

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING
AUGUST 27TH, 2016

LONDON CALLING

[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#

[Jack Lynch 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 O2 Arena - 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 jolly ol' London, England! And we are LIVE in the O2 Arena 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 blue, red, and white 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: The AWA has taken the continent of Europe by storm over the past several weeks and tonight, we've reached the end of our summer abroad! Hello everyone, I'm Gordon Myers, and by my side as always is the one and only Bucky Wilde!

[The camera shot shows Bucky Wilde for the first time. The colorful color man is wearing a bedazzled glittering red, white, and blue cape over a white t-shirt that reads "I TRAVELED ALL OVER EUROPE AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT." A cheap-looking plastic crown sits cockeyed on top of his head as he twirls around to show off the cape. He spins back to Gordon, a big grin on his face.]

BW: That's Sir Buckthorn Wilde to you, you lowly commoner!

GM: My apologies, Sir Bucky... but as we prepare to end this historic tour, Bucky, you've gotta be excited about tonight's action.

BW: Absolutely. I'm looking forward to seeing what kind of intestinal fortitude Daniel Harper has when he gets in there tonight with Anton Layton... and barring that, I'm looking forward to Layton showing us his intestines.

[Gordon shudders.]

GM: How about the World Television Title match pitting Kerry Kendrick against the former champion Shadoo Rage?

BW: Hey, we're not shouting Hamilton lyrics tonight but if we were, I'd say that Shadoo Rage better not throw away his shot here tonight because it may be the last one he gets.

GM: We've got the Steal The Spotlight Finals... we've got Derek Rage vs Lee Connors... we've got so much action including the new World Champion Jack Lynch defending the title against one of his best friends, Bobby O'Connor, later tonight.

BW: And I'll be happy if that one ends in a raging case of mad cow for both of them.

GM: You're too much, Sir Bucky, but for now, let's kick things off up in the ring with Jayden Jericho taking on Allen Allen! Rebecca Ortiz, take it away, young lady!

[We fade up to the ring where the buxom Rebecca Ortiz clad in a skintight black dress begins to speak.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. First, in the ring at this time... from Allenville, Illinois... weighing in at 207 pounds... he is ALLLLLLLLLLLENNNNNNN ALLLLLLLLLLLENNNNNNN!

[Allen flips his mulleted blonde hair to cheers from the London crowd. He stands in his red trunks, kneepads, and boots awaiting his opponent as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[Cut the lights.]

GM: Oh brother.

[A heartbeat echoes out throughout the arena. It beats faster as a line appears on the big screen, pulsing with the beat. It beats faster and stronger until it suddenly flatlines, a shrill tone filling the air...

...and a giant heart icon fills the screen with "PRODIGY" written across it in swirly text. It "bursts" into pieces as a "BOOM!" accompanying some minor pyro goes off. "Playboy" Ronnie D clad in red leather pants and a sparkling silver shirt runs into view with a loud "YEAAAAAAH, BAYBAAAAAY!" He slides to a stop, throwing his arms up as the sounds of "Immortal" by Eve To Adam starts up.]

#I am immortal... I'll never fade away
I'm a legacy that lives beyond... far the grave.
I am immortal. I'll never rest in peace.

And you're never gonna be... never gonna be... never be meeeeeeee!#

[Another "BOOM!" goes up as "The Prodigy" Jayden Jericho walks through the curtain, obviously a bit embarrassed by all the pomp and circumstance for his arrival. He looks out in awe at the O2 Arena crowd, a grin crossing his face as the crowd responds with jeers.]

RO: From Toronto, Canada... weighing in at 215 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by his manager and father, "Playboy" Ronnie D...

[D pops to his feet with a "YEAAAAAAH, THAT'S RIGHT!"]

RO: ...he is the Prodigy... JAAAAAAAYYYYDENNNNN JERRRRRRICHOOOOO!

[Jericho raises his arms over his head, getting more jeers. He looks a little disheartened, pumping his arms with a "COME ON!" but his father is right by his side, waving an arm dismissively at the crowd. Clad in silver full-length tights with red hearts littering them and a crimson red shimmering vest over his oiled-up bare torso, Jericho starts walking down the aisle towards the ring, his father "YEAH, BAYBAYing" him all the way down.]

GM: Well, Jayden Jericho made his debut two weeks ago in Milan and... things didn't go exactly as he'd planned. Let's take a look at the closing moments of that match from our last Saturday Night Wrestling!

[We fade to footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO!" where we see "Playboy" Ronnie D on the floor screaming at his son as Jeff Matthews pulls young Jayden Jericho off the floor, reaching back to secure a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: You can see that Matthews knew what he was looking for - that deadly Foxden - but Jericho had other ideas for the moment.

[Jericho shoves Matthews away, sending him stumbling forward. Jericho sets his feet, shuffling them as Matthews turns back towards him...]

GM: A quick snapping superkick... a second... a third, stunning Matthews...

[And with the Hall of Famer in a daze, Jericho runs to the ropes, leaping up to the second, springing off and twisting around into a crossbody...

...which is when Matthews leaps up, snaring the three-quarter nelson, and DRIVES Jericho's skull into the mat!]

GM: But the Foxden does more than stun young Jericho! And when the former World Champion covers, he gets the one... the two... and the three.

[Matthews celebrates his win as Jericho stares at the lights...

...and we fade back to live action where the duo has arrived at 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: After that loss in his debut, Jayden Jericho was disappointed - of course - but his father, the controversial Playboy himself, was furious and made an immediate challenge for a rematch. Jeff Matthews versus Jayden Jericho one more time... and I'm told that immediately following this match, we're going backstage to the Hall of Famer to get his response to that challenge but now, Jericho has an opportunity to get himself on the winning path when he takes on Allen Allen.

[D gives his son a quick peptalk in the corner before exiting the ring, leaving the 18 year old staring across at the man from Allenville.]

GM: This one just about set to begin here in London, the final night of the AWA's historic European tour. This tour really has been one for the ages, Bucky, and with one night left, there's a feeling in the air that we're looking at something very, very special. Two titles on the line... the Steal The Spotlight Finals...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And there's the bell to kick off the first match on the final night of this tour.

[Allen Allen strides out to the center of the ring, waiting as Jayden Jericho approaches. The former enhancement talent grins at Jericho, extending his hand.]

GM: The offer of a handshake. That's a nice way to start off this show.

[Jericho looks around the arena, the crowd imploring him to accept...

...and then his gaze rests on his father who shouts "NO! NO! ABSOLUTELY NOT!"

GM: Or perhaps not.

BW: Ronnie D seems pretty adamant that there shouldn't be a handshake, Gordo.

GM: He does and... well, it looks like Jericho is going to follow his father's advice.

[With a reluctant shrug, Jericho waves off the handshake. Allen looks disappointed before quickly bringing his arms up as Jericho lunges into a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Tieup in the center of the ring and...

[Jericho drops down, using an armdrag to flip Allen over onto the mat. The athletic youngster gets right back to his feet as Ronnie D shouts his approval from the floor.]

GM: Well, Ronnie D may not have approved of the handshake but he certainly approved of that armdrag.

[Allen gets back to his feet, shaking out his arm. He nods as he moves in again, tying up a second time before he grabs Jericho by the wrist, twisting out into an armwringer.]

GM: And Allen goes after the arm, putting the pressure on the limb...

[Jericho slaps at his own shoulder a few times before backing towards the ropes. He reaches out, grabbing the top rope, and backflips away from the pressure, landing on his feet before popping Allen with a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Nice reversal and a nice forearm to boot!

[Grabbing the stunned Allen by the arm, Jericho fires him across the ring into the ropes...]

GM: Allen off the far side... leapfrog by Jericho!

[Jericho stays in the exact same spot as Allen bounces off the ropes behind him. The Prodigy blindly leaps again...]

GM: Blind leapfrog! Very impressive!

[And as Allen bounces off a third time, Jericho leaps back up, scissoring his head between his legs, snapping him over to the canvas!]

BW: How about that, Gordo?

GM: You've gotta be impressed with the athletic ability of this young Canadian.

[As Allen gets back to his feet, Jericho grabs him around the head and neck, using a snapmare to take him over into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big kick to the spine! Jericho to the ropes now...

[Bouncing back, Jericho goes low with a basement dropkick that knocks Allen back down to the mat. The Prodigy scrambles into a pin attempt, earning himself a quick two count before Allen escapes.]

GM: Two count there for Jayden Jericho... and of course, his father is shouting at the official that it was a three count.

BW: Might've been if we were using the Canadian exchange rate.

GM: The Canadian... what in the world are you-

[Gordon cuts himself short at the reaction of the crowd.]

GM: What the-?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[In the ring, Jericho looks toward his father, confused. Outside the ring, "Playboy" Ronnie D is on the floor holding the back of his neck, wincing in pain. Standing over him is a pretty big guy in jeans and a hoodie holding a baseball bat. Jericho sees this, and turns to figure out what's going on. The crowd is torn between cheering for the assault on Ronnie D and booing because they can see the logo on the hoodie...]

GM: Wait a second! That's a Claw Academy shirt!

[The hood comes down, and we see that the mystery assailant is the Blackheart himself, Casey James.]

GM: That's... well, we're not supposed to say the man's name but he's standing right in front of us! That's Casey James, damn it! What in the HELL is he doing here?!

[A sneering Blackheart slowly raises his bat out on the floor, pointing it up at Jayden Jericho who angrily approaches the ropes in defense of his downed father.]

GM: James isn't- he got banned for life! He's not even supposed to be in the damn building, Bucky! Get security out here or something!

[Jericho grabs the top rope, ready to slingshot over them onto James who draws back the baseball bat at the ready...]

BW: I admire Jericho's heart but he doesn't know who he's dealing with! First, Casey James is a dangerous man. Second, he just doesn't care about anything or anyone. And third...

[...but before Jericho can fling himself onto the Hall of Famer, a second man in a Claw Academy hoodie and jeans hits the ring behind him, hitting a round shin kick to the back of the skull that drops the Prodigy like a bad habit!]

BW: ...he's never alone!

[The second hoodie comes off to reveal - to the surprise of no one - Tiger Claw who sneers down at the fallen son of the Playboy.]

GM: Damn it! Damn it all! Where the heck is security?!

BW: Claw just about took that kid's head off his shoulders, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did.

[Out on the floor, the Blackheart breaks into a laugh at the sight of the downed Jayden Jericho.]

GM: Oh, you're a real big man, jumping a guy from behind... beating up someone else with a bat!

BW: Quiet, Gordo! I might've stood up to Caleb Temple for you but if the Syndicate comes for you, you're on your own, brother!

[James turns his attention back to the downed Ronnie D who has managed to crawl towards the Blackheart, wrapping his hand around James' leg. The Blackheart simply shrugs...]

CJ: Dads are supposed to protect their sons, Ronnie!

[Casey swings the bat down into the Playboy's ribs!]

CJ: PROTECT YOUR SON, RONNIE!

GM: Good grief!

[Back inside the ring, Allen Allen is back on his feet, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs...

...when Tiger Claw rushes him, throwing another shin kick that takes the former enhancement talent up into the air and down onto the canvas!]

GM: Claw going after Allen too! This is a damn mugging!

BW: Where the heck is everyone?!

GM: I'm being told over my headset that Emerson Gellar is refusing to allow any members of the AWA locker room through that curtain by threat of suspension!

BW: Then where the hell is security at least?! These guys are kicking everyone's ass and no one from our side is doing a damn thing about it!

GM: We know what happened the last time these two got involved back in Boston! They went after wrestlers, officials, security - you name it! I wouldn't be surprised if no one wants any part of them after that!

[With Ronnie D laid out on the floor, the Blackheart rolls into the ring, looking pretty proud of himself. He turns towards the entryway, spreading his arms invitingly but sees no one coming. James turns towards the closest camera, grabbing it forcefully by the lens...]

"COME AND PLAY, YA FU-(the sound cuts out momentarily)-OWARDS!"

[James angrily shoves the camera aside, turning his focus to the downed Jayden Jericho, peeling him off the mat by the hair and with little effort, he lifts the much-smaller competitor up over his head...]

GM: Come on! Enough is enough, for crying out loud!

[James smirks as he turns to one side of the ring... then another...]

GM: What in the heck is he going to do with him?! Hasn't he done enough?!

[The Hall of Famer turns again, throwing a glance towards his partner who gives a nod...]

...and then James HURLS Jericho through the air towards Claw who leaps up, snatching a three-quarter nelson, and DRIVES the falling Jericho into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PRESS SLAM SYNDICUTTER! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

BW: And if security was scared to come out here before, they're all looking for new pants after that one, daddy! Casey James and Tiger Claw have stopped this show cold!

GM: Which is - I'm sure - exactly what they wanted! They wanted all the spotlight on them! They couldn't let this historic night go by without getting the attention on them! This is why these two caused headaches in every promotion they were ever in! This is why they turned locker rooms against each other every night! Chaos and carnage followed these two everywhere they went and tonight is no different!

BW: Look at this, Gordo... James is trying to get the mic.

GM: Don't give it to him! We already know there's no telling what these maniacs might do... who the hell knows what they'd say on a live microphone?!

BW: I've gotta agree with you on that one.

GM: Hey! They don't work here! Don't give them that!

[James snatches the microphone out of the timekeeper's protesting hands, turning to look straight into the hard camera, ignoring the fans that are for the most part booing the Syndicate]

CJ: So... Are we funny now?

[The crowd continues to boo as James turns, almost like he suddenly heard them.]

CJ: ARE WE FUNNY NOW!? Huh? Did we give you a laugh? Isn't that what you want?

[James lowers the mic, looking with disdain at the jeering London crowd.]

GM: What in the world is he talking about?

[James raises the mic again.]

CJ: Hey, Gellar? Isn't that why you brought us in? To make us look like a couple of clowns? To book us in stupid skits!?

[The jeers intensify as James stomps around the ring.]

CJ: Oh, what? I'm sorry, was I not acting like enough of an idiot? Isn't Claw - what was it you said in that creative meeting? Isn't he relatable enough?

[Allen has started moving around on the mat. Claw scowls and stomps Allen's head into the canvas, removing the distraction.]

CJ: That looked pretty relatable to me, brother.

[James chuckles before turning back to the hard camera.]

CJ: You see, maybe if you had used the legends you had on your roster properly, and not wasted them in bullsh-(the sound cuts out again for a moment)-omedy bits, this might not have happened.

[James smirks at the crowd's reaction. Claw keeps an eye on the head of the aisle, watching for security.]

CJ: You wanna know what they did? Screw it, I'll tell you. Last year...

[Casey's mic goes silent, causing the crowd to react with a mixed pop.]

GM: Thank goodness. Who knows what kind of garbage was going to come out of his foul mouth next?!

[James stops for a moment, then calmly shrugs and picks up his bat. The Blackheart rolls out of the ring and walks over to the timekeeper's table. He roars at the people sitting there...]

CJ: MOVE!

[HE doesn't wait for a response before he starts slamming the baseball bat into the table over and over again. Papers and clipboards go flying as the people who were sitting at the table dive out of the way.]

GM: Good lord! Get out of there, guys! He's completely unhinged!

[James swings the bat at the ring bell, knocking it off the table and sending it sliding across the floor.]

BW: Come on! Enough already!

GM: Here comes security! Gellar has finally sent some security!

BW: It's about time!

[James seems satisfied with the destruction of the timekeeper's area, turning his head and spotting Ronnie D still laid out on the floor. With a sneer, the Blackheart stomps towards him again, holding the bat up in the air...]

GM: Oh, come on! I've got no love for Ronnie D but this is totally uncalled for! Totally!

[James is about to strike again when Claw calls out to him, alerting him to the security staff running down the aisle. The Blackheart again causes a moment of silence as he presumably swears up a storm, dropping the bat near D's head. Claw rolls out of the ring to join him on the floor.]

GM: What's this all about?

[Together, the two Syndicate members raise their hands.]

GM: Are you kidding me right now?

[The security squad arrives at ringside, nervous faces all around as they quickly encircle the two Hall of Famers.]

GM: Security is surrounding the Syndicate at ringside, and neither James nor Claw look like they want a fight here... What did James just say?

BW: He said, "I ain't going to jail for a couple of chumps."

GM: Classy. What an awful human being. Well, I hope he's wrong about that, Bucky. I hope there ARE legal charges leveled because these two men just committed straight up ASSAULT against three contracted members of the AWA talent roster after being explicitly banned from appearing on our shows.

BW: That ban sure did do a lot to stop them. That's twice now that they've shown up, Gordo. The Battle of Boston and tonight in London. These guys are showing up at the AWA's biggest moments and raising hell and so far, Emerson Gellar's been completely unable to stop them!

GM: That much we agree on. Something damn sure needs to be done to stop these two.

[Security starts to herd the Syndicate up the aisle. James and Claw make a point of making no aggressive motions, keeping their hands up.]

CJ: Easy, guys... easy... hey, where's Gellar? Huh? Come on, let us talk to Gellar.

[Security ignores the question, but that just gets Casey going. He calmly keeps asking the security guy next to him to take him to Gellar.]

GM: Where does he get off making requests? Get 'em outta here!

[James continues to harass the security guards on either side of them as the buzzing crowd watches the Syndicate being escorted up the aisle towards the locker room curtain.]

GM: Throw 'em out in the street! This is... forget it, let's go to commercial for the love of... just do it.

[A smirk crosses the Blackheart's face as he and his partner-in-crime are led towards the curtain and we abruptly cut 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 a chaotic scene just beyond the Chimpanzee Position. There's a crowd of wrestlers, officials, and staff surrounding Emerson Gellar who is shouting.]

EG: EVERYONE SETTLE DOWN, DAMN IT! QUIET DOWN!

[Gellar's words accomplish nothing until he climbs up on a wooden table near the entryway, cupping his hands to his mouth.]

EG: QUIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEET!

[The grumbling settles down a bit as a disheveled-looking Gellar runs a hand over his sweat-covered brow and through his messy hair.]

EG: Look, I get it... every single one of you wanted to go out there and get a piece of James and Claw. Hell, every single one of you wanted to take 'em out back here too!

[Murmured agreement all around.]

EG: I understand... I even appreciate it. But we are three months away from the biggest night of our year and I'm not going to risk ANY of you getting yourself into some messed up legal situation because those two decided to press charges for assault. And if you don't think they'd do it in a heartbeat, you haven't dealt with Brian Lau ever.

[Some laughter rings out, easing the tension. Gellar even smiles.]

EG: So, look... James? Claw? I've got that situation under control. I'm going to deal with it myself. They've been taken into custody by local police for trespassing and assault, okay? Now, I need the rest of you guys to go back to your locker rooms and get ready for the rest of the show. This is a big night so take all that energy, all that anger, and you go let it out inside that ring, alright?

[More murmured agreement as people start to depart the scene. Gellar stays on the table for a moment before climbing down, taking a spot between Vernon Riley and Tommy Fierro.]

EG: Son of a...

TF: What're we gonna do about it, boss man?

[Gellar shakes his head.]

EG: I've got no idea. But we've got to put an end to this somehow, guys. Somehow...

[And as Gellar looks off into the distance, lost in thought, we fade to another part of the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: A chaotic way to kick off a historic night and while one rookie is out in the arena getting medical aid, my next guests find themselves in a situation most rookies could only dream about. They are one half of the Steal the Spotlight finalists, the survivors of Team Electric Dragon, "The Phoenix" Jordan Ohara and the American Ninja, Riley Hunter.

[Only Ohara enters the frame wearing a Carolina blue T-shirt with his Phoenix symbol emblazoned on the front. He has his hair pulled back in that short tight ponytail with his bangs in front of his face. Blackwell looks around in confusion.]

SLB: Sorry Jordan, but you seem to be missing somebody. Where's Riley?

JO: I don't know, Sweet Lou. Riley Hunter is a man that does whatever amuses him. I'm focussed on Vasquez and Supreme Wright.

[Ohara takes a deep breath.]

JO: I live for these moments. In Supreme Wright, you've got a master technician. The best wrestler on the mat. I mean, he's produced so many classics. Only

certain men get to face him and I'm lucky enough to be one of those men facing him on the big stage where he gives his best. I need to know where I stand when I match up with him. I need to know how close I am to my dream of being the best in the world.

SLB: And Juan Vasquez? He's been your Achilles heel.

JO: Vasquez is different.

[Ohara's face hardens.]

JO: That bastard took away my best friend. He convinced Derrick Williams to bend the knee.

[Ohara's expression is a mixture of sadness and anger.]

JO: And that makes this match personal. I'm going to hurt him for what he did. I'm going to chop him to pieces, take him down, and make him hurt. He thinks he has me beat! He thinks he has me down and out.

[Ohara stares straight through the camera.]

JO: That's when the Phoenix rises. And Vasquez, tonight I rise!

[Sweet Lou pulls the microphone away for a second, interrupting his train of thought.]

SLB: Jordan, I'm sorry to interrupt you, but our floor director is in my earpiece right now; she says that on the telephone right now, from... somewhere here in London... Riley Hunter has called in and he wants to talk to you.

Riley Hunter, you're live on the air on Saturday Night Wrestling. This is Lou Blackwell with Jordan Ohara, can you hear me?

[There is a short crackle, and the disembodied phone voice of Riley Hunter answers back. He sounds like he is walking and talking.]

RH: [on phone] "Sweet Lou, I'm here! Can you hear me, Ohara?"

SLB: We can all hear you, Riley. Where are you?

RH: [on phone] "I just got released from the UK Home Office. Someone called in a tip to audit my work visa! I've been in this office all day!"

JO: Hunter, stop playing with me! This match is important. You were supposed to be at the arena a couple of hours ago!

RH: [on phone] "I know! But I've been detained!"

JO: You're not out at public monuments playing that stupid Pokemon mobile game, are you?

[There are a couple of uncomfortable seconds of silence.]

RH: [on phone] "Of course not! How dare you... How dare you accuse me of that?"

JO: Because every time I tried to sit you down to try and talk strategy with you on this tour, that's been your excuse blowing me off!

RH: [on phone] "Well, that's not the case this time! Someone made a false claim about my work status, and it's got the fingerprints of that stinking, rotten manipulative cousin of mine all over it! Jackson has his nose wedged so firmly in Juan Vasquez's backside that he'll do anything to grease the tracks to hand him the Steal the Spotlight! You saw it two weeks ago, Jordan! You saw how he snuck his way into that match!"

JO: So are you coming tonight or what, Riley?

RH: [on phone] "Jordan, I am on my way as we speak. The AWA is trying to hail me a cab—planes, trains, automobiles—anything to get me there. I'm not going to whizz this down my leg like Brian James did. No no! This is what I'm going to do: I'm going to make it to the arena, I'm going to be in Jordan Ohara's corner, I'm going to bail him out and take down both Vasquez and Supreme Wright while my traitor cousin watches, and then, just to put the cherry on top, you and I are going to close out the London tour with a Seven Star classic match, and I'm going to run the table on you and clean sweep the Steal The Spotlight Finals! Thank you for your time, Sweet Lou!"

[Ohara inhales like he's going to respond, but Hunter just keeps going.]

JO: ...

RH: [on phone] "Aloha means 'goodbye!' Phoenix, keep that tag rope warm for me, and until I arrive later tonight..."

[Ohara folds his arms, exasperated.]

RH: [on phone] "GOOD NIGHT NOW!"

[Click.]

JO: Riley thinks he's slick. Sweet Lou, everybody thinks they can play with the Phoenix. I'll show them. Tonight, can I steal the spotlight? Yes, I can.

[Ohara stalks off, obviously angry at recent events as Sweet Lou stays behind, shaking his head.]

SLB: The Syndicate attack. Riley Hunter MIA. What in the world else can happen here tonight?

[He claps his hand over his own mouth.]

SLB: I shouldn't even ask that. We're about to head out to the ring for our second match of the night but before we do, let's hear from Jeff Matthews regarding the challenge made by Jayden Jericho... well, Ronnie D really but...

[Blackwell shrugs as we cut to another part of the backstage area where Theresa Lynch is standing alongside the Hall of Famer, "The Madfox" Jeff Matthews, who is clad in a black suit, white dress shirt, and solid red tie.]

MS: Thanks, Lou... and Jeff Matthews, even though you've been here for a little whole now, on a chaotic night like this, it truly feels like I should say "Welcome to the AWA!"

[Matthews chuckles.]

JMM: Thanks, Mark. You know, Mark... I'm sure some guys run and hide on a night like this but lucky for you, I don't scare easy. Remember, I cemented my Hall of Fame plaque on the wall in the Land of Extreme so chaos in the air...

[Matthews takes a whiff.]

JMM: Yeah, that smells like wrestling to me. Although, I have to admit that I sure as heck didn't expect to see so many familiar faces around here when I decided to come back.

[Stegglet grimaces.]

MS: Some of whom aren't exactly welcome.

JMM: So I hear. But Ronnie D... he's under contract, right?

MS: Right.

JMM: And you can't forget about "Playboy" Ronnie D... now that's mostly because "Playboy" Ronnie D won't let you forget about "Playboy" Ronnie D but...

[Stegglet smiles.]

MS: It's gotta feel pretty strange to find yourself talking about Ronnie D after... what? Twenty years since you two first met?

[Matthews nods.]

JMM: Strange isn't the word I'd use, Mark, but the word I'd use might get us kicked off the network. But hey, you gotta give the man some credit. He's always been able to irk people... get under their skin. He's good at promoting his brand - if that's what we're calling it - and I'm sure he's going to do a fine job at promoting his son too.

[The Madfox raises a hand, shaking a finger at the camera.]

JMM: But that's where the problem is for me, Mark. Because his kid - Jayden Jericho - he's got some talent. He's super athletic... he's creative inside the ring... I think he's got potential to be good... maybe even real good. But on the other hand...

[He lifts "the other hand."]

JMM: ...he's Ronnie's kid. And that's weight on the kid's shoulders that I'm just not sure any man can bear, you know?

You can't pick your parents, kid... so you better know a lot about them.

And if you know one ounce as much about your old man as the rest of us do, you know what happened out there tonight... with James and Claw...

Look, Mark... that wasn't right... but that doesn't mean it won't happen again.

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Well, I don't think what happened with Casey James and Tiger Claw tonight had anything to do with anyone specifically. They didn't pick that moment because they were after Ronnie D.

JMM: Maybe not but I was there in Los Angeles when all that went down with those three and I can testify that if James and Claw had their choice of who to hit with a baseball bat, they'd pick Ronnie D almost every single time.

Speaking of my past...

[Matthews clears his throat.]

JMM: Isaiah 14:21

"Prepare slaughter for his children for the iniquity of their fathers; that they do not rise, nor possess the land, nor fill the face of the world with cities."

[Matthews absentmindedly reaches up and rubs a finger over the cross-shaped scar on his forehead, smirking before he continues.]

JMM: Jayden, is this is a path you want to continue going down? Are you willing to fight your father's battles? Is this something that he's got to prove... or are you doing this for yourself?

[The former World Champion just looks off for a brief second before refocusing on the camera.]

JMM: The rematch that has been requested of me for Homecoming... is that your idea? Or is it your father's? I'm afraid I know the answer to that, kid, and it's not what I'd prefer. I proved what I need to prove against you in Milan...

[Matthews pauses... then sighs.]

JMM: But you know... I didn't come out of retirement to duck anyone or to back away from any fight. So, if you dig deep down, Jayden Jericho, and you decide you truly want to have another go at it... fine by me.

I've got a long road to get back to where I want to be in this business and if I've gotta go through you - one more time - to get there... then that's how it has to be.

[The former World Champion nods.]

JMM: I accept. I won't deny you this moment, Jayden.

Look, I get where you're coming from... and I already told you that we share something. We share a reason why we both got into this business.

Family.

[Matthews pauses.]

JMM: And family will either lead us into sin... or salvation.

I think we're just about a week away from learning a little bit more about Jayden Jericho's future, Mark... and maybe a little about my own as well.

[Matthews claps Stegglet on the shoulder before making his exit.]

MS: Challenge accepted! Jeff Matthews taking on Jayden Jericho at Homecoming! And now, let's go back down to ringside to Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde!

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

GM: Dallas, Texas... get ready because this might be the biggest Homecoming yet!

[The drums start throughout the arena as "Can't Hold Us" begins to play as the crowd gets to their feet to cheer.]

GM: And it looks like Cody Mertz is coming out here.

BW: Why? I know for a fact that Taylor and Donovan have no time for a guy who they call a has-been of the tag division.

GM: Well, I'd very much disagree with that! But nonetheless Cody Mertz is coming out here, folks, and it looks like he's dressed to compete.

[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: Wishing on the stars doesn't make it a reality kid, get ready to turn around and be disappointed.

[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. He then turns to Rebecca Ortiz and politely asks for the house mic.]

CM: Hello London!

[Mertz raises his hand again as the crowd gives it obligatory hometown pop.]

CM: Now we all know why I'm here! It's the same reason that I've been out all this time. Namely Wes Taylor...

[The crowd boos.]

CM: ...and Tony Donovan.

[The crowd boos again as Mertz nods his head.]

CM: Now, when I first came back, I made no secret that I wanted one of those two in the ring in Milan and they... ignored me completely.

[The crowd jeers.]

BW: AS THEY SHOULD HAVE!

GM: Bucky, be quiet!

[Mertz raises the mic to continue.]

CM: Then last Saturday Night, I came to this ring and I challenged Taylor and Donovan again to a match right here in London.

[Another hometown pop.]

CM: And folks, I'm here to tell you that I've been told... that the match isn't happening tonight either.

[The crowd boos as Mertz nods his head.]

CM: I know, believe me... I know. And I'm truly sorry you don't get to see that match here tonight. Heck, no one wanted that match more than me. But I also saw on that show that Lau and Fawcett were talking about me... or more exact, they were talking about how to avoid me.

So, maybe... if one of them can clear their schedule... they can come out here and tell all of you people here in London why Taylor or Donovan are too afraid to fight me!

[Mertz looks to the back as the crowd begins to buzz, but nothing happens.]

CM: I don't care which one of you comes out here... I just think one of you owes these people an explanation!

[Again, Mertz waits and again nothing happens. Mertz cross his arms and then, after a moment, speaks again.]

CM: That's fine, I should have recognized the pattern. Well, maybe since you won't come out here... maybe I should go back there and get my explanation!

[The crowd cheers as Mertz takes a step through the ropes and stands on the apron.]

CM: AND MY MATCH!

[The crowd really cheers for that as Mertz is about to hop down from the ring, only for those cheers to turn to thunderous boos as "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett makes his way out. He takes the blood red handkerchief out of his breast pocket to dab sweat from his forehead before speaking.]

"D"HF: First of all, never imagine yourself to be at such an elite level that you can feel free to make demands of men such as myself and my compatriots.

[Fawcett sneers at the booing fans.]

"D"HF: However, I believe in being the change I wish to see in the world. I shall show kind favor to even one as low as you to show one and all that yes, dreams come true.

[A cruel smile crosses Fawcett's lips.]

"D"HF: For not only shall I give you the match you have demanded... I shall allow these people to be graced by TRUE royalty. For if anyone knows what it means to stand side by side with a true KING... it is yours truly.

[The boos grow louder at the insult to the royal family, although a smaller portion of the crowd seem to be picking up on what Fawcett is actually referring to.]

BW: You don't think...

GM: We've heard Fawcett mention royalty in the past, but never as much when he led that monster to the ring!

[Fawcett nods.]

"D"HF: So please allow me to introduce, KING...

[The crowd starts to buzz, perhaps anticipating the return of the King of the Demons...

...when Fawcett reaches into his pocket, taking out a small piece of paper.]

"D"HF: Oh, pardon me. My mistake. Ladies and gentlemen, Reginald King.

[Fawcett points behind him, and out walks a fairly nondescript middle aged man in faded ring gear. Fawcett shakes hands with the underwhelming grappler before walking side by side with him towards the ring.]

GM: And I guess we're going to have a match after all?

BW: HAHAHA, this is priceless! HAHA... he thought he'd actually get a match with a King? HAHA!

GM: Bucky, show some restraint and some professional accountability!

BW: HAHA... I'm trying it's just too funny!

GM: Well, Cody Mertz is standing in the ring now looking at this Reginald King character as well as down the aisle at Dr. Harrison Fawcett. Davis Warren has jogged down to the ring and I guess this match is going to be official.

[Warren signals for the bell as King reaches the ring, but now Mertz only has eyes for Fawcett.]

GM: Mertz not paying any attention to the match as the ref has rung the bell... he is shouting at Fawcett.

[King charges after Mertz from behind and clubs him down to the canvas where he greets him with several stomps.]

BW: And after all that, Mertz is going to get taken out by the "King"... hehe... again!

[King picks up Mertz and shoves him into the nearest corner. A couple of hard rights to the head gets a warning from the official, but King brushes him off and then whips Mertz into the opposite corner.]

GM: King looking to keep up the offense as he charges after Mertz... OH MY!

[The crowd roars as Mertz charges right back out of the corner, leaping up to drive a forearm right to the jaw of Reginald King!]

GM: He nearly took his head off with that, Bucky!

BW: He's a King, he'll recover.

[Mertz glares at Fawcett as he picks a wobbly King up and shoves him hard into the corner.]

GM: Mertz now with a vicious kick right to the midsection and then he stands him back up with a knife edge chop.

[A second kick and chop follow, causing King to reel against the buckles.]

GM: It looks like a fire's been started with Cody Mertz! The disrespect shown to him by the Kings of Wrestling and Harrison Fawcett-

BW: DOCTOR Harrison Fawcett.

GM: My apologies but my point stands. Their disrespect is staggering, Bucky.

[Mertz continues to throw the kick and chop combo in the corner until the referee calls for a break. Instead, he grabs King by the arm, whipping him across the ring to the far corner.]

GM: Mertz shoots him across, charging in after him!

[A running dropkick drives both feet into King's chest, smashing him against the buckles as Mertz scrambles up, running back to the far corner again...]

GM: Here we go again!

[A second running dropkick finds the mark, leaving King gasping for air.]

GM: Mertz back on his feet, King staggering out...

[A boot to the gut doubles him up and Mertz grabs a handful of hair, leaping up and driving King facefirst to the mat!]

GM: Facefirst to the canvas! Reginald King is being dominated now by Cody Mertz!

BW: Eh, it's not like he's a real King. In fact, my sources are saying that's a fake name, Gordo.

GM: I bet. Mertz back up... leaps up... standing backslash!

BW: He's more of a pawn than a King really... and you know what happens to pawns, Gordo.

[Pulling King off the mat, Mertz turns him to face Fawcett, quickly wrapping King up in a cobra clutch...]

...and then leaps up, sliding his knees up into the back as they hit the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Cobra clutch backcracker by Cody Mertz! Another move from that enhanced arsenal we've been seeing out of the former tag champion since his return from injury!

[Mertz again quickly regains his feet, pointing a finger at Fawcett who smirks, openly mocking Mertz by clutching his own chest with an exaggerated "ME?!"]

GM: Mertz looking to send a message to Fawcett and the Kings here...

[Mertz shifts his focus to the fans, signaling to them by spinning his hand over his head.]

GM: I think the end might be near as Cody is telling this crowd here in London that this one is over.

[King staggers up to his feet as Mertz waits in anticipation. As he gets there, Mertz dashes to the ropes, running past King to bounce off, building up momentum as he comes back towards his opponent...]

GM: Mertz off the far side...

[As he rebounds, Mertz grabs the arm as if going for a crucifix, leaving his feet, getting up around King'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: And King quickly tapping and that's another victory for Cody Mertz here on Saturday Night Wrestling with the Broussard Special!

"DING! DING! DING!"

RO: The winner of this match...

COOOODYYYYYYYY MMMMMEEEEEEERRRRRTTTTZZZZZZZZ!

[Mertz gets to his knees as the ref raises his arm but he's still just glaring at Fawcett; who in return simply nods, turns around, and leaves the way he came.]

GM: And apparently Dr. Harrison Fawcett has seen enough of this, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? This peasant claiming to be a King failed him!

GM: I suppose that's one way to look at it.

[Mertz angrily slaps the canvas before rolling out of the ring. Shaking his head, he begins to jog up the aisle after Fawcett.]

GM: Fawcett's leaving but Cody Mertz is looking for answers!

[Fawcett starts walking quicker, vanishing through the curtain as Mertz jogs after him to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Mertz is chasing after him! If he catches him, Fawcett might have a problem on his hands!

[Mertz too goes through the curtain, leaving us wondering what happens next.]

GM: Cody Mertz is trying to get Wes Taylor or Tony Donovan inside this ring and... I'm being told we've got a camera backstage who was about to do an interview with someone. They're trying to get to where Mertz and Fawcett-

[Abruptly, we cut to the backstage area where a jogging cameraman is trying to get to where the action was. A few moments pass before we see Mertz come into view shouting "FAWCETT!" The good doctor ignores him, walking faster as Mertz shouts his name a second time.]

GM: Fawcett's trying to ignore Mertz but I don't think that's going to happen... no this time!

[Mertz jogs closer, shouting the doctor's name again who finally stops, casually turning around and looking slightly bothered.]

"D"HF: Doctor. If you are going to accost me, at least do so with my proper title.

CM: Fine. Doctor Fawcett. I don't know what you're trying to pull but-

"D"HF: Pull? I am sure I have less than no idea what you are referring to.

CM: Well, I didn't come back here to play games, and if I'm causing such a problem then the answer is simple. Put Taylor or Donovan in the ring against me.

[Fawcett smiles before shaking his head.]

"D"HF: Well, that is not something that is in your immediate future. However, this is.

[Fawcett reaches into his jacket pocket, taking out a white envelope. He opens it, revealing a large wad of cash.]

BW: Wow!

[Mertz looks confused and then offended.]

CM: I don't want your money, Fawcett... I want Taylor or Donovan in the ring.

[Fawcett arches an eyebrow before reaching into his pants pocket, taking out an even larger billfold. He adds this amount to the envelope before extending it to Mertz.]

"D"HF: You can not now, nor will you ever earn such a privilege. You can however, earn a vacation home in the Cayman Islands.

[Fawcett extends the envelope, trying to place the large amount of money in Cody Mertz' hand...

...but Mertz smacks the hand away, sending money flying into the air!]

BW: Gordo, I'll be right back!

GM: Sit down!

[Mertz surges forward, shoving Fawcett with both hands, causing him to stumble and land unceremoniously on his rear. Mertz looks down at the cash and then at Fawcett.]

CM: Look here... "Doctor."

[The venom dripping off the nickname is evident.]

CM: You may enjoy being a paid lackey for the Kings of Wrestling but me? I'm not for sale!

[Big cheer from inside the arena!]

CM: But since you seem like such a good errand boy, why don't you run along and give your employers a message? You let them know if that if they won't come to me?

[Mertz pauses, letting the implied threat dangle.]

CM: Then maybe I'll just have to go to them!

[With that, Mertz glares down at Fawcett one more time before turning to make his exit, leaving the embarrassed Fawcett down on the floor muttering to himself as we fade to another part of the backstage area to the lovely Theresa Lynch.]

TL: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time, the AWA Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage.

[The way she says the name says everything about how she feels about her guest. The camera pulls out a bit as Lauryn saunters into view, her arm over the shoulder of her big sister, Godiva Rage. The AWA title shines on her other shoulder. Lauryn immediately pulls a face and sticks her hand up in front of Theresa's mug.]

LR: Before you try to justify your journalistic position, can a legend get some godtang love? I mean, we're in England and the greatest Englishwoman to ever wrestle is gracing us with our presence.

[Godiva Rage smiles luridly as Lynch looks uncomfortable.]

TL: Yes, well... I'm sorry. Welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling, Godiva Rage.

[A look of disdain crosses the champion's face as she waggles a finger at the Lady of the Lynches.]

LR: Naw, naw, naw... see that's the problem with you, Lynch. That's the problem with the AWA. My big sis right here has done more in her career than most women ever and all yuh try to pretend it's irrelevant.

[Lynch shakes her head.]

TL: It's not like that. I didn't even know she was going to be here! How could-

[Lauryn interrupts.]

LR: Sis, if you could excuse us, I gotta drag this chick.

[Godiva smiles a sunny smile.]

GR: Your world, luv.

[She kisses her sister's cheek and then gives Theresa a pitying look.]

GR: Give her a bit o' Barney, what.

[Lauryn watches Godiva leave and then turns her ire on Theresa.]

LR: Diss my family again and see if I don't slap the taste outta your mouth, ya dig?

[Lynch takes a step back but then steps right back forward defiantly.]

TL: Look, I'm not trying to argue with you and I'm not trying to be the victim to one of your tantrums!

[The Texan clears her throat, composing herself.]

TL: I just wanted to ask you a few questions about some of your top contenders.

LR: (nonplussed) I got top contenders?

TL: Melissa Cannon and Ayako Fujiwara.

[Rage pauses for a beat, her jaw hanging open and eyes popping before she bursts into her stuccato laugh.]

LR: Melissa and Ayako? Girl, please. Those two irrelevant heffers can have several seats. You think they're my top contenders?

[Lauryn pats her chest as she stifles her laughter.]

LR: You know I can barely even recognize those two unless it's from behind ... you know cause that's all I saw of them when I was tossing them over the top rope to win the AWA Women's World Championship. I mean, I know they won some matches and compared to the rest of the girls around here they're good, but please, they can't talk to me in that ring. They can't mess with the Kid, ya dig.

[Rage breaks out into another harsh laugh as Theresa shakes her head.]

TL: Obviously, you're a very confident woman but you can't tell me you're not even a little worried about Ayako's strength and Melissa's all around ability.

LR: Excuse me, I was talking, right? Look, you can say they're good. But nervous? C'mon now, I ain't scared a nobody. Give me the opponents I deserve, aight.

[A voice rings out from off-camera.]

"You know, you're right about that."

[Rage turns angrily towards the voice and her mood doesn't improve as she sees the owner of it. The camera pulls back to reveal the AWA's Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar, who has quite the smile on his face.]

TL: Mr. Gellar, this is a surprise.

[Gellar shrugs.]

EG: Whole damn night's been a surprise so far, Theresa, so why stop now, right?

[Gellar chuckles as Rage glares at him intently. Gellar gestures at her.]

EG: Lauryn Rage... the AWA Women's World Champion...

[Rage interrupts.]

LR: The first one too!

[Gellar nods.]

EG: The very first indeed! And that's special, Lauryn, whether everyone believes you deserve that gold over your shoulder or not.

[Rage reflexively grabs at it like someone's going to take it from her.]

EG: But I believe that champions deserve respect... and what more, I believe that champions deserve some say in who they defend their title against. Just like when Jack Lynch asked to defend his title against Bobby O'Connor tonight... I agreed.

LR: Yeah, yeah... what's that got to do with me?

EG: Well, I decided that you should get to pick your next challenger too.

[Rage grins, clapping her hands together.]

LR: Hah! Alright! Lemme see... who's it gonna be? Maybe that-

[Gellar raises a hand.]

EG: I'm sorry. You misunderstood. I decided to give a title shot to the last person you requested to face.

[Rage looks puzzled.]

LR: You got somethin' loose in there, Gellar? What are you talking about?!

[Gellar nods.]

EG: Two weeks ago in Milan, you said that instead of facing Melissa Cannon for the Women's World Title... you wanted to face another former Women's World Champion. Her mentor, Lori Dane.

[Cheers ring out inside the O2 Arena. Theresa starts to smile brightly while Lauryn panics.]

LR: You gonna put me up against that old crazy bird?

[Gellar nods again.]

EG: Oh yes... yes, I am. You see, after the show in Milan, I gave Lori a call and asked if she would be interested in facing you at Homecoming for the title and the Queen of Extreme herself agreed... on one condition.

LR: What's that?

[Gellar grins.]

EG: That when you two square off in Texas...

...the match will be NO DISQUALIFICATION!

[A huge cheer rings out inside the arena as Rage looks around in a panic.]

LR: Wait a minute now, Gellar! Hold up! Where you going?!

EG: Have a nice night, champ.

[With a smirk, the Director of Operations walks out of the shot, leaving Lauryn Rage shouting at his back.]

LR: Gellar! Gellar! Excuse me, I was talking!

[The Kid rushes off after Gellar, leaving Theresa to gloat.]

TL: Well, it looks like Lauryn Rage's mouth got her into some trouble. Lauryn Rage versus Lori Dane for the Women's World Championship at Homecoming in a No Disqualification match! I can't wait for that! Fans, we've got to take a break but when we come back, the Women's Division will be center stage so don't you dare go away.

[A distraught Lauryn comes wandering back through the shot.]

LR: Excuse me, but I gotta talk to somebody about this!

[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 to the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands in front of three men. On the right is former World Champion Johnny Detson. On the left is the AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James. Caught in between them is Brian Lau. None of the three men look happy.]

SLB: We are back LIVE from London here on Saturday Night Wrestling, and Brian Lau, I look at you and I can only think one thing – there must be trouble in paradise.

[Lau throws a vicious look Blackwell's way.]

BL: Listen Blackwell, I didn't call you here so that you could take cheapshots at me or score points at the expense of the premiere organization in professional sports, the Kings of Wrestling. You're here because I'm breaking one of my cardinal rules.

SLB: What, you're going to take less than twenty percent of these men's money?

[Lau grows red faced and lets out an angry, frustrated sound.]

BL: Blackwell, I'm warning you!

What I am going to do, Blackwell, is something I never do. And that is, discuss Kings' business out in public. Normally, we do not air our dirty laundry in front of the masses. But because people love spreading rumors, and because people are taking a few minor problems and trying to act like they are disasters...

SLB: Are you kidding me? Brian James cost Johnny Detson the World Title and then, two weeks later, Detson laid James out with a Wilde Driver!

BL: As I was saying, a few small disagreements have been blown out of proportion...

SLB: Oh brother!

BL: So, I am here to say two things, and I want you, and every member of the peanut gallery listening to my voice, to take note of what I am saying.

First, there is peace among the Kings of Wrestling. Both Mr. Detson and Mr. James have agreed to set aside their differences for the sake of keeping the Kings of Wrestling strong. Both men have agreed to stay away from each other until we all return to the United States.

And once in the United States, this will all be settled in a manner befitting kings.

Second, when next you see us, at AWA's Homecoming, I have made a special arrangement that will not only strengthen the Kings of Wrestling, it will change the entire AWA!

[Blackwell starts to open his mouth, only to be cut off.]

BL: Don't even ask, Blackwell. I said I would announce it at Homecoming. You, like everyone else, will just have to wait until the time is right.

SLB: Have it your way then, Lau. But I can't help but wonder about this détente you've struck. Mr. James, nearly two years passed between your shot at the World Television Title and the National Title. I can't imagine you're just willing to set aside what Johnny Detson did to you.

[The Son of the Blackheart stares down at Blackwell, silent for a very long time.]

BJ: I've got a long memory...

[James glares at Detson.]

BJ: ...and I'm not the forgiving sort. Trespasses demand retribution.

[Another glare at Detson.]

BJ: But, we are the Kings of Wrestling. And...

[James looks to Lau, giving him a nod.]

BJ: I trust Mr. Lau.

So, I'll do as he asks. I'll stay out of Detson's way. And when we get to the States, we'll settle this the right way.

The way men settle things.

[Another glare at Detson.]

SLB: And you, Mr. Detson, you're willing to let bygones be bygones? It hasn't been that long since Jack Lynch won the World Title from you...

JD: Due to outside interference...

[Detson glances at James.]

JD: ...or extreme incompetence, either one...

[Another glance at James, making sure he's still not moving.]

JD: But I'll say this, I haven't agreed to anything except letting Brian Lau have the chance to explain his idea. He's the manager of kings... he's in the Hall of Fame... out of respect I'll listen and see what he has to say.

SLB: So how about a handshake?

[Detson and James remain completely motionless, neither making even the smallest hint of movement towards reconciliation.]

BL: How many times do I have to tell you, Blackwell. We are KINGS, not performing monkeys! We are not here to perform for you!

Everything is fine. Just fine!

[The smile on Lau's face is as forced and fake as it could be.]

BL: You see, just like I told you, there is peace among the Kings.

Now, I've had just about enough of you, Blackwell, we're leaving.

[After sharing wary glances at one another, Detson and James step in line behind Lau, leaving Blackwell alone.]

SLB: Brian Lau declares peace, but as for myself? I remain skeptical.

Back to you, Bucky and Gordon!

[We fade from the backstage area back out to ringside to our announce duo.]

GM: Thanks, Lou, and I don't blame you for being skeptical.

BW: Hey, if Brian Lau says everything is settled, you can take that to the bank, daddy.

GM: If Brian Lau told me that water is wet, I'd ask for a second opinion. But apparently, Brian James and Johnny Detson have declared peace... for now... so let's head up to the ring for our next matchup!

[Cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division!

[Big cheers!]

RO: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Blackpool... weighing 112 pounds... SARAH GLADSTONE!

[A young lady with bright red hair with a silver streak painted in mounts the midbuckle, gesturing angrily at the jeering fans. Her black boots, trunks, and sports bra-esque top round out the ensemble.]

RO: Annnnnnd her opponent...

[The lights drop down to black, causing an "oooooh" from the London crowd. They stay there for a few moments before the quiet panflute introduction of Zamfir's "The Lonely Shepherd" begins to play over the PA system. A pale yellow lighting fills the O2 Arena, covering the crowd... the ring... and, of course, the entryway

where a figure is kneeling, covered in a black cloak. Her brown hair is tied back in a tight braid but her head is bowed, perhaps in prayer as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 138 pounds...

MELISSSSSSSSAAAAAAA CANNNNNNNNONNNNNNNNN!

[Melissa Cannon rises off her knee, throwing off the black cloak to reveal she's dressed much as her mentor, Lori Dane, did in her latter years in the wrestling ring. Cannon is in a yellow jumpsuit... not skin-tight vinyl as her predecessor wore but rather a cloth fabric, hanging loose from her body. Her upper body is covered in a similar yellow fabric, cut slightly into a v-neck. The music switches to "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity" as she raises her arm over her head and begins walking down the aisle towards the ring to a big reaction from the London crowd.]

GM: Melissa Cannon is the woman that many believe sparked the fire that led to this Women's Division. She was the one who walked away from her job as an announcer to challenge Miyuki Ozaki in the Tokyo Dome, showing the AWA brass that women could bring it as well as the men can. She was the one who fought to get women on SuperClash. And when the Women's World Championship was announced, she was the first to stake her claim on it.

BW: So, let's strip away the hype and get down to reality. She walked into Tokyo... and lost. She got women on the SuperClash card... and then lost and couldn't be in that match. She staked her claim on the gold... and lost. So, really what you're telling me is that Melissa Cannon is a historic and groundbreaking LOSER!

GM: I wouldn't put it that way at all... and I'd imagine Lauryn Rage would be making a huge mistake if she did. Because one day, Lauryn Rage will be forced to get inside the ring with the woman whose life she's been making a living hell since February of this year and when that happens, believe me that Melissa Cannon is going to take out a lot of frustration on the first Women's World Champion.

[Cannon reaches the ring, bowing towards it as she steps through the ropes, raising her arms again to a big cheer before settling back in the corner.]

GM: And Bucky, what do you think is going through the mind of Melissa Cannon tonight as she climbs inside that ring knowing what we found out earlier tonight? That her mentor, Lori Dane, is going to come out of retirement and face Lauryn Rage in the middle of the ring at Homecoming with the Women's World Title on the line... in a No Disqualification match!

BW: It's gotta be mixed emotions for her. I'm sure she's overjoyed that her teacher is getting back in the ring but she's also gotta deal with the possibility that no matter how badly she wants to be the Women's Champion, her mentor might beat her to it.

[As the bell sounds, Cannon strides away from the corner, extending her hand to Sarah Gladstone who sneers at the fan favorite in response...

...and then slaps her hand away, shouting at her.]

GM: Well, so much for a show of sportsmanship there and-

[Cannon surges forward, leaping into the air, knocking Gladstone flat with a Fierro Press!]

GM: Cannon takes her down!

[Snatching a handful of red hair, Cannon lays into a trio of stiff forearms to the jaw until the referee forces her to get to her feet. She does exactly that, keeping her grip on Gladstone's hair to bring her up with her...

...and then grabs a second handful, shouting at the fiesty Gladstone...]

GM: Look out here!

[Despite the referee's protests, Cannon swings Gladstone up into the air by the hair, flinging her across the ring where she falls facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! Flying hair throw!

BW: That's the scientific name for that move, I suppose.

GM: You got a better one?

BW: Cheating! Blatant cheating! Why does no one call out people like Cannon for their cheating but they're all over Lauryn Rage and Erica Toughill?!

[Gladstone recovers, backing into the corner where Cannon accelerates, leaping into the air to land a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Cannon with a precision shot with that forearm - showing off the striking supremacy bestowed on her by both Lori Dane and Todd Michaelson from her days back in Michaelson's M-DOJO in Los Angeles.

[Snatching Gladstone by the arm, Cannon goes to whip her across but Gladstone reverses it, sending Cannon crashing into the buckles. With a shout, Gladstone barrels across the ring after her, leaping into the air...]

GM: Dropkick in the corn- ohhh!

[Cannon slides out of the way, causing Gladstone to whiff on the running dropkick, smashing down hard on the back of her head on the canvas.]

GM: That'll ring your bell for sure...

[Cannon quickly snatches her off the mat, maintaining wrist control as she pulls her up...

...but Gladstone swings her hand down on Cannon's wrist, breaking the grip, and instantly leaps up, snapping her foot into the side of Cannon's head!]

GM: OHH! Leaping head kick by Gladstone!

[Cannon slumps down to her knees, grabbing at the back of her head as Gladstone scampers back up, grabbing her neck as well. She grabs Cannon by the hair, swinging a kneestrike up into the chin once... twice... three times.]

GM: And Sarah Gladstone found an opening and she's taking advantage of it, Bucky.

BW: I've heard good things about her. She's no pushover.

[Pulling Cannon to her feet, Gladstone pushes her back against the ropes...

...and SMASHES a big overhead forearm down across the chest!]

GM: Gladstone laying in the heavy lumber there...

[Grabbing the arm, Gladstone shoots Cannon across the ring again.]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Cannon!

[And as Cannon ducks, she slams on the brakes, reaching out to snatch Gladstone in a rear waistlock...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and takes the British competitor up and over, dropping her on the back of her head with a released German Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: German Suplex connects!

BW: One of Cannon’s signature moves, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[Coming back to her feet, Cannon gestures for the dazed Gladstone to join her there.]

GM: Cannon calling the British native back to her feet...

[And as Gladstone rises, Cannon swoops in, lifting her into the air...

...and drops her shinfirst across Cannon’s own knee!]

GM: Oh! Shinbreaker by Cannon!

BW: And she’s got a few submission holds in her back pocket that target the knee so she may be looking to end this thing right now.

[Lifting Gladstone again, Cannon walks her into the corner, setting her down with her foot on the middle rope and her knee bent forming a V...

...and then Cannon steps to the second rope, leaping off to DRIVE her knee down into the V!]

GM: AH!

BW: That’s a brutal attack on a knee! She might’ve ripped apart that knee easily, Gordo.

GM: Cannon’s looking to end this. You can see it in her eyes, Bucky.

[Pulling Gladstone off the mat, Cannon flings her towards the ropes. As Gladstone slowly rebounds, Cannon drops down to the mat, rolling her into a half Crab...]

GM: Rolling half Crab! The Rainbow Bridge that Cannon learned during her preparations to face Miyuki Ozaki!

BW: You mean the hold she STOLE from Ozaki!

GM: But she didn’t steal this... Cannon twists the leg, wraps it up... STF! And THAT’S the Rainbow STF!

[Gladstone hangs on for a few moments before rapidly slapping the canvas.]

GM: And that's the end of this one, fans!

[Cannon quickly releases the hold, nodding to herself as she climbs to her feet. The referee swoops in, raising her arm as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner by submission... MELISSSSSSAAAAAA CANNNNNNNONNNNNN!

[Cannon nods at the reaction of the fans, quickly exiting the ring.]

GM: And Melissa Cannon will now make her way over to Mark Stegglet who is standing at the interview position to get some comments. Mark?

[We cut to Mark Stegglet on the platform.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. A very impressive victory for Melissa Cannon here tonight over a Blackpool native in Sarah Gladstone, picking up the submission win with that Rainbow STF. Melissa's on her way over here right now, fans, so I'll take a quick moment to remind everyone to tune in to the Power Hour next weekend when my broadcast colleague Theresa Lynch will have "The Professional" Dave Cooper joining her as guest host. Melissa, come on up here...

[Melissa scales the steps, joining Stegglet on the platform with a smile on her face.]

MS: Congratulations on the win right here in London!

[Big cheer from the fans for their city.]

MC: Thanks, Mark... and I'm glad I got the chance to get in that ring tonight. This tour has been something really special and it's been great being a part of it. But getting the chance to get in this ring tonight on the last night of the tour... yeah, that one will stick with you for a while.

MS: And with every win you score inside that ring, you get one step closer to the Women's World Champion, Lauryn Rage, which has to be the ultimate goal.

[Cannon nods.]

MC: Oh, no doubt, Mark. That's the ultimate goal for any woman in this division and if it's not...

[Cannon gestures with a sweeping arm.]

MC: ...there's the door, I suggest you use it because there are a lot of women out there in this business who are dying for the chance to compete here in this Division.

MS: The AWA Women's Division is quickly building a name for itself as the place to be if you want to face the best women's competitors in the world, Melissa.

MC: Absolutely. There's some very tough wrestlers in this division and I'm sure it's only going to get better as the days and weeks go on. You can compete in Japan... in Mexico... even right here in the UK...

[Big cheer!]

MC: ...but if you want to test yourself against the best women in the world - competitors like myself, like Julie, like Ayako... yeah, even Toughill and that snake Lauryn Rage... come on down, we're more than happy to let you find out where you stand.

MS: Now, Melissa... you mention Lauryn Rage. I'm sure you were watching a little while ago when the champion found out that in just over a week's time, she'll be defending the title at Homecoming... and she'll be doing it against your mentor... your trainer, Lori Dane... and it'll be No Disqualification to boot!

[Cannon chuckles.]

MC: I heard.

MS: You seem pleased.

MC: Mark, there's nothing I'd love more than to see Lori Dane wrap that World Title around her waist. She was a pioneer in our sport back in the 90s and she's never gotten the credit for what she did in bringing women's wrestling to a place like the EMWC. But that's besides the point... she's also like a second mother to me... and I love her with all of my heart which is more than I can say than that miserable piece of garbage who calls herself her daughter.

But that's also besides the point. What I truly love about this is that Lauryn Rage ran her mouth two weeks ago, trying to get under my skin... and then Emerson Gellar called her on it.

[Cannon holds up her arms.]

MC: I can see the marquee now. The AWA Women's World Champion... the sniveling, cowardly Lauryn Rage puts the title on the line in a No Disqualification match against... the Queen of Extreme, Lori Dane!

[Cannon smiles again.]

MC: Lauryn Rage thinks she's tough... she ain't seen tough yet until she gets in that ring with Lori. She thinks she knows how to hurt someone... she doesn't know what pain is yet. But she's about to. Because when Lori grabs that chair... when she pulls that table into position... when she gets that Singapore Cane... or that barbed wire... or those thumbtacks...

MS: Goodness!

MC: This isn't going to be for the faint of heart. If you've got kids, you might want to change the channel for a little bit. But me? I wouldn't miss it for the world. I'll be watching every single second of it. And when that bell rings and Rebecca Ortiz says, "And NEW Women's World Champion..."

I'll be the first one down that aisle to give Mom a big ol' hug.

[Cannon nods.]

MC: Good luck, Rage.

[A chuckle.]

MC: You're gonna need it.

MS: Alright, fans... Melissa Cannon with-

[The PA system lights up with the drum, guitar and clap of the infamous "God's Gonna Cut You Down" The London crowd reacts as Shadoc Rage bursts through the curtains. The dreadlocked warrior stands tall on the ramp, his hazel eyes burning through the cameras as he glares intently at the English crowd. There are

mostly boos, but there are some cheers for those who remember Rage's commonwealth connections and lineage.

Dressed in his black leather robes and ragged cotton scarf, Rage seems even more intense than usual as he sweeps down to the ring, microphone in hand. Rage takes the ring, pausing to glare at the interrupted Melissa Cannon before he gets there, raising the microphone to his lips as he addresses the crowd in that throaty, strangled rasp of his.]

SR: London, England, you have finally been colonized! This is now Rage Country!

[Rage pauses as the fans boo him. He stares down the fans at ringside with poisonous eyes.]

SR: You think you don't deserve my venom? You think you don't deserve my wrath? You deserve it and more. What you don't deserve is to bear witness to my coronation. Tonight, for the second time, I shall become the World Television Champion and the name Rage will be restored to its rightful place in the history of professional wrestling. There may be two Lynches with titles, but there will be two Rages too!

[Rage poses for some adulation from the crowd. It doesn't come. The English crowd roundly rejects the idea of another Rage champion. The jeers get to Rage. He takes a menacing step towards the hard camera, staring through the lens.]

SR: You don't want another Rage as World Champion? But you're all in on the Lynches being World and National Champion, huh? You're all in on Ryan Martinez, though, aren't you?

[Rage's fist balls and the muscles on his arms stand out. He shakes his head as he tries to fight through the urge to rush the crowd.]

SR: I am sick and tired of the disrespect to my family name! I thought you would be better than this, England! My sister, Godiva, lives here and she said the English fans were more sensible than they were twenty years ago. You're still the same trash I had to deal with when I was starting out.

[The crowd is really angry now.]

SR: Shut up and listen. Forget about the World Television Title for a moment and listen to me and listen good. The name Rage means more to the history of professional wrestling than the House of Windsor does to the history of the monarchy.

[The fans boo that arrogance.]

GM: Shadoo Rage not exactly endearing himself to these English fans.

[Rage glares at the fans.]

SR: You boo me, wrestling royalty, because you're nothing but mindless sheep conditioned by the AWA to believe that the name Rage means nothing.

The AWA keeps trying to pretend that the Rages aren't the premier wrestling family. They keep trying to pretend that names like Martinez [crowd cheers], Shane [some cheers], O'Connor [bigger cheers]... LYNCH!!!! [Loudest cheers] mean something more. They have tried to erase my father! They have tried to erase me! But they can't! But just as England has never been conquered, I have never been conquered. My father's name will never be erased.

[Rage stares backstage.]

SR: You hear that? My father's name will never be erased no matter how much you try to bury his memory and bury me!

[Rage turns his attention back to the fans.]

SR: Yeah, there's some people in the back with a lot of power around here that were scared of my father back in the day. They won't admit it now. But they were. Everybody was. They didn't know what he was going to do. They didn't know if he'd bust somebody's leg. They didn't know if he'd stab them with a fork or pencil or worse. They didn't know if he'd choke them out or knock them out. They didn't know. He didn't know.

But they knew he spilled THEIR blood from one end of Texas to the other.

[Rage lets that hang for a moment, making it clear who he's referring to.]

SR: So they outlawed him. Forced him to struggle to make ends meet. They took a proud free man and they broke him, left him hungry, desperate and hopeless with nine children to feed. They wanted him to bow down, but my father chose to die rather than to bow.

[A hush has fallen over the crowd. Rage's lip curls into a sneer.]

SR: And because they couldn't break him, they've held a grudge against my family. They want me and all my family to disappear. Look at everything they've tried to do to hold me down!

One half of the greatest tag-team of all time. No Hall of Fame!

Former World Champion. No World Title shots in the AWA!

They brought me in here and stuck me against a racist and then complained when I beat him down every week until he crawled out of town begging for mercy!

Tried to keep me out of their Top Ten rankings, but they couldn't do it!

The greatest World Television Champion of all time! Unbeatable! So they changed the rules. They gave me a crooked referee and gave Supernova no time limit!

They hired me here to try to humiliate me. And that's why I took their World Television Championship. And etched the name Rage in their history books forever.

And what did they do?

They brought back the National Title and lied and said it was more valuable than the World Television Championship.

[Rage nods his head as the crowd jeers him some more.]

SR: A National Title is more valuable than a World Championship? In what world?

[Rage is fuming. He turns aimlessly, trying to control his rage but the black-robed wrestler works himself into a frenzy.]

SR: Only in their sick minds and all because they didn't want a Rage being anything in the AWA. Well, a Rage is still a World Champion in the AWA. And they're lining

up to steal it from her with the same crooked wrestler who stole my World Championship from me!

My Misfits came from nothing and made themselves into a team under my tutelage. But nobody in the back will give them a shot. They just cut them down and say they aren't seasoned enough. They're trying to force them to wait their turn. And we all know that turn will never come, London. We know what they are trying to do systemically to my family name and everybody associated with it! \ I mean, tonight they're ever making my little brother grovel for a job by beating somebody unfit to lace his boots. My brother and I have our problems... yes we do... but even he doesn't deserve to beg for a job that is his birthright.

[Rage has something burning at him, eating at him, driving him to anger.]

SR: THEY WON'T WIN! They may have won the battle against Adrian Rage, but I promise you they won't win the war against his son! They won't destroy his children! Sooner or later, I'm going to get them. I'm gonna cut them down for what they did!

[He regains a little composure.]

SR: Now let's talk about the World Television Championship! Tonight I'm reclaiming what's mine! The World Television Championship I shouldn't have lost is coming back around my waist! That's my vow!

Kerry Kendrick, you might be a great wrestler and you might have had a great championship reign if they didn't try to hold me down. But I need Her back as leverage. I need Her back to dig myself out of the grave they have tried to bury me in!

I am going to take Her back to humiliate Lynch, humiliate O'Connor, humiliate Martinez, and anybody else who thinks their name means something more than mine. And to anyone and everyone who thinks that I can't...

[He stares pointedly at the crowd.]

SR: ...die in darkness!

[Rage spikes the mic to the mat, stalking manically around the ring.]

GM: Shadoc Rage seemingly is breaking down to a level that I didn't even know was possible... but can he funnel that anger... that delusion... that-

BW: Rage?

GM: Exactly. Can he funnel it into beating Kerry Kendrick and becoming the World Television Champion for the second time? There's only one way to find out, fans, and that's to stick around after this commercial break!

[Rage is still stalking angrily around the ring as we fade to black...]

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

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

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

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

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

“And the hottest wrestling in the West.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

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

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of 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 to live action in the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION TITLE!

[Big cheer!]

RO: Introducing first... he is the challenger... already in the corner to my right... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 244 pounds... he is the FORMER AWA World Television Champion...

He is SENNNNNNSAAAAATIONALLL...

SHAAAAAADOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOE...

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage mounts the midbuckle, shouting with a threatening finger extended towards a ringside fan.]

GM: You talk about volatile... that description fits Shadoe Rage to a T, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. You never know what Rage will do out here. That's what makes him exciting to watch, Gordo.

[Rage hops down off the buckles, stomping around the ring in an angry huff as Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent!

[The lights dim as "I Want It All" by Queen blares to life over the PA system as a young man emerges from the back. Well built with a bleached blond buzzcut, he's a good looking guy with a tan, wearing midnight green trunks with platinum detailing, and matching kneepads and boots, covered with a matching midnight green satin robe. Pausing at the top of the ramp he extends both arms out to either side, palms pointed at the sky. Behind him lurks a sullen-looking woman with a perpetual scowl on her face, arms folded, a pink bubble inflating between her lips.]

PW: Accompanied by his bodyguard Erica Toughill and representing SM&K... from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing 235 pounds...

He is the AWA WORRRRRRLD TELEVISION CHAMMMMPIONNNN...

KERRRRRRYYYYYY KENNNNNDRICK!

[Kendrick walks the aisle with a distinct sneer on his face. Arriving at the ring, he steps in, moves to the center and holds his hands out to his sides, pausing to "soak up the cheers" (there aren't any)...then doffs his robe, revealing the World Television Title belt secured around his waist. He turns towards Rage with a slick grin, gesturing at his waist as Rage steps towards him...

...but finds Erica Toughill standing in his path, defiantly shaking her head.]

BW: Well, Erica Toughill and Lauryn Rage may have a friendship of sorts but that's not going to stop Miss Toughill from planting that cricket bat right upside her brother's head if he gets in Kerry Kendrick's way of keeping that title right where it rests right now.

GM: The referee stepping in now, Ricky Longfellow making sure both competitors go back to their respective corners as Toughill steps out to the floor.

[The official gets everything under control before stepping to the ring. He looks at Kendrick, getting a nod in return. He looks at Rage, getting nothing and giving a weary sigh at the former champion...

...and with a mumbled prayer, he signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! One fall, ten minutes, the World Television Title on the line!

[Not wasting any time, Shadoe Rage charges across the ring towards Kendrick, throwing a pair of haymakers at the champion. Kendrick tries to fire back but Rage blocks it, dropping an overhead elbow down between the eyes that sends Kendrick falling to the side into the ropes.]

GM: Rage puts Kendrick on the ropes, coming out strong in the early part of this one...

[Grabbing the champion by the arm, Rage whips Kendrick across the ring, catching him on the rebound with an elbow back up under the chin, knocking the champion down to the mat where Rage dives on top for a quick cover.]

GM: Just seconds into the match, Shadoe Rage goes for the cover... and only gets a one count.

BW: Rage knows that if he fails to win the title tonight, he may not get another shot for a long, long time, Gordo. That title means everything to Shadoe Rage and... well, he's got ten minutes to make this happen or he just might find himself at a major crossroads in his career.

[Kendrick promptly scampers up, making a lunge at Rage who ducks under, spinning around to snap Kendrick's head back with a jab to the chin... and another... and a third...]

GM: Rage using Kendrick like a punching bag early in this one!\

[He switches to left-handed jabs, backing Kendrick up near the ropes. The referee steps in, calling for Rage to back off and open up his hand on the strikes, allowing Kendrick to lash out with a boot to the gut.]

GM: The champion goes downstairs, grabbing Rage by the hair...

[Kendrick smashes Rage's head into the top turnbuckle, sending him stumbling backwards out of the corner. The champion gives a shout of "we do it just like that!" as he advances on Rage...

...who responds by scooping the arrogant champion up, slamming him down to the canvas!]

GM: Scoop and a slam by the former champion!

[Kendrick almost immediately pops up to a seated position but Rage grabs him by the head, shoving him back down to the mat before leaping into the air, dropping an elbow down into the chest. He gets right back up, leaping high for a second. A third follows as Erica Toughill pounds the mat with her fists outside the ring.]

GM: Rage is putting a beating on Kerry Kendrick here in London Town!

[After a half dozen elbows find the mark, Rage changes his tactics, leaping into the air and driving his knee down into Kendrick's heart. He flattens out in a lateral press, this time earning a two count before Kendrick kicks out again.]

GM: Two count only right there for the former champion!

BW: Kendrick needs to get out of there and regroup.

GM: And boy, did you call that one, Bucky. Kerry Kendrick rolling right out under the ropes to the floor.

[The champion falls to his knees as he gets to the floor, breathing heavily outside the ring as Shadoo Rage gets to his feet, shoving past the official as he approaches the corner.]

BW: I may have called it but Rage is looking to stop it! He's going up top!

[Rage steps to the top rope, throwing his arms overhead to balance himself...]

GM: Rage on the top, looking down on Kerry Kendrick and...

[The former champion takes flight, clasping his hands together as he plummets downwards towards the current champion, smashing his hands down across the back of Kendrick's head, sending him flying across the ringside area into the retaining steel barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE FINDS THE MARK ON KERRY KENDRICK!

BW: And Gordo, we're already past the two minute mark in this one. These ten minute time limits go so quickly, the competitors involved have to break out all the stops from the opening bell to try and get enough in to wear down their opponent and become the champion.

[Rage grabs Kendrick off the railing, walking across the ringside railing, tossing him under the ropes back into the ring. With a shout at another ringside fan, Rage climbs up on the apron, slapping the top turnbuckle three times before he steps up to the second rope... then to the top...]

GM: He's going for it again! Kendrick getting to his feet inside the ring and-

[Rage leaps into the air, soaring through a sea of flashbulbs to drive home a second double axehandle between the eyes!]

GM: Death From Above for a second time and... he's going for the cover!

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

GM: No! Kendrick's out at two again... and again, he's trying to get the heck out of the ring to get a chance to recover.

[This time, Kendrick only makes it out to the apron before Rage stops him, reaching over the ropes to grab the fleeing champion by the wrist.]

GM: Rage cuts him off, dragging him up to his feet...

[The former champion snatches a front facelock, slinging Kendrick's arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: And it looks like Rage is going to bring Kendrick in the hard way!

[Rage shuffles his feet for a moment before stepping up, putting his foot on the middle rope in the middle of the ring. He steps up again, delicately balancing himself on the rope...]

GM: What in the world?

BW: This looks like a bad idea, Gordo

GM: What's he looking to do here?

BW: A mid-ropes superplex but you usually see this from guys about twice as strong as Rage... at least!

GM: A delicate balance being struck here, Rage trying to go for broke and capture that title but so much can go wrong right here. So much can... he's going for it!

[Rage reaches down, snatching a handful of Kendrick's tights for leverage, clenching his teeth as he lets loose a loud cry...]

GM: He's going for it! Trying to get Kendrick up off the apron into the air!

[And with the referee looking up at Rage, Erica Toughill takes the opportunity to smash her cricket bat down into the middle rope, upsetting Rage's balance enough for his feet to slip off. His legs go through the ropes, catching the middle rope as he flops backwards onto the back of his head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my!

BW: Gordo, did you see that?

GM: What?

BW: I think Ricki did that! I think she hit the ropes!

[A smirking Toughill admits nothing, walking away with her bat on her shoulder.]

GM: Rage hits the mat hard... and look at Kendrick here!

[Kendrick leans through the ropes, grabbing the legs and folding them into a jackknife pin...

...and then lunges through the ropes, leaving his feet draped over the middle rope as the referee drops down to count the pin.]

GM: Feet are on the ropes! Feet are on the ropes!

[The referee counts once... twice... annnnnnnnnnd...]

GM: No! The referee caught him! The referee caught Kendrick with the illegal leverage!

[The World Television Champion angrily pops up to his feet as Longfellow stops counting, delivering a two-handed shove to the chest. The official grimaces, pointing to the AWA logo on his shirt...

...and then shoves Kendrick in response, sending him toppling over Rage who is on all fours to a cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Whoa ho! Ricky Longfellow's had enough of that!

[With Kendrick upended, Rage snatches him in a jackknife cradle of his own...]

GM: ONE!!!

[...and slips his feet over the middle rope for leverage!]

GM: And now it's Rage with his feet on the ropes!

[The referee counts two annnnnnnnnnd...]

GM: No! The referee saw his feet on the ropes too and stops counting!

[To the shock of no one, this infuriates Rage who pops up to his feet, advancing on the official who backpedals away. Rage pulls his right hand back, threatening to deliver a blow to Longfellow who slides out to the floor, wagging a disapproving finger...

...and Rage turns back to his opponent just in time to get flattened with a running forearm to the face!]

GM: Ohh! And Kendrick caught Rage with that one! Rage got distracted, carried away with threatening the referee and the champion made him pay for it.

[The timekeeper calls out over the PA as Kendrick stands over Rage, taunting the former champion.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAINING!"

GM: Halfway through the time limit in this one as Kendrick puts the boots to the former champion.

[Hauling Rage off the mat by the arm, Kendrick whips him the short distance into the buckles and then follows right behind him, throwing a back elbow of his own up under the chin!]

GM: Ohhh! What a shot in the corner!

[Kendrick yanks Rage from the corner by the hair, scooping him up, and slamming him down to the mat before snapping off a quick legdrop across the throat. He stays seated, gesturing for the official to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The challenger lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Another two count... and Bucky, what does it have to do to Shadoe Rage's already fragile psyche to hear that five minute call of the time limit? He knows he's got five minutes left to try to capture this title that means so much to him - that he carried for so long and has fought to regain for so long.

BW: It's gotta kick him into a whole new level of panic. Especially when he's down on the mat tasting Kerry Kendrick's shoe leather. Less than five minutes to go and he's gotta find a way to get back on offense AND get Kendrick down for a three count.

[After a handful of stomps, Kendrick drags Rage off the mat again...]

GM: He scoops Rage up again... another slam on the way- maybe not!

[The crowd grumbles as Kendrick hangs Rage upside down in the corner, tucking his legs under the buckles.]

GM: The World Television Champion is tying his challenger to the tree of woe, dangling him upside down and-

[Grabbing the top rope, Kendrick viciously stomps the chest and neck area over and over and over as the official protests.]

GM: Kendrick backs off, the referee right up in his face...

[Kendrick marches back in, yanking Rage by the hair up, snatching an inverted facelock...]

...and then drops to a knee, jamming his other knee between the shoulderblades of the Sensational One!]

GM: BACKBREAKER! Modified backbreaker by Kendrick!

[Holding the facelock, he yanks Rage out of the tree of woe, slamming him down to the canvas as he goes for another pin!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! NO! Not enough!

BW: Under four minutes left on the clock, Gordo.

GM: Kendrick pulls Rage off the mat...

BW: I'm a little surprised that Kendrick is staying on the attack, Gordo. With less than four minute left, sometimes the champion's instinct is to shift into playing defense. Not Kerry Kendrick though.

[Kendrick smirks as he buries a boot into Rage's gut, leaning over to slap his own knee a couple of times...]

GM: The champion's looking for that running kneelift he calls the Liberty Bellringer!

BW: If he hits it, it just might be lights out for the former champion, Gordo!

GM: And there would be a serious bit of irony there if it's Kerry Kendrick who puts Shadoe Rage out with a running knee after we've seen Rage defeat and sometimes even injure so many competitors with his Eclipse over the years... including the man he defeated to become the Television Champion to begin with, Tony Sunn, who never stepped foot in a ring again after Rage hit it!

[Kendrick dashes to the ropes, rebounding off towards the doubled-up Rage, swinging his leg...]

GM: KNEELIFT!

[...but Rage spins away, causing Kendrick to whiff on the potentially match-ending strike!]

GM: Swing and a miss!

[Rage does a full spin, ending up facing the off-balance Kendrick. He slips in behind him, leaping into the air, grabbing Kendrick by the shoulders from the rear...]

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a lungblower!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A COUNTER BY THE FORMER CHAMPION! COULD THAT BE ENOUGH?!

[Rage frantically slides out from under Kendrick, diving across his chest, reaching back to cradle a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[...but Kendrick's shoulder comes flying off the canvas in time!]

GM: NO, NO! JUST A TWO COUNT AGAIN!

[Rage rolls off the downed Kendrick, snatching his hair in his hands, letting loose a frustrated howl as he climbs to his feet.]

BW: We're closing in on two minutes left! Rage has gotta forget about the near falls and keep going!

[The Sensational One angrily stomps past the official, heading towards the corner. He ducks through the ropes, quickly moving to climb them...]

GM: And Shadoo Rage may be thinking about that flying elbow - the Angel of Death Drop!

BW: If he hits that, it's DEFINITELY over!

GM: Rage to the second rope... now to the top...

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[Rage steadies himself, looking down as Kendrick rolls back onto his back, stunned and disoriented from the lungblower...]

GM: Rage is gonna fly! Rage is going to-

[And Gordon Myers gets cut off in mid-sentence by a very familiar song.

Familiar to the AWA faithful who ROAR in response.

And familiar to Shadoo Rage whose head whips towards the arena entrance, fury in his eyes.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: What the heck, Gordo?! This is a title match! Get him out of here!

[Suddenly, the battle between the current World Television Champion and the former World Television Champion is interrupted by the arrival at the top of the aisle by the man who held the gold between them.]

GM: IT'S SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA IS AT THE TOP OF THE AISLE! SUPERNOVA IS HERE!

BW: Obviously he's here, you dolt! But why?! He's got no business being out here and-

[Rage's gaze is locked on Supernova, angrily shouting and spitting towards 'Nova who has taken a few steps down the aisle but isn't getting much closer...

...and with Rage distracted, Kerry Kendrick comes to his feet, racing across the ring, leaping to the middle rope where he wraps his arms around a shocked Rage's torso...]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY OFF THE ROPES!

[...hoisting Rage into the air, twisting around in perfect form, and DRIVING the former champion into the canvas!]

GM: HE GOT IT! HE GOT ALL OF IT!

[A grin flashes on Supernova's face as Kendrick reaches back, hooking Rage's legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers the pinfall as Kendrick promptly rolls to his knees, thrusting his arms up into the air as Erica Toughill rolls into the ring to join him.]

GM: Well... some are not going to like the way this one went down, fans, but Kerry Kendrick retains the World Television Title over Shadoe Rage.

BW: "Some" are not going to like it? Shadoe Rage is going to rip someone's throat out and I just hope it's not either of us. Or at minimum not me.

GM: Supernova's arrival - even though he didn't physically get involved - certainly distracted Rage and directly led to the end of this match.

BW: He knew, Gordo. He knew. Supernova has fought Shadoe Rage for the better part of almost two years. They know each other inside and out and he knew that if he showed up... if his music played... he knew that would be enough to throw Rage off his game long enough for Kendrick to get the win.

GM: Perhaps you're right, Bucky... but the question I have is why.

BW: I think we're about to get an answer to that.

[We cut to the top of the aisle where Supernova is standing, a mic in his hand and a couple of referees standing in front of him.]

S: Rage! RAGE!

[Slowly getting up to a knee, Shadoe Rage grabs at the back of his head as Supernova shouts at him.]

S: Can you hear me, Rage?!

[The former champion slowly gets to his feet, throwing a glare at Kendrick and Toughill who vacate the premises. Rage takes a couple of steps towards the ropes when the official slides in his path, shaking his head.]

S: I hope you can hear me, Rage, because what I have to say concerns you.

[Rage angrily shouts down the aisle as Supernova points a finger in response.]

S: A few weeks ago, you cost me the World Television Title, Shadoe Rage! Now, after all those weeks, we are finally even!

[Rage grabs at his hair with both hands, letting loose an anguished roar. He makes a lunge but the referee gets in his way, quickly being joined by a few more referees and AWA officials.]

S: You know, it's been almost two years since you and I first hooked it up in that ring, and ever since, you've been a thorn in my side and seen me as the same! And after I lost the World TV Title, I started thinking about what I needed to do next -- what I needed to do to move forward. And the conclusion I kept coming back to is that I can't move forward until I settle this with you, once and for all!

[Supernova takes a deep breath, watching as Rage tries to push past the referees.]

S: This has gone far beyond the World Television Title or any title, Shadoe Rage! This is about proving, once and for all, who is the better man! And that's why I'm issuing a challenge to you, tonight, to face me at Homecoming in one final match!

[The crowd cheers the idea of that. Rage nods his head with certainty, shouting "I'M GONNA TEAR YOU APART!"]

S: I'm sure you'll try. And to make sure that it stays between the two of us, Rage, I've talked to Emerson Gellar and he's agreed to put this one under Locked Door rules. Anyone who is not a legal participant in the match who gets involved will be indefinitely SUSPENDED!

[Big cheer!]

S: AND... to really make sure it's just the two of us...

[Nova waits a moment, baiting the hook for the eager London crowd.]

S: ...we're going to put that match inside a STEEL CAGE!

[HUUUUUUUGE CHEER! Supernova grins at the crowd's reaction, nodding his head before speaking again.]

S: You want this matter closed between us, Shadoe? Then face me at Homecoming in the steel cage and we'll close it for good!

[Rage struggles against the referees to get to Supernova. He is rabid. Although he doesn't have a microphone he can be heard screaming and shouting on the television mics.]

SR: You want me in a steel cage! You got it! I'm gonna kill you! I'm gonna kill you!

[With a smirk and a nod, Supernova turns and exits as Rage manages to break free, getting out to the floor. He goes tearing up the aisle where he runs into another group of officials, blocking him from going any further.]

GM: Wow! Now THAT'S something to look forward to, fans! In just over a week, it'll be Shadoe Rage versus Supernova with Locked Door rules inside a STEEL CAGE!

BW: They're gonna rip each other apart, Gordo.

GM: I have no doubt that you're right. And Shadoe Rage... I don't know if I've ever seen Shadoe Rage more upset than he is right now, fans. We're going to take another quick break but don't you dare go away!

[Rage is screaming angrily at Supernova who is long gone...

...as we fade to black.

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then back up on the backstage area where Colt Patterson is standing. The former World Champion is dressed in a zebra print vest, well-tanned arms oiled up and on display. A gold chain hangs around his neck, a medallion dangling from it between his pectorals that are just visible over the few buttons on the vest he fastened.]

CP: You know, there's one thing that these stinkin' Europeans don't have that will forever make me proud to be an American...

[He grins.]

CP: ...and that's the right to bear arms!

[He raises his right arm, curling it up to flex the bicep.]

CP: But enough about me. Champ, come on in here! Show the world your Self Made self!

[Enter Kerry Kendrick, still lightly covered in perspiration. The Television belt is slung over his shoulder. Lurking behind him is Erica Toughill, the cricket bat still slung over her shoulder. A soft, pink bubble expands between her lips before bursting. Kendrick leans his head to kiss the belt and cackles arrogantly.]

KK: Ha ha ha ha!

CP: Kerry, you've got to be feeling like a man on top of the world, champ: your gang SM&K is riding a hot streak, you've got the TV belt, and you've defended it across the continent this summer... you've beaten two of the previous TV champs, Supernova and Shadoe Rage. How does it feel, Kerry? How is business with you?

KK: Business is booming, Colt! You know they call wrestling "the human game of chess," Colt. And sometimes when a chess player - I'm not going to name any names here - sees that he has no chance of winning, he just plays defensively and blocks the other player from dominating. But that's delaying the inevitable. Well, boys...

[He pulls the belt off his shoulder and displays it in front of him.]

KK: ...Check-freaking-MATE.

[Kendrick's gaze drifts off-camera for a moment.]

KK: In fact, hold that thought.

[Kendrick places the TV belt on Toughill's shoulder for safe-keeping as he heads off camera for a few seconds. When he returns, he pulls Emerson Gellar with him.]

KK: Gellar, my man. Do you see that belt? Do you see it going anywhere? Ever since you got here, you've done nothing but stymie me, and stifle me. How does it feel, Gellar? How does it feel to see me succeed? How does it feel to see me as the face of this company's renewal? I've beaten Supernova... I've beaten Shadoe Rage... I'll beat anyone you throw at me. And you can't do anything about it, because I'm TV Champion.

[Gellar nods.]

EG: It's true, you are the AWA World Television Champion. And as long as you keep successfully defending that belt, there's not much I can do. However, as Television Champion, you are required to respect the contender's list, and I can choose any of those contenders to face you.

KK: Try me. I'm from Philly: I'm used to making enemies.

EG: Mr. Kendrick, at Homecoming... you'll be facing for the Television Championship...

...Callum Mahoney!

KK: WHAT?! NO! You can't do that to me again, dammit! First Battle of Boston against Summers, and now-

EG: Well, if you're not able to make that defense, I could certainly accept your vacation of that title.

KK: Oh, no no no. Rick...

[Toughill perks up.]

KK: Rick, get Callum and-

EG: That's actually another topic I need to broach with you two.

KK: You two?

EG: Miss Toughill, you were challenged to a match by Julie Somers some time ago. The AWA has drawn up a contract for the two of you to meet at Homecoming, but you've been delinquent in formalizing that contract...

[She scoffs.]

ET: I haven't been called a delinquent since 9th Grade. Usually since then I'm a "menace."

EG: ...as a result of that delinquency, I have decided to suspend your manager's license for 15 days. Which means, Mr. Kendrick...

KK: No, no, no!

EG: ...that Erica Toughill cannot be ringside at Homecoming. And if you continue to avoid formalizing that match with Somers, Miss Toughill, I won't hesitate to extend that suspension.

ET: ee-YAAAAAAH

[Gellar takes Erica Toughill shrieking and throwing the cricket bat to the ground as his cue to exit quickly.]

KK: You can't do this to me again, Gellar! Remember how my legal team tied you up after the Ferrigno incident?! You'll be hearing from them again!

[And for the second time tonight, Emerson Gellar walks away from an AWA champion yelling at him as we fade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing. Beside him, Karsten Marquardt is in a stylish suit and waistcoat, hands clasped behind his back. Between the Stegglet and Marquardt is the massive MISTER, in a dark red ring coat, not unlike those worn by military officers a century ago.]

MS: Fans, I am here with Ringkrieger: Karsten Marquardt and MISTER. MISTER, you and Mr. Marquardt have joined the AWA on our first tour of Europe this month and it seems that Ringkrieger has acquired a nemesis in the form of the Iron Badger, Manzo Kawajiri.

M: No no no, Mark. Let me explain to you he is not our nemesis. Do you know what "nemesis" means? A righteous infliction of retribution, manifested by an appropriate agent. Personified in this case, by Der Ringmarschall: me. Manzo is ferocious. Manzo is insatiable. Manzo is brute force.

Ringkrieger is... finesse. Ringkrieger is about solving problems, rather than punching through them. Don't mistake me, Mark: I know that I am in for a fight, and to defeat Manzo Kawajiri, I will have to have the best match of the night.

MS: So obviously you are looking to close the chapter on this skirmish with the Iron Badger here in London?

M: Mark, I know this city. Ringkrieger put in appearances here for the past several years and we hope to keep coming back even after they have closed their borders to the common market. The wrestling scene here in Britain—and let us not mince words, Mark—is as bland and mushy as English cuisine, as dreary as English

weather, and is boorish, obstinate, and diminished as the English themselves. I understand Colin Hayden is in the crowd tonight. Maybe Ringkrieger can show him what real wrestling is about.

We are here to bring honor back to this sport. We are the power in European professional wrestling. We respect the canvas.

[MISTER taps Marquardt on the shoulder with the back of his hand, signaling it is time to go. They head off camera. Cut to the arena.]

GM: Thank you Mark, and I don't know if you folks at home could hear the fans here in the arena, but MISTER and Ringkrieger did not endear themselves to our great fans here in London.

BW: Gordo, there's a stench of thick, malty beer in the air—you get that much Guinness flowin', any crowd will get belligerent.

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

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

BW: DON JAAAAA-VAAAAA-NEEEE! A CHIIIN-AAAAA TEEEEE-GOOOOO!

GM: Bucky, may I ask what in the name of sanity has possessed you with the spirit of Pavarotti?

BW: I've picked up all sorts of stuff on this trip. I picked up some Italian, I'm singing along to Mozart. Don Giovanni's my jam!

[MISTER, despite being impeccably groomed and radiating class and respect, lives up to his nickname as "Der Oger aus Innsbruck." His forehead slopes sharply, and his head seems to rest on his pallid, stocky torso without a neck between. Under the gold-buttoned grand coat the color of red wine he wears to the ring, he wears basic black tights and boots. A white scarf with black lettering is around his neck. 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.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, now entering the ring, from Innsbruck, Austria... Weighing in at 305 pounds, representing Ringkrieger... MISTER!

[Upon climbing the ring apron, they wipe their boots before stepping through the ropes. They stand in the ring, facing out to the booing audience. MISTER and Marquardt stand side by side, hands clasped behind their backs, standing at ease. MISTER's clean-cut, ogre-like face is stern in the face of the hostile crowd.]

RO: And his opponent...

[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 IIRIIIIIIIIIRON BADGER...

MAAAAAAAAAANZO OOOOOO KAAAWAAAAJIIIIIRIIIIII!

[As the song continues, out steps a man who is, frankly, not all that impressive looking. Five feet 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 can be seen to be going crazy all around the scowling Kawajiri. 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.]

GM: We have already witnessed some of the hardest hitting action in AWA history between Manzo Kawajiri and Karsten Marquardt.

BW: Trust me Gordo, you ain't seen nothin' yet!

[Kawajiri and MISTER stand in opposite corners, tension in the air. Marquardt steps down from the ring apron.]

GM: You can sense a great deal of enmity in that ring, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, Daddy. The Ogre and the Badger are gonna get it on, and it's gonna be ruthless.

"I-URN BAD-JA!" *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

"I-URN BAD-JA!" *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

"I-URN BAD-JA!" *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

GM: And we know who these fans in London are rooting for!

[MISTER and Kawajiri close the gap to the middle of the ring. The cold, stolid MISTER towers over the snarling Iron Badger.]

GM: And I hesitate to call this a David vs. Goliath battle because we've seen what Manzo Kawajiri is capable of.

[Kawajiri rears back and chops MISTER.]

SMACK

[MISTER doesn't flinch.]

GM: Oh my.

[Kawajiri tries again.]

SMACK

[MISTER doesn't flinch. He looks down at his thick, undefined torso and smirks.

Kawajiri begins unloading a series of chops.]

SMACK

SMACK

SMACK

SMACK

[MISTER is slightly steps back, but only a couple of inches. He finally decides to retaliate.]

CRACK

[MISTER's chop is substantially louder. The O2 Arena seems to collectively wince as Kawajiri falls backfirst to the mat with the impact.]

GM: Ohhhh my stars.

BW: I said it before, I'll say it again: that sounded like a rifle going off!

GM: MISTER already in movement... Going for a vertical splash...

[Kawajiri rolls out of the way quickly.]

GM: ...And no one home! I have to believe that this match could have been over. Imagine that, Bucky. 300 pounds of MISTER coming down across the sternum. And the Badger is wasting no time.

[Kawajiri crawls over on his hands and knees and begins to lay in elbow strikes to the seated Ringmarschall.]

GM: And look at Kawajiri laying in those forearm strikes to the jaw of MISTER.

BW: MISTER's got that big melon so it's an easy target!

GM: MISTER trying to block... he's got Kawajiri's arm, maybe looking for a key lock here.

BW: MISTER's gotta slow Kawajiri down. He's gotta chip away at him slowly!

GM: Both Kawajiri and MISTER are very tough individuals, both with training in Mixed Martial Arts.

[Kawajiri throws a couple of desperation headbutts to MISTER to break the key lock.]

BW: Yeah, I'm not expecting a chain wrestling classic between these two Mack trucks.

[MISTER shoves Kawajiri back with his boot. The Badger charges in...

...but the hulking MISTER is quick to his feet.]

GM: Oh my stars! What a clothesli—AND THE BADGER ABSORBED IT!

[Kawajiri teeters on his feet for a couple of seconds, but roars and snarls in response.]

"I-URN BAD-JA!" *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

"I-URN BAD-JA!" *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

"I-URN BAD-JA!" *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

CRACK

BW: Oooh-hoo!

[MISTER follows up with a chop, doubling Kawajiri over, but after a couple of seconds, he stands upright again, still snarling at MISTER.]

GM: And the Iron Badger is not having any of this!

[MISTER rears back with another chop.]

CRACK

[This time, the Ringmarschall doesn't wait to follow up.]

GM: Standing head scissors... waistlock... MISTER with a... POWERBOMB! Oh my stars! Hooking both legs, one...

Two...

And you can—NO! Manzo the Iron Badger kicks out of the powerbomb! My stars, how do you kick out of a powerbomb that huge!

[MISTER hauls Kawajiri up to his knees.]

BW: And look at MISTER! That's a sign of a professional right there, not letting it faze him. What's he—

CRACK

GM: Oh my stars and garters! A chop between the shoulder blades to Kawajiri!

[Kawajiri struggles to stand upright, but walks in to another chop across the chest from MISTER.]

CRACK

GM: Oh my! MISTER is indeed looking to chip away Manzo Kawajiri!

BW: Iron sharpens iron, and those chops just seem to be getting more violent... look at Kawajiri's chest, Gordo! It's turning beet red!

CRACK

[Kawajiri's arms slump to his side, as MISTER keeps punishing him with chops.]

GM: And listen to these chops ricocheting through London!

BW: If you wanna kill a Badger, you gotta break some eggs.

[Manzo drops to his knees, but he stays upright. MISTER jogs to the ropes and rebounds with a boot to Manzo's head.]

GM: And it looks like Manzo is losing his reserves in this battle of attrition.

[Manzo finally loses his footing and flops to his back. MISTER hits the ropes again, and on the rebound, leaps into the air in the seated position.]

BW: Oof!

GM: And there's that vertical splash! The Ringmarschall obviously going after that massive core strength of the Iron Badger. A cover and this looks like this going to—NO!

[Kawajiri kicks out at two.]

"I-URN BAD-JA!" *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

"I-URN BAD-JA!" *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

"I-URN BAD-JA!" *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

[MISTER slaps the mat once in frustration, then drags Kawajiri upright by the back of the head. He throws him facefirst into the turnbuckle.]

BW: It just woke him up, Gordo! It's just making him mad.

[Kawajiri turns to face MISTER, once again snarling and roaring.]

GM: What resilience from Manzo Kawajiri!

[Kawajiri throws elbows at the face of MISTER.]

BW: And Iron Badger don't care! Iron Badger don't give a damn about a punk b—punk boy!

[But this time it's MISTER's turn to shrug off offense. He responds with a clubbing forearm of his own that backs Manzo back into the corner. Then...]

CRACK

GM: OOH!

BW: Who's the punk now?

CRACK

CRACK

[After three unanswered chops, MISTER heeds the referee's call to let Manzo out of the corner. Manzo collapses to his knees, arms crossed over his elliptical torso. For his part, MISTER takes a knee as well, wiping perspiration from his face and massaging his lower face.]

BW: And Manzo looks like he's having difficulty taking a deep breath. Those chops have done their damage and knocked the wind out him.

GM: Say what you will about the attitude of the Iron Badger, you have to admire the man's resilience. Most people who we've seen face MISTER—this Ogre from Innsbruck—they've only been able to withstand one or two of those chops. Kawajiri's sustained at least half a dozen.

BW: Yeah, a chop from MISTER is like being beaten with an oar.

GM: And MISTER has the Iron Badger locked in again with another standing headscissors, maybe another powerbomb... no, he's crossing those arms, looking for that Sovereign Bomb. We saw him victorious with that cross-armed powerbomb in France and Spain...

[MISTER powers Kawajiri up, but Kawajiri tears his arms free, and slips from MISTER's grasp, landing on his feet in front of MISTER.]

GM: Manzo reverses... Back body drop!

"I-URN BAD-JA!" *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

"I-URN BAD-JA!" *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

"I-URN BAD-JA!" *CLAP CLAP CLAP-CLAP-CLAP*

GM: And what is Karsten Marquardt doing up on the apron?

BW: MISTER is his coach! He's got to get a closer look!

[The referee intercepts Marquardt. Manzo has a more effective deterrent.]

GM: Kawajiri with a head of steam... OH MY STARS! Kawajiri turning his body into a battering ram, headbutting Marquardt to the floor—and who is that?!

[With the referee's back attention on Karsten Marquardt, an individual similarly dressed to the nines in an old-fashioned pinstripe suit rolls in to the other side of the ring. His head is shaved, with a distinctive curled handlebar moustache. Kawajiri turns around and walks into a punch.]

BW: Oh, he leveled him! Whoever this is just leveled the Iron Badger with one punch!

GM: Who is that? He's... Wait, he's got knuckledusters on his hand! Manzo is down, and MISTER with the cover... He's going to steal one here!

[The referee gets back into position, and after the shot from the brass knuckles, the pinfall is academic.]

GM: And what an unfortunate end to this great display of resiliency from the Iron Badger.

BW: You go for the win, Gordo! A win is a win! We could have been here all night if Manzo had his way.

GM: And who is this mystery man who just decked Kawajiri with those brass knucks?

[Marquardt and the mystery attacker both climb the apron and step through the ropes in unison.]

GM: They're not... Fans, I'm getting word from the back that this unknown man in the ring with Ringkrieger is Oliver St. Laurent, a regular on the UK wrestling scene.

[MISTER, Marquardt, and St. Laurent stand in a row. Marquardt and St. Laurent clasp their arms behind their back as MISTER holds a "RESPEKTIERE DIE LEINWAND" scarf overhead. St. Laurent kisses the brass knuckles on his wrist as the three exit the ring.]

BW: Looks like Ringkrieger is a trio now!

GM: Well, I think it's unfortunate that this Oliver St. Laurent gave MISTER a cheap way out of this war with Manzo Kawajiri. I get the feeling that this one might not be over quite yet, Bucky. Fans, right now, I'm told we're going to take a look at some footage captured a little earlier. Roll it.

[We fade to the backstage area where The Misfits - Amos Carter and Rashan Hill - are watching the monitor. The footage is marked "MOMENTS AGO."]

RH: Crazy night, brother... crazy.

AC: What are we gonna do about the boss?

[The cameraman speaks up.]

C: Guys, can I get a few words about what happened with Shadoe Rage just a few moments ago?

[Hill and Carter turn towards the cameraman, cutting their conversation short.]

AC: Hmmph. Couldn't even send Stegglet or Blackwell or even Colt? They just some guy with a camera on his shoulder.

RH: This is EXACTLY what the boss was talking about. No respect. Nothing but-

[A voice rings out from off-camera.]

"So much for you to learn..."

[The Misfits turn as a unit as the camera shot widens to show the speaker. She is a muscular, nearly white-skinned Black woman with kinky blonde hair, mischievous blue green eyes and a sneer on her face. The English fans recognize her as do those who've been watching the whole show who saw her with her sister, Lauryn Rage earlier.]

AC: Godiva Rage.

RH: Tha Anglish sista?

AC: Yeah, man... one of the original Misfits.

GR: Not an original. Me and Lady D were the most successful, innit.

AC: Over thirty tag team championships... the most devastating version of the Mischief Maker... that overhead toss right into the Perfect Punch.

GR: Yeah, mate, I know me own 'istory. I was there, right? But I came to see the male Misfits with me own two eyeballs.

[She looks them up and down.]

GR: Can't say as I'm impressed.

[Hill's eyes pop. He looks at Carter.]

RH: She did not just say that! She did not just say that!

AC: She did.

[Godiva strolls up to them, looking them both in the eye.]

GR: You inherited a legacy when you became Misfits, but you don't act like Misfits. You don't talk like Misfits and you damn sure don't think like a Misfit, do ya, Yanks. I mean, look at you, months around the greatest tag team wrestler of all times and all you've managed to be is Shadoe's lackeys. Does he look like the type of bloke who needs or respects lackeys, bruv?

AC: No, ma'am.

[Godiva laughs silently.]

GR: No, ma'am? I reckon I ain't yer mum, right? So stop with the fake manners. Shadoe didn't put you two together to ride his coattails. He don't need you to blow smoke up his derriere, right. He wants men. Men that are strong and tough and can handle their own.

RH: (annoyed) You don't thank we can handle our bizness?

[By way of answer, Godiva grabs him by the ear and twists it like his momma would. She drags the 6'4 athlete down to her level as Carter's eyes widen in fear in the background.]

GR: I do not. So listen up, Yank. You're going to learn. You're going to learn from the Misfits. So come with me.

AC: But the boss might need us!

GR: You think he doesn't know? You want to be Misfits? Come with me, mate. You want to be fired? Stay in your mediocre shell, get me?

[She releases Hill's ear who winces.]

RH: Dang girl, you coulda said all that from tha beginnin'.

GR: Coulda, but I needed to know 'ow much you 'ad to learn. Come along, you're on the first flight to Toronto.

[Godiva walks out of camera shot without looking back. The Misfits look at each other.]

RH: So whatchu thank? Should we follah her?

AC: I don't know that we have a choice, Rashan.

[And with that, Carter chases after the retreating Godiva Rage, his partner soon following behind as we 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 footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO." It appears to be backstage at the Mediolanum Forum with Xenia Sonova addressing the camera, cooling off from her match, the sheen of perspiration on her skin, and strands of wavy brown hair sticking to her forehead. Coming off a match, she has on her ring attire consisting of a white tank top and black pants, with a white towel draped behind her neck and over her shoulders. Instead of the expected Russian accent, Sonova speaks with a clear, crisp English accent.]

XS: In three weeks, the AWA returns home, but, before that, London in two weeks' time will be a homecoming of sorts for me. You see, it's no secret that, while I was born in Russia, I grew up in England. I went to an English public school... did ballet and gymnastics... went for riding lessons... and while some children can only dream of having a pony, Papa made sure I got one when I wanted one!

[Sonova smiles at the memory.]

XS: So, I don't have any stories of a gritty life, fending for myself on the streets, living in my car, dumpster-diving for food... But you would be mistaken to brush me off as the spoiled scion of a Russian businessman, because anyone who has followed my recent career in GFC knows that I have no problem stepping into the Hexagon to get what I want... Using my own hands and feet to make MY mark!

[She raises said hands, balled up in fists as she stares at the camera.]

XS: Tonight, I beat one of Italy's own. Two weeks from tonight, I'll be showing what I can do in front of my adopted hometown audience. And after that, maybe I prove my dominance on AWA home ground...

One ring... One opponent... One match at a time to get what I want...

And, right now, that's the Women's Championship...

[Sonova makes the universal "belt gesture."]

XS: And, one way or another, I'm the kind of woman who gets what she wants.

[We fade from the pre-taped footage...

...and up on live action where we see a television monitor showing the same footage we just saw. After a moment, our live shot pulls out enough to reveal Tony Donovan staring at the screen wistfully. He's all alone, dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a brand new t-shirt with "KINGS" written across the front and "Bow Down" on the back. Donovan is staring at the screen still as a single line escapes from his mouth... a musical line... you might even call it a lyric.]

TD: #Neeeeeeew... and a bit... alarrrrrmiiiiing#

[From behind Donovan, we hear a throat clearing. Donovan's eyes go wide as he turns with a startle.]

TD: You.

[The shot pulls back a little more to reveal Mark Stegglet, a smirk on his face.]

MS: Were you just... singing?

[Donovan's eyes go wide again.]

TD: Nope. No way. Nope.

MS: That's not what I-

[Stegglet is interrupted by Wes Taylor stomping into view, an angry expression on his face as he too is wearing a pair of jeans and a t-shirt although he's sporting a white tee with four playing cards - all Kings of course - across the front with "Kings of Wrestling" written in script underneath.]

WT: What's going on here?

MS: Your partner was singing.

TD: I was not!

WT: Singing...?

[Taylor glares at Donovan, his gaze shifting slightly to the television monitor where Xenia Sonova's image is frozen. Taylor sighs.]

WT: Look, Stegglet... Kings don't sing, you got me?

[Stegglet smirks again, raising his hands as he turns to stand between the two men.]

WT: You know what else Kings don't do, Stegglet?

MS: Kings don't seem to get along these days.

TD: Real funny, worm. You keep crackin' jokes like that, the jokes won't be the only thing crackin'!

[Donovan holds up a fist so Stegglet can see it. The interviewer nods.]

WT: Kings don't "bend the knee" so all this talk about the Axis overtaking the Kings as the top dogs around this part is exactly that... talk! And any time Juan Vasquez and his band of flunkies wants a piece of the Kings of Wrestling, sign the dotted line and we'll see who rules the roost here in the AWA, you understand me? Tony, tell 'em what else Kings don't do.

[Donovan turns to the camera, pointing a finger.]

TD: Kings don't lay down for no one! You want to beat the Kings, you better bring all you got and then some... and that goes to Jack Lynch... Travis Lynch... that pencil-necked geek O'Connor...

WT: Don't forget Harper and Somers.

TD: How could I forget those two? They've had our names in their mouths so much for the past few months, you'd think we'd been surgically implanted there!

[Donovan laughs at his own joke.]

WT: That reminds me of something else that Kings don't do. Kings don't spend their "social time"...

[Taylor arches an eyebrow.]

WT: ...with middle-aged women so desperate to hang on to glory, we're practically dragging them across the room. So, Harper... tell your Mom thanks but no thanks and she can go ahead and lose my number.

TD: You gave her your number?

WT: I mean... she's a Hall of Famer, right? Bucket list, you know.

[Taylor shrugs and then "checks the box" with his finger. He winks at the camera.]

WT: Thanks for all the good times, Steph, but it's time to hit the trail.

Just like it's time for your punk son to hit the trail tonight because when Anton Layton gets done with him, I'm guessing there won't be enough left of Harper for his partner Humpty Dumpty to put back together for a shot at our World Tag Team Titles. And you know what that means?

[Donovan chuckles.]

TD: That means that once again the Kings of Wrestling have cleaned out the tag team division! It means there ain't a team left on the block worthy of challenging us for the gold! And it means that if there's a tag team out there anywhere in the world worth signing, then we've got one piece of advice for the Talent Relations department...

Start... running.

[Donovan winks at the camera, trading a high five with his partner as the tag team champions exit the scene.]

MS: The tag team champions remain confident that there's no one left for them to face. We'll see about that.

[Stegglet turns, a look of amusement on his face.]

MS: And he WAS singing. Back to you, Gordon.

[We fade back out to the ringside area to a chuckling Gordon Myers.]

GM: Thanks for that, Mark... and coming up right now, we've got a Handicap Match with very high stakes. The Wallace twins - The American Idols - taking on Terry Shane III and if Shane wins, his brother Jimmy Jack will be given a brand new AWA talent contract.

BW: And if he doesn't, we'll never have to hear another word about that lunatic.

GM: Can Terry pull it off against high odds for his brother? We're about to find out. Rebecca Ortiz, take it away!

[We cut to the ring where our shapely ring announcer is standing.]

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

[The sounds of Calvin Harris' "This Is What You Came For" rings out over the PA system as the house lights start to flash in rhythm to the music creating a dance party atmosphere.]

RO: From the Shibuya area of Tokyo, Japan... at a total combined weight of 342 pounds... Chaz and Chet Wallace...

THE AMERRRRRRRICAN IIIIIIDOLLLLLLS!

[The Wallaces spring through the curtain in long golden shimmering tights, trading a leaping high five before heading down the aisle towards the ring. They taunt the occasional fan with a crotch chop or insulting comment as they head to the ring.]

GM: The American Idols have been a part of the AWA for a few months now and since arriving here - despite claiming they're looking at the AWA Tag Team Titles - they've been tied up with Terry Shane and his brother.

BW: Lunatic brother.

GM: I stand corrected...

[Climbing up on the apron, Chaz and Chet grab the top rope, using a double slingshot to go over the top, landing on their feet and striking a double bicep pose with Chet kneeling in front of Chaz.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[Static.]

RO: From Independence, Missouri... weighing in at 212 pounds...

TERRRRRRYYYYYYY SHAAAAAAAAAAAAANE!

["Dance of the Knights" by Sergei Prokofiev begins to play over the PA system, leading Terry Shane through the curtain and down the aisle. On this night, he's opted to leave the ring robe behind, coming down to the ring in a pair of green trunks with white trim and TS3 on his left hip. Shane gets close to the ring before pausing, looking up at the taunting Wallaces as the London crowd is mixed between cheers and boos.]

GM: And it sounds like - here in London - they've yet to make up their mind how they feel about the former leader of the Shane Gang.

BW: The old Terry Shane wouldn't care if they cheered or booed but this new one... well, I don't know what to think about him either.

GM: Terry Shane has been very determined to turn over a new leaf since his return and... well, he hasn't won over everyone yet but I feel like he's making strides each and every time out, Bucky.

[Shane slides into the ring, looking across at the Wallaces who are shouting at him, throwing crotch chops and the usual assortment of annoying tactics. Shane looks across with disdain, shaking his head as he settles into the corner.]

GM: Referee Davis Warren has been tasked with the difficult job of keeping the Wallaces under control.

[Chet Wallace gives a brother a fist bump, turning to face Shane as Chaz steps out on the apron.]

GM: Now, while this may be a Handicap Match, it will be required for the Wallaces to tag in and out like a normal tag team matchup.

BW: It still puts Shane at a disadvantage. When one of the Wallaces get tired, they can bring in the other one. Terry Shane's out there all alone and it's all on him. No tagging out for Shane.

[The bell sounds as Shane strides from the corner, moving right into a collar and elbow tieup...

...or so he thinks before Chet Wallace ducks under, trotting across the ring where he turns and delivers a crotch chop with a loud "BOOM!" Shane throws a dismissive gesture at Chet Wallace as Chaz shouts his approval from the apron.]

GM: So much for sportsmanship.

BW: The Wallaces aren't sportsmen, Gordo. They're winners.

GM: Those two things aren't exclusive, Bucky.

BW: Maybe not but I'd rather get my hand raised at the end of the match than to have it shook at the beginning.

[Chet moves towards Shane a second time...

...and ducks under a second time with a "Whoooooa!", turning to hold up his fingers slightly apart.]

BW: Missed it by THAT much.

[Chet smirks as Shane glowers at him and when they get close again, they finally tie up in a collar and elbow...]

GM: Collar and elbow lockup... and Shane takes him down with an armdrag!

[There are cheers from the London crowd as Wallace scrambles up, charging back into a second armdrag that throws him down to the mat.]

GM: Make it two.

[With Chet down, Chaz comes through the ropes, charging towards Shane...

...who sidesteps, grabbing Chaz by the back of the head, and HURLS him over the top rope to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Shane clears out Chaz! And this is his chance to put it away quickly!

[Shane spins back to Chet, rushing him as he gets to his feet. He lowers his shoulder, barreling him back against the buckles. Grabbing the middle rope, Shane throws one... two... three shoulders to the midsection before grabbing Chet by the arm...]

GM: Big whip on the way...

[Wallace slams chestfirst into the buckles, staggering backwards towards Shane who reaches out, clasping his arms around the waist...

...and LAUNCHES Wallace up and over, throwing him down to the canvas with a released German Suplex on the back of the head!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIG THROW BY SHANE! COULD THAT BE ENOUGH?!

[Shane quickly scrambles into a pin attempt, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Wallace’s shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt. Shane quickly throws a leg over the torso, pinning him down as he balls up his right hand...]

GM: Right hand! Another! A third!

[Shane is hammering away on Chet Wallace as the official shouts at him to open his hand up. The former leader of the Shane Gang comes to a halt, turning to look at the official...

...which allows Chaz Wallace to come rushing into the ring, hitting Shane in the back of the head and knocking him down to the mat to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! Sneak attack by Chaz Wallace!

[Chaz puts the boots to Shane, his golden tassels flopping with each blow as Shane tries to cover up and the referee tries to get Chaz back out on the apron. Chet regains his feet, moving to the aid of his brother.]

GM: And now we’re going to get a blatantly illegal doubleteam... the referee would be perfectly within his rights to call for a disqualification here, Bucky.

BW: If he does, does Jimmy Jack Shane get a contract?

GM: I wouldn't see any reason why not.

[Chaz and Chet back Shane into the ropes, each grabbing an arm...]

GM: The Idols whip Shane across...

[The twin brothers link hands for a double clothesline, rushing at Shane who ducks down, going under the attack...]

GM: Shane ducks under, into the ropes himself...

[...and a large part of the crowd cheers as Shane lands a double clothesline of his own, falling to his knees from the impact!]

GM: And Terry Shane drops both members of the American Idols with that!

[Down on the mat, Chaz rolls from the ring, leaving his brother behind as Terry Shane climbs up off the mat, looking out with a nod at the mostly-cheering crowd...]

...and then rushes across the ring, connecting with a clothesline that sends Chet over the ropes and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND DOWN TO THE FLOOR GO BOTH WALLACES!

[A fired-up Terry Shane gives a loud "COME ON!" to the London crowd to a mostly-loud cheer before he looks out at the rising Wallaces, nodding his head as he dashes to the far ropes...]

GM: Shane off the far side... coming back strong...

[...and drops into a split-legged slide under the ropes, looking to catch both Wallaces with a boot but the Wallaces sidestep, hooking Shane's ankles under their arms...]

GM: Counter!

[...and with a mighty yank, they pull Shane from the ring, bouncing the back of his head off the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHH! A hard fall to the floor for Terry Shane right there, fans!

[The crowd jeers loudly as the Wallaces take turns stomping and kicking Shane for a few moments before doing it together, kicking Shane into the thin mats at ringside.]

GM: The Wallaces are all over Shane out on the floor and this may completely turn the tide in this one, Bucky.

[Dragging Shane off the floor, the Wallaces lash out with a double chop across the chest!]

GM: Tag team offense out on the floor - illegal tag team offense, I might add.

[But as Shane reels from the chop, he smashes a right hand into the skull of Chet Wallace... then one to Chaz... then one to Chet... then one to Chaz!]

GM: Shane's fighting back!

BW: Terry Shane's known for his sweet science but he's gone toe to toe with some of the toughest brawlers in our sport and lived to talk about it.

[Reaching out, Shane grabs a handful of each twin's hair...

...and CLASHES their skulls together to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh my! A meeting of the minds here in London, England!

[Chaz staggers away as Shane rolls Chet back under the ropes inside the ring.]

GM: And with Chaz... wait a second!

[Shane snatches Chaz by the trunks, pulling him back towards him where he lifts him into the air...

...and SLAMS him down on the thin ringside mats!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SLAM BY SHANE!

[And with Chaz momentarily disabled, Shane rolls back inside the ring, turning his focus onto Chet Wallace. As Chet struggles back to his feet, Shane snatches him into a double underhook...]

GM: Shane trying to find a way to put Chet Wallace down for a three count while Chaz is out on the floor... big knee in the underhook... and another... there's a third... and a fourth...

[Still holding the underhooks, Shane hoists Wallace into the air, throwing him down to the mat.]

GM: Butterfly suplex and a beaut!

BW: No one ever accused Terry Shane of not being able to wrestle.

[Shane crawls into a lateral press, reaching back for the leg.]

GM: One! Two! But that's all!

[Moving swiftly, Shane pushes back to his feet. He stomps the downed Chet a few times before pulling him up by his long hair, drilling him with a pair of European uppercuts that send the much-smaller competing stumbling back into the buckles.]

GM: Chet Wallace back into the corner... Shane moving in on him...

[Squaring up, Shane throws a trio of chops to the chest, echoing throughout the O2 Arena on impact before he grabs Wallace by the arm...]

GM: Corner to corner he goes... Shane follows him in!

[Running across the ring, Shane leaps into the air, swinging his arm back then forward and BLASTS Wallace across the collarbone with a devastating clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! And that'll rock Chet Wallace for sure!

[Out on the floor, we catch a glimpse of Chaz Wallace trying to get back to his feet.]

GM: The Wallaces know that if Shane wins this match, then they have to deal with the arrival of the unpredictable Jimmy Jack Shane and I don't think they want any part of that. They want to end this right here and now.

BW: Absolutely. Because the Wallaces came to the AWA to prove that they're the best tag team in the world and they're not getting that chance when they spend all their time beating up Terry Shane as much fun as that may be.

[Shane pulls the dazed Chet out of the corner, flinging him towards the ropes. As he rebounds back, Shane hoists him into the air, spinning him around and around before bringing him down across the knee in a lucha-inspired backbreaker!]

GM: And that might do it, fans! Shane makes the cover! He gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[The crowd groans as Chaz Wallace comes diving through the ropes, smashing down on top of Shane and breaking up the pin.]

GM: No, no! Two count only! Just a two thanks to Chaz Wallace!

[Chaz pulls Shane to his feet, ignoring the official telling him to get out of the ring. He peppers Shane with a pair of short forearms before shoving him back into the ropes, whipping him across towards Chet who dives at his feet, forcing Shane to hurdle up and over.]

GM: Shane off the far side...

[And as he rebounds, the Wallaces snap off a double thrusting back kick to the midsection, doubling him up... and transition immediately into a double leg sweep, kicking Shane's legs out from under him, putting him down on the canvas as the Wallaces leap into the air - Chaz with a senton as Chet hits a somersault legdrop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! What a doubleteam maneuver out of the Wallaces! There's a cover by Chet... but the referee's not going to count it! He's not counting until he gets Chaz out of the ring!

[Chaz Wallace proceeds to throw a tantrum but does indeed exit the ring as Chet's cover only gets a delayed one count. The Wallaces give the official an earful as Chet brings Shane to his feet, backing him into the corner where he makes the tag to Chaz.]

GM: The tag is made by the Wallaces and this is the situation that Terry Shane was hoping to avoid here tonight, fans. He did not want to be in a position where the Wallaces were in control and able to tag in and out at will.

[Chaz steps in and both Wallaces step back, moving to the adjacent corners. They both throw a crotch chop at the dazed Terry Shane as they charge in, each leaping up to throw an enzuigiri to the back of Shane's head!]

GM: Double kick in the corner... out goes Chet, Chaz stays behind this time.

[He shoves Shane out of the corner, watching him stumble forward and slump down onto his knees. With a smirk, Chaz uses his hands to "frame up" Shane before hitting the ropes, rebounding back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: OHH! Low dropkick!

BW: The signature move of the American Idols, daddy!

[Shane collapses in a heap as Chaz dives on top of him, able to secure a two count before Shane lifts the shoulder.]

GM: A two count there for Chaz Wallace and... looks like we're going to get another tag.

[Another quick exchange brings Chet back into the ring. Chaz takes up a spot near Shane as Chet runs to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and Chaz ducks low, getting a lot of lift as he backdrops Chet up into the air where Chet does a full flip before CRASHING down on the prone Shane!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: He backdropped his own partner into a damn 450 splash! Incredible! I've never seen anything like that before!

[Chet does a triumphant shout, reaching back to hook the legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Shane pops a shoulder off the canvas, breaking up the pin and earning a cheer from the London crowd.]

GM: Terry Shane somehow kicks out of that devastating double team - I don't know how - but the London crowd was happy to see it!

[A fired up and surprised Chet Wallace launches into a series of vicious stomps to the downed Shane, earning the boos of the crowd and the ire of the official who warns him to back off.]

GM: Chet Wallace showing some frustration on that kickout, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? That was a highlight reel maneuver and somehow Shane kicked out!

[Chet Wallace pulls Shane off the mat by the hair, dragging him over towards the American Idols' corner, smashing his face into the turnbuckle and slapping Chaz' outstretched hand.]

GM: Another tag.

[Chaz slingshots over the top rope where Shane has been pushed back into the corner. The Wallaces each grab an arm, whipping their opponent across the ring. Chet runs across as well, sliding down to his hands and knees as Chaz sprints across...

...and springs off the back with a somersault, using a cannonball splash in the corner on the stunned Shane!]

GM: Another effective doubleteam and-

[Chet pops up as Shane staggers out towards him, leaping into the air to snag Shane's head between his legs, taking him over in a rana. Chet strikes a double bicep pose, smirking as the official dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Shane kicks out again, earning some more cheers from the London crowd!]

GM: Another kickout! Shane continues to fight, refusing to stay down as the Wallaces use their numerical advantage.

[Chet Wallace gets to his feet, moving to tag his brother again...]

GM: Another tag... and another doubleteam coming up...

[Chaz moves to the corner, quickly going up the ropes as Chet moves to grab Shane by the legs...]

GM: Chaz is up top... Chet going for the legs and-

[But as Chet grabs for Shane's legs, Shane draws his legs closer to him, kicking off hard...

...and sending Chet back into the ropes, causing Chaz to fall and drop crotchfirst down on the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHANE KICKS HIM INTO THE ROPES! SHANE WITH THE COUNTER!

[Chet turns, looking up in shock at his brother...

...and when he turns, he rushes the rising Terry Shane who drops him with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand!

[Wallace scrambles up, running into a second haymaker!]

GM: Another one puts him down!

[Shane snatches Wallace by the hair, bringing him off the mat and towards the corner where Chaz is crotched...

...and SLAMS Chet's head into the top turnbuckle repeatedly, earning a count from the crowd and a groan of pain from Chaz on each buckle smash!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[And as he pulls Chet out of the corner, Shane charges across the ring, hurling him over the ropes and out to the floor. He turns back towards the corner where a grimacing Chaz is on his feet on the top rope...]

GM: Chaz is up top! Shane moving in!

[...and Chaz hurls himself into the air, throwing himself into a crossbody!]

GM: OFF THE TOP!

[A charging Shane drops into a baseball slide, bottoming out as Chaz sails over him, CRASHING down hard into the canvas!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[And with Wallace down on the mat, Shane runs up to him, hooking Wallace's left arm between his legs. He hooks Wallace's right arm under his left arm, rolling to his back as he reaches up with right arm, wrapping his arms around Wallace's head...

...and YANKS back, applying extreme pressure on the neck!]

GM: NO ESCAPE! NO ESCAPE!

[Wallace cries out in pain, struggling for a few moments, looking around for some sight of his brother to save him...

...and then frantically taps out!]

GM: HE TAPPED! HE TAPPED! SHANE GETS THE WIN!

[Shane lets go of the hold, rolling to the side and right out of the ring as Chet Wallace makes a dive, trying to get a hold of him!]

GM: Shane gets the win here in London and you know what that means!

BW: NO!

GM: It means that the AWA is about to sign a contract for Jimmy Jack Shane, the Texas wildman! Can you believe that?

BW: No, I can't! I can't believe that Emerson Gellar would do that after all the things Shane has pulled over the years all over the country... heck, around the world! He's the worst example... the worst representative of what a pro wrestler is all about!

GM: Nevertheless, a deal is a deal and Terry Shane and Emerson Gellar had a deal. Shane scores the upset win and that contract is being written up as we speak... and the Wallaces are beside themselves!

[Inside the ring, Chaz and Chet are pitching a fit as Shane smiles as he backs down the aisle, earning the cheers of the London crowd.]

GM: Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[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 backstage where Theresa Lynch stands before an AWA backdrop. To her left is Daniel Harper, one half of Next Gen, and he is dressed in his wrestling attire, a white singlet with the words "NEXT GEN" written across the front in navy blue lettering, white kneepads and wrestling boots. To Theresa's right is Harper's tag team partner, Howie Somers, who is dressed in blue jeans and a gray Boston Red Sox T-shirt.]

TL: Daniel Harper, you are moments away from facing Anton Layton in a singles match. This is the first time you have wrestled in a singles match since you debuted in the AWA nearly two years ago -- in fact, based on what I've gathered, you have

yet to wrestle in a singles match in your entire career. Do you think you are prepared for this match, considering that Layton is one of the most dangerous men to ever step into an AWA ring?

[Harper has an irate look on his face.]

DH: Theresa, right now the last thing I'm concerned about is never having wrestled in a singles match before -- the only thing I'm concerned about is shutting people up! I heard what Wes Taylor had to say about my mother and, believe me, the last thing you want to be doing, Taylor, is dragging my mother into things, because that's only going to lead to me slapping that smirk right off your face!

You want to act so smug about how you think your God's gift to women all over the world, you brag about your social media following and how much your hashtags are trending, but all that's going to lead to is me and my partner right here knocking you off your perch! The more you keep flapping your mouth, the more it's going to lead to me punching you right in it!

[Somers reaches over to his partner and places a hand on his shoulders.]

HS: Hey, easy done it, Daniel -- get your focus together! I know you're upset about what Wes Taylor said, but you aren't going to be facing him tonight. Like Theresa said, it's Anton Layton you're facing, and like I told you, you can't let anybody or anything distract you from focusing on your main objective tonight, and that's beating Anton Layton in that ring. Are we clear, my friend?

[Harper takes a deep breath and runs a hand over his face.]

DH: Yeah, we're clear. [A quick nod to Theresa] I'm sorry -- you were asking about my first singles match?

TL: Yes, Daniel, that's correct.

DH: Look, I get that some people are going to doubt that I can handle myself in a singles match, after spending so much time with my partner and best friend here. But all that training I had, plus all the time I've worked with my partner, I'm not what you'd call some wet-behind-the-ears kid any longer! And I've known that, at some point, the moment might come that I would have to be out there on my own -- maybe I didn't anticipate it would come this soon, but I had to be ready for it!

And believe me, I've got more than enough reason to be ready for it, if it means teaching Anton Layton a thing or two about being a lackey for the Kings of Wrestling! There is no way it can be coincidence that the Slaughterhouse would attack us on two separate occasions when we have a chance to throw down with the World tag team champions! Everything is pointing to Layton doing the bidding of Taylor and Donovan so they can keep their sham of beating all the competition there is in the AWA! And tonight's match is my chance to not only show that I can handle myself in a singles match, but that I'm more than capable of kicking Anton Layton's butt!

TL: Daniel, you are aware of Layton's history, though. He's been involved in grueling matches, some would say dangerous matches. It was just a few years ago that he brutalized Eric Preston in multiple matches -- some have said Layton is responsible for shortening Preston's career.

DH: I get that, Theresa, I really do. But I can't turn the other cheek when somebody wants to keep getting involved in my business -- involved in my friend's business -- and keep us from reaching our objectives by jumping us from behind! So I don't have any choice but to face Layton in that ring and prove a point to him! I can't shy away from this match simply because of how dangerous he is -- my

mother never backed down from an opponent, no matter how dangerous, and neither did anybody else in my family! I've got to face that danger and deal with it, because if I don't, then my partner and I will never settle things with Layton and the Slaughterhouse!

[He takes another deep breath and Somers again pats him on the shoulder.]

HS: You know I've got your back, Daniel. And Theresa, I feel exactly as my partner does -- Layton and the Slaughterhouse have meddled in our affairs for too long and we need to settle this! If that means my friend and partner has to get in the ring with Layton himself, then that's what will be happen. And I have all the confidence in the world that my partner will get the job done -- after all, getting the job done runs in his family and it runs in my family, too. First singles match or not, I know Daniel has what it takes to get the job done.

[Harper gives a quick nod to Somers, then the two exchange a high five.]

DH: Theresa, you can bet once Howie and I settle this issue, we will be coming for the World tag team titles. And believe me, Taylor and Donovan will answer for every smart-mouthed remark they want to make about anybody in our families! I'm sure you want anyone in your family to do the same! [Gestures to Somers] To the ring, let's go!

[The members of Next Gen walk off the set.]

TL: I can definitely relate to family standing up for one another. Daniel Harper says he's ready for this one... but what about his opponent, Mark?

[We cut to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in the midst of the stuff of nightmares. The hooded Anton Layton is beside him, flanked on either side by Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy - the duo known as the Slaughterhouse.]

MS: Thanks, Theresa... and Anton Layton, Daniel Harper is focused on family headed into this clash with you. What is it that you're focused on?

[From beneath his hood, the Prince of Darkness utters one word.]

AL: Power.

[He lifts his arm, revealing the shimmering crystal known as the Eye of Tyr. A moment later, the Hangman steps in behind a grinning Layton, his noose dangling from his hand.]

AL: You see, Mark Stegglet... for all my years here in the AWA, it has always... ALWAYS... been about power. I came to the AWA to avenge a wronging done to me by Vernon Riley... and in putting Riley out to pasture, I have a power over him that he can never undo.

Young Eric Preston and I fought battle after battle, bloodbath after bloodbath... and where is HE now, Stegglet?

[Stegglet grimaces.]

MS: You know very well that-

AL: GONE! And when I aligned myself with the likes of Nenshou... of Monosso... of Childes... to form the unholyest of alliances, we stood in union for one common goal.

Power.

And we achieved it.

Monosso as World Champion. Nenshou as champion as well. Childes as the master manipulator, pulling the strings of all those around him.

[He lifts the crystal again, staring into it.]

AL: Except me... me who walked from the fires of that union to stand alone with sheer power... true power... unlimited power.

Young Harper speaks of family... well, this is my family, Stegglet.

[The camera pulls back a bit more, framing up the entire Slaughterhouse including The Hangman.]

AL: This is my blood. And while they answer to me as their master, they also look to me as their father. And tonight, my children are going to learn what happens when you make daddy angry.

Tonight, Daniel Harper is going to find out what happens when true power lays its hands on you.

Young Harper likes to say that I answer to the Kings of Wrestling... that I run dirty errands for them like turning out the lights on young Harper and his friend.

[Layton smirks.]

AL: Young Harper knows nothing of true power. True power answers to no one. True power does no one's bidding. True power gives the orders.

A fact Harper may face one day when I tell the Lost Boy to gnaw his nose from his face.

[Stegglet grimaces.]

AL: Or when I tell Pretty Porter to strip the flesh from his cheeks.

[Another shudder.]

AL: Or when I deliver the order to the Hangman to make all of young Harper's pain go away.

[Stegglet turns, watching as the Hangman tightens the noose around an invisible neck.]

AL: Or perhaps young Harper's brush with true power comes tonight when I wrap my hands around his throat... and never let go.

[Layton mimics doing exactly that with his hands.]

AL: Eheheh.

Ehehehehehehehehe.

EHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!

[With Layton still cackling, he walks out of view, his army of darkness following behind him, leaving Mark Stegglet in their wake.]

MS: You know, I never been a fan of horror movies. But I'd sit through any Nightmare on Elm Street on a Friday the 13th if I never had to deal with the likes of him again. Goodness. Back to you, Gordon...

[And with that, we fade back out to the ringside area to Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... and as someone who has watched Anton Layton in action for over a decade now, I think his goal tonight is quite clear, Bucky. He wants to hurt this young man, Daniel Harper, and remove Next Gen as an obstacle for the Slaughterhouse as they attempt to become the World Tag Team Champions.

BW: I won't argue that you're wrong, Gordo, but if you're right, that's pretty brilliant strategy, isn't it?

GM: Perhaps. But we're about to find out if Harper can thwart that strategy as we head to Rebecca Ortiz for the introductions!

[Fade to the ring to our ring announcer.]

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

[A shrill scream fills the air before the sounds of Slayer's "Dead Skin Mask" rips through the O2 Arena.]

RO: He is accompanied to the ring by his Slaughterhouse... weighing in at 262 pounds... he is the Prince of Darknessssssss...

ANNNNNNTONNNNN LAAAAAYTONNNNN!

[The black-hooded Layton emerges from the curtain, flanked by The Lost Boy and Porter Crowley on either side. Bringing up the rear is the towering slab of intimidation known as The Hangman, noose in hand. Layton flips back his hood, letting loose his trademark cackle as he holds the gem known as the Eye of Tyr over his head for all to see.]

GM: You want to talk about a menacing group of individuals, look no further than these four men, Bucky.

BW: This is one of the most dangerous assemblages of wrestling talent I've ever seen. They were bad before but with the Hangman in the mix, it just got worse.

GM: I still have questions about how Layton managed to get The Hangman to betray Virgil Rockwell...

BW: Look no further than the Eye, Gordo. The Eye sees all.

GM: Oh, would you stop? I don't believe that crystal gives someone the power to control someone... and I don't think you do either.

BW: Hey, you believe what you want, Gordo... I've seen what the Eye can do and I've got no desire for Layton to come at me with it or I'll end up washing the floor with my hair.

[The quartet swiftly makes their way down the aisle. Layton takes the steps into the ring, shedding his robe to reveal a pasty, flabby physique underneath.]

GM: Layton doesn't look to be in the best shape these days, Bucky.

BW: It's been a while since he's had to compete in the ring on a regular basis, spending most of his time as a manager these days... but Layton's danger as a wrestler never came from his conditioning or his physique, Gordo... it was his viciousness... his savagery... and that doesn't take a single ab.

[Layton gestures to his soldiers of darkness, putting them around the ringside area as the music changes to "Wake Up" by Story Of The Year to big cheers from the London crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

["Wake Up" by Story of the Year plays as the members of Next Gen emerge from the entranceway. Howie Somers is dressed in a navy blue singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in white lettering, plus matching knee pads and wrestling boots. His tag team partner, Daniel Harper, wears a white singlet with the words "Next Gen" across the front in navy blue lettering, plus white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by Howie Somers... from El Paso, Texas... weighing in at 230 pounds...

DANNNNNNNNIELLLLL HARRRRRRRRPERRRRRRR!

Introducing, from Boston, Massachusetts, and El Paso, Texas, at a combined weight of 495 pounds, ... HOWIE SOMERS... DANIEL HARPER... THEY ARE... NEXT! GEN!

[Howie and Daniel each stand at the entranceway, slight smiles on their faces, before turning to each other and exchanging a high five. The duo then makes its way to the ring, where Howie and Daniel climb onto the apron and duck between the ropes. There, Howie and Daniel spread their arms to the sides, before extending them toward themselves, thumbs pointed toward the "Next Gen" each has printed on their attire. In the background, we can see Anton Layton pacing back and forth like a caged tiger ready to strike.]

GM: One of the most popular duos on the AWA roster, Next Gen is looking to get themselves into position to challenge Taylor and Donovan for the World Tag Team Titles but to do it, they've gotta get past the Slaughterhouse and tonight could be their first step in doing exactly that.

BW: We'll see about that.

[Somers gives his partner a quick high five before exiting the ring, eyeing the three men on the floor warily as Harper grabs at the ropes in the corner, giving it a few tugs.]

GM: Daniel Harper loosening up for the battle to come.

BW: And if I'm Howie Somers, I think I'd head back to the locker room. There's no chance I want a part of the three men out on the floor.

GM: Next Gen is certainly coming into this one outgunned.

[The bell sounds and Anton Layton storms across the ring towards Daniel Harper who sees him coming, flipping him over with a hiptoss.]

GM: Harper takes Layton down with a hiptoss!

[Layton scrambles back up, moving in on Harper again, and gets flipped over to the canvas a second time...]

GM: Another hiptoss!

[Harper spins around at a shout of warning from Howie Somers, catching the climbing Lost Boy with a dropkick that sends him flying off the apron and down to the floor to huge cheers from the crowd!]

GM: Oh my!

[Porter Crowley slams his arms into the mat with anger, coming around the ringpost towards Howie Somers but Somers is at the ready for a fight, having scooped up a steel chair from the timekeeper's table...]

GM: Oh, and if the Slaughterhouse wants to pick a fight with Howie Somers, he's ready to oblige them, Bucky!

[...and Crowley growls as he backs off, keeping his eyes on Somers. Back inside the ring, Anton Layton is on his feet, grabbing at his lower back as he eyes Harper from across the ring.]

GM: Layton slowly moving across on Harper...

[The two men lunge at one another, getting tied up in a collar and elbow. They jostle for position for a bit until Harper spins out into an armwringer.]

GM: Harper grabs the arm, giving it a yank...

[With a grin towards the cheering crowd, Harper slowly turns the arm, adding more pressure to the limb...]

GM: And Harper playing to his strengths here, keeping this a wrestling match rather than the brawl that Layton is looking for.

[Harper ducks under, trying to increase the pressure again...

...and Layton savagely rakes the eyes, leaving Harper staggering blindly across the ring as Layton pursues.]

GM: Layton takes the easy way out to the shock of no one and... oh! He rakes his nails down across the back!

[With Harper grimacing, Layton pushes him into the ropes, laying in a pair of big forearms across the chest before grabbing Harper by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip on the way, shoots Harper across...

[As Harper hits the ropes, Layton draws back a big right hand...

...but the rebounding Harper drops into a slide between the legs of Layton, causing him to whiff on the haymaker, leaving him off-balance.]

GM: Swing and a miss... Harper up!

[And as Layton turns, Harper unloads with a trio of right hands to the skull of Layton who staggers back before throwing a big hooking blow...]

GM: Harper ducks the right hand... picks him up... and DOWN with an atomic drop!

[The atomic drop sends Layton staggering into the ropes, bouncing his chest off them as Harper leaps up with a dropkick, sending Layton flying through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! Daniel Harper with a flurry of offense and he sends Anton Layton all the way out to the floor!

[Layton gets to his feet, angrily slamming his arms down on the apron as he glares up at Harper who is encouraging him to get back inside the ring...]

GM: Harper wants some more of Layton and- look out, kid!

[Harper wheels around, shouting at the official and pointing out Porter Crowley up on the apron...]

...which is Howie Somers' cue to run around the ring, grabbing Crowley by the ankle and yanking him down off the apron to a big cheer!]

GM: And Howie Somers isn't about to let these goons get involved in his partner's match!

[Somers cracks Crowley with a forearm to the mush, knocking him down on his rear before he backpedals away, wagging a finger to the rest of the Slaughterhouse. Harper grins at his partner's actions...]

...but the smile is instantly gone as he turns around and finds the Hangman on the apron staring at him!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Oh, Harper's not such a tough guy now! Now that he's got the Hangman ready to put him out of his misery!

[Harper looks around nervously as the Hangman raises his gloved hand in the direction of the young man from El Paso...]

GM: Harper needs to stay away from the Hangman. He needs to have no part of that- look out!

[And with the Hangman providing the distraction, Anton Layton slides back in, lowering the boom with a big running forearm to the back of Harper's head.]

GM: Ohh! Layton from behind with the blow to the skull!

[With Harper down on the mat, Layton stomps and kicks the young man, snarling as the Hangman slowly steps back down to the floor.]

GM: And as the Hangman's done his job, he steps down and leaves his dark master to his dirty work!

[Layton hauls Harper off the mat, dragging him to the corner where he smashes his face into the top turnbuckle. He spins Harper around, savagely throwing rights and lefts at the ribcage of the youngster.]

GM: The son of a Hall of Famer, Daniel Harper, is taking a pounding right now at the hands of the so-called Prince of Darkness...

BW: "So-called?" With all the damage that Layton's caused in the AWA over the years, you really feel comfortable questioning his status as an evil son of a gun, Gordo?

GM: Perhaps not. Layton grabbing Harper by the arm... big whip across...

[Layton charges across in pursuit, driving a running knee up into the midsection of Harper, doubling the youngster up so that Layton can club his forearm down across the back of the neck once... and a second one knocks Harper down to his knees.]

GM: Layton is absolutely vicious inside that ring - there's no doubting that for sure.

[Grabbing Harper by the short black hair, Layton pulls his head back, looking down into the young man's brown eyes... and then SLAMS his fist between them... and again... and again... and again. The referee steps in, forcing Layton to break off his assault as Harper flops backwards to the canvas...]

...and Porter Crowley loops his hands around Harper's throat, pulling down hard as Howie Somers rushes to intervene. Layton points out Somers to the official who slides out to the floor, preventing Somers from getting involved as Layton stomps Harper while Crowley chokes him!]

GM: Oh, come on! This is blatant interference from the outside, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, but if the referee doesn't see it, he can't call it, Gordo. Even you know that.

[Crowley eventually walks away, leaving Harper gasping for air as Layton drags him up by the hair, scooping him up and slamming him down to the mat as the referee gets back inside the ring.]

GM: Scoop slam by Layton and- ohh! Double stomp right down on the midsection!

[A smirking Layton dives to the mat, applying a cover.]

GM: Layton's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Harper's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: No! Harper escapes in time!

[Snatching a handful of hair again, Layton hangs on with one hand as pummels Harper with the other. The referee protests the closed fists again as Layton leaves Harper laid out on the mat...]

...and then wraps his hands around the young man's throat, throttling him as Harper kicks his feet on the canvas!]

GM: That's a choke! Come on, referee!

[The referee applies a quick count, getting to four before Layton lets go, climbing to his feet with a disturbed look on his face.]

GM: Layton finally breaks off the choke... and a boot to the ribs... and another...

[A barrage of boots sends Harper rolling under the bottom rope to the ring apron. The referee steps in, forcing Layton back off...]

...which allows the Lost Boy to wind up, driving his skull into the exposed ribcage three times before Howie Somers rushes into view, chasing the Lost Boy away from his partner!]

GM: Somers gets to his partner's side but the damage was done, Bucky.

BW: Next Gen is just completely outnumbered out here, Gordo. Somers is doing the best he can but it's not good enough. His partner's getting beaten up by everyone out here... I think the timekeeper might even take a swing at him soon.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Layton moves back in on the ropes, reaching over to haul Harper up off the apron...

...when Harper suddenly swings his body through the ropes, driving his shoulder into Layton's midsection!]

GM: Oh! Harper goes downstairs... up and over!

[The crowd roars as Harper slingshots over the top, dragging Layton down with a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP GETS ONE!! HE GETS TWO!! HE GETS TH-

[But before the three count can land, Layton clashes his legs together on Harper's head, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Ohh! Near fall there for Harper!

[Harper goes to scramble to his feet but Layton beats him there, cutting him off with a short knee to the midsection.]

GM: And Layton right back on top of him, throwing him back into the corner!

[Grabbing the top rope, Layton laces boot after boot into the midsection, leaving Harper gasping for air.]

GM: Layton grabs the arm, FIRES him across!

[With a howl, Layton throws his arms over his head, sprinting across the ring for a running hammer blow...

...but Harper dives from the corner, sending Layton crashing chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: OHHH! LAYTON HITS THE CORNER!

[And as Layton staggers backwards, Harper wraps him up, snapping him back with an impactful side Russian legsweep!]

GM: Russian legsweep takes him down!

[Harper gets back to his feet, takes aim, and drops to his knees, driving the point of his elbow down into Layton's throat!]

GM: And that'll take some of the wind out of Layton's sails!

[Harper applies a lateral press, earning a two count before Layton kicks out!]

GM: Two count only... and now it's Harper's turn to turn up the heat!

[Swinging a leg over the downed Layton, Harper grabs a handful of hair, blasting Layton with a right hand... and another... and a third before climbing back to his feet, turning to gesture to the London crowd who cheer in response.]

GM: And Daniel Harper's got these fans in the O2 Arena whipped into a frenzy! They want to see him finish off Anton Layton right here tonight in London.

[Harper takes a short walk around the ring, ending up standing at Layton's feet. He grabs the feet, lifting the legs up off the canvas. He turns, looking out at the crowd again who quickly implore him to do his worst.]

GM: What's Harper going to do here? He's got Layton in a bad position annnnnnd...

[Harper BURIES a stomp into the lower midsection to cheers from the crowd. Immediately after, Porter Crowley gets up on the apron and Harper greets him with a European uppercut, snapping his head back and sending the Slaughterhouse member back down to the floor!]

GM: Harper floors Crowley! The crowd is on their feet, cheering this young man on! Can he do it though, Bucky? Can he find a way to finish off Anton Layton?

[As Layton staggers off the mat, Harper moves in on him, landing a pair of European uppercuts that puts the Prince of Darkness up against the ropes. A whip across sends Layton into the ropes where Harper buries a right hand in the midsection on the rebound, doubling him up...]

GM: Harper goes downstairs...

[He quickly hooks a front facelock, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: Fisherman suplex coming up... uuuuuuup.... and DOWN to the canvas! That could do it!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But from outside the ring, Porter Crowley grabs Layton's outstretched arm, yanking him out of the pinning predicament.]

GM: Oh, come on! I think Harper might've had him right there! I think he-

[Harper gets to his feet, angrily looking out at Crowley as he approaches the ropes...]

...and then grabs the top rope, slingshotting over them into a crossbody on a shocked Crowley!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[With Crowley down, Harper lays in a pair of right hands to the road of the crowd as Howie Somers intercepts the incoming Lost Boy, the latter two trading haymakers!]

GM: And it's breaking down out here at ringside!

[Harper slides back under the ropes, turning his attention back towards the rising Anton Layton...]

...who rockets his hand outwards, driving his stiffened fingers into Harper's windpipe!]

GM: Oh! Layton goes to the throat! He goes right to the throat and-

[The referee peels off, shouting at Somers and the Lost Boy, trying to break up the brawl as Layton gestures outside the ring...]

...and the Hangman rises to stand on the apron!]

GM: Layton's calling for the assist from the Hangman! The Hand of Justice is up on the apron!

[Layton grabs Harper by the arm as the Hangman reaches back his gloved hand, ready to throttle the young man...]

GM: Layton's going to give him to the Hangman!

[The Prince of Darkness goes to whip Harper at the Hangman...]

...but Harper reverses, sending Layton crashing into his own minion!]

GM: OHH! Malfunction at the junction!

[A dazed Layton stumbles backwards as Harper rushes in from behind, snatching a rear waistlock...]

...and charges Layton into the Hangman a second time, this time knocking the Hangman off the apron where he falls to the floor. Layton's chest hits the top rope, giving extra momentum as Harper rolls him back into a reverse rolling cradle!]

GM: ROLLING CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Harper wins! Harper wins!

[Harper comes off the mat, a big grin on his face as he thrusts his arms up into the air...]

...but the celebration is short-lived as Layton comes off the mat and BLASTS him in the back of the head with a forearm smash to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! A sneak attack from behind and-

[But when Layton turns around, he finds Howie Somers waiting for him. Somers hooks him under the armpits, lifting him towards the sky...]

...and sits out in a massive Rydeen Bomb!]

GM: OHHHHH! SOMERS FLATTENS LAYTON!

[Layton promptly rolls out to the floor as Somers helps Harper up, the two standing at the ready as Layton shouts at his men.]

GM: Wait a... I thought for sure we were about to have a real Pier Sixer break out but Layton is calling back the troops! Layton's telling them to back off... and I can't understand why!

[We cut to the aisle where a reeling Layton is holding back all three members of his army as Harper and Somers challenge them to get inside the ring.]

BW: Well, Daniel Harper may have won this battle, Gordo, but you get the feeling this war's not over yet... not by a long shot.

GM: Agreed, Bucky. Fans, we are moments away from the Steal The Spotlight Finals so don't you dare go away because we'll be right back after this break!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

SLB: I have officially upgraded, folks!

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

"SWEET LOU'S HOTLINE.]

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

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

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

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

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

[Fade to black...

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

RO: The following contest is the STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT FINALS!

[Huge cheer!]

RO: The rules are as follows: the match will begin as an elimination tag team contest. You can be eliminated by pinfall, submission, countout, disqualification, or referee decision. The match will continue until an entire team has been eliminated. If - at that point - both members of the winning team remain, then those two will face off in a singles match until there is only ONE MAN REMAINING! That man will be declared the winner of the match, the Steal The Spotlight Series, and the contract that gives them the right to a future match of their choosing!

[Rebecca takes a deep breath.]

RO: Introducing first...

[Dramatic pause.]

GM: All eyes in the O2 Arena on the entryway...

[And suddenly, the lights drop to black.]

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 arena, 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...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAN
VAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSQUEZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[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 we've seen many times over, black with blue flames on the side. As the London crowd showers him with boos, he turns slightly, speaking to Jackson Hunter by his side as they head towards the ring.]

GM: There he is, fans. Juan Vasquez slid through the back door into this match and now finds himself within reach of winning the entire thing. And with Jackson Hunter by his side, those odds only increase.

BW: Absolutely. There's strength in numbers... and I'm just surprised the rest of the Axis isn't out here tonight.

GM: My sources have told me that Emerson Gellar restricted ringside access to only licensed managers. Maxim Zharkov, MAWAGA, and Derrick Williams are in the building but they've been blocked from coming to the ring.

BW: I might disagree with that but I get it. This Steal The Spotlight Series is one of Gellar's brainchilds and he's not about to let the Axis pull some kind of chicanery to ruin it.

GM: And chicanery is certainly in the air anytime the Axis of Evil is present.

[Hunter passes a camera, holding up an AXIS t-shirt, shouting "available at AWAShop.com right now!"]

GM: Jackson Hunter not wanting to miss out on a marketing opportunity as Vasquez climbs up inside the ring.

[Vasquez pulls off his jacket, hanging it over the ropes to be retrieved by a ringside attendant as he jogs around the ring, getting loose.]

GM: Vasquez is in. And now it's time to meet his partner for this Steal The Spotlight Finals.

[The music fades as Rebecca Ortiz speaks again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his tag team partner...

[The lights go completely dark again as "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West begins to play, bringing the crowd to their feet as they fill the O2 Arena with a reaction that is mostly cheers.]

RO: From Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing in at 228 pounds... he is a two-time former AWA World Champion...

SUUUUUUUUUPREEEEEEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[A lone spotlight hits the top of the aisle, where we see Wright standing, dressed in the hooded black fighter's robe. As always, his eyes are focused solely on HIS ring, his face devoid of any and all expression or emotion. Wright walks down the aisle alone, serenaded by the cheers the crowd... although there's still a smattering of boos for a man who was amongst the most hated in the world less than a year ago.]

GM: Supreme Wright is no stranger to the Steal The Spotlight contract, Bucky.

BW: Not at all. In fact, it was the Steal The Spotlight contract that Wright used to become the World Champion for the first time a few years ago. If he wins it here tonight, you can lock it in that he's going to use it to try to become the World Champion for an unprecedented third time.

[Wright stops his walk towards the ring momentarily, turning to look at Jackson Hunter who has stationed himself in the crowd. Wright eyes Hunter warily, causing the manager to tug at his collar.]

GM: You better believe that Supreme Wright wants no part of whatever diabolical plan that Jackson Hunter has here tonight... and you know he has one.

[Wright steps through the ropes and into the ring, lowering the hood to reveal his face. He removes his robe to reveal his wrestling attire underneath: crimson wrestling trunks with three white stars on the front.]

GM: Wright sticking with the ring attire that his grandfather used so many times - the legendary Roosevelt Wright - as the former World Champion has gotten back to basics after the big loss to Torin The Titan back at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Wright eyes the smirking Vasquez for a bit as the music fades and Rebecca Ortiz takes center ring again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[Another dramatic pause.

The London crowd screams as Nas' "I Can" hits. Jordan Ohara bursts from behind the curtains, high stepping and pumping his fists first to one side of the stage then the other. He is dressed in his shiny Carolina blue tights with the Phoenix emblazoned across the front of the thighs. He wears his Phoenix T-shirt and white boots with the black heels. Uncharacteristically, Jordan has a microphone in hand.]

JO: LONDON! ARE YOU WITH ME?!

[The crowd ROARS in response, showing their support. Ohara nods his head with a grin...]

JO: London, I don't have a clue where Riley Hunter is. Is he gonna show up? Is he going to be here? I have no idea. But what I do know is that Juan Vasquez down there... he's planning to steal this spotlight! I know that Jackson Hunter's down there and he's plotting something too! For them, doing stealing this spotlight means doing something dastardly... it means doing everything EXCEPT wrestling to the best of your ability and EARNING it!

[Big cheer as Ohara points an accusing finger as he draws closer to the ring.]

JO: Two weeks ago, those two took one of my best friends and convinced him to stab me in the back... so I know that they're capable of anything... and I'm expecting the worst from them tonight.

But there's one man in that ring that I do trust... and that's Supreme Wright!

[Wright arches an eyebrow at Ohara as the crowd cheers.]

JO: Supreme, you love wrestling more than anybody.

Except me.

[Ohara grins as Wright glares unblinking at him.]

JO: So I know you don't want this to turn into a mockery. I know you don't want this match to be anything but a classic display.

Win or lose, I've got your back and I hope you have mine so that the people who are trying to make a joke out of this don't win!

Can we stop them?

[Jordan holds the microphone up to the crowd.]

"YES, WE CAN!"

[Ohara grins again, tossing the mic aside as he tears off his t-shirt to cheers from the females in the crowd. He's still standing in the aisle as Rebecca Ortiz speaks again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his tag team partner...

[Ortiz lowers the mic as the jazz organ of "Whispering Streets" by Barry Adamson plays through the arena.

When the song intro ends and the melody kicks in, a light shines through the entranceway, illuminating the stage fog...

...where we see nothing and no one.]

GM: Where is he?

[Cut back to the ringside area where Jordan Ohara is looking over his shoulder, staring at the spot where he'd hoped to see his partner.]

GM: Riley Hunter is nowhere to be seen and... this has gotta be disheartening for Jordan Ohara.

[Ohara shakes his head with disgust as the lights come up. Rebecca Ortiz is listening through her earpiece, nodding as she speaks.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen, I have been informed that Riley Hunter is NOT in the O2 Arena at this time! AWA officials have been in contact with Mr. Hunter and he claims he will arrive shortly at which time he will be brought to the ring for this matchup. But until that time...

[Ortiz gestures to the ring.]

RO: ...the match MUST go on!

[Cut back to Ohara who is looking down at the arena floor with disgust...

...and when he raises his head, he locks eyes with a smirking Juan Vasquez who invites him inside the ring.]

GM: Did the Axis have something to do with this?! Where in the world is Riley Hunter?!

BW: We heard earlier that he was having work visa issues... something he believed to be engineered by his cousin, Jackson Hunter, who DOES have quite the grin on his face and-

[Ohara is fuming mad now, flushed with anger...

...and suddenly, he rushes the distance to the ring, diving under the bottom rope as referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Vasquez rushes forward, stomping Ohara before he can get off the mat.]

GM: Vasquez trying to cut him off before he can get in!

[Ohara struggles under the assault, climbing up to his feet as Vasquez continues to rain down blows on him...

...until Ohara pops him with a chop across the chest!]

GM: Chop by Ohara!

[Vasquez fires back with a forearm shot to the mouth!]

GM: Vasquez returns fire!

[Ohara throws a second chop that cracks across the chest, causing the crowd to roar for it!]

GM: Ohara firing back!

[Vasquez grabs Ohara by the hair, pasting him with a trio of forearm smashes to the mouth!]

GM: Good grief!

[Ohara slaps Vasquez' grip away, throwing a knife edge chop across the chest that sends Vasquez stumbling back, his arms pinwheeling. A leaping Mongolian double chop catches him on the sides of the neck, causing Vasquez' knees to buckle...

...with a deafening shout, Ohara throws one more knife edge chop, sending Vasquez flying backwards OVER the top rope, crashing down onto the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A CHOP BY OHARA!!

[The referee steps in, trying to get Ohara to back off but the fired-up fan favorite shoves the referee aside, stepping to the corner.]

GM: Ohara's ignoring the referee! He's heading up top!

BW: This kid got a fire lit under him two weeks ago when his friend stabbed him in the heart to please the leader of the Axis, Juan Vasquez, and that fire might be about to scorch Vasquez right here tonight!

[Ohara steps to the top rope, looking down as Vasquez struggles to get up off the floor. The crowd is on their feet, roaring for the Phoenix...

...and he LEAPS into the air, soaring through a sea of flash bulbs, arm extended over his head!]

GM: TOMAHAWK CHOP OFF THE TOP! OH MY!

[The blow catches Vasquez between the eyes, knocking him back down to the floor as Ohara lands on his feet. Ohara looks out on the roaring crowd, a determined look on his face as he steps towards the downed Vasquez, grabbing him by the hair.]

GM: And Ohara's not done with Vasquez yet! The Phoenix has been unleashed here in London and-

"SLAAAAAAAM!"

GM: FACEFIRST OFF THE RING APRON!

[Vasquez stumbles away, trying to stay on his feet as Ohara pursues him, grabbing him by the hair again...]

"SLAAAAAAAM!"

GM: OFF THE APRON AGAIN!

[Vasquez again staggers away from Ohara who isn't backing down, staying in pursuit as the referee starts a ten count on both men.]

GM: Ohara's gotta be careful out here, both men are being counted and-

[Ohara grabs Vasquez by the hair again, ready to strike...

...but Vasquez slips a thumb up, sticking it into Ohara's eye!]

GM: OH! Vasquez goes to the eye!

[Vasquez shouts something to the jeering London fans at ringside before grabbing Ohara by the hair, approaching the steel ringpost.]

[The crowd ERUPTS as Ohara lands on Vasquez with his signature frog splash, obliterating the timekeeper's table as the two competitors go CRASHING through it! Supreme Wright looks on in surprise as the official and Jackson Hunter go racing to the sides of both men, checking on their condition as the crowd decides to give the censor a little work to do. The audio cuts in and out, just enough to let us know that London is celebrating that move with a celebration of heavenly fecal matter.

The announcers are silent, allowing the scene to tell the story as Ohara rolls out of the wreckage of the table, clutching his ribcage in pain as Vasquez grimaces, curling up into a fetal position as Jackson Hunter kneels next to him, talking a mile a minute.

Supreme Wright edges closer along the ring apron, looking down at the carnage of his partner and his foe motionless on the floor as the referee checks on both men.]

GM: What a... can you believe what we just saw, Bucky Wilde?!

BW: That kid is crazy! What the HELL got into him?!

GM: Jordan Ohara was fired up before he even got into the ring with Juan Vasquez two weeks ago. He was furious after his partner and friend - Derrick Williams - betrayed him. And when he heard that Riley Hunter wasn't here tonight, Ohara was quite simply sent over the edge!

[The referee is kneeling next to Ohara, getting a grip of his hand as Hunter flattens out, whispering to Vasquez who is blinking but not moving yet.]

GM: Jordan Ohara has shocked the world by putting Juan Vasquez through this timekeeper's table with a frog splash off the top! This is... man oh man, I never thought this match would start like this! Never!

BW: I don't think anyone did... and now the question is, can either of these guys keep going, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure I have the answer to that, Bucky. I'm not sure anyone does at this point. The referee is signaling to the back, looking for some medical help...

BW: But for who?

GM: Another question I don't have an answer for.

[And then, the London crowd ERUPTS as Jordan Ohara sits up on the floor, grimacing and grabbing at his ribcage as he does.]

GM: Ohara is sitting up! Jordan Ohara put everything on the line to hurt Juan Vasquez there but he's sitting up!

[Ohara reaches over his head, grabbing the apron to pull himself up to his feet, leaning hard against the apron as he rolls under the bottom rope into the ring to a huge ovation!]

GM: Ohara's back in! I can't believe it but-

BW: Gordo! Gordo! Look at Supreme Wright!

[With Ohara down on the mat, the former two-time World Champion has slipped into the ring, sliding to a spot where Ohara doesn't see him as the young Phoenix struggles to get up off the mat...]

GM: Wright is behind Ohara! I don't think the Phoenix knows he's there! Supreme Wright has slipped in behind Ohara and-

[As Ohara gets to his feet, Wright surges forward, spinning Ohara around by the shoulder, ducking down to hoist him up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Wright's got him up!

BW: He's looking for Fat Tuesday on those banged-up ribs!

[The referee - still out on the floor - spots the action in the ring, diving back under the bottom rope...]

...but as he does, Ohara swings a leg up, catching Wright on the temple with a knee, throwing him off-balance as Ohara scissors the legs around one arm, dragging Wright down to the mat in a crucifix!]

GM: CRUCIFIX! CRUCIFIX!

BW: Why the heck is the referee counting?! Wright's not legal!

[The official, caught up in the moment, dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Wright kicks out, breaking out of the pin attempt just in time!]

GM: Ohhh! He almost got him!

[Ohara keeps the crucifix locked in, rolling to his side as Wright tries to wriggle free. The Phoenix winds up his right arm, swinging the point of his elbow down into Wright's temple!]

GM: Elbow! Another!

BW: This is straight out of Supreme Wright's playbook!

[Ohara continues to drive the elbow into the side of the head, keeping Wright's arms trapped to prevent him from defending himself. The official jumps in, shouting at Wright, checking to see if he wants to give up...]

GM: The official is asking Supreme Wright if he wants to quit! This is a dangerous position to be in and-

[In a seated position on the mat, Wright plants his feet under him, taking a couple more elbows to the head before he pushes off, rolling right over Ohara and right through the crucifix pinning position to yank both arms clear...]

...before he covers up Ohara, pushing his body down to the mat as Wright BURIES a fierce knee into the ribcage!]

GM: Good grief!

[Ohara struggles to get up but Wright holds his torso down, powering home a barrage of kneestrikes to the ribcage as the official cringes with every strike thrown!]

GM: Wright's going to town on the ribcage, trying to do even more damage to the core that Ohara did with that splash through the table!

[A quick cut to the floor shows Dr. Bob Ponavitch tending to Juan Vasquez who is still laid out on the floor, a trickle of blood now visible on his forehead as well.]

GM: Wright continues to work the body and...

[Wright suddenly surges forward, keeping Ohara flattened out as he tries to snake his left arm around Ohara's neck.]

GM: He's looking for the choke! The move that his grandfather called the Japanese Stranglehold!

[But Ohara's hands shot right up, blocking Wright from being able to secure the hold completely.]

GM: And Ohara blocks it!

BW: You've gotta believe that Takeshi Mifune put that hold on Ohara so many times as a young boy that Ohara could block it in his sleep... and might have had to from time to time!

[Wright struggles to secure the hold as Ohara resists, keeping his arms between his neck and Wright's own arm...]

...and then Ohara grasps Wright's grabbing wrist, rolling his hips to the side, rolling Wright off his back and right onto Wright's own back as Ohara scrambles up, scissoring the arm, trying to secure a cross armbreaker!]

GM: Ohara with the reversal! Oh my!

[Wright immediately claps his hands together, preventing Ohara from extending the arm to lock on the cross armbreaker...]

GM: Wright blocks it... and you knew that was coming.

BW: If I'm Ohara, I bail out of this, get back to my feet, and change my gameplan because you do NOT want to trade holds with Supreme Wright... I don't give a damn who you are or who trained you.

[Wright shifts his hips to the side, rolling to his side as Ohara tries to rip the arm free. Wright gets the legs under him, pushing Ohara down onto his shoulders for a two count...]

...and when Ohara releases the armbar attempt to kick out, Wright surges forward, taking the mount on Ohara.]

GM: Get those arms up, kid!

"WHAAAAAAP!"

[A huge swinging palm strike to the ear of Ohara stuns the young man, causing him to drop his arms as Wright postures up, throwing a huge elbow strike down between the eyes!]

GM: ELBOW!

[Wright postures up a second time, throwing a second big elbow... and a third... and a fourth...]

GM: Ohara might be out! He might be out cold right now and-

[But as Wright postures up again, Ohara pops his hips, throwing Wright out of the mount. Ohara rolls to all fours, trying to crawl away and get a chance to recover from the heavy mounted elbows.]

GM: Ohara making a break for it. He needs a chance to regroup but Wright's right back up and right behind him...

[Ohara grabs the ropes, struggling to get to his feet as Wright snatches him in a cravate, dragging him away from the ropes so that he can deliver a kneelift to the skull... and another... and another...]

GM: Wright's headhunting on the young man from the Carolinas!

[Using the cravate, Wright flings Ohara into the opposite corner, moving in on him as Ohara struggles to stay on his feet.]

GM: Ohara's barely able to stay standing...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh my! Big knife edge chop by Wright, throwing one of Ohara's signature strikes!

[With Ohara reeling, Wright winds up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Another big chop and-

[Suddenly, Ohara grabs Wright around the head, swinging him back into the corner where Ohara uncorks one of his own...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd roars for Ohara's burst of offense as he winds up again.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Two big chops by Ohara has got Wright rattled a bit!

[Ohara winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[With Wright reeling, Ohara grabs him by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner. As Wright hits the buckles, Ohara comes charging across the ring to strike...]

GM: Ohara coming on strong and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Ohara runs full speed into a raised boot to the chin!]

GM: Wright cuts him off!

[Ohara stumbles back, trying to stay standing as Wright steps towards him, securing the bodylock...]

GM: Look out!

[...and pops his hips, FLINGING Ohara over his head and into the turnbuckles with an overhead belly-to-belly!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Grabbing Ohara by the leg, Wright drags him away from the corner, settling into a lateral press.]

GM: Wright with the cover! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Ohara thrusts his right arm into the air, pulling his shoulder off the mat to break the pin!]

GM: No! Just a two count! Ohara kicks out in time, saving his chance of winning this thing!

[Wright glares down at Ohara for a moment before swinging his right hand down, delivering an open-handed slap to the ribcage!]

GM: Wright adding injury to injury there, going right back to those ribs that Ohara banged up by diving through that table...

BW: Oh, poor baby! Did he hurt his ribs?! Look at Juan Vasquez! He's still laid out on the damn floor, Gordo! Ohara's a damn menace to society and should be suspended for pulling that crap! They should stuff him in the same cell where James and Claw are!

[Climbing to his feet, the former World Champion brings a dazed and hurting Ohara off the mat by the arm, turning to whip him across the ring where he SLAMS backfirst into the buckles, slumping back against them...]

GM: Ohara hits the corner hard, feeling the effects of that one...

[Wright suddenly charges across the ring, blasting a dazed Ohara with a running European uppercut!]

GM: And just like that, Wright goes back to the head! The ribs are hurting but Wright wouldn't mind knocking this young man out and sending a message.

BW: You know what that message would be? To hell with the Phoenix, it's Supreme Wright who refuses to stay down! Oh, and P.S. - who's a once in a millennium talent now, jerkface?!

GM: My partner obviously a little fired up here tonight.

[Wright turns, whipping Ohara right back across the ring to the far corner. The former World Champion barrels across the ring, delivering another running European uppercut, bouncing back towards the middle of the ring after impact...

...and then throwing himself into a front somersault, driving his heel into the middle of Ohara's face!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Flipping kick in the corner! Ohara's in a bad way now!

[Wright gets back to his feet, watching as Ohara stumbles out of the corner towards him...

...which is when Wright leans down, shoving Ohara up into the air...]

GM: POP UP...

[...and BLASTS him out of the sky with another European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ...UPPERCUT! HOLY...

[Ohara goes limp as he crashes down to the canvas. Wright shoves him down into a lateral press, settling into another pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[The crowd ERUPTS in a surprised and pleased reaction as Ohara's shoulder just barely pops up off the canvas in time!]

GM: KICK OUT! OHARA KICKS OUT!

[Wright looks over at Longfellow who holds up two fingers confidently. Wright nods, throwing a glance down at Ohara before he climbs back up to his feet.]

GM: Supreme Wright can't believe Jordan Ohara kicked out of that... and quite frankly, I might be just as surprised.

BW: I'm not even sure Jordan Ohara can believe Jordan Ohara kicked out of that! He got knocked into the middle of next week and still somehow found a way to kick out in time, Gordo. I'm impressed and you know I don't impress easy.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Wright leans down, grabbing Ohara by the head...

...when a desperate Ohara reaches up, dragging Wright into a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The referee drops down, slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: NO! NO! WRIGHT OUT AT TWO!

[Wright is quickly back up, surging forward to drive a knee into the ribs of Ohara before he can get up. He again holds Ohara down, pushing up to all fours where he POUNDS the ribs repeatedly with knee... after knee... after knee... after knee...]

GM: Good grief!

BW: The referee might need to stop this thing for Ohara's own health!

[The referee steps in, shoving Wright back. He turns quickly, kneeling next to Ohara to see if the Phoenix can continue...]

GM: Ohara's waving the referee away - the kid wants to keep going!

BW: You know, they've talked about all the dumb kids in the AWA locker room for years now. This kid might be the dumbest! Just give it up, kid... try again another day!

[But the Phoenix refuses to stay down, pushing up off the mat, a trickle of blood falling from his mouth to the canvas.]

GM: I think Jordan Ohara might be suffering from internal bleeding, fans.

BW: Either that or he bit off his own tongue to keep from quitting.

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[Wright looks down at Ohara, shaking his head in disbelief...

...and then steps forward, grabbing Ohara by the hair, pulling him up to his feet. Wright stares into the young man's eyes, measuring the man...]

GM: Wright... he scoops him up! Up in the fireman's carry!

[Wright walks out to the center of the ring, holding his prize up for all to see...]

GM: He's looking for Fat Tuesday and with the amount of punishment that Ohara's ribcage has taken, I'd say this might end it!

[Wright pauses, staring at the hard cam...

...and then shoves Ohara up and over his head, dropping to his back and swinging his knees up as Ohara lands FLUSH, his injured torso being slammed down onto the legs!]

GM: FAT TUESDAY! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

[But as Ohara bounces off the knees, he desperately keeps on rolling...]

GM: Look at that!

[...right under the ropes, dropping off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Ohara saved himself! He knew he was ripe to be pinned there and he knew he had to get the heck out of the ring!

BW: I'll give him credit there, Gordo. That was a really smart move - the sign of someone who's been in the ring a lot longer than Jordan Ohara has. He got hit and he got out so he couldn't be pinned.

GM: Wright looks surprised too. He thought that was going to be it... and suddenly, his opponent bails out of the ring to save himself.

[The former World Champion shakes his head in disbelief as he steps through the ropes, watching Jordan Ohara down on the floor. Wright is about to strike when suddenly the jazz organ of "Whispering Streets" by Barry Adamson plays through the hall.]

GM: Oh my! Is it?!

[When the song intro ends and the melody kicks in, Riley Hunter in his street clothes comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring to a surprisingly large reaction!]

GM: IT IS! RILEY HUNTER IS HERE! RILEY HUNTER IS HERE PERHAPS JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!

[Wright stays on the apron, watching as Hunter approaches. Hunter pulls to a stop at ringside, clapping his hand wildly, shouting "COME ON, OHARA! GET UP, BROTHER! GET UP!" before taking his spot up on the apron, still stomping and clapping.]

GM: Riley Hunter is on the apron and if Ohara can get back in that ring, Bucky, this might be his saving grace!

BW: It might be... but only IF he can get back in the ring and at this point, that's a big "IF."

[Wright drops off the apron, grabbing Ohara by the torso, lifting him up and shoving him back inside the ring. Wright rolls back in as well, turning to look at Hunter who is shaking the top rope repeatedly, yelling "COME ON, JORDAN! LET'S DO THIS!" Wright shakes his head at Hunter as he leans down towards Ohara again...]

GM: Wright dragging Ohara up off the mat...

[Wright points at Hunter, ducking down to lift a dazed and limp Ohara up across his shoulders again...]

GM: He's going for Fat Tuesday again! He's going to finish off Jordan Ohara and-

[But before Wright can strike, a buzz ripples through the O2 Arena as Juan Vasquez slides into the ring...]

GM: Vasquez is in! Vasquez is-

[...and the Hall of Famer grabs Ohara by the leg, swinging it which causes Wright to spin around towards Vasquez...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The Right Cross catches Wright FLUSH on the jaw, causing his legs to buckle as he slumps to the canvas...]

GM: VASQUEZ JUST NAILED HIS OWN PARTNER! DAMN HIM!

[Vasquez flashes a grin to the camera as he shoves Wright onto his back, throwing Ohara across him. He stares across the ring as Riley Hunter looks on in shock as the referee counts one... two...]

GM: Not like this!

[...and three!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Damn him! Juan Vasquez just betrayed his own partner and- I don't get it, Bucky. Why would he do that?! Now he's down to a two on one! Now it's down to just him against both Jordan Ohara and Riley Hunter!

BW: But look at Jordan Ohara! I think Juan Vasquez is taking a calculated risk right here, Gordo. He saw that if he took out Supreme Wright right there, he could probably take out Ohara too! He saw a chance to leave this match in his hands against Riley Hunter and he took it!

[Shoving Wright off of Ohara, Vasquez pushes him all the way under the ropes to the floor. He turns back to Ohara, a devious grin on his face as he steps up to the second rope...]

GM: Vasquez is looking to end this right here! He's on the second rope and-

[He leaps high into the air, tucking his arms and legs, and DRIVES his back down into the injured ribs of Ohara!]

GM: SENTON OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE! And there's not a damn thing Tommy Stephens about that!

[Vasquez flips over, applying an arrogant cover as he counts along with the referee.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Ohara's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking up the pin!]

GM: HE KICKED OUT! HE KICKED OUT!

BW: WHAT?!

[Vasquez glares at the official, a stunned expression on his face as the London crowd goes crazy for the Phoenix.]

GM: Ohara kicks out! Jordan Ohara showing the resiliency that made him become known as the Phoenix during his time in Japan!

[Vasquez climbs up off the mat, angrily kicking the bottom rope, shouting at Longfellow.]

"WHAT KIND OF (thank you, Mr. Censor) ARE YOU TRYING TO PULL, HUH?!"

[The referee backs up as Vasquez advances on him, obviously heated over the near fall.]

GM: Get away from the referee, you bully!

[Vasquez clenches his fist, pushing Longfellow into the corner... and then unclenches, wagging a warning finger at the official as he turns back towards Ohara who has struggled to get to his knees.]

GM: Vasquez grabs Ohara by the hair, pulling him up to his feet...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop!

[The crowd ROARS for the knife edge blow!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Another one! Ohara desperately trying to fight back!

[Hunter shouts to his partner, clapping his hands over his head, getting the crowd to chant along with him.]

"LET'S GO JOR-DAN!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO JOR-DAN!"
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO JOR-DAN!"
clap clap clapclapclap

[And with the London crowd roaring, Ohara grabs a dazed Vasquez by the back of the head, trying to ram him into the corner... but Vasquez brings up the boot, blocking the faceslam!]

GM: Vasquez blocks... and an elbow back into the ribs! Oh my!

[With Ohara reeling from another blow to the ribs, Vasquez buries a boot into his midsection.]

GM: Juan goes downstairs... pulling him in...

[The crowd grumbles as Vasquez sets to deliver a piledriver on the Phoenix, a blow that would certainly take him out of this match and then some...]

GM: Vasquez setting for the piledriver! Vasquez setting for-

[But Ohara yanks the legs out from under Vasquez, flipping forward in a double leg cradle...]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Vasquez just narrowly squeaks his shoulder off the canvas at the last minute. Riley Hunter buries his face in his hands as Jackson Hunter does the same on the floor - oh, those family resemblances.]

GM: So close! Jordan Ohara almost stole this one away from Juan Vasquez right there! He almost-

[Ohara rolls to all fours, crawling towards his corner where Riley Hunter extends his arm, shouting "COME ON! COME ON!" to his partner.]

GM: Hunter's looking for this tag! This place is going to become unglued if he gets it! They're on their feet in London, waiting for this tag to go down!

[But Vasquez snatches Ohara by the ankle, dragging him back towards the middle of the ring where he drops an elbow down into the lower back of Ohara. He gets back up, dropping a second... then a third... then a fourth.]

GM: Vasquez putting a beatdown on Jordan Ohara - elbow after elbow down into the lower back!

[Vasquez gets back to his feet, turning to taunt Riley Hunter with a high-pitched "LET'S GO JOR-DAN!" clapping chant. Hunter threatens Vasquez from the apron as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: What a jerk this guy is. To think I ever supported him. To think any of us ever cheered for him. It makes me physically ill to think about it.

[Vasquez circles the downed Ohara who is still trying to crawl towards the corner where Hunter's arm is stretched out again. Vasquez takes a swipe at Hunter,

forcing the American Ninja to straighten up. Hunter ducks through the ropes, ready to attack but the referee moves in, blocking his path.]

GM: Riley Hunter looking to get a piece of Vasquez as well! The man certainly has a shortage of friends these days.

BW: Tell that to the Axis.

GM: Those aren't friends. Those are paid flunkies and hangers-on. They're only with Vasquez because they think he can boost their career and make them more money.

BW: They're not wrong on either count.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Vasquez leans down, dragging Ohara off the mat by the hair. He holds him up by the hair, smashing his skull into Ohara's.]

GM: Brutal headbutt by Vasquez...

[He pulls Ohara towards him, scooping him up, and slamming him down hard to the canvas.]

GM: Scoop and a slam...

[Vasquez stands over Ohara, leaning down...]

"YOU WANT TO SEE A FROG SPLASH, BOY?! I'LL SHOW YOU A DAMN FROG SPLASH!"

[...and Vasquez punctuates his trash talk with a fierce slap across the face, drawing jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Ohara's down and Vasquez says we're going to see a frog splash! He's looking for the Magic Carpet Ride, one of the signature moves of his old friend, Luke Kinsey.

BW: And if he hits it on those busted up ribs, you better believe this is all over!

[Vasquez steps out on the apron as Jackson Hunter grins, pointing with both arms towards the ceiling. The Hall of Famer steps to the middle rope, slowly moving to the top as the crowd roars their disapproval for what he's about to do.]

GM: Vasquez to the top rope! Looking down on Ohara just as Ohara did to him earlier in the match!

[Vasquez measures the downed Ohara, taking aim...

...and HURLS himself off the top rope, pumping his arms and legs...]

GM: MAGIC CARPET RIDE!

[...and SLAMS down on the empty canvas as Jordan Ohara narrowly escapes the devastating frog splash!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! OHARA ROLLS OUT OF THE WAY IN THE NICK OF TIME AND VASQUEZ MISSED THE FROG SPLASH!

[Clutching at his ribs, Ohara rolls to all fours, inching across the ring where Riley Hunter is shouting, "TAG ME! TAAAAAG ME!" to his crawling partner!]

GM: Riley Hunter's ready! This crowd is going to lose it! Ohara getting closer... and closer... can he get there in time? Vasquez pushing up off the mat, holding his own ribs...

[Vasquez is kneeling on the mat, staring at Ohara as the Phoenix gets closer and closer to the corner...]

GM: Hunter's ready! He's waiting to get in there and get a piece of Vasquez!

[...and Ohara pushes up, dazed and desperate as he looks into his partner's eyes...]

GM: Almooooooooost theerrrrrrrrre!

[Ohara shoves himself forward, stretching out his arm...]

GM: TAG!

BW: No! He missed it!

[The crowd EXPLODES into cheers as Riley Hunter thrusts his arms over his head, grabbing the top rope to slingshot over the ropes despite not having made the tag. He highsteps around the ring, shouting to the crowd, pumping his arms up and down...]

GM: Hunter's fired up! Vasquez is begging off! He wants no part of the American Ninja when he's this fresh! When he's this ready for battle! When he's this-

[Suddenly, Hunter spins around, yanking Ohara off the canvas, leaping into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: INSTANT KARMA!

[The bicycle kneestrike under the chin causes Ohara's eyes to roll back in his head. Hunter grabs Ohara by the hair before he can fall, flinging him towards Vasquez who catches him, lifting him over his shoulder...]

GM: What in the-?!

[Hunter smirks as Vasquez cradles Ohara's head, leaping up to DRIVE him down with the City of Angels!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it!

[Vasquez rolls Ohara over onto his back, diving across his chest and hooking the leg.]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!

GM: Absolutely disgusting. What in the HELL is Riley Hunter doing?!

[Vasquez climbs off the mat, looking across at Riley Hunter.]

GM: I suppose we're down to one on one now, Bucky.

BW: Well... not exactly.

GM: What are you talking about?

[Hunter walks across the ring towards Vasquez, throwing a glance outside the ring to his cousin, Jackson, who looks as pleased as punch...

...and then suddenly drops to a knee, throwing his hand in the air with his finger extended.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: #bendtheknee is taking the world by storm! Trending worldwide as we speak!

GM: Riley Hunter... he's bending the knee?! He's joining the Axis?!

[The crowd is ROARING with disapproval now over what they're seeing as Juan Vasquez gets back to his feet. Vasquez grins at the reaction of the crowd, spreading his arms wide towards Hunter...

...and then jabs his index finger into Hunter's chest as the American Ninja flops backwards down to the canvas!]

BW: OHH! WHAT A SHOT! WHAT A SHOT!

GM: Oh, shut up!

[With Hunter "prone" on the canvas, a smirking Vasquez drops to a knee, putting his palm on Hunter's chest as a disgusted Ricky Longfellow counts the one... two... three.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me. This is ridiculous.

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: VASQUEZ WINS! VASQUEZ WINS! VASQUEZ WINS!

GM: This is...

[Hunter kips up off the mat, lunging into an embrace with Juan Vasquez.]

GM: For the second show in a row, the Axis of Evil has claimed another member apparently and... yeah, here comes the rest of them.

[A clapping and cheering Derrick Williams leads the way, Maxim Zharkov and MAWAGA trailing behind him down the aisle as Vasquez and Riley Hunter are joined by cousin Jackson who hugs his family member.]

GM: This is despicable, fans. I can't believe we just saw that.

[The American Ninja grabs Vasquez by the wrist, raising his hand as the referee makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the match... and the winner of the STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT CONTRACT...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VASSSSSSQUEZ!

[The rest of the Axis hits the ring, applauding and cheering for Vasquez while welcoming their newest member to the group. Riley Hunter is all smiles as he's patted on the back by Williams and Zharkov.]

GM: Juan Vasquez wins the Steal The Spotlight contract and... well, you have to say he did it his way. He robbed, he stole, he cheated, he connived... this is the Juan Vasquez way to wrestle and as the Axis celebrates, you have to wonder what this means.

BW: Juan Vasquez has never held the Steal The Spotlight contract. What do you think he's going to do with it?

GM: I have no idea... and frankly, I don't want to know. If I never had to see Juan Vasquez compete again, it'd be too soon.

[Suddenly, there's a cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Ohara! Jordan Ohara's in the ring!

[Ohara lands a big chop on Riley Hunter... then one on Juan Vasquez...]

GM: Ohara's coming for the Axis! The kid's gonna take 'em all on himself!

[Not quite. Derrick Williams BLASTS him in the back of the head with an elbowstrike, putting his former friend down on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Williams lays out Ohara for the second show in a row! Come on!

[Williams backs off, watching as Riley Hunter and Juan Vasquez start putting the boots to Ohara to the overwhelming jeers of the crowd.]

GM: This is a mugging! Jordan Ohara's getting kicked into the mat by the Axis of Evil! Now Zharkov joining in... and MAWAGA... and Jackson Hunter... for the love of...

[The crowd cheers as the locker room clears out with Cesar Hernandez, Rene Rousseau, Chris Choynet, Caspian Abaran, and a handful of others come charging down the aisle...]

GM: Here comes the cavalry!

[The fan favorites hit the ring, ready to save Jordan Ohara from further punishment...]

...but the Axis holds their ground. MAWAGA dispatches of Abaran with a thrust kick to the throat before moving on to some preliminary grapplers. Maxim Zharkov and Derrick Williams use a double clothesline to take Cesar Hernandez out of the ring while Riley Hunter and Juan Vasquez brawl with Choynet and Rousseau before their allies swoop in on them, clearing out the Northern Lights!]

GM: We need more help! We need somebody else out here!

[There's some more punishment being dished out inside the ring when suddenly another big cheer goes up!]

BW: Ask and ye shall receive!

[The cheer gets louder at the sight of Bobby O'Connor, the Lynches, Terry Shane, Lee Connors, Cody Mertz, Manzo Kawajiri, Supernova, and Next Gen coming down the aisle to the ring!]

GM: And the Axis doesn't seem to like being outnumbered!

[Jackson Hunter quickly herds his fighting force out of the ring, watching as the locker room fan favorites hit the ring. Supernova approaches the ropes, shouting down at the Axis as Mertz and Shane kneel down next to Ohara, checking on his condition.]

GM: Ohara's down... and the Axis grows stronger yet again... and to make all things worse, Juan Vasquez has the Steal The Spotlight contract in his hands and not a single soul knows what he's going to do with it.

[Vasquez backpedals up the aisle, a smirk on his face as he slaps the metal briefcase that holds the STS contract...

...and we 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' Docter 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.

We open to a shot backstage where we Emerson Gellar walking the halls. However, he suddenly stops, as he finds someone blocking his path.

It is Supreme Wright.

And he does not look happy.]

SW: Mr. Gellar, we need to talk.

EG: This isn't a good time, Supreme.

SW: On the contrary, I believe this is the perfect time to talk.

[Realizing Wright isn't going to take no for an answer, Gellar sighs to himself.]

EG: Make it quick.

SW: I've been fighting for months to prove to you that I deserve a shot at MY World title. I disbanded Team Supreme. I got rid of all distractions. And all I've done is what I do best. Wrestle.

So would you say that I've succeeded in proving that I'm worthy for a title shot?

[Wright's eyes narrow slightly, studying Gellar's reaction.]

EG: Well, you didn't win Steal the Spotlight, but...

SW[Interrupting]: Agreed. It was a miscalculation on my part.

[Supreme rubs his jaw, sore from Vasquez' right cross.]

SW: I let my guard down for a second and that was all Vasquez needed to stab me in the back...

[For a split second, the expression on Wright's face hardens into a look of pure rage...]

SW: ...but I'll deal with him later.

[...and it quickly passes. He has more important business to focus on than simple revenge.]

SW: What I wanted to do, was make you an offer that would be mutually beneficial to the both of us. Allow me to take care of a problem for you and in return, I get my World Title match.

EG: "Take care of a problem"...What are you talking about?

[It's at that moment, that Wright does the single most chilling thing he's ever done... he smiles.]

SW: The Syndicate.

[Gellar's eyes open wide with surprise. Wright's smile quickly disappears, his expression becoming serious once more.]

SW: Make the match.

[It's not a request...it's an order. And with that, Wright walks past Gellar and into the night. Gellar shakes his head as we fade out to the ring where "The Box Under My Bed" by Ayria is playing through the O2.]

RO: The following Women's Division contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, currently in the ring to my left... from Kilmarnock, Scotland... weighing in at 8 stone 9 pounds... CINDER!

[To Ortiz's left is a lithe young Scottish woman, barely out of her teens, dressed in studded dark blood red pleather ring attire, her ragged hair dyed a bright orange. She cups her hands over her mouth and emits a piercing shriek with a huge grin.]

GM: And what a reaction for this young woman they call the Banshee, Bucky! 19 years old from Kilmarnock, Scotland. She won a tournament against fifteen other ladies from across Great Britain for an opportunity to appear tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling. I understand the scouts from the Combat Corner are watching this match with great interest... We could have a future prospect for the Women's Division right her.

BW: I don't think her future is so bright when you take a look at her opponent, Gordo...

[The arena fills with the sound of an ominous synth as a sullen presence appears in the entry way. As "Another One" by Night Club kicks in, Erica Toughill makes her way down the aisle, a cricket bat over her shoulder. Her typically crabby mood seems to be especially foul tonight, and she grinds her bubble gum angrily. Under her arm is the same folio Julie Somers was carrying last week on Power Hour.]

BW: If you ask me, Gordo, this Cinder in the ring should've thrown the finals and let someone else take this match.

GM: Hold on, Bucky - is that the contract Julie Somers was trying to get Erica Toughill to sign for a match at Homecoming?

[Ortiz continues.]

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

[Ricki Toughill throws the cricket bat into the ring petulantly and rolls under the ropes. She wears a black neoprene crop top, long black tights accented with (tasteful) mesh cutouts around the hip and upper thigh, and shiny knee-length black boots. Her attire is also decorated with designs in bright turquoise and neon orange, the symbol for the clubs playing card suit on her chest. Most prominent among her half-dozen tattoos is the large octopus occupying her right shoulder.]

BW: And look at Erica Toughill. Did you say something to her last week on Power Hour to get her riled up like this?

[Toughill has stormed across the ring, trying to get into Cinder's face, but the referee cuts her off and instructs her to return to her corner.]

GM: I said no such thing to her, though knowing how easy it is to get a bee in her bonnet, she would take offense if I asked her what the correct time was.

BW: Well, I don't blame her for being a little hot right now. That Teacher's Pet Julie Somers complained that Erica was being mean to her and she got her manager's license pulled! Do you know how much money she's out for the next fifteen days? Those things aren't easy to come by!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Young Cinder... Don't be fooled by her age. Word has it she's been a regular in the ring for over five years, both parents are also wrestlers in the Glasgow region...

[Cinder approaches the hostile Toughill cautiously. The Queen of Clubs gives her smaller Scottish opponent a domineering shove.]

GM: ...And I may be as American as apple pie, but...

[Cinder responds with a forceful shove back that makes Toughill take a step back.]

GM: ...You don't provoke a Glaswegian!

C: 'MON THEN!

[Cinder throws a series of windmill overhead chops to the face and neck that drops Toughill to a knee and brings applause from the London wrestling fans.]

GM: And how about this Banshee, standing up to that bully Erica!

[Toughill bails to the outside in frustration. She chases Rebecca Ortiz from the timekeeper's position, stealing her chair, which she throws against the ring post in infantile rage.]

BW: Oh man, the poor girl. She's havin' a rough, rough night, Gordo. Erica, you gotta learn to stick up for yourself. Stop lettin' everyone walk all over you!

GM: Bucky, are you serious? Erica Toughill is one of the LAST people in that locker room who has problems with being assertive!

BW: She's good at masking it, Gordo.

[Cinder beckons Toughill back into the ring as the referee's count escalates. Toughill picks up the already chipped cricket bat and smacks it against the ring post.]

GM: Why don't you go over there and give her a hug then, Buckthorn?

BW: I'm needed at my post, Gordo. You two got on so well last week, so why don't you give her a cuddle?

GM: I think I'd rather take my chances with a starving Bengal tiger.

[When the referee's count reaches eight, Toughill rolls into the ring. Cinder extends her arm, looking for a knucklelock.]

GM: Cinder the Banshee is very game for competition tonight, but she has to know how deadly her opponent can be: only one singles loss in her AWA career, a career spanning a dozen years on three continents.

BW: And Julie Somers had better be aware of it too before she asks for a match with her.

[Toughill locks fingers with Cinder and easily overpowers her into an armwringer, twisting the Scot by the wrist and elbow maliciously until she is doubled over.]

GM: Erica Toughill isn't much of a talker unless it comes to reminding people of her achievements.

BW: Well, I think she's earned it and she needs to come out of her shell and tell the world how great she is.

[As the referee checks Cinder for a submission, Toughill fishes into her mouth for her gum. She grabs two handfuls of the Banshee's ochre hair, yanks her upright, twists to face away from her, and drops down to her knees, dragging Cinder into a hangman neckbreaker.]

ET: ee-YAH!

GM: And did that brute just mash her gum into that young lady's hair?

BW: I think the shock of that move must've jarred it loose from Erica's mouth. I didn't see where it landed.

[The referee tries to warn Erica about the hair-pulling, but Toughill keeps a hold on Cinder's orange hair, seating her upright. She fires a trio of knee strikes before releasing her prey on the referee's count of four.]

BW: See? She's caught in all that stringy, frizzy Scottish hair! She can't get free!

GM: And despite a strong showing for Cinder, once again this Tigress - this cruel Queen of Clubs - is showing exactly why she is one of the most feared opponents in the Women's Division.

BW: You saw how she stared down Gladiator back on Memorial Day? The boys are afraid of her too!

[Toughill follows the referee's instruction to back off into a neutral corner, but seconds later, attacks again, shoving Cinder face-first to the mat with the sole of her boot.]

BW: And Julie Somers *wants* to step into Erica's world, daddy? I think we'd better stop making merchandise with "Spitfire" on it, and change it to "Spit Bloody Teeth."

GM: And it only took a few good hits from Erica Toughill to completely change the complexion of this match. Cinder looks to be completely unable to defend herself here, crawling to the ropes.

BW: Welcome to the big leagues, lassie. Toughill's turnin' ya into haggis.

[Toughill stands over Cinder menacingly. She raises her leg upward...]

GM: What is...?

ET: HAH!

[...Then stomps her heel full-force into Cinder's exposed calf. The Banshee shrieks in agony.]

GM: OH MY! Good lord! Somebody has to stop this... This is too far!

BW: Gordo, it's tough to watch, I know, but you gotta remember that this woman is one of the most dangerous fighters on the planet.

GM: My stars, Bucky. What exactly does this... shocking... callous display have to do with the great and honorable sport of wrestling?! I ask you!

[Cinder coils up into the fetal position by the ropes, with the referee trying to determine if she can continue. Cinder tries to wave him off and pull herself upright...

...but Toughill has hit the ropes, leaping onto Cinder's back as she is draped across the middle rope.]

GM: Oh my. This Queen of Clubs is relentless... and I guess she is pitiless too... And now she's dragged this poor girl outside the ring. This poor Cinder, who obviously didn't know what she was getting into... She looks like she can't put any weight on that one leg.

ET: hngggh-AAAH!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[The guardrail skitters a couple of feet when Toughill shoves Cinder into it.]

GM: And my advice right now, young lady, take the countout. You prepared for a wrestling match, not to face this insecure schoolyard bully.î

[As Toughill advances, Cinder gives her a couple of open-handed swats that stagger the Queen of Clubs.]

GM: But Cinder has some fight in her! She's not going down that easily! OH, and an eye gouge from Toughill!

[She pulls Cinder away from the rail and tosses her back into the ring, rolling in afterward.]

GM: Is there nothing this sadistic woman won't do to keep an advantage?

BW: It's the business of wrestling. You're all high and mighty about how honorable the sport is. Well, Erica Toughill is one of those elite few who have figured out that winning and staying on top is more important. Because your opponent will do the same to you if you give him... or her the chance.

GM: Well, I'm looking at a poor young lady that's been victimized by a mean little girl that can't feel good about herself unless she beating others down. She fits right in with her running buddies Summers, Mahoney, and Kendrick.

[Toughill pulls Cinder into a standing head scissors, hauling her up and falling forward.]

GM: Toughill with a powerbomb... this match has been pure mental and physical domination by the Queen of Clubs. Holds on to the waistlock... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And thank goodness that is over. Cinder does not have anything to be ashamed of; what happened there was totally uncalled for. And I hope Toughill is happy with herself.

[Toughill walks over to the ring apron and picks up the folio. She snarls at the referee, who scatters out of the ring, then rolls the beaten Cinder over onto her stomach. Toughill squats down and straddles Cinder's lower back.]

GM: And the match is over for goodness sake!

BW: She's going sign that contract for that match with Julie Somers! Talk about makin' statements, daddy!

[Toughill takes out a pen, and using Cinder's back as a writing surface, signs her name to the contract.]

GM: Well... I suppose we should be happy now that Julie Somers has officially got her shot at to teach this vicious Tigress some manners at Homecoming... but my stars, show some class!

[Toughill closes the folio and tosses it aside. Then inspiration strikes.]

GM: And now she's locking in that Shrew's Fiddle! That cruel parody of Stephanie Harper's Stargazer!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[A pair of officials now appear to try freeing Cinder from Erica Toughill's cobra clutch, but she just cinches in further, locking on a bodyscissor as well.]

BW: Again, Toughill needs to assert herself and I can't think of a better way than to send a message to Julie So-

GM: JULIE SOMERS! THE SPITFIRE IS HERE!

[The fans all stand as Julie Somers storms the ring from out of nowhere and dives onto Toughill, prying her off of Cinder. A whole bevy of officials follow after, surrounding the two.]

GM: Julie Somers had seen enough and took matters into her own hands!

[In the melee, Toughill slithers out between the referee and rolls out of the ring, slinking up the aisle. Somers shouts down to her.]

GM: And all of a sudden, Erica Toughill is not in a fighting mood. Come ON!

[Toughill sternly keeps her back turned to Somers, who looks back and forth between her rival and the fallen Cinder.]

GM: Well, we haven't seen the last of this one because apparently, the contract has been signed and in just over a week, we're going to see Julie Somers and Erica Toughill go one-on-one in Dallas, Texas at Homecoming!

BW: That show just keeps getting better, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely... but the AWA isn't the only one with a major event going down in the month of September. Let's take a look at Tiger Paw Pro's BURNING GLORY!

[Fade through black 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 come back up to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and while AWA fans all over the globe are looking forward to Homecoming right here on The X in just over a week - as you just saw, we're not the only ones with a major show coming up. Our friends over at Tiger Paw Pro will be producing BURNING GLORY in a couple of weeks and I have it on good authority that it's going to be a jam-packed night filled with action with some of your favorite International superstars along with some of your AWA favorites including Brian James defending his CAGE Championship. Now, of course, we encourage you to watch LIVE on September 11th on The X but if you miss that, we'll be hosting a special edition of the Power Hour where we'll be showing highlights of the event. You do not want to miss...

[Stegglet trails off as something off-camera catches his gaze. He pauses a moment and then gestures to his cameraman who turns slightly, revealing AWA co-owner Chris Blue standing off to the side talking his cell phone.]

MS: Let's see if we can get a word...

[Stegglet and his cameraman creep closer to Blue who is quite agitated on the phone.]

CB: No... no, he won't listen. (pause) I tried, Jason! He won't listen! Look, I understand... yes, it's close and I don't know if I can stop it this time. (pause) Well, I'm going to do what I can... you do what you have to do, okay?

[Blue turns around, his face flush... and then his eyes come to rest on Mark Stegglet.]

CB: Err... I'm going to have to call you back.

[Blue takes the phone from his ear, thumbing it off as he looks at Stegglet.]

CB: Mark, thanks for sneaking up on me. Can I help you with something?

MS: I'm sorry, Mr. Blue, but was that Jason Dane on the phone?

[Blue pauses, chewing his bottom lip for a moment.]

CB: No, no... some other Jason.

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow in disbelief.]

CB: Now that I've answered your question, maybe you can answer one for me. Where is Ryan Martinez?

[Stegglet looks confused.]

MS: Ryan Martinez? I don't understand. The doctors said he wasn't cleared to compete. In fact, they told him to go back to the States. He's not here!

[Blue chuckles in response.]

CB: If you'd dealt with this family as long as I have, you'd know there's no one... not the doctors, not Gellar, not even me... who could keep Ryan Martinez from being here tonight. Don't worry about it, Mark. I'll find him.

[And with that, the former EMWC owner walks away, leaving Mark Stegglet behind as we fade up to Sweet Lou Blackwell out on the interview platform. By his side is the pencil-thin Draco Romero. Romero is clad in a royal purple sportcoat complete with tails over a pair of black slacks. His fingers are steepled in front of him, a sheen of sweat already on his upper lip. Behind them is a large white box, standing

some eight feet high, with a red ribbon wrapped around it. Blackwell looks uneasily at the box as he begins speaking.]

SLB: Mystery is in the air here in Londontown as Chris Blue searches for Ryan Martinez backstage... and out here we've got this... well, Draco Romero, how would you describe what I'm looking at right now?

[Romero smiles his greasy used car salesman smile.]

DR: This little trinket of my esteem? This, my friend, is an olive branch. Recently, Dylan Harvey threw a pebble in the pond that caused quite the ripple.

SLB: You're referring, of course, to when Harvey scored a shocking upset over your monster-

DR: My monster no more, Mr. Blackwell. But yes, that moment you reference is what I speak of.

SLB: Why don't we remind our fans at home of what happened in that moment? Let's take you back one month ago to Berlin, Germany when Dylan Harvey went one-on-one with the monster Varag!

[Fade to footage with the appropriate time stamp as Varag grabs Harvey by the hair, pulling him up to his feet...]

GM: We've seen this unique backbreaker out of Varag before...

[Varag lifts his powerful arms, wrapping them around Harvey's head and neck...]

BW: He's going for that uranage backbreaker and if he hits it, it's over, daddy!

[But as Varag muscles him up into the air, Harvey somehow manages to slip out, landing on his feet where he quickly backpedals to the ropes, bouncing off towards Varag...

...and gets FLIPPED inside out with a massive big boot on the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[Varag stands in the middle of the ring, looking down at Dylan Harvey who got dumped in a bad way on the mat.]

GM: Varag slowly walking around the ring, getting a little breather as he's been tested a bit more than we're used to.

BW: And than HE'S used to, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[Romero leans through the ropes, saying something off-mic to Varag as Dylan Harvey pushes up to his hands and knees...

...and the camera catches something in his eyes... just a split second... a flash of some sorts...]

GM: Varag getting some advice, moving back in on Harvey...

[But Harvey suddenly and unexpectedly gets to his feet, rushing towards Varag, ducking under a wild clothesline attempt to bounce off the far ropes, rebounding towards the masked powerhouse...]

GM: Harvey off the far side and-

BW: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!

[The 180 pound Harvey - with as much momentum behind him as he can muster - throws himself into a spear tackle that catches Varag around the midsection, taking him off his feet and putting him down on the mat. Harvey cries out, grabbing his shoulder in pain as he leans into a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!! OH MY STARS!!

BW: WHAT?!

[Harvey promptly rolls quickly, getting the hell out of the ring before Varag can recover. The Berlin crowd EXPLODES into cheers for the upset as Harvey takes a knee on the floor, clutching his shoulder in pain.]

GM: Dylan... my stars, Dylan Harvey with one of the biggest upsets that I can recall! He just toppled Varag! He beat the monster!

[Draco Romero scales the ringsteps, climbing into the ring. He stares out at Harvey, his eyebrow arched with interest as he watches the young man raise his arm delicately as his victory is announced by Rebecca Ortiz.]

GM: An upset win - a HUGE upset win! Incredible!

[Harvey slowly gets to his feet, looking in at Romero and the fallen Varag who is still down on the mat clutching his ribcage.]

GM: It took everything that Dylan Harvey had in his body but he put down the monster and this crowd is in shock, fans!

BW: Well, that kid's going to have quite the night on the town with winner's half of the purse, daddy.

GM: He certainly is! Go have some fun, kid! You deserve it!

[And on that note, we fade back to a grinning Blackwell and a less-than-amused Draco Romero.]

SLB: Berlin certainly wasn't the kindest battleground for your monster.

DR: Please do not persist in calling that mortal my monster, Mr. Blackwell. You threaten to awake my bad side.

SLB: Well, we wouldn't want to do that... so let's get back down to business. This box... this gift box... are you telling me this is for Dylan Harvey?

DR: Precisely. A gift that only a man of my stature can deliver. All Mr. Harvey need do is come here to claim it.

SLB: You heard the man, Dylan Harvey!

"What makes you think I want ANYTHING you could have?"

[Blackwell turns and nods, as Dylan Harvey walks into view. His hair tied back in a ponytail, he's dressed in a white t-shirt and dark blue jeans. He steps in close to Romero.]

DH: All I wanted was for you to stop taking potshots at my tag partner when he wasn't looking. All I wanted was for you to act like a halfway decent human being. But that was too much to ask for, wasn't it?

[Romero shrugs, smirking.]

DH: That was fine, though. I'm not the kind of guy that's used to getting what he wants handed to him on a silver platter. So I TOOK what I wanted by beating your monster—

[Romero attempts to interrupt before Harvey jabs his index finger dangerously close to his face.]

DH: But more importantly, showing everyone around here how weak you really are!

[Romero scowls at this as Harvey lowers his pointing hand.]

DH: So, you came out here to make some big gesture. I'm out here to see what garbage you're pulling this time... so why don't you stop wasting all of our time and show me this "gift" so I can toss it in the trash can?

[Romero suddenly steps back, clearing the way as a massive arm comes ripping through the white paper wrapped box, tearing a hole. Harvey looks stunned as an even more more massive body follows.]

GM: My stars, it's-

[The body quickly surges towards Harvey, striking hard and fast with a stiff-fingered thrust to the throat that leaves the smaller man gasping. An overhead chop to the side of the head follows, putting Harvey down on his knees as the London crowd gasps in horror.]

GM: IT'S EBOLA ZAIRE! DRACO ROMERO'S BROUGHT EBOLA ZAIRE BACK TO THE AWA!

[Blackwell scurries off the podium, waving an arm towards the locker room as Zaire dips into the front of his baggy pants that barely contain his morbidly obese body. His hand shoots up into the air, gripping an object.]

GM: What does he have there? Is that a fork?!

[Zaire flashes a grin dripping in bloodlust as he swings his arm down, driving the prongs of the fork into Harvey's forehead.]

GM: AHH!

[He brings it down in a stabbing motion again... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Somebody stop this!

[...and again... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: He's carving up Harvey! He's ripping his head apart!

[And with the blood starting to flow, Zaire tightens his grip around Harvey's throat as he digs the fork into the cut forehead, dragging it back and forth, shredding the flesh as blood pours from the wound.]

GM: This is... this is terrible! For the love of- can we get some damn help out here?!

[Zaire throws back his head, his eyes glazed over as Romero lightly applauds from nearby as Harvey slumps to an unconscious mess on the platform, blood pouring from his head.]

GM: Ebola Zaire, the African Madman himself, has returned to the AWA and... well, he's done so in shocking and disgusting fashion.

BW: Now THAT is a monster, Gordo.

GM: No doubt about that... oh no, he's not done!

[Zaire grabs a handful of Harvey's hair, pulling him back up to his knees where he drives the fork into the bloodied head again, digging the prongs in deep as Romero looks on, obviously pleased.]

GM: This is too much. If you can hear me in the truck, dump out of this. Get this off our TV now! Get this-

[Abrupt cut 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,..

We fade back up to the backstage area where Doctor Harrison Fawcett and Brian Lau are standing, Sweet Lou Blackwell sandwiched between them.]

SLB: Welcome back to the darkest pit of Hades... or at least what I imagine it's like as I stand here with these two pieces of work.

BL: Watch it, Blackwell.

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: Harrison Fawcett, I know why I asked you here... but what are you doing here, Brian Lau?

BL: I've got business to attend to with the good Doctor. Harrison, this Cody Mertz situation... I thought you were handling it.

[Fawcett absentmindedly reaches back to rub his backside.]

"D"HF: It appears that Mr. Mertz is not easily persuaded.

BL: Obviously. Look, I have full faith in you, Harrison... but I need this situation taken care of. I've got too much important business to deal with to also have to deal with someone like Cody Mertz. Do you understand me?

"D"HF: I do.

BL: Now, the money you offered him... do you still have it?

[Fawcett holds up a bulging envelope that makes Blackwell's eyes bulge as well.]

BL: Good. Because if Mertz won't take it to find someone else to bark at... perhaps someone else will take it to... dispose of him for us.

[Fawcett's eye twinkles as a smile crosses his face.]

"D"HF: Great minds think alike. I've already made overtures to a few interested parties.

BL: Good. Now, if you'll excuse me...

[Lau looks disdainfully at Blackwell.]

BL: I'll leave you to this waste of space.

[Blackwell puffs up, looking like he's about to fire off a retort but Lau is gone before he can. He turns gruffly towards Fawcett.]

SLB: Mr. Fawcett-

"D"HF: Doctor, please.

SLB: Fine. DOCTOR Fawcett, I asked you here because I wanted to talk about what happened at your house two weeks ago. From all reports, there was a break in.

"D"HF: For once, Blackwell, you speak the truth.

SLB: You and that other piece of work who just walked out of here seemed a little concerned. What exactly are you trying to hide?

[A grin crosses Fawcett's face.]

"D"HF: When you're a man who knows what I know and has seen what I've seen, there are a great many things in my Manor not fit for the eyes of the proletariat.

SLB: Proletariat?! What in the world-

"D"HF: Besides, Blackwell... ask the question you really want the answer to.

SLB: I suppose my question is - do you know who did it? Who broke in?

"D"HF: I do... and when you see the footage, you will too.

SLB: It's... wait a second, are you trying to imply that it's someone that I know?!

[Fawcett chuckles softly.]

"D"HF: In fact, Blackwell, it is someone that all AWA fans know... which is why I was happy to sell the footage to AWA officials... and opt to not press charges... all for a tidy fee.

SLB: Well, I hope your blood money is worth it. And I'm being told in my earpiece that we've got this footage cued up. Let's take a look at what happened.

[Fawcett gestures towards the camera just before we cut to what appears to be security camera footage dated 30/7/2016 01:43:54 and counting in the corner, labeled "Entrance". The video is clear, but running in lapsed recording as security systems often do. A figure enters, dressed in black, cargo pants, boots, and a hooded coat with the hood up. The figure approaches the door. While the video is at a low frame rate, the audio is clear, the voice is feminine and slightly familiar.]

"I have no idea what I'm doing here."

[The figure pauses, stepping back to look at the door again.]

"I'm here!"

[Her shout seems to do nothing.]

"What do you want from me?! Why did you bring me here?!"

[The figure again gets no response, shaking her head.]

"Forget it. I'm out of here before-"

[She suddenly grabs at the side of her head, snatching hold of a nearby pillar to keep herself on her feet.]

"Aggggh... fine... fine. I'll stay. But how do you expect me to get in? It's not like I have a key or..."

[The voice trails off for a moment... and then she slowly reaches out to the doorknob, opening the door without effort.]

"You've gotta be kidding me."

[Taking a quick look around, she ducks through the doorway as we cut to a different camera angle marked "Foyer" running in low light mode. The figure takes a few cautious steps in.]

"If Fawcett finds out I was here..."

[A flashlight snaps on, blinding the camera's view for a few moments before she lowers it.]

"Okay, I'm in... now what the hell do I do?"

[Not getting an answer, she turns to walk down a hallway.]

"I don't even know what I'm looking for. I can't even-"

[The flashlight goes clattering to the floor as she grabs the side of her head again, pitching sideways into a wall. She claws at the wall, trying to keep her balance as she groans in pain. After a few moments pass, she lowers to a knee, retrieving her flashlight as she comes back to her feet, turning it down the other corridor.]

"Wrong way? Right. Coulda just said something."

[The figure walks back the way she came, crossing through the foyer into another hallway. The camera angle switches again, following her as she moves through Fawcett Manor. She reaches out a hand running a finger along a case that contains a very large egg - larger than the last time we happened to lay eyes upon it.]

"People say I'm weird... this Fawcett guy takes the cake. What the hell does he do with all this stuff?"

[She leans down, tapping on a glass case on another side of the hallway that looks to contain a bullrope made of barbed wire.]

"Isn't that...?"

[Again, her voice trails off before she begins walking again, humming an unrecognizable tune as she does. A few more moments pass as she passes a battle axe mounted on the wall, a silver gauntlet inside of a glass case, and what appears to be a collection of shrunken heads. Finally, she stops in front of a closed door.]

"Is this it?"

[She reaches out a hand, pressing her palm against the solid wooden door. The hallway is silent with just her own heavy breath to be heard. With a deep exhale, she gives the door a shove and it slowly creaks open like something out of a horror movie. Taking another deep inhale, she steps through the door frame...

...and as she does, the picture becomes overwashed in static and light.]

"What is this? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?! NO! NOOOOOOOO!"

[A bloodcurdling scream punctuates her cry before the shot cuts to black. We stay that way for several moments until the screen returns as normal. We're back to a shot of the hallway, looking down on the door the figure walked through. The timestamp reads 30/7/2016 03:27:22, revealing that almost two hours of time has passed since we lost our camera's view.

After a moment, the door creaks open again and the figure walks through the doorway, striding with almost a saunter as she clutches an indistinguishable object in her right hand. She makes her way down the hallway, pausing just before the camera...

...and slowly tilts her head up. Her overall look can only be described as disheveled, a blank look in her eyes and a disturbing grin on her face... yet instantly recognizable.

Our intruder is, in fact, the suspended Charisma Knight, who looks up at the camera, her identity revealed to the world as she breaks into a twisted giggle.

The giggle turns into a cackle, her face still focused on the camera. There's a quick flash of movement that causes our camera to lose focus for a moment before we come back to see Knight backing away. She starts spinning around and around, making her way out of the frame. The camera shot stays on the empty hallway as her cackle echoes throughout it... on and on...

...and then black.

After a few moments, we fade back out to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: A bizarre scene unfolding at the Fawcett Manor two weeks ago... and I'm told that after Mr. Fawcett-

BW: Doctor.

GM: After DOCTOR Fawcett turned over that video to AWA officials, they were forced to immediately suspend Charisma Knight indefinitely pending a full psychological evaluation. We, of course, wish Miss Knight the best of luck with her health as we do Dylan Harvey who was carried out of here by AWA medical personnel after that brutal and savage assault at the hands of Ebola Zaire not too long ago.

[Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: Ebola Zaire, in my opinion, is a man not fit for a civilized society... and somehow he emerged from that gift box even more vicious than we've ever seen him before. And that's saying something. Fans, we'll try to get an update on the condition of Dylan Harvey before we go off the air but right now, let's go back to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz!

[Fade to the ring.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is part of the AWA Women's Division. Introducing first... from Dublin, Ireland ...weighing in at 215 pounds... Sarah Ronan!

[An impressively large redhead with her hair tied back into a high ponytail dressed in a sleeveless Bikini Kill t-shirt and leather pants raises her arms into the air to the cheers of the crowd.]

PW: And her opponent... from Fujinomiya, Shizuoka Prefecture, Japan... weighing in at 73 Kilograms... she is a former Olympic Gold Medalist...

AYAKO FUJIWARA!!!

[There's a very loud roar of cheers as the lights go out and "The Cyborg Fights" by Makoto Miyazaki plays. The roar grows even larger once the crowd sees Ayako Fujiwara, dressed in an elaborate black Susohiki-style kimono, emerging from behind the curtains with her arms spread wide apart. She stops at the top of the aisle and lowers her head momentarily to soak in the crowd's reaction, before lowering her arms and making her way down to the ring.

Stopping as she reaches the ring, she grabs the edge of the apron with both hands and bows deeply, before leaping up and sliding in under the bottom rope. As she pops up to her feet, Ayako is suddenly bombarded by red and white streamers from all sides by the ringside fans. She spins around, letting herself be wrapped completely by them!]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara makes her return to London, where she won her Olympic Gold medal in 2012!

BW: I've seen footage from those games and she was tossing the other girls like it was goin' outta' style, daddy!

GM: Some things never change, Bucky. Ayako started off her career in the AWA doing the exact same to Charisma Knight at Memorial Day Mayhem and she's been a suplexing machine ever since.

BW: But she ain't been able to do it to Lauryn Rage! And she ain't been able to get a shot at the Women's title either!

GM: Well, that remains to be seen.

[As the ring attendants clear out the streamers from the ring, Fujiwara removes her kimono, revealing a powerfully built, thickly muscled body with broad shoulders, large thighs and an athletic frame. She is dressed in a sleek, sleeve-less black catsuit with a corset-like top tied together with red string, fingerless elbow-length gloves, an elaborate gold embroidered belt sash, and knee-high boots. Fujiwara then interlaces her fingers and fixes her eyes on Sarah Ronan, calmly rotating her wrists in a way that can only be described as chilling.]

GM: Ayako Fujiwara, putting her complete focus on young Sarah Ronan and I'm sure there's not many people in the world that wouldn't be intimidated by this sight.

BW: Sarah's a big girl, Gordo, but even she's gotta' be a little worried knowing the kinda' damage Ayako can do to someone.

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Fujiwara begins the match as she always does, shooting in looking for a takedown. However, Ronan surprisingly stands her ground and smashes a double ax-handle down to Fujiwara's exposed back!]

GM: OH! We're used to seeing Ayako overpower her opponents with ease, but Sarah Ronan has a big size advantage and she just put it to good use!

BW: You see the size of those thighs? Ayako could barely wrap her arms around them! I don't think Ronan is going to get steamrolled like most of Ayako's other opponents have!

[Ronan pulls Fujiwara off the canvas. She grabs the Olympic Gold medalist by the wrist and yanks her in, knocking her over with a stiff short-armed clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline by Sarah Ronan and here's a pin...only one!

BW: It's way too early to be going for a pin, but I think she's doing that to send a message to Fujiwara. That she's the one dominating here.

[Grabbing a handful of Fujiwara's multi-colored hair, Ronan drags the Japanese star off the canvas and scoops her up, slamming her down onto the canvas with ease. She backs up into the ropes and comes back, leaping into the air and dropping a big leg across Fujiwara's throat!]

GM: OH! Big legdrop and another cover!

[The referee counts to two, but that's as far as he goes, as Fujiwara shoots a shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: This is a real shock. Sarah Ronan is actually in complete control of this match.

BW: Forget about Lauryn Rage, she might not make it past Ronan!

[Ronan picks Ayako off the canvas, whipping her hard into the turnbuckles. She runs into with a head full of steam, only to run into a raised boot!]

GM: OH! Fujiwara catches Ronan charging in! She's got Ronan in her clutches...

[Ayako wraps her arms around Ronan's torso, perhaps looking for a belly-to-belly suplex. However, before she can get off a throw attempt, Ronan slaps both of Ayako's ears, forcing her to break the hold.]

GM: No! Ronan breaks it up with a bellclap!

BW: That's twice now that Ayako's failed to get Ronan off her feet, Gordo. She might just be too big! And if Ayako can't suplex her opponent, she's in a lot of trouble!

[Ronan lifts a dazed Ayako up onto her shoulders into a fireman's carry. However, Ayako fights it, throwing elbow after elbow, forcing Ronan to release her grip. Slipping behind her, Fujiwara grabs a waistlock and once again attempts to suplex Ronan. She actually manages to lift Ronan off the canvas...]

GM: She's got Ronan up!

[...before a back elbow once again stops her from completing the move.]

GM: No! Ronan escapes!

"OHHH!"

GM: And a big boot drops Ayako like a bad habit!

[Ronan holds both of her arms in front of her and sweeps them out, as if to signal that it's all over for Fujiwara.]

GM: And Ronan's saying that's it! She's going to finish Fujiwara off!

[Ronan runs into the ropes and as she comes off, she leaps high into the air for a seated senton. However, at the last possible moment, Ayako rolls away, leaving the Irish giantess to hit nothing but canvas!]

GM: OH! NOBODY HOME!

[Getting up off the canvas with a pained expression on her face, Ronan suddenly finds all the air knocked out of her with a huge push kick that knocks her into the ropes...]

"THUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OOHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and back into Ayako Fujiwara's waiting arms, as she's thrown overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX! THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM FOR FUJIWARA!

BW: I can't believe it!

[A stunned Ronan gets back to her feet...]

"THUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[And is once against thrown overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: ANOTHER BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX! Fujiwara has come to life!

[Letting loose a scream of jubilation, Fujiwara backs into the ropes. She does a double point at the kneeling Ronan, before going into a sprint...]

GM: We've seen this before!

[...cartwheeling...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and DRIVING both her knees down across the back of Ronan's neck!]

GM: Fujiwara's got Ronan reeling now!

[With Ronan still on her knees, Fujiwara stalks behind her, arms raised into the air. The crowd buzzes, realizing what she's about to do.]

BW: No way. No way she's gonna' be able to do this!

[Ayako bends down, wrapping her arms around Ronan's waist. With a guttural roar, she actually DEADLIFTS Ronan off the canvas and into the air, bringing the London crowd to their feet!]

GM: SHE'S GOT HER UP! SHE'S GOT HER UP!

BW: Fujiwara can't be human!

[Ayako holds Ronan in the air for a moment. A look of total shock forms on the Irishwoman's face once she realizes the predicament she's in...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUDDDDDDDDDD!!!"

[...right before Fujiwara bridges back and DRIVES her into the canvas with a Mt. Fuji suplex to a huge pop!]

GM: OH MY STARS! THERE'S THE SUPLEX AND A BRIDGE! ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It was a rough start for Ayako Fujiwara, but once she got going, nothing was stopping her.

BW: When she gets that momentum going, when she starts throwing those suplexes...it's like she's almost unstoppable. I don't think I've ever seen anything like it.

RO: YOUR WINNER... AYAKO FUJIWARA!!!

[There's a massive cheer at the announcement, as we cut to a shot of Ayako, now with a microphone in hand. She's breathing slightly heavy, but she's all smiles.]

Ayako: First, I...

[She stops to catch her breath.]

Ayako: I want to tell Sarah Ronan that she was a very worthy opponent. That was an incredible fight!

[There's some polite applause as the crowd pays respects to a still dazed Ronan, who is being helped out of the ring by officials.]

Ayako: But this is what I really want to say. To our champion, Lauryn Rage, I don't know when and I don't know where... but someday soon, we will meet inside this ring. And on that day...

[Ayako throws her head back and shouts it loud and shouts it proud...]

Ayako: I WILL BE THE AWA WOMEN'S CHAMPION!!!

[She drops her head and makes a mischievous little smirk.]

Ayako: Ya' dig?

[A big cheer can be heard from the crowd as Ayako spikes the microphone down on the canvas. She climbs up to the second turnbuckle and makes the "I want the belt!" motion as the crowd cheers her on.]

GM: Oho! Ayako Fujiwara making it clear that she's joining Melissa Cannon in the line of women looking to get their shot at Lauryn Rage and the Women's World Title... but will Rage still have that title after her No DQ showdown with Lori Dane coming up in just over a week at Homecoming? We're going to find out in not too much longer but right now, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet and a very special guest! Mark?

[We cut to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. It's been a wild and exciting final night of the AWA's first-ever European Tour here in London and... Mr. Gellar, come on in here...

[A flat out exhausted-looking Director of Operations walks into view. He forces a smile at the camera.]

MS: There's been quite a lot going on here in London from Juan Vasquez winning Steal The Spotlight to Supernova's challenge to Shadoe Rage... but I think everyone still wants to know about what happened at the start of tonight's show.

[Gellar sighs.]

EG: I suppose so. Go ahead.

MS: Alright, well... we've heard that Casey James and Tiger Claw are in police custody and-

EG: Correction, Mark... they WERE in police custody.

[Stegglet's jaw drops.]

MS: Were?! They let them out?! After that brutal assault on-

[Gellar raises a hand.]

EG: They let them out... because the AWA - and more specifically me - decided not to press charges.

[Stegglet looks puzzled, shaking his head.]

MS: I don't understand.

EG: No, I don't expect you would. But let me make this clear, Mark, to everyone in this building... everyone watching at home... and everyone in this locker room. Mark, how long have you been a fan of pro wrestling?

MS: Since I was a kid... since my uncle let me roam around backstage at EMWC shows.

EG: Exactly. So you've watched James and Claw for a long time, right?

MS: Of course.

EG: Have you EVER seen them back down from a situation that they were invested in?

[Stegglet pauses... then slowly shakes his head.]

MS: I guess not but-

EG: But that's all there is to it. I became convinced that no matter what we did... no matter how much security we put up... no matter how many times we had them arrested... I decided that outside of sending those two men to PRISON, that they would continue to come back... and back... and back. Every time we had something big... something major... something important, they'd come back and try to ruin it. And they'd ratchet up the violence. Tonight, it was baseball bats... who knows what comes next?

[Gellar sighs again.]

EG: They've already spoiled too much for us and I'm tired of it. But if I've judged James and Claw correctly, I think I can end this.

MS: How?

EG: With this,..

[Gellar turns, facing the camera head on.]

EG: Casey James. Tiger Claw. I officially issue an invitation to both of you to appear in just over a week in Dallas, Texas at Homecoming. I will be leaving two front row seats in your names at the box office. If you show up... I will personally be inviting you into the ring to once and for all settle this situation.

No more attacks. No more bloodshed. No more arrests.

Just the three of us figuring this out like men.

[Gellar pauses, nodding his head.]

EG: I'm sure I'll see you there.

[And with that, Gellar turns to walk away, leaving the camera on a shocked Mark Stegglet as we fade to black.

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

We fade through black back to a live shot of the O2 Arena where the crowd is still buzzing over what they've seen so far this evening as we cut to the interview podium, where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing by.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling live in London! Alright folks, two weeks ago, we saw one of the AWA's most hotly anticipated rematches when former World Champion Ryan Martinez took on my guest at this time...

[The boos have already begun.]

SLB: ...A man who has yet to be pinned in the AWA, "The Tsar" Maxim Zharkov. And...

[There's a lot more to that "And..." as "Duel of the Fates" by Galactic Empire begins to play. The English faithful roar with boos at the sight of the entire Axis of Evil emerging from the entrance, with Jackson Hunter taking point. Zharkov emerges first in his classic "CCCP" t-shirt and track pants, followed by Riley Hunter, freshly changed into a black "Axis" branded t-shirts, singing along to the music into his nunchucks.

Derrick Williams is out next, wearing a navy pinstriped suit without a tie, the top button on the powder blue shirt underneath open, and matched with a pair of black Oxfords. His hair is pulled back, more kept than we're used to seeing.

And bringing up the rear are Juan Vasquez, still in his wrestling gear but now proudly carrying the Steal the Spotlight briefcase, along with MAWAGA, the suited savage who is currently dressed in a black karate gi.]

GM: Oh my goodness.

BW: The gang's all here, Gordo...

[The boos only intensify as the six members of the Axis fill the space around Sweet Lou.]

SLB: Well, it looks like I am being being joined by the entire Axis. You, Jackson Hunter—you are definitely a man who I would not trust to look after my wallet. Is this your brainchild? How did you manage to pull this off?

JH: First off, Sweet Lou, I have no interest in your wallet since wallets can't hold BitCoins. Second, I cannot confirm nor deny that I have any secret plans that I am not aware of, or that do not exist.

SLB: I think the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland is not in dire need of another double speaking politician—I think all the parties are spoken for.

JH: Why would one want to be King or Queen, when you can decide who makes the monarch. And I think what you saw two weeks ago was Maxim Zharkov deciding that Ryan Martinez is no longer in World Championship contention. The mighty and unstoppable Ryan Martinez, felled to the Last Son of the Soviet Union on two separate occasions.

SLB: Now hold on here, I seem to remember that Maxim Zharkov had a lot of help in Milan from—

JH: Oh yes, of course. You're right. I forgot there is a column in the record book for that: Wins, Losses, Draws, Having A Lot Of Help In Milan. How could I have been so mindlessly, cretinously stupid to have forgotten that?

SLB: I think you know what I'm accusing you of.

JH: Well, I accuse Ryan Martinez of having a death obsession. I accuse him fighting on past the point of sanity. And for what? Because Mr. Zharkov made his father Alex look bad at SuperClash last year? You remember that, don't you?

SLB: If I recall, Alex Martinez gave Maxim Zharkov a bloody nose.

JH: Were you there at ringside? There you go, trying to spread your alternative facts and propaganda. Alex Martinez wants no part of Maxim Zharkov, especially after Memorial Day Mayhem. So what does he do?

[Zharkov suddenly pipes in, instantly ceasing Blackwell and Hunter's bickering.]

MZ: Alex Martinez, you are a cruel man. You sent a little baby to fight me.

I am designed for war and for dominance in all things athletic. You, Martinez, have a teen starlet for a wife and make movies with no social value.

You hide within decadence and depravity and send your son to fight me instead. No matter. Keep sending him to me, and then one day... I and The Axis will send him back to you, tovarisch.

JH: Those aren't idle threats, Mr. Blackwell. You've seen what the Last Son of the Soviet Union can do. But as I'm sure you know, I am not the only one with a statement to make tonight.

[Williams takes the mic, letting the boos pour in for a moment, shaking his head with a smirk before speaking]

DW: I know what it is you all want, what it is you're waiting for. You want me to stand here, raise my voice, and weave a tale of anger, frustration, and jealousy. You want me to justify giving Jordan Ohara the Blackout two weeks ago by saying I'm jealous... that I'm resentful. You want me to justify joining The Axis because I'm frustrated, impatient, and impulsive. You want me to justify bending the knee to Juan Vasquez because I'm angry. But the problem with all that...

[Williams looks around, smirking, then shaking his head]

DW: ...is that it just isn't true.

[He smiles as the boos come in, holding up a finger]

DW: I mean, don't get me wrong, it's not that I'm NOT resentful of Jordan Ohara. I mean, he did come in here, jump the line, and at the first chance went to suck up to the White Knight and his crew...but that's not why I turned my back on him.

And it's not like I'm not frustrated. You can make a pretty good argument that if I stayed focused and kept my eye on the ball, I should be standing here as the AWA World Television Champion. But that's not the reason I betrayed Ohara either.

I COULD be angry at the things Juan has done over the past year, but I'm actually not at all. In fact, the thing that Gordon claimed I should be angry at Juan Vasquez for... I'm not.

SLB: What? Why?

DW: That issue, was already resolved by Ryan Martinez. When Juan struck, the person in question, who I'm...

[Air quotes.]

DW: ..."NOT" allowed to mention, was already GONE from the AWA, courtesy of The White Knight, NOT Juan Vasquez.

[The crowd doesn't like this and lets Williams know. He only shrugs]

DW: It's true, you just don't want to admit it. You see, if you hadn't noticed, while the Heroes of the AWA were "Holding the Line", I wasn't anywhere to be found.

And why?

[He chuckles.]

DW: Because "Hold the Line" was the damn stupidest thing I have ever heard!

[The boos rain down on Williams who continues on.]

DW: Hold the Line against what? Juan Vasquez, because he cost Ryan Martinez the World Championship? Wrestling is littered with people costing people championships - was "The Line" held against them?

Is it because Juan started hitting people with the most dangerous move in wrestling? Because I don't recall the locker room "Holding the Line" against Stevie Scott when he did it. What I do recall is all of you welcoming back him as a conquering hero two months ago.

Or, is it because the locker room saw who Juan was targeting and felt threatened, because Juan Vasquez has seen that there are people on the roster that are stifling the growth of the AWA. People that won't let go. People that won't move on. People who don't realize that their time has past. People who don't want it known that a swamp has formed and Juan wants to drain it. That's what's going on, that's the "Line" to hold. The "Line" keeping the old guard in. All Juan Vasquez is doing, is ridding the AWA of people it doesn't need anymore, that refuse to go on their own, and making way for new faces to step up and keep making this company bigger and better.

[Williams holds out his arms]

DW: Juan Vasquez wants to make the AWA the greatest promotion in history and he asked me to be a part of that.

I didn't sell out to the Axis, I've bought in!

[Thunderous jeers rain down on Williams for that simple statement.]

DW: And, Mr. Scoops Blackwell, let me give you another one for your app... I didn't join the Axis in Milan, I joined the Axis two months ago in New York!

[Williams pauses to let that sink into the crowd for a moment, as they remember past events.]

DW: Berlin was a red herring, a distraction...

[A slight grin forms on Williams face.]

DW: ...fake news. But regardless, after that Saturday Night Wrestling in New York, I went to see "my people" and Juan was there. We spoke, at length, and he made me an offer that frankly, I couldn't refuse.

[As the crowd boos, Williams just mouths "I really couldn't" before continuing.]

DW: You wanted me to spin a story about anger, frustration and jealousy, but it has nothing to do with that. Everyone gets angry, frustrated, jealous, and resentful of others. What I did, what I'm doing with the Axis, is purely a business move for the betterment of myself and my career. Juan Vasquez is the wealthiest wrestler in the business...

[In the background, we can see Juan rub his fingers together, making the universal sign for money.]

DW: He's a legend, a Hall of Famer, one of the greatest alive, a master tactician... why on Earth would I turn down a chance to study under him? I'd be a fool, and I'm no fool. I'm a member of the Axis, and I'm proud to join the rest of the group, and join Juan Vasquez in his mission. We're going to make this place great again. And for the first time in a long time, you have people who will put the AWA FIRST.

Not Tiger Paw or SWLL, or any other place the AWA front office wants to fall over themselves to advertise as a equal. _THE AWA._ You have me, you have the Tsar, you now have Riley Hunter, you have MAWAGA, and you have Mister Steal the Spotlight himself, Juan Vasquez.

[A cocky smirk.]

DW: Who's gonna stop us?

[He tosses the mic to the man with blue hair, back turned to the crowd. Riley Hunter catches it without even looking.]

RH: Can't stop. Won't stop. I told eeeeeverybody that I came to the AWA to prove that I was the best wrestler in the world. I said I came here to prove that I merited all seven stars.

I LIED.

[He punctuates his Shatnerian delivery by pointing his index finger.]

RH: You fools! I don't have to prove any stupid point to you. What I want... is to change the paradigm. And when the greatest wrestler to have ever laced a pair of boots calls you up and says, "maaan, the Axis needs an Axis Ninja," who am I to say, "no thanks, I don't feel like being a part of Wrestling History, busta." They say, "be the change you want to see in the world," and I say, "be the katana you want to see through the Establishment's heart."

[The Hunter cousins chuckle very similar chuckles.]

RH: And Derrick, my dude... you've heard people in the back have the gall... the NERVE... to call you and me, "underachievers." I got a couple of questions for all y'all? Who is on the right side of history, boys? And...

[He points between himself and Williams.]

RH: Are you a bad enough dude to get past the Axis boys in black and silver?

[The Hunters and Williams all share a fist bump. Zharkov looks on, arms folded, an approving smirk on his face.]

SLB: And I guess that brings us to you, Juan Vasquez...

[The crowd comes to life once Sweet Lou's attention turns towards Vasquez. The boos begin to crescendo, as Vasquez soaks it all in, closing his eyes and nodding his head emphatically.]

SLB: ...you..

[The boos threaten to drown out Sweet Lou, who seems a bit flustered by the crowd's overwhelmingly negative reaction.]

SLB: ...in a matter of weeks, you've...

[Juan doesn't let Lou finish that thought.]

JV: Changed the game? Turned the wrestling world upside down? Shocked, awed, and amazed you all and left you begging for more?

[Juan cackles.]

JV: Newsflash, amigo...I've been doing that day in and day out for the last twenty years! Maybe it surprises some people that it's just so easy for me to get anything and everything I want. Maybe it surprises some of you that your precious heroes held the line against me about as well as King Canute was able to hold back the tides. Maybe it comes as a total shock that I outplanned, outmanned, outgunned, outhustled, and outmaneuvered that dumb bastard Jordan Ohara and that ingrate Supreme Wright on my way to winning Steal the Spotlight.

But really, all that means is that you're not paying attention.

So here's a reminder for those of you that still don't get it.

[He shouts it to the heavens.]

JV: I'M JUAN VASQUEZ!

[Massive boos!]

JV: The handsomest, bravest, roughest, toughest, smartest, wealthiest, most successful wrestler that ever lived. Why wouldn't Riley Hunter want to be a part of history? Why wouldn't Derrick Williams want to extract himself from a dead end like Jordan Ohara and join a winning team? Why wouldn't they want to be millionaires? Why wouldn't they want to have the power to change the world?

[Juan takes a step back and takes a nice good look at the army he's built.]

JV: Just look at this beautiful group of revolutionaries. THESE are the men that will help me rebuild this once proud empire into the utopia it was always meant to be. But Derrick Williams...

[A big grin forms on Vasquez' face.]

JV: I took one look at him and I knew he was the one.

SLB: What do you mean by that?

JV: Sweet Lou, you're not just looking at any student or apprentice. He's not just here to listen and learn from the best. No, Derrick Williams is the ONE.

SLB: The one...what?

JV: My heir. My successor. The man who I'm going to leave it all to. Someday, after we've made history and carved the AWA into our image, when I'm finally ready to hang up the boots...

[Juan holds a finger into the air and twirls it in a wide circle.]

JV: ...THIS will be all his.

Forget your Oharas, your Lynches, and your Martinezes. Remember these words and burn it into your memory.

Derrick Williams is the future of professional wrestling.

[The crowd roars with boos as the camera cuts to a shot of Derrick Williams, beaming proudly. Keen-eyed viewers can see Zharkov furrowing his heavy brow.]

JV: But for now, let's focus on the present just a little bit. Because what I hold in my hands now, is everything that we've been working so hard for.

SLB: Yes, Juan, earlier tonight by hook and by crook, you became the holder of the Steal the Spotlight contract...

[Juan shakes his head.]

JV: No, Lou. To YOU, it may just be a contract. But what this is, is soooo much more. It is the weapon. It is the agent of change. It is the revolution. THIS, amigo, is what will bring down the walls of Jericho and take us all to the promised land. With this, I WILL...

...make the AWA great again.

[As the arena fills with deafening boos, Vasquez' eyes turn towards the ring.]

JV: But really, we've kept MAWAGA's opponent waiting for so long. So if you excuse me, Sweet Lou...

[Juan turns to MAWAGA.]

JV: Ready, big guy?

[The Tongan savage stares off towards his opponent, standing in the ring. His eyes bulge and he hisses a terrifying sentence through gritted teeth.]

MAWAGA: Tateo tae goy.

[It's unclear if Vasquez understands what the Tongan said, but he smiles and pats MAWAGA on the back.]

JV: Now that's what I like to hear. Let's go.

[The music kicks in again as the Axis starts to exit the interview platform.]

SLB: Fans, the Axis of Evil is in full force here tonight... and that can't be good news for anyone. We're going to take a quick break and when we come back, it'll be the Suited Savage himself, MAWAGA, in 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 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...

We fade back to the ring, where we see MAWAGA and his opponent already standing inside. Rebecca Ortiz is in the middle of the ring, ready to make her introductions.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring...he weighs in at 245 lbs.. fighting out of Bedford, England... Johnny Palmer!

[A balding, slightly pudgy competitor with a pasty complexion raises his arms into the air to a few scattered cheers from the hometown crowd.]

RO: And his opponent... accompanied to the ring by The Axis of Evil ...he weighs in at 290 pounds ...hailing from the Polynesian Islands, this is...

MAAAAAAAAAAWWWAAAAAAAAAGGGGAAAAAAAA!!!

[A loud roar of boos greets the stony faced Tongan. MAWAGA removes his black karate jacket and tosses it over the top rope to Jackson Hunter, as Vasquez shouts some last second instructions to him.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling right here on The X, fans, and if it wasn't bad enough already for Johnny Palmer, he has the entire Axis of Evil to be on the lookout for in this match!

BW: Get real, Gordo. Ol' Johnny Donuts here only needs to stay focused on the monster standing across from him inside that ring. If he's not careful, he just might get his head ripped off!

[MAWAGA walks up to a nervous-looking Palmer as the bell rings..]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and greets his opponent with a bow.]

GM: Well, that's certainly a surprise.

BW: Would you look at that! So much for calling him a "savage", huh?

[However, as soon as MAWAGA has finished bowing, he immediately explodes with a savate kick that catches Palmer right on the chin!]

GM: OH!!! Palmer was caught off-guard by that big kick!

BW: How the heck do you lose focus when you have a near-300 pound Polynesian beast standing right in front of you? This punk deserved to get his face kicked off!

[MAWAGA reaches down and grabs Palmer by the throat, yanking him off the canvas and into the air with frightening ease...]

BW: Woah!

GM: Incredible strength shown by MAWAGA!

[...before THROWING him into the corner. MAWAGA is immediately all over Palmer, pounding away with vicious palm strikes to the torso and chest, before winding both of his arms back and SMASHING them down onto both sides of Palmer's neck with a massive Mongolian chop!]

GM: MAWAGA is brutalizing Palmer in the corner!

[With Palmer slumped against the turnbuckles, a shout of "GET HIM A BODY BAG! YEAAAAAH!" can be heard from Riley Hunter, as MAWAGA walks towards the center of the ring and circles back around, charging in a full speed for an avalanche. Right

before impact, MAWAGA turns his body, looking to crush Palmer with his back. However, the Englishman has the presence of mind to move out of the way!]

GM: OH! Nobody home!

[MAWAGA stumbles forward out of the corner from the sheer impact of his body colliding against the turnbuckles. As he does so, Palmer grabs a handful of his hair and turns him back to the corner, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle...]

"OHH!"

[...to no effect!]

GM: Oh boy.

[Standing straight back up from the blow, MAWAGA proceeds to smash his own head repeatedly into the top turnbuckle, before turning towards Palmer with a...ahem, savage look on his face.]

BW: I think that fired him up, Gordo!

GM: That's a terrifying thought.

[Palmer tries to strike back with a haymaker, which MAWAGA easily swats away. He tries a kick, which MAWAGA effortlessly catches. The Tongan beast then yanks on the leg, pulling Palmer in...]

"CRACKKK!!!!!"

"OHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and lowers his head, smashing skull on skull with a sickening thud.]

GM: HUGE headbutt by MAWAGA and I think Palmer may be out cold!

[MAWAGA pulls a limp Palmer back to his feet, shoving him into the ropes. As Palmer rebounds back, MAWAGA launches him HIGH into the air for a backdrop. As Palmer's body turns in mid-air, MAWAGA takes a step back and catches Palmer's legs on the way down...]

"THUUUUUUDDDDDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM and BW: OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

[...and damn near drives him through the canvas with a powerbomb! While the crowd buzzes at the move, the members of The Axis go wild at ringside.]

GM: What an amazing powerbomb! I don't think I've ever...WHAT? GET OUT OF HERE!

[Suddenly, we hear some clunky noises, as we're joined by a very familiar voice.]

JV: Come on amigo, you ain't even gonna give us a 'OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!' for that!? That was the move of the year!

GM: I...I guess we're being joined by Juan Vasquez on commentary now.

JV: Just here to make sure you're giving the big guy his props, Gordon!

BW: He's great!

JV: He hangs out with all the cool kids. Of course he is.

[Inside the ring, MAWAGA drops down to a knee and places his hand on Palmer's chest.]

GM: Mercifully, MAWAGA goes for the pin.

[The referee drops to the canvas and counts: One, two...]

JV: NOT YET!!!

[MASSIVE BOOS!]

GM: OH COME ON!

JV: Hahaha!

[...and at the last second, MAWAGA hears Vasquez' shout and pulls Palmer off the canvas!]

JV: This is a deadly warrior! An unstoppable force of nature! The match is over when MAWAGA wants it to be over!

GM: You TOLD him to break that pin!

BW: Wait, where's he going!? Don't tell me he's gonna' fly!

JV: Eat your heart out, Skywalker Jones!

[Yes, MAWAGA begins to ascend to the top rope. And then with shocking grace, he leaps off the top rope, arms spread wide...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and CRASHES down onto Johnny Palmer with a diving headbutt!]

JV: Come on, Gordon! You saw that right? Aren't you going to say that was "Shades of Raphael Rhodes"?

GM: I'm not going to dignify this unnecessary beating.

JV: Whatever, Myers. That was better than Raph ever did it!

BW: It might've been! That was a beauty!

GM: You're unbelievable, Bucky.

[MAWAGA plants both hands down on Palmer's chest, this time allowing the referee to count to three.]

"DING DING DING!"

JV: It's been a real treat talking with you two, but I have a celebration to attend to, fellas. The pleasure was all yours, I'm sure. Ciao.

CLUNK

[We then see Juan Vasquez joining the rest of The Axis of Evil inside the ring, where they have gathered around MAWAGA, who stands over the unconscious body of

Johnny Palmer. As they all join hands and raise them in victory, the crowd roars with boos.]

RO: YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH... MAWAGAAAA!!!

[The Axis continues to celebrate as the jeers pour down all around the O2 Arena.]

GM: A win on the part of MAWAGA and the men he represents - the Axis of Evil - and... fans, this group looks unstoppable right now. You just have to wonder who can stand up to the Axis... and what more, you have to wonder who can put them down? We're going to take another quick break but when we come back, it'll be Mason in action so stick around, won't you?

[Hold on Vasquez' smirk for a few more seconds before 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 to live action inside the O2 Arena as Rebecca Ortiz steps out to center ring.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Paris, France... weighing in at 252 pounds... Henri Pierre!

[Pierre is as generic as they come, raising an arm to little reaction as Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd 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 that identify the song as the opening theme to Terminator 2. 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: Well, Bucky... Mason has arrived and the question I know I want answered is, have you broken your vow of silence during Mason matches?

BW: ...

GM: Nope. As much as we'll all miss your voice, Bucky, I have to admit that I was absolutely stunned two weeks ago when Mason - for the first time - spoke to one of our AWA interviewers. In fact, let's take a quick look at what happened when Sweet Lou tried - and succeeded - to talk to the man known only as Mason.

[We quickly fade to footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO" where Mason is striding down the aisle towards Sweet Lou 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...

...and we fade back to live action where the referee is trying to keep Mason at bay while the previously recorded clip finishes.]

GM: "Ask Emerson Gellar." Apparently, Mason believes the Director of Operations is to blame for the slate of... perhaps weaker competition that Mason has faced since his arrival in the AWA earlier this year. Every two weeks he comes out here and dominates... and our live events are no different. Mason has racked up an impressive undefeated streak and I think many of us - Bucky included - are waiting to see what happens when Mason is forced to face the next level of talent here in the AWA. Bucky, do you believe that Emerson Gellar is somehow holding Mason back?

BW: ...

GM: Gotcha. Good talk.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And on cue, an uncaged Mason barrels across the ring at top speed, nearly cutting Pierre in half with an absolutely devastating spear tackle!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Dear god! He broke the man in half, fans!

[Mason pops back up to his feet, muscles rippling, intensity in every movement as he strides around the ring. He approaches the ropes, leaning over to look at the camera.]

“GAME... OVER!”

[Mason spins back around, marching across the ring towards the recovering Pierre.]

GM: What?! Already?!

[Mason snatches the Frenchman in a front facelock, pausing to look out at the crowd who roars in response.]

GM: Here we go again!

[With an effortless lift, he hoists Pierre 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: We’ve seen this before and...

[...and then finally swings him out, letting go and standing tall as he HURLS him down in a ring-rattling powerbomb!]

GM: DOWWWWWN with the move he calls DEVASTATION!

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

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Another night at the office for Mason and he’s lucky he doesn’t get paid by the hour because that was at near record-level pace. Mason with another win... another victory over what Bucky Wilde might describe as unsuitable competition...

[Bucky grumbles something that might be a more raw way of phrasing that.]

GM: ...but a win nonetheless. And now, we are going to cut away to some footage previously recorded earlier this week from the ever controversial Flex Ferrigno.

BW: What's controversial about Flex, Gordo? That he respects the business? That he's defending our good name? That he's putting the AWA in National headlines?

GM: Well, for starters... he attacked a fan.

BW: Who entered OUR ring! And that fan is a professional athlete who was invited as a guest of our AWA and that's how he shows his appreciation? If I were twenty years younger...

GM: You would have sent someone else out there to fight your fight.

BW: Of course. Look at this suit, Gordo. It's a custom fit and makes my shoulders look more robust.

GM: Just cut to the footage.

[The screen dissolves and fades back in a fairly desolate looking gym. The racks are rusted over, the floors are beat up, there's rips in the padding on the equipment and even one of the floor to ceiling mirrors has a long crack down the center of it. Nevertheless, moving iron around like balls in a bounce house is none other than Flex Ferrigno.

The Quadrasaurs is doing what you'd expect he being do....getting his pump. Leaned back in a leg press machine he violently shoves the metal plate away from his body over and over again. The bars are littered with forty five pound plates and another man is seated on top of the press, holding on for dear life as Ferrigno shoves him forward over and over again.

With each grunt his face tightens until finally the weight slams down for a final time and Ferrigno latches the safety bars back in place. Ferrigno shoots up to his feet, catching himself for a moment as his legs shake, before staring right into the camera.]

FLEX: Ya see that. sweatbogs? That's how a REAL athlete crushes a set. Ain't nobody jawin' off about Flex Ferrigno skippin' leg day. Look at em'. Look at these trunks!

[Ferrigno, dressed in some thigh squeezing gold gym shorts, points down at his almost grossly muscular legs.]

FLEX: Yeah, these are some fine specimens. Ya know what makes me sick? Monday mornin' workout warriors hittin' chest every week and then slummin' it for the next six days walkin' around with a pair bigger than Brian James and nothin' else to show for it. But ya know what I hate more?

Do ya?

[Flex grinds his teeth.]

FLEX: Lawyers, bro. Pencil pushin', t crossin', I dottin', sweater vest wearin', money grabbin' justice junkies. Sittin' on their soap boxes like judgement jockies and keeping me from gettin' my hands on that bench warmin' fool, David Ortiz.

I don't like em'.

I don't RESPECT em'.

And I sure as hell am not gonna sit back – hold on for a second.

[Ferrigno sits back down on the leg press machine and barks at a nearby kid to jump back onto the leg press machine. He quickly cranks out a dozen reps and BELTS out a gym war cry of sorts before popping back up to his feet.]

FLEX: I ain't gonna sit back and wait on none of them geeks or listen' to their warnings or threats. Ya think I care about a little fine? A hand slap? A week off to work on my tan? Nah, bro. I ain't scared of none of that. So if those tweebz legal beagles want to howl out threats or stand in between me gettin' my hands on that out of shape designated bat boy then guess what I'm gonna do?

I'm gonna take em' ALL out.

I'm tired of you hidin', Ortiz. Ya hear me?! You can say all you want how you'd get into the ring with me but until you tell your crew to step aside and let the big boys battle it out man to man ain't nobody gonna believe a word you say. Not the people... and most certainly not ME!

So if you're half the man ya think ya are then you'll show up to Dallas.

You'll step into the ring.

And you'll take your beating like a MAN!

Not an exhibition... not some lawyered up hug fest to keep ya from gettin' hurt...

...BUT A FIGHT!

Not for a trophy or an award. Not for money or "re2pect" or whatever those dumb kids call it.

But because two grown men don't like each other and one of them deserves to get their ass kicked by me.

[Flex thumps his fist into his other palm.]

FLEX: I'll be at Homecomin', bro.

Lets see what kind of man you really are.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up backstage to the interview area where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands before the interview podium.]

SLB: My guest this week is a relative newcomer to the AWA but no stranger to the wrestling business. And I have to tell you ... what a physical specimen he is... let me bring him in... the SELF-PROCLAIMED giant of professional wrestling, Big Derek Rage.

[The camera has to tilt way up as Derek Rage steps on the set. Blackwell looks like a child looking up at the towering, muscular man. He is dressed to compete in black wrestling togs with purple piping. His short dreadlocks are tied up into a little ponytail at the back and some spilling to the side of his head. The big man has a short beard and neatly trimmed mustache and a murderous look on his face.]

SLB: My goodness, if you don't mind me saying so, you might be the largest athlete I've seen since the last time Torin The Titan was here! Is it true that you stand seven foot two and weigh three hundred forty pounds?

DR: ...

SLB: You're one impressive physical specimen up close. Could we compare hands?

[Blackwell holds his hand up to Rage's side. The big man sneers down at Blackwell before finally putting his hand up. There is no comparison, Derek Rage's hand dwarfs Blackwell's.]

SLB: My goodness, would you look at that. I mean, let's compare that hand to my head.

[Rage smirks and obliges, enveloping his hand around Blackwell's face. Blackwell gasps as Rage barely applies pressure to the palming grip.]

SLB: Now I know what it feels like to be in an "Alien" movie. My word. But onto business. You're moments away from a rematch with "Cannonball" Lee Connors.

DR: ...

SLB: The last time you met Connors, he had to have pulled off the upset of the century in beating you! Have you prepared any differently for this match than the last one?

DR: ...

SLB: Not going to give away any in-ring secrets I see. Okay, let me ask you this. I understand that the AWA has signed you to a short term contract because of your actions in your brief time with the AWA and that your behavior in this match may determine your future with the company. What do you have to say to that?

DR: ...

SLB: Well, you have to admit you've put yourself in a tough position! You lost the opportunity to win an AWA contract after you attacked your opponent backstage!

DR: ...

SLB: You attacked Phil Watson and I don't know if we'll ever see him back.

DR: ...

SLB: You attacked Lee Connors in the streets and forced him to beg AWA to sign you for this rematch!

DR: ...

SLB: And now you're behaving as if you're too good to be interviewed by me! And too good to talk to these AWA fans! Do you have anything to say for yourself, man?

DR: I do not talk. I am just a wrestler.

[With that, the giant of a man winks at the camera and stalks off the set, leaving Sweet Lou bewildered.]

SLB: And I thought his brother had an attitude problem. Let's see if Theresa had any better luck with Rage's opponent tonight.

[Blackwell shakes his head, looking off in the direction Rage walked.]

SLB: "I do not talk, I am just a wrestler." What does that even mean?! It's part of the job!

[Blackwell is still muttering to himself as we cut to a shot in another area backstage of Theresa Lynch standing by "Cannonball" Lee Connors. Connors is dressed in a white gi with a sunburst bandana wrapped around his head and a black belt wrapped around his waist.]

TL: Fans, I'm here with Lee Connors just moments before he steps into the ring for the second time against a man who outweighs him, is taller than him, is stronger than him... a man who is bigger than Lee Connors in every way possible-

[Connors shakes his head.]

LC: And that's where you're wrong, Theresa. There's one place that Derek Rage certainly isn't bigger than me... and that's right here.

[Connors taps his heart.]

LC: But I don't blame you for not seeing that because from the moment I stepped into the world of professional combat, no one is able to see that. They see the height. They see the weight. They see the muscles. And Derek Rage has all of that. But what he doesn't have is heart. Because if he did, he wouldn't have been in Canada all those months ago trying to bully a kid from the crowd. If he did, Rebecca Ortiz wouldn't have a job here right now, Theresa.

Plain and simple, Derek Rage is a bully... and I can't stand a bully.

[Lynch nods.]

TL: You spoke about Canada and of course, you're referring to the night when Derek Rage called you out of the crowd and you shocked the world by defeating him - a moment that went viral all over the Internet and has seen you featured on Fox Sports 1, ESPN, newspapers, magazines... you name it. What do you expect to happen tonight?

LC: Tonight's going to be a tough night, Theresa. Make no mistake about that. Because Derek Rage is no pushover. The man is a former IIWF World Tag Team Champion. That's nothing to sneeze at. In fact, he's held gold just about everywhere he's gone. There's a strong argument to be made that he should be in the Hall of Fame alongside his brother, Shadoe. And tonight, he's determined. He's out to make the world forget the night that I beat him.

TL: Can he do it?

LC: Of course he can. He's big, he's strong, he's tough.

TL: But...?

[Connors grins.]

LC: You learn quick, Theresa. But I'm fast... I'm quick... I'm agile... and I've got the fighting heart of a champion. So, I'm going to go out there and do the best I can to make sure that when he punches, he hits nothing but air. When he tries to slam somebody, that somebody - namely me - is nowhere to be found. And when he poses for the crowd, he gets my boot upside his ear.

So, Derek Rage, bring all the things that puts the odds in your favor and I'll bring all the things that has made me an underdog my entire life and let's find out what happens!

[Connors strikes a karate pose, letting loose a "HAAAAAIIIIII!" before we cut out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

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

["Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos" by Public Enemy starts up to jeers from the London crowd.]

RO: Standing seven foot two inches tall... weighing in at 340 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia...

DERRRRRRREEEEEEEEK RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[The towering sight of Derek Rage strides through the curtain. He pauses, looking down with disdain on the O2 Arena crowd. He waits a long moment and then gives a nod, walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Derek Rage has a checkered history with the AWA in his short time here, Bucky.

BW: He's not even supposed to be here!

GM: Absolutely not. Of course, you think back to Memorial Day Mayhem when Derek Rage was trying to force his way onto the roster but was getting denied by AWA management. Then shortly after that night, he assaulted ring announcer Phil Watson. Emerson Gellar gave him one shot to win a contract... and he assaulted his opponent backstage! At every turn, Derek Rage has been self-sabotaging himself if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: Well, he had that shocking loss to Connors several weeks ago... and then went after him outside the building a couple of times, forcing Connors' hand to beg AWA management to sign this match. I'm told that Rage is on a short-term deal for this match and to see if he can behave himself.

[Reaching the ring, Rage easily steps over the top rope from the apron, walking around the ring, taunting the ringside fans.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The opening chords of "You're The Best" by Joe "Bean" Esposito rings out to a big reaction from the crowd.]

RO: From Winnipeg, Canada... weighing in at 177 pounds...

"CANNONBAAAAALLLLLLLLL" LEEEEEEEE CONNNNNNNNNORRRRRRRRS!

[Connors bursts through the curtain to another big reaction. There's a big grin on the kid's face as he walks the aisle, dressed in the same gi that we saw moments ago. He drifts the barricades, slapping every hand he can possibly reach. He poses for a selfie with a pair of young kids before continuing his walk to the ring.]

GM: Now, this young man is overjoyed to be a part of the AWA! He's been so accommodating to the fans - I don't know how many special appearances he's made as part of this tour but every time I turn around, Lee Connors is out with the fans enjoying this experience.

[The "karate kid" continues to slap hands on his way to the ring, throwing a glance up at Derek Rage who has mounted the midbuckle and is shouting insults at the messy-haired rookie.]

GM: Lee Connors is greatly outsized in this. Five foot eight compared to Rage's seven foot two. 177 pounds compared to Derek Rage's 340 pounds.

BW: Did you hear yourself right there? Derek Rage is almost literally twice the weight of Lee Connors! This kid doesn't stand a chance.

GM: That's what everyone thought during our Canadian tour when these two first clashed and they ended up being very wrong.

BW: Lightning isn't about to strike twice, Gordo. This kid is going down for the count.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Reaching the ring, Connors sheds his gi to reveal a pasty (and quite smooth) bare torso. He's sporting a pair of red full-length tights with a green dragon curling up each leg. The dragon's heads meet at his waist, each spewing fire to cover the front of his tights. Connors nods to himself as he reaches up, grabbing the ropes to get into the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron...

...and Derek Rage rushes him, throwing a knee up into the body and sending Connors flying off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Oh! Come on!

[Derek Rage steps over the top rope, dropping down to the floor where Connors is trying to rise. He yanks the smaller man to his feet, snatching him under the armpits where he lifts Connors high and throws him backwards, sending the small of his back SMASHING into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH! Into the apron goes Connors! And this menace to society, Derek Rage, is all over Connors before the bell has even rung! This match hasn't even officially started yet!

[Rage grabs Connors by the arm, whipping him towards the railing.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Derek Rage is trying to make sure that - as you said, Bucky - lightning doesn't strike twice!

[Snatching Connors off the railing, Rage hurls him over the bottom rope into the ring. The big man climbs back up on the apron, stepping over the top rope as the official reluctantly signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has sounded and we're underway here in London for this David vs Goliath matchup.

[Rage reaches down, grabbing Connors by the arm and dragging him up to his feet. He twists the arm around once, holding the wristlock...

...and YANKS Connors into a shoulder block! And another! And a third!]

GM: Connors can barely stand right now!

[Keeping the grip on the arm, Rage flings Connors towards the ropes. As he bounces back, Rage catches him under his arm, driving him down to the canvas with a vicious slam!]

GM: Sidewalk slam by the seven footer and this one may be over before it even gets going!

[Rage pauses, kneeling on the mat as he looks at the prone Connors...

...and then slowly shakes his head, grabbing Connors by the hair and bringing them both to their feet.]

GM: Derek Rage says he's not done yet. He's going to continue to punish this young man.

[The seven footer lifts Connors into the air... and then presses him straight up to an "oooooooooh!" from the crowd. He walks around the ring, effortlessly keeping Connors high so all can see him...

...and then HURLS him down to the canvas with a thunderous thud!]

GM: Press slam puts Connors back down again...

[Rage backs into the ropes, building up some speed before leaping into the air, dropping a heavy elbow down into the chest!]

GM: ...and a big elbowdrop as well! Will he cover now?

[Rage again takes to a knee, looking down at the barely-moving Connors...

...and again shakes his head.]

GM: Oh, come on! Just pin the rookie and get it over with!

BW: Nah, this kid's been a thorn in Derek Rage's side all summer, Gordo. Derek Rage wanted to make this big splash and put the world on notice and instead, this karate punk got a fluke win. Tonight, Rage is going to show the world how much of a fluke it actually was.

[The Nova Scotian snatches a handful of messy black hair, hauling a dazed Connors up to his feet. He pushes him back against the ropes, grabbing him by the arm once again...]

GM: Rage whips him across...

[The big man surges forward, swinging his massive leg upwards for a big boot...

...but Connors sees it coming, dropping into a front roll that takes him right underneath it and up to his feet behind the off-balance Rage! Big cheer!]

GM: Connors avoids the boot!

[Rage lumbers around to face Connors who quickly lashes out, landing a leg kick to the side of the knee. A second one follows to the other leg before Connors throws a quick one-two pair of punches to the abdomen.]

GM: Oh!

[Rage lunges at him, trying to grab him but Connors ducks under, swinging his leg up to drive his heel into the mush of Rage as he goes by!]

GM: OHH!

[Rage stumbles on that one as Connors drops down, swinging his leg around to catch the big man on the back of the knees, taking him down to the mat.]

GM: Legsweep...

[And with Rage on the mat, Connors leaps into the air, flipping backwards and crashing down on the chest of Rage with a standing Shooting Star Press!]

GM: THIS IS HOW HE BEAT HIM IN TORONTO!

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

GM: THREEEEEEEEEE-

[...but Rage slips out JUST before the three count!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He almost had him! Lightning DID almost strike twice, Bucky!

BW: That was TOO close.

[Connors grabs his head in his hands, in shock at the near fall. He looks to the official who shows how close he came. Connors angrily slams a fist down into the mat before getting to his feet as Rage slowly starts to rise as well.]

GM: Rage up to a knee... look at Connors!

[Striking a martial arts pose, Connors uncorks a karate kick to the chest!]

GM: Big kick to the chest! And another! You can FEEL those out here at ringside!

[Connors reaches down, slapping the mat with both hands before uncorking another kick, this one aimed at Rage's ear...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ROUNDHOUSE TO THE SKULL! CONNORS DROPS HIM AGAIN!

[And again, the rookie dives on top of Rage, looking for a quick pin.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND AGAIN, RAGE KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[Connors again slams a hand into the mat, climbing quickly to his feet. This time, he moves to the corner, squaring up and taking some deep breaths as he watches Rage climb off the mat...]

BW: This might be a mistake, Gordo. If I'm the kid, I don't let the seven footer back up on his feet.

GM: You could absolutely be right about that.

[Connors comes charging across the ring as Rage gets to his feet...

...and runs right into a hand gripped around his throat!]

GM: Caught! Rage goozles Connors by the throat and-

[Connors isn't about to go up for the chokeslam without a fight though, throwing a lightning-fast flurry of punches to the abdomen that causes Rage to break his grip. A spinning back kick to the midsection doubles up Rage.]

GM: Connors fighting back and-

[With Rage doubled up before him, Connors swings his right leg straight up to full extension, nearly parallel to the rest of his body...

...and DRIVES the back of his calf down into the back of Rage's head and neck, putting the seven footer back down on the mat again!]

GM: What an axe kick by Connors... and he's going up, fans!

[Rage is sprawled out facefirst on the canvas as Lee Connors turns to the corner, hopping through the ropes to start climbing to the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Connors is heading to the top rope... Rage still down on the canvas...

[Connors reaches the top rope, standing tall...

...but he finds Derek Rage back on his feet lurching towards him!]

GM: Wait a second! Rage is up! Rage is up!

BW: Derek Rage showing he can take some punishment as well!

[Stomping into the corner, Rage smashes a right hand into Connors' midsection, doubling him over. He reaches up, grabbing the smaller competitor...

...and FLINGS him from the top rope, throwing him down hard on the canvas to a burst of jeers from the London crowd!]

GM: Connors gets thrown off the top!

BW: I've got a feeling his night is just above over, daddy!

[Rage leans against the buckles, catching his breath as Connors struggles to get up off the canvas...

...and the seven footer lays him out with a running big boot that causes Connors to fly into the air, twisting around before he crashes back down to the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Oh, he's done, Gordo. All that's left at this point is the counting.

[Rage pulls the limp Connors off the mat, snatching him into a clawhold. He looks out at the jeering crowd, making sure they all see the grip before he lifts Connors off the canvas, twisting around, and DRIVES him into the canvas with a uranage slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's the Hammer of God!

[Rage drops to his knees, applying a cover as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: And that's a three count.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rage slowly rises to his feet, a satisfied expression on his face as he looks down at the motionless Connors.]

GM: Well, that certainly evens the score. Connors scored the big upset in Toronto earlier this year... Rage picks up the rematch here in London... and if I had to make a wager, Connors is going to be looking for a rubber match in the very near future.

BW: Then he's dumber than he looks, Gordo. He just got put down so hard, I thought he was going THROUGH the ring. If he wants more of that, then I think his days in the AWA are numbered.

GM: We'll see about that. Derek Rage picks up the big win and fans, we're going to take another break but when we come back, we'll see Rex Summers go one-on-one with the Gladiator!

[Derek Rage stands over Connors, looking down on him as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

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

...and then back up to live action with Rebecca Ortiz up inside the ring.]

RO: Wrestling fans, the following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. First...

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

"STROKE ME, STROKE ME"

[As Mickey Avalon finishes saying it's "As easy as one, two, three" the curtain opens and out walks the one and only "Red Hot" Rex Summers and a platinum blonde beauty. She smiles widely as her arm is wrapped around Rex's. She is wearing an red cocktail dress with very little left to the imagination - just the way Sexy Remy likes it.]

GM: And here he comes, Bucky, the man who has been telling everyone who will listen that he plans on becoming the "and two" on the Gladiator's record here tonight.

BW: You say that with such dismay. You truly believe he can't do exactly that?

GM: If I'm being honest, no I don't. Summers is an incredibly gifted professional wrestler for sure but I've never seen the Gladiator as focused and determined as he's been lately.

BW: Pffft. How can you have an attitude like that on Rex Summers Day?

["Ohhh, Remy... you are soooo sexy" reads a sign in the crowd held up by a buxom brunette who seems to be bouncing in time with the music to the enjoyment of the male fans all around her... and those watching at home. Rebecca Ortiz' voice can be heard in the background.]

RO: From St. Paul, Minnesota... weighing in at 251 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by...

[The next words are dripping with disgust.]

RO: ...the luckiest girl on the planet tonight...

"RED HOT"... REEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMERRRRRRRRRS!

[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 showing off his arrogance. We catch the words "Red Hot" spelled out in sequins on the back of his robe as he walks past the camera, the Summers Sweetheart by his side. They walk up the steps together where she sits on the

middle rope, allowing Summers to easily step into the ring where he snatches the mic out of Ortiz' hand.]

RS: Cut the music!

[The boos come louder from the London crowd at the barked order.]

RS: You know... as I walked the streets of London over the past few days, I was struck by one thing. They told me the weather in London is always gloomy... but when Rex Summers came to town, the clouds opened up and the sun was shining on all of you lovely London ladies lookin' to show a real American a good time.

[Summers grins, winking at his Sweetheart.]

RS: So, I made my way down to Buckingham Palace and I asked to see the Queen. They told me that the Queen didn't accept visitors but when I told them that I had something that her Royal Highness would want to see that would make even Big Ben jealous...

[Summers lets that comment hang out there, the jeers pouring down from all but the women on hand who squeal with delight.]

RS: ...they ushered me right in to see her so that we could work out our own little trade deal. She's a tough negotiator though, I'll give her that... because no matter how much I gave... she kept on taking.

[Summers smirks a salacious grin at the camera.]

RS: And when it was all said and done, she wrote me a poem to read for all of her loyal subjects here tonight...

[Summers pulls out a sheet of paper, dramatically clearing his throat.]

RS: Roses are red... violets are blue...
Rex Summers is the sexiest man alive...

[Summers smirks as some more squeals ring out.]

RS: And he'll be the Gladiator's "and two!"

[He winks as he folds the paper back up, patting it to his chest.]

RS: So, Gladiator... come on out here and let's show London that the Queen knows EXACTLY what she's talking about!

[Summers hands the mic back to Rebecca Ortiz with a wink and a smile. Ortiz cringes as she takes the mic.]

BW: Did you hear that, Gordo?! A royal decree!

GM: You don't really believe that the Queen wrote that, do you?

BW: Would Rex Summers lie?

GM: Oh brother. Let's go back to Rebecca.

[Ortiz raises the mic.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnnnd his opponent...

[A single trumpet blasts a loud fanfare over the PA as the crowd turns toward the entranceway. A deep, ominous wardrum follows shortly thereafter, accompanied by further trumpets and the sounds of many footsteps marching in lockstep.

That is when the man known as The Gladiator comes out through the entranceway. He is dressed in black trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, and wears a gladiator helmet on his head. He stops before the entranceway, removing his helmet and dropping to one knee. He sets the helmet to the side, then bows his head down, and takes his right hand, placing it on the ground before him, as if he is feeling out his surroundings.]

RO: From parts unknown...weighing in at 270 pounds...

THE GLAAAAAAADIATORRRRRRRRR!

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

...which is where Rex Summers, still in his robe, strikes. Ortiz and the Sweetheart flee the ring quickly as Summers rains down stomps on the massive back of the Gladiator!]

GM: Summers jumping the Gladiator before the bell! Stomps and kicks to the back of the big man who has exactly one blemish on his record thanks to Rex Summers and Johnny Detson!

[But the Gladiator doesn't melt under the stomps, quickly pushing up to his knees as Summers switches to clubbing forearms and double axehandles across the back...

...but the Gladiator keeps rising to the roars of the London crowd!]

GM: Summers can't keep him down! He's giving it everything he's got but the Gladiator will not stay down!

[The crowd is roaring by the time the Gladiator reaches his feet, Summers flailing about with desperation haymakers to the skull...

...and finally, the Gladiator snaps his head back, staring into the eyes of Rex Summers who freezes in his tracks, a petrified look crossing his face!]

GM: Summers can't believe what he's seeing, fans! He can't believe that the Gladiator is still standing and-

[He rears back, throwing another haymaker but the Gladiator blocks it with ease and returns fire, sending Summers flying into the air before crashing down on the canvas to a huge reaction AND the sound of the bell!]

BW: What?! NOW they ring the bell?!

GM: It's certainly at the official's discretion!

[Summers gets back to his feet but another right hand sends him flying through the air a second time, bouncing off the canvas. The Red Hot One grabs the ropes, pulling himself up against them as the Gladiator advances, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Knife edge chop by the Gladiator!

[With Summers reeling against the ropes, the Gladiator grabs him by the arm, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Big whip sends Summers across and-

[Ducking his head, the Gladiator backdrops Summers through the air, sending his robe flying about as he crashes down to the canvas. Summers scrambles to get up, finally managing to get out of his robe as he falls back against the ropes...]

...which is where the Gladiator connects with a running clothesline that takes Summers over the top, depositing him out on the floor!]

GM: Ohhh! And Summers gets sent out to the floor by the Gladiator who is absolutely on fire so far in London!

[With Summers out on the floor, the Gladiator decides to go after him, dropping to his back and rolling under the ropes.]

GM: The Gladiator's not done with him either, fans! He's out on the floor, pulling Summers up to his feet...

[Grabbing Summers by the arm, the Gladiator goes for a big whip...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Summers' spine hits the steel!

[The Red Hot One staggers back towards the Gladiator who winds up and flattens him with a big standing clothesline!]

GM: Another clothesline by the Gladiator! And your boy, Rex Summers, is in a bad way to start this one off, Bucky.

BW: It's still early, Gordo.

[Dragging Summers off the floor by the hair, the Gladiator scoops him up...

...and presses him slightly over his head, tossing Summers over the middle rope back inside the ring!]

GM: Goodness! What power on the part of the Gladiator!

[The Gladiator grabs the middle rope, climbing up on the apron where Rex Summers has regained his feet and is coming to greet him.]

GM: Big right hand by Summers... ohh, and a knee up into the midsection!

[Summers snatches a front facelock, looking to bring the Gladiator back inside the ring with a suplex.]

GM: Summers trying to set him up... I'm not sure he can get this though, fans.

[Summers struggles and strains to get the suplex on but the Gladiator fights out of it, grabbing Summers by the hair, running down the length of the apron...]

GM: BOOM! Headfirst off the turnbuckles!

[Summers bounces out of the corner, flopping to his back and flipping right over onto his stomach as the Gladiator ducks through the ropes.]

GM: And right now, fans, this is ALL Gladiator as he batters Rex Summers from pillar to post here in the O2 Arena!

[Summers rolls to his knees, lifting his hands and begging off as the Gladiator advances on him. The crowd continues to cheer, begging the Gladiator to put more of a beating on Summers...]

GM: Six foot six, 270 pounds of solid muscle is tossing Rex Summers around this ring like he's a man half his size... big boot to the chest of the kneeling Summers!

[The Gladiator pulls Summers to his feet, using an Irish whip to put Summers into the corner...]

...and rushes in after him, nearly lifting him off his feet with a running clothesline!]

GM: BIIIIIG CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!

[Summers staggers out towards the Gladiator who uses another standing clothesline to take him back down. He throws his head back, looking towards the ceiling, lifting his hands and speaking to his Gods as Summers writhes in pain on the canvas.]

GM: And there you see the Gladiator doing what he always does.

BW: Giving more evidence for when a court finally locks him up for being a looney tune!

GM: Bucky!

[The Gladiator leans over, grabbing the dazed Summers off the canvas. He looks out at the crowd as he holds Summers up by the hair.]

GM: I think he's gonna go for it right now, Bucky! He's gonna try to end this thing right now!

[But before he can, Summers reaches out, digging his fingers into the Gladiator's eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Summers goes to the eyes!

BW: Everybody's got a weak spot and for everyone, it's the eyes!

[Summers stumbles in behind the Gladiator, laying in a double axehandle to the back of the head... and a second... and a third...

...when suddenly, the Gladiator snaps his head around, staring right at Summers again to a huge cheer!]

GM: No effect!

[Summers again raises his hands, backpedaling away from the Gladiator who is swiftly advancing on him, forcing the Red Hot One back into the corner.]

GM: Back in the corner again... big right hand! And another!

[Switching his stance, the Gladiator throws two big chops to follow. The referee steps in, demanding that the Gladiator back off...

...but instead, the fan favorite mounts the middle rope, raising his fist high for all to see before he bounces it off the skull of Summers as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The Gladiator hops down, getting an earful from the official as he grabs Summers by the hair, hitting another right hand... and another...]

GM: The Gladiator's taking the fight to Summers in the corner!

BW: Get him out of there, ref!

GM: The referee's trying to regain some control here!

[The official steps in, forcing the Gladiator to back up a few steps...]

GM: He finally gets the Gladiator out of- nope!

[The Gladiator brushes the official aside, moving back in with a clubbing forearm across the chest... and another. He grabs the ropes, laying in boots to the midsection of Summers.]

GM: The Gladiator's losing control, fans! He's been wanting to get his hands on Summers since Memorial Day Mayhem and he's boiling over here in London!

BW: The referee is shouting at him but-

[Again, the referee steps in, forcing the Gladiator backwards. He sticks his finger in the Gladiator's face, warning him...

...and when he steps out of the way, Rex Summers hauls off and SPITS right in the Gladiator's face!]

GM: OHH!

BW: What the-?! Why would you do that when he's already about to explode?!

[The Gladiator angrily rushes back in, wrapping his hands around Summers' throat, pushing him back against the buckles. The referee immediately starts a count as Summers flails about, arms flopping, legs kicking...]

BW: That's a BLATANT choke as you like to point out, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is! The Gladiator's snapped! He's choking Summers in the corner!

[The referee steps in again, shouting at the Gladiator, ordering him to break the hold once... twice...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then gets HURLED down to the canvas by an enraged Gladiator!]

GM: OHHH! HE THREW THE REFEREE DOWN!

BW: WOW!

[The Gladiator pays no attention to what he just did, grabbing a handful of Summers' hair as he lays in punch after punch after punch...]

GM: He's pounding Summers in the corner! Just absolutely relentless!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What...?

[The downed referee has crawled over towards the timekeeper's area, waving an arm.]

BW: I think he just disqualified the Gladiator!

GM: You may be right. The Gladiator is obviously out of control and-

[Rebecca Ortiz' voice fills the O2 Arena.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... the referee has DISQUALIFIED the Gladiator! Your winner of the match is "RED HOT" REX SUMMMMMERRRRRS!

[The Gladiator angrily turns towards the referee, questioning the call as Summers leans helpless against the buckles.]

GM: The Gladiator looks like he can't believe it but I'm not sure the referee had any choice there, fans. He had to do it! You cannot allow a wrestler to put his hands on a referee like that. You can't-

[The Gladiator turns back towards Summers, looking to inflict more punishment...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Summers swings his foot up, catching the Gladiator in the groin!]

GM: HE KICKED HIM LOW! SUMMERS KICKS HIM LOW!

[And with that, Summers drops to the mat, rolling out of the ring as the Gladiator slowly crumbles to his knees.]

GM: Summers is getting the heck out of Dodge but...

BW: But he's the winner!

GM: He certainly is. Look at the celebration from Summers in the aisle!

[Summers jumps up and down, thrusting his arms in the air as the Summers Sweetheart races to catch up.]

GM: Summers running for his life... and I don't think we've seen the end of this one, Bucky.

BW: Summers is undefeated against the Gladiator... tonight!

GM: Undefeated tonight?! Oh, brother. Sweet Lou, take me away from all this.

[We go backstage, where a grinning "Sweet" Lou Blackwell stands with a very angry Iron Badger. Manzo Kawajiri is sporting the beginnings of a black eye, but its done nothing to diminish the intensity etched into his face.]

SLB: It started as a simple skirmish, but over the last six weeks, we have seen it develop into an all-out war. I'm talking about the hostility that exists between the faction known as Ringkrieger, and you, Manzo Kawajiri.

MK: Hai Lou-san, it is war. And you saw what they did to Kawajiri tonight. You saw that they acted like...

SLB: Like disreputable men, for certain. But I understand, Mister Kawajiri, that you have a message for the men of Ringkrieger.

[Kawajiri nods his head.]

MK: Ringkrieger has lots of big words. They have many bad things to say. About AWA. About Kawajiri. About everything.

Kawajiri not have big words, but he has challenge.

SLB: Another challenge? Is that wise, after all Ringkrieger has done to? And with the introduction of a third member? Surely the odds are against you!

MK: Never tell Kawajiri the odds, Lou-san!

In two weeks, AWA has Homecoming. Kawajiri say, all three of Ringkrieger come. Kawajiri say, we end this once and for all. Not here, but in Kawajiri's home.

SLB: Three on one? Mister Kawajiri. We know that you possess an abundance of fighting spirit, but surely, you can't believe you can defeat them by yourself.

[Kawajiri shakes his head.]

MK: You're wrong, Lou-san. MISTER has friends, yes. There are three in Ringkrieger. But Kawajiri just met men who will stand with him. Kawajiri has friends too!

[Kawajiri looks off screen and shouts some sort of summons in Japanese. And who should walk in but England's own, two men we saw on the last Power Hour, the British Bashers. The more muscular of the two, Rory Smythe has hazel eyes and golden tanned skin. He wears his wavy, dark brown hair short, and closely-cropped around the sides and back. His tag team partner Robbie Storm has light brown eyes, lightly tanned skin and short and wavy brown hair, worn slicked back. Both men have on Battle Knights Wrestling T-shirts. They are followed closely by their manager, and mentor, "Prince" Colin Hayden, who has on a blue suit, the jacket

decorated with red on white bars, to resemble the British flag, over a red vest and white shirt. It is Hayden who steps up to Blackwell and the mic, after giving a quick nod of acknowledgement to Kawajiri.]

CH: MISTER, if your plan was to get my attention by going out there tonight and running down this country and British wrestling, well, congratulations, starlight, you've got my attention. But make no mistake about it, this is not about the UK versus the rest of Europe. This is about three men who have forgotten where they are AND where they come from. You think you'd be as big a deal as you are WITHOUT a British wrestling scene? You want to show me what real wrestling is about, MISTER? You're walking in the footsteps of men like me, but it seems you three think yourselves too big for those boots. Well, these two young men right here?

[He motions to Smythe and Storm.]

CH: I've taught them what I can, but they have room for more learning, so let's see how much of your so-called real wrestling you can show the Bashers. Tell them, boys!

[Robbie Storm steps up to the mic.]

RS: The members of Ringkrieger have wrestled all over Europe. They've wrestled all over the UK. So have we. At Homecoming, we take this fight to a whole new ground. You call British wrestling bland, while you three dazzle audiences with your technical prowess? Well, boys, let's see you try to tie down what you can't catch. And let's see what happens when the Ogre of Innsbruck comes face-to-face with Her Majesty's Might.

[He slaps Smythe on the back, before addressing Kawajiri.]

RS: Kawajiri-san, Rory and I will be with you in Dallas and, rest assured, we plan on showing not only Ringkrieger, but also the whole AWA Galaxy, what the British Bashers can do.

MK: At Homecoming, Kawajiri and Bashers destroy Ringkrieger. And show the world that they are just...

[The camera catches Lou trying to cut off Kawajiri, only to be glared into silence by both Smythe and Storm. Hayden gestures with his hand, as if to reassure Blackwell that it will be just fine.]

MK: ...PUNK BITCHES!!

[And with that, the four allies exit as Blackwell sighs, covering his face with his hands.]

SLB: Gellar's going to be furious I let it happen again. Fans, I'm being told something's going on out in the ring so let's go there now.

[We abruptly cut back to the ring where "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett is standing in the ring. He's in the middle of angrily speaking into the mic.]

"D"HF: -not about to allow the likes of Cody Mertz to place his filthy hands on someone as distinguished as myself!

[The crowd jeers as Fawcett dusts himself off.]

"D"HF: And if you're not smart enough, Mertz, to see that the deal I offered you earlier tonight was an offer you SHOULDN'T refuse, perhaps I need to have someone SHOW you that.

[More jeers at the implied threat.]

"D"HF: Perhaps I need-

[Without warning or fanfare, Cody Mertz - still in his ring gear - comes walking through the curtain. He pauses just beyond the entrance, hands on his hips for a moment, and then starts walking towards the ring again, muttering to himself as he approaches.]

"D"HF: Here he comes now, people of London... your lauded hero coming to once again BULLY a manager with no hopes of physically matching up. This is the kind of person the AWA holds up as a role model. This is the kind of person who-

[Mertz snatches a mic before climbing the ringsteps.]

CM: Shut your mouth, Fawcett!

[Big cheer as the manager surprisingly obliges!]

CM: You've got a lot of nerve coming back out here tonight. I turned down your blood money already... so unless you've come out here to deliver Taylor or Donovan for me on a platter, I don't think we've got anything left to discuss.

[Fawcett sneers at Mertz.]

"D"HF: On the contrary, Mr. Mertz, I believe that on this night, we both have roles to play. You will play the role of the student who has so much left to learn. And I will be play the role of the teacher who will make sure that lesson is learned... even if it's a painful one.

[Mertz arches an eyebrow.]

CM: That sounds like a threat, Fawcett... and while I may have given my share of trouble to teachers as a kid, I never in my life punched one of them in the mouth.

[Mertz holds up a fist to cheers.]

CM: But if you don't put that mic down right now and walk back up that aisle, that's exactly what's going to happen.

[The former tag champ advances on Fawcett, both men dropping their respective mics. Fawcett raises his hands defensively, shaking his head as Mertz moves towards him slowly - step by step, inch by inch.]

GM: It looks like your buddy Fawcett is about to get the thrashing he so richly deserves, Bucky!

BW: Why would you cheer for that?! He's a manager for crying out loud! Why is everyone in this place so high on beating up managers?!

[Mertz steps closer again... and again...

...when suddenly, a figure slides into the ring, steel chair in hand.]

GM: Wait a second! Who is that?!

[The person winds up, taking a full force swing...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a chairshot across the back, knocking Mertz down to his knees in pain!]

GM: OHHH! That's Shane Taylor! Where the heck did he come from?!

BW: I think he came out of the crowd! Fawcett - this is a set up, Gordo!

GM: Of course it is! That snake Fawcett set this whole thing up... hell, Lau was probably in on it too for that matter! They lured Cody Mertz out here so Shane Taylor - who we haven't seen in weeks - could strike from behind!

BW: Shane Taylor earning the Kings of Wrestling' Employee of the Month award for his bodyguardin' skills right about now!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[An overhead swing catches Mertz - who is down on all fours - across the back a second time, flattening him out on his stomach on the canvas. Fawcett steps closer with a grin on his face, dabbing his sweat-covered forehead with a handkerchief as Taylor delivers a third blow.]

GM: Gaaah! Sickening chairshot across the back by the bodyguard of the Kings of Wrestling and-

[Fawcett raises a hand, pausing Taylor before he can deliver another blow. Taylor nods, standing his standard white wifebeater and blue cut-off denim shorts. He opens up the chair, setting it down near Mertz as Fawcett takes a seat, lifting his reclaimed microphone as the crowd jeers.]

"D"HF: I hope you learned your lesson, Mr. Mertz. If not, Mr. Taylor will be happy to provide some one-on-one tutoring at a later date.

[Fawcett smirks as the fans' boos get louder.]

"D"HF: Class... dismissed.

[And with that, the manager rises, gesturing to Shane Taylor as the duo exit the ring, making their way back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: An absolutely brutal sneak attack on the part of Shane Taylor and Harrison Fawcett! Absolutely savage and... fans, we're going to need to get some help out here for Cody Mertz, I believe.

[The camera holds on the ring where Mertz is laid out as we slowly 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 we fade back up on a dark red AWA backdrop, in front of which stands Mark Stegklet. We stay on a fairly tight shot of Stegklet as he addresses the camera.]

MS: We are back here LIVE in London for the final night of the European Tour, and fans, joining me at this time is a man who in a short while will be making his second attempt in the same calendar year to become AWA World Champion... but under much different circumstances than he ever has before.

[The camera pans back a bit, revealing "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor standing to Stegklet's right. The young brawler is wearing a light brown zip-up sweatshirt unzipped to show a black t-shirt with a red "BOC" logo underneath.]

BOC: You said a mouthful there, Mark. This time around couldn't be any different than the last time I had a shot at that gold. Last time, I had a mind full of revenge. Revenge for everything that Detson has done not only to me... but to this great sport as a whole. That sort of mindset has never been one I've found to do ANYONE a whole lot of good. It clouds your mind, and history is proof enough that it didn't help me any that night.

MS: That leads me to my next question. How focused do you feel as you prepare to go into the ring and face off against a man you only have ever stood side by side with... your tag partner and good friend, World Champ Jack Lynch?

[Bobby nods thoughtfully.]

BOC: That is something that's been on my mind non-stop as of late. Usually when I'm preparing for a match as big as this, it's against someone I don't have all the respect in the world for. Usually, it's someone that's unfortunately done a whole lot

of reprehensible things... the kind of guy that you wouldn't have much problem knocking into next week.

[Bobby exhales.]

BOC: But tonight, none of that is true. As you said, my tag partner and good friend. More than that, someone that over time has brought me in as dang near a member of his family. And that isn't something I take for granted. Jack and I have traveled the roads together and gotten each other out of more scrapes than I can remember. That's as good a friendship as I've ever known... with only one blemish on it that I can point to.

MS: You've mentioned this more than once, the disqualification loss you suffered to Johnny Detson.

[Bobby nods once again.]

BOC: That's the one. Now, don't get me wrong. It's not as if Jack ran in there to rob me of my big moment in the sun. I know that. He had every reason in the world to be out there, and every good intention in his mind. But... that doesn't change facts. That doesn't change the nagging voice in the back of my head that says I could be holding that championship belt right now if he hadn't gotten involved. That's what tonight is all about. It's time to put that nagging voice to bed. I can't go forward with trying my darnedest to make the TexMo Connection the best tag team we can possibly be with those nagging thoughts. I have to know that I DO have all the tools to hold the most prestigious title in this sport.

[Bobby grins.]

BOC: And I can't think a better way to find that out than in that ring with one of the best athletes and best friends I've ever had... in or outside of this sport.

[Mark nods, grinning as well.]

MS: Any final thoughts as we leave you to make your final preparations before your big bout tonight?

BOC: Jack, nobody knows me better than you. All my strengths and weaknesses, you know them. The thing is... the same goes for me. It's going to be one heck of a fight, the hardest one either of us has ever gone through. At the end, I know we'll walk away stronger than ever before. You've always called me friend, even at times a brother. But tonight, you'll be calling a new name.

[Bobby nods.]

BOC: CHAMPION.

[Bobby claps his hands together as we cutout to the ring where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing alongside the National Champion, Travis Lynch. The crowd is still cheering for Lynch as we go live.]

SLB: As Bobby O'Connor looks to make history by becoming the new World Champion here in London, Travis Lynch is making history each and every time he steps out here as the longest-reigning National Champion of all time!

[The National Champion is attired in his trademark super smedium black T-shirt with the word TRAVIS written in a stylized gold font, blue jeans and the AWA National Championship belt is around his waist. He gives a quick nod to Sweet Lou and then one to the fans as well..]

SLB: What seems to be on your mind, Travis? Normally, you're all smiles when you have the chance to address the fans. And as I said, you're the longest reigning National Champion - surely you have to be proud of that fact.

[The crowd cheers that accomplishment, earning another quick nod from Travis before he begins to speak.]

TL: Sweet Lou, you see me out here week after week... night after night... so you of all people know exactly how proud I am to wear this championship belt... the first title in AWA history... a belt worn by names like Broussard, Sudakov, even Calisto Dufresne. And now that I've held this championship for over a year, I think I've proven to everyone who ever doubted me that I'm not just Jack and James' little brother.

[Travis seems a little on edge as he speaks.]

TL: Now, you know that my brothers mean the world to me, Lou... but there's no denying that when the AWA purchased the old man's blood, sweat, tears, and legacy - PCW - that Jack and James cast a long shadow over me. They came in here like a house of fire and showed the entire world what it meant to be a Lynch. They won the Stampede Cup... they won the National Tag Team Titles... and me? Well, let's face it, Lou... I basically failed to live up to the hype. I let my family down.

[Lou starts to protest as does the crowd but Travis waves him off before running his right hand through his curly dirty blonde hair.]

TL: Don't get me wrong, Lou... there were some high points for sure. I beat Rex Summers and became the last man to hold the PCW Heavyweight Title... that felt pretty good. I got to team up with my big brother, Jack, and my old man and together, we ran the Beale Street Bullies out of the AWA and straight into retirement. That felt pretty good too. I got to settle some old grudges... and all that was great. But nothin' like the past year holdin' this piece of gold and boy, what a year it's been!

[Big cheer from the London crowd! The smile returns for a split second across the face of Travis.]

TL: I knocked the monkey off my back when I finally beat "Diamond" Rob Driscoll to win the AWA National Title... sending him and Sandra Hayes scurrying from the territory with their tails between their legs to boot. I beat the Hall of Famer... the legend, Juan Vasquez... not once... but TWICE when it counted, including on the biggest stage of 'em all, SuperClash. I've defended this title night after night after night against all comers... against all challengers... all over the United States... up into Canada... and now, even over here in Europe. And to top it off, I got to be a double champion alongside Jack when we won the World Tag Titles! Heck, I even earned a shot at Johnny Detson and the World Title!

[An audible snort of derision comes forth from Travis.]

TL: Johnny Detson... the man who used a low blow to retain his title against me. The man who cost Jack and myself the World Tag Team Championships... and then two weeks ago, he ruined my night when he got involved in my match with Brian James. I told the world, Lou, that I could beat Brian James straight up... man to man... with this...

[He slaps the title belt.]

TL: ...on the line. I told the world I was going to celebrate holding this title for over a year by beating the biggest challenge I've faced since Vasquez back at SuperClash. And I was gonna do it too.

[Travis again pauses, lowers his head a bit and runs his right hand through his hair again.]

TL: But because of Johnny Detson, I didn't get to do that. I didn't get to prove that the Engine of Destruction isn't as indestructible as everyone makes him out to be.

[Lou finally speaks up.]

SLB: Travis, I was watching that match in the back and there's no question you took Brian James to his limits...

TL: But it wasn't me who laid the Engine of Destruction out. It wasn't me who proved that if I was healthy that Brian James wouldn't have won the Battle of Boston!

And because of that fact, I'm not as proud of my year-long reign as I should be, Lou! But that's about to change.

Startin' tonight, I will make this title...

[Travis unhooks the AWA National Championship belt and hoists it over his shoulder.]

TL: ...the most coveted title in the history of the AWA! People will remember my reign the same way they remember Marcus Broussard's reign. As ground breakin' and historic.

So let me tell you how I'm goin' to do this, Sweet Lou! I'm goin' to walk out to that ring each and every night, puttin' this title on the line against anyone who wants a shot at it!

[There's a buzz throughout the arena as Sweet Lou looks at Travis with shock in his eyes.]

SLB: You're going to put the title on the line against any and all challengers?

TL: That's right, Sweet Lou! Any and all challengers... starting... right...

[And on cue, the sounds of V.I.C.'s "Flawless" rings out throughout the O2 Arena.]

BW: We've got company, daddy!

GM: Oh brother.

[After a few moments, the Flawless One himself, Larry Wallace, comes walking through the curtain. Clad in a pair of golden trunks with "FLAWLESS" written across the rump in white text, Wallace's well-tanned and muscular frame is oiled up as he looks through purple-mirrored sunglasses down the aisle. He grins, flashing a set of well-whitened teeth as he slowly raises a house mic.]

FLW: Any... and ALL challengers?

[Travis nods, yanking off his smedium t-shirt and waving an arm down the aisle.]

FLW: That sounds just like my game. Because you see, Travis Lynch... I've been a little quiet on this European Tour, waiting for my shot to end Dave Bryant's career coming up at Homecoming. But I've been watching...

And yes, I've been wondering. Wondering how in the world Bobby O'Connor... who I BEAT at SuperClash last year... comes back and gets two shots at the World Heavyweight Title before I get a single one! You want to know how, Travis? It's because your coward of a brother is ducking me!

[The crowd jeers as Travis defiantly shakes his head.]

FLW: But you know what, Travis... we do agree on one thing.

You ARE a disgrace to your family... and what more, your family is a disgrace to this business!

[The crowd jeers loudly!]

FLW: Coming up at Homecoming, Sports Illustrated is going to be on hand to pay tribute to the greatest family in pro wrestling, anointing them as cover models. And I think we all know that NO ONE would look better on the cover of a magazine...

[Wallace grabs his chin, turning it slightly to the side, striking a pose.]

FLW: ...than yours truly. So, back in Texas when they announce that me, my brothers, and Battlin' Burt Wallace... the toughest son of a gun to ever lace a pair of boots... are going to be on the cover of Sports Illustrated, I can think of only one thing that'll make that magazine sell even better..

[Wallace lowers his hands, making the belt gesture.]

FLW: ...and that's me wearing THAT title around my waist! So, Travis Lynch, I hope you've enjoyed your year on top of the world because I've got two things that say you're about to come tumblin' down...

[He points down towards the ground.]

FLW: ...the BEST... DAMN... DROPKICK... IN THE BUSINESS!

[Wallace chucks the mic aside as "Flawless" kicks back in and he starts walking towards the ring.]

GM: How about that, fans? We've got ourselves an impromptu National Title match on our hands!

[Lynch takes the title belt off, handing it over to the timekeeper as Wallace walks quickly down the aisle, pulling himself up on the apron...

...when the Texan quickly approaches him, hooking him under the armpit, and flips him over the top rope into the ring to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh my! We're underway in this one!

BW: We are NOT! There's no referee out here! That stinkin' Stench is cheating his head off again!

[Wallace quickly scrambles up as Lynch swoops in behind him, swinging him around by the shoulder...]

GM: Big left hand by the Texan! And another one!

[Wallace stumbles backwards towards the ropes as Lynch advances on him.]

GM: Irish whip on the way...

[As Wallace rebounds towards Lynch who has drawn back his left hand, holding it open in Iron Claw position, the Flawless One drops into a baseball slide between Lynch's legs. He pops up to his feet behind the National Champion, ready to throw his signature strike.]

GM: DROPKICK!

[But Lynch sidesteps, swapping the legs and feet away from his head as Wallace crashes back down to the canvas. Lynch quickly grabs Wallace by the legs, flipping over into a double leg cradle.]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

BW: Hah! There's no referee yet!

GM: Here comes Davis Warren, sprinting down the aisle!

[Warren hits the ring at full stride, diving under the bottom rope into counting position.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Wallace kicks out, breaking up the pin attempt to the disappointment of the crowd!]

GM: Oh my! A near record victory there for the Texas Heartthrob!

[Wallace scrambles up off the mat, throwing a big right hand and coming up empty as Lynch buries a left into the midsection. An uppercut snaps Wallace's head back, sending him flying back against the ropes.]

GM: I suppose this match is official now although I never heard a bell.

[Grabbing Wallace by the arm, Lynch fires him across again, ducking down for a backdrop attempt...

...but Wallace leapfrogs over the top, bouncing off the far ropes into a big left hand to the midsection!]

GM: The National Champion goes downstairs on Wallace...

[Sliding in behind him, Lynch lifts Wallace skyward...

...and brings him down tailbone-first on Lynch's bent knee!]

GM: Biiiiiig atomic drop!

[The blow sends Wallace staggering towards the ropes where he slowly turns...

...and Lynch runs right over him with a clothesline, taking the Flawless One over the ropes and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A big clothesline dumps Larry Wallace out to the floor! And Travis Lynch isn't wasting a moment, he's going after him, Bucky!

[Out on the floor, Travis catches up to a wandering Wallace who is trying to catch a breather. Lynch hooks him by the trunks, firing him back inside the ring.]

GM: Travis puts him back in... now climbing back up on the apron...

[With Lynch getting up on the apron, Wallace lashes out with a quick dropkick to the knee, knocking Lynch's leg out from under him and bouncing him chinfirst off the apron!]

GM: Ohhh! What a move by Wallace!

[The Texan is reeling on the floor as Wallace gets back to his feet, shoving past the official to hit the far ropes, building up speed as he bounces back, dropping down into a baseball slide...]

GM: Baseball slide... and both feet right to the mush!

[The low dropkick sends Lynch sailing backwards, crashing backfirst into the steel barricade!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wallace puts him into the steel!

[The Flawless One slides out to the floor, moving in on the National Champion. He winds up, throwing a series of right hands into the abdomen of Lynch as the crowd jeers out at ringside.]

GM: Wallace is all over Lynch on the floor... look out here!

[Pulling the Texan into a front facelock, Wallace muscles him up and DROPS him gutfirst across the barricade!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: And that right there is a heckuva good way to bust up some ribs, daddy!

[Wallace sneers at Lynch, grabbing him by the hair and reading him the riot act before he swings him back down onto his back inside the barricade. The second generation competitor trades words with some ringside fans to the jeers of the London crowd.]

GM: Wallace getting into it with the passionate fans out here at ringside.

BW: Hey, I'm all for telling these idiots off, Gordo, but with the National Title at stake, Wallace needs to keep his head in the game.

[The challenger pulls Lynch off the floor by the hair, swinging him under the ropes and back inside the ring.]

GM: Wallace puts Lynch back inside... now rolling in after him.

[Back on his feet, Wallace catches a rising Lynch with a boot to the midsection, doubling him up.]

GM: Larry Wallace goes downstairs, right after those ribs he dropped on the barricade...

[Wallace pulls Lynch into a front facelock, slinging the champion's arm over his neck and then elevates him, holding him high for a few moments before he brings him down with a vertical suplex.]

GM: Wallace drops him with the suplex, rolls right into a cover.

[A two count follows before the National Champion kicks out.]

GM: Two count only... and can you imagine how high Larry Wallace will be riding if he could walk into Dallas, Texas in just over a week's time to face Dave Bryant as the AWA National Champion?

BW: He'd be on top of the world and rightfully so, daddy.

[Larry Wallace stays on Lynch, dragging him up to his feet by the hair.]

GM: Wallace keeping on the attack, trying to make sure Lynch doesn't have time to recover... big chop there... and another by the challenger.

[The blows sends Lynch back against the turnbuckles as Wallace grabs the top rope, lacing kicks into the midsection.]

GM: Wallace staying on those ribs, kicking them over and over as he drives Lynch down...

[Sitting in the corner, Lynch is breathing heavily as Wallace steps out at the order of the referee and then steps back in, grabbing the top rope and stomping the ribs repeatedly.]

GM: Lynch's ribs are taking a pounding by Wallace again...

[And again, the referee steps in, forcing a break.]

GM: The challenger's got this crowd letting him have it but none of that will matter if he's somehow able to walk out of London as the AWA National Champion.

[Wallace arrogantly steps up to the middle rope, looking out and taunting the fans who are jeering him...

...and then grabs the top rope before he leaps into the air, driving his knee down into the torso!]

GM: Ohh! Big knee down into the ribcage!

[Wallace gets up, grabbing Lynch by the ankle to haul him out of the crowd.]

GM: Cover! One! Two!

[But Lynch's shoulder pops up off the mat before the three count, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only... not enough to keep the champion down.

[Climbing back to his feet, Wallace takes aim and drops an elbow down into the ribs... and another... and another...]

GM: Three big elbows... and right into another cover.

[Another two count follows before Lynch kicks out.]

GM: And again, Lynch kicks out in time.

[Wallace climbs to his feet, stomping around the ring angrily as he considers his next attack. As he works his way back towards the champion, Travis Lynch has managed to rise to a knee...]

GM: Wallace moving back in on him... big left hand!

[The crowd cheers as Lynch lands a left hand to the body of Wallace!]

GM: Lynch firing back... another haymaker downstairs!

[The second blow sends Wallace stumbling backwards as Lynch rises to his feet. He approaches Wallace from behind, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip by Lynch...

[As Wallace rebounds back, Lynch hoists him into the air, pressing him straight up overhead...]

GM: Look at the strength!

[...but at the peak of the lift, Wallace slips out, landing on his feet behind Lynch. He throws a quick hooking blow into the ribs before spinning Lynch around, lifting him up into a fireman's carry, and dropping him down in a lightning-quick gutbuster!]

GM: OHHH!

[Wallace quickly flips Lynch over, diving on top of him.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, the Texan kicks out, breaking the pin. Wallace angrily pops up, shouting "WHAT?!" at the referee before hammering away with clubbing forearms at Lynch's abdominals.]

GM: Wallace just pounding away on Lynch!

[Climbing to his feet, Wallace switches to stomps, violently driving the sole of his boot into the ribcage again and again.]

GM: Larry Wallace showing a bit less flash and a bit more intensity than we're used to seeing out of him, Bucky.

BW: I think after the bust that was the Battle of Boston for the Flawless One, he knew he had to kick things up a notch if he was going to be able to defeat Dave Bryant and pluck that particular thorn from his side.

GM: Winning the National Title would certainly turn things around for Wallace who has had a rough go of it here in the AWA since his big win at SuperClash last fall.

[Wallace leans down, dragging Lynch to his feet by the hair. He locks his hands behind the Texan's neck, swinging his knee up into the gut.]

GM: Wallace throwing the kind of kneestrike that would make his former teacher, Supreme Wright, proud.

[After a half dozen knees to the body, Wallace pushes Lynch back into the turnbuckles. He leans over, grabbing the middle rope, and propels himself forward, driving his shoulder into the abdomen.]

GM: The challenger continuing to target the body, trying to take the wind out of Travis Lynch's sails.

[At the referee's four count, Wallace straightens up, grabbing Lynch by the arm.]

GM: Irish whip from corner to corner... Wallace following him in!

[But as he does, the champion leans back, raising his leg and causing Wallace to run right into the lifted boot!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch caught him coming in!

[Wallace staggers backwards, grabbing at his chin...

...and then charges right back in as Lynch steps out, sidesteps, and flings Wallace chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Oh my! The champion with a timely counter and that just might turn everything around here in London!

[Sucking up the pain, Lynch snatches the wobbling Wallace in a side waistlock, muscling him up and dropping him down on the back of his head!]

GM: Belly to back suplex by the champion... and that'll have Larry Wallace seeing stars right about now.

[Lynch grabs at his ribs as he rolls to his knees, grimacing as he looks out at the roaring fans.]

GM: And just like that, fans, Travis Lynch is starting to turn this thing around.

[The National Champion rises off the mat just as Wallace does the same, greeting his challenger with a big left-handed haymaker.]

GM: Lynch lands the mighty left hand... and another!

[With Wallace in a daze, Lynch grabs him by the hair, marching across the ring to smash Wallace's head into the top turnbuckle.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

[But before a fifth blow can land, Wallace jams his elbow back into Lynch's stomach.]

GM: Oh! Wallace cuts him off with an elbow to the sweet spot!

[Wallace quickly snatches a front facelock again, lifting Lynch into the air and dropping him gutfirst across the top rope!]

GM: OHHH! Wallace hangs the champion out to dry for the second time in this match!

[Lynch is hanging over the top rope, gasping for air as Wallace backs off, smirking at the champion's peril.]

GM: And this is exactly where Larry Wallace wants the National Champion. He's got him at his mercy, the ribs banged up...

[Stepping back in, Wallace snatches Lynch around the head, reaching under him to pull him into a slam position...]

...and whirls quickly around, throwing Lynch down hard to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! What a slam!

[Wallace again dives on top of Lynch, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[Lynch's muscular left arm shoots up into the air, breaking the count!]

GM: Two count only! Lynch gets that shoulder up in time!

[Wallace again glares at the official, pushing his way to his feet and backing towards the corner. He hops up to the middle rope, taking aim at Lynch who is stirring off the canvas...]

GM: Wallace on the second rope... Lynch desperately trying to get back to his feet and find a way to get back into this impromptu title defense.

[And as Lynch struggles to get up, Wallace stands tall, measuring his opponent...]

...when suddenly, the sounds of AC/DC's "Big Gun" come ripping through the O2 Arena to a huge reaction!]

GM: Wait a second! I thought he wasn't here! We were told that Dave Bryant was sitting out the tour!

[Wallace turns his head towards the entrance, searching for a sign of his rival...]

BW: Stay on him, kid! Worry about Bryant in Dallas!

[...but seeing no sign of Bryant, Wallace turns back towards Lynch, leaping off the middle rope as Lynch goes into a full spin...]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH!

[...and CRACKS the flying Wallace upside the jaw!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[With Wallace sprawled out on the canvas, Lynch collapses forward, his arm falling over Wallace!]

GM: I don't even know if he meant to cover him!

[The referee drops down, delivering a sure-fire three count before signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The London crowd breaks into cheers as the referee raises the hand of the downed Travis Lynch, pointing to the National Champion who snatches his arm away as he sits up on the mat.]

GM: Whoa. Travis Lynch doesn't look too pleased, Bucky.

BW: He won the match! That's all that matters! Idiot Stench Boy.

GM: Travis Lynch rolling out of the ring... coming over here by us...

[Lynch pauses for a moment as Gordon Myers gets to his feet.]

GM: Travis... Travis, you're obviously upset... can we get a quick word?

[Travis nods as someone hands him the National Title belt that he takes a long look at before shaking his head, throwing the belt over his shoulder.]

TL: What is it, Gordon?

GM: Well, I think the fans would like an explanation as to why you're angry right now. As my partner points out, you won the match! You're still the champ!

[Lynch shakes his head again.]

TL: Yeah, but once again, someone took it upon themselves to get involved with my match. I don't know if Bryant's actually here or if he paid off some sound guy to play his music at the right time or... it doesn't even matter, Gordon. What matters is that once again, I got robbed of my shot to prove that I was the better man... and Bucky Wilde might be okay with winning that way - in fact, I KNOW he is... but Travis Lynch isn't.

So, in just over a week at Homecoming, I'm coming out to this ring again... and I'm putting this belt...

[He slaps the title belt.]

TL: ...on the line against whoever wants a shot at it.

[And on that note, Travis abruptly exits, brushing past Gordon Myers.]

GM: An obviously upset Travis Lynch, fans, saying that he's going to continue to defend that National Title against all comers and prove that he deserves to be the longest-reigning National Champion ever. And the next step on that journey for him takes place at Homecoming... where we'll also see Larry Wallace get his shot at Dave Bryant, a match that just got a little more heated if you ask me. Homecoming is always a very special night for the AWA, its fans, and everyone involved with the company so right now, let's take a special look at Homecoming!

[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 fade back up backstage where Mark Stegglet stands with AWA World Heavyweight Champion, Jack Lynch. The Iron Cowboy is dressed in his white wrestling gear, and has the World Title over his shoulder. Though his cowboy hat is tipped forward, the intensity in Lynch's eyes is impossible to miss.]

MS: It's an old cliché, but a true one. Winning the World Title is one thing, but defending it is something else entirely. And tonight, in your first televised defense of that World Title, you're taking a man who I know is like a brother to you in "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor.

[Lynch rubs his chin and then nods thoughtfully.]

JL: Well, ya know Mark, that's right. The whole world knows that the most important thing to me in this world is family, and they also know that Bobby is as much my brother as Jimmy or Trav.

MS: Some might wonder if that will give you pause tonight, as you defend your World Title against Mr. O'Connor.

JL: Well Mark, it's important that ya understand just what this belt means. Not just to me, but to my family as well.

Now, in the whole history of the AWA, there's only ever been six men to be World Champion, and that list is as notable for the names not on it as it is for the names on it. Juan Vasquez ain't never been World Champion in the AWA. Alex Martinez ain't never been World Champion in the AWA. Supernova, Shadoo Rage, Stevie Scott... bonafide legends, they ain't been where I'm at now.

And what's more, in the whole history of the Lynch family, I'm the first to get here too.

My daddy won titles all over the world. But those belts, whether they were North American Titles, or Pacific Rim titles, or whatever, none of 'em were called World Titles. And yeah, when the PCW was a thing, there was somethin' called the World Title there, and Trav won it more than once. But it's hard to call somethin' a World Title when it never went further than the panhandle.

And me? Sure, I've been Missouri Heavyweight Champion and Florida Heavyweight Champion, and lots of other places' Heavyweight Champion, but ain't none of them ever been what this right here is.

Tonight Mark, I'm here in London, England, defendin' a belt I won in Berlin, Germany, and God willin', I'll be takin' it back to Dallas, Texas in two weeks.

Now that's a WORLD Title, Mark. And I ain't givin' it up so easily.

MS: When you put it that way, it's easy to understand the weight of this moment.

JL: That's exactly right, Mark. And that's what this is about, the weight of the moment.

The whole world knows that me and Supreme Wright ain't got a lot in common. But one thing he was always right about was that this...

[Lynch slaps his hand on the title belt's faceplate.]

JL: ...Means the whole damn world when it comes to wrestlin'.

This carries weight, Mark. It represents bein' at the very pinnacle of this, the greatest sport in the history of the world.

When you're a wrestler, if winnin' and holdin' on to this thing ain't goal number one, then you may as well pick a new profession. Because this ain't a sport for people just happy to be here.

I had to fight long and hard to get this title. It took me a lotta years to even get a shot. And along the way, there were Street Fights and Texas Death Matches, and Towel Matches that I had to sweat and bleed through, and there was never nothin' guaranteed about the outcome of those matches.

So you ask me if I'm gonna hesitate tonight? You ask me if I might be tempted to take it easy on Bobby?

The answer, Mark, is that there ain't no way in hell that's gonna happen.

I wouldn't disrespect Bobby that way.

MS: Disrespect?

[Lynch nods.]

JL: You're damn right.

Bobby, my brother, deserves me at the top of my game, fightin' his heart out. If he does win this, then he deserves to win it off someone who took the fight to him. He deserves to be able to say he won the hardest fight of his life.

And that's exactly what I aim to give him, Mark.

This match that's about to happen? It's gonna start with a bell ringin', and it's gonna end with one hand raised and two men shakin' hands.

But Mark, you'd best believe that I'm aimin' to get my hand raised.

MS: Well, if anyone had their doubts before, I'd say they've been put to rest.

[Another nod from Lynch.]

JL: I do love Bobby like a brother. But it's become a sayin' around these parts – sometimes, brothers gotta fight.

Bobby asked me for this shot. He earned this shot. There ain't no one alive who deserves it more.

But let me promise ya this – he's gettin' everything I can give him. He's gettin' the match, and the fight, he asked for.

There won't be one second of me hesitatin' out there tonight. There won't be no punches pulled. And if Bobby wants this belt as badly as he says he does?

Well, I expect the same from him,

That's how it is when two men step in the ring, Mark. No quarter asked, and no quarter given. What you're gonna see tonight is two bulls chargin' at each other head on and full steam ahead.

And when the dust is cleared?

You're gonna be seein' this cowboy take his World Title back home to Texas.

And now, if you'll excuse me Mark, I got a brother to fight.

[With the tip of his hat, Lynch takes his leave, preparing to defend the World Heavyweight title.]

MS: The World Champion steps out...

[And as Lynch exits, the AWA Director of Operations, Emerson Gellar enters.]

MS: ...and the Director of Operations steps in. Emerson Gellar, we are just moments away from our World Title Main Event - the final match for the AWA here on this historic European tour and Mr. Gellar, I understand you've got a few pieces of news you want to announce right now.

[Gellar nods.]

EG: That's right. First, I wanted to remind fans that in just over a week at Homecoming, the fine folks at Sports Illustrated will be on hand to announce which pro wrestling family will receive the honor of being on the cover of the upcoming edition of SI that will talk about the history of wrestling families in our sport. We'll also have several of those families on hand in Dallas and I'm looking forward to that.

[Stegglet nods in agreement.]

EG: Secondly, speaking of wrestling families, after Terry Shane's surprise victory over the American Idols earlier tonight, I have signed a new matchup for Homecoming that will see the Wallaces take on the Shane brothers in a tag team matchup.

MS: Big news for the Shanes... especially Terry who fought so hard to get his brother signed to the AWA.

EG: Indeed. And finally, it's time to eliminate two more cities from our list of contenders to host SuperClash 2017!

MS: Alright, if we could get the graphic up with the remaining cities...

[The graphic appears on cue:

Toronto
Montreal
London
Tokyo
Los Angeles
Atlanta
Orlando
Chicago]

MS: Four international sites remaining, four back home in the States. Two more will fall by the wayside here tonight. Mr. Gellar, if you please...

EG: Each week this is getting harder and harder, Mark, as the competition gets hotter. But after much deliberation, we have decided that of the two Canadian cities - Toronto would be our best option for a potential SuperClash host city.

MS: That means Montreal is off the list.

[A line goes through Montreal, removing it from consideration.]

EG: However, I'd like to let our Canadian fans know that some pretty major negotiations are currently ongoing to bring another major AWA event North of the border. We hope to have more news on that in the weeks and months ahead.

MS: Okay, we're down to seven cities with one more still to go.

EG: This one got very difficult, Mark, but it has been decided that Orlando has been removed as a potential host city as well.

MS: Orlando, Florida off the list in a decision that many might be surprised by as it was considered one of the favorites by Internet fans. So, let's take a look at the final six. Toronto, London, Tokyo representing our international options and Los Angeles, Atlanta, and Chicago representing the United States. Six very strong options. Of course, the big winner will be announced this year at SuperClash in New Orleans but as the weeks go by, we'll be taking more and more cities off the list.

EG: One more quick announcement, Mark. Beginning next week at Homecoming, we'll be announcing the six venues that will be under consideration in each of the remaining cities as well.

MS: Another big piece of news. Thank you for your time, Mr. Gellar...

[Gellar seems set to leave when Mark Stegglet places a hand on his arm.]

MS: ...but before you go, one final question...

[Gellar arches an eyebrow.]

EG: What's that?

MS: Are you aware that Jason Dane has been trying to get in touch with you for weeks now?

[Gellar grimaces, throwing a glance at the camera.]

EG: This isn't really the time or place for this, Mark.

MS: I understand but Jason... he's told me why. It sounds important and... well, maybe if they know why-

EG: No.

MS: But sir-

EG: I said "no," Stegglet. Understand? I don't have time to deal with Dane's crazy conspiracy theories. Now... if you'll excuse me.

[Stegglet watches with a disappointed look on his face as Gellar makes his exit...

...and we fade back out to the O2 Arena crowd where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

RO: It is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

[The shapely ring announcer lowers the mic, waiting a few moments, letting the crowd buzz build until "Godzilla" by Blue Oyster Cult begins playing over the PA system to a HUGE ovation from the O2 Arena crowd.

After a few moments, "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor emerges through the entrance curtain to an even louder cheer. The lovable fan favorite grins at the reaction, nodding his head at the London crowd as he stands at the top of the aisle in his cardinal red trunks with gold trim and matching kneepads, elbowpads, and boots. He's wearing a white Blue Oyster Cult t-shirt that reads "B.O.C." as well as he starts walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: One of the most popular men in the entire AWA, Bobby O'Connor steps into this ring tonight on the final night of the AWA's historic first-ever European tour with one goal on his mind... to capture the World Title. If he does so, he'll be following in the footsteps of his grandfather, Karl O'Connor, and his father, Cameron O'Connor, making Bobby a third generation World Champion!

BW: Yeah, but to do it, he's gotta do the unthinkable, Gordo. He's gotta ball up that fist, scrunch up his whitebread face into a snarl, and punch one of his best friends right in his stinkin', lyin' mouth!

GM: Bucky's obviously still a little hot about Jack Lynch winning the World Title.

BW: The history of this great sport that you and I have dedicated our lives to are filled with great World Champions - John Wesley Hardin, Tiger Claw, Brody Thunder, Eddie Van Gibson, Caleb Temple... even schmucks like Joe Reed and old man Martinez. And it's filled with not-so-great World Champions... Requiem, Kyle Backwood, the Subway Psycho. You know where Jack Lynch ranks in my book, Gordo?

GM: I don't even want-

BW: DEAD. LAST!

[O'Connor reaches the ring, tugging himself up onto the apron with the aid of the ropes. He ducks through them, throwing up an arm to the cheering crowd and to the surprise of no one, getting more cheers for it. With a grin, he yanks off his t-shirt, flinging it out into the crowd to a thrilled young man. O'Connor points to him, giving a big thumbs up before he settles back into the corner.

After a few moments, the lights in the O2 Arena drop out as the opening guitar chords of Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead Or Alive" starts to trickle out over the PA system to a DEAFENING response!

As the vocals kick in, Jack Lynch strides through the curtain all in white. A white trenchcoat duster hangs open to reveal white trunks, white boots, and the World Heavyweight Title around his waist. Standing at the top of the aisle in his white cowboy hat, Lynch tips it towards the fans, showing the fingerless white glove on his right hand. With a lopsided grin, Lynch starts walking down the aisle to big cheers.]

GM: And here comes the World Champion that Bucky Wilde ranks dead last... but these fans in London certainly don't seem to agree with that assessment, Bucky.

BW: Nobody ever accused fans of having a damn clue what they're talking about, Gordo.

[Lynch reaches the ring, pausing a moment before he climbs up on the apron, He ducks through the ropes, surging through and throwing his white gloved hand into the air in the shape of the Iron Claw to another huge ovation. He grins, reaching out to touch knuckles with Bobby O'Connor before he backs to the corner, quickly shedding his duster and his hat. He leans back in the buckles as the music fades and Rebecca Ortiz steps to the middle of the ring.]

RO: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[Ortiz points to the corner to a big ovation.]

RO: From Jefferson City, Missouri... weighing in at 265 pounds... he is a third generation superstar, a member of the legendary O'Connor family, and one-half of the TexMo Connection...

He is...

"BUNKHOUUUUUUUUSE"
BOBBBBBBBYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY
O'CONNNNNNNNNNNNORRRRRRRRRRRRR!

[O'Connor steps from the corner, slowly raising his arm to the cheering crowd. The smile is still in place as he salutes his fans.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent... from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 265 pounds... he is a member of the legendary Lynch family... one-half of the TexMo Connection... he is the Iron Cowboy... he is the KING of the Cowboys...

...and he is the REIGNING AWA WORRRRRRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMMMMMPIONNNNNNNN...

[Ortiz takes a deep breath.]

RO: JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[Lynch grins as he steps from the corner, throwing his gloved right hand skyward again to a big ovation. He lowers his arm, pointing across to his friend and tag team partner as he settles back in the corner. Ortiz makes her exit from the ring, leaving referee Ricky Longfellow to address both men. He waves them both to the middle of the ring, speaking to both as the crowd murmurs with excitement.]

GM: Jack Lynch's first televised World Title defense since capturing the title one month ago and it's against one of his very best friends in the world. So is the life of a champion, I suppose.

BW: Absolutely. A champion lives every day knowing that the locker room is full of people who'd sell their soul to get him in the ring... that would stab him in the back to get their hands on what he has. Jack Lynch lives every day as the hunted, a bullseye on his back. And tonight, it's one of his best friends taking aim at the center of it.

[Lynch and O'Connor stare each other down in the middle of the ring, nodding at the official...

...and as he calls for them to separate, we get a handshake of sportsmanship to big cheers!]

GM: A handshake right there in the middle of the ring... and this should be a good one, Bucky.

BW: Only if O'Connor realizes he needs to dig down deep to win this. He can't be a good guy. He can't be the guy in the white hat. He needs to hit first... he needs to hit hard... he needs to hit often... and when Lynch gets up, he needs to hit him again. That's the only way he's walking out of London as the World Champion, Gordo. The only way.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[Champion and challenger retreat to their respective corners as the referee stays in the middle and signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: And here we go! One fall, thirty minutes for the AWA World Title!

[Lynch and O’Connor stride from their respective corners towards the middle of the ring, reaching out to touch knuckles one more time...

...and then lunge into a collar and elbow tieup. Lynch quickly pulls O’Connor into a side headlock, wrenching down on the hold.]

GM: The champion goes right into the side headlock, using that five inch height advantage to his favor.

[O’Connor throws a couple of soft forearms to the ribs of his tag team partner, backing up into the ropes where he throws Lynch off towards the ropes.]

GM: O’Connor shoots him off, drops down... Lynch goes up and over...

[The World Champion bounces off the far ropes, running his friend right over with a shoulder tackle to a cheer!]

GM: The Iron Cowboy with a big tackle puts O’Connor down on the mat!

[O’Connor grimaces as he rolls over to his hip, getting up to a knee as a smiling Jack Lynch extends both arms, inviting his friend back to his feet.]

GM: O’Connor gets back up.

BW: Look at the dopey grin on Lynch’s face. Just because he’s got his buddy in there, he thinks this is all a game.

[The two competitors circle one another for a bit before coming together in another tieup, struggling for an advantage...

...and this time, it’s O’Connor’s turn to pull his friend into a side headlock.]

GM: Headlock locked in, O’Connor wrenching down...

[Lynch stays in place for a few moments before stepping back into the ropes, shooting O’Connor off into the ropes. As Bunkhouse Bobby rebounds, Lynch leaps into the air with a leapfrog, hurdling over the rebounding O’Connor who hits the far side, coming back strong with a tackle of his own, putting Lynch down on the mat!]

GM: Oh my! And Bobby O’Connor returns the favor!

[O’Connor grins, mocking Lynch with the same gesture, calling the Texan back up to his feet. Lynch chuckles, getting up and standing with his hands on his hips, looking across at O’Connor.]

GM: So far, this one’s a stalemate, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, but this isn’t the style these two usually wrestle in. They’re brawlers, not grapplers. So, what happens when the headlocks stop and the fists start flying?

GM: I’m not sure I want to know the answer to that.

[As Lynch gets to his feet, O’Connor dives in at him, locking up again. They jockey for position a bit, shoving one another back and forth...

...and Lynch suddenly drops down, using an armdrag to take O'Connor off his feet...]

GM: Armdrag takes him... oh no.

[The crowd buzzes as O'Connor cries out, grabbing at his arm, rolling back and forth on the canvas.]

GM: What? The arm! I think he's... fans, Bobby O'Connor might be hurt right here.

[Lynch looks concerned as the referee waves him back, turning to kneel next to O'Connor on the canvas.]

GM: Fans, remember - Bobby O'Connor spent a significant amount of time on the shelf with a broken arm that he suffered last year at SuperClash...

BW: An injury that some people believe O'Connor should blame Lynch for since Supreme Wright did it to send a message to Lynch.

GM: That's ridiculous... but what just happened with that armdrag? Did O'Connor reinjure the arm?

[O'Connor sits up on the mat, holding onto his arm as the official speaks to him. The crowd is hushed as Lynch steps closer to his friend, checking his condition.]

GM: This match may be over right now, fans. Unfortunately, this match be over and-

[Suddenly, as Lynch steps one foot closer, O'Connor springs up, dragging his friend down into a small package!]

GM: WHAT?!

[The shocked official slaps the canvas once... twice... and Lynch just BARELY fires a shoulder up in time!]

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[O'Connor rolls to his feet, fists at the ready as Jack Lynch slides on his butt across the ring, a shocked expression on his face. His friend holds up his hand, indicating with two fingers how close the pinfall was.]

GM: Wow! I did NOT expect that, fans! Bobby O'Connor almost pulled a fast one on Jack Lynch... and almost shocked the world in the process.

BW: Hey, I gotta give the kid some credit, Gordo. I never thought he'd do something like that!

GM: Well, I guess Bobby O'Connor just sent Jack Lynch a message that he's not pulling any punches in this match. He's not going to go easy on him just because he's his friend.

BW: AND he did something that he'd almost NEVER do to someone who was even his enemy to make sure that Jack Lynch understands.

[Lynch uses the ropes to get to his feet, staring disbelieving across the ring as O'Connor whose smile is gone.]

GM: I believe this match just got turned up in the intensity, Bucky. Until that moment, these guys were all smiles... no more.

[Lynch walks out of the corner, striding across the ring towards Bobby O'Connor, talking to his friend...

...and O'Connor winds up, throwing a right hand to the jaw of the Texan!]

GM: Oh! Big right hand! And another! And a third!

[Lynch stumbles backwards as O'Connor grabs him by the back of the head, rushing across the ring to SLAM the World Champion's head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the corner!

[Lynch staggers backwards as O'Connor steps to the corner, pressing his back into the buckles...

...and then goes charging out, leaping into the air with a Fierro Press, knocking Lynch down to the mat!]

GM: O'Connor takes him down with one of Lynch's own signature moves!

[Staying on top of Lynch, O'Connor pistons right hands into the skull of the Texan, rocking him with a half dozen blows before getting back to his feet. He spins away as the referee protests the closed fists...

...but as Lynch gets up, O'Connor runs him right over with a clothesline!]

GM: The challenger takes him down again!

[O'Connor spins back towards the rising Lynch again, measuring him and tossing a stiff left jab to the jaw... and another... and another, each one stinging and quick as they stagger the World Champion...]

GM: And another big right hand takes him down! Jack Lynch is reeling right now and Bobby O'Connor is riding high!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby grabs his friend off the mat, dragging him up to his feet. He grabs Lynch by the arm, firing him across the ring into the turnbuckles. The challenger sprints in after him, landing a big running clothesline to the chest...]

GM: Clothesline in the corner!

[Twisting to the side, O'Connor snares a side headlock, charging out of the corner at full speed, leaping high into the air...]

GM: BULLDOG HEADLOCK!

[With his partner laid out on the canvas, the Missouri native flips him over onto his back, diving across his chest in a lateral press with the leg hooked.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Lynch's shoulder again goes flying off the canvas!]

GM: No! Two count only! O'Connor continuing on the attack, showing off the skills he picked up at the hands of Terry Shane Jr. and Oliver Strickland during his time training for this business at The Yard in Amarillo.

[O'Connor grabs the arm, dragging the Texan off the mat again.]

GM: Big whip sends Lynch across the ring into the corner again!

[The challenger steps up on the second rope, clenching his fist...]

GM: O'Connor's on the ropes... here we go!

[And with the London crowd counting along, O'Connor lets the fist fly.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Having driven his clenched fist into the skull, O'Connor hops down off the middle rope, pulling him into a side headlock again.]

GM: O'Connor sets for another bulldog! Here it comes!

[O'Connor gets halfway across the ring, leaping into the air...

...and the Texan counters, flinging O'Connor off of him, sending him flying through the sky, and crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: OHH! What a counter!

[Lynch sinks to a knee on the mat, staring across to where his partner is laid on the mat.]

GM: Lynch with the big counter, throwing his friend halfway across the ring and... well, that might have saved the World Title, Bucky.

BW: It might have. O'Connor was on a roll, really stringing together some high impact offense. But Lynch bails himself out and now it's his turn to see if he can get back into this match.

[Lynch pushes up to his feet, walking across the ring to where O'Connor is trying to get off the canvas...

...and SLAMS a hard right hand into the side of O'Connor's skull, sending him falling back into the buckles.]

GM: Goodness! Lynch put some mustard on that one, Bucky.

BW: Sure did. And now we're getting down to the nitty gritty, Gordo. When these two stop trying to play nice and get down to a fight, who has the advantage then? Jack Lynch - love him or hate him and my opinion is well known - has survived and WON two of damndest battles I've ever seen at SuperClash the last two years against Demetrius Lake and Supreme Wright... so you know he can fight. Bobby O'Connor had that nickname "Bunkhouse" before he ever stepped foot in the AWA. He's left a trail of bloody foreheads and broken bodies all over the Midwest before he came to the AWA so you know he can fight too.

[O'Connor's arms are hooked over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Lynch grabs the top rope, swinging his cowboy boot up into the midsection once... twice...

over and over... until the referee steps in, forcing Lynch to back out of the corner, hands raised in protest.]

GM: The World Champion seems like he lost his cool a little bit right there when-OH! What an uppercut!

[O'Connor's head snaps back, clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet. Lynch grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring into the turnbuckles. O'Connor staggers out towards him...]

GM: O'Connor out of the corner, Lynch swoops in behind...

[Hoisting O'Connor up into the air, Lynch leaps off his feet, dumping the challenger down on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Lynch puts him down hard - and there's a cover!

[The World Champion picks up a two count before O'Connor's shoulder comes up, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only there for the big Texan, trying to find a way to get that elusive three count and keep the World Title locked in around his waist.

[Lynch pushes up to a knee, snatching his friend by a handful of hair, driving his right hand down between the eyes... and again... and again.]

GM: The referee steps in again, forcing Lynch back to his feet...

[The World Champion backs off, hands raised, taking a few steps back...]

GM: This match has gotten very physical. Very personal. If you didn't know going in, it's hard to believe that these two are the best of friends.

[Lynch moves past the referee, approaching the rising O'Connor, scooping him up into his arms...]

GM: Big slam near the corner!

[...and with the challenger down, Lynch spins back into the corner, hopping up to the middle rope...]

GM: Lynch on the ropes - unusual for him!

[The World Champion leaps off the ropes, dropping his knee down into the chest of O'Connor!]

GM: OHHH! That might do it!

[Lynch flattens out into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[O'Connor kicks again, breaking loose at the last moment.]

GM: Wow! We're not even to the ten minute mark of this match yet and these two are bringing the thunder in a big time fashion here in London!

[Lynch throws a glance at the referee for a moment, getting two fingers held up in his line of sight in response. The big Texan pushes up to his feet, shaking his head in disbelief.]

GM: Lynch seems to be a little aggravated by the official's count there... which is a bit out of character for him but I think this whole situation has both of these men on edge and perhaps acting in ways they ordinarily wouldn't, Bucky.

BW: Wouldn't it be great if O'Connor ending up waffling Lynch with a tire iron or something?

GM: No, no it would not.

[Lynch pulls O'Connor off the mat, again throwing a big right hand, sending his TexMo partner back against the ropes. The lanky Texan steps towards him, fist drawn back...

...and gets a right hand to the jaw before he can throw one of his own!]

GM: O'Connor fires back!

[Lynch winds up again... and again takes a haymaker to the mush!]

GM: Another one!

[The big Texan stumbles backwards as O'Connor pushes off the ropes, advancing on him...

...but Lynch surges forward, smashing his skull into O'Connor's!]

GM: OHH! What a headbutt!

[The skull-to-skull blow causes O'Connor to fall backwards into the ropes. Lynch shakes his head a few times before moving in on him.]

GM: That one might've rattled Jack Lynch's cage as well.

[Lynch grabs O'Connor by the arm, looking to shoot him off into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by the champion...

[Lynch draws his gloved hand back, holding it in Iron Claw position...]

GM: Lynch looking for the Claw but O'Connor hangs on!

[...but can't apply it as his potential victim grabs hold of the ropes, preventing himself from bouncing back into Jack Lynch's iron grip. A frustrated Lynch rushes forward, looking to strike...]

GM: Lynch coming in fast and- OHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's reaction as O'Connor drops down, pulling the top rope with him, a move that sends Lynch tumbling over the top rope before he crashes down on the barely-padded floor out at ringside in the O2 Arena!]

GM: A HARD FALL TO THE FLOOR THERE FOR THE WORLD CHAMPION!
GOODNESS!

[O'Connor stays down on the mat for a few moments, breathing heavily before he rolls under the ropes to the ring apron. The challenger rises with the aid of the ropes, standing on the apron as he looks down on his fallen foe.]

GM: Lynch is down outside the ring and Bobby O'Connor is up there on the apron!

BW: O'Connor's not a high flyer, Gordo, but he's a very effective brawler - even out there on the floor. Considering his Boy Scout status, that's a major plus in a match like this.

GM: And O'Connor's been known to take some risks from time to time out there as well, Bucky.

[The Missouri native backs down the apron, pressing his back against the steel post as he watches, waiting for Lynch to regain his feet...]

GM: The World Champion starting to stir on the floor, using the ring apron for support and...

[O'Connor comes charging down the length of the apron, hurling himself into the air, and diving onto Lynch with a flying shouldertackle that wipes both men out on the O2 Arena floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG FLYING TACKLE OFF THE APRON PUTS BOTH MEN DOWN ON THE FLOOR!

[The referee moves swiftly over to the ropes, looking over them to check the condition of both combatants from afar.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow laying the double count on both men... and that would be a terrible way for this one to end, Bucky.

BW: Unless they're both laying in a pool of their own blood. That would be aces!

GM: BUCKY!

[The count lands on both champion and challenger, quickly building up to three as the London crowd begins to buzz with concern at a possible double countout ending the last match on the European Tour.]

GM: The referee's count is up to three. Of course, if both men are counted out, Jack Lynch would retain the World Title.

BW: If EITHER man is counted out, Jack Lynch would retain the World Title... and don't think he won't take advantage of that, Gordo. He'll do whatever it takes to keep that gold.

GM: Isn't that what you'd expect from a champion?

BW: Not a milk-drinking, do-gooder like Jack Lynch!

[The count is up to five now as O'Connor starts to stir out on the floor, pushing up off the padded floor.]

GM: The challenger's up to all fours, battling to get to his feet!

BW: That's not good enough, Gordo. He's gotta get Lynch in as well!

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky. If he wants to win the title, both men need to get back inside the ring.

[At the count of seven, O'Connor is on his feet, looking into the ring...]

...and then ducks back, grabbing Lynch by the hair, and physically dragging him to his feet!]

GM: He's pulling him up! He's trying to get Lynch back inside the ring as well!

[With a shove, he sends the World Champion back under the ropes at nine...

...and then THROWS himself under the ropes just before the ten count as the crowd cheers!]

GM: They both beat the count! Oh my!

[O'Connor has a look of relief on his face as he pushes up to his feet, moving towards Lynch who is crawling out towards the middle of the ring. The challenger grabs him by the back of the trunks, hauling him up to his feet...

...where Lynch spins around, throwing a wild haymaker that O'Connor ducks under, straightens up, and CROWNS Lynch with an overhead elbowsmash down between the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Bunkhouse Elbow on target!

[Lynch's knees buckle as O'Connor winds up, landing a second.]

GM: Another Bunkhouse Elbow! Lynch is dazed!

[A third finds the mark, knocking the World Champion off his feet and putting him down on the canvas.]

GM: And down goes the World Champion! We've passed the ten minute mark in this one... eighteen or so minutes remaining in the time limit in this Main Event battle! The final match on the first ever AWA European Tour and the first televised World Title defense for Jack Lynch!

[With Lynch down, O'Connor turns to the crowd, pumping both arms with a loud "YEAH! ALRIGHT!" to cheers. He turns back towards Lynch, the Texan struggling to get back up to his feet...

...where he gets caught with a big knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Big chop by O'Connor! And another!

[Lynch reels backwards, clutching his reddening chest as O'Connor winds up, throwing a Mongolian chop that sends the Texan falling back into the corner.]

GM: O'Connor's got him in the corner... look out here!

[Pushing Lynch's head back with a hand under the chin, O'Connor exposes the chest of his friend as he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and connects with a big overhand chop, his palm slapping down hard on the chest of his tag team partner!]

GM: Goodness, what a chop!

[With Lynch reeling, O'Connor grabs him by the arm, executing a strong Irish whip. He falls to his knees from the impact of the throw, sending Lynch crashing HARD

into the buckles. He winces as he hits the corner, stumbling out towards a waiting O'Connor who lifts him up under his right arm...]

GM: The challenger picks him up... and sets him down HARD across the knee!

[With Lynch laid out across the bent knee, O'Connor lifts him right back up from that position to cheers from the crowd...]

GM: O'Connor showing off some power... and down again in the backbreaker! Two big backbreakers on the World Champion!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby lifts Lynch up a third time, standing tall in the center, going into a slight spin before leaping up, driving the Texan down with a thunderous side slam!]

GM: And into the slam!

[O'Connor rolls back, putting Lynch on his shoulders while hooking Lynch's leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, the World Champion's shoulder pops up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Ohhh! Kickout JUST in time! Bobby O'Connor was... what? A half count away from being the World Champion?

BW: And as much as I hate the idea of Bobby O'Connor as the World Champion, I absolutely ADORE the idea of Lynch coughing up the title in his first televised defense to one of his best friends... especially if O'Connor waffles him with a tire iron!

GM: Would you stop?!

BW: Never. Not until the last breath has escaped my body. I'll NEVER stop hating the Lynches! Never, never, never!

GM: We're closing in on the fifteen minute mark of this time limit as Bobby O'Connor has his partner and friend on the ropes in a bad way at this point of the contest.

[O'Connor slams an open hand down on the canvas, glaring in frustration out at the crowd before getting back to his feet.]

GM: The challenger showing signs of frustration but there's no time for that, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. He's got Lynch in trouble and now he just needs to find a way to finish him off and become the World Champion.

[The Missouri native moves back towards Lynch, reaching down to grab him by the wrist, dragging the Texan up off the canvas...

...and YANKS him into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! He nearly took his head off with that one!

[Maintaining wrist control, O'Connor drags Lynch to his feet again, pulling him into a second devastating clothesline!]

GM: That's two!

BW: Maybe the third time is a charm for O'Connor - the luck of the Irish!

GM: He's pulling Lynch up again so we may be about to find out!

[O'Connor drags the dazed Lynch to his feet, setting to pull him in again...

...but as he does, Lynch swings his free arm up, taking the clothesline on the arm and blocking O'Connor's shot!]

GM: He blocks it! Lynch blocks and-

[But with Lynch blocking upstairs, O'Connor buries a boot into the gut, doubling up Lynch to be hooked in a front facelock and DRIVEN skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! SNAP DDT BY O'CONNOR!

[The challenger throws his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture, rolling Lynch onto his back and diving across his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE-

[But at the last possible moment, Lynch's arm ERUPTS off the canvas, breaking the count!]

GM: NO!! NO! LYNCH KICKS OUT! THE WORLD TITLE STAYS WITH THE IRON COWBOY!

BW: For now, Gordo! But O'Connor is getting closer and closer!

[O'Connor again slams an angry hand down on the canvas before climbing to his feet, looking down at his fallen friend who is sprawled out on the canvas, struggling to get back up.]

GM: Can he do it, fans? Can Bobby O'Connor find a way to put away one of his best friends in the world and capture the World Heavyweight Title?

[With Lynch down on the canvas, O'Connor swings his arm around a few times before settling back in the corner...]

GM: O'Connor to the corner and I think he wants to show his friend why he should Fear The Reaper, fans!

BW: If he hits that lariat, it might be all over!

[O'Connor swings his arm again, nodding his head as Lynch struggles to get up off the canvas...]

GM: O'Connor at the ready, getting set...

[And as Lynch regains his feet, O'Connor barnstorms out of the corner, swinging his arm up to attack...

....but the Texan leaps into the air, driving his kneecap up under O'Connor's chin, a blow that snaps the challenger's head back, leaving him with a glassy-eyed gaze!]

GM: OHH! LEAPING KNEE! AND O'CONNOR MIGHT BE OUT ON HIS FEET!

[With O'Connor reeling but standing, Lynch suddenly breaks into a dash, hitting the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and O'Connor FLINGS himself forward, throwing himself into a devastating crooked arm lariat, wiping out the World Champion!]

GM: FEAR THE REAPER! FEAR THE REAPER!

[But as O'Connor connects, he collapses facefirst to the canvas alongside his friend and partner!]

GM: But he can't take advantage of it! O'Connor hit the move he'd been waiting for his whole life - he hit that lariat and laid out the World Champion!

BW: Cover him!

GM: He can't! He doesn't have it in him right now but if he could, I think we'd crown a new World Champion here in London!

BW: Damn it! Damn it all! O'Connor, you worthless buffoon! COVER HIM!

[As Bucky shouts at the challenger, the referee starts to lay a double count on both competitors when the timekeeper's voice booms out over the PA system.]

"Fifteen minutes! Fifteen minutes! Fifteen minutes gone by!"

GM: We're halfway through the time limit in this one as Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch are putting one another through their paces, pushing each other to the limit as they battle for the AWA World Title here in London!

BW: Just roll over, you dumb mutt! Flip over! Crawl!

GM: He can't hear you, Bucky.

BW: Gimme that house mic, I'll make sure he hears me!

[The referee's count is up to four by this point as neither man has budged from their place on the mat.]

GM: The count is to four. If neither man gets up, the match will be thrown out and Jack Lynch will retain the World Title.

BW: Just like he wanted! I'm telling you, Gordo, the lengths this family will go to keep the title. Just look at Travis ducking everyone so much, he's about to sprout feathers and a bill!

GM: You're truly unbelievable.

BW: Why thank you!

GM: It wasn't a compliment. I'm starting to think I can't believe anything you say - you're literally unbelievable!

[The count hits six from the official as O'Connor starts to get off the mat, pushing to his hands and knees. He blinks rapidly several times, trying to clear the cobwebs as he rises off the mat.]

GM: O'Connor's up... but Lynch is getting up as well! He hit Fear the Reaper but he couldn't take advantage of it!

BW: If I were him, I'd get right back up and do it again, Gordo. Hit the lariat again, knock Lynch into the middle of next week, and take home the World Title.

[O'Connor gets to his feet, stumbling a bit as he moves towards Lynch who has rolled to his hip, trying to get off the mat. The challenger reaches down, grabbing the Texan by the hair, hauling him to his feet...]

GM: O'Connor lifts him up... look out here!

[O'Connor steadies Lynch, making sure he'll stay on his feet as he breaks to the ropes again, bouncing back at top speed...]

GM: Off the ropes, going for it again!

[...but as he extends the arm, Lynch rushes forward, ducking underneath it. The World Champion hits the far ropes, rebounding back towards the approaching O'Connor...]

GM: LARIAT!

[But this time, it's Jack Lynch who hurls himself into the air, extending his arm only to bounce it off the collarbone of O'Connor!]

GM: LYNCH CONNECTS! LYNCH CONNECTS!

[The Texan dives across his challenger, wrapping up both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!

[The weary Iron Cowboy rolls off his friend to a seated position on the mat, a big grin on his face as the referee steps in to raise his hand and Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

RO: Your winner of the maaaaatch... and STILL AWA WORLD CHAMMMMMPIONNNN...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The King of the Cowboys rises off the mat, lifting a triumphant arm in the air to salute the cheering fans. He approaches the corner, stepping up to the middle rope to big cheers.]

GM: And this crowd in the O2 Arena is on their feet, paying tribute to the World Champion as he celebrates his first televised World Title defense here on the final night of this historic European Tour.

[In the background, we can see Bobby O'Connor sitting up on the mat, grimacing as he rubs at his neck. The referee kneels next to him, checking to see if he's okay. O'Connor gives a disappointed nod as he gets to his feet, hands on his hips as he looks across the ring at his friend and partner. Lynch hops down, turning to look across at his friend.]

GM: Well... the match is over but I'm not sure if-

[The referee walks towards Lynch, title belt in hand...

...and the crowd buzzes as O'Connor stops him, snatching the title belt away.]

GM: Uh oh.

[O'Connor takes the belt, staring at it as Lynch looks across in confusion. His TexMo partner looks up, walking across the ring...]

BW: Come on... come on...

[...and then hands the title belt to his friend, raising his hand and pointing to him!]

GM: Oh yeah!

BW: Oh, you worthless son of a...

GM: Jack Lynch said that this match would end with a handshake and there it is! O'Connor and Lynch, together again!

[The TexMo Connection shares an embrace as well when suddenly, the sounds of Bon Jovi are interrupted by a voice calling out over the PA system.]

"Oh, isn't that adorable?"

[All eyes turn towards the entrance where Johnny Detson is now standing. The boos pick up as the former World Champion looks towards the ring.]

JD: It's so cute to see you two together again. Just melts my heart.

[Detson mockingly dabs at his eyes.]

JD: But enough with the sappy stuff because Jack Lynch...

[Detson points at the World Champion.]

JD: ...you and I have a date. You see, I just got off the phone with my friends at Fox and they agree that Homecoming's going to be a great show... but the only thing that could make it greater is for yours truly to get my rematch for the World Title...

...and for me to rip the hearts out of every single Lynch fan paying their hard-earned money to see you in your hometown when I reclaim MY World Title that I never should've lost to begin with!

[Detson cackles as Lynch gestures for the house mic.]

JL: Detson, I promised that I was going to be a fighting champion unlike you and I think I proved that tonight. But if you want a shot at this...

[He holds up the title belt.]

JL: ...then you got it!

[Detson grins, nodding his head as the crowd cheers the announcement of another World Title match.]

JL: But you've got one thing wrong. You won't be ripping out any hearts in Dallas... but I will!

[Detson looks puzzled.]

JL: I'm gonna be ripping out the hearts of the Kings of Wrestling... and I'm gonna shove a stake right through them!

[Big cheer as Lynch throws down the mic. Detson shakes his head from the top of the aisle, walking several feet down towards the ring.]

GM: It looks like Johnny Detson's coming to fight right now!

[But he stops, waving a hand at the ring. He turns to go back up the aisle...

...and the crowd ROARS as Detson comes face to face with Brian James.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: No, no... the Kings are fine!

[James walks up to the stunned Detson, raising the mic.]

BJ: Let's get one thing straight... after Homecoming is over, I don't give a damn if it's him...

[James points to Lynch.]

BJ: ...or you.

[He sticks a finger right in Detson's face.]

BJ: But I'm coming for that World Title... and I'm going to take it.

[James and Detson are staring each other down in the aisleway...

...when the crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the sound of "No Sunshine" by DMX.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[And a moment later, Juan Vasquez emerges through the curtain, a huge grin on his face, and the briefcase holding the Steal The Spotlight contract in his hand. He turns towards the ring, holding the case up over his head, letting everyone know where he stands in this particular situation.]

BW: Message sent, Gordo! Juan Vasquez is telling all of these guys that they can argue over title matches all they want but he's the only one who has one GUARANTEED whenever he wants it! And THAT puts Juan Vasquez in the driver's seat!

[Vasquez is grinning... smirking... enjoying all eyes on him...]

GM: Wait a second!

[...so much that he doesn't even notice someone emerging from the curtain, charging towards him. He turns at the last moment to face the oncoming attacker...]

GM: YAAAAAAAKUUUUUZZZAAAAAA!

[...and gets LAID OUT with a running big boot to the jaw by the AWA's White Knight, Ryan Martinez!]

GM: MARTINEZ! MARTINEZ STRIKES!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers as Ryan Martinez stands over a downed Juan Vasquez, staring down at him, the slightest hint of a satisfied smile on his face as he exhales deeply.]

GM: Vasquez is down and Ryan Martinez is standing tall, fans! What a wild night of action here in London! What a tour of Europe this has been! We've gotta go! We're out of time! We'll see you in Dallas for Homecoming! Oh my!

[Martinez continues to stand tall, the crowd roaring for their White Knight as we fade to black.]