The referee looks shocked at Grayson before finally shrugging, dropping down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Mifune's gone!

BW: Thanks to his own partner and that damned steel chair!

[Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Takeshi Mifune is ELIMINATED!

GM: We're down to four! Crowley and Ferrigno against Grayson and Wright... and I can't imagine Supreme Wright is going to be too happy with his friend Bret Grayson after he finds out what he's done.

[Grayson stands in the middle of the ring, kicking the steel chair to the floor. He reaches down, hauling Porter Crowley up to his feet into position for a second Gold Medal Slam...]

GM: He's gonna do it again! He's going to-

[The crowd ROARS as Grayson suddenly looks down and spots Takeshi Mifune defiantly grabbing Grayson by the ankle...]

GM: What the...?!

BW: MIFUNE! WILL! NOT! DIE!

[Grayson angrily stomps Mifune once... twice... three times, shoving Crowley towards the corner as he does.]

GM: Grayson's trying to stomp Mifune out but it's not working!

[A defiant Mifune pulls on the ankle, trying to drag himself off the canvas as Crowley stumbles into the corner, slapping the offered hand.]

GM: Ferrigno makes the tag!

[The monster of muscle rushes into the ring, grabbing a distracted Grayson from behind...]

GM: Ferrigno shoots him to the ropes!

[As Grayson rebounds back, Ferrigno shoves him skyward, putting a twist on Grayson...]

...and as he comes back down to Earth, Ferrigno catches him in a waistlock, DRIVING him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: OHHH! THAT'S GOTTA BE IT FOR GRAYSON!

[Mifune rolls from the ring as Ferrigno settles into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Bret Grayson has been ELIMINATED!

[Big cheer from the Milan crowd!]

GM: And then there was one! It's Supreme Wright taking on Flex Ferrigno and Porter Crowley, fans! The Supreme Squadron has been whittled bit by bit down to one man - the team captain himself!

[Ferrigno gets to his feet, a big smirk on his face. He extends a hand towards Wright, beckoning the former World Champion into the ring...

...when suddenly a voice rings out.]

"HEY!"

[A puzzled Ferrigno looks around in confusion.]

"HEY! UP HERE!"

[Ferrigno turns around, shouting "WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?!" as his eyes come to rest on the video screen...

...and the beaming face of Big Papi himself, David Ortiz!]

GM: Wait a second! That's David Ortiz of the Boston Red Sox!

[Ortiz' voice rings out again.]

"HEY, FLEX!"

[Ferrigno approaches the ropes, glaring up at the video screen with a loud "WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING HERE?!"]

"What? You didn't think I'd let you forget about me so easily, didja?"

[Ortiz chuckles.]

"I heard you talkin' about how you want a fight with Big Papi."

[Ferrigno nods, waving his hands towards Ortiz' image.]

"Well, if you want Big Papi... Big Papi's right here waiting for you!"

[The shot on the video wall pulls back to show David Ortiz standing in front of an AWA backdrop hanging on the arena wall. Ferrigno's eyes flash with anger.]

"Come on, Flex! It's your shot to show the whole world how tough you are!"

[Ferrigno nods, stepping through the ropes...]

"Or maybe what a COWARD you are!"

[Big cheer for that! Ferrigno angrily jumps off the apron, stomping up the aisle towards the video wall.]

GM: Wait a second! Where's he going?!

BW: He's going looking for that punk Ortiz! That's where he's going!

GM: I realize that but...

BW: But what?!

GM: But he's in the middle of a match, Bucky! Flex Ferrigno is the legal man and he's... he's heading back up the aisle! I know he wants to get his hands on David Ortiz but...

BW: Wait, wait... tell that referee to stop counting! He needs to give Flex a chance to settle this!

GM: The referee is NOT going to stop counting! Flex Ferrigno is walking out on this match and the referee is going to keep counting!

[Ferrigno angrily stomps up the aisle, walking through the curtain as the official keeps on counting...]

GM: Supreme Wright... he can't believe it! He was looking at a two on one situation and Flex Ferrigno just took that way! Ferrigno's about to get counted out, Bucky!

BW: Pause! Time out! Cease and desist!

GM: The count is up to nine and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: Referee Davis Warren has COUNTED OUT Flex Ferrigno and he is ELIMINATED from this matchup!

[Big cheer!]

GM: And that... that puts us down to Porter Crowley against Supreme Wright with the winner moving on to the Steal The Spotlight Finals two weeks from tonight in London!

BW: I... well, Gordo, I don't want to speak ill of Porter Crowley but when you looked at the ten men in this ring to start this match, I don't think ANYONE would've picked Crowley to be there at the end.

GM: You're probably right about that but now he's just one decision away from walking into London with a chance to win Steal The Spotlight. One pinfall, one submission, one countout, one disqualification. But by the same token, we spoke earlier about Wright's dedication and focus towards earning another shot at the World Title that he feels still belongs to him. He's also just one decision away from making the Finals of this series. Who's it going to be?

[Crowley steps back inside the ring, his chest heaving with the exertion of competing for much longer than he's used to. Anton Layton is in the corner, hand on the middle rope, speaking to Crowley in a steady stream, urging his charge on as Wright stands in the middle of the ring, ready to compete once more...]

...and suddenly, Crowley rushes forward with a bloodcurdling cry, raining down rights and lefts on Wright who brings his arms up, looking to defend himself. The barrage of blows batters Wright all the way back into the corner where Crowley switches to kneelifts, driving his knee up into the ribcage repeatedly as Wright slides his arms down to protect the body.]

GM: Crowley's all over him in the corner, trying to batter Wright into submission!

BW: More accomplished men than Porter Crowley have tried and failed. Ask Ryan Martinez. Ask Jack Lynch. Ask those men how much it takes to put Supreme Wright down.

[Crowley grabs Wright by the arm, whipping him across the ring and charging in behind him...

...but Wright runs right up the buckles, backflipping off the top rope, landing on his feet behind Crowley as the man from Parts Unknown slams chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Swing and a miss by Crowley... Wright behind him!

[Wright grabs Crowley by the shoulder, swinging him around into a bodylock...

...and then Wright spins a 180, popping his hips and HURLING Crowley overhead into the buckles with a belly-to-belly throw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: 260 pounds just went FLYING into the turnbuckles!

BW: Your whole body has to feel like you just went through a car crash after something like that!

[The former World Champion reclaims his feet, watching as Crowley struggles to do the same... and throws a spinning back kick to the midsection, causing Crowley to fall back into the turnbuckles again.]

GM: Crowley barely able to stay on his feet - Wright on the attack!

[Grabbing the side of Crowley's slicked back hair, Wright uncorks a series of stiff elbowstrikes to the badly-scarred right side of Crowley's face!]

GM: Elbow after elbow, battering Crowley relentlessly!

[The referee steps in, forcing Wright to step back. The former leader of Team Supreme obliges...

...and then somersaults forward, his heel catching Crowley flush in the mouth!]

GM: FLIPPING KICK IN THE CORNER!

[With Crowley hanging on for dear life to the ropes, Wright gets back to his feet, grabbing Crowley by the arm...]

GM: Wright fires him across the ring...

[Wright runs coast to coast, leaping up to the middle rope and JAMMING his knee up under the chin of Crowley. The blow snaps back Crowley's head, his eyes rolling back as Layton screams at his charge from outside the ring.]

GM: You can hear the cries of Anton Layton, demanding that Crowley stay in this thing but that kneestrike really did a number on him!

[Wright steps back, beckoning Crowley forward. The dazed Slaughterhouse member staggers towards the former World Champion who ducks down, hoisting him up in a fireman's carry...]

GM: We saw this earlier! We might be about to see Fat Tuesday again!

[The former World Champion walks out to the middle of the ring, holding Crowley aloft for all to see...

...which is when Crowley digs his fingers into the eyes of Wright, raking hard and slipping free of his grasp!]

GM: Ohh! Crowley goes to the eyes and gets loose!

BW: Gordo, he's going for Damaged Goods!

[Crowley spins the blinded Wright around, lifting him up into a fireman's carry of his own!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got him up! If he hits this, it might be over right here and now!

[Wright suddenly lashes out, swinging his elbow down to bounce off the temple of Crowley. A knee comes from the other direction, hitting the other side of the head!]

GM: Wright's trying to fight out of this! He's trying to- WAIT A SECOND!

[The crowd ERUPTS in boos as the camera cuts to the aisleway to show Juan Vasquez slinking back down the aisle towards the ring. He's hunched over, almost as if he's trying not to be noticed. He puts a finger to his lips, hushing the crowd as he hurries back down the aisle.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is coming back out here but... but he's eliminated, right?!

BW: Was he?! Did he ever get counted out?! I don't think so, Gordo! I think he's been in the back having a gelato and waiting for this to get down to the Final Two!

[Crowley absorbs the strikes from Wright, falling back against the ropes where he bounces off, muscling Wright up and over, swinging his knee up into Wright's face!]

GM: DAMAGED GOODS!

[The blow fells Wright, allowing Crowley to make a cover...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREE-

[...but Crowley suddenly gets yanked clear out of the ring by Juan Vasquez!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[Crowley cocks his head at Vasquez who quickly backs off, raising his hands defensively as he backpedals away. An irate Anton Layton shouts at Vasquez... and then at Crowley who stalks forward, the crowd cheering with anticipation of Crowley getting his hands on Vasquez.]

GM: Vasquez saved the match for Supreme Wright... and now he's running for it!

[The leader of the Axis of Evil continues to back off, shaking his head as Crowley shouts at him. Finally, the Hall of Famer turns tail and runs, Crowley in hot pursuit.]

GM: Around and around the ring they go... Vasquez rolls in... Crowley coming in after him...

[But as Crowley comes to his feet, rushing towards Vasquez, he gets scooped right up by Wright once again. Wright does a quick spin with him...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[The blow BLASTS off the jaw of Crowley who is up in the fireman’s carry, spinning him back the other way as Wright shoves him over the top, bringing him down on his raised knees!]

GM: FAT TUESDAY TO BOOT!

[Vasquez stands guard as Wright flips Crowley over, diving across...]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: You’ve gotta be kidding me!

[Vasquez leaps up, pumping a fist in triumph as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winners of the match - moving on to face Jordan Ohara and Riley Hunter in two weeks in the Steal The Spotlight Series Final - SUUUUUUPREEEEEEME WRIIIIIGHT AND JUAAAAAAAAAAN VASQUEZZZZZZZZ!

[Vasquez has quite the cat-who-ate-the-canary grin on his face as Wright slowly rises, locking eyes with the other surviving member of his team.]

GM: Can you believe that? Over forty minutes of action... tough, hard-fought action for Supreme Wright and... what? What did Juan Vasquez do to deserve this win?

BW: Hey, he’s the man with the plan, Gordo... and you can’t fault him for that.

GM: I suppose there’s some truth to that... but you better believe he’s not getting out of his match with Jordan Ohara later tonight that easily. Ohara’s looking to take his pound of flesh out of Juan Vasquez tonight and I sure do hope he gets it!

BW: Vasquez and Wright, together again, and moving on to the Finals!

GM: And if you’re a pro wrestling fan who doesn’t get excited at the idea of Riley Hunter and Jordan Ohara taking on Juan Vasquez and Supreme Wright two weeks from tonight, I think maybe you should take up curling as your spectator sport of choice... what a matchup that’s going to be with the Steal The Spotlight contract on the line!

[Wright continues to glare at Vasquez, obviously not pleased in his role here tonight.]

GM: Fans, we’ve got to take a break but before we do, let’s go out on location to Theresa Lynch who we’ve dispatched to try and get an update on the medical condition of Brian James. Theresa? Are you there?

[We cut to a shot outside a building that presumably is a hospital although you wouldn’t know unless you can read the Italian signs behind Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Thanks, Gordon. Yes, I’m here at a local hospital here in Milan where I’m told that Brian James is undergoing treatment for the undisclosed injuries he suffered

earlier tonight at the hands of whatever mystery assailant came after him. Now, I'm told that James is resisting treatment... much like he resisted being loaded into the ambulance back at the arena at all. He's been informed that he missed the Steal The Spotlight match and he was totally outraged. When he discovers-

[Suddenly, the doors next to Theresa fly open, causing her to jump in surprise. The camera pans over to find Brian James. His body is wrapped in white gauze. He's got an IV tube hanging from his arm. He's wearing a blue medical gown and being trailed by Brian Lau who is shouting at him to get back inside.]

TL: Brian James?

[James takes a few steps towards Theresa, eyeing her up and down...

...and then turns to the cameraman, looking at him.]

BJ: How did you get here?

TL: We... uhh... we had a car... a van.

[James slowly nods.]

BJ: Then you can take me back to the arena.

BL: Brian, the doctors said-

BJ: Do I look like I give a damn what the doctors said?

[He does not. Lau quickly quiets down, nodding slowly. James turns back to Theresa.]

BJ: Hey... tell your brother I'm coming for him. His night off just got cancelled.

[James stalks forward towards the cameraman who starts to protest as James grabs him by the arm and we abruptly cut 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 back up to live action backstage at the Mediolanum Forum where an agitated Flex Ferrigno is stomping through the hallways.]

FLEX: Where is he?! Where is he, damn it?!

[Ferrigno stops short, kicking open a door. A scream comes from within as Ferrigno looks inside.]

FLEX: You seen Ortiz?!

[Not getting the answer he's looking for, Ferrigno continues to walk through the hallway, grabbing a stagehand by the collar.]

FLEX: YOU! WHERE'S ORTIZ?!

[The terrified stagehand points a few doors down. Ferrigno shoves him up against the wall, nodding as he stomps over to the door in question. He pauses, taking a few deep breaths...

...and then picks up a metal pipe on a nearby crate. He slaps it against his hand a few times before kicking in the door. He runs in, pipe in hand, with a loud "AHHHHHHHHH!"

And then stops short. Our camera peeks through the door as Ferrigno stands in front of a television set. On the TV is a grinning David Ortiz with the AWA backdrop behind him.]

"Sorry, Papi. Did you forget I've got a game to play? I didn't have time to go jetsetting to Milan... but I just wanted to say "Hola!"

[Ferrigno grumbles as Ortiz' image flickers and fades out...

...and then with another scream, he takes a full force swing at the television monitor with the pipe, shattering the screen and knocking it to the floor. He flings the pipe angrily at the wall, swinging back towards the cameraman.]

"GET THE-"

[The audio cuts out for a moment as Ferrigno storms past, shoving the cameraman to the ground...

...and we cut to another part of the building where the AWA's Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, is sitting at a desk in his makeshift office for the evening. His fists are firmly planted on the desktop and his glare is hard and narrow on the individual sitting in front of him.]

EG: UNACCEPTABLE! You -- you lied right to my face!

[The camera jumps over to the person sitting in front of him; The Ring Leader, Terry Shane III. Shane leans back in his chair, his hands clasped against the back of his head and pressed against his shoulder length jet back hair. He doesn't look dressed to wrestle this evening as he's sporting a slim fitting black track jacket with MIZZOU written across it in gold letters over a white button down shirt and denim jeans.]

EG: I made it PERFECTLY clear that your brother was NOT allowed in the arena in Germany and what happens... WHAT HAPPENS?!

TS3: He showed up.

EG: HE SHOWED UP! Not only did he show up but he ATTACKED two contracted superstars, Mr. Shane!

TS3: I wouldn't go that far. I mean... superstars? That's a bit of an exaggeration. Talent, eh... [he wobbles his right hand]... can we agree on hired help?

[Gellar is fuming as he gets to his feet, pointing at Shane.]

EG: TERRY SHANE... DO NOT TEST ME! You better have a great explanation for disobeying my orders and I mean a GREAT one!

[Shane pauses for a moment, staring back at Gellar.]

TS3: Well... I do.

[Gellar nods expectantly.]

EG: Alright... well?

[Shane holds both hands up as he tries to exhaust Emerson's fuming demeanor a bit.]

TS3: Jimmy Jack, well, boss... he was under contract.

[Gellar's eyes widen.]

EG: Under contract?! I don't think so! There's no way that Talent Relations would've signed that lunatic!

[Shane shakes his head.]

TS3: Let me explain. You see... without you letting him compete my brother has fallen on tough times. You haven't exactly been giving him glowing reviews when companies call for a referral so Jimmy... he figured he'd make a few bucks while we were out here to pay for his flight and obsession with jelly beans so the operators of the Benz arena hired him for some light janitorial duties for the evening.

EG: Are you kidding me?

[Shane, doing his best to fight back a smile, continues.]

TS3: I'm afraid not, boss.

[Gellar exhales sharply.]

EG: Even if... and it's a BIG if... this is remotely true, how do you explain him running into the ring, Mr. Shane?! He came out there like a madman with a broomstick... and a bucket... and...

[Shane interrupts.]

TS3: Plunder. Don't forget about the plunder.

[Gellar flops back down in his chair.]

EG: I most certainly didn't forget the plunder. If he was there as a janitor, Mr. Shane... how can you explain him being in the ring?

[Bump. Set.]

TS3: Just a janitor doing his job and taking out the trash. Sir.

[Spike. Gellar's glare begins to flare up again, starting to rise out of his seat but he pauses.]

EG: I... for the love of...

[He sighs.]

EG: I should suspend you for what happened in Germany but AWA legal says that while you blatantly lied to my face... well, let's just say they don't think a suspension will hold up if... legally challenged.

[Shane grins but Gellar holds up a hand.]

EG: Don't get so excited. Now, let's talk about the Wallaces. I'm assuming you want another match with them.

TS3: You know we do.

EG: Fine. You're going to get another chance.

[Shane claps his hands together, getting to his feet.]

TS3: Excellent. Jimmy is going to, well, all I can say is I think he's been maxing out his credit card at Home Depot. I honestly think he might soil himself when I give him the good news.

[Gellar interrupts.]

EG: Not so fast. I said I was going to give YOU another chance... and really, that's only because those Wallace kids bug me.

[Shane nods in agreement.]

EG: Alright, so here's the deal... YOU, Terry Shane... not you and your miscreant brother... just you. Two weeks from tonight, we're headed to London... and you're going to get in that ring - all by yourself - against the American Idols...

[Shane waits for the other shoe to drop.]

EG: ...in a handicap match.

[Shane grimaces.]

EG: Now, if you win... and ONLY if you win...

[Gellar pauses, considering what he's about to say.]

EG: I will personally sign a contract for your brother.

[Shane pumps a fist.]

EG: A contract for Jimmy Jack Shane that has THE... HEAVIEST... RESTRICTIONS... ANY TALENT... HAS EVER SEEN! Do you understand me?

TS3: I do.

EG: Good. And if you lose...

[Shane waits.]

EG: This discussion is over and your brother will NEVER step foot inside an AWA arena again. Deal?

[Shane looks across the desk at Gellar's outstretched hand...

...and accepts it.]

TS3: Deal.

[The camera closes on the handshake...

...and we fade back out to the ring where Mark Stegglet is standing in the middle of the ring, unable to contain his smile.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... my guest at this time... he is the NEW AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

[BIG CHEER!]

MS: ...JAAAAAACK LYNNNNNCH!

[The opening notes to Bon Jovi's "Wanted: Dead Or Alive" rings out over the PA system as Jack Lynch strides into view to a thunderous ovation from the Italian crowd. The newly minted AWA World Heavyweight Champion is dressed all in white. A neatly pressed button down shirt, a pair of dress pants, cowboy hat. The white is accented nicely by the gold on his shoulder, the very championship he won two weeks ago in Germany.]

GM: There he is, Bucky!

BW: Somebody get me a bucket 'cause I'm gonna puke.

[Lynch stands at the top of the aisle for a few moments, looking around with a smile at the cheering crowd. He pats the title belt hanging over his shoulder with a nod before walking towards the ring where Mark Stegglet awaits.]

GM: It was two weeks ago in Berlin when Jack Lynch received an unscheduled shot at the World Title held by Johnny Detson... and the Kings pulled out all the stops

but in the end, it was the Iron Cowboy who struck gold - making history in the AWA's very first show in Europe!

[Lynch reaches the ring, climbing the steps and ducking through the ropes. He takes off his hat, saluting the roaring fans again as he settles into the middle of the ring alongside Stegglet. A big clap on Stegglet's shoulder follows, smiles from both men as the music fades.]

MS: "Congratulations" is the least of what I have to say to you, champ... but congratulations. Just when it seemed that Johnny Detson had that title in a stranglehold, you took it from him! How does it feel?

[The normally laconic Lynch cannot contain his happiness tonight. Stegglet extends his hand and the World Champion takes it, shaking it vigorously as Stegglet congratulates him again.]

JL: How does it feel? Well, Mark, for a long time, I used to say I only ever had one perfect day in my life. That was the day that Tammy Kay made me an honest man and said before God and family that she'd be my wife.

Then, about a year ago, I had a second perfect day. The day that I saw my little baby girl for the first time.

And now, Mark? Now, I got a third perfect day to add to that. The day that I fulfilled my lifelong dream. The day that I became the World Heavyweight Champion!

[Lynch runs his hand reverently over the belt's faceplate.]

JL: How does it feel? I'm on top the world, Mark!

MS: Now, it has to be said, your win was not without controversy...

[Lynch chuckles and then shakes his head.]

JL: Way I see it Mark, this coulda gone down two ways. Either Detson fought me head up and straight on. And had he done that? Well, we'd be in exactly the same place we're at right now. With me the happiest man on God's green earth and Johnny Detson cryin' about his lost gold.

Or, it coulda gone down the way it did, with Detson's schemes backfirin' on him. Which they did.

So I don't see no controversy, Mark. I see what a more cultured man might call poetic justice. I see that every back bitin', underhanded trick Detson ever pulled came back to bite him directly in his backside.

Just like I knew it would.

MS: Fair enough. Now, the question becomes - what's next for you, Mr. Lynch?

JL: Well, funny you should mention that, Mark. Because what's next is, I start puttin' some shine back on this belt. Shine it ain't had since Detson stole it from Ryan Martinez. So what's next?

I'm puttin' this belt on the line against anyone and everyone.

Last I checked, Ryan never got his rematch. So Ryan? Any time you're ready to step through those ropes... consider it a done deal.

Same goes for you, Wright. I know you're dyin' to get this belt back. And I don't care how much Bucky Wilde complains about gettin' tired, you got a shot waitin' for ya anytime.

And since maybe someone might say you had a small hand in me standin' here as champ, then Brian James, if there's anything left of you after Trav is done with ya, then step up, big boy, and I'll see to it that the Engine of Destruction blows a gasket.

And of course, there's you, Detson.

Ya ain't happy about how things went down? Well, you just give me a time and place, and you'll have your shot.

Let me make this clear. I'll take on all comers. If you can sign your name to a contract, you can have a shot at my belt. But lemme repeat those words.

My belt. Mine.

This baby ain't goin' nowhere. Trav has already proven that when a Lynch gets his hands on gold, it don't leave them easily, and I aim to be the best World Champion that this company has ever seen.

As the cliché goes, there's a new sheriff in town. And I'm just itchin' to get out there and show these hombres what happens when ya mess with the Iron Cowboy.

But hey? Anyone who wants a shot – come get it.

[The words are just barely out of the new World Champion's mouth when the PA kicks in with a familiar tune... but one that causes Jack Lynch's jaw to drop all the same.

It's "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult and it can only mean the arrival of one man.

Jack Lynch's friend and tag team partner, Bobby O'Connor.]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: Hah! Take that, Lynch! It ain't so easy bein' the guy who everyone's got in their sights, is it?!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor comes walking down the aisle, dressed in black jeans and a red flannel shirt buttoned all the way up to the neck. Definitely a different look than we're used to from the third-generation grappler. O'Connor smiles at the crowd's reaction, making his way quickly down the aisle.]

GM: I'm not sure what this is all about, Bucky.

BW: You're not? I am! And I love it!

[O'Connor scales the ringsteps, climbing through the ropes into the ring. Jack Lynch arches an eyebrow at his friend as O'Connor walks across the ring, extending his hand towards Mark Steggle who hands over the mic.]

BOC: "Anyone who wants a shot - come get it."

[O'Connor nods, stroking his chin.]

BOC: It's funny you say that, brother.

[O'Connor pauses, shaking his head.]

BOC: Look, Jack... nobody was happier than me when you took that-

[Bobby points to the championship belt hung on Jack's shoulder.]

BOC: -from that snake in the grass. You and I have fought side by side against the likes of Detson for probably longer than anyone, Jack. That you could beat him for not only the biggest prize in this sport but the one that he holds more dear than any in his career... that's about as big a blow as any of us have been able to strike.

[Jack nods slowly, clearly wondering where Bobby is going with all this.]

BOC: So, like I said, nobody was happier than me...

[Bobby exhales.]

BOC: ...but I wasn't the happiest that I could be.

[Jack fixes his best friend with a quizzical look.]

BOC: Because there's been one thing nagging at me. One thing that's kept me from supporting you as a friend, as a tag partner and as a brother like I want to. That's the fact that I had that vulture reeling. I had that ten pounds of gold so close that I could taste it. And if not for you running in and getting me disqualified, maybe it would be me getting this interview time with Mark here.

[Jack has a look of incredulous shock on his face. Bobby holds a hand up.]

BOC: Don't take this the wrong way, partner. I'm not blaming you. I'm just here to clear the air. I don't want any ill will between us. Like I've said before, you've become more like a brother than just a friend over the years. There's only one thing I can think of to make gosh darn SURE that there will never be any ill will.

[Bobby points to the championship belt once again.]

BOC: And that's you letting me know once and for all if I have what it takes to be at the top of this sport by giving me a shot at the AWA World Championship!

[Both men lock gazes for a moment, each taking the measure of the other. Finally, the Iron Cowboy nods slowly.]

JL: Ya know somethin'? I can't think of a man more worthy of a title shot, and I can't think of somethin' these fans would rather see more.

You want a shot, Bobby? You got it!

Put it there...

[Jack extends his hand, and O'Connor is quick to shake it.]

JL: ...and may the best man win.

[There's another shared stare between the two, as each gets a certain gleam in their eyes. Not hatred, but the look that fighters have when they know they're about to go to war. The handshake ends, and both men exit in opposite directions. O'Connor exits the ring as "Wanted: Dead Or Alive" starts up over the PA system again.]

MS: Wow! A challenge offered... and a challenge accepted, fans! I don't know when it's going to happen... I don't know where it's going to happen... but I know it's gonna happen! Jack Lynch vs Bobby O'Connor for the World Heavyweight Title and I can't wait to see it! Congrats again, champ! Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black...

Open to a wide shot of former AWA tag team champion, City Jack, in front of a green-screened "A" and some swirly designs. Jack's wearing a "Bluegrass Kentucky Fed" t-shirt, jeans, and black knee brace. Beside him on the screen are the following words:

Knee Pain?

Back Pain?

Call Toll Free! 800.555.1548!]

CJ: Hey my wrestlin' family, ol' City Jack here to let you all in on a little somethin' special!

[Jack, very excitedly, pumps his fists.]

CJ: Have any ya'll had some pain recently? You know, in them there knees?

[Jack points to the knee-braced knee.]

CJ: Or maybe that back of yours been hurtin' after slavin' away so long on the docks, right?

[Jack flashes a smile as he lifts up his t-shirt a bit to show a back brace that's straining against his girth.]

CJ: Well this ol' sob says don't let it get ya! You call this here number?

[Jack thumbs over to his left where the 800 number is.]

CJ: And you tell 'em you got some pain, but ol' Doctor CJ sent ya to get some RELIEF! And my friends here at the Medical Warnin' Center will send ya some good stuff to cure what ails ya! And hey!

[Jack wags his finger over for the camera to close in, like Jack's got a secret to tell.]

CJ: Ya got Medicare? Well, got some good news cause all them relief? My friends could get ya a brace for just some pennies or even no cash needed! Just like me!

[Jack points to both braces that he wears.]

CJ: So make the call, will ya? It's just a couple numbers on ya cell phone - 1-800-555-1548! And hey, tell 'em City Jack sent ya!

[Jack winks at the camera before the shot fades...

...and then come back up on the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here in Milan, Italy where - once again - Emerson Gellar is having quite the busy night.

[Gellar grins.]

MS: Just a few moments ago, we heard the new World Champion Jack Lynch accept a challenge offered up by his good friend and tag team partner, Bobby O'Connor. Do you have any insight for us as to when that match will go down?

EG: As a matter of fact, I just got off the phone during the break and we can make that match official. It will happen two weeks from tonight in London on the final night of this historic European tour.

MS: Wow! Huge news there from the Director of Operations, fans, and-

[Gellar interrupts.]

EG: Mark, I've got one more match to announce for the London show... and that will be "Red Hot" Rex Summers going one on one with the Gladiator!

MS: Another huge matchup and it quickly looks like London's lineup may be as jam-packed with top level matches as Milan here tonight, Mr. Gellar. But there's one more match out there... one more thing of great interest to me and AWA fans all over the globe.

EG: Which one is that?

MS: One that we seemed to get a step closer towards seeing earlier tonight when David Ortiz of the Boston Red Sox essentially led Flex Ferrigno to his elimination from Steal The Spotlight.

[Gellar nods with a grimace.]

EG: Mark, as you know, the AWA legal team has been hard at work for several weeks now to see if they could come to an accord for that match to happen...

[Stegglet nods.]

EG: ...and unfortunately, we have been unable to do so. You see, David Ortiz' contract with the Boston Red Sox very strictly forbids him from competing in another sport - like pro wrestling - while under contract with the Sox. So... as much as we'd love to see it... as much as David Ortiz would love to do it... and as much as Flex Ferrigno is DYING to see it go down, we are unable to get legal clearance for such a match. As it stands, the idea of David Ortiz competing against Flex Ferrigno inside an AWA ring is dead, Mark.

[Gellar shrugs.]

EG: My apologies. I wish I had better news on that front.

MS: Well, at least we now have an answer. Mr. Gellar, thank you for joining me and fans, let's go back to the ring to see the returning Cody Mertz in action once again!

[On that note, we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: This match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Currently in the ring, from Sicily...weighing in at 225 pounds, The Sicilian Stud!

[Nice cheer as the man stands there in gold trunks, black boots and a gold bow tie.]

RO: And his opponent... from El Paso, Texas...

[The drums start throughout the arena as "Can't Hold Us" begins to play.]

RO: ...weighing in at 195 pounds...

COOOOOOOOOODYYYYYY MERRRRRRRRRTZ!

[Huge cheer as running out from the back comes one half of the duo known as Air Strike, Cody Mertz. Mertz stops at the entrance with a huge smile on his face bouncing back and forth on both feet. He is wearing long white tights with a double vertical green stripes down each leg. He takes off towards the ring going back and forth slapping as many hands as he can.]

BW: And my wish that this was a one-time thing or just another bad dream has seemingly not been answered.

GM: You've been having that a lot lately.

BW: [sigh] Don't I know it.

[Mertz runs down to the ring and slings himself over the top rope; going over to the center of the ring, he raises both of his arms up to the cheer of the crowd.]

GM: Milan loves the returning Cody Mertz as much as Germany did!

BW: Well, there's no accounting for bad taste.

[The bell sounds and the two competitors meet in the center of the ring. They begin to circle around each other; looking the other over for an advantage.]

GM: Neither man wants to give up the early advantage here in this match.

[Mertz tries to grab a hand of his opponent but gets denied and then the Sicilian Stud shoots for a leg but Mertz takes a step back. Mertz takes a stance like he's going to send a kick towards the Stud which causes him to scramble up to his feet and backwards.]

BW: Enough stalling and get on with the match.

[Finally, the two lock up in a collar and elbow tie up. Mertz quickly grabs the arm of the Stud and wrings it around and over his head before pulling down. A look of pain comes over the face of the Stud who quickly spins and reverses the hold into an armwringer of his own.]

GM: Nice back and forth from these two competitors early on.

[Mertz grimaces as he looks for an escape. He sprints towards the ropes and leaps to the middle rope, grabbing Stud's arm, rebounding back down to the canvas, and sending Stud across the ring with a slingshot arm drag.]

GM: Cody Mertz with an impressive move there to get out of that hold; and Bucky, you'd have to say that Cody Mertz has been very impressive since his return.

BW: I don't have to say anything!

[The Stud gets right back up, charging in on Mertz again who takes him down with another armdrag. The crowd cheers but the Stud is right back up and right back down with yet another armdrag as Mertz hangs on to the limb, applying pressure to the arm and shoulder with an armbar.]

GM: And down into the armbar, working on softening up that limb - perhaps for that high flying armbar we saw two weeks ago in his return.

[The Stud shifts his weight trying to get back to his feet as Mertz keeps the hold applied. Finally getting to his feet, the Stud ducks under and applies a hammerlock to Mertz.]

GM: Nice reversal there by the Sicilian Stud.

BW: Yeah, proving that a Sicilian can be more than just a fancy pizza. Speaking of which, since we're in Italy, you think we can get a couple of really good pies delivered?

GM: I wouldn't know.

[Mertz begins to look for an escape for the hold, trying to grab the head of the Stud with his free hand. Quickly, he spins and reverses the hold.]

GM: And another nice reversal now from Mertz.

[The former tag team champion cranks on the hammerlock as the Sicilian Stud grimaces and then grabs the top rope, demanding the referee break the hold which he quickly does.]

GM: To the ropes and we're back to square one.

BW: No luck, Gordo, I can't find the number to Dominos here is Milan.

GM: Dominos? I don't know if I should be mad that you're trying to order pizza during a match or that you're trying to order from a fast food chain in the pizza capital of the world!

[The two men come together towards the middle of the ring again, Mertz lunging for a collar and elbow but the Stud brings a knee up into the midsection, cutting off the fan favorite. The Stud grabs him by the arm...]

GM: The Stud looking for an Irish whip here...

BW: Sicilian whip.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Fine. A Sicilian whip sends Mertz into the corner, HARD into the turnbuckles!

[The Stud shouts in celebration to the fans before charging the corner, looking to put Mertz through the buckles...]

...but Mertz lifts his legs up, slipping through the ropes and causing the Stud to slam chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Ohhh! Nice move by Mertz!

[Mertz slingshots over the top rope, snatching a Cobra Clutch on the Stud...]

BW: Looks like Cody Mertz has been learning more moves from Todd Michaelson.

GM: He did spend some time at the Combat Corner getting ready to head back into the ring.

[One-half of Air Strike keeps the Cobra Clutch on briefly before shifting his weight, falling forward, pulling the Stud backwards, and slamming the Stud's back into the canvas!]

GM: OH MY! He turned that Cobra Clutch and turned it into a slam of sorts!

BW: Again, he's taking moves from others and putting his own unique spin on them.

[Mertz gives himself some distance from his opponent now, motioning for the Stud to get to his feet. As he does, Mertz charges and leaps, sending the Stud back down with a leg lariat.]

GM: More unique offense at the hands of this returning superstar!

[Quickly, Mertz slings himself over the top rope and lands on the apron. Making a motion to the crowd, he then flings himself back over the top rope and drops a leg across the neck and head of his opponent.]

BW: Slingshot leg drop by Mertz and with the cover is only good for a two count.

GM: Mertz not getting caught up in the near fall though, staying right on top of the Stud.

[Mertz snatches a side headlock, wrenching it in tight as the Stud looks for an escape. Slowly, the Stud manages to get back to his feet. He backs to the ropes, shoving Mertz off and towards the ropes...]

GM: The Stud throws him off... drops down, Mertz goes up and over...

[As Mertz rebounds again, the Stud leapfrogs over the charging Mertz who is building up steam. He bounces off the ropes yet again, coming back towards the Stud who winds up, throwing a wildly-swung lariat that Mertz ducks, hitting the ropes again...]

GM: Mertz is a blur of motion inside the ring and-

[A full-speed running dropkick DRILLS the Stud in the face, knocking the enhancement talent down to the canvas where he promptly rolls out to the floor.]

GM: The Stud looking for a breather after that impactful dropkick to the mush... but I'm not sure he's going to get one here!

[The crowd ROARS as Mertz bounces off the far ropes, building up speed, and throws himself over the top rope in a plancha on the Stud!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE! Cody Mertz putting his body on the line, throwing himself from the ring to the floor below, wiping out the Stud with that crossbody!

BW: He's definitely throwing caution to the wind with moves like that. Sometimes you can say that the greater the risk, the bigger the reward... but sometimes a big risk means you end up with... well, it's like the time I went to that place in Tijuana and-

GM: And I think this is an appropriate time to cut you off, sir... much like they should've done in that place, I'd imagine.

[Mertz gets back to his feet, saluting the cheering crowd. He enthusiastically slaps a fan's hand before grabbing the Stud, rolling him back inside the ring.]

GM: Mertz scales back up on the apron...

[The former tag champion grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top rope and bringing both knees down HARD into the back of the rising Sicilian Stud, putting him back down on the mat!]

GM: OHHH! Good grief!

BW: That'll send you to the chiropractor... just like that place in-

GM: Mertz pulls Stud off the mat, dragging him into a standing headscissors...

[He reaches down, hooking one arm dramatically, looking out at the crowd...]

GM: And we saw this before as well, another possible modification of a Todd Michaelson maneuver...

[Mertz hooks the other arm, lifting the Stud into the air, spinning him around, and dropping him facefirst with a split-legged facebuster!]

GM: And two weeks ago, Bucky, you called that a Billion Dollar Drop but I'm going with simply effective!

BW: Call it what you want but it's the beginning of the end for sure.

[Back on his feet, Mertz gives a signal to the crowd, spinning his arm around above his head, waiting for the Stud to rise.]

GM: Cody Mertz is calling for something here... maybe that armbar from last time!

[A dazed Stud takes several more moments of the crowd buzzing with anticipation before he battles up to his feet. As he gets there, Mertz dashes to the ropes, running past Stud to bounce off, building up momentum as he comes back towards his opponent...]

GM: Mertz building up speed...

[And as he rebounds, Mertz grabs the arm as if going for a crucifix, leaving his feet, getting up around Stud's head and neck, spinning around and around in a satellite headscissors... and then taking him down in a Fujiwara Armbar where he SLAMS down into the canvas before jerking back on the arm a few times!]

GM: OH MY STARS! THERE'S THAT NEW MANEUVER! THE ARMBAR LOCKED IN!

BW: And my sources have told me he calls that the Broussard Special.

[And almost immediately, the Stud taps out, screaming for the referee to ring the bell.]

GM: And that'll do it. Mertz getting the win and paying tribute to the lineage and history of that devastating armbar!

[Mertz releases the hold immediately and pops back up with his fist raised as the official raises his hand.]

RO: Your winner of the match... COOOOOOODYYYYY MERRRRRRRRRTZ

[Mertz grins, stepping through the ropes, saluting the fans as he starts to make his way up the aisle.]

GM: Cody Mertz scores another submission victory, heading over towards the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing by to talk to him. Mark?

[We cut to the interview platform where Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. And yes, I'll be joined here in just a few moments by a former World Tag Team Champion in Cody Mertz but before he gets here, I'd like to take a quick moment to remind you join us right back here on The X one week from tonight for another edition of the Power Hour with Theresa Lynch. And Theresa's special guest this week will be the new World Heavyweight Champion - and her big brother - Jack Lynch. I know you won't want to miss that... and Cody, come on up here.

[Mertz joins Stegglet on the platform, a big grin on his face as he pats Stegglet on the shoulder.]

MS: Another successful victory here tonight for you, Cody...

[Mertz nods.]

MS: ...but judging by what you said two weeks ago, it was NOT the match you wanted.

[Mertz shakes his head, agreeing with Stegglet.]

MS: In fact, I'm told that Brian Lau refused to even acknowledge the challenge you laid down two weeks ago... I'm told that you didn't even get an answer!

[The former tag champ nods.]

CM: That's right, Mark. Two weeks ago in Berlin, I looked right at that camera and said I didn't care if it was Wes Taylor and I didn't care if it was Tony Donovan, but I wanted a match with either one of them.

[Mertz frowns and again shakes his head.]

CM: And apparently that didn't even merit an answer from Brian Lau. And hey, who can blame him? He's a busy guy polishing up that World Title... oh... no... no, I guess not. Because my friend, Jack Lynch, took that World Title from the Kings two weeks ago in Berlin also!

[Cheers from the crowd. Mertz smiles and nods.]

CM: You would think that would free up some time for Brian Lau to sign some more contract but I guess not... but with all due respect to Mr. Lau, I think he's a little confused. Because you see... I wasn't asking a question two weeks ago in Berlin, I was TELLING you that I want Wes Taylor or Tony Donovan in that ring.

[Big cheer! Mertz nods.]

CM: For what they did to me... for what they've been doing since I've been out...

[Stegglet speaks up.]

MS: You issued that challenge two weeks ago... but it was ignored. What now?

[Mertz smiles.]

CM: If the Kings think that I'm going to lower my head and move on just because I didn't get an answer, than they don't know me too well! I didn't fight, scratch, and claw my way back here to this place that I love so much to simply give up on the first sign of rejection.

In fact, I didn't come back to give up at all... I came back to fight!

[Big cheer from the crowd! Mertz nods in agreement.]

CM: I came back to fight for these great people both here and back home in the States! I came back to fight for all the people who can't fight anymore, I'll take their fight on because I know all too well what it's like wishing to be out there when you're out of action! I came back to fight for all those people but I also came back to fight for myself!

[Mertz taps his chest.]

CM: My heart and soul goes into this business each and every night I'm out here in front of these fans. This is what I live for and this is what I want to be remembered for when I die. So when I'm fighting for myself, I'm fighting for the AWA! And that's a fight I just can't lose.

[Mertz shakes his head as he looks out into the crowd and points.]

CM: It's a fight that these people want me to fight and I'm not here to let them down.

[Mertz smiles and then points at the camera with a more serious expression.]

CM: So please Mr. Lau, please do not confuse this for a question this time around, because I'm not asking. I want Wes Taylor or I want Tony Donovan... I don't care which one.

[Mertz holds up two fingers.]

CM: And I'll see one of them in two weeks... London, England. I'm not running, and I won't be ignored!

[With that Mertz turns and nods at Stegglet before raising his fist to the cheers of the crowd before leaving the platform.]

MS: A challenge issued once again... and this time, I'd say Brian Lau may HAVE to answer it! We'll find out a little later but right now, we're going to take a quick break. When we come back, it'll be Ryan Martinez going to battle with the Last Son of the Soviet Union, Maxim Zharkov!

[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 backstage, where Mark Stegglet stands with Ryan Martinez. The AWA's White Knight is attired in the stripped down fashion he was two weeks ago, wearing a simple black AWA t-shirt, plain black wrestling trunks and boots.]

MS: We are back here live on Saturday Night Wrestling and when you consider the list of opponents the man to my right has faced – Johnny Detson, Supreme Wright, Dave Bryant, among them, it seems strange to say this, but tonight might be the biggest challenge of your career. Maxim Zharkov, undefeated in singles competition, will be stepping in the ring against you. And I have to ask – are you ready for the challenge of the Tsar?

[Martinez rubs his chin thoughtfully.]

RM: I am, Mark.

MS: Not to doubt you, but it is no secret that you've been plagued by injuries. And two weeks ago, we saw you eliminated from Steal the Spotlight by Jordan Ohara.

[Martinez nods his head.]

RM: I won't lie Mark. This has not been a good year for me. But if life has taught me anything, it's this – the war isn't over until you surrender.

And we Martinezes have never been good at quitting.

Two weeks ago, a man came out here, a man I respect, a man that I consider one of my very best friends, and he said that all he needed was one shot. Just one chance to make his dreams happen. That man was Jack Lynch. And he got his one shot.

And now, we have a new World Heavyweight Champion.

Jack Lynch proved that if a man is willing to fight, if a man is willing to put everything on the line, then one shot is all he needs.

Tonight is my one shot.

MS: We've seen Chris Blue counsel you to be cautious. We've seen him tell you that you need to take time to heal. I have to ask, why aren't you taking his advice?

RM: Because Mark, no one ever changed the world by being cautious. The thing doesn't happen because people wait for the right moment. If I'm going to fight against the Axis, if I am going to topple Juan Vasquez and all of his toadies, then the only time is right now. Tomorrow is never guaranteed Mark.

And how, I ask, am I supposed to sit around and wait? How do I justify doing nothing when Jack Lynch is standing tall against the Kings of Wrestling? How do I live with myself knowing that while I rest, Travis Lynch is going to war with Brian James?

How am I supposed to stay at home when Jordan Ohara is taking the fight to Vasquez tonight?

And you're right Mark. Maxim Zharkov is big and bad and undefeated. But no matter what's done to my body, the fire that burns in my heart rages on. Am I stronger than Zharkov? No, I am not. But there are things I have that Maxim Zharkov doesn't have. And in the final accounting, one man with honor can defeat an army of soulless, honorless men.

And I have one thing that men like Zharkov and Vasquez will never have.

[Martinez lifts his chin, and looks straight into the camera.]

RM: There is an army out there. An army made of hard working men and woman. An army made of children who go to school every day and study as hard as they can. An army of men who go to work every day so that they can give their children every advantage possible. An army of women out there who wake up early so they can make their children breakfast, and then put in a full day's work so that they create a future worth living in.

You can have your MAWAGAs and your Jackson Hunters and every other piece of sycophantic filth that you scrape out from under some rock. Because I have the people. The people who held the line. The people who fight, every day of their life, not for glory, but for a better world.

That is worth a thousand times more than anything you'll ever have, Zharkov.

[Martinez pauses a moment, gazing into the camera, as if meeting the eyes of every fan that supports him.]

RM: Listen to what I have to say, Zharkov. Every undefeated man is eventually defeated. Every impossible feat is eventually accomplished. It just takes the right man at the right time. I am that man, and tonight is my night. And Zharkov, you may not believe me. But you can...

Count on it!

[With those words, Martinez steps away, prepared to take his one shot at glory as we crossfade to another part of the backstage area to Colt Patterson, dressed head-to-toe in faux snakeskin. Beside him is the forever-agitated Jackson Hunter: the most remarkable thing about his fashion sense is the gunmetal grey tie with the gold and red star. Behind them, the Last Son of the Soviet Union looms, covered in his dark teal cloak.]

CP: I'm with Jackson Hunter, whose man Zharkov gets a rematch from the Battle of Boston with former AWA World Champion Ryan Martinez. Jax, the Last Son of the Soviet Union has yet to be pinned in the AWA—in fact his only loss was a disqualification loss to his opponent tonight. You sure don't look like a confident man—you've been pacing up and down the halls of the arena here in Milan for the past hour or so!

JH: I am not a patient man, Colt! Any man in my position would feel the same anxiety that I would, because I feel like I'm about to watch the last great white rhino being shot, or the harpoon being driven into the last blue whale. I have all the confidence in the world that Mr. Zharkov can do what he has set out to do tonight, which is to bring extinction to Ryan Martinez, but I don't feel like celebrating.

Colt, you and I, we're kindred spirits. We've both been in that ring, and we've both made that transition to life outside of it against our will. See, I was kind of like Ryan Martinez is now: I'll just wrestle this one last match to prove myself. One more tour through the territory. One more excursion to Japan to pick up a few more tricks. I was searching for that one last moment when I would be put out of my misery in the most dramatic fashion possible. And you know what, Colt? That moment never came.

I think that Ryan Martinez has got this idea in his head that one of two things is going to happen. One: He'll—heh heh—he'll somehow beat the most dominant force that has ever stepped foot in the AWA. Or, two: that Zharkov will give him a

glorious finale to his young career and we'll be stuck wondering, "god, what would the AWA be like if RyMart was still wrestling into his thirties."

Your old man has been filling your head with notions of Hollywood endings. It's not that easy in real life, Ryan, and let me tell you from experience. As far as I'm concerned, I never retired as a wrestler. But the Coltons are whispering into the Lynches' ears, and the Lynches are whispering into Ponavitch's ear that they won't clear me to wrestle.

Fortunately for you, if you ARE looking to go out in a blaze of glory, this man is the man to give you that beautiful death that you seem to be craving.

MZ: Martinez... I did not disqualify myself for the benefit of my Comrade Vasquez.

I disqualified myself to warn you, tovarisch.

To warn you of what I was capable of doing if it were not for the constraints of your rules.

I gave you the option to stay away from me... to save yourself from further harm and humiliation in the face of a superior opponent.

But you have come to challenge me again have you, my friend?

Then let us dance again. Lights out, tovarisch.

[Fade to black...

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

Fade to black...

...and then back up to a live shot of the ring in Milan where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time in the corner to my right... from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 255 pounds... he is a former AWA World Heavyweight Champion and the White Knight of the AWA...

RYYYYYYYANNNNN MARRRRRTIIINEZZZZZ!

[The Italian crowd roars for Martinez who is dressed similar to his Steal The Spotlight appearance two weeks prior - simple black trunks, boots, and kneepads. His upper arm is still heavily taped and he notably raises the other arm to salute the cheering crowd. Martinez notably looks a little soft, not his usual crispness in physique.]

BW: 255, huh? Sounds like the hype machine is being charitable this week.

GM: Bucky!

BW: What? I'm just saying that if iron sharpens iron like Martinez said two weeks ago, the only thing sharpening him right now is a butter knife with a whole lot of butter spread on it.

GM: Give me a break. Ryan Martinez may not be completely back in ring shape from his time off due to the neck injury he suffered at the hands of Juan Vasquez earlier this year but ninety percent of Ryan Martinez is better than one hundred percent of almost everyone else.

BW: Almost. The Tsar doesn't fit in that category.

[Martinez gives the top rope a tug as the ring announcer continues.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[The lights drop down as the sound of an artillery strike echoes throughout the building, kicking off the "Soviet March."]

RO: He is accompanied to the ring by his manager, Jackson Hunter... and his allies in the Axis of Evil, MAWAGA and Juan Vasquez...

BW: Hail, hail... the gang's all here.

GM: Oh, brother.

[Rebecca continues.]

RO: From Magadan, Russia... weighing 151 kilos... he is the Last Son of the Soviet Union... he is the Tsar...

He is... MAAAAAXIMMMM ZHARRRRRRKOOOOOOV!

[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. The suited

savage, MAWAGA, follows closely behind Hunter, his head on a swivel as he keeps his eyes peeled for any threats.

And of course, bringing up the rear is Juan Vasquez, still dressed in his ring gear but sporting an AXIS t-shirt over it. He grins at the crowd's reaction, clapping for his allies as they head down the aisle.]

GM: And if I'm Ryan Martinez, I might be rethinking taking part in this match right about now. That's a whole lot of menace out there for him to worry about. I mean, it's bad enough being in the ring with the unbeaten Maxim Zharkov but to have Vasquez, Hunter, and MAWAGA in the mix as well...

BW: The Axis is ride or die, Gordo. They ride together... they die together... bad boys for life.

GM: What in the world are you talking about?

[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. Vasquez throws a look in at Ryan Martinez who is making his best effort to ignore his hated rival, keeping his focus on his opponent for the night... even as Vasquez climbs up on the apron, leaning forward to whisper in the ear of Zharkov.]

GM: Some last minute words of advice from the Hall of Famer.

BW: And since they're coming from a Hall of Famer, you can imagine they're probably worth listening to.

[Vasquez smirks as he pats Zharkov on the back, dropping off the apron, his eyes locked on Martinez as referee Davis Warren steps out to the middle of the ring, signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We're off and going in this featured attraction here in Milan!

[Zharkov strides confidently to the center of the ring...

...and pulls his arms back, nodding at Martinez.]

GM: What's this all about?

BW: I'm pretty sure he's daring Martinez to hit him first!

[Martinez nods in response, stomping out to meet the Russian in the middle.]

GM: Well, if I know Ryan Martinez, you're not going to have to ask him twi-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A big overhead slap to the chest lands, causing Zharkov to grimace but he holds his ground. He nods his head, gesturing for Martinez to do it again.]

BW: No effect!

GM: Oh, it had plenty of effect. Zharkov's just trying to choke down the pain from what just went down...

[The big Russian sticks out his barrel chest again as Martinez winds up a second time...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A second big chop!

[Zharkov grimaces again, slipping back a half step as the crowd gets louder. Martinez squares up, switching to the knife edge chop...]

...but as he throws it, Zharkov shifts his body position, catching the arm in his grasp, turning his back to Martinez...]

GM: Zharkov... OHH!

[...and snaps off a judo-style throw, tossing Martinez violently down to the mat by the arm. The shocked Martinez isn't able to respond before Zharkov drops down, jamming his knee into the taped arm!]

GM: Zharkov's going for the arm!

BW: And is there any doubt that this was Juan Vasquez' strategy he just whispered to Zharkov?

GM: I'm sure you're right about that.

[Kneeling on the upper arm, Zharkov secures the wrist, twisting it as Vasquez smiles in response on the floor.]

GM: Look at this - Zharkov locking fingers with Martinez, twisting that wrist and forearm as he isolates the upper arm down on the canvas.

BW: We don't see a ton of submission wrestling out of Zharkov, Gordo. He's more of a pick 'em up and slam 'em down kind of guy but you could argue that this is Zharkov's biggest match to date. He's carrying that unpinned streak with him and looking to avenge that DQ loss to Martinez at the Battle of Boston.

GM: If Zharkov is able to beat Ryan Martinez here tonight, you'd have to imagine he becomes a top contender to just about any title he wants to challenge for.

BW: He's coming into this match as the Number Seven contender to the World Title and the Number One contender to the National Title. Wow.

GM: What's that?

BW: I was just trying to envision what a battle between Zharkov and the man who will be holding the National Title a little later tonight, Brian James, would be like.

GM: Don't count your chickens before they hatch, Bucky. James still has to defeat the man who has held that title for nearly a year, Travis Lynch... and I'm not so sure he can.

BW: Are you kidding me? Brian James is another guy who's been carrying an unbeaten streak for over a year and Travis Lynch isn't changing that.

GM: We'll see.

[As our announcers bickered, the AWA's White Knight had worked his way back to his feet, pushing Zharkov back into the corner. The referee steps in, calling for a

break. The Russian lets go, shoving Martinez a few steps back to the jeers of the Milan crowd.]

GM: It's pretty obvious who the fan favorite is here tonight.

BW: Book this match in Moscow and you'd get a different reaction, Gordo.

GM: Well... yes, that's pretty obvious.

[Martinez shakes out his arm in the middle of the ring, waiting as Zharkov moves out, ready to attack.]

GM: Collar and elbow tieup, right in the middle... both men battling for position and-

[The crowd gasps as Zharkov leans back and HURLS Martinez halfway across the ring, throwing him down to the canvas.]

GM: Wow! Big throwdown by Zharkov!

[Vasquez can be heard shouting, "Atta boy, Maxim! Show him who's the Tsar around here!" as Martinez sits up on the mat, glaring up at Zharkov who stands over him, barking "UP!" at the former World Champion.]

BW: Zharkov demanding that Martinez get up! Stop loafing on the mat!

[As Martinez comes to his feet, Zharkov storms him, throwing a pair of hooking forearms to the sides of the head, knocking Martinez off-balance. The Russian leans over, wrapping his arms around the body, driving him back into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Into the corner they go... the referee calling for a break again...

[Zharkov again breaks clean but then grabs Martinez by the arm, whipping him across the ring into the far turnbuckles where the White Knight collides and then bounces back...

...and gets knocked right off his feet with a standing shoulderblock!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Martinez grimaces, rolling over to grab at his arm and shoulder as Zharkov again stands over him, bellowing "UP!" at his fallen foe.]

BW: He's just toying with him now, Gordo.

GM: If he is, that's a mistake if you ask me.

[Zharkov peels Martinez off the canvas, shoving him back into the ropes where Martinez rebounds into a side thrust kick to the abdomen, doubling him up before he sinks down to his knees on the mat.]

GM: Zharkov on the move, looking to continue the attack...

[The 350 plus pound Russian stands over the kneeling Martinez, looking down on him...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and delivers a thunderous open-handed slap across the cheekbone, knocking Martinez down to the mat in a heap.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Martinez may have just lost more teeth than a candy addict!

[Zharkov sneers down at Martinez as he stalks around him.]

BW: Zharkov circling him like he's a wounded animal about to be finished off...

[The Tsar leans down, wrapping his powerful arms around the torso of the downed Martinez, lifting him off the mat, letting him dangle there...]

GM: Zharkov secures the gutwrench and everyone in the building knows what's coming next...

[Zharkov does a full circle of the ring, letting Martinez dangle in his arms...]

BW: Alexander Karelin, eat your heart out.

[...and HURLS Martinez across the ring, bouncing him off the canvas and over the bottom rope, rolling out to the floor.]

GM: Goodness.

[Zharkov smiles as he gets back to his feet, extending his arms out to the sides, soaking up the jeers of the sold-out crowd.]

GM: Zharkov is just... he may be too much for Ryan Martinez to handle, Bucky.

BW: He's too much for ANYONE to happen! No one can stop Zharkov! No one!

GM: That remains to be seen.

[Zharkov nears the ropes, looking to go after Martinez but the referee steps in, waving him off...]

...which allows Jackson Hunter to run into position, putting his loafers up against the head of Martinez once... twice... three times before walking away, straightening his jacket and tie as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Hunter, of course, taking advantage of the situation as Zharkov comes out on the apron, ignoring the referee's orders...

[The big Russian drops off the apron to the floor, leaning down to drag Martinez off the thin ringside mats...]

...and SMASHES his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the apron!

[A second smash leaves Martinez trying to get his arms up to block the attack...]

...but Zharkov drives his head into the apron a third time anyways before shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Zharkov puts the former World Champion back in...

[The Russian crawls in after him, attempting a lateral press.]

GM: The Russian gets one... he gets two... but the former World Champion kicks out in time.

[Zharkov glares at the official as he kneels on the mat. Hunter shouts at the referee, slamming a balled-up fist into the canvas a few times to punctuate his cries. Ryan Martinez crawls away from the Russian, trying to create some space.]

GM: Martinez trying to get away from the Russian but I'm not sure there's much chance of that...

[Zharkov reaches down, snatching Martinez by the back of the trunks, lifting him easily to his feet. He shoves him across the ring into the turnbuckles, charging in after him...

...and running into a raised boot!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez caught him on the chin!

[Zharkov stumbles backwards, shaking his head back and forth before charging back in...

...where Martinez sidesteps, shoving Zharkov chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! He missed again and-

BW: SCHOOLBOY!

[The two count follows before Zharkov's powerful frame sends Martinez sailing away from him. The White Knight scrambles up, looking to attack as Zharkov climbs off the canvas, a little dazed...

...and Martinez rushes in, leaping into the air, connecting with a forearm smash that sends Zharkov tumbling sideways into the corner!]

GM: MARTINEZ ON THE ATTACK!

[Spinning the Russian's back into the buckles, Martinez winds up with a big elbowstrike to the side of the head... and another... and another...]

GM: Martinez trying to knock Zharkov's block off!

[Grabbing the Russian by the arm, Martinez attempts to whip him across the ring...

...but Juan Vasquez slips a hand around Zharkov's ankle, preventing the whip.]

GM: Referee! Look at Vasquez!

[The referee ducks in, trying to get a clear shot...

...which gives enough of a delay for Zharkov to swing his knee up into the midsection of Martinez!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Zharkov swings Martinez back into the buckles, grabbing the top rope as he lays his knee in over and over and over into the ribcage!]

GM: Zharkov's pounding him! Come on, referee!

[Davis Warren employs a quick four count to force a break as Zharkov backs off, watching as Martinez stumbles out towards him. The Tsar wraps his powerful arms around the torso of Martinez...

...and HURLS him overhead, throwing him down to the canvas with a belly-to-belly that bounces him across the ring!]

GM: OHHH!

[Zharkov gets back to his feet, advancing quickly to attempt another pin.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Martinez fires the shoulder off the canvas, breaking up the count!]

GM: Two count only and-

[Zharkov angrily takes the mount, throwing a few heavy right hands down on Martinez before shifting his attack to palm strikes, pounding the arms of Martinez as he attempts to shield himself from the blows.]

GM: Martinez is covering up, Zharkov pounding away!

[The referee again steps in, ordering the break as Zharkov climbs off the mat, shaking his hands in pain as Martinez again crawls across the ring, trying to create some distance.]

GM: Martinez needs to find a way to turn this thing around, Bucky.

BW: Gordo, we're not even ten minutes into this thing and it feels like Zharkov's been punishing Martinez all night long. He's gotta start fighting like a desperate man because if he's not feeling desperation yet than he's delusional.

[Zharkov stalks after him as Martinez nears the ropes, slipping his shin up on the back of the White Knight's neck, pushing his throat down into the middle rope.]

GM: That's a choke, referee!

[Davis Warren starts another five count, ending up at four and change before Zharkov backs off, grinning as strides around the ring...

...and Juan Vasquez steps forward, eagerly eyeing Martinez as he's draped over the middle rope...]

GM: Wait a second!

[Vasquez holds up his right hand, smirking as he winds up...]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[...but before he can connect with it, Martinez pushes back from the ropes, flopping back down on the mat.]

GM: Wow! How close was that?!

BW: Vasquez went for the Right Cross but Martinez got out of the way!

[Martinez tries to protest, pointing at Vasquez as Zharkov moves in, pulling the White Knight off the mat by the hair...

...and HURLS him over the top rope, his back bouncing off the ring apron before he flops down to the floor again.]

GM: Good grief! Zharkov tried to get him out before he could complain about Vasquez and-

[The referee steps in again, forcing Zharkov into an argument as the Russian tries to go after Martinez...]

...which allows Vasquez to pull Martinez up by the hair, holding his arms back as MAWAGA winds up, throwing a stiff-fingered blow at the throat!]

GM: Ohhh!

[A coughing and gasping Martinez stumbles towards the ring where Vasquez shoves him under the ropes back inside the ring...]

GM: This is getting ridiculous, Bucky.

BW: This is just a sneak preview of what Jordan Ohara's in for later tonight against Vasquez. Don't think for a second that the rest of the Axis won't be out here for that one too.

GM: But perhaps Stevie Scott will have a little better luck maintaining order in that one than Davis Warren is having in this one. And some might be wondering why Ryan Martinez doesn't have Bobby O'Connor out here... why he doesn't have the Lynches or Supernova... well, I'm told that he specifically asked his friends to stay in the back. He said he needs to prove to himself that he's back and that he can overcome the Axis without any help.

BW: How's that working out so far?

[Retrieving the choking Martinez off the mat, Zharkov pulls him up to his feet...]

GM: Zharkov drags him up and-

[The crowd buzzes with surprise as Zharkov wraps his hands around Martinez' throat...]

GM: Wait a second! That double-handed choke looks awfully familiar!

[...but the White Knight lands an impactful headbutt, breaking Zharkov's grip on his neck!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez firing back!

[Zharkov drops back a pair of steps, grabbing the bridge of his nose as Martinez advances, grabbing him by the head...]

GM: Elbows to the head!

[...and throws a series of vicious elbowstrikes at the skull before twisting around and DRIVING his elbow back into the cheekbone!]

GM: SPINNING BACK ELBOWSTRIKE!

[The burly Russian stumbles back, his eyelids fluttering as Martinez looks for more offense. He reaches out, grabbing the wobbly Zharkov by the wrist...]

...and YANKS him into a short-arm clothesline that he punctuates by stepping through it, wiping out Zharkov!]

GM: OHH! What a clothesline!

[But Martinez staggers away, clutching his upper arm in pain as he stumbles across the ring. He winces, biting his bottom lip as he turns back towards Zharkov, throwing himself into a pin without using his arms at all.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[Zharkov's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: No! No! Zharkov saves himself!

[Clutching his shoulder, Martinez climbs up to his feet, reaching down and hauling Zharkov off the mat again...

...and drops to a knee, putting all his strength into a whip that sends Zharkov crashing into the buckles!]

GM: Martinez puts him into the buckles! Come on, kid! Dig deep!

[Martinez gets back up, sinking back into the corner...]

GM: He might be looking for the Yakuza here!

BW: Even if he hits it, there's no chance he can hit the Brainbuster! That arm is a wreck!

[Martinez stands in the corner, inhaling sharply over and over...

...and then with a tremendous cry, he barrels across the ring, swinging his leg up to catch Zharkov FLUSH on the chin!]

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[Martinez backs off, pumping his fist in triumph and then immediately regretting it as he winces. Zharkov stumbles forward out of the corner, doubling up on a boot into the midsection.]

GM: He's going for it, Bucky!

BW: There's no way. I don't think he could do it to Zharkov even if the arm was one hundred percent and it's damn sure not right now!

[Martinez pulls Zharkov into a standing front facelock, leaning over to wrap the arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: You may be right, Bucky, but it sure does look like he's going to try it!

[Martinez reaches out, grabbing Zharkov's gear...

...and with a final deep breath, he lifts Zharkov up off the mat to a roar from the crowd...]

GM: He lifts!

[...but the roar dies as quickly as it started as Zharkov drops right back down to the mat. He pivots, grabbing Martinez by the trunks...]

GM: NO!

[...and HURLS him shoulderfirst between the turnbuckles into the steel ringpost!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Zharkov falls back against the ropes, sneering at the official who protests the throw into the post as the Russian tries to untangle Martinez. Getting him free, he shoves him from the corner, sending Martinez stumbling backwards towards the middle of the ring...

...and then goes into a full spin, swinging his arm up...]

GM: PEACEMAKER!

[The blow BLASTS Martinez across the collarbone, knocking him down to the canvas in a heap.]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Zharkov drops to his knees, diving across the prone Martinez as he cradles a leg.]

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

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The Milan crowd looks on in shock as a jubilant Jackson Hunter and Juan Vasquez share an embrace on the floor before sliding in to join the rising Zharkov inside the ring. MAWAGA takes the long way, coming up the steps.]

GM: Fans, Ryan Martinez has fallen in defeat to Maxim Zharkov right here tonight in Milan in just over ten minutes of action!

BW: That Peacemaker spinning clothesline claims another victim, laying out the former World Champion and right now, Gordo, the Axis is on top of the world!

[Zharkov raises his arms, standing over Martinez as he's joined by his allies. Arms are raised all around, drawing big jeers from the sold out crowd as the Axis celebrates their triumph.]

GM: You would think all of them won, Bucky.

BW: In a way, they did, Gordo. They celebrate their victories as a group and they mourn their defeats that way as well. The Axis just put down the AWA's White Knight... and if they can topple Ohara later tonight, there just may be no stopping them now.

GM: A huge victory for Zharkov and- wait a second!

[A sneering Vasquez gestures at Martinez, ordering MAWAGA into motion. The Suited Savage sweeps in on him, lifting him off the mat, shoving his limp form back into the buckles.]

GM: There's no call for this! None at all!

[A barrage of heavy strikes to the head and body are launched by MAWAGA, leaving the former World Champion clinging to the ropes, desperately trying to stay on his feet...

...and a big thrust kick up into the sternum takes Martinez down into a seated position against the turnbuckles. Vasquez backs across the ring, taking aim on his rival...]

GM: Look out here! Come on, referee! Do something about this!

[Vasquez goes tearing across the ring, DRIVING his knee into Martinez' skull, snapping the White Knight's head back on impact. A grinning Vasquez backs off, taking his abuse from the official as he gestures to MAWAGA who obliges, lifting Martinez limply off the mat, holding him up by the hair as Vasquez shoves the official aside, shuffling his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

BW: No, no! That was no mere superkick, Gordo! That was a Heatseeker signed, sealed, and delivered as a message from Juan Vasquez to the "Hotshot" himself, Stevie Scott! Those two are going to collide at Homecoming and Vasquez intends to put his former rival down once and for all!

[Vasquez mockingly dances around the floored Martinez as Zharkov looks on, a look of amusement on his face...]

...and then he gestures to MAWAGA who pulls Martinez to his feet again.]

GM: Enough is enough! There's no call for this! There's no call for ANY of this!

BW: And no one's coming to help Martinez because he told them all he wants to fight alone! He wants to face this battle himself! He wants to-

[Zharkov reaches out, snatching Martinez by the throat with both arms. He looks the barely-standing White Knight dead in the eyes, muttering something in Russian before powering him into the air...]

...and DRIVING him down with a very familiar looking slam!]

GM: FIREBOMB! That was a damn Firebomb on Ryan Martinez!

[The jeers intensify as Vasquez jumps up, pumping his arms in the air gleefully. Jackson Hunter smirks at the scene as Zharkov rises off the canvas, standing over the downed Martinez as MAWAGA straightens his tie.]

BW: What a unit this is, Gordo! What a force to be reckoned with!

GM: Absolutely. The Axis has laid out Ryan Martinez... maybe put him back on the shelf, who knows... and they look absolutely unstoppable right now. I hope Jordan Ohara is watching this and I hope he's got one heck of a plan for what comes later tonight.

[The foursome stands over Martinez, soaking up the jeers of the Italian crowd as we fade to black...]

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

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

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

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

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

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

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

"These men had a dream too."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then fade back out to what appears to be the parking lot area behind the Mediolanum Forum. Mark Stegglet is out there, mic in hand.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling live here in Milan where I'm being told that Brian James is on his way back to the building and that his return here is imminent according to our camera crew whose van he hijacked to get back here. So, we're out here waiting for-

[Stegglet pauses, his eyes drifting.]

MS: Mr. Fawcett.

[The camera pulls back, revealing a grinning Doctor Harrison Fawcett standing to Stegglet's side.]

DHF: DOCTOR Fawcett, young man.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: My apologies... what brings you out to the parking lot here?

DHF: The same thing as yourself. My ties to the Kings of Wrestling require that I be here to discuss some serious business with my good friend, Brian Lau, upon his return and...

[A van pulls into the parking lot abruptly, brakes squealing as it comes to a stop.]

DHF: Ah, just in time.

[The door flings open and Brian James, still fired up and still with remnants of medical treatment on him marches through the scene, trailed closely by a frantic Brian Lau.]

MS: Mr. James, can I get-

[James brushes angrily past Stegglet, walking straight into the arena.]

MS: I guess not. Mr. Lau?

[Lau comes to a stop, breathing heavy, sweat dripping off his forehead.]

BL: I can't... he won't... Harrison, he won't listen! The doctors said to take the night off and-

[Lau shakes his head.]

BL: He's just like his father sometimes... or his trainer... or worse, both.

[Fawcett clears his throat as he approaches.]

DHF: Nevertheless, my friend... we DO have some other Kings' business to address.

[Lau throws a dismissive gesture.]

BL: Seriously? You expect me to deal with this stuff right now? You're my little helper, right? Take care of it.

[Fawcett visibly bristles at "little helper" but continues speaking.]

DHF: I will deal with most of the issues... but what do you want to do about Cody Mertz?

BL: Mertz?! Why in the world would I care about Cody Mertz?!

DHF: He wants a match with Taylor or Donovan.

[Lau grimaces.]

BL: No... just... no. Take care of Mertz too.

[Fawcett arches an eyebrow.]

DHF: Are you sure?

BL: Just do it and-

[Lau is cut off by a ringing phone. Fawcett looks puzzled.]

DHF: My apologies, my friend. One moment...

[Fawcett raises a phone to his ear as Lau stares impatiently at him.]

DHF: You are under strict orders to not disturb me during these hours unless...

[Fawcett pauses, listening.]

DHF: I see. Is there anything... missing?

[He continues to listen.]

DHF: And the security cameras? It was...

[He pauses.]

DHF: Interesting. Send me the footage please. Thank you.

[Fawcett puts the phone away.]

BL: Problems?

[Fawcett seems lost in his thoughts until Lau clears his throat angrily.]

DHF: Hmm? Oh. No. A... disturbance... at my Manor. A break-in of some sorts.

[Lau arches an eyebrow this time.]

BL: Everything is secure?

DHF: They're still doing an inventory but I'm sure everything is... fine.

[Lau nods.]

BL: Alright, I need to go see if I can talk Brian out of this match tonight. You take care of everything else. Understand?

[Fawcett dips his head in a slight bow.]

DHF: It will be as you wish, my friend. Good luck. I have a feeling you will need it.

[As Lau departs, Fawcett strokes his chin, looking off into the distance as we fade back into the building.]

Colt Patterson is backstage with the AWA Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage. The Canadian grappler is decked out in a white set of long sleeve togs cut short at the legs with gold gussets and applique. The gold matches her title around her waist. The AWA Women's World Championship gleams in the camera light.]

CP: It's my pleasure to welcome the Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage. And for those of you who may have been living under a rock, she beat 19 of the world's best competitors to earn that championship in New York City, jack. Now, I've been doing interviews with your brother, Shadoe, for a long time, so there was no way I was going to let anyone else do the first one-on-one interview with you but me.

LR: Thank you, Colt. I said the same thing to Gellar. I said 'I'm done with the second raters like Stegglet and Blackwell.' Give me a real man to talk to. And did they ever, Colt.

CP: (laughing) You've got exquisite taste, Champ. But listen, these people don't need to hear about what good looking people we are. They can see that and trust me, Champ, they're dying with envy. And that brings me to your opponent for tonight. Lori Wilson. You know she's just green with envy that you're standing here with this belt and she's waiting in line with nothing to do but twiddle her thumbs.

[Lauryn twiddles her thumbs.]

LR: That isn't easy for Lori. You know that arthritis really limits her.

CP: Are you calling her old, Champ?

LR: That would be too easy, Colt. I don't have to call her old. I'll call her experienced. You know how many matches she's been in. I mean, look, some people win a lot of matches by being excellent.

[Lauryn jerks her thumb at her chest.]

LR: Some people win a lot of matches by just hanging around.

[Lauryn jerks her thumb off screen, presumably at Lori Wilson.]

LR: Let's just say that Lori Wilson has been hanging around and around and around, Colt. So she's got to have learned a little something. And that little something makes her dangerous. I won't look past her veteran knowledge and experience. But that hanging around and around and around brings with a lot of mileage, a lot of wear and tear, a lot of nagging injuries and a will that doesn't look to me like it's as strong as it used to be.

CP: That's insightful commentary, Champ. No wonder you were able to beat nineteen other women to win the first championship.

LR: See, that's why I like you, Colt. You get Da Kid, ya dig? These other knuckleheads just think I'm some ratchet loudmouth they can run over and put

down. Naw naw naw, see, cause I do this for a living. Actually, let me look into this camera and talk for real. Do you mind, Colt?

CP: Not at all, Champ.

[Lauryn steps in front of Colt slightly, with his microphone up to her mouth.]

LR: Lori Wilson, you tried to stick your nose in my business way back with them little Superfriends. But you couldn't hang then and you can't hang now. I remember that kick of yours. You caught me with it a couple times. And it hurt. Hell, it knocked me out, but I'll be damned if it'll happen again. Because that means I'd have to give up my title. And I damn sure ain't about to lose this baby in Milan. No way. Not in front of these fanny pinching freaks.

[Lauryn pauses as she can hear the boos from the arena. Lauryn rolls her eyes widely.]

LR: Colt, have you ever seen such disrespect?

CP: It's terrible. I thought these Italians would have more class than that.

LR: I know, right? Acting like they come from Sicily or something.

[The boos get even louder.]

LR: But, Colt, don't worry. They want to show me disrespect? I'm gonna show 'em what disrespect looks like. I'm gonna disrespect the Hell outta Lori Wilson, ya dig?

[She laughs her ghetto, staccato laugh.]

LR: Thanks, baby.

[She stretches up to peck Colt on the cheek before she bounces off set.]

CP: Whoa, that's the kind of love you get when you're as great as me, people. The Champ is on her way to the ring and Lori Wilson, you better have one helluva spark tonight, ya dig?

[Patterson smirks.]

CP: Back to the best ringside announcer in the business... oh, and Gordon Myers is there too!

[A cackle follows as we slowly fade back out to the ring where we can see Rebecca Ortiz is getting ready to get down to brass tacks.]

BW: You hear that, Gordo?! The best ringside announcer in the business! That's a high compliment coming from the best interviewer in the business!

GM: Your mutual admiration club barely has room for your two egos.

BW: It ain't ego if it's true, daddy.

[And Rebecca Ortiz... save us.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA Women's World Championship!

[She pauses as the Italian crowd cheers.]

The opening drum beats of "Light of Day" by Joan Jett and the Blackhearts start up over the PA system. As the music kicks in, "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson emerges from the entranceway. She is dressed in 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. She also wears a black headband with three small lightning bolts on it.]

RO: Introducing first... the challenger... weighing in at 125 pounds... "Lady Lightning" LORIIIIIIIIII WILSONNNNNNN!!!!

[Lori walks down the aisle and slaps hands with fans stretched over the railing. When she reaches the ring, she climbs onto the apron and ducks through the ropes, walking to the center of the ring and raising her arms to the crowd, a smile on her face. She removes her headband and ducks back through the ropes, presenting it to a kid at ringside. Wilson rolls back into the ring under the bottom rope and waits in her corner.]

BW: If I were that kid's mother, I'd make sure that headband was washed in bleach and then burned.

GM: Will you stop?

[Rebecca Ortiz. Continue.]

RO: And her opponent... weighing in at 150 pounds from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... she is the AWA WOMEN'S WORLD CHAMMMMMMPPIONNNNN...

LAURYNNNNNNNN RAAAAAAAAGE!

[The arena goes dark and the television cameras are filtered. The video screens in the arena light up with Instagram photos of Lauryn Rage in action interspersed with selfie shots from the champ. Nicki Minaj's "I'm the Best" scores the entrance as a like counter starts to climb at the bottom left hand corner of the screen. All of a sudden the numbers shoot through the roof and the screen explodes to be replaced by lettering reading:

#LAURYN RAGE, #YA DIG?

As the chorus hits, Lauryn Rage steps through the curtains. She does the turntable spin as she poses for the crowd, right hand akimbo on her thrust out hips, left hand stretched out so the fans can kiss her rings. The fans boo vociferously, snapping Lauryn out of her pose. She makes an exaggerated disgusted face at them before she waves them off and pony struts to the ring, patting the white and gold AWA Women's World Championship around her waist. She wears a long-sleeve white unitard tog cut indecently short at the bottom. The producers capture some men leering after Lauryn as she switches past them. Her knee pads, knee high boots and kickpads are gold in contrast to the magenta and purple ombre hair she wears this week.]

GM: The Women's World Champion on her way to the aisle, defending the title for the second Saturday Night Wrestling in a row.

BW: That's more defenses than Travis Lynch has seen in six months, Gordo.

GM: That's a blatantly false statement... to the surprise of no one, I'm sure.

[Rage walks up the steps, wiping her feet on the ring before she dips through the ropes and takes the centre of the ring, posing for the crowd with the title held high.]

"DA KID IS IN THE HOUSE!"

[The crowd boos and then gets even more hostile as Lauryn kisses her fingers and then slaps them to her ample backside.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well, with a less than hospitable crowd here in Milan, we're underway in this battle for the Women's World Championship.

[Rage marches right up to Lori Wilson and starts yelling in her face. She points at her, points at the crowd then brushes them all off before she lunges into a collar and elbow.]

GM: Diving into a tieup... and listen to these fans. She's really riled them up and I they're quite eager to see the Women's World Champion get hers tonight.

BW: I thought Italy was a place of class and culture. I guess the Milanese don't understand greatness when they see it.

[Rage and Wilson struggle in the collar and elbow until Rage shoves Wilson back to the corner...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: OH!

BW: She goes right upside Lori Wilson's head!

[Lori Wilson's eyes flash with anger as she tries to compose herself.]

GM: Lori Wilson got slapped right across the face! She's not typically a competitor who loses her cool but who could blame her after that?

[Rage turns away from the corner, arrogantly walking out to the middle of the ring, taunting the booing fans.]

BW: And Lauryn is letting the crowd know that they can get some too if they want.

[Rage flashes an obscene gesture in the direction of the crowd before turning around...

...and getting laid out with a rushing double leg takedown that causes the crowd to explode in cheers!]

GM: BIG TAKEDOWN BY THE CHALLENGER!

[The crowd is roaring as Wilson hammers away at a squealing Rage who desperately tries to cover up, arms over her head to shield her face as Wilson takes the fight to her!]

GM: LORI WILSON IS ALL OVER LAURYN RAGE!

[The referee steps in, ordering Wilson to get up off of Rage. The veteran obliges, snatching Rage's arm as the champion struggles to get up...

...and Wilson twists the arm around in an armwringer. Rage tries to get away, twisting her body as Wilson jerks the arm once... twice... three times... each one sending a jolt up the arm!]

GM: Lori Wilson going after the arm now, Rage trying to get away...

[Rage walks in a circle, quicker and quicker, trying to pull her arm free from Wilson's grip...

...but Wilson hangs on, using the momentum to lift Rage off the mat where she flops facefirst back down on the canvas!]

GM: Haha! And the Women's World Champion is reeling at the outset of this one!

[Still holding the arm, Wilson steps in on Rage, slipping her feet under Rage's armpits, rolling to the side, pinning her shoulders down to the mat with an unusual pin attempt.]

GM: Wilson's got her down for one! For two! For-

[With a yelp, Rage slips out at the last possible second. The crowd grumbles at this as Rage rolls to get away from the challenger, ending up out on the apron before Wilson cuts her off, grabbing a handful of hair...]

GM: Oh my! Rage thought she was out of there but Lori Wilson has other ideas, bringing her back to her feet...

[A desperate Rage slaps Wilson's hand out of her hair, uncorking a nasty slap across the face that causes an "OHHHHH!" from the Milan crowd.]

GM: GAH! What a slap!

[Wilson responds by reaching out, grabbing Rage by the hair again, and flipping her over the ropes into the ring to another big cheer!]

GM: And the veteran brings in Lauryn Rage the hard way!

[Wilson grabs the arm again, wrapping it up in another armwringer...

...which Rage counters by using her free hand to grab the hair of Wilson, yanking her off her feet and down to the mat!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Rage stomps Wilson a few times angrily.]

"No one messes with Da Kid!"

[A smirking Rage pulls Wilson off the mat by the hair, still trashtalking her all the while...

...until Wilson reaches out, snatching two hands full of multi-colored hair...]

BW: AHH! The hair! The hair!

[...and uses it for an old-fashioned hair mane, spinning Rage through the air and throwing her down to the mat to a huge cheer!]

GM: Wilson, the veteran challenger, going old school right there and Lauryn Rage has lost her cool, Bucky!

[Rage rushes at Wilson, ready to strike...]

GM: Armdrag by the veteran takes her down!

[Both women scramble up again, charging each other once more...]

GM: And another armdrag by the challenger, going right back after that arm!

[Rage cries out, grabbing at her shoulder as Wilson kneels down on the mat, putting her knee into the tricep and bending the limb.]

GM: Lori Wilson has been a step ahead of the champion so far in this one...

BW: Hah! That's what the untrained eye would see, sure. But this trained set of eyes over here sees that Da Kid is letting her much-older opponent tire herself out. She knows she's younger, stronger, faster, and better.

GM: She's younger, that much is true. The rest we may have to wait to see as Lori Wilson has seen it all in her twenty year career. She just needs an opening and we'll have ourselves a brand new Women's World Champion right here tonight in Milan.

[Rage works her way to her hands and knees as Wilson comes back to her feet, keeping her leverage in place. The champion reaches up, stretching her fingers out into the hair of Wilson who shakes her head back and forth, turning up the pressure on the armbar and forcing Rage to grab her own shoulder again.]

GM: Wilson puts her back down on the mat... look at this...

[With Rage down on all fours, Wilson twists around the arm, stepping through and rolling her into a La Majistral!]

GM: Cradle out of nowhere! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Again, Rage narrowly slips out of the pinning predicament in time to the disappointment of the crowd.]

GM: Another near fall right there! Lori Wilson digging deep into the arsenal for that lucha libre-influenced pinning attempt.

[Both women scramble up again, Wilson ducking under a wildly-thrown right hand by Rage, uncorking a dropkick as she turns around!]

GM: Lady Lightning with a dropkick on Rage!

[Rage scrambles up and gets knocked right back down!]

BW: The Champ is right back up!

GM: And right back down with another dropkick!

[The crowd is rallying behind Lori Wilson as she lands a third drop kick that sends Lauryn sprawling into the corner.]

GM: Rage gets knocked back into the corner... and here comes Wilson!

[Rage yanks herself clear, sending Wilson crashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! The champion gets clear!

[And with Wilson collapsed against the buckles, Rage seizes the day, driving her knee into the lower back of the challenger repeatedly...]

...and then yanks the hair, dragging Wilson down across a bent knee!]

GM: HAIRPULL BACKBREAKER! Oh my!

[Rage shoves Wilson off her knee, pushing her shoulders down and insisting on a count that gets a hair over one before the challenger slips out.]

GM: Not even a two count there and-

[The champion angrily shouts at the official who shakes her head, backing off.]

GM: Rage is complaining about the count? It wasn't even a two count! It was nowhere close to three!

BW: I think that's what she's complaining about.

[Climbing to her feet, Rage uses her grip on the hair to fling Wilson back against the buckles. She angrily stomps across the ring to the opposite corner, turning to face Wilson...]

GM: Rage setting up for something here, charging in...

[She flips into a handspring, driving her elbow up under Wilson's jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Nicely done!

[The crowd cringes as Lori Wilson's head snaps back and she slumps forward in perfect position to be snapmared over and then dropkicked in the back of the head.]

GM: And RIGHT to the back of the head goes Rage! Goodness.

[Rage climbs to her feet, standing over her handiwork as she taunts the fans by cupping her ear and chanting "LOR-I! LOR-I!"]

GM: This is uncalled for, Bucky.

BW: One thing you've got to understand about Lauryn Rage is she feeds off this. There's nothing she considers a bad reaction. She could start a riot or she could walk an old lady across the street. As long as people notice her, she's good.

GM: So, you're saying she's a narcissist?

BW: No, that's Colt Patterson.

[Rimshot.]

BW: What I'm saying is she's the last child in a family of nine siblings. Gotta get attention any way you can, Gordo. Why do you think them Stenches each act dumber than the next, huh?

GM: Jack Lynch is a World Champion now, Travis Lynch is a National Champion. I think they've been pretty smart if you ask me.

BW: I'm not asking you anything if you think those two being champions are good things!

[Rage waits for Wilson to battle back to her feet, twisting her body to thrust her hind quarters at the challenger, sending her sprawling over the middle rope.]

GM: Wilson falls into the ropes after that hip attack...

[With the crowd jeering, Rage slaps her butt twice and gets a running start, rebounding off the far ropes...

...and leaps into the air, landing on the back of Wilson's neck, driving it into the rope as she slides through the ropes, landing on her feet on the floor.]

GM: Impressive move by the champion... and again, she wastes valuable time in going after these fans at ringside verbally!

[Rage can be seen jawing with the crowd but not heard as the audio comes in and out, the censors having a field day with her.]

GM: Fans, we apologize for the language being used by Lauryn Rage here. I'm not sure what this young lady is thinking but-

BW: She's the champion now, Gordo! She can do whatever she wants!

GM: She most certainly cannot and if she thinks she can, I'm guessing she'll have a meeting in Mr. Gellar's office before she can change her hair color again.

[Rage backs off as security steps in front of her, urging her to get back inside the ring. She rolls back into the ring, turning back to shout at an angry man in the front row again...

...and when she turns around...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd ROARS as Wilson hauls off and slaps Rage across the face!]

GM: Good grief! I could feel that one from here!

BW: Some serious bad blood remains between these two, Gordo.

[A second slap lands as well... and a third, driving Rage back into the ropes where she shoots Rage across the ring, setting her feet for a belly-to-belly suplex attempt...]

GM: Rage off the far side...

[But as Wilson leans over, Rage leaps up, driving both knees into the face of Wilson, riding her all the way down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! What a counter by the champion!

[A wild-eyed Rage snatches Wilson by the hair, smashing the back of her head into the canvas repeatedly...]

GM: Get her off the challenger, referee!

[A swift four count follows before Rage gets up, glaring down at Wilson...

...and then spitting on her challenger to more jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Disgusting.

[Rage strides around the ring, taunting the crowd as she waits for Wilson to get back to her feet...

...and then changes her mind, swooping in behind the fallen Wilson, grabbing her by the legs...]

GM: She wheelbarrows Wilson up...

[...and then SLAMS her back down facefirst on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Goodness! A whole lot of impact right there!

BW: It seems clear that Lauryn is headhunting now. She’s knocked Wilson senseless with that facebuster of hers. All Lori Wilson’s veteran smarts will mean nothing if she can’t think straight.

[With Wilson sprawled facefirst down on the canvas, Rage stands over her, arms spread, gesturing to the jeering crowd as she lowers herself down, sitting on the back as she wraps her hands under the chin of Wilson, pulling back...]

GM: And it’s shades of our old friend, the Sultan, as Lauryn Rage locks in this camel clutch in the middle of the ring here in Milan, looking to force a submission out of her challenger!

[Rage pulls back with a screeching “ASSSSSK HERRRRRR!” The referee leans in to oblige...

...and Rage doesn’t even to hear the answer as she snatches a handful of Wilson’s hair, pulling back even harder.]

GM: She’s got the hair! Break the hold!

[The Milanese fans are all over Rage as she blatantly cheats again. The referee admonishes Lauryn who releases the hair and then grabs another handful with her opposite hand. This draws even more of the crowd’s ire.]

GM: She still has the hair!

BW: No, she broke the first time. Now she’s onto the second set of hair! It’s a new count.

[At the count of four and change, Rage gets to her feet, letting go of the hair...

...and then leaps up, driving her butt down into the small of Wilson’s back, putting the challenger back down on the mat!]

GM: The referee stepping in, wanting to check on Wilson as Rage backs off...

[Rage backs all the way to the corner, reclining across the ropes as the crowd boos her arrogance.]

BW: I love it, catch your beauty sleep, champ. Wilson is napping on the mat too.

GM: I do not understand how someone with so much talent can be so blatantly disrespectful to the sport in which she was raised, Bucky. She’s making a mockery of everyone who competed honorably inside the squared circle.

BW: Because she can, Gordo! Because she can!

[The referee is right next to Wilson as she works her way up to a knee. The official asks her a few questions as Wilson shakes her head "no" and "yes." After a few more questions, the official steps away, waving for the match to continue which seems to rile up Rage who jumps down to the mat, rushing forward with her open palm swinging...

...but Wilson ducks underneath it, sending Rage off-balance as the veteran reaches back, snaring her flailing arms...]

GM: BACKSLIDE BY THE CHALLENGER!!!

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

GM: SHE GOT HER! SHE GOT HER!

[...but JUST after Rage's shoulder pops up off the mat!]

BW: NO, NO! THE REFEREE SAYS IT WAS TWO!

[The official is indeed holding up two fingers as Wilson slams a disappointed fist down into the canvas. The crowd jeers the referee as she shows the two fingers to one and all...]

GM: That was SO close, fans! SO close to a new champion being crowned!

[Rage rolls to her knee, clutching her chest in a panic as Wilson regains her feet, snatching her by the hair...]

GM: Forearm shot... and another... and another!

[The crowd roars as Wilson peppers Rage's head with a series of forearm shots to the skull...]

GM: Wilson pounding away, knocking Rage back towards the ropes!

[A whip to the ropes sends the champion across the ring, bouncing back into a swinging right hand to the midsection that doubles her up!]

GM: Wilson goes downstairs!

[The veteran swoops in behind Rage, lifting her up into the air in a back suplex...

...and brings her buttfirst down on a bent knee!]

GM: ATOMIC DROP!

[Rage winces, grabbing at her ample rear end as Wilson lifts her right back up into the air...

...and then DROPS her tailbone-first down on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The seated Rage winces in pain as Wilson rushes to the ropes, bouncing off, charging in, and throws a basement dropkick that flattens the Women's World Champion!]

GM: DROPKICK FINDS THE MARK! WILSON WITH THE COVER!

[The referee drops down to the mat again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[Rage's shoulder pops up off the canvas again, narrowly defeating the count!]

GM: Wilson almost had her again! She can't believe it!

[The veteran buries her face in her hands for a moment, shaking her head as she climbs back to her feet.]

BW: Get out of there, Lauryn! Take a walk! Get some air!

[Rage does try to crawl across the ring but Wilson has other ideas, snatching her by the back of the tights, pulling her up to her feet. She grabs the arm, wheeling Rage around to fling her into the ropes...]

GM: Rage off the ropes again...

[This time, Wilson is able to secure the bodylock as Rage rebounds, pivoting and DRIVING her down into the canvas!]

GM: BELLY-TO-BELLY! SHE GOT ALL OF THAT!! MY GOODNESS, DID SHE EVER GET ALL OF THAT!

[Wilson lunges across her, reaching back to hook the legs...]

GM: COVER!! ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, AGAIN SHE KICKS OUT!

BW: How about that World Champion, daddy?! How about it?!

GM: Lauryn Rage showing a tremendous amount of resiliency here despite her arrogance!

[Wilson again claps her hands together angrily, climbing to her feet.]

GM: The veteran thought she had her but she's staying on task... staying focused on what needs to be done...

[Wilson backs to a corner, squaring up... and STOMPS her foot on the canvas!]

BW: Oh no, I don't like this, Gordo!

GM: Storms clouds are gathering for Lauryn Rage. She is stumbling to her feet, clearly rocked! You can barely hear yourself over these people cheering, Bucky!

BW: Tell them to shut up! I gotta warn Lauryn! LAURYN! CHAMP!

GM: Sit down, Bucky!

[Wilson's got the crowd worked into a frenzy as she waits for Rage to turn towards her...]

GM: Here it comes!

[...and as Rage does, Wilson surges forward...]

GM: LIGHTNING STRIKE!!

[Wilson throws her leg up, looking to throw a knockout kick...

...but Rage ducks under it, wrapping her arms around Wilson's torso, snatching her off the canvas, charging across the ring towards the turnbuckles...]

GM: INTO THE BUCKLES!!

[A flung Wilson smashes hard into the buckles, staggering back out towards Rage who wraps her up, snatching a handful of hair...

...and DRIVES Wilson facefirst into the canvas with a reverse Russian legsweep!]

GM: OHHH! Wilson gets smashed into the canvas and-

BW: Look! Look! She's rolling through it! You know what comes next!

[Rage grapevines Wilson's leg, snatching a half nelson with one arm and a choke with the other...]

BW: PRETTY MESS! SHE LOCKS IT IN!

[Wilson screams in pain as the Milanese fans exhort her not to give up.]

GM: Wilson's trying to hang on!

BW: No way, Gordo! This one's over!

GM: The challenger desperately trying to stay in this thing! The fans are solidly behind her.]

[They are indeed, Gordon, but they aren't the ones in the hold... Wilson is.

They aren't the ones in pain... Wilson is.

And ultimately, they aren't the ones who tap out.

Wilson is.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ahhhh.

[The crowd echoes Gordon's disappointment as the referee calls for the bell and Wilson slumps to the mat. Rage rolls to her feet, lifting her arms triumphantly. She smirks as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official, swaggering around the ring in an almost obscene bump and grind walk.]

GM: A valiant effort on the part of the challenger, Lori Wilson... and if a few things had broken her way, we might have a new Women's World Champion but-

BW: But we don't! We don't! Lauryn Rage is still the champion! She's still the best in the world! She's-

GM: What is she doing now?

[A smirking Rage grabs Wilson by the hair, dragging her up to her feet.]

BW: Oh, she's not done with Wilson yet, Gordo! She's sending a message to the fans and everyone in the back!

[Rage leans closer, saying something off-mic to a swaying Wilson...

...and then Rage breaks away, snapping off a superkick of her own that catches Wilson under the chin, knocking her flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HAH! The champ hits a Lightning Strike of her own better than Lori Wilson EVER has, daddy!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

BW: No way, no chance! The champion laid her out with her own move... and she's STILL not done!

GM: Come on, referee! Reverse this decision right now!

[Rage stomps the ribs of Wilson once... twice... three times.]

"Come on! Get up!"

[Another pair of stomps.]

"Get up!"

[She drops down, driving a knee into the ribcage. Kneeling on the torso, she grabs Wilson by the hair...]

"Where they are, girl? Where's yo Superfriends now?!"

[Ask and ye shall receive, you ratchet piece of...]

GM: IT'S MELISSA CANNON! MELISSA CANNON IS HEADED FOR THE RING!

[At a full sprint, Cannon dives under the bottom rope as Rage rises to her feet, obviously a little surprised at Cannon's sudden arrival on the scene.]

GM: Cannon's in the ring and-

[Rage comes up swinging but Cannon blocks it, throwing an elbowstrike to the temple... and another... and another, driving Rage back across the ring towards the ropes...]

GM: The champion's being pummeled by Cannon!

BW: After she's wrestled for a half hour!

GM: She has not and-

[Cannon winds up and throws a short clothesline, sending Rage toppling over the ropes, crashing down on her ample rear end on the floor!]

GM: OHHHHH! CANNON CLEARS OUT THE CHAMPION!

[A fired-up Cannon slams her arms down on the top rope, shouting at Rage to "get her ass back in the ring!"]

GM: Whoa! Melissa Cannon with some language of her own there to apologize for!

[Rage recoils in horror, sitting on the floor as Cannon shouts down at her. She turns away from Rage, shaking her head as she kneels down next to Wilson, checking on her friend.]

GM: Melissa Cannon keeping one eye on the Women's World Champion while she checks on her friend's condition. Lori Wilson's telling her she's okay and... Cannon wants the mic.

BW: Don't give it to her! She hasn't earned it!

GM: Earned it?! What in the world does-

[Cannon's voice rings out, cutting off Gordon.]

MC: RAGE!

[The fans cheer the anger in Cannon's voice.]

MC: I've been sitting back there tonight, watching you in this ring with my friend... watching you...

[Cannon looks disgusted.]

MC: ...be you. I've watched you disrespect your opponent. I've watched you disrespect these fans. And I've watched you disrespect that title.

[Rage clutches the title belt to her chest, shaking her head defiantly.]

MC: And it makes me sick to my stomach. Makes me sick that me... or Lori... or Julie or Ayako... or hell, even Miyuki or one of the legends who was in that Rumble... that almost ANYONE ELSE isn't wearing that title around their waist. It makes me sick that we all failed and let you make history.

[Rage rises off the floor, nodding and smirking as she raises the title over her head in a taunting fashion.]

MC: We all failed once... but I'll be damned if we're going to do it again. So, I'm going to help my friend to her feet... and we're going to walk back to that locker room... and I'm going to pound on Emerson Gellar's office door... and I'm going to tell him that at the soonest chance. I don't care if it's in Paris... I don't care if it's in London... I don't care if it's back in Texas or New Orleans or wherever! Just like Skylar's going to be ready for Charisma Knight, I'm going to be ready for you!

[Big cheer!]

MC: And this time, Rage... when I come for you, I'm not leaving until I walk out with that title around MY waist.

[Cannon dismissively tosses the mic down to the mat, soaking up the cheers from the crowd as Rage reaches under the ropes, retrieving the mic...]

"Um, Melissa, excuse me, but I'm talking."

[The Italian crowd boos Lauryn.]

LR: Cannon, for months you tried to make this division all about you! You stole Charisma's spotlight. And now you're trying to steal mine. But Melissa boo, you can't steal my shine. Everybody knows you fail on the biggest stage.

[The crowd jeers as Cannon grimaces, the verbal harpoon having struck a little too close to home. Rage smirks as she continues.]

LR: So, the way I see it, you don't deserve a shot at this title... nah, nah. But since the AWA seems like to put me in that ring with irrelevant old women... why don't you see if you can dig up the bones of Lori Dane.

[Cannon shouts something off-mic at Rage who has insulted her trainer and mentor.]

LR: Maybe she might be a challenge, ya dig?

[Lauryn fires her staccato laugh into the microphone before she drops it on the apron. Clutching her belt she holds it high in the ring, running her mouth as she winces and tries to breathe through the pain of Melissa's beating.]

GM: Absolutely disgusting. Melissa Cannon is certainly deserving of a shot at the Women's World Title and... well, Lauryn Rage is looking for any excuse not to give her one, Bucky.

BW: But she's willing to face Lori Dane - a former Women's Champion! That takes some serious guts, Gordo!

GM: Give me a break. Lori Dane is retired and has been for years. Sure, she was in the Rumble but... well, I know that if Melissa Cannon gets her hands on Rage, we very well might see a new champion crowned. Fans, let's go backstage where Sweet Lou has a special guest! Lou?

[Cut to backstage where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing with the Iron Badger himself, Manzo Kawajiri. Kawajiri is bare chested, and the stout Badger's barrel chest is beet red.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. I'm standing next to a man who, not long ago, was in an absolute war. Mr. Kawajiri, I understand you had something to say about the aftermath of your match against Karsten Marquardt.

MK: Hai, Lou-san.

[Kawajiri pauses, wincing and holding his chest for a moment.]

MK: Tonight, Kawajiri showed world who Karsten Marquardt is. What Marquardt is. That he is a...

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Hold on there, Mr. Kawajiri. Now I understand some people have let you get away with some loose language. But I will ask you to keep it civil.

[The Iron Badger glares at Blackwell a moment, but finally nods his head.]

MK: Gomen nasai, Lou-san, I am sorry.

SLB: That is quite all right, Mr. Kawajiri. Now, back to the issue at hand. The members of Ringkrieger, I understand you have something to say to them.

[A nod of Kawajiri's head, followed by another wince and a hand to his chest.]

MK: Lou-san, during tournament, during Battle of Boston, people came from all over the world to fight for AWA.

SLB: Yes, the AWA opened its doors and invited many great competitors. Including yourself.

[Kawajiri shakes his head.]

MK: No, Lou-san, AWA not invite Kawajiri. Kawajiri ASKED to come to AWA. Kawajiri wanted to be in AWA. Kawajiri needed to fight in AWA!

[The Iron Badger draws a deep breath, and look comes over his face that suggests he feels emotions other than belligerence.]

MK: AWA is special place, Lou-san. Even in puroresu, AWA is special. AWA has many great fighters. Ryan-san, who Kawajiri knew in Japan. Jack-san just won World Title. His otōto, little brother, Travis-san has been champion for a long time. AWA has Ohara-kun, Phoenix – young but honorable man.

And AWA has best fans in world. Fans who respect honor. Fans who like to see fights. Fans who know who is good man and who is...

[He seems about ready to say it, but catches himself.]

MK: Bad man.

AWA is Kawajiri's home now. Kawajiri came to fight. Came to be beside good, honorable men. And Kawajiri does not allow disrespect in his home!

[Now we're back to the murderous scowl.]

MK: Ringkrieger come to AWA, disrespect AWA. Ringkrieger spit on AWA. Others in AWA have their own fights. Travis-san and Jack-san take on weak Kings. Ryan-san and Ohara-kun will destroy Axis.

Kawajiri smash Ringkrieger!

SLB: I am certain that the AWA fans feel very proud to have you standing for them!

MK: After match ended, MISTER wanted to fight. Well, Kawajiri LOVES to fight! Kawajiri going to London.

Kawajiri will fight MISTER in London!

SLB: Wow! A challenge to the Ogre himself!

MK: And when it happens, AWA will see the truth. AWA is place for good men, for honorable men. For fighters. Not for men like Marquardt and MISTER. Who have no honor. Who are not fighters. They are just...

[Blackwell tries to cut him off, but can't.]

MK: PUNK BITCHES!!!!

[A grinning Kawajiri exits as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: I tried, guys. I tried. We'll be right back.

[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 to the locker room 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 blue 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: It's my privilege to be standing back here with "Red Hot" Rex Summers, and Rex, let's just get right to it. As we all heard earlier, in two weeks it will be The Gladiator stepping into the ring with the "Red Hot One."

[A throaty chuckle can be heard coming from Rex Summers.]

RS: Ever since Memorial Day Mayhem, Rex Summers has been running through that peanut sized brain of The Gladiator. He's become obsessed with the "Red Hot One." And when his mind is able to utter a coherent word, that word is Summers.

It's always about Rex Summers with the Gladiator. He's been dropping to his knees, begging Gellar...

[A smirk crosses the face of Colt Patterson as Rex Summers turns around to face the camera.]

RS: ...to grant him another opportunity to step into the ring with me! Well, Gladiator, Gellar answered your prayers and in London, you have got to know your days are numbered, Gladiator. Gladiator, there is no doubt you had a meteoric rise here in the AWA but ever since Memorial Day Mayhem that rise has come to a halt.

[The Summers Sweetheart smiles as she begins to rub her hand over the arm of Summers.]

RS: In London, you're going to fall, Gladiator! I'm going to become the "and TWO" in that record of yours and you're going to become a stepping stone for the "Red Hot One" in his quest for gold here in the AWA!

Now if you'll excuse us, Colt... I have to join Callum and Kerry as we have business to attend to.

[With that, Summers blows a kiss at the camera and walks away with the Summers Sweetheart upon his arm...

...and we fade to another area backstage where Mark Stegglet stands in front of an AWA backdrop. Standing next to him is "The Spitfire" Julie Somers, who is dressed in a pair of jeans and a Supergirl T-shirt. Somers' wavy brown hair falls down over her shoulders.]

MS: With me at this time, AWA fans, is "The Spitfire" Julie Somers. Now, Julie, it was two weeks ago that you confronted Erica Toughill, exchanged harsh words with her and nearly came to blows. It's clear that what went down at the Rumble match in Madison Square Garden remains a sore subject.

JS: Mark, it's true I'm not happy about what went down in the Rumble match, but this has become about more than just what happened in a match. It's become clear that Erica Toughill believes that I'm responsible for her not getting the accolades that she thinks she deserves. Now, don't get me wrong -- I know Erica is one of the most accomplished women in wrestling, but she wants to engage in some revisionist history when it comes to the way I got my start in the AWA.

You'll recall, Mark, that I had to start out in the AWA as a manager because there was little enthusiasm for bringing women's wrestling to this promotion. Sure, they had a couple of instances in which they teased the idea, but there never was a commitment. And somebody like me had to settle for spending time in a cult promotion under a mask, then seek my fortunes in the indies in New England to have any chance of doing what I loved so much. And then, to come here to the AWA as simply a manager -- as much as I love my brother and my best friend and wish them well in the tag team ranks -- being a manager simply wasn't enough.

[She pushes a strand of hair behind her ear.]

JS: But rather than grumble about my predicament, I realized that, when Melissa Cannon spoke out and said the time had come to get serious about a division, I needed to make that same plea. I couldn't throw blame at anyone else, as easy as that was. I knew I needed to get out there, make my case and, when the opportunity came about again, make sure I didn't pass it up and pushed for it. That's how I eventually got onto the grandest stage of all, SuperClash, and did my part to prove that women's wrestling belonged in the AWA.

MS: Well, that brings us back to the words Erica had for you and the words you had for her. It seems to me that there's an issue that needs to be settled.

JS: [nodding] You got that right, Mark -- and while it's easy to say that this issue is about me losing my chance to win the Rumble and to become the Women's champion, it's like I said earlier. It's more than that now. This is about me needing to prove to Erica Toughill that everything I've accomplished to this point was because I went out and pursued it, rather than blaming others for my predicament. And that's why I've got my sights set on getting Erica in that ring.

MS: So you are challenging Erica Toughill to a match?

JS: Exactly. And while the European tour excites me, I know that Emerson Gellar has made a lot of commitments already. So I know the perfect place to have that match. What better time than AWA Homecoming, the night where we recognize the history this great promotion has and go back to where it all started. I can think of no better time to have that match and steal the show at Homecoming.

That's my challenge to you, Erica. If you are so confident in your abilities, if you believe that you've been overlooked and that you deserve better, then you'll accept my challenge and prove that to me. But believe me, Erica, I aim to prove as much to you, that in no way did I get anything handed to me, that I got any favorable treatment. I'm going to show everyone that I have what it takes to match up against one of the best in the business, but that I'm just as capable of beating one of the best.

[She points a finger at the camera.]

JS: We'll find out how serious you are about proving yourself, won't we?

[She places her hands on her hips, a serious look on her face.]

MS: All right, fans, Julie Somers lays out a challenge for Homecoming -- to think we're a month away and we may already have a match to look forward to. But will Erica accept? We'll find out soon enough but right now, we've got to take another quick break. Don't go away because when we come back, it'll be the National Title on the line!

[Fade to black.]

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about

it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

Fade through black back to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: Fans, the European tour has been quite an experience so far and it's only going to get better! Emerson Gellar has announced that, in two weeks time, we will have a matchup set between two men who have crossed paths on several occasions in recent months. Rex Summers will be stepping into the ring to face my guest at this time, The Gladiator.

[That's the cue for the man who believes he has been summoned by the Roman gods to walk onto the set. He is wearing his gladiator helmet, along with his black wrestling trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots. And he...]

G: Aaarrrgghh aaarrrgghh aaarrrgghh...

[...yeah, he's doing that. Gladiator paces about the interview set as Stegglet talks.]

MS: Gladiator, it was two weeks ago when Rex Summers got involved in the Steal the Spotlight series and arguably cost you the chance at victory. It's not the first time Summers has interjected himself into one of your matches since the day you won the Steal the Spotlight contract from him back at Memorial Day Mayhem. I take it you see this upcoming match with him as a chance to settle things, once and for all.

[Gladiator stops pacing long enough to stand beside Stegglet. Gladiator keeps his head lowered and his voice as well.]

G: There are many legends that Jupiter and Juno shared with me... legends that normals such as yourself may not always comprehend... but there is the legend of the fire breather Cacus. Though he was a mighty giant, he thought he could take what was not his, lay claim to a domain in which he did not belong, and never have to face comeuppance, until he ran into one with the strength, the insight and the fortitude to match up with him. And though Cacus unleashed his fiery breath, it was the strength, insight and fortitude of others who faced him that led to his final fate, perishing before those who knew what was right and just in the world.

[That's when Gladiator raises his finger and his voice.]

G: REX SUMMERS THINKS HE IS LIKE THAT FIRE BREATHER, IN THAT HE CAN TAKE WHAT IS NOT HIS AND RECEIVE NO COMEUPPANCE! HE BELIEVES THAT HE CAN ENTER DOMAIN WHERE HE DOES NOT BELONG AND NEVER HAVE TO FACE THE CONSEQUENCES! BUT STANDING BEFORE EVERYONE IS AN INDIVIDUAL WITH THE STRENGTH, THE INSIGHT AND THE FORTITUDE TO NOT ONLY MATCH UP WITH REX SUMMERS, BUT TO ENSURE HIS PERISHING! AND THOUGH SUMMERS MAY THINK OF HIMSELF AS UNLEASHING A FIERY BREATH, IN THE END, ALL HE WILL EVER UNLEASH IS NOTHING BUT HOT AIR!

[And then...]

G: SNORT snaarrll SNORT!

[...that happens. Gladiator growls as Stegglet continues.]

MS: Gladiator, surely you must realize that Summers remains closely allied with Kerry Kendrick and Callum Mahoney -- all the while, you have tended to, as some might say, fly solo. Are you concerned that Summers might try to exploit his alliances to his advantage?

G: REX SUMMERS ALLEGIANCES ARE WELL KNOWN TO ME, BUT MY ALLEGIANCES TO JUPITER AND JUNO ARE WELL KNOWN TO ALL! THEY ARE THE ONES THAT ARE BY MY SIDE AT ALL TIMES, ADVISING ME AS TO THE PROPER PATH AND THE NEXT STEPS TO TAKE! WHEREAS THOSE WHO SUMMERS SURROUNDS HIMSELF WITH ARE NOTHING MORE THAN THE MONGRELS AND SCOUNDRELS WHO ONLY SEEK SHORTCUTS! THEY DO NOT HAVE THE STRENGTH, THE INSIGHT AND THE FORTITUDE TO WITHSTAND THE RIGORS OF TRUE COMBAT! ONLY AS A TRUE GLADIATOR CAN ONE ACHIEVE WHAT IS NECESSARY TO ACCOMPLISH SUCH A TASK! AND IN TWO WEEKS TIME, YOU, REX SUMMERS, YOU WILL COME FACE TO FACE WITH ME AND MY GLADIATORS AND REALIZE THAT YOUR INTERFERENCE IN MY AFFAIRS WILL LEAD TO ONLY THE SAME FATE AS THAT OF CACUS, AND THAT IS PERISHING BEFORE MY MIGHT!

[He stares upward and raises his arms high.]

MS: All right, fans, that match takes place in two weeks' time... but we are just moments away from the National Title being on the line so let's head over to Sweet Lou who has words from both champion... and challenger!

[Gladiator lowers his head and growls as we cut away to where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing by.]

SLB: Thanks, Mark... joining me at this time IS the AWA National Champion, Travis Lynch!

[The fans begin to cheer loudly as Travis Lynch enters from the right. He's wearing his trademark smedium black t-shirt, white chaps, with silver studs and the AWA National Championship resting upon his waist. As "Sweet" Lou raises the microphone to speak, Travis raises his hand and begins to speak.]

TL: The first thing I wanna do "Sweet" Lou is to thank the great fans of the AWA for their support. Since the fourth of July, the fans have been there every step of the way of during my recovery. The tweets, the Instagram messages and the Facebook messages showing their love to me...

[Travis places his hand over his eyes for a brief moment.]

TL: They've meant a lot to me. And it's why I went to the AWA Brass and told them I wanted to be on the road doing every promotional event they had lined up that I could possibly do. I wanted the opportunity to thank every single fan that I could personally. I wanted them to know how much they mean to me. And for those of you who couldn't make it to an event know this...

[Travis taps his heart three times.]

TL: From the bottom of my heart thank you, thank you all.

[Travis once again places his hand over his eyes as Blackwell speaks.]

SLB: You're getting a bit emotional here Travis. Do you need a moment?

[The AWA National Champion smiles as he shakes his head side to side.]

SLB: As we saw at the end of the of the hour, Brian James told your sister a message, that he is coming for you tonight! How do you feel about that?

TL: I'm not goin' lie, "Sweet" Lou. I'm glad Johnny Deston didn't get the job done and Brian James made his way back to the Mediolanum Forum!

SLB: Now Travis, no one knows who assaulted Brian James earlier tonight...

TL: There's only one man who has reason to take Brian James out. You know it, these fans know it...

[The fans scream in agreement.]

TL: And like I said, I'm glad he failed. You see "Sweet" Lou, tonight was goin' to be my opportunity to look Brian James in the eyes one more time in that ring. But this time I wouldn't be fighting for the tag team championship with Jack the night before. I wouldn't be steppin' into the ring against Callum Mahoney while Brian James waits for the winner fresh as a daisy!

Tonight was goin' be the night I proved that I could beat you anywhere, any time as the whole world watches! But Johnny Deston, tried...

SBL: Allegedly.

TL: ...to take this moment away from me. So yeah "Sweet" Lou, as I said, I'm glad he failed. I'm glad for once, one of the jokers dressin' up as a king is tryin' to win a championship as a man, on his own!

I know Brian James isn't going to drag Taylor and his uncle to the ring. I know James isn't goin' allow Donovan to make his way down that aisle and we all know the FORMER World Champion...

[Travis flashes his pearly whites at the camera.]

TL: ...won't be sticking his nose into this match either.

[Travis unsnaps the AWA National Championship Belt from around his waist and holds it high into the air with his right hand.]

TL: Take a long, hard look at this title James. Study it, mesmerize the details of the title I spent five months tryin' to earn!

SBL: A title you are the longest reigning holder of and if you can successfully hold off the challenge from Brian James tonight, in a mere two more days, it will mark a year that you have been the AWA National Champion.

[Travis places the championship belt over his shoulder.]

TL: Let me tell you something "Sweet" Lou! For nearly a year, I've held this title and tonight... tonight I'm not leavin' Italy without it! You see "Sweet" Lou in under a month the AWA is returnin' to Dallas, Texas ... my home ... and I'll be damned if I walk back into Texas without the AWA National Championship around my waist!

[Travis walks out to stage right as Blackwell grins.]

SLB: The Lynch family has gotta be lovin' this European tour right about now - let's hope for Travis' sake, he can still say the same in about twenty or thirty minutes. And right now, let's take you some comments recorded just a few minutes ago from the man who will attempt to snatch that National Title from around the waist of Travis Lynch - it's Brian James!

[We fade to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO" where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing backstage with a battered, bruised, but still standing Brian James. James is in his wrestling gear, his face showing signs of bruising. The Engine of Destruction is alone, Brian Lau nowhere to be seen.]

SLB: While we expected to see Brian James pull double duty tonight, as you fans well know, Brian James was unable to make an appearance in tonight's Steal the Spotlight match. But, it seems, Mr. James, you are here and ready to compete for the National Title against Travis Lynch.

BJ: I am here to take the National Title, Blackwell.

SLB: Be that as it may, we must address the many controversies surrounding you, Mr. James. To begin with, who was it that attacked you tonight?

BJ: A coward who came at me from behind.

SLB: So you don't know?

BJ: Not yet. But when I do, the AWA talent roster is going to find itself with an open space and some doctor is about to become a very rich man.

SLB: A black glove was found at the scene. The implications of that are obvious.

[James snarls, but does not answer.]

SLB: One could come to an obvious conclusion. Johnny Detson would not want you to potentially win Steal the Spotlight and be in line for a shot at the World Title he just lost.

[Another snarl from the Engine of Destruction, but still, silence.]

SLB: And then there is the matter of what happened two weeks ago, when you cost your fellow King of Wrestling the AWA World Heavyweight Title. Some have speculated that the "accident" we saw was deliberate...

[James stares a hole into Blackwell, his intensity unwavering, until a suddenly perspiring Blackwell tries to change his line of questioning.]

SLB: And now, Brian Lau is not out here with you. All of this suggests that there is dissension in the ranks of the Kings of Wrestling.

BJ: Blackwell, I want you to listen closely -

A King never owes an explanation to those who are beneath him.

You don't need to concern yourself with Johnny Detson, or Brian Lau, or anything else concerning the Kings of Wrestling. Do not ask me to tell you what is happening. Do not ask me to justify my actions. Do not worry about what exists between myself and Detson. There is only one question to be asked tonight -

Just how many pieces is Travis Lynch going to be broken into?

SLB: Strong words. But Travis Lynch is coming in to your match fresh, and you have been attacked and injured. You just came out of the hospital...

[James draws in a breath, exhaling slowly.]

BJ: Doesn't matter, Blackwell.

Here's what matters – in Boston, I gave Travis Lynch the beating of a lifetime, and it ended when I stopped his pretty little face into the mat.

And that was just for a trophy. Imagine what I'm going to do for the National title.

Travis Lynch is confident. Travis Lynch has been National Champion longer than anyone else. He's had the world at his feet for a long damn time.

But that all ends tonight.

The only thing you need to know is that "Engine of Destruction" isn't some cute name to put on a smedium...

[The hate that James puts into that word is tangible.]

BJ: ...T-shirt.

I'm not here to make girls scream. I'm not here because my daddy put me into the family business and then handed the world to me on a silver platter.

I'm here because the thing I'm best at is leaving people lying face down. I'm here to fight and I'm here to take that title you never earned and never deserved from you.

I'm coming for you, Travis Lynch.

And when I'm done? You're going to feel nostalgic for that beating I gave you in Boston.

Your little fantasy ends tonight. Tonight, you learn what it means to be a real fighter. Tonight, you learn that the borrowed time you've been living on is up.

I will be National Champion by night's end.

And there is nothing that you, or anyone else, can do to stop that.

We're done now, Blackwell.

[And with those words, James marches off as we fade from the taped interview...]

Cut to a live panning shot of the buzzing Milan crowd as Rebecca Ortiz stands center ring, ready to get going.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA National Title! Introducing first...

[The heavy guitars of Bruce Dickinson's "The Zoo" blares over the loudspeakers, and the roar of boos from the crowd threatens to drown the guitars out.]

RO: He is the challenger... being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Brian Lau...

[The curtain is pushed aside. And out first is none other than Brian Lau. Lau is dressed to the nines, wearing a shimmering grey sharkskin suit, with a neatly pressed white shirt beneath and a black tie around his neck. Lau's eyes are shielded from the harsh overhead lights in the arena by the green flash lenses of a pair of Ray Ban aviator sunglasses. Lau moves with a confident gait, arms out wide, flashing quite the smirk as the audience's boos grow louder. Lau looks over his shoulder, and gives a single nod of his head, as the music continues to blare. A moment later, a shadow falls over both Lau and the aisleway.]

RO: Hailing from Portland, Oregon, and weighing in tonight at 295 pounds... representing the Kings of Wrestling...

[A mountain of a man steps out, striding out with great purpose. Standing six foot six, with a body made entirely out of muscle, he cuts one of the most imposing figures in the AWA.]

RO: Here is...

BRIIIIIIAAAAAAN JAAAAAAAMES!

[As the boos rain down upon the son of the Blackheart, Lau and James fall into a matching pace as they march down to ringside. James has a white towel, with the words "KINGS OF WRESTLING" embroidered in gold over his head. The towel covers the majority of his face, revealing only the shadow of a scowl beneath a dirty blond goatee.

James' chest is bare and well oiled, the muscles rippling under the overhead lights. Over his right pectoral is a black tattoo of a circle surrounded by eight protruding towers, a Sak Yant tattoo in the Paed Tidt style. On this night, his midsection is also wrapped in white tape, a remnant of the off-camera attack from earlier in the evening.

Both of his hands are wrapped in heavy black tape, leaving only the space between his fingertips and the first knuckle of each finger bare. The tape extends to mid-forearm. On his right hand is a black compression glove type elbow pad, with a red stripe that runs along the underside. His left arm is covered in five lines of black tattoos, in the ancient Khmer language, in the Hah Taew fashion of Sak Yant tattoos. These tattoos extend from the top of his shoulder all the way down, terminating in a much smaller line that goes all the way down his middle finger.

He wears a pair of red and black Muay-Thai style shorts. The fit over the legs is baggy, but elastic bands at the bottom cinch them tightly just over James' knees. The right leg is black, with a golden tiger embossed over the thigh, while the left side is red, the words "BRIAN JAMES" done in a highly stylized font. Across the back of the shorts is the word "CLAW ACADEMY" again done in gold. Each knee is covered in a black knee pad, with a tribal style tiger image done at the very center of the knees. Eschewing wrestling boots, James legs are instead tightly wrapped in the same black tape that covers his fists.

Where Lau is brimming confidence, James is all stoic menace. The pair make their way to the ring, with Lau ascending the stairs first and entering the ring, making a big show of shooing Ortiz away from the center of the ring.]

GM: Freshly back from the hospital, Brian James may have been forced to miss out on Steal The Spotlight earlier tonight but he was NOT going to miss this chance to become the AWA National Champion, Bucky.

BW: You can argue about whether it's a smart idea to wrestle hurt or not but Brian James has come to fight... he's come to dominate... and he's come to become the AWA National Champion.

[At last, James enters the ring. Reaching up, he pulls the towel off his head, revealing medium length dirty blond hair that's been slicked back and tied into a ponytail. James hands the towel to Lau, and Lau reaches into an inner pocket of his jacket, producing a plastic box. Opening the box, Lau pulls out a half black, half red mouth guard, with the same golden tiger across the front. With James opening his mouth, Lau puts the mouth guard in place. There's a final grimace, and then James closes his lips. As Lau exits the ring, James falls into a traditional Muay Thai stance, shadowboxing as Rebecca Ortiz retakes the center of the ring to continue her introductions.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[The Milan crowd cheers before there's any sign of who is coming to the ring but they know...

...and as the opening chords of Rush's classic "Tom Sawyer" rings out, the Italian crowd goes wild!]

RO: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in tonight at 252 pounds... he is the AWA NATIONAL CHAAAAAAMMMMPIONNNNNN...

TRAAAAAAAAAVISSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[A few more moments pass before the curtain swings open to reveal the champion attired in his trademark super smedium T-shirt, which has the image of Texas, colored like the Texas state flag, upon it and the word HEARTTHROB written diagonally over the image of Texas in black lettering. A silver crucifix rests on top of the T-shirt. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging and around his waist is the AWA National Championship belt.]

GM: There he is, fans! One of the most beloved professional wrestlers in the world today and a man on the verge of history!

BW: Oh, I think I'm gonna be sick.

GM: Vomit or not, Bucky Wilde, you can't deny the fact that this man very well might be the greatest National Champion of all time and he's got the record to prove it. Already the longest reigning National Champion ever, if Travis Lynch can survive just a few more days with that title, he will have held it for over a year!

BW: Speculate all you want, Gordo, but the whole world knows that title is going home with Brian James tonight. That record... that reign... it ends tonight and I can't wait to see it after the two weeks I've had.

[The camera pans back in front of Travis as he breaks into slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his arms and shoulders. As he gets closer to the ring, he approaches the barricade, leaning over for high fives and hugs... and a few kisses from the ladies to boot. Upon reaching the ring, he grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He pulls off his t-shirt, drawing a BIG cheer from the ladies as he tosses it into the crowd to a lucky female fan. He pulls off his silver crucifix, planting a kiss on it before he hangs it around the ringpost. The chaps come next, falling off into a pool on the floor. He turns, pointing to the fans before ducking through the ropes inside the ring...

...and coming face to face with Brian James who is standing in the center of the ring glaring at him.]

GM: Oh, brother. This is one of the matches that this sold out crowd is here to see, fans. Brian James. Travis Lynch. The National Title on the line between two of the best in the world.

[The referee steps in, slithering between challenger and champion, making sure they step back from one another. He stands with his arms at full extension, keeping them both back as the crowd cheers for the battle yet to come.]

GM: These two met back at the Battle of Boston and on that night, Travis Lynch fell to defeat while suffering a hand injury thanks to the son of the Blackheart. Tonight, he looks to avenge that loss with his National Title on the line.

[The official manages to get them all the way back to their respective corners. He makes a trip to both corners, conversing with both competitors before he heads back out to the middle of the ring...

...and signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Here we go! One fall, thirty minutes, the title on the line!

[Brian James is in a focused and determined fighting mindset, striking a Muay Thai fighting stance as he stalks out of the corner, moving in on Travis Lynch who squares up in almost a boxing stance.]

BW: The fisticuffs may be coming early on in this one.

[As James draws near though, it's not his fists that he employs, throwing a straight kick right up the middle and planting his bare foot into the chest of Lynch, pushing him backwards towards the corner. Lynch attempts to recover but James comes in quicker, swinging his right arm and catching Lynch with a hooking forearm on the ear. A leaping kneestrike to the chin follows, snapping Lynch's head back and putting him down on a knee on the mat.]

GM: A flurry of offense out of the gate by James...

[James reaches down, lifting Lynch back to his feet, and HURLS him halfway across the ring with a biel toss. Lynch bounces off the mat but quickly rolls up to a knee, rising as he beckons James towards him. The CAGE champion obliges, back in his martial arts stance as he approaches Lynch who leans back against the ropes, swinging his own boot up into the gut of James who visibly winces at the shot.]

GM: And there's the shot downstairs, going right after those taped ribs!

[Lynch grabs James by the arms, swinging him back into the corner. The champion quickly squares up, throwing hooking left hands into the ribcage over... and over... and over...

...until the referee steps in, forcing Lynch to back off. James is reeling, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet as Brian Lau shouts encouragement from out on the floor.]

GM: James is hurt! The challenger is hurting early!

[Marching back in, Lynch grabs James by the arm, whipping him across the ring from corner to corner where James SLAMS backfirst into the buckles, staggering back out towards the National Champion who scoops his challenger up, slamming him down on the canvas.]

GM: Scoop and a slam by the champion!

[He promptly takes two steps, leaping high and burying the point of his elbow down into the ribcage before rolling into a lateral press!]

GM: Lynch with the cover! One! Tw- kickout already.

[Lynch stays on his knees, swinging his right hand down like a hammer into the ribs once... twice... three times. Lau can be heard shouting at the Texan from outside the ring.]

GM: Travis Lynch showing a little bit of a vicious side here early on, trying to take advantage of James coming into this matchup with those banged-up ribs which may or may not have been caused by his partner-in-crime, Johnny Detson.

BW: Almost certainly not.

GM: Detson's glove was at the scene of the crime, Bucky!

BW: Never seen Making A Murderer? These dirty cops plant evidence all the time!

GM: Dirty.... there was no police there!

[Bringing James back to his feet, Lynch grabs the head while laying in a pair of kneelifts to the body, backing him into the ropes where the champion grabs the top rope, swinging his knee up into the midsection a few more times.]

GM: Well, you can't blame Travis Lynch for taking aim at those ribs... especially with James wearing the white tape around them. That's practically a bullseye, Bucky.

BW: What kind of a sportsman tries to take advantage of an opponent's injuries?! Travis Lynch is no-good dirty snake and he's proving it in front of an international audience. Soon, the whole world will know what I've known for years... Travis is a Stench through and through.

[Grabbing James by the arm, Lynch goes to whip him across the ring but James somehow pulls off a reversal, shooting the Texan into the ropes instead. As he rebounds back, James doubles up, looking for a backdrop...

...but he goes too soon, allowing Lynch to leap right over the top, dragging James down in a sunset flip!]

GM: Sunset flip by the champion gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[James - with much effort - manages to kick out in time, instantly grabbing at his ribs as he does. Lynch scrambles up to his feet, throwing a dropkick to the torso of the rising James, sending him through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Oh! Lynch lands the dropkick, sending the challenger outside the ring...

[The Texan approaches the ropes, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and then thinks better of his daredevil thoughts, ducking through the ropes to the apron. James backs off as Lau talks to him, trying to get him back into things as Lynch comes charging down the apron, diving off with a forearm smash that knocks James onto his back!]

GM: Oh my! The Texas bowls him over and James is down on the floor!

BW: You've gotta wonder how badly Brian James is hurt, Gordo. The man walked out of a hospital less than an hour ago. Should he be competing? What kind of condition is he in as he tries to capture the National Title?

[Lynch pulls James up on the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The champion grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron. He starts to walk towards the corner buckles when Brian James - who is down on a hip inside the ring - says something to the official, drawing his focus...

...which is when Brian Lau runs along the apron, grabbing Lynch by the ankle!]

GM: Lau's got Lynch! Come on!

[Travis violently shakes his leg, trying to kick Lau off him and eventually succeeds...

...which is when Brian James charges across the ring, swinging his leg up to catch Lynch on the side of the head, sending him flying off the apron and crashing into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LYNCH GOES SAILING OFF THE APRON INTO THE RAILING!

[James leans over the top rope, breathing heavily as the referee reprimands him for the attack. He winces as he slides through the ropes, dropping down to the floor.]

GM: The Battle of Boston winner looking to add another piece of hardware to his growing collection here in 2016...

[James snatches Lynch off the railing...

...and muscles him up into a quick and nasty gorilla press, almost immediately dropping Lynch throatfirst down across the edge of the railing! Lynch collapses in a heap on the floor, coughing violently and clutching his throat.]

GM: A violent assault outside the ring as Brian James tries to find a way to get back in this matchup.

[James grabs the top of the railing for support, stomping Lynch repeatedly as the Texan tries to cover up on the thin ringside mats.]

GM: The big man from Portland, Oregon drags Lynch off the floor by the hair, putting him back inside... could he be on the verge of striking gold once again? Could he smell gold here in Milan much like Jack Lynch did two weeks ago in Berlin? Like Kerry Kendrick did in New York two weeks before that?

BW: Gordo, you raised one heck of a point right there.

GM: What's that?

BW: If Brian James wins the title here tonight, all three of the AWA's men's singles titles will have changed hands in about a month and a half. That's almost unheard of!

[James rolls back inside the ring, crawling across the ring towards Lynch who rolls right over near the ropes.]

GM: Nice move by Lynch. He can't get pinned when he's near the ropes so he rolled right over by them as James put him back in.

[Lau shouts to James from the floor and the Engine of Destruction obliges, lifting Lynch off the canvas, shoving him back into the turnbuckles. He instantly raises his long leg, planting his foot on the windpipe of the struggling National Champion, choking him against the buckles.]

GM: That's a blatant choke right there! The referee is starting his count on him!

[A four count follows before James lowers his leg, squaring up on Lynch once more...]

GM: Big right hand to the side of the head... and another!

[Clubbing forearm style strikes thrown like hooks batter Lynch's head to and fro as James alternates arms, battering the National Champion for several seconds before Lynch collapses to a knee...]

...which is when James PASTES him with a kneestrike on the chin, snapping Lynch's head back and leaving him prone against the buckles!]

GM: OHH! What a shot that was!

[James grabs Lynch by the boot, dragging him from the corner before folding the leg up in a kneeling press.]

GM: One! Two!

[Lynch kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt and leaving a seething James on his knees. Lau again shouts from the floor, driving James back to his feet where he raises his leg, bringing his foot down in a vicious stomp on the abdomen of Lynch!]

GM: Oh! Gutshot by James!

[James raises his leg a second time, bringing it down on the sternum.]

GM: James stomping his way up the body of the champion!

[And one more lands flush on the side of Lynch's face, smashing his head into the canvas as James spins around, dropping into a North-South position as the referee counts again.]

GM: One! Two! But again, Lynch lifts the shoulder, spinning out...

[But as the champion spins, James rolls him right through into a front facelock, hanging on as Lynch desperately tries to find a way out...]

...which is when James strikes, swinging his long leg up to drive his knee into the crown of Lynch's skull once... twice... three times!]

GM: James is trying to knock him out right here!

[Four... five... six...]

GM: Lynch is in trouble here! James is going for the kill!

[Seven... eig- no! Lynch manages to spin out of the hold again, ending up rolling from the ring to the apron as James slams a frustrated fist down into the canvas. The challenger climbs to his feet, approaching the ropes swiftly before Lynch can escape...]

GM: Lynch is in trouble! He's dazed and James is looking to finish him off!

[James reaches over the top rope, grabbing the Texan by the hair, hauling him up to a knee on the apron...

...which is when Travis Lynch desperately reaches through the ropes, digging his fingers into the white tape wrapped around the midsection of James!]

GM: ABDOMINAL CLAW! LYNCH LOCKS IT IN!

[James instantly cries out, wincing as he swats harmlessly at the arm gripping his injured midsection!]

GM: The Lynch family legacy - the Iron Claw - may have just saved Travis Lynch's National Title!

[Lynch grabs his wrist with the off-hand, trying to keep the hold on as James tries to back off. The referee starts counting, trying to force a break as Lynch is still outside the ring. Abruptly, Lynch lets go of the Claw, rushing towards the turnbuckles. He quickly scales them as James sinks to a knee, grabbing at his guts...]

GM: Lynch is heading to the top! Looking to make a major impact right here!

[Lynch puts a foot on the top rope, shouting "COME ON!" at James who pushes up to his feet...

...and the National Champion flings himself off the top rope, catching James across the chest and knocking him flat with a flying crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE TOP!! ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

[James rolls Lynch off him, using his upper body strength to save himself this time. Lynch quickly gets up off the mat, waving an arm towards James as he tries to get up off the mat...]

GM: James is coming back to his feet as well... and Lynch takes him down with a running clothesline!

[Lynch pumps a fist to the crowd, turning around as James tries to get up again...]

GM: And another one takes Brian James right down off his feet!

[Lynch pumps both arms to the crowd this time...

...and then throws his left hand up into the air, nodding his head!]

GM: Lynch is calling for the Claw! He's-

[And that's Brian Lau's cue to get up on the apron, angrily pointing, shouting, and gesticulating like a madman as the referee moves over to confront him...]

GM: Get him down from there, referee!

[Lynch rushes the ropes, throwing a big shoulder tackle that sends Lau off the apron, crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

GM: Lynch knocks Lau to the floor! And slowly he turns, hand at the ready... can he get it locked in and somehow find a way to keep the National Title around his waist?

[James slowly gets back up to his feet, staggering in a circle...]

GM: CLAW!

[...and the Milan crowd ERUPTS as Travis Lynch sinks the fingers on his left hand into the temple of Brian James!]

GM: The Iron Claw is locked in and I'd say if anyone was still wondering if Lynch's hand was back to one hundred percent, they're getting their answer right about now!

[James swats at the hand, trying to find a way out as Lynch grabs the wrist to stabilize it, looking to drive James down to the canvas...]

...and suddenly, the crowd starts jeering loudly.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: The Champ is here!

GM: Former champ, Bucky.

BW: Don't remind me.

[And it certainly is the former World Champion, Johnny Detson, jogging down the aisle towards the ring. Detson has his eyes on the ring as Lynch drives James backwards.]

GM: Detson's coming out here... and after what went down two weeks ago, you've gotta think Johnny Detson's got a bone to pick with the Lynch family.

BW: Absolutely. But what right-minded person doesn't?

[Lynch forces James down to a knee, digging his fingers into the temples, trying to cut off the flow of blood to the brain...]

GM: In the meantime, Brian James is starting to fade! Brian James is starting to lose the will to keep going in this one! Could we be on the verge of seeing James' undefeated streak go up in smoke?!

[James reaches up at Lynch's wrist, trying to pull the hand from his head but a determined Lynch has it sunk in, trying to apply even greater pressure.]

GM: I don't know if James can get out of this! Travis Lynch may be on the verge of making history with his record-setting title reign AND by breaking Brian James' undefeated streak!

[Detson balls up his fists, pounding a few times on the apron, catching Travis Lynch's attention.]

GM: I don't think Lynch knew Detson was out there.

BW: He does now.

GM: He certainly does and...

[Lynch grimaces as goes back to his clawhold, trying to get a win before having to deal with Detson...]

...which is when Detson gets up on the apron.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[And the National Champion immediately releases his hold on Brian James, turning his focus towards Detson. Lynch steps forward, going into a spin to throw his trademark discus punch...

...but whiffs on it as Detson hops off the apron, landing safely on the floor. He taunts Lynch from the floor, holding his attention just long enough for...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...James to uncork a running elbowstrike between the eyes as Lynch turns around! James slams into the ropes, leaning over them as he tries to catch his breath and locks eyes with the former World Champion.]

GM: James and Detson staring one another down out here. You have to imagine that Brian James wants no part of Detson out here right now, Bucky.

BW: James might not but Lau may have asked Detson to be here. You know he’s got a plan today... you know it! Maybe Detson is part of it!

GM: You could certainly be right but right now, James and Detson are staring one another down...

[Lynch reaches up from the canvas, snatching James into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: SCHOOLBOY! OUT OF NOWHERE!

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

GM: OHH! James is out in time!

[Brian James slams his hand angrily into the mat before getting up off the mat where he finds Travis Lynch waiting for him...]

GM: Left hand! Another! Third time’s a charm!

[The reeling James stumbles backwards.]

GM: We’re ten minutes into this battle and- look at this!

[Lynch steps forward, gritting his teeth as he leans over, scooping James up off the mat...

...and the crowd ROARS as the 252 pound Lynch sends the near 300 pound James ALL the way up in a military press!]

GM: OH MY STARS! LOOK AT THE POWER! LOOK AT THE POWER!

[But Lynch’s arms begin to tremble after a moment and James manages to slip out, landing on his feet behind the Texan...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and takes Lynch up and over with a released German Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Big suplex by the big man! Could that be enough?

[James spins over, crawling over Lynch's torso as the referee moves to count again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Lynch powers out, kicking James off of him as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Two count only... and James isn't done!

[Climbing back to his feet, James pulls Lynch off the canvas, dragging him into another rear waistlock...]

GM: Number two coming up!

[...and again takes Lynch up and over, dropping him on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another big German Suplex by the son of the Hall of Famer!

[James climbs off the mat, nodding his head as Lynch reels on the canvas, rolling to his hip to try and recover...]

BW: I never like to give the Stenches credit but rolling to his hip like that is the sign of a veteran... never stay on your back...

[James grabs the back of Lynch's trunks, dragging him back to his feet, pulling him into a rear waistlock for a third time...]

...and takes him up and over, dumping him on the back of the head with a released German!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THIRD TIME'S A CHARM!

[James throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture, crawling into another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Lynch just barely gets his shoulder up again, breaking the pin!]

GM: The Texan hangs on! The champion clinging to his title as James flings him around the ring like a ragdoll!

[James sits up on the canvas, a frustrated expression on his face, wincing with each breath as Brian Lau comes to his feet, confronting Johnny Detson out on the floor.]

GM: Lau and Detson are conversing now... and by the looks of things, I don't think Lau had a clue that Detson was coming out here, Bucky.

BW: All part of the plan, Gordo. All part of the plan.

GM: Mm hmm.

[James slowly rises back to his feet, leaning down to grab Travis Lynch by the hair, pulling him up to a knee...]

...where the National Champion BURIES a right hand into the taped-up ribcage!]

GM: OHH! What a shot!

[The blow stuns James, allowing Lynch to climb back to his feet where he throws a kick to the gut that sends James staggering away from him.]

GM: Lynch pursuing the challenger now... grabs him from the rear...

[The champion powers James up, dropping him down in a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Could that be enough?

[Lynch stays down on the mat, bridging as the referee counts one... two... thr-]

GM: Out at two again! What a tremendous back and forth battle we're witnessing here tonight between the National Champion and the Battle of Boston winner!

[James rolls to his stomach, dragging himself on the canvas, trying to create some space as Lynch gets up to his feet. The son of the Blackheart manages to get his upper body under the bottom rope as Lynch steps out to the apron, measures his man...]

GM: What is he-

BW: NO!

[...and DROPS a leaping knee on the small of James' back, driving his taped up ribs down into the edge of the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Both men fall off the apron to the floor, lying on the thin ringside mats as the crowd buzzes over what they just witnessed.]

GM: Brian James' injured ribs were RIGHT on the edge of the apron and when Travis Lynch dropped that knee, there's simply no telling what kind of damage he just did, fans!

BW: James is in excruciating pain out there on the floor, clutching his ribcage as Brian Lau comes over to check on him...

[Lau kneels down beside James who is grimacing and shaking on the floor. A few moments pass before the National Champion rises, looking down on James and Lau...

...and shoves Lau down to the floor, snatching James off the mats by the arm, chucking him back inside the ring. Lynch throws a glare at Lau as he rolls in this time, keeping him in check.]

GM: James is back in... Lynch is back in as well...

[The National Champion pulls a crawling James off the mat, doubling up to plant his shoulder into James' midsection...

...and with a shout, he DRIVES James back into the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness! Another hard shot to the body of Brian James!

[Holding the middle rope, Lynch SLAMS his shoulder into the ribs once... twice... three times before the official steps in, calling for a break.]

GM: Travis backs off, James is clinging to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet. We are creeping up on the fifteen minute mark in the time limit of this one - almost to the halfway mark...

[With James reeling, Travis brushes past the referee, moving back in on his wounded challenger...]

GM: BIG RIGHT HAND TO THE RIBS!

[Lynch says something to James before throwing another hooking blow to the body, this time with the left hand. The crowd is cheering him on as Lynch makes like Rocky with the side of beef, pummeling the ribcage over and over and over until the referee steps in again.]

GM: Lynch just obliterates the ribs with those punches and James is in a bad way!

[Again, Lynch moves in past the referee... and this time, he's going after the tape, digging his fingers under it as he rips and tears at the protective white wrapping.]

GM: He's trying to rip the tape off James' ribcage!

BW: Oh, this is your hero?! This is the fine sportsman?! He looks like a street thug in there to me!

[The referee shouts at Lynch, warning him against removing the tape but the Texan manages to get large chunks of it torn away before he backs off, walking angrily across the ring as he throws wads of white tape down on the canvas.]

GM: Travis Lynch is fired up and who can blame him after what Brian James did to him at the Battle of Boston! After what the Kings of Wrestling have done to him all year long!

[The referee checks on James, seeing if he wants to continue...]

GM: The official is seeing if Brian James can continue and...

[...and gets shoved away for his efforts.]

GM: I'd say that's a yes.

BW: Are you kidding me?! Brian James isn't giving up and he isn't giving in! Come Hell or high water, he's walking out of Milan as the National Champion!

GM: How can you say that right now? The man can barely stand! I don't know who attacked him at the start of the show... although I have a hunch... I don't know why they did it... again, I have a hunch... but I know that they did some damage and Travis Lynch has made that damage worse.

[Lynch settles back in the far corner, raising his arm to the cheers of the crowd before barreling across the ring...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[...and rattles the son of the Blackheart with a running clothesline in the buckles!]

GM: Big clothesline finds the mark! And he's gonna do it again!

[The Texan turns, running back across the ring...

...and as he turns, he realizes that the resilient Brian James has followed him across, leaping up to the middle rope, snapping off a kick to the side of Lynch's head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[James drops back down, staggering back out of the corner as Lynch stumbles out of the buckles towards him...

...and James lifts him up, throwing him violently down in a standing spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEBUSTER! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

[James grabs the legs, leaning into a folding press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TRAVIS LYNCH KICKS OUT IN TIME!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

[A frustrated Brian James transitions into the mount, raising his arm.]

GM: James has got Lynch down!

[James throws punches from the mount, repeatedly landing heavy strikes to Lynch's unprotected face and head.]

BW: THUNDER OF SEVENTEEN CLOUDS!

[Lynch slowly pulls his arms up, looking to defend himself but James pounds his way through the block, still landing blow after blow as the referee counts swiftly, getting up to four before a fuming James pulls away, letting loose a roar as he stomps across the ring...]

GM: Good grief! The challenger is fired up, fans!

[Lau shouts something to James from the floor as the son of the Blackheart turns back towards his prey, leaning down to pick him up...

...and gets plucked into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!! ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! ANOTHER LAST MOMENT KICKOUT SAVES BRIAN JAMES!

[Lynch rolls off of James, sucking wind as the Portland native regains his feet, taking aim...]

GM: SOCCER KICK!

[...and whiffs on a big kick aimed right at the skull of Travis Lynch as Lynch rolls to the side!]

GM: Whoa! He almost took his head off with that!

[James snatches Lynch off the mat, dragging him to his feet in another waistlock...]

GM: He might be looking for another German Suplex! He might-

[But Lynch leaps up, his feet pushing off the nearby ropes, driving James back down to the mat as Lynch slams down on top of him to break the hold!]

GM: Oh! What a counter right there!

[Lynch scrambles to his feet, giving a shout as he goes into a spin right as James struggles to get off the mat...]

...and BLASTS Brian James in the temple with his left hand!]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[But the blow sends James flying backwards, toppling through the ropes and crashing down on the floor! Lynch dives forward, trying to catch him before he goes...

...but falls short, slamming his hands down into the canvas in frustration over the missed opportunity!]

BW: Brilliant! Brilliant move by Brian James! He knew the Discus Punch might spell the end of his night so he dove through the ropes to the floor to save himself from any attempt at a pin.

GM: I don't know if that was a conscious effort by James to get out of the ring or not but it certainly served its purpose, preventing Travis Lynch from getting an immediate pin attempt.

[Lynch crawls through the ropes, dropping down to the floor. He walks closer to James, shouting a warning at a nearby Johnny Detson who backs off, hands raised. Lynch drags his challenger off the ringside mats, tossing him back inside the ring.]

GM: James is back in... and Travis is... he's going up top!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch stands on the apron near the corner, watching to see where James ends up before he starts the climb up the turnbuckles...]

GM: Lynch is going for it all here as we near the twenty minute mark of this matchup! He's looking to make history and if he's gotta take a chance to do it, that's exactly what he intends to do.

[Lynch ascends the turnbuckles, one foot resting on the top as he watches James roll onto his back. The National Champion takes another step up, standing atop the ropes, looking down on his target...

...and LEAPS off the top, soaring through the air to drive the point of his elbow down into the taped-up ribs!]

GM: ELBOW OFF THE TOP! ELBOW OFF THE TOP!

[Lynch rolls over, diving across the prone James!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! MY GOD, BRIAN JAMES KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Lynch rolls off, burying his face in his hands as he lies on the canvas.]

GM: Travis Lynch was a half count - maybe less - away from making history and Brian James STILL managed to kick out in time! Incredible!

BW: And now the doubt has to start to sink in for Lynch, Gordo. He's had him in the Claw. He hit the Discus Punch. Now an elbow off the top. What does Travis Lynch have left? What's left for him in his arsenal that will put the Engine of Destruction down for a three count?

[Lynch sits up on the canvas, looking over at James who has rolled onto his stomach. The voice of Brian Lau is clear as day as Lynch slowly gets back to his feet...

...and then holds his left hand high above his head to a big cheer!]

GM: And it looks like he's calling for the Discus Punch again!

BW: This time, they're in the center of the ring, Gordo. If he hits it there, James is going down for three!

[As James pushes up off the canvas, Lynch stands at the ready, fingers wiggling in anticipation...]

GM: The champion is waiting... waiting for James to rise...

[And as the son of the Blackheart gets there, Lynch goes into a spin, fist clenched and at the ready...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[The thrown blow comes sailing in James' direction, ready to end his night and his undefeated streak...

...but James pops up, cutting off Lynch with a leaping kneestrike to the chin!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Lynch staggers backwards as James advances on him, grabbing him by the arm.]

GM: James is going for the Blackheart Punch!

[James twists the arm around, coiling his arm back ready to strike...

...but Lynch throws a fist at the ribcage!]

GM: Oh!

[Lynch fires a second and a third blow into the ribs, sending James staggering backwards.]

GM: Lynch is battering the ribs! Trying to fight his way free!

[The Texan throws up his left hand again, moving towards James and wrapping his hand around his skull!]

GM: CLAW! THE IRON CLAW IS ON!

[The fingers dig into the temple of James again, driving him backwards towards the ropes...

...which is Brian Lau's cue to climb up on the apron, screaming and shouting at Lynch!]

GM: Lau's on the apron! He's trying to get Lynch to let go of the hold and-

[Lynch suddenly breaks the hold, turning his attention towards Lau. He marches towards the Hall of Fame manager, the referee getting caught between the two as words fly back and forth between them.]

GM: Lau, Lynch, and the referee are tied up!

[James is leaning on the ropes, barely able to stand as Travis Lynch argues with Brian Lau. The referee is tangled up between the two, trying to restore order...

...when Johnny Detson slides into the ring, coming quickly to his feet!]

GM: Detson's in! The former World Champ is in!

[Detson takes one step towards Travis' exposed back...

...and then pivots, cracking a grin before burying a boot in Brian James' injured ribs!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Detson pulls James towards him, dragging him into a standing headscissors, hooking both arms...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! He's-

BW: Johnny, don't do it! Johnny, no!

[...and LEAPS into the air, driving James facefirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WILDE DRIVER! WILDE DRIVER ON BRIAN JAMES!

[Detson promptly rolls out, a huge smile on his face as Brian Lau looks on in disbelief. Lau drops off the apron, rushing to confront Detson who is walking back up the aisle...

...which frees up Travis Lynch who turns around, looks confused, and then dives on top of the prone Brian James.]

GM: Travis with the cover! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Cut to a shot in the aisle of an anguished-looking Brian Lau who freezes as a smirking Johnny Detson throws a dismissive gesture towards the ring, continuing to walk up the aisle to the locker room. Lau starts walking back towards the ring, shaking his head in disbelief.]

GM: Travis Lynch has retained-

BW: This is a sham! This is a travesty! That scumbag Travis Stench has ROBBED Brian James of his rightful place as the National Champion! Get the t-shirt presses ready because #ScumbagTravis is making a comeback!

GM: Travis Lynch did nothing of the sorts - it's this conflict between James and Johnny Detson that-

BW: Oh, you don't think Stench knew something was amiss?! You think he turned around, saw Brian laid out, and thought, "Huh! Well, I guess the overwhelming smell of the baby oil I put on mixed with my Axe Body Spray just knocked Brian James unconscious!"

GM: Don't be ridiculous but-

BW: I'm not the one being ridiculous around here, Gordo. The people recognizing Travis Lynch as some sort of a hero... they're the ones being ridiculous! He's a no good, thieving gutter rat like his old man... like his brothers... like that two cent piece of trash Henrietta!

GM: Easy there, tiger. I think you oughta tread carefully when it comes to the Lynch parents.

BW: Why? Is Travis going to put his hands on me? That sounds about right. A former manager who hung 'em up and put on a headset ahead. Travis Lynch can't beat Brian James in a fair fight... maybe he can beat me!

GM: Fans, Bucky Wilde is obviously beside himself at this situation... and I've got a feeling that Brian James is going to be right there with him when he gets up off the mat. But right now, we're going to take a quick break. When we come back, hopefully we'll have an update on this situation.

[Fade to black.

Fade up on a nondescript hotel room. The footage appears to be shot on a cellphone that's been leaned up against a lamp or something. After a moment, the controversial Japanese cruiserweight known as KYOSUKE walks into view, sitting down in the chair, a smirk on his face.]

"Konichiwa, motherfu-"

[The shot disappears in a burst of static with an error tone...

...and then up to a shot of the exterior of the Nippon Budokan. A voiceover begins.]

"One of Japan's most legendary venues..."

[We get a rapidfire montage of The Beatles playing there in 1966, Led Zeppelin in the 70s, and Prince in the 90s. The footage "burns up in flames" leaving a shot of an empty arena, a wrestling ring in the middle with the Tiger Paw Pro logo in the middle of it.]

"...goes up in BURNING GLORY!"

[Cut to some Tiger Paw Pro footage to the sounds of "Light In The Dark" by Bridear...

Yoshinari Taguchi using a released Tiger Suplex to throw an opponent on the back of their head before wrapping them up in a double armbar bridging submission.

TORA diving through the ropes, wiping out an opponent with a tope con hilo.

Hercules Hammonds catching a rebounding opponent, throwing them skyward and then vacating the premises as they crash facefirst to the canvas.

Isaiah Carpenter of the Dogs of War sailing off the top rope with a springboard kneestrike, knocking a victim off the shoulders of Wade Walker.

Isamu Kobayashi trading vicious open-handed strikes with Takeshi Mifune... the latter of which batters Kobayashi back before using a knee to the sternum to knock him through the ropes where he's swarmed by a sea of unnamed attackers all sporting similar attire.

And finally, KYOSUKE crossing his arms on the top rope in an "X" before delivering a flying doublestomp.]

"On September 11th... on Fox Sports X... a very special presentation..."

[More footage.

Brian James delivering a head kick to an opponent, causing their eyes to roll back in their head before collapsing to the canvas.

A wild eight man tag team match with several dives over the top rope to the floor.]

"BURNING GLORY."

[Cut to white and silence. After a moment, KYOSUKE - now dressed in a bright red suit and swinging a golden pocketwatch on a chain walks into the middle of the screen, turning and speaking in broken English.]

"Don't miss it..."

[A devilish smirk.]

"...assho-"

[And cut to black.

We fade back up on the backstage area where we see Johnny Detson walking with a purpose. Sweet Lou Blackwell runs up trying to keep pace with the former World Champion.]

SLB: Johnny Detson! Johnny Detson, a word if you will? What exactly was that we just saw?

[Detson stops, turning to face Blackwell suddenly which makes the interviewer jump back in surprise.]

JD: What? Are you blind as well as stupid, Blackwell? Obviously, what just happened out there was a mistake.

SLB: A mistake?! You hit Brian James with a Wilde Driver! How in the heck can that be a mistake?!

[Detson looks at Blackwell strangely and then shakes his head.]

JD: No... Brian James... THAT'S the mistake. Thinking he had what it takes... thinking that he could be relied on to watch my back while I watch his... thinking that he had any one's interest other than his own.

[Detson, full of disgust, spits on the floor.]

JD: Brothers got to fight? The second he gets a moment of success, he's ready to turn on me. Is that a teammate? Is that a brother?!

He sabotaged our tag match weeks ago and caused me to lose...

[Detson shakes his head. He looks into the camera, shaking with rage.]

JD: He deliberately cost me the World Title! THE WORLD TITLE!

SLB: That's not what it looked like-

[Detson cuts Blackwell off with a stare.]

JD: A World Title that I successfully defended over two hundred and twenty five times without Brian James being anywhere near the ring. Then he finally decides to show up and I'm out of a title. Taylor and Donovan watch out for each other; they watch out for me just as I've watched out for them. They are my brothers... last I checked there were four Kings of this industry but one went into business for himself. Well, if that's the way it is...

[Detson pauses, looking off-camera, staring at someone.]

JD: ...then maybe I don't want to be a King anymore!

[Brian Lau storms into the shot, obviously who Detson was staring at.]

BL: Johnny, what in the HELL was going on-

[Detson cuts him off too.]

JD: No, Brian, you listen to me! You want to be Brian James' lackey? Be my guest! But the rest of us didn't sign up for that. We had a plan and your guy... your top level prospect... the guy you said knew how to get the job done and was a team player... has been dropping the ball left and right.

[Detson smirks.]

JD: Two weeks ago, he cost me my title, Brian... and now I cost him his.

[An outraged Lau shakes his head in disbelief.]

BL: I know! I was out there! I saw it! How the hell could you do it, Johnny?!

[Detson throws a dismissive gesture at Lau.]

BL: Johnny, this is NOT how we do business! We are the Kings of Wrestling! We stand together. What happened against Lynch, that was a mistake, and I promise you that you'll get your rematch. What you just did? That was unacceptable!

Especially after what you did earlier! You took Brian out of Steal the Spotlight!

[An outraged Detson shakes his head.]

JD: That wasn't me - I didn't do that!

[Detson chuckles.]

JD: I would have waited for him to make the Finals and then cost him the match right when that contract was in his grasp.

[Detson's eyes flash with alarm as a loud shout is heard off-camera. He strikes a defensive stance as Brian Lau moves towards the shout and Blackwell tries to get out of the way.]

SLB: Gentlemen! Gentlemen, please... not here!

[Amidst screams and shouts, Brian James comes into the shot now as officials, agents, and backstage personnel are trying to cut him off.]

JD: You want some, kid?!

[Detson starts towards him... sort of... but is immediately intercepted by other people coming in to restore order. Of course, Detson doesn't look too disappointed by this.]

JD: What's the matter, big time? Lose a match?

[Detson's smirk almost causes James to go through at least ten people as he reaches out for Detson's neck. Detson has a look of alarm for a moment until he realizes the sea of people between them is his safety net for the moment.]

BJ: I'm going to tear your head off, you son of a-

JD: Try it! Come on!

[Detson's very brave behind a wall of people as James shouts at him.]

BJ: Lynch was mine! I had him!

JD: Oh yeah? Where's your title then, big man? And not that chunk of tin you had to go to another country to win!

[James shouts again, trying to get free.]

BJ: You just had to get yourself involved with my business. Just because you're a loser who can't win his own matches... because you've never accomplished anything on your own outside of some craphole, second rate promotion in Arizona!

[It's Detson's turn to foolishly lunge at the enraged James without any success.]

JD: You've been living off the accomplishments of better wrestlers and legends for over a year now!

[James returns fire.]

BJ: You stole the James Gang and you've ruined everything! But not anymore!

[Both men lunge at each other, and the only thing keeping the peace are a dozen enhancement wrestlers. An agitated Lau starts screaming at them.]

BL: Stop it! Stop it, dammit! We're the Kings of Wrestling. You two stop this right now!

[With a wall of human flesh between them, Detson and James are stalemated.]

BJ: This isn't over, Detson! Watch your back! I'm going to end you!

[Before Detson can respond, Lau shakes his head.]

BL: No! This is over as of now! Get them out of here... both of them!

We'll settle this later, when you two have both calmed down!

[With great effort, AWA officials, security guards and enhancement wrestlers are able to push both men out of the camera view, leaving an exasperated Lau standing with Blackwell. Blackwell starts to ask a question, but Lau waves him off with a scowl, and he too departs as we fade back out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: A wild scene unfolding backstage here in Milan as the Kings of Wrestling... well, Bucky, I'd have to wager that the Kings of Wrestling may be falling apart before our very eyes!

BW: That's slander, Gordo! You've got no proof of that!

GM: Proof? I just saw Brian James and Johnny Detson have to be physically restrained from one another! I saw Johnny Detson cost James the National Title here tonight! I saw Brian James cost Johnny Detson the World Heavyweight Title two weeks ago in Berlin! What more proof do I need?!

BW: I... you can't... it's not that...

GM: Cat got your-

[And Gordon is cut off by a voice on the microphone]

"GOOD EVENING, MILAN!"

[The crowd cheers as the voice is familiar, and the camera doesn't take too long searching through the crowd to find Derrick Williams, in his street clothes with a brand new Jordan Ohara t-shirt out in the stands, microphone in hand.]

GM: Well, this is new, Derrick Williams is out there in the crowd two weeks after he rejected an offer to join the Axis of Evil!

BW: Coward's hiding. He doesn't think the Axis will go after him in the stands there. He's got a receipt coming!

[Williams looks around at the fans all around him.]

DW: How are we doing tonight?

[The crowd cheers, and Williams grins]

DW: One helluva night so far, isn't it? And it's only getting better. You all ready for the rest of the show?

[The crowd cheers as Williams cups his hand to his ear, listening. He grimaces, shaking his head.]

DW: Now, I know you can do better than that. Who in Milan is ready to see my boy, J, give Vasquez the beating he has coming to him?!

[The cheers are louder this time! Williams nods in approval, still walking through the crowd.]

BW: Keep hiding out there, kid. I hope you run into MAWAGA selling hot dogs!

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Derrick Williams has got these fans pumped up, Bucky!

BW: All the better when they get let down later.

[Williams makes his way to an open seat that he slaps with an open hand.]

DW: Tonight, I'm going to be watching the Main Event right out here with you guys... and no, Bucky... not because I'm hiding from the Axis. Not at all. I'm right out here and if the Axis wants a shot at me... here's my seat...

[He holds up a ticket stub, showing off what section he's in.]

DW: But the real reason I'm sitting out here is because it gives me a better vantage point. J and I talked and he wants to fly solo out there tonight. Him and Vasquez... no excuses.

[The crowd cheers as Williams nods.]

DW: BUT... that doesn't mean he's not going to have backup because we've been dealing with the Axis for a while now here in the AWA and I think we all know what they're capable of. So, me? I'm out here to keep a watchful eye. And I don't care who it is... if any of them... Hunter, Zharkov, or MAWAGA... if any of them pop out from behind that curtain, I'll see it real quick from right here... and I'll be right there to make sure they keep their noses out of J's business!

[Another big cheer!]

DW: I made a promise to my friend that his match with that snake in the grass, Vasquez, will be fair... and I will make sure... hell, you can even call it a guarantee that Hunter, Zharkov, or MAWAGA will NOT interfere in that match tonight.

[The crowd approves of this promise as Williams moves towards his seat, trading a high five with the fan who'll be sitting next to him.]

DW: The best man is gonna win tonight... isn't that right, Milan?!

[Another big cheer rings out!]

DW: And we all know who the best man is going to be, don't we?!

[Keep the cheers coming, Milan!]

DW: Then let's get it going... Gordon, I know you've got a job to do and Bucky, well... he's still drowning in his tears after what happened in the Main Event two weeks ago...

[A smirk as the Milan crowd roars.]

DW: And the lovely Miss Ortiz... it's all yours, Rebecca... take it away!

[Gordon chuckles as we fade to Rebecca Ortiz up inside the ring.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is part of the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first... from Florence, Italy... weighing in at 118 pounds... Valentina Romano!

[Cheers go up for the Italian native. Wearing a pair of bright red short shorts and a black sports bra type top, she hops up on the second turnbuckle, waving her arms up to get the crowd even more behind her.]

RO: Annnnnnd her opponent... from St. Petersburg, Russia... weighing in at 125 pounds...

XENNNNIAAAAA SOOOONOOOOOVAAAAA!

[Nightwish's "Endless Forms Most Beautiful" starts up over the PA system as Xenia Sonova walks through the curtain. Sonova is a leanly-built woman with a toned physique, lightly tanned skin, blue eyes and wavy, dark brown hair which reaches just past her shoulders. She's clad in a white tank top, black pants, and black boots along with a pair of fingerless black MMA-style gloves. Sonova throws some punches at the air as she walks down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Xenia Sonova competed as part of the Women's Championship Rumble recently but tonight, it's one-on-one action as she looks to make an impact on the very competitive AWA Women's Division.

[Sonova pays little attention to the fans on either side of her as she makes her way at a brisk pace down the aisle. As she enters the ring, she steps onto the middle rope in her corner, holding up her right fist, arm perpendicular to the ground, the back of her hand to the outside...]

GM: But she's got her work cut out for her in the form of this Italian grappler who I understand has quite the submission specialist background behind her.

BW: Am I supposed to be impressed by that? Sonova's got a history in the world of MMA, Gordo. She's no stranger to submissions.

GM: I'm not saying she is, Bucky. Stop getting so worked up about everything.

[Sonova does some final stretches in the corner as the official signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Sonova steps forward, fists drawn up, ready for a fight as Valentina Romano throws herself into the adjacent ropes, charging out and then pulling up with a smile as Sonova pivots into a defensive posture. The two begin to circle one another, each looking for an opening...]

GM: Romano dives in, looking for a leg...

[The Italian grappler wraps her arms around Sonova's leg, trying to for a takedown but Sonova leans on her back, shoving her downwards into the mat. She wraps an arm around the throat of Romano.]

GM: Sonova looking for a choke early on in this one...

[But Romano grips the wrist, spinning out into a grounded hammerlock. She spins across the back of Sonova, locking in a guillotine of her own...]

GM: And now it's Sonova trapped in the choke!

[Sonova grabs the wrist, twisting out of the hold, spinning all the way around to scissor the arm between her legs, looking to lock in a crossface submission hold...

...but Romano rolls Sonova to her back, earning a two count before Sonova escapes.]

GM: Two count only there... and both women back up to their feet.

[There's cheers for both competitors as they share a moment in a stand off. Romano grins again, clapping her hands together as Sonova looks menacingly at her.]

GM: Well, Bucky... what do you think about what we've seen from Valentina Romero so far?

BW: I think she's holding her own so far but she'll be thinking fondly of that two count when she's staring at the lights.

[Romano comes towards Sonova again, ducking a lunge to end up behind her attacker, applying a rear waistlock...

...but Sonova throws a pair of elbows back into the jaw, breaking the hold.]

GM: Sonova battles free, to the ropes she goes...

[As she charges back at Romano, she swings a leg up for a high kick but Romano ducks under, dropping to her knees to throw a leg sweep at the back of Sonova's knee, taking her down to the mat.]

GM: Sweeps the leg... and look at this!

[Romano comes to her feet, snatching Sonova by the ankle, twisting the leg in a spinning toehold...

...and gets popped with a stiff right hand from Sonova who is down on her back! As Romano staggers back, Sonova comes to her feet, snatching Romano by the hair...]

GM: Sonova spins her around... ohh! Big forearm uppercut!

[Holding the hair, Sonova lands a second and third uppercut, leaving Romano dazed against the ropes as Sonova grabs her by the arm...]

GM: Irish whips the Italian across...

[As Romano rebounds, Sonova ducks out of the way, snagging a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock... and right overhead into a German Suplex!

[With the back of Romano's head bouncing off the canvas, Sonova climbs back to her feet, looking down at Romano with a focused glare...

...and then raises her right fist, doing the same pose she did prior to the match. She leans down, hauling Romano to her feet.]

BW: I sense that the end might be near, Gordo.

GM: You could be right.

[Sonova snatches Romano into position, lifting her up into the air, and violently throwing her down to the canvas with a uranage slam!]

GM: OHHH! I'd say that's it.

[Sonova drops to the mat, hooking Romano's leg as she gets the one... the two... and the three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And she got it! Xenia Sonova picks up the big win here in Milan as she looks to make a splash in the AWA Women's Division.

[Sonova rises off the mat, staring out at the crowd as the official raises her hand in victory.]

GM: Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, we'll have more Saturday Night Wrestling action so don't you dare go away!

[Sonova is still celebrating her victory as we fade to black...

...and then back up on footage from the very first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling back in the old WKIK Studios. We see a shot of the man we now know as Kerry Kendrick inside the ring as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It is my great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on this, the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to other footage, showing off other competitors who appeared on that first night: Calisto Dufresne, Marcus Broussard, Melissa Cannon, Stevie Scott, Tin Can Rust, Ron Houston, and Kevin Slater.]

"And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... real professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas. We are live in Dallas, Texas at the WKIK studios for what promises to be an exciting two hours of action."

[The opening chords of Ozzy Osborne's "Mama I'm Coming Home" begins to play. We get slow motion, sepia-toned footage of great AWA moments that went down in the state of Texas over the years.

Marcus Broussard using the Natural Bridge at the very first Memorial Day Mayhem to become the first man to wear the AWA National Title.

Tin Can Rust digging the broken edge of a flagpole into the forehead of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in the first WarGames in AWA history.

The infamous "riot" with Eric Preston leaping off the bleachers onto James Monosso and Juan Vasquez putting Stevie Scott through the WKIK Studios set.

Calisto Dufresne hurling a massive fireball into the face of City Jack at the first SuperClash.

Dave Bryant standing victorious as the winner of the Chase For The Clash tournament.

Alex Martinez and Maxim Zharkov tussling at ringside with a sea of officials between them.

Jack Lynch using his cowboy boot to pummel Supreme Wright repeatedly in the head...

...and then we fade up on a shot of a grinning Jack Lynch watching the final scene on a television sit. He turns towards the camera with a shrug.]

"Seems like every time we're in Texas, we're makin' memories."

[He holds up his gloved right hand in the shape of the Iron Claw as the camera zooms in on it, going to black as the Homecoming logo comes up and a voiceover begins.]

"Homecoming. September 4th. Dallas, Texas.

Make your next memory."

[And to black.

We come back up on Sweet Lou Blackwell in the backstage area and... loud voices are present. Screaming and shouting voices off-camera. Blackwell grimaces, speaking loudly as he tries to start.]

SLB: Homecoming is a night for making memories but here in Milan, it might be remembered as the night that the Kings of Wrestling collapsed! In just a few moments here, I'm going to be joined-

[Few moments, my tail. The source of the shouting storms into view. It's a red-faced Wes Taylor and his tag team champion partner, Tony Donovan. Donovan snatches Blackwell by the collar.]

TD: BLACKWELL, YOU OBNOXIOUS STOOGES!

[Blackwell cringes.]

TD: The collapse of the Kings?! THE COLLAPSE OF THE KINGS?! We're right here in front of you, Blackwell! Do we look collapsed?! Do we look down for the count?! NO!

[Taylor nods.]

WT: That's right, Blackwell, you... you instigating little toad! There is NOTHING wrong with the Kings of Wrestling... NOTHING! The Kings of Wrestling are absolutely fine!

SLB: Fine?! Are you kidding me? Two weeks ago, Brian James cost Johnny Detson the World Title!

WT: That was a mistake! An accident! Brian feels terrible about it!

SLB: Is that right? It must've been someone else who stormed away from you guys shouting "who needs him!"

[Taylor grimaces.]

TD: In the heat of the moment, Blackwell, people say things they don't mean. Once, I told my old man that I loved him.

[Donovan pauses, letting that sink in.]

TD: But the fact of the matter is that Jack Lynch takes after his gigolo brother and was all oiled up two weeks ago. He had so much grease on him, he looked like Henrietta after making breakfast! So, there's no wonder that Johnny couldn't hang on to him.

SLB: So, you're blaming Johnny Detson for getting hit by Brian James?

TD: I... uhh...

[Donovan looks at Taylor.]

WT: No! Stop trying to stir things up! It was no one's fault! It was an accident, Blackwell!

SLB: Well, what about earlier tonight when Detson interfered and cost James his shot to win the National Title? There was no accident there to be sure!

WT: That's... well, that's personal business with the Kings.

SLB: They had to be pulled apart backstage!

WT: Enough! Look... you can go on about Brian and Johnny all you want but they're only half of the Kings of Wrestling. They may be having some issues right now... I'll give you that, Blackwell... but us...

[Taylor gestures to Donovan and himself.]

WT: We're as solid as we've ever been. Two brothers from different mothers. The World Tag Team Champions AND the Tag Team of the Year for 2016. The first team in AWA history to clean out the division and leave the company scrambling to find more challengers.

SLB: That's not the way I see it!

WT: I'm surprised you can see a thing through those Coke bottle glasses I've seen you wear when you're not on camera trying to look young.

[Blackwell flushes.]

TD: Hah! Don't look now, Blackwell, but the hands on your biological clock are giving you the finger.

SLB: Enough about me! What about the Kings?!

TD: You're just not satisfied, are you?

WT: Now you know how your wife feels, Blackwell.

[The Kings cackle at Blackwell's expense.]

WT: Alright, Blackwell... we're not about to stand by and let you and the rest of the Tom, Dick, and Marks out there run down the Kings of Wrestling. We're still the strongest unit in our sport. We're still the men to beat in the world of pro wrestling. And we're still the straw that stirs the AWA's drink. So, if we need to go out there tonight and kick some ass to prove to the likes of you, Blackwell, that the Kings still sit on the throne... then that's exactly what we're going to do.

We're heading to the ring and we'll be waiting to see who comes out to face us. The AWA tag team division thinks they've still got what it takes to put us down? Well, it's time for one of those teams to stand up... and for the rest?

[Donovan cracks a grin, leaning in to the mic.]

TD: It's time to... start... runn...

[Donovan's gaze drifts off camera, his eyes glazing over for a moment. Blackwell looks at him expectantly, waiting for him to finish his catchphrase as Taylor stares into the camera with a focus. After a moment, Taylor looks over at Donovan.]

WT: Tony?

[Donovan's eyes are still elsewhere, not listening to his partner.]

WT: TONY!

[Donovan suddenly snaps out of it.]

TD: Huh? Oh... sorry, I was-

[Taylor looks off to the side, following Donovan's gaze.]

WT: Yeah, I know what you were doing. Just... try to stay focussed, okay? Brian's got some... friends... on speed dial for our post-show party. Keep your head in the game.

[Taylor turns, making his exit as Donovan stays for a moment, eyes drifting back to where they were before. Blackwell looks as well, his jaw dropping as the camera shifts to follow Donovan's gaze...

...and finds Xenia Sonova talking to a camera crew. We hold there for a moment before fading back out to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: What in the world was that all about?

BW: Well, she's a lovely young lady, Gordo... and look, men have needs and-

GM: That's NOT what I was talking about. I'm talking about the World Tag Team Champions feeling the need to come out here and cause a disturbance to try and prove some kind of point about the Kings of Wrestling who - despite their protests - are obviously having some internal disagreements.

BW: Look, brothers fight sometimes, Gordo. That's all this is. Brothers fighting. Brian Lau's got it all under control... you can be sure of that.

GM: We'll see about that but like it or not, we're about to be joined by-

[The crunchy guitars kicking off ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers And Hell Raisers" rings out as Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan come stomping through the curtain into view. Both are dressed to wrestle but both also have their Kings of Wrestling jackets on over their upper torsos, showing their solidarity for their faction.]

GM: Speak of the Devils and they shall appear.

[Both men quickly make their way down the aisle, rolling under the ropes into the ring. Taylor tugs off his jacket, tossing it to a ringside attendant as he unclasps the title belt around his waist, holding it up to jeers from the Milan crowd as Tony Donovan gestures for a house mic as he removes his jacket as well.]

TD: Cut the damn music.

[The audio guy obliges as Donovan looks sternly into the camera.]

TD: I don't give a damn what you people have seen tonight, the Kings of Wrestling are stronger than ever! Johnny Detson is a couple weeks removed from being the World Champion! Brian James is the Tiger Paw Pro CAGE Champion and was a kitten's whisker away from being the National Champion to boot. And us... well, we're the best damn tag team in the sport today.

[The crowd jeers as Donovan sneers.]

TD: For weeks now, we've been telling everyone that we've cleaned out the tag team division... that there's no one left to face us... to give us a challenge... and for weeks, the so-called Internet Wrestling Community has been telling us that we're wrong.

[Taylor leans over the mic.]

WT: Like we give two craps what those keyboard jockeys have to say. The closest they've come to being athletes is when guys like us used to shove 'em in their lockers.

[Taylor cackles as Donovan continues.]

TD: So, you can Tweet me about the Slaughterhouse... you can Snap me about Next Gen... hell, you can even post on your MySpace about Cody Mertz being back and how it's only a matter of time before Air Strike shows up to take these back...

[He holds up the tag title belt.]

TD: But the only social media we give a damn about is our lovely ladies of Instagram... and they all know that the Kings reign... supreme.

[Donovan smirks a little at the jab at his former ally.]

TD: So, whoever is sitting back there in that locker room who feels like proving us wrong, why don't you-

["Wake Up" by Story of the Year plays over the PA system to a big reaction from the Milan crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! Challenge accepted!

[Taylor and Donovan square up on the entrance, each holding their title belts as Howie Somers and Daniel Harper - the member of Next Gen - walk through the curtain. Both are dressed in street clothes but from the looks on their faces, they're ready for a fight...

...and on cue, Daniel Harper breaks into a sprint down the aisle, leaving his heavier teammate in the dust. Harper dives under the bottom rope, coming to his feet quickly...]

GM: HARPER'S IN!

[And the second generation star ducks under a wild belt shot from Wes Taylor, running to the far ropes. He rebounds back towards Taylor and Donovan, leaping into the air with a hanging double clothesline that takes them both down to the mat!]

GM: OH MY! HARPER TAKES 'EM BOTH DOWN!

[Cue Howie Somers sliding into the ring to join his partner. He pulls the nearest King - Tony Donovan in this case - off the mat and starts pasting him with heavy forearm shots, knocking him back into the corner as Harper retrieves Wes Taylor off the mat and does the same with fists of his own, putting both men in opposite corners.]

GM: The champions are backed into the corners...

[A double whip from Next Gen sends the champs on a crash course with one another. Taylor goes sailing backwards, falling to the canvas as Harper drills Donovan with a right hand, sending him spinning towards Howie Somers who snatches him under the armpits, lifting him high into the air, and sitting out with a big time Rydeen Bomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Harper nods his head as Donovan rolls out of the ring to the floor...

...and then turns his head towards the aisleway as the loud shrieks of screaming fills the air.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: ENTER THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!

[The crowd reacts with shock and horror at the sight of Anton Layton leading Porter Crowley and the Lost Boy down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Crowley and the Lost Boy were in action at the top of the show but apparently they didn't get enough but they're coming to join the fight!

[Crowley spots Donovan climbing to his feet on the floor and surges forward, driving his fist into the back of Donovan's head. He grabs the champion by the face, smashing it into the ring apron as The Lost Boy gets near the ring...

...but Harper grabs the top rope, leaping up and swinging his legs through the ropes to catch him in his smeared painted face!]

GM: OH! Wrecking ball dropkick on target!

[Harper slips out to the floor, grabbing the Lost Boy by his top knot and rifling him into the timekeeper's table!]

GM: And now we've got a fight on the floor as well as in the ring!

[Somers has Taylor back on his feet, driven back into the corner...]

GM: Somers working over Taylor inside the ring! His partner's out on the floor tangling with the Lost Boy while Tony Donovan and Porter Crowley are brawling right here behind us!

BW: If they get any closer, I'm out of here!

GM: You stay right there, Bucky!

[Taylor swings a knee up into the chest of Somers, cutting off the attack in the buckles, backing him out of the corner...

...and we cut to the floor where Tony Donovan has managed to smash Crowley into the ringpost!]

GM: Into the steel goes Crowley! What a fight we've got out here!

[Joining his partner inside the ring, Harper charges across with Somers by his side...]

GM: DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

[...and sends Taylor flipping over the ropes, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: AND NEXT GEN CLEARS THE RING! OH MY!

[Out on the floor, Layton pulls Crowley and the Lost Boy to his side as Donovan helps his partner up. Inside the ring, Daniel Harper picks up the discarded microphone...]

DH: Donovan! Taylor! You two should spend a lot less time worrying about the keyboard jockeys and more time worrying about us! Because unlike those you say you made a habit of shoving into lockers, Howie and I make a habit of shoving our fists down the throats of jerks like you!

[Somers takes up a defensive position beside his partner as Harper continues.]

DH: And as far as the Slaughterhouse goes, this is the second time you put your noses into our business! We know it was you two who cost us the chance to wrestle for the World Tag Team Titles in Madison Square Garden! Now we answer the champions' open challenge and you get involved again -- well, it's clear to me that Taylor and Donovan aren't the only ones who deserve our fists shoved down their throats!

[Harper runs a hand over his face and takes a deep breath. Somers nudges him and Harper nods, then hands over the mic.]

HS: What my friend here is saying, Crowley and Lost Boy, if you two want to keep getting involved, then it's time for the two of you to face us in the ring again, so we can settle things once and for all!

[He gestures at Layton.]

HS: So why don't you get back there and get that contract ready? Unless you need to ask the Kings for permission!

[A furious Anton Layton whips back the hood on his robe, grabbing a house mic of his own.]

AL: I WORK FOR NO KING!

[Harper smirks, waving a hand at Layton, calling him into the ring.]

AL: You. You whisper your lies and slander... and we shall respond in a shout that will leave your ears bloody!

You... you two are no match for my Slaughterhouse. You are no match at all. To put the two of you in the ring with Crowley and my pet would leave you exposed as the insolent, self-absorbed children that you are.

[Layton sneers at Harper.]

AL: No... no, you're not worth their time...

[Layton smiles.]

AL: ...but perhaps you would be worth mine.

[Somers rolls his eyes and shakes his head, but before he can respond, Harper gestures to him. Somers hands the mic back to him.]

DH: You want me, Layton? You want me to face you? If beating you is what it takes to settle things, then I'm more than happy to face you! I accept your challenge!

But if you think for one minute that you can just take advantage of me because of my age, I can promise you that I'm more than ready for a fight and more than capable of beating you in that ring!

[He steps toward the ropes, but Somers holds him back.]

AL: We shall see, young Harper. We shall see.

[And with that, Layton turns, leading the Slaughterhouse away from the ring.]

GM: Was that... did we just have a match made between Daniel Harper and Anton Layton?! We haven't seen Layton in a one on one match in a while now!

BW: Apparently he felt that the only hands that needed to sully themselves with Daniel Harper were his own!

GM: It remains to be seen when that match will go down but I can't wait to see it. Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with someone who can NOT be in a good mood after what happened here two weeks ago. Mark?

[We fade backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the slick-haired man who gives off an evil used car salesman vibe - Draco Romero. A sheen of sweat is on Romero's upper lip alongside his pencil-thin moustache.]

MS: Thanks, Gordo. Mr. Romero, two weeks ago, your monster Varag - who is noticeable by his absence this week - was shockingly defeated by Dylan Harvey. Harvey, in all honesty, wasn't given much of a chance in that match due to his size and-

[Romero raises a hand to interrupt.]

DR: Spare me your David and Goliath story, Mr. Stegglet. All who cast their eyes on us tonight were watching two weeks ago, I presume... and they saw the clash that you speak of. My...

[Romero bites his bottom lip.]

DR: The MAN we call Varag...

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Now he's a man? I thought he was a monster.

DR: His failings have proved otherwise, haven't they? A monster cannot live up to that status if they cannot smash a mouse. And make no mistake, Mr. Stegglet, Dylan Harvey is little more than a mouse.

MS: He didn't look like a mouse two weeks ago.

[Romero chuckles.]

DR: No? Perhaps instead of overestimating the talents of Mr. Harvey, you should recognize that Varag was not what he was promised to be.

MS: Promised... by you?

[The businessman's lips twist into a smile.]

DR: Or by those who I represent.

MS: Who are?

[Romero clucks his tongue in a "tsk, tsk."]

DR: Now, now, Mr. Stegglet... as they say on the Internet, spoiler alert. And believe me, Mr. Stegglet... you don't want to know this particular spoiler. No one does. Because when they do...

[That smile... that twisted, devious smile... returns.]

DR: ...everything changes. But two weeks from tonight in London, it appears as though Mr. Harvey deserves another visit from one of my monsters.

MS: "One of?!" How many monsters do you employ?!

DR: Suffice to say, Mr. Stegglet, that too would be a spoiler and I abhor the idea of spoiling anything for you. Much like when I tell Dylan Harvey that for his efforts against my mere mortal two weeks ago, he deserves a surprise of his own.

MS: A surprise?

DR: A... gift, if you will. And I will be more than happy to bring that gift to Mr. Harvey in London. All he needs to do is join me to unwrap it.

MS: I'm sure you'll excuse me for saying that if I'm Dylan Harvey, I'm very suspicious of this offer.

[Romero shrugs.]

DR: Nevertheless, the offer stands. Surely, Mr. Harvey's curiosity alone will make my offer one that he cannot refuse. And with that, I take my leave of you.

[Romero slightly bows before making his exit, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Curiosity, huh? I think we all know what curiosity did to the cat. Let's hope Dylan Harvey can avoid a similar fate two weeks from tonight in London. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 come back up on Sweet Lou Blackwell backstage.]

SLB: Welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling, live here in beautiful Milan, Italy. What a night of action we've had so far and it just keeps getting hotter. I'm sure Italy hasn't seen action like this since the days of the Colosseum. Now, speaking obliquely of gladiators, my next guests are a band of gladiators up for six man tag-team action. Milan, Italy, wait til you get a load of these guys, Shadoe Rage and the Misfits.

[Blackwell looks away from the camera for a moment as Shadoe Rage sweeps in with his Misfits, Amos Carter and Rashan Hill, in tow. Carter is the shortest of the three wearing fuchsia and gold filigree tights. He is dark-skinned and extremely buff with tight curly chest hair that is a match for the unkempt mess of hair on his head. Hill is the tallest of the trio, about six four, and the biggest in size, too. He wears fuchsia and gold unitard that complements Carter's gig. He wears his facial hair in a scruffy, untended style. His hair is twisted up on top and shaved on the sides. They are odd, rough-looking men.

But they are nothing on screen compared to their coach and leader, Shadoe Rage. The six foot three warrior is robed all in black leather and a ragged scarf around his shoulders like some ancient Templar knight. His bare arms bulge with well-defined muscles. The caramel-skinned wrestler has a mass of dark dreadlocks and a pirate style double braided beard. He stares through the camera with hazel eyes that smolder with equal parts passion and madness and intensity. He stares through Sweet Lou Blackwell in deep silence until Blackwell speaks.]

SLB: Shadoe Rage, tonight you face the team of Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick with the Misfits backing you up. Last episode of Saturday Night Wrestling they proved that they were more than your match as they attacked you at ringside, knowing you would come down to face Kerry Kendrick. How are you going to deal

with an opponent that has demonstrated that they can match you move for move and maybe even outmaneuver you?

[Rage's expression is quizzical as he mouths the word 'outmaneuver.' He starts to get very annoyed. A switch makes his shoulders jump as he flaps his arm and balls his fist. Amos Carter interjects gently stepping in front of his coach and adjusting Blackwell's arm so the microphone is directed at him.]

AC: Boss, if I may answer this one, please?

[Carter looks nervous as he waits for an answer. Rage holds his gaze before he consents with a brief head nod.]

AC: Thank you, sir.

[He bows a little before Rage and then turns to the camera.]

AC: Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick or SM&K as you are known for short, yes, you did manage to misdirect and sneak attack Shadoe Rage last time on Saturday Night Wrestling. In any other situation we might consider your ambush an admirable effort. We might consider it demonstrable proof of your strategic superiority. But you tried to sneak attack, Shadoe Rage. You tried to sneak attack the God!

[In the background, Rage puts his hand on his heart.]

AC: SM&K, that is something you just don't do. Now, I could tell you you do not tug on Superman's cape, you do not spit into the wind, you do not pull the mask off the Lone Ranger, et cetera ad nauseum, but in truth those are all things that you may do. The one thing you do not do is mess with the God. Because sooner or later the God is gonna cut you down. And the time for payback is now. The Misfits are coming to that ring full force to mete out vengeance. SM&K, your nom de guerre is appropriately onomatopoeic.

[Blackwell makes a face as he tries to repeat the word onomatopoeic and can't. He shakes his head in surprise and continues to hold the microphone.]

AC: SM&K makes the sound SMACK! And that's just what we're going to do when we meet you in the ring.

[Rashan Hill bullies the microphone towards him.]

RH: You feel me, dawg. College boy over here using some mighty long words that probably gon go over y'all heads, but here's the long and the shawt of it. You touched the God, man. Kendrick, you wearing the God's World championship belt. That ain't yours. That's his.

[Rage nods in approval.]

RH: So you stole from the God. And you don't steal from the God. You don't go to church an' steal from the collection plate. You just don't do it. Truss me, I did it when I was a boy and my momma whooped the black off my back. So we comin' to whup the black off yo backs. Well, you know what I mean. Cause you betta show us some respeck, feel me? You don't get to come down here and act like you too good to get yo butts beat by the Misfits. We gotta take you off of here. We gotta make sure you learn that lesson, feel me? So you goin' to tha learnin' tree right chea. And oooh boy, that's a switch that stangs.

SLB: Shadoe Rage, your men sound ready for war. What do you have to say about the situation?

SR: Sweet Lou, I've got everything and nothing to say about the situation. Kerry Kendrick, I'm talking directly to you. I've left my mark on Summers and Mahoney before. You better ask them what it's like to face the God in the ring. Each one of them failed to beat me. And now you're holding on to Her. I made you champion to get around a rule. Now I'm going to take Her back. She's mine and you can never have Her so long as there is life in my body.

The God's gonna cut you down.

[Rage holds the camera with those insane eyes. His expression remains the same. He barely moves but he has become more dangerous. More unhinged. Finally, he shakes off the mood and comes back to himself.]

SR: And now, let's address the real power of SM&K, the real threat, Erica Toughill, the woman with the bat. Yeah, think I forgot about you? I know the role you play. You're more dangerous than all three of them put together. I had a wife like you once upon a long time ago. So don't think that I won't know where you are at all times. Don't think that I don't know that the female of the species is more dangerous than the male. Don't think that I will underestimate you because truth be told you're the only one of them that I respect. I know you and Lauryn are cool. But this is business. Get in my way, and I will Eclipse you with no hesitation, no hesitation at all. Stay out of my way. Do you understand? Let your men take the beating they deserve. Don't bring my Wrath on you!

[Blackwell looks a little freaked out by the words.]

SLB: All right, I think the point has been made. Any final words?

[Rage stretches his jaw in distaste as Sweet Lou tries to wrap up the interview. Even the Misfits know the danger Blackwell is in and Carter tries to settle the mood.]

AC: Can we say it, Boss?

RH: Can we say it?

[Rage inclines his head briefly.]

AC & RH: The Misfits are it!

SR: (still piqued) Goodbye, Blackwell! Misfits, down that aisle!

[The trio walks out of sight as we cut back into the arena where the synths of "Overdrive" by Lazerhawk ring out. 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. He opens his jacket with a grin, revealing the All-Europe Heavyweight Championship belt around his waist.]

BW: He wasn't doing much last SNW-

GM: Besides attacking Shadoo Rage.

BW: But he was definitely busy the night before, as we saw on Power Hour, becoming the All-Europe Heavyweight Champion. Say what you will about it not being a sanctioned AWA title, but that belt's got lineage in its own right, Gordo.

[Immediately behind him, the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers and the lovely Summers Sweetheart of the evening. Summers is dressed in a full length blue robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front. He walks slowly down to the ring, a cocky strut shows his arrogance and disdain for his opponent. Summers simply smirks as he approaches ringside, and we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe as he walks past the camera, the Summers Sweetheart by his side, beaming at the camera.]

GM: Rex Summers getting in a little work before he'll be forced back inside the squared circle with The Gladiator two weeks from tonight.

[Behind them, the AWA Television Champion, Kerry Kendrick in his midnight green satin robe. His thumbs are hooked over the top of the Television belt, a smirk on his face. And where Kendrick is, the scowling presence of the "Queen of Clubs" Erica Toughill lurks closely behind, a polo mallet slung over her shoulder.]

GM: And we caught up with SM&K earlier this week on tour, when they were taking in the sights of Italy.

[Caption: "EARLIER THIS WEEK." Cut to pre-taped footage. In the background is the universally recognizable Colosseum in Rome. Tourists mill about the plaza in the foreground. Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all enter in the foreground, looking like they stepped. Toughill carries Mahoney and Kendrick's belts over each of her shoulders. Kerry Kendrick has three glass bottle on his fingers and thumbs. He clinks them together.]

KK: [sing-song] Glaaaaaaadiatooooorr... Come out and plaaaaa-yaaaaay!

RS: Gladiator! Don't we deserve to be entertained by combat in this holiest of battle grounds? Gladiator come forth!

CM: Come on, boy-o! The gods demand it! The people are hungry for it!

RS: Just as I thought: he really did die out fifteen hundred years ago. It's pathetic really. Here we stand ready for battle and yet the Gladiator is no where to be found.

KK: Just like you said, Rex: a real Gladiator wouldn't shy away from facing three hot-blooded lions and a cold-blooded tigress.

RS: The so-called Gladiator of the AWA, is no more than a man-child adorned in face paint... screaming to the skies for attention. Screaming how he wants to square off with the "Red Hot" one yet he isn't man enough to do that. He isn't man enough to honor the blood that has soaked into this very ground, as others lived up to the name Gladiator.

[Kendrick clinks the bottles together again.]

RS: The coward isn't going to show.

[Kendrick cackles. Summers chuckles. Mahoney snickers. Toughill scowls.]

CM: Nothin' to worry about, fellas. So Kerry, what is the deal with Old Man Shadoe?

KK: I don't know, boys. It's like when a girl realizes she's slumming it with her current man, realizes that she wants something better, and then the guy gets mad at you for her getting with someone on a higher level. That's what it's like with him and my TV Title.

RS: Yeah, I get a lot of that from little men. Shadoe Rage is too busy moping in his room and putting on guyliner.

CM: Writing some dark, whining, bad poetry and surrounding himself with a couple of misfits to feel better about himself.

KK: See, Shadoe, we all know people just like you. While guys like Rex and Callum and myself were hitting on chicks in school, you were across the street in Safeway because they had a "Dig Dug" arcade machine that gave five lives instead of three. We've all known you...

RS: ...We've pitied you...

CM: ...We've caught a whiff of your loser stench. And what do the fellas who rule the yard do with Misfits?

KK: Steal their lunch money.

RS: Put 'em in the double jock-lock.

[Toughill suddenly butts in front of the boys.]

ET: [through gritted teeth] KILL.

[Summers laughs his throaty chuckle.]

RS: That's the spirit.

CM: Speakin' of Old Man Shadoe, let's head to the Vatican next. If we don't see Gladiator here, mebbe we'll see him flagellating himself there.

[They walk off-screen... as we cut back to live action where Kendrick and Mahoney are warming up in the ring. In the background, Toughill has the belts over her shoulders, arms folded clasping the polo mallet over her chest. Summers is tugging at the top rope, staring down the aisle as the music has changed and the team of Shadoe Rage and the Misfits are coming down the aisle. Summers looks lustily at Rebecca Ortiz as the ring announcer begins.]

RO: The following six man tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... they are the team of the MISFITS and SHAAAAADOOOOOE RAAAAAAGE!

[Jeers pour down on the trio as they reach the ring, sliding in to huddle up for some last minute strategy.]

RO: And their opponents... representing SM&K... the team of CALLUM MAHONEY, "RED HOT" REX SUMMERS, and the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMPIONNNN... KERRY KENDRIIIICK!

[And more boos come down on the other side of the ring for the opposing trio.]

GM: Well... it's plainly obvious that the fans here in Milan will be rooting for one thing in this match, Bucky.

BW: What's that?

GM: The end.

BW: Hey! I make the jokes around here!

[The referee manages to get it down to Rashan Hill and Callum Mahoney before he signals for the bell. Hill rushes across the ring at Mahoney who catches him coming in with a boot to the gut.]

GM: Oh! Mahoney cuts Hill off at the outset!

[A clubbing forearm across the back puts Hill down on all fours as Mahoney circles around him... and lays in a big kick to the ribcage, flipping Hill over onto his back.]

GM: The Fighting Irishman bringing the thunder early on in this one.

[Grabbing the top rope, Mahoney viciously stomps Hill a number of times, driving the sole of his boot down into Hill's chest before turning to slap the hand of Rex Summers.]

GM: Quick tag by SM&K brings in Rex Summers.

[Mahoney hauls Hill up to his feet, holding his arms back as Summers lays in a big right hand to the midsection.]

GM: Summers pushes Hill back against the ropes... a big knife edge chop by Summers!

[A smirking Summers pulls Hill away from the ropes, out towards the middle of the ring where he scoops him up, slamming him down on the canvas.]

GM: Scoop and a slam by Summers... measuring his man... and drops a big elbow down across the chest.

[Summers rolls into a lateral press, earning a hair over a one count before Hill kicks out.]

GM: Quick kickout by Rashan Hill showing he's nowhere near done yet.

[Bringing Hill back to his feet, Summers whips him into the neutral corner, charging in after him...

...but Hill grabs the top rope, leaping over the ropes to land on the apron as Summers runs chestfirst into the corner. He slingshots back over, sliding into position to drive his shoulder into Summers' gut.]

GM: Once... twice... three times to the corner!

[And Hill backflips out of the corner, landing on his feet to charge back in with a fourth tackle!]

GM: Ohh! Impressive show of athleticism out of Rashan Hill!

[Hill drags Summers out of the corner towards the middle of the ring, scooping him up and dropping him with a side slam down to the canvas. He stays on the mat, cradling the leg for a two count.]

GM: And Hill returns the favor, scoring a two count on Rex Summers.

[Getting to his feet, Hill slaps the hand of Amos Carter, bringing his Misfits partner inside the ring.]

GM: Carter's in off the tag... look out here...

[Hill pulls Summers into a seated position, holding him there as Carter builds up speed, flattening Summers with a sliding clothesline. Kerry Kendrick shouts some encouragement from the corner as Carter goes for a cover.]

GM: Another two count for the Misfits... and here comes trouble!

[Another tag brings Shadoe Rage into the ring. The former World Television Champion comes in hot, diving on top of Summers, battering him with short right hands to the skull to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Come on, referee!

[Rage climbs back to his feet at the four count, bringing Summers up with him, and hurls Summers into the corner where Rage insistently points at Kerry Kendrick.]

BW: And that right there is what this is all about, Gordo.

GM: Rage wants Kendrick... more specifically, he wants a shot at the World Television Title that Kendrick's got around his waist.

[Rage charges Kendrick as he tags in, knocking him off the apron before Kendrick can even get inside the ring.]

GM: Oh!

[The former World Television Champion blasts Mahoney with a right hand as well, sending him down to the floor as Rage quickly scales the turnbuckles, standing tall as Kendrick shakes the cobwebs...]

GM: Rage is up top and-

[The former champion leaps off his perch, sailing through the air and driving a double axehandle down across the skull!]

GM: Ohhh! Death From Above on the World Television Champion!

[Rage drops to a knee, grabbing Kendrick by the hair, pasting him with a right hand between the eyes... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Rage is hammering away on Kerry Kendrick out on the floor and-

[Mahoney snatches Rage off his downed comrade by the hair, flinging him bodily into the ringside barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: RAGE GETS SENT INTO THE STEEL! OH MY!

[Mahoney stands over Rage, taunting the former Television Champion...

...which is when Amos Carter comes flying off the top rope in a somersault, diving on top of Mahoney!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARTER WIPES OUT MAHONEY!

[Rashan Hill drops off the apron, moving into the mix to try and help his allies but Rex Summers meets him there, trading fisticuffs out on the floor!]

GM: We've got a brawl on the floor! All six men are outside the ring taking the fight to one another!

[This goes on for several more moments with the referee protesting from inside the ring...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: What the-?!

GM: He just threw it out! The referee just declared a no contest and threw this match out!

[The brawl continues, no one listening as the bell sounds again.]

GM: The fight continues! We're going to need some help out here to break this up and- let's go back to Sweet Lou!

[We head to backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands before an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon. A wild scene at ringside and the European tour has been quite an exciting event, but once this is done, the AWA will be heading back to Texas for its annual Homecoming show! And there's already speculation about what matches might be featured there, in addition to what's already been announced. If you download my hotline app to your smartphone or laptop, you can learn all you need to know about what Emerson Gellar might have in mind for the show, along with what names from the past are rumored to be making an appearance.. Remember, kids, data charges may apply, so be sure to get your parents' permission.

[At that point, Supernova walks onto the set. He is dressed in a black Supernova T-shirt, which features his face imposed over a fiery sun and has his name underneath it in yellow lettering (and is now available on AWAShop.com). He also wears blue jeans and his face is painted black and yellow.]

SLB: And I imagine one person who looks forward to the Homecoming show is my guest at this time, Supernova. Now, two weeks ago, we talked about what holds for your future in the AWA. I am curious as to whether or not you have given some more thought to that, perhaps something you have in mind for Homecoming.

S: First of all, Sweet Lou, I want to say something to a good friend of mine, Jack Lynch -- I want to congratulate him on winning the AWA World title! I was more than happy to watch his back alongside his brother Travis Lynch and good friend Bobby O'Connor, making sure that the Kings of Wrestling couldn't keep tipping the scales in their favor! Now the AWA has a World Champion that the fans can be proud of, one who isn't going to try to stack the deck in his favor every time he feels the pressure mounting! And I want to congratulate Travis Lynch on another successful title defense tonight too.

SLB: I'm sure that the Lynches appreciate your backing. But that raises an interesting question. With Jack Lynch now the World Champion and Travis Lynch holding the National Title, I want to know if you've given any thought to when you'll get back into the ring for the World Television Title. It seems to me, Supernova, that you regaining that title would mean another championship in what seems to be a tight-knit circle of friends.

S: Well, Sweet Lou, I don't just see the Lynches and Bobby O'Connor as my only friends. There's a lot of people in the dressing room I consider my friends. But even so, I will admit that the World Television Title has crossed my mind. You know I

don't forget things so easily and there's the matter of who cost me the championship, and the matter of who has the championship. That's quite the dilemma, don't you think?

SLB: You do refer to Shadoc Rage, the former TV champion before you, and Kerry Kendrick, the current champion. And after what we just saw out there, you have to imagine at some point Kerry Kendrick and Shadoc Rage are going to collide. Do you think that might resolve the dilemma you posed?

S: It might, Sweet Lou, it might. But one thing is certain -- I will be keeping a close eye on that matchup when and if it happens. And regardless of the outcome of that match, I can guarantee you I'll have something to say about it. Because if there's one thing I don't like -- it's leaving business unfinished.

[With that, Supernova walks off the set.]

SLB: It sounds like Supernova has a lot on his mind, but the question is -- where will his mind lead him to? I can only guess as to what that will be. We've got to take another quick break but we'll be right back so don't you dare go away!

[We fade to footage of a starry black field with a voiceover and accompanying graphics.]

"The American Wrestling Alliance continues to barnstorm through Europe with the final two weeks of this historic European Tour set to begin!"

[The graphic changes.]

"Tomorrow afternoon, we'll be in Monaco for a special matinee featuring Johnny Detson taking on Bobby O'Connor in the Main Event!"

[And again.]

"From there, we roll through Spain with stops on Wednesday in Barcelona... Thursday in Madrid... and on into Portugal for a Saturday night show in Lisbon."

[And again.]

"France, here we come for special weeknight shows in Montpellier on Wednesday and Marseille on Thursday before a huge Friday night in Paris."

[And once more.]

"And then, the tour comes to an end two weeks from tonight in London, England where all the stars of the AWA Galaxy gather for one final Saturday Night Wrestling taping on this tour before heading back home to America!"

[The graphic fades, leaving the AWA logo on the screen.]

"The European Tour has two short weeks remaining so don't miss out when the AWA heads to your town!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up backstage at Mediolanum Forum, with Mark Stegglet in front of the "Saturday Night Wrestling" backdrop.]

MS: We are back here LIVE in the Mediolanum Forum - just moments before the Main Event goes down here in Milan after another thrilling night of action... and I'm

about to try to get a word with Erica Toughill, who was challenged two weeks ago by "Spitfire" Julie Somers.

[The scowling Toughill locks eyes with Stegglet.]

MS: Erica, we have yet to hear a response to—ACK!

[Stegglet loses his train of thought as Toughill grabs his microphone-holding hand by the wrist, yanking it closer to her. She fixes him with an icy frown.]

ET: ...

[After an uncomfortable few seconds, Kerry Kendrick, still covered from perspiration from the earlier six-man tag match, the Television belt over his shoulder, enters the field of vision beside Toughill. She manipulates Stegglet's arm toward Kendrick.]

KK: Is that how it is? Is that the curse of this belt? To be stuck fighting Shadoe Rage week after week? The AWA has spoiled Shadoe Rage, and now I'm going to have to live with him. He's not like a teenager, he's like a toddler having a tantrum in Toys 'R' Us. And I guess it's up to me grab him and put him out in the car.

Shadoe, if you want a shot at this belt, you've got it. Two weeks from now, I've got a defense lined up in London, so take that shot.

But Shadoe, if you lose, I'm not getting tied up with you. You've got one shot and that's it. I've beaten Supernova, I'll beat you too, and then...

If you're going to cry, Shadoe, I'll give you something to cry about.

[Kendrick adjusts the belt on his shoulder and exits. Stegglet watches him go, until he realizes his wrist is still imprisoned in the grip of the Queen of Clubs.]

ET: ...

[She tightens her grip for a couple of seconds until Stegglet winces before finally releasing. Stegglet shakes his wrist in pain as Toughill exits and the camera shot cuts to another part of backstage where we find Jordan Ohara shockingly standing with Colt Patterson. It is a contrast in styles as the colorful Narcissus, Patterson, only serves to play up Jordan's wholesome look: AWA-licensed white Ohara Phoenix T-shirt, shiny Carolina blue tights and his customary white boots with the black heels.]

CP: Jordan Ohara, this is my first time that I've ever got a chance to talk to you face-to-face, man-to-man. I'll say this, you're definitely one crazy brave young kid. You really think you've got a chance against a legend like Juan Vasquez here in Milan?

JO: I know I do. Can I beat him? Yes, I can.

[Patterson snorts derisively.]

CP: You're talking about one of the best in the business, kid. And you're just some jumped up, wet behind the ears rookie. You should be quaking in your boots at the thought of going up against Juan Vasquez again.

JO: One thing I learned at the hands of Mifune-sama in Japan, Mr. Patterson, is that you don't ever back down from anybody in this business. You don't ever let doubt or fear be a part of your thinking process. Not if you want to make it. And I want to make it. Has Juan Vasquez achieved more things than I ever have? Yes!

CP: More things than you ever will, if you ask me.

JO: Good thing I didn't ask you, Mr. Patterson. Because I want in my heart to eventually be considered the best this business has ever seen. I've dedicated myself to being the best. And Juan Vasquez is one of the best. That's why I want to wrestle him so badly. If I stay ready and don't give in to the moment, anything can happen. Did anybody expect my team to beat Torin's Team at Steal the Spotlight?

CP: Honestly. No.

JO: Exactly, but we did. And I was able to pin Ryan Martinez clean and he's a former World Champion, just like Juan Vasquez is a former World Champion many times over. If you put your time in training, preparing and believing in yourself, anything can happen. I've put in my time training, preparing and believing in myself, Mr. Patterson. I know I've earned the opportunity to be the one to make Juan Vasquez great again.

[Colt makes a derisive face.]

CP: Excuse me? Make Juan Vasquez great again? Did your little buddy Derrick Williams hit you too hard with a Neuralyzer in training or something? Who do you think you are to say that you can make Juan Vasquez great again?

JO: When I was growing up, Mr. Patterson, I idolized Juan Vasquez. He had that tremendous right cross, that devilish grin and all the skills in the world to back up his swagger. The people loved them because he fought for them. He was a guy from the streets with all the talent and charisma in the world and he made it against all odds when you and I both know this sport can break you.

[Patterson regards Jordan stony faced.]

JO: But that Juan Vasquez isn't the Juan Vasquez that I see in the ring any more. He knows he's a step slower. He knows he's a lot more banged up. He knows that his bag of tricks is wearing a little thin and he knows that young up and comers like Ryan Martinez, Derrick Williams, Supernova, and myself are breathing down his neck. Travis Lynch beat him with the National Title on the line and he couldn't put it back on his waist after all that time. Supreme Wright beat him clean at the Battle of Boston to get to the Finals. And he had to use every dirty trick he knew to beat me... the guy whose name he claimed he didn't know. I know he knows who I am and he's trying everything to stop my rise.

CP: Hold on a minute, Ohara, you're talking like you're on Vasquez's level. You're talking like you even present a threat to him. I think this little bit of success you've had here has gone to your head! What makes you think you can even lace Vasquez' boots? What makes you think you can even make Vasquez break a sweat? He's been eating punks like you for breakfast for twenty years! Just because you gave yourself a little nickname like Once in a Millennium doesn't mean you-

JO: Wait a minute, Colt Patterson! You wait just a minute!

[Jordan holds up a finger to silence a shocked WTF-expression wearing Colt Patterson.]

JO: I didn't give myself that nickname. I earned it! In Japan, there were three of us who came up under Mifune-sama. We trained together. We roomed together. We suffered together. It was me, Hachiro Kinoshita, and Jun Maeda. We were the young Tigers ready to take on the mantle for the next generation of Japanese wrestlers.

Kinoshita was one of the best strikers I've ever seen... he didn't hit you with a right cross, but he could turn your lights out like that and Maeda... well, only Mifune-sama seemed to be tougher. He would slap you, stomp you and headbutt you until you were unconscious. And then he would stretch you out and kick your head off!

When we were ready the three of us competed in the Tiger Cup and I had to go through both of them to win. You can check the footage, Patterson. Those men beat the hell out of me, but every match I managed to come back and win. I won that Tiger Cup two years ago. The announcers called me the "Once in a Millennium Talent" and the name stuck. And Mifune-sama himself gave me the name "Phoenix" because I kept coming back from the dead. And you know what he did after that?

He chopped me right in the throat and slapped me across the face so hard my ears were ringing and there was blood in my mouth from a cracked molar. He did that and said "Not good enough."

[Ohara reaches up to touch his cheek, perhaps remembering the blow.]

JO: And I knew what he meant. And I went on to seek bigger and bigger challenges. And right now I see Juan Vasquez as one of the greatest challenges of my young career. I want to make history with Juan Vasquez. I want him at his best to keep pushing and keep proving to myself and Mifune-sama that I am not satisfied. That I do not believe that I am good enough and that I will keep pushing to be the best ever in this business like Ryan Martinez does... like Supreme Wright does...

...like Juan Vasquez used to do.

[Ohara lets that hang a moment before continuing.]

JO: And I want to make Vasquez push himself again, Mr. Patterson, as a wrestler. Do I believe that I am on his level? I know he is more experienced. But I will give everything in my body to him, to these great fans and to this sport! I'm as ready as I'll ever be and this underdog could make a miracle in Milan!

[Ohara holds Patterson's stare.]

JO: I want the Juan Vasquez who will wrestle his best because that is who the fans deserve to see. I want that Juan back. Not this bitter cheater. And thankfully I have a referee in Stevie Scott who is immune to his tricks and will call it right down the middle and make Juan wrestle clean. Mr. Patterson, do you think I don't know how to bend rules and take shortcuts in the ring?

CP: Yes.

JO: Well, you're wrong. I grew up under Mifune-sama and a monster of a man like Kurosawa-sama and many other of Japan's toughest wrestlers at the Dojo as my trainers. Mifune-sama was trained by Roosevelt Wright! I know how to fishhook a man, how to gouge eyes, step on feet, and break the rules. I choose not to, Mr. Patterson, because I love this sport and these fans who support us. That's what I value. I know Juan remembers those days when he was adored and respected by the fans who paid their hard-earned money to come see him. And I'm hoping he pays the people in Milan back for their hard-earned lira. I'm hoping he sees that we have a chance to make wrestling magic in that ring. I hope he tries to be great again so I can be great again and the people in Milan who almost never get to see us live can talk about this match for years. That's the Juan these people deserve. That's the Juan these people need. Not the guy who threatens the tradition of the AWA.

[Ohara faces the camera, running a hand through his growing out wavy hair.]

JO: Juan, I'm talking directly to you now. If you want to make the AWA great again, even though it already is, you've got to make yourself great again.

CP: Well, that was a right pretty speech, but I guess we'll have to see if you can back it up in the ring.

[Ohara isn't intimidated in the least.]

JO: I can!

[With that, he strikes a karate pose and then exits the shot.]

CP: Well, I've got to say, the kid who calls himself the Phoenix has a real confidence about him now, but we'll see how long that lasts with a general like Juan Vasquez. Back to you, Myers.

[Colt stares off camera after Jordan and shakes his head in disbelief.]

CP: Punk kid.

[And we fade out into the arena where we see Derrick Williams in the crowd. He's grinning, clapping at what he just saw on the big screen before taking a large sip out of a plastic cup.]

GM: Alright, Colt... Jordan Ohara certainly riding a wave of success in recent months and this young man who hasn't even completed his rookie year here in the AWA is looking to make a major impact by defeating Juan Vasquez here tonight in Milan with the entire world - including "Hotshot" Stevie Scott - watching.

BW: Who the heck does Ohara think he is? Jack Lynch? If he thinks anyone cares about his history training in Japan-

GM: Then he's probably right.

BW: I don't think so!

GM: The fans will be behind Jordan Ohara here tonight and we know he feels he can get the job done. But will that be enough? We're on the verge of finding out but before we do, let's go backstage and hear from Emerson Gellar!

[We fade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is again standing with the Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar.]

MS: Mr. Gellar, it's been an exciting night of action here in Milan and with just a couple of weeks left on this historic European Tour, you have to be pleased with the outcome so far.

EG: Absolutely, Mark. This tour has been everything we'd hoped it would be and more, I'd say... now we just need to put the cherry on top when we roll into London two weeks from tonight.

MS: Speaking of which, that show is starting to look like another major event of top notch matchups. Let's talk about some of these... of course, we've got the AWA World Title on the line as the new World Champion, Jack Lynch, defends the gold against one of his very best friends, Bobby O'Connor. Your thoughts?

[Gellar smiles.]

EG: Two of the very best in the world. Two top notch gentlemen and sportsmen. It would be an honor for the AWA to be represented by either of those men. I'm looking forward to that.

MS: What about Rex Summers taking on the Gladiator?

EG: The Gladiator's been on the hunt for Summers since Summers was directly responsible for the Gladiator's first defeat in the AWA at the hands of Johnny Detson a few months ago. If I'm Rex Summers, I'd spend the next couple of weeks in the gym figuring out how I'm going to topple the Gladiator.

MS: Kerry Kendrick issued the challenge earlier - one shot and one shot only for Shadoe Rage as he takes another shot at the World Television Title.

[Gellar chuckles.]

EG: Mr. Kendrick and I rarely see things from the same point of view but I've gotta agree with him here. If Shadoe Rage fails to win the World Television Title in London, it may be time for him to move on to other goals.

MS: We've got that handicap match pitting Terry Shane against the American Idols... Next Gen taking on the Slaughterhouse... plus we're going to see the Steal The Spotlight Series Finals with Juan Vasquez and Supreme Wright taking on Jordan Ohara and Riley Hunter. That's going to be a classic.

EG: Four of the very best in the world going at it with stakes so high, you can barely see them. Who is going to head back to the States with a guaranteed contract for a match of their choosing? We'll all know in two weeks, Mark.

MS: All of that plus much, much more but as the pages on the calendar fall, some people are already talking SuperClash... and there's even some people talking about NEXT year's SuperClash. Of course, over the past month, we've been slowly eliminating cities from the list of potential hosts and I'm told you've got another cut to make here tonight.

EG: Two more cuts actually... if we could put the graphic up on the screen...

[The graphic appears on the screen showing the ten remaining cities:

Toronto
Montreal
London
Tokyo
Mexico City
Los Angeles
Atlanta
Orlando
Detroit
Chicago]

MS: Ten cities remaining, all battling it out to be the host of next year's SuperClash... SuperClash IX. Who's losing out this week, Mr. Gellar?

EG: Mark, with every week that goes by, these decisions get harder and harder. But after much thought and discussion, we have decided that the first city removed from consideration this week will be... Detroit, Michigan.

[A line crosses out Detroit on the graphic.]

EG: However, we have pledged to the Motor City that the AWA will be making its first appearance in Detroit during a planned tour of the Midwest set for 2017.

MS: Alright. Detroit's off the list. We're down to nine. Who else has to go this week?

EG: We'll also be eliminating one of the international bids tonight. Mexico City has been removed from consideration as well.

MS: Mexico City gone... and let's take a look at the Elite Eight. Two Canadian options still on the board in Toronto and Montreal. The host of the next Saturday Night Wrestling - London - still in the mix as well. Tokyo which has hosted two major AWA events in the past still on the board. And then we take a look at the United States where the West Coast is represented by Los Angeles... the Midwest by Chicago... and the Southeast by both Orlando and Atlanta. Eight cities still on the board with presumably more to be eliminated next time in London.

EG: That's right.

MS: Mr. Gellar, thank you once more for your time. And AWA fans, we're going to take one final break and when we come back, it'll be time to head to the ring for tonight's Main Event so don't you dare go away!

[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 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...

We open to a shot in the back, where we see Mark Stegglet standing by with Juan Vasquez and The Axis of Evil. The villainous group seems to be in high spirits after the brutal beating they laid on Ryan Martinez earlier tonight. Vasquez himself, is grinning from ear to ear, obviously pleased by his night so far.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm standing here right now with four men who have made a huge impact tonight. But the night is still not over for one of them, as Juan Vasquez takes on Jordan Ohara in tonight's Main Event! Juan, first off I believe some congratulations are in order as you and Supreme Wright have advanced to the Finals of Steal the Spotlight.

JV: Thanks, Stegglet, don't mention it. It was one hell of a battle. I almost broke a sweat out there!

[Vasquez and Hunter laugh obnoxiously while Zharkov and MAWAGA remain stone faced in the background.]

MS: I see. And Maxim Zharkov scored perhaps the biggest win of his young career over former World Champion, Ryan Martinez, but...

JV: Hey Marky Mark, there's no if, ands or buts about it. My boy Zharkov DESTROYED Martinez and then we finished him off!

[We see Zharkov puffing out his chest, beaming with pride at his victory.]

JV: If Martinez has any common sense - and considering who his father is, I highly doubt it - he'll take the first plane back home and lick his wounds in one of daddy's beachside mansions while The Axis continues to make the AWA great again!

MS: While it certainly does seem like The Axis is on a roll, it was on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling where Derrick Williams rejected your attempt to recruit him into your group in emphatic fashion.

[Almost immediately, the big grins and laughter disappear from Vasquez and company's faces.]

JV: Why did you have to bring that up?

MS: It's my job.

[Juan inhales and exhales deeply, his annoyance evident.]

JV: You know, there used to be a time when the original Outlaw, John Wesley Hardin IV, was such a big star in this sport, they'd say he could walk into any locker room in the world and every wrestler there would beg just for a chance to shine his boots.

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: But I ain't Jay Dub. No, Stegglet, I'm a bigger damn star than him, Thunder, Martinez, Hamilton, Izumi, GOLIATH Takehara or any other damn person that came before me! And I wasn't asking Derrick Williams to shine my boots. No, amigo, I was offering him a future he could never have possibly imagined! I was offering him the world!

AND HE SAID NO!

[Juan catches himself.]

JV: Nah, you didn't even have the courage to do that! You stabbed me in the back and you attacked THIS great man! You humiliated us, Williams!

[He points to Jackson Hunter.]

JV: Jackson Hunter is a Canadian wrestling LEGEND, you disrespectful punk! He didn't deserve that! But what should I expect from a man that runs with the same idiot that had the audacity to attack Hamilton Graham!

[His face is quickly turning red, his voice becoming frantic and filled with rage.]

JV: I told Williams, "Let me make you a success! Let me make you a millionaire! Let me make you champion! Let me drag you up from your opening match purgatory and make you the future of professional wrestling!"

[Juan's expression twists into a mixture of anger and disgust.]

JV: And he said, "No, Juan. I want to be mediocre! I want to be a never-was! I'm happy staying by Jordan Ohara's side forever and being his bitch!"

MS: Hey! You can't say that!

[Juan's eyes bug out.]

JV: I can say whatever the hell I want!

I'M JUAN VASQUEZ, DAMNIT!

[At this point, Juan tanks the microphone out of Stegglet's hand and turns to address the camera directly.]

JV: Every single moment of my life is greater than anything Derrick Williams has ever done! And he refuses me? He refuses The Axis!?

[Juan shakes his head furiously.]

JV: No...NO! We refuse YOU, Derrick Williams! I thought I saw potential! I thought I saw greatness! I guess my eyes were playing tricks on me, 'cause now all I see is the waste of time that you were always destined to be!

[His eyes narrow and his voice lowers into a menacing, calm and measured tone.]

JV: I gave you an opportunity to make history, Derrick. But by the time we're through with you, you're gonna BE history.

[Juan then hands the microphone back to a befuddled Mark Stegglet.]

MS: ...Thanks.

JV: But enough about the irrelevant trash hiding underneath Jordan Ohara's skirt. Let's talk about the man himself, Jordan Ohara.

Lets talk about the conspiracy concocted by Ohara and Emerson Gellar against me!

[Stegglet stares at Vasquez with a confused look.]

MS: Conspiracy?

JV: That's exactly what this match is! A conspiracy against me and an attempt to undermine The Axis! Ohara couldn't get the job done in Boston, so he gets on his knees and begs Gellar to stack the odds against me with a crooked ref!

STEVIE SCOTT!

They got STEVIE SCOTT of all people to be the referee! Are you kidding me???

MS: To be fair, Juan, the way you treat the officials has been nothing short of appalling. You constantly abuse and bully them, showing absolutely no respect whatsoever for their authority-

[Juan cuts him off.]

JV: Screw their authority! The only authority anyone should be respecting around here is mine! It's because of me that those zebras can even afford to feed their families! It's because of me that ANY of you can be here in Italy or any part of the world and say you make a living from professional wrestling!

[Standing behind Vasquez, we see Hunter nodding in agreement, rubbing his fingers together to make the universal sign for money.]

JV: Where would you people be without me? Where would any of you be if I didn't constantly drag this sport kicking and screaming from the verge of collapse and back to relevance? Because of me, there's a SuperClash! Because of me, we have this deal with Fox! Because of me, a weasel like Skywalker Jones can get a guest role on "Empire" and think he's some sort of Hollywood big shot! Because of me..

[Juan's so worked up, he just comes right out and says it.]

JV: ...YOU ALL OWE EVERYTHING TO ME!

[He's breathing a little heavy now, certainly a lot heavier than he was from anything else he's done tonight so far.]

JV: But some people just don't get it. They treat me with nothing but disrespect. Dumb kids like Jordan Ohara who have no sense of anything!

[Juan stops himself and takes a second to breathe, regaining a little bit of his composure.]

JV: Ohara is just like that piece of trash Ryan Martinez. It wasn't that long ago when Alex's little bastard made a name for himself because he couldn't keep mine out of his mouth. And it's so obvious that Ohara wants to do the same damn thing. He wants a rocket strapped to his back taking him straight to the top at my expense.

[Juan snorts.]

JV: Well, welcome to the big time, chico. It looks like you got what you wanted. Your first-ever Main Event match, courtesy of Juan Vasquez. Enjoy it. You're welcome.

But I hope little Jordy didn't forget where all that garbage coming outta' his mouth eventually got Ryan.

Laid up in a hospital with a broken neck.

[Catching the shocked look on Stegglet's face, Juan smirks, before turning his attention directly at the camera.]

JV: Hey Maxine, hello? Maxine Ohara? I know you're watching right now. Yeah, it's me, Juan Vasquez, the biggest and greatest star in the history of professional wrestling and soon-to-be person responsible for your son's painful, agonizing, tortured existence. Just wanted to say no hard feelings about tonight, okay? Just remember that whatever happens to your son, he has absolutely no one to blame but himself. But if the prospect of watching your son getting beaten within an inch of his life is unappealing to you, I'd advise you to turn off the television now.

[Juan shrugs.]

JV: But hell, who knows? You're the one that had to raise the annoying little idiot, maybe you'll enjoy it!

HAHAHAHAHA!

[Juan cackles, as Stegglet has finally reached his boiling point.]

MS: That's enough! This interview is over! Get out of here!

[Stegglet angrily points off camera, directing The Axis to leave. Shockingly, they comply, as a still laughing Vasquez walks off, with the rest of his team following behind him. Stegglet turns to the camera, completely exasperated.]

MS: Let's go over to Lou with tonight's guest referee... unbelievable..

[Stegglet is still shaking his head at The Axis as we fade to Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen... my guest at this time... the special guest referee for tonight's Main Event who, himself, is just four short weeks from making a one night only return to the ring... an AWA original and former AWA National Champion... "HOTSHOT" STEVIE SCOTT!

[Stevie steps into frame sporting a striped referee's shirt with the sleeves cut off along with a pair of black slacks... and that trademark STEVIEGRIN~!.]

HSS: Lou.

[Blackwell looks thrown off.]

SLB: Stevie. I... well, I suppose I'm a little surprised by your serious tone there.

HSS: Serious business requires a serious tone sometimes, Lou... and there's nothing more serious these days than what Juan Vasquez is doing to the sport I love.

SLB: So, I take it you've been watching?

HSS: Of course. I wouldn't be stepping into the ring at Homecoming...right back in Dallas, Texas in front of all of the fans who loved me... and hated me... for so long if I wasn't watching to know what I was getting myself into.

And what I'm getting myself into is serious business.

Look, tonight... this isn't about me. It's not about what I'm going to do to Juan Vasquez in a month's time... and it's definitely not about what he might do to me.

What tonight is about is a young kid with the future of the sport on his shoulders and the bitter old veteran who wants to cripple him for it.

[Scott smiles.]

HSS: It's about a guy who has seen his glory days fade and now feels like he needs to run with a pack of wild dogs to try to help him.

[Scott chuckles.]

HSS: You know, as long as I'm a part of this sport, Lou... it never fails to surprise me how often this sport runs full circle. Because it wasn't that long ago that I was the bitter old veteran trying to piledriver anyone who crossed my path so I could put them out of the sport. There's a certain Dog of War over in Japan who probably feels like he's still got a score to settle with me.

It wasn't that long ago that I was the guy whose glory days were fading that was hiding behind Calisto Dufresne and Raphael Rhodes.

So, Juan... when I look into your eyes, I know what you're feeling.

[The Hotshot nods.]

HSS: It's fear. Fear that your time is up. Fear that the sport has passed you by. Fear that you might not be able to cut it with the young guys anymore. Fear that someone younger... stronger... faster... better is going to put you down and expose you to the world.

Jordan Ohara is younger than you. Jordan Ohara is stronger than you... faster than you... and Juan?

[Scott chuckles.]

HSS: Jordan Ohara is better than you.

[Scott pauses, letting that sink in on the guy tearing up a locker room right now having heard it.]

HSS: And in four weeks, I've got a whole other set of goals... but tonight, I've only got one.

To make sure that he gets a fair chance to prove it.

[Scott smirks, winking at the camera.]

HSS: See you out there, old friend. And good luck...

[A chuckle.]

HSS: ...you're gonna need it.

[Scott slaps Blackwell on the shoulder, turning to make his exit as we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer! We cut up into the crowd where Derrick Williams is standing, clapping for the action about to come.]

RO: First... the SPECIAL GUEST REFEREE for this matchup...

"HOTSHOT"
STEEEEEEVIEEEEEEE
SCOTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

[The crowd ROARS to life at the sound of "Everything About You" by Ugly Kid Joe.]

GM: It's time for STEEEEEVIETAINMENT!

BW: What happened to MY Stevie Scott?! Who the heck is this guy?!

[Scott dances through the curtain to a big cheer, pausing to shake his groove thang for the Milan crowd. The smile on Stevie's face is a mile wide as he dances to his old theme music, chuckling as he jogs down the aisle, making his way to both sides of the barricade to slap all the offered hands.]

GM: We've seen many versions of Stevie Scott over the years, Bucky. There was the Russian-sympathizer... the member of Sweet Heat... the leader of the Southern Syndicate... the reformed rulebreaker trying to make amends... and tonight, we get the... what's the world? The OG Hotshot... the one who made the fans laugh and scream in his early days... making his way down the aisle to officiate this match.

BW: Well, I hope he has a good time dancing and making a fool out of himself because in four weeks' time, Juan Vasquez is going to make sure he never dances again. What happened to him, Gordo? He used to be golden. We used to go to Sizzler!

[Gordon chuckles as Stevie rolls under the bottom rope, coming to his feet to a big cheer from the Italian crowd.]

RO: And now, the combatants... introducing first...

[The Milanese crowd cheers as the breakbeat hits and the interpolation of Beethoven's "Für Elise" breaks into Nas' "I Can."]

RO: From Charlotte, North Carolina... weighing in at 225 pounds... he is the Phoenix... the Once in a Millennium talent...

JORRRRRRRRRRDAAAAAAAAAN OOOOOOOOOOOOOHAAAAAARAAAAA!

[Jordan Ohara bursts through the curtains, high knee dancing, and playing air piano from one side of the stage to the other. A loud contingent of women can be heard screaming for the handsome, well-built young man.]

GM: The Phoenix rises here in Milan, Bucky!

BW: Another guy who better enjoy dancing while he can because if Juan Vasquez has his way, Ohara's going to be carried out of here tonight.

[Ohara is shirtless, his skin shining under the lights. His hair is pulled back into a little ponytail with two bangs falling around his face. He wears new tights, shiny Carolina blue tights with a white Phoenix emblem emblazoned across the front of both thighs so that when he stands the image is complete. His patent leather white boots shine until the dark "tar" heel.]

GM: New attire for the Phoenix here tonight - this big match atmosphere is in the air!

BW: It's a Battle of Boston rematch and you better believe that Juan Vasquez is looking for the exact same result that went down on 4th of July weekend.

[Jordan jumps around down the aisle, chanting "I know I can!" We cut back up to the crowd where Derrick Williams is dancing around a bit as well, shouting encouragement to his friend.]

GM: And there's Derrick Williams up in the crowd, making sure to keep an eye out for his friend.

[The Milanese crowd picks up Ohara's shouts as best they can as Jordan leaps over the top rope and fires off a karate kata to another big cheer!]

GM: Ohara hits the ring and the kid looks ready for battle, Bucky.

BW: For now, Gordo. For now.

[The music fades as Ohara settles back into the corner, waiting for his opponent to arrive...]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent...

[The Mediolanum Forum goes dark, as Franz Schubert's "Ave Maria" begins to play. On the video wall, we see a shot of Juan Vasquez and rest of The Axis of Evil, making their way down a corridor towards the entranceway.

As they walk, there's slow fade outs, jumping from Jackson Hunter to Maxim Zharkov to MAWAGA and finally to Vasquez, their demeanor all business. As they reach the curtain, the rest of the Axis stops and Vasquez steps through.

As he does so, the video cuts out and we're left in total darkness and "Ave Maria" stops playing over the PA system, replaced by a more familiar piece of music.]

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

[Suddenly, large columns of flame erupt from the top of the aisle.]

"WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!!!"

[DMX's "Ain't No Sunshine" plays as the top of the ramp is flooded in white light, where we see a silhouette with both arms thrust triumphantly into the air. As the lights return to normal inside the forum, the boos immediately begin when we see Juan Vasquez standing in front of the video wall, where in ten foot high lettering, we see the words "MAKE THE AWA GREAT AGAIN" appear.]

RO: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds... he is a former World Champion... a former National Champion... a Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer...

HE IS...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN
VAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSQUEZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Vasquez lowers his arms and begins his walk towards the ring, looking more serious and focused than usual. He is dressed in a black M-65 Army field jacket with the words "IN JUAN WE TRUST" stenciled along the left arm and "DEUS VULT" on the right. Underneath, he wears the same wrestling tights he had on before, black with blue flames on the side. As the Italian crowd showers him with boos, his eyes remain glued on the ring, Jordan Ohara... and Stevie Scott.]

GM: Rebecca Ortiz read the resume. Former World Champion. Former AWA National Champion. Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer. If there is ONE man who

represents professional wrestling in the public consciousness in 2016, that man is Juan Vasquez! And that makes it a tall mountain to climb to put him down, Bucky.

BW: The tallest of mountains! This is a man who in the past year chased Hannibal Carver - yes, I said his name... sue me - out of town... he put Ryan Martinez, the World Champion at the time, on ice for months... he put Alex Martinez on the shelf perhaps for good... he's retired Sweet Daddy Williams... he's crippled Willie Hammer... you name it, he's done it. He's heading to the Steal The Spotlight Finals in two weeks! He is on the ultimate of hot streaks-

GM: A hot streak that could be shattered at the hands of Jordan Ohara here tonight.

BW: "Could" is the operative word there, Gordo. There's a lot of things that "could" happen. I COULD wake up tomorrow and discover I have the ability to sweat solid gold! I COULD have a rich old uncle die and never have to work with you again. I COULD come out of retirement and make every single Lynch family member rue the day the old man ever got into this business... kinda like the sound of that one. But none... well, most... of those things aren't likely to happen, Gordo. Just like it ain't likely that Jordan Ohara is going to end his night doing anything but staring up at the lights.

GM: You have to think the odds increased significantly though when Juan Vasquez opted to come out here tonight without the Axis of Evil by his side.

BW: They're only a call away.

GM: That's what I'm afraid of... and that's why "Hotshot" Stevie Scott is here as well. To make sure that Jordan Ohara gets a fair shot to do what many believe cannot be done.

[Vasquez reaches the ring, slowly climbing up the steps as Jordan Ohara stands in the middle of the squared circle, waving him inside. Vasquez throws a dismissive gesture in Ohara's direction before locking eyes with "Hotshot" Stevie Scott...]

GM: And this might get interesting in a hurry, fans.

[Vasquez steps through the ropes, walking right up towards his longtime rival, bumping his chest into Scott's. Scott takes a step back, shaking his head, pointing at the AWA logo stitched onto his shirt.]

GM: Stevie Scott reminding his rival that he's a referee here tonight... a recognized official and Juan Vasquez has to keep his hands off him.

[Scott sticks a finger in Vasquez' face, backing him up with a few strong words. Vasquez smirks as he backs away, ending up against the turnbuckles as Ohara watches the confrontation.]

BW: This isn't right, Gordo. This is almost like a handicap match!

GM: Not in the slightest. I have no reason to believe that Stevie Scott will be anything but impartial in this one.

BW: For how long?

[Scott starts to turn away from Vasquez...

...and then turns back, arching an eyebrow.]

GM: What's going on here?

[Scott points to Vasquez, signaling for something.]

GM: He's going to search Juan Vasquez!

BW: What?! Illegal search! He's got no probable cause!

GM: Oh, I highly doubt that considering how well Scott knows Vasquez.

[Vasquez fumes as Scott checks his waistband... then his wrist tape... and then points to his boot. The Hall of Famer immediately shakes his head, shoving Scott backwards with both hands to a big jeer from the crowd!]

GM: Vasquez is refusing the search! He's refusing to let Scott check his boot!

[Scott shoves Vasquez back, threatening to end the match before it even starts...

...and then drops down, grabbing Vasquez' boot. The former champion struggles, trying to pull his leg free as the crowd buzzes at the confrontation.]

BW: This is a forcible search! The man has rights, you know!

[And Scott suddenly stands up, holding a fork in his hand high for all to see!]

GM: Aha! He WAS armed! He had a fork in his boot!

[Vasquez pitches a fit, angrily slamming his arms down on the turnbuckle as Scott hands the weapon out to a ringside attendant. Scott marches back in on Vasquez, warning him against any illegal tactics. Vasquez gets right back in his face, another argument ensuing as a smirking Ohara reclines in the ropes in the opposite corner, amused by what he's witnessing...

...which is when Vasquez shoves Stevie Scott aside, barreling across the ring towards Ohara who hops back down, throwing a big knife edge chop across the chest of Vasquez, knocking him off his feet!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: AND HERE WE GO!

[Vasquez scrambles up, charging in again, but a second chop knocks him down!]

GM: Ohara putting those chops to good use on the Hall of Famer!

[Vasquez gets back up, moving back in...

...but as Ohara strikes his karate kata stance, Vasquez slams on the brakes, arms pinwheeling as he stumbles backwards, falling to the mat, and rolls under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: And there goes Juan Vasquez, bailing out of there before Ohara can do any more damage!

[But Ohara is fired up, quickly walking to the ropes near where Vasquez escaped. He grabs the top rope with both hands...]

GM: SLINGSHOT!

[...and sails over the top but Vasquez sees him coming, quickly scampering out of the way of any flying attack.]

GM: Ohara's on the apron!

[But Ohara, one step ahead of Vasquez, finished his slingshot by landing on the apron, taking aim, and leaping off the apron with an overhead chop down between the eyes of the Hall of Famer!]

GM: Oh my! Jordan Ohara sails off the apron with that flying chop and what a way to start this battle here in Milan!

[The Phoenix pulls Vasquez up off the floor, rolling him under the bottom rope back inside the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, grinning at the Milan's crowd reaction for his early match offense as he steps up on the middle rope in the center of the apron, placing one foot on the top...

...and then springs off, dropping another flying chop down on the head of Vasquez, taking him down as Ohara applies a lateral press!]

GM: Flying chop gets one! It gets two! It gets-

[The crowd groans as Vasquez kicks out of the pin attempt, again trying to roll away as Ohara gets up to his knees, clapping his hands together.]

GM: Jordan Ohara looks for a quick win but comes up short as Vasquez kicks out in time... and he'd better stay on the man.

[Ohara gets to his feet, walking after the crawling Vasquez who ends up near the ropes...]

GM: Ohara moving in on Vasquez and-

[Vasquez surges forward, sweeping Ohara's legs out from under him. He folds him up in a press, kicking his legs up on the middle rope for leverage...

...which is when a smirking Stevie Scott kicks the legs off the ropes to a big cheer!]

GM: Haha! Stevie Scott saw that one coming!

[Vasquez looks up in shock at the Hotshot who waggles a disapproving finger at him. Ohara snatches him up off the mat by the hair, walking him towards the corner where he smashes his face into the top turnbuckle!]

"UNO!"

[Ohara looks out at the crowd with a grin, nodding his head...]

"DUE!"

[...and bounces Vasquez' head off the turnbuckle again, continuing to do so as the Italian crowd counts along.]

"TRE!"

"QUATTRO!"

"CINQUE!"

"SEI!"

"SETTE!"

"OTTO!"

"NOVE!"

"DIECI!"

[The last one leaves Vasquez staggering out towards the middle of the ring where he faceplants into the canvas. The crowd cheers as Ohara swoops back in, going for another pin attempt.]

GM: One! Two!

[But again, Vasquez kicks out, breaking up the pinning effort.]

GM: Another two count for Ohara early on in this one, fans.

[Ohara climbs back to his feet, bringing Vasquez up with him...]

GM: Both men back on their feet now... and Ohara goes low with a leg kick!

[With high precision, Ohara lands a quartet of kicks to the side of Vasquez' knee, hobbling him a bit...]

...and then drops down to the mat, swinging his leg back in a sweeping motion that takes the Hall of Famer down to the canvas.]

GM: Nicely done there, taking the Hall of Famer down...

[Ohara scrambles back up, snatching Vasquez' boot in his hands...]

...and then flips forward, stretching out the hamstring in violent fashion!]

GM: Ohhh! And that'll give you a bit of a limp!

[Vasquez flails about on the mat for a bit, rolling to all fours to try and get away from Ohara who approaches him from behind, snatching the foot again...]

...but Vasquez rolls to his back, drawing his legs back and kicking Ohara off, sending him into the ropes. Vasquez stays on his back, pulling his legs into monkey flip position but Ohara leaps over the tucked legs, dropping into a seated position on Vasquez' upper body. He reaches back, hooking both legs...]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[But again, Vasquez kicks out, breaking the pin. Ohara scrambles back up, watching Vasquez come off the mat...]

GM: Leg kick! Again! A third!

[Vasquez stumbles backwards, grabbing at the side of his knee as he winds up near the ropes, leaning on them for support...]

...which is when Ohara delivers a powerful kick to the back of Vasquez' knee, sweeping his legs out again and dumping Vasquez down on the back of his head!]

GM: Good grief! Jordan Ohara is going hard after the leg of Juan Vasquez!

BW: This is a shift for him, Gordo. Ohara's known for the armdrags and armtwists... not for going after the legs.

[Vasquez rolls out to the apron as Ohara advances on him, leaning over the ropes to grab Vasquez by the hair...]

GM: Vasquez was looking for a breather but Ohara wasn't about to give him one...

[But as Vasquez gets to his feet, he reaches out and viciously rakes the eyes of Ohara, drawing a reprimand from Stevie Scott who was unable to do anything to stop that illegal attack. A smirking Vasquez has some off-mic words for Scott as he pulls Ohara into a front facelock...]

GM: Oh, I don't like the looks of this!

[With the Phoenix trapped in his grasp, Vasquez lifts him up into the air...]

GM: SUPLEX!

[...but Vasquez clears the ropes with him, setting him down on the apron as he grabs at his knee.]

GM: No, no! He couldn't hold him up long enough with the knee and-

[Ohara throws himself into a dropkick to the knee, causing Vasquez' legs to fly backwards into the air, faceplanting down on the apron as Ohara rolls to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! What a move by Ohara... and Vasquez hits the mat hard!

[With the Milan crowd roaring their support, Jordan Ohara grabs Juan Vasquez by the hair, lifting his torso off the apron...

...and SLAMS his face down on the hardest part of the ring!]

GM: Ohara is fired up and he's taking the fight to Vasquez in the early parts of this one!

[He lifts Vasquez off the mat, slamming him down a second time to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Again, he gets slammed down on the apron! Ohara's got this crowd behind him and he's feeling their support running up and down his body, fans!

[Ohara lifts Vasquez a third time, smashing his face down into the apron before Vasquez rolls back inside the ring. The Phoenix grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron...

...and then points to the corner, drawing a huge cheer from the Milan crowd!]

GM: Wait a second! Is Jordan Ohara looking for the Phoenix Flame already?!

BW: We're not even five minutes into this!

GM: If he hits this, it could be all over right there, fans! Ohara heading down the apron... heading to the corner...

[Ohara steps up on the second rope, quickly and smoothly making his way to the top rope as Vasquez struggles to get to a knee inside the ring, looking up at a waiting Ohara. The Hall of Famer says something to the official, drawing Stevie Scott towards him...]

GM: Something might be wrong with Vasquez and-

[...and SHOVES the Hotshot towards the corner where Ohara is perched. The crowd gasps but Scott slams on the brakes, narrowly avoiding crashing into the ropes where Ohara is standing!]

GM: Oh! Close call there and-

[Ohara throws a glance down at Scott and then HURLS himself into the air, catching a standing Vasquez with a flying crossbody...]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME OFF THE TOP!

[Scott spins around, diving to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Vasquez kicks out hard, flinging Ohara off of him!]

GM: Ohh! Ohara almost got him there and that quick of a win would've shocked the wrestling world straight down to the core!

[Ohara comes off the mat first but Vasquez is right behind him, throwing a right hand that Ohara blocks before throwing a knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Ohara with the chop!

[Grabbing Vasquez by the arm, Ohara shoots him towards the ropes, doubling up for a backdrop...]

...but Vasquez pulls up short, burying his boot between the eyes of Ohara, a blow that sends him staggering back to the far ropes. Vasquez leans against the ropes for a moment, catching his wind...]

GM: Here comes Vasquez!

[But as the Hall of Famer charges Ohara, the Phoenix drops his head a second time, LAUNCHING Vasquez over the top rope and sending him CRASHING down hard on the thin ringside mats!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACKDROP TO THE FLOOR! BACKDROP TO THE FLOOR! OH MY STARS!

[Ohara slumps to his knees, taking a breather as Vasquez writhes in pain on the floor, holding the back of his head.]

GM: OHARA SENDS VASQUEZ ALL THE WAY TO THE FLOOR! INCREDIBLE!

[Cut to the crowd where Derrick Williams is cheering gleefully, shouting encouragement to his partner.]

GM: And Derrick Williams has GOT to like what he's seeing right about now.

BW: Oh, I'm sure he loves it! These young punks all stick together and- arrrgh!

[Bucky's frustration is evident as Vasquez rolls around in pain on the floor. Inside the ring, Ohara drops to his stomach, sliding under the ropes to the floor as well.]

GM: And Jordan Ohara is not about to let Juan Vasquez get counted out of this match. This young man wants the win right in the middle... one, two, three.

[Ohara leans down, dragging Vasquez back to his feet and rolling him back inside the ring. The Phoenix rolls back in after him, crawling into a pin attempt.]

GM: Ohara covers for one! For two! For-

[The shoulder pops up off the mat, drawing a collective groan from the Italian crowd.]

GM: Stevie Scott says it was only two!

BW: And for the first time since he said the All-You-Can-Eat Shrimp at Sizzler was a better deal than the salad bar, I agree with him!

[Ohara kneels on the canvas for a few moments, catching his breath.]

GM: This early explosion of offense on the part of Jordan Ohara has him reeling a bit. We've passed the five minute mark in this one and he's been go-go-go since before the opening bell.

[The Phoenix climbs to his feet, walking behind Vasquez who is crawling across the ring...

...and Ohara stops him, leaning over to snatch the boot in his hand. He looks out at the cheering crowd, looking for their approval, and then lifts Vasquez' leg up into the air before DRIVING his kneecap down into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

[Vasquez rolls onto his back, writhing in pain as he clutches his kneecap.]

GM: And Jordan Ohara has sketched out a very clear gameplan - attack the knee of the leader of the Axis of Evil!

[Ohara grabs the leg again, looking down on Vasquez. He wraps up the leg between his own, pushing his knee into the crevice behind Vasquez'. The Phoenix looks around at the crowd, listening as they egg him on. Down on the mat, Vasquez pleads for mercy...

...but Ohara listens to the fans, leaping into the air, and driving all his weight down on Vasquez' knee!]

GM: Goodness!

[Vasquez cries out in pain, sitting up on the mat as Ohara kneels on the trapped limb...

...and pops the Hall of Famer with a short forearm to the jaw, knocking him back down to the canvas.]

GM: Jordan Ohara is attacking that knee with great ferocity here tonight and right now, Juan Vasquez looks completely overmatched!

[Ohara rises to his feet, watching as Vasquez scoots backwards, desperately trying to create separation...]

GM: Vasquez trying to get away, trying to create some space...

[The Phoenix steps forward but Stevie Scott slides into the gap between Vasquez and Ohara, turning towards his former rival and friend, kneeling down beside him.]

GM: Stevie Scott seems to be checking to see if Vasquez can continue.

BW: Maybe Juan should call it a night. He's got Steal The Spotlight in two weeks, Gordo. That's more important than beating Ohara!

GM: Perhaps it is... but would Juan Vasquez' massive ego actually allow him to walk away from this match? Would his ego allow him to - even for two weeks - admit that Jordan Ohara was the better man on this night?

[Scott and Vasquez converse on the mat for a moment before the Hotshot rises up, waving for the match to continue.]

GM: And Juan Vasquez will continue to fight!

[Hearing that, Ohara steps in on Vasquez as the Hall of Famer pulls himself using the ropes, leaning in the buckles. Scott steps back in, holding Ohara back...]

GM: If you were concerned about Stevie Scott calling this down the middle, I think those fears have been squashed, Bucky. He's actually protecting Vasquez here, giving him time to recover in the corner and-

[Ohara struggles against Scott, protesting being blocked...

...which allows Vasquez to lean forward, reaching to stick his fingers in Ohara's eyes...]

GM: Oh, come-

[But Scott "feels" it coming, swinging around and catching the hand between his own hands, blocking the eyegouge to a big cheer!]

BW: You've gotta be KIDDING me!

[Scott shakes his head...

...and then ducks as Ohara lunges in, drilling Vasquez with a big right hand to the jaw that rattles the former World Champion. Scott backs off as Ohara lands a second... and a third... and a fourth...]

GM: Ohara's taking the fight to Vasquez in the corner!

[The referee steps in again, calling for a break. Ohara steps back again, protesting to Stevie Scott...

...which is Vasquez' chance to surge forward, swinging his skull towards Ohara's!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[But Ohara is ready for another of Juan Vasquez' most dangerous weapons, swinging his arms up in an "X" in front of his head, absorbing the blow on his arms...

...and then throws one in response, his head clashing into Vasquez' skull!]

GM: OHH!

[The blow stuns a surprised Juan Vasquez who falls back into the buckles again as Ohara grasps his own skull, staggering out of the corner.]

GM: And that looks like it was a mistake! Ohara was fired up and used one of Juan Vasquez' own signature attacks and-

[Vasquez seizes the moment, rushing forward to snatch Ohara in a rear waistlock...]

GM: Wait a second! What is he...?!

[The Hall of Famer drops back, hoisting Ohara into the air...

...and HURLING him backwards into the buckles, Ohara's head and neck snapping forward as he SLAMS into the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ohara instantly collapses to the canvas, reaching up to cradle his head and neck as Vasquez rolls to a knee, staring at his downed opponent. Stevie Scott is holding his own neck, perhaps feeling some phantom pain in his own source of severe injuries over the years. Scott drops to his knees, checking to see if Ohara can continue...

...but Juan Vasquez surges to his feet, shoving Scott down to the mat. He grabs the top rope, viciously stomping the head and neck of Ohara as the crowd rabidly jeers!]

GM: Vasquez is going after the head! Going after the neck!

[Ohara rolls out to the ring apron, cradling his neck as Scott pops up to his feet, pushing Vasquez back from the ropes, shouting at him.]

GM: Stevie Scott is right up in Vasquez's face! He didn't care for that shove down to the mat and I can't say that I blame him, Bucky.

[Vasquez dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and dropping down into a baseball slide, driving his feet into the back of Ohara's neck and causing him to roll off the apron and fall down to the floor!]

GM: Ohara gets driven out to the floor and again, Stevie Scott is warning Juan Vasquez, making him back off...

[But Vasquez isn't listening, walking across the ring away from Scott where he ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the floor. Scott shouts a protest from inside the ring as the Hall of Famer takes the long way around the ring.]

GM: Vasquez is out there going after him...

[He circles around the ringpost, finding Ohara laid out on the floor still, holding the back of his neck. Vasquez leans over, pulling Ohara up to his feet, and hoisting him up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: He's got him up, draped across the shoulders...

[Vasquez steps into his preferred placement...

...and elevates Ohara, twisting him around to drop facefirst down across the steel steps!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Did you see Ohara's neck bend on that?! His face hit the steel but the true impact of that one was on that damaged neck that Vasquez is gunning for!

GM: And like it or not, with Juan Vasquez targeting the neck, you have to be concerned that he's thinking about that piledriver. We know what kind of damage that blow does.

BW: That's a killshot, Gordo. It doesn't need softening up the neck. It shatters on impact!

GM: But imagine the damage it might do to an already-weakened neck. I think that's exactly what Juan Vasquez is thinking about at this point.

[With Ohara laid out across the steps, Vasquez climbs them, pressing his boot down on the back of the neck. He grabs onto the steel ringpost, pulling down for more leverage as he grinds his boot into the neck.]

GM: Ohara's in a whole lot of trouble as we pass the ten minute mark in this contest.

BW: Plenty of time left, Gordo... plenty of time.

[With Stevie Scott ordering the battle back into the ring, Vasquez nods with a smarmy "Whatever you say, amigo" before hopping off the steps, pulling Ohara away and rolling him back inside the ring. He drags himself up on the apron, giving his leg a couple of shakes to keep the blood flowing before he steps back through the ropes.]

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

[Ohara tries to crawl across the ring but Vasquez is right there, snatching him by the back of the tights, pulling him up to his feet where Vasquez opens fire, slamming his forearm down repeatedly across the base of the neck...]

GM: Blow after blow to the neck! Vasquez clubbing away at him!

[The blows causes Ohara to slump back down to all fours where Vasquez snatches another rear waistlock, pulling him right back up...]

GM: Vasquez pulls him up... not again!

[...and he elevates Ohara, slamming him down on the back of the neck with another released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another one! Another German Suplex!

[Vasquez spins over, crawling into a lateral press, hooking Ohara's leg.]

GM: Vasquez covers for one! He's got two! He's got- no!

[Ohara's shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt. Vasquez pushes up to his knees, a smirk on his face. He looks over at Stevie Scott who holds up two fingers. Vasquez shrugs as he gets to his feet...

...and snatches Ohara to his feet in another rear waistlock.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Vasquez snaps Ohara over again, dumping him down on the back of his neck once more!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Lying on the canvas, Vasquez rolls to a knee, looking into the camera lens pointed at him.]

"I can do this all night, amigo!"

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, again shaking out his leg as he noticeably grimaces.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is still feeling the effects of that knee that Ohara worked over in the early minutes of this one... but nowhere near as badly as Jordan Ohara is feeling that neck right about now.

[Stevie Scott again kneels next to Jordan Ohara, the crowd grumbling with concern for the Phoenix. Vasquez stands, hands on his hips, waiting to see what the Hotshot says...

...and when Scott rises, waving for the match to continue, Vasquez grins as he surges forward...]

GM: Uh oh!

[The Hall of Famer snatches Ohara off the mat, dragging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's calling for the piledriver! He's looking to end this now!

[Vasquez leans over, trying to wrap his arms around Ohara's torso...

...but the Carolina native postures up, backdropping Vasquez!]

GM: COUNTER!

[But Vasquez manages to grab the top rope, swinging himself to land on the apron where he reaches back, snatching Ohara into neckbreaker position...

...and DROPS off the apron, snapping the neck down onto the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Ohara flops forward, crashing facefirst to the canvas with his arms draped protectively over his neck.]

GM: Good grief, what a blow that was! And again, Ohara takes the blunt of that on the neck, laid out on the mat as Juan Vasquez... well, he may have tweaked his knee dropping off the apron like that.

BW: I think Juan Vasquez would take ten blows to the knee to land one shot like that to Ohara's stack of dimes he calls a neck.

[Vasquez is sitting on the floor, leaning against the apron as he cradles his knee to his chest, wincing in pain. Stevie Scott starts a count on his former friend as the Italian crowd counts along.]

GM: And now Juan Vasquez has to worry about getting himself back inside the ring before the ten count comes down that would end the match.

BW: What a travesty that would be, Gordo. Vasquez is clearly ahead on points right now.

GM: Pro wrestling doesn't work that way, Bucky. There's no going to the scorecards in the event of a draw.

BW: But he's ahead, Gordo! Maybe they should bend that rule - just for tonight!

GM: You'd fit right in there with those Axis guys, wouldn't you?

BW: That might be the nicest thing you've ever said to me.

[In the meantime, Vasquez has managed to regain his feet at the count of six, slowly pulling himself up onto the apron as Ohara manages to push up to all fours.]

GM: Vasquez on the apron, stepping back through-

[But as he gets his injured leg halfway through, Ohara surges to his feet, snatching the leg in his grip...]

GM: What's he-?!

[And snaps off a dragon screw legwhip, using the rope to twist the leg around!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! That could rip every single ligament and tendon in your knee!

[Vasquez is howling in pain, leaning against the ropes as Ohara breathes heavily flat on his back on the canvas. After a few moments, Vasquez falls back out on the apron, grimacing as he rubs his knee vigorously.]

GM: And as we approach the fifteen minute mark - the halfway point in the time limit - for this tremendous battle, both men are down and hurting. Ohara, still cradling the neck - he's taken a tremendous amount of brutal punishment to it... while Vasquez clutches the knee, the early target of Ohara in this matchup.

[A weary Ohara pushes up off the mat, staggering towards the ropes where he ducks through, stepping out to the apron. A sense of danger washes over the Milan crowd who react accordingly.]

GM: Both men out on the apron now, Ohara pulling Vasquez up to his feet and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A big knife edge chop splashes across the chest of Vasquez who - essentially standing on one leg - stumbles backwards, staying on his feet with the aid of his grip on the ropes.]

GM: Ohara with the chop...

[The Phoenix winds up, throwing a second one...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: And a second big chop finds the mark, knocking Vasquez up against the steel ringpost!

[Vasquez is reeling, breathing heavily as Ohara bears down on him, looking to find a way to finish off the Hall of Famer. We cut to a shot of the crowd where Derrick Williams is on his feet, shouting "GET HIM, J! COME ON!" before cutting back to Ohara grabbing a handful of Vasquez' hair, driving a shot between the eyes!]

GM: Martial arts strikes to the head of Vasquez!

BW: Those strikes are in the eyes, Gordo!

GM: They certainly could be and Stevie Scott is warning Ohara against that right now.

[Ohara turns his head for a moment, pleading his case to the Hotshot... but the moment is all Vasquez needs to lower his head, shoving himself away from the post, wrapping his arms around his opponent's torso to muscle him up over his shoulder...]

GM: He's got Ohara up!

BW: Oh, I like the looks of this one!

[Pushing Ohara back, Vasquez reaches around, trying to get a grip on the head and neck...]

GM: He's trying to get him in position for the City of Angels out there on the apron - the very same move that sent Sweet Daddy Williams into retirement! If he can get this on...

[But a struggling Ohara is managing to avoid Vasquez' grasp for the time being...

...and somehow manages to wriggle free, flipping out of the hold to land on his feet behind Vasquez. The crowd roars as Vasquez turns, watching as Ohara grabs the top rope with both hands, using it to swing his leg up and catch Vasquez with a boot to the ear!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT! OHARA WITH THE HEAD KICK!

[Vasquez' eyelids flutter a few times, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet as Ohara drops off to the floor, reaching up to grab Vasquez...]

GM: What's he got in mind here?! What is he...?!

[And the young man HURLS Vasquez off the apron, tossing him through the air where Vasquez SLAMS down on the thinly-padded mats with a thunderous crash!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SLAMMED HIM OFF THE APRON! OHARA SLAMS HIM TO THE FLOOR! AND JUAN VASQUEZ IS IN A BAD, BAD WAY RIGHT ABOUT NOW!

[The Hall of Famer immediately rolls to his hip, clutching at his lower back from the hard slam on the hard floor as Ohara leans against the apron, taking another chance to get a breath. Derrick Williams can be heard shouting to his friend, "YOU GOT HIM NOW, J! FINISH THIS!" Ohara gives a weary nod, stumbling away from the apron, the crowd still buzzing at the hard slam.]

GM: Jordan Ohara moving in on Vasquez, looking to finish him off at the imploring of his good friend, Derrick Williams.

[A tired Ohara pulls Vasquez off the floor by the hair, walking him back over towards the ring where he rolls him under the ropes. Ohara pauses, hands on the apron, taking a few deep breaths before he grabs the ropes to pull himself up.]

GM: Vasquez back in the ring, in his second match of the night. He didn't do a whole lot in Steal The Spotlight earlier thanks to some blatant chicanery but he did compete... and now Jordan Ohara looks to be heading to the top rope once again. Perhaps looking for that Phoenix Flame as we're a few minutes shy of the twenty minute mark of this contest.

[Ohara is moving a little slower than he was earlier in the contest, step by step up the turnbuckles rather than clearing them in a matter of a second or two. The crowd is cheering him on as he tiredly steps to the second rope... then to the top...]

GM: Ohara to the top rope, steadying himself now!

[But as he does, an equally-weary Juan Vasquez pushes up off the mat, rushing forward, and HURLS himself at the top rope, shaking it enough to cause Ohara to fall, his legs on either side of the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! Ohara gets knocked down in a most precarious position on the top turnbuckle!

[Ohara grimaces, wincing at the hard fall on the Ohara family jewels. Vasquez leans over the top rope, trying to catch his breath. He pushes up, grabbing Ohara by the hair...]

GM: Big right hand from down on the canvas! And another!

[With Ohara reeling, Vasquez attempts to seize the opportunity, stepping up on the second rope. He grabs a front facelock, pulling Ohara in as he slings the young man's arm over his neck...]

GM: And look out here, Juan Vasquez is going for a superplex from way up high here in Milan!

[But as Vasquez reaches to hook a handful of tights for leverage, Ohara fires off a right hand into the exposed ribcage.]

GM: Ohara with a right hand of his own! And another!

[The crowd rumbles to life, cheering Ohara on as he peppers the ribs with right hands, trying to battle his way free of Vasquez' grasp.]

GM: Over and over, Ohara pounds away at the body, trying to free himself!

[Ohara continues to fire away, eventually forcing Vasquez to let go of the front facelock. Grabbing Vasquez by the hair, Ohara winds up, throwing an overhead Tomahawk chop down between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh!

[Vasquez falls back off the apron, landing on his feet which sends a jolt of pain up into his knee. The former World Champion cries out, falling to his knee as he grabs hold of his kneecap in obvious pain.]

GM: Ohara battles his way out... Vasquez looks like he might have hurt the knee again...

[And with Vasquez nursing the bum wheel, Ohara steps up to the top turnbuckle, again standing tall as flashbulbs fire throughout the Mediolanum Forum...]

GM: The Phoenix is gonna fly!

[Vasquez slowly pushes himself up, barely able to put weight on that knee...

...which makes him an easy target for Ohara who leaps high and hard from his perch, smashing into the chest of Vasquez with a crossbody!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME!

[But as they hit the canvas, the wily veteran using the youthful Ohara's own momentum against him, rolling through the flying attack to end up with Vasquez atop Ohara, reaching back to hook a leg as referee Stevie Scott dives to the canvas to count.]

BW: ONE!!

GM: HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS! HANDFUL OF TIGHTS!

[In a slightly familiar scene to longtime AWA fans, Juan Vasquez has indeed secured a handful of tights to gain extra leverage on this pinfall attempt.]

BW: TWO!!

GM: NOT LIKE THIS!

[And as Stevie Scott raises his hand, ready to slap the canvas for a third time...

...he pauses.]

BW: WHAT?! WHAT IS HE DOING?!

[Scott suddenly pushes up, taking a look... and spots the handful of tights!]

GM: HE SAW IT! STEVIE SAW IT!

[The former National Champion slaps Vasquez' grip, breaking it. The crowd roars as Scott waves off the pinfall attempt, signaling for the match to continue.]

GM: I can't believe it! Somehow, Stevie Scott KNEW that Juan Vasquez had grabbed the tights! He knew it and he was able to spot it and call it, breaking up the pin attempt!

BW: This is a sham! You call what you see... not what you somehow divine using your third eye!

GM: Just a hair under twenty minutes now in this one and the battle continues!

[An irate Vasquez climbs off the mat, hobbling on one leg as he approaches referee Stevie Scott, sticking an angry finger in his face.]

GM: And Vasquez is HOT!

BW: Can you blame him?! This no-good goody two shoes referee just cost Juan Vasquez the win!

GM: You don't know that!

BW: I absolutely do! Juan Vasquez had this chump Ohara pinned clean as a whistle in the middle-

GM: Clean as a whistle?!

[As the announcers bicker, so too does Scott and Vasquez, their irritation with each other getting higher and higher as Vasquez again jabs a finger into Scott's chest. The crowd grumbles as Scott gestures against to the AWA logo on his striped t-shirt...

...and Vasquez jams his finger into the logo this time with a loud, "I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHO YOU'RE WORKING FOR!"

GM: This is turning into a very tense situation here in Milan... just four weeks before these two square off for what could be the final time in Dallas, Texas at Homecoming.

[Still shouting at Scott, Vasquez winds up and shoves him with both hands in the chest!]

GM: OH!

[Scott's had enough of that, shoving Vasquez in response...

...which sends him falling back into Jordan Ohara who pulls him down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ROLLUP! ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NEAR FALL! NEAR FALL RIGHT THERE FOR OHARA! HE WAS A HALF COUNT - MAYBE LESS - AWAY FROM VICTORY IN THIS MAIN EVENT MATCHUP!

[The crowd is buzzing over the near fall as Ohara lies flat on his back on the canvas.]

GM: Oh brother, was that ever close! Jordan Ohara was... what? A half second away from winning this hard-fought battle!

BW: Close don't count, daddy! He still ain't pulled off a damn thing, Gordo!

GM: Both men are down, starting to stir on the canvas... what do they have left in the tank at this point? This one may come down to who wants it more, Bucky.

BW: Well, that's obvious. No one wants to win a match at any given time more than Juan Vasquez.

GM: I'd wager that men like Jack Lynch, the World Champion... like Ryan Martinez... like Supreme Wright might disagree with that.

[As the crowd continues to cheer them on, Jordan Ohara gets to his feet a few moments before Juan Vasquez does...

...and immediately lights up Vasquez with a knife edge chop!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! What a shot!

[Vasquez grabs at his chest, staggering backwards...

...and then throws himself into a stiff forearm shot to the jaw!]

GM: OH! And Vasquez returns fire!

[Ohara stumbles, gathering himself up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another big chop!

[Vasquez steadies himself, blasting Ohara with a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: The two men are trading shots in the middle of the ring! Who can get the better of this one?

[Ohara suddenly lets loose a roar, eyes flashing with determination...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Gaaah! You could feel that one down here!

[Vasquez looks to respond but Ohara has other ideas.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The three big chops sends Vasquez staggering backwards, arms spiraling around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and one final blow sends the Hall of Famer back into the buckles, reeling from the welt-inducing chops to the chest. The Phoenix ducks down, lifting Vasquez up and depositing him on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Ohara batters Vasquez back to the corner and now he's going for the homerun... perhaps looking for the same superplex that Vasquez went for moments ago.

BW: The same superplex he went for back at the Battle of Boston!

GM: Can he get it this time? That's the question!

[The timekeeper's call goes out throughout the arena over the PA system.]

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

[Ohara nods to himself, stepping up to the second turnbuckle where he grabs Vasquez by the hair, drilling him with a martial arts thrust between the eyes... and

a second lands before he pulls the Hall of Famer into a front facelock, slinging Vasquez' arm over his neck.]

GM: And now it's Ohara setting for the superplex!

[Ohara reaches back, snatching a handful of tights for leverage... but much like the young Phoenix did to him moments ago, Vasquez rifles a right hand into the ribcage!]

GM: Vasquez with a shot to the ribs!

[Pulling his head free from Ohara, Vasquez grabs him by the hair, rearing back and DRIVING his skull into the young man's head, sending him sprawling off the ropes, crashing down to the mat!]

GM: Vasquez knocks him off the ropes...

[And with an opening, the Hall of Famer gets up, standing atop the ropes, looking down on a prone Ohara...]

GM: We saw this at the Battle of Boston! Vasquez looking to pay tribute to his old friend, Luke Kinsey!

[Vasquez leaps into the air, pumping his arms and legs as he plummets down with his own version of the frog splash...]

GM: MAGIC CARPET RIIIIIIIII-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: NO!

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE FROG SPLASH!

[Vasquez rolls to his hip, cradling his ribs in pain as Ohara lies on his back, breathing heavily as he stares up at the lights...

...and to the ROAR of the crowd, Ohara kips up from the canvas, pumping both arms in excitement!]

GM: Oh my! Ohara's fired up, fans!

BW: Where the heck is he going?!

GM: Jordan Ohara's going to the top rope! The Phoenix looking to fly once more here in Milan!

[Ohara steps out to the apron, stepping up to the second rope... then to the top rope...]

GM: Ohara's up top! Vasquez still down on the canvas, holding onto his ribs...

[The Once In A Millennium talent hurls himself into the air, pumping his arms and legs...]

GM: PHOENIX FLAAAAAAAAAAME!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Ohara soaring through the air, Vasquez snatches his old rival, Stevie Scott, by the arm, pulling him on top of him, causing Ohara to crash down onto Scott's back, absorbing much of the impact!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant!

GM: Juan Vasquez saw that Phoenix Flame coming for him... he felt the end of the match at hand and he pulls the referee on top of him... he pulls Stevie Scott right on top of him and Scott took all of that frog splash right down across the back!

BW: Have you ever seen a strategist with better ring smarts than Juan Vasquez?!

GM: I suppose that's one way to think about it.

BW: Oh, and I suppose you think he "cheated."

GM: Well, I think anyone with a moral compass would think that.

BW: My moral compass points to "win the match and make the money, stupid."

GM: That sounds about right.

[Scott rolls off of Vasquez, wincing in pain alongside Jordan Ohara who is clutching his ribs after the dive off the top. Vasquez sits up on the canvas, holding his ribs as well as he climbs to his feet, looking around to survey the scene...

...and a big smirk crosses his face, gesturing to the ring as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Oh, and Juan Vasquez is LOVING this!

[Vasquez eyes Scott for a moment...

...and then leaps into the air, dropping a senton down across Scott's upper chest and head!]

GM: OHH! COME ON!

BW: Hehehe... Vasquez making sure that Stevie Scott can't interfere in whatever he's got planned next!

[Vasquez gets back to his feet, turning his attention towards Jordan Ohara. He approaches the Phoenix, grabbing him by the hair, dragging him up to his feet. The veteran stares the young man dead in the eye, talking to him off-mic...

...and suddenly drops to his knees, swinging his arm up into the groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! VASQUEZ GOES LOW!

BW: Sure did! Take that, Ohara!

GM: And there was NO reason for that! Vasquez was in control and there was absolutely NO call to do that!

[Vasquez gets up to his feet, a smarmy expression on his face as the Milan fans let him have it. He slowly raises his right hand in the air, wiggling his fingers before clenching them together into a fist...]

GM: Vasquez is calling for the Right Cross!

[With Ohara down on his knees, looking up at Vasquez, the Hall of Famer returns the gaze, smiling broadly as he takes his position...]

GM: He's looking for that blow that has felled so many opponents over the years!

BW: If he hits this, we'll spend the next two weeks looking for Ohara's teeth!

[Vasquez turns to the jeering crowd, still holding the fist at the ready, nodding his head...]

...and as he turns to throw the blow, Ohara has recovered enough to move... quickly.]

GM: HE MISSED! SWING AND A MISS!

[As Vasquez goes wildly stumbling by, Ohara pops up to his feet, snatching him in a side waistlock. He powers Vasquez up into the air, spinning him around...]

...and SITS OUT in a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: BOLT BUSTER! BOLT BUSTER BY THE PHOENIX!

[Still seated on the mat, Ohara hooks the legs, waving for a count...]

...but Stevie Scott is still down from the frog splash and the senton, leaving him unable to make the match-ending three count as the timekeeper's call rings out again.]

"FIVE MINUTES! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[The crowd buzzes at the time remaining as Ohara gives a frustrated shout, climbing up off the mat and looking at the downed Vasquez AND the downed Stevie Scott...]

GM: Jordan Ohara standing in the middle of the ring... his opponent is down... the referee is down... only five minutes - less than five minutes now - left in the time limit. What can he do? What can Ohara do to end this thing?

[Ohara gives a confident nod, turning towards the corner. He stomps across the ring, grabbing the ropes and leaping him over them to land on the apron. He steps to the second rope... then to the top... squaring up to face the ring, perching himself up on the top rope...]

GM: Ohara's on the top! Looking down from up high... the Phoenix set to fly!

[...and Ohara hurls himself skyward, pumping his arms and legs, and CRASHES down across the prone Vasquez!]

GM: PHOENIX FLAME! HE GOT IT ALL!

[Ohara clutches his ribs as he throws himself into a lateral press, slapping the canvas once... twice... three times himself. The crowd cheers the visual pin but buzzes with frustration as Ohara looks around in irritation that there's still no referee...]

...until suddenly there is! Davis Warren comes sprinting down the aisle, diving under the bottom rope. Ohara frantically waves him towards the ring, covering Vasquez again!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEE-

[But before the three count can fall, Warren is YANKED clear from the ring by MAWAGA who DROPS Davis Warren with a headbutt between the eyes, knocking the official to the mat!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON!

BW: HERE COMES THE AXIS!

[The crowd ROARS with jeers as Maxim Zharkov and Jackson Hunter join MAWAGA at ringside. Zharkov dives under the ropes, coming to his feet as Ohara pops back up, ready to defend himself...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: BIG CHOP ON ZHARKOV! AND ANOTHER!

[But MAWAGA slides in as well, the Suited Savage looking to do some damage as Ohara has his back turned to him...]

GM: MAWAGA IS IN! OHARA DOESN'T SEE HIM!

[...and the crowd EXPLODES in big cheers as Derrick Williams hops over the barricade, rushing under the ropes!]

GM: WILLIAMS IS IN! WILLIAMS IS IN!

[Williams snatches MAWAGA by the jacket collar, swinging him around into an elbowstrike to the temple. The crowd is on their feet, roaring for the brawl as Ohara throws big chops at Zharkov and Williams throws big elbows at MAWAGA!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

BW: Is the match over?! What the hell is going on here, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea about that but-

[Zharkov charges Ohara who ducks back, pulling the top rope down as the Russian topples over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHARA CLEARS OUT ZHARKOV!

[The Phoenix rushes to his friend's side, joining him in throwing big strikes at MAWAGA, driving the Suited Savage back against the ropes. Ohara reaches out an hand, clasping his friend's as they rush forward, taking MAWAGA up and over the ropes with a double clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! MAWAGA TAKEN OUT TO THE FLOOR AS WELL!

[Clutching his ribs, Juan Vasquez has regained his feet, looking on in shock as his allies are driven from the ring by the young lions standing in front of him. Williams and Ohara turn towards him, staring at the Hall of Famer...]

GM: Well, how about THAT, Juan Vasquez?! The best laid plans of mice and-

[But before Gordon can get the words out, Williams - still holding Ohara by the hand from the double clothesline - yanks the Phoenix towards him, leaping into the air, snatching a three-quarter nelson...

...and DRIVES Ohara's skull into the canvas to a thunderous shocked reaction!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Williams comes to his feet, staring down at the motionless Ohara after having used the Blackout to put him down.]

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

BW: Oh, it is! It's all happening, Gordo!

GM: No, I can't... what in the hell did Derrick Williams just do?!

[Williams turns, staring Juan Vasquez in the eyes, taking a step towards him...

...and then sinks to a knee!]

BW: HE BENT THE KNEE! WILLIAMS BENT THE KNEE!

[The crowd ERUPTS - first in shock and then in out and out rage towards the betrayal they've just witnessed.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! This can't be right! There's gotta be some kind of mistake!

BW: The only mistake is that Williams didn't do this MONTHS ago!

[As the crowd jeers wildly, a smirking Juan Vasquez looks around at them, letting what they've just seen soak in...

...and then he pulls Derrick Williams up to his feet, embracing the young lion as the decibel level of the crowd gets even louder.]

GM: This is... this is awful. That's not a strong enough word but...

BW: The Axis stands stronger than ever!

[MAWAGA, Zharkov, and Hunter climb back into the ring, joining Vasquez and Williams who are standing over a motionless Ohara and Stevie Scott...

...and the five men join hands, raising their arms as they stand over their fallen foes!]

GM: No! I can't... this can't be happening. Jesus, this is like a bad dream. I'm... Bucky, I don't want any part of this.

[A loud "CLUNK!" is heard, presumably Gordon dumping his headset on the table. Jackson Hunter seems to spot Gordon's exit, pointing to it and saying something to his allies who all get a good laugh out of it...

...just before a plastic water bottle bounces off Hunter's head, water spilling onto his jacket. Hunter looks agitated for a moment and then smiles with a loud "NOTHING'S GONNA RUIN THIS MOMENT!"

The sight of one bottle flying into the ring encourages more fans to do the same and after a few moments, there's a shower of trash - bottles, paper wrappers,

wadded-up food, who knows what else - is flying in, striking the Axis over and over and over...

But it means nothing to them. They stand in the ring triumphant, arms raised as Ohara and Scott are still down on the mat.]

BW: What a night! Derrick Williams has made the Axis of Evil stronger than ever and... well... we're out of time. How does Gordon end this? I'm never listening by that point.

[More trash flies down at the Axis as they celebrate their shocking plan.]

BW: Forget it! We're out of here!

[The chaotic scene continues to unfold for several moments before we slowly fade to black.]